

HIGGINS SECURITY BOOK 6

A romantic scene featuring a shirtless man and a woman with long red hair. The man is looking down with a serious expression, while the woman leans in to kiss him on the cheek. The background is dark with bokeh light effects.

SECURING

His Heart

EMBER DAVIS

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Securing His Heart (Higgins Security Book 6) by Ember Davis

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

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For those who take on a burden which feels to big for your shoulders. It's okay to let someone else carry that weight and it's okay to let go of the blame.

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CHAPTER 1

MARGOT

There have been a few times in my life when I've had to step up to the plate and do what needed to be done. The first time was when Charlotte, my sister, was just a baby and our parents died. My parent's death woke me up in so many ways.

I grew up in the spotlight and was a child star with all the trappings. With their death, I stopped the drugs and the partying because Charlotte was relying on me to be better, to do better, and raise her. Making better choices wasn't always easy, but it was worth it. Seeing her grow up and helping her to become a kind, thoughtful, and well-rounded human being has been more than enough.

When it was time for me to move on from Hollywood life and make the decision to stay in Denver after meeting Blake Higgins and falling for my own personal colossus, it was a natural thing to do. He is the man I never knew I needed in my life, and he's given me more than I ever dreamed I could have. He's given me a family which extends beyond Charlotte and our daughter, Grace.

He's given me love, a home, and a purpose beyond myself. I have more now than I ever did while I was caught up in all the celebrity crap and thinking it was the only way I could give Charlotte the life she deserves.

Now, though? Now, he's crumbling right before my eyes. I can't fucking stand it anymore.

He has taken on the blame for something which is simply not his fault.

I can understand why he's doing it, but it's not right.

River, one of the artists signed to White Picket Fences Records, owned and operated by the rock band Suburban Outcasts who are part of our family, was attacked at the end of her second tour. If it were just an attack, I think Blake could have shaken it off, but it was so much more. She was stalked

throughout her tour which is why Blake sent Kostya and Flynn as extra protection. What no one realized was that Johnny, her original bodyguard, was her stalker.

Johnny was enraged because River didn't fall for him. The whole situation was made worse when she started a relationship with Kostya and Flynn.

I can feel my husband's turmoil over not seeing the man Johnny really was and for putting River in a dangerous position. He's taken on the guilt of it all as if he made Johnny's decisions or forced him to become obsessed with the pop princess. Blake didn't. All he did was trust the man he hired to be part of Higgins Security.

There was no way for him to prevent what happened. He did his best. Really, he's the reason she's safe and in love now, considering he sent Kostya and Flynn her way. Who knows what would have happened if Blake hadn't sent them.

Johnny was going to leap off the deep end no matter what. I know it and I think Blake does too but knowing it does nothing to alleviate his guilt.

I've sat back and watched my husband beat himself up over this for far too long. Hell even one day would have been too long, but it's been weeks now.

I'm done letting him work through this on his own.

I hug Amelia one more time before leaving her house, murmuring, "Thank you for keeping Charlotte and Grace with you for the weekend."

When I pull back from her, she's all smiles with understanding in her eyes. "Are you kidding? We love having Lottie here. And anyway, she'll probably end up spending at least one night over at Chloe and Ryder's place to hang out with Genesis." She laughs lightly. "Those two might be trouble one day, you better watch out. Grace is such a good little girl; she fits right on in with the brood and you know she's welcome anytime."

I can't help but smile. This is what I was missing in my life for so long. I used to be lonely even when surrounded by a

room full of people. Everyone knew me, but no one really knew the real me. They knew the woman who would smile at the camera and hit her marks on set. They didn't know I worried about my sister constantly and about the life I was giving her.

Now, I don't worry about those things. I know Charlotte has a good life and I know Grace does as well. Charlotte may be my sister, but I've raised her. It's a little different with Grace, but Blake and I try to ensure Lottie knows she is loved and valued. Grace didn't replace her; she simply made our lives fuller.

Amelia's eyebrows knit together, and her eyes go soft. "I've been worried about Blake. He's been so," she pauses and chews on her lower lip, "withdrawn lately. I know he's beating himself up about River, but it wasn't his fault."

"No," my voice is firm making Amelia smile wide, "it's not his fault and it's time he understood it. I've sat back and let him stew long enough."

"It's eating him up inside. Don't be too hard on him," there's a teasing note in her voice.

I soften at the thought of causing my husband more pain. I might not be willing to let this go on any longer, but I'm not going to make him feel worse either. He needs to know that I trust him with my life and that the rest of the family does as well.

Our confidence in him wasn't shaken. Hell, it wasn't even rattled. He can't control a psycho stalker. No one expects him to.

I get one more hug for good luck or strength or something and then I'm off, content in knowing the little humans I love with my entire heart are taken care of. Now, it's time to go and take care of the giant who owns every part of me. He has no idea I'm coming for him.



CHAPTER 2

BLAKE

I feel like I can't make any decisions without second or third guessing myself, sometimes more. I hate it and it goes against everything I've been taught and everything I've trusted about myself up to this point. I'm supposed to be in charge at Higgins Security. Fuck, the company has my name on it.

I'm supposed to be trusted to make decisions. I'm supposed to have my shit together.

I shouldn't be trusted, and I don't trust myself. Not anymore.

I didn't see one of my own people was obsessed with River Morrison and it almost cost her everything. I can appreciate it wasn't as bad as it could have been, but she wouldn't have been in danger in the first place if it weren't for one of my own employees being obsessed with her, scaring her, and stalking her.

Johnny was on my payroll. It was the job I gave him which gave him access to her. It was my authority which allowed him to get close to her. It was because of me that he was able to terrorize her.

It's all my fault and the fact that no one is blaming me only makes me more paranoid about the whole thing and convinced I shouldn't be in charge anymore. I should hand the reins over to Duncan or Grayson. They could do the job.

I don't need to be here. I should give it to the guys and let them run it. I don't need the money. I've saved up enough from the work I've already done and it's not like my wife doesn't have plenty of money on her own.

I'm not sure what I would do with my day, but maybe it's time. Hell, even the new guy, Everett, is excelling at his job. He's integrated into the team. He has some skills as a P.I. which are invaluable.

Alice comes gliding into my office with a travel mug in her hand and a twinkle in her eye. I'm not surprised, she's had this look on her face since she got back from New Orleans with Everett in tow. It could also be the whole pregnancy glow thing she has going on.

I narrow my eyes at her. "What are you up to?"

Her voice is innocent and bright, "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Why is my coffee in a travel mug?"

"It was clean." Alice bats her eyes at me, and I huff out a breath, but it's hard to muster up something more for her.

I know it's all me. It has been since I got the call about River. No, that's not true. This feeling started the moment I found out she had a stalker. Maybe I should have gone and handled the case myself. Although, in the end, that would have been far less exciting for her considering she's in a triad with the men I sent to help protect her.

I still should have seen Johnny for what he was.

"It wasn't your fault Blake, and you need to get your head out of your," Alice pauses when I look at her and she hisses, "ass."

Even though she's saying something I hate to hear, I can't help it when one side of my mouth quirks up at her. It's adorable the way she hisses the curse word because she's at work and I am, technically, her boss. That's never stopped Alice from being who she is. It works out considering most of the time she's a sweet woman who is damn good at her job as the receptionist and backbone of HS.

"My ass?" I can't help myself and tease her a little, barely stopping myself from chuckling at the way her cheeks pink.

She gives me a pointed look as she draws herself up to her full height, diminutive as it is, though most people fall into that category from my perspective. "Yes. Ass." Her shoulders slump slightly and her jaw firms with determination. "You know no one blames you for what happened with River, least of all her. It's not your fault. No one could have known Johnny

was unhinged.” She shivers slightly. “I thought he was a good guy, just kind of quiet and serious.”

I know she means for her words to reassure me, but they have the opposite effect because it only reminds me that not only was River in danger, but so was this sweet woman, someone who I look at like a sister. She was in danger because Johnny was in the same building as her. What if he had fixated on her instead of River? Would that have been worse? Would we have known before it was too late?

“Stop,” Alice snaps at me and I startle a little. She points at me, fire lacing through her words, “I can practically hear your self-doubt from here. Yes, I was around him. So were a lot of other people. You weren’t the first person to employ him. Are those people at fault? Is Duncan at fault because he didn’t find anything in his very thorough background check to indicate Johnny would go off the deep end?”

“No, of course it’s not Duncan’s fault,” there’s a growl in my voice as I defend my friend, my brother, my family.

Alice nods decisively, her word final, “Exactly.”

With that, she wraps her arms around my shoulders, which are barely able to wrap around me. She hugs me so tightly and fiercely I’m almost concerned about her hurting herself, though I’ll never say it. She’s trying to give me comfort which is the only thing which allows me to wrap an arm around her and hug her back.

I can appreciate what she’s trying to do, even if it’s not exactly working.

I wish it was.

I wish I could let this go.

Her arguments are ones I’ve heard before, but it’s not just what happened with River. It’s the idea of losing anyone, of anyone I care about being in danger. I know it doesn’t make sense, but this is my responsibility. The family looks to me for their safety and their peace of mind.

How can I provide that for them now?

Someone clears their throat at the door to my office and Alice pulls away slowly to look over her shoulder to find Everett leaning against the door frame, smiling. She bounces over to him and I watch the way he takes her in, awe written all over his face.

They're good together. I'm glad Alice has someone to have her back, she deserves nothing less.

I'm about to tell them to go home for the rest of the day, to enjoy the time they have together, but the words are stolen from me before I can voice them. All because my gorgeous wife breezes through the doorway, right past the happy couple, her violet eyes locked onto me. There's a determination there, a steely resolve, which makes me want to run and hide.

I don't remember the last time I've wanted to run and hide from anything. Margot is the only woman who can throw me off, but it's in the best of ways. My heart starts pounding inside my chest; it's the way it always is between us.

What if I fail her too? What will that cost me?

Way too fucking much is what.

Fuck. I can't even trust myself with my wife, the love of my life, the other half of my soul.

"Come on, my colossus," she winks at me, "grab your coffee. We got places to be."

"Where are we going?" My voice sounds skeptical even as I stand and do her bidding, the travel mug making a little more sense now, especially combined with the knowing look on Alice's face.

Margot leans toward me slightly, dropping her voice as if she has a secret, a wicked smile curling on her perfect lips, ones I love to kiss even though I don't deserve to, "I'm kidnapping you." She scrunches up her face. "I guess abduct would be a better word." She bats her eyes at me, "Are you coming willingly, or do I need to get some muscle to back me up?"

I hold my hands up in surrender and find myself smiling slightly. "I'll go willingly, little flower."

Her eyes light up as she grabs my hand and tugs. I follow her, both of us knowing if I wanted to dig my heels in that she wouldn't be able to move me at all. I'll follow my wife anywhere she wants to go; it's been that way from the moment we met, and I don't see it changing anytime soon.

Everett calls after us, "Don't worry, boss man, we got it covered here."

When I glance over my shoulder, Alice is leaning against him, a smile on her face. I notice the rest of the guys—Duncan, Ryder, Grayson, and Sebastian—standing outside of their offices with big smiles on their faces as they wave goodbye. They must have all been in on my little flower's ruse.

I wonder what she has planned for me.



CHAPTER 3

MARGOT

I could feel Blake's curiosity when I led him out of the HS offices and to the car, already packed for the weekend. It wasn't hard to put this plan into place. I only had to call a few members of the family and then it all came together in a matter of hours. Yes, it's what this family does, but it's more than that.

Everyone in this family would do anything for Blake. They all love him. They have seen how he has beat himself up over River and her stalker, over Johnny. I understand it and his pain, but it needs to end.

He's been quiet and reserved. I don't doubt his love for me, but what I am doubting is his love for himself. It's not acceptable. I will not stand for it to go on any longer.

Blake's large hand lands on my thigh and I startle, which is not good considering I'm driving. I know the fact that he's not behind the wheel is probably making him a little twitchy right now, but this is the way it must be. How else can I surprise him?

"Where are we going, little flower?"

Oh my. The deep rumble of my husband's voice, rivaling the car's engine, might as well be a vibrator to my clit right now. Everything in me screams to pull the car over and climb into my husband's lap, but I resist the temptation.

He's not going to distract me with orgasms. It's one of the means he's used to dissuade me from confronting this problem head on, allowing him to stew for so long instead. I shouldn't have let it continue this long, but it ends now.

I glance at my husband out of the corner of my eye to find one side of his mouth tipped up. Considering the route, he knows where we're going. He's a smart man and I'm sure he's figured it out by now.

I tease him, “You don’t know?”

“I have my suspicions,” there’s a growl in his voice as he rubs his hand up and down my thigh, making tingles shoot through my entire body.

No. Bad body. We will not be distracted.

We’re doing this for him because he can’t continue to beat himself up over something that isn’t his fault.

I make a humming sound and focus on the road. It doesn’t take long before we’re pulling up to the cabin that I bought Blake for our first Christmas together. Okay, cabin might be underselling things a little. It’s more of a mountain mansion, but we have a large family, and I didn’t buy it just for my husband. I bought it knowing we could use it as an escape for the entire family.

It’s been a way for us all to get away, as individual couples and with all of us together.

My husband sounds wary, “Why are we all the way out here?”

“Where better to hide a body?”

Blake’s eyebrows shoot up and he looks toward the back of the SUV. He teases me, “Is there a body back there?”

It’s nice to hear him joke, even if only a little, and I find myself laughing. “Not yet,” I sass him.

Before I can open my door and hop out, Blake takes my face in his large hands, his crystalline blue eyes boring into mine. “You’re amazing, you know that?”

“I do,” I whisper, “because you tell me every day. I don’t know if I would have believed it otherwise. The fact that you’ve been doubting yourself so much means I’ve been falling down on my job in giving you the confidence you need.” He opens his mouth, but I’m not done. “Don’t tell me it’s not my job or whatever else you’re about to say. It is my job. You should be confident in yourself and your abilities.”

The sadness in his eyes, the lack of knowing he has everything under control, is like a punch to my gut. From the

moment I met him, he's been a larger-than-life man. The only other time I've ever seen him this bent out of shape was back when we first got together and my uncle was figuring out ways to terrorize me and, in the process, put Charlotte in danger.

"It's all my fault," he croaks the words as if they're as hard for him to say as it is for me to hear.

I reach up and wrap my hands around his wrists, giving a squeeze. There's pure fucking fire in my voice, "No. It's not. It's not your fault, Blake. I swear to you, if I thought it was your fault, I would tell you. You're beating yourself up about something instead of letting it go. I understand it because you have the biggest fucking heart of any man I have ever known and the broadest shoulders, but you don't have to carry the entire world on them."

For the first time since we got the call that River was abducted, even though it wasn't for long, and that Johnny had been the one behind the stalking and the scare tactics, something loosens inside of him. The relief which flows through me would be enough to take me to my knees if I weren't sitting in the car with him.

"Would you," he takes a deep breath, vulnerability filling every word as his eyes slide closed, "really tell me if you thought it was my fault?"

I can't lie to the man. "Yes. Because you trust me to be honest with you just like I trust you to be honest with me."

His eyes pop open as if he wasn't expecting me to tell him yes. I grin at him and pull him closer with my grip, kissing him as if the world is ending. Because it has felt like it was the entire time that he's been pulling away from me. My world at least.

Blake is my entire world.

I love Charlotte and Grace. I love my family. But this man, this titan who was made to love me? This man is what makes my existence matter.

"Don't shut me out again," I demand against his lips, feeling his curve into a smile.

“I’m sorry,” he whispers the words full of pain and regret.

“No sorry necessary. I’ve watched you be in pain, and I’m done with it, Blake. I’m done letting you retreat farther and farther into the darkness where only your demons can keep you company.” I kiss his lips softly again, needing the connection, needing him. “It’s time to let this go and move forward.”

“I’m not sure if I can,” the words are so soft, I almost don’t catch them, but with the quiet around us as if it is cocooning us and keeping us safe, I don’t miss a single one.

“Let me help you,” I plead.

He presses his forehead against mine and nods. When he takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly it feels like he might be ready to move on, to move forward. I need him to be ready or else nothing I do will help or work. He has to want it. He has to have a reason stronger than his guilt, fear, and shame.

I know because there was a time in my life when I was plagued by the choices I made and the path I was on. My parents never got to see me become Hollywood’s sweetheart and not just a child actor fallen from grace. When they died, I was so deep into drugs and alcohol that I almost drowned in it, unable to tell if the light was coming from above or below and too fucking weak to get there either way.

I don’t know if their death alone would have been enough to pull me out of it but having Charlotte to care for and her need for me was what gave me the strength to be better, to do better. She gave me a reason to put my past behind me and work through why I found myself down that path in the first place. She gave me a reason to move forward.

“I love you, so fucking much little flower,” Blake rumbles the words, and they melt me.

He has a reason to move forward. I just need to help him.



CHAPTER 4

BLAKE

My wife is amazing. I knew it before, but seeing her right now, like a fucking warrior who is done playing defense and is going on the offensive instead, is a revelation. She let me stew. She let me try and get here on my own, but I was too caught up, wallowing in doubt, guilt, and my own fucking pity.

I went full ticker-tape parade with my pity. I know it. I've even argued with myself about why I was doing it and what it could cost me. I've tried to rationalize all the ways in which I didn't need to feel any of the guilt and dismay.

I couldn't rationalize my way out of my feelings. But Margot standing up to me, a delicate flower who is surviving in the middle of a tornado, is exactly what I need to stop wallowing and start listening.

If she really would tell me if I was to blame, I can believe it when she tells me I'm not.

I follow my feisty as fuck wife into the cabin, our cabin. My cabin. It's hard to remember it sometimes because we don't get to come here often all alone. For me, it's a family cabin, which I'm more than okay with.

The moment I walk through the doors I swear I can hear the laughter of our family around us. I can feel them supporting me in a way I haven't allowed myself since everything went down with River. How could they support me when I was the one who put someone in danger?

No. Johnny put River in danger. It was his choice, not mine.

I don't stop following my wife as she moves through the cabin, bypassing the open plan living room and kitchen. Her hips sway in a way which would make a cobra in a basket jealous. I'm hypnotized by the movement. Back and forth. Back and forth.

My cock thickens in my jeans, and I almost groan at the idea of no one being around to hear us. I want her naked and dripping for me so I can worship her the way she deserves.

“Are you trying to seduce me?” There’s a tease in my tone, “Because you gotta know, Mrs. Higgins, I’m a sure thing.”

She grins at me over her shoulder as she steps into the master bedroom of our little mountain getaway. It’s the room we claimed as our own on our first trip here. The rest of the rooms in the house are more than enough and I suggested we turn this room into a kid’s room, complete with bunkbeds, because of the size. Margot insisted on keeping this one for me, for us.

I’m glad now because, as I look at the four-poster bed, I can’t wait to strip my wife and enjoy every single inch of her. I’ve been neglecting her, and it simply won’t do any longer. My heart aches at the idea of me not being there for her and not giving her what she needs.

She drops the bag off her shoulder onto the bed and spins toward me, a wicked glint in her eyes which has my cock throbbing in response. Her hands press against my chest before gliding down and gripping the hem of my shirt. She’s so small compared to me at almost seven feet tall, but it only makes her more precious in my eyes.

She sasses me, “I’m going to need your help here.” She purrs with a wink, “I got the lower half.”

I reach back and pull my shirt off, letting it fall to the ground. Her hands, covered in her soft as fuck skin, immediately reach for my chest. The way she touches me, awe in her eyes and love in her heart, makes me feel stronger.

It’s all because of her.

She’s the reason. She always has been.

“Blake,” my wife whispers my name and I let out a low growl in response which has her violet eyes lighting up. “You know, you can’t beat yourself up about this anymore. You know why, right?”

I shake my head, my mouth dry while I stand and stare at the oasis which I can't believe is really mine sometimes. She could just be a mirage, but her hands on me ground me and prove to me how real she is.

“Why?”

Margot kisses my chest, right where my heart beats for her. “Because River was right where she was supposed to be right when she was supposed to be there.”

“How do you figure? She was almost...” my voice is rising with every word and one thing I will never do is yell at my woman, not when she's only trying to talk to me, to make me see from her perspective. I bite my tongue and close my eyes, shaking my head violently.

“I know what she was almost,” Margot whispers, “but she wasn't. Flynn and Kostya were there. They found her so damn fast. They were right where they needed to be too.” I feel her hands on my cheeks and know she's stretching to touch me like this. My eyes snap open and I look down at her, my little flower. “The three of them needed to go through that to find each other. Flynn and Kostya needed the purpose, the reason to come together so they could be everything for River.” She shrugs her shoulder casually. “It was fate's test and they passed.”

“What did they win? Trauma?”

Margot's eyes soften as she looks at me, her hands gliding down my cheeks, neck, and chest, to come to my jeans where she flicks open the button and slides down the zipper. I can feel the movements, feel the way she touches me, but my eyes are captivated by hers. I can see every one of my wife's truths right there.

She doesn't blame me. She feels safe with me. She trusts me.

Is that what I was afraid of all this time? My failure when it comes to River meaning my wife would lose hope in me? If she did, I would be devastated.

“They won love,” she says it as easily as if she just said the sky is blue and the grass is green.

Margot pushes my jeans down, along with my boxers before she drops down and unlaces my boots which I quickly kick away. Having my wife this close to my hard cock, which is throbbing like it’s begging her to take notice, is fucking with me.

Don’t grab her face and start fucking it.

I clench my fists to stop myself. She’s running this show and I’m just along for the ride. It was clear the moment she walked through the door. I’m more than willing to see where Margot’s little plan for me to regain faith in myself takes us.

I lift each foot as she rolls my socks down and off, her violet eyes looking up at me, two gems shining back at me brightly.

When she stands, she kisses my chest again.

“Lay down in the middle of the bed, please,” her smile is so fucking naughty it has pre-cum forming at the tip of my cock as she coos the last word, “husband.”



CHAPTER 5

MARGOT

Watching my giant of a man follow my direction is a big turn on in a way I never knew would be a turn on. I'm not a Domme, but this kind of power could definitely go to my head. Quickly. My husband carries the weight of the universe on his shoulders and while that wouldn't normally bother me, his self-flagellation needs to come to an end.

He's been beating himself up. Now it's time for me to free him. I hope my plan works, but I'm not entirely sure he can give up the control it will require. The curiosity in his eyes tells me he's willing to give it a try.

"Close your eyes," I coo the words at Blake, and he obeys my command immediately which causes my entire body to erupt in goosebumps.

"Are you going to be getting naked too, little flower?" The deep rumble of his voice travels through my body and my nipples go from hard to granite points which do not feel good trapped in my bra.

"Of course." I swallow hard, hoping he can give over this amount of control to me. "Please spread your arms and legs like a starfish."

His eyebrows come together even though he doesn't open his eyes. Slowly he starts to follow my command and I move around the bed, attaching one end of the cuffs to the bedposts. I had to get the leather cuffs so they'd be adjustable for him. I know he'll only stay in them if he wants to.

When all of them are attached, I grab his closest wrist and wrap the cuff around. There's a growl in his voice, "What are you doing, Margot?"

He might ask, but he doesn't pull away. He doesn't tell me to stop. I work my way around his body until the four cuffs are in place. I'm a little surprised he doesn't test them, but it warms my heart when he doesn't.

He trusts me.

“Do you want me to let you go?” I ask the question softly, wanting him to hear how much I appreciate him going along with me to this point, but he needs to know he has control.

He gives it to me in so many ways even as his dominate nature rules, but does he understand it when the roles are reversed? Admittedly, I hadn't considered it before, not since I couldn't imagine a set of circumstances where we would flip. But here we are.

Blake swallows hard and gives a gentle tug on his restraints. It's a movement which tests, but without an intent of escape. Let's be honest, my Zeus of a man could break free if he wanted.

“No,” one side of his mouth tips up, “I'm curious about what you have in store for me.”

I chuckle as I strip and climb on the bed, kneeling at his side, my knees almost touching his ribcage, but not quite. I'm sure he knows right where I am. I run the tip of my finger down the side of his cock, his very hard cock.

“I think you might be a little more than curious,” I tease him lightly, making him chuckle.

“Maybe I am.” He turns his head toward the sound of my voice but doesn't open his eyes. *Woah*. The power is a little intoxicating. “What do you have planned, Margot?”

I make a humming sound before running my fingertips over his body without a pattern. I don't want him to know where I'm going to touch him next. I want to just enjoy the feel of him; I want him to enjoy the same. His muscles slowly relax, and he sighs as his body sinks into the mattress underneath him.

“Blake,” there's a slight bark in my voice, but then I soften it, “what happened to River was not your fault.”

My husband, my own personal colossus, shudders on the bed and starts to shake his head, but I change my touch, using my nails to lightly run along his thigh. The gasp he lets out almost has me climbing over him and sinking down onto his

cock. I'm not sure where I find the strength to stop myself, but I do.

"No one blames you." There's conviction in my voice with every word, "River doesn't, neither do Kostya or Flynn. None of the guys at HS or in the family blame you." I take a deep breath and let it out slowly to stop myself from crying. This is about him, not me, but watching my husband struggle broke my heart. "I don't blame you."

"Margot," there's a plea in his voice and an apology. I don't know if he can hear the deep chasm of emotion and darkness beneath my words, but I just know he understands. "I'm sorry."

I shake my head even though his eyes are still closed. "Don't apologize Blake. You blamed yourself because you love with every fiber of your being, and you want to protect the people who rely on you. It's what makes you the best at what you do, but it also means when it doesn't go perfectly that it's going to hurt." I whisper, "It's okay to hurt."

Blake's face crumples and I lean over him, my lips a light flutter over his before I start to do the same over his chest and torso, working my way across him, wanting to give every part of him my benediction. He deserves nothing less.

"River is happy. She is loved. Johnny is no longer a threat to her or anyone else. Her men did what they were placed there to do. They protected her." My voice becomes a steel blade, one I want to slice through the last of these rotted thoughts to set the other half of me free, "You are going to let this go and move forward because it's time and this will not define a damn thing you do in the future. What happened is not who you are, it is not on you, you will leave it here."

"I will leave it here," he murmurs the words and I swear I see a tear streak down the side of his face. I breathe out over his skin, my fingers slowly wrapping around the base of his cock, feeling it throb beneath my hand, every heartbeat right here for me to feel. He groans, "I'm going to let this go here, Margot. I'm sorry if I've caused you pain."

I tsk him before I flick my tongue across the head of his cock making my mountain of a man hiss. “You didn’t cause me pain, Blake, but I felt *your* pain and I won’t allow this to continue. I won’t allow you to beat yourself up about this anymore.” I swirl my tongue around the head. “No more.”

Blake arches his back as much as he can and tries to buck his hips as he moans, “No more.” When my lips wrap around him and I take his cock to the back of my throat, he barks out, “Fuck.”

If my mouth wasn’t filled with cock, I would be smiling right now. I bob up and down a few times on his length before popping off, a string of saliva connecting us still which I wish his eyes were open to see. I know his crystal blue eyes would darken.

I stroke him slowly, teasing him. “That’s right, Blake,” I coax, “no more.”



CHAPTER 6

BLAKE

My wife is trying to kill me with the kinkiest fucking exorcism in existence. The only thing to do when faced with my little flower's plan was to give into it. I didn't think I would wind up restrained to our bed, but I'm not upset about it either.

Which I am shocked at, honestly.

I'm also surprised as hell at how fucking turned on I am. I don't think I want my wife to tie me up regularly, but I'm okay with it this time. Maybe one more. Damn, maybe we can put it in rotation.

She whispers against my shaft, her soft lips brushing my skin as she does, "I'm going to tease you and then ride your cock until we're both satisfied." I let out a low growl because I like the idea, very fucking much. "When I untie you, the past will be the past and the future will be of our own making and untainted."

I'm not sure if it's the lilt of her voice, the fact that her hips hypnotized me earlier or I just want to finally be unburdened, but I know her words are true. My body is relaxed for the first time in so fucking long. I didn't even know I needed this, to have Margot fucking take this from me and refuse to give it back.

My little flower. So damn strong.

When her lips wrap around me again, I let out a long groan, wishing she would swallow me whole. "Fucking hell, your mouth feels so good wrapped around me, Margot."

I know how much my woman likes my praise which is only confirmed when she moans around my length. I don't have to see her to know she's squeezing her thighs together. I can smell her fucking pussy on the air and my mouth waters, wishing I could taste her.

“How about you swing your pretty pussy on up here and sit on my face,” I purr the words, hoping to coax my wife.

When she pulls the wet warmth of her mouth from my cock, I groan and flex my hips, hoping to get her to come back and give me more. Instead, she kisses up my chest before pressing her lips to mine. If I had use of my hands, my fingers would be buried in her hair; they twitch with the desire, unrequited as it is.

“Margot,” I murmur against her lips, “I need to touch you. Let me stroke your petals, little flower. Let me show you how much I love you.”

“Nope,” she pops the p against my lips and giggles softly. “You’re being so good, Blake. I’ve finally caught my god among men and have you right where I want you. I’m not letting you go anytime soon.”

She straddles me and I feel the skin of her knees pressing against my hips, the contact making me groan. As if trying to prove to me she’s naked she traps my cock against her soaking wet slit. Then she fucking grinds. *Grinds.*

A man can only take so much. I growl out a warning, wishing I could disobey her and open my eyes to see the look on her face. I bet she’s fucking glowing right now. “You’re pushing your luck, little flower. You do know there are consequences to your actions.”

I can see her in my mind’s eye as her laugh fills the room. I’m sure her head is thrown back, luminous as fucking always. She rises and grabs the base of my cock. “Oh,” she breathes out as she starts sinking down my shaft, “I’m very much aware there are consequences to my actions.” When I’m sheathed all the way inside my wife’s tight pussy, she leans forward and nips at my bottom lip. “I’m looking forward to it.”

Before I can even try and capture her lips with mine, she’s gone, sitting up, her hands bracing against my chest. Everywhere she touches burns. It’s not painful, it makes me feel alive. *Cleansed.*

My wife starts to move above me, riding up and down my length, her nails biting into the skin of my chest and making me strain against my bindings. She's so fucking wet and tight around my length. When she impales me completely, she squeezes around me, like she's coaxing my cum right out of me.

"We need to talk about if we're going to be expanding our family soon, Blake," Margot moans above me, her movements sure and swift and I can practically see her hips undulating even though my eyes are still squeezed shut.

"You gotta at least let me look at you, little flower." My groan is a plea, "I've been so good."

She makes a humming sound. "You can open your eyes, Blake."

The moment they pop open I almost want to close them. She's fucking glorious as she rides my cock. Our gazes lock and I get lost in her violet depths. It's like feeling the rain on my skin, washing away the things which have been holding me hostage, bindings that are far less real than the ones on my wrists right now.

They were never really there in the first place; I just thought they were.

When Margot drops down, filling her pussy with me completely, she grinds down and then starts to rock. I try and move my hips, to thrust up into her, but it's not enough. I don't know how, but I manage to tear my eyes away from hers so I can take in the way her tits bounce as she rides me.

Her movements become hurried, and I can feel something big coming, something within her control. It feels like a storm, maybe it's the one I need. I know what my wife said was true, I need to do this and then, when we come together, I release all the bad I've been carrying around with me. The burden. The pain. The regret. The shame.

When I look back into Margot's eyes, she's smiling at me, the bite of her nails on my chest grounding me to the moment,

grounding me to her. “You see now,” she moans, “you can feel it.”

“No more,” I grit through my teeth, believing it.

I swear her eyes fucking glow when I say it to her, telling her I’m giving myself over to her will, her control. In doing so, she’s going to unburden me. We’re going to burn it off together.

Margot’s movements become faster and harder. Our breathes and the sounds of our bodies coming together fill the room and meld with the sweet sound of my woman moaning for me. Even though I may be bound, even though I may be under her...she’s still moaning for me.

My muscles tighten and my balls draw up tight, molten lava rolling through my body, leaving something new behind in its wake. “Fuck, Margot. You ride me like a fucking goddess,” I barely get the words out, my jaw clenched to help me hold off as long as possible.

Her eyes hold mine, her voice breathless, but firm, “We’re going to come together, Blake. You’re going to fill me with your cum and then all the things which have been weighing you down will no longer be so heavy on you. You’ll let the past go. We’ll keep building our life together. We’ll love.”

“We’ll fuck,” I groan.

Her breathless giggle, the one she can barely get out as we both start to get closer, closer, closer. Every movement drags us closer to the culmination of our pleasure, of letting it all go. I wish I could stroke my thumb against her clit, but I can’t.

I pull at my bindings when her pussy clamps down on my cock and she gasps as her muscles tighten and I let go. We come together, my body straining while having nowhere to go. I roar out my wife’s name, the sound of it, the primal place it comes from, unlocks everything I’ve been holding inside of me. I don’t hold it close anymore.

I let it go.

I’m sweating, my skin feeling too tight and my muscles straining too much, feeling like I can’t fucking breathe. But as

my last jet of cum is milked from my cock, a sense of peace washes over me I haven't felt in so fucking long.

Too fucking long.

I'm staring up at my wife in wonder. "How the hell did you do that?"

Margot leans over me and kisses me deeply. Our tongues battle each other, but it's not for supremacy or dominance. We battle because we can, because it makes us feel alive, because it's part of who we are.

"How?" She teases me, a glint in her eye. "You can't love a man bigger than life, a Titan, and not learn a thing or two about iron will."

I tug against my restraints. "Are you going to let me go now?"

My wife's fingertips run over my skin, now slick with sweat. Mischief fills every one of her words, "I'm not sure. I kind of like you like this."

When I growl in the back of my throat, she laughs. The sound of joy fills the room and brushes away the last remnants of my guilt. I can't keep holding onto it.

It all worked out in the end, as my wife so eloquently and sensually pointed out. It's no longer my burden to bear. I'll leave it here.

And when I get my hands on my wife, I might just turn the tables on her. From the way her cheeks pink, she's thinking about the same thing. I don't think she's opposed to the idea at all.



EPILOGUE

MARGOT

I wasn't sure if my plan was going to work a few months ago or not. I needed to pull my husband's head out of his ass. Who knew the best way for me to do it was to strap him to a bed and then take away his ability to hold onto the guilt and the shame he was clinging to?

It sounded great in my head and was one of my more erotically inspired plans, but I wasn't sure if it would work.

It did.

I grabbed my husband's heart, shielded it, and then kept it safe long enough for him to let all the things he was holding onto go. I'm not sure if he believed all of it deeply at first, but I am sure he does now. It might have been a little fake it 'til you make it, but I'm okay with that.

He hasn't looked back.

He's accepted he wasn't the one who put River in danger and that no one blames him for what happened to her. He's lighter now. He no longer questions every single one of his decisions and he trusts his people.

I really fucking hope that no one else in Higgins Security lets Blake down, not in the way Johnny did. I don't know what it would do to my man and I'm not willing to find out.

Tonight, Charlotte is spending the night with Genesis. Amelia was right, they are thick as thieves. The good thing is they're both good kids with good heads on their shoulders and maturity beyond their years. I'm not worried about them making the wrong decisions.

Genesis has thrived so far in her first year of attending a real school, but there are still shadows there left over from everything she went through. I know the entire family is proud as hell of her and Sarah, her sister, while Ruth, the third and eldest of Chloe's sisters, is happy and settled with Micah. This

family. Just thinking about them warms my heart and helps me feel settled.

I'm lounging on the couch, waiting for my colossus after he kissed me on the forehead and said he was putting Grace to bed. I was tempted to follow him just to watch. There's something so damn sexy about a giant of a man holding a child. When Grace was a newborn, I was pretty sure I was going to spontaneously fall pregnant with the sight of him holding her. It was seriously a daily concern.

Now she rests her little two-year-old head on his shoulder and looks at him with such love. It could melt the hardest of hearts, I'm sure of it.

When Blake comes into the room, his crystalline eyes find me instantly and his stride doesn't shorten or halt. He comes right for me and before I even know which way is up, he's lifting me and throwing me over his shoulder. It's hot as fuck.

With his big palm on my ass, squeezing and caressing, he turns sharply and heads to our bedroom. I gasp, "What are you doing? I thought we were going to watch a movie."

There's a rumble to his voice which goes straight to my clit like an electrical impulse, "No little flower, no movie tonight. I have plans for you."

I squeak out, "You do?"

His chuckle is potent as fuck and wraps around me, stroking me and the fire raging within me for this man. He is the center of my world. He is my other half.

I'm a lucky woman to have someone who cares so deeply love me. He puts everything into the family, especially his girls. I've never been prouder of an accomplishment as I am at being able to pull him back from the shame spiral that he was in.

"Yup," he pops the p and then places me down, gently, on my feet.

His eyes darken as he looks me over. There's a glint in his eye which has my thighs clenching and my nipples pebbling. As he takes his time undressing me, I welcome each piece of

fabric falling away. I want to feel the heat of his body pressed against mine. I need it.

“Tonight is the night we make a baby, Margot,” there’s fierce determination in his words and I feel my eyes widen at the force of it.

“We are?”

Get it together, Margot. You’ve had movies survive on your skills alone and you’re doing shit at displaying any of them right now. I am not a parrot.

Blake kisses my lips softly with a reverence I feel all the way down to my toes. I melt into him, knowing he’ll be right there to hold me steady. That’s what we do for each other. We have from the moment we met, and I know we’ll do it for the rest of our lives.

It was a difficult time while he grappled with the demons that wrapped around him, but I knew a more powerful force would win. I knew love would win. I simply had to trust in it and put my husband first.

“Yeah, we are,” Blake’s voice is gruff and full of sensual promise as he pulls back from me. “Now, little flower,” he smirks, causing me to shudder, “get on the bed, lay on your back and spread your arms and legs out like a starfish.”

I blink up at him three times and then I’m moving. I guess turnabout is fair play and I’m more than willing to give up control to Blake.

Because I trust him. Because I love him. Because he deserves nothing less.

Curious how Blake and Margot met?

Read [Securing His Family \(Higgins Security Book 1\)](#).

**Want to know how it all went down with River,
Kostya, and Flynn?**

Read [Their Songbird \(Raining Love Series\)](#).

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**You can find a complete chronological reading
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

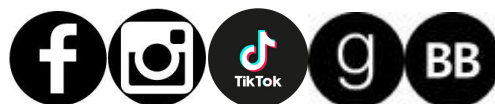


Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated, and smart.

Ember is a stay-at-home mom of two who recently refound her love of books and all things romance and is so glad that she did. She's always been creative but writing and creating stories that she would love to read satisfies dreams she had as a little girl. She loves butterflies, the color purple and enjoying time with her family.

Psst...it's totally a pen name, but everything above is 100% true.

If you enjoyed this book, or even if you didn't, I'd really appreciate you leaving a review and/or a star rating on Amazon! This is a whole new world for me so any feedback you're open to giving, I'd love to have.



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