



BLOODY ROYALS

INTERNATIONAL BEST SELLING AUTHOR

T.O. SMITH

BLOODY ROYALS

AN MC ROMANCE NOVEL

BLOODY BLACK SKULLS MC

BOOK 1

T.O. SMITH

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For Riley, my reason for everything that I do.

*For every reader who encouraged me and asked me to bring
back this trilogy after I unpublished it.*

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Also by T.O. Smith](#)

Darkness.

It was the first thing I noticed when I ripped my eyes open, leaving me to wonder for a moment if my eyes had ever really been closed in the first place.

I sat stock-still, taking in what I could through my other senses. My legs and arms were tied to a chair—a hard one at that, considering my ass was sore. I tried wiggling a little, taking note that whoever had tied me to this chair had done a damn good job. I had zero wiggle room.

There was a gag in my mouth, which didn't surprise me. I didn't know how I ended up here, so chances were, I'd done my classic Katie thing and ran my mouth.

Drawing in a deep breath through my nose, I closed my eyes, trying to think of the last thing I *could* remember. *Zachary Taylor*.

That name alone sent chills down my spine as well as made me feel sick to my stomach.

I blocked that shit from my mind, deciding not to focus on that. If that was the last thing I remembered, then I had either been kidnapped not too long after that incident, or I'd been hit so hard I lost some of my memory.

But my head didn't hurt, which kind of ruled out the last option.

My stomach grumbled, and I rolled my eyes. Of course, I was fucking hungry. It seemed no matter how shitty of a

situation I got myself in, I could always seem to be hungry.

It was a curse, really.

The creaking of a door reached my ears before I heard it click shut a moment later. I held my breath for a moment, trying to make out some other sound. No other sound came.

But a fucking light flickered on overhead.

My curse was muffled by my gag as I squinted, trying to give my eyes time to adjust. I quickly took in what I could. The walls were concrete and bare. There were some pipes running along the wall, and there was a set of stairs off to my right.

The basement seemed to be neglected—never used—apart from me now being in it.

Voices flooded into the room at the same time that feet pounded down the stairs, bringing the once oppressing room to life. Three guys came around the wall, all of them built, their faces expressionless, all of them staring at me.

Fear sliced through my veins. I locked it away, channeling it as I had been raised to do since I was a small child. It was a survival mechanism that had been ingrained into me from the moment I was old enough to understand the kind of life I had been born into.

It wasn't for the weak of heart or the weak of mind.

I quickly took in the three men in front of me, drilling their features into my head with a vivid picture. One of the guys was olive-skinned, his hair cut into a buzz cut, tattoos swirling over his scalp. He was muscular—beefy—like he worked out a lot in his spare time. His eyes were a deep, dark chocolate color, but they were cold, void of any real emotion.

One of the other guys had longer, brown hair that slightly hung into his blue eyes. He wasn't as muscular as the olive-skinned guy, but the look he gave everything around him sent chills down my spine. He was dangerous; that much was clear.

The other guy really caught my attention, and I hated that I found him extremely attractive.

Dirty blonde hair and dark eyes sucked me in, holding me captive in his gaze. His jawline was strong—sharp lines that made him look absolutely perfect. His cheekbones were high on his face, giving him a very slim appearance that matched the rest of his body.

He was tall with a lankier build, but when he moved, his muscles flexed, letting me know that just because he was smaller than the other two, he held his own power, which was even more dangerous.

The man I had been admiring stepped up so that he was right in front of me. I quickly looked down, showing submission. I had to play this smart. I knew I could handle my own, but not while I was tied to a chair. Right now, I was at a disadvantage.

Right then, submission would get me a hell of a lot further than bravery ever would.

“Look at me,” he finally commanded. His voice was rough and slightly gravelly, extremely deep, which I hadn’t been expecting from him.

That voice held no room for argument or non-compliance. I surprised myself when I obediently snapped my head up to look at him. My breath caught in my throat. Up close, this man was absolutely breathtaking, a beauty that was deadly and cruel.

He suddenly cursed, making me flinch back from him, and spun around to face the other two guys. His jaw was ticking furiously, his hands clenched into fists at his sides. “Who the fuck is this?!” he roared, slinging his arm back towards me, almost hitting me in the face, but somehow stopping his hand just short of doing so.

“This is the girl you asked for,” the olive-skinned guy responded, frowning at the man in front of me.

“You two are fucking idiots,” he snarled. “Shut it!” he yelled when the brunette guy opened his mouth to speak. “This isn’t the fucking girl I asked for. I gave you two idiots a fucking *picture*, and you *still* couldn’t do the goddamn job

correctly.” He breathed out heavily and unclenched his fists, then clenched them again. I swallowed thickly, watching as the veins in his arms stood out against his skin. He roughly pointed to the door.

“Get the fuck out of my sight,” he snarled.

They walked out of the room, leaving me alone with the monster in charge of this entire thing. He turned to me and glared, a sneer twisting his lips. “You’ll just stay down here until I can figure out what the fuck to do with you,” he spat, turning on his heel without another word, leaving me gagged and tied to the chair.

He stormed up the stairs, his boots pounding against the steps. The light eventually turned off, and I heard the door slam closed right after. I clenched my jaw, fisting my hands behind me.

When I got out of this place and back home, these mother fuckers would pay for crossing me.

I’d make damn sure of it.



THE LIGHT TURNED on in the room again before the door even completely opened up. I strained my ears, listening to a set of boots pounding down the stairs, my heart beginning to race. These steps were drunk and sloppy, a sound I was extremely familiar with. I’d fought off so many drunken assholes that I’d lost count, but now, I was bound and gagged.

I had no way to fight off this man’s advances.

The man came into the room, stopping in front of me. He was shorter than the three men that had been in here earlier, but he was well built—more so than the olive-skinned guy. And looking into his eyes, they confirmed what I already knew; he was drunk. They weren’t focusing all that well, his eyes way too dilated, and they were beyond bloodshot.

My heart raced in my chest, and I felt sick to my stomach. I’d been around enough drunk men to know what could

happen to me if I didn't somehow get loose. This man could very well do whatever he wanted to me, and no one would hear me screaming.

"You're a pretty little thing," he slurred, his words almost incoherent. I tilted my chin up in bravery despite me feeling anything but brave at that moment. *Channel your fear, Katie.* "Heard you got mixed up in this bullshit." He laughed. "Travis said you ain't good for much else besides some pussy if we keep you around." He leaned in close to me. I gagged at the smell of his breath—a horrible mix of beer, weed, pussy, and seafood. "Thought I'd come down and get myself a little taste, sweetheart," he leered, running his eyes over my body.

I was still in the clothes from my date, my top showing a lot of cleavage, my jeans so tight it was a shock they didn't cut my circulation off. My black combat boots were on my feet, but sometime while I'd been unconscious, my leather jacket had gone missing.

I hated that he was able to see every part of me so easily, even with clothes on.

I glared at him, biting back tears as he grabbed the neckline of my tank top, ripping it off me so roughly, my chair toppled to the floor. I bit back a yelp of pain as I landed painfully on my arm.

My bra was the next thing to go, and he tossed it somewhere across the room. After righting my chair back up, his grubby hands reached out, and he roughly cupped my breasts, pinching and rolling my nipples to the point pain raced through my chest.

"Fucking amazing tits," he drunkenly slurred, leaning forward, biting at my skin. I tightened my hands, wishing I were free so I could bash his fucking skull into my knee before I slit his throat with something.

A rough cry of pain ripped from my throat, muffled by the gag, as he roughly bit my nipple. "You like that, don't you? Dirty bitches like you always enjoy pain," he rambled.

I glared at him, my chest heaving. I had to get loose.

My hands were itching to break his fucking neck.

He pulled a knife out of his pocket. A plan quickly formed in my mind. If I could get somewhat loose, I could gain the upper hand.

Using the knife, he cut my leg restraints, which was his first mistake. As soon as my legs were loose, I kicked him in the face, sending my chair flying backward with the force I put behind it. He sprawled backward across the floor, roaring out in pain, blood spurting from his nose. I crashed roughly down on my arm again.

He yanked me off the chair and threw me onto the floor, my arms still bound behind my back. My head roughly slammed against the cement floor beneath me, and black spots danced in my vision. I rapidly blinked, trying to fight past the darkness threatening to swarm my vision.

He climbed on top of me, and before I could kick him again, he sat on top of my legs, pinning me down as he turned his body to yank my boots off my feet. I bucked my hips under him, trying to get him off me, but he was too heavy. The only thing moving beneath him seemed to do was make him harder.

Disgust crawled through my veins.

He yanked my jeans apart with sheer, drunken strength, and ripped my underwear off. I fought harder, but I was fucked—royally fucked. I wasn't getting out of this situation. There was no fucking hope for me. Even when he slid off my legs, he just held them down with his hands so I couldn't move them.

I glared up at the ceiling, gritting my teeth, so much rage pulsing through me that it made it hard to fucking think—to breathe.

I was going to be raped.

Right as he was about to push into me, someone yanked him off of me. I heard a fist hit skin, but I didn't turn to look. I curled into a ball, trying to hide the most important parts of my body.

The olive-skinned guy from earlier dragged a now dead, bloody man towards the other side of the room. The ringleader knelt in front of me a moment later, his dark eyes intent on my face. I tilted my chin up at him, refusing to be worn down.

A small smile tilted his lips.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” he said softly. I wanted to scoff. I was kidnapped, and he wanted me to trust him when he said he wasn’t going to hurt me? “You’re safe with me.” He slowly extended his hand out to me. I just gritted my teeth, staring between him and his hand. When he saw I wasn’t going to freak out, he reached forward with his other hand to untie the gag.

I worked my jaw around, loving the freedom I had to move it now. Soreness rang through my jaw, but I pushed it down. Pain was weakness, and I would not be weak in this situation.

I went back to watching him. I didn’t trust this man at all. I saw how he had acted earlier, and I didn’t need him lashing out at me unexpectedly. Right now, I still knew that submission was going to be more useful than my bravery.

“My name is Travis,” he told me. “What’s yours?”

I continued watching him for another moment before I answered, “Katie.”

He nodded, acknowledging my name. “I’m going to untie your wrists and take you upstairs. You can get a shower, and I’ll have Grace make you something to eat.”

I didn’t say anything—just nodded my head at him. He untied my wrists, then proceeded to take his shirt off. I barely kept myself from licking my lips at the sight of all those muscles and tattoos on display. Sure, he had a lanky build, but there wasn’t an ounce of fat on him. His upper body flexed with every move he made to pull his shirt over his head.

And he a damn *V* that was sure to drive me fucking wild.

He handed me his shirt with a smirk when he caught me running my eyes over him. I just evenly met his gaze as I took his shirt from him and slipped it over my head, almost

moaning at the smell of it. It smelled like a very expensive cologne mixed with the smell of pure man.

It was almost orgasm-inducing.

He held his hand out to me when I got ready to push myself off the floor, but I ignored it, standing up on my own. His shirt was enough help. Everything came with a price. Even small shit that a normal person wouldn't think twice about, there was always some kind of price tag involved in it.

Where I came from, you didn't take help unless you absolutely needed it. Because when it came time to pay back your debt, you had better be fucking ready.

He eyed me for a moment, like he was trying to figure something out. When I arched a single eyebrow at him, he just turned on his heel and started walking towards the stairs. I followed him out of the basement into a hallway. Exquisite paintings hung on the walls, and a soft, burgundy carpet covered the floor.

Whoever Travis was, he was obviously wealthy.

And money made men like him even deadlier ... because with money came power.

We walked up a spiral staircase and down another hall until he led me into a bedroom that smelled exactly like his shirt.

I quickly took in my surroundings, committing it all to memory—my survival mechanism.

The bedsheets on the bed were black, along with the comforter. It was a huge California King bed that looked extremely comfortable. The bed frame was brown along with the rest of his furniture. He definitely knew how to color code, which strangely pleased me. Things not matching really fucked with me, even if it wasn't my own space to have any say-so.

“There should be some clothes in the bottom drawer of the dresser,” Travis suddenly spoke up, pointing at one of the dressers near the closet, “that I think will fit you. Lock the bathroom and bedroom door so no one else will try any stupid

shit. But because this is my room and my bathroom, I have a key to get in and out,” he warned me.

I nodded in reply. He walked out of the room without another word or glance, shutting the door behind him. I did as he said and locked the bedroom door behind him. Then, I went into the bathroom and shut and locked the door behind me so I could hopefully take a shower in peace.

I sighed in contentment when I took in the bathroom. It was spacious with a marble sink and a huge tub. His shower had shower heads that came from practically all directions. I was already in love with his shower.

The man knew how to live in style.

Though I wanted to enjoy the shower, I knew I was in enemy territory, so I hurriedly did what I needed, keeping my ears peeled for any kind of noise that would signal someone else in the bedroom or the bathroom.

When I stepped out, I wrapped a towel around me. Turning around, I was surprised to find Travis leaning against the doorjamb of the bathroom, a small smirk tilting his lips, his dark eyes running sensually over my body.

How the fuck had I not heard him?

I picked up the nearest thing to me, but he arched an eyebrow at me, standing up straighter and taking a step into the bathroom. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” he warned me. “I’m being a decent guy by taking you out of the basement and letting you shower, put on clean clothes, and eat. But test me, Katie, and I’ll lock you back down there.”

I gritted my teeth, glaring at him as I slowly set down the hairbrush I’d been holding. His smirk widened. “You’re hot as fuck, Katie,” he told me softly, his words twisting around my body like a caress.

I rolled my eyes at him, doing my best to appear unaffected all while my pussy clenched. This was wrong—wrong on so many fucking levels. I could *not* be turned on by the man who was fucking holding me prisoner.

He set a toothbrush on the bathroom counter. “Thought you might need this,” he said in way of explanation.

I nodded at him in thanks. His eyes slowly trailed over me one more time, and then, he smirked again before stepping out of the bathroom.

To say that his heated gaze hadn’t left me breathless would be a lie. That man’s gaze was so heated when he was looking at me, I almost broke out in a sweat. Every part of my body was tingling, desperately wanting him to touch me.

Get a fucking grip, I chastised myself.

Once I was dressed, I brushed my teeth and used the hairbrush on the counter to brush my hair. After, I walked out into the hall, my stomach rumbling. Travis had said he was going to feed me, so there couldn’t be any harm in me going to find the kitchen, right?

I stopped at the bottom of the stairs, the sound of Travis speaking reaching my ears. Staying as quiet as I possibly could, I strained my ears to listen to what was being said.

“We can’t just fucking *let her go*. You two fucked up—as usual—and now I have to figure out a way to clean up your fucking mess,” I heard Travis say. He abruptly stopped, clearing his throat. “You can come out, Katie.”

Fuck.

Did anything slip past this man?

I stepped off the bottom step, coming around the wall to face Travis. His eyes held annoyance, but he didn’t say anything. He just crooked a finger at me and turned on his heel, a silent order for me to follow him.

The olive-skinned guy didn’t even spare me a glance as he turned away and moved down the hall.

When I stepped into the kitchen behind Travis, I instantly spotted a woman at the stove. Her back was turned to me. She had graying hair, and she was a bit shorter than I was.

She turned to face us when we entered the kitchen. She looked to be in her late fifties, possibly early sixties. She had

blue eyes that were full of a lot more life than anyone else's around here that I had come across so far.

She moved around the island in the center of the kitchen and wrapped Travis up in a hug. Surprising me, he hugged her back, pressing a kiss to the top of her head before stepping back from her. "I didn't know you were back home, boy. Did they get that girl you were looking for?"

And I was supposed to trust this bitch to cook my fucking food?

Travis clenched his jaw. He was obviously still pissed off about the guys' mistake. "No; instead, they got this girl," he said, waving his hand in my direction. The gray-haired woman looked over at me, a frown pulling at her lips. "She doesn't even look like her." Travis shook his head. "I'm working on cleaning the situation up."

I narrowed my eyes at him. What the fuck was that supposed to mean?

The woman shook her head also. She then turned to me. "Are you hungry, dear?"

I just stared at her, biting my tongue so I wouldn't lash out at both of them. Travis glared at me. "She asked you a fucking question," he snapped.

God, grant me strength—and not physical.

I glared back at him before turning my attention to the woman that had been cooking. "Yeah," I grumbled. I really didn't trust her to cook my food, but I didn't trust anyone else here, either. So, I would just have to eat and hope for the fucking best. Always knew my time on Earth was limited anyway with me being the Bloody Royals MC's president's daughter.

"Watch over her while I get some shit straightened out," Travis told her.

He walked out of the room without waiting for an answer.

Dick.

She went to the stove to cook me something to eat, and I sat on a stool at the marble bar. Everything in this kitchen was spotless. How in the hell did you keep a kitchen spotless? The kitchen back at the clubhouse looked like a war zone ninety-nine percent of the time. It was the only room in the clubhouse we couldn't ever seem to really keep clean.

“Are you the only woman here?” I asked her.

She shook her head. “No. There are other women here. They keep the boys happy.”

So, I'm guessing they're the equivalents of club whores.

“Were they kidnapped, too?” I bluntly asked her.

She looked at me over her shoulder. “No, dear. You're the only person they've kidnapped, and it wasn't even supposed to be you, but I'm sure you already know that.” She obviously liked to talk. “The girl that was supposed to be kidnapped is in an abusive situation, and she contacted Travis a couple of weeks ago for help. Travis made plans to help her out of it, but Luke and Ryan screwed it up.” She sighed. “And now, they're going to catch heat for you being kidnapped instead.”

He had no fucking clue who I was. None of them did.

I smirked. Being the Bloody Royals MC's princess might finally have another perk.

I frowned at her. “Did they know why they were kidnapping her?” Didn't make sense to me that they kidnapped a girl to help her but then locked her in a fucking basement.

Grace shook her head. “No one but Travis knew what the real reason was. None of this came to light until earlier when he saw you.”

I studied her as she continued cooking. She still didn't seem to recognize me. None of them did. And if the two men who'd kidnapped me were regulars at doing this kind of shit—or any illegal shit, really—they should have *definitely* recognized me.

“Maybe you should have Travis do a background check on me,” I told her. “Trust me, my people aren't going to call the

cops to get help. They'll come find me themselves, and when they do, you'd better pray for everyone involved." Her face paled a tiny bit at my words. "Anyone involved in my kidnapping will *not* make it out alive," I warned her.

My dad, James Holland, was an outlaw legend, as was the Bloody Royals MC. They had murdered more people than I could count. My dad had his fingers dug in pies all around the country with connections that ran so deep, none of his members ever served real time for their crimes.

James Holland was a ruthless son of a bitch, and he wasn't afraid to drop bodies.

She set a plate in front of me with a grilled ham and cheese sandwich. "Your people?" she asked. "What do you mean by *your people*?"

I took a bite out of the sandwich. Cheesy goodness exploded in my mouth, and I took a moment to savor it before I answered her. "My dad's the president of the Bloody Royals," I told her, dropping the bomb without care.

The blood drained out of her face, making her go as pale as a ghost. "You're kidding, right?" she asked me, desperation filling her voice.

I shook my head at her. "I don't joke about my family." I really didn't. Family was the most important thing to anyone involved in the club. At the end of the day, if you didn't have anything else, you had the Bloody Royals. We were a family, and though I wasn't a guy, I was a part of their brotherhood. They welcomed me in like one of their own.

Travis came into the kitchen at that moment, his eyes landing on Grace's pale face almost immediately. "Everything alright, Grace?" he asked her.

My lips twitched with a smirk.

Katie: 1.

Travis: 0.

Her eyes met his, fear lurking in their blue depths. "Travis, I think Luke and Ryan may have made the biggest mistake of

their lives—of all of our lives.”

His eyebrows pulled together, confusion evident on his features. “It’s nothing that can’t be fixed.” I *almost* snorted. “Grace, what’s wrong?”

She ran her hands down her aging face, clearly distressed by what I had told her. She waved her hand in my direction, almost helplessly. “Travis, meet Katie Holland, the daughter of the president of the Bloody Royals.”

Travis didn’t even look at me. He stormed out of the room, and a moment later, I heard him shouting at someone. I finished eating my food, feeling a bit better now that I wasn’t walking on eggshells any longer.

I had nothing to be worried about now.

No one wanted to fuck with the Bloody Royals. And if you screwed with me, you screwed with the entire club.

I walked into what I guessed to be the living room after I finished eating. The olive-skinned guy was sprawled out on the floor, blood running down his face, his eyes swollen and bruising. “Damn you, Ryan!” Travis hollered.

“Bashing his face in won’t solve anything,” I said to Travis as I leaned against the doorjamb of the living room, crossing my arms over my chest.

Travis stormed over to me, grabbing my arm in a grip so tight, I knew it would leave bruises. He yanked me close to him, sending me crashing against his body. I immediately recoiled at the murderous gleam in his eyes. I’d been faced with some terrifying men in my life, but none of them had the look in their eyes that Travis now held in his.

“I’d advise you to watch where the fuck you’re stepping,” Travis sneered down into my face. “I’m a hairsbreadth away from snapping your thin, little neck.” He tightened his grip. I kept my face schooled, not showing my pain, though his grip was so tight, it was cutting off the blood supply in my arm. “Unlike everyone else here, I’m not afraid of James fucking Holland, so get off that fucking pedestal while you can, Katie

Holland, before I knock your fucking ass off of it. *I* run shit around here, and it'll do you fucking good to remember that."

With that, he shoved me against the wall and stormed out of the room. I gritted my teeth, glaring after him until he disappeared from my sight. Ryan got off the floor, his bruised, swollen eyes meeting mine.

"Trust me, I'd listen to him," he warned me. "Travis is a lot more dangerous than your dad." I scoffed. "Travis has zero tolerance for bikers. This isn't fucking child's play, Katie. Travis is not one to fuck with." He shook his head, wincing. "I don't think your dad is willing to cross Travis, not even for his own daughter. It'd be in your best interest to resume back to the way you were, or you'll find that your dad is just a mere princess compared to Travis."

"Travis is a fucking pussy," I spat at him.

Ryan smirked at me, even though his jaw was swelling, his lip busted. "I'm just giving you a fair warning, princess." I glared at him for the name. "You don't want to cross Travis. You just made your life ten times worse by announcing that you're Katie Holland. The rest of us may be afraid of you because of who you're tied to, but Travis hates your dad and every other biker known to man, which includes you. You cross him enough, Holland, and he'll have your blood on his hands."

With that, he walked out of the room. I slumped against the wall as soon as I was alone, my heart thumping hard against my breastbone. I swallowed thickly.

I had a feeling that what Ryan said was true; I had just dug myself into an even deeper hole.

Dad always said I had a habit of doing that.

And this time, I might have to learn how to survive by myself.

I glared at the television in front of me. I'd been sitting in this room all day listening to people on the television drone on and on about stupid nonsense that I didn't give a damn about. After a while, I got annoyed with it and shut it off, not to mention, the constant flashes of color when the room had grown dark had been making my damn eyes hurt. Now, I was just sitting alone in the dark room, peace and quiet surrounding me. No one was bothering me, and I could wallow in my misery in peace.

I wanted to go home.

I snatched the bottle of Jack off the end table by the couch and swallowed some of it. I'd found the bottle stashed in the kitchen along with numerous other bottles of liquor. I was hoping I would eventually get drunk enough to not care about all of this bullshit for a little while.

Bang.

I heard the front door slam, and then, male voices filled the house. I tightened my hold on the neck of the bottle in my hand. Travis and some of the other guys, including Ryan and Luke—I'd learned his name a little while ago from Grace—had been gone most of the day, and I'd been *enjoying* their absence.

I clenched my free fist into a tight ball. I was angry—furious.

I wanted to fucking go home.

The light flickered on, and I cursed, holding up the bottle to shield my eyes. Once my eyes adjusted, I lowered the bottle, looking up. Travis's eyes connected with mine. I glared up at him. "What the fuck are you doing?" he spat at me.

"Drinking my sorrows away," I snarkily responded. I then proceeded to take a long swallow from the bottle.

"And what sorrows could you possibly have to fucking drink away, Katie?" he ground out.

How about the fact that I was still stuck here? Better yet, how about I was trying to forget about what the hell I did a couple of nights ago? My skin crawled at the mere thought of it, and I shoved it to the back of my mind again, where I'd been trying to keep it locked away all day.

Fuck Travis.

I set the bottle aside and jumped up from the couch, shoving my hands against his shoulders. The fact that he wasn't expecting it made him stumble back a step, but he quickly regained his footing, glaring down at me, his breathing picking up as his rage increased. "I'm fucking stuck here because your *boys* can't do a fucking job right!" I yelled at him. He narrowed his eyes at me. "None of this shit would have happened in the first place if you had just gotten off your lazy ass and did the job yourself! Check yourself, asshole!"

He clenched his fists at his sides so tightly that his knuckles turned white. For a moment, I feared he might hit me. Instead, he released a harsh breath, regaining some control over his temper, and I relaxed a little. "What I wouldn't give to fucking snap your little neck right now, you fucking ungrateful bitch. You piss me off beyond belief," he snarled.

I glared at him, no longer worried that he might decide to knock me out. "I fucking hate you," I spat at him, pure venom coating my words. "You're ruining my fucking life."

He snatched the bottle from the small table and threw it against the wall, the bottle shattering right beside my head. I flinched, my heart knocking hard against my breastbone. "I'm ruining your fucking life?" he asked me, a lethal tone to his

voice. “Ever since you’ve been brought into mine, it’s been nothing but hell. I tried being nice to you, but you just threw it back in my face by announcing you’re part of the Bloody Royals. You’re a heartless bitch, Katie Holland, and a fucking selfish, ungrateful one at that. You *deserve* to rot in hell. Everything that’s happened in your life, *you’ve* brought upon *yourself*.”

I slapped him, leaving a *very* red handprint on his cheek. I stormed out of the room and down the hall to the kitchen. If I was going to have to deal with his shit for God only knew how long, then I was going to need a hell of a lot more liquor—preferably something strong.

“Don’t you fucking walk away from me!” Travis roared.

I was way too pissed off to give a fuck about how angry he was at that moment. “I’ll do whatever I fucking want!” I yelled back at him as I entered the kitchen. “You don’t fucking control me!”

I felt his hand clamp itself around my wrist. He spun me around, slamming me against his chest as he yanked me against him. Without any warning, he shoved me against the wall, his body pressing against mine as he took my lips in a hard, savage kiss.

Fuck me; I couldn’t help myself.

I moaned and kissed him back. Fuck, he had lips that felt like sin, but I was already on the road to hell. He released a low groan, his hands gripping my waist, his fingers digging into my skin. I slid my arms around his neck, lacing my fingers in his hair. God, the strands were so soft and silky.

His arms wrapped around me, dragging me against his tall, hard frame. I moaned at the feeling, opening my lips beneath his, following his lead as he coaxed them apart. The band of his arms tightened around me, locking me to him. If I wanted to move—and I didn’t—I couldn’t have. His right hand slid up my back, and he tangled his fingers in my hair, holding my lips captive against his.

His cock was rock hard against my belly. I pushed my body more against his, if it were even possible, every nerve ending in my body burning for him. He slowly parted our lips and reached up to rub the pad of his thumb over my now swollen bottom lip.

“You’re good at this,” he rasped. My heart was pounding hard in my chest, and there was a low heat in my stomach that made me want to fucking jump him. “I bet you’ve spread those legs more times than I can count.”

I blinked. Was that what he fucking got out of kissing me—that I was just some low-life biker whore, a fucking Sweetbutt?

Before I even realized what I was doing, I slapped the fuck out of him. He recoiled immediately, anger flaring in his eyes. “You’re an asshole,” I quietly seethed. “And you can go fuck yourself.”

I stormed out of the kitchen and back to the living room where I plopped myself down onto the couch, more pissed than ever—and drinkless. Travis didn’t bother me for the rest of the night, which was definitely for his own good. I might have castrated the asshole if he decided to come anywhere near me.

He had basically accused me of being a fucking whore, and I was anything but. I was still a fucking *virgin*.

What a fucking asshole.

I was stiff, uncomfortable, and cold. I had fallen asleep on the couch, which was probably why I was so uncomfortable. With a long, deep groan, I sat up. My head was pounding. I should have been used to the raging hangovers, but I didn't think the feeling of something hammering in your head was something you easily got used to—if ever.

Just how damn much did I drink last night?

I looked at the floor around me and sighed. No wonder I had a hangover. From the looks of all the bottles, it was a damn miracle that I didn't give myself alcohol poisoning.

I rubbed my hands over my face, deciding on food, pain medicine, and a shower—not necessarily in that order, but I definitely needed all three.

I stumbled out of the room, groaning at the bright light that lit the rest of the house. I walked to the kitchen where I found Grace cooking breakfast. Thank God for small favors. She would be the one to ask where to find some pain medication.

“Tylenol,” I grumbled, barely able to think past the pounding inside of my skull. “Please tell me you have some Tylenol.”

She took one look at me and sighed. It must have been obvious that I had a hangover. It made me wonder if she had seen the living room yet. Without a word, she walked over to the fridge and pulled down a basket with a ton of medicine bottles in it. She opened one up and handed me two pills. I

didn't even bother asking if the medication she was giving me was legal or not.

I was desperate.

Moving on autopilot, I grabbed a glass and filled it up with water, quickly swallowing down the pills, wanting so badly to rid myself of this shit.

"If you're going to drink in my house, have the decency to clean up after yourself," Travis's voice boomed from the doorway of the kitchen. I was sure it probably wasn't as loud as it seemed, but it sounded like he was yelling right in my ear with the pounding going on in my head.

"Shut up," I grumbled at him. "I don't have the patience for your shit this morning, alright? Fuck off."

"Well, maybe you shouldn't drink so damn much," he retorted. I narrowed my eyes at him. "If you keep on, you'll find yourself six feet under in a graveyard somewhere because you drank too much and killed yourself."

Wouldn't that be just pleasant?

I sat down at the bar, ignoring him. I didn't have the energy nor the patience to deal with his shit this early in the morning. I rubbed my temples, trying to rid myself of the ache.

Grace, bless her heart, set a grilled ham and cheese sandwich in front of me. "Eat it. You'll probably feel a little better afterward. Drinking on an empty stomach is never a good idea." She turned back to making some more food, probably for everyone else in the house. "Oh, and you passed out on the floor last night. I moved you onto the couch."

I blinked at her back for a moment, surprised by the small act of kindness. Feeling Travis's gaze on me, though, I snorted. Hell, it wasn't my first time being in that predicament, but it really was the first bit of kindness I'd been shown in a long damn time.

"Not the first time," I muttered, "but thanks."

“Who would have guessed? The bitch has manners,” Travis mocked.

I clenched my fist. Fuck, all I wanted to do was bash his perfect fucking face in until he wasn't so goddamn perfect anymore. “Do you ever shut the fuck up?” I snapped at him. He arched an eyebrow at me, almost seeming amused for a moment, which only infuriated me more. “All you've done since I've gotten here is get on my everlasting fucking nerve. Just *shut up*.”

He didn't say anything else, but I didn't miss the way his eyes flashed in anger before he looked away from me. I finished my food in silence, thankful for the small break from Travis's annoyance.

Hot annoyance, but an annoyance, nonetheless.

“You can use the bathroom again to get a shower. There are more clothes for you in the same drawer that you got them out of yesterday. Do you remember how to get to my room?” Travis asked after I had finished my food.

I stared at him for a moment, my mind reeling. I swear, he had major fucking mood swings. One minute, he was getting on my fucking nerves, and the next minute, he was offering hospitality. I didn't understand him.

I nodded at him and walked out of the room. When I reached his bathroom, I immediately got undressed and hopped in the shower, wanting to wash off the smell of alcohol that still lingered on my clothes. Once I got finished bathing, I just let the water run over me.

I didn't understand why my dad hadn't shown up yet. He should have found me by now. I was blown away by the fact that he hadn't come through the front doors with guns blazing by now. This wasn't his style, especially when it came to me.

I was the princess of the club—the president's daughter.

None of this made sense. Was Travis really as powerful as Ryan said he was?

Suddenly, the shower door opened, and I looked over my shoulder to see a *very* naked Travis. My breath hitched in my

throat as I ran my eyes over him, drinking in every inch of his toned physique. Fuck, he was like a god with hard, defined muscles, tattoos running down his arms and across his chest. I wanted to lick the indentions in his abs before following the path of that *V* that led down to his cock.

I bit my lip at the sight of his shaft. I felt my core clench with need, my pussy now soaked. I was responding to the sight of him like a bitch in heat, and I wasn't even *ashamed* about it.

Because—holy fuck—I'd never wanted someone so bad in my life.

Travis stepped into the shower and closed the shower door behind him. He wrapped his hand around my throat and slowly dragged me toward him. He gazed down at me with lust-filled, chocolate brown eyes. "You know, it sucks you're a bitch because this fucking body?" He groaned. I licked my lips. "It's made to be *worshipped*," Travis hotly murmured in my ear.

My breath hitched in my throat. His voice was low and throaty, sending tingles throughout my entire body. "What do you want to do with me?" I bravely asked him as I flattened my hands over his tattooed chest. I almost moaned as his muscles rippled beneath my touch.

"I'm going to do what I've been dying to do to you since I laid eyes on you," he groaned.

His lips were suddenly on mine, taking and taking, giving and giving. My back pressed against the wall of the shower as he moved us. Our lips aggressively moved together as we kissed. I swear, I'd never been so fucking turned on in my life.

He bit my lip and pinched my nipple, drawing a moan from the back of my throat. He quickly took control, his tongue slipping between my lips. He began massaging my breasts, and I whimpered into the kiss. I was so wet that I could feel my juices running down my leg.

His lips left mine as he worked his way across my jawline, down my neck, and over my breasts. I couldn't think straight. This man had taken all sense of being away from me.

With no warning, he lifted me up, his hands gripping my thighs. I wrapped my legs around his waist tightly, moaning as his hard cock met my throbbing cunt. “Fuck, you’re so wet, baby,” he huskily rasped, his breath fanning across my neck. “I can’t wait; I want you—*now*.”

He moved back some, and with half-lidded eyes, I watched as he grabbed his cock and pressed the tip to my soaked pussy lips. I didn’t have time to warn him about my virginal status before he ripped through the barrier.

I sank my teeth into his shoulder, biting back a scream of pain as tears filled my eyes and spilled over onto my cheeks. I dug my nails into his shoulders, releasing his now bleeding shoulder from my teeth.

My eyes locked on his. Travis’s eyes were wide as they met mine, and shock was displayed all over his features. “You’re a virgin?” he asked, his voice filled with astonishment—like it wasn’t possible for a “biker whore” like me to still be a virgin.

“I was until about thirty seconds ago,” I muttered, my voice breaking with the pain.

He cradled my face in his hands and wiped my tears away. I was a little taken aback by his show of compassion. This wasn’t the Travis I was coming to know.

“Don’t cry,” he pleaded, his words softening my heart. “I promise that you’re going to enjoy this.”

I nodded. He leaned his head down and captured my nipple between his teeth, gently biting and swirling his tongue around it. His hand fondled the other as he slowly moved out and pushed back in. I hissed, my nails biting into his shoulders again. But he kept laving his tongue over my nipple as he eased in and out, and soon, I began to adjust to his size.

And the pleasure increased ten-fold.

His name left my lips in a breathy moan before I could stop myself. He felt so good inside of me. I didn’t think that sex could ever feel this good; not from the stories I had heard from the Sweetbutts at the club anyway.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” he groaned, his lips moving up and sucking on my neck. My pussy clenched around him. “You’re so goddamn *tight*.”

I could barely focus on anything he was saying; an orgasm was getting ready to sweep over me, and it was all I could focus on. I *needed* to reach it. I begged him to go harder and faster. I wanted all of him; I wanted him to *consume* me.

He unwrapped my legs from around his hips, and he held me up against the wall with his hands beneath my thighs. He slammed into me over and over again, going deeper now that my legs were open wider. I cried out in pleasure, throwing my head back against the wall. That orgasm was ready to rip me apart at the seams. “Travis,” I moaned, digging my nails into his shoulder, “I think ...”

His lips met mine, and his teeth sank into my bottom lip, drawing blood. The rush of pain sent me over the edge. Nothing was holding me back. I cried out his name as my body shook from the sheer force of that climax. I clung desperately to his neck, trying to find some type of grounding during the explosion. I felt him throb inside of me as he came, too.

I dropped my head onto his shoulder, my breathing labored. He lowered us to the floor of the shower and sat down, holding me on his lap, letting the warm water run over us.

I wasn’t sure if I could move.

“Fuck, I’ve never had sex that great in my life,” he finally uttered, leaning his head back and closing his eyes.

I sighed. “I can’t believe I just lost my virginity in a shower,” I muttered. I’d held onto my virginity for so long just to lose it to my fucking *kidnapper*.

Granted, he was hot as hell, but still.

He opened his eyes and looked down at me. “If I’d known you were a virgin, I would have taken you to bed instead of taking you in the shower. No matter how much of a bitch you are, you at least deserved that much.”

I shrugged and stood up. I didn't need him getting mushy on me. Nothing changed between us even though we'd had sex. I still couldn't stand him; he still pissed me off. I really didn't want anything to do with him. "Doesn't matter," I finally replied after I had gotten up and made sure that I was steady on my feet. "I'm still just a whore to you, no matter what," I said, throwing his words back at him.

Something flashed in his eyes. He let his eyes run over my body, making me flush, but thankfully, he didn't seem to notice. His eyes met mine. "Yeah, it's just proven by how easily you just spread your legs for me."

Clenching my jaw, I turned my back to him. I couldn't fucking stand that man! Of course, he thought I was a whore; who wouldn't? I'd basically given it up to not only a stranger but my damn enemy.

I'd deserved it, though, in a way, considering I'd been the one to bring back up his shitty comment from the night before.

Without a word, Travis slipped out of the shower. I bathed myself again and got out of the shower. After wrapping a towel around my body and one around my hair, I went into the bedroom to get dressed.

But I wasn't expecting Travis to still be hanging around.

I shrieked when he spun me around and picked me up before tossing me onto the bed. I bounced on the soft mattress, my alarmed eyes meeting Travis's amused ones as he crawled on top of me. "I never said that I was done with you," he huskily spoke as he pulled the towels off of me and tossed them onto the floor.

Oh, what the hell. Even if we hated each other, I had to admit, fucking him was great.

I pulled his face down to mine and kissed him. All too soon, he gained control over the kiss, asserting his dominance over me. His lips left mine, and he began to kiss down every inch of my body. When he reached my breasts, he laved his tongue over my nipple, his eyes meeting mine. The absolute lust that filled them blew me away. I never knew a man could

want me so bad, and it made me feel really fucking good about myself.

His hand slid between my legs, and I spread them wider for him, needing him to touch me. He slid his middle finger inside my tight channel and curled it just right. I moaned, arching my back, pressing my naked body against his, shoving my nipple further into his mouth. I clenched the blanket in my fists, desperately trying to regain some control over my body's reactions.

But no way in hell was that happening because he quickly moved down my body and shoved my thighs apart. Then, he was there: his mouth on the most intimate part of me.

His tongue delved deep inside. I cried out his name and rocked my hips against his face. His tongue slid in and out, circling my clit, nipping, sucking. I couldn't focus on anything but the building pleasure inside of me. I was going to come all over his face if he didn't stop.

"Travis, I'm so close," I managed to get out.

"Let go for me, baby," he rasped. "Come," he commanded, his voice vibrating over my clit.

And I did. As he circled his tongue around my clit, I arched my back off the bed and let my orgasm take over. He moved up and kissed me deeply, letting me taste myself all over his tongue. "I love watching you come apart for me," he growled in my ear.

He pushed inside of me. I whined at the sensitivity and clawed at his back, gasping for air. Fuck, his cock felt so good inside of me.

He stopped moving, and before I could stop myself, I whimpered in need, raising my hips to urge him on. "Please don't stop," I begged him, opening my eyes to look up at him.

He closed his eyes briefly and then opened them back up, looking down at me with a carnal need that had my nipples tightening. "Beg me, baby. Tell me what you want from me."

I didn't tell him what I wanted, but instead, I showed him. Grabbing his hands, I placed them on my breasts. Instantly, he

began to play with them. Throaty moans ripped from my lips. Feeling this fucking good should have been a crime. I didn't know a man could make me feel so fucking good.

“I want your words, Katie.” Travis nipped at my sore, bottom lip. “Words, baby.”

I licked my bottom lip over the now bleeding wounds. “I want you to play with my nipples and fuck me hard while you do it—fuck me harder than you've ever fucked anyone before. Go as deep inside of me as you can. Make me feel so good that I'm crying when I come around your cock.”

And that's what he did. He hooked my legs over his shoulders and slammed into me. I screamed his name, throwing my head back against the sheets. I felt like I was being ripped apart, but it felt like Heaven inside my cunt. I dug my nails into his back as he pounded into me relentlessly—over and over. His groans and my moans filled the room as I got closer and closer to my peak. “Travis ...” I whimpered, tears building in my eyes from the pleasure I was receiving. “Oh, God ...”

He reached down between us and pinched my clit. “I know, baby. Come for me. Let it go.”

I screamed his name again as the world shattered around me. I felt his cock throb deep inside of me as he came with me. He eased my legs off his shoulders, letting them fall to the bed. I could feel his heart pounding against my cheek and the sweat on both of our bodies as he collapsed on top of me.

It was quiet while we both tried to catch our breath and regain some strength. When I was calm enough, I shoved him off me and began to get dressed, not sparing him another glance.

Sex didn't mean anything—*couldn't* mean anything. He may be an absolute god in bed, but he was still an asshole outside of it. We could fuck each other all day long, but we would never have any mutual understanding outside of sex.

Not to mention, he was a club rival. If I was ever caught sleeping with him, it could very well cost me my damn life—

club princess or not.

When I came out of the bathroom after brushing my teeth, I saw Travis sitting on the edge of the bed in nothing but a pair of jeans that rode low on his hips. He looked up at me, but I turned away from him and walked out of the bedroom.

What happened between us was purely physical, and it would stay that way. I refused to let it lead to anything more. He was a heartless bastard, and I wanted nothing more than to leave this shit hole of a place he called home.

Travis and I were enemies—enemies with benefits.

That's all we ever could be.



I WAS LAZILY WATCHING the news later that evening when Luke made his entrance into the living room. “Have you been having fun with Travis?” he asked me, waggling his eyebrows.

I glared at him. “Don’t make me throw this remote at you,” I muttered.

He laughed and sat down, throwing my legs over his lap. Luke had been bothering me all day, pestering me, and getting on my everlasting nerve, claiming he could break my icy exterior. He thought I was some nice, sweet person up under my ‘mask.’

Ryan was surprised to see the two of us actually getting along. Apparently, Luke didn’t like many people, and he was quiet as hell.

I was beginning to doze off when my dad’s name came on the television. I immediately sat up, my tiredness now gone. It was never a good thing when any of our names came up on the news, especially since we weren’t exactly model citizens.

I turned the volume up, desperate for any news on why my dad hadn’t brought his ass here yet to get me. “Fifty-four-year-old, James Holland, was pronounced dead today.” I felt my face drain of blood. Tears immediately filled my eyes and slid

down my cheeks. I clenched the remote in my hands, desperate for this to be a fucking joke. “He was reportedly speeding and weaving through traffic on his motorbike when he was side swiped by an eighteen-wheeler.”

A choked sob found its way out of my throat. I jumped off the couch and ran out of the room. I had to get air. I felt like I was going to pass out, felt like I was suffocating in this huge ass mansion with nowhere to go.

Dad couldn't be dead. He was the best goddamn biker I'd ever known. He was always so careful. This wasn't like him.

It didn't make any fucking sense.

As soon as I got off the porch, I dropped to my knees and just screamed, pounding the dirt below me. Arms came around me and lifted me up. “It's going to be alright,” Luke said as he sat down and pulled me onto his lap. I sobbed, wails tearing themselves from my throat. “Everything is going to be okay.”

I jumped up from his lap, knocking him aside. *It was going to be okay?!* This was all their stupid fucking fault! If they hadn't kidnapped me, this shit wouldn't have fucking happened!

I would have been home!

I ignored the door to the house opening as I glared down at Luke. “How can you fucking say that?!” I yelled at him. “I never even got to say goodbye to him, and it's all your fucking fault! He was the only fucking family I had left! So, how are *you* going to sit down there and fucking tell *me* everything is going to be okay?! He's fucking *dead* because of you!”

Somewhere in my brain, I knew I was placing the blame on the wrong people, but goddammit, if I'd been there, I could have stopped him from riding. I could have been his fucking voice of reason.

This wouldn't have happened.

Luke stood up, holding his hands out in front of him as if he was trying to placate me. “Katie, calm down. It's okay. It will get easier.”

I screamed in rage and went to pound on his chest. But I was spun around, and my face was pressed into an all-too-familiar tattooed chest. I sobbed, more tears running down my cheeks as Travis's arms wrapped around me, somehow holding me together.

“What happened?” Travis asked.

I shoved away from him, glaring up into his stupidly handsome face. “Don't fucking touch me,” I snapped at him, hating myself even more for taking comfort from him. “It's your fault I'm here, and it's your fault my father is dead. I fucking *hate* you.” I crossed my arms over my chest, more tears sliding down my cheeks. “I want to go home,” I croaked.

Travis had granted me a tiny bit of freedom to go home, but it was only for a week. And hell, it didn't even feel like that much freedom considering Travis, Luke, and Ryan had to ride back with me to ensure that I didn't start a war between them and the Bloody Royals.

When I walked into the clubhouse, an instant sense of home washed over me. It smelled like liquor, cigarettes, and sex. It was something I had been smelling all my life. The scene was normal to me; men were spread all over different surfaces with women sprawled over them. Vomit was on the surface of the bar. Tables were overturned, and some of the chairs were flipped over.

Dad had kept our men healthy and fit, but damn if they didn't know how to party.

I found the VP, aka Vice President, Nicholas, laying on the floor behind the bar. Anger soared through my body. Oh, I was absolutely fucking livid with him. Why the fuck hadn't he come to find me? Why the fuck was he passed out behind a bar instead of arranging my father's funeral? Nicholas had basically been a son to my dad, and this was how Nicholas fucking repaid him?

I slammed my foot into his ribs. He woke up, groaning and muttering obscenities under his breath. He glared up at me when he opened his eyes. "What?" he snapped. "You better have a damn good reason for fucking waking me up this goddamn early."

Wasn't he even the least bit curious about *how* the fuck I was here when I had been gone for fucking *days*?!

"Nicholas, you have two fucking seconds to get your drunken ass off this fucking floor, or so help me God, I am going to fucking castrate you!" I shouted at him. I was pissed off and upset. Nobody had come to my rescue yet. Nobody had the decency to find me to let me know my dad was dead. I needed answers, and I needed them *now*.

He groaned and sat up, rubbing his temples. His head was probably pounding, but I didn't give two shits. His balls were going to be hurting in a minute if he didn't start talking.

"Katie?" he muttered. He blinked up at me as if seeing me for the first time. "Where in the hell have you been?" he asked me.

I threw my arms up in the air in exasperation. "I was fucking kidnapped!" I yelled at him. "What do you mean where the fuck have I been?!"

I was seething. My hands were clenched into fists at my sides, and it took all my willpower not to take my rage out on him. If he asked me another dumb fucking question like that, I was probably going to punch him in the face. I wanted to hurt him so fucking bad that he was left on the floor crying for his mommy like the little titty-sucking-boy he still was.

He stood up, using the counter for support. He was so fucking drunk still that he could hardly stand upright. He looked behind me at the three men that had taken it upon themselves to escort me here. Nicholas narrowed his eyes at Travis. I glanced over my shoulder at Travis. He was the perfect picture of calm and collected, his arms crossed over his chest, his eyes steady on me and Nicholas.

But when Nicholas glared at Travis, you could have cut the tension that suddenly filled the room with a knife.

Nicholas turned to me and narrowed his eyes in annoyance. "Your dad wasn't worried about you." I wanted to scoff. That wasn't like my dad at all. "He said you always got

yourself into tight places and that it was damn time you got yourself out of them.”

Was he fucking serious right now?

“I didn’t even fucking do anything to get kidnapped in the first place!” I shouted. I heard one of the men groan in complaint. “For fuck’s sake, I was only just coming home from a fucking date! How the fuck did I get myself into a ‘tight place’, as you assholes call it?! Were you bastards even going to get in touch with me about my own dad’s death?!” I should have been crying, but I was too pissed to cry.

This was what I did. When something was too hard for me to deal with, I raged. I raged until I couldn’t feel a goddamn thing anymore.

Nicholas looked away from me and shrugged. Something weird swirled in my gut, but I ignored it. “Eventually, we would have, but seeing who you showed up with, I’m glad we hadn’t bothered.”

I grabbed Nicholas by his beard and yanked his face down so his was level with mine. He winced in pain. My hands were shaking with the rage pulsing through my veins. “He’s the fucking asshole that kidnapped me,” I spat in his face. “Thanks to you assholes not giving a damn about your own, he’s not letting me go. The *only* reason I’m here is because Dad is fucking *dead*.”

Nicholas dared to shrug. “Sounds like a personal problem,” he retorted, his eyes taunting me to retaliate.

I shoved him backward, causing him to slam his head against the wall. He groaned in pain, glaring at me, but I ignored him. I was *furious*. I was so fucking mad that I wanted to strangle him. But instead, I gritted my teeth and stormed away from him, going to the back of the clubhouse where my room was located. I flung the door open, sending it crashing against the wall.

“You might want to pack some things,” Travis spoke up from behind me. Fuck, I hadn’t even realized that he had

followed me. “After this week is over, you’re coming back with us.”

Seriously? Fuck him.

I turned around and glared at him. “I’m not fucking going anywhere with you dumb-fucks. I’m staying here.”

He clenched his teeth, the muscle in his jaw ticking. It was warning enough that I was treading on thin ice with him—seemed like I always was—but I was too worked up to heed that red flag.

“Don’t fucking argue with me, Katie. Start packing your shit. It’s not an option. I mean it; you’re coming back with us.”

I screamed in frustration and picked up the nearest thing to me and threw it at him. He ducked out of the way and let it crash against the wall. My heart knocked hard against my breastbone as he stepped into the room and slammed the door closed behind him with so much force, it shook the floor and the walls. I squeaked in alarm when he gripped my upper arms and yanked me against him. I pushed against his chest, trying to make him let me go, but he held tight. “Fucking let me go!” I yelled in his face.

He shoved me against the wall and lifted me up, bringing his lips to mine, kissing me hard, his tongue instantly dancing with mine.

Goddammit.

I was putty in his hands when he kissed me. I wanted to fight and yell, but instead, the cocky son-of-a-bitch had other plans.

I moaned and tangled my fingers in his hair, tugging on the soft strands. He bit my lower lip and allowed his tongue to dance with mine again, tasting and learning every inch of my mouth. I swear to God, I drenched my panties right then. I wanted him; I wanted him *now*.

I grabbed the hem of his shirt and yanked it over his head. His lips moved from mine and swept over my jaw, going behind my ear, biting, nipping, and sucking at the tender flesh. I moaned loudly, scraping my nails down his tattoo-covered

chest. He groaned and walked us over to my bed, laying us down.

I flipped us over so he was laying on his back and began to suck and lick at his neck. The sexiest groan I had ever heard in my life left his lips as he gripped my hips tightly, grinding me against him. A low whimper sounded from my throat as I moved down his chest and over his stomach until I got to his belt.

He hissed a breath through his teeth. “Katie,” he rasped, his hand fisting my hair, bringing me to a halt for a moment.

I pressed a kiss right above his jeans before I unfastened his belt and slid his jeans down his legs. I smiled appreciatively when I saw he hadn’t put boxers on and instead had decided to go commando.

He gave me that all-too-familiar devilish smirk. “Like it?” he asked, his voice husky and filled with the promise of pleasure.

“Fucking love it,” I moaned.

Then, I slid his cock inside my mouth, relaxing my gag reflex so I could take his thick length down my throat like I’d seen numerous club women do. “Fuck,” he hissed through his teeth. “*Dammit, Katie.*”

I sucked hard, hollowing out my cheeks, my hand fisting around the base of his cock. He slid his hands to the back of my head and tugged on my hair, drawing a moan from the back of my throat that vibrated his cock, earning me a deep, throaty growl.

I sucked on the tip of his shaft, tasting the precum leaking from the tip. With a shout of my name, he came hard inside of my mouth, my name falling off of his lips in a strangled yell. I swallowed his cum like a good girl, and he wasted no time in flipping us over so I was on my back and he was on top, exactly where I wanted him.

Before I could actually register it, my clothes were off, and Travis was burying himself inside of me. I threw my head back, gripping his shoulders. I wrapped my legs around his

waist, allowing him to go deeper. We moved together, our thrusts meeting the others. My moans and his grunts filled the room.

“Fuck, baby, I love the way you feel,” he rasped in my ear. “Dammit, I can’t get enough of you.” He reached between us, pinching my clit. I screamed, coming undone. “Yes, baby. Milk my cock.”



Travis

I SIGHED SOFTLY, my thoughts on the woman that was currently passed out on my chest.

Katie fucking Holland—the Bloody Royals’ princess.

She had managed to get on my everlasting fucking nerve; most of the time, she made me want to break and throw shit. But fucking hell though, it was so easy to forget about how infuriating she was when I was buried deep inside of her, and she was moaning my name. Sex had *never* been so intense for me until her, and that was saying something because I was into some pretty dark shit.

But maybe the sex was so great because I hadn’t fucked someone I couldn’t damn stand before.

But the shitty part? Katie was fucking beautiful—stunning. Her long, blonde hair framed her face perfectly, and her icy blue eyes constantly drew me into their pools of madness. Watching that madness swirl in her eyes was becoming one of my favorite pass times. Her eyes would darken to a dark, stormy blue whenever she got turned on or became angry.

This woman was so little but so fierce.

And honestly, if she wasn’t such a fucking bitch, I’d probably give being in a relationship with her a try, even knowing that her dad was one of my biggest enemies. A relationship with her wouldn’t stop me from hating the Bloody Royals, but I would be as civil as I could for her.

I was a decent man when I wanted to be.

But Katie Holland just happened to be born with that horrible fucking gene that made her bitchy and almost impossible to get along with. It would be practically impossible to give anything with her a try. Trying to be with this woman would be like living in hell.

So, I would just keep her around, fucking her as I pleased. To hell with her not being the right woman. To hell with her freedom.

She was mine until I was done with her.

Besides, it didn't seem like she was all that welcomed here with her dad being gone. There was some major hostility rolling around in the air, and I didn't know if she knew it and was ignoring it, or if she couldn't sense it through her rage.

But something about Katie Holland told me she was a lot more careful about shit than she seemed.

So, I was seriously wondering where her head was at with all of this.

I slid out of bed, gently moving her head onto a pillow. After sliding my clothes on, I ran my fingers through my hair, looking down at her beautiful, naked body. I cursed under my breath when I felt myself getting hard. In frustration, I threw the sheet over her and walked out of the room.

When I got to the bar room, Nicholas looked up and glared at me from his spot at the bar. "What business have you got with Katie, Louis?" he asked me, referring to me by my last name.

I walked behind the bar and grabbed a bottle of water. "It wasn't supposed to be her that got kidnapped, trust me," I said. God knew I would have never asked for this bullshit. "My guys made a fucking mistake that has caused us all hell. I'm sure you'll agree with me when I say that Katie is not an easy person to deal with."

Nicholas snorted at that last part. "I hate you, and I hate even more that I have to agree with what you just said." He

looked at me over the rim of his beer. “Why are you taking her back with you? If she’s not the right one, then why keep her?”

I eyed him over the rim of my bottle before I took a drink from it. “She knows too much,” I lied. Although the only thing Katie knew was that we were supposed to be kidnapping a girl to save her from abuse, Nicholas didn’t need to know that. Besides, what he didn’t know wouldn’t kill him. Nicholas really didn’t need to know that I was just keeping her around for a good fuck whenever I wanted.

Hell, she gave it easily enough. That woman may fight me on everything else, but sex? We agreed on that.

“Katie isn’t one to run her mouth. She may get on my everlasting nerve, but I know that much about her,” Nicholas said. I studied him. For someone who seemed so pissed to see her back home, he was certainly making a lot of points for me to let her stay, and that shit was rubbing me wrong. “Let her stay, and you and your two bodyguards can go back home and forget about her.”

It really wasn’t that easy to forget about mind-blowing sex.

I shook my head. I didn’t particularly like Katie, and yeah, I knew I had women back home ready to fuck at the drop of a hat. But leaving Katie here rubbed me wrong. I may not like the woman, but I didn’t want her dead, and something in my gut told me that these men didn’t want her here.

“No,” I said, my tone letting him know that my answer was absolutely final.

Ryan jogged over to me, interrupting our conversation. “We’ve got a problem,” he said.

I set my bottle of water down and followed him outside. Three cops were sitting at the gate to the clubhouse grounds. Nicholas appeared beside me, crossing his arms over his chest.

I wondered what the Bloody Royals fucking did this time. Biker crews were notorious for their trouble with the law. I would know. I did my stint in prison because of a fucking club.

That reminder left a sour taste in my mouth.

“Something that I can help you with, officers?” Nicholas asked them, his stance and tone showing pure distaste for the cops.

The sheriff stood up straight from his leaning position against the car. “Word has it that Katie Holland has come back,” he said.

Nicholas tensed up next to me. I immediately went on guard. I didn’t need Katie dragging me and my people down with the shit that happened with the Bloody Royals. We weren’t a part of them. I had only come with her to make sure she came back with me, but I’d leave her here in a heartbeat if it was going to put the law on my ass.

“What business do you have with her?” Nicholas asked.

“I would just like to talk to her about the murder of Zachary Taylor.” If I’d been a normal man, I would have blanched at the mention of Katie mixed with murder. But I wasn’t normal. “I just think it’s suspicious that she disappeared the night he was killed.”

I swear, if I had been a dog, my ears would have perked up. Katie Holland was a murderer? Somehow, she didn’t strike me as that kind of person even if she was affiliated with a dangerous motorcycle crew.

“Bullshit,” Nicholas ground out between clenched teeth. “You want to fucking arrest her. You think that she’s a goddamn suspect. Don’t beat around the bush with me, old man.”

It really came as no surprise to me that Katie had trouble with the law. I was guessing that bitchy attitude of hers didn’t make it easy to do illegal shit unnoticed.

“Fuck off, Dewey,” I heard Katie snap from behind me.

I turned around to look at her and felt my dick swell. Her hair was down, and she was wearing black jeans, a black tank top, combat boots, and a leather jacket. To say that she looked fucking hot was an understatement.

“Katie, I need to talk to you,” Sheriff Dewey said. “We can talk in private, or we can talk in front of these ... delightful

men. I know they're protecting you." I snorted quietly at that thought. I was doing anything *but* that. I was just being nosy. "I've got five other officers with me, so if anything goes down, know that your boys will go down, too."

She barked out a laugh and stepped forward. She squared her shoulders back and glared at him right in the eyes. It was even more of a turn on seeing her stand up to him. Every woman I had ever known would have backed right down.

Then again, I had never known another woman like Katie Holland.

"Anything you want to talk to me about, you can say in front of them," she spat. "I'm not scared of you, and I'm not scared of your officers. Every single one of them has felt what it's like to cross me—unless you've gotten a new one since I've been gone."

Sheriff Dewey clenched his fists, turning red from the anger and frustration of dealing with her. "Fine," he gritted, obviously not getting what he wanted. "Where were you the night Zachary Taylor was murdered?" he asked her.

She smirked. "I got into a fight and ended up knocked out cold, if you must know," she lied so easily. It was almost as if she was telling the truth. I was really shocked she hadn't ratted me out. Apparently, she wasn't *entirely* a bitch.

"Witnesses say that they saw you leave with Zachary Taylor at nine P.M. on Wednesday night. We found him dead a little after ten P.M. that same night. You mean to tell me you managed to get into a fight with some random other person during that very small time frame?"

She smirked and flipped her long, blonde hair over her shoulder. "Dewey, remember who you're talking to. There's not a lot that I *can't* do. It's not that hard for me to find trouble when my dad is the president of the Bloody Royals."

Dewey clenched his jaw, knowing that he wasn't going to hear what he wanted from her. She either side-swiped the question or she gave a very evasive answer. It was very clear that this wasn't her first rodeo with law enforcement.

He suddenly reached forward and grabbed her, pushing her against the car. He yanked her arms behind her back, cuffing her wrists. Nicholas went to step forward but halted in his tracks when the other officers got out of their cars. “Katie Holland, you are under arrest for grand theft auto, assaulting an officer, and criminal trespassing.”

She cursed loudly. “You bastards,” she seethed, anger gleaming in her eyes as he moved her to the backseat. “I’ll get off just as easily as I did last time. You just fucking watch, Dewey.” She stepped up to him so their chests were touching, her eyes narrowed at him. That madness was swirling in her gaze again, and I fucking *craved* it. “And when I do, your ass is the first one I’m coming to see.” Her eyes glared at the officers standing around her. They recoiled slightly at the deadly gleam in her eyes. “Then, you bastards are fucking next, do you hear what I’m saying?”

Dewey shoved her into the back of the squad car. I looked at Nicholas when the door was shut behind her. “Does this happen a lot?”

He shrugged, sighing. “It used to be about once a week. It cooled down for a minute there. We were all waiting for when we would see her get shoved into the back of one of those cars again. Three weeks is too long for her to go without getting into some kind of trouble.”

I frowned as I looked back at the car. If she was getting arrested that much, it meant one of two things.

One, she wasn’t being protected like the other members, or two, someone kept continuously setting her up.

I glanced at Nicholas, that bad feeling settling in the pit of my stomach again. Somehow, I knew he had everything to do with Katie Holland being on a first-name basis with every cop in this town.

Katie

I glared at Sheriff Dewey as he filled out the necessary paperwork for me to be put into a holding cell.

Dewey had a sick obsession with watching me sit in jail for a couple of days, suffering in silence, even though he knew that the judge would release me with only a few hours of community service as punishment, if I even got that.

My dad had his fingers dug into *many* pies, and lots of those pies consisted of being in the pockets of government officials.

And the judge over our county? He owed the Bloody Royals MC his life.

The man had needed help a few years ago, and like so many others, he turned to my dad for help. He owed my dad and the club a lot for saving his life. The Bloody Royals lived by a code: if someone saves your life, you owe them yours. And we expected everyone to honor that same code.

So, the judge promised he would spend the rest of his life making sure none of us sat in jail for an extended period of time. The man knew where he stood with the club, and he wouldn't dare cross us. He knew the Bloody Royals wouldn't hesitate to make him go permanently silent.

“Are you almost fucking done?” I asked, wiggling around in my chair. My ass was beginning to get sore, not to mention my arms were falling asleep. “My arms are getting cramped.”

He smirked at me, but there wasn't a hint of amusement in his eyes. I knew he was one person in this county who wouldn't miss me if I disappeared completely. "You just hate the fact that I manage to get you almost every single time, don't you?"

I laughed. He had me on old shit – shit the judge would completely ignore with basically a slap on the wrist. "Keep on, Dewey," I taunted.

He just rolled his eyes at me and continued with his paperwork. I rolled my eyes toward the ceiling, crinkling my nose at it. It desperately needed a good cleaning. Guess the city was running low on funds.

My mind trailed to Travis, and I clenched my jaw in frustration. *Why the fuck was I thinking about him?* He was the last person that I needed to be thinking about. Yet, the man and the way he made me feel weren't easily leaving my mind. Travis sure knew his way around a woman's body. He knew where to touch, how to touch, and the perfect pace to give a woman ultimate satisfaction.

I gritted my teeth. I needed to stop thinking about the bastard. I didn't understand him at all, and his motives were even harder to figure out. I was a criminal just as much as the other men of the MC. If I was going to rat on Travis, I would have done so already.

So, why in the hell was Travis so adamant about taking me back with him?

Shaking my head, I blocked the thoughts of Travis out of my head for the time being and looked around me again. The old police department still looked the same despite a bit more dust everywhere. The gray paint on the walls were peeling, showing the brick underneath. The old fluorescent lights still flickered the way that they always have. There was no feeling of welcome in the old department, but I somehow always found sick pleasure in being here.

Because I got to get on the sheriff's nerves.

“When am I going to get to see Judge Cowlery?” I asked Dewey, breaking the silence in the room.

“Tomorrow, I suppose,” Dewey replied, not looking up from the papers in front of him. “Looking forward to it?”

I rolled my eyes. “I always look forward to seeing that wonderful man. He’s always so kind to me,” I teased, knowing it would piss him off. Dewey *hated* that we all always got off easy. Too bad for Dewey. The judge wasn’t retiring until he was dead in his grave.

Dewey looked up from his desk, glaring at me. “Yeah, because he owes your daddy.” I flashed a sweet smile at him. He scoffed, shaking his head. “I swear, I don’t know how much more fucked up this town can get. We’re all beginning to owe the fucking Bloody Royals.”

I smirked. “Careful, Dewey; you might need our protection one day.”

He glared at me even harsher. “Yeah, when pigs fly.”

I grinned at him. “I believe that pigs can fly,” I retorted. Everyone that now owed us always swore they would never owe a criminal lot like the Bloody Royals.

But now, they did.

He rolled his eyes. If the man kept on, his eyes were going to roll too far back to come back around. “Yeah, but we all know you’re fucked up in the head, Holland.”

An officer stepped into the room before I could say anything in response. We both turned to look at the rookie cop. “We have a holding cell prepared for Miss Holland.”

I jumped up from the chair. “Finally!” I rejoiced. “Let’s go so I can get these damn cuffs off of me.”



Travis

THE BAR WAS SILENT – almost eerily so. It had been quiet since the sheriff had taken off with Katie. News had spread that Katie was being questioned about a murder, and it seemed everyone was contemplating it.

Katie and murder in the same sentence didn't sit well with me. Sure, the girl was a pain in my ass, and she was mouthy as fuck, but I couldn't picture her murdering someone. And with the Bloody Royals as her family, I couldn't picture her leaving any kind of evidence behind either.

I looked around the room. Nicholas was sitting at the bar with a seat in between us. I glanced over at him. "How long do you think she'll be locked up for?" I asked him, referring to Katie. I wanted to get the hell out of town. Being in a clubhouse again was making my fucking skin crawl.

The moment I'd been dragged out of the Black Skulls clubhouse with my hands cuffed behind my back, my father watching, not even giving a shit, I'd vowed to never fucking come back inside one of the shitholes again.

And yet, I was here all because of a woman with great fucking pussy.

He snorted and glared at me, clenching his fist on top of the counter. I watched him, nothing showing on my face. That was a pretty aggressive move for someone I was pretty sure fucking hated her.

"Why?" Nicholas asked, glaring at me. "You scared she's going to run her mouth, Louis?"

I clenched my jaw. I wasn't worried about Katie running her mouth at all, but this bastard was pushing my buttons. If he wasn't careful, he was going to quickly become acquainted with my fist; it wasn't going to be a pretty meeting.

Something about Nicholas and this entire club, not to mention James Holland being murdered, was rubbing me all wrong.

"No, I'm not," I calmly told him, forcing myself to keep my cool. "I just can't spend more than a week here. I have shit to take care of back home."

Nicholas looked down at his drink. “She’ll probably be out tomorrow.” That was pretty fucking fast. “I wouldn’t worry about it too much. She’s never been in there for a week. As soon as Judge Cowlery gets word that she’s in there, he’ll get a hearing set up for her as soon as possible to get her out of there.”

I took a swig of water. *As soon as the judge got word?* Of course, they would have the fucking judge wrapped around their fingers and bowing down to their every fucking need. They’re all too big of fucking pussies to serve the entire time for their crimes.

“Let me guess,” I drawled, spinning my bottle around slowly. “You guys have the judge bowing down to your every need. What did you do to make that possible?”

Nicholas shrugged. “More like what James did. He saved the judge’s life. In the club, if you save someone’s life, that person owes you for the rest of theirs.”

Figures. It sounded exactly like something James would do. I wasn’t ashamed to say that the bastard was better off dead. Nobody was going to be missing him anytime soon – well, not anyone in my circle, anyway.

But still, something was off. No one was going for retaliation. No one was in a rush to get the president prepped for burial. And no one had been out looking for Katie when I’d brought her back home.

I pulled my phone out and texted Luke.

***Did Katie ever mention anything about murdering anyone? -
Travis***

No. Why? Thinking about what happened earlier? -Ryan

***Yeah. Get information on Zachary Taylor. I want it tonight. -
Travis***

I finished my bottle of water and tossed it into the trashcan. “Where are the spare bathrooms?” I asked Nicholas, who was still sitting quietly at the bar, staring down at his bottle of beer. “I need a shower.”

He laughed, but there was no humor in it. “Yeah, to wash Katie’s pussy off of you,” he spat. His eyes met mine, rage filling them. I *almost* smirked. “You think I didn’t know? You two fucking smell like each other. I’m telling you that you better watch your back, Louis.” I narrowed my eyes at him, my palm flattening on the counter. “There are some people here that have wanted a piece of Katie since she turned sixteen and became legal. They’re not going to take kindly to the fact that you – *a fucking outsider* – got what they wanted so quickly.”

My lips twitched with a smirk, but I buried it down, keeping my features unreadable. “Trust me, Greene,” I said, using his last name, “the last thing your boys need to worry about is starting trouble with me.”

Nicholas sneered at me. “Going to get your daddy on us?” he taunted.

I stepped forward quickly, anger searing through my veins at the mention of that cold-hearted bastard. The whole fucking reason I hated bikers in the first place was because of that man.

I wrapped my hand around Nicholas’s throat, cutting off his air flow. He tugged at my arm, but he was tipsy, not to mention, I was stronger. “Let’s make something clear, Nicholas,” I growled. “I cut ties with my father a long fucking time ago because you bikers have no goddamn meaning of family and loyalty.” And that was proven here by them not doing what they could for James Holland and finding his daughter. “I have nothing to do with him. I handle my own business. The last thing you need to be worrying about is my fucking father.”

I released him and began to storm out of the room. “Well, you should be worried about him, Louis!” he hollered after me. “After all, he is on his way into town, and he and his crew will be staying here at the club house!”

I clenched my fists, my veins popping out against my skin, but I didn’t respond. *Son of a bitch*. On top of everything else, I was going to have to face my traitor of a fucking father.

Could life get any more fucking complicated right now?



Katie

I HAD BEEN in this fucking gray holding cell for a couple of hours now. It was dark outside, and I only knew that because the officer on watch duty had told me.

And now, sleep was evading me.

It should have been easy to fall asleep since I was still relaxed from the time I spent with Travis. However, it was damn hard to get comfortable on these beds. I knew these holding cells weren't designed for comfort, but fucking hell, sleeping on rocks might have felt better.

I sighed and rolled over onto my stomach. Thank God I wasn't spending much more time in this shit hole. I'd hopefully be out tomorrow. Otherwise, I was calling someone and getting my ass bailed out.

"Hey, officer, what time is it now?" I called out.

The officer on duty grunted. "Midnight," he called back. "Go to sleep. You'll need it tomorrow."

I rolled my eyes and ignored his last statement. "What time is my hearing tomorrow?"

"Nine in the morning, thankfully," he informed me. "I fucking hate it when they bring your ass in here. I don't know why they don't just ignore your charges and warrants. You get off easy every time anyway."

"Blame it on Sheriff Dewey," I told him. The officer snorted. "He's the one that always brings me here. Otherwise, you guys would never have to see my face."

"We would all be very pleased not to see it in here," he assured me. "Believe me when I say that. I'm irritable for an entire week after I have to deal with your whining, complaining, and constant talking."

I smirked. “You guys love me; admit it.”

He snorted. “Sweetheart, we fucking hate you.” I laughed – couldn’t help it. “You drive every single one of us up the wall. Dewey is the only person that gets pleasure out of seeing you in here. But even I could place money on it that he’d leave you be if he had to stay on overnight watch with you.”

“He’s an asshole that only thinks of himself,” I replied.

He snorted, but other than that, I didn’t get a response. I grinned. Looks like the boys didn’t like Dewey that much after all. I guess it made sense though. Dewey was a complete dick. All he did is arrest me, fill out paperwork, toss me in a holding cell, and then left me to someone else to deal with. I didn’t like cops, but what Dewey did was unfair to them. Maybe one day, the boys would have enough balls to stand up to him and tell him how they felt.

Then again, probably not, considering I still hadn’t had an officer get within ten feet of me since I started being arrested.

Fucking pussies. Sometimes, a woman really itched for a fucking bloody fight.

I just hoped tomorrow got here quickly. I was beyond ready to go home, get a decent shower, and fall asleep on a fucking decent mattress.

Travis

A ccording to Nicholas's phone call with Katie early that morning, Katie was getting her court hearing today.

And I had volunteered to come to the courthouse to pick her up. I had to get the fuck out of that clubhouse. I felt like it was suffocating me, too many dark memories rising to the surface.

It was making me more volatile than normal.

And though I knew Katie was trouble and could rile me up like no one else, she was a welcome pain in my ass. I was just hoping that she wouldn't cause a huge scene and would just get on the back of my bike so I could get her back to the clubhouse. I needed her to pack her shit so we could get the hell out of this fucking town.

Something wasn't settling right with me. I knew James Holland had never done business with the Black Skulls, and the longer I had pondered on that shit last night, the more I came to realize that hadn't changed while I'd been gone. I would have gotten word.

Something shady and dark was at play, and I wasn't sticking around to find out. And I certainly wasn't leaving Katie behind to fucking be killed. Because I knew without a shadow of a doubt that she'd be dead the moment I rolled out of town.

Even more than that, I wanted to be gone before my old man rode in. I hadn't seen him since I had gotten locked up when I was seventeen. Because of him, I spent three years in prison for attempted murder. Unfortunately, it wasn't against his traitorous ass. He had sent me on a gun run, and the night before we were due to be home, we stopped at a bar. A fight broke out between the Black Skulls and another club. I was forced to defend myself.

However, during my fight with the old drunk, I'd ended up blacking out from my rage and almost killed him. The bartender had to call 911 to get him help, and when the cops came to the clubhouse after I got home, my dad handed me over without a single fight.

Loyalty was supposed to be everything in a club; we were fucking family. Turning your family in was a traitorous move, and *no one* expected it from their president. But that hadn't stopped my father from turning me in to "save the club".

Our brotherhood was supposed to be an all-or-nothing type of thing, but that old fucker just proved that family didn't mean shit if your own ass was on the line.

I watched as Katie sauntered out of the courthouse. She was wearing what she had been arrested in yesterday, and she still looked as fine as she did then. I'd fuck her right here on my bike if I wouldn't get arrested for indecent exposure.

She searched the parking lot for her ride, and her eyes narrowed when they landed on me. She walked towards me, her fists clenched by her sides. I sighed. I really didn't have the patience for her attitude right now. I was running on a short fuse, especially after thinking about shit that was better left buried in the back of my mind.

"Where in the hell is Nicholas or someone else?" she spat at me. "Fucking *anyone* else but you."

"Get on the bike," I ground out through clenched teeth.

"Fucking make me," she smarted off, crossing her arms over her chest. Her breasts pushed up higher, and my eyes

flickered to them before focusing back on her face. She glowered at me. “I’m not going anywhere with you.”

I gripped her arms tightly, making her wince slightly in pain. “Don’t think that being in public will save your ass, Katie. Get on the damn bike. I have bigger things to worry about than you being a fucking priss, alright?”

She clenched her jaw. I could see in her eyes that she wanted to fight me on this. I tightened my grip when she opened her mouth, making her snap it closed quickly when she flinched in pain. I loosened my grip some, not wanting to bruise her. “Let me the fuck go, and I’ll get on,” she snarled.

I let her go and straddled my bike, handing her my helmet. She yanked it from me and slid it on her head before she slid behind me on the bike, wrapping her arms around me.

The entire way home, I struggled to ignore the way her soft body felt pressed against mine and how good it felt for her to be wrapped around me. She killed me sometimes, and she didn’t even know it. Her body was sinful – dangerous.

Good thing I was already acquainted with sinning.

When we got to the clubhouse, she slid off the bike and stormed inside. Obviously, she was still pissed about having to ride with me. I could just imagine her storming inside to lay into Nicholas. I smirked at that thought. Not wanting to miss the entertainment, I walked inside and sure enough, she was already in his face. “I called you!” she shouted at him, her beautiful face red with anger. Fuck, she was hot. I had to resist adjusting my cock. “Why the *fuck* didn’t you come pick me up?”

“Katie ...”

I clenched my jaw and squeezed my hands into fists at the sound of that voice. I wanted to strangle the life out of that man and to hear him speaking her name just pissed me off more. I wanted him far away from Katie.

Protectiveness slid through my veins for the bombshell blonde in front of me.

“What?” she shouted, spinning around to face my dad. “Can’t you fucking see that I’m in the middle of something?!” Her eyes narrowed when she saw the man standing in front of her. “Who the fuck are you?” she asked in a more calm and controlled manner, but I still heard the rage simmering below the surface of her words. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

I let my eyes trail over the man. He hadn’t changed much since I was seventeen. He still had a beard that stretched to his thick midsection. His hair was still long and still tied back into the same low ponytail. The only real change was that his hair had begun to gray, and he had more tattoos than the last time I’d seen him.

He clenched his fists at Katie’s tone, and I tensed my body up, ready to spring into action if I needed to.

“You’re exactly what everyone said you would be, Katie Holland,” my father spoke. “You have a little bit of trouble controlling your temper, don’t you?”

She stepped towards him, clearly not intimidated by him as most other people are. Pride swirled in my chest for her. If I was looking for a woman to settle down with, Katie would be a top pick. She was fierce, a true queen and fighter. “I don’t know who the fuck you think you are,” she said, her voice low and quiet, holding the promise of pain, “but you better learn your place if you’d like to keep fucking breathing.”

Nicholas put a hand on her shoulder and pulled her back. “Henry Louis, been a while since we’ve seen you, man. How’s everything going?” Nicholas asked.

My dad aimed his attention at Nicholas. “Everything was fine until she opened her fucking mouth,” he said, referring to Katie. “You should learn to control the women of the club, Greene.”

“That’s a little hard to do when their fathers raise them to be spoiled little brats.”

Before I realized what Katie was doing, she raised Nicholas’s beer bottle from the bar and smashed it over his head. Nicholas fell to the floor, knocked out cold. A smirk

twitched at her lips before she looked at my dad. “What were you saying about controlling women ...” she trailed off thinking, “Louis, wasn’t it?”

He raised his fist to knock the shit out of her, but I quickly stepped in, wrapping my arm around his neck and kicking his feet out from under him so I was the only thing holding him up. “I wouldn’t touch her if I were you,” I spoke with almost no emotion in my voice. “You might just find yourself six feet under,” I promised. Katie Holland may get on my nerves, but I’d be damned if I allowed anything to fucking happen to her.

I released him and walked so I was standing behind Katie. She glared at me over her shoulder. “I don’t need you to protect me,” she growled.

I slightly knelt down so my lips were at her ear, my hands resting on her upper arms. “Sweetheart,” I whispered, “I never said you couldn’t protect yourself. However, one hit from him, and you’d be out cold. A thank you will suffice.”

“So will a go fuck yourself,” she muttered.

I rolled my eyes. She could never stop being a bitch. What Nicholas said was true. If daddy spoiled his little girl too much, this was what she turned out like.

My dad finally stood up from the floor and glared at me. “Travis, when in the hell did you get out of prison? What the fuck are you doing here?” He paused, thinking. Amusement lingered in my eyes. “Why in the hell didn’t you fucking return home?!” he roared.

Home? What fucking home?

“I’ve been out of prison for about three years, about to be four in July,” I told him, my voice cold. I had no love for the man standing in front of us. “I’m here because I have business to see to.” I completely ignored his last question, knowing if I answered it, shit would hit the roof, and that was the last thing that I needed with Katie around. She could get hurt. “I’d say it’s a pleasure to see you again, but in reality, it’s not.”

Katie snickered in amusement.

I grabbed Katie's arm and dragged her out of the room, not sticking around any longer. "What are you doing?" she demanded. "Travis, where in the hell are you taking me? I haven't even eaten yet, and it's lunch time!"

She just saw all of that shit go down, busted a beer bottle over someone's head, and almost got knocked out, and *food* was all she was thinking about right now? For God's sake, this woman never failed to fucking amaze me.

"Fine," I ground out through clenched teeth. "You want food, we'll get fucking food. Fucking eat as much as you want to." I dragged her out of the clubhouse and over to my bike. When we reached it, I turned her to me, only to see her staring at me with wide eyes, obviously shocked by my words considering I was never nice to her. "Eat until you're full," I warned her, pulling her against me. "Trust me, when we get back here, you're going to need every bit of fucking energy you can get."

She caught onto my bad mood easily. Instead of making it worse, like I thought she would, she slipped her knee between my legs and pressed herself even further against me, trailing her hands under my shirt.

I groaned, closing my eyes. I loved the way her hands felt on me. They were so fucking *soft*.

"Am I going to need that energy to kick your ass or bury you?" she asked.

I opened my eyes and looked down at her to see her smiling up at me. I rolled my eyes and moved her away from me. I forced away the smile that threatened to break out over my face. I couldn't believe she was able to amuse me in my current mood.

She was truly one of a kind.

"As much as I love you not being a bitch for once in your life, we need to get you something to eat."

I straddled my bike and waited for her to slide on behind me. When she did, she wrapped her arms around me. I sighed

at the feeling and peeled out of the gates, heading for the local fried chicken restaurant we'd passed on our way into town.



I'D NEVER SEEN a girl that could eat so damn much. She had scarfed down four pieces of fried chicken and five biscuits like it was nothing. Then, she made me stop on the way home at a convenience store so she could get some snacks. I thought she had only meant a bag of chips, but she actually ended up coming out with a bag of donuts, a multitude of snack cakes, a bag of chips, and a two-liter of soda.

When we got back to the clubhouse, I glared at the entrance to the club. I really didn't want to have to face my sperm donor. I was afraid if I had to face him in my current mood, I would be too rough with Katie and end up bruising her. And as much as I loved rough sex, I didn't want to hurt her.

She stepped up beside me with her three bags of food. "Don't want to face him?" she asked me quietly, understanding in her tone.

I looked down at her. "Is it that easy to tell?"

She smirked, shrugging. "I know a back entrance. Not many use it. It leads straight to the rooms."

She grabbed my wrist, and we rushed around the side of the building. I knew this nice person façade she had going on wouldn't last very long, so I was relishing in it. I guess she did have some kind of heart. She just hardly ever revealed it.

She opened a door and pulled me into a hallway. I yanked her against me and kissed her deeply, backing her up against the wall. My hands slid under her shirt, but before I could get far, she pushed away from me, panting. She was as turned on as I was. "My room – now," she gasped out.

I pulled her to her room and kicked the door closed, dragging her against me. I took the bags from her and tossed them beside the bed. She yanked my shirt over my head,

scraping her nails over my tattoos. This was going to be rough and fast – I already knew that. But God, I was eager to fucking be inside of her.

I laid her on the bed, but she came up on her knees and began fumbling with my belt. With a muttered curse, I yanked my jeans and boxers off. I stripped her clothes off of her in a rush.

I needed to be inside of her. I desperately needed to feel her warmth wrapped around me. Maybe on the second round, we could play around, but right now, I just needed her. I found a release in her that I had never found before, and that was exactly what I needed.

Spreading her thighs apart, I spread her pussy lips wide, finding her already dripping wet for me. I groaned and laid back on the bed, yanking her on top of me. Her wide eyes met mine. “Travis, you know I’ve never been on top before—”

I cut her off with a kiss before I moved her up and slid my cock inside of her. She cried out in pleasure as her walls stretched to take me in. I settled my hands on her hips and lifted her up and down in a fast tempo. It didn’t take long for her to match the rhythm that I had set. She moved her hips at the perfect speed and the perfect angle, making me groan in pleasure.

Fuck, she felt amazing.

“How close are you?” I asked in-between heavy breaths. I was fucking close to blowing my load inside of her.

She didn’t get to answer as she began to shudder from the force of her climax. I yanked her down to me and slammed up into her one more time. Her nails dug into my sides as she held onto me as if I were the only thing tethering her to the earth. She softly cried out my name, the word sounding strangled, and I tightened my arms around her, finding my own release inside of her wet cunt.

She looked down at me with those fucking stunning, blue eyes, and I felt myself harden again. Her eyes widened at the

feel of me. “Fuck, why did you have to look at me?” I grunted as I flipped us over so she was on her back.

She giggled, but I quickly cut her off, molding my lips to hers.

I pushed into her again, going as deep as I could. She moaned my name and arched her back.

I would *never* get tired of the sound of my name coming from her lips like that. I knew I would *always* be able to find pleasure in her body; there was no way in hell I could ever get tired of her.

And that was dangerous as fuck.

Katie

Men—I swear I would never fucking understand them. I was completely nice to Travis for once, but after he had enough of me, he got up from my bed, told me I should take a shower, and left the room. I didn't get a *thank you, that was great, the sex was amazing* – nothing. I got nothing.

Fucking douche bag.

I crossed my legs and was just about to open a bag of chips when a knock sounded on my door. I sighed in irritation. “Come in!” I called.

Nicholas stepped into my room. He paused for a moment. I arched a single eyebrow at him. “It smells like sex in here,” he finally said.

I rolled my eyes looking at him like he was stupid. “Probably because two people just had sex in here?”

He ignored my sarcastic comment and rubbed his temples. “Your dad is being cremated tomorrow morning.” My heart squeezed in my chest all while I frowned at Nicholas. We buried members. We didn't cremate them. “The lawyer is here. He wants to talk to you about your dad's will.” He turned and walked out of my room before I could question him about the cremation.

With a heavy sigh, I got up and walked to the bar room. When I got in there, I saw the club lawyer sitting at the bar,

sipping a small, mixed drink. He had his briefcase on the bar beside him.

A bad feeling settled in the pit of my stomach when he looked up at me and gave me a sad smile in greeting. I slowly sat on a barstool beside him. “Reynolds, what’s going on?” None of this was making sense anymore, and I was feeling more and more lost by the day.

He took out my dad’s will and slid it over to me. “You might want to read this.”

Swallowing thickly, I grabbed the will and began to read over it. With each thing I read, my mouth proceeded to drop further to the floor. My gut twisted.

I wanted to scream.

How could he fucking do this to me?

“You mean he left me nothing and ordered me out of the club?” I breathed. I was in shock. I couldn’t believe what the fuck I’d just read. “I was his little girl. He loved me to death.” I felt like I was being strangled.

I bit my lip hard to stop the tears from falling out of my eyes. Dad left *everything* to Nicholas. I got it – my dad treated Nicholas like his own son, but really? He always said that I was his little girl. He slept with me in my room when I had nightmares. He ignored his own grief when mom died and tended to my needs, pushing the club to the side.

Did I actually mean so little to him? His dying wish was to order me out of the club – like I was nothing. Everyone in the club *had* to honor the dead president’s wish. You pledged to do that when you joined the club.

I had no option but to leave.

“You should finish reading it,” Mr. Reynolds murmured.

I don’t want my daughter at my funeral. I want my ashes to go to Nicholas. He’ll know what to do with them.

I tossed the papers aside and ran from the room, tears already rushing down my face.

I had no place to call home; I had no real family. My own father wanted me gone. If he felt like this the entire time, then why had he kept me?

When I got to my room, I slammed the door closed and slid down the wall next to it, sobbing. I bet Nicholas had known about this the entire time. I bet that's why no one had tried to come to my rescue.

My dad had never wanted me in the first place.



Travis

I WALKED into the bar room just as Katie fled, heading towards the rooms in the back. Tears were running down her face. My gut twisted.

I looked around, spotting a man in a suit sitting at the bar with a broken expression on his face. I clenched my jaw.

That wasn't good.

Something was wrong, and I intended to find out. There was no way in hell I was talking to a man who was a complete stranger to me. He'd most likely lie to my face or wouldn't tell me anything at all.

I walked into Katie's room and found her crying on the floor. With a muttered curse, I lifted her against my chest and carried her over to the bed. After setting her down, I grabbed her face in my hands and forced her to look at me.

I was going to kick the bastard's ass that did this to her. Katie was a strong person; I knew with every fiber of my being that it would take a hell of a lot to make her cry.

She looked up at me with that broken expression, pain written across her features. It fucking ripped me apart, and it made me feel murderous. She yanked herself from my grip. "Get the fuck out of my room," she sneered.

Well, welcome back, bitch.

I glared at her, no longer caring that she was crying or why. All I was trying to do was be nice to her and find out what had made her so upset, but instead, she threw it back in my face.

You could never show any ounce of kindness to this woman.

“Go fuck yourself,” I growled before I stormed out of the room, slamming her door shut behind me so hard that the sound echoed up the hallway and shook the walls.

I walked into the main room and went straight behind the bar, not even bothering to look to see who was in the room. I snatched a bottle of soda from the fridge and poured myself a large glass of it, fucking hating myself at that moment for not drinking any damn more. “You don’t drink anymore?” my dad asked.

I slammed the bottle down on the counter. He was the last fucking person I wanted to be dealing with right now. I was itching for a fight, and right now, he was becoming my number one target.

I glared at my dad. “It would be in your best interest to fuck off,” I growled.

He stood up from his seat at the bar and clenched his fists. “Boy, you are in no position to be talking to me like that!” he roared. “I fucking *raised* you!”

I blew. Nothing could have held me back. My anger was lethal, and I had a feeling that once I started beating the hell out of him, I wasn’t going to stop until he was fucking dead.

“*Raised* me?!” I fucking laughed. “What kind of father sends their seventeen-year-old son to prison for three fucking years?! Family is supposed to mean everything, jackass, but obviously, you forgot that part about being fucking family – about raising me!”

“I had to do it for the club,” he snarled. “We couldn’t all go down because of your carelessness!”

I threw the glass across the room. The sound of glass shattering reached my ears, and I heard one of the club

bunnies screech.

“My fucking carelessness?!” I roared. “We had a rival club about to fucking kill us! I did what I had to fucking do to protect myself! Men fucking died in there that night, but you fucking gave your only damn son up instead of taking the blame like a real president would!”

“You were always an embarrassment to me anyway, boy,” he sneered at me. “I didn’t fucking want you around, so the best thing that I fucking did for everybody was to ship your ass off.”

I jumped over the counter and swung my leg out to kick him in his face. He stumbled backward, crashing into a table, falling to the floor. I gripped the front of his shirt in my fists and began raining blows to his face.

I wanted to fucking *kill* him.

He flipped us over so he was on top and slammed his fist into my jaw. I felt blood well up in my mouth almost instantly, and I spat it into his face as a distraction tactic. Using my feet to flip him over my head, I slammed my fist into his temple, knocking him out cold.

But I didn’t stop there. I kept going, releasing all of my anger from all of those years out on him. I wanted nothing more at that moment than to kill him.

“Travis, stop!” I heard a strangely familiar, feminine voice yell. “Travis, stop it – you’re going to kill him!”

Soft hands gently grabbed my arm and tugged on it. “Travis, look at me.”

I slowly turned my head. Katie was kneeling beside me, her pretty, blue eyes aimed at my face, not a hint of fear in her expression.

I looked around the room. Everyone’s eyes held terror, and they didn’t dare come close. I looked back at Katie. Still, the only thing lingering in her eyes and her expression was concern and worry. She slowly raised her hand and wiped my face. “You’re crying,” she murmured. “Come on.”

I slowly stood up from the floor, and she held my hand in both of hers as we walked to her room. “Lay on the bed,” she quietly ordered as she shut the door behind us. I just did as she said without arguing. I was still in a haze, trying to bring myself out of the pit that I had just sunk into.

Fuck, I really wanted to kill that fucker.

I fucking hated that I had *cried*. He had to be the only fucking person in the world that I had ever shed tears over. I didn’t cry when I found out my dad betrayed me and turned me into the cops. I didn’t cry when my mom left because she couldn’t handle being the wife of a president. I didn’t cry when my best friend was shot right in front of me on a run gone bad.

So, why the fuck was I crying now?

Katie came back into the room with some ice. “You’re not laying down,” she lightly scolded.

I laid back onto the bed, and she slipped my boots off of my feet. She then crawled over me, placing a leg on either side of my hips so she was straddling me. If I wasn’t feeling so out of it, I probably would have stripped her clothes off of her right then.

She grabbed my hands and placed them on my stomach, putting an ice pack across my knuckles. I hissed at the sudden cold. “Sorry,” she apologized, her voice soft and sweet, wreaking havoc on my fucking soul. “Your hands are beginning to swell.”

She picked up the other ice pack and placed it against my jaw. She stayed silent as I gathered myself back together.

I ran my eyes over her face. She had her lips pursed in concentration, and it was probably the most fucking adorable thing I’d ever seen in my life. Her eyebrows were pulled together, as if she was thinking about something really hard. But when I looked at her eyes, I suddenly remembered that she had been crying earlier. Her eyes were still red and puffy, as was her nose, showing that she had cried a lot.

What the fuck had gotten her so upset?

And what in the hell had gotten into her to make her switch into a soft and gentle person? Earlier, when we had left the club together, she had been nice, but not like this. Who she was right now was a completely different person from what I was used to. Frankly, it had me on edge, waiting on her to become her normal, bitchy self again.

“I’ve never seen anything like what I just saw go down out there,” she quietly spoke up, her eyebrows still drawn together in that cute way. Her blue eyes met mine. “Travis, what happened out there?”

I shrugged. “I blacked out.” Simple as that.

She didn’t say anything for a few minutes. It was a peaceful kind of silence. “I blacked out once when I was angry,” she said softly, her eyebrows pulling together even more. Fuck, she needed to stop doing that. It was making my heart clench for her. “It wasn’t too long ago, actually. Remember that kid Dewey was asking me about: Zachary Taylor?”

I nodded. What did he have to do with any of this?

“What happened?”

She sighed and bit her lip. “We were actually dating for a while; we had been for a couple of months.” I restrained myself from clenching my fists under the ice pack. Why the fuck did her dating someone else piss me off so much?

“The night that your guys kidnapped me, Zach had dragged me into an alley on our walk back to the clubhouse and tried to rape me.” She drew in a shaky breath. I was beyond pissed. Who the fuck would want to rape a woman, especially this beautiful woman currently sitting on my lap? “I was so scared, and I remembered my dad telling me to channel my fear into anger, and I would survive. So, that’s what I did. I got so mad, I blacked out. I remember coming to my senses, and he was laying on top of me with a chunk of glass shoved into his neck.”

Tears were running down her cheeks. I moved my hands from under the ice pack and reached up to wipe them away. I

could deal with her being nice. I could deal with her being soft and gentle. Hell, I could even deal with her being a complete bitch.

Fuck, though, I couldn't stand it when she cried.

"I don't like killing people," she whispered, her voice scratchy. "He was the first person that I ever murdered. I may threaten people a lot, but I would *never* kill them unless it was a life or death situation."

I sat up and kissed her. The only thing I wanted to do was to wipe away her sadness. I didn't like Katie being sad. Katie Holland was supposed to be the woman that got on my last nerve, not make me want to wrap her up in my arms and cuddle her until the end of our days.

The kiss quickly turned heated, and I coaxed her lips apart, kissing her hard. She moaned, wrapping her arms around my neck. It wasn't long until our clothes were on the floor.

I had her laid back on the bed and was sucking and licking down her neck to her chest. She was squirming beneath me, and fuck, I loved it. I slid my hand over her flat belly to the junction between her thighs, groaning loudly when I felt how wet she already was for me.

Fuck, I never had a woman this turned on for me before in my life.

I dipped a finger inside, getting even harder when I felt how tight she was. I continued moving down her body, nipping her skin in all the right places, drawing those beautiful moans from between her lips.

Then, I was there, right where I wanted to be. I sucked on her clit, and her hips flew up off the bed, an unbidden cry flying from her mouth. I smirked against her wet cunt.

I loved having that effect on her.

I hooked her legs over my shoulders and continued my onslaught until she came in my mouth.

"Goddamn, woman, you taste so fucking good," I moaned.

"Travis, please," she cried.

Fuck me, I loved hearing her beg. Her begging sounded so innocent, and she didn't even realize it. I relished in the fact that I was the only man she had ever been with.

I spread her legs apart and eased into her, stretching her walls. She came up off the bed, gripping my shoulders, digging her nails into my skin. "Fuck!" she screamed.

I laid her back down, bringing my body down on top of hers, and began to move. I felt blood trickle down my back where her nails were digging into my skin, but I didn't give a damn. She felt too fucking good wrapped around me.

When we found our releases, we came together. I groaned her name into her neck, holding her tight to me, our hearts racing in time with the other's.

There was no fucking way I was moving anytime soon. Between the number of times we fucked before the fight with my dad, the energy I spent during the fight, and screwing her just now, I was exhausted.

I leaned up a little to look down at Katie. I didn't notice the smile coming onto my face – probably because I wasn't used to smiling that much, but Katie always managed to make me smile.

She was asleep beneath me, her breathing even. Her blonde hair was spread out over the pillow.

She was so fucking beautiful, it took my damn breath away.

What the fuck was Katie Holland doing to me?

Katie

When I woke up the next morning, I didn't bother staying in bed very long. Travis had already gotten up and left me alone. It didn't bother me, really. In fact, I was a bit more comfortable not having to face him alone just yet. I didn't know how to act after the little breakdown I'd had in front of him yesterday. I was a strong woman – prided myself on it. I rarely cried in front of people, and when I did, it made me extremely uncomfortable. I always preferred to cry alone.

After getting a shower and getting dressed, I walked out to the bar room where I knew everyone would be. I put up a front, refusing to let anyone see how upset I was over my dad's decision. I would be sad later when it was okay to be sad. Right now, I just needed to find Travis and ask him if I could drive my car back, considering I needed to pack my shit and get the fuck out today. I didn't want to be here unwanted any longer than I needed to be.

I spotted Travis leaning against a wall, talking to Nicholas. They seemed to be in a pretty heated conversation. And since I was such a nosy bitch, I crept a little closer to try to listen.

“You mean to tell me that you guys are going to just disown her, and you want me to take care of her permanently? She's fucking grown, Nicholas. I don't mind keeping an eye on her for a little while until she can get her fucking feet on the ground, but you can't fucking expect me to watch her like

you guys did. I don't do responsibilities unless it's one I take on willingly."

"You were planning on taking her back with you anyway, Louis," Nicholas said. "So, what does it fucking matter?"

"Once I knew that I could trust her, I was going to send her back," Travis retorted. "I don't fucking appreciate you fuckers shoving her on me just because you don't want her here anymore. This is the exact fucking reason I left the goddamn club life. You sons of bitches don't know the first fucking thing about loyalty and family."

Nicholas clenched his fists at his sides. "This is what James wanted. We have to honor those wishes because he *was* our fucking president."

"News flash, you fucking bastard," Travis spat, getting really aggravated by that point, "James is fucking *dead*." I winced a little at his words. My dad's death was still an extremely tender wound. "He doesn't get to make these kinds of decisions for the club or for his daughter anymore, but you all are too fucked up in the head to realize that." He turned to me, and I bit my lip, getting ready to give him some kind of explanation as to why I was standing there. "I knew you were there, Katie." I sighed. *Did anything slip past this man?* "You can't sneak up on me like you can them. Pack your shit and put it in your car. I want to be out of here by noon, alright? No fucking later."

Well, that answered the question that I was going to ask him. Shrugging, I walked off, my heart still hurting at Travis's bitter reminder of my dad.

But Travis being adamant about me coming back with him in the first place made everything easier for me, though I couldn't ignore the hurt feeling in my chest. For eighteen years, this was my life; the club was all that I knew. The club was my *family*. I thought they would always be by my side and have my back.

I guess I forgot that family could drop you just as quickly as any other person if something or someone didn't suit them.

I began packing up all my stuff. It was thirty minutes after eleven when I had it all loaded into my car and was ready to go. I found Travis exchanging some words with Luke and Ryan outside of the clubhouse. I hadn't seen those two guys since I had gotten locked up, which was kind of shocking considering Luke had never left me alone back at Travis's place.

Travis turned to me when I stepped outside. "Don't try any funny shit, Katie. I fucking mean it. You're coming back with us. Where we go, you go, understand? If you need to stop, I've programmed my number into your phone, which is in your car. I have Bluetooth in my ear, so I'll be able to hear when you call. We'll probably stop at nine tonight and sleep at a hotel. I don't know how you are with long-distance drives, and I don't want to risk you crashing."

I rolled my eyes at him. Jeez, he could be so fucking bossy. It was kind of hot, though, so I didn't mind this time.

I sarcastically sent him a thumbs-up to which he rolled his eyes, and I slid into my car. He pulled out, Luke and Ryan following behind him.

Around nine, just as he had said, we stopped at a nice hotel. It wasn't the motels that I was used to staying in, which shocked me. Travis may have been raised in a club, but he sure as hell didn't live like it. Travis obviously liked luxury, and he could obviously afford it, too.

Hell, I sure as hell wasn't complaining. I was actually relieved.

I walked to my trunk and popped it open. Luke and Ryan came over while Travis went inside. "Where's he going?" I asked as I dug through my bags, trying to find some clothes to wear tomorrow.

"To check us in," Ryan replied. "I'm glad to see you're not in a bitchy mood."

I rolled my eyes, not saying anything. I was tired and emotionally worn down.

However, I knew as soon as I was left alone with nothing to distract me, my mind was going to run rampant.

I finally found the clothes that I wanted, and we went inside. Travis was waiting on us with room keys. He handed two to Ryan. “You guys are sharing a room. I want Katie with me.”

Luke smirked. “Don’t fuck her so much that we leave late in the morning,” he said, chuckling under his breath.

I was half-tempted to kick him in the balls for that rude ass comment. I knew that everyone else knew by now that Travis and I fucked a lot, but really, did he have to fucking say it out loud?

“Don’t be jealous because I get to fuck her all I want and you don’t,” Travis retorted, grinning.

I snatched the room key out of Travis’s hand and stormed off, but not before telling them both that they were fucking assholes. I found our room and stormed inside. I was fucking pissed.

How dare they talk about me like that?

I wasn’t some common whore that spread her legs for any man. Travis was the only person I had *ever* been with. I would have hoped he would have more respect for me than what he had just shown.

I tossed my clothes onto a desk in the corner and put my hands on my hips, glaring at the *one* fucking bed in the room. Like seriously, I knew that we shared a fucking bed at the clubhouse, but I would have appreciated it *a lot* more if he had gotten a room with two beds.

I wasn’t even going to try to convince him to sleep on the floor or the couch, either. There was no fucking sense in it. I would just be wasting my breath. So, I would just sleep on the couch. No big deal.

I walked to the bathroom and got undressed, stepping into the shower. I let the hot water run over me and leaned against the wall. I felt absolutely fucking defeated. What in the hell was I supposed to do now? I had zero job skills except for

fixing cars. However, I couldn't exactly picture anyone hiring a nineteen-year-old girl to fix a car or a motorcycle.

I had always depended on the club; I thought it was always going to be there. The Bloody Royals were my life; hell, they were my *blood line*. I had always pictured myself staying with the club. I would have eventually married a Bloody Royals member and become an old lady. I didn't know anything about living a normal life. Hell, I didn't even dress like a normal girl. I hadn't worn a dress in my entire life.

I clenched my fists. How dare my dad fucking kick me out of the club like that? What the fuck was he *thinking*? I just couldn't possibly picture him making that kind of decision. I was *everything* to him – or so I had thought. He had always protected me. He had always seemed to love me unconditionally. I *never* thought that his feelings were fake. Besides, he was the type of man that *always* kept his word. So, why would he break all of his to me, his only fucking daughter?

I stepped out of the shower, wrapping myself in a towel. I walked out into the room and found Travis lying back on the bed, watching television. He was shirtless, and his shoes and socks were tossed across the room. He had one arm thrown over his head, and his other hand had the remote pointed at the TV, scrolling through the channels.

He looked over at me, his eyes darkening as he slowly took me in. “You should take that towel off and come over here,” he said, his voice husky and deep, making me tingle.

I glared at him, searing anger flaring in my eyes. I was furious and tired. I felt neglected. I felt unloved and uncared for. I just wanted to go the fuck to sleep and *not* be used for a good fuck.

“Fuck off,” I spat, walking over to the desk to get my pajamas.

I didn't hear him get up, so I was shocked as hell when I felt him grab my arm and spin me around, shoving me against the wall. I flinched in pain. “Don't start with the bitchiness, Katie. I frankly don't have the fucking patience for it.”

I shoved at his chest, but he didn't budge. Fuck, it was like he was made of steel. "Then don't fucking put up with it," I ground out between clenched teeth. "Fucking let go of me."

He yanked the towel off of me and tossed it across the room. I squeaked in shock when he lifted me up. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around him so I wouldn't fall, my hands clutching at his shoulders as my wide eyes connected with his. "I don't know what your fucking problem is but lose it," he growled, his tone a warning that I didn't heed.

"Fucking make me," I sneered.

I hadn't even noticed him undoing his jeans, but suddenly he was inside of me in one swift thrust. I gasped and wrapped my arms around his neck tightly. He kicked his clothes off and strode over to the bed, still inside of me. We fell onto the bed, but he didn't move to continue what he had started. He just leaned up on his elbows and looked down at me.

"Katie, baby," he murmured, making my heart clench in my chest, "why do you keep doing this? I was nice to you when Ray almost raped you." I looked away from him. He gripped my chin, forcing my eyes back to his. "I was nothing but caring when I took your virginity. I kept you alive instead of killing you when I had the chance. I made sure every need and want of yours was taken care of. I tried to comfort you when you found out your dad was killed. I even took you back to the fucking Bloody Royals, despite my hatred for them." A lump formed in my throat, but I would *not* cry. I wouldn't cry in front of him again. But he was ripping me the fuck apart. I *couldn't* do this with him. "I've agreed to let you stay with me for as long as you need. Hell, if you want to stay forever, then feel free. I even wiped away your tears when you told me about Zachary, and I tried to comfort you when you ran to your room crying after talking to the club attorney. So, why in the world do you keep pushing me away?"

I was no longer turned on. I didn't want a fucking declaration of love. I didn't want him to care about me. I refused to let myself care about him. I wouldn't end up like my father. He was devastated when my mother passed away.

He cried himself to sleep every night over her – even years later.

Love broke the strongest man I had ever known. It tore him apart when she died, and he lost a part of himself with her. I would *not* allow myself to end up like him.

“Get off of me,” I spat, shoving his shoulders.

He sighed and rolled over onto his back. “So, that’s it?” he asked me as I got dressed in my pajamas. “You’re not going to answer me? You’re just going to give me the fucking cold shoulder?”

I glared at him. “Fuck off, Travis.”

I walked out of the room and into the living room area. I found a blanket and a pillow and curled up on the couch. I refused to fall in love. I refused to let myself care for someone else. It only left a person heartbroken and sad for the rest of their life. I wouldn’t allow that to happen to myself. Unlike my father, I would protect my heart for the rest of my life, and I wouldn’t ever allow someone to get close enough to me to wound me like my mother’s death had wounded my dad.

I was Katie Elizabeth Holland. I didn’t do love.

Hell, I should have been smart enough to realize that even with someone as emotionally detached as Travis, feelings would have gotten caught up in there somewhere. I was so sure that I was safe just having sex with him. He had sex with whores all the time that he kept around for convenience, so why did he have to develop feelings for me?

My life was really beginning to fall to complete shit.



I WOKE up the next morning to someone roughly shaking me. I groaned and looked up into Travis’s face. “Get up. We need to get going,” he snapped at me.

I looked at the window. It was still dark outside. “What time is it?” I groaned. If it was still dark, it was *way* too

fucking early.

“Five A.M. Now get up so we can go.”

He walked out of the hotel room, and I sighed, getting up. He was obviously still pissed off about last night, but it wasn't my fault. He shouldn't have caught feelings.

When I got to the lobby, Luke was waiting for me. He wasted no time getting in my face. I stepped back from him, glaring up at him.

“Whatever you did to Travis last night, you're a fucking bitch for it,” Luke spat at me. I flinched back as if I'd been slapped. “I hope you fucking know that. I've never met someone as fucking cold-hearted as you, if you even *have* a goddamn heart. You're the most emotionless person I have ever fucking met. You don't give a fucking damn about anyone but yourself.” I opened my mouth to protest, but he kept going, lashing out at me. “I was trying to be your friend because I thought you needed someone; it seemed like you didn't have anyone. Now, I realize that you really don't have anyone, but that's all because people are just fucking better off without you.” I gaped at him. “You have no feelings, Katie Holland. You're just a self-centered bitch, and you deserve to rot in hell.”

With that, he walked off.

And for once in my life, I was left absolutely speechless.

Since I'd been back at Travis's for the past week, I hadn't seen much of him. And yet, for some unknown reason, I was being forced to share his room with him. It really irked my nerves, considering I knew the guy had feelings for me. I wanted to kill those feelings, not awaken them even more.

But considering he hadn't been home since he'd dropped me here and informed me of my sleeping quarters, there really wasn't much to be bothered about.

The sound of someone giggling reached my ears. It wasn't a cute giggle either. It was loud and obnoxious.

Rolling my eyes at the annoying sound, I got up to go see who it was. I had met all the girls around here, and this one's laugh didn't sound familiar.

When I stepped out of the living room and towards the kitchen where I had heard the noise, I felt my stomach drop. My heart lurched up into my throat. I felt like vomiting everywhere.

Travis was standing near the entrance to the kitchen talking to Luke and Ryan, but it wasn't him that made me feel like that. It was the arm he had thrown around the shoulders of a *very* gorgeous brunette.

Tears built in my eyes. I turned away from them and quickly walked back down the hall before I could be seen. *What in the fucking hell was wrong with me?*

Why was I so upset seeing him with someone else? Isn't that what I had wanted – for him to not have feelings for me? If so, then why in the hell did seeing him with that woman hurt so fucking much?

Was I developing feelings for Travis? How in the hell did this even begin to happen? I had vowed to myself that I would never allow myself to develop feelings for anyone. Feelings led to destruction, and I had to protect myself at all costs.

I couldn't deny this to myself, though. My heart was broken at the sight of seeing him with her.

Where the fuck did I even go from here?



I JERKED TO A HALT, clutching my towel to my chest as I stared at Travis fucking the living hell out of that girl from earlier. Her legs were wrapped around his hips, and he was pounding into her like he was running from some kind of demon. I was so shocked that I dropped my towel without even realizing it. Travis looked up at me, and he trailed his eyes over me, halting his movements as his eyes darkened, the woman beneath him momentarily forgotten.

I bit my lip and ran back into the bathroom before he could see the tears threatening to run down my face. Why did it have to hurt so fucking much? Was I now destined to end up like my dad?

If this was love, I didn't want a part of it.

“Katie, open the door,” Travis said softly from the other side. The tenderness in his tone shocked me, but not enough to make me want to open the door.

“Go away,” I spat, thanking God that my voice was even and strong despite the tears currently pouring down my face.

I hated this!

“Katie, come on, baby; let me explain,” he pleaded.

Explain what? It wasn't as if we were together. I, the selfish fucking bitch that I was, had pushed him away to save myself. Yet, all I had done was push myself even further over the edge and towards the inevitable.

I had feelings for Travis.

I ignored him, not wanting to reply. I just wanted him to go away and leave me alone. Maybe I could pass this entire situation off as me being embarrassed about walking in on them. He didn't need to know that I had developed feelings for him. What he didn't know wouldn't kill him.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard him walk away. My phone buzzed on the bathroom counter, and I grabbed it, looking at the read-out. My eyebrows pulled together in confusion when I realized that it was an unknown number. Nobody ever called me, and they definitely didn't call me from a number I didn't recognize. I pressed answer and put the phone to my ear. "Hello?" I asked, my voice wary and on edge.

"Katie!" my best friend, Amy, exclaimed. "Thank God you answered. I need your help."

Amy and I had been best friends since middle school. She was Nicholas's daughter, but her mother refused to let Nicholas have anything to do with Amy. I had met her when my dad took me with him and Nicholas to court because Nicholas was trying to gain custody of her. We had hit it off immediately and had been best friends ever since.

"Amy, what's going on?" I asked her, stepping out of the bathroom into the now empty bedroom to get dressed.

One thing that I knew about Amy was that she never asked for help. She always handled things herself. She was strong, much like her dad. No matter how much of an ass Nicholas was, he got shit done without anyone's help or input. It was an admirable trait that he had passed down to his daughter.

But when Amy began to sob uncontrollably, I instantly became alarmed. "Katie, I'm lost. I don't know where I'm at. Mom and I got into an argument, and I stormed out of the

house and took off on my bike. I'm in the middle of nowhere, and I crashed my bike." Her voice was trembling, real fear in her voice. "I'm hurt really bad, and everything is blurry."

My heart stuttered in my chest in fear for Amy. Amy was like my sister. I couldn't lose her, too – not after I had lost and pushed away everyone else.

"Amy, calm down," I told her gently but firmly. "What do you see around you?"

"Just a bunch of graffiti-covered buildings." I heard her cry out in pain. "Stop!" she screamed. "Leave me alone!"

The line went dead, and I ran down the stairs, not caring that I was only in shorts and a tank top. I tried calling her phone back a couple of times, but it just kept going to voicemail. My heart was in my throat as I stopped at the front door and slid my flip-flops on. "Hey, where in the hell do you think you're going?" Luke demanded from behind me, coming out of the kitchen.

I ignored him, rapidly dialing Nicholas's number. I snatched my keys to my car off the table in the foyer and ran out to the garage.

I had to get to her in time. I didn't know what in the hell I would do if something bad happened to her.

"You know you shouldn't be calling me since you got kicked out of the club," Nicholas gruffly spoke when he answered.

"Nicholas, something is wrong with Amy," I said breathlessly, desperate for him to not hang up on me. "Do you still have that tracking device on her phone?"

"Yeah," he said, not bothering to argue with me about calling him now that I had mentioned his daughter. "Let me pull it up. What did she get herself into this time?"

I forced myself to slow my breathing – to focus and remember the facts of the phone call. "She called me crying, saying that she wrecked her bike and that it was hard for her to see. She said she was lost." I drew in a deep, shaky breath, tears filling my eyes. I was absolutely terrified for Amy. "She

was screaming at someone to stop and leave her alone before the line got cut off.”

“Found her location,” Nicholas said. “I’m going to head out there. I’ll keep you updated on what’s going on.”

“I’m on my way back to town,” I said, opening my car door. I heard his growl of disapproval. “And I don’t give a fuck about how you feel about it, Nicholas. I’m coming. Keep me updated.”

“I will.”

He hung up, and Travis slammed my car door closed just as I managed to wrench it open. He was *pissed*. “Just where in the *fuck* do you think you’re going?” he spat at me.

I knew he had every reason in the world to be pissed off at me, but I really wasn’t in the mood nor did I have time for his bullshit. “Travis, you can kill me or whatever the fuck you want to do when I get back,” I snapped at him, trying to open my door again, but he kept his hand firmly against it. I growled in annoyance, flashing my angry eyes up to his. “Someone I really fucking care about is in trouble, and I have to go make sure that she’s okay. Go back to fucking your girlfriend. I promise that I’m not fucking running away. I’m coming back.” Besides, it wasn’t like I had anywhere else to go, and I wasn’t planning on living on the streets anytime soon.

He continued to hold his hand against my car door, still preventing me from opening it. I was getting really fucking angry with him. He was holding me back from doing what I needed to do. I *needed* to get to Amy.

His eyes ran over my face. I didn’t know what I looked like right then, nor did I care. Amy was in trouble, and I had to get to her.

“You’re only going back there if I go with you,” he said finally.

I knew that my heart was only going to break even more if he came with me, but that was something I was willing to go through to get to Amy. “Fine,” I said, handing him my keys.

At least this way, if I suddenly got hysterical, I wouldn't possibly crash. My emotions were currently all over the place. "You're driving."



WE HAD STOPPED and gotten fast food when we were about halfway there because we had both gotten hungry. And while my stomach actually had been rumbling, the smell of the greasy food suddenly made me nauseated. Thinking it was just from hunger, I managed to scarf down the burger.

But that nausea quickly turned to vomit.

I slapped Travis's arm. "Travis, pull over," I managed to get out through my dry heaving.

Before he had a chance to come to a complete stop on the shoulder of the road, I had my seatbelt unfastened and the door open, throwing up on the side of the road. I felt him hold my hair back out of my face and rub my back in soothing circles, his touch firm and sure.

Travis never failed to completely amaze me sometimes. Even after smashing his heart and feelings to pieces, and then proceeding to stomp all over them, he still helped me out.

I just didn't understand him sometimes.

When I had managed to finally stop heaving, I leaned back in the seat, closing my eyes. "Are you okay?" he asked me, his eyes soft, his tone filled with care and concern for my well-being.

I shrugged my shoulders in response. "I'm not exactly all that hungry anymore," I groaned. Nausea still swirled in my gut. "I don't feel good for some reason."

He reached over and laid my seat back for me. His chest pressed against mine, the smell of his cologne filling my nostrils, easing the turmoil in my stomach.

Without a word, he leaned back from me and turned the air on full blast, adjusting the air vents so that they blew on my

face. I closed my eyes and shivered at the sudden burst of freezing cold air. Before I could complain, something warm came over me that smelled just like Travis. His fingers trailed the curve of my cheek before sliding momentarily into my hair.

“Go to sleep. I’ll wake you up when we get there, alright?”

I nodded, already beginning to fall asleep. However, I wasn’t so out of it that I didn’t feel him push my hair behind my ear and kiss my forehead. It was a tender, loving gesture that gave me hope.

Maybe I hadn’t fucked up everything completely yet. Maybe – just maybe – there was still some hope for there to be an ‘us’, instead of just Travis and Katie.



I WOKE up in a hospital room, but I wasn’t laying on the hospital bed. I was on someone’s lap, and they were holding me close against their chest. I breathed in lightly to see if I could distinguish a cologne. I had to hold back a sigh of relief when I realized I was in Travis’s arms. His hold on me was strong and secure, my body plastered against his.

And it felt amazing.

I slowly blinked my eyes open and saw Nicholas sitting in a chair beside the bed. Amy was laying in the hospital bed with a heart monitor and an IV drip attached to her.

I looked down at Travis and smiled a little. He was sleeping. His hair was falling over his eyes, showing that he needed to cut it soon.

Travis looked so peaceful when he was asleep – not at all like the monster I knew he kept under the surface, the monster that reared its ugly head when he was awake.

I gently shook him because I knew for a fact that when he slept, he held on tightly. Therefore, I wouldn’t be able to get him to let me go unless he was awake. “Travis,” I said softly.

He blinked up at me, looking wide awake and not at all like I'd just woke him from a slumber. "What's wrong?" he asked in his gruff, half-asleep voice, which sounded fucking sexy as hell.

"Can you let me go?"

He moved his arms, and I got up, walking over to the sterile hospital bed that Amy was currently laying in. She looked up at me and gave me a pain-filled smile. "Are you okay?" I asked her. She looked pretty rough. Bruises and cuts littered her body, and there were some scrapes on her face.

She shrugged. "I'll be fine. Dad managed to find me before I was raped," I clenched my jaw, "but I was knocked unconscious when he did. I have some bruises and scrapes and a concussion, but other than that, I'm fine."

I bit my lip. "I was so fucking worried," I told her, reaching over to grab her hand in mine.

She rolled her eyes, a small smile playing at her lips. "I'm a strong girl, Katie. You know that."

Before I could respond, vomit surged up my throat. I covered my mouth, dry heaving. Travis wrapped an arm around me to support me and thrust a small vomit bag in front of my face. He turned me away from Amy as I began to relieve my stomach of stomach acid, not a damn thing left in my stomach to spew. When I was finished, Travis lifted me into his arms as if I weighed nothing. "I'll bring her back later," he told Amy, and I was feeling too bad to protest.

"Please go find out what in the hell is wrong with her," Amy replied. "She's looked like shit since you two got here."

Ever since I had eaten the food from that fast-food joint, I'd been feeling nauseated. If I threw up, it was only stomach acid anymore. I felt like absolute shit, but I had *needed* to see for myself that Amy was okay.

Travis found a nurse, and we were led to a room where I would be examined. They wanted to protest at first, but Travis being Travis managed to bribe her with a couple hundred dollar bills and a growl of warning.

The nurse on duty handed me a urine cup. “Use that bathroom right over there and place the cup behind the metal door when you’re done.”

When I came back into the room, there was a hospital gown waiting on the bed for me. I sighed. I hated wearing those things. I looked at Travis. “Do I really have to put that damn thing on?” I asked him.

His lips twitched in amusement, but he only nodded his head. “Yeah; need help?”

I rolled my eyes at him. Of course, he would want to help me get undressed. I managed to get undressed by myself, and Travis tied up the back of my gown, letting his fingers trail over my back, lighting my skin on fire as he did so. He turned me to face him, and his stubble rubbed my jaw as he brought his face next to mine. Shivers ran down my spine.

“If we weren’t in this fucking hospital and a doctor couldn’t possibly walk in at any moment, I’d bend your fine ass over this hospital bed right now,” he hotly whispered in my ear, sending chills down my spine as I gripped his biceps in response.

Shaking my head, I stepped away from him and laid down on the bed, the image of him balls deep in that slut filtering into my mind. “You’ve got a girlfriend. Don’t go around cheating on her,” I retorted.

He looked baffled. “Girlfriend?” he asked incredulously. “You mean the girl you found me fucking?” I clenched my jaw, and that was all the answer he needed. “She’s the girl that Luke and Ryan were *supposed* to kidnap in the first place instead of you. She was abused, hence why I took her from that situation, and she finds relief through sex. Since you and I were on the outs and not speaking to each other because you’re a fucking cold-hearted bitch with no feelings,” I flinched, “I helped her find that release.”

I resisted the urge to rub my chest. I was surprised I wasn’t bleeding from his words. Damn, that cut deep. He sure as hell didn’t hide what he felt, did he?

I looked away from him, forcing myself not to cry. I refused to cry in front of him. My emotions were all over the place, and I fucking *hated* it. It had to be because I was sick. I never got this emotional.

The doctor came into the room, and I sighed in relief. Maybe now we could find out what in the hell was wrong with me. I hated feeling like this.

“Miss Holland, I have your diagnosis. Would you like Mr. Louis to be in the room with you, or would you like him to leave?”

I looked at Travis. His eyes met mine. Even though I had cut him deep, he still showed that he cared. He slightly inclined his head towards me, letting me know it was my choice. Drawing in a deep breath, I looked back at the doctor. “He can stay in the room. I’m sure it’s nothing bad.”

He nodded and looked back down at his folder. “Well, Miss Holland, it seems that you have developed a severe case of morning sickness.”

My heart stuttered in my chest. Morning sickness? Wasn’t that related to pregnancy, though?

“Morning sickness?” I asked the doctor incredulously, wanting to cry.

I couldn’t be pregnant.

I felt Travis’s large hand wrap around my smaller one. He squeezed it to give me some comfort, reminding me that I wasn’t alone. The doctor looked up at me and instantly noticed my frightened, pale features. Hell, I felt like I’d seen a fucking ghost. “Ah, so I take it that you had no idea you were pregnant, then?”

I shook my head no, completely speechless. I was pregnant? How in the hell had I let this happen? Damn it, why wasn’t I smart enough to make sure Travis and I used protection?

I looked up at Travis to find him looking down at me. My mouth opened. I desperately wanted to say something, but hell, I didn’t know *what* to say. I couldn’t even form a proper

thought in my head that made sense. I couldn't even begin wrapping my head around this.

"I'll give you two a moment alone," the doctor said, noticing how speechless Travis and I currently were. "When you're ready, Mr. Louis can come let me know, and we'll do a pelvic exam and go ahead and do some blood work."

He walked out of the room, and tears instantly poured down my face. I sobbed, my shoulders shaking.

This couldn't be happening. I wasn't fit to be a mom.

Travis sat on the edge of the bed and pulled me into his arms. He brushed his fingers over my cheeks, wiping tears away, but it didn't matter. More just flowed into their place. "Shh," he cooed. "Baby, calm down."

"Oh, God, Travis," I sobbed. "What am I going to do? What are *we* going to do?"

He silenced me by kissing me. I moaned into the kiss, his tongue probing mine, his hand sliding down to grip my waist. I arched my back, kissing him back, everything else falling from my mind but this man and the way he made me feel.

When he pulled back, he pushed my hair out of my face. "We're going to work things out between us, and we'll make this work; I promise. I never break my promises, Katie."

I nodded, burying my face in his chest, letting my tears soak his shirt. I knew this was my chance to fix things and make them right again. I had wanted a chance, and I got it. Even though it wasn't the best thing to bring us together, it was something.

But damn it, did the universe have to be so fucking *twisted*?

I put my hand over my belly. I was going to be a mother. Sure, my child wasn't even big enough to probably be nothing more than a ball of cells, but I was going to be a fucking mom. I had to grow up and stop thinking about my own selfish needs and begin to think about what was best for my child and my relationship with Travis.

Travis's hand covered mine on top of my belly, and he smiled at me softly. My heart swelled in my chest. My lips trembled. He brushed his lips with mine, soothing some of my torment. "We'll make it work, Katie; I promise."

I just hoped and prayed that I wouldn't end up fucking things up again.

After calming down and talking to the doctor, getting my blood work done as well as having a pelvic exam done, I was finally back in Amy's hospital room. For the moment, it was just me and Amy. Travis had gone to see if he could find us some food and get us a hotel room for the night. Nicholas was out taking care of some club business, or so he had said.

Considering the fact that Amy was my best friend and I always told her everything, I confided in her that I was pregnant. Travis had also given her his number and told her to call him if I got sick again or something like that, so she had asked me what was going on. And Amy wouldn't stop pestering me until I told her.

Travis seemed to have taken the news of my pregnancy a lot better than I had. He had been so calm and collected from the moment the doctor dropped the bomb on us. I just didn't know what to do or think about the news. I had never even thought about becoming a mom, and yet, here I was, about to do both at once.

I still wasn't all that sure how I felt about it. I was struggling to wrap my head around all of this, to be honest.

"So, what are you going to do?" Amy asked me.

I sighed. "I'm going to keep the baby and try to make things work with Travis, I guess," I told her.

Before she could respond, Nicholas came into the room and looked around. "Where's Travis?" he asked me.

“Out,” I said simply. Just because Nicholas had been nice enough to keep me updated – well, Travis updated – about what was going on with Amy, it didn’t mean that I forgave him for letting my dad make the decision to kick me out of the club. If he’d really looked at me as family, he would have fought harder.

Family obviously didn’t mean shit.

Besides, something just wasn’t adding up for me about this entire situation, and I was determined to get to the bottom of it. Sadly though, it was going to have to be put off for a minute because I had other things to worry about.

Like being fucking pregnant.

“Well, can you call him and ask him when he’s coming back? I need to talk to him,” Nicholas said, a bit of a snap to his tone. I clenched my jaw, trying to rein in my temper. Before I could snap back at Nicholas, the door opened.

Travis stepped into the room. He was carrying a take-out box that smelt heavily of Chinese. I smiled at him, my stomach rumbling at the smell. The scent of it didn’t even make me nauseated.

Travis seemed a bit taken aback by my smile, but nonetheless, he still strode over to me. He handed me the box and tucked my hair behind my ear. “Is the medicine helping you at all?”

I nodded. The doctor had prescribed me something for my morning sickness, and so far, it was working. I was grateful because throwing up and constantly being nauseated really sucked.

Travis kissed the top of my head as I opened the box. Chills danced down my spine, and tingles erupted over my skin.

What was this man doing to me?

“What do you need to talk to me about?” Travis asked Nicholas. I swear, this man could hear someone talking a mile away.

“Can you take Amy back with you?” I almost dropped my fork. I snapped my head up to stare incredulously at Nicholas. “Her life is in danger here, and I need to keep her far away from here until shit settles down.”

Travis stayed silent for a moment. I could practically feel his irritation crawling around the room. Even Amy didn't snap at her dad, which was unusual for her. “How many more fucking Bloody Royals are you going to fucking send my way, Nicholas?” Travis suddenly spat. Venom coated his words. “It seems to me that when you can't handle a goddamn situation, you just fucking ship the problem off somewhere else.”

I knew he didn't mean it personally, so I didn't take offense to what he said. Besides, he pretty much did have me dropped onto his lap by Luke and Ryan, so that wasn't really Nicholas's fault. However, Nicholas was to blame for sending me off to live somewhere else, which I still didn't understand. Now, he was sending his very own flesh and blood away to someone who was considered an enemy of sorts? He was sending away his daughter he fought like hell to have a relationship with?

“Travis, man, I really need your help,” Nicholas pleaded, but it didn't sound sincere. Instantly, the hairs on my body stood up in alarm. Even Travis tensed up, his eyes narrowing at Nicholas. “I don't want anything to happen to Amy, and I know that you can offer her the protection that she needs.”

Travis was silent for a moment. He looked at me over his shoulder. Something he saw made him turn back to Nicholas, nodding his head once. “Whatever,” Travis muttered a second later. He turned to Amy. He was irritated as fuck, that was for damn sure. “When can you get discharged?”

“Tomorrow morning,” she said quietly, obviously sensing the tension between him and Nicholas, as well as his bad mood.

He nodded and looked at me. “Are you ready to go? We'll come pick her up in the morning and head back.”

I looked down at Amy once I stood up. Travis packed away my food silently. “If you need me, call me. I promise I'll

be here the moment you tell me you need me.”

She rolled her eyes. “Go celebrate making a baby,” she said, laughing lightly. I rolled my eyes at her.

Travis chuckled and wrapped an arm around my waist, leading me out of the hospital. By the time we made it to the hotel, I had finished my food. I was starving, but it made sense considering I’d been throwing up for hours. “I already have the room key,” Travis informed me. “When we get up there, we need to talk.”

I nodded. Anxiety swirled in my gut at the thought of the impending conversation. “I know.”

I was a little worried about what our talk would bring about. I knew that I was going to have to open up about how I felt, and I didn’t know if I was ready to do that. I had been closed off for so long that I wasn’t sure if I could open up now.

When we got into the room, I sat on the bed and took off my shoes, trying to put this talk off as long as I possibly could. But I should have known better. As soon as Travis was comfortable on the bed, he grabbed my hips and pulled me between his legs, wrapping his arms around my waist, resting his hands on my belly. It kind of shocked me because I wasn’t used to affection, especially from him. I must have stiffened because he began rubbing circles on my hips, making me relax back into him.

“Want me to start?” he asked, his voice soft – quiet. It ... relaxed me.

I nodded. I wasn’t ready to open up about how I felt yet. I was scared to. I knew that I had to tell him or otherwise this wouldn’t work, but I was so scared that I would end up hurt somewhere down the road.

I didn’t want to end up suffering like my dad had.

“I obviously care about you a lot,” Travis began. I looked down at my lap, glad I wasn’t facing him. I didn’t think I could get through this if I had to look at him as he spoke. “I like you a lot. I’ve honestly never felt like this about anyone.” He paused for a moment. “I wouldn’t call it love ... but it’s

definitely something. I want to make this work between us because I want *you*. I know that we argue a lot, but it's something that I'm willing to work through to have you by my side."

He paused, drawing in a breath. I was holding mine, desperate to hear what he had to say, clinging on to his every word. My heart was pounding in my chest, a mixture of fear and excitement rushing through me.

"I know that you're worried about me leaving you to take care of this baby by yourself, but I'm not. I've always taken precautions to make sure I never got anyone pregnant, yet with you, all of my precautions flew out of the window every single time I managed to get you naked." My cheeks warmed at his words, surprising me. "Having children isn't a bad thing though, which is why I'm willing to stick by your side through this."

He rubbed my belly soothingly, and I continued to listen to him pour his feelings out. "I know that you're emotionally detached, Katie," *that was an understatement*, "but I'm willing to help you with that if you let me. Our relationship won't always be smooth. It's going to be rocky as fuck because we're both stubborn assholes, hard-headed, and controlling," I snorted, "but we can make this work if we put our minds to it. I won't give up on you, baby."

I bit my lip to hold back the tears that suddenly sprang to my eyes.

I won't give up on you, baby.

I hated being so damn emotional all the time. What he had just said to me was the sweetest goddamn thing anyone had said to me in my life. And yeah, most women would probably freak out that the guy that had gotten them pregnant didn't love them, but I was so thankful that he hadn't said that he did. I didn't think I could have handled a confession of love. I probably would have run straight out the door.

Forming a relationship already made me feel like I was taking five hundred steps. I wasn't ready to hear the L word yet.

I took a deep breath, trying to find the right words to put my thoughts into. “I ...”

I rubbed my face with my hands. God, it was so hard to form the words that I needed to say. I knew what I felt but saying them out loud was going to be even harder than I had originally thought.

Travis kissed my temple. “Take your time. I know that this is hard for you.”

I turned around to look at him. I was straddling his legs now. I could feel his cock harden beneath me, and I noticed his eyes darken the slightest bit with need, but he ignored the temptation to fuck me senseless. It said a lot for me. Talking to each other and figuring things out mattered a lot more to him than a quick fuck, and honestly, that spoke volumes.

Travis wrapped his arms around me as I gathered my jumbled thoughts. “I ... I like you, too,” I murmured. *Jesus, what was I – five?* “Though, I didn’t realize it until yesterday when I saw you with that whore.” His lips twitched with amusement. I paused, taking a deep breath. “I think we can make this work, too. Hell, we kind of need to for this baby. I want my child to have both of its parents.”

I bit my lip, struggling to find words to put my feelings in. He tugged my bottom lip from between my teeth and gave me a small, encouraging smile. “You’re doing great, baby,” he praised.

I twisted my fingers in my lap, dropping my eyes to my hands. “I’m terrified of commitment of any kind, so you should know that it’s not going to be easy being with me.”

He pulled me against his chest. “I’m prepared for that, Katie. I’m willing to give this all it takes, even if you drive me to want to drink sometimes.” I laughed softly, relaxing further into his hold.

I rolled my eyes at him and kissed him. I was done talking. I wanted to be fucked – hard and fast. I wanted Travis deep inside of me.

I was over this emotional bullshit.

His lips worked with mine, our pace quickly growing in tempo. It felt like there were too many clothes between us. I wanted to feel his naked skin against mine.

I pulled back and got off of the bed, stripping out of my clothes. When I was undressed, Travis grabbed me and pushed me down onto the bed so I was laying on my belly. He slid a hand under me and gripped one of my breasts, squeezing it just hard enough that it gave me an immense amount of pleasure combined with just a tiny bit of pain. I moaned softly, burying my face into the sheets. He slid a finger into my wet core, and my teeth clamped onto the bedsheets, desperate to hide the loud moan that I knew was going to come out. He leaned over me, pumping his finger in and out. "I'm going to fuck you hard, Katie," he groaned in my ear. "Swear to you, you'll still feel like my cock is inside of you even after we're done."

I soaked his fingers, moaning his name. "Please," I begged, "fuck me hard, Travis."

He slid another finger inside of me, and I spread my legs further apart, a gasp leaving my lips. "You like that, don't you?" Travis asked me. I nodded, thrusting back on his hand. "Fuck, I love how tight you are. You're so goddamn *perfect* for me."

"Please, Travis," I begged. Fuck, I wanted – no, *needed* – more.

He pushed my legs further apart, and then suddenly, his fingers were gone, and he was driving himself deep inside of me. I cried out, throwing my head back, gripping the sheets tighter than I already had been. His fingers were digging into my ass cheeks, but the pain was giving me so much fucking pleasure that I didn't care if his touch would leave bruises. He could be as rough with me as he wanted. Being with him always felt so damn good.

Every time Travis slammed forward, I pushed back on him, just to make that driving force so much harder. I loved rough sex. I didn't know if that made me crazy, but I didn't

care. Travis knew exactly what to do to my body, and I would never grow tired of him.

I cried out as my orgasm washed over me. Travis laid down on top of me, breathing heavily as he found his release, pumping his hot seed inside my cunt. We lay like that for a moment, his breath rasping against my skin.

After a few more moments, I managed to roll over onto my back and put my feet on the edge of the bed on either side of his body. His cock hardened all over again as my slick core rubbed against him.

Travis moved me so I was laying on the bed completely and lifted my hips up to his mouth. I cried out as his tongue delved deep inside, licking and sucking, tongue fucking me hard and fast. It was so fucking hot watching him use sheer strength to hold me up that I was coming in no time, my juices coating his tongue.

And when his tongue hit a certain spot inside of me, I cried out, coming in his mouth again not even an entire thirty seconds after the last one. He lapped it all up before he gently set me down on the bed.

I welcomed him with open arms as he moved over me and slid back inside of me again. I moaned, wrapping my arms around his shoulders, holding him close to me. If I didn't hold onto him, the force of his thrusts was going to push me off the other side of the bed.

He was biting and sucking on my neck, leaving dark spots all over me. My grip on his shoulders began loosening as our bodies grew slicker with sweat, but he hooked his arms under me, his hands gripping my shoulders to hold me in place.

When I felt my release coming, I gripped his hair tightly, drawing his mouth to mine. He grunted, his tongue dancing with mine as we came together, his kiss swallowing my screams.

We laid there for a few minutes in comfortable silence. I eventually broke it. "We should probably get a shower," I

whispered, reaching up to brush his sweaty hair from his face. I cracked a grin. “I just don’t think that I can move, though.”

He leaned up a little and brushed back some hair that was stuck to my cheek. “Come on. I’ll help you.”

Needless to say, even though I was extremely sore and tired, I still couldn’t resist his body in the shower.

Throwing up was a bitch.

I was fine until I had eaten breakfast. Since I had taken those first few bites, I had been vomiting. I couldn't move from in front of the toilet. It seemed like every time I moved the slightest muscle in my body, the movement went straight to my stomach.

Travis was out taking care of some business, and I wasn't going to call anyone else. I didn't want them to see me in this state. As much as I hated it, Travis had seen me at some of my weakest moments, so having him around me during my time of need wouldn't bother me. Anyone else though, including Amy? Completely off-limits.

I had tried taking the medicine the doctor had prescribed me when I had started feeling nauseous, but when I took it, I just threw it up with everything else I had eaten. So, right now, I was just going to continue being sick until Travis decided to come home and could help me.

My phone went off on the floor beside me, and I picked it up, answering it. "Hello?" I croaked into the phone.

"Is everything okay?" Travis's deep voice came through the line. I swear, I almost sighed in relief just hearing his voice. "I just got home, and I can't find you anywhere."

"I'm in the bathroom," I rasped. Fuck, my throat hurt. All this vomiting had made my throat raw as fuck.

I hung up and clutched the toilet bowl as I got sick again. Goddamn, this shit was fucking painful. Why in the hell did I have to be cursed with a really bad case of morning sickness? It seemed like when I started throwing up, I never fucking stopped. This shit made my entire body hurt. I felt like I was dying a slow, painful death. Actually, dying might have been preferable.

Throwing up *sucked*.

Travis stepped into the bathroom and immediately pulled my hair back out of my face as I got sick again. “How long has this been happening?” he asked me, rubbing my back

“Somewhere around thirty minutes now,” I groaned. “It fucking hurts.”

I leaned against him, and he grabbed a towel to wipe away the sweat that had broken out on my face. “Why in the hell didn’t you call someone to come help you?” he asked me through clenched teeth. *Great, he was fucking irritated.* I really didn’t feel like dealing with his shit. “For fuck’s sake, Katie, you’re pregnant. This isn’t just about you anymore.”

My temper flared immediately. I wasn’t in the mood for his shit. The baby that was barely a baby right now wasn’t going to die just because I couldn’t stop vomiting. And Travis *knew* how I felt about other people seeing me in weak moments. One would think he’d be a bit more considerate.

“Who in the hell do you think you’re talking to like that?” I snapped at him. “Do you think that I don’t fucking know that I’m pregnant? You need to back the hell down, Travis.”

He was about to come back at me with something else; I could see it in the way his eyes flared up in anger, but he kept his mouth shut when I leaned over the toilet again. Tears fell down my face. Dammit, I hated being so fucking emotional and not being able to stop it. I wanted this all to just be fucking over with. I *hated* feeling like this.

“Have you even tried taking your damn medication, Katie, or do you fucking need to be told to take it?” he snapped.

I shoved him away from me, hating that my throat was burning with tears. “Yes, I’ve tried fucking taking my medicine!” I yelled at him, my throat hurting like a mother fucker. Jesus, he was *not* helping the situation. “I fucking threw it up the second I swallowed it!” I heaved in an angry breath, trying not to vomit everywhere. “If you’re just going to sit in here and bitch at me instead of trying to fucking help me, then *get the fuck out*. I was doing just goddamn fine without you.”

He stormed out of the room, and I got sick again. I didn’t have the patience nor the energy to deal with him. Yet I couldn’t help the fact that I felt my heart break a little when he walked out of the bathroom so easily, away from me when I needed him. I knew that I could have handled the situation a bit better by not snapping back at him, but dammit, I wasn’t feeling good, and it seemed as if he didn’t give a shit.

He came back into the bathroom with a glass of water and my medicine. He knelt in front of me, and I sighed, opening my mouth. He put the pill on my tongue, and I took the water from him, slowly drinking it. Luke came into the bathroom and handed Travis a pack of saltine crackers. I leaned my head back against the wall, feeling extremely tired.

“Is she okay?” Luke asked Travis, considering I wouldn’t have been able to answer him since I was trying to get hydrated again. Maybe also because he was still pissed at me.

“She’ll be just fine as soon as I can get her to keep her medicine down,” Travis told him, pulling me into his arms.

Travis’s phone rang, and he pulled it out of his pocket, cursing as he read the screen. “Stay with her. I’ll be back once I figure out what the fuck just happened.”

He let me go and kissed my forehead, walking out of the bathroom afterward. Luke sat down on the floor with me but left a bit of space between us. “It will eventually pass,” Luke said after a minute of very awkward silence. “One of the girls who used to live here had this exact problem when she ended up knocked up.”

I shrugged, eating another saltine cracker. They were really helping with my churning stomach. I hoped Travis had a lot more of these stashed somewhere because I was going to need them.

“All I know is that I’m not finding this pregnancy fun so far,” I muttered. And I was only a few days in. I was dreading to see how it progressed.

Luke chuckled. “It only gets worse, trust me. You start getting really big, everything swells, you get stretch marks, and then, you can’t see your feet.”

I didn’t answer him for a moment. Silence lapsed. I wanted to know if he was still mad, but I was a bit nervous to ask. I mean, he was talking to me, so that had to be a plus, right?

“Did you really mean what you said back at the hotel?” I asked him quietly, keeping my eyes trained on the tiled floor in front of me.

I noticed Luke look over at me out of the corner of my eye. “I never say anything that I don’t mean, Katie. It will do you good to remember that.” I almost flinched. “Travis was the happiest Ryan and I had ever seen him, and then, all of a sudden, after staying one night in the same room as you, he’s pissed off and treating everyone around him like shit, including me and Ryan. When Ryan mentioned your name to Travis that morning, I thought Travis was going to smash something because he was so pissed.” He shook his head. “I knew you had to have done something to him.” He paused for a moment, but I didn’t say anything. I didn’t know what to say. “Travis really cares about you, Katie – probably a lot damn more than he should. I’m glad to see that you two have worked things out, but until you can prove to me that you’re not just some self-centered bitch, I will *always* think the same of you.”

I couldn’t get pissed off at him for what he said, no matter how much I wanted to. I had asked him for his thoughts, and he gave them to me.

Travis came back into the bathroom and nodded at Luke, who then proceeded to get up and leave the room without saying anything else to me. I hadn’t expected him to, though.

We may have had a conversation, and Luke may be a nice person, but we weren't anything close to being friends.

"How are you feeling?" Travis asked me.

I glared at him. "That's it? That's all you have to fucking say to me after how you just treated me?"

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "I'm sorry," he apologized, shocking me. "I was stressed because you were sick, and it was worrying the hell out of me. Instead of trying to comfort you, I treated you like shit, and I shouldn't have."

I nodded, showing him that I accepted his apology. He grabbed me under my arms and helped me stand up. "Have you had a shower?" he asked.

I shook my head no, grimacing. "I've been throwing up since I've been in here."

After giving me time to rinse my mouth out and brush my teeth, he gripped the bottom of my tank top and lifted it over my head. His eyes immediately burned with that hunger I had become so familiar with. His hands slid over my skin, caressing me, taking me in. His lips moved over my neck. I moaned when my back connected with the wall, and he began sucking, licking, biting – eliciting loud, long moans from deep within my throat.

Without removing his lips from my neck, he untied my shorts and slid them down to the floor, followed by my panties. He slid his fingers into my slick heat, and I cried out, throwing my head back, lost in what he was doing to my body.

"Fuck, baby, I love how wet and ready you always are for me," Travis rasped against the skin of my throat.

I let go of his shirt and reached behind me, undoing the clip on my bra. It slid down my arms, and I let it fall to the floor. Travis took his fingers out of me, and I immediately whimpered at the emptiness. "Patience, baby," he urged.

Who the fuck had patience around here?

He undressed and walked over to the shower, turning the water on. That was when I noticed the red, irritated, new tattoo

on his right shoulder blade. It had somebody's name and a gorgeous red rose beside it. I walked closer to him and knelt down a little so I could look at it properly. He stayed still, allowing me to admire his new artwork.

My breath caught in my throat at the beautiful script my name was written in. "Travis, when did you get this?" I asked him softly.

He turned around to look at me. "This morning," he said.

I ran my eyes over his face. Wasn't it too soon for this kind of thing? Wasn't it too early for him to be tattooing my name on his skin?

But there was nothing but a deep intensity in his eyes as he stared back down at me. There were no regrets. Just pure, unadulterated lust and something else I couldn't quite put my finger on, yet it sent a thrill through my body and swirled around my heart.

I pulled his face down to mine and kissed him. He groaned and lifted me up with his hands under my thighs. I wrapped my legs around him and tangled my fingers in his hair, tugging on the ends. He pushed me against the shower wall and wrapped his hand around his cock before sliding deep into my pussy.

"Travis!" I exclaimed at the fullness, my eyes flashing open to meet his dark, lust-filled ones.

He pulled all of the way out and slammed back into me over and over with the same force. I dug my nails into his shoulders, almost breaking the skin. He pinched and rolled my nipples in between his fingers. When I finally orgasmed, I screamed his name, digging my nails into his shoulders, drawing blood.

Knowing he hadn't come yet, I slid down his body and took his still hard cock in my mouth, sucking on him hard. I moaned at my essence spreading across my tongue. He groaned loudly, leaning his head back. Tangling his fingers in my hair, he began fucking my mouth, his blunt head of his cock hitting the back of my throat over and over.

Fuck, I loved it when he was rough with me.

When he finally found his release, I stood up and pushed his wet hair out of his face. “I’m going to bend over,” I murmured, “and I want you to fuck me hard from behind.” He closed his eyes and groaned. “I want you to be rough with me.” I leaned up on my tiptoes, letting my lips brush his. “I want to feel the pain.”

His eyes snapped open immediately, and he stared down at me, a hard, distant look on his face. He was retreating – *fast*.

“Katie—” he began, but I cut him off.

I placed my finger over his lips and shook my head at him. “I will let you know if you’re doing too much, or if I can’t handle it,” I promised him.

He closed his eyes and blew out a breath. “No, Katie, you really don’t understand,” he groaned. He grabbed my face in his hands and kissed me softly. “Baby, I’m not comfortable doing that with you. I don’t want to hurt you, and I know that I will. I’m not new to this kind of shit, baby, and you don’t understand how far I’ll go.” His hands momentarily tightened on my face. “I *will* hurt you, baby.”

I had always had a feeling that Travis was the dominant type. His personality showed it because of how controlling he was over everything. I was okay with him taking control in the bedroom. I actually *wanted* it.

“Please, try it with me,” I pleaded, trailing my fingertips over the stubble on his face.

He sighed but nodded. I kissed him, and he deepened it, his mouth working aggressively against mine. He pulled back and turned me around, placing my hands against the shower wall. I bent over and spread my legs apart for him. Suddenly, his fingers were there, pushing inside of me. He slid two more fingers inside of me unexpectedly, and I gasped in shock. I was *not* expecting that – the fullness, the brief moment of pain.

“Lift one leg onto the side of the tub, baby,” he instructed.

I could tell by the sound of his voice that he was worried about doing this with me. I did as he told me though, and he

began pumping his fingers in and out of me. I whimpered, my head hanging down. He was finger fucking me so good, and I never wanted him to stop.

“God, baby, you’re so fucking tight,” he groaned.

He slid his fingers out, and he was *there*. I got pushed forward by the force he used to enter me. I locked my arms as he pounded in and out relentlessly. All of a sudden, I felt a forceful slap on my ass, and I moaned at the pain. “You like that?” he asked me, his breathing labored, his voice raspy and extra deep, a growl to his words.

“Yes,” I moaned. “Travis, do it again.”

He spanked my ass again, over and over. Even though the pain kept increasing, I kept moaning, my pussy becoming so slick that it rivaled the water spraying on our bodies. Travis felt so damn good inside my cunt.

Who in the hell would have thought that I was a girl who got off on pain?

I could feel my climax washing over me, and I knew that it was going to be explosive. “Travis, I’m so close,” I moaned.

With one hand, he kept sending resounding slaps against my ass, and with his other hand, he reached around me and rubbed my clit. I screamed his name as I came, and he groaned with me, finding his own release. He wrapped his arms around me, standing me back upright, holding me tight to his chest. My chest was heaving as I tried to catch my breath.

When I finally turned around to look at him, he was biting his lip, and his eyes were closed. I had never seen him bite his lip before, but damn, it was pretty fucking sexy.

“What’s wrong?” I asked him quietly.

He sighed and pulled me into his arms. “I know you enjoyed that, but baby, I’m so worried that I just bruised you.”

I shook my head against his chest. “Don’t be,” I whispered. I pressed a kiss to each muscled pec. “If I’m bruised, then I’m just bruised. I enjoyed every second of it, and I don’t regret it at all.”

He tilted my face back and kissed me. I smiled against his lips. “Do you want to take this to bed?” I asked him.

He grinned. “Baby, I can’t think of a better place to have sex with you, but we need to bathe.”

Travis took his time with me, washing my hair for me, and bathing me. It was slow, sensual torture. By the time we were getting ready to step out of the shower, I was completely relaxed. He kissed my neck. “Ready to go to the bedroom?” he asked me.

I nodded. He leaned down and gripped the back of my thighs, lifting me up. I wrapped my legs around his hips. He kissed me, his lips working with mine, making me slightly dizzy as he carried me into the bedroom.

I loved fucking Travis. I just hoped that he was going to be willing to try new things with me in the bedroom as well, and maybe go a bit farther than we had in the shower.

I just had to get Travis comfortable with doing riskier things with me. I knew he would never hurt me. I trusted him – granted, a lot more than I probably should – but I really did trust him.

I just wanted him to trust me, as well.

Travis trailed his hand down my body, his lips following the trail his fingers left behind. Needless to say, I was breathless and moaning already. I loved how his rough hands felt on my softer skin. It felt so good, so fucking perfect. And his smooth lips were a perfect contrast as they followed his fingers.

“What do you want me to do to this body?” he asked me huskily, moving up so his face was above mine.

I went with complete honesty. “I want to submit to you,” I murmured, running my eyes over his face, watching how he reacted to what I’d said.

He closed his eyes, blowing out a harsh breath. I could already feel him withdrawing from me, and I hated it. I hated that he didn’t trust himself to be with me in the way that I wanted.

“Katie, I know I’ll end up hurting you. I don’t want to do that; I won’t risk this with you.”

I puckered out my bottom lip, widening my eyes so I was pouting. “Travis, please,” I begged him.

He sighed, giving in to what I wanted. “Fine; you want to submit to me, right now, in every way?” he asked me.

“Yes,” I murmured. “I want it all.”

He groaned, and I could feel his cock hardening even more against my thigh. I moaned softly at the silky feel of it. “Fine,

but the second that you tell me to stop, I'm stopping, do you understand?"

I nodded and watched him as he got off of the bed, going over to his closet. I smiled a little to myself, thankful that I had gotten him to give me what I wanted. I knew that I was pregnant, but I knew Travis wouldn't do anything that would harm me or our child in any way. I trusted him to know what he was doing and to know what his limits were.

He came back into the bedroom holding a pair of silver cuffs. He kissed me briefly before he grabbed one of my wrists and put the cuff on it. He clamped it to the headboard. "I know how much you love to touch me, so I'm going to take away your right to do so," he warned me.

I nodded, my nipples hardening as he clamped the cuff around my other wrist. I was already so wet; I wanted him – needed him like I needed air to breathe.

He clamped my other wrist to the headboard and reached into his nightstand drawer, pulling out a vibrator. My breath hitched in my throat as he shoved my legs apart, putting the vibrator against my clit. I whimpered, trying to move away from it. The stimulation was almost too much to bear.

"Please don't tease me," I begged him, my eyes pleading with his.

He shook his head. "This is what you wanted, Katie."

Why couldn't I just keep my fucking mouth shut?

He moved it in a circle around my most sensitive spots, making me arch my back and cry out, squeezing my eyes shut. Fuck, couldn't he just fill that empty void inside of me already?

He kept moving in, going so close to where I wanted him most and then moving away. A choked sob forced its way up from my lips. I was desperate for a release. Travis was damn good at this. I was loving what he was doing to me and hating it all at the same time.

He leaned down and pulled a nipple into his mouth, biting down on it. I cried out, yanking at the cuffs, making a loud,

clanking sound. I wanted to clutch his hair in my hands, but the cuffs were preventing me from doing so.

He released my nipple, licking it to help soothe me, and did the same to the other. I gasped, gripping the chain on my cuffs. I had to find some bearing. I felt like I was slowly losing my mind under this sweet form of torture.

He leaned his head up, gripping one of my hands, making me release the death grip that I had on the chain. "Be careful," he warned me. "Don't pull on them too much. I don't want you to hurt yourself."

I hadn't even noticed that I was pulling on them that hard since I had become so lost in the pleasure he was granting me. His voice was soft and caring, not at all like he normally was. Fuck me. Travis twisted me around sometimes with all of his mood swings.

I nodded in reply to him, and he grabbed the vibrator, turning it back on. He smirked down at my face. "What do you want, baby?" he whispered in my ear, his breath tickling my neck.

"Please," I gasped, "I want it inside of me," I begged him, my eyes pleading with him. I couldn't take this torture much longer.

He tossed the vibrator aside and unhooked the cuffs, rolling over onto his back. I squeaked in alarm at the sudden movement. "Fuck it all; I can't do this with you, Katie. I need you."

He lifted me up and pushed up inside of me. I cried out, throwing my head back, gripping his forearms. *Holy fuck* were the only words for how that had just felt.

"Why ..." my voice trailed off. "Why did you stop?" I breathed.

He slammed up into me again, grunting. I moaned, my pussy squeezing his cock. "Every time you fucking moan, I just want to fuck you in every position there is," he grunted out.

“Then do it,” I dared him, leaning down my chest was against his. My pebbled nipples brushed his hard chest, ripping another moan from my throat. He wrapped an arm around me and kept one hand on my hip. “Travis, if you can’t tease me, then, by all means, do what you can do with me.”

I knew that some girls would feel that he had no restraint and no self-control, but I loved the way he always wanted me. It made me feel empowered.

He hammered up into me, his hips punishing between my thighs. I cried out when I finally found my release, and he groaned my name against my neck. He quickly moved me off of him. “Get on your hands and knees,” he ordered.

I did as he instructed. Suddenly, he was there again, not even giving me time to recover from the high that I had just hit. He wrapped my hair in his fist, yanking my head back. He halted in his movements, and I whimpered. I didn’t want him to stop. “Do you want me to continue?” he asked me, his breathing harsh.

I nodded. Keeping a tight hold on my hair, his other hand came down and roughly smacked my ass. I gasped at the sensation, not expecting it, and definitely not thinking it would be a huge turn-on. His hand tightened around my hair, and I moaned at the pleasure that pulsed through me, tightening my walls around his shaft again.

Fuck, Travis felt too damn good inside of me.

When I came, I collapsed onto the bed, my breathing heavy. But Travis wasn’t done with me yet. He positioned my knees so that my ass was up in the air again, and I felt him thrust into me again, but this time, he was gentle. His hands caressed my ass as he slowly thrust in and out. It was so gentle and caring that it almost made tears form in my eyes. When I came again, he laid down with me on the bed, pulling me into his arms.

“Are you alright?” he asked me after a moment of catching our breaths, his hand running over my hair.

I nodded. *Why wouldn’t I be okay?*

“I feel terrible for treating you like that,” he murmured. I frowned. “I just – I can’t be dominant with you, Katie. It kills me. I know you enjoy all of this, but it breaks me inside knowing what I’m capable of doing to you.”

I let my eyes meet his. “You hardly did anything to me, though.”

He ran his fingers through my hair and sighed. “I know, but it still killed me inside to do it. I care too much about you to even begin being comfortable dominating you. Once I get caught up in being dominant over someone, it’s hard for me to stop. I stopped that lifestyle for a reason.” He clenched his jaw before forcing it to relax. “I’m too dark and fucked up inside to be trusted with a woman’s body.”

I leaned up on my elbow to look down at him. “Tell me,” I pleaded. His dark eyes met mine. “Tell me why you’re so afraid to let yourself go with me.”

He sighed, looking up at the ceiling. It was almost as if he was ashamed to tell me what he was about to say. It kind of alarmed me. Maybe this was a lot bigger than I had predicted.

“A couple of years ago, I had this one girl I always went to if I wanted to have sex. She was great and willing to explore new things with me; she wanted to explore my lifestyle.” He drew in a deep breath. “So, I had a lawyer draw up a contract to keep myself out of legal trouble. It started off as a normal dominant-submissive relationship. I’d spank her, tie her up, tease her, and punish her when necessary. I eventually enjoyed dominating her too much, and I began to take things too far. Lightly tying her up eventually became something much worse. I would suspend her from the ceiling, leaving her there until she lost all feeling in her arms. I would tie rope around her wrists so tight that it rubbed her skin raw and caused her to bleed. She would always beg me to stop, but it wasn’t our safe word, so I felt like I didn’t have to listen to her.”

I felt a little sick to my stomach listening to Travis confess this to me. I never realized he could be this sadistic. “I would spank her so hard, I would bruise her ass with just one hit. What was supposed to be just a little bit of fun between us

turned into something dark and dangerous. I was arrested for abuse when she finally gained the nerve to run to the police. The contract was the only thing to save my ass from rotting in prison. I was borderline on the agreements we had set, almost stepping over the lines, but I hadn't. I had made sure I couldn't be held accountable for any pain, wounds, or bruises that I inflicted on her."

I stared at him with wide eyes, my mouth hanging slightly open in shock. I couldn't believe Travis—the guy who had been so caring towards me—could do that to someone. No wonder he had stopped being dominant in the bedroom. It was obvious now why he refused to try anything of the sort with me. I had a feeling if he were to hurt me like he had hurt her, he would never recover from it, especially since I carried his child.

I kissed him softly, desperately trying to calm him and reassure him. "Travis, you're not that person anymore," I said gently. "I know you have it in you to stop, to not hurt me. I trust you."

He sat up and ran a hand through his hair. He shook his head. "Katie, I won't do it again. I know I'll get too caught up in it all. If I even accidentally hurt you, I would never forgive myself. You're everything to me," my heart warmed in my chest, "and I won't risk hurting you. We can fuck as rough as you want, but today was the *only* day that I try dominating you."

He stood up from the bed and began putting his jeans on. "Travis—" I murmured, trying to get him to stay. I hated that my stubbornness over the situation was driving him away.

"Katie, just stop," he muttered, yanking his shirt over his head. "I'll see you tonight, alright?"

He walked out of the room before I could say anything to try to stop him, shutting the door soundly behind him. Why did I have to ask him to try being dominant with me? I should have just listened to him the first time when he told me that he didn't trust himself. I felt like I had already driven a wedge between us, and our relationship had just gotten started.

I donned on some clothes and walked downstairs. Luke was sitting at the kitchen table with Amy and a blonde girl I hadn't ever seen before. She was gorgeous. She had platinum blonde hair, and her figure was tiny with subtle curves. She hadn't noticed me yet, but she happened to look up as Travis walked past. He froze when his eyes met hers, and I automatically knew that this wasn't a woman he particularly wanted to see.

His entire body was tense, a mix of nervousness and anger radiating off his frame.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," he growled. "I fucking open up about my past, and the fucking biggest reminder of it shows up. What are the goddamn chances?"

Her bright blue eyes danced with mischief as she smirked at him. She stood up, and I instantly hated her for her height. For such a small girl, she had curves in all of the right places, and she was damn tall for a woman. She was almost Travis's height.

No wonder Travis had wanted her so badly. She seemed fucking perfect.

And when she flirtatiously smiled at him, the urge to punch her in her face for looking at Travis like that had my fingers twitching.

"Travis, darling," she purred, "it's been so long. I've missed you."

Travis's hand wrapped tightly around mine. I swung my head around to look at him. Worry instantly filled me as I took in his pale face. He looked like he either wanted to pass out or throw up – maybe both. I gave him a small, reassuring smile and squeezed his hand.

It really was fucking ironic that this bitch showed up after I got him to open up to me about his past. Right now though, he obviously needed me to be there for him during all of this, and I would be. I had to do this for him.

"Not long enough," he ground out through clenched teeth, answering her. "I told you to stay the fuck away. I even moved

so I wouldn't have to see you anymore. What the fuck are you doing here?"

She sighed, running her perfectly manicured nails through her hair. Oh, how I wanted to break every single one of those perfect nails off of her fingers. "I told you – I missed you," she said, her voice seductive. The urge to punch her ran through my veins again. "I miss all of the great times we had together. We were amazing together, Travis. You can't deny it."

I really didn't want to stand here and listen to her confess her fucking undying love for the father of my kid. I knew Travis had been with many other women before me, but I also knew that this woman meant more to him than all of those others put together and definitely a lot more than me.

I rudely turned my back on her and looked up at Travis. "What do you say we get out of here and go somewhere peaceful?" I asked him.

He nodded once, walking out of the room, pulling me after him, not having to be asked twice. He obviously wanted out of there. He got on his bike, and I slid on behind him. We were out of the garage and on the highway in record time.

A little while later, he pulled up to a hotel and booked us a room. When we got up to the room, he grabbed the room phone and ordered room service. I watched him storm to the bedroom right after, and I sighed.

I hadn't ever seen him like this, and it bothered me. He was angry and upset. This woman showing up had really affected him.

I walked into the bedroom after him, taking a seat beside him on the bed. His face was in his hands. He didn't look up at me like I had expected him to. "Travis, baby, talk to me," I pleaded.

He looked up at me, and I frowned at the tears in his eyes. It broke my heart to see him like this. Travis was a strong man, and he didn't cry over anything.

"I thought that I had left Leanne far behind," he whispered, his voice breaking. "I can't face her again. Not after knowing

what I did to her.”

I wanted so badly to understand what he was feeling right then. “Why does Leanne being here bother you so much?” I asked him quietly, grabbing his hands in mine, supporting him yet fearing his answer.

“She’s the only woman that I’ve ever loved,” he said quietly. I felt my heart break even more. “I was capable of doing that to her even though I loved her. I never wanted to see her again. I can’t handle seeing her, knowing the pain I inflicted.”

I felt my heart completely shatter in my chest. He had loved her? Did he still love her? Obviously, since she still affected him so immensely. That fact bothered me. I may not be in love with Travis, but I deeply cared about him. I didn’t want to lose him to that bitch.

“Did she love you back?” I whispered. I had to know.

He drew in a deep, shaky breath. “She says she did, but I don’t know for sure.”

I stood up from the bed and kissed his cheek softly. “I’m going to get a shower, okay?” I murmured. “Just lay down and relax. Watch television or something.”

I walked to the bathroom, softly shutting the door behind me. I stepped into the shower, clothes and all. I was desperate to numb this horrible feeling. I had to get out of that room. I felt like I was slowly being suffocated.

I didn’t know what to do from here. The only woman Travis had ever loved was back, and I was just the girl that he happened to knock up. He could leave me right now to go back to her, and it wouldn’t faze him in the slightest. Love was a very strong emotion, and I knew it had the power to conquer all else.

I grabbed my phone off of the counter, calling Amy with the shower still running. “Hey, beautiful,” she said when she answered the phone. “Is everything okay?”

“No.” I sobbed, tears beginning to pour harder down my face. “Amy, he loves her. What the fuck am I going to do?”

I guess I had been in the shower for longer than was necessary to bathe according to Travis's standards because he soon barged his way into the bathroom, calling my name, a hint of worry in his tone. I had been off the phone with Amy for a while now, and she had given me her classic Amy advice: *Katie, you're the biggest bitch I know, so do what you do best.*

Problem was, I didn't know what that *best* was.

Travis moved the shower curtain aside, and his eyes moved down to the floor of the shower where I was sitting. He cursed upon seeing me. I knew I looked a mess. My eyes were bloodshot and red-rimmed, and my cheeks felt raw from all the crying I'd done.

Without any hesitation, he stepped into the shower fully clothed and sat on the shower floor with me, pulling me into his arms. A sob ripped from my chest, his warmth and care breaking me down all over again.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Travis said softly into my hair, rubbing my back. "Please talk to me."

Another sob found its way through my lips, and I clutched his soaked shirt in my fists. "I'm just scared," I croaked, my voice muffled against his chest.

His arms tightened around me, almost crushing me to him. "Tell me what you're scared of, and I promise I'll make it go away."

I wanted to laugh. He was making a promise, and he didn't even know what I was afraid of. What if he really did still love her, and he wanted to be with her? He would have to break his promise to me that he had just made, and I knew Travis well enough to know that he never broke his promises. He was a man of his word. He would either suffer for not being with her, or he would finally betray his own morals.

"You love her," I cried, unable to hold it in any longer. I felt Travis's body tense beneath me. "Travis, you love her. I don't want to lose you."

He tilted my chin up, letting his eyes meet mine. He gently swiped some tears off my cheeks. "Katie, baby," he softly spoke, "I'm never going to leave you; I promise. I would never do anything like that to you. You've practically become everything to me." My lips trembled at his tender words. "Leanne is supposed to be in my past, and I'm going to put her back where she belongs, okay?"

I nodded, struggling to find the reassurance he was trying to give me in his words. It was so hard to believe, though. I knew he cared about me, but would caring for me be enough to make him stay, compared to the strong emotion of love that he felt for her?



I WOKE up the next morning, the feeling of bile rising in the back of my throat. I snatched the little trash can that was beside the bed onto my lap. Travis jerked awake at the movement, and he cursed when he saw me bent over the trash can.

"Fuck," he swore. "We left your medicine at home."

I didn't bother trying to answer him as everything I had eaten the day before came up. He quickly slid behind me and held my hair back for me with one hand, soothingly rubbing my back with his other. When he finally thought that I was done, he grabbed his phone off the nightstand and made a

phone call. I didn't ask who he was calling since I was bent over the trash can again, moaning in discomfort.

"Luke's bringing your medicine and some saltine crackers," Travis told me, still rubbing my back.

I nodded, gagging before I retched once again. When Luke finally made it with my medication and some crackers, I slowly began to feel better. Thank God for the simple things in life like these because they worked miracles on my morning sickness. Being sick all of the time *sucked*.



LATER THAT DAY after my stomach settled, Travis drove us back home so we could get proper showers and put on clean clothes. He had gotten into the shower with me, but he didn't stay long because he said he had some things to take care of. I was pretty sure he mentioned a lawyer somewhere in that small conversation we had.

I slid on jeans and a t-shirt, deciding that I wanted to spend some time with Amy. All of my time lately had been taken up with Travis, and when it wasn't, she was normally tangled up with Luke somewhere.

I found her in the kitchen talking to Grace. She smiled at me when I walked into the room. "Awe, you poor baby," she cooed when she saw me. I scowled at her. "You look fucking miserable. You and Travis need to fuck."

I couldn't help but laugh at her comment. This was one of the reasons I loved Amy so much. She was blunt, and she never hid her thoughts. She didn't ever hesitate to speak what was on her mind. It was always hard for her to follow the *think before you speak* rule, but I enjoyed having a friend that didn't mind being brutally honest with me.

We sat at the bar, and that stupid bitch Leanne sauntered into the room, instantly dimming my mood. I clenched my fists when I thought of how she turned her back on Travis and how she'd fucked up his head so easily. Amy shot me a

reassuring smile. “Pull your claws out and tear that bitch apart,” Amy whispered in my ear.

That was probably the worst piece of advice that Amy could have given me because I was itching for a fucking fight.

Leanne sat on the opposite side of us and smiled at Amy, ignoring me. I immediately knew what game she was playing. She was going to piss me off by going at Amy. I guess she had heard how protective I was over my best friend.

Too bad the bitch didn’t know just how dirty I could fight.

“Amy, right?” Leanne asked. By the tone of her voice, I knew nothing else coming out of her mouth was going to be nice.

“Yeah,” Amy told her, meeting her eyes. “I told you yesterday what my name was. What do you want?”

“You’re fucking around with Luke,” Leanne mentioned, her lips twisting into a smile that had chills of warning dancing down my spine. “That’s not very smart of you. He’s got a lot of baggage, and I don’t think a girl like you can handle it.”

Amy laughed. “Really, now? What kind of girl do I seem like, Leanne?” she asked, spitting Leanne’s name with ice practically dripping from the words.

Leanne placed her hands flat on the bar about to reply, but I cut in. That was enough. I was tired of her tearing Amy down like this when I knew I was really the person she wanted to piss off. I knew she knew that I was fucking Travis. I also knew the stupid whore was just playing her cards right until she found the right words to get to me.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I spat at her.

Her eyes landed on me. I didn’t know what she was thinking, but I didn’t think she had expected me to speak up so soon. She was quickly going to learn what happened when people busted into my life unwanted.

“Just who in the hell do you think you’re talking to?” she snapped at me.

I smirked. Fuck, it felt like it had been way too long since I had released my inner bitch on someone. I was Katie Holland, and I would be damned if someone fucking spoke to me like that or treated my friends like the scum on the bottom of their shoes.

“I’m pretty sure that I’m talking to you,” I told her. “Trust me, I know all about how you used to be with Travis at one point in time, but you’re no longer his woman.” She clenched her jaw. “So jump down off of the high pedestal that you think you’re on. You don’t belong here, and you’re sure as hell not fucking welcome here. It would be in your best interest to fuck off, pack your bags, go back to wherever the fuck you came from, and stay there.”

Rage consumed her face. I knew I had hit a button, and it pleased me.

“He won’t stay with you for long, Katie Holland. You’re nothing but a biker whore, and that’s all you’ll ever be. Right now, he’s enjoying fucking you, but soon, he’ll want more, and you won’t be ready for what he wants.” She stood up, bringing her face close to me. “It’s me that he’s always loved, Holland, and I love him. I’m just back to reclaim what is *mine*.”

I rolled my eyes, laughing. She was just a typical, jealous ex-girlfriend. Could she really be any more cliché? She *actually* thought she was going to win an argument with me by pissing me off? She was only making shit worse for herself. I wasn’t the kind of person to back down, and I would start swinging fists before I ever left an argument alone. She’d be smart to back down and walk off before I did more damage to her body than Travis had when she was his submissive.

“Oh, you mean like you couldn’t handle it?” I asked her. Shock took over her features. She hadn’t known that Travis had told me. “You agreed to be his submissive, and you *knew* what you were getting yourself into with him. You signed the mother fucking contract, Leanne. You ran away the moment you could see the man needed help from someone that loved him. You *never* loved him. So, don’t fucking run your mouth

around here, because frankly, none of us give a damn about your bullshit lies.”

She sent her chair flying backward onto the floor with the rage she moved around the counter. Her fist connected with my cheek before I could stop her. Amy grabbed my arms and pulled me back, stopping me from hitting her back. “You can’t fight, Katie. You’ll put your baby at risk,” Amy warned me, but I was too far gone. Red colored my vision.

I ripped myself out of her grasp. My temper was boiling. No one – not a fucking soul – hit me and got away without some fucking damage. It was something I had learned from being in the Bloody Royals for so long.

I was about to beat the shit out of her.

I jumped across the counter and dragged her onto the floor, slamming my fist into her face. I smirked when I felt her nose crush under the force, watching as blood spurt from her nose. She screamed in pain, her fist landing on my jaw. My teeth cut the inside of my mouth, and I grimaced at the taste, not even registering the pain. I spat the blood into her face, using it as a distraction, and I rained two more blows to her face

“Just who the fuck do you think you are?!” I yelled in her face. “This is *my* fucking territory, bitch, and if you were fucking smart, you would have listened when I told you to pack your shit and leave the first time!”

She tossed me off of her, and I kicked her in the face before she could get on top of me. I jumped up from the floor and knocked my fist against her temple, making her topple to the floor. Grabbing her hair, I wrapped it around my fist, dragging her out screaming to the front door where I was met with Luke and Ryan walking in. “Help me!” the blonde tramp screamed. “Ryan, Luke, please do something!” she sobbed.

Luke walked over to me and gripped my wrist that was attached to the hand holding her hair. “Let her go, Katie.” I glowered at him. He narrowed his eyes at me. “Fucking let her go *right now*.”

I glared at him, yanking on her hair again. She screamed in pain, and I fought the smirk that wanted to twist my lips. “I was just taking the trash out,” I spat. “She fucking deserves it.”

Luke tightened his hold on my wrist, and I cried out in pain, dropping her. He dragged me out of the foyer and into the living room. Amy ran in with a bag of ice and a wet paper towel. “You do realize that fighting her while you’re pregnant was really fucking stupid, right?” Luke asked me. I glared at the floor. “Travis is going to fucking give you the bitching of your life when he finds out about this.”

I shrugged. Right then, I was still seething. I didn’t give a damn what Travis was going to do or say to me. Travis didn’t fucking scare me.

“She’s the fucking stupid one,” I muttered. “It was a huge fucking mistake for her to come here. She’s not fucking welcome, and I plan on getting that message through her thick-ass skull. If I have to beat her ass multiple times to get that message through to her and get her to leave, then by all fucking means, you better believe that I will.”

He sighed and shook his head, wiping the blood away from my face and neck with the wet paper towel Amy had given him. “Who hit who first?” he asked me.

“She fucking punched me first, so I put her in her fucking place. She had no right busting into that kitchen like she owns the fucking place, trying to start shit with Amy. I knew she wanted to have a go at me, too, but I wouldn’t let her do it on her own terms. I run shit around here – not her – and someone better make her understand that.”

Luke rolled his eyes at me. “Instead of fighting her and being a bitch all of the time, maybe you should try to be civil and talk things out. Try to get her to understand nicely.”

Was he stupid? He had to be. Getting Leanne to understand anything nicely was like pushing a brick wall – it was unmovable. Besides, the only people I’ve ever been ‘nice’ to, as he put it, were Travis, Amy, and my dad. I didn’t do nice; it wasn’t who I was.

I arched an eyebrow at him. “Do I seem the like type of girl that does things nicely, Luke? I’ve been a bitch to you guys since day one. I don’t solve my issues by being *nice*. I’m a bitch, and I get my points across by being one. I always have. Being born and raised in a biker club doesn’t allow you to do things *nicely*,” I mocked. “Otherwise, people walk all over you. I *refuse* to let anyone, especially that blonde bitch Leanne, walk all over me. She better learn, Luke, or someone will be rushing her to the emergency room and bailing me out of jail.”

Amy sighed, drawing my attention over to her. “It was a pretty kick-ass fight,” she told me. I smirked. “But Katie, you’re pregnant. You can’t just go jumping over counters and swinging fists. I was going to handle it; you should have just listened to me.”

I loved Amy; I really did, but she would have lost against Leanne. I could admit that Leanne put up a decent fight against me, and she definitely would have kicked Amy’s ass. Amy rarely fought, but if she did, the girls that she fought were nothing compared to the skill that Leanne had.

I knew it was stupid of me to fight, but when my temper flared, there was no stopping me. I also had a feeling this probably wouldn’t be my last fight with blondie. She was hard-headed and stubborn. I knew she would end up taking things too far again.

If Leanne were smart, she would leave now while she still had some pride and dignity about her.

“Amy, no offense, sweetie, but you would have gotten your ass kicked, and I still would have had to step in. Just leave it be. What’s done is now done. I’m not promising to keep my cool when I’m around her, and I’m not saying I’m going to try, either. But I can promise that I won’t go starting trouble with her if she doesn’t start anything with me.” I looked at Luke who was studying me quietly. “Keep her away from me, and shit will stay down. The moment she opens up her mouth though, shit will hit the roof again, alright?”

“Tell that to Travis,” Luke muttered, nodding his head to the entrance of the living room.

I looked over my shoulder and saw Travis standing under the archway to the living room. A man in a suit was standing beside him holding a briefcase. Travis was seething. If fire could shoot out of his eyes, I’d be burnt to a fucking crisp.

I bit my lip. “Hi, Travis,” I said, smiling meekly, “back already?”

I wasn’t afraid of Travis by any means, but I didn’t want to jeopardize our relationship so early.

Fuck me, I was going soft.

“Just what in the fucking hell were you thinking?!” he roared.

I stood up from the couch as Travis stepped into the room. “Sit back down – *right now*,” he ground out through clenched teeth. He forced his jaw to relax as I dropped back down onto the couch. “Luke, give me that ice pack you’re holding.”

I watched Travis with wary eyes as he sat down beside me, taking the ice pack from Luke’s hand. He put it against my swollen jaw. “So, tell me just what in the fucking hell you were thinking when you decided to fucking fight Leanne. You’re pregnant, Katie. You should have just let it be, and I would have handled it for you.”

I rolled my eyes at him. Didn’t he understand that I didn’t want him or anyone else to take care of my business? I wasn’t that kind of girl. I always handled my problems without help from anyone, and I didn’t plan on stopping that now. Besides, if I allowed Travis to take care of my problems with Leanne, she would think that I was weak, and I couldn’t have that. I needed her to know that I was someone to fear, and I was definitely not one she wanted to fucking cross.

“Travis, I don’t want you or anyone else solving my problems. I can handle my own shit.”

He clenched his jaw and jumped up from the couch, running a hand through his hair in frustration. Oh, boy; he was royally pissed.

“Damn it, Katie!” he roared, glaring down at me. I barely kept myself from flinching. “This isn’t just about you

anymore! For fuck's sake, you're pregnant, and not just pregnant with anyone's child, but you're pregnant with *my* child!" His eyes were blazing with fury as he glared down at me.

"So, I'm supposed to just fucking let her walk all over me?!" I yelled at him, jumping up from the couch so I could glare up at him better. I felt intimidated sitting down on the couch with him standing above me and yelling down at me. I didn't like feeling as if he had the upper hand. "She fucking hit me first, Travis! It's not like I fucking took the first swing!"

"It doesn't matter whether or not you took the first swing!" he roared, stepping towards me so we were practically chest to chest. "Katie, you're pregnant! You can't just go around fighting people! What fucking part of that don't you understand?!"

I shoved past him, knocking my shoulder against his side as I stormed out of the room and up the stairs. I wasn't going to sit around and fucking listen to him talk to me like that. He better fucking get over himself and shut the hell up about the stupid ass fight because I was who I was, and I wasn't going to change the way I was and the way I handled things just because Travis had a fucking problem with it. I liked Travis a lot, but I would never like anyone enough to change me. That was just pure bullshit.

When I entered the bedroom, I got shoved against the wall. I didn't even have time to react before Travis's lips covered mine, swallowing my gasp of surprise. He pulled back and yanked my shirt over my head. Reaching behind me, he unclasped my bra, throwing it across the room. I clawed at his shirt, but I didn't have time to pull it over his head before he lifted me up into the air and pulled a nipple into his mouth, biting it. I moaned, wrapping my legs around him, clinging to him as he sucked my nipple so hard that it almost caused pain. He walked toward the bed and dropped me down on it, breathing heavily. "This isn't going to be sweet," he said harshly. "If it gets to be too much for you, then fucking let me know."

I'd never seen him this pissed off at me – or anyone else for that matter. Travis was channeling his anger into sex, and I didn't know if that would be a dangerous combination or not. I didn't mind waiting to find out, though. I wanted him to take me in the most extreme ways possible. My body was his, and there was no question about it.

Before I could reply, he was laying on top of me and kissing me roughly. Pure, hot anger drove our passion. He was looking for an escape from the rage he was feeling, and he was finding that in me. I knew this was going to be a rough ride, but I was all for it.

He roughly squeezed my breasts, and I dug my nails into his shoulders, considering my moan was swallowed by his lips. He yanked his shirt off and flipped me onto my stomach. Using his shirt, he tied my wrists together behind my back, flipping me back over. By that point, I was practically dripping for him. Travis always seemed to be able to make me wetter than the fucking ocean.

He unbuttoned my jeans and yanked them down my legs. He didn't even bother taking my underwear off; he just ripped them. He pressed his lips to my ankle and moved up, biting, nipping, licking, sucking. Sometimes, he bit so hard it caused pain, but I moaned because it caused so much pleasure.

God, who knew pain could feel so fucking good?

His nails dug into my sides as he bit my nipples over and over. I cried out, arching my back, writhing in sweet agony. I hated that I couldn't fucking touch him, but I had wanted this yesterday, so I was going to take it while he was too pissed to care about giving it to me. And not being able to touch him seemed to intensify the feelings he was eliciting in me.

“Is it too much for you?” he asked me, his breathing ragged as he leaned up on his knees to look down at me. I could tell he was beginning to calm down, and I wasn't sure if I was ready for him to be calm. I was enjoying this, probably a lot more than I should.

I wanted the storm brewing inside of him.

I shook my head. “I love it,” I whispered. “I want more.”

Jesus Christ, please give me more.

He took his belt off and flipped me over. My breaths became labored in anticipation of what was to come. I knew he was going to use the belt to spank me, and I couldn't fucking wait for it. I barely resisted wiggling my ass in his direction.

Suddenly, I felt the sting of the belt across my ass cheeks, and I moaned loudly. Holy shit, I was either really fucked up in the head, or I had a very high pain tolerance because it felt so fucking *good*.

“I'm going to spank you ten times, and every time I bring this belt across your ass, I'm going to give a reason that you deserved this punishment,” he growled in my ear, bending over so the front of his body was pressed to my back.

Oh, God; he was still angry and taking a risk to dominate me. I fucking loved it. I wanted more.

Fuck, Travis, give me more.

“Want me to count them?” I asked breathlessly.

“Yes,” he rumbled, standing up so he was no longer touching me.

I moaned. I knew I wasn't the type of girl to be controlled, but I loved it when he controlled me like this. It was so fucking hot, and it turned me on like no other. I knew no other man would be able to satisfy me like he could. Travis was going to be it for me, whether we worked out or not.

The belt came across my ass harder than the last time. “One,” I moaned. Fuck, it kind of stung, but I quickly found that line between pleasure and pain, grasping it. I could feel myself getting wetter.

“That was for cursing at me in front of everyone down there, especially in front of my lawyer who's supposed to think I have *everyone* under my control. Curse words coming out of your mouth are very hot and a huge fucking turn on.” I would

have to keep that in mind when I wanted rough sex. Cuss him out, and he would fuck me senseless.

The belt came across my ass again, and I moaned louder, my breath hitching in my throat all at once. He was hitting harder, but I forced myself to concentrate on that thin line. “Two.”

“That’s for getting in a fucking fight while you’re pregnant. I won’t have you jeopardizing our baby’s life.” He was breathing heavily, and although I knew he was still angry, I knew he was as turned on as I was.

He kept going until he reached ten. “Ten.” I cried out. Whether it was from pleasure or pain, I didn’t know. The pleasure had only intensified with every fucking hit, but the stinging of the belt got worse, too.

“That’s for being so fucking hot,” he muttered.

I heard him toss the belt somewhere across the room, and suddenly, his hands were rubbing my ass in soothing circles, slowly ebbing away the stinging sensation. I softly whimpered. This was perfect. I loved every fucking minute of it.

Why was he so afraid to do this with me yesterday? So far, he hadn’t shown me any reason that I couldn’t trust him. He was being perfect in every way. I knew I could trust him not to hurt me.

He flipped me back over and ran his eyes over my body. “You have no idea how hot you look when you’re tied up like this,” he said, breathing harshly. “For fuck’s sake, it’s so hard to control myself.” I turned my head to the other side, glancing up at him. His eyes were tormented, like he was fighting demons inside of himself. He fought it down though and opened his nightstand drawer, pulling out a vibrator. I licked my lips. “Roll back over,” he commanded, kissing me softly.

I rolled back over onto my stomach. He grabbed my knees and positioned me so that my ass was in the air, and my chest was still flat on the bed. I felt something cool and moist being

rubbed over my clit, and I moaned. Son of a bitch, this was fucking amazing.

He pushed a finger inside of me, and I tensed, not expecting the intrusion. No matter how many times we fucked, I was still tight. He rubbed my back with his other hand soothingly. “Relax, baby. I promise it’ll feel better. You just have to relax for me.”

I forced myself to do as he said, and he pumped his finger in and out. Immense pleasure coursed through me almost immediately, and I moaned, throwing my head back. He quickly removed his fingers and replaced them with the tip of the vibrator. I hissed a breath through my teeth, relaxing my body.

Once the vibrator was all of the way in, he turned it on, and I moaned loudly, arching my back in a way I hadn’t known was possible. He removed the vibrator after I came all over my thighs, his dick quickly replacing its spot in my pussy, and he began to fuck me hard. He used one hand to hold my hips in place, to keep them from moving forward with his thrusts, and his other hand ran over my body, pinching my clit, my nipples, rubbing soothing circles over my sore ass.

“You won’t come until I tell you to, do you understand?”

“Yes,” I gasped out. How the fuck did he think I was supposed to manage that? Who the fuck had the power to hold back their orgasms, especially with a sex god like Travis pumping into their cunt?

He began pushing harder and going faster, all the while still playing with the most sensitive parts of me. I felt myself getting ready to come, and I began breathing even harder. “I – I can’t—”

He stopped spanking me and touching me. I whined, but then, he reached around and roughly squeezed my breast. “Come,” he ordered.

I did, my body shuddering from the force of my climax. He slowly slid out of me, wrapping an arm around me to keep me from collapsing. He rolled us onto our sides and laid on the

bed beside me, pulling me up beside him and into his arms. We were both slicked in sweat, but I felt like that was the best damn sex he had ever given me.

“I haven’t let myself go like that in a couple of years,” he murmured a few minutes later after we both had our breathing under control and he had released my arms from their binds.

I could tell, and as I looked into his eyes, I could still see the torment lying within them. Doing this to me was taking its toll on him, but he had to overcome his fears, had to overcome his desire to hurt people, especially women.

“You didn’t lose control,” I said softly. “I’m glad you decided to do that with me. You did great.”

He pushed my sweaty hair back from my face and kissed the tip of my nose. I smiled softly at his small act of affection. Travis was definitely something else.

“That was just a preview of what happens when I lose control of my anger,” he confessed. “I was already pissed off when I came home from talking to my lawyer, and then, I found out that you had fought Leanne. I’m not pissed that it was her you fought. I’m glad someone took it upon themselves to beat her ass. However, I’m pissed that it was *you* that fought her because you’re pregnant, Katie, and I don’t want you to lose this baby.” He drew in a deep breath. “Leanne miscarried before she went on birth control, and it was severely painful, not only for me but her as well. I don’t know if I’ll be able to handle seeing you in that kind of pain. It hurts you not only physically, but emotionally, too. It’s hard to recover from the loss of your child.”

My heart stuttered in my chest when he mentioned Leanne had miscarried his baby. “Were ...” I drew in a deep breath, preparing myself for the answer to my question, “were you excited that she was pregnant with your baby?”

He shook his head no. “It may seem like I’m lying to you, but no, I wasn’t excited. I wasn’t mentally stable at the time. The pain I inflicted upon her was proof that I wasn’t stable enough to be a dad. I didn’t want to bring a child into the kind

of environment where I had absolutely no control over myself and my reactions to shit.”

I bit my lip. So, he had lost control over his anger today. Did that mean he was no longer excited about our baby? “You don’t feel like that about our child, do you?” I whispered, my hand instantly fluttering to my belly. I didn’t want him resenting our baby. He had been so excited about it.

He tightly held me to him. “I could never feel like that about our child, Katie. I love this baby even though we just found out about it. I’d do anything in the world for it.” He blew out a soft breath. “Besides, I may have lost control over my anger when you stormed out of the living room, but I was able to gain control back quickly when I looked into your eyes. All I could picture was you blaming me if I hurt you too badly and running away.” He swallowed, his Adam’s apple bobbing with the movement. “You mean everything to me, and I don’t want to lose you.”

“I would never leave you,” I confessed in a whisper. “You know that, right?”

He could hurt me, beat me, do the same thing he did to Leanne to me, and I would still be here by his side because Travis *needed* someone. Travis needed me by his side to help him and show him that he was capable of being okay and getting better.

Was it a fucked up decision? Probably. But I was just as fucked up as he was.

He sighed. “It’ll take me some time to trust those words, considering the one woman I had trusted completely ran out on me when I needed help the most.” He sighed, looking up at the ceiling as his eyes swarmed with a lingering sadness and remembrance of abandonment. I pressed my lips to his chest. “What’s fucked up is that I broke down and started crying during our last session when I had made her side bleed using a whip. I understand she was scared because things were always going so far, but I literally dropped to my knees and sobbed when I saw what I had done to her. I wanted help. I begged her

to help me, and she told me there was no hope for me, that I was too far gone, and she ran to the cops.”

I wrapped my arm around him and kissed his chest again. “I would never run out on you, Travis. Even if sex becomes what it was like between you two, I wouldn’t run out on you. I would get you the help that you needed because that’s what I’m supposed to do as your woman.”

He was silent for a little while. “You’re amazing, you know that?” Travis whispered, kissing my temple.

I smirked over at him, making him chuckle. “So, I’ve been told.”

He chuckled and flipped us over so that he was between my legs. He slowly pushed into me, teasing me. I knew he was teasing me because he was smirking down at my frustrated face. I wasn’t a girl for slow. I wanted it rough.

I wrapped my legs around him and yanked him down so he thrust into me completely. I threw my head back and moaned at the same time he groaned my name, his arms shaking beside my head. “For fuck’s sake, you are one impatient woman,” he growled, leaning down to bury his face in my neck. “You better hold on to the damn headboard.”

I did as he instructed, and he pounded into me relentlessly. My sweaty hands eventually slipped, and I wrapped them around his neck tightly, holding on to him for the rough ride we were both on. I had to ground myself to something because this man had me feeling as if I were flying to cloud nine.

He wrapped his arms around me and continued to pound into me. My moans, his grunts, and our heavy breathing filled the room. When I started to come around his cock, I screamed his name, digging my nails into his back. He shouted when he came inside of me.

Jesus, would fucking him always be this goddamn amazing?

We lay in bed together after, breathing heavily. I swear, Travis was going to end up being the death of me.



“HOW IN THE hell is it that every time we have sex, it seems to get better and better?” Travis eventually asked as we lay in bed together later that evening after showering.

I shrugged. “I don’t know, but I sure as hell don’t mind it,” I murmured, closing my eyes. “I’m really sleepy.”

He flipped us over so he was laying on his back, and my head was on his chest. He wrapped one arm around my back to hold me to him, and he placed his other hand on my hip. “Go to sleep, baby. I’ll be here when you wake up in the morning; I promise.”

I smiled at the thought of waking up beside him and closed my eyes. Travis made me feel safe and secure. I was in so deep with him already, and it had only just begun.

The last thing I heard before I fell asleep was, “you’re doing crazy things to my heart, baby girl.”

When I woke up, Travis was still beside me, staring up at the ceiling. There was a glass of water and a pill on the nightstand with saltine crackers. A small smile tugged at my lips. He knew I would need them first thing this morning. How did I get so lucky to get pregnant by a guy that cared so much?

I stretched, groaning as my muscles popped, and Travis looked over at me. “Good morning, beautiful,” he murmured. I watched as he sat up and grabbed the pill and water off of the nightstand, handing them to me. “Take it.”

I did as he said with no complaints, already beginning to feel my stomach churn. Once I had finished the glass of water, I laid back down, and Travis laid back down beside me, propped up on his elbow. He ran his hand over my hip. “Your ass is bruised where I spanked you yesterday,” he said softly, rubbing his hand over the curve of my ass.

I shrugged. “It doesn’t hurt, so I’m not worried about it.” He frowned. I shot him a pointed look. “So, you shouldn’t be either. Stop letting it get to you.”

He sighed and kissed me softly. I knew he didn’t want to let it go, but he stopped talking about it, knowing arguing with me on the subject would be practically useless. “Come on. Let’s go get a shower, and then we can go downstairs and have some breakfast. Luke texted me and said Grace is making a large breakfast for everyone.”

I groaned. “I bet that includes that bitch, Leanne, doesn’t it?”

I really didn’t want to be in the same room as her, much less eat with her. I was not a morning person at all, and I could be bitchier than normal if you fucked with me too early in the day. I knew shit was going to go down again if she decided to open her big mouth.

“Yes, it includes her, but hopefully, she won’t be here much longer. I’ve got my lawyer drawing up a restraining order against her. I’ve tried getting her to leave, and so has Luke, Ryan, and Grace, but she’s dead set on getting me back, meaning she wants to stay here. Without using physical force that could get me sent to jail, she’s not going anywhere until legal action has been taken.”

I slid out of bed. “Well, it’s not happening,” I muttered. “She’s not getting you back if I have anything to do with it.”

When we got in the shower, Travis wasted no time lifting me up against the wall and pushing into me slowly. I moaned and wrapped my arms around him. I would never get tired of shower sex with him. I loved the way the water ran over both of us and the way he could hold me up without bracing himself or me against the wall. Although he could fool you into thinking he wasn’t, Travis was strong, fit, and toned. It was such a turn on seeing him use sheer strength to hold me up sometimes.

He slid out of me slowly and then pushed back in at the same speed. “Travis, you’re killing me,” I whimpered. Fuck, he knew how much I hated being slowly fucked.

“We had rough sex yesterday, baby. Right now, I want to take my time with you. I want to watch you come apart for me, to watch the ecstasy slide across your face as you come around my cock. I want to watch you fall apart in my arms.”

I panted as he continued his torturous speed, yet still drawing me closer and closer to my orgasm. “Look at me,” he rumbled once he noticed I was beginning to fall apart at the seams.

I opened my eyes, looking into his, and he pushed into me, twisting his hips a certain way that made me convulse around him. “Travis!” I sobbed, throwing my head back.

He found his release soon after I did, and he grunted my name into my neck. He set me down on my feet and kept an arm wrapped around me while I tried to regain my sense of being. God, I didn’t know which felt better. Slow and gentle sex or rough and fast sex. Both were equally amazing with him. Travis knew his way around my body, and he knew everything to do and say at all of the right moments to make being with him even more intense.

He washed my hair and my body, and in return, I did the same to him. It was a quiet intimacy that spoke volumes about our growing relationship. Being with Travis and not wanting to lose him scared me more than I wanted to admit, but I wasn’t willing to let him go to save myself the heartache. He was everything I had ever wanted and more. And Leanne being here seriously worried me because of their past together and because she was the first woman Travis had ever loved. I didn’t want to lose him to her. It would devastate me.

When we got out of the shower, I got dressed in jeans and a tank top and just ran a brush through my hair, not really wanting to take the time to blow dry it. It would have looked like crap if I blow-dried it anyway because I needed my hair trimmed. The ends of my hair were beginning to look like hay strands.

“Baby, I forgot, but you have a doctor’s appointment with an OB at one this afternoon,” Travis informed me as he came back into the bathroom.

I nodded. I was glad he had made me an appointment. With all of the crap happening in my life currently, I had forgotten to make an appointment myself. Besides, I didn’t know any good doctors around here anyway, and he most likely did.

“It’s not like I have plans anyway.” I turned to look at him. “Do you mind if we go to a hairdresser after my appointment? I need to get my hair trimmed.”

He stepped forward, leaning down to kiss me. “Yeah, babe. We can do whatever you want while we’re out,” he said, smiling.

I returned his smile, and together, we walked downstairs. When we got to the dining room, everyone was already sitting down, waiting on us. Of course, Leanne was there. I sighed and sat down. I had a feeling that breakfast wasn’t going to be peaceful this morning.

Grace set our plates in front of us and took a seat on the other side of Travis. Leanne moved so she was sitting in front of me, and I tightly clenched the fork that I had just picked up. I didn’t even feel hungry anymore with her in the same room, and normally, I would eat a whole cow and still manage to fit another one. The only thing I wanted to do at that moment was shove the fork in my hand down her slender, little throat.

“So, Katie, how did you come to know Travis?” she asked me. “I didn’t think Travis would have been the type to go around picking up random biker whores.”

I clenched my fist on top of the table and glared at her. However, I didn’t say anything. If I opened my mouth, the situation was only going to get worse, and I really only wanted to try to eat my breakfast and get the fuck out of the room, away from her.

“Leanne, fuck off,” Travis said through clenched teeth.

She pouted. If there was one thing I hated, it was a pouty bitch. I saw enough of them with the Bloody Royals. Most of them ended up missing a couple of teeth, courtesy of me. Whiny bitches just weren’t very classy and were irritating as hell.

“Travis, honey,” I wanted to slap her for daring to use such a familiar term, but I restrained myself, “I know how much you hate anyone associated with bikers, and you used to really hate the Bloody Royals. What happened? Are you really going to pick some biker whore? After all, we all know that the Bloody Royals aren’t capable of loyalty. They get what they want, and they leave.” She smirked at me. “Trust me, honey,

no one in the world is sad that your father was killed. He deserved to fucking die.”

That’s when shit hit the roof, almost literally.

I grabbed my plate of food and threw it at her face. I smirked when she screamed, and I watched the food slide down her face, down her chest, and land in her lap. “Trust me, *honey*,” I spat, “no one wants you here. No one’s going to miss you when you finally take your slutty ass back to wherever the hell you came from, either.”

“I know everything about you, Katie Holland!” she screamed at me, fury lighting up her features. “I will fucking *ruin* you!”

She ran out of the room, and I jumped up. Travis grabbed my arm, stopping me from going after her. “No; don’t you fucking dare go after her,” he growled at me.

I yanked my arm away from him, glaring up into his eyes. “If she’s got dirt on me, I need to find out what the fuck it is. Some things in my life are better left buried,” I reminded him. He knew that as well as I did, considering he was the only person that knew about Zachary Taylor.

I stormed out of the room and found her walking out to the garage. Before I could ask her what in the hell she was doing, she picked up a tire iron and slammed it through the windshield of my car. Anger blazed up and rushed through my veins, making my blood boil.

I was going to kill this bitch.

“Are you fucking crazy?!” I yelled, snatching the tire iron away from her and punching her in the face. “That’s my fucking car, you bitch!”

She sneered at me and clenched her fists. “You better fucking tell Travis about your precious Bloody Royals before I do, Katie Holland. He won’t stay with you when he finds out what they have planned for him.”

Planned for him? What in the hell is she talking about? The Bloody Royals weren’t planning anything for Travis. Hell, I hadn’t even heard about the man until he was standing in

front of me, and I was tied to a goddamn chair in his basement!

I grabbed her arm before she could storm away. “Leanne, I may hate your guts and want to beat the hell out of you, but let’s put that aside for the moment,” I told her. She stopped, turning to face me, and I dropped her arm. “What in the hell are you talking about? I don’t know anything about the Bloody Royals planning something for Travis. I got kicked out of the club.”

Her eyes widened. Obviously, she didn’t know that I was no longer a part of the Bloody Royals. She had ties though – somehow – and I was about to find out what in the hell was planned for Travis and just who in the hell was being a traitor. My dad always told me everything he had planned for the club, and it *never* involved Travis. That meant someone was taking things under their control. It didn’t make sense that as soon as my dad was dead and no longer there to make the decisions for the club, shit like this was happening.

That only meant one thing.

My dad’s death wasn’t an accident, especially since he was the most careful driver I’d ever known. This just added to my suspicions about foul play.

“You really have no idea?” she asked me incredulously.

I shook my head. “When my dad died, I wasn’t allowed at his cremation, and his ashes were given to the VP. Leanne, you have to tell me what you know.”

She sighed and ran a hand through her blonde hair. “They want to kill him.” I clenched my jaw. “That’s why I’m back. I found out that you were here with him, and I had to get him away from you, although that’s turned out to be really fucking complicated, considering you’re an even bigger bitch than what I was led to believe.”

I wanted to smirk at her last comment, but I forced myself to keep the smile back. “Who told you this?” I asked.

“George Volcom told me about it. Apparently, he and Travis used to be really good friends before shit went down

between him and his dad, and he left the club and went to jail. George was worried about him.”

I cursed and leaned against my car, rubbing my temples. That meant the Bloody Royals and the other club Travis used to be in had done more than just formed an alliance. They had joined the two clubs together. I definitely knew now that my dad’s death wasn’t an accident. It was planned. Nicholas had to have had something up his sleeve. He was too eager to ship me off and get rid of me, and Amy, too. What in the hell was becoming of the Bloody Royals?

I thought Nicholas had loved my dad like a father. This was the last thing I had expected of him, but I couldn’t help the fact that it also made sense.

“Just so you know, I don’t want to take Travis away from you anymore,” Leanne told me softly, making me look back up at her. “You obviously really care about him, and he needs you more than he’ll ever admit. He looks at you in a way only a man can look at the woman he loves.”

I snorted. “Travis doesn’t love me. He cares about me, yeah, but he doesn’t love me.”

What he had said last night before I had fallen asleep popped into my brain. Could he love me and not know it yet? He had said I was doing crazy things to his heart, but what in the hell was that supposed to mean?

I sighed. “I still don’t like you, though, just so we’re clear,” I told her. She had come in here and wreaked havoc for no damn reason. She should have asked questions first instead of assuming shit. “I need you to keep me informed of what you find out, though. I might just be able to fix this problem, but it’s going to take time and cooperation. Find out everything you can for me.”

With that, I turned on my heel and walked inside. I found Travis in the dining room, finishing his food. He looked me over. “You didn’t fight her, did you?”

“Punched her in the face, but only because she busted my fucking windshield with a tire iron.” I pointed my finger at

him. “You better make sure she replaces it,” I demanded.

He clenched his jaw but didn’t say anything else. Smart man, he was. I was really fucking aggravated about the shit I had just found out. The people I had called family for years were just a bunch of fucking traitorous bitches.

“You look like you have something on your mind,” he finally said, still looking at me. “Do you want to talk about it?”

I really didn’t want to send him on a rampage, but he needed to know. This was about him, after all. His dad was mixed up in all of this also, so it was only fair. Besides, he couldn’t protect himself if he didn’t know to watch his back wherever he went.

“Yeah. I’ll be upstairs.” I walked out of the dining room and saw Leanne coming into the house. “You’re paying to have my windshield fixed,” I snapped at her.

I turned back towards my destination, not bothering to hear what she had to say.

Fuck, this shit had my head running in circles.

I walked up the stairs and into Travis’s bedroom. Travis came in behind me and closed the door behind us. “Start talking,” he ordered.

I bit my lip. “Well, I guess I could start by saying that I don’t think my dad’s death was an accident, but I would just be beating around the bush. So, I’ll go ahead and tell you, and let you get your anger out.” I thought for a moment and realized I didn’t even know the name of the club he used to be in. “What’s the name of your dad’s club?”

“Black Skulls. Now, tell me what the fuck is going on,” he ground out, his jaw already beginning to tick. I think he had a feeling about where I was going with this talk.

“The Bloody Royals and the Black Skulls have formed an alliance,” I informed him. Travis clenched his jaw. “From what Leanne was telling me, their newest mission is to have you killed.”

He clenched his fist. “I knew there was a fucking reason they were pawning you and Amy off on me,” he growled. “It’s so fucking simple. I could have figured this shit out a long time ago if I wasn’t so damn caught up in other things.”

“What do you mean?” I asked him, arching my eyebrow. I better not be considered ‘other things’.

“You said your dad’s death wasn’t accidental, and you’re probably right. As much as I hate your dad, he wouldn’t have me killed for no fucking reason, and his hatred of me isn’t a good enough reason for him to order that kind of hit.” I nodded in agreement. My dad wasn’t hot-headed. I got that trait all from my mother. “Your dad is too smart to act on something as small as that. However, Nicholas thinks it is. We’ve always had problems between us and could never get along when your dad and mine met up to discuss shit. They got your dad out of the picture, so the VP would automatically get the President’s spot, well, except in the Bloody Royals.”

The Bloody Royals were an exception to the VP gets the President’s spot rule. The child of the president had always gotten it. I frowned as I began to follow his train of thought. Get me out of the picture, and Nicholas had the throne of the Bloody Royals all to himself.

Travis continued on with his explanation. “Therefore, they threatened the lawyer so he would change your dad’s will, and they forged his signature to it. Simple as that, his only child is out of the way, and Nicholas gets the President patch.” Travis began to pace. “My dad and I have never gotten along. When he found out I was out of jail, it was obvious he wanted me dead for never coming back. To him, that’s betrayal, though he betrayed me first.” I snorted because Travis certainly had that fucking right. “Therefore, they led all of us to believe they were only forming an alliance, when in reality, they’re joining the clubs.”

I frowned in confusion again and bit my lip. There was a problem with their plan. I was a loyal member of the Bloody Royals, and I would never let what the Hollands have worked so hard to build go down the drain.

“But I’m alive,” I told him, looking up at him. I wasn’t grasping this part. “It doesn’t make sense that they keep me alive. Nicholas has to know that the second I found out about this, I would go back and shit would hit the roof.”

Travis ran a hand through his hair in frustration. “Which is why they sent you with me. They kill me, then they kill you. It’s as simple as that. I’ve got access to things they want but have never been able to get. It’s one reason your dad hated me.”

There was still Amy, though. Where did she fit into this picture? Why would Nicholas send Amy with us?

“What about Amy?” I asked him.

Travis sighed. “Babe, use that pretty little head God gave you.” I scowled at him. “You and Amy are like sisters. You two would do anything in the world for each other. Nicholas knows that Amy would back you up with any choice you made, therefore, she’s a problem for him, too.”

That was really fucked up considering she was his blood, his only daughter. I had always known Nicholas was fucked up in the head, but this was something else entirely to me, especially since he tried his best to remain a part of her life growing up.

Was power really more important than family?

I sighed and laid back on the bed. “This is a fucking mess,” I muttered. “What in the hell are we going to do?”

Travis smirked – the most devilish smirk I had ever seen on his face. “If there’s one thing me and you are good at, baby, it’s handling shit. That’s exactly what we’re going to do. None of those bastards are going to get what they want.”

Travis was busy trying to get whatever information he could on the Bloody Royals' plan to kill all of us, which left me to sit in the living room, scrolling through the channel guide on the TV. It was just me, Leanne – who still hadn't left – Amy, and Grace at the house. Amy and Grace were in the kitchen cooking, and I had been alone until just a moment ago when Leanne decided to welcome herself into my presence, which was really beginning to irk my nerves. I had nothing to say to her, but I could practically hear the gears turning in her head as she contemplated what to say to me.

“You know, I never meant to hurt Travis.” Leanne finally spoke up.

I glanced over at her and then back at the TV. I really didn't want to hear what she had to say. What she had done was now done, and there was nothing she could do to change it. Travis was a mentally unstable person – I knew that – and she should have tried to help him instead of running away.

But maybe I was also just a different kind of woman.

It didn't matter, though. I didn't care to hear her sob story.

“Travis and I had a sadist-masochist relationship in the bedroom. It was his way of releasing all of the pent-up anger inside of him. At least, that's what I thought it was. He was always a really sweet and kind boyfriend outside of the bedroom, but inside of it, he was like a monster that was just ready to be unleashed. If it weren't for his face, I honestly

wouldn't have thought it was Travis I was having sex with," she admitted softly.

As much as I hated it, I was actually sort of interested in what she had to say. I had heard Travis's side, but I had never heard hers. I turned towards her and crossed my legs, showing her that she had my interest. She sighed and ran a hand through her blonde hair.

"Our relationship eventually became scary, even outside of the bedroom. Our dominant and submissive relationship was shown to everyone, and I hated it so much. He publicly humiliated me, and he would randomly hurt me as if we were in private. Eventually, the only time he wanted anything to do with me was when he wanted sex. So, I gave myself to him the only time he was willing to take me. I thought it was my only option if I wanted to be with him."

"That doesn't explain why you ran off like you did," I told her. That was the only part of this story of hers I wanted to hear. I still blamed her for what she did, blamed her for not helping him. Travis had issues, and he wasn't capable of overcoming them himself.

"I'm getting there," she told me. "Be patient. Anyway, yes; we had established a safe word, but I loved Travis so much that I was willing to put my life and feelings on the line to be with him as his sex partner, seeing as he didn't want me as anything else. Therefore, I never used the safe word. I know it was dangerous. Instead of running off when he cried and begged me for help, I should have given it to him when he asked. Though, after the damage he had done to my body, I realized that I wasn't the person that could help him. At least, I didn't think I was. So, I didn't try to. I figured he would be better off without me."

I rolled my eyes. This is why she was stupid. No matter what way I looked at it, she was to blame for running off. Travis had finally broken down and cried, begging her, and she did the heartless thing of running off. Not only that, but she ran to the cops.

What a bitch.

She could have at least kept her fucking mouth shut since she was the dumbass that hadn't used her safe word. It was her own damn fault that she was hurt in the first place. She had refused to use the safe word.

"So, why in the hell did you go to the cops?" I asked her.

She sighed. "I was forced to." I wanted to snort out loud at that statement. "I ran back to my parents, and I was so upset that I eventually broke down and told my mom everything about my and Travis's relationship, and because I was so stupid, I allowed her to get me a lawyer to try to get him locked up. Our plan backfired though, obviously."

"Yeah, no shit. There was a contract," I spat. She really was stupid. "You know you're not doing him any good by being back here, right? You're only hurting him more. I understand your reason for coming back, but you can leave and get a hotel room or something. Travis doesn't need to be around you. This isn't healthy for him."

She sighed. "Katie, I know you hate me, but I'm trying to do what's best for him."

I snorted and picked up the remote in my hand again, signaling the end of our short conversation. "You should have thought about that before you ran out the door on him."



TRAVIS CAME HOME about eleven o'clock that morning. I was busy trying to calm myself down. I didn't know whether to scream or cry. Should I break something?

How the fuck was I supposed to feel?

Leanne had just informed me that my dad's body had never gotten cremated or buried. How in the hell had Nicholas managed to fucking pull that off? I mean, his death was on the damn news, for crying out loud! How did Nicholas get his hands on dad's body?

Travis came into the bedroom and kissed me softly. But before he could pull away, I wrapped my arms around his neck

and deepened the kiss. I needed a distraction from what I had just found out, and at that moment, Travis was the perfect distraction for me.

He was a little surprised at first, but he wasted no time in tightly wrapping his arms around me and crushing me to him. He bit my bottom lip, drawing a moan from the back of my throat, and slid his tongue into my mouth. We battled for dominance, and once he realized that I wasn't giving up control, he let me take what I wanted. I pulled away from him and yanked his shirt over his head, running my fingers over his hard, sculpted chest. God, he was every woman's dream come true, and he was *mine*.

I slid my hands down his toned torso and undid his belt buckle, sliding his jeans and boxers down to the floor. He kicked his boots and socks off and watched me with hungry eyes as I stripped out of my clothes. He reached to pull me to him, but I pushed him back onto the bed and got on top of him, sliding down on his cock. He groaned, digging his fingers into my hips as he let his head fall back on the mattress. I quickly began moving up and down – riding him – and he thrust up into me every time I lowered down on him.

His hands slid up and cupped my breasts. I whimpered his name as he squeezed them and pinched my nipples. I arched my back, pushing my chest further into his palms. When I came, I cried out, and he grunted, yanking me down to him so our chests were pressed together. He wrapped his arms around me and kissed the top of my head.

“Now that you've released all of that pent-up anger, do you mind telling me what had you all pissed off?” he asked after a few minutes of just lying there, wrapped up in each other's arms.

I drew in a deep breath, hating saying this out loud. It just confirmed everything we already knew. “Leanne told me my dad's body never got cremated or buried,” I whispered.

Travis sat up, which resulted in me sitting up with him. I wrapped my legs around his waist as I sat, straddling his lap, and he brushed my hair back from my face. His dark eyes bore

into mine. “We’ll get his body, baby, and we’ll do what he originally wanted done with it, okay?”

I nodded. He kissed me softly and then stood up and carried me to the bathroom. “We need to get a shower because you have a doctor’s appointment today.”



I SAT in the waiting room of the OB office with Travis, waiting to get called back into a room. We were getting some rude stares, and it was really starting to bother me and piss me off. I hated it when people stared. Couldn’t they just all mind their own fucking business?

I leaned over, my lips close to Travis’s ear. “Travis, why are people staring at us?” I whispered.

He turned his head to look at me, his face so close that his lips brushed mine as he spoke. “I’m well known around here. Nobody has ever expected me to be serious enough with a woman to take her out in public with me, much less be at an OB office with her,” he quietly responded.

I clenched my jaw. “Well, they need to stop staring. It’s pissing me off,” I hissed.

He chuckled and kissed my forehead, letting his lips linger for a moment before he pulled back, grabbing my hand in his. When my name was finally called, they took my vitals and then took us to an ultrasound room. Travis held my hand as I laid back on the small cot. “First-time parents?” the ultrasound technician asked us.

“Yes,” I said, smiling, my excited eyes meeting Travis’s. I knew he was as impatient as I was about finally seeing our little munchkin.

“You must be very excited,” she said, smiling as well.

“Very much so,” Travis replied, pulling my hand up to his lips to kiss my knuckles.

I beamed over at him. Ever since he'd confessed he hadn't been happy about Leanne being pregnant, I'd been a little nervous that he would change his mind about how he felt about ours.

When she put the wand to my belly, I jumped in surprise. She softly laughed and began pointing things out on the screen. "It's still very small considering you're not very far along. If you look right here," she said, circling a small ball on the screen, "this is your baby."

Travis squeezed my hand, grinning down at me. I hadn't ever seen him this happy, and I couldn't even begin to imagine the happiness he would feel when he held our baby for the first time.

The image that flashed through my mind made my heart squeeze in my chest.

The ultrasound technician wiped the gel off of my stomach. When we saw the doctor, she informed us of everything we needed to know.

"Alright, your baby is very healthy right now, and everything looks fine – just perfect, actually. You need to take prenatal vitamins every day. Your paperwork from the hospital says that you were prescribed a daily medication for your morning sickness, am I correct?"

"Yes," I answered, already feeling kind of overwhelmed by all of the information she was beginning to throw at me.

"Keep taking that. We'll try winging you off of it near the end of this trimester because by then, your morning sickness should be gone." Well, that was good news. "The old wives' tale of eating for two is not true, and you shouldn't do it." Travis snorted. I cut him a dark look. "Eat like you normally would. I promise the baby will get the nutrients it needs even if you don't eat more than normal."

"She eats for two with or without being pregnant," Travis told the doctor, making her laugh. I elbowed him in the ribs.

"Stay away from caffeinated products, alcohol, and drugs. Tylenol is safe to take if you have a migraine or if you're

having any kind of pain. If you begin bleeding, go straight to the hospital; don't hold off thinking it will go away. Any questions?"

I shook my head. She smiled. "Good. I'll see you back in a month. If you have any concerns, call the office, and I'll answer any questions that you have, okay?"

"We will," Travis assured her, smiling down at me. He was really excited about this baby.

When we got home, Luke met us in the garage. "I know you guys are probably all excited and shit because you just saw your baby, but I'm going to have to kill your buzz."

My stomach tied itself in knots. I didn't like the sound of this. "What's going on?" Travis asked as he swung his leg over the bike.

"Ryan found a Bloody Royal in town. We've got him downstairs in the basement. The only thing he says is that he wants to talk to Katie."

Travis clenched his jaw, that muscle in his jaw ticking again, and he grabbed my hand. "Then we'll let him talk to Katie. We need him to talk. Bloody Royals don't just show up fifteen hours away from home. There's a reason he's here, and we're going to find that out."

When we got down to the basement, Travis turned the light on. My eyes widened when I saw who it was. "Dad?" I whispered. "I – you – you're supposed to be *dead*."

I couldn't fucking believe my eyes. They said that he was pronounced dead on the scene. How in the hell was he right in front of me, living and breathing, as if nothing had happened to him? You could tell he had been badly hurt during the accident, but this still didn't make any fucking sense to me. How in the world was this possible?!

"Nicholas ran me off of the fucking road," he muttered. I felt like my head was spinning. "He tried to fucking kill me. So, when the EMTs showed up, I told them to pronounce me dead and let me go. I got the hell out of there. It took me forever to find out where you were hiding."

I threw my arms up in the air, not understanding any of these. Nicholas and my dad had always been close. Nicholas was like his own son!

“Why would he run you off the road and try to kill you?” I asked him incredulously.

“He and Henry Louis wanted us to join the clubs together.” I looked over my shoulder at Travis when my dad mentioned his father. Travis’s jaw was clenched even harder, if that were possible. “I refused to. When you join two clubs, it causes chaos, and people end up dying because of disagreements. There are too many men wanting control, and you lose control of everything.” I knew that. My dad never did patch overs or created other charters because of it. “Nicholas wanted us to join together because Henry knew that Travis had access to guns and other weapons, and Travis had ways to export them that none of us did. Their big dream is to kill Travis and everyone that stands behind him and gain access to all that Travis has. It’s pretty much all about them wanting to gain more power, which the Bloody Royals and the Black Skulls honestly don’t need.”

He took a deep breath, continuing on. “Because I absolutely refused to do what he wanted, shit in the club got bad, but I did my best to keep you out of it. When you disappeared, it got even worse. Nicholas saw your disappearance as a chance to off me. So, now that I’m out of the picture, they have to get rid of you and Amy because you two are also considered a problem for them. You’ve always been loyal to me and my wishes, and Amy has always had your back through everything, even through shit you two shouldn’t have been involved in. He didn’t need that around if he was going to execute his plan.”

“Couldn’t you go back though and try to solve all of this?” Travis asked him, finally speaking up. “Every member of the Bloody Royals has always been dedicated and loyal to you.”

My dad sighed, shaking his head. “I don’t want my people killed, and I know that Nicholas has threatened to murder everyone that turns into a traitor.”

I removed Travis's pocket knife from his belt and walked over to my dad to cut the ropes off of him. When he was loose, I threw my arms around him and started crying. I couldn't help myself.

He was *alive*.

It really did some emotional damage to a girl to think their dad was dead. On top of that, I hadn't had any clue as to what happened to his body. It was even more overwhelming when he was suddenly sitting right in front of me as if nothing ever happened after believing for so long that he was dead.

My dad tightly wrapped his arms around me, kissing the top of my head. "Don't cry, Angel. You're way too pretty to cry."

"I missed you," I sobbed. "It was so hard. I thought you were dead, and I was never going to see you again. I didn't even get to say goodbye."

He tilted my face up and wiped my tears away, chuckling as he did so as if any of this was funny. "Katie, you need to have more faith in your old man. You know it's going to take a lot more than getting run off the road to kill me."

I wiped my eyes and stood up from his lap, allowing him to stand up as well. Travis wrapped an arm around my waist and kissed my forehead. "So, besides trying to find Katie, what other reason do you have for being in town?" Travis asked my dad.

"I need help," Travis grunted. "I'm going to take the Bloody Royals back and fix things, but I'm going to need as many connections as I can get to help me achieve that."

Travis nodded at him. "You've got my help." My mouth dropped open in shock because I knew how much he hated my dad and the Bloody Royals. "I feel that the best way to take everything back, separate the two clubs, and keep them from killing me, Katie, or Amy is to get rid of my dad. I'll be more than glad to do so."

I knew he would. He hated his dad. His dad had betrayed him, sent him to jail, and moved on from his life, never

checking on him like a father should. Travis wasn't the type of person to take betrayal well, and I knew that killing his father would give him that closure that I nor anyone else could give him.

My dad sighed. "Travis, you left the club life because you hated it. You know the Black Skulls' code. If the president gets shot, the murderer gets the president patch. Power gets power."

Travis nodded, shrugging his shoulders. "The Black Skulls have always been fucked up. It's time for someone new to take the president's place. I guess it's a good thing that I have biker blood running through my veins."

I gaped up at Travis. He really wanted to do this? First, he was giving my dad help – without threatening him, might I add. Now, he was saying he was willing to kill his own dad and take over the Black Skulls? *Holy fuck.*

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked Travis, clutching his hand in my own.

He looked down at me and nodded once. "I'll be involved with the biker life either way because I'm with you, and you're the daughter of the president of the Bloody Royals. I may as well jump in with both feet."

I couldn't help it. I smiled up at him. He leaned down and softly kissed me, not giving a single fuck that my dad was in the room.

Travis always seemed to manage to do something to blow my mind away.

My dad had been here a week. As much as I was glad that my dad was back alive and healthy, my patience with this entire situation was quickly wearing thin. Travis and I hardly got any time together anymore. All they wanted to do was fucking plan, plan, plan. I was getting damn sick of it. I didn't like to consider myself a clingy girlfriend, but over the past week, I'd probably seen Travis all of five minutes, and we *lived* together.

Today, I decided I'd had enough of not having any time with Travis. I was going to do something about it. I was seriously pissed off about this. I mean, I understand that we all want to solve this problem as quickly as possible, but for fuck's sake, how much can you *really* plan?

I stormed into Travis's office where my dad, Luke, Ryan, and Travis were sitting. I put my hands on my hips. "Travis, can we talk?" I asked through gritted teeth.

He sighed, looking up at me and then right back down at the papers on his desk. "Can it wait until tonight?"

Did he really just fucking ask me if our conversation could wait until tonight all because of some fucking planning that was getting them *nowhere*? Oh, hell no.

I stormed over to him and grabbed him by his hair, dragging him out of the room. If he wasn't going to come willingly, then I would fucking make him come by force. I had reached my fucking limit of the bullshit that I could take.

“Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Travis hollered as I dragged him to our room. “For fuck’s sake, Katie, I’ll fucking follow you! Just let me the fuck go!”

I let him go and continued storming off to our bedroom. When we got in there, I slammed the bedroom door closed, locking it behind us. Now, if he tried to walk out of the room, I’d have a little bit of time to try to keep him from leaving before he could walk out.

I glared at him as he sat on the bed. “Can you please hurry up?” he asked. “I have important shit to do.”

Oh, so I wasn’t important anymore? *Fuck him.*

I clenched my fists. “So, I’m not important anymore? My fucking feelings aren’t important?” I snapped at him.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Katie, I didn’t mean it like that, and you know it. Don’t start putting words in my mouth.”

I was fucking putting words in his mouth? What in the hell else was I supposed to think when he spouted some bullshit like that? He never fucking spent time with anymore! He didn’t come into the room until late at night, and I didn’t see him when I woke up in the mornings. They ate all of their fucking meals in the damn office instead of coming to eat with the rest of us. I bet if I were to go fucking fight Leanne right now, he *still* wouldn’t stop planning long enough to bitch at me about it!

“I’m putting words in your mouth?!” I screamed, finally losing my hold on my temper. I’d been boiling for days, and I was finally getting to release all of that pent-up anger. “I am your *girlfriend*, Travis! Let’s not forget that I’m fucking pregnant with *your* baby! I’m so damn emotional right now that it’s not even fucking funny! All you’ve been doing since my dad got here is fucking planning, planning, and more fucking planning! I just want you to spend some fucking time with me!”

“Well, how in the hell am I supposed to read your fucking mind?!” he hollered back. I clenched my jaw so I wouldn’t

cry. “Damn it, Katie, I don’t know what you fucking want unless you tell me!”

I had to tell him that I wanted to spend time with him? So, did that mean he didn’t want to spend time with me? Was this really what our relationship was going to be like now that he had gotten involved with bikers again? If so, I didn’t want shit to do with it. I wouldn’t be with a man that didn’t want me.

“I shouldn’t have to fucking tell you that I want to spend time with you! You should want to spend time with me! Damn it, right now, I’d be happy with fucking five minutes of your day!”

Instead, I was now getting five minutes per week.

He threw his hands up in the air. “Damn it, I don’t have time for this.”

He walked to the door, and I screamed in frustration, slinging everything off of his nightstand. I threw his nightstand to the floor and felt his arms come around me to lift me from the floor. I broke down and started crying. I didn’t know what else to do. I felt like he didn’t want to be with me anymore; I didn’t even feel cared for. It seemed like this stupid biker life was already changing him, and I didn’t like it one bit.

He sat on the floor and held me tightly. “Fuck, baby, I’m so sorry,” he whispered into my hair. “Please stop crying. I hate seeing you cry.”

I clutched his shirt in my hands. I felt so heartbroken. I didn’t want to lose him, and I felt like he was slipping through my fingers. “Why is our relationship becoming like this?” I sobbed. “I feel like I’m losing you.”

He tenderly pressed his lips to the top of my head. “You’re not going to lose me, baby; I promise. I’ll make more time for you. I shouldn’t have buried myself in planning like I did. Hell, we don’t even have enough information for us to plan everything all the way. They shut Gregory up. He’s dead,” he stated bluntly.

“Can we just spend time together today?” I asked softly.
“Just the two of us?”

“Of course, we can, baby. We can do whatever you want, okay?” He leaned down and kissed me softly, washing my worries away.



WE WERE LYING IN BED, naked. We hadn't done anything; well, I hadn't. Travis couldn't seem to keep his hands off of me, even if he was just rubbing my ass, which was soothing as fuck.

“You know, we can always have sex,” I murmured, looking up at him. “I sure as hell wouldn't complain.”

He kissed me, sliding a hand down my body until he could push a finger inside of me. I moaned, spreading my legs farther apart for him. He slid his finger in and out of me slowly, making me frustrated. “Travis, please,” I whispered. “You know I hate it when you take things slow.”

He groaned. “You always drive me over the edge when you beg me,” he growled in my ear. “Do you want me to tie you up?”

I snapped my eyes open, and a slow smile spread across my face. I couldn't believe he was actually asking me this. “You're willing to do that with me again?”

He kissed me, biting my bottom lip gently. “Of course, I am, baby. I think last time we tried showed that I'm able to remain in control.”

He reached over me to his nightstand drawer and grabbed a rope. He tied both of my wrists to the headboard of the bed and smirked down at me, making me squirm beneath him. “You have no fucking idea how fucking hot you look right now,” he groaned.

He trailed his eyes over my body slowly, and when he let his eyes reach my core, I spread my legs farther apart for him, making his breath hitch in his throat. He groaned and put his

face between my legs, licking me slowly without going inside of me. I moaned, my toes curling against the sheets. He ran his hands over my thighs, squeezing roughly in all of the right places. He slid his tongue inside of me, and I hooked my legs over his shoulders, gasping for air at the rush of ecstasy running through my body. He eventually pinched my clit roughly, making me cry out and come in his mouth.

He groaned and slid up my body, licking and kissing the entire way, biting some areas that he knew would drive me crazy. He hooked my legs over his shoulders and slammed into me roughly, making me throw my head back and cry out. He groaned and kept slamming into me, pinching my nipples roughly, occasionally roughly squeezing my breasts. I pulled on the ropes, wanting so badly to touch him. "Be careful how hard you pull," he groaned out, his eyes meeting mine.

Even in the heat of the moment, he still made sure I didn't hurt myself.

He leaned forward and bit my neck, making me arch my back and come. "Travis!" I cried out.

"Fuck, Katie," he growled.

He lay on top of me for a while. After he caught his breath, he leaned up and untied my wrists, examining them. He kissed both of them where they were red and becoming raw from me pulling on them so roughly. "You have to be careful," he gently reprimanded. "I don't want you to damage your skin."

I smiled at him. "I'll be fine, baby."

He flipped me over onto my belly, and I got on my hands and knees without him having to tell me to. He rubbed his hands over my ass, and without any warning, he smacked it. I moaned at the sensation. Suddenly, he was there, pushing into me with a sudden, hard force, all while rubbing his fingertips over my clit. Holy fuck, I was going to explode if he didn't stop the torture.

I forced myself to relax, trying so hard not to come all over his cock so early. He pulled back and slammed into me again, his other hand coming down on my ass hard. I couldn't keep

the moans from leaving my mouth. He was a fucking god, and I was putty at his touch. He always gave me such intense pleasure that there was no way in hell I'd ever be able to deny him.

My moans were becoming increasingly louder, and when I came, I couldn't help but scream his name. He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me down so I was lying beside him on my side with my head on his chest. Both of us were breathing heavily, desperately trying to catch our breaths. "God, I missed having sex with you," he groaned.

"Why don't you ever do more than spank me?" I asked him, turning over to face him.

He sighed. "Because there's no contract. If anything were to happen, and you run off of on me like Leanne did, I need something that could keep my ass out of jail. I refuse to spend any more time in there than I already have."

I told him that I would never leave him, no matter what, but I could understand where he would have trouble believing that. He had loved Leanne and had trusted her with his entire being, but she had not only run off on him, but she had gone to the cops, too.

"Then, why don't you get a contract drawn up?"

He tucked my hair behind my ear, kissing the tip of my nose. "Baby, if you haven't noticed, I haven't even made time for you lately, so how am I going to make time to talk to my lawyer to draw up a contract? It has to be very detailed and thorough. It would take time that I don't have at the moment. I'm trying to save all of our asses from untimely death."

I sighed, knowing that he had a really good point. I couldn't deny that. "Well, since you're spending today with me, we could go see your lawyer and draw up a contract," I mused.

He smirked at me. "You really do get pleasure from pain, don't you?" he asked, chuckling.

I blushed – actually fucking blushed. I mean, I know I made it obvious that I got off on pain, but did he have to point

it out so bluntly? Besides, he got pleasure from giving me pain, so we were even.

We had a pretty damn good sex life I must say so myself.

I ignored his last comment, looking up into his eyes, widening mine and pouting my lips. “Please?” I begged him.

He sighed but nodded. “Yeah. Let’s go get a shower, and then, we’ll go see my lawyer, okay?”



THE CONTRACT BEGAN by saying that it was not legally binding and that both of us held the power to end the relationship at any time.

In normal BDSM relationships, the dominant had all of the control over the submissive’s body and their belongings, but Travis didn’t like that part, so he changed that part of the contract. He knew how much I enjoyed my freedom to do as I pleased. He wanted our relationship to only be for the bedroom.

I, the submissive, were to submit to him in all ways, but *only* in the bedroom when we were having a session. I was free at any other time to do as I pleased. My body belonged to Travis to be used as he saw fit in the bedroom, within the guidelines that we had established.

I, the submissive, had agreed to please Travis to the best of my ability, which included blow jobs, hand jobs, receiving spankings, etc.

I held the power to stop a session when any command given by Travis conflicted with existing laws, may cause damage to my life (including socially), may cause permanent bodily harm, or may cause psychological trauma.

Travis proceeded to accept full responsibility for my body to do with as he saw fit under the guidelines we had established in the contract. He agreed to care for me, arrange for my safety, and watch over my well-being in and out of the bedroom. He agreed to treat me properly, train me, and punish

me (only when I desperately needed it, however, in his own words).

I then agreed to accept any punishment he decided to inflict upon me. If things were to get to the point that I could not handle it, I was to use my safe word, which was the word red. Travis decided on that word because it was simple, it was never used during sex, and it signified stop. My warning word for when I wanted him to slow down, or it was beginning to be too much for me to handle, was the word yellow.

My punishment could not cause permanent bodily harm. He could not draw blood, and if blood were to be drawn, the session was to end immediately, and I was to seek medical attention. My body could not be burned. Nothing we did could cause any loss of circulation or internal bleeding. He was not to make me unconscious, nor was he to withhold any necessary materials, such as food and water during my punishments or during a session.

It was Travis's full responsibility to protect my body from permanent bodily harm, and should I ever come to permanent bodily harm (whether by intention or accidental), I had the right to terminate the contract if I wanted to.

Permanent bodily harm was then identified as death, any damage that involves loss of mobility or function (this included broken bones, spraining, torn muscles, and dislocation of any part of my body), permanent marks on the skin (scars, burns, and forced tattoos), loss of hair, and diseases which could result in any of the above (including sexually transmitted diseases).

I could not seek any other lover, nor could I relate to others in any sexual or submissive way without Travis's permission, meaning I couldn't talk to anyone about our sex life. If I did, I would be breaching the contract, and it would be terminated.

I had no idea why Travis had put that in the contract, but he had the lawyer write it up. I guess he was still insecure about me leaving him, or maybe there was even more to his and Leanne's relationship that I still had yet to find out about.

So, therefore, I made the lawyer put in the contract that Travis was not allowed to accept other lovers or submissives. If he did, I held the right to terminate the contract and our relationship. I would be damned if he ever cheated on me.

All physical evidence of my submission was to be kept in total secrecy unless Travis and I both agreed it may be revealed to others. Our materials and physical evidence must be kept under lock and key. If one of us broke this rule, the other partner could terminate the contract.

The contract could not be altered unless both of us were to agree. If the contract were to be altered, then a new contract would be printed and signed, and the old contract would be destroyed.

The contract could be terminated by either of us at any time. If the contract were to be terminated at any point in time, I would gain back ownership of my body inside of the bedroom.

There it was. I was officially his submissive.

And I loved it.

All of us were sitting in the dining room having a peaceful dinner. Leanne had left earlier in the day and had gone back home since she was no longer any help to us considering her source of information had been shut up permanently. I wasn't complaining. I wanted her gone a long fucking time ago. Travis was so much more at ease with her gone from our lives.

"I think I've got a great idea," my dad suddenly said, breaking the silence around the table.

I got a little worried. Sometimes, my dad's great ideas weren't always that great, and I had to be the one to tell him that considering my mom wasn't around anymore to do so.

"And what's that?" Travis asked him, arching an eyebrow. They had been scrambling for ideas for a while now and were coming up with nothing.

My dad smirked, and I had a feeling that this plan was either going to be really smart and well thought out, or it was going to be really shitty and would never work. There wouldn't be an in-between. There never was when it came to James Holland.

"Katie got her hair cut, and unless you know her very well, you wouldn't know it was her at first glance. What if you and Katie go try to get some information on the Bloody Royals and their plan?" My dad looked at me. "I'm sure you know who will tell you what's going on. There are men in that club who are loyal to you and me until the day we die."

Okay, so my dad actually had a well-thought-out plan. I never would have guessed that he would have been able to do that. It was simple, and it made a lot of sense. I knew everyone in the Bloody Royals, and some people would be willing to give me information because of their strict loyalty to my dad and the rest of the Hollands. Good thing that I was a Holland.

I knew instantly though, that Travis wasn't going to like this plan *at all*.

Travis clenched his jaw. "I don't like it," he said instantly, confirming my thoughts. "I don't want her to end up in a situation where she'll get hurt. It's too risky."

I looked over at Travis. "I'm going. You can go with me, or I'll take someone else, but I *am* going. You're not going to stop me."

He clenched his fist on top of the dining room table, glaring at me. "Damn it, Katie—"

I cut him off, shaking my head. I wasn't letting him change my mind about this. "Don't even start," I snapped. "You need to know what's going on. The Bloody Royals know who everyone is. I'm the only chance we have at getting any kind of information. You and Dad want this done as quickly as possible. Therefore, I need to go."

He clenched his jaw, the muscle in it ticking furiously. I knew he was pissed. "Katie, I don't fucking like it," he ground out through clenched teeth.

I smirked at him, knowing I had won this argument. "Good thing that no one told you that you had to," I retorted.



TRAVIS THREW our duffel bags into the backseat of his car and sighed. "You have everything you need, right?" he asked me. He was still anxious about taking me on this trip into enemy territory.

"Yes," I assured him, rolling my eyes. I struggled to keep my smirk down, knowing what I had put in the very bottom of

my bag so it would be hard for him to find it. I wanted to play while we were gone. We were planning to be gone an entire week to try to get as much information as possible. I sure as hell wasn't going to wait an entire week to be his submissive now that we had a contract formed.

We got into the car, and Travis backed out of the garage. It was going to be a long ride there, so I'd brought a blanket and a pillow so that I could sleep on the trip. Travis wasn't stopping unless we needed to get food or use the bathroom. He didn't want to be out in the open in case Bloody Royals or Black Skulls were out looking for my dad since his body hadn't turned up as planned.

Don't think that Travis was happy about going, though. I had pretty much forced him to. He didn't want me in any kind of danger. It was really sweet of him to be concerned, but I could handle myself. He didn't need to worry about me, but I knew he would, no matter what.

He also hated that I was going to have to go places by myself since he could only watch me from afar. He didn't need to be spotted. Yes, the whole thing was risky, but I was willing to do what it took to keep him safe and not get him killed. I had a baby on the way, and there was no way I was going to be able to raise it without him.

When we got to the hotel, Travis carried our bags inside and signed us in. We rode the elevator up to our room. When we got inside, Travis went to the living room area, and I went to the bathroom, dragging my bag behind me. I pulled out the lingerie I had packed and put it on. It was very skimpy – a deep purple with lace – and barely covered anything. I knew Travis would love it the moment he laid his eyes on me.

I hurriedly placed all of the toys and bondage material on the bed. I wanted it all to be ready. I was most likely going to be stressed out tomorrow trying to get information, so I wanted to have some fun tonight before the real work began.

I walked out into the living room. Travis must have heard me because without turning around, he asked while scanning

his eyes over the room service menu, “what do you want to eat for dinner?”

“Can dinner wait?” I asked him.

He turned to look at me and froze, his eyes hungrily trailing over my body. Tossing the menu aside onto the counter, he strode towards me, pulling his shirt off. Before I could figure out what he was going to do, he had me lifted up into the air and was striding towards the bed. I giggled and wrapped my legs and arms around him. “Fuck, you look so hot,” he groaned.

He laid us down on the bed and looked over all of the toys. He turned his head so his eyes could lock with mine, and I gave him a small smile. “Please?” I asked him, fluttering my lashes.

He smirked. “I guess we could go ahead and have some fun.”

My smile grew. Thank God, he hadn’t turned me down. I would have been completely humiliated after going through all of this work. Obviously, he wanted this as much as I did, and I was glad.

He stood up and began pulling the rest of his clothes off. I couldn’t help but let my eyes trail over him hungrily. “While we’re having a session, you *have* to let me know when something is getting to be too much for you. When I spank you, you always have to count, and if you don’t, I’ll punish you how I see fit. You can’t come until I tell you to. If you do, then I hold the right to punish you.”

“How do I know when the session has begun?” I asked breathlessly. God, just his naked body alone could make me lose my breath. He was one fine ass man. He was pure muscle, and his tattoos added to his sexiness. I just wanted to run my tongue all over him.

“When I’m naked,” he stated.

Oh, boy.

I guess that meant the session had begun. “Also, you must answer me whether it’s a command or a question.”

“Okay,” I murmured, watching him as he ran his fingers through his hair, coming to terms with the demons running inside of him.

He strode towards me and slowly slid the lingerie off of me, his lips and tongue following his hands. I moaned, clenching the bed sheets in my fists. Fuck, he managed to drive me crazy so quickly every fucking time he touched me. I had no idea how he did it. He had to have magic in his fingertips.

He grabbed the rope and rolled me over to my stomach, tying my hands up behind my back. “Normally, I don’t use this method of tying anyone up, but I don’t want you rubbing your wrists raw,” he quietly explained. “You almost did that the last time.”

He rolled me back over onto my back and ran his hands over my body, pausing to pinch and pull at my nipples, making me moan loudly. Using his thumbnail, he scraped my clit, causing me to cry out in pleasure and arch my back off of the bed. Fuck, that felt so good. “Please do it again, Travis,” I moaned out.

“You’re in no position to be begging me,” he whispered hotly into my ear, causing pleasurable chills to run down my spine. “I call the shots here, baby girl. But just to make sure you’ll be quiet, we’ll put this on you.”

He grabbed the ball gag and put it in my mouth. He smirked at me and began kissing all over my body, biting harshly on very sensitive spots. My moans were muffled by the gag, but I knew he could still make the sounds out. He knew exactly what he was doing to me, and he was doing it well. I fucking loved how he knew my body better than I did.

He reached over and grabbed the nipple clamps, and my eyes widened in shock. Holy shit, I hoped those damn things didn’t hurt. As soon as he put them on, I moaned at the pain. I had to be fucking sadistic or something because I shouldn’t be this turned on by pain. Fuck, who knew nipple clamps could feel so damn good? They were connected by a long piece of

chain, which he pulled on, smirking at me when I arched my back at the pleasure that the pain had caused me.

He rolled me over onto my stomach. “Get on your knees. I want your ass up in the air, chest on the bed.”

I nodded, considering I couldn't speak, and did as he instructed. He grabbed me at my knees and lifted me up a little so he could spread my legs to the width that he wanted them. He grabbed the remote-controlled vibrator and slid it into my pussy, turning it on to the lowest speed. I groaned in frustration, and I heard him chuckle from behind me.

“You hate it when I tease you, don't you?” he asked me, his lips hovering over my ear. Shivers ran down my spine. “Baby, the teasing and the pain have only just begun. I'm going to do things to you that you've never even dreamt of experiencing.”

I nodded. Fuck, he was so hot when he was in dom mode. I fucking loved it. It was an amazing feeling to be dominated by him.

He turned the speed on the vibrator up as he reached around, pinching my clit. I gasped, clenching my hands into fists at my back, knowing I couldn't move away from his skillful hands. His hand wrapped around my hair, yanking my head back as he pulled the vibrator out painstakingly slow. I wanted so badly to squeeze something with my hands to find some grounding from the pleasure. Then, he was *there*, filling me, pushing into me with a force I hadn't felt before. I was moaning loudly, struggling not to come each time he screwed up into me.

He reached around, yanking on my nipple clamps, and pinched my clit again. I sobbed in pleasure. He was making it so hard for me to hold on. I was literally having to focus all of my concentration on not coming all over his cock.

He yanked on my hair again and leaned forward, pulling out and slamming back into me over and over, his speed increasing. “You better not come, do you understand?”

I nodded, squeezing my eyes shut. I had to stay focused. I almost wanted to come and just endure the frustration that the punishment would inflict on me, but I knew he would eventually let me come when he was ready; I just had to hold out until then. Damn it all to hell, though; he sure as hell didn't make it easy as he continued to whisper dirty, naughty things into my ear. He pulled on the nipple clamps again, and I struggled to hold back my orgasm, crying out. Fuck, I could feel tears building up in my eyes. I needed a goddamn release. He pulled out and slammed back into my core again. "Come for me, baby. Come for me hard."

He pulled on the chain again, and I nodded, throwing my head back, my cries muffled by the ball gag as I came hard. He kept a tight hold on my hair as he came inside of me. "*Fuck*, baby," he groaned as I collapsed to the bed on my belly.

He eased out of me, knowing I was a little bit sore from him forcing me to hold out that long. "Lay down and rest for a moment," he gently commanded, kissing the nape of my neck.

I nodded and did as he instructed. My mouth was getting sore from being held open so long by the gag, but I didn't make any noise. I was enjoying this way too much, even if it was wearing me out quickly. I sure as hell didn't have as much energy as I used to have before I got pregnant.

He grabbed the blindfold and wrapped it around my head. "Everything you've been feeling is going to intensify," he said softly, tying it behind my head. "When you lose one sense, your other four senses are heightened."

His hands left my face, and a moment later, I felt something kind of spiky roll across my skin, making me moan. He ran it over my most sensitive spots, pushing down a little harder in some places, making me moan louder. I didn't know what it was; it had looked interesting when I had seen it in the closet. Fuck, I had no idea this weird-looking toy could give me this much fucking pleasure.

All too soon, it disappeared, and Travis slipped the ball gag off of me, leaving the blindfold on. "I'm going to reward

you. You've been doing so good for me, baby. I'm so proud of you for holding out as long as you did."

He kissed me softly and then lifted me up and draped me across his legs. "Remember to count."

"Okay," I replied, my throat feeling raw. God, I was looking forward to this.

I felt the leather belt come across my ass, and I moaned loudly, digging my nails into his thighs. "One," I choked out.

I continued counting all the way to ten. Soon, he stuck a finger inside of my pussy and pumped it in and out, still spanking me all the way to twenty. When he reached twenty, he pinched my clit. "Come for me."

I did as he instructed, coming all over his thighs. "Oh, my fucking God!" I cried out, going limp.

He untied my arms and slipped the blindfold off. "The session is over. I want to fuck you properly, baby. I want to see your beautiful eyes and hear those sexy ass moans come out of your mouth. When you come, I want to hear you scream my name."

Oh, fuck me, I was going to pass out after this. I was feeling so much, and I was overstimulated. I didn't know if I could handle any more sex, but for him, I would try.

He laid me on the bed and spread my legs apart, wasting no time pushing into me. I threw my head back, crying out. He pounded into me hard. "God, baby, how in the hell are you still so tight after all the sex we've had?" he groaned against my neck.

I couldn't answer him, the feeling of him inside of me too overwhelming. I wrapped my arms around him, our bodies quickly becoming sweatier as we moved together. He sucked on my neck harshly. I knew it was going to leave a dark hickey, but I didn't care. I loved how his mouth felt on my skin.

He pulled on the chain still attached to my nipples, and I came, screaming his name just as he knew I would. He

grunted, burying his face into my shoulder. “God, Katie,” he groaned out my name softly into my shoulder.

He looked down at me and kissed the tip of my nose. I squeezed my eyes shut as tears burned in my eyes. Something had changed inside of me, making my feelings intensify for him. I didn’t want to, but just as I didn’t want to admit that I liked him, I had to admit this to myself if I didn’t want to fuck things up.

I was pretty sure I was beginning to fall in love with Travis Louis.

My heart solely belonged to him.

To say that Travis was a little hard to deal with this morning was an understatement. He was not happy about the places that I was choosing to go to talk to some members. But I knew they frequented these places, and I needed to try to get information.

But what really pissed him off was that he *knew* he couldn't come with me. It was almost impossible for him to not be spotted in those places, meaning he wouldn't be able to watch over me as closely as he wanted.

So, therefore, much to my dismay, he put a device on me that made him capable of hearing everything that I was doing. He said he'd still be as close as possible, but he wouldn't be able to see anything. Therefore, he wanted to be able to hear so he would know if I was in any kind of danger.

I walked into the old, run-down café that most of the Bloody Royals liked to spend time at in the mornings if they weren't passed out on the floor from drinking so damn much. It was like a ritual to come here and get some of Pam's coffee. Hands down, it had to be some of the best coffee in the world.

I walked over to the bar and smiled at the waitress. She was obviously new here because she seemed a little scared of all of the guys with tattoos covering their bodies and leather cuts displaying the Bloody Royals name and our emblem. "Do you know who all of these men are?" she asked me quietly.

I nodded. "Yeah. They're the members of the biker club here in town: the Bloody Royals."

Her eyes scanned them all worriedly. “You don’t think they’ll do anything crazy in here, do you?”

I almost snorted. Normally, I’d tell her no because under my dad’s presidency, shit never went down in a public place. However, Nicholas was in charge now, and he had joined up with the Black Skulls, so I had no idea what to expect of the Bloody Royals anymore. Even though there were a lot of members that were like my dad and the rest of the Hollands and agreed with our beliefs and the way we did things, there were some who were reckless and blood thirsty. Those were the ones I worried about the most, and I couldn’t speak for them.

I shrugged at her. “Honestly, I can’t say.”

She blew out a harsh breath and pasted on a smile when the manager came out. “What would you like to drink?” she asked me.

I scanned the menu to see if a new drink had popped up while I’d been gone, but nothing had. So, I ordered my usual. “A cappuccino will be fine,” I replied.

She nodded and walked off. The manager came over to me, and I smiled at her. “It took me a minute, but I’ve seen your face enough times to know that it was you, Katie,” she whispered. I frowned. “What in the hell are you doing here? This is the last place you need to be.”

I guess she had heard the news of Nicholas being out for Holland blood. That didn’t surprise me. Nicholas never did know how to keep his mouth shut.

I leaned back in my chair and crossed my arms. “Pam, what’s been going on around here?” I asked, completely ignoring her question.

She scanned the crowd worriedly. “Shit’s bad,” she said softly – like she was afraid of being overheard. “Like, *really* bad. Ever since Nicholas and Henry joined together, the club has been going downhill, and it’s dragging the town down with them. So many members have turned up dead that it’s unbelievable. Nicholas has no control over the club anymore.”

I sighed. I figured this was going to happen. “The moment that I got word of what happened, I figured shit would get bad. Nicholas has no leadership skills. He’s too bloody-thirsty and power-hungry.”

The girl handed me my drink, and I smiled at her. She rushed away, probably worried that she would get fired by Pam if she stood around talking. I watched her carefully. I’d never seen her around before, that was for sure. I didn’t think she was from around here because if she was, she would have known about the Bloody Royals. Everyone in town knew about the Bloody Royals.

I nodded my head towards the girl. “What’s the story on her?” I asked.

Pam shrugged. “I don’t know. She came in here asking me if she could have a job, saying she really needed it. I gave it to her. I think she’s new in town. She’s really scared around all of these bikers.”

I grabbed my drink and stood up. “You might want to talk to her about that. The Bloody Royals are like animals; we can sense fear.”

I walked over to a booth where a lone Bloody Royal sat. I knew him fairly well. He was the most loyal person to my dad, even more loyal than Nicholas had appeared to be. My dad had found him almost dead on his way back from one of his runs and brought him back home. He had taken care of him and nursed him back to health as if he were his own child.

He had been loyal to the Holland name ever since.

“Liam,” I whispered, taking a seat across from him, “what in the hell has been going on?”

His eyebrows pulled together, confusion crossing his features. “I’m sorry; do I know you?” he asked quietly, his eyes scanning the crowd as if someone was going to shoot him for talking to a stranger. Hell, someone probably would.

I nodded. “I’m Katie. I cut my hair.”

He blew out a breath, looking relieved. “Shit, for a moment there, I thought you were someone Henry or Nicholas

has sent to lure me to the clubhouse and kill me. You can't just run up on us anymore, Katie." He shook his head. "What in the hell are you doing back in town? You're supposed to be with Travis. You're safer with him."

I rolled my eyes. "Not if Nicholas and Henry get what they want."

Liam leaned back and slowly looked me over with his eyes, pursing his lips. "So, you know about them wanting you all dead?"

I nodded, taking a sip of my cappuccino. "I need your help, Liam. I need you to tell me everything that's going on."

He leaned forward and placed his arms on the table, lacing his fingers together. "I'm not telling you anything unless you give me your word that you'll watch your back and Amy's but still do something about this fucking problem. It's got to stop."

I nodded at him, looking him dead in the eyes. "You've got my word, Liam – as a Holland."

He nodded once, accepting it, knowing us Holland's never broke our word. "Your dad's death wasn't an accident as it had been claimed on the news. He's still out there somewhere because he didn't show up at the hospital, and his body isn't anywhere to be found. It's got Nicholas and Henry on edge. Anyone that even looks at those two guys the wrong way gets shot, no questions asked. A lot of the members have gotten killed for drunken mistakes, and it's terrifying everyone, including the people in the town. Katie, people are *moving* because they're so scared."

I cursed and rubbed my hands down my face. It was worse than I had originally thought. "For fuck's sake, please tell me that this isn't going to get worse."

He sighed. "Sadly, Katie, it gets a lot worse. They're wanting to eliminate everyone that comes across as a threat and anyone that has access to anything they want. Travis is considered both, therefore, he's got to go first. He's got access to ports that the Bloody Royals have never been able to get *close* to having. Henry and Nicholas both want them; they're

power-hungry. Travis also has the connections to have Henry killed and to take over the Black Skulls. That's a huge problem for them because then, Nicholas would never have any chance of getting what he wants." Liam snorted. "Personally, I hope Travis kills Henry. He'll be doing the world a fucking favor."

He drew a deep breath, running his fingers through his hair, his eyes still searching the restaurant for potential threats. "Nicholas needs you and Amy out of the picture as soon as possible." I already knew that. "If your dad is having contact with you two, shit could end badly for the clubs. Not to mention, you're also connected to Travis, and they know you'll back him up one hundred percent, and Amy has always backed you up, even in stupid shit."

"How many Black Skulls are there?" I asked him.

"Close to eighty," he said. I cringed. "Henry is pulling together his charters. I never see them all at one time, though. From what I'm understanding, half of them are still back in the Black Skulls territory watching over things there. The number of Black Skulls here is dwindling though. People are getting pissed off and making others disappear."

This was going to end in a catastrophe. Family turning on family meant disaster. "Tell me about the Bloody Royals," I ordered.

"It's bad, Katie. It's really fucking bad. Nicholas is like a fucking killing machine, and his anger is fucking lethal. He shot up a deli-mart the other day just because he thought someone was talking about him in the fucking ice-cream aisle." I clenched my jaw. I didn't even want to know about all the innocents that had most likely gotten slaughtered. "He's got a warrant out for his arrest, but he's laying low. The cops have searched the clubhouse high and low numerous times trying to find him, but when they show up, Nicholas runs out of the back door. Fucking feds are crawling the town."

I cursed. I knew Nicholas was mean as hell, but this was over the top. "How many people died in the shooting?" I asked, afraid of the answer.

“Everyone inside.” I closed my eyes, drawing in a deep breath. “Too many people got buried, Katie. That shit will forever be burned in my mind.” He took a sip of his coffee. “There’s a lot of people pissed off with the Bloody Royals, and they’re demanding that the club be shut down for good or a Holland take back over.”

They had a while before that could happen, unfortunately. “What’s Henry’s daily routine?” I asked him.

“He has no real routine. He and Nicholas stay at the clubhouse all day and night long unless they figure out how to slip by law enforcement. They’re wanted, so it’s not safe for them to be out in public.”

I nodded once. “If you need anything or you get threatened, give me a call. I’ll get your ass out of trouble; I promise,” I swore to him.

His eyes locked with someone over my shoulder. Liam cursed and suddenly gripped my arm, yanking me out of the chair, shoving me in front of him, pushing me towards the back door. “Go!” he hollered. “Fucking run!”

The loud sound of a gunshot rang in my ears, and a bullet whizzed past my head. I ducked down, and we ran like hell. I pushed out of the back door, and he yanked me towards his bike. I jumped on behind him, wrapping my arms tight around his waist. Not wasting a beat, he took off with his tires squealing on the pavement. When we were positive that we weren’t being followed, I told him to go to the hotel where Travis and I were staying at. “Get inside,” he told me as I slid off of his bike. “I’ll call you in a bit.”

“Are you going to be okay?” I asked him, worry for Liam making my stomach churn. I thought I might get sick. Liam was pretty close to me and my dad, and I didn’t want his death on my hands.

I felt someone yank on my arm, turning me towards the hotel entrance. “Get the fuck inside,” Travis growled in my ear.

He nodded once at Liam, and Liam took off to wherever the hell he was going, not answering my question. I didn't say a word, fear for Liam crawling through my veins. Travis led me inside and up to our room. He slammed the door closed behind us, making me flinch before he ran a hand through his hair. "For fuck's sake!" he finally roared. "Damn it, Katie, you could have gotten killed!"

I didn't get a chance to respond to him or help soothe his nerves. He yanked me against him, his lips coming down on mine, kissing me roughly. The kiss was filled with desperation, like he was terrified that I was going to disappear right from his arms. He pulled his lips away and yanked my shirt over my head. His lips met mine again as he unbuttoned my jeans, pushing them down my legs.

Yeah, he was desperate alright. It was worrying me, but I was going to let him take what he wanted to make himself feel okay again.

Once my jeans hit the floor, he ripped my underwear off of me, throwing them somewhere across the room. I loudly moaned when he plunged a finger inside of me, making my knees buckle. His other arm quickly wrapped around me and held me up against him. Travis's mouth worked with mine, kissing me hungrily as he finger fucked me, quickly sending me toppling over the edge.

I was still reeling when he lifted me up with one arm and carried me over to the bed, laying me down on it. With his hungry gaze on mine, he knelt down between my parted thighs and began licking and sucking my clit, harsher than normal, but I knew why.

He thought he had almost lost me. He was reassuring himself that I was still there, still living and breathing.

I panted, moaning his name, pleading for more, arching my back against his skillful tongue. He reached up and pinched my nipples when I got close, and I cried out his name as I came, coating his lips in my cum.

He quickly undressed and screwed up inside of me, lacing his fingers with mine above my head. He moved in and out of

me at a steady pace. I could feel myself getting close, but I couldn't find that release, and it was frustrating me. I needed more – just a touch more roughness. “Travis, harder, please,” I begged.

He did as I commanded, his breathing harsh as he slammed in and out of me, his speed increasing along with the power of his thrusts. When I came, he came with me, wrapping his arms around me and holding me tightly. His heart was thudding loudly in time with mine, his body trembling as he held me close, almost crushing my body against his.

When we managed to get our breathing under control, he leaned up a little and looked down at me. I pushed his sweaty hair out of his face. Leaning up, I connected my lips with his. He groaned and tangled his fingers in my hair, holding my head to his as he began assaulting my mouth.

I felt him harden inside of me again, and I wrapped my legs around him, inviting him to take me all over again. Softly growling my name, he eased back and slid back in, beginning the best, most passionate, slow sex I would ever have in my life.

His hands ran all over my body, memorizing every shape and curve. Sometimes, his lips would move from mine, and he would nip at my jaw and suck on the soft flesh of my neck, but he would still come back to my lips. When our tongues would touch, there was no fighting for dominance in the kiss. Travis was slow and sweet, both of us enjoying this moment together.

By the time I found my release, tears were running down my face, and he was wiping every single one of them away, whispering how much he cared for me in my ear.

I looked into his eyes, and I knew without a doubt that I no longer thought I was falling in love with him. It was definite. Of course, I wasn't slowly falling either. I was falling hard and fast, and if Travis didn't catch me, I was going to crash, and it was going to hurt like hell.

It terrified me that I was falling in love with him, but I welcomed it with open arms. After all, they say it's better to have loved and lost than to never have loved at all. And I

could honestly say that I would rather know what it was like being with Travis and loving him. I didn't want to live a moment without him.

I wasn't worried about what he felt for me at that moment. Right then, as long as he was with me, that was enough for me. He hadn't asked for much when I got with him, so I wasn't going to ask for much either. Falling in love with him wasn't going to change whether or not we would be together. I wasn't like the rest of the girls out there that needed my man to love me.

But now, I guess I could relate to Leanne, as much as I hated it. I now understood what she meant when she said she'd rather be with him in the only way he was willing to be with her than to not be with him at all.

I'd rather have this man destroy every single piece of my soul and my heart than live without him.

“Katie, baby, your phone is ringing,” Travis grumbled, slowly moving his arm that had been slung over my waist.

With a groan, I slid out of bed and turned the lamp on so I could grab my phone out of my jeans. “Hello?” I groggily answered.

Jesus, what time was it? I felt like I had barely slept.

“Sorry to wake you, but you and Travis need to get out of town as soon as possible,” Liam said when I put him on speaker.

I crawled back into bed next to Travis, not really registering what Liam was talking about. “We’re leaving first thing in the morning,” Travis sleepily grumbled as he wrapped his arm back around me, pulling me back against his chest. “What’s the word on you? What’s your plan?”

I snuggled closer to Travis, the only thing on my mind being more sleep. “I’m busy trying to pack my shit and get the hell out of town as we speak. Nicholas and Henry are pissed. I’ve got news, and you’re not going to like it.”

I inhaled Travis’s scent, only half-listening to the conversation. I was so fucking tired. They needed to hurry up and finish this conversation so I could get some damn sleep. “What news do you have?” Travis asked him.

“That new girl at the café is being held hostage by Nicholas and Henry. Pam was killed because she ran her

mouth to Katie about what's going on around here.”

I rubbed my eyes, coming awake once I heard that. *Pam had been killed?* Fuck, but she had no part of this bullshit! That poor girl, too. All she had wanted was a fresh start, and now, she would be traumatized for the rest of her life if she survived.

“What do they have to gain by keeping her hostage?” I asked, my voice groggy and full of sleep still.

“Think about it, Katie. What is the one thing the Hollands have always hated?”

I cursed. By taking the girl hostage, they were trying to lure me and my dad back to them to finish us off considering we now had information on them that we could use to bring them down. Nicholas and Henry wanted to get rid of us – and quick. “They think I’m in town with Dad, don’t they?”

Liam sighed. “From what I’m understanding, yeah; they do. But since they killed innocent people and shot up the café, they can’t come out of hiding. It’s the only reason I’m able to get my stuff at the moment. They’re hiding up in Black Skulls territory, but they’ve got people out looking for you. Hence why you need to get the fuck out of town.”

“I’m not making Katie get out of bed at this ungodly hour so that we can travel,” Travis told him. “Besides, she’s safer here right now until we can make a move in the daylight. Come to the hotel we’re staying at. You can crash on the couch and follow us back tomorrow. I swear, if you have any Bloody Royals or Black Skulls follow us, I won’t hesitate to end your life with theirs and leave you on the side of the road for dead.”

“You’ve got my word,” Liam told him.

Travis gave him our room number and hung up the phone. I curled back up into his arms, already getting sleepy again. He kissed my forehead and ran his fingers through my hair until I fell asleep.



Travis

I SLIPPED OUT of bed when I heard someone knock on the hotel room door. Liam walked inside when I opened the door and tossed a bag on the floor, running a hand through his hair. “I can’t believe you’re actually going to keep her here in town until the morning,” he muttered.

I narrowed my eyes at him. “My girlfriend, my choice,” I simply replied. “Keep your voice down. She’s sleeping.”

He studied me for a moment before he replied, “There’s more to it, isn’t there? Any normal, sane person would be dragging her out of bed right now and getting her the hell away from here.”

Damn, it sure as hell didn’t take him long to ask that question. At least some of the Bloody Royals members were smart. “Yes. She’s pregnant and tired. I’m not going to make her travel until she gets some real sleep in her body. What she went through yesterday was already stressful enough for her and our baby.” I blew out a soft breath. “Besides, there are too many dark places for someone to hide out in. I won’t risk her safety just to get her out of town a little bit earlier.”

He nodded. “Understandable. I’ll just crash on the couch. Just wake me up in enough time to get a shower, alright?”

“No problem,” I said, turning back to the bedroom. I slid back in bed beside Katie and wrapped my arms around her, pulling her snug against my chest. I loved holding her in my arms. It felt perfect – like she was supposed to be there.

This woman was awakening feelings in me that I had never felt before, and I wasn’t sure what to make of them. I knew I cared about her a hell of a lot, and I liked her too damn much for my own good, but these feelings felt stronger. I wasn’t exactly sure how to identify them.

I sighed and gazed down at her sleeping face.

She was absolutely beautiful, and I loved that she was mine.



Katie

WE WERE FINALLY BACK at home, and Dad and Liam were talking about the Bloody Royals and all of the issues surrounding it. Travis was busy trying to come up with some kind of plan to get rid of his dad since it was obvious that had to be taken care of first.

I was worried for Travis. I didn't want anything to happen to him, and I knew he would actually have to face his dad and make himself known to get rid of him.

I went into the living room where Amy was watching television. She looked over at me and smiled. "You guys sure weren't gone long."

"Liam got caught giving information to me." I dropped onto the couch next to her. "Nicholas and Henry shot up the café trying to kill us." Her eyes widened in disbelief. "They know what I look like now. We had to get the hell out of there and come back to where it was safe."

"My mom was smart for keeping me away from my dad," she said with a small frown. "I always used to hate her for it, but now, I realize she was only doing what was best for me. I mean, hell – look at him now. He's a fucking psychopath." I felt for her, but at the same time, I'd never known Nicholas was like this either.

I leaned my head on her shoulder. "I'm worried about Travis," I whispered.

"Awe, honey, don't be," she soothed. "Travis can handle himself. He grew up with the man. Travis will know how to take care of this." She shrugged, making my head lift. I grunted in annoyance. "Besides, it's not as if he's just jumping in with both feet without looking at all of his options. He's doing this carefully."

I sighed. I knew she was right, but I just couldn't help but be worried. I was falling in love with Travis, and it scared me that he was going into danger like this. His dad and Nicholas were crazy fucks. Bad shit could happen in the blink of an eye. Hell, I had seen that yesterday. I didn't want to lose him.

I wasn't sure if I could survive it.

I changed the topic to get my mind off of it. "So, what's going on between you and Luke?" I asked her.

She rolled her eyes. "I want to bash his fucking head in right now." I snorted. "I know we never established if we were in a relationship or not, but you'd think he'd have a little bit more respect for me. I fucking walked in on him fucking one of the whores. I haven't spoken to him since. I make it my mission to avoid him at all costs."

I laughed softly. "That kind of reminds me of when Travis was fucking that brunette bitch," I muttered. Travis hadn't exactly allowed me to ignore him afterward, though. In fact, he'd made it his mission to make me aware of him.

I wonder what in the hell happened to that girl?

"I can't fucking stand that bitch," Amy spat. I looked at her in surprise. "She's rude and thinks she controls everything just because Travis fucked her one goddamn time. Be glad you haven't crossed paths with her yet. You'll bash her fucking face in. She's more annoying than Leanne, and *that bitch* was annoying."

Why was it that every time someone was brought up in this house, they magically appeared as if they were summoned like the fucking devil? First Leanne, and now, this bitch.

"Does anyone know where Travis is? I haven't seen him in a few days," she said, announcing her presence in the room. "I want to talk to him."

"I do," I replied with a cocky smirk. Oh, I was waiting for the day that I could release my claws on this girl for trying to take what was mine. Sure, Travis and I hadn't been together at the time, but it didn't change shit. I think through all of it, Travis and I had always known we would end up together.

“But the reason *you* don’t is because he’s been in bed with me the past few days.” If looks could kill, I’d be six feet under. “What’s your name, by the way?”

Her glare turned fiercer and deadlier. Oh, man, I’d hit a nerve. I wanted to laugh in her face. I loved pissing people off. It was a fucking mission in life for me.

Normally, I fought and caused hell all through town, but now, I had nothing to do since I pretty much had crosshairs on my forehead. So, I was stuck pissing off people here – like her.

“My name is none of your concern, but I’m going to tell you this only once, and you better comprehend it,” she spat at me. *Oh, the girl had balls.* “Travis is *mine*, and you better keep your filthy hands off of him.”

Travis was coming into the room when she had said that, and he arched an eyebrow at me, silently asking what the fuck was going on. I ignored him and smirked at the girl. “Really?” I retorted. Amy snickered beside me. “I’m sorry; I didn’t realize he was taken. Though, if he’s supposedly *yours*, then why in the hell did he just come into the room looking for *me*?”

She swung around, her jaw dropping open in shock, her cheeks coloring a bright pink color. She hadn’t expected Travis to be around.

Amy giggled beside me, and I grinned at her, high-fiving her like the childish adults we were. “What’s going on?” Travis asked.

Amy laughed a little more. “Apparently, you’re taken,” she said with a wide grin splitting her cheeks.

“Yeah ...” he said slowly, dragging the word out, obviously confused and not sure what to make of the situation. “I thought that much was obvious.”

“Oh, it is,” I said. “However, someone in the room is kind of confused.” I gestured at the brunette girl who still had yet to form a coherent sentence. “This girl here – who refuses to tell me her name, by the way – is a little confused on your relationship status.”

Travis looked over at her, sighing in irritation. “Annabelle, please tell me you’re not going around starting shit,” he said to her.

Her mouth dropped open. “But Travis—” she exclaimed. He cut her off.

“Don’t even start. I’ve told you over and over that what we had was a one-time thing,” he snapped at her, his patience gone, not that he had much to begin with. “You wanted a release, so therefore, I gave it to you.”

I couldn’t ignore the pang in my heart when I remembered him being inside of her, but I pushed it aside. He was showing her that there would never be anything between them, and I was okay with that.

Her mouth dropped open again. “I didn’t even get to finish, though!” she yelled at him. “She interrupted us!” she screeched, pointing at me.

I stood up and walked over to Travis, glaring daggers at her. “Look, you sound desperate. Just back down and go find someone else to fuck. I’m sure Ryan will be up for the job.”

She slapped me, her nail cutting my cheek. Before anyone could stop me, I grabbed her by her neck and slammed her against the wall, sending a solid punch to her face. She screamed in pain as blood spurted from her nose and shoved me away from her, landing a good, solid punch to my cheek. I slammed my elbow into her temple and watched her crumple to the floor, knocked out.

I glared at Travis. “Clean up your mess,” I spat at him.

I knew I was the one that fought her, but if the bitch hadn’t been walking around like she owned the place and hadn’t been trying to come on to Travis, shit wouldn’t have escalated as it had. But since Travis felt the need to fuck everything that spread its legs, he could clean up the mess since it had started with him. Had he not fucked her, there wouldn’t have ever been a confrontation in the first place.

I stormed out of the room, and he followed behind me, leaving her laying on the floor. I wanted to laugh, but I was too

pissed.

When we got to the bedroom, he slammed the door closed behind him, turning his wrath on me. “What in the hell have I told you about fighting while you’re pregnant?!” he shouted.

“If you didn’t feel the need to fuck everything that spreads its legs, we wouldn’t even be having this conversation!” I yelled back at him. “You have a very poor choice in the women you decide to fuck, Travis!”

“Obviously!” he barked. “I decided to fuck you, didn’t I?!”

I slapped him, tears almost springing to my eyes at his words. What he had said was absolutely low and hateful, and he knew it. “You can go fuck yourself,” I spat.

Before I could storm out of the room, he shoved me against the wall. His grip on my arms was tight, making me wince. He quickly loosened his hold, but he didn’t let go of me. “Just what in the hell is your problem?!” he roared.

“My problem?!” I screamed at him. I wanted so badly just to punch him in his stupid fucking face repeatedly. “You just fucking categorized me with the rest of the desperate women you fucked! You just said so yourself that you think nothing more of me than you do the rest of those desperate fucking whores, but in case you fucking forgot, I was a *virgin* in that fucking shower, and I’ve fucked no one else but *you!*”

He was *seething*. “You’re so fucking clingy!” he yelled at me. “And you’re always pushing for fucking more – more that I’m not ready to give, just like them!”

“Clingy?!” My rage was lethal by that point, and if he hadn’t been holding me against the wall, I would be doing some serious fucking damage to his face. How dare he accuse me of being clingy? “I’m anything *but* clingy! I never ask you to fucking go anywhere with me! The only time I even came across as clingy in the slightest way was when I asked you to spend some fucking time with me the other day because I had hardly seen you all fucking week! That wasn’t too much to fucking ask for considering I’m supposed to be your fucking girlfriend!”

My breathing was heavy by then, and my hands were shaking with the need to punch him in his perfect face. “And I’m always pushing for more?!” I jabbed my finger into his chest. “I pushed for something that feels good to both of us – the only thing we can find some kind of balance together: sex! I pushed for more *sex*! You can’t fucking accuse me of pushing for more of that like it’s a bad thing when you enjoy it just as much as I fucking do!” I yelled in his face.

He shook his head, his dark eyes glittering with rage. “I made a fucking mistake choosing to be with you,” he spat, releasing my sore arms from his hold. “I knew we would never fucking work.”

He walked out of the room, slamming the door closed behind him, making the walls shake with the force that he used to close it. I slid down the wall, tears falling down my face.

What in the hell was that supposed to mean? Was he walking out on me now? We promised each other we would make it work. I knew I was a lot to deal with, and I tended to let things get out of hand, but was it really that much of a struggle for him to be with me?

My heart shattered.

I didn’t know what in the hell to do now.

I always managed to fuck things up and push him over the edge. It was always my fault. God, why did I have to be such a bitch and constantly let things get out of control?

Travis

Heaving a tired sigh, I walked back up the stairs to go to my and Katie's bedroom. Fuck, I knew I was out of line. She hadn't deserved a damn thing I said to her. I hadn't stopped her from fighting Annabelle; therefore, I was in the wrong to bitch at her about it. And I shouldn't have said those things about her being clingy and pushing for more. God knew she was anything but clingy. Hell, in my opinion, she wasn't clingy *enough*. I had just been a bastard and had been trying to find a reason to fucking hurt her feelings.

Fuck, I was a major fuck up. I wouldn't – couldn't – blame her if she never forgave me for what I said to her.

When I walked into the bedroom, I was damn surprised to find her asleep on the floor. The carpet around her face was slightly damp. It was obvious she'd been crying; her face was still damp from her tears.

Dammit, why did I manage to hurt her all of the fucking time? This girl is my every fucking dream come true, and here I was, managing to break her heart every time I turned around.

I lifted her up off of the floor and cradled her to my chest. "Travis," she groaned, slowly opening her eyes.

I kissed her softly. "Go back to sleep," I whispered, laying her on the bed. "I'll be right beside you when you wake up in the morning, and then, we can talk, okay?"

She shook her head and rubbed her eyes. God, the move was adorable my heart squeezed in my chest. “We need to talk now,” she murmured.

I sighed but nodded, not fighting her on it. I wanted her to sleep, but I knew we needed to go ahead and talk out our problems if either of us was going to get any kind of decent rest. We weren’t the type of people that could just fall asleep next to each other without working out our shit.

“I’m sorry for jumping your ass earlier,” I said softly, letting my thumb trail over her cheek. I hated that I could still feel the dampness from her tears. “I had no right to yell at you for fighting Annabelle because I didn’t even try to stop you from hitting her. It was wrong of me. I should have never said those hurtful things that I said to you. You’re nothing like those other girls. You’re everything I could have dreamed of, baby, and I’m sorry that I said all of that hurtful shit to you.”

“I really thought the whole thing was my fault,” she whispered, looking down at her hands.

Fuck me; I hated seeing her look so goddamn broken. It pulled at my heart and made my chest hurt. I wanted to do nothing more than wipe that hurt look off of her face.

I grabbed her face in my hands to make her look at me. “None of this was your fault. You have a temper, and I know that. The second someone puts their hands on you, you lose your shit. I should have stopped you from hitting her. Yelling at you will never solve anything between us, especially since I have a habit of saying shit to you that should never be forgiven.”

Tears formed in her eyes, and I felt my heart break a little as I witnessed it. I fucking hated seeing her cry, especially knowing that I was the cause of the tears. I literally felt like it was ripping me apart inside.

“I feel like I always manage to fuck things up,” she confessed, her voice breaking.

I held her tightly in my arms, desperate to make her okay again. “Baby, you did nothing wrong; I promise. This was all

my fault. Please, stop crying,” I pleaded into her hair.

I felt her tears wetting my shirt as I pulled her onto my lap, holding her even more tightly, rocking her gently, and rubbing her back. Fuck, I wish I knew how to make this better. I was such a screw-up. Even with Leanne, I had never felt anything like this, and it fucking terrified me that I was being faced with something that I had no idea how to handle. It scared me so much that I could lose her because I was a dick. I *never* wanted to lose Katie.

Eventually, her tears stopped, and her breathing slowed and became more even, a tell that she had fallen asleep. I laid her down on the bed and slowly undressed her, careful not to wake her up. Then, I yanked my shirt over my head and slipped it on her so that she would be more comfortable. After slipping out of my shoes and jeans, leaving only my boxers on, I got in bed beside her, pulling her to me.

I was determined to make sure she never slipped out of my fingers. If that meant opening up about my feelings to her, then dammit, I was willing to go that far. I would kill myself if it meant making her happy. She was the only damn thing I cared about in this world, and I'd be damned if I would let my dick-like personality hurt her in any way.



Katie

I WOKE up the next morning wrapped in Travis's arms. I was practically crushed against his chest, like he was afraid I would get up and walk away from him, never to return if he let me go. I could tell he was awake because he was stroking my arm with his thumb, which was turning me on pretty quickly. Guessing by his hard shaft that I felt poking me in the back of my thigh, he was pretty turned on, too.

I felt his hand squeeze my breast, and I dug my nails into his arms with a soft moan. He tugged my shirt up so that my breasts were exposed and pinched and pulled on my nipples, making me moan a little bit louder. He slid a hand down my

belly, and I whimpered as he slid a finger inside of me. “Travis,” I whispered, “that feels so good.”

“I know, baby,” he groaned, pumping his finger in and out of me and rubbing my breasts. “I *love* making you feel good.”

I threw my head back as I soon found my release, and he wrapped his arms around me as I rode it out. When I finally came down from that all-consuming high, I turned over and pushed him onto his back. I kissed down his body, running my tongue over the tattoos on his chest. Fuck, he tasted so good. I loved touching and tasting him. He was *perfect*.

I slid his boxers off and took him into my mouth, making him groan. “*Fuck, Katie,*” he breathed out harshly. “You have no *fucking idea* what you’re capable of doing with that pretty little mouth.”

I looked up at him through my lashes as I relaxed my gag reflex and took him all of the way in. He groaned, tangling his fingers in my hair and pulling hard, making me moan around his cock. I sucked him hard, grazing him with my teeth at the perfect times and running my tongue over his tip. He came in no time, driving up into the back of my throat, his cum spurting into my mouth.

Like a good girl, I swallowed it all.

He grabbed my arms and yanked me up to him, his lips crashing against mine. His hands slid over my back and found my ass, squeezing it, making me whimper into the kiss. His lips were rough on mine, but it didn’t bother me. I loved all of his kisses. They were amazing. And honestly, this man was so good at kissing that he could probably get me off just by tongue fucking my mouth.

He rolled me over onto my back and slammed into me. I threw my head back and cried out, my hands clawing at the sheets. His lips aggressively worked against mine as he slammed into me repeatedly, getting rougher and rougher, making my moans and cries louder and louder. I wrapped my legs around him and met him thrust for thrust. He groaned into my mouth.

“Fuck, Katie, you drive me absolutely insane. You’re a fucking natural at making me feel this good.”

He held me in place with his hands hooked over my shoulders, still pumping in and out of me hard. I felt my orgasm building up, and I dug my nails into his back, leaning forward to bite his shoulder, knowing it was going to be a strong one. My scream was muffled against his skin as I came, but he didn’t stop pushing into me. He kept going.

This man had the stamina of a damn stallion.

By now, our bodies were slick with sweat, and my hair was sticking to my face. I was gripping onto the headboard tightly, holding it for dear life. I knew that if I put my hands on him, I was going to end up drawing blood with my nails. I was so sensitive right then, my clit crying for a break, and the feeling that came with each of his thrusts was intensified by all of the sensitivity. Somehow, though, I managed to keep up with him.

When I found my release again, he found his at the same time, and we came together. “Travis!” I cried out as my body shuddered from the force of my orgasm.

He kept in his grunts and moans by kissing me. I held him tightly afterward, not letting him roll off of me. “You need a shower, baby,” he said softly after a couple of minutes.

“We both do,” I murmured. “It can wait, though. I don’t think I can walk.”

He chuckled, his chest rumbling against mine. I sleepily smiled. “I’m there with you on that. Fuck, that was intense,” he groaned.



TRAVIS WAS DOWNSTAIRS in his office making plans to take down his dad. I knew he wanted to do it soon and get it over with. Besides, he had spent some time with me this morning, so I wasn’t bothered that he was going to bury himself in planning for the rest of the day.

He had carried me to the bathroom after about fifteen minutes of lying in bed, and he then proceeded to bathe me and bring me to two more orgasms with his fingers and mouth. He said he wasn't going to fuck me anymore that morning; if he did, we would have never left the bedroom. Which, I wouldn't have minded, but he was a busy man with a tight schedule and shit to do.

I stripped off the bed sheets and carried them downstairs to the laundry room. Normally, Grace kept the place clean, but Travis informed me that morning that he didn't allow Grace in his room, so he normally did all of the cleaning himself. But he'd been so busy lately. So, I was taking it upon myself to clean our room. It didn't bother me really considering that I didn't have anything to do today anyway. It wasn't like he asked me to because I was a woman. I hated men that were like that, and growing up, I'd been surrounded by *a lot* of them.

I found my dad sitting in the living room. I walked over and sat next to him, curling up against his side. He wrapped an arm around my shoulders and dropped a kiss to the top of my head. I couldn't help but compare it to old times. "How come you're not planning with Travis?" I asked him.

"Travis is done planning. He's just beginning to set things in motion. We finished about five minutes ago."

"What's he going to do?" I asked him, my curiosity piqued. Travis hadn't told me much about his plans. I was pretty sure he was trying to protect me from all of the worrying that I would inevitably end up doing.

"I'll let him tell you that, sweetheart. I know I'm your dad, but he's your boyfriend, and he is the only one capable of carrying out what he's planning. I don't want to get any details wrong, so it's just best if you hear it from him so there's no confusion."

I turned my head up to look at him. "What are you going to do about Nicholas?" I asked him.

"I'm riding with Travis up to where Henry and Nicholas are, and we're going to solve this mess as quickly as possible.

I don't want to kill Nicholas, but I know I'm going to have to. He's too far gone. He'll just do what he did to start all of this shit all over again."

Travis came into the room, sending me a small smile. My heart fluttered in my chest. *Fuck, I loved his smile.* "Baby, do you want to come upstairs with me?"

I got up and followed him up the stairs. When we got in our room, Travis closed the door and went over to the closet, pulling down a duffel bag from the very top. My heart sunk down to my feet.

He was leaving.

"I'm going to be gone for a while. I don't want to leave, but I've got to in order to solve this mess. It's going to take more than shooting my dad and taking over the Black Skulls to sort this shit out. I'm going to have to get rid of members that are going to cause me problems and clean up my dad's mistakes. It's going to be nasty and brutal, so I want you to stay here with Amy and Grace, okay?"

I sighed and sat on the bed. I knew he wasn't going to let me go with him no matter what, so I didn't bother fighting him on it. Besides, I wanted him as focused as possible so he could come back home to me. Having me there to worry about might get him killed.

"What's your plan?" I asked softly.

He began packing some clothes, and I watched with sadness as he did so. I really, really didn't want him to leave, but I knew he had to. It was something I was going to have to get used to if I stayed with him after he took over the Black Skulls. He was going to have to leave, sometimes for long periods of time.

"Your dad, Liam, Luke, Ryan, and I are going to ride up there and get a hotel. First thing the next morning, I'm hunting Nicholas and my dad down. Liam's got a location on them, so it'll make it a bit easier. We'll do a sneak attack and get rid of them. Then, I'll bring back all of the Black Skulls to the Black Skulls territory and sever the ties to the Bloody Royals. I know

it's going to cause a lot of shit but forming an alliance and joining clubs with anyone isn't smart, especially when both are very powerful."

I nodded in understanding. "When are you leaving?"

"Tomorrow morning," he said. I sighed, my heart officially dropping to the pit of my stomach. I hated that he was leaving so soon. "I want this solved as soon as possible. Can I trust you to hold things down around here while I'm gone?"

Tears filled my eyes, but I forced myself to hold them in. I had to be strong. I was about to become the old lady of the Black Skulls' president. I had to be strong and support him with his decisions, starting now. This was the life of a biker and his old lady. Things had to happen – like this – and sometimes, they had to happen in the spur of the moment.

"You have my word," I murmured.

He zipped the bag up and walked over to me. Grabbing my face in his hands, he kissed me deeply, laying me back on the bed. "Let's make the best of the time we have left together until I have to leave," he whispered against my lips.

I wrapped my arms and legs around him tightly, kissing him back desperately. I knew I would never be able to get my fill of him before he left, but this was better than nothing. I'd take what I could while I still had the time.

Travis slid my shirt off of me and kissed and sucked all over my neck and jaw, drawing those moans he loved so much from my lips. He ran his rough hands up my sides, caressing my soft skin. I whimpered as he pressed hot, open-mouthed kisses to my chest, and I arched my back, sighing at the feel of his lips on my skin. I cried out in shock when he shoved my bra cup down and licked my nipple. I yanked on the dirty-blond strands of his hair, my body trembling.

This man was going to be the death of me.

How was his tongue this magical?

He sensuously slid his hands under my back and unclipped my bra, slowly sliding it off of me, his gaze holding mine the entire time. With his eyes connected to mine, he licked my nipple and blew on it, making it harden. He smirked when I tightened my body in pleasure.

Fuck, he *knew* he was driving me crazy.

He leaned his head down, and this time, he took my entire nipple into his mouth, sucking on it. With his other hand, he played with my other nipple. "Fuck, Travis," I moaned.

"Do you like it when I do this?" he asked huskily, pulling my nipple and pinching it.

A shocked cry left my lips. "Oh, God, yes," I whimpered.

He stood up and unbuttoned the button on my jeans before he slid them down my legs, pulling my lacy panties down with them. A soft gasp ripped from my throat as he kissed the

bottom of my foot, licking a sensitive spot that had me arching my back. His lips and tongue were like the devil as he made his way back up my leg before moving back down the bed to do the same thing to my other leg.

By then, I was practically *begging* for him to satisfy me. Fuck, I didn't know how much more torture I could take.

"Patience, baby," he murmured against my skin, almost as if he could read my mind. "Have patience for me."

I shook my head. "Travis, I can't," I sobbed. "Fuck, I'm going crazy."

"I know, baby, and I *love* it. I love making you fucking crazy for me."

He veered right around my pussy, not even breathing on it, which made me slam my fists against the mattress. He laughed softly in amusement and nipped at my hips, drawing deep moans from my throat. He dipped his tongue into my belly button, making me tangle my fingers into his hair.

He was a fucking expert when it came to using his tongue.

He moved back down and licked my clit slowly. I cried out, my back arching, my fingers plunging into his hair. "Yes, Travis. *Fuck.*"

He slid his tongue into my sopping cunt, and I arched my back, loving the way his tongue felt inside of me. He swirled his tongue around right before sliding it out and licking my clit, then sliding it back in. I began playing with my breasts, pinching and rolling my nipples.

It wasn't long before my body began to tremble, and when I came, he lapped all my juices up like a starved man.

"You taste so good, baby," he groaned, making my body flush.

He leaned up and kissed me, the taste of myself exploding on my tongue as I opened my thighs to his massive body again. I moaned as he pushed into me, hooking my ankles over his shoulders before he began to move in and out of me

slowly. “Travis,” I whimpered in a warning through gritted teeth. I wasn’t in the mood to be fucked slowly.

“No, baby. This is the only night I’ve got with you for God knows how fucking long. I’m going to take my time with you.”

He continued to move in and out of me slowly at a constant, steady pace with the same amount of force between his thrusts. This moment between us was beautiful. It almost felt like he was making love to me, and my heart fucking wept.

When I came, tears were slowly spilling down my cheeks, and he was kissing them each away as they fell.

That night, we fell asleep wrapped up in each other’s arms. I was dreading the next day. I knew it was going to be hard to watch him drive away, but I needed to get used to this.

I was a biker girl at heart. I was meant for this life, and I would fall into the role that I was meant to play.



TRAVIS SHOOK ME AWAKE, and I groaned, slowly blinking my eyes open to look up at him. He was already dressed in jeans, boots, and a t-shirt with a leather jacket slung over his shoulder. He had his duffel bag slung over his other shoulder. “Come on, baby. Come walk me out.”

I slowly got out of bed and slid on shorts and a tank top. He grabbed my hand in his, leading me out of the room as I ran my hand through my messy, unruly hair. We went outside where everyone was waiting. I let Travis go to hug my dad, my throat closing up. I wasn’t ready to tell Travis goodbye yet.

“Please be careful. I thought I lost you once. Please, for God’s sake, don’t put me through that again,” I begged.

He rubbed my back, kissing the top of my head. “Don’t worry. Remember, it’s going to take a lot more than Nicholas to kill me.”

I rolled my eyes at him and released him. I hugged Liam next. “Don’t let anything happen to any of them,” I pleaded.

“I’ll try my best, Katie,” he assured me, stepping back from me. I knew Liam wasn’t one for hugs and such, but since he was a Bloody Royal, he was family. I was relying on him to protect my dad and Travis.

Ryan nodded at me. “Don’t you dare hug me. I don’t do hugs. They’re too unmanly,” he joked.

I rolled my eyes at him and hugged him anyway. “I know we’re not close, but don’t get yourself killed, okay? Travis still needs you around.”

He chuckled, and Luke raised an eyebrow at me and opened his arms. “Let me guess, you’re going to hug me, too?”

Somewhere during my time here, Luke had forgiven me. I guess I had proven to him that I was worthy of Travis.

I hugged him. “I know we haven’t always gotten along but take care of yourself,” I whispered. “Amy still needs you here, even if you two are stubborn as hell and won’t admit your feelings for each other.”

He chuckled. “Keep an eye on her for me?” he asked in my ear. “There’s something wrong with her, and she won’t talk to me about it.”

I nodded. I stepped back from him and hugged Travis the hardest. His arms came around me tightly in turn. “Fuck, I don’t want to leave you. This is killing me,” he confessed into my hair.

I nodded, tears falling from my eyes. This was hard, but I knew with time, it would get easier. This was just a speed bump in our life together. We’d make this work, just like we always did.

“Please take care of yourself,” I begged. “I need you.”

He kissed me so deeply that it rocked my soul and brushed some tears off my cheeks with his thumb. “I’ll stay alive; I promise.” He leaned down and kissed my belly. I choked out a

sob, more tears falling from my eyes. It was beautiful and heartbreaking at the same time to watch. He rubbed my belly. “Daddy loves you, kid. Mommy is going to take care of you while I’m away.” He stood back up and took my face in his hands, kissing me roughly. “Take care, baby.”

I nodded. He stepped back from me and walked over to his bike. I watched as he straddled the machine, and Amy grabbed my hand, squeezing it with hers. Both of us were crying as he watched everyone ride away. When they were gone, Amy sniffled. “I don’t know if I’m more upset that they’re leaving or that they woke us up before daylight even started breaking through the sky.”

I breathed out a laugh, just now noticing that it was still dark outside. I shook my head silently. Leave it to Amy to say something like that. I knew she was sad to see Luke have to go with them. Hell, I was absolutely heartbroken knowing that Travis was going to be gone for God only knew how long. I was a biker girl though. I would fall into this role, and I would do what was expected of me.

But this was all new to Amy. With my help, she’d fall into the role expected of her easily.

I walked back upstairs to go back to sleep. The room still smelt like Travis, and I smiled a little. I slid into bed and saw a hoodie laying on Travis’s pillow. I picked it up and found a piece of paper beneath it.

I know that my smell calms you down, so I wore this hoodie to make it smell like me. There’s another one in the front of the closet. Take care of yourself, baby.

I smiled and slipped the hoodie on. He was absolutely amazing. It was simple things like this that made me fall even more in love with him. That was Travis for you, though. He was the perfect guy for me. He never overthought things.

I hugged his pillow to me and fell asleep.



Travis

I WOKE up the next morning and quickly got dressed. The quicker that I got this shit over with, the quicker I could be back home with Katie. I'd only been away from her for sixteen hours, and I missed her like crazy already.

I walked out of the hotel room with Liam, Luke, Ryan, and James following behind me. When we got to the location where my dad and Nicholas were, I didn't waste any time in making my presence known. I pointed my gun at my dad who was at the bar, drink in hand. Fuck, bikers never changed. They went to sleep drinking and woke up drinking. It was fucking ridiculous.

"Travis," my dad drawled, "I was wondering when you'd show up. You never do take much time."

"It would be nice if I didn't have to do this myself," I spat at him. "However, since your men are pussies and are too terrified to stand up against you, that leaves me. I don't mind; it just feels like a fucking waste of my time."

He narrowed his eyes at me. I barely bit back my smirk.

I had hit a nerve.

"That's the way I felt for the entire seventeen years that I had to deal with you – from the moment you entered my life until I had you locked up," he said harshly, trying to get a rise out of me.

That time, I did smirk. "Good to see we're on the same page, then, Pops."

He clenched his jaw. He's always hated it when I called him Pops. It was a name I pulled out when I really wanted to piss him off. He glared at me. "You're pushing your luck, kid," he warned me.

I chuckled. "No, Pops, you're pushing yours. I hate to break it to you, but you don't intimidate me in the slightest; I'm not a kid anymore. I refuse to fucking let you walk all over me like you used to. It's the only power you have, but I'm about to break that power right here, right now."

“If you kill me, Travis, my men will kill you.”

I grinned. “Not if that problem is currently being dealt with as we speak,” I said, referring to Luke and Ryan who were currently killing the people I had instructed them to get rid of. I wanted absolutely no fuck ups. I was taking every precaution necessary. I didn’t have time to deal with retaliation from pansies.

“You’ve got people killing my men?!” my dad roared, slamming his vodka bottle on the floor.

I smirked. “You didn’t exactly think that I was going to leave anything not taken care of, did you? After all, it was *you* who taught me to take care of every problem and to never allow room for a screw-up.”

“You’re a cold-hearted bastard,” my dad sneered at me.

“Like father, like son,” I evenly replied. “After all, you didn’t even hesitate to get me locked up for three years. I lost three fucking years that were supposed to be the best years of my life, but I fucking lost them because of *you*. Only a cold-hearted bastard would send his son to prison. The only fucking reason I got out so early was because of good behavior. I didn’t even take down the club, though I could have.” I took a step closer to him. “I’m not as cold-hearted as you, Pops. I could *never* be as cold-hearted as you.”

“You think these men will trust you after you kill me?” my dad asked. “You’ll have *nothing*, Travis.”

“Says the man whose only real power comes from the fear he sets in others.” His expression darkened. I was treading on dangerous waters, my life hanging in the balance, but I’d never felt more alive. “I’ve heard what you and Nicholas have been doing. You two fucking shot up the café that my fucking *pregnant* girlfriend was in. Even if you didn’t want me dead, there was no way in hell I would let you fucking live after pulling that stunt.” A cruel smile twisted my lips. “You fucked with my family, Henry. You made it all go from being just business to being personal, and we all know what happens when shit becomes personal.”

“She shouldn’t have been sticking her nose in places she didn’t belong!” he roared. “Katie Holland is nothing but trouble, son, and you need to fucking remember that!”

I glared at him. “She’s only trouble to you and Nicholas, Dad. To me and everyone else, she’s a fucking amazing, strong-headed woman. She can hold her own. That’s *exactly* the type of woman this club needs.”

I clicked the safety off on my gun, and my eyes met my dad’s as I pulled the trigger. However, right before I pulled the trigger, he grabbed a gun and shot at the same time I did. The last thing I remembered was pure agony and pain running through my body.

Fuck, don’t die, Travis, I thought to myself. You have a family that needs you.



Katie

I GRABBED my phone and pulled it up to my ear when I saw my dad’s name on the screen. Thank God, somebody was finally calling me with some fucking news and updates. I felt like I’d been going crazy since Travis had sent me a text that morning letting me know they were heading out.

“Hello?” I asked, turning the TV down so I could hear better.

“Katie, I hate to tell you this, but Travis has been shot.”

I felt my heart shatter at his words.

God, no – not Travis.

I rushed into the hospital room where Travis was at. When my dad told me that Travis was shot, I panicked. I got two speeding tickets on my way here, and I made Amy wait to pee the entire car ride. There was no way in hell that I was stopping. I had to get to him and see for myself that he would make it, even though my dad had assured me over and over again that he would.

It had taken me nine hours to get there, and I was practically dead on my feet. I knew I needed sleep, but there was no way in hell that I was going to leave his side.

I grabbed his hand in mine, tears falling out of my eyes. His face was pale under his tan skin. His shoulder was bandaged from where he had gotten shot. My dad had said they'd got him to the hospital in just enough time before he bled too much and died. When he had told me that, I thought I was going to faint. I'd never felt so sick or light-headed before in my life.

A doctor came into the room and gave me a small, reassuring smile. "You must be Miss Holland. I'm Dr. Avery. I'll be tending to Travis during the remainder of his stay in the hospital."

I rubbed my thumb over Travis's knuckles, desperately wishing he would wake up so I could see for myself that he was okay. "Will he be okay?" I asked quietly, looking up at the doctor, tears threatening to spill from my eyes.

Dr. Avery nodded. “Travis is a strong fellow. He’ll be just fine. He woke up when we put him into the room, but he was freaking out about you and a baby, so we had to sedate him. He should wake up within the next couple of hours. It’ll do him good to know that you’re here,” he said quietly, reassurance in his voice. He looked around the room. “Where’s the baby?”

“Still inside of me,” I said, smiling softly. At least Travis had still remembered me and our baby.

“Ah.” Dr. Avery nodded his head in understanding. “Travis will be just fine. You have my word on it. He has had much worse, I assure you. I’ve actually had him die on my operating table once.”

I bit my lip and ran my fingers through Travis’s hair. The thought of Travis dying still made me want to vomit.

The doctor checked what he needed to and left the room. I dragged a chair over beside Travis’s hospital bed and sat down on it. I didn’t know what I’d do if I lost him. The fact that he could have died yesterday when he got shot because of too much blood loss scared the hell out of me. I knew I would have to get used to this, but it sure as hell didn’t mean that I would have to like it.



LUKE BURST into the room about an hour later and glared at me. “Just what in the hell were you thinking when you fucking brought Amy here?!” he roared.

I glared up at him. I was exhausted, tired, and stressed. I didn’t need his relationship problems on top of everything that I was already dealing with. They needed to be adults and figure their shit out for themselves.

“She wanted to come, and I was too worried about Travis to fucking argue with her. Besides, she’s grown. She can make her own fucking choices. Jump off of my ass,” I spat at him.

I really didn't have the energy to be listening to him bitch because Amy decided she wanted to come here with me. Luke had better back down, or Travis wouldn't be the only one lying on a fucking hospital bed. I'd make sure of it.

"She doesn't need to be here!" he yelled at me, clenching his fists. "In fact, neither do you! It's too fucking dangerous right now!"

"I may not be able to speak for Amy, but I sure as hell can speak for myself!" I shouted at him, getting worked up, which was the last thing I needed right then. "I grew up in a biker club! I know fucking danger better than anyone, and I *know* that I can fucking handle myself! Don't fucking tell me that I shouldn't be here! The man I fucking love is practically lying on his mother fucking death bed! I'm not going any fucking where!"

Luke glared at me, and I swore, if looks could kill, I would be six feet under. "If anything happens to you, I'll lose the only fucking man in this world that I can fucking trust, so you better watch your back and not get hurt. If Travis loses you, it'll fucking kill him." He stepped closer to me. "And if anything fucking happens to Amy, *you're* to blame for it."

"You're a dick," I spat at him. You didn't put blame on someone where it didn't fucking belong.

"Luke, shut the hell up," Travis grumbled from the bed.

I jumped up out of my chair, my hands hovering over him, not knowing where to touch him. I watched as he opened his eyes and looked up at me. I gave him a small smile. He reached up with his good arm and yanked my face down to his, kissing the hell out of me. I smiled and kissed him back eagerly. "Fuck, I thought I was dreaming your voice for the longest time," he groaned once he allowed our lips to part.

My stomach dropped to the floor. Fuck, he hadn't heard me say I love him, did he? I didn't want him to run away. I didn't know which would be worse – thinking he was dead or knowing he didn't want me anymore.

“You’re okay,” I whispered, biting my lip as tears formed in my eyes. “Fuck, you’re okay.” I chose to focus on that instead of my confession.

He wiped my tears away with his thumb. “I’m okay, baby. Though, my tattoo probably isn’t anymore.”

Of course, he got fucking shot and almost died, and all he could think about was his stupid tattoo. He was such a typical man, but I loved him. I didn’t know when I realized that I loved him completely, but damn it all to hell, I really did. I didn’t know how long it would take for him to return those feelings, but I was willing to wait for as long as it took. As long as I had him by my side, I was going to be okay.

He looked at Luke who had come to stand beside the bed. Travis glared at him. “Look, man, I know I promised you I’d never let a woman come between us, but if I ever fucking catch you talking to Katie like that again, I’ll fucking put you in a hospital, do you understand?” he ground out through clenched teeth.

“She fucking came here and brought Amy with her, Travis. You know it’s fucking dangerous as hell here still. We may have gotten rid of the problems with the Black Skulls, but there are still people with the Bloody Royals that are running wild and pissed off about Nicholas’s death.”

Travis laced his fingers through mine, surprising me by standing by my decision. “Amy being here is a problem you need to take up with Amy – not Katie. Just as Katie said, Amy is eighteen and can make her own decisions. She wanted to be here, so this is where she’s at. That is in no way Katie’s fault.”

Fuck, if he heard all of that, then did he hear that I love him? Oh, God, if he did, what was he going to say about it?

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“And as much as I hate Katie being here, I need her here, and I’m glad that she is. We both know that I’ve never been able to endure a hospital stay. She’ll make it a little easier to bear. We’ll send them both back home when I’m able to leave the hospital,” Travis stated.

Say what? Oh, hell no.

“The fuck you will,” I said. “I’m not fucking going anywhere.”

“Katie—” he began, locking his eyes with mine, but I wasn’t giving in.

“No,” I spat, cutting him off. “Fuck no. I know how to handle bad shit. I’m a Holland, Travis. This is in my blood. I’m not going back home when you’re released just because some shit here is bad. You wanted me, and you decided to take the Black Skulls. So, I will fill the role that is expected of me. That role requires that I stick around for you and the club, no matter how hard it gets. Every woman that has been graced with the last name Holland has done so, and I don’t intend to stop now.”

Travis groaned and closed his eyes, obviously not wanting to argue with me. Either that, or he saw it was pointless. “I don’t like it one bit,” he said finally.

“I don’t care,” I retorted. “Get over it.”

Amy came into the room and smiled when she saw Travis was awake. “Good. Maybe now, you’ll get some sleep,” she said to me. She caught the glare I sent in her direction, and she bit her lip. I knew she had said it on purpose, though. “Oops. Was I not supposed to say anything about that?” she asked, feigning innocence.

I knew she did it on purpose because even she knew that would be a fight I wouldn’t win with Travis. He would make sure I got my sleep. If he wanted me to be anything, he wanted me to be healthy.

Travis grabbed my chin, turning my head to face him. “How long have you gone without sleep?” he asked.

I shrugged. “A little over twenty-four hours, I think,” I murmured, biting my lip. I grabbed his hand in mine though, desperate not to argue over something as silly as this, not when he had just woken up. “Please don’t be angry. I was already awake, and it was evening time when my dad called me, and I got so worried—”

He cut me off by placing a finger over my lips. “Stop and just lay down, okay? I promise that I’m okay. You need to sleep.”

I nodded and laid down beside him on the bed, putting my head on the side of his chest that wasn’t injured. He wrapped his good arm around me and held my hands on his torso with his bad arm. He looked at Luke. “Mind turning off the lights? I’ll call when she’s awake so we can discuss plans further.”

Luke nodded and turned to Amy, grabbing her arm. He dragged her out of the room, turning off the light on the way. Travis kissed the top of my head, and I fell asleep in the safety and comfort of his arms.



Travis

I KNEW Katie wouldn’t wake up for a while, and I didn’t have time to waste. I still wanted to get shit done, even if I was in the hospital. When I saw daylight come in through the window of the hospital room, I called Luke. He came into the hospital room about thirty minutes later and looked at Katie who was still sleeping peacefully. “Want me to leave the light off?” he asked quietly.

I nodded. Just because I was impatient about getting shit straightened out didn’t mean that we would be disturbing Katie’s sleep. She had looked drained when I saw her yesterday. She needed all of the sleep that she could get.

Luke came over to the chair beside the bed and sat down in it. “What’s the next step?” he asked me.

“Get the Black Skulls up here from Bloody Royals territory. It’s time to break ties.”

He glanced down at Katie. “You’re not going to be breaking many ties when you’re dating the president’s daughter.”

I sighed. I knew this was going to come up eventually. I wasn’t willing to end my relationship with Katie, though. If I

absolutely had to form an alliance with the Bloody Royals to be with her, then I would. I wouldn't lose Katie. She loved me, as she had confessed earlier, which didn't bother me like I thought it would. I cared about her a hell of a lot, and it would break me if I had to give her up.

"We'll deal with that when the time comes," I said evasively. "There are no hard feelings right now between me and James, so for the time being, we'll just break the ties and start solving problems on the inside before we worry about the outside."

Luke nodded and stood up, leaving the room. Dr. Avery came into the room not too long after Luke left. "Good to see you're awake. You know, normally, we don't allow two people to be on the bed at once."

I smirked at him. "We both know I've never been one to follow the rules," I said. "It's been three years since I've seen you, Avery. How've you been?"

"Fine. The girls are grown and moved out. Lizzie is getting married next spring. Megan just announced to us all last Sunday that she's pregnant and dropping out of college. I'm fighting with her about dropping out of college. Even if she has to move back home so we can help her, she's not dropping out of school."

I nodded in understanding. There was no way in hell my child would quit school at any point. They'd go all the way through high school. My life got fucked up when I was seventeen, but I would be damned if my child's life got fucked up as mine had. The only way they would stay in this life was if they *chose* to stay.

"So, what's the verdict on me?" I asked him, making him smile at my word choice.

"I know how much you hate hospital stays, so as soon as your shoulder begins to heal a little, we'll let you go. You've had gunshot wounds before, so you know how to properly take care of them. I trust you won't end up coming back here because you opened the stitches I worked so hard on putting

in.” He shot me a pointed look as he said that because I’d done it before – numerous times, actually.

I looked down at Katie and gently brushed her hair away from her face so that I wouldn’t wake her. She didn’t even stir. The woman was out cold. “I doubt Katie would let me do anything that would cause that,” I replied. “She can be a real bitch when she intends on getting her way.”

Dr. Avery chuckled. “Most Hollands are, from what I’ve heard. Her dad was a dick when he brought you in here yesterday. He was yelling at nurses and cursing up a storm, scaring the hell out of some patients here that aren’t used to people acting that way. The only time any of us saw him the least bit calm was when he was dealing with Katie on the phone. But once he hung up with her, he went right back to being a complete asshole.”

Her dad was a dick to the hospital staff because I was shot? What in the absolute fucking hell? The man barely knew me. Dr. Avery must have noticed my confused face because he shook his head. “It wasn’t because he has some fatherly bond with you, so don’t freak out.” I snorted. “It was obvious he was worried about the state his daughter would be in when she found out because he knew she was counting on everyone to make sure nothing happened to you. Apparently, facing the wrath of Katie Holland is enough to make a grown man almost shit his pants.”

I laughed, desperately trying not to shake Katie too much as I did so. Yeah; Katie definitely could do that. She was an absolute terror when she was pissed, but it was one of the things I admired about her. As much as I hated that she would be my ‘old lady’, she would be good for the Black Skulls. If I couldn’t make the Black Skulls into half of what the Bloody Royals were under Holland rule, Katie sure as hell could.

And as much as I hated it, she went through a shoot-out and didn’t even get hysterical about it. She just took the next logical step and fled the scene, not shedding one tear.

She was one hell of a woman.

Katie

Travis was out of the hospital after only three days of being there. He refused to stay any longer, which really pissed me off. But it was an argument that I couldn't win no matter what way that I went about it. He was adamant about leaving.

And now, I was stepping foot into the Black Skulls clubhouse for my very first time. I wasn't sure what to expect. All clubs were different. Some were clean, some were trashy, and some, you could barely categorize as a clubhouse because it was so shitty.

Everything here was polished though, which really surprised me. I never thought Henry would be a clean freak. There were no stains, no empty cups – nothing. It was just pure cleanliness. I wasn't complaining, though. I hated it when I went with my dad to other clubs and the clubhouses were trashy. I always snuck out and got a motel room.

“It's so fucking clean,” I said to Travis once I got done admiring everything.

Travis chuckled. “Trust me; it sure as hell wasn't when I got here. I made Luke put the members to work scrubbing this place down. We live clean, baby. I refuse to live in a nasty environment.”

I smiled. He was my kind of man. I hated people who liked to live nasty. It disgusted me. Like seriously, how do you have

good hygiene when you didn't even live in a clean environment? The answer to that was way beyond me.

We walked into the room where all of the club members were at. My mouth dropped open. There were so few members left. They dropped numerous people. "Travis, where are the others?" I asked him.

"Dealt with," he replied simply, leaving the meaning of that to my imagination.

It was a vague answer, but it spoke volumes. You were an idiot if you didn't know what he was talking about.

"What's she doing here?" one of the guys spoke up. He had a long beard, and his long hair was tied back into a ponytail. "We don't allow women in club business."

"You'll fucking allow this one," I spat at him. "Now, shut the hell up. I don't believe anyone in this room asked for your fucking opinion."

Travis placed a finger over my lips, and I glared at him. "You can have at his throat later, babe. Right now, I've got shit to take care of."

I rolled my eyes at him and watched as Luke came into the room. Obviously, he'd had Amy stay behind at the hotel. He was going to have to learn quickly that he couldn't control Amy. Not only was it pissing me off that he was controlling her like that, but she was about to explode with anger and frustration at him, and I knew it. She hated it just as much as I did when people tried to be controlling. If Luke didn't stop while he was ahead, he was going to find himself having rounds with Amy.

"You all know who I am," Travis began. He gestured to Luke. "This is Luke Johnson. He's the VP of the club now. I know how my dad ran it, and I know that this club is fucked up because of people like him. We're going to make changes, and if anyone here fucking crosses me, I'll slit your throat, do I make myself clear?"

They all nodded, obviously thinking about the other men that weren't in our presence. Travis didn't play games, and

he'd gotten that point across quickly. He had a tone to his voice that spoke no arguments and that he wasn't going to allow for any fuck-ups.

I hated that I was getting turned on right then. This was supposed to be a serious moment.

"This is Katie Holland, my girlfriend," Travis told them, introducing me. "She's pregnant with my child. There will be a young one running around here in about seven months. So, prepare yourselves."

"What are you doing with Katie Holland if you're cutting all ties with the Bloody Royals?" someone asked.

"I'm cutting ties with the Bloody Royals because it's not smart to form alliances when you can't even handle your own shit. This fucking club is a fucking failure right now." I snorted. Travis cut me a look. I held my hands up in a surrendering gesture. "You all have knocked all business away that you had, and what I have is the only business that we've got. I'm having to fix all of this shit, and I don't have time for anyone else's. Now, if anyone else fucking speaks again before I'm done, I'm knocking your ass out. I don't have the patience for the bullshit my dad let you sons of bitches pull."

I leaned against the wall. This was kind of boring to me, but it was fucking hot watching Travis be in command with them. God, you could tell I was such a fucking biker girl. My hormones were ridiculous.

Maybe it was just the pregnancy.

I almost snorted again. I'd wanted Travis like a bitch in heat *before* getting pregnant.

"I want complete loyalty and honesty. If I don't have that, you're of no use to me. Even though it's been six years, I'm sure you all remember what I'm capable of when I don't get my damn way, so don't cross me. When I go out on a run, I will always have a certain group of people with me and a certain group of people that will stay here. Anyone who stays here will have to answer to Katie, and she's a little scarier to deal with than I am." I grinned and wiggled my fingers at them

in a wave. “Anything I say or she says goes, whether I’m here or not.”

He ran a hand through his hair. “Everyone has responsibilities, and you will find those out once I find out what the hell you’re good for. If those responsibilities are not fulfilled daily, I’ll treat you like a child. Is everyone on the same page?” he asked.

They all nodded silently. I sighed, getting tired of listening, and walked out of the room. I went into the kitchen and managed to find a bag of chips. I sat down at the bar and started eating them. When Travis came out of the room, he shook his head at me. “Couldn’t fix yourself a sandwich or something?” he asked, nodding his head towards the bag of chips in my hand.

“Not when there’s nothing to make it with. I was lucky to find this. These people must eat out every damn day. No wonder they look so out of shape. That shit was never allowed with the Bloody Royals.” I shook my head in disappointment.

Travis sat down next to me and stole a chip out of my bag, making me glare at him. He just smiled at me and shoved it in his mouth. “Yeah, I know. Your dad’s people, even the women of the club, are in tip-top shape. I plan on getting these guys into shape, too, starting with their eating habits. I can’t have unfit people in the club. Fat may be good for your body when you get shot, but it’s not going to help you heal if you’re unhealthy.”

I leaned my head on his shoulder. “You know I have to go back to the Bloody Royals, don’t you?” I asked him. He grunted. “I’m the president’s daughter. I have responsibilities there that I have to fulfill. Those people count on me just as much as they count on my dad.”

Travis sighed. “I really wish you didn’t have to,” he muttered. “I hate it when you’re not by my side. It bugs me. I can’t protect you like I need to.”

“It’s something that has to happen,” I murmured. “Trust me, I don’t want to leave your side, but I’m a Bloody Royal, Travis. My club will count on me for the rest of my life. My

dad's handling my stuff right now, but I can't let him do it forever."

I really didn't want to leave him. I knew I wouldn't be gone forever, but I'd be gone a couple of months to sort things out. My dad will be sixty soon, and he'll be handing everything over to me. Until then, they would need me there. However, the only problem was that if I was with Travis, it would join the two clubs together, and Travis didn't want that yet. It wouldn't matter to the Bloody Royals, but Travis had a lot of problems with the Black Skulls. I didn't know how long it would take him to fix the shit storm that had blown through here in his absence.

"Are you taking the president position in the club?" Travis asked me.

I nodded. "I'm the daughter of the president. It automatically gets handed down to me when my dad turns sixty."

He pressed his lips into a thin line and nodded. I knew he didn't like me being a president; it practically put crosshairs on my head. "When do you want to go back?" he asked me quietly, grabbing my hand and lacing his fingers through mine.

"I'll spend a couple of days here with you," I told him, letting my eyes meet his now sad ones. I hated that look on his face. "We'll make the most of the time we have together in person."

He pulled me to him and kissed me deeply. "Then, let's get started," he murmured against my lips. "Everyone's busy."

He didn't have to tell me twice. I slid onto his lap, wrapping my arms and legs around him. He groaned and carried me up the stairs to his room. When he closed the door, I yanked his shirt over his head, being very careful with his gunshot wound. It looked bad, and I knew it had to hurt him. We would take it easy, though. I didn't need him ripping the stitches in the middle of sex.

That would be something lovely to explain to the doctor.

His tongue slipped into my mouth and slid against mine, making me moan. I moved my hips so that I could feel his hard cock against my core and whimpered at the same time that he groaned. Fuck, we were like teenagers, but I didn't care. Sex with Travis was out of this goddamn world.

I yanked my shirt over my head and slid my bra off. He laid me down on the bed and moved down to my breasts, sucking my nipples. I moaned loudly, tangling my fingers in his hair. He groaned when I tugged on his hair. "Travis, we can play around later," I panted, my breathing harsh. "I want to feel you inside of me."

"Fuck, baby," he rasped.

I slid the rest of my clothes off and sat up. I reached forward and took off his belt and unsnapped his jeans as he kicked his boots off. I yanked his jeans and boxers down to the floor, and once he stepped out of them, he came down on top of me, his lips meeting mine aggressively.

He screwed up inside of me, and I cried out, digging my nails into his back. I wrapped my legs around him, and he pushed inside of me even harder.

His lips left mine, and he kissed and sucked down my neck. It would definitely leave dark, visible marks, but I didn't care. The only thing I could focus on was how good his cock felt inside of me.

When we came, we were both breathing harshly. He kissed me softly and then laid his head on my chest after he pulled out of me. "Fuck, I can never get enough of you," he whispered.

I ran my fingers through his hair. "Good," I huffed out, making him chuckle. "I can't ever get enough of you, either."

He laced his fingers through mine. "I hate that you have to go back," he muttered.

I sighed and kissed the top of his head. "I hate it, too, but you'll be so busy that you won't even notice that I'm gone."

He shook his head, leaning up a little to look down at me. "Trust me, I'll notice you're gone, and so will everyone else."

I'm going to end up being a real dick to all of these people once you leave. I'm never easy to deal with when you're away from me."

I pushed his sweaty hair back from his forehead. "Trust me, I know the feeling. We'll make it work, though. I know we will. We're Katie and Travis. We do what's necessary to get and keep what we want."

Travis chuckled and rubbed my belly. "You're getting a small bump already," he said softly, leaning down to place a tender kiss there.

I smiled. I hadn't even noticed, so that meant it was too small for anyone to really notice. The fact that Travis paid enough attention to my body to notice that very small change made my heart swell with love.

Fuck me, I was going to miss him so much.

"I can't wait until you're really big," he said softly. "I want to feel our baby kick you."

Tears filled my eyes. Looking at Travis, you would never think he would be the kind of guy to get excited over having a baby. He seemed so closed off and unemotional, but when you really knew him, you knew that his love language was different. For him, sex with me was a way he expressed himself. He was always sweeter when we were in bed. I knew for a fact that it wasn't an act. His dad had emotionally fucked him up, and the bedroom was where Travis was most comfortable showing his affection for me. Otherwise, it came out possessive, demanding, and controlling.

I knew this baby was one of the best things in his life, and he was seriously looking forward to it. Travis would take to fatherhood like a natural. I didn't think that I would have any trouble getting him to help me; hell, I would probably never have to step in. That was how big of a deal this was for him.

"Are you ready to get up every two hours to feed it?" I asked softly.

"Of course," Travis said easily. "I'd do anything for our child."

He kissed my belly and laid his head on top of it and continued to rub it. I smiled and continued running my fingers through his hair.

We would be a perfect family. I just knew it.

Travis's arms were wrapped around me when I woke up. He was awake and running his fingers through my hair. Tomorrow, I was leaving, and I knew neither of us was looking forward to it. But I had to leave. I was a Bloody Royal, and I had a responsibility to my family, just as Travis had his responsibilities here.

I surprised Travis by pushing him onto his back and sliding on top of him. He smirked, his hands instantly running up my body. I wrapped my legs around him, linking my ankles behind his back as he sat up. He kissed me slowly, savoring the taste of me before he deepened the kiss, plundering my mouth, assaulting my senses. A moan traveled up from my throat when he nipped at my bottom lip before sucking on it, groaning softly as he did so.

"You're so perfect," he rumbled, his voice washing over me, surrounding me.

He nipped at a sensitive spot on my neck, yanking another moan from me. His body followed mine down as he laid me back on the bed, settling his body between my thighs. I laced my fingers in his hair as he swirled his tongue around one of my nipples. A whimper left my throat, and I yanked on his hair, urging him to give me more, to never stop.

Eventually, he sat me up, and I lifted myself up a little, knowing what we both wanted. I slid down on his cock. He fit so good inside of me, so perfect, so tight. "*Fuck,*" he growled.

I unwound my legs from behind his back and positioned them beside his hips so I could bounce up and down on him. His fingers dug into my hips as I began moving, rocking back and forth, sliding up and down, swirling my hips. I crashed my lips to his, our kiss aggressive as we moved together, both of us chasing that high. I cried out his name, clutching at his shoulder as we came together.

He held me close as we caught our breath. “One of these days, I’m going to end up bruising you by holding you like that,” he finally managed to utter.

“I’ll be alright.”

He continued to hold me in peaceful silence. It felt nice to be able to lay there with him and just enjoy being in each other’s presence. I didn’t know why so many couples found it necessary to constantly talk. For me and Travis, lying in bed like this was enough for us.

“I’d love to lay here in bed all day with you,” Travis finally spoke up, “but I have stuff to do today.” I groaned. I wasn’t ready to share him with the rest of the world yet. “Do you want to go back to sleep or get a shower with me?”

I kissed his chest and looked up at him. “I’ll get a shower with you, and then, I guess I can do some grocery shopping so I know you’ll at least have some food when I leave.”

He laughed softly and kissed the tip of my nose before sitting up, wrapping his arms around me. I wrapped my legs around him as he slid off of the bed and carried me to the bathroom. “This doesn’t hurt your shoulder?” I asked him.

He shook his head. “Had enough gunshot wounds to know how to work around the pain.”

When we got in the shower, I stood under the stream of water and let it run over me, letting it soothe all of my muscles. Travis pressed himself up against my back and pushed on my upper back gently with his good hand. “Lean forward, baby. I’m going to give you what you love before you begin the day.”

I moaned, knowing exactly what he was talking about. I didn't understand how he had this much energy though, with his injured shoulder. "Are you sure you're not hurting yourself?" I asked him softly as I bent forward, placing my hands flat on the shower wall.

"Yes, baby, I'm fine. I know my limits. I just want to please you."

I braced my hands against the wall as Travis raised one of my legs and placed it on the side of the tub. He rubbed his hands over my ass and smacked it at the same time he slid his cock deep inside of my pussy. I moaned loudly, locking my elbows so I wouldn't fall forward and lose my balance from the power of his thrusts.

He was so amazing. I knew he had a lot of shit to do that day, but instead of rushing to go do it like most men would, he was taking the time to give me what I loved so I could start my day off even better. How in the hell did I get so lucky to be with a man like him?

"Travis, harder," I moaned. "Please."

He groaned and slammed into me harder, still spanking me. He reached around with his other hand and grabbed my nipple, pinching it and pulling it. "Travis!" I cried out as those familiar waves of pleasure rushed over my body, heading straight to my core.

He found his release soon after and held me up. "I'm definitely going to miss this during the time you're gone," Travis muttered, pressing tender kisses to my upper back.

I kissed him. "There's always phone sex, baby," I reminded him.

He groaned, closing his eyes and opening them back up again. "I'm willing to settle for it, even if my hand isn't going to feel as good as your pussy wrapped around me."



WHEN WE GOT DOWNSTAIRS, I heard hollering coming from the bar room. Travis and I paused and listened, instantly picking up Luke and Amy's voices. "You need to fucking stay here!" Luke yelled. "For fuck's sake, Amy, you don't know shit about Black Skulls' territory!"

"I'm fucking getting out of here today and finding something to do whether you like it or not!" she yelled back. "We're not even together, Luke, so get the stick out of your fucking ass and fuck off!"

I could tell that Amy was pissed. Not only because she was screaming, but her voice was shaking. She was only moments away from punching Luke in the face, and I didn't particularly want to see how ugly that would get. Amy had a better hold on her temper than I did, but she would still fly off the handle when someone tried to stop her from doing what she wanted to do.

With a heavy sigh, I walked into the barroom, Travis following behind me. They had gained a small crowd, but I didn't think Luke and Amy even noticed they were no longer alone. Luke opened his mouth to say something else, but I cut him off. "Don't even, Luke. She's got a point."

He glared at me. "What the fuck do you know?" he spat at me.

Travis put a hand on his shoulder. "Just let it go, man. Amy's right. You two aren't together, so you don't have any right to control anything she does. Hell, even if you were together, stopping her from going out is taking shit a bit too far. Let Amy do what she wants."

Luke clenched his fists and stormed out of the room. Travis sighed and kissed me. "Go on and do what you want." He slipped me his credit card. "Get what you want or need. You probably won't even see me until tonight. I've got to get things running around here, starting with calming Luke down."

I nodded and kissed him again. He walked off after Luke, and I turned to Amy, grinning. I waved the card in her face. "What do you say to some shopping?"

She grinned, but I could see the pain residing in her eyes. We walked out to my car. Amy was silent the entire ride, so I just played music and hummed along to it. She would talk to me when she was ready.

When we got to the mall, Amy and I went straight to one of the clothing stores. “When are you going back to the Bloody Royals?” Amy asked me.

“Tomorrow evening,” I told her, arching an eyebrow at her in curiosity. “I should make it there about midnight. Why?”

She sighed and turned to face me. “I think I’m going to go back with you.”

That surprised me. I would have thought she’d want to stay behind with Luke. After all, there was nothing that the Bloody Royals had for her anymore. She was a free woman considering Nicholas was dead, and she didn’t really want anything to do with her mother.

“I’d love for you to come back with me,” I finally said. “But care to explain why you want to?”

She heaved a sigh. “Luke knocked me up.” I barely hid my surprise. “He doesn’t know, and I’m not going to tell him until he mans up and stops fucking twisting me all around. I don’t want him to be with me just because he got me pregnant. I want him to face the feelings that I know he has for me. I’m hoping distance will do that.”

I frowned at her. She made sense, but my question was, what in the hell was she going to do if Luke never decided to get his shit together? She would kind of be up shit creek without a paddle.

“What are you going to do if he never does the right thing and lets you walk?” I asked her. “Will you tell him then?”

She shook her head no. “I just won’t come back. It’s as simple as that. Your dad has always thought of me like a daughter, so I know he’ll help me until I can get on my feet. I’ve already talked to him about it.”

Amy was making a smart decision in putting some distance, but I didn’t think she should have to take care of a

baby by herself. She was smart and strong-willed; she would be able to do it, with or without Luke's help, but it wasn't right. She didn't make this baby by herself. But I knew the Bloody Royals had always considered her one of us, so she would have help no matter what.

"What do you feel for Luke?" I asked her.

"Honestly? I think I'm falling in love with him, but I'm not willing to put my heart on the line to be with him. He's not big on responsibility; I know that." She sounded sad about it. "He's definitely not big on being responsible for other people. If it's a job he has to do, he'll do it—no questions asked. It's why he's Travis's right-hand man and now his VP. But he's shut off his emotions for so long that he doesn't know how to express them except by being angry and controlling."

I sighed, reaching over to gently take her hand in mine and squeeze it. "I just hope that you're making the right decision, Amy."

"Me, too," she whispered.



I WALKED INTO THE CLUBHOUSE, my arms laden with grocery bags. Travis and Luke were sitting at the bar in a heated discussion. Unlike everyone else in the room who had some sort of liquor, Travis was drinking a bottle of water.

He turned to me and smiled when he saw me. "Have fun?"

I nodded, walking over to him. He took the groceries from me and proceeded to kiss me. I looked around the bar and shook my head. "Letting them party already?"

Travis dropped a kiss to the top of my head as he stood to his feet. "I practically broke their backs with the amount of work that I made them do. We cleaned up all of the warehouses today and got them all organized. I think they deserve a drink for all the work they've done."

I looked him over. He looked tired, so I knew he had gotten in on the labor, too—well, as much as he could with an

injured shoulder. That was another good thing about Travis. He was willing to get out and work like a dog just like everyone else in order to make sure shit got done. After all, if you wanted something done right, you had to get up and do it yourself.

“Bottle of water?” I asked, nodding my head towards the drink.

“I lost my taste for drinking a couple of years ago. Now, it just makes me sick to drink it.”

I laughed. “Some biker you are.”

He rolled his eyes at me but smiled, nonetheless. “Luke and I will get the groceries and bring them to the kitchen. You and Amy can put them away.”

I nodded and followed him into the kitchen. He set the bags down before walking back out, smacking Luke on the back as he went to get the man on the move. As the guys brought in the groceries, Amy and I put them away.

The kind of food I had bought was exactly what these bikers needed to eat to start getting into shape and getting healthy. I mean, yeah, it was okay to have a greasy meal every once in a while or something like that, but they didn't need to eat it every day. It wasn't good for them.

By the time I was done putting the groceries away, I was exhausted. I trudged upstairs, telling Amy to tell Travis where I was if he asked after me. I really didn't feel like being around all of the club members right then. This was my last night with Travis, and I intended to make the most of it while I could.

Figuring it would take him a little while to come upstairs, I grabbed the duffel bag off of the bed that I had bought that day and began packing some of my clothes to take with me when I went back home to the Bloody Royals.

All of a sudden, I felt myself get picked up and turned around. I squealed, wrapping my arms and legs around Travis who was laughing softly at me. He was using only one arm so he wouldn't rip the stitches in his other one. I swear, his

strength still astonished me. “You can pack tomorrow. Right now, I want you naked.”

He sure as hell didn’t have to say that twice. Once our clothes were on the floor, he laid me down on the bed and kissed me deeply, sliding on top of me. He pushed my legs further apart than they already were and sank deep into my warm, wet cunt. I moaned, throwing my head back. I knew tonight was going to be one hell of a long night.

He pounded into me. His mouth was all over my body as he relentlessly fucked me. I was moaning loudly, loving the brutal way he loved me.

When we came, he slid out of me and put his head between my legs, hooking my legs over his shoulders. “Travis, it’s still sensitive—”

I cut myself off with a loud moan as his tongue slipped inside my pussy, licking up all of my juices. “Travis,” I moaned out as he slid his tongue in and out of me at a speed that should have been illegal.

“That’s right, baby,” he growled against my wet core. “Say my name. Let everyone in this fucking clubhouse hear you.”

I felt myself coming soon after, and he lapped it all up. He slid up my body and kissed me, lacing his fingers with mine as he eased back inside of me. I whimpered, my body so sensitive, and yet, I still wanted him so badly. “Baby, I’m going to make you come so many times tonight, I’ll be hallucinating your moans when you leave.”

I laughed and wrapped my legs around him, forcing him deeper inside of me. We both moaned at the feeling.

“You better get to work, then,” I whispered.

I walked downstairs with Travis, my hand encased in his. It was time for me and Amy to leave. I was already struggling to hold back the tears that wanted to pour down my face. I really didn't want to leave Travis. But I knew that we'd find a way to make these months go by fast. It was the only thing that I could count on so that I wouldn't lose my sanity.

I hated leaving him.

Travis tossed my duffel bag into the backseat of my car and leaned against it, pulling me into his arms. "I'm really going to miss you, baby," he murmured.

"I'm going to miss you, too," I whispered, the tears finally welling up in my eyes and spilling over.

He wiped my tears away and kissed me. I was blaming these tears on my hormones, but I couldn't deny that I was sad to be leaving him. We'd spent so much time together over the past few weeks. We were basically attached at the hip.

"We'll talk every night," he promised me. "We'll find a way to make this work. Your dad turns sixty in three months. It'll be over before we know it."

"I sure as hell hope so," I whispered.

He held my face in his hands and kissed me deeply. "Be careful, and call me when you get there, okay?"

"I will. I should get there sometime between midnight and one o'clock."

He nodded and continued to hold me. Amy came out of the clubhouse carrying her duffel bag. She tossed it into the backseat and got into the car. I leaned up and passionately kissed Travis one more time, our tongues dancing together for a beat before we released each other at the same time.

He opened my car door for me, and I slid in, sadness clawing at my throat. He closed the door and pressed the button that would open the garage. I backed out and took off down the road. Amy gave me a reassuring smile. “Girl, you know you’ll be so busy that it’ll seem to be over before you know it. Then, Travis will be all yours again.”

I sighed. I sure as hell hoped so. I hated having to be away from him. He was going to miss three doctor’s appointments, and I hated that. I knew he did, too, but we would make sure this worked. I would even face time him at the doctor’s appointments if I had to.

I loved Travis, and I was willing to do what it took to be with him.



I WALKED into the clubhouse and found my dad sitting at the bar. He wrapped me in a big bear hug. “I’m surprised Travis is letting you go until December,” he admitted when I pulled back from the hug.

“We both have responsibilities elsewhere,” I said. “Besides, I’ll always have a responsibility with the Bloody Royals. I am the president’s daughter, after all.”

My dad chuckled. “I’d offer you a drink, sweetheart, but you’re pregnant.”

I rolled my eyes. I actually did miss drinking, but I would have to put it off. I wouldn’t risk my child’s life or do anything to put it in any kind of harm. But after I had this baby? I had every plan of getting shit-faced.

I carried my bag to my room after getting a bottle of water and called Travis. “Hello?” he answered groggily.

“You told me to call,” I softly spoke into the phone.

He groaned, and I could picture him stretching, coming awake. “I know. I miss you already, baby. This bed is lonely without you to hold.”

I smiled. He was such a sweetheart, though I knew he was only telling the truth. He never said things like that unless it was the truth. “I miss you, too,” I said quietly. “Did I wake you?”

“Yeah, but it’s okay. You can wake me up anytime.”

I put him on speaker so I could strip out of my clothes and put some pajamas on. “What are your plans for tomorrow?” Travis asked me after a moment of silence.

“I’m just going to catch up on some stuff that’s gotten behind. My dad will probably start teaching me about the role of being a president. I already know a lot, but there’s a lot of minor details that are really important that I still have yet to learn.”

Travis didn’t say anything for a moment. “Are you naked?” he finally asked.

I laughed, looking down at myself. I was pretty much naked. “Pretty much. I only have on panties. I was changing into my pajamas.”

He groaned. “Fuck, baby. I’m picturing you changing, and now my dick is hard.”

I bit my lip, wishing he were here. “Want me to do something about it?” I asked him.

I was turned on just by the fact that he had told me he was hard. I could just picture him lying in bed, ready for me to ride him. “Yeah,” he said huskily. “What would you do to me, baby?”

I laid down on my bed, not bothering to get dressed yet. “I would slowly take you into my mouth all of the way and let my teeth graze your dick, just like you like.” He groaned in response. “I would slowly take you almost completely out of my mouth, and then, I’d suck you really hard, taking you all

the way back in. I would lick your tip like you love me to do, and when you came, I'd swallow all of it."

"Fuck," he groaned out.

I was loving this. Who knew that phone sex could be so damn erotic? I was turned on just by his harsh breathing. I knew he was trying to get himself off.

"Then, I'd slide on top of you and take you deep in my pussy, and I'd ride you hard. I'd start off slow, but then I'd ride you hard and fast." He cursed, his breathing picking up. "While I'm riding you, I'd rub my tits and pinch and roll my nipples."

"Katie," he groaned out, and I knew he'd come. "God, baby. Do you want me to help you get off?" he asked me.

I'd love for him to, but if we kept this up, we'd never get off the phone tonight. That wouldn't be good for either of us. We both needed our sleep because we both had to get an early start to the day tomorrow. "I'd love for you to, but not tonight. We both have things to do tomorrow, and we need our sleep. It's going to be hard enough to sleep without you, so I need to get what rest I can get."

He sighed. "I know, baby. Text me when you wake up in the morning, yeah?"

"I will," I promised.

He hung up, and I sighed, finally getting dressed into my pajamas. I really did miss him already. This was going to be one hell of a long three months.



December

I ROLLED my eyes at my dad who was gazing at his cake like it was going to give him the best sex of his life. "Sweetheart, that's the best damn looking cake I've ever seen."

I laughed. "Dad, you're crazy," I told him, wondering how much he'd already had to drink. It wasn't often he drank a lot.

“It’s not going to give you an orgasm.”

He wiggled his eyebrows at me, taking a swallow of beer from his bottle. “It just might. You never know.”

I rolled my eyes. I knew right then that he was drunk off his ass. It was his birthday today. He had officially stepped down from being president, and I had taken over. Travis said he would have come today for the ceremony, but he had a run that he had to go on. It was understandable, so I didn’t really get bothered with it, even though I really wished he could have been there.

Amy came into the room dancing. She was holding a bottle of water, and even without alcohol, this woman was managing to party her ass off. “James,” she called out, “come twerk with me!”

I wanted to slap my forehead. For fuck’s sake, she did not just ask my dad to twerk with her, had she? I guess she had because my dad grinned, and they ran off to the dance floor like little kids and started twerking. “Oh, my God,” I muttered. “I can’t believe I’m actually watching this.”

“I know. It’s fucking disturbing,” someone breathed in my ear.

I spun around, coming face to chest with Travis. “Travis!” I exclaimed, throwing my arms around his neck. I slanted my lips across his, kissing him so hard I thought I was going to suck his soul right out of his body. “I thought you said you had a run today!”

He laughed softly and kissed me again. “I lied. I wanted to surprise you.” He looked at my dad and Amy and shook his head. “Is your old man always like that when he’s drunk?”

I rolled my eyes. “That’s nothing. He thinks his cake is going to give him an orgasm.”

Travis’s laughter boomed out of his chest, making my own chest swell with happiness. God, I had missed him so much.

He looked down at the cake and licked his lips. “Okay, I can definitely see why he would think that. That’s a damn good-looking cake. Can I take some of the icing?”

He reached forward to swipe some of the icing, and I slapped his hand away. “No!” I yelled. “Travis, you can’t do that! That’s disgusting! People are planning to eat that!”

He laughed and kissed me again. He kneeled and kissed my belly. “You’re showing so much already,” he said. “Still no movement?”

I rolled my eyes. He was dying to feel the baby move. “Travis, I’m only eighteen weeks. I probably won’t feel anything until twenty weeks.”

He huffed and stood back up. He laced his fingers with mine and went to walk forward but then froze, his eyes squinting in Amy’s direction. “Am I hallucinating, or is Amy pregnant?”

I hadn’t told anyone that Amy was pregnant, and everyone here that knew was forced to secrecy by me and my dad. So, no one but the Bloody Royals knew about Amy and Luke’s baby. Hell, most of them didn’t even know the name of the father.

“Yeah; Amy’s pregnant,” I said.

He eyed me with calculating eyes. “You’re being awfully evasive, babe.”

I shrugged. “It’s not my place to talk about it.”

Amy came over with my dad, and she bit her lip when she saw Travis, nervousness radiating off of her in waves. “Amy, who’s the dad?” Travis asked her, not even bothering to say hello. Damn, he sure as hell wasn’t one to waste time in getting information that he wanted.

“Luke,” she said softly right as Luke walked up.

“What about—” Luke stopped as his eyes followed Travis’s eyes down to her belly that was being flaunted by the tight shirt that she had on. “Amy, what the fuck?” he asked her. “Why in the hell didn’t you fucking tell me?!” he roared.

“Because I knew you would try to be with me without facing your feelings first. If you couldn’t face your feelings for

me, then I sure as hell wasn't about to tie you down with a baby," she snapped at him, getting angry.

Well-spoken, Amy. He couldn't argue with that.

"Well, it's a damn good thing that I decided to come here with Travis so I could tell you how I felt about you then, huh?" he asked, a smile coming to his lips. He reached forward and rubbed Amy's belly. "Fuck, I'm a dad," he whispered.

Travis rolled his eyes, pulling me into his arms. "I swear, my best friend can be so overdramatic." Luke just shot him a cold look over his shoulder.

My dad stumbled closer to me. "Katie, I want to see if my cake will give me an orgasm!" he yelled, just about bursting my eardrum.

That was enough to send everyone running over to us, wanting some of the really big cake that Amy and I had spent all day yesterday making. Seeing this, my dad didn't even waste time letting anyone sing him Happy Birthday so he could blow out the candles. He pulled out his pocketknife and cut him a slice, stuffing it into his mouth in three bites. I laughed. My dad was a damn pig. It was no wonder where I got it from.

"Was it enough to give you an orgasm?" Travis asked him, his chest shaking with silent laughter.

"Almost," my dad said with his mouth full. "I bet I would have a damn good orgasm if I had another piece."



TRAVIS AND I WERE OUTSIDE. Most of the people were shit-faced drunk by then, and my dad was passed out somewhere after eating five slices of cake. The party was still going in full swing, and even though Travis and I hadn't drunk, we still had let loose and had fun. It was good to be back in his arms after three months apart.

I leaned my head on his shoulder. "I missed you so much," I confessed. "I'm glad that you decided to come today."

He kissed the top of my head. “I may have missed you getting the president patch, which I’m really sorry about, but I didn’t want to miss the party.”

“It’s fine,” I assured him.

He sighed and grabbed my hand in his. I gasped at the ring in his hand. It was a gorgeous, silver band with something engraved into it.

He blew out a soft breath, rubbing the pad of his thumb over my knuckles. “Katie, I love you. You’re everything in the world to me. I wouldn’t have been able to take over the Black Skulls without your support. Even though you were hours away from me, I still felt your support as if you were standing next to me the entire time. You always put aside your needs so that you could be there for me.” His eyes met mine. “I know at first we had a very rocky start, and I thought you were the biggest bitch to ever grace this Earth—I still think you’re the biggest bitch there is—” he said, chuckling, “but you’re the bitch that managed to find your way under my skin and into my heart. I can’t imagine my life without you. You’re perfect for me.”

He paused, taking a deep breath. Tears were running down my face. I couldn’t believe that he was confessing his love to me right then. “I’m not asking you to marry me yet because I don’t think I’m ready for that. Hell, I wasn’t even able to identify these feelings that I have for you as love until a month ago, so who knows when I’ll realize I’m ready for marriage.” I laughed softly, tears glistening in my eyes. “I know that I want to be with you, though, and I’m giving you this ring as a sign of my promise to always be with you through thick and thin and that one day, I *will* ask you to marry me. Will you accept my promise?”

I nodded, still crying. I wasn’t able to form any words. I hadn’t expected this. Hell, this was the first time he had told me he loved me, and I knew it was a really big thing for him to do. Something so simple was so hard for Travis to admit, but it was one of the things that I fell in love with him for.

“Oh, God, Travis, I love you so much,” I cried, throwing my arms around his neck after he slid the ring onto my finger.

The ring contained a tiny diamond, and the band had the words *I will always love you* engraved into it. It was so simple, but I loved it. He knew me so well that he knew I wouldn't want a ring with a big rock on it. I wasn't that kind of girl.

He wrapped his arms around me. “I love you, too, baby. We promised each other we would make this work, and we went three months being apart, and yeah, it took its toll on both of us, but we made it through it and came out on top.”

He was right. I loved Travis. I would always love him. I would always stand by his side through thick and thin, no doubt about it. He was everything that I could have asked for.

I laughed when I realized where we were sitting. Travis gave me a strange look. “What's so funny?”

I giggled. “You confessed your love to me while we were sitting on your bike.”

He chuckled. “Good thing you're a biker girl and didn't expect much more from me.”

I rolled my eyes and kissed him.

EPILOGUE

Travis

I rounded up the members, shouting orders, not in the mood for any bullshit. I'd just found out about a rival crew taking our guns and burning down our warehouse. Seeing as Katie and I were together, this hurt both of our crews since we worked together so tightly. Fuck, some of her weapons that were meant to go on a shipment later had gone missing.

This could cause war—a war I didn't fucking want.

“Let's go!” I barked, getting pissed off that everyone was taking their time. “We've got shit to do, and we've got to make it back before tomorrow morning, so move your asses!”

Cole, my oldest child who turned fourteen a couple of months ago, came outside. “Can I come on this one, Dad, please?” he begged.

I sighed. Cole had been trying to get into this shit with me and Katie. Sometimes, I let him go on simple meetings—meeting where nothing was exchanged, and I was on friendly terms with the person I was seeing.

But never anything like this.

“No. This is too dangerous. Go back inside and keep an eye on things for me, and tell your mother I said to hurry the hell up,” I ordered.

“I'm right here, so get the stick out of your fucking ass,” she snapped from beside me, strapping on her helmet.

She was just as pissed off as I was, and the Black Skulls and the Bloody Royals were more afraid to cross her than they were to cross me. She looked around and threw her arms up into the air in frustration. She stormed into the clubhouse, and I heard her start yelling.

“Do you think we run a fucking daycare?!” she shouted. I grinned. “You’ve got five seconds to get the fuck outside and get on those damn bikes! I’m fucking counting down!”

Men started rushing out, and Cole laughed. “Maybe one day you’ll hold the authority that she does, Dad.”

I rolled my eyes at him, but a smile twitched at my lips. “Go back inside.”

He jogged inside, and Katie and I spun out of the lot with the men automatically falling into their rightful positions behind us. Shit was going to go down tonight. We’d be damned if we allowed things like this to happen without retaliating.

I had built up the Black Skulls and turned them into something great. We had a lot of business, and there was a good brotherhood amongst us all. They learned to respect Katie, and they thought of her as a mother figure. We never had any problems between the members. Our only problems were outside of the club.

When we got to the warehouse we were planning to blow up, gunshots immediately rang out. I thanked God we had the cover of darkness as I ducked behind my bike, shooting back when I could. Katie lit something next to me and threw it.

You had to be shitting me.

“Ride out!” she barked. “Fucking go!”

We took off just as the warehouse lit up in flames. We immediately began driving faster, knowing it would be no time at all before the ammo inside caught fire and exploded. We pulled into a gas station a couple of hours later, and I stormed over to Katie. I’d been fuming the entire fucking ride. “Just what in the hell did you throw in there?” I asked her, fearing her answer.

“Grenade,” she said, shrugging her slender shoulders. “Once the cops go through the place and clean it, they’ll probably find evidence that will lead them right back to me. Pretty sure we missed a camera.”

I cursed and thrust my hand through my hair, gritting my teeth. “Jesus Christ, Katie! Just what in the hell were you thinking?!” I roared at her.

She would serve time for this—time no one could get her out of.

“I’m not willing to lose any members, Travis. I’ll go down before I let anyone get injured.” She glared up at me. “That’s what the President of the Bloody Royals does; you know that. You told me you *respected* that, so you better start showing it.”

Sometimes, I fucking hated her loyalty to her club.

I grabbed her face in my hands. “Katie, I don’t want to see you locked up. Don’t you get that?”

She sighed, leaning up to kiss me. “Travis, you just got out a year ago after spending three years inside again.” She wasn’t wrong. “I managed, and you will manage as well, no matter how many years I get, alright?”

I didn’t answer her. I didn’t like this one bit. I hated that she had made this decision without running it by me. It was completely fucking stupid of her, and now, she was going to get locked away for it.



I WATCHED with Cole as they shoved Katie onto the ground and locked her arms behind her back, cuffing her. I had made Heather and Clayton stay inside. They were still too young for this shit.

“You stupid fucker!” Katie barked at the cop. I swear, it was like when we first met all over again, except this time, it wasn’t Dewey. “I swear, when I get off of this fucking ground, I’m going to kick you in your nuts so fucking hard that they’ll be black for a fucking month,” she snarled. The officer paled.

I softly laughed. She managed to make even the worst situations amusing. Cole sighed. “Dad, how long do you think she’ll be inside for?”

“Probably a few good many years,” I muttered.

When they dragged Katie up, true to her word, she kicked the man in his nuts so hard that it made *me* groan in pain at the sight. Damn, I had such an abusive wife.

And that would be just another charge added onto the ones they were already charging her with. She had a temper, though, and there was no use in telling her to cool it. She was going to cause hell during her stay in prison.

I walked over to the car after they shoved her into the backseat and kissed her deeply. “I’ll keep things going,” I said softly. “The Bloody Royals will still be the same when you get back.”

She nodded. “Teach him well, Travis,” she said, nodding towards Cole. “He’s in line to take over both of the clubs. Make him half the man that you are, and we’ll be good to go.”

“I’ll make him all that I am and more,” I promised. “Take care of yourself inside, alright? I’ll visit when I can.” I kissed her again. “I love you.”

She leaned her head up to slant her lips across mine one more time. “I love you, too.”

I stepped back and shut the door. I glared at the officer that was standing watch before I turned and grinned at the one still lying on the ground in pain. “I’m guessing no one warned you about Katie’s wrath, eh?” I asked him.

“I thought they were bullshitting me,” he groaned.

I chuckled. Fuckers made that mistake all the time.

Don’t ever try to call my woman’s bluff.

I walked towards Cole. “Let’s go, kid. It’s up to us now until your mom gets out. Prepare yourself for hell.”

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

T.O. Smith believes in one thing - a happily ever after.

Her books are fast-paced and dive straight into the romance and the action. She doesn't do extensively drawn out plots. Normally, within the first chapter, she's got you - hook, line, and sinker.

As a writer of various different genres of romance, a reader is almost guaranteed to find some kind of romance novel they'll enjoy on her page.

T.O. Smith can be found on Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, and now even TikTok! She loves interacting with all of her readers, so follow her!



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