



Sinner's Creed (A Sinner's Creed Novel)

By Kim Jones

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First in a new series—welcome to the Sinner’s Creed Motorcycle Club, where hard bodies and hot leather are made for each other, and love gone wrong is the most irresistible of all...

“I was the demon-possessed monster and she was the innocent, naïve angel. But none of that matters. She asks, I give and right now, I’ll kill anyone who tries to stop me from giving this woman what she wants—me.”

Dirk lives in the shadows—performing hits, maintaining order, and upholding the no-holds-barred legacy of the Sinner’s Creed Motorcycle Club. A nomad with a restless spirit and a cold heart, the open road is his world. One of the few constants in his life: his desire for the one woman who has consumed his thoughts for years.

Saylor Samson grew up far from the harshness of Dirk’s world. But ever since she was seventeen she’s been drawn to this dark and mysterious man who always seemed to show up just when she needed him.

After years of fated encounters, he’s back. This time he’s taking her. This time she’s ready for the ride. But just when the darkness in Dirk’s life begins to fade, Saylor reveals a secret that puts them both to the ultimate test. Now, Dirk has to make a decision: submit to his destiny with the MC, or choose his own.

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Editorial Review

Review

Praise for Sinner's Creed

"Kim Jones knows the MC world from the inside--her stories are *authentic and real*."--Joanna Wylde, *New York Times* bestselling author of the Reapers Motorcycle Club series

"This may look like a classic Motorcycle Club tale, but Jones takes it to another level with a depth and realness that is *absolutely refreshing*."--Daily News (NY)

"Unlike any MC romance you've ever read. Jones delivers an *angsty, heart-wrenching* and wholly *unique* story."--RT Book Reviews **5 STAR GOLD******

"*Profane and raw*."--Publishers Weekly

"[Jones] takes the harshness of the MC lifestyle and breathes life into it...[Sinner's Creed] has every element that MC lovers crave and all the *heart* that romance lovers need."--Mommy's a Book Whore

"[Sinner's Creed] was *totally unexpected* and *utterly captivating*, holding my heart hostage until the very last word."--Prisoners of Print

"*Sizzling, raw, visceral and real, Kim Jones knows how to make your heart pound and your toes curl*."--Katy Evans, *New York Times* bestselling author of the Real series

About the Author

Kim Jones, the author of the Saving Dallas series, is a writer with big dreams, a creative imagination, and an infatuation with the MC lifestyle. She resides in south Mississippi with her husband, Reggie. Visit her at kimjonesbooks.com.

Joe Arden's narration has been described as "sensual," "sexy," and "hot." His recordings range from sweet and romantic to steamy and raw. In his spare time, Joe raises and trains rescue pitbulls and restores vintage motorcycles.

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Prologue

I knew the man in front of me was doomed.

This was a test. I had to prove my loyalty. The club had my pride, now they wanted my innocence.

The knife I held in my hand would be kept as proof that I was guilty of murder. It wouldn't help my case that the man was begging for his life, on his knees in front of me. We were the only two on the video. It was everything they needed. My fingerprints, my weapon, and my face. The club would use it against me if I ever turned on them.

I wasn't scared to take this man's life. I knew he deserved everything he got and so much more. What scared me was knowing that if I did this, there would be no saving me from the depths of hell, from the fiery roads of eternity or the haunting sounds of this man's screams, which I was sure would give me nightmares for the rest of my days.

But, this club is all I know. I'm out of options. Either I prove myself now, or I walk away and never look back. I look up at my grandfather, who gives me a nod of encouragement. His black eyes are full of hate. They have the same effect on me now as they did when I was seven. He is the only man I fear, and the only man I don't want to disappoint.

The club means something to me because it means something to him. He is all I have. He has molded me into the monster I've become. If I knew for sure that not becoming a killer would ensure me a spot in the afterlife away from him, I would take my life right now. But, I know there is no place for me but hell. With him. For eternity.

I can only hear the man's screams, but I see my grandfather mouth "pussy." He is growing impatient. I have to make a decision. So, I ask myself, Is killing this man worth pacifying the demon-possessed grandfather who raised me? Is taking a life really worth seeing the small, temporary sparkle of pride in his eyes that I've never seen in my twenty-one years? Is it worth the small mustard seed of hope that this will make him love me? You're fuckin' right it is.

I kill the man with the brutality that the club expects, stabbing him over fifty times until his face is unrecognizable. I let the faith I have in my grandfather's love fuel me. I let images of him smiling and telling me he loves me fill my head, and block the sight of the face I am butchering.

When I am finished, I search for him in the crowd, but he isn't there. When I finally notice the men around me, the body is buried and the evidence has been collected. They all wear a look of pity on their faces. Their eyes apologize for what my grandfather is, and what I have become. They can keep their guilt. They can save their sorrow. My cold, dead heart is at the point of no return.

The hell I once feared is now a desire. Satan isn't there anyway. He is here. His eyes are black as night, his heart is cold as ice, and the words Sinner's Creed are tattooed on his back. The same poisonous blood that runs through his veins runs through mine.

Hell is my home and Satan is this man, the only father I know. And if evil is he, then evil am I. I don't need his pride. I don't need his love. He wanted a monster; he got one. I am the spawn of Satan. I am the son of Lucifer. I am Sinner's Creed.

Chapter 1

Innocence.

That's the first thing I thought of the first time I laid eyes on Saylor Samson. Her eyes were wide. Her teeth were chattering, and her hair was stuck to her head as she stood in the rain, shaking at the sight of me. I was scaring her. It was pouring, dark, and a man she didn't know was approaching her.

I usually had women throwing themselves at me. Leather, rain, and sex seemed to go hand in hand with the

women I knew. But, looking at her, I knew she was not like the women I knew. She was a girl, a young one. Maybe seventeen.

I stereotyped her instantly, figuring she was one of those little cheerleading bitches that was out past curfew. Or maybe she told Daddy she was studying with a friend when really she had been fucking some guy outside the club that wasn't too far from here.

My kind didn't visit her part of town much. It was probably the first time she had ever seen a biker face-to-face. But she was in my part of town now with a busted tire, no cell phone service, and completely at my mercy.

I reached my hand out and she flinched. I wouldn't hurt her, but she didn't know that and I didn't feel the need to reassure her. Instead, I kept my eyes on hers as I opened the car door and found the button to pop the trunk. I grabbed the spare and changed the tire, while she just stood in the pouring rain and watched me, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, probably to hide her tiny tits.

When I was finished, I threw the busted tire in the trunk before giving her a salute and heading back to my bike. She never spoke and neither did I. By the time I was straddled across the seat of my Harley, she was gone.

That was five years ago.

Sexiness.

That's the first thing I saw the second time I laid eyes on Saylor Samson. I was in downtown, a part of Jackson, Mississippi, where I wasn't shunned and she wasn't too out of place. She was walking down the sidewalk with her head down, texting, dressed in white cutoff shorts and a tiny tank top with a bikini under it. Her legs were long and tan. Her hair was blond and curly, and her eyes were hid behind a pair of aviators.

When she crashed into me, I grabbed her arms to steady her when the impact of her small, soft body colliding with mine caused her to almost fall. When she looked at me, I knew she remembered who I was. Her mouth formed that small O that's so fucking sexy on a woman, and when she released a breath of air, it was warm against my chin. I just stared at her, my eyes looking for hers through my own dark glasses. When she took a step back, I dropped my hand, gave another salute, and walked past her. By the time I got to the corner and looked back, she was gone.

That was three years ago.

Music.

That's the first thing I heard the third time I saw Saylor Samson. She sang a song that immediately got my attention. It was beautiful. Just like her. Her hair was straight, and she looked elegant. Her body was hidden behind a piano, but her eyes found mine as I took a seat at the table closest to her.

I twirled the beer bottle in my hand and watched as she sang to me. She was asking me to come away with her. I ignored the looks everyone in the restaurant gave me. I didn't belong there. It was a nice place. People

were wearing suits and shit, but I didn't give a fuck. I didn't want to sit at the bar where I half-ass fit in. I wanted to sit at the table next to the Aphrodite with the beautiful voice, right in the middle of the tie-wearing CEOs and their overpriced escorts. And she wanted me there. She hadn't looked at me like I didn't belong. She looked at me like I was the only man in the room. When the song finished, she left. Maybe she went on break. Maybe it was her last song. I didn't know and never would. I left when she did.

That was two years ago.

Protectiveness.

That's what the fuck I felt the last time I laid eyes on Saylor Samson. I was in a bar, she was in a bar. I had a date, she had a date. My date was a smokin'-hot redhead I'd picked up on my way in that had already come on my knee twice. Her date was a fuckin' prick who had jealousy issues. Not that I could blame him.

Saylor wasn't a little girl anymore. She was a full-blown woman whose dance moves had every dick in the bar twitching. Her hair was long. Really fuckin' long. Down to her ass and thick and curly and crazy, kinda like she stuck her finger in a light socket. And it was sexy. Really fuckin' sexy. I felt my dick press harder against my jeans, and it had nothing to do with the redhead humping my knee and sucking my neck.

Saylor wore a skirt that looked like it was made out of glitter and was so short, the cheeks of her ass hung out every time Lil Jon demanded she get low. My eyes moved down her legs to her high heels that were so tall, it looked like she was walking on her toes. I don't know how in the hell women wear that shit, but it was hot. Especially on Saylor Samson.

She was dancing on a table with a group of her friends. Judging by the sash and tiara the girl next to her was wearing, they were celebrating something. It physically hurt when I had to drag my eyes from Saylor's legs to find her date yelling at her. He was demanding she get off the stage, and I could make out the words "go fuck yourself" on her lips. When he reached up and grabbed for her leg, I was already on my way over. I wasn't pissed because it was Saylor who he was messing with, or at least that's what I told myself.

Usually, I didn't get involved with relationship drama. This guy could be her husband for all I knew, but she was a chick and he was a dude, and I wasn't gonna stand for that shit. I felt her eyes on me, and I didn't want to look, but I did. The fight seemed to die out of her, and I knew it was because she knew I was there. I don't know how she knew and I didn't care. All that mattered was that she needed me. She needed me and she knew I could protect her. I could help her. She knew this shit, and she didn't even know my fucking name.

Adrenaline shot through my body. I could feel my temples throbbing . . . my nostrils flaring . . . my teeth clenching . . . my hands balling into fists. I was gonna kill that motherfucker. She was telling me with her eyes she needed this. She wanted this. She wanted me.

I grabbed the prick by the throat and he grasped my hand in a shitty attempt to pry my fingers from around his neck. I carried him through the crowd of people with his feet kicking in the air, trying to find the floor. Once outside, I slammed him into the street. I felt that familiar feeling of power consume me as I watched him struggle to catch his breath. People around us were screaming and cheering, wanting more.

That feeling of power intensified as my fist met his bleeding flesh each time I landed a blow to his pathetic face. When I finally stopped, I stood over his body that lay unconscious on the crowded street. I turned to the

cheering group of people, searching for only one face. When I found her, she was watching me.

Her eyes were slightly narrowed and her face turned to the side as she appraised me. I wanted to know what she was thinking. I wanted to know why she didn't look scared. I wanted to know why she was so calm, acting as if she already knew this was going to happen. But her friends were pulling her back into the building before I could speak to her. When she made it to the door, she turned back and before she disappeared inside, her left eye shut on a wink. And then she was gone.

That was last night.

Today, I can't get the images of Saylor over the past five years out of my head. It's stupid. I know that. I've seen hundreds of women. I've fucked just as many. This one I haven't even touched, but I can't shake her from my thoughts. Two years ago, I'd asked the man at the bar she was singing at what her name was. All this time, that's all I've ever known about her. But in just a few minutes I will know everything, or at least everything that has been documented on paper. I won't know her favorite color or what makes her laugh or what her favorite food is or any of that shit. I'm sure I can find out if I really want to, and I wouldn't even have to talk to her, but for some reason, this is shit I want her to tell me.

I slam my fist on the table, squeezing my eyes shut in pure aggravation. Why the hell do I care? It isn't natural for me. I have brothers all over the world, but I don't want to know their favorite color or what the fuck makes them laugh. I respect them, but it pretty much ends there.

I have to stay the hell outta Jackson, Mississippi. It seems like every time I come here, I see her. And every time I see her, I dream of her. And every time I dream of her, I dream we are together, and she is smiling. I've never even seen her smile, but I dreamed it was something beautiful. Like a sunset or a rainbow or a clear blue sky the day after a storm.

I clench my fist until my knuckles are white and bring them to my head, letting out a growl of frustration. Words like sunset, rainbow and beautiful aren't even in my vocabulary. My thoughts have me feeling weak. I need to kill. I need to hit someone. I need to control the crazy shit that's happening in my head. Fucking sunshine and rainbows . . . What a pussy.

"Bad time?" I move my hands from my face and find Shady staring at me with a piece of paper in one hand and the other one held up in surrender. Good. By his reaction, I know I haven't lost my touch. I like that men fear me, even if he is my own brother.

"You got my shit?" I growl, ignoring his question. This is one of the reasons I ride nomad—alone. Stupid shit like unnecessary conversation.

"Yeah, man. I got it." I snatch the paper from his hand. It's not that I don't like Shady, or that I don't respect him. I'm just not much of a people person.

Everyone I come in contact with has strict orders from Nationals to give me anything I ask for and not to fuck with me. The results will be nasty and guaranteed. The warning from Nationals is the only one they get. Most of them respect it and leave me alone, but there were always those that pushed the limits just because they thought they could. The unlucky bastards that didn't heed the warning now have scars of repercussion.

I study the paper, pausing long enough to dismiss Shady with a look, and read the address until it is memorized. That's all I need for now. The rest I can read later. I shove the paper in my pocket on my way out, passing the guys in the clubhouse without even a look. I give them my two-fingered, half-ass signature salute and I'm gone.

Chapter 2

Sinner's Creed Motorcycle Club's Jackson chapter clubhouse is located in the old part of downtown Jackson. The place where even the cops don't bother coming. We run the whole block, and if you somehow end up on this street you are either lost, a business associate, or looking for trouble. Saylor's apartment is only a few miles from here, somewhere between uptown Jackson, where the rich fuckers live, and old downtown, where the projects are, and the Sinner's Creed clubhouse.

I find her apartment building easily. It seems less than middle class, something maybe college kids would live in or single moms. I've imagined Saylor in something a little nicer than some shitty apartment. Something like a cottage on the lake, where she could watch the sunset every evening.

Sunset.

There's that fucking word again. Invading my thoughts and making me want to stick someone in the neck with my knife. I park across the street and pull out a smoke, inhaling deeply in hopes that the nicotine will calm my annoyance with my mind. I don't know why I'm here. I don't know what the hell I'm thinking. I'm confused, I'm out of my element, and I'm twisted the fuck up.

Saylor isn't home. I've been here over an hour, stalking her apartment like some kind of freak, and she has yet to show. I hate myself for missing her. I wish I could stay longer, but I have a job to do. My club comes first. And it always will.

I'm going too fast down the small road that leads me to the highway. I'm going so fast that I almost miss the tear-streaked face surrounded by a mass of blond hair that belongs to the body of the goddess who is walking down the sidewalk. I make an illegal U-turn in the middle of the street and race back toward her, stopping my bike several yards in front of where she is walking. When I get off and remove my helmet, I stand next to my bike, willing my legs to not walk up to her and take her in my arms and comfort her.

Comfort. Another word I'm not used to having in my head.

She walks closer, stopping a few feet from where I'm standing. Her eyes are sad, and I feel my heart speed up and my mind go into overdrive with all the forms of torture I can perform on the one who made her so sad.

"You're late," she says, and then I see it. It's not a sunset or a rainbow or a clear blue sky. It's something so much better. Even though her smile is sad and is only the one used when it's appropriate to be polite, it's the most beautiful fucking thing I have ever seen. And I've seen a lot.

I don't know what I'm late for. Was she expecting me? I want to ask, but I can barely make it through the introductions. I don't know how in the hell I'll ever have a conversation with this girl. Just her presence seems to overwhelm me.

"I'm Dirk." My tone is harsh—the result of my pissed-off state, which just accelerated because she deserves a tone that is soft and kind and pleasant to her ears. "I'm Saylor."

"I know," I tell her, and the look on her face says she might have already known that I did my research.

"I know I don't know you, but I feel like I do." I know exactly what she means, but I don't tell her that. I just stare at her, willing her to speak again, so I can add that voice to my dreams. "I remember you." Her

admission doesn't surprise me. But now I'm curious about how much she remembers and how much she knows.

As if she can see straight through me, she tells me exactly what I'm wanting to hear. "You helped me change my tire. I was scared of you that night. Just one look at your vest and I immediately stereotyped you." She motions toward my cut with her hand. As if I couldn't remember what it said, I look down at it. The 1% patch over my heart glares back at me, reminding me of who I am. I wonder if Saylor has done her research on me like I did on her. If she has, then this won't go much further than it already has.

"Say my name," I demand, wanting to hear how it sounds on her lips before she realizes what a bad idea this is and runs off. My eyes move to her mouth. I want to memorize the way it looks when her full, pink lips poke out to pronounce my name.

"Dirk." And it's perfect. I want to tell her to say it again, but she does so without my command. It's like she can read my thoughts, and I immediately try to clear my head of anything that might offend her. "Is there room for two on that thing?" She's standing with her arms crossed over her chest and when she nods her head toward my bike, the never-ending strands of wild, curly hair move, and the wind catches the scent and carries it straight to my nostrils at the same moment I inhale.

Motherfucker.

Her hair smells fresh like citrus. Like oranges and lemons and shit. Not like hairspray and all those fucking hair care products, but natural and clean. I feel the saliva building in my mouth.

"There's room," I say shortly. I don't like to talk. I want to listen and I want her to tell me everything. And I want to smell her. I want to smell her hair and her neck and kiss the parts of her body other men didn't care about or appreciate. Like the crease at her elbow, or behind her knee. I watch her walk toward me until she is standing so close that I nearly take a step back out of habit.

"Dirk," she says, my name coming out of her mouth on a whisper, and I inhale her breath and let it coat the back of my throat. "I just need to get out of here." Her eyes are pleading. They search mine, and I watch as they move back and forth in her head, looking for something from me. They are incredible. She is so close that I can see the thin brown circles that outline her bright green eyes. Green seems too simple of a word to describe them. Emerald isn't much better, but the word suits not only the color, but the delicacy of them.

She notices my uneasiness. She can see the question in my eyes, the one that asks, Why the hell do you want to get on the back of a bike with a guy like me? Most women would do it because bad boys are appealing to them. It would be a thrill to throw all their inhibitions to the wind. But Saylor needs me for another reason.

"I'm not scared of you, Dirk. Even if there was something left in this life that could scare me, it wouldn't be you. You've always been my savior. You may not know it, but you always show up just when I need you most. You're like my angel. And right now, I need you."

"I'm no angel." The word seems to lose some of its meaning by just being spoken out loud by me. It would have an entirely different definition if it actually applied to me.

"Please." She's begging me for understanding. She's asking me for help. And I don't know why I'm still standing here trying to talk myself out of it. Isn't this more than I could have expected? More than a man like me deserves?

I hand her my helmet, which fits after all her hair is shoved inside it. To hell with the reasons. She told me

she needed me, and right now, there is nothing else I'd rather do than give her whatever it is she needs.

The only seat I have is on the fender. My bike is not equipped for a passenger, but I make it work by wrapping her legs around my waist. The feel of her body is warm against mine, sending my senses into overdrive. Her scent, the feel of her wrapped around me . . . I've never experienced anything like it. And soon, I'm speeding off into the wind, letting it bear the weight of both our problems and letting the road lead us somewhere other than here.

There is a dock in Vicksburg that gives a great view of the Mississippi River. At night it is lit up with the lights of tugboats, and the only sound is the hum of the engines. It's peaceful and often where I stay when I have business in town. The club uses this dock to transport shit, and I use it as an escape.

Many nights I've sat here, and Saylor's latest mental image is what I've envisioned. It would be different having her here. Better. I hope. When I stop the bike, I can feel her shaking. I close my eyes and grip the handlebars, pissed at myself for letting her get cold. I'm a fucking idiot.

I step off and remove her helmet to find that it isn't the weather causing her to shake. If the eighty-degree temperature isn't enough to convince me, the sobs wracking through her body and the tears falling out of her eyes are.

I'm not a sentimental guy. I've never consoled a woman or held one while she cried. That's not my job. My job is to take what I need, give her something equal in return, and leave.

But this is Saylor. The girl who has consumed my mind for over five years. I've spoken less than ten words to her, and she's still the most important fucking woman in my life. I've never been able to find the logic, and even now, I'm dumbfounded as to why she is the one.

I stand here, watching her cry. Not sure of what to do. Her legs hang lifeless off the sides of my bike, a result of them being numb after the hour ride. Her arms dangle at her sides, and she doesn't bother wiping her face or pushing her hair out of the steady stream of tears.

I'm not good with words. I'm not good with crying. I don't know what she wants or what she needs, because her eyes have become just as lifeless as her legs, and there is no way she can speak through her sobs. I've watched movies and I've heard songs that tell you how to hold a woman. I'm sure I could do it, but I have this ache in my fucking chest that won't let me do anything but stand here.

Minutes pass and her tears are still flowing, but her sobs have died. When she speaks, the relief is so great that I feel my knees starting to buckle and I have to change my stance.

"Dirk," she says, and the ache in my chest vanishes. I wonder if it's heartburn. I've never felt it before. "Can I stay with you tonight?" Her eyes are on mine, and even in the darkness I can see how red and puffy they are. I can see the need and the desperation there too.

"Yes." It's simple. She asks, I give. She wants this and I want to give her whatever she wants.

I have a room at the warehouse. It's small and simple, but has a shower, a toilet, and a twin-sized bed. That's all I need. I have a room like this in every town we have a chapter. Most are in clubhouses, but sometimes I get lucky and can find a place to crash off-site, away from the constant drama that comes with being in a motorcycle club.

I help her off the bike, noticing how her body seems to tremble slightly. It might be the fear, or the

adrenaline of doing something dangerous, but whatever it is has no effect on the determination on her face. She places her hand in mine, walking beside me as I lead her to the building.

I open the door to the room and it is black. There are no windows and only a single light bulb that hangs from the ceiling. I pull the string and the light comes on, revealing the room, and I gauge Saylor's reaction because I want to make sure it's good enough. If it's not, I can get a place at a nearby casino. She walks around the small space and she is still holding my hand. The room is so compact that my arm stretches everywhere she walks and I don't have to move my legs.

I'm pissed again. She has been holding my hand and I've been so deep in my own fucking thoughts that I haven't had a chance to memorize what her small, warm hand in mine feels like. I relax my face in an attempt to not be so intimidating, but I doubt it works.

"It's perfect. Can I use the bathroom?" The sound of her voice is soothing and calm. It prides me knowing that I'm the only one in the world who can hear it right now.

"Yes," I say and release her hand. She smiles at me and it's polite, but so fucking rewarding. There is only a curtain that separates the space between me and her, and when she steps behind it, the loss of her presence has me feeling lonely. This is something else I will process on my ride or in my sleep. Right now, I just want the moment. I don't want my mind clouded with thoughts of what is wrong with me. I just want to hear her voice and see her face and feel her touch.

When she steps from behind the curtain, I just stand there and appraise her. Her hair is a beautiful mess. Her shorts are short enough to reveal almost all of her thighs and legs, and her white T-shirt is so tight, I can see the outline of her bra beneath it.

"Do you live here?" she asks, and her question should annoy me, but it doesn't, and I find myself answering her.

"When I'm in town, this is where I sleep." I don't know why she chose me to share it with, but I finally get that smile that I've dreamed of. It's not polite or expected. It's genuine and fucking breathtaking. It stretches across her face, and I can see the top row of her teeth that are just as perfect as her smile. It makes me want to smile, and I haven't smiled in a long time.

My face softens, but I hold on to my smile because I'm undeserving of taking any glory from her. Her smile lights up the whole world and mine is nothing in comparison. This is her moment, and I would kill any smiling motherfucker who walked in this room and tried to take it away.

"You scared my friends last night." She takes a seat on the bed, looking up at me through her long, mascara-covered lashes. "Well, if you want to call them my friends. They're more like acquaintances. I thought that guy deserved what he got. I'd just met him that night. He had no right to try to claim me as his. I can't even remember his name." She doesn't know me, but she knows what I'm capable of. Yet she never hesitated to come here with me. Hell, she practically begged for it.

I want to know her reasons. I want to know why she is putting such trust in a man that looks like me, acts like me, and has a reputation like mine. If just the sight of my patches scared her, then she was aware of the bad rep bikers had. It didn't matter if the stereotype proved to be true or not. As an outsider, she knew the risks. She knew the difference between us and our two worlds.

I was the predator and she was the prey. I was the shark and she was the bait. I was the demon-possessed monster and she was the innocent, naïve angel. I could almost envision the sight of her white feathered wings

trapped by the large, sharp jaws of my mouth. Shit like this didn't happen. Nobody could be as perfect as she seemed to be and still want something to do with an imperfection like myself.

I watch her stand, crossing her arms over her chest while she walks around the small room, having nothing to look at but cinder block wall, white-tiled ceilings, and concrete floors. But she seemed intrigued by them.

"Sometimes I dream of you, Dirk." I feel something shift inside me. "Sometimes I swear I can even feel you lying next to me at night." She runs her hand over the wall, looking up at the ceiling and avoiding my stare. I'd dreamed of her too. I've never had the feeling be strong enough that I could actually feel her, but I've imagined for years what it would be like to have her laying next to me. On the darkest nights, when sleep refused to take me, my mind would always drift to her. Those dreams I controlled, but even in my imagination, I never felt worthy enough to touch her.

"Do you remember the second time I saw you?"

"Yes." How could I forget? I remembered every time I saw her.

"I was beginning to think that maybe I'd imagined you. That the man in my dreams was a myth—something my subconscious created to help me forget what happened that night before I saw you." I want to know what happened, but I can tell that she's not going to tell me. Her eyes darken at just the memory, and my blood pumps faster at the thought of someone hurting her.

"It was like you knew that I was beginning to forget you, so you showed up to prove to me that you were real. Then . . ." She pauses, fidgeting with her shirt. It seems like forever passes before she speaks again. "You came to my job. They were firing me that night. They'd just told me to finish out my song requests and leave. I was crushed. My music career was over, just like that." She snaps her fingers and smiles. There is no look of defeat or failure on her face, only happiness. "You reminded me that I have a bigger purpose in this world, other than singing. So, believe what you want. But to me, you're an angel."

Pride swells in my chest, but I quickly push it back down. I couldn't be that for her. Her expectations were too high for a man like me. I was a murderer, a thief, and a liar. I didn't just kill, I tortured. I didn't steal from the rich and give to the poor, I took what I wanted and I kept it for myself. Little white lies were the same as big ones to me. The only people I'd never lied to were my brothers. And I'd never lied to her. But I would, if she ever fucked up and asked the wrong questions.

"I need something from you, Dirk. I need something that only you can give me." This time, her eyes meet mine and she is battling with her pride. She wants to ask, but either she's afraid of rejection, or she doesn't want to show any more weakness. I can't be her angel, but I can't deny her either. It doesn't matter what she asks, I'll do it.

"Anything." My voice is low and gruff, and can barely be heard over the screaming in my head. I'm fucking up. I shouldn't do this. But my want is too powerful to listen to rational thought. It overrides my mind, controls my actions, and beats the hell out of my better judgment. I want to give her this. And I will.

"This goes against everything I believe. My morals, my ethics, and my desire to uphold his will in who he wants me to be. Dirk, I want you to hold me tonight. I just want you to hold me and kiss me and help me forget everything. I know it's selfish, but is it too much to ask?" Her voice is thick and emotional. I know she's gonna break down again. I don't know what she wants to forget. But I'll make sure she does. I don't know who he is. I don't know what control he has over her life. But tonight, she doesn't want him. She wants me.

I should be pissed that she called herself selfish. I should be pissed at the one who treated her like he didn't need to hold her like he needed to breathe. I wouldn't be that motherfucker. I would be the one who would make her feel special, even if it's just for tonight. Even though I know I can feel shit inside me that makes me realize that this is bad for me. But, I will make her feel special, because she asked for it and it will make me the selfish one. Because I can't offer her anything other than tonight, and I will make it so amazing for her that no other man will ever be able to make her feel like I did.

"It's not too much to ask," I tell her and watch as her eyes widen and her nostrils flare slightly. She is fighting to hold back her tears. Relief is on her face and sags her shoulders. That ache is back in my chest and it's fighting against a feeling of elation that I have because I gave her that relief. I'm going to get to touch her and I waste no time.

There are two steps between us and I close the distance, never letting my eyes leave hers. Mine are willing her to trust me and hers are telling me she does. I slowly raise my hand and push her hair over her shoulder so that it falls down her back. My hand grazes her neck, and I feel my pulse quicken when her mouth falls open and her eyes close. She is doing something to me.

"Saylor." She sighs as I whisper her name. When I trail my finger slowly down her neck and between her tits, the slightest moan escapes her lips and I feel my dick swell in my jeans. When I reach the hem of her shirt, I slide both my hands beneath it and up her rib cage, feeling her hot skin tremble beneath my calloused hands. She is as soft as satin, and I don't want the fabric of her shirt between us anymore. I move my hands up her sides, forcing her arms to lift, pulling her shirt over her head. When it's off and her face comes back into view, her eyes are open and full of want. I leave her bra but notice how her nipples have hardened and are pushing against the fabric. I swallow and it's the first physical sign of weakness I've shown. I gauge her reaction, but she hasn't noticed my fault and if she has, it isn't registering on her face.

The small amount of fear in her eyes doesn't grow when my hands drift to the button on her shorts, so I remove them too. They fall to the floor and she is now standing before me in a pair of white panties and a white bra. She couldn't be more beautiful or vulnerable, and to keep from feeling like I'm taking advantage of her, I have to remind myself that she asked for this. Maybe not to this extent, but the hungry look she wears says that she doesn't mind.

I make her stand there, her body convulsing in light shakes, giving her plenty of time to change her mind while I strip down to my boxers. Her eyes appraise my body and she likes what she sees. I see her fingers flex, wanting to touch me. But I don't give her time to make a move. I lead her to the bed a few feet away and she climbs in without hesitation and, fuck me, but I take a moment to drink her in. She is about five seven and the sixty-seven inches of woman, half naked and lying in my bed, is enough to please me for the rest of my fucked-up life. She hasn't touched anything other than my hand, yet she is more pleasurable than any other woman I've ever been with.

I pull the string on the light and wish there was a window in the room. I want to see her in the moonlight. Even if it's just her silhouette. I hear her breathing accelerate and I know she is nervous. She can't see me, but the feeling will be more intense because of it. I slide between the covers, keeping my weight on my arms as I lean down into her hair and inhale. Her body is shaking with need, and the fear and excitement and trembling is so intense that I speak to her in hopes of calming her nerves. "I promise to give you what you asked for and nothing else. Trust me." My whisper of words works and I feel her body relax. I kiss down her neck and across her collarbone before making my way to her mouth. When my lips find hers, she opens to me and I slip my tongue inside and I feel her sink further into the mattress. Fuck she tastes amazing. Like citrus. Just like she smells.

I keep the kiss slow and deep, trying to calm the urge to ravish her. She moans in my mouth and I have to lift my hips to keep my hard cock from touching her. Reluctantly, I pull away from her mouth and kiss down her neck, paying attention to every place that is bared to me. Her arms, her hands, her stomach, and of course that little crease at her elbow. Her moans are louder and her hands have found my hair. She pulls and it feels so fucking good I'm afraid I don't have the willpower to stop.

I don't go below her stomach because there is no way I can kiss her without diving beneath her panties at the scent of her pussy. The smell of her arousal is mouthwatering and I know she is wet and ready for me. I find her mouth again and kiss her deep. I can't get enough of her. I feel her hands tracing the muscles of my shoulders and my back. Her nails are short but manage to find their way into my skin. I want her to mark me. I want to remember this night. I want her pleasure to scar me. But my wants are not important. Only hers.

"Dirk." At the sound of my name on her lips, the ache in my chest becomes heavier. She is desperate and begging for release. "Tell me what you want," I whisper in her ear, kissing my way back down her neck as my hand rubs from her hip to breast and back down.

"Please," she begs, and I know she can't say it. She is ashamed and embarrassed to say what she really wants, and her words tell me she is not very experienced. My fingers trace across the hem of her panties and I hear her take a deep, staccato breath in anticipation. I slip my hand under the material to find her bare and wet.

A groan escapes me and it's my second show of weakness. I find her small clit that throbs between her wet lips, and I rub it softly. She is shaved, her lips just as full as the ones that surround her mouth, and I can't imagine her feeling any different or any more perfect. A moan rips through her chest and I feel my own swell at her reaction. I shift my weight so I'm on my side and her legs open wide, inviting me in.

"Baby, you feel so fucking good," I whisper in her ear, and I'm rewarded with another moan of pleasure. She likes the way I compliment her. She likes that I called her baby. I like that she likes it. Her hands push her bra up, exposing her chest to the darkness, and I'm so fucking jealous of it I growl. My mouth finds her hard nipple easily, and when she says my name, I don't care if I ever see them. Kissing them is so much better. I want to kiss her pussy. I want to taste her wetness. I'm working hard to not let her come in hopes that she will ask me, but I know she won't.

I release her nipple from my mouth and whisper over it, my breath blowing against it, and although I can't see, I know it is puckering further in the darkness. "Can I kiss your pussy?" I ask. I've never said those words in all my fucking life. I've never had to.

"Please," she begs me, and I'm hesitant because I know I will never get to do this for the first time again. It will never be the same after I first taste her. I will never get that feeling of satisfaction again. I will chase this high for the rest of my life and nothing will ever compare. But I won't let it stop me. I can't. Now my dreams will be filled with her smile, her scent, and her fucking taste.

I slide between her legs and take her panties off, tossing them to the floor. I don't want to tease her any longer. I bury my nose in her sweet-scented pussy and inhale deeply. She is divine. When my tongue slides between her lips, her sound is more than a moan. It is a cry of passion that almost makes me lose it. My mouth consumes her pussy—drinking her and savoring her scent and taste. I kiss her with my lips, sliding my tongue over her again and again. I avoid applying too much pressure because I'm being an asshole and want to taste her longer, but she's not complaining.

She is writhing under me and crying out my name. I insert the tip of my finger inside her and she tenses, but she relaxes when I don't push further. Her reaction screams at me. It tells me this sexy goddess, that no other

woman can compare to, hasn't been touched in a long time.

The thought of no one being inside her for so long has me consumed with a feral need so intense that I almost tell her that she is mine. It makes me fucking crazy and desperate to take her. I circle my tongue around her clit, giving her the pressure she needs to release. She screams and I feel her tighten. I push deeper into her, feeling her walls contract around my finger that is buried deep inside her. I continue to work her with my mouth and finger until she comes down from her orgasm. Then I remove my finger and replace it with my tongue, tasting her release, until she shivers from what I know now is the cold. I kiss my way back up her body, bringing the covers with me and pulling them over us before removing her bra completely. I want to feel her chest against mine, and I want her to be comfortable.

When I lay beside her, she turns in to me and I feel her arm snake around my waist. And I hold her. Like I've done it a million times. My head is swimming with thoughts of what just happened. The taste of her lingers in my mouth and on my chin. I'd just eaten the sweetest pussy of the sweetest girl that I didn't even know. And the only thing I got in return was the remnants of her release. And it was more than enough.

"I like when you call me 'baby,'" Saylor says while we lay next to each other, still trying to catch our breath. I could tell her I like it too, but I'll show her instead. I'll call her baby as much as this man of few words can. The silence stretches on until she interrupts it once again.

"It's been a while."

"I know," I say in response, trying to smooth her hair out of my face. I give up because I would rather have my arms around her. It just feels good.

"I had my heart broken when I was a teenager. At sixteen, I thought I was in love. After that, I made a promise to my mother that I wouldn't give myself to anyone else until I knew they were the right one for me. I always keep my promises." I think about this a minute and I remember that the information Shady gave me said her mother was deceased. I feel my body tense as I become angry at the thought of her mother leaving her, and the son of a bitch that broke her heart.

"Now she's gone. Cancer. She died during treatment." Saylor's voice is low and I feel her tears leak onto my chest. I hold her a little tighter, and I don't know if it is my hold that opens the floodgates or the reminder of her mother, but she starts sobbing again. "Dirk," she manages.

"Yeah?" I say through the twisting pain in my chest. It fucking hurts.

"Will you hold me and tell me everything will be okay?" At her words, I move our bodies so that I am completely entwined with her and my lips are at her ear.

"Everything will be okay. I'm here." When I reassure her, she completely loses it, and it scares me. I wonder who will do this for her when I am gone. My body rocks her and the movement surprises me. I'm holding a woman who is crying in my arms and rocking her. I hold her and rock her for what could have been hours until her breathing returns to normal, and she is in a deep sleep, with her arms wrapped tightly around me. And it's the best fucking feeling I've ever had.

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