



# Wolf at the Door

**Author:** *Alexi Ferreira*

**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** If you're craving a gritty, modern spin on Red Riding Hood, *Wolf at the Door* is your next must-read. Set in the dangerous world of the Road Killers MC, this story delivers raw passion, high-stakes action, and unforgettable characters.

Wolf, the MC's enforcer, lives by his own rules—brutal, efficient, and fiercely loyal. But when he crosses paths with Bella, a fiery woman being stalked by her obsessive ex, his instincts kick into high gear. Bella, reluctant to trust a man who seems just as dangerous as her past, discovers there's more to Wolf than meets the eye. Sparks fly as they navigate a relationship built on protection, desire, and danger, all while a rival MC threatens their world.

*Wolf at the Door* takes you on a heart-pounding journey into the brutal but captivating world of MCs. If you love intense chemistry, flawed heroes, and gripping storylines, this is the ride you've been waiting for.

Not all wolves are villains, but some are just as dangerous.

**Total Pages (Source):** 12

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:09 am*

I've been called a lot of things in my life. Bastard, delinquent, menace—hell, you name it, I've probably answered to it. But when the Road Killers patched me in and gave me the name “Wolf,” that one stuck. It wasn't just because of the way I fought—like a rabid dog with nothing to lose—but because of the way I lived. I was a predator by nature, always hunting for the next fight, the next rush, the next thrill that would keep the darkness at bay.

The club was my pack, the only family I'd ever known that didn't throw me out with the trash or look down on me for the tattoos inked deep into my skin. Each mark told a story of blood, betrayal, and survival. They weren't just decoration; they were a history written in black and blue. The skull on my right arm was for the first man I'd put in the ground—a lowlife who thought he could muscle his way into our turf without paying respect. The wolf inked across my back symbolized everything I was—wild, fierce, and loyal to the bone.

In the world of one-percenters, the line between right and wrong was thin as cigarette smoke, and you walked it knowing any slip could end you. As the enforcer for the Road Killers, it was my job to make sure that line stayed clear for anyone who dared cross us. That meant putting people in the ground when needed, breaking a few bones when asked, and carrying out whatever dirty work the club required.

Joining the Road Killers wasn't some grand decision. It wasn't about rebellion or living fast and free like the stories most people tell themselves about the biker life. No, for me, it was about survival. I didn't grow up dreaming about motorcycles or leather jackets. Hell, I barely grew up at all.

My old man left before I could walk, and my mom wasn't far behind. She stuck

around long enough to get hooked on meth and bring a string of boyfriends through the door, each worse than the last. The trailer park we lived in was a shithole, and everyone knew it, but when you're a kid, you don't get a say. You just take the hits life throws at you and hope you're still standing when it's done.

I learned early that people would kick you when you're down if you let them. So, I fought back. It started small—scraps with the other kids who tried to push me around at school or the scumbag boyfriends who thought they could throw their weight around. Everything changed when I turned sixteen. It happened during a particularly bad fight behind the school, when three guys cornered me with chains and brass knuckles. The pain and fury triggered something primal inside me, something I couldn't control. My bones cracked and shifted, my skin erupted with fur, and suddenly I wasn't just an angry kid anymore—I was a predator. A wolf. The transformation terrified me as much as it empowered me. I had no one to turn to, no one to explain what I was or how to control it. The foster system wasn't exactly equipped to handle a teenager who could turn into a beast. So I learned to hide it, to contain the wolf until I could find somewhere to let it run free.

Eventually, I realized I was good at fighting, better than I was at taking orders or sitting through class. So, I dropped out when I was sixteen and took whatever jobs I could find. Bouncing at a dive bar, working the docks, hustling on the streets—anything to keep the lights on and the fridge full.

The Road Killers came into my life by chance, or maybe fate, if you believe in that kind of thing. I was working the door at a bar just outside of town. It was the kind of place where the drinks were cheap, and the fights were even cheaper. One night, a couple of guys in leather kutts came in, throwing back shots and making trouble like they owned the place. I didn't know much about motorcycle clubs back then, just that they were bad news if you got on their wrong side.

A brawl broke out—over what, I don't remember, but I wasn't about to let them tear

the place apart. I waded in, swinging hard and knocking guys down left and right. By the time the dust settled, I was still on my feet, and the club members had a look in their eyes that wasn't anger—it was interest.

One of the guys, a grizzled old-timer named Cutter, who had an iron beard and a voice like gravel, slapped a hand on my shoulder and grinned. “You’ve got some fight in you, kid,” he said. “Ever thought about putting that to good use?”

I’d heard stories about the Road Killers—how they controlled the town’s underground scene, how you didn’t mess with them if you valued your life. But I’d also heard they looked out for their own, and that was more than I could say for anyone else I’d ever known.

I met with Cutter and the club’s president, Razor, a week later. Razor was the kind of man who could command a room without saying a word. His presence was heavy, his eyes sharp, and the scars on his knuckles told you everything you needed to know about him. He didn’t waste time sugarcoating anything.

“If you want to ride with us, you’re going to have to earn it,” Razor said, his voice steady as a blade. “We don’t hand out patches for free. You do the dirty work, you follow orders, and you show us you’re not afraid to bleed for the club. Then, maybe you get a shot.”

It wasn’t a warm welcome, but I wasn’t looking for one. I needed a purpose, a place where I wasn’t just some kid from a broken home with nothing but his fists. The first night at the clubhouse, I caught their scent—wild, primal, like my own. That’s when I knew: they were predators too, shifters who understood what it meant to carry the wolf inside. The Road Killers weren’t just another MC; they were a pack in every sense of the word. They offered me more than just membership—a way to be more than just a survivor, a chance to understand what I was, and finally, a way to belong to something bigger than myself.

So, I did what they asked. I ran errands, handled rough jobs, and kept my mouth shut when the shit hit the fan. The first real test came a few months in, when we had to collect from a guy who thought he could run a gambling racket on our turf without paying the club its cut. Razor sent me along with Cutter and a couple of other guys to send a message.

When we got to the guy's place, things went sideways. He pulled a gun, and Cutter got hit. The others froze, but I didn't. I lunged for the guy, knocked the gun out of his hand, and beat him down until my knuckles were bleeding. When I stood up, Cutter was grinning at me through the pain, like I'd just passed some kind of unspoken test.

"See?" Cutter wheezed, clutching his shoulder. "I told you he's got the heart of an alpha wolf."

The nickname stuck, and so did I. I earned my patch soon after that, becoming a full member of the Road Killers. It wasn't the life I'd imagined, but it was the only one that made sense. Out here, on the edge of the law, where men settled their problems with their fists or their bikes, I found a kind of twisted freedom. There were rules, sure, but they were our rules. And for the first time in my life, I had something worth fighting for.

As the enforcer, I made sure our rules were respected. If someone crossed us, I made sure they regretted it. If someone threatened our brothers, I made sure they never got the chance to do it again. I took pride in the scars that marked my body—they were reminders of the fights I'd won and the men I'd taken down. The wolf tattooed on my back wasn't just a symbol; it was who I was.

I was born a wolf— but later I became one.

That was my world—cold, hard, and covered in grease. Until today, the day I saw her.

It is just another morning. I'd rolled out of bed at the clubhouse, muscles stiff from the night before when a run-in with a rival MC had left me with a few new bruises. A couple of my brothers were still passed out in the main room, bottles of cheap whiskey and empty beer cans scattered around them.

I needed coffee, the kind that would kick my ass into gear, so I hit up the local café down the street. It was one of those places that tried too hard to look charming—checkered floors, an old jukebox in the corner, pastries lined up in a neat little row behind the glass. I never went there for the atmosphere. I went because they had a damn good cup of joe.

But then I saw her.

She stepped out of the café, a bag in her hand and a bright red jacket clinging to her curves like it was stitched onto her skin. Her hair was dark and cascaded over her shoulders in a way that made me think of ink spilling across paper—rich and fluid. Her eyes were sharp, flashing with life, a contrast to the usual glassy-eyed stares I got from the girls who hung around the clubhouse. She had this look about her, a mix of innocence and defiance, like she wasn't afraid to tell the world to shove it but still carried a little bit of sweetness in her pocket.

I got hard just looking at her, I don't know what came over me. I just know I have to follow her. It isn't something I normally do—hell, most women come to me, not the other way around. But there is something about her that pulls me in, like a lure I can't ignore.

She walks briskly, heading towards the outskirts where the houses got older, the fences rusted, and the lawns overgrown. I keep my distance, just enough to keep her in sight. Her red jacket stands out against the grey backdrop of the day, a beacon that seems to guide me like some kind of twisted fairy tale.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:09 am*

Gran's place isn't much to look at, but it is home. A little cottage-style house that has seen better days, with chipped paint on the shutters and a front porch that creaks underfoot. She's been sick lately, and I've been doing what I can to help. It isn't much—just running errands, cooking meals—but it is better than leaving her alone to fend for herself.

As I reach the front gate, I sense someone watching me. Glancing over my shoulder, half expecting to see nothing but the empty street behind me. Instead, I see him—a big guy on a bike, parked a few houses down. He looks like trouble, with dark hair cut short, a jaw that looks like it can cut glass, and muscles that strain against the fabric of his leather jacket. Tattoos curling up his neck, and when his gaze meets mine, I feel it like a jolt straight to my spine.

I turn back to the gate, my heart beating a little faster than I'd like to admit. That's when I hear it—a voice that makes my skin crawl.

“Bella.”

I freeze. Dylan.

He steps out from behind the bushes, a scowl plastered across his face. He has that look again, the one he got whenever I told him to back off. “You think you can just ignore me?” he snaps.

“I told you, Dylan,” I reply, keeping my voice steady. “It's over. I'm not going to say it again.”

He takes a step closer, his face twisting with anger. “You think you’re too good for me now? Running errands for your old lady while you dress like you’re trying to catch someone else’s eye?”

I could smell the staleness of beer on his breath, the acrid scent of cigarettes clinging to his clothes. He hadn’t changed at all since I’d kicked him out of my life six months ago—same greasy hair hanging in uneven strands around his face, the same hollow eyes that were always either glazed over or twitching nervously.

His jawline, which could have been strong and handsome, was always marred by a permanent five o’clock shadow, not the kind that made a man look rugged, but the kind that made him look like he hadn’t bothered to clean himself up for days.

There had been a time when I thought he was charming, when his boyish grin and crooked smile seemed endearing, but that was before I’d seen what lurked beneath the surface. The anger issues, the jealousy—those came out early, but I was too naïve back then to recognize them for the warning signs they were. It wasn’t long before his sweet words turned sour, before the playful teasing became biting remarks meant to cut me down.

Dylan had a mean streak that ran deep, and it didn’t take much to bring it out. The first time he called me a “stupid bitch” because I didn’t answer his texts fast enough, I brushed it off as him just having a bad day. But then it became a pattern. He would lose his temper over the smallest things—a guy looking at me for too long, me talking to a male friend, even something as simple as me wearing a dress that showed a little more skin than he thought appropriate. He was possessive, like he thought I was something he owned instead of someone he was with.

And then there were the drugs. It wasn’t just the occasional joint or a night out drinking—no, he had a taste for harder stuff, the kind that made him unpredictable, volatile. I’d wake up some mornings to find him passed out on the couch, a half-

empty baggie of white powder on the coffee table. He'd make promises to clean up, to get his life together, but those promises were worth less than the air he used to say them. I'd tried to help him at first, but it didn't take long for me to realize you can't save someone who doesn't want saving.

When he started pushing me around during his fits of rage, grabbing my wrist hard enough to leave bruises, I knew I couldn't stay. I wasn't going to be the kind of girl who made excuses for a guy like him. I wasn't going to let him drag me down into the darkness he lived in. So, I broke it off, told him to get out of my life for good.

But here he was, showing up at my gran's house like he had some claim on me. The nerve of him, standing there with his faded leather jacket that reeked of smoke and stale sweat, the kind of man who thought the world owed him something just because he'd had it rough. I'd seen the worst of him, and I didn't want any part of it anymore.

Before I can answer, the rumble of a motorcycle engine interrupts us. I look up to see the biker from before, riding up slowly, his eyes locked on us. He doesn't say a word as he parks his motorcycle, climbs off his bike and strolls over, but there is a dangerous calm about him that makes Dylan hesitate.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:09 am*

I wasn't sure why I did it. Maybe it was the way that asshole was talking to her, like she was nothing. Maybe it was the way her eyes darted from him to me, like she wasn't sure who was the bigger threat. But the second I saw him take a step towards her, I knew I wasn't gonna let it slide.

"Hey," I call out, my voice low and steady. "The lady told you to back off."

Dylan sneers, looking me up and down like he thinks he has a chance. "This is none of your business, man," he spits. "Why don't you ride off before you get hurt?"

I crack my neck and roll my shoulders, letting the tension bleed out. "Why don't you try me, and we'll see who gets hurt?"

The fight is over before it starts. I've taken down tougher guys than him with one arm tied behind my back. A couple of punches and a knee to the gut later, Dylan is gasping on the ground, clutching his stomach. I step over him and glance at her, she is staring at me with wide eyes.

"Get your stuff," I tell her, jerking my head towards the bike. "You're coming with me."

I stare at him, my pulse racing in my ears. "What? I can't just leave. My gran is sick—I need to check on her."

The biker's expression doesn't change. His eyes are hard, a blue so intense they seem to see right through me. "You can't stay here," he says, his voice gruff but steady. "That piece of shit isn't going to leave you alone. It's only a matter of time before

he's back."

I swallow hard, feeling the weight of his words sink in. The man who stood before me, towering over my small frame, has a dangerous look about him. Leather jacket, tattoos, the kind of rough exterior that makes you think twice before crossing him. It is easy to lump him in with Dylan—just another biker who rides too fast, drinks too much, and lives his life with one foot in the grave. The kind of trouble that leaves scars, not just on the body, but on the soul.

"Look, I appreciate the help," I say, taking a step back, "but I don't even know you. For all I know, you're just like him." I glance at his bike, then back at his leather kutt, with the club's name emblazoned on the back: Road Killers MC. It wasn't exactly the mark of a good Samaritan.

The corner of his mouth twitches, not quite a smile. "I'm not like him," he promises. His voice is quiet, but there is an edge to it, as if daring me to challenge him. "But suit yourself. If you think you're safer here, then stay."

With that, he turns away and walks back to his bike, the low rumble of its engine cutting through the silence as he fires it up. I watch as he pulls out a cigarette, lights it, and takes a drag, leaning against his motorcycle like he has all the time in the world.

I shake my head and hurry up the porch steps, pushing the door open. Gran's house smells like it always did—faintly of lavender and the old wood that makes up the walls. The cozy clutter of blankets on the worn-out sofa and the ticking clock on the mantel gives me a moment of calm, but it is shattered the second I peek out the window.

There, down the block, is Dylan's beat-up car. He is parked at the curb, staring straight at the house, his hands gripping the steering wheel. A shiver runs down my

spine. He isn't going anywhere, and I know what that means. Dylan didn't take no for an answer, and the look on his face says he is more determined than ever.

I glance back at the man outside, still leaning against his bike, watching the street like he is waiting for something. He doesn't seem to be in a hurry to leave, and it strikes me that maybe—just maybe—he isn't the same as Dylan. Sure, he looks the part, but there is a calmness about him, a kind of steady patience that is the opposite of Dylan's erratic rage. And he hasn't tried to force me to do anything. If anything, he is giving me a choice.

I make up my mind. I grab my purse and the small bag I've set by the door. The cookies I've brought for Gran are still in there, untouched. I turn to where she is laying asleep in the other room, her breathing steady but faint. She'll be okay for a few hours without me, but if Dylan shows up again, I'm not sure I can handle him alone.

Writing a quick note telling her to phone me if she needs me I place it next to her bed. With a deep breath, I step outside. The biker's gaze finds mine the second the door creaks open. I walk down the porch steps, and this time, I don't hesitate.

"You're still here," I call as I approach.

He flicks the cigarette to the ground and crushes it under his boot. "Told you, didn't I?" His voice is low, almost a growl. "That asshole's not gonna give up."

I nod, my chest tight with uncertainty. "If I come with you...you'll make sure he stays away?"

His expression doesn't waver. "I'll make sure he doesn't come near you. You have my word." There is something about the way he says it—like it isn't just a promise but a fact, a guarantee. It is the kind of conviction I hadn't heard in a long time, and

definitely not from Dylan.

I take a shaky breath, glancing one last time at Dylan's car down the block. Then I step closer to the biker, meeting his gaze. "Alright," I concede. "I'll come with you. But just until he's gone, okay?"

"Fair enough," he replies, his lips twitching again, almost a smile. "Hop on."

As I climb onto the back of his bike, I wrap my arms around his waist, feeling the solid muscle beneath the leather. His scent fills my nose—not the staleness of sweat and smoke I'd expected, but something cleaner, sharper. The engine roars to life beneath us, and as we speed down the street, I catch a glimpse of Dylan's furious face in the rearview mirror, growing smaller as we ride away.

For the first time in months, I feel a flicker of hope, like maybe I've found someone who could actually keep the darkness at bay.

\*\*\*

The ride was a blur of roaring wind and the deep, rhythmic thrum of the motorcycle beneath me. My arms are wrapped tightly around the biker's waist, my cheek pressed against the cool leather of his jacket. Every muscle in my body is tense, caught somewhere between fear and adrenaline. I hadn't even asked his name—hell, I didn't know anything about him besides the fact that he'd just beaten the crap out of Dylan and offered to keep me safe.

But what did I really know about "safe" anymore?

We roar down back roads and narrow streets until the town fades away, replaced by stretches of open land and thick clusters of trees. The further we go, the rougher the road becomes, like we are riding into another world, one far removed from the sleepy

little town I called home.

When we finally slow and turn into a gravel driveway, I see it—a sprawling, weathered compound with a metal gate and tall fences. The Road Killers MC emblem is displayed on a wooden sign at the entrance: a snarling skull and crossed wrenches. I'd heard about places like this, where bikers gather, and the rules are made and broken by the people inside. It doesn't look like the kind of place a girl like me would ever end up, yet here I am.

The clubhouse itself is a rugged two-story building with a covered porch lined with old wooden chairs and bikes parked haphazardly out front. A couple of men are sitting on the porch, they look up as we pull in, their expression shifting from curiosity to wariness. It is clear that a woman arriving on the back of a brother's bike isn't a common sight.

The man cuts the engine and swings off the bike with a fluidity that doesn't seem possible for someone so large. As I climb off, I hesitate, feeling the weight of their eyes on me, a stranger in a world I didn't belong to.

“Who's the chick, Wolf?” one of the men calls out, his voice gruff. He is older, his hair grey and his beard thick, with arms that look like they've seen more than their fair share of bar fights. A cigarette hanging from his lips, the smoke curling up into the air.

Wolf shoots him a look that says it wasn't the time for questions. “She's with me,” he replies simply, then jerks his head toward the clubhouse door. “Come on, we'll talk inside.”

I follow him up the steps and through the door, stepping into a wide-open space that is a mix of a bar, a living room, and a war room. The walls are lined with old photographs, flags, and patches from other clubs. A pool table sits in one corner, and

there is a bar along the far wall, stocked with more liquor than I'd ever seen in my life. The place smells like leather, smoke, and something faintly metallic—blood, maybe. Or it can just be my nerves making me imagine things.

Wolf walks behind the bar and grabs a couple of beers from the fridge, tossing one to me. I catch it, more out of instinct than anything else, but I don't open it.

He cracks his own bottle and takes a long drink, then leans back against the bar, studying me like I am some kind of puzzle he can't quite figure out. "You got a name?" he asks, his voice as low and gravelly as ever.

"Bella," I reply, feeling strangely self-conscious under his gaze. "And you?"

"Wolf," he says simply, setting his empty bottle on the counter with a heavy thud. "And before you ask, yeah, it's my real name as far as you're concerned." He gives me that almost-smirk again, as if daring me to challenge him.

I glance around the room, then back at him. "Why are you helping me?" The question has been burning in the back of my mind since he'd stepped in to protect me from Dylan. Men like him didn't usually get involved in other people's problems without a reason, and I couldn't figure out what his was.

He shrugs, crossing his arms over his chest. "Maybe I don't like seeing assholes who can't take no for an answer," he says. "Or maybe I just wanted an excuse to put that prick in his place. Doesn't really matter, does it?"

The way he said it, like it was just another day for him, makes me shiver. I can see now why the other men at the club looked at him the way they did—like they respected him but kept their distance. He has a kind of quiet authority, the kind that comes from doing things others won't or can't do.

“Look,” he starts, his tone softening just a fraction. “You stay here for the night, and I’ll make sure Dylan doesn’t come near you. You’re safe as long as you’re under this roof. After that, what you do is up to you.”

I don’t know if I believe him, but as I glance out the window and see the darkening sky, the thought of going back home and dealing with Dylan on my own feels even worse. Gran will be worried sick if I don’t come back, but I’m not going to help her by getting myself hurt—or worse.

“Alright,” I say, my voice barely above a whisper. “I’ll stay. Just for tonight.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:09 am*

She is a skittish little thing, like a deer caught in headlights. I'd seen it before—the look people got when they find themselves in a world that doesn't make sense to them. But there is a fire in her too, buried somewhere under all that fear. I can see it in her eyes, the way they sparkle when she thinks I'm not looking. She is trouble, sure, but maybe not the kind she thinks she is.

As Bella follows me down the narrow hallway to one of the spare rooms, I can feel her unease radiating off her in waves. “You’ll be alright here,” I tell her, opening the door to a small room with a single bed and a dresser. It isn’t much, but it is clean, and it has a lock on the door. “No one will bother you.”

She steps inside, glancing around as if expecting the walls to close in on her. “Thanks,” she murmurs, her voice hesitant. “I...I don’t know why you’re doing this, but...thanks.”

I lean against the doorframe, crossing my arms. “Like I said, don’t worry about it. Just get some rest.” I hesitate, then add, “And lock the door. Just in case.”

She nods, and as I turn to leave, I catch the faintest hint of a smile on her lips. It isn’t much, but it is a start.

After leaving Bella in the room, I head back down the hallway, my boots thudding against the old wooden floor. I can feel the tension in the air—bringing an outsider into the clubhouse isn’t standard practice, and the other brothers will have questions. Hell, I have questions. But the moment I saw that bastard Dylan’s hand on Bella, the decision was made. No way was I going to let him get another chance.

I push open the door to the main room, where Razor, our president, and Cutter, the VP, are waiting. Razor is nursing a drink, his sharp eyes following me as I approach. He has the kind of face that looks like it has been carved from stone—rough, weathered, and unyielding. Cutter is leaning back in a chair, his usual smirk replaced with a look of curiosity as he watches me.

"Got yourself a guest, Wolf?" Razor asks, his voice as steady as ever. "We don't usually bring outsiders in unless there's a good reason. What's the story?"

I grab a chair, flipping it around to straddle it backward as I sit down. "Ran into some trouble while I was out," I explain, keeping my tone even. "Girl's name is Bella. Her ex-boyfriend, Dylan, was hassling her pretty hard. I stepped in, made it clear he needed to back off. He didn't take the hint, and I figured he might come looking for her again. Didn't want to leave her out there alone."

Cutter raises an eyebrow, his expression shifting to one of mild amusement. "So, you're playing knight in shining armour now?" He chuckles, shaking his head. "You softening up on us, Wolf?"

I shoot him a glare that could've cut glass. "Not likely. This prick's got a temper, and I've got a hunch he's not going to let it go. I'm just making sure she's not in his line of fire."

Razor nods, his gaze steady on mine. "And you think he's enough of a problem that we need to get involved?"

"I don't know yet," I admit. "But I want to find out. I need more information on him—where he's from, who he runs with, and if he's ever been tied to any real trouble." I pause, considering my next words carefully. "And I want one of the prospects to keep an eye on her gran's place. I don't trust that Dylan bastard not to go after her family just to make a point."

Razor exchanges a look with Cutter, then nods. “Alright. We can spare one of the prospects. Have Jerome head over there and watch the place for a while. If anything looks off, he’ll let you know.” He takes a sip of his drink, his eyes narrowing slightly. “But if this situation starts to blow back on the club, it’s on you to clean it up.”

“That’s the plan,” I reply, pushing back the chair and standing up. “I’ll take care of it.”

As I turn to leave, Cutter’s voice follows me. “You sure about this, Wolf? Bringing a girl into the fold like this isn’t your style. Don’t let it become a distraction.”

I pause, glancing over my shoulder. “I’m not distracted,” I respond, my voice cold. “I’m making sure a problem gets dealt with before it becomes a threat. And if Dylan wants to make this club business, he’ll find out really quickly what that means.”

Cutter’s smirk returns, but there is a glint of approval in his eyes. “Just remember, if you’re going to play the hero, you better be ready for the fallout.”

I leave the main room and find one of the prospects, a young kid named Jerome, wiping down bikes in the garage. He is eager to prove himself, always looking for ways to show he is more than just a prospect. I figure watching over Bella’s gran will be a good test for him—simple enough, but still important.

“Jerome,” I call out, he looks up, wiping his hands on a rag. “I’ve got a job for you. There’s a house on Elm Street, old place with blue shutters. The girl’s grandma lives there, and I want you to keep an eye on it. There’s a guy—name’s Dylan. He’s trouble. If you see him anywhere near that house, you call me, and you keep her safe until I get there. Got it?”

Jerome nods, a determined look in his eyes. “Got it, Wolf. I’ll head over now.”

“Good.” I clap him on the shoulder. “And keep your head on a swivel. If this guy shows up, he’s not going to be friendly.”

As Jerome takes off, I head back into the clubhouse. The brothers are milling around, some casting curious glances my way. I ignore them, making my way to the bar and grabbing another beer. I am already putting together a mental list of people I can call to get the scoop on Dylan. If there is dirt on this guy, I’ll find it.

I don’t know why I am going to these lengths for a girl I’d just met. But something about the way she looks at me, with that mix of fear and defiance, sticks with me. She isn’t like the other girls who hang around the club—she isn’t here looking for a thrill or trying to get in with the brothers. She is just a girl in trouble, and for some reason, I feel like I owe it to her to make sure she stays safe.

I take a swig of beer and set the bottle down on the bar with a heavy thud. One way or another, I’ll find out everything there is to know about Dylan. And if he is stupid enough to come after Bella again, he’ll learn fast why they call me Wolf.

The Road Killers clubhouse wasn’t just a place where we hung our kutts at the end of the day. It was a sanctuary for the brothers—a fortress where the outside world didn’t dictate our rules. Out there, society wanted us to conform, play by their rules. In here, we made our own. The club wasn’t just a motorcycle club; it was a brotherhood, forged in loyalty and blood.

And that loyalty ran deep. I’d seen it in action too many times to count. When one of us was in trouble, we closed ranks, circled the wagons, and took care of business. But loyalty wasn’t given freely; it was earned. And every man here had proven himself, including me.

When I walked back into the main room, a few of the brothers were gathered around the bar. There was Ironhead, built like a brick wall and just as stubborn, and Rocco,

the club's treasurer, always crunching numbers and making sure our side business stayed off the radar. They stopped their conversation when I entered, their attention turning toward me.

“What’s going on, Wolf?” Ironhead rumbled, his deep voice carrying across the room. “Razor said you brought a girl here. That true?”

I nod, grabbing a chair and taking a seat. “It’s true,” I reply, keeping my tone even. “Had a run-in with some prick who wouldn’t take no for an answer. Girl’s name is Bella—ex-boyfriend, Dylan, was giving her trouble. Figured it was better to bring her here than leave her out there alone.”

Rocco leans against the bar, his arms crossed over his chest. “You sure you’re not getting us mixed up in some personal shit?” he asks, raising an eyebrow. “You know how it goes when we start taking in outsiders. First, it’s a girl who needs help, then it’s her whole goddamn family, and before you know it, we’re knee-deep in drama that has nothing to do with us.”

I shoot him a look, my jaw tightening. “It’s not like that,” I say, my voice steady. “This guy’s trouble, and if he starts coming around, it could be our problem whether we like it or not. Better to be prepared than caught off guard.”

Ironhead grunted, his gaze shifting to Rocco before landing back on me. “Well, if you say so, Wolf. But don’t expect the brothers to babysit. We’ve got enough shit going on with the Steel Vipers sniffing around our turf. Last thing we need is distractions.”

I clenched my fist, feeling irritation flicker under my skin. “I’m not asking anyone to babysit,” I growl, my voice low and steady. “But if Dylan makes a move against one of ours—whether she’s patched or not—I’m going to deal with him. I just want to make sure we know what we’re up against. That’s why I’ve got Jerome keeping an eye on her gran’s place.”

Rocco sighs, dragging a hand through his dark hair. “Fine,” he said, his tone softening. “Just be careful with this, alright? We all know what can happen when emotions start getting in the way.”

Emotions. The word almost made me laugh. Like I was some green kid, too wrapped up in a girl to think straight. No, this wasn’t about emotions. This was about handling a problem before it got bigger than it needed to be. I was the club’s enforcer—the guy who made sure fires didn’t spread and that no one fucked with us. If keeping Bella safe meant putting Dylan six feet under, then so be it.

“Don’t worry about me,” I state, my gaze sweeping across the room. “You know I don’t lose focus.”

Ironhead nodded, his approval clear. “Good. Because if this guy does turn out to be more than just some jealous ex, we’ll need to deal with him fast. And if he’s got ties to the Vipers or any other rival crew, we’re going to need to know about it sooner rather than later.”

I gave him a sharp nod. He was right. The Steel Vipers had been sniffing around our turf for months, looking for weaknesses to exploit. If Dylan had any connection to them, we’d have to act quickly. The last thing I wanted was for this to turn into another full-blown war.

“Alright,” I reply, pushing myself to my feet. “I’ll get the guys to start digging into Dylan’s background. If there’s anything we can use to keep him in check, we’ll find it.”

As I left the room, a heavy weight settled in my chest. The brothers weren’t wrong to be cautious. Bringing Bella into the clubhouse wasn’t a move I’d made lightly, and I knew the risks. If Dylan turned out to be more trouble than I’d anticipated, it wouldn’t just be my problem anymore—it would be the club’s.

But that didn't mean I was going to turn my back. I'd seen the way Bella looked when Dylan cornered her, the fear she tried to mask with defiance. I couldn't ignore it, couldn't walk away and pretend it wasn't my concern. Not now.

The Road Killers weren't just some ragtag group of bikers who decided to slap patches on their backs and call it a brotherhood. This was a family—a chain of command that ran deep and demanded loyalty from the moment you stepped through the door. Razor, our president, was the glue that held it all together. He didn't just make the calls; he commanded respect. When Razor spoke, you listened. Cutter, our VP, was the balance to Razor's authority—the guy who could mediate a fight or throw a punch, depending on what the situation called for.

I'm the enforcer's enforcer. If someone stepped out of line, I'm the one who handles it, and I do so with all the subtlety of a sledgehammer. Then there is Rocco, the treasurer. His job is to keep the club's finances clean—or as clean as they could be for a one-percenter club—and make sure we aren't drawing too much heat from the law.

The patched members made up the backbone of the club, each one of them having earned their place over years of loyalty and sacrifice. Beneath them were the prospects—guys like Jerome and Finn, still proving they had what it took to patch in. Being a prospect wasn't glamorous. It meant taking orders, doing grunt work, and showing you could keep your head when shit hit the fan. It was a rite of passage, and no one made it through without earning every inch of their place.

The rules were simple. The club came first. Always. No exceptions. If a brother's personal life started to bleed into club business, it was handled quickly and decisively. That's why Rocco and Ironhead's hesitation about Bella made sense—they weren't wrong to be cautious. But I also knew that if Dylan pushed, it wouldn't be just my problem for long.

I head down the hallway toward the office, where we keep files and records on anyone who'd ever crossed us. It was time to start digging. If there was dirt on Dylan, I was going to find it. And if that prick thought he could mess with a woman under the Road Killers' protection—whether Bella realized it or not—he was about to learn why people didn't fuck with us.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The heavy door of the room clicked shut behind him, leaving me alone with my thoughts. For a moment, I just stood there, staring at the plain walls and the worn bed in front of me. It wasn't much, but it felt safer than anything had in months. Still, I couldn't help but wonder what I'd gotten myself into.

This was the kind of place my mom had warned me about when I was little—a den of wolves, she would have said. She'd always had a thing for fairy tales, twisting their morals into lessons to keep me in line. Don't wander off the path. Don't trust strangers. And, most importantly, stay away from wolves. But here I was, not just straying from the path, but walking right into the heart of the forest, with the biggest, baddest wolf I'd ever met.

I didn't even know his real name. Wolf—that's all he'd told me, like it was part of his DNA, something as fundamental as the colour of his eyes or the ink on his skin. And it suited him. Everything about him screamed danger, from the way he carried himself to the way he'd taken Dylan down without breaking a sweat. But as much as he scared me, he'd also protected me. He didn't have to step in, didn't have to drag me into his world. Yet, he had.

I sank down onto the edge of the bed, running my fingers over the worn quilt. My heart was still racing from everything that had happened. Dylan showing up, Wolf's intervention, the ride here—it all felt like a blur, like I'd stepped into a story I didn't belong in. And maybe I didn't. But there was something about Wolf that felt different, even if I couldn't quite put my finger on it yet.

I pulled my red jacket tighter around me, the fabric soft and familiar against my skin. It had been my favourite for years, a gift from Gran when I was still in high school.

She'd called it my armour, bright and bold, a way to face the world without fear. I'd believed her back then, but now? Now I wasn't sure a piece of clothing could keep me safe from someone like Dylan—or the world Wolf lived in.

A knock on the door startles me, pulling me out of my thoughts. For a second, I thought it might be Wolf, but when the door didn't open, I realized whoever it was had the decency to wait for an answer.

"Come in," I call, my voice steadier than I felt.

The door opened, and a young guy stepped in. He couldn't have been much older than me, with a mop of blond hair and a nervous energy that didn't match the rugged vibe of the place. He had the look of someone trying to prove himself, his leather vest clean and unadorned except for the word Prospect stitched on the front.

"Uh, hey," he said, rubbing the back of his neck. "Wolf sent me to check in. Said you might need something."

I shake my head, offering a small smile. "I'm fine. Just...trying to process everything."

He nods, his eyes darting around the room like he wasn't sure where to look. "Yeah, uh, I get that. It's, uh...a lot." He hesitates, then adds, "Wolf's solid, though. He'll take care of things."

I wasn't sure what to say to that, so I just nodded. The prospect lingered for a moment before backing out of the room, muttering something about being right outside if I needed him. The door closed again, and I exhaled slowly.

Wolf. Solid. I wanted to believe that, but it was hard to shake the doubts gnawing at me. He was still a biker, still part of a world I didn't understand. And while he hadn't

given me any reason to think he'd hurt me, I'd learned the hard way that appearances could be deceiving. Dylan had been charming once, too.

But Wolf wasn't Dylan. That much was clear. Dylan had been all bluster and bravado, his anger bubbling just under the surface, waiting for an excuse to boil over. Wolf, on the other hand, was calm, steady, like he'd seen it all and come out the other side stronger. And there was something else, too—something in the way he'd looked at me, like I was more than just some girl he'd picked up off the street.

I stand and cross to the window, peeking out at the compound below. The place is alive with activity, men milling around with beers in hand, laughter and conversation drifting up into the night. It should have felt chaotic, but it didn't. It felt like a pack—like every person here had a role, a place they belonged.

And then there was Wolf, leaning against his bike, talking to a couple of the others. Even from up here, I could see the way they looked at him—like he was someone they trusted, someone they respected. The wolf at the head of the pack.

A flicker of movement caught my eye, and my breath hitched. Down the block, just beyond the compound's fence, a car was parked. Dylan's car. He wasn't stupid enough to come closer—not with all these bikers around—but the sight of him sent a fresh wave of fear coursing through me.

I step back from the window, my heart pounding. I don't know what Wolf has planned, don't know how far he was willing to go to protect me. But as I stare out at the shadows of the forest beyond the compound, I realize I don't have much of a choice. For now, I must trust him.

I pace the room, trying to shake the unease that had settled in my chest. The sight of Dylan's car parked just outside the compound was burned into my brain, a reminder that no matter how far I ran, he'd always find me. Always remind me that he wasn't

done with me yet.

But this time was different. This time, I wasn't alone.

I glance at the window again, half expecting Dylan's car to be gone, but it wasn't. It sat there like a dark stain against the backdrop of the night, its headlights off but its presence blaring. A shiver runs through me as I think about what he might do if I ever step outside those gates.

My eyes shift downward, and that's when I see him—Wolf. He was looking right at me, his gaze sharp and piercing even from this distance. The intensity of it made my breath catch, but what struck me more was the look on his face. It wasn't just anger—it was something deeper, something almost primal. He'd seen me watching Dylan, seen the fear I couldn't quite hide, and now his entire stance was different. Tensed, ready to strike.

I back away from the window, my heart hammering. There was something terrifying and reassuring about him at the same time. He was dangerous, no doubt about it. But he wasn't dangerous to me. At least, I didn't think so.

\*\*\*

I'd stepped out front to clear my head, the cool night air biting against my skin. The brothers were milling around as usual, sharing beers and shooting the shit, but my mind was elsewhere. I lean back against my bike, staring up at the clubhouse window where I'd left Bella.

This was supposed to be a simple situation. Keep the girl safe, deal with the prick who couldn't take no for an answer and move on. But as I watch the faint shadow of her silhouette behind the window, I can't shake the feeling that this wasn't going to be that simple. Something about Bella had gotten under my skin, and that wasn't like

me.

She moved closer to the window, and I caught a glimpse of her face. Her dark hair framed her features, her lips parted like she was breathing hard. I expected to see relief, maybe curiosity as she got used to her new surroundings. But instead, there was something else. Her body was tense, her shoulders tight, and her wide eyes weren't looking at me—they were fixed on something beyond the compound.

A chill runs down my spine, and my jaw clenches as I follow her gaze. Beyond the fence, just far enough to stay out of immediate sight, was a car. My blood ran hot as recognition settles in. It was Dylan's car. That little shit was braver—or stupider—than I'd thought.

I look back at Bella. She has stepped away from the window, retreating into the shadows like she didn't want to be seen. Fear. That was what I'd seen in her eyes. Not the kind of fear that came from being in a new place, but the kind that ran deeper, the kind you carried in your bones. And that fear had my anger skyrocketing.

I push off my bike, my boots crunching against the gravel as I storm toward the nearest prospect. Finn was leaning against the clubhouse wall, his phone in hand, looking like he was seconds away from dozing off. Not on my watch.

"Finn," I bark, and he snaps to attention, nearly dropping his phone. "You're on perimeter duty now. There's a car parked just outside the compound, and I want to know everything about it. Who's in it, how long it's been there, and why the hell it's not moving. Go."

"Yes, Wolf," Finn says, his voice steady but his steps hurried as he jogs toward the gate.

I turn back to the clubhouse, my eyes narrowing as I stare up at the window. She was

in there, probably pacing, probably trying to decide whether she could trust me—or anyone in this place. That was fine. She didn't need to trust me yet. She just needed to stay alive long enough to figure it out.

I'd dealt with a lot of scumbags in my time, guys who thought they could get away with anything because they'd never been put in their place. Dylan was no different. He'd picked the wrong girl to mess with and the wrong club to step up against. If he thought he could rattle Bella by parking his ass outside the fence, he had another thing coming.

Razor's words from earlier echoed in my head. "If this turns into club business, you handle it." Damn right, I would. Dylan might not know it yet, but he was already standing on the edge of a cliff. And I was more than ready to give him the final push.

Finn came jogging back a few minutes later, his face pale under the glow of the compound's lights. "I think it's her Ex," he said, panting slightly. "He's just sitting there. No movement. Looks like he's waiting for something—or someone."

I nod sharply. "Good. Keep eyes on him, but don't engage unless he makes a move. If he tries to get closer or does anything stupid, you call me immediately."

Finn nods, clearly eager to prove himself. "Got it, Wolf."

As he disappeared back toward the gate, I take a deep breath, trying to calm the storm raging inside me. Anger was a tool—it could sharpen your instincts, give you an edge—but if you let it take control, it could also be your downfall. I couldn't afford to lose focus, not now.

I glance up at the window again, my fists clenching at the thought of Bella sitting in there, afraid because of some asshole who didn't know how to let go. She didn't deserve this. Whatever had happened between her and Dylan, it was over. He just

didn't seem to understand that.

The wind picks up, rustling the leaves at the edge of the compound, and I feel the weight of the night settle over me. Protecting Bella wasn't just about keeping Dylan away. It was about showing her that not all wolves were the same. Some of us were dangerous, sure, but only to those who threatened what we cared about.

And right now, whether she knew it or not, she was part of my pack.

\*\*\*

A knock at the door startles me, and I freeze, my pulse racing. "Bella," Wolf's voice calls from the other side, low and steady. "You good?"

I exhale, letting the tension ease out of my shoulders. "Yeah," I answer, my voice shaky but loud enough for him to hear. "Just...processing."

There was a pause, and then his voice came again, softer this time. "You don't have to worry. I've got Finn keeping an eye on things. He won't let that prick get close."

I bite my lip, unsure how to respond. Part of me wanted to open the door, to thank him for stepping in when no one else ever had. But another part of me—the part that still had Dylan's voice echoing in my ears—warned me to be careful. Wolves were wolves, no matter how protective they seemed.

"Thanks," I reply finally, my words barely above a whisper.

Another pause. "Get some rest," he states, and I hear his boots retreat down the hall.

I sit on the edge of the bed, staring at the door. Rest. Like that was going to happen with Dylan parked outside, probably thinking of a million ways to make my life hell.

But the thought of Wolf out there, barking orders and keeping everyone on high alert, gave me a strange sense of calm.

\*\*\*

The next morning, the clubhouse is alive with activity. I'd barely slept, my nerves keeping me up long after the sounds of motorcycles and voices had faded into the night. When I finally ventured out of the room, I found myself face-to-face with a world I'd only ever seen in movies.

The main room was crowded with men in leather kutts, their conversations loud and unapologetic. The smell of coffee and cigarettes hung heavy in the air, mingling with the faint scent of motor oil. A couple of guys were playing pool in the corner, their laughter echoing off the walls, while others sat around the bar, nursing cups of coffee that looked as strong as jet fuel.

I hesitate at the edge of the room, unsure where to go or what to do. It wasn't like I could just walk up to someone and say, "Hey, I'm the girl Wolf dragged in last night. What's for breakfast?"

"Morning." The voice came from a woman behind the bar, her dark hair pulled back into a loose ponytail. She has a sharp face and a quick smile, her eyes sizing me up in a way that makes me feel both welcome and on edge. "You must be Bella."

I nod, stepping closer. "Yeah. That obvious?"

She chuckles, pouring coffee into a chipped mug and sliding it across the bar toward me. "New face. Deer-in-headlights look. Kind of gives it away."

I manage a small smile and take the mug, wrapping my hands around it for warmth. "Thanks. And you are?"

“Lena,” she replies, leaning on the bar. “I handle things around here. Coffee, booze, food—basically, if it keeps these guys moving, I’m in charge of it.”

I nod again, feeling a little more at ease. “Nice to meet you.”

Her gaze flickers toward the other end of the room, where Wolf is standing with a group of men, his arms crossed as he listens to whatever they were discussing. Even in a room full of people, he stands out, his presence commanding attention without him even trying.

“He’s a good guy, you know,” Lena reveals, her voice softer now. “Wolf. Doesn’t let a lot of people in, but when he does, he doesn’t half-ass it.”

I glance at her, surprised by her candour. “I...don’t know what to think yet.”

She smiles knowingly. “You will.”

Before I can respond, Wolf’s voice cuts through the room, calling my name. Heads turn, and I feel the heat rise to my cheeks as I look up to see him motioning for me to join him. I set the coffee down and walk over, feeling the weight of every set of eyes in the room.

“This is Bella,” Wolf introduces me to the group as I approach, his tone leaving no room for argument. “She’s staying here for now. That means she’s under our protection. If anyone’s got a problem with that, they can take it up with me.”

The men exchange glances but say nothing. One of them—a tall guy with a shaved head and a scar running down his cheek—grins and gives me a nod. “Welcome to the pack,” he states, his voice rough but not unkind.

“Thanks,” I say awkwardly, unsure of what else to say.

Wolf turns back to the group, his attention already shifting to the matter at hand. But as the conversation picks up again, he shoots me a quick glance, his eyes meeting mine for just a second. It wasn't much, but it was enough to remind me that I wasn't completely alone in this.

For the first time in a long time, I felt like I might actually be safe. Wolf's hand squeezed my shoulder gently before he called out, "Lena!"

Lena approaches, her striking green eyes and dark hair streaked with purple appeared from behind the bar. She moved with a confident grace that spoke of someone completely at home in this rough environment.

"Get Bella some breakfast," Wolf orders, his voice carrying that tone of authority that seemed as natural to him as breathing. "Show her around."

Lena's smile was warm as she nods. "Come on, honey. Let's get some food in you while these boys handle their business."

I hesitated, glancing at Wolf, but his encouraging nod made me follow her into the kitchen. It was surprisingly clean and organized, with the smell of coffee already filling the air.

"You look like you could use this," Lena said, sliding a steaming mug in front of me before starting to cook. "I know that look in your eyes, you know. Had it myself when I first came here."

I wrapped my hands around the warm mug. "You weren't always part of the club?"

"God, no," she laughed, cracking eggs into a pan. "I was running from my own demons three years ago. Ex-husband who thought a restraining order was just a piece of paper. Found myself in this town with nothing but a broken-down car and empty

pockets." She paused, flipping the eggs with practiced ease. "Razor found me sleeping in my car behind the bar where I'd picked up a shift. Instead of running me off, he offered me a job here at the clubhouse."

"Just like that?" I asked, scepticism creeping into my voice.

"Just like that," she confirmed, sliding a plate of eggs and toast in front of me. "These men... they're rough around the edges, sure. But they protect their own. And once they decide you're family, that's it. You're under their protection for life." She leaned against the counter, her expression serious. "I've seen Wolf with the others, seen how he is with the pack. The way he looks at you? That's different. Special."

"I'm scared," I admitted quietly, pushing the eggs around my plate. "Not of him, but..."

"Of letting yourself believe you're safe?" Lena finished, understanding in her eyes. "Been there. But here's the thing about this place, about these people – they don't just talk about loyalty and family. They live it. That man out there? He'd tear the world apart to keep you safe. And the rest of us? We've got your back too."

She reached across the counter and squeezed my hand. "You're not alone."

Looking into her eyes, I saw the truth there – the same sense of belonging I'd been searching for my whole life. Maybe she was right. Maybe I had found a safe place.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The clubhouse had a rhythm to it, a steady pulse that carried us through the chaos of the world outside. For years, it had been my sanctuary, the one place where I didn't have to justify who I was or what I'd done. But ever since Bella walked through those doors, the rhythm had changed. Every noise seemed sharper, every scent more potent. And her scent—it lingered in the air, clinging to me like a shadow, reminding me that she was here, vulnerable, and still scared.

I'd spent most of the morning keeping an ear on the perimeter. Finn had checked in, saying Dylan's car was gone, but I wasn't naive enough to think the asshole had given up. If anything, the quiet made me more anxious. Men like him didn't just walk away. They waited, bided their time, and struck when you least expected it. That thought had my fists clenching and my wolf stirring beneath the surface, restless and ready to tear him apart.

Bella was sitting at the bar with Lena, her laughter soft but real. It was the first time I'd heard it, and it caught me off guard. It wasn't forced or nervous—it was genuine, like she'd let her guard down just enough to forget about the weight she'd been carrying. It made something inside me twist, a feeling I wasn't ready to name.

“Wolf.” Ironhead's voice cut through my thoughts, and I turn to see him motioning for me to follow him toward the garage. His expression is serious, his brows furrowed in that way they got when he had something important to say.

“What's up?” I ask, keeping my tone casual as we step outside. The sun is high, the scent of motor oil and pine thick in the air.

“You tell her yet?” Ironhead asked, crossing his arms as he leans against the side of

the garage.

I didn't need to ask what he meant. My jaw tightens, and I shake my head. "No. And I don't plan to. She's got enough on her plate without throwing that into the mix."

Ironhead snorts. "You think she won't find out? You think Dylan's just some regular asshole? The way he's acting, it's got their scent all over it."

I didn't respond right away, my gaze drifting toward the clubhouse. Ironhead wasn't wrong. Dylan's persistence wasn't normal, and I'd been wondering if there was more to him than I'd first thought. But the idea of telling Bella the truth about us, about me—it made my stomach twist in a way I didn't like.

"If she finds out," Ironhead continues, his voice low, "you're gonna have to make a choice. You know that, right? She's either in or out. And if she's out..."

"She's not out," I snap, the words coming out harsher than I intended. My wolf bristled at the thought, the very idea of her walking away. "She's not going anywhere."

Ironhead raises an eyebrow, but there is a flicker of understanding in his eyes. "You're sure about that? Because if she's your mate, this isn't just about keeping her safe. It's about making her part of the pack."

The word hit me like a punch to the gut. Mate. I'd been avoiding it, ignoring the signs, but the truth had been staring me in the face from the moment I saw her. The pull I felt toward her wasn't just attraction—it was instinct, raw and undeniable. She was mine.

"She doesn't know," I say quietly, more to myself than to him. "And I don't know if she's ready to."

Ironhead claps a hand on my shoulder, his grip firm. “She’ll find out eventually. Better it comes from you than someone else. Just think about it.”

I nod, but my mind is already racing. How the hell was I supposed to tell Bella that the man protecting her wasn’t entirely human? That the pack she was staying with wasn’t just a metaphor?

I spend the afternoon in the garage, trying to keep my hands busy while my thoughts spiral. But no matter how hard I work, my mind keeps drifting back to Bella. The way she’d smiled at Lena earlier. The way she’d stood her ground when I brought her into the main room and introduced her to the brothers. She was tough, tougher than she gave herself credit for. But she was also fragile in ways she probably didn’t even realize.

By the time I finally emerged, the sun was sinking low, casting long shadows across the compound. Bella was sitting outside on one of the old wooden chairs, her red jacket wrapped around her like a shield. She looked up as I approach, her expression softening slightly.

“Hey,” she greets, her voice quiet. “You’ve been busy.”

“Yeah,” I reply, leaning against the railing beside her.

“Had some things to take care of.”

She nods, her gaze drifting toward the fence. “Finn said Dylan’s car is gone. Do you think he’s really gone, or is he just waiting?”

“Waiting,” I confirm without hesitation. “Guys like him don’t just give up.”

She shivers, pulling the jacket tighter around her. “I don’t know what I’d do if you

hadn't been there yesterday. He...he scares me."

My chest tightens, and I turn to face her fully. "He's not going to hurt you, Bella. Not while you're here. Not ever."

Her eyes meet mine, and for a moment, the air between us feels heavy, charged with something I can't name. She opens her mouth to say something, but before she can, Finn comes jogging up, his face pale.

"Wolf," he calls, breathless. "We've got a problem."

I straighten immediately, my wolf already on edge. "What is it?"

"Dylan," Finn begins, glancing at Bella before looking back at me. "He's back. And he's not alone."

Finn's words hit like a gunshot, and everything around me blurs. Dylan wasn't just back—he'd brought reinforcements. That wasn't a move made out of desperation; it was calculated, cocky. He thought he could come at me, at the club, and still walk away.

"Where?" I bark, my voice sharp enough to make Finn flinch.

"About a half mile down the road," he said quickly. "Looks like two cars, maybe four or five guys total. They're hanging back, but it's definitely him."

I don't need to hear more. My wolf surges forward, every instinct screaming to protect what was mine. But this wasn't just about Dylan anymore. It was about Bella and what she represented. If Dylan thought he could bring trouble to the pack's doorstep, he was about to learn how wrong he was.

I turn to Bella, who is sitting stiffly in the chair, her hands gripping the edges like she is trying to steady herself. Her wide eyes locked on mine, searching for reassurance. I gave her a small nod.

“Stay here,” I order firmly. “Stay inside.”

Her lip’s part like she wants to argue, but something in my expression must’ve stopped her. She nods once, her voice soft. “Okay.”

“Lena,” I call over my shoulder as I head toward the clubhouse door. She appeared within seconds, her sharp eyes flicking between me and Bella. “Stay with her. Don’t let her out of your sight.”

“You got it,” Lena confirms, her tone brisk as she moves to Bella’s side. I trust Lena to hold the line if it came to that. She was a survivor, tough as hell, and she wouldn’t hesitate to do what needed to be done.

Inside, the pack is already stirring. The air is heavy with tension, the kind that came before a fight. Razor standing by the bar, Cutter leaning against the pool table with his usual smirk. But even Cutter looks more serious than usual.

“What’s the play?” Razor asks, his sharp eyes locking onto mine.

“Dylan’s back,” I reveal. “Not alone.”

The murmurs start immediately, but Razor holds up a hand to silence them. “How many?”

“Two cars, four or five guys,” I reply. “They’re sitting just outside our territory, testing us.”

Razor's jaw tightens, and he nods slowly. "Alright. Let's make this clear: no one tests the Road Killers and walks away. Cutter, get the boys together. Wolf—"

"I'll handle it," I cut in. My voice is low, but the room goes dead quiet. Every eye turned toward me, and I let my wolf rise just enough for them to see it in my stance, in my eyes. "Dylan's my problem. I'll make sure he understands what happens when he crosses us."

Razor studies me for a moment, then nods. "Alright. But you take backup. This isn't just about him anymore—it's about sending a message."

\*\*\*

The sound of motorcycles echoes down the road as we approach. Ironhead riding on my left, Rocco on my right, and five more patched brothers brought up the rear. The cars are parked just where Finn had said, their headlights off but their presence unmistakable. I pull up in front, cutting the engine and stepping off my bike. The others fan out behind me, a silent wall of leather and muscle.

Dylan leans against the hood of his car, a smug grin plastered across his face. He is flanked by a few guys who look like they think they are tough—tight shirts, cocky postures, the kind of guys who only act big when they have numbers on their side. My wolf growls low in my chest, itching to tear them apart.

"Wolf," Dylan drawls, spreading his arms like he is welcoming an old friend. "You didn't have to bring the whole circus. I just wanted to talk."

I don't respond right away. I let the silence stretch, let him feel the weight of my gaze. Finally, I step forward, closing the distance between us. "You've been warned," I say, my voice low and even. "You don't get to come near her. Not here. Not ever."

He laughs, the sound grating on my nerves. “Come on, man. You can’t seriously think she belongs with you. Look at this place—this club. She’s not one of you.”

“She’s under my protection,” I warn, taking another step closer. “And that means she’s part of our club, whether you like it or not.”

Dylan’s grin falters for a split second, and I see the fear flicker in his eyes. He didn’t understand the full weight of what I was saying, but he felt it. He could sense the threat, even if he didn’t know its true nature.

“Club,” he scoffs, trying to recover. “That’s cute. What are you gonna do? Flex your muscles at me?”

I smile then, slow and deliberate, letting just a hint of my wolf shine through. Dylan freezes, his bravado crumbling as he takes an involuntary step back.

“You don’t want to know what I’ll do,” I warn. “But if you so much as think about coming near her again, you’ll find out. And trust me—it won’t be cute.”

The tension is thick, the kind of silence that only comes before a storm. Dylan’s crew shifts nervously behind him, their eyes darting between us and the brothers at my back. They weren’t ready for this fight. They didn’t belong in this world.

Dylan must’ve realized it too, because he raises his hands in mock surrender. “Alright, alright,” he says, backing toward his car. “Message received. But this isn’t over, Wolf. Not by a long shot.”

He climbs into the driver’s seat, his guys scrambling to follow. I stand there, watching as they speed off into the night, my wolf pacing beneath my skin. This wasn’t over, and we both knew it.

By the time we returned, the sun had dipped below the horizon, casting long shadows across the compound. Bella was inside, sitting at the bar with Lena, her eyes lighting up the second she saw me. She doesn't say anything, but the relief on her face is unmistakable.

"You okay?" I ask, stepping closer.

She nods, her voice soft. "Yeah. Did he...?"

"He's gone," I update. "For now."

She hesitates, then reaches out, her fingers brushing against mine. It was a small gesture, barely more than a touch, but it sent a wave of warmth through me. I cover her hand with mine, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"You're safe," I promise.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The air inside the clubhouse felt heavier after Wolf returned. He didn't say much when he came in, just gave me that intense look of his, the kind that always made my breath catch. Something had shifted in him, like a storm brewing just under the surface. I could feel it in the way his shoulders were squared, his jaw set. He was still watching me, always watching, and it was starting to get to me in ways I wasn't ready to admit.

I sip my water and lean back against the bar, trying to calm my nerves. Lena had stepped away, giving us some space, but the room wasn't empty. A few of the brothers hung around, talking in low voices. They cast glances our way, subtle but not unnoticed. I felt like a curiosity, a stranger in their world. But Wolf? He was different. He stood apart from them, not just in presence but in the way he carried himself, like he was built to lead even when he didn't want to.

Finally, he crosses the room and stops in front of me. He doesn't say anything at first, just looks at me with those piercing blue eyes. They are lighter now, almost glowing in the dim light, and I can't look away.

"Come with me," he says, his voice low and rough.

It wasn't a question. It was a command, but there was something in the way he said it that didn't leave room for argument. My heart is pounding before I even realize I'd nodded.

We end up in his room, a space that is surprisingly clean and simple. A bed, a dresser, a chair in the corner. The walls are bare except for a single photo of a motorcycle, its chrome gleaming under the sunlight. It wasn't what I'd expected, and yet it felt

entirely like him—no nonsense, no distractions.

He closes the door behind us and leans against it, his gaze fixed on me. I can feel the heat rising to my cheeks under his scrutiny, my pulse racing in my ears. I want to say something, to break the tension, but my throat feels dry, and the words won't come.

“You're not afraid of me,” he says after a moment, his voice quieter now but no less intense.

I blink, caught off guard. “Should I be?”

His lips twitch, not quite a smile but close. “Most people are. They see the tattoos, the leather, the club, and they keep their distance. But you...you look at me like you're trying to figure me out.”

I swallow hard, my heart skipping a beat. “Maybe I am.”

He steps closer, slow and deliberate, until he is standing right in front of me. I have to tilt my head back to meet his gaze, and the intensity in his eyes make my knees feel weak.

“What do you see, Bella?” he asks, his voice barely above a whisper.

My breath hitches. I wanted to tell him the truth, that I saw strength and danger and something that called to me in ways I couldn't explain. But the words got tangled in my throat, and all I could do was stare up at him, caught in his pull.

He reaches out, his fingers brushing against my cheek, and I shiver at the contact. His touch is rough, his hands calloused, but there is a gentleness in the way he traces the line of my jaw. It makes me feel exposed, vulnerable, but not in a bad way. It makes me feel seen.

“I see you,” I say finally, my voice trembling. “I see someone who scares me, but not because I think you’ll hurt me. You scare me because you make me feel...safe.”

His eyes darken, and for a moment, I thought I’d said too much. But then he leans in, his breath warm against my skin as he whispers, “You are safe. As long as I’m breathing, you’re safe.”

And then his lips are on mine.

The kiss is nothing like I’d expected. It wasn’t soft or hesitant. It is raw, consuming, a fire that burns through every doubt and fear I have. His hands slid down to my waist, pulling me closer, and I melt into him, my fingers tangling in his hair as I kiss him back with everything I had.

He backs me up until my knees hit the edge of the bed, and we tumble down together. His weight presses against me, solid and unyielding, I feel completely surrounded by him. Safe. Protected. Desired.

His lips move to my neck, and I gasp as he bites down gently, sending a shiver of pleasure racing through me. “Wolf,” I whisper, my voice barely audible.

He freezes for a moment, his breath heavy against my skin. When he pulls back, his eyes are glowing, brighter than I’d ever seen them, and there is something wild in his expression.

“You have no idea what you do to me,” he states, his voice rough and almost guttural. “You’re mine, Bella. Do you understand that? Mine.”

I nod, my heart racing. “Yes,” I breathe.

His lips curve into a predatory smile, he leans in again, his teeth grazing my skin.

“Your eyes...” but he interrupts me.

“Big eyes,” he murmurs, his voice dripping with dark amusement. “To see every part of you.”

I shiver, the words sending a thrill through me as his hand slides up my side. “Big ears,” he continues, his breath hot against my ear. “To hear every sound, you make.”

My breath hitches as his other hand grips my thigh, his strength overwhelming but somehow gentle. “And sharp teeth,” he growls, his voice dropping lower, “to mark what’s mine.”

Before I can respond, he bites down on the curve of my shoulder, not hard enough to hurt but enough to make my body arch against his. Heat pools low in my stomach, and I moan his name, my fingers digging into his shoulders as the world around us disappears. His hands run over my torso, and then he is pulling my t-shirt up and over my head. A soft growl escapes his throat as he looks at my breasts straining to be released.

One minute I am semi dressed, the next I am laying naked under Wolf, his muscles flexing as he throws his jeans off. I have never been undressed with such speed. There is a desperation in our motions to join in an explosion of senses.

Wolf lowers his head, his lips closing over my nipple, suckling. I raise my hips in a wanton anxiety to have this dangerous man between my legs, thrusting with all the force that I need.

“Now Wolf, please” I plead.

He lifts his head, his features tense with lust. “I’m going to eat you,” his voice is a deep growl that sends shivers through my body. He moves down my body, kissing

every inch of my skin as he zero's in on his goal. My breath hitches as his tongue takes a swipe, "Ohhh" I breath.

The pleasure that runs up my body has my eyes closing as my hand fists over his head. I don't know how long he worships my deepest depths with his mouth, but every kiss, every breath of his against my sensitive skin is driving me higher.

In a flash he is sitting up, his hands are gripping my hips as he plunges deep into me. I gasp in surprise at the sensation of fullness that fills me. Damn, he is big!

The walls of my pussy stretch to accommodate every inch of his girth, the slightest movement building my passion to heights that I never thought possible, he plunges hard and fast, a rhythm which talks to what I needed.

The night passes in a blur of heat and passion, every touch and kiss igniting something inside me I didn't know I had. He is relentless, unyielding, and yet there is a reverence in the way he touches me, like I was something precious. By the time we finally collapse together, our breaths mingling in the quiet, I feel completely unravelled, my body and soul laid bare.

But as I lay there, his arm draped possessively over me, I noticed something. The faint glow in his eyes hadn't faded, and his teeth—sharp and slightly elongated—caught the light as he smiles at me. My heart skips a beat, a flicker of unease breaking through the haze.

"Wolf," I start hesitantly, my voice trembling. "What are you?"

He stills, his eyes locking onto mine. For a moment, I thought he might deflect, might try to dismiss what I'd seen. But then he sighs, his expression softening.

"I'm exactly what my name says I am," he confesses quietly. "A wolf."

My breath catches, and I stare at him, trying to process what he was saying. “You mean...like, a shifter?”

He nods, his gaze unwavering. “I’m not just a man, Bella. I’m part of a pack. A real pack.”

The words hit me like a freight train, and I sit up, pulling the sheet around me as my mind races. This couldn’t be real. It didn’t make sense. And yet...it explained so much. The way he moved, the way he looked at me, the way he’d protected me with an almost animalistic intensity.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I ask, my voice breaking.

“Because I didn’t want to scare you,” he says, sitting up beside me. “And because I didn’t know if you were ready to know.”

I look at him, my heart pounding. He is dangerous, unpredictable, everything I should run from. But as his glowing eyes hold mine, all I can think is that I’d never felt safer in my life.

“And now?” I whisper.

His lips curve into a slow smile, and he reaches out, brushing a strand of hair from my face. “Now, you’re mine. Forever.”

And despite the chaos in my mind, I find myself leaning into him, my instincts screaming that he was right.

\*\*\*

The morning light is streaming through the cracks in the curtains, and I am still lying

here, wrapped in Wolf's embrace. The weight of his arm around me is grounding, even as my mind tries to untangle the truth, he'd laid bare the night before. A shifter. A wolf. The words felt strange and surreal, like they belonged in a storybook and not the reality I was living.

He stirs beside me, his eyes opening slowly. That glow was still there, faint but unmistakable, and it sends a shiver through me. "Morning," he murmurs, his voice rough with sleep.

"Morning," I whisper, my voice soft. My eyes search his face, trying to reconcile the man I'd come to know with the truth of what he was. "How long have you...been like this?"

"Always," he says simply. "It's not something you become. It's what you're born into."

I nod slowly, digesting his words. "And the others? They're like you?"

"Most of them," he confesses, sitting up and running a hand through his hair. "The pack is more than just a club, Bella. It's family. We protect each other, no matter what."

The word "family" hits me harder than I expected. I'd spent so long trying to hold onto the little family I had left, and here he was, offering me something I didn't even realize I needed. "And now I'm part of it?" I ask, my voice barely above a whisper.

He looks at me then, his gaze steady and unyielding. "You've always been part of it. The moment I saw you, the moment I knew—you were mine. The pack will see it too."

I swallow hard, the weight of his words settling over me. "What does that mean? For

us?”

“It means you’re not alone,” he says. “It means you have people who will stand with you, fight for you. It means you’re safe.”

I nod, letting his words sink in. For the first time in a long time, I felt a glimmer of hope. But there was still a lingering fear, a voice in the back of my mind reminding me of the dangers that came with being part of his world. “And Dylan? What if he comes back?”

Wolf’s expression darkens, his jaw tightening. “If he does, he won’t get far. The pack will handle it.”

I believed him. There was a fierceness in his voice, a certainty that left no room for doubt. But more than that, there was a trust growing between us, fragile but real. And for now, that was enough.

Later that day, I follow Wolf outside to where a group of the brothers are gathered. They are working on bikes, laughing and throwing insults at one another in the way only family could. But as we approach, the mood shifts. Conversations quieten, and all eyes turn to us.

Wolf’s hand brushes against mine, a subtle reassurance as he steps forward. “Bella is now my mate,” he states, his voice carrying easily over the group. “She’s one of us now.”

One of the men—Ironhead, I remember—steps forward, a grin spreading across his face. “Took you long enough, Wolf,” he calls, his tone teasing but warm. He turns to me, his expression softening. “Welcome to the pack.”

“Thanks,” I say, my voice wavering slightly. The weight of their attention is

intimidating, but there is kindness in their eyes. Acceptance.

Another man steps forward, his stance relaxed but his gaze sharp. “You’ll fit in fine here,” he says, nodding at me. “Wolf doesn’t bring just anyone into the fold.”

The tension in my chest eases slightly, and I offer a small smile. This world was new and strange, I wondered if I could belong here. Maybe, just maybe, I’d found a place to call home.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The first sign of trouble came just after dawn. Cutter's sharp knock at my door dragged me out of a restless sleep. Bella stirred beside me, her head resting on my chest, her warmth grounding me in ways I hadn't expected. For a moment, I debated ignoring the knock, letting the world wait. But Cutter didn't knock twice unless it was urgent.

"Wolf," he calls through the door, his tone tight. "We've got a problem."

I carefully slide out from under Bella, tucking the blanket around her before grabbing my jeans and tugging them on. Her eyelids flutter open, her voice soft and drowsy.

"What is it?"

"Stay here," I order, leaning down to press a kiss to her forehead. "I'll handle it."

Her brows knitted, worry creeping into her expression, but she nods, trusting me. That trust feels like a weight and a privilege all at once, and I'm not about to let anything jeopardize it.

In the main room, Cutter is pacing, his leather kutt flaring behind him like a shadow. Ironhead and a couple of the prospects are standing by the bar, their faces grim. Cutter doesn't waste time.

"It's Dylan," he said, his voice clipped. "He's not playing games anymore. Sent two of his goons to your girl's gran's place. They smashed up the porch, left her a message."

My chest tightens, fury flaring hot and fast. Dylan had gone too far before, but this? Threatening Bella's gran—her family? That was the line. My wolf stirs beneath the surface, claws scratching at my control.

“What message?” I growl.

Jerome hands me a crumpled piece of paper, the edges torn as if it had been ripped from a notebook. The scrawl was jagged, messy, but the meaning was clear:

“She's mine. Bring her to me, or she won't be the only one who pays.”

The paper crumples in my fist, my jaw tightening until I think my teeth might crack. I look at Jerome, my voice low and deadly. “Is she okay?”

“Shaken, but not hurt, I didn't let them touch her.” Jerome relates.

“Finn's there now, keeping an eye on her. But we've got to deal with this, Wolf. Dylan's not going to stop until you put him down,” Cutter says.

I nod, my mind already racing. This wasn't just about me and Bella anymore. Dylan had made it club business the moment he dragged innocent people into it. The pack wouldn't stand for that.

I make my way back to the room to check on Bella, my steps heavier than before. When I open the door, she is sitting up, her eyes wide with worry. She'd thrown on one of my shirts, the fabric hanging loose on her small frame. The sight of her like that—in my space, wearing my clothes—lights something protective and primal inside me.

“What happened?” she asks.

I sit on the edge of the bed, taking her hands in mine. “It’s Dylan. He sent a couple of his guys to your gran’s place. She’s fine,” I add quickly when her face pales. “But he’s pushing for a fight, and he’s not going to stop until I deal with him.”

Her hands tighten around mine. “I need to see her. She’ll be scared.”

“I’ll take you there,” I assure, brushing a thumb over her knuckles. “But first, I need you to understand something. This isn’t just about us anymore. Dylan’s crossed a line, and when someone crosses the pack, we deal with it. He’s not going to get another chance to hurt you or anyone you care about.”

She nods, her eyes fierce despite the fear I know she feels. “Okay.”

“Get ready, we leave in twenty.” I order as I stand and lean down to kiss her forehead before leaving to gather the men.

By the time we pulled up to Bella’s gran’s house, Finn is already waiting on the porch, his hand resting on the butt of his gun. The old wooden steps are splintered, the railing hanging loose where Dylan’s men had smashed it. Bella jumps off the bike before I even cut the engine, rushing up to her gran, who is sitting in a rocking chair by the front door.

“Gran!” Bella calls, dropping to her knees beside her. “Are you okay?”

Gran smiles weakly, patting Bella’s cheek. “I’m fine, dear. Just a little shaken. That boy...he’s got a mean streak, doesn’t he?”

I step up onto the porch, towering over them both. “He won’t bother you again,” I say, my voice steady. “That’s a promise.”

Gran looks up at me, her sharp eyes narrowing. “You’re the one Bella told me about,”

she says. "Wolf."

I tense, unsure how much Bella has shared. But Gran just nods, her expression softening. "Good. She needs someone strong."

"Which is why we need to talk about your safety," I say, my voice firm but gentle. "Dylan's not going to stop. He's already shown he's willing to target you to get to Bella."

Gran's eyes narrow, her weathered hands gripping the arms of her rocking chair. "I've lived in this house for forty years. I'm not about to let some thug chase me out."

Bella kneels beside her grandmother's chair, taking one of those weathered hands in hers. "Gran, please. They destroyed the porch just to send a message. Next time..." Her voice cracks, and I step closer, placing a steadying hand on her shoulder.

"We have rooms at the clubhouse," I explain. "Security. Brothers on watch twenty four seven. It would only be until we deal with Dylan."

"The clubhouse?" Gran's eyebrow arches sceptically. "With all those rough bikers?"

Finn, still standing guard by the door, lets out a quiet chuckle. "Ma'am, I guarantee you'll be the toughest one there."

A ghost of a smile crosses Gran's face, but she looks at Bella, really looks at her. "You trust these men? This club?"

"Yes Gran, I do." Bella answers without hesitation.

Gran is quiet for a long moment, her sharp eyes studying each of us in turn. Finally, she sighs. "Well, I suppose I could use a change of scenery. But I'm bringing my own

tea. That stuff you young people drink these days tastes like dishwater."

Relief floods Bella's face as she hugs her grandmother. I motion to Finn to help gather some essentials while I make a call to Cutter about preparing a room.

"And young man," Gran calls as I pull out my phone. I turn to find her fixing me with a stern look. "I expect you to make good on that promise about dealing with this Dylan character. Nobody threatens my granddaughter and gets away with it."

"Yes, ma'am," I say, meaning it with every fibre of my being. "That's a promise."

As we help Gran pack a small bag and escort her to the waiting vehicle, I can't help but admire her spirit. She's worried, I can tell, but she's handling it with a grace and strength that makes it clear where Bella gets her resilience from.

The ride back to the clubhouse is quiet, with Bella and her grandmother in the SUV ahead of us, Finn driving, and two more brothers flanking them on bikes. I follow close behind, watching for any sign of trouble, but my mind is already racing ahead to what comes next.

Back at the clubhouse, the pack was already assembling. Razor stood at the head of the table, his presence commanding as always. The brothers were keyed up, their energy electric with the promise of retaliation. This wasn't just about me or Bella anymore. Dylan had made it personal for all of us.

"We've got eyes on him," Rocco says, his voice grim. "He's holed up in a warehouse on the east side. Looks like he's got a dozen guys with him, maybe more. They're armed, but they don't know we're coming."

Razor nods, his gaze shifting to me. "This is your fight, Wolf. You lead the charge."

I meet his eyes, my wolf stirring with approval. “We hit them fast and hard,” I state. “No mercy. Dylan doesn’t walk out of there.”

The pack growls their agreement, the sound low and feral. This wasn’t just a fight. It was a hunt.

Before we leave, I find Bella waiting for me by the bar. Her arms are crossed, her face pale but determined. “You’re going after him, aren’t you?”

“I have to,” I say, stepping closer. “He won’t stop, Bella. Not until I make him.”

She nods, her lips pressing into a thin line. “Just...be safe, okay?”

I cup her face in my hands, my thumbs brushing over her cheeks. “Always.”

And with that, I turn and walk out into the night, my pack at my back and vengeance in my veins.

Riding into the night with the pack at my back, my mind drifts to the road that had brought me here. To Bella, to the club, to the man I’d become—hard, dangerous, unrelenting. It hadn’t always been this way. But life had a way of carving a man down to his core, stripping away anything that couldn’t survive the fire.

I wasn’t born into the club. I found it the way a stray finds shelter: broken and looking for purpose. Before I earned my place with the Road Killers, I was just a kid from nowhere, bouncing between foster homes and trouble. My fists did most of my talking back then, and the world taught me that if you weren’t strong, you were prey.

By the time I was eighteen, I had a rap sheet longer than most men twice my age. Petty theft, brawling, worse. I didn’t have anything to lose, so I fought like it. That was what caught Cutter’s attention. He saw me fight in a bar one night, fists flying,

blood on my knuckles.

Cutter came up to me after, calm as you please, slapped a hand on my shoulder and grinned. “You’ve got some fight in you, kid,” he said. “Ever thought about putting that to good use, you hit like a wolf. You ever think about running with a pack?”

At first, I thought he was just another guy looking to use me, but Cutter wasn’t like that. He didn’t make promises he couldn’t keep, and he didn’t offer charity. What he did offer was a chance—a way out of the spiral I was stuck in. All I had to do was prove I had what it took.

The first year was hell. Being a prospect meant doing everything the brothers didn’t want to: cleaning up, running errands, taking punches when things went south. But I learned fast. Learned how the club worked, how loyalty wasn’t just a word—it was a bond. Razor taught me the rules, Cutter showed me the ropes, and Ironhead made sure I understood what happened to anyone who broke trust.

The brothers didn’t make it easy, and they shouldn’t have. I earned every scar, every stripe, every ounce of respect. And when they finally handed me my kutt, I knew I’d found something I never had before: a family.

I’d met plenty of women over the years. Some of them were sweet, others wild. They came and went, never staying long enough to matter. I didn’t let them. Relationships weren’t part of the deal; they were distractions, weaknesses. And in our world, weaknesses got people killed.

Bella was different from the start. She didn’t try to impress me or play games. She didn’t throw herself at me like so many others had. She just...was. Fierce and fragile, defiant and vulnerable. When I saw her, something in me shifted. The walls I’d built so carefully over the years cracked, and for the first time, I wondered if there was room in my life for something more.

She wasn't like the others. She didn't just see the tattoos and the leather and the violence. She saw me—the man behind the wolf. And that scared me as much as it thrilled me. Because she made me want to be better, to be more.

I'd learned my lessons the hard way. Trust no one unless they've earned it. Never show weakness. Always strike first. Those rules had kept me alive, but they'd also turned me into someone I didn't recognize sometimes. The club had given me purpose, but it had also hardened me in ways I hadn't expected.

Pain was the best teacher. Losing people, seeing betrayal up close, knowing that loyalty could be a knife if given to the wrong hands—those were the lessons that shaped me. They turned me into the enforcer, the man who did what others couldn't or wouldn't. And I was good at it. Too good. Violence came easy to me, and I didn't apologize for it.

But Bella? She made me want to be more than just the club's enforcer. She saw the man I could be, not just the one I'd become. And for her, I'd try. Because she wasn't just anyone. She was mine.

The roar of the bikes around me pulled me back to the present. The pack rode as one, a force of nature tearing through the dark. Dylan had made his move, and now it was our turn. He'd crossed the line, not just with me but with the entire club. And the pack...we didn't let things slide.

As we approached the warehouse where Dylan was holed up, my focus sharpened. The memories of how I got here, the lessons I'd learned, all of it led to this moment. I wasn't just fighting for the pack tonight. I was fighting for her. For us.

Dylan thought he could take what was mine. He thought he could scare her, control her. He had no idea who he was dealing with.

Because I wasn't just any man. I was a wolf. And when you came for my pack, you learned the hard way what it meant to face a predator. When you came for my mate, you guaranteed your death.

Tonight, Dylan would learn. And he wouldn't survive the lesson.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The rumble of the bikes faded into the night, leaving an eerie silence in its wake. I stood on the porch, arms wrapped around myself, watching the taillights disappear down the long road. The wind bit at my skin, but the chill couldn't reach the storm brewing inside me. They were gone now, Wolf and the brothers, riding out to confront the danger that had loomed over us like a shadow. And I was left behind.

The clubhouse felt too quiet, too still as I stepped inside. Gran was in the kitchen, making tea like nothing had happened. It was her way of coping, I guess. When the world got too loud, she turned to routine. I envy her for that. I envy her ability to act like things would be okay, like life hadn't just flipped upside down.

I drift to the couch and sit down, pulling my knees up to my chest. My mind is a tangle of thoughts and memories, all of them vying for my attention. But no matter how much I try to focus; it all comes back to him. Wolf.

For so long, I'd thought I knew what love was. Dylan had made me think that. When we first met, he'd been charming, attentive, the kind of man who could light up a room just by walking into it. I'd fallen fast and hard, swept up in his charisma and confidence. But it hadn't taken long for the cracks to show.

Dylan's charm came with a darker edge, one that revealed itself in sharp words and tighter grips. He'd wanted control, not partnership. And I—young, naive, desperate for something that felt like love—had let him have it. By the time I realized what he was, it was too late. He owned every part of my life: my decisions, my freedom, my fear. Getting away from him had been the hardest thing I'd ever done.

Until now.

Being with Wolf was different. Everything about him was raw and overwhelming, and it terrified me as much as it thrilled me. He didn't try to control me, didn't try to shape me into something I wasn't. Instead, he saw me—all the broken, jagged pieces—and didn't flinch. That scared me more than anything. Because if he saw me, really saw me, then he could hurt me in ways Dylan never could.

And yet, I couldn't pull away. I didn't want to.

The shifter thing was still a lot to process. The idea that the man I'd given myself to, the one who held me like I was the most precious thing in the world, wasn't entirely human? It should've made me run for the hills. Instead, it made sense. Everything about him—his intensity, his protectiveness, the way he seemed to see and hear things no one else did—fit into place like a puzzle I hadn't realized I was solving.

But where did that leave me? How was I supposed to fit into this world of his, this pack? The brothers accepted me because Wolf had claimed me, but I couldn't help wondering how deep that acceptance went. I wasn't one of them. I wasn't strong or fearless or even particularly brave. I was just Bella, the girl with too much baggage and not enough answers.

What if I couldn't handle it? What if I didn't belong?

Gran's voice pulled me out of my thoughts. "Tea's ready," she says, setting a steaming mug on the table in front of me. She sits down in the chair, her sharp eyes studying me like she can see right through me.

"You love him," she states, not a question but a statement.

I swallow hard, my hands wrapping around the mug. "It's complicated," I confess, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Love always is,” Gran assures, her tone matter-of-fact. “But that man...he’s not like the others you’ve known. He’s got strength, but it’s not just in his muscles. It’s in his heart. He’s fighting for you, Bella. You need to decide if you’re going to fight for him, too.”

Her words hit me harder than I expected. I’d spent so long running, hiding, surviving. Fighting? That this was new. That was terrifying. But maybe it was time. Maybe it was time to stop letting fear dictate my life.

The hours drag as I wait for Wolf to come back. Every creak of the house, every sound outside, sets my nerves on edge. My thoughts keep spiralling, jumping from fear to hope and back again. What if he didn’t come back? What if this was the night I lost him?

But then I think about the way he’d looked at me before he left, the promise in his eyes. “Always,” he’d said. And for the first time, I let myself believe it.

Because if there was one thing I knew about Wolf, it was that he didn’t break his promises.

I thought about the pack and what it meant to be part of it. The brothers had treated me with wary acceptance, but I knew it was only because of Wolf. He commanded respect, and that respect extended to me, for now. But what would happen if I couldn’t live up to their expectations? If I couldn’t fit into their world?

The pack wasn’t just a club or a family. It was something deeper, primal. They moved as one, their loyalty unshakable, their bond stronger than anything I’d ever known. I’d seen it in the way they looked at each other, the way they worked together without needing words. It was beautiful and intimidating, and I couldn’t help wondering if I could ever truly be part of it.

Would they ever see me as more than just Wolf's woman? Could I find my place among them, or would I always feel like an outsider?

I thought about my past, about the little girl I used to be. My mother had always been the soft-spoken one, gentle and kind to the point of self-sacrifice. She'd taught me how to be empathetic, to listen more than I spoke, and to care deeply about the people around me. But her gentleness came with a price. My father had walked all over her, his temper as sharp as the words he used to cut her down. I remembered hiding in my room, clutching a pillow to my ears as they fought downstairs, wishing for it all to stop.

When he finally left us, there was relief—but also a void. My mother tried to fill it by working herself to the bone, but the world had already worn her down too much. By the time I was in high school, I was more caretaker than daughter, balancing school, part-time jobs, and making sure she didn't completely fall apart. There wasn't room for fighting back or standing up. Survival was all I knew.

Maybe that was why I hadn't fought Dylan sooner. By the time I realized he was just another version of my father, I was already trapped, too afraid of what might happen if I left. I'd learned how to keep the peace, how to shrink myself to avoid the blow-ups. Fighting wasn't in my nature. Or at least, that's what I'd always believed.

But now? Now I wasn't so sure. Being with Wolf, seeing the strength in him and the way he looked at me like I was someone worth protecting, it made me want to believe I could be more. Maybe I could learn to fight—not just for him, but for myself.

I thought about the things that made me who I was, the small pieces of me that hadn't been stolen by fear or pain. I loved quiet mornings, the way the light filtered through the trees, and the smell of coffee brewing. I loved books, the kind that let you escape into another world where the endings were happy, or at least hopeful. I loved music, the kind that made your heart ache in the best way. And I loved the idea of belonging,

of finding a place where I didn't have to be anything but myself.

Dislikes? Those were easier. Loud voices, raised fists, the smell of alcohol on someone's breath. They all reminded me of my father and Dylan, of a life spent walking on eggshells. I hated feeling powerless, like my choices didn't matter. But most of all, I hated the idea of going back to that place, of losing the fragile hope I'd started to build with Wolf.

How would I fit into the pack? That was the question that kept circling back. They were strong, unyielding, bound together by something I didn't fully understand. But maybe that was the point. Maybe I didn't have to be like them to belong. Maybe I just had to be willing to try.

For the first time in a long time, I didn't feel completely alone. I had Wolf, and through him, I had the pack. It wouldn't be easy, and I had no idea what the future looked like. But for the first time, I wasn't afraid to imagine it.

When the sound of bikes finally roared back in the distance, relief floods through me so fast it leaves me dizzy. I run out to the porch, my heart pounding as the headlights came into view. And there he is, at the front of the pack, his silhouette as familiar as my own shadow.

He'd come back. He always would. And maybe, just maybe, I'd find a way to be brave enough to stand by his side.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The warehouse loomed ahead, dark and silent against the night sky. We cut the engines a quarter-mile out, the silence between the brothers a sharp contrast to the hum of adrenaline coursing through us. This wasn't just another fight. This was a message, and it was personal. Dylan had made the mistake of thinking he could take what was mine. Now, he'd learn the price of crossing the pack.

Cutter was the first to speak, his voice low and measured. "What's the play, Wolf?"

I glanced around, the shadows of my brothers blending into the darkness. Each one of them was a force on their own, but together, we were something more. A pack. Unstoppable.

"Ironhead," I call, jerking my chin toward him. "Shift. Get eyes on how many we're dealing with."

Ironhead gave a tight nod and disappeared into the trees. A moment later, the faint sound of bone and muscle reshaping carried through the still air. The rest of us waited, tension coiled tight, hands on the grips of our weapons. The air was thick with the scent of oil and metal, and the promise of violence hung heavy.

Ironhead returned minutes later, his human form slipping from the shadows. "Fifteen, maybe more," he said, his voice rough. "Spread out across the main floor. They've got firepower, but they're sloppy. Won't expect us to hit hard and fast."

"Then that's what we do," I said. My wolf stirred, itching for the fight. "Cutter, take Rocco and a few of the others and flank left. Finn, you're with me on the right. Ironhead, hold back with the rest of the men until we've cleared the way. When we

move, we don't stop.”

The brothers nod, their expressions grim but ready. This was what we did. This was who we were.

The first shot rang out the second we breached the door. Dylan's men were waiting, but their aim was wild, bullets punching into the walls and crates around us. I ducked low, returning fire with calculated precision. The sharp crack of gunfire filled the air, mingling with the shouts and curses of the enemy.

Cutter's group moved in from the left, their advance swift and unrelenting. Rocco took out two men with clean headshots, his sniper-like precision unmatched. On the right, Finn and I pressed forward, cutting through the chaos like a blade. My shots found their marks, and the men who didn't fall ran for cover, their panic palpable.

“Move!” I bark, signalling Finn to cover me as I closed the distance to the centre of the room. Dylan wasn't among the grunts—he was smarter than that. He'd be waiting, watching, biding his time like the snake he was.

The brothers worked as one, a machine of precision and brutality. Ironhead shifted mid-charge, his wolf tearing through the men who dared to get too close. His growls and the screams of his victims blended with the chaos, a symphony of carnage that only fuelled my fury.

I found Dylan on an upper platform, his smirk lit by the dim overhead lights. He was flanked by two men, their weapons aimed and ready. But I didn't stop. I didn't hesitate.

“You really think this is going to end well for you?” he taunted, his voice dripping with false bravado.

I didn't answer. Words were wasted on men like him. Instead, I charged, taking out one of his guards with a shot to the chest before slamming into the other with a force that sent him sprawling. Dylan's grin faltered as he backed away, the predator in him finally recognizing he was prey.

"You think she's yours?" Dylan spat, his voice rising in desperation. "You think you can just take what you want?"

"She was never yours," I growled, my voice low and lethal. "And you'll never touch her again."

He lunged at me, wild and reckless, but I was ready. My fist connected with his jaw, the force of the blow sending him crashing into the metal railing behind him. He scrambled to his feet, swinging wildly, but his punches were no match for my precision. I dodged, countered, each strike calculated to break him down piece by piece.

Blood dripped from his nose, his lip split and swollen. His breaths came in ragged gasps, but still, he fought, his desperation driving him beyond reason. I let him exhaust himself, absorbing his blows like they were nothing. He didn't deserve a clean fight. He deserved to know fear, to feel the weight of his choices crushing him.

When he finally staggered, his body beaten and broken, I grabbed him by the collar and slammed him against the railing. His eyes widened, the realization dawning too late.

"You don't get to walk away from this," I said, my voice a low growl. "You don't get to breathe the same air she does."

His protests were cut short as I delivered the final blow, my fist driving into his chest with enough force to send him crumpling to the ground. He didn't move again.

The fight was over, the warehouse eerily quiet except for the sound of heavy breaths and the occasional groan of the injured. The brothers regrouped; their faces bloodied but victorious. Rocco clapped me on the shoulder, his grin sharp.

“That was a hell of a show,” he said. “Dylan didn’t stand a chance.”

“He never did,” I replied, my voice flat. The rage that had fuelled me during the fight lingered, simmering beneath the surface.

The aftermath of a fight was always the same: chaos, blood, and the grim task of cleaning up. As the adrenaline began to fade, the brothers moved like a well-oiled machine, their roles defined by experience.

“Axel,” I called out, spotting the lean, wiry figure near the entrance. Axel was the club’s cleaner—the guy who made sure no evidence remained after the dust settled. His sharp eyes darted over the carnage, calculating, assessing. He gave me a nod, already pulling on gloves.

“We’ve got at least a dozen bodies,” Axel said, his voice calm and detached. “Two of them might still be breathing. What’s the call?”

“Take the wounded,” I said. “Dump them far enough away that they can crawl back to whoever’s left to take them in. Make sure they remember who put them down.”

Axel grinned, a flash of white teeth in the dim light. “And the rest?”

“Burn it,” I said, my tone leaving no room for argument. “This place goes up tonight. No bodies, no evidence. Make it clean.”

Axel nodded and got to work, motioning for two other brothers to start dragging the bodies. He moved with practiced efficiency, his hands steady even as the weight of

what we'd done filled the air. This wasn't his first time, and it wouldn't be his last.

Ironhead approached me, his face splattered with blood and sweat. "That's one way to send a message," he said, his voice carrying a note of approval. "Dylan's crew won't forget this."

"They'd better not," I replied, watching Axel and the others work. The fire in my chest was fading, the fury that had driven me during the fight replaced with cold resolve.

Ironhead leaned against a crate, folding his arms. "You feel better now?" he asked, his tone teasing but curious.

I thought about it, the weight of Dylan's lifeless body still fresh in my mind. "It's a start," I said. "He's gone, and Bella's safe. That's what matters."

Ironhead grunted, his expression thoughtful. "Funny thing about fury. You think letting it out will fix things, but it's like a fire. You've got to let it burn itself out, or it'll just find something else to consume."

I glanced at him, his words striking deeper than I wanted to admit. Ironhead wasn't just muscle—he had a way of seeing through people, even me. "Maybe," I said. "But tonight, it's done."

"For now," he said, pushing off the crate. "Go for your run. Clear your head. We've got it handled here."

I nodded, grateful for his understanding. "Keep them in line," I said, gesturing to the others.

Ironhead smirked. "Always do."

The forest stretched out before me, a wall of shadows and possibilities. I walked slowly at first, my senses heightened, every step deliberate. The air was cool, filled with the earthy scent of moss and pine. The moon hung high above, its silver light filtering through the canopy like a blessing.

Shifting wasn't just a physical act; it was a release, a surrender to the beast within. I stripped off my shirt, next I kick off my Harley boots and finally dispose of my low cut jeans, letting the cool air bite at my skin. My breath came faster as the anticipation built, my wolf stirring just beneath the surface.

Pain and pleasure mingled as my body began to change. My muscles stretched, bones twisting and reshaping. Fur erupted along my skin, claws replacing fingers. The transformation was raw, primal, and utterly freeing. When it was done, I stood on all fours, the forest sharper and more vivid through the eyes of the wolf.

I threw back my head and let out a howl, the sound echoing through the trees. It wasn't just a call—it was a declaration. The fight was over, the pack was safe, and the wolf...the wolf was free.

I ran, the earth flying beneath my paws. Each stride carried me further from the fire and blood of the warehouse, the tension in my body easing with every step. The forest welcomed me, its ancient rhythms soothing the parts of me that still burned with anger.

When I finally stopped, the moon was high, its light bathing the clearing in silver. My mind was clearer now, my fury tempered but not forgotten. Dylan was gone, and Bella...Bella was waiting.

When I finally returned to my human form, the moon was high, its light bathing the forest in silver. My mind was clearer now, my rage tempered but not forgotten. Dylan was gone. Bella was safe. And that was all that mattered.

It was time to go home.

The ride back to the clubhouse was silent but heavy with meaning. The low hum of the engines vibrated through me, a steady rhythm that felt like the heartbeat of the pack. Cutter rode at my left, Ironhead on my right, and the others fell into formation behind us, their presence a wall of solidarity. The night air was cool against my skin, the scent of pine and earth mingling with the lingering traces of blood and smoke.

As the miles passed, my thoughts turned to Bella. She'd been on my mind the entire night, her face flashing behind my eyes with every move I made. Everything I'd done tonight—every shot, every blow—had been for her. To keep her safe. To show her that she wasn't alone anymore.

Bella was different. She wasn't just another woman passing through, someone to fill the emptiness for a night or two. She was the only one who'd ever made me think about a future, about more than just the club and the fight. The way she looked at me, the way she saw past the tattoos, the leather, the wolf—she made me believe I could be something more. Something better.

I thought about what that future might look like. Bella at my side, finding her place within the pack. I didn't doubt for a second that she could handle it. She was tougher than she gave herself credit for, and the brothers would see that in time. She'd carve out a space for herself, just like she'd carved her way into my life.

But there were still fears. What if the pack's world was too much for her? What if my world, my violence, my wolf, was too much? I didn't know how to be anything else, and the thought of losing her because of it gnawed at me. Still, if there was one thing I'd learned tonight, it was that Bella was worth the fight. She always would be.

By the time the clubhouse came into view, the tension in my chest had eased, replaced with a quiet determination. The fight was over, and Dylan was gone. Now, it

was time to start building something real. For me. For her. For us.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The low roar of motorcycles broke the quiet of the night, a sound that set my heart racing and my breath catching. I stood on the porch of the clubhouse, my arms crossed tightly over my chest as the lights of the approaching bikes cut through the darkness. They were back. He was back.

As they came closer, the headlights revealed them one by one, their silhouettes framed against the dark sky. Wolf rode at the front, as he always did, his broad shoulders squared, his presence commanding even from a distance. The others flanked him, Cutter, Ironhead, Rocco, and the rest, their faces shadowed but unmistakably triumphant.

The weight that had been pressing on my chest since they left finally eased. Relief surged through me, mingling with a flood of emotions I couldn't quite untangle. Fear, hope, love—all of it rushed to the surface as the bikes came to a stop in the gravel yard.

Wolf swung off his bike with the kind of grace that shouldn't have been possible for a man his size. His eyes met mine instantly, piercing and intense, and the rest of the world seemed to fall away. He was here. He was safe.

Without thinking, I ran to him, my bare feet crunching against the gravel. He caught me as I reached him, his arms wrapping around me like a shield. His scent surrounded me, leather and smoke and something uniquely him. I buried my face against his chest, gripping the back of his kutt like I was afraid he'd disappear if I let go.

“You're okay,” I whispered, my voice trembling.

“I’m okay,” he said, his voice rough and low. “We’re okay.”

He didn’t let go. His hands were firm against my back, his head dipping to press a kiss to the top of my hair. The brothers gave us space, murmuring among themselves as they began to dismount and move inside, but I barely noticed them. All I could feel was him.

Wolf lifted me into his arms without a word, his strength effortless as he carried me through the clubhouse. My arms looped around his neck; my face tucked against his shoulder. I felt safe, anchored in a way I hadn’t been in years.

When we reached his room, he kicked the door shut behind us and set me down gently. The second my feet touched the ground, his hands were on me, framing my face as he kissed me. It wasn’t soft or hesitant. It was desperate, consuming, a fire that burned through every doubt and fear I’d carried all night.

I kissed him back just as fiercely, my fingers tangling in his hair, pulling him closer. His lips moved to my neck, his teeth grazing the sensitive skin, and I shivered, heat pooling low in my stomach.

“Wolf,” I murmured, my voice barely audible.

“I’ve got you,” he said, his voice a low growl. “You’re mine, Bella. Always.”

He backed me up tumbling us both down together onto the bed. His weight pressed against me, solid and unyielding, and I felt completely surrounded by him. Safe. Protected. Desired.

Clothes disappeared in a blur of heat and urgency, the cool air a stark contrast to the fire between us. His hands were everywhere, mapping the curves of my body, his touch rough and reverent all at once. I arched into him, my body responding to every

kiss, every touch, every whispered word.

When he finally moved inside me, it was overwhelming. The connection between us was electric, raw, and so real it left me breathless. We moved together, a desperate rhythm that spoke of need and love and everything we couldn't put into words. His name was a prayer on my lips, and he answered it with every touch, every thrust, every promise.

Afterward, we lay tangled together, the room quiet except for the sound of our breathing. His hand traced lazy circles on my back, his other arm wrapped securely around me. I rested my head on his chest, listening to the steady beat of his heart.

"Talk to me," he said softly, his voice breaking the comfortable silence.

I hesitated, unsure where to start. But the way he looked at me, his blue eyes steady and patient, gave me the courage to begin.

"I grew up watching my parents fight," I said, my voice quiet. "My dad...he wasn't a good man. He broke my mom down, piece by piece, until there wasn't much left of her. When he finally left, it was almost a relief. But by then, it was just me and her, trying to survive. I grew up thinking love was pain, that it was something that took more than it gave."

Wolf's arms tightened around me, his silence urging me to continue.

"When I met Dylan, I thought he was different," I admitted. "He wasn't. He took control of my life the same way my dad had with my mom. And I let him. Because I didn't know how to fight back." I paused, swallowing hard. "But then I met you."

His hand stilled on my back, and I felt him tense beneath me. "What about me?" he asked, his voice rough.

“You make me feel safe,” I said simply. “You make me want to be stronger, to fight for something better. You make me believe I can be more than just...this scared, broken version of myself.”

He didn't say anything for a long moment, and I lifted my head to look at him. His eyes were dark, his expression unreadable.

“You're not broken,” he said finally. “And you're not weak. You survived things most people couldn't. That takes strength, Bella. More than you realize.”

His words settled over me, a balm to wounds I hadn't even known I was still carrying.

“What about you?” I asked, my fingers tracing the tattoos on his chest. “What brought you here?”

He exhaled heavily, his gaze drifting to the ceiling. “Pain,” he said. “Loss. Anger. I didn't have much growing up. Bounced around foster homes, always getting into trouble. Fighting was the only thing I was good at. Cutter found me, gave me a purpose. The club became my family, and I learned how to survive. How to protect what was mine.”

He looked down at me, his expression softening. “And now, you're mine. I'll protect you with everything I have. Always.”

Tears stung my eyes, but I didn't let them fall. Instead, I leaned up and kissed him, pouring everything I couldn't say into that kiss. He held me like I was the most precious thing in the world, and I believed it.

The night stretched on, our words and touches weaving together a fragile tapestry of hope and love. And as I drifted off in his arms, I knew that no matter what came next,

we'd face it together.

\*\*\*

I woke to the sound of laughter and the blaring of music, the deep thrum of bass reverberating through the floor. The morning light streamed through the curtains, casting a warm glow over the room. For a moment, I stayed still, letting the memories of the night before wash over me. Wolf's arm was draped over my waist, his breathing slow and steady. It was tempting to stay there, wrapped in his warmth, but curiosity pulled me from the bed.

I slipped into a pair of jeans and one of Wolf's shirts before making my way downstairs. The main room of the clubhouse was alive with energy. Music blasted from the speakers, and the brothers were scattered around, laughing, drinking, and decompressing from the night before. The tension of the fight was gone, replaced with the easy camaraderie that came from shared victory.

Wolf joined me a moment later, his presence grounding me as he wrapped an arm around my waist. "You okay?" he asked, his voice low.

I nodded, taking in the scene. The brothers greeted me with nods and smiles, their acceptance palpable. Ironhead raised a glass in my direction, his grin sharp. "You've got a hell of a woman here, Wolf," he said.

Wolf chuckled, pulling me closer. "Don't I know it."

Lena, approached me with a warm smile. "Come on, Bella. Let's get you a drink."

I hesitated, glancing at Wolf, but he nodded, his expression encouraging. "Go ahead," he said. "I'll be here."

Lena led me to the bar, her demeanour easy and welcoming. “You did good last night,” she said, handing me a glass of water. “Not a lot of women can handle this life, but I think you’ve got what it takes.”

Her words bolstered my confidence, and as the day went on, I found myself relaxing. The brothers treated me like one of their own, their banter and laughter infectious. Lena and I clicked instantly, her sharp wit and no-nonsense attitude a refreshing change. By the time the sun began to set, I felt like I’d found my place here, among these rough, loyal, and fiercely protective people.

And when Wolf pulled me into his arms that night, whispering promises of forever, I knew that this was where I belonged.

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:36 am*

The full moon hung high above the forest, casting its silvery glow over the clearing. The air was heavy with tension, the kind that made every hair on your body stand on end. Tonight felt different, electric, as though the world itself was holding its breath. The clubhouse was alive with chatter and laughter, but there was an undercurrent of something more serious, something unspoken.

Lena had coaxed me into wearing a dress tonight. It was soft and flowing, the colour of crimson roses. The moment I slipped it on, I felt a strange mix of power and vulnerability, like I was stepping into a role I didn't fully understand yet. When I stepped out into the common room, the brothers went silent for a beat, their gazes flicking toward Wolf, who stood near the bar.

His eyes locked onto mine, and the room seemed to fade away. His jaw tightened, his knuckles whitening where he gripped the edge of the bar. "You're wearing red," he said, his voice low and rough.

I gave him a small smile, unsure if I'd made the right choice. "Does it suit me?"

His gaze darkened, and he crossed the room in three long strides. "It suits you too well," he said, brushing a strand of hair from my face. "You're the most dangerous thing here, Bella. And you don't even know it."

Before I could respond, the sound of engines roaring in the distance shattered the moment. Every head turned toward the windows, and Razor was already moving, barking orders. "We've got company. Cutter, Ironhead, take point. Rocco, cover the back."

Wolf's hand tightened on my arm. "Stay close to me," he said, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Outside, the night was alive with the growl of motorcycles and the glint of headlights cutting through the trees. A rival MC the Steel Vipers had come, their numbers too many to count at first glance. But they weren't just here for a fight. I could feel it in the way they moved, their leader stepping forward with a smug grin.

"Where's your wolf?" he called out, his voice dripping with mockery. "We've come to settle things once and for all."

Wolf stepped in front of me, his body a wall of muscle and fury. "You've made a mistake coming here," he said, his voice cold and deadly. "This is our territory, and you're not walking out of here."

The leader laughed, pulling a knife from his belt. "Big words for a man hiding behind his club."

Before I could blink, Wolf lunged. The fight exploded like a storm, the brothers moving as one. Gunfire cracked through the night, and fists collided with flesh in a brutal symphony. Wolf's focus was singular, his body a blur as he tore through the rival crew like a force of nature.

I watched in stunned silence, my heart pounding as the chaos unfolded around me. But it wasn't until the leader lunged for me, his knife glinting under the moonlight, that I truly saw the beast within Wolf.

He changed in an instant. One moment, he was a man; the next, he was something else entirely. His form twisted and reshaped, fur sprouting from his skin as claws replaced fingers. His wolf stood tall and massive, a creature of primal power and grace. His glowing eyes locked onto mine for a heartbeat before he turned and leapt, tackling the man mid-stride.

The fight was over as quickly as it began. The leader didn't stand a chance. Wolf's jaws closed around his throat, a low growl rumbling through the clearing as the man went limp. When it was done, Wolf turned back to me, his fur matted with blood, his breathing heavy.

I should have been terrified. But as I stared at him, all I felt was awe. He was magnificent, wild and untamed, and he was mine.

The rest of the crew surrendered quickly, Razor and the brothers rounding them up with practiced efficiency. The fire that had burned so brightly moments ago began to fade, replaced by relief and exhaustion. Wolf shifted back into his human form, his movements slow, his gaze searching for me.

When he reached me, his hands cupped my face, his eyes filled with worry. "Are you okay?" he asked, his voice hoarse.

I nodded, my hands covering his. "I'm fine," I said. "You...you were incredible."

His lips curved into a faint smile. "You're not afraid?"

"Never," I said, my voice steady. "You're mine, Wolf. All of you."

The words seemed to hit him harder than any blow. He pulled me into his arms, holding me like he never wanted to let go. Around us, the brothers cheered, their laughter and shouts filling the air. It wasn't just a victory. It was a beginning.

As the moon dipped lower in the sky, the clubhouse came alive with celebration. Music blared, drinks flowed, and the bonds of the pack grew stronger. Lena pulled me into a dance, her laughter infectious as she spun me around. Ironhead clinked glasses with me, his grin sharp as he toasted to "the bravest damn woman here."

Wolf watched it all from the edge of the room, his gaze never straying far from me.

When I finally broke free from the crowd, he pulled me into his lap, his arms wrapping around me as though I was the only thing grounding him.

“You fit here,” he said, his voice soft enough that only I could hear it. “With me. With them. You’re part of this pack now, Bella. My mate. My everything.”

I leaned into him, my fingers tracing the tattoos on his chest. “I never thought I’d find a place where I belonged,” I admitted. “But with you? With them? I’ve never felt more at home.”

The night stretched on, a celebration of survival, of love, of a new beginning. And as Wolf held me close, his lips brushing against my hair, I knew that no matter what came next, we’d face it together. The girl in the red dress and the wolf at her side—a story that was just beginning.

The End.