

# Excerpt from Silver Bastard

By Joanna Wylde  
www.joannawylde.com

## Prologue

California  
Five years ago

*Puck*

Motherfucker that burned.

The shot was a double, and the fact that it'd come cradled between two beautiful, giant tits attached to a stripper with endless legs and a tight ass didn't hurt one goddamned bit. Tequila hit my stomach, the alcohol shocking my system, and shit finally got real.

Freedom.

Fourteen months since the last time I'd had a decent drink—all but forgotten what it felt like, too. That sweet, harsh pain that comes from losing the surface layer of skin all the way down your throat? Gorgeous. Never felt better in my life, and that's a fact. Helped that the queen of body shots had sucked me off right after we'd pulled up to the party.

Spent the last year trying to decide what I'd do first when I finally got out. Kept going back and forth between getting laid and getting drunk, but God apparently has a soft spot for assholes because we'd found one hell of a good compromise.

I'd been free nearly four hours now. Still felt like a dream. The California Department of Corrections took its own sweet time with everything, up to and including processing a man out. I'd spent half the wait wondering if the cockwads would change their minds or if the club lawyer had forgotten something. Figured they'd find some way to fuck with my head.

FBI, state cops, even Homeland Security—they all wanted a piece of my club, the Silver Bastards MC, and not a week went by inside that they didn't try to cut it out of my hide. Guess they figured a prospect made an easy target.

Not fucking likely.

My old man died for the Bastards. If I turned, he'd haunt my ass the rest of my life because that shit does not stand in my family. I'd been born to wear a Bastard cut. And tonight? For the first time I finally had the right to show those colors off.

A hand slapped my shoulder, then a burly man caught me up in a hug so tight it hurt. My fucking ribs creaked.

“That patch feel right on your back, brother?” asked Boonie. He was the president of the Silver Bastards in Callup, Idaho, and I'd heard him call me a hell of a lot of things—but never brother. Felt good. Damned good. Until an hour ago, I'd been a prospect and

I'd never gotten any special treatment because of my old man.

That's how I wanted it.

"Best night of my life," I admitted. He pulled back, and his face grew serious.

"Proud of you," he said. "You did what you had to. Protected the club, took care of business. Painter told us how things were inside, how you took his back. You earned this, earned it with your life and your blood. I know you won't shame this patch, Puck."

"I won't," I replied, his words almost too much. Boonie grinned suddenly, then grabbed my arm and turned me toward the bar again.

"Drink up," he told me. "Then find yourself some pretty little thing to play with, because tomorrow we're ridin' home. Your bike's in good shape—took care of it for you."

"Thanks."

"Another shot, baby?" the stripper asked. She rolled onto her side, reaching out to catch my neck with her hand, pulling me in for a kiss. That brought me a little too close to her face. She was sweaty, and her mascara had started running. Didn't smell that great, either.

"More shots," I said, pulling away. I'd appreciated the blow job, no question. But she wasn't exactly the fantasy I'd been jacking off to the last year and I'd promised myself I wouldn't settle once I got out. I wanted someone fresh—someone clean and soft and sweet enough to eat. I'd play with her for a while before letting myself go, punching through all that softness until she screamed and begged for mercy.

Mouth, cunt, ass.

That'd been what got me through those long nights wondering why the fuck I'd let myself get caught.

Ignoring the bitch on the bar, I reached across and grabbed the bottle of tequila, chugging nearly a third of it down. Christ, there went the rest of my throat. Then I turned to look out across room. Four of my new Silver Bastard brothers had come down from Callup—Boonie, Miner, Deep, and Demon. Joining them were four Reapers and two Reaper prospects. They were here to welcome Painter, who'd gone down with me on a weapons charge. This sucked, but such is life. We'd been fighting for our clubs, so no regrets there. Through a combination of luck and well-placed payoffs, we'd managed to stick together for the duration of our time served. The clubs provided the funds and the attorneys—to protect them, we matched that investment with our silence.

Painter caught my eye from across the room, grinning. After so much time together I could almost read his thoughts. I gave him a nod, one of those chin jerks that speaks volumes.

Congrats to you, too, asshole.

"You havin' fun?" a man asked. I looked down to find a painfully skinny, greasy little man missing half his teeth standing next to me. Tweaker called Teeny. His face was just a little too eager, his eyes a little too bright. Unfortunately, Teeny was our host for the night so I had to be nice to him. We were out in the middle of nowhere, tucked back in a canyon where this douche had somehow acquired a house. The Longnecks MC—one of our "allies," although their loyalty was questionable—had a warehouse set up in a shop right next to this guy's house.

This Teeny asshole wasn't even part of the club . . . Apparently his brother Bax was patched in, though, so they used him as a pit stop. Something didn't quite add up about

the situation, but fuck if I cared. In the morning I'd be riding for home. With luck my future association with the state of California in general and Teeny in particular would be extremely limited.

"See anything you like?" he asked. "That's my old lady, there. "You want her? She's real good, welcome you home right."

I shrugged, glancing over toward his woman. She was probably in her midthirties, I decided. Pretty enough, but she had a hard, tired look around her eyes that didn't appeal. Not only that, she was wiry and skinny as fuck. Probably smoking meth to block out the fact that she had to live with this dickwad.

"No, she's great but not my type," I said, casually taking another drink of tequila. Wasn't burning so much now, which in retrospect should've been a sign to slow down. Maybe things would've turned out different.

Shitty thing about time—only runs the one direction.

"What's your type?" he asked. I shrugged. The day I needed some tweaker to find me pussy, I'd cut off my own cock and get it over with. Swallowing another drink, I glanced across the room, pointedly ignoring him.

That's when I saw her.

Now, I fuckin' hate clichés, and shit like this only happens in movies . . . but I swear to fuck, I think I fell for her in that instant. She was small, with long brown hair in one of those knot things on top of her head. Not dressed to show off her figure, either. I could still see she had a tiny waist, though, along with generous tits and the kind of round, healthy curves you just know will cradle your hips perfectly when you're pounding her.

I had to have her.

Like, needed her. Now.

"Good call," Teeny said. I ignored him, focusing on the angel I had every intention of owning just as soon as I talked her out of her pants. God, she was pretty. Kind of out of place, too. Not flirting with anyone, and not a ton of makeup. Just wandering around, picking up empties, and avoiding conversation. Fascinating.

"I'll introduce you."

Teeny walked across the room toward my Dream Fuck. I started after him, because I didn't want the asshole speaking on my behalf. Then Boonie caught my arm.

"Heads-up," he said, his voice pitched low, difficult to hear through the noise of the party. "We think somethin's going on with that guy. Don't be afraid to talk him up, okay? Can always use good information."

I nodded, wondering why the fuck Teeny had to pick me to buddy up with. Tonight was for relaxing, enjoying myself. Just looking at him made me feel dirty, and considering some of the shit I've pulled in my life, that's an accomplishment. Another hand slapped my back, then Painter caught me by the neck, squeezing me as he laughed.

"Never ends," he said. "Boonie cock-blocking you?"

I punched him in the gut—not hard. Just enough to make him back off.

"No, right now you have that honor," I muttered, glaring at him. "Christ, we just spent a year together in a fuckin' cell. Think we've covered everything, so let me get laid? Please?"

He answered by punching me back, and I reeled . . . damn, hadn't realized how drunk I'd gotten. Still, I wasn't about to go down easy. I swayed, watching him as our brothers started crowding around us. The wild gleam in his eyes—a mixture of almost manic

happiness and pent-up energy — matched my own.

“Take it outside,” Boonie said. “I got fifty on Puck.”

“Hundred on Painter,” Picnic Hayes, the Reapers’ president, answered and then we were bundled outside for the fight.

I couldn’t wait.

We’d sparred before, of course. Nothing but time to kill in the pen, so I knew Painter’s moves like they were my own — and he knew mine, too. We were a good match, could go either way. Neither of us had much in the way of formal training but we’d both picked up a fair amount along the way. Hell, I’d gotten caught in my first bar fight when I was fourteen years old, seeing as my pop wasn’t exactly Father of the Year material. Still loved the old bastard, though.

The sun was fading as we stepped outside, painting the sky in pinks and oranges shot through with smudged clouds. I paused a moment, struck by the incredible beauty all around me, and smiled, breathing deep. So fucking good to be outside again. Nobody knows what it’s like, trapped in a cell like an animal. Nobody but the guys who’ve heard the sound of those gates closing behind them.

Fortunately for me, I wasn’t exactly the first Silver Bastard to do time for the club, which meant my brothers got me. They knew what this was like.

“Okay, we got a circle here,” Pic was saying. I blinked, starting to process the fact that maybe boxing with Painter while I was drunk might not be such a hot idea. Of course, he was drunk, too, and the booze would numb the pain . . . “Fight goes until one of you is down or taps out. Time to make your bets, brothers.”

Boonie caught my arm, pulling me to the side and looking into my face.

“You ready?” he asked. I nodded sharply, because drunk or not, I wasn’t going to pussy out in front of my president on the same day I got my colors. I glanced across the dusty circle to see Painter, who gave me a friendly sneer. Laughing, I flipped him off, then shook my arms out, loosening up.

That’s when I saw her again. Off to the side, standing next to Teeny, who was talking rapidly and pointing to me. I frowned, because I really didn’t need or want that asshole on my side. Knowing my luck, the fucker would send her running. I nudged my brother, Deep, who was standing next to me.

“See that girl?” I asked, jerking my chin toward her. “Make sure Teeny doesn’t scare her off, okay?”

“Sure,” he said. “I’ll keep an eye out.”

“Thanks.”

Painter and I stepped into the circle together, and I felt the thrill of adrenaline cut through the haze of alcohol. My blood started pumping, pounding through me until I could all but taste it. Christ, but I loved to fight. Always seemed to clear my head, and I’d gotten good enough over the years that I won more than I lost. Inside, those skills had saved our asses, and I’d picked up my fair share of pointers from the very man I found myself facing.

Painter moved first, coming in with an experimental jab toward my stomach. This wasn’t a real attack, just him testing my limits. I’d had a lot to drink, which would slow my reflexes. So had he. That changed the baseline, something we both needed to feel out.

“Can’t believe they gave you a top rocker,” he said, taunting me.

I grinned.

“Try harder, old man. I know you too well.”

Painter laughed, then came at me again, suddenly. He punched me square in the stomach and I doubled over. Shit. I fell back and almost stumbled out of the ring, catching myself at the last minute. I heard the shouts of my brothers urging me on.

Oh, hell no.

No fucking way I'd lose a fight tonight. Painter could fuck right off, because he'd had his colors for years. This was *my* night. I owned this bitch and he'd just have to suck it up and deal.

Still staggering, I lurched forward toward him like I was out of control. Then I attacked, and this time I caught him. One hit, two. Three. Right in the gut. Painter gasped and I moved in for the kill.

Somehow he pulled himself together, catching me across the chin. My entire head rattled as I staggered to the side. I felt blood in my mouth, then found a loose tooth with my tongue.

Asshole.

I thought of the pretty girl I'd just seen, which pissed me off. The anger was good. Cleared my head. Didn't matter if I won or not, she wouldn't want to suck face with someone bleeding like a stuck pig. This wasn't a fight—it was a cock-block.

Time to end it.

Painter waited for me, swaying. I'd gotten him pretty good.

He was definitely favoring his left hand, which was great news because he was left-handed. Lucky me. I was ambidextrous.

I launched myself at him, turning that to my advantage.

He tried to block me but his arm was weak. I landed a blow to his gut followed by one that caught the side of his cheek. Pain seared through my hand, parting the fog of alcohol.

“Dick,” he managed to gasp as I danced back, flexing my fingers. That last one had been bad—if I'd been any more off-center, I'd have a fist full of broken bones.

“You got him,” Boonie shouted. I stretched my hand again. Did I want to risk another head blow? I hadn't even wrapped my knuckles. . .

Fuck it.

I caught his chin again and Painter went down, falling hard. Blood dribbled from his nose and for long seconds I wondered if I'd actually hurt him for real.

Then he managed to roll onto his stomach, tapping out and flipping me off, all in one gesture.

“Congrats on getting your colors, Puck,” he groaned. “I'll give you this one. Enjoy it while you can because next time I'm killing you.”

I staggered back, grinning and raising my hands once I realized he wasn't seriously hurt. It'd been a lucky shot and we both knew it—we were well matched, could've gone either way. As I heard my brothers shouting in victory I didn't care. This was my night. I had my freedom and my patch.

Still needed that girl, though.

I looked around and spotted her standing next to Deep. Teeny stood on the other side of him, looking all sorry for himself. She was hugging herself with both arms, obviously nervous, and I felt my smile fade. Shit. I hadn't wanted her scared. I shook my head, wishing things weren't moving so fast. Waving off the men crowding around me, I headed toward her, half expecting her to run off.

She didn't, though.

As I came to a stop in front of her, she gave me a wavering smile, then spoke. "Can I help you find another drink?"

"Fuck yeah."

I took her arm and pulled her into my side, exchanging a satisfied look with Deep.

"Let me know if you need anything!" Teeny yelled after us, and

I felt the girl shudder.

"Christ, but he's a nasty little shit, isn't he?" I asked her conversationally, and she gave a startled snort of laughter. I liked the sound. Sweet and sort of innocent. Made my dick happy, that was for sure. Still, I didn't want to fuck things up and push her too hard, because the skittish vibes were intense.

"Yeah, he is," she agreed quietly, and I leaned down to kiss the top of her head. She smelled good—fresh and clean, just like I'd been fantasizing all those months inside. Fresh and clean and perfect.

I wondered what she'd taste like.

"They're lighting a fire out back," she told me, her voice soft. "By the kegs. Maybe we should go over there?"

Hmmm . . . I could work with that.

"Okay."

She tried to pull away from me then, but I caught her hand playfully, tugging her back toward me.

"I can't get you a beer if you don't let me go," she pointed out.

Fuck. She was right. Still, I wasn't about to let her get away that easy—knowing my luck, Painter'd swoop in and take her, just to fuck with my head. If anyone could pull it off, he could. Fucker was pretty in his own weird way—even I could see it. I couldn't compete, not with the nasty scar on my face.

I'd just have to keep a close eye on her, I decided. Protect what was mine.

\* \* \*

An hour later I found myself leaning back against the wall of the house, wondering how I'd gotten so lucky. My girl's name was Becca, and she was rapidly turning into my all-time favorite female. Not that we'd talked much—she was pretty quiet. But she was soft and warm, and now I had her tucked between my legs, leaning back against me.

"Skittish" hadn't been the right word for her, either. She'd been nervous as hell, so nervous I'd been afraid at first she'd pull a runner on me. Beer helped with that, and now she was relaxed into me, eyes closed, head turned toward my chest so that my chin brushed her forehead. I'd have said she was asleep if it wasn't for the little noises she made every time my fingers circled her nipples under her shirt, or slid down her stomach.

We'd pushed up the bra about ten minutes ago, and I'd explored down below just enough to know she wasn't sopping wet for me yet . . . but she was getting there. This was a good thing, because my dick was harder than a rock and ready for more. I shifted my hips, sliding my erection against her back, and groaned.

Feeling her up in the firelight was great, but time to move things along.

I pulled out one hand, catching her chin and tilting it up for a kiss. God, she was sweet. She tasted like sunshine and beer, with a hint of tequila mixed in for good

measure. I could tell she didn't have a ton of experience, because when I slid my tongue into her mouth she wasn't quite sure what to do with her own.

Turned me on in a big way, gotta admit.

"Becca, you should take him on upstairs, don't you think?"

Teeny's voice cut through the kiss, and Becca stiffened. She pulled away from me, shutting down so hard I could practically feel the arctic chill. *Fuck*. For an instant I gave serious consideration to killing Teeny. It'd taken me nearly an hour to get her to this point, and he was *not* going to fuck it up for me.

I stared him down, eyes narrow.

"Is there a reason you're talking to her?"

He smirked.

"Just making sure it's all good here."

"Go away."

"Take him upstairs, Becca." If anything, she got more tense, and I groaned. Sure, I could just go find someone else. But I didn't want anyone else, and this asshole was ruining things for me. I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her into me, tight, making it clear that she didn't need to worry about Teeny.

"Now would be a real good time to disappear," I told him, my voice full of a quiet menace designed to convey one message—fear. Becca shivered, which pissed me off. Been hard enough to get through to her, and now she had to see this. "Otherwise I'll make it happen. Got me?"

Boonie came to stand next to us.

"We got a problem here?" he asked.

"No," Teeny said, glaring at me and Becca. Then he turned and scuttled off like the fucking roach he was. She shivered, and I rubbed my hands up and down her arms.

"Don't worry, babe," I told her absently. "Thanks, Boonie."

"No prob," he muttered looking after Teeny. "Glad we're leaving in the morning. There's something wrong here—been a very educational trip."

I nodded, although I didn't have the full story. They'd fill me in later, so until then I'd just follow Boonie's lead.

"Let's go inside," Becca said. "Find some privacy."

She pulled free and stood up. This startled me, but I wasn't exactly unhappy about the development. I lurched off-balance as I rose, and things were a little hazy around the edges. Wasn't messing with my dick, though, so all good where it counted. She led me into the house and up the stairs to a small room in the back. It had a twin-size bed that was rumpled and stained. There was a puddle of beer spilled on the floor next to a turned-over bottle. More cups and bottles littered the area, and an ashtray was half full on the bedside table.

"Guess we aren't the first ones looking for some privacy," I commented, but I didn't really care. Nope. I just shut the door and locked it. When I turned back, she'd already stripped down to her bra, and was busy unzipping her jeans.

Holy shit.

Becca was gorgeous.

I mean, I'd seen how pretty she was outside, but those sweet little boobs I'd been groping the last hour were even more perfect than I'd imagined. Somehow the fact that a plain cotton bra cradled them just enhanced the experience. Then she slid her pants off

and I nearly died because I'd never seen anything sexier. I wanted to tie her down and take possession of every hole in her body. Twice.

Becca saw it all written in my face—clearly it scared her. She took a step back, and held up a hand. A deeply disturbing question flickered through my foggy brain.

“Are you a virgin?” I asked, the words tasting strange in my mouth. She gave a harsh laugh, then shook her head.

“No, I'm not a virgin.”

She reached behind to unhook her bra and I saw her nipples for the first time. Pink and pointy and gorgeous, exactly the right size for my mouth . . . I stepped toward her and she surprised me, dropping to her knees and reaching for my fly.

“How long has it been?” she asked, her voice almost businesslike. I groaned as she pushed down my jeans and briefs, cock springing free. I'd never been harder—wasn't entirely sure I'd survive the next ten minutes. Fuck, would I even *last* ten minutes? Then her hand wrapped around me and I closed my eyes, reaching out to lean against the wall because otherwise I would've fallen flat on my ass.

She started out slow and steady, wrapping her fingers around me and rubbing up and down. After a minute she paused. I opened my eyes to see her peeking up at me as she licked her palm, looking older and more seductive than I'd pegged her before. Fuck. Fuck. Then her other hand reached down to cup my balls as she started working me again with all ten fingers.

I gasped, falling into the sensation again. Definitely wouldn't be lasting that long, I realized. No way. But that was just fine, because tonight I had a lot more than one load saved up and ready to go.

“Use your mouth.”

She obeyed, opening up and taking me in, her tongue flicking at me expertly. Almost too expertly . . . weird, and a little surprising, given how she kissed. Then she sucked me deeper and I stopped thinking at all. Everything was warm and wet and fucking perfect.

Thirty seconds later I blew up in her mouth without warning. Hell, it caught *me* off guard, it happened so fast, and I cringed. Reaching down, I caught her hair in my hand, pulling out the rubber band holding it so the long, brown strands fell around her face. She stood, wiping her face with the back of her hand, soft brown eyes meeting mine.

She looked like an innocent little angel again.

“Becca, that was . . .” I didn't have the words. God, I'd missed sex. Real sex, not just jacking off in my hand. Nothing in the world quite as sweet as the feel of hot wet woman wrapped around my dick.

She turned away, reaching down to grab a half-empty fifth of rotgut vodka off the bedside table, taking a big drink, and swishing it around her mouth. Then she spat it out on the floor so it mingled with the pooled beer before taking another swig.

Okay, not a total angel.

I reached out, and Becca handed the bottle to me wordlessly. Then she slid off her plain cotton panties and laid back on the bed.

“You ready?” she asked. I drank deep, my head spinning because I'd never been more ready for anything in my life. She didn't look ready, though. Her eyes were distant, and when I kicked off my pants and stepped between her legs, I could see her body wasn't with me, either.

Fortunately I knew how to fix that.

Pulling off my cut, I looked for somewhere safe to put it. The only available flat surface was the little table, but in the back corner was one of those hanging racks with some clothes on it. I walked over and grabbed a hanger, hung up the leather vest, and turned back to Becca.

She'd closed her eyes, and I'd have thought she was asleep if I didn't know better. Fuck, maybe she'd passed out.

"You awake?"

She nodded her head.

"Yeah, just sort of drunk," she muttered. "Don't worry about it."

Shrugging, I pulled off my shirt, then knelt down beside the bed and caught her legs up and over my shoulders. She squawked as I spread her pussy lips, giving her a long lick straight up to her clit.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, suddenly awake and alert. I licked her again, and Becca squirmed and gasped as her little nub started to harden for me. Nice. "Oh my God! I can't believe how good that feels . . ."

She fell back on the bed as I got going. I love pussy. Of course, most men do, but not all of them love going down on a nice, juicy cunt as much as me. I licked and tickled, every once in a while giving a little nip as Becca came to life under me. I think she was trying to keep still at first, but no way was I having any of that shit. Nope. I wanted her soaking wet and screaming, because I planned to ride her hard the rest of the night.

Then I slid two fingers deep inside, searching for just the right spot as I sucked on her clit like candy. Found it on the first try, and she blew up around me, crying out and sobbing. I pulled away, grabbing a chunk of loose sheet to wipe off my mouth, and she moaned, little shivers running through her body.

I'd been hard for her before—almost constantly, even right after I'd come in her mouth—but that was nothing compared to my cock now. Fluid seeped from the tip, and I reached across the floor for my pants, pulling out a condom. Along the way the vodka caught my eye and I took another drink, following her lead as I swished out my mouth and spat on the floor.

The place was truly disgusting, but I'd spent fourteen months in prison so a little filth was the least of my concerns. Tilting back my head, I sucked down the rest of the booze, swaying as I stood. I caught her under the arms and scooted her up the bed before I slipped on the condom. Seconds later I pushed deep into her. Fuck, this had been the right call tonight, because—I shit you not—never felt anything that good before in my life.

She moaned and I caught her mouth with mine, kissing her hard and claiming her. This time I didn't hold back. Nope. I just took as much as I could, savoring her sweet taste and wondering if she wanted to see Idaho . . . We'd be leaving in the morning, and the thought of throwing her on the back of my bike and taking her along worked for me in a big way.

Then she squeezed down on me hard and I stopped thinking altogether.

\* \* \*

We slept for a while. Maybe we passed out. Dunno. Same difference. When I woke up, Becca was tucked into my side, one leg thrown over mine. Her hair trailed across my chest and her breath tickled my skin.

That's all it took.

I rolled her over onto her stomach, sliding a pillow under her hips and spreading her legs before grabbing a condom. She murmured, not really talking, but the sounds coming out of her mouth weren't unhappy when I found her clit again. Seconds later I pushed into her. I'm sure some man—somewhere in history—had enjoyed the feel of a woman's cunt more than I did in that moment. Hard to imagine how, though.

I'd taken off the edge earlier and now that I had her nice and warmed up, I was ready to do this thing for real. Grabbing her hips, I pulled back and slammed deep. Becca screamed and stiffened, now well and truly awake. Fuck, so hot and slick . . . I started pumping in and out of her hard, loving how she convulsed around me. Her arms reached out, clawing the sheets, and I lowered myself across her back, using my knees to spread her legs out even wider. Then I caught her hands in mine, nipping at the back of her neck before groaning into her ear.

“Reach down below and finger your clit.”

“I can't,” she gasped. I paused, catching her hand and shoving it down beneath her stomach as I lifted my weight. We found her clit together, then I shoved back into her roughly.

“Oh my God . . .” she moaned. “That's incredible.”

Damn straight.

“Now keep it there,” I ordered. “You're going to come for me at least twice, got it?”

She nodded into the sheets and I pulled my hand free, bracing myself as I started moving again. It wasn't gentle, but that was okay because I felt how wet and slick she was around me. Tight, too. Even better than I'd imagined back in my cell, and I have a hell of a good imagination. I leaned up on my elbows, catching her hair and jerking it back because I get off on that shit. Each twist of my hips took me closer, and when she started convulsing around me and crying, I nearly lost it. Not quite, though. I wasn't finished.

Mouth. Cunt. Ass.

I'd planned it all out in my head, dreamed about it for months . . . Now I finally had the staying power to finish it. As she shuddered and trembled, I pulled free and sat back on my heels. Becca's ass spread wide in front of me, and I smiled because it was fucking gorgeous. Heart shaped, pretty. Not too big, but not fucking skinny and nasty like a half-starved donkey, either.

Christ, I wanted to fuck her there.

My cock was still wrapped tight and dripping with her juices, but I spat into my hand a couple times for good measure, slathering it on for a little extra lube. Then caught her hips and pulled her up and onto her knees.

“Brace yourself.”

She nodded, stretching out her arms in front of her like a cat, which was cute but totally inadequate under the circumstances. I caught her hair again, yanking her head to the side. Becca gasped.

“I said brace yourself,” I repeated. “Gonna fuck your ass now.”

She squawked, and her entire body stiffened.

“That a problem?” I asked. She shook her head quickly.

“No, do it.”

Shit, could she sound less enthusiastic? I stilled, realizing my prison dream girl might

not be up for the full porno fantasy in living color. Fuck.

“It’s okay,” I said, pulling back. I closed my eyes, running a hand through my hair and shuddering. I’d just fuck her cunt some more. I could do that. Then she shocked the hell out of me by reaching around behind to grab my cock. She pushed back with her hips, awkwardly trying to guide me to her asshole, which was funny and pathetic at the same time.

Because I’m a shitty human being, I went for it. Not a complete dick, though. I could see the tension radiating off her.

“You never done this before?” I asked her. She shook her head violently, not looking at me.

“Okay, we’ll go slow.”

She nodded this time, but she still didn’t give me her eyes. It bothered me for some reason, although why, I had no fucking idea. I dug my fingers deep into her hair, twisting her head around enough to kiss her. Hard. My tongue dug deep, forcing her to kiss me back and, I shit you not, I felt like fireworks were going off in my head. Clichéd as all fuck, but there you have it. After long seconds we came up for air, and I stared into her eyes, seeing how her pupils grew wide.

Slowly, steadily I found her opening with my cockhead, pushing in as she gasped.

“You okay?”

“I’m fine,” she said, eyes wide, her lips trembling. I held her there, my heart beating so hard I thought it might come right out of my chest as I pushed down deep. She was tight—really tight. Sure as hell hadn’t been lying when she’d said she’d never done this before. I sank into her for what felt like forever before I hit bottom, balls resting against her pussy. Her heartbeat pulsed around my cock and I realized that I would be happy to die in that moment. *That’s* how good it was.

Becca closed her eyes and turned her face into the covers, spasming around me. I didn’t like the position—I wanted to watch her face— but she seemed to need some privacy. I got it. I’ve never been a nice, vanilla kind of guy, but this was a different kind of intensity than even I was used to. No screaming, no scratching, no fighting with each other until we both lost our minds . . . No, this was powerful on a whole new level, and looking into her eyes the whole time was probably too much for me, too.

I pulled back out, then slid in again. She gasped.

“Play with your clit some more.”

She nodded without speaking, burrowing her hand back down until she found her target. I started moving, going slowly and carefully at first. But it felt really good, and I’ve never been one to take things slow and careful.

Looking back, I can’t decide if that’s when things really fell to shit, or if they’d been falling to shit all along and I was just too stupid to see it. Never have figured that one out, but what happened next was not my finest hour. I started moving faster. It felt fucking amazing. *She* felt fucking amazing. Then I was pounding her and she was shuddering and I thought she was coming and it was perfect.

Becca sobbed suddenly. Loud. Not a pretty crying kind of noise, and not one of those moans bitches give when they’re getting off so hard they can’t quite control themselves.

No.

This was the kind of noise a puppy makes when you kick it, and I felt it all the way down to my gut like a knife ripping me open.

Big. Fucking. Mistake.

I pulled out and caught her up and into my arms. She flinched and I hated myself, because even like that she was soft and pretty and I just wanted to keep nailing her ass. Becca knew it, too, because she tried to pull away from the press of my cock against her back. More sobs escaped and tears rolled down her face and I knew for a fact that I'd burn in hell for this.

Rubbing her head, I tried to think of soothing noises. Instead I was full of questions. Why had she let me do it?

*'Cause you're a pushy, scary bastard.*

Fuck.

"I'm sorry," I told her, my head starting to spin. Shouldn't have drunk so much. I had no idea what time it was, no idea how long we'd been up here . . . I heard noises outside, the sounds of music and the party still going, but that didn't mean much. A good party could last all night and into the next morning.

"It's okay," she finally managed to whisper, and I bit back a harsh laugh because that was a huge fucking lie and we both knew it. Then she did something that blew me away. Becca turned in my arms and pushed me down onto my back. Seconds later she had the condom off and was sucking me deep again, which made no fucking sense at all.

Unfortunately my dick wasn't the sensitive, caring type because it really didn't care that she was clearly so scared and drunk off her ass she'd lost touch with reality.

I could've stopped her.

I *should've* stopped her.

Instead I sank my fingers into her hair and blew up into her mouth and it was even better than the first time. The room was seriously spinning all around me as she tucked into my arm and stroked my chest.

"Tell him I did good, okay?" she whispered. "Just tell him I did good. Please?"

I passed out, wondering what the fuck she was talking about.

\* \* \*

My bladder was about to explode.

Needed to pee. Maybe rinse out my mouth, too, because it tasted like something died in there and that was not an exaggeration. Shifting, I realized that Becca was still tucked into me, sleeping heavily. I managed to crack my eyes open, blinking. Faint light was creeping in through the window, although even now I could still hear music down below.

Great. Gonna be a long ride home with no sleep. Sliding carefully out from under Becca, I stood and pulled on my pants. My shirt had fallen into the sticky puddle of beer and vodka, so I stumbled out of the room half naked. The door across the hall was locked, although from the smell it had to be the bathroom—either that or people had started peeing and vomiting in the bedrooms, which I supposed wasn't entirely impossible. Felt great to be back with my brothers, but our hosts kind of sucked ass. Bunch of assholes and meth heads, so far as I could tell. No wonder Boonie didn't trust them.

I walked down the stairs into the living room, where despite the fact that music still blared, people were passed out all over the place. My brother Deep leaned back against the bar separating the living room from the kitchen area, arms crossed, a look of faint disgust on his face.

“Hey,” I said, keeping my voice low.

“You look like death. Have fun up there?”

I shrugged, feeling like an asshole.

“She’s perfect,” I said. “But I think I hurt her.”

His eyes narrowed.

“We got a situation? Should I go get Boonie?”

Shit.

“No, not like that,” I said quickly. “I mean, I think I pushed her too far. Tried to fuck her ass, and it didn’t go over so well. She’s okay, but I still feel like a douche.”

“We got a girl who’s gonna cry rape?” he asked quickly, and I snorted.

“Probably should,” I replied. “She told me to do it, though. Afterward she sucked me off. Feels wrong, somehow.”

“You want another drink?” I turned to see Teeny standing there, his beady eyes bright and full of something I couldn’t quite follow. God, I hated him—he was like a cockroach that wasn’t smart enough to stay out of the light.

Anger replaced my disgust. He needed to leave me the fuck alone.

“Are you serious?” I asked him, turning and cracking my knuckles. The fight with Painter had taken off my edge, but it’d come back again as I told Deep about Becca. Hitting someone— anyone—would feel good, but hitting this guy? That’d be a flat-out pleasure. “God, don’t you ever go away? Fucking piece of shit!”

I started toward him, but Deep caught my arm, pulling me back.

“Careful, bro,” he said quietly. “This isn’t about him. You’re pissed about the girl. Pick your battles, because there’s a lot more Longnecks than Reapers and Bastards combined. All he did was offer you a drink.”

Fuck. I breathed deep, looking at the scared little shit and wishing desperately he’d do something— anything—to give me an excuse to take him down. My brothers would back me no matter what, but I wasn’t stupid enough to think there wouldn’t be a price for my actions.

“I’m going back to bed,” I said after a tense minute or so, pulling free. “Talk to you later, brother.”

Deep nodded, watching Teeny as I turned and stalked back up the stairs. This time the bathroom door was open. Sure enough, someone had missed the toilet, and I felt my own stomach heave sympathetically. For a sec there I thought I might lose it. Then I pulled it together enough to piss without barfing. Afterward, I turned to look at myself in the mirror. As always, the face looking back at me was ugly as fuck. Dark, ragged hair. Scar cutting across my face. Nose that’d been broken at least four times now . . .

Shit, no wonder Becca had been scared of me—I looked like a fuckin’ serial killer. I wanted to punch the mirror and break it into a thousand pieces, which would accomplish even less than beating the shit out of Teeny.

Instead I went back into the room and found her still sound asleep on the bed. Her skin was pale and fragile, dark shadows ringing her eyes. Still gorgeous, but younger and more frail-looking now. Christ. What had I done? I crawled back into bed with her, sure I’d never get to sleep. I’d underestimated how much booze was still floating around in my system, because everything went dark again.

\* \* \*

This time the sun was bright and harsh. I blinked, trying to remember where I was . . . Then it all came back and I looked around, wondering where my girl went.

Shit. Becca was gone.

*What the hell really happened last night?* I sat up, spotting my colors hanging from a rack next to . . . school uniforms? Fuck, some kid must live in this room, I realized. That'd suck, coming home to a mess like this. I turned and lowered my feet on the far side of the bed, figuring I'd open the window to air things out, check the lay of the land in the process. I stepped on a pile of books, which fell over. I reached down to pick one up.

Textbook.

I picked up another. Shit, it was another textbook, and under that was a notebook. That's when I started to get a very bad feeling in the pit of my stomach—something I wouldn't have pegged as possible, given how shitty I already felt about how the night had played out.

The notebook opened in my hands, and I saw the name *Becca Jones* written on the top of the front page, along with *English: First Period* and the date.

Below were notes.

Maybe she was in college, I thought desperately. Please, fuck . . . let her be in college. A piece of colored paper fell to the ground, and I dropped the notebook to pick it up.

What I saw nearly made me throw up.

It was a flyer for a dance—a *high school* dance.

Becca was still in school. Jailbait. *The fuck?* It didn't add up . . . Then her last words to me sank in, and it all added up far too well.

*"Tell him I did good, okay? Just tell him I did good. Please?"*

\* \* \*

I flew down the stairs half dressed, my boots thudding loudly. My shirt was filthy from her floor, but my cut was still fine—safe and sound after a night spent hanging next to Becca's little school dresses. Fucking piece of shit pimp Teeny.

Had to be him.

This was his house. Who the hell was she? His kid? What the fuck kind of asshole pimped out his own daughter? But shit, I guess it happened all the time, all over the world. About halfway down I heard her scream, which should've woken up everyone all over the goddamned house. Most of them were still passed out drunk, though. I heard more shouts outside and knew my brothers were probably coming.

That turned out to be a good thing, because I came damned close to ending a man's life that day—fucking craptastic way to start parole . . .

Teeny stood in the center of the kitchen, Becca huddled at his feet as he kicked her. Then he whacked her across the head with a fucking soup pot, of all things, and I lost my shit.

"You cocksucking asshole!" I shouted, launching myself at him.

"Fucking twat! I'll kill you!"

My fists destroyed his face with a crunch. It felt good—cathartic.

He fell like a bag of concrete and some part of my brain noted vaguely that Becca was

scrabbling away from us, chunks of her long hair torn loose and left on the floor. Blood, too. Another woman shouted and tugged at her, but I didn't turn to look.

Nope. I had work to do.

Specifically, I needed to kill Teeny with my bare hands. Then I'd tear him apart and eat his heart. Raw. He screamed like a bitch the whole time, and I heard Boonie yelling in the background. Then they hauled me off his ass, kicking and fighting because I'd well and truly lost my shit.

"What the fuck is happening here?" Picnic Hayes demanded. Beside him stood one of the Longnecks, a guy who looked a fuckuva lot like Teeny and I realized this must be the brother who was part of the club. Bax.

Bax wasn't a happy camper. Fair enough. I was pretty fucking unhappy myself.

Teeny moaned on the floor, rolling onto his back, and I spat at him. Then I heard a sobbing noise—one that'd already been burned into my brain. Becca was crying, and I looked over to find her huddled up against Teeny's old lady.

Shit. I hadn't seen it before because the woman was so nasty and used up, but under that scrawny, tweaker body was an older copy of Becca. Had to be her mother . . . Even with the meth eating her, though, she seemed too young. If that was the mother, she must've had Becca really fucking early.

"She his daughter?" I asked her, my voice like a knife. The woman shook her head quickly, lips quivering. "You let him pimp her out?"

She looked away.

"Damn," Picnic said. "This is a hell of a clusterfuck."

"I'm not leaving her here. He'll kill her."

Pic shook his head slowly, thoughtfully, but I could see it in his face—he knew I was right.

"Yeah, she can come with us," he said. "You up for that, Boon?"

My president nodded, eyes never leaving the huddled mass of blood and human filth crying on the floor.

"We'll head out in twenty minutes," Boonie said decisively. "Anyone got a problem with that?"

He looked around the room in challenge, and several of the Longnecks glanced away—apparently they weren't going to stand up for Teeny. Said a hell of a lot about them in general and Teeny in particular. I mean, I was glad that we weren't fighting our way out, but that's just pathetic. They were happy to party with him. When it came time to take his back, they were out.

"C'mon, let's go upstairs and grab some of your shit," I said to Becca, reaching toward her. She gave a little scream and pushed back with her feet, sliding across the floor to get away from me. *Fuck.*

"I'll get her ready," her mother said suddenly. Her voice quavered, but her eyes were resolute as they met mine. "She'll go with you—just get her away from here. He'll hurt her bad for this. Real bad."

I nodded, watching as she drew her daughter to her feet, then pushed her toward the stairwell.

"Jesus, you can sure pick 'em," Boonie said. "How old you think she is?"

"She's still in high school," I said, my voice grim. "Fairly certain I'm up for statutory if this goes down wrong."

“Damn,” Painter said, coming up behind me. “That’s fast work—usually takes a little longer to violate parole, bro.”

I met his gaze, and for once his face didn’t hold even a hint of mockery. Fuck. This was really bad.

“Outside,” Picnic said sharply. “Horse, Ruger—you stay here. Make sure the girl gets out safe, okay?”

He caught my arm and pulled me toward the door. Boonie flanked us, and I sensed real danger beneath their calm expressions. We walked over to the bikes as the others scrambled to grab their shit and pack up.

“I won’t leave her,” I told them again. “I know she’s scared of me, but I don’t give a fuck. That girl’ll die if she stays here.”

“Not gonna leave her,” Pic said. “But we do need to get out fast, before they have time to figure out what happened and get pissed off. They decide to fight for her, things’ll get ugly. Not sure we can take ’em.”

“Thanks for standing with me.”

Boonie snorted.

“You’re our brother, Puck,” he said, his voice casual. “This is what we do. You went down for us, you think we aren’t prepared to do the same for you? Now pull your shit together. We can put the girl in the truck with the prospects, or you can take her on your bike. No time to fuck around.”

\* \* \*

Fifteen minutes later, I watched as Horse, Becca, and her mom walked out of the house. At least thirty members of the Longnecks MC stood watching, talking quietly among themselves. I kept waiting for one of them to reach for a gun or challenge us, but they didn’t.

No sign of Teeny.

Becca had stopped crying, but her face was still covered in tear-smearred blood, and nasty bruises were popping up all over. Her breath sounded wheezy, too, and I hoped to hell she didn’t have broken ribs.

“I don’t want to go,” she whispered, catching at her mom’s arm. “I want to stay with you.”

“You’re getting out,” the woman replied, her eyes hard and calculating. “Let him cool off, then we’ll talk. Figure something out.”

Becca shook her head, but when I caught her arm gently she let me pull her away.

“You want to ride in the truck or on my bike?”

Becca glanced at the truck, eyes widening at the sight of two Reaper prospects. “I’ll stay with you.”

I nodded and climbed on my bike, eyes alert as I monitored our audience. She climbed up behind me, and then her mother gave a satisfied nod. Becca wrapped her arms around me and I felt her tits press tight against my back. My cock stirred to life. What the fucking hell was wrong with me?

“How old are you?” I asked, my voice low.

“Sixteen.”

Shit.

“Like, you’re almost seventeen?”

“No, I turned sixteen last week.”

*Double shit.*

Boonie kicked his bike to life, and we followed his lead, pulling away from the house in formation.

So that’s the story of how I committed statutory rape less than twenty-four hours out of prison—on my birthday, no less. In retrospect, I probably should’ve stayed inside, served out my full five-year term. Would’ve been less work for everyone.