

# DISCLAIMER

This book is meant for readers 18 and over. Some content may be unsuitable for some readers. Due to the nature of this book, there are some heavy topics discussed. Please find the list of trigger warnings below.

- Rape
- Murder
- Serial killer
- Loss of a parent
- Reference to alcohol abuse
- Explicit sex scenes
- Knife violence
- Fighting
- Gun violence
- School shooting
- Sexual assault
- Torture
- Death



# PLAYLIST

*Closer* by Nine Inch Nails

*That Don't Impress Me Much* by Shania Twain

*Every Rose Has its Thorn* by Poison

*(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction* by The Rolling Stones

*Too Lost In You* by Sugababes

*If You Want Blood (You Got It)* by The Police

*Hold the Line* by Toto

*This Kiss* by Faith Hill

*Can't Help Falling in Love* by Elvis Presley



# PROLOGUE

Under the cover of a peaceful North Carolina night, a figure shifted from deep within the bushes surrounding one of the unassuming properties along the quiet, sleeping street. A monster with the face of a man waited among the shadows. He watched the upstairs window as the silhouette of a woman moved about her room. She undressed, grabbed a towel from the cupboard, and proceeded to get ready to turn in for the night. Innocent enough, she seemed, but he'd hunted her well enough to know better.

From all the days he was keeping her in his sights, one night was all it took to show that she was unclean. He'd watched as she subjected herself to a night of debauchery: drinking, flirting and fucking that biker. It made her the perfect target. Steam fogged up her bathroom window. The monster chuckled under his breath. As if a shower was going to wash her sins away. He shifted closer to observe as she retreated deeper into the room, out of his sights.

The monster ran his hands through his thick hair. He knew he shouldn't be there, but he couldn't deny the urge inside him any longer. The monster had tried to resist before, but it had only increased his desire. It was hard to control himself so close to perfecting this game he loved to play, so close to winning his prize.

His hunger burned within him at the thought, the taste he imagined hovering over his tongue. All the planning, all the practice.

She would be worth the wait.

He blinked away the memory of his ultimate prey from his mind. Keeping his breath steady, he focused on the beautiful target waiting above, just for him. He loved the way she swirled her mid-length curly hair away from her neck only to let it swing down her back a few moments later. His prey had a little more meat on her bones than he envisioned, but that wouldn't matter come sunrise.

He crept forward, the leaves brushing his hoodie, as he started toward the house. He knew that this woman would be alone; she was always alone. Well, except for her small, white dog, but that mutt wasn't going to be an issue anymore.

The monster stepped over the lifeless white mop of fur he had taken care of and carefully avoided the creaky board of the front porch as he made his way to the front door.

Just like every other door in this godforsaken small town, it was unlocked. His prey obviously felt very safe.

She was stupid.

As he stepped inside the cookie-cutter house, the monster took in the simple, almost bare rooms. The walls were painted a cream colour and there were boxes lining the walls. She hadn't completely moved it, but she had been living in Bryson City for a few months now.

He listened as the woman's husky voice travelled down the staircase and the evil inside the man roared with delight as he slowly moved closer to the sound. There was no more running water, just the sound of her husky laughter.

With a peak around the corner, he noticed the girl with her cell phone to her ear. He wondered if she knew that this would be the last time she spoke to anyone, the last time her name would be used

without being tied to his moniker. The Bryson City Slasher was what the papers had been calling him. He didn't hate the name. He hadn't come up with anything better to send to the press anyway.

The monster listened as his prey said her final goodbyes. He was in the shadows of her bedroom door. He snuck a glance inside and watched as her silhouette stalked closer to his hiding place. He slid into the spare room, keeping the door cracked open enough to hear her lock the front door and check that the doggy flap was operational. The monster held his breath as he waited for the woman to find her mutt bloody on the front lawn. His dead heart raced at the thought of the chase; it wasn't part of his ritual and it would ruin the entire experience.

When no scream came, he crept into her room, pulled the closet door behind him and watched for his pretty to come back. It was like they were playing a deadly game of hide-and-seek, but only he knew they were playing, which made the game that much more fun.

He heard a loud sigh as she moved back into her room. It was almost time to feed.

The monster watched as she slipped under her blankets, the tank top she wore riding up slightly, showing her plain cotton underwear. The man bared his teeth at the sight, the only thing that was keeping his anger to a simmer was the knowledge that he had his favourite matching bra and panty set from her drawers.

The monster couldn't wait to take the ripped lace; he could already see them covered in his pleasure and her blood. He just knew that this prize was going to be one to remember for a long time to come. It had better be, his urges were growing stronger with each kill and he didn't know how much longer he was able to hold out for.

He reached into his hoodie, grabbed his now small roll of duct tape, and ripped off a piece loudly. The monster stilled when he heard the woman whimper in her sleep. He didn't want his prey to

know about his presence yet. He still had a few more things to get ready before he woke her up.

He was laying out the lingerie set when he caught her fidgeting in her sleep. The monster fought his groan. His whole timeline had been ruined because this woman was a fucking light sleeper. He waited for her to turn over and used the tape he had pre-cut to slap over her mouth. Her blue eyes opened. A scream caught in her throat behind the sticky gag and fear was laced in her eyes.

‘Hush now, my sweet, it will all be over soon,’ he whispered in her ear. The monster guided the knife down her body and cut the fabric away from his prey’s skin. ‘Put on the bra,’ he ordered.

Her eyes shone with tears and his cock sprung to full mast. She was terrified and that fact alone thrilled him. Excitement buzzed through his veins when he saw his prey glance at the door once, like she was thinking about escaping or planning her next move. He knew exactly what she was thinking.

‘I wouldn’t do that if I was you, sweetheart,’ he whispered huskily. He helped her up and strapped the bra onto her body. The monster threw her back down on the bed and secured her hands above her head to the iron headboard.

The monster moved the knife up to her face, gliding the silver blade down her cheek. He watched the skin come apart, crimson blood oozing out. The woman whimpered. The man swore he could feel his insides vibrating, the adrenaline rush overwhelming. It gave him the energy that he craved.

‘I’m going to have so much fun, my dear,’ the monster whispered as the woman gasped in rasping breaths through the tape. He could feel her body trembling, and her tears were creating a delicious mix with her blood. The man licked at the dripping liquid and groaned low in his throat.

This was going to be his favourite one by far.



He stripped her out of her offending plain cotton underwear and replaced them with the silk and lace pair. The monster stood back for a moment and admired his work, needing to remember this moment, this feeling. He pulled out his burner phone and snapped a picture, making sure that her terrified eyes were staring straight at him through the camera.

His cock swelled in his pants.

It was finally time to feed.

The sun was peaking its head over the mountains surrounding quiet Bryson City when the monster was finally satisfied, and the man resumed the life of an average Joe. His prey now lay dead in her bed, the sheets a mess, her body bruised beyond recognition from all the fucking he had forced her to enjoy.

The man glanced at his burner phone and enjoyed the last photo he managed to take. The morning sun had cast through her blinds, creating the look of fire around the woman's body. Her bra was askew and her breasts red with welts and cuts. Her ripped panties covered in her blood and his pleasure sat in the Ziplock to preserve the smell for when he needed another hit. The man knew that once the smell was gone and the monster could no longer be contained, he would have to feast again, but for the time being he was satisfied.

The man's gait held confidence as he walked back to his rental car. He knew that he wasn't going to get caught. He was above suspicion, and he knew that no one was going to stop his urge to take as many women as he needed to.

He needed to feed the monster inside him. Who knew what would have happened if he hadn't found this outlet. The man's confidence continued to grow as he pulled away from Main Street and the people starting out their day in the small town. They knew there was an evil among them, but no one would guess who he was.

That wasn't just his arrogance talking. It was a plain fact.

# CHAPTER 1

Boots stomped on the worn wooden floors of the chapel and ring-covered fists shook in the air. The celebration in the small room was deafening, forcing a smile to spread across Rooster's face. His father's old presidential patch was being sewn onto his cut while his brothers continued to party.

At twenty-six, Rooster would be the youngest president in the history of Black Alchemy. The motorcycle club was in Rooster's blood and the presidency was always going to be his. He never thought he would get it until his pops stepped down, but instead of Patriot enjoying his retirement with Queenie, his father was being prepared for burial.

Rooster knew that his pops had plenty more years left in him, but they were cut short only days ago. The gunshot that had taken down his old man still rung in Rooster's ears, and burned behind his eyes was the way his father looked at him when he realised what had happened. Rooster had no idea what possessed Patriot to trust their life-long enemies, the Jokers Ace MC, but everything that went down at that meet-up thrust the BAMC back into a deadly war. They had been at an unstable peace for years thanks to Patriot, but as soon

as that bullet was fired from the shorn off shotgun, the BAMC and Jokers were back at each other's throats.

Black Alchemy had been the product of his grandpop Huey and his Vietnam buddies missing the brotherhood that the army produced. According to the stories, Huey, Bass and Grizz were the only three left of their squad. When they returned to civilian life, things weren't the same for them. It was that way for many of the other Vietnam vets, but in 1975, Black Alchemy was founded in the small town of Bryson City, North Carolina. The creation of the club came with rivals who wanted to continue their expansion, and so the way with the South Carolinian Jokers Ace was born.

Now the war was his responsibility, as was the rest of the men and woman who lived the BAMC lifestyle.

Rooster's heart pounded against his chest wall hard enough to be painful as his pop's best friend and fellow brother Dice approached him with his cut and new presidency patch. He knew it was not the time to think about those fucking Jokers. The club needed to let off some steam before someone did something really fucking stupid, causing more than these last three funerals to attend. Rooster knew why Dice and the other executive board members called for this emergency vote – it was the perfect excuse to let loose and get messy.

Slowly he slid the worn and familiar leather over his shoulders and turned to his brotherhood. Rooster proudly showed off the new patch on his chest, and his brothers' voices rose. He sucked in a breath through his nose when his eyes threatened to prickle with tears and a thickness settled in his throat as his father's face came to his mind.

Thank fuck he wasn't expected to make a speech.

Rooster knew that his father would be proud of him, that Patriot would have been the loudest of his brothers cheering and celebrating

Rooster's new post. It was a bittersweet moment that he couldn't wait to end.

'Time to fucking party!' Grizz's alcohol-damaged growl rang out. The old man raised the beer he had snuck into church, and the rest of the brotherhood followed suit with their fists. 'To Rooster, the youngest president to hold the gavel!'

Rooster's lungs expanded to their fullest through a deep satisfying breath, but then the tightness in his chest returned with a pain in the back of his throat. His pops wasn't even cold in his grave, and now Rooster was the head of his household and the leader of the Black Alchemy Motorcycle Club. Everything was happening so quickly and he didn't have a chance in hell of processing his new life.

His brothers continued their cheering as they exited the chapel and spilled out into the clubhouse. Rooster followed the wave of bodies. A beer was pushed into his chest and he grabbed it, but he didn't want to drink it.

How the fuck was he supposed to celebrate when his old man was killed only days ago? He should be grieving, not drinking his sorrows away. Rooster scanned the room. Some of the club girls had already started making their rounds, their heavily made-up eyes scanning over his patch. Rooster's skin crawled as he fought the urge to cover what was now a trophy challenge to them.

Rooster sighed and kept on walking toward the bar. Maybe he could sit with some of his brothers and shoot the shit for a while, spending some time with the boys before he could sneak away.

Happy with his plans, Rooster continued through the clubhouse. Brothers would slap him on the shoulder congratulating him, making Rooster want to slam them and remind them why he was the new president, but he held in his anger and grief. He needed to prove that he was ready for the challenge and they needed the release.

Rooster spotted his best friend Gunner leaning against the bar,

a beer sat on the wooden slab, calling out to him. He would have obliged his brother, but a blonde ponytail captured his attention as she leaned over and spoke something to her friend. She didn't belong in the clubhouse; her tight pencil skirt and white button down screamed professional, but Rooster was intrigued.

He turned on his heel and made his approach.

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Mila Rice knew she should never have agreed to go to this bizarre biker party with one of the teachers from her new job. As soon as they pulled up to the gate, Mila knew it was a bad idea. She should have tried to convince her fellow teacher to do something else as soon as her 'friend' mentioned wanting to go to the Black Alchemy clubhouse for some fun. She hadn't been in town long, but Mila had heard about the BAMC before. The run-down schoolhouse had peeling yellow paint and tinted windows. It should have been her first sign to run for the hills, but she wanted to make friends in this new town. So, she put on a brave face and followed her inside.

The interior was entirely different. After showing their ID to prove they were of legal age, they walked into what looked like a surprisingly clean bar. It was crowded with men in leather and smoke swirled around people moving about. Mila knew she should have cut her losses and left then and there. She didn't belong here. Not to mention, she was insanely overdressed, literally, if she was comparing herself to the other woman walking around – which she wasn't.

Mila scrunched her nose up and leaned away as yet another biker invaded her personal space. This one planted his hand on her back as he grabbed his drink from the bartender. Mila turned to say something, but something stopped her. This was not a place for her

to let her mouth run. She had to fight the urge to slap the man for daring to put his hands on her, but no one would come to Mila's rescue. Even her 'friend' was four shots in and too trashed to back her up. Instead, Mila adjusted in her seat to lean as far away from the biker and watched her co-worker lean further over the bar toward one of the men with light blonde hair and a smirk on his face that she could only describe as practiced. She watched as the blonde biker glanced down to the top of the physics teacher, her breasts practically falling out of her unbuttoned teacher uniform.

Mila shook her head slightly and caught the attention of the young bartender, who she guessed wasn't much older than eighteen. 'What can I getcha?'

'Just pour your best whiskey into a glass,' she spoke. The bartender shot her a grin and did as she asked. He didn't ask for cash but did nod at someone behind her. Mila downed it as soon as it was sat in front of her and she motioned for another as the burn continued down her throat and into her chest. She would sip on the next one; she wasn't going to end up like her 'friend' who had now gathered an audience.

Mila wanted to tell her co-worker to slow down, but she knew she would just brush her off. The woman mumbled something into the biker's neck, the words turning into a slur. She was on a mission and Mila knew there was nothing to stop her.

Not wanting to remain at the bar, she turned to move from her spot. She didn't have the guts to go wondering around this den of debauchery, but she did take inventory of the men and women in various stages of intercourse. She watched one couple who were going at it finally come up from their passionate lip lock to breathe. The man's tongue licked at the corner of the woman's mouth. Another couple was sat at a random table and the woman did nothing to hide her pleasure as the biker's hand disappeared under her skirt.

This place was so overwhelming that Mila's mind screamed at her to leave, to go back to her respectable life and forget about this disaster of a night, but her body was shamelessly enjoying the show. So much so that Mila yelled for another order of whiskey, this time a double.

'Now, you don't look like someone who would frequent a dirty place like this,' a guy said from behind her.

'And how would you know how dirty I am if you've never seen me around before?' Mila's loose alcohol lips moved on their own. Her words sounded flirty and she wanted to bury her head in her hands from how cringe worthy she sounded. She turned to her conversationalist to apologise when all the air in her lungs left her.

Her body shivered at the sight on the man in front of her. Mila's experience with bikers was minimal, but she had always imagined them to be old, fat, heavily-bearded guys that paid for the death machines with their retirement funds.

The man in front of her did not fit that description.

His dark brown hair was cut short to the sides of his head, while the top looked windblown, the strands coming down in front of his hazel eyes. For a moment, Mila was bewitched by the honey-brown pools, framed by thick eyelashes that made her jealous compared to the blonde ones she had to coat in mascara. Her eyes travelled down to his full lips lined with stubble that she knew would leave marks if she kissed him.

Those lips turned into a smirk, and Mila blinked out of her gaping.

This guy knew how attractive he was, the grin on his stupidly handsome face not holding back his cockiness. She ignored how the small upturn made her stomach drop and her body warm. Mila knew she shouldn't get involved with a biker. Been there, done that, got the t-shirt. This wasn't her scene anymore, and a guy like this was bad news.

Her cheeks flared up, and she blamed the whiskey again because it definitely wasn't those captivating eyes travelling over her button-down shirt and her respectable pencil skirt that got her a little hot under the collar. She hammered the nail in her wall of bravado – she didn't like the way her skin tingled even though he wasn't touching her.

'Can I help you?' Her hand landed on her hip, but it felt awkward. Mila knew she needed to stop talking to him. Hell, she needed to stop looking at him. His hotness combined with the alcohol she had consumed didn't spell a recipe for a quiet night. So why was she still sitting at the bar waiting for his reply?

'I'm sure you can darlin'.' The biker winked. Mila's lip curled and her nose wrinkled. She would have thought that the crude comments and suggestions would stop after she graduated college. She should have turned around and gotten off the stool but not only did he have her trapped, his gaze made her freeze.

Caught in this weird stare off with the biker, the elastic of her hair tie burst, freeing the ponytail she had painstakingly pulled her blonde strands into that morning. Mortified, she reached up to tuck it away, but he beat her to it. Oh so casually, he swept it behind her ear.

'What the fuck do you think you're doing?'

Okay, now it was time to leave.

'Hey, where are you going?' he asked as she jumped down from the bar stool with a disgusted huff. She pushed her hair away from her face as she stormed toward the exit. She knew her friend had no plans of coming home with her. Mila continued to ignore him until he quickly beat her strides and stood in front of her. His arms crossed against his impressive chest and that damn smirk played on his face. 'You know, I don't usually chase women... but for you, baby, I'm willing to make an exception.'

'Then I must be one of the lucky ones,' Mila replied, sarcasm



dripping from her as she pulled her hair away from her face again. There was a fucking reason she liked to have it up. She scanned the room, looking for an easy escape route.

‘To get the attention of the club’s president. Yeah, baby, you’re one lucky woman.’ The biker stepped closer to her, completely invading her personal bubble.

‘Okay...’ Mila said, putting her hand on his chest. She ignored the way it heated her palm as she pushed him, or at least she tried to. Her blood was boiling in her veins at his comment. ‘Who the fuck is this president... and who gave you permission to talk to me like that! You fucking rude asshole!’

‘The name’s Rooster.’ He uncrossed his arms and held his hand out, waiting for her to shake. Mila looked from him to his offending appendage. She didn’t know what she would do if she touched him again. Not wanting to give into temptation, she crossed her arms over her chest, but it only managed to make her cleavage more prominent. That caught Rooster’s attention, causing his crooked smirk to grow wider. Mila shook her head at the fucking audacity of the man.

‘What the fuck kind of name is Rooster?’ she asked, regretting her question immediately. She should have just walked the fuck away.

‘Well...’ Rooster’s lips pursed and his eyes looked at the ceiling for a moment. Mila could see that he was fighting his smirk as he pretended to think. ‘What’s another name for a Rooster, babe?’

Mila’s mouth hung open as the biker winked. The loud sounds of the room muffled like she was wearing earplugs. She closed and opened her mouth, completely at a loss for words. How did she ask a man why they were named after their penis? Why did she even want to know? A blush crept up her cheeks and she didn’t know where to look.

It was time to leave.

'I have to go!' With a final huff, Mila turned away from the president and made a hasty exit. She cast a quick glance back and noticed Rooster hadn't moved after her, but he still had that fucking smirk on his face. Guess she wasn't as special as he originally claimed.

Good, she couldn't risk getting sucked into this life.

Now it was time to forget about this night and those honey-brown eyes that were so insanely gorgeous. Mila questioned if they were real. She could almost convince herself that Rooster was a figment of her imagination, but his leather scent hung around the cab of her car. Mila was just glad that she never had to see him again.