

A man with extensive tattoos on his arms and chest, wearing a black leather harness and multiple chains. He is holding a knife in his right hand. The background is dark and moody.

1
LEATHER
& CHROME

Reckless

KIKI CLARK

RECKLESS

LEATHER & CHROME 1

OceanofPDF.com

KIKI CLARK

OceanofPDF.com

Copyright © 2021 by Kiki Clark

Cover Designer: [Sleepy Fox Studio](#)
Editor: Sandra Dee, One Love Editing

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are not meant to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, persons, or organizations is entirely coincidental.

www.kikiclark.com

✿ Created with Vellum

OceanofPDF.com

CONTENTS

[Reckless](#)
[Author's Note](#)

[Chapter 1](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 2](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 3](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 4](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 5](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 6](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 7](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 8](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 9](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 10](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 11](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 12](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 13](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 14](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 15](#)
[Interlude](#)
[Chapter 16](#)
[Epilogue](#)

[Thank You](#)
[About the Author](#)

Also by Kiki Clark
A New Pack for New Year
The Alpha and His King
The Second and His Bonded
The Deputy and His Enforcer
Laying Pipe
Out In the Cold

OceanofPDF.com

RECKLESS
LEATHER & CHROME BOOK 1

Ride hard. Love harder. Live recklessly.

Tank is done with his old life. All it's brought him is trouble and misery in the form of a four-year prison term. Though he did find one good thing while behind bars: Charles "CJ" Crane, pen pal extraordinaire.

After months of exchanging increasingly personal letters, Tank knows exactly where he's headed as soon as the prison gates open. CJ doesn't know he's coming, and he's not sure what he'll say when he gets there, but he knows one thing for certain.

The promises he and his boy made to each other in their letters may have been reckless, but he's willing to risk everything he's got on finding out if what they have could be real.

Reckless is the first book in the Leather & Chrome series and features a motorcycle club's annual charity ride, a possessive biker whose new favorite color is pink, a twenty-four-year-old overly eager to experience his first time, and an excessive appreciation for perfectly lined tattoos.

OceanofPDF.com

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Reckless was born from a single idea—a biker passing through a small town and hooking up with a young man and then leaving again. Obviously, that's not what happened here. *wink* But that idea evolved into this book and I adore all of these characters so much.

Each book in the Leather & Chrome series will feature characters exploring kinks together. The kinks will vary but each will feature some form of a power exchange.

Reckless features Daddy kink (without age play), mild marking, sexy underwear, sex toys, and exhibitionism.

But there are also elements in this story that may be **triggering** for some people, so please be careful moving forward. I've included some more information below, but if you have any questions about any of the elements, please feel free to reach out to me.

Possible Triggers (and spoilers):

—homophobia (a main character has been cut off from their family because of their sexual orientation, but this does not happen on the page. This character also experiences homophobia from his roommate which results in having to move out.)

—threats of sexual assault (not between main characters, but a main character is threatened with being forced to perform oral sex. The act does not happen and the threat does not hang over the character's head afterward.)

—violence (mild, but briefly on page)

—incarceration (one of the main characters was in prison for several years and was released at the beginning of the book. The character mentions

some of his experiences but it is not explicit.)

OceanofPDF.com

Sucking in a deep breath, Gavin “Tank” Adams held the air in his lungs and pretended it tasted different than what he’d been breathing for the last forty-eight months, even though he was only a hundred yards from where he’d spent all that time. Right outside the front gate of the East River Penitentiary, the ground and air just *felt* different than they had on the other side of the fence.

“Yo, Tank!”

He smiled at the eager yell of his best friend and brother in arms, Snake, as he ran across the parking lot toward Tank. He was half a head shorter and a hundred pounds lighter, but Snake had always had crazy eyes that demanded respect in the club. Dark hair nearly down to his ears, Snake grinned as he slowed a few feet away. They slapped hands and gave each other half hugs over their clasped fists. Snake smelled like his old lady’s perfume, motor oil, and freedom.

“Hey, man,” he said as they separated, eyeing the small group Snake had been standing with. “I didn’t think anyone other than you would come.”

Snake blew a raspberry at him and threw an arm over his shoulders, steering Tank across the hot asphalt toward the ragtag group. “I told you a hundred times, man, you’re good. The club is damn proud of how you didn’t flip even after that bastard judge nailed you with two more years. You got a golden ticket now. Anything you want, you got it.”

It was true. When the prosecutor had tried to get him to name names for a reduced sentence, he’d refused, and then during his sentencing, the judge had given him the maximum despite it being his first offense as an adult.

But Tank would believe the club was cool with him when he saw it. Joining the MC when he was young and dumb had seemed like a good idea to a backwater kid like him without any prospects, but after sixteen years—the last four of which behind bars—the shine of the illicit lifestyle had worn off. The fact that Snake was the only one to visit him while he was locked up for doing a job *for* the crew definitely helped in lessening the sheen.

He'd always been too big and too quiet. The Devil's Hands Motorcycle Club had treated him like he was a dumb giant only good for knocking heads together for over a decade, and he was done with it and them. Prison could have been a lot worse for him, but his size and resting scowl had actually served him well while inside. Still, he'd had a lot of time to think—a *lot*—and no way was he going back to his old life, his old club. He'd done his time and kept his mouth shut, and if anyone had a problem with it, they could choke on his dick.

"Hey, Tank," Jenni, Snake's old lady, called as they got closer, hurrying over in her high heels to wrap her arms around him. Dark blonde hair a little mussed from her helmet, she looked just as stacked as he remembered. Women didn't do it for him, but he could appreciate her long legs and big tits as much as the next guy. He knew from Snake's visits and calls that she'd even popped out another kid, yet her tiny waistline still remained from her exotic dancing days.

He was about to greet her when he spotted his bike in the back of the truck a couple of spots over from where they were standing. Sleek black and chrome everywhere, she was a sight for sore eyes. A 2002 Harley Davidson Low Rider that he'd completely rebuilt after finding her smashed to hell in the back of some guy's garage during a visit with another club. Bought for a few hundred bucks, he'd worked for a year on fixing her up and never had a problem since.

Fuck, he'd missed her. There was nothing like the feeling of flying down the highway on the back of his Low Rider.

Snake chuckled and slapped his back, seeing where his attention was. "Doesn't she look great? I kept her at our place and rode her regularly to keep things in good running order. One of the prospects gave her a nice wash and wax this morning."

"Thank you," he said, his gruff voice barely audible.

Snake just grinned and snapped his fingers at the two young guys hovering nearby, staring at Tank with wide eyes. Neither of their cuts had a

lot of patches, and instead of their names on the left pec, they were simply identified on their vests as *Prospect*. “You two! Quit staring and get the man’s bike down!”

Tank watched carefully, prepared to go and help, as the young men jumped into the truck bed and started releasing the tie-downs, but Snake distracted him when he waved a hand to call over the other two members still sitting on their bikes. The fact that they hadn’t approached to greet him yet told Tank everything he needed to know about how his reception would really be back at the compound.

Long and skinny with pockmarked skin, Butch strode over with a barely hidden sneer, his black, greasy hair nearly at his chin instead of the buzzcut Tank remembered. Butch was the club Enforcer, despite looking like a strong wind could knock him over. He was fucking scary with a knife and had zero issue jumping into a fight or starting one just for fun.

“Put on a little weight in there, Tank?” Butch asked as he neared, reaching forward and thwacking Tank’s slightly soft midsection with the back of his hand.

Upnodding him but not answering, he turned to the remaining guy. Damian Callaway, Devil’s Hands co-founder and their chapter President. He was also Snake’s dad and had never seemed to really care for his son’s best friend, but when Tank had patched in, he’d been treated the same as everyone else finally. At least six three, the guy was built broad and thick with muscles. His bare arms were covered in tattoos, and a permanent frown lingered on his pronounced brow.

“Tank. You good?” Callaway extended a hand, silver rings flashing in the late-morning sun.

“Yeah, I’m good.” They shook, and then Callaway and Butch headed back over to their bikes, clearly eager to get on the road.

Snake rolled his eyes and muttered, “Sorry about that. I thought at least Dad would be more enthusiastic in his welcome.”

Tank shook his head, letting his friend know not to worry about it, then hurried over to the back of the truck to help the prospects lower his baby onto the ground. Running a hand over her glossy black gas tank, he scanned every inch carefully, though he knew Snake wouldn’t have let anything happen while he was housing his bike. When Tank had been sentenced, Snake had taken care of clearing out his shitty little room at the clubhouse and stored his clothes, books, and few knickknacks he’d collected over the

years in a storage container. Tank hadn't really cared at the time about any of those things, but he was appreciative that he had someone like Snake to handle it anyway.

Just as he was about to swing a leg over his bike, Snake stopped him.

"Oh wait, hang on." Snake reached into the truck and snagged a backpack, unzipping and starting to pull things out. "Phone—same number and info, just a new model."

Tank stepped forward and accepted it, removing the dead one he'd gotten from the prison when he'd received his personal effects from his pocket and chucking it into the truck.

"Your cut."

Snake tossed Tank his leather vest like it wasn't a monumental symbol of all the shit in his life he was ready to move on from, then reached in his bag for something else. Tank held up the piece of clothing and stared at the back, focusing on the bottom rocker that read "Louisiana" under the club insignia of a red hand holding a motorcycle balancing on its rear tire. "Devil's Hands" curved above the patch and sat across his shoulders when he wore it.

"And you got another envelope from—" Snake stopped and sliced his eyes at the others. The prospects were hovering on the other side of the truck, waiting to prove in some other menial or humiliating way that they were worthy of earning their patches, and Butch and Callaway were talking in hushed tones a few spaces over. Snake gave Tank a significant look and held out the last item. "Here, man."

Draping the vest over his left arm, he accepted the large manila envelope, heart racing. It had been just over a week since he'd sent his last letter, and he'd worried that what he'd asked for had been too much. He stared at the return address as he pressed his fingers into the slight bulge at the bottom, dick jerking at how easily the envelope gave.

"Snake, Tomas is still running the chapter in Michigan, right?" he asked, voice low as to not draw attention from the others.

Freezing where he'd been tossing the backpack into the truck once more, Snake shot him a confused look. "Yeah. You wanna go visit your pen pal and stay with his crew?" He glanced at his dad and stepped closer to Tank, lowering his voice. "You know Dad doesn't get along with the other chapters anymore."

The Devil's Hands MC only had three chapters, each led by one of the three founders. The Louisiana chapter was the original, but the other two founders had left and started their own when they'd disagreed with how Snake's dad wanted to run the club. One of the founders had gone west and was in New Mexico just north of the border, and the other went north to Michigan.

No one in Tank's chapter openly talked about the other two, but he'd heard a lot of rumors over the years. Word had it that when Callaway started pushing the club into more illegal shit—drugs, weapons, extortion—the other two founders pushed back, and things turned bloody. The official story was that Callaway forced them out after knifing Tomas in the belly, and they ran like cowards. Since it had happened years before Tank had started hanging around the club, he'd accepted that as the truth.

But then one time, during the wee hours of the morning when Snake was toasted on too many joints and way too much whiskey, he'd told Tank about how that wasn't how shit had gone down at all. That the other two had walked into Church one day, told the club they were leaving to start their own chapters, and walked out while his dad sat sputtering after them.

He'd also said that his dad had tried to get them to come back numerous times during that first year and that Tomas had actually changed his number because he was tired of fending off the calls.

Knowing the truth had changed the way Tank had looked at his President ever since that middle-of-the-night conversation. When he'd lain in his cell, unable to sleep, he'd think about when he'd started to lose his love for the club and had finally realized it had been after learning that truth. It wasn't even that the others had left amicably, but the fact that Callaway felt the need to spin the tale into one where he was a ruthless bastard to make himself feel better about begging the other two to come back.

About a year before he'd known he'd be released, Tank had started seriously considering what he'd do once he was out. Even though he'd known he didn't want to return to his club, the idea of striking out completely on his own after having a brotherhood at his back for nearly two decades had been... disconcerting. So he'd done some digging into New Mexico and Michigan with the limited books in the prison's library and had Snake bring him information when he visited, trying to decide if he'd

maybe want to change chapters upon release or just burn his cut and reinvent himself in Oregon or something.

But it had been the new pen pal program he'd signed up for nine months ago that had sealed the deal. Somehow, despite the odds and all the miles between them, he'd managed to find the most tantalizing treasure the program had to offer.

And that treasure was in Michigan, about an hour from Tomas's chapter's clubhouse.

Fucking fate—if he believed in that nonsense.

Throwing a leg over his Low Rider, he slipped his vest on with a grimace. “No, I’m gonna request to patch over to his chapter.”

Snake's eyes widened, and Jenni's head popped up behind his shoulder, face pale as shit. “What the fuck are you—” He stopped himself, head twisting around when his dad and Butch fired up their bikes, Callaway throwing a hand into the air and making the “move out” motion.

The prospects hustled to get into the truck, nodding respectfully at Tank and Snake on their way past. Snake and Tank didn't move, gazes locked as the others headed out of the parking lot. Jenni squeezed Snake's bicep, smiled tightly at Tank, then strode over to Snake's bike to give them privacy.

The scowl on Snake's face was fierce as he stepped forward. “What the fuck do you mean *patch over*?”

“I'm done here, man,” Tank said, sliding the strap of his half shell helmet off his handle and pulling it on. The envelope was resting on the gas tank, the bottom edge balancing on his thighs, but it was like it was radiating heat straight through his jeans into his skin where it touched him. Like a siren calling to him.

He just hoped what was inside didn't drown him.

“Things will mellow out,” Snake started, rubbing at his short beard, then up into his wavy hair.

“No, they won't. They were looking for an excuse to get rid of the queer guy, and it worked for four years. Why not make it permanent? None of them ever really wanted me at their backs anyway.”

“Tank—”

“You won't change my mind,” Tank interrupted, tone sharper.

At Snake's flinch, he felt like shit. The last four years would have been unbearable without Snake's regular visits and his connections with one of

the guards that got items smuggled in to him. The last thing Snake deserved was Tank's ire.

"I can't stay here," he said more quietly, not taking his eyes off the neat handwriting on the envelope.

"What the fuck am I supposed to do without you?" Snake rasped, then cleared his throat and looked away when Tank's head shot up, rubbing under his eyes. "Fucking dick. How dare you make me emotional and shit."

Tank forced a soft chuckle. "You'll be okay. You got Jenni and the kids. And without me being around, the others will pull you into their tight circle."

Snake grunted. "Fuck them. Maybe I should transfer too and get out of that shitty town."

That made him laugh for real. As much as Snake was his family, there was no way in hell he'd ever leave his old man.

But that was okay. Tank was going to find a real family, someone to love him so damn much others would judge it as unhealthy. Someone he could worship and protect and possess.

He pressed the pad of his thumb into one of the envelope's corners, shivering at the tiny bite of pain and the reminder of what was waiting for him inside that manila package.

Sniffing, Snake used both hands to scrub at his face, then cleared his throat again and straightened his shoulders, throwing off the emotional moment and shutting his shit down tight. "We should head out."

He nodded slowly, eyeing his best friend. "I'll be right behind you and meet you at your place."

"Yeah, okay." Snake turned on his booted heel and stomped over to his bike, barking something at Jenni, who only held up her hands in surrender and grabbed her helmet.

He waited until they drove past, nodding when his eyes connected with Snake's, but once he was alone, he couldn't hold himself back. Tearing into the envelope, his damn fingers were trembling as he pulled the sides apart and peered inside.

Bright pink fabric was balled at the bottom, and Tank groaned at the sight. Fuck, he really hadn't been sure his precious little pen pal would do something as dirty as mail his underwear to a man he hadn't actually met in person.

But Tank couldn't say they didn't know each other. Once Tank had drafted the guard on the club's payroll—with Snake's help—to mail and deliver their correspondences, the two of them had shared deep, intimate things with one another. Confessions, fantasies, hopes, fears.

Hidden desires.

Slipping one hand inside, he left the folded letter for later and ran his fingers through the material, shivering as the lace caught on his calluses. "Jesus Christ."

He was practically panting, wishing he could pull the panties out and bury his face in them right then, but he refused to do it in the parking lot of the fucking prison. His boy deserved better than him getting caught sniffing his underwear out in the open.

Just as he'd convinced himself to drive to Snake's as fast as he could, he saw something glossy peeking out from behind the folded notebook paper. Biting down on his lip to hold in his moan, he carefully pulled out the photograph, making sure not to leave any fingerprints on it.

The first thing he saw was the same bright pink color as what was in the envelope. Goddamn, his boy was trying to kill him. He ran his eyes over the scalloped edges of the lacy panties where they sat halfway up luscious, pale white ass cheeks. Riveted, he barely noticed anything else for a long minute. He ate up all that visible skin, climbing up his boy's body until the image cut off at his shoulders. So slender, yet there was strength in the muscles of his twisted back and round thighs as he contorted to take the picture of his ass in what was obviously his bathroom mirror.

Finally, he noticed the rust stain running down the back of the porcelain sink from what was obviously a cheap and leaky faucet. There was a hole punched into the wall just behind his boy's gorgeous ass. And the mildew-covered shower curtain was visible along one edge of the picture.

He knew from their letters that his boy struggled financially but had balked when Tank had told him he was going to send him some money to help out.

As much as he'd been frustrated at not being able to help, pride had filled him. Oh, he was definitely going to take care of him once he got to Michigan, but it would be much more satisfying to have his boy smile up at him sweetly and thank him. First with his words, then with his perfect pink lips while he knelt between Tank's knees.

Dick half-hard in his jeans, he swallowed as he replaced the photo, then carefully removed the couple of others from his small bag of possessions—ones where his boy was more fully clothed, and Tank had been glad no one else in the prison had seen anything other than his boy's sweet, shy smile—and put them in the envelope too. The only other thing in the bag the prison had released him with was his wallet with expired license and a couple of bills. He shoved the whole thing carelessly into his back pocket, then wadded up the paper bag and tossed it onto the ground.

He'd had the same guard who had delivered all the letters from his boy take them back out and hand them off to Snake for safekeeping about a week ago. They were all waiting for him at Snake's.

He zipped the envelope inside his cut, pressed close to his body.

Just like his boy would be soon.

Firing up his Low Rider, he buckled his helmet and revved the engine just a little, letting the vibrations sink into his bones. As he sped off, he couldn't wipe the smile off his face or stop himself from being excited about the future for the first time in... possibly forever.

INTERLUDE

Dear Mr. Adams,

Thank you for signing up for Pen Pals for Prisoners (Eastern US) program! We're very excited to have you and so many others join us as we begin this journey together. Please don't hesitate to reach out if you ever have questions or problems.

We've paired you with one of our volunteers: CJ. He will be in touch within the next two weeks. You indicated in your application you wished to receive 1-2 letters a month, and your volunteer has agreed to that frequency. If you ever wish to adjust your number of letters to a number CJ can't accommodate, please let me know, and we'll find you additional volunteers.

Please remember the rules you agreed to when you applied to the program. (You'll find them on the back of this letter as well.) The most important things to remember are to never ask your pen pal to:

- send you anything against your prison's rules,*
- get you legal assistance,*
- or share personal information they are uncomfortable giving you.*

I hope your experience with Pen Pals for Prisoners is a positive one! Please let me know if you have any questions now or in the future.

Take care,

Anna Malinowski

Founder of Pen Pals for Prisoners

The Devil's Garrote.

Tank stared up at the sign of the bar he was sitting outside of, wondering if he was jumping out of the frying pan and straight into the fire. He'd heard Tomas ran his club differently than Callaway ran the Louisiana chapter, but the name of the establishment didn't give him a lot of hope.

Not even he'd ever used a garrote on someone.

Though, as he took in the well-kept façade and parking lot, he had to admit the place looked a lot nicer—at least from the outside—than any other biker bar he'd ever been to. It was ten in the morning, so there weren't many other bikes in the lot, but he'd been told to meet the VP, Demarcus Monroe, here instead of the clubhouse just past the bar. The buildings, along with what looked like a tattoo parlor, an old farmhouse, and something new being constructed, were pretty isolated outside of town, but that was typical. His old chapter's clubhouse had been out near a bayou so they wouldn't be interrupted during club business or have the police called when they had rowdy parties.

Sighing, he scratched at his cheeks and jaw, annoyed by how long his beard was getting, but he hadn't taken the time to trim things up since he'd been released. He knew his hair was shaggier than he liked too, and his clothes were covered in road dust.

Monroe was just going to have to take him as he was because he didn't have a lot of extra cash to grab a motel room just to clean up. He'd either be allowed to stay at the clubhouse or he'd be getting a room closer to where CJ lived.

Dismounting his Low Rider, he removed his helmet, hung it on his handlebar, and eyed his saddlebags. He'd stored his cut in with the rest of the clothes he'd brought, not wanting to fly his colors on the long drive north, but it would probably look strange to the Michigan chapter guys if he strolled in wearing his plain leather jacket.

After swapping them out, he ran a hand through his overgrown hair and strode toward the front door. His gut clenched and his palms were sweating, but he held his head high and let his face settle into his natural scowl. Snake called it his "resting asshole" face. All Tank knew was that most people tended not to mess with him after getting a good look at him.

A few feet from the door, his phone rang, and he grunted in annoyance. He'd been dodging Snake's calls since he'd left Louisiana two days ago. He pulled out his cell and growled, "What?"

There was a pause and then a sigh. "Come on, Tank, don't be like that. I'm sorry about what I said."

No, he wasn't. He was sorry he'd pissed Tank off and that he'd still left after Snake called CJ "a piece of boy pussy." Tank was pretty sure Snake's eye was swollen shut, but the shiner hadn't been enough to stop Snake from calling or texting a dozen times since Tank had headed out.

"I need to go in and talk to Tomas's VP," he said, eyeing the entrance. There were vendor posters covering the glass, so he couldn't see inside, but there was also a small rainbow flag in the bottom corner of one of the windows. The sight eased the tension in his stomach and shoulders somewhat.

"His VP? Tomas couldn't meet you himself?" There was a notable sneer in Snake's voice, like Tank should feel insulted.

"VPs handle a lot of club business, and I don't need special treatment," he grunted, then added, "We don't all call chapter presidents 'daddy.'"

"Fuck you, man."

Instead of responding, Tank hung up, flicked the ringer off, and shoved the device in his pocket once more. He and Snake went way back, but if he didn't get his attitude adjusted, Tank didn't see how they'd maintain any kind of long-distance friendship. He definitely wouldn't abide by anyone—best friend or not—talking shit about CJ or their relationship. No matter how... unconventionally it had begun.

As he pulled the door open with his right hand, he stuck his left into his pocket and fingered the lacy material he'd kept on him since he'd left that

prison parking lot. Just feeling them calmed his anger a little, reminding him why he was risking so much and why he'd been willing to leave Snake and his old life behind.

CJ would be worth all the bullshit Callaway had thrown at him when he'd told him he was leaving. He'd thought for a minute the old man would have a damn heart attack, his face getting scary red as he screamed at Tank. Calling him a coward and every other name under the sun for "running away" to another club after they'd stuck by him while he was in prison.

Which was a fucking joke if he'd ever heard one.

"You Tank?"

Forcing the nasty words and recriminations from his head, he nodded and focused on the two men with club patches sitting at the bar that ran along the back wall. The tables filling the space between where he stood just inside the door and the guys sat still had chairs flipped on top of them since the place wouldn't technically be open for a couple of hours.

Things appeared just as clean on the inside as they had from the parking lot, tables and chairs in good condition, mirror behind the bar not broken or cloudy with age. Weaving between the tables, he studied the two men waiting for him. The large black guy he thought was the club's VP had spun around and faced him, elbows propped on the lip of the bar behind him. The other one had glanced over when Tank had walked in but then gone back to eating what looked like a burger.

But his eyes were on Tank in the mirror, and Tank didn't think for a moment the guy would let anything happen to his VP, hands full of greasy food or not.

As he neared, he extended a hand to the Vice-President of the Michigan chapter of Devil's Hands. "Thanks for meeting with me."

When the VP leaned forward and shook his hand, smiling, Tank actually had hope things would turn out how he wanted for once in his life. "Demarcus Monroe, but everyone calls me Houston. Let's grab a table and chat, my man."

The other man didn't introduce himself, but as Houston led Tank to a table a few feet away, he could feel the guy's eyes on him. He helped lower the chairs to the floor, then sat across from the big VP, prepared to answer questions like "what made you want to come to Michigan?" or "what skills would you bring to the club?"

He hadn't been prepared for Houston to set a file folder on the table between them with his mug shot paperclipped to the front. His gaze shot up to Houston's, looking more closely at the man's face, trying to read something in his dark brown eyes. When Houston didn't give anything away, he glanced over at the other guy, understanding more clearly why he was there.

Turning back to Houston, he leaned back, putting his hands flat on the table in front of him. "That your Enforcer?"

Houston grinned, his straight white teeth standing out against his dark brown skin. "Yeah. He's overly cautious—plus, Vivian makes a mean veggie burger. Six can't resist."

Six held one of his hands up above his shoulder, middle finger extended, but didn't turn around or say anything.

"But don't worry about him. Let's talk about this," Houston said, sliding the file a little closer to Tank. "When you called last week, you didn't mention you'd just gotten released."

Gritting his teeth, he tried to keep his tone civil. "Didn't realize you'd give a shit."

Houston crossed his arms over his wide chest and leaned back. "We do give a shit. I don't know what Damian let you all get away with down south, but up here, we don't abide by this lawless bullshit. We keep the cops off our backs because we keep our hands pretty damn clean. You feel me?"

"Yeah, I feel you." Tank shook his head and ran a hand through his hair. "Listen, I went to prison for a job I did *for the club*. I did my time, and when I got out, I wanted away from the guys responsible for putting me away for four goddamn years. I don't want any more trouble."

Nothing changed on Houston's face, but some of the tension seemed to leave his shoulders. "Why not just retire your cut and go full civilian?"

"Fuck, man, club life is the only life I've ever really known. If I have to, I'll get a damn nine-to-five, but I thought I'd see if things could be different than how Callaway ran shit."

"Can you imagine him in a suit and tie, Six?" Houston said, chuckling.

Six grunted, finished with his burger and sipping from a bottle of beer. His piercing eyes were still on Tank in the mirror, but he also seemed less tense, more curious than prepared to attack.

"Yeah, me either." Houston sighed and slapped one hand on the folder, dragging it forward and flipping it open. He read through what looked like

Tank's arrest report and skimmed some printed-off articles about his trial, though Tank was sure he and the other club officers had seen and read everything already. "How often did Damian have you work someone over for information?"

The question was asked nonchalantly, Houston's eyes still on the papers, but Tank stiffened. "I didn't keep track."

"So... often. Got it. What other kinds of jobs did he have you do?"

Tank grunted and scratched at his beard. "Whatever needed doing. Sometimes he'd have us ride security when folks were moving large quantities of drugs or money. Have me and some of the others collect money from local businesses. Pick up packages. Whatever."

Houston's eyes narrowed. "What kind of packages? We don't deal drugs here—that shit will bring the feds down on you faster than anything else."

Tank shrugged. "Some of the others dealt a little, but it wasn't official club business."

Nodding, Houston closed the folder and rapped his knuckles on it. "I'm not gonna lie, Tank. The members are split on letting you in. With your history, some are worried that the gray area we occupy will start getting scrutinized a lot closer with you in the mix, making us all targets."

"I ain't on parole," Tank said, confused. "I don't have a PO or anything to report to, so how would the cops even find out?"

"I'd tell them," a voice said behind him, shocking the shit out of him.

Twisting around, he saw Tomas Ortiz coming through what had to be the door that led to the kitchen, a tub of glasses in his hands and grungy towel thrown over one shoulder.

"You'd tell the cops I moved here?"

"Yup." Tomas set the tub down and wiped his hands before tossing the towel away, then planted his hands on the counter behind the bar and leaned forward. "I keep the LEOs apprised of anything they might need to be aware of, and they... don't come looking unless absolutely necessary."

"And you think me living here is something they'd need to know?" Tank asked, slowly standing. Houston stood as well, moving over to the bar and leaning against it next to Six.

"I don't know. Which is why I'm on the fence on letting you stay permanently." Tomas met his gaze, the wrinkles around his deep-set eyes betraying his age. His short, neat beard and stylish haircut with only a

sprinkling of grays made him seem younger, closer to Tank's midthirties, but his heavy gaze spoke of experience.

Tank raised his brows. "So... what? That's it? I just gotta wait to see if y'all are going to hold my record against me or not?"

Houston started to say something, but Tomas spoke over him. "Come back next week. We have Church this weekend, and I'll let everyone know what you said and hold another vote. But our bylaws are different than most clubs—the final decision is mine."

"But until then, don't unpack my shit, right?" Tank shook his head, glancing away, then meeting Tomas's eyes again. "Just so you know, I'm not leaving Michigan. I've got"—he hesitated for the briefest of moments, remembering that flag on the door—"someone here. That's why I came. So whether you let me in or not, it don't mean shit on what state I end up living in."

"Okay." Tomas nodded once, like something had been decided. "We'll see you Monday morning."

Tank looked at each of them, then sighed. "Yeah, whatever."

A couple of days later, Tank was beyond ready to finally lay eyes on his boy. After his less than awesome meeting with Houston and Tomas, he'd found a motel as close to CJ's hometown as he could get—which was still twenty minutes away. The town was tiny as shit, barely more than a cluster of gas stations and bars, but he didn't care about that.

He'd spent the day before getting his clothes cleaned, hair cut, and beard trimmed so he'd look as good as he could meeting CJ. He didn't want his boy to look at him and regret the things he'd shared or the promises they'd exchanged.

He wanted to at least *look* close to good enough for him, even though anyone who looked at him too carefully would know he was a trailer trash ex-con with nothing but a meaningless vest to his name. His stomach clenched as his brain helpfully pointed out how useless his cut would be if Tomas decided not to take a chance on him.

When he'd worried about transferring chapters, he'd been focused on Tomas refusing because of Callaway, not because he had a fucking criminal

record. What kind of motorcycle club gave a shit about that?

Apparently, the kind with pride flags in their windows and silent Enforcers who liked *veggie* burgers.

Pulling into Sammy's Bar and Grill's parking lot, he refused to think about anything but meeting CJ for the rest of the night. After he removed his helmet, he carefully ran his fingers through his hair, then smoothed a hand down his beard. It was a lot shorter, barely more than long stubble, but the hairstylist had insisted it was what would look best on his "face shape."

Whatever the hell that meant.

He rose from his bike, making sure the pink fabric was tucked into the inside pocket of his leather jacket before heading for the back entrance. The lot was a little fuller than he'd expected for a Thursday evening, but he wouldn't let that deter him.

Nine months of exchanging letters was about to culminate into their first meeting, and he was terrified and excited in equal measures. No one had ever gotten to know him so well, and the idea of CJ rejecting him after finally meeting nearly had him getting back on his bike and riding off.

It had been easy to keep a part of himself separate during all his years of hookups and short-term relationships. But somehow, having CJ share pieces of himself so freely had made it easy for Tank to do the same. When CJ told him about what he envisioned for his future—the kind of man he wanted, the type of relationship he dreamed of—it had been a no-brainer to sit down and write out all the things he'd once thought he'd have if he found the right partner. Things he'd given up on years ago that had come to life again with CJ's sweet and sexy words.

CJ dreamed of someone to take care of him, to love on him in every sense of the word. And Tank wanted to be that man.

Pulling open the back door of the bar, he was immediately hit with the scent of fried food, the sound of exuberant laughter, and the feeling that his entire life was about to change. He was a little light-headed as he stalked down the narrow hallway, following the sounds and smells and bypassing the doors to the restrooms and one marked *Office*.

As he stepped into the large open space, he scanned the room, taking a deep breath. Over half the tables and most of the stools at the bar were full of patrons, and country music was blaring on the speakers. The large televisions on the walls were muted and showing different sporting events.

A female server was across the room, passing out baskets of chicken wings to a rowdy group, and there was a large-set man serving drinks behind the bar. But no sign of CJ.

Tank frowned and stepped out of the way as a trio of young women giggled and moved past him to head down the hallway. He ignored how the last one lingered, running her eyes over his body. He'd fucked women before when he was younger, but even if he was interested in doing that anymore, he didn't think he could get his dick hard for anyone but CJ at this point.

He heard a burst of laughter to his right, past the woman who was shrugging and continuing after her friends, and he was drawn to it like a damn moth to a flame. Holding his breath, his whole body jolted as the door next to the end of the bar popped open and Tank finally saw him. CJ.

His boy was carrying a tray of food, having used his back to swing the door open, and when he turned toward the rest of the room, he was smiling widely and still chuckling at whatever had been said in the kitchen. Tank drank in the sight of him, his lean body encased in tight jeans and a black polo, hair slightly disheveled.

When green eyes swung in his direction, Tank sucked in a breath, prepared for CJ's excitement, surprise, or annoyance.

What happened next was the one thing he'd failed to anticipate.

INTERLUDE

Dear Gavin,

I feel like I should be honest with you about something. I've never done anything like this before. Heck, I've never even volunteered for anything before. Never had the time. Or, I guess, the inclination.

Anyway, what I mean is—this whole prison pen pal thing isn't my idea of a good time or whatever. I don't want you to think I'm some kind of weirdo or religious freak or anything. My friend Anna—the one who started the program—recruited me, and I said yes to help her.

And maybe because she threatened me.

Sort of.

But don't worry! I'm totally committed. You can't see it, but I have my committed face on. Anything you want to talk about or share, I'm here for you. Consider me a vault if you have any secrets you want to share. Well, I'm pretty sure the prison reads these, so don't share, like, crimes or anything.

Um, okay, this has gotten off track.

My point is, you tell me what you need and I'll do my best to do it. You want me to tell you about my boring life? Done. Want to talk about books or TV shows? I'm here for it. Have emotional trauma you want to work through? Well... okay, I'm not really qualified, but I'll listen and offer what meager advice I can.

When I was assigned to you, I got a copy of the little bit of info from your application, so it's only fair I share some things about me. I'm twenty-four, and I still live in the same town I was born in. I have an older brother,

and I've never been arrested. Though I did get a parking ticket once when I was in college! I know that's not the same, sorry. I'm kind of boring.

The most interesting thing to ever happen to me was when my parents found out I was gay, kicked me out, and I had to drop out of college.

Oh, um, and I'm gay. If that's a problem, I'm sure Anna could find you someone else.

Crap. I should probably just start this over, but really? This messiness is the real me.

I guess... Well, I guess that's it. I hope I haven't scared you off.

Is there anything about me that you want to know?

CJ

CJ,

I... I like the messiness and it would take a hell of a lot more to scare me off. You sound like a real person not someone trying to pretend like you're perfect. Or like one of those people too fucking afraid to mention I'm in prison. I know guys who've gotten letters like that. Like we'll forget where we are even for a second.

Oh, uh, sorry about the cussing. I'll try not to do that. But since you didn't start over I feel like I shouldn't either.

You called yourself boring twice in your letter—did you know that? I don't think you could be boring if you tried. Just because your life has been different than mine doesn't make yours uninteresting.

Shit, I'm glad you've never been arrested. The day I was convicted was the worst day of my life, and I wouldn't wish it on anyone. Prison is... A lot of times it's boring, but then in a split second you can be fighting for your life or getting your cell tossed for a random search and you remember that it's not safe. It's not anything other than what it is: a steel cage for dangerous people.

And your parents sound like assholes. Being gay isn't some defect or some shit that you chose or need to fix. Fuck them. I'm queer too.

(I'm doing a terrible job not cussing. I'm real sorry if I offend you.)

I don't think I have a lot of secrets to share, but thanks for offering to be a vault if I need it. I don't watch a lot of TV in here, but I've been getting books from the library. Most are ones that have been donated by people so it's a lot of James Patterson, romance novels, and sewing journals, weirdly enough.

I'm not even sure what you mean by emotional trauma. Like, did I get bullied as a kid or something? Because I didn't. I was usually the biggest kid in the class and my old man taught me how to defend myself when I was real young. Said he was worried about me looking like a—I probably shouldn't use the words he did. Pretty much he just didn't want me to make him look bad by being weak.

Wow, I thought it would be harder to write this but not knowing what you look like kind of makes it easier. I can't picture you reading it and laughing at me as easily.

I wasn't sure I'd like this whole pen pal thing, but I'm glad I signed up. And I'm glad Ms. Malinowski paired us up.

~~Gavin~~ Tank

(Everyone calls me Tank, so you can too if you want.)

OceanofPDF.com

There were days when CJ Crane didn't mind his job, or the small town he'd been born and raised in, or the fact that at the ripe old age of twenty-four, he'd somehow not managed to cash in his V-card.

But ten o'clock on a Saturday night in the height of summer was not one of those times. He was sweating his butt off, running from table to table to keep customers happy, and had been dealing with pushy jerks all night.

"Chuckie! Get us another round! And we still haven't gotten our apps!"

The smile CJ threw to the man hollering at him from across the room was actually more of a grimace, but he couldn't even bring himself to care at that point. He'd been working at Sammy's Bar and Grill since they'd opened at eleven because another server had called in sick at the last minute—again, she was such a faker—and his boss knew he could always use the money. But his feet were screaming at him, the tips had been subpar all day, and he was so freaking tired of assholes he'd gone to high school with calling him *Chuckie* he wanted to scream.

He raised his hand to let Deacon know he'd heard him, then turned his back as he rolled his eyes and finished clearing the high-top he was standing next to so the waiting group could sit down.

His parents had named him Charles Frances Crane, Jr. but then called him the ridiculous name his whole life. He'd started asking people to call him CJ when he was a teenager, but it hadn't exactly taken. Even though it said CJ on the black polo he wore during his shifts at the bar, and it was printed clearly on the name tag at his other job, more than half the people who came into either place still used his childhood nickname.

So did everyone in his family.

When they spoke to him at all.

Sighing, he focused on finishing wiping down the table in front of him, grabbing menus for the folks sitting down, and promising to return quickly. They smiled like they knew it would be a minute but they were okay with it. They were probably a couple of years younger than him, so he didn't expect any problems—it was usually the older patrons who scowled when he was busy or yelled at him if the kitchen messed up their orders.

Twenty minutes later, he'd brought Deacon's table their refills and appetizers, put in the order for the new table, settled the bills for two other groups, and was covering the tables of one of the other servers while she was on break.

Despite how exhausted he was, it was all barely keeping him from spending every waking moment wondering if he'd made a huge mistake mailing his underwear to a man he'd never met who was incarcerated in Louisiana.

Like, what the heck had he been thinking?

He scoffed quietly to himself as he collected burgers from the pass for one of the tables he was covering. He'd known exactly what he was thinking. For months, he'd been sharing increasingly dirty letters with Tank, a biker imprisoned for aggravated assault. Tank had been open from the beginning about his life in his motorcycle club, the job he'd done that had ended with him getting arrested, and his plans for when he got released. CJ had been surprised at first by the simple yet elegant way Tank had shared so many things with him, but after so many months, all he'd felt when Tank had asked for a picture of CJ in his pink panties was excited and aroused.

So he'd impulsively slipped the underwear in the envelope too, while they were still warm from his skin. Some instinct had driven him to give Tank something to hold on to, something to keep CJ on his mind while they were so far apart.

But two weeks had gone by, and he hadn't heard anything back. A delay in response wasn't abnormal, but this was the longest he'd gone without getting a letter in five months.

And he was starting to question everything he'd thought he'd been feeling, everything he'd told Tank and Tank had promised him. What if he was being catfished or something?

Stop it, he scolded himself, taking a deep breath and organizing things behind the bar and running an eye over the dining room. The kitchen was shutting down shortly, but he figured most of the people would stay. There were a few of their regulars at the bar—some chatting and smiling, a couple staring into their drinks—but it was the three groups still left that he was keeping an eye on. One was Deacon's table, and they'd all gotten louder as the night had progressed.

One of the other tables—a group of thirty-something women who'd switched to pop about an hour ago but showed no signs of leaving—was flagging him down. Just as he hustled around the bar, the back door opened. The way the hallway to it curved, you couldn't see folks who came in that way right away, but if there was enough of a lull, he could hear the clunk of the door when it shut.

He took another order of soft drinks and some apps for the women, reassuring them when one apologized for running him ragged. She grinned and told him that they only got together about twice a year and had a lot of catching up to do every time. Chuckling, he told them he understood—which he didn't really since he'd never had friends that close before—and promised to return shortly. As he turned around, his feet stumbled over nothing, forcing him to catch himself on the back of a chair.

Unfortunately, that chair was occupied with one of Deacon's *bros*.

"The fuck?" the guy said, twisting around immediately.

"I'm so sorry. Are you okay?" He tried to focus on smoothing things over, but he could feel dark eyes on him from the corner of the room.

"I'm fine—just pay attention," the guy scoffed and straightened his T-shirt, like CJ had grabbed that instead of the rounded top of the back of his chair.

Deacon was cackling like CJ had just accidentally pantsed himself or something, but he ignored him, hurrying to grab refills for the women and put in their food order before Sammy started shutting things down. As he used the soft drink dispenser, he carefully avoided looking to his right.

It didn't matter though—he could feel the man's hot gaze on him, lingering as he lazily swept his eyes down CJ's body like he had every right to look.

There was a dangerously erotic possessiveness in the man's face and eyes as he studied CJ the last three nights, but he never said anything other than to order a single beer. And he'd refused to allow another server to get

his beer the night before while CJ was busy with another table. He'd sent her back and said he'd wait.

CJ sort of hated how much he liked it.

It made him feel so freaking guilty about Tank, but the longer he went without hearing from his pen pal and the more time he spent under the lustful gaze of the tattooed and bearded man in the corner, the easier it became to throw the feeling off and revel in the attention. No one had ever looked at him the way the stranger did. CJ used to imagine that was how Tank would watch him, when he'd let himself think about the possibility of meeting him in person.

Despite the sweet words and promises made in their letters, Tank had always been vague about when he'd be released or if he'd continue writing when it happened. CJ hadn't worried, assuming they'd have years before that happened, but he'd obviously been wrong. Or at least mistaken that Tank had felt the same way CJ had been feeling.

Maybe it really had all been an elaborate plot to trick him into... what? Sending dirty pictures and his underwear? It wasn't like Tank or anyone else had ever asked him to send money or anything. So what could the game have been if it had in fact been one?

Rori popped up next to him, scaring the crap out of him and making him spill half of the last pop he was getting. "Dang it, Rori! Where did you come from?"

She just grinned and nudged him farther down with her hip so she could get to the ice. "Outside. My break's over, so I can take that to the ladies, and you can go take the order of your mystery man."

She said it with a laugh as she easily took the tray of drinks and started away, but he couldn't help but make a flustered guffawing noise. "He's not... That isn't..."

Laughing harder, she threw a wink over her shoulder and kept going.

He caught the eye of one of the regulars sitting on a stool at the bar, and the man's knowing smiling made CJ blush and look away. Determined to pretend like everything was normal, he straightened his shoulders and stomped out from behind the bar, heading for the darkened back corner.

"Hey there," he said as cheerfully as he could manage, but it still sounded too loud and awkward to him. Unable to stop himself, he ran his eyes over the impossibly wide shoulders encased in black leather, up over the man's short, well-kept beard, to his expensive haircut. When he finally

got the nerve to meet the man's gaze, his dark brown eyes were practically molten as a small smile formed little wrinkles on either side.

Licking his lips, CJ rasped out, "What can I get you?"

His lingering gaze swept over CJ from head to toe, making him shiver as goose bumps erupted down his arms and his stomach clenched with arousal. "Sam Adams," he said, voice deep and gruff, like he rarely used it, and with just a hint of a Southern drawl.

Swallowing, CJ nodded. "Anything else? Kitchen's open another ten minutes or so. Can I get you some food?"

The last two nights, the guy had declined everything other than his single beer, so the question was more reflexive than anything else. Which was why he nearly dropped his order pad when the guy shrugged one massive shoulder and dipped his chin once. "Bacon cheeseburger." There was a pause, and then he cleared his gravelly throat and added a soft, "Please."

That one word tacked on combined with the way he looked up at CJ through his lashes, almost like he was embarrassed or shy, sent a bolt of lust through him so strong he had to catch himself on the table as he sucked in a breath. "Okay," he said, voice trembling. "Fries or onion rings?"

The guy's thick black brows did something weird at the question—not quite a frown, but almost. "Fries. Thank you."

"You're welcome," CJ murmured, taking half a step back but unable to tear his eyes away from the edges of a black-and-gray tattoo peeking up onto the guy's neck over the collar of his jacket. One of the guy's hands had a rose on the back of it too, he'd noticed the night before, and he just *knew* the man had to be covered in them.

God, CJ really wanted to lick every single one.

Face heating up, he started to turn away. "I'll be right back with your..." His eyes widened in horror as his brain froze.

A deep chuckle that was like a caress down his spine calmed him. "Beer."

"Ugh, yes, that." Wincing, he hurried away before he could make even more of a fool of himself.

When he met Rori behind the bar again as he was popping the top off the Sam Adams bottle, having already placed the order for the burger, he had to stop himself from trying to foist the guy off on her. She took one

look at his face and started laughing again, even as she made change and said good night to one of their regulars.

“What happened?”

“What? Nothing,” he said quickly, grabbing a coaster and hurrying away. Luckily, as he went past the third group still lingering, they stopped him and asked for another round of drinks, giving him the perfect excuse to slip the beer onto the man’s table, smile, and run away again.

The rest of the night proceeded pretty uneventfully, even when he brought the mystery guy his food and nearly swallowed his tongue when he got close and realized he’d taken his leather jacket off, arms displayed under his black t-shirt and just as covered in beautiful ink as he’d guessed. He was just grateful he didn’t accidentally drop the dang plate of food.

By the time last call came, the only ones left in the place were him, Mr. Gorgeous in the corner, and Deacon’s table, still being rowdy as hell. CJ had closed on his own more times than he could count and wasn’t worried about getting the group to disperse. In their tiny town, no one really made any trouble, and if they did, one of the three local cops would just let them sober up in the county jail for the night.

He was just getting the last of the dishes loaded in the washer when he heard a bellowed “Hey, Chuckie!” Sighing, he knew he couldn’t hide in the kitchen and just hope Deacon and the others would pay and leave on their own. He couldn’t even stomp as he pushed through the swinging door because his feet hurt too badly. When he came out right next to the long bar, he stuttered to a stop at the sight of Deacon behind the wooden barrier, helping himself to another pitcher of beer.

“What the hell are you doing?” He hurried forward, the aches and pains of his body forgotten for the moment.

“You weren’t doing your job, *Chuckie*,” Deacon said, slurring a little but looking steady enough as he tried to move past CJ with his full pitcher.

“Last call was ten minutes ago—you can’t have any more drinks. It’s time you and your friends settled up and got out.” He tried to sound firm and commanding, but the sneer on Deacon’s face let him know how well he was succeeding.

“We’ll leave when we’re ready.”

He grunted as he tried to shove past CJ, but CJ held firm, grabbing the pitcher with both hands. He knew what would happen before the shockingly

cold liquid hit his chest, but he would rather wear a pitcher than let those assholes stay past closing.

“You fucking idiot!”

He braced himself, expecting Deacon to rip the now empty pitcher out of his hands and throw it or drop the plastic container and lunge at CJ, but neither happened. One moment, Deacon looked like he was about to beat the shit out of him, and the next, he appeared terrified. His bloodshot eyes were focused on something behind CJ as he stumbled back, blood draining from his face as he threw his hands up in the air. There was a loud scraping of chairs as the rest of the table scurried to their feet too.

CJ swung his head back and forth between Deacon and the others, eyebrows shooting up as they all threw cash on the bar before they ran for the front door.

There was a soft, metallic click, and CJ whirled around, shocked to find the tattooed stranger right behind him, slipping something into the small of his back. Something that had scared Deacon and the others so much they’d literally run away.

Fear chilled his veins as he stepped back, hands starting to rise as his heart tried to beat out of his chest. He slipped on the puddle of beer at his feet, barely catching himself before he hit the ground.

“Jesus. Are you okay?” The guy took a couple of steps forward, arm outstretched, and CJ flinched. The man froze like he’d screamed at him to stop. “CJ...”

“Will you please leave?” he whispered, keeping his face turned away where he was still half-crouched and spine twisted in a weird position from grabbing at the counter as he ran behind the bar.

There was only silence for a moment, and then he heard heavy boots take a few steps and the soft rustle of him donning his jacket. There was another pause, like the guy was hesitating, and CJ held his breath, hoping if he held still and didn’t make a sound, the man would just leave.

He thought he might have heard a sigh, but the sound of retreating footsteps and his own heart beating in his ears was too loud to be sure. Arms and legs going weak, he let himself collapse the rest of the way to the floor, not caring he was sitting in beer and who knew what else after a full day of him and the others working back there.

Pulling his knees up to his chest, he rested his head on them and wrapped his arms around his legs, focusing on slowing his breathing. Even

though he hadn't seen it, the hot guy who'd been staring at CJ for days had to have threatened Deacon and them with a gun. That or a huge knife. Some sort of weapon that—when combined with his enormous size and general appearance—got them moving without a single word needing to be said.

What would he do if the guy showed up next weekend? CJ only worked Thursday through Sunday at Sammy's, spending the rest of the week at the pizza place. But he'd worked a double today, so he was off tomorrow. What if the guy showed up at his other job looking for him? Was he stalking CJ?

The last few days, it had felt... exhilarating to have a man who looked like that guy did watching his every move and staring at him with interest. But what did CJ know about reading desire in another man's eyes?

For all he really knew, the guy had been sizing him up as his next victim.

Not for the first time, he wished he could call Tank, but the one time he'd suggested it, Tank had said no. That he didn't want some perverted guard listening in on their conversation.

CJ hadn't even tried to argue that they could just talk and not discuss... intimate things, because as soon as Tank suggested it, that was all he could think about. Tank's voice in his ear, telling him how to touch himself, as he lay in bed doing as he was instructed.

But even if he could call Tank, would he?

At that point, he didn't know what he would do about either man. All he knew for sure was that he was covered in beer, starting to stick to the floor, and exhausted.

He pushed to his feet and finished closing, ignoring the single tear that slipped down his cheek when the realization that as safe and wanted as Tank's letters had made him feel, Tank hadn't been there tonight when he'd needed protecting. He might never be, despite the things he'd written to CJ.

But that stranger had stepped forward and helped, even if he'd stepped way over the line. If he hadn't been there, CJ honestly wasn't sure how he would have handled things if Deacon had physically attacked him.

Sighing, he locked both doors and got to work.

INTERLUDE

CJ,

No, I'm not offended by you asking how I ended up behind bars. I would have just told you, but I thought you already knew. The head of the program being your friend and all.

I hope you're not expecting me to say I'm innocent or anything like that. Truth is, I've been heading here for a while. It was only a matter of time before my choices caught up to me.

When I was in high school, I became best friends with another guy in my grade—Samuel, but everyone called him Snake. We both got into trouble a lot, had shit home lives, that kind of thing. Snake told me his old man was a real asshole, knocked him around some, openly cheated on his mom... But I never met him until we were seventeen. That's when I found out Snake's dad was the President of a local chapter of a motorcycle club.

By the time we were twenty, me and Snake were both members of the club.

I'd never been good at school so doing jobs for the club and having that brotherhood seemed like the best option I had. I don't mean to make excuses—that's just how it was.

For about a decade, Snake and I just partied, rode our Harleys, and did whatever task his old man told us to do. Life was simple and mostly fun.

Then Snake fell for this dancer, Jenni. They got hitched and had a kid within a year. Without Snake by my side, I realized pretty quick that the rest of the club only tolerated me. I'd never really hidden being gay, but with the president's son as my best friend, no one said anything about it really.

Suddenly, my carefree life felt pretty... empty.

A little over three years ago, I was told to do a job with a couple other guys. Snake wasn't there and I honestly don't know if that was by the president's wishes or not. We were told to shake down this guy who supposedly owed big money to the club. After roughing him up, we realize it's the wrong guy. I don't know how the wires got crossed—I was told to go with these two other guys, and then they pointed me at a guy and told me to make him understand he couldn't not pay the club back.

Maybe they were given the wrong address. Maybe the entire thing was bullshit.

I wish I knew.

Anyway, the guy I beat—he went to the cops once we let him go, and I was arrested the next day. I was the only one he actually saw and could identify, though the prosecutor offered me a deal to tell her who else was with me or really any dirt on the Devil's Hands.

I wouldn't and got the maximum sentence.

I don't mind telling you this because I don't want you to get the wrong idea about me. Just cuz we've exchanged some letters and I was nice, doesn't make me a good person.

I'll always be honest with you, CJ. I just ask you do the same.

Tank

Tank,

You're in a motorcycle club?! Wow, all I can picture is that TV show with the really hot guy and all the really illegal things they got up to in that show.

Wait. Do you have one of those leather vests? Is that a real thing?

You know, you've hinted at what a not-so-great dad you had growing up, but that's becoming even more clear when you say things like a motorcycle club gave you a sense of family. If you want to ever talk about your dad or whatever, you can. You already know that my family are pieces of crap, so I won't judge.

Do you really think your club could have set you up to go to prison? That's what you were hinting at, right? Once your friend wasn't around as

much because of his wife and kid, you think the others were trying to get rid of you but in a way Snake wouldn't be able to blame them for.

That's pretty messed up. I hope you're wrong, that it was an honest mistake, but I think after living the life you have for so long, you have to trust your instincts. Do you think you'll go back to the club when you get out?

Oh, and doing bad things sometimes doesn't necessarily make you a bad person. Besides, good and bad is so... arbitrary. I'd rather you just continue to be nice to me. And honesty between us seems like a good idea. Obviously, we have to trust that each other are actually telling the truth, and that might be hard while we're still getting to know each other, but I promise to be honest too.

I hope that's enough for now.

CJ

OceanofPDF.com

He knew he'd done a crappy job cleaning things up, and Rori would be pissed when she and Sammy got there tomorrow morning and had to finish up. He set a reminder on his phone to text her when he woke up as he stepped outside so he could apologize and offer to get her a good coffee from the diner down the street. Just as he was slipping his phone back in his pocket and pulling out the keys to lock up, he heard a noise behind him.

He always parked in back, since spots on Main Street were limited, but as fear shot through him and he realized he was trapped between the walls of the buildings on either side that extended farther back than the bar did, he wished he'd parked on the well-lit street. Or that he'd at least thought to look and see if anyone was still lingering outside the building.

As he turned, keys gripped tightly in his fist, he wasn't sure who he was more afraid it would be. When he spotted Deacon's dirty-blond hair and sneer, his stomach dropped into his shoes, and his fingers began to tremble. There was a paper-covered bottle clenched in his fist, like he'd gone to the gas station for another drink, then come back and loitered in the shadows, waiting for CJ to leave for the night.

"Go home, Deacon," he said, scrambling to grab the handle behind him without turning his back on him.

"You embarrassed m-me in front of m-my friends," Deacon hollered way too loudly for the middle of the night, but CJ didn't have much hope someone would hear.

"I'm sorry. Next time you all come in, your first round is on me, okay?" He kept his voice calm and tried to project it with his body language as his

hand finally closed on the handle. Deacon was still about six feet away, but he'd stumbled to a stop to slug back another swig from his bag.

Squinting, Deacon seemed to be really considering the offer. CJ meant it too—if Deacon actually remembered, he'd happily pay for a round of drinks to prevent getting the crap beaten out of him in the alcove behind the bar. Burping, Deacon nodded and took another drink. CJ nearly slumped in relief.

"Yeah, okay," Deacon slurred, then threw the bottle at the wall next to him, the sound of shattering glass so loud and abrupt CJ yelped. "But I want something now too."

CJ rolled his eyes. "I can't give you another—"

"Suck my dick."

For a long moment, CJ was positive he'd misheard. There was absolutely no way homophobic Deacon had just told him to—

"Now, Chuckie." Deacon sounded stone sober and dead serious as he started to unbuckle his belt.

Mouth sour with terror, CJ distantly heard a rhythmic thumping, but he couldn't focus on anything but the sound of Deacon's zipper lowering. At the first flash of white underwear, CJ jolted like he was being shocked into motion and turned the handle as he spun around.

"You piece-of-shit fa—"

There was a harder thump, but for a moment, CJ couldn't figure out what had happened. He whirled back, the door half-open behind him, and dropped his keys in shock at the sight of the tattooed mystery man punching Deacon in the face over and over where he straddled him on the dirty ground. Deacon wasn't even trying to fight back, and the hands he held up to try and block the blows to his face were mostly ineffective.

After several stunned moments of just watching and being unable to move, CJ jumped forward. "Stop!"

The man froze, arm cocked back for another blow, but didn't look away from where Deacon was whimpering underneath him.

Taking another slow step, CJ did the most reckless thing he'd done since dropping his panties in a manila envelope. He slowly wrapped his fingers around the man's wrist and gave a tiny tug, encouraging him away from Deacon.

There was a moment of resistance, and then the guy pushed up to his feet and stepped back, keeping himself between CJ and Deacon. CJ was

probably crazy for finding the gesture comforting and not terrifying, since it meant he was boxed in against a wall, but this was the second time the man had saved him. Sure, his methods were more extreme than most people would use, but at the moment, CJ didn't really care.

"You should leave," CJ said, staring at Deacon's body curled into the fetal position now that he wasn't being kept flat on his back. His savior jerked his head around, like he thought CJ was talking to him, but CJ just gave his wrist a reassuring squeeze and kept his gaze on Deacon.

The two of them stood there, unmoving, until Deacon finally crawled away, only getting to his feet once he reached the end of the wall he'd been cowering against. Still neither of them did anything, listening to Deacon run away, slam the door as he got into his car, and then speed off.

"God, I hope he doesn't kill someone," CJ murmured, and then he swallowed nervously as the stranger turned to him, his face mostly invisible in the darkened alcove.

"Are you okay?" His deep voice was soft and almost hesitant.

CJ wasn't sure how to answer that question. In the physical sense, yes, he was fine. But he was shaken from Deacon's behavior, his insides still quivering at the possible "what ifs" spinning through his head. Shuddering, he gave a short nod, then realized he was still holding on to the man's wrist, his skin suddenly so hot under CJ's palm and fingers it was like he was on fire.

Dropping his arm, CJ pressed his hand against his stomach, holding it against his own body like an injury. "Sorry for just grabbing you like that."

The guy didn't say anything, his head cocking to one side. CJ could feel him studying his face, and he felt so exposed, like his insides were on his outsides and this random guy would see all his secrets and fears.

"Um, thanks though." A thought occurred to him, and he sidestepped the guy, trying to put some space between them. "What, uh, what were you still doing here?"

A big hand lifted and was shoved into the guy's carefully styled hair as he sighed. "CJ. I..."

When he trailed off, CJ took another step, slipping around him so he wasn't trapped against the wall. "Um, yeah, I'm gonna go." As much as he appreciated this guy saving him, something was clearly up with him, and CJ wasn't sticking around to find out what. He scooped up the keys he'd dropped and quickly locked the door of the bar.

When he turned around, he saw the guy was reaching inside his coat for something, and CJ's heart sped up, fear still so close to the surface that his adrenaline surged before he could remind himself that this guy had just saved his life. Or at least his virtue. Why would he be pulling a weapon now?

A flash of pink in the dim alcove confused him for a moment, but as the pieces of what he was seeing and what the man's presence the last few nights must mean began to fall into place, a loud buzzing started in his ears, and his knees got so weak he had to lean back against the door.

"CJ, I'm..."

"Tank. You're Tank, aren't you?"

Nothing in his life had prepared Tank for what to do once he'd arrived in Michigan, walked into Sammy's Bar and Grill, and had the man he was pretty much in love with look right through him as he hustled past with a tray full of food.

That first night, he'd slunk into the darkest corner, feeling three inches tall, and tried to figure out if he'd burned his life in Louisiana to the ground for a lie. For all the jokes CJ had made in his letters about Tank catfishing him, the idea had never crossed Tank's mind until that moment. He'd been thirty seconds away from getting up and walking out when suddenly CJ was right next to him, smiling in a tired way that still made his beautiful face light up. He'd been so transfixed by plump pink lips and shining green eyes that he hadn't heard what CJ had said at first.

"What?"

CJ had frowned, but just for a second, before he'd plastered on his professional smile and said, "I said sorry for the wait. Thursdays are always super busy because of our wing special. Can I get you an order?"

He'd realized his mistake in that moment. While CJ had sent him multiple photos, all but the last one showing his face, Tank hadn't been able to do the same. Once, CJ had asked about trying to find him on social media to see what he looked like, but Tank didn't have any accounts. He'd said the only picture that CJ could probably find of him online would be his

mugshot. It wasn't how he wanted CJ to think of him, but he wasn't going to stop him either.

But CJ had written back right away and told him he'd never do that to him. That he'd wait to see him in person rather than dig around online to find an image from the worst moment of Tank's life.

But somehow, in his excitement of being within kissing distance of his sexy little pen pal, Tank had somehow forgotten that CJ wouldn't know what he fucking looked like. He'd called himself six kinds of stupid, ordered a beer, then spent hours that first night trying to figure out how to tell him without seeming like a grade A weirdo.

Nothing had come to him.

By the end of the second night, he was worried he'd have to just bite the bullet and try and win CJ back when he was inevitably creeped out by Tank's stalker routine.

And that had been his plan. He'd come back tonight to tell CJ the truth after everyone else left, but then that fucking prick Deacon had made him see red. Tank knew he shouldn't have pulled his gun on a bunch of fucking civilians, but he hadn't been able to help himself. He'd spent the last four years relying on his ability to read other men's intentions within seconds, and he'd known, without a doubt, that Deacon had been about to lay hands on his boy after the pitcher of beer had been spilled.

And that was something he just couldn't let happen.

Getting kicked out for *terrifying* CJ hadn't been part of his plan though. After he'd stepped outside, feeling like a fool all over again, he'd noticed Douchebag Deacon loitering in the parking lot and decided to stick around to make sure CJ didn't have any problems leaving.

When he'd overheard Deacon telling his boy to suck his dick though... If CJ hadn't have stopped him, he wasn't sure he would have. The very idea of anyone putting their hands on CJ was like having a jagged piece of glass raked across his belly. But the idea of someone *forcing* CJ to do shit? That had flipped a switch deep inside him, unleashing a side of him he hadn't felt in over a decade.

He didn't lose control like that, not anymore.

But apparently, CJ's hold over him was so strong that all his work on self-control just evaporated. Which was probably a pretty damn good reason to just walk away. He hadn't been patched over yet by Tomas's

chapter, so he could even leave the state. Head west somewhere, ditch his cut, and just live like a civilian.

All it took was CJ apologizing for touching him without permission to change his mind though. God, the idea that CJ didn't know he could literally do anything and Tank would allow it, ask anything of Tank and he'd do it, blew his mind. He was in way too deep just to walk away, and he was lying to himself if he tried to say otherwise.

Not to mention someone so sweet and innocent apologizing to someone like him was laughable. He'd had violent hands on him his entire life: his old man's when he felt Tank had stepped out of line, his club Enforcer's during initiation so he could prove he was tough enough, other bikers during bullshit jobs Callaway had sent him on, guards at the prison reminding him he was less than nothing.

CJ's soft hand on his wrist had been like a balm to Tank's battered and bruised spirit.

As he held the pink panties in front of him so CJ couldn't miss what they were, he waited for CJ to say something, but when it seemed he was incapable, he forced himself to speak up. "CJ, I'm..."

"Tank. You're Tank, aren't you?"

The deadened tone was like a slap across the face, and he couldn't stop his flinch, though he hoped it was too dark in the shitty little alley behind the bar for CJ to be able to see. Clearing his throat, he let his hand fall to his side but kept the underwear firmly clenched in his fingers. If CJ asked for them back, he'd hand them over, but he wasn't voluntarily parting with them unless it was to see his boy wear them in person.

"Yeah." He cleared his throat and scratched at his beard, feeling stupid for how much effort he'd put into his appearance before stepping into the bar. He'd thought he'd caught CJ looking at him a few times, but he must have been wrong. CJ was the opposite of excited to learn who Tank was. "Yeah, I'm... I'm Tank."

There was a long, loaded silence where all Tank could hear was CJ's heavy breathing from where he was leaning against the metal door. Finally, CJ pushed himself upright, and Tank could just make out a scowl on his pretty face. "What the heck?"

Confusion filled him, but he tried not to show it. "I'm Tank," he said again, slower. "The guy you've been—"

"Oh my god, stop."

Tank snapped his mouth shut. *Okay then.*

“What are you doing here? And why... why have you just been *sitting* in the bar where I work staring at me for three days? Were you...” CJ’s indignation seemed to dry up, his arms crossing over his chest and gaze dropping. “Were you disappointed when you saw me? You didn’t have to return those in person or whatever.”

“What the *fuck* are you talking about?” Tank snarled, stepping forward involuntarily but stopping when CJ plastered himself against the door again.

“I know I’m not... I used some lighting tricks with the photos I sent of my face, so I know I don’t look quite as good, like, in real life. Especially as I’m sweating my butt off at my job. But, um, yeah, it’s okay if you don’t—”

“You better stop right now.”

He knew getting pissed off would only terrify CJ more, but he literally couldn’t handle listening to him talk about how he wasn’t as attractive in person or some shit. Like Tank hadn’t gone back to his shitty motel the last two nights and jerked off until his dick was raw just remembering how CJ had moved through the bar and smiled at people and laughed with his coworkers.

Like Tank wasn’t fighting the urge to drop to his knees right there in the dirty alcove and begging CJ to forgive him.

“Sorry,” CJ said softly.

“You don’t... Don’t apologize.” Tank whirled around, fisting his free hand in his hair and pulling at the strands. He paced away, worried he’d already ruined the one good thing he’d ever found in his life.

“Tank, are you okay?”

“No, baby,” he rasped, speaking over his shoulder, not able to face the man he’d been thinking about meeting for months. “I’m sorry I scared you.” *Multiple times*, his brain helpfully added. “And I’m sorry for just showing up. I thought... Fuck, it doesn’t matter, I guess.”

He turned toward the parking lot, staring straight ahead but not seeing anything, and not because of the lack of lighting. Their connection in their letters had been... easy. Instantaneous. Explosive.

He couldn’t help the kernel of disappointment at how different their meeting in person was going. But it was his own fault. Fuck, he didn’t know what he’d been thinking coming here like this, just expecting CJ to what? Drop whatever he was holding the moment he saw Tank and run into his arms?

As much as they knew about each other, he was still a stranger to his boy, really.

He heard CJ's timid steps coming toward him and held back a sigh. He wished CJ wasn't so careful around him.

The sour scent of beer wafted off him as he stopped in front of Tank and cranked his head back to stare up at him. "It matters to me."

He felt his brows pull together in a frown, but CJ either couldn't see or didn't care, just continuing to gaze up at him. "What matters to you?"

"You started to say something but then said it didn't matter." CJ very carefully grasped both of Tank's wrists, his touch so light yet searing through him like a bolt of lightning. "It matters to me. How are you here? Why didn't you say anything that first night?"

He was ensnared in CJ's searching gaze more firmly than his soft clasp on his wrists. And he couldn't look away. Couldn't deny him the answers. "Got released two weeks ago," he said, throat hoarse with emotion. "I got here five days ago but had to meet with the President of the local chapter to talk about me transferring chapters. Then I came here to see you."

"But you... changed your mind?" CJ guessed, squinting like he was trying to understand but was still struggling.

"No, I..." He looked away, fighting not to rip his arms away and scrub at his face or hair or neck. Anything but just stand there and split himself wide open. But he'd cracked apart his chest for CJ months ago, and he couldn't stop himself from bleeding out in front of him now. "I didn't know what to do when you didn't recognize me."

INTERLUDE

Tank,

Ugh, I hate Valentine's Day. The dumb bar I work at on the weekends did a big thing for it. Decorations, red shirts, heart headband things—it was awful.

And no I'm not just bitter because I'm single. I've had my whole life to get used to that. No, I hate how fake everyone is with it. The guys pretending to be so sweet and thoughtful and the girls falling for it because they got a bouquet of flowers and some chocolates.

Like... how low is the bar, ladies?

Okay, that was catty even for me. Sorry. I'm just tired. The place was insane last night since there aren't many places in our small town to eat out at. A lot of turnover of tables and a ton of takeout orders. My feet are so sore, but I have to get to the pizza place. Oh the joys of working two jobs.

Wow. I'm on a roll with the pity party this morning.

I guess I just... When you're a kid, you don't picture your life being hard, you know? You have all these dreams and hopes, and you just think if you work hard you'll be able to accomplish all of them. But that's nonsense. I work all the time and I'm still so far away from being able to afford college on my own. So unless I want to take out loans that will cripple me in the long run, I'm just... stuck.

Did you have a dream when you were younger? Something you want to do when you get out?

CJ

CJ,

I never understood the whole Valentine's thing myself. It definitely seems like couples use it as a catch-all to make up for all the shit they do to each other the rest of the year. My dad was a real asshole, but he'd bring home some cheap gift and my mom would act like he was the greatest husband.

Of course, then she left when I was twelve and never came back, so maybe she was faking it too.

I always thought if I found someone who stuck with me long term I'd do my best to do better than either of my parents. Loving someone should be about taking care of them. Making sure they have what they need—not just material shit either. Any boy I'd be lucky enough to have... I'd make sure they knew they were loved every single day. That they were my number one priority.

I can't believe you don't have a boyfriend. Are all the men in your town idiots? I know you said it's small, but I find it really hard to believe no one has realized what a catch you are.

I didn't realize you were wanting to go back to college. I know you said your parents kicked you out and cut you off when you came out so you had to drop out, so it makes sense that you'd want to finish what you started. What were you studying?

When I was a kid, I didn't really dream about having a certain job or anything like that. It was more the white picket fence type dream. I didn't really think about what I'd do to achieve it, but I'd look at the houses in the nicer areas of town and see the kids playing in the yard and just wish I had that. Instead of worrying that my dad or one his meth-head friends was going to lose their shit and beat up me or my mom again.

As for when I get out, I haven't really decided on anything other than I can't stick around here. I'm not sure how to tell Snake that I'm leaving, but I can't stay in this club—at least not in this chapter. Not when I'm not sure I can trust any of them except him.

Tank

Tank,

I was studying art when I went the first time. Though I'll probably have to change that if I want to get a good job right afterward. Now that I don't have a safety net, I don't see myself doing anything risky like that anymore.

Your dream sounds really nice. White picket fences are the ideal for a reason I think. And any guy you treated that way would be the lucky one.

I'm sure Snake will understand if you tell him everything that happened. He seems like a good friend. You're fortunate you have him. I've got a few friends I keep in touch with but none I'd consider a "best" friend. Heck, I've shared more with you in the last few months than I have them.

CJ

OceanofPDF.com

I didn't know what to do when you didn't recognize me.

Suddenly, CJ was pissed. He dropped Tank's arms and shoved at his chest. "Seriously, Tank? How was I supposed to know what you looked like, you... you... jackass!"

He went to shove Tank again, reckless in his fury, but Tank's massive arms snapped around him, and he found himself pressed against the man he'd spent more hours than was probably healthy daydreaming about. He struggled a little, reflexively, and bit back a moan at the way he was completely trapped.

If he was smart, he'd be terrified. But the scent of Tank was in his nose, the heat of his body seeping into his bones, and the only thing he felt was safe. He knew Tank better than he'd ever known anyone before, and despite what an idiot he'd been the last few days, CJ still would have bet every meager dollar he'd managed to save that Tank would never hurt him.

"Name-calling is bad enough, boy, but you lay your hands on me in anger again and we're going to have a problem." Tank's voice was serious, his face set in firm lines—the epitome of a man completely in control and expecting submission.

It was the hottest thing CJ had ever experienced. Like, as much as he'd daydreamed about having a man take control of him physically and just... be in charge for a while, the reality was a hundred times better. Probably—no, definitely—because he felt so secure in Tank's strong hold. When he'd finally told Tank about wanting that, wanting to be free to just feel and not worry so damn much, Tank hadn't faltered, his next letter promising CJ that he'd take care of every want or need CJ had ever had.

Feeling brave or maybe stupid or maybe just on a contact high of being pressed against so much of another man for the first time, he croaked out, “What kind of problem? You think you might have to spank me?”

He felt Tank’s body twitch like CJ had surprised him. And maybe he had. To CJ, it seemed natural to just pick up where they’d left off in their letters, but had Tank expected them to move slower? Get to know each other all over again in person?

Before he could figure out if he should apologize—for the comment and the name-calling and shoving—one of Tank’s big hands came down with a jolting smack against his left ass cheek. It happened so fast he didn’t even realize Tank was moving until the sting was registering and he was moaning.

“Careful,” Tank murmured, soothing the smack with hard rubs across CJ’s entire backside. There was no hesitation in his actions, no doubt that he had the right to do it, and that only cranked CJ higher.

He shook his head, neck feeling loose as he arched back into the possessive touch. “I can’t be careful with you, Tank. I never have been.”

Sucking in a breath, Tank stopped moving but didn’t remove his hand or loosen his hold around CJ’s back. “You shouldn’t say things like that if you don’t mean it, baby. Or I’m liable to do something about it.”

CJ tugged his arms out from where they’d gotten trapped between their bodies, twining them around Tank’s neck and rising up onto his toes. This close, he could see the want in his face even in the dark, but there was fear too. A conversation about what Tank had been thinking—and what “transferring chapters” meant—was definitely in their future, but CJ couldn’t focus on that at the moment.

He leaned forward slowly, waiting to see if Tank would pull away, but he wasn’t sure the other man was even breathing. As their lips brushed together, CJ was hit with a thought so crystal clear he wondered if it was a premonition. *I’ll never kiss another man again.*

It was terrifying to think something like that when there were dark and insidious parts of Tank he didn’t think he’d ever fully understand.

But as Tank’s mouth parted on a groan and his hold on CJ’s body tightened to an almost painful degree, he couldn’t let himself worry about how different their lives were or how easily Tank turned to violence as an answer.

All he let himself care about in that moment was how good Tank tasted, how it made him moan when Tank sucked on his lip, and how he couldn't stop picturing how long and thick the fingers gripping his ass were and wondering what they'd feel like inside him.

When a car drove past the parking lot, it brought CJ back to earth, reminding him where they were... and where they weren't. He pulled back slowly, missing the warmth of Tank's mouth immediately. "We should get out of here."

Tank was nodding before he even finished speaking. "Anywhere you want to go, baby. Pick a direction and we can just start riding."

He couldn't help but chuckle as he dropped back onto his feet, the tired muscles in his legs unable to handle the awkward toe-lift any longer. "I meant we should go to my place or wherever you're staying."

"Also a great idea," Tank growled, swooping down and taking his mouth in a deeper kiss, licking inside and running his tongue along CJ's.

It was several minutes before he had the strength to pull away once more, and he had to laugh again at the disgruntled look on Tank's scowly face. It was thrilling to have someone so... virile desiring him so much. He'd made out with a few guys before when he'd gathered the courage at eighteen to drive to the city and go to a gay club. But the idea of losing his virginity to some random person he didn't know—didn't have a connection with—had been so unappealing, he'd stopped going to the club altogether after a while.

Six years later, he hadn't made any progress in finding someone to connect and be intimate with. Not until his friend Anna talked him into signing up for the Pen Pals for Prisoners program she'd set up for her thesis project.

He should probably send her some flowers, honestly.

"My house is only a few blocks away, but I share it with a couple other guys," CJ said, not sure if Tank would think less of him for not being able to afford a place of his own. He'd been honest in his letters about what he did, his lack of college education, and how sometimes things were tight financially, but *knowing* those things and coming face-to-face with those things were two different things.

"My motel is twenty minutes away—let's go to your place," Tank said, his hold not loosening one bit and not seeming to notice CJ's worry.

Biting his lip, he nodded, but when he tried to step back and couldn't, he giggled. "You have to let me go," he whispered, trying to sound firm but really delighted.

Tank growled something under his breath, pressed a kiss to the side of CJ's neck that made his breath hitch, then released his hold. Unable to resist, CJ carefully reached up and caressed Tank's bristly cheek, noting how still Tank held himself at the gentle touch.

"Can I ride with you on your bike?" He had to press his lips together to stop his smile at the way Tank shook his head like he was clearing it, then scowled down at him.

"Not this time. I don't have a helmet for you yet."

Yet. Like it was just a given that CJ would get his own helmet for riding on Tank's motorcycle with him. Releasing his smile, he just grinned up at him. "Okay. You can follow me."

Tank frowned, running his eyes around the darkened parking lot and streets, but finally agreed. "Yeah, okay. But wait for me to bring my bike around."

CJ grinned the entire way over to his little Dodge Neon that had seen better days. By the way Tank glared at the obvious spare tire, he felt the same way. "I, uh, usually walk, but I knew I'd be tired tonight."

Tank frowned at him. "What?"

"I know it's not much of a car, but I walk a lot, so it's okay," he rushed to say, glad for the dark when he felt his cheeks heat.

Tank snorted. "Does it even have a key fob with an alarm on it?"

"Um, no. No key fob. It's like, a '98 or something." He grimaced as Tank cursed and walked around the car, looking at it more closely.

"It's almost as old as you are," Tank muttered, bending to look at something on the other side.

CJ chuckled nervously. "Almost." But it had only cost him five hundred dollars from a guy one of his roommates knew. And sure, the check engine light had been on for a few months now, but he wasn't about to tell Tank that. "Um, do you want to go get your bike?"

Tank straightened and looked around the empty parking lot again. "Get inside and lock the doors. I'll only be a second."

On any other night, he'd have rolled his eyes at the idea of needing to lock his doors at all, let alone with himself inside, but he was still a little shaken about what had happened, so he didn't argue. As soon as he slipped

in and made a show of locking the doors, Tank turned and jogged away. CJ stared at him, surprised at how gracefully his big body moved.

As soon as he turned out of sight though, CJ's anxiety started to climb, his skin crawling as his mind provided helpful commentary on what might have happened if Tank hadn't been there earlier. Heart pounding, he fumbled to crack his window, the scent of old beer and fried food making him gag in the small space. His hands were shaking and gripping his steering wheel by the time he heard the rumble of a motorcycle a moment before its headlight appeared and Tank came around the corner, turning into the parking lot and heading straight for him.

He focused on taking deep breaths as he started his car and slowly led the way toward his place. The old house he and the other guys lived in was owned by one of the other guys' parents, but they let the three of them rent it for a reasonable rate. CJ hadn't really known the other two that well growing up since they were three years older, and they hadn't grown much closer living together either.

But he didn't mind sticking to himself and his room. He wasn't home enough to care, between work and the few friends he'd managed to hang on to since graduating.

When he pulled into their driveway behind the other two cars, he was relieved when Tank cut the engine of his motorcycle on the street and coasted in next to him.

He hopped out, eager to get inside, shower, and then... Well, he wasn't one hundred percent sure what exactly Tank had in mind, but he was excited to find out. The crap with Deacon aside, he'd been dreaming of spending time with Tank for months—he wasn't going to let that jerkface ruin it.

Tank pulled his helmet off as he dismounted, eyes carefully scanning up and down the road and the darkened houses around them. At this time of night, no one else was awake, and usually CJ found it peaceful, but he was glad he wasn't alone as he stood in front of his car, waiting on Tank.

"Nice neighborhood," Tank commented, sounding sincere, but it still made CJ laugh, which drew Tank's attention away from the back of the house butting up to the rear of CJ's. "What's so funny?"

"This is, like, the bad side of town. When the sun's up, you'll see it better, but all the houses are pretty shabby, lawns too tall. The place on the

end of the block has the frame of a car in the front yard that's been there for six months."

Tank snorted as he neared CJ, wrapping an arm around his shoulders as casual-as-you-please and steering him toward the front door. "I grew up in a meth-riddled trailer park, baby. Overgrown grass doesn't bother me."

Okay, yeah, that made sense. "Right. Um, sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Tank murmured, leaning down to say the words directly into his ear, making him shiver. "It ain't your fault. But if you want something nicer, then we'll get something nicer."

CJ shuddered, pausing on the steps of his front stoop and turning to gaze at Tank. "You can't just say things like that."

"Why not?" The little half smile on Tank's mesmerizing mouth was fully visible thanks to the outside light next to the door CJ always left on when he worked.

"Because," he whispered, losing his train of thought as he got caught in Tank's hot, dark eyes.

"Because?" There was just the right amount of humor laced in Tank's voice to let him know he wasn't laughing at him, just teasing a little.

"Because we barely know each other." Even as the words fell from his lips, he knew they were a lie, and the scrunch in Tank's thick brows said he felt the same way.

Tank climbed up a step so he was right below CJ, then pulled him up against his front, palming the back of his head and holding him in place. "Yes, we do," he said, low and raspy and one hundred percent serious.

CJ shivered and leaned more into Tank's chest, his eyes falling shut when Tank's fingers tangled in his hair and tugged his head back a little farther. "Yes, we do," he agreed, more breathless than he'd ever been.

"Fucking right we do," Tank growled, leaning down to press a hard, possessive kiss to CJ's lax mouth. "Now open the damn door, baby."

He let out a hiccupping, giggly sound that was so embarrassing he groaned and slapped a hand to his face as he turned away. Tank chuckled as he crowded up behind him, bracing his hands on either side of the doorjamb. The heat from his body was so overwhelming, CJ started panting before he could get the key in the lock. By the time they were falling inside, Tank less than half a step behind him, his blood was pumping through his veins and his dick was thickening in his jeans.

Tank's boots were so loud in the dark, quiet house, CJ shushed him over his shoulder with a smile as he toed off his shoes. Sighing, Tank leaned down and untied his boots. While he was doing it, CJ darted back to the door to lock it and saw that Tank already had, the worrywart.

Grinning, he turned back just as Tank stood up straight and leapt without thinking, landing on Tank's back with his arms around his shoulders and his thighs gripping at his waist. Tank grunted and sidestepped but righted himself easily, reaching back and grabbing CJ's legs to pull them more securely around him.

He pressed a kiss into the side of Tank's neck, giggling. "Forward, mighty steed."

Tank snorted as he started moving. "I'm down for role-playing, but horse and rider is a little outside my comfort zone."

"Oh my god." CJ had to muffle his laughter into Tank's shoulder so his roommates didn't wake up and get pissed at them. "You mean you aren't into pony play?"

"Put on a pair of chaps and let's find out," he growled over his shoulder, pausing at the bottom of the steps.

CJ's laughter cut off abruptly at the sexy tone, his head popping up to meet Tank's gaze. "How do you make everything sound hot?" he whispered.

The corner of Tank's mouth pulled up in a smirk, and CJ had the urge to lick it and rub his face against Tank's beard. "Baby, I doubt there's going to be a lot about you that doesn't turn me on."

"Same," he murmured, leaning in to give Tank a soft kiss, then giving in to the urge to feel his bristly hairs against his skin. It was rough and soft at the same time, making his skin tingle and burn. When he reached Tank's ear, he nibbled the lobe, grinning at his moan as he pulled back. "You should let me down. My room's upstairs."

Tank scoffed and started up the steps, seeming unbothered by CJ's extra weight on his back.

Which was... Yeah, it was really hot.

As much as CJ hadn't been with anyone before, that didn't mean he hadn't *thought* about being with someone, and he'd almost always imagined it as someone bigger and stronger than him, holding him down and just *taking*. He wanted to feel desired so deeply the other man couldn't hold back as he plowed into CJ's body, making them both see stars.

For months, the faceless man he'd fantasized about as he pleased himself had been Tank. He'd known the nickname hadn't been a joke or something because he was a small guy—like when huge guys get called Tiny—because he'd asked once. Tank had always been honest and had described himself as “tall and big,” saying he'd be careful when they were together since CJ was so much smaller than he was.

Careful was the last thing he wanted, but he wasn't sure how to tell Tank that without sounding... slutty.

Which was dumb because he'd said way dirtier things—and so had Tank—in their letters. But now that he was faced with looking Tank in the eyes and telling him all over again all the things he wanted, it was a little daunting.

When they reached the top of the stairs, he pointed to the left. The other way led to Tim's bedroom and bathroom. Since his parents owned the place, he got the largest room and the bathroom to himself, whereas CJ had to share one with Ken. But at least his bedroom was connected to their bathroom, and he didn't have to go across the hall in a towel like Ken did sometimes.

He directed Tank to his bedroom, then slid down his back to close the door behind them and flick on the light. The sight of Tank standing at the end of his bed in his socks, gazing around the sparse decorations CJ had put up since moving in, filled his chest with such happiness he had to pause to take a deep breath, one hand pressed between his pecs.

“What's wrong?” Tank asked, taking a step toward him.

“I'm just... I'm so happy you're here, even if I am annoyed at how much time we wasted while you just sat and watched me.” He tried to sound firm, like he was holding on to his temper, but the sly grin Tank gave him as he closed the distance between them let him know Tank saw right through him.

“Wasn't wasted time for me,” Tank murmured, slipping his hands onto CJ's hips and tugging him forward. “I got to spend hours just watching you. I think I could do that every day for a year and not get tired of it.”

CJ sucked in a breath. “Tank.”

Lips widening in a seductive smile, Tank leaned down and whispered against CJ's mouth, “You know what I want right now?”

He shook his head, shivering at the feel of his lips brushing back and forth against Tank's soft mouth and bristly beard. “What?”

Standing up straight, Tank shrugged out of his leather jacket, turned, and tossed it on a small chair in the corner of the room. When he faced CJ again, bright pink fabric was dangling from his fingers.

“I want to see you in these in person.” He slipped his other hand behind CJ’s neck and jerked him forward, growling in his ear, “Then I wanna take them off with my teeth.”

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

CJ,

Wait, so your mom called to tell you about your grandma dying but then told you that you couldn't go to her funeral? That's so fucked up. I'm so sorry, .

I know you weren't close with her or anything, but she was still your family too. Did you end up going? Fuck, I wish I could be there with you. No way your parents would say anything if you walked in with a tatted-up biker.

It pisses me off how shitty they treat you. Like liking dick makes you less lovable or some bullshit. In the three months we've been sharing letters, you've been nicer to me than pretty much anyone in my life ever has been, and that fucking means something. You're a good person, and don't deserve to be treated like garbage.

Sorry, I just so pissed that she did that and that I can't do anything to help. I've never felt so useless before.

Tank

Tank,

I'm sorry about how long it's taken me to respond. You might think it was because of my grandma dying or my parents treating me so badly (I did

go to the funeral and no one from my family talked to me and it was awful and I wished you were there so I wasn't alone.) but it wasn't.

Did you cross out an endearment in your last letter? It was so blacked out I couldn't tell what the word was, but... it felt like it was supposed to be an endearment.

And that kind of messed me up for the last week.

It messed me up because... I wanted it to be true. So dang much. And that's pretty dumb, isn't it? I'm sure you just started to say something else and changed your mind, and I've been staring at that letter all week for nothing.

But we promised to be honest with each other, and we don't restart our letters, so I wanted to tell you the truth about how I've been feeling.

Please don't hate me.

CJ

CJ,

I called you baby. I've wanted to for a while, but I didn't think you'd want that.

I could never hate you.

You're the only sunshine I have in my life. I can't go back to the darkness now.

I sent this through Snake so it wouldn't go through the prison check. If you... You can send letters back to me through him if you want. He won't read them or anything. He'll just pass them to a guard who works for our club and then the guard will hand them off to me during his shift.

I'd like to see a picture of you. I want to hear everything about you. All the things you think about while you're working... and while you lay in bed at night.

But if that's too much, you don't have to do it. You can just send your regular letter back the way you've been doing it for months.

I still won't hate you.

Yours,

Tank

OceanofPDF.com

After nearly fucking everything up, Tank was ready to spend what remained of the night worshiping CJ's body the way he should have two days ago. The house his boy shared with two other guys was silent, and he knew they'd have to do their best to keep the noise down or they'd wake at least the guy across the hall.

He wasn't sure how successful he'd be, especially after CJ blushed so beautifully, bit his lip, and nodded, reaching for the lacy panties. Tank pulled back, stepping out of CJ's reach and holding the underwear away from him.

"You need a shower first, baby. A whole pitcher of beer has to be uncomfortably sticky." He grinned when CJ covered his face and groaned, muttering about smelling unbearably bad. "It'd take a hell of a lot more than hops and fried food to make you unbearable."

He refrained from sharing some of the more disgusting things he'd seen and smelled over the years, not only in prison but while doing jobs for the club and growing up with addicts all around him. Instead, he pushed all that shit into a dark corner of his head and nodded toward the door that matched up with where the bathroom was.

"I can wait here if you'd like," he offered, holding his breath when CJ ducked his head, face flaming. He knew from CJ's letters his boy was pretty much as untouched as they came, and while he found the idea of showing him how much pleasure they could share together highly appealing, he felt like he was standing on cracking ice. One misstep could send him plunging into the freezing depths, ruining the best thing to ever happen to him before it really started.

Back before prison, before CJ stole his heart with messily penned letters with doodles in the corners, Tank would have already had them both naked and under the water. They both knew what they wanted, and that used to be enough for Tank to take control and move things along. He got in, got out, and never looked back.

That approach obviously wouldn't work with CJ, and letting his boy lead things seemed to be slowing down their momentum.

But how much control did CJ want to give up to him? Some of the things he'd written... Tank wasn't sure where fantasy and reality met and where they diverged.

"The shower isn't very big," CJ finally said, glancing up at Tank. He held Tank's gaze for a moment, then took a deep breath, straightened his shoulders, and raised his chin. "But you can come in with me if you want. Um, I mean, I'd like it if you came with me. Or, well, I want..." He slumped and scrubbed at his face. "Good gracious, I'm terrible at this."

"CJ." He waited until he held his bright green eyes, then stepped forward and wrapped him back in his arms. "I know it's... weird that I'm here. I probably shouldn't have just shown up without giving you any warning." Pressing a quick kiss to CJ's cheek, he said, "I should go. We can start over and do this right. Maybe start with an actual date—"

"What? No, don't leave!" CJ's fingers dug into his shoulders, his eyes wide with panic. "I'm sorry I don't know what to do, but I want you here, I promise."

Tank studied his face, looking for any sign that CJ wasn't being completely honest. All he found was desperation and need. Two things he could easily help him with. "You don't need to know what to do," he finally murmured, tightening his hold and loving how CJ melted against him. "Tell me one thing, and we'll go from there, okay?"

"Alright," CJ whispered, leaning in and inhaling at the base of Tank's throat, then humming.

Jesus, his dick was going to break his fucking zipper. Clearing his throat, he slid one hand up into the hair at the back of CJ's head and forced him to tip his face up so he could look into his eyes. "How much of what you said you wanted in your letters was true?"

Sucking in a breath and holding it, CJ stared up at him for a moment, neither of them moving. Finally, he whispered on an exhale, "Everything, Tank. Everything I said I wanted you to do to me was the truth."

Bingo.

“You’re sure?” he growled, tightening his grip on the strands he held. His dick twitched at the moan CJ gave him, and he was suddenly greedy for more. He wanted to feast on the beautiful sounds his boy would release.

CJ nodded, eyes falling shut. “I’d let you do anything.”

Those were dangerous words to say to a man like him. He could think of a lot of dirty, depraved things he could do to CJ’s pretty, pristine body. “Well, we’ll start with the things we already talked about, then go from there,” he said, eyeing the filthy clothes covering CJ’s skin. “I want you to strip for me, baby. Then we’re going into the bathroom, and I’m going to stay outside the shower—”

CJ started to protest, despite his own claims about the shower being too small for both of them.

“I’m going to stay outside,” he repeated firmly, slipping his other hand down to grab a handful of his boy’s ass, “and let you know if you missed a spot.”

They were pressed so close together, he easily felt the shiver that raced through CJ’s body at the words. In one of the first letters CJ had sent him sharing a fantasy, he’d told Tank about how there were all kinds of sexual acts he imagined them doing together. But he also sometimes just imagined what it would be like to do things like fold laundry with Tank’s eyes on his naked body. To feel possessed with just the weight of Tank’s gaze.

To be owned by Tank.

He planned to take ownership of every creamy white inch of CJ, but he knew that he’d have to go slow. Despite what his boy said, Tank didn’t want to jump into the deep end of things and scare him off.

Because he had a feeling that if he played his cards right, he’d be able to convince CJ to be his for the rest of their lives.

“Let’s go, baby,” he said, giving CJ’s plump ass cheek a tiny slap before stepping back. He grinned at CJ’s gasp and the way he bit his lip as he took unsteady steps to the bathroom door.

When the light flicked on in the tiny room, Tank had to take a steadying breath, his mind associating the dingy space with the last picture CJ had sent him. His focus was quickly averted from the sink and hole in the wall when the water in the shower turned on. CJ was just turning back toward him, reaching for the hem of his work shirt.

Gazes locked, CJ slowly lifted, exposing inch after inch of smooth, unblemished skin for Tank's greedy eyes. He dropped the shirt at his feet, hair tousled, and reached for the button on his jeans, smiling shyly as Tank leaned back against the sink and gripped the base of his cock through his pants.

"You're hard," CJ whispered, eyes glued to the obvious bulge in his pants as he fiddled with the tab on his zipper.

"I've been hard for three days." He tipped his head toward the front of CJ's pants where a raised line pointed down and to the right. "You look pretty hard too."

CJ nodded, rubbing the heel of one hand down his erection and moaning. His green eyes were practically glowing as they raked over Tank's arms, shoulders, chest, and face. "I knew I'd be attracted to you no matter what you looked like, but I had no idea you'd be so..."

Tank raised his brows and smirked when CJ trailed off, throat bobbing as he swallowed. "So what?"

"So gorgeous."

At that, he scoffed. His boy was the beautiful one with his soft, wavy hair, slim body, and tiny dimple in his right cheek when he smiled for real. His damn eyes were like fucking emeralds, for god's sake.

"You are," CJ insisted, unbuttoning his pants and slowly lowering the zipper without looking away from Tank's face. "You're absolutely perfect to me."

He shimmied his pants down over his hips, then stood before Tank in nothing but his black briefs as the small room started to fill with steam. The redness in his cheeks said he was embarrassed, but CJ met his gaze head-on, waiting for Tank to respond.

"No pretty panties today?" He pushed off the counter and took two steps to close the distance between them, unable to resist running his rough hands over CJ's soft skin from hips to ribs.

"I don't have that many pairs," he panted, shivering when Tank twisted his wrists and flattened his palms on CJ's pecs. "They're expensive."

"Hmm, maybe you shouldn't mail them to dirty old men in prison then," he said casually, rubbing his hands in small circles, CJ's nipples tightening from just that light touch.

"Thirty-six isn't old." CJ gasped as Tank flicked at his nubs with the edge of his thumbnails. "And you brought them back. Plus, you did buy

them.”

Snorting, he gave his nipples one last pinch between his thumbs and forefingers, noting the way his back arched into the tiny pain, then stepped back to lean against the counter again. He gripped the edge, tilting his hips just a little farther and grinning at the way CJ licked his lips and stared at his groin.

“Into the shower, baby.”

Nodding, CJ turned to step in, but Tank barked out a laugh and stopped him.

“You’re still wearing your underwear,” he said when CJ turned to give him a questioning look.

“Oh my god.” CJ groaned and covered his face. “Why do I lose my head around you?”

“I don’t know, but I like it.” Tank grinned at CJ’s pretty scowl.

Movements a little more jerky than they had been before, CJ tucked his thumbs in his waistband and lowered his briefs, revealing his long, thin cock to Tank.

“So pretty, baby,” he said, groaning when CJ let the material fall to the floor and turned toward the shower, letting him see his plump little butt for the first time. He couldn’t wait to take a bite out of it.

They didn’t speak much as CJ rinsed his body. Tank watched, mesmerized, as he shampooed and conditioned his hair before pumping bodywash into his hands, lathering them, and then caressing every inch of his skin. He smiled at Tank shyly as he carefully washed his cock and sac.

When CJ held his gaze and bit his lip as he dipped his fingers between his cheeks, Tank realized his chest was burning from holding his breath.

But when CJ’s hand lingered just out of sight, Tank narrowed his eyes. “No playing back there.”

CJ’s grin was full of false innocence as he slowly withdrew his fingers and continued to wash down his legs. By the time he’d washed his face and rinsed his whole body off again, Tank had leaked so much precome his jeans had a damp circle on them.

As the shower shut off, Tank glanced at the two towels hanging up. “Which is yours?”

“Top one.”

He snagged it and stepped closer, helping CJ step out of the tub, then methodically drying his face and hair and working his way down to his

shoulders and arms, then his chest and stomach. When he knelt, he heard CJ suck in a harsh breath. He glanced up, and CJ was biting on his lower lip, fists clenched at his sides.

Gently, he rubbed the skin on his boy's hips and upper thighs, moving slowly toward his groin and pretending like he couldn't hear the tiny whimpers above him. When the rough terry cloth brushed against the side of CJ's dick, he gasped and grabbed frantically at Tank's shoulders, a dollop of clear fluid forming at the tip.

With a groan, Tank dove forward and sucked the head of CJ's cock into his mouth, not wanting to lose even a drop of his boy's precome. He grunted as nails dug into his shoulders through his shirt, but the pain was a reminder that he was there, touching and loving on his boy, and he wouldn't trade anything for that.

He bobbed his head once, coaxing a little more precome out, before pulling off and licking his lips. "Mmmm, you taste good, baby."

"Tank..."

"Hmm?" He carefully wrapped the towel around CJ's balls and gave them a squeeze under the pretense of drying them. He had to lean forward and catch more fluid as CJ jerked with a loud moan, the sound reverberating in the tiny room.

Conscientious of the two other guys in the house, he decided to give CJ a little break so they could finish and head back into his bedroom. As he worked the towel down his legs, CJ was quiet but panting, his fingers still digging into Tank's shoulders.

Pulling out the pink panties from where he'd stashed them in his back pocket, he held them open so CJ could easily step into them. Slowly, he raised them up his long, pale legs, stretching the front out farther and gently tucking his erection inside. When he finished, he pushed to his feet and stepped in close, reaching up to run his fingers through CJ's wild, damp locks. "All set."

"That was... thorough." CJ was staring up at him with big, eager eyes, his chest heaving, and Tank couldn't resist leaning down for another quick taste of his mouth. Nothing could have prepared him for how willingly CJ fell into his kisses every time, giving himself over to the sensations and trusting in Tank to keep him grounded.

The responsibility was heady as fuck.

Stepping back, he ran his gaze over CJ's body slowly, lingering on all the places he planned on licking first. The light pink flush from his shower began to deepen the longer Tank looked, CJ starting to squirm in place when he didn't say anything, simply twirled his finger to indicate he wanted him to turn around.

Jesus fucking Christ, the view from the back was just as good. "I've looked at that picture a hundred times, but this is..."

"What?" CJ whispered, turning his head but not meeting Tank's eyes over his shoulder.

"You're breathtaking, baby." His voice was so deep and gravelly, he worried for a moment CJ didn't hear him, but then he saw his boy's body shudder. With one large step, he was pressed against his back, wrapping his arms around CJ's waist and burying his face in the crook of his neck. "Can't keep my hands off you."

"I don't want your hands off me," CJ said, groaning as Tank's fingers slipped down to play in the thin trail of hair disappearing into his panties. Arching, CJ reached up to grab the back of Tank's neck with one hand, gripping at his wrist with his other. He didn't try and stop Tank from moving his hand farther down though; no, he gave Tank's arm a little tug, trying to get his fingers those last few inches to bring him into contact with CJ's cock. "Tank..."

"Yeah, baby?" He watched, captivated, as CJ's hips swiveled, his long erection moving behind the sexy lace of his underwear.

"I feel like... like..." He gasped when Tank used his free hand to flick one of his pink, pointed nipples.

"Like what?" When CJ didn't answer fast enough, Tank slid his hand up to his throat, gripping lightly as he nipped at the edge of his jaw.

"Oh god." CJ moaned and tipped his head back, exposing more of that long, vulnerable column to him, and Tank couldn't help but tighten his hold. Nowhere close enough to cut off his air or blood circulation, and he wouldn't even leave marks, but he knew from CJ's shiver that he could feel the difference. The possessiveness in the touch.

"Tell me how you feel, baby."

CJ sucked in a couple of harsh breaths, his slender body heaving. When he finally gasped out his answer, Tank felt his whole world sway, then right itself, everything clicking into place for the first time in his life.

"I feel like I'll die if you ever stop touching me."

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

Tank,

I think about your hands on me all the time. Is that crazy?

I lay awake at night, hard and needy, and I imagine you slipping into my room, stripping, and getting into bed with me, waking me with your hands and mouth. Forcing me onto my belly and pushing inside, covering my mouth with one of your big hands so I don't wake up my roommates.

I can't stop wondering how your cock will feel inside me.

I want to walk into work with your come inside me and your bruises on my skin. I want everyone to know I belong to you.

Because I feel like I do.

CJ

CJ,

Jesus, baby. The image of you walking into work with your cheeks and thighs slick with my come and a big love bite on your throat has me so hard I've had to hide in my bunk most of the day.

I've never... done this. I want you to know—my relationships up to this point in my life are pale comparisons to what I feel for you and the things I want to do. I've never wanted to make sure every asshole in the room knew someone belonged to me before.

But with you... the idea of someone else even looking at you sideways pisses me the fuck off. I'm sorry if that freaks you out, but I want to be honest so you don't have an unreal expectation when we meet.

I can't share you, period. Once we're together, that'll be it. If you can't deal with that—tell me now so I can try and stop falling for you.

If you can, if you want that too... I need you to tell me what you want so I can give you everything. Everything you want in a relationship and out of life. I know you want to finish school, and I'll help you, baby. You want to study art, then you fucking study art.

But what do you need from me in the bedroom? The things you've said so far... It sounds like you want me to take control, make the decisions, and I want that. I want to be in charge of your pleasure. I want to hold you down and fuck you so good and hard you'll be cross-eyed for a week.

But you have to tell me that's what you want.

Don't be coy, baby.

Tank

Tank,

It's hard for me not to be shy about certain things since I've never... you know, been with anyone before. My last letter was the most explicit I've ever been and I think I blushed for a day straight.

But I... yeah, I want those things. I know it might seem like I couldn't know what I want since I don't have experience, but part of why I never hooked up with anyone was because I did know what I wanted. I didn't want something meaningless where I didn't have any feelings for the guy.

But I've spent years thinking about and figuring out what I'd want if I ever met someone I connected with. And what you said is exactly it. I want you to be in charge. I don't want to have to worry about pleasing you or doing the right things—I want you to use my body to make us both feel good. I want you to tell me to suck your dick and how to do it.

I don't want to, like, call you sir or anything. Or kneel on the floor at your feet. That's not what I'm looking for. I just want to feel like you own every inch of my body.

I want you to make me feel like everything I am, everything I have, belongs to you.

And then I want you to put your hand around my throat and fuck me.

CJ

OceanofPDF.com

After making his confession, CJ whimpered as Tank's hold on his throat tightened just a fraction more. The firm grip, even more than the thick, blunt fingers playing in his happy trail and at the edge of his panties, was heating his blood to boiling and driving him to distraction. Tank's hot breath and biting mouth on his neck and jaw weren't helping much either. Tank was saying something, his voice nothing but a growl that raced down his spine, but CJ couldn't focus.

"Baby? You listening?" Tank said, loosening his hold on CJ's neck just enough to let him think.

"Sorry," he said, gasping as he turned his face into Tank's and nuzzled into any skin he could reach, whimpering at the rough rasp of his beard. "Can't think when you hold me like this."

"Like this?" Tank flexed his fingers.

CJ moaned. "Yes. It's like... I know you won't hurt me, but knowing you could because you have all the control? It's..."

"Intoxicating?"

"Dear god yes." When Tank sucked his earlobe into his hot mouth, CJ couldn't help but arch his back and press his ass into Tank's groin. Lightning shot through him, ricocheting between the tiny nibbles Tank was giving him and the thick erection pressing between his ass cheeks. "*Tank.*"

"You're so damn sexy." Tank latched onto a sensitive bit of skin just below the hinge of his jaw and sucked.

"Oh go—" CJ slapped a hand over his mouth, hoping his loud cry hadn't carried outside the bathroom but not really able to care at the

moment. He didn't know if he'd ever be able to care about anything other than Tank again.

When Tank finally let up on his love bite, CJ sagged against him, feeling boneless and unbearably aroused all at the same time.

"Into your room, baby. It's time I get serious about worshiping every inch of you."

"This was you being not serious?" CJ asked, giggling as he stumbled toward the door. He squealed when Tank pinched one of his cheeks just as he stepped into his room. Whirling around, he was breathless and excited, and his dick hurt it was so hard, but he wasn't nervous. As he watched Tank stalk after him, big body moving silently and his fierce, bearded face mostly in shadow, CJ *should* have been at least a little anxious to be on the receiving end of that much attention from a man who looked like Tank did.

But after months of getting to know him... CJ didn't see a big, scary biker who might push too hard or move too fast or not listen if CJ said he needed to slow down.

God no. The only thing he saw was the man he was mostly in love with, who'd promised to help him go back to college to study art if that was what he wanted, who'd shared things with CJ that he'd never shared with anyone else before.

The man who'd rocked his whole world with *handwritten letters*.

There was nothing about Tank that was scary, except how big CJ's feelings were for him.

Tank looked around the room, pinpointed the lamp on the bedside table, and beelined for it, pointing at the bed at the same time. "Lie on your stomach in the middle."

Climbing up, CJ laid himself out on his soft navy blue comforter, pulling one knee up just a little to open himself more to Tank's hungry eyes. A moment later, the lamp came on, and CJ could see Tank standing next to the bed more clearly.

And he could easily see when Tank grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it off, tossing it away carelessly. Eyes running over the many tattoos now on display, CJ was halfway up on his knees, intent on running his fingers and tongue over every single one, when Tank growled and he stopped.

"Lay back down." Tank waited until CJ had huffed and complied, burrowing his arms under the pillow his head was on so he wouldn't be

tempted to reach out again. “Good boy. Now tell me where your lube is.”

CJ sucked in a breath at the praise and shivered. “In the bedside table next to you.”

There were other things in there too, toys he’d used to pleasure himself as he thought about Tank, but he only blushed a little when Tank pulled the drawer open and grunted his approval. He’d already told Tank about them in his letters—and how he used them—so he couldn’t be too embarrassed.

Tank didn’t spend a lot of time looking, seeming to take note of the dildo and vibrator in the front by the lube, but then just grabbing the bottle and pushing the drawer closed again. He tossed it onto the bed next to CJ and moved to the end, out of CJ’s eyesight. He didn’t try and follow him though, simply closed his eyes and listened, trusting that Tank wouldn’t leave or do something he didn’t want.

There was the sound of the light in the bathroom getting turned off, then the soft thump of the door being closed and the click of the lock being pushed in on both doors. CJ bit his lip at the idea that Tank *really* didn’t want to chance being disturbed anytime soon.

A moment later, he heard the clink of a belt buckle and the *whoosh* of it being pulled free of Tank’s loops. Then the soft sound of a zipper being lowered and the rustle of fabric.

CJ shivered and spread his legs a little more.

“Such a pretty view,” Tank murmured, his raspy voice a caress on CJ’s bare skin.

Some impulse had him squirming and pressing his aching cock harder into the bed as he whispered, “Thank you, Daddy.”

There was a pause, like Tank was frozen or holding his breath, and then he grunted as he climbed onto the bed, the mattress compressing near CJ’s feet. “So polite, my good boy.”

He’d always thought it would be weird to call a guy he was having sex with *Daddy*, but the spike in his arousal let him know he was definitely into it. And Tank’s response seemed to indicate he liked it too, but he was sure they’d talk about it *thoroughly* later. Whereas CJ would have just recklessly agreed to pretty much anything Tank wanted to do, Tank was the type to make sure they were one hundred percent on the same page.

And CJ had been able to tell in some of the things Tank had written to him that he was still hesitant to agree to things without *hearing* CJ say he wanted it.

In every way CJ could think of, Tank was already taking care of him. The realization made him whimper, desperate to give back *something* to this man who saw him and cared for him so much.

He slowly spread his thighs as wide as he could and shuffled his knees up so his ass was completely presented, cheeks spread under the lacy fabric of his underwear.

“Jesus fucking Christ, baby, that’s a perfect sight right there.”

Rough, warm hands gripped him just beneath his cheeks, and CJ moaned. “It’s yours. I’m yours. Please use me, Daddy.”

Tank groaned loudly and slid his hands up so they covered CJ’s cheeks, but the feeling was blunted by the fabric covering part of them. Hot, moist breath tickled at his hole, and he shuddered. “That’s what you want, isn’t it? For me to use your little hole like no one ever has before—and no one else ever will.” Tank’s fingers dug in, the edge of pain seeping into CJ’s arousal and bringing it to new heights. “Will they, boy? No one gets to touch what’s mine, do they?”

“No, no.” CJ shook his head roughly, pressing his face into the pillows as he gasped and clutched at the sheets. “No one but you. Belong to you.”

“Damn straight.”

The feeling of Tank’s teeth biting into one of his cheeks pushed him over the edge. He’d been so close since they’d kissed in the alcove behind the bar, and he couldn’t take any more.

Crying out Tank’s name, CJ pushed his face farther into his pillow and humped the air the best he could with Tank’s hold on him, desperate for *something*, as his cock started to spurt inside his panties. Tank’s teeth sank in harder, and CJ choked on air as electricity shot from the sharp bite of Tank’s mouth to the tip of CJ’s cock and back again.

It took several long moments of CJ just sucking in deep breaths before he could calm down enough to notice Tank wasn’t biting him anymore and was soothing him with gentle caresses up and down his quivering thighs.

“Whoops.” He peered over his shoulder, trying to appear more sorry than pleased, but it was hard when he’d just had his first orgasm from someone other than himself.

Tank was shaking his head like he was disappointed, but the corners of his mouth were tugging up in a smile. “You know, control in the bedroom generally extends to coming.”

Biting his lip, CJ tried on an innocent face. "Does it? I didn't realize that."

The teasing smile dropped from Tank's face. "No lying. You promised."

The moment turned heavy in a moment, but CJ wasn't worried as he carefully sat up and turned around so they were kneeling face-to-face. He ignored the fact that Tank's thick, rock-hard cock was *right there* and focused on soothing his man instead.

Raising his hands, he cradled Tank's face and caressed his cheeks above his beard with his thumbs, leaning in to press a soft kiss to his mouth. "You're right," he murmured against Tank's lips. "I'm sorry. I meant it as a joke, but you're right. No lies."

Tank leaned back, and CJ's heart stuttered for just a moment, but he didn't try to get out of CJ's hold, just seemed to be studying his face. Finally, Tank nodded, and the tension started to ease from his brow and shoulders. "I'm sorry. I... I'm not used to reading your face and body yet."

"It's okay," CJ rushed to say, leaning back in and wrapping his arms around him in a hug. "As well as we know each other, we're not used to face-to-face interactions yet. But we'll learn to read each other fast, I bet."

Tank grunted and returned his hug. "I fucked up the moment though."

At that, CJ cracked up. "Um, hardly." He wiggled a little closer and pressed a smirk into Tank's ink-covered shoulder. "You're still hard, and it won't take much to get me there again."

From one heartbeat to the next, CJ went from kneeling against Tank in a tender embrace to flat on his back, Tank pushing his legs up to his chest. Grinning, Tank leaned down and found the wet spot on his underwear, latching his mouth to it and sucking. CJ's cock was still so sensitive that that tiny bit of stimulation had him moaning and starting to grow hard again.

Burying his fingers in Tank's hair, he rode through the sensations rippling through him. "God, Tank, don't you think you should take them off already?"

His hot tongue pressing more firmly against the head of CJ's cock through the damp underwear was Tank's only response, dark eyes peering up at CJ full of molten heat.

When three fingers pushed between his cheeks and found his aching hole, CJ couldn't help but cry out and throw his head back, his grip on Tank's hair tightening until he grunted. He loosened his hold and choked

out an apology as Tank's fingers rubbed the rough lace against him over and over.

By the time his cock was completely hard again and Tank had sucked all the come from his underwear, CJ was rocking back against those fingers repeatedly, begging with his body and his mouth for Tank to *put something inside him*. He didn't notice Tank had removed his mouth until his sharp teeth bit at his hip bone just above the edge of his underwear.

"Tank!" He jerked his chin down just in time to see Tank's teeth snag the edge of his panties and begin to pull them down as his big hands gripped his thighs and jerked them back away from his chest and onto the bed.

Wide-eyed, CJ watched as Tank slowly moved the pink fabric down his body, crying out when the elastic band scraped over his sensitive cock. As soon as his dick was free, it bobbed up, letting Tank know in no uncertain terms that CJ was so on board with the rough treatment.

Once the panties were over his ass and cock, they slid down much faster as Tank backed up on the bed, stepping down to the floor so he could pull them off CJ's feet. When they were free of his body, Tank snagged them from his mouth and flipped them inside out, running his tongue over the inside.

"Oh god, what are you doing?" CJ couldn't help but ask, his cock twitching as he watched, transfixed.

"Gotta make sure I don't miss a drop of my naughty boy's come," Tank said, examining the underwear and not even looking at CJ, who felt like his whole body had gone up in flames.

Whimpering, he bit his lip and arched his hips. "I'm sorry, Daddy. I didn't mean to be naughty."

The side-eye Tank gave him as he grunted and tucked the dirty underwear back into the inside pocket of his jacket said he didn't believe CJ. But CJ was too busy gaping at Tank as he pushed up into a sitting position to defend his honor.

"You can't still want those—they're filthy now!"

Tank raised a brow as he moved back toward the bed, hard cock leading the way. CJ nearly swallowed his tongue as he finally took a moment to appreciate how big and manly Tank was *everywhere*. There were intricate designs tattooed into his arms, chest, and back, with a couple of pieces on his thighs. Unlike his arms, there were large sections of Tank's chest and

back that were still blank, and CJ's fingers itched to grab a sketch pad and design something for one of the spaces. The idea of having Tank carry a permanent mark of his in his skin made precome seep from his dick as he licked his lips, eyeing the space over Tank's left hip bone up to his ribs.

He was brought back to the moment when Tank gripped his cock and stroked it a few times, both brows now raised. "Why do I feel like I just lost you for a moment?"

"I love your tattoos," CJ whispered, not even bothering to apologize for getting distracted.

Tank smiled as he climbed back onto the bed and knelt between CJ's calves. "That makes sense, you being an artist and all."

CJ flushed. "I'm not... I'm more of a dabbler than anything else."

Cocking his head to one side, Tank released his erection and knee-walked farther up until he was wedged between CJ's thighs, then dropped onto his fists, planting them on either side of CJ's shoulders. "You're a damn artist. Fuck what your family has said to you."

Tears prickled at his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. Throwing his arms around Tank's massive shoulders, he tugged at him as he tipped up his chin, silently asking for a kiss. Humming, Tank sank the rest of the way to his mouth, slotting their lips together easily, instantly, like they'd been kissing for years, not hours.

It was hot and wet, and intense in the way one of Tank's hands slipped to the side of his neck, a subtle reminder of Tank's control when he tipped CJ's head to one side to deepen the kiss. CJ whimpered as he scrambled at the skin on Tank's back and wrapped his legs up over Tank's hips, balancing on his shoulders and rubbing his cock against Tank's body.

When Tank raised his head, he moved his hand from CJ's neck to his hip, stilling his movements. "Not yet, my little spider monkey. On your stomach again—I want to finish making my acquaintance with your hungry little hole."

"*Tank.*" CJ dropped his lower half back down onto the bed and scrambled to flip over as Tank did his best to get out of the way, chuckling.

Once he was situated, Tank tugged at his hips. "Up on your knees, but keep your shoulders on the bed. Hands behind your back."

It wasn't the most comfortable position, with the side of his face smooshed into the bed, but as soon as Tank rearranged his arms so his

wrists were stacked on his lower back and gripped them both with one of his big hands, CJ moaned and relaxed into the stance.

Tank's other hand rubbed over one of his ass cheeks soothingly. "There you go. Embrace it. You don't have to worry about anything, do you?"

"No, Daddy."

Tank squeezed his ass at the endearment, and CJ shivered. "And if you want me to stop something?"

"I say stop," he said, smiling at the memory of the letter where Tank had talked about how power exchanges could be dangerous if you didn't trust the person to stop when you said so. "We may have to come up with actual safewords at some point though. Especially if we do some role-playing or something."

Tank grunted as he ran his thumb down CJ's crack, pressing against his hole until he whimpered, but he didn't penetrate him. "If we do anything where stop might not mean stop, then we'll be having a much longer conversation beforehand, boy." Then both of Tank's hands were gone. "Don't move."

There was only a moment where Tank wasn't holding on to him, but it was still enough for him not to like it. Thankfully, Tank was only grabbing the lube that had gotten jostled on the bed, ending up near their feet, and slicking up his fingers. Once he was gripping CJ's wrists once more, he felt like he could breathe deeply again.

A wet finger circled his hole, making him shiver, but he also spread his knees a little farther on the bed, wanting more.

"You remember me telling you a few weeks ago about getting tested when I went to prison and being negative?" Tank asked.

"I remember," he whispered. "That's why we don't have to use condoms."

Tank hummed as he pushed a little harder at the ring of muscle keeping him out. "You're allowed to change your mind about that."

CJ scoffed and arched his back more, trying to get that finger inside him, feeling like he might die from the ache building within him if he didn't. "I don't want to change my mind. I trust you, Tank."

"Okay. I trust you too, CJ." And then he was pushing inside, and CJ was moaning probably too loudly as he saw stars. "You're so tight, baby. Don't you play enough with your toys?"

He could barely breathe, let alone respond, as Tank eased his finger in and out, going deeper and deeper. Finally, he croaked, “Not really. Oh god... Um, I usually just finger myself a little as I jerk off. Except when you, uh, told me to use them.”

Tank chuckled. “You’ve been neglecting your poor hole.” He pushed in a little harder, making CJ pant. “Good thing I’m here to take care of it now.”

“Yes.” CJ held out the end of the word in a hiss, squeezing his hands into fists as Tank started to swirl his finger around, loosening the tight muscles. “Thank you, Daddy.”

Tank chuckled. “My pleasure, baby.”

“More?” CJ asked, swiveling his hips in what he hoped was an enticing manner.

“Not yet.”

What felt like seven years passed before Tank finally deemed CJ was ready for another finger, his cock dripping freely onto the comforter and the muscles of his legs twitching uncontrollably. The burn was more noticeable, but the pleasure was building higher too, a feeling of fullness driving him mad in the best possible way.

“Oh god!” CJ barked when Tank stretched his fingers apart deep inside CJ’s ass before pulling them back out again. “Two of your fingers feel bigger than any toy I’ve ever played with. It’s so good.”

Tank’s chuckle was a little darker that time as he pressed in a little faster and harder. “That dildo I saw was at least three of my fingers at the base.”

CJ could barely choke out a laugh as Tank pegged his prostate. “Fuck! Okay, yeah, you’ve got me there. But you feel a thousand times better already. I can’t wait to feel your cock pushing inside me.”

And he couldn’t. The idea of that big cock he’d seen Tank sporting forcing its way into his body was making him shiver all over as he broke out into goose bumps. As good as Tank’s fingers felt—and they felt *amazing*, seriously; CJ could come just from being fingered by him, he was pretty sure—he needed Tank’s cock.

He needed to feel marked, to feel owned. Everything he had belonged to Tank, had for a couple of months now, and he was beyond ready for Tank to take what was his.

Tank wasn’t taking any chances though, a third finger wiggling in next to the first two and stretching him so wonderfully he mewled. Before long,

Tank was fucking his fingers into his body fast and hard, and CJ was begging into the sheets, wanting to come, wanting Tank's cock. Wanting to feel him spurt come deep inside CJ's body.

"Please, please, please." He tugged a little at Tank's hold on his wrists and whimpered louder when his grip didn't give at all. Tank's firm control over his body was like a warm wave washing over him, making everything that much better.

"God, I could watch you like this for days," Tank grunted, circling CJ's prostate over and over until he was biting back a scream.

"No, please! Need you."

CJ wasn't sure if those were the magic words or if Tank had decided on his own that CJ was ready, but he repeated them over and over as Tank withdrew his fingers and wiped them on the inside of CJ's thigh. Why that was so fucking hot, he wasn't sure, but heat surged through him at the wet feeling on his skin.

"Gonna turn you over," Tank said, voice like crushed glass as he released CJ's wrists and flipped him onto his back again.

He forced his eyes open just as Tank slipped off the side of the bed, grabbed CJ's hips, and pulled him over easily. His box spring and mattress were high enough off the ground that Tank's cock lined up perfectly with his hole when he grabbed at the back of his thighs and pulled them back.

Tank shook his head. "Hands over your head, baby."

Pouting but also loving how Tank was doing whatever he wanted and forcing CJ to comply, he raised his arms, letting his legs fall out to the sides. Tank grabbed the lube and quickly slicked up his cock, then lined up with CJ's hole. He pressed in so slowly CJ could feel every millimeter as it breached him.

Tank's wide head burned as it forced itself past his ring of muscles, and CJ loved it. He threw his head back and moaned, expecting Tank to sink the rest of himself into his waiting body, but he paused with just the tip inside, grabbing at CJ's thighs and arranging them around his hips. Then he leaned forward, planted one hand over CJ's loosely crossed wrists, and the other slid up CJ's body until he was gripping his throat like he had in the bathroom.

"Oh my god," CJ moaned, his eyes rolling up into his head as Tank finally thrust forward, slamming into CJ's body.

“Fuck!” Tank spat as he held himself perfectly still for a moment. “You feel too good, baby. I’m not gonna last this first time.”

CJ was thrashing his head back and forth, unable to speak as he squeezed his ass on the intrusion, loving how full he felt and how restricted his movements were. When Tank pulled partway out, CJ panted harshly, his inner walls lighting up with all that smooth pressure.

He swallowed just to feel the possessive grip on his throat as he met Tank’s dark eyes and licked his lips. “More, Daddy.”

Grinning wickedly, Tank slammed forward once more, his big body controlling and possessing every inch of CJ’s. He doubted he’d ever get enough of feeling owned by Tank.

This was it.

For as long as Tank would have him, CJ would spread his legs and open his heart to the man.

Tank set a fast pace, his fingers definitely leaving bruises on CJ’s wrists, but he was more careful with his throat. CJ wanted his fingerprints there too one day so he could look in the mirror and see Tank’s ownership in his skin.

Their cries of pleasure were growing in frequency and volume, but CJ didn’t care. As he stared into Tank’s face, watching his man grimace as he held back from coming, all CJ cared about was feeling Tank’s spunk leaking from his well-used hole. His own pleasure had practically become an afterthought.

Then Tank shifted just enough that the head of his cock hit CJ’s prostate when he thrust in, and CJ screamed, his back bowing as pleasure spiked inside him so sharp and fast he wasn’t sure how he didn’t come. Grunting, Tank released his hold on CJ’s wrists so he could straighten a little and thrust harder, gripping one of CJ’s hips to hold his lower back off the mattress.

Tank was moving so fast and hard CJ wasn’t sure he’d be able to walk in the morning, but he begged for more, digging his heels into Tank’s ass and pleading for him to go faster, deeper, anything to make him come.

And then it happened. Tank’s big body stuttered as he threw his head back on a loud groan, and hot come began to fill CJ’s wrecked hole. Tank thrust forward a few more times nice and hard, then slowed and moved his hips in a lazy circle as he dropped his chin and smiled at CJ with total adoration.

Gasping at the realization and the way his body was dangling so close to the edge, ready to take the plunge, he couldn't do anything but stare up into Tank's dark eyes.

Finally, Tank inched backward, his cock starting to soften, and dropped to his knees, hands going to the back of CJ's thighs to keep them held up and spread apart. The first touch of his tongue on CJ's wet, stretched-out hole was like heaven and hell all rolled into one. He lapped at CJ's opening, humming, and CJ held back a scream of frustration.

"Tank, *please!*" He was so close to just grabbing his cock and finishing himself, but he didn't want to be bad twice in one night. In another minute though, he didn't think he'd be able to stop himself.

With a grunt, Tank raised his head, lips and beard glossy. "I've got you, baby."

He let go of one of CJ's thighs, and he didn't have the wherewithal to hold it up, letting it drop onto Tank's shoulder. Tank grabbed his weeping dick and licked it from root to tip, then sucked the head right in, not playing around.

CJ was so close that Tank only bobbed his head up and down a few times before he clenched down and started to come. He cried out as Tank flicked his tongue against the sensitive spot beneath his head and sucked on the tip hard.

It felt like his whole body was thrown over the edge of a cliff, free-falling for several long minutes, before he finally came back to himself, panting harshly. Tank was pressing sweet kisses against the inside of the thigh draped over his shoulder, eyes tracking CJ's face.

"Okay?" Tank murmured, the quiet word spoken into the flesh of CJ's skin and making him shiver.

Grinning widely, he splayed his arms out on the bed and sighed. "Perfect."

INTERLUDE

CJ,

You're a little bit crazy, aren't you? I bet people in your life don't even know it, but only someone reckless with their own safety would send a man they've never met a picture of themselves.

But goddamn you're pretty, baby. Laid out on your bed waiting for me... all that creamy white skin. A part of me wishes I'd gotten to see more of you, but the rest is glad it's only from the waist up just in case someone else in here catches a glimpse. Doesn't take much for me to imagine the rest though.

You ever wear any pretty underwear, baby? It's okay if that's not your thing.

Sounds like your boss is just cheap. Maybe explain it to him like you did me? That it's not safe running with so few servers on busy nights? Or if you don't think that will convince him, maybe point out that people won't come back or recommend the place to their friends if they have shitty experiences. Like that couple you mentioned who waited over an hour for food? If he's a halfway decent business man, he'll realize you're right.

Tank

Tank,

Hahaha. I'm the opposite of crazy. Except when it comes to you, I'm always careful and keep my head down so I don't make waves. But I kind of like the idea of you thinking I'm wilder than I am—but it's so not true. If anything, when we meet, you'll realize I'm boring and not stick around.

Wow, that got dark fast. Um, so pivoting to something else...

Thank you! I'm so glad you liked the picture. I took like a hundred because they kept coming out weird I thought, but I finally was okay with this one.

Can you keep a secret?

I was one hundred percent naked from the waist down too.

I know, I know, there I go being wild again—taking naked pictures and then cropping my dick out. Hahaha.

So, I actually do own a couple pairs of pretty underwear. Um, panties I guess you'd call them. One pair is a green thong and another is red, and then I'm thinking about ordering these pink ones, but they're so expensive, and I feel ridiculous spending so much money on underwear no one sees but me.

*Maybe I'll show you one day. *grins**

Also, you were totally right! When I told my boss that people would stop coming in if they have bad experiences, he was just like "oh, you're right, Chuckie." And is now hiring two more people!

(Side note: don't ever call me Chuckie—I haaaaate it.)

Hey, wanna play a game? I feel like I know certain things about you but like don't know if you had a pet growing up. We could play 20 Questions!

I'm just going to assume you'll say yes and start: Did you have any pets growing up?

CJ

CJ,

You know how I feel about you talking bad about yourself, baby. There is no goddamn way you're boring or that I'll get bored with you. If anything, you'll realize being with a biker with zero job skills is a terrible idea.

Luckily, I plan on getting you addicted to my cock long before you realize that.

Oh, you'll definitely have to show me those panties of yours sometime. But if you don't want to spend the money on the pink ones, I'll buy them for you.

I don't think I've ever actually played, but I'm game if that's what you want to do.

We never had any real pets, but I fed a stray cat for a few months when I was... I don't know, maybe thirteen? It would hang out under our trailer until I got home from school, then follow me into the woods when I'd go in there to hang out if my dad and his friends were high or fighting.

Don't ask what happened to it, baby.

Did you have any pets?

Tank

Tank,

Oh my god, I'm so tired. My roommates had like a party last night, even though they knew I was working a double today so I have to go in before we open to help prep and then work all day.

And it wouldn't even be so bad if they didn't have people over who think it's fun to scream gay slurs through my locked door at two in the morning when they're drunk off their ass. Ugh, I hate it here. I can't wait until I can afford a place of my own.

Addicted to your cock, huh? That sounds fun... OH, but it reminds me—I can't believe you sent me a hundred dollars to buy underwear you can't even see! Who's the crazy one now? (They'll be here in a few weeks. I'm so excited. Thank you.)

Oh god... now I kind of really want to know, but please don't tell me. If someone hurt the cat, I won't be able to handle it.

We had a dog when I was little, but it was more my older brother's than mine and followed him around everywhere. I wouldn't mind getting a pet at some point though! It seems like it would be nice to have someone excited to see you literally every day, no matter what.

Question number two: burgers or hot dogs?

CJ

OceanofPDF.com

A month ago, the only bright spots in Tank's monotonous days in prison were the letters he'd receive at least once a week from CJ. He never knew when they were coming, but when the envelope was slipped into his cell by the guard who delivered them for him, it would be like he could see color again instead of the never-ending gray his life was the rest of the time.

As he lay propped up on his elbow, head resting on his hand and watching CJ sleep, he felt... complete for the first time in his life. Snake had told him he was an idiot for risking so much on a guy he'd never met, who could be anyone really, not the gorgeous young guy in the photos, but Tank had known, had *felt it*, that CJ was real.

And that what they had was real too.

The connection they'd made in the sheets of paper they'd mailed back and forth had been more solid than any other relationship he'd ever had, including his friendship with Snake. As much as he loved Snake like a brother, there were simply parts of himself he could never share with him or anyone else.

But with CJ, he'd shared everything, unworried about needing to always come across as tough and detached.

He was real in a way he'd never been with the MC when he was talking to CJ. A whole person, not just a stick figure with muscles, used to beat fear into someone or be silently intimidating.

CJ knew *him*.

He just hoped he lived up to the man he'd been in the letters he'd written.

CJ sure had lived up to the person he'd been in his letters. Sweet, sexy, funny, and craving Tank's dominance in a way no one else ever had. In a way that made Tank feel ten feet tall. But he'd also do anything to protect CJ, the feeling so intense it had taken his breath away last night when he'd been gazing down at CJ, plowing into his body. The image of his hand on CJ's throat was seared into his brain, the infinite trust and peace on CJ's face as he just embraced the experience had humbled Tank to his core.

But he was terrified he'd somehow break that trust or push CJ into something he wasn't ready for.

Then again, it was his little virgin who'd dropped the D-word last night out of nowhere. It had felt natural though, like it was just another way for CJ to acknowledge Tank's possession of his body.

As dark and twisted as it might have made him, he'd been more than a little tempted to leave bruises on CJ's soft throat. Somehow, he'd managed to keep his hold firm but light enough to not even leave a red mark behind.

His wrists, on the other hand... Tank smirked at the obvious finger-shaped bruise on the inside of CJ's wrist, the limb resting on the pillow next to CJ's head. There were a few other spots decorating CJ's otherwise unblemished skin, like the hickey on his throat.

It was very obvious his boy had been used *well* last night.

Unable to stop himself, he reached over and gently drew his finger down the side of CJ's face, over the love bite, tracing his collarbone and slowly circling one of his nipples. The small, light brown nub bunched together easily under the soft touch, making Tank grin.

It was already eleven, and he'd heard the guy across the hall stir a couple of hours ago, waking Tank even though he and CJ hadn't passed out until nearly four. He wondered if his boy needed to get up to go to work but hoped he didn't. All he wanted was to laze about in bed all day with CJ.

When Tank flicked CJ's nipple, CJ muttered something and turned away from Tank, onto his side. Chuckling, he scooted forward and pressed against his back, wrapping an arm around his waist.

"Good morning," he rumbled in his ear, laying kisses down CJ's neck and across his shoulder.

"Early," CJ muttered, swatting at Tank's face.

Tank chuckled and ducked out of the way. "I know, baby. But I need to make sure you don't need to get up for work."

When CJ's hand stopped flapping at him, he raised his head and peered down, finding CJ's eyes still closed but his face scrunched up. Then his features smoothed out. "No. I worked a double yesterday, so I'm off today."

"Perfect. Do you want to sleep a while more, or are you hungry?"

CJ moaned and squirmed a little, like he wasn't sure, then flopped around so he was facing Tank and opened his eyes into tiny slits. "I am kinda hungry."

"Okay, baby. I'll go get us something. What do you want?" He started to roll over, prepared to go and prepare sustenance for his boy in a heartbeat, but CJ's clinging hands stopped him.

"No, wait."

He turned back, raising his brow at CJ's temptingly pouty lip. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, just don't want you to go yet," CJ murmured, crawling closer and wrapping himself as tightly around Tank's side as he could get. Tank smiled at the ceiling as he relaxed back onto the mattress, ready to give his boy as much morning cuddle time as he needed.

CJ sighed as he burrowed his face into Tank's neck, murmuring something into his skin that Tank couldn't make out. But he didn't bother asking him to repeat it as he felt CJ's body get more and more lax against him.

He made himself comfortable, happy to snooze a bit longer before feeding his boy.

Snoozing for a bit turned into falling back asleep for two hours, but Tank felt more rested and ready to spend the remainder of the day in bed doing things other than sleep.

Well, after he fed them both.

CJ was reluctant to let him go downstairs by himself, but Tank was confident he could handle a couple of twenty-something chumps if they tried to give him a hard time. Finally, CJ agreed, jumping in the bathroom to get cleaned up.

Grinning, Tank washed up in the sink as CJ softly sang to himself in the shower. After stealing some toothpaste to do a half-assed job of brushing

with his finger, he slipped back into CJ's room to grab his jeans. He didn't bother putting on his belt again, so his pants hung low on his hips, but he didn't care. He planned on getting naked as soon as he came back anyway.

When he left the bedroom, he heard a raised voice downstairs, though he couldn't make out what the guy was saying or if he was talking to someone on his phone or in person. Descending the stairs, he realized it was two guys talking, one sounding really pissed and the other trying to calm him down.

"It's bullshit, Ken!"

"You knew he was gay when you let him move in—"

"I didn't think he'd throw it in our faces like that!"

Tank froze, two steps from the bottom, fury whipping through him. He knew they'd gotten a little loud the night before, but he found it hard to believe both of them had been woken up and heard them finish.

"Tim—"

"No, dude, this is bullshit. My parents are going to freak when I tell them."

At that, Tank scoffed and came the rest of the way down the steps, not bothering to try and pretend he hadn't heard what was being discussed. He saw the kitchen to the right but turned toward the voices instead, finding the two guys standing in the living room. Leaning against the doorjamb with one shoulder, he crossed his arms over his bare chest and met the eyes of the pissed-off one.

"Morning, boys," he said, voice gravelly like it always was when he first woke up.

Tim was a tall, lanky-looking white guy who Tank knew from CJ's letters was around the same age as his boy, but his receding hairline made him look older. His face turned bright red, but he didn't back down as he turned to face Tank from where he stood in the middle of the room, going so far as to tip his chin up so he was looking down his nose at Tank as he eyed his tattoos.

The other guy, Ken, was practically in the corner of the room, arms crossed protectively around his middle and shoulders hunched in a bit like he was worried about Tim getting violent. Maybe a couple of inches taller than CJ, what surprised Tank the most about Ken were his large, square-framed glasses and ironed button-down. When CJ talked about his

roommates having parties and being assholes, he hadn't pictured someone who looked like they would be more comfortable at the library than a party.

And if this tiny town couldn't handle CJ's queerness, Tank doubted they were too accepting of Ken with his darker complexion, whatever his ethnicity.

"It's one in the afternoon," Tim said snidely.

Huffing out a humorless laugh, Tank met his eyes again, dismissing Ken as not a threat. "Sure is. But CJ and I had a late night."

Tim's sneer widened as his face turned purple. "Oh, we heard."

Ken choked on air, a blush darkening his cheeks as he dropped his gaze to the floor.

"Apologies," Tank said, smiling widely. Pushing off the doorframe, he took one step into the room. He was perversely happy when Tim took a step back, even though they were still at least ten feet apart. "We'll try to keep it down the rest of the day."

"The rest of the day?" Tim squawked, like an enraged parrot.

"That gonna be a problem?" Tank held the man's gaze, dropping his congenial smile. When Tim noticeably swallowed and gave a tiny shake of his head, Tank gave him a fake grin. "Excellent. I'll leave you boys to it then."

Turning, he strode across the hall and into the kitchen, quickly assembling sandwiches from the meager fixings on the shelf CJ had told him held his food. He made a note to talk to his boy about his living situation and finances as soon as possible as he carefully cut the assembled sandwiches in half.

He couldn't stand the idea of CJ not having enough to eat between paydays, but he also couldn't make him any promises at the moment while he waited to hear Tomas's verdict regarding his patch over. But he'd know one way or the other the next morning, and then, no matter the decision, he'd be able to start planning for his and CJ's future.

By the time he was pushing the bedroom door open, plate full of food in one hand and bottles of water under his arm, CJ was just finishing getting dressed, settling his T-shirt around his waist. He didn't seem to notice Tank frowning at his clothes as he spied the food and hurried over.

"Oh thank god, I'm starving."

Tank held the plate up out of his reach. "Why did you get dressed?"

CJ smiled even as his cheeks turned a soft pink. “I don’t know... It felt weird waiting for you naked with Tim and Ken in the house.”

At Tim’s name, Tank curled his lip back in a sneer, but he also handed over the plate and set the waters on the bedside table. “I got the pleasure of meeting good ol’ Tim and Ken. Apparently, we woke them up last night.”

“Oh my god.” CJ sank down onto the edge of his bed, face paling. Tank had to snag the plate he was holding before their sandwiches tumbled to the floor. “Were they pissed? Were they mean to you?”

Setting aside the food, he knelt between CJ’s feet and reached up to cup his face. “Hey, breathe, baby.” He waited for him to take a few deep breaths, softly brushing his thumbs over his cheekbones. “It’s going to be fine.”

CJ’s bright eyes met his, and the doubt he saw was like a knife to the gut. “Will it? What’d they say?”

He wasn’t about to repeat what Tim had been spewing, so he just leaned up and pressed a kiss to CJ’s lips, humming at the minty freshness. “Doesn’t matter. Ken seemed fine, and I’m sure Tim will chill out. Besides, it isn’t forever. We’ll get you out of here soon.”

CJ’s face brightened. “Yeah?”

Tank frowned at his surprise. He’d assumed CJ would move in with him as soon as he got a place, but maybe he hadn’t been clear enough about that in his letters? “Yeah. As soon as I find out about changing chapters, I’ll start looking for a place for us. Something nice.”

Smiling softly, CJ reached up and ran his fingers through Tank’s hair. “Something with a white picket fence?”

The fact that he remembered Tank telling him about his dream as a kid warmed Tank’s heart. He gave him another kiss, lingering that time for a few long moments. Then he whispered against CJ’s sweet lips, “You’re my white picket fence, baby. The rest is just icing.”

The rest of the day, they pretty much just stayed in CJ’s room and it was... probably the nicest day Tank had ever experienced. There was no one barking orders at him or forcing him to be somewhere or do anything. He got to spend hours just lying in bed with CJ in his arms, talking softly. CJ

asked about some of his tattoos and then shyly said he'd love to draw something for Tank to get inked, and the idea revved him up so much he had to stop their conversation for a while to kiss his boy silly.

He didn't strip CJ of his clothes or remove his jeans, deciding the extra barriers were probably a good idea. He'd fucked CJ good and hard the night before, and he'd admitted to being sore. Tank figured by "sore" CJ had meant "tender as hell," so he wasn't about to do anything that could cause more pain or do real damage.

When CJ asked what he'd meant about changing club chapters, he told him more about what club life was like, comparing what he'd seen of Tomas's chapter to his old one.

"Sounds like this Tomas runs a nicer chapter," CJ observed. He was lying mostly on Tank's chest, idly running his finger over the lines of his tattoos.

Tank grunted. "It's different, for sure. There was a pride flag in the window of the bar."

CJ's head shot up. "Really? So they probably won't care if you bring me around sometimes?"

Frowning, Tank gripped the back of CJ's neck and tugged him forward so they were face-to-face. "There's no 'sometimes.' If you being by my side, wearing my Property patch, pisses anyone off, then they can all go fuck themselves, and we won't stay."

CJ's eyes were wide as he searched Tank's face for something, and then he licked his lips and whispered, "What's a Property patch?"

"It's a patch we'll put on the back of your vest that says Property Of Tank. It lets anyone outside the club know that you're protected and they damn well better respect you or they'll be dealing with me."

Biting his lower lip, CJ sucked in a breath. "So everyone will know I belong to you?"

"As clear as if we tattooed my name on your forehead." Tank grinned when CJ rolled his eyes but sobered again quickly. "If this is too fast, we can wait to get you a vest—"

"No. I don't want to wait." CJ shook his head, then leaned in and tucked his face into Tank's throat, pressing a kiss there before settling in for a cuddle. After a few minutes, he whispered, "I wish I could just go with you in the morning. Leave all this behind. This house, my jobs, my family..."

He squeezed his arms around CJ a little tighter, wishing he could do serious harm to anyone who'd ever hurt his boy, starting with his fucked-up family and ending with his shitty roommate. "I know. I'll find out tomorrow about Tomas's decision, and then we'll go from there, okay? And no more having to wait days or a week for a letter."

CJ huffed out a laugh, his warm, moist breath making Tank shiver. "That's true. I can't believe I'll be able to text or call you whenever I want."

"Things are going to be different from now on, baby. You better fucking believe it."

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

Tank,

I'm sorry, how could you never have at least tried pineapple on pizza??? I know you're from Louisiana, but come on!

Moving on... even though I'm still pretty upset and offended...

Oh! Did I tell you about how a guy I went to high school with came into the bar last week? We actually were pretty tight in school, hung out quite a bit. We were both art nerds, you know?

Anyway, he came in with his folks, and when I saw him, I was excited for a minute because we hadn't seen each other since like our freshman year of college. After freshman year, he ended up getting a place with some other friends he'd made, and we, I don't know, drifted apart or whatever. It was during my sophomore year that I came out to my parents and then couldn't go back for my third year.

So I guess I thought it was just the normal growing apart of friends, right?

But then when I went over to say hi, he acted like he didn't remember me. Which... Okay, so he was actually my first kiss? And I was his. It was during our senior year of high school behind the gym during a basketball game. (Side note—our team was really good so everyone went to the home games. We won districts like five years in a row, regionals twice.) He'd been kind of flirty with me, but I was so scared of someone finding out I mostly laughed it off.

But that night... I don't know. I think I'd gotten into it with my parents beforehand and so was pissed off when I got there. And I'd told him about

some of the things they'd say to me even back then before they knew I was gay, so he sympathized.

During halftime, he pulled me outside and we split a cigarette. I remember I was complaining about my dad, ranting about his narrow view of the world, and then his lips were on mine. It was so clumsy but also kind of sweet? We ended up kissing for a few minutes, then I pulled away and told him I couldn't do it again.

I think maybe he thought when we went to college I'd change my mind. I'm not sure. But freshman year I was still living at home, commuting back and forth to classes, and I just wasn't ready to come out yet.

When he came into the bar to eat with his parents (I think he was in town for something? He doesn't live here anymore, that I know for sure.) I was happy to see him. I wasn't expecting to go make out in the alley or anything, but I thought we'd maybe catch up.

So imagine my surprise when I walk up to their table, smiling, and say "Hey, man, how have you been? It's been ages," and he just stares at me blankly. I was so embarrassed when his mom and dad didn't even recognize me. Like, I didn't spend a lot of time at their house, but we'd met a few times over the years.

Anyway, he finally gave me a vague "Oh, hey, good to see you" and then told me what beer he wanted. I couldn't face him again and made Rori take their table.

Um, so yeah, that's my embarrassing story for the week. And the story of my first kiss all rolled into one. Ta da.

CJ

CJ,

Pineapple does not belong on pizza. You'll never convince me otherwise.

Baby, it sounds like that guy was either a complete jackass or he wanted you to think he hadn't been pining over you for years. Or both.

Honestly, he probably heard about you coming out and had expected something to happen between you two, and when it didn't, he became a

bitter asshole. Fuck him.

I should probably tell you about my first kiss... but I don't remember it. It was with a girl, that I know, because I was twenty before I finally found the courage to admit even to myself that I was gay.

The first guy I kissed was an older guy in another MC who caught me looking at him while me and a couple other members were visiting his club. There was a bonfire and music and a lot of liquor. We kissed a little, then he sucked my brain out through my dick, winked at me afterward, and just walked away like it was nothing.

Whereas I was standing there with my pants around my ankles, ass hanging out in the breeze, my whole world just shook as I realized I was definitely into guys more than girls.

Did you mean not to ask the next question? I'm going to guess that you forgot, so I'm going to ask this one.

Question number eleven: how many sex toys do you own?

Tank

OceanofPDF.com

“God damn it, Tank! Just put your dick in me already!”

All that got him was a chuckle as Tank continued to thrust gently against him, his cock sliding easily between CJ’s cheeks. He was flat on his stomach, hands stretched out above him and restrained to his headboard with Tank’s T-shirt—which Tank had torn in half with his bare hands. The sight alone had nearly caused CJ to combust from Tank’s rippling muscles and grunt of exertion.

Then, he’d gotten manhandled onto the bed and tied into position. He’d thought for sure Tank was going to finally fuck him after holding back the day before, but the time was running out before he’d have to leave to go meet with that guy Tomas, and CJ was still aching with emptiness.

“You said you were still sore,” Tank growled in his ear as he thrust a little harder, his hips meeting the bottom of CJ’s ass with a loud slap and forcing him upward on the mattress, the delicious drag of his cock on his sheet making him cry out. “Shhh, you said you could be quiet.”

“I thought I could,” he gasped, squirming harder against the bed, determined to get himself off if Tank wouldn’t. A firm hand pressed into his lower back, stopping his movements and cranking his arousal higher. Kicking his legs a few times in frustration, he broke out the big guns. “Daddy, please. I need you.”

Tank’s groan was deep and desperate, his hips jerking against CJ. “You don’t fight fair, baby.”

“I’ll fight as dirty as I have to if that’s what it takes to feel you inside me again before you leave me.”

Tank gripped his hair and cranked his head around, kissing him almost violently. "I'm not leaving you."

"That's how it feels," he confessed, squeezing his eyes shut. "It feels like this could be my last chance to have you. Like you might never come back."

Tank froze, the head of his thick cock almost exactly where CJ wanted it. The only sound in the room for several moments was their heavy breathing, and then Tank swore slowly and started feeling around on the bed. When the lube clicked open, CJ relaxed onto the mattress.

"Thank you, Daddy."

A thick finger speared into him, and he bit back a yell, the tenderness from Saturday night fighting with the pleasure. Tank pumped in and out a few times, then worked a second finger in, soothing him with gentle strokes down his back when he hissed. Tank's movements slowed, became less frantic, giving CJ plenty of time to adjust to the two before pressing in a third.

There was still a touch of pain when Tank pulled his fingers free and lined up his cock, but CJ arched his back and spread his legs a little farther, his need to feel Tank moving inside him completely outweighing the bit of discomfort.

Tank sank into him so slowly CJ guessed that his man knew how tender he was. Once he was fully seated inside him, feeling so big and deep that CJ could barely catch his breath, he lowered himself onto CJ's back and pressed a kiss to his cheek.

"I'll always come back for you, baby. I need you to know that even if you have a hard time believing it," Tank whispered, slowly pulling out and pushing back in, grinding against CJ when he was pressed against his ass once more.

CJ choked back tears. "I'm sorry. I do trust you. I just—"

"Shhh, it's okay." Tank peppered a few more kisses across the side of CJ's face, down his neck and shoulders, slowly sitting up.

CJ whimpered at the loss of heat and connection but then choked out, "God yes," when Tank's hips snapped forward harder, his big hands holding CJ's hips steady.

"Don't worry, baby," Tank said, grunting with each thrust, the sound coupling with the slap of his hips and the wet squelch of CJ's hole to drive him insane. "I'll show you until you can believe me with your whole heart."

CJ squeezed his eyes shut and gripped at the soft material tied around his wrists. He tried to pull his knees up to better meet each of Tank's thrusts, but he wasn't allowing much movement. Finally, CJ sucked in a breath and relaxed as best he could with his cock aching to come. Tank's dominion over his body was absolute, and it calmed the panicky part of his brain whispering that Tank wouldn't come back now that he'd gotten what he wanted from CJ.

"That's it," Tank murmured, speeding up a little more.

CJ could only take what Tank chose to give him, and that was the most liberating feeling he'd ever experienced. His soft cries filled the room, growing in volume. "Ah, ah, ah, ah."

Tank leaned forward a little, grabbing at one of CJ's shoulders and keeping his other hand on his hip, starting to work his entire length in and out of CJ's body. CJ peeled his eyes open and peered over his shoulder to watch, completely overwhelmed by how beautiful Tank looked above him, his thighs, hips, and stomach working to move his big body in a gorgeous wave of undulation.

It wasn't long before Tank's thrusts shortened, growing harder and faster as he curled closer over CJ and reached under him to grip his leaking cock.

"Agh! God yes. Please, Tank," he begged as Tank stroked his fist over his dick in time with his thrusts. CJ's orgasm had been building for so long, he immediately felt his balls tighten and spine begin to tingle. "So close. Feels so good."

Tank's only response was a grunt as his thrusts increased in speed, drilling into CJ so hard he knew he'd struggle through his shift later, but he also really, really didn't care.

Especially not when Tank sank his teeth into the muscle between his neck and shoulder and cried out, his big body stiffening on top of him and liquid heat hitting the walls of CJ's battered passage.

Tank hadn't even gotten his breath back before he started moving his hand on CJ's cock again, making him whimper when he twisted his fist over the top a few times.

"Come on, baby," Tank growled, his rough voice just one more sensation bombarding CJ's body. "Give it up. Come for me."

Those were the magic words apparently, CJ's body immediately tightening as his balls emptied their load on the sheet beneath him.

When he collapsed with a grunt, Tank chuckled and kissed his neck, pulling out slowly. The hollow, aching pain left behind was distracting CJ from completely melting into the mattress until he absolutely had to get up.

He heard Tank moving around after he untied CJ's wrists, giving them a light rub and kiss. The light from the bathroom briefly lit up half the bed as the water ran before it was clicked off, and the door was closed and locked again. When Tank crawled back up onto the bed, CJ expected him to curl up next to him to snooze for a little bit before he had to leave.

The gentle touch of something warm and wet on his stinging hole was surprising but so nice he moaned and spread his legs.

Tank sighed. "Your pretty hole is looking angry with me, baby."

CJ snorted out a laugh, burrowing farther into his pillow. "All of me is very happy with you, trust me."

"How's your pain?" Tank asked, apparently ignoring CJ's comment. "Do you have aloe? That can help with—"

"Tank?"

"Yeah?"

He forced himself to turn over, grimacing at the way his sheet tried to stick to him thanks to the wet spot he'd flopped down on, and met Tank's worried face. God, this man was legitimately the sweetest person CJ had ever met.

He smiled softly and held his arms open, encouraging Tank with a little wave when he looked hesitant. Slowly, Tank shuffled closer and started to lie next to CJ, but he grabbed his biceps and tugged him over so he'd be on top of him.

"CJ, I'm too heavy."

"Nope."

Tank resisted completely covering CJ with his weight but settled more on him than off, and CJ sighed at the comforting feel of his big body.

"This is nice," he murmured, rubbing from Tank's wrist to shoulder on the arm wrapped over him. When Tank grunted a soft agreement, CJ grinned and pressed a kiss to his hair. "And you didn't hurt me."

Stiffening, Tank started to pull away but stopped when CJ made a sad sound and tightened his hold. "Yes, I did. Please don't—"

"I'm not lying. A little discomfort for the next day or so isn't the same as you hurting me."

Tank huffed. "Sounds like semantics."

The grumbled words made CJ smile at the ceiling. “You know, I was surprised by your letters at first,” CJ said, taking the chance to change the subject. They didn’t have much time before Tank would have to leave if he was going to make his ten-o’clock meeting with Tomas.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, part of the orientation I did when I signed up for the program gave a brief overview on the education levels of inmates in America and what we could expect in the letters from our pen pals. Things like that.”

Tank was quiet a moment, then said softly, “You thought I’d be some hick from the bayou barely able to string two words together.”

He gave Tank’s wrist a squeeze. “I wasn’t sure what to expect, honestly. The information Anna gave me was pretty basic—your age, gender, race. Where you were from. Things like that. But I guess they wanted us to be prepared in case one of the inmates really struggled, yeah.” He sank the fingers of his other hand into Tank’s soft hair, running them through and rubbing at his scalp a little. “They drilled into us that just because someone couldn’t write well didn’t mean they weren’t smart—which I know that. But Anna wasn’t taking any risks with someone being a jackass on her watch.”

Tank snorted. “She seems pretty cool. Do you talk often?”

“Not really? She finished her thesis, and it got accepted, I think. But I’m not sure if she’s going to keep the program going or not. She moved to Ohio a few months back when she got engaged.” CJ shrugged as best he could under Tank’s weight.

“I’m sorry. I know you don’t have that many people you count as friends, so that must have been tough.”

It had been. He’d been happy for her, of course, but it had also felt like she was just another in a long line of people who didn’t stick around for him. Trying to laugh it off, he said, “Eh, who has time for friends anyway?”

Tank’s scoff spoke volumes. “At least you have me now.”

The simple sentence, said so matter-of-factly, nearly brought tears to his eyes. He had to clear his throat a little before he could answer. “That’s true.”

They were quiet for a while, CJ’s anxiety edging up as the clock on his bedside table kept counting down their time together. He’d thought Tank might have dozed off, so he startled a little when he spoke up.

“I graduated high school.”

He frowned at the top of Tank's head. "I know."

"Yeah, but..." Tank sighed and pushed himself up so he was hovering above CJ, a deep furrow between his thick brows. "That's all I have. A high school diploma. I'm not hiding a master's degree somewhere or some shit."

CJ giggled. "Or some shit."

Rolling his eyes, Tank flopped back down, snickering when CJ grunted. Once they were settled again, Tank said, "But I, uh, I read a lot."

"You mentioned that." CJ followed Tank's arm to his wrist, then traced the rose on the back of his hand before slotting their fingers together. "You said there wasn't much else to do in prison but lift weights, watch crappy TV, or read."

Tank cleared his throat and tightened his grip on CJ's hand. "Yeah, but I read before that. When I was a kid..." His fingers twitched, so CJ pressed a kiss into his hair to try and soothe him. Finally, Tank sighed and continued. "When I was a kid, I'd read to escape my piece-of-shit parents and their druggie friends. I'd hide books in the woods outside our trailer park and go read out there for hours."

Tears prickled at CJ's eyes, and his nose burned, but he tried not to let Tank know. He couldn't speak around the lump of emotions in his throat, so he just nuzzled into his hair and held on to his hand as tightly as he could.

"So, yeah," Tank said, voice a little more rough, "that's why I write like I do. I'm not educated or anything."

CJ would argue against that if he could, but it was all he could do to croak out, "You talk differently sometimes. Rougher. More like how I thought you'd write..."

Tank chuckled, but the sound wasn't a happy one. "I learned young not to stick out. Where I come from, you blended in or you got beat down. By the time I was bigger than anyone who would have had something to say about me talking a certain way, it had just become habit."

Humming, CJ cuddled closer and ignored the couple of tears that had slipped out and slid down his temples into his hair. "I don't care how you speak as long as you promise to keep talking to me."

"Easiest promise I've ever made," Tank murmured, kissing the hollow of CJ's throat.

Once he and Tank kissed goodbye next to his bike—a few times—CJ slipped back inside the house, wanting to get a couple more hours of sleep before getting ready for his shift at the pizza place. A throat clearing to his right stopped him in his tracks though.

Slowly turning, he found Tim standing in the doorway of the living room with his arms crossed over his thin chest and a look on his face like he smelled something vile.

“We need to have a chat, CJ,” he said, then stormed into the living room without waiting to see if CJ was up for a conversation.

Sighing, he followed, already preparing his apology for waking his roommates Saturday night. He was even willing to promise it would never happen again, though he figured that’d probably be a lie.

Ken was sitting on the couch looking beyond miserable, staring at his knees with his fingers drumming on his thighs. While Tim towered over him at the end of the couch, CJ slipped into the chair next to him and tried to smile, but Ken wouldn’t meet his eyes.

Uh-oh.

Tim cleared his throat again, like an annoyed teacher pissed that they were having to deal with the troublesome child. “Ken and I felt—”

“You felt,” Ken interjected quietly, but Tim just talked over him.

“—that we needed to have a roommate meeting and discuss what happened this weekend.” Tim unfolded his arms and planted his fists on his hips. Before he could really get on a roll, CJ decided to jump ahead.

“Right, sure. So I’m sorry about Saturday night.” He forced a smile, but Tim didn’t return it. “I know how shitty it is to be woken up when there are... guests in the house.”

He said that as a reminder of the many times he and Ken had invited people over—especially on days where they knew CJ had to work the next morning—and then let them get so loud they woke CJ up. But based on Tim’s eye roll, he didn’t agree.

“While I appreciate your apology,” Tim said, sounding like he really felt anything but, “it doesn’t excuse the fact that you brought that... that... *thug* into our house in the middle of the night. Ken and I were worried for our safety all day yesterday!”

Ken sighed, finally looking up from his knees. “No, I wasn’t.”

CJ barely heard him, his ears ringing as his blood started to boil. “Excuse me? What did you just call him?”

“Don’t be a drama queen, CJ,” Tim said with a scoff. “He rode a motorcycle and was covered in tattoos! And the way he talked to us when he came down and ransacked our refrigerator? Completely unacceptable.”

“He didn’t ransack anything!” CJ pushed to his feet, so beyond pissed his hands were shaking. “And you fucking know that! The only things he touched were mine. And how dare you judge him because of his tattoos and a bike! You know nothing about him!”

Tim was staring at him with his mouth partially open, obviously having not expected CJ to fight back against his accusations. If he’d just said how CJ was a bad roommate or something, then he’d have simply brushed it off.

But to come after his sweet Tank? Oh hell no.

Looking between Tim and Ken, he threw up his hands. “So what is this? What’s the point of this ‘meeting’? You want me to apologize for having loud sex? I already did that.” He could feel his cheeks flushing at the words, but he hoped they’d just attribute it to his anger. “So what do you want?”

His chest was heaving as he stared at Tim, knowing he was the real orchestrator of their current showdown. Ken was just too timid to stand up to him, which had been the case for as long as he’d known them.

“I wanted,” Tim said slowly, like he was talking to a simpleton, “to let you know your *friend* isn’t allowed here again.”

CJ just stared at him, unwilling to believe Tim had just told him he couldn’t see Tank in his own house like he was CJ’s parent or something. “What?”

“He can’t come over again. If he does, you’ll have to move out.”

CJ started sputtering, trying to point out he’d signed a rental agreement and Tim couldn’t just kick him out, but Tim just smiled as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“This isn’t coming from me. I talked to my parents, and they don’t want someone like that staying over in *their* house.”

Disbelief that the conversation was actually happening, CJ turned to Ken, hoping for some backup, but Ken was back to staring at the ground, arms wrapped around himself.

Stomach dropping, CJ stumbled back, heading for the doorway. He felt weightless, the surrealness of the moment nearly taking him out of it.

“CJ?” Tim called after him. “Do you understand?”

Oh, he understood alright.

He understood he was about to be homeless because there was no way he'd stay in this house, living under the threat of eviction for being with someone he...

Oh shit. He really was in love with Tank, wasn't he?

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

Tank,

So I've been doing some research on motorcycle clubs (and possibly binge-watching Sons of Anarchy—don't judge) and I'm not sure what's true and what's not. So I made a list!

- 1. Do you wear the leather vests? (I feel like I asked this before but you didn't answer—is that a no?)*
- 2. Is your club part of the 1%? My research says that only 1% of motorcycle clubs are “outlaw” clubs full of lawbreaking criminals. But based on what you've said...*
- 3. How do clubs make money? On SOA there's a lot of drugs and gun running...*
- 4. Are clubs like yours really racist? Some of the info I found suggests that's the case.*

Ummm, I think that's it for now!

Oh, and none of these count in our game. Hahaha. I'll ask the next question after you answer these.

CJ

CJ,

I'm assuming Sons of Anarchy is a show about motorcycle clubs? I vaguely recognize the name, but I've never seen it, so I can't say whether it's a good source of information...

We do wear vests—sometimes called cuts because the originals were jean jackets with the sleeves cut off—with patches on them. On the back of ours, we have our club patch in the middle of a red hand holding a motorcycle balancing on its back tire. And then there are what are called rockers above and below the club patch. Across the shoulders is our club name, Devil's Hands, and beneath is our chapter location, Louisiana.

Yeah, we're one-percenters technically. I'm not involved in a lot of what the club has its fingers in, but Callaway doesn't mind breaking the law to make money. I know some guys deal and I've picked up packages for the club before that I suspected may have illegal shit in it. Never really bothered me until I beat up some innocent civilian because of "bad intel" and I was the only one who seemed to give a shit. Snake was pissed at the screw up and how it put me in the sights of the local PD, but didn't seem all that bothered that an innocent man was hurt. By me.

I doubt I'll be able to trust the club enough to do a job like that ever again.

Anyway, your next question... Some clubs have legit businesses: bars, bike shops, auto shops, tattoo parlors. Things like that. Then clubs like ours tend to supplement with less legal business. Shit like making local businesses pay for "protection" or a tax for operating in club territory or trafficking drugs or weapons either for themselves or for other organizations. Because of how fast we can be on our bikes and our willingness to travel long distances make us great couriers.

Racism depends on the club. I mean, mine is based in Louisiana, so you can pretty much guess how some of those guys talk and act toward anyone who isn't a straight white guy. But I've seen clubs with Latino or black members, especially farther up north. Clubs do tend to stick to one race or another though. So I guess as a whole... not very accepting of anyone different you could probably say.

*Oh did you not like the last time I asked the question for our game? I found the answer very enlightening. *grin**

Tank

Tank,

Hahaha. You would, perv. Though I may have added a toy since I answered that question...

Is it weird that I really want to see you in your cut without a shirt on under it... maybe some leather pants to match? That sounds oddly sexy to me.

You know, for a man who's tried to tell me he isn't a good person before, you sure sound like one. Having grown up the way you did, surrounded by drugs and violence, finding your way to the club isn't surprising. But feeling true regret for hurting an innocent person? After living that life of lawlessness and more violence for more than a decade? God, Tank, that's honestly amazing.

It makes sense about the race thing—I mean, that's pretty much how other things work too. Homogenous groups sticking together has been the norm for a long time. (Can you tell I took Sociology 100 before I had to drop out? Hahaha)

Honestly, you were probably lucky not to have to hide being gay, even if it was just because the president's son was your best friend.

Question number seventeen: do you want to have kids?

CJ

*F*lying down an empty country highway, sun blazing down on him and his Harley roaring, was damn near perfection. The only thing missing was the warm weight of CJ against his back, but after the last thirty hours they'd spent together, he was confident that dream was an inevitable reality.

As he sped past field after field of corn and soybeans, he couldn't help but smile to himself. For most of his life, he couldn't picture leaving Louisiana. As shitty as his childhood had been, as messed up as his old club could be, it had been home.

Now that he was away from the weight of his past and the club's expectations, he felt like he could breathe. Sure, Michigan would take some getting used to—and he wasn't looking forward to his first winter—but he knew, without a doubt, he'd be happy living in a shack in the North Pole if CJ was smiling next to him.

As he got closer to Ridgewood, some of his good mood began to evaporate. After spending an entire day with CJ and feeling closer to him than Tank ever had with anyone, the last thing he wanted was to look into the eyes of Tomas and Houston and see judgment for his past. He was ready to put all that violent shit behind him and start moving forward with building a life with his boy.

But then that voice in his head reminded him that that *violent shit* was all he was good at. The only "jobs" he'd ever had were with the Devil's Hands. Before he and Snake signed on as prospects, Tank had run errands and things for Callaway and some of the other guys. Once he was patched

in, he'd lived in the clubhouse rent-free and been paid when he completed jobs.

Based on what Tomas and Houston had said, Tank was worried things didn't work like that within their club. He worried they were more weekend warriors than a real club. How would he support himself and CJ then? How would he pay for CJ's art degree?

Nearing the turnoff that led to the clubhouse and bar, Tank took a deep breath and told himself to calm the fuck down. If he had to bag groceries or rob a bank, he'd damn well do it. His boy was done working himself to the bone.

The bar looked just as empty at ten in the morning on a Monday as it had the last time he'd been there—though he noticed a few people at the tattoo shop next door, which seemed weird. Most shops he was familiar with kept roughly the same hours as the average bar.

He didn't waste time pondering the building or the activity in the next one, simply dismounting and heading straight for the front door. He'd stopped for a minute at his motel room to grab clean jeans and a new shirt since his old one had been... upcycled that morning.

Just the memory of CJ tied to his bed, begging for Tank's cock, had his steps lighter and a tiny smile tugging at his lips as he pulled open the door and stepped inside. He could put up with any bullshit Tomas wanted to throw at him for the chance to provide for CJ and keep driving him insane with pleasure.

"It's too early for you to be in such a good mood," Tomas grumbled as Tank sank onto a stool next to him at the bar. There was a plate of what looked like huevos rancheros in front of him that he was slowly demolishing, head resting on one of his fists, elbow propped on the bar next to his food. He was wearing his cut over a hooded sweatshirt with the hood pulled up over his head.

Tank was pretty sure the guy was hungover.

And he wasn't sure how Tomas could decipher his mood when he'd barely looked up from his eggs, but Tank just shrugged and looked around. "Where's Houston and Six?"

"Six is probably still in bed, and D is at Viper's," Tomas said without looking up.

Tank didn't know who or what *Viper's* was but decided it didn't matter. "You got an answer for me?"

Grunting, Tomas nodded and took a swig of his orange juice, wiped his mouth, then sat up and turned to face Tank. “Yeah, yeah I do.”

When Tomas hesitated, Tank’s stomach dropped. *Fuck*. “Yeah, okay. Thanks for considering me or whatever.”

He started to rise, thoughts spinning in a hundred directions, when Tomas clapped a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

“Chill out, my man. It ain’t a no.” Before relief could fully take over, Tomas tipped his head back and forth. “But it ain’t a yes either. It’s a maybe.”

Annoyed, Tank shrugged off his hand and snapped, “How can you maybe let me patch over into your chapter?”

“I told you we do things differently here, right?” He waited for Tank to grudgingly nod, then said, “So the patch holders’ vote was redone, and it was still split, though closer to your favor. A couple of the holdouts are worried you won’t be a good fit after living under Damian’s thumb and then prison.”

Tank grimaced, annoyed but not surprised. “I don’t want to do the things Callaway had me do anymore.”

“I know.” Tomas’s lazy-eyed look from a moment ago—when he’d appeared to be two seconds away from falling asleep in his plate—was gone, and the shrewd face of a leader was left behind. “My officers and I talked it through, and I decided you’d be allowed to stay... on a probationary basis.”

Narrowing his eyes, Tank crossed his arms. “You want me to prospect again?”

“Nah, you’ll be a member, but we’ll be watching you closely for about six months. Anything happens that we don’t like... you’re out. No questions asked, do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars. And at the end of your probation, the club will vote again. If there are still members who don’t want you to stay, then you’ll be out. I can’t have guys who aren’t trusted by everyone.” Tomas studied his face, then raised his brows. “Cool?”

It was better than being turned away outright, but the idea of increased scrutiny made him feel twitchy already. There had been a reason he’d turned down the opportunity to apply for parole a year ago, despite his lawyer’s urging. He’d known too many guys who’d gotten fucked on a

bullshit technicality and ended up back behind bars—sometimes with more time added to their sentences.

No, thanks.

And making nice with the rest of the members for six months so they'd all vote to keep him? The very idea made his skin crawl.

An image of CJ sleeping next to him, looking so sweet and vulnerable that Tank's hands had trembled as he'd gathered him close, flashed in his mind, and he sighed. He didn't like it, but he knew he'd agree to Tomas's terms.

He'd do just about anything for his boy.

"Cool," he grunted. "There room for me in the clubhouse? The roach motel I'm staying at has been nice, but..."

Tomas grinned and swiveled back to his plate. "Sure thing, man. Go talk to D." He pointed with his fork toward the direction of the tattoo shop next door. "He'll get you set up, go over the rules, and answer any questions you have."

Holding in a sigh, Tank nodded once and rose to his feet. Before he reached the door, Tomas's voice stopped him.

"Oh and Tank?"

"Yeah?"

"Welcome home, brother."

Turned out, *Viper's* was Rebel Yell Studio, the tattoo parlor owned and operated by the club's Sergeant-at-Arms.

Oh, and Viper was a woman.

"Ooh, really? That's so cool. I didn't think outlaw motorcycle clubs let women join," CJ said, his voice noticeably tired even through the phone and his excitement.

Tank snorted. "I don't think this chapter really counts as an outlaw MC, baby." Leaning back against his pillows, he sighed. The room he'd been assigned in the clubhouse was bare without even sheets on the mattress, but it was better than the motel. Though a far cry from CJ's bed. "But yeah, a lot of one-percenters don't allow women. Clubs are usually pretty..."

racially divided too, but not this one. It's weird, but I think it'll be good for us."

There was silence for a moment, only the sound of CJ's soft breaths letting Tank know he was still on the line. Then he whispered, "Good for us. I like how that sounds."

Tank hummed, letting his eyes fall shut as he tucked his hand behind his head. He'd spent most of his day going over club bylaws, meeting members as they stopped by the bar, and then given a brief overview of club businesses. Not only did they own the bar and tattoo shop, there was also a club in town that the college kids flocked to, not realizing it was owned by a bunch of bikers, some rental properties, and a mom-and-pop-style diner that Tomas's sister and brother-in-law ran. Apparently the place had been close to bankruptcy when the club had bought in as silent partners and began frequenting the place regularly.

Houston—or D, as Tomas called him—had driven him around to see each of the places and told him he'd be able to work at one of the establishments or float between multiple. Or he was welcome to find something else, outside the club, as long as he was available when needed.

He wasn't clear on what Tank might be needed for, and Tank had gotten the impression there was something else going on that he wasn't seeing. Houston had hinted at sometimes having to go out on "rides" in the middle of the night but hadn't elaborated. Whatever after-hours business the club was into, Tank apparently wasn't trusted with the information yet.

Driving around town though, he'd been pretty impressed. He'd never known a club to have hands in so many different *legitimate* businesses. The security of knowing he and CJ would be okay and had options for their future lessened the sting of being kept in the dark on other things.

"Me too," he murmured, smiling to himself. "Houston said one of the houses the club owns and rents out is empty right now, but I'm not sure how I feel about living in club property long-term. But we can go look at it if you want, maybe use it as a stopgap instead of the clubhouse."

When CJ sighed instead of getting excited about moving into a place together, his eyes popped open, doubt beginning to creep in.

"Or I can stay in the clubhouse and you stay where you are, and we figure things out as we go. There's no pressure, baby. We'll go as slow as you need."

“It’s not that,” he said, voice small. There was a sound like he’d thrown himself on his bed with a slight *oof*. “I might need to move sooner rather than later.”

Tank slowly sat upright, swinging his feet to the floor. “What happened?”

CJ sighed again, then blurted out, “Tim said you weren’t welcome here and that his parents said they’d kick me out if you did stay over. But I don’t want to stay anywhere you aren’t welcome anyway, so I kind of told them to bite me and that I’d move out as soon as I found a place. But when I got home from work tonight, Tim made a comment about his parents wanting me out by this weekend if I was going to continue to ‘spend time with hoodlums’ or whatever. I don’t know! It was crazy, and now I’ve got a looming eviction—”

“Breathe, baby.” Tank scrubbed at his tired eyes, then started to stand. “I’ll be there in an hour—”

“No! Are you insane? It’s nearly midnight, and you’re exhausted. Besides, I don’t think we can fit all my stuff on the back of your bike or in my car.”

Cursing under his breath, he flopped back down, no longer feeling relaxed. “I’m so sorry, baby. I know they were far from perfect roommates, but this still fucking sucks.”

CJ laughed humorlessly. “You know when something happens that your brain has a hard time processing in real time, so you sort of feel disjointed and confused?”

He remembered sitting in the courtroom, hearing the verdict being read out loud, and nodded as he swallowed convulsively. “Yeah,” he croaked, “I’m familiar with the sensation.”

“It was like that, but I was also just... *furious*, you know? How dare they judge you! And based literally on nothing but the fact that you have a motorcycle and tattoos. So ridiculous.”

CJ’s outrage on his behalf helped wipe the remnants of his past from his mind, the clinging tendrils slipping away and falling back into the box he kept them locked in. “Definitely ridiculous. You should have told them they’d be better off judging me for serving time for aggravated assault.”

He’d meant it as a joke, but the noise CJ made—sort of like an annoyed cat—let him know his boy didn’t find any humor in it.

“You’re hilarious, Tank,” CJ snapped.

Tank was so shocked, he didn't say anything until he heard CJ sniffle, tearing his fucking heart out of his chest. "Fuck, baby. I'm sorry. Please let me come get you."

He wanted to just tell CJ he was coming and to get his things packed up, but they were too new, their relationship untested, and he didn't want to chance a crack in their foundation. Until they had something solid built, he felt like he was constantly walking a tightrope, trying to find just the right amount of control to exert outside the bedroom.

"You'd probably hit a deer and end up in a ditch," CJ muttered, then cleared his throat. "I'm sorry I snapped at you."

"Forget about that. I was being a dick, making a joke when you're clearly upset."

CJ chuckled softly. "A little, but it's okay. I think I'm just exhausted. Can we finish figuring things out in the morning?"

The words felt like a dismissal, a tiny distancing from Tank, though he doubted CJ meant it that way. Squeezing his hand into a fist, he slammed it onto the mattress next to him a couple of times to release his frustration.

"Sure. Call me when you wake up."

CJ agreed, said good night, and hung up right after Tank whispered the words back to him.

He lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling in his dark, empty room, trying to decide what to do. Finally, he made a decision and sat up, hoping he wasn't about to make a huge mistake.

Ten minutes later, he was striding into the Devil's Garrote, vest with his new bottom rocker now proclaiming *Michigan* as his chapter firmly in place. The patch had been sewn on while he was out with Houston by someone so it was ready when he got back to the clubhouse. Even though that was the only change, his cut felt... lighter on his shoulders somehow. Like he'd shed the weight of his past with just the change of that one embroidered word.

The bar was fuller than he'd expected, considering how many options there were in town for folks to go to. It was a college town, so there were bars every ten feet downtown and even more near campus and where all the apartment complexes were located. But as he stopped just inside the doors and took in the crowd, he realized most of the people were older and a lot of them wore leather or vests.

There were a few college-aged men and women dotted throughout the space, the guys clumped together around the pool tables trying to look tough and the young women obviously on the hunt for a biker. It had been like that at his old club's place—a few brave young people would come out to prove they could or to say later they'd once fucked a biker.

What he didn't see as he scanned the large open area was Tomas or Houston.

Frowning, he made his way through the crowd, most people hurrying to get out of his way long before he reached them, and to the bar. There was a young, buff white guy in a black T-shirt with the words "The Devil's Garrote" across the front pouring two beers when he reached it, but he nodded at Tank to let him know he'd be right with him.

"What can I get you?" he asked as he popped over a moment later, smiling as his eyes lingered on Tank's *Member* patch on his chest.

"Tomas or Houston around?"

"You new?" the guy asked, eyebrows climbing. Tank didn't bother answering, staring at him until his cheeks flushed, and he pointed to the back corner of the room. "They're usually in the back room. A lot of times that's where they plan club... business."

The way the kid said the word made Tank nervous about what he was about to walk in on, but he didn't bother asking for more details, knocking his knuckles on the bar top in thanks and turning away. As he neared the back corner of the room, he saw a closed door with the club's insignia on it. He wasn't sure if he should knock or not but decided the patch on his back was permission enough for him to enter.

The back room was about half as wide as the main bar area, with booths lining the wall on his left and across the back and two large tables filling the space in the middle. There was also a private bar and kitchen access being manned by a middle-aged woman that Tank would bet his bike on being the infamous Vivian.

Tomas and Houston were in the corner booth with another member who Tank couldn't identify from the back and a few hang-arounds.

What surprised Tank the most was the young man cuddled up on one side of Tomas and the young woman on the other, the President's arms wrapped around them both. His steps hesitated a moment, but he threw it off and continued toward the booth.

Tomas's eyes met Tank's when he was still half a room away, a look of *You got something to say?* On his face. Tank kept walking, keeping his expression neutral. As he neared the booth, he realized the other person sitting with them was Viper, her short hair and leather vest making her androgynous from the back.

He nodded at her and Houston, then turned to Tomas. "Sorry to interrupt."

"No worries. What's up, man?"

Tank kept his eyes on Tomas but could see the young man next to him start to blush for some reason. "Anyone have a truck I can borrow?"

Tomas's thick brows shot up as he scratched at his salt-and-pepper beard, idly placing his hand on his woman's bare thigh afterward. "Maybe. I didn't think you had a lot to move in."

"I don't." Tank shook his head, scanning the others and meeting Houston's confused eyes. "You said guests were allowed to stay in the clubhouse when we went over the bylaws, right?"

"Uh, yeah," Houston said, glancing at Tomas. "There's a time limit if they aren't your old lady though. Hang-arounds are limited to no more than three nights in a row..."

Tank knew that, but he nodded anyway, turning back to Tomas. "I'm gonna need a Property vest too."

A slow grin started to spread over Tomas's face. "Yeah, I'll hook you up. But it's gonna cost you." He leaned over, craning to see around Tank. "Yo, Six! Got another sewing project for you, and we're gonna need your truck too."

INTERLUDE

Tank,

Um, so I have to tell you something, but please don't be mad.

God... this is hard. I'm not sure how to even say it so I'm just going to throw it out there.

I went on a date last week.

I didn't want to and I didn't ask him out or anything. A friend of mine set us up and I felt like I couldn't say no. When I tried, she wanted to know why since she knows I want to be in a relationship. (I've complained to her more than once about being single in fact.)

I thought about telling her about you, but I wasn't sure how. I don't know how to explain this thing between us to anyone. On the outside, it doesn't make any sense. How can I feel this way about a man I've never met? How can you? Do you? Is it real?

I just... I don't know why I'm suddenly doubting things.

Except that you won't tell me when you'll be released and I'm not sure why not? Is it years from now? Because I'm willing to wait that long to be with you if I know it's going to really happen. I'll even come visit you if you'll let me.

I just need something to hold onto until then.

Should I... Do you want me to tell you about the date? About him? I'm not going to see him again or anything. He was nice enough, but... I don't want nice.

I want you.

CJ

Tank,

Oh my god, Tank. Please don't shut me out. I get that you're pissed or hurt or whatever, but I was just trying to be honest.

Please don't leave me hanging here. I'm driving myself crazy assuming the worst.

I'm sorry.

CJ

Tank,

I'm so, so sorry. Please... I can't... You can't just not respond.

At least I didn't think you could.

Maybe you really don't feel how I do.

I guess... I'll wait to hear from you. If I don't, then I don't.

I really am sorry if I hurt you. That's the last thing I wanted to do.

CJ

CJ,

God, baby, were those tear stains on your last letter? Fuck, I'm so sorry. I wasn't trying to be deliberately cruel. I just didn't know how to respond.

Part of me wanted to get pissed and demand you never see that piece of shit "nice guy" again. To make you tell me everything about him so I have a

face and name to put to this anger and hatred.

To beg you to drive down here so I can look you in the eyes when I tell you that I can't handle knowing anyone but me gets to touch you and kiss you and fuck you.

But a bigger part kept reminding me that I had no right to feel that way. Not really. While I'm in this fucking place, I can't make any promises to you. And I can't make any demands on you either.

So I didn't say anything. I just kept reading your letters over and over, trying to decide what I should do.

I wasn't punishing you, baby.

I just don't know what to do.

Tank

Tank,

Make demands of me.

Tell me not to ever go on another date.

Make me promise to still be a virgin when you get here.

I want to give you these things.

I want to give you everything.

Just tell me to.

CJ

By 8:00 a.m. the next morning, CJ regretted not letting Tank just come and get him the night before.

He'd been woken up by a sharp knock on his bedroom door an hour before, the handle rattling like someone had been trying to open it. Thankfully, he always locked his doors before he went to bed. The sharp, feminine voice barking at him to open the door had gotten him moving. He'd thrown open the door without bothering to put on a shirt, concerned something was wrong.

Of course, that meant Tim's mom got an unobstructed view of all the little bruises and beard burn still lingering on his skin. Her voice had been tight when she'd told him he needed to come down to the living room to discuss his lease with her and her husband.

That *discussion* had turned into thirty minutes of being reprimanded for bringing "unseemly" people around their son and into their house and for throwing his "lifestyle choices" in their faces.

After half an hour, he'd gotten up off the couch and walked away, unwilling to take any more. Tim's mom had started to follow, outraged at his attitude, but her husband had called her back. CJ had thrown a glare at Tim's closed bedroom door, knowing he was hiding inside while his parents ripped into CJ. Ken was already at work, having a shift that started at seven that day, but CJ didn't hold out much hope he would have backed him up anyway.

As he'd thrown his clothes and sketchbooks in the one suitcase and duffel bag he owned, he was fuming. So much for having until the weekend. There was no way he could stay four more days in this house.

When his clock finally showed eight, he sat on the edge of his bed and pulled out his phone, fingers trembling. He hoped Tank was awake or, if not awake, woke up soon and listened to his message.

For the first time that morning, he took a deep, shuddery breath when Tank's Southern drawl answered, "CJ?"

"Tank—" He had to stop when his voice broke, and he heard rustling on the other end.

"What happened?"

"Can you come over, please?" he whispered. His voice was thick with tears, but he refused to let them fall. This wasn't his first time getting kicked out of a house, but hopefully it'd be his last. "I don't... I don't want to load my stuff into my car while Tim's parents are still here, and I haven't heard them leave."

The movement he'd been hearing stopped suddenly. "His parents? What the hell are they doing there?"

"They're my landlords, so they..." He stopped, bracing his elbows on his knees and covering his eyes with his free hand. "I'll tell you when you get here. You're... You are coming, right?"

"Yes, baby," Tank said firmly, then, "Hold on one second." CJ heard him shout, "Six! Wake up, I need your keys!" but it was muffled, like he was pressing the phone to his chest.

God. CJ wished he was pressed against Tank's chest more than anything in that moment.

"Why do you need Six's keys?" he asked after hearing a nondescript voice say something in response to Tank.

"I'm going to bring his truck so we can get everything at once, baby. I'm assuming everything in your room is yours, right?"

CJ peered through his fingers at the secondhand dresser he'd gotten for ten dollars off Facebook Marketplace. "Yes, but if we can't bring the furniture..."

"We're bringing it," Tank grunted. "Do you have boxes for everything?"

He shook his head, then remembered Tank couldn't see him and said, "No, I was going to try and get some from the grocery store on Thursday. That's stock day, so they usually have a bunch."

Tank chuckled softly. "Small-town living for you. I don't think I've ever known a store's stock day before."

“I worked there in high school,” he said absently, a loud thud from downstairs jerking his head up. Even though he knew he’d locked the door behind him, he visually checked it just in case. “Let me know when you get here, and I’ll come downstairs to meet you.”

There were some more noises on Tank’s end, then what sounded like a vehicle door slamming shut, followed by another. “Okay, yeah. We’ll be there in about an hour, and we’ll swing by the store for some boxes. Get shit organized as best you can.”

“Okay.” He took a deep breath, preparing to hang up and lose the lifeline to Tank. Things had quieted down under his feet, so he hoped that meant the loud noise he’d heard had been the front door slamming behind them as they left. “I’ll see you soon.”

“You sure as shit will,” Tank growled, causing CJ to smile for the first time that day.

“Thanks, Tank.”

Scoffing, Tank said, “You don’t have anything to thank me for, baby. Now get to work, and I’ll see you in a few.”

“Okay...” He hesitated, fighting the urge to whisper three little words even knowing it was too fast. Finally, he cleared his throat lightly as he stood and pasted on a fake smile. “Bye, Tank.”

After Tank said goodbye too, CJ hung up and tucked his phone back in his pocket. Turning a full three-sixty, he slowly surveyed his room, trying to decide how he wanted to organize things so it’d be easy to throw stuff in boxes when Tank and Six arrived. He also tried not to think about how his first impression with Tank’s club would be fleeing his shitty housing situation.

Instead, he started unloading the duffel he’d thrown clothes in, stacked them off to the side, and started reloading the bag with things he didn’t necessarily want Six to accidentally handle—like, say, the items in his bedside table.

Within thirty minutes, he’d made good progress and gotten a text from Tank saying they’d gotten twenty boxes and were about forty minutes away. Glancing down at his bare chest and loose sweats, he decided a quick shower was in order, and then he could get his bathroom things gathered up.

There hadn’t been any noises in the house that he could hear, so he was pretty confident Tim’s parents had left and possibly taken Tim with them.

Still, he didn't chance going out in the hallway, instead slipping into his bathroom from his room and locking the other door immediately.

When Tank texted to tell him they were pulling onto his street, CJ was dressed and had pretty much everything organized into stacks, ready to be packed into boxes. It helped that he didn't own that much, really.

Poking his head out of his room, he listened carefully but didn't hear anything. The rumble of a truck pulling up outside loosened the tightness in his chest. He hustled down the hall, flew down the steps, and was pulling open the door just as hard knuckles landed on it.

Even with dark sunglasses covering his eyes and his hair a mess from bed head, Tank was the best thing he'd seen since he'd left. And when he pushed his sunglasses up into his hair and gave CJ a slow once-over? His blood began to heat, and his heart started to beat a little faster. The sexy leather vest he was wearing over a plain white T-shirt didn't help keep CJ's thoughts under control either.

When the corner of Tank's firm mouth quirked up, CJ bit his bottom lip as his groin tightened. "Morning, baby."

Tears prickled at the back of his eyes, but he ignored them as he threw himself into Tank's big body, confident he'd catch him. When Tank wrapped his arms around him and murmured sweet, comforting words in his ear, CJ's shaky breaths finally slowed, evening out as he sucked in deep inhales of Tank's scent.

A loud sigh from behind Tank made CJ jump back as he remembered Six. Swiping at his eyes quickly, he grabbed Tank's arm and tugged him inside, ignoring his amused face. Hidden behind Tank's bulk had been another man in a leather vest, the patches on his pec reading *Enforcer* and *Six*. He wasn't as big or broad as Tank, but he was bigger than CJ, for sure. His dark hair was so short it was nearly a buzzcut, and his strong jaw was covered in thick black stubble.

His gaze was what drew CJ up short though. He had one bright blue iris and one golden-brown one. But they were both completely shuttered. There was no warmth in them, no hint of humor or sympathy or even annoyance.

Absolutely nothing Six was feeling showed through.

Shivering, CJ stepped back so he was pressed against Tank's warmth and plastered a smile on his face. "Hi, you must be Six. I'm CJ. Thanks for coming to help."

His strangely alluring eyes flicked between CJ and Tank, like Six wasn't quite sure what to think, and then he shrugged and raised the collapsed boxes in his hands. "Where to?"

Tank stepped forward, directing Six up to his room before CJ could figure out how to respond. Six nodded as he walked past them, his boots echoing on the steps as he climbed to the second floor. CJ swung the front door shut and started to follow, but Tank's hold on his hips stopped him.

He giggled as he got jerked backward so Tank was plastered to his back again, his scratchy beard shooting shivers down his spine as Tank tucked his face into the side of his neck and kissed. "You didn't wish me good morning. After I dragged my ass out of bed to come move you and everything."

Smirking, he leaned his head back and to the side, giving Tank better access as he started nibbling on all the skin he could reach. He sank his fingers into Tank's soft hair, holding him in place just in case he got a crazy idea in his head like stopping what he was doing. "Good morning, Tank."

"Mmm. That's better. Once we get you settled in my room later, you can thank me properly." The teasing tone didn't completely cover the heat behind it, and CJ had a feeling he really would be thanking Tank in the privacy of their bedroom at the clubhouse. His whole body shivered at the idea, images of Tank standing above him, using his mouth however he wanted, flashing through his mind. Tank's soft chuckle let him know he'd given himself away. "Someone likes that idea."

"Yes, Daddy," CJ whispered, biting back a whimper when Tank bit down on his neck and sucked. By the time Tank licked the new love bite and raised his head, CJ was hard and squirming against Tank's obvious erection.

"We better go help Six before he gets pissed," Tank said as he pulled back. Before he stepped away, he twirled CJ around, cupped the side of his face, and planted a firm, possessive kiss on his mouth. Then he was moving around him, giving CJ's ass a jolting smack as he passed him. "Let's go, baby."

Nodding wobbly, CJ followed him up the stairs, knees weak and unable to stop smiling.

It took a couple of hours, but the three of them got everything boxed up and loaded in the vehicles and all the furniture secured in the bed of Six's truck. Standing in his empty bedroom with his hands on his hips and sweat making his T-shirt cling to his torso, he couldn't decide how exactly he was feeling. He'd called Sammy and his boss at the pizza place and let them know he was moving. Even though he'd offered to drive back and forth for two weeks so they wouldn't be shorthanded, both bosses had told him it was fine.

The pizza place was pretty well staffed, so his manager there probably really wouldn't miss him, but CJ was pretty sure Sammy would have taken the help if he hadn't gotten the whole story out of CJ first.

"They're just kicking you out?" Sammy had yelled, sounding furious. "How can they just do that?"

"I don't know. They probably can't, but it's not like I can fight it," CJ had told him, which was true. What was he supposed to do—take them to court?

CJ had promised to drop off his key and say goodbye later that week, and Sammy had told him there was no rush, to take his time settling in.

As Tank stepped into the room behind him, leaning his shoulders back against the bare wall just inside the door and crossing his arms over his big chest, CJ wondered what *settling in* with Tank would be like. He'd never lived with someone who wasn't family or a roommate before, and he was a little worried they'd drive each other crazy, living on top of each other in a single room.

"You okay?" Tank finally asked, his quiet voice a soft rumble in the empty room.

He nodded and stepped over, heart tripping at the easy way Tank opened his arms and drew CJ into his body. "Feels... weird but good. Like I'm taking a step off a cliff but turns out I'm wearing a parachute." He grimaced into Tank's chest, then tipped his head back so his chin rested between his pecs and he could see his face. "That sounds dumb, doesn't it?"

"No, it doesn't." Tank stared into his eyes, his gaze soft, and the little wrinkles next to his eyes were crinkling just a little with his slight smile. "I feel like I've been falling with a parachute since I sent you that first letter."

"Tank—"

"And it's fucking exhilarating," Tank rasped, leaning down to meet CJ's upturned face.

Just before their lips met, a familiar heavy sigh startled CJ, but this time he snorted out a laugh as he turned his head. Six was standing in the hall, leaning through the open doorway next to them, rolling his eyes.

CJ's apprehension toward the other man had evaporated when Six had opened CJ's duffel before he could stop him and gotten an eyeful of his sex toys. At first, he'd been mortified, but when Six had only exhaled heavily through his nose and looked up at CJ through his surprisingly thick lashes, CJ had burst out laughing. Tank had been taking a load down to the truck and missed the whole thing, but CJ had still been chuckling by the time he'd returned.

"Fucking cockblocker," Tank muttered, slipping a hand down to give CJ's backside a squeeze before he could step out of his arms. "We're coming. Jesus."

"Better not be," Six muttered, turning and walking away as CJ howled with laughter and Tank tried not to laugh.

"Jackass." Tank shook his head and held out his hand as CJ got himself under control. "Ready, baby?"

He nodded, slipped his hand into Tank's, and let him lead him out of his old bedroom. They'd stopped just inside the front door so CJ could take the keys to that door and his bedroom door off his key ring, when Tim's bedroom door burst open and he came thundering down the stairs.

CJ was tensing, prepared to listen to Tim throw hateful words at him again, but Tim never got the chance. Just as Tim's feet hit the entry hall's floor, Six stepped out of the kitchen, surprising the shit out of CJ. He'd thought he was waiting for them outside, but the half-empty bottle of water in his hand explained his detour.

Tim would have kept coming, two pissed-off bikers in the room or not—CJ could see it in the crazed light in his eyes. Five feet from him and Tank, just as Tank started to move to put himself between CJ and Tim, a calm but firm voice said, "Stop."

Tim jolted to a halt, whipping his head around to glare at Six. "This doesn't have anything to do with you. Get out of my house!"

Eyebrows raising, Six lifted the bottle to his lips with a couple of fingers, his movements slow and in control, took a sip, then threw the bottle into Tim's face in the blink of an eye. CJ jolted backward, not expecting it or the speed at which Six crossed the entryway, and within a few moves, had Tim facedown on the floor, knee to the back of his head.

“CJ?” Six still sounded so calm, it took a moment for him to realize he was talking to him.

“Oh! Um, yes?”

“What’s the patch under my name say?” Six didn’t look up from Tim, who was struggling under him but not able to move much.

“Enforcer,” CJ said, wondering where he was going with his questions. Six had been so quiet as they’d worked, communicating mostly with grunts and sighs, that CJ was surprised at the conversation. Based on the look on Tank’s face when he glanced over at him, so was he.

“And do you know what that means?”

Tank stiffened a little next to him, but CJ kept his eyes on Six, shaking his head when Six lifted his chin to meet his gaze.

“It means I protect the club, the members, and their families. No matter what. No matter the threat.” No longer cold and hard, Six’s eyes burned with intensity, his words making CJ’s heart trip in his chest at their implication. “You feel me?”

He felt him alright. Six was calling him Tank’s family, and that apparently meant Six would protect him against people even as harmless as Tim. It was... overwhelming.

And it was exactly what he needed to hear.

Having been thrown out of his family, and now the home he’d made with his roommates, Six looking him in the eyes and telling him he mattered? That he’d protect him because he was important?

Sniffling, he whispered, “I feel you.”

Six held his eyes for another moment, glanced at Tank, then nodded. Leaning down, he said right into Tim’s ear with a steady, cold voice, “You ever come near him or look at him like that again and I’ll take you out in the middle of a cornfield, slice you open, and leave you for the crows. Understood?”

CJ sucked in a breath at the threat, one hundred percent believing it. Tim must have too because he started crying and promising to stay away from him, looking like he was two seconds away from peeing himself in terror. Seemingly satisfied, Six stood and strode out the door without looking back.

Tank looked more impressed than freaked-out as he took the keys from CJ’s limp fingers, finished taking off the right ones, then dropped them on

the table inside the door. He put one hand on CJ's low back and ushered him outside, calling over his shoulder, "See ya, Timmy."

"That was... intense," CJ finally said, nearly tripping over nothing on the sidewalk to the driveway.

"I think that was Six's way of welcoming us to the club," Tank said, leading CJ to the passenger side of his Neon and starting to open the door.

"What are you doing?"

Tank shot him a glance. "Opening your door for you."

"Do you plan on driving? This car is tiny—I don't know if you'll fit in it, let alone under the steering wheel." CJ tried to stifle his laughter at the scowl Tank threw the car.

"I hate this thing."

"I know."

"You're getting a better car as soon as possible."

"Okay," he said, more to appease him than because he actually agreed. Until they had their living situation and jobs straightened out, CJ didn't see them going out and getting him a different car.

"I know you're placating me, but I'm holding you to that." Tank pressed a soft kiss to his mouth, then threw Six the middle finger when he honked at him, obviously also having realized Tank wouldn't fit in CJ's car. "Follow right behind us."

"I don't think I'll get lost," he said, biting his lip to hold back his giggles. He was the one who'd lived in the area his whole life, and he'd gone to the university in Ridgewood, so he'd driven back and forth more times than he could count.

"CJ..."

"Okay, right behind you." Giving in, he laughed as he raised up onto his toes, threw his arms around Tank's shoulders, and brought their mouths together so they nearly touched. "Kiss me again, Daddy. Like you mean it this time."

INTERLUDE

CJ,

The fantasy I have most often involves me fucking you just out of sight of a bunch of other people. Like we're in the back room of a bar or in the bathroom at a house party. Somewhere where we can hear the other people... and they can hear us.

I've got you braced against the door, your legs around my waist, as I fuck into you so hard the door is rattling. Everyone outside the room can hear it and they can hear you begging me to go faster, harder.

They know I'm so deep inside you my come will permanently mark you as mine.

When I make you come, you scream so loud the noise from the other room quiets as everyone stops talking for a moment.

They know you belong to me.

You know you belong to me.

And then I shoot inside you, and there's so much, it starts to leak out around my cock as I keep fucking into you.

When you step back into the bar/party, there's a wet spot on the back of your jeans from my come dripping out as you walk around.

That's it. That's what I think about a lot when I jerk off.

Tank

Tank,

Dear Lord.

How did I not know I was into exhibitionism? Maybe I wasn't before you. All I know is that after I read your letter, I locked myself in my bedroom and fucked myself with my dildo until I came untouched.

Then I basically passed out.

So... yeah, I think I'm into it.

And ever since your letter, I've been thinking about the possibility of having sex where someone could hear us. Or maybe even see us?

God, just writing that made me shiver. Would that be too much? I'm not sure if I'd really like it, but thinking about it—imagining some faceless person walking in on us and then staying to watch us finish—makes me so hard.

I keep picturing you fucking me from behind, your hand wrapped around my throat as you ream me, and some stranger standing off to the side. He pulls out his cock and strokes himself as he watches you split me open, making me cry out with how good it is.

When I feel you come inside me, heating me up and marking me as yours, I see him coming too. Watching us made him come we're so explosive together.

Shoot, I need to go jerk off again before I have to go to work.

CJ

Tank was keeping an eye on CJ in the side mirror, not trusting his shitty car to not break down in the middle of nowhere, and Six hadn't said anything since they left CJ's old place. But when Six shifted for the third time in five minutes, Tank peeled his eyes off the tiny red car behind them and glanced across the console.

"You gotta piss or something?"

"Fuck off," Six grunted, twisting his hands on the steering wheel.

Huffing, Tank propped his elbow on his door and glanced back in the mirror, catching sight of CJ jamming out to a song on the radio. He was smiling, wondering what the song was, when Six cleared his throat.

"He called you Daddy..."

Tank stiffened, throwing a look at Six that let him know he better watch his ass, Enforcer or not. CJ had only said it a handful of times that morning, and they'd thought they were alone each time, but Six must have been in the hallway outside CJ's room once. "And?"

Six's brows furrowed as he slowed for a tractor ahead of them, not saying anything until they and CJ had safely passed the farmer. "Is that a sex thing?"

What the fuck? That hadn't been the question he was expecting. He was half a second away from shutting Six down *hard* when he took a moment to really look at him. There was a strange intensity in his eyes when he glanced at Tank and a slash of red across his cheekbones.

Tank glanced back at CJ, licking his bottom lip and wondering how much his boy would really want him to share with anyone else. "Uh, a little.

But also... no.” At Six’s frustrated face, CJ chuckled and held up a hand. “Okay, hold on, let me, like, collect my thoughts and shit.”

Six grunted, gesturing at the *Welcome to Ridgewood* sign they were coming up on.

Sighing, he scratched at his beard. “For us... it’s more about the dynamics in our relationship.”

“Like you’re his sugar daddy?”

Tank laughed, lightly punching Six’s shoulder. “Yeah, with all that money I made in prison. Jackass.” Shaking his head, he turned his body more toward him, checking on CJ through the back window before focusing on Six again. “CJ is the best person I’ve ever met, and I want to take care of him, protect him. Yeah?”

“Okay,” Six said slowly, turning off on the road that led to the clubhouse instead of going into town.

“And he wants that from me. He wants me to... be in charge of things to a certain extent. He wants me to take care of him.” He looked over his shoulder, watching CJ’s car but unable to see him through his windshield with the glare from the sun on it. “But how much he’ll let me is still being decided.”

The bar came into sight before Six responded, but Tank wasn’t worried. He seemed like he was struggling with understanding something in his head. Finally, he asked, “Do you punish him?”

Tank tried not to react as he shook his head. “No, that’s not really our thing.”

Before he decided if he should push to ask Six why he was so curious, they were driving past the bar and pulling up to the gates of the clubhouse. Before he had to jump out to open the high metal fencing, a prospect jogged across the parking lot. A moment later, they were parking off to the side, the spots right in front reserved for members’ bikes. He kept an eye on CJ to make sure he followed them, but he didn’t need to worry. His boy was right on their ass.

Tapping the top of Six’s shoulder with the side of his fist, he opened his door and jumped down, meeting CJ at his car as he turned it off.

Stepping out of his car, CJ examined the clubhouse, frowning.

“What’s wrong?” Tank looked at the large brick building, trying to find what was upsetting him.

“Nothing, I just... I thought it’d be more house-like.” CJ shrugged, grinning sheepishly when Six snorted from where he was lowering the tailgate of his truck. “Well, how was I supposed to know?”

Six held up his hands in surrender, the smallest smile known to man on his harsh face. Grabbing a couple of boxes, he headed inside without saying anything. Tank frowned after him, thinking about their conversation.

A soft hand landed on his forearm. “He okay?” When Tank just raised his brows, unsure how CJ could even tell something might be wrong with Six, his boy slapped his hands on his hips and sassed, “Once a guy comes face-to-face with your vibrator, Tank, you *know* him.”

Rearing back, he looked after Six’s disappearing back, wondering if he needed to beat his ass. “He *what*?”

CJ just laughed, snuck up onto his tiptoes to plant a kiss on Tank’s cheek, then opened the back of his car and started grabbing some of his things. Frowning at his adorable ass as he leaned into the back seat, Tank scrubbed at the back of his neck.

When CJ stood, a duffel over his shoulder and a box in his hands, Tank crossed his arms and planted himself in his path. “Seriously. What the fuck did he do with your vibrator?”

“Well, that’ll have to do for now,” CJ said, hands on his hips as he surveyed their bedroom. They’d put his bedframe, mattress, and box spring in the pole barn behind the clubhouse that the club used for storage, since the room came with a bed that was the same size. CJ’s dresser now held both of their clothes—though Tank’s didn’t even take up a whole drawer.

The handful of books Tank had brought with him from Louisiana and CJ’s sketchbooks were on a small bookshelf Six had brought back with him from the pole barn. CJ’s rickety bedside table and lamp sat next to the bed on the right, the left side shoved against the wall.

The space definitely wasn’t made for two people to share long-term, but Tank knew they’d make it work for however long they were there.

“It’s not much, but—”

CJ spun to face him, eyes wide. “Are you kidding? This place is amazing. I know we can’t stay forever, but I’m totally going to enjoy it

while we're here."

"Amazing, huh?" Tank stepped forward, kicking the door shut behind him and eyeing the open bathroom door. The eight bedrooms on the second floor of the clubhouse shared four bathrooms.

CJ had been more excited than Tank thought was necessary when he'd found out Six was in the bedroom on the other side of their shared bathroom.

"Definitely." CJ gave him a wide smile, looking so fucking gorgeous he nearly took Tank's breath away. "It's sort of like living in a dorm. At least what I imagine living in a dorm would be like."

Tank chuckled, thinking about the number of televisions, gaming consoles, and pool tables on the first floor—not to mention the fully stocked bar and industrial kitchen. "Seems pretty accurate."

He drifted forward, his body waking once more now that CJ was safe and happy and protected in the clubhouse. CJ bit his lip as he eyed Tank's slow approach.

"What are you doing?" CJ asked, reaching out and wrapping his arms around Tank's waist as soon as he was within reach.

The confident touch and twinkle in CJ's eyes began to soothe the small part of Tank that worried about pulling CJ further into the club life. Tank didn't care how law-abiding Tomas's crew seemed—anyone in a club's orbit ran the risk of getting caught up in the tide should anything go wrong.

Cupping both sides of CJ's face and tipping his face up, he stared into his boy's gleaming eyes. "I think I'm ready to take my thanks."

Pressing his lips together to suppress laughter, CJ did his best to nod sagely. "I do owe you for helping me." He glanced toward the bathroom. "Though it was Six's truck—maybe I should thank him first."

CJ slipped from Tank's grasp, but he only made it two steps before Tank wrapped him up in his arms with a growl, heart soaring at the shrieking giggle that escaped his boy when he lifted him into the air. Turning, he gently tossed him onto the freshly made bed, grinning at the way CJ bounced and grunted.

"You think you're funny?" he asked, standing over him and running his eyes over CJ's trim body, lingering where bits of skin showed.

"I think I'm hilarious," CJ said, sounding breathless despite not moving.

Grinning, Tank shrugged out of his cut, tossing it to the ground at the foot of the bed, making CJ snort. Tank raised his eyebrows in question as he

grabbed the hem of his shirt and peeled it up and off his body.

"I think we need... a chair or... something," CJ murmured absently, licking his lips as he eyed Tank's bared skin. "God, I love your tattoos."

He would have already known that, even if CJ hadn't mentioned it already. The hours he'd spent running his fingers and tongue along the lines of Tank's tattoos on Sunday had let him know his boy liked his ink.

When CJ reached out and fingered a blank space on his hip just like he had over the weekend, Tank laid his hand on top and pressed CJ's fingers harder against his skin. "Is that the space you want for your artwork?"

CJ took a shuddery breath and nodded.

"It's yours."

He started to climb onto the bed, intent on breaking in their bedroom right, but paused when he remembered the open bathroom door. Six's side was closed, but it wasn't locked from inside the bathroom, so it would only take a second for Six to get a front-row show.

But based on some of the things his boy had written to him, he wasn't sure that was a bad thing necessarily.

Leaning down, he pressed a kiss into CJ's soft, giving lips, then whispered, "Do you want me to close the door, baby?" He paused, giving CJ a chance to think for a moment, then continued. "Or should we leave it open just in case Six wants to watch?"

CJ sucked in a breath as his eyes flared wide as he peered around Tank to look at the door in question. "Ummm, I'm not sure."

The bulge in the front of CJ's tight jeans said his body knew what it wanted, but CJ's brain was getting in the way. That was fine though. They had all the time in the world to explore every kinky thought his boy ever had.

He gave him another quick kiss, then pushed off the bed, intent on closing it. A hard knock on the door to the hallway stopped him and made him sigh. Changing directions, he stopped just before opening it to glance back and make sure CJ looked presentable. There was a flush in his cheeks, and he was lying on his back on their bed, propped up on his elbows—that would let whoever was on the other side know exactly what they'd been about to do, but there wasn't much Tank could do about it.

Fingers crossed, it might actually move their visitor along faster.

When he swung the door open and came face-to-face with the shit-eating grin of his President, he knew he wasn't getting inside his boy

anytime soon.

Tomas looked over his shoulder, then met Tank's eyes, his smile somehow widening. "Hope I'm not interrupting."

"You're not—"

"The hell he's not," Tank growled, crossing his arms and realizing he was shirtless. Annoyed further when Tomas eyed his bare skin and chuckled, Tank scowled. "There something you need?"

"Tank," CJ said from behind him, sounding like he was scrambling off the bed, "be nice."

"Yeah, Tank," Tomas said, matching his stance and cocking his head to the side. "Be nice."

Throwing up his hands, he decided a tactical retreat was in order. Spinning around, he strode to the end of the bed and sat on the edge, snagging CJ's wrist from where he hovered next to the bed and pulling him down next to him. He wrapped an arm around his waist and snugged him right up against his side, kissing the soft blush on CJ's cheeks.

When Tomas cleared his throat, Tank glanced up at him, surprised to find what looked like envy on the other man's face. Tomas had to be around fifty, like Callaway, so Tank had assumed Tomas had chosen not to have an old lady or boy of his own. Especially after seeing him with two people the night before.

But the way Tomas was eyeing CJ, with an almost tangible longing, Tank was beginning to think that wasn't the case at all.

Annoyance draining away, he gave Tomas his attention and did his best to wipe the perpetual frown from his face. "What's up, brother?"

Dragging his eyes away from where Tank had slipped his fingers between CJ's T-shirt and waistband, Tomas met Tank's gaze, seeming lost for a moment. Finally he said, "I need to call in that favor."

CJ twitched next to him, obviously wanting to know why Tank already owed a favor to his President but didn't interrupt. Tank knew he'd get the third degree later though.

"I figured I'd owe that favor to Six," Tank said slowly, glancing toward their shared bathroom again. He half expected Six to be standing there ready to collect as well.

"He did it for the club, so that's who you owe," Tomas said with a wave of his hand, seeming to shake off whatever he'd been feeling a moment before and turning brisk. "You ever do a charity ride?"

Tank shrugged. “My old club never hosted one, but I participated in a couple of other clubs’ runs. Why?”

Tomas pulled a folded-up sheet of paper out of his back pocket and handed it over. When Tank opened it up, he realized it was a flyer for a fundraising event. The date was from the year before, but the words *Fourth Annual Ride for Change* caught his eye.

“Are we having another one this year? You know I’ll ride—you don’t have to cash in for something like this.” Tank glanced up, a little confused.

“I appreciate that,” Tomas said genuinely, smiling when Tank raised his eyebrows at the unspoken *but* hanging in the air. “But you riding isn’t the favor.”

A bad feeling began to grow in the pit of his stomach. “Do you need me to hand out some flyers or something?”

“Eventually.” Stepping forward, he clapped Tank on the shoulder. “But first, I need you to help D and our Road Captain, Marv, plan the thing.”

Shrugging off the touch and shooting to his feet, Tank was already shaking his head. “I can’t do that! I don’t know jack shit about planning a fundraiser, Tomas. I’ll be less than useless to them.”

He felt CJ’s hand on his thigh, but it only calmed him slightly. Planning a big event that the civilian community was invited to was *important*. Way more important than anything Tank had ever done and would affect how the public perceived the club in the future. He felt so ill-equipped to lend a hand his stomach was churning. He just knew he’d fuck up, and whatever organization they were raising money for would end up paying the price.

Glancing at the old flyer, he saw the proceeds last year went to... a domestic violence shelter. Jesus *Christ*. He’d barely finished high school and just done a stint in prison, for fuck’s sake—why the hell would Tomas tap him for this?

“Easy, man,” Tomas said, gripping his biceps and meeting his gaze head-on. “Ain’t no one expecting you to do this yourself. You’re just lending a hand. Distributing flyers, follow up with some vendors, troubleshoot the day of. Nothing crazy.”

Duh, of course they wouldn’t put him in charge of things. He was just helping, doing what he was told. He could handle that. Feeling ridiculous for freaking out for a second, he scrubbed at his face and glanced down but avoided CJ’s concerned face too.

“Sure, okay. Whatever you need.”

Tomas didn't say anything for a second, and Tank's neck prickled with apprehension. He was really hoping he wouldn't ask about what had just happened. Tank didn't think he could explain his knee-jerk reaction of feeling worthless without coming off like a fucking loser.

Eventually, Tomas gave his arm a squeeze, said goodbye, and left the room with a "D's at Rebel Yell getting inked if you want to go talk to him. The event's in six weeks," thrown casually over his shoulder.

Once the door was closed, Tank collapsed back onto the bed, his knees feeling a little like Jell-O. He felt CJ stand and softly cross the room to shut the bathroom door too, and then he came back over. Instead of sitting next to Tank like he expected, CJ sank to his knees between Tank's legs and peered up at his downturned face.

"You okay, babe?"

A humorless laugh exploded from his mouth. "Not Daddy right now, huh?"

CJ's mouth twisted into a puckered frown as he set his hands on Tank's knees, spreading his thighs farther with gentle pressure and scooting even closer. "Would it make you feel better if I called you Daddy and begged to suck your cock right now?"

That time his chuckle was genuine. "Goddamn right it would."

CJ licked his lips, then smiled up at him. "First, tell me what's wrong, then we can play."

His boy's wet-looking mouth was distracting, but he heard the silent plea in his voice just fine. CJ didn't understand what had happened any more than Tomas probably had. Sucking in a breath, he let it out in a noisy sigh as he placed one hand on CJ's neck and the other he sank into his soft hair.

"It's nothing really."

CJ's eyes narrowed. "Tell me anyway."

Tank raised a brow at the unexpectedly pushy tone.

Pasting a sweet smile on his face, CJ added politely, "Please?"

"So much sass," he murmured, rubbing his thumb along the edge of CJ's sharp jaw. "You know the kind of work I did for my old club?"

Frowning a little, CJ nodded slowly. "Roughing people up, going on transports, and going to meetings as protection for your club's officers, right? Stuff like that?"

“That’s right,” he said, some of his tension lessening at the easy way CJ rattled those things off, like it really didn’t bother him the types of things Tank used to do for his old club. “Most of the time, I didn’t really care. But toward the end, the last year or so before my sentence especially, I was getting bored just being the muscle. But whenever I asked for other jobs or to help with other types of club business, I’d basically get laughed out of the room.”

“Why?” CJ asked gently.

“To the club... I was nothing but fists and a scowl. That was all they saw.” He leaned down and pressed his forehead to CJ’s. “None of them, not even Snake, ever bothered to really get to know me. No one before you ever had.”

“Well, they really missed out because you’re amazing,” CJ murmured, nuzzling his nose against Tank’s, the move so sweet it made Tank’s heart fucking flutter.

He pressed closer, rubbing his lips against CJ’s in a barely there kiss. “Thank you, baby.”

CJ let him kiss his sweet mouth for a few long moments, moaning softly when Tank sucked on his lower lip, before he pulled away to say, “A part of you thinks they were right, huh? That’s why you didn’t think you could help with the charity ride?”

He shrugged, shifting his hand up so he could rub his thumb under CJ’s bottom lip. “I suppose. It’s like a reflex at this point. Especially after the last four years as being... less than human to most of the guards who worked at the prison. You get told you’re worthless or can’t do anything right enough times, you start to believe it. At least a little.”

“Are you worried you’ll mess something up?” CJ asked, then pressed a kiss to the pad of Tank’s thumb and flicked it with his tongue afterward.

Heat raced down Tank’s spine. “Yeah, I guess so.”

CJ nodded. “I’ll help too then. Between the two of us, we’ll make sure this fundraiser goes off without a hitch.” Then he was reaching for Tank’s belt buckle.

“What’re you doing, baby?”

“Getting out your cock.” He looked up through his lashes at Tank. “Want you to use my mouth before we go to Rebel Yell, Daddy.”

Groaning, he leaned back to make a little more room for CJ’s questing fingers. Within moments, his boy had him unbuckled, his jeans undone, and

the material tugged down enough so he could reach his half-hard cock.

When CJ leaned forward, leading with his tongue, Tank used the hold he still had in his hair to stop him. The confused look he got was adorable as hell.

“Not so fast, boy. I was promised begging first.”

CJ’s whole body shuddered. “Please, Daddy.”

“Please, Daddy, what?”

Moaning as he squirmed, CJ tried to get closer despite Tank’s hold on him. “Please let me suck your cock, Daddy. I wanna make you feel so good. Want you to use me so everyone can tell just by looking at me that I belong to you. Pretty please?”

With a harsh groan, he loosened his hold, having to brace himself with his other hand on the bed behind him when CJ dove in without hesitation.

Having his boy enthusiastically choke himself on his dick was just what he needed to wipe away all the self-doubts lingering in the back of his head.

INTERLUDE

Tank,

Okay, let's do a lightning round now that we've finished our 20 questions. I'll give you a list of questions and you have to answer them with the first thing that comes to your mind. (I'll do my answers on the back.)

Ready?

When's your birthday?

What's your favorite color?

What's the best meal you've ever had?

What's your favorite comfort food?

How many sexual partners have you had?

What's one place you'd like to travel to?

What's your favorite book?

What's your favorite kind of beer?

What's your biggest dream?

What's your greatest fear?

Okay, here are my answers:

November third

Blue

I spent Christmas with a friend's family the first year mine cut me off, and her grandma made the best dinner. It was ham and mashed potatoes—nothing too fancy—but everything was so delicious I nearly made myself sick eating so much.

Umm, tacos? Hahaha I don't know why I asked this when I don't think I have a "comfort food" that I like per se. But I do love tacos, so I'll stick

with that.

Zero

Pretty much anywhere! Though lately I've thought about visiting Louisiana more and more...

Uhhhhhhh, probably the Percy Jackson series. I read a lot of YA and pretty much anything Rick Riordan writes is gold, but that was my first series by him.

Whatever is cheapest hahaha

Being an actual artist, like making money from my art in some way.

Never meeting you.

CJ

CJ,

Always with more questions...

February twentieth

I guess... red. Though I have a feeling once I see you in those pink panties I bought I'll have a new favorite.

I had to pick up a package in Seattle once and ate at this random Korean place because I was starving and just stopped at the first place that sold food. To this day, I have no idea what I ate, but it was delicious.

Uh, Oreos?

Baby... I have no idea. I never kept track.

Anywhere you want to go. I've traveled a lot through the US and made some trips to Mexico, but I can't say I have a bucket list location I want to visit some day.

I refuse to answer. You can't ask a question like that. How could I possibly choose?

I actually like to drink craft beers. Whenever I had to make a run or travel with the club for business, I'd slip away to find a local place that made their own beer. I think it tastes a lot better than the mass produced stuff.

Sleeping with you in my arms.

Being a disappointment to you.

Tank

OceanofPDF.com

The taste of Tank's spunk was still in CJ's mouth when he tugged his man out of their room, excited to visit the club Sergeant's tattoo shop. He'd spotted the smaller building next to the bar when they'd driven past them to get to the driveway that went all the way back to the clubhouse, and he couldn't wait to get a look inside. He'd never been in a shop before and was super excited to check it out.

The added incentive of the small hole he'd discovered on the underside of Tank's dick had an extra hop in his step too. Finding out Tank used to have a PA and that the piercing seemed to still be open? So. Dang. Hot. Dear lord, he'd nearly come in his pants when Tank had agreed to get a new ring for it.

Thundering down the stairs, he giggled as Tank grumbled at him to slow down, practically getting towed behind CJ from their interlaced fingers. "Can't. I'm so excited to see Viper's place and get you some new jewelry."

Tank's chuckle made him smile, a soft sort of joy filling him.

It was still early afternoon, so the downstairs of the clubhouse was mostly empty. Tank had told him when they'd been carrying boxes in earlier that most of the members worked regular day jobs and only came around in the evenings and on the weekends. CJ had still been a little worried about being accepted as Tank's boyfriend—live-in one at that—until he'd seen the large pride flag next to the American and state ones on the wall over the round booths.

And it wasn't a regular pride flag either—it was the new, inclusive one that included black and brown stripes and the light blue, pink, and white of

the transgender flag. The sight had filled CJ with an odd sense of excitement. As terrifying as the unknown could be, starting out his new life with Tank in the clubhouse would probably be pretty dang fun if nothing else.

He did spot Tomas sitting with Six and another guy in one of the booths, food in front of them. When Six looked up and spotted them, CJ couldn't help but blush, remembering Tank's question from right before Tomas interrupted them. Six's eyes dropping to CJ's mouth and eyebrows raising slightly didn't help matters either.

Speeding up more, Tank started chuckling behind him as he struggled to keep up. The soft sound turned to raucous laughter when Tomas called out to them, "Damn, T, you give that boy a shot of espresso or something?"

"Oh my god," he groaned, slowing his steps as he threw back his head to question the universe as to why he deserved to be embarrassed like this.

Tank didn't stop until he was pressed flush against CJ's back, burying his face in his neck. At least he was effectively blocking CJ from the sight of the laughing men, the main exit a few feet in front of them. "You did say you wanted people to be able to tell just by looking at you that you belonged to me..."

"I didn't think they'd really be able to!" he whispered harshly.

The booth behind them was settling down, the men going back to their food and conversation. Maybe Tomas hadn't meant what he'd said like CJ had heard it...

"Your mouth looks well used, baby. No getting around that when you practically sprint out of the room before my dick's back in my pants."

He turned in Tank's hold, burying his face in his chest and groaning as he laughed a little. "I suppose I'll have to get used to them knowing—or at least guessing—what we're getting up to in our room." Inching his head up, he peeked over Tank's shoulder at the booth, but none of the men were looking at them. "Do you think Six will mind if we're... loud?"

"I highly doubt it," Tank said, humor shading his tone, but CJ wasn't sure why. When his hands slid down CJ's back and landed on his ass to give him a squeeze, he lost his train of thought as quickly as he sucked in a breath. "Though we could try and be quiet or save the noisy stuff for when he's not in his room."

Running his tongue over his puffy bottom lip, he tore his gaze off the side of Six's head, heat building in his veins. He hadn't completely softened

after sucking Tank, but the idea of being overheard by Six—or maybe even being “caught” by him one day—had his cock throbbing in his jeans. He suddenly wished he hadn’t been in such a hurry to leave their bedroom that he’d blown off Tank’s offer to reciprocate.

“Maybe you could check with him,” he said slowly, meeting Tank’s knowing eyes. “Just to be sure.”

Leaning down, Tank whispered in his ear, “You want me to see if he wants to watch, baby? I don’t mind an audience as long as it’s someone I know and they understand they don’t get to touch you under any circumstance.”

He clutched at Tank’s cut, the cool leather grounding him as fantasy after fantasy spun through his head. “Yes, Daddy. But not... not right away. Maybe we could just not be quiet sometimes when we know he’s there to start with.”

Tank nodded and ran his nose up the side of CJ’s face. “Of course.”

When CJ chanced one last peek, he found Six looking at them with almost the same expression Tomas had worn upstairs.

Longing.

The men of the Michigan chapter of Devil’s Hands motorcycle club seemed to be surprisingly lonely, and that just wouldn’t do.

Viper, despite her club moniker, was one of the sweetest people CJ had ever met. Her short hair was buzzed on both sides, with the top left a few inches long and dyed purple. Based on Tank’s surprised face, CJ was guessing the color was a new addition, but it fit her perfectly. She even had purple eyeshadow on to match. Her arms and some of her chest and shoulders were visible since she wore a tight black vest under her cut, and most of her pale white skin was covered in colorful tattoos like Tank.

When he’d shyly complimented her hair, ink, and shop, she’d laughed, thrown an arm around his shoulders, and given him the “grand tour.” The place seemed bigger on the inside than it had when they’d been standing outside, but that was probably because of how open everything was, and the ceilings were surprisingly high.

There were six tattooing stations, the right one having a partition obscuring it in case the person getting tattooed was shy about whatever clothes they had to take off. Just behind the counter that separated the waiting area from where the artists worked, there was a station for piercings.

“Unless it’s a woman’s nipples or someone’s junk—then they go in the back,” said the person lounging in the piercing chair flipping through a magazine. When they looked up and smiled, they pointed to one of the rooms in the back of the building.

“This is Tay,” Viper said, grinning. “They’re our piercer.”

Tay had a row of hoops going down their left ear and both lobes stretched, so it wasn’t hard to imagine them with a piercing needle in their hands.

CJ smiled at their combat boots and white tights with black spider webbing under their jean shorts, even though Halloween was months away. “I like your boots and tights.”

“Thanks!” Tay jumped out of their chair and came forward, hand extended.

CJ shook it and then pointed a thumb over his shoulder at Tank. “I’m CJ, and this is Tank.” Remembering how Viper had introduced Tay, he tacked on, “We both use male pronouns.”

The smile on Tay’s face widened as they pushed at the hair falling forward into their face. They only had one side buzzed, unlike Viper, and the rest was styled to fall in soft waves toward their opposite ear. When they turned to shake Tank’s hand, CJ realized there was a spider tattooed on the side of Tay’s head, just behind their ear and partially obscured by the short hair growing over it.

“Nice to meet you two. I’m enby and use they/them.” When CJ continued to stare at Tay, bouncing up and down on his toes, they finally chuckled and asked, “Did you want to get something pierced?”

“No, thanks.” He looked back at Tank, waited until he nodded okay, then whipped around and told Tay, “Tank needs new jewelry for his PA piercing.”

Viper chuckled as she wandered over to where a tattooer was working on a piece on a large black man’s chest. CJ realized with a start that the guy getting tattooed had to be the club’s Vice-President, Houston. He was leaning back in the seat, eyes closed and looking completely relaxed. If CJ

ever got tattooed, he doubted he'd be able to be so Zen while a bunch of needles were puncturing his skin over and over again.

"I can hook you up," Tay said, pulling CJ's attention back around to them. They slid open the back of the jewelry case that made up half of the counter and pulled out two trays. "How long ago did you lose your last one?"

Tank cleared his throat. "I had to take it out four years ago."

Tay's eyes shot up, and they examined Tank a little closer, then shrugged and put one tray back in the case. "Is the hole still there, or do you need it repierced?"

"Still there!" CJ piped in for some unknown reason, face flaming when Tay glanced at him and then started laughing.

"Alright, my man, well, we're going to start you out with the smallest gauge anyway and treat it like a new piercing." Tay waved Tank over and pointed to one side of the tray full of silver hoops with a small ball where the circle connected, barbells with a little bit of curve, and barbells that curved so much they almost made full circles. The tray Tay had put back in the case had held much larger jewelry, some of the thicknesses making CJ cringe thinking about pushing them into his dick.

Though he was curious to know how big Tank could go before it was uncomfortable for one or both of them.

As the two of them started going over options and talking about how big Tank's piercing had been prior to removal, CJ slowly scooted away from the counter, drawn to the hypnotic buzzing of the tattoo machine ten feet away. Viper was nodding at something Houston was saying, but CJ hadn't caught it, too fascinated with the way the guy holding the machine was sinking ink into Houston's dark skin.

When he was close enough, he could see it was an intricate black and gray mandala on his thick pec. It looked amazing—all the lines symmetrical and the shading perfectly even. There were even sections with what looked like hundreds of tiny dots in them.

"You like it?" the guy asked as he paused to wipe at Houston's skin, the machine quieting. When he glanced up, CJ was startled by how blue the man's eyes were. He was white, but his face and tattooed forearms were tanned from lots of time in the sun, and there was dark stubble on his firm jaw.

“It’s crazy good,” CJ murmured. Leaning in a little closer, he drew up short when he realized Houston was grinning at him. “Oh, um, hi. I’m CJ. You’re Houston, right?”

The guy nodded, extending a closed fist for a bump. “Yup. You’re Tank’s boy, yeah?” He gestured with his chin to something behind CJ.

He glanced over his shoulder, smiling like a dope when Tank winked at him on his way to the back—probably so he’d have some privacy while he put in his new jewelry. “Yeah,” he said, sighing dreamily as he watched Tank’s big frame disappear into the room marked *Private*, “I’m Tank’s boy.”

“Knuckles,” the guy holding the machine said.

CJ turned and held out his closed fist again. Viper, Houston, and the tattooer all started laughing. Confused, he looked around at them, trying to figure out what was so funny.

Once he calmed enough, the guy said, “Nah, man, that’s my name.” He nodded toward where a leather vest hung on the back of his chair, then held up one of his gloved hands. “I got my knuckles tatted right before I started prospecting, so when I patched in, these geniuses decided that would be a clever name for me.”

Oh.

“Oh! Sorry.” He shook his head in embarrassment and lowered his fist. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“Same.” Knuckles turned back to Houston’s chest, firing up his machine again. “You have any tattoos?”

“No, not yet.” He’d known as soon as he’d seen Tank’s sleeves that he’d be getting some ink of his own though. He was curious as to how much it would hurt, but he knew he wouldn’t let the idea of pain stop him. Some of the best things in his life he’d gained through a little bit of pain.

As his eyes drifted up to the sketches and printed images on the walls of Knuckles’s stall, he had to admit he was impressed.

“Feel good?” Tay asked from somewhere behind him.

CJ turned, surprised to find another artist working quietly in a stall across from Knuckles’s and two young guys waiting in the front of the shop. He hadn’t even noticed any of them come in, so focused on watching Knuckles drag his needles across Houston’s skin.

Tank nodded as he walked toward the front. “Yup. Fit good. We can probably size up pretty quickly.”

“Easy, tiger—let’s not rush things and injure your goods,” Tay said, chuckling and moving toward the cash register.

The tattoo machine behind him shut off once more, and Knuckles said, “You’re all set, brother. Have Tay schedule you for your next piece before you head out, and we’ll start on it next time.”

There was a flurry of movement as Knuckles cleaned Houston’s chest and wrapped him so he could put his shirt back on, and then Houston stood, thanked Knuckles, and moved to the front with Viper. They started chatting with Tank as Knuckles slipped past CJ to tell the other tattooer he would take the walk-ins after he cleaned up. She nodded, barely glancing up from where she was working on a design on a tablet.

CJ glanced at where Tank was standing up front, listening intently to something Houston was saying with his arms crossed over his chest. When Knuckles came back to his station, CJ stepped out of the way so he could quickly clean up.

“Um, do you mind if I keep watching? Tank will probably be talking to Houston for a few about the charity ride.” He quickly added when Knuckles glanced up in surprise, “Or am I going to be in the way?”

Knuckles scoffed as he dropped his used needles in the sharps container. “You’re totally fine.” He started wiping things down, shooting curious glances at CJ every once in a while. As he finished up, he said, “You an artist?”

He jolted back a step, a denial on the tip of his tongue when a large, warm hand landed on his shoulder, and Tank’s deep voice said, “He is. Damn good one too.”

CJ felt his face turn hot as he stage-whispered out of the corner of his mouth, “Did you snoop in my sketchbooks?”

“Yup,” Tank readily admitted, an unrepentant grin on his face. “Houston and I are going to go back to the clubhouse to talk about the fundraiser. Do you want to stay here?”

He was torn. He’d promised to help Tank with the ride, but he also really, really wanted to stay. He wanted to see Knuckles do a tattoo from start to finish and ask questions and see how art transformed as it was laid into skin.

Chuckling, Tank leaned down and pressed a quick kiss to CJ’s lips. “It’s fine. They’re just going to bring me up to speed. There will be plenty of

things for you to help with later.” He looked at Knuckles. “It’s cool he stays, yeah?”

“For sure,” Knuckles said. “I’ll keep an eye on him. I’m here all day.”

CJ frowned at both men. “I don’t need a babysitter.”

“Debatable,” Tank said, chuckling and giving CJ’s ass a light smack and squeeze when he gasped dramatically. “Be good, baby.”

Knuckles was grinning at the exchange but kept his head down as he set up for the walk-ins. Once Tank and Houston left, he brought another chair over and set it on the other side of the client’s. “Here. Sit here so you can see without being in the way.”

With his hands gripping the back of the chair, CJ caught sight of his knuckle tattoos.

HOLD FAST

He wondered what the words meant to him as he sat and waited for him to bring over one of the young guys. The only thing he had left in his life to hold on to was Tank and his dreams for their future. As much as he’d wanted to go back to college, had worked and struggled so much for it, he was beginning to wonder why.

Other than art, he didn’t have a clear passion about anything that could translate into a career after he had a degree. So why had he been killing himself to go back?

He was beginning to realize a part of him had thought if he did it, if he finished and held a degree in his hands, one he’d earned all on his own without help from his family, his parents would maybe look at him differently. That they might see him as valuable again.

That they’d love him again.

As Knuckles brought the first guy over and started talking with him about what he was looking for, CJ tried to shrug off his heavy thoughts and focus on watching Knuckles work. He rarely let himself think about the pain of his family’s rejection, so he didn’t know why he suddenly was having revelations about his secret desire to earn back their love and repair their relationship.

He knew nothing he did would make up for being gay—not in their eyes. He wasn’t delusional about that. They were homophobic assfaces who didn’t deserve another second of his time or a single moment of hurt feelings.

But as he nodded and watched Knuckles make the stencil for the design the guy had picked off the wall, he admitted to himself that maybe his goal of college had had more to do with *them* than him. At the very least, he'd need to consider things a little more carefully before making a decision. Figure out what he really wanted.

And if nothing else, now that he and Tank were staying in the clubhouse, he didn't have to worry quite as much about bills. The constant, invisible weight of dread that had been hanging over him for years as he'd struggled each month to get by had disappeared as soon as he'd pulled away from his old house, the feeling becoming nothing but a memory as he'd followed Six's big truck farther and farther away.

For now, all he had to worry about was fitting in with the club and finding a job he actually liked before his savings ran out.

The rest of the time, he planned to concentrate on enjoying finally being able to be with Tank—in the same space, in the same *bed*.

Everything else, they'd figure out as they went.

INTERLUDE

Tank,

I know what you mean. I remember what you said about not really wanting kids, and I feel the same way. Like... if a baby got dumped in my lap, I wouldn't, like, leave it to fend for itself or anything.

But actively trying to have one through adoption or a surrogate sounds terrifying.

I feel like I can barely take care of myself, you know? Why add more pressure of being completely responsible not only for another human being's physical well-being, but emotional and psychological too. It's so easy to screw up a kid! Look at our parents. Mine disowned me because I was gay and yours were abusive addicts.

Like that didn't mess us up for life.

It's funny—when I was younger, I thought my parents were great, you know? Growing up in this tiny little town, we pretty much knew everyone, so I always had kids to play with and things to do. But when I was about thirteen, I started noticing little things my parents would say about anything different. And that's also when I began to realize I wasn't interested in girls like my friends were.

By the time I was sixteen, I knew for sure I was gay and wanted to talk to them about it. I thought, for some reason, that if I could just explain how I felt, they'd be accepting of me.

Then these two women moved in across the street from us and hung a pride flag outside their house.

My dad went ballistic, calling them every name in the book. Saying how "people like them" were ruining this country.

Just... a lot of really awful things.

I knew I couldn't talk to them about being gay at that point, but I think a small part of me thought they'd get to know the neighbors and get to see them as real people just living their lives. And then maybe they'd accept me.

Well, you know how that story ends.

Sometimes I wonder... why did I even bother? It wasn't like I had a boyfriend to introduce and never have—so why couldn't I just keep it to myself? I mean, I think they kind of suspected since I was a teen. They started getting a little distant with me when I began choosing things like art instead of sports. But at least I'd get to enjoy a meal with my family every once in a while if I'd have kept my mouth shut. Maybe spend Christmas with them instead of alone.

I don't know... Most of the time, I don't regret it. I don't regret being honest with them and myself about who I am.

But I miss having people you can lean on when you're having a bad day. Though I guess that's more the idea of family than the one I actually got...

Do you have any good memories of your parents?

CJ

CJ

Some. When I was really little, I think they were sober, but I don't have a lot of memories from that time. I know we were always dirt poor, but so was everyone else around us, so it didn't matter. I have vague memories of my mom kissing and hugging on me and my dad coming home from work.

I think he hurt his back at some point and that's how things began. He'd sometimes complain about how no one gave a shit about how much pain he was in and that he just needed his "medicine" to get through the day. It was pills at first—probably some he got legally and then when the doc stopped prescribing them he went looking for less legal ways.

Eventually, he got into meth, probably because it was cheaper, and got my mom hooked on it too. Before that, she'd do her best to protect me from

him when he got in one of his “moods.” But once she started using too, she started caring less and less about me and more and more about her next fix.

I started spending less and less time in our trailer, either reading in the woods or just hanging with friends at their places. But I always had to go back, and my old man would eventually find some reason to “teach me a lesson” on being a man. Most of those lessons involved his fists or his belt, and my mom would just be laying there, eyes glassy, as she watched. Until one day, she just left with some people and never came back.

I know I’m not like him—or her—and that I’d never hurt someone I loved or sit back and watch as they got hurt or just abandon them one day. But I used to worry I wouldn’t know how to care about someone, not for real. That I wouldn’t be able to figure out how to meet their needs in a way that would keep them safe and happy.

And I still worry a little I’ll fuck up with you—but I also know you. I’ve gotten to know you so well over the last few months, and I feel like I know what you need.

More than anything, you just need to find a new family. People who will choose to love you and support you and give you space to grow into whoever you want to be.

My club isn’t the right place—but I think I might know where we can go.

Tank

Just about the time Tank and Houston finished chatting about what all had already been done for the fundraiser and what remained to be done, the club's Road Captain strolled in. Tank hadn't met the guy before, but based on his experience, he was expecting Marv to be around Tomas's age and look like a textbook biker. Since Road Captains generally had a lot of experience riding and with motorcycles and were responsible for organizing any group rides, they tended to be some of the oldest members of the club.

Marv was... maybe thirty? And had black, square-rimmed glasses, short curly hair, and was wearing a light blue button-down and a tie.

A fucking tie.

"Hey, guys. Sorry, I got stuck at work and didn't want to take even longer by swinging by my place for my gear and to change," he said, running a hand through his hair and slipping into the booth next to Houston. His shoulders were deceptively wide, Tank realized when Marv settled back and smiled at him, taking up almost as much space as Houston's wide frame. "Tank, right? Tomas texted me that you were going to help out. I'm Marv."

As they shook hands over the table, Tank stared at the guy's cufflinks. He was pretty sure they were... calculators.

"His club name is Digits," Houston said, grinning when Marv groaned.

"Stop telling people that, jackass." He turned back to Tank with a grimace. "Houston thinks everyone needs a nickname, but he's *wrong*."

The two bickered back and forth for a minute while Tank tried to decide if he was being hazed or some shit, and then Marv shook his head and

focused on Tank. “I assume he told you about the event?”

“He gave me the gist—ride starts at ten, lasts two hours, and then there’s lunch, raffle, shit like that held in the parking lot of the bar,” Tank rattled off.

“Yup,” Marv said, nodding as he reached up and started tugging at his tie, pulling it free of his collar and tossing it on the table before starting on the buttons. He undid the top two and then moved to his wrists. “Rebel Yell does flash sheets too with half the profits coming back to us. We always make sure to have things for kids—”

“Oh, yeah, two years ago we did a petting zoo,” Houston interjected. “Kids loved it, but it *stank* and was a bitch to clean up afterward.”

Marv pointed at him. “You are not wrong.”

Tank stared at the brilliant color being revealed as Marv methodically rolled up his sleeves to just below his elbows. One arm seemed to be traditional Japanese themed and the other... maybe Neo-Trad? “Nice ink,” he finally murmured.

“Thanks,” Marv said, relaxing back in his seat once more and holding out one arm as if to examine the tattoos. “Viper does killer work if you need anything.”

Houston pointed to his pec, where his T-shirt hid his new ink. “So does Knuckles. Hell, Viper only hires the best, so you’re pretty much guaranteed good work.”

“Good to know,” he murmured, wondering if he could plead CJ’s case with Viper to teach his boy how to tattoo. He’d seen the way CJ had been staring at the art on the walls and hadn’t been able to tear himself away from watching Knuckles work. As much as CJ thought his art couldn’t get him a good job, Tank was willing to bet otherwise.

But based on the knowing looking on Viper’s face when he’d headed out with Houston, she may have already realized the potential in CJ.

The three of them chatted for another hour, Marv retrieving a folded map from somewhere in the clubhouse and showing Tank the exact route they’d be taking during the ride. He and Houston both agreed Tank would be most useful the day of as a blocker—someone who helped block intersections so the group of riders didn’t get separated—or maybe a sweeper, making sure everyone stayed in formation and no one fell behind.

They set up more times to get together to settle other details and picked days to distribute flyers throughout the county. By the time Marv headed

out and Houston went to talk to another member who'd come into the clubhouse, Tank wasn't worried about fucking up the charity event somehow. Since it was the fifth year the club had held it, they'd pretty much worked out all the kinks long before he'd come along.

As he was trying to decide if he should go check on CJ or take a nap, Six appeared at the end of the booth he was still occupying, holding a bag of takeout and two plates.

"Hungry?"

Tank's head jerked back in surprise. "Um, yeah, okay." He palmed his phone to text CJ to let him know he was eating with Six but he'd make him something when he was done at Rebel Yell's.

"I dropped food off at the shop," Six said without looking up from where he was separating the tacos between their plates. "Knuckles texted me a bit ago. Said he had a new friend who'd been there for a couple hours." Six shrugged. "I didn't think you guys had eaten much since we'd gotten back."

Biting into one of his tacos, Tank studied the man across from him, considering what he and CJ had talked about earlier. Six was hard to get a read on a lot of times, his face not giving away much, his eyes emotionless.

Well, except when he'd taken Tim down back at the house. There'd been a fierceness in his expression and fire in his eyes that spoke of a lot more going on behind his mask than he wanted people to know about.

His buzzcut, stubbled jaw, straight nose, and mismatched eyes made him pretty attractive—if you were into that type—but that wasn't really the point for him and CJ.

It didn't hurt though.

"Listen, I gotta talk to you about something."

Saturday morning, Tank eased out of bed, trying not to wake CJ since they'd been up late the night before. CJ had spent large chunks of his days all week at the tattoo shop, and then he and Tank usually spent a couple of hours job or house hunting. They weren't in a hurry for either—Tank had some money saved from before prison, and they weren't expected to pay

rent while in the clubhouse. Plus, Tomas had told Tank not to worry about his club dues until he got settled.

Of course, when CJ had offered to chip in the money he'd saved for college, they'd had their first fight. It hadn't even been that Tank didn't want him to contribute to their finances—he wasn't a complete Neanderthal—but he'd be goddamned and in the ground before his boy spent his college fund on a down payment on a house.

There had been some yelling back and forth, and then CJ had thrown out that he didn't need a degree to be a tattoo artist, and that had brought Tank's anger back down to a simmer.

But when CJ had tentatively said, "I mean, unless you don't think I'm a good enough artist to be a tattooer," the rest had drained out of him, and his gut had twisted so hard he'd thought he'd be sick.

Argument officially over, they'd talked more calmly about things, finally agreeing to wait and see before dipping into CJ's savings. Tank didn't want to use it and then have his boy change his mind about maybe finishing his art degree or deciding to study business to be more valuable at the shop.

And then he'd laid CJ out on their bed and slowly and thoroughly worshipped every inch of his body until his boy was sobbing and begging to come.

Last night, the club had held an informal welcoming party at the clubhouse. It had technically been for Tank transferring into the club, but he'd been pleasantly surprised by how many members had gone out of their way to introduce themselves to CJ too.

Four beers later, CJ had been dancing on a table with Viper as they screamed the lyrics to "Don't Stop Believin'" into their bottles.

Tank had known in that moment that he was completely and absolutely in love with his boy.

Which was also why he was up at eight on a Saturday morning after a night of partying with the club. Six had let him know the day before that CJ's vest was ready, but there was one more thing he needed before he could present it to him. Luckily, the place he needed to visit was close, and he should be able to get back before CJ woke up.

“Tank, just tell me what’s happening,” CJ whined as he stood with one of Tank’s hands covering his eyes.

He’d been awake when Tank got back, but only barely, and while he was in the shower, Tank had made the bed and set his gifts on top. Before he could come back into the room to get dressed, Tank had stopped him, covered his eyes, then slowly walked him into the room until he was only a couple of feet from the bed.

“Is this a new sex thing?” CJ asked, wiggling his towel-covered ass against Tank’s groin and giggling at Tank’s soft growl. “I’ve been thinking about a safeword. It might be time to bust it out.”

Tank had been about to reveal his surprise, but he paused, grinning at the back of CJ’s head. “What did you settle on?”

“Holiday,” CJ said eagerly. “It’s a tattoo term Knuckles taught me the other day.”

“You want your safeword for when you have kinky sex with me to be a word Knuckles taught you?”

“Don’t make it weird!”

Shaking his head but still smiling, he leaned in and whispered in CJ’s ear, “Do you want to safeword now?”

CJ shivered. “No, Daddy.”

He chuckled and nipped at his earlobe, grin widening at the sharp gasp it earned him. “Good to know. Are you ready for your surprise?”

Nodding, CJ seemed to be holding his breath. When Tank slowly moved his hand out of the way, he didn’t have to wait long before CJ was stumbling forward, gushing at the sleek helmet sitting on top of the folded leather vest. Unlike Tank’s, CJ’s helmet would cover him from crown to chin and fully protect him.

“My own helmet! Does this mean I can finally ride on your motorcycle?” CJ asked, but before Tank could answer, he seemed to finally notice the vest, his mouth dropping open as he dropped the helmet back onto the bed. With shaking fingers, he picked up the cut and held it out in front of him. The only patch on the front was his name, *CJ*. “It’s beautiful.”

“Turn it around, baby.”

He threw a confused look at Tank, his pretty little nose scrunched up, then flipped the vest around and sucked in a harsh breath. Tank stepped forward so he was pressed tight against his back and nuzzled into his damp hair. In an arch over the shoulders, a patch reading *Property of* had been

carefully sewn on by Six. Across the bottom, Tank's name declared who CJ belonged to.

"I'd be honored if you wore this, CJ," he murmured, watching as CJ carefully traced a finger over the word *Property*.

"I..." CJ choked out, tears thick in his voice.

"Oh, baby." Tank reached around him and gently took the vest from his hands, setting it on the bed next to the helmet and turning him around. His emerald eyes were full of tears, but a soft smile turned up the corners of his sweet lips, so Tank wasn't too worried.

Cupping his face, he leaned down and took CJ's mouth in a slow kiss, licking inside when his lips parted on a moan. He'd meant to only taste him, then back off so CJ could accept his vest and try it on.

But when CJ's hands fumbled between them and then his towel dropped to the ground, Tank couldn't do anything but deepen the kiss and move one of his hands down to palm one of CJ's plump ass cheeks. He squeezed the supple flesh a few times, swallowing all the dirty little sounds falling from his boy's mouth.

Just when he was about to spin CJ around and bend him over the bed, the shower turned on behind him in their shared bathroom. CJ's lips slowed, and then he was pulling away to give Tank a mischievous smile before slipping from his grasp and bounding away.

For a brief moment, he thought CJ was going to burst in on Six, but he stopped a foot or so away from the door and leaned forward so his forearms were pressed into the wood. Spreading his long legs, CJ arched his low back and popped his ass out, throwing a sultry look over his shoulder.

"Like this, Daddy. Please?"

Tank undid his belt and button, leaving his jeans zipped as he palmed the lube from off their bedside table. Before he joined him, Tank stopped to take a moment to run his eyes over his boy's perfect, lithe form, lingering on his ass and where the skin between his globes was still bright pink from his beard the night before.

"Goddamn, baby, how are you so gorgeous?"

Face turning pink, CJ dropped his sexy seductress persona, the shy boy from a week ago showing through. As much confidence as he'd gained, CJ still had a hard time accepting when Tank called him beautiful or told him how amazing he found him.

Which, of course, made him do it more.

“So pretty, so perfect,” he murmured, stalking forward. He quickly unzipped his pants, letting his cock burst free, his piercing catching the light and flashing. Despite Tay wanting him to wait longer, Tank had only gone three days before he’d sized up the gauge, and he could hardly wait to do it again. The sounds his boy made when he pushed the pierced head of his cock into his tight hole made him want to be reckless and rush to give them both as much pleasure as they could stand.

Slicking up his cock and fingers, he didn’t waste time before plunging one inside and starting to loosen CJ’s hole. He knew from experience Six didn’t linger in the shower, so they’d need to get to the main event faster than normal if they wanted to catch him before he was back in his room.

“I can take another,” CJ murmured after only a few thrusts.

Chuckling, Tank slid one of his boots between CJ’s bare feet and nudged them farther apart. He gripped one cheek and spread his ass as he pushed in two fingers at once.

CJ peeked over his shoulder and groaned. “You’re still dressed. Why is that so hot?”

Tank gave his fingers a twist, smirking as he watched his boy dance up onto his toes and moan just as the water shut off. “Because it emphasizes my ownership of your body, doesn’t it?”

He tapped and rubbed, tapped and rubbed at CJ’s prostate in a rhythm that drove his boy wild, his cries growing louder. Before he could come just from Tank playing with him, he pulled his fingers free and tapped the head of his cock against CJ’s loosened hole.

“You want my cock, baby?”

“Yes, Daddy! Please!” CJ begged immediately, his forehead pressed against the wood of the door and his hands fisted. “I need it.”

“Why?” Tank asked, pushing just a little at his opening and then stopping.

“Because you make me feel so good,” CJ moaned.

Humming, Tank leaned in closer and whispered in his ear, “And who do you belong to, baby?”

“You!” CJ cried, banging his fist against the door and trying to push himself back to get Tank’s cock where he wanted it. “I belong to you! My hole belongs to you. Take what’s yours, Daddy! Please!”

He couldn’t resist such pretty words, plunging his cock into CJ’s body and not stopping until he was seated as deep as he could get. The sobbing

cry CJ let out was like lighter fluid on an open flame—fueling his need to possess every inch of CJ’s body and own every ounce of pleasure he could possibly experience.

“God, yes,” CJ moaned, pushing back to meet each of Tank’s thrusts. “Harder, Daddy.”

“Say please,” he grunted, slowing his thrusts just enough to drive his boy crazy.

“Please! Please, please, please!” CJ pressed the side of his face against the door, his eyes squeezed shut as he tried to move his hips faster, but Tank wouldn’t have that.

He adjusted CJ’s stance with his hold on his hips, then slipped one arm around to his front and gripped his throat. The mewling sound that passed his boy’s pretty lips was something he wanted to hear every day for the rest of his life. He shifted his hand so his thumb and the tips of his fingers were more on the edges of CJ’s jaw than his vulnerable throat and squeezed.

“Yes! Thank you, Daddy!”

His boy had begged for bruises on his throat, but Tank wouldn’t mess around with something as risky as breath play. But his jaw was fair game, and his pale skin would be fucking beautiful with Tank’s fingerprints dotting it.

With his firm grip on CJ’s hip and jaw, he plunged his cock back in, grinning at the loud yell that let him know his pierced head had hit its target. He fucked into CJ fast, chasing after his own pleasure as much as doing his best to drive his boy higher.

The punched-out noises CJ made with each solid smack of Tank’s hips to his ass was like music to him, a rhythmic symphony so sweet and pleasing to the ear he planned on playing the soundtrack as often as possible.

“Finish yourself,” Tank ground out when he felt his orgasm beginning to build, the base of his spine tingling in anticipation. “Squeeze the come out of my cock, baby.”

Whimpering, one of CJ’s hands flew down between his legs, his arm moving fast over his dick. Leaning down, Tank licked his sweat-slick shoulder before picking up his pace further.

It wasn’t long before CJ’s body stiffened, his muscles locking down on Tank’s dick so hard he grunted, and CJ yelled out Tank’s name as he started

to come. The soft *splat* of his spunk hitting the door was the last thing Tank was aware of before he was shooting deep into his boy's body.

For a long moment, he soared so high he knew it was the closest he'd ever be to heaven. The fall back to earth turned out to be just as sweet when he shifted his stance and CJ made a soft noise of contentment.

Then there was nothing but long minutes of panting as they both recovered, CJ's body twitching every now and then where he was plastered against the door.

Tank heard what sounded like a muffled curse from the other side, and then the sink turned on a few moments later. CJ must have heard it too, his eyes peeling open so he could look back at Tank and smirk.

"That was fun," CJ murmured, then bit into his lower lip when Tank huffed out a chuckled.

He slowly peeled his fingers off CJ's jaw, reluctant for some reason to give up the possessive hold. The red spots that were already visible made it easier and punched at his territorial button.

"I think my favorite part was when you told me your hole belonged to me," Tank said with a small caress of the mark left by this thumb and a thrust of his softening cock.

CJ gasped and then moaned, his whole body shivering. He took a couple of deep breaths before murmuring, "Too much? It felt right in the moment..."

"Because you were putting on a show for Six or because it was true?" Tank was okay with either answer, but he didn't want to assume he knew what had motivated the words. As his dick slipped out of CJ's body, he stepped back to swipe up the discarded towel.

He cleaned himself a bit, did up his pants, then carefully rubbed away the lube and come around CJ's puffy, pink entrance. CJ was quiet as he worked, seemingly still thinking about his question, but that was fine with him. He knelt and pressed a soft kiss to his well-used hole. Smirking at the shudder that ran through his boy's body, he leaned around him to clean the spunk from the door, then tossed the towel to the side.

"I think it was both," CJ finally said, as he slowly turned, leaning his shoulders against the door and looking down at where Tank was still kneeling. "Everything I have is yours, Tank, including every single part of my body."

He was so serious, like he was worried Tank didn't already know that. Holding his gaze, he leaned forward and licked at the tip of CJ's soft cock, making sure it was clean of come too. CJ's palms slapped against the door behind him as his head tipped back and he moaned. Satisfied, Tank said against his skin, "I know, baby. But it was a little because you had an audience."

Standing, he crowded in close, wrapping his arms around CJ's waist and nosing at his jaw, licking over the marks he'd left and humming in pleasure at how CJ's breath caught.

CJ murmured, "Yeah, it was a little because I knew he was right on the other side of the door, listening. Maybe even getting aroused—"

"Maybe?" Tank snorted. "You're hotter than a two-dollar pistol. There's no way he didn't have his cock in hand by the end."

CJ giggled lightly. "You think that's why he had to wash his hands right after his shower?"

"Undoubtedly."

His smile widening, CJ reached up and smoothed a thumb over one of Tank's brows, then cupped his face. "Thank you for letting me... explore things. And thank you for"—he gestured at his throat and jaw—"giving me these. I'm glad we found such a sexy compromise."

"Me too. Though I may like how they look a little too much." Tank snagged CJ's hand and lifted it back to his face, pressing a soft kiss to his palm. "And I told you—as long as no one tries to touch what's mine, I don't mind someone listening... or watching. Shit, we could make a killing if we recorded ourselves and—"

CJ covered his mouth and stared at him with wide eyes. "Um, no thank you. I like knowing who's listening or watching. The idea of anyone being able to see me with you does *not* turn me on."

"Alright," he said, voice muffled against the skin of CJ's hand. When he lowered it, Tank said, "We should try out your helmet."

Eyes lighting up, CJ nodded. "And go for a ride?"

"Yeah, but you have to wear my leather jacket," he added. "Your vest won't protect your arms."

Smiling indulgently, CJ said, "Okay, Daddy."

"And make sure you always wear jeans or leather pants. If you're in an accident, you want to protect your skin as best you can."

CJ nodded again, pressing his lips together but failing to hide his smile.

“I’m serious, baby. Road rash is nothing to sneeze at—”

“I love you, Tank.”

His teeth snapped together with a loud clack, and he stared at CJ’s sweet, open face. He loved him? Despite feeling the same way, he suddenly felt like it was too fast. Like he was rushing CJ and there was still a chance he’d grow to resent Tank for blowing up his life and tossing him into the middle of a motorcycle club.

Before his thoughts could completely spiral out of control, CJ’s warm hand was back on his cheek. The gentle touch stilled his thoughts and his head, even though he hadn’t realized he’d been shaking it. Focusing on CJ’s eyes, he was surprised at how calm they were.

His boy loved him.

Goddamn, he was one lucky-ass bastard.

“I love you too, baby.”

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

CJ,

God, you're such a good boy. Thank you for describing all your sexy toys for me. I can't wait to see them in person and use them on you to drive you out of your mind with pleasure. That new vibrating plug you got that you can operate with an app on your phone? That is going to be a lot of fun, baby.

I can just picture us playing with it around other people. No one will know you have it in your ass, so you'll try and hold still and ride out the pleasure. But I'll change the speed and tempo over and over, keeping you off balance and on edge until you can't take it anymore. When you come, you'll moan so loud and dirty everyone around us will know you just came in your pants.

God damn, that has me so hard just thinking about all the ways to play with you. But I need you to do something for me right now as you read this. I want you to pretend I'm there, telling you what to do and you're doing it because you want to please me. You want me to have so much control over your body that I don't even have to touch you to get you off exactly how I want.

Here's what I want you to do:

You know the thong you have? Put it on for me, baby. I can't wait to see you in it—that string sitting between your cheeks, teasing at your hole. When you're hard, does your cock even fit in the front?

Look at yourself in the mirror for me. See how beautiful you are? Run your fingers over your body, nice and light, tease yourself for me. Make

sure you pay special attention to your sweet little nipples, rub and flick and twist them until they are aching in that way that makes you extra needy.

Feels so good, doesn't it?

Now it's time to lay down on your bed, baby. Grab the lube and the purple vibrating dildo you told me about, the one that's got a realistic head and veins but isn't too thick. You bought it because you wanted to finally feel full of cock, didn't you? But it's not too big, not big enough to intimidate you.

Not like my cock. I'm thick as fuck, baby. I'm going to have to prep you so much that first time or I'll tear your little hole up.

Are you on your bed? I bet you are since you're such a good boy.

Spread your thighs, baby. I know you've never done this before so you're nervous, but you only need to remember one thing: it's not your job to worry about doing or say the right thing. It's your job just to follow my instructions and be good.

Now plant your feet on the bed and open your thighs for me.

That's so good, baby. You feel how the air caresses your skin? It's amazing, right? You're so exposed but it's delicious, not scary.

Reach down and touch yourself—ah, ah, ah, not your cock. No cheating. Start with your thighs, run your fingers up the outside, now the inside, now the other leg. Nice and easy, no rush. We've got all day, baby. I bet your skin is so smooth on the inside of your thighs. I can't wait to feel it and taste it and leave bruises on it.

Okay, you've been so good and patient, you can move your hand down. Follow the edge of your thong back, back, back. Oh yeah, slip your fingers between your cheeks. That's it. Rub your thong over your hole a little, baby, nice and easy. Feels so good, doesn't it?

You need more though, don't you?

Suck your middle finger into your mouth, get it nice and wet. Okay, now pull that string out of the way. Pull your knees up to your chest—there you go, now you can reach more easily.

Take your wet finger and push against your hole, nice and easy. Oh fuck, your greedy ass is just sucking it in, isn't it? Pump it in and out. That's it, a little faster.

You still have your dildo, right, baby?

Suck it while you finger yourself. Imagine it's my cock and you're sucking on me while I play with your hole. I need to make sure my needy

boy is ready for me, after all.

That's good. Use your tongue and follow the veins. Mmmm, that's nice, baby. Take as much as you can into your mouth now and fuck your mouth with it.

You're so sexy.

Use the lube to get two fingers wet now and push them both in. There you go. I know it hurts a little, but you need to make yourself ready. Okay, pump them in and out, loosen the muscles. That's it.

You're ready. Give the tip of the dildo a kiss and then press it against your entrance. That's it—push the head in, it's not that big, it's okay.

You feel that? Imagine it's my cock working its way inside you. Imagine it feels hot and my hands are gripping your thighs so hard there will be bruises afterward.

Put some lube on the shaft and then push it in. All the way. Fuck, I bet you look so fucking pretty with your purple dildo buried inside you.

Twist the end, baby, turn on the vibration.

It's so good you can barely see straight anymore, isn't it? Fuck yourself with it, CJ. Start nice and slow but don't hold back. Rub the head against your prostate, turn the vibration up, fuck yourself faster.

That's it. You're so close. You're going to come in your pretty panties, aren't you? I want you to. Do it, baby. Come for me.

Tank

“*W*here’s CJ?” Six asked as Tank slipped into the booth across from him.

Sighing, Tank flagged down a passing server and ordered a beer and some nachos. “He should be back anytime now. He’s with Viper and Tay.” *Again*, though Tank didn’t add that last part out loud. “I think they went shopping in town.”

He didn’t really mind how much time CJ was spending with those two, but he missed them spending time together, just the two of them. After three weeks of CJ spreading his wings and learning to thrive in the club dynamic, Tank was beginning to feel like he had to make an appointment to see his own boyfriend.

It was amazing seeing CJ blossom though. His boy had spent every day for a week at Rebel Yell Studio, bringing one of his sketchpads with him every time after that first visit and talking art and design and whatever else they’d gotten up to. He knew his boy had been working up the nerve to ask Viper about apprenticing, worried she’d say no because she didn’t like his art.

But the Monday after CJ got his Property cut, Viper had sat him down and asked him if he wanted to learn to tattoo. Tank had thought his boy was going to explode with happiness. For some reason, CJ just hadn’t thought it would really happen until Viper had told him straight to his face that he was a skilled artist and she’d love to have him as an apprentice.

That night, Tank had been very happy to celebrate over and over again in their bedroom.

Luckily, Tank and the rest of the fundraiser planning committee hadn't needed CJ's help because he'd dived straight into his apprenticeship, spending long hours at the shop and hanging out with the other tattooers—and Tay—after hours a few days a week too. Tank knew CJ felt like he needed to learn as fast as he could so he could contribute more to his and Tank's house fund, but Tank wasn't worried. Viper was paying him to help out at the shop, so even though it wasn't a lot, it wasn't like CJ was completely dependent on Tank or anything.

Six grunted, taking another bite of his veggie burger and drawing Tank's attention back to him. The man only ever ate the one thing when they were at the bar, but at the clubhouse, he'd eat whatever was available or run into town to get takeout.

When Tank had asked about it, Six had admitted that he'd rather stay at the clubhouse and only eat there, but no one made a veg burger half as good as Vivian. So at least once a week, Six could be found haunting the back booth in the club's private room in the back of the bar, far away from the civilians in the front.

"How's the job going?" Six asked as he took a swig of his beer just as the server dropped off Tank's.

"It's strange but good. I don't think I've ever worked harder in my life," Tank said, leaning back against the plush back of the booth and picking at the label of his bottle. He'd started a few days ago at his new job. One of the other club members had mentioned the construction company he was a foreman for was looking for a couple of guys to join their demo crew about a week ago. Tank had been hesitant, thinking there was no way a legit business like that would hire someone with his record, but the owner had scoffed and said he didn't give a shit about the past. Only thing he cared about was how hard Tank would work.

And it was hard work, but it was also rewarding as hell. Tank's body hurt in ways he wasn't used to, but it felt good too. For the first time in his life, he was earning an honest-to-god paycheck. And the fact that his muscles were sore from breaking up cement or gutting a bathroom instead of working someone over for information helped him sleep a hell of a lot better at night too.

Plus, if he was frustrated because he hadn't had his dick inside his boy in three days and took it out on a house for eight hours straight? Well, no one had even looked at him twice.

After his plate of nachos arrived and he dug in, he thought about the conversation he'd been meaning to have with Six for the last week and hadn't found the right time. It always seemed like there were other people around, and there was no way he was going to ask Six about *actively* participating in CJ's exhibitionism fantasy—instead of passively on the other side of a door or two—while Tomas or Houston sat three feet away.

But at the moment, the only other members in the back room with them were sitting on the other side at the bar, shooting the shit and watching a game on the TV hanging on the wall.

Clearing his throat, he almost laughed at the way Six immediately paused from taking a bite to look at him. "I need to ask you something, but it might be weird, and I need you to know you can say no."

Six took his bite, chewing and swallowing before saying, "Weirder than me asking you about CJ calling you Daddy?"

Tank dipped his head in acknowledgement, popped a chip into his mouth, then wiped his fingers and mouth on his napkin. He planted his hands on the table and leaned forward. "So you know how I checked with you that you wouldn't be bothered by CJ and me being loud during sex sometimes?"

Chuckling, Six ate his last bite of burger and nodded, saying around his mouthful, "Not a conversation I'm gonna forget."

"Okay, well..." Tank paused, not sure how to explain things, then decided to just go for it. "Sometimes, CJ specifically initiates things when we know you're in your room or the bathroom." When Six's eyebrows shot up, Tank chuckled. "Like that morning when we were having sex right on the other side of the door when you were showering?"

Six chuckled lightly. "The morning after your welcome party?"

"Yup. Having only one door between us and you was really doing it for him." Tank smirked when Six shifted in his seat and took a long drink from his beer. "Exhibitionism is a kink we're exploring," he added bluntly, just to make sure Six understood where he was going with the conversation.

"CJ's exhibitionism or yours?"

Tank shrugged. "Both, I guess. Though we get different things out of it. I like knowing I get to have him when no one else does, and he likes feeling sexy and desirable. And he likes knowing you or whoever know he's getting fucked to within an inch of his life."

Six laughed again and shook his head. “Definitely sounds that way sometimes.”

Tank held his gaze for a long moment, then laid his cards on the table. “You want to see it sometime?”

At first, Six didn’t react—at all. He stared at Tank, his mismatched eyes hard and assessing, and then he gave a small nod. “I’d be okay with that.”

Tank grinned. “Just okay?”

Rolling his eyes, Six raised his empty beer bottle to the server covering their room. “More than okay, alright? CJ’s... he’s attractive, sure, but it’s more than that, you know?”

“I know,” Tank said softly. He didn’t think CJ realized just how special he was. Not many people could have been dropped into the middle of a motorcycle club and begun to thrive. CJ went out of his way to be kind and encouraging to all the members, working hard to get to know everyone personally.

Hell, he knew some of the guys better than Tank did. With about thirty members, they weren’t a huge club, but Tank had always felt like more of a loner than a team player and tended to stick to himself or with a couple of close friends.

Though working with Houston and Marv and a couple of others on the ride was turning out to not be as awful as he’d expected.

“I gotta find me one of those,” Six murmured, eyes drifting past Tank.

Turning, he wasn’t surprised to find Viper and CJ making their way over to their booth. He and Six slid over to make room as the laughing pair slid in with them. CJ’s pale cheeks were flushed as he leaned into Tank and tucked a shopping bag into the space on the other side of him.

“Hey,” he greeted, smiling up at Tank.

Unable to resist that upturned face, Tank leaned down and pressed a lingering kiss to his sweet mouth. “Hi, baby,” he murmured against his lips.

“Ugh, they’re too cute together,” Viper muttered. “Doesn’t it make you kind of sick?”

“Sick? No,” Six replied, accepting a fresh beer from the server, who took drink orders from Viper and CJ before disappearing. When Tank shot him a grin, Six smirked.

“Uh-oh. What was that? Should I be worried about you two being in cahoots?” CJ asked, leaning into Tank’s side and stealing a chip off his plate.

“Hey! Those are mine. I thought you were getting food while you were out?” Tank said, sliding his plate away.

“We did,” Viper said, laughing. “He’s just a bottomless pit apparently.”

“Where’s Tay?” Six asked as Tank fended off CJ, placing a protective arm over his plate.

“Waiting outside for Cyn,” CJ said, giving up on stealing chips and flopping back into his seat with a huff. “She was coming with Houston after some family thing they had.”

Tank figured Tay was probably the bravest person he knew, dating the baby sister of the club’s VP. Houston seemed pretty chill, but Tank had known guys like him before—they seemed so laid-back and easygoing, but when their switches got flipped, they turned deadly in a second.

Cyn, or Cynthia as Houston and their mom called her, was also the club’s lawyer. Tank had met her a couple of times in the last few weeks as she’d popped in and out to talk to Tomas or Houston. She and Tay had actually been together over a year apparently. Tank had heard they’d met right after Tay had started working in the shop for Viper.

Tay had told him it had been “love at first sight,” but Viper had told him the two had fought like crazy when they first met.

Either way, they were over the moon in love now.

A few minutes later, Houston, Cyn, Tay, Knuckles, Knuckles’s latest woman, and Tomas all strolled into the back room. Not long after that, another group of four guys came in, laughing at something and hollering greetings to the two guys at the bar.

Despite having a fully stocked bar in the clubhouse, Tank had found a lot of the members chose to hang out at the bar. He suspected it was so they had someone to clean up after them—whereas at the clubhouse, Tomas cracked the whip if people left shit sitting around. There were usually hang-arounds to serve drinks and whatnot, but Tomas wouldn’t let them be treated like how a lot of clubs would. Like how Tank’s old club treated their hang-arounds.

Like free labor who were only good for sucking dick and keeping the clubhouse from being a disgusting pit.

Within an hour, Tank was done with how loud the back room had become, but he didn’t want to go to bed by himself for the second night in a row, and CJ was chatting animatedly with Tay, Cyn, and Viper about a guy who’d come into the shop that afternoon. Sighing, he noticed the bag CJ

had stashed was still sitting next to him, unopened. He didn't recognize the name of the store, *Monique's*, on the side of the plain black bag.

Picking it up, he started to open it but didn't see anything except silver tissue paper before CJ was half on top of him, grabbing at it.

"Don't! It's a surprise," CJ singsonged, folding over the top of the paper bag twice, then turning a silly grin on Tank.

"A surprise for me?"

"Mmmhmmmmmm."

Tank raised his brows and looked at the empty beer bottles on the table. "Baby, how many drinks have you had?"

When CJ just scrunched up his face and stared at the bottles, Viper started cackling and said, "Only two. He's a lightweight though."

"It's true," CJ said seriously, then started laughing as he snuggled in close and nuzzled at Tank's neck. "Your beard is so scratchy."

Tank grunted as his dick started taking interest already, eager for some attention after three days of not connecting with CJ due to weird schedules and exhaustion. "You seem to like it when I go down on you."

"Tank!" CJ jerked his head free to stare at him, but he couldn't hold his scandalized face. With a smirk and a flirty look across the table at a silent Six, he said, "I really do."

As a small smile grew on Six's face, Tank leaned in and whispered, "So is that surprise in there just for me? Or for Six too?"

CJ sucked in a breath, turning quickly to look at Tank and studying his face. "Did you..."

"Right before you got here."

"And he said yes?"

"I said yes," Six said, leaning forward so they could hear his lowered tone while the rest of the booth was cackling at something Viper had said.

CJ looked down at the bag he was still clutching. When he raised his head again, he was smiling sweetly, but his eyes were nearly glowing with excitement and desire. "It's for both of you then. Can we go home now?"

"You okay in there?" Tank called toward the bathroom, grinning at Six when there was a thump behind the closed door, and CJ yelled back, "Just a

minute!”

Tank shook his head, smiling fondly, and leaned back on his hands on the bed. He’d taken off his shirt and boots when they’d arrived in the room, but he was still wearing his jeans.

They’d chatted briefly before CJ had slipped into the bathroom and had all been in agreement that CJ would set the pace. But he and CJ had also already talked before about certain things, so Tank knew where his boy’s hard and soft limits were.

They’d both agreed touching was an absolute no, but Six talking to CJ or complimenting his body were things he might want to explore in the future but not this first time. And they were both fine with Six jerking off while he watched—CJ being *more than* fine with the idea of Six being so turned on he couldn’t resist whipping out his dick.

Six had rolled his computer chair in from his bedroom and was sitting comfortably on the other side of the room, one ankle propped up on the opposite knee. While they’d been waiting on CJ, Tank had gone over the rules and boundaries one more time. Unsurprisingly, Six had been on board with it all, nodding along with everything Tank had said.

Just as he was trying to decide if he should make small talk or if that would make things awkward, the door to the bathroom slowly swung open.

CJ stood in the doorway, the light haloing him making him look almost ethereal.

The fact that he was only wearing Tank’s leather jacket spoke to his boy’s more devilish side though.

The leather reached about mid-thigh, and CJ was holding it closed around his torso, striking a bit of a pose with one knee bent and turned in front of the other to give off an innocent vibe. His chin tucked down as he looked up at them through his lashes.

Tank was fucking *enamored*.

“You’re so sexy, baby,” he murmured, shifting on the bed as his dick began to harden in his jeans. He had a feeling he knew what CJ’s surprise was and that it was hiding underneath Tank’s jacket.

“Thank you, Daddy,” CJ said sweetly, really playing it up for Six, even though he didn’t even look in his direction as he stepped farther into the room. “Are you ready for your gift?”

Licking his lips, he nodded. “Ready.”

CJ's eyes flicked to where Six was sitting, and his lips curled up a little higher, but he didn't address him, so Six didn't say anything either. In the near future, when CJ was a little more comfortable, Tank was sure he'd initiate conversation, which would be the signal for Six that it was okay for him to talk as he watched.

So, so slowly, CJ began to part the sides of the jacket.

As soon as the two sides separated, Tank groaned. Pink had become his favorite color, and his boy knew it. Stretched across his groin and hips were ruffly pink panties. They covered so much of CJ's front, Tank expected them to cover most of his cheeks.

But then he turned, and Tank about swallowed his tongue. The back was made of a kind of sheer mesh, so his pale skin was clearly visible through it.

The best part, though, was the large, diamond-shaped hole in the middle of the back, providing easy access to his boy's little hole. Fucking perfection.

"Fuck, baby. Those are so pretty on you. Come closer so I can see better." Tank sat up straight on the bed and reached down to rearrange his dick so it wasn't getting pinched in his jeans.

CJ let the jacket fall to the ground at his feet before practically skipping over to the bed, stopping between Tank's knees. Tank carefully ran his callused fingers over the layers of soft ruffles covering the front, the material so soft he groaned. Glancing up, he saw CJ was biting on his plump lip, eyes lit with excitement.

"Turn around," he rasped.

With a bitten-off moan, CJ spun, putting his sexy ass right in Tank's face.

Which was an invitation if he ever saw one.

Leaning forward, he rubbed his beard over the exposed skin right in the middle. His hands shot out and grabbed CJ's thighs when he gasped and wobbled. "Easy," he murmured, nuzzling between his globes as best he could and smirking at the shudder he felt in CJ's body.

"I know the perfect accessory for these sexy panties," he said against CJ's skin, then leaned over and pulled open the bedside drawer.

CJ made a noise just as Tank's fingers curled around the toy he wanted, so he paused to look back at him to see if CJ wanted him to stop. But his boy wasn't even looking at him, his eyes fixed on where Six was rubbing

his obvious erection through his jeans. Chuckling, Tank snagged what he wanted and closed the drawer.

He left the items on the bed next to his thigh and used both hands to grip the back of CJ's thighs, rubbing up and down a few times, then settling with his hands just under his cheeks and sneaking his thumbs up under the mesh.

"Bend over, baby."

CJ moaned as he immediately lowered his top half until his chest was almost parallel with the ground.

Tank tsked. "Farther. Grab your ankles."

"Yes, Daddy," CJ whispered, bending the rest of the way and wrapping his fingers around the bottom of his legs. A hard shudder worked through his body as Tank blew air across the hole he could just barely see.

Humming, Tank leaned forward and licked at the furled hole peeking out at him. CJ groaned and trembled as Tank grabbed his cheeks and spread him farther, lapping at him and then wiggling the tip of his tongue against his opening. As he breached his boy's body, CJ cried out and pushed his ass back into Tank's face more, silently begging for Tank to fuck him with his tongue.

"So greedy," Tank murmured, making sure to rub his beard against CJ's sensitive hole before pulling away. He was rewarded with a shiver and a soft moan. "Don't move, baby."

Quickly, he grabbed the long, slender butt plug he'd picked, covered it with a little lube, then pressed the tip to CJ's loosened hole. Just as CJ gasped in surprise, Tank pushed it in all the way to the flared base. He gave the end a little wiggle just because he could and to hear the choked-off sound CJ would give, then dug his phone out of his pocket.

Once he opened the app for the plug, he picked the settings he wanted and pressed the button that said *On*.

"Agh!" CJ yelled, his whole body jerking.

Setting aside his phone, Tank gave one of CJ's cheeks a quick nip before tapping the outside of his thighs. "Okay. Stand up."

More gracefully than Tank would ever be able to be, CJ lifted his torso, groaning the entire time. Tank didn't want him to find his equilibrium, though, and grabbed his hips, jerking him backward until he was sprawled on Tank's lap. He arranged his long legs so they were spread over Tank's, leaving him nice and open for Tank to play with.

And for Six's view.

"Daddy," CJ murmured, squirming against him and arching his back. One of his hands flew back to grip at the back of Tank's neck as Tank slipped his fingers into the front of CJ's underwear.

Running the tips of his fingers lightly over the hot skin of CJ's cock, he buried his face in CJ's neck, licking and nibbling at all the sensitive spots he'd spent weeks finding. Every time his fingers rubbed over the wet head of CJ's dick, he collected more precome, working it down his shaft. The panties were a little too tight for Tank to get his whole hand inside and really stroke, but that was okay.

He had other plans for making his boy come.

He spent a few minutes just playing with CJ's cock a bit and absorbing the trembles and jerks of his body whenever the vibration in the plug changed speed or rhythm. Using his other hand, he caressed down CJ's soft thigh to his knee, grabbed the back of it, and lifted so his ass was spread even wider and more visible to Six.

CJ cried out, his fingers digging into Tank's skin, as Tank slipped his hand free of his underwear and reached down to wiggle the end of the plug a few times.

"Daddy, please," CJ begged, panting against the side of Tank's neck.

"You think you deserve to come already?"

CJ could only groan as Tank tapped repeatedly at the toy, making it dance over CJ's prostate.

"I think you should earn it first, don't you?" He smirked at the way CJ nodded fast and loose immediately. "Mmm, good boy." He stopped playing with the plug and lowered CJ's leg. "Get on your knees, baby."

The cute little hiccupping gasp was adorable, like CJ hadn't known the order was coming. When they'd talked about what they wanted to happen in front of Six, CJ had wanted to leave penetrative sex off the table the first few times, so they'd agreed on CJ sucking him off. Of course, the panties had been a fun addition, as had the vibrator, but Tank had been inspired by that easy-access hole in the back of the mesh.

CJ's legs were a little wobbly as he got into position, but his smile was full of adoration and excitement once he was ready, perfectly situated between Tank's thighs.

Well, almost perfectly.

“Spread your thighs, baby. Give Six a nice view of that plug in your hungry hole,” he said as he started undoing his pants.

CJ licked his lips and held Tank’s eyes as he slowly slid his knees farther apart, braced himself on Tank’s thighs, and arched his back. The sound of two zippers lowering over the gentle hum of CJ’s vibrator was weirdly loud, and Tank watched his boy carefully for signs he wasn’t okay. If anything, CJ’s cheeks flushed slightly darker and his pupils dilated farther as his hips wiggled just a little.

“So pretty,” he groaned, taking his cock out and give himself a few strokes just to tease CJ. He was so hard he knew he’d struggle not to blow his load the second CJ wrapped his lips around him. He was a little surprised at how hot he found having a silent observer. While he was prepared to enjoy the hell out of a blowjob from his boy, he hadn’t thought he’d get much more out of having Six in the room with them than having him listen from another room.

But feeling his mismatched eyes on them as CJ leaned a little closer and opened his mouth, a dollop of precome slid down his dark red shaft to his fingers at the base. Whimpering, CJ fidgeted and extended his tongue but knew to wait for Tank to feed him his cock.

“Such a good boy,” he murmured as he slapped his pierced head against CJ’s waiting tongue a few times, then sank his fingers into the hair at the back of his head. He used his hold to move CJ’s head forward, his other hand holding his dick steady as it slowly disappeared into his mouth.

He stopped about halfway since his boy still struggled with taking any more than that and groaned roughly as CJ’s lips closed around him and sucked. Keeping his grip in CJ’s hair, he started using his boy’s mouth just how he liked it: a little rough and a lot messy. He was always careful not to hit his piercing against CJ’s bottom teeth, but otherwise, he took his pleasure from CJ’s pliant lips and tongue, moving his head back and forth at the perfect speed.

CJ was moaning loudly as he struggled to keep up with the pace, his hips and ass flexing like he was humping the air. Reaching over blindly, he found his phone and quickly adjusted the vibrator, cranking up the intensity as high as it would go.

CJ screamed around his mouthful of cock as his body jerked and twitched, nails digging into Tank’s thighs, and eyes squeezed shut. When he

started coming down from his orgasm, Tank turned off the vibration and pulled CJ off his cock.

“Open wide,” Tank growled, fist already moving in a blur over his rigid shaft.

Smiling with slightly swollen lips, CJ kept his eyes shut and opened his mouth, tongue extended, waiting patiently for his hard-earned prize.

Grunting and hunching over, Tank kept his cock pointed at his boy’s eager mouth as he started to shoot. His thick come hit his tongue, then caught his upper lip, and Tank groaned as he shifted, painting more on one of CJ’s cheeks.

He wiped his tip on the end of CJ’s tongue, their signal that it was okay for CJ to swallow—but it also helped make sure he didn’t miss a single drop.

Fuck, he looked gorgeous with come striping his face. Tank wanted to do it again and again, covering even more of his body with the sticky substance.

A muffled grunt reminded him they weren’t alone, and he wondered if that was why he’d felt the urge to mark CJ instead of just shooting on his tongue like he usually did.

CJ was carefully using his fingers to clean the come from his face, then licking them clean, not seeming to have noticed Six orgasming right behind him. Tank glanced up and had to fight not to smirk at the white splotches on the man’s black T-shirt. He was panting quietly, chest moving rapidly as he tucked his cock back into his pants.

When he met Tank’s eyes, his gaze was softer than Tank had ever seen it, but there was something else there too. A desperation in the stark lines of his face and a frown on his lips. Tank couldn’t help but worry they’d pushed him too far, but before he could figure out how to ask without ruining CJ’s afterglow, Six silently stood. He nodded at Tank, shot a small, tight smile at where CJ was nuzzling lazily into Tank’s groin, and then strode into the bathroom.

The door closing with a soft click finally seemed to penetrate because CJ stopped lapping at Tank’s softening cock to twist around. “Six left?”

His voice was raw, and Tank was glad he’d grabbed a bottle of water on their way through the clubhouse earlier. He snagged it from off the bedside table, took off the lid, and carefully offered it to CJ. CJ didn’t bother trying

to take the bottle, simply tipping his head back a little and letting Tank take care of him. Once he'd drank about a third, Tank set it aside.

"Yeah. I don't think he wanted to intrude on this part," Tank murmured as he pushed some of CJ's sweaty hair out of his face and caressed his flushed cheeks.

CJ hummed happily, eyes falling closed at the gentle touch. "He liked it though?"

Tank chuckled softly. "Definitely."

"Good." CJ scooted closer and threw his arms around Tank's waist, resting against him with a sigh. "Thank you, Daddy."

"You're welcome, baby."

OceanofPDF.com

INTERLUDE

Tank,

Did I tell you that my new pink panties are my favorite? They're lacy, but the front part that covers my dick has this satiny lining on the inside so they feel really good while I'm wearing them—even if I get hard.

Which, not going to lie, happens a lot nowadays. Especially when I wear the underwear you bought me. They make me feel... closer to you in a way. When I turn or move a certain way and I suddenly become aware of them, it's like you're touching me almost.

Not as good as if you really were, but the best I have right now.

I bet you'd love them. They make my butt look so good. I keep going back and forth on sending you a picture, so I'll leave it up to you. Do you want to see me in your gift?

CJ

CJ,

You're such a tease, but I adore it.

I want nothing more than to be next to you, touching you and kissing you and just being able to look at you whenever I feel like it. It won't be too much longer, I promise. Once I'm out of here, we'll figure out the rest of our lives. If you want to travel, we'll do it. You want to go back to school? I'll

help you pay for it and be your study buddy. Want a big house with a pool and a dog and a giant king-sized bed?

Well, I might have to rob a bank to get you that, but I'd do it.

I just want you to be happy, baby.

And god yes, I want to see you in your pretty pink panties more than I want my next breath. I know you're a little worried, but I promise not to let anyone else see.

Tank

Tank,

As you can see, I included something special along with the picture. I can't believe I'm sending you my underwear, but... God, you make me feel reckless and free and safe all at the same time.

I want you to imagine they're still warm from my skin because I just took them off. Because that's how they were when I dropped them inside the envelope.

Hopefully, someday, you'll bring them back to me in person.

Until then, I want you to feel them and look at the picture of me wearing them and know that I'm here and I'm waiting. You have someone waiting for you when you get out, and I don't need to travel the world or have a house with a pool.

I just need you.

CJ

“CJ, I gotta get going. I’m running the registration table,” Tank called to him from their bedroom.

Trying to hurry, CJ rinsed the suds from his body. “Okay! I’ll be there in a few minutes!”

He would have already been ready to head over to the bar to help set things up for the fundraiser, except he’d refused to spend all day with come dripping out of his ass and had been forced to shower for a second time that morning. Grinning as he shut off the water and stepped out, he couldn’t actually be upset. He loved how Tank couldn’t keep his hands off him.

Six weeks of sex with Tank, and sharing the same space, and finding his place in Tank’s club, and CJ knew—without a shadow of a doubt—that he was going to spend the rest of his life with Tank. He was it for him. The club had taken him in and begun to feel like family—only better, because they’d chosen to love CJ. They wouldn’t just change their minds and cut him out of their lives.

A couple of weeks ago, he’d texted his parents to let them know he’d moved. When two days went by without either responding, he’d crawled into Tank’s lap and cried for twenty minutes against his chest. Afterward, he’d dried his eyes and made the decision not to try to reach out to them anymore. Tank had been supportive, telling him he’d stand behind whatever CJ wanted to do, but CJ had been sure.

The choice hadn’t even been hard. Not now that he had Tank and Viper and Six and Knuckles and Tay and all the rest of the club. They were his family, the ones he could count on no matter what, and his biological family could fuck right off.

He giggled to himself as he pulled on his jeans. After six weeks, he was starting to talk like Tank and the others too. The first time he'd told Viper to fuck off while he was struggling to put a tattoo machine together at the shop as she heckled him, he'd thought she was going to faint.

Pulling on his Rebel Yell Studio T-shirt, he checked his hair in the mirror to make sure it wasn't doing anything crazy, pulled on his sneakers, and grabbed his vest. He nearly bumped into Six coming around the corner at the top of the stairs he was in such a rush.

"Sorry, I'm late for—are you okay?" CJ ground to a stop, looking more closely at Six's appearance. It was eight thirty in the morning, but it looked like Six had been up all night—the stubble on his jaw was extra thick, there were dark circles beneath his gorgeous eyes, and his clothes were covered in the kind of dust that came from riding down dirt roads on a motorcycle.

"Yeah, just tired," he grunted, moving past CJ.

"Were you out all night?" CJ followed him to his door, worry scratching at the back of his neck. Then he realized what must have happened and laughed lightly. "Did you have a sleepover with someone? Who are they? Are you going to see them again?"

Six snorted. "Goodbye, CJ. Go help Viper—I think she was looking for you."

"Shoot," CJ said, looking out a nearby window that faced the bar, but it was too far to see much of anything. Of course, Six took the opportunity to shut his door in CJ's face. "Hey! Not cool."

Giving up for the moment on getting answers, he turned and hurried down the steps, sprinting through the empty common area downstairs. He thought he was alone until someone started laughing over in the corner where the couches and recliners were set up around TVs and game consoles.

Stumbling to a stop, he turned to glare at Knuckles, who was kicked back so far in a chair he was basically flat on his back. "What are you doing over there?"

"Trying to take a nap, but someone was making so much noise thundering through here—"

"*Thundering?*" He wasn't a herd of elephants, thank you. Then he realized what Knuckles had said and narrowed his eyes as he approached. "Were you up all night too?"

“I mean... not all night,” Knuckles said, eyes closed and arms crossed over his chest. He was in clothes that looked just as dirty as Six’s had. Which begged two questions. First, had they been together during the late-night shenanigans? And second...

“Why are you sitting there in your filthy clothes?”

“CJ, I’m tired,” he whined. “Just let me sleep so I can be a little more awake when I need to do a shit-ton of tattoos in a couple hours.”

CJ huffed and slapped his hands on his hips. “You and Six are keeping secrets, and I don’t like it.”

“Take it up with Tomas,” he muttered, turning a little away from CJ.

Tomas?

Rolling his eyes, CJ spun around and stomped toward the door. “Change your clothes, you heathen. Other people sit on that furniture.”

“I saw what you and Tank were getting up to on the couch last weekend before sneaking upstairs,” he grumbled with a scoff.

CJ was laughing as he pushed out the door, not even a little embarrassed at Knuckles’s accusation. He and Tank hadn’t done anything too scandalous before going up to their room. Well... Tank’s hand might have ended up down the back of CJ’s pants while he straddled his thighs and gave him a sloppy lap dance—but neither of their dicks were out, and they hadn’t gotten anything on the couch.

Shuddering as he approached the gate to the compound, he tried not to remember how hot it had been when Tank had pressed the tip of his finger inside CJ’s hole. He’d moaned so loudly everyone nearby had to have known.

Which of course had just made it hotter.

The sound of engines grew louder as CJ neared the bar, and he was surprised by the size of the crowd already gathered, with more bikers pulling into the parking lot by the minute. The registration area was right in front of the bar, and Tank, Marv, and Houston were all standing behind the tables.

Across the way, Viper was setting up a table in front of the shop’s doors too so people could check out the flash sheets specially made for the event while they waited to get tattooed. All of the designs were ones that could be done fairly quickly, had minimal color, and were a flat fifty bucks. Viper, Knuckles, and Georgia—another tattooer in the shop—were all

participating in the fundraiser, despite Georgia grumbling about *preferring* to do custom work nonstop for the last week.

With CJ helping to clean between clients, Viper was hopeful they could bust out even more tattoos than the previous year and raise more money for the domestic violence shelter all the proceeds went to.

When she saw him in front of the bar, she waved, then pointed at the shop to let him know she'd be inside. He threw her a thumbs-up but wanted to stop and talk to Tank and Houston first.

"Wow, this is quite a crowd already," he said, sidling up next to Tank and peering at the sign-up sheet.

"Yeah," Tank said, sounding pleased with himself.

God, he was adorable.

After handing off paperwork to the guy across from him, Tank turned to smile at him. "I figured you'd go straight to the shop."

"Did you know Six and Knuckles are keeping secrets?" he blurted out, watching Houston's reaction where he was standing right next to Tank. Other than a slight pause in his movements, the big VP didn't visibly react.

"What do you mean?" Tank asked, frowning.

"I mean, they were both just getting to the clubhouse when I was coming down here, and they were covered in dirt. Knuckles said he'd been out most of the night and then implied Tomas was the reason he couldn't tell me what was going on." He leaned around Tank, looking right at Houston. "Is it club business? Why wouldn't he just say that?"

Tank huffed. "Because it's probably the same 'club business' they've been hiding from me since I patched over."

"You don't think Tank is trustworthy yet?" CJ demanded, outraged on his man's behalf. "Even after everything he's done for this fundraiser? Even after he helped you move your mom's new couch into her house? Even after ___"

"Settle down," Tomas's deep voice said behind him, and CJ whipped around, ready to argue Tank's case with him too. "As much as I like you, you don't get a say in official club business, CJ."

Crossing his arms and dropping his eyes, he tried to ignore that his ears were burning. He knew that he wasn't a member and didn't get to know everything. He'd never tried to attend Church with Tank or ask him about what had happened during the meetings. If he said he had to run an errand for the club, CJ never asked questions.

He respected the rules, damn it. But why were they still not sharing things with Tank? Hadn't he proved himself the last six weeks?

"It's okay, baby," Tank murmured in his ear and kissed his cheek. "Once I'm off probation, I'm sure Tomas will tell me."

"Stupid *probation*," CJ spat, "like you broke some rule and need to be held to a different standard."

"CJ..." Tank said, sounding more amused than annoyed.

Sighing, he flipped around and stretched up to wrap his arms around Tank's shoulders, offering his mouth for a kiss. He wasn't disappointed. After a few people started clapping and wolf whistling, Tank raised his head and smiled down at him.

"I love you," CJ murmured, his chest warming at the way Tank's eyes still lit with momentary surprise when he said those words. He wondered if Tank would ever get used to it but was prepared to tell him every day for the rest of his life just in case he needed convincing.

"I love you too." Tank pressed another quick kiss to his mouth, then slapped his ass. "Now, go on. Get."

Riding behind Tank on an actual club run, surrounded by over a hundred other bikes, was an amazing experience. It was two hours of vibration and freedom and being pressed against Tank's back. The absolutely perfect way to spend a Saturday morning.

Once they returned to the Devil's Garrote, all the bikes parked in a line on the side of the road, they descended on the parking lot where three different food trucks were spaced out and tons of tables and chairs were set up. People who hadn't gone on the ride were already starting to eat, and there was a gaggle of kids shrieking as they played in the bounce houses set up off to the side.

And there were a few people already moseying over to Rebel Yell, where Knuckles was pointing out designs on the sheets, having not gone on the ride.

CJ gave Tank a quick kiss, whispered how proud he was, and then took off after Viper, who'd parked her bike behind the shop and was already inside with Georgia getting ready. CJ took over for Knuckles out front,

greeting people and ushering them in once they picked out what they were getting tattooed.

He spent hours running back and forth to the table outside and the stalls inside, helping to disinfect things so the clients could be moved through faster. Tay showed up around two and had jumped in to help when they saw how long the line outside the shop was.

At one point, Tank brought him a plateful of food—tacos, his favorite, because of course Tank would be so dang thoughtful—and told the others to remember to take a break.

The event was technically over at five, with the raffles being drawn, but people were able to pay an additional fee and be invited to the “after-party” on the clubhouse grounds. It had been Tank’s idea when he’d realized most of the public had never been past the gates and might be interested in getting a peek at the club’s private space.

He was so right.

By the time Viper called it for the day, around eight, they’d done over a hundred tattoos, raising over twenty-five hundred dollars for the shelter. Georgia had taken off with a wave, about six hundred dollars in her pocket, and an actual smile on her face.

He, Viper, Tay, and Knuckles locked up and headed to the clubhouse, excited to add their contribution to the day’s haul. When they passed through the gates and saw the crowd around the bonfire, local band rocking out on a raised platform, CJ’s mouth dropped open.

“That’s... a lot of people,” he murmured, looking over at the others. “Right? That’s not just patch holders and hang-arounds, right?”

“No way,” Knuckles said. “There’s gotta be, like... fifty extra people?”

CJ gripped Tay’s arm excitedly as they grinned at each other in amazement.

“Wasn’t the fee a hundred bucks?” Viper asked, eyebrows raised.

“Yes!” CJ squealed and started hurrying across the parking lot, dodging people who were just hanging out, Solo cups in their hands.

He found Tank near the fire, sitting on a low bench across from Six and Marv. His face was so serious as he stared at Marv, listening carefully to what he was saying, and CJ almost felt bad for interrupting.

Almost.

“Oh my god, Tank!” He threw himself into Tank’s lap, laughing wildly when he grunted and rocked backward, arms coming up to support him.

“Look at all these people!”

Marv chuckled loudly behind him. “It’s amazing, right? I was just telling Tank how he was now a permanent member of the planning committee. He has no choice—he’s too good at it.”

Even in the fading evening light and with the bonfire behind him, CJ could see that Tank’s cheeks were a bit red above his beard.

“He’s amazing,” CJ murmured, cupping Tank’s jaw and pressing their foreheads together. “I’m so proud of you, Daddy.”

Tank tipped his chin up, sealing their mouths together gently, but CJ was too wound up for gentle. He nipped at Tank’s bottom lip and sank his tongue in when he hissed. Tank tasted like beer and salt and forever.

It wasn’t very long before Tank took control, growling into CJ’s mouth and gripping his hair to tilt his head farther. Whimpering, CJ wiggled to try and get closer, wrapping his arms around Tank’s shoulders and legs around his waist.

“Seriously? Do those two ever fucking quit?” a voice griped behind them, but CJ ignored them. They were all just jealous at how much he and Tank loved each other.

“Oof.” He pulled his mouth off Tank’s as Tank stood and started striding toward the front door of the clubhouse, hands on CJ’s backside to support him. Chuckling, he tightened his arms and legs as he peered down at the ground. “What are you doing?”

“Taking my boy inside to celebrate so none of the civilians call the cops for indecent exposure.”

CJ threw back his head and laughed.

The prospect at the clubhouse door, whose job it was to prevent anyone who wasn’t allowed inside from entering, opened the door for Tank with a smirk. Tomas and Houston were sitting in a booth tucked off to the side, talking in low voices. They stopped when they noticed Tank moving through the room.

“Good work today,” Tomas called, grinning at them.

“Turned out alright,” Tank said, pausing parallel to their booth but not moving over to them.

“Alright? The after-party alone made like five grand, right?” CJ butted in, wanting to make sure everyone knew how brilliant his man was.

“Minus some expenses,” Houston said with a grin, “but yeah. That was a great idea, man.”

“Thanks,” Tank said, smiling. “I’m glad we raised a lot of money for the shelter.”

Something flickered over Houston’s face, but then he smiled and nodded. “Us too.”

There was an awkward moment where it was obvious they were all thinking about the secret the others were keeping from Tank, and then Tomas cleared his throat and raised his brows.

“Well, don’t let us keep you.”

“Yeah, okay,” Tank said slowly, staring at the two of them and the folders on the table between them. Finally, he nodded and started moving again.

They were a bit more subdued by the time they got to their bedroom, the noise of the party coming up through their cracked window. Instead of lowering CJ to his feet like he thought he would, Tank simply sat on the edge of their bed so CJ was in his lap once more.

He stared into Tank’s dark eyes, rubbing his fingers over his bristly beard. “I really am proud of you,” he said softly.

Tank’s smile was gentle as he turned his head to kiss CJ’s fingers. “Thank you, baby. I’m proud of you too.”

CJ laughed. “What did I do? You were the one who helped plan this amazing event and raised all this money.”

“You astound me every day, CJ. With how talented an artist you are, and how sweet you are, and how much you care about this annoying group of rough bikers.”

That made him smile. “Despite the secret keeping, they’re a pretty lovable group.”

Tank hummed, leaning in to rub his lips against a fading bruise on CJ’s throat. “You’re the lovable one.”

“Sweet talker.” CJ tipped his head to the side to give him more access, sucking in a breath when Tank latched onto a spot and worried it between his teeth, no doubt creating another brilliant hickey. “Tank...”

“I’ve been meaning to ask you something,” Tank murmured, brushing his beard against the sensitive skin he’d been sucking on.

Breath hitching, CJ rasped out, “Oh yeah?”

“Well, two things actually.”

“Okay.” He waited, enjoying the way Tank gently licked and nibbled at his throat, not seeming to be in any kind of rush now that they were actually

in the privacy of their room.

“First, how do you feel about taking a trip with me?”

“Where to?”

“Louisiana.”

CJ pulled back a little, trying to focus a little harder on what Tank was asking him. “Why would we need to go there?”

Tank chuckled. “I did leave a few things behind.”

Oh. Right. Tank had mentioned a few times about his books and more clothing still being in storage but had never said anything about going and *getting* those things. “If you want to go, I’ll go with you. Of course.”

Nodding, Tank seemed to hesitate, studying CJ’s face. Finally, he raised a hand to grip the side of CJ’s neck, the firm hold shooting a thrill down his spine. Deep voice rumbling into CJ’s belly, he said, “How long do I have to wait to ask you to marry me, baby?”

The world froze for a second, a loud buzzing filling his ears as he stared into Tank’s searching eyes. “What?” he croaked out.

“I love you, CJ. That’s never going to change. So whenever you’re ready, I want to put a ring on your finger. That way, you’ll know that our family is forever.” He didn’t realize he was crying until Tank’s brows furrowed, and he gently swiped at the wetness. “Baby? Do you... not want to get married someday?”

He forced himself to speak through the enormous lump in his throat, worried Tank would take back what he’d said. “I do. I do want to marry you.”

“Someday in the future?”

He shook his head, gripping Tank’s cheeks so hard his face squished. “No, someday soon. Very soon. Like, as soon as you want.”

Tank’s eyes lit up. “Yeah?” he asked, voice muffled from the way CJ still held his cheeks.

Laughing, CJ relaxed his grip. “Yeah. Definitely. For sure.”

Tank chuckled and kissed him softly. “Good, because I, yeah, definitely, for sure wanna marry you too.”

Dissolving into giggles and throwing himself forward into Tank’s body, he felt like he was full of helium and champagne bubbles. “Best. Pen pal. Ever.”

EPILOGUE

“*F*uck yes. Harder, Daddy,” CJ cried, digging his nails into Tank’s wide shoulders and his heels into Tank’s thrusting ass. Waking up to Tank’s thick cock nudging at his ass was his favorite way to start his day. After long minutes of kissing and touching, and then even more time spent slowly fingering him open, CJ had been near the edge by the time Tank had rolled on top of him and pushed inside. “I’m so close.”

Tank hummed but didn’t change his pace at all, seemingly still half-asleep as he thrust into CJ deeply but slowly, eyes half-lidded as he stared down at him.

Whining, CJ tipped his head back and worked his hips, trying to get Tank to fuck him harder and make him come.

Tank ignored him, maintaining his speed and tucking his face into CJ’s neck. The sweet gesture softened the edges of CJ’s need, and he wrapped his arms around Tank, holding him tightly.

It was a long time before he finally came, his cock spurting suddenly between them as he clung to Tank’s wide back. Not long afterward, Tank grunted into CJ’s throat and stilled as wet heat filled him.

He expected Tank to roll away as they caught their breath, maybe even grab a towel to clean up with. Instead, Tank murmured something into CJ’s skin and relaxed against him, his heavy breathing evening out to unmistakable slumber within a few minutes.

Which... okay, but they had plans for the day. Tank hadn’t even bothered to pull his cock out of CJ’s ass before going back to sleep.

Shaking his head, CJ squirmed into a more comfortable position and then settled in for a snooze of his own.

When he woke again, the shower was running, and Tank was missing. He'd only gotten so far as to sit on the edge of the bed before the door to the bathroom opened, and Tank stepped in, toweling his hair, the rest of his body wonderfully bare.

"Hey, sleepyhead. If you don't hurry, we're going to be late."

CJ glared at him, but that only made Tank laugh as he made his way to the dresser and started pulling out clothes. Their bedroom at the clubhouse was getting a little crowded with all the things they had stuffed inside. They'd made their trip to Louisiana about a month ago, Tank sort of making up with his friend Snake, and then they'd brought back everything he'd wanted to save from the small storage unit.

They'd also bought a TV to hang on the wall opposite their bed and a recliner so Tank had a place to read or CJ could sketch. Or Six could comfortably sit and watch them have sex.

After four months in the shared space and a quick trip to city hall a couple of months back, they should have probably started getting more serious about moving out of the clubhouse. But CJ honestly loved it. Even when Tank was working, there were always people to hang out with or share a meal with.

Not to mention, their favorite voyeur was right next door.

He knew they'd move out one day, but he wasn't in a rush, and Tank didn't seem to be either. He'd rather they waited until they found the perfect house for them than move out just because they felt like they had to for some reason.

Plus, the night before, Tank had returned from Church in a great mood, and it turned out Tomas had asked the club to vote on removing his probationary status early. All the patch holders in attendance had voted yes, of course, so they no longer had to worry about getting tossed out for breaking a rule or something.

"Baby? You gonna get ready, or are you going to Rebel Yell like that?" Tank asked, drawing CJ out of his thoughts as he applied deodorant.

Huffing, he pushed to his feet and stretched, hiding his smirk when Tank's hands froze with his T-shirt bunched in them, eyes glued to CJ's body. He strolled as nonchalantly as he could across the room, heading for the bathroom, but never made it.

He let out a gasping squeal as he feet left the ground, thick, strong arms wrapped around his middle. When he landed on the bed with a bounce, he grinned up at Tank, who was undoing his pants once more.

“Let me text Viper and let her know we slept in and are running late,” CJ said with a laugh.

“You didn’t sleep in,” Viper accused as soon as he and Tank walked in the shop’s door. “You were totally fucking, weren’t you?”

CJ tried to protest, but when he glanced at Tank for support and found him shrugging and nodding, he gave up.

“You still have time to do it, right?” He led the way past the counter to the back stall Viper was waiting in.

“You know I do. I don’t have another appointment until this evening.” She crossed her arms over her chest. “But it annoys me how much sex you two have when I haven’t gotten laid in ages.”

“Go find a girlfriend,” Tank said, pulling off his shirt as soon as he was next to Viper’s chair, tossing it to CJ. Each of the tattoo stalls were separated by half walls, so the spaces were distinctive but allowed for conversation and collaboration. CJ smiled at the other two artists working and ignored their knowing grins.

“Oh gee, thanks, Tank. Why didn’t I think of that?” Viper waved him over and pointed at Tank’s waist. “You want the bottom on his hip, right, CJ?”

“Don’t I get a say?” Tank muttered, already starting to unbuckle his belt.

CJ grabbed the drawing he’d finished a week ago and brought it over. Pushing the top of Tank’s jeans and underwear down so his hip bone was clearly visible, he ignored Tank’s grumbling about his ass hanging out and laid the image where he pictured it being.

“Yeah, like this.” He and Viper fidgeted a little with the placement, Tank staying quiet and holding his arm out of the way. Once they were in agreement, Viper grabbed the stencil she’d already made and showed him how to carefully apply it and peel the paper off without messing up the lines on the skin.

Just as Viper had pulled on gloves and was about to start, Tank piped up again. “You can add pink to the bird, right?”

Sitting back and turning off the machine, she eyed him with raised brows. “Pink?”

“Yup.” Tank met CJ’s eyes. “My favorite color, and it represents breaking free of my old life, so I’d like it added.”

CJ’s eyes burned with tears as he leaned over and kissed him, whispering against his mouth how much he loved him, and then he got out of the way so Viper could get to work.

A few hours passed in relative silence, only the hum of the tattoo machine and the occasional “Doing okay?” from Viper to Tank breaking the heavy moment. Once she was finished, she cleaned his skin and nodded to the full-length mirror on the wall, then rolled back so they could have a moment.

CJ crowded against Tank’s other side, and they stared in the mirror at his brand-new tattoo together. A wired birdcage with a padlocked door sat on Tank’s hip, but one of the cage’s wires was broken in half, the two pieces curled back like they’d been forced to bend by something pushing its way out of the cage. The wire next to the broken one was also bent, adding to the appearance of a breakout.

There were a few loose feathers—black with a hint of pink—on the bottom of the cage and floating outside it, and above the cage, wings spread in flight, was a gorgeous black bird, the edges of its wings featuring a line of pink.

“It’s perfect,” Tank finally said. He cupped CJ’s jaw and kissed him deeply. “Thank you, baby.”

“I just drew it,” he panted, licking his lips to chase the flavor of Tank. “Viper turned it into real art.”

“Starts with the drawing,” Viper said from where she was still disinfecting her stall. “I’ve told you that. If the drawing is shit, no amount of good tattooing will fix it.” She glanced up with a smile. “Luckily, Tank got both.”

Chuckling, Tank went back over and let her put ointment on him and cover it with a sterile bandage. As he tugged on his shirt, he smiled at CJ. “I can’t wait to get your first ink in my skin.”

CJ felt himself blush for some reason. When CJ had mentioned it would probably be about a year before Viper allowed him to start tattooing people,

Tank had agreed to let Viper do the design CJ had created for him but then said only if he got to be CJ's first tattoo.

"He's a fast learner, but it'll still be a while before he's ready for that," Viper said, stripping off her gloves and grinning at CJ. "But you keep drawing and learning like you have been, you'll end up as the best tattooer in this place."

Ducking his head, CJ smiled. Viper gave him a lot of shit because that was how she was, but she always praised him when he did well. But this was the first time she'd said anything like that.

"Doesn't surprise me," Tank said, wrapping an arm around CJ's shoulders and tugging him close. "He's amazing."

"You want to go downstairs and get some food?" Tank murmured, fingers running down CJ's bare back, stopping to fondle his ass, then trailing back up.

CJ was still plastered to his front, skin damp from a vigorous round of sex where he'd ridden Tank's cock and kept one hand right next to his partially healed raven. He mostly didn't want to move until after he'd napped, but his hollow-feeling stomach begged to differ.

"I could eat. Six? You want to go get some food with us?" he called. Both doors of their bathroom were open, though Six hadn't actually come into their room to watch. He sometimes just liked to listen while he worked on his computer or lay in bed reading.

Which... CJ wasn't sure why he found that incredibly hot. Like they were sexy background noise for him.

"Sure," Six said, suddenly standing in the doorway. The corner of his mouth quirked up as he ran his eyes over them. "Do you want me to just go get something and bring it back?"

Tank chuckled, jiggling CJ in the process. "Nah, Tomas asked me to come down earlier anyway."

CJ raised his head. "Why? Everything okay?"

"I think so." Tank squeezed his ass. "Let's get cleaned up and head down."

A second later, a towel hit CJ's back, and Six disappeared back into his room. Laughing, CJ sat up and wiped himself and then Tank clean. Within ten minutes, the three of them were in the kitchen downstairs, Six grilling chicken on the flattop and Tank and CJ putting together salad fixings.

"Six?" CJ kept his eyes on the cucumber he was slicing, knowing the other man wouldn't appreciate him staring at him as he asked his question.

Six grunted in acknowledgement as he flipped the breasts.

"You... you want a boy of your own someday, right?"

Tank's head jerked up, and he shook his head at CJ, but he ignored him. When a long minute passed with the only sound in the room the sizzling meat, CJ sighed and turned to face Six.

"Don't you?"

Six glanced at him, beautiful eyes narrowed. "Why?"

CJ scooted closer but still made sure not to invade Six's space. "I just... I know Tank and I are hot, but don't you want someone of your own? Someone you could take care of or who could take care of you?"

His eyebrows twitched, and his jaw clenched. "Maybe." He shot a look toward Tank, then refocused on CJ. "You want to stop leaving the door open?"

Leaving their door to the bathroom open was how they let Six know they wouldn't mind if he came in to watch. Shaking his head, he quickly said, "No! That's not it at all. I just think you're kind of... sad sometimes."

Sighing, Six turned off the grill and moved the breasts to a cutting board, slicing them into strips for their salads. Just when CJ was about to give up on the conversation, Six murmured, "Sad and lonely are different."

"That's true. So you're just lonely sometimes?"

He shrugged one shoulder. "Sometimes. But what I want in a boy is... specific."

Excited Six was actually sharing, he tried not to push too hard. "Like what Tank and I have?"

Six nodded and handed him the cutting board, gesturing for him to take the chicken over to the salad bowls. "With more of a power exchange."

Ooooh. CJ smiled at him. "I can see that. You're totally a strict Dom."

Six snorted as he waited for CJ and Tank to finish putting the bowls together, then accepted his from CJ. "Your Daddy should spank you. You're getting awfully mouthy."

Cackling, CJ led the way out of the kitchen. “Only fun spankings for us.” Before he could suggest a fun spanking session for the next time Six watched them, he drew up short at the sight of the two women and young boy next to Tomas near the front door. “Is that the director of the DV shelter?”

Tomas spotted them and ushered the trio over.

When the little boy raised his eyes and spotted Six, his face lit up, and he ran the rest of the way over. “Six!”

“Hey, buddy,” Six said, setting his food on a nearby table and kneeling. He nearly fell over when the little guy hit him at a run, wrapping him in a tight hug. “You doing alright?”

The boy nodded against Six’s neck. Tomas and the women joined them, smiling at the pair. CJ threw a confused look at Tank, but his man just shrugged and set their things on the table.

“CJ, Tank, you remember Gayle Heller?” Tomas asked.

“Sure,” CJ said, smiling. “Director of SAVE, the domestic violence shelter the charity run was for.”

“Nice to see you again, ma’am,” Tank rumbled, stepping up behind CJ.

Gayle’s smile was wide and beautiful and just like CJ remembered from when she came by the clubhouse the day after the fundraiser. She’d been so thankful for the money they’d raised, staying and eating breakfast with them before heading back to the shelter.

“And this is Danielle and her son, Toby.” Tomas pointed at the pair. Toby wasn’t hugging Six anymore, but he was telling him what sounded like an elaborate story about a bully at school. Six’s serious face had CJ a little worried about the bully’s safety.

“We just wanted to come by and thank Six and Knuckles again,” Danielle said, her voice soft as she tucked her long, straight hair behind one ear. “I just signed the paperwork for our new house a few towns over. If it weren’t for them...”

Her tear-filled eyes stared down at her son, whose waving hands hadn’t slowed as he continued his story.

“I don’t know how much longer we’d have survived in that place,” she murmured. Clearing her throat, she wiped at her eyes and smiled at them, then leaned over to put a hand on her son’s shoulder. “Did you tell Six thank you?”

Toby nodded. “Yes! And I asked if he wanted to move into our new house with us, but he said he had to stay here.”

All the adults smiled as Danielle told Six thank you, waved at the rest, and told Gayle they’d be outside. Gayle smiled after them, then turned back to Tomas.

“Seriously, thank you guys so much. We only have so many resources, so knowing we can rely on the club is a huge weight off.” She turned to Tank, who seemed just as lost as CJ was. “Tomas tells me you’ll be helping out with extractions soon.”

Tank glanced at Tomas’s grinning face, then nodded. “Yes, ma’am.”

“Well, we really appreciate all of you who help us. The women in those situations...” Gayle sighed, her smiling slipping. “Leaving an abusive relationship is the most dangerous time for them. Having some fierce-looking bikers standing next to them helps give them courage and discourages their abusers from trying to stop them.”

CJ’s heart was beating a little faster as the pieces started falling together, gaze zeroing in on Six where he’d moved over to the table and started eating, seemingly completely uninterested in what was being discussed now that Toby was gone.

When Gayle left a few minutes later, CJ and Tank turned expectantly to Tomas.

“Now that you aren’t on probation,” Tomas said, shoving his hands in his pockets and rocking back on his heels, “you can start helping with our... other work.”

“Which is what? Picking up victims of domestic violence and escorting them to the shelter?” Tank asked, not seeming upset, more intrigued at the idea.

“That’s a large part of it,” Tomas said, gesturing at the table. “Let’s sit and chat a bit. CJ, since you live here, it was decided that you’d be brought in on what was happening too, but pickups are done by members only and aren’t to be discussed with anyone not already aware of what the club does. If you don’t know if someone knows, then assume they don’t or ask me or D.”

CJ nodded and hurried to sit, eager to learn more. Over the next hour, Tomas gave him and Tank an overview of what the club did under the table. Some of it was technically outside the law—applying pressure or threats to

abusers when necessary—but other things, like accompanying survivors and kids to court as a show of support, fell well within the legal system.

When they finished eating and chatting, Tomas wandered off to talk to someone else, and Six headed back upstairs after clapping Tank on the shoulder. Tank was staring at his hands clasped together on the table, deep in thought, so CJ quietly cleaned up their dishes and brought them each back a beer from the kitchen.

“You okay?” he finally asked, reaching over and laying a hand on top of Tank’s.

Tank nodded and twisted one of his hands over and started playing with the simple gold band CJ wore on his left ring finger. Because of Tank’s job, he didn’t wear one, but he loved fiddling with CJ’s.

“Yeah,” Tank said, voice soft. “You ever think about how one single decision can change the entire course of your life?”

CJ smiled, tightening his grip on Tank’s fingers. “Like signing up to be a pen pal?”

Eyes soft, Tank nodded slowly. “Or responding to an endearingly rambly first letter from that pen pal.”

“Endearingly rambly, huh?”

“I think I started falling in love with you that day,” Tank said, suddenly more serious. “Everything good in my life is because of you, CJ. And I’m never going to forget that. I’ll do my best to give you everything you fucking deserve.”

Leaning over the table, CJ laid a soft, lingering kiss on Tank’s firm lips. Staring into his eyes, he said, “I feel the exact same way.”

The Devil’s Hands Motorcycle Club will be back soon! [You can preorder Six’s book right now!](#)

I hope you enjoyed Tank and CJ’s story! I’ll admit, I wasn’t quite ready to leave these two behind—so I wrote a bonus scene.

If you'd like to check out how Tank reacts to CJ getting a very specific tattoo on a very specific body part, you can find it right here!

OceanofPDF.com

THANK YOU

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

Thank you for reading Tank & CJ's book!

If you enjoyed their story, please considering leaving a review to help other readers find them.

OceanofPDF.com

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

A small town Michigan girl, Kiki has enjoyed reading since she first picked up Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone as a child. After that, she devoured everything she could get her hands on and dreamed of one time writing her own books that touched people's hearts.

In her early twenties, she discovered LGBTQ romances and had a realization: these were her people and this was where she belonged.

Nearly ten years later, she's proud to finally join the ranks of authors releasing character-driven, emotionally satisfying books showcasing that everyone deserves to find love.

To keep up-to-date with Kiki, sign up for her newsletter: <http://www.kikiclark.com/newsletter> or join her Facebook group: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/kikiskorner>.

Keep in touch by following her on any of these platforms:



OceanofPDF.com

ALSO BY KIKI CLARK

Kincaid Pack Series

FREE Prequel: A New Pack for New Year

The Alpha and His King (Rick & Kai)

The Second and His Bonded (Kieran & Bennett)

The Deputy and His Enforcer (Robson & Marcus)

Blue Collar Hearts Series

Laying Pipe

Out In the Cold (novella)

Available on Audio

The Alpha and His King

The Second and His Bonded

The Deputy and His Enforcer (Coming Soon!)

Laying Pipe

OceanofPDF.com

A NEW PACK FOR NEW YEAR

OceanofPDF.com

KINCAID PACK PREQUEL

Injured and terrified, Victor runs for his life and right into the arms of the last person he expected to find: his true mate.

Living in a pack who viewed imperfections as weaknesses that needed to be eliminated, Victor is lucky to escape alive. He's heard of the Kincaid Pack's strong but fair alpha, but he has trouble truly believing he won't be targeted once more if his shameful secret is discovered.

When Cole meets a young man with fear in his eyes and pain in his scent, he recognizes him as his mate on sight. His excitement is short-lived, however, when they find out Victor's life is still in danger from what his old pack did to him.

After a lifetime of being abandoned by others, Victor has an important decision to make: Will he choose to trust the mate fate gave him?

Or will he run again?

A New Pack for New Year is a prequel to the best-selling Kincaid Pack series and features an eighteen-year-old wolf in need of some TLC, a thirty-something lion dying to give it to him, sexy times in an inappropriate place, found family feels, and hurt/comfort that will warm all the corners of your heart.

[FREE to Download on Bookfunnel!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

THE ALPHA AND HIS KING

OceanofPDF.com

KINCAID PACK BOOK 1

When Kai flies out of a shed, swinging a rake, Rick's life flips upside down.

As alpha, Rick's dedication to his pack has never wavered—until Kai. The pull he feels toward the younger man is more than a simple distraction, but Rick won't let himself lose focus. Not while a hidden enemy is drawing near.

Moving in with the grumpy alpha who saved him is a big change for Kai, and it isn't long before he begins to ache for something he can't have. As a half-human shifter responsible for his three younger siblings, he knows he can never be Rick's mate.

Pushing aside their doubts and insecurities, they grow closer. But when the pack's enemies strike, bringing their fears to fruition, Rick and Kai have to decide if they're willing to risk it all to be together.

The Alpha and His King is the first book in the Kincaid Pack series and features a quick-tempered and possessive alpha; a sweet and feisty alpha-mate; shifters, seers, and witches galore; massive amounts of hurt/comfort; and a happily ever after.

[Available on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

THE SECOND AND HIS BONDED

OceanofPDF.com

KINCAID PACK BOOK 2

As the son of an enemy, Kieran never expected to find a family with the Kincaid Pack... or a true mate's bond.

After barely escaping his abusive family, wolf shifter Kieran McAllister struggles to find his place in the Kincaid Pack. Especially with the pushy but gorgeous second-in-command showing up every time Kieran turns around... and making him want things he shouldn't.

The traumatized wolf who continuously refuses Bennett Young's help has begun to haunt his dreams. But if there's one thing he knows, it's that tiger shifters don't have mates. So why can't Bennett get Kieran's sad eyes out of his head?

Despite their differences, Kieran and Bennet find something they never expected in each other. Just as their bond begins to grow though, Kieran's past threatens to destroy the very pack they both have been fighting to protect.

The Second and His Bonded is the second book in the Kincaid Pack series and features an overprotective tiger, a touch-starved wolf, lots of purring, an excessive amount of sunbathing, and a happily ever after.

[Available on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

THE DEPUTY AND HIS ENFORCER

OceanofPDF.com

A deputy bent on finding the truth and the Enforcer whose job it is to stop him...

Nothing is more important to Marcus Rivera than protecting his pack, so he doesn't understand why he has the sudden urge to tell a nosy human deputy things he shouldn't. Marcus follows the rules. Always. But something about Robson's scent has him tempted to break them.

The gorgeous red-head Deputy Robson Medina has been following has a secret. He just knows it, and he won't stop looking until he finds out everything he can about the alluring man. Even if the idea of Marcus being a criminal seems less and less likely the more Robson learns.

As the tension between them continues to grow, it stokes a fire inside Marcus he's never felt before. One that's driving him to trust his wolf's instincts and release the stranglehold Marcus has always had on his control. But when Robson gets a painful glimpse of the magical world Marcus lives in, they have to decide how much they're willing to risk to have it all.

The Deputy and His Enforcer *is the third book in the Kincaid Pack series and features a wolf shifter in need of a family, a Puerto Rican human with more than his fair share, furry cuddles, creative mating practices, and a happily ever after.*

[Available on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

LAYING PIPE

OceanofPDF.com

A BLUE COLLAR HEARTS NOVEL

Being in love with your dad's best friend is a recipe for loneliness.

Trust me, I know.

But I can't help it. How can I not fall for someone as sweet and caring and *attractive* as John? Especially after he comes and fixes a leaking pipe in my basement. No questions asked. Just shows up, flashes his knee-weakening smile, and leaves.

Afterward, I notice John watching me with heat in his eyes sometimes. John, who's only ever dated women, can't seem to figure out he isn't supposed to stare at certain parts of my very male body.

I know my dad won't like it if he finds out, but we're both adults. If there's a chance I can have something real with John, I have to go for it.

Right?

Laying Pipe is a low-angst, contemporary romance full of heat, laughs, and a guaranteed HEA.

[Available on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited!](#)

OceanofPDF.com

OUT IN THE COLD

OceanofPDF.com

A BLUE COLLAR HEARTS NOVELLA

Being rescued by a hot lumberjack after catching his fiancé cheating was the only good thing to happen to Beau for quite some time.

Getting stuck in the man's cabin for the weekend? There were definitely worse ways to pass a few days.

Falling for him when the guy made it clear he didn't do relationships? Well, Beau just wouldn't do that... probably.

Out in the Cold is a 25k word novella with a 39-year-old furniture maker who is done with disappointing relationships, a 25-year-old accountant with terrible taste in fiancés but fantastic taste in underwear, a remote cabin in the woods during a snowstorm, and a rescue dog with more sense than his owner.

~~

NOTE: This title was previously available for free as part of a Prolific Works giveaway. The content has not been changed.

[Available on Amazon and Kindle Unlimited!](#)

OceanofPDF.com