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USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
FIONA DAVENPORT

GREY

SILVER SAINTS MC

FIONA DAVENPORT

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About the Author

GREY

Benji “Grey” Madden preferred his computers to most people, but he’d do anything for the Silver Saints. Including fly almost halfway across the country for the baby sitting duty his president assigned to him and his club brother.

Only he never expected to kidnap his charge’s best friend and claim her as his own. But one look at Lorelei Hansley, and he knew he’d found the woman who was meant to be his.

“I hate the fucking cold,” Cash grumbled as we stomped up to the door of a big, fancy ski cabin and shook the snow off our boots.

He’d been a riot of fucking fun since we left the Silver Saints MC compound. I didn’t blame him for being in a shit mood, though. We’d basically been relegated to babysitting duty. Not exactly the kind of assignment you would expect for an MC Tail Gunner and a world-class hacker.

But our prez, Mac, had ordered us to go to Aspen and retrieve Karina. Our brother, Knight, wanted protection for his old lady’s sister since there was shit goin’ down with her family. The fool had refused to come to us on her own, so here we were, trudging through the fucking snow on Christmas Eve to pick up the stubborn-ass girl. Although we usually sent a prospect to do this, I couldn’t blame Knight for wanting patched-in brothers to handle the girl’s safe transport.

Still, Cash’s mood was grumpier than usual. He raised his fist and pounded against the wood door. I sighed and reached across his front to press the doorbell. “Gonna scare her off if you don’t stop acting like a hungry grizzly,” I muttered.

Before he could reply, the door swung open to reveal a pixie with long blond hair, big blue eyes, and a curvy body that I could see other guys drooling over. I hadn’t had an interest in women for a while, and this chick didn’t inspire a reaction in my body either, but judging by how Cash had

suddenly gone still, it was a good bet the same wasn't true for him.

“Damn,” I breathed. Cash’s hand shot out and shoved me off the porch into a large snowdrift. “Oomph! Shit!” I stumbled but managed not to fall on my ass. When I found my balance, I glanced back and forth between Karina and Cash and almost laughed. He looked like he’d been struck by lightning.

Another fallen brother. I didn’t know what it was about this MC, but the guys all seemed to fall for their women in the blink of an eye. I’d scoffed about it at first, but they were all sickeningly happy, so what the fuck did I know?

Plus, the girl—who I assumed was Karina, considering how much she looked like Knight’s only lady, Kiara—was looking at Cash all dreamy-eyed and shit.

“Hi,” she said softly, her lips curving into a flirty smile.

“Hey,” Cash responded, his tone gruff.

I rolled my eyes at his back. *What did I say about the hungry grizzly?*

Disappointment filled her features, and I almost stepped in so Cash would send her running. But he spoke again before I got the chance.

“You Karina?”

She cocked her head to the side and studied Cash with a wary expression. “Yes.”

“Cash.” He tilted his head toward me. “Grey.”

Her brow furrowed a little, looking confused as well as anxious.

“We’re Silver Saints.”

Karina’s whole body stiffened, and anger took over her features. I almost grinned at the fire in her eyes. Cash was gonna have his hands full with this one.

“I’m not going with you,” she snapped.

“It’s cold as fuck out here, sunshine. How about we talk inside?” Cash grunted.

“We can talk here,” she insisted, raising her chin to a stubborn angle.

Despite her determined tone, she shivered. Cash obviously noticed it too because he grabbed her around the waist, ignored her gasp, and lifted her out of our way so we could walk into the cabin.

Once inside, I ambled over to one of the sofas in the open living room and plopped down on it to watch the sparks flying between the couple. They argued about her coming with us. Cash didn’t want to explain, and Karina refused to budge until she had answers. Finally, she whipped around, stomped into another room, and slammed the door. The click of the lock practically echoed in the silence.

“Damn,” I said again, staring at the locked door and trying not to laugh. “She’s got some fire.”

“Mine,” Cash snapped.

I raised an eyebrow at the level of possessiveness in that one word. Not that I was surprised with how the rest of our club brothers acted around their women. “I figured.”

Just then, the knob on the front door jiggled. In seconds, Cash and I were in front of the hard surface, guns drawn and ready to take on any danger behind it.

When the door swung open, it was my turn to be knocked on my ass. Yeah, I was gonna eat crow for the shit I’d given the guys over being taken down by love in an instant. Apparently, my libido had been dormant, not gone, because it roared to life.

A girl—who didn’t look any older than Karina—stood on the porch holding skis and covered in a light dusting of snow. Her hair was the color of dark honey and pulled back in a tight ponytail with goggles perched on the top of her head. Her emerald-green eyes were rimmed with thick lashes, her nose pert, and her plush lips were perfect for being wrapped around my dick. She was tall, though still at least a half foot shorter

than my six-foot three-inch height. I was also willing to bet that under her ski suit was a toned, athletic body.

Cash's woman had nothing on mine. Not that I would say it out loud when he was standing next to me with a gun.

I was mesmerized by her bright smile, but it died the moment she spotted the weapons in our hands. I felt frustrated at the loss and determined to see it again.

"Who are you?" she screeched, dropping her equipment and rushing inside. "Where's Karina? What have you done? I'm calling the police!"

I instantly came up with a million reasons to justify what I did next. It would be harder to convince Karina to leave with her friend causing a ruckus. Staying there would put her friend in danger too. We couldn't have her causing problems by calling the authorities or anything like that.

But the truth was much simpler. She was mine, and I was taking her.

I stalked over and wrapped my hands around her waist before tossing her over my shoulder—careful not to hurt her. "I'll take care of this," I growled as I spun around and made my way back to the entrance.

"Put me down, you big thug!" my girl yelled at me, kicking her feet and banging on my back with her fists. "I'm not going with you! Put me down!"

I ignored her and continued outside, slamming the front door behind me.

She kept fighting me all the way to the rented SUV. From my research, I knew this was the car Karina's mother had rented, but I'd hack in and change the reservation later.

When a fist connected with my kidney, I winced and lightly slapped my girl's firm ass. She froze and gasped, then struggled even more. "Baby, stop," I sighed. "You're going to hurt yourself."

To my surprise, she calmed down when I spoke, although she didn't stop protesting.

“I’m not going to hurt you,” I assured her as I opened the back door and flipped the child lock before gently setting her on the seat. She sucked in a fast breath when I leaned over to buckle her seat belt, and I swallowed a smirk. I wasn’t the only one affected by the chemistry sizzling between us.

She tried to unbuckle, but I shut her door before she could get it unlatched. I slid into the driver’s seat, and she screamed in frustration when she realized she had no way out.

G laring at the hot guy as he climbed into the front of the rental SUV, I screamed in frustration while I mentally kicked myself for holding back from asking Karina what was wrong before I hit the slopes. “You better take me right back into that cabin, or else you’ll be in a ton of trouble! Kidnapping is a felony, you know!”

His brown eyes held no fear when he glanced at me over his shoulder. “You’ve got it backward, firecracker. I’m getting you far away from the potential trouble while Cash keeps your friend safe.”

Tilting my head, I released the belt I’d unbuckled—only to find the childproof locks were engaged while he was rounding the front of the rented SUV. Treating me like a little kid was something I’d planned to rake him over the coals for, but now I had more important things to worry about. “What does Karina need protecting from?”

I was irritated that I had to ask him about what was happening with my best friend. I’d never been a napper, but between jet lag and the skiing lesson I’d taken yesterday, I had been exhausted enough to pass out for a couple of hours. When I woke up, the vibe in the cabin her dad had rented for our trip had done a complete one-eighty. Karina and I had been best friends long enough for me to know her mood without her having to say a word, but I’d still let her push me out the door to hit the slopes instead of staying to find out what had gone down while I was asleep.

Now I'd been carted off by a stranger and had no idea what was happening with my best friend. If I hadn't been distracted by his hotness, I would've thought to make a mad dash toward the room I shared with Karina before he and his friend could stop me. Not that I would've stood much of a chance if he gave chase since he was a good half foot taller than me and had a muscular build that even his winter clothes couldn't hide.

The snowflakes that peppered his slicked back, short brown hair and close-cropped beard and mustache were starting to melt. Instead of making him look silly, they somehow made him more attractive.

But no matter how sexy he was—or the sense of danger surrounding him—I couldn't let him separate me from Karina without an explanation.

“And why is Cash the one doing it?”

He shrugged his broad shoulders. “We flew out here because our prez told us to. That's how it works with the Silver Saints MC.”

My eyes went wide at his answer. *An MC as in a motorcycle club?*

None of this made any sense. I hadn't pushed Karina for answers earlier because only one person had ever put that sad, disappointed look in her eyes—her dad. But he wasn't the kind of guy who hung around with bikers. As a judge, he was more likely to put them away. “What did Karina's dad do that ended up with my best friend needing a motorcycle club to protect her?”

He cocked a brow at me. “How do you know he's the reason we're here?”

I leaned forward, resting my arms against the back of the front passenger seat. “Because he's the only person in her life who lets her down on a consistent basis.”

“That lines up with the shit he's pulled,” he mumbled, shaking his head.

My eyes narrowed. “I’ll need you to be more specific than that if you expect me to leave with you.”

“Not sure how you’re gonna stop me.” His lips curved into a sexy smirk. “With those child locks engaged, you’d have to get past me to get out of this cage. And you might be a firecracker, but I’m bigger, stronger, and meaner than you are.”

I shook my head to clear the fog from my brain. Now wasn’t the time for me to wonder if he had those grooves in his cheeks because he smiled a lot. The man had just kidnapped me, for goodness’ sake! And to add insult to injury, he’d just brought up those darn child locks, too.

Flashing him my most innocent look, I retorted, “But would you be able to stop me after I nail you in the junk? I have lots of experience aiming for a guy’s balls.”

The humor drained from his dark eyes, and he growled, “Who the fuck do I have to kill?”

My brows drew together as I tried to figure out what had flipped his switch. “Pardon?”

“A woman only goes straight for a guy’s balls when she feels threatened.”

“Oh.” As wrong as it was—especially considering the situation—butterflies swirled in my belly over the fact that he seemed ready to hunt someone down for potentially hurting me. “Sorry, I should’ve been clearer. It was just me being a little sister to my big brother. Probably more often than I should’ve if he ever wants to have kids.”

He grimaced. “Gotcha.”

“Please, I really need to know what’s happening with Karina. She’s my best friend. I can’t just drive away with you and leave her behind.”

He heaved a deep sigh and nodded. “That’s fair. If I were in your shoes, I wouldn’t be able to either.”

He went on to tell me a wild story about Karina’s dad helping to frame one of his club brothers. And that wasn’t

even the hardest part to believe.

“Holy crap,” I breathed, my jaw going slack with shock. “Karina’s dad has a whole other family that she and her mom never knew about?”

“Yeah, and since Knight has claimed her sister, our club has a vested interest in the shitstorm he’s created, even with Rom being out of jail now.”

I knew Karina’s dad was a jerk, but there was a huge difference between being an absentee father who lets down his daughter and a corrupt judge willing to put an innocent man behind bars. If I had difficulty wrapping my head around everything he’d done, I couldn’t imagine what my best friend was feeling right now. “And you’re sure the danger is bad enough that we need to be separated?”

His gaze slid toward the cabin before he nodded. “Yeah, it’s better for both of you this way.”

“Crap, I was afraid you’d say that.” I slumped against my seat. “I hate that I can’t be there for her when she’s just found out that her dad is a truly awful human being.”

His head jerked back as his brows drew together. “Shit, she didn’t know?”

“There’s zero chance her dad told her any of this before today. And I’m willing to bet he finally filled her and her mom in on what’s going on while I was napping earlier because she was weird when I woke up and practically shoved me out the door to go ski.”

“Damn.” He let out a low whistle. “I thought she was just being a pain in the ass by not coming back on her own so we could protect her at the clubhouse.”

“Karina is the sweetest person I know,” I hissed. “She wouldn’t do something like that.”

“Settle down, firecracker. I wasn’t trying to insult your friend.” Finally realizing how cold it was inside the SUV, I shivered and rubbed my hands down my arms. He twisted in his seat and turned on the engine to get the heater going.

“I get that you’re trying to help, but I’m not going to just let you cart me off like this.” I crossed my arms over my chest. “I have a few stipulations, or else I’ll make this hard on you.”

“Hard is right,” he muttered, shifting in his seat to twist around and glare at me. “What’ll it take for you to behave, firecracker?”

“Your name would be a good start,” I suggested.

“Shit, yeah.” He flashed me that sexy smirk again and stretched his arm out toward me. “I’m Benji Madden, but you’ll hear everyone call me by my road name, Grey.”

“I’m Lorelei Hansley.” A shiver raced up my spine as my palm slid against his, so I had to force out my next request. “I need to send Karina a text. She’ll freak out once she realizes I’m not there, so I need to let her know I’m okay.”

“As long as you do it now, you can send her whatever you want.” I pulled my cell out of the zipped pocket inside my jacket, but my head jerked up when he added, “But then you’re gonna need to give me your phone so nobody can use it to track us.”

His warning reminded me of how serious the situation was, and I nodded to let him know I understood. Then I tapped out a quick text to Karina, letting her know that I had a million questions about what the heck was going on, how she felt about it all, and why a sexy biker had practically kidnapped me. I probably should’ve thought about that last part before hitting send because Grey’s lips curved into that smirk again when he took my phone from me and glanced down at the screen before powering it down. But at least he didn’t say anything about me thinking he was sexy as I climbed into the front passenger seat before he backed down the driveway.

I'd taken Lorelei without any of her stuff, so flying was out of the question without her identification. So I sent Cash a text to make sure he had her purse sent to my house as soon as possible. I'd have all her shit at the cabin sent to my house eventually. It made the most sense since I wasn't ever going to let her leave. We'd move everything else into my place once she was settled.

It was a long-ass drive home, but I wanted to get it over with as quickly as possible. Other than grabbing some dinner along the way, I planned to drive for as long as possible before stopping at a hotel to ensure Lorelei was comfortable for the night—even if it wasn't until midnight or later.

Lorelei peppered me with questions about Karina's situation for the first couple hours of the drive. I answered anything that didn't venture into club business, but I didn't go into any details on how we "handled" things when shit hit the fan.

Normally, I wasn't much of a talker. I preferred to find the information I wanted through digital means. My computer skills were what helped me go from prospect to patch in the club quicker than many others. However, when Lorelei ran out of steam, I found myself making conversation by asking questions and urging her to tell me about herself. I realized I wanted to know everything about her but didn't want to read about it. I wanted her to tell me.

And it certainly didn't hurt that talking helped keep me from pulling over and fucking her in the back seat. The longer we drove with her sweet scent filling my lungs, the closer I came to losing control.

“How far apart in age are you and your brother?”

Lorelei scrunched her face comically, making me chuckle when I glanced over at her. “He's five years older. But he acts like it's a twenty-year gap, always treating me like I'm a little kid.”

Hmm. The brother could potentially be an issue if he didn't recognize that Lorelei was a grown woman old enough to be a man's old lady, marry him, and have his babies.

She told me about growing up, her hobbies, and how she came to be friends with Karina.

She was quiet for a while, and I thought maybe she'd fallen asleep, but when I glanced over at her, she was studying me.

“Do you have siblings?” she queried.

Since I'd claimed Lorelei—although she didn't know it—I didn't intend to have secrets from her. So I didn't hesitate to answer her question.

“Nope. Only child. But my parents both had a lot of brothers and sisters, so I had a fuck ton of cousins around while I was growing up. I was closest to Kesha, who's eight years older than me. She was the one who realized how good I was at a hobby I'd taken to and pushed my parents to help me pursue it.”

She was also the one who kept my ass out of trouble when I hacked a government server my senior year of high school. After I graduated, she was the reason I wound up with the Silver Saints. I'd been doing stupid shit for the wrong people, and she worried about me. Her best friend was the old lady of an SS patch. Kesha recognized that I needed a mentor and a cause to pursue.

My dad had taught me to ride a motorcycle when I was younger than I should have been, and I got bit by the bug. I'd

used most of the money I'd make from hacking to buy a bike and fix it up. When Kesha mentioned her worries to her friend, Lainey, she passed it on to her old man. A few days later, Mac showed up at my door and asked me if I wanted to put my skills to use for the Silver Saints. And the rest was history.

I decided not to go into my "talents" quite yet. Another thing that could wait until I knew it wouldn't freak her out.

Lorelei crashed about an hour before I finally called it for the night and pulled into the parking lot of the next decent hotel I found. After parking, I plucked my phone from the center console and made sure we'd have a room for the night—the right room.

"Are we stopping here?" Lorelei asked sleepily, blinking her hazy blue eyes at me. *Too fucking adorable.*

"Yeah, baby. Just gonna go check us in." I opened the driver's side door and was stepping out when she did the same thing. Frowning, I gestured to the car. "Why don't you wait here and relax?"

"I'd rather stretch my legs and um..." Her cheeks turned pink, making me wonder if that pretty blush would cover her whole body when I made her come. I raised an eyebrow and waited. She huffed and loudly whispered, "I have to pee, okay?"

Unable to help myself, I laughed, but swallowed it quickly when she glared at me. "Let's go, firecracker."

I waited for her to come around the front of the car, then put my hand on the small of her back and guided her to the hotel's entrance. Our chemistry practically sizzled when we touched, and my cock twitched at the heat radiating from her body.

Once we were in the lobby, I took a deep breath, trying to fill my lungs with anything other than her tantalizing scent as I gently pushed her toward the restrooms. "I'll check us in."

She nodded, and when she was out of sight, I whipped my phone back out and fiddled with it for a few moments. Then I shoved the device back into my pants and stalked up to the

front desk. “I need a room for tonight,” I informed the woman—Vida, according to her name tag—who was smiling pleasantly at me.

“Of course, sir. Let me see what I have available.” She tapped on her keyboard for a few minutes before smiling at me again. “I have a lovely room on the fourth floor with a king bed and—”

“No, no.” Lorelei’s voice interrupted her, and we both turned our attention to my girl, who walked up to stand beside me. “We need separate rooms, please.”

I shook my head before she finished speaking. Grasping her arm, I pulled her a little bit away and murmured, “I can’t protect you if you’re in another room.”

Lorelei mulled that over for a few seconds, and I expected her to push back, but instead, she nodded. “Okay. I have to admit, I’d feel safer with you in the same room.”

I smiled and placed a kiss on her forehead to let her know I appreciated her quick agreement. Then I smirked when I pulled back and saw the dreamy expression on her gorgeous face.

By the time I led her back to the desk, the fog had dissipated. “One room. But we need one with two beds please,” she said before I had a chance to speak.

I hid my triumphant smile, silently patting myself on the back for thinking ahead.

Vida clicked away at her computer, her smile slowly morphing into a frown. “I could have sworn...” she mumbled. Then she glanced up at us apologetically. “I’m terribly sorry, but I only have a room with a single bed. I thought we had plenty of others, but...” She shook her head, looking puzzled. “I only have rooms with a king bed available.”

I made sure of that.

“That’s fine,” I assured her as I passed her my credit card.

Lorelei’s brow furrowed, but she didn’t say anything else while I completed the transaction. When I had our keys in

hand, I took her back out to the car to grab my bag, then we stopped at the little sundries and snacks alcove next to registration to buy a toothbrush and deodorant for Lorelei.

Our room was tucked into a corner, next to the stairwell, so we had an easy exit. I opened the door and ushered my girl in before shutting it and locking the deadbolt as well as the chain.

Lorelei stood in the middle of the room, wearing an awkward expression as she glanced around.

I set my bag on the dresser and unzipped it, grabbing the first shirt I found and tossing it to her. “Here, baby. You can sleep in this.”

She frowned down at the piece of clothing, then shrugged with a long sigh before disappearing into the bathroom.

Quickly, I stripped down to my boxers, then checked the window before placing my loaded gun in the nightstand drawer beside the bed. Normally, I would put it on top or under my pillow because opening a drawer could lose precious seconds. However, I didn’t want to overwhelm Lorelei with my world this soon. Easing her into what to expect as the old lady of a Silver Saint seemed like the best course of action.

I waited in bed, with my hands behind my head, staring at the ceiling, when the bathroom door opened and the light shut off.

Hesitantly, Lorelei practically tiptoed around the corner and stopped beside the bed. She tugged on the hem of the T-shirt, and I almost laughed because it already fell just past her knees.

“Come to bed, firecracker,” I instructed with a wink. “I don’t bite.” *Much.*

She swallowed hard, then her cheeks flamed as she lifted the covers and crawled underneath them. Laughter rumbled in my chest when she settled at the very edge of the mattress, lying there stiff as a board.

When she shot a tiny glare at me, I figured she’d heard the sound of amusement, and it made me laugh out loud. “Adorable,” I murmured as I reached out and curled an arm

around her. I ignored her little squeak of surprise when I hauled her over until her back was plastered to my front.

It only took a minute for her to relax and snuggle back into me. Her sexy ass wiggled against my cock, and I clamped a hand on her hips to keep her from moving again.

“You keep squirming like that, and I won’t be able to control myself much longer,” I rasped in her ear, groaning when she shivered. “We both know you aren’t ready for all the dirty shit rolling around in my head, baby. Go to sleep.”

I relaxed my grip when she didn’t try to move again, but then she turned over to face me. “Um, what kind of dirty stuff?” she whispered shyly.

Grinning, I shook my head. “Go to sleep, firecracker.”

“But I—”

I sighed, cutting her off before I kept her silent by sealing my mouth over hers. If she wanted a demonstration, I would give her one because then I’d finally get to know what she tasted like.

Fuck. She was as sweet as she smelled. When I ran the tip of my tongue along the seam of her lips, she gasped, and I dove in, deepening the kiss. I urged her to roll onto her back, and she clutched my biceps as I shifted so my body covered hers. My fingers delved into her soft, golden-brown hair, and I clenched the strands to hold her exactly where I wanted her.

After a few more minutes of ravaging her mouth, I knew I was seconds away from saying to hell with it and fucking her. But I wasn’t gonna risk scaring her off by going any faster than I already was.

Lorelei whimpered as her hips moved restlessly, and I knew it was time to stop. With a herculean effort, I ripped my mouth from hers and pressed our foreheads together. We were panting hard, trying to catch our breath so our heartbeats would slow.

“I knew you’d taste like heaven,” I grunted before pulling back to look down at her face. Satisfaction rolled through me

when I saw her glassy green eyes, flushed skin, and kiss-swollen lips.

Before I gave in to temptation, I rolled to my side and curled myself around her again. “Go to sleep, baby.” I kissed her temple, then relaxed and tried to rest. It wasn’t until long after her breathing evened out that I finally fell asleep.

Waking up in Grey's arms felt surreal. It was difficult to believe everything that had happened in the past twenty-four hours. My holiday vacation with my best friend had turned into a quasi-kidnapping by a sexy biker. One who I made out with last night—talk about getting a Christmas present I never would've thought to wish for.

And I shared a bed with him all night long because the hotel only had rooms with one bed left. Which made no sense at all when there had been barely any other cars in the parking lot.

Not that I was complaining. Being cuddled up against Grey for hours on end—even though I'd slept through most of it—was an experience not to be missed.

I felt a little guilty over benefiting from Karina's ordeal, but I knew my best friend would tell me to go for what I wanted, especially since Grey was the first man who'd caught my interest.

I only hoped that her hot biker was taking as good care of her as Grey was with me. Maybe we'd have some interesting stories to share about the guys watching over us once we could safely see each other again.

Grey's arms tightened around me, and his beard scraped my neck as he murmured, "What're you thinking about so hard?"

My cheeks heated as I considered the direction my mind had gone. No way in heck was I going to admit that I'd been

looking forward to all the girl talk about him that I was going to have with Karina. “Nothing, just trying to wake up. I’m not really a morning person.”

“Good, I’m more of a night owl myself.” Twisting around to grab his cell phone off the nightstand, he grumbled, “But we’re both outta luck today. Need to get an early start so we can make it to my house tonight.”

“Ugh,” I groaned, pulling a pillow over my face. “I feel like I could sleep for a dozen more hours.”

“Then I guess it’s a good thing you’re not driving.” He tugged the sheet lower, and my cheeks burned when his gaze darkened as he stared at my naked legs. The shirt he’d lent me had ridden up, showing off my white cotton panties. Grinning, he patted my butt, sending a jolt of need straight to my core. “You can nap for as long as you need while we’re on the road.”

Lifting the pillow, I squinted up at him. “Do we at least have time to grab coffee and breakfast?”

“Long enough to go through a drive-through if we can find one open and eat in the car.” He got to his feet, and my gaze landed and held on the impressive bulge in his boxer briefs. “But if you keep staring at me with that hungry look in your pretty green eyes, we’re not going to have time for any pit stops because I’m going to use it all up in that bed with you.”

I’d never had a man look at me the way Grey was right now—as though he wanted nothing more than to devour me in place of breakfast. And his hard-on was growing bigger.

Knowing that I had such an impact on my sexy biker was a heady feeling. I was sorely tempted to see how far I could push him, but I wasn’t sure I was ready for what would happen when his control snapped.

“Then you should probably put on some clothes”—I waved my hand toward him—“and cover all that up because there’s no way in heck I can stop staring while your...umm... uhh...hard-on is right in front of my face.”

“Fuck, you’re cute.” Pressing his fist into the mattress, he leaned forward and pressed his mouth against mine. When my lips parted on a gasp, his tongue swept inside and stole my breath. I melted against him, my hands gripping his shoulders as the kiss went on and on until I could barely see straight.

I let out a whimper of protest when he lifted his head, and my eyes blinked open when he rasped, “Don’t worry, baby. I’m nowhere near done kissing you. Just gotta get you to the safety of my place before we go any further. Plus, I don’t want to spend my first Christmas with you in a random hotel on the side of the highway.”

“That coffee you promised me better come in the form of a latte.” I puffed my bottom lip out in an exaggerated pout. “I deserve a treat for being a good little hostage.”

He chuckled as he padded across the room to grab a pair of jeans and a long-sleeved T-shirt from his duffel. “That should be doable.”

I heaved a deep sigh, glancing at my outfit from yesterday which was folded up on the dresser. “And since I’m stuck wearing the same clothes today, I feel as though it should come with a baked good of some kind.”

“Works for me.” He patted his six-pack abs. “I could use something almost as sweet as your mouth this morning.”

My cheeks heated, and I fanned myself with my hand while I watched him stride toward the bathroom. I dropped my arm when he glanced at me over his shoulder, but his smirk told me that he knew exactly how his words affected me.

“I have more shirts in my duffel.” He jerked his chin toward the bag. “They’re all gonna be way too big for you, too, but you can use one of them if you want.”

I didn’t care if I swam in it, I liked the idea of wearing something of his all day. “Yes, please.”

“Have at it, baby. I’m gonna hit the head and take a quick shower. Can you be ready in thirty minutes if it only takes me about five?”

Since I didn't have any of my toiletries, there wasn't much I could do to get ready, so I nodded. "Uh-huh."

"Good, pick out which of my shirts you want and I'll be out soon."

I flopped back against the mattress when the door shut behind him and let out another whimper when the shower turned on. After seeing Grey in his underwear, it was way too easy to picture every inch of his muscular body while the hot water poured down on him. I daydreamed about it and almost missed the telltale sound of the water shutting off.

Scrambling off the mattress, I grabbed my clothes from yesterday and dashed over to his bag and pulled the closest shirt out of it so I was ready when the door swung open. Then I ducked my head to hide my hot cheeks as we swapped places.

With my promise to be quick in mind, I hurried through my shower. Then I brushed my teeth with the plastic toothbrush we'd bought at the sundry shop before I dried my hair using the blow dryer provided by the hotel. It only took me another minute to pull on my clothes, my lips curving into a grin as I tied the hem of his shirt into a knot at my hip.

Heat flared in his dark eyes when I stepped out of the bathroom. "Like I said last night, looks a fuck of a lot better on you than me."

"Thanks."

We put on our boots and gathered the rest of our things, heading out the door only a few minutes later. Grey made good on his promise and stopped at the drive-through for a local coffee house to grab coffee and breakfast. It was surprisingly busy for Christmas morning. After enjoying my mocha latte and slice of gingerbread loaf, I reclined my seat back and curled up on my side, watching Grey drive until my eyes drifted shut.

I slept for almost five hours, all the way until he had to stop for gas. Then Grey made me eat and drink something before we started the next leg of the drive. I stayed up for a

little while, but the monotony of the scenery had me napping on and off until Grey finally shook me awake.

Stretching my arms, I peered through the windshield at the house in front of us before he pulled into the garage. The brick, ranch style home with pristine landscaping and pretty green shutters wasn't what I was expecting from a biker, but when we got inside, the bachelor pad vibe was more fitting. Between the black leather couches and the huge flat-screen television, I could easily picture Grey relaxing in the living room.

“Nice.”

“Glad you like it.” I was acutely aware of the heat from his palm against my lower back as he guided me through the house. The kitchen was awesome, with top-of-the-line appliances and granite countertops. The guest bedroom was neutral in shades of tan and green. Right next door, the primary had a giant bed smack-dab in the middle of the room. “You’re gonna stay in here.”

“Umm...this is your room.”

“Yeah.”

I jerked my chin toward the wall separating us from the guest room next door. “But you don’t want me to sleep in there instead?”

“Nope.” He shook his head. “I need to stick close to protect you.”

His explanation sounded reasonable, but the gleam in his dark eyes made me wonder if he had another motive for wanting me in his room. One that matched the reason I wasn’t going to argue when I probably should have—because I wanted to spend my nights wrapped in his arms. “Okay.”

“Good girl.” My inner walls clenched at his praise, and his eyes heated. But just as he dipped his head toward me, his cell beeped with a notification. Pulling the device out of his pocket, he glanced at the screen and grumbled, “Shit.”

My heart started to race as I considered all sorts of worst-case scenarios. “Everything okay?”

“Your girl is fine, but I need to look into something to keep it that way.” Lacing his fingers through mine, he tugged me out of the room. “C’mon.”

I wasn’t sure what I’d been expecting when Grey led me down the stairs to the basement, but it definitely wasn’t a man cave lined with so many high-powered computers and monitors that any movie superhero would be envious. “What in the world?”

I grinned at Lorelei's stunned expression as she took in my Secret Sanctuary. Sure, I couldn't fly or anything, but I liked to think my skills qualified me to be a member of the Justice League.

"Remember I told you about the skills Kesha encouraged me to develop?" Lorelei nodded, still taking in her surroundings. "I've been writing code since I was five. My dad used to play this really old text-based computer game, and I'd sit on his lap and watch. Then one day, I decided it was too boring without pictures. I'd seen videos about building games, and the next time my dad left me alone with his computer, I rewrote the game. Kesha came in and saw me playing it. She watched me for a while, then asked if she could play too. I—"

My phone beeped again, and I winced, remembering why we'd come down there in the first place. I'd almost forgotten. "I have to take care of this. Come sit with me, and I'll keep explaining."

Lorelei let me lead her over to a large desk and sat in the chair I pulled up for her. I followed suit in my big, leather desk chair and opened my laptop. I typed for a few moments before glancing up at one of the walls of monitors. Since I was filtering through security footage, and the computer would alert me when it found something, I went back to focusing on my woman.

I told her about how Kesha talked my parents into enrolling me in a computer class for kids, but I got bored

quickly. By the time I was in high school, I'd built unhackable encryptions for the government. This was when they realized I'd hacked it first...but Kesha convinced them I needed to see their weakness before I could build a suitable defense, which was somewhat true.

Lorelei listened without comment, although she did giggle at a few of my stories. I also told her how I'd become a Silver Saint. "They typically classify me as a grey hat hacker, which is how I ended up with the road name Grey. I've always been good with numbers, so I've played the stock market too and..." Too much detail would probably bore her, so I simplified. "I'm just very good at what I do, so I've been able to...keep myself outfitted with everything I need to do my job." That was a bit of an understatement. I didn't live like it, but I was worth a fuck of a lot of money. Living in a mansion with a fleet of cars, servants, and fake people was not my scene. I did have one vice, though. Other than my state-of-the-art Secret Sanctuary, nicknamed by my cousin, I owned seven motorcycles.

The computer beeped, and I swiveled around to look at the laptop screen. The program had located the car I'd been searching for. I copied some location markers so a couple of brothers would be able to follow the path and catch up with the vehicle. After sending the info to Hack, one of my brothers who owned a cybersecurity firm that hired me as a consultant from time to time. The guys who would be tasked with finding the motherfucker who'd boosted a shipment worked for Hack, so he'd pass the information along.

I was about to turn off my computer so I could focus on Lorelei when my cell rang with the ring tone for my prez. *Fucking hell.*

"Yo," I answered.

"Cash filled me in," he growled. Shit. I realized that my obsession with Lorelei had made me forget to check in with the prez and let him know what was happening with us. "He also said you took yourself a hostage." This time, there was laughter in his tone, and I realized he was needling me. Cash had obviously told Mac about my reaction to Lorelei, and

since he'd reacted pretty much the same way when he met his old lady, Bridget, he understood. "She the one?" he clarified.

"Damn straight," I muttered.

"Good. Now, did everything go to plan with the false trail you laid for Cash and Karina?"

I put on my headset and went back to my computer, my fingers flying over the keyboard. "Found a new article about the hotel I'd checked them into being trashed. Had a couple of buddies from the Cobra Wraiths drop some shit in the room to make it look like someone was actually staying there. So I'm gonna say yes."

Mac grunted in approval, then he asked, "You at home?"

"Yeah."

"Send me her name, and I'll get one of the old ladies to put it on a vest. When shit blows over, someone will bring it to you."

"Thanks."

Mac grunted again and hung up. The prez was a scary motherfucker that no one wanted to mess with. He was a cold, calculated son of a bitch except when it came to the Silver Saints old ladies. Mac had been head over heels and obsessed with his woman from the moment he laid eyes on her.

After several more brothers met the same fate, he ordered a stash of "Property of" vests and kept them stored at the clubhouse. A few of the old ladies could sew, so they could add the new woman's name to the front and put the brother's name patch on the back. At times, having a vest on hand had turned out to be vitally important.

"What was all that about?"

I shut down my computer and stood, then helped Lorelei to her feet. "I'll tell you while I make us some dinner."

"You can cook?" she asked, aghast.

I mock frowned. "Are you stereotyping me, woman?"

Lorelei laughed. “I guess I’m guilty. It’s just, you know, big bad sexy biker, with the bachelor pad and bat cave—”

I held up a finger. “Secret Sanctuary, “I corrected with a grin and a wink.

“Okay,” she giggled. “Anyway, it just doesn’t seem like cooking would be on that skill list.”

“You think I’m sexy, huh?”

Lorelei laughed and poked my shoulder. “You heard me.”

I growled and scooped her into my arms, running up the stairs and into the kitchen, with Lorelei giggling the whole way.

While we ate our dinner of pasta with sautéed vegetables and garlic bread, I told her a little about my conversation with Mac. Although, most of it was club business, so I couldn’t tell her much. And I sure as shit didn’t mention the property patch. She was nowhere ready for that step yet.

After we were done eating, I guided her back to our bedroom. Then I tossed another shirt at her before jerking my chin toward the en suite bathroom. “Go ahead and change, baby. Shower if you want to. I put your toothbrush in there earlier. Tomorrow, we can order you some clothes. Although I don’t mind seeing you in my shit all the time.” Seeing her wearing my clothes with my property patch branding her would be even better.

Lorelei’s green eyes sparkled, and her cheeks bloomed with pink. “Okay.”

“Gonna do a check of the locks and security system.”

She smiled sweetly before going into the bathroom, and I heard the shower turn on.

I groaned at the thought of her naked body under the cascading water. Before I could give in to the temptation to join her, I checked the house and grabbed an ice-cold water from the kitchen. I wasn’t sure what would be more useful—to drink it or just put the frosty bottle right up against my dick.

Lorelei was already snuggled up in bed when I returned, so I grabbed a fresh pair of boxers. I figured it was best that I not sleep naked like I usually did while I was trying to give her time before I fucked her. Then I took my own icy shower.

When I was done, I downed the bottle of water and groaned when I glanced down to see that my big, long cock was still hard as a rock and trying to escape my underwear.

I crawled into bed and pulled Lorelei into my arms. “Merry Christmas, firecracker,” I said softly. “I wish I had a present for you.”

“You could be my Christmas present.” She said it so quietly that I almost missed it.

Shoving my face into her neck, I growled, “Gonna be the death of me.”

She giggled, and I gave her a squeeze. “Sleep, baby. Tomorrow, I’ll take you for a ride on my bike.”

“Really?” Lorelei’s head flew up and whacked against my forehead. “Ouch!”

“Shit!”

“I’m so sorry!” she gasped, but I just burst into laughter.

This woman...she was like nothing I could have imagined for myself. But there was no doubt she was mine.

“READY?”

I laughed when I spotted Lorelei standing at the entrance to the office I kept on the main floor. She was practically vibrating with excitement, claspings her hands, and shuffling from foot to foot.

“Yeah, baby. Give me five minutes, and we can go.” She’d mentioned our ride this morning, and I told her I wanted to wait until afternoon when the weather was warmer.

I was also concerned about what she should wear. Normally, I'd have her in thick jeans or leather to protect her, but she certainly wouldn't fit in anything of mine. It would be more of a hindrance with all the extra fabric. Shortly before lunch, I received a text from Cash, telling me to check the front door.

A box with clothes, toiletries, and other random items was on the porch. At first, I thought maybe one of the old ladies had put it together for her. Then I spotted the purse and instinctively knew that Cash had grabbed Lorelei's stuff when they left and brought it with them.

I pulled my phone from the pocket of my jeans and sent him a message.

Owe you, brother.

Yes, you do.

I laughed and typed a quick response.

Fuck off.

I intend to.

Shaking my head and chuckling, I shoved my phone into my back pocket and lifted the box into my arms.

Now, Lorelei was dressed and ready to go, looking like she might explode from excitement. I loved seeing her enthusiasm because riding was something special to me, and I wanted to share it with her.

Once I'd donned a pair of leather pants, a long-sleeve Henley, my vest, and a pair of boots, I grabbed my keys, and we made our way out to the garage.

My deep-blue Harley Roadster was parked in the second spot in my garage. The rest of my inventory was in a separate structure behind the house.

"Wow," Lorelei breathed when she spotted my hog.

“Just wait,” I told her with a wink. “Here.” I grabbed my extra helmet and put it on her head, then adjusted the strap so it fit. Then I mounted the bike before giving her instructions. “Sit close, hold on tight, lean slightly backward when we stop, and just let your body flow naturally into turns, okay? Basically, do what I do. Tap my chest twice if you have a problem, and I’ll pull over.” She nodded, and her smile was big and bright as I helped her get onto the bike behind me.

“Let’s ride.”

6

LORELEI

Riding behind Grey was amazing, but being swept off my feet by him when we returned was even better. His arms felt like heaven wrapped around me, and I loved how strong he was as he carried me as though it was nothing.

I didn't want to let go as he kneeled to place me on the bed. Instead, I wrapped my legs around his waist.

"Baby, I can't put you down if you're tightly wound around me like that," he said, laughing into my neck.

"I don't want you to let me go," I whispered.

"Well, someone has to take care of your legs. Don't want you to hurt because I put you on the back of my bike for too long." He pulled back with a wicked gleam on his face. "I'd rather have you not walking straight from something else."

He kept his heated gaze on mine as he slowly laid me down on the bed, his rough fingers grazing my legs. Even through my jeans, I could feel his heat, and I wanted so much more.

Slowly, he shucked off my boots, and then his hands were back on my legs, inching up my thighs. The friction of my jeans rubbed against my sensitive skin, and a low moan escaped my lips.

"You like that? Where do you want me to touch to set off my little firecracker?" he murmured.

He may have asked the question, but his hands were already trailing to the apex of my thighs before I had the

chance to answer.

“There’s good,” I whispered.

“Here?” One of his hands softly brushed just at the inside of my thigh. Then he pressed the other hand over my clothed pussy and whispered, “Or here?”

I arched into his touch, my hips automatically lifting off the mattress toward his awaiting hand. “I see my girl has a greedy pussy.”

“Is that who I am? Your girl?” I managed to breathe, my words catching as my body trembled.

“Do you want to be my girl?” he whispered into my lips. “Because if we do this, there’s no going back. You’ll be mine, understood?”

“Yes.” I barely managed to get out the words before his lips devoured mine. Hungry like I was his last meal. “Um, Grey?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“I should probably tell you...um...I haven’t...um...”

Grey paused and jerked back, staring down at me with a stunned expression.

“Are you a virgin, my little firecracker?”

My cheeks heated, and I glanced away, only to have him grasp my chin and force me to meet his eyes. “Yes,” I whispered.

“Fuck,” he breathed. “I...all mine.”

I was confused by his reaction, and he must have noticed because he traced my lips softly and crooned, “You’re all fucking mine, Lorelei. Nothing would change how much I want you but knowing I’m the only one...it’s hot as fuck.”

Relieved, passion flooded my body again and I pulled his shirt so he was flush with my body but feeling him through his clothes wasn’t enough. I pawed at his shirt, desperate to get it off.

He chuckled again as he helped me tug it off and toss it aside. Running my fingers down the curves of his abs, I made sure to trace every line, committing it to my memory.

Then he slowly unbuttoned his jeans, freeing his massive erection. My breath caught in my throat at the sight of the drop of precome at the tip. Licking my lips as I lowered my hand, I wrapped my palm around his shaft, but it barely fit. “Holy crap.”

Grey groaned, tipping his head back before he grabbed my wrist to stop my exploration. “Baby, you feel so good when you do that, but I need to take care of you first.”

His hungry eyes stayed locked on mine as he pinned my wrist above my head. With his other hand, he quickly unbuttoned my jeans, yanking them down with my panties until my pussy was bare to him.

Then he licked his lips. “Do you know how fucking beautiful you are?”

I didn’t respond as he let go of my hand, lowering his mouth just above my swollen mound, begging for his touch. “Fuck, I’ve been waiting to taste this sweet pussy for too damn long.”

With one fell swoop, my jeans were off, and his face was buried between my legs. I gasped, my thighs widening automatically to take in all of him. My entire body pulsed as he worked me with his mouth, and my eyes drifted shut.

He pulled his chin up, running it along my wet folds. “You look at me while I eat this pussy. Want to see your face when I make you explode for me. Okay, firecracker?”

“Yes,” I barely managed to breathe before he dove back in.

I squirmed against his touch, never feeling anything like that against my most sensitive parts. It was amazing.

Moaning, I threw my head back, and his lips moved to just above the area I wanted him to touch so badly. “Eyes, baby. Eyes on me.”

I snapped back to his heated stare as he sucked hard on my clit. It was difficult to keep my eyes open when he added one hooked finger inside me. My vision blurred as my entire body shook, a string of moans and incomprehensible words flying out of my mouth as I bucked my hips to his awaiting tongue.

“I knew you’d taste so sweet,” he growled, his chin now on my sensitive pussy as he continued pumping his finger in my wet channel. “You ready to take all of me?”

“Yes. Please,” I panted, aching to be filled by him.

His lips were back on mine in an instant, and tasting my own saltiness on his tongue, I ground my hips against his hand, chasing another orgasm.

His lips curved against mine. “Love how greedy you are for me.”

I whimpered as he pulled his fingers from my body.

“In time, baby, in time,” he whispered before practically ripping off my shirt and bra.

He immediately bent down, sucking one pink bud between his lips and twirling the other with his fingers. My entire body prickled with goose bumps as I bucked my hips forward, needing more friction.

He laughed again, his beard tickling my already sensitive skin. “This is your first time. We need to take this slow, but you’re acting like it’s a sprint to the finish line.”

“I need you,” I breathed, pulling his hand to my soaked pussy. “Feel how badly I need you.”

“Shit, baby. How can I say no to you when you put it like that?” His darkened eyes met mine as he slowly knelt in front of me. “But you’re gonna be in charge.”

I gulped down the sudden lump in my throat. “What do you mean?”

He grabbed my hips. “You drive. Come. Sit on my cock.”

Seeing the way his eyes glazed over as he looked at me, I knew how badly he wanted me, and it helped me get over my

nerves. “Okay,” I whispered, gripping his shoulders.

Slowly, I crouched over his hard cock, letting the tip just graze my folds.

He gritted his teeth. “Fuck, I can already feel how drenched you are for me.”

“Uh-huh,” I murmured, slowly sliding down his shaft as far as I could go.

“That’s right, baby. Your pussy is taking my cock so good. Just a little bit of pain, and then I’ll make it all better. I swear.”

His fingers gripped my hips, and I held my breath as he helped me impale myself on his hard length. The invasion was startling, and it took a moment for the pain to hit me, but it wasn’t nearly as bad as I expected with how big he was. “I feel so full.”

“That’s because you are, baby. That sweet pussy of yours took all of my cock the very first time.” He slammed his eyes shut, gripping hard onto my hips. “But you’re so fucking tight. It’s gonna be hard for me to last. When you’re ready to move, I want you to fuck my cock like you did with my tongue and my hand. Ride me until you’re coming all over my dick.”

Giving my hips an experimental wiggle, I gasped when I felt his hard length drag against my inner walls. There wasn’t any pain, only pleasure. So I slowly shifted forward, and a rush of bliss floated straight through my stomach. I moaned, taking in a deep breath.

“That’s it, baby. Take me as fast or as slow as you want.”

I held on tight to Grey’s shoulders, rocking my hips to meet his over and over again.

“Baby, you fuck my cock so good,” he moaned, finally opening his eyes and meeting my gaze.

“Show me how you like it. How we can both come,” I gasped.

He put his hand between us, finding my swollen clit and rubbing the sensitive nub to the same motion I rode his cock.

A new lightened sensation prickled over me as I moaned, rocking harder against him.

“Yeah, that’s it, my little firecracker. Come for me.”

I rocked harder, his own hips thrusting against mine.

My whole body vibrated as my orgasm ripped through me, and I cried out, slamming my eyes shut as fireworks burst through me.

He pumped harder, his fingers digging into my hips as he ground me against him. Each time my nipples rubbed against his broad chest, it sent a jolt of pleasure through me.

“I’m gonna come. Watch me as I fill you,” he growled, gripping the back of my neck.

My eyes flew open as my legs wobbled, and his body stiffened against mine. A whole new wave of pleasure floated through me, and I moaned into his lips. He thrust upward a few more times before he kissed me, our tongues tangling together as our bodies stayed intertwined.

It wasn’t until I finally came up for air and collapsed against him that I realized that I’d felt the hot spurts of his come so acutely because there wasn’t anything between us.

I sat up and pressed trembling fingers against my lips, I gasped, “Crap! We didn’t use a condom. I can’t get pregnant! I’m still in high school.”

I turned on my side and propped my head in my hand. Lorelei looked like she was about to pass out. “Relax, baby,” I said in a soothing tone.

Her gaze whipped to my face, and she frowned. “Pregnant, alone, and in high school? I’ll be another freaking cliché. A statistic!”

“You won’t be alone,” I growled, sitting up next to her and pulling her into my lap. I focused on the conversation, trying hard not to let the feel of her naked ass on top of my bare cock distract me. “I would never abandon you or our baby. You’re mine.”

She softened a touch and rested her head on my chest. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have assumed. It’s just...the idea of being pregnant while I’m still in high school...”

“You graduate in the spring, right?” I asked.

“Yeah.”

“So, even on the off chance that I knocked you up the first time we had sex”—I couldn’t help hoping that was the case, but I kept that to myself—“you’ll have graduated by the time you’ve had the baby.”

“True. But...still...I’m supposed to go to college next fall...” She trailed off, and I studied her carefully.

“You don’t want to go?”

Lorelei shrugged. “I guess. I mean, I know it’s better for me to have a degree. But Karina’s mom stayed home with her when we were growing up, and that’s all I’ve ever really wanted to do. But until I meet the right guy, it makes sense for me to ‘have the college experience,’ as my dad keeps telling me.” I smiled at her use of air quotes and sarcastic tone. My girl was adorable and definitely a firecracker. “I’d rather just continue to work as a tutor for little kids and go to school online.”

Lorelei couldn’t be any more fucking perfect for me if she tried. Now I just had to make her realize that she’d already met “the right guy.”

“Follow your heart, baby. Do what makes you happy,” I told her, brushing some of her hair away from her face.

Lorelei sighed and ran a hand through her golden-brown locks. “Well, we’ll see if I even graduate. Depending on how long we have to hide out.”

This could work out perfectly. I quickly crawled off the bed, then grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet. I picked up my shirt from where it had landed on the floor and helped her put it over her head. Then I laced our fingers together. “I can help you with that, baby.”

I took her down to my Sanctuary and put her in the comfy, overstuffed chair I’d bought for her to relax in when I needed to work. Then I took a seat and started clicking away at the keys. After a few minutes, I turned the screen toward Lorelei and wiggled my eyebrows teasingly. “I can make sure you ace your last two classes, firecracker. Just say the word.”

Lorelei giggled, then her brow rose when she realized I wasn’t joking. “I want to earn my diploma, Grey. Not have it handed to me.”

I sighed and rolled my chair over so I was right in front of her. Taking her hands, I kissed the back of each one before meeting her beautiful green eyes. “I understand. But will you at least let me set you up with your classes online so that you don’t have to do an extra semester?”

She cocked her head to the side, staring at me quizzically. “They don’t offer online classes at my school.”

I grinned. “Sure they do. They just don’t advertise it. Will you let me do this for you? I’m happy to work down here with you anytime you need to study or do classwork.”

Lorelei’s lips curved into a smile, and she leaned in to kiss my cheek. “As long as you won’t get sick of me.” Her tone was light, but she couldn’t completely wipe the vulnerability from her expression.

“Never,” I said emphatically. “I will always want to be as close to you as possible. I’m a little possessive when something belongs to me.”

She giggled and rolled her eyes. I didn’t know how she could still doubt what was happening between us, but if she didn’t figure it out soon, she was gonna be tied to my bed with my head between her legs until I’d explained it properly and she accepted it.

“It would be wonderful to be able to do my classes without having to go to the school,” she said with a sweet smile.

“Besides,” I added flippantly as I rolled back to my computer. “High school or not, if you aren’t there in person, it doesn’t matter if you’re pregnant.”

Lorelei was quiet for a long time, so I eventually paused my tapping to turn and observe her. She was pressing her fingers against her lips, looking ill at ease.

“Would that be so bad, baby?”

“Would what be?” She double blinked, and I realized she’d been lost in thought.

“Having my baby. Would that be so bad?”

Her skin flushed, and for a moment, her eyes glittered happily, but the emotion quickly dimmed, the unease returning. “It’s not that. I want a houseful of kids and you... Grey, you’re going to be such an amazing father. But—”

An alert started bleating loudly from several of the monitors on the wall, and I whipped around to see what had

the system going nuts. “Shit.” I had eyes on a few key members of a group we suspected were peddling drugs near one of our night clubs. I grimaced and turned back to my girl. “I’m sorry, baby. I have to handle some club business.”

Lorelei nodded and stood, kissed my cheek and winked before heading up the stairs. “I think I’ll take a bath.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Sometimes, I hated my job.

This was the second time I’d had to send Lorelei upstairs due to the sensitive nature of what I was doing. Both times, she’d blown me away by being completely supportive and easy going about it. There would be a lot of those moments in our life, and I’d been worried that she would cry, or get angry, or threaten to leave me or whatever drama women came up with when they weren’t getting their way.

I should have fucking known better. It was almost as if Lorelei had been created for me. She fit into every groove of my body and my life.

The alerts beeped again, dragging me out of my Lorelei-induced stupor, and I picked up my phone to call Mac.

Two hours later, I walked into our bedroom to find Lorelei reclined on the bed, reading a book. “Hey,” she said softly when she spotted me.

“I got your classes all set up, baby. You have all the information in your email.”

“Thank you.”

“Anything for you. I’m sorry I had to kick you out of the Sanctuary.”

Lorelei smiled as she turned off her e-reader and set it on the nightstand. “MC, FBI, CIA, whatever...I understand there are things I can’t know. I trust that you’ll tell me if I need to know.”

I stared at her, lost in her smile, her beautiful eyes, her long, lithe body, and then my gaze landed on her belly. Yeah, I was gonna put a baby in that belly as soon as possible. The

image of her naked body with a round, swollen stomach was almost enough to make me nut in my pants.

It surprised me when she didn't bring up condoms again over the next few days, especially considering how often we fucked. But I wasn't about to bring it to her attention. Not until I'd accomplished my goal.

“Good news.” Grey swiveled in his chair to beam a grin at me. “Just got a message from Mac. The threat from Bickle has been neutralized. Karina is safe.”

I probably should’ve been more excited to know that the danger had passed for my best friend, but I’d enjoyed the past few days I’d spent in a bubble of privacy with Grey, splitting our time between his hacker cave and bed. The only downside had been that I wasn’t able to talk to Karina, and I only had the few things I’d taken to Aspen with me. Although Grey had more than taken care of that issue by ordering enough girly stuff to last me a lifetime.

“Does that mean I get my cell back and can finally call her?”

“Yup.” He yanked open a drawer to his left, pulled out my phone, and tossed it to me.

I turned the device on and wasn’t surprised to find very few missed notifications. My parents were on a two-week European cruise for the holidays, so they’d just sent my brother and me a text on Christmas morning when they were in the port at Zürich, Switzerland, for a day of sightseeing. Lee hadn’t bothered replying to that one, but he’d sent me a separate message to wish me a Merry Christmas and another telling me to be safe on the slopes. And Karina had replied to my text later that same night, promising to fill me in on all the details once the dust settled and apologizing for our trip being ruined by her dad’s mess.

I fired off a quick message to my brother to let him know I'd survived the slopes without mentioning everything else that had gone down. What Lee didn't know wouldn't hurt him, and he definitely didn't need to know that I'd only been in Aspen for a couple of days before my sexy biker had basically kidnapped me. Although, at some point, I hoped my two favorite men would get the chance to meet since my feelings for Grey had already deepened to the point where I couldn't imagine my life without him in it.

Jumping out of my chair, I padded over to kiss him quickly. Except it went on much longer than I'd planned because Grey had other ideas. When I went to pull away, his hand wrapped around the back of my head so he could hold me in place while his mouth devoured mine. Our tongues tangled, and his lips were demanding.

I was seriously considering climbing onto his lap and riding him to orgasm when he ripped his mouth from mine and growled, "You better get that call in if you want it to happen anytime today. If not, you're gonna find yourself flat on your back with my cock so deep inside your pussy, you won't remember that anyone else exists but me."

When he put it like that, talking to Karina right now didn't seem quite so important. My thoughts must've been obvious because he set me away from him with a raspy laugh. "Call your friend, baby. I know how worried you've been about her."

"You're right." I heaved a deep sigh as I took a step back and winked at him. "You need to be careful with those kisses. They can make a girl lose her train of thought."

"Don't need to worry about that since I'm not giving them to just any girl. Only you." He stretched out his legs as he smirked at me. "And I don't mind pointing you in the right direction after I've scrambled your brain with the power of my kisses."

We hadn't really talked about the future, but when he said stuff like that about me being the only one for him, I couldn't help but hope that he wanted our relationship to continue even

though the danger had passed. Something I was anxious to talk to my best friend about.

Beaming a grin back at him, I murmured, “Seems only fair since you’re the one who makes me forget where I am and what I’m doing.”

His satisfied chuckle trailed after me as I headed upstairs to call Karina, leaving him to do his thing on his computer. It rang five times, and I was starting to think I was going to have to leave a message when she finally answered. “Lorelei! I am so sorry. I know you were looking forward to spending Christmas with my mom and me since your parents bailed this year. I hate that my dad’s mess made your holiday even worse.”

Thinking about how I spent part of my Christmas Day with Grey, I giggled. “I wouldn’t describe it like that at all.”

“Oh my gosh,” she squealed. “Please tell me that your kidnapping turned out like the rest that’ve happened with Silver Saints old ladies and now you’re madly in love with Grey.”

My brows drew together at how casually she mentioned kidnapping, but I made a mental note to ask her about it later. Grey was bound to come upstairs to check on me sooner than later, and I didn’t want him to overhear me gossiping about our relationship. “Yeah, you can definitely say that. I know it hasn’t even been a week, and my mom would say that my feelings are heightened because of the unusual situation. But none of that matters to my heart.”

“Aw, don’t worry about how fast it happened. Nobody who matters will blame you for falling so quickly when Grey’s such a hottie.” I heard a deep voice in the background and wondered if she’d spent the past several days falling for a sexy biker of her own. Then her laughter drifted through the line, and my curiosity was satisfied when she said, “That’s why I said it, to get a rise out of you. I just didn’t think it would be that kind of rise so soon after...you know...”

“Damn straight.” The masculine voice was close enough for me to hear him clearly this time. “You’re still naked,

baby.”

“Shh, Lorelei can hear you,” she hissed, making me laugh.

“I’m not the one who let your best friend know that we just finished fu—”

His words were muffled, but I had more than a good idea what he’d been saying. My worry over how Karina dealt with everything she’d found out about her dad disappeared at hearing her banter with Cash. Or at least that was who I assumed she was talking to. A minute later, after he promised to give her some time to catch up with me, I was able to confirm. “Was that Cash? Did you fall for your own sexy biker?”

“I did,” she confirmed.

I padded into Grey’s bedroom and flopped onto the mattress to stare up at the ceiling. “Gah! I can’t believe we’ve only been apart for like four days and so much has happened.”

We filled each other in on the new men in our lives, laughing over how similar they acted with us. My eyes widened when she said, “I swear, there must be something in the water here at the compound. All the guys are the same with their women.”

“It’s so hard for me to picture you living in a motorcycle club.” I shook my head with a laugh. “Your dad must’ve freaked out when he realized he basically handed you over to a biker on a silver platter.”

“Not just me, Kiara too.” Hearing her talk about the sister she’d just discovered she had was so weird. “But it wasn’t as though he could really say anything after what he did. To us, and even worse, to Rom. My dad was willing to send him to prison for a crime he didn’t commit.”

“Yeah, that would definitely make it hard for him to try to tell you what to do.”

“Unfortunately for you, I don’t see your mom biting her tongue when it comes to you and Grey.” She laughed so hard she snorted. “I can’t even picture her stepping one of her Louboutin-clad feet inside the clubhouse.”

“Neither can I,” I murmured. “Not that she’s likely to notice what’s going on in my life when she rarely does. Or that she’d even ever have a reason to visit me in a place I might never be.”

“Might never be?” she echoed. “Whatever. I’m sure your butt will be here as often as mine will since the guys spend a lot of time at the clubhouse.”

I pressed my nose into Grey’s pillow to pull his scent into my lungs. “But it’s different with us. He hasn’t given me a vest like Cash did with you, so it’s not as though I’m officially his or anything like that.”

“Yeah, but we’ve been at the compound while you’ve stayed at his place. Maybe he just hasn’t had the chance to get yours from Mac yet,” she suggested.

I wanted to believe she was right, but I couldn’t help but worry that Grey hadn’t taken that step with me because he wasn’t really thinking long-term, no matter what he’d said in the heat of the moment.

“Yeah, well, now that the danger has passed, I should probably pack up the stuff he bought me so I can head home.”

“Good luck with that.” Her laughter was so loud that I had to move the phone away from my ear. And it went on so long that I finally just hung up. Then I crawled off the mattress and went into the closet to shove my new clothes into the bags they’d been in when they arrived on Grey’s doorstep.

I was so focused on my task that I didn’t hear him come up behind me until he growled, “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Lorelei whipped around at the sound of my voice, her mouth open and her eyes wide with shock. “You scared the crap out of me, Grey!” she breathed, placing a trembling hand on her chest.

I took a menacing step forward. “You better not be doing what it looks like, or I’m going to redden your sexy little ass, Lorelei.”

She gasped, even more stunned by my declaration. But when she blinked, I saw a spark of heat in her eyes, making me groan silently.

“Does the thought of me spanking you turn you on, little firecracker?”

“Um...” She pressed her fingers to her lips, looking uncertain.

“I hope so because the picture of my red handprint staining your creamy white globes makes me hard as fuck. However, let’s get back to the issue. What the hell are you doing, Lorelei?”

“Packing?” She sounded more like she was asking than telling.

“I thought you liked everything I bought for you,” I murmured, hoping I’d misread the situation.

“I do! I love them. That’s why I’m packing them up, to take them with me when I go—”

In the blink of an eye, I stood toe-to-toe with her and had my hand over her mouth to cut her off. “I know you weren’t about to tell me you were going home,” I growled. “Was I unclear when I told you there was no going back? That you’re mine?”

I released her mouth, and she licked her lips. “I, um, I guess I thought...”

I rubbed my temples for a moment, but it didn’t do much to calm the mix of fury and desire bubbling inside me. “Okay, just in case there was some kind of misunderstanding. I’m going to make this real fucking clear. Got it?”

She nodded, and I couldn’t help delving a hand into her hair and pulling her head back so she was looking directly up at me. “You gave me your body, let me pop your cherry, and fill you with my come. I claimed you. You. Are. Mine. You aren’t going anywhere because I am never letting you go.”

Her eyes widened. “Oh...I...”

The strings of my control suddenly snapped. “If words don’t get the point across, then I’ll just have to show you who you belong to,” I growled before slamming my mouth down onto hers.

I tried to regain control so I wouldn’t take Lorelei like a fucking animal and scare the shit out of her. But my instincts were primal. The need to brand her, to make sure that I’d fully claimed her, to breed her overrode any common sense left in my brain.

Sweeping Lorelei up into my arms, I carried her to the bed and set her in the center. I broke our kiss only long enough to whip my shirt over my head as I climbed over her. Then I went back to devouring her, our tongues dueling, tasting, and fueling the fire.

My hands slipped under the hem of her T-shirt, and I pushed it up until I realized that I couldn’t get it off without releasing her lips. Frustrated with the situation, I withdrew my hands and curled them around the collar of her shirt, then yanked hard enough to tear the fabric down the middle.

Once they were free, I cupped her supple tits, feeling her diamond-hard nipples poking my palms through her silky bra. They were the perfect size for me, just big enough to spill out of my hands a little. However, when I brushed my thumbs over her stiff peaks, I thought about what they would be like when they were full of milk, the creamy liquid dripping from the tips.

Pinching and plucking, I drove Lorelei mad while I kissed her. Finally, I needed more, so I ripped my mouth away and practically tore her leggings off her. Then I glared down at the scrap of fabric keeping me from my woman's succulent breasts. I made quick work of unclasping her bra and yanking it off so that the full mounds spilled free.

"Fuck," I grunted, already leaking come from the tip of my cock. I was so damn hard it was painful, but I had a point to make before I finally found release.

Lorelei's hands slid up her torso to cup her tits, and I snarled as I yanked them away. "Mine!"

I captured her wrists and stretched them up over her head, using her bra to bind them together. Then I took hold of her chin and warned, "Every time you move your arms, I'll stop. So if you want to come, I suggest you do as you're told."

Lorelei blinked a few times, and I could see that she was a little nervous. I'd never been this forceful with her when we fucked, but we'd been working up to it. I palmed her tits and massaged them before pinching the pink buds and pushing my pelvis into the apex of her thighs. "Can you be my good girl and do as you're told?"

She moaned and bucked her hips up, but I went up onto my knees, smoothly avoiding her attempt to find more friction. "Yesss," she hissed, her tone filled with desperation.

"Who do you belong to, baby?"

"You," she panted.

I put one hand on her throat and used the other to cup her pussy over her panties. "Who owns this body?"

“You!” she cried out when I pressed my thumb briefly over her clit.

“Damn fucking right,” I growled. “Because I love you, Lorelei.”

Her body stilled beneath me, and the sensual haze cleared as her pretty green eyes blinked up at me. “Love?”

“So fucking much, my little firecracker.”

“I love you, too.”

“Thank fuck.” I had assumed her feelings for me ran deep, but it was good to hear the words.

I kissed each of her nipples before licking a path down the center of her body until I reached the silky fabric of her underwear. Slowly, I drew the panties down and off her legs, then I wedged my shoulders between her thighs and used my thumbs to spread her southern lips. I breathed deep, imprinting her scent on my lungs, then blew lightly over her glistening pussy.

“Grey,” Lorelei whined as a shiver wracked her body.

“Do you want to come, firecracker?” I crooned.

“Please!”

“This pussy belongs to me, Lorelei. I’m the only one to give it pleasure. The only one to lick it, suck it, fuck it, and fill it. It’s all for me.”

“Yes,” she agreed immediately.

Pleased with her response, I rewarded her by licking and tongue fucking her until she was right at the edge of a climax. Then I felt her hands on my head, her fingers clutching my hair, and I froze.

I raised my head and stared at her until she finally realized the pleasure had ceased. “Grey?”

“What did I tell you?”

Slowly, she stretched her bound arms up over her head again and her deep green pools begged me to finish.

I decided to give her this one and plunged two fingers into her center. “Fuck. So tight,” I grunted. “Every damn time.” Her pussy was sucking hard on my digits, making it tough to pull them out before shoving them back in.

“Grey! Yes! Yes!”

Lorelei’s hips moved with the rhythm of my fingers, and I lashed her clit with my tongue before wrapping my lips around it and sucking hard.

“Oh, Grey! Yesss!” Lorelei screamed as she tumbled into an orgasm, her body shuddering as waves of bliss coursed through her.

I gently licked her through the climax and waited for her to be semi-lucid. “Have I convinced you that I meant it when I said you were mine?”

She looked at me with dazed eyes, but as the fog began to clear, a little twinkle appeared, and she shook her head. “I think I need more convincing.”

I wanted to laugh at her antics, but I was too far gone, ruled by my obsession and need to possess her. “Careful what you wish for, little firecracker.”

It took all my willpower not to sink balls deep into her right that second. Instead, I went back to her pussy and drove her to her peak over and over, never letting her fly.

“Please, Grey,” she begged as I pushed her up again. “I need to come.”

“Your pleasure belongs to me,” I grunted. “Nobody plays with this pussy but me, Lorelei. Not even you. Is that clear?”

“Yes! Yes! It’s yours!” she shouted.

“That’s my girl.” I finally let her tip into the abyss, and while she shuddered with ecstasy, I knew I’d reached my limit. If I didn’t get inside my woman, I was gonna explode in my pants, and I wasn’t about to waste any of my come outside her womb.

I shucked my jeans and boxers before crawling up and settling over her so we were pressed together from chest to

groin. Her hard little nipples scraped over my chest, and I felt her juices already coating my dick.

Lorelei's arms lowered over my head, circling my neck, and I growled fiercely. "Just remember, firecracker, I warned you," I told her as I untied her hands and tossed the bra away.

Her eyes opened, and she blinked a few times, clearing some of the cloudy passion. "What?" she asked softly, obviously confused.

Moving onto my knees, I flipped Lorelei over and yanked up her hips so her ass perched in the air. I smoothed my palm over each creamy cheek, then *crack!* I brought my hand down hard, leaving a handprint on the unmarked canvas.

Lorelei screamed when I spanked her, but before I did it again, I shoved a hand in her pussy and grinned when I felt the rush of arousal coating my palm. After licking my fingers clean, I smacked the opposite globe, seeing another sweet pink imprint. But they faded too fast.

"I did tell you that I'd spank you," I explained as I soothingly rubbed the stinging spots on her ass. "You were doing exactly what I thought when I walked in on you. I was going to let it go this time, but you keep disobeying. Gonna make damn sure that you have a reminder every time you move tomorrow."

I spanked her over and over until I was satisfied she would smart every time she sat down the next day.

Her face was buried in the mattress, her hands clutched the edge, and her juices poured down the insides of her thighs. It turned me the fuck on that she got off on my spankings.

I curled a hand round her throat and the other cupped one of her luscious tits, then I brought her up until she was kneeling with her back plastered to my front.

Burying my head in the crook of her neck, I groaned. I was near the end of my sanity. "Are you ever going to leave me, baby?"

"No," she whimpered. "Never."

“Right fucking answer.”

I kissed her neck, then slammed into her from behind.

“Fuck!” I shouted as bliss streaked through my body. I moved in and out a few times, trying to drag it out, but those primal instincts took over again.

I tweaked her nipples hard, then gently pushed against her back until her torso was flat on the bed and her ass still high in the air. The sight of her cherry-red cheeks was like gasoline on a fire, and I grabbed her hips to hold her in just the right spot as I slammed into her again and again.

“So fucking good, baby. Fuck, yes! Love how you take all of me, baby. Fuck!”

“Oh, Grey,” Lorelei moaned. “Yes. Harder! Oh, yes! Yes!”

I was nearly there, and Lorelei shouted in ecstasy, her pussy squeezing the fuck out of my cock. But my desire to stuff her full of come broke through the haze, and I pulled out.

“No!” Lorelei screamed.

“Patience, baby,” I grunted as I flipped her onto her back. Then I put her legs over my arms, raising her pelvis and keeping her wide open. Staring at her drenched sex, I licked my lips. I bent down and dragged my tongue up her center, wanting her taste in my mouth when I came inside her.

“Oh, fuck!” I hollered as I drove back in and bottomed out, my tip bumping against her cervix. “Fuck me, Lorelei,” I demanded as I plunged in and out. She pumped her hips up, meeting me thrust for thrust. “Good girl. Yes. Oh fuck, yeah. Milk my dick, baby. Fuck! Fuck!”

The bed squeaked from the force of our movements, starting to slam into the wall.

“Oh, Grey! Oh! Oh, yes! Yes! I’m gonna come! Yes!”

My spine tingled, my vision blurred, and my heart raced so fast I was surprised it hadn’t beat right out of my chest. “Come, firecracker. Let go and take me with you.”

Lorelei's inner muscles clenched, and black spots danced before my eyes, but I kept powering into her pussy like a man possessed. Maybe I was. Because it felt a little like an out-of-body experience.

On my next thrust, she practically strangled my cock as she shattered in my arms. Her grip was so strong that I couldn't pull back out, so I shoved in as deep as I could and let her pussy suck my climax right out of me.

I bellowed her name as I exploded, filling her with enough come that it spilled out. Quickly, I wrapped her legs around my waist and fell on top of her. It took a few minutes for me to regain enough brainpower to realize I was probably crushing her and rolled to the side, taking her with me.

Snuggling her close, I rubbed circles on her back as I thought about how perfect that had been. No, almost perfect. Something was missing. And I was going to remedy that right now.

LORELEI

My body felt as though it was boneless, but I still stretched out an arm when Grey pulled away to slide off the mattress. “No, don’t go.”

“I’ll be back in a second,” he assured me, bending low to brush his lips against mine in a quick kiss. “Just need to grab something for you.”

Curling around his pillow, I stared at his naked butt as he strode toward the closet, burying my face in it to let out a happy squeak when he disappeared from my view. Knowing that Grey really meant I was his forever had made our last bout of sex even better than the others, which I would have thought was impossible since every orgasm he’d given me had been mind-blowing.

My lips were still curved in a smile of pure feminine satisfaction when Grey exited the closet and padded back over to the bed. My gaze dropped to the leather vest he held, and I sat straight up, pressing trembling fingers against my lips. It was smaller than the one I’d seen him wear and had my name on the front. As he turned the back toward me, I saw the stitching on the back that was similar to what Karina had described to me. Just with one major difference.

Tracing my fingers over the letters, I whispered, “Property of Grey.”

“I was damn lucky Mac started keeping a stash of these at the compound when my club brothers started falling hard and fast for their women. Normally, we send them out to be

embroidered, but since it was a holiday, he talked one of the old ladies into doing it for me.” He slid my arms into the holes and settled the vest on my shoulders. Then he stepped back to stare down at me, his brown eyes heating. “You’re always beautiful, but you look fucking amazing in nothing but my property patch.”

I glanced down and shook my head with a laugh. “Of course you’d think that. It barely covers anything.”

“True.” His fingers brushed over my pebbled nipples, making them pucker even more. “Which is why nobody else is ever gonna see you like this.”

“Then we probably should go get some of my stuff from my house so I’ll have more clothes to wear underneath it.”

“Your parents’ house,” he corrected, fisting the vest to pull me up for a deep kiss. “You’re my woman, and your home is with me now, firecracker.”

Our relationship was moving at warp speed, but now that I knew Grey was in just as deep as I was, I wasn’t too worried about it. Besides which, we’d spent basically every minute together since he carried me out of the cabin in Aspen. If we’d been dating like a normal couple, we would’ve gone out at least thirty times based on how long we’d been together. Thinking of it that way, moving in together didn’t seem too far-fetched. “You’re not going to get an argument from me.”

“And none of this ‘some of your stuff’ bullshit,” he growled. “We’ll get all of your things since there’s no reason for you not to move in with me now. Your parents won’t even be back from Europe for another week, and you’re finishing your classes online. Unless you’ve changed your mind about me fixing things so you’re done?”

I shook my head. “Nope, it’ll give me something to do while you’re busy hacking.”

“I already ordered what I needed to build a new workstation for you. The parts will be here tomorrow, and it won’t take me long to get you set up.” He pulled me to my feet and brushed my hair away from my forehead. “Since you’re

gonna be connected to my network, I needed to make sure your system was unhackable.”

The amount of thought this man put into my needs before I even considered them humbled me. Twining my arms around his neck, I went up on my toes. “Thank you so much for taking such good care of me.”

“You have to know by now that I’d do anything for you, baby.”

He captured my mouth in a deep kiss that had me rethinking my next request, but ultimately, I knew it was better to get this errand over with sooner rather than later. If I kept putting it off, we’d run the risk of bumping into my parents after they returned, and I didn’t want that. Plus, my brother should be at work today. “Hopefully, anything includes running me over the state line to grab all my stuff now.”

“It sure as fuck does,” he agreed.

It was chilly outside, so I pulled on a peacoat over my vest and a pair of lined winter boots.

Grey took now to mean immediately, and he drove us in a truck I didn’t even know he owned. Between the extended cab and long truck bed, there was enough room to pack up anything I wanted to take with me, so I made a list during the ride to my parents’ house. It was longer than I expected, which seemed to make Grey happy when I showed it to him.

“You don’t fuck around when you set your mind to something.” He brushed his lips against mine before helping me out of the truck.

Feeling shy, even though he’d been the one to insist that I move in instead of grabbing just a few things, I ducked my head. “I like to be organized.”

“Hey, now.” He pressed a finger against my chin until I met his gaze. “I meant it as a compliment, baby. Feel free to organize the shit out of our house, just so long as you don’t mess with any of my computers.”

“You have no idea what you’ve just unleashed,” I warned.

He chuckled until we walked into my room and saw the custom shelves with decorative storage bins lining one wall. “Damn, I see a trip to one of those places that sells all this shit in my near future. Or maybe I can just hijack a shipment. You could probably find something to do with a whole truck worth of their stuff.”

“I really could.” I beamed a smile at him. “But for now, we can just load all of my bins into the bed of your truck, which will make packing so much easier.”

“Works for me.” He strode over and stacked four of them in his muscular arms, making me smile while I watched him head out of my room.

The thermostat was set low since no one was home, so I buttoned my coat up to my neck as I padded over to my closet to pack my clothes into suitcases, and I was almost done by the time he returned after grabbing the last batch of bins. “Dang, you’re quick.”

“What I am is motivated, baby.” He wrapped my hair around his fist and gently pulled my head back to claim my mouth. “Want to get you moved in so we can celebrate.”

“I like the sound of that.” I beamed a smile at him. “And I’m almost done. I just need to grab a few things from the kitchen before I’m ready to take my suitcases out to the truck.”

“I’ll bring these outside”—he jerked his chin toward my almost empty shelves—“and then I’ll come back for the bags.”

I rolled my eyes. “I’m perfectly capable of bringing them out to you.”

“Not when I’m around.” He dropped his hand to my belly. “And sure as fuck not when you could already be carrying my baby.”

Although we’d had tons of unprotected sex, it was way too soon to know if I was pregnant, so I wasn’t going to touch on that part. “They’re on wheels, Grey.”

“Doesn’t matter, firecracker.” He nudged me toward the door. “Go get your shit from the kitchen so I can grab the bags, and then we can get to the celebration part of our day.”

“Whatever,” I mumbled as I wandered toward the back of the house to find my favorite cookie cutters. I was digging in a drawer when there was a sound behind me. Assuming that Grey had come in to help me because he didn’t think I could carry stuff to my room from the kitchen, I heaved a deep sigh. “I swear, I’m not grabbing anything heavy. I’ve got this.”

“No, I’ve got you.”

My head jerked up at the unfamiliar, deep voice, and my eyes widened when I saw two guys in leather vests standing in front of me. I didn’t recognize either of them, and the patch read Iron Rogues instead of the Silver Saints. I sucked in a quick breath to scream, but the sound was captured by the palm of the biggest one when he slammed his hand over my mouth. Then he tossed me over his shoulder and carried me kicking and screaming out the back door while the other guy followed.

It was the second time I’d been kidnapped in a week, but it was the first time I was truly terrified.

I lifted Lorelei's two suitcases into the back of my truck and slammed the door shut. I was just turning to go back inside when a blue Dodge Charger swerved into the driveway and came to a screeching halt. A man jumped out of the driver's side and rushed around the hood, headed for the front door.

He was only two feet away when he finally noticed me and stopped. A scowl pulled at his features, and something about him seemed familiar. "Who the fuck are you?" he snarled.

The wind picked up right at that moment, ruffling the guy's shaggy golden-brown hair. Now I realized why he'd seemed familiar. He resembled his sister. "You're Lee."

My guess threw him off a little, but he quickly regrouped and asked again, "Who the hell are you? What do you want from me?"

"I don't want shit from you. I'm here for your sister."

"Lorelei?" he croaked. Fear swam in his green eyes, until they fell to my chest and fury ignited inside them. "Are the Iron Rogues sending other clubs to do their dirty work now?"

I crossed my arms over my chest and stared him down. Lee wasn't a small guy, but I had several inches and at least fifty pounds on him. "I don't know what your beef is with the Iron Rogues, and I don't give a shit. I'm here to help my woman get her shit and take her home."

"Your..." Lee threw his hands in the air and shook his head. "I don't have time for this bullshit. Where's my sister?"

He stomped past me, but I grabbed his arm, yanking him to a stop.

“Calm the fuck down. I don’t want to hurt you because it would upset Lorelei. But if you do it first, I will kick your ass.”

He studied me for a moment, then asked, “Do you love her?”

I didn’t want Lee to be the first person I admitted it to out loud, but something about the desperation in his voice urged me to answer. “Yes.”

“Can you protect her?”

My eyes narrowed. “Yes. Is there something in particular I should be keeping her safe from?”

Lee glanced at the house, then muttered, “If my sister wants to go with you, and you promise to protect her, I won’t say or do anything to convince her otherwise. But she needs to leave. Now.”

He sprinted for the front door and burst inside, yelling for Lorelei. I jogged after him, an uneasy feeling icing my veins. He was still yelling her name when I entered and went straight for her bedroom. When she wasn’t there, I headed to the kitchen.

“Fuck!” Lee’s exclamation rang out, and I ran the rest of the way. He was standing at the open back door and cursed again as he slammed his hand into the wall. “They fucking took her. Son of a bitch!”

My heart split wide open, but I knew the only way to help my woman was by holding my shit together.

I walked up to Lee and shoved him into the wall. “Explain,” I demanded.

“The Iron Rogues. They...I...it’s...they want...”

“Spit it the fuck out!” I roared, making him flinch.

“Their VP—Maverick—he threatened Lorelei.”

“Why?”

Lee swallowed hard, and I could see indecision in his eyes. My guess was that he was trying to figure out what to tell me without revealing too much.

“Who are you protecting?” I snarled. “Are you seriously willing to risk your sister for them?”

“That’s the point,” he snapped. “His sister...Kansas...she’s my...I love her. I want to marry her. But she’s young. Lorelei’s age. And he basically raised her. So when he found out about us, he warned me off. Kansas and I decided to wait to...to be together until she graduated. But the other night...” He looked away and sighed. I could tell he was beating the shit out of himself over losing control. I had some sympathy for his situation, but what could I say? *I get it. I’m fucking your sister and moving her in with me before she graduates. Oh and she’s probably knocked up too.*

“Anyway,” he continued. “She texted that she was at a friend’s house last night but stayed with me. I took her to school this morning, and I guess one of the guys was there to make sure she got there safely and saw us. Maverick called me, flipping his shit. Told me to stay away from Kansas or he’d come after my sister.”

“Fuck,” I grunted. I was vaguely familiar with the Iron Rogues. They were known to be a clean club and had similar values to the Silver Saints, from what I’d been told. I doubted they would go after an old lady, especially one claimed by someone from my club. Still, he’d taken my woman. When I found out where that motherfucker had Lorelei, he’d have to do some real fancy talkin’ to stop me from putting a bullet in his head. “Tell me every detail you know about Maverick, his sister, and his club.”

Lee gave me a few more details, and when I had what I needed, I raised my hand and he shut up. “You love her?” He nodded. “Want to marry her?” Again, he nodded. “And you’re willing to do anything I tell you in order to be with her and get your sister back?” He didn’t hesitate to nod this time either, which sparked at least a tiny bit of respect for him.

“Go be with your woman and wait for my call.”

Digging my phone from my pocket, I called Mac as I stalked back out to my truck. He didn't answer, so I reached out to Scout, our VP.

"Grey. Hey. I was going to call you tonight. We want to—"

"Scout. Shut the fuck up and listen," I snarled, cutting him off. If it were about anybody but Lorelei, I would have been shitting my pants in fear that Scout—a former sniper who was one of the best in the world—would drop me when I least expected it for talking to him like that. But my woman's safety was on the line, so I knew he'd understand. "Another MC took Lorelei."

"Your old lady?" I figured word traveled through Karina and whichever woman sewed Lorelei's vest for me. I was grateful because it saved me from wasting time explaining more than necessary.

"Her brother got mixed up with the VP's sister, and they took Lorelei in retaliation. What do you know about the Iron Rogues?"

"I've met their president, Fox, a few times over the years. Seemed like an honorable man. I mean, a deadly motherfucker, but not the kind of guy who would sanction any of his men hurting a woman. Same as you or me or prez."

I was relieved to hear that confirmed. When I reached the truck, I swung up into the driver's seat and pulled a laptop out from under the seat. Opening it, I started working while we talked.

"Do they know she belongs to a Silver Saint?" Scout queried.

"I doubt it. I just gave her the vest this morning."

"Was she wearing it when they took her?"

"Yeah. But she had a coat on. Either way, he took my woman. I would be well within my rights to put the son of a bitch in the ground."

Scout was quiet, and I wondered if he was going to challenge me on that, but he sighed. "You are. But before you

lose your shit and make an enemy, maybe figure all this shit out before making a final decision.”

“We’ll see what happens,” I replied, being intentionally noncommittal.

“I’ll send backup. Let me know when you figure out where their club is, and they’ll meet you ten minutes out.”

“Thanks. Oh, one more thing. Send a prospect vest with them, and let Mac know I’m bringing in a new trial member.”

Scout was quiet for a moment, and again, I wondered if he would challenge me. Usually, we’d take a vote before inviting new people to become prospects.

“The brother?” he asked.

“Exactly.”

“Makes sense. Alright, I’ll take care of it.”

I blew out a breath. “Thanks. I’ll keep you updated.”

After some digging, I managed to find the unmarked van that had taken Lorelei. It wasn’t easy to keep up with because the vehicle was easily lost in the sea of blank white vans that were everywhere, all the time. But I managed to keep on their trail until they turned into a subdivision where there were no street cameras.

I was afraid I’d lose them by the time I managed to hack a satellite, but I caught a break because they drove across the entire neighborhood, which meant I spotted them before they turned onto a dirt road.

“Fucking hell,” I grunted. The entire road was hidden by tree coverage. The whole fucking area was forest for miles in all three directions. I didn’t have time to waste, so I’d figure it out when I got closer.

I shot off a text to Scout asking him to have the brothers meet me at the edge of the forest. Then I pulled out onto the road and called Lee.

When he answered, I plowed right ahead. “Take Kansas and get her to the Silver Saints compound. I’ll send you the

address. If you share it with anyone, we will bury you alive and send Kansas back to her brother. Is that clear? Then you need to haul ass and meet up with me and my brothers before we storm the Iron Rogues' clubhouse."

"Wait. You're going to WHAT?"

"Stop questioning me and do what I tell you," I growled. "If you want to be with Kansas, then I'm your only shot. And Lee, I'm not gonna lie, you owe me a kidney for this, if I ever need one. Now go."

I hung up and raced out to the spot where we would all be meeting. By the time everyone else arrived, I'd scoured topographical maps of the area and had a pretty good idea where we'd find the clubhouse. They'd built a compound around it like we had, but they didn't have open businesses on-site, so they had managed to keep their location a lot more hush-hush.

It definitely had its pluses. They didn't have to deal with idiots who were stupid enough to think they could come on Silver Saints' turf and mess with them. Most of them ended up leaving in body bags...or not leaving at all.

Four big black Escalades pulled up, and Knight, Patriot, Rom, and Phantom climbed out of the first one, then ambled over to the truck. I talked to them about a strategy until Lee's blue Charger rumbled down the street.

He parked and looked at all of us warily as he opened the door and exited the vehicle.

"You ride?" Phantom asked.

Lee nodded then caught the vest that Phantom tossed before it hit him in the face.

"Congratulations. You are an official Silver Saints prospect," Rom muttered dryly with an eye roll. They were pissed that Lee had put us in this situation. However, Knight and Patriot understood since, like Lee or me, they would do anything to be with their old ladies.

As furious as I was, I had an instinct about him, though. I had a feeling he would eventually make a solid addition to the

Saints. He was young and still figuring out who he was. I'd been there, so it would've made me a complete hypocrite to judge.

I told my club brothers in the other three vehicles to hang back until we scouted the area before moving my truck and Lee's car to a less conspicuous location. Then the six of us piled into the SUV. Once we were out of view, we stopped and opened up the arsenal the boys had brought with them. Armed and ready, we were on the move again.

When we were a ten-minute walk from my best educated guess of their location, I told Rom—who was driving—to park off to the side, hugging the trees so the car wasn't visible until someone was pretty much right on top of it.

We exited the SUV, and I pointed at Lee. "You stay behind us, do what we say, and don't get in the way." He nodded.

I'd been off in my estimation by less than an eighth of a mile. The compound was similar to ours. Surrounded by a concrete wall with electric fencing. A front gate with a guard and probably a back one as well.

I'd found the plans for the place that had been filed with the city, but I assumed they'd probably changed things along the way without submitting adjusted specs. Still, once we scouted the area, we had a decent strategy. I called the others and told them where to park and to take up posts surrounding the entire compound. "You see anyone come through that gate with a woman, you make sure they don't go anywhere until I've had a chance to make sure it's not my old lady."

LORELEI

As irritated as I'd been when Grey put me into the back of the SUV in Aspen with the child locks engaged, there had been some instinct that had said I could trust him not to hurt me. I didn't have the same feeling with these guys. Probably because they weren't as gentle with me as Grey had been. Or it could have something to do with the black hood they put over my head.

Being in the dark made everything scarier, and I was freaking out by the time the vehicle they'd tossed me into came to a stop. When rough hands gripped my arm to tug me out, I cried, "Please, you don't want to do this. If you let me go, I won't call the cops. Nothing's really happened yet, so you don't need to worry about retribution."

That last part was a complete lie, but I couldn't exactly tell the truth...that Grey would probably want to tear them from limb to limb just for frightening me.

"Aw, that's cute. She thinks her pissant brother is going to come riding to her rescue. The VP is gonna love to hear that."

What in the heck did Lee have to do with this? I assumed my kidnapping was connected to the Silver Saints since another MC was involved. Or even worse, that one of the guys involved in Karina's situation had somehow hidden his link to that Bickle guy and came after me because he couldn't get to her or Kiara.

Pressing my lips together, I kept my questions to myself while they led me into a building of some kind. As the door

slammed shut behind us, a deep voice asked, “This her?”

“Sure is,” one of the guys who took me confirmed.

“Which one of you two decided it’d be a good call to hood her?”

The man holding me dropped his arm, and I stumbled forward. Much gentler hands wrapped around my biceps to steady me as the same voice replied, “Just did the same thing we always do when we bring in a prisoner. Hooded her and took the long way here so she had no way of knowing where we were going and nobody could follow us.”

“She’s an eighteen-year-old girl, not a fucking risk to our club,” the guy who was questioning them muttered as he lifted the hood from my head. “Knew I shoulda done this myself.”

I blinked up at him, trying to get my bearings as my eyes adjusted to the light. “Or you maybe could’ve skipped the kidnapping altogether.”

He shook his head with a chuckle. “Guess I shouldn’t have been worried that the guys scared you with the way they snatched you if the first words outta your mouth are sassy.”

“Yeah, well...what can I say? This isn’t exactly my first kidnapping.”

He tilted his head to the side and studied my expression. Apparently deciding that I was telling the truth, he murmured, “Your brother has gotten into the kind of trouble that ended up with you getting snatched before?”

I shook my head. “Lee would never do anything that could get me hurt, which is why I’m super confused over how he’s connected to whatever is going on here. He’s not even involved with a motorcycle club.”

“Involved is one way to put his connection with the VP’s sister.” The guy who carried me out of my parents’ house snorted.

The other one involved in my kidnapping elbowed him in the side. “Dude, shut the fuck up before you’re the one who gets hooded for a totally different reason.”

“Get the fuck outta here,” the man who was wearing the Vice President patch on his cut growled.

The other two hurried to do his bidding, and it was probably the first smart thing they’d done today. “You may want to reconsider the urge to send them out to kidnap anyone else. I wouldn’t be surprised if they left enough clues behind to get caught.”

At least, I hoped they did because then Grey wouldn’t be too far behind me.

“You’re right. I wasn’t thinking clearly when I found out your brother ignored my warning to stay away from my little sister. I just tagged the first two club brothers I saw and asked them to grab you when I found out he had a younger sister.”

Pressing my lips together, I took a deep breath through my nose and tried to calm my nerves. “Are you telling me that you took me because my brother is dating your sister? Like a swap? What’re you planning on doing with me?”

He lifted his hands and took a step back. “Shit, no. Not like that. The Iron Rogues don’t hurt women.”

“Damn straight we don’t.” My head jerked to the side as another man strode into the room. “Which is why I’m surprised as fuck to hear my second in command kidnapped a girl.”

“She’s Lee Hansley’s sister,” the VP explained to the man wearing a patch that said President.

“Well, shit.” The prez shook his head. “Now I get why you did it.”

“I’m glad one of us does,” I muttered.

Gesturing toward one of the stools at the bar to my left, the two men waited for me to sit down before the prez explained, “Maverick practically raised Kansas. She’s never been interested in a guy before your brother, and he lost his head when he found out she’s with someone who’s five years older than her.”

“She hasn’t even graduated from high school yet, Fox,” Maverick complained. “The last thing Kansas needs is some older guy distracting her from her studies when she only has one semester left. Besides, she’ll be headed to college and forget all about him anyway.” He sounded more hopeful than sure.

Considering I was the same age as his sister and Grey was fifteen years older than me, I didn’t think Maverick had a whole lot to complain about. But I was certainly going to use Lee being older than Kansas when my brother lost his head over me being with Grey.

“And how exactly does taking me stop that from happening?” I asked.

“The girl’s got a point.” Fox leveled a pointed look at his VP.

“I was going to call the guy and tell him that if he’d leave my sister alone, then he could have his back,” Maverick admitted.

“And when Kansas found out why he dumped her?” Fox jerked his chin toward the bottles lining the wall behind the bar. “She’d probably throw every one of those at your head.”

“I know, man,” Maverick sighed. “But the guy’s got to know she’s untouchable. This is my baby sister we’re talking about.”

“There’s another problem with your plan,” I announced, sliding off the stool.

Maverick’s brows drew together. “There is?”

I might not have had the chance to go to the Silver Saints clubhouse yet, but Grey had taught me a lot about club life. So I knew the answer to the question I was about to ask. “What happens if you take an old lady?”

“Never gonna happen.” Fox shook his head. “No one would ever touch an old lady.”

“Really?” Quirking a brow, I shrugged off the peacoat so they could see the vest Grey had given me only a couple of

hours ago. Tapping my finger against the stitching on the front, I asked, “When you found out about me, did you get my name?”

“Yeah, I did.” I turned around so they could see the property patch, and Maverick hissed, “Shit.”

“Motherfucking hell,” Fox groaned. “You kidnapped a goddamn Silver Saints old lady?”

“It’s not like I knew that’s what I was doing,” Maverick protested, raking his fingers through his hair. “If I’d known she was claimed, I never would’ve had the guys pick her up. And I sure as fuck would’ve beaten the shit of them for hooding her so that I could have at least told her old man that she’d been taken care of.”

“In his defense, it’s a very new thing. And he might, maybe, possibly be a little understanding since he also kidnapped me.” I pressed my lips together and scrunched my nose. “But I doubt it.”

“Why the hell am I not surprised?” Fox scraped his hand across his jaw. “Those guys have the wildest stories when it comes to finding their old ladies.”

“And they’re protective as fuck over their women,” Maverick muttered. “I’m a dead man, and I don’t even have anyone to blame but myself.”

“You’ve got that right.”

Either those guys had messed up more than I’d thought, or Grey was an even better hacker than I thought. Not that it really mattered. The only important thing was that he’d come for me...and he brought reinforcements.

GREY

We'd infiltrated the compound with only a few incidents. But since this wasn't yet an intended bloodbath, we only tranquilized the guards. When we reached the clubhouse, I motioned for my boys to spread out, cover all the exits, and only took Patriot, Rom, and Phantom inside with me.

Silently, I'd opened the door and stepped into what looked like a large gathering space with a bar and plenty of seating. Similar to our lounge. From my research, the men who'd been talking to my old lady were the president and vice president.

At my announcement, confirming Maverick's assumption that he was a dead man for taking my woman, Lorelei whipped around them and ran straight into my arms.

"Grey! I knew you'd come for me."

Knowing my brothers had the other men in their sights, I shoved my gun into the back of my pants and framed Lorelei's face with my hands. "Of course I did, little firecracker. Are you alright?"

"Yes. Nobody hurt me." She glanced over at the VP for a second before adding, "I've been well taken care of, I promise."

After giving her a quick, hard kiss, I shoved her behind my back and approached the two men. They didn't back away or show any fear, but they watched me warily, unsure of what I would do next.

Finally, the president stepped forward. “Mav didn’t know she was an old lady when he ordered the boys to grab her. You won’t get any resistance from us when you take her and walk out of here.”

“I don’t give a fuck if it was intended or not. No one.” I took a step closer to Maverick and growled, “*No one* touches a Silver Saints old lady or anyone under our protection. You had to know you were signing your death warrant the moment you found out who she was.”

“She only showed us her property patch minutes before you showed up,” he argued, crossing his arms over his muscular chest and glowering at me. I was a little impressed. He was pretty much my equal in height and weight, and there was a calmness to him that told me he was deadly. Arms were not my specialty. I was dangerous, but most of my skills were best utilized in front of a computer.

But...I had a hell of a right hook. I closed the distance between us and cocked my head to the side. “You know I can’t let this go unanswered.”

Maverick’s eye narrowed a second before my fist hit his jaw. “Fuck!” he shouted as he stumbled backward, running into the bar. He coughed a few times, then turned and grabbed a glass before spitting blood into it. “Ouch. Shit.”

I watched him, waiting for his reaction once he’d had a chance to get his head on straight. Finally, he stood and faced me, scowling fiercely. “I deserved that,” he said evenly. “But that’s the only free one you get.”

Satisfied that I’d made my point, I nodded. “Fair enough. Just make sure everyone knows that bruise is courtesy of a Silver Saint. And if it had been a deliberate kidnapping, or she’d been hurt in any way, and there wasn’t a connection between our clubs, you’d be taking a dirt nap.”

“We’ll make sure word gets out,” Fox assured me.

“I have a message for you to deliver too,” Maverick piped up. “Tell Lee to stay the fuck away from my sister or he’ll get more than a broken jaw.”

I stared at him for a moment, then nodded. “Fair enough. However, I have to ask. Is your concern with this relationship just you being an overprotective brother, or do you really fear for her safety?”

“A little of both,” he admitted. “As my sister, she’s a target. I have to make it clear that she’s untouchable.”

“She’s just as untouchable if she belongs to a Silver Saint, wouldn’t you agree?”

Maverick shrugged. “Sure. But Lee isn’t a Silver Saint.”

“Lee,” I called out. “Come make peace with your woman’s brother.”

Maverick’s furious gaze flew behind me, looking all around for the man he so obviously wanted to kill. Or at the very least, beat the shit out of.

“Maverick, I’m sure you and our prospect can work out your differences. For the sake of the woman you both love.”

Fox snorted, and I glanced over to see him holding back laughter. We had Mav by the balls, and he knew it.

“He’s an SS prospect?” Maverick clarified, his tone doubtful.

“You think we let people *borrow* those vests?” I spat. “We take our membership as seriously as you do. And now you know that Kansas will be as protected as any of our women.”

“That’s what you meant about a connection between our clubs?” Fox asked.

I nodded. “A misunderstanding wasn’t enough to save Maverick’s hide. We can’t be seen as giving even an inch when it comes to the safety of our women. But if we share a connection, particularly a blood connection, leniency is not seen as a weakness.”

“Touché,” Fox replied. “Well played.”

Maverick still looked like he wanted to argue, fighting with his rage, but Fox shoved him toward another door. “Go cool off. This is done.”

Maverick inhaled slowly, then looked at Lee with an expression that might have had me shaking in my boots if it had been directed my way. “If I find out you hurt her in any way. Make her fucking cry even one damn tear...”

“We normally keep that shit club business,” I told him. “But in this instance, Mac gave his word that you would be given the right to deal with him if he mistreats your sister.”

“Acceptable,” Maverick growled, then spun on his heel and marched out of the room.

I hurried back to Lorelei and ushered her out the door. Cash pulled up with my truck, followed by the other SUVs. Once everyone was in a vehicle, we set off for home. Fucking finally. I had some celebrating to do with my woman.

EPILOGUE

“**M**aybe I shouldn’t go in.” I glanced down at my slightly rounded belly with a frown. “I’m a literal cliché.”

“You’re fucking gorgeous, that’s what you are,” Grey growled, setting his hand over the swell where his baby rested. “And you can’t even see your lush body beneath that gown. Nobody would ever guess I knocked you up if they didn’t already know.”

I sighed. “Maybe, but we’ve already shared the news with pretty much everyone.”

“Only the people who matter, and none of them are gonna judge you for being pregnant when you graduate high school.” He shook his head with a chuckle. “It’s not as though most of my club brothers or their women have room to say anything, even if they wanted to.”

Falling fast, age gaps, and getting pregnant right away seemed like a Silver Saints tradition. Along with kidnapping in some cases and rescuing from bad guys in others. Now that I’d gotten comfortable in my role as Grey’s old lady, I was hoping I got to see one of his club brothers go through it all when he found the woman who was meant to be his. I figured it had to be a lot more fun watching from the sidelines instead of being kidnapped by another club, even if Kansas’s brother never intended to hurt me.

“True, but I’m sure my mom will use today as an opportunity to express her displeasure over her daughter being eighteen and pregnant by a biker.”

I hadn't invited my parents to my graduation, but Lee warned me that they planned to come anyway. To say they'd been shocked to discover that I'd moved in with Grey and Lee was prospecting the Silver Saints was an understatement. I tried to be understanding since so much had changed in the short time they were in Europe, but Grey had put his foot down when she made me cry over the pregnancy—even though I'd insisted it was the hormones more than her reaction to the news.

“Don't worry about your mom. I'll handle her.”

I grimaced, picturing all the ways that could go wrong. “Just put Lee next to her. He's good at keeping her quiet when needed. You should be free to enjoy today with me. It isn't every day your wife graduates from high school, after all.”

That was another thing my mom hadn't been happy about. Grey slid an engagement ring on my finger the day after I'd been taken by the Iron Rogues, and we had a small ceremony at the Silver Saints compound—with Lee giving me away—on New Year's Eve. It wasn't the huge, fancy wedding she'd always wanted for me, and Grey wasn't anything like the groom she'd pictured waiting for me at the end of the aisle.

But like my brother had pointed out...our parents had done a crap job raising us, so they didn't get a say in how we lived our lives now that we were both adults.

“If that's what you want, that's what'll happen,” he conceded. “Just so long as I don't hear any of her bullshit, I should be able to ignore her.”

He climbed out of the truck and rounded the front to help me down from the passenger seat. As soon as my feet hit the ground, our Silver Saints family swarmed us. Everyone offered their congratulations on my graduation, and I was so touched by the effort they'd made to attend when my high school was over the state line. “Thanks for coming.”

“Not like we were gonna miss this when two of our women are making their graduations official on the same day at the same place,” Phantom muttered.

Although Karina had finished her classes a semester early, she'd decided to walk with me when she found out I was pregnant. That way, we were both in the same boat since she was expecting Cash's baby.

"*Our* women?" Grey growled.

Phantom held his hands up. "Didn't mean either of them were mine in that way, and you know it, brother."

"Just so long as *you* know it."

I rolled my eyes at my husband. Grey knew that no Silver Saint would ever cross a line with an old lady, but that didn't stop him from being possessive over me. I found it hot, especially with all the hormones running through my system. "Stop being all growly. You know what it does to me."

"Sorry, baby."

He wasn't the least bit apologetic about turning me on, which we both knew. But before I could call him on it, Karina came over and hooked her arm through mine. "C'mon, we were supposed to be in our seats five minutes ago. We better get in there if we're going to do this."

"Not so fast." Grey tugged me from her hold and gave me a deep kiss before whispering, "You've got this, my little firecracker."

"I do," I confirmed, beaming at him now that my nerves had settled.

His gaze slid to my left, and he added, "I'm gonna put Rom on the other side of your mom. Not sure what's going on with him, but he looks like a fucking thundercloud today. Maybe he'll intimidate her enough that she'll keep her trap shut."

I turned to look at his club brother and giggled at his description. "He really does."

"So don't you worry about a thing." He patted my butt. "We've got you covered."

With my Silver Saints family at my back, I walked into my high school graduation with my head held high. And when

every single one of them surged to their feet as my name was called, shouting their congratulations, I didn't feel even the tiniest bit embarrassed. Instead, I pumped my fist and yelled, "Watch out, this graduate has a baby on board!"

EPILOGUE

“I can’t believe Grayson is turning nine today,” Lorelei said with a sniff. “I love watching him grow, but I miss my baby.”

I wrapped my arms around her, setting my chin on top of her head and my hands on her slightly rounded belly. “You’ll have another one soon. And we’ll have our hands full if she’s as rambunctious as our sons.” We’d had three boys before I’d finally knocked Lorelei up with a girl.

Lorelei chuckled. “True.”

We watched the gaggle of kids running around the field behind the clubhouse, playing and having fun. The sounds of their giggles and screams of joy made me feel an overwhelming sense of contentment.

The compound was bursting at the seams with all the family here to celebrate. There’d been quite a few kids born within months of Grayson, so we’d decided to just throw one big-ass party for them all.

I loved that my kids were growing up with a huge family. Grayson could most often be found near Kaylee, Kiara and Knight’s eldest girl. Our son had come early, so he and Kaylee were born just days apart, and there had always been a special connection between them. At almost nine, they were best friends, but I had a feeling it would grow into more someday. Although Knight was living in denial, pretending his daughters would never date.

I couldn't really blame him. I suspected I would be just as bad with our little princess.

“Okay, guys! Who wants to play tag?”

Mac and Bridget's oldest, Molly, had volunteered to organize the games for the kids. She was a pretty badass biker and an extremely talented tattoo artist, but when she got around the kids, she was silly and fun loving. Everyone's favorite “aunt.”

“Uncle Mav!!!!” Kansas and Lee's eldest daughter—who was only two weeks younger than Grayson and Kaylee—screamed and ran full speed toward the back door of the clubhouse.

Maverick shut it behind him and crouched down, preparing to catch the ball of energy barreling toward him. “Hey, button!” he greeted with a laugh when she flung herself into his arms. “Happy birthday!”

She grabbed his hand, and he let her drag him over to Kansas, who stood next to my wife. He greeted us with a nod and a smile, which we returned. Then he said hello to his sister and kissed her cheek.

Britta tugged on his hand again. “Come play tag, Uncle Mav! Pleeeeeease!”

Callum—Karina and Knight's eldest, who would also be nine this month—ran up and grabbed Maverick's other hand. “Yeah, play with us, Uncle Mav!!”

Maverick laughed and shot us an amused smile before shrugging. “Lead the way. But don't come crying to your mommas when I kick your butts.”

The kids giggled and took off with Maverick on their tails—though he gave them a good head start.

“Tag! You're it!” Grayson yelled as he tackled Molly, who fell to the ground in a heap of laughter.

When she didn't get up right away, Maverick jogged over and offered her his hand. Molly took it, and the two locked eyes as he helped her up.

I blinked a few times as I watched the scene unfold before me. There were clearly sparks between the two of them. Once she was on her feet, they stared at each other as if there wasn't chaos reigning all around them.

“Are you seeing what I'm seeing?” Lorelei whispered.

“Yup.”

Suddenly, Molly poked Mav in the chest and yelled, “Tag! You're it!” Then she sprinted toward a copse of trees where many of the kids had found hiding spots.

Maverick stood there, frozen in place, until Britta tapped his arm. “You have to catch her, Uncle Mav.”

A wicked smile stole across his face, and he muttered something before running toward the place where Molly had disappeared.

“Kansas, you should probably warn your brother that he's chasing the prez's daughter,” Lorelei said to her sister-in-law.

Lee choked on his laughter before saying, “You think he's gonna care? You saw the look on his face, right?”

I'd recognized it...but this was Mac's baby girl Mav was chasin'. It didn't matter that she was almost twenty-five, Mac was beyond protective of his old lady and their daughters. “It's his funeral,” I muttered.

“Would you have given me up for anything?” Lorelei asked softly.

“Not a fucking chance in hell,” I growled, my arms tightening around her.

“Exactly.”

Just the thought of my life without my woman was enough to drive me batshit crazy, and I had a sudden urge to prove she was mine.

“You got this while Lorelei and I have a talk?” I asked Lee and Kansas.

Kansas smirked and nodded. “Sure. Go... ‘talk.’”

I didn't wait another second before sweeping Lorelei into my arms and stalking back to the clubhouse. We kept a few empty rooms for members who didn't need a permanent spot because they preferred to spend their nights at home with their families, and I made a beeline for one of them.

An hour later, she'd screamed that she belonged to me three times. When I led my wife back outside, I couldn't help grinning smugly at the satisfied expression on her face.

She was mine.

And I was hers.

Forever.

Rom is the next Silver Saint to find his woman!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The writing duo of Elle Christensen and Rochelle Paige team up under the *USA Today* bestselling Fiona Davenport pen name to bring you sexy, insta-love stories filled with alpha males. If you want a quick & dirty read with a guaranteed happily ever after, then give Fiona Davenport a try!

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