



# Viva Wed Vegas (Black Hearts MC #10)

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**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** The turbulent storms may have subsided for the Black Hearts MC, but that doesn't mean they're in for a peaceful life.

Especially now that it's time for Star and Ghost's wedding in Vegas.

With protective bikers and sassy ol' ladies taking over Sin City, what could possibly go wrong?

**Total Pages (Source):** 15

## CHAPTER ONE

### STAR

Three months and twenty-two days since we got the cunt

“Here. Eat this,” I tell Aline as I hand her a bowl of extra spicy chilli. She takes it and gives it a swift sniff before taking a bite. Her cheeks immediately heat up and her eyes begin to stream. “Shit, maybe I made it a little too hot,” I mutter as she coughs and splutters, spitting out the food before grabbing her bottle of water and drinking it like she’s been living in the Sahara. “Sorry,” I wince.

“It’s fine,” she says, wheezing. “At this point, I will try anything to get the baby out.” She coughs before drinking more water.

“I mean, you are still a week away from your due date, so there is no—” Josie begins, but her words freeze in her throat when Alina gives her a death stare.

I snort out a laugh. Alina’s first few months with chronic sickness were difficult, followed by that fucking cunt face Eugene nearly fucking killing her, and ever since then Hap has barely left her side, driving her insane. She even ran away to mine once while he was taking a shower. Just to escape his overprotectiveness. He has backed off a little since then, but not enough to allow her to relax, and now she was big, uncomfortable, and aching all over. Probably more so because of the injuries she received at the hands of Cuntly Mc’Cunterson. So now she was trying everything to get the baby out.

“Why won’t he just come out?!” Alina complains.

“If I knew the answer, I would tell you, but I don’t. However, I do have the truck outside, and I know of a great off-roading track we could take her for a high-speed spin. Maybe fly over a few large bumps and speed over some mounds. What do you say?” I ask her.

“Star, that can’t be safe for the baby,” Maggie interjects.

“I have a first aid kit on board, and if you are that worried, then we can pack Alina’s hospital bag, just in case,” I suggest.

“Someone get me my shoes,” Alina states eagerly.

“I can’t bring Maisy along for this ride. How about Belle, me, and the kids follow safely behind in case of an emergency?” Josie suggests.

“Good plan. Not that there will be any emergency. Well, apart from us driving her to the hospital to have the baby,” I state. “Maggie, you are with me and Alina. Shoot a message to the others. Tell them it’s code dilation and to bring refreshments,” I say as I help Alina put her shoes on before I take her hand and ease her up off the couch.

“We need to go. Church will be over in less than ten minutes. Once they realise what we are doing, they’ll come and stop us,” Alina huffs, rubbing her hand over her large belly.

“Well then, let’s waddle!” I order.

Fortunately, Enzo is at nursery, so once we’re all in and ready to go, I put my foot on the gas and speed away before Hap clocks us on the cameras I know he has set up.

“Easy!” Maggie complains. “Jesus, we need to get her to the hospital in one fucking piece if she goes into labour.”

“Relax, I’m a good driver,” I say defensively.

The place is surrounded by fields and woodland, so it’s not far for us to go. I find the track and take the sharp left turn, my tyres screeching as the truck tries to stay on the road. Alina and Maggie let out screams, and I burst out laughing.

“Hold on girls, it’s about to get bumpy!” I warn, turning up the music. Sleep Tokens Vore vibrates through the speakers.

“This music is not soothing!” Alina yells from the back as she holds on.

I floor it over the uneven ground, which had become wet and slippery from last night’s heavy rain. There is a large mound of mud, and I let out a loud laugh as I speed towards it, making the truck fly over it.

“FFFFFUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!” Alina yells from the back. I turn to face her; she’s smiling, but her eyes are filled with both fear and excitement.

“Will you face the right fucking way!” Maggie says, panicked.

I turn back to face forward. “Calm down. I come out here around once a week,” I confess.

“You what?” Maggie asks, stunned.

“Since it’s been quiet, I’ve been looking for something to do to kickstart the adrenaline. I saw something online, not here, about rally cars speeding around a course through mud and woodland. I figured it was the safest thing to do that would

still give me a rush.” I shrug as I turn the truck a sharp right, the back end fishtailing.

“Does Ghost know you do this?” Alina asks.

“Yeah, I brought him here. We challenge each other,” I say, biting my lower lip.

“Oh god, it’s sexual, isn’t it?” Maggie asks with a groan.

“I may or may not have sucked him off as he completed the lap, and he may or may not have fucked me while I did mine.” I shrug, smiling at the memory.

“How did he fuck you while you were driving?” Alina asks.

“Why would you ask that?” Maggie asks with mock horror.

I laugh. “I sat on his lap, steering as his feet worked the pedals. It was a joint effort.”

I look in the rearview mirror and see Belle and Josie bringing up the rear. I speed around until all of us have been thrown around for a good twenty minutes.

“I think we should call it quits. I don’t think it’s worked,” Maggie states.

I come to a stop and look back at Alina, and that’s when I notice her face is scrunched up in pain, clutching her stomach. “Alina?” I ask, worried.

She opens her eyes. “I’ve either pissed myself,” she says through gritted teeth, “or my waters have broken.” She pauses. “And fuck me, I’m in pain,” she cries out.

I grin wide and look at Maggie. “Call Hap and tell him to meet us at the hospital,” I order, then I lower my window and turn the truck around, constantly beeping my horn and sticking my arm out to signal them to keep up.

Maggie switches on her phone, which pings constantly with messages and voicemails. “Well, we are in shit,” she mutters, pressing the call button before putting it on speaker. She doesn’t even get to say hello.

“Where the fuck are you?!” Hap snaps down the phone.

“Calm down, we just went for a drive, and Alina has gone into labour. Get your ass to the hospital, and we will meet you there,” she says assertively.

“Shit, I’m coming to you. Where are you?” he asks, his voice full of panic.

“No point. Just get to the hospital and we will see you there,” Maggie says before disconnecting.

“Wow, he’s going to be pissed you cut him off,” I point out.

“He will just get himself in a flap, and Alina needs calm,” Maggie says.

As soon as the words leave her mouth, we hear an almighty thud as the truck hits something, lurching us forward.

“Woah!” I breathe. I look around to make sure everyone is okay, frowning because there is no sign we hit anything. I press my foot down on the gas, the engine roars, and yet the truck remains perfectly still.

“We are stuck,” I mutter.

“Shit!” Maggie curses.

“What do you mean we are fucking stuck!” Alina cries out as if she’s possessed.

“Don’t worry, Maggie. We will get the truck out. When I say push on the gas, I’ll try to push from behind,” I instruct as I jump out of the truck.

“You won’t be able to push the truck yourself,” Maggie points out.

I pause, thinking it over. “You may have a point.” I turn and wave Josie down, warning them to stop and to get them to help us push the truck out. I notice Josie’s frown as they come to a stop. As I walk over to them, my heeled boots sink into the muddy ground.

Josie lowers her window. “Are you stuck?” she asks.

“What would make you say that? Maybe I just fancied a walk in the mud in my designer heeled boots,” I state sarcastically. “Or was it the back tyre being sunken in the mud that gave you the clue?” I add.

Josie rolls her eyes. “Alright, no need to be a sarky bitch about it.”

I sigh. “I’m sorry, but Alina is screaming in the back like a banshee. Now the truck is stuck, and we can’t even get in your truck because you won’t be able to get out of here. We are fucked,” I groan.

“What if I rammed into the back of the truck? Do you think that would work?” Josie suggests.

“There’s no reason why not. Just get as close as you can and try it. We’ve got a pregnant woman crowing in the back. The last thing she needs is whiplash,” I yell over my shoulder as I wade through the mud back to the truck. I climb in and scoot Maggie back into her seat. “Josie is going to try ramming us from behind,” I state, looking in the rearview mirror before I turn on the hazard lights to tell her we’re ready.

“Arrrrghhh, motherfucker,” Alina cries out in pain from the back.

“Brace yourself. Hopefully this will work,” I state.

“You brace your fucking self!” Alina snaps back. I smirk, not taking any offense to her words.

“Okay, here we go,” I say as I watch Josie press on the gas a little too hard. “Shit,” I mutter just before she slams her truck into the back end of mine, sending it lurching forward with force. Maggie places her hand out to brace it, and we are thrown forward. I hear a thump, and Alina cries out. I turn to see her lying on her back in the back seat’s footwell. “Shit, are you okay?” I ask.

“Do I look okay?! I’ve just fallen off the fucking seat, and the spawn of Satan is trying to make its way out of me!” she snarls like a rabid animal. Jesus, I know I wasn’t this bad when I had Enzo.

I look at Maggie, who gives me a brief nod that she’s okay. “Help me get her back on the seat,” I tell Maggie as we both get out of the truck. I open one side of the back door while Maggie grabs the other. “You grab her ankles, and I will grab under her arms,” I state.

Alina is holding onto her stomach, her face scrunched up in pain.

“On three,” Maggie says.

“I am not a piece of heavy furniture,” Alina growls through gritted teeth.

“One, two, three,” I say, ignoring Alina. Maggie and I both groan as we lift and dump Alina back into the seat with a huff.



“Fuck,” I pant, placing my hands on my hips.

“Hospital,” Alina orders as she takes painful breaths.

Maggie and I jump back into the front of the truck, both covered in mud, but neither of us are concerned. I press my foot on the gas, but we still don’t move. I groan and slam my head onto the steering wheel.

“Now what?” Maggie asks.

I shrug and get back out of the car, only to see that Josie’s truck is also stuck.

“Motherfucker,” I exclaim, exasperated. Josie gets out of the truck, removing Maisy from her seat, as does Belle with River, before they carefully make their way to me.

“Looks like we are walking to the main road and then getting the guys to come and pick us up,” Belle groaned.

“There is no way Alina can walk,” I state.

“We have a double stroller. She can sit in that, and we can push her in it,” Josie suggests.

I look down at the boggy ground beneath us.

“We won’t be able to push her in it; it’ll get stuck. If we could just get her to the other side of that tree, where the ground is firmer, then we can push her in it. But this means you’ll have to carry the kids,” I state. “Where are the others? Maybe they could come help?” I ask Josie.

“Busy. Nova has a wedding cake to finish, Rhea is currently in the middle of

tattooing a client, Dixie is helping out at the hospital, and Elsie hasn't responded, which means Scar is probably keeping her occupied," Josie says with a playful wink. "But it's no problem! I packed the baby carriers!" Josie says with an excited grin.

"Why the hell did you bring everything?" I ask. "It was just a drive."

"Because you never know what could go wrong," Josie says with a smirk on her face.

I flip her the middle finger, making her laugh. At that moment, Alina lets out a howl of pain, and Maggie comes over. "Are you done gossiping like old women? Her contractions are getting closer, and I'm not ready to watch Alina push something out of her vagina," Maggie says with disgust on her face.

"A baby, not something." Belle smirks. "Let's get the stroller out and put Alina in it. We'll have to carry her to the other side of the tree. Then, hopefully, we can push her in it until we get to the main road," I state.

"Okay, then what?" Maggie presses.

"Then we get a taxi. I have the app, and I can select the minivan," I state firmly.

Maggie shrugs, not having a better idea; with the guys almost at the hospital, it will take them twice as long to get here. If there is a taxi in the area, everything should be fine. But the way things were going today, I was expecting the rest of today to go anything but fine.

### CHAPTER TWO

#### STAR

The babies are strapped to Belle and Josie, and Alina's ass is wedged sideways in the double stroller seat with her legs hanging over the other seat. She's clutching her stomach every time a contraction hits. At first, we tried to drag her, but the wheels kept getting stuck in the mud. So instead, Maggie and I took a side each, heaved the stroller up, and slowly began to carry it.

"Jesus, I swear your baby must weigh fifty pounds," I wheeze. My feet sink into the mud as we go, and my back screams in pain. Josie and Belle try to help by lifting, being careful not to harm the babies currently strapped to their chests, who are busy giggling, blowing raspberries, and generally thinking this is the best day of their lives, while we are covered in mud, trying to get to the other side of that stupid fucking tree.

We eventually made it. I slipped a few times, as did Maggie. I was just grateful Alina hadn't screamed that she wanted to push yet. We were not equipped to deal with that right now. Now that we are standing on firmer ground, I hand Maggie my phone so she could book the taxi while we all moved towards the road. The stroller rattled over the uneven ground.

"Hold tight Alina; we're almost there," I pant as every muscle in my body screams in protest.

"Three minutes until the car is at the end of the track," Maggie pants.

As we near the end, I bend over, resting my hands on my knees and drawing in desperate lungfuls of air, filling my lungs.

The minivan comes to a stop, and the driver lowers his window. “I ain’t letting you in my car like that,” he says, gesturing at each of us.

I straighten as I approach the minivan, giving him a deathly glare. “You will take us. She is in labour, and we need to get to the hospital,” I state with clenched teeth.

“I don’t have to do anything; my van, my choice,” he argues.

Any patience I had disperses. My body aches, I’m tired, and now I’m beyond pissed off. I crick my neck from side to side as I lean inside through the window space into the minivan. The man’s eyes widen with fear, and I watch as he goes to hit the button to put the window back up.

“Touch that button and you will fucking die,” I growl in warning. He flinches his hand away.

“Star,” Belle hisses in shock and at my threat.

I ignore her and continue to stare down at the driver. “So, let me get this straight. You are just going to leave helpless women on the side of the road—one clearly in labour and needing emergency hospital treatment—not to mention we have two young kids with us. Do I have that right?” I ask, my voice low and threatening. He nods slowly in agreement. I inhale a slow breath, trying to calm my anger. “Open up your van and take us to the hospital, or I will hunt you down and make you choke on your own testicles,” I seethe.

He stares up at me, eyes wide. When he doesn’t move, I let out a huff and lean into the van, reaching down to unlock the doors. A loud click rings out, and I smile as the

guy still continues to stare at me like a frozen statue.

I roll my eyes and slide back out, opening the door for the others to get in.

“Yes!” Maggie cheers. “Come on, let’s get you in the van.” Maggie heaves Alina to her feet, slowly shuffling her into the back of the van. I wait until everyone is in a seat before I jump in and take the passenger seat next to the driver.

“Let’s go to the hospital. Just take it steady because we’ve got babies and a woman in labour.” I clap my hands to get his attention, causing the man to jump, his eyes still on me. “What is your problem? Drive!” I bark, making him jump again.

“Er Star, look in the mirror,” Maggie states.

I pull the sun visor down and look at my reflection in the small mirror, snorting a laugh. I look like a marine on special ops. My face is almost completely covered in mud, and I can’t help but think I look like a swamp monster. There are even twigs in my hair.

“All I need now is some camouflage, and people would think I’m a marine on special operation.” I snort before I look to the guy and pat his leg, “Listen, er...” I pause, looking at his ID lanyard hanging from the mirror. “Listen Bob, I will make sure your van is cleaned. Please just get us to the hospital,” I say in a softer note.

“I, I, I don’t feel so good,” he mutters, clutching his chest.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, you better not be having a fucking heart attack on me, Bob!” I yell. He gasps, and his face begins to turn red. “Bob, I really don’t have time for this shit,” I sigh.

“What’s happening?” Maggie asks, leaning forward from the back seat. She takes one

look at Bob, then her gaze swings back to me. “Oh, fuck,” she mutters.

“Help me get him in the passenger seat. I’m going to have to drive,” I state as I jump out of the van, run around to his side and yank the door open. “Slide your ass over, Bob. I will drive,” I state, shoving at him. Maggie tries pulling him as he slowly moves himself over. Sweat lines his brow, and once he’s over far enough, I squeeze into the seat. “Get in the back and buckle up!” I bark, panicked.

Maggie quickly does as I ask and slams the passenger door shut before she jumps in the back.

“Everyone, hold the fuck on. We’ve got a life trying to come into this world, and if that ain’t enough, fucking Bob is trying to leave it!” I yell over my shoulder.

“I don’t want to die!” Bob pants.

“Tell your heart that Bob, because apparently it’s got other fucking ideas,” I state as I slam my foot on the gas, speeding up the road at a high speed. Horns blaze at me as I cut them off, making me angry. “Fuck off, it’s an emergency!” I yell out the window.

As I speed through traffic, swerving in and out of cars, Bob’s eyes are even wider with fear as I nearly hit oncoming cars, which is probably not helping his heart attack.

“Hap is ringing me!” Maggie yells.

“Answer it, and tell him we are four minutes out, and for them to have a wheelchair for Alina and a gurney for Bob,” I instruct over my shoulder, not daring to take my eyes off the road.

“Ow! Ow!” Alina cries out. “I need a shit. Why the fuck do I need to shit now?” she wails.

“Oh, fuck. Josie, Belle, keep Alina’s legs closed and don’t let her push!” I order. “She can’t have the baby in here,” I breathe out. “Just two more minutes!” I call out to Alina.

“Oh god! I need to push,” she pants.

I slam my hand down on the horn as I spot the hospital up ahead, beeping wildly as we approach to warn people and cars to move out of the fucking way.

“Hold on!” I yell as I take the sharp left turn into the hospital parking lot. The tyres screech across the tarmac, and the minivan tips slightly. Everyone screams, including Bob. I spot Ghost, Hap, and the others all standing outside the main entrance looking irritated. I beep the horn to get their attention, and as their gazes land on the van, I speed towards them. I slam my foot on the brake, and as the van skids to a halt, the back tyres fishtail as I try to retain control. We all lurch forward from the force as it comes to a stop just feet from where Ghost is standing, glaring at me with his arms folded over his chest.

I open the door and stand on the edge of the kerb, not having the time for this. “Get a gurney! This man is having a heart attack!” I yell. Doctors and nurses quickly come running over. “And this woman is having a baby!” I add as Hap helps Alina out of the car. I get out of the van and walk around to Ghost, ignoring the chaos that is happening around us. I stop in front of him, tilting my head back to look up at him.

“What the fuck happened?” he asks.

“Well, I took them off-roading to try and get the baby out, which worked, I might add, and then the truck got stuck, so Josie tried to ram it out of the muddy ditch it was stuck in, and then her truck got stuck. So, we got the double stroller and carried a contracting Alina away until it was safe to push her. We ordered a ride with Bob...” I gesture over my shoulder as doctors run into the hospital with him. “And he refused

to take us because of a bit of mud. So, I may have spoken to him firmly and persuaded him to bring us here,” I sigh.

“And the heart attack?” he presses, still keeping his face void of any emotions.

“Before we even left, Maggie helped drag him across to the passenger side so I could drive his minivan, which I need to pay to have deep cleaned, and not just for mud, but I think Alina was literally crowning. So god knows what bodily fluids are on the back seat,” I say on a shudder, glancing over to watch Hap follow Alina and the doctors into the hospital. I look back up at Ghost. “Come on, I don’t think it will be long before Alina will have the baby,” I say, taking a step toward the hospital, but Ghost grabs my arm, keeping me in place.

“You need to get cleaned up first,” he states, his lips twitching.

I look down at myself, noting that my clothes and boots are covered in mud. “Oh,” I mutter, looking back up at Ghost. “I’m not leaving the hospital,” I state firmly. “If we were in that minivan just five more minutes, I’d be delivering that baby,” I add.

Ghost sighs, his steely gaze pinning me on the spot. “How do you always make me want to throttle and spank you pain in the ass with one hand, and then fuck you with the other?” he asks with irritation.

My grin widens. “Who said those have to be separate things? You can always throttle me and spank me while you fuck me.” I wink as I take a step back and lift my top over my head, revealing just my bra. Ghost’s jaw tightens, his eyes searching and daring anyone to look my way. “And the reason why you want to throttle and fuck me is because Casper, you fucking love me.” I smirk as I turn around and point to some hospital staff members. “You, where are the staff shower rooms? We need to clean up,” I state abruptly.



Maggie, Josie, and Belle come to stand beside me, and as one of the guys' gazes roams over my body, I feel the rumble of a growl at my back from Ghost.

“Down, boy.” I smirk at Ghost over my shoulder, enjoying his irritation far too much. I bite my bottom lip, fighting back a smile as the guy swallows nervously.

“Second floor, but you’ll need a pass to get in,” he stutters.

I walk towards him, fluttering my lashes as I hold out my hand. He places his pass in my palm. “You’re too sweet. Thanks,” I say, leaving him behind as we walk through the hospital to the elevators to go to the staff showers. Ghost, Beast, Cash, and Hawk follow close behind us, making sure everyone knew who we belonged to.

As we step into the elevator, I press the button. “Only you could be covered in mud and still make it look fucking sexy,” Maggie whispers in my ear.

I snort out a laugh. I wouldn’t call it sexy. Just more that I know how to play men, with them being such simple creatures and all. We all shower and change into hospital scrubs, and as we exit, Ghost, Cash, Beast, and Hawk are all standing there, waiting. Beast and Hawk are holding River and Maisy, looking all kinds of hot, and there is just something about seeing a big muscled badass guy holding a baby that just does something to women’s ovaries.

“Alina has had the baby. She’s waiting on you,” Ghost states, his eyes drinking in my body.

“I’m dressed in blue baggy scrubs, with wet hair and no make-up,” I say, rolling my eyes.

He grabs a fistful of the top as I go to walk past him, yanking my body against his. “Wet hair, dry hair, make-up or no make-up,” he whispers, leaning down in my ear,

“clothes or no clothes. There isn’t anything you could do or wear that wouldn’t make me want to fuck you.” He growls, his breath tickling my lobe before he leans back enough to look into my eyes, showing me that his words are true by the lust and desire for me burning deep within them.

“If we weren’t standing in the middle of a hospital, about to see our friends’ newborn baby, I would drop to my knees and take you deep into my mouth and show you what you’ve just said means to me,” I tell him, clenching my thighs together to stem my arousal.

“You know most people would just say I love you,” Maggie states with sarcasm in her voice. “Instead, your conversations are like audio-descriptive porn.”

I give Ghost a playful grin before pulling away to continue on our way to Alina’s room. When we round the corner, the rest of the club are there, all standing around. I can’t help but smile at seeing them all there, taking over the room, much to the nurses dismay. Alina looks up at me and smiles, and I see tears sparkling in her eyes. I walk over and lean down, giving her a gentle hug.

“Congratulations, Mama,” I say softly as I look down at the beautiful bundle in her arms.

“His name is Phoenix,” she says with a smile of pure happiness permanently on her lips. I stroke a finger along his little chubby cheek, admiring just how adorable he is.

I look up at Hap and see his face full of pride and love for Alina and his newborn son.

“Congratulations. Can we go now?” Rage asks, breaking the serene moment.

“Rage!” Dixie chastises, looking up at him.

“What?” he asks with a shrug. “I don’t like hospitals. It makes me want to fight.”

Dixie’s face softens as understanding washes over her. She takes his large hand in hers. “We can go gnome and visit when they’re home?” Dixie suggests, looking from Rage to Alina and Hap, to which Hap gives Rage and Dixie a nod.

Rage turns and leaves without saying another word, and Dixie gives us all a small wave as they go. “

So,” I sigh, turning the attention back to Alina. “How’s your vagina?”

### CHAPTER THREE

#### STAR

9 weeks later

The blood is pooling around me, but as I try to escape it, to move, get up and run, I can't. My legs won't move, and my entire body is frozen still. I feel a hot breath tickle the edge of my ear, causing the hairs on the back of my neck to prickle in fear. As I open my mouth to scream, to yell for help, nothing comes out. I close my eyes, bracing myself for what I know is coming, for what I have survived before, for what I will continue to survive.

"Darlin'," a deep voice calls out, and my heart lurches at the sound. "Darlin'," he repeats. His body presses against mine, and as my heart rate begins to slow, that's when I know I will be okay. I will be alright because he's here. "Darlin', open your eyes," he says, again in a soft tone, coaxing me to awake from the nightmare.

I blink, and as my eyes open, I see Ghost's ice-blue eyes staring down at me, full of concern and sadness. My hand instinctively reaches up and cups his face, making sure he is real and I'm not still dreaming.

I release a long exhale. "It was a dream," I say softly, more to myself than to Ghost.

His hand cups my cheeks, and his thumb begins to stroke away the tears I must have been crying. He shakes his head. "That ain't no dream, darlin'. That was a nightmare, fucking torture," he says, his voice rough with sleep.

I give him a smile and shrug. “I’m okay. I mean, it would be weird if I was totally normal after everything I’ve been through, right?” I ask, trying to lighten the mood.

He sees through my bravado, not buying it, just like he always does. “Tell me about it. Tell me about your nightmare. You ain’t facing it alone, and you ain’t fucking brushing over this shit with your fake nothing affects me bullshit,” he growls, with a stern ‘I’m not taking any shit’ tone.

I sigh and roll my eyes at him. “Do you always have to be such a bossy little asshole?” I ask, playfully pinching his cheek.

He whips his head to the side, nipping the pad of my thumb between his teeth. “Darlin’, you know damn well there ain’t nothing fucking little about me. Now stop trying to deviate the conversation and fucking tell me about your nightmare,” he demands.

I look away. “If I tell you, then they are in my waking life, as well as my sleeping time. I don’t want them touching you, Enzo, or my daily life,” I confess.

He takes hold of my chin, forcing me to look at him. “You were screaming. Your body is covered in sweat, and your entire body was trembling, not to mention the fact that you were pulling and fucking crying. Now tell me. Let me fight them with you,” he orders firmly.

“What are you going to do? Jump into my dreams and fight the bad guys?” I retort.

“Fucking right I will.” He nods with certainty, like that was a plausible thing.

I grin, and a small laugh escapes my lips. “You would do it if you fucking could,” I breathe.

He doesn't say anything, just continues to look down at me, waiting for me to tell him about my nightmare.

I sigh. "Fine." I continue to tell him about my nightmares. I have more than one. They tend to differ every now and again. They aren't every night, maybe two or three times a month. I don't look at his face while I relay it all to him, knowing exactly what I would see if I did. I don't like looking or feeling weak, and although it's Ghost, and he knows me better than I know myself, it still doesn't sit right with me. As I finish, I finally allow myself to look up at him. His face is hard as stone, and that glacial stare I've seen so many shit their pants over is glaring back at me.

"I'm going to fucking kill him," he says through gritted teeth.

"You can't because you already killed him," I point out.

"Then I will fucking find his body parts and kill him again, piece by fucking piece," he snarls, like a rabid dog ready to strike. He pushes himself up to sit next to me, staring out of the window and at the moonlit sky. The bedsheet pools at his waist, revealing his muscular tattooed body dimly lit by the moon and cast in shadows.

I sit up and move closer to him, straddling his lap. "Look at me, Casper," I whisper, knowing that calling him that will rile him up.

His eyes instantly lock with mine.

I run my nails affectionately up and down the back of his neck, through the ends of his hair. "You are my warrior. You will always be there to protect me, you will always be there to rescue me, and I will always be there to bust your balls," I tease. "We can't change what happened. However, we can make sure it doesn't continue to spill into our lives now. My nightmares are not yours to burden. They will stop eventually. As long as I have you to hold me, then I can survive even Freddie Kruger

coming into my nightmares.” I smile softly.

His hands glide along my thigh to the curve of my behind. “You’re wrong. Your burdens are my burdens. I don’t want you feeling any pain; I don’t want you having to relive what that motherfucker did, and like fuck is Freddie getting anywhere near your fucking dreams. I will slit his fucking throat for even trying to get near you.”

My grin widens. “Casper, only you could threaten a fictional character.”

He moves quickly and flips me onto my back. I wrap my legs around his waist as he leans down on his elbow. “I’d threaten fucking Winnie the Pooh if I thought he would hurt you.” He smirks, rolling his hips playfully and pressing his hard length against my centre. I groan in response. “Now I’m going to fuck you until your body and mind are full of me,” he says with another grind of his hips.

“You’re talking a big game there, Casper.” I counter.

He reaches down and yanks my shorts off with a swift pull before chucking them over his shoulder. “Apparently you need reminding just how big I am, darlin’,” he says before thrusting into me, filling me in one quick movement.

I gasp as my body suddenly has to adjust to him.

He arches his brow at me. “Now you remember.” He smirks cockily. “I’m going to fill every part of you with my cum, until every time you move, you will feel me. All you will smell is my scent, and all you will taste is me. Every thought you have will be consumed by me,” he growls, rolling his hips against me.

My eyes alight with heat, a challenging smile playing at my lips. “Well, come on then, Casper. Fucking consume me,” I taunt.

\* \* \*

“Holy fucking shit!” I breathe as I stare up at the private jet. Ghost drapes his arm over my shoulder with Enzo in his other arm.

“I really want to fuck you on that thing. Reckon the pilot would mind taking a break for ten minutes?” Ghost asks.

I tilt my head, looking up at him. “Ten minutes,” I quip, arching my brow at him.

“Alright fine, I will make it 20 if you let me eat you first.” He winks.

“Daaadd Da!” Enzo yells, bouncing excitedly in his arms.

My grin widens. “We are surrounded on that plane. There ain’t no way we will find time or space to have fun.” Ghost’s eyes flicker with disappointment. I reach up and briefly press my lips to his.

“Come on, and for the love of God, can you two just refrain from fucking on the plane? It’s unsanitary with the children so close,” Cash teases with exasperation as he walks past us and up the stairs on the plane.

“Ffffuck!” Enzo yells, spitting saliva everywhere.

“No, little man. Not today,” Ghost sighs with disappointment. I roll my eyes at him as we walk up the steps of the plane. A pretty flight attendant greets us with glasses of champagne. I quickly take one, but Ghost refuses. He hates champagne, so unless it’s a beer or spirits, he won’t touch it. We move through the plane to take our seats. Everyone else is already seated on the plane, all smiling and talking without worry or fear constantly etched in their expressions. It’s a damn good sight to see. They deserve it. We all fucking deserve it.



Alina catches my eye as she walks over to me, and I quickly pull her into a hug. After what happened, watching her nearly die before me has fused a deep connection between us. I often wonder if her dreams are plagued like mine, but I refuse to taint her happiness.

“How are you feeling?” I ask as I release her from my embrace.

She smiles. “I’m tired. I feel like I could sleep for a week, but Hap has been great,” she says, turning and looking at Hap holding their son Phoenix.

“Well, he is still tiny, so you are bound to feel exhausted. You’re pumping through this trip, right? So, you can at least have a drink at the bachelorette party?” I ask.

“Yes, I’ve been pumping and freezing milk. I am so looking forward to having a nice ice-cold glass of vodka.” She sighs wistfully. “Do you think Queenie will be okay?” she asks, concern in her eyes.

“Of course. Plus, we have that twenty-four hour butler or nanny, or whatever it was your friend offered to us. This is the break we all need,” I remind her. “Queenie will let her hair down after the wedding,” I add, and Alina nods.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if you could take your seats as we prepare for take-off,” the hostess says, smiling.

“Wait. Where are Rage and Dixie?” I ask, realising they aren’t here yet.

“Fuck’s sake,” Beast mutters before he pulls out his phone to try and ring him.

“They’re here!” Maggie yells with her face pressed up against the glass.

“What the fuck?” Ghost mutters, looking out the window.

I get to my feet and walk towards the plane entrance.

Dixie walks onto the plane, panting. “Sorry, we had to stop and get supplies.”

“Supplies? What do you mean? We are going to Vegas, not the bloody desert,” I point out.

“Supplies for Erebus,” she breathes.

“Erebus?” I frown. She points to the front of the plane, and that’s when I turn to see Rage walking onto the plane with a huge black dog.

“What the fuck?!” I screech. “Rage, you can’t bring that dog on here and to Vegas,” I point out.

“I can’t leave him. I just rescued him from some nasty cunt,” he argues.

Alina holds up her hand, and everyone pauses with their questions. “Firstly Rage, is that dog friendly?” she asks.

“Well, he hasn’t bitten me or Dixie.” He shrugs.

“Jesus Christ,” I mutter. “Rage, there are children here,” I argue. As soon as I point that fact out, Oliver jumps towards the dog with excitement.

“He is so cool!” Oliver beams while stroking the dog. Erebus rewards Oliver with a huge, slobbery lick.

“Does that answer your question?” Rage counters.

“Right, let me ring Eric. He may allow us to bring the dog,” Alina states, lifting her

phone to her ear.

“Erebus,” Rage corrects her.

“Right, Erebus,” Alina repeats.

“If that fucking dog hurts my kid or woman, I will fucking kill you,” Ghost threatens Rage. I roll my eyes and walk towards Erebus, and as I crouch down in front of him, his little stubby tail begins to wag frantically as I make a fuss of him.

“You’re just a big baby. Yes, you are,” I coo.

“I’m more dangerous than Erebus,” Rage argues.

“I mean, he has a point there,” I agree, glancing up at Ghost.

“Rage, what breed of dog is it?” Alina asks, covering the mouthpiece of her phone.

“Cane Corso,” he answers.

Alina nods and repeats it back to Eric. We all watch on, hoping that he allows the dog, because I know Rage won’t come if it means he has to leave the dog behind.

She smiles and disconnects. “Apparently, Eric has three Cane Corso’s. He will have the best food and pet supplies added to our suites.” She grins.

“Okay, if we could please get seated, we cannot wait any longer,” the flight attendant politely orders.

We take our seats and buckle up, with Rage and Dixie sitting opposite us.

“So, how did you rescue Erebus from the guy?” I ask.

Ghost sighs. “Why are you asking him that?” he questions.

I look at Ghost and shrug. “What?”

“I slit his fucking throat and cut off his pinkie,” he says, placing the pinkie finger inside a Ziploc bag on the table.

Ghost raises his brow at me in an ‘I told you so’ expression. “Jesus Christ, Rage,” I say with disgust.

He shrugs and places it back in his pocket.

“I told him it wouldn’t be a good idea to bring it,” Dixie points out.

“It’s just a keepsake,” he argues.

“I’m just saying Rage, if that finger is present at my wedding, or in the wedding photos, I will shove it so far up your ass you will be gagging on it,” I threaten.

“Noted.” Rage nods.

I’m sure it will be fine. I mean, what could go wrong with a group of outlaw bikers, kids, and a dog the size of a small horse?

### CHAPTER FOUR

#### STAR

We arrive at the hotel, and Eric, the owner, greets us personally. He's an older guy with salt-and-pepper hair. Very attractive though, so I'm not sure why Alina never went there in the past.

He pulls Alina in for a hug, and Hap growls, yanking on her hand to pull her back.

"I see." Eric smiles warmly at them both. "Have to say I'm glad you aren't with that loser anymore. You need someone with more of a backbone," he states. "Anyway, I have reserved both top-floor suites for you. I understand there is to be a wedding?" he asks.

"Yes, Ghost and Star. The bachelor and bachelorette parties are for Star, and also a celebration for Nova and Spider," Alina informs him.

"Ghost and Spider, eh? I do love these names! I just love that show. I feel like I'm meeting celebrities," he beams.

"What fucking show?" Beast murmurs in my ear.

I shrug. "Fuck if I know."

Eric clicks his fingers, and a group of staff come running over with luggage carts. They load them up and then, just as quickly as they appeared, they scurry off again,

leaving only two men behind.

“Now, Simon and Daniel here will be at your beck and call while you are staying. You need anything, just ask them. I understand our nanny services will be required, too. There is a booklet up in your suite with a very meticulously screened list of nannies we have available.” He grins at Alina before taking her hand in his and kissing the back of it. If Hap wasn’t holding Phoenix right now, I know he would be tackling Eric to the ground. “Please enjoy your stay, and Alina, it’s a pleasure catching up with you as always.” He beams before nodding and walking away.

“Prick needs to relearn his boundaries,” Hap seethes.

Alina rolls her eyes at him. “Come on, let’s get to our rooms and get settled.” We all walk together through the huge foyer, and I don’t miss the people’s stares as we head towards the elevator. I catch a group of women, all dressed in designer clothes, whispering and sniggering as we walk past. I distinctly hear the word ‘whore’, and I immediately stop in my tracks and stride towards them. Their eyes go wide and their faces pale as I approach.

“I’m sorry, did one of you call my name?” I ask with a mocking sweetness in my tone.

The one in front, let’s call her ‘mean girl #1’, places her skinny, fake tanned hand on her hip and lifts her chin, trying to act like she isn’t shitting her little girl panties. “No, you must have misheard. I called you a whore.” She sneers, a grin spreading across her face as her pathetic minions giggle behind her, one holding up her phone to record.

“Yes, didn’t you know? That’s my name,” I state, keeping my face free of any expression.

Her lips part, and she's a little taken aback, clearly not expecting me to say that. "Your parents called you whore?" she snorts.

"We've got ten thousand watching this live!" the one holding the phone up whispers to the other.

My smile widens, and I let out a little laugh. "No, silly. Your parents call me whore." I pause, and her brows furrow in confusion. I lean in closer, looking straight into her eyes. "They call me whore while your daddy fucks me from behind and I eat out your mommy's fishy little cunt." My grin widens.

Her face pales, and the one from behind blinks. "That's gross."

I wink and straighten. "Have a lovely day girls, and you tell your folks I said hi," I say before I saunter back to Ghost.

His eyes are pinned on me, and his lips are fighting back a smirk. "You think you could last more than an hour without threatening someone?" he asks, grabbing the back of my neck affectionately.

I look up at him and flutter my lashes. "I threatened no one, just merely chatting to my girls over there." I point across to them as we step into the elevator, giving them another little smile and a wave before the doors close.

"Just try not to get arrested," he adds.

I snort. "Right back at ya, Casper."

\* \* \*

We meet everyone else in the room. Well, it's more like a luxury apartment. "This

place is unreal,” Maggie sighs as she looks out of the floor-to-ceiling window.

For the first night we all agreed that the guys would be in one suite, and we would be in the other. Ghost, of course, had the master bedroom in the other suite, so that when it came to our wedding night, there would be no end to our fucking. Just thinking about marrying him stirs butterflies in my stomach. Never in my life did I think I would marry, even after meeting Ghost. It isn’t something that I thought would be for me, and yet here I am.

“Okay ladies, let’s gather. There’s a lot to prepare for tonight. We have hair and make-up booked for us in one hour, and then once dressed, I have reserved us a table at an exclusive cabaret club. Then once we finish there, we have an evening of alcohol, shots, and debauchery at the best strip club in town,” Alina says, clapping her hands.

“Jesus, how in the fuck have you managed to organise all this while looking after Phoenix?” Belle asks.

Alina shrugs. “I sat there while feeding, looking everything up and booking stuff.”

“You know the guys will lose their ever-loving shit if they know we are at a strip club,” Josie points out.

“Oh god yes, they will be all ‘you’re ours; no one gets to touch what’s ours. Spank spank’,” Nova says in a mocking voice.

We all laugh and nod in agreement. “Not that I’m averse to the spanking, and I’m always more than happy to receive a punishment, but they’ve got a point. Us going to a strip club could mean them ending up in jail,” I point out.

Alina’s grin widens. “They will be there, too,” she points out.



I frown and look to the others. “Say what?”

“I’m not sure where you are going with this, but if they have to watch men flapping their dicks in our faces, the night isn’t going to go well,” Rhea states.

“If I have to watch some other bitch pushing her pussy near Ghost’s face, then you don’t need to worry about the men getting arrested. It will be me,” I add.

“Yeah, I’m not sure I could keep my cool with that either,” Maggie agrees.

Alina holds up her palms, halting us. “Listen, this strip club isn’t a normal strip club. It’s private. The guys don’t know their schedule. I have everything planned for them. Eric has left a plan of the evening in their room. They think it’s all been laid on by him. There will be no male strippers.”

“Booooooooo!” I heckle.

“The only female strippers will be us.” Alina grins.

“I don’t think I can strip in front of everyone,” Dixie whispers anxiously.

“Rage won’t let you. A slight twerk and he will be up on that stage throwing you over his shoulder and fucking you senseless,” I point out.

“I’m not sure I can get naked in front of all of them,” Rhea adds.

“Just keep your eyes on Acid,” I tell her.

“We won’t be getting naked. The club has a huge array of outfits for us backstage. You can take off as much or as little as you want. I just thought this would be a great prank on them. They get a stripper for their bachelor party, and we get to behave a

little wild and slutty.” Alina laughs.

I catch Elsie nibbling on her bottom lip anxiously, and as I reach for her hand and squeeze it, she looks to me. I raise my brow in question. “What is it?” I ask.

“I’ve never really danced outside of my bedroom before,” she mutters.

I nod, giving her hand one last squeeze before getting to my feet and standing next to Alina. “How long have we got until hair and beauty?” I ask her.

She looks down at her watch. “One hour,” she answers.

I nod. “Okay everyone, up,” I say, gesturing to them to stand. Queenie just sits across from us, keeping an eye on the kids in the huge playpen. “Alina, play Rhianna’s Skin, but not so loud that the guys will hear it. This will be the song we will dance to. It was the song I danced to when, er, let’s just say it was the song I was dancing to when I caught Ghost’s attention.”

“Room, play Rhianna’s Skin,” Alina states firmly. The music starts playing, filling the room. “Don’t worry. They’re soundproofed.” She smirks.

I smile. “Okay, just watch what I do, and then copy or do your own thing, whatever. Just remember that you are sexy bitches, and a small bit of advice. Just pretend you’re riding your man’s dick. You’re giving your man the performance of his life,” I tell them, repeating Sunny’s words of advice.

Smiling, I close my eyes, allowing the memories of dancing to come flooding back. I begin to move my hips, lowering myself to the floor, seductively rocking my hips as I spread my thighs apart and lean back until my shoulders touch the floor. I then glide my hand down my body to between my legs before flipping over onto all fours. Lowering my front to the floor, I keep my ass in the air and grind it to the beat,

fucking that imaginary dick. As I do this, the memory of that night comes to me, of Ghost watching me, of how I provoked him, the heat and anger that he pinned me with.

I smile to myself. I should have known I was in trouble back then. I open my eyes to see the ol' ladies staring at me. "What?" I ask.

"Is it too late to turn lesbian?" Maggie asks.

I laugh as I get up off the floor.

"You know, I always wondered how you managed to get Ghost's attention. I mean, you're stunning, of course, but I had seen beautiful women practically throw themselves at him, and I knew the girls at the club. I've seen them dance, but that, that was hypnotic. You were his siren," Queenie states, a warm smile on her face.

I tuck my hair behind my ear, feeling a little embarrassed. I will gladly flash my tits at anyone, and I could talk about my sex life with zero embarrassment, but feelings? That's something I struggle with, even now.

I clear my throat. "Okay, now you guys." I smile. Alina gets the music to replay, and at first they all start to dance a little awkwardly, but eventually they relax a little more and start to laugh and enjoy it. "Yes!" I praise, grinning. Even Queenie bends over, attempting to twerk, making us all laugh.

A knock at the door startles us, and Alina is quick to kill the music. Our personal butler walks towards the door. "Shit, I forgot he was here," Maggie pants, laughing.

He opens the door, and Ghost is standing there, glaring at the poor butler guy before he strides in.

“What are you doing here?” I ask, crossing my arms over my chest.

Being Ghost, he ignores everyone else and doesn’t stop until he reaches me. He grabs me firmly in his hand and presses his lips to mine in a brief and owning kiss. He pulls back slightly, his eyes assessing mine.

“You’re up to something,” he mutters.

A slow smile teases at my lips. “Maybe I am,” I taunt.

His eyes spark. “Whatever it is, don’t do it,” he growls in warning.

I slowly run my tongue along my bottom lip, and his eyes follow the movement. “You’re forgetting,” I whisper, leaning closer to him, “no one tells me what to do, especially you Casper.”

His hands grip my hips, his fingers almost bruising. I smile, nipping his lobe. “Darlin’,” he warns.

I lean back, giving him a playful wink. “Yes, dear?” I ask, taunting him further.

“If this is about to get R-rated, you need to take it to another room,” Queenie warns.

“Strip club,” Ghost states.

I nod. “I know. Is that why you came here? To tell me you’re going to a strip club?” I ask.

“No,” he states firmly.

I frown. “Then what?” I ask.

“I came to ask if you’re okay with it, or are you going to end up going feral and getting yourself arrested?” he asks.

I arch my brow. “You’re asking for my permission?” I ask in disbelief.

His grins, moving his hand around to my throat. “I’m asking so I don’t have to bail my woman out of fucking jail.” He gently squeezes my neck.

“You’re going to touch the stripper?” I ask.

“No,” he answers firmly.

“Is she going to touch you?” I press.

“No,” he affirms.

“Are you going to get hard looking at her?” I ask, pinning him with my gaze.

“Jesus Christ, Star,” Queenie tuts, while the other girls all laugh.

Ghost takes my hand in his and places it over his crotch. “Only ever hard for you,” he growls.

I feel his hard length beneath his jeans, and I squeeze it lightly before I force myself to take a step back. His hand drops from mine, and he removes the other from my throat.

“Go enjoy your bachelor party,” I state. He moves to step forward, but he stops himself, and I know if we didn’t have a full audience, he would be bending me over the couch. “And maybe I will catch you later,” I say dismissively, turning away from him. He grabs my hand and yanks me back to him, making a laugh escape me. As he

holds me against his body, a smile plays on his lips.

“I will be seeing you later, and you will be sleeping in my bed,” he says assertively.

“Right!” Queenie yells. “That’s enough foreplay, thank you very much. Anymore and I will be bringing up my breakfast. It’s the night before your wedding, and you aren’t supposed to see each other, let alone fornicate,” she tuts, pulling Ghost away from me. I can’t help but laugh at the look he’s giving her.

“Queenie, I’m the President of the Black Hearts MC. If I want to be with my woman, I will be with my fucking woman,” he protests.

“I don’t give a rat’s ass if you’re the President of an entire country; for once you will do as you are told and respect the tradition,” Queenie snaps, chastising him like he’s a naughty toddler.

I bite down on my lip to try and control my laughter, but Ghost catches me, giving me a look that promises I will pay for laughing at him later.

Queenie practically shoves him out the door and locks it shut before she dusts off her hands and marches back over towards us. “There, now you can continue to practice before your hair and make-up.” She nods.

“Anyone else a little annoyed that their man didn’t come in and ask if it was okay to go to the strip club?” Maggie asks.

“Oh shush, you know they sent Ghost over to get a feel of how you all were feeling about it. They’ll know that if Star is okay with it, you will all be okay with it.” Queenie sighs as she sits down next to the playpen.

“Fair point.” Maggie shrugs.

“What, so I’m the crazy one?” I ask, offended. They give me a look, and I hold my hands up. “Alright, I get it. Point made,” I sigh, giving in.

### CHAPTER FIVE

#### GHOST

We ride in a Hummer limousine to a casino that has a table booked for us for dinner. “This is pretty fucking cool, Pres.” Hap grins as he opens up the mini bar, pulls out a beer and hands it to me. I open it and take a long pull.

It’s good to be spending time with my brothers. We haven’t been able to party like this since before all the shit started going south. I had to laugh. They told us it was black tie attire, and not one of us is wearing that shit. We’re all dressed in black jeans and either white or black T-shirts. It’s as smart as you will get any of us. Each of us are still wearing our cuts, and they will just have to fucking accept us or turn us away. We are the Black Hearts MC, and we ain’t pretending to be something we aren’t.

“Cheers to you already being married,” I say, holding my bottle out to Spider.

He clinks his with mine. “And here’s to your future marriage.” He smirks. “Never in the entire time I have known you did I think you would get fucking married,” he states. “Or have a fucking kid.”

I shrug. “Things change,” I state as I look around at the rest of my brothers. “That much is obvious,” I add, gesturing to them.

“Shots!” Hawk yells, holding up a bottle of tequila.

“Ah, fuck no,” I groan.



“Not all things change,” Spider says with a grin.

“Groom and groomed,” Hawk states, pausing. “No, wait, that shit doesn’t sound right.” He shakes his head. “To be groomed and was groomed?” he asks himself out loud. “Nope, that ain’t it either. Ah, fuck it. To the Pres and Vice Pres, may this night remind you of the brotherhood you have and the life you had before you were shackled,” he toasts.

“You’re fucking shackled, just not fucking married, you dumbass,” Acid points out.

“Ahh, yes, I am shackled, and I quite like it. The only difference is, while I am not married, I still hold the key. These guys handed over their keys,” Hawk says in a slur.

“We’ve been out less than an hour, and you’re already fucked,” Beast states, shaking his head.

“I may have already started on the tequila, but fear not, my brothers from another mother. Once I eat, or chuck up, I shall be golden to continue this night of debauchery.” Hawk winks.

“None of us are doing shit other than having a good time, then going back to the hotel and fucking our ol’ ladies,” Cash counters.

Hawk gasps, pressing his palm to his chest. “You thought I meant to fuck other women. Fuck no. I plan on fucking Josie every way I can bend her tonight. We get to behave like we used to, minus the fucking,” he states.

Scar laughs and shakes his head. “Sit the fuck down and eat some chips and dip,” he offers, holding out a platter that has been laid out for us.

“Oooo, guacamole. My favourite!” Hawk claps excitedly before snatching up the

platter and begins stuffing his face.

“So, if we are behaving like we used to, do I have a limit on what I collect?” Rage asks.

“No fucking collecting!” I bark.

His face falls in disappointment. “Fine,” he huffs.

“Jesus, I’m going to need the fucking tequila to get through this night. Hand it over,” I say, holding out my empty hand. Beast passes it to me, and I open it and knock a large glug of it back.

“Woohoo party!” Hawk chants. “Chug, chug, chug!” he goads.

I can’t help but fucking laugh at the dick. I pass the tequila to Spider, who joins in, taking a large pull from it. It’s not long before I’m soon feeling the buzz, and I relax into the atmosphere.

The limo comes to a stop, and someone opens the door for us. We all pile out, and as we stand, we are greeted by a man in a suit. I don’t miss the way he eyes our attire, but he refrains from commenting. Smart man. He leads us through the casino to a private room out the back, where a huge table is sat in the centre, laid out for dinner. A blackjack table, a roulette area, a space for blackjack, a poker table, and a few slot machines are spread out around the rest of the room.

My eyes sweep around the room, and there is even a cornered-off area with a huge screen playing sports with couches laid out in front.

A woman approaches the table, standing to the side.

“Dinner will be served in ten minutes. Please take your seats, and your drink orders will be taken. There are many games ready and available to you this evening, including sports betting. Sarah is there if you wish to place a bet. Gentlemen, please enjoy your evening,” the man states before bowing, then he clicks his fingers before walking out of the room.

Suddenly the doors open and staff members come in, acting like it’s a military procession. Some move to their various tables and stand behind them, while others move behind the dining table, standing with their backs to the wall and their faces forward.

“I guess we take out seats.” I shrug and walk over to the table, taking my seat before the rest of the brothers all do the same. Well, all apart from Hawk and Scar, who are in the servers faces, waving at them, trying to get a reaction.

“They’re like the Queen’s guards,” Scar states.

“Sit the fuck down,” I order.

They both reluctantly sit down, and as soon as they do, the staff move, each one taking our order. “Are you programmed to only ask and answer certain questions?” Hawk asks the guy serving him.

“No, sir,” he answers flatly.

“So, were you born and raised at home, or are you all bred like at some sort of farm?” Hawk continues.

I pinch the bridge of my nose, trying to find the willpower not to slap him upside the head. The guy raises his brow at him. “Hawk, for fuck’s sake, will you just order your fucking drink and leave the poor fucker to do his job?” I snap.

“Sorry for being fucking curious,” Hawk says, holding his hands up defensively.

“There’s being curious, and then there is being fucking ridiculous that they were bred in a farm or that they’re fucking robots,” Hap counters back.

“I didn’t think they were robots, but they must go to some kind of training school for this shit because they brainwash them not to show emotion or react. When I pinched his cock a minute ago, the fucker barely blinked. Now that ain’t normal,” Hawk argues.

“You pinched the guy’s cock?” I ask in disbelief.

Hawk shrugs. “I wanted to make sure he was conscious and not, like, hypnotised.”

I look at the poor fucker. “I’m sorry. We believe he was dropped on his head a lot as a kid,” I say, apologising on Hawk’s behalf.

“It’s okay, sir. It was the top of my thigh,” the guy answers and walks out of the room to get our drinks order.

“Can you not touch the fucking staff?!” I snap.

Hawk looks to the door and back to me. “The top of his thigh. Man, the poor fucker must have a micro dick,” Hawk sighs.

One of the woman servers snorts out a laugh that makes Hawk grin.

“I should have made mine a fucking double,” I mutter.

The food soon comes out, and thankfully it seems to help soak up some of Hawk’s alcohol. It feels good to sit with my brothers and eat and laugh together. Hawk had

got one thing right; it had been a long time since we had done this. Just hang out. Before now, it had mainly been when I called church to discuss our latest problem. Sitting here now drinking my bourbon, watching as Hawk and Scar bounce off one another like fucking kids, with everyone laughing and bantering back and forth. I know I am the luckiest son of a bitch alive to have these men as my fucking family.

I stand, and as Spider notices, he slams his hand down on the table repeatedly to get them all to shut up.

“Bite my breadstick dick, you know you want to,” Hawk says, thrusting his crotch with a breadstick sticking out of his zipper in Acid’s face. As everyone else falls silent, Hawk looks up. “Oops, sorry, Pres.” He pulls out the breadstick and takes a bite before sitting down. How that guy is a responsible father, I will never fucking know.

“It feels weird standing here and doing a speech, especially when it ain’t orders or putting forward a plan to fight the enemy,” I state.

“Good times!” Rage yells. I smirk. Only Rage could call those times good.

“What I want to say is this club, this family, wouldn’t be the same without you. I couldn’t have asked for a better brotherhood than you fucking dickheads,” I state.

“Easy, Pres. With those beautiful words, you’ll bring tears to my eyes,” Beast mocks.

I flip him off before continuing. “There ain’t no one else I trust more than you lot. I trust you with my life, my woman’s life, and my kid’s. I know there ain’t nothing you wouldn’t do for me or them, and I hope you fucking know the same goes for me, too. We are more than a family; we’ve fought together, we’ve saved each other, and fuck, we’ve lost together,” I state, pausing.

“To Bambi!” Hap toasts, raising his glass.

“To Bambi,” we all toast, raising our glasses.

I shake my head. “We’ve lost, but for Bambi we continue to fight. We continue to be the brotherhood we are, and side by fucking side, we will face whatever shit life decides to throw our way.” I pause. “Tomorrow I marry the woman that has my heart.”

“And your balls!” Hawk yells. The brothers all snort their laughs, and I do too.

“You ain’t fucking wrong there.” I smile. “But as I hand her my balls for life, I do it with you fuckers proudly at my side. Knowing that if anything should ever happen to me, you will take care of her and my boy. I know you will protect them like they are your own. For that and everything else, I fucking thank you. I ain’t one to say mushy shit, but this hard fucker feels like the luckiest man alive,” I state, holding up my glass. “To you, the brothers of the Black Hearts MC!” I toast. They all get to their feet and join me in the toast. “Oh, but one more thing: if I should die, kill any motherfucker that tries to go near my woman, because even in death she’s fucking mine,” I add.

They all laugh. “With fucking honour.” Rage nods, his face deadly serious, and I know that crazy motherfucker wouldn’t let anyone get five feet near her.

The drinks and the laughter continue to flow until the guy from earlier steps into the room, declaring it is time for us to leave for our next part of the night. We make our way back through the main casino to the limo waiting for us, and as we do, I pull out my cell and send Star a quick message.

G: I want you naked, legs spread wide, and waiting for me in my bed when I get back to the hotel.

S: Can't, sorry. Busy right now.

My lips tip up into a smile. Fuck, I love how she fights me at every chance she gets.

G: Darlin', you must be confused. I wasn't asking.

S: I think you must have me confused with someone that can be told what to do.

I climb into the back of the limo, my focus now fully on my cell.

G: Darlin', you know what happens when you defy me.

S: Yes, I get what I want.

That has my grin widening and my cock twitching.

G: Only good girls get what they want.

S: And bad girls, what do they get?

I smirk, typing my reply.

G: Punished.

She immediately replies, and I can't help but laugh at her response.

S: See Casper, bad girls do get what they want.

I slide my cell back into my pocket, and that's when I notice that all my brothers are checking in with their women. I smirk. Fucking pussy whipped, the lot of us.

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*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:23 pm*

### CHAPTER SIX

#### STAR

“Oh god, why do I feel so anxious? I mean, it's not like he hasn't seen me naked before,” Elsie says with panic in her voice.

I look at her. She is looking stunning and sexy as fuck in the corset, thong, and stockings, paired with a pair of black stiletto heels. Her full breasts are practically spilling over.

I grab her by her shoulders and look her straight in the eye. “Scar's dick will harden so fucking quickly when he sees you. I mean, I'm even getting a lady throbby just looking at you. Hell, all of you are stunning, and I cannot wait to see the guys' faces,” I beam.

Elsie blushes a little. There are all tiny black satin robes with our names on them, and we all decided that we will walk out wearing them and remove them, revealing all of our various lingerie. I had dared to expose a little more than the others, as I had done this before, and, well, all the brothers had seen me before. I wore a sheer black lace bodysuit. Everything was exposed, and to add to it, it was crotchless with delicate lace overlay, and only when I spread my legs would you know the outfit was crotchless, and I only plan on doing that in front of Ghost.

The woman who had helped organise all this walks in, smiling. “It's a shame you girls don't live here. I would love to hire you all for my club. You would make a fortune,” she compliments. “Okay, they are here, and they are all seated front row in



individual chairs. I took a picture on my cell, so you know who is sat where and which order you want to all go out in,” she says, turning her cell around to show us.

We all nod, taking note of who is where. “Okay, whenever you’re ready.” I grin. The others all nod in agreement.

This could either backfire and their alpha jealousy could go through the roof, or they could be so stunned and mesmerised it will be the best surprise of their life and ours.

We all move to position ourselves behind the curtain. The stage has a long walkway down to a half-moon shape, where they will all be seated, waiting. We all exchange a look of anxiety, all knowing it’s a bit of a risk. Especially with Rage. No one can guess how he’s going to take it. He could end up slitting all their wrists for all we know.

I shake my head, ridding myself of those thoughts. Rage wouldn’t do that. They would have to at least physically touch Dixie for him to cause actual bodily harm. I think.

“Gentlemen, we welcome you to the Starlight rooms. We have a very special surprise for you tonight. We have dancers that have come a long way just to perform for you tonight. So please, sit back, relax, and enjoy the show,” the voice echoes around us. The lights dim, and the curtain slowly rises.

Well shit, there ain’t no going back now. The room is silent, surrounded in darkness until the music kicks in. Lights flicker on and off, and we all begin to move down the stage. I know they can’t really see us clearly yet, and they won’t until the music fully kicks in. I stop in front of where Ghost is. As the music kicks in, each light illuminates us, and I smile as Ghost realises it’s me.

His jaw tenses and his gaze roams over my body as I move to the music. I do the

same routine I did when I first danced at his club. As I drop to the floor, I flip to my front, crawling towards him. I can tell every muscle in his body is taut and tight as he watches me. He is fighting every instinct to reach out and drag me off this stage. I lean up on my knees, spreading my legs in front of him as I lean back. My shoulders touch the stage as I run my hand along my body to between my legs. I swear I hear his growl when he realises the outfit is crotchless. I smile as I move my hips, slowly sitting up as I grind, riding that imaginary dick, my eyes never leaving his. As the music finishes, I hear Dixie squeal, and I look over and see Rage carrying her over his shoulder out of the room. I smile as I turn my attention back to Ghost. He's now standing at the end of the stage holding a note in his hand. I crawl towards it and go to snatch it from him, but he smirks and tugs, pulling me flush to his chest.

“Come back to my room. You will be taken care of,” he rasps.

I bite down on my bottom lip, fighting a smile as he plays on the words I remember him saying to me that night.

“Would you really take care of me?” I whisper in his ear. I feel his stubble against my cheek moving as he smiles. “Would you satisfy my every need?” I say before nipping his earlobe, repeating word for word what I said to him the first night I danced. I lean back, looking into his ice-blue eyes, full of amusement and lust. “Sure thing, Casper. I'm your whore.” I smirk, changing what I said to him back then. He throws his head back and laughs before grabbing my ass, forcing me to wrap my legs around his waist. His hands cover my behind as he strides us out of the room. I don't look to see if anyone else is still there. My eyes are firmly fixed on the man holding me. I hear someone open a door, and Ghost climbs inside the limo, sitting down while keeping me on his lap.

“The others will need a ride of their own,” Ghost says, pressing the button on the intercom.

“Already organised, sir,” the driver says from the front.

“Drive until I say stop. We need some privacy,” Ghost orders.

“Noted,” the driver adds before the music starts playing loud enough to drown out some noise, but not so loud as to feel like we are about to fuck in the middle of a nightclub.

Ghost’s eyes sweep slowly down over me again. I grind myself against him, making him growl. His fingers dig into the swell of my ass.

“It feels like you liked your surprise,” I breathe across his lips.

“You were playing with fire, darlin’. If any one of my brothers saw what I saw, I would have to gauge their fucking eyes out,” he growls.

I moan, feeling the heat building within me. I reach between us and undo his jeans, freeing his thick, hard length. Right now I just want him in me, filling me. I rise up before lowering myself down on him. He hisses out a breath as I moan.

“You can punish me later, but right now I want you to fuck me. I need you to fuck me,” I whimper, pleading with him. My desire burns through my entire body in utter desperation. I rock my hips, taking what my body is craving. He leans his head back watching me, not taking over and not dominating like he normally would. He lets me take what I need, drinking in every move, every moan I make.

I press my lips to his, kissing him, moaning when his tongue caresses mine. Breaking the kiss, I keep my temple resting on his, our breaths mingling, our eyes fixed on each other’s as I ride his hard length.

“There will only ever be you,” I pant. “Only you.” His grip tightens as he slams

himself up inside me, throwing me off my rhythm. I cry out, arching my back. A deep groan rumbles from deep within his chest as he takes over, slamming his cock up inside me. “Shit!” I cry out as the pleasure I was slowly building toward suddenly ignites, catching me off guard. My entire body tenses as the pleasure explodes through my body. I grip his shoulders, my nails digging into his flesh as he continues to slam into me, chasing his own release. “Fuck! Fuck!” I cry out.

With one final thrust, Ghost’s arm wraps around my waist, holding me still as he spills himself inside me. “Mine,” he growls into the crook of my neck. I wrap my arms around his neck, holding him tight against me. His teeth clamp down on my neck, making me gasp as my core tightens in response, enjoying the sudden sharp pain. He places a soft kiss over the area before he loosens his hold and sits back. He tucks my dark hair behind my ear, gliding his thumb along my bottom lip. “Tomorrow night, I’m going to claim you all over again,” he states.

I arch my brow. “If you think you’re fucking me in front of the club, then you’ve got another thing coming,” I say dismissively.

He grins. “No darlin’, I can not and will not share you. You are mine; mine to look at, mine to touch, and mine to fuck. I get all of you. Every part of your body tomorrow night I will claim. Every. Single. Part,” he asserts. My walls clench in anticipation. Ghost’s smile widens before he lifts me off of him and places me on the seat. He moves to his knees before me, spreading my legs wide apart, revealing my pussy dripping with his cum. His eyes stay watching me as he glides two of his fingers through my centre, dipping them briefly inside me, forcing a moan to escape from my lips. He brings his fingers to my lips, and I quickly part them without him asking. He pushes his fingers into my mouth, and I suck our combined juices off them, all while both of us watch each other. “How do we taste, darlin’?” he asks, his voice deep with arousal as he glides his fingers from my mouth.

“Delicious,” I answer.

“Oh, it’s more than that, darlin’. We taste like eternity,” he adds as he leans in, his lips hovering over mine.

A wicked smile plays across my lips. “I’m not sure I tasted that, Casper. Maybe we should fuck again so I can taste it again?”

Ghost lets out a deep growl, pressing the intercom to the driver. “Keep driving until I say,” he orders. He grabs the hem of his black T-shirt and lifts it over his head, revealing his hard, tattooed body. My eyes naturally sweep over him, never tiring of seeing his body. “You better hope we don’t stop at any fucking lights, because everyone will hear your fucking screams,” he threatens as he pushes his jeans down, freeing his already rock hard cock.

I slowly lick my bottom lip and spread my legs as wide as I can, arching a brow at him. “How about we make this interesting? As we are in Vegas, the first one to tap out has to go down on the other whenever and wherever they want it,” I propose.

His palms glide along my thighs toward my centre, his thumb teasing over my clit. I suck in a breath. “That sounds like a win-win scenario, darlin’.” His thumb circles my clit, and I grip the seat. “You’ve got a deal. Now be a good girl and scream my name,” he says through gritted teeth.

I’m about to ask him to not be so cocky, but then he thrusts forward, slamming his cock inside me. “Ghost!” I cry out.

“Oh, I think I can get you screaming my name louder than that.” He winks.

### CHAPTER SEVEN

#### GHOST

“Sir, you need to remain calm,” the officer orders as he cuffs my hands behind my back. I growl in warning as the other officer presses Star up against the limo, running his hands over her, checking for weapons when you can see every part of her body through the fucking lace body she’s wearing. I will fucking rip his hands from his fucking arms for touching.

“Fuck off!” Star hisses. The officer shoves her roughly.

“Touch her again and I will fucking kill you,” I threaten.

“Threatening an officer is a serious offence.” The officer behind me tuts.

“Sir, I am on the phone now and will try and get this matter resolved,” the driver states. I nod at him. If he can help get us out of this, then he deserves a fucking raise. The limo didn’t just get stuck at lights; it ran out of fucking gas.

We were unaware because I was too busy making sure I could make her scream my name so loud the glass would break. I smirk. I did, too. She screamed my name so loud her voice had become so rough it was near breaking. Apparently, some fucking dickhead had approached the driver, demanding it be stopped, but the guy didn’t want to interrupt us, or maybe he tried but we just didn’t fucking notice.

When the officer wrenched the door open, Star was on all fours crying out her

orgasm, her arms and legs trembling. I too was fucking exploding, my climax filling her with my seed as the fucking officer reached in and dragged me out of the fucking limo. Once he had me out, the other reached in and grabbed Star, not letting her clean up first or letting her cover up. He humiliated her in front of all the public. Not that she was letting them see her humiliation, because she hid that well from all, fighting him whenever she could. But the fact everyone got to see her like that, with my cum trickling down her thighs made me more than angry. It made me fucking murderous. That was a sight for only me. That was mine and only fucking mine.

“Touch me again and I will stab your fucking eye out with my stiletto,” Star growls at the officer.

I smirk. My woman was never afraid to fight. The officer pins her firmly against the limo with his body, saying something in her ear that I can’t hear, but by the way Star’s eyes flicker with fear, I know it’s not good.

I look around to see some bystanders recording this on their cell. “Darlin’,” I call over to her. She looks at me. “Mine,” I growl, reminding her I’m here, that she isn’t alone. Her lips tip up into that smile that hits me in the chest.

“That’s sexual harassment!” a young girl calls out from the crowd. I look over and see her holding her phone out, filming us. “You are pressing your crotch against an exposed woman. You’ve not offered her a blanket to protect her modesty, and your body searched her when I can see every part of her body ten feet away,” she yells, and I immediately want to offer the woman a club favour in return.

The officer turns around and looks for the girl, but she’s either disappeared or blended into the crowd. All the women in the crowd start shouting, repeating what that woman had yelled.

“Enough! Any more and I will arrest you all!” the officer threatens, which just riles

the crowd up more.

He grabs Star's arm and roughly shoves her in the back of the police car. She yelps in pain, and my blood boils. I kick back at the officer holding me, making him tumble to the floor. I storm to the other officer and rear my head back, slamming it down onto his. With my hands still cuffed behind me, I bend down and look into the car, seeing Star sitting there.

"Hey, Casper." She grins. I notice the small cut to her temple as blood trickles from her head. I feel the officers trying to drag me back, but I use all my strength to resist. Star leans forward and kisses me. "When we get to the station, remain calm. Call Alina." She presses her lips to mine, kissing me once more. "Behave." She winks.

"Can't promise I won't kill them," I state before allowing the officers to pull me out. As soon as I'm standing, they whack me around the back of the knees with their batons. I roar as I fall to the floor. They continue to slam them into me, beating me while I'm on the ground.

"Get off him!" I hear Star scream. I try to look over at her, but the officers continue to beat me. One of them moves off me, and I lift my head and see Star face down on the ground, the officer pinning her with his knee between her shoulder blades and the palm of his hand pressing the side of her face into the ground. Her face is scrunched up in pain as he pushes, bearing his weight on her. She's not fighting back; she's complying, and yet the motherfucker continues to pin and cause her pain. He sneers down at her, whispering something in her ear. Her eyes open, and I watch as a brief flicker of fear dances across her face.

Molten hot rage courses through my veins, and it takes everything in me to not fight the fucker that's pinning me down. I ignore everything he's saying, everything he's threatening, as I keep my eyes trained on my woman.



Her eyes flicker to mine, and she gives me a small smile of reassurance that she's okay. She forgets I know her better than she knows her fucking self. I know whatever he said to her triggered something. It scared her, and my woman doesn't scare easily. For that I will have them.

They're dead. They are motherfucking dead , I mentally promise.

### CHAPTER EIGHT

#### ALINA

The hotel phone rings, waking me from a deep sleep.

Hap groans next to me as he leans over and answers it. “Yeah?” he answers gruffly.

I blink my eyes a few times to wake up. My head feels heavy from the alcohol. It’s been so long since I drank like that; my body isn’t used to it.

Hap moves to sit up. “Yeah, shit. Okay, we will be down there as soon as we can,” he states before hanging up.

I rub my sleepy eyes and look at him. “What is it?” Worry begins to seep through my veins. I sit bolt upright. “Is it Phoenix?” I ask, panicked. Hap opens his mouth to answer, but I’m already jumping out of bed. “Oh my god, it’s Phoenix. I shouldn’t have left him,” I rush out, panicked, running towards the door.

Hap leaps out of bed and blocks me from opening it. “Baby, it ain’t Phoenix,” he assures me.

I exhale a relieved breath. “Why didn’t you say sooner?” I ask, pissed that he scared the shit out of me.

He arches a brow. “I tried, but you leapt out of the fucking bed like a damn whippet,” he points out.

I roll my eyes at him. “So what’s the emergency?” I ask.

“Ghost and Star have been arrested. They need you to go down there and get them out,” Hap states.

“Arrested? What the hell?” I ask, stunned. I huff and walk back to get my purse and put on my heels before returning back to Hap. “Well, come on, then. Let’s go. I just hope we can get them out before their wedding,” I tut. Hap smirks unmoving, his eyes raking over me. “You going to move or just look at me like that all day?” I ask.

“Oh, I could look at you like this all fucking day, standing in nothing but your sexy fucking heels.” He winks.

I look down and realise I am completely naked. Jesus, how much had I drunk last night? I also notice that Hap is completely naked, his dick rock hard and standing to attention.

“Really? There is a crisis, and you’re turned on?” I state, placing my hands on my hips.

“Baby, you are standing beautifully fucking naked before me in nothing but a pair of fuck me heels. All I can think about is fucking you on that bed with your legs wrapped around me, digging those heels into my back while you fucking scream my name,” he says, his lips curving into a devilish grin.

I feel my body reacting to his words, but I quickly shut down any possibility of that happening. “Not now. We need to rescue your President and my friend,” I state firmly before turning and walking away to find some clothes to put on. “But maybe later,” I add, giving him a smile.

He groans before grabbing his own clothes, muttering to himself about his stupid

cock-blocking Pres who owes him for this.

We decide to wake everyone up. I knock on Rage and Dixie's door, to be greeted by a deep 'woof' from Erebus. Rage cracks open the door just an inch, his gaze peering out. Once he sees it's me, he steps back, opening it fully. Standing there completely naked, holding his gun in one hand, I quickly avert my gaze, placing my hand over my eyes.

"Oh god, sorry Rage, but we are holding an emergency meeting," I state, feeling my cheeks heat.

"Rage, cover yourself," Dixie chastises as she comes running over. I peer through my fingers to see her wrap a blanket around his waist, covering his impressive package. I wonder if they are all gifted in that area, and I realise they most likely are, to be who they are and what they do. They definitely give off big dick energy. Men with little dicks always feel the need to overcompensate in life, whereas these men just do what the fuck they want when they want.

"It's just my dick," Rage argues.

"And would you be okay with the other guys seeing me naked?" she counters.

"No fucking way," Rage growls.

Dixie gives him a look before turning her attention to me. "Give us one minute to get our clothes on," she says with a smile.

I nod, smiling back, fighting the urge to laugh at how a tiny woman like Dixie can put a man like Rage in his place. It's entertaining and adorable to watch.

Once everyone is up and dressed, Hap tells them what has happened and that I am

going down to the station to hopefully get them out, but just in case the officers are assholes, we need an emergency backup plan to delay their ceremony.

“The cops here don’t know who we are. I say we go in there, blow the fucking place apart, and get them out.” Rage shrugs.

“Er,” I state, pausing.

“Then we would all end up in fucking jail. Just because we are safe back home doesn’t mean we are here. For once we’ve got to play by the law,” Spider states. “Well, at least eighty percent within the law,” he adds with a shrug.

“I’m going to head down there now, so I need some clothes for Star. Ghost said that they left her in the stripper underwear that she had on,” Hap states.

“They’re not allowed to do that,” Maggie snaps. “I will grab her clothes, motherfuckers,” she fumes as she gets up and walks off to get Star’s clothes.

“It’s something I will be using against the police, that’s for sure,” I state.

“It ain’t them letting Star out that is going to be the problem. It will be Ghost. You know he would have absolutely lost his shit if they treated her badly,” Beast points out.

“Just touching her would have made him fucking flip,” Cash adds.

“Can’t say I blame him on that one,” Scar adds, keeping Elsie close at his side, like someone is going to come and steal her away from him.

The guys all grunt in agreement, each one of them just as overprotective over the women in their lives as Ghost is with Star.

Maggie comes back out with a bag of clothes. “Right, got them. Let’s go,” she states.

“I thought it was just me going?” I ask.

“Fuck no, we are all fucking going. Cuts on. We’ll let those motherfuckers know exactly who they are fucking with,” Acid affirms as he stands.

“Okay,” I say, dubiously wondering if all of them being there will help or hinder in getting them out in time for their wedding. I look at my watch and see that it’s four am. “We have ten hours to get them out, to make sure they make it to the chapel for three pm,” I state.

“Keep me updated. I have help here from Samual, should I need it,” Queenie states, grinning at Samual, the nanny the hotel provided.

“Of course. We will be here to hold down the fort and make sure those beautiful babies are clean, dressed, and ready for the wedding of the year.” Samual claps excitedly.

I grin at his infectious positive energy. Even the guys are grinning with him. It did cross my mind if we could offer him a job at the club and bring him back with us.

The butler that the hotel had provided enters. “Your cars are ready and waiting,” he says with a brief nod.

“Fuck, man, do they ever let you sleep?” Hawk asks.

“I sleep when you sleep, sir,” he answers.

Hawk looks around the room. “What? You got silent alarms or some shit for when we wake up?” he asks, frowning.

“No, sir,” he answers sternly.

“Okay, let’s get going,” I interrupt.

We arrive thirty minutes later at the station, and the officers on the front desk all give us a wide-eyed look as we approach.

“Good morning. I am here to represent my clients, Star Monroe and Harrison Ford Jones,” I state firmly.

“One moment, please,” the officer states, getting up from his chair and walking out of the room.

“And them?” the other officer asks, pointing to all the club members who are standing behind me.

“They are here waiting for their friends to be released,” I affirm.

“Gang colours are not permitted,” he counters.

I turn and look at the brothers. “I know.” I nod. “But those are not gang colours. They are merely motorcycle enthusiasts, and by law, they are free to wear their club’s logos. Just like any other club enthusiast,” I point out.

The other officer walks back in. “They are currently, er...” He pauses. “Busy with investigations,” he stutters.

I arch my brow. “Investigations into what exactly? No further questions or investigations will be permitted to happen without my presence. Now show me to my clients,” I state firmly.

“Fuck, I want to bend you over one of those desks and fuck you right now,” Hap growls in my ear, quietly for only me to hear. I bite down on my bottom lip to stop myself from smiling. The officers exchange a look before shrugging and nodding for me to follow him.

I quickly grab the bag of clothes for Star. “Don’t get arrested,” I hiss in warning over my shoulder at all of them as I follow the officer through the secure doors.

He leads me to a holding cell full of other women, and Star is sitting there in nothing but the stripper outfit she was wearing. My blood boils as I catch a few of the officers eying her appreciatively.

“Why has she not been offered suitable clothing?” I snap.

“Er...” the officer answers as he looks over at his colleagues for help.

I roll my eyes. “I will be reporting the arresting officers and the ones who left her in such an exposed state,” I affirm. Star stands, a smile on her lips when she hears me. She tucks her hair back behind her ear, exposing a cut on the left side of her temple. “And I will also be adding a formal complaint against you for not only wounding her but also for leaving her untreated.” My gaze immediately assesses her for other injuries. Thankfully I don’t notice anything else, other than a few scuff marks, but I know for certain seeing her standing there now with that mark on her head would have sent Ghost off the edge into an explosive fit of rage.

“Ma’am, unless you are here to post her bail, there ain’t nothing you can do until she attends court,” the officer states.

I turn and look at him, raising my brow. “Officer, you clearly do not know me or the law. Otherwise, you would not have arrested my clients and caused them such bodily harm. I could have you and every single one of the arresting officers on a sexual



assault charge,” I threaten.

He swallows, looking at his feet like a chastised little boy.

I shake my head, tired of dealing with officers like this. It tarnishes the good ones. “So, where can I talk with my client?” I ask.

“Right here, ma’am. Unless you are here to post bail, then I’m sorry. There ain’t much I can do,” he says again with a shrug.

“Fine, open the cage,” I order.

He hesitates for a moment before nodding his head. After opening it, I step inside, noting a few of the other women in there glance at me with interest.

“Lay a fucking finger on her and I will slit your throat in your sleep,” Star growls in warning.

“Well, I see it didn’t take you long to become the queen bee.” I smirk.

She smiles proudly and shrugs. “You have met who I am marrying tomorrow, right?” she retorts sarcastically.

I hum and nod. “How bad are you thinking he is going to be?” I question. Star gives me a worried look. “Oh jeez,” I murmur.

She nods. “But it wasn’t his fault. He saw what they did to me and how they were touching me any way they could, and he lost it. They tackled him to the ground and beat him with their batons before firing a taser. Even though he wasn’t fighting or resisting at that point. I tried to get to him, but they held me back,” she breathes, looking away.

“Did anyone record this?” I ask.

She shrugs. “I think so. Someone yelled something from the crowd, which riled them up. They all had their phones out, but who knows who or what or even if they posted anything.”

I pull out my phone. “They didn’t even search me before bringing me in here,” I mutter as I scroll through various social media sites. “One thing for sure is I have them on incompetence,” I mutter. “Found it.” I smile before pressing play, keeping the sound low as we watch a recording of the arrest. Jesus, it was brutal watching what they did to Ghost. I quickly message the account, someone called SavSis3 who posted it, and ask them to email a copy of it for evidence.

“Right, I need to go speak to Ghost. I will find out how much your bails are and post them,” I assure her. “Then, when you go to court, I will blow this whole shitshow up their ass,” I affirm.

Star nods. “Tell Ghost to keep calm and that I’m fine, and that he better not have messed up his pretty face the day before our wedding,” she adds.

“Noted.” I nod before turning to the door to be let out. “And get dressed. I have only ever seen one labia in my life. Mine. I want to keep it that way,” I quip, making Star laugh.

The officer leads me down a long hall before stopping in front of a door. I arch my brow at him. “I thought there were only communal cages,” I counter.

“Your client was too unpredictable to be put in one, and for future reference, we call them cells. Not cages,” he states firmly.

“Metal bars from floor to ceiling entrapping a living creature is a cage. A cell has

walls, a door, and a bed,” I snap back, pushing my way past him and through the door that was kept unlocked. It was dark when we stepped in.

The officer quickly flicks on the fluorescent overhead light, making me blink to adjust my eyes.

I suck in a breath when I see Ghost cuffed to a table, his body slumped over, his arms covered with blood. “Ghost?” I call out. He groans and lifts his head to look at me. His face is covered with fresh and dried blood, thanks to the large cut on his temple that continues to bleed. My head whips around to the officer that brought me in here. “Ring an ambulance right now!” I demand.

“Our medics deemed him fit and well,” he counters.

“And who are your medics, the three blind mice??!” I yell. Ghost grunts out a laugh behind me. “Anyone with working eyesight can see he needs medical attention. Get an ambulance here right now,” I growl through gritted teeth.

The officer nods and leaves.

I walk over to Ghost and grab a tissue out of my bag to try and stop the bleeding. “Star is fine. I brought her some clothes, and she said to tell you that you had better not have messed up your pretty face for the wedding,” I state, relaying Star’s words to him.

He grunts. “Well, she’s shit out of luck. They touch her?” he asks, his voice low with a threatening undertone.

“No, and by all accounts she has the other prisoners in her cage terrified of her. I think the officers are a little afraid, too,” I assure him, smiling.

“So, here is the plan. I will bail you out. You will both get married tomorrow as planned. Then we go to court, and I will get all these charges dropped, but for that to happen, I need you to refrain from killing the officers,” I point out.

“I can withhold from killing them for now,” he agrees.

I sigh. “Not what I was asking, but then I suppose that will have to be good enough.”

I stand there holding the pathetic pieces of tissue to Ghost’s wound. Blood seeps through it onto my hand until the officer comes back with a couple of EMTs.

“How long has he been like this?” one of them asks.

I step back and arch my brow at the officer who doesn’t answer.

“At least an hour. Their medic deemed him fit and well,” I say with a huff.

One of the EMTs looks over her shoulder, wide-eyed. “I will be pushing for charges,” I assure her, and just to remind the officer of that fact.

“He needs stitches and needs to be assessed for possible concussion,” she states.

“Might be looking at a broken rib or two as well,” the other EMT points out. I grab my phone and take pictures for evidence before a knock at the door sounds and a good looking guy in a smart suit walks in.

“When I got a call that the mighty fucking Ghost and his ol’ lady had been arrested, I knew I had to come down and see for myself that it was true.” He smirks.

I straighten my back, ready to argue, but Ghost speaks first, looking up at him. “Well shit, if it ain’t Agent fucking Jared.” Ghost smirks.

Jared smiles, and I relax when I realise they are friends. “Alina, I’m Ghost’s lawyer,” I state, holding out my hand to introduce myself.

He reaches out to shake my hand but stops when he sees the blood stains on it. I quickly withdraw and give him a soft smile.

“Hap’s ol’ lady,” Ghost interrupts.

Jared smiles and nods, placing his hands in his pockets. “I see, and what’s the bail?” Jared asks the officer.

“For him, a hundred grand. For her, twenty,” he states.

My gaze snaps to him. “For what? And how on earth did you come to that figure? A minor misdemeanour, if that, shouldn’t be higher than ten,” I argue.

“He assaulted an officer,” the guy argues.

“Really? And what do you call that?” I spit, pointing to Ghost as the EMTs try and patch him up.

Jared steps to my side. “Where is your chief?” he asks the officer.

“Er, in his office,” the guy stutters.

“Take me to him now,” Jared orders. He turns to me. “Go wait out in the waiting area. I will be out in a minute with an update.” I look to Ghost, making sure he is okay with me leaving him.

“Go; I will be fine. Jared will come out and speak to you,” he assures me.

I make my way through to the waiting area with an officer seeing me out. Hap is on his feet, moving straight towards me, his gaze murderous. I frown in confusion, and as he grabs me firmly and begins checking over my hands and body, it's then that I realise I have Ghost's blood on my clothes and it's still on my hands.

Hap's hands cup my face. "What happened?" he asks.

I give him a small, reassuring smile. "I'm okay; this is Ghost's blood."

"What the fuck have they done to Pres?!" Rage fumes, storming towards the door.

I move out of Hap's arms and try to grab Rage to stop him from doing something stupid. "No Rage, he's fine. He has a cut, and it was bleeding, so I tried to help," I tell him, realising I've not really explained anything at all.

All of the brothers stand and follow Rage, crowding around the front desk. "You want to see what it's like to feel the wrath of the brothers of the Black Hearts MC?" Rage growls.

"I suggest you let us in to see our Pres, right fucking now," Scar growls, backing Rage up.

"Fucking little piggie better get running." Hawk smirks.

Spider rolls his head and bounces on his toes like he's warming up for a fight. All of them have their fists clenched at their sides, ready to fight. I guess I'm just thankful they were smart enough to not bring any weapons with them.

"Tell them!" I plead to Hap, hoping he will convince them to step back.

Maggie comes next to me. "Star okay?" she asks.

I nod. “She’s fine. More worried about Ghost. Jared is in there now trying to sort it,” I explain.

Maggie places fingers in her mouth and whistles loudly, silencing the guys. They all turn to look at her. “Sit your asses down. Jared is in there. You ain’t going to do them any favours if you get yourself arrested, too,” she asserts.

I smirk at her. The other ol’ ladies all come to stand by us with their hands on their hips, glaring at their men in disapproval. It takes everything in me not to laugh.

### CHAPTER NINE

#### STAR

I sit on the bench at the far side of the cell, watching as the other women all huddle together on the opposite side. It's like they think I'm going to attack them or some shit. I didn't care. I just wanted out of here.

"I've never known anyone more fucking perfect for each other," a deep male voice states, pulling me out of my daydream. Looking up, I see Jared standing there. I haven't spoken to him much before, as his visits are usually to talk club business about whichever asshole was threatening us at the time. I grin and get to my feet, walking across to him. His eyes sweep over me, not sexually, like he is assessing me for injuries. I know he's only doing it for Ghost. "You got given clothes?" he asks, gesturing to the hoodie and grey sweats I was wearing.

"Alina brought them in for me." I smile.

Jared nods before he shoves his hands in his pockets. "You're free to go," he states with a smile.

I exhale a loud sigh. "Oh, thank God! I can't wait to get out of here and get back to the hotel, where Ghost and I can just get married and then fly back home." Jared pulls a face, and I frown. "What is it?" I ask.

"To let them release Ghost is going to take a little more convincing. He did assault them after all." Jared shrugs.



“We will pay his bond then. We are supposed to be married tomorrow,” I point out.

“Don’t pay anything yet. Let me pull some strings and work some favours,” he states.

“Also, thanks for the invite,” he teases.

“You get Ghost out of here; you can be his best fucking man,” I state, making Jared laugh.

An officer walks over and unlocks the door, calling my name. I give Jared a nod of thanks and follow the officer out. Once they’ve discharged me, I walk through the doors to see the entire club there waiting.

“What the hell are you all doing here?” I ask, feeling a little shocked.

Rage’s head whips around at the sound of my voice, and he strides towards me and pulls me into a firm and tight hug.

“Er, Rage. I’m okay,” I say awkwardly, patting his back.

He releases me. “Where’s Pres?” he asks, looking over my shoulder.

“They won’t release him. He’s pissed them off pretty bad when he beat their asses,” I say with a smile, even though my gut is swirling with anxiety that he won’t make it out in time for the wedding. I mean, it wouldn’t be the end of the world if he missed it. We could always just go to a courthouse when we get home, but there was something about us getting married here that just fit us.

“I’m going to slit all their fucking throats while they sleep,” Rage growls.

I give his arm a little squeeze, and his eyes come to mine. “They are not worth it. Besides, apart from the couple of cunts that arrested us, most are just doing their job

and just trying to earn a living,” I tell him, knowing he would storm through those doors right now and kill everyone that got in his way to get Ghost out of there if he could.

He gives me a brief nod and starts pacing in front of the door. Dixie comes over and hugs me. “You know, you are the only one he will let hug him,” she states, looking lovingly at Rage. “He’s a good man underneath it all. I mean, sure, he likes to collect the odd body part, but who doesn’t like collecting stuff?” She sighs with a shrug.

I blink a few times at her before looking back at Rage pacing back and forth like a caged wild animal. “Do you know what, Dixie? I am glad Rage found you. You and him are perfect for each other,” I say with a smile. It’s the truth. If Rage hadn’t found the Black Hearts, then there is every chance he would be number one on the most wanted list. He would have had no one, but they embraced him and every little part of his crazy fucked-upness. “Now, do you want to calm him down a little? The last person we need getting arrested is Rage,” I sigh.

She nods and scurries over to him. He stops abruptly, and as her tiny, petite form looks up at him, his entire body relaxes as she wraps her arms around his waist.

“They’re too cute,” Josie sighs next to me. I turn and see her, Maggie, Rhea, Elsie, Belle, and Nova all standing beside me watching Rage and Dixie’s interaction. Without warning, they wrap their arms around me and pull me in for a group hug that feels more like a smothering. I break free and move my hair from my face.

“I didn’t expect you all to be here,” I state.

“Where else would we be? It’s ‘Operation Wedding Bells’. We have a schedule to stick to,” Belle states, holding up her little organiser.

I roll my eyes and shake my head. “Yeah, well, there won’t be a wedding any time

soon if they don't let Ghost out."

Alina walks over, speaking on her phone. She smiles before hanging up. "That was Eric," she states.

I shrug. "And?"

"He has just done an interview with Channel Five News," she states, grinning wildly.

"And that's good because?" I ask, gesturing for her to elaborate.

"Because your arrests last night went viral, like worldwide viral. Eric's PR team have been all over it. There are vans pulling up outside now, ready to catch you for the early morning news."

I look over at the clock and see it's seven am. Jesus, if Ghost and I get married today, our wedding night will be both of us sleeping.

"That video SavSis3 posted has exploded even more than when I showed you. There's pressure from the press, the local people, and the government. Trust me when I say they will want to get rid of you and Ghost quickly," Alina gleams.

"Who is this SavSis3? I feel like we should thank her," Rhea suggests.

"Star can release a thank you statement to her." Alina nods.

"Er, there is absolutely no way I am doing any public speaking," I protest.

"Star, I've watched you throw your entire body at a man while slamming your knuckle dusters into his face without so much as a hint of apprehension," Maggie points out.

“Not to mention that you used to strip at the club in front of all the club,” Belle adds.

“And the fact that the first time you and Ghost got down and squirty, you did it in front of the brothers!” Dixie yells from across the room, jumping into the conversation.

I bite my lip from laughing at her word replacement. “Not to mention, you have just been pulled from a limo because the entire population of Las Vegas could hear you fucking. And now you’re viral on the internet in your see-through underwear,” Elsie points out.

“Oh, shit. I hadn’t thought about that. Ghost will lose his shit,” I mutter.

“They blurred it,” Nova adds. “The original posters made sure to blur to keep your body covered. They have also threatened anyone else who has recorded it or taken photos to delete them or find themselves in a lawsuit,” Nova says as she scrolls on her phone.

“Damn, who is this SavSis3?” I mutter to myself.

“Right, I think I’ve been patient enough for Jared to do his thing. Now I’m going to continue doing mine. We will get you to the church on time!” Alina sings as she marches back to the help desk, demanding they let her back in to see her client.

“We aren’t getting married in a church!” I yell after her.

“Little Vegas chapel then!” she adds, yelling over her shoulder.

I snort out a laugh before holding out my hand. “Someone give me their phone. I need to see my baby,” I demand.

Belle hands me her phone, and I FaceTime Queenie. She answers on the second ring. “Ah! My beautiful bride, you are free. The wedding can continue!” Queenie cheers happily.

“Not quite. They still have Ghost,” I state. “I’m calling to see how my boy is.”

She starts walking. “Well, they need to let him out now. Do you know you are on the morning news? I was sat having my coffee, and I nearly choked. I was coughing for ages. I’m telling you I’ve never choked like that, and I’ve had some very large men.” Queenie winks.

“MOM! For fuck’s sake!” Cash bellows from behind me.

Queenie throws her head back and laughs loudly. “I saw you, son. He’s so easy. Takes the bait every time,” she snorts. “Hey, beautiful boy, look who it is.” Queenie coos at Enzo. She squints, looking for where to switch the camera. “Oh, how do I switch this fucking thing?” she mutters.

“FFFFFuckin!” Enzo cheers.

“Shit, sorry,” she winces. “Let me just turn the phone around.” She turns the phone around, but all I can see is the opposite wall.

“Queenie, angle it at Enzo,” I say with a chuckle in my voice. She moves the camera closer to Enzo, and all I can see is his forehead. “Jesus Christ, take a step back,” I instruct. She steps back, and Enzo’s face comes into view. “Hey, my beautiful boy,” I say with a smile.

“Mama.” He grins, and my heart swells at his beautiful face.

Queenie turns the phone back to her, smiling. “Right, I’ve got to go. It’s like an

episode of the Muppet Babies in here. I turn my back for five minutes, and one of them is either trying to climb or organise a rebellion,” she breathes.

“But all the kids are okay?” Belle asks, concern in her eyes.

“Yes, yes. All fine.” Queenie grins before her eyes go wide. “Gotta go, we have an escapee! Samual, we’ve got a breach!” she says before disconnecting.

“I bet that was River,” Belle groans, shaking her head.

I smirk. “They all encourage one another. Just wait until they are in high school.”

“Oh hell, Hawk is going to kill any boy that goes near Maisy,” Josie states.

I smile at the thought. The bond our children will have will be stronger than most families; for that I am certain. If one gets into trouble, the others will be there to help and protect them. Even if deep down I know Enzo will be the one leading the trouble.

I look out the window to see at least four camera crews out there. My stomach drops at the thought of having to speak to them. That’s being put under a whole new type of scrutiny I never want. I sit and watch the clock tick by. An hour passes, then two, then three, and then finally, just as it’s about to hit eleven am, the door opens.

I jump to my feet when I see Alina walk out with a large smile on her face, followed by Jared and Ghost. His face is bruised, and a large bandage is on his face where he was cut. Anger boils within me seeing what they did. My feet move quickly, and I run past Ghost. His eyes follow my movements as I lunge for the officer behind him. He was one of the ones that was there. I land on him with a thud, and as both of us fall to the floor, his eyes are wide as I straddle him.

“You motherfucking pig!” I hiss. I swing my fist back, but I’m dragged off him by a

strong pair of arms. Ghost pins his arms around me, holding me close with my back to his front. “Not now, darlin’. Later,” he whispers against my ear. “Right now, I need to put a ring on your finger and my dick in your pussy.”

A shudder travels through me at his words. He loosens his hold on me as I turn in his arms, and I lock my hands behind his neck. “You’ve always been so romantic,” I tease.

He grins. “Only for you. Now, let’s get the fuck out of here before you’re put behind bars again.”

“Me? You started it,” I argue.

“I believe you started it by riding my dick in the limo,” he counters.

“I don’t remember hearing you complain,” I snap back.

“Okay, okay. This is all lovely, but we have a wedding to get ready for and now a huge crowd of people and press to fight through to get there. Let’s roll, people!” Alina calls, clapping her hands.

“Oh, shit a brick,” I mutter.

Ghost looks down at me, taking my hand in his. “You ain’t scared of a few people, are you, darlin’?” he taunts.

I give him my best death glare, even though I know he can see right through my bullshit. “I don’t like people,” I say through gritted teeth.

Ghost gives me a playful grin. “I’ve got you. You don’t have to say anything. I will do the talking,” he assures me before placing a soft kiss on my temple.

A swoon escapes me; a fucking swoon. This man has got turning into a savage animal one minute and a gooey cheesy mess the next down perfect. He leads us out of the building, and I have to blink rapidly as the flashes from cameras nearly blind me. People are shouting and asking questions, and I grip Ghost's hand tighter as we get closer. He comes to a stop, and I can feel the entire club behind us acting as a wall of fucking solidarity.

I look over my shoulder, catching Maggie's gaze. She gives me a small smile and a wink in reassurance. Fuck, I love these guys.

"Have the charges been dropped?" one reporter yells.

"Did the officer do that to you?" another shouts.

"Is it true you've been offered an underwear modelling contract off the back of this exposure?" another asks.

I press my body closer into Ghost's, needing the feel of him at my side. I may be loud, and I may be strong and show no fear in most things in life, but this attention and scrutiny is making those fears spike.

"Yes, they dropped the charges, yes, the officers did this to me, and no, I think it's fucking bullshit, but even if she had, she wouldn't do it. Her beautiful body is for my eyes to see. Not all you fucking perverts," Ghost snaps, causing a few chuckles of laughter to echo around us.

"Are you saying she can't do what she likes without your permission?" a female reporter probes, trying to get a reaction out of Ghost.

"No, I'm—" Ghost starts, but the reporter cuts him off.



“It certainly appears that way with the way you are holding her to you,” she argues, pressing further.

That has my attention. I look for her and narrow my gaze when my eyes land on her. I push away from Ghost, barely registering the quiet words of warning to stop from Ghost. As I stand in front of her, I ignore the attention of all the cameras pointing my way.

“Let me make this very clear. That man is my man,” I growl in a slow warning. “He does not control me any more than I control him. I do what I want when I fucking want. Believe me, I do not make his life easy,” I state. I look over my shoulder at him, only to see love and adoration pouring from his gaze. I give him a small smile before returning my attention back to the reporters. “We were fucking in the limo. He was rocking my world, and I was blowing his,” I state. People laugh, and I hear Maggie mock gag in the background. “The rest of what happened you already know. Now, if you could all fuck off and leave us alone, as we are getting married in a few hours and I desperately need a shower,” I say bluntly.

Ghost moves and grabs my hand to lead me through the crowd. Girls are screaming at Ghost, flashing their tits and jumping up and down. I glare at them, baring my teeth, ready to rip them apart limb by limb.

Ghost yanks on my hand, forcing me to look up at him. He leans down and gives me a swift kiss. “I’m yours, remember,” he reminds me.

My smile widens, and I push my shoulders back. Yes, he fucking is! “Fuck you bitches, he’s mine!” I yell as Ghost bundles me into the back of the limo.

### CHAPTER TEN

#### MAGGIE

I stand in front of the mirror, staring at my reflection. The navy fall-length dress with a thigh-high split clings to my curves. I fidget, trying to pull it away from hugging my body. I let out a huff. Turning to the side, I take in my body, specifically at the curve of my stomach.

“Shit,” I sigh. Tears prickle my eyes. I tilt my head back and look up at the ceiling, fighting back the emotions that threaten to break free.

“Oh my god, Maggie. You look freaking stunning,” Josie compliments as she walks in.

I look at her and give her a tight grin. “Thanks,” I mutter.

Her gaze narrows. “What is it?” she asks.

I give in, feeling the overwhelming need to offload become too much to bare. I walk to the bedroom door and quietly close it. “I think I’m pregnant,” I whisper.

“Oh my fucking God!!” Josie screams loudly and excitedly.

“Shhh! Shut the fuck up, will you?” I hiss.

She clasps her hands over her mouth. “Sojmg,” she mumbles.

“What?” I press.

She moves her hands away from her mouth. “Sorry. Does Cash know?” she asks.

I shake my head. “No, of course not. No one knows. I’m not sure if I’m just late or premenopausal.” I shrug.

Josie arches her brow. “Are you even thirty?” she pushes. “And how late?” she adds.

I fold my arms across my chest, looking down at my feet. “Like six weeks,” I mutter.

“Six weeks!” Josie screeches.

“Shhhhh! Will you shut the fuck up?” I snap.

“Why the hell are you just doing something about it now?” she asks.

I groan and flop down on the bed dramatically. “Because everything had died down and things were good. No drama. And I guess I figured my period would turn up. I kept reading about pre-menopause, and I convinced myself it was that,” I confess.

“You were drinking last night!” Josie gasps.

I shake my head. “I swapped out every drink,” I state.

“How did we not notice?” Josie asks, frowning.

I smirk. “Easy. You were all trashed.”

She snorts. “True. I haven’t felt that wasted since I was a teenager getting drunk in a local farmer’s field on cheap cider.”

I smile. "I don't want to cause a scene, and I don't want to take anything away from Star and Ghost's big day," I assert.

Josie pats my arm. "Leave it with me." She gets up and opens the door. "Belle! Come here a second," she yells.

I sit up, my eyes wide. Josie waves me off like it will be fine.

Belle walks in, wearing a deep red wrap dress that hugs her curves and dips low at the bust. "What's up?" she asks.

"We need a pregnancy test," Josie states.

"Oh my god, are you pregnant?!" Belle squeaks excitedly.

"Who's pregnant?" Nova asks as she walks into the room.

"Maggie," Josie points. I sit with my head in my hands.

"I don't have a test," Belle says. "Oh, Rhea might," she states, turning and yelling for Rhea.

"What's up?" Rhea asks, walking into the room, looking at each of us.

"Have you got a pregnancy test for Maggie?" Belle asks her.

Rhea's eyes go wide and her smile widens.

I roll my eyes. "So much for keeping it quiet," I mutter to Josie.

"Can you tell me if this looks okay?" Elsie asks, walking into the room in a deep

bottle green satin dress. She looks around. “Everything okay? Why are you all standing in here?” she asks, confused.

Josie looks at me, wincing. “Sure, tell her. Maybe while you’re there you could tell Cash for me,” I say sarcastically.

Josie grins. “Maggie thinks she’s pregnant, so we need a test.”

Elsie gasps. “That’s amazing. It’s so exciting. How late are you?” she asks.

“Six weeks,” I mutter. All their heads snap in my direction as they give me an ‘are you fucking kidding me?’ look. I roll my eyes. “Yeah, yeah. I know,” I groan.

“Hey, Star was wondering where you have all gotten to. She wants to get a photo of— Alina’s words die as she takes in us all huddled in my room. “What’s going on?” she asks.

Before I can answer, Dixie walks out of my en-suite bathroom, drying her hands on a towel. “Maggie might be pregnant,” Dixie points out.

My mouth hangs open. “How long have you been in there?” I ask, stunned.

“Since I ran past you after eating a piece of that cheese platter. Dairy is not my friend. I think it was the flea,” she groans, rubbing her stomach.

“You mean Brie,” Josie adds. Dixie nods.

“I didn’t even see you run past,” I point out.

Dixie shrugs. “You may have had your dress over your head.”

“Okay, well, we still need a pregnancy test,” Belle points out.

“Just use the room service. There is a hotel pharmacy,” Alina states.

“Will they do pregnancy tests?” Nova asks.

“Who in the fuck is pregnant?” I hear Star ask as she makes her way into the room, looking unbelievably stunning. Her ivory dress is a deep V-neck sleek slip wedding gown with thin spaghetti straps, leaving it backless, exposing her tattoos and curves. It was the perfect combination of simple, elegant, and sexy.

All of us gasp and coo at how incredible Star looks, ignoring what she said.

“Oh my god, Star! You look incredible,” Belle compliments.

“Yeah, great, thanks. Now which one of you is pregnant?” she asks.

I raise my hand, and her eyes go wide. “Well, I may not be,” I admit.

“She is six weeks late, so most likely is,” Josie whispers like I’m not standing right there.

“But you hate kids!” Star blurts out. “Well, you don’t hate them, but you didn’t want them,” she reminds me.

I nod, fiddling with my fingers. “Well, I am not sure how I feel right now,” I admit.

Star sits next to me and takes my hand in hers. I look up at her. “Whatever you decide, you have all of us with you every step of the way,” she states firmly. I swallow back my emotions and nod. “Good. Now someone get her a test, but don’t let on to Queenie or she will lose her shit,” Star orders.

“On it!” Alina calls over her shoulder as she jogs off, her heels clicking on the tiled floor as she leaves.

“Anyone else got a bun in the oven?” Star asks, looking at them. “I mean, we’ve got to keep the next generation of the Black Hearts going.” She snorts.

“Do you want any more?” Rhea asks Star.

Star grins. “You know, I just might. If only to have a girl and watch Ghost lose his shit as she gets older. For that reason alone, I’m tempted.” She snorts.

“Won’t just be Ghost, though. Enzo will be a big brother,” I remind her.

“Oh, fuck,” Star snorts, rolling her eyes at the thought.

Alina comes running back in. “Right, I’ve sent the butler guy to get us one; under strict instructions he is to tell no one. Queenie is currently in with the guys, and I may have locked them in. Just to be sure they don’t come anywhere near here,” Alina pants.

“How did you lock them in?” Star asks.

“I did that prop a chair up against the handle thing you see in movies.” She shrugs.

I snort, laughing. “Your secret request, ma’am,” a deep voice says from behind Alina, making us all jump and scream.

“Sweet motherfucking labia,” Star curses, holding her heart.

“How did you do that so quickly?” Alina asks, taking the paper bag from him.

“It is my job,” he answers vaguely before turning and leaving.

“That guy is a little creepy,” Star mutters. “Efficient, but creepy.”

Alina pulls the box out and hands it to me. “Go pee now,” she orders.

I take the box, and my stomach is busy doing somersaults in anxiety as I walk into the bathroom, closing the door behind me. I sit on the toilet and rip open the box, pulling out the test before I reach down and place it between my legs. I concentrate on peeing, but nothing happens.

“Come on, come on,” I murmur to myself.

“I’m not hearing any peeing,” Star states from the other side of the door.

“Not helping,” I snap back.

“Think of running water, lakes, the ocean, a waterfall,” Star suggests.

I try, but all I can think about is that I am so not ready for this. “Not working,” I groan.

“Okay, I’m coming in,” Star says before bursting into the toilet.

“Watching me trying to pee isn’t going to make me pee,” I point out.

“I know. I’m going to do a supportive test with you. We will pee and take a test together,” she states, pulling the spare test out of the box as she walks over to the bidet.

“Er, that isn’t a toilet,” I point out.



“It’s close enough,” she states, pulling up her dress as she sits down over the bidet.

“No underwear?” I ask.

Star grins. “In this dress, it’s better to not wear anything. Plus, I know as soon as we’ve exchanged rings and whatnot, Ghost will want to fuck me or eat me; it depends if he’s had his breakfast.”

“Rings and whatnot, I don’t think I’ve ever heard anyone be so laid-back about their wedding,” I point out.

She smiles. “I love how the mention of Ghost and me fucking doesn’t faze you. Funny, because I swore I heard you mock gagging earlier around the press.” She smirks, raising her brow at me.

I shrug. “You must have been mistaken. That wasn’t me,” I state, unable to hide my smile. “Anyway, it’s you. There ain’t nothing we haven’t heard, be it firsthand or you oversharing,” I state, laughing as I mock shudder.

Star grins. “Yeah, well, you will all have to put up with it, because that man just knows how to hit those buttons. I will always sing his praises.” She winks. “And the reason why I’m so laid-back about the wedding is because I don’t give a fuck. He is mine, and I am his, even without this bit of paper,” she states casually. She clears her throat and holds up the test in her hand. “Right, enough chit-chat. Now let’s get peeing,” she orders. “On three. One, two, three,” she orders, and the sound of her peeing echoes around the bathroom, with me soon following. I can’t help but laugh as we are both sitting here peeing on sticks. Star laughs with me. “I bet no one else has a wedding day like this,” she snorts.

I place my test on the side and clean up and wash my hands. Star does the same, being careful to put her test on the other side of the sink. “So, you know what you

want to do?" she asks. The fun of the moment has now gone, and the reality of the situation dawns.

"Honestly, I don't know," I answer truthfully.

"Just talk it through with Cash. He will support you. We all will," she assures me.

She nudges me, and I look at her, but her gaze is on my test. I look down and see there are two strong lines, confirming exactly what I have been avoiding. Pregnant. Well, shit.

"Fuck," I sigh. I look to Star, and she gives me a reassuring smile. "Yours?" I ask. She holds up her negative test. "You look a little disappointed," I point out.

She shrugs. "I guess, in a way, I am. I keep thinking about having a little girl, and I'm liking the idea more and more," she admits honestly.

"You know you could get pregnant with another boy," I point out. "And have, like all boys, if you kept trying for a girl."

She scrunches up her face in horror. "I could handle one more boy, but if I didn't have a girl, there is no way I would keep going to get a girl. No fucking way," she states adamantly.

"Right, let's do this. Let's get you married." I grin, trying to bury my own worries and fears and embrace Star's day. She gives my shoulder a squeeze as she passes to walk out the bathroom door. I stay behind for a few moments, just staring down at the test. Not overjoyed, and yet not as devastated as I thought I would be. I had never planned to have kids. I didn't particularly want them, but now that it's actually happening, I'm not so sure. I look down at my stomach and shake my head back and forth. "You do realise that you would be smothered, not just by this club but the

Satan's, too," I sigh.

I walk to the bin and throw away my test before I quickly wash my hands again and walk back into the room to join everyone else. As soon as I step into the room, I know Star has told them the result, as they all stand there staring at me with wide excited smiles.

I groan. "I still haven't made up my mind yet, so don't get excited," I warn them.

They all nod before letting out little squeals and swamping me in a group hug, ignoring what I just said. Warmth floods me, and I can't help but smile. I look up, catching Star's gaze, and she gives me a small smile and nod, knowing exactly where my decision is headed. Damn her for knowing me better than I know myself.

### CHAPTER ELEVEN

#### STAR

As we make our way down to the lobby, one of Eric's men is there, ready to greet us with a warm smile. "Ma'am, if you would like to follow me, there have been some changes to your wedding venue," he states.

I frown, looking around at the girls. "What's going on?" I ask. They all shake their heads with confused looks on their faces, just like mine.

"This way," he gestures, and I follow, wondering if the chapel had cancelled last minute or if a car had broken down.

He leads us through the main casino to a set of large double doors at the back where two security guards are standing. They speak into their little mics and nod before opening the door. What in the fuck is going on? Man, I wish I brought my dusters down with me. I can't help feeling like we are being set up and are walking right into a trap.

As we step through the door into a beautiful garden with a breathtaking fountain in the centre, I'm too busy looking up at it as we pass that I don't notice the stunning veranda ahead where Ghost and the rest of the club, along with Queenie and the kids, are all stood waiting.

"Mama!" Enzo shouts, catching my attention, and that's when I see them. My eyes dart from every stunning detail of white roses and lilies to land on him. Standing

there in black jeans, a white shirt with a few buttons undone, and the sleeves rolled up exposing his tattooed forearms, paired with his Black Hearts MC cut, I grin, knowing that he doesn't do shirts, and he's never done formal. This was him doing formal for me.

Enzo bounces in his arms excitedly, making my grin deepen. I'm vaguely aware that the girls have all moved in front of me to walk ahead down the aisle. The music changes, and Sleep Token's Mine starts playing loudly. I bite down on my bottom lip, fighting back the emotions that threaten to prickle towards the surface. I begin walking down the aisle, my eyes still firmly fixed on Ghost, his ice-blue eyes searing through to my very soul.

As I step next to him, his hand grabs the back of my head, his fingers threaded through my hair as he crashes his mouth down to mine. His mouth consumes me, and his tongue caresses mine as he pours everything he is feeling into this kiss. I feel Enzo's hand on my cheek, bringing me back to reality, making me smile.

Ghost breaks the kiss, resting his temple on mine. "Words cannot describe how fucking stunning you look right now," he whispers against my lips.

"Fffffuckin!" Enzo yells, causing me and Ghost to laugh. He moves his hand, gliding it down along my bare back, stopping at the swell of my ass, his thumb lazily stroking back and forth, causing goosebumps to break out across my skin.

"Unless you want everyone to see my hardened nipples through this dress, stop doing that," I hiss.

"Ahem." A guy standing in front of us coughs, clearing his throat.

"Shit, sorry. Didn't see you there," I apologise. I hear chuckles coming from behind me, so I reach around and flip them off behind my back, making them laugh harder. I

look up at Ghost to see amusement dancing across his eyes. I shrug with my best innocent mask on. “What?” I ask before leaning over and placing a kiss on top of Enzo’s head.

Queenie steps forward, taking Enzo from Ghost before moving to stand at our side.

“Let me begin by saying how honoured I am to be here to officiate the union of Star and...” He pauses, looking down at his form. “Er, Ghost,” he says, clearing his throat awkwardly.

I look at the guy dressed in a formal grey suit; probably designer and probably expensive. “I’m sorry, is there anyone else that can marry us?” I ask, interrupting.

He looks at me with a stunned expression. “I can assure you ma’am, I am the best in Las Vegas,” he defends.

“I don’t doubt you aren’t. I just feel like we should have either someone more suited to us or even Elvis would do.” I shrug.

“Say no more,” a deep voice states. I turn and see Jared walking up, and he shoos away the efficient and smirks at Ghost.

“You can marry us?” I ask, grinning.

“Yeah, I am ordained, and my Elvis impression ain’t too bad either. Thank you very much,” he says in his best Elvis voice while swivelling his hips. I throw my head back and laugh.

“Why the fuck didn’t you say this before?” Ghost asks.

“Well, you didn’t even invite me to your fucking wedding, so mentioning that I was

ordained didn't exactly seem relevant. Now, do you want me to wed you two beautiful people or not?" he asks with a playful glint in his eye. It's one I have never seen before, but then I guess there was only ever bad shit going on when we would see him.

"Yes, marry us," I demand. It then occurs to me that I didn't know how they managed to get Ghost out of jail without bail. His entire charges were dropped. "One thing: how did you get Ghost out?" I ask. It had been so busy, and I was so happy to see him that I completely forgot.

"I will fill you in later. Right now I need you to declare that you are mine," Ghost demands.

"Fine," I say in a mock huff.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are gathered here today," Jared starts, "for these to declare their love to one another. They nearly didn't make it to the altar, and we nearly had Jailhouse Rock. Huh-uh," Jared says in his Elvis voice again, trying to curl his top lip.

I laugh, and Ghost rolls his eyes. "Get on with it, man," Ghost warns.

"Okay, do you want the official lines or the short ones?" he asks.

"Short," Ghost answers.

"Okay Star, do you take this huge, stubborn, pain-in-the-ass man to be your wedded husband? Do you promise to love him, tolerate him, and make the rest of his life hell?" Jared asks.

I look to Ghost with a grin. "Oh, I certainly do."

“Do you Ghost, take this beautiful woman to be your wedded wife? Do you promise to love, worship, and give her multiple orgasms for the rest of your living life?”

“Fuck, yes,” Ghost states.

“Okay, you got any vows you guys want to add?” Jared asks.

“I do,” I state, clearing my throat as I gaze up at Ghost. “Um, I wasn’t going to say anything. I don’t normally do this mushy shit,” I state.

“Shiiit!” Enzo repeats. Seriously, the kid is like a parrot.

“Erm, well, I just want to tell you thank you. I don’t think I’ve ever said that to you before, but my life before you was... Well, it wasn’t a life. Without knowing you saved me, even though I fought you every step of the way. You didn’t give up on me. Your stubbornness clashed with mine.”

“I think you will find it didn’t just clash; it fucking collided with such force it damn near well caused an explosion,” Ghost counters.

My lips twitch, fighting back a smile. “Are you correcting my vows?” I ask, my voice full of sass.

His eyes spark with amusement. “I’m just elaborating.”

“And now I’ve forgotten what I was saying,” I huff. “I was trying to tell you how much I love you. How my life would be empty without you. That I could lose everything in this world, but as long as I had you and Enzo, I would be forever happy until the day I fucking die. But nope, you just had to interrupt me and throw me off my thoughts,” I rant. Taking in a deep breath, I release a sigh of annoyance. “You may have saved me Casper, but you get right on my tits,” I snap.



I ignore the smirks and snorts of laughter as I glare at him. He grabs my waist and pulls me flush against his body, holding me close. He leans down and brushes his mouth against mine. "Shut the fuck up and kiss me," he growls.

I stand firm, resisting every urge in my body to relax into his hold. "Is that your romantic declaration of your love for me?" I retort.

"I don't need to declare my love for you. I declare it every time I look at you, every time I touch you. When I hold you or comfort you..." he declares, his ice-blue eyes searing through mine. "When you make me smile, when you make me laugh. When you fucking make me so fucking angry I want to make you choke on my cock," he growls.

I swallow, my mouth drying up as lust pulses through me. "Every time my lips touch your body, every time I make you scream my name in ecstasy." He pauses, and my heart feels like it's about to explode, all while I try to contain myself from jumping him and fucking him right here. His hand squeezes my hip. "I declare each and every day, every goddamn minute, that you are my entire fucking reason for existence. Love isn't enough to describe everything you make me feel," he states assertively.

Tears sting my eyes as the burning emotion rises in my throat. "You," I breathe, trying to get a hold on my emotions.

Ghost grins as he tucks his other hand in my hair behind my ear, his fingertips delicately dancing along my jaw, moving down until his hand rests around my neck.

"Say it," he whispers, grazing his lips over mine. Neither of us care where we are or that everyone is watching. It's as if everyone and everything has disappeared. Only we exist at this moment in time.

"My husband," I whisper.

He releases a deep, possessive growl. “My. Fucking. Wife,” he declares before his lips crash onto mine in a dominating and claiming kiss for all to see, but for me to feel. To know I am his.

Body, mind, and dark fucking soul.

### CHAPTER TWELVE

#### GHOST

“Well, I fucking guess that means I now pronounce you husband and fucking wife!” I hear Jared announce, followed by cheers. I ignore them and keep my focus on my woman, my fucking wife, in my arms. My mouth on hers is something I don’t plan on stopping any time soon. I grab her behind and lift her up, feeling her arms wrap around my neck as she deepens the kiss. I shift her dress up so she can wrap her legs around my waist.

“Children!” I vaguely hear Queenie chastise, but I don’t give a fuck. Briefly breaking the kiss, I trail my lips along her neck, my gaze forward as I stride towards the building, ignoring every comment as I find somewhere to claim my wife. Staff move out of the way as I step inside, and I spot a door to my right and yank it open, revealing staff members sitting around a table drinking coffee.

“Get out,” I demand. Star nips my lobe playfully between her teeth, making my fingers dig into the swell of her ass. The staff scurry off, closing the door behind them. I place Star on the table before I walk back to the door to wedge a chair under the door handle to stop anyone coming in. I turn around to see Star standing completely naked, in nothing but her heels. My eyes drink in every perfect inch of her, of mine. She sits back on the table, scooting herself back a little, knocking off cups and food, letting them scatter around the floor.

Leaning back on one hand, she brings her knees up, perching her feet on the edge of the table and revealing her beautiful pussy to me. With her free hand she glides her

fingers down between her folds, her eyes hooded as she watches me while she touches herself. I take slow, predatory steps towards her, my dick painfully hard, desperate to sink into her wet little cunt. She watches me, biting down on her bottom lip, trying to suppress her smile.

I come to a stop in front of her, and she tilts her head back to look up at me, a challenge in her gaze as she continues to move her fingers in and out of her pussy. She lets out a low moan. I clench my fists at my sides, holding back from touching her. She removes her fingers, lifting her hand between us, her arousal glistening on her fingertips as she presses them to my lips. I part them, and she glides her fingers across my tongue, her sweet intoxicating taste pushing me over the edge.

I firmly grab her wrist and removed her fingers from my mouth. "You should know by now that I don't like anyone touching what's mine," I growl in warning.

"You saying I can't touch myself?" she counters, that spark lighting behind her eyes.

"Not unless I say you can," I answer, still firmly holding her by her wrists. "Place your hands on either side and hold on to the edge of the table," I order, my voice low as I fight the urge to slam my cock deep inside her. She doesn't do as I say right away, that edge of her rebellious behaviour flaring to the surface. When she eventually places her hands where I told her to, I smile. "Good girl," I praise. Lust and anger flash through her eyes, and my grin just deepens knowing how much it riles her. I slowly glide my fingers through her centre, making her suck in a shuddery breath. Her lips part in pleasure, and I groan as I curl my fingers, hitting that perfect spot within her, feeling how wet she is.

"Hhmm," she moans. "I'm going to need more than that, Casper," she breathes. "I thought my husband was going to claim me. Not make love to me," she goads.

I growl and withdraw my fingers, moving to my pants to unzip them and free my

rock hard length. I fist it, squeezing it as a drop of pre-cum escapes the tip. Star wraps her hand over mine, the pad of her thumb swiping away the cum before she places it in her mouth. Her eyes are ablaze with arousal as we both stare at each other. I press the head of my cock at her entrance, and when she opens her mouth to say something, I drive forward, filling her. The words die in her throat as a deep throaty moan escapes her. “How can it still be this fucking good? No matter how many times I touch, taste, or fuck your perfect little cunt, it still feels like the first time. Fucking heaven,” I say through gritted teeth.

“While you’re giving me those beautiful words, what I really want is for you to move your impressive dick and fuck me,” she demands.

A dominant growl rumbles in my chest. I grab her behind with one hand, and the other I wrap around her throat, holding her to me. As I pull out and slam back into her, the table shifts from the force of my thrust as I pound into her over and over again. She cries out, her knuckles turning white as she grips the table so tightly.

“You will fucking take everything I give you. You are my fucking wife,” I order.

Star moans. “Then don’t hold back. Fucking give it to me. Husband,” she breathes, a smile playing across her lips.

I press against her neck, forcefully pushing her to lie down on the table. I continue to slam into her, her full tits bouncing with each thrust. I grab her throat, squeezing at the sides and restricting her airflow. She moans, her back arching as our bodies collide. The sound of her moans and the table fucking moving across the room every time I slam myself inside her is sending me over the edge.

“Fuck! Fuck! Mark me. Make me fucking yours,” she cries out through ragged breaths as my hand is still clamped around her throat. I bend down and remove my hand, bracing it beside her head as I press my mouth to her neck. Baring my teeth, I

bite her hard enough for it to give her a surge of pain. Her hands wrap around my neck, her fingers threading through my hair, grabbing it tightly to make it sting.

“Yes!” she cries out. The relentless sound of our bodies colliding echoes around us, and I feel her walls begin to tighten. I groan. Our chests are now pressed together, and as I release her neck, her legs wrap around me, pinning me to her. “You need to cum for me,” I ground out through gritted teeth, finding it hard to hold back while fucking her at this relentless pace.

“Don’t tell me what to do,” she pants as her walls tighten around me with every thrust.

“Cum for me!” I demand, my pent-up climax desperate for release.

“No!” she cries out, her nails digging into my shoulders so fiercely I’m sure she’s drawing blood. I can feel she’s close. Every muscle in her body is strung tight.

“Fuck!” I roar. “Cum for me now,” I growl my demand.

“Fuck you!” she yells.

I push myself up to stand, grabbing her legs and forcing them onto my shoulders. I wrap my arm around her thighs, pinning her legs in place, and with my free hand I press my thumb on her swollen clit. She writhes and bucks, trying to stop me.

“Fucking cum for me,” I seethe.

“Oh fuck,” she moans. “If I come, then it will be over, and I’m not ready for that,” she breathes, her blue eyes full of love, passion, and desperation. Fuck, I adore this woman.

“You don’t want to stop, then I won’t fucking stop. But I’m about to explode and fill your perfect little cunt with my cum, and I want you to fall with me, screaming my fucking name as I do,” I pant. I stop moving and just continue to circle her clit, watching her chest rise and fall rapidly.

“Move,” she begs in a whisper. “Cum with me,” she pleads. Fuck, I’m going to give her what she wants. I thrust forward hard, making her gasp, continuing that pace and power. Her legs begin to tremble as her walls clamp around my dick. Her back arches and her head tilts back as her orgasm consumes her.

I feel my own orgasm building until it erupts, pleasure igniting every part of my body as I fill her to the hilt, pumping her full of my cum.

“Fuck!” I roar as she continues to milk my cock. I release my hold on her legs and lean down, taking her mouth, my tongue slowly caressing hers. I slow until I’m still buried inside of her before breaking the kiss. I look into her vibrant eyes. “You own me. Every fucking part of me,” I confess.

She cups my cheek, a soft smile on her lips. “Well, that’s good, because Casper, without you, I am nothing.” I lean into her touch, kissing her palm. “Is now a good time to tell you I want another baby?” she blurts out.

My body stills, and I look at her in surprise. Not because I don’t want another, but because I thought she didn’t want any more.

“You want another kid?” I ask, wanting and needing her to confirm it. She shifts and looks away, exposing her vulnerability that she tries so hard to keep hidden.

“I think I would,” she admits.

“Look at me,” I demand softly. Her gaze comes to mine. “I would have a million

fucking kids with you if it was what you wanted,” I state firmly.

“But what do you want? It’s not just about what I want, but what you want, too,” she counters.

“Then I’d be happy with just the four kids,” I state casually. Her eyes go wide in horror, and I fight to suppress my amusement.

“The only way you will get that many kids out of me is if I were to have triplets,” she states firmly.

“Then let’s just settle for two kids and hope you don’t end up pregnant with triplets,” I state.

She runs her tongue along her bottom lip. “How about we try now?” she suggests seductively as she clenches her walls around me.

I groan as she lifts her hips. As I’m about to answer, a loud banging rattles from the door.

“I’m going to count to ten, and if you two are not dressed and out here to continue your wedding celebrations, then I will come in there and drag you both out here butt naked myself!” Queenie loudly chastises through the door.

I sigh and look at Star, who is trying not to laugh. I press a swift kiss to her mouth before pulling out of her. We both groan at the loss of contact. I would have happily shut ourselves in here for the rest of the night and fucked her on every surface, but I suppose Queenie had a fucking point and that we had better make the effort to attend our own wedding. After that though, I was locking us away in our fucking room, and no one would see us until we were fucking ready.



“So, before Queenie rams her way through that door, do you want to tell me how Jared got you out of jail with no bail?” Star asks.

I zip up my pants and walk over to the other side and grab some paper towels. “He did say that one day if he needed a favour, he would call,” I state before turning back around to see Star standing, her beautiful curvy body on display with my cum coating down her thighs. All thoughts of Jared and how he got me out of jail dissolve from my mind. The sight of her has me fighting every urge to not bend her over the table and fuck her into oblivion. Instead, I walk to her and drop to my knees before her and clean between her legs. I look up at her and see her lips parted, her gaze full of desire once more. I keep my gaze on her as I lean forward and press my mouth over her clit, kissing her. Star gasps, watching me.

“Ten!” Queenie yells through the door, pouring an ice-cold bucket of water over the moment. I rest my head against her lower stomach and exhale an exasperated sigh.

Star threads her fingers through my hair, giving it a sharp tug, forcing me to look up at her. “Party now, eat later.” She winks.

I get to my feet and put the kitchen towels into the trash as Star slides on her wedding dress before I take her hand in mine and we make our way to the door.

I move the chair and swing it open just as Queenie yells. “Nine! Oh,” she says, jumping in surprise. “Well, it’s about time. Everyone is sat ready to eat. They’re waiting for you. Also, you forgot these,” Queenie states, dumping our rings in my palm.

I grin as I slide my plain brushed platinum ring on before grabbing Star’s hand and sliding her simple platinum diamond band on her finger. Star grins as she looks down at her hand.

“Everyone is starving,” Queenie states, continuing to chastise us as we walk.

“Funny, so am I. I was just about to eat until you fucking interrupted,” I quip. Queenie gives me a clip around the ear for that remark. “Ow, shit!” I hiss.

“Serves you right,” Queenie tuts.

We walk back outside, but instead of turning left back to the ceremony, Queenie leads us right to where white linen tables are all set up with flowers and candles.

“Hurray!” everyone cheers. I flip them off as we take our seats in front of everyone. It’s all feeling a little too formal for what we are used to.

Everyone eats and drinks, and I catch Star in a heated discussion with Maggie. I frown, wondering what the fuck that is all about. Suddenly, Maggie stands and reaches over from a mic stand that had been placed there for what fucking reason; I didn’t know. She coughs into it and pats the end, making the speakers screech, causing everyone to wince and cover their ears.

“Testing, testing,” she says into the mic. We all look at her in confusion.

“Princess, what are you doing?” Cash asks, looking bemused.

Star gives her a nudge in encouragement. “Darlin’?” I whisper in her ear.

“Shh, just listen,” Star chastises.

“So, erm, congratulations to, I guess, the original OGs,” Maggie says, smiling. “I, erm, what do I say? Oh yes, what a magical day it’s been. Well, I mean apart from you guys running off to fuck,” she snorts. “So, let’s raise a toast to the happy couple,” Maggie says, raising her glass. All the brothers and ol’ ladies cheer and drink their

drinks, but Maggie just stands there, frozen on the spot, staring at the ground.

I look at Cash and see his eyes are filled with concern. Star gives Maggie a swift kick to the shin, making her snap out of her trance. She draws in a long breath and looks to Cash. “So, erm. Things change, right? Like life changes, and people change.” She pauses. “I don’t think we talk about change enough sometimes, and do we accept the changes?” she adds. “Maybe scientists need to look?—”

“For the love of God woman, just tell him!” Star snaps.

I look at her and the rest of the ol’ ladies; all of them sat waiting, knowing what was coming.

“I’m pregnant,” Maggie blurts out. The ol’ ladies whoop and cheer, while Cash just sits there staring at Maggie, his mouth hanging open in shock.

“Brother!” I bark, snapping him out of his daze. He shakes his head and gets to his feet, stopping in front of Maggie.

“Pregnant?” he asks.

She nods. “I, I’m scared,” she says, and Cash wastes no time in taking the mic off of her. He places it on the table before pulling her into his arms. I look over to Queenie, tears filling her eyes.

“Well, fuck me,” I mutter.

Star turns to me, smiling, and winks. “Fffffffuck!” Enzo laughs, clapping.

### CHAPTER THIRTEEN

#### STAR

“I feel like we are forgetting something,” I say as I look around the penthouse.

“You haven’t forgotten anything. You just don’t want to leave,” Nova points out, a smirk on her face.

I huff and dramatically flop onto the couch. “You’re right. I don’t want to ever leave here,” I moan, stroking one of the cashmere pillows while wondering if they would notice it missing.

“Is it weird that we are all sat here waiting for the guys?” Rhea asks with a sceptical look.

“Hhmm, you think they are up to something?” Elsie adds, looking at each of us with Enzo cuddled into her, fast asleep.

“Let’s just think about it for a second. We don’t have to check out for another two hours, yet they wanted us all up, dressed, and packed, ready to go an hour before checkout. They mentioned they had something to take care of, then left us all here twiddling our thumbs while we wait for them to return,” Rhea points out.

I snort out loud, and everyone’s gaze snaps to me. “Sorry.” I wave them off. “Not laughing at you. Just a little flashback from one of the many times I told Ghost to go fuck himself when he expected me to celebrate his return. Pfft. What a twot,” I scoff.

“It’s twat,” Josie interjects.

“Huh?” I ask.

“Us Brits say twat,” she explains.

“Where have I heard twot before?” I ask, frowning. All of us sit there, trying to think.

“Sopranos!” Belle blurts out excitedly as she remembers.

“Yes, that’s it. He called a lot of people twots.” I nod.

“Okay, so anyway. Ghost was an absolute... Bellend?” I say as a question, double-checking with Josie that I’ve got it right.

She nods and gives me the thumbs up. I grin, pleased that I got it right.

“Has anyone tried ringing them?” Alina asks.

We all exchange a look. “Er, nope,” Maggie states.

I roll my eyes before I pull out my cell and hit call. After two rings, he answers.

“Wife,” he greets.

I sigh at hearing him call me that. “I want to hear you try and say that while I’m sitting on your face.” I don’t have to see him to know he’s smiling after that statement.

“Star! Little ears!” Queenie chastises, pointing to Maisy, River, Oliver, and Phoenix.

“Three out of those little ears don’t even know what I’m saying,” I argue.

“I know what you said!” Oliver yells.

“You heard wrong, so shush and play your game,” Rhea scolds.

“Darlin’,” Ghost growls at me down the phone.

“Yes, dear?” I say mockingly.

“Wife,” he presses.

“Husband,” I counter.

I hear him exhale a long breath, probably looking to the stars, praying for patience.

“Where are you and what are you doing?” I swiftly ask, trying to catch him off guard.

“Club business,” he states.

“Oh no, you don’t get to say that anymore. We are married, so no secrets,” I argue.

“It ain’t a secret if I’m not telling you to protect you,” he snaps back.

“And how exactly does not telling me protect me?” I push.

“Then you aren’t an accessory,” he grinds out.

I pause for a moment, wondering what they could be up to, then I hear Rage. “All tied up, Pres. Although one has pissed himself, and I think the other has shit their pants, so try not to breathe through your nose too much,” Rage states.

“Ghost,” I whisper his name.

“I’ve got to go. We will be back within the hour,” he says before disconnecting.

Everyone looks at me, waiting for an answer. “Club business,” I mutter.

They all roll their eyes, knowing the drill with this stupid fucking rule. I nibble on my thumbnail anxiously.

“What is it?” Maggie asks.

I sigh. “I heard Rage in the background saying that they are all tied up. One had pissed themselves, and he was pretty sure the other had shit their pants,” I state. They all groan, knowing exactly what’s going on, all apart from Dixie. I look across at her as she looks down at a small bit of thread on her jeans. “Dixie,” I press, getting to my feet and walking over to her. She looks away, avoiding my gaze. “Dixie, I know you and Rage don’t keep secrets. What are they doing?” I press.

“I can’t tell you,” she says in a rushed breath.

The others come and stand at my back. “Dixie,” I say, repeating her name again.

“They went to get the potato ricers from the other night,” she confesses.

“Potato ricers?” Rhea asks, confused.

“The police officers that arrested Ghost and me,” I clarify.

“Shit,” Maggie sighs.

“What the hell are they playing at? This isn’t our town. Things are run differently here,” Belle states.

An idea quickly pops into my head. “Belle, you had any of your family this way that might be able to help out?” I ask, putting emphasis on her mob family connections.

She shakes her head no. “Not many of them are left; they are either old, dead, or in prison now.” She shrugs.

I look over at Queenie, a pleading look in my eyes. She rolls her eyes. “Fine. Put the sleeping children in bed, and I will call Samual up to help, but you all have to be back here by midday,” she relents.

I walk over to her and give her a big kiss on her cheek. “You’re a diamond,” I tell her. “Dixie, come on. You need to direct us.” I call over the rest of the ol’ ladies following behind.

“Wait, are any of you packing?” Josie asks.

“Packing? What are we, the fucking Godfather?” I mock.

“You know what I mean. Do we have any weapons for our protection?” she elaborates.

I lift my top, showing my handgun, Maggie lifts her jean leg, revealing a small handgun strapped to her calf, Rhea opens her bag and pulls out a folding blade, Belle pulls the cutest little handgun from her purse, Nova pulls out a taser, Alina flashes her handgun that’s also in her purse, and Elsie pulls out a gun from the waistband at her back. Even Dixie pulls out a hunter’s blade, and Josie grins as she pulls out her taser.

“I’d say we are ready,” I say with a grin. “Oh, wait.” I reach inside my bag and slide on my knuckle dusters. “Now we are ready.” I nod.



### CHAPTER FOURTEEN

#### STAR

We all pile into our waiting limo that is there to take us to the plane. Dixie tells the driver where to go, and I'm surprised that Rage gave her a location. I also wonder how they had anywhere to go with whatever it is they plan on doing. The drive only takes ten minutes, and we are still in the centre of Vegas. Frowning, I climb out of the car and look to Maggie, her expression mirroring mine. Why would they do something like this in such a risky place? With so many witnesses, someone could hear them.

Dixie leads the way between two large casinos, and the alley used for dumpsters stinks of piss. I scrunch my nose up in disgust, the scent of ammonia strong in the air.

"Jesus, please tell me we are close to the door," Rhea complains, covering her nose in an effort to avoid the smell.

Dixie stops at a single red door, and as she yanks it open, all file into the dark space, making it hard to see what's in front of us. We all flick the lights on our phones, and we walk further in, hearing voices carry from the distance. Looking around, it looks like an old storage unit for slot machines. Dixie eases back and points in the direction, and I walk in front, trying to be as quiet as I can in heels. I see the light up ahead and switch my torch off, and the others do the same.

"What are we doing exactly?" Belle asks.

I pause and look at her, blinking a few times. “Er, I hadn’t actually thought that far ahead,” I admit, shrugging.

We all gather in a small group. “What do you mean you haven’t thought that far ahead?” Maggie hisses.

“I mean, I didn’t think of what we would actually do. I mean, thinking about it, why did we bring all our weapons?” I point out, the thought now occurring to me.

They all exchange a look back and forth, the realisation coming to them too. “I mean, if the bad guys are already tied up, then what are our weapons for?” Josie asks in confusion.

“To threaten our men?” Nova asks, even though she sounds confused by her own question.

“Why would we threaten our own men when they are just teaching those assholes a lesson?” Rhea points out.

“That’s a good point,” Elsie adds.

“I mean, do any of you fancy taking a turn teaching those cops a lesson?” Belle asks us.

I tilt my head, considering it. “I mean, I’m not completely hating that idea,” I answer truthfully. “I can still see one of them beating Ghost, and that makes me want to cut his dick off,” I seethe, still seeing the images in my mind.

“I think we should go in there. Star can take a few swings at the officers, but we demand our men stop, as we don’t want them going to prison, and if they refuse, then we threaten them,” Alina suggests.

“Good plan,” I state. “But violence won’t deter Ghost. Withholding sex might, though,” I point out. They all nod in agreement.

“So, what’s the ban? A month?” Elsie asks, her face scrunched up, like the idea tastes bitter on her tongue.

“Maybe three weeks?” Nova suggests.

“I don’t know. We are supposed to be punishing them, not us, right? I’m not sure I could go three weeks,” I admit.

“Two weeks?” Dixie suggests, although her expression suggests I’m not the only one that would hate going that long.

“Ten days?” Josie mutters, curling her lip in disgust.

“A week?” Nova asks before silence stretches around us. None of us want to ban sex. I’m not sure if that means we all have a sex addiction and we need therapy, or simply that the Black Hearts brothers just know how to fuck.

“Five days,” I state firmly. “We could do five days.”

They nod in agreement, albeit unconvincingly.

I place my hand in the centre of the circle. “B-HO on three,” I whisper.

“B-HO?” Alina asks in confusion.

“Black Hearts Ol’ Ladies,” I explain.

“Oh, I was like O, let’s Be Ho’s!” Josie giggles.

“To be fair, it does sound like Be Hoes,” Maggie agrees.

“Alright then, anyone else got a better name for us?” I huff.

“What about Badass Ol’ Ladies Of Bikers?” Josie suggests, smiling.

“BOOB,” Alina points out. “That would be BOOB,” she reiterates.

Belle snorts back her laughter. “Just Black Hearts Ol’ Ladies is good, but maybe don’t call ourselves B-HO’s,” she adds.

We all nod. “Okay, on three,” I say again. “Black Hearts Ol’ Ladies, let’s go!” I whisper yell so that I don’t alert the men to our presence.

“Black Hearts Ol’ Ladies!” they whisper back, raising their joined hands.

We turn, now all hyped up, and creep our way through the unit, now with a plan of what we are actually going to do.

### CHAPTER FIFTEEN

#### STAR

We round the corner to see a large open space and see two men tied to chairs, with cloth tied around their mouths. Their faces are also beaten and bloodied. The brothers are standing there, blood coating their hands, their murderous intent gazes pinned on the two officers. Ghost steps forward, a blade in his hand, his muscles are strung tight, and he approaches the one that held me down. It's the one that whispered what he would do to me once he got me alone. I didn't tell Ghost what he said, knowing it would tip him over the edge. He would hunt him down and kill him without a single regret.

Ghost rests the blade against the man's neck. The man sniffles and pleads, begging for his life, but Ghost doesn't flinch. The words the man is rambling don't seep into Ghost's mind. He's set to kill, set to end those that have hurt the thing he loves. Me.

My feet are moving, and my only thought is to get to him. I hear the girls behind me, and the rest of the brothers look our way, taking in their women, their faces set as hard as stone. They're probably pissed that we are here, but I don't pay them any mind as I continue toward the only man that matters to me in this moment. His eyes flicker to mine, his cold ice stare aimed at me, his jaw ticking as he contains the anger he's feeling, keeping the blade pressed against the guy's neck. Blood trickles along the sharp metal, and as I stop in front of him, our gazes never break.

I place my hand over his hand that is holding the blade and pull it away from the man's throat, shaking my head back and forth. "Don't," I command softly. His chest

is heaving with the fury I know he's struggling to contain.

I lean up and press my lips softly to Ghost's, removing the blade from his hand as our lips connect. I step back and walk behind the man, whose eyes are wild with fear. I slice the blade through the rope at his wrists before doing the same to the ones at his ankles.

The guy springs from the chair, ripping the cloth from his mouth. "You'll pay for this. All of you," he threatens. Maggie frees the other officer, who runs over to his friend.

"I wouldn't," I warn, standing in front of them. I don't have to look over my shoulder to know that the ol' ladies are there. I can feel them approach at my back, and I grin. They move to stand at my side, their weapons bared and aimed at the two officers.

"Pfft, what are you going to do? You're just a bunch of weak and pathetic women," one spits, looking at us.

"Erebus," Rage orders his dog, who trots by my side, growling at the officer on the floor.

I pat his head in praise. "Good boy." I smile down at him. "Josie, Nova," I order. They move forward, both aiming their tasers at them. I flex my fingers on my knuckle dusters, cricking my neck, my smile widening. "Now, just stay still and let me get a few punches in," I say as I step closer to them.

"Fuck you. You hit me, I will hit you twice as fucking hard," the ugly bald one growls, blood dripping from his mouth.

Ghost comes to my side. "You will stay fucking still and let her fucking hit you as many times as she wants. You go to move away or run; not only will the dog hunt you fucking down, but I don't know if you've noticed all the guns currently aimed at

your fucking heads?” Ghost seethes, his voice low and threatening. “Rage, Beast, hold them down,” Ghost orders. Rage and Beast step forward, their eyes glowing with enjoyment. “If you had kept them in their chairs, they wouldn’t need to be held down,” Ghost whispers in my ear.

I glare at him, noting the cocky smirk on his face. “I wanted to fight fair,” I say through gritted teeth.

“When it comes to revenge, there ain’t no room to play fair. You always play to destroy,” he growls in my ear. I bite down on my bottom lip as his deep and threatening voice causes pleasure to spike within me. He playfully nips my ear, knowing exactly what he’s doing to me.

I shove my shoulder, brushing him off. “Stop it. Now let me take my own revenge,” I snap, squaring my shoulders to regain my composure.

I step toward the one Rage is restraining. He’s taller than me, so I need to swing up.

“On your knees for the lady,” Rage growls in his ear. When he doesn’t move, Rage kicks the back of his knees, making him crumble to the floor. Rage then pulls a gun and holds it to his temple, keeping him still.

“Fuck’s sake Rage, we said no fucking weapons,” Ghost sighs.

“They’ve got theirs,” Rage argues.

“Theirs are registered,” Ghost points out.

“Mine is registered,” Rage counters.

Ghost gives him a poignant stare. “I don’t mean registered in your fucking personal logbook, Rage,” he sighs.

Rage just shrugs. “Oh, well.”

“Can you both just let me have my moment?” I ask, looking between them.

Ghost gestures for me to continue.

“Sorry,” Rage mutters.

I nod. “Thank you,” I exhale a breath. “Remember how you said you’d pin me down and fuck me until I bled, until I was crying and begging for mercy?” I ask the officer. His eyes gleam with pure hatred. Ghost lurches closer, his anger boiling over. I hold up my hand to stop him before I lean in closer to the officer. “It will be you that will be begging for mercy,” I sneer.

“You fuck—” he starts to spit, but I swing my right fist round, slamming it into the side of his temple. His head whips to the side, and the skin on his brow splits from the impact of my knuckledusters. My hand instantly hurts from this hit, but I don’t care. The feeling of getting some payback quickly overrides the pain. I swing again, this time with my left, then again with my right. Blood splatters with each hit, but I keep going until I feel strong hands grabbing my upper arms and hauling me back.

“Easy darlin’, breathe,” Ghost whispers calmly in my ears.

“Josie, Nova, let them have it,” I pant. Beast and Rage step back as the prongs of their tasers hit the officers directly in their chests. They both drop to the floor, their bodies tensing and twitching. I shrug Ghost off me and walk to stand between them, shoving one to his back with my stiletto heeled foot. “Ever hear the saying, ‘Behind every great man is an even greater woman’?” I sneer, looking down on them as Nova and Josie don’t let up the charge. “Well, we are the women behind those fucking great men, but we aren’t just great. We are fucking phenomenal,” I seethe. Pulling out my gun, I hold it and aim at one of their heads. They watch as the charge from the taser dies, and I can see fear rippling through their eyes.



“I don’t normally get hard in these situations, but seeing my woman taser that fucker to the floor. Fuck, it’s hot,” Hawk comments behind us.

“Keep it in your pants, dude. There’s a time and a place, and this ain’t it,” Beast huffs back.

“What the fuck? I ain’t about to whip my cock out. I was just saying it’s fucking hot,” Hawk snaps back.

“Do you remember when Hawk got his cock out at that nun when he thought she was a stripper?” Spider laughs, causing the other brothers to laugh at the memory.

“Hawk!” Josie yells at him over her shoulder.

“Some guy flashed me his cock once late at night, so I cut it off with my machete,” Rage adds.

“For fuck’s sake, there will be no cocks being whipped out!” Ghost barks, exasperated.

Suddenly, a rumbling sound approaches, and the large metal doors at the far side of the unit screech open. Two sport motorbikes ride in, followed by a black van. We pause, wondering what the fuck is going on. They come to a stop, and as the bikes rev their engines, the noise echoes around the unit. I feel Ghost suddenly at my back, his hand sliding around my waist, holding me close.

The two bikers don’t get off their bike, but the van door opens, and a woman with long, dark brown hair steps out. She’s wearing black biker leathers that cling to her every curve, paired with killer stiletto boots.

“I totally have a lady throbby right now,” I mutter, taking in the incredibly badass beauty in front of us.

She stops just in front of us and gives me a smile. “Star,” she greets.

My mouth drops open. “How do you—” I begin to ask.

“We know all about you and the Black Hearts MC,” she states, pausing. “These men are coming with us.” She looks down at the officers with disgust.

“Who the fuck are you and what do you want?” Ghost growls in a threatening tone.

She looks at Ghost and gives him a pissed-off look, not even a flicker of fear on her face. “You would do well not to talk to me with such disrespect. The last time I let a man talk to me like that, he choked on his own testicles,” she scolds, giving Ghost a stare that says she will end him without hesitation. “Let me formally introduce myself. I am Quinn, this is Eden and Betsy,” she says, gesturing to the two female bikers at her side.

“Oh my god. I know who you are,” I breathe excitedly, practically bouncing on my feet. “You’re the Savage Sisters MC.”

Quinn gives me a nod. “We are. You have Betsy here to thank for that video exposing these assholes.” She spits down on the officers on the floor who are too scared to move or even look at her.

Betsy, the biker on the left, gives a little wave at the introduction of herself.

“SavSis3.” Alina nods with a smile.

Quinn nods in agreement. “Anyway, these two have done more than you know, and they are ours to dispose of,” she states firmly, clicking her fingers. Two men with masks jump out of the side of the van and bend down, picking up one of the officers. He begins to kick and flail about, trying to escape their hold, but Quinn just rolls her eyes and pulls out a needle from inside her pocket. She jabs it into the officer’s neck,

who immediately slumps unconscious in the men's arms.

“Just to warn you, one has definitely pissed themselves, and we think the other has shit their pants,” I state. Quinn scrunches her nose up in disgust. “Can I get your autograph?” I blurt out, feeling like a starstruck fan.

Ghost's chest rumbles with a low chuckle behind me. I jab my elbow into his gut to shut him up and to stop him embarrassing me.

Quinn smiles, and I swear it just adds to her already stunning features. The two men come back and grab the other man, and Quinn pulls out another needle and jabs him in the neck, not even looking at him because her attention is firmly on me and the Black Hearts MC. She walks towards me and holds out a small white card for me to take. I take it, reading it.

It has Savage Sisters MC written on it with a skull and roses picture above it and a number on the back.

“You or any of the club need help, call that number. Although we don't generally offer help to men. We normally kill them instead,” she states, her lips tipping up at the corners.

“If it wasn't my love for this man and his impressive dick, I swear I would turn lesbian for you,” I state honestly.

That has Quinn throwing her head back, laughing. “That's one hell of a compliment.” She grins. “It's been good meeting you, Star.” She nods before turning and walking back to the van, but before she gets in, she stops. “Look after her Ghost, or you'll have us to answer to. That goes to all of your brothers, too,” she threatens before stepping into the van and letting the door slam shut, not even letting Ghost respond. Eden and Betsy rev their bikes, and they turn and lead the way. The van reverses out, leaving us standing there in awe.

I look down at the card in my hand and smile. Ghost turns me in his arms, and I look up at him. "I've never been jealous of another woman before until that moment," he states.

"I would never leave you for another man, but Quinn? Well, she's hot," I tease.

Ghost grabs my chin firmly in his grasp, pressing his lips to mine, reminding me I am his as his lips and tongue control mine. I smile as he slows the kiss. "You will never leave me full fucking stop, because I will never let you fucking go."

"I didn't even get a pinkie finger," Rage whines behind us.

"Fuck Rage, your dog is licking up the blood off the floor," Beast complains.

"Good boy, Erebus," Rage praises.

"Jesus, don't praise him. I don't want to get a cut, then have your bloodthirsty dog licking my wounds," Hawk protests.

"I saw some of the women you had lick your wounds before Josie. Rage's dog is a fucking upgrade in comparison," Spider quips.

"Fuck, man," Scar tuts, fighting back his laughter.

I peek to the side of Ghost and see Josie storm out, flipping the bird at Hawk as she leaves.

"Fuck, darlin'. He's just joking. I was practically a monk before you!" Hawk yells after Josie.

"Ow, fuck," Spider hisses. "What was that for?" he complains as he rubs the back of his head.

“For being a dick,” Nova snaps.

“Think before you speak, brother,” Acid tuts, amusement lacing his voice as they walk out.

“Yeah, it’s like when you mention when Pres claimed Star; you just don’t mention that shit,” Hap agrees. Alina sighs and shakes her head, walking off.

“I don’t know why you’re all pissed. I didn’t even get a pinkie. You promised I would get a pinkie!” Rage hollers after them with Erebus and Dixie, leaving just Ghost and me alone.

I snort out a laugh. Ghost’s eyes are full of fire, and as he closes his eyes, he releases a slow breath, trying to calm his irritation as he quietly counts to ten. Unable to resist adding fuel to his already burning rage, a mischievous grin plays upon my lips.

I step away and start walking, leaving him standing there. “I will leave you to deal with your emotions,” I call over my shoulder sarcastically. I don’t make it two steps before he grabs my wrist, yanking me back to him.

“Remember what I said. You will never leave me, because I will never let you fucking go,” he growls, his eyes blazing with fury. I hook my hands around his neck, my fingers threading through his short dark hair, unable to hide my smile.

“Then what the fuck are you waiting for? Take me home, Casper.”

The End