



NEW YORK TIMES AND USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

PIPER DAVENPORT

HARM

A DOGS OF FIRE STORY

NEW YORK TIMES AND USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
PIPER DAVENPORT

HARM

A DOGS OF FIRE STORY





COPYRIGHT

2023 Trixie Publishing, Inc.

Copyright © 2023 by Piper Davenport

All rights reserved.

Published in the United States

Harm is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are the products of the author's imagination and are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite ebook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Cover Art

[Jack Davenport](#)

[CONTENTS](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

[Back Blurb](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Primal Hunger](#)

[Book List](#)

[Reading Order](#)

[About Piper](#)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Harm is a novella that was originally released in the anthology, Hell Hath No Fury. That anthology made the USA Today Bestseller list and we are so grateful to everyone who contributed in helping so many women! This version of Harm has been expanded and I hope you love the additions to the story!

Jack:

Thanks for being my muse, and really great in bed!

Liz Kelly:

Thanks again. Your insight is always so spot on!

Brandy_(Ziggy).

Thanks for keeping the timelines and characters straight. You are a godsend!

-

Gail, Mary, Carrie, and Trudy.

Thank you so much for all your willingness to read and your amazing 'catches.' You help make my work so clean and I appreciate you so much!

BACK BLURB

Harm

My past is one of tragedy and sadness, but I've worked to hard to make a new life for myself with my club brothers at my back. Just when I thought everything was as it should be, a sexy older woman walks into my life, her own demons nipping at her heels.

Brynley

I'm used to putting the needs of others before my own, which serves me well as a nurse, but it's also left me shattered and broke after a nasty divorce. And now to make things worse, my psycho ex-husband wants me back and he's willing to do anything to get me.

For GG

You are the sister I never had. Thanks for being a positive connection to my birthland.

I LOVE you!!!

CHAPTER ONE

Brynley

“**MOM?**” BRIGGS CALLED.

“Kitchen, honey,” I replied.

My youngest son sauntered into the room and wrapped his arms around me, picking me up off my feet in a bear hug. “Hi, Mommy.”

“Good lord, baby boy, what are you doing?” I asked with a laugh, cupping his face.

Man, he was beautiful. Blond hair, deep blue eyes, and tall like his father.

Okay, we’ll try to forgive him for looking like his father...the cheating bastard.

I had two boys. Briggs and Baylor. Baylor was twenty and in his junior year at Washington State University Pullman, and Briggs was about to start there in the fall. Briggs was graduating in two weeks, and as excited as I was for him to start his new adventure, the thought of being completely alone in my giant house scared me to death.

“Delaney’s parents kind of invited me to dinner,” he hedged.

I dropped the sponge I’d been using to wipe down the counters into the sink. “Briggs, we only have a few more days to spend together before you go.”

“I know, I know, and I’ll totally turn the invite down. I just wanted to check with you, you know, in case you didn’t care?” he asked, hopefully.

I sighed. “I do care, honey, but I know you’re going to miss her, too, so go. Break my heart in a million pieces and go to dinner with the girl with the big honkers.”

“Oh my god, Mom, gross.” He rolled his eyes. “Why do you always have to take it to a level of weirdness?”

“Because I pushed your giant head out of my vagina, that’s why.”

“I’m going to ignore the fact you just crossed the line, and take the win,” he said, kissing my cheek. “Love you!”

“Baylor’s now moved to the front of the line as my favorite.”

“No, he hasn’t,” he retorted, rushing out of the kitchen, and I heard his heavy footsteps on the stairs as he made a run for his room.

I had just dried my hands when my phone buzzed on the counter, and I saw it was Baylor calling. “Were your ears burning?”

He chuckled. “You were talking about me again?”

“I was just informing your brother that you’re my favorite because he’s ditching dinner with me to go out with Delaney and her parents.”

“Mom, she’s got huge tits, what do you expect?”

“Boy, those Sunday school classes *really* didn’t stick with you kids, did they?”

“They might have, but when your dad fucks around on your mom, then tries to give you Bible verses to back up his reasoning, anything that might have stuck went right out the window.”

Well, he had a point.

“Sorry, kiddo.”

“All good, Mama,” he said.

I leaned over the counter and drummed my fingertips on the granite. “So, what’s up?”

“Oh, I just wanted to let you know I got that internship.”

“Bay, that’s amazing, sweetheart. Well done,” I breathed out.

Baylor’s focus was the law and he’d been in the running for a summer internship at a prestigious law firm in Seattle. He was in competition with over a hundred other very capable candidates, so the fact he got the job was amazing, especially since he was a ‘young’ junior. He had to finish out his prerequisites then on to law school, and he planned to come back to Vancouver to practice, but that all depended on him not getting an offer from some big law firm that would take him far away from me.

I drew my eyebrows together as realization dawned.

“But that means...,” he began, trailing off.

“You won’t be home over the summer,” I said, finishing his sentence.

“Yeah. I’m sorry.”

I bit back my sadness. “It’s okay, honey. You need to start your life.”

“I’m just worried you’re going to be lonely.”

I smiled. “I’ll be fine. I’ll take on some extra shifts at the hospital, and spend time with your grandma, and maybe actually go to lunch with Avery. We’ll be like desperate housewives or something.”

Avery was my closest friend in the world. We’d been best friends since junior high and she was my ride or die.

“I’ll be home for Thanksgiving and Christmas.”

Baylor was my sensitive child. Always concerned about how I was feeling, and we’d always had a special bond.

“Baymax, I’m good. Don’t worry about your Mama.”

“Are you sure?”

“Hundy.”

He groaned. “Oh my god, Mom, what was that?”

“I’m just showing you I’m down.”

“Mom, I love you, but the only time you’re down is when you fall down.”

I couldn’t stop a laugh. “You know, I should have never taught you to talk back.”

“I know, I know. Love you, Mama.”

“Love you, too, sweetheart.”

“I’ll call you tomorrow.”

“Sounds good.”

We hung up and I opened the drawer next to the fridge and pulled out a menu to see what to order for dinner.

* * *

Harm

I followed Maisie into the hospital, sticking as close to her as I could without it being weird. She was married to my president, Hatch. I was both her bodyguard and driver for the next couple of days, trading with Razor while Hatch was out in Colorado visiting the Primal Howlers.

“Are you all right?” Maisie asked in her very proper British way.

“Yeah, I’m good,” I said.

“I know hospitals are hard, so if this is too much, you let me know and I’ll get someone else—”

“I’m good,” I assured her.

God, she was sweet. Well into her fifties but looked thirty, Hatch had won the lottery marrying her. She was blonde, pretty, and rich as all get out. She’d been a single mother, a widow, when they met. Her car had broken down and Hatch had quite literally rescued her from a crazy person trying to kill her.

Hatch did that for people. Saved them. He'd saved me too and I owed him everything.

We were here to visit Cookie's old lady, Mags. She'd been diagnosed with cervical cancer and had just undergone surgery, so Maisie had insisted we visit her every day this week.

Today was day one.

Walking up to the nurses' station, a woman smiled from behind the desk as we approached. "Hi, can I help you?"

"Yes, we're here to see Maggie Vaughn," Maisie said.

She gave us the room number and we headed down the hall.

"I'm gonna hang out here," I said.

"Okay, love." Maisie smiled and made her way into the room.

I took a seat in one of the chairs in the hallway and pulled out my phone. I knew I was gonna be there for a while, so pulled up a game app and settled in.

I'd been in my chair for about twenty minutes when a nurse walked up and said, "Excuse me."

"Yeah?" I raised my head, and I swear to Christ, if I'd been standing, I'd have been knocked over by her beauty. Red hair, deep blue eyes, curvy and dimples... fuck the dimples were a ten. She was stunning.

"You know, we have a waiting area that has coffee and water, and the chairs are way more comfortable. It's just down the hall," she said, with the sweetest smile I'd ever seen.

"I'm good," I said. "Is there a problem with me sittin' here?"

"Oh, no, it's totally fine. I just thought you might be more comfortable somewhere a little quieter."

"I'm fine, sweetheart. But thanks."

She nodded. “Well, if you change your mind, you let me know, and I’ll show you where it is.”

“Sounds good.” I glanced at her badge. “Brynley Shotwell.”

“Just Bryn’s fine.”

I smiled slowly. “Thanks, just Bryn. I’ll let you know.”

* * *

Brynley

Oh my god.

My stomach did cartwheels as I turned and walked away from the sexy man sitting outside Maggie Vaughn’s room. I honestly don’t know what possessed me to walk up to him, but I just felt compelled to talk to him, so I made up an excuse.

It might have been a mistake because the second he opened his mouth, my heart fluttered, as did my nether regions. His voice was deep and smooth, and so very sexy.

Unfortunately, I’d figured out the second I got up close to him, he was much, much younger than me. I wasn’t sure how much, but I was pretty sure it was at least a decade.

I sighed, shaking off my romantic notions. I was too old to be mooning over someone like him. Besides, I’d never stand a chance, even if we were the same age.

I was halfway back to the desk when the code blue alarm sounded, so I rushed into the room down the hall and worked with my team to get our patient back to stable. By the time we were finished, the handsome man was gone.

CHAPTER TWO

Brynley

THE NEXT NIGHT after shift, Briggs was out with Delaney again, so I decided to swing by a local café and grab dinner to go. I had neither the energy nor the desire to cook for just me, and since there was no one around to judge me, I threw caution to the wind and made my way into Felida.

I'd seen my mystery man again today and he'd smiled at me, but I'd been too busy to make an excuse to actually talk to him.

God, why was I thinking of him as 'my' man?

I'd found out from Maggie, the patient they were visiting, that the woman's name was Maisie, and she was just the loveliest lady on the planet, but I couldn't get any information about the hottie. She'd pressed the button on her pain pump and fallen asleep mid-sentence.

"Can I help you?" the hostess asked as I stepped up to the podium.

"Hi, I have an order to go. It's under Bryn."

"Great. I'll be right back."

Food procured, I made my way outside and heard, "Well, hey there 'just Bryn.'"

I turned to see the sexy biker from the hospital walking toward me. "Um, hi."

He gave me a chin lift.

"I'm sorry, I don't know your name," I said.

He smiled. "Harm."

"Do you live up here?"

"My president and his old lady do. I just dropped her home."

"President?"

He nodded. "I'm part of a motorcycle club. The Dogs of Fire. My president's traveling this week, so I'm kinda helpin' out by driving his wife around. They live up here."

"Oh," I said. "Gotcha."

"Thought I'd grab somethin' to eat before I head home. Maisie recommended this place."

"She's got good taste. It's fantastic."

"You wanna join me?" he asked.

"Ah..." I held up my bags.

He raised an eyebrow. "You bringin' food home to someone?"

"Well, no."

"So, you were plannin' on eatin' that alone while watchin' Downton Abbey?"

I nearly snorted. "Okay, that's a little on the nose, buddy."

"No shit? You were gonna watch Downton Abbey?"

"Pride and Prejudice," I admitted.

He chuckled. "Come eat with me. I'll put on a bad English accent if it'll help."

I studied him for a few seconds before nodding. "Okay," I said with a shrug. "Why not?"

Harm held the door for me, and we walked into the café.

A hostess seated us and took my food so they could plate it. We ordered drinks, and Harm ordered food, and then we sat in silence for a few moments while they set silverware in front of us.

“How was the rest of your day?” Harm asked once the server walked away.

“Rough,” I admitted. “We lost a patient today. Everything seemed fine, then the code sounded and we couldn’t bring him back. I don’t get it, but the human body’s a mystery, so...”

“How long you been a nurse?”

“Oh, god, don’t make me math,” I begged with a laugh. “Close to twenty years now. I took a break when I had Briggs, then went back once they were both in school.”

“You got kids?”

I nodded. “Two boys.” I rolled my eyes. “I say boys, but they’re men now. Twenty and eighteen.”

“No shit?” he said. “Never woulda guessed you were old enough.”

“Flattery’ll get you everywhere, bub.”

He grinned. “I’m not kidding.”

“I’m forty-three years old next month. Plenty old enough,” I said. “How about you?”

“No kids.”

I narrowed my eyes. “And...”

“And?”

“Just how young are you?” I asked, taking a sip of water.

“Thirty-two.”

I gasped, taking water down the wrong pipe, and starting to choke.

“Jesus,” he hissed, coming out of his seat. “You okay?”

“I’m good.” I raised my hand. “I’m okay. You can sit down, really.”

He slid back into the booth, and I took another sip of water just as the alcohol arrived. I took a large sip of my wine, suddenly needing a little liquid amnesia.

God, thirty-two. Damn it. He was a baby.

“Don’t do that,” Harm said.

“Do what?”

“Spiral.”

“Excuse me?” I scoffed. “Why would you think I was spiraling?”

He frowned. “I shoulda never fuckin’ told you my age.”

“Why?”

“Because you’re gonna try to shut me down.”

“Shut you down?” I asked. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Well at the risk of statin’ the obvious, you’re hot as fuck, Bryn, and I’d like to get to know you better, but if you let the age difference get in the way, that won’t happen.”

“You think I’m hot?”

“As fuck,” he repeated. “You got a man?”

“No.”

He raised an eyebrow. “A woman?”

I smiled. “No.”

“You got any objection to bein’ with a biker?”

“Are you a criminal?”

“No.”

“Do you have a criminal past?”

“Technically... no.”

I frowned. “What do you mean by ‘technically’?”

His expression grew dark, and he took a deep breath. “Had an incident more than a few years back. Was with a girl. Stella. She was it for me. She’d wanted to go for a ride, but it had started rainin’. I shoulda said no, but I made a fuckin’ stupid mistake and took her for a ride anyway. We hit a slick patch and went down. Her leg was pinned under the bike. No

one knew it at the time, but her femoral artery had been sliced open.”

“Oh my god, Harm, I’m so sorry.”

He met my eyes. “She was the sister of my best friend, Jasper, and he’d followed us. She died in his arms. I lost him that day as well, so to say it wrecked my life for a time...”

I bit back tears, trying not to say anything.

“I don’t know how I didn’t go to jail for the crash, because I should have, but I was lucky. Hatch, my president, took me under his wing and basically saved my life and my sanity, so I’ve been able to come to terms with things.”

“And your friend?” I asked.

“All good,” he said. “He goes by Aero now, and we’re good. It took a while, but he’s with a good woman out in Colorado and we keep in touch.”

I smiled. “I’m really sorry that happened.”

“Thanks,” he said, sipping his beer.

Our food came, which gave us a few minutes of reprieve from the heavy subject.

“So, that’s it for my skeletons,” Harm said, once the server left. “Feel like opening your closet?”

“Wow, you really want to know?”

“Hell, yeah, I want to know.”

I rolled my eyes. “Married my high school sweetheart at twenty. At the time he was a pastor of a brand-new church, which is now huge. I was a nurse until I had Briggs. I was able to keep working when I had Baylor, but with two little ones, daycare was too expensive, so I decided to stay home for a few years.”

“Your man wasn’t willin’ to stay home?”

I cocked my head. “What do you mean?”

“I can only assume you made more money, right? And he was probably home during the week anyway. It would make

sense to me that he'd stay home with the kids so you could work outside the home."

"Lordy, where the hell were you when he and I were having this exact same knock-down, drag out fight at two in the morning while I was breastfeeding Briggs?" I retorted.

He reared back like he'd been hit. "The man fuckin' raised his voice at you while you were breastfeedin' your kid?"

I nearly burst into tears.

"Shit, Bryn, I'm sorry," he rushed to say. "Didn't mean to ___"

"Don't apologize," I rasped. "Look, the short story is this. Bryce is the senior pastor of a mega church. He had been sleeping with his secretary for six years, *six* years, and I had no idea because I was overworked and quite frankly, undersexed. The powers that be worked overtime to keep his transgressions from me, but my best friend knew something was up and she's a fucking bulldog and went digging. That was four years ago. I'm two years past my divorce now. My kids are good. I'm good. I'm probably still working too much, but because Bryce's money isn't taxable, I'm pretty sure he was able to hide a lot of it, so I have to work. My dad left me some money so I was able to buy a nice house after my divorce was final, and it was something Bryce couldn't touch, but I still have to pay the mortgage. Briggs leaves for school in a few weeks, Baylor's already gone, so I will be totally alone in my giant house, and I'm freaking out a little bit." I took a deep breath. "I plan to work a little extra, spend more time with my mom, and lunch like a fucking desperate housewife if it kills me."

"All your names start with 'B'?"

"Yeah." I blinked at him. "Bryce's idea."

"Not to insult your kids or anything, but Bryce's a fuckin' douche."

I suddenly burst into giggles, probably brought on by the wine. "Bryce is *absolutely* a douche."

Our server arrived. “Can I refill your drinks?”

“Yes,” Harm said.

“I better not,” I countered. “I have to drive home.”

“I’ll get you home,” he offered.

“My car’s here.”

“Got that covered,” he said, nodding to the server who walked away.

“What do you mean, you have that covered?” I asked.

“Texted a couple of my brothers. They’ll follow us back to your place, so you can drink,” he said. “Unless you don’t feel comfortable with me knowin’ where you live.”

I bit my lip. “Let’s see how the night goes. I’ll call Avery if I need a ride. She’s my best friend.”

“Fair enough.”

The server returned with another glass of wine, and I decided it was too good to waste.

CHAPTER THREE

Brynley

THREE HOURS AND two more glasses of wine later (maybe it was three), I decided I better get home. I wasn't going to tell Harm this, but Bryce had been blowing up my phone for the last hour, and I'd ignored him for as long as I could. I needed to get home and find out what the hell was so urgent.

"I'll wait for you to call your friend," Harm offered.

Maybe it was the wine talking, but I just wasn't ready to say goodnight. "Actually, if that offer's still on the table to drive me home...?"

"Yeah, of course it is." He grinned.

He paid the bill and we headed outside.

"Don't we need to wait for your friends?" I asked.

"They're already here."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah, I took a chance just in case. Figured I'd be prepared either way."

I rolled my eyes. "Regular Boy Scout, huh?"

"Sure, we'll go with that." He held out his hand. "Keys."

I handed him my keys and we walked out to the parking lot. Two bikers stood beside a white panel van and smiled wide as we approached.

"Bryn, this is Razor and Cheese," Harm said. "Razor'll drive your car—"

“Why’s he drivin’?” Cheese asked.

“Because he’s a better driver,” Harm replied.

“That’s bullshit,” Cheese hissed.

Razor pointed to the dent in the side of the van and cocked his head. “Is it?”

Cheese muttered something under his breath as he climbed into the van, and I bit back a smile. It was obvious these men were close, and it seemed Cheese wasn’t really upset. He was grinning the whole time he was complaining.

“We’ll follow you back, then get outta your hair,” Razor said, after Harm gave him my keys.

I nodded. “Okay, thank you.”

Harm held his truck door open and waited for me to climb into the cab. Even in my tipsy state, it wasn’t lost on me that Bryce never once did this.

No, that wasn’t entirely true. He did a couple of times when congregants were watching, but if we were alone? Never.

“You good?” Harm asked, once he started the truck.

“Yeah. You?”

He chuckled. “I’m not the one who drank a bottle of wine.”

“A bottle?” I wrinkled my nose. “Was it a bottle?”

“Pretty close, yeah.”

“Oh my god, seriously? I must look like a lush.”

He grinned and nodded. “You feelin’ good?”

“So, so good.”

“Then you probably needed it.” He glanced at the door. “Need you to put your seatbelt on.”

“Oh!” I squeaked. “Right. Safety first.”

Heading out of the parking lot, I directed him to my home. It wasn’t far, so all too soon, we pulled into my

driveway, and I let out a quiet curse.

“Everything okay?” Harm asked.

“Hmm? Oh, yeah. Sorry. That’s my ex-husband’s car,” I said, nodding to the Cadillac parked on the street directly in front of my house. “I have no idea what he’s doing here, and honestly, I don’t really want to deal with him.”

“Right. Give me a second. Don’t move,” Harm said, sliding out of the truck.

He and Razor had a conversation out of earshot, then Harm came around to my side of the truck and opened the door.

“I’m gonna walk you in, if you’re okay with that,” he said, handing me my keys.

“You don’t have to do that, Harm.”

He met my eyes. “If you don’t feel comfortable, I won’t.”

“Oh, I feel totally comfortable with you,” I rushed to say. “It’s not that.”

“Okay, then, I’m gonna walk you in.”

I nodded and we made our way up the steps to my front door. After missing the lock twice, I handed Harm the keys. “I may need your help.”

He smiled, sliding the key into the lock on the first try and pushing open the door for me. I walked inside with Harm following to find Bryce stalking toward me... from my kitchen. I instinctively stepped back, and Harm’s arm came around my waist.

“What are you doing in my house?” I breathed out.

“I have been texting and calling you for over an hour. I was worried sick,” he said.

“That doesn’t explain what you’re doing in my house,” I hissed. “Did Briggs let you in? Briggs!” I called.

“He’s not here, honey.”

“Do not call me ‘honey,’” I snapped. “How did you get in, Bryce?”

“Man, you need to answer her question, or I’m gonna throw you outta her goddamn house,” Harm warned.

“Who are you?”

“He’s my friend,” I said. “Please answer the question.”

“I happen to have a key.”

My body locked and I forced myself not to throw myself at him and claw his eyes out. “How the hell did you get a key?”

“I made one in case there was an emergency. From Briggs’s,” he admitted.

“You swore you’d keep the boundaries I set up.”

“Please don’t get angry with me for worrying about you, Brynley. It was just a small white lie.”

“A lie’s a lie, Bryce. You seem to forget the teachings of the Bible you preach from.”

“I can’t help worrying about you,” he said. “You’re my wife.”

“*Ex-wife.*”

“I truly believe God will restore us, Brynley.”

I let out a frustrated groan. “You’re *literally* married to someone else, Bryce.”

“Well, that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. Miffy and I are over. She didn’t fully understand the sacrifices that one has to make in order to run a successful ministry.”

“So, in other words, she caught you fucking a younger version of her?”

He threw his hands in the air. “See, I’m weak without you.”

“You were weak *with* me, that’s why I divorced you.”

“Miffy and I were doomed from the start. You know I have a sex addiction,” he whined. “But if you come back, I know, like David, I can be restored. And if you come back, I’ll cover all of the boys’ tuition expenses.”

“Wait, you said the reason you weren’t covering them was because you couldn’t,” I said.

“We can talk about all that when you come back. You’re the only one who can make me whole and holy again, in the eyes of our Lord.”

I turned and faced Harm, leaning heavily against him. “I might murder him,” I whispered.

Harm slid his hand to my neck and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“Right, time for you, the Lord, King David, and whoever the hell else you’re fuckin’ to get the hell outta here,” Harm said.

Bryce jabbed a finger in his face. “I take orders from no man, only the Lord has the authority to guide my steps.”

Harm caught his arm, twisted it behind his back, simultaneously grabbing him by the scruff of his neck, so he had to bend at the waist, and pushed him toward the door. “Then, how about you go in the name of the Lord before I get all Old Testament on your ass?”

Harm opened the door, and shoved him out, booting him in the ass as he did, causing Bryce to fall flat on his face. He let out a few non swear curses getting to his knees.

“Hey, look at that, he’s already on his knees, repenting in prayer,” Harm said.

I heard the sprinklers sputter on and chuckled. “The Lord must have heard you, Bryce. He’s sent holy water.”

I slammed the door closed, locking it behind me before bursting into both tears and laughter. “Promise me you will never, and I mean, *never*, call me Brynley.”

“You got it,” he promised.

CHAPTER FOUR

Brynley

“HOW LONG WERE you married to that asshole?” Harm asked.

“Eighteen years,” I said, sniffing. “Oh my god, he stole the key off my child’s keyring and made one for himself.” I started to shake.

“Jesus.” He crossed his arms and studied me. “What can I do?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I’m havin’ a real hard time not wrappin’ my arms around you, but considerin’ we just met, I don’t wanna freak you the fuck out.”

I pushed off the door and walked into his arms, letting the warmth of his embrace help ease the grossness of what just happened.

“Are you workin’ tomorrow?” he asked.

“Yes,” I said. “Twelve hours.”

“I’ll be there as well for a few hours,” he said. “But I was thinkin’ I could swing by here when I’m done and change your locks.”

“You don’t need to do that.”

“I’m offering, Bryn,” he said, giving me a squeeze. “I can pick up everything and meet you here when you get home.”

I bit my lip. “Briggs’ll be here.”

“Right. Well, we can do it another time, but let’s do that sooner than later, okay?”

“Yeah,” I breathed out, pulling away from him. “You know what’s so fucked up?”

“What?”

“I’ve had a new front door and garage door lock for almost a year. I just haven’t had a chance to install it.”

“You didn’t want to get your kid to do it?”

I rolled my eyes. “I love my kids, don’t get me wrong, but Bryce did not teach them how to do manly things. I could have done it myself, but I just thought he should teach them, you know? I was going to hire a handyman to do it for me, I just haven’t had the time or the extra money.”

“Well, why don’t you tell Briggs you hired a handyman and I’ll come by tomorrow after your shift and take care of it?” he offered. “You don’t have to tell him anything else.”

“You’d be willing to do that for me?”

“Yeah, of course.”

I shook my head. “Why are you being so nice to me?”

“Why *wouldn’t* I be nice to you?”

“I’m just not used to people being open books with me. I spent my entire life in the church and then half of that in the medical field. All I know are people who outright lie or at the very least, divert the attention away from whatever they’re doing so they don’t get caught,” I admitted. “In the first ten minutes of talking to you, you told me what had to have been something really difficult to deal with, and not once did you try to blame anyone else. Then, you protected me from my ex, made me laugh, and are offering to shield my kid’s feelings. It’s remarkable.”

“Jesus, you make me sound like a saint.”

“Well, I’ve been told that bikers were sinners my whole life and that I should only trust those in the church, but I’m finding that the worst sinners are those who claim to be saints and the best of us are the ones the church deems the worst. I’m working my way out of my brainwashing.”

“Seems to me Jesus felt the same way.”

I met his eyes. “Church kid?”

He shook his head. “I’ve picked up things here and there. I’ve found wisdom in a lot of places. The Bible, Origin of the Species, A Brief History of Time, Mad Magazine... anywhere I can.”

I laughed. “That Alfred E. Neuman was a wise man.”

“Nice to meet a fellow scholar,” he retorted. “I never could get past some people trying to tell others how to live their lives. I’ve always had to live my life my own way.”

“Doesn’t your club have rules?” I asked. “Don’t you have orders to follow?”

“Yeah. But there’s nothing a club member would ask me to do that they haven’t already done themselves or would do for me in return. I can’t say I’ve ever seen much of that in religion,” he said. “Plus, I wear this patch because I *choose* to wear this patch, not because an invisible guy in the clouds told me to, or because I was brought up in it. To wear this patch means you understand the value of loyalty and free will.”

“Maybe *you* should start a church.”

He smirked.

I bit my lip.

“Whatya thinkin’?” he asked.

“That I really want you to hug me again,” I admitted. “Is that okay?”

He held his arms out. “You don’t ever have to ask for that, Bryn.”

I slid my arms around his waist and settled my cheek against his chest. “I have never felt so safe with anyone before. I’m sure it’s the wine.”

He cupped the back of my neck and massaged it gently. “It’s not the wine.”

“I don’t know if I can get past the age thing.”

“Sure you can.”

“I’m too old to have more kids,” I said.

“So?”

“You’re young, Harm. You should have kids of your own.”

“Jesus, we’re all the way to kids?” he teased.

I leaned back to see his expression. “I’m too old to waste time.”

“Baby, if you keep sayin’ you’re old, we’re gonna have our first fight.”

“Well, it’s *true*.”

“How about this,” he said, giving me a squeeze. “We start slow. Get to know each other and see where things go. If you’re ‘too old’ to have kids, then we got nothin’ to worry about, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“If this doesn’t work out, I can always spread my mayonaisse on someone else’s buns well into my eighties if I want kids.”

“That’s not how that works, Harm.”

He shrugged. “Inject my love custard into someone else’s donut?”

“Oh my god, stop.” I burst out laughing. “Now I want a Bavarian cream chocolate donut.”

“That’s pretty specific,” he said.

“It’s my favorite.”

“I can get a recruit to run to the store.”

“You have that kind of power?”

“Yeah.”

I considered this for a few seconds before shaking my head. “I better not. Briggs’s going to be home soon, and I

really need to get an early night. I have that twelve-hour shift tomorrow.”

“Give me your phone,” he said, and I dug it out of my purse and handed it to him. “I’m gonna put my contact information in there. If you run into any issues with the douche canoe, you text me.”

“I’m sure it’ll be fine,” I said.

“Oh, I know it will.” He handed my phone back. “I’m leaving a couple guys outside to watch your place in case he comes back.”

I gasped. “What? You don’t have to do that.”

“I know, but I’m doin’ it anyway.”

“How does Cheese feel about that?”

“It’s not Cheese,” he said. “It’s a couple of recruits. Had Razor call them when we got here.”

Warm fuzzies settled low in my belly. “Okay, it’s not the wine.”

He grinned. “I know.”

I read his name on my phone. “Harmon Rivera. That’s such a good name.”

“Stepdad was Puerto Rican. Adopted me.”

I drew my eyebrows together in question. “I’m sorry?”

“Oh, I was just waitin’ for the inevitable, ‘You’re white, why’s your last name Rivera?’ question that everyone always asks.”

“First of all, it honestly didn’t even enter my mind to ask. Maybe because I’ve worked in a lot of hospitals and names really don’t mean anything when it comes to the color of someone’s skin. Or it could be that I believe the world’s a rainbow and that’s what makes it beautiful.”

“Fuck,” he breathed out. “I’m gonna kiss you now. If you don’t want me to do that, you need to say so.”

I didn't really have a chance to object, not that I would have, as his hands came to my neck, and he stroked my pulse as his lips covered mine.

Things were just getting interesting when we heard the key in the door and Harm stepped away from me with a groan.

Briggs walked through the door and stalled. "Ah, hi."

"Hey, honey. This is Harm."

Briggs glanced at him warily.

"I'm gonna do some things around the house for your mom," Harm said, reaching his hand out.

Briggs shook his hand. "Oh, cool. I'm Briggs. It's nice to meet you."

"Did you want to show me what you need done and then I can get out of your hair?" Harm said to me, and I almost kissed him with relief.

"Oh, right. Yes. I have everything in the garage. If you'll follow me."

I led Harm into the garage and found myself pressed up against the wall and kissed for all I was worth. I gripped his leather vest, holding on tightly as I opened my mouth for him, pressing my tongue against his.

I was the one who broke the connection, dropping my head to his chest. "Lord, you are lethal."

He chuckled. "Back atya."

"Okay." I patted his chest, then guided him to the bin of supplies. "This is what I bought."

Harm went through the box and sighed. "I don't like any of this, Bryn."

"Really, how come?"

"Because DC could get hold of another key and get it copied."

I frowned. "DC?"

"Douche Canoe."

I couldn't stop a snort. "Oh my god, I'm never going to be able to keep a straight face now, thank you for that."

He grinned. "You're welcome."

"What would you suggest?"

"How about I pick a few things up tomorrow and you can decide once I get here."

"Just remember I have a low budget."

"I got you," he promised.

"Call me when you get home?" I asked, immediately wanting to take it back. God, I sounded like a desperate teenager.

His hand slid around my waist. "You wanna risk talkin' into the wee hours of the mornin'?"

I ran my finger over his 'member' patch. "I just want to know you got home okay."

He kissed me again, this time far too quickly. "I can do that."

"I'll walk you out."

I walked him out, locking up behind him, then went to make sure my kid ate.

* * *

Harm called me about forty-five minutes later just as I was crawling into bed. "Hey."

"Hey."

"How far away do you live?" I asked. "That took forever."

"Keepin' track already, I see."

I blushed. "Just a question. I have not put a GPS tracker on your phone... yet."

He chuckled. "I live at the club. It's in Beaverton."

"Oh, that's a haul," I breathed out. "You really don't have to come all the way up here tomorrow."

"Babe, I'm gonna be up there anyway, but even if I wasn't, I don't mind."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure. You need to quit worryin' about what I say. If I don't want to do somethin' I'll tell you."

"That simple?"

"That simple," he said. "You drink coffee?"

"No."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously. I pump it directly into a vein in my arm," I retorted.

Harm laughed. "Okay, I can relax. Was worried there for a minute. If you're not a coffee drinker, we were gonna have to part ways."

"That's a deal breaker, huh?"

"Yeah. Are you a fancy coffee gal?"

"Sometimes. Most days it's coffee with cream and Splenda. Why?"

"Just gettin' to know you."

"Okay, my turn," I said. "Beer or wine?"

"Beer."

"Favorite?"

"Don't really have one. I'll drink anything."

"Vegetarian?"

"You already had dinner with me. I ate a steak," he pointed out.

"Did you?" I asked. "I didn't notice. I was too focused on your eyes."

“Yeah?”

“Yes, plus I’d had a glass of wine by then, so I was feeling a little tipsy.”

He chuckled. “Well, I’m still not a vegetarian.”

“That’s good,” I breathed out. “That’d be a deal breaker for me. DC’s a vegetarian.”

“One more thing to dislike about him,” he said. “I’ll basically eat or drink pretty much anything except tomatoes, so I’m easy in that regard.”

“Even kale and pineapple on pizza?”

“Now, you’re talkin’ like a communist,” he retorted.

“Do they have pineapples in Mother Russia?” I asked.

“Never been,” he said. “But I’ll be sure to ask if I find myself there. Combo, pepperoni, or plain cheese for pizza’s good. Just don’t add tomatoes.”

“Okay, well, I *love* tomatoes,” I said. “Like, I could marry tomatoes.”

He chuckled. “Is there anything you don’t like?”

“I don’t think we have time for that conversation tonight, to be honest,” I admitted. “I’m kind of a picky eater.”

“Fair enough.”

“I really need to go to bed.”

“Go to bed,” he said.

“I don’t want to.”

He chuckled. “You want me to drive back up there?”

“Yes,” I joked.

“Cause, I will.”

“You’re sweet.” I sighed. “Okay, I’m hanging up.”

“Good night.”

“Good night.”

“Hang up, baby.”

“I *am*.”

“Sounds like it,” he teased.

“I’m going to see you tomorrow, right? At the hospital?”

“Yeah. I’m bringin’ Maisie just before lunch.”

“Oh, perfect. Okay.” I smiled. “Okay, I’ll see you then.”

“Night, Bryn.”

“Goodnight.”

He hung up and I flopped against my pillows. How the hell was I going to sleep now?

CHAPTER FIVE

Brynley

BY ELEVEN THE next morning, I still hadn't seen Harm and I was getting a little grumpy. Irrational, for sure, but still true. I couldn't believe how quickly this man had gotten under my skin.

I was still at the nurses' station entering information in a chart when I heard, "Hey just Bryn."

Goosebumps shot up my spine as I raised my head to see Harm smiling and looking even more gorgeous in the daylight.

"Hi," I breathed out. "Um, good morning. How are you?"

He set a bag and a cup on the counter. "Coffee and a donut."

"Shut up," I said, opening the bag. "Bavarian cream? You remembered."

He tapped his temple. "Like a vault."

I smiled. "Thank you."

"I'll come find you later."

"Okay."

I watched him join Maisie down the hall, then I sat down and devoured my treat.

I was able to share a few glances with him over the next hour, but we'd had several surgeries that morning, so there was a lot of patient-monitoring to do. I was doubly glad for the extra shot of sugar and caffeine as the afternoon wore on.

"Hi, Bryn."

I looked up from the desk to see Lily Quinn walking toward me. Lily had been my ‘mentor’ when I’d first started at this hospital, showing me the ropes, and getting me acclimated to their best practices. That was six months ago, and she’d made me feel so comfortable, I now felt like I could run the whole show even though we no longer worked in the same department.

“Oh my god, Lil, hey,” I said, moving out from behind the desk to hug her. “To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“I’m here to see Maggie Vaughn, actually. She’s kind of like my aunt.”

“Oh, really?”

She smiled. “Yeah.”

“So you know Harm?”

“Yeah, he’s one of my husband’s club brothers. They’re actually really close outside of the club, too.” She raised an eyebrow. “Why?”

“Hey, Lil,” Harm said, making his way toward us.

He smiled at me, and Lily let out a quiet whistle.

“Oh, now I know why,” she whispered. “Go for it, Bryn. Seriously, he’s a good guy.”

She headed for Harm giving him a hug, then they made their way down the hall to Maggie’s room.

Two hours later, Harm passed by the desk, leaning over, and asking, “What time are you off?”

“Six.”

“Meet you at your place at seven?”

I nodded. “Perfect.”

“You want me to pick up food?”

“I can order pizza if you want.”

He grinned. “Even better. I’ll see you then.”

I couldn't stop myself from biting my lip as he walked away. Lordy, his ass was tight enough to bounce a quarter off of.

"Put your tongue back in your mouth," Lily teased, coming up behind me.

I squeaked, spinning to face her. "Where the hell did you come from?"

She chuckled. "I've been standing here for, like, an *hour*. You just didn't notice because you were mooning over Harm."

"I was *not* mooning." I scoffed. "I don't moon."

Lily shrugged. "Hm-mm, sure."

"Don't you have babies to deliver?" I asked, sitting at the desk, and picking up an iPad.

"Nope, I'm off," she said, sitting in the chair next to me. "Just waiting for Maverick to pick me up. I told him to come up here, so you and I could visit."

She and I were the only ones currently at the desk, as the rest of the team were on rounds, checking on patients while I handled 'paperwork.'

"So, how and when did you and Harm meet?" she asked.

"Here. Two days ago."

"Oh, so he's locked onto you. Better strap in, sister."

I glanced at her. "Why?"

"Because when a Dog locks their jaws on you, they rarely let go."

I sighed. "We have way too much of an age gap."

"No, you don't."

"You don't think so?"

"No way in hell," Lily said. "You're hot as, well, you know what, so I say go for it."

Before I could argue, a gorgeous man who looked quite a bit like Clark Kent in motorcycle boots walked toward us.

“Well, here’s my ride,” Lily said, letting out a girlish sigh. “God, he does it for me.”

I smiled. “You did well.”

“I know.”

She jumped up and made a run for him, wrapping her arms around him. “Hi, Möosh.”

“Hey, baby.”

“Come and meet Bryn.” She tugged him over to me. “Bryn, this is Maverick. Mav, meet Bryn. Harm’s locked onto her.”

Maverick raised an eyebrow. “Ah, well, good luck with that.”

“Right?” Lily jumped up and down. “I’m so excited.”

“Don’t do that,” I begged. “It’s probably never going to work.”

Lily and Maverick looked at each other, then laughed.

“What?” I asked.

“Oh, nothing,” Lily said. “Have a good night.”

They walked away and I was left to obsess while trying to fill out charts.

* * *

I dragged myself into my home just after six-thirty, after stopping at the store for beer, exhausted and wanting nothing more than to crawl into bed. Briggs had graduation rehearsal until nine, so he wouldn’t be home until later, but I still had to deal with Harm. Not that I didn’t want to see him, I just wasn’t in the mental space to deal with the emotional roller coaster.

I took a quick shower and dressed, ordering pizza just as Harm rang my doorbell. I pulled open the door and he frowned as he walked inside.

“You okay?” he asked.

“I’m fine, why?”

“Baby, you’re locked up tight. What’s goin’ on?”

“I’m just exhausted and spiraling. Don’t mind me.”

He set the bag and a toolbox on the floor and cupped my face. “Why are you spiraling?”

“It’s just something Maverick and Lily said.”

His jaw flexed and he frowned. “And what did Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee have to say?”

“That you’ve locked onto me, and I have no way out.”

“Ah.” He relaxed, his mouth turning up in a slow smile. “Is that all?”

“What do you mean, is that all?” I demanded with a huff.

“Babe, you always have a way out.”

“I’m not freaking out about that!” I snapped.

He chuckled, stepping away from me to lean down and pick up the bag. “I know.”

I threw my hands in the air. “What do you mean, you know?”

“You gettin’ annoyed?”

“Yes,” I hissed, advancing on him.

“You still spiralin’?”

I froze, realizing I was suddenly too irritated with him to feel any other way. “Um, well, no, actually.”

“You wanna see what I brought before the pizza gets here?”

I wrinkled my nose. “Give me a second to decide.”

“Is Briggs home?”

“No, not for a couple of hours.”

His hand slid to my neck, and he tugged me forward, his mouth covering mine. I melted into him, gripping his vest as I pressed my tongue against his.

Stroking my cheek, he broke the kiss and smiled. “Better?”

“I don’t know,” I said with a shrug. “I think we need to do that again, just to make sure.”

He chuckled, kissing me again and I sighed, burying my face in his chest once I felt like I could breathe again.

“You haven’t really locked onto me, have you?” I asked.

“Sure have,” he said, giving me a squeeze.

I met his eyes. “It’s so soon.”

“I’m not marrying you, Bryn. Just don’t want to get to know anyone else right now.”

“That’s all that means?”

“Yeah, that’s all that means.”

I relaxed. “Oh, I can deal with that.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Does nothing faze you?” I asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You got here, and I was totally melting down. You know, being totally female. You didn’t get mad or try to turn it back on me, you rolled with it and joked me out of it.”

“You’re allowed to melt down, Bryn. You’re also allowed to feel what you feel. We’ll work all that shit out.” He scowled. “Jesus, what kind of an asshole was DC?”

“A big one,” I grumbled.

The doorbell pealed interrupting whatever he was going to say.

“Pizza,” I deduced. “Let me get my purse.”

I headed into the kitchen but by the time I returned, Harm was already walking my way, pizzas in hand. “I got ’em,

babe.”

“Did you get a receipt?”

“Why?”

“So I can pay you back.”

“When I say I got the pizzas, I got the pizzas, Bryn.”

“I can’t give you *anything*?”

“Nope.” He set the boxes on the counter, next to the bag he’d brought earlier.

“But I ordered extra for Briggs.”

“So? I got it.”

I slid my hand to his waist. “Thank you.”

He grinned, kissing me quickly. “You’re welcome.”

“I stopped and got beer.” I pulled open the fridge. “I just grabbed a few kinds since I wasn’t sure what to get. Help yourself.”

“Babe, you didn’t need to do that.”

“I was happy to. If you’re going to do a little work around the house, it’s the least I could do,” I said. “The very least, in fact.”

He smiled. “Thank you, this is great. What do you want?”

“Coke’s good,” I said.

“Not drinkin’?”

“If I have wine, I may run the risk of peeling you out of your clothes, which will in turn run the risk of my kid walking in on us and being traumatized. I’ll stick to the pop,” I said as I pulled down a couple of plates.

His face grew serious as he pushed me against the island and leaned down nose-to-nose. “Now all I’m gonna be thinkin’ about is you peelin’ me outta my clothes.”

“Sorry, not sorry. That’s all I’ve been thinking about all night. I barely slept.”

“So, jack off like I did.”

“I *did*,” I growled. “I mean, I jilled off. It didn’t help. It’s been a long time for me, Harm.”

He drew breath in through his teeth. “Fuck, you squeaked the pink without me?”

I snorted out a laugh. “My vibrator did, yes.”

His mouth covered mine and he lifted me onto the counter, pulling me toward him, pussy to chest. Before we went too far, he broke the kiss, dropping his forehead to mine. “Jesus.”

“Oh, I’m pretty sure our lord and savior has nothing to do with something this sinfully good.”

He smiled, lifting me off the counter. “You on the pill?”

I shook my head.

“You comfortable gettin’ on it?”

I nodded.

“How long’s it been for you?”

“Since when?” I asked.

“Since you’ve been with anyone.”

I swallowed, dropping my head as heat crept up my neck. “I’ve only ever been with Bryce.”

He lifted my chin. “No shit?”

“Is that weird?”

“No. It’s beautiful,” he said. “I’m gonna get tested so that when you feel comfortable and want to take this to the next level, we’ll be ready, sound good?”

I nodded, still feeling off-kilter.

He stroked my cheek. “Hey, you’ve got nothin’ to be embarrassed about, Bryn.”

“I just wasn’t all that great at sex with Bryce, to be honest, so now I’m a little nervous about the thought of being with you.”

“What do you mean, you weren’t all that great?” He frowned. “Did he tell you that?”

“Yes.”

“I swear to Christ, if he were standin’ in front of me, I’d knock his veneers right outta his mouth.”

I bit the inside of my cheek to keep from laughing.

“First things first,” Harm said. “You are a phenomenal, and I mean, fuckin’ phenom-en-al kisser, and in my opinion, someone who kisses like that *has* to be great in the sack.”

I studied his face, looking for a lie. There wasn’t one.

“Second, if he said you’re not great in bed, then he wasn’t playin’ your body right and that’s on him.” He slid his hand to my neck. “When I get you under me, you will know what it feels like to be fucked by a man, and your body will know what to do.”

I shivered, unable to keep from kissing him.

It was me who broke the connection this time and I gripped his arms. “I’ll stop in at the pharmacy tomorrow,” I promised.

He smiled. “I like that, Bryn.”

After taking a few minutes to calm ourselves, we sat up at the island and pulled out the pizza while Harm showed me the new door locks he bought.

“I thought you should go for a keypad entry. It has fingerprint identification as well as unique keycodes for whoever you choose. Bryce can never have access unless you *give* him access.” He slid the package to me.

“What about in an emergency? Can we get out?”

“Yeah, it opens from the inside without a code, so if there’s a fire or whatever, you can get out.”

“Fancy.”

Harm chuckled. “An upgrade for sure.”

“How much is that going to cost me, though?” I asked.

“Nothing.”

I paused mid-chew. “What?”

“We had one at the shop.”

I narrowed my eyes. “You just happened to have one ‘at the shop’?”

“Yeah. I’m not fuckin’ with you, Bryn. We buy shit all the time that we don’t use.”

“And no one cares that you take it?”

“I cleared it with Hatch. He’s good with it.” He smiled. “He’d like you to be safe as well.”

“Why would he care?”

“You need to understand something about Hatch. He has a pathological need to protect the people he cares about. When you meet him, you’ll find out.”

“Again, why would he care?” I pressed.

“I care. Therefore, he cares.”

I wasn’t entirely sure I believed him, but let the matter drop. “What else is in the bag?”

“Security system.”

“Harm, I don’t have the money for a security system,” I said in frustration, sliding off my barstool and dropping my plate into the dishwasher.

“It’s part of the keypad, Bryn. It kind of all goes together.”

“Seriously?” I groaned. “Even if you give me the line that the parts fell out of the back of your shop, the labor alone to have it installed by an electrician will kill my budget.”

“I’m not givin’ you a line, Bryn. It’s all part of the system.”

“Yeah, but I can’t afford it.”

When he didn’t say anything for a few seconds, I looked at him.

“You done?” he asked.

“If you tell me you’re going to cover the cost—”

“You done?”

“Stop interrupting me!”

He raised an eyebrow. “You annoyed now?”

I fisted my hands at my side. “Very.”

“Good. Spiraling diverted?”

I dropped my head back and glared at the ceiling. “I will neither confirm nor deny.”

He chuckled, and I glared at him instead.

“I’m an electrician, Bryn.”

“What?” I cocked my head. “You are?”

“Yep. So, the labor’s free.”

Before I could respond, I heard, “Bitch, where are you and why aren’t you answering my texts?”

“Avery,” I said to Harm, then called out to her, “Kitchen!”

I grabbed my phone and realized the ringer was on silent. I set it back to normal as she walked into the room.

“Ah, hi, who are you?” she asked, giving me a hug.

“He’s Harm,” I said.

“Oh my god, *that’s* Harm?” she hissed.

Harm chuckled, standing, and holding out his hand. “So, you’ve mentioned me, huh?”

“Only to Avery,” I said as they shook hands. “Want some pizza?”

She shuddered. “Gross, no. Why would you even threaten?”

I rolled my eyes. “Avery is personally offended by pizza and all pizza adjacent products.”

“Good to know,” Harm said with a grin.

“So, you’re alive,” Avery said. “I was about to call *all* the emergency services.”

“Sorry, my phone was on silent. I must have hit the wrong button.”

“Again,” she retorted, opening my fridge, and pulling out a coke before shooting off a text. “I just told Lance to stand down.”

“I highly doubt he was worried.”

She sighed. “Well, maybe not as worried as me, but he was on alert, should I need back up.”

I turned to Harm. “Lance and Avery live two doors down. They have three kids, my niece and nephews as far as I’m concerned. My mom lives across the street, and it’s pretty much why I bought the place.”

Harm nodded. “Makes sense.”

“Did I see Bryce’s car here yesterday?” Avery asked.

Harm scowled.

“Uh-oh, what did he do?” Avery asked.

I started to fill her in on the incident, but Harm pushed away from the island. “I’m gonna take a walk.”

I frowned. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, just need a second. Be back.”

He walked away and Avery stared up at me. “Okay, that man his hot, like, *hawt*.”

I sighed. “I know. Therein lies the problem.”

I filled her in on the rest of the story about Bryce.

“God, I hate him,” she hissed.

I pointed to the stuff on the counter. “Harm wants to install a security system.”

She leaned against the granite and sipped her coke. “So let him.”

“I’ve known the man for two days and he’s suddenly spending all this money on me. I don’t want him to feel like I’m taking advantage of him.”

“Jesus, Bryn, I don’t feel that way,” Harm said, walking back into the kitchen.

“I thought you were going for a walk,” I said.

“I did,” he said. “But, let me get one thing perfectly clear. It’s my goddamn money. If I want to spend it on you, I’ll spend it on you, got it?”

Avery raised an eyebrow, and her lips formed an ‘O’ as she turned away from us and walked out of the room.

“I’m not used to being taken care of for no reason,” I admitted.

He wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me against him. “Then, you better start gettin’ used to it, Bryn, ’cause it’s happenin’.”

“You really don’t mind?”

“Baby, if I minded, I wouldn’t do it.”

I slid my hands up his chest. “I think you might be too good to be true.”

“Well, that’s just because I’ve got you fooled right now.”

“I’m gonna go ahead and go home,” Avery said, walking back into the room. “If you don’t get your vagina back in play, bestie, I’m gonna talk to Lance about a threesome.”

Harm chuckled. “Sorry, babe, I’m a one-woman man and not into sword play.”

Avery scoffed. “Damn it.”

I grinned, hugging my friend before walking her out.

CHAPTER SIX

Harm

BRYN WALKED BACK into the kitchen and stalled. “Did you just do your dishes?”

“Yeah, why?” I asked, closing the dishwasher.

“Fooling me indeed,” she said, walking into my body and wrapping her arms around me.

I chuckled, kissing the top of her head. “Jesus, that easy, huh?”

“Let’s just say, life has been a little rocky.” She looked up at me. “I’m not complaining, mind you. I love where I’m at now. I’ve just never had a partner.”

I smiled, kissing her quickly. “Well, you’ve got one now. You gonna let go of me long enough for me to do some work?”

“I’m thinking about it.”

God, she was cute. I liked having her soft body pressed against me. Too much to be comfortable, to be honest. All I wanted to do was take her upstairs and fuck her until she knew how gorgeous she really was. But that wasn’t gonna happen until she could get out of her head long enough to trust me.

“Okay,” she rasped, giving me one last squeeze. “Do your thing. I’ve got some laundry to do.”

“Sounds good.”

“I’ll text Briggs and let him know you’re here, but he should be home around nine thirty.”

I nodded. "I'll start in the garage, then."

We went our separate ways, and I grabbed my tools.

I'd gotten the garage doorknob installed and removed the front door lock when Bryn's kid walked in.

"Hi," he said. "Harm, right?"

I gave him a chin lift. "Yeah, hey."

"Briggs, is that you?" Bryn called from upstairs.

"No, it's Santa Claus," he called back with a grin. "Who else would it be?"

She appeared at the top of the stairs, her hands on her hips. "You keep it up, buddy, I'll shove you right back up my hoo-haw."

I stuffed down a laugh and tried to focus on the job at hand.

"Gross, mom, we have company."

"There's pizza in the kitchen," she said. "Are you hungry?"

"Starved. Thanks." He headed that way and Bryn walked down the stairs and stood over me.

"How's it going?" she asked.

"Good." I leaned back on my heels. "You good?"

"I'm great. Two loads of laundry done. I've stripped the beds, dusted, and cleaned the bathrooms," she said. "I'm trying to give you space."

"You don't have to do that, Bryn."

"Yes, I do."

I cocked my head. "How come?"

"Because if I don't, I'll peel you out of your clothes and..." she whispered, waving her hand in frustration, "...you know."

I chuckled. "You say the word, baby."

She let out a quiet grunt. “Not helping, Harmon.”

“Not tryin’ to, just Bryn.”

Briggs walked our way, shoving two pieces of pizza stacked on top of each other into his mouth. “Need help?” he asked, mid-chew.

“Briggs Matthew, don’t talk with your mouth full,” Bryn admonished.

He swallowed then asked the question again.

“Sure,” I said. “I can show you how to do a couple of things if you want.”

“Cool,” Briggs said, and joined me on the floor.

* * *

Brynley

I bit back tears as I watched Harm walk Briggs patiently through the process of changing a front door lock. My kid was lapping up the one-on-one attention and Harm was so incredibly sweet with him. To avoid completely melting down in front of them, I escaped into the kitchen and cleaned up Briggs’s mess.

“Mom, Harm wants you to come set your code.”

“Okay, honey.”

I had just set the pizzas in the fridge, so I followed him back to the foyer and Harm showed me how to set and change my code should I need to do so in the future.

“I’m going to call Delaney,” Briggs announced. “Thanks for letting me help, Harm.”

“No problem. Appreciate it, bud,” he said, then turned to me. “It’s gettin’ late, so I should head out. I have a job tomorrow, but I can swing by after if that works for you.”

“Yes,” I said. “I’m off the next three days.”

Once Briggs was up the stairs and I heard his door close, I leaned in close. “Oh my god, Harm, he’s beaming.”

“He’s a good kid.”

“What time are you done tomorrow?”

“Should be done around three. I can probably be here around four,” he said as he packed up his tools. “Does that work?”

“You don’t have to take Maisie to the hospital?”

He shook his head. “Razor’s on tomorrow since I gotta work.”

“And you’re sure I’m not taking you away from anything else?”

He didn’t answer, just gave me an eyeroll before closing up his toolbox.

“I sound a little needy, huh?”

He chuckled. “No, you don’t sound needy enough.”

“Briggs is taking Delaney out, so I can cook if you want.”

“Yeah?”

I nodded.

“That sounds great, baby. Can’t wait.”

I leaned against the door, sad that he was leaving.

“I’m coming back, Bryn.”

“I know,” I breathed out dramatically. “Tomorrow’s just so *far* away.”

“Let me show you where I was thinkin’ about puttin’ the keypad,” he said.

“Huh?”

He pulled me into the office off the foyer and pushed me up against the wall.

“*Oh*,” I whispered as his mouth covered mine.

I slid my hands up his back as he intensified the kiss and I leaned heavily against him.

“You know what?” I asked once he broke the kiss.

“What?”

“This would be a horrible place for a keypad.”

He chuckled. “Yeah, I’m gonna put it right by the door.”

“Oh, good.”

“Do you think that’ll tide you over ’til tomorrow?”

“Ah, no, no it won’t,” I said. “I’m definitely gonna need to take care of that later.”

“You’re not gonna do that, Bryn,” he said.

“Why not?”

“Because you’re gonna save any future orgasms for me.”

I shivered. “I don’t know if I can do that.”

He kissed me just below my ear and whispered, “Yeah, you can, baby. It’ll be worth the wait. I promise.”

I bit my lip. “Are you going to wait too?”

“Yep.”

I met his eyes. “Really?”

“Sure am.”

“What if it’s weeks?”

“Then I’ll wait weeks.”

“It won’t be weeks,” I admitted.

“No, I don’t suspect it will.”

I smacked his chest. “Don’t get cocky.”

“I’m gonna need to get cocky in order to deliver the orgasms you so desperately need, baby.”

“Okay, you need to quit.”

He grinned, kissing me again. “I’m gonna go before I can’t.”

“Go.” I slapped a hand over my chest. “*Break* my heart.”

“Jesus,” he hissed. “You don’t make it easy, you know?”

I grinned. “That’s the whole point.”

I led him out to the foyer.

“Call me when you get home,” I demanded.

“Yes, ma’am.”

He walked out and I locked up behind him.

* * *

Harm

I called Bryn as I walked into the club.

“Hi,” she said in her sweet way.

I smiled. “Hey.”

“You made it home in record time tonight.”

“No traffic.”

“How much traffic do you usually encounter this time of night?” she asked.

“Not much,” I said. “It’s worse coming up your way.”

“God, this conversation is inane,” she breathed out.

I laughed. “Yeah?”

“Yes. What I really want to say is, get your butt back up here and fuck me, but I can’t because my kid is home. Oh, plus we’ve only known each other for a few days, and it would make me a reckless slut.”

I let out a quiet growl. “You call yourself a slut, ever, in my presence, or anyone else does, I’m gonna lose my shit, Bryn. Don’t do it again. You aren’t one, and even if you’d pulled me into a back room the second you met me, you still wouldn’t be one, got it?”

“You really think so?”

“Yeah, baby, I really think so.”

“Well, that’s a sweet thing to say.”

“You seriously hang out with the wrong people.”

“I don’t. Well, I don’t anymore.” She sighed. “But you’re right, I did for a long time. I’m trying to cut them loose. The brainwashing just goes deep, you know? I still feel guilt when I do something that might be ‘wrong’ in the eyes of the church.”

“We’ll work on that together.”

“I’d appreciate that,” she said. “Am I ever going to visit your club?”

“Anytime you want me to bring you down, Bryn, you got an open invitation.”

“Ooh, okay. I’ve never been to a biker club before.”

“Never woulda guessed that,” I droned sarcastically.

“What gave me away?”

I chuckled as I grabbed a beer out of the fridge, giving Cheese a chin lift on my way through the great room, then headed up to my room. “When do you work next?”

“I’m currently on three twelves then off three days, but I’m going down to two days off,” she said.

“Why?”

“With Briggs moving up to Pullman in a few weeks, there’s no reason for me to have all that time off. I’m going to need the money to pay for half his education.”

“Hold up,” I said. “DC makes millions which he hides because he can through tax-free bullshit, but you have to handle half the kids’ education... why?”

“Because Bryce insists he doesn’t have the money.”

“But you took years off of work, right? So he didn’t have to be ‘bothered’ with staying home with them, but that really just meant he was probably just fuckin’ someone else... sorry if that might be news to you.”

She sighed. “No, you’re right. If Miffy was the one I caught, I know there were probably others before her.”

“That fuckin’ asshole.”

“Indeed.”

“Her name isn’t really Miffy, is it?” I asked.

“Born and raised.”

I laughed for several seconds, and I heard her laugh as well. “You can thank the universe that at the very least, you don’t have to live with a name like fuckin’ Miffy.”

“This is true,” she said.

“Have you told anyone at work you want to go down to two days off?”

“No, not yet,” she said.

“Hold off on that,” I said. “I want a little time for us. Can you do that for a month or two?”

“Yes, I can do that.”

“I appreciate that,” I said, turning around and walking back down the stairs, heading for Mack’s office.

“Now I can’t wait for my kid to leave.” She groaned. “Oh my god, I’m a monster. No, I’m a *momster*.”

“Yeah, you’re the worst,” I droned sarcastically.

“A horny momster. Oh my god, Harm. You’ve made me horny. I don’t think I’ve ever been horny. Even when I was supposed to be horny. I mean, obviously, I must have been at some point, I just don’t remember it ever feeling like this. Last night was the first night I actually had an orgasm with my vibrator. Avery bought it for me right after my divorce was finalized. I’d never even seen one in person before then. I seriously thought it was either broken or I was using it wrong until then.” She let out a quiet squeak. “Why am I telling you this?”

I grinned. “Because you trust me, and I love that you trust me enough to tell me that.”

“Are you seriously going to make me wait?”

“I am.”

“And you’re seriously going to wait too?”

“I am.” I knocked on Mack’s door and pushed it open when he bid. He waved me in, and I grinned. “Baby, I’m gonna need to let you go.”

“Oh, okay. I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Yes, you will.”

“Bye.”

I hung up and sat down in front of Mack’s desk. “I wasn’t expectin’ you’d be here.”

Mack grinned. “Darien’s at a book signing in Seattle, and the kids are off at other brothers’ places, so I came here. The house is way too fuckin’ quiet.”

“You didn’t go with her?”

“Ropes and Devlin were goin’, so he’s her bodyguard if somethin’ goes weird. Plus, Tate was gaggin’ to act as her assistant, so it’s a nice chance for Darien’s biggest fan to get some one-on-one time.”

Tate was an associate who worked for Mack in his law firm. She was actually Hatch’s daughter-in-law, married to Flash, and she was a really great human being. We all adored her.

“Jesus, it’s still a mind-bend to me that Ropes is a fuckin’ erotica author.”

Mack laughed. “Yeah, brother, I get it. He makes a decent livin’ at it, though, so I’m not gonna judge.”

I raised my hands. “Me neither.”

“Need somethin’?”

“Yeah, met a woman. She’s comin’ to mean something to me, and her ex is a fuckwad who’s still messin’ with her.”

Mack smirked. “My favorite kind.”

“Yeah.”

“What’s his name?”

“Bryce Shotwell.”

“The preacher?” he asked, sitting back.

I raised an eyebrow. “You know him?”

“I know about the scandal a few years back,” he said.

I nodded. “Yeah. I’m pretty sure he hid a shit ton of money, so he left her out in the cold, but now he’s trying to get her back. There’s just a lot of shit I don’t feel settled about and I think she’s gonna get caught in the middle of it.”

Mack clapped his hands and rubbed them together. “Then, let’s bring this motherfucker down. I’ll talk to Booker tomorrow.”

Booker was our resident computer expert. In reality, he could hack just about anything anywhere, and worked with a few of the more ‘undesirables’ in the ‘biz.’ If anyone could find the asshole’s hidden money, it was Booker.

I grinned. “That’s exactly what I wanted to hear.”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Brynley

THE NEXT DAY, I showered and took a little extra time with my hair and makeup. I took a little extra time with the menu as well, deciding a pot roast would be something Harm might appreciate. Sliding the roast in the oven, I decided to walk over to my mom's to visit for a little while since I hadn't seen her in a couple of days.

"Mom!" I called, letting myself in through the front door.

"Kitchen," she called back.

I found her sitting at her bay window with a cup of tea, reading a gossip magazine. I leaned down and kissed her cheek. "Hi, Mama."

"Hey, baby, how are you?"

"I'm good," I said, sitting across from her. "Did you make that list for me?"

"Yep, it's on the fridge," she said.

"Perfect. I'm heading to Freddie's tomorrow, so I'll pick everything up while I'm there."

"Thanks, honey. I appreciate it."

My mom had been an older mother. I was their miracle child and a surprise, actually. She'd found out she was pregnant with me at thirty-nine, thinking she was barren, so to say I was her one and only was an understatement. She doted on me.

But at her advanced age, she was having a harder time getting around nowadays.

I did her weekly grocery shopping, picked up her prescriptions and took her to her hair appointments. Living so close was a blessing because she refused to leave her home.

“I saw you had a man over to your home yesterday.”

“I did. He’s installing new locks on the doors. Bryce broke in.”

Mom gasped. “That little rat bastard.”

“Mama,” I said, biting out a laugh.

“Well, he is.”

“I agree. You just don’t swear.”

“I know I don’t. He’s the reason I do, though. Little piece of shit.”

I couldn’t hold back the laugh now. “Let it all out, Mom. I won’t judge.”

She snarled, then sipped her tea like a proper old lady. “I’m glad you’re changing the locks, sweetheart.”

“Me too.” I patted her hand. “How are you feeling? Any more issues with your leg?”

“No, I’m good. Briggs said he’ll come by tomorrow and mow for me before he takes his girl out.”

“He did?” I was so proud of my kid right now, I wanted to sing. “Good. I’m glad.”

“Don’t know what I’ll do when he goes away.”

“I’ll do it, Mama. Or Lance will. Don’t worry, you’ll be covered.”

“That Lance is a good man. Avery lucked out with him.”

I smiled. “I know. They don’t make them like him anymore.”

Except maybe Harm.

I kept that thought to myself.

“I’m making a pot roast tonight. Would you like to join me?”

“I was thinking I might just relax and watch Law and Order, if that’s okay,” she said.

I smiled. You didn’t get in between my mother and Law and Order.

“Want me to bring you a plate? It’s grandma’s recipe.”

“Why so fancy?” she asked.

“The handyman is coming over to finish the job, so I figured I’d make him something good to thank him,” I said. “You taught me that.”

“Yes, I did. Good girl,” she said. “Yes, I’d love a plate, honey. Thank you.”

“Great, I’ll bring it by about five-thirty.”

“That works great. Thank you.”

“Do you want me to make you another cup of tea before I go?”

“Oh, yes please, honey, thank you.”

I made her some tea, and did a quick tidy up, then headed home, getting the rest of dinner in the oven. Briggs walked in an hour later while I waited (rather impatiently) for Harm to arrive.

* * *

Harm walked in about twenty minutes after Briggs left. He looked gorgeous in his dark jeans, motorcycle boots, and black long-sleeved Henley, and it took everything I had not to peel him out of his clothes right then and there.

“Hi,” I breathed out, unable to stop myself from licking my lips.

“Hey.” He grinned, closing the door. “You look beautiful.”

“Thanks. So do you.”

“Briggs still here?” he asked.

“No, he’s across the street, mowing my mom’s lawn.”

He dropped his toolbox on the floor and wrapped his arms around me, pressing me against the door and kissing me for all I was worth.

“I picked up a contraceptive today,” I said once I broke the kiss.

He raised an eyebrow. “Yeah?”

I nodded. “I really want to take this to the next level.”

“When would you like to do that, baby?”

“Honestly?” I bit my lip. “Now. I’d like to do that now, I mean, tonight.”

“Fuck, really?”

I blushed. “Is it too soon? Oh my god, it’s too soon. I shouldn’t have said that.” I tried to pull away from him. “I’m sorry—”

His mouth was on mine again and he lifted me high enough so I could wrap my legs around his waist. Man, he was strong, and I say this because I was not light. I liked pizza and donuts and didn’t really get a chance to work out much.

“Fuck,” he hissed, lowering me to the ground. “What time’s your kid leavin’ for dinner?”

“Around five, I think.” I gripped his vest. “But I have to take dinner to my mom at five-thirty.”

“But then we have the evening.”

I nodded. “Then we have the evening.”

“Right, then stop distractin’ me. I’m gonna get this fuckin’ security system installed, Bryn, so your kid doesn’t ask what the fuck I was doin’ all night while he was gone.”

“Okay.” I stepped away and turned toward the kitchen.

“And, baby?”

I turned back to face him. “Yeah?”

“If you change your mind, at any point tonight... it’s okay.”

I let out a quiet snort. “Yeah, I’m pretty sure that won’t happen.”

“No?”

“No. I’ve got some serious restless bean syndrome going on.”

He burst out laughing. “Jesus, woman, get your ass outta here before we run the risk of traumatizin’ your kid.”

I gave him one more kiss, then went to check on the roast.

By six o’clock, Harm had finished installing the security system, dinner had been delivered to my mother, he and I had eaten, and Briggs had *just* walked out the door.

“Oh, my god, I thought he’d *never* leave,” I said in frustration, setting the leftovers in the fridge.

Harm chuckled, loading the dishwasher. “Take a breath, Bryn. He might come back.”

“Oh, I didn’t even think about that.” I shook out my hands. “Lordy, I’m not good at this. I don’t know what I’m doing, Harm.”

“You don’t need to know what you’re doin’, honey. I got you.” He settled a hand on my hip. “And we can wait if you’re feelin’ overwhelmed.”

“I don’t want to wait,” I growled. “I want to do something I’ve never done before. I want to do something sinful.”

“Need to make sure you bein’ with me isn’t just some sort of act of spiritual rebellion.”

I blinked up at him. “Considering the fact I’ve never done anything like this before, I honestly don’t know.”

He released me with a frown. “Right, well, you need to figure that out before we move to the next level, Bryn.”

“Isn’t the next level some sexual relief?”

“Is that what it is for you?” he challenged.

“Wait, what just happened?” I asked. “Are we having sex, or aren’t we?”

“Well, that depends.” He raised an eyebrow and closed the dishwasher. “Am I your boy toy or are we moving in the direction of an actual relationship?”

“You want a relationship?” I asked.

“Baby, what do you think I’m doin’ here?”

“Putting aside the age difference, don’t you want kids?”

He crossed his arms. “I want you.”

I let out a quiet huff. “That didn’t answer my question.”

“I want you more than I want kids.”

“But you’ve always wanted kids of your own, right?” I asked.

“Well, yeah, I guess.”

“I don’t know if I want more kids,” I admitted. “Pregnancy was really tough for me and then I was essentially a single parent with both kids. I had no support.”

“I’m not askin’ you to have any more, Bryn.”

“Yeah, but being with me would be a huge sacrifice for you,” I rasped. “Something you shouldn’t have to do.”

“Yeah? Would it?” he snapped. “Shouldn’t I?”

I threw my hands in the air. “Why are you all snarly with me?”

“Because you’re tellin’ me how I should feel,” he said.

Before I could say anything further, I heard Briggs call out, “Sorry, Mom, it’s me. I forgot my wallet.”

Harm raised an eyebrow and I huffed.

“No problem, honey,” I said, trying to keep my voice even.

Harm put some distance between us just as Briggs walked in, giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. “Love you.”

I forced a smile. “Love you too, baby.”

“Bye Harm.”

Harm gave him a chin lift. "See ya, bud."

Briggs walked back out the door and I heard the lock turn before I faced Harm again. "I'm sorry."

He sighed. "Me too."

"I really don't mean to tell you what you feel. I just don't want to be hurt."

He closed the distance between us. "Let's break that down, then. Why do you think you're gonna be the one gettin' hurt here?"

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not even going to dignify that question with a response."

He cupped my face. "Jesus, do you know how fuckin' much I want to ram your asshole ex into a wall right now?"

"Get in line."

"I'm not askin' you to marry me, Bryn. I'm also not sayin' that gettin' into a sexual relationship doesn't mean somethin' to me, because it absolutely does. So, can we keep this on a level that's somewhere in the middle?"

I leaned against him. "You're going to have to help guide me on this, Harm, because I'm still getting out of the 'sex outside of marriage' is a mortal sin."

He smiled gently. "Yeah, baby, I get it. And I'm not gonna take that for granted. But I don't want you to freak out about how I'm feelin' or what I'm thinkin'. Believe me, if I have somethin' to share, I will."

"Really?" I droned sarcastically. "I got the impression you were shy."

He smirked. "But, we're not doin' this unless it's something we're both committed to. I don't share."

"Commence the locking on of the jaws."

He made a chomping noise with his teeth, and I laughed.

"You gonna try this with me?" he asked.

"I'm terrified."

“Me too.”

I cocked my head. “You are?”

“Yeah. Why does that surprise you?”

I shrugged. “Because you’re so calm, cool, and collected. Not to mention the fact, you’ve probably slept with more than just one person.”

“Cards out on the table?”

I nodded.

“I’ve only ever loved one person, and that was Stella. But we were kids. Never met anyone I even entertained having more than something to let off steam with.” He stroked my cheek. “Until you strutted your sweet ass up to me and asked if I wanted to move to a more comfortable spot in the waiting area.”

I gasped. “Really?”

“Really,” he said. “So, yeah, I’ve fucked a few women in my time, but no one for a couple of months, and I’m not plannin’ on fuckin’ anyone again unless you decide you’re done with me, so if you get out of your own way, then I know this could work.”

“I have to get out of *my* own way?”

“You want me to strum your nugget?”

“Lordy, yes, I do,” I breathed out.

“Then, yeah, you need to get the fuck outta the way.”

I wrinkled my nose. “If you weren’t so freaking sexy, I’d call you rude.”

He grinned. “It’s a good thing we’re on the same page, then.”

“I just went on the pill, though.”

“I brought rubbers, Bryn.”

“Oh,” I squeaked. “Cocky.”

He laughed. “Hopeful.”

“I would like very much to get out of my head and try this,” I said.

“Then, lead the way, beautiful.”

I grabbed his hand and led him upstairs to my bedroom. My heart was beating so fast, I was sure he could hear it. Once inside, I closed the door and leaned against it.

“I do feel a little guilty,” I admitted.

“Why?”

“Being in the medical profession, I’m about to break the Hippocratic oath.”

He cocked his head. “What?”

“I’m about to *do* Harm.”

He burst out laughing, pulling me against him and kissing me. “Jesus Christ, woman, you are funny as shit.”

I smiled, running my fingers over one of the patches on his vest, suddenly shy. “Now what?”

He chuckled. “Just relax, Bryn, this isn’t an execution.”

“My vagina may think otherwise.”

“Why don’t you start?” he suggested. “I’ll take care of my cut and boots, then you do the rest.”

“Cut?”

“This is called a cut.” He slid off his vest and folded it neatly, setting it on the chair by the window, before kicking off his boots. Once he was barefoot and cut free, he closed the distance between us and stood in front of me again. “There. Now, we’re even.”

“You’re wearing a bra, too?” I teased.

He smiled. “You’ll have to peel me out of my clothes to find out.”

I blushed. “Why am I so embarrassed?”

“I don’t know,” he said. “But there’s no one here to judge you, Bryn.”

“Can you take over, please?”

“You sure you want that?”

“God, yes,” I hissed.

His mouth covered mine and I wrapped my arms around his waist as he intensified the kiss. I couldn't stop myself from sliding my fingers along the ridges of his abs and I felt his muscles contract in response.

He broke the kiss briefly to remove his shirt and I let out a quiet gasp at the sight of his chest. “Holy moly,” I breathed out.

The Dogs of Fire club logo was front and center, tattooed across his chest with wings on either side above it. I ran my fingers over it, letting the tips of them dip into each crevice as I explored his incredible body.

“Your turn,” he said, and I met his eyes. “Do you trust me?”

I nodded, and he helped me lift my T-shirt over my head. He reached behind me and unsnapped my bra, releasing my double D's with ease.

“Fuck,” he hissed. “Jesus.”

I tried to cover my breasts with my arms, but he stopped me.

“What are you doing?” he admonished. “Don't you dare hide these from me.” He ran his thumbs over my nipples, and they tightened into pebbles. Pulling me closer, his mouth went to my neck and his teeth scraped gently along my jaw. “You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, Bryn. Fuck, I can't believe you're trusting me with this.”

He kissed me again, lifting me and carrying me to my bed, throwing the bedding back and setting me gently on the mattress. He tugged my jeans down, panties and all, throwing everything into the corner of the room. I was fully exposed to him, and I closed my eyes, forcing myself just to feel.

He wrapped his hands around my thighs, tugging me down the bed, then spreading me open to him where he buried

his face between my legs. I let out a quiet groan as his tongue ran through my already slick folds and I couldn't stop myself from fisting my hands in the bedding.

"Harm?" I panted out, almost in tears, but he was too focused on my clit to hear me.

His fingers slipped into me, and I knew I was too far gone to think, so I let the sensations pour over me. But when his thumb pressed against my clit, I cried out as an orgasm hit and then I burst into tears, unable to control the emotions welling up inside.

"Jesus," Harm whispered, climbing up my body, and wrapping his arms around me and holding me close. "Shit, did I hurt you?"

"No," I sobbed out. "That was the most amazing thing I've ever experienced. In. My. Life."

"Shit, seriously?" he asked, concerned.

"I'm only going to say this one time, well, in my bed, but DC would never do... *that*... to me."

He frowned. "That?"

"You know..." I waved my hand over my vaginal area, "...*that*."

"Eat you out?"

"Yes. He felt it was gross and unclean."

"He was all about you givin' him head though, huh?"

"Oh, for sure," I confirmed.

He stroked my cheeks, wiping away the fresh set of tears. "I seriously wish the Purge was a real thing. He'd be at the top of my fuckin' list."

I chuckled, which came out as more of a snort since I was still crying. "I really, really liked it."

"Well, yeah," he said. "You should. It's fun."

I nodded.

"You want me to do it again?"

“No, I want you to fuck me now,” I whispered. “But I reserve the right to have you do that again later.”

“Anytime you want me to do that to you, baby, you say the word.”

I stroked his cheek. “Okay.”

He released me only long enough to remove the rest of his clothes and grab condoms, then he stretched out beside me again and kissed me. “If you want to stop, you just say the word, even if we’re right in the middle, we’ll stop, okay?”

“Okay, one more thing about DC, then never again in this bed,” I said.

He narrowed his eyes. “What?”

“Compared to you, he has what we would call in the medical field, a micro peen.”

Harm buried his face in the mattress and burst out laughing. “Fuckin’ hell, woman, I’m gonna lose my shit if you keep goin’ on like that.”

I grinned. “What? It’s a very serious medical condition.”

He laughed harder, covering his face with his hands.

“I’m serious,” I continued. “The man is hung like a Lite Brite peg.”

He guffawed so hard, I thought he might fall off the bed.

“Jesus, Bryn,” he bit out. “You need to quit.”

He was on his back which gave me full access to his body. God, he was beautiful.

I decided to use his distraction to my advantage and straddled his hips, leaning down to kiss his chest.

He got serious pretty quickly, gripping my hips and meeting my eyes with his. “Hi.”

I smiled. “Hi.”

“Like that you’re takin’ the lead.”

“I’m not sure what to do, to be honest,” I admitted. “I mean, I know what to do, obviously—”

He flipped me onto my back again and slid my arms above my head, anchoring them with one hand as his other slipped between my legs. “Is this better?” he asked.

“Oh my god, yes.”

He kissed me, his tongue sliding into my mouth and making the same motion as his fingers did inside my pussy. He broke the connection just long enough to roll on a condom and then his cock pressed against my opening, and I arched up, begging him to give me some relief. He slid halfway in, and I whimpered with need, trying to pull out of his grip to have more control, but he held firm.

“Harm, please.”

He buried himself deep with one thrust and a shot of pleasure pierced all the way to my toes.

“Fuck, you’re tight. Are you okay?”

I nodded. “Yes, god, yes.”

He released my hands, kissing me as he palmed a nipple with one hand, leaning up on his other elbow, giving himself the leverage he needed to slam into me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and met each of his thrusts, arching into his palm as I could feel another orgasm building with each motion.

“Oh, god, honey, I can’t wait,” I panted out.

“Wait, Bryn,” he growled.

I gripped his shoulders, my fingers almost white trying to stave off an orgasm.

“I can’t, Harm.”

“Now, baby.”

I let myself go, this climax slamming into me, rather than the gentle roll the previous orgasm had been. His grunt was a little quieter than my guttural cry of complete and utter ecstasy as he rolled us onto our sides, and he kissed me gently. “Well,

fuck me and call me Sally, that was about the best sex I've ever had."

"You don't need to say that, Harm," I said, blushing.

"Look at me, Bryn."

I met his eyes.

"I will never, and I mean, *never*, lie to you." He stroked my cheek. "I have never experienced anything like that before."

I bit my lip. "Wow, really?"

"Really."

I smiled. "Me neither."

"You're fuckin' phenomenal in bed, baby."

"I am?"

"Yeah."

I beamed. "Well, so are you."

He chuckled. "Good to know."

"You knew that already, huh?"

Harm shook his head. "It's not a foregone conclusion that you'd like what I do, Bryn. I had a feelin' we'd be good together, but that's because we have a mutual respect and we both think we're hot as fuck. Plus, I'm kinda obsessed with your unbelievably incredible tits," he said, cupping them. "Jesus, I knew they'd be good. I had no idea they'd be *this* good."

I chuckled. "Okay, I actually really like my boobs."

"You should," he said. "You should like all of you. You're beautiful, Bryn."

"You certainly make me feel that way."

"Good." He slid out of me gently. "I'm gonna get rid of the rubber."

"I made a pie," I said as he walked into the bathroom.

“No shit?” he called out.

“Chocolate cream.”

He walked back in the room. “Dessert, then another go?”

I sat up on my elbows. “Yes, please.”

We dressed quickly, then headed downstairs.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Harm

I KNOCKED ON Bryn's door a little after three the next day. All I wanted to do was get my arms around her. Technically, I wanted to bury my dick in her sweet pussy, but I'd settle for gettin' my arms around her for the moment.

She pulled open the door with a big smile. "Hi."

"Hey, baby. Briggs home?" I asked, stepping inside.

"No."

I wrapped my arms around her, picking her up and pressing her against the wall as I covered her mouth with mine. She slid her hands into my hair and gripped my scalp, her tongue pressing against mine as the kiss quickly grew heated.

"Wait, honey," she panted out. "He'll be home any minute. If you keep doing that, I'll be a basket case when he gets here."

I set her feet on the floor and kissed her one more time. "I've been fuckin' distracted all day," I admitted.

She stroked my cheek, giving me a sweet smile. "You have?"

"Yeah. Nearly electrocuted myself."

"Shut up, you did not."

"Swear to Christ," I said. "Rookie mistake, 'cause I was daydreamin' about your tits."

She let out a quiet snort. "My tits *are* pretty dreamy."

I laughed. “No doubt.”

“Are you hungry? I can warm up the leftovers from last night.”

“Yeah, that’d be great, thanks.” I pulled her to me when she turned to walk away. “One more kiss, though.”

She grinned. “*Fine.*”

Bryn had just set a plate in front of me when her kid walked through the front door, slamming it, and I heard, “Don’t do me any favors, *Dad*. Yeah, whatever.”

Bryn glanced at me, and I could tell she was on alert as he stomped into the kitchen looking ready to murder someone.

“Hey, buddy, you okay?” she asked.

“Dad just bailed.” He looked at me. “Hey, Harm.”

“Hey. I’ll give you two some privacy,” I said.

“No, it’s cool,” Briggs said. “Don’t leave on my account.”

“What’s going on, honey?” Bryn asked.

“Dad said he is no longer available to drive the truck up to school.” He turned to me and explained, “Dad was going to follow me and Mom up to Pullman in a truck, then drive Mom home.”

I nodded before focusing back on my food.

Bryn scowled. “What do you mean, he’s no longer available?”

“He said for you to call him, and you can work out the details.”

“When you doin’ that?” I asked.

“August fifteenth,” Briggs said.

“I can do it.”

Bryn and Briggs’s heads whipped my way.

I wiped my mouth with a napkin and nodded. “What size truck do you need?”

“Like, a U-Haul small-size,” Briggs said. “My brother has an apartment he’s rented for us just off campus.”

“Gotcha covered,” I said. “If you want, you can come down to the club and have a look at what we got and pick one that’ll work. I can follow you up and drive your mom back. And if you need some extra muscle, got a couple of recruits who need some earn time, so they can come too.”

“No way, really?” Briggs asked. “I have money saved up from working, so let me know what that’ll cost and—”

“Bud, it’s no charge,” I said.

I didn’t miss Bryn’s eyes as she turned away and wiped away tears before composing herself and facing her kid again.

“Are you sure?” Briggs asked.

“Yeah,” I said.

“Why?”

“Briggs,” Bryn admonished.

“It’s all good, Bryn,” I said, then turned to Briggs. “I consider your mom a friend, bud, and that friendship extends to you and your brother. There aren’t strings attached to it. It also isn’t gonna cost you anything. If you need somethin’, and I can provide it, I will. End of story.”

“Wow, okay, thanks.”

I nodded. “No problem.”

“I think Dad’s doing this to mess with you, Mom.”

Bryn’s body locked. “Why do you say that?”

“Because he was fine to go until I told him about the new locks on the door.”

Bryn took a deep breath and closed her eyes briefly. “Well, don’t you worry about that, honey. That’s between me and your dad.”

“Except it’s not,” he countered, leaning across the island. “Look, I get that you feel like you need to be cordial with Dad, but I’m eighteen now and Bay and I have been talking.”

“Uh-oh,” Bryn said.

“We’re over his shit, Mom.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“We’ve decided we’re going to take on extra work and figure out a way to pay for school ourselves because we no longer want to have anything to do with him. We’re cutting him out of our lives for good. This was the last straw.”

“Baby, you don’t need to do that on my account.”

“We’re not,” he said. “We’re doing it for us. He’s a piece of shit, Mom, and he treats you like crap. We’re over it.” His phone pinged, and he glanced at the screen. “Crap, I forgot to pick up my cap and gown. I’m gonna head back to school and do that.” He made his way to Bryn and hugged her. “Do you *want* us to keep a relationship with Dad?”

“No, not if you truly don’t want to,” Bryn said.

“Good, because we’re done, Mom.” He released her. “We’re even talking about changing our names.”

“What?” she rasped. “Why?”

“We don’t want to be associated with him,” he said. “We figured we could all talk about it together. Maybe all three of us could go back to your maiden name?”

“Wow.”

“Think about it, okay?” he said.

Bryn nodded. “Okay, honey. Am I keeping dinner for you?”

“Um, I’m gonna pick my stuff up, then head over to Delaney’s unless you need me here.”

“I’m good, honey, have a good time,” she said. “Be safe.”

“I will.” He smiled. “Thanks for the help, Harm.”

“No problem,” I said, and Briggs walked out the door.

The second I heard the deadbolt slide into place, I was off my stool and pulling Bryn against me. She burst into tears,

wrapping her arms around me. “That downright piece of shit,” she hissed. “I can’t believe he’d do that to his own child.”

“Don’t like that he’s tryin’ to fuck with you.”

“Me neither. I’m going to call him.”

“*Or*,” I countered.

She leaned back to look up at me. “Or, what?”

“Don’t do anything. You don’t need to. Just ignore him. He’s clearly doin’ this to get a rise outta you. You and I’ll get Briggs up to school and DC doesn’t need to know a goddamn thing.”

She bit her lip, slowly smiling. “Oh, that will drive him *insane*.”

I chuckled. “Yeah, it will.”

“Are you done eating?”

“Yeah, why?”

She slid her hand up my chest. “I thought you could feast on something else.”

“Mmm, dessert,” I said. “I thought you’d never ask.”

Bryn shook her head. “You ate all the pie last night.”

“Not that pie, baby.” I slid my hand between her legs. “*Your* pie.”

“Oh, yes, yes, *that* pie.”

“I’ll do my dishes real quick and meet you upstairs.”

She made a run for the stairs, and I had never loaded a dishwasher faster.

After making sure the house was locked up, I headed upstairs to find Bryn already naked and on the bed.

“Jesus, you’re beautiful,” I rasped as I closed and locked her bedroom door.

Her smile lit up the room and I quickly divested myself of my clothes.

“I bought condoms,” she said, as I grabbed her legs and pulled her down the bed toward me. “They’re in the nightstand.”

“Yeah?”

She bobbed her head. “Just in case. I bought magnums.”

I grinned, spreading her legs. “Love that you think I need magnums, baby.”

“You don’t?”

“Of course I do,” I teased, burying my face between her legs.

She slid one leg over my shoulder and arched into my mouth as I feasted on her pussy. I lapped at her folds, moving my tongue to her clit, then pressing my thumb to the nub.

A quiet whimper indicated she was about to come, so I slipped two fingers inside of her and she exploded.

I grabbed a rubber from her nightstand and rolled it on, sliding into her slick, wet heat. Fuck, it was heaven.

Linking my fingers with hers, I dragged her arms above her head, and buried my dick to the root.

“Yes,” she hissed as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

“On your knees,” I demanded, sliding out of her.

She shifted onto all fours and I slid back into her from behind.

“Oh my god,” she breathed out. “Hard, honey. I need it hard.”

I gave the globe of her ass a smack and she shivered under me.

“Yes! More,” she begged.

Running my finger through her wetness, my dick still buried deep, I slid my finger into her tight hole and she mewled as I began to rock into her. I matched the motion of my hips with the motion of my finger in her ass, then I moved faster

and faster, only pulling my hand away when I needed to grasp her hips in order to fuck her deeper.

She cried out my name as her pussy walls contracted around my dick and I let myself go, as she fell onto the mattress. I followed her down as her cunt milked me dry, then I pulled gently from her and headed into the bathroom to clean up.

I found her how I left her, smiling at her flushed cheeks and hair partially covering her face. “Did I kill you?” I teased, climbing back onto the bed, and rolling her to face me.

“If you did, it was the best way to go.”

I leaned forward and kissed her. “You are a fuckin’ phenomenal lay.”

“Back atya,” she whispered, stroking my cheek. “I like what you did, you know, in my...”

“Your ass?”

She blushed. “Yes.”

“My baby likes anal.”

She dropped her gaze to my chest. “That sounds so sordid.”

“It’s not sordid, baby. It’s fun.”

She met my eyes again. “So fun. Can we do that again?”

“Fuck, yeah, we can do it as often as you like. If you want, I can buy you some toys.”

Her face lit up. “Yes, please.”

“I’ll get on that this week.”

She bit her lip. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” I kissed her again. “Now, how do you want it?”

“Just like that again.”

“Your wish is my command.” I grinned. “All fours, baby.”

She nodded and assumed the position.

CHAPTER NINE

Brynley

HARM ARRIVED TO pick me and Briggs up a few minutes early and I was ready. Shocker, I know, but I was quickly learning that whatever I wore made Harm happy, so I'd quickly decided on a pair of dark skinny jeans, a pair of black booties, and a green flowy, hippie top with a deep V-neck.

Harm walked in wearing dark jeans, motorcycle boots, a black Henley, and his Dogs of Fire cut, and I instantly wanted to peel him out of everything.

"You keep looking at me like that, I'm gonna have to take care of it," he whispered, when I opened the door.

"Well, then don't walk in here looking edible."

He grinned. "Where's Briggs?"

"Bathroom."

Harm leaned down and kissed me, far too quickly for my liking, then closed the door behind him.

"Briggs, Harm's here!" I called.

"Coming."

My kid came jogging into the foyer, shoving his wallet into his jeans pocket as he did, a giant grin on his face. "Thanks again for doing this, Harm."

"No problem."

"Oh, crap." I threw my hands in the air. "I almost forgot the booze."

"You bought booze?"

“Just beer and wine.” I frowned. “Is that okay?”

Harm’s eyes got soft as he smiled at me. “It’s cool, ba—ah, Bryn. Just not necessary.”

“Oh, well, I won’t tell you I also baked a pie, then.”

“I’ll help you grab everything, Mom,” Briggs offered.

“Thanks, honey.”

Harm followed us into the kitchen and insisted on taking the beer and wine while Briggs took the pie, leaving me with nothing. I shook my head but decided not to argue. After all, it would do me no good and I was really starting to like being taken care of.

“Mom, you should ride with Harm,” Briggs said.

Because Harm *insisted* on hauling his ass all the way up here just so we could follow him down to the club (again, major waste of time, in my opinion), the plan was for me and Briggs to drive down together. I was bummed, obviously, because I wanted to spend some time with Harm alone, but I wasn’t ready to spill the beans to my kid about our new relationship, so the ruse was still on.

“Why, honey? You don’t want alone time with Mommy?”

Briggs laughed. “I just figured you’d want a break from me.”

“Never.”

“It’s cool if you want to ride with me,” Harm said. “I can bring you back, too.”

Briggs nodded. “That’d be great. You know, just in case I need to leave early, I don’t want to cramp your style.”

“I don’t have a style to cramp,” I pointed out, then threw the back of my hand to my forehead dramatically. “But I’ll ride with Harm if that’s what you want.”

“Has anyone told you that you’re weird?” Briggs asked.

“You,” I retorted. “Daily.”

Briggs gave me a fake laugh then headed for his car while I followed Harm to his truck. The second we were in, Harm took my hand and squeezed. "I fuckin' hate not touching you."

"Me too, honey."

"You know he probably knows," Harm said, pulling onto the freeway.

I shook my head. "I doubt it."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Briggs is not my observant one. If Baylor was here, I'd say probably, but Briggs is in his own world."

Harm cocked his head. "Still think he knows."

"Shit." I turned to face him even though he couldn't do the same. "What if he knows, Harm?"

"Baby, he knows."

"Oh my god! He knows!" I pulled my hand from his. "What the hell am I going to do?"

"I'll tell you what you're not gonna do." He grabbed my hand again. "You're not gonna freak out."

"My kid *cannot* know about us."

"Why the fuck not?"

I scowled.

"Why not, Bryn?" he pressed.

"I don't know," I snapped.

Harm chuckled.

"It's not funny."

"It's a lot funny," he countered.

I huffed. "How exactly is it 'a lot' funny?"

"Because you're freaking out about whether or not your kid knows about us... which he absolutely does... and he obviously doesn't give a fuck because he *insisted* we ride together." He squeezed my hand again. "It's all good."

“Stop being logical when I’m melting down.”

“Stop melting down when you don’t need to,” he countered. “Don’t borrow trouble.”

“You’re annoying.”

He laughed. “Oh, I’m aware.”

I bit my lip. “You really think he knows?”

“Yeah, baby. He knows. And if he doesn’t, he’s trying to set us up.”

I gasped. “Oh my god, that’s it. He’s trying to set us up.”

“Bryn?”

“Yes?”

“Pretty sure he knows already.”

“Can we just go with the thought that he’s trying to set us up? It makes me feel better.”

“How exactly does that make you feel better?”

I blushed. “Because if he knows then he’s probably imagined you and I... you know.”

“You and I, what?”

“Do not make me say it out loud.”

“You can’t say what out loud, Bryn?” he teased.

“Harmon,” I warned.

“Yes, Bryn.”

I let out a frustrated squeak.

“Your kid knows we’re fucking, baby.” He grinned. “Don’t know how much more he knows, like how fuckin’ dirty you are or that you like anal—”

I smacked his arm. “Harm!”

He laughed again, and if I was being honest, I had to bite back one of my own.

“Better?” he asked.

“Yes, but you’re a butt.”

“I know, baby, I know.”

A giant slow spinning sign illuminated the night as Harm pulled through an open chain link gate and into the large lot of Big Ernie’s Body Shop.

“This is your club?”

“Yeah.”

“Is it also a body shop?”

He nodded. “And we fix pretty much anything with a motor, so if you need work done on your car, or your kids do, tell me and I’ll get it sorted here. It’ll be free.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, baby.” He parked his truck and faced me. “We take care of our own.”

“That’s kind of amazing.”

“Glad you think so.” He smiled, shutting off the engine. “Don’t move.”

He slid out of his truck, guided Briggs into a parking spot next to him, then made his way to my door, opening it and holding his hand out to me.

“I’m good,” I said.

“Take my hand, Bryn,” he growled.

I slapped mine onto his palm and he helped keep me steady as I climbed down. “Bossy.”

He slid his hand to my butt and squeezed. “Don’t ever forget it.”

“Stop,” I hissed. “Briggs will see.”

Then, like an apparition, my son appeared. “Can I help carry stuff in?”

“That’d be great, honey,” I said, turning to glare at Harm.

Harm just grinned, then grabbed our wares and handed the pie to Briggs. He then led us to an unmarked door to the

left of what looked like the auto shop. A dimly lit hallway led to another unmarked door which opened before we reached it.

We walked through the second door and into a small foyer with a few easy chairs and a desk with a television. I recognized the biker and couldn't stop a smile. "Hi, Cheese."

"Hey, Bryn."

"Briggs, this is Cheese."

Briggs shook his hand and then Harm guided us through another locked door. We entered a large common room already packed with biker men and women. The space was filled with sofas, overstuffed chairs, a pool table, large flat-screen television, several smaller tables that children gathered around for board games.

We walked into the kitchen, much bigger than I expected and well-appointed with two sets of wall double ovens, an eight-burner range with another oven below it, and a giant granite island in the middle of the space.

"This is amazing," I breathed out.

"We've done some updates," Harm said as he set the wine on the island then put the beer and pie in the giant refrigerator. "All Maisie's idea."

"Well, she knows how to decorate."

"Thank you, love, that's the best compliment."

I turned at the sound of Maisie's sweet, British accent and smiled. "Hi."

"Hi yourself," she said, pulling me in for a hug. "I'm so glad you're here."

"Me too. This is my son, Briggs."

"It's lovely to meet you, Briggs," she said, holding her hand out.

Briggs shook her hand and grinned. "You too."

I could see my kid's eyes bugging out of his head and I knew why. Maisie was gorgeous. She might be a decade or

more older than me but she didn't look it and she was exactly my son's 'type.'

Not that Briggs would be anything other than respectful, of course. But I knew my son and I knew that he gravitated toward gorgeous blondes, so there was that.

"Where's Hatch?" Harm asked, hugging Maisie.

"Tenley wanted to show PopPop her pinball skills," she said, then faced me to explain, "Our six-year-old granddaughter."

"That's a fun age."

Maisie nodded. "So much fun."

Just then, a tall man with long salt and pepper hair walked in.

"Speak of the devil," Maisie said.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind, shoving his face in her neck. "You spillin' our secrets, Sunshine?"

Maisie reached up and tugged on his beard. "Never."

He chuckled, reaching his hand out to me, then Briggs. "I'm Hatch."

After introductions, Hatch grabbed a beer, and Harm did the same. "I'm gonna show them around."

"Have fun," Hatch said, and Briggs and I followed Harm out to the back.

There were three outdoor picnic tables, where people were already sitting down and eating, along with two grills filled with different types of meat.

"Sodas and water are in those coolers," Harm said, nodding to the ones against the fence. "Help yourself, Briggs."

"Thanks."

He grabbed a coke and then Harm took us past the chain link fence where several trucks were parked. We made our way over to one of them and Harm opened the back. "This one

should do the trick but let me know if you need something bigger.”

“No, this is perfect,” Briggs said. “It might be a bit overkill, honestly.”

“It’s one that needs to go up to Seattle anyway, so you’re doing us a favor. It means I can drop it off at the club there and drive a bike home for Hatch. That’s not to be shared. It’s a surprise.”

Briggs chuckled. “Lips are sealed. This is great, thanks.”

“No problem.”

We headed back to the party and Harm and I spent the next two hours trying to keep our hands off each other.

I was sipping my third glass of wine when Briggs walked up to me, waving his cell phone in the air. “Delaney got out of work early. I’m gonna head home if you’re okay with that.”

“Yes, of course, honey. Please be careful.”

He grinned, kissing my cheek. “Always.”

He shook Harm’s hand, then Harm walked him out, returning to me a few minutes later and immediately wrapping an arm around me. “Jesus, I’ve wanted to do that all night.”

I leaned into him. “Tell me about it.”

“You wanna go upstairs?”

I met his eyes. “Can we?”

“Hell yeah, we can.” He took my hand. “Follow me.”

“Can I bring my wine?”

“We’ll grab a fresh bottle on the way up.”

I nodded and we stopped by the kitchen on the way up to his room.

Once upstairs, Harm unlocked a door at the end of the hall and waited for me to walk inside before following me. He locked up behind us, then set the wine on the dresser. He’d also grabbed a couple of beers, so he opened one before opening the wine while I took a minute to be nosy.

The room was surprisingly spacious. Big enough to fit a queen-sized bed and two nightstands on one wall, a dresser sat between two windows, and a chair was placed in the corner. There was a bathroom with a pedestal sink, toilet and walk-in shower that looked like it had been freshly cleaned. There was also a small closet to the right of the bathroom.

“This is really nice,” I murmured.

Harm smiled, holding out a glass of wine. “Just cleaned it.”

“You did well.” I took the glass from him and stood on my tiptoes to kiss him gently. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Time to get naked, honey.”

“Oh, yeah?”

She nodded. “And I want you on your back.”

“Can I finish my beer?”

“Do you want my pussy?”

“Fuck, yeah, I do.”

“Then, no, you can’t finish your beer,” I bossed.

His eyes widened and he nodded. “Your demand is... well, my command.”

I grinned as he began to strip.

He paused after he’d undone his belt buckle. “Your turn.”

I shook my head. “I’m enjoying the show. Keep going.”

“I’m gonna need a little motivation.”

I licked my lips, running a finger down the middle of his naked chest. “What kind of motivation?”

“The tit kind.”

I chuckled. “One tit.”

“Both,” he argued.

I rolled my eyes, unlacing my top, and pulling it off.

“Bra too,” Harm demanded.

“I’m doing it,” I retorted, unhooking the front of my bra, and dropping it to the ground.

He let out a quiet growl, and I met his eyes. “You’re fuckin’ perfect, Bryn. You know that right?”

“You certainly make me feel close to it.”

Harm leaned down and kissed me, then quickly removed the rest of his clothes. Once he was naked, he stretched out on the bed, and slid his hands behind his head.

I stripped as fast as I could, nearly tripping over my jeans as I kicked them off. Finally naked, I jumped onto the mattress and straddled my man. “Hi.”

He slid his hands to my hips. “Hey.”

I kissed his chest, running my tongue over one nipple then the other as he slid his hand between my legs and fingered my clit. I was soaked by the time I reached between us, guiding his cock to my entrance, then sank down on him.

“Fuck, baby,” he breathed out. “You feel amazing.”

I rolled my hips, taking him deeper, then I anchored my hands on his thighs behind me and rode him. Hard.

He reached up and cupped my breasts, then twisted my nipples as I rocked. When I was close, I kegeled around his dick.

“Jesus,” he hissed, then blew.

As his cock pulsated inside of me, he pressed his thumb against my clit while continuing to work my tits with his free hand and I cried out as I came, falling onto his chest and kissing him as my own orgasm rolled through me.

“Wow,” he breathed out, squeezing my ass.

“Wow, indeed,” I whispered.

Harm rolled us so he could slip out of me, then he stepped into his bathroom, returning quickly with a warm washcloth,

settling it between my legs before stretching out beside me again.

“I really love sex with you,” I said, cuddling closer.

“What a coincidence.”

“You love sex with you too?”

He chuckled. “Yeah, sure, we’ll go with that.”

“I don’t ever want to leave this bed.”

“So, don’t.”

I smiled. “When my kid’s gone, I’ll stay.”

“I’m gonna hold you to that.”

I settled my head on my hand on his chest. “Another go before you have to take me home?”

“Hell, yeah. It’s time for me to fuck you into submission.”

I grinned as he flipped me onto my back and fucked me into submission.

CHAPTER TEN

Brynley

BRIGGS'S MOVING DAY arrived and I was a sobby mess. Not that my kid would know it. I had managed to keep my shit together most of the week but only because Harm had been my rock.

We'd spent the last half-hour at my mother's so Briggs could say goodbye. This had also been Harm's meet the mom moment and he killed it. My mom actually pulled me aside and told me to loosen up and have some fun, 'especially if it's with that nice man you just introduced me to.'

My mind was blown as Harm, Briggs, and I walked back to my house. I wanted to kiss Harm until neither of us could breathe, but alas, until I officially told my kids, we were going to continue to keep it quiet.

The plan was to drive Briggs's stuff up to the new apartment he and Baylor would be sharing just outside the campus area. After doing the math, this option had ended up being cheaper than room and board in the dorms. The boys weren't kidding when they said they were planning on paying for everything themselves, but I had vowed that if they could come up with whatever Bryce had intended to contribute, I'd chip in the other half, so once again, the three of us were feeling like the dream team.

"You still good to stay overnight at the club?" Harm asked as he closed up the truck.

Apparently, the Dogs had recently opened a chapter in Seattle. It was less than a year old, but Hatch had asked Harm

to drop the truck off there when we were done, then ride one of the bikes down they'd been restoring for him.

"Yes. I'm a little nervous about getting on a bike, but otherwise, I'm fine."

He grinned. "It's gonna be hot as fuck for the next week, so it's optimal riding conditions, and outside of my reckless youth, I'm a good rider, Bryn. You'll be safe."

"I'm not worried about you," I rushed out. "I'm worried I'll do something to make you crash."

"You plannin' on suckin' me off in the middle of our trip?"

"What?" I squeaked. "Of course not."

"Then we'll be good."

I blushed. "God, Harm. Now I want to suck you off in the middle of our trip."

He chuckled. "You can do it tonight at the club."

"First night without condoms," I whispered.

"Jesus," he hissed.

"Mom, are you ready?" Briggs called.

"Payback's a bitch, ain't it?" I retorted, making my way from the back of the truck.

I heard Harm's grunt and I grinned as I joined my kid at his car. "I'm good. Are you sure you have everything?"

"Yep, I double checked."

"Okay, let me pee one more time," I said.

"I think I left my phone on the counter," Harm lied, and followed me inside, pulling me into the powder bathroom, sliding his hand between my legs. "You wanna play, Bryn?"

I ran my tongue over his lips. "Definitely."

He growled, low in his throat. "Okay, we're gonna play. You got clothespins in your laundry room?"

"Um, yes, why?"

“Go get me two. I’ll show you later.” He smacked my butt, then headed out my front door.

I did my thing, then grabbed the clothespins, handing them to him before joining Briggs in his car.

* * *

Eight hours later, we were pulling up to the new Dogs of Fire chapter on the outskirts of Seattle, and I was a little nervous.

“Bryn?”

“Yeah?”

“You can relax,” Harm said, laying his hand on my thigh.

I stopped bouncing my leg and sighed. “Sorry. I just want to make a good impression.”

“You will. Remember, I only know a couple of the guys, too.”

“It’s a little different.”

He grinned, leaning over to kiss me gently. “You’re gonna be fine. Besides, we’re gonna go in there, say hi, chat a little, then I’m gonna take you up to a room and fuck you, so you won’t have to be surrounded by strangers for very long.”

I shivered. “Yes, please.”

He laughed. “Ready?”

I nodded, and he pulled the truck through the giant iron gates of the body shop lot where the club housed their compound.

After parking the truck, Harm came around to my side and opened my door. I’d quickly learned that I was not allowed to open a door in his presence, or he’d get growly.

I loved it.

After lifting me down, he grabbed our backpacks, and then took my hand and led me inside.

“Harm!”

A tall, muscular man with dark hair, a little gray at the temples approached us with a huge smile.

“Hey, brother,” Harm said, then turned to me. “Bryn, this is Jigsaw, he’s the Seattle president.”

I shook his hand. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“You too, sweetheart.” He waved his hand around the room. “Make yourselves comfortable. Grab food, drink, weed, whatever. Pitstop’s around here somewhere.” He glanced around the room. “Pitty!”

“Holy shit, Harm!”

A ridiculously pretty man came barreling toward us, grabbing Harm up into a bear hug, lifting him off the ground.

“Hey, Pitstop, how are you?” Harm asked, slapping him on his back.

“I’m great, man.” He put my man down and grinned. “You must be Bryn.”

“I am. It’s nice to meet you.” I put my hand out, but Pitstop shook his head.

“I’m a hugger, gorgeous,” he said, then lifted me off my feet.

“Okay, that’s enough,” Harm said, and Pitstop laughed, setting me down.

Pitstop turned to him and handed him keys. “Had recruits scrub down a room upstairs. Second door on the right. Wichita’s woman stocked it with some girly shit, so hopefully you like it, Bryn.”

“That was thoughtful, thanks. Is she here? I’ll thank her.”

“Nah, she left a few hours ago. She’s got kids. Tonight’s not a night for kids.”

I nodded, inching closer to Harm who wrapped an arm around me.

“How’s the bike?” Harm asked.

“Oh, man, she’s gorgeous. I can’t believe Hatch is givin’ this one to his kid.”

Harm grinned. “Yeah, Flash is handing his off to his brother, so Hatch is surprising him.”

“Man, I wish I’d been born into that family.”

“Don’t we all,” Harm agreed.

“Come find me when you’re ready to get on the road tomorrow. I’ve got her all gassed up and ready to go. For now, just make yourselves at home.”

“Thanks, brother. We’re gonna get settled,” Harm said, then took me upstairs.

Unlocking the door, he stepped back and let me precede him inside, flipping the light as I walked in.

“Oh, this is nice,” I said, taking in the surprisingly clean room.

A queen-sized bed was in front of a window and there was a dresser and a chair against the wall, along with a private bathroom.

“Yeah,” Harm said. “You hungry?”

“I’m actually exhausted. I just want to take a shower and climb into bed,” I said.

“We can do that.”

“If you want to head downstairs while I take a shower, feel free.” I tugged on his cut. “But I still expect you to get back up here so we can ‘play.’”

He grinned, leaning down to kiss me. “I can do that.”

As he turned away, I smacked his butt, and he laughed, closing and locking the door behind him.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Bryn

I HAD JUST wrapped a towel around my body when I heard the key in the lock. I stepped back into the bathroom in case it wasn't Harm, peeking outside the door until he walked in, his arms laden with food, and a bag of chips in his mouth.

"Oh, let me help," I said, rushing over to him. I took the chips first, then whatever else he handed me.

"Thanks, baby. I found you a bottle of wine, so I grabbed it."

"Bless you," I breathed out as he set it on the dresser.

"There weren't glasses, so..." He held up red solo cups.

I laughed. "Well, that's the bonafide biker way to drink booze, right?"

"You're learning our ways, young Padawan." He pulled me close. "I'll make a proper Jedi biker bitch outta you yet."

"Crap, you're a nerd? You never mentioned you were a *nerd*." I grinned. "Biker I can handle, nerd might be a deal breaker."

He raised an eyebrow. "Oh, *really*?"

Before I'd registered what was happening, Harm had untied my towel and it was now pooled at my feet.

I cupped him over his jeans and grinned. "Is that a lightsaber in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?"

"Help me Obi-Bryn-blow-me, you're my only hope."

“Do not move,” I ordered, sliding my hands under the waistband of his jeans. “I mean it, Harm.”

He raised his hands in a surrender motion and I unzipped him, tugging his jeans down his thighs. Kneeling in front of him, I freed his cock from his boxer briefs, pushing those down his legs as well, then running my tongue up the length of him.

I spit liberally in my hands, then took the tip of him in my mouth, wrapping my hands around his girth.

“Fuck,” he breathed out, his hands covering my head.

I took him deeper down my throat, sliding my hands slowly as I did, making sure I got him as wet as possible before I really began to move. Then I gripped him tighter, pumping him as I took him so far back my eyes watered.

“Jesus, baby,” he rasped as his hips rocked.

Then he began to fuck my face and I grabbed his thighs for balance.

“I’m gonna come, Bryn.”

I nodded, and he gripped my scalp, pulling my head forward as he fucked me harder, then he let out a grunt, and I felt the warm, salty goodness slide down the back of my throat. I returned my hands to his cock and continued to work it, making sure I milked every ounce out of him, before sitting back on my heels and smiling up at him. I licked my lips, then daintily wiped the corners of my mouth, and said, “That was the perfect aperitif.”

I’d never seen him undress faster and then I was on my back on the bed, and he was hovering over me. “Have I told you lately that you are the fuckin’ sexiest woman on the planet?”

“You tell me every day.” I reached up and stroked his cheek. “But more importantly, you show me.”

He kissed me gently, then rubbed his nose against mine. “You ready to play?”

I shivered. “Hell, yes, I’m ready to play.”

Harm stepped off the bed, then held his hand out to me. “On your feet, baby.”

I took his hand and stood in front of him. He produced the clothespins I’d given him earlier and I bit my lip. “What are those for?”

He grinned. “Do you trust me?”

“With my life,” I said.

He leaned down and ran his tongue over one nipple before taking a pin and clamping it on the wet nipple.

“Oh, my god,” I squeaked out.

“Too much?”

I grabbed his arm and shook my head. “No. Oh. Oh, my god.”

“Do you want the other one?”

I bobbed my head in a vigorous nod.

He sucked my free nipple into his mouth, lingering a little longer on this one before clamping it and I squeezed his arm as the bite of the pin sent a shiver through me. I moaned as the sensation went all the way to my clit.

“You good?” he asked.

“Oh, god, yes. So, so good.”

He kissed me again, sliding his hand between my legs and fingering my clit. I thought it would ease my suffering, but it just made me want more.

“I’m going to come, Harm.”

“Don’t,” he growled.

I whimpered with need, squeezing his arms as he slid two fingers inside of me, his thumb moving to my clit.

“Harm,” I whispered.

“Hold it, baby.”

When he began to fuck me with his fingers, I could no longer hold back. He kissed my pulse and whispered, “Come,

baby,” and I let myself completely go, looping my arms around his neck and rocking against his hand as I came down.

He slid out of me, running his tongue over his hand, then licking his fingers clean as he grinned. “Jesus, you taste like honey.”

I pulled his hand to my mouth and sucked his index finger into my mouth. “Still like you better.”

Tugging me back to him, he kissed me, then growled, “On your knees, ass in the air.”

I climbed back onto the mattress on all fours, and he knelt behind me, gripping my hips. He spit into his hand and spread it around my pussy, then pressed his cock to my entrance, gripping my hips as he slid inside.

I tried to push back against him, but he smacked my butt in response. The action caused my breasts to shake, and I whimpered as the clothespins tugged on my nipples.

“Jesus,” he breathed out. “You’re so fuckin’ wet.”

He slid slowly into me, burying himself to the hilt and I tried again to push back against him.

Another smack.

I smiled, biting my lip. “Harm?”

“Yeah?” he bit out.

“Is the spanking supposed to be a punishment?”

“Yeah.”

“What if I like it?” I challenged.

“Then keep disobeyin’ me.” He slid his hand between my legs and pressed his fingers against my clit. “You gonna keep disobeyin’ me, Bryn?”

“Hell, yes, I am, Harmon.”

He let out a hiss and his hand landed on my ass again and then he moved, slamming into me harder and harder until I could no longer take it.

“Get there, honey,” I begged, my arms shaking from holding myself up.

He slapped me again and I came, crying out as I fell onto the mattress, the makeshift clamps dragging at my nipples, causing another wave to roll through me. Harm rolled us so we were on our sides and continued to rock into me, biting my shoulder as I felt his dick pulse inside of me.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he rasped. “I love you.”

I craned my neck to meet his eyes. “What?”

“You heard me.” He stroked my jaw. “And I’m not just sayin’ that because you gave me the best head I’ve ever had. I love you, Bryn. You don’t have to say it—”

“I love you too.”

He smiled. “You do?”

I nodded. “I loved you the second you threw DC out of my house.”

He chuckled. “Well, if we’re keepin’ score, I loved you the second you told me to move to the waiting area.”

“I did *not* tell you to move,” I countered, rolling to face him. “Besides, I just needed an excuse to talk to you.”

“Oh, yeah?”

I nodded. “Thank you for helping me find my way back to me.”

“You’re welcome.”

“And stepping in with my kids. Briggs adores you already.”

“He’s a great kid. You did good with them.”

“Thanks, honey.”

He tapped my chin. “Okay, we need to sleep, baby, so we can get on the road at a reasonable time tomorrow.”

I kissed his chest. “When we get home, I’d like you to sleep at my place whenever you’re up my way, okay?”

“Baby, I’ll sleep at your place anytime you want. You just say the word.”

I grinned, biting back a yawn. “Word.”

“I’m not gonna start sleepin’ over until your mom knows me. Officially.”

“I’ll tell her tomorrow.” I raised an eyebrow. “Do I get to meet your stepdad?”

“Yeah, baby, absolutely.”

“Oh, my god,” I whispered. “I get to meet the man who raised you?”

“Yeah.”

“I’m in,” I breathed out.

Harm kissed me quickly. “I’m gonna clean up real quick, then we’ll sleep.”

I nodded, but I didn’t remember anything after that, finding sleep within minutes.

* * *

Friday night, Harm arrived at five to pick me up and I was running around my bedroom like a crazy woman, trying to find something to wear. I was meeting his dad tonight and I was trying hard not to completely melt down.

I’d had what I thought would be a difficult conversation with my mom after the Seattle trip, but she was over the moon for me. She’d gotten a good feeling from Harm the second they met and she couldn’t wait to spend more time with him.

“Babe,” Harm called up the stairs. “We gotta go.”

I stomped out of my bedroom and glared down the stairs at him. “I have nothing to wear.”

He grinned. “You could wear a paper sack and still be the prettiest girl on the planet.”

I rolled my eyes. “Not helpful, Harmon.”

He jogged up the stairs and wrapped his arms around me, kissing me deeply. “Better?”

“I’m standing here in a bra and panties, which I cannot wear to meet your dad, so, no, not better.”

Harmon kissed me again. “Well, it’s good for me.”

I gripped his cut. “I want to make a good impression.”

“Baby, you love his kid, you’ve already made a good impression.”

“Help me figure out what to wear.”

“Or, you can get completely naked and I can fuck you before we go.”

“We’re already late,” I bit out.

“And we can be a little later.”

“I’m not showing up at your dad’s place an hour late because we were doing the nasty! I’d be mortified for the rest of my life.”

He slid his hand to my butt and squeezed. “He won’t care.”

“*I’ll* care.”

He sighed. “Okay, come on, let’s see the options.”

It took another twenty minutes to find something I deemed appropriate, and then we were in his truck and heading down to West Linn where his dad lived.

“I could have met you here,” I murmured.

“Not how this works, Bryn.”

“I’m just saying, Beaverton is closer to West Linn than it is to Vancouver and you having to haul your ass to my place just to bring me all the way back down here... seems like a lot of wasted time.”

We stopped at a red light and Harm looked at me. “Not how this fuckin’ works, baby, and we’re not arguing about it. I

come get you. Period.” I couldn’t stop another roll of my eyes as he squeezed my hand. “You gonna push it?”

I shrugged. “Depends on what I get out of pushing it.”

The light turned green so Harm drove through. “Push it and find out.”

I shivered. “Maybe I will.”

He chuckled. “Oh, I’m gonna like this.”

I grinned. “Pretty sure I am too.”

Pulling up to an older ranch-style home, I took a deep breath.

“He’s gonna love you.”

“God, I hope so,” I breathed out as Harm climbed out of the truck and walked to my side to open the door for me.

I took his hand and he lifted me down from the truck, kissing me gently before releasing me to grab the wine and beer. I’d also made a batch of potato salad because I just couldn’t come to someone’s home for dinner without contributing.

Harm grabbed the food from behind my seat, then we made our way up to the front door. His father opened it before we had a chance to knock. “Welcome!” he bellowed excitedly.

“Hey, Pops.” Harm laughed as his father pulled him in for a bear hug.

“Hey, bud. Introduce me to your girl.”

I smiled, reaching my hand out. “Hi Mr. Riv—”

“None of that,” he countered, pulling me in for a hug, gentler than Harm’s but wonderful all the same. “Call me Roberto, or better yet, call me Pop or Pops.”

“How about we start with Roberto and see where the night leads,” I retorted.

“Oh, I like her,” he said with a chuckle.

“I do too,” Harm said, taking my hand.

“Come on back. I got steaks on the grill.”

We followed him down the hall and into the spacious kitchen. It had obviously been recently updated and I loved it.

“Bryn made potato salad,” Harm said, sliding my bowl into the fridge.

Roberto grinned. “That’s the way to my heart.”

“I may have heard that somewhere,” I admitted.

“Well, now I’m as in love with you as my son is.”

I blushed as Harm wrapped an arm around my waist and pulled me close, kissing my temple. “Told ya.”

“Well, that’s very sweet.” I smiled. “Can I help with anything?”

“Nope, I’m just about ready to pull the steaks off to rest. You make yourself at home.” He stepped out the sliding glass door and Harm gave me a squeeze.

“You still worried?”

I shook my head. “The apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. You’re just like him. You even look like him.”

“That’s the biggest compliment anyone has given me.”

I hugged him. “All true.”

He kissed me gently. “Love you.”

“Love you too.”

Roberto walked back in, a giant platter filled with meat. “Hope you’re hungry.”

“Starved,” Harm said at the same time I said, “Not quite *that* hungry.”

Roberto laughed and set everything on the counter. “Now, where’s that potato salad?”

Harm made me sit at the little kitchen dinette while he and his dad served me. It was such a nice surprise being waited on by two gorgeous men.

“You talk to Marlene lately?” Roberto asked as we ate.

“Stella’s mom,” Harm said to me before answering Roberto’s question. “I actually saw her yesterday.”

“How’s she doin’?”

“She’s good, Pop. But you already know that because she told me you’ve been by at least once a week.”

“Can’t have secrets in this family,” he grumbled.

Harm laughed. “You gonna pull the trigger on that one?”

“Thinkin’ about it.” He cut into his steak. “She’s ten years younger than me... not sure I’m in her league.”

I choked on my wine and started coughing as I tried to clear my windpipe.

“You okay?” he asked, knowing all too well, I was not. And it had nothing to do with the wine and the choking. I glared at him as I took a swig of water.

“What’d I say?” Roberto asked.

“Bryn’s concerned about our age gap, which is about the same,” Harm said, and I kicked him under the table.

“No shit?” Roberto said. “Well, then maybe I have a chance. If my boy snagged a beauty like you, then I should probably try my luck with Marlene.”

“You realize *I’m* ten years older than Harm,” I pointed out.

Roberto waved his empty fork toward me. “Never woulda guessed and it don’t matter none. My boy’s got good taste.”

I blushed again. “Well, thank you.”

“I’m gonna ask her out tomorrow,” Roberto said.

I grinned. “She’d be an idiot to say no.”

“I’ll tell her you said that.”

I laughed. “You do that.”

For the rest of the evening, I was fully immersed and accepted into this tiny family unit. I had never felt so much love so quickly, and I was overwhelmed by it.

By the time we climbed into Harm's truck to head home, I was a mess. I burst into tears as we hit the freeway back to my home.

"Shit, fuck," he hissed. "Baby, what happened? Did he say something?"

I shook my head, hiccupping as I tried to bring myself under control.

"I'm pulling over."

"No," I rasped. "I'm okay. Just give me a second."

It took another three or four minutes before I could find my voice and I squeezed his hand.

"What just happened?" he asked.

"Your dad is... amazing. Like, I've never experienced anything like that since my own dad died. It just reminded me how much I miss him." I sniffed. "But I'm okay. I just felt so much love from both of you and I wasn't prepared for it."

Harm lifted my hand to his mouth and kissed the back of it. "You deserve it, Bryn. I fuckin' hate what DC did to you, but this is fuckin' ridiculous."

"What's ridiculous?"

"Him giving you the impression you're unlovable. If he was standing in front of me, I'd beat the shit out of him."

"I *did* let him get in my head."

"No, we're not doin' that, Bryn. This is squarely on him. We're gonna work on reversin' whatever bullshit he dished out but don't you dare take any of that on." He glanced at me. "Got it?"

I nodded, new tears threatening to spill. "Got it."

"We're almost home, and I'm gonna fuck you until you can't walk tomorrow, so pull yourself together."

I shivered. "Yes, sir."

He grinned. "Good girl."

I gave his hand a squeeze, my heart full and my soul lifted.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Harm

THREE WEEKS LATER, I walked into the club just as my phone buzzed in my pocket. I saw it was Lily calling which was unusual, so I answered. “Hey, Lil, what do I owe the—”

“Bryn passed out.”

My heart raced in my chest as I turned and headed back to my bike. “What the fuck?”

“She passed out here at work. They wheeled her down to emergency. She doesn’t know I called you, but I know you’d want to know. I can meet you when you get here.”

“Fuck. I’ll get there as soon as possible.”

I hung up and headed back up I-5. My mind inevitably turned back to Stella and the pain of losing her, but losing Bryn felt different, and a hell of a lot worse.

I broke every traffic law on the planet, but luckily wasn’t lit up, pulling into Legacy hospital twenty minutes later. I rushed to the emergency area to find Lily pacing the waiting area and as soon as she saw me, she waved me over.

“She’s awake,” she said. “I’ll show you.”

I followed her down the hall and into a private room where Bryn was sitting up in the middle of a hospital bed, all manner of monitors attached to her body, and she was arguing with a nurse, but stopped mid-sentence when I walked into the room.

“Harm?” She frowned. “What are you doing here?”

“Lily called me,” I said, rushing to her. “She said you passed out.”

“She didn’t need to call you.” She leaned around me and spoke directly to Lily. “It’s nothing. I just didn’t eat enough this morning.”

“Have you ever passed out like this before?” Lily asked.

“Yes, when I was pregn...” She gasped, pulling at her monitors, and swinging her legs off the bed. “Nope.”

I laid my hands on her hips and shook my head. “Do not move.”

Lily handed her a cup. “Pee.”

“I will do no such thing.”

She waved it at her. “Pee in the cup, Brynley, or I’ll make Harm hold you down and take blood from you.”

“You wouldn’t dare,” she growled.

“I absolutely would, and you know it.” She leaned down and whispered, “You’re now club business and we take care of our own, rules of the hospital and HIPAA be damned.”

I turned and grinned at the fierce little warrior standing beside me. “Nice one, Lil.”

Lily shoved the cup at Bryn again. “I’m coming in with you.”

“Oh my god, you are so lame.”

I helped Bryn slide off the bed, and Lily followed her into the bathroom. When they emerged, I wrapped an arm around Bryn and helped her back to the bed. Lily opened a drawer and pulled out a pregnancy test, dipping it in the sample before setting it on a paper towel, then removing her gloves.

“Now we wait,” she said. “I’m going to grab you some pudding. What flavor do you want?”

“Chocolate, please,” Bryn said, and Lily left us alone.

“I’m not pregnant,” Bryn said.

“Okay,” I said.

“I can’t be.”

“Okay,” I repeated.

“Go look at the stick,” she ordered.

“It’s been, like, ten seconds,” I said.

“Just look at it, Harm.”

I made my way to the counter and leaned down. “What am I looking for?”

“Is there one line or two?”

“There’s one pink line.”

“Oh, thank god,” she breathed out.

“Then there’s another kind of faint pink line next to it.”

“Shut the fuck up,” she hissed, pushing off the bed.

“Baby, get back on the bed,” I ordered.

“I need to see it.”

“I will get it for you,” I said, wrapping an arm around her waist and lifting her back onto the mattress. “But you’re gonna sit your ass back on that bed.”

“Okay, we’re out of chocolate, hopefully swirl’s okay,” Lily said as she walked in, handing Bryn the pudding. She stepped over to the counter, then turned to us. “Preggos, baby.”

Bryn dropped the pudding and covered her face with her hands. “*No.*”

“I’ll give you guys a minute.”

Lily left again and I sat beside Bryn, waiting for her to work things out in her head.

“I can’t have this baby,” she whispered.

“Whatever you decide to do, honey, I’m with you,” I said. “I’m your partner either way.”

She searched my face. “Are you saying that if I choose *not* to have it, you’ll support me in that decision?”

“One-hundred percent.”

“Will you resent me for it?”

“Not even for a second,” I said, truthfully.

“But if I choose to have the baby, then what?”

“Then I’ll be there every second you want me there,” I promised. “I’ll support you in that decision one-hundred percent, too.”

“Really?”

“Really. I’m your partner, Bryn. Until you say I’m not. That means whatever you go through, I go through. You never have to be alone again.”

“You mean that, don’t you?”

“Yeah, baby. I love you. I want you. It’s always been you.” I kissed her palm.

“I had really rough pregnancies the first two times around,” she said. “They put me out on disability, and I can’t afford—”

“Baby, if it’s about the money, I’ve got you.” I frowned. “Jesus, don’t ever let any decision you make be about money. I wanna marry you, but I don’t want you to think it’s because you’re pregnant that I’m askin’.”

She raised an eyebrow. “You’re saying you’d want to marry me even if I wasn’t pregnant?”

I slid my hand in my pocket and pulled out a leather box. “Even bought the ring.”

“When did you do that?”

“Last week,” I said. “I was tryin’ to figure out somethin’ romantic to do to propose.”

She blinked back tears.

“Will you marry me, baby?”

“I don’t want to say yes until I know what I’m doing.”

I frowned. “Did you not hear anything I just said? It doesn’t matter either way. I want *you*, honey.”

“Oh my god, Harm. I love you so much. Yes, I’ll marry you.”

“I love you, too.” I opened the box and slid the ring on her finger.

“Knock, knock. May I come in?”

I turned to the unmistakable sound of Maisie’s voice as she peeked her head in.

I smiled. “Hey, Maisie.”

“Hi, love.” She focused on Bryn. “Lily called and said you weren’t well.”

“I’m fine,” Bryn said. “Come on in.”

“I’m gonna take her home,” I said.

“I’ve got my car, honey,” Bryn said.

“Hatch is with me,” Maisie said. “He said he can ride your bike to Bryn’s so you can drive her home.”

“Thanks, Maisie, we’ll be out in a bit,” I said.

“Take your time, love.”

She left the room and I focused back on Bryn who sighed. “I guess everyone knows everything now, huh?”

“No one knows anything, baby. Lily would never tell anyone anything. I’d bet my life on it.” I squeezed her hand. “She might put her own career at risk to protect you, but she’d never betray your confidence.”

As if on cue, Lily walked into the room. “Oh my god, Bryn, I’m sorry. I told Maverick I might have to stay late because you weren’t feeling well, and he was with Hatch. I promise, Hatch just has this weird need to protect his people. He doesn’t know anything about the baby or you fainting.”

I smiled at Bryn. “Told ya.”

“It’s totally fine, Lil.”

“Okay, I’m just getting your paperwork together, so I’ll have something for you to sign in a bit. And you can sign out

as well. Nancy said to take tomorrow off. She's already texted you that to confirm. She'll reset the schedule."

Bryn nodded and Lily left the room again.

"I really want to keep this baby," Bryn whispered, and my heart soared.

I tried to keep my expression neutral because I truly didn't want any pressure to be put on her. I'd meant every word I said. But the thought of having a child with her filled me with more joy than I could even fathom and all I wanted to do was pull her into my arms and hold her forever.

"Then I'll be there the whole way," I promised.

"We have to tell the boys."

"However you want this to play, you lead the way, Bryn."

She blinked back tears. "I'm terrified."

"Baby, I got you," I said, sliding my hands to her belly. "I've got you both."

She nodded, looping her hands around my neck. "Okay."

I grinned. "Okay."

Kissing her, we sat there for a few minutes in quiet solitude, while we waited for Lily to return with the paperwork.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Bryn

SATURDAY MORNING WAS the day I typically video chatted with Baylor and Briggs, so I'd asked Harm to join us so we could deliver the news about the baby. I didn't feel like I could relax and be happy about anything to do with this decision until I got the okay from them, and I knew Harm had been feeling my anxiety.

Harm and I sat huddled together at the dining room table in front of my laptop and three-way called my boys.

"Hey, Mom," Baylor said, answering first. "Oh, hey, Harm."

"Hey," we said, in stereo.

It took Briggs a little extra time to answer, and when he did, it was obvious he'd just woken up. "Sorry," he said. "Late night studying."

Baylor covered his mouth in a snort. "Liar."

"As long as you keep your grades up and stay out of the hospital and jail, I don't want to know," I said.

Briggs smiled. "Hi, Mom... and Harm."

"Hi, honey," I said. "We're both here because we want to talk to you about something."

"Mom, if you're going to try and break the news to us that you're sleeping together, we already figured that out," Baylor said.

"Yeah, and we approve," Briggs said.

“What?” I squeaked.

“Welcome to the family, Harm,” Briggs continued.

Harm chuckled. “Thanks, bud.”

“When exactly did you figure that out?” I asked.

“The night he offered up the truck. ‘Friend,’ my ass.”

Harm laughed. “I told you he was smart.”

“We weren’t sleeping together yet, so shows what you know,” I retorted.

“Matter of time,” Baylor pointed out.

“Okay, well, there’s been a development.”

“You’re engaged,” Baylor guessed.

“Okay, let your mom have a little glory,” Harm said.

“Sorry, Mom,” Baylor said.

I smiled, squeezing Harm’s thigh. “It’s all good, honey. Yes, we’re engaged. Um, but I’m also going to have a baby.”

“Holy shit,” Briggs said, at the same time as Baylor’s, “Right on!”

I grimaced, holding my breath, awaiting their responses.

“I’m gonna be a big brother,” Briggs said.

“I’ll feel more like an uncle,” Baylor said.

“We’ll be like bruncles,” Briggs said.

“Yeah, we’ll be bruncles,” Baylor agreed. “That’s awesome, Mom.”

I let out my breath. “Yeah?”

“Yeah, Mom,” Briggs said.

“Are you sure?”

“Hell, yeah,” Baylor said. “Oh my god, this is fantastic. We’re really happy for you. I can’t wait to meet our little brother or sister.”

“Me neither,” Briggs said.

I couldn't stop the tears as I leaned heavily against Harm. "I love you both so much."

"Love you too, Mom," Briggs said.

"I hate to cut this short, but I have to meet my new boss for lunch," Baylor said.

"No worries, honey," I said. "We'll talk this week."

"Definitely," he said. "Love you. Congratulations. See ya, Harm."

"Bye, bud."

We rang off with Briggs as well, then I faced Harm. "Wow."

"You were worried about nothing," he said.

"I totally was."

He chuckled. "I love you, beautiful."

"I love you, too."

"Right, how about you go plant that sexy ass of yours on your recliner?" he said, standing to his feet, holding out his hand. "I'm gonna make you breakfast, then I'm gonna rub your feet."

I let him pull me up, and I wrapped my arms around his waist. "You don't have to ask me twice."

As I settled myself on the sofa, Harm's phone buzzed and he raised an eyebrow. "Hey, Booker." He glanced at me and smiled. "No shit? Yeah, let me talk to her and figure out how she wants to deal. Thanks, brother, I really appreciate it. Okay, bye."

"You have a bookie?" I asked. "I didn't realize you gambled."

"Booker. Remember him? VP of the club, and he's also a hacker."

"I met so many people at family night, honey, you'll need to refresh my memory."

"Dani's his wife."

“Oh,” I breathed out. “She’s super sweet. Austin, right?”

“Yeah, we call him Booker, but anyway, he found the money.”

I sat up. “Found what money?”

“The money Bryce has been hiding from you.”

“Shut up.” I stood and started to walk toward him, but Harm shook his head.

“Sit your ass back down, beautiful. You’re supposed to be relaxing.” I huffed and took my seat again and Harm grinned. “Booker wants to know what you want to do about it?”

“What are my options?”

“You can confront the asshole, which I’d rather you didn’t, or Booker can secretly ‘retrieve’ it from his account and hide it from him for you.”

I bit my lip. “Is that illegal?”

“Ish.”

“How ‘ish’?”

“No one but you, me, Booker, and Hatch would know. And Mack because he’ll legally protect it for you.”

I bit my lip. “The second choice.”

Harm nodded. “I like that one. We’ll get it sorted.”

“If I can’t come to you, will you please come to me so I can thank you?”

He grinned, making his way to me, and leaning down to kiss me.

“Thank you,” I breathed out.

“You’re welcome.”

“Love you.”

“Love you, too, baby.”

With one more kiss, he went back to feeding me.

* * *

One year later...

Pressure on my boobs forced me awake and I couldn't stop a groan as I rolled onto my back and pain shot through my chest. "Harm?"

Glancing at the clock as I grabbed my boobs, I realized it was almost nine in the morning and Harm wasn't in the bed next to me. I'd slept for almost ten hours. No wonder my tits were about to burst. I slid out of bed and padded down to the nursery, finding Harm sacked out in the rocking chair, our three-month-old daughter, Tallulah, whom we called 'Tally,' also just as sacked out over his shoulder.

Oh my god, he was so gorgeous. He had PJ pants slung low on his hips but otherwise, nothing else on. I saw an empty bottle sitting on the table beside him, so he must have woken up in the middle of the night to feed her. The love I felt for the man really could not be measured, especially since we'd had our daughter.

Tally must have heard me because she blinked her eyes opened and smiled. A flood of milk instantly soaked my shirt, and I closed the distance between them.

Harm started awake and held Tally closer.

"Sorry, honey, I didn't mean to wake you."

He smiled sleepily up at me. "It's all good. I fed her at four, so she's probably ready for more."

"My boobs certainly are," I said, and we switched places. "Thank you for letting me sleep."

"Of course." He leaned down and kissed both of us. "I'm gonna go get coffee. You want some?"

"Yes, please."

I settled Tallulah to my breast and reflected on the last year. Harm and I had been married in a sweet and intimate

ceremony down by the Columbia River. I had nearly completely lost my composure when Baylor and Briggs informed me that they'd decided they'd like to change their name to Rivera but had gone even further by asking Harm to adopt them, totally emancipating themselves from Bryce.

They'd asked me to ask Harm, and it was the first time I'd seen my man shed any kind of tears. The second time was when Tallulah was born.

Booker had in fact 'retrieved' the money Bryce had been hiding from me, and Mack had set up living trusts and college funds for Briggs, Baylor, and Tally, plus enough so that if we had any future children, they'd be taken care of as well. Bryce had tried to confront me about it, but I was able to play dumb and it's not like he could go after me... he'd have to admit all the shit he'd pulled. So, we were all well and truly free of Bryce and his interference.

Baylor had graduated and found a great position in Portland working for one of Harm's biker brothers, Mack, while he completed law school. I'd worried a bit about nepotism, but Harm had assured me that Mack would have never hired him if he didn't think Baylor was a right fit.

Briggs had decided he wanted to be close to his new sister, so he'd transferred down to WSU Vancouver for the new fall term, and Harm had insisted he move in with us. I had an unfinished basement, so his club had come in and finished it, giving Briggs essentially his own apartment with a separate entrance, and it saved us a mint on his living expenses.

It also meant he was close, and he was always available to babysit. Partly because he was onsite, and partly because he'd broken up with Delaney.

My pregnancy had been so much easier with Tally. Harm was seriously the best partner a woman could have. I never had to ask for anything. He took care of everything. I worked when I wanted to, and if I was feeling at all like I might be lightheaded or nauseous, I stayed home. There was never a question.

I realized pretty quickly into my pregnancy that most of my issues the first two times around were due to anxiety but having a relatively stress-free pregnancy with Tally made all the difference in the world.

Harm walked back in the room with a tray, laden with coffee, a bagel and cream cheese, and a giant jug of water.

“Have I told you how much I love you?” I asked.

He grinned. “Not today.”

“Well, let me rectify that.”

He leaned down to kiss me.

“I love you,” I said.

“Love you too, baby.” He fed me while I fed Tally and then asked, “You up for having another one?”

I glanced down at our angel, and she smiled up at me as she continued to eat. “Yeah, Harm, I’ll have another one.”

“No shit?”

I met his eyes. “No shit. I’ll have twelve more if they’re all this easy.”

He grinned. “Then, I’ll make sure they’re all this easy.”

“Deal.”

He settled his hands on each of the rocking chair arms. “You are the strongest woman I’ve ever known, Bryn. I’m honored to know you, and I will never take you for granted.”

I blinked back tears. “Thank you.”

“Okay, let me burp her, so we can start makin’ number two.”

I laughed. “Do you ever *not* think with your dick?”

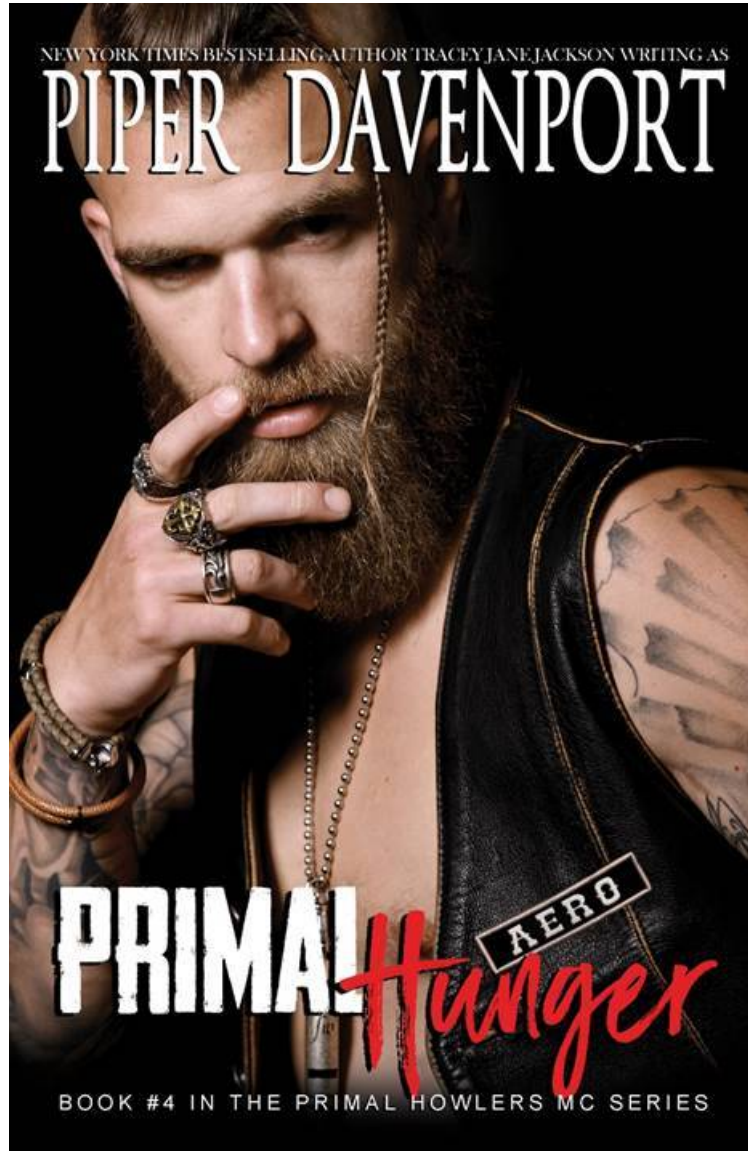
“How about *you* think about my dick and tell me you’re not wet right now,” he challenged.

I squirmed, handing Tally to him. “I’ll neither confirm nor deny.”

“Meet you in the bedroom, baby.”

I kissed him quickly, then made a run for our room,
stripping on the way.

I truly was the luckiest woman alive.



2020-2023 Trixie Publishing, Inc.

Copyright © 2020-2023 by Piper Davenport

Aero

My life is chaos. I've been on a downward spiral since my sister's death, but a call from an old biker friend in Monument, Colorado might just provide a much-needed change of scenery, and reignite my passion for the road.

Unfortunately, not every new start is a clean start. Especially, when a gorgeous blonde wraps herself around my heart and I realize she might just heal me in ways I could never have expected. But she wants something else. Something I'm not sure I'm willing to give.

Violet

I'm a reluctant MC princess, and quite frankly, I'm over the life entirely. I'll happily ditch my crown if it means I can graduate and find a nice, boring man to take me away.

The problem is, the heart wants what the heart wants, and when it steers me toward a new club prospect, I'm forced to make a choice. Stay within the safety of my father's grimy, yet gilded tower, or walk away from the only man who can satiate my hunger.

CHAPTER ONE

Violet

Two years ago(ish)...

I PEEKED OUT of my bedroom door and listened for signs of life. No one was supposed to be home, but with my dad and two brothers, they could show up unexpectedly at any time. It was annoying when I was the only girl in a family of overprotective biker men.

But tonight, was my twentieth birthday and my best friend, Everly, and I were heading out for a night on the town. My dad thought she and I were studying. And he thought we were studying because it's what I'd told him when he'd wanted to plan a big birthday celebration. We'd compromised and celebrated with the club last night, so I'd have the whole night tonight to hit the books. What he didn't know, wouldn't hurt him.

Because I didn't want to alert my nosy brother, Drake, the only non-biker male, of my plans, I decided to get ready at home rather than Everly's. Drake and I shared a bathroom and he would notice all my 'hair shit' was missing, then he'd start questioning me. We'd been here before, so tonight, I wasn't taking any chances. I got ready at home and packed a change of clothes in my backpack for when it was time to sneak back in.

With the coast clear, I snuck downstairs, shoes off just in case, and slid out the front door, locking up and making a run for my car.

I sped toward Everly's as safely as I could, but admittedly, I was late. I usually was, and it drove Everly nuts. Drove my family nuts too, but, whatever, I am who I am. Plus, it was my birthday, damn it.

Pulling into her driveway, I grabbed my bag and jogged toward her townhome, but she slipped out before I could reach the door. “I called the car,” she said just as it drove up. “If we’re going to get there while Polly’s working, we need to go now.”

Our friend, Polly, was a server at the hottest club in Monument. Nocturn had just opened and she’d promised to get us in before the crowd arrived. Everly and I had IDs that may or may not be entirely legal, so we hoped no one else would notice and raise a red flag.

“Drop your bag inside the door,” Everly said, and cracked it open for me. I set it inside and she locked up again.

The car pulled up and we climbed in, securing our seatbelts before the driver took off toward our night of much-needed fun. Everly lived close to twenty minutes from the club, the downside of being rich, I suppose. Further away from debauchery.

We finally arrived and made our way to the door, showing our IDs to the bouncer, hoping to god he didn’t question them. We were given entrance and I tried hard not to squeal in triumph as we rushed inside as quickly as we could.

“There’s a table.” Everly took my hand and walked to our right. “Let’s grab it.”

We approached the table and sat down, avoiding the stickiness that hadn’t been wiped off yet.

“You made it,” Polly said as she rushed to our table. “Any trouble getting in?”

“Nope,” I said, grinning big.

“Let me get a rag and I’ll wipe off your table. What do you want me to bring you drinks-wise?”

“Patrón margarita, on the rocks, no salt, please,” I said.

“Same,” Everly replied. “Thanks, Poll.”

“Okay, I’ll be right back.”

A young guy sporting a crisp, black apron arrived and wiped down the table just as Polly returned with our drinks and waters.

“Thanks, honey,” I said. “I never remember water.”

Polly grinned. “Tip your server well, babe, that’s all the thanks I need.”

“You got it,” I said, my eyes catching movement behind her.

The best looking man I’d ever seen was currently taking what appeared to be a very drunk man to the floor without even breaking a sweat. Lordy, I could climb that mountain. Dark blond hair, longish but shaved at the sides and a beard I wanted to touch, he looked like a modern-day Viking.

“Who is that?” I breathed out.

Polly turned, then faced me again with a wide smile. “That’s Jasper. He’s our new bouncer. He’s been here about a week. Just moved here from Portland.”

“You already know his life story?” Everly asked.

“Kind of,” Polly said. “My clitty cat needs some attention and wants to rub up against his scratching post.” She sighed. “He declined my very generous invitation.”

I nearly choked on my margarita, coughing to clear the liquid from my throat. “Oh my god, Polly. Did you say that to him?”

“Well, I may not have used those words, exactly.” She sighed. “You don’t understand. The man’s ridiculously gorgeous and he’s nice. Super respectful, but alpha to the bone. I’d just like a taste.”

I glanced back at Jasper and thought I might like a taste as well.

He dragged the man up off the floor, now zip-tied, and as he turned his head, his eyes met mine and I smiled, but when he smiled back, I was pretty sure my panties melted right off my body.

“Letti,” Everly snapped.

“What? Sorry. I was distracted by the catnip.”

Polly nodded slowly. “Right? God, he’s perfect.”

“Is he a biker?” I asked.

Polly frowned. “I don’t think so. He drives a truck. Why?”

Everly chuckled. “Because Violet doesn’t want anything to do with her father’s business.”

“Is your father a biker?”

“You could say that,” Everly retorted. “Sexy as hell biker. Talk about wanting to rub up against—”

“Oh my god, stop,” I hissed.

“And then her brothers,” Everly started up again. “They are—”

“Enough, Ev,” I snapped. “Jesus, put your lady dick back in your pants.”

“I’m not wearing pants...ies, but I’ll try to contain myself.”

“You’re not wearing pantsies?” I retorted.

Polly laughed. “You two crack me up, but I need to get back to work. Want another?”

I raised my almost empty glass. “Absolutely.”

“Let’s dance,” Everly demanded, sliding out of the booth, and I finished my drink and followed her.

For the next twenty minutes, we danced until I could barely breathe, and I bowed out even though Everly decided to stay on the floor for the next song.

I walked back to our table to find it had been taken over by a couple of douchebags we’d walked in with. Even though I know they saw us take the table, it was a nightclub, so unless someone stayed behind to watch it, it was open season on seating.

Well, shit.

“Hey, gorgeous, you wanna share the table?” Douchebag number one asked.

“No, I’m good, thanks.”

“Come on now. We saw you walk in alone. We’ll protect you,” Douchebag number two crooned.

I shook my head. “We’re good, thanks.”

“Fuck off.”

I turned to the sound of the growly voice and raised an eyebrow. Jasper stood in front of the table, hands crossed in front of him, glaring at the douchebags squatting at our table.

“Who the hell are you to tell us what to do?” Douchebag number two sneered.

“Management,” he said. “If you don’t want to be hauled out of here by your dick, I’d suggest you find a different table.”

“There aren’t any,” Douchebag number one said.

“Don’t give a shit. This table’s taken.”

Two men, bigger and wider than Jasper, walked over to him, and crossed their arms, flanking him.

“Time for you to go,” Jasper said, his smile lethal as he focused on the men. “You either leave the table, or you get thrown out of the building. Your choice.”

They weren’t happy but they obviously realized they couldn’t take on the three men in front of them, so they slid out of the booth and Jasper nodded. “Appreciate you going peacefully. Butch and Walt will buy you a drink for your trouble.”

The bouncers led the men away and I smiled at Jasper, trying like crazy to keep my panties on. “You didn’t need to do that.”

He studied me. “When a beautiful woman is left standing when she so obviously deserves to be comfortable, it’s a

fuckin' sin."

"Does that work for you?" I asked.

He leaned in slightly and smiled. "I don't know. Verdict?"

"Nope." I couldn't stop a snort as I tried to hold back a laugh, sliding into the booth. "But, thank you."

"You want another margarita?"

"You noticed I was drinking margaritas?"

"Don't miss much, beautiful."

"Okay, handsome, take it down a notch."

He smiled again. Jesus, he was pretty. But I was not going to go for burly, alpha, *or* pretty anymore. I was gonna find me an accountant and hope to god he was good-looking.

"You need anything, let me know," he said.

"I will. Thanks again."

He walked away and Polly arrived a few minutes later with fresh margaritas and bottled waters. "Compliments of Jasper," she said, and waggled her eyebrows. "Never seen Jasper buy a girl a drink before. You made an impression."

"I can't take that, Polly."

"Sure, you can," she said, setting everything on the table.

"Ooh, drinks," Everly said as she returned to the table and slid into the booth.

"Jasper bought them," I said, laying a hand over the one she was reaching for.

"So?" She tugged the drink away, sloshing a little over the side.

"Men don't buy women drinks unless they expect something in return," I said.

"Well, he can have whatever he wants from me," she retorted. "But he coulda had that before he bought me a drink."

I rolled my eyes as Polly laughed and walked away.

“I think you need to have your mind bent a little,” Everly said, sipping her margarita. “You need someone to take your v-card and burn it.”

“What is up with you and the need for my vagina to burn?”

She frowned. “Not the whole thing. Just the hymen.”

I groaned, dropping my head to the table and Everly laughed.

“Finish your drink. I want to dance more,” she ordered.

I did as she demanded, and we headed back on the dance floor. Only, we weren’t there very long before I noticed someone I really didn’t want to see.

Shit, shit, shit!

“Ev,” I hissed, grabbing her hand, as I bent low and dragged her off the dance floor.

“What the hell?” she growled.

I pulled her into the bathroom and closed the door with a thwap. “Stoney’s here.”

“Stoney? That sexy as fuck guy from your dad’s club?”

She thought all the guys in my dad’s club were sexy as fuck, so I wasn’t sure if she knew exactly who I was talking about, but it didn’t really matter. Stoney was one of the road captains and had been with the club for as long as I could remember. He was gorgeous and a little younger than my dad. If I went for older men, he’d certainly be in the running.

I nodded. “That means either Dad, or my brother, knows I’m here.”

“They could be on a fact-finding mission.”

“Do you really think my father would waste a man on a fact-finding mission?” I frowned. “Shit! We need to get out of here without Stoney seeing us.”

“Well, let me pee first since this might take a while.”

Once Everly was done, I inched the door open and not seeing Stoney, we slid out of the bathroom where I butted into something hard.

“You got a tail?” Jasper asked, and I gasped, looking up at him.

“Yes. How’d you know?”

“Told you I don’t miss much.”

“Neither do stalkers,” I retorted.

He grinned, taking my hand. “Follow me.”

Jasper guided us away from the dance floor and through a back door that surprisingly closed out the noise once it was shut.

“I’ll get you a ride,” he offered, and I shook my head.

“I can call a car.”

“I’d rather send you home with someone I trust,” he countered.

“I’m good,” I stressed, holding my phone up. “See? He’s on his way.”

He held his hand out. “Give me your phone.”

“No.” I instinctively clutched it to my chest. “Why?”

He smiled. “Because I’m gonna give you my number so you can text me when you make it home safely.”

I bit my lip. That was seriously sweet, but I typically didn’t let anyone touch my phone. “I’ll be fine.”

“Violet—”

“How the hell do you know my real name?” I growled.

“You’re a sexy as fuck natural blonde and you come in with a card that says Myra Chung? I dug a little deeper.”

I wrinkled my nose. “Shit.”

He chuckled. “Don’t worry, your secret’s safe with me, if you give me your phone.”

I sighed, handing it over to him, and his fingers slid over the screen, then it went black. Handing it back to me, he said, “Text me when you get home.”

“And if I don’t?”

“You don’t really want to find out, do you?”

I rolled my eyes. “You don’t scare me.”

He leaned forward, close to my ear. “I don’t want to scare you, beautiful, but I’m not above making you beg.” I shivered, closing my eyes as his lips touched my cheek gently, then repeated, “Text me when you get home.”

I bit my lip and nodded.

“Your car’s here,” he said, and pushed open the back door, walking us to our rideshare.

We climbed in and Everly turned to me as we drove away. “What was *that*?”

“No idea,” I whispered.

“He’s hot as fuck.”

I nodded, but couldn’t quite find my voice. I had never been affected by another human being the way Jasper affected me. I didn’t know what it meant, but shook off my interest because, really, where could it go?

The car approached Everly’s house and I heard her groan quietly.

“What?” I asked, glancing up from my phone.

“Um...” Everly hummed, and I looked up to see my dad leaning against my car.

“Shit,” I hissed.

“God, he’s so fucking hot.”

“Everly, stop,” I ordered.

“Just to be clear, you’d be pissed if I—”

“Oh my god, yes. You cannot have sex with my father. Or my brothers.”

“So, all three are definitely off the table, then.”

I groaned and Everly huffed quietly. The car pulled to a stop and my dad raised his head, meeting my eyes and holding that stare as I pushed open the door and slid out. Everly followed and we closed the distance between us and Dad.

“Violet will see you next week, Everly,” Dad said, continuing to stare me down.

“My stuff’s inside,” I said.

“I’ll send a recruit to pick it up tomorrow.”

“Dad—”

“Get in the truck, Letti.”

“What about my car?”

“Leave your keys with Everly,” Dad said. “Scrappy’ll pick it up tomorrow with your stuff.”

Scrappy was one of the club prospects who had to be close to earning his patch by now. Of course, I wasn’t privy to that information and probably wouldn’t find out until the patch on his cut changed.

“Dad—”

“Get your ass in the truck, Violet. Not gonna tell you again,” Dad growled.

I hugged Everly and stomped to Dad’s truck, climbing into the cab. He waited for Everly to close herself inside the house before climbing in beside me and starting the engine.

He didn’t say a word as we drove, and I started to panic the closer we got to home. Only, we didn’t go home.

“You’re joking.” He didn’t respond as he drove through the compound gates and I scowled at him. “You’re locking me down?”

He still didn’t say a word as he pulled up in front of the club cabin and climbed out of the truck. I huffed and climbed out myself, glaring at my father. “I’m not staying here. I have shit to do.”

I was one year away from graduating, earlier than expected, but that's why I'd been busting my butt to get my zookeeper degree. I had been interning at the zoo for two years now, and I'd been promised a full-time position the second I graduated. However, I had to graduate to get it and not having my comfortable area to study and do homework would jeopardize that.

"Yeah? Scrappy or Orion will drive you where you need to go and pick you up. You have lost access to your car until I decide I'm not pissed off enough to hit something. You go to class, you come back here or home. Wherever I am."

"Dad—"

"You're on notice, Violet. Swear to Christ, I'm done with this shit."

"I'm technically an adult!" I screeched as we walked into the great room. "You don't get to ground me like an errant child."

He crossed his gigantic, beefy arms and leaned in. "You wanna get into this now, Violet Morgan? Or would you rather wait until I'm calm...er? Because right now, I'm about to take your goddamn fucking phone away from you as well."

I gasped. "You wouldn't!"

"I sure as hell would."

"You have no right."

"I pay for it, Violet. I have *all* the fuckin' rights."

Well, he had a point.

"I just wanted to blow off some steam."

"By illegally gaining entry to a nightclub where you had no protection? What if cops had raided and discovered you weren't of age? We're ready to take on a new recruit and you pull this shit? Do you have any idea what kind of heat that could have brought down on the club?"

"The club! That's all you fucking care about," I snapped. "I swear to god, I can't wait to have nothing to do with this

stupid place. Gonna find me a nice accountant and never darken the steps of this doorway again.”

I spun on my heel and stormed out of the great room, heading upstairs to my room and slamming the door for good measure.

I was done with bikers and their alpha ways.

CHAPTER TWO

Violet

I FLOPPED ONTO the compound bed and dragged my hands over my face. I was so frustrated, and I was sick and tired of being frustrated. I wanted out. I wanted something easier.

Just as I was ready to throw something, my phone buzzed. Glancing at the screen, I frowned. Before I could reply, my phone rang, and I let out a frustrated sigh and answered.

“You didn’t text me. You home okay?” Jasper asked.

“Sort of.”

“What does that mean?”

I don’t know why, but I info dumped the last hour of my life into Jasper’s lap. He didn’t interrupt, he just listened to me vent, and once it was out, I felt quite a bit better.

“Sounds like your dad’s lookin’ out for you.”

“Sounds like my dad’s smothering me,” I snapped.

He sighed. “Yeah, I can see how you’d feel that way.”

“Which means what exactly?”

“At the risk of ruining our burgeoning friendship, I know a little something about feeling the need to protect someone I love and not using the right words to express it.”

“My dad is... complicated.”

“We all are, sweetheart, but it doesn’t mean the love’s not there.”

“I just want out.”

“You don’t, Violet. Take it from me. You might want a break, but you don’t want out.”

“It would be so amazing if, just once, a man didn’t tell me what I wanted.”

“Fair,” he said.

“I’m gonna let you go.”

“Okay, Violet, I’ll—”

“Letti for fuck’s sake,” I breathed out. “Violet’s only used when someone’s pissed at me.”

He chuckled. “Got it. Text me if you want some sage wisdom. Or just want to talk.”

“Okay,” I said, and hung up.

I dropped my phone on the bed and sat up. I needed to get a few things from home, but I had a feeling Dad would object to me leaving the compound, so I dug through my purse to find a pad and paper. I was old school when it came to taking notes. I never put anything in my phone, rather, I always had some kind of notebook with me where I jotted things down.

Before I could click my pen, a knock came at the door. I sighed. “Who is it?”

“Me,” my brother, Orion, called.

“Come in.”

The door opened and my big brother stepped inside and closed it behind him. “Hey.”

“Hi.”

He crossed his arms and leaned against the door. “Where’d you get the ID?”

“I’m not going to tell you that.”

“Dad came pretty hard at you, huh?”

“When doesn’t he?”

He grimaced. Orion knew what I was going through because he and Dad butted heads constantly. Drake was the only one who seemed to be on his good side. Orion had Raquel now, though, and she was awesome. They’d fallen in

love not long ago and I knew she was going to stick around forever.

“Need a hug?” he asked, and I nodded as I stood and walked into his arms.

“Do you think he’ll ever calm the fuck down?”

“Probably not,” he admitted, rubbing my back.

“He’s not going to let me go home, is he?”

“Nope. Drake and I have both got the order that if you get out of here somehow, we’re to alert the dogs, so to speak.”

I sighed. “Can I send you on an errand, then? I need a few things.”

“Why do you think I’m here?”

I pulled away and rolled my eyes. “You’re a mind reader now, huh?”

“Not my first rodeo.”

“Well, there is that.”

I scribbled down a few things and tore off the page, handing it to him. “I have a few clothing items here, so I really just need makeup stuff and my laptop.”

“Got it. I’ll probably be back in about an hour.”

“Thanks, Ori.”

He settled a hand on my shoulder. “Hang in there, sissy. He’s just trying to protect you.”

“Yeah. Sure.”

Orion grinned and pulled open the door, almost running into my dad. “Hey.”

My brother gave him a chin lift, then walked away. Dad leaned against the doorjamb and studied me. I stared him down. I refused to be the first to speak.

He smirked. “You have always been the most stubborn.”

“You said you liked that.”

“Baby girl, I love that. I love everything about you, but the truth is, you might look just like your mama, but you’re me in female form.”

I rolled my eyes. This was glaringly true.

“I need you to be safe, Letti. If anything ever happened to you, I’d lose my mind.”

“Nothing’s going to happen to me.”

“You say that because you’re twenty and full of confidence. You never think anything’s gonna happen to you when you’re young. Your mom didn’t think anything would happen to her either, but it did. And it’s my job to see all sides and make sure I stop the bad shit from touching you.”

“You can’t stop all of it,” I said. “You have to trust that I can look out for myself.”

“So, you looked out for yourself by getting a fake ID and heading to Nocturn for a night of underage drinking with your bestie?” he growled. “And what about Everly? I won’t insult you by telling you you’re banned from her presence, because I know... goddammit, I *know*... you’re the bad influence on her. What if her parents decide they don’t want her hangin’ with you?”

“They won’t do that. They’re cool.”

“Her father’s a religious man, Violet, and if he knew his daughter was out at a club, you better believe he won’t be cool anymore.”

“It’s not like Everly’s virginal, Dad. She’s got her own rebellious streak.”

“Yeah, well, I’m not responsible for her rebellious streak. Just yours. Jesus, you two have been a pain in my ass since kindergarten.”

“Yeah, yeah, I know,” I grumbled, but his smile showed he loved every second of it.

“Come here,” he demanded, and I went there.

The thing about me that most people knew was that I could never resist a hug from my dad. Even though we might butt heads, he was my favorite person on earth, and he'd stepped up in a major way after my mom had died.

"I love you," he said, squeezing me gently. "You know that, right?"

"Yes," I conceded. "I love you, too. Even if you're a dictator."

"I'm a benevolent one, though, baby girl."

I leaned back and met his eyes. "You need to find a woman."

"Got plenty of women."

"No. You need a woman who'll bring you to your knees."

"Plenty of—"

"Nope. Don't want to hear about my dad's sex life," I snapped, pulling away. "Too far, Dad. Way too far."

He chuckled. "We good?"

"Am I allowed to leave?" I asked hopefully.

"Nope."

"Then, we're *kinda* good, but you're dead to me for at least two days," I sassed.

He shrugged. "I can live with that."

I wrinkled my nose. "Go away. I have to get some sleep so I can study tomorrow. I have a semester final on Monday."

"Sleep tight, baby girl. Love you."

"Love you too, Daddy."

He closed the door and I went through the drawers to see what I had to sleep in.

* * *

Monday morning Orion drove me to school, dropping me off with a promise to pick me up when I was ready. I headed into class, texting Jasper after I took my seat. I couldn't help but be

impressed by his concern for me the other night, but this still probably wasn't a good idea. It didn't stop me, but it still wasn't a good idea. So much for staying away from him. Maybe I'd luck out and he'd be an accountant by day and a bouncer by night.

Me: Got plans in two hours?

Jasper: What do you have in mind?

Me: Lunch?

Jasper: I'm in. Tell me when and where.

I texted him the address to my school and then turned off my phone and slid it into my bag. I'd studied my ass off for this exam, but I still hoped there'd be no surprises.

Two hours later, I walked out of class feeling pretty happy with how the exam went, and buzzing with the excitement of seeing Jasper again. He'd texted the location of where he'd parked, and I made my way to the parking lot where I found him leaning against his grill, studying his phone.

"Hi," I said, as I approached, and he looked up, grinning wide.

Oh, yeah, this man would be the perfect one to burn my vagina.

"Hey, beautiful," he said, leaning down to kiss my cheek. "You hungry?"

"Starving. I just had the final from hell, so I need to eat my feelings."

He chuckled, pulling the door open. "That bad, huh?"

I climbed up into the truck. "Oh, no, it was great, I think. Biology isn't my strongest subject and I'm doubling with zoology, so now that it's over, I'm panicking a little."

"So, you called me?" He raised an eyebrow. "I'm flattered."

I blushed. "Is that okay?"

"Yeah, it's okay." He grinned widely and closed the door, walking to his side of the truck and climbing inside. "Where

to?”

“There’s a little taco place not far from here if you like Mexican.”

“I love Mexican,” he said, starting the engine, then we headed toward the best food on the planet.

“Are you an accountant, per chance? You know, during the day?”

He gave me a sideways glance. “Do I look like an accountant?”

“No,” I breathed out. “But one can hope.”

“You lost me.”

“Never mind. I’m just being weird.”

Parking in front of the tiny restaurant, we walked to the window, ordered, then sat at one of the picnic tables to wait for our food.

“Polly said you just moved here from Portland,” I said, settling my elbows on the table. “How long have you been here?”

“Two weeks.”

“No way, really?”

He nodded.

“You didn’t waste any time getting a job.”

“I know a guy,” he hedged.

“It’s good to know a guy.” I smiled. “What brought you here?”

“Demons,” he said. “But that’s a story for another day.”

I bit my lip. “Sorry, I’m being nosy.”

“Nosy’s not a problem, Letti. Just can’t share everything.”

“Okay.”

“Number twenty-two,” sounded over the loudspeaker and Jasper left the table to pick up the food.

For the next thirty minutes, we didn't really talk about anything of significance as we ate. I couldn't remember a time I'd felt so comfortable with someone. He was laid back, but there was an edge about him as well. I just had to figure out if that edge was something I could live with.

"You got plans tomorrow night?" Jasper asked as he gathered our trash.

"I'm locked down."

"Yeah?"

"Yep. My father has swung the gavel and I am sentenced to the compound until further notice," I said. "I have a break in between classes tomorrow, though. We could do lunch again."

"Yeah, that works."

He smiled slightly and it didn't register for me to ask him why. I mean, why would it? I was blinded by his Viking hotness and the way he stared into my soul. I didn't think to ask him what he knew that I didn't.

Therefore, a date was set for lunch the next day, and Jasper drove me back to school. I was blissfully unaware that my life was going to implode in T-minus six days.

* * *

Saturday morning, I awoke feeling a lot better than I had the weekend before. It could have something to do with the fact that it was family night, so everyone I loved would be at the cabin, plus I'd finally get to meet this new prospect Dad had been talking about. Maybe if he had a new victim to inflict his grumpy wrath upon, he'd calm the fuck down and loosen the chains to my cell.

I slept in, then took a long shower and dressed in dark jeans, motorcycle boots and a Harley T-shirt. I left my long, blonde hair down and looped a scrunchy around my wrist in case it got in the way.

About an hour before everyone was due to arrive, I headed downstairs and into the kitchen. Mozart's wife, Nellie, was already elbows deep in soapy water and I grinned,

hugging her from behind because she couldn't object. Mozart and Nellie were in their fifties, had two kids who were old enough to look after themselves, and were totally, completely into each other.

"Get off me you psycho," she squealed. "I'm not above spraying you with this water."

"You're no fun." I laughed, letting her go. "Do you need help?"

"Not yet." She grinned. "You meet the new guy?"

"Is he here?"

"Yeah. He's in the meeting room. It's open. Go introduce yourself. He's cute, babe. You'll like him."

"Stop trying to set me up," I ordered.

"No promises."

I rolled my eyes and walked out of the kitchen. Usually the meeting room was the holy of holies and no one but bikers were allowed entry, but on family nights, it was open to everyone.

I made my way down the hallway and heard male laughter, making my heart lighter with every step. Everyone was obviously in a good mood, which meant the party was going to be even better than I expected.

Stoney was in the doorway and grinned as I approached, hugging me gently before guiding me inside. "Hey, sweetheart."

"Hey, Stoney."

"You gave me the slip last week. Gonna remember that." He raised an eyebrow. "You're lucky it was me and not Wrath."

A more accurate truth had never been spoken. If Stoney was like a favorite uncle, Wrath was like an adopted brother who was a hundred times more protective than my own. But, whatever, they'd just have to deal with me growing up. Besides, Wrath had his own issues with the object of his

current desire, Sierra. She was Raquel's bestie and decided Wrath was enemy number one in her book.

I wrinkled my nose. "Sorry, not sorry."

He chuckled, letting me go, and I walked inside.

"Letti!" Dad called. "Come meet Aero."

I grinned big and the men moved out of my way as I pushed through the crowd, ending my journey smack dab in front of one Jasper Campbell.

"Aero, my daughter, Letti," Dad said.

I didn't fully register what the fuck was happening, and couldn't find my voice for several tense seconds.

"Never seen my girl this quiet," Dad observed.

"Hey. Letti was it?" Jasper said, holding out his hand. "Nice to *meet* ya."

I stared at his hand before taking it and squeezing it so hard, he grimaced for a second.

"Nice to meet you too."

"Quite a grip there," he said, shaking out his hand.

"Who's sponsoring you?" I asked.

Dad raised an eyebrow, but didn't comment about my rudeness.

"I am, sweetheart," Rocky said. "He's a friend of Hatch's."

Hatch Wallace was the president of the Dogs of Fire out of Portland, Oregon and a total smoke show. I adored him.

"You know Hatch?" I asked Jasper.

He nodded. "Yeah. Since I was little. I worked for him for a few years in Portland."

"Oh. Well, it's nice to meet you. Welcome," I said, and spun on my heel and escaped.

"She's had a rough week," Dad explained as I rushed down the hall and up to my room. I knew I couldn't hide

forever, but I was gonna try for a little while.

* * *

Aero

Well, that went well.

I pushed aside the guilt of not telling Letti everything I should have and focused on getting to know my new brothers. When everything had gone down with my sister, my boss, Hatch, had suggested I come to Colorado and prospect for the Howlers.

After my sister died, I didn't ride for close to a year, but I was jonesin' for the feel of the open road, and even though it snowed in Colorado, it had a shit ton more sunshine than Portland. Hatch figured it'd be easier for me to ease back in if I was away from the memories.

I hoped to god he was right.

I'd met Rocky a few times when he'd flown out to see Hatch and take care of cannabis business and he was good people, so I agreed to meet with him and see if it would work.

I felt good, he felt good, and more importantly, we both trusted Hatch's judgement, so he agreed to sponsor me on a trial basis. I had one month to prove myself, before I could officially prospect. That worked for me, so I agreed.

But I hadn't expected Violet Morgan Graves.

Shit.

I hadn't known who she was until Stoney came looking for her. I'd met him a week before when I'd been hired at Nocturn as a bouncer. Rocky had gotten me the job, and Stoney had been with him when he'd introduced me to the owner.

Stoney had found me the night Violet was at the club, giving me her description and asking me to call if I saw her. That was when I noticed Violet drag her friend into the bathroom. With a promise to let Stoney know if I saw her, I watched him leave the club, then followed the women.

I knew I should have told her who I was the second I knew our connection, but I wanted some time with her alone. Before our lives got complicated. She was beautiful, and funny, and she knew the life. I was enjoying the safe little bubble we'd been creating. Even if it couldn't go anywhere significant.

But I was pretty sure I'd just blown our safe little bubble to shit.

"Let's move this out to the great room," Sundance said, slapping my shoulder.

I nodded and we headed down the hallway to where the real party was. I didn't see Violet anywhere, but my plan was to try and find a private moment with her to explain.

If she'd let me.

* * *

If you liked what you've read, you can order [HERE!](#)

BOOKLIST

Welcome to the Family

[Davenport Family Band](#)

The Guardians Series

[Witness](#)

[Justice](#)

[Spotlight](#)

Dogs of Fire MC Series

[Road to Desire](#)

[Road to Redemption](#)

[Road to Absolution](#)

[Road to Passion](#)

[Road to Victory](#)

[Road to Peace](#)

[Road to Forever](#)

[Road to Hope](#)

[Road to Grace](#)

[Road to Freedom](#)

[Road to Glory](#)

[Road to Tomorrow](#)

Dogs of Fire Spin-Off Stories

[Ryder](#)

[Reese](#)

[Hatch](#)

[Jake](#)

[Harm](#)

[Kissing the Biker's Boo-Boo](#)

(Children's Book)

[The Davenport Christmas Chronicles](#)

Dogs of Fire MC: Savannah Chapter

[Saving the Preacher's Daughter](#)

[Stealing the Biker's Heart](#)

[Redeeming the Biker's Past](#)

[Quieting the Biker's Rage](#)

[Keeping the Biker's Oath](#)

[Hacking the Biker's Code](#)

[Calling the Biker's Bluff](#)

[Fanning the Biker's Flame](#)

[Revealing the Biker's Destiny](#)

Primal Howlers MC

[Primal Howl](#)

[Primal Need](#)

[Primal Heat](#)

[Primal Hunger](#)

[Primal Fury](#)

[Primal Vengeance](#)

[Primal Wrath](#)

[Primal Roar](#)

Cauld Ane Series

[Bound by Blood](#)

[Bound by Fire](#)

[Bound by Secrets](#)

[Bound by Song](#)

[Bound by Dreams](#)

[Bound by Tears](#)

[Bound by Light](#)

[Bound by Joy](#)

[Bound by Sight](#)

[Bound by Fate](#)

Cauld Ane Generations

[Boundless](#)

Limelight Series

[Broken Road](#)

[The Road Back](#)

Civil War Brides Series

[The Bride Price](#)

[The Bride Found](#)

[The Bride Spy](#)

[The Bride Ransom](#)

[The Rebel Bride](#)

[The Bride Star](#)

[The Bride Pursued](#)

[The Bride Accused](#)

[The Brides United](#)

CONNECTING BOOKS

[Witness](#)

[Justice](#)

[Road to Desire](#)

[Road to Redemption](#)

[Road to Absolution](#)

[Road to Passion](#)

[Road to Victory](#)

[Road to Peace](#)

[Spotlight](#)

[Ryder](#)

[Road to Forever](#)

[Reese](#)

[Saving the Preacher's Daughter](#)

[Road to Hope](#)

[Stealing the Biker's Heart](#)

[*Bound by Sight](#)

[Road to Grace](#)

[Hatch](#)

[Road to Freedom](#)

[Jake](#)

[Redeeming the Biker's Past](#)

[Quieting the Biker's Rage](#)

[Keeping the Biker's Oath](#)

[Primal Howl](#)

[Primal Need](#)

[Hacking the Biker's Code](#)

[Primal Heat](#)

[Primal Hunger](#)

[The Davenport Christmas Chronicles](#)

[Fanning the Biker's Flame](#)

[Revealing the Biker's Destiny](#)

[Primal Hunger](#)

[Primal Fury](#)

[Primal Vengeance](#)

[Primal Wrath](#)

[Primal Roar](#)

*Dalton's book Bound by Sight can be read after Stealing the Biker's Heart, but I recommend reading Bound by Blood first.

ABOUT PIPER

New York Times & USA Today Bestselling Author Piper Davenport writes from a place of passion and intrigue, combining elements of romance and suspense with strong modern-day heroes and heroines. She currently resides in the Pacific Northwest with her author husband, Jack Davenport, and an obnoxious YorkiePoo named Pepper who may or may not be an international spy.

Like Piper's FB page and get to know her!

www.facebook.com/piperdavenport

[BookBub](#)

[Instagram](#)

[TikTok](#)

Sign up for her [mailing list](#)!