

A woman with dark hair and red lipstick is shown from the chest up, wearing a vibrant red hooded garment that covers her head and shoulders. She is looking slightly to the right. The background is dark. Overlaid on the image is white text in a cursive font.

*Bikers,
Baubles*

&

Bells

IRON DOGZ MC
CHRISTMAS NOVELLA

RENÉ VAN DALEN



BIKERS, BAUBLES & BELLS

IRON DOGZ MC CHRISTMAS

NOVELLA

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BIKERS, BAUBLES & BELLS

Iron Dogz MC Christmas Novella

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Warning: This book contains graphic language, violence, abuse and sexual content. Intended for mature audiences, 18 years and older.

DEDICATION

13 1 13 Always

You are my reason

The reason I changed

The reason I breathe

The reason I exist

Hawk Walker

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Please be aware that this book may contain triggers for sensitive readers.

It has graphic language and sex in the content.

Therefore be aware of the above triggers before you continue.

Please note that my books are set in South Africa and written in **South African English**. I use Afrikaans, Zulu and Sotho words in my writing as well.

I've translated most words as the books unfold.

As with all my books I solidly walk on the dark side.

Come and walk along with me.

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CHAPTER ONE

Hawk

Two weeks before Christmas

Hawk hit the gavel on the block of steel to get the attention of his brothers. It had no damned effect. Everyone seemed to be talking at the same time. It sounded like a bloody street market the way they were carrying on.

Ice whistled sharply and finally they shut up.

Hawk looked around the room, at his grinning brothers.

“I totally understand you are wound up because we’re about to have the first real club party here since we’ve rebuilt. I know you’re looking forward to letting loose and celebrate as we head towards the end of this fucked up year. But...there are rules for this party. Rules we’ve never had to implement before, so listen closely because I won’t allow any fuck ups.”

He paused to let it sink in before he continued.

“The gates will not be thrown open like we used to do. Only those who are invited will be allowed inside. Anyone who arrives at the gate and his or her name isn’t on the list will be turned away. We will keep a record of the names of those

turned away and they will be checked at a later date. If you want to invite someone or several someones you have to put their names on the request list. Ziggy, Mouse and Bollywood will be conducting thorough background checks. There will be no exceptions. No background check, no entrance. If the check comes back with red flags, no entrance. Understood?"

Heads nodded in acceptance around the room. They had learned their lesson well and no longer trusted easily.

"As always the Christmas Eve party is for the brothers and not for the families. Old ladies and girlfriends are welcome to attend but if they are new to the club you need to warn them it's going to be wild. I don't want shit going down because someone's woman is offended by what your brothers get up to out there. You leave your woman at home if she's going to be a problem. There will be a braai with the usual salads and rolls or whatever they give us. Chris and the club girls with the help of the prospects are taking care of it. While you are partying remember we are having the family Christmas the following day. If you're not heading out to spend it with your blood, your ass will be here. There's a list at the bar, add your name if you're going to be here."

He had to breathe in and calm his thoughts before he could continue.

"Chris, Scar's old lady, is organising the Christmas lunch with the help of Genna, Bulldog's youngest daughter, and Frieda, Breker's mum. It's going to be a difficult day for the family, and I want you to help out where ever it's needed."

His brothers turned solemn as they nodded their agreement. Everyone remembering that last year Aunt Beryl had been the

one organising the festivities. Knowing they had his family's backs had the heaviness lying over him lifting a tiny bit.

It dissipated even more as he continued.

“Over the last couple of years our Iron Dogz brothers have been getting busy.” He chuckled and winked. “Brothers have been claiming old ladies and introducing serious girlfriends to the club for the first time in years. Not only do we have old ladies and girlfriends, we have children being born to us. Some of our brothers have taken women who already have children and they have become a part of our family. The future of our club is being assured with every old lady we claim, with every birth and child brought into our club family. We are growing, brothers. What I'm trying to say is, we are settling down, and by settling down we allow our women to dictate a part of our lives. Those of you with women know what I'm talking about.”

There were knowing nods from the brothers who had women and laughter from those who didn't. Ignoring the assholes he continued.

“My old lady is one of those little dictators. She has decreed there will be a bloody Father Christmas at the lunch, and he'll be giving presents out to the kids.”

Hawk pulled a disgusted face and his brothers laughed, Ice going as far as slapping his hands on the table like a bloody drum roll while laughing.

“You can stop the hyena impressions you fucking bastards. One of you is going to be the jolly fat man. I already told my old lady there's no fucking way I'll do it.”

Immediately there were shaking heads all around. No one wanted to be the fat man.

A hand went up from one of the young patches sitting against the wall. Hawk nodded towards him.

Zipper gave a grin and a wink as he stood.

“Boss, with respect, we’re too young to play the jolly fat man. It needs to be a man of experience, a man who knows children. There’s no doubt in my mind the man for the job is our brother Bulldog. We’re going to have to pad him to make him look fat but he fits the profile.” He winked at a scowling Bulldog as he sat down.

Ice gave Bulldog an evil grin as he threw his hand into the air. “I second the suggestion.”

Wrench raised his hand and Hawk pointed at him. He shot up out of his chair looking as if he was about to start bouncing in place.

“We need to do this right and I know just how we can do it. We’re bikers, and our fucking Father Christmas won’t arrive in a damned sleigh drawn by horses dressed up to look like reindeer. He’ll be on a bike with a sidecar and wearing a kutte. A special kutte stating he’s the president of the North Pole Chapter of the Iron Dogz MC. The sidecar will be big enough for a bag of presents and his elf can ride on the back of his bike. You know he has to have an elf to help out. One of the girls can be the elf.”

There was laughter and shouted suggestions all around and Hawk whistled to get them to shut up.

Bulldog jumped in before he could get a word out.

“If I do this, and it’s a big if, my old lady will be the elf. I won’t have a damned club girl on the back of my bike.”

Hawk didn’t give him a chance to say more.

“Let’s hear a howl if you vote for Bulldog as the Iron Dogz MC’s Father Christmas with Suzy as his elf.”

Ice was laughing so hard his howl sounded strangled. Hawk shook with laughter but he howled as loud as the rest of his brothers.

Bulldog stared at them with his arms crossed over his chest and gave a tiny nod before he grinned. The grin was knowing and slightly evil.

“You two fuckers think this is funny.” He nodded slowly. “And maybe it is, but what is even funnier is the fact that one day it will be you. Sitting where I am, while your sons sit where you are, giving you shit about being the bloody jolly fat man. I’m going to laugh at you then, you bastards.”

Hawk shook his head. “I won’t be fucking Father Christmas it will be Ice’s job.”

Ice immediately punched him in the upper arm. “Hell no, it will be your job, you’re the prez.”

“No fucking way am I wearing anything red, not ever.”
Hawk growled as laughter rang through their chapel.

“He’s right, Veep, our boss won’t look right in red, plus with that scowly face he’ll scare the kiddies.” Kahn teased.

“I don’t know, Kahn, he might just be able to pull it off.”
Beast joined the teasing.

“I don’t think so.” Sin joined the discussion with a wide grin. “Red isn’t the boss’s colour, his best colour is black. He’s more like the Grim Reaper than the jolly fat man.”

Hawk growled at them but without intent. “You bastards had better stop or I’ll assign all the shitty jobs to you.”

He let the laughter continue for a bit before he slapped a hand on the table and silence fell.

It was great to laugh with his brothers but it was time to get back to club business now that they’ve settled the arrangements for Christmas.

“Let’s get back to business. I had a conference call with Jaycee and Layla. Both strip clubs are doing well but, they’ve had quite a few gang bosses and Russians coming into both clubs. With the shit that went down in Cape Town between Dom and the Demidov Bratva I think we need to be careful. Ziggy, I want you and Mouse to go through the surveillance videos of both clubs. I want to know who those men are and if we should be worried. The girls aren’t complaining because so far they’ve behaved themselves and are big tippers. I’m not taking any chances though and have contacted the security company to let them know we will be stepping in along with them. I know we voted on bringing in the security company because at the time we were at war with the Harrisons. But we’re not at war anymore and we haven’t maintained a big presence at either Moonlight or Iron Kisses. It seems that was a mistake. We’ll be rectifying it. Friday night we’ll be visiting both clubs and making sure our presence is noted. There will be a roster drawn up and we’ll have brothers at both clubs for as long as it’s necessary. For those of you with old ladies you

need to get them on board because everyone will be on the roster. When I say everyone that's exactly what I mean, everyone. We'll have two brothers on duty at each club during the day and at night. It will be long hours because I want you there when the staff arrive in the mornings and leave at night. You will be the first to arrive and last to leave. There will be no fucking the strippers, waitresses or any of the staff, is that understood?"

He looked at his men and took in the nods of agreement. It was good to see.

But then a hand went up.

"Ja, Kite?"

"Uhm, Prez, I've been sort of seeing one of the girls at Iron Kisses. It's not serious or anything but...you know." He shrugged. "Do I have to end it with her? I will if it's necessary to keep the club safe." He explained in a rush.

There were snorts from the older brothers and a few knowing smiles.

"Kite, I'm the last one to cock block a brother. We don't know what the fuck is going on and her being seen with you might put her on radar. Have you been picking her up at the club? She on the back of your bike?" Hawk asked.

Kite looked appalled and almost violently shook his head.

"Never Prez, she's not on the back of my bike. I don't go to the club, I go to her place, we fuck then I leave. I don't stay over or take her out or anything. It's just...you know." He shrugged.

"Who is it?" Ziggy asked his eyes on his laptop.

“Shelley, the new girl. She started dancing about two months ago. We met at the Thirsty Dog and it went from there.”

Ziggy tapped the keys then laughed. “She’s fucking ten years older than you, Kite. What the hell brother?”

Kite smirked and winked.

The little fucker, Hawk couldn’t help it, he laughed with the rest of his brothers. He would have loved to continue the teasing but it had to end, as did Kite’s booty call.

“You end it, Kite. Today. I don’t want you going to her place or meeting her at the club. Call her and tell her you’re done. You got me?”

He nodded. “Got you, Prez. Consider it done.”

Right. On to the next piece of business.

“Stone, any word from our neighbour? Has she been in contact regarding the fences?”

Stone shook his head looking pissed as hell.

“The bitch has been avoiding me. I’ve been over to her place more than I care to count only to be told she’s not in. I’m not giving up. I’ll get to her when she least expects it. Trust me, Prez, this shit will get done.”

“Good. We need to get this sorted as soon as we can. I know it’s the holiday season but we’ve got Jagger’s people on standby. They will get on the job as soon as we have her okay in writing.”

Stone gave a short nod, then winked with an evil grin. “No worries, Prez, I’ll get her signature, even if I have to turn her sexy ass red to get it.”

Gales of laughter met his statement. Jesus.

As long as he didn't get arrested the ball was in his court.

“See that you don't get put in bangles, Stone.” Hawk warned and his brother gave him a chin lift.

Damn. His brother was going to push the widow.

Not his problem right now, he would deal with it if it became necessary.

“I've had an update from Rider regarding the trucking company, our trucking depots and container yards. His report shows a sizable dip in revenue across all three businesses. He's predicting it will dip even further in the coming year.

According to him we need to take a hard look at the trucking business and cut out under performing routes. It will mean shutting down depots and yards along those routes, but doing so will impact the chapters guarding those routes.” There were rumbles and he held up a hand to silence them. “We're not getting into a discussion about it today. I mentioned it because I want all of us to think about alternatives, none of us want to leave our brothers out there without a way to earn. We'll look into it in the new year after we've done a thorough investigation of our available options.”

He looked down at the table and the baby monitor sitting next to the steel block before he continued.

“Rider is still at Scar's beach house with Delene but he let me know he won't be coming home for Christmas. He's going down to Cape Town to see Pixie. Apparently the two of them have become good friends. She invited them to stay at her house and spend Christmas with her family. He said he can't

be here as it will be their first Christmas without Penny. I couldn't argue it with him. He's slowly healing but it's still too soon for them to come home."

Tapping the steel square with his fingers he frowned heavily as he stared down at his hand, thinking about his broken brother.

"We can only hope and pray our brother comes back to us. He doesn't seem to realise it but he needs us as much as we need him. I'm going to give him space, talk to him in the new year, and hopefully he'll be coming home soon after."

Jagger put a hand up and Hawk gave him a chin lift.

"I had a meeting with Chris and Tori regarding the cottage we're building for our brother. They wanted to know when they could start on the interior, so I gave them dates. The build will be finished by February next year. The girls will then tackle the interior. It should be ready for Rider and Delene to move in around the end of March." He looked around the table then back at Hawk. "That's how long we're going to give him, Boss. He has four months then he gets his ass home."

Bulldog tapped his fingers on the table and Hawk tipped a head towards him.

"Our brother is wary of coming home because of the memories he has of his old lady here. He doesn't realise the clubhouse is no longer the place he remembers. We've changed the interior and exterior areas completely. There will be nothing to remind him of her in here or outside. The only thing left is the house he shared with her, and even that doesn't look the same. Tori has been putting her stamp on the house and the garden."

Beast and Jagger nodded in agreement.

“Ja, we’ll be consolidating the upstairs balconies, widening them. We’re doing the same with those at the back of the house. The look of the exterior is going to be changed completely to look like a Mexican hacienda.” Beast explained. “Tori has ordered new furniture for the lounges and the kitchen. We’re changing as much as we can to ensure he will be comfortable in our home. It will be done before he comes home in March. What used to be their wing of the house will be completely gutted and re-done as well. Genna and Slim will be moving in once it’s done.”

Hawk nodded. “Good. Kahn, make a note to remind me. I want to formally call him back at the beginning of March, maybe even earlier if everything is ready. I need him here.”

Silence fell and he sat back in his chair. He knew all the brothers felt Rider’s loss. His old lady had been well liked and she was missed by all of them.

They had another brother who needed their attention. He needed an update on his progress.

“Buzz, brother, how is Ratel doing?”

The silence in the room became even heavier until Buzz smiled.

“Actually, Prez, he’s doing well. He’s not as depressed as he was at first and he’s coping better now that the surgeries are behind him. He’s been assured that with hard work and therapy he will regain mobility in his arm, hand and leg. His specialist is pleased with his progress and he has started going to physical therapy. He’ll be ready to leave the hospital soon.

His doc wants him to go to a burns recovery facility but Ratel wants to come home. We'll have a talk closer to the time. He will need specialised care for some time. I was thinking of looking into employing a nurse and a physical therapist if he insists on coming home." Buzz frowned as he reported.

"If he wants to come home, brother, let him. If we have to set up a fucking recovery unit to help him we will. Keep me in the loop and we'll talk when the time comes."

Hawk silently went over the points he had wanted to discuss today and was happy to note he had covered all of them. It was time to end church.

"If there's nothing else I think we're done here."

His men nodded and all met his eyes as he looked around the room.

They had become closer as a club.

Closer as brothers.

Picking up the gavel he smashed it down.

"Remember to put your names on the list at the bar. The roster for duty at the strip clubs will be sent to your phones. Be careful out there."

Sin unlocked the doors and feet shuffled as his men left.

Pushing up out of his chair he picked up the monitor and followed them out.

Before his day started in earnest he had to check on his boys. DC had appointments she could not reschedule and had left them with him.

Never in his wildest dreams had he thought he would be happy to stay home and look after his babies. Not ever.

And he was happy to do it.

They were his boys and he wanted to spend as much time with them as possible. His own dad had left him to his mother until he was old enough to sit on a bike without falling off.

He would not be doing the same with his own boys. He wanted to be there for everything.

He was going to be part of their lives, every day until the day he stopped breathing.

CHAPTER TWO

DC

“Listen to Mamma, hellions, and believe me I’m serious. If you don’t stop screaming as if the world is ending we’re going to have a problem. You’ve had your baths, you’ve had your bottles, and your asses are dry. It’s time for you to sleep and not give me grief.” I waved a finger at my crying sons but it had absolutely no effect on them. They were kicking wildly and howling like the little Iron Dogz they were.

“Don’t think I don’t know what’s happening here. It’s that bloody Papa of yours, isn’t it? He’s been spoiling you while I’ve been working. Picking you up and lugging you around against his chest like you’re two new patches on his kutte. Now he’s gone off to the bloody strip club and will definitely be looking at bitches shaking their tits and asses. While I’m here with you two howling little hellions. Not fair boys, not fair at all.”

They paid no attention to me and kept howling.

I sighed as I gave in, like they most probably knew I would.

I picked Ash up first and then Nix, holding them against my chest, and what do you know.

Sniffles and instant silence followed by wide smiles and wet fluttering lashes. They were babies but the little shits were huge flirts, just like their dad.

I saw problems with girls in my future. And it would be their father's fault.

“Right boys, I have some work to do, the two of you are going to sit in your bouncy chairs next to my desk and go to sleep. Okay?” I grinned at them and shook my head when they promptly grinned back.

They were big babies and clones of their dad. From the blonde hair to their big yellow eyes and beautiful smiles. The only thing they got from me is their skin colour, a totally gorgeous creamy caramel, about a shade lighter than my own.

My beautiful boys.

And did I say my boys were big? They were almost 6 months old but people always thought they were older.

With a hellion in each arm I walked down to my study and carefully strapped them into their bouncy chairs. It was a mission with two of them but by now I had it down.

Hawk had gone a little crazy and bought bouncy chairs for here at home and at the clubhouse. Same with all the other stuff babies need. We had two of everything.

Settling in my chair I opened my laptop and pulled up the planning sheet for the club's Christmas lunch. We had a week left to get it done and there was still so much to do.

Not the food. Chris, Genna and Frieda had that under control.

Aunt Suzy was in charge of the cleaning crew who would clean up after the Christmas Eve party. We couldn't have the kids running through the aftermath of what was going to be a wild and depraved party.

There were other things I wanted to do.

Like getting a Christmas tree and decorating the clubhouse. I've ordered two trees and they were being delivered tomorrow. One for inside the clubhouse and one for the entertainment area at the back of the clubhouse where we would be handing out presents and having lunch.

I was going to need a team to help decorate the inside and outside of the clubhouse. On Christmas morning I was going to need the girls to help set up the tables outside and decorate them.

Hawk had given his permission but wasn't sure the brothers were going to like it. They were used to partying hard the night before, crawl out of bed the next day to have lunch and carry on partying.

What he forgets is that in the past there were never any kids around. There were twenty three little people at the club at the moment, and as more of the brothers claimed old ladies it was a given that the number would be increasing.

Today was Friday, a week before Christmas Eve and we haven't decorated yet.

I had planned to have it done by now but I haven't been able to go shopping because my work schedule was insane. I was

trying to get as much as possible done because I wanted to take some time off in the new year.

It was late to shop for decorations, I know, but it had been a spur of the moment idea. To celebrate Christmas at the clubhouse. Not just the usual lunch before the brothers once again started to party.

I wanted it to be special.

For the twenty three kids, and for us, I wanted us to celebrate Christmas as a family.

I've never had a proper Christmas before so I was totally relying on River. She grew up in a normal home where Christmas was celebrated with all the trimmings.

Unlike me.

I grew up with Christmas at a clubhouse with no decorations and no fanfare. My dad used to give me my presents on Christmas Eve before he left for the club party and on Christmas day we had a braai at the clubhouse. The most the brothers and their old ladies ever did was wear Christmas hats. The kids were always sent home early before the party got wild.

And that's how I used to spend Christmas every year. Even as an adult.

I want it to be different for my kids and all the other club kids. I want it to be special. I want it to be a day to remember.

For everyone.

It meant River and I would be up at the crack of dawn and heading to the stores tomorrow. We were leaving the kids with

Hawk and Ice, so it was ideal. We were making a day of it. Getting to the stores when their doors opened and leaving the last one as they closed.

The two of us felt sure we could get it done.

From decorations to presents we had one day to do it all.

Our lists would be our lifesavers.

My job tonight was to check that we had every single child who was a part of the club on our list. From babies to the older ones. We decided to include the kids who wouldn't be with us on the day on the list as well. Therefore Kahn and Vash's girls were on the list and so were Sludge and Maggie's kids. Both brothers would be spending Christmas day with their extended families and not at the club.

As I checked the lists my boys were babbling to each other, constantly touching.

It was something I had noticed with River and Ice's boys, Gabriel and Granger.

They were always making sure their twin was near.

My boys did the same.

I loved that they would always have each other. They would never be alone.

Turning my thoughts away from things that hurt and I couldn't change I focused on the lists and selecting a team that would help us decorate.

The club girls were going to be busy, and not in the beds of the brothers. They were going to be decorating the common room.

I would ask Hawk for two of the brothers to help with wrapping the trees around the entertainment area in fairy lights. He had given permission for the trees but had been adamant about the building itself.

There will be no lights attached to any of the buildings except those already there for security purposes. I understood why and hadn't fought him on it.

All our decorating will be focused on the back of the building where the new entertainment area had been built. After the fire the area had been enlarged and an outdoor kitchen and proper bar was added under a veranda stretching the length of the building. The veranda was lockable because Beast built a wrought iron security cage around it. There were tables and benches there for rainy days or days when it was just too hot to sit out in the sun. Even though we had big umbrellas at each of the tables sometimes the sun was just too sharp and hot.

Before the fire everything used to be open air and the bar was housed in a thatched roofed lapa. The fire destroyed everything and instead of rebuilding the area had been levelled and redesigned.

We had only lost two trees, the others had been trimmed and survived, and were now looking gorgeous in their early summer foliage.

Shaking my head I drew my thoughts back to my lists and went through them one final time. Making sure I hadn't missed anything on the decorations list or anyone on the presents list. I had two teams, the decorating team and the present wrapping team.

Tori headed up the present wrapping team with Snow, Harmony and Gail.

River, Leo, Slim and I headed up the decorating teams with the club girls.

Once I was happy I had covered all my bases I sent the lists to my printer.

I know I could have it on my phone but I liked paper. Something I could physically make a tick on. I liked being able to see and feel I had finished a job.

Closing down the program I closed my laptop and glanced to the side.

My boys were fast asleep. Holding hands.

Smiling at the sweetness I took a quick photo. Then I gently separated their hands and carried first the one then the other to their room.

It didn't take long to extract them from their bouncy chairs and lay them in their cots. Cots that stood next to each other in the centre of the room, because they had to be close enough for the boys to be able to touch.

Like they knew instinctively where their brother was, their little hands reached out and touched through the bars.

I drew their soft blankets up over them, turned on the baby monitor and left on my tippy toes. I drew the door partly closed and turned to go into our room.

From the start we had decided to put the boys in their own room which was right next door to ours. Hawk at first wanted them in our room and I was tempted, but in the end we

decided they would be safe and happy in their own room. And we had the baby monitors, and a Papa that woke at the tiniest little moan.

I ran a bath with bubbles and slid in and relaxed. I usually ran in and out the shower but tonight I needed to soak.

While lying back and letting my mind run I couldn't stop thinking about how different my childhood had been to most other people's. I felt sure it had played a big part in the decisions I made over the years. The cage fighting and working as the Crow had been an attempt to be seen by my dad and his club as valuable. Even though I wasn't ever going to be a brother. Now I know I resented always being on the outside and it drove some of my worst decisions. Raj being one of them. The best one though. The best one was the night I came to pull Deena out of the Iron Dogz MC clubhouse.

That decision gave me a new life with a man who loved all of me. The Crow included.

He gave me a place beside him, a home and my boys.

Getting out after lazing in the fragrant hot water I dried off, moisturised my body and face and pulled on one of Hawk's old tees. Picking the baby monitor up off the vanity I turned the lights off and walked into our room. Setting the monitor on my bedside table I got into bed. Lying back against the cushions I listened for my boys, that's when I realised they weren't alone.

I could hear him. His voice was a low soothing rumble as he spoke to his boys. I heard the soft kisses on their heads and then my heart and I smiled.

“Papa loves his boys. Sleep well you little hellions.”

I didn't hear anything more until he walked into our room. He was in his socks and carried his boots in one hand. His eyes were on me and I smiled as I turned on my side towards him.

“How was your night of watching tits and ass?” I teased.

He shook his head with a snort as he dropped his boots, pulled off his kutte and draped it over the back of the chair. With his eyes on me he took the tie out of his hair, undid his braid and scrubbed his fingers through his hair.

“I didn't watch the tits and ass show. Ice and I sat in the office at Iron Kisses with Jaycee going through videos to find when these bastards started turning up at the club. The same when we got to Moonlight. We were in the office with Layla and checked the videos. No tits and ass for us.”

He shook his head to loosen his hair then walked over and kissed me on the mouth.

“You smell like whisky and the road.” I whispered against his mouth.

“I'm going to shower and then I'm going to ravish my old lady. I've missed her.” He growled against my mouth before he straightened and walked into the bathroom.

I watched him as he walked away, moving soundlessly across the room. His body lithe like that of a predator.

The shower went on and I closed my eyes imagining his hard body as he stood under the falling water.

Things down below pulsed. I have missed him too.

We had to grab our moments where we could as the boys had no sense of when not to interrupt their parents. It happened more often than either of us liked. Hawk had already decreed we'd be using our room at the clubhouse on Christmas Eve as the boys would be at Suzy and Bulldog's place. They would be at the party early before leaving to take over from Slim and Gail.

All thoughts flew out of my head as my man walked back into the room. Naked. A towel over his head as he vigorously dried his hair.

"You have the prettiest cock I've ever seen." I said with a grin.

Why was I grinning? Because I knew it would ever so slightly piss him off that I had seen other cocks.

He stopped rubbing his hair, shook his head wildly and threw the towel back into the bathroom.

It fell on the floor, of course. But that wasn't where my attention was. It was firmly on his growing cock as he stalked to the bed and crawled up over me, shoving his face into my belly.

"My cock is the only cock you've ever seen." He growled against my shaking tummy. Shaking because I was laughing.

He ripped his tee off me and clasped his hands over my boobs.

"These are the prettiest tits in the world and they're all mine." He smiled against my nipple before he nipped one then the other.

Sliding down my body he kissed my c-section scar then bit the top of my bare mound.

“And this is my pretty pussy.” His tongue lapped at my clit making me moan out loud.

He didn't stay down there though. Crawling back up he hovered over me and smiled at my frowny face.

“My pretty pussy is so wet my cock will slip right in.” He said as he pushed against me and slipped the head inside me. His piercings teased me as he gently pulsed his hips.

“I want all of it, give it to me, my Viking.” I lifted my hips trying to make him go deeper but he withdrew and shook his head.

“No, not until you say yes.” His eyes were very yellow as he looked down at me.

“I'm not saying yes until you tell me what I'm saying yes to.” I warned.

And suddenly he looked a tiny bit uncertain.

What was going on here?

“You are going to marry me, little bird.” He watched me closely, so very closely.

I was stunned. I really didn't think he would want to get married again. He always said marriage wasn't for him. That having me as his old lady was enough.

“Are you sure? Are you sure you want to marry me?” I asked.

“Baby, I love you, I love our boys and I know we are a family, but I want more. I want to put my ring on your finger

to show the world you belong to me. I want your ring on my finger to show them the same thing.” He kissed me softly and I sighed against his mouth.

I knew he had a vulnerable side and that he fought like hell to never show it. He was showing it to me now as he watched and waited for me to give him what he wanted.

“Yes, yes I’ll marry you. We can get married after...” He didn’t let me finish.

“On Christmas morning. We’ll get married before lunch. Everyone will be here. Your family, my family, it will be the perfect time to do it. And Bulldog is the club’s chaplain, so he can marry us. What do you say?”

I was stunned and speechless.

My mouth opened and closed several times before I got a word out.

“But what about a dress and all the other stuff?”

“Do you want a white dress, little bird? If you do I’ll turn the world upside down to get it for you.”

I really didn’t want a white wedding. Or a dress. I hardly ever wore dresses.

And then I had a thought.

A wedding sari is red. I would be wearing red. For my mother.

It seemed I had to add a clothing store to my shopping itinerary.

“I don’t want a white dress, it’s not me. And I don’t want all that wedding stuff we did for River and Ice. I just want to walk

towards you and our boys and get married.” I smiled up at him. “Can we keep it simple? No big fanfare. We’ll have to tell Bulldog and Suzy because he has to do the ceremony. I’m sure you’re going to want Ice and Spider to stand with you and they will come in handy to hold the boys while we do our thing.”

He kissed me slow and thoroughly then lifted his head slightly so we could look into each other’s eyes.

“Doc is going to want to give you away, baby. You have to let him. And what about Deena? Do you think she’ll want to stand with you?”

He looked a little worried.

He was right to be worried. Deena was still being a little bitch and not talking to me. Things between her and Dollar weren’t going well either. She was pushing him further and further away. If she wasn’t careful she was going to lose him.

“No she won’t. She’s still being a bitch and has declined the invitation to lunch. Dad is forcing her to attend with him. I really have no clue what is going on in her head. I’d rather have no attendants then no one can say I favoured one above the other.”

Like my sister.

“I’m good with it if you are. I’ll be happy with just us and the boys but I know it isn’t possible. We keep our circle small, Bulldog, Ice and Spider. They can hold the boys while Bulldog marries us.” He said as he dropped his head and kissed me on my forehead.

“I have something for you, baby.” He leant to the side and pulled open his bedside drawer and scrabbling in the back brought out a red velvet ring box. “I’ve had this for a while and I’ve wanted to give it to you on more than one occasion. The time just never seemed right. Now it is.”

Sitting back on his haunches he opened the box, took out the ring then closed and dropped the little box on the bed beside us. I watched entranced as he slid the ring on my finger.

It was beautiful and something I would have chosen if given the opportunity.

“The band is platinum and the stone is a yellow diamond. I did the basic design but the designer did the rest. She had a lot of questions, like your job and what you were like. She said you needed a ring you could wear every day with no need to take it off when you were working. I asked her to make my ring as well. It looks like yours, but more masculine and has a black diamond where yours is yellow.” He explained quietly as he watched me twist my hand from side to side.

“I love it. It’s exactly what I would have chosen if you had asked me to choose.”

It was a very wide, slightly bevelled, thick band, reaching from my knuckle to the base of my finger. Intricate engraving covered it and I knew it had to mean something. I would work it out once I had a chance to study it.

All I wanted to do right now was admire the way it looked on my finger.

The diamond was sunk into the band, the engraving making it look like the eye of a hawk. One look was enough to know it

wouldn't catch on my gloves when I pulled them on.

My man wasn't finished though.

"I'm not giving you a wedding band, this is it, an engagement ring and wedding band in one, and you only get to wear it tonight. It goes back in the box until I put it on your finger on our wedding day."

Such a controlling ass, but he was my controlling ass.

"Fine, but I want to see your ring. Where is it?"

With a grin he picked up the box and pulled a bigger and heavier ring out. There was no way in hell anyone is going to miss that ring on his finger. I took it from him and twisted it around. It was exactly like mine, wide, thick and bevelled. Even the engraving was the same, everything except the diamond was black. I saw there was something inside the ring as I twisted it.

There was an engraving running from one side of the diamond to the other.

Property of his Little Bird. Eternally Loved.

My mouth fell open. He was going to have my property patch on his hand. Not that anyone would know but I would.

I quickly slipped off my ring and checked the inside. And there it was.

Property of her Viking. Eternally Loved.

My eyes started burning and I had to blink furiously to stop the tears. I already wore his property patch on my back every day.

Now I would have it on my hand, and he would have mine on his hand.

Perfection.

I slipped my ring back on then slipped his on his finger.

“Love me, my Viking.” I whispered.

His fingers laced with mine and his cock slammed home.

Our eyes met and held.

His yellow and mine so brown it looked black.

“Our next baby is going to be girl with her Mamma’s beautiful skin, hair and eyes.” He grated as he pulled out then slammed back in.

I shuddered as his piercings stroked over my sensitive flesh.

Lifting my legs I wrapped them high around his waist, the position making him reach even deeper inside me.

I smiled. “Our next one is going to be another boy and he’s going to look just like his brothers and his daddy.” I countered.

My man grinned wickedly.

“Prepare to be pregnant for as long as it takes to get my baby girl, little bird.”

I pretended to be pissy, but I wasn’t. I knew how badly he wanted a little girl and I was prepared to keep trying until I could give him what he wanted.

Lordy I hoped like hell the next time we tried we made a girl.

My mind blanked out as he bent and bit my nipple, his thrusts came harder and faster.

“I’m not going to last, baby. Next time I’ll spend hours making you feel good.” He muttered in my neck and I moaned in agreement.

There was no need for him to spend hours making me feel good, I was already feeling good and I could feel my orgasm rushing in.

Moments later I came and my back arched as everything in me clenched. My shout was loud and so was his growl as he punched his hips and sent his cock deep inside me where it started jerking as he came.

Sated and boneless I sagged into the mattress and my man covered me with his big body. He knew I liked his weight on me once we were done. Pushing his groin tight against my pussy I shuddered as pleasure once again streaked through me. It happened every time his new piercing pushed against my clit and the others stroked deep inside of me.

While I was recovering after the birth of our boys he went and had more piercings done. He now had a magic cross and a pubic piercing. It was fun, fun, fun for both of us.

He kissed my neck then lifted his head and gave me a wink and an evil grin. Pushing his groin tight against my pussy I shuddered as pleasure streaked through me.

He gave a little twist with his hips and I shook all over.

He grinned as I moaned and writhed under him.

“Start counting, little bird.” He ordered mysteriously.

“What? Why do you want me to count?” I was confused.

His grin was pure evil.

“Nine months from tonight our baby girl will be born.”

Shit. We didn't use a condom.

I blew out a heavy breath. Damn.

I thought I had a bit more time, apparently not.

It was my own fault.

I had agreed to try for another baby the very first time he teased me with his new piercings. I was such an easy bloody lay where he was concerned.

And he was too damned good with that pierced cock of his.

Too bloody good.

“Remember we had a deal. If it's a girl I'm done. No more babies.” I tried to bargain.

All I got for my effort was a raised eyebrow and a slow glide of his cock.

He was way too sure he could get me to agree to anything once he had his cock in me.

He wasn't wrong.

Behind his back I crossed my fingers and hoped I had a bit more time.

A bit more time before my stretch marks got stretch marks.

CHAPTER THREE

Hawk

Saturday

Sitting behind his desk waiting for Bulldog he felt almost as good as he did the day his boys were born.

Almost.

It was close, very close.

He glanced at his boys sleeping on the thick quilt he'd put inside the playpen before putting them down. Every time he looked at them it still caught him a bit unaware. Like they couldn't be his, like he was dreaming and would wake up, and they would be gone.

Like his first baby boy. It still hurt but not as much as it used to.

His life was so much better now with his little bird and his boys in it.

The thought that his old lady was going to be his wife settled something he hadn't realised was unsettled inside him. They had been together through some tough times, both personally

and as a club. He came close to losing her, first when the whores attacked her and then when she was kidnapped. And both times it was the bitches he had chosen to spend time with in the past who almost took her from him.

That, and his stupidity.

He wasn't stupid anymore.

His little bird was the only woman in his life and always would be. At least until she gave him his baby girl. The two of them would be his girls, his only girls. Unless they had twin girls. That would be fucking fantastic.

In his head dreaming about DC pregnant with their baby girl, or girls, he didn't realise Bulldog was in his office until he tapped his fingers on the desk in front of him. Jerking out of his daydream he looked up at his grinning uncle.

“What the hell were you thinking about that you didn't hear me knock and walk in?”

“Thinking about getting my old lady pregnant with my baby girl.” He answered honestly, only to have his uncle glance at the sleeping boys then laugh softly and shake his head.

“Like I said to Ice and I will now say to you, the chances are slim the next baby is going to be a girl. But, keep trying, my boy, the more grandkids you give us the better.” He winked as he sat down on the couch and stretched his legs out as he got comfortable.

“You called me in on a Saturday, what can I do for you?” He asked as he stretched his arms along the backrest of the couch

Getting out of his chair Hawk walked around his desk and sat down in the chair, swivelling it to face his uncle.

He didn't beat around the bush but came straight out with what he wanted.

“DC and I would like you to marry us. On Christmas day.”

There was a beat of silence and then Bulldog was up and jerking him out of the chair and hugging him hard. Hawk's arms surrounded his uncle, returning the hug and slapping his back in turn. Pushing him away but keeping his hands on his shoulders Bulldog gave a short nod.

“It would be my absolute honour. I'm glad Ice got the legal shit sorted so we can do it here without having to call in the pastor or go to the Magistrate's courts. The pastor wouldn't have been able to do it for you anyway, seeing as its Christmas.” He laughed. “Are you sure you want to do it on Christmas day, son?”

Hawk grinned and gave him a wink. “It's perfect because I'll never forget our anniversary, and all our family will be here.”

Bulldog laughed and shook his head, let him go and sat back down.

Sitting down as well he propped his forearms on his thighs and leant towards Bulldog.

“DC doesn't want the type of wedding Ice and River had, she wants it to be simple. We will announce it to the club sometime during the coming week. There will be no suits or a special wedding dress for my girl. Just us wearing what we always wear.” He grinned. “I'm sure my old lady will have me wearing a new shirt and clean boots but that will be it. We want casual and relaxed with our family.”

Sitting back he rubbed his hands together a bit nervously and saw Bulldog grin. He was sure his uncle already knew what was coming.

“I need you and Ice to come with me when I go see Doc. I know DC is already my old lady but I have to show him the respect due to him as her father and ask his permission to marry her.”

“We’ll be with you. When were you planning on going?”

“As soon as possible. We have a club run to Zeffers tomorrow for breakfast. I thought I might invite the Warriors along and while we’re there I’ll get it done. Otherwise I will have to ride out tomorrow night and I have no idea if he’ll be at their clubhouse. My old lady seems to think he uses Sunday nights to bang his women so it quite possible he might not be there.”

Bulldog pulled his phone from his kutte, unlocked it and selected a number. Putting it on speaker they listened as it rang, and rang, and rang. Then finally it was picked up.

“Fuck, brother, you choose the shittiest times to call. I’m busy here.” Doc’s voice was a low growl and his breath was racing a bit.

Bulldog laughed. “Sorry to interrupt your fun, brother, but it’s important. What are your plans for tomorrow?”

They heard a murmur of voices on the line before he came back.

“We’re going on a run with the club tomorrow, brother. I will be back at the clubhouse later in the afternoon. What is it you need me for?”

There was no more growl or breathlessness in his voice, it was all business.

“We’re riding out to Zeffers for breakfast in the morning and then...” Doc didn’t let him finish.

“Same here. I’ll meet you there and we’ll have our talk. Does that sound like a plan?”

“Yes, it works for us.”

“Good, I’ll see you there.” Doc said and abruptly ended the call.

Hawk raised his eyebrows as he looked at a laughing Bulldog.

“If he arrives with a woman on the back of his bike my old lady is going to have a shit fit. You do know that, right?”

He shook his head with a sigh. “It’s his business, Hawk. If he’s serious about a woman I think it’s time DC met her. Don’t you?”

Hawk gave an evil grin. “I can almost guarantee you he’s not thinking about introducing her to DC. He’s most probably under the impression my old lady will stay home with the babies. He’s wrong. River and Wrench finished the sidecar I asked them to design and build. It’s being delivered today and we’ll be fitting it to my Road King this afternoon. My boys will be going on their first run tomorrow.”

His uncle shook his head, rolled his eyes to the ceiling before looking back at him. “You know you’re raising a pair of demons, right? Taking them out on the bike so young? Are you sure about it? You carry on like this those boys are going to be riding long before it will be legal for them to ride.”

He gave a slow nod. "I know, believe me, I know. A bikers' life is hard and they will need to be strong to survive it. Especially being my sons, the sons of the National President of the Iron Dogz MC. It won't be easy for them because there will be expectations. If I start them early it means they have an advantage when the time comes."

Bulldog sighed heavily but nodded in agreement because he knew it was the truth. Ice and I hadn't been fully prepared for what awaited us when we started prospecting. We didn't know much about the club because to a large extent we had been kept from getting too close. Our mothers were the reason, and when mine passed away aunt Suzy and aunt B picked up the slack and continued raising me the way my mother would have wanted. She wanted me to have some distance from the club. I know she thought it was necessary and maybe at the time it was.

The club was filthy when my dad and Bulldog took over. They cleaned it up but not all the way. Ice and I did that.

Now the club was legitimate. Mostly. My sons and the sons of my cousins wouldn't have to deal with the crap we had to.

But, in this life there are never any guarantees.

There were always going to be those who wanted what we had.

I was going to make sure my boys knew exactly how to deal with it. I would ensure they grew up to be the strong leaders the next generation of the Iron Dogz MC needed.

Leaders strong enough to protect their sisters.

The thought made me smile.

DC

Shopping with River

I've never really gone shopping with another woman, not for clothes anyway.

Today was a first.

Not only did I have to tell her I needed a sexy red dress, I had to tell her why I needed the dress.

She immediately wanted to jump in and start organising a wedding and I wouldn't let her. I vetoed all things wedding related and only let her have the decoration of the gazebo. The same gazebo where she and Ice tied the knot. The gazebo where Hawk and I would be tying the knot.

To say she was pissed at me would be putting it mildly.

She wanted to give me everything we had given her and I understood why she would want that. But honestly, we didn't have the time and I didn't want or need a fancy wedding.

"I don't understand why you wouldn't want a wedding day with all the trimmings." River muttered as I drove us into the parking lot of the Mall of Africa.

Hiding my grin I parked, we got out and as we walked into the mall I turned to her to explain.

"I don't care about the dress, the flowers, and the cake, none of that stuff. All I care about is that we'll be married quick and easy. No fuss, no weeks of planning and shit. Just a quick ceremony and it's done. Having it on Christmas day is perfect, neither one of us will forget our anniversary. My family are

coming to spend the day with us and Hawk's family will be there as well. No need for special arrangements to be made or anything. We like that it will be a simple ceremony right before we celebrate Christmas with our families and the club.”

River had her hand up so I shut up.

“Right, I'll give you the simple ceremony but there's no way you are doing this without your girls. We need to tell the old ladies and girlfriends because they'll want to be there for you. I know for a fact Vash and Maggie are going to juggle their arrangements for the day because no way would they miss it. It means we need to go over planning with Suzy, Genna, Gail, Chris and Frieda. There will be a damned wedding cake and...”

I put my hand over her mouth to stop the spate of words.

“Okay, I give in. We can sit down with everyone and iron out the technicalities. You can decorate the gazebo and we can do the wedding cake but, there will be no attendants and no wedding march bullshit. I want everyone as relaxed as they would have been for a normal Christmas lunch at the clubhouse.”

River laughed and shook her head as if I was mistaken.

“You do know the minute Hawk announces it to the brothers everyone will be there. No one will want to miss it.” She looked sad for a second. “Except Rider, he wouldn't want to be there.”

I sighed. I knew it was true, the brothers would cancel their plans.

Then I had another thought.

Maybe, just maybe, us getting married was what the club needed.

They needed to see life continuing after their losses. And maybe they needed to see their President celebrating life by marrying his old lady, the mother of his children.

“You know what? You’re right, we do need a little bit of a celebration. Not a big one because that’s not who I am. No bachelorette party as we don’t have time for one but we can hang out at the clubhouse on Christmas Eve. It will be fun.”

River gave me a look but then nodded. “Okay, I’ll give you that because you’re right.” She looked around at the shops we were passing scrunching her nose. “I don’t think we’re going to get a dress you’d like here. It’s so not your type of scene.”

Looking around I had to agree. I wouldn’t be seen dead in most to the clothes on display.

“Let’s get out of here and go to the Oriental Plaza. I know it’s out of our way but they have plenty shops with all kinds of clothes and shoes.”

We didn’t hesitate and got out of there and on the road.

Walking into the Plaza I knew it was the right decision. The smell of incense hung in the air along with the delicious smells of food.

“I love coming here to shop.” River said.

“Me too. I buy my Doc Martens from a shop here.”

Grabbing my hand River dragged me over to a window displaying saris.

“What about going traditional? You would look absolutely stunning in one of these.” She pointed at a beautiful green and gold one.

I was about to answer when a lady popped up next to us.

“You are wanting to buy a sari?” She asked.

Before I could say a word River started chatting with her. Telling her I was half Indian and that my mother passed after I was born and my dad raised me on his own.

And then came the kicker. The minute she told her I was getting married and I was here looking for something in red the lady started shouting at the other lady who was still in the store.

We were dragged inside with a lot of chattering and taken to the back.

The lady who had been chatting to us gestured at a rack of jewel coloured saris.

“These here are wedding saris but I don’t think that’s your style.” She pointed towards the other side of the narrow shop. “I’m thinking something like a Salwar Kameez or a Lehenga Choli is what you need. Some of them come with a dupatta, some without. Some with heavy embroidery and embossed with gold, but there are others that are less ornamental.”

I had no idea what she was talking about and she obviously saw it on my face and on River’s as well.

“Let me explain. Salwar means pants and Kameez means top, a long top that is knee length, sometimes longer, it has splits up the sides to the top of the thigh. Dupatta is the long scarf we pair with an outfit. A Lehenga is a long pleated skirt

and the choli is the cropped top you wear with it. Usually you wear it with a dupatta.”

Both ladies looked me up and down then nodded at each other.

“You are small, very petite with a slim waist. Let’s try a couple on and see what looks best on you.”

And so started the fashion parade to end all fashion parades.

When we eventually left the store I had promised Samira, that’s her name, I would send her photos of the day. She was very intrigued when River let slip I was marrying a biker. Her number was now in my phone and I had promised to visit her shop again.

I was over the moon happy with what I would be wearing on my wedding day.

It would be the first time I would be wearing something that honoured my Indian heritage.

From the Oriental Plaza we headed to the shop where we would be buying the Christmas decorations. To say we overdid it was not an exaggeration, we bought enough to decorate two clubhouses. The brothers were going to be so pissed when we were done. It was going to be a very blingy Christmas.

Once we were done with the decorations we started the most important part of our shopping trip.

The kids presents.

But first we stopped for a late lunch at a coffee shop.

We took the time to go through our presents lists to make sure we had all the kids on it. We didn’t want to miss anyone.

We had decided to stick to small but fun items and had done our homework. We knew exactly what we would be buying for each child.

The club's credit card was quietly moaning by the time we were done.

Hawk would think twice before he gave it to me again.

The car was loaded to the rafters with our buying spree.

I had been amazed we got all our parcels in.

Tired but satisfied we headed home.

CHAPTER FOUR

Hawk

Sunday Club Run

This morning his old lady had dressed the boys in matching black club tees, baby jeans and their little biker boots. They looked like little badass baby bikers. Too damned cute. They even had little denim jackets that had the club's patch printed on the back with prospect underneath.

She wasn't wrong, their boys would be learning about the club long before they formally started their prospecting year.

He left home on his bike after helping her settle the boys in her beast. He had to get to the clubhouse before her to stage the reveal of his surprise.

The sidecar project had been kept a secret from her because he wanted it to be a surprise. She had been jumpy lately and he knew she missed riding. After having the boys she didn't have as many opportunities to ride as she did before. Most days she was in her beast of a double cab bakkie with the boys strapped into their seats behind her. In the almost six months since they

were born she has only been on her bike once, and that was to ride around the property to check out the cottages with him.

His old lady was missing riding and the road.

Today he would be giving it to her.

And his boys would be introduced to it for the first time.

The sidecar had been specially built for the babies. It had two seats that would be swapped out as the twins grew. They had been specially made with the same safety features as baby car seats. The sidecar had been made as safe as possible with strengthening bars, a roll cage and a retractable clear dome to keep the wind and bugs off his boys. River had gone above and beyond in the design and apparently she and Wrench hadn't made only one, they made two. There was one for his bike and one for Ice's bike.

His was a deep red and black, the same colour as his bike and Ice's was a deep blue.

He knew the sidecars would get a lot of attention on their ride today and that would be very good for River's business.

The gate slid open and his old lady drove through and came to a sudden stop, her mouth moving and he grinned. He had succeeded in surprising her. Shaking her head she drove to her parking spot and he was right there when she shut the rumbling engine down. Opening her door he grinned as she shook her head with a grin.

“You're a shit, you know that, right? Why didn't you tell me?” She was still mumbling as he reached in, unclipped her seatbelt and pulled her out and into his arms.

“I really like that my old lady is fun sized.” He murmured in her ear and laughed when she smacked his chest.

His boys were chattering away and he knew if they didn’t get them out very soon they would be yelling. Giving his old lady a quick hard, smacking kiss he set her down and opened the door to the back of the cab.

“Hey boys, you ready for your first ride?” He asked as he started unclipping Nix. Of course Ash didn’t like that and gave a loud screech.

“Don’t be an ass, Ash, be patient for a second, I’ll get to you now.” He said and his boy frowned at him but he did shut up.

Handing Nix to DC he leant in and unclipped his other boy. Pulling Ash out he settled him against his chest and turned to join his old lady. She was standing next to the sidecar with Wrench and River, waiting for him.

“What do you think little bird?” He asked but he knew the answer by the look on her face.

“Don’t you think the boys are a bit too young to take on a run?” Her voice a little worried.

“Baby, River and Wrench did an amazing job with the sidecars. The boys will be as safe as they are in your beast or in the back of a cage. You know I’ll be careful and my brothers will be with us, ensuring no asshole in a cage can get anywhere near us. We ride in formation today and fuck the citizens, we won’t be giving way to them. Not today. We have our babies with us and Ice and River has their boys with them as well.”

A delighted smile was what he wanted and he got it.

“We’re going on a run, we’re really going on a run.” She sang as she swayed Nix back and forth. He happily laughed and babbled along.

“We have one little thing to get done before we get on the road. We have to put helmets on these guys. River’s boys have no problem with it as she’s been quietly training them to be comfortable with something on their heads. Our hellions are a different story. They will have to get used to them quick so we can get on the road. I don’t want to get to Zeffers with the rest of the crowds. It’s going to be a nice day and it will be damned busy.”

Ice came walking up with both their boys in his arms and both had their helmets on already. They were the same blue as Ice’s bike and their names were painted in white on the sides, Gabe and Ranger, their nicknames, not their full names.

They looked fucking cute.

“We’s widin’.” Ranger said importantly as he patted his helmet.

The boys instantly noticed their cousins looked different.

Ash reached out a hand and made grabby motions.

Hawk reached into the sidecar and pulled out the helmet with his name painted on the side.

“Let’s get this on your head so you look like your cousins, okay?” He said quietly as he gently set the helmet on his head.

It was open faced and the colour matched his bike. Ash’s name was in white on the side. It was a bit of a mission doing it one handed but he managed. His son reached up and touched

his head then started patting it. Nix gave a yell and had a hand out, making grabby motions.

He helped DC get the helmet on his head and soon he was patting his head the same way his brother was.

“Right, let’s strap them in. Who do we put in front?” He asked DC and she pointed at Nix.

“It will be familiar to them because it’s the same as their pushchair.” She was putting him in the sidecar and strapping him in while explaining.

He handed Ash to her and she strapped him in as well. The boys babbled and waved their hands about with big smiles.

Thank fuck. He wasn’t worried about the sound of the bike’s engine as they were used to the sound of bikes and the growling of their mother’s beast of a bakkie.

He watched as Ice loaded his boys. His sidecar had three seats to accommodate the three boys. Duncan sat in front where he had legroom. It was obvious the boy wouldn’t be riding in the sidecar for very long. He’s been shooting up.

Throwing a leg over his bike he got situated then held an arm out for his old lady to get on behind him. He handed her helmet to her then pulled his own on, fastened it, pulled his bandanna up over his nose and settled his riding sunglasses over the top. Tapping his old lady’s thigh he started the bike and glanced down at his boys. Their eyes were big as they looked up at him and then they grinned and waved. He waved at them as he pushed the button that would slide the dome over them, sealing them safe inside. He could even play music for them when they were on the road.

Looking around at his brothers he circled his hand in the air and slowly pulled out. He had done a few rounds on the bike last night and now had the feel of the sidecar.

There was a change in today's riding order.

He would not be leading the pack.

Sin and Jagger took up positions at the front and he followed. Beast and Scar followed him before Ice fell in behind them. Behind him rode Spook and Wolf followed by Boots, and then the rest of the pack. It seemed like most of his brothers were riding today. The prospects followed in the club's SUV loaded with shit the old ladies didn't want to carry on the bikes. His boys' shit was in there as well. It amazed him how much shit they had to cart around for them.

When they reached the road they took up the entire lane, filling it from side to side. Those at the back of the pack controlled the fuckers who tried to overtake them. There was always one asshole who thought his little turbo charged cage was fast enough to overtake a long column of bikes. Not happening today. No fucking citizen would be allowed to split the pack or endanger anyone of them.

Usually their kutties and looks kept them from challenging the column.

Today was the same. They had a good ride out to the dam and arrived at Zeffers to find Wimpie had taped off a space for them to park. Thank fuck he had practised how to park the damned bike last night. Once it was situated DC hopped off and immediately went around to the boys. He pushed the button to open the dome while she pulled off her sunglasses then her helmet. She always wore her full face helmet and as

they had Bluetooth in the helmets they could communicate and listen to music on the road. He only wore the full face on long runs, not on short ones like today.

They had their helmets stashed and the boys out of the sidecar when Doc came storming towards them. He was pissed.

“What the fuck are you two thinking taking my grandkids on the road? It’s fucking dangerous with all those clueless fucks out there driving like they own the road.” He roared as he got closer.

And what does his old lady do?

She laughs.

And because she’s laughing the boys are laughing. Hawk used the distraction to get their helmets off them and stashed in the sidecar. A push of a button had the dome closing locking their shit inside safely. The prospects would be watching over the bikes but you never knew. There was always that one fucker who thought he could take what wasn’t his.

“Hi, dad, good to see you too.” DC said with a sarcastic smirk.

“Don’t you give me that shit, DC. I have a right...” That was as far as he got when a woman walked up behind him and slid an arm around his waist. She was older, more mature, with fine wrinkles around her eyes, dark hair with grey eyes and a friendly smile.

“Oh my lord, are these your grandbabies, love?” She asked Doc.

His old lady’s face froze as she took them in.

Doc looked at her and tried to avert the storm about to hit him.

“DC, sweetheart, I’d like to introduce you to Ilona Beyers. We’ve been seeing each other for a while now and it’s serious.”

DC narrowed her eyes at him then looked at the smiling woman and kept it civil, but only just.

“Hi Ilona, pleased to meet you. I have to say you are a huge improvement on the type of women he usually hangs out with.”

Yes. His old lady went there, to his past women, in front of his new lady. Doc didn’t like it. He didn’t like it at all.

“Don’t be a bitch, DC.” He snarled at her.

He tried to say more but Hawk stepped up behind his old lady and stared at him, letting him know he would not allow it.

The surprise came from Doc’s own woman. “I agree. Have you seen those bitches? They are blonde bubble heads, the lot of them.” She said while pulling a disgusted face.

DC burst out laughing and the boys once again did their chuckle thing with her.

“Your boys are so cute. I love the way you’ve dressed them like little bikers. It’s too sweet for words.” Ilona said. “Do you think they will allow me to hold them? I haven’t held a baby in such a long time. My grandbabies are 6 and 8 and too heavy to carry around.”

She gave them a bit of her history and Hawk felt a little bit easier about her. He was still going to have a full background

check run on her. Ziggy would be looking into her as soon as they got back to the compound.

His old lady handed Ash over to her dad and held Nix out to his lady. Both boys went to the new arms easily with not a worry in the world.

Gathering everyone Hawk herded them towards the restaurant. He wanted his family settled and in a space he could control.

Taking Nix from Doc's old lady he handed him to his old lady then took Ash from Doc.

He was making a statement to the bikers watching them.

Taking the lead with his old lady beside him he walked towards the restaurant, up the steps and inside. Chatter fell silent as they walked in. Not for long. Someone started clapping and soon others joined. Hawk nodded and gave chin lifts to those he knew. Wimpie appeared and waved them to a cordoned off area. It was his usual table. He grinned when he saw the Sinners were at tables next to theirs along with the Road Warriors.

They were obviously making a big statement today.

A statement that would race through the biker community. Everyone will now know that the Dogz, the Warriors and the Sinners were allies. Between them they now controlled most of Southern Africa.

Seating his old lady he handed Ash to her then motioned the prospects over with the kids bouncy chairs. He set them up side by side at the end of the table nearest to DC. Of course they didn't want to go into their chairs. Doc took advantage

and took both boys from her, holding them in his arms, and grinning wide as he kissed the tops of their heads. He took off to show them off to his brothers and Hawk motioned a prospect to follow behind him. Ilona sat down across from DC and they immediately started to chat about the boys. Hawk took the opportunity to help Ice settle his old lady and their boys. Gabe and Ranger were mobile and were a fucking handful to control. Wimpie saved the day, he came out with two highchairs and the boys were quickly settled and River smiled with relief.

Duncan was running around on the lawn outside with the other club kids. One of their new prospects were watching over them.

Wimpie appeared next to their table with a wide smile.

“My liege, it’s good to see you and your lady here today with your heirs. My old heart is filled with joy to see your good fortune.” He gushed in typical Wimpie fashion.

“Thank you, Wimpie. Can you send out one of your girls to take our breakfast orders please?” Hawk tried to turn the conversation to food and not more of his crazy talk.

Doc came back as Wimpie left and Hawk leant over to help him settle the boys in their seats.

They settled happily chattering away to no one in particular.

“Our boys are going to be massive.” Doc said as he patted their feet. “In my family I was the smallest. My younger brother takes after my father’s side of the family; he’s a fu... bloody giant.” He quickly stopped himself from swearing.

DC frowned and wrinkled her nose in confusion.

“We have family?” She asked.

Doc shook his head a bit sadly. “No, baby, they kicked me out when I started prospecting for the Warriors. I tried to reach out when Rick was born but nothing. I was told never to contact them again, so I haven’t. I do see my brother around but we don’t talk.” He waved around the restaurant. “This, all of these men and women, they are our family and will always be our family. We don’t need those fuckers, we are good just the way we are.” He finished and put his arm around his woman, drawing her close.

DC gave a slow nod and Hawk reached out and took her hand in his. It was time to change the subject.

“The reason I asked to meet is to formally ask for your permission to marry my old lady. We want to get married on Christmas day.”

He kept hold of his old lady’s hand and watched Doc’s expression go from smiling to a frown.

“Why the fuck do you want to get married on Christmas day?” He asked.

“Because everyone will be there already, Dad. Even Rick is coming to spend the day with us.” DC answered him.

The frown disappeared as he thought about it, then nodded. “That makes sense.”

Looking at Hawk he gave him a hard look. “You have my permission to marry my daughter, but, I reserve the right to fuck you up if you don’t treat her right.”

He knew what Doc was saying without saying it. If Hawk ever stepped out on his daughter he would come for him. It

wasn't a problem because he'd never do it.

Not ever.

DC Michaels was the life that flowed through his veins. Without her they might as well put him in the ground.

Doc's woman reached across the table and put her hand on top of theirs and squeezed.

“Congratulations. I don't know either of you but Mark, I mean Doc, has spoken about both of you so much it feels like I do. May your life forward be filled with love, peace and beautiful healthy children.”

“You will come with dad on Christmas day, right?” DC asked.

“Thank you for inviting me, I'd love to come. My daughter lives in New Zealand and this year I won't be joining her and her family for Christmas. It was going to be a lonely Christmas but now it isn't. I'm so excited for both of you. If there's anything I can do to help please feel free to ask.”

It seems like Doc had found a good one. And by the smile on his old lady's face he knew she thought the same.

Hawk spent the rest of the morning and early afternoon totally relaxed.

By the time they left he knew Doc was going to give the woman at his side his patch. He had finally found someone to fill the emptiness left behind when DC's mother was killed. His days of fucking random pussy was done.

When they got home and after they had the boys settled for the night he would be talking to his old lady about it. He didn't

want her to be caught off guard when it happened.

He shouldn't have worried.

His old lady was fully aware of what was going on. And she was happy for her dad.

It was the other daughter who was going to be a problem.

Deena Michaels was a spoilt little bitch and she wasn't going to like her daddy not giving her his full attention when she demanded it. She already wasn't speaking to DC because his old lady wouldn't drop whatever she was doing to take care of whatever imaginary problem the bitch had.

The same treatment had been meted out to Dollar when he didn't jump to be at her side whenever she called. He couldn't see the relationship lasting. Unfortunately his brother had bonded with her baby.

It was going to hit him hard when the bitch threw him out. He and some of the brothers knew it was going to happen.

Hawk was sure it was going to happen soon and he had several brothers keeping an eye on the situation.

They would be there for Dollar when the time came. As would his old lady.

It wasn't something he had the time to worry about.

Right now it was all about him and his little family.

No one else.

The most important people in his life were right here with him, under his roof.

Safe.

CHAPTER FIVE

DC

Decorating the Clubhouse

River and I stood in the common room with boxes and shopping bags ranged around us. Across from us the club girls looked at all the stuff with wide eyes while the prospects Hawk had assigned to me looked resigned.

I looked at her, she looked at me, and then we grinned.

We both knew what we had done.

We have totally ripped the ass out of the chicken with our decorations buying spree.

“This is a lot of stuff. It didn’t look like such a lot when we went shopping for it. It must be the goodies we bought online that pushed it over the edge.” River looked at me and made big eyes trying to bite back a laugh.

I didn’t even try. I laughed while giving a shrug.

“It’s a lot but we’re going to use all of it. The compound is going to look like it’s been Christmas bombed. It’s a good

thing, believe me.” I gestured around the space. “Look at it, it needs a bit of bling to make it all Christmassy.”

River laughed and shook her head. “You know as well as I do that it’s going to be way more than a bit of bling by the time we’re done.”

Giving her a sly wink I pulled out my list. It was time to start this decorating party.

Giving the girls their orders and the boxes and bags of stuff they were going to need I headed outside with the guys.

We started wrapping the trunks of the trees in lights and I sent Damon to find the long ladder as I wanted lights in the trees as well.

I had both prospects in the trees when there was a tap on my shoulder.

Turning I gave a little scream and flung myself at Spider and then Dizzy. The bastards had sneaked up on me.

“You’re here! I thought you were only arriving tomorrow. I’m so happy to see you both. I’ve missed you guys.” I gushed.

“We decided to come up early and good thing too. What the hell are you doing, little sis?” Spider asked as he looked around the back garden and entertainment area.

Dizzy gave me a wide grin and shook his head.

“She got the boss to agree to decorations. I’m sure the man doesn’t know how many decorations she’s going to be putting up.” He said.

He was right. Hawk had no idea we had gone totally overboard.

It's a good thing that he was out today.

"He said I could decorate just not at the front." I waved a hand over the back. "That means all this is fair game."

"I'm not sure he knew you were going to be hanging bells and baubles in all the trees back here, DC." Spider looked at the trees we had already wrapped in lights. "And lights? Does he know you're wrapping all the trees in lights?"

I nodded. "I told him I wanted to wrap the trees in lights."

"Did you tell him you would be doing all the trees plus the back of the clubhouse?" Dizzy asked as he turned, crossing his arms over his chest as he looked at the clubhouse.

How did he know?

I turned as well and crossed my arms. It would be pretty once I was done. I was going to suspend cascades of lights from the eaves. Drapes of lights were going to go from the clubhouse to the trees and more would be wound through the steel bars enclosing the entertainment area. Inside the area lights were going to crisscross the rafters. The prospects had set up a tree in one corner that still had to be decorated. We had another on the open air patio that would be decorated as well. It was huge and I had Father Christmas's chair set up next to it. I had found it in the far storage room and Devon had painted it gold and tacked on red velvet fabric over the seat and back. It was covered in a heavy black plastic sheet to keep it dry and to keep it as a surprise.

"Weeell, I told him I wanted to decorate and he said I could do the common room and the back." I shrugged. "That's what I'm doing."

Both men started laughing and shook their heads.

“Okay, what do you want us to do?” Spider asked. “We don’t have anything else to do so we might as well get into trouble with you.”

“Why haven’t you done the gazebo yet?” Dizzy asked.

“River called dibs so I can’t touch it.” I grumped. “She said something about draping it with fabric.”

Dizzy looked at it then nodded. “I’ll ask her if we can put some lights on it but in such a way that she can still drape it in whatever fabric she wants.” He said and immediately walked back inside the clubhouse.

“He’s looking good.” I said and Spider smiled.

“He does, he’s happy in Cape Town, and he’s doing well.”

“I’m glad, he’s a good guy, and he deserves to be happy.”

We both turned and looked around the back of the clubhouse.

“It looks so different now that it’s been rebuilt.” Spider said softly.

“That’s one of the reasons I’m doing this. I want us to make new memories. I don’t want us to constantly remember the bad things. As a club we need some good times right now.” I said as softly.

Spider nodded and grabbed a box of lights. “Let’s get started making new memories.”

So we did.

We decorated the hell out of the back garden.

It took more than just one day to get it all done.

We made sure there was nothing on the ground for people to trip over or step on.

And all the cords ended up at one switch.

One switch that turned all the lights on.

Of course we had tested it but the honour of turning on the Christmas lights would go to Hawk.

I could hardly wait to hand it over to him.

River and her team had gone crazy inside the clubhouse.

The common room had been draped and wrapped in lights, tinsel, baubles and bells hung from the ceiling and across the top of the bar. A huge Christmas tree stood in one corner. It was decorated in red, gold and white. It was stunning and more than one of us stood and gaped at in in open mouthed wonder.

Apparently the tree was all Snow's doing. She had come over with Alien in tow to help out with the decorating. Her baby girl had been born three months ago to everyone's stunned surprise. Surprise because she had been told she was having a boy and as such prepared for one. There had been a wild scramble to fix the baby's room and the old ladies had rushed out to buy clothes suitable for a girl. She looked happy and relaxed and my brother-from-another-mother couldn't keep his eyes off her, or his hands off the baby girl strapped in a carrier to his chest. They looked like a little family.

I caught the hot and sneaky looks Snow threw him and crossed my fingers hoping for a good outcome.

They needed each other and her baby girl needed a good man to be her daddy.

Alien was that man.

I would keep my fingers crossed for them.

Three days before Christmas, on the twenty second, we had an evening family braai. The kids were beside themselves with excitement as they were never allowed to be at the club at night.

I sat next to my man, our boys in their bouncy chairs beside us when Sin whistled and everyone fell silent.

Taking my hand in his my man squeezed it then got up.

All eyes were on us.

“Tonight is a bit out of the ordinary as we have the kids here with us. But it’s not going to remain out of the ordinary. As from tonight, every year, we will gather here for a new ceremony. It will become one of our traditions as we go forward.”

He waved a hand at all the kids sitting in front of the Christmas tree patiently waiting. Even the older ones were there. We had decorated the tree in the same colours as the one inside, red, white and gold. We had to stick to weatherproof decorations and the no tinsel rule but it still looked amazing. A big golden star sat on the top, waiting to light up the night.

“This is for them but it is for us as well. Everywhere in the world where Christmas is celebrated the turning on of the lights is a big event. For us it will now be the same. Thanks to my old lady, River and their teams of helpers we will be enjoying the lights and the decorations until they come down in the new year. When they will be packed away to come out again for the Christmas season next year.”

Several whistles and howls cut through the air and I laughed as the kids joined in the howling.

“Let’s get this show on the road!” Hawk called out and pushed the red button on the table in front of us.

The lights came on and for an instant there was a stunned silence.

I was mesmerised by the expressions on the faces of the kids.

Those expressions made all our hard work so worthwhile.

The kids, the brothers and the women all looked around at the wonderland we had created in our back yard. Lights flashed and flickered on the baubles and bells we had hung in the trees. Every single decoration and light was weatherproof and would be fine outside even if it rained.

We girls were keeping our fingers crossed for a sunny Christmas day, but we had a plan if it looked like rain. I had bought and had an awning installed that would cover the open entertainment area if it rained. It was ready to be rolled out if it looked like it would be needed.

I was hopeful we wouldn’t need to cover up.

Hawk’s hand came around the back of my neck and I lifted my face to his.

“You did good, baby. This is so much more than what I thought you were going to do.” He said before his lips met mine and he kissed me silly.

Lifting his head he smiled sweetly. My man hardly ever showed anyone that smile. It belonged to my boys and to me. It was ours. I returned the smile.

“Our boys and all the other kids are lucky to have all this and we have you to thank for it. If not for you and River this wouldn’t have happened and Christmas would have been a rather sad affair. Thank you, little bird.” He whispered before kissing me hard.

I watched him as he circulated through his brothers and their women and talked to the kids who were running around the back yard looking at the light show.

And it was a show.

We had the cascades of lights against the back of the clubhouse, we even had them hanging from some of the biggest trees. We had Father Christmas and his reindeer under the trees. Elves were dancing in the hedges, starburst lights hung from the highest branches. And all the trees were wrapped and filled with flickering lights.

It was a Christmas fairy tale in our back yard.

Watching the smiling faces I knew it had been the right thing to do.

We had started a new tradition for the brothers of the Iron Dogz MC.

Hawk

Two days to Christmas

It was the club’s final church meeting for the year and he was damned happy to see Spider and Dizzy at their table.

The brothers had been missed by everyone.

He opened by welcoming them home.

“It’s great to see our brothers from Cape Town at our table, we have missed their ugly fucking faces.” He joked with a wide grin.

“The same here, Prez. We’ve missed your ugly face too.” Spider called out with a cheeky grin.

Laughter erupted and it was so good to sit at the table and laugh instead of discussing the dark shit they’ve had to do for too long. Not that it lasted long, he knew Beast had a report that was going to throw them back into the dark.

He tapped a hand on the table and silence fell.

“We don’t have a lot of business to get through today so let’s get to it. Beast, give us your report on the situation at the strip clubs.”

Beast nodded and leant forward.

“There are several crime figures spending time at the clubs. We’ve identified the Italians, who we have no beef with, but will still keep an eye on. A couple of Russians have become regulars and have been identified but we have yet to determine their affiliations.” He took a second to look around the table. “According to Jaycee the two triad members we identified are regulars, apparently they’ve always frequented our clubs, we’re not worried but will keep an eye on the situation. What I am concerned about are the four men with known affiliations to street gangs. They’re getting cocky and I’m thinking we’ll have to take care of them very soon. I’ve given instructions to everyone on rotation at the clubs to keep a sharp eye out. I was at Iron Kisses last night and they were there, I do not like the way they are looking at the girls. Nor do I like the way they treat the girls serving drinks. We’ve had to issue warnings on

more than one occasion and I personally warned them again last night. I gave them a final warning. Next time one of them who puts a hand on one of the girls they are out. Permanently. It did not go over well.” He looked around the room before continuing.

“I’m damned glad we voted to close the clubs over the festive period. Yes, we are going to lose money, but fuck it. We deserve a break from the constant battles. The security company will be watching the buildings over the few days we are closed. When we open back up the rotation will go back into effect.”

Spider raised a hand and Hawk gave him a chin lift.

“I know my Prez won’t mind me sharing with you. We are having a similar problem in Cape Town. We have a bigger gangster problem down there than you have up here. But, don’t you find it interesting that we’re having gang members hanging out at our strip clubs at the same time? Kid has teams watching over the clubs and the girls just in case it’s about the women and not the clubs as such. I think you should warn the girls to be careful.” He sat back but his fingers were restless where they lay on the table.

“Good idea. Beast, see to it that Jaycee and Layla warn their girls, staff and dancers both.” Hawk said quietly. “We’ll take care of this bullshit once the clubs reopen.”

The gangsters had no idea who they were fucking with. They most probably thought the club was weakened after their fight with the Harrison Crime Syndicate.

They were wrong.

They were stronger and more prepared than ever before.

And they had proven it by taking out the plague that was the Harrisons.

He turned to the next piece of business.

Stone and the widow.

“Stone, brother, what’s the news with the widow?”

The brother gave a sly smile.

“I finally met her and she’s a spitfire but I’ve got it handled. She agreed that the fences are in her best interest as well. I pissed her off when I said I would be overseeing the installation and therefore have to move in for a while.”

Hawk shook his head and laughed.

“Fuck, Stone, you don’t have to move in. She right fucking next door.”

His brother shook his head slowly.

“I have to, Boss. I make her nervous, in a good way though. If I don’t move fast she’s going to run and I can’t allow that. She doesn’t know it yet but she’s going to be my old lady. Blake Summers and her boys are going to be mine.” He said with absolute conviction in his voice.

Laughter rang around the room along with a few howls and it took Hawk smacking the hammer down several times before they calmed down.

“I hope you know what you’re doing, brother. Her husband hasn’t been dead long, only about a year or so.” Hawk warned thinking of Rider and his state of mind.

“I know, but I don’t think there was a lot of love lost between her and the husband. I’ll be careful because of who she is to me.” Stone said quietly.

Hawk nodded and let it go. It was his brother’s business until it became club business. Only then would he be able to step in.

“Do we have any other business to take care of before we close for the year?” He asked of the room in general.

Wolf put his hand up and so did Scar.

Hawk nodded at Wolf. “Your hand was up first, brother. The table is yours.”

Wolf smiled and drew in a deep breath. “Everyone knows of the injuries Leo sustained when she was kidnapped. We adopted Quinn because we were told we might never be able to have a child. This morning her doc confirmed my old lady is four months pregnant and the baby is healthy. We didn’t ask for the sex as we don’t want to know. We want it to be a surprise.”

Howls ripped out immediately and Hawk joined them then got up, pulled Wolf from his chair and hugged him tight.

“Congratulations, brother. This is fucking good news.” He said before returning to his seat.

He pointed at Scar. “Your turn, brother.”

Scar laughed, shook his head and rubbed a hand over his face.

“My old lady is pregnant as well. We’re four months along and it’s a boy.”

The room became a madhouse as howls and hugs were exchanged.

Hawk hugged Scar and gave him the same as he had given Wolf.

“Congratulations, brother. This is fucking good news.”

He returned to his seat and waited as everyone calmed down.

“When do you want to announce the pregnancies? Today or at the Christmas Eve party?”

Wolf looked at Scar and he nodded at him. “We’d like to announce it at the party brothers. It will give us one more thing to celebrate on the night.”

Hawk nodded in agreement.

“I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. We are growing the future of our club. Our children will one day sit at this table, around this room, taking over from us. Therefore, we have to ensure when we step away we leave behind a healthy club. A club they can be proud of. A club we can be proud of.”

He raised his fist and shouted.

“Iron Dogz Forever, Forever Iron Dogz!”

His brothers had fists in the air and echoed him.

The room rang with their shouts.

Looking across the table he met Bulldog’s eyes and his uncle smiled.

He tapped two fingers to his chest and Hawk did the same. He loved the man who had stepped up after he lost his dad.

Had loads of respect for him and the path he had walked for the club.

He had dark in his past but then so had everyone at the table today. Together they overcame the darkness and led the club into the light.

They were Iron Dogz until the day they stopped breathing.

Family.

Brothers.

Always.

CHAPTER SIX

DC

Christmas Eve

I came in early to help with preparations for tonight's party. The hellions were with Hawk in his office and I was in the kitchen with Chris, Genna and Frieda. Our very fancy new kitchen. When the design for the new club had been discussed it was decided to upgrade the kitchen. Every little thing Aunt B had ever mentioned had been added and the flaws of the previous kitchen were fixed.

She would have loved what Hawk and her boys had done.

Especially the separate dining area, with the long table and chairs where the brothers could have their breakfasts, lunches and dinners. And with sliders out onto the back veranda. It was out of the way but still part of the kitchen.

The kitchen was a full size industrial kitchen with massive ovens and gas hobs. Cupboards and drawers were filled with pots and pans and utensils. You could find anything and everything one might need to cook with in there. On the far side was a walk in cool room and a large pantry. Industrial size

fridges and freezers had their own space against the wall across from the central prep area. Off the kitchen was a scullery with basins and dishwashers and another smaller room with shelves filled with the new crockery and glassware. It was stocked with anything we might need.

The kitchen was big enough we didn't feel as if we were in each other's way as we did our thing.

The meat for the braai has been in marinade overnight and was in deep covered trays in the cool room. The boys would collect them when they were ready to put the meat on the braai.

We were busy making salads.

Humungous mountains of salads.

We had planned ahead though, and were making enough potato salad for both days, the same with the pasta salad. None of us wanted to have beetroot hands therefore we bought big bottles of the salad, both sliced and shredded. They were busy chilling in the fridge and would be decanted later.

While we chopped and sliced and diced I kept an eye on Chris, making sure she didn't overdo things.

Hawk had let me into her secret and asked me to watch over her. It was a good thing I watched over her, we all knew she worked harder than anyone else to keep things running at the clubhouse. She had been very close to Aunt B and after her death had stepped up to take care of the club and she hasn't stopped.

Soon it would be our turn to take care of her.

I looked up and caught Frieda's eyes, and she gave Chris a quick glance before looking back at me and winking.

Somehow she knew.

I gave a quick nod and went back to chopping onions.

Not a fun job but I handled it with clear glasses and my bandana pulled up over my nose.

Every time Chris looked at me she started laughing helplessly and had to stop working until she calmed down. She was avoiding looking at me at the moment.

I didn't care.

My precautions ensured I wasn't crying over the bloody onions.

Genna stood across from me chopping tomatoes, lost in her own world.

I have noticed that she has been withdrawing more and more from the club lately. She didn't come to all the family braais, only attending some of them. She didn't stay long; it was more like she showed her face then left. I had mentioned it to River but she made out like she didn't know what I was talking about. Lies, she was covering for her sister-in-law. Why? What was going on with her?

As the president's old lady it was my job to ensure all the women at the club were taken care of. Genna was one of those women.

I made a mental note to talk to her after the festive season.

We worked as if we had been working together forever.

Before we knew it the salads were done. The food tables were set up and River had done her magic and decorated them with Genna and my help. We only decorated the tables the food would be placed on because the brothers and their guests would ruin everything else once the party got wild. Which it would.

We were as ready for the night as can be.

Once we were done River and I ran upstairs to our room where I had my wedding finery stashed and did a last check that we had everything. Once we were assured we hadn't forgotten anything we went back downstairs.

It was time to go home, take care of my hellions and get dressed for the party.

At the last minute Bulldog and Suzy had opted out of tonight's party and had offered to take the kids. River and Ice's three, our two and Gail and Johan's four would be staying with them. We would pick our boys up on our way home later. It meant we would not be partying until late and crashing in our room at the clubhouse.

Hawk had been adamant he wanted to wake up on Christmas morning with his boys.

He wanted to spend their first Christmas morning with them, just the four of us, at home opening presents.

Not that two six month old babies knew anything about Christmas or opening presents.

My man wanted the memory of their first Christmas morning.

I knew it would become our family tradition.

I loved the thought of our kids with us on Christmas morning.

A family. Our family.

It was something both of us craved.

And now we had it, we had our own little family.

It was easy to dress for the party. Sexy black lace undies, black jeans, a red strappy tank top and my property kutte and biker boots. I left my hair loose and a bit wild. My jewellery consisted of a leather and silver choker around my neck, thumb rings on my thumbs and wide silver bands on both middle fingers. I wore an intricate leather cuff with silver charms on my right wrist. Done. A couple of passes with the mascara wand and a slash of red on my lips and I was ready.

My man dressed the way he always did. Battered black jeans, tight black tee, and his kutte and biker boots. He wore only two rings tonight, his club ring and his father's ring on his middle fingers. The others were bare. Plus he wore his leather cuffs around his wrists. He had braided his hair and tied it with a black tie and his beard was trimmed and combed.

He looked good enough to eat.

“Baby, stop looking at me like that, you keep up with that shit and we're not going anywhere tonight.” He warned in a deep sexy rumble.

Shaking my hair back I rolled my eyes. “You look hot and you're mine. I can look as much as I like.”

His eyes narrowed and a small smile curved his mouth.

“Yes, I’m yours as you are mine but if you keep looking at me like that I’ll be fucking you before we leave. And we both know once we start we’re not stopping until I’ve had my fill.” He winked. “And baby, tonight it will take hours before I’ll have my fill of you. So, move your sexy ass so we can drop our boys off and get to the clubhouse.”

He cupped a hand over his very obvious hard cock and squeezed. “I’m looking forward to having you on my cock. I’m thinking we need to have our own midnight celebration in my office before picking the boys up.”

I laughed and shook my head. “Nope. We’ll pick our boys up and have our midnight celebration here.”

A sly wink was the only answer I got.

Dropping our boys off went down without a hitch. They loved their honorary Granpa and Nana and their cousins. The two of them loved having all the kids to visit with them. I loved how they drew our boys into their family, calling them their grandbabies. Loved that our children would grow up knowing them as their grandparents.

And of course their other grandparents, my dad and his new lady, Ilona Beyers.

I really liked her, she mellowed my dad and she was good with the boys. I was hoping and praying he would give her his patch and stop whoring around with the patch bunnies. He deserved to be happy and have a life outside of the club.

When we arrive at the clubhouse it was already hopping.

Music blasted out the wide open front doors and I saw Hawk’s eyes narrow on them. A dark pissed off frown settled

on his face.

Oh, boy, someone was going to get his ass kicked.

I knew he had given strict instructions that the doors had to be closed. The only time they would open was to let people in or out.

Getting out of my beast he walked around and lifted me out then taking my hand he stalked towards the front doors.

Damon stood arguing with someone as we approached and I could see he was seriously pissed off.

“Man, I told you more than once now, leave the fucking doors alone. You’re not a member of this club and I don’t take orders from you. My prez says the doors stay closed, so they fucking stay closed. I don’t care if your bitch wants fresh air. Tell her to walk outside if it’s too hot inside.”

The bastard arguing with him pointed a finger in his face and was about to get nasty when Hawk interrupted.

“What the fuck is going on here? Why the fuck are the doors open, prospect?”

I saw instant relief on Damon’s face as he turned towards his president.

“Prez, every time I close the doors this fucker comes and opens them again. His bitch apparently likes fresh air and demands we leave the doors open. I’ve told both of them over and over but they aren’t listening.”

Hawk gave a nod and faced the arrogant ass.

“Who the fuck are you to order my prospect around?” He snarled.

The stupid bastard held his hand out as if to greet my man. I looked him over and frowned. He did not look like someone who hung out around bikers. He was dressed in a dark grey suit, a white button up shirt with the buttons undone to show off his hairy chest and the gold chains glinting between the hair. And he wore loafers, loafers!

“Hawk, great to see you. I’m Dusty Jones, Samantha, one of the dancers from Moonlight, is my girl. She’s feeling the heat tonight and that’s why I opened the doors, but this little shit keeps closing them.” He finished as if the bitch was someone important to the club and could therefore demand to have orders overturned for her.

If I remembered the dancers line up correctly she wasn’t even a headline act.

Hawk frowned. “Samantha? Who the fuck is she?” He turned to Damon. “Get Ziggy out here right now. If you can’t find him get Mouse.”

“Yes, Prez.” Damon had his phone out and typing as he ran inside.

“Now, let me educate you about the standing of a stripper at my club.” Hawk snarled in the asshole’s face. “She works for the club, she’s not a part of the club. Our rules are to be followed or you are out on your ass. I ordered these doors to be closed at all times and they will stay closed.”

Walking around the stunned asshole he slung the doors closed then stood with his arms across his chest waiting for him to say anything. Wisely he kept his mouth shut.

If only the bitch had stayed out of it. But of course she didn't.

The doors were flung open from the inside and a blonde in stripper shoes, a tiny leather miniskirt and a lacy bra top her huge tits spilled out of filled the doorway.

“I said, leave these doors open. I want air, if you close them again I will report you to the president. He's a very special friend of mine, if you know what I mean.” She had the audacity to wink at her date who smirked at me knowingly.

Fuck this bullshit.

I growled and it was only then she realised the prospect was no longer at the door.

Her eyes widened in shock before a wide almost predatory smile filled her face. A smile that was supposed to be sexy but wasn't. She swayed her way towards Hawk and put a hand on his chest.

No, just no.

It was over. Done.

The Crow stormed to the front as I stomped up to her, grabbed her fingers off his chest and tightened my hand around them.

“You do not put your hands or any other part of your body on my man. This is your only warning. Next time I will kill you. Nod if you understand.” Crow hissed coldly.

She gaped at me not saying a word as I slowly forced her to her knees still holding on to her hand. The pain must have been excruciating, for her, for me it was nothing.

“Little bird, you need to let her go.” Hawk whispered against my ear.

“Why? She said she’s a very special friend of yours. Is she one of your ex pussies? If she is she’s done here and she’s done at the strip club.” Crow hissed through me, my eyes not leaving the crying bitch on her knees in front of me.

“No, baby, no. I have no idea who this bitch is. Let Ziggy and Mouse sort this shit out. We have a nice night planned and I don’t want this bullshit ruining it. Let her go and come inside with me.” He kissed the side of my head and Crow sighed before she retreated.

Letting the bitch’s hand go I leant down and whispered in her face.

“You’re done, I see you again and you’re dead.”

Ziggy, with Mouse right behind him, pushed through the crowd now watching from the open doors.

“What the hell is this?” Ziggy asked as he looked over the two sad sacks. “Who are you and how did you get in?”

The bitch gave a sad little sniff. “I’m Samantha, I dance at Moonlight and Dusty is my man. I was invited.”

Mouse tapped on his tablet and shook his head. “Fuck. No, you weren’t. You were fired last night for fucking a customer in the back room.” He looked at Hawk. “I fucked up, Boss. I removed her from the list but I obviously didn’t check all the lists. She’s still on the gate list. I’ve removed her and made a note in case she tries to gain access again.” He looked at the guy and frowned.

“This is not the man she put on the list as her invite. According to my list she invited Gino Santucci, and this isn’t him.” He glared at the smirking asshole. “I will know exactly who he is very soon.”

Hawk gave a tight nod before turning to the two.

“Get off my property.” He snarled. “Right the fuck now.”

Turning he pointed at Damon and called Buzz and Mamba over with a jerk of his head.

“See to it that they leave. I want a full report about this shit in church on Wednesday.”

As we turned to leave he whispered to Ziggy. “I want a full report on the fucker, asap.”

Ziggy nodded and we turned to the door.

“Show’s over. Let’s get back inside to the party.” Scar and Beast were suddenly there and herded everyone away as we walked in then closed the doors.

While the altercation had been going on outside the music had kept playing and most of our guests never even knew shit was going down.

Hawk slung an arm around my shoulders and made his way through the crowd to the bar.

Settling me on a stool he stood close behind me, his hands on either side of me on the bar. I was enclosed in a badass cage.

I didn’t mind at all. I liked it.

With drinks in hand we both turned and looked out over the common room. It was early and already it was starting to get wild.

I elbowed my man in the side to get his attention.

“You’re going to have to make your speech now because this party is going to get totally out of hand.” I warned.

Hawk looked over the crowd searching for someone. I knew when he found him because he raised a hand. The music was instantly shut off.

There were several pissy shouts and mutters until a sharp high whistle.

“Shut the fuck up you bastards. The Prez would like to have a word.” Sin shouted and almost instantly there was silence.

Hawk waited for the murmurs to die down before he stepped forward, Ice and Sin stepped up beside him and Tori and Sky came and sat on either side of me.

“Tonight is the first time we’re having a party in our new clubhouse. I have a couple of rules for you crazy fuckers.” Hawk said with a grin.

“Rule number one, have fun but not so much fun that tomorrow passes in a blur. I’m going to need you to be sober in the morning.” He glanced over his shoulder at me and winked.

“Rule number two, no fucking on top of the new snooker and pool tables. I find one of you fuckers ignored the rule you will be buying us a new tables. And believe me those fuckers are expensive.” He looked around and pointed a finger at Bollywood who made a ‘who me?’ face at him then grinned. Seems the brother was a bit of an exhibitionist. Interesting.

“Rule number three, the pool is off limits for tonight. We have our kids using it tomorrow. So stay away. This is your

only warning. Ignore it and face the consequences.”

I looked around the room and noted the nods of agreement.

“Rule number four, the upper floors are off limits to all visitors. You have the crash rooms, use them. Do not cross me on this, you won’t like the result. The same goes for the office wing. The access doors are locked for a reason. Stay away. Anyone caught on camera near the door will be asked to leave. Immediately, no excuses, no matter who you are.”

He looked around the room and waited as his brothers let him know they heard and understood.

“Yes, Prez.”

“You got it, Prez.”

“We have a bit of business to take care of before I let you get back to having a good time. The old ladies and the prospects have laid on a spread for us at the back. Thank you to all of them for their hard work, we appreciate it.” He looked around and smiled.

“Wolf and Scar, brothers, come on over here and bring your old ladies with you.” He waited until the couples stood in front of him.

“It is my honour to make this announcement. Our brothers and their old ladies are pregnant.”

Chaos ensued. Howls ripped through the room as the men celebrated the good news with their brothers. I smiled huge and clapped loudly with Tori and Sky.

Hawk said something to the two couples and hugged them before they moved away.

Ice stuck his fingers in his mouth and gave an ear piercing whistle. Silence fell as all eyes turned to him. He threw a wide grin at Hawk before looking at the brothers crowded around them.

“Our prez used to be a wild man. Partying hard and living life close to the edge all the time. It all changed the day DC Michaels walked through our doors and caused one hell of a ruckus. Our prez was hooked on the little badass from the start. DC came to us from the Road Warriors MC, a club princess who is now our Queen. A Queen who gave us not just one, but two boys, two princes to secure the future of the Walker clan.” He smiled as a couple of howls broke out but they fell silent when he raised a hand.

“There’s a reason why our prez made rule number one. A reason why he needs you sober tomorrow morning.” He paused for effect, everyone hanging on his words.

“Tomorrow, in front of our family and friends who will be gathered here to celebrate Christmas, our President will be marrying his little bird, DC Michaels.”

Pandemonium.

Tori and Sky grabbed me and hugged me tight until my man took me from their arms and with his hands on my waist lifted me high into the air.

He twirled with me, his yellow eyes holding mine as he laughed wildly up at me.

My Viking was happy.

Around us the Iron Dogz MC formed a circle and howled and howled and howled.

Slowly lowering me Hawk clasped me to his chest and my legs went around his waist, clasping him tight. My hands were on either side of his face, watching him as he watched me.

“I love you, DC Michaels soon to be Walker. You are my everything.” His voice was quiet, meant only for me.

“You are mine, Hawk Walker. I love you.” I whispered before I kissed him.

Our kiss was deep and hard. It ended with Hawk’s teeth clamped on my bottom lip. He grinned when he felt me shudder then let go.

“Now we party, baby.”

And we did. We partied hard with our friends and his brothers until it was time to go home.

We had been drinking, we weren’t drunk, but also not okay to drive, it wasn’t a problem though.

Devon drove us to Bulldog’s to pick up our boys before driving us home. Hawk sent him back to the party with orders to have some fun. He was grinning when he drove away.

After settling our boys in their room with their tiny Christmas tree’s lights slowly changing colour we retreated to our own room.

I was quickly divested of my clothes and pulled into the shower.

Hawk washed me from top to toe. Taking special care of the bits in between.

I returned the favour, washing his body and those very important bits.

Bits I wanted, badly.

Once we were done he dried me off carefully, dried himself and then carried me to our bed. I loved the way he took care of me. As I lay there looking up at the man crouched over me I smiled.

I smiled because he was mine, would always be mine.

Every single inch of him.

All mine.

And then I proved to him that he belonged to me.

I made him call out my name as he climaxed.

Mission accomplished.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Hawk

Christmas / Wedding Day

Opening his eyes he automatically reached over to turn of the beeping alarm. Rolling over he drew his old lady into his arms and gave her a gentle shake.

“Wake up, baby.” He whispered in her ear and grinned when all he got was a slightly pissy grumble.

“Come on, baby, we need to wake our boys with their presents. It’s Christmas morning.”

That got him some results.

She drew in a deep breath then snuggled up against him, throwing a leg over his thighs.

“Merry Christmas, my Viking.” She murmured and kissed his jaw.

“Merry Christmas, my little bird.”

His old lady did not kiss in the mornings, she swore morning breath would kill them both, he didn’t agree but he let her have it. No early morning kisses unless he took her mouth before

she could complain. He kissed her forehead and hugged her hard.

“Get to the bathroom and brush your teeth, baby. I want to kiss your beautiful mouth.”

She wriggled against him and his morning wood wanted attention, immediately.

Dropping a hand over her ass he reached in and slipped his fingers over her pussy.

Wet.

Good.

Rolling her to her back he didn't hesitate to thrust inside his woman. Her pussy was a hot, wet heaven. And all his.

“I'm giving my old lady a Christmas morning fuck.” He muttered as he started thrusting, listening to her soft moans as her hips followed his. “Once we're done and have cleaned up we'll get the boys and give them their presents. Then we'll get ready to go to the clubhouse.”

“Hmmm.” She moaned and arched up into him. “Harder, give it to me harder.”

So he did.

He fucked his old lady and soon to be wife hard. Making her come on his cock while moaning his name.

The tightening and pulsing of her internal muscles threw him over the edge and he came with her name on his lips.

“I fucking love you, little bird.” He whispered in her neck, drawing in the scent that was unique to her.

“I fucking love you too, Viking.” She whispered, he felt her grin against his chest.

Lying on top of her he kept his weight off her slight body by balancing on his forearms. Their height difference made it so that he had to curl his upper body to be able to look at her and stay with her.

Inside her.

He stayed with her until his cock softened, only then did he move away.

Rolling to his back he held her in his arms, settling her on his chest. She looked down at him with a smile, her hair wild around her head.

“We’re getting married today.” She said with a brilliant smile.

“Yes, we are.” He agreed then grinned up at her and winked.

His old lady narrowed her eyes at him with suspicion in those dark depths.

“I might have made a tiny change to the wedding.” He admitted.

Her eyes widened. “What? What did you do? It’s perfect just as it is.”

He shook his head. “No, baby, it wasn’t. I changed one of the songs. It’s not a big change, just a song I thought was more appropriate.”

She dropped her forehead onto his chest and groaned. Her breath gusted over his nipple and he shuddered in reaction.

“Okay, as long as it was only one song. Which one did you change?”

He shook his head. “Nope, not telling you. You will hear it when you hear it.”

Lifting her head she stared at him with those black eyes but he refused to budge. Suddenly she smiled. “Okay, I like that you’re so involved you wanted a specific song. I look forward to listening to it with you.”

She settled back down on his chest and he knew by her breathing she was about to go back to sleep.

Lifting a hand he smacked her ass, hard.

His old lady yelped and sat up, making her soaking pussy settle over his dick.

Of course the bastard immediately reacted. It wanted that hot wet pussy.

Not this morning though.

There wasn’t time for a second round.

“Off, baby, and into the shower with you. We need to get the boys up and give them their presents, get them fed, washed and dressed. We have a long day ahead of us.” He winked at her and smiled. “It’s the boys’ first Christmas and our wedding day.”

Fuck. He couldn’t stop saying it.

Their wedding day.

Even in his head it sounded fucking fantastic.

Muttering about him being a spoil sport his old lady slid off him and stomped into the bathroom. He waited until he heard the shower start up before he got up to join her.

No shower sex this morning.

He was braiding his damp hair when he looked over at his old lady. She was dressed in bright pink sleep shorts and one of his faded black tees knotted at the waist, her hair damp and curly around her beautiful face.

“Baby, what the fuck are you wearing? We’re not going to the club with you looking like that.” He growled at her.

His old lady laughed and shook her head. “Don’t be silly, I’m not going to the club wearing this. The boys are going to get me all mucky and I don’t want a mess on my new jeans and tee.”

Okay. That sounded reasonable. They were known to spit their breakfast all over the place and get their hands messy by shoving them into their mouths. Following her example he pulled on a pair of sleep pants and a tee.

Going into the boys’ bedroom he smiled as both heads turned towards him and they started babbling. Big smiles greeted him.

DC stepped up beside him and both boys lifted their arms instantly.

He picked up Ash and she had Nix. They had the routine down and very quickly had their nappies changed. Reaching for Nix he held both his boys and carried them downstairs to the big Christmas tree they had in the family room. There were

a lot of brightly wrapped packages under the tree. It looked like a lot but it was because there was two of each present.

Sitting down on the carpet he set the boys between his wide open legs facing the tree. A real tree that would be planted at the bottom of the garden afterwards. Their eyes were on the flickering lights and the glittering shit hanging from the branches.

“See all the stuff under the tree, boys? Most of that shit is for the two of you. Let’s see what Father Christmas brought for you.”

While he spoke to his boys his old lady was taking photos. She went on her knees behind him, put her chin on his shoulder, and held her phone up to take a photo of the four of them. Looking at her phone she pulled a face.

“My arm is too short. Let me hold them while you take the photo.”

It gave him an idea. “Sit between my legs and lean on my chest and hold them.”

She slid in behind the boys and leant back against him while holding onto the boys.

“Smile for me boys.” Holding the phone up he took the photo right when the boys and his woman looked up. The photo was perfect, the four of them smiling into the camera.

He showed it to her and she kissed his jaw then climbed out, leaving the boys with him.

“Good, let’s open some presents.” She crawled towards the tree and his eyes were riveted on her swaying ass in those tiny

pink shorts. So damned sexy. Pity they didn't have time to play.

Once the boys each had a box they waited to see what they would do.

Smacking the boxes seemed to be the most popular action.

“Let's help them tear the paper off and get to the good part.” DC said as she showed the boys how to tear the paper.

They didn't hesitate. Pieces were fluttering around them as they pulled at the paper.

They took turns taking photos as they helped them to unwrap their presents.

Their haul included a fluffy lion each, big trucks they would be able to push around soon, several toy cars and stuff they could chew on as they teethed.

Once the presents were done they took them into the kitchen and gave them their breakfast then took them back upstairs to get them cleaned up and dressed.

With the boys cleaned up and dressed they put them in their playpen and got dressed as well.

Finally it was time to go to the clubhouse.

He was impatient to get there. To get the day started.

He loaded them into his old lady's beast, strapping them into their seats. DC had readied their bags earlier with changes of clothes, nappies, wipes and all the other shit babies needed along with bottles and formula.

Getting in he looked back at his boys and smiled.

They were dressed in matching black tees with the club's logo on the chest and black baby jeans with their tiny boots. They looked fucking cute.

They were his beautiful biker babies.

Looking down at himself he grinned. He was dressed in black from head to toe as well.

Instead of his usual black tee he was wearing a black button down shirt with the sleeves rolled to just below his elbows. The top three buttons were left undone and he'd tucked the tails of the shirt into his jeans. New black jeans. His boots were polished and shiny, thanks to Damon. The prospect had done a good job. There wasn't a scuff mark to be seen.

He wore only his club ring, leaving his left hand bare. He wanted to be able to look at his wedding band on his hand without anything else drawing his attention.

Around his wrists he wore the leather cuffs his old lady had given him a while back.

When they had exchanged presents this morning they had both grinned when they saw what they had given each other.

His was around his neck. It was a crow with black diamonds for eyes and made out of platinum on a platinum chain. She was wearing hers as well, a platinum hawk with yellow diamonds for eyes on a platinum chain. They were so in sync with each other it was amazing.

The next thing to get done was her property of tattoo. She had been working on a design for both of them because he wanted her on him as well. He wanted his boys on his chest and his old lady designed the tattoo she would be giving him.

So many thoughts were running through his head but they all disappeared as they pulled in through the gates and he saw all the people waiting on them.

His old lady's family and her Warriors friends had arrived early. Bulldog and Suzy stood with them and smiled as he parked then jumped out. Walking around he helped his old lady out then opened the back door and reached in to get his boys.

Both Devon and Damon came to help and unloaded the bags and carried them inside to the boys' room. Yes, his kids had their own room at the clubhouse with a connecting door to theirs.

He tried to focus on the chaos around his old lady but Bulldog drew his attention.

"Let's go to the office and let the girls take care of your old lady." He said.

"I've got the boys." Aunt Suzy said as she took Nix and Genna took Ash. They rained kisses on their cheeks which had the boys giggling. "Don't worry about them we'll get them sorted."

He followed Bulldog inside and was pleasantly surprised to see that the common room and games room had been cleaned and set up for the day. The prospects had been busy.

Walking through he walked into the passage and turned left. A locked steel security door stopped him from going further. Because the business part of their club was behind the door only the officers and his old lady could open it. It kept their business out of sight and safe. Their old dungeon was

destroyed when the building burned and collapsed into the cavity. It had been filled with rubble and sealed. They now used the cells in their Sanctuary. The entrance to their new dungeon was where the passage came to a dead end. It cleverly hid a lift behind the blank wall.

The steel door protected the entrance to their Sanctuary as well. Access was through the trapdoor in his office or the lift.

Putting his palm on the panel next to the door he looked up at the cameras and nodded when he heard the clicks as the door unlocked. Pushing it open he walked down the passage past their chapel to his office. He knew without having to look back that Bulldog would close the door behind him.

Unlocking his office door he turned on the lights and sat down behind his desk. A new desk and chair because the old ones were destroyed in the fire. On the one hand he had been sad losing his dad's desk but on the other he liked that they were starting new. He liked that his sons would inherit a club their father and his brothers had rebuilt from the ashes of the bad it used to be.

Black framed photos hung in rows on one wall. The men who started the club were at the top and the brothers who came after below them. The traitors had wide black bands with traitor written in white across their photos, hiding their faces. The photos of the brothers who had lost their lives in service to the club were framed in black and red with a small white cross painted on the glass at the bottom. It had been his old lady's idea and it worked for him and the brothers.

His old lady's painting was back on the wall but there was now another next to it. A darker painting of the old clubhouse

on fire, the flames above it in the shape of a phoenix. She had given it to him the day they moved back into the new clubhouse.

Bulldog sighed as he sank into the chair across from him.

“I have orders to tell you we’re doing the arrival of Father Christmas and his elf first and then we’ll have the wedding. My old lady said the kids are already unmanageable with Christmas present fever we’ll never get them to sit still through the ceremony. This way we get them sorted and quiet.” Bulldog pushed a hand through his thick steel grey hair and sighed. “And I have to get dressed in that fucking red suit that is hot as hell. I’d rather we get shit done early before it starts getting really hot. They wanted to put a fake white beard on me but I put my foot down on that one. Not a hell. They take me as is or find someone else. The kids are going to know it’s me anyway, they aren’t stupid.”

Hawk shook with laughter he was trying to hide.

“I’ve got the bike hidden in the garage with the bag of presents in the sidecar. I don’t know how many presents your woman and my daughter-in-law bought but that fucker is heavy. There are going to be some very happy kids here today.”

Smothering his laughter he was finally able to talk.

“I agree, the kids are going to know it’s you but I think what’s going to blow their minds is that their Father Christmas rides a bike and wears a kutte. It’s going to be epic. It’s a great tradition to start for the club’s children. We’ve always done charity runs and toy runs but we’ve never celebrated Christmas at the club just for the kids. It’s about time we did.”

“You’re right. You and the brothers are starting a new era at the Iron Dogz MC. You’re building a club that is force to be reckoned with. A club that is both respected and feared by the biker community and the community at large. You’ve built alliances with clubs who’ve never shaken the hand of an Iron Dog or called them friend. Now they do. I’m proud of you, my boy. Very fucking proud.” He was silent for a second before he continued.

“And today I am even prouder because you’re taking an exceptional woman as your wife. I’m honoured you asked me to preside over your wedding. My heart aches because Bounty, Erin and Beryl aren’t here with us, but somehow I know they will be with us in spirit.”

Hawk nodded then looked over at the photos, finding his dad. If not for him and Bulldog the Iron Dogz MC would have gone down a long time ago.

“I can’t thank you and Aunt Suzy enough for everything you’ve done for me over the years. You stepped up when my dad lost his way after mum died. You and Aunt B made me the man I am today. Not that dad didn’t have a hand in it, he did, but he was lost after mum died. I lost my way too, lost it when I lost my boy and Candy. Even though I didn’t love her as I should have I felt her loss. I wallowed in too much free and easy pussy and drank too much. Until the day DC Michaels marched her little ass into my club. One look in her furious black eyes and my life was forever changed. For the better. She saved me, made me look at myself and want to be better. Without her I don’t think I would still be alive. The Harrisons would have killed us all with the help of the traitors we had in the club.”

Pushing up out of his chair he rounded his desk and pulled his uncle up and into his arms.

“Thank you Uncle Gabriel.” He whispered.

“It was entirely my pleasure, Cole.” Bulldog whispered as well.

Hawk patted his back hard then let go and wiped his eyes. They were leaking for some or other reason.

Bulldog cleared his throat and stood back. “I suppose I better get my ass in that red fucking suit and do this thing with your aunt. She bloody excited to be the elf. If you ask me it’s only because she’ll be showing off her ass and legs in those bloody green tights she’ll be wearing. Told me over and over she looks better than a lot of younger women in them.” His uncle grinned and winked. “I had to agree, because she does. My old lady still has it going on.”

Wrinkling his nose in disgust Hawk shook his head violently. “I don’t need to know that shit. Fuck. Get out of here and try not to scare the bloody kids.”

His uncle laughed as he walked out of his office. He was scarcely gone when Ice walked in with Spider and Dizzy.

“Glad to see the two of you looking so bright and bushy tailed after last night’s party.” He teased them as they hugged. “Thank you for being here with us today. Can’t imagine me getting married without the two of you there with us.”

Dizzy snorted. “Hah, it’s quite by chance that we’re here because you didn’t let us know you were getting married. If not for Spider insisting I had to come with I would have

missed it. You do know Kid is going to be pissed as fuck, right?”

Spider pointed at Dizzy. “What he said.”

Hawk shrugged. “I had to grab the opportunity and lock it down, brothers. I’m sorry Kid won’t be here but he will understand.”

There came a bang on his door and the man himself walked in.

“What is that about I will fucking understand? Bullshit, brother. I had to grab a fucking crowded as hell flight to get us here in time. Just so you know, my old lady does not like people in her bubble. If not for Spider calling and giving me a head’s up I would have missed my best friend’s wedding. Not cool motherfucker, not cool at all.”

Kid grabbed him and held tight, slapping his back hard.

“So fucking pleased for you, my brother. She’s an amazing woman and perfect for you.”

He hadn’t known how much he had missed his best friend until right this moment. Having him here for the wedding was the best gift ever.

“Thank you for coming, brother. I didn’t call to let you know because I knew you had a lot going on down there. I didn’t want to draw you away when you’re needed. But, saying that, I’m still fucking grateful to have you by my side today.”

Kid smacked him hard and drew away, holding on to his biceps. “You have been my best friend all my life. I would drop anything and everything to stand with you, always. Iron Dogz forever, forever Iron Dogz.”

All of them instantly repeated the words, smacking a fist over their hearts.

And as always Spider was the one drawing them back to the fun side of life.

“I have to say, I thought I would be walking in here and see you dressed up like a fancy citizen. Instead here you stand, the badass President, dressed all in black.” He looked at Kid and made a worried face. “We’re going to have to stage an intervention because he’s even got those poor babies dressed all in black.”

Dizzy started laughing and shaking his head. “No brother, not all in black, last I saw them someone had put little red Christmas hats on them. Looked fucking cute.”

“Aunt Suzy.” He said.

“Mum.” Ice and Spider said at the same time.

“I think we need to get out of here and get to our seats for the arrival of Father Christmas.” Hawk said and his brothers laughed and shook their heads.

“I’m taking photos to show the brothers back home. They’re not going to believe this shit.” Kid said.

“We’re going to need beers for that.” Spider said with a wink.

“Too early, brother.” Dizzy said. “But I did hear there would be eggnog.”

All of them shuddered in horror.

“Nope, I’ll pass on that one.”

“Chris and the girls had breakfast sandwiches going when I arrived. We should get out there before they’re all gone because she did say once they’re gone we’ll have to wait for lunch.” Kid said.

They left the office and Hawk locked up then followed them. He pulled the steel door closed and followed the noise coming from the kitchen.

Walking in he was immediately greeted with wide smiles from the women. Chris, Genna, Frieda and all the club girls were hard at work. A platter with a mound of sandwiches sat at one end of the work space.

“I sent your boys outside.” Frieda said. “The girls will bring the platters out in a minute.” She waved a hand shooing him out of the kitchen.

He retreated and walked through the dining area and out the wide open doors leading onto the entertainment area at the back of the clubhouse. The way they redesigned the clubhouse really worked for him now. Nodding at Damon who was manning the bar he headed out to where he saw his brothers sitting at the picnic tables that had been arranged in a semi-circle around the tree and the gazebo. Both those were the focal points today.

DC had said River would be decorating the gazebo and the tables this morning and it looked stunning. All the tables had red and gold cloths draped over them with a line of fake greenery running down the length. In the middle of each was a big white candle surrounded with green stuff and red and gold baubles. White wire basket things held red serviettes with little green trees on them. Another white wire thing had bottles with

saucers and salad dressings in it. Scattered all over the tables were little white snow drop cut outs.

He hoped like hell that shit was biodegradable. But knowing River he was sure it was.

And finally he looked at the gazebo, really looked at the gazebo.

It was draped in gauzy red and gold fabric that was fluttering in the slight breeze. Golden cords held the fabric back from the front like a doorway and inside a wooden lectern had been placed in the middle. A tall wrought iron stand held a red vase filled with white, orange and reddish-orange flowers. He had no idea what kind of flowers they were but they were damned pretty.

A red carpet led from the big golden chair next to the Christmas tree almost to the gazebo. He knew River and her helpers would be scattering flower petals for DC to walk in on. He just didn't know what colour they would be or why the hell they wanted to scatter petals in the first place.

They were getting married in jeans and nice shirts. Nothing fancy at all.

Walking over to his brothers he joined them and grabbed one of the breakfast sandwiches on the platter in front of them.

He had no idea he was so hungry but then remembered that he and his old lady hadn't had time to have breakfast before coming to the clubhouse.

Making a mental note to run upstairs and brush his teeth before the ceremony he relaxed, a tiny bit, but not completely.

He finally relaxed when his old lady walked out with both their boys in her arms. He immediately got up and took them from her, easily holding them in each arm.

They sat down with his brothers whose old ladies had now joined them as well.

Excitement ran through the kids who were clustered around the bottom of the tree. Genna and Slim along with Dollar, Wrench and Crash stood ready to stop them from running wild when Bulldog arrived.

And then the sound of an old fashioned hooter filled the air.

Paarp! Paarp! Paarp! Paarp!

And around the corner of the clubhouse appeared Father Christmas.

A biker Father Christmas.

The kids were jumping up and down and shouting with joy.

His boys started clapping and laughing while his old lady had her phone up.

Filming every second of their boys' first Christmas.

Making precious memories for them.

CHAPTER EIGHT

DC

The smiles and laughter all around us made our efforts to have a special Christmas so worthwhile.

Bulldog/Father Christmas sat on his throne with Aunt Suzy/Elf handing him the presents she withdrew from the big red bag. He wore the suit and the kutte as if it was his every day clothes. The older kids obviously knew who he was but they played along by calling out questions about the club at the North Pole. Especially Duncan, he was having fun teasing his grandfather.

When Ash and Nix's names were called Hawk carried them to the front and set them on Bulldog's lap. Both boys immediately reached for his beard and pulled. I rushed up and gently loosened their fingers and waved a finger at them, saying no several times.

“Give them something to hold, quick.” I said to Aunt Suzy.

They were quickly given their presents and had their photo taken with Father Christmas and the elf before we picked them up and took them back to our table. We strapped them into

their bouncy chairs and helped them to unwrap their toys which kept them interested. They each had a set of chewy keys on a ring that they could hold on to easily.

It was time for me to slip away to get dressed.

Nodding at River and my girls I reached up and kissed Hawk's cheek.

"I'm going to go fix my hair and face before we do the thing." I whispered and he grinned at me and winked.

"See you soon, baby." He whispered.

I slipped away with River, Linda, Nadja, Grace and the surprise of the day, Noe.

As we walked upstairs I took the opportunity to ask about Rider.

"Pixie let me know he's spending Christmas with them. Have you seen him? Is he doing better or is he still the same?" I asked.

Noe sighed. "I saw him when he came in to let Orca and Kid know he's in the area. He looks better than he did a couple of months ago but he's still not himself. Pixie did call to let me know that he and Lucky are spending a lot of time together and that he seems to be doing better. We'll have to wait and see."

I nodded, I was hoping he would come home soon. But it was up to Rider.

In River and Ice's room where we had hidden it I revealed my wedding dress to my girls and had to swallow hard when

Linda started crying. Grace, who had grown up knowing the story of my mother blinked furiously.

“This is so beautiful, DC. Your mother would have been so proud to see you honouring your heritage like this. Doc is going to do his nut when he sees you.” Linda said softly.

I looked at the red and gold outfit and had to agree.

Doc was going to lose it when he saw me. I should have warned him.

“Maybe I should call him and warn him.” I looked at my girls but they shook their heads.

“No, let it be a surprise for him and for your man.” Linda said. “Doc has finally found another good woman. He’s going to see you looking so much like your mother and he will love it. He might have lost her but he has you, her legacy to him and your boys. And now he has Ilona, a good woman who loves him.”

I nodded and started to strip, we didn’t have a lot of time to get me into my wedding outfit.

The girls whistled when they saw my underwear. Sexy red lace to match my dress. I winked as River and Linda helped me into the long and heavy skirt. I had chosen a more modern skirt with a zip and a button that was hidden in the pleats. Next came the cropped top, it was embroidered with tiny red and gold glass beads with sleeves that ended above my elbow and with a deep v-neck. The back dipped deep and fastened with tiny buttons. The cropped length left my middle bare but the skirt came to above my navel so it wasn’t too revealing.

The hems of the cropped top and the sleeves were decorated with heavy gold embroidery and there was a line of golden embroidery along the edge of the neck and the back.

The skirt had golden roses and leaves embroidered all over the top of it while the bottom was edged with line after line of heavily embroidered gold braid or lace. I'm not too sure what it was but it was beautiful and made me feel like a princess when I swayed from side to side.

“Now for the hair.” Nadja said as she gently pushed me down on a stool, making sure I wasn't sitting on my skirt. It felt weird to have my ass cheeks on the cool wood as my skirt belled out around me.

Nadja drew my hair back into a low chignon and secured it with hairpins. She stepped back and nodded in satisfaction. I was about to get up when Grace waved me back down.

“I did something after you told me about your secret wedding and the secret outfit. I asked Mum for the jewellery she's been holding onto for you. It's your mother's wedding jewellery.”

We all gasped as she pulled a carved wooden box from her back pack. It had intricate carvings all over and was inlaid with mother of pearl and had a small lock hanging from the hasp. Taking a small key she unlocked it then laid it on the bed and opened it. Inside was a pile of bangles in gold and red plus a jewelled choker and earrings. There was another piece but I had no idea what it was for.

Grace picked it up and come over to me. “This piece goes into your hair along your centre path with the fine gold chains to the side. Hold still so I can get it in place and secured. I'm

using hairgrips so warn Hawk not to pull on it when he's giving it to you later, okay?" She teased and I smacked her butt.

"Nasty girl." I teased.

She laughed and winked then helped to get all the bangles on my arms and finally the choker around my throat. She stepped back, nodded then came back and removed my earrings and replaced them with ones that matched the golden disc on my forehead.

Again she stepped back and nodded.

"Perfect. It's just perfect." She muttered.

"We're going to have to do your make up darker than we planned. This outfit calls for eyeliner and heavier eye shadow." River said as she stood scrolling through her phone. "I'm looking at Indian brides and they do a sort of reddish nude look for their lips. I think we should do the same."

I shrugged and left it up to them. I knew they would make me look good. I sat silently as they did my face.

Every time I moved the bangles chimed and jangled.

The final piece of the outfit was the dupatta, or scarf.

It was red and made out of a sheer fabric, and it was larger than any scarf I've ever worn. I was very glad Samira had shown us how I was supposed to wear it.

Like a red veil over my head.

The heavy embroidered edge hung over the top of my skirt. The embroidery was done with the same glass beads that were

used on my top. It was edged in gold to match the gold at the bottom of my skirt.

I slipped my feet into the jewelled leather sandals that I would kick off before I walked towards the man of my dreams.

I was ready.

Grace stepped up and hugged me tight. “My mum and dad are going to cry buckets when they see you.”

“We need to take photos for Samira before we forget.” River said and posed me against the blue curtains. I let them pose me and smiled when they told me and didn’t when they told me.

Finally there came a knock at the door.

It was time.

Grace opened the door and my dad walked in. He visibly jerked with shock when he saw me.

“Jesus. Standing there, dressed the way you are, you are the spitting image of your mother. She would have loved this, seeing you getting married.” He said as he came towards me and gently drew me into his arms.

He held me tight against his chest and my arms went around his waist.

“So fucking proud of you, baby. I love you.” He whispered and I heard the break in his voice.

“Love you too, Daddy.” I whispered blinking hard not to cry.

“If you cry I’m going to smack you.” River threatened with a tearful laugh. “You’ll smudge your make up and we don’t have time to fix it.”

“She’s right, baby. Hawk told me to get you down there before he comes up to fetch you himself.” Dad smiled as he stepped back and winked. “He’s under the impression you’re wearing jeans and a nice shirt.”

I smiled wide. “This is his wedding surprise.”

Holding out an arm he smiled. “Then let’s go down there and watch as he loses his mind when he sees you.”

River and the girls dashed out of the room and called back that they would be scattering the petals and I had to give them time to do it.

My dad and I took our time getting downstairs and Linda and River were waiting for us at the door to the dining room.

“When you get to the doors kick off your sandals, I’ll get them for you and give them to you after the ceremony. We swept the paving so nothing nasty is going to stick to your feet, only marigold petals.” River said softly.

“You are the most beautiful bride I’ve ever seen, sweetie.” Linda whispered then peeked out the doors and nodded at someone.

The music started playing and I gasped.

My man had chosen a song he knew I loved and the lyrics said it all.

INXS and Never Tear Us Apart.

Stepping out the door I looked over the seated people and saw him. Waiting for me, holding our boys.

My dark Viking. His eyes slipped over me then came back up to meet my eyes, and they were burning like gold coins in

his face.

I didn't register that our guests were standing and watching me walk towards him.

He was the only thing I saw.

Just before I reached him he kissed the boys on the head and handed them to Ice and Spider.

My dad put his hand over mine as we reached him. His voice was soft as he spoke.

“Today I'm handing you my finest treasure. Keep her safe and love her the way she deserves to be loved.” Turning to me he gently lifted my dupatta and settled it over my head so that the edge framed my face. Holding my face in his hands he smiled and kissed me softly on my forehead.

“Be happy, baby.” He softly kissed my forehead again before he stepped back, took my hand and put it in Hawk's.

My man took my hand then put his other hand over the top as he looked at Doc.

“I swear it on my life.” He said softly.

My dad nodded then walked away and sat down next to Ilona, swiping under his eyes.

Hawk turned us towards the gazebo where Bulldog still dressed in his fat man suit waited, a big smile on his face.

Hawk

The music he had chosen for his woman started playing and he turned towards where he knew she would appear.

Then he froze.

Fucking froze and was stunned stupid.

His little bird wasn't dressed in jeans and a nice shirt like he thought she would be.

She was dressed like a traditional Indian bride.

In red and gold.

His beautiful *Desi* girl. (A girl from Indian descent)

He had never in his life seen a more beautiful and stunning sight. He watched as she slowly walked towards him on the arm of her father. Her dark eyes on him and shining through the red veil thing she had over her head.

He heard the stunned gasps and whispers all around but it didn't mean a thing to him. His focus was on his woman walking towards him.

“Brother, give us the boys.” Ice whispered. Kissing their heads first he handed them over to Ice and Spider.

Standing tall he waited for the vision who was soon to be his wife.

He watched as Doc lifted the red veil and settled it around her beautiful face.

Then he gave him what he wanted. Swore on his life to love and protect her. The woman who had been Doc's treasure and was now his.

Holding her hand in both of his he turned them to the gazebo where Bulldog waited.

His uncle, and their chaplain, was smiling wide.

“When Hawk asked me if I would marry them today I asked him if he was sure he didn’t want a big wedding. He said no. His old lady wanted to keep it simple.” He shook his head as if confused then threw his arms wide. “How is any of this simple? When our Queen stepped out of those doors over there our King turned to stone. He only had eyes for her, as it should be. She’s dressed in red and gold like a traditional Indian bride, honouring her mother and her roots. She’s about to tie her life to his for the second time. The first time was for the club when she became his old lady. This time it is to make their union legal in the eyes of the law. So, without wasting any more time, let’s get to the wedding part.” He said smiling at those watching.

When he looked back at them his eyes and face turned very serious.

“Cole “Hawk” Walker, do you take Jasmine “DC” Michaels as your lawfully wedded wife?”

“I do.” It came out so easy, so naturally.

Bulldog turned to DC,

“Jasmine “DC” Michaels, do you take Cole “Hawk” Walker as your lawfully wedded husband?”

“I do.” Her voice was strong and Hawk smiled.

Stepping around the lectern he came towards them and looked at Hawk.

“We will now exchange the rings, if you have them.” He said with a question in his voice.

Turning Hawk waited as Kid stepped up to them.

His friend opened his hands and both wedding bands lay on his big palms.

Picking up his old lady's he kissed her finger then slipped it on.

She took the other band, grinned at him then she kissed his finger and slipped it onto his finger.

Only they, and now Kid, knew of the inscriptions inside their wedding bands.

Originally they weren't going to exchange vows but this morning he had decided differently.

They would.

Looking deep into her eyes he gave her his vow.

“You are my reason now and every day of my life. No matter where life leads us I'll be there beside you. I vow to fiercely love you, now and forever.”

Looking up at him she did the same.

“Everything I am and everything I have is yours forever more. With every beat of my heart I vow I will always love you.”

Bulldog blinked a few times as he looked out at everyone watching and smiled.

“Now comes the good part.”

Taking their hands in his he spoke the words that joined them forever.

“With the powers vested in me I now declare you husband and wife.”

Howls, whistles and happy screams ripped through the late morning air as the club and their friends celebrated with them.

They were legally married. Well almost, they still had to sign the papers to make it legal.

They had to go inside to sign the marriage licence otherwise it wouldn't be legal.

Bulldog got them through that very quickly and Ice took the papers so he could file them with Home Affairs.

Finally it was time to celebrate with their family and friends.

But first his wife needed shoes. No way was she going to walk around barefoot.

He should have known she had that covered. River brought a pair of sandals over and was about to give them to her when he took them.

Kneeling at the feet of his wife he slipped her jewelled sandals on her feet.

Keeping them safe from harm.

Like he would keep her and their children from harm for the rest of his life.

CHAPTER NINE

Hawk

His wife...his old lady was now his wife.

In the eyes of the law she was legally his.

Not that he needed the law to tell him she belonged to him. From the first moment he saw her manhandling her sister he had known she was going to change his life. At the time he had thought she was going to become another of his women.

He could hardly believe he had been so self-involved and stupid he thought she would be an easy conquest. It took watching her annihilate Jane in the ring to wake his shit up.

It was all over for him after that.

He went after her and made her his.

In his male arrogance he had made a lot of mistakes along the way. But he had learned his lessons and fixed what he broke. He had learned that all she required was for him to be honest with her and to apologise when he was in the wrong.

His old lady stood by him in the darkest days of the club. She was always there, supporting him. She had given him her

loyalty and her love and he would cherish it for the rest of his days.

He was a very, very lucky man.

He stood with her in his arms talking to his brothers and their women, keeping her close. They kept moving from group to group to ensure they greeted everyone. Finally they reached the table where Doc and several of the Road Warriors and their women were sitting. His old lady smiled wide as they hugged her and wished them well. Skelly teased her about her wedding night and Alien hit him on the back of the head, making all of them laugh.

Doc stood back with his old lady, his eyes warm with happiness and smiling proudly.

There was one person at the table who wasn't happy. Not happy at all.

Deena fucking Michaels.

The spoilt bitch didn't get up to wish her sister well. She sat at the table with her arms crossed over her chest and pouted. Pouted like the brat she was.

Until Doc's woman tapped her on the shoulder and nodded towards DC.

The princess didn't like that. Not at all.

"I'm not here because I wanted to be here. All of you made me come." She snapped loud enough those around them heard her clearly. "She always gets what she wants while I get nothing. Look at her, showing all that skin and looking like a slut all dressed up in that garish red outfit. Only common people get married in red. She thinks she's so pretty, but she

isn't. She doesn't even look like she's our family. I'm sure if we do a DNA test we'll find she isn't even Daddy's daughter. She's ugly, she's always been ugly, and will always be this dark and ugly blight on our family's honour."

His wife froze and her head slowly turned to her little sister. He knew she was about to lash out at her but he stepped in before she could.

"Enough. You dare sit there and disrespect me, my wife, her mother, my club, and your father and his old lady. I won't have it. You won't ever disrespect my wife or her traditions ever again. After today you aren't welcome at my club, not until you apologise to my wife and to me. You're an ungrateful child who uses those around her until they realise who and what you really are. A devious and manipulative child everyone walks away from. Unfortunately for you those you've alienated won't be back. I'm aware you've driven Dollar away and now you've finally driven my wife away as well. She won't tell you she is done with you so I will do it for her. She is done pampering to your moods, she is done running to fix what you've broken, she's done being your whipping post, and she's just done with you." There was deathly silence around them. But he wasn't done.

"You are so jealous of your sister you can hardly breathe with how it's choking you. You need to grow up and realise you are not in a competition for Doc's attention. You are his daughters and he loves you both. Despite how you've been treating my wife she loves you, she will always love you but there's something you and her should realise. I'm now a part of her life and I won't allow anyone or anything to harm her. And you, little girl, are harming her. And that's why as from

today you are gone from her life. You will stay gone until you convince me you are ready to move forward from this place you are at now.”

She opened her mouth to answer him but he stared her down and she subsided.

“Remember, Deena, I’m the one you need to convince, not your dad, not my wife, me. And let me tell you it won’t be easy. I don’t like you, I’ve never liked you because you have poison inside you, and what you did to my wife just now? That makes me dislike you intensely. You’re lucky you’re female because if you were male...” He left it hanging, he knew she and all who heard knew exactly what he meant.

He was done talking to the bitch. Pulling his wife close he turned her and walked away. She was shaking and he knew he had to do something to wipe the bad from the day.

Meeting Ice’s eyes and then Kid’s he gave them a chin lift and took his wife upstairs.

Locking the door behind him he picked her up and sat her on their bed then knelt in front of her.

“I know you’re pissed because of what I said to her, baby. But it had to be said. I...”

She put her small fingers over his lips and shook her head.

“You did nothing wrong. She deserved all of it. Thank you for loving me and protecting me. Thank you for being the man that you are for me and our boys.” She shook herself as if to shake the bad off.

“Help me take the jewellery off please. I’m scared I lose a piece or something breaks. It’s irreplaceable and maybe one

day our daughter will wear it on her wedding day.”

His old lady smiled sweetly and he helped her to remove her precious jewellery. Once everything was safely locked in the wall safe he stood looking down at her.

“I’ve never in my life seen a more beautiful sight. You look absolutely stunning, little bird. I have one request. Now that the wedding is over will you let your beautiful hair down? I would love to see it wild and curly for the rest of the day. And when we go home later I’m going to put the boys to bed and then I’m going to make love to you while you’re still wearing your wedding dress. I so badly want to do it now but we don’t have time. They are expecting us downstairs to start the Christmas lunch shit.”

His woman looked up at him with a naughty smile and winked.

“You’ve got a deal, my Viking.” She said.

Taking her hand he led her back downstairs where she was swallowed up by well-wishers. He stood to the side watching her as she smiled and laughed with her girls.

“Don’t worry about the Deena situation. I’ve got a lock on it.” Skelly had come to stand by him.

“I suggest you keep a sharp eye on that one, Skel. Something about her feels off.” He warned.

“I know. I’ll be watching.” He promised, punched his shoulder and moved away.

Finally Chris let him know they were ready to serve lunch and he whistled sharply and beckoned the prospects over. They helped the women to lay the platters out on the food

tables. There was so much he knew no one would be going home hungry. In fact there would be left overs for snacks tomorrow.

Bulldog had changed out of the fat man suit and came to stand with him as everyone settled at their tables. Hawk nodded at him to take the lead.

Pulling his knife from his side he rapped the haft against the steel around the veranda. It rang out and everyone's attention turned towards them.

Silence fell.

Clearing his throat he still didn't know what he was going to say.

And then he didn't think about it because the words came naturally.

“When my wife...” Laughter rang out and he grinned and tried again. “When my wife convinced me we had to celebrate Christmas as a club I didn't think it would be this.” He waved a hand around to indicate the decorations and food. “I thought we'd be having the usual braai and spend the day having beers around the pool. I was wrong.”

In his head he had a list of who to thank.

“The Iron Dogz women went to a lot of trouble to give us the perfect day, a perfect Christmas. From the amazing decorations to Father Christmas and his elf and the food, they took care of it all. Our thanks go to Chris, Genna, Frieda and their helpers for the feast they've prepared for us. We thank DC, River, Snow and their helpers for the Christmas tree, the lights and the pretty tables. My wife and I thank River for

decorating the gazebo and for everything she did to make this day special for us. I want to say a special thank you to Kid and Noe who came all the way from Cape Town to share this day with us. We truly appreciate you being with us today.” He grinned as his cousin Spider made a face at him and tapped his chest.

“And before Spider has a heart attack because he hasn’t been mentioned yet, let me get to it. Our thanks go to Spider and Dizzy for helping the ladies and being here with us today. We missed you bastards.”

He turned to face his wife, his old lady.

“It’s tradition for the groom to make a speech. I don’t have much to say except to thank everyone who had a hand in making our day special. My wife and I appreciate everything you’ve done and are still doing to make it a day to remember.”

He bit his lip as he met his little bird’s black eyes.

“The first time I saw you, my little bird, you pissed me off. It didn’t last very long. I became fascinated by this little bird who wasn’t scared of me. You faced me head on and challenged me. I was a man who was used to getting what I wanted when I wanted it. But not you, baby. You made me work for it. And while doing so you made me a better man and a better President for my club. Without even trying you captivated me with your strength, your resilience, your loyalty, your heart and your love for your family and friends. Your light calls to me. Your dark calls to me. They perfectly match the light and dark in me. You were made for me as I was made for you. I am yours, little bird, eternally.”

With that he lifted the glass of champagne Bulldog handed him and lifted it high.

“Let’s drink to my old lady, my wife and the mother of my sons.”

Everyone lifted their glasses with howls and shouts and drank to his toast.

His part was done and he could now spend the rest of the day next to his woman.

Bulldog stepped up as he walked over to his wife and sat down next to her.

“Chris has ordered me to say that we will be doing this in an orderly manner. No rushing the food tables and acting like hungry dogs.” He laughed and shrugged. “Which we are. So let’s give the ladies a chance to get the kids and themselves sorted before we descend on those tables like the ravenous animals we are.”

Hawk watched as Bulldog looked around at the people they had sitting at their tables. He knew what he saw. Who he saw.

He saw the new Iron Dogz MC, a group of brothers and their women who had survived the fires of hell and emerged forever changed but victorious.

His uncle raised a fist in the air and waited.

He didn’t have to wait long.

Hawk and all the brothers immediately stood and raised their fists as well.

“Iron Dogz forever. Forever Iron Dogz!” He shouted.

And it echoed loudly from several throats.

“Iron Dogz forever. Forever Iron Dogz!”

When Bulldog walked over to his old lady the noise settled to a general hum as people talked and laughed.

He and his old lady didn't have to join the queues at the tables because Chris and Genna brought filled plates over for them. They were being spoilt.

After lunch the tables were cleared and people started visiting and relaxing around the tables and under the trees.

He leant back in his chair and drew his old lady into his lap. He was thankful they had decided to do away with benches. He wouldn't have been able to have her in his lap the way she was now. In the distance he could hear the shouts and laughter of the kids and some of the grownups in the pool. It was a sound that hadn't been heard around the clubhouse in a very long time.

It settled something inside that had been restless.

He wasn't sure what exactly that something was but he knew it had to do with his people. His brothers and their women.

They were finally relaxed and laughing again. Enjoying life.

They hadn't had that in too long.

Their losses had changed them all. Especially Rider.

His little bird had told him what Noe had said and it was the same Kid had told him.

He would be calling Dom tomorrow to find out how his brother was doing.

His old lady kissing his neck brought him back to the present and he dipped his head to look down into her smiling dark

eyes.

“I love you, my husband.” She whispered.

“I love you, my wife.” He smiled as he whispered his reply.

“Do you think it will be rude if we took our boys and went home?” She whispered.

“I don’t care if they think we’re being rude, baby. If you want to go home then we go home.” He said quietly.

She was about to speak when Aunt Suzy and Bulldog sat down across from them. His aunt grinned and put her hand over his hand on the table.

“We’re keeping the boys tonight.” She said. “I’ve already sent Devon and Damon to our place with their things so don’t even try to say no. I have everything I might need for them. You two go home and have a little honeymoon night. And don’t worry about waking up early to fetch them. Everyone is coming over to our place for left over snacks tomorrow night. Be there around five.”

Bulldog made big eyes at them.

“What she said. I’m not fighting her on this one. See you both tomorrow. Now get the hell out of here.”

He didn’t hesitate.

Holding his wife in his arms he stood, walked into the clubhouse and out the front door to her cage.

As he drove them home he held her hand in his, wanting to keep their connection.

Locking the front door behind them he carried her up to their bedroom. He laid her out on their bed then stood and looked

down on the exotic flower spread out for him.

“Remember what I told you, little bird?” He asked softly.

“I do. You said you were going to make love to me in my wedding dress. I was wondering why though? Wouldn’t naked be easier?” She asked.

“You have no idea what you do to me dressed in that skirt. I’ve been watching the fabric swaying around you as you move. It’s the sexiest thing I’ve ever seen, my woman, in a red skirt she wore for me. All day I’ve been imagining slowly drawing it up your legs, exposing more and more of you, until finally I get to what I want.”

As he spoke he slowly drew her legs apart but not exposing them. The skirt still covered all of her, only her tiny bare feet stuck out.

“Let’s see if the reality is as hot as it is in my imagination.”

He slowly drew the skirt up, exposing her lower legs, then her knees and finally her lower thighs. He stopped and gently moved the skirt so he could kneel between her spread legs and not on her skirt. Bending down he kissed the insides of her thighs before moving the skirt up and exposing her sweet pussy.

She lay before him in a pair of tiny red lace panties. Panties that clearly showed how much she wanted him. His wife was wet for him.

He drew a finger back and forth along the top of the panties, teasing her and himself.

“I love that you’re wearing red underneath as well. It’s so fucking sexy, baby. I can’t wait to pull them off you and get

my mouth on you.” He murmured and then did as he wanted.

Hooking his fingers in the sides of her panties he slowly drew them down but as her legs were spread he knew he wouldn't be able to get them off. It called for a quick change in position. Taking her by the ankles he brought her legs together and rested both on his left shoulder. Her panties came off in one quick tug and he threw them over his shoulder.

He was still fully dressed and so was she.

Holding her legs up he looked down at her wet pussy and knew he was done. He had to have her right now.

Reaching down he undid his belt and unbuttoned his jeans then unzipped and pulled his hard cock out. He had gone commando in expectation of this right here. He wanted to be able to get to her quick.

Pushing her legs towards her chest he exposed that beautiful part he wanted so badly. Grabbing his hard shaft he dragged the head through her pussy lips, teasing her with his piercings, then notched it at her opening and thrust.

His wife shouted his name as he slid deep inside.

It was the best feeling ever, being inside her and knowing that she was his in every way he could make her his.

Opening her legs he slowly leant down and took her mouth. Kissing her slow and deep. Being so close was excruciating but he refused to move just yet.

His hands were clamped around the top of her thighs, holding her open for him. Letting go with one hand he slipped it between them, got the tip of his finger wet and slid it over her swollen little clit.

When he felt her clenching on him he slowly pulled out and pushed back in. He kept it slow and easy while he slid his finger back and forth and kissed her.

She moaned in his mouth and clamped her free leg around his back, lifting her hips and allowing him to get even deeper inside her. Taking his other hand off her thigh he grabbed hold of her head and held it as he kissed her deep.

Keeping his thrusts slow he made sure his pubic piercing hit her clit with every thrust. Bringing his hand up he clasped it around her throat and lifted his head.

“All of you now belong to me as I belong to you. Eternally yours my little bird.” As he whispered those words his wife arched into him and dragged him with her as she came.

He shuddered as he came, his cock jerking inside his wife.

She gasped against his lips.

“I love you so much and knowing you are mine and that I am yours is the best feeling in the world. I am yours for all eternity, my Viking.”

Rolling them and staying connected he settled her on his chest and clasped his arms around her, holding her to him.

The realisation that he was holding his wife in his arms hit him hard.

She was his wife.

A long time ago he had sworn he would never get married again.

He had done it in a fit of rage and heartbreak.

The woman in his arms had healed his fractured heart and gave him a chance at a new life.

A life with her and their children.

And a life with his club. With them in his life the future looked golden.

As golden as the skin of the woman he loved.

And as precious.

COMING UP NEXT

GOLDEN STARS

(Place holder title only)

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OTHER BOOKS BY RENÉ VAN DALEN

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Vengeance Of A Black Knight

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Neither Black Nor White

A Touch Of Grey

Birds Of A Feather (Novella)

Bitter Taste Of Sin

ANTHOLOGY

These Deviant Ties

Including the short story Evil Beautiful

MAINGARDE

Evil Beautiful

Angel Beautiful

Savage Beautiful

PLAYLIST

INXS - Never Tear Us Apart

Bob Seger - Wait For Me

Creed - With Eyes Wide Open

Hoobastank - The Reason

Nazareth - Love Hurts

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To my squaddies...love you ladies.

Until we meet again,

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

René Van Dalen grew up in a small town in the Transkeian region of South Africa close to the ocean and the mountains. After high school she moved to the city to go to College. She never left and misses the ocean every single day.

Her parents gave her the love of books and music. Haunting the library when she should have been studying helped to satisfy her craving to read more and more books.

Doing what the majority of people do is not for her, she loves who she finally turned out to be.

René likes her music loud and heavy, her coffee with a touch of milk and slightly sweet, and chocolate in all its shapes and forms. She's a voracious reader and a huge fan of J R Ward's Black Dagger Brotherhood. Her three adult children are the loves of her life.

Music is her muse. Her house is never silent. Whether she's writing or reading or just chilling there is always music playing.

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