

# FREYA'S DEVOTION



WALL STREET JOURNAL & USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**GLENNA MAYNARD**

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

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For my Rebels and Devils.

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# FREYA'S DEVOTION

I screwed up.

All Fisher wanted was my love.

My devotion.

I took all that love he gave so freely and stomped on his heart.

Death is a broken man who thinks I can save him. That I'm his second chance at a new beginning. His opportunity to get it right this time around.

What I thought I wanted, and what I need are two different things.

They say you can't help who you love but what about who you hurt?

Two roads lay before me. Each leading to a man willing to step up and be the father of my child.

All I have to do is choose who I want to build a future with. It should be an easy choice.

The love of my life or the father of my child?



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# CHAPTER ONE

## FISHER

Smoke burns through my lungs as I take another hard drag off my cigarette, watching the cherry burn faster. This shit with Freya has been heavy on my mind. The thought of her belly swollen with my child used to be one of my greatest dreams. Making a life with her. Building our future. Now that image is torn and shattered because while her belly may be growing with a child, I don't know that it's mine.

It's a blow that cuts me to the bone. Making me bitter and into a man I don't want to be. Never thought she could hurt me so damn deep. She might as well have reached into my chest and ripped my fucking heart out and stomped on it.

The old me would want to wound her as deep. Go off somewhere to find me some easy whore to lose myself in. Knock up a bitch I don't love out of spite. Rub every bitch I fuck in Freya's face, showing her she's replaceable. Only I know she's not. I know there's no other woman I want in my

bed. Revenge is easy but that isn't the man I am today. I'm not going to go fucking up my life and being a dumb fuck. I'm not going to be like that prick, Death. I don't need to plow everything that moves. Wouldn't surprise me if the bastard won't have another kid or three on the way at the rate he's swinging his dick around. Brother has a different cunt in his bed every night. As long as he keeps away from Freya with his rotting cock, I don't give a damn who he screws.

I stare at the bottles of liquor behind the bar, like I'm a damn alcoholic or some shit, wishing I could have one drink. One sip to take the edge off this pain twisting in my heart.

All I can think about is Freya and the possibility her child isn't mine.

I keep picturing the two of them together. Her and Death. It tears me up inside, wondering if she wants to be with him or me.

I'm about to ride out to my latest piss test for my PO, probation officer, when Death pulls up a chair at my table. Fuck, I don't want to see his ugly mug right now. Motherfucker is going grey at the temples. Old enough to be Freya's father. The thought of his dick being in her makes me physically sick.

All I want to do is reach across the table and rip out his throat with my fucking teeth. He's my VP and I hate him. He fucked Freya behind my back, but the bastard paid the ultimate price with the loss of his son. Shit was tragic. As much as I hate him, I wouldn't wish that misfortune on even him.

“The fuck are you doing?” he grits, staring me down.

“I’m afraid you’re going to need to be a little more specific.”

“Freya’s home.”

My nostrils flare. Her name on his tongue sounds completely wrong and the jealousy of him speaking of her burns through my veins, poisoning me from the inside out. “What about it?”

“Why aren’t you doing whatever it takes to lock that shit down?”

I snort. He’s got real nerve asking me about Freya and my intentions. “She didn’t tell you?” Sarcasm drips off my tongue.

“Tell me what?” his brows knit in confusion.

I snuff my cigarette out in the ashtray. “She’s pregnant.”

I watch the different emotions as their shadows pass over his features. Shock. Grief. Embarrassment. Anger. Jealousy.

“Then why are you sitting here instead of putting a ring on her finger?”

I smirk, getting pure satisfaction out of the fact that I’m the one to break the news to him. That Freya didn’t give enough of a fuck about him to tell him what she fears. “Because she doesn’t know who the father is. Apparently, she was fucking a club brother behind my back.” I pause to see how the asshole is going to play this hand.

“She tell you that?”

“Two weeks ago. I’m still processing her betrayal. But I can’t wait to bring this shit before Crow.”

“She tell you who?”

Lying slime. “What, you stick your dick in so many holes that you forget their names and faces?”

“The fuck did you just say to me?”

“I’m going to enjoy watching Prez rip you to shreds before I get my turn. Not only did you break the club’s code, but you also betrayed John Crow. Don’t think he’ll take lightly to your infraction.”

“That what you want to do? Cause a rift in the club because your ego got wounded?” He leans forward, his voice dropping low, “Yeah, I fucked your sweet Freya. Loved every second of her riding my cock.”

I rear my fist back and connect with his mouth. Death’s head snaps back. Blood drips from his split lip. “Game on, brother. May the best man win.” He grins, blood seeping between his teeth.

“If you live long enough to try,” I warn.

He nods. “Yeah, you gonna kill me like you did them other two. Slit my throat. Carve some shit in my forehead?”

“Fuck you.”

“Your bitch already did.” He taps his fist on the table. “Maybe I’ll go find her. See if she wants another go.”

I push my chair back as Prez waltzes in followed by his boys, Zuko and Gentry. Freya's father and brothers.

"What'd I miss?" Prez questions and sweat beads across Death's brow.

He talks a big game till John Crow is in the picture.

"I'll let our VP fill you in. I gotta get going. PO meeting."

Crow slaps me on the shoulder. "Church tonight."

"I'll be here." I scowl at Death, but the bastard is staring at his feet. He won't tell Prez. He's a coward. Wish I could stick around to hear how he's going to explain that fat lip.

I ride out, debating on if I have time to swing by Whiskey and Yara's to check in on Freya. I may be pissed at her but that doesn't mean I don't care. That I don't still love her. Fuck do I love Freya fucking Crow. Since I first laid eyes on her and those curves of hers that dared me to make my move. Then she opened that sassy mouth and all I wanted was her lips wrapped around my cock for the rest of my life. There's nothing sweeter than Freya. Nothing better.

Once my knees hit the breeze, dread cements in the pit of my stomach. I let my anger get the better of me. I'm probably pushing Freya and Death together. I've made it his mission to steal her away. But hell, in some ways he already has. I despise myself for some of my choices. Hillary's face haunts me. That lifeless look in her eyes in the crime scene photos. Bastard detective spread them out on the table in the

interrogation room, hoping the ghastly sight would force me to break and draw a confession out of me.

Something has to give. I'm tormenting myself day in and day out. If it isn't Freya I'm thinking about its Hillary. All the shoulda, coulda, wouldas. I can't go back and change the past. I can't go back and save Hillary. I can change the course of my future. Only I don't know what to do about any of it. I can't afford to make another wrong choice.

I hit a red light by the bank and read the time on their time and temperature display.

*Fuck.* I'm going to be late. Fucking Death and his bullshit took up too much of my time. I know I need to talk to Freya. I've contemplated calling her what must be a million times. Every time my finger hovers over her name, I chicken out. I tell myself I'll do it later. Then later comes and I put it off till tomorrow.

I do my required check in, answering the same bullshit questions. Am I still employed? Can I provide a recent pay stub? Have I been drinking alcohol or consuming any drugs? Has my address or phone number changed? What am I doing to keep on the right track?

This bastard has no clue how fucking hard it is for me not to pick up a beer or roll a joint. Turning to drugs and liquor are in my nature. I have two more years of this shit before I'm truly a free man.

I whip my dick out while this prick watches me piss in a cup, making sure I'm not trying to cheat the system by

providing someone else's urine. If that April bitch wasn't already dead, I'd kill her myself. Stupid cunt ruined my life. I know I had a role in fucking things up but fuck me that skank played me. Knew I wanted to buy Freya a ring. Was jealous that we had a good damn thing. If you ask me, she got what she deserved.

Hillary though. Hillary deserved better. She was a sweet girl who got caught up in someone's sick and twisted game. Someone is fucking with me. I can't help but think it has something to do with Freya. I've already voiced my concerns to Crow. Whiskey is watching over Freya while she's living with him and Yara, but he doesn't have eyes on her twenty-four/seven.

After my appointment I swing by to look in on Freya. I may be pissed at her, but I damn sure want her to be safe. Her car is parked next door at Whiskey's grandparents' place.

Whiskey spots me cruising by and shoots me a chin lift as he exits his truck. I pull into the driveway behind him and shut off my Harley.

"She's not here," he says before I even get the kickstand down.

"Who?"

"Really, man? Come on now. We both know you cruise by here every day to catch a glimpse of Freya and you spend your days moping around all lovesick and shit."



“Whatever.” I huff, knowing he’s not wrong. “Where is she?”

He snorts. “Out with her mom, her sisters, and the twins. You missed the damn show, but I got it on camera. Come on. I need a beer.”

I follow him into the garage. Whiskey grabs a bottle of Bud and without needing told, hands me a water. Though that fucking beer sounds damn good.

He knocks the cap off on the corner of a workbench and takes a hard swig. “Guess Death showed up earlier to ask Freya about this pregnancy shit. She took off running out the damn back door and jumped into the car with Cate.” He chuckles and brings up the footage off their security system.

Freya hates her mother but exactly like Cate, she runs when shit gets hard. “You care if I hang around until she gets back?”

“About fucking time you make your move.”

“You just want her off your couch so you can fuck your wife on it again.”

“Hey. We love having her. The kids get a kick out of her most the time, but fuck, man. She’s miserable. She misses you.”

I nod and sip my water, on the verge of saying fuck it and grabbing a beer or a joint. Doubt that asshole will call me back in tomorrow for another test. Only there’s this nagging voice in the back of my head reminding me that if I fuck up, I’m

gone for another two to five years. Judge made damn sure to make me an example.

“Miss her too,” I admit. The thought of her burns deep in my gut like a fire that won’t die.

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# CHAPTER TWO

## FISHER

I throw open the back door and look around, patting my pockets. Ugh. I don't have my phone or my keys. Double damn. There's no way I'm talking to Death about this right now. I'm not ready to face him. I know that makes me a spineless coward. I don't need to subject myself to more of his rejection to know how he likely views my situation. A mistake on his part. There's nothing more for us to say to each other.

We said all we needed to the night I left town.

Looking back, I know now that what we shared was lust. I wanted to be needed. Desired. He gave me that. It's enough. It has to be. I spot my mother's car pulling in, and I dash down the driveway and through the grass, praying I don't step on something. I jump into the front passenger seat before she can shut off the engine. "Go. Go. Go," I shriek.

"What?" She twists in her seat to look at me, as her brows pull together.

“I’ll explain, but I need you to just get me out of here.”

“What’s wrong? And where the hell are your shoes?” She gives me a once over.

Giggles erupt from the backseat, and I glance over my shoulder. Emma and Olivia. My half-sisters. They’ve gotten taller. They remind me of Yara and myself in some ways. Like daylight and dark. They are identical but Emma has dark hair like our mother and me. I chance a quick peek at Yara’s porch and see Death glaring at me as he stomps toward us like a man on a mission.

No thank you. I’m not ready to take a ride on that merry go round.

“Listen, you say you want to be my mom. Here’s your chance to prove it. Don’t ask questions. Just drive.”

She lets out a huff of frustration. “Fine.” She puts the car in gear.

I don’t breathe until we’re a block away. I don’t know why the thought of talking to Death makes me panic, only that it does. Since Bensen passed away Yara says he’s like a completely different person. On edge. Agitated. Aggressive with the women he fucks. I mean, that was a plus when we slept together, but I know I’ll never travel that road with him again. I made a promise to Fisher. One I intend to keep.

“Where am I taking you? I thought your sister and my grandbabies were going out to lunch with us.”

“They can meet us there. Call Yara and tell her to bring me my shoes and my phone. And my purse.”

“What was Death doing there?”

“Can you call Yara or not?”

“I want to know what’s got you running into the street with no shoes like a serial killer is chasing you.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“Too bad.”

“I need to eat something first.”

“Okay. That’s how you want to be about it. Whatever. I respect your privacy.”

“Good.”

“I’m trying, Freya, but I need you to meet me halfway here.”

I stare at my mother wondering what she’s been smoking with my father. Meet her halfway? Seriously. I begged for her to love me, and she threw me away. Yara may be forgiving. I’m not. I can’t pretend the past didn’t transpire. She gave us up. She went off and started a new life and has a new family. She showed me how easily replaceable I am.

“Is he the father of your baby?”

“What?” My stomach churns. I’m going to be sick. I hit the button to roll my window down and hang my head out like a dog on a Sunday drive. I need air.

“I may not be in your life, but I see things.”

“I’m sure you hear them from Yara’s fat mouth.”

The twins giggle again. They’ve been so quiet I nearly forgot that they are in the car with us.

“Where are we eating?” I change the subject. The last thing I want to discuss with her is the possibility of Death being the father of my child. I’m still trying to wrap my head around the fact that I am actually pregnant. One plastic stick and my life is changed forever. Yara warned me not to be so careless and foolish. Did I listen? Now look at the predicament I’m in.

“Grab my phone from the console and call your sister.”

I belch and fight against the bile rising up my throat along with the air. The acid burns my esophagus. It is as though I could breathe fire like a dragon. Ugh. I’m already over this whole being pregnant and having a baby thing. How the hell am I going to support a baby? I don’t even have a job right now. And I sure as hell can’t go crawling back to my old boss and beg to work in his bar while pregnant.

I’m such a cliché. Homeless. Jobless. Pregnant. Don’t know who the father of my child is. My father is going to kill Death when he hears the truth. Not Fisher though. He loves him like one of his own sons. If he thought I was having Fisher’s baby, he’d pay for our wedding and offer us a house or something. If only Fisher didn’t hate me.

My heart splinters into more pieces at the reminder of our last encounter.

I ruined us. This time it is all on me.

If I could go back...I'd like to think I'd choose a different path. One that didn't result in me being in my current situation.

I should lie and tell them neither of them are the father. That I fucked some random guy I met while in Florida. That would be the smart thing to do. Only I love Fisher and more than anything I want this baby to be his. I need this baby to belong to him.

I take my mother's phone and dial Yara. "Hello."

"Hey, I need you to get my shoes and find my cell phone along with my purse. I'm with Mom."

"Are you insane?"

"Can you get my stuff to me or not?"

"Yeah, sure. Whatever. I'll meet you guys at Romano's."

"She'll meet us at Romano's," I parrot to our mother.

Yara hangs up and now I'm not sure what's worse. Facing Death or spending the next hour with Cate. What am I doing with my life? I've really made a mess of it this time around.



"I need more tokens," Luna whines as Yara digs through her purse for some ones.

"Here." I hand her a ten.

“Yes,” she hisses, sticking her tongue out at Soren.

“Share with your brother,” I tell her, earning me an eye roll as they rush back to the arcade to play more games with Olivia and Emma.

“See. You’re great with kids,” our mother states. “Nothing to be worried about.”

“Like you’d know anything about it,” I mutter and shovel another bite of antipasto salad in my mouth.

“I get that I wasn’t the best mother, but I’m here and I’m trying. I don’t appreciate all your little snide remarks and barbwire jabs every time I try to have a conversation with you.”

Yara elbows me in the side, and I look at my mother. Really look at her. Unshed tears gather in the corners of her eyes. Her crows’ feet highlighted by the wetness. Wrinkles frame her lips as she frowns into her pasta bowl.

I’m not going to be guilted into apologizing.

She sniffles into a napkin. Is she crying?

*Stupid emotions.*

“I know. I’m sorry. I have a lot on my mind.”

“So, it’s true then. You had sex with Death?”

“And Fisher,” Yara adds on. “Shit. I’ll be back. My kids are fighting.” My sister pushes away from the table. “Ugh. Don’t shove each other,” she scolds as she marches toward my niece and nephew.



“So Death and Fisher,” Mom prompts.

“Yes. I fucked them both and I don’t know who fathered my child. I’m a shitty person.” I air all my dirty secrets at once. It isn’t like Yara doesn’t tell her everything anyway, like an ass kisser.

“You’re not a bad person. Look at the terrible mistakes I’ve made. No one is perfect. Relationships aren’t easy. But what does your gut instinct tell you? What does your heart say?”

“I love Fisher. I was an idiot and lonely. Death is hot and he was saying all the right things at the time...I don’t know.” I can’t believe I’m discussing this with her of all people.

“I’ve known Death a long time and well the man can be charming. He’s like that. Always has had a way with the ladies. Do you know why it was so easy for him to marry Belinda?”

I shrug. “Because she was pregnant with his kid.”

“Because he knew he could have the best of both worlds. I know all about their sham marriage, but he’s never been a one-woman kind of man. None of those guys are. You saw what your father put me through. You probably were too young to remember her, but my friend Beth was crazy about him. He strung her along for years. Cheated on her left and right. Him and your father would leave us sitting at home while they had wild parties.”

“What happened between them?”

“I’m sure he never talks about the accident or her, but she died. One night she decided she’d had enough and went chasing after him. She found him in bed with two women. He tried to stop her, but she took off in her car. Mad at him. Angry with the world. Wasn’t paying attention and blew through a stop sign. Got t-boned by a semi. Killed her instantly. After that I left your father for good. Death married Belinda and went on with his life like she never existed.”

“That’s awful.”

“Yeah, honey, it was. I didn’t want to end up like Beth.”

“I’m sorry you lost your friend.”

“Me too, but my point was to tell you that Death is really good at telling a girl what she wants to hear and making her feel special. Like you’re the only girl in the world.”

My stomach drops and my chest tightens. He played me and I let him. He must’ve seen me coming. An easy mark. Lonely and bitter. “I’m done with Death.”

“Good. And I don’t say that because I hate the man. He treated Beth like shit, but she loved him. I just...I see the way Fisher looks at you. How he lights up when you’re nearby. That’s a man who loves you.”

I nod as tears burn in the backs of my eyes. “I miss him. I thought I didn’t want to be with him. I thought he’d cheated on me. He says someone set him up and April went along with it.”

“Someone wanted Fisher out of the picture. Now with that poor Hillary girl—I worry about you. Someone hurt both those girls.”

Chill bumps fan up and down my arms. A shiver passes through me. I never thought about it in that way.

“I’m not trying to scare you, but there’s a connection there. The police must see it as well.” She takes a sip of her drink and I stare out the window of the parking lot, scanning the cars and people, hoping there’s not some weirdo out there lurking in the shadows, watching and waiting to hurt someone else. Waiting to hurt me.

Yara returns to the table with all four kids in tow. “I’ve gotta take these two home. They don’t know how to get along today. You ready?”

I nod. “Thanks for lunch.”

“Hope we can do it again soon. You can always call me, Freya. I hope you know that if you need me, I’ll be here. No matter what it is. I just...well I hope you’ll pick up the phone.”

“We’ll see.” I offer her a smile. It’s all I can give for now. “Stay cool,” I tell my younger half-sisters. I hope our mom is better to them than she was me. Maybe this time around she’s getting it right. I believe in second chances, though when it comes to her, I have a hard time giving her a pass.

“I still can’t believe you took off like that.” Yara shakes her head with a laugh as we leave the restaurant.

“I didn’t know what else to do. Death must think I’m a crazy person. What did he say after I left?”

“Only to tell you that you need to talk. Are you going to?”

The story Mom told me about Beth is too fresh in my mind as I get in the car with Yara and her kids to return to her house.

“I don’t know. I guess I should at some point. I don’t know what to say to him.”

“Not that you asked for my advice, but I’m going to give it to you anyway. You said you love Fisher. Despite the terrible things I believed about him I will say that man loves you. This baby needs to be his.”

“I know, but I honestly have no clue.”

“No. That’s not what I’m saying. Fisher needs to believe he’s the father and Death needs to believe he’s not, if you plan to get back with him.”

“I can’t lie to them.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’d know there’s a chance that it isn’t true. Lies, a lie that big could ruin lives. I can’t do that.”

“Well, you better decide fast.”

“Why?”

“Because Fisher’s here.”

I look up and see him standing in the driveway with Whiskey.

*Shit.*

God, he looks good. Sexy as sin. He's letting his hair grow out and keeping his facial hair neat and trim. He looks more like the man I fell in love with before everything went sideways, and he was sent off to prison. I'm torn between begging him to take me back and running all the way back to Florida to bury my head in the sand literally.

My pulse pounds in my ears. All that salad and pizza I consumed threatens to reappear.

Yara parks and I don't know if I want to exit the car. I don't know if Fisher is here for me or if he's here to talk to my brother-in-law.

I close my eyes, breathing in through my nose and out my mouth. This isn't only about me now. There's a child involved, and I'm scared I'm going to fuck their life up. I don't want to ruin their life by making the wrong choices. I won't screw up my kid like my parents did me.

"You planning on getting out of the car or you going to sit here all night?"

I glance over at my sister and flip her the bird. Then I square my shoulders and get out of the damn car to face Fisher.

# CHAPTER THREE

## FISHER

Un-fucking-believable. Freya took one look at me and ran away. Hopped in the car with her mother whom she can't stand. If that doesn't tell me how she feels nothing will. I know I fucked up. I never should have fucked her. I did though. I gotta own up to it. Gotta face it. I wanted her. Fuck did I need her.

I can't change the past and now she's possibly pregnant with my kid. I'm not prepared to go down that road again so soon after losing my boy. I'm not ready to face Crow and tell him what the fuck I did. Freya's his princess. The damn apple of his eye. He's my oldest friend and club Prez. He'd be well within his right to take me out. Put a bullet in my skull. Bury me in an unmarked grave. He's killed over a helluva lot less.

There's something about Fisher that brings out my competitive nature. This urge to prove I'm a better man. More deserving of his sweet Freya.

My cell phone buzzes with a text from Belinda. Another reminder of all my wrongs. My past mistakes. Like Beth. Maybe that's what holds me back with Freya. Cate's best friend was crazy about me back in the day. I wasn't ready to settle down. Beth wanted to tie me down and be an Ol' Lady. Thought if she could tame me with a baby that I'd change my ways. I kept pushing her away. Doing anything to make Beth see that I was never going to be that man she fantasized about. One night I pushed her too damn far and she paid the price with her life.

Belinda knew how that shit hung over my head and she preyed on me. Dangled the child I could never give Beth like a worm on a hook, and I took the bait. I settled for a marriage I didn't want out of guilt. Out of this desire to prove that I could be the man both had once thought I was.

Now look where that's gotten me.

Another death on my conscience. More blood staining not only my hands, my soul too. I've been tainted black for years. Freya is right to run, only that makes me want to chase her. Is that her game? My phone buzzes again.

**Epic Cunt:** *This is Nurse Granger. Your wife is hoping you will come see her today.*

*Fuck.* As if this day couldn't get any worse. Her requesting a visit better be because she's ready to sign the divorce papers I had served on her. There's no reason for us to keep up this damn sham. Our boy is gone. He's not coming back. No

amount of wishing I could turn back the clock can change the fact that he's dead.

I straddle my Harley and ride out. Speaking to Freya will have to wait. She can run but she can't hide from me forever. No damn way if her kid is mine that I want Fisher raising them, but yet there's this nagging voice in my head that says the chances of it happening are slim. Maybe I'm sterile. Belinda said Bensen wasn't mine. I want answers and that bitch is going to give them to me.

No more playing the disabled card. Her body may be broken but her fuckin' mind isn't.

It takes about two hours to get to the rehab center she's currently residing in. As I go through the motions of signing the visitor log and producing my identification, anger filters through me. I'm pissed I've gotta be here. I'm ready to be shot of her. Tired of Belinda and her bullshit dragging me down. I wouldn't be in this position if it weren't for her. I'm sick and fucking tired of being her puppet.

When the accident first happened, I shifted a lot of the blame to Freya. Made it easier to cope. I couldn't yell at my wife since she was in a coma. I took my frustration out on the one person I could. I punished her and myself. Now I'm past that stage of grief. I'm laying the blame where it lies. With the woman who turned my life upside down.

I stroll down the corridor hating the antiseptic scent of the place mixed with the smell of urine. I find Belinda propped up in her chair staring out the window watching the squirrels



chase each other through the grass and up the trees. Frail and a shadow of her former self, she offers me a weak smile that doesn't sit quite right with her pained expression.

The sight makes my blackened heart pitter patter with elation.

"Glad you could make it." There's a quilt draped over her legs and a bible on her lap.

I snort. Her prayers won't save her. "You sign the papers?"

"I will, if that's what you want. I'd like a favor though."

"You're the last person I owe a fuckin' thing."

"That may be so, but I want to go visit my son's grave."

"Can't you get your folks to arrange that?"

"They don't think it will be good for my mental health." She rolls her eyes. "I've made my peace with things, but I have unfinished business."

"And what's that?"

"I didn't get to say goodbye to him. There are things I should have told you and I'm sorry I didn't."

"Little late for your apologies."

"I know that, Shane. If you'll do this one thing for me, I'll sign your papers. I'll answer any questions. Please." A single, fat tear rolls down her cheek.

"Fuck you and your crocodile tears."

"I know I've hurt you."

“Hurt me,” I growl. “You shredded my soul. I may have been behind the wheel, but Bensen’s death is on you. You killed our son. May as well have put a gun to his head and pulled the trigger. At least it would have been less painful for him.”

“That’s not fair.” She swipes a thumb under her eye.

“I’m so god damn sick of hearing about what’s fair. Why’d you say that shit to me?”

She nods. “I knew you’d ask, and I’ll tell you the truth after I see his grave.”

I move in and wrap a hand around her throat. “Or I could kill you now. Put us both out of our misery, only that’d be too easy. I want you to suffer. To slowly rot away every damn day of your miserable life.” I squeeze her throat harder, till her cheeks turn red. I don’t stop choking the cunt till her eyes bulge. “I’ll make the arrangements. Be the last fucking thing I do for you.” I release her and don’t wait for a response.



I cruise back by Whiskey and Yara’s debating on trying Freya again only to find Fisher’s bike parked in the driveway. If I were a better man, I’d leave Freya alone. Let her be with Fisher. He’s a sorry piece of shit, but these past few months that he’s been home, one thing is clear. He loves Freya. Loves

her so much it makes me sick, and I wonder if the brother even has a dick. Moping around like a lovesick puppy. Won't even look at anyone else since she came back from Florida. Hasn't touched any of the girls at the clubhouse. One of them asked me if he was gay since he doesn't have an ol' lady and never fucks any of them.

I was tempted to tell her yeah. Told her he's shy. Was more entertaining to watch her coming onto him though. After he shot her down, I took the whore back to my room and fucked her. No sense in denying myself. Tricked my cock into thinking it was Freya's sweet pussy I was pounding.

Since I can't have a go at Freya tonight, I ride on to the clubhouse. I'm sure there's a whore there who can play her stand in. Won't be the first time and I doubt it will be the last.

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# CHAPTER FOUR

## FISHER

Whiskey's kids each latch onto one of his legs as Yara gives him a kiss. The brother's eyes light up as though he's been dead inside until they came home. Like a bolt of lightning hitting me square in the chest, I'm overcome with an overwhelming sense of grief for what I don't have. I want this with Freya. A life. A family. Coming home to her at the end of the day. I want this baby with her.

To give my woman the life she could only ever dream about until now.

Freya smiles at me and my damn cock jumps to attention to salute her. Fuck me. No matter how many times I see her she's still the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. No one does it for me quite like she does.

Her hazel eyes meet mine and my heart squeezes tight in my chest. I stare her down, all her curves begging me to claim them right here in the damn driveway. All that love for her

buried deep in my heart is bursting from the seams to get out and pour back into her. One smile is all it takes for her to bring my dead heart back to life.

I shoot her a smile in return, knowing that I'm so fucking in love with her I can't see straight. A life without her isn't a life worth living at all. I've experienced that hole in my heart twice now. I promised her I'd do whatever it takes to prove that we belong together and seeing her here today, I know I'm going to keep my word.

I'm going to get Freya back. I'm going to make her my wife.

I'll kill Death before letting him near her or this baby whether it's his or not. Freya is mine and this baby will be mine too. I'm claiming them. Both of them.

"Hey." She takes a step toward me.

My heart pounds faster and faster as though it may crack my ribs and shoot out of my chest. My ears ring with every breath I take. It's taking every bit of strength I have not to grab her in my arms and vow to never let her go.

"Hey yourself."

"You here to hang out with Whiskey or..."

"We both know why I'm here, babe." I lick my lips ready to claim her mouth and her heart once and for all. All I want is Freya's body pressed close to mine, her soft and sweet breath mingling with mine. Her heart thumping for me and only me.

Yara taps her husband on the shoulder, and he follows her inside, taking the kids with him as they go to give us privacy.

“I’m sorry for the way I reacted last time we spoke. I was angry.”

“I hurt you, Fisher.”

“Yeah. You did, but I’ve been a dick. You were scared when you came to me, and I reacted like a real bastard. You deserved better than that.”

“It’s okay.”

“It’s not, but I’m a make it up to you.” I hook a finger through her belt loop and pull her up against me. Being this close to her is driving me crazy. Nothing has ever felt more right than Freya being my girl. “I’m sorry, baby.” Her hands move to my chest as she peers up at me through her thick lashes. “I want you and this kid.”

“Even if this baby isn’t yours?” her voice cracks as moisture gathers in the creases of those hazel eyes. The flecks of gold swirling in them captivate me, hypnotizing me as they dance with unreleased tears.

“You’re mine. That’s all that matters to me. All that fucking matters.”

“Do you really mean that?”

“Yeah. We’ll figure it out. We always do. I want to be with you, Freya. Fuck, baby. I need you. I know shit got sideways, but I swear to you, this time it’ll be different.”

“I want that too.”

“Good.” I bring my mouth down to hers, capturing those lips that bring me so much pleasure and pain. I probe my tongue along the seam, pressing for her to fully let me in. My sweet Freya opens to me. Fucking beautiful. Her tongue slides against mine with pure passion and love. I drop my hands to her ass and give her a squeeze. My erection pushes against her belly. My cock is eager to be buried deep inside her. To be home again. Because wherever Freya is that’s where I belong.

“Guess, you’re happy to see me,” she teases.

“You could say that. You coming home with me?”

“You want me to spend the night?”

“No. Want you to come home for good. I’m renting a doublewide. Belonged to FB’s uncle. Got plenty of room. It’s a three bedroom. Two bathrooms. Big fenced in yard. Could even get a dog.”

“Are you trying to bribe me with the promise of a puppy?”

“That depends. Is it working?”

“A little.”

I stroke her cheeks. “Give me another chance.” I kiss her lips once more, getting lost in all that is Freya. Her sweet scent, the curve of her body. The taste of garlic from whatever she ate doesn’t even faze me. All I know is I want Freya coming home with me and sleeping in my bed.

“This is a big decision. You’re sure this is what you want? That we’re what you want?”

“I’m all in with you.”

“Okay.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah.” She nods.

I lick my lips, still feeling her touch, tasting her taste. “Get your stuff. You can follow me, or I can swing back by after church and pick you up. Whichever you prefer.”

“How about you give me the key with the address, and I’ll meet you there after I help Yara get her hellions bathed and ready for bed.”

“You’re not going to change your mind on me, are you?”

“Mmmm...” she taps a fingernail on her chin.

“You better quit playin’ with me, woman.” I slide the door key off my keyring. “Give me your phone. I’ll plug in the address on your GPS app.” Freya digs her cell phone out of her purse, and I put in the address. “Gimme’ that mouth.”

I kiss her.

Hard.

Deep.

Wet.

Savoring her.

“I’ll see you at home.”



“Like the sound of that.”

“I can pick up dinner or I can make something?”

“Here.” I pull my wallet out and hand her a fifty. “Order something. I don’t know how long church will last.”

“K.” My girl accepts the cash. “Any requests?”

“Surprise me. I’m so happy right now I’d eat dog food if you served it to me.”

“Fisher.” Her head tilts and does a little shake. “Don’t let Whiskey hear you. He’ll dare you to do it.”

“I’ll see you tonight.” I kiss her forehead and ride out.



As I start through the entrance of The Crow’s nest, Death slams a palm into my chest, shoving me back out the door. “A word.”

I push his hand away. “Fuck off.”

“I’m still VP of this club, boy. I say I want a word you come to heel, yeah?”

“The fuck do you want?”

“You’re looking real smug. Freya decide to give your sorry ass another shot?”

“Moving back in with me as we speak.” I grin, rubbing it in.

“I would congratulate you, but we’ll see how long it lasts.”

“Whatever. I don’t give a fuck what you think.” I snarl, curling my top lip.

“Fair enough. I’m going to ask that in the best interest of the club you keep this pregnancy shit to yourself. Till we know who the father is, you keep my name out your mouth, yeah?”

That’s all he cares about. His good standing with John Crow. He doesn’t really give a fuck about Freya or this baby. He just can’t stand the fact that I’m a better man than him. Dude is a fucking joke. A has been. His time is over. “Doesn’t matter. Freya and I have agreed that this baby just like her is *mine*. So don’t concern yourself about *my* Ol’ Lady. My ring will be on her finger soon enough and tonight it’ll be my cock she sucks. It’ll be my name on her lips when she cries out and my come dripping down her thighs.”

“For now,” he growls and stomps off.

I enter the clubhouse and Hellraiser stops me. “Everything good? Conversation looked a little heated.”

“Was nothing. Making sure I’m passing my drug tests and shit.”

The brother nods. I don’t know if he buys it or not.

“Cool. Things going good then? I know you’ve had a lot going on.”

“All good. Freya is moving back in.”

“Right on. We better get in there.”

I leave my phone and my knife in the bin outside of the meeting room with a prospect. Everyone else is seated in their respective places except for Death. I can tell Prez is growing agitated at the delay. If I wanted to be a real prick, I'd tell him all about our VP and how he fucked his daughter. Good for him, I'm feeling generous. Not going to let Death and his bullshit ruin what I'm building with Freya. What they had is in the past. I'm her future.

He can fuck off with his bullshit. He has no claim on Freya or this child.

Death straggles in and shoots me a dirty look. His knuckles are cracked and bleeding.

Hellraiser eyes him then me, but keeps his mouth shut.

Good call. I shoot him a lift of my chin.

Prez raises his gavel and slams it down on the wooden table with our club insignia burned into the center. A skull with bird wings flying straight out of Hell.

“First up for discussion is old business. We have a fight on the books in Charleston, WV at the Royal Bastards clubhouse. Gentry, that's all you. Death and I'll be riding out with you, I've got shit to discuss with Murder which brings us to new business. Any of you heard shit all about a drug called Cloud Nine?”

Crow glances around the room as low murmurs sound out.

“Just the usual petty shit. College kids love cocaine and weed. Occasionally pills,” Fat Bastard speaks up.

“Keep your eyes peeled and ears open. I don’t want this shit in Hell.”

“When do we ride out? I’ve got some shit to handle with Belinda.”

“Not till next weekend.”

“I’ll be ready.”

“Fisher, I’ll need you to hold shit down with Whiskey when we’re gone since you can’t exactly leave the state. Though we’ll discuss it further before I ride out.”

“You can count on me, Prez.”

“That’s what I like to hear.”

“Zuko want you with Pickles on that protection ride.”

Church is adjourned and I can’t wait to get home to Freya.

I’m on my way out after grabbing my phone when Whiskey stops me. “Guess I should thank you.”

“For what?”

“With Freya sleeping back in your bed I can fuck my wife again.”

“Heard that, man.”

“You cool with things? With the baby and shit. Freya asked me to keep it to myself. Noticed you’ve not told Prez.”

“Death would rather he doesn’t know. Between us though. Way I see it. This baby is mine. Don’t give a fuck what he’s got to say about it.”

“I hear that. Take care of Frito. I know she’s a lot to handle. Yara is too but man the reward that comes from those hellcats.” He whistles.

We’ve all heard how much he loves to fuck his wife. Hell, if she’s anything like Freya in the sack. I can’t begrudge him wanting to brag.

“You headed out?” Crow interrupts.

“Later.” Whiskey takes off.

Damn. I was hoping he’d be a buffer.

“What’s up?”

“You doing good? Settling in at your new place and shit?”

“Yeah. It’s all good. Work’s steady. Keeping my ass out of trouble.”

“Keep up the good work, son. Freya will come around.”

“She’s moving back in.”

“That’s what I like to hear. Sleep a lot better knowing you’re taking care of my baby girl. I know she’s grown and can make her own choices but as her father I don’t worry as much when she’s with you.”

“Appreciate that, Prez.”

“I mean that.” He grabs me by the back of the neck, giving me a rough squeeze. “You’re a good dude, Fisher. But you hurt her, I’ll have no problem feeding you to the pigs. Got me?”

“I’ll take care of her. Treat her like a queen.”

“Good. Good. See that you do,” he growls, giving me a shake before he releases me.

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# CHAPTER FIVE

## FISHER

I pull up to the place Fisher is renting from Fat Bastard. I can't assess much about the outside in the dark, but it will be nice to have our own yard and to maybe get a dog. My mind flashes to my fur baby I left in Florida. I feel shit about leaving Cleo behind, but I thought I'd be returning. Jill said she would ship my stuff to me. I didn't have all that much. Being that I'm pregnant, I'll be gaining weight so the clothes aren't of much use to me. It'd probably cost more to ship them than they are worth. I told her she could keep them or sell them. I hate that I left her without a roommate once again. I didn't plan this though. I never expected to be torn between two men. But I know now what my heart wants. I want a life with Fisher. He's the man who loves me and continues to prove it with his actions and his words.

I thought Death would be the better man. I had him mistaken. Everything I thought I wanted was with the wrong

man. Fisher is who I belong with. There's not a doubt in my mind.

I use the flashlight on my cell phone to guide me to the front porch, noting there's a swing. I've always wanted a porch swing. One with a thick cushion and matching pillows for lounging with a good book, listening to the sounds of nature. I smile to myself as I use Fisher's key to unlock the door.

Inside, I flick on the light and brace myself for disappointment but surprisingly there's no foul smell of stale cigarettes and old food. I glance around a little proud that Fisher has kept the place clean.

The décor is dated but cosmetic stuff can easily be changed. Some fresh paint and rugs will make a world of difference. We still have my stuff he put into storage. We could make this place a real home for our baby. *Our*. The word has me all warm and gooey inside. This baby is Fisher's. He said he's claiming us.

I'm going to get my happily ever after. I don't know how to explain it, but this switch went off when I thought I'd lost him for good this time. Something inside of me ignited and my heart knew he's the man for me.

The only man.

My filthy biker who can be dirty and dominating in the bedroom, mean as he needs to be on the streets, and sweet as he can be when he wants to be. Riley Fisher. I smirk to myself daydreaming about how good our reunion is going to be when



he gets home. I know he's going to give me the business and it'll be damn good.

I flip the porch light on and retrieve my bags from the car. I dump them on the bed and note that while Fisher may have put most of my stuff in storage, he's using my bedroom furniture. Our bed. My stomach does a drop, and I hate wondering if he's had anyone else in it. He says there's been no one else, but Death is out there fucking anything that moves. Not that Fisher is a thing like Death.

I shake away those ugly thoughts as my belly rumbles. I don't want Italian after having it earlier. What I really want is chicken fajitas from the Mexican restaurant in town. Only they don't do delivery. Which means I'll have to call it in and drive to pick it up. I fire off a text to Fisher to let him know my plans.

**Freya:** *Hey, I'm ordering Mexican. I'll have to swing by there to pick it up. Not sure if you're still in church, but I'm doing the fajita dinner for two.*

**Fisher:** *About to head out now. We can meet there and dine in.*

**Freya:** *I'd rather veg out on the couch with a movie.*

Code for I want to Netflix and chill. AKA, I want to fuck my man tonight.

**Fisher:** *Call it in and I'll swing by on my way home.*

**Freya:** *Aren't you on your Harley?*

**Fisher:** *Babe*

That's all he says. I shake my head and place the order.

While I wait for my sexy biker to get here with dinner, I make myself at home. I unpack my toiletries and put my undies and bras in the top drawer of the dresser next to Fisher's boxer briefs. I can't help my curiosity and check the nightstand. If I were a dude that is where I'd keep condoms and lube. I'm relieved when I open the drawer to discover one of my vibrators exactly how I left it.

No condoms.

No lube.

No phone numbers.

I doubt Fisher has even checked inside.

I know I need to trust him, but I do another sweep of the dresser drawers and the closet. Nothing but his clothes. In the spare bedroom is some of his motorcycle shit.

The place is clean.

Maybe it's my own guilt for being with Death that is driving me to look for things that aren't here. The part of me that thinks I don't deserve love wants to sabotage everything good that comes my way, but this time that old me isn't going to win. This round I'm playing to win.

I'm going to build a life with Fisher.

We're going to give this baby the family I never had.

The front door opens, and Fisher marches in with two takeout bags. "Put your ice cream in the freezer for me." He

hands me one of the white plastic bags with *thank you* printed on it in red lettering.

Accepting the bag, I move to the fridge to place the Styrofoam container with my fried ice cream, complete with whipped topping, sprinkles, and chocolate sauce in the freezer for later. I glance over to see Fisher taking the plates that had been in our apartment out of the cabinet. I purse my lips, fighting a grin.

“Honey, can I ask you something?”

“Anything.” He sets our plates on the breakfast counter. My teal green ones with the pink and white flowers on them. I got them on a steal at a big sale at one of the mall department stores when I was back to school shopping with Yara.

“I thought you put all of my stuff into storage.”

“I did, but when I found this place, I grabbed the stuff I thought *we’d* need.”

“So you had pretty high hopes I’d agree to live with you again?”

“Babe,” he says like I’m being silly. “I was mad at you, not through with you.”

“You made it pretty clear you were done with me.” I remind him of our nasty encounter at the cabin.

“No. I said that if you were with me, I wanted it to be because you wanted to be. Not because you felt like you had to be.”

“You came to me tonight.”

His left brow shoots up. “We really gonna argue about this?”

“Nope,” I tell him, deciding it’s best to let it go. I’m here with him, that’s what matters most. “Why don’t you go clean up and I’ll serve our food and find us something to watch.”

Fisher touches his lips to mine and hangs his cut on the back of one of the high-backed kitchen stools. He goes to the bedroom to change while I get our plates served and setup on the coffee table so we can watch something while we eat. This sense of normalcy is what I’ve been craving. Sharing a meal with the person I love. The day-to-day small stuff that everyone seems to always take for granted.

I know I did until he was gone. Now he’s back and I swear this time we’ll be better than we ever were.

I turn on one of my favorite movies, ‘*Train to Busan.*’

Fisher calls to me from the kitchen wanting to know what I want to drink. Once that decision is out of the way, he joins me on the couch. It’s not long after we’ve finished our food and I’ve devoured my ice cream that he’s on me. As the remaining survivors are being mauled by zombies on the screen, Fisher attacks. Hands roaming, teeth skimming my neck, no invitation needed. I’m ready and eager to be loved by him.

We go at it like teenagers. Hot and heavy groping and biting. I can’t get enough. His facial hair scrapes along my jaw

and down my neck as he nips and sucks the tender skin of my throat between his lips and teeth.

Marking me.

Claiming me.

Owning me.

I belong to Riley Fisher.

Shoving one hand up my shirt and the other down my pants, he goes to work, greedy to make me come. One handed, he undoes the clasps on my bra, giving him access to tweak my nipple. Pinching and rolling the taught skin between his fingers as he simultaneously teases my clit, while continuing to make love to my mouth with his dominating kiss. He's all control and centered on taking care of my needs first.

I whimper into his mouth as he pushes a finger inside me, followed by a second.

“Always wet for me. That’s a good girl,” he praises, knowing it turns me on to be called his good girl. “Fuck I’ve missed your pussy.”

“Only my pussy?”

“All of you, baby. Every inch inside and out.” His cock tents in his grey sweatpants, showing me just how much he’s missed me.

My lips practically water at the sight of the outline of his massive dick.

I repay the favor, slipping my hand inside his boxer briefs and fisting the base of his shaft to stroke and jerk his cock, mimicking the movements as though he's fucking my mouth instead of my fist.

There's nothing sexier than the sounds my man makes when he's hot and bothered. He does this growl thing at the back of his throat that legit makes me wet at the sound.

"Jesus, Freya. Gonna make me come. Not been with anyone since the last night we were together," he confesses, and I smile.

"I haven't either. You didn't...not even with Hillary?"

"Not going to lie and tell you I didn't try."

My stomach tightens and jealousy burns deep in my womb. Which is silly, but I hate the thought of Fisher with anyone who isn't me. He's mine. It's not only my man who can be jealous and possessive. Hillary is dead and yet the thought of her laying one hand on Fisher makes me want to dig up her corpse and claw her eyes out.

"Not to speak ill of the dead but she was uptight, and I barely kissed her."

"You're trying to make me feel better."

"Bible, babe. Never got in her panties. Never got my tongue in her mouth."

"That's so sad."

“Tell me about it,” he grumbles. I scowl at him. He sounds real sad about it. “But you think we can not talk about other people we’ve dated while I’m trying to make you come?”

“That depends.”

“On what?” he growls, making that noise I love, scraping his teeth over my collar bone.

“How fast you can make me come.”

“Babe, if you’re more worried about other women than what I’m doing to you, then I’m doing something wrong.”

I lose his fingers and then I lose him. Fisher pushes up off the couch and takes our dirty plates to the kitchen sink as the final credits of the movie roll down the Tv screen.

“I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“You didn’t.”

“But bringing up a dead girl killed your mood.”

“I’m gonna shower.”

“Okay.” I watch him strut down the hallway and wonder if I should join him or give the man his space.

I start to follow him when my cell phone buzzes with a text from an unknown number.

**Unknown:** *I can’t stop thinking about you.*

**Freya:** *Who is this?*

**Unknown:** *You have that many men thinking about you?*

I glance down the hall to where Fisher disappeared to, wondering if he's messing with me. The bathroom door shuts, and the pipes groan as the faucet in the bathroom is twisted on.

**Unknown:** *Miss sliding deep inside you. Miss that pretty little pussy squeezing me tight, milking my cock.*

My cheeks redden. Heat shoots up my spine in reminder of how Death fucked me.

**Freya:** *You can't say stuff like that. Not anymore. I'm back with Fisher.*

**Unknown:** *You gonna tell me you don't think about me? That you don't wish you were in my bed? Riding me while I choke you. Till I make that sweet cunt cream my cock.*

**Freya:** *I'm exactly where I want to be. Only dick I care about is attached to Fisher.*

**Unknown:** *If that's so why do you keep texting me? If I were there now, bet you'd choose to fuck me over him. Bet you want to touch yourself just thinking about my dick.*

Ugh. I exit out of my messages and toss my phone back in my purse.

He's wrong.

There is no choice.

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# CHAPTER SIX

## FISHER

I twist the faucet, stopping the spray of hot water. Freya didn't do anything wrong. It's only once she mentioned Hillary, those damn crime scene photos popped into my head and my cock went soft as a damn wet noodle.

Hard to focus on fucking Freya when I'm seeing images of a dead girl playing on a loop in my head. It's damn hard to push those thoughts away, to let them circle down the drain when I know there's some sick fuck out there killing women like it's a damn sport.

I worry about Freya. About being able to protect her. I shouldn't have let her come home alone. I'm getting up with Keys tomorrow to put in a security system. I want my woman and our baby protected.

I step out of the shower and dry off. After I throw on clean underwear and brush my teeth, I find Freya in the kitchen

nibbling on the last of the cinnamon sugar dusted shell of her ice cream bowl.

I move in from behind, wrapping my arms around her waist and resting my head in the crook between her neck and shoulder. I kiss her ear. “You ready to come to bed?”

“That depends. Are you still upset with me?”

“Wasn’t you, babe. After Hillary’s body was found, I was taken in for questioning. Them motherfuckers showed me the crime scene photos. Wasn’t pretty. Was fucking gruesome. When you brought her up, I was reminded of the brutal end she met. Seeing something that terrible stays with you.”

“I’m sorry, honey.” Freya twists to face me.

“Not your fault. It’s something I need to deal with.”

“If talking about it will help, I’m here to listen. You don’t always have to be the strong, tough macho guy with me.”

“Appreciate that. I do. What would really help right now is if you come to bed and we pick up where we left off.”

“I think I can handle that.”

“You think, huh? Go on to bed. I’ll make sure we’re locked up.”

Her cinnamon sugar lips meet mine. The flavor doesn’t mingle well with the fresh mint of my toothpaste but I’m not gonna complain.

Freya retreats to the bathroom and I go through the house, double checking the locks on the windows and doors. I’m not

supposed to have any guns in the house thanks to my felony charge, but I've got a Louisville Slugger that will put a hurtin' on a person. I keep it in an umbrella stand by the front door. I need to put another one in the bedroom. Freya has a pistol in her safe in the storage unit, but if my PO finds it in our house I'd be fucked. Though to keep her safe I'd consider the risk.

I find my girl in bed under the covers.

"I have a problem," she informs me.

"Oh yeah. What's that?"

"You've got too many clothes on."

"Babe, I'm in my underwear."

"Exactly." She looks at me, shooting me an expression that says, 'duh.'

"You naked under there?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

I jerk the dark bedding back and smirk. Yeah, my girl is naked all right. Her dusty rose nipples are primed and ready along with the rest of her. I drop my drawers and slide into bed, spreading her thighs. "You had your treat, now it's time for mine." I breathe her in, loving her womanly scent. There's nothing better than Freya's pussy and the love she has all for me.

Flicking my tongue against her clit, I get right to it, devouring her tasty cunt. Automatically her fingers dig into my scalp, pulling me closer. She can't get enough as I make

love to her with my tongue. I bury myself in her pussy to the point of intoxication.

My sweet Freya writhes on the bed addicted to the sugar high of the orgasms I alone bring her. Her juices drip down my chin as I eat her. I shove two fingers inside her velvety heat making a come here motion to hit the perfect spot. I know my girl. Her body is molded to my touch and my cock. The day she was created she was made to be my dream girl.

Nails scratching down my back, she cries out as her body trembles and shakes. Her hips jerk and she comes all over my mouth. I hold her down and suck her pussy, wanting every damn drop of her nectar of the gods. I lap at her cunt, slowing to gentle licks as she comes down off her high.

We're nowhere near done with playtime. "That's a good girl, coming for your man." I kiss her clit and return to pumping my fingers in and out of her, fucking her slower this time. Teasing her with another orgasm. With my mouth capped over her sensitive bundle of nerves as I take her pussy with two fingers, I tease at her asshole, applying a light pressure there with the tip of my thumb.

Freya arches her back, wanting more.

"Oh fuck, Fisher."

"Like it when I threaten to fuck your ass, don't you? Bet you wish I'd flip you over and ram my fat cock right in. Taking what we both know is meant to be mine. I'm going to own every inch of you. Paint every fucking centimeter of your skin with my love. With my come."

“Please,” she says on a breathy pant.

“Please what?”

“Fuck me, baby.”

“Not yet. My baby is eager for this dick.” I swirl my finger around the rim of her perfect buttonhole, as I go back to fucking her with my tongue. “Don’t resist, let it happen.” I gather more of her juices, using them as lubricant, smearing her sticky and sweet over her forbidden hole.

The idea of me fucking her tight little asshole is enough to send her sailing over the edge. Muscles squeezing my fingers tight, another orgasm rocks through her body, hard.

I don’t give her time to recover. I crawl up her body, going for her tits, taking turns tweaking each nipple. Kissing, biting, and sucking her rosy buds till she cries out for my cock.

“You want this dick?” I grin and bring my mouth down on hers. “Taste your pussy on my tongue. So fucking good, Freya. My baby has the tastiest cunt.” I glide my fingers back through her slick heat then rub them over her lips. “Mmm yeah. You like how you taste. Fuckin’ sweeter than candy.” She licks my fingers and sucks them into her mouth like she would if they were my cock. *Fuck*. My sweet Freya can be a dirty little slut when she wants to be.

She reaches between our bodies, stroking my dick, begging to be fucked. She aches for it. I’ve got Freya desperate for my dick.

She lines me up and I thrust in to the hilt she's so wet and ready. Her pussy curves to the shape of my dick. Her knee hitches over my hip. If she wasn't pregnant already, she would be by the time I'm through with her tonight.

I draw in and out at a leisurely pace, watching her pussy lips stretch over the head of my cock.

Her teeth sink into her bottom lip. So damn sexy. "Open them eyes." Her gaze meets mine, erotic and full of desire. Sweat coats our skin as we make love. "Love you, Freya. Fuck, baby. Feel so good, I could come already."

She matches me thrust for thrust, her gaze never leaving mine.

"You gonna come for me again, like a good girl? You gonna please your man, Freya?"

She moans her answer.

"Touch yourself. Show me how you like it."

No hesitation, her hand slides down the valley of her breasts, to her stomach and straight to her clit.

"There's my dirty little bitch. Fuck, baby. You make me want to come so hard."

Freya rings the devil's doorbell, bringing herself to another orgasm. Now it's my turn.

"Roll over."

Like a good girl Freya turns, going on all fours. I glide my tongue down the curve of her spine, kissing every centimeter

before biting her on the ass hard enough to leave a mark. I hold her hips once I'm rooted inside to keep her in place while I fuck her brains out. Bodies slapping together as the bed knocks against the wall, we don't need to worry about the neighbors hearing.

Freya can scream as loud as she wants to.

I can fuck my woman as hard as I want to. We don't have to hold back.

Freya gives me all she's got.

I molest her ass with the head of my dick, threatening to claim this last piece of her. I want to own every last part of her.

Freya's mine.

She's always been mine.

With a sexy glance over her shoulder, she dares me to claim what's mine. To take what I want. I press my cock against her unclaimed jewel. Freya pushes back and I breach the tight rim.

"Oh god. Oh God. Too much pressure." She whimpers, sagging forward, pressing a cheek to the mattress.

I pull out with a promise we'll try again soon. We both want it, but I refuse to hurt her to get there. I wipe the head of my dick off on the sheet and resume fucking her perfect snatch till I come.

Her pussy squeezes and contracts, milking me bone dry.



I kiss Freya's shoulder and roll off her. She curls into me, putting her head to my sweaty chest. I strum my fingers through her dark tangled hair, enjoying the fact that she's back in my arms and my bed. "What's your plans for tomorrow?"

"I have an interview at a salon for a receptionist job. I've gotta find something. I can't just sit around here all day waiting for you to come home and fuck me."

"I wouldn't complain about you being here to serve me dinner naked."

She play punches me in the stomach and I chuckle.

"Such a pig thing to say."

"I've got no problem providing the bacon." I stroke her cheek and kiss her lips.

"I need to pee." She shifts away from me, but I pull her back for one more kiss. I can't get enough.

I watch Freya strut through the bedroom naked and sexier than ought to be legal as she retreats to the bathroom. I lay back in the bed and smile up at the ceiling happier than I've ever been. I can't wait to watch her body grow and change. To see her glow from her pregnancy.

I'm ready for whatever life throws our way.



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# CHAPTER SEVEN

## FISHER

I wake up hot and sweaty pinned to the bed by Fisher's delectable body. He's got an arm slung across my chest, spooning me from behind. I let out a yawn and try to ease out from his possessive hold. I need to shower before my interview. I can't show up with wild sex hair.

"Where you going," my man mumbles, all sleepy and sexy.

"To get ready for my interview. Then I'm going to pop by Bookers to grab a few pregnancy books."

"You need money?"

"No. I still have that fifty you gave me for dinner."

"Is that enough?"

"It should be."

"Cool. You shower. I'm a start the coffee." His lips brush over my shoulder, and I wince at how tender the skin is. "Damn, I'm sorry. Guess I got a little carried away." He plants

more kisses along my throat, and I'm going to assume there are teeth marks or hickeys that I'll need to be creative with my concealer to hide.

Fisher shoves up off the bed in all his naked but tattooed glory. I stay in the bed a minute longer to enjoy the view of his muscular backside. "Babe," he says with a grin, catching me staring.

"What?" I bat my lashes and lick my lips with every intention of baiting him back to bed for a morning quickie.

"Shower," he prompts.

"Right," I mutter, wishing we could stay in bed and hide away from the real world at least for the day. I hear the coffee pot coming to life and decide I'd better get a move on since I need to wash my hair. I go through the motions to prepare for my day. One look in the bathroom mirror after my shower shows me that yeah Fisher got more than carried away. Purple and red bruises make a cheetah pattern along my shoulder and neck. If I didn't enjoy last night so much, I may kill him for this. I've always thought hickeys made people look trashy, only this morning it's sexy. I love that I drove him to that point of passion. Of possession.

I'm going to make building a happy life with Fisher my obsession.

I'm going to be the best wife and mother.

I can't change the fact that this baby may not be his, but I know this is where we're meant to be. I have this sense of

contentment I've never experienced before, and I know it's all due to Fisher accepting this baby as his own.

It takes a real man to raise another's child.

I plug in the hair dryer and my flat iron. My attentive man knocks on the bathroom door to bring me a cup of coffee. "You're going to need to switch to decaf," he tells me.

"How do you know that?"

"Whiskey mentioned it. And I've been reading up on stuff."

"Since when?"

"Since you told me you thought you were pregnant."

"Honey." I put a palm to his stubble covered jaw.

"You want breakfast? I'm about to fry me some eggs."

"Maybe toast. Two slices."

"Will do." He comes in for a kiss, reminding me that when we're good, we're better than good. We're great.

After I do up my hair and dress for success, I touch up my makeup. I didn't go too heavy on the eye makeup like I would if I were still bartending. I join Fisher at the breakfast counter and see that there's eggs and bacon with my toast.

"Honey, I didn't want all this."

"Don't give me no lip. You're eating for two and besides, a good breakfast is the foundation to a good day."

It smells great. I'm not going to argue with his logic. If Fisher wants to spoil me by taking care of me, who am I to

stop him?



“Freya, is it? Do you have any experience working in a salon?”

“No. My last job I worked in retail and before that I tended bar.”

“I see. And you quit your last job without notice?”

“I was living in Florida and had a family emergency. Then while I was here, I found out I’m pregnant, which resulted in me getting back together with my ex and deciding to stay.”

The chick interviewing me shoots me an awkward smile. One full of unease. I know I’ve over shared.

“And you’re pregnant now?”

“I just found out. I haven’t even been to the doctor yet.”

“I’m going to be honest. I think you’re a sweet girl but breathing in the chemicals we can use may not be for the best. I’m not certain we’re going to be able to accommodate all the time off you’ll need for your appointments. I don’t believe you’ll be the right fit for us currently. And we can’t offer you insurance because you wouldn’t be full time.”

“I understand thank you for your time.”

She hands me back my resume and my application, not bothering to offer to keep them on file.

I leave the salon with my happy outlook deflated but not defeated.

I head on to Bookers to look for the pregnancy books Yara swears I need to read. She would've given me hers if she still had them. She loaned them to a friend, and they never returned them.

I'm browsing the shelves when my phone vibrates in my hand.

**Death:** *Did you go to bed with Fisher thinking about me? Was it my name on the tip of your tongue when he fucked you?*

**Freya:** *You've gotta stop.*

**Death:** *We gotta talk about this sometime.*

**Freya:** *I told you. I'm with Fisher and we're moving forward with our lives. I suggest you do the same.*

**Death:** *And the baby...if it's mine, you think I'm gonna allow him to raise my kid?*

**Freya:** *I expect you to be an adult about it and to respect my wishes. If you care about me...if you ever did you'll stop this and let me be happy.*

**Death:** *is that what you want? To pretend we never happened? To lie to yourself.*

**Freya:** *I know what I want. I want a life with Fisher. I'm done with this conversation.*

I don't wait for a response. I do what I should have done last night the moment he messaged me. I block his number.

I find two of the three books I'm hunting for and ask the clerk if she can order the third for me. I know I could probably go online to order the title, but I know Bookers is independently owned and I shop local as much as I can. Since I was a kid, my father has made it a point to support local businesses, and it's stuck with me to do the same. The community isn't as likely to complain about the club being in their town if we shop with them and donate to their causes with charity rides and other stuff.

My mom used to collect toys for the angel trees and the Birds would buy whole trees to fulfill the wishes of. When school was about to start each year, her and some of the other ol' ladies would give away backpacks filled with supplies. I should get with Yara and restart those traditions.

I fire off a text to Fisher.

**Freya:** *I'm about to leave Bookers. Have you had lunch?*

**Fisher:** *I'll take a panini and soup.*

**Fisher:** *Whiskey wants the same. We'll pay you back when you get here.*

I roll my eyes.

**Freya:** *See you soon. Love you.*

I get in line to place our order when I get a tap on the shoulder. "I know you did not skip town for months only to

show back up without even a text to let me know you're still alive, Miss Thang.”

I spin around to see Mikai, my coworker from when I worked at The Terminal.

“Hey. I’m so sorry.”

“Mhmmm.” He puts a hand to his jutted-out hip. Mikai is a beautiful, gay black man with a passion for fashion. He’s sporting hot pink nails and a white ruffled top paired with skinny jeans. “You can make it up to me by having lunch with me and filling me in on all the gossip.”

“I can do that.” Fisher and Whiskey won’t mind waiting a little longer for the food, I’m sure.

I place my order but ask if they can wait twenty minutes before they start on the two that’s to go. I grab a table while Mikai waits on his order.

I’m starving and don’t wait for him before I dig into my soup and salad.

“Where have you been hiding? I went into work one day to be told by Tiffany of all people that you had quit.”

“I kind of moved to Florida for a few months. Now I’m home and living with Fisher, trying to find a job.”

“And that’s another thing. Last I knew that man was in prison, and you were getting busy with a fine ass biker daddy.” He points a potato wedge at me.



“Things have changed. A lot.” I take a sip of my water, wishing it was a Pepsi.

“I’d say.” He eyes the books I sat on the other chair. “Are those for you?”

My cheeks redden, but I have nothing to be embarrassed about. “I haven’t really told many people yet.”

“I’m guessing this is Fisher’s baby since you said you’re back with his trifling ass.”

“Look, I know what everyone thinks about Fisher but he’s not like that. He’s a good guy.”

“Are you happy?”

“Yeah. Happier than I’ve ever been.”

“Then, girl, that’s all that matters to me. But speaking of bikers. Is that fine ass one you went home with on New Year’s still single? You know I’d love to break me off a piece of that. I’m a sugar baby on the prowl.”

I snort. “If I see him, I’ll be sure to pass along the message.”

“Now that’s what I’m talking about. Good looking out, honey.”

I wrap up lunch with a promise to catch up again soon. I run Fisher and Whiskey their lunch. Fisher can’t really stop to talk; the place is crazy busy. The guys only have enough time for Whiskey to give me a, “Hey, Frito.”

Fisher gives me a quick peck on the lips and the tip of my nose. His stormy grey eyes burn into me full of love when he

says, “Thanks, baby.”

“See you tonight.” I start to walk away when his palm lands on my ass, giving me a good squeeze, leaving a greasy handprint.

With nothing else to do for the day, I go by the storage unit and grab a few things like my throw pillows for the couch and wax warmers. All the little stuff that will make the new place feel more like home. I gotta put my stamp on it.



“Babe, tell me you weren’t poking around in that storage unit lifting heavy shit.”

“Okay I won’t tell you.” I stick another picture frame on the counter. I pulled some old pictures off my cloud and had them printed out at the photo place in town.

“You’ve got the place looking good.”

“Thank you.”

“Anything else you want out of there though, you let me get it.”

“Noted.”

“Good. You don’t listen and I’ll tan this ass red with my belt.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time.”

“Does my baby want to play?”

“I’ve been very bad.”

“Mmmm.” He rubs his lips together and undoes his belt.

My panties practically disintegrate as he stares me down.

“Want you naked and bent over the bed by the time I count to ten.”

He doesn’t have to tell me twice. I practically skip down the hallway to the bedroom.

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# CHAPTER EIGHT

## FISHER

“I don’t have long. I’ve gotta go out of town for a few days.”

“I appreciate you taking the time,” Belinda tells me, appearing weaker than she did the last time we saw each other.

Her cheeks are hollower, and her eyes have sunken further into her head. All that beauty she once held has wilted. A shell of the woman she once was. Now she’s a rotting corpse.

Still though, the bitch won’t garner any sympathy from me. Her stupid actions landed her in this position. Play stupid games ya win stupid prizes. Our son paid with his life.

It’s time to let go of that shit and move forward.

I didn’t think it was possible to want another child, but Freya being pregnant means I can have a second chance to get things right this time. If that damn Fisher wasn’t standing in my way.

How many times does he have to break her fuckin' heart for her to realize she's never going to be happy with him. He's not the man for her. I wasn't sure I am either. However, I'm willing to try if this kid is mine. Can't say I'd be comfortable raising Fisher's brat. If it meant making Freya mine, then I'd learn to make my peace with that. I can give them a good life. A better one than Fisher can.

Fate is dangling Freya and this baby in front of me like a fucking lost treasure. Daring me to keep moving forward. Tempting me to believe that maybe God does exist. Only maybe he has a fucked-up sense of humor.

I wheel Belinda to my truck with the orderly following behind to assist with getting her into the passenger seat. Hell, she's lost so much weight, lifting her won't be an issue. I stop at the front desk to sign her out, accepting full responsibility for the cunt. As much as this is the last thing I want to do with my time, I want her to sign those fucking papers.

She's heavier than I expect, and I don't know how in the hell I'm going to get her in and out of my truck alone at the grave site. I should drive her to a lake, dump her ass in it, and let her sink. Only that would be far too kind for her after what she's done.

Once she's buckled in, I get on the road imagining a million different ways to kill her in my head. Each new fantasy darker and more agonizing than the last.

"Do you think you could go through the drive-thru? I'd love some fries. They have me on a strict diet."

“Yeah. Sure. Whatever.” I turn off at a fast-food joint.  
“Anything else other than the fries?”

“A strawberry milkshake.”

It hits me square in the chest. A memory of Bensen sitting at the kitchen counter after he'd mastered his times tables, dipping his fries in a strawberry milkshake. A habit he'd picked up from Belinda. Anger rips through me and I want to drive off without placing her order. How dare she get to enjoy his favorite celebratory treat on the way to his damn grave. I want to dig a hole to throw her ass in to bury her alive. It's what she deserves. To die a slow death. Should dig up our boy and bury her with him. Let her die while staring him in his cold dead face, knowing she put him there. That she's responsible for his being gone. Him not getting to live a long life.

I order her damn fries and milkshake and I hope she chokes on them. I pay and hand her items off.

A weird smile crosses her face. “I didn't get this for me, you know. It's dumb but I wanted something to take to Bensen. I don't have flowers or one of his favorite toys. Have you been to the house?”

“Nope.”

“Mom said they hired someone to pack everything up for storage. So if there's something you want...pictures or whatever be sure to go by there soon to take whatever you want.”

“You’re not planning to live there?”

“Look at me, Shane. Do I look like I can manage a two-story home on my own? Besides, I can’t go back there and not hear his voice. Or see his face. He’s all I think about. Every day his smile haunts me. I may have been an awful wife, but I was a good mom. I loved him.” Belinda bursts into tears.

*Fuck. I hate seeing a woman cry. Even her.*

God damn I hate her for making me care.

“Bensen knew you loved him. Hell, you were his favorite person.” I don’t know why I’m giving her any comfort. I’m not a compassionate man. Not where she’s concerned.

“I was always jealous of the way he lit up when you’d come home. Sometimes I think I hated you for it. That day on the bridge. I don’t know why I said those things to you. I wanted to hurt you. I could tell you’d fallen in love with someone, and I was envious. I’d ended things with Petra, and I was afraid you were going to leave me. Leave Bensen and start a new life. Make a new family and forget all about us. And now look what I’ve done. I made sure that came to fruition. I ruined all of our lives because I was too much of a coward to face my family and tell them the truth. That I loved a woman. I don’t expect your forgiveness. Trust me. I hate myself enough for the both of us.”

I don’t know how to respond to her confession. I keep quiet and pull up at the cemetery to park. After I exit the vehicle, I grab Belinda’s wheelchair out the back and get it set up so

when I lift her out of the passenger seat, I can easily place her in the chair.

I lift her how the orderly instructed. Fuck me. My back is going to be killing me later.

I have no choice but to push her down through the grass and hope like hell one of her wheels doesn't get stuck.

I position her by his headstone and leave her on her own for a few minutes while I return to the truck to get her stupid fries and melted strawberry milkshake. I should dump it over her head and leave her ass on the side of the road. Part of me wants to tell her about Freya and the baby out of spite. To watch her squirm. To see her suffer.

I observe my hopefully soon to be ex-wife unable to hear the words she speaks but feeling them all the damn same. Her sadness hangs over me like a damn dark cloud. Belinda fucked up, but she's still his mother. She brought Bensen into this world. She was supposed to nurture and protect him. Instead, she used him like a chess piece in her stupid games and it cost him his life.

The ravaged expression on her face is almost punishment enough. I don't know how she finds the strength, but the crazy bitch manages to wiggle out of the chair and face first into the soil of the earth where our boy lays.

Belinda sobs. She screams. She begs for God to strike her down here and now to end her suffering. I stand over her, watching the tears streak down her face, hating that I have it in me to muster an ounce of remorse for her pain. I place the



items at the base of the headstone that reads, 'Beloved Son.' I squat down next to the woman I married.

"Enough."

"You don't understand. I thought I could handle this but being here makes it all too real."

"What, you think you were living in some dream land where he was gonna be waiting for you here? Or what, that I was gonna drive you home and this would all be a bad dream, you'd wake up at home in your fancy bed. That what you thought?" I gather a handful of dirt in my fist. I shove it in her face. "This is as real as it gets. Should shove this down your throat and leave you here to choke to damn death."

Belinda stares at me with snot blowing out of her nose. "Do it. I welcome you to put an end to this...existence. This is no life. Not for me. For you."

"That's where you're wrong. Bensen can never be replaced but I do have a woman. A woman who is having my child. We'd be together now if it weren't for you and all your damn lies and games. But don't worry, I'm a get her back."

"Who?"

"Freya fucking Crow."

Belinda bursts out laughing. "Is this some sort of joke? Crow had me get Fisher out of jail for his daughter for Christmas. He wasn't released on time, but he was released, wasn't he?"

Fuck me. Crow never mentioned a damn thing to me about it.

“I was surprised when he approached me himself instead of going through you.”

I don't have a comeback for that, and I wonder why he didn't say something.

“I get that you hate me, but don't be stupid. If I don't sign those divorce papers, you stand to inherit a lot of money. There's a hefty life insurance policy. Bensen was the beneficiary but with him gone and you being my husband it all goes to you. The house. The money.”

“You think I want your money?”

“No, but you said you have a baby on the way. I can't bring Bensen back as much as I wish I could. We both know it'd set you up real nice. Maybe even nice enough for you to run off with John Crow's daughter. Start you a new life. This is the least I can do considering how I ruined this one.”

“You talk as though you know you're going to die.”

“I can't live the rest of my life like this. I know someone and I've made arrangements. My death will be medically assisted suicide made to appear as though I've passed from natural causes.”

“Why are you telling me this shit?”

“You wanted answers. And I owe you. Though you hated being married to me, having a child was one of my greatest wishes. You gave me ten years of wonderful. A dream I

thought would be impossible for me. You can hate me and spit on my grave, but you'd be a fool not to take the money.”

“Let's get you back to the rehab. You've lost your fucking mind.”

I squat down to get a hold of her and fall backwards.

God damn her.

Belinda bursts out laughing. Her face streaked with dirt and snot.

“What's so fucking funny?”

“Your face. I swear I see puffs of steam rolling out of your ears. But really, Freya? John Crow is going to kill you when he finds out.”



“Kick his ass, Gentry.” Crow beams with pride as his boy pummels a prospect. One of Murder's guys. Crazy fuck told the kid he'd earn his patch if he beats Gentry. He doesn't stand a chance. Gentry came out of Cate fighting his twin brother Zuko.

I sip on my beer, wishing I were back in Hell trying to win Freya back. Instead, I'm here in Charleston, West Virginia. Only good thing is this whore named Rosie. Word is she used

to belong to a sister club of the RBMC. A bunch of cunts who called themselves Royal Harlots.

The day John Crow let's some bitches ride in our club will be the fucking day I die.

I lick my lips and light up a joint. I'm a smoke this then see of this Rosie whore sucks dick as good as she runs her mouth.

My cell phone pings. I start to ignore the call but decide to take it since it's coming from the rehab where Belinda is. I haven't spoken to her since that scene she pulled at Bensen's grave. All the bullshit talk about collecting insurance money when she dies. She was talking out of her head.

"Hello."

"Shane, this is Sally. I hate to do this over the phone, but I need to inform you that your wife passed away about half an hour ago. We did everything we could, but her heart gave out. I'm so sorry for your loss."

My heart squeezes in my chest. She really fucking did it. Crazy bitch. "I'm out of town right now. Is there anything immediate you need from me?"

"Not tonight, other than what funeral home you want to handle her services."

"Um, Morrison and Sons."

"I'll give them a call."

"Appreciate it." I end the call and take another hit off my joint.

“You good, brother? You’re looking a bit pale.”

“I will be.” I’m finally free of the cunt and yet there’s this overwhelming sense of sadness constricting my airway as I choke back my damn tears.

I pour out the rest of my beer on the ground for Belinda. Fucking bitch. May she rot in Hell.

“One. Two. Three.” Gentry knocked the prospect out. I walk off in search of that Rosie whore while Crow collects our winnings. I find her inside hugged up with a nomad by the name Static.

I pull out my cell to text Freya. To tell her we can be together now that I’m no longer a married man. She doesn’t have to settle for Fisher.

**Death:** *Good news.*

I get a notification that my message can’t be delivered.

I snort. Guess Fisher didn’t take too kindly to my text messages.

Doesn’t matter. I’ll be back in Hell soon enough to lay claim to Freya and her unborn child. Until then though, there’s plenty of pussy here to keep my dick entertained.

Rosie catches my eye and I motion her over. Time to test that mouth of hers.

## CHAPTER NINE

# FISHER

“You sure you can get off work to come?” I question Fisher as he gets ready to go in for his shift at the garage. I have my first doctor appointment. I’m nervous.

“For what?” he grins, and I may punch him. “Yeah. Already cleared it with the boss man. He said I could take a long lunch and stay an hour late this evening or whatever. However long I’m over on my break.”

“Okay good.”

“It’s going to be fine. It’ll be perfect because you’re perfect.” He kisses the top of my head and grabs his blue uniform shirt off the bed.

I’ve yet to find a job. Fisher says he doesn’t mind that I’m not working but I do. I don’t want him stressing about money. Having a baby is expensive. He makes decent money but can anyone ever have enough for a child? Kids get sick. They break bones. They need all this extra stuff, and we have zilch.

Yara got rid of most of the furniture and toys from when the twins were babies, because she swore she's never getting pregnant again. If Whiskey had it his way, they'd have their own soccer team at this point.

“You know if you marry me, my insurance will cover a lot of your care.”

“Now that's romantic. Hey, baby.” I do my best impression of Butthead from Beavis and Butthead, the cartoon. “Let's get married so I can scam the insurance company. Heh, yeah.”

“Babe. That's not how I mean it and you know it.”

“Yeah, I know. Though I at least thought when you asked me, you'd go down on one knee.” I roll my eyes and when I glance back at Fisher, he's kneeling in front of me at the foot of our bed. “What are you doing?”

“What do you think, silly?”

“Fisher.” Tears sting my eyes when I see the black velvet box in his outstretched hand.

“Freya, baby. I love you. I've always loved you. And I'm always gonna. There's nothing I want more in this life than to spend the rest of it married to you. You're the only woman I'll ever want. You're the one I want to make babies with. The one I want to come home to. The one I want to wake up to every morning. You can say no, but that doesn't mean I'm going to accept it as your answer, but I'd be honored if you'd say yes to marrying me.”

“You’re an asshole.” I throw my arms around his neck and tackle him to the floor. Fisher falls to his back as I straddle his waist and plant kisses all over his face. “I love you, Riley Fisher. Yes, I’ll marry you.”

He drops the box and grabs my face to start kissing me. I haven’t even looked at the ring yet and I don’t care. All that matters is that Fisher wants to marry me. His tongue slips into my mouth all sweet. Pure love. God does this man love me.

A year ago, had anyone told me this is where I’d be, I would’ve laughed in their face. And now I can’t imagine being anywhere else other than his arms.

Fisher kisses me soft and slow, savoring every second our mouths are fused together.

I start tearing at his shirt. Buttons pop off, flying across the room and landing somewhere on the carpet.

I slide down his body, peppering kisses down his chest, following his happy trail to the promise land. I undo his belt, jerking his pants down far enough to expose his growing erection. I don’t take the time to play with him and get him hard. I go straight for what I want, wrapping my lips around the bulbous head of his dick. I suck him into my mouth as he goes solid.

His fingers dig into my scalp, tugging on my hair as my future husband starts rocking his hips and fucking my mouth. I stroke the base of his shaft as I flatten my tongue against the underside. I’m so focused on pleasing him I don’t gag when he hits the back of my throat. No, I eagerly suck him harder,



increasing the tempo, eager for him to come down my throat. I want to taste him. Every last drop.

“Fuck, Freya. Gonna come,” he says on a groan before erupting in my mouth. His hot come spurts on my tongue and I swallow him down, then lick him clean.

His cell starts ringing but he ignores it. Mine starts shortly after and he shoots me a look. The club must be looking for him. He’s not late for work. Not yet.

“Ugh,” I grumble. I’m so horny. I’m going to kill whoever is interrupting our engagement celebration. I shove up off the floor and grab both our cell phones off the night stand as Fisher tucks back inside his pants much to my disappointment. I hand him his phone as mine starts ringing again. I check the screen. “Yara,” I tell him as I answer the call.

Fisher’s phone rings and he shakes his head. “Whiskey.”

“Hey what’s so important that you and your husband are blowing up our phones so damn early.”

“Sorry. I just thought you’d both want to know that Belinda passed away yesterday.”

Fisher’s gaze cuts to me as Whiskey likely delivers the same news to him.

“That’s terrible.” I swallow, unsure what else to say. I lick the last of Fisher’s come off my lips as he watches me with a hungry gaze.

“Yeah. I don’t know the details or what the arrangements will be but like it or not she was an Ol’ Lady and deserves that

respect.”

“Yeah. Of course.” Yara says something else but I’m not paying attention. My focus is on fucking Fisher’s brains out before he leaves for work. “Death has lost a lot, ya know.”

I blink and her words register.

I would tell Death I’m sorry for his loss, but he wasn’t fond of his wife.

A sick sensation coats my stomach. He’s probably celebrating. It’s terrible to think, but it’s likely true. He went from tolerating her to hating her. Still though. It’s all so sad. He lost his son and now his wife. Fisher moves to me as I end the call with my sister. His arms wrap around me. He’s already gotten off the phone with my brother-in-law. “Guess you got the same news I did. Sucks.”

“Yeah. I’m not going to let it ruin my happy day though,” I promise myself more than Fisher. I don’t want to spend my day worried about Death and how he’s handling his wife’s passing. It’s none of my business.

I’ve moved on.

Fisher slides a gorgeous princess cut diamond ring on my finger. I can’t wait to tell Yara. She’s gonna freak.

“Love you, Freya. I’ll make it up to you tonight. We’ll celebrate.”

I nod, going up on my toes to kiss him.

“I’ll see you at your appointment. I gotta get to work.”

I go in for another kiss, not ready for him to leave, but knowing he has to. He's got a soon to be wife and baby to support. "You owe me." I slide his hand down the front of my pajama pants.

"Fuck, baby." He curls a finger inside me, and my eyes roll back in my head. "I'm gonna be late." His lips meet mine as he finger fucks me.

Fisher pushes me onto the bed then jerks my pants off.

"We gotta be quick."

"I can be fast." I go for his belt again.

"Wish I could stay home and fuck you all damn day," he growls, rubbing the head of dick through my slick and wet heat.

"I'll settle on right now." I whimper as he inches inside me slowly, teasing me by pulling back out and slapping his dick against my clit.

"You want fucked, Freya?"

"Now, Fisher." I bite at his mouth, growing impatient.

"Feisty. I like it." He wraps a hand around my throat, continuing his deliciously torturous taunting.

I scratch my nails down his back, arching mine, forcing him inside me deeper. I lock my legs around his waist as I meet his thrust. His gaze never waivers from mine as he makes love to me.

“Can’t wait to marry you, baby.” He picks up the tempo, fucking me harder and faster, tightening his grip on my throat, forcing me to get off.



“Is that what I think it is on your finger, bitch?”

I thrust my hand across the table and wiggle my fingers in my sister’s face.

“He finally did it.”

“This morning actually. You and your husband interrupted our celebration right when I was about to get me some. Assholes.”

“Well excuse me for trying to warn you ahead of time. I was being a good sister. Gee.”

“You’re the best big sister ever.” I stick my tongue out at her.

“Mhmm. You never told me how your interview went.”

“It sucked.” I swipe a piece of bacon from her breakfast sandwich.

“Hey. Get your own.”

“You owe me for interrupting my post engagement sexy times. Fisher and I didn’t have time for breakfast.”

“No, you had cock.” She reaches me half of her sandwich and I grin.

“Thank you.”

“Are you ready for your appointment?”

“I think so. I mean, I’m a little nervous but that’s how I am.”

“You’re gonna get the nervous shits. Like you did in fifth grade when getting your shots.”

“You pinky promised you’d never bring that up again.”

“Oh my God. Get over yourself. You were like ten. But I’ll never forget getting called to the office and asked if I had extra pants for my sister because she shit her pants and passed out.” Yara cackles and my face turns beet red.

“I hate you.”

“You said I was the best big sister ever a minute ago.”

“Well, I take it back. You’re the worst.”

“Then give me back my sandwich.”

“No.” I shove the rest in my mouth as Yara leans across the table and tugs on my hair.

“What the hell are you two doing?” Our mother questions, standing at the back door. “You know what, I don’t even want to know.”

“Freya’s mad because I called and interrupted while Fisher was giving her the business this morning and she’s getting married to him.”

I scowl at Yara as I chew.

“Again. I didn’t want to know.”

“What are you doing here this morning anyway?” Yara asks her.

“I have an idea for a business, and I want you two to work with me.”

“What?” I wipe the crumbs and mustard from the corners of my mouth with a napkin.

“I’m about to get a nice chunk of change in the divorce and I thought what could be better than investing in my children and grandchildren’s future.”

I stare at my sister and mouth, ‘what the fuck.’

Yara shrugs at me and our mom goes into this whole spiel about opening a biker bitch clothing store that also caters to maternity wear. Apparently my being pregnant inspired her idea. I think she may be crazy, but I do need a job.

# CHAPTER TEN

## FISHER

“Brother must have burnt down an orphanage or some shit in a former life. He has some shit luck,” Whiskey says as he slides out from underneath a Mustang in the bay.

“Maybe. Don’t really want to talk about that prick.”

“He’s still VP of the club, man.”

“I don’t need a reminder.”

“Look, you won. Freya is having your baby and said she’d marry your ass.”

He’s not wrong.

“What did Crow say?”

“I haven’t asked him yet.” I grin and Whiskey shakes his head.

“How’d he react when you asked to marry Yara?”

“He found out I’d gotten her pregnant and threatened to rip my head off and shit down my throat if I didn’t do right by her.”

“Then I’m already a step ahead of you in the favorite son-in-law contest.”

“Shit. I gave him his first two grandbabies.”

“Whatever. Fuck. I gotta head out to Freya’s appointment.”

“Hope it all goes smoothly. Once those crazy ass hormones kick in, watch out. You think those Crow women are crazy when they aren’t pregnant, you’ve not seen shit yet.” He chuckles.

I remember Yara being a fucking nut. She thought Whiskey was cheating on her all the time and cried over every little thing. Made his ass some laxative laced cookies to take with him on a run. Dude spent four hours on a rest stop toilet and missed his drop. Thought Crow was going to kill him. Yara confessed she gave him the damn cookies so he couldn’t fuck anyone while he was on the road.

Hell, she had nothing to worry about. Whiskey is crazy about her. I mean he’s married and not dead. I’ve seen the man look. Never have I seen him touch though.





“Sorry I’m late. Got held up on a job.”

“It’s cool. I’ve just been filling out paperwork and they weighed me. Took a urine sample.”

“Good. I didn’t miss much then.” I sit next to her in the waiting room and lace my fingers through hers, loving the sight of my ring on her finger. “How’s your morning been otherwise?”

“Mom showed up at Yara’s. And get this. She says she wants to open a business with me and Yara. How weird is that?”

“I think she knows she fucked up with you guys and now she wants to try and make up for that lost time and if you want to give her that shot, you should. If you don’t, I support you.”

“Thank you.”

“For what?”

“For understanding. For not telling me that she’s the only mother I have, and I need to make the best of the time I have with her.”

“Babe, you gotta do what’s right for you. No one gets to tell you how to live your life, except for the fact that it’s going to be spent married to me.”

“I won’t argue that.”

“Good.” I bring her knuckles to my lips. “I gotta talk to your old man when he’s back from West Virginia. Get his official permission and shit.”

“He’ll probably throw you a party.”

“Think so.”

“Mhmm. Probably buy you a couple of strippers.”

“Don’t want no strip show from anyone but you.”

“That can be arranged.”

“I’ll hold you to it.”

Her hazel eyes sparkle in amusement.

“Freya Crow,” a nurse calls her name. “We’re ready for you.”

Freya shoots me an anxious smile and I squeeze her hand. I follow her down a hallway covered in posters about fetal alcohol syndrome and prenatal care facts. At least with Freya, I know she’ll take care of herself and this baby. I don’t have to worry about that shit. Pickle went through hell with his Ol’ Lady when she was pregnant. About lost the kid to the state. Stupid bitch was hooked on pain killers. Baby was born addicted to the shit they used to get her off the pills. She had to go through drug court and CPS to keep custody. Was completely fucked up.

“In here. I’ll give you a moment to get changed, nothing underneath. We’ll need to do a pelvic exam. Due to my estimate, I think we can go ahead with an ultrasound today as well.”

“Okay. Cool. Thanks.”

The nurse steps out and Freya strips down to her birthday suit.

“Think they’d mind if I fucked you real quick over the exam table.”

“Shh. She can probably hear you.”

“Can’t blame me for trying.” I smirk at her as she puts on the papery gown. I grab rubber gloves from the box on the counter. “Ready for your examination?”

“Would you stop? You’re going to get us kicked out, and I don’t want to drive an hour out of the way every time I have an appointment because you gotta act like a toddler.”

“Fine. I’ll stop. I’ll sit over here like a good boy, and you’ll not hear another peep out of me.”

“Thank you.”

I sit in the extra chair while Freya sits on the edge of the exam table.

There’s a light tap at the door and the nurse returns. “Okay, Freya. Looks like you’re all set. The doctor will be in a few minutes to get started. I take it you’re the dad?” She glances at me.

“Yup. That’s me.”

“Well, it’s great to meet you both. I’m sure we’ll be seeing each other a lot over the next five months give or take.”

My stomach drops and all the color drains from my face as Freya stares at me while I do the math mentally. Nine months

minus five months means Freya conceived this child before January. Before I came home. This baby, if the nurse is correct, belongs to Death. I knew the possibility was imminent, but it doesn't make it any easier to hear from a stranger of all people.

“We'll be able to give you a more precise due date once we examine you and measure the baby with the ultrasound. If you're lucky we may even be able to determine the sex if the little guy or gal is in a good position.”

I try to push my own disappointment down and be happy for Freya. Be strong for her. I told her that it doesn't matter. Deep down I'd hoped and prayed for this baby to be mine, but this blow doesn't change my wanting to marry her or raise this child. Death never has to know. No one does.



“Are you okay?” Freya leans into me in the parking lot by her car. Her arms around my waist, holding tight, as though she's afraid I may disappear. “I know today isn't what either of us wanted.”

I stiffen at the mention of the truth. “Best thing for everyone is to tell Death that I'm the father without a doubt.”

“I don't want to be with Death.”

“And I don’t want to share with him.”

“It wouldn’t be like that.”

“You can’t know how it’ll be. Besides, he doesn’t want your father knowing.”

“He told you that?”

“Yeah. Doesn’t want to upset the balance of shit. Would rather hold onto his VP position than claim you or these babies” I still can’t believe that Freya is pregnant with twins. Though I know it runs in the family. And with one twin measuring bigger than the other, it’s probable they were conceived on different dates. They are fraternal, not identical. One child could be Death’s and the other possibly mine.

“Okay. That settles it then. We don’t tell him. It’s none of his business what we decide is best for our family.”

*Our family.* Loving the sound of that. I’m glad I don’t have to fight her on this.

“Love you.” I kiss the top of her head and hug her tighter.

“Are you prepared for two kids because I sure as hell am not.”

“We’ll be ready.”

“How are you so calm about this? I’m freaking out.”

“Your mom did it twice. Yara is managing. We’ll be fine, babe.”

“I’m glad you’re so sure.”

“I’ve got faith in you. I just may have to work more to be able to afford double diapers.”

“I’ve gotta find a job.”

“I don’t want you working. Not with twins. You’ll exhaust yourself.”

“We can’t afford for me not to work.”

“I’ll pay you to stay home,” I tease.

“You can’t afford me. I’m expensive.”

“I’m sure I could convince you. Pay you in other ways.” I claim her tempting mouth. “Pay you in sexual favors. Wake you up with my tongue buried in your pussy. Fuck you so hard you’ll be too worn out to argue with me.”

“Now there’s a plan I can get behind.”

“Not if I get behind you first.”

“Does that even make sense?”

“Fuck if I know. Sounded good to me. I gotta get back to work. What are your plans?”

“Driving around town looking for help wanted signs.”

“Not sure anyone offers the kind of help you need.” I chuckle.

“Jerk.”

“I’m your jerk.”

“Yeah. You are. I’ll see you tonight. Any request for dinner?”

“Whatever you want is good with me.”

“Meatloaf? I can run by the store.”

“Good deal. I’ll call you when I get off and before I forget, Keys is gonna come by sometime to install a security system. He may not be able to get to it for a day or two but if he comes by that’s why.”

“Is that necessary?”

“It’ll give me peace of mind.”

“Okay. Text me later and let me know about what time to expect you home.”

“So you can sneak your other boyfriend out?”

“You caught me.”

I open her driver side door and once she’s in with her seat belt secure, I go in for one more kiss. “Don’t forget to drop off your prescriptions.”

“I won’t.”

“And, babe?”

“Yeah?”

“I’m really happy we’re having a boy and a girl.”

“Me too. A daddy’s girl and momma’s boy for each of us to spoil.”

“I’m looking forward to it.”

# CHAPTER ELEVEN

## FISHER

I push the shopping cart through the aisles, grabbing ingredients to make Fisher a meatloaf. My drive around town hunting for help wanted signs hanging in windows was a total bust. At least for places I'd consider applying at anyway.

I know Fisher says he doesn't mind if I'm not working, but one baby let alone two on one income is hard. I know because Yara doesn't work and her and Whiskey have had their struggles. I don't want Fisher pressured to provide and getting stressed. So stressed he ends up making a mistake like he did before. Not that I think he'd be that stupid a second time around. The allure of easy money doing side jobs for the club can sucker anyone in.

I know my father is into illegal shit. I'm not mad about the fact. We all do what we have to for survival. I just don't want Fisher taking the risk while he's on parole.

“Hey, Freya. Long time no see.”



I glance over to see Jimbo at the opposite end of the aisle coming toward me in his standard security guard uniform. He carries his taser around, holstered like it's a gun. *Shoot*. I'm not in the mood to socialize with him. The guy is nice enough. Albeit a little weird. Sometimes he'd creep some people out with the way he'd stare at them when he was working at the bar. He works various security jobs around town. I always tried not to read too much into it. I know he had a crush on me at one point. He asked me out once which I politely declined. I wouldn't say he's ugly. A little on the short side and a bit geeky.

“Hi, Jimbo. How are you?”

“Where've you been?”

“Around.”

“We miss you at The Terminal. When are you coming back to work?”

“Oh, um...I'm not.”

“Why?”

It's not really any of his business but I know he's probably curious. He used to walk me to my car when I'd work till closing. “I guess you could say I've moved on to other things.”

His face falls. His mouth turns into a frown as he stares at his shoes. I can't help but notice the tight grip he has on his own shopping cart. White knuckled as though he's angry.

Growing uncomfortable by his clear agitation, I shoot him a weak smile. “Well, I guess I'll see you around.” Or not, I think

to myself as I start pushing my cart past him.

“I didn’t know you got married.” He grabs my hand and rubs a finger over my engagement ring.

I snatch my hand back. “Not yet. I better get going.”

I don’t wait for a response. Jimbo is odd but harmless.



Fisher sent a text that he’s running late which works out since I spent more time at the store than I thought I did. My cell vibrates with a new text.

**Unknown:** *Are you alone?*

I glance around the house and quickly move to close the blinds and lock the door. I don’t respond to the text message. I ignore it. I know it’s probably Death contacting me from a different number since I blocked him.

I try to shake off the eerie sensation that haunts me that someone is watching me as I finish putting the groceries away.

I’ve never been bothered by being on my own. Only since April and Hillary were murdered, I’m more cautious.

**Unknown:** *Just want to talk.*

**Unknown:** *I know Fisher isn’t there.*

**Freya:** *Just stop. All you need to know is that though we slept together a few times, I'm not having your baby. So please, leave things alone. Let me be happy with Fisher. No more sending me dirty text messages. I don't want Fisher to think I'm going behind his back.*

I put my phone on the counter and start getting my ingredients for my meatloaf ready.

I half expect Death to text me again or to knock on the door, but he wouldn't be that stupid or careless. There are some lines even he won't cross.

I dice my onion and mix it in with my bread crumbs, eggs, seasoning, and hamburger meat. Once I get it in my pan and into the oven to bake, I start peeling my potatoes to mash, wishing I'd gone the lazy route and bought instant or premade. However, those don't compare to the real deal. I want this meal to be perfect.

I hear the loud roar of a motorcycle and my mood instantly improves. Fisher's home. I drop my potato skin peeler in the sink and rush to the front door to greet him on the porch.

My smile immediately dies before it fully forms.

Death throws a leg over his Harley looking all broody and sexy like a biker God on a mission. Dressed in dark jeans and a black tee under his cut. He strides toward me, and I run back inside. I'm not doing this. He can't be here.

I lock the door behind me and pray he leaves.

His fist knocks against the door three times. "Open up."

“You need to go. Fisher catches you here you’ll wish he hadn’t.”

“Let him come. I’m not leaving till I speak to you.”

Fuck. I suck in a breath and hope with all I have in me he says what he needs to and gets the heck out of here before Fisher arrives home.

I open the door against my better judgment because the moment I do, Death is coming at me. “What the fuck is your problem?” he charges at me, backing me against the wall.

“I told you to leave me alone. What do you want?”

“How do you know the baby isn’t mine?”

“Shouldn’t you be planning your wife’s funeral?”

“I don’t give a fuck about that. What I care about is why you’re playing down what we had. I know I was a grade A prick. I pushed you away but I’m here now so you can tell me to my face that you don’t feel nothing for me. If you’re going to lie to me about whose baby is growing inside you, least you can do is do it to my damn face.”

“I admit that we had hot chemistry but that’s all it was. It was sex. Great sex, but I don’t love you. I’m going to marry Fisher.”

“What?”

“He asked me this morning and I said yes.”

Death’s hand wraps around my throat. “I told you that you were mine and I didn’t want to share you.”

I pull at his fingers. “It’s too late for that. You’ve had months to speak up. All you did was push me away. You don’t love me. You loved the idea of me. The idea of getting a do over because you lost your son. I get it. I sympathize. I do. I hate that you are hurting. I hate that your son is dead. I’m not going to give up a man who loves me no matter what, who has been fighting every step of the way to keep me. I know love and I know lust. We were lust and I’ll always remember how good you made me feel. But you’ve gotta stop texting me. You can’t show up here like this making demands.”

Death slams his lips down on mine, demanding entrance to my mouth. I don’t return his kiss. I go rigid like a statue.

He jerks away from me, seething. “You really want this? A life playing second best to whoever Fisher decides to fuck you over with next.”

“Fisher isn’t the one fucking every woman from Tennessee to West Virginia.”

“Right. You got me there. I’ve never hid the fact that I like to fuck.”

Fair enough. He hasn’t hid it. Though he sure talked a big game about how he wasn’t going to fuck anyone else when he was fucking me.

“Why are you here? I know you don’t want my father to know we slept together. So, what is this? You don’t like to lose?”

“I couldn’t see past my own anger to know what I was doing. I fucked up by giving you up.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. I can’t say what would have happened had things gone differently when Fisher first returned. I didn’t expect this. I never asked for any of this. It’s too little too late on your end.”

“You came to me when you left town. Biggest mistake was letting you drive away. Had I stopped you then it’d be my bed you’re sleeping in. Did Fisher ask you to lie to me? He tell you to say he’s the father of your child?”

“I’m having twins. Fisher’s babies. I’m going to marry him. Nothing you do or say will change that for me. You need to accept it.”

“You don’t mean that. I saw how he broke you. How he cut you to the bone.”

“It was all lies. I wanted to believe the worst in Fisher because I didn’t think I deserved to be happy. I was fucked up in the head and lonely. You filled a void. A hole that was in my heart where he was missing. If that hurts you then I’m sorry, but that’s the truth.”

“When he fucks up again and trust me, he will. I’ll be waiting.”

“I hope you find that second chance you’re looking for. It’s not going to be me. Now if you don’t mind, I’d like to finish cooking dinner.”

“Yeah. You do that. You play house with Fisher till you tire of each other.”

“Don’t do that. Don’t reduce my relationship with Fisher to your sham of a marriage to Belinda. I love Fisher and he loves me. There’s a difference in being with someone out of necessity and staying with them because you can’t stand the thought of living a life without them. I know about Beth. Did you ever love her? Have you ever loved anyone other than yourself and your dick?”

“You don’t know a damn thing about me or Beth.”

“Because you never really opened up to me the way I did you. You don’t love me. You never did. You may have cared about me to some extent, so please stop trying to force something that isn’t there.”

With that Death hangs his head and he leaves without uttering another hateful word.

I stay locked in place, the door wide open as his motorcycle roars into the dark of the night. I meant every word. I hope he finds someone to love. Someone to share his life with instead of filling it with nameless and faceless notches on his bedpost. I don’t know what he’s searching for, but I now know it isn’t me. He’s lying to himself. I see through the tough facade. He’s hurting and lashing out at me while at the same time clinging to the fantasy of what we could have been.



Though Death is long gone, and I've since closed and locked the door, I still sense this creepy sensation like someone is watching me, lurking in the shadows. I can't shake the inner tuition deep in my gut.

I'm on edge and I hate it. My gut clenches every time the pipes groan or the wind howls.

I've not heard from Fisher and thought he'd be home by now. I stare at my ring finger and smile like a complete lovesick dope, trying to ignore the ominous vibe that I can't seem to shake.

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# CHAPTER TWELVE

## FISHER

It's late. Fisher hasn't responded to my text messages and when I call him, I'm sent direct to voice mail. His phone is either off or he doesn't have service. My stomach churns with bad thoughts of worst-case scenarios. One, he saw Death here and rather than talk to me he's off somewhere pissed and getting back at me. I don't really believe that. It's better than option two. He's been in some terrible accident and hasn't been identified.

I try the garage but there's no answer. Not that I expect anyone to still be there this late. With little choice of much else, I call my sister. I hate to be that nagging girlfriend that needs to know her man's every move. That's not who I am, usually. I mean he'd be off doing his thing all the time before when we were dating. Tonight is supposed to be special.

"Hello, little sister."

"Hey, can you ask Whiskey if he knows where Fisher is?"

“I would but he’s not home. Something about club business. Or some shit. So, I’m assuming they are together.”

Relief floods me, though I’m slightly miffed he didn’t let me know his plans changed.

“Ok. Thanks.”

“You good? You forget what it’s like to be with a biker?”

“Yeah, I guess I did. I’m being a worrywart and overthinking.”

“Me and the kids can pack up and come over or you can come here if you want.”

“That’s all right. Thanks for the offer though. I’m going to leave him a plate in the oven and head to bed.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I’ll be fine. I just wasn’t sure if he found out Death stopped by and got pissed off ya know.”

“Hold up. Pump them brakes. Death stopped by your and Fisher’s place.”

“Yup. It wasn’t pretty. He was being all weird talking about how we could be together, telling me how I don’t really love Fisher. He was so angry with me.”

“Was there any truth in what he was saying?”

“A few months ago, I might have felt differently. Not now though. I see it all for what it was. You warned me about getting involved with him. I should have listened.”

“Being weird? How angry? He didn’t hurt you or anything did he?”

“No. Not really. He pushed me into the wall and grabbed my throat. He wasn’t rough. Super pissed.”

“I think me and the kids should come over. You don’t know how late Fisher will be and if Death knows you’re there alone he may come back. Maybe Belinda dying so soon after their son has pushed him over the deep end. Maybe the dude has snapped.”

“Maybe. He wasn’t himself, exactly. He’s been through a lot lately. I don’t know. Maybe I’m reading too much into the whole situation.”

“Don’t make excuses for that shit. It’s not okay for him to show up unannounced and corner you like that. I don’t care what his reasons were. I’ll be there soon.” She mumbles to the kids to get their shoes on. My sister has her own issues but when push comes to shove, she always shows up for me.

“I’m going to clean up from cooking. I’ll see you guys soon. Thanks, Sis.” We hang up and already I’m lighter. Less worried. With my sister coming over to sit with me, I don’t have any more creepy thoughts about someone spying on me. I do a quick run through the house to make sure the bathroom is clear of dirty clothes on the floor and wipe down the sink. Not that Yara would mind the house being untidy. She’s not always been the greatest housekeeper and between Whiskey and the twins, there’s always something to clean.

It isn't long before Yara is knocking on the door. Though I'm not amazed she got here this fast. "That was quick," I tell her as I open the door, expecting her, Luna, and Soren. "What are you doing here?" Shock colors my expression as I'm jerked forward through the doorway. Something zaps me in the neck and the next thing I know I'm falling.



I wake up confused. The last thing I remember is Yara was on her way over after Death went all nuts on me. I go to rub my eyes and realize I'm bound at the wrists. My head is all swimmy and I'm nauseous. I rub my wrists together and the rope binding them digs into my skin.

Okay. I need to stay calm and think. I need to figure out where I am and how I got here. If Death thinks he can kidnap me and force me into being with him he's got another thing coming. The dude has totally lost his mind.

I can reason with him. Make him understand that he doesn't love me. He only thinks he does. If he lets me go before Fisher realizes I'm missing, maybe the club won't kill him. He's going through a rough patch. Losing his son. Now Belinda. Even if he didn't love her, he must have cared for the woman on some level. She was the mother of his child. He spent ten

years with her. Even if they were toxic there had to have been some type of relationship between them.

My vision clears and I realize I'm in a trunk as my body jolts with movement as though we're traveling down a bumpy road. Screaming won't do me any favors. Though I do know that newer model cars have a safety latch that will allow trunks to be opened from the inside.

If I manage to get it open. Then what? Am I going to jump from a moving car? My life isn't my own. Anything I do can impact my children. I have to consider them in every choice I make.

Say I jump, what if that puts me straight into moving traffic?

The vehicle comes to a quick stop, and I roll forward, slamming into the hard trunk top. My head throbs with blinding pain. As I'm trying to regain my bearings the trunk door opens to a masked man. I blink, attempting to make out his features, to see if I can recognize any identifying tattoos on his arms.

"You don't want to do this," I plead as a familiar hand with a rag wrapped around it closes over my mouth and my nose. In an instant, I'm knocked out once more.



I glance around the room I'm being held in. I haven't been through all the rooms in Death's house to know if that's where he has taken me, though my gut tells me I've been here before. It's dark and I can't make out much other than I'm on a hard floor. I'm free to move other than my bound wrists. I have to be careful though. I don't want to chance falling and injuring myself or doing something that may hurt my babies.

First, I need to get my hands free. To do that I need something to break the rope on or to cut it with.

One positive is I'm still dressed but I don't have shoes on. I'll need to be cautious not to step on anything that could cause me to trip or something worse.

I listen and hear nothing.

I realize my back is resting on something soft. I push up and get on my feet. Was I sitting against a couch?

Am I in Death's living room? I reach out in front of me meeting air. I lift a foot and hit the couch. It isn't leather. I recall him having a leather couch, but what if he brought me to the house that he shared with Belinda instead?

"Hello," I call out like an idiot. I'd surely be the first victim in a horror film.

No one answers me. I try to remember what I can about the man who kidnapped me. My short-term memory is hazy at best. How long was I out the first time and now the second? How long have I been missing? I have no sense of time. I have no recollection of how I got here.

Is Fisher looking for me? Yara must have lost her mind when she got to the house and found me gone.

I know they won't stop looking till they find me, but will they know where to look? What if the person who murdered April and Hillary has me? What if Death doesn't have me at all or what if Death is the killer?

Bile burns in my throat at the thought that one of the babies or both could belong to someone capable of such horrible crimes.

I hear a door creak and turn toward the sound. Light spills from the doorway and I know where I am.

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# CHAPTER THIRTEEN

## FISHER

“Twins. Shit. Not surprised. It’s in our blood.” Crow slaps me on the back.

I heard he was back, so I came to the clubhouse after work to talk to him about Freya and me. Out of respect I owed it to him to approach him like a man and let him know that Freya and I are having twins. That I’m going to do right by her by making her my Ol’ Lady.

“You better treat her right, bro.” Gentry makes like he’s going to catch me in the jaw with another of his mean punches.

“Save it for the competition.” I grin. He makes a lot of money for the club when he wins a fight. He brought in thirty grand from his win in West Virginia.

“You’re lucky my sister loves your ass.”



“I know I am.” I glance at my phone and notice the screen is black. Fuck. Freya is going to kill me. I have no clue what time it is. Damn. “Hey, can I use your phone to call Freya?” I motion to Whiskey.

“Already got you whipped,” Zuko says with a shake of his head. “You’ll never catch me catering to a woman.”

“For the right one you’ll bow down,” Crow tells him.

“Then I take it you never met the right one then,” Fat Bastard says with a chuckle.

We all laugh then Cate clears her throat, and we all go quiet. *Shit.* Prez walked into that. I’d forgotten she was here. I don’t know what’s up with her and Cro., Not that their relationship is really any of my business, but it affects Freya and that makes it my concern. Especially now that Cate is back in my woman’s life. Or seems to be for now. I hope she doesn’t pull another disappearing act. Freya could really use her mom in her corner right now.

All girls want to plan their wedding with their mother and Cate has experience having twins. She can give Freya advice no one else can other than maybe Freya. That isn’t the same though. That’s her sister.

Freya acts all tough but deep down she craves her mom’s affection and attention. Cate leaving wasn’t easy for her. Yara tried. She did her best for Freya.

Speaking of Yara as Whiskey produces his cell phone his wife bursts through the door of the Crow’s Nest appearing

absolutely devastated.

Her face is red and puffy. Her chest heaves with every strained breath she takes, like the woman has been running in a marathon. “Freya’s missing,” she cries. Tears stream down her cheeks as her words register in my head.

I jump up at the same time as everyone else. “What do you mean Freya’s missing?”

Yara is blubbering and snotting. All her words jumble together. She’s talking so fast and not making a damn lick of sense.

Whiskey grabs her by the shoulders and gives her a good shake. “Slow down and pronounce your damn words good and slow, woman. We don’t know what the fuck you’re on about.”

Yara holds up what I recognize as Freya’s cell phone. I know it’s hers by the case. “Freya called me wanting to know if Whiskey knew where Fisher is. I told her that you were probably here because I knew you were swinging by after work. Anyway, she told me that Death showed up at your place acting all crazy. Telling her how he knows she doesn’t really love you.”

“What the absolute fucking fuck. Death and Freya?” Crow growls.

“That’s not what’s important,” I interrupt his tirade. “Get to the part where Freya is missing.”

“I told her me and the kids would come over until you got home since she couldn’t get in contact with you. Only when I

got there, the front door was wide open and no Freya. I found her phone with all these text from two unknown numbers. I'm assuming the messages are from him. Do you think he killed April and Hillary? Like he wanted to get you out of the way so he could have Freya to himself? What if he killed Bensen and Belinda?"

"Where's Death?" I grit through my teeth right as the bastard has the balls to show his face.

I go running and spear him in the stomach with my head, taking him down to the ground. "Where's Freya, you piece of shit?" I pop him one in the mouth as Gentry, Crow, and Zuko join me. Punches and kicks are flying until Whiskey fires a shot into the ceiling.

"He can't tell you where she is if you beat him unconscious. Jesus."

I shove up off Death as he holds a rib. "You fuckers want to tell me why the fuck you're attacking me?" he coughs, spitting blood onto the floor.

"My sister has gone missing, you psycho. We know you went all weird and crazy on her earlier because she told you that she doesn't want anything to do with you and you can't take no for an answer. Did you kill her like them other girls? Are you trying to frame Fisher, so he'll go back to prison?" Yara is like a damn bloodhound. I thought she hated me but guess I was wrong.

Though farfetched, her theory makes sense.

“If I wanted Fisher gone, I wouldn’t have to kill some women to accomplish the goal. Yeah, I had words with Freya because I know she’s lying, and her baby could be mine. Sorry, brother.” He looks to Crow. “I’d never fucking hurt her though. You telling me something has happened to Freya?”

“Yeah, asshole. Yara says she called after you went bat shit crazy on her. Says there are text messages and now Freya is missing.”

“You try calling her?” he winces, as he gets to his feet.

“I have her phone, dipshit. Catch up with the program. I know you took her. I told her not to get involved with you,” Yara cries and Whiskey grabs her from behind before she can attack Death.

Personally, I’d let her go crazy on his ass, but Whiskey is right. We need to hear what the fucker has to say for himself.

“Start talking now,” Crow demands.

“I’m going looking for Freya. Maybe she went for a walk or a drive and forgot her phone.”

“Her car was there. She was scared. I could hear the fear in her voice,” Yara tells me.

“You swear to me you don’t know where she is?” My question is for Death and Death alone.

“You really think I’d kidnap Freya?” I stare him down and though I may hate him I believe him.

“If you don’t have her then who does?”

“My guess is whoever killed them poor girls,” Cate speaks up.

My blood runs cold at the suggestion. If something happens to Freya, I’ll never forgive myself.

“We need to split into teams. Whatever beef Death and Fisher have over Freya right now isn’t important,” Crow steps back into his role of Prez fast. “The sooner we are all out there searching, the quicker we will find her. Someone call Keys and get him in the surveillance room. See if he can hack into the feeds of the different security cameras posted around town.”

Cate has Yara and Whiskey’s kids in the kitchen, distracting them with ice cream. Fat Bastard calls Keys. Zuko and Gentry are leaving to head back to my place and see if they can find any clues. I’m trying to hold it together and not lose my fucking mind. I don’t know whether to stay or go. Every second I’m not doing something to find her is one wasted.

“You need a drink.” Death coughs and hands me a glass of bourbon.

“What I need is for Freya to be found. Did you see anyone? Does anything stick out in your mind? Was she still wearing her Jackyl t-shirt with those jeans that have a hole on the pocket?”

“You expect me to know that?”

“I’d fuckin’ know. I know that she always wears a silver bangle that was Cate’s. I know that she switched from her

boots to her Converse because the season is changing. That she flips her pillow to the cool side in the middle of the night without waking up. That she always dabs an extra drop of perfume on each of her wrists. I know everything about her. I made it a point to know because when you love someone you know all their habits and when you see them you remember small stuff like what the fuck they are wearing.”

“Why aren’t we calling the police?” Yara gripes.

“Because we take care of our own,” Crow reminds her. “Besides, we’ll find her quicker than our shit show of a sheriff’s department will.”

“I can’t just sit here doing nothing. I’ve gotta get out there and find her.”

“I’m coming with you,” Death states.

He’s the last person I want riding with me, except the more eyes searching for Freya the better. And if anyone else is invested in finding her it’s him, even if it’s to clear his name. He could be holding her somewhere and helping me look to keep me off his damn trail. They say most victims know their killer. And they always show up to the vigils and searches. If he had anything to do with her disappearance or what happened to Hillary, I’ll make his end a painful one.

“If you were a sick bastard who wanted to leave Freya somewhere she’d be found, where would you take her?”

Death stares at me with his bloodied lip. “I’d bring her here.”

“Exactly. Right under our damn noses. Fuck waiting for Keys. Let’s check the cameras.”

Death and I go into the camera room where all the monitors are hooked up.

I rewind through the footage from tonight.

“Hold on go back. Whose car is that?”

Before Death and Yara shows up on the recording there’s a vehicle on the property neither of us recognize.

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# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## FISHER

“It was you. You killed April and Hillary, but why?”

“I’ll ask the questions. Not you. I’m in charge. You’re going to finally see me like they finally did. I thought you were different. You’re not though. Exactly like all the rest. Thinking I’m a creep. Brushing me off. Treating me like I’m nothing. I’m somebody.” He thumps a fist against his chest.

“I know you are. I thought we were friends.”

“Friends? I never wanted to be your friend, Freya. That day at the mall when you flirted with me, I thought you finally saw me. That you were giving me a signal. Waving your panties at me. I thought things were turning around for us. I went to April’s place to tell her you’d forgiven me for cheating on you with her. Freya wanted me back. I was getting my girl back. I killed April for you. She hurt you and needed to pay for being such a whore. She taunted me. Made me think she wanted me. She used me. When I told her that I wanted her to apologize



for betraying you she laughed. Told me you wouldn't give me the time of day." He shakes his head and punches his temple. "Stop laughing at me," he screams. "I don't listen to you, bitch."

What the absolute fuck. He's crazy. "I'm not laughing at you."

"Not you. April. Don't you hear her?"

I freeze unsure of how to respond. Jimbo has gone off the deep end. I need to keep him talking. Convince him that I'm on his side. I think he believes he's Fisher. Dude is a complete whackadoo and needs an intervention.

"And Hillary?"

He smiles at me. "All I wanted to do was be her friend. She'd always been nice to me. Would bring me and Momma dinners. I saw her run out of the movies crying so I followed her. I only wanted to make sure she was okay. Then she told me about all the impure thoughts she'd been having. That she felt like she was betraying God because she wanted to kiss and do other stuff. That she'd been good since the one time she messed up in high school. I asked what she was talking about and that's when she confided in me she'd had an abortion. She was a sinner. A whore like April. She wasn't loyal like you. But you..."

"And me? What do you plan to do with me?"

"You're going to pay for cheating on me. I know what you did."

“What do you mean?”

“I know it’s not my baby you’re pregnant with. I know you went behind my back.”

Holy shit. He truly thinks he’s Fisher. What the actual fuck?

“Jimbo.”

“That’s not my name. You know who I am. Call me by my name.”

“I’m sorry, Fisher.” I play along with his sick and twisted fantasy. “I’d never cheat on you. I love you.” The words taste bitter on my tongue, but I’ll tell him whatever he wants to hear if it keeps me safe.

“April tried to trick you and Hillary tried to replace you, but they can’t. We’re going to be together forever. I just have to fix you first.” He brandishes his knife.

“Fix me how?”

“I’m going to make you pure again.”

“What?”

“I’ve got to cleanse your body of betrayal. Then we can be together like we always wanted.” He has this evil glint in his dark eyes. Like he has absolutely no soul.

Fear grips me as I find it hard to catch my breath. Now isn’t the time to have a panic attack.

I swallow. I need him to get close enough so I can try to get the knife.

I won’t allow this deranged man to hurt my babies.

He takes a step toward me, and I take a step back, wishing my wrists weren't tied together, trying to formulate my next move.

“Don't be scared of me.”

“I'm not,” I lie, hoping he doesn't hear the slight wobble in my tone.

His head turns toward a sound outside and I know now is my chance to go for the knife. I rush forward, praying I haven't just made a deadly mistake. I plow into Jimbo, catching him off guard. The knife slips from his grip and I drop to my knees to grab it.

“You shouldn't have done that,” he roars, red faced as he kicks me in the left side. I hear a sickening crunch that sounds like my ribs cracking. Pain radiates through my body like a hot poker burning me from the inside out. I should've run.

I attempt to suck in a breath, but the act hurts so bad I may faint. A piercing stabbing pain radiates up my side. Unable to muster the energy to get up off the floor, all I can do is curl into a protective ball and hope he hasn't done something to hurt my babies.

My captor towers over me and tears the knife from my hand, the blade slicing through my palm. If I don't get up, he's going to kill me. I'll be another tragic headline in the local paper like April and Hillary. Jimbo will frame Fisher and this time he may actually get away with it.

“The others tried to fight too,” he tells me as the door to the cabin is kicked in. Fisher charges into the room followed by Death. I watch in horror as Fisher and Jimbo wrestle for the knife. Death lifts me out of the way, into his protective hold, and I burst into tears from the pain of being moved.

“You’re okay, doll. I got you.” His lips brush my ear as he carries me out of the cabin.

“You need to help Fisher.” I look over his shoulder and back into the cabin as glass shatters and furniture breaks.

“He can take him. I promised I’d get you out of there.”

“We can’t just leave him.” I thump on his back. “Let me go. We have to go back.”

Death ignores my pleas, carrying me further away. He drops me at the base of some trees and calls my father. “Yeah. She needs medical. I’m going back to Fisher now.”

He nods at me then kisses my forehead before sprinting back toward the cabin. I clutch my side ready to crawl back to Fisher if I have to.



“We’re going to need to take you in for further observation. You’ll need an x-ray.”

“She’s also pregnant,” my mother informs the EMT who is checking me out in the back of their ambulance.

“Your blood pressure is good. Pulse is a little high but with what you’ve been through that’s expected. Don’t worry, we’re going to take good care of you.”

It’s not me I’m worried about. It’s been more than thirty minutes and I’ve yet to see or hear from Fisher.

“I’ll be riding with her if that’s all right. Well, I don’t care if it isn’t. I’m her mom.” My mother climbs up in the ambulance as they close the doors.

“Where’s Fisher?” Panic sets in and I don’t want to leave until I know he’s okay.

“He’ll meet us there. Don’t worry.” Mom squeezes my hand, but I can see the worry etched in the wrinkles lining her eyes. “Let’s focus on getting you checked out. You have two little ones to protect.”

I don’t have much of a choice. I could have refused care. I know that they are right though. I have to think about my children before myself. I can’t afford to be selfish when it comes to their health.



“Good news. Nothing appears to be broken. No internal bleeding. You’re going to be sore and have a nasty contusion. The stitches in your hand should heal up nicely as long as you keep it clean and follow the instructions that will be printed out for you once you’re discharged. I’ve prescribed antibiotics that are totally safe for you while pregnant as a precautionary. You’ll need to take it easy over the next few days. There will be plenty of discomfort. You can have Tylenol if the pain gets to be too great. Everything looks good with your labs. Your babies are fine. There’s nothing to worry about.”

“Thank you, Dr Francis,” my mother speaks in my place.

I’m too interested in seeing Fisher to really register what he’s talking about.

Jimbo managed to stab Fisher in his upper thigh. Luckily, he didn’t nick a major artery and it’s a superficial flesh wound that should heal in no time. Jimbo however wasn’t as lucky. I don’t know all the details yet. What I do know is that he’s breathing through a tube. Not only did Fisher and Death have a go at him, so did my brothers and my father.

Fisher is still being interviewed by the police. They’ve already been by to ask me questions though I’m sure they will be back. All I care about is laying my eyes on Fisher and seeing for myself that he’s perfectly fine.

# CHAPTER FIFTEEN

# FISHER

## TWO MONTHS LATER

“You’re sure about this?” Crow questions from the other side of his desk.

“Yeah. I’ve thought about it a lot. There’s nothing here for me anymore. Too hard to be around all these reminders of Bensen.”

“Hard to watch the woman you care about riding off into the sunset with another man.”

“Something like that.”

“Can’t say I’d approve. I know you a little too well to want my daughter tied down to you. No offense, brother.”

“None taken. Can’t say I blame you. Hell, if I had a daughter and she brought me home...fuck, I wouldn’t let me

get through the front door.”

“You know you’ve always got a place here at the table. You want it, door is always open. Won’t be the same without you.”

“Time for a change. Need a fresh start. Leave all the bad shit here in the past where it belongs.”

“Do you know where you’re headed?”

“Somewhere warm where bitches wear bikinis and wait on me hand and foot all day and night. I’ll send you a postcard.”

“You better.”

I finish off my drink and place my VP patch on the desk. “Make sure he knows I nominated his ass to fill my seat.” It feels strange but I know this is the right move. I’ve closed on both houses. And there’s the insurance check from Belinda’s life insurance policy. It’s time to move on.

My shit is set for a long while and I’ve got no one to share it with.

I stand up and Crow comes around his desk. “Bring it in, man. Not sure when I’ll see you again.”

“You could always give this up and come with me.”

“It’s tempting.” He slaps me on the back as he embraces me. “Think Cate would track us down and kill my ass.”

“I’m glad you two are working your shit out. She’s a damn good woman.”

“Don’t get any ideas,” he threatens, and I chuckle, releasing him.



“Nah. She’s too crazy for me.”

“The crazy ones are the best kind.” He smiles, flashing his pearly whites at me. “Going to miss your sorry ass.”

“You gonna cry on me?”

“Fuck. I might.” He swipes a finger under his eye then flips me off.

“Later.” I head out to my bike, taking one last look around. The Crow’s Nest has been my home a fuckuva long time. Gonna be weird not coming here every day. Not being Crow’s righthand man. Life goes on though. Seasons change. It’s time for me to move on to something else.

I have one more stop to make.

I thought about going to see Freya one last time, but it’s time to let go. I respect Fisher too much to do that. Though maybe I’ll send her a postcard someday. Just not anytime soon.

When I slept with Freya, we were both lost and searching for something. Thought we’d found whatever it was we were looking for in each other. Was lying to myself. Calling it love. I could have grown to truly love her given the chance. She’s not mine though. She wasn’t meant to be.

She belongs with Fisher. I see that now. Saw how wrong I was about him. When Freya was missing it bothered me but not in the way it did him. The terror in his eyes. The rage that burned inside him, was unlike anything I’ve ever experienced when it comes to a woman. I’m not certain I’ve ever truly been

in love. I know I've been in deep lust. That's what I had with Freya. This urge to be consumed by possessing her like she was my property. Not because I loved her. I was driven by some false sense of competition to prove I was the better man for her while not even considering what I was doing was selfish. Maybe that's my one act of love. Caring enough to let her go. To walk away. I wanted her. Fuck did I want her. Only I wasn't ready to give up the comfort of my life as it was at the time to have her. Then when my shit went sideways, I blamed her. Wasn't fair. Is what it is though.

I drive my Harley through the cemetery. The sunshine warming my face. I park and sit a spell. This is the hardest part of leaving town. Saying goodbye to my boy.

I make the slow trudge to his grave site. Belinda is buried in the plot next to his. I hated the bitch ninety percent of the time however she belongs next to him. It's fitting for them to be reunited in this way. I don't know if there's a Heaven but if there is I'm sure he was waiting to greet her.

"Hey, boy." I press two fingers to my lips then to the top of his tombstone. "Your old man is need of change. I don't know if you can hear me wherever you are. Its only that I don't know when I'll be back this way. A lot has happened. Too much. Maybe I'll tell you all about it one day. Tell you how I let a good woman go and if I'm lucky I'll find the one meant for me. Bring her back here when I do and introduce you." I smile and trace the etching of his name in the marble.

I shift my focus to Belinda's grave. "Don't think you'll mind that I'm gonna pass on kissing your tombstone. I came to say goodbye and that I'm sorry that things weren't different. That life wasn't better to you. Hell to both of us, but I got your parting gift and I'm going to use it to be a better man than I was when you knew me. Just take care of Bensen for me. Let him know that he was the best damn son I could ever have. I'm grateful for the years I got even if they were cut too short. I forgive you for that day on the bridge and the days that followed. I hope in the end that you were able to forgive yourself."

As I'm walking back to my bike a bird flies overhead and shits on my damn shoulder. I burst out laughing. Belinda used to have this coffee mug that read, '*If I were a bird, I know who I'd shit on.*'

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# EPILOGUE

## FISHER

“You sure you want to know?” I clutch the envelope in my hands that holds the test result to the DNA test we had on the twins. My doctor did a NIPP test for conducting a fetal cell analysis. They took cells from my blood and compared them to Fisher’s since I had slept with him and Death within ten days of each other there was no way I could go by my due date as proof of paternity.

“Yeah. Open it. Either way it won’t change things, but like your mom said. If something medical were to come up in the future, it’s better to know what we’re working with.”

“Okay.” My stomach flutters as the babies kick as though they know something big is occurring right now. I tear the envelope open and suck in a deep breath. I close my eyes. “I can’t look. You do it.” I shove the letter in Fisher’s direction. I watch, anxiously awaiting to see what kind of face he makes.

His eyes dart back and forth scanning the contents.

“Well,” I prompt. “What’s it say?”

Fisher’s face falls as he glances between the letter and me. Shit. All my hope floats away. He stares at the paper again, murmuring to himself as he reads.

“Oh my God. I can’t take it.” I snatch the paper and read the results for myself. “You asshole.” I smack him with the letter then I kiss his face. Fisher’s ninety-nine-point-nine percent the father of our babies.

“Fuck, I love you.” He kisses me harder and deeper.



“I’m huge.”

“You are not. You have two babies in your belly. Stand still.”

“Ow. You poked me.”

“If you’d stop squirming,” Yara snaps.

“I’ve gotta pee,” I whine.

“I told you to go before you tried the dress on.”

“I did. It’s not my fault there’s two babies treating my bladder like a bounce house.”

“I mean, to be fair it is your fault. You had sex to get this way.”

“Ugh.”

“Oh, sweetheart. You look beautiful,” Mom tells me, as Olivia and Emma move around her twirling in their matching bridesmaid dresses followed by Luna in her flower girl dress that matches the big girls. The guys say they are wearing jeans and their cuts. Which is whatever. Even Soren is wearing a leather vest for ringbearer to match his daddy since Whiskey is standing in as Fisher’s best man.

“I told you we should have done this after you have the babies.”

“She’s not going to have time with two kids hanging off her tits,” Gentry announces.

“Why are you here again?”

My brother grins.

“He’s here because Presley works here,” Yara tells me.

“Oh. Which one is she?”

“Probably the blonde with the big boobs,” Emma announces and Olivia giggles as Mom chastises her.

“Shut up. She’s going to hear you all.”

I rub my lips together and mock as though I’m locking them and throwing away the key. I’ve never saw my brother get so bent out of shape over a girl.

A gorgeous girl with blonde hair and yes big boobs enters the showroom we’re in. Her pretty sky-blue eyes sparkle as they rake over Gentry and all his tattoos and muscles. “How

are we doing in here? Lou had to step out, but I'm Presley. I'll be here to take care of you for the rest of your appointment."

Yara gives me a look that I then share with our mother. The three of us are all thinking the same thing. Lou did not have to step out. Presley is taking over so she can scope out my brother. It's adorable.

"Do you guys rent suits and shit?"

"And shit? Really, Bro. This is a classy establishment," Yara teases and I swear his head is going to explode. "Like you'd ever be caught dead in a suit." She cackles and the tops of his ears redden.

"We do on the other side of the store. I can show you."

"That'd be cool." I give him a thumb up as she leads him away and he flips me off over his shoulder.



"You ready for tomorrow?" Fisher rubs a hand over my belly, and I smile.

"Ready as I'll ever be." Tomorrow is the big day. The day we say I do. "You know technically you shouldn't be here. It's supposed to be bad luck for the bride and groom to see each other before their wedding."

"I think we'll be good. I earned extra credit."

“Extra credit?”

“Mhmm. For good behavior.”

“What’s this good behavior you speak of.”

He kisses my popped-out navel. “I’ll show you.” He moves lower down my body and hooks his thumbs in the waistband of my undies to slide them down my legs.

Seconds later, my man’s mouth is on me, and his fingers are in me. Yum.



A knock sounds at the door. “Just a second. I pull my veil down and prepare for my father to walk me down the aisle to marry Fisher. Yara, my mother, and the kids are already doing the wedding march. I open the door to my father’s presidential suite at the Crow’s Nest where I’ve been getting ready for my big day expecting my father.

“Damn,” Death says then let’s out a whistle.

“What are you doing here?” I hold my flowers, a mixture of sunflowers in yellow, orange, and red to match the gothic heme of our wedding wrapped in a black ribbon, to my ever-present stomach that is gigantic thanks to my babies. I went with a black slip of a dress with a black lace overlay that helps



shield how huge my stomach is. My veil is black too. I'm no traditional bride though, I'm a biker babe.

"I had to come to town to finalize some paperwork for this insurance payout I inherited from Belinda. Heard there was a big shindig. Thought I'd stop by. Pay my respects to the beautiful bride."

"Shane." I smile at him under my veil. He's cleaned up nice. Wearing black slacks and a white button-down shirt. The sleeves are pushed up exposing his tatted forearms and his thick veins.

"Let me look at you." He lifts my veil and somewhere in another life I could see this being our day only that was never meant to be. "Don't say anything. I already know everything you'll say." His knuckle brushes along my cheek. "Still the prettiest girl I've ever seen," he whispers. "I've got the getaway car ready to roll if you change your mind."

"We both know that's not going to happen."

"I had to try."

"I love him."

"I know you do. I'm happy for you, babe." He kisses my cheek. "Heard the good news that Fisher's their father."

"Yeah, we found out a while back."

"That's good. I have a wedding gift for you. Well, it's for your kids. For their college fund." He hands me an envelope addressed to Fisher and me in his messy scrawl. "Be happy,

Freya.” He stares at me a beat as tears fill the brims of my eyes. “Don’t cry. Don’t want to ruin your makeup.”

“Right.” I smile, thinking about Fisher waiting for me.



“Fuck, Freya.” Fisher wraps a fist around my hair as he fucks my mouth. “God damn baby.” I suction him deeper into my mouth, licking and sucking his fat cock. “Nothing sweeter,” he says on a groan before his salty and sweet erupts on my tongue. I lick him clean. “Get on the bed and spread for me. I’m gonna tear you apart from the inside out.”

A shiver moves through me at the promise. The twins are staying at my mother’s house for the weekend. It’s not often I get my husband all to myself and I plan to take full advantage.

Fisher and I’ve been married for seven years now. I was worried we would go through the seven-year itch like Yara and Whiskey, but Fisher and I are just as in love now if not more than the day we said I do.

My sexy biker looms over me all hot and broody, ready to dominate me.

“That’s my good girl. Touch your pussy for me, baby. Show me how much you want this dick.” He strokes his shaft getting good and hard again. “I’m going to put another baby in you,”

he vows, and I do another shiver. We've been waiting for the time to be right. After the twins were born Yara and I went into business with Mom, and it took off. We now have four other locations with a fifth on the way. The timing couldn't be more perfect.

"Then stop teasing me and do it already. Fuck me, honey."

He grins, rubbing the head of his cock through my slick heat. Oh yeah, he's going to tease me to death and I'm going to love every second. His mouth closes over one of my nipples as I whimper. Fisher continues to taunt and torture me. Tuning my body like one of the cars he works on at his and Whiskey's garage.

"More." I wiggle against him, seeking friction, trying to force him inside me as I arch my back and flex my hips.

As his lips drag up the column of my throat, I can feel Fisher's smile. He's so proud of himself for making me crazy with desire. Finally, he lines up, claiming my pussy at the same time as my mouth. "Love you," he says, stilling inside me, gazing into my eyes with nothing but pure adoration. He kisses me soft and slow, matching his gentle thrusts.

Fisher knows when to be sweet and when to take me hard. Nobody could ever love me in the way that he does. There's no doubt in my mind that I gave the right man my devotion.

Though sometimes when the house is crazy with the kids running around screaming, and Fisher is kicked back in the recliner watching some reality car show with a beer in his

hand, I catch myself thinking about Death and wondering if he's as happy as I am wherever he is.

I'd like to think that he is. That he found whoever or whatever he's searching for. Every now and then my father receives postcards from him. He was supposed to meet up with us at Sturgis last year but was a no show. Maybe he isn't ready to see us or he's too happy living his life to care.

I wrap my legs around Fisher and hold on tight as he makes love to me. His hand glides over my hip to hold me in place while he pumps me full of him, hopefully creating another life inside me. Another piece of him and piece of me. There's nothing more beautiful than that. Than our love.

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Dear Reader,

I hope you enjoyed the conclusion of Freya's story. When I started this series, I thought for sure that Fisher would be the biggest jackhole of all time and that nothing would come between her and Death once they got together. Ha. Joke was on me because once I unleashed Fisher, there was no stopping him. He knew Freya was his woman and no one can tell him any differently, including me. I did have a different vision for this story but since I don't know when I'll get around to doing another installment for my Birds, I thought it was only fair to end this without leading into the next. Though I love cliffhangers I know you guys were eager for the end. That said this isn't the last of Death. I do plan to give him another book. I don't know if it will take place in this series or if he'll get a standalone. I have thought about patching him over to my Royal Bastards MC. We'll see where the future takes him.

Much love and happy reading,

Glenna

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First off thank you to my readers who embraced this crazy love triangle and trusted the madness of my cliffie loving ass. I almost gave up writing Freya's Devotion but ya'll kept at me and reminded me that this story needed told. Thank you for continuing to support me and my alphahole characters who have minds of their own.

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# ABOUT GLENNA

GLENNA MAYNARD IS A USA Today & Wall Street Journal Bestselling Author most known for her gritty Black Rebel Riders' MC saga.

She has a passion for writing antiheroes but occasionally takes a walk on the sweeter side. Bikers, Rockstars, the boy next door, Glenna writes them all.

When she isn't arguing with the voices in her head or drinking reader tears, she enjoys watching classic TV shows with her two children and longtime leading man. Her favorite books to read change with her mood, but she always enjoys a good historical romance.

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