

club  
sin  
new  
orleans

# ROOM TWENTY

Owning Their Angel

EMBER DAVIS

ROOM  
*Twenty*  
TWENTY

Owning Their Angel

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Room Twenty: Owning Their Angel (Club Sin: New Orleans Session 2) by Ember Davis

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Contains explicit love scenes and adult language. The suggested reading audience is 18 years or older.

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For those who wonder why the club girls can't find love too.

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**DEVIL'S SAINTS MC**



**NEW ORLEANS  
CHAPTER**

## **TRIGGER WARNING**

This story has dark-ish themes and morally gray motorcycle club heroes. You'll still find an insta-love story that is spicy and isn't necessarily simple, but with darker themes, situations, and depictions or talk of violence (not between the MMC and MFC). The DSMC is not a one percenter club, but these guys don't always operate within the law either and have links to crime families.

There is no cheating with a guaranteed HEA, however, if you don't like darker themes, then this book may not be for you.

## *Club Sin Rules*

Upon entering Club Sin, you are consenting to the following:

1. You are STI/STD free.
2. You are healthy and able to engage in or observe sexual activity at Club Sin.
3. You are on or have brought birth control of your choice.
4. You consent to engage in the kink of your choice upon entering the room of your choice. Anyone is welcome in the room that represents their kink with consent; privacy is maintained when requested. Multiple partners are common and encouraged at Club Sin.
5. No kink shaming allowed. People are free to explore and enjoy all their desires in a safe and consensual environment at Club Sin.
6. Honesty and communication are key to a satisfying experience at Club Sin.
7. Discretion and privacy are valued at Club Sin.
8. No cell phones are allowed in Club Sin.
9. Universal safe word at Club Sin is RED, unless otherwise agreed upon. Be aware of non-verbal cues.

At Club Sin we want you to have a satisfying experience. Go and play!





# CHAPTER 1

## *FOUR MONTHS AGO*

### *POE*

It almost feels surreal to be wearing my cut right now. Not my prospect cut, but mine. With my official Devil's Saints MC rockers and my road name patch. I've had my cut for a few days and it's surreal how much of a difference it makes.

While I was a prospect, the year felt like it was taking forever, but I was determined to prove I had a place with the DSMC. I knew it was the place for me the first time I met Apostle, one of the club's enforcers, and he was telling me about the brotherhood he found with the club.

It was exactly what I was looking for since my family was shit. My parents always cared more about themselves than their kids and they passed the trait down to my two older brothers. Fuck, my blood brothers are assholes who take more than they give without caring who is hurt in the process.

I hid behind humor for most of my life, using it as a shield because I didn't know how else to protect myself. But then, all the jokes and the smiles would disappear in my anger when someone pushed me just a little bit too far. It might be normal for some, but never knowing where the line was made me feel out of control.

In the search for...something, anything really, to give me purpose, I crossed paths with Apostle at a gas station while I was riding my piece of shit bike. I don't know what he saw in me considering I was looking rough as fuck. I had just turned 21 and was spending too much time in a bottle trying to find meaning in my life.

Whatever he saw was enough because he told me how to get to the clubhouse and to meet him there during the next party. I figured it would be a good time. I had no idea I would learn the true meaning of brotherhood.

I was determined to put in my time and earn my patch, which I fucking did.

Not only did the club have a party a few days ago in celebration, but I was gifted a night at Club Sin. I've heard of the club but have never been before. That doesn't mean I didn't know what I wanted to do with my night at the club the moment I saw it.

There was only one option, really.

Heather might be a club angel to anyone who just glances at the situation but looks can be deceiving. She came to the DSMC around the time Zach became a prospect eight months ago. The moment I saw her, I knew there was something different about her. She seemed to be hiding instead of angling to become an old lady like the other angels.

I wasn't the only one who noticed her though, and Zach and Gray, who started his time as a prospect about a month after me, couldn't take their eyes off Heather. I couldn't fault them, she's hard not to look at. She lights up the room with her sweetness and an air of innocence always follows her around.

She might have dressed like the other angels, but the only men who have touched her are the three of us.

The DSMC doesn't have any rules against prospects hooking up with angels and we took full advantage and shared our woman between us. Still, we kept it casual because what we couldn't do was claim her in Church. Not only are prospects not allowed in meetings except for special circumstances, but the claim wouldn't be recognized without the patch.

It's been difficult to keep our relationship a secret while keeping some distance, but we felt it was the best thing to do instead of allowing the other angels to know how much she means to us. She already had to go along with the angels from time to time. It created a problem between Prodigal, the club's VP, and his old lady, Wrenley.

She felt badly about it, but it didn't go too far, and she apologized to Wrenley for the drama she had a hand in stirring

up.

Making her an outcast with the angels would make things worse. No one needs that kind of drama.

Too many people won't look past Heather, technically, being a club angel. They overlook her sweetness and her light. I didn't. Neither did Zach or Gray.

I can't wait for when she can be ours, officially. I'll be proud as hell to claim our woman. It won't happen tonight, but that doesn't mean the three of us can't indulge by spending a night alone with her. Tomorrow it might be harder to go back to casual, but we'll deal with it.

Zach opens the door for Room Twenty when we finally arrive in front of it. The renovated plantation mansion is huge as it is, but with the anticipation of getting to play with our woman all night it felt like it took forever to navigate the house. As I usher our woman into the room, Gray follows and closes the door behind us.

I barely look around, not giving a single fuck what the room looks like. Not when I can look at the beautiful woman in front of us. Her hair has so many colors in it—blonde, brown, copper, and kisses of red—and it always mesmerizes me. I love running my fingers through it because of how soft it is. Her hazel eyes find me, and I'm lost to them, just like I have been from the moment I met her.

The sweet smile on her face hits me right in the middle of my chest. There's a teasing lilt to her voice, "So, Bedlam, hmm?"

I shrug and flash her a wide grin. "I don't know. Lucifer said it was perfect for me."

Her eyes rake over my body and it's like a physical touch. She taps her chin like she's considering it. "I can see it," she winks, "for sure."

"I'm just glad to have my patch." I hook my arm around her waist and pull her flush against my chest. "I'm also glad I get to spend the night here. With you."

Her eyes twinkle with so many emotions, ones we haven't put words to, ones we can't put words to. Not yet. It's cowardly and I know I'm not the only one who thinks so. The only reason we've held back is to protect our woman just in case all of us don't earn our patch. If one of us doesn't make it, it would make being together so much more difficult.

I've been making plans with Gray and Zach while assuming we'll be able to claim our woman, but we don't ever want to hurt her. It's why we haven't made promises and kept it as light as possible. It's not easy when everything in me wants to possess her and tell her that she's mine. Ours.

Gray steps up to Heather's back and starts to kiss her neck. "You want to play, Cherub?" She shivers in our arms, and I can't help but smirk. He groans, "You remember what you need to say to make it stop?"

"Red stops everything. Please," she pleads, her body pressing into mine in a way that tells me just how much she wants this, wants us, "I'm ready."

Gray's dark chuckle as he starts to look through the dresser to see what we can play with has Heather turning her head in his direction. He pulls out a pair of leather cuffs first, placing them on top of the dresser. Then there's a leather paddle and a crop.

When he pulls out a plug, he looks over at her and winks. "Don't think we'll need this tonight. One of us will be buried in your ass instead."

Heather's legs tense as she tries to use her thighs to relieve some of her need. I know how wet our woman gets and I have no doubt she's soaking her panties right now. She looks up at me, her hazel eyes wide, "Is that how you want to play tonight?"

I don't answer her with words and slam my mouth down on hers, taking her in a bruising kiss. It's hot, wet and on the edge of feral when my teeth nip at her bottom lip. Her hands come up and she clings to my shoulders as Zach uses his body to press her deeper into mine. I swallow down her moans, each one tasting sweeter than the last.

Zack murmurs against her shoulder, “You’re going to submit to us, aren’t you, Cherub?”

Heather rips her mouth from mine, her head falling back against his chest as she whimpers, “Yes. Always.”

Such simple words, but I feel them reverberate through my entire body. *Yes. Always.* The thing is, with her, I don’t think forever will be nearly long enough. It’s taken all my self-control not to warn the men in the club away from Heather. I swear they know how we feel about her and like to fuck with us from time to time. None of them cross the line, but they don’t mind flirting with it.

When I meet Zach’s eyes over our woman’s head, he reaches up to her shoulders to steady her before we both take a step back. Her lust filled eyes meet mine and I swear she fucking whimpers. It makes me want to throw her down on the bed and have my way with her right now. But where would the fun be in that?

I take a seat on the edge of the bed covered in an opulent red duvet with black accents. The grin I give her is feral and my voice isn’t much more than a growl, “Strip, Cherub. Give us a show.”

The way she blinks at me and shakes her head, like she’s trying to clear her mind of the fog of need we’ve wrapped around her, makes my cock throb. She runs her hands down the sides of her body, and I can’t help but watch every movement closely. When her hips rock from side to side like she’s moving to music only she can hear, it takes all my control not to rip off her clothes.

The top she has on is lacy, giving peeks of her skin here and there. It’s a tease and it’s sexy as fuck. When she grips the hem of her shirt, and slowly starts to peel it up her torso, I suck in a sharp breath and hold it.

Her tits come into view and are covered in sheer material. I can see her hard, pink nipples through it and my mouth fucking waters. I want to suck them into my mouth and bite down on them until she’s begging me to come all over my cock.

When she turns and I lose the view of her breasts, I want to growl out my disappointment, but I swallow down the sound. She shimmies her ass before bending and touching her toes. As she stands up slowly, she does a slow spin and then toes off her shoes.

The pants she has on are skintight and leather looking. They're sexy as fuck and molded to her body, enticing me, and making me want to take a bite out of her ass. When her back is turned toward me again, she grips the waistband of her pants and starts to push them down over her hips.

Bending again, her ass comes into view with the string of the thong which matches her bra peeking out between her cheeks. I don't know how she's so damn graceful as she removes her pants, but it's beautiful to watch.

"Fuck," Gray groans. When I glance over at him, barely able to tear my eyes from our woman, he's palming his cock.

"Sexy as fuck," Zach growls.

The smile on Heather's face when she turns and looks at us has my heart pounding in my chest. "Don't stop there," I command.

As much as I want her to go slow, I don't say a damn thing as she quickly takes off her bra and thong. My mind short-circuits for a moment as I take in how fucking sexy she is.

Gray grabs the leather cuffs and takes a step forward. "Turn around, Cherub," he grits out through his teeth. "Start taking deep breaths because you're going to be taking Bedlam's cock down your throat."

He sidles up behind her, gripping one of her wrists and then the other as he puts on the cuffs. When he helps her sink down to her knees, she doesn't hesitate to shuffle closer to me as I stand. As I get undressed, my hands are almost shaking with how much I want to feel her mouth around me.

When her mouth opens in invitation, I growl and grip the base of my cock. I rub the crown of my dick along her bottom lip, my pre-cum glazing her skin. Her tongue swipes across her lip and she makes a sound of appreciation.

When her lips wrap around my cock, my head falls back onto my shoulders, and I moan. My fingers dive into her hair, gripping the strands and holding her in place. I sink deeper into her mouth and watch in fascination as she takes it all.

I want to roar at the top of my lungs about how much I love her, but it's not time yet. Right now, I'll just take her submission as the gift it is. Hopefully, it'll be enough for both of us.





## CHAPTER 2

### *FOUR MONTHS AGO*

#### *GRAY*

I clench my fists to stop myself from pushing on the back of Heather's head to make her take more of Bedlam's cock into her mouth and down her throat. She's sexy as fuck with his cock in her mouth. I know how good it feels and can almost feel her lips wrapped around my shaft.

My eyes slide down her body to where her arms are straining against the cuffs she's wearing. When she gives up her control to us, it makes my body come alive in a way it hasn't with any woman before. I know we're lucky bastards to have Heather's attention and her submission.

We haven't made promises, knowing we couldn't because of our status in the club, but it's been difficult to admit how we feel about her. I hate the idea of her in limbo. Not that she's complained about it once.

It only makes me love her more.

Bedlam lets out a groan as the fingers in her hair tighten and he starts to fuck her face. I keep my eyes on our woman as I take off my clothes and then sink to my knees behind her. Her fingers scramble against my skin as she tries to grip my cock, but I pull my hips back just enough to stop her. If she touches my dick, I won't be able to hold off on sinking into her.

My hands come around her body and cup her tits, rolling her hard nipples between my fingers. She arches her back as much as she can while being held between us. I kiss and nip along her shoulder and up her neck until I get to the shell of her ear and suck it between my lips, knowing how much she loves it.

"I bet you're dripping for us, aren't you, Heather?" She makes a strangled sound in the back of her throat that has pre-

cum dripping from me.

Movement next to us has me glancing at Zach who is naked and dropping to his knees next to our woman. He rubs his cock against her hip and her entire body shudders. “Looks like you need some help, Cherub,” he murmurs softly.

When she gasps, Bedlam pushes deeper inside of her, and I don’t have to see it to know Zach is touching her pussy. He’s probably buried his fingers inside of her just the way I want to. It’s hard to tease her when she’s all worked up because watching her fly apart for us is beyond beautiful.

“Fuck,” I growl, “I bet your cunt is squeezing his fingers right now. Wish it was my cock,” I admit as I nip at her ear.

Heather moans around Bedlam’s cock before he pulls it from her lips, his chest heaving as he stumbles back a step. Zach and I pull our hands away from her and I have no doubt it’s as difficult for him as it is for me. Her breathing is heavy as she looks between the three of us, her hazel eyes wide and glassy with need.

Once I stand up, I help her to her feet and watch as goosebumps cover her sensitive skin. She always gets this way when she’s turned on while we play. Her body is like a live wire. I’m sure she was right on the edge of coming, not that she would complain about her release getting taken away from her.

“You’re being such a good girl for us,” I whisper, bending closer so my words fan across her skin.

“Please. I need someone to fuck me,” she begs.

“Not yet,” Bedlam’s voice is deep and rough like gravel. “First I want to see your pretty ass pink from the paddle Gray picked out earlier.”

I swear my fucking knees go weak. The way she moves toward the bed and bends over it, giving herself to us, doesn’t help matters at all. Her ass is on display along with her glistening pussy lips. It would be so fucking easy to sink into her right here and now.

I force myself to look away and grab the paddle. When I approach the bed again, Bedlam's hand is sliding over the skin of Heather's ass. I know how fucking soft her skin is and how pretty it gets when spanked. Paddling will be new for her, but I know she'll love it.

I hand the paddle over with a grin, "You do the honors, Bedlam."

He chuckles, the sound wrapping around our woman and making her shiver as she clenches her hands into fists. Poe takes it, but he doesn't use it. Not yet.

Instead, he continues to touch her, using his fingertips to tease her. He roams over her ass cheeks and down to the top of her thighs and then back up. His touch on her hips has her jerking and burying her face in the bed.

I don't even try to stop myself from reaching down, gripping the base of my cock, and stroking myself. When Bedlam's fingers glide up her spine, she curves her body to follow his touch, arching her back and making the sexiest fucking shapes.

Her hair flies wildly around as she tries to look over her shoulder, but it's difficult with her arms behind her back. Her hazel eyes meet mine when I move around the bed, and I can see her need there. Then her eyes drop down to where I'm stroking my cock, and she licks her lips.

"Fuck," I grunt, "you look hungry, Cherub."

"For your cum," she rasps, the bit of sass in her words has me throwing my head back and laughing.

My eyes come back down when the sound of her gasp mixes with the paddle against her skin. I watch in fascination as Bedlam starts up a rhythm with simple flicks of his wrist. I'm not sure what is sexier—the sounds our woman is making or the leather making contact.

"Gorgeous," Zach grunts, his eyes fixed on her ass.

Bedlam drops the paddle on the ground and then smooths his hand over her ass. Heather twists as much as she can to look over her shoulder at him. "I can take more," her words

are slightly slurred and the dazed look in her eyes tells me she's right on the edge of a place only we've taken her.

That place where she's not in her head. Where she's not a club angel. Where she's ours.

It's my favorite place for her to be. She lets herself go when she's there. There's no thinking about what might not be or what is. She just exists.

It's glorious.

"That's enough for tonight. We need you." Heather bites her lip with Bedlam's words and his eyes soften. "We have something for you."

"This is your celebration," she whispers, trying to deflect, the same way she has every other time we've tried to do something for her.

We all suspect it's not about her being an angel and it's deeper. We don't know who hurt our woman, but we have time to figure it out. There are times when fear and regret war in her eyes. We want to know why, but we haven't pushed.

Because how can we when we can't drag the relationship between us into the light and offer her the protection that we want to give her.

One day we'll be able to, no matter what happens with the club. But not today.

Zach helps her stand, and then turns her to sit on the edge of the bed. The way she squirms when she sits makes me smirk. She's horny and her ass is a little tender. The perfect fucking combination.

Poe goes to his clothes and pulls a box out of the pile. There's a nervous energy to him, something I've never seen from him, when he approaches her. Goofy? Sure. Joking? A lot of the time. But nervous? No, he normally has a quiet confidence to him that can't be denied, even when he's trying to hide it.

We're hoping our gift can be a promise for the future without the words. It's something we've wanted to give her for

a long time. It feels right to do it now with Bedlam having his patch since we're one step closer to claiming her officially.

When Bedlam opens the box, her eyes light up for a moment, but then I see her hide some of her reaction away. I hate it, but I understand. Her eyes study the collar closely while taking in the design. The leather wraps around the back and sides of her neck with buckles at the back. On the front there is a length of chain fed through rings and doubled with an angel wings pendant. You can give a tug on the chain and tighten it, but normally the wings will hang right between her collar bones.

Heather swallows hard and then looks between us, her voice soft, "It's beautiful."

Bedlam's voice is gruff, "You know what it is?"

"It's a collar," Heather's voice is curious.

The fact that she doesn't seem offended has me breathing a sigh of relief. Bedlam drops to his knees in front of her and holds out the collar so she can get a closer look. We won't say the words we desperately want to say until we can claim her officially, but we needed to do something.

I don't know if this is the right way to show her that she's ours.

"It's a sign of ownership," she whispers.

"Will you wear it?" Zach sits down on the bed next to her as Bedlam stares up at her like she's a goddess. All I can think about is how this isn't nearly enough. "We'd like you to. We'll know what it means, but no one else will know it's about us."

Heather swallows hard and nods. The way she raises her chin is a clear invitation. Bedlam's movements are slow and deliberate as he unhooks the buckles and wraps it around her neck. Zach buckles it in place and all of us seem to hold our breath as we take a moment and appreciate our woman wearing our collar.

I want it to mean so much more. It could. It will.

We've been enjoying time with our woman whenever we can for far too long for it to mean nothing. I just wish we could tell her all the ways it means something.

Bedlam grips Heather's hips and flips her onto her hands and knees, her shoulders hitting the pillows as she lets out a surprised yelp. He buries his face in her pussy without any warning. She moans as she thrashes against the hold he has on her hips. I can hear how wet our woman is by the slurping sounds he's making.

I know how good our woman tastes and my mouth waters. But I want something even more. I move around the bed until I'm next to where her head and tap her shoulder to get her attention.

When she turns her head my way, her eyes are glued to my dick and her lips part for me. Zach chuckles and kneels on her other side to help prop her up with a grip on her shoulders. He probably wants to get in on having his dick sucked.

I slide between her lips and groan at how fucking good it feels. Warm. Wet. Fucking perfect.

"Never seen a sexier sight than you wearing our collar," Bedlam growls against Heather's pussy.

I brush her hair back from her face before palming the back of her head. My fingers tighten in her hair to pull her off my dick and turn her head so she's facing Zach. Her tongue laps at the crown of his dick, scooping up the pre-cum beading there.

Heather moans around Zach's cock as she tries to push back against Bedlam. I look over and his fingers are digging into the globes of her ass. He's probably gripping her tight enough to leave bruises. They'll look delicious on her.

I pull her off Zach's cock and he shoots me a glare which has me smirking in return. Her body tightens and is racked with a full body shudder. It's hot as hell.

"Fuck, yes," she moans as she comes.

Bedlam pulls away from her pussy and kneels on the bed while rolling a condom down his length. He slams into her,

and Zach shifts slightly in front of her to brace her as she's pounded from behind. The way she moans is sexy as fuck.

To pull her up on her knees, Bedlam wraps his arms around her waist and his hips cradle hers. Zach kisses our woman as I reach between them and play with her nipples. The look of bliss on her face, the way she accepts our dominance, is a sight to behold.

“Just fucking perfect,” I growl. “After you take Bedlam's cock, you'll be taking mine and Zach's at the same time.”

Heather's eyes roll back in her head as she bounces on Bedlam's dick. My eyes fixate on where he's disappearing inside her pussy.

*Fucking perfect.*

And she is. I hope what we give her is enough until we can give her everything.





## CHAPTER 3

### *FOUR MONTHS AGO*

#### *ZACH*

Heather tastes so fucking good and kissing her feels like coming home. Every single time. I know I'm a lucky fucking bastard because not only can I share her with two other men I consider my brothers, with or without the patch, but she's everything I want in a woman.

She's sweet and kind, giving and smart. Part of me feels guilty because I'm going to be the last one to get my patch, assuming it happens. I'm the holdout to our happiness.

I nip at Heather's bottom lip and swallow her moan as Bedlam pounds into her from behind. She jolts in my arms and when I look down, I see Gray's fingers circling her clit. I lean back and stare into her hazel eyes, loving the way they're glazed over with lust.

"So close. Please," she begs, "I need to come."

"That's right," Bedlam growls, "you're going to cover my cock in your cream and squeeze my dick just right."

She moves her hips to meet his as he tips her forward slightly so he can pound into her. The way her tits move with every thrust is mesmerizing. There's so much to look at and all of it is hot as hell.

Bedlam wraps his hand around Heather's neck, his fingers playing with the collar she's wearing. Our collar. The proof of our ownership even if we can't say it out loud. Not yet, but soon.

His other hand slides down the front of her body, squeezing one of her tits and then the other before reaching her pussy. When he slaps her clit, her body bucks right before she screams.

"Fuck," he growls, "that's right. Milk my cock."

He pushes as deep inside our woman as he can get and grunts with his release. Their chests are heaving as he buries his face in her neck and his hands roam gently over her body. The sweet kisses he plants along her shoulder and up her neck, even on the leather of the collar she's wearing, has our woman melting back against him.

My mouth is watering, and my cock is twitching with the need to be buried in her. Anywhere. I'm not fucking picky at this point. I just need to be inside of her.

When Bedlam slowly releases her, I'm right there to hold her steady. The sigh of relief as he undoes the cuffs is so damn sweet. I know if she was uncomfortable or needed to be released, she would have said something. From the foggy look in her eyes when she looks at me, I know she was lost to her pleasure.

I pepper kisses all over her face as her arms and shoulders are massaged by Bedlam and Gray. She leans into my touch and slumps forward against my chest, the action is so damn trusting. I don't deserve her, none of us do, but we're not going to give her up.

Hell fucking no. Not a chance.

Gray slides into the place Bedlam vacates when he climbs off the bed to deal with the condom. The way her body arches tells me Gray's hands are all over her ass and back. Her skin gets so damn sensitive after her first orgasm.

I love watching the goosebumps as they pop up and the way she follows our touch with her body. It's addicting.

"I'm going to fill your pussy with my cock, Cherub," I growl against her lips and then lie back on the bed.

I grab a condom, ripping the package open, and then sliding it down my length. With Heather on birth control, we're not always consistent with condoms because we're not fucking anyone else, and neither is she. However, she's told us it makes her more comfortable, so we try to remember.

Bedlam tosses Gray a bottle of lube when he comes out of the adjoining bathroom and the thought of her ass and pussy

being stuffed is almost too much. Gray gives Bedlam a chin lift before he grips Heather's hips and helps to move her over my aching dick.

"Slide down, Heather. Ride him so I can fill your ass," Gray commands.

Heather's tits jiggle as she rises on her knees, and I grip the base of my cock to help keep it in position. She rocks her hips back and forth, the crown just kissing her slit and making me want to slam her down on my length. The way her hazel eyes sparkle is all mischief.

I fucking love it. I love her.

Those words are on the tip of my tongue, but I clench my jaw to bite them back. We have a plan. We need to stick to it, no matter how difficult it is. It's not just for us, but for her as well.

We want to be able to offer her the world and right now we can't. Soon isn't fucking soon enough.

As she slides down my cock, I feel the walls of her pussy stretch around me, but she's tight. So fucking tight. My muscles strain with the need to bury myself balls deep inside of her. But I also enjoy how hot it is to watch her take her pleasure on her terms.

Her movements are slow at first, rocking one direction and then the other, her hips moving with fluid grace I can feel all the way down to the tingling of my balls. Her pussy is so fucking warm and, as she starts to rise and fall on my cock, I can see her arousal coating the condom on my dick.

Not gonna lie, being bare inside of her the few times it's happened has been heaven. It's going to be the first rule I institute after we're able to officially claim her.

I can't fucking wait.

Then we'll own her completely.

My eyes travel over her body—watching where her pussy is taking my length, tracking up to the jiggle of her tits, and then taking in where our collar is wrapped around her neck. It

makes me feel on the very edge of my control. When my hands grip her hips, I know I'm close to losing it entirely.

I buck upwards as she starts to come down on me faster and harder, my fingers digging into her skin, but not enough to hurt her. Never to hurt her. We might push her boundaries, because it's what she needs, but we'd never fucking hurt her.

"That's right," I growl. I meet Gray's eyes over her shoulder, and he gives me a nod before he presses his hand in between her shoulder blades. He pushes her down until her breasts pillow against my chest. "Fuck, yes, Cherub, keep working your cunt on my dick," I command.

She looks up at me with her hazel eyes and I swear I can see her love for me. She's never said those words either. I wonder if she holds herself back because she doesn't know how we feel or if it's something else.

The moan that comes out of her is wanton as Gray grunts, "Gonna get your ass ready for my cock."

We rock together, letting some of the urgency simmer so we can wait for Gray to join us. It's not the first time we've taken her together and it won't be the last. When the three of us are inside her at the same time, it's the best.

Considering tonight is in celebration of Bedlam getting his patch, it was only right for him to take her alone.

We've never been jealous of each other when it comes to having alone time with our woman. I thought for sure I'd be pissed when I first arrived at the DSMC clubhouse, met Heather, and immediately noticed how Poe and Gray followed her with their eyes all the time. I don't know how we knew it would work, but it was instinctive.

I learned a long time ago to trust my gut. While growing up with parents who were addicts and never gave a fuck about me or who was around me, I learned quickly to trust myself. I had to rely on my instincts when it came to being around people.

You learn to listen to the warning klaxon in your head when you're a defenseless ten-year-old and get beat if you don't. Or

when your parents tell you to go and grab something from someone, knowing it's not good and find out later it's drugs.

It's a fucking miracle that I made it out. I could be some junkie on the street right now and it wouldn't even be surprising. Joining the military saved my fucking life, but it stole parts of my soul in a whole other way, and I had to get out. When I did, I stumbled across a few guys from the DSMC when I was out at a bar.

Things just clicked and I trusted my gut when I was asked if I was interested in being a prospect. I thought I would find a brotherhood, much like I had while wearing a uniform. There was no way I could have known I'd meet Heather.

Sometimes life puts you right where you belong.

Gray leans forward and nips at Heather's earlobe, his voice a husky rasp, "You ready for me to fuck your ass, Cherub?"

"Oh my," she breathes, "please. I need you to stretch me so good, Gray."

I grin at him, and he smirks at me as he grips her shoulder to hold her steady. I can feel the moment he starts to push inside of her. His fingers flex as he tries to control himself and then he's filling her.

I grunt at the sensation of feeling his dick glide inside of her, only a thin membrane separating us. My eyes roll back in my head at the sensation. "Fuck, she was already tight, but now she's choking my cock," I groan.

Bedlam chuckles and Heather turns to find him stroking himself, already hard and ready for round two. Or is it three then? Who fucking cares?

Gray tilts his head back on his shoulders and takes a few deep breaths. I know the fucking feeling. When his head comes back down, we share a look, our hands tighten on our woman, and we start to move.

As I pull out, he pushes deeper and we saw in and out of our woman's two holes, filling her with us one at a time. The way she writhes between us has my balls drawing up. I try to

focus on anything other than the feel of her soft skin pressed against mine in order to not come too damn soon.

It's always too soon with her. Fucking always.

I remember when I first saw her, and the way Poe and Gray were following her with their eyes. Even though I instantly wanted her and knew there was something there, I was hesitant. Part of it was because of her angel status.

I learned a long time ago not to pin my heart to a woman who couldn't or wouldn't commit. At first, I judged Heather because of my past and the woman who broke my heart in the most cliché Dear John letter kind of way. But the more time I spent around her, the more wrong I knew I was. It took her almost no time at all to make my walls crumble.

I was also concerned about being the oldest out of the four of us. I'm not saying I'm old at 27, and Heather is only three years younger than me, but my military experience made me jaded in a way that aged me. The reality is that spending time with Gray, Poe, and Heather reminds me that I don't have to carry the weight around from what I saw and did in the name of service.

I can let that shit go and enjoy life.

Heather slams down on my cock, bringing my thoughts back into the present, and I bark, "Fuck. What a sexy fucking Cherub, taking your pleasure from me."

Her nails dig into my shoulders as she pushes up away from my chest slightly. She can't get far considering the grip Gray has on her as he rails her ass. When she arches her back, her pretty tits are almost right in my face.

I suck one of her nipples into my mouth and then the other, biting down until I feel her walls start to flutter around my cock.

Gray growls, "She's fucking close."

Heather moans and we change up our rhythm, filling her at the same time while fucking her harder and faster. Her thighs tense around my waist as her pleasure coils inside of her, begging to be allowed to explode.

Gray's free hand slides down the front of our woman's torso until he's rubbing her clit. Heather's entire body starts to shake, words tumbling from her lips that make no fucking sense but are so damn beautiful.

"Wait until we tell you to come," Gray barks and our woman whines.

When her hazel eyes open to meet mine, I can see her need there. "Please. Need to come. Don't make me wait. I'm right," she gasps as Gray slaps her clit.

"Come. Now," he commands.

I know the man is only talking to Heather, but, fuck, I'm right on the edge as well and barely holding on. My entire body tingles as her pussy clenches so tight around my length that I can barely move. The edges of my vision go hazy as jets of my cum fill the condom. It's a bittersweet kind of relief because there is nowhere else that I'd rather be than buried inside our woman.

Gray lets out a roar as he bends forward and sinks his teeth into our woman's shoulder and comes.

Heather slumps forward onto my chest, her skin slicked with sweat. When Gray pulls out, I roll us slightly, but take a moment to enjoy being buried inside my woman. I kiss her gently, reverence filling my heart along with my love for her.

I bite my tongue as Bedlam slides into the bed and wraps himself around her from behind. When I slide out of our woman, I stand to deal with the condom and notice instantly that it broke. I shrug it off because she's on birth control and it's just an extra precaution.

As the thought of our woman pregnant with our baby slams into me, I grimace.

Not because I don't want it, but because I do.

Badly.

It'll just have to wait. In a few months we'll be able to claim her and give her everything she could ever want or need. I just hope she can wait for us.





## CHAPTER 4

### *PRESENT DAY*

### *HEATHER*

After waving to Taylor, the real estate agent I work for, I walk out of the office at the end of my workday and take a deep breath while soaking up a few rays of sunshine. It'll be setting soon with that whole 'spring ahead, fall back' thing in full effect. I'm not sure which I like better considering it's nice to not wake up and feel like it's the middle of the night, but having it get dark earlier is kind of a drag.

I want to complain about the change every year, but I don't because it's part of life and I've learned how to be the master at adapting. I've had to do it more than once and I've been able to roll with the changes forced on me and the ones I've chosen with relative grace.

My most recent change has been the most difficult though. I reach up and rub my chest, right over where my heart aches for my men. I miss them, but this was for the best. At least, I hope it was.

My hand comes down and cradles my baby bump while trying to take comfort in the fact that I made my decision to leave New Orleans, not for me and not with my heart. I made the choices I did in order to do right by my baby. They're the only one who matters now.

I swear my bump has grown, again, overnight. I wasn't expecting it, and my clothes are fitting a little tight. I wasn't ready to start wearing maternity clothes yet, but now it seems like the time has come sooner rather than later. I've been able to hide my pregnancy up to this point, but now it's obvious.

At least it's not 'hey, is that a watermelon under your sweater' obvious. Yet.

Tears fill my eyes at the thought of everything Gray, Poe, and Zach are missing right now. I feel guilty for taking their

choice away, but I do think it was for the best. At least, for right now.

We never spoke about the future and what it would look like. Sure, they were only with me, and I was only with them, but I know what would have been said about me if I had stayed.

I would have been accused of trapping one of them, whoever the father of my baby is. They would have said I did it to become an old lady, even though there was never any talk of that. In the depth of my soul, I wanted them to feel the same way about me that I do about them. I wanted what we had to become permanent.

I thought it might happen, that we would at least talk about it after Poe was patched into the Devil's Saints and became Bedlam four months ago, but we never did. I was okay with how things were going, but then I started to feel off.

I wanted it to be nothing because life was going pretty well, at least for me. I was safe. I was spending time with men who seemed to value me instead of wanting to use me. Gray's year of prospecting was coming to an end, and I couldn't see a reason for him not to be patched in. I was looking forward to celebrating that with him and the rest of the club.

I probably wouldn't have considered the possibility of being pregnant if I hadn't been scrolling on social media. That's where I came across an article about how antibiotics can make some birth control ineffective. The moment I saw it, I remembered being given antibiotics after cutting my hand in the kitchen and needing stitches. Everything clicked in my head and while it wasn't easy to get a pregnancy test without anyone knowing, I found myself staring at two tests with the same results.

Pregnant.

I panicked. I realize it now, but at the time all I could think about was the judgment everyone would throw my way. Would the club tell my men not to trust me and not believe the baby was one of theirs?

It's not like we were always good about condoms, anyway. That's when I remembered Zach telling me about the condom breaking during the night that we spent at Club Sin celebrating Bedlam. I didn't know if the timing was right considering I wasn't sure how far along I was.

I just knew I needed to get the hell out of there. So, I made a plan and then I made it happen.

The hardest thing I've ever done is walk away from the men I gave my heart to, even though we never said those words.

I didn't know where to go at first, but then I thought about where I wished I had grown up. Sweetwater Valley is a beautiful town. It's small enough to be wholesome, but large enough to give you some room to breathe.

I grew up not far away from Sweetwater Valley, in Dogwood Ridge. The rivalry between the two towns was always kind of fierce. Those in Sweetwater Valley looked down on Dogwood Ridge people, and the people I grew up with thought everyone in Sweetwater Valley was stuck up. I thought both sides were wrong, but I had enough problems to deal with growing up with a handsy stepfather who looked at me like a workhorse and a mother who didn't care either way.

No matter what, I knew Sweetwater Valley was the kind of place to raise a kid.

Since I arrived here about three months ago, people have been welcoming. It's been like a breath of fresh air. No one here knows my past, including my time with the DSMC as a club angel.

I had some money saved up, but I knew I would need a job when I arrived. I got lucky when I stopped in at Sit & Sip, a coffee shop and bookstore, and was told about Taylor looking for an office manager. It's not the kind of job I've had before, but I figured it wouldn't hurt to apply.

When I met Taylor, she looked me over and I braced for her to become a mean girl right in front of my eyes. She's gorgeous with blonde hair and a great body. Instead of telling

me I was trash, or worse, her face went from curious to sporting a huge grin.

“You’re new to Sweetwater Valley,” she made it a statement instead of a question.

“I am,” I confirmed. Without thinking about it, my hand drifted down to my still flat belly. “I just found out I’m pregnant and I wanted to move to a place where I could raise my baby in a community with good schools and good people. I thought this might be the perfect place.”

Her eyes softened with compassion and understanding. “It is a nice place to raise kids,” she confirmed. “We’ve had a lot of people interested in the town for that reason. We’re not too far from the city and some bigger attractions, but there’s still a small-town appeal here.”

I nodded slowly and bit my lip, unsure how to broach the subject. “I’m going to be upfront with you since you’re being so kind to me.” She nodded, her eyes going wary, as I took a deep breath and blew it out slowly. “I’ve never run an office before, but I can answer phones, make appointments, and keep things organized. I can learn anything else you need me to learn. I want to feel settled, and I want to do a good job, no matter what the job is.”

Taylor stared at me for a long time, long enough I was starting to worry she was going to tell me she wasn’t interested in hiring me. I was close to breaking down in tears, but I also knew it wouldn’t solve anything.

Before I could pull myself together enough to thank her for her time and get the hell out of her office, she smiled brightly and chirped, “You’re hired.” I gawked at her for a moment, probably looking ridiculous and unprofessional, but she just giggled. “I can’t explain it, but hiring you feels right. I’ve learned to trust my instincts over the years. I usually know which house is perfect for someone right away, even if I still show them other options and my success rate is high on my first pick being the one.”

“That’s,” I started to croak before clearing my throat and trying again, “thank you.”

When she smiled at me, I couldn't help but return it. "If you're looking for a place to rent, I also know someone who has an empty house at the moment."

My fucking jaw dropped. It was almost too good to be true, but nothing was blaring in my head that I shouldn't trust Taylor or anyone else I had met in the few days since arriving in Sweetwater Valley.

I whispered, "Are you serious?"

The kindness in Taylor's eyes was almost overwhelming. "Lark moved to Sweetwater Valley a while ago with her two kids. She fell in love and bought a house with her new husband. They decided to buy the house she was renting, and they use it as an income property. Her sister stayed in it for a little while until she fell in love with her neighbor and moved in with him."

"Woah," I breathed out, "that's a lot of falling in love."

Taylor's laugh was vibrant and not at my expense at all, which made me relax even more around her. "There does seem to be something in the water around here," there was a note of sadness in her voice, but she shook it off quickly. "Anyway, I know Lark and Maverick don't have a tenant at the moment. It's a three bedroom, which might be a little much even with the baby. The rent they charge is a great deal."

It took everything in me not to burst into tears. Of relief. Of joy. Of sadness and missing my men.

That was three months ago, and things have been going really well. I moved the few things I had into the rental and met Lark, Maverick, and their kids. They're an amazing family and the way Maverick always looks at Lark and the kids with so much love is beautiful to see.

It also makes me a little jealous.

When Maverick started playing in the backyard with the three kids while they were showing me the property, my hand rested on my belly as I whispered to Lark, "He's a great Dad."

"He is." She giggled, "He had a pretty steep learning curve, but he was determined."

I must have shown my confusion on my face, having forgotten that Taylor mentioned she moved to town with kids before falling in love. Lark told me about how the oldest two kids weren't biologically his and that she had moved to Sweetwater Valley to be closer to her parents after her partner died from cancer.

"I'm sorry," I told her softly, knowing it wasn't enough but not having more to offer.

"Thank you." She sighed, a bright smile on her face as she looked over at Maverick. "It might sound horrible, but it all happened for a reason. I can't look back on being with Christopher with sadness because it gave me Everly and Elijah." She looked at me, her eyes earnest and curious. "I was supposed to come here so I could meet Maverick and fall in love, the kind of love that fills your soul. Then we had Elizabeth and now our family is complete. Life has a way of giving you more than you want sometimes, but never more than you can handle, while giving you a path to where you need to be."

"I hope so," I pushed past my lips, my voice thick.

When she looked down and noticed my hand on my belly, her eyes lit up. "You're pregnant."

I nodded, my vision going a little blurry and my nose stinging from holding back tears. "I am. I just found out. I'm not sure how far along I am."

Lark didn't tell me I was a bad mom because I didn't immediately go to the doctor. She simply made sure that we exchanged contact information and then gave me the number for the doctor she saw when she was pregnant with Elizabeth.

They were able to fit me in quickly, which I was thankful for. I was not expecting to be measuring around three months already. I was so sure the night at Club Sin with the broken condom was the culprit, but it happened before then.

I instantly fell in love with my child. I'm determined to, one day, tell Poe, Gray, and Zach, but that day is not today. I don't know, maybe it was shitty of me, but I thought they

might come after me. Even if they were pissed at me for running. They haven't.

Sometimes, late at night, I think about my men and what we had. Those are the nights when I cry myself to sleep. I'm determined to give my baby the best life I can, but that doesn't mean I don't miss the men I love.

They just didn't love me, apparently.





## CHAPTER 5

### *ZACH*

Lucifer slaps my back while a shit eating grin spreads across his face. I smile back, but it feels brittle on my face. I'm not feeling this moment like I thought I would. Not like I'd imagined for months while I was prospecting.

It was my goal because getting my patch meant something. It still does, it means brotherhood and that my brothers have my back, which I am grateful for. But getting my cut, which now rests on my shoulders, meant it was time to claim our Cherub. Fucking finally.

There's only one problem with that now. She's gone and has been for the last three months.

Everything was fine. Gray was about to come up on the end of his year of prospecting and we were planning on taking Heather back to Club Sin to celebrate. She seemed a little off, but it wasn't something the three of us worried about too much.

Then she disappeared.

We, understandably, freaked the fuck out. When we couldn't find her, the three of us stormed into Lucifer's office with Bedlam leading the charge. Prez didn't look surprised to see us as he sat back and put his hands behind his head like he had all the time in the world to deal with our shit.

Bedlam growled, "Where the fuck is Heather?"

Prez wasn't deterred, and he, surprisingly, didn't immediately kill Bedlam. He sounded smug as fuck, "Oh, you're finally admitting that something is going on with the three of you and Heather?"

"We were never denying anything, Prez," I tried to be diplomatic even though inside a piece of me was dying a slow fucking death. "She's not here and her stuff isn't in her room. She didn't say anything to us, and we're worried."

There was a challenge in his tone, “Why does it matter to you?”

“Because she’s ours,” Bedlam’s normally affable exterior was gone as he roared those words at Lucifer.

Gray grabbed his shoulder and pulled him back a few steps for Bedlam’s protection, not Lucifer’s. Our Prez’s eyes hardened as he looked at the three of us. “She came in this afternoon and seemed upset. I tried to talk to her about it and get to the bottom of it, but she wasn’t willing to share. She told me thank you for letting her be an angel and giving her a home, but it was time for her to leave.” My mouth popped open, but he held up a hand to stop me from saying anything. “No, she didn’t say where she was going.”

I started shaking my head, unable to wrap my mind around what he was saying. My voice sounded hollow as I asked, “She just left?”

Lucifer’s eyes softened slightly as he looked at me while my chest was heaving with the reality of what he was telling us. “She did leave, and I don’t know why, but I got the feeling it wasn’t because she didn’t want the three of you. I made her promise me she wasn’t in trouble, and she would come to the club if she was. I told her we’d protect her. She assured me it wasn’t anything like that.”

“You just let her go?” The betrayal in Bedlam’s voice was plain to hear.

Lucifer’s glaring eyes swung to him. “Do you want to tell me why you haven’t claimed her? We all know something is going on. Hell, some of the brothers give you shit for it without actually spelling it out.”

Bedlam’s shoulders slumped, the defeat that was weighing on me, obviously doing the same to him. I felt lost, like I was spiraling and out of control without Heather as my tether.

Coming back into civilian life after the military was hard enough, but I found the Devil’s Saints and then Heather. Both gave me a reason to put one foot in front of the other, but it

was our Cherub who motivated me the most. Because I wanted and needed to be a good man for her.

“We were waiting,” Gray’s voice sounded as hollow as I was feeling. “We want to all have our patches, if we earn them, before we claim her. It had to be all three of us or nothing. We wanted to make sure she was protected from the other angels and their bullshit and to make sure we had equal footing in our claim on her.”

Lucifer nodded slowly as he looked between us before he let out a heavy sigh. “That does make sense, but did you tell her your plan?”

My eyes slid closed, and pain shot through my entire body. No, we didn’t. Because we didn’t want to give her false promises. Just in case.

Just in case one of us didn’t earn our patch.

Just in case we couldn’t give her the stability we wanted.

Just in case we had to change our plans.

But we didn’t include her in any of them.

“I’m going to determine from your silence that you did not,” Lucifer’s voice sounded tired as fuck. “I tried to convince her to stay, but she was adamant. I don’t know what happened and I won’t speculate. I can tell you that you have my full support to talk with Hacker about tracking her down.”

We nodded and then shuffled out of the room after apologizing for storming into Lucifer’s office and demanding anything from him. He would have been within his rights as our leader to kick us out or kick our asses. I saw the understanding in his eyes though and he saw the pain in ours.

That’s one of the reasons he’s such a good Prez and has us willing to follow him into hellfire at the drop of a hat.

A week or so later Gray was patched in and as much as we tried to celebrate, it was difficult. The other angels were trying to crawl all over his dick. I thought for sure he was close to snapping the entire night. I’m not sure how he held it together, but he did.

He'd get this look of longing on his face and glance at the doors of the clubhouse throughout the night. I know he was hoping Heather would walk in and apologize for ghosting us and leaving us feeling so fucking empty.

She didn't.

The morning after Gray was patched in as Viper, I got a text from Hacker to meet him in his office. I was instantly giddy, but also afraid to fucking hope. I wasn't the only one who got the text because Viper and Bedlam were at his door as well.

We probably looked like one of those slapstick comedies as we tried to walk through the door at the same time in our eagerness to get any fucking information on our woman. Hacker chuckled under his breath, but stopped when we shot him glares and then pushed and shoved each other into his office.

I looked at the multiple monitors in his setup and instantly had a headache. But he looked pleased as fucking punch with himself which I took as a good sign.

There weren't any office chairs to sit down in, so we all stood with our feet apart and our arms crossed across our chests, bracing for whatever he was going to tell us. I didn't know if I could take another blow. Even though I also desperately needed to know our Cherub was okay and safe.

"Please tell us you found her," I tried to smooth over the process considering Bedlam and Viper were about to lose their shit.

"I did," Hacker nodded, his voice cautious. "She's living in a small town in Tennessee. She just started a job. That's how I found her."

I wanted to sink to my knees, but I locked them instead. He was giving us facts, which was great and all, but I wanted to know what her life was looking like. I wanted to know how she was doing. I had a sinking feeling in my gut he wasn't going to be able to tell me nearly enough details.

"She's not trying to hide," Bedlam mused.

“Nope,” Hacker popped the p. “She’s rented a house from a couple who ran her information for a standard background check, and she’s started working at a real estate office. I’ve forwarded you the details about the town and her address.”

Viper let out a heavy breath before looking between the two of us. I knew he was wondering the same thing I was—what now?

After thanking Hacker, we found a quiet corner and put our heads together. We had to come up with a plan. One that would have our woman back where she belongs at the end of it.

“I think we should go and get her right now,” Bedlam’s voice was insistent and on the edge of hysteria.

I wanted to sink into myself because while Bedlam and Viper had their place in the club, I still didn’t. I knew what it meant. When we explained ourselves to Lucifer, he never told us we were wrong about needing a patch to claim our woman or that our reasoning for waiting wasn’t sound. It was.

“No,” Viper’s voice held regret and uncertainty in it, “I think we should wait. We wanted to know that she’s safe and she is. That’s the most important part. If we go now, Zach can’t go with us, and we’ll be in the same place we were in when we couldn’t claim her as ours together.”

“I don’t want to be the one to hold you two back. You’re both patched in. Go and get our woman. Claim her,” I insisted, even as my soul felt like it was tearing in two.

Not being able to claim her at the table wasn’t going to make her any less mine. I knew it, but not being able to offer her the same security they could still sting. I hated it, but it was the right offer to make.

Bedlam sat back in his chair, his eyes studying me for a long time. He shook his head slowly. “We’ll ask Hacker to keep as much of an eye on her as he can, and we wait. She’s ours and we’ll claim her together. It was always the plan.”

Fuck, it felt amazing and horrible at the same time. I was holding them back, but I desperately wanted the three of us to

be on the same footing. For her. Because anything less wouldn't be enough for her.

"We should have told her," Viper lamented, and I had to agree.

"Can't change it now. All we can do is wait and then go and bring her home as soon as I get my cut."

What I didn't voice was the possibility that I wouldn't earn my cut or it taking longer than a year of prospecting. I didn't want to hang too much onto hope, but it was hard as fuck not to where Heather was concerned.

Now, the weight of my cut on my back feels good. It feels right. Yet, something is missing, and I know exactly what it is. We need to go and get our woman.

"Scope," Prez's voice holds pride, "now you're our brother. We know you'll wear your cut and patch with pride."

The room is loud as fuck with everyone cheering in the middle of the common room. I am now, officially, part of the Devil's Saints MC. I'm glad I found a place to belong because when I got out of the military, I wasn't sure if I would.

"Considering how good of a shot you are, we're definitely glad to have you on our side," Prodigal gives me shit as he gives me a man hug before wrapping his arm back around his old lady, Wrenley.

When I see them together, it's harder to keep a smile on my face. Not because he doesn't deserve her at his side, but because I don't have my woman with me. At least not yet.

Wrenley tilts her head to the side before giving me a hug and whispering, "Congratulations. All I need in life are more overprotective brothers."

I bark out a laugh as Prodigal growls and leans into his wife's ear to whisper something. I can only imagine what it is from the way she turns bright red and gives him a warning look.

It takes a lot of effort to hold myself in place all night instead of tearing out of the compound to get to our woman.

The congratulations and joy on the faces of my brothers as they welcome me into the club makes staying a little easier. Not by much, but a little.

I throw back a few shots with some brothers, Viper and Bedlam sticking close to my side as I do. Since Heather left, we've gotten even closer. We always watched out for each other, but it's something more borne from knowing how the other is feeling down to the deepest parts of us.

When Connie, one of the angels, slides up next to me, I almost snarl at her. She has no idea the way she bats her eyelashes at me isn't sexy like she thinks it is. I miss Heather and how she managed to still be done up and look natural at the same time.

I miss the way my woman smells—like lavender and crisp air. I miss the way she would mold to my body. My arms ache to hold her, but I can't right now and it's killing me from the inside out.

“So, Scope,” Connie purrs and I clench my jaw to stop myself from grimacing, “how about I help you celebrate having your patch?”

“I'm not interested,” I tell her firmly. When she opens her mouth, I know she's going to try and push me, but I'm on the edge of snapping and she doesn't deserve my wrath. She has no idea there's only one woman I could ever love. And now I'm free to claim her along with Bedlam and Viper. “Really, Connie,” I cut her off and make a sweeping motion toward the rest of the room, “there are plenty of brothers here who will take you up on the offer. I'm not one of them.”

Connie rolls her eyes and mutters something under her breath that I don't care to catch. The only thing I care about is that she turns around and heads toward another brother. Frenzy is nursing a beer as he sits on one of the couches and welcomes her with open arms.

I look at Viper and then Bedlam who are still flanking me on either side. “It's time to go and get our woman,” my voice doesn't hold any room for argument.



“Fucking finally,” Viper mumbles.

Bedlam’s grin is wide as fuck, some of the guy he was before Heather pulled a runner peeking out. “Hell fucking yes it’s time to go and get our woman.”

I laugh, feeling lighter than I have in months. We aren’t sure how she’ll feel about seeing us again, but we won’t be taking no for an answer.

We own her, always have and always will. She’s ours.



## CHAPTER 6

### *POE*

Two nights ago, Zach earned his patch and became Scope and now we're sitting in Church with our brothers. Viper is on one side of me with Scope on the other. The nervous energy coming off them is almost suffocating.

I don't think anyone is going to challenge our claim, but this is the day we've been waiting for. It would have been a long wait with Heather here but with her gone and off in Sweetwater Valley, it felt even longer.

I haven't seen our woman in so damn long, it feels like a part of me is missing and the hole left behind is becoming bigger and bigger with every passing day. I'm unsettled to the point that falling back on humor and putting a smile on my face has felt impossible lately.

I'm sure my club brothers have noticed. I used to be an agreeable guy and now I'm quick to snap at someone. I know it's no one's fault, but my own. I shouldn't have insisted we wait to claim the woman we knew was ours.

The night in Club Sin changed something and took the relationship between us from casual to something so much more. We should have waited to let that happen. We should have waited to give her our collar.

I just couldn't wait any longer. I needed to show her, at least in some way, she is ours and belongs to us.

Having that with her, that level of connection where we could just be ourselves without worrying about anyone else, wasn't something we would only be able to have for one night without wanting it all the time. I knew we couldn't offer that to her yet. We knew.

But I got fucking greedy, and I wanted more. Even though I couldn't have it completely.

The thought of her running because of our actions, my actions, has been gnawing at me for the last three months. Did she feel used by us? Did she lose trust in us? Did she *really* not know our hearts only beat for her? Did she resent us because we gave into the temptation to own her, but not claim her officially?

I don't know if I would do it differently if I were to go back and have the chance to change anything. The night we spent together in Club Sin was fucking amazing. We didn't have to look over our shoulders to see if someone was watching us with our woman and seeing too much. We could let go and so could she.

I don't regret it. I just wish she was here with us right now.

"That fucker Martinez is still underground. The Guidice family will keep their ears to the ground, but we need to do the same," Lucifer growls and I know I should be paying attention because this is important.

I should be giving my club and my brothers my full attention but it's hard when we know Heather is out there alone and unprotected. I'm trying to keep my shit together with a forced smile on my face, but the edges are starting to fray.

Well, fray more. I haven't been holding it together very well over the last three months since Heather up and ran.

"He hasn't had any further contact with the Rebels that we've found out about," the bitterness in Prodigal's tone is completely understandable considering his old lady was put in danger by the Riding Rebels.

The only good thing is that Anarchy, the Rebels' Prez who was obsessed with Wrenley, was put down, and the whole situation brought Wrenley and Prodigal together. Well, together again, more accurately. Their story gives me hope that maybe, just fucking maybe, we have a chance with our woman.

As long as we haven't waited too long.

I understood the reason Viper suggested we wait after he was patched in. We couldn't all leave New Orleans to go and get her considering Zach was still wearing his prospect cut. It should be the three of us going after her as a united front, not just some of us.

I get it. I do.

And considering she's probably pissed at us, and we don't know how she feels or how resistant she'll be to us bringing her home, the three of us going is better than two. I just hope she gives us a chance to explain our actions.

Not that I would take any of them back.

Which is probably going to be a problem in terms of apologizing to her.

What should I say? Sorry for giving you so many orgasms? Sorry for showing you that you're ours instead of saying it? Well, to be fair, that last one is probably not the best thing to say.

I regret not saying the words and falling at her feet to let her know how much I love her. How much the three of us love her.

"We'll find him, Prez," Hacker assures him. "There's no way he can stay underground forever. He doesn't have enough resources or money for it. He might have wanted everyone in the city to think he had a lot of money to flash around, but he was stretched thin. With his operations not running like they were, he won't be able to stay hidden forever."

Lucifer doesn't look any less pissed with Hacker's words. He shares a look with Prodigal, a heavy one which has me paying closer attention to what's going on in Church.

"Leonardo Guidice came by a few days ago to show us some new stock." Lucifer sighs as the stoic mask he keeps in place slips slightly, showing just how tired and on edge he is. "He let us know that Giovanni got some information from one of his informants. Apparently, someone has been asking around about and was sounding a little too interested in Fleur."

The entire room erupts and chaos reigns. Which isn't surprising because Fleur Whelan is the DSMC club princess. She's Lucifer's daughter and Prodigal's sister. Since she normally spends a good deal of time around the clubhouse, we all consider her our sister. She'll come and hang out with the brothers or make a meal just for fun while spending time with her mom, Cherise.

Cherise, now there is the queen of fucking old ladies. She's the mom of the club, and a lot of the guys around the table with me need her in our lives. She's kind and sweet, but she's tough as nails when she needs to be. I have zero doubt that she would kick any one of our asses if she needed to. Not only that, but we'd let her without a fight because if we've pissed her off then her wrath would be greater than Lucifer's.

Our Prez is devoted to his woman and his family the same way he is to each of us. He makes sure we know it as well.

When I first came on as a prospect, I expected to find some sort of weakness in the relationship between Prez and his old lady. Not because I wanted to find it, but because it was what I was used to seeing. My parents might still be together, but they hate each other.

Hell, I don't know if they ever loved each other to begin with. They're selfish as fuck on a good day, but then when that selfishness is working against each other? Fucking watch out.

I figured more relationships were like my parents' than not. That's what had me watching Cherise and Lucifer closely. The more I watched, the more I saw how deep their devotion for each other goes. It's a connection I've craved ever since.

I found it, too, surprisingly enough. Then Heather ran without even leaving us a note or anything.

Anger churns in my gut and I'm not sure if it's about Heather leaving us without a backwards glance, Fleur being in danger, or just feeling like I can't keep my feet underneath me right now. It's almost too much, but I also know I can't give up.

Not when giving into my desire to show Heather we were more, without then making her our everything, backfired right in my fucking face. That shit is on me.

“What the fuck do you mean someone is asking about Fleur? Don’t they know she’s un-fucking-touchable?” Gallows, one of the older members of the club who came up next to Lucifer, growls, “Do we know anything about this fucker?”

“No,” Prez’s voice is hard. “We don’t know shit. I’ve told you all I know. Gio will continue to work the ears he has in the city. We need to do the same and keep our eyes fucking open for anything that might be going down. There’s no way in hell I’m going to let any harm come to Fleur.”

The sound of everyone pounding on the table is almost deafening. It takes a few minutes for everyone to calm down and even though we don’t have any answers, there’s a feeling of being together to fight whatever comes our way in the room.

We don’t have to wait much longer for Lucifer to open the floor to the brothers and any new business. I clear my throat, suddenly nervous. Not because I’m not sure about what I’m about to do, but because it’s not as straightforward as I thought it would be months ago since Heather is gone now.

“We,” I point between myself, Scope, and Viper, “need to claim our old lady. Heather is ours.”

There’s a beat of silence in the room that lasts long enough for my stomach to drop and my heart to start pounding. Then, the men around me, my brothers, start hooting, hollering, and banging on the table again with wide grins on their faces.

Lucifer winks at me. “You’re finally bringing your claim to the table, huh, brothers?”

“It’s about fucking time,” Gallows grumbles.

I shouldn’t be shocked there aren’t more surprised faces around the table. I knew some of my brothers had an idea of what was going on, but I didn’t realize we were transparent to the point where everyone knew. Shit.

“I just see one problem with your claim,” Tack, the club’s Sergeant at Arms, speaks up. I give him a nod to indicate for him to keep going. “Heather left.”

“We know where she is. We’ve known since a few days after she ran,” Scope tells them. “We wanted to be able to claim her as ours together which couldn’t happen until I earned my patch, if I ever did. She is safe and Hack’s been keeping an eye on her as best he can.”

“You have your patch now, Scope,” Apostle’s voice is a challenge.

“Exactly, which means its time to stop fucking around and go get our woman,” Scope growls.

Tack eyes us curiously, “What if she doesn’t want to come back?”

Viper shrugs, his voice sounding a lot surer than what I’m feeling, “She’ll come back. We’ll figure out why she left and then we’ll bring her home. She belongs here with us as our old lady.”

“Well, shit,” Hacker mumbles, “guess I need to get her property cut ordered.”

I bark out a laugh along with my brothers. It helps to dissipate some of the tension swirling in my gut.

Lucifer rubs the underside of his jaw, his voice thoughtful, “It’s not common for a club angel to be claimed.”

My body goes rigid, and I clench my jaw to stop myself from saying something I shouldn’t to my Prez. “She was never an angel like the others, and you know it,” some of the anger I’m feeling leeches out through my voice, but all Prez does is smirk at me in response.

Instead of pushing me further, he looks around the table and asks, “Does anyone have any objections to their claim?”

No one says anything and my heart starts to pound in my chest so loud that I miss the rest of what he says. All I know is that when no one spoke up against the claim that she became ours, officially, in the eyes of the club. Now we can do what



I've been dreaming about doing since I found out she left. It's time to go to her and show her how much she means to us.

I might have to spank her ass red for running while I'm at it. But that'll come after holding her in my arms and making sure she's okay. I've fucking missed her, and I need her in my life and in my arms.

Hammer chuckles from across the table, a look of understanding on his face. "Is this why the two of you," he points to Viper and me, "had us start on a house already?"

Scope turns to us with a look of surprise on his face. We didn't tell him we were going to get the ball rolling on a house. It was one of the few things that has kept me fucking sane while Heather's been gone and kept me looking toward the future. It's not done yet, which is a shame, but I wasn't going to wait until we got her back here.

From the look on Scope's face, he's not pleased to be left out of the plan, but I have a feeling he'll get over it. It was all for her anyway.

Our club brothers give us some shit, but it doesn't bother me. It makes me smile because knowing we have the club at our back makes me feel like I'm floating through the clouds. It's surreal. The only bad thing in claiming our Cherub is that she's not waiting out in the common room for us right now.

"When are you leaving to go and get your woman?" When I snap out of my fantasies of all the things I'm going to do with Heather when we go to her, Lucifer is looking at me with knowing in his eyes. "You better take some shit women like. You might not know what you did, but a woman doesn't run for no reason."

His words sink in, and it only makes me wonder, again, what happened before she left and why she did it without talking to us first. I've been over that day in my head so many times. It's to the point now that I'm not sure if I can trust my own memories. Everything was fine and then she was gone.

That's it. Just that simple.

“We’re getting on the road tomorrow,” Viper answers Prez and the knot in my gut starts to loosen.

One more night and then we’ll be closer to getting to the bottom of what the hell happened and making sure Heather knows that her home is with us. Always.



## CHAPTER 7

### *GRAY*

I see a water tower on the edge of town with ‘Sweetwater Valley’ painted on it in bold colors. The color isn’t faded which tells me, before I’ve even entered the town limits, the people who live here care about this place. It makes my chest feel tight because this is the kind of place that can easily feel like home. Has that happened with Heather?

Will we be able to get her to come back with us to New Orleans?

I feel jittery, partially because I’m driving an SUV instead of being on the back of my bike like Bedlam and Scope. Fucking straws. I should have just pulled seniority on Scope’s ass, but it wouldn’t have been fair.

Fuck fair.

We’re about to head into a war for our woman’s heart. Fair should have never come into play and yet here I am, trapped in a damn cage as I watch the scenery of this damn idyllic town roll on past my windows.

It’s beautiful in this area where fall has settled in. The changing leaves are beautiful, and the weather is crisper than it is in New Orleans. I bet the air is cleaner too.

Bedlam is riding out in front of me while Scope brings up the rear and I’m wondering if they’re having the same thoughts I am. When I look into the rearview mirror and see the scowl on Scope’s face, I have a feeling he is, at least.

When we get into the heart of Sweetwater Valley it looks like the town belongs on a fucking postcard declaring ‘Wish You Were Here’. Damn it.

I didn’t think Heather would run away to some perfect place. Don’t get me wrong, part of me is glad because I would be pissed if she was in some shithole town, for an entirely

different reason. However, if the town was crap it would be easier to get her back home.

I noticed a large bar and restaurant called The Goose a little farther out from the center of town and I wonder if their food is any good because I am starving. The drive wasn't more than eight hours, but we didn't stop much considering the need to get to our woman has been riding us hard for three fucking months now.

On the main drag of the town there's a hair salon, a bookstore and coffee shop, a bakery, a mechanic and then, when we're close to the edge of the main drag, a fire station. I'm pretty sure I saw the realtor office our woman is working at not far from the grocery store. There is probably more to see, but I didn't want to run Bedlam over and we were already getting looks from some of the people in town.

I wonder if it was because of the two big dudes on bikes or if there's another reason. Not that it matters, we're not here to start trouble. We're just here for love. I wonder if that'll buy us some goodwill with the people who live here.

Who doesn't like a good romance? I know Heather would read them with a soft smile on her face when she didn't think anyone was paying attention. What she didn't realize is I was always paying attention to her.

There are some guys out there who would give their woman a bunch of shit for reading romance. Not me. My mom is a big reader and romance is one of her favorite genres. She would always get this dreamy look on her face when she would finish one while clutching the book to her chest like she could absorb all the goodness from the inside.

I found it funny because my dad adores her and was always doing sweet things for her. He would bring home flowers randomly and always cooked when he was home so she could get some rest. He would take her to bookstores and tell her to go crazy. He was always finding a way to touch her and kiss her.

Even though she was living her own romance, she still found so much joy in the love of others. Not that my mom

couldn't be a hard ass when she needed to be, but there was always a feeling of love and acceptance surrounding her. Growing up it was the norm, which means I didn't really appreciate it or see how lucky I was.

There was a while there, in my teen years, when I found their affection and love a little gross. Then I saw it for what it was—something to envy.

I never figured I would find the same kind of love for myself. Then I walked into the DSMC clubhouse and saw Heather. I didn't know she was an angel at first, I just knew she was mine. Finding out her role in the club didn't turn me off, but it did make me wonder how we could work.

Bedlam saw the way I was looking at her and then the same look on Scope's face when he came along. I remember watching Scope see Heather for the first time and leaning over to Bedlam and asking, "I didn't look like that, did I?"

When I looked over at my friend, he was smirking at me. "Worse," he confirmed, and I flipped him off.

I remember trying to find the need to be jealous. I couldn't. But I knew if anyone other than us looked at her twice, whether they were in the club or not, I would rip their heads off.

It took us a little time to wrap our minds around the situation, but we got there eventually. Then we did our best to keep Heather close while also keeping our distance. We told ourselves it was for her sake, but now, when we've been without her for the last three months, I'm not so sure.

All I'm certain of is we have a lot to make up for.

Still, this is a nice place. The longer I'm here, the more I wonder if we're just being selfish pricks again. What is the right thing for her? We thought we knew before and my gut is telling me our assumptions hurt our woman.

I don't know if I'll be able to live with myself without her in my life. Still, if she's happy shouldn't that be enough? Isn't that what I should want? Even if I'm not there to experience her happiness with her?

When we pull off into a parking lot, I'm a fucking mess. I can see the strain on the faces of Bedlam and Scope as they slide into the vehicle with me. Bedlam is running his fingers through his hair as agitation rolls off him in waves.

"This is a nice town," his voice is gruff like he's having to work to force the words out of his mouth.

"It is," I agree as I scrub a hand down my face.

I'm fucking exhausted. We couldn't sleep once we had a plan to get our woman which means we left New Orleans really fucking early. Now that I'm here and she feels so close, I just want to go to her and curl my body around hers while promising to never let her go.

But I can't.

"Maybe this is the right place for her," I hate the words as they come from my mouth.

They feel wrong and I want to swallow them back down, but they're out there now. Just because I hate the idea of not having our woman with us, doesn't mean it's not the right thing to do.

"What the fuck?" Scope's voice is full of fury, "How the fuck can you say that?"

I look back at him where he's stretched out across the back seat as Bedlam waves his hand in a gesture meant to encompass the town we just drove through. "You saw this place. It's nice and clean. Even though people looked at us, they were more curious than anything. No one was frowning. The sheriff or cops or whoever hasn't shown up to run us out of town even though we clearly don't belong here. It's fucking nice."

"You said nice twice," Scope points out really fucking unhelpfully. He sighs and rests his head back on the top of the seat. "I get what you're saying. But she belongs with us. We need to get her and then get her the fuck back home."

It feels like I'm being torn in two because I understand where both men are coming from. Is there even a middle ground? I have no fucking idea. What I do know is that there's

one voice missing from the conversation, even though my heart sinks at the idea of her choosing to stay here instead of coming home.

“We already know we fucked up with Heather. We made decisions for her without including her. We decided we knew what was best for her and look at where it’s gotten us,” my voice sounds hollow because without her that’s exactly what my life is like.

Guilt churns in my stomach because we never took the time to look at the choices we were making through her eyes. We should have, but we thought we knew what was best. We never even gave her a chance to tell us how she feels or what she wants.

“We did it for her and we were thinking about her the entire time,” Bedlam defends.

“I’m not saying we weren’t,” I point out. “I’m not even saying I would do it differently, but we should have talked to her. Even if no one else knew that she belongs to us, we should have made sure *she* knew. Maybe then she wouldn’t have run.”

Silence descends in the car, and I rub my chest right over where my heart is beating, an ache growing with every thud. I miss her. I’ve never missed anyone like I’ve been missing her for the last three months.

“It doesn’t matter,” I break the silence, my eyes fucking burning. “We can’t change what has already happened.”

“No,” Bedlam sounds like a petulant child, “we can’t.”

Scope’s leg starts to bounce in the backseat, and I can feel his anxious energy like a wave through the enclosed space. I want to give him shit about it, but I’ve already stewed in my nerves and anxiety for the entire drive. I’m in no condition to tell him to tone it down.

“We need to go and see her,” Scope insists. “No matter what happens after, it’s the first step.”

I nod along with Bedlam. Scope is right. We can’t figure out a way forward without seeing our woman. I don’t know what will happen after and not knowing is eating me up inside.



We had such a clear plan before. Get our patches. Claim our woman. Build a life with her as our center.

It was so fucking clear.

Now, I'm not so sure, but I do know we all want that still. It's why we're here.

Without a word, Scope and Bedlam slide out of the cage and stride back to their bikes. It's one of those moments where words aren't necessary.

What would we even say? That everything is going to be okay? There's no need for rainbow platitudes when we don't know what is awaiting us when we see Heather again.

It takes only a few minutes to get to the real estate office, but there isn't any parking right out front. We go half a block down to grab some spots and then we meet on the sidewalk. I wince because I don't know if Heather heard the bikes and if it will be a big warning to her that we're here. Will she run again?

It doesn't matter because I look down the sidewalk toward where the office is, and my breath catches in my throat. It's her. I swear she wasn't on the sidewalk just seconds ago, but now she's moving away from us and toward the office. Where the fuck did she come from?

Does it even matter?

"Jesus," Scope grunts which tells me he sees her too.

My feet start to move before I even realize it. My strides are long, and I feel my brothers moving next to me, our eyes fixed on our woman and closing in fast.

When we're close enough to touch her, I force myself to keep my arms at my sides. I don't want to fucking scare her. It's the last thing I want in this whole fucking world. Even though I'm yearning to wrap my arms around her and feel her body against mine again.

"Heather," Bedlam's voice breaks as he calls out to her.

She stumbles a little as she freezes and the three of us reach out to steady her, but she doesn't need it. When she takes a

step forward and then whirls around to face us, her hazel eyes are wide with shock. As my eyes scan our woman, I'm thrown for a fucking loop when I move down her torso to find she's now sporting a very round, very pregnant belly.

Everything stops around us, the moment frozen in time, as shock, relief, fear, and a little bit of anger start to course through my blood.

It feels like everything comes together, making so much more sense, and I know, without a doubt, the real reason why she ran. The feeling of my heart being ripped out of my chest is almost too much to bear.



## CHAPTER 8

### *POE*

I can't tear my eyes away from Heather's pregnant belly. I don't know what I was expecting when we approached her, but this was the last fucking thing I even considered. Seeing her like this is like hearing angels sing.

Because I'm so fucking relieved to have my eyes on her again. Because she's safe. Because she's right here in front of us.

Because she's carrying our baby.

There's no doubt in my mind the baby is biologically one of ours, but which one doesn't matter. I'm already hooked. With one fucking glance.

Just like I was with Heather.

It's heady and I'm feeling a little lightheaded as the silence around us stretches into something bordering on awkward and uncomfortable.

I'm not sure I have the words to deal with this situation, but when I look back up into Heather's hazel eyes and see fear there, I know I need to get my shit together.

"Okay," I breathe out.

"Holy shit," Scope murmurs. "You're pregnant."

I can't help but bark out a laugh because of the bewildered tone of my brother's voice and because he's stating the obvious. Viper slaps my shoulder and I rub a hand down my face, swallowing the last of my laughter.

"I, um," Heather's face is a mixture of emotions, none of which I like, "yes, I'm pregnant. I'm about 25 weeks along now." She shakes her head and starts to trip over her words, like she can't stop them once the floodgates open, "When I first found out I thought it might have been that night at Club Sin since the condom broke. Then I found out how far along I

was, and it was before then. I was on birth control,” her tone is insistent, “but I didn’t know antibiotics can make them ineffective and we weren’t always on top of using condoms. I’m,” her face crumples and my heart fucking breaks, “I’m sorry.”

There’s no more room for hesitation or surprise anymore. Not when our woman has tears running down her cheeks and so much fucking despair swirling in her beautiful eyes. I close the distance between us and wrap my arms around her to tug her against my chest. It feels different with her pregnant belly between us, but not in a bad way.

Not at fucking all.

“Cherub,” my voice gets locked in my throat as I bury my face in her hair and take a deep breath of her lavender and crisp air scent, hoping it’ll calm me, “why didn’t you tell us? Why did you run?”

“I didn’t want you to think I trapped you,” her voice is muffled against my chest, but I can hear her.

When I look up to find Viper and Scope closing in on us, their bodies coiled tight with the need to be just as close to her as I am, I know, by the way they clench their jaws, they heard her too. It kills me that she thought we’d ever accuse her of such a thing. Then again, did we give her a reason to trust anything different?

Fuck. We messed this whole damn thing up.

Scope’s eyes are sad as he reaches out and runs his fingers through Heather’s hair. “We would never think that,” his voice is soft but firm.

She turns her head and peeks over at him. “Really?”

“Never,” Viper chimes from her other side and she looks at him, the relief on her face a physical thing that digs its claws into my chest and rips out my heart.

“Other people would, though. The angels,” she closes her eyes and sighs, “it’s exactly the kind of thing one of them would try to do and then accuse me of.” She shakes her head and tries to pull out of my hold, but I can’t seem to get my

arms to drop. Not yet. “I just didn’t want to bring that kind of drama to the club. I didn’t want to cause any kind of rift. Not when you were about to get your cut, Gray,” she looks over at Scope, “and you still had a few months.”

“Fuck anyone who would say such a thing to you or us,” Scope’s voice is fierce.

Her eyes flick over him and land on where his patch is on his cut. “Scope,” she whispers, and her eyes fill with tears. She turns back to Gray, and a small smile graces her face. “Viper.” She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly and nods her head once. “They’re fitting. Congratulations.”

Viper reaches out and tucks a few strands of her hair behind her ear. “I’m going to tell you a secret, Cherub.” He doesn’t wait for her response and continues to plow ahead. “I had been looking forward to earning my cut, but it didn’t mean a damn thing when you weren’t there to celebrate it with me. I’m glad I have it, don’t get me wrong, but without you it felt hollow.”

“It was the same way for me,” Scope whispers.

A few tears slip down over Heather’s cheeks, but we’re right there to wipe them away. “I’m sorry,” she whispers. “I just didn’t want to put this on you, any of you. I didn’t want there to be any problems. I thought leaving would be easier. We never promised each other forever. We never,” her voice gets lost as a sob escapes her lips and I pull her even tighter against my chest, hating that we did this to her because we didn’t give her the reassurance we should have.

Scope and Viper press in closer, their hands running over her, trying to soothe her, trying to give her comfort. She sobs into my chest, her tears soaking my t-shirt. I’m both devastated we didn’t do right by our woman but elated to have her back in my arms.

“Heather?” All our heads snap toward the woman’s tentative voice calling our woman’s name. She lets the door to the real estate office close and takes a few steps closer as she eyes us warily. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” Heather gets out before taking a few deep breaths. She turns in my arms and my hands immediately drop to her belly. “These hormones are no joke,” she tries to lighten the mood, but she’s not buying it if the slight frown on the woman’s face is any indication. “Really, I’m fine, Taylor,” our woman insists.

I give Taylor a chin lift in acknowledgement. “You’re our woman’s boss,” Heather stops fucking breathing in my arms, and I know it’s because I just called her ours, something none of us have done before. My voice is sincere, “Thank you for taking care of her while we couldn’t.”

Taylor’s eyes soften as she looks between us and Heather. I brace myself for disgust since I called her ours, but it’s nowhere to be found.

“Damn,” Taylor fans her face and winks at Heather, “I should have asked more questions and gotten these details.”

The most beautiful sound fills the space around us—Heather’s laughter—and my shoulders relax a little bit more. The last three months have been hard for me. Everyday without our woman has left me feeling empty while slipping farther away from the person I was and closer to a cold asshole my parents tried to turn me into. I never want to be that guy, it’s who my brothers are and they’re nowhere near role models for anyone.

Taylor looks between us again before looking at Heather. “If you need to take the rest of the day off, I can manage without you,” she offers gently.

I want to jump all over the offer, but Heather shakes her head quickly. “No, I want to finish out the day.” She looks over her shoulder at me and whispers, “I need a little time to process the three of you showing up here.”

It kills me, but I force myself to nod and kiss her forehead. When she steps out of my arms, I feel the loss instantly. My brain scrambles for anything, for a plan, something I can hold onto.

Viper blurts out, “Can we have dinner with you?” Heather tilts her head to the side like she’s considering his words, and he tacks on, “We can cook.”

Heather smiles softly at him, her hazel eyes sparkling for the first time since she turned around and saw us standing in front of her. I wonder if it’s been a lot longer than that.

She digs around in her purse and pulls out a set of keys, unclips part of them and holds them out to Viper. “These are my house keys.” She bites her lip, pulling my focus to the action while my cock thickens behind the fly of my jeans. “I’m renting a house. I can write down the address.”

“We have it,” my voice is husky and Heather’s eyes snap to mine.

Her brows furrow together before they smooth out and she surmises, “Hacker.” I nod and she looks at me, so many questions in her eyes. “You knew where I was this whole time?”

“Not the whole time,” Scope deflects slightly, “but damn close. We were waiting for this,” he tugs on the edge of his cut, “so we could do this right.”

She nods slowly as her eyes roam over the three of us and her hand smooths over her belly. I want to touch her again. My hands itch with the need to hold her belly, talk to the little life she’s carrying, and promise them we won’t ever leave them or their momma alone again.

I barely hold myself back from falling to my knees and doing just that.

“I’ll be home around 5:30?”

Her considering the house she’s renting her home kills me, but that’s exactly what it’s been for the last three months. I’m not going to argue about it, even though the reality of it has my heart dripping blood at her feet.

“We’ll be there with dinner ready, Cherub,” Viper’s voice is soft.



We stand there frozen as Heather turns toward Taylor who loops their arms together as they walk back to the office and slip inside. It's hard to look away let alone walk away.

"I was not expecting that," Viper's voice is filled with awe and all I can do is nod my agreement.

We decide to go by Heather's place first, drop off our bags and bikes, and then ride to the grocery store together to get whatever we need to make dinner. Being able to climb on my bike and feel the wind against my face gives me a few minutes to think, which is exactly what I need.

I could be pissed, and I am a little bit, but I also understand why Heather made the choices she did. Being mad at the months we lost, even though it feels like a knife in the gut, isn't going to give us the future we want. That doesn't mean she doesn't need to know finding out she's pregnant with our baby hurts.

The house she's renting is cute and looks perfect for a family. I instantly hate it. From the looks on the faces of Scope and Viper, they're right there with me.

By the time we make it to the grocery store, I'm filled with nervous energy that needs an outlet. We found her and saw her, but we still need to convince her to come home with us. How difficult is it going to be? How will we do it?

"At 25 weeks, the baby is the size of an acorn squash," Scope lays another pregnancy fact on us, true awe in his voice now.

His face as been fucking glued to his phone throughout the entire trip and he's filled us in on things both horrific and heartwarming. I'm not sure I'm ready to know more.

My head is swimming. Heather has had three months to get used to this news, but we haven't even had three hours. I know Scope is just trying to make sense of it in any way he can.

I can hear him audibly swallow. "That's a lot smaller than a watermelon. Her belly already looks huge."

Viper barks out a laugh and shakes his head at Scope. "I might not know a lot about pregnant women, but I'm pretty

sure you shouldn't say that to her."

Scope's eyes are wide as he nods. "You're probably right."

A woman's giggle not far down the aisle has us looking toward her. She's a beautiful woman with brown skin and curly hair that kisses her shoulders. She has a little girl in the front part of the cart who looks to be around a year old.

The woman slaps a hand over her mouth which muffles her words, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been listening to your conversation." She drops her hand and smiles. "I will say that you should not tell a pregnant woman her belly is huge."

"Can confirm," comes a man's voice as he rounds the corner of the aisle, his eyes filled with love as he looks at the woman and the little girl. He shoots us a grimace which has me biting back a laugh. I'm pretty sure stifling my laugh is the right choice considering the glare his woman shoots him. He wraps an arm around her shoulders and kisses her temple. "You good, little bird?"

She rolls her eyes and huffs, "Of course. You were gone for about thirty seconds."

He looks at us again and gives us a chin lift in greeting. There's no animosity there or judgement. It takes me a little bit by surprise. "You guys just passing through?"

"No, we're here for our woman," Scope lays it out there without hesitation before crossing his arms across his chest.

The woman's eyes roam over us like she's trying to put a puzzle together. "Your woman is pregnant?"

I nod and her face lights up with a big grin. She leans against her man's side and stage whispers, "Wanna bet they're here for Heather? I told you she was too nice and too heartbroken to not have someone out there looking for her and wishing she was with them."

"That's because you're a romantic, Lark," he says with so much love.

"It's a hazard of the job," she says dismissively before looking at us again. She points a finger in our direction in a



“See you around and welcome to Sweetwater Valley.” She looks in our cart as she pushes hers past and calls out over her shoulder, “You should grab some ice cream as well. You can never go wrong with ice cream.”

I watch the little family leave the aisle and my heart feels lighter somehow. We continue our shopping, making sure to grab some ice cream when we get to the frozen food section. Since we don't know which flavor, we grab a couple of classics and hope for the best. I don't even give Viper shit when he tosses in some sprinkles from the display at the end of the aisle.

When we get in line to check out, Scope whispers, “Wow. At 25 weeks, the baby can hear voices and recognize them. And they can stick out their tongue.”

A pang of regret hits me because of everything we've missed already, but there's still time and so much more to experience. That's what I'm determined to focus on because I don't want to lose any more time with our woman and our baby.



## CHAPTER 9

### *HEATHER*

As I sit in front of the adorable house I've been trying to make into a home, without a whole lot of luck because it's far too empty without my men there, I can admit I'm scared. What am I going to find inside? Are the men who I gave my heart to without really thinking about the consequences or the possibility I would need to walk away going to be mad at me?

They would be within their rights to be pissed. I left without warning. It might have been hard for me to walk away, nearly impossible, but I still did it. Then I didn't look back except for late at night when I could cry myself to sleep while nursing the ache in my chest that I was so sure would never go away.

Now they're here, in Sweetwater Valley, with determination wafting off them so strong I swear I can feel it even as I sit in my car.

Hell, even Taylor could feel it and she had no problem letting me know. The moment we got inside of the office, she whirled around and plastered her face to the glass of the door trying to get another look at them. I giggled behind her because she was doing exactly what I wanted to do.

When she turned toward me, she amusedly demanded, "Talk."

So, I did. I didn't tell her about being an angel, but I said I worked for the club, which was only a mild lie. It's not like I was a proper angel considering I was never with anyone other than the men I considered mine, even if they weren't. I told her about how going from a prospect to a member worked and how we kept it quiet and casual between us.

Her eyes filled with tears when I told her about how I dreamed about the future even though we never talked about it. My voice broke a few times as emotions tried to pull me under, but it also felt good to get everything off my chest.

When I finished by telling her about finding out I was pregnant and not wanting to bring drama into their lives or being accused of something like trapping them, her face became furious. I knew it wasn't directed at me from the way she kept glancing at the door like she was going to march back out to the sidewalk and give the three men she just met a piece of her mind.

I assured her, "I don't think the problems would have come from them, but that doesn't mean there wouldn't have been problems." I shrugged and admitted, "I was scared, and I ran without really thinking everything through. I probably made it out worse in my head than it would have been."

Taylor hugged me and swayed me slightly, giving me comfort I didn't even realize I needed or knew how to ask for. Honestly? Best fucking boss ever.

"I can't say that I understand why you ran, but I do know that those men out there looked at you like you are their reason for breathing," she assured me gently.

I nodded because that's always how they made me feel when I was with them. But then there wasn't any talk about tomorrow or next week or next year. Doubts would start to creep in, ones planted there because of my past no matter how much I wanted to forget it.

I didn't tell Taylor that, though, it felt too big and too personal.

"Give them a chance," she said gently. She pulled back and looked at me, pain flashing in her eyes for a moment before it was gone so fast that I wasn't sure if I saw it at all. "They might be worth it."

*Give them a chance.*

*They might be worth it.*

Those words have been circling my head over and over the rest of the day. The thing is, I know they're worth it. I know it down to the depths of my soul.

I just don't know if they want what I want and not knowing, not trusting they'll always be at my side, is scary as

hell. While they didn't give me the impression that they came here to get me because of the club, seeing me pregnant probably threw them completely from their original mission. I don't want them just because I'm pregnant either.

I've spent the last three months resigned to going on this whole parenting journey alone. I've come to terms with it.

I can't believe they just showed up today. I almost didn't believe it at first, but the longer I stood in front of them, their wide eyes fixed on me and my pregnant belly, the realer it became.

They came for me.

I've been going back and forth between being relieved and happy, and annoyed and sad. I understand what Zach, I mean Scope, was saying about waiting for him to get his cut, but it's hard to hear at the same time.

I'm all over the place and I know I need to just go inside and face it head on.

I don't even get to the front door before it swings open to reveal Zach, I mean Scope, his eyes a darker gray than normal, as he looks me over. "I was a little worried you weren't going to come in," he admits with a sheepish smile. His eyes soften as he reaches for me and pulls me into the house and against his chest. "You don't need to be afraid of us, Cherub. We'll never hurt you."

"But I hurt *you*," I whisper after burying my face in his chest.

He sighs, his fingers running through my hair in the way I've loved from the first time he did it. "I think I lied just now because we hurt you too, even though we didn't do it intentionally. We should have been more upfront with you about a lot of things, but that changes now."

"Because I'm pregnant," I surmise and feel my cheeks heat a little with the implied accusation.

"No," he snarls, "because you're ours and we should have made it known from the start instead of trying to hold you at arm's length while hiding behind a misguided attempt at



protecting you. We made assumptions and decisions we shouldn't have. It hurt you and it didn't allow you to trust us when you should have been able to."

"We fucked up," Gray, I mean Viper, says from right next to me.

I jump almost out of my fucking skin because I had no idea he was right there. I hit the top of my head against Scopes chin so hard it causes him to stumble back a few steps, and my hand immediately flies to the top of my head.

"Holy shit," Viper's hands grip my shoulders to steady me. I look up at him with tears in my eyes to find his green eyes are wide and wild. "I didn't mean to scare you, Cherub. I'm so fucking sorry. Are you okay?"

I narrow my eyes at him and huff, "Were you always that silent or have you been practicing your stealth skills?"

He chuckles and shakes his head before his big, strong arms wrap around me. It feels so damn good, but part of me is afraid to trust it. Could this all be ripped away from me?

I've been doing so well on my own and I've made my peace with not having these men in my life. Sure, my heart is broken, and my soul feels like it's only partially there, but I've managed.

"I've missed you so damn much," Viper murmurs into my hair.

I tilt my head back and look up at him as Scope steps up against my back, sandwiching me between them in the most delicious way. I heat up instantly which is kind of a surprise because my libido took a big nosedive over the last three months. I had always heard it can increase with pregnancy, but I found the opposite to be true.

Maybe it was just because I didn't have my men with me.

I try and shake off my desire to climb Viper like a tree and grind my pussy against him, but it's difficult to do. The way he's smirking down at me tells me he knows exactly what I'm thinking. When he leans down toward me, my eyes flutter

closed expecting him to take my mouth in a kiss that'll leave me breathless. He doesn't.

His lips press against my forehead, and I melt against him.

Tears burn the backs of my eyes, but I push the feeling away. Now is not the time to become a blubbering mess.

Not yet anyway.

I force myself to pull back from the man in front of me and look over my shoulder at Scope. I wince slightly, my voice hesitant, "How's your chin? I'm sorry about that, he just scared the hell out of me."

Before Scope can answer, I hear Bedlam's voice calling out and getting closer as he does, "Is she here yet? Dinner is almost..." his words trail off and I look over to find him standing where the living room flows into the dining area which leads to the kitchen.

Relief passes over his face when he looks at me and the position that I'm in. When he holds out a hand for me, I slide from between them and walk over to him, unable to refuse him because it feels so damn natural to give in. Just like it feels natural to be between Scope and Viper...or the three of them.

My body is awake in a way it hasn't been since the last time I saw them. I had almost convinced myself it wasn't real. Before I met them, I had never reacted to someone else the way I do them. It could have been a fluke, or I had built it up in my head to be more and better than it really is. Now I know it's just them.

It'll always be just them.

Bedlam wraps his arms around me, and I find myself clinging to him and soaking up his strength. All three of my men are strong and each one gives me something different. Poe has always given me a sense of serenity. Gray quiets my mind and Zach grounds me.

I need the three of them equally. It's one of the reasons I had to leave. If they didn't want the same, since we never talked about making us permanent, I don't think I would have survived it. Staying with the DSMC would have become

impossible, especially if they started spending time with the other angels or even found their old ladies one day.

Bedlam grips the hair at the back of my neck and tilts my head back so he can look down into my eyes. His brown eyes are full of something I've never allowed myself to admit is there—love. His head lowers slowly, maybe giving me time to tell him to stop even though I never would. When his lips touch mine, the kiss is soft, sweet and everything I need.

“Come on, Cherub,” he murmurs against my lips, “dinner is ready. We need to feed you and then we can talk.”

I nod even though my stomach twists up in knots. I don't know if I'm going to be able to eat. Poe must be able to read my distress because he wraps his large hand around my hands where I'm twisting my fingers together.

He walks me to the dining room where the table that came with the house is already set. I've never eaten there. It felt too much like something a family would do which had me thinking about my men, our baby, and everything I didn't have.

Poe leads me to a seat, kisses my forehead, and then works with the others to bring in the food. It's a simple meal of spaghetti, but it smells delicious, and I didn't have to make it which means it might as well be a five-star meal in my mind.

The conversation around the table starts out slowly, but it's nowhere near as awkward as I thought it would be. The knot in my gut starts to unfurl a little as I find myself smiling and get to look at the smiling faces of my men. When I first saw them today, there was pain and shadows in their eyes, but the longer we spend around each other, the more I see those fade away.

As we're finishing up, Poe looks at me with a small smile on his face. “We met Lark and Maverick at the grocery store.” I can't help but smile because they're both nice people who I've come to care about and who seem to care about me. Lark has been very supportive about my pregnancy over the last three months, and I don't know where I'd be without her friendship and everyone else who has supported me in town.

“Lark recommended we get some ice cream. Would you like to have some while we talk in the living room?”

I pat my belly and shake my head as I groan, “I think I’m full enough for right now, but I’m looking forward to that ice cream later. I’ve been craving it at the worst time of night lately.”

I swear the man lights up brighter than a damn Christmas tree. And he’s not the only one. All my men have bright smiles on their faces but knowing that our talk is imminent has that knot starting to kink and twist in my gut again.

When we’re all settled, my men side by side on the couch while I sit across from them, I take a deep breath, knowing I need to get this out of the way first. “I’m sorry,” my voice catches on my words, but I can’t stop now. “I should have told you when I found out I was pregnant, but I panicked. I didn’t think you all would be mad or think the worst of me, but I was worried about how other people would view me and the pregnancy. That’s where I went wrong. I know it and I’ve had a lot of time to think about it while I’ve been here. We might have never talked about forever, but keeping a child a secret wasn’t the right thing to do. The longer I was here, the surer I was that I shouldn’t have run, but then I wasn’t sure how to reach out anymore and not have you hate me.”

Scope’s eyes soften as he looks at me, his gray eyes intense as he assures me, “We could never hate you, Cherub. We love you.”

I gasp and try to blink back the tears filling my eyes. Maybe this is an alternate universe or a dreamland because my dreams since I’ve been here are eerily similar to what is happening right now. I hope wherever the real me is that she’s okay.

“You’re not dreaming, Heather,” Gray’s voice is soft, and I slap my hand over my mouth so I don’t say anything else I shouldn’t. “Scope is right, though, we do love you. We should have said it a long time ago. You should have never doubted what you mean to us or what we saw for our future.”

“Our future?”

“Yeah,” Poe’s voice is thick with emotion, “the only future worth living is one with you as our old lady.”

The tears I’ve been fighting start to slide down my cheeks so fast that I’m unable to wipe them away before more are already there. I’m not usually a crier, but between my men showing up and telling me everything my heart has been yearning for and the hormones, I’m a mess.

Scope is up and striding across the room as I gasp, “Your old lady?”

As he crouches down in front of where I’m sitting, Scope’s eyes rove over my face. “You should know we claimed you at the table before we came here.”

I cover my face with my hands as the tears come even faster with his words. It’s almost too much to be offered my greatest wish and deepest dream. He picks me up and cradles me against his chest before taking his seat again in the middle of the couch while Viper and Bedlam’s hands reach for me, touching me wherever they can. It’s strange how a touch can be soothing and arousing at the same time.

Now is not the time to get turned on. I focus on how safe their touch makes me feel and how the rough edges of my hurt seem to melt.

“We shouldn’t have waited,” Gray admits, his eyes solemn. “At first we decided to wait because we couldn’t claim you before earning our cuts and we didn’t want our relationship to be a problem for you.” I frown a little bit at his words, but they do make sense. “Then when you left, I convinced them to wait to come after you until after we were patched in so we could offer you more.” His voice drops, his next words for himself more than me, “We shouldn’t have waited, we should have gone after you right away.”

I reach out and run my fingers through his hair. “I understand what you were trying to do and why you made the choice to wait. I just wish,” I look away from him, the remorse and guilt in his green eyes almost too much for me to bear, “I just wish I had known that’s what you saw for our future. I wouldn’t have left. I would have stuck it out.”

“We’re so fucking sorry, Cherub,” Bedlam chokes out.

I reach for him and grip his bicep, giving it a squeeze. “I’m sorry too. For running. For hiding. For not telling you about the baby.”

I smooth a hand over my belly and the baby gives a kick which has me letting out a gasping giggle. My men still as they look at me and try to figure out what’s wrong.

I grip Scope’s hand first since he’s already holding my hip and he doesn’t have far to go. I press it right over where the baby just kicked, and they do it again which doesn’t surprise me because they are very active at night. His gray eyes are wide as he stares down at my belly.

When the baby shifts a little, I grab Bedlam and Viper’s hands, pulling them to my belly and giving it a push with their hands to encourage some movement. I get a punch on one side and a kick to the other, or at least that’s what I think it is.

“Holy shit,” Bedlam breathes out and I watch in fascination as his face transforms into pure bliss.

My men have always been attractive, beautiful even, but seeing their faces filled with wonder and awe as they feel our baby move in my belly makes them otherworldly.

Bedlam’s voice is soft, like he’s afraid our little one will stop moving if he talks too loudly, which is silly, “After Viper was patched in, we started building a house on the compound.”

“Which, by the way, I just learned about,” Scope cuts in with a glare at his brothers, but it doesn’t hold any real heat.

“We want you to come back with us,” Viper gently prods. “We want to make a home with you, a place where our family can thrive.”

I’m shocked by their words, even after they told me they love me. I should be jumping up and down and grabbing the chance with both hands. Isn’t this what I wanted? What I’ve been dreaming about?

“I’m not saying no,” I blurt when I feel like I’ve been quiet for a little too long. “I just,” I take a deep breath and let it out slowly, “this is all kind of overwhelming. I don’t want us to jump into something and then regret it down the road.”

“Never,” my three men say in unison.

I believe them, I do, but that doesn’t mean I don’t need a little time to come to terms with them knowing I’m pregnant and offering me the world.





## CHAPTER 10

### *HEATHER*

My skin is too fucking tight on my body and not just because my belly is growing. It's so much more than that. I try and adjust the giant pregnancy pillow Lark insisted was necessary, but it's not helping. It's helped every other night I've used it.

Okay, that's only partially true. It's helped my body be more comfortable, but it never did a damn thing for my racing mind, which is a huge factor in why I can't go to sleep. Knowing my men are just in the other room sacked out on the biggest air mattress they could find at the last minute is really fucking with me.

They're so damn close, but they're not right here with me.

I want them here with me.

Why the hell did I tell them I wanted space? It was the stupidest thing I could have told them, even though I was convinced it was the 'right' and 'smart' thing to do when I said it. Who the hell needs right? What's so great about being smart?

My nipples tingle and my pussy clenches while I barely bite back a groan of need and annoyance. I haven't been horny in three months, no matter what I tried. I really thought I was broken to the point I asked my OB/GYN about it. I glared when she got an amused little smile on her face and gently suggested it could be psychological.

This is pure fucking torture.

How am I supposed to survive this? Don't they feel my need for them? Am I really going to have to go to them and get some damn relief?

I've missed them so much and now they're here. They knew where I was the entire time, and it doesn't surprise me to

know they kept an eye on me as much as they could. It warms my heart to know they didn't forget about me.

No, they were biding their time until they could come to me and offer me more than I had allowed myself to want from them.

I know I did the responsible thing by telling them I needed to think about their offer to go back to New Orleans with them so we could be a family. But as far as the club is concerned, I'm already their old lady. I could refuse them, but I don't want to.

I want to trust them. I want to go. I want to be a family with the only men I've ever loved.

They love me. Not only did they say it, but I could see it in their eyes. I didn't find the courage to tell them I feel the same way.

Maybe that means I'm not ready and I shouldn't dive into anything with them headfirst.

I don't fucking know, but I do know I can't continue to lay in this bed like my men aren't in the house with me and like my pussy isn't begging to be filled. I need one of them. Or all of them. I don't really care at this point.

Desperation claws at my insides and I'm up and out of my bed with far more gracefulness than I've shown in a while. I still have some months left in this pregnancy and I have no doubt I'm going to get even bigger, but that doesn't mean having this beachball on the front of my body hasn't been a challenge.

I'll never take standing up without a careful plan and some leverage for granted again.

I look down at the maternity nightgown I have on. It's a floral print I would have never chosen if comfort wasn't my only concern. As it is, it's soft as hell and there's plenty of room for me to grow in it.

I sigh because it's not the pretty lacy things my men are used to seeing me in. I shouldn't care, but I do as insecurities try and wrestle away my courage.

Then my pussy aches and I'm reminded about how dire the situation is. Can someone die from not having an orgasm? I don't know and today is not the day I want to find out.

I peek out of my bedroom door like a cat burglar even though it's my fucking house and listen for a moment. It's quiet, but that doesn't necessarily mean anything.

I don't want to wake them, but I also want to fuck.

What's a girl to do?

I gently pad down the hallway and when I'm standing in front of the guest room, I hear quiet murmurings that have my heart starting to race. I should knock, but desperation brought on by pregnancy hormones will not wait on manners.

I swing the door open and my thighs clench together at the sight in front of me. Bedlam is sitting against one of the walls while facing the giant air mattress where Scope and Viper are both lounging. That would be sexy enough, but all three of them are only wearing boxer briefs.

Fucking yum.

Bedlam jumps up from his position, being able to do it with a lot more grace as the other men bobble a little on the mattress while they try to stand up. His voice is full of concern as his eyebrows pull together, "Are you okay, Cherub?"

I nod rapidly and lie through my teeth because I'm distracted by all the muscles, tattoos, and man on display, "I'm fine."

Am I drooling? I wouldn't be surprised.

"Then what's going on?" He grips my shoulders gently as his eyes move down my body.

Even though it's useless, I try and cover myself, my voice rising to almost a shrill place, "Don't look at me. This isn't sexy at all."

By now, Scope and Viper are standing as well and approaching me with predatory intent. It sends a shiver down

my spine as my pussy floods with evidence of my need. It's been a long fucking time. Too long.

"We disagree, Heather," Scope's voice is a gentle rasp that has my eyes sliding closed.

"I've never seen anything sexier than our woman carrying our child," Viper's voice is full of honesty and heat.

I roll my eyes, my voice full of sass, "Viper, this is basically a sack."

Viper's back straightens and he growls, "You will always call me Gray. I'm never Viper to you unless we're at a club function."

I blink at him as Poe and Zach agree with the sentiment and instruct me to always call them by their names unless we're at a club thing. I can only nod with wide eyes. They told me they claimed me, but for some reason it didn't entirely sink in.

Not using their road names is special. It's not a privilege anyone else will be given. Well, except for our children, I suppose.

Gray brushes my hair away from my face before his fingers brush against my cheek and along my jaw. "Now with that out of the way, why did you come in here, Cherub? Do you need something?"

"No?" My squeaked reply comes out more like a question than an answer and I try and spin around to run back to my room.

Poe won't let me though, his fingers tightening on my shoulders and holding me in place. Zach moves around my body, his large hands touching me as he does. He presses his front to my back and runs the tip of his nose up my neck.

"Are you needy, Heather?" Zach's voice is a caress that sends a shiver down my spine. "I was doing some research on pregnancies," his words have me looking over my shoulder at him with surprise, "and I read that pregnant women can be insatiable."

“I haven’t been,” I admit quietly. They stare at me, their eyes intent and focused. The way they’re looking at me has me wanting to spill all my secrets. “I thought I might have been broken because I haven’t been horny at all. I didn’t even want to touch myself. I had no interest.” I grumble, “My OB/GYN thought it might have been psychological.”

The smile Poe gives me is sinful as fuck and makes my nipples pebble. The next thing I know I’m up and he’s holding me against his chest. He strides out of the room they’re sharing and back to my room where I’m gently deposited on the bed. My men surround me while looking down at me like I’m the prey that their predators can’t wait to sink their teeth into.

Poe tilts his head to the side slightly and I know what he’s going to ask before he opens his mouth. I point toward the jewelry box on the top of the dresser, “It’s in there. I didn’t think a real estate office was the appropriate place to wear it and I couldn’t put it on often because it made me miss the three of you too much.”

Understanding softens his features and I expect him to go and get the collar they gave me that night at Club Sin, but he doesn’t. Instead, he sinks to his knees as Zach and Gray step back and start to strip. Poe’s hands are gentle as he strips my nightgown from my body while placing gentle kisses all me with a focus on my pregnant belly.

The care he’s showing me has goosebumps covering my skin and a shiver rolling along my spine. They have always shown me care, but this is a little different. Deeper? I’m not sure how to describe it, but it’s more. So much fucking more.

When I’m naked, Zach climbs onto the bed next to me and gently pushes me back, his hands joining the touch party that is currently happening. Gray slides on the other side of me and they work together to reposition me toward the middle of the bed. Poe crawls between my legs after pushing his boxers down and off his body.

My eyes bounce around at my men because there’s just so much good stuff to look at. My voice hitches, “I missed you.

So much.”

Poe’s hands move over my legs, soothing me and turning me on even more, his eyes are glued to where my pussy is weeping for him, for them. “We missed you, Cherub,” he rasps, “and we’re going to show you how much.”

My back arches and I cry out as Zach and Gray both latch onto a nipple. They tease me, playing with my already sensitive peaks. It feels like I’m already on the edge and ready to fall over.

“So fucking beautiful,” Poe breathes as he pushes two fingers inside my pussy.

“Please,” I beg, “I need you inside me. It’s been too long. I need,” I practically sob the words, hoping they understand the garble coming from me, hoping they need me just as much as I need them.

Zach pops off my nipple and murmurs against my skin, “We’ve got you, Heather.”

My body relaxes and my mind blanks as I give myself over to them. I might not know what the future holds, but I know I can trust them with my body. I always did.

“Cherub,” Poe’s voice has me snapping my eyes open, the look of satisfaction on his face, even before he’s inside of me, has my heart pounding in my chest. “You need to know none of us have been with anyone since you’ve been gone. We were always going to find you. You’re the only one for us.”

My mouth opens and closes as I search for words. “I haven’t,” I start to tell him I haven’t been with anyone either, but my tongue is too thick in my mouth.

It doesn’t matter what I was going to say because Poe slams inside of me in one quick thrust. It steals my breath and, combined with the way Zach and Gray are playing with my nipples, has me orgasming right away. I can hardly breathe as Poe positions my legs over his thighs as he sits back on his heels. He grips my hips and lifts my lower half off the bed as he swirls his hips with his cock deep inside me.

“Fuck, yes, Heather,” he grunts. “There is nothing like having your pussy squeezing me and begging for my cum.”

I moan his name, or maybe it’s just one long word that’s all their names. I have no idea because I feel drunk on the feeling of being full of him. My body is overstimulated, but there’s a peace sheltered inside the sensation. The peace of being home again.

As Poe starts to move, I’m lost in the feeling of being surrounded by my men. They have owned me from the moment I met them, and I willingly gave myself over to them. Even when I was sad, even when I didn’t think I could keep them, I never regretted it.

Now they’re here and telling me we can have everything we want, and we can have it together.

My hands reach for them as Poe fucks me hard while Zach and Gray hold me in place. I moan and try to wiggle my hips to meet the way Poe is punching his hips forward, but the way I’m being held doesn’t allow it. Why is that so fucking hot?

My eyes move over my men, taking in their bodies and looking into their eyes. Fuck, I’ve miss them. My heart soars as pleasure coils inside of me, tighter and tighter, getting ready to explode.

Gray slides a hand down my body and over my baby bump, caressing it for a moment before he continues down until he’s teasing my mound. When he circles my clit, I’m fucking done for. Everything inside of me releases, my orgasm feeling like an explosion that has no beginning and no end.

I gasp and writhe against the bed and I have no idea if I’m trying to get closer to the pleasure because I crave it, or away because it’s too much. My vision goes hazy as lights flash around me, but the only thing that matters is how fucking good it feels.

When Poe hunches his body over my belly and kisses me, I taste relief and love on his tongue. He murmurs something against my lips, but there is no way for me to understand his

words right now. Not when he has scrambled my brain and made my body mush.

I melt into the bed below, my eyes sliding closed as pure bliss settles around me. My words are slurred as I murmur, “I just need to close my eyes and then I want Gray and Zach to fuck me.”

I feel kisses against the side of my head and all over my body. I feel hands caress my skin. I feel warmth envelope me.

Then I slip off into dreamland knowing I’ll wake up and not be sad anymore, not feel so lost.

They came for me, and I couldn’t be more grateful.





# CHAPTER 11

## *ZACH*

We've been in Sweetwater Valley for a few days and spending time with Heather has been a blessing. It's different spending time with her now. I'm not sure if it's because we're here and not at the club without the pressure of being a prospect and having an unsure future, or if it's because we've obliterated all the walls and preconceived notions between us. I guess it doesn't matter because the time we've had together has brought us closer.

Not only to our woman, but to our child as well.

I hate that we missed out on the ways her body changed over the last three months, but I'm trying to focus on the months ahead. I can't gain back what we lost. It's just not possible.

We haven't talked more about going home to New Orleans, but I can feel the conversation on the horizon. We aren't letting it stress us out because we've been checking in with Lucifer and he's told us we can take the time we need. Our brothers are more than willing to cover for us.

One thing I had no idea about when I was a prospect was that we're included in the profit sharing of the DSMC businesses during our prospecting year. It's a much smaller percentage than the patched members get, but it's put into an account for us and grows while we're wearing the prospect cut. It's only after we become a member that we're told about it and gain access.

I was blown away when I found out and it's one of the secrets of the club which is never talked about beyond the patched members. Because of that we have a good amount of cash stashed away and I was already sitting pretty since I saved almost all my pay while I was serving. The house being built is covered and we'll be able to provide Heather with whatever she wants and needs.

If she wants to work, we'll support that as well, but she doesn't have to. We just want her to be happy. It's all we've ever wanted.

We love spending time together with all of us, but we also know how important it is for each of us to spend time with our woman alone. Which is why the guys left a little while ago to go to The Goose for a beer or two.

I'm not going to complain because I have been itching to spend time with our woman alone. I'm torn between taking her to bed and spending our time naked and holding her in my arms on the couch while I listen to her sweet voice.

Maybe I can do both.

When I walk into the kitchen, I stop dead in my tracks because Heather is swaying her hips back and forth to the music playing. She's singing the lyrics softly as she moves over to the oven where she pulls out a tray of cookies.

No, she did not make them from scratch. She told us she had a craving for those sugar cookies you get in the grocery store where you only need to slice them and bake them. Yes, it had to, specifically, be that kind.

None of us were up for arguing with our beautiful pregnant Cherub and the cookie dough was acquired as quickly as humanly possible. That craving came on a few days ago and she's been steadily baking a few cookies here and there to satisfy the urge.

I lean against the open doorway separating the dining area from the kitchen while listening to Heather's voice and watching the mesmerizing movement of her hips. I swear she's glowing with happiness. It's radiating out of her.

It could just be the pregnancy, but I like to think it's more than that. I think it's because we're here with her. It's clear how deeply affected she is by our presence.

When I can't take it anymore, when I need to be closer to her, I step up behind her and wrap my arms around her. My hands caress her baby belly as I start to move with her. The

way she melts back against me and lets out a sigh of contentment is something I'll never forget.

We dance together, moving as one to the music and filling my heart with even more love for our woman. I don't know how we survived those months without her. Now, with her in my arms, it reminds me just how empty my life was for the three months she was gone.

I think the only way I got through it was knowing it wouldn't be forever. Nothing was going to stop me from going to her once I was able to. I hate that I was the holdout and the last to earn my patch, but it was completely out of my control.

I slide my hands underneath the baby and lift slightly. The groan that comes out of our Cherub has me chuckling and burying my face in her hair. I've been reading about babies and pregnancy a lot. The idea of so much strain on my woman's back doesn't sit well with me.

I'll do anything to give her some relief.

The longer our bodies are pressed together, the harder my cock gets. But this isn't about me. This is about her, about us, and reconnecting. Or maybe connecting, truly, for the first time.

There were too many secret plans and conditional thoughts back then. We wanted to be with her, but only when we were patched. We wanted to keep her safe, but on our terms. We wanted to protect her, but never considered we needed to protect her from us and our actions.

I was so fucking short sighted.

"Zach," Heather groans softly as she gives me even more of her weight.

"Cherub," I whisper and kiss her neck, wanting the connection between us to deepen, "I wanted to tell you how sorry I am."

"You don't have to be sorry," she whispers. We move together, the song changing to a slower one where we end up rocking back and forth. "We made mistakes. It probably won't be the last time either."

She turns in my arms and hums softly as my hands slide from below her belly and grip her hips. Her hazel eyes are sparkling with happiness, even more than I used to see there before she left New Orleans.

I press my forehead against hers and take a deep breath before I open up to her. “My parents didn’t give a fuck about me or my brothers. They showed us that selfishness was the only thing that mattered to them. My brothers are just like them, but I wanted to do something more.”

“Is that why you joined the military?” Her prodding is gentle as I get lost in memories of growing up.

I nod slowly. “I needed a way to get out and away from my family,” I admit. Pain flashes across her face and I whisper, “No. My parents weren’t abusive physically or anything, but they were neglectful as hell. I wanted something better. I wanted to matter.”

“You wanted to belong and find a family to belong in.” She wraps her arms around my neck with a soft smile on her face. “I can understand that.”

Heather doesn’t talk very much about her family. I know we could probably find out some details by getting Hacker involved, but none of us want to. We want her to open up on her own. When she’s ready and when she trusts us.

My hands gently move to Heather’s round belly, feeling some fluttering inside. It’s a wild sensation and I can’t imagine it was happening inside of me. I don’t think I’d be as calm about it as our Cherub is.

“I promise that I will always try to be the best father I can be to our baby.” I look into her eyes and watch as they soften with affection. “I don’t have great examples and I’ll need help, but I promise to never give up and keep trying to be better.”

Heather’s small hands come up and cup my face, her eyes burning into mine and imploring me to believe whatever she’s about to say. “I don’t doubt you and your ability to be an amazing father, Zach. You know what not to do because of

how your parents made you feel. It's clear you already love our baby and that's how I know you'll always do your best."

I kiss our woman, needing to thank her, needing her to be able to feel how much her words mean to me. When her tongue slides across my bottom lip, I suck it into my mouth and dive in for a taste of her myself. She's addictive and I want to soak up every moment I get, both with her alone, and with our family.

Poe and Gray are my brothers, more than my blood ones ever were. Hell, the same is true of every man in the club. They've shown me what family really means. They've earned my loyalty and my devotion.

Just like the woman in my arms.

I lift her up gently and place her on the kitchen island with our mouths fused together. My grip on her knees is firm as I gently pry her legs apart and slide in as close to her hips as I can get. The way she whimpers into my mouth tells me she wants and needs more.

She's wearing some maternity leggings and an oversized shirt she changed into after she got home from work, which she left a little early. I have a feeling Taylor sees the writing on the wall and sees no reason to stress Heather out. They've become close friends and I'm grateful for it.

Not that it's not easy to want Heather in your life. She just shines that brightly.

I cradle the back of my woman's head with my palm as I gently direct her backwards until she's laying on the island. My body is stretched above her while also being careful of her belly. When she moans into my mouth, I feel my control starting to snap.

I pull back just enough to look into her eyes as my words whisper across her lips, "I love you so much, Heather. I want you to know that you're my everything. I never want to experience you leaving us again. I wouldn't survive it a second time."

Heather arches her back and I can feel the hard peaks of her nipples through the thin material of her shirt. Her feet wrap around the backs of my thighs as she tries to tug me closer and it's adorable as fuck.

"Zach," she whispers, her eyes clearing of the lust fog I'm putting her in for a moment, "I love you, too."

I feel like I want to scream at the top of my lungs and then go run around the neighborhood to tell everyone that my woman loves me. Since I don't think it would go over well, I settle for kissing her harder as my hands roam over her body.

I push her shirt up her torso and break the kiss just long enough to pull it up over her head. Her tits bounce and I growl, "No fucking bra, Cherub?"

"Bras suck," she grumbles, and I bark out a laugh.

I kiss across her jaw and then down her neck, not stopping moving south until I can suck one of her nipples into my mouth. She arches and cries out my name. She's become so much more sensitive and I fucking love it.

I slide my free hand down to her hips and start to tug her leggings off. I stand up to get them off all the way and the sight of her bare pussy glistening and begging to be tasted is almost too much to deal with.

I drop to my knees in front of her and wrap one of my arms around each of her thighs. The wobble in her voice has me smiling, "What are you doing?"

"I'm going to eat my woman and then we're going to go out and do some baby supply shopping," I growl against the soaked flesh of her pussy.

Heather arches her back and tries to wrap her thighs around my head, but I hold her in place and don't let her squirm away from me. Not when I want to taste her and not miss a drop. No fucking thank you.

When I spear her juicy cunt with my tongue, she coats it in her cream, and I become a feral fucking beast. I make sure my entire mouth, my teeth, my lips, and my fingers are involved.

The gush of her creamy arousal as she comes screaming my name after I nip at her clit is the most delicious thing I've ever tasted. As much as I want to push her to a second orgasm, I hold off. Her thighs are shaking and she's a panting mess with a dazed look on her face.

It'll be enough to chase off any stupid fucker who thinks they can talk to her. As I help her come down from her orgasm slowly and gently, all I can think about is how lucky I am.

I kiss up and down the inside of her thighs and it takes a concerted effort not to sink my teeth into her flesh so everyone who gets near her pussy will know she's been taken. It's a silly thought, but the feral side of me isn't rational. I know only Bedlam and Viper will be that close to her.

When her breathing returns to normal and the walls of her pussy stop spasming, I stand up and then help her sit up on the counter. This time she's the one to hook her arm around my neck and pull me into a kiss. I'm sure she tastes herself on my tongue, but she just moans into my mouth.

Her voice sounds unsure when she pulls back from me, "You really want to go shopping for the baby with me?"

"Hell fucking yes," I tell her honestly as one of my hands finds her belly. "You're going to need some things and I want you and the baby to never want for anything."

"I started fixing up the spare room as a nursery," she tells me, shyness creeping into her expression.

"We peeked and saw it. It's coming along beautifully, Cherub," I praise her honestly. "We can recreate it in New Orleans and the women would be more than happy to help."

She tilts her head to the side and sasses me, "Oh, just the women would help?"

I scratch the underside of my jaw, wondering how the fuck I got into this situation in the first place. "You know what I meant," I try to defend myself.

Heather kisses me again as she giggles, this time just a little peck, but it ignites the need I have for her which is always right under the surface.



When I pick her up and carry her into her bedroom so she can get dressed, she looks up at me with so much love in her eyes. The trust she gives me as she rests her head on my shoulder before I sit her on the bed has my heart growing in my chest.

We're all smiles and stolen kisses as we get changed and then head out to a big box store to see what there is to see. When she places a newborn sleeper in my hands it hits me all at once that we'll be entrusted to care for someone who will be small enough to wear it.

It's a heady feeling, but as I look at Heather, I find I trust myself with the responsibility just a little bit more. She believes in me and that's enough.

"I love you, Cherub," I whisper against her forehead as I kiss her.

Nothing else needs to be said. No thanks. No promises. Everything lives within those words, and they mean we'll find our way.



## CHAPTER 12

### *GRAY*

Heather shifts on the couch again and I try to hide my smile. She's so fucking adorable when she wants something but doesn't want to say it. I can almost see the wheels turning in her head as she's thinking about whatever she's craving.

Over the last few days, we've made sure to cater to her needs and every single one of her whims. We just have to pull them out of her first. It's understandable that she doesn't want to be dependent on us, but it's what I'm craving, and I know the other guys are as well.

I rub my hand over her belly because I need to touch her in some way whenever I'm near her and my favorite is touching where she's growing our baby. I love feeling our little one moving around inside of her. I love knowing they're happy and safe.

The other day we asked if she found out the gender of the baby, but she gave us a sheepish smile and shook her head.

It had my hackles up as worry swamped me. The question was out of my mouth before I could stop it, "You have been going to the doctor though, right? You've been getting the care you need?"

Heather narrowed her eyes at me and snapped, "Of course I've been going to all the appointments I'm supposed to go to. I just didn't want to find out the gender. It felt wrong, okay?"

I blinked at her, my worry soothing with her words because I just wanted her and the baby to be healthy. The thought of something happening to either of them was like a knife to my gut. Still, I should have controlled my reaction and softened my question.

I reached for her and pulled her into my lap from where she was snuggled on the couch while Bedlam and Scope glared at me from where they were sitting. I soothed my hands over her,

wanting to make the sting of my words go away. I rubbed her belly then as well, needing to reassure myself they were both okay and in my arms.

I nuzzled my face in her neck, but she still held herself stiffly. "I'm sorry," I murmured softly, needing my words to help me make this okay. "I just got scared that something was wrong. We haven't been here and I'm still struggling with guilt over you having to go through the last three months alone. That's on me and not you. I shouldn't take it out on you at all."

She relaxed against my chest, her fingertips making shapes on my arm which had my cock hardening under her ass. When she wiggled her hips and bit her lip to hide her smile, I knew we would be okay.

"I know," she looked up at me, her hazel eyes shining with understanding, "and I get it." She looked away and not having her eyes on me almost killed me, but then she looked back at me, and I could breathe again. "Since you guys weren't there with me to find out the gender, it didn't feel right for me to know. I kept thinking about how different it would be if I hadn't left and we were facing it together. Finding out felt like I was taking something else from you and I couldn't do it."

Her words stung, but I completely understood where she was coming from. I had no words that would be enough, and I knew it. Instead, I kissed her, hoping she could feel everything that I wanted from her, everything I hoped for our future, in the way our lips slid against each other. I poured all of myself into it and we only parted when we were breathless, and our woman's eyes were half-lidded with lust.

Our baby kicks my hand and pulls me back into the present as I laugh. "That one was strong." Heather winces slightly and panic starts to rise in my chest. "Are you okay? Does it hurt?"

I could kick myself because none of us thought to ask that already. I mean, we're talking about a small human, inside of her, kicking her internally. It couldn't feel good, right? But does it hurt? Those are two different things.

She shakes her head and gives me a soft smile. “It doesn’t really hurt in the way you’re probably thinking about pain. It’s uncomfortable sometimes, especially when they nail my bladder or turn a certain way and it feels like I can’t get a full breath.” She huffs out a laugh. “From what I understand, both of those things will only get worse as they continue to grow.”

My eyes widen and my jaw drops as I look between her belly and her face. I don’t know how it didn’t sink in that the baby will continue to get bigger and her body will have to accommodate it in some way. I must look utterly horrified because Heather starts laughing so hard that she has tears streaming down her face.

She hiccups as she gets her laughter under control and lets out a groan as she rubs right above her baby bump. “Hiccups and a baby belly do not mix,” she grumbles.

I kiss her forehead and smooth a hand over her belly. Again. Because I can’t stop.

I arch an eyebrow at her, my voice a challenge, “Now, are you going to tell me what you’re craving?”

The way Heather pouts has me leaning forward and nipping at her bottom lip. She mumbles, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

I look deep into our woman’s eyes and hope she can see how sincere I am. “Please, Cherub, we’re here for you. You always start to fidget when you want something but don’t want to ask for it. But what you haven’t seemed to grasp is we are here for you. We’re here to cater to you and make sure you are happy and taken care of. It’s the greatest honor I have ever had in my life. Please, let me do it.”

Her eyes become glassy with tears, and I barely stop myself from laughing. She might think it’s funny or she might be offended. It could really go either way. In the time that we’ve been in Sweetwater Valley we’ve seen both outcomes. Hormones are no fucking joke.

“I was thinking about getting up and getting some Cheez-Its,” she mumbles, pink coloring her cheeks slightly.

I kiss her cheek before moving her just enough to not jostle her when I stand up. “Coming right up, Cherub.”

The way she smiles up at me, like I just gave her the entire fucking world when all I’m really doing is getting her a snack, has my chest feeling tight. She doesn’t ever ask for much when it comes to her cravings. We haven’t needed to go out in the middle of the night and hunt down a buffalo or anything wild like that.

I think getting up to get her some cheesy crackers sounds like a pretty good gig. She’s usually willing to share too. Not when it comes to ice cream though, we learned that the hard way. There was some yelling which quickly dissolved into crying. None of us want a repeat of that.

No fucking thank you.

I pour her snack into a bowl because I’ve also learned she gets frustrated if there’s packaging in the way and she will eat an entire box if it’s handed to her. Then she complains about not feeling good. When we give her a limited amount and are always willing to grab a little more, it curbs her craving, and she doesn’t get too full.

I shake my head and grin as I put the box away because taking care of Heather feels so natural. Being with her again, after missing her so much, is better than it was before. I know it’s because we’re now embracing what is between us fully.

The only problem is that we can’t stay in Sweetwater Valley forever. We need to go home, and Heather needs to come with us. We’ve been giving her time to get used to having us back in her life while dropping little comments here and there without putting a lot of pressure on her. I can only hope that it’s working.

When I hand her the bowl with her snack, she grins up at me as I settle back in next to her. I’m not sure where the other guys are, but I’m grateful as fuck to have this time alone with our woman. We need to be a cohesive unit, but we have to have a strong relationship with her one-on-one as well.

“Thank you,” she gushes before holding out the bowl to me. “Want one?”

“I’m good, Cherub,” I assure her. “That’s for you and little one.”

She starts to happily munch on her cheesy crackers while we watch whatever show she has on. It’s a home decorating show and while I wouldn’t normally pay much attention, it’s giving me ideas about the fixtures and finishes Heather will like for our home.

I do feel bad we kept the house from Scope, but it was because we couldn’t tell him about the club account when he was a prospect. Once he got his patch, we were going to talk to him about it and then go and get our woman. He doesn’t seem too pissed about it and I can’t wait for the house to be finished so our woman can make it into a home.

I take the bowl from her when she’s done and arch an eyebrow in question, wondering if she wants more, but she just shakes her head. In a surprisingly graceful move considering her baby belly, she straddles my lap and looks at me with wide, hungry eyes.

“That craving has been satisfied,” she purrs, and my cock is instantly ready to do her bidding.

“Oh?” I tease her, “Do you have another craving I can satisfy?”

Instead of answering me with words, she grinds down on the ridge of my trapped cock. I can feel the heat of her pussy through the maternity shorts she has on and her panties. I grip her hips and growl softly as I help her rock back and forth.

“Heather,” I groan, the sound full of warning and need.

“Gray,” she moans, “I need you.”

I hold her steady for a moment because something has been weighing on my mind and I need to deal with it before I do this with her. Her eyes are needy and a little wary as I look at her. I take a deep breath and let it out slowly before licking my lips nervously.

“Before I fill you with my cock,” she moans softly and tries to wiggle on my lap even though she can’t with the hold I have on her, “you need to know how sorry I am that we didn’t come after you right away. We talked about it. I was the one who suggested we wait until we could follow through fully with everything that we wanted to give you. I’m the reason you were in so much pain for so long.”

Shame washes over me and I look away from her beautiful hazel eyes. Her delicate fingers run over my jawline as she waits for me to look at her again. When I do, I don’t see the hatred in her eyes I was bracing for. No, that’s not what I see there at all.

“Gray,” her voice is a whisper, a feather against my skin, “you did what you thought was right at the time. I do wish you had come after me. I spent a lot of time going over things and thinking maybe the connection we had was all in my head and none of it was real.” My eyes slide closed, guilt threatening to pull me under. “But I understand why,” she adds.

My forehead drops down to her shoulder, my voice cracking, “I’m sorry.”

“I know you are. I can feel it every time you touch me, and I can see it every time you look at me. I forgive you,” she whispers, “and I love you.”

My head snaps up, my eyes wide as something primal and fucking feral rises inside of me. “I love you,” my voice is firm, each word a brand against our skin, “so fucking much.”

“I know.”

I don’t know if she has more to say, but it doesn’t matter because my lips slam down on hers as I take her mouth in a brutal kiss. My movements are swift and a little jerky as my hands start shaking with the need to be buried inside of my woman and claim her with the love we share in our hearts.

I work quickly to pull our clothing off and then I position Heather so she’s kneeling on the couch with her forearms braced on the top and her belly protected against the back while not pressing up against it. When I swipe the crown of



my dick through her folds, I find her already dripping wet for me.

“Your cunt is already soaked for me, Cherub,” I grit out through my teeth, already needing to hold myself back from painting her pussy with my cum.

She arches her back and wiggles her ass like a flag in front of a bull. The sly smile on her lips when she looks over her shoulder at me tells me she knows exactly what she’s doing. “Fuck me, Viper,” she pleads, “I need you.”

I slam inside of our woman in one hard thrust and we both moan at how fucking good it feels. She’s warm and tight and so fucking wet. My grip is bruising on her hips, but she doesn’t complain. No, my Cherub pushes back to meet my thrusts until our movements are frantic and bordering on unhinged.

I kiss and bite along her shoulder, wanting to mark her up for everyone to see. We get lost in the rhythm of being one again. It feels so fucking good and I’m so focused on her that I barely notice when my balls draw up and I’m about to come.

“Fuck,” I growl, “Cherub. Rub your clit and coat my dick in your cream so I can fill your pretty cunt with my cum.”

She moans and bucks her hips as she does what I tell her to do. I can feel the brush of her fingertips against my cock as I fuck her harder and faster. Our moans float through the room, building just like our pleasure.

Heather shouts out as the walls of her pussy squeeze around me and my eyes cross. I paint the inside of her channel with jets of my cum and it feels like I can’t catch my breath.

“Fuck, I missed you,” I whisper as my hands start to glide over her skin, needing to touch her, needing to know she’s still right here with me.

She collapses forward slightly, but I’m right there to make sure she’s comfortable, moving us so we’re cuddled together on the couch. The way her head rests against my shoulder, her labored breathing sending puffs of air across my neck, is fucking heaven.

“I love you,” I kiss the top of her head as I speak the truth I have known since the first moment I saw her.

The humming sound she makes before she lets out a small snore has me laughing silently and holding her tighter against my chest.

Maybe we shouldn't have waited. Or maybe everything worked out just the way it was supposed to. It doesn't really matter now because she's mine, ours, and that's the way it'll always be.



## CHAPTER 13

### *POE*

I wrap my arms around Heather, my hands immediately going to her belly and caressing her there. We've been in Sweetwater Valley for two weeks. Even though I know we can't stay forever, and we need to go home, I'm not sure how to bridge that gap. How do I convince her to come home with us?

She's built a good life here. Still, I know where she belongs and it's in New Orleans with us. Where we can be a family.

Everything in me is screaming to figure out a way to make it happen. I can't just charm her with an easy smile and promises. I know it'll take time to prove to her that what we have, what we're saying our future will look like, is real. We kept our plans too quiet and kept her in the dark for too long for her to just trust us.

I carry the guilt of wanting to take more from her than we could give ourselves. It was pure fucking selfishness that was behind my sin. Knowing it doesn't make anything right and it doesn't change the past.

She rests back against me, her body melting into mine as I cradle her belly in my hands, taking some of the weight off her back and making her groan softly. I chuckle and bury my face in her hair. It's always so fucking soft against me and I love the way it feels.

"I'm sorry, Cherub," I whisper against her skin.

She stills and stiffens, her voice coming out hoarse, "What are you sorry for, Poe?"

"Even though the night at Club Sin was one of the best of my life, it was selfish. We made promises we couldn't follow through on, and I knew it. I knew it was dangerous to be together in a place where no one knew us, and we didn't have to hide. I knew it would change everything. There was no

going back to being a secret after that night. I knew, but I didn't care because I needed to try and show you."

"I was afraid to hope," her voice cracks on the last word and it feels like my heart is being ripped from my chest. She clears her throat and shakes her head slightly. "So, this is it then? Are all your pretty words and you finding me coming down to right now?"

"No," I bark out the word, my hands tightening on her body because I'm afraid she's going to try and step away from me and put distance between us that she probably deserves. "Since we've been here, every word I've said, every word we've said, has been the truth. You're ours. Our old lady. We claimed you at the table and that shit can't be taken back. We don't *want* to take it back," I'm quick to add in case she takes my words the wrong way.

She pushes me gently, a single word like a stone falling between us, "But?"

I take a deep breath and try to memorize the feeling of her body against mine. I won't force her.

Even though that's exactly what Scope thinks we should do. We were talking about it this morning after Heather left for work. His face was a mask of fury and determination.

"We can't give her a fucking choice," his voice was hard and unyielding. "We can't." His gaze was full of accusation as he looked between us. "We know her place is with us, at home. Where we can be a family."

A huge part of me agreed with him and I found myself nodding. Viper didn't look so sure, and it had my heart sinking. Wouldn't it be easier to just push her and force her hand?

"We can't take the choice from her. Haven't we done that enough?" Viper looked fucking devastated.

"Maybe we aren't giving her enough credit," I voiced my deepest hope and wish. "Maybe she'll choose us." I glared at my brothers, "She's told you both that she loves you. You can see she wants and needs us."

“Maybe she’s happy here and that’s the fucking problem,” Scope pointed out, which was really fucking unhelpful.

The idea of forcing her pushes against my skin as I shake away the memory of the conversation and the doubt it causes to swirl in my mind. Making it so she’s at our sides sounds like a fucking dream. But will the future be as sweet if we fight dirty instead of letting her choose her own path?

I know I love the woman in my arms more than my own life. Does she feel the same for me? She hasn’t said those words to me yet, but I’ve been avoiding this conversation because of fear. Now it’s here and I can’t run from it. Our time is almost up, I can feel it, and something has to give.

“But,” I try and find my center which isn’t too hard because it’s in my arms right now—her—always her, “we can’t stay here forever. We need to go back. Lucifer has been lenient, but it won’t last forever. We have to make a decision.”

She turns in my arms, her hazel eyes looking up at me and trying to peer into the deepest parts of me. “I don’t want to manipulate your decision, Heather, but I could.” It’s a threat, we both know it is. I don’t know if I could follow through with it, but Scope probably wouldn’t even bat an eye. It’s better that I’m the one to have this conversation with her. “Please,” my eyes tear up and I know she can see the vulnerability in me, the need for her to choose to be with us instead of letting us walk away, “you ran when we needed you to stay. I know we didn’t come after you right away and I’ll always regret it, just like I’ll always regret not making sure you always knew how important you are to me, to us.”

“Poe,” she whispers, her hands coming up to cup the sides of my neck. My body lights up at the contact, my dick hardening to the point of pain in seconds, but now isn’t the time for that. “I know you guys came here hoping I would fall at your feet, and we could just go back to the way it was,” the pain in her voice slices through me.

“No, Cherub,” I insist. “We came here to bring you home, yes, but we never expected it to go back to the way it was. That’s why we claimed you. That’s why we’ve been having a

house built. We never want you to be a secret. Never again. We want the world to know you belong to us,” I kiss her forehead and speak against her skin, “and that we belong to you.”

The silence stretches between us and I’m starting to kick myself for not going with Scope’s plan to force her hand and put her in a position where she can’t say no. It would be shitty of us, and we’d be making up for it for the rest of our lives, but then I wouldn’t be feeling this. Limbo. Purgatory. An in-between where there is no light or dark, where nothing exists but hope slowly dying as despair digs its claws in.

“Ask me,” Heather whispers.

I rear back from her, my eyes wide as I look down at her. Her face is an unreadable mask and I hate having no idea what her answer is going to be. Normally her face is so fucking expressive that I can almost read her thoughts. Not right now.

“Heather,” I barely push her name past my lips, “will you please come home with us? To New Orleans? To the Devil’s Saints? To the club? We will put our entire lives into making you happy and building a family you can be proud of, one that values you and always puts you first. You’ll have the support of the three of us as well as the entire club. You’ll never be alone. Please,” my voice breaks, “let us love you the way we should have from the very beginning.”

She closes her eyes and breathes deeply. It feels like the moment stretches and twists, it thickens the air around us making it almost impossible to breathe.

“I’ll go home with you.”

My eyes snap open and I’m not even sure when I closed them. I stare down at her and watch as a bright smile chases its way across Heather’s face. I blink at her as my mouth opens and closes.

I breathe, “What?”

With an arched eyebrow, her words are sassy as fuck, “I think you heard me, Bedlam.”

With a loud whoop, I scoop my woman up into my arms and stomp through the house until I can place her gently down on the bed. My hands are fucking shaking as I strip her. I can't tear my eyes away from her pregnant belly as I pull my clothes off quickly.

I start at her ankles and kiss all her skin, not missing an inch of her, wanting her to feel how much I love and appreciate her. I never want her to question it again. Three months without her was far too long.

My hands are gentle as I turn her to her side and bring her leg up and prop it up on my shoulder. Getting creative with her because of our little one has been a new experience. We were always open to experimenting and trying new positions and things, but having her comfort be the most important thing has fostered a new level of intimacy between us.

"Poe," she calls my name gently and I tear my eyes away from her glistening pussy to look up into Heather's hazel eyes. They soften as she looks at me and I feel the words before she even says them. "I love you. There was never another choice for me than to go home with you."

I swallow hard around the lump in my throat as I slide the head of my dick along her slit. "I love you, Cherub," I rasp as I gently push inside.

My grip on her leg tightens as I kneel above her and use my other hand to touch her everywhere I can reach. I move slowly at first, wanting her to feel the love I have for her with every stroke. Being inside of her is beyond anything I've felt before.

Being able to touch our baby while she's filled with me is surreal and has me feeling feral and protective in a way I've never felt before. We made the life she is cradling and nurturing. We have a chance at a future so bright that it's almost suffocating.

I know everything won't be easy all the time, I'm not delusional, but I also know our child will have a better life and family than I did. I'll make sure of it and do everything in my power to give them what I never had. They will be surrounded by love; hell, they already are.



Heather cups her tit with her hand and pinches her nipple, her moans getting louder as her pussy gets wetter as I thrust into her. She arches her back, pleas and mewls falling from her lips.

“Fucking gorgeous,” I grit out through my teeth while I’m trying to hold off until she comes.

“Please, more,” she gasps, and I give her everything she needs.

I reach down and slap her clit and her body jolts as her walls tighten around my length. She comes while screaming my name. It’s just as beautiful as her telling me she loves me.

I barely hold off from filling her with my cum, her body begging me to give in. Only when she starts to relax again do I start slamming into her. Once. Twice. On the third, I push until I’m filling her completely and I let go.

I shudder as I come inside of her, grateful for this moment and this woman.

My entire body feels weak and limp as Heather looks up at me with a satisfied smile on her face. She holds her hand out to me and I pull out of her gently before laying down behind her and molding my body to hers.

“We don’t have to leave tomorrow,” I tell her gently, “but I want to make a plan to leave soon.”

Heather looks over her shoulder at me with so much love in her eyes as my hand smooths over her belly. “No more making plans without me,” there’s a forcefulness in her tone I can’t ignore.

“I promise,” I vow as I kiss her shoulder. “As long as you remember who owns you, Cherub.”

She giggles softly and teases me, “As if I could forget.”

We drift off into a short nap with contentment in our hearts. I’m glad she came to Sweetwater Valley. She found the support she needed when we couldn’t be there for her. I’m also very happy to be going home soon.



## CHAPTER 14

### *HEATHER*

Being back in New Orleans feels good. It feels right. Maybe it's because I feel more settled with my guys, but I'm not afraid of what anyone thinks of me, especially not the people in the club. I haven't gotten to spend a lot of time around the brothers yet and I haven't seen any of the angels over the last few days, but I know that won't always be the case.

It's not like I've been hiding out, I've just been busy. I've been making lists and going through things we have packed, while not unpacking anything. I think it's the beginning stages of nesting. I'm not sure.

I've spent some time in the common room and Lucifer has made it a point to seek me out, hug me, and welcome me home. He didn't even look surprised to see my baby belly which tells me the guys had already told him. I'm more than okay with it.

There's a party this weekend which is when I'm going to have to face everyone, including the angels. I'm not really looking forward to it, but I also can't run from it. This is the life I want and I'm going to fight for it this time.

It's what I should have done before, but I was too much of a coward.

One thing my guys insisted on making for me, almost as soon as I got back into town, was an appointment at my old OB/GYN. I'd been seeing them for a while before I left and I really like my doctor, so it wasn't hard to agree to the demand, even though it was a little high handed.

Luckily enough, they were able to fit me in. All three of my men wanted to come with me, but the club needed them to get back to work since they were out of town for so long. I promised them if there was an ultrasound that I would take a video but told them there probably wouldn't be one. I figured

the appointment today would be mostly about getting my records transferred and a check-up so I can be updated in the system. I was right and now I'm set up for the rest of my pregnancy.

I'm glad there wasn't an ultrasound done today. Not only would my men have been all pouty because they missed it, but I'm sure I'll accidentally find out the gender of the baby every time I have one.

I avoided it at first because it felt wrong, but now not knowing is exciting and I'm looking forward to being surprised on the day this little one arrives. Is there any better surprise than that? It's completely pure.

When I step out of the doctor's office, the smile on my face freezes in place and then crumbles. Standing in front of me with his hands in his pants pockets like he doesn't have a care in the fucking world is my stepfather. I haven't seen him in a long time, not since I left Dogwood Ridge a little over six years ago.

I graduated high school, and I got the fuck out of there.

I almost didn't have the money to run because even though I worked, the money was never supposed to be mine. My stepfather made sure to take every single dime I earned, but what he didn't know was I had more than one job and got paid under the table at the other one. I made sure he never knew.

Living in fear for years was enough, I wasn't going to let him take even more from me. That doesn't mean it was easy. I was waging a war inside myself where I didn't know if I could stand strong or collapse under the weight of everything that he would do to me.

I was 16 the first time he squeezed my ass, a promise of more in his eyes. By then my mom was so blitzed all the time she had no fucking idea what was going on. As much as I had tried to ignore it before then, I knew the timer on how long I would be safe was counting down. My own personal doomsday clock.

How sweet.

The resentment I felt for him, and my mom grew every day.

I was treated like a maid and the expectations were extremely high. I had to keep my grades up, I had to work, I had to keep the house clean. I could never talk back, I could never go out with friends, I could never have the simplest things I needed.

Hell, the only reason I had a cell phone was so my job could get in touch with me. If they needed a shift covered, I was expected to say yes, no matter what else I had going on. Robert relied on my money because he couldn't keep a job and mom was utterly useless.

It was the hardest time in my life. I craved some sort of stability, but it was never there. I was floundering and no one seemed to notice. I'm sure some of my teachers would have cared, maybe, but I made sure to keep my mask firmly in place at school.

I was afraid of the unknown and what would happen if anyone found out how bad it was. I was also afraid of the reality of my life. I guess I chose the devil I knew by never speaking up. It became a motto in my life.

I ran as fast as I could from Richard and my life in Dogwood Ridge. I attached myself to men who didn't give a shit about me and had no problem using me.

I often wondered if it would have been better to stay with Richard and give into the depravity his leering looks and wandering hands promised. I just couldn't stomach it because I had known the man since I was four.

He was the only father I knew since mom got pregnant from a one-night stand. She didn't even know the man's name.

Quite the legacy.

Now he's standing in front of me, his eyes filled with appreciation as he looks me over.

"Wh-what," I stumble over my words, "are you doing here?"

Richard takes a step toward me, but I back up fearfully and hate that I'm showing him any weakness. His eyes snag on my pregnant belly and I desperately wish I had something to shield my little one from him somehow.

"Funny story, Heather," he sneers my name and I try to stop myself from shrinking in on myself, "but a friend of mine saw you not long ago in Sweetwater Valley."

I start shaking my head back and forth in denial even though I can tell from the look in his eyes that it doesn't matter where his friend saw me because he's here now. Bile rises in the back of my throat, and I swallow over and over to get it to go back down. Part of me is tempted to let it rip all over him, but who knows how he would react. Well, and gross, but that's secondary to being afraid.

Richard was never violent, but I always felt like it was brewing right there under the surface. It wouldn't come as a surprise to me if he raised his hand and hit me. And isn't that just fucking sad?

"Well," he continues, his tone conversational and bordering on jovial, "I had to go and see if he was telling me the truth. I was pleasantly surprised to find out he was."

"Okay," I squeak out the word, knowing there's another shoe ready to drop. "But I'm not in Sweetwater Valley right now."

"I know," his eyes darken, and I can see a promise for retribution there. "I had to hire a PI to get more information about you. I was very surprised to find out you became a whore for a biker gang."

"Club," I correct him in a whisper and regret it immediately as anger flares in his eyes.

"Do you even know who the bastard in your belly belongs to?" His lip curls into a snarl. "Not like it matters, you owe me and you're in the perfect position to pay up."

"I don't have any money," I protest.

"I know," he chirps like he's happy about it, "at least not the kind of money I'm looking for but the little gang you're

running with has the resources and you're on the inside."

He winks at me and my heart fucking sinks. I back up another step and shake my head. "I'm not stealing from the club."

"You will." He turns and throws over his shoulder, "I'll be in touch." I stare after him, but I'm not really seeing him. "Oh," he turns and walks backwards, "you should know your mother is doing very well."

My stomach clenches and my gut churns, but I don't dare move. Not until I can't see him anymore. Then I practically run to my car, my mind wandering while I'm driving back to the clubhouse to the point that I should be concerned about how I got home safely. I'm shutting down; I can feel it.

I don't look at anyone who might be lingering in the common room of the clubhouse and head straight to Poe's room because it's the biggest and where we've been staying since we got back. I sleep the best with all my men surrounding me. I know they ordered a special sized bed when the house started to be built for this exact reason.

I curl up on the bed, my thoughts racing while I'm not able to latch onto anything. My first instinct is to run. But I promised I wouldn't. Not again.

I also don't really want to. I mean, I want to run from the threat of my stepfather being here, but I don't want to run from my men. I love them and they will be amazing fathers to our child.

Tears are sliding down my face when the door opens, and loud footsteps fill the room. I know without looking over my shoulder that my men have stormed inside. I can feel worry, concern, and anger rolling off them.

Zach is the first one around the bed and he crouches down while pulling the sheet down from where it's partially covering my face. His face is a mask of pure fucking fear, and it guts me.

"I'm okay. The baby is okay. We're healthy," my voice sounds like I'm a two pack a day smoker and my mouth feels

like the Sahara. “Why are you here?”

Zach’s voice is concerned, “Lucifer saw you come into the clubhouse not long ago. He called us and told us you were crying and didn’t seem to hear him calling for you. He was worried because he knew you had an appointment today.”

“Nothing is wrong with the baby, I promise.”

Poe and Gray flank Zach, their faces filled with so much worry my heart starts to beat harder against the inside of my chest. How am I going to keep this from them? I’ve never told them about my past. They’ve all shared theirs, but I kept my lips zipped about my own.

How could they really love me if they don’t know?

More tears stream down my face and soak the pillow beneath me.

“Fuck this,” Gray grits out before he’s standing, kicking off his boots, scooping me up in his arms, and sitting back against the headboard.

I bury my face in his neck and my men surround us, their hands smooth over my body, touching me everywhere, but especially my baby bump. I sob, every touch making me feel loved, but also reminding me that I haven’t given them all of me or my trust. I didn’t give them my past.

“Please,” Poe’s voice is soft and afraid, “you’re killing us, Cherub. We need to know what’s going on.”

“This isn’t good for you or the baby,” Zach tries to reason with me.

I nod against Gray’s shirt and know it’s time. Even if it’s something I wish could stay locked in the past. I have to pull it into the light. I can’t hide from it anymore, no matter how much I wish I could.

We all have a past. I don’t want to be defined by mine. If I love these men, and I do, then I need to let them stand by my side and help me. Especially right now because I can’t help myself.



I start at the beginning, and I don't think they breathe the entire time I'm talking. When I'm done, the silence is still around us.

Zach growls, "I'm going to kill him."

"Don't go to jail, we need you," I murmur, exhaustion from crying and the emotions I just poured out of me too much to fight against.

I slip into sleep, knowing my men will stand in front of this demon and slay it. Because they love me and want to protect me.

I feel their kisses on my forehead and hairline before I'm tucked into bed, but I'm not afraid. Not anymore.



## CHAPTER 15

### *GRAY*

I feel like my road name right now—coiled and ready to strike. My anger and the way I can strike out quickly while being unassuming most of the time is why it was chosen for me. Bedlam got his name because of the confusion his affable personality can cause, but he's not to be underestimated. Scope's name is obvious once you've seen the man shoot.

We're going to need all our skills right now while keeping each other in check. The rage inside of me started to build with every word Heather gave us about her past. I could be mad at her, but I understand why she didn't want to bring her past into our future. We all have demons, and we might have shared with her about our families and how we grew up, mine being the most wholesome of the bunch, but that doesn't mean she owed us a damn thing.

No one owes you their scars for you to love them.

Once Heather is settled in the middle of Poe's bed, her arms wrapped around her belly and the tear tracks on her face drying, we take a moment and soak up the sight. Then we're moving as one, a unit with clear and intense focus.

When we knock on Lucifer's door and get the okay to come in, I'm relieved to find Prodigal, Scythe, and Hacker already waiting for us along with our Prez. I scrub a hand down my face and am more than willing to let Bedlam lay out what Heather just told us.

The pure fucking fury in the room rises as he relays what happened outside of the doctor's office. I feel guilty as fuck because we weren't there. We should have been there. Not just for her, but for our baby.

When I meet Bedlam's and Scope's eyes, I know they're thinking the same thing I am. From now on, we'll make sure at least one of us is at all her appointments. Because we love her and our baby. Because we can't leave her unprotected.

Hacker is working on his computer before Bedlam has laid out the entire story and I'm grateful as fuck to him. I know he'll find out the information we need. We're going to take care of the cretin who thought he could crawl out of the hole he's been in for years.

He threatened our woman, and it won't go unpunished.

"She would never betray the club," Bedlam says, his eyes fixed on Lucifer.

Our Prez smirks and leans back in his chair. "Heather is a good woman. If I didn't think it, I would have voiced my concern at the table." His eyes move from Bedlam to me and then Scope. "I'd be more worried about her running again than her betraying the club. Your woman is loyal, but she's also brave and will do what she thinks is right to protect you and the club. That's why this needs to be dealt with swiftly and decisively."

I nod because I know he's right. Fear has been churning in my gut from the moment Heather started telling us about her past for that reason. She could run. But she also made a promise.

"If she runs, we'll catch her," Scope insists. "But she won't run because we're going to take care of dear old stepdaddy," he sneers.

Lucifer's laugh is booming with a dark edge to it. I respect the hell out of the man and am grateful the club he's been running for a long time has given me a home. Still, I wouldn't want to come up against the man in a dark alley.

"Got him," Hacker exclaims. My phone chimes in my pocket a moment later and I don't have to look now to know it's the location where we can find Richard. "I've sent you the information on the hotel where he's staying." Hacker mumbles, "Idiot didn't even try to cover his tracks."

I give Hacker a chin lift, my mind already shifting to what we need to do to make sure Heather is safe and remains that way. Lucifer gives us a nod and Scythe stands as we head

toward the office door. I pause and look at him, wondering what he's up to.

Scythe's voice is innocent, "What? You didn't think you three were going to have all the fun, did you?" He cracks his neck and grins ferally. "Hell no. I want in on this."

I give his shoulder a squeeze and then follow Bedlam and Scope out of Lucifer's office and through the common room, not looking to see who else is witnessing our little parade. I know Lucifer and Prodigal will stick around to make sure Heather is safe. I have a feeling she's going to be sleeping still when we get back.

She was drained and we didn't even get the chance to ask her how the appointment went or if the baby is doing well beyond her assuring us that they're both healthy. I regret not asking more questions, but my focus shifted to the immediate problem while trying to come up with ways of eliminating the threat to our woman and our club.

Getting on my bike calms me a little, but there is still a fuck ton of rage simmering under the surface. The sheer fucking balls this guy must have to track Heather down all the way to New Orleans is almost astounding. Then again, considering how Heather talked about her past, he sounds like the kind of guy who has always thought he was above the consequences of his actions.

My heart aches for our woman. I completely understand why she ran from him and her family years ago. Her mom never protected her, and she was forced to share a life with a predator. That's when she learned that running was the answer.

I hope now with us in her life she can see that she can stay and fight it out, even if it's hard, and how running hurts her and everyone else. We don't want to take more than she wants to give. Her love is enough for us, but she gives us so much more and she doesn't even realize it.

When we roll into the parking lot of a shit motel, I cringe. I'm not surprised this is where that asshole is staying. I guess it's better than him staying somewhere nice and expecting it to be on Heather's dime.

We dismount our bikes and head to the stairs since he's on the second floor. It doesn't take us long to find his room and my fist is banging on it before I even realize it. Adrenaline is coursing through me; it meets and crackles with the energy of my brothers.

When the door opens, there's no security chain preventing me from pushing my way inside. Richard, the fucking dick, looks stunned to have four men in leather cuts with pissed off expressions barging into his room. Did he think he was so untouchable that he didn't have to check the damn peephole?

I snort and revel in the way he raises his hands in front of him, trying to look nonthreatening and tough when he squares his shoulders. "I think you boys got the wrong room."

I sneer, "No the fuck we don't. We're here for you, Dick," I spit out his name like it is poison. It might as well be.

He studies us and I know the moment he sees what club we're from because his shoulders relax. It's almost comical. "Why are you here? Is this about my whore daughter?" Before any of us can react to his words, he chuckles and sits back on the musty smelling bed. "Let me guess," he waves his hand like he's the King of fucking England, "you're already tired of her and you want me to take her back home with me. I can do that," there's an evil glint in his eye I'm about ready to beat right out of him.

Scythe lets out a low whistle and when I glance over at him, he leans back against the door and shakes his head. "Wow, what a dumb fuck. You got this one, brothers, I'll just hang out here if you need me."

Bedlam gets right in Richard's face and snarls, "You better watch what you say about our old lady."

Richard pales slightly as his eyes move between the three of us who are now all looming over him. He was a fucking idiot to sit down. We have the advantage right now, in more ways than one.

"What are you talking about?" He starts to turn a little red as he spits, "She's just one of your whores."

“No,” Scope barks, “she’s our old lady and she’s carrying our baby.”

“That baby is nothing but a bastard,” he fumes.

My control snaps and I land a punch to his jaw. He flops back against the bed and then rolls off the side like he’s trying to imitate a fish on dry land. I’m about to jump on him and rain as much pain down as I can, but Bedlam holds me back. I glare at my brother, but he just gives a subtle shake of his head.

Scope crouches down, his voice cold, “You shouldn’t say anything else about our baby or our woman.”

“Whatever,” Richard spits some blood on the floor and tries to right himself, but Scope is too close, and he doesn’t have enough room. He scoots back, dragging his ass through the blood he just spit on the floor. “She was mine first but then that little bitch ran.”

Scope stands and lands a kick to Richard’s gut that has him crying out. It’s satisfying as fuck.

“Ouch,” Scythe pipes up from the peanut gallery, “those steel toes are no fucking joke. I’d shut the fuck up and listen if I were you, Dick.”

When I glance at our brother, his eyes are practically alight with glee. It’s a little deranged, but it’s funny as hell too.

“Here’s how it’s going to be,” Bedlam’s voice is calm and cool, even as his eyes are blazing with fury, “you are going to take your sorry ass back to where you came from. You are going to forget all about our old lady. You will never set foot back in New Orleans,” Richard’s mouth flies open like he’s going to interrupt, but Bedlam just holds up a hand, “for any reason.”

“Or,” I growl, “we can take you for a little ride and then beat you to death on our land before throwing you to the gators to clean up for us.”

Richard pales even more and sits up slowly, his hand bracing against where Scope kicked him. He must see the truth of the threat on our faces, because all his bluster disappears.

“Look, I didn’t know she was your old lady. I was told she was just a whore for all you guys. She ran and left me high and dry,” my fists clench with the need to hit him again the more he talks, “and I figured it was time to collect since I found her.”

“Jesus,” Scythe blows out a breath, “you really need to learn when to shut up.” He shakes his head like he’s disappointed in Richard. “My brothers are hanging on by a thread. If you agree to the terms laid out to you about getting the fuck out of here and forgetting all about Heather, all you need to do is nod.”

Richard starts nodding like he’s a fucking bobble head. As much as I want to beat him until he can’t leave this room, it’ll only make his stay in our city longer.

“Someone will be by in the morning to make sure you’ve left,” Scope warns him. “I suggest you be long gone before they come by.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Richard’s hands are shaking as he puts them in front of him.

As if that would stop us from teaching him a lesson.

I hate that this is the man who pretended to be a father figure to our Cherub for so long. I hate that her mom abandoned her.

As we turn and leave the filth to wallow in pain in his room while making his plans to leave and never look back, I think about how much my parents will love Heather. Mom will dote on her. Fuck, and that’s not even taking into consideration the little one.

Our baby has no idea how spoiled they’re about to be.

Prodigal and Wrenley have started trying for kids, but she’s not pregnant yet, as far as I know. That means our little one will be the first of the next generation of Devil’s Saints. I grin as I slide onto the back of my bike and share a chin lift with my brothers.

The whole way back to the clubhouse, I’m only thinking about our woman, our baby, and the life we’re going to lead.





## CHAPTER 16

### *ZACH*

The main room of the clubhouse is full, and everyone is smiling and having a good time. It's just a normal party so far. No one has said a damn thing about Heather's pregnancy or the fact that she's sporting a giant fucking diamond ring on her finger.

When she was getting ready for the party in Bedlam's room, which is where the four of us have basically been living, we surrounded her and then dropped down to one knee. The way her hazel eyes went wide was almost comical, but then they welled up with tears. None of us can handle when she cries.

Scope held up the ring while Bedlam grabbed her left hand. I was the one who got to speak for us.

"We love you, Cherub. We thought about asking you in front of everyone, but this is just for us. Just us." I ran a hand over her pregnant belly where our child kicked against my touch, the movement making me smile. "You've given us more than you know. You give us your submission as a gift. You love us completely. The baby you're growing and protecting is ours. There's only one more thing you can give us."

"Yes," she whispered, and we chuckled.

"He hasn't asked yet," Bedlam teased her, and a blush started rising on her cheeks.

I cleared my throat and grinned at the shy smile on our woman's lips. "Will you marry us, Heather?"

"Yes. The answer was always going to be yes."

We stood and wrapped her up in a hug that wasn't just for her, but for each other as well. It's a little strange to feel like we have a brotherhood within a brotherhood, but it's exactly what we have. We're connected on a deeper level to each other

than we are to any other member of the DSMC, but that doesn't make what we have with the club any less valuable.

Before we came down to the party, Bedlam pulled the collar we gave Heather months ago out of the small jewelry box which used to be on her dresser in Sweetwater Valley. He held it out to her, a mischievous grin on his face.

"I think this is the perfect accessory to complete your outfit."

Heather slid a hand down over her hip where there were some patches of fake leather on her maternity leggings and smirked as the ring that we gave her moments before sparkled. "I thought my ring was the perfect accessory," she sassed.

Bedlam barked out a laugh and then opened her collar. "It is, but so is this."

He kissed her neck after he had it fastened in place and our woman held her head high as we made our way into the common room. I was thrilled when the brothers all greeted her with smiles, but I didn't expect anything less.

I was a little more worried about how the old ladies would react, but Wrenley bounced right over and gave Heather a big hug and then gushed over how amazing she looks while being pregnant. The other old ladies, including Cherise, Lucifer's woman, were just as warm and welcoming.

I wasn't the only one who breathed a sigh of relief. Heather relaxed the longer the women were around her. Their sincerity was clear to see, and my woman started glowing because of it.

Some of the angels have been glaring at her, but they've also been wary and looking a little confused. When Lucifer catches my eye and gives me a chin lift, a giddy feeling goes through me. We're about to dispel all the confusion the angels, or anyone else, might have.

As I head toward our woman, Bedlam and Viper join me. I practically fucking preen when Heather's eyes roam over us with obvious appreciation.

"Damn girl," Wrenley stage whispers, "one is potent enough, but you've got three? I'm not sure if I should be in

awe of you or jealous.”

Prodigal steps up behind his wife and wraps an arm around her waist to tug her back against his chest. “Awe, for sure, wife, because there is no way I’m sharing you.”

“We aren’t sharing her either,” Bedlam drawls, his eyes intent on our woman who is turning a pretty shade of pink. He holds out a hand for her and she takes it without hesitation. He looks up and winks at Prodigal. “At least not with anyone other than us.”

Prodigal barks out a laugh and bends down to whisper something in Wrenley’s ear that has her swatting at his shoulder as we lead our woman toward the middle of the room. The way she bites her bottom lip tells me she’s nervous, but she has no reason to be.

“Don’t worry, Cherub,” I whisper in her ear. “You’re wearing our ring and carrying our child. Nothing bad will ever touch you.”

When she looks at me, I can see the love in her hazel eyes. And the trust.

There aren’t any more secrets between us and all the walls that held us apart in the past have been obliterated. There’s only us and the future we’ll have.

Bedlam puts his fingers in his mouth and lets out an ear-splitting whistle that has the music being turned off and everyone turning our way. Almost everyone in the room must know what is about to happen. Our brothers all have big smiles on their faces along with the old ladies.

“Holy shit,” Heather breathes, “I didn’t know you could do that. You’re going to need to teach me.”

Bedlam chuckles and kisses her softly. She glances around the room, but no one really bats an eye. Well, except for the angels whose eyes look like they’re about to pop out of their heads.

“While the three of us were prospects,” Viper starts, “we started a relationship with Heather, but knew we couldn’t offer her everything she deserves. We had to wait until we were

patched in, if it happened. Because we didn't tell her our plans, which was stupid on our part, she didn't know we planned to claim her as ours the moment we could."

"When she found out she was pregnant," Bedlam takes over, "she decided she needed some distance from us. We don't blame her or hold that choice against her. There should have never been a doubt in her mind of how much we loved and needed her."

"Even though we had to wait to go and find her since I was the last who might earn my patch," I look at her and see her eyes glassy with tears, "we knew it was only a matter of time." I rub a hand over her belly. We were surprised to find out she was pregnant, but we couldn't be more thrilled."

Cheers erupt in the room at the mention of our little one. I'm smiling so wide my cheeks start to hurt, but being in this room with my family feels so damn good.

"We asked our woman to marry us earlier tonight and she said yes," Bedlam shouts over the cheering which only makes it ramp up again.

Heather holds up her hand and wiggles her fingers to show off her ring. Fuck, she's adorable.

Trent, one of the prospects, hands something to Viper and he holds it up for everyone, but especially Heather, to see. Instead of speaking to the room, he directs his words to our woman. "We already claimed you around the table and you're going to be our wife, but you need one more thing to make it official. Your cut."

Heather covers her mouth with her hand and starts to nod. There's no need for a question here. There never really was. This was the way it was always supposed to be.

I'm still kicking myself for putting it off. I could continue to blame myself for insisting we wait, even though we didn't have much of a choice. It doesn't matter now.

Because we're here.

The three of us help pull her cut up and over her shoulders. The leather caresses her curves perfectly.

“Fuck,” Viper growls, his voice low enough that only we can hear him, “gonna have to fuck you in just the cut later, Cherub.”

Heather giggles and nods as her hands glide over the leather gently, her touch full of reverence and devotion. When she looks up at us, the love there has us pulling her into the middle of us and wrapping our arms around her.

We take turns kissing her, the noise in the room as our brothers celebrate with us so loud that I feel it all the way to the depths of my soul. When I kiss her, I make sure to pour everything I feel for her into it, and she gives the same back to me.

When we break apart, the old ladies are there to pull Heather into their circle and our brothers are there for us. It’s chaos and it’s beautiful. I felt welcomed and at home when I earned my cut, but this is another level.

We let ourselves drift in the happiness and the celebration because it’s all for her—our woman, our Cherub. I keep my eyes on her, but it’s not easy with how boisterous everyone is. The thing is, I know she’s safe because we’re surrounded by our family.

I still when I hear a shrill voice across the room, “So you got pregnant and trapped them with a baby? Why all three, though? Just find out who fathered your little brat and only force him to be with you.”

Red clouds my vision as I spin around, so pissed I can’t find the source of the problem at first. When I do, I see Connie standing in front of Heather like she’s the queen fucking bee. The time she came onto me after I got my cut flashes in my mind and only further pisses me off.

“Look, Connie,” Heather’s voice is calm, but there’s an edge to it I bet Connie won’t be smart enough to hear, “there doesn’t have to be a problem here. You just need to know that my men are off limits, and we can coexist in peace.”

“Live in peace,” Connie scoffs. Her face, which might be pretty to some but hides something ugly which is peeking

through right now. “That’s fucking rich coming from you considering not long ago you were an angel just like me. You opened your legs for how many of the men here?” She waves her hand around wildly to encompass the entire room, her tone taunting.

“Three,” Heather states proudly and I can’t help but grin, even though I’m sure it looks sinister to anyone paying attention.

I start to head in their direction, Bedlam and Viper doing the same from where they were just chatting with other brothers. We’re not the only ones who have noticed the commotion. The attention of all the brothers, prospects, and old ladies in the room is on Connie and Heather.

I don’t think this is going to go down the way Connie thinks it will.

“I knew it,” Connie exclaims like she’s just found the cure for cancer. “You’re just a whore, an angel.”

Heather arches her eyebrow, the derision clear to see on her face. “I might have been an angel in this club, Connie, but the only whore I see is you.”

Connie rears back and takes a step toward our woman, but then Hammer is there and steps in between them. Scythe steps in next to him and Frenzy on the other side. Their eyes are cold and full of condemnation. I don’t know who Connie has spent time with recently, but if it’s any of them then I have a feeling it’ll be a cold day in hell before they touch her again.

“Connie, I think you misunderstood Heather,” Scythe’s voice is a condescending drawl.

“I did not. She said she fucked three brothers other,” she emphasizes the word like it matters, “than the brothers who have claimed her.”

Heather makes a tsking sound just as I reach her. I wrap my arms around her waist and pull her back against my chest, needing the contact so I don’t go after a woman which is something I’ve always said I would never do. Now, if one of the old ladies wants to throw down then I’ll pop the popcorn.

With Bedlam and Viper standing next to me and surrounding our woman, the three brothers who stepped in take a small step away. Heather's face is a neutral mask. This is exactly what she was afraid of, but I'm so damn proud of her for standing her ground.

Our woman's voice is just as calm as she appears to be, "Is that what I said, Connie?"

"Yes," Connie hisses.

Heather shakes her head in admonishment as Connie's face twists up in confusion. "You asked me how many of the brothers I opened my legs for. I said three." She tilts her head back and looks at me before looking at Bedlam and Viper. "My three men are the only men I've been with here."

Connie's mouth opens and closes a few times. Seeing her completely flabbergasted is almost hilarious. Almost.

"No fucking way," Connie retorts.

Scythe shrugs, "I never had sex with Heather."

"Me either," Hammer pipes up.

All the single brothers chorus the same information, and the prospects get in on it as well. Connie starts turning bright red as Lucifer steps in. She immediately drops her eyes, and I can't help but smirk.

"You know we don't allow old ladies to be disrespected around here, Connie," Lucifer's voice is cold, and each word is dripping with disdain. "You have a choice. Shape up or ship out."

Connie nods and raises her eyes just enough to look at Heather. When she looks away, her eyes snag on the way I'm touching Heather's baby bump. I can see resignation flash in her eyes before she mumbles, "I'm sorry, Heather. It won't happen again."

"I appreciate your apology, Connie," Heather's tone is diplomatic.

Our woman might, but I don't. I'll be keeping an eye on Connie and making sure she doesn't do or say anything to



cause our woman stress. Not while she's carrying our baby and not after they're born either. If I can help it, nothing bad will touch our Cherub.

She's ours. We own her. We love her.

We're never letting her go.



# EPILOGUE

## *ABOUT THREE MONTHS LATER*

### *HEATHER*

It's a damn good feeling to be driving through the gates of the club compound again. I haven't been gone for very long, but this is home. It'll always be my home. Even just going to the hospital to have our little girl, Rain, was too much.

Yup, we had a little girl. I was sure Zach and Gray were going to faint when she was born and the doctor, with one announcement, filled our world with pink and unicorns and mermaids. Not that she can't like Harleys and dirt and grime. She can, but I don't think Zach and Gray have realized it quite yet.

Poe understood. The man had a huge fucking grin on his face with the announcement. Then he kissed me softly and thanked me for bringing our daughter into the world.

When she was placed in his arms, he looked down at her and scowled. I started to panic a little, but his eyes snapped up to mine, and I could see the fear there. "She's too beautiful," he blurted, "we're going to need to start training dogs to take a bite out of any boy who gets too close to her."

I had to bite my lip to stop myself from laughing at how ridiculous he was being. My other men crowded around him and had matching looks of wonder and awe on their faces as they looked down at her. I couldn't help the tears that started to roll down my cheeks.

Zach was the first to notice since Poe was passing our daughter off to Gray to hold her for the first time. Since his hands were free, Zach closed the distance between us and wrapped his big, strong arms around me. He didn't ask if I was okay. He didn't demand for me tell him why I was a blubbering mess. He just held me.

Then when I had gotten myself under control, he kissed the top of my head and murmured, “It’s overwhelming in the best of ways.”

I simply nodded, grateful he understood and helped to hold me together when I needed it the most. Then it was his turn to hold our daughter and I got a front row seat as I watched a man I love fall in love with our little girl.

Could anything be better than that?

Zach’s watery eyes turned to me, his voice gentle, “We’ve come up with list after list, but do you know what her name should be?”

I looked out the window where the storm that had started just as my water broke was still pelting the city with rain and I nodded. “Rain Cherise Strickland.”

My men practically melted into a puddle around me. I had already talked to Wrenley about using her mother-in-law’s name as our little one’s middle name if it was a girl. I didn’t want to step on her toes, but Cherise has become something like a mother to me. Hell, she’s the only real mother I’ve known since I was a young girl.

I now share the same last name as my guys because I married Gray legally about a month ago. Our wedding included a commitment ceremony and the signing of papers to change Poe and Zach’s last name. The choice was easy because Gray is the only one who has parents worth the honor of being grandparents to our baby. It felt right to share their name.

I thought Gray’s mom was never going to stop crying when we asked his parents if they were okay with the idea.

I’m excited because she should be at our house to greet us and meet her granddaughter for the first time. I’ll get to see that special moment, the one where love is forged in the deepest part of a person’s heart, all over again.

I’m expecting my men to drive us around the clubhouse and toward our house, but they don’t. We moved in about a month after I came back to New Orleans from Sweetwater Valley. I

guess Hammer and Poe, since he's working at Devil's Construction, pulled some strings and got some extra workers to finish it ahead of schedule.

I'm sure my very pregnant belly had something to do with the fire lit under their asses.

I'm not complaining at all. Our house is gorgeous, and I've been able to nest to my heart's content. Rain is going to love her nursery which is done in gray and white with little pops of color and baby animal prints on the walls.

"Why are we going to the clubhouse?" I can't help but ask when we stop, and my men start to help me get out and grab Rain.

Poe kisses my forehead, "We have one stop to make, Cherub, then we'll take you home. It won't take long."

I nod and try not to let the exhaustion I'm feeling bring me down.

The moment the doors, the devil skull insignia greeting me from where it's burned into the wood, are opened, everyone quietly whispers, "Welcome home."

Tears well up in my eyes and are tripping over the edge of my lashes before I even have a hope of stopping them. I look around the room, everyone with eager smiles on their faces because they get to meet the first baby who is the next generation of the DSMC. Rain is the first club princess since Fleur was born. It's special.

So fucking special.

Gray's mom rushes across the room, not caring in the least that she's cutting brothers off as she does. I'm expecting her to go straight for Rain, but she doesn't. She wraps me up in a hug and rocks me gently from side to side and I soak up her love and acceptance.

Poe has carefully, kind of like he's dealing with a bomb, picked our daughter up out of her car seat. She sleeps right through it.

“Devil’s Saints,” there is so much pride in Poe’s voice, “we would like you to meet the newest club princess, Rain Cherise Strickland.”

My eyes find Cherise who is frozen in place with her mouth hanging open and tears in her eyes. Gray’s mom gives me a squeeze and I know, if we have another daughter, I will be honoring her in some way.

“Go and meet your granddaughter,” I whisper.

I giggle when she doesn’t have to be told twice. Strong arms wrap around me from behind and I sink back against Gray’s chest, his warmth and love surrounding me.

I gave myself to these men months ago and then when it got a little too dark, I ran. They weren’t ever going to let me go though. I know it now more than I knew it when I first saw them in Sweetwater Valley while fearing my heart would never mend.

They own me, all of me, but I own them right back.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

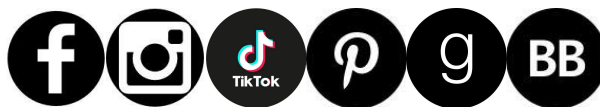


Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated and smart.

Ember is a stay-at-home mom of two who recently refound her love of books and all things romance and is so glad that she did. She's always been creative but writing and creating stories that she would love to read satisfies dreams she had as a little girl. She loves butterflies, the color purple and enjoying time with her family.

Psst...it's totally a pen name, but everything above is 100% true.

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[Room Four: Wrong Guys, Right Praise \(Club Sin: Chicago Series, Session 2\)\\*](#)  
[Blossom in Shadows \(Dark Reign Series\)\\*](#)  
[King of Pain and Petals \(Short Kings Series\)\\*](#)  
[Possessing Her Petals \(Dark Hearts Mafia Series\)\\*](#)  
[Vows & Vendettas Mafia Anthology](#)

McCarthy Irish Mob Series:

[Betrayal and Ruin \(Dark Reign Session 2 Series\)\\*](#)  
[Sweet Ruin \(Sweet but Twisted Christmas\)\\*](#)

Orlov Bratva Series:

[Snowed In With the Bratva Boss \(Snowed In Series\)\\*](#)  
[Gilded Thorn \(Dark Reign Series\)\\*](#)  
[Soiled Touch \(Tendered Vows Series\)\\*](#)

Club Sin: Chicago Series:

[Room Six: Breathlessly Devoted to Them \(Club Sin: Chicago Series, Session 1\)](#)\*

[Room Four: Wrong Guys, Right Praise \(Club Sin: Chicago Series, Session 2\)](#)\*

[Room Eighteen: My Pain, Their Pleasure \(Club Sin: Chicago Series, Session 2\)](#)\*

[Chicago Collection](#)

Other PNR Titles:

[Bonded Beyond Lies \(Fighting Fate Series\)](#)\*

[Bonded Beyond Belief \(Mated to the Monster Series\)](#)\*

\*Book part of a multi-author series. May not be part of series it is listed under expressly but contains a character within that series.

\*\*Companion to Beads on a Bombshell. May not be part of series it is listed under expressly but contains a character within that series.