

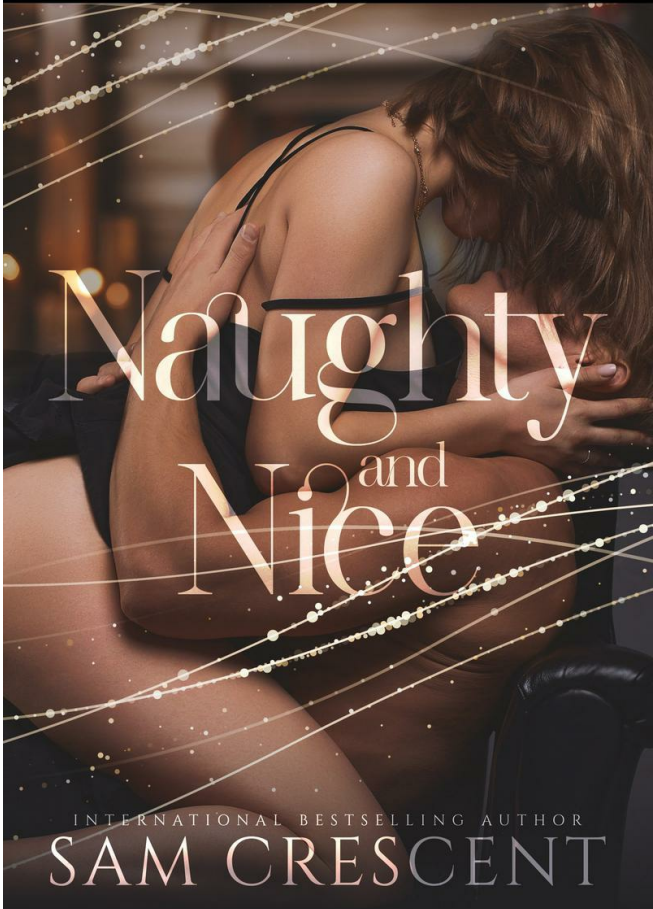
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# NAUGHTY AND NICE

Sam Crescent

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## PROLOGUE

Willow Storm wiped down the bar. The last of the customers had already gone home, but she didn't want to walk upstairs to the lonely apartment she lived in above the bar. All her life, she had tried to get away from the bar, and at eighteen she had succeeded. Her father had been a giant asshole, and a drunk. All he had cared about was this bar.

Six months ago, she got the call from his lawyer. Her father had passed away, and the bar was hers. She expected it to be a giant mess and completely gone to wreck and ruin. Instead, her father had taken care of the bar and the apartment upstairs.

Her father had left her a note, a long one, apologizing for the years of neglect and not listening to her. He regretted that they hadn't made up, or gotten to at least know each other. He offered her a chance to do what she wanted with the place, take it over, and continue to run it, or to sell it.

At first, Willow had every intention of selling it. She didn't want to have a bar, but stepping inside after nine years away, she'd burst into tears. This was her father's place. After her mother left, she knew he had put all his energy and love into it.

And so, rather than sell it, she had packed up her old life and come here. For the past six months, she had relearned everything her father had taught her. Even though she had been underage, her father had gotten her to work at the bar, and those lessons had stayed with her.

Now, as she glanced around, with the Christmas lights fading, she couldn't stop the loneliness from seeping in. She never allowed herself to feel self-pity. But for a second, she couldn't help but wallow in the sadness. She had lost her father, and she knew it was her own stubbornness that kept her

away.

He had taken care of her.

Willow jumped as the door burst open, and she turned to see a man dressed in leather step through the door. It was snowing, and with just the door opening for a second, it had sent a flurry of the snow inside.

Her heart started to race.

The man turned and she caught sight of the emblem on his jacket, declaring him a member of something called The Rebel MC.

That was it. There was no other sign to indicate he was carrying a weapon, or if she should be afraid.

Willow couldn't remember ever being afraid at her father's bar. It was kind of strange to her, to feel somewhat comforted by this place, when all she had wanted was to leave it for so long.

"Can I help you?" she asked, opting to take control rather than be afraid.

Finally, the man, whoever he was, lifted his head, and Willow had never felt such instant attraction before.

She had boyfriends in the past, two in total, and neither of those relationships had ended well. For the last couple of years, she had preferred to stay alone. She had no idea who this man was, and she had never had this reaction to her boyfriends. The truth was, her previous relationships had just kind of happened without any encouragement on her side. They had gone from friends to boyfriends quite quickly.

"You certainly can. I'd like a shot of whiskey, the good stuff that Storm keeps on hand."

Storm was what her father had often allowed people to call him. His real name had been William Storm. He wouldn't allow anyone to call him Bill.

“The good stuff.”

There had been a note stating that “the good stuff” must be reserved for Rebel, and him alone. Willow hadn't paid much attention to the note, and instead, offered it on the menu for anyone willing to pay. Quite a few of the businessmen asked for the whiskey, and she was more than happy to provide it.

Stepping around the bar, she grabbed the whiskey off the top shelf, glancing in the mirror to keep an eye on him, and then went to the bar and started to pour him a shot. She was rarely generous with the good stuff, but she had a feeling if she was sparse with him, he wouldn't be happy.

“There you go.”

The guy she assumed was called Rebel didn't sit, but put one of his hands flat on the counter, picked up the glass, and then knocked it back, giving out a little sigh of appreciation. Everyone else she had seen drink this had taken their time, or even winced at the spice as it burned their throat.

“Another.”

She did as she was asked, pouring him another drink. This time, he didn't chug it back, but looked at her. Willow hoped she wasn't blushing. It would be a nightmare if he thought she was embarrassed or had a crush, or was even attracted to him. She knew one of them to be true, but that was beside the point. He shouldn't know the true answer.

As she folded her arms across her chest, Rebel chuckled.

“He said you had an attitude a mile long.”



“Who did?” Willow asked.

“Your dad.”

This made her pause. She had no idea her father even talked about her behind her back. Why would he talk about her? He’d been disappointed in her for a long time and didn’t even acknowledge her existence. That seemed to be her father’s trait—pretending she didn’t exist, so he didn’t have to deal with the fact his wife, her mother, had left them both.

The divorce papers had sent her father over the edge, and it had cemented their stalemate relationship.

“He shouldn’t have been talking about me,” she said. She moved away to go and do anything that involved her hands, and not talking to him.

“Why not?” Rebel asked. “You’re his daughter.”

“My father’s dead, so please enjoy your drink, because it’s nearly closing time.”

Rebel chuckled. “Sassy, I like it.”

Willow had heard enough. She didn’t want to think about the guilt that ate away at her each time she thought of her dad. There were so many times she wanted to come home, to make up for lost time, to try and make it work, but she always found some excuse not to work it, and now there was no chance of them ever mending bridges.

Her father was gone and was never coming back. She didn’t need this ... biker, to remind her of that.

Rounding the bar, she made her way toward the door, and Rebel gave another little chuckle that set her nerves on end.

“Leave!”

Rebel threw back his whiskey and slapped the glass down on the bar. She thought the sheer force of it might shatter the glass, but it didn't.

Rebel walked slowly toward her. Willow tried not to pay attention to the walk, or the way he looked at her. There was no disgust or any indication he was pissed off. She didn't know how she had done it, but he actually looked entertained by her.

She was ready to kick his ass out, but Rebel took another step toward her. For some strange reason she didn't feel afraid.

"You know, he said you had attitude, but he didn't say anything about how fucking sexy you are."

"He was my dad," Willow said.

Did this man find her sexy? No, she shouldn't care.

"True, and that kind of shit is messed up." Rebel gave a groan of approval. "I'll let you kick me out this time, but I promise you, Willow Storm, by next Christmas, you are going to be screaming my name and begging me for more."

"Get lost, creep."

Rebel gripped her waist and pulled her in close.

"Not a creep." He slammed his lips down on hers, kissing her hard, taking her by surprise.

At first, she didn't kiss him back, because she was a little shocked that he had taken a kiss and not asked permission first. This wasn't a soft kiss—it was hard, firm, demanding, and Willow loved every second of it. She couldn't help but kiss him back.

Rebel was the one to break the kiss first.

“And the name is Rebel Constantine. You better get used to it.”

## CHAPTER ONE

### *One Year Later*

*“I know my daughter can be a little ... irritating, but I’d like you and your club to keep an eye on her. You know, help her out, be there for her.”*

Rebel Constantine looked over at Storm’s bar. Willow had been running the place for eighteen months now, and she had kept the place thriving, much to his surprise. He expected her to run the place into the ground, but instead she had done Storm proud. If he was still alive, he knew there was a lot her father would want to say to her.

He was pretty sure there was a lot Storm would want to say to him too, primarily, to keep his hands off her, not that he’d listen.

From that one look at Storm’s graveside, where he’d not worn his leather cut, nor had any of his club out of respect, Rebel couldn’t get the feisty woman out of his mind. For six months he kept his distance, and then on Christmas Eve, he had made the choice to go and see her.

Willow was more than he could have imagined. Long, brown hair, even though she had pulled the locks into a ponytail. Brown eyes that looked so fucking pained and curious at the same time. He knew she had found him attractive. Even though it had been freezing outside, the bar was fucking warm that night. Willow had a small shirt on that showed those voluptuous curves, as well as hardened nipples designed to make a man’s mouth water, and they had made his water. He’d gotten hard at the sight of her in jeans and a tight shirt.

She had large tits, a nice, big ass, and thighs designed to be wrapped around him. Willow had also been feisty, which he couldn’t help but love.

Over the past year, he had made it his mission to stop by the bar every

Friday night, late, when there was no one around, demanding his drink.

Willow was always frosty, but he loved the outfits she wore, especially in the summertime when it was hot enough to melt the balls right off him.

He had wanted her badly, so many times, and he knew she wanted him. There was no getting away from their attraction to each other. Willow could feign ignorance, but her body spoke volumes.

It was cold once again, and he was freezing his balls off. It was Christmas Eve, and he planned to have a lot of fun with her tonight. For one year they had been doing this dance, the foreplay, and he was ready to cash in.

The last of the cars left the parking lot, and Rebel rode right in, parked his bike, and climbed off. He walked toward the door, and expected it to be locked, but it was open. Stepping into the door, he glanced across the bar to find his drink waiting for him, and Willow dressed in red, looking like a sexy Santa gift.

“Enjoy your drink and leave,” she said.

Willow had made the mistake of putting the key into the lock, so Rebel closed the door and flicked the lock into place. The sound seemed to echo throughout the bar.

“What are you doing?” Willow asked.

He took the key and slid it into his jacket pocket. “Would you look at that, this has just become a lock-in.”

“Don’t play games, Rebel. Enjoy your whiskey and leave. It’s Christmas, don’t you have someone else you need to get back to?”

“No, I don’t. The boys know I won’t be back until after New Year’s.”

“After New Year’s?” Willow let out a chuckle. “I don’t know what you think is happening right now, but you’re clearly deluded. There is no way you’re staying here until the New Year.” Her hands were flat on the countertop.

Rebel walked toward her and noted the flush to her cheeks as well as the hard points of her nipples. She might be protesting a little too much, but he didn’t mind.

“Do you remember what I promised you last Christmas?”

Willow opened her mouth and closed it. “No, I don’t.”

“You know, I never pegged you for a liar.”

“I’m not lying.”

“You’re certainly not telling the truth.” He gave a little tut. “And we both know you’ve been thinking about it all year long.”

Rebel had forced the proximity between them. His intention from the start had been to drive her crazy, and from the look in her eyes, he had succeeded.

“Look, I don’t know what kind of game you’re playing, but I don’t want to play it. Leave, Rebel.”

He put his hands flat on the counter, close to hers, but not quite touching.

Willow didn’t want him to leave, but he would give her the choice.

“I’ll drink my whiskey, and then I’ll talk to you, and if you want me to leave afterward, I will.” There was no way Willow would want him to leave.

Every other time he was at the bar, he drank his whiskey down in one, but tonight, he took his time, savoring it. He couldn’t help but watch Willow

as he did this.

Her gaze kept dropping to his lips, then his neck, and even down toward his hands. He watched as she reached out as if to touch him, but always got herself under control and stopped.

He wanted to ask her why she did that, but instead picked up his drink and sipped it. The silence lingered for several minutes, as he knew it was going to drive her crazy, but he didn't care.

Another long drink, and he waited, patiently.

"You're doing this on purpose," Willow said.

"So, the way I see it, Willow, we have two options. Option one—we keep that door locked for the next couple of days until you're due to open again, and I show that body of yours what it's been missing. I'm talking some real fucking. I don't do the slow, making love. I want it hard, where you're bouncing on my balls, and the only sounds you hear are those of you begging for more, and our flesh slapping together. Option two—I leave, and if I do that, I promise you, baby, I won't be coming back. I know you want me. You have wanted me for the past year, but I don't play these bullshit games of kiss and chase." He lifted his glass. "You have until I finish this to decide."

\*\*\*\*

No one had ever treated her like this.

Sex for her hadn't exactly been exciting or even fun. Her two former boyfriends had been selfish, caring more about their own orgasms than ever caring about hers. For a long time, she had thought she just didn't like sex. What was to like?

Running fingers through her hair, she glanced toward the door. The past year had been a whirlwind. Willow knew she had been lucky her father

hadn't forced this bar into oblivion.

She had also loved every Friday. At first, she had looked on it with dread. That lasted a couple of weeks. She didn't know why she was hesitant for his arrival, but every Friday she found herself excited, craving his return, *wanting* him to come around.

Then she found herself dressing for him. Rebel had a way about him that made her feel ... wanted.

It wasn't even the words he said, but the way he acted. There had been many Fridays when she had spotted random women at the bar, thinking he would stray, but Rebel never arrived until after everyone was gone, and it was just her and him. He'd always stay for one drink, there would be few words, and then he'd leave. She had come to relish those few moments.

Would it be so wrong to give him a chance? She had no idea if it meant anything, or if it was just sex, but she wasn't committed to anyone or anything.

It was Christmas and last year she had spent it alone, with her single roast turkey breast, where she made more food than she could eat and ended up taking it to a care home. She didn't know if they had eaten it or thrown it out. All she knew was she couldn't do it again.

Staring at Rebel's disappearing drink, she knew he wanted an answer. Willow didn't mean to play coy, in all honesty. She didn't know what the hell she was doing. Relationships didn't come easy to her. The boyfriends she had kind of fell into the role, and she truly believed it was because of easy, convenient sex. She was cheaper than having to pay for it.

Rebel finished his drink, raised his brow, and Willow panicked. She didn't know what to say or do, and then he took a step away from her, then



another. He advanced toward the door.

*Are you really going to allow this to slide?*

*Seriously?*

*What the fuck is your problem?*

*You want him, have him, take him, use him, enjoy him!*

Rebel reached out toward the doorknob, and she just couldn't let him go.

“Wait!”

He stopped reaching for the door and turned to her.

Willow had run from the counter and now she stood in front of it. The red dress she wore molded to her body. She had spent most of the night behind the bar, where no one could really see her. This dress was for Rebel.

“Come here,” he said.

It was on the tip of her tongue to tell him no, because the truth was, she didn't know if she had what it took to be with him.

But, against her own better judgment, she felt one foot moving ahead of the other, then another, until she was right in front of him and there was nowhere else to go.

Rebel reached out and she gasped as he pressed her against the main door of the bar. It felt so good to have his hands on her hips, just touching her. He looked into her eyes, and Willow stared back. In that moment, she didn't care if it was for one night, or a few hours, or even a few days. She didn't want Rebel to go, not until she had completed this journey with him.

She lifted her hands and placed them on his arms, slowly moving them up until they were at his shoulders. He had thick arms, thick muscles, but she

already knew that. The jacket was not small and was tight around his arms. Willow couldn't recall ever seeing him without his leather jacket on, displaying the emblem of his club.

“Good choice.”

He slammed his lips down on hers, and Willow knew in that moment she had made one of the best choices of her life.

His kisses were almost bruising but they felt so good. She didn't want him to stop, not for a single moment. The hands at her waist pulled her away from the door. One slid down around her back to grab her ass, and the other moved up toward her hair, sinking into the length.

Rebel broke the kiss first.

“Did you wear this dress for me?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Good.” The hand at her hair grabbed the zipper and slowly began to tug it down, until the dress began to gape.

He let go of her ass, and then she stood in her matching red lace lingerie, watching him, waiting.

“Oh, fuck me, you're beautiful,” he said.

She took a deep breath and then stepped toward him, grabbing the lapel of his jacket. Willow had never been this daring before in her life.

“How about we take this upstairs?” she asked.

“Oh, we will, but you see, that pool table over there, I have spent many Fridays imagining you over it, this beautiful pussy on display. I'm not going anywhere until I fulfill every single one of my desires right here in this bar.”

## CHAPTER TWO

Rebel knew she was hesitant, but her curiosity was what drove her. There was no denying that she wanted him.

He wanted her, but he had a feeling there was something making her nervous.

She looked fucking incredible without her dress on. Her curves were driving him crazy. He loved her thick, juicy thighs. She had a small waist, but large, flaring hips, and her tits, well, he'd been drooling over them for longer than a year. They were covered in very sexy red lace that gave a hint at her darker nipples.

He wanted her naked, and as he moved her across the room and then pressed her against the pool table, he couldn't resist cupping her breast. She more than filled his palm and he let out a little moan. Her nipple was tight as it pressed against his hand. With his other hand, he cupped her other tit and then pressed them together, showing off her impressive cleavage.

“Fuck me, they're even more beautiful than I imagined.”

“You imagined this?”

“Baby, I've been planning what I'm going to do to you for this past year.” He slid his hands up and fingered the strap, slid it down her arm, and then reached around the back and opened the clasp.

Within seconds, the bra was on the floor and forgotten as he cupped her full breasts, lifting them up almost as if in offering to his mouth, and he was more than happy to oblige.

Rebel flicked the nipples with his tongue. All he wanted to do was suck and ravage at them, he wanted to leave his mark on her and make her a little

sore and aching so that every time she moved, she felt his touch. Each moment she would be reminded of him.

Instead, he flicked his tongue against each hardened bud.

Glancing up, he saw Willow's eyes had closed, and she nibbled her bottom lip, almost as if she was trying to keep the sounds contained. He didn't want that, so he reached down to tease the edge of her panties. This made her open her eyes, and he looked at her.

"I want to hear you moan, scream, and beg. Remember?"

She nodded.

"Good, now say it. *Rebel, make me scream and moan.*"

Her cheeks were already a beautiful shade of red, but the shade got a little deeper. She was making his balls ache.

Several seconds passed and he didn't think she was going to repeat his words, but then she did, adding on a *please* as she did so.

He didn't know why he loved that please, but it was so fucking sweet and sexy.

Taking her nipples into his mouth, he noticed right away that Willow had sensitive tits, so he took his time, getting her used to the feel of his mouth. He started light, flicking his tongue across each hardened nub, and she released her moans. The sounds drove him crazy.

Once she had gotten used to the feel of his tongue, he then sealed his lips around her nipple, sucking a little harder. He used his teeth, biting down just a little, and she cried out. The sounds echoed around the bar. He soothed out the pain he caused with his tongue, and then, to distract her from the pain, he slid his hand inside her panties.

Pressing a finger between her wet slit, he touched her clit, but he didn't linger, feeling her body shake. Rebel slid down toward her entrance, circling her hole, and then pressing a finger knuckle-deep inside her. She whimpered his name, and he added a second finger to find her tight.

He turned his attention back to her nipples and sucked at the hard peaks. Drawing his fingers from her soaking-wet cunt, he pressed it against her clit and began to slide it back and forth.

Willow was so responsive. He felt the change within her body almost instantly, and he knew she was close to orgasm, which surprised him.

His name fell from her lips and then he felt her body shudder and quiver and her pussy got even more wet as she came against his fingers. Rebel had never known a woman to come that fast before in his life.

Her hands gripped his shoulders.

He looked at her and saw she had closed her eyes. He didn't remove his hands and waited for her to open them. When she finally did, he saw the shock staring right back at him.

"Have you never had an orgasm before?" he asked.

"What?"

"Don't play coy with me, Willow, and don't lie to me."

She nibbled her lip again and her gaze dropped toward his chest. "I ... I've had orgasms, but, I've never ... not with anyone. I ... me, I mean, ugh, I'm the one that usually brings myself to orgasm."

With the hand that wasn't inside her pants, he pressed his finger beneath her chin, and forced her to tilt her head back so that she was looking at him.

“Are you trying to tell me you’re a virgin?”

“No, I’m not a virgin.”

“So, what you’re saying is that the guys you have been with before were too much of fucking assholes to give you a proper orgasm?” he asked.

She pressed her lips together and then nodded. “Yes.”

“Fuck me,” he said, and then he claimed her lips.

It explained everything, and now he was pissed off. Willow had been with assholes, but now he was going to show her what it was like to be with a real man.

\*\*\*\*

The last thing Willow wanted was to talk about her previous sexual experience. What was the point? She had known it wasn’t great. The sex had been more of a mechanical thing, where she had fallen into the stalemate trap.

There had also been a little alcohol involved as well, which had helped to further relationships, unnecessarily. The breakups had come easily. She hadn’t mourned the two guys because she had no feelings for them.

Pulling out of her thoughts of the past, and how fucked up she had gotten her life, she instead focused on Rebel.

This was not a fuck-up.

This was what she wanted, even though it was a little terrifying because she didn’t know what the hell she was doing.

She only had on a pair of panties, while Rebel was still fully dressed. He stopped touching her pussy, but then he grabbed her panties, and rather than help her out of them, he tore them off her body.

“Hey, that was a matching set!” She had a few loves in this world. One

of them was cooking, the other was buying sexy, matching lingerie. She had been a sucker for it ever since she was young and bought her own lingerie for the first time.

“You shouldn’t be wearing underwear,” Rebel said. His hands cupped her tits. “None of these should be confined.”

He let go of her tits after giving each nipple a kiss, and then his hands went to her hips. She didn’t get a chance to ask him what he was doing as he lifted her and placed her on the edge of the pool table.

Rebel looked at her, moved her a little further, and placed her feet right on the edge.

“Keep your feet there.”

She did as he asked, but then he grabbed her ass and pulled her a little closer. Willow didn’t think she would be able to handle the pose, but it was quite comfortable, and then Rebel ran his fingers over her pussy.

After only just orgasming, her body was so sensitive. She didn’t think she was going to be able to handle any more touch, but he spread the lips of her sex open.

“You have such a pretty cunt,” he said.

Willow had no idea what to say to that compliment, but she didn’t get a chance to respond, because in the next second Rebel surprised her as he began to lick and suck at her clit. No one had ever licked her pussy before.

At first, she jerked up, but then Rebel pressed a hand to her stomach. It was a firm hand, but not painful. He pressed her back down on the pool table, and his tongue stroked across her oversensitive clit.

He moved down to circle her pussy and then back up again. Rebel kept

repeating this action, taking his time, and she was able to get used to the feel of him touching her, which was crazy.

The pleasure was intense. She didn't think she would ever recover from it, but his tongue was a dream. Better than a dream. She had thought his fingers were amazing, but none of them compared to the pleasure of his mouth—especially his tongue as it danced across her clit, circling. When he used his teeth, she couldn't help but tense up.

Rebel created just a little pain, but it was on the same path of pleasure. She couldn't stand it.

Willow felt her orgasm start to build, and she didn't know if anything was wrong with her, because she was so close to her second release. Were women supposed to take their time? Weren't they supposed to make men work for it? Or was Rebel so talented, he knew what parts of her body to touch to heighten her need for him?

“Please!”

That one word spilled from her lips, and then she screamed. “Rebel!”

He had made that promise to her that she'd be screaming his name, and he was right. What he was doing to her body was insane.

She didn't want it to stop, but she also wasn't sure if she could handle it. He was setting her body on fire, filling her with need, and then sending her over the edge into oblivion. It was such a beautiful dance. Her second orgasm was even better than the first.

Rebel pressed a kiss to her clit and then he pulled away, but he was far from done with her. He grabbed her hips, pulling her toward the edge of the pool table, but this time he spun her so she was bent over. Willow couldn't do anything but comply.



He pressed her legs open and she heard the zipper as it slid down. In the next second, she felt the hard, bulbous head of his cock as he worked it between her slit. She moaned his name and then, inch by inch, he began to slide inside her. Never had she felt anything so thick, so long, so hard. She had no choice but to hold onto the edge of the pool table as she was so close to losing her mind.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” he said.

He grabbed her hips and then slammed the last few inches inside her. “Oh, baby, you like that, don’t you? You like to feel my cock inside you.”

Rebel pulled out so that only a few inches of him was inside her, and then thrust in hard, slapping his pelvis against her ass. She whimpered his name. It felt so good.

“Do you like my dick inside you?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“Good, because my dick loves being inside you.” He pulled out of her, and this time he didn’t stop. Rebel fucked her.

Willow had thought she didn’t like sex. She had thought so many things in the last few years, but it was all bullshit. The truth was she had been with the wrong men.

Rebel was the right man, and his cock was a dream—one she didn’t want to wake up from.

## CHAPTER THREE

Rebel had enjoyed his share of women. There was no doubt about it, he loved pussy and tits, and he loved women. None of them could even compare to Willow.

Her pussy was so fucking tight and wet. He loved her responses to him, how sensitive her body was, and how perfect she felt wrapped around his cock. He loved gripping her hips, keeping her in place as he drove into her again and again.

Rebel pulled out of her so that only the tip of his cock remained, and he saw his slick length covered in her release.

Staring at her entrance, which was filled with the tip of his cock, he slowly slid inside, watching his cock disappear inside her body. The sight was better than any kind of porn. This was heaven. He had been thinking about this for longer than a year, and it was even better than he imagined it would be. She was perfect.

He pulled out of her and this time, he pulled out to see her pussy still wide open. Then he grabbed his cock and fed that little cunt his dick. Grabbing her hips once again, he couldn't resist and pounded inside her, feeling his orgasm coming close to the surface. He closed his eyes and gritted his teeth, trying to keep himself focused and not to come too soon.

Rebel had a feeling Willow's previous experiences had been shit. He was going to rid her memory of every other encounter. She was going to belong entirely to him. He stopped with his cock balls-deep inside her.

Rebel knew he wanted her.

Her father had asked for him to keep an eye on her, and for the past year he had done exactly that, and for over a year he hadn't been with any

other women.

Last year, when he arrived at Christmas Eve, he had every intention of just introducing himself, letting her know he'd be keeping an eye on the bar. One look at her, and he hadn't been able to control himself. He had wanted her. Rebel couldn't recall ever wanting a woman before with this kind of passion. It was a need.

Even when he wasn't near Willow, he found himself thinking about her. Even his men had noticed a difference in him, and they wanted to know who this Willow was.

He had banned them all from coming to the bar, because he hadn't wanted to frighten her. The club was a handful, and they were not all the nicest bunch. He had been on the road for as long as he could remember, and as he did, he had picked up strays along the way. They had no place to call home, and tended to move around a lot.

Pushing the problems his club had to the back of his mind, he instead drew his attention back to the perfect pussy that was wrapped around his cock. He was so close to orgasm.

Rebel had lost count of the number of times he thought about taking her over the edge of the pool table. He also wanted to play with her on many of the tables as well.

The truth was, Rebel wanted to completely dominate her mind so she had no other thought other than being with him. He wanted her to think about him and only him. No one else.

He craved her. And he knew if he didn't fuck her out of his system, he was never going to get over these feelings.

He slammed harder and deeper, knowing he wasn't going to stop this

time, or hold back. He needed to fuck her and as he did, he felt his orgasm start to build, and when it hit him in a wave, he slid to the hilt inside her, shooting each jet of his cum deep into her womb.

Rebel didn't let her go and he knew his grip would be bruising. She would have marks on her hips where he held her.

Leaning over her, he pressed kisses to her neck. The only downside to fucking her over the pool table was that he didn't get easy access to those glorious tits.

He heard his stomach growl. He hadn't eaten since lunchtime, and it was already approaching midnight.

Willow had opted to open on Christmas Eve but only until nine. He understood why, because last year she had stayed open till quite late, and there had only been one or two people who hadn't wanted to go home for the festive season. This time, she had been much stricter.

"I can cook you something upstairs," Willow said.

"You're going to take care of me?" he asked.

"I'm going to feed you, if you'll let me."

He had no intention of leaving just yet and was more than happy for her to feed him.

"I only have one request," he said.

"Yes?"

"You have to feed me naked."

Willow chuckled and then turned her head as much as she could without it hurting.

"Why am I completely naked and you're fully dressed? How is that

even fair?”

“I needed you naked and I couldn’t get my dick out of my pants.”

She rolled her eyes but he saw the warm glow to her cheeks.

He slowly pulled out of her and when she tried to stand up, he stopped her by placing a hand at the base of her back, holding her in place. “Hold on.”

Rebel hadn’t used a condom.

He knew he was supposed to, but he simply didn’t want to. There was a risk of pregnancy with her, but he wasn’t going to spoil their time. He would deal with any consequences in the New Year.

For now, he was just going to enjoy her, which is what he’d been spending the year wanting to do.

His cum had started to leak out of her cunt, and he felt a twitch in his cock. He already wanted her again, but he reached down, grabbed the ruined remnants of her panties, and wiped away his cum. In the back of his mind, he couldn’t help but wish he’d pushed it back inside. Willow was a keeper, and he wanted her all to himself.

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“Why don’t you head on upstairs and I’ll make sure everything is closed down here, then I’ll join you?” Rebel said.

“Okay.”

She went to leave but then Rebel pulled her back and surprised her even further by demanding a kiss from her. It was just a simple brush of lips, and she couldn’t help but smile before leaving, very aware of her ass.

Willow tried not to turn back to see if he was watching her, but as she got to the door that led to her home, she glanced back and Rebel was

watching her. She saw his gaze go from her ass, then up to her face. He'd been watching her. She left and couldn't help but smile. This was crazy. A Christmas romp, that was all this was.

She didn't know if he intended to stay in her life until New Year's, or until he had his fill of her. She wasn't quite sure which would come first. All she had to do was not allow her heart to get involved, which should be easy.

She didn't love Rebel and had no feelings for him, other than the basic attraction she felt. That was all this was. Two people, enjoying sex at the holidays.

A little bit of naughty mingled in with all the nice that was going on.

Willow made her way into the kitchen and she glanced down at her body. Would it be so wrong to wear some clothes? Rebel hadn't wanted her to wear clothes, so she decided against anything, and stepped into the kitchen.

She had never cooked anything naked before. This was going to be interesting. Opening her fridge, she saw the Brussels sprouts she'd been saving for tomorrow. She was one of those rare people that actually loved them.

This time of the year, she loved them boiled, fried, roasted, and even raw. She craved them, and she also loved to eat them with chilies as well to make them spicy. Willow loved to experiment with food, but she had never cooked for Rebel. She didn't have a clue if he had any food allergies or what foods he liked or disliked. Maybe she should ask him.

Willow shook her head. No. This was sex. Nothing more. And she wasn't going to allow it to be more than what it was.

Sex.

Plain and simple.

Good sex.

The best kind of sex she had ever had.

But that was all it was.

Great, amazing, but only for a short time kind of sex.

She grabbed the Brussels sprouts, a chili, some bell peppers, and few other ingredients. She didn't go for any meat, but instead kept to the veggies.

Willow was already halfway through chopping the vegetables when Rebel stepped into her home, and as he did, she couldn't help but stop and admire him.

He'd removed all his clothes and as he came into the kitchen, he showed off his fully ink-covered body. Willow had spent many hours wondering what he would look like naked, and nothing had compared to the actual thing.

Rebel had a lot of ink spread over his body, from his chest down to his dick, some on his legs, and then on his arms. She hadn't seen his back.

He stepped up behind her and wrapped his arms around her.

"Am I distracting you?" he asked.

"Yes."

Rebel chuckled. "I'm glad you've stopped lying to me."

"I didn't lie."

He released a little growl and she pressed her lips together.

"Fine."

"Promise me something, Willow."

"What?"

“Promise you won’t ever lie to me.”

Willow opened her mouth and closed it.

“What?” he asked.

“Then you’ve got to promise me the same thing.” She had no idea why they were promising each other anything.

“I promise you, Willow, that I won’t ever lie to you. I will always tell you the truth.”

She knew he was telling her the truth.

“I promise you, Rebel, I won’t lie to you. I will always tell you the truth,” she said.

He still had his hands wrapped around her waist.

“Will you be honest with me?” she asked.

“Yes.”

“Do you enjoy Brussels sprouts, or do you hate them?”

Rebel chuckled.

Willow had already prepared them, and she had everything waiting for her in a bowl.

“I’m not a fan,” he said. “But it has been years since I last tried them.” He pressed a kiss to her neck.

“Do you have any allergies?” she asked.

Did she want to run the risk of getting to know him?

“No, I don’t. Do you?”

“No.”

“That’s good to know. Cook for me, Willow. Surprise me.”



Rebel didn't let her go and she had no choice but to cook with him holding her, which was very distracting.

His grip wasn't too tight, but just enough, and the truth was she didn't want him to let go.

She fired up her wok and added just a little oil. It was a nicely seasoned oil, one of her favorites.

The scents were already making her mouth water.

She didn't know why she wanted to cook him an amazing meal, but she did.

She wanted Rebel to be ... wowed by her.

Why?

It made no sense to her at all.

They were nothing to each other.

Two fleeting people in the night. That was all.

She added in the garlic, ginger, and chili, grabbing her spoon, and stirring it around for several seconds. There was no need to wait long to add the sprouts and bell peppers, along with the onions, and she added them to the wok.

She had gotten several seasonings together and after five minutes or so of stir-frying, she drizzled them on, finishing them off with a final flurry of pepper.

Rebel gave a little moan of appreciation and she couldn't help but smile.

She hoped he liked the food.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Rebel never had a woman cook for him before. He'd certainly never held onto a woman as she did cook for him, so this was all a new experience for him.

He didn't want to let Willow go, but after she served them both, he knew he had no choice. Grabbing both bowls, he walked from her kitchen to the small dining area.

The last time he'd been in this part of the house was when he carried Bill upstairs after he had one too many.

*"I'm a drunk."*

*"Shut up, Bill."*

*"Ha, you called me Bill. I'll kick your fucking ass."*

*"You're never going to remember it, so we'll consider it the same as all the other times you've said you're going to kick my ass."*

He'd carried Bill upstairs and attempted to leave him on the sofa of his living room, but that had ended badly, because he'd chosen that moment to be sick.

So, being the nice person he was, he'd made sure Bill was okay, staying the whole night so he didn't throw up in his sleep. It was during that night and the next morning, Bill had opened up about his daughter. He had pictures of Willow around the house, not too many, but enough.

*"Who is the girl?" Rebel asked.*

*"Willow, my little girl, my only daughter. She hates my guts."*

*"I don't think that's true."*

*"It's true. She was so happy to get away from me. The moment she*

*graduated, she was gone. I've not heard from her in a long time. Not that I blame her. I wasn't a good father to her."*

*"I doubt that."*

*"No, don't doubt it. I know I was an asshole. I didn't know what it took to raise a girl, so I ignored her for the most part. I figured it would be easy for her. Besides, she didn't want to be near a drunk." He shrugged.*

Rebel pulled out of his thoughts and looked at Willow.

There had been many conversations he had with Bill, and not once had Willow returned to see her father. He didn't blame her.

Bill had been honest. He had told him he'd been an asshole to her, and at times even cruel. Without her mother, he hadn't known how the fuck to raise a girl, and it had put a strain on things. Also, the fact he turned to alcohol and was drunk most of the time.

It was a miracle he'd been able to run anything, but it would seem Bill had loved his daughter dearly, even though he'd never been able to tell her or even show it. He'd done so by giving her a very successful bar. Not one that was running into the ground. Willow also had a knack for it as well. The bar was thriving. Bill would be proud, and it was quite a shame that father and daughter would not get to see what the other achieved.

Willow handed Rebel a fork and he made sure to put her bowl next to him. He didn't want to be sitting on opposite sides of the table. He wanted her close to him at all times.

Her tits were mesmerizing. He loved seeing the way they moved each time she did. They were still red from his kisses. His mouth watered for another taste and because he was also hungry.

"Are you going to try it?" she asked.

He hated Brussels sprouts so damn much. The last time he'd eaten them, they had been overcooked mush, and the taste alone had stayed with him for days. He was pretty much sure he'd been burping and farting the smell for months.

Willow looked nervous. He didn't want her to be.

Spearing a sprout, he was shocked to see that it stayed together. He expected it to fall to pieces. This was an improvement.

He didn't want to inhale it, so he quickly popped it into his mouth and started to chew, only the vegetable didn't taste the way he remembered. It was spicy, garlicky, gingery, and so incredibly tasty. His mouth watered. He wanted more, so he took another bite.

Willow reached out and placed a hand on his arm. "You don't have to eat it if you don't like it."

"Trust me, baby, I'm not the kind of guy who would do that, but this is good grub."

He saw her smile and he realized that he had never seen her true smile. It lit up her whole face, and brightened the world. She looked so fucking precious, sexy, and ... he didn't want to let her go.

There was that pesky feeling he was having again. The one he couldn't quite shake. He'd promised Bill he'd take care of Willow, but this wasn't just about looking out for her. Rebel felt this ... desire. To stay. To be with her. To explore these feelings he was having that made no sense to him. He wasn't a good guy. He wasn't a nice guy. For Willow, he wanted to be everything she needed.

"Are you going to eat?" he asked.

Willow speared a sprout and popped it into her mouth. "Strange, I

know, but I do love these.” She ate another one and he watched her eat.

This wasn’t just sex. He could attempt to pretend all he wanted, but it wasn’t. This was something more, and he didn’t know what the fuck to do with that.

Rebel wasn’t a man who did relationships, but for the last year, he knew in his mind he’d been courting this woman.

Friday had become his favorite day of the week and it was all because of her.

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Willow wanted to do a victory dance because he liked her food. At least, he liked one dish, but that was a start. She loved cooking for him, and even though she wanted to have this small success, she knew she needed to nip this in the bud.

“I see you love Christmas,” Rebel said.

She lifted her head, looking at him. “Yeah, I love Christmas.”

It was kind of hard to ignore. She had put the Christmas tree downstairs in the bar on the day after Thanksgiving. There wasn’t just a tree, though, she had put decorations all around the room, and it had taken her a couple of days to complete. There were fairy lights as well, and she had even found some stickers she could place in the windows so anyone who stopped by would feel the holidays. Her father had loved the holidays, and even though he’d been a dick many times throughout the year, at Christmas into New Year he always tried.

Willow pushed those memories from her mind, because she hated the guilt that came with it. Her father had tried, and she would find herself hoping that the next year would be different. It never was. After New Year, it

didn't even take twenty-four hours for him to fall back into his old ways, and she went to being nothing.

“Do you ... love Christmas?”

“As it happens, I do. I've always been a sucker for it, even as a kid.” Rebel shrugged. “I loved the lights and the bright colors. I know, crazy as fuck, huh?”

“Did your parents love it?” she asked.

“Didn't have any parents, babe. Spent a lot of my time in and out of juvie, and then on the streets.”

“Oh.”

“Still didn't stop me from loving Christmas. It's good.”

Her father had gotten arrested a few times and she had to go and bail him out. One of the cops had known their situation and was more than happy to pretend she was of age. Her father never actually did anything wrong, he was just a drunk. There was one time she hadn't been able to bail him out because she didn't have the money. It was then her father opened a bank account for her and started to transfer funds into it. When she left, Willow hadn't taken the card with her. She had opened a new account and started life afresh.

Returning home, she had found the old account, and when she went to check the funds, she'd been surprised to see that her father had still been transferring money into that account, and it had accumulated. She used it to change the living quarters above the bar. Bill had upgraded the building's security system, so she didn't have to worry about that.

Willow had no idea what kind of life Rebel had. She thought about his leather cut. He was a member of an MC. She didn't know all the rules around

clubs or much about his. She had done some research this past year, but it didn't matter what she read. None of it seemed to match Rebel.

"Is that why you joined an MC?" Willow asked.

"I was wondering when you were going to start asking me about my club. Not going to lie, I figured it would be much sooner than now."

"You ... don't bring them to the bar."

"The boys know to keep their distance for now."

"Why?" she asked.

"Didn't want to scare you and I didn't join the club, babe. I started it."

"You started your club?"

"Yep." He finished off his food and sat back. Willow got a little distracted by his body on display. She tried to bring her thoughts back to his club, and not imagining his body all over hers.

"How?"

Rebel shrugged. "There was me, a bunch of guys that I had started to hang around with, and it developed from there. We got a bit of a reputation, and it seemed only right to put a name to that, so we did."

"Rebel MC." She smiled. "It's named after you."

"You got it."

"So your name really is Rebel Constantine?"

"Yep."

She nodded. "It's a pleasure to meet you." And she wanted to slap her hand against her forehead. What the hell was she doing? This wasn't some nice conversation. They had fucked less than an hour ago downstairs. Rebel

was naked, sitting beside her. She had no idea what to do or say. Words failed her.

“Forget what I just said.”

“You’re cute when you’re embarrassed, and just so you know, it’s a pleasure to meet you as well, Willow.” He stroked a finger up her arm.

She had already finished her food. Rebel stood up and took their bowls.

Had she misread his intention? Willow was about to get up when Rebel’s lips were on the back of her neck, kissing just above that pulse that felt so good.

“Are you wet for me?” he asked.

“I don’t know.” Her nipples felt tight.

“Then touch yourself. Tell me if you’re wet.”

She whimpered.

“Put your hand on that sexy little cunt and see if you’re wet for me.”

Willow felt a pulse between her legs. She loved it when he talked dirty and she loved the feel of his lips on her neck. Reaching between her thighs, she should have known she was wet. Not only was she wet, she was soaking wet, dripping.

“Are you wet for me, Willow?”

“Yes.”

“Let me see.”

She frowned. What did that mean?

It was like Rebel could read her mind. “Show me your fingers.”

Willow lifted her hand up for him to see, and she saw in the light they



were wet from her arousal. She didn't know if she should be embarrassed or not.

Rebel grabbed her wrist and then drew her fingers close to his face. She didn't know what he was about to do but then he sucked each finger into his mouth.

“More.”

Willow felt the nerves in her stomach, but she did as he asked, even though it felt strange and good all at the same time. She held her fingers up again and he sucked them dry. He made her do this several times, and then he moved her, lifting her onto the table, and spreading her legs.

Rebel stepped between her spread legs. “I think I could stand here all day long and just look at you.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

Willow had a tasty pussy and he could lick her cunt all day and night. With her legs spread open, and the lips of her sex slightly parted, he placed his length right over her slit. He was already hard as a fucking rock.

All he wanted to do was grab her hips and fuck her hard, but he also wanted to relish every single moment. Running his hands up her body, he started at her hips, and then slid them over her stomach, going up toward her tits. Those breasts were a dream. Full, ripe, with nice tight nipples. He fingered each hard bud, and then pressed them together. He was going to fuck those tits and come all over them very soon.

Running his hands down her body, he gripped his cock and then moved the head toward her entrance, and inch by inch, he sunk inside her. She was so wet and he still felt how tight she was. When she had taken several inches of his cock, he gripped her hips, and then seated himself to the hilt inside her. Willow gasped, wrapping her legs around his waist.

Rebel wasn't in any rush. He was more than happy to take his time with her. With his cock balls-deep inside her, he started to caress her body, lightly touching her, heightening her arousal. He felt her pussy pulse around his length and it made him smile.

“You're so responsive to my touch, baby. It's like your body is made to be mine.”

Willow gasped as he pinched her nipples and then soothed them with the pad of his thumb.

“So responsive.” He couldn't help but repeat the words and groan his appreciation as her pussy tightened like a vise around his cock.

He loved how tight she was. She was so fucking sexy.

He wanted her so badly. But, he kept control this time.

“I know you’re not a virgin, Willow, but I have to wonder about the men you’ve been with.” He didn’t want to think about any other man being with her, but right now, he wanted to know exactly what he had to do to rid her of all memory of them.

“What about them?”

“Did they ever satisfy you?” he asked.

“Why do you want to know?”

“Answer me.” He was more than happy to torture her with his cock to get the answers he wanted, but he’d prefer for her to make the right decisions. Rebel needed to know what he was competing with. Was there a long-lost love waiting in the wings? Was she still in love with the guy? Did someone from her past matter?

“No.”

This made him pause. He’d been cupping her tits as he did so. “No?”

She nodded.

“Explain.”

This time, she frowned. “You want me to explain to you that the two people I’d been with before you hadn’t satisfied me in any way?”

“What happened?”

Willow let out a disgruntled groan. “You really want to know the ins and outs of how I dated someone else, or the fact it didn’t go anywhere while you’re inside me?”

“Yes, it’s important.”

She reached up and pressed the palm of her hand against her forehead.

He loved how cute she looked all frazzled, like she didn't have a clue what was going on, or why.

“None of this makes any sense. There were two people, okay? We were friends, or kind of friends, and then there was alcohol involved, and we ended up having sex, but it meant nothing to me. We kind of started to date, and the sex just ended up being part of it. That's all.”

Rebel stared down at her, and he was glad, but he also knew Willow had missed out on so much. No one had ever taken the time to sexually satisfy her.

“Hold onto the table,” he said, gripping her hips at the same time.

He held her tightly and then began to fuck her, but the only problem was the table kept moving. With each thrust, they were moving across the room. Rebel was tempted to move them, but he saw the table was close to a wall, so he kept nudging her until the table came to a stop at the wall.

If he fucked her through the wall, he'd be surprised, so he held onto her and started to pound inside her pussy. Rebel pulled all the way out, and then looked down to watch her take his cock. He couldn't help himself as it was a mesmerizing sight.

Pumping his dick inside her, he let go of one of her hips to reach down and start to stroke her clit. The moment he touched her sweet nub, he felt her body begin to pulse around his length. He loved how quickly she became aroused, and how fast her orgasms were. It didn't seem to matter how many he gave her, her body was so freaking responsive, and he loved it.

Willow came, with his name spilling from her lips once again, echoing around the room.

Rebel wasn't far behind her, slamming balls-deep, and once again

filling her pussy with his cum. He knew he should be wearing condoms, or pulling out, or doing something that could potentially stop them having kids, but he found himself not wanting to. He wanted to fuck her like this, to fill her up.

*You want to make babies.*

He froze. What the fuck?

Never in his forty years on this earth had he ever wanted kids. Not once. One night with Willow, and he wanted to knock her up and claim her for his own.

What the fuck was wrong with him? It made no sense.

There was no room in his life for kids, or a woman for that matter. Willow was just a bit of fun ... but it wasn't feeling that way at all.

To Rebel, it was starting to feel like a lot more, even though the hours were ticking by, letting him know it wouldn't be long before he had to let her go.

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Willow laughed.

There was no way they were in any kind of synched beat with the Christmas music he had playing way too loud. Both were still naked, at Rebel's insistence. It was still snowing outside, and since Rebel had stepped foot inside her bar hours ago, she was pretty sure it had snowed a couple of extra feet.

She didn't care. Her home was toasty warm, and even if she wasn't, between the dancing and fucking, Rebel was finding plenty of ways to keep her warm.

Rebel pulled her close and sang along with a tune that was overplayed at this time of year. Most of them were, but Willow loved them. After a good thirty minutes of dancing, they both collapsed on the sofa. Rebel wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her in close, pressing a kiss to her shoulder.

She was exhausted and yet at the same time, she didn't want to go to sleep. If she went to sleep, she had this horrible feeling that when she woke up, things would be different. It was approaching three in the morning, so she knew they were going to pass out at some point.

"Tell me your plans for the future," Rebel said.

"My plans?" She took a second to gain back her breath and then sighed. "I don't have any plans."

"You don't have any plans?"

She shrugged. "I'm running my dad's bar. I never thought I would, but it does seem to be a full-time occupation, so I've got no choice."

"Do you like it here?"

Willow tucked some of her hair behind her ear. "I love it, and it's crazy because I left here after graduating, promising myself I would never return. I would pave a whole new life for myself." She sighed. "I ended up working in a couple of bars in the city. Lame, huh?"

"No, not lame, but kind of sad, that you could have been helping your dad with this place."

She nodded. "Did you know my dad well?" she asked.

"As well as any customer could, I guess. I was the guy that brought him back up here when he got too drunk."

"Oh," she said, feeling embarrassed for the moments she had no part in.

“I’m so sorry.”

He chuckled. “You don’t have to be sorry. I got free beer and the best kind of whiskey out of it. He always talked about you, though.”

“He did?”

“Yep. You know he regretted how things were with you, but he didn’t have the first clue how to make it right.”

“I ... had no idea.” She always figured that leaving her father behind was what he wanted. “Was he happy?”

“I can’t answer that, Willow, and I’m not going to get between you and your dad, or your past. I knew him as the guy that served me and the guys, and didn’t have a problem with us hanging out at the bar. He trusted me to get him upstairs, close the bar, and of course listen to him talk about his daughter.”

Willow got to her feet. She didn’t want to hear any more so she went straight to the bathroom, closed the door, and stepped toward the sink. She couldn’t look at herself.

When she left, she didn’t even bother to say goodbye in person. All she had done was leave a note and figured that was good enough.

The door to the bathroom opened and she didn’t open her eyes or look up. “Can you give me a minute, please?”

He didn’t leave and seconds later she felt his palm on her shoulder. She was tempted to brush him off, because he wasn’t listening to her, but she didn’t really want to do that.

Willow didn’t have a clue what she wanted, but when she opened her eyes, she felt the tears she’d tried to keep at bay.

“Please,” she said.

Much to her surprise, Rebel pulled her in close. Again, she was tempted to fight him because he refused to do what she asked, but then she wrapped her arms around him, holding him close. She took a deep breath, then another, trying with all her might not to cry. There was no way another woman had cried on Rebel’s shoulder like this. Not during or between sexual pleasure. She hated that she was the one to do this. It sucked.

This isn’t what she wanted, and she tried to fight it as long as possible, but there was no point. The tears were coming. She wrapped her arms around Rebel’s body, and then pressed her face against his neck and sobbed.

Willow had never allowed herself time to cry. She had been so focused on just dealing with everything that the death of a parent brought. Taking over from the business, making sure she could manage the place, and keep it working. Being sure she wasn’t a fuckup. Cleaning up her father’s home, and then making it her own.

Even though she had lived a long time without him, she had found it even harder living without him, knowing he wasn’t going to call or find her, or come looking for her.

There was no one else in this world for either of them. She was alone.

“I’ve got you,” Rebel said.

But the truth was, there was a time limit on how long he had her. They were not destined to be together forever. They were merely two strangers in the night, a Christmas night, sharing some moments together.

He wasn’t going to stick around, and when he was gone, she would have to figure out a life of her own.

She didn’t know if she was ready to deal with that.



## CHAPTER SIX

“I’m sorry.”

Rebel stepped beneath the shower and pulled the door closed. “Shut up.”

“Hey,” she said, but offered him a smile. A cute one where she also bit her bottom lip. She did look so fucking sexy and cute.

Right now, he needed to take care of her.

This was so fucking strange to him. He didn’t care about women or their problems. He was only interested in a good time, that was all. Anything more and they were gone. Rebel refused to allow women to get attached to him. There was simply no point in allowing them to fall for him since he never planned to stick around.

Willow was different.

It broke his fucking heart to see her crying. She shouldn’t be upset or hurt, or feeling anything like this. Part of him hated Bill in that moment. Rebel had told him several times over the years to get over his shit, and to just call his daughter, or better yet, go and find her. Bill always refused with some excuse, and Rebel never pushed.

Now, seeing how upset and guilt-ridden Willow was, he couldn’t allow that.

“These tears better be ones of grief, not guilt. I won’t accept you feeling guilty about anything, do you hear me?”

“Rebel, it’s fine.”

The water was already cascading around them, and he reached out, cupped her cheeks, and tilted her head, so that she had no choice but to look

at him. He stroked her cheeks, which were bright red. They were not blushing from sex, or from something he said.

“This shit with your dad, he could have called you, just as you could have called him. You can’t allow yourself to live in regret right now. You both had your reasons. You cry for him, not for the lost time, but just for the fact you lost him.”

“Are you seriously telling me how I can grieve?”

“I’m telling you this is not your fault.” Then, he slammed his lips down on hers. He had to get her to stop feeling pain. The only way he knew how to do that was to give her pleasure.

Pulling her close, he gripped the base of her back, drawing her in. His cock went from flaccid to hard as rock within seconds, and his length pressed against the curve of her stomach. He couldn’t help but groan as she gave a whimper. She was so fucking perfect.

Rebel pressed her up against the wall of the bathroom, pressing her hands above her head as he took possession of her mouth. She gave a whimper and he took full advantage, sliding his tongue into her mouth, tasting her.

He broke from the kiss seconds later, to trail his lips down her neck, going toward that pulse. He nipped at the flesh and she gave a little gasp. He loved the sounds of her pleased moans as they went straight to his dick.

Rebel didn’t stop there. Kissing down her body, he took each of her nipples into his mouth, giving them some love and attention, flicking one hardened bud then moving onto the other. Once he had his fill, and the truth was, he never would, he began to kiss down her body, going straight to her pussy.

He lifted her leg, making her put it on his knee. He was kneeling on one knee and with the other, he had his foot flat on the ground, giving her enough space to use him as leverage. Starting at her ankle, he slowly began to slide his fingers up her body, going toward her pussy. He teased the lips of her sex, spread them wide, and he looked at her swollen clit.

Rebel had lost count of the number of times he'd come inside, but he knew he wanted to fill her up, again and again. He glanced up her body, and he couldn't help but imagine her fully ripe and pregnant with his child. There was no way he could keep his hands off her. She'd be so perfect and all his.

There was an answering pulse in his dick, but he ignored his own needs and instead brought his attention back to his woman's.

Willow was all his. Every single part of her belonged to him. He was going to make sure of it.

With the lips of her sex open, he closed the distance between them and then began to suckle her clit into his mouth. He used his teeth to gnaw at the tender bud, and then soothed it out with his tongue. He heard her answering moan.

Rebel let go of her lips and then slid a finger knuckle-deep inside her. He pulled out and then added a second one, sliding right in. She was so wet.

He tongued at her clit, going around in circles and then sliding across, back and forth, and sucking her in deep. Her moans got louder and began to echo around the stall. The water was still running hot, cascading around them. Rebel felt the change in her pussy as she began to pulse around his fingers. Pulling his fingers out, he added a third, and even though it was a tight fit, he didn't stop. Driving in hard and deep, he fucked her with his fingers as she got closer to orgasm.

She cried his name, and he tumbled her over the edge into oblivion, and she whimpered, begging for more, desperate for it, and he took her over the edge.

He loved her pussy so fucking much.

Pressing a kiss to her clit, he then began to stand and cupped her cheek, staring into her eyes. Her cheeks were once again flush from arousal, and that was the only way he wanted her. Arousal and anger. He kind of liked it when she got a little angry with him.

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Willow had lost count of the number of times he'd licked her pussy in the last few hours. She didn't think it was possible for her to reach orgasm again, but Rebel seemed quite determined to shock her, and she loved it.

She loved having his mouth on her body, driving her crazy with need as he licked and sucked at her. She especially loved it when he used his teeth. The pain and pleasure always seemed to mix and mingle and she didn't know which she enjoyed most.

They both felt incredible, and she didn't want it to end. Until the orgasm made her too sensitive to be able to handle anymore. Then, she was quite happy to wait.

Staring into his eyes, which were a beautiful shade of blue, she nibbled at her lip, and there was something she wanted to try with him.

“Do you trust me?” she asked.

Rebel frowned. “Why?”

She pressed a kiss to his lips, then to his chest. Doing exactly as he had done, she kissed down his body, until she was on her knees before him.

“Willow?”

“Like I said, do you trust me?” There was no reason for her to put her leg on the ground for him to place his foot on her knee. His cock was easy to get to.

His cock was long, thick, and hard.

Willow hated that she felt a little nervous. With all the disasters in her life, this was something she wanted to get right. She wanted to give Rebel the same kind of pleasure he gave her. The way his lips felt on her pussy was a dream, and she wanted to blow his mind right now.

She wrapped her fingers around his cock and starting at the base, worked them up to the tip. For several seconds this was all she did, caressing the length, marveling at the size of him as he filled her hand. He was so big and wide.

Even as she touched him, he was getting bigger. Up and down she slid her hand, and with each touch, he got a little thicker. Staring at his cock, she couldn't help but watch. She kept looking at his dick then up at Rebel to see his reactions. He was constantly looking at her.

Feeling a little bold, and she didn't know where it had come from, she pressed her tongue against the tip of his length and just licked. He already had copious amounts of pre-cum leaking out of the small hole.

She wanted to take more, but this time, rather than lick, she put her mouth around the mushroomed head and sucked him into her mouth. Willow didn't take too much, just enough, and she moaned as she did so.

“Fuck, that feels good,” Rebel said.

His growl startled her, but then she felt his grip in her hair. He wrapped her hair around his fist, holding onto her, and then began to thrust his hips

forward, driving inside her.

When he hit the back of her throat, Willow had a slight panic, but it was pointless to do so, as he immediately withdrew. She still held the base of his cock, and that acted like a guide, even as he thrust her head on his length.

“I want to come in that mouth, baby,” he said.

Willow wanted to push him to the edge as well, to have his cum filling her mouth. He pumped his cock into her mouth, and she felt a little wild, watching him lose control.

She felt the change within his length, and he gave her a warning but she didn't stop, nor did she remove her mouth. He came, growling her name, and then she felt the jerk as his seed hit the back of her throat. She didn't think, nor did she panic, all she did was swallow him down, taking every jet of cum he gave her.

She only stopped when he had finished, but then he pulled her to her feet and pressed her up against the wall of the shower. He grabbed her hands, placing them either side of her head. “I should have known you would be a temptation I couldn't deny myself.”

She didn't have time to respond as he kissed her. Now, this did surprise her as she still had essence of his release in her mouth, but she wasn't going to deny him any kind of kiss. She wanted to kiss him so damn much.

He held her hands trapped above her head, but she didn't even attempt to wriggle out of them. There was no reason to. She was exactly where she wanted to be.

The water was still warm, and she found that to be quite the miracle.

Rebel kissed her and she expected them to leave the shower, but in the next second he let go of her hands and had a bar of soap in his. He lathered

his hands in the soap and used them to wash her body.

Willow couldn't believe how good his hands felt on her body. The way he touched her was amazing. He paid careful attention to her breasts, making sure they were nice and soaped, and then returned to her pussy and her ass. Rebel was so thorough and even before he was done with her, he handed her the soap, so she could start washing him.

Willow didn't need any excuse to put her hands on his perfect body. It was a pleasure and a dream to do so.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

“You do know it’s Christmas morning,” Willow said.

“I know, but we’ve not gotten any kind of sleep yet.”

It was fast approaching seven in the morning. Rebel hadn’t intended to spend all night fucking her, but it had taken a long time to wash her in the shower, and that didn’t even include licking her pussy, or her sucking his cock.

Now, they laid in her bed. Willow was curled up against him. When they had gotten into the bed, she had tried to keep to her side, but Rebel wasn’t having that. He wanted his woman in his arms at all times, and now she snuggled against him. She was the first woman he had ever allowed to do that.

“Do you have any presents?” Rebel asked.

“No, I don’t.” She released a sigh. “I can’t believe we stayed up this late.” She let out a yawn. “I’m so tired.”

“Go to sleep.” He kissed the top of her head.

“Will you be here in the morning?” she asked.

“Yes, I’ll always be here.” Rebel didn’t know why he said that. They hadn’t promised each other anything other than what they had shared.

*I want to stay.*

“What about your club?” Willow asked. “They’re going to be missing you, aren’t they?”

“I’ll take care of my club.”

She released another little sigh and then pressed a kiss to his chest. “Do you like being part of your club?”



“I started it.”

“What’s it like?” she asked.

“How do you mean?”

“You know, being around the same people all the time. Do they have your back? Are you one big, happy family?”

Rebel didn’t know why she was asking questions, but he had a feeling it wasn’t to snoop into his world to try and find out any club secrets.

“They’re good guys. They always have my back.”

“That must be nice.”

“Why?” he asked.

“I don’t know, for a long time it was just me, Dad, and Mom. Then Mom left because she didn’t like running a bar, and wanted to have something more. Then there was me and Dad, and this place was his whole life. I thought one day he’d find someone else and there might be more brothers and sisters, but nothing. I don’t even know if he had any relationships after Mom.” She sighed.

“Did you always want to have a big family?” he asked.

“Yeah, I did. I guess it’s why Christmas is so hard for me right now. I don’t have a lot of family. I don’t have anything but this bar. I’d always hoped to have a big family. It gets a little too lonely on my own.”

Rebel glanced down at Willow and saw that her eyes were closing. She was falling asleep. He didn’t want to wake her, but he did want to hear more. “You want a big family?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’d love a big family.” There was a small, tired giggle. “Like your club. Do you think they’d love to have a place like this? I could cook

them a big dinner and then I wouldn't have to make myself feel so sick about how much food I make.”

He didn't get anything else out of her because in the next second, Willow had fallen fast asleep. Rebel waited for the annoyance or the fear to come clawing at him. Nothing happened.

He kissed Willow's head and kept his arm around her, waiting, expecting, but nothing happened. Willow stayed curled up against his side, and her warmth soothed him.

Rebel had never slept with anyone in his bed. He always believed it was because of the years he spent being forced to share a bed as a kid. When it came to women, he always kept his distance, but with Willow, he had broken a lot of his own rules.

He kept pursuing her even when she didn't show any interest in him. It had taken time for him to realize that Willow liked his company. She even looked forward to his arrival every Friday night. The truth was, he didn't want to just wait until Friday.

The club—his brothers, his men—all wanted to know when they would get to meet this woman that had stolen his heart. The guy who asked him had gotten a punch to the face, but they had all laughed it off.

Willow had stolen his heart. She just didn't realize it. If what she said was true in her exhausted words, then he could call his boys.

He didn't want to leave the bed, or Willow's warm embrace, but he slowly slid out and immediately missed the feel of her surrounding him. For several seconds, he stared down at Willow. He just didn't want to leave her alone.

He went in search of his pants and grabbed his cell phone. Bringing up

his VP's name, he pressed the dial button and waited. Rebel knew it was a long shot, but after a few minutes, Brick finally answered.

“What's up, Prez?”

“I want you guys, all of you, at Storm's bar, by New Year.”

“Really? We're going to meet the chick you've been falling for?”

“Just be here!”

He hung up his cell phone, shook his head, and then climbed back into bed. It didn't matter if Willow didn't mean it now. The guys were coming and he'd get to see just how serious she was about the two of them.

There was no turning back now. Only forward.

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Willow woke up to the sun shining through the curtains and a delightful soreness to her body that suggested she had a very good night.

At the feel of the naked man beside her, the memories of the previous night came flooding back. She opened her eyes and looked up to find Rebel still asleep. He looked so peaceful. The blanket had fallen away and she pulled it back up and over him, because he felt a little cold to the touch.

Rebel was in her bed. She had sex with him multiple times, and she hadn't gotten to bed until nearly seven in the morning on Christmas Day.

Willow sat up and then groaned. It was close to one in the afternoon. The bar was always closed on Christmas. It was one of the few days she took as her own. She didn't have a problem with Rebel being her present.

She breathed him in. He smelled of her soap and his underlying manliness, she couldn't quite put her finger on what the scent was. For several minutes she allowed herself the pleasure of just being in his arms, but

then her need for the toilet started to call, and of course, some coffee. Slowly, so as not to wake him, she slid out of bed and made her way toward the bathroom.

She used the toilet, washed her hands, and took a quick glance at her reflection. She was completely naked, but she didn't mind that. Her hair was all over the place as if it had a life of its own. She never wore makeup and in that moment she was grateful, otherwise, trying to clean up the mess would have been a lot more work. So, she grabbed her toothbrush and worked at her teeth, swilling with mouthwash after she was finished.

After her teeth, she splashed ice-cold water onto her face, and any remnants of sleep soon slipped from her mind and were completely obliterated from her thoughts. Next came her hair, and she had tears in her eyes while attempting to brush the wild mess, but she got through it. Grabbing a clip, she twirled the long locks into a bun and tied it up on top of her head, keeping it out of the way.

She took her robe off the back of the door and slid her arms into it. Returning to the bedroom, she saw Rebel still curled up in her bed, looking mighty fine.

Breakfast. She didn't have any gifts for him, because she didn't believe his threat from the previous year, so the least she could do was cook him breakfast. She made her way through to the kitchen. There were still the dishes from last night, so she got to work on them. In that moment, she wished she had paid for a dishwasher, but there was time.

Putting the radio on to some Christmas tunes, she got to work. It didn't take long after she put a few of the dishes with crusty edges in to soak. She cleaned the mess, then got to work on the coffee machine, wiping down her

counters. Once that was done, and a single coffee was made, she felt more human. She went to the fridge, grabbed everything she would need for breakfast, and began to work. Willow hoped the smells would help to bring Rebel out of his nap.

Humming along to the tune, she kept the coffee hot and then began to fry the bacon and the hash browns. She already had the sausage on the grill. There was probably more food than they would need.

If she had a big family, she'd already be considering cooking the turkey. Actually, that would already be behind.

Willow cut off any thought of a big turkey and what her plans would be. There would be a completely different approach on a Christmas morning to food with a big family. Careful planning. Hard work. And a delicious meal at the end of it, all of it homemade, within reason.

She was finishing up the eggs as arms wrapped around her waist.

"I thought I smelled something amazing cooking." He pressed kisses to her neck and she let out a giggle.

"And it's nearly ready. Are you? Have you been to the bathroom?"

"You are a little Mommy Hen, aren't you?"

She chuckled but that soon turned into a moan as he kissed just the right spot on her neck that made her moan.

"You're so sensitive," he said. "I love it."

The small growl made her pussy pulse. After all the sex they had yesterday, she thought she'd be able to keep control of her feelings, but no. She wanted more.

The breakfast would be ruined if they forgot about it now. Willow was

tempted but at the same time his stomach growled and so did hers, interrupting the moment.

“I think it would be best if we eat first,” Rebel said.

“You’ve got that right.”

She finished serving them breakfast and Rebel had already taken them both coffees to the table, which she was thankful for. The first cup she had wasn’t enough for a morning cup.

Sitting opposite him, she couldn’t help but think about what he had done to her on this very table last night.

“I know what you’re thinking. That blush tells me all,” he said.

“It’s a good memory.” She grabbed a piece of scrambled eggs and popped it into her mouth.

“You know these are overcooked, right?”

“Only if I tried to serve them to a chef. To me, they are perfect and exactly how I like my eggs.”

She gave him a little glare and in return he laughed.

“You’re cute.”

She smiled, but it felt good. For a long time, she had been eating breakfast on her own, and now it felt good to finally have someone to eat breakfast with.

She couldn’t help but feel nervous, though. How could she allow herself to get used to this? Rebel was going to leave. This wasn’t forever. This was just a moment they were sharing with each other. Just sex.

They were not going to get *forever*. He had a club to go back to and she had ... the bar.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

After the filling breakfast, Rebel didn't think he was going to eat again. It was a good one and he ate every morsel, but all he wanted to do after was curl up on the sofa with Willow, and that was exactly what he did. There was no sex.

They even got changed into clothes. Willow gave him a pair of her father's old sweatpants, and she washed his shirt for him. Willow had on sweatpants as well.

She didn't pin her hair back, and they sat together on the sofa, enjoying movies and each other, and he loved it. This was fucking freaky.

"Did you always imagine you would run the bar?"

"No. I had big dreams of doing something else," she said.

"Like what?"

"Having my own business maybe, or doing something else. I don't know. I guess I imagined being a wife and mother, and a career woman. I never imagined being back here, running my dad's business."

"It is your business now, babe. Your dad is not around, and it's all yours to do with as you wish."

"Yeah, I guess it is," she said with a chuckle. "You know, I never really thought of it like that."

"You've already made changes. Your dad would have opened Christmas Day, even if he didn't have anyone to serve."

"That's true. He did always have someone to serve, though." She snuggled against him. "I like having this day off. Tomorrow it will be busy. It always is."

“I’ll be here to help.” He kissed the top of her head.

The guys had already confirmed that they were on their way, and would arrive around New Year.

The snow was going to make it a slow journey, and he didn’t want the guys to hurt themselves. He figured it would be a nice surprise for Willow.

“And what about the wife and mother part?” he asked.

“What about it? You know there is no one waiting in the wings for me. There’s just me and, well, me.” She tilted her head back and he looked into her brown eyes.

“And what if you were to get pregnant?”

“What do you mean?” she asked.

He didn’t want to spoil their fun, but there was a big chance he had knocked her up. Rebel hadn’t even tried to keep his dick in his pants.

“We haven’t been careful, babe. I haven’t used a condom with you once.” He placed his hand on her stomach. What he didn’t tell her was that he had no intention of using a condom, ever.

“Oh, well, I’d keep the baby. I’ve always wanted to be a mother and I’d raise her or him.”

Rebel chuckled. That was good to know.

“You look cute when you’re nervous,” he said.

He reached out and grabbed her, pulling her onto his lap.

Willow let out a gasp. “I am not nervous.”

“Yes, you are, and I know you’ve got a ton of questions you’re not going to ask, but don’t worry, I’ll answer them.” He pulled the oversized shirt off her body, and saw she wore another sexy lace bra, but for now it offended



him, and he wanted it off her body. He flicked the clip at the front and her tits spilled right out. He cupped them in his palm and heard her moan.

Rebel couldn't resist teasing each nipple, getting it nice, hard, and puckered. Once they were nice and hard, he eased her off his lap and then tugged those offending sweatpants off her body. Within the same second, he made sure to get rid of his own pants, and they joined hers on the floor.

Pulling her back down onto his lap, he grabbed his cock as she pressed her legs on either side of his waist. Her pussy was already soaking wet, and then he lined the tip of his length to her entrance, and once she started to sit on his cock, he let go, grabbed her hips, and thrust her right down on his dick. He went to the hilt inside her and watched as she moaned his name, whimpering, desperate, and it turned him on to see how close she was.

She looked so fucking sexy. So cute.

Her hands went to his shoulders and she held on as he began to pound inside her, going harder and deeper within her. He couldn't help but watch as she took his whole cock and when he knew he was getting close to his release, he stopped, keeping a firm grip on her hip to hold her in place. Rebel reached between her thighs and began to touch her clit.

The first touch had her cunt rippling around his dick. He had to count to ten, then to twenty, to keep some kind of control on his sanity. She felt so amazing. He was going to come.

But he held himself back, and waited. When he didn't think he could handle another second, Willow gave him a reprieve by orgasming on his dick, and that alone set him off. He came hard, flooding her pussy.

She collapsed over him, even as they were both enjoying the aftershocks of their release. He heard her soft pants beside his ear. Rebel

wrapped his arms around her, and he didn't want to let her go, not for a single moment.

“Merry Christmas, Rebel,” she said.

“Merry Christmas to you, babe.”

It was going to be the start of many to come.

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The following day, Rebel surprised her.

Willow didn't need to worry about the bar being ready to receive customers. Before he arrived on Christmas Eve, she had already taken care of everything. The pool table needed to be wiped, which she did take care of, but that was all she had to do.

Rebel surprised her with how easy he handled the customers. The bar got busy at around twelve. The first ten customers were desperate for a drink. Rebel opened the bar and gave all the men a warning to keep it good, to keep it clean.

Everyone had a complaint to make about Christmas. They were all grumbling about her keeping it closed, but Rebel cut them off, telling them they should stay home with their families.

Of course, none of them complained with Rebel. He was in his element and it felt good to have him by her side. And even as she allowed herself to feel how good it was to have him, she had to try and nip it in the bud. She and Rebel were a short-term thing.

*Enjoy it while you can.*

*He is going to leave.*

*He has a club to go back to.*

*You have the bar.*

*This is all you and him will ever have.*

Willow glanced over at him and as she did, she couldn't help but put her hand on her stomach. He'd been the one to mention a potential baby. She wasn't an idiot. She knew there was a high risk of her getting pregnant. She wasn't taking any contraceptives to stop the chance of pregnancy. They hadn't used any condoms.

She had no choice but to pull out of her own thoughts and focus on the customers.

Men and woman came and went, having a drink, wishing her a belated Merry Christmas. All of them asked her to open on the big day next year, and even to offer the food, so none of them had to suffer their own cooking. By the end of the day, she was exhausted.

Rebel did surprise her. She had intended to open until late but at seven in the evening, he called time. He stopped anyone else from arriving, told the others to enjoy their drinks, pay their bills, and then leave.

Willow expected a fight, but they all politely did as he asked, and at exactly seven-thirty, the bar was empty and all they had to do was clean the glasses and bottles away. She grabbed the trash bin and moved from table to table.

“Did you help my father a lot?” Willow asked.

“Nah, I've spent a lot of time at bars. Before the club, I helped a lot. I've done a lot of different jobs.”

“Yeah, what kind?” she asked, curious about him.

“Bar work. I was a bouncer at a few places. Done the whole butchery

thing. Worked with fish, and then a few odd jobs as a delivery driver and shit like that. A lot of stuff. What about you? What did you do in the big city?"

Willow laughed. "I worked at several bars. None of the other jobs worked out for me. I didn't do well with reception work or office work. It just wasn't for me." She sighed. "I guess I inherited more from my dad than I thought."

"You know, if you take the drinking out of the equation and it sounds to me, a broken heart, your dad wasn't all that bad."

"A broken heart?" Willow asked.

"You said last night that your dad never had another girlfriend. You don't even know if he had anyone or anything away from you. I never saw him with anyone, so it suggests to me that your dad was heartbroken."

"I never even thought of it like that," she said.

Had Bill Storm been so heartbroken when his wife left? She knew it had hurt him when the divorce papers showed up. Willow had gone to see her mother before she had even turned sixteen. She had found her, but the woman wanted nothing to do with her or the old life. She had found her rich man, settled down in a big house, and wanted nothing else.

To Willow, that had been the end of it. She didn't give a shit about her mother, and she had cut off all ties and all desire to spend any time with the woman. She wasn't important to her. She was nothing.

What if her father had found her, though? Had he experienced the same kind of treatment? Willow felt a deep sadness, because she had never thought of her father as feeling anything. He had accepted that she left, had handled the divorce, and then just worked and drank.

"Are you okay?" Rebel asked.

“Yeah, I’m ... I’m just realizing that I wasn’t quite as good a daughter as I thought.”

“No,” Rebel said. “Don’t do that. I don’t know what it was like between you and your dad. I only know the man who would talk about his little girl, and Bill told me he had fucked things up between the two of you. This is not all on you.”

“But some of it is?”

“I do believe in taking responsibility for our own actions, but you shouldn’t feel guilty. You’re back.” Rebel took the trash bin from her. “And that’s all that matters.”

Together they cleaned up the mess in the bar and Willow loved having him around. She feared she was falling in love with him as well. No, not falling in love, but over the past year, she had fallen for him.

She was already in love, and that very thought was so freaking scary.

## CHAPTER NINE

Rebel had been working at the bar for three days, and his boys were due to arrive in two. He got the call from Brick that they got held up in the snow. They were hoping to make it tomorrow, but he'd call in the morning with more details. He wanted them to arrive sooner because he knew Willow was getting nervous. She didn't say anything, but he saw her watching him, and there was always this look on her face, like she was too nervous to say anything to him, but she wanted to. He didn't know how he would get her to talk.

Rebel spread the cheeks of her ass wide, and even though his cock was balls-deep inside her tight pussy, he couldn't help but admire the curves of her ass.

Every morning and night, he was balls-deep inside her. He knew there was no way she wasn't pregnant with all the cum he'd been giving her. Now, though, he couldn't help but admire that tiny little asshole. Rebel wanted to own every single part of her, so he couldn't help but tease across that puckered anus.

He'd been really nice to her for days, fucking her, sucking on her pussy, but now he wanted to be so naughty and take that tiny little asshole. There was no part of her he didn't want to own. She looked so tempting and sweet, and he ran his thumb across the puckered hole. Willow tensed up. It was just for a second, and then Rebel held her ass and slid his thumb across that entrance. She stayed tense as he teased her.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass?” he asked.

“No.”

Rebel spread her ass cheeks, and then lined them up as he slowly

trailed some spit onto that tight hole. It was already slick from her own release and his pre-cum, but he added a bit more from his saliva and pressed his thumb against her asshole. She gasped.

“Let me in, baby. You know you want to.”

She released a moan, but then she did listen to him, and he pressed his finger into her ass. She took it to the hilt and he pulled out, then slowly worked his thumb in and out of her ass.

When she stopped tensing, he pulled his thumb from her ass and replaced it with a finger. He did the same, only this time he added a second finger and began to press them open, spreading her, getting her ready to take his cock. He was hard as fucking rock, just watching her. She was going to take it all.

Rebel added more of his spit, and he waited until she began to moan and rock back against his hand before pulling his cock from her pussy and easing the tip against her ass. His length was covered in her orgasm release, and it was an easy fit as he began to slide his cock inside her. She let out a little cry and held her hand up, opening and closing it. He waited patiently for her to get accustomed to him.

“Tell me to stop if it’s too much,” he said.

“It feels ... strange.”

He chuckled. “A good kind of strange?”

“I have no idea but I don’t want you to stop.”

This made him smile. “Then, babe, that is the best kind of strange.”

He stroked the base of her back, and only when she gave the signal for him to continue, did he start to fill her ass. This time, Willow didn’t stop him,

but when she had taken all of his cock, he held himself still within her. The last thing he wanted to do was hurt her.

This was supposed to feel good for them both, and he was more than happy to take his time with her. He grabbed her hips, holding them tightly, spread the cheeks of her ass to see his cock deep inside her ass. She looked so fucking cute. He wanted to bite that ass, but right now he wanted to fuck it.

Willow was the first person to move, trying to get him to. She pressed back against him, and then tried to pull off. Rebel held onto her hips, and then slowly he pulled out of her ass, but only so the tip of him remained. Keeping her in place, he began to slowly rock back and forth inside her, going hard and deep, but not punishing. Just taking his time, getting her used to the feel of him. He was so close to release, it was insane.

With each thrust, he had to keep counting in the back of his mind to stop himself from blowing his load like a horny teenager. He wanted Willow to love this as much as he did.

Now he owned all of her body.

He had already fucked her tits the way he wanted. That very morning in fact. They had been in the shower, and Willow had asked him what he wanted, and he told her. Much to his surprise, she had done so, right there and then, and he'd come all over her chest and neck. Seconds later, he'd been the one to wash it away, but she was a dream. His dream.

He didn't want to leave, which was why the club was coming to him. There was no way he was leaving Willow. She belonged to him now.

He held onto her hips as he felt his orgasm, and this time there was no holding back. He wanted to, but he couldn't do it. He thrust inside her tight asshole and found his peak, thrusting deep, and spilling wave upon wave of



his cum deep inside. Rebel didn't pull away.

“Touch your pussy,” he said.

“Rebel?”

“I want to be inside your ass when you come, now touch your fucking pussy.”

For a few seconds, he thought she was going to argue with him, but then the moment she touched her clit, he felt her ass tighten around him. He closed his eyes, and it was torture to his oversensitive cock to feel her playing. It was hard to do when he was buried deep inside her cunt, so in her ass, it was a whole new experience.

Rebel heard her soft pants that quickly escalated, and then she came. His name once again echoed off the walls as she came hard. He loved the sound of his name. And he knew he was going to keep loving it.

Just as he had fallen in love with this woman. Rebel had never felt love before. Willow was love. She was everything he had been missing in his life and searching for. He just didn't realize it at the time.

He couldn't let her go.

\*\*\*\*

The following morning, Willow woke up, and it was ... quiet. Too quiet.

She reached out but she already knew Rebel wasn't in the bed, because the warmth she had gotten used to was gone. There were no scents or noise coming from the kitchen. Whenever Rebel woke up before her, he always started the coffeepot. He had more of a caffeine addiction than she did.

He also liked to cook. Not a whole lot, but he made a good breakfast, as

long as she didn't mind shell in her scrambled eggs. She opted for a big fat no, but she was happy to eat everything else. Rebel had stopped cooking the eggs, as he had nearly thrown up as he took a bite of scrambled eggs and they crunched.

Willow sat up in bed and sadness pierced her heart because she just knew he was gone. His leather cut was often hanging on the door of the wardrobe, but that was gone. There was no sign of him, other than the indent on the pillow beside her.

Rebel had left.

Their moment was over.

She took a deep breath, then another, in an attempt to stop the tears, but nothing was working. She felt this giant hole in her chest, and it was splitting apart. For the first time in her life, she had fallen in love and it had meant nothing.

Throwing the blankets off her body, she ran to the bathroom and quickly ran the cold tap. She splashed cold water onto her face, trying to stop the tears. She tried to do anything to keep her emotions in check. That was all she wanted to do—to stop herself from feeling anything. The pain was too much.

It was fine.

It would be fine.

She finished splashing water on her face, and then she ran a brush through her hair. The tears were staying at bay, but Willow didn't know how much longer she would be able to control her feelings. They were exploding inside her chest.

Leaving the bathroom, she grabbed a pair of sweatpants and a large

shirt, and pulled them onto her body.

The coffeepot remained empty on the kitchen counter.

She looked for any sign of Rebel. There was nothing.

Willow had wondered many times if he would say goodbye or if he'd just leave. She didn't know what was worse. Right now, her heart was breaking.

She pressed her hands to her face and was about to just scream in an attempt to gain control of her feelings, but she heard a noise. Dropping her hands, she heard the scuffling sound again. She moved toward the window and pulled back the curtain and as she looked down into the yard of her bar, she was amazed to see lots of bikes. There were so many of them.

Men were outside, smoking, talking, and Willow didn't have a clue what was going on. Their leather cuts held the Rebel MC title on the back.

Scrambling off her sofa, she went to the main door that would connect her to the bar, and as she flung it open, there on the step, about to reach for the door, was Rebel.

At first, she stared at him, and he stared at her.

"You ... came back?"

"I didn't leave," Rebel said.

"I don't ... but ... what?"

Rebel took the steps up and Willow couldn't help but throw her arms around him and hold onto him.

"I thought you had left."

He wrapped his arms around her and she knew she was acting like a crazy person, but she didn't care. She held onto him and then the tears she

had been fighting to keep at bay chose that moment to come out. She didn't want to cry, and gritted her teeth.

"I've got you," Rebel said.

"I'm not crying."

"Of course not."

She sniffled. "I have no idea what's going on, and I know we didn't promise each other anything, but ... I've fallen in love with you, Rebel, and I don't want you to leave."

He took her hands and pulled them from around his body. As he did this, she felt her heart breaking even more. Was this the moment where he broke her heart?

Rebel let go of her hands and then cupped her face. "Stop, this is my moment, Willow Storm."

She wanted to argue with him, but then he kissed her lips. How could she argue with him when his lips were so good? She didn't want him to stop kissing her, ever. He had good, kissable lips. They were dreamy.

*Enough, Willow.*

Rebel broke the kiss and she stared into his eyes, and he looked right back at her. "Willow Storm, I don't know what you did to me, but I fucking love you. I love you more than anything in this world, and I've never known love. Don't interrupt me, I know what this is. For the past year, the best part of my week was coming here to see you. I fucking lived for it. There has been no one else. I've not wanted anyone but you. You're all I need." He let go of her face and pressed a hand to her stomach. "I want you to be pregnant. I want to have children with you. I thought I had everything in my life with the club, the open road, but I know now that I'm missing something. I'm

missing a home, I'm missing a good woman, and I'm missing a family. I want to have it all with you, but here's the problem, babe. I come as a package deal. The club, they're my family, and I know they're going to want to stay wherever I'm at."

Willow looked at him and this time the tears fell freely down her face. "You want to stay with me?"

"I want to build a life with you. I know we've got to deal with a lot of the club, but they're good guys. They won't cause any trouble for us. I'll figure it all out."

She thought about what her father had given her and everything she had inherited. Pulling out of Rebel's hold, she walked back to her bedroom closet.

"Willow, I have no idea if you accept what I've just said."

Rebel followed her into the bedroom. She pulled back a fake door, typed in the code to the safe, and the door opened. Inside was several documents and she pulled them out.

"Dad left me everything," Willow said. She handed him the file. "Including a piece of land with a design for a building. According to his notes, he called it a clubhouse."

Rebel took the folder and flicked it open. On the back of the folder was a piece of land that offered a great deal of privacy. Willow had gone out to it many times to try and make sense of what her father wanted to build. There was not enough money for her to start any kind of big project, so she had put it aside to deal with at a later date.

"Your dad knew," Rebel said.

"My dad knew what?" Willow asked.

“He knew the moment I got to know you that I wouldn’t be able to resist you, and he made plans for me and the boys to stay.” Rebel shook his head. “We had a talk one day. I figured he’d forgotten about it because he’d been drunk, but he asked where the boys and I stayed. I told him we didn’t stay anywhere. We were nomads, but if there was a place I ever wanted to settle, I knew the boys would want that as well.”

“So Dad went and found you guys a place.” Willow smiled. “This is his ... blessing.”

“Yeah, it is, but this means nothing if you don’t want me.”

“I already told you that I love you, Rebel Constantine.” Willow cupped his face. “And even though I’m a little afraid in case your club doesn’t like me, there’s no one else in the world I want to spend my life with.”

Rebel dropped the file onto the floor, grabbed her ass, and pulled her in close. She laughed, but then it quickly turned into a moan as he deepened the kiss.

“You’re mine, Willow Storm, and I’m never going to let you go.”

“Good,” she said.

“The guys want to meet you.”

“Oh.”

The nerves were back.

“Don’t be nervous,” he said.

“What if they don’t like me?” she asked.

“Babe, they are all going to love you.” He kissed her again and took her hand.

There was no turning back as he took her down to the bar, and the

moment they stepped inside, her heart raced. Silence rang out, and there in front of the whole club, Rebel announced her as his old lady.

There was silence, almost still, and then everyone erupted into applause and loud cheers.

She didn't know how, but her father had made sure she had a family, and she knew this was the start of something new.

## EPILOGUE

### *One Year Later*

Willow placed her hand on Brick's shoulder. The biker had become quite grumpy in the past year, and according to Rebel, he was looking for a woman of his own.

She knew there was going to be a special woman out there for Brick, and if Christmas miracles did happen, and she believed they did, he'd find someone soon.

As for the rest of the club, they were all happy, filling the bar to bursting. In the beginning she was a little worried her customers would be too afraid to come in, but she found a lot more men and women were intrigued to come to the bar where the bikers lived.

Construction had already begun at the back of the bar for the clubhouse to be built. But there was still a lot of work to be done.

For the most part, the guys slept in the bar or in a nearby hotel. Rebel, of course, stayed with her. She glanced across the bar, and there, holding their baby girl in their arms, was her husband.

They had found out in March that she was pregnant. By April, they were married, and then in September, they welcomed baby Isabella.

Willow couldn't believe it was Christmas Eve, only a year later, and her life was already so different. The bar was thriving, and she had everything she ever wished for—a large family to take care of.

The club kept her busy and the men adored her. Every single man in the club had taken her to one side over the past few years and told her she was a good woman and as long as she kept Rebel happy, they were happy.



She was one of them.

Rebel looked toward her, and she smiled at him. He came toward her and pulled her into his arms.

“The guys will be getting the table set up tonight.”

Willow sighed. “And you’re going to help me, right?”

“Yep, we’ve got three turkeys to roast. I’ve already gotten the preparation schedule ready. The guys are going to help.”

She had her doubts, but according to Rebel, the guys wanted a big Christmas dinner, and seeing as they loved her food, they wanted her to be the one to cook it. Cooking three turkeys and a whole Christmas dinner for an entire biker club was a piece of cake. She could totally handle that. It wasn’t going to be hard at all. At least, that’s what she kept telling herself.

Rebel had already promised to help. Even though she was nervous and had her doubts about doing it, she was also looking forward to her first full Christmas dinner with family.

Rebel pulled her into his arms and she glanced across the room to the picture of her father. They had found the portrait in the attic. Willow didn’t know when her father had gotten it done, but it must have been a long time ago because he did look young, long before he started to drink.

Her father had finally given her the best Christmas present of all. He’d given her a family, and found the man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with.

She hugged Rebel tight and as she did, the scent of their daughter’s diaper filled the air around them.

“Fuck me, that stinks,” Rebel said.

Willow went to take Isabella to change the diaper, but Rebel took hold of her hand.

“We’ll do it together.”

That was what Rebel had vowed to her. She was never going to walk alone, not ever. They were together, a partnership, for the rest of their lives.

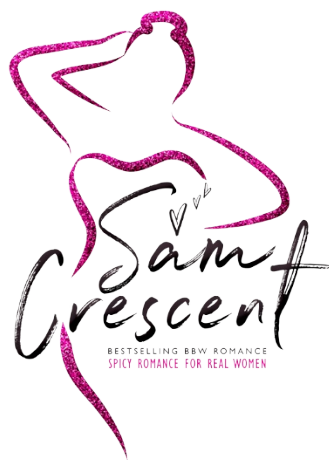
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## **BONUS SAMPLE CHAPTER**

### **TO KEEP**

#### ***The Circle of Monsters, 1***

**Sam Crescent and Stacey Espino**

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**Sample Chapter**

Galen King looked through his binoculars and caught sight of his target through the hotel window. She was a small thing, at least compared to him. To some she might have been considered fat, but he liked his women on the plump side. Her flaming red hair called to him first. It was a deep red, not something out of a bottle.

Looking away, he pulled out his cell phone with the necessary details. The moment this hit was completed, he'd destroy all evidence. That was part

of his job. He was one of the exclusive members of the Circle of Monsters. Known assassins who weren't afraid to get their hands dirty, unlike their counterparts, Killer of Kings.

For this hit, all he'd been sent was the woman's basic details, the location, and when he was to end her life. Skye Lewis never had a chance, not when the Monsters got involved. He didn't care that she was female. Some men might, but he knew women could be just as vile and disgusting as men.

The curtain twitched and her head appeared, looking left and right. Even from where he stood, he saw the fear in her eyes.

It was a shame she had to die. He could imagine spending a great deal of private time with her. That body was made to be fucked. And only twenty-five years old. He didn't care what she'd done. The bounty on her head was quite extensive. Someone wanted her dead, and fast, because they were willing to part with three million cash. All the better for Galen.

All he had to do now was make the decision. Did he make the shot here or go to her hotel room? Would she answer the door? Would she scream? As he was making the decision, lining up his rifle to see if he could get a nice crisp shot, his cell phone vibrated.

"Yes," he said, putting the cell to his ear.

"The terms have changed," Viko Fedorov said.

Galen didn't look away from his target. This never happened. Details of a hit never changed once he got the all clear. What if he'd already pulled the fucking trigger?

"Not good enough," Galen said. "I can take the hit right now."

"Then you'll be doing it for nothing," Viko said. "The money is fake. I

have it in my office right now. She will be worth more to us alive.”

He didn't like this. Killing her now would be ideal.

“I can take the shot.”

“Listen to me carefully. Take the shot, and you won't get paid. Something's going down.” He heard rustling on the line. “Petrov already has guys on the way to kill her.”

Galen frowned. “That makes no sense. Why hire us?”

“He's playing us. There's no money, and believe me, I'm fucking pissed about it.”

If Viko was pissed, then Petrov would soon be wishing for a quick death. No one got away with manipulating their boss. There was a reason Viko was the head of the Circle of Monsters. The bastard had more kills under his belt than anyone Galen had ever known—real or fictional.

There was so much about Viko they didn't know. The only solid piece of information to go on was that money talked—a lot of it. They all had a price and Viko's had to have a lot of ones and zeros before he lifted a finger.

“So what now?”

“Extraction. Bring her to me, and be warned, the people on the way to kill her might attempt to take you out.”

Galen couldn't help but scoff.

“If that was a laugh, I recommend you not do it again,” Viko said, and hung up.

Well, it went from being the clean-cut kill that he loved, to one that was dirty and pissed him off.

He quickly disassembled his rifle, put all the necessary pieces away,



stashed it in his bag, and threw it over his shoulder. Making his way out of the abandoned building, he hummed to himself as he joined the flood of people on the street below, mingling in.

A few people chanced a glance at him, but one look at his face, with the gnarly scar down his right cheek, and they soon turned away. Some women were not upset by his looks. The ink on his thick arms, not to mention the expensive watch covering his wrist, always had a magic way with the bitches.

Money talked.

He had a lot of it.

Galen liked nice things.

And he was prepared to do whatever it took to get those nice things. He'd been killing since he was fourteen years old. It was an easy profession. His parents had died when he was young, and he'd ended up in the foster care system. Maybe that was where his conscience died.

His first kill had been a foster mom who had been too handsy and liked to use her belt. One of the girls in the home with him had to entertain the male guests, and if she caused a scene while they were filming the rape, the woman would beat her to within an inch of her life.

That death had been a lot of fun.

So had the men who'd been using the poor girl.

Galen made sure she was taken care of. She had wanted for nothing. The only person in the world who he believed was a saint. She spent a lot of time praying. That foster mom had fucked up her head, or maybe it had been him. He hadn't exactly killed in private. She'd witnessed their deaths.

He came to a stop when the hairs on the back of his neck seemed to rise

up. Something was happening.

Turning left and right, he assessed the men and women going about their business. Within seconds, he spotted two men that were out of place. Their suits gave them away and then the way they carried themselves. They didn't even attempt to blend in. They were sloppy in their approach, and their too-tight suit jackets highlighted that they carried weapons. Fucking amateurs.

Seeing them there, ready to take his kill from him, only made him angry. They'd been double-crossed somehow and he'd been up before sunrise planning this shit for nothing.

He beat them into the cheap hotel and closed the distance to his target's door, slamming his fist against it. "Room service."

"I didn't order room service. Go away."

Galen shook his head. Who the fuck was this woman?

He slammed his hand against the door, attempting not to attract any kind of attention. No one knew what he looked like, only Viko would have been able to spot him in the crowd.

The lock of the door flicked open, and he wanted to throttle the little bitch. Didn't she know anything about safety? She knew her life was on the line and yet she opened the door to him anyway.

The moment the knob twisted, he forced his way inside. She opened her mouth as if to scream and he covered it with his hand, pushing the door shut. He twisted Skye around so that her back was pressed against his body. "If you so much as whisper, I'll slit your throat."

It wasn't exactly the best way to get the woman on his team. This was fucked.

“Keep quiet and stay still.”

To help him think, he covered her nose and mouth and listened.

Skye wanted to breathe, though, so she fought him, but he heard what he needed to. Releasing her mouth, he threw Skye and himself across the room, pushing her out of the way and using the bed as some coverage. Pulling out his Glock, where he had it stuffed in his pants, he was ready as the door crashed open.

Guns at the ready, the two men charged inside.

Galen shot the first one between the eyes. A nice clean shot, and he fell to the floor within seconds. The next guy panicked. Firing off his weapon, with two shots this time, Galen killed him.

It was an insult with how damn sloppy they were. None of this contract made any sense.

He grabbed a whimpering Skye, wrapped his fingers tight around her arm, and hauled her up off the floor. Tears fell down her face and she looked a nervous wreck. He thought about tiny Adele from so long ago, how shaken she'd been, but she hadn't been afraid of him. He'd been her savior. To this woman, he was a monster.

“Shut the fuck up before I give you a reason to cry. Let's get one thing straight. Until my boss says otherwise, you're alive and staying that way. We've got to make it out of here without causing a fuss. Do you think you can handle that?” he asked. “Or do I need to knock you out?”

\*\*\*\*

What was with these people?

Skye didn't understand how anyone could be so ... mean, so cruel.

Death wasn't easy or normal to live with. It was painful and scary. There were two men dead on the hotel room floor, blood pooling around them, and she knew they'd come from her employer by the way they were dressed. He had a code of dress that every single person had to abide by.

Memories from last night played in her head, coming back in a rush. All the blood, the adrenaline, the fear.

She should have known the job was too good to be true. A great salary along with a live-in position. She didn't need to find a place to stay or be worried about making it to work each morning. The tight security should have told her everything she needed to know. At the time, she figured she was working for someone important, maybe a political figure. Nope. For the past year she'd been working for a criminal.

"Please don't kill me," she said.

"I'm not going to kill you. My car is parked out there. We need to make it without alerting the authorities or anyone else. I'm here to protect you but I can't do that if you're drawing attention to us. Got it?"

She had no idea who he was or why he'd saved her. Clearly, someone was looking out for her. She nodded and gave him a tight smile.

"Do you have any belongings?" he asked.

Skye shook her head. She didn't exactly have time to collect her things after witnessing her employer commit murder. No, she'd been terrified, and if it weren't for the son she'd been taking care of, she'd have never known the secret hideouts or shortcuts he'd shown her one day.

She was so stupid. There were so many warning signs to what she was getting herself into, but rather than take note of them, she'd carried on doing a job she loved. She adored children and one day hoped to have many of her

own, but that was never going to happen.

“Let’s go.”

He still held her arm tightly, but Skye didn’t fight him, even as she knew his grip would leave bruises later. She had to get out of there. They left the motel room, stepping over what was left of the doorframe.

“I have to return my key,” Skye said.

Maybe she could sneak out the back of the reception area. Not going to happen, as this man didn’t let her go and within seconds she was being marched across the parking lot.

The car he drove surprised her. She expected something fancy, but instead, it was a tiny car with only two doors. He shoved his backpack behind the seat and pushed her into the passenger side. When she didn’t think he was looking, she tried the door handle, hoping for a way to escape.

This man was not there to save her. The ink, the scar, the fact he was terrifying, gave her all the clues she needed to know that this man was fucking dangerous. Maybe he was worse than the men he’d killed.

He climbed behind the wheel, turned over the ignition, bringing the car to life, and then it didn’t matter. She was alone in a car with a stranger. When had her life gotten so complicated?

Skye ran her hands up and down her arms, trying to get warm as a sudden chill hit her, which made no sense in the boiling-hot summer temperatures.

“Who are you?” she asked.

Silence.

“Who do you work for?”

More silence.

“Thank you for ... doing what you did back there. I don’t think those men deserved to die. They were probably doing their job, but thank you. I guess they were going to kill me.” She hated these kind of silences. Her nerves always got the better of her, and rather than keep quiet and deal with it, she had to keep talking. “I’m not a bad person. I haven’t done anything wrong.”

“Do you ever shut up?” he asked.

“Do you have a name? Should I call you *my hero*? My ... *muscle-bound savior*?” Her cheeks were starting to heat up. She shouldn’t be looking at his tattoos, or any part of him.

He was a good-looking man.

The scar didn’t make him ugly—not to her. Of course he didn’t seem to smile either, and the hat stopped her from seeing his hair and a clear view of his eyes. His body, though, it was like he stepped out of a sexy dream. All hard muscle and heavily inked.

Was this why she ended up in the position she did? She was a sucker for some ink. Ugh, maybe people should just kill her now. She got herself into this mess. She had to be the one to get herself out of it.

Looking out the window, she didn’t know where they were going. None of the signs made sense to her. Nibbling her lip, she tried to focus but that wasn’t happening.

“Galen.”

“What?”

“That’s what you can call me. Galen.”

“Oh, well, I’m Skye.”

“I know.”

“How?” she asked.

“Because I know your name.”

“You were sent to save me?”

“Actually, Princess, I was sent to kill you and was just about to take the shot when your fucking boss decided to stiff me out of my money. I don’t like that, so you’ve just become one of the luckiest women in the world. You’re now worth more to me alive than dead.”

Fear raced down her spine and she felt a sickness twisting her gut. As far as speeches went, it was one of the worst she’d ever heard. She was hoping he’d say he was there to save her but that would be too lucky.

“You’re going to kill me?”

“Not anymore. Don’t you listen?”

“I don’t have to listen to you.” She clenched her hands into fists, wanting to hurt him, to attack him, do anything but allow herself to succumb to her situation. She wasn’t a coward.

“If you want to live, you’ll have to listen. Do you think those men will be the last that come for you?” he asked. “Trust me. Your boss is sloppy but he wants you dead, which tells me you’ve got a whole lot of important information in that pretty little head of yours.”

“I don’t know anything.”

“You know something, or you saw something.”

“Please, let me go.” She hated the fact she was starting to cry. Whenever her emotions went haywire, the tears came, and she hated looking

so weak.

Right now, she didn't feel weak. She felt angry. No, she was pissed off. That's what she was. She was just a nanny, trying to make the lives of children easier, helping parents. The last thing she ever wanted to see was someone being murdered, or hearing their screams. She'd have to relive that night for the rest of her life.

That evil bastard was alone with his son and daughter. She had wanted to go and get them, to run, but she knew she'd been seen, and now there was no way out for her.

"I never should have taken that job." She slammed her hand against the front dash.

"The car is not at fault."

"It was too good to be true but I took it anyway. Earning six figures a year to take care of two of the nicest kids. Now I know exactly what their father is capable of."

"Hold on. Kids?"

"Yes, kids."

"What are you? A mistress?" Galen asked.

Skye snorted. That would have been hilarious. Her employer, or ex-employer now, had been good-looking, but she didn't like him that way. There was something in his eyes that had repulsed her and now she knew what.

"Hell, no, I never had sex with him." She was a virgin and twenty-five years old, but she wasn't going to tell him that. He wouldn't believe her.

Dating men, talking with them, didn't come naturally to her. They were



like an alien species, and she didn't go out of her way to get attached to them.

“Then what the hell are you?”

“Besides being a woman who very much wants to live, I'm a nanny.”

Silence filled the car. She loved being a nanny and those kids, whenever their father wasn't around, were the sweetest pair she'd ever gotten the privilege of knowing.

“You're a fucking nanny? You don't smuggle drugs? Guns?”

“I don't cheat. I don't steal. I'm honest about everything. I love kids.”  
She growled. “Now my life is a complete mess.”

End of sample chapter

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