

A romantic couple is shown in a close embrace, nearly kissing. The man, on the left, has a beard and a large tattoo on his left shoulder. The woman, on the right, has long dark hair and is wearing a grey top. The background is a warm, reddish-brown color with scattered white snowflake graphics.

ROBBING
from
MISTLETOE

EMBER DAVIS

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Robbing From Mistletoe (Mistletoe Creek Series) by Ember Davis

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

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For those who want to do more for those in need but aren't sure where to start.

You might not want to become a hacker and steal from motorcycle clubs (well, probably not), but you can spread goodwill and holiday spirit.

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DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

TRIGGER WARNING

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

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

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

PROLOGUE

Once upon a time, long ago, in a land far away... Well, actually it wasn't that far away, although Mistletoe Creek, Tennessee, often seems more off the beaten path where it lies nestled against the Smoky Mountain foothills. And it really wasn't so long ago. A few short months ago, the following conversation was overheard between Fern Myers, Fawn Carter, and Merry Andrews during their monthly meeting. When later asked, all three women would deny the conversation ever occurred.

"It's your deal, Fern," Merry says as she glances at the window when a colorful leaf drifts off the oak tree just outside.

Fern scoffs and stretches her fingers before picking the well-worn deck up off the shiny table.

"I *always* deal, Merry."

"More like always cheat," Fawn mumbles.

"Excuse me?" Fern adjusts her bifocals on the edge of her nose.

"I find it highly suspect that every time you deal, you also seem to win."

"If you want to deal..."

"I don't. But I do want you to play fair."

"Play fair? Just because I'm lucky doesn't mean I don't—"

"Ladies!" Merry jumps in before their argument can escalate.

It wouldn't be the first time a confrontation between the two of them had been stopped before it went beyond just words.

"I really don't feel like getting kicked out of here again by Mayor Anderson. We just got invited back. And personally, I didn't care for power walking all summer in the heat."

While the mansion of the original founder of Mistletoe Creek had been turned into a combination of public gathering spaces and city offices, the last time they'd flipped the table during a card game, Mayor Anderson had been left with no other option—he had banned all three septuagenarians for the entire summer.

"I did offer for us to play Yahtzee instead," Fawn says.

"We could always actually learn bridge instead of just telling everyone that's what we play," Merry adds.

"We've been playing Texas Hold 'Em for thirty years. Yahtzee is for when I babysit my grandkids. And if we told everyone we were playing poker instead of bridge, we'd have the entire town trying to join in our games." Fern levels a look at both of the other women until they nod.

The room is silent except for the crackle of cards as they swoosh across the table along with sighs and murmurs as each woman considers her cards.

"It's too quiet." Merry drops her cards face down.

"What do you mean?" Fern asks.

“It’s been ages since we’ve had a wedding. Or any good gossip.”

“We just went to Dawn and Jack Phillips’s wedding two weekends ago. Raise ten.” Fawn tosses a blue chip onto the small pile and the other two follow suit.

“It was a beautiful wedding.” Merry sighs, a dreamy smile playing on her lips. “Even if Fawn fell asleep during the ceremony.”

“You take that back, Merry Andrews! Or I’ll tell Dawn that you didn’t like the light pink of her wedding dress,” Fawn fires back.

Merry’s eyes narrow across the table. “You wouldn’t.”

Fawn crosses her arms. “Try me.”

“Fine. You win. I take it back.” Merry’s voice is nothing more than a mumble.

Fern sighs and glances between the two of them.

“I can’t believe Dawn is all grown-up and married now,” Fern says, trying to redirect the conversation. “I still remember when I used to babysit her.”

“Such a good girl.”

“I’m just glad that she and Jack finally found each other.” Merry checks her bet and turns to Fawn.

“They wouldn’t have if it wasn’t for us,” Fawn reminds the other two.

Both other women nod in agreement.

“I thought that was never going to happen no matter how many times we kept signing Dawn up to volunteer with Jack at Parks and Wildlife.” Merry rolls her eyes.

Fawn shrugs. “They finally stopped fighting it.”

“It was a beautiful wedding,” Fern says.

“I already said that.” Merry stares at Fawn.

“Who cares? It’s still true.”

“We need more weddings.” Fawn checks her bet and Fern deals the last card.

“No one is close to dating, let alone marriage.” Fern studies her cards in her hands before lifting her shrewd gaze to the five cards on the table.

“Neither were Dawn and Jack last year and look at them now. On their honeymoon.” Merry clasps her hands together and the cards in her hand crinkle.

It wouldn’t be the first deck to be lost to their lack of attention. And it definitely wouldn’t be the last.

“So, what are we going to do about it?” Fawn asks.

“Same thing we always do,” Fern responds. “Let’s see, there’s Pierce and Hudson. Either of whom would be a catch.”

“Don’t forget Robyn or Elle. But not for either of those boys.” Fawn taps her lip as she adds to the list.

“No, all four of them are ready for something special. Something spectacular. It’s…” Fern’s voice fades as her attention shifts back to her cards.

“It’s matchmaking time,” Merry says and gasps when Fawn pushes in all her chips.

“All in, ladies. Who’s next?”

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 1

ROBYN

As I blink, trying to chase away the last of the sleep that held me captive in my nightmare, I know my eyes are puffy and today is going to be a long day. The sun hasn't even thought about peeking over the horizon yet and there is no way in hell I'm going to be able to get back to sleep. Not anymore.

It's always the same when I sleep. If only I weren't so tired all the time from the memories of my past, and the need I feel to constantly keep moving, even while I'm standing in one place, I wouldn't even try to sleep. As it is, I know sleep is essential.

And to think, there was a time in my life when sleep was bliss.

I miss those days.

They're far behind me now. For the last ten years, I haven't been able to sleep through the night. All because everything changed when the evils of the world pushed their way into my life and couldn't be ignored. If only things had been different.

Maybe I would have gone off to college. Maybe I would have been married and have a few kids by now.

Instead, I'm 28 and have spent more time looking over my shoulder to make sure no one is coming after me instead of looking toward the future. I know what lies ahead of me anyway, since I've been walking the path that I'm on for years now.

The only thing I look forward to is trying to balance the scales of justice, even if only a little bit, by taking from those who have too much. Instead of breeding more evil, I use their money for good. Okay, I also look forward to whatever specialty drink the Mistletoe Café has on their menu.

It's a relatively new thing for me to look forward to since I've only been in Mistletoe Creek, Tennessee for the last five

years. I love it here. It reminds me of my hometown which was close enough to Baltimore to make it fun, but far enough away to be safe.

At least, I thought so while growing up.

I learned nowhere is safe. Not the small town I grew up in. Not even Mistletoe Creek. Which is why I probably won't be able to stay here for very much longer.

This is the longest I've stayed in one place since I started to bounce around the country ten years ago. I needed to keep moving for a few reasons. Part of why I kept moving was to try and outrun my fears and demons. The bigger reason is I was trying to find out what happened to my best friend, Kyla.

I needed to find her.

I never did and five years ago, when I rolled into Mistletoe Creek, I finally accepted I probably never will. It was difficult to come to terms with but being in a place that almost felt like home helped. The way the people of this Christmas-loving small town accepted me helped as well.

I can't help but wonder if they would have opened their hearts to me the way they did if they knew I'm putting them in danger by being here.

I don't like putting them in danger and I'm almost positive it's not imminent or anything. I just know if the people who I steal from found me, they wouldn't forgive the town for harboring me. No one here knows what I do with my time other than the lies I tell them, but I'm not sure that would matter in the end.

As far as Mistletoe Creek is concerned, I work from home in the IT field. It's not entirely a lie. I do work from home, and I do use my IT skills. I just use them to skim money from men who have too much of it and who have a hand in human trafficking.

They deserve it. They ruin lives with their actions.

I might never have found Kyla and the people behind her being taken and sold, but I used my hacking skills to learn a lot about traffickers across the country. It's harder to hit the

people at the top, but I find those on the fringes, and I make sure they don't have the resources to ruin as many lives as they could.

I always do my research when it comes to who I steal from. The men I skim from have bloody hands and souls steeped in sin.

I had no idea how much trafficking was going on in and around Baltimore while I was growing up. My parents shielded me from that kind of thing, which is exactly what parents are supposed to do. I miss them, but this is the path my life has taken, and I can't bring them into it.

Kyla's family tried to protect her from the darkness of the world too. It didn't stop the men who took her.

I take a deep breath and head to my desk and get to work. Christmas is right around the corner and the organizations I infuse with money will need more because of the holiday season. The victims the organizations help should have a happy Christmas. At least, as much of one as they can.

I don't steal for me. It's almost all for them.

I don't need much, and my small apartment is a reminder of that. I don't want to worry about a lot of stuff when I pack up to move. The things I have remind me of the life I had, the life Kyla had, and tide me over from day to day. It's more than enough.

I pull up my files on the Devil's Saints Motorcycle Club out of Seattle again and check to make sure the information I have is still the same. They're not the only men I'll be targeting today, but they're the first, and the payout is going to be bigger to make sure those who need it get it in time for the holidays. They can afford to give a little to those whose lives have been ruined by men who think they have power because they have a dick.

Everything I've found says they have ties to the Russian mob in the area, the same mob which has been trafficking women out of the port for years. I shiver and close my eyes and breathe to try and settle my stomach. If I focus for too

long on the horrors those who are stolen endure, I would be useless.

When I open my eyes again, my computer monitor swims across my vision as I try not to cry. Those same horrors are ones Kyla experienced.

I should have gone with her that night, but I was sick and could barely lift my head up from my pillow. I told her she shouldn't go without me, but she didn't listen. Which was a total Kyla thing to do, and it would be so easy to be mad at her because of it, but she's not to blame. She should have been able to go to a concert.

How many people do the same thing all the time and get back home safely?

She just...didn't.

I force myself to get to work even as my mind drifts off to memories of Kyla. We were opposites in so many ways and what they say about opposites attracting was true for us. She was tall at close to 6', slim, and blonde. I have black hair just like my mom, curves and hips that won't quit, and am still the same 5'4" I was when I was a freshman in high school.

I remember hoping that I would have a growth spurt, but I never did while Kyla, who I had been friends with since Kindergarten, shot up over one summer. I was jealous of her height, but she was such an amazing person that I couldn't hold onto it for long.

She was the one who always pulled me out of myself and my head when I got stuck in it. She stood between me and the few mean girls who liked to bully me. No one wanted to get on her bad side, and it wasn't just because she had a temper. She was popular but didn't gain the attention or friends through cruelty.

She turned 18 right after spring break our senior year of high school, but I wasn't going to turn until the summer. I remember going over to her house on the morning of her birthday and being greeted by her mom who hugged me and welcomed me into her home with a big smile on her face.

“Robyn,” she kept her voice low, no doubt because Kyla was still sleeping, and she was not someone you wanted to wake up if you could avoid it. “I’m making chocolate chip pancakes. How about you come and hang out with me and let the birthday girl sleep for a few more minutes?”

I grinned and teased her, something I was only comfortable doing because she felt like a second mom to me and their house was my home away from home, “Scared?”

She gave an overexaggerated shiver and laughed softly, “Petrified.”

I giggled as I followed her through the house and into the kitchen where I found Kyla’s dad drinking coffee and reading the newspaper. I rolled my eyes because no matter how many times we tried to get him to read it on his tablet, he always insisted he could feel the news better when he was touching the paper.

I had no idea what the hell he was talking about, still don’t, but we dropped the argument about saving trees and cheaper online subscriptions long before that morning. Sometimes I wonder if he still reads the newspaper like that or if he avoids the news because he knows how close some of those tragedies can strike.

I chatted with Kyla’s parents in the kitchen, feeling the love in their home and looking forward to giving my best friend her birthday gift which was practically burning a hole in my pocket. I knew she’d be excited. Hell, I was excited.

Once there were fluffy stacks of chocolatey pancakes ready to go, Kyla’s mom looked at me and grinned. “Breakfast is ready. I think you should go and wake her up. She’s less likely to yell at you.”

I shook my head at her, “Sending me to the wolves? I thought you loved me,” I pressed my hand to my chest and pouted.

With a shooing motion, she sent me off to Kyla’s room where I found my best friend sprawled across her bed like a starfish. Her blonde hair was in disarray and there might have

been some drooling happening. I grinned at her and then plopped down next to her hard enough to make her jump slightly.

“Hey,” she held the word out like any movement was a personal affront to her entire life and I couldn’t help but laugh. “No, it can’t be morning,” she rasped which only made me laugh harder.

“Come on, sleepyhead. It is morning. More importantly than that it’s Saturday,” I coaxed her.

She shot up in bed and narrowed her eyes at me. I swear I knew what she was going to say before she said it. “It’s not just Saturday,” she huffed.

“Pretty sure that’s all it is,” I pointed out and gave her my sweetest smile.

If she could have shot lasers out of her eyes, she would have. “It’s my birthday,” she pointed out as if she felt sorry for me because I must have been suffering from acute onset amnesia.

I tapped my finger against my chin and looked into the distance. “Saturday and your birthday, you say?” When I looked at her again, she was giving me a look like she didn’t find me funny, but that couldn’t have been right because I was hilarious. “That must be why your mom has a mountain of chocolate chip pancakes ready to be devoured downstairs.”

Kyla jumped out of bed and cheered, “Birthday pancakes!”

The next thing I knew, she plowed into me, and I almost fell off the bed and couldn’t stop laughing. I tried to push her off me, but she was stronger and heavier than she looked. Everyone thought she was willowy, and she was, but damn she could think some really heavy thoughts when she needed to.

“Get off me or I’m not giving you your present,” I wheezed out from underneath her.

She moved so fast that I almost got an elbow to my eye and then she was giving me gimmie hands with a big smile on her face. I knew she wouldn’t stop until she had her present and I was just as excited to hand it over. When I handed her the

envelope out of my back pocket, she squealed and ripped it open in less than a second.

I watched as her eyes widened while taking in the two printed tickets for one of the last dates for Suburban Outcasts' first tour. Her eyes went from the tickets to me, the tickets to me, the tickets to me, while her mouth opened and closed.

I giggled and prompted, "Excited?"

"Hell yes," she screamed and then tackled me again.

The concert was just a few weeks before graduation and going together was a given. Then when the day rolled around, I was sick, and she went without me. Alone.

I never saw Kyla again after that night and I have no idea what happened to her in Baltimore. I ended up using my skills to get as much camera footage as I could, but it was like she was there and then she was just...gone.

In many ways, I disappeared right along with her.

When I focus back on my screen, my mind no longer wandering through memories that feel like glass against my skin, I start transferring the funds I've stolen from the DSMC and a few other organizations, and I use that term loosely. I give the money to people who need it—people rescued from traffickers, organizations who fight the scum who take root in cities across the world, and those who are running from men who abuse and use them.

It's not enough. It'll never be enough.

But, at least for today, it'll have to do.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 2

FRIAR

When my computer pings, anticipation curls in my gut. I have no idea how I know that it has to do with the fucker who has been stealing from the club, but I do. I've set up my system to alert me when they're online and to sniff out as much information as I can. They're good and while I'm not bad, they've been hiding and covering their ass with skill I'd be impressed by if they weren't stealing from me, my brothers, and my club.

I owe too fucking much to the DSMC to admire whoever is behind this and the fact that I've been on their ass, close but not close enough, for months pisses me off. Even if it weren't about money, which is personal enough in my book, now it's become about my pride and my own fucking skill. I should have been able to track whoever is behind this right away.

And yet, I'm only just now getting somewhere.

When I pull up the information on the soon to be dead man's latest hack, I'm practically fucking holding my breath to see if there's anything useful here. My eyes almost bug out of my head when I see that they took significantly more money this time around, even though it's far less than they could have taken all things considered.

My fingers start to rain down on my keyboard, the sound satisfying and allowing me to express my pure fucking anger at the audacity of whoever is behind the hack and the theft. I've checked with the other chapters of the DSMC and we're the only ones who have been targeted by the fuckface hiding behind their keyboard. I'm not sure what it means but it feels significant to me.

When I find a breadcrumb in the hack that has never been there before, I'm a little shocked. It seems that in the asshole's haste or overconfidence, they didn't cover their tracks like

they normally do. Because of their fuck up I'm able to track them for the first fucking time in months.

If I weren't so pissed, I might shout out gleefully, but considering all they've stolen from us, I only scowl at my computer. I pull up information on Mistletoe Creek, Tennessee which is where this shit for brains is located. It looks like a picture-perfect sort of place. I'm not sure if this person is so arrogant that they think it's the perfect place for them or if it's their version of a joke.

Not that it matters.

I save all the information I can on the hacker, which is more than I had, but still not as much as I want. The fact that I even have a town is almost a miracle. They've been so careful up to this point and I hope they're not trying to send me on a wild goose chase.

It won't stop me from finding them. Eventually.

I quickly pack a bag because as soon as my brothers are up, I'll be meeting with my Prez, Spark, and Treasurer, Clutch. Clutch has been up my ass about finding the fucker behind the hack. I would have done it anyway on principle alone, but he's been like a dog with a damn bone.

I get it. He took the theft even more personally considering he's in charge of the club's funds. The payouts my brothers have gotten from our business have taken a small hit because of the hacker skimming from our funds, which is bad, but not the worst part. What took the biggest hit was the money we donate to those who need it within the community, especially to help fight human traffickers and give people, especially women, rescued from trafficking rings the help they need.

The club doesn't just give money to the cause. We investigate trafficking rings and take them down whenever we can. That is blood we spill willingly and with glee. We know the pain caused by people who are lower than scum.

Monk, our brother, lost his sister in more ways than one, when traffickers abducted her. We rescued her and some other women being held, but not before the damage was done. She

was never the same and while her death wasn't at the hands of those traffickers, the blame can be put at their feet. If we could have resurrected the men responsible to kill them again, we would have.

Monk has been carrying around demons on his back since then. I hope one day he finds his own path to redemption and happiness, but I'm not holding my breath at this point. The man came by his road name honestly and hasn't touched a woman the entire time I've known him. I had my patch when he was prospecting and everything went down with his sister. He became the fastest patched in member of the DSMC by proving his loyalty to the club and his family while losing more than any man should ever lose.

For this hacker to be affecting our ability to right the wrongs that go on around us means there will be no mercy given when we find them. The ripples from their thefts are very real and they have no idea the impact they've had.

When I stuff my laptop into my bag and zip it up, I head out of my room in the clubhouse toward the kitchen to get some coffee. I'm surprised as fuck to find Tiff, one of the club angels, already up. When I take a closer look, I realize she's looking a little rough.

When she spots me, she flashes me a big smile, but it doesn't hide how exhausted she looks. I can't help but tease her, "Rough night?"

She huffs out a laugh and rolls her eyes before pouring me a cup of coffee, adding some sugar, just the way I like it, and sliding it toward me. "You could say that. Didn't get much sleep," her voice is a slow husky drawl that tells me just how tired she is. She winks at me. "Not that I'm complaining."

I don't need to know which one of my brothers she hooked up with last night. We might get down and dirty in front of each other at parties when the mood strikes and an angel or someone who hangs out around the club catches our eye, but we don't gossip about that shit. When it comes to the angels or any easy fuck, that's all it is. We all know the score and there's no room for jealousy.

Now, when it comes to old ladies? It's a whole other thing. The only old ladies who are really around right now are McKenzie, who belongs to Bronco, and Evelyn, who recently put Penance out of his brooding misery. I thought for sure Penance was going to spend the rest of his life trying to balance the scales with whatever he did in his past, but I had no idea it was all about Evelyn. He was tight lipped as shit about it, but now the man actually smiles.

I wonder what the love, devotion, and loyalty of a good woman would do for me. I shake off the thought because it should be the last thing on my mind.

Tiff pulls me from my thoughts, "What's got you up so early this morning?" Her eyes rove over me like I'm parading around naked, and she didn't just spend the night getting railed by one—or more—of my brothers. "Looking for some fun?"

"Club business, Tiff," my voice is curt because I have no interest in entertaining her.

I haven't for a while now even though we used to hook up from time to time. I chalked it up to being focused on the shit storm that's been going on around here with the old Bratva in the city being pushed out of power and the Steel Renegades popping up at the behest of the old Bratva to murder one of our prospects and fuck with us. Oh, and of course trying to find the hacker who has been a thorn in our side for way too long. My gut is telling me it might be more than all the stress and something else altogether.

I don't have time to figure it out now and I don't care to.

She takes a step closer to me and my body stiffens. Thankfully before she can close the distance and put her hands on me, Spark walks into the room. He must see something on my face because he lets out a long sigh as he starts to pour himself a cup of coffee.

"I take it we need to talk," he throws over his shoulder.

"Yup," I pop the p and give him a pointed look when he turns back to me, his eyes finding mine over the rim of the mug as he takes a long drink.

“Well, shit,” he mumbles.

Tiff pushes her tits up until they’re practically under her chin, but neither of us give her more than a passing glance. Her shoulders slump and she huffs as she leaves the kitchen. Spark smirks and shakes his head.

He prompts, “Office?”

“Probably for the best. Clutch needs to be there as well.”

“Fuck,” he sighs and pulls out his phone. He barks some orders into it as I finish my cup of coffee and sends a few texts off as well.

Once we get to the office, it doesn’t take long for Clutch, Crucify, one of the club’s enforcers, and the VP, Rites, to filter into the office. I’m not surprised that Crucify and Rites are with us—they’re tight and even closer to Spark than the brotherhood of the club. It probably has to do with growing up as club kids.

I didn’t have the kind of family they had. I bounced from one place to the next in the system, trying to make myself useful with my computer skills. Some homes it was enough and in others it was clear nothing would *ever* be enough. No matter what though, I never found a family in any of the homes I lived in. I was another mouth to feed or a ticket to some money coming in—and I was reminded of that constantly no matter which way the wind blew when it came to the foster parents.

When I came across the DSMC, it was because Purgatory, Spark’s dad, and former Prez, needed me to do a job for him. I was more than willing to work for the man considering he was fucking legendary in certain circles; circles I thought I was cool enough to hang out in. I probably wasn’t, but no one could have tried to tell me that back then.

I don’t know what Purgatory saw in me other than some punk kid with a chip on his shoulder. Still, the next thing I knew, I had a job to do for the club, a prospect cut on my back, and a place to live with the promise of a brotherhood I

wouldn't find anywhere else. I never looked back. Not even for a second.

"Please tell me you got something," Clutch pleads with me, pulling me out of the past while rubbing a hand down his face and looking like he hasn't slept in years.

"Clutch," there is a warning in Spark's voice, one anyone hearing would be wise to heed. Even though Clutch clenches his jaw, he doesn't say anything else.

Spark looks at me and gives me a chin lift, "What's the word, Friar?"

"I found him." There is no reason to beat around the bush or sugar coat the shit I have to tell them. The technical shit also won't mean a damn thing to them. Clutch's hands fist on his thighs, and I know he wants to ask me more questions, but he holds himself in check. Everyone in the club respects the Prez and his position. It's a testament to just how loyal Clutch is that he's able to keep his shit together right now. "They hacked us early this morning and grabbed some more cash. More than they had before. I don't know if they got cocky or didn't give a fuck, but they didn't cover their tracks completely. I know the town they're in, but nothing more than that."

Spark gives a nod, his eyes going unfocused for a moment, probably thinking about what needs to happen next. "I'm assuming you want to head out and check it out? See if you can track them down there?" I lean back in my chair and nod. "Crucify, Brimstone, and Chains will go with you."

"Prez," Clutch growls. "I want to be there and put my fist through this asshole's jaw."

Spark's eyes are hard when they look at our brother. "I know you do, but you're too fired up. Let them do their job. If they can, they'll bring them back." I can feel the anger rolling off Clutch, but he presses his lips together and keeps quiet, probably reading on Spark's face that he isn't going to win this one. "How are you traveling, brother? I want you to leave as soon as possible."

“As much as I hate to say it, I think the fastest way would be to fly to Charleston and see if their chapter can hook us up with some bikes and then roll out to where we need to go,” even I can hear the reluctance in my voice at my plan.

Crucify groans and I understand. We’re not the kind of men who enjoy being trapped in a flying metal tube when we could be riding down the road with the wind in our hair and the sun at our backs. Still, the ride would be far too fucking long, and I don’t want to lose the lead.

“Make it happen. Leave on the first plane out. I’ll get with Mayhem and ensure everything is set up for when you guys get in.” Spark runs his fingers through his hair before leveling me with a look, “I want a word with the fucker who thought they could steal from us, so I have a feeling you’ll be driving back.”

Fuck. I already looked up how long of a fucking drive it would be and it’s not going to be pleasant. Over 40 hours on the road, and if we have a...guest, which means no bike which sounds like hell to me. Chains is the most recent one out of the group to be patched in. That means he should get the shit end of the stick, right?

I keep all my complaints inside, though, and push out, “You got it, Prez. I’m already packed, and I’ll get on top of tickets right away.”

Sparks smirks. “Where are you guys headed, anyway?”

I can’t help but grin, everyone in the room practically on the edge of their seats to find out. “Mistletoe Creek, Tennessee. And yes, according to the website they do have a Christmas fetish.”

Everyone throws their head back and laughs except for Clutch and Crucify, neither of them looking happy for completely different reasons. Crucify might not be happy about going down South right before Christmas, but I kind of am.

I could use a change of scenery and maybe the town might not only give us the twat who has been stealing from us, but a

little Christmas spirit as well.

I guess we'll find out.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 3

ROBYN

As I head out of my apartment in the middle of town and into the hustle that is Mistletoe Creek in the height of the holiday season, I feel out of sorts. I'm not sure if it's because nothing I did in the early hours of the morning helped me to shake the nightmare of my past that woke me or if something else is throwing me off. I've been feeling the pressure of having put down roots and knowing I shouldn't stay much longer.

I couldn't leave before Christmas though. There's something special about the holiday season in Mistletoe Creek and I want to experience it one last time. Then I'll need to walk away. It'll sting this time, more than it ever has before when I've left a place behind.

The town is decked out for the holidays and the season has been in full swing since the Christmas Festival at The Castle. It's only for locals and really helps us transition into full-blown holiday mode. This is the fifth year I've experienced Christmas in Mistletoe Creek, and it is an experience like no other.

As I walk down the street toward Mistletoe Café and the town square, I definitely need a caffeine pick me up today. Not only because I didn't get enough sleep, but because there's something special about going into the café and seeing what others in the town are up to. Even though I've been here five years and have settled more than I have anywhere, I still hold myself apart a little.

The café is bustling when I walk in, and it puts a smile on my face. Everyone seems to be talking about the gingerbread decorating contest today and after seeing last year's masterpieces, and a failure or two, I'm looking forward to it as well.

After I grab my peppermint mocha latte, I sit in a cozy chair and watch the people around me. I swear some of them seem to be shining even brighter today than they normally do. Is that Christmas magic at work or something else?

When people greet me and ask about how I'm doing, I keep my answers short and sweet. No one needs to know I'm going to be packing up and moving on after the New Year. I think some people would even be sorry to see me go. At least, I hope they will be.

I can't tell them I'm leaving though or where I'm going. Not only because I don't know, but because if someone ever comes here looking for me, I want everyone safe because they have no information to give. Ignorance, in this case, is more than just bliss; it's security.

When my drink is gone and it's almost time for the contest, I stand up and make my way out, along with quite a few other people. I smile as I walk past some of the shops, making sure to look in Thingamabobs because it's one of my favorite stores in town. There's always something to see in there and the quirky atmosphere reminds me of Kyla.

As much as I would love to buy so many things in there, it would go against traveling light. Just because I haven't had to pack up quickly and get out of Mistletoe Creek doesn't mean it hasn't happened before.

I've honed my skills behind my keyboard with some trial and error over the last ten years. In the beginning there was a lot more error than anything else, but I'm here and no one got their hands on me or cornered me. I learned from it and got better. Still, I know it would be stupid to become complacent.

I grab a gingerbread steamer when I get to the contest and start to wander and take it all in. As I stop to talk to people, smiling at them the whole time, I realize I haven't felt at home like this since before Kyla disappeared.

If only I could stay.

I can't though and the sooner I come to terms with it the better. I fell in love with Mistletoe Creek at Christmas because

of how festive and welcoming it is. If I had come through here at any other time of year I might not have stayed. Then I talked myself into one more year and then one more.

Now it's my fifth. It will have to be my last.

Even as I'm sipping my drink and watching the gingerbread houses go together, while hearing some good-natured trash talking, I'm thinking about the hack I did in the early hours of the morning. I'm going back over it in my head and realizing I wasn't as focused as I should have been. I let myself think about the past too much.

I'm good, but the niggling fear that I fucked up is something I can't shake. I can only hope I'm wrong.

At least people who need the money this holiday season have gotten it and it'll help them. That's what matters.

I almost crush the flimsy cup in my hand when I think about the Devil's Saints MC. I don't know why they bug me more than other clubs and organizations I've stolen from before. It doesn't make any sense, but them being the bad guys and helping people be victimized really rubs me the wrong fucking way.

To my right I hear a woman exclaim, "Oh, Robyn. Just the woman we were hoping to see here today."

I look over to find Fern smiling at me with her two cohorts, Fawn and Merry, at her side. Anyone who even visits Mistletoe Creek knows about the three women who seem to be in the middle of everything going on. They're the best of friends, but that doesn't mean they aren't famous for their squabbling. And being in everyone's business.

They're kind, sweet, and loyal to not only the town but the people in it. They also spend quite a bit of time up to no good from what I can see. They're the kind of women who create their own drama wherever they go. There's nothing malicious about it, which is why people tolerate their antics and accept them for who they are for the most part.

"Fern," I greet her with a big smile on my face and then look toward the other women, "Fawn and Merry. How are you

ladies doing today? Enjoying the contest?”

“Oh, of course we are,” Merry assures me. “It’s always fun to come out and see how everyone is decorating this year. Then there’s the smell of all this gingerbread.” She takes a deep breath like she’s huffing something and I almost giggle at how silly she looks. “It really does the trick of putting me in the holiday spirit.”

“I know what you mean. You can’t deny that Christmas is right around the corner when gingerbread is around,” I agree with her.

“Too true,” Fern agrees, but there’s a glint in her eye that has me more than a little wary. She looks at her friends who give her knowing looks which do nothing to make me any less suspicious about what they’re up to. “We were wondering what kind of plans you have for some of the town events coming up.”

I narrow my eyes at the ladies in front of me who are smiling like the Cheshire Cat. “What are you ladies up to?”

“Why do you think we’re up to anything?” Fawn tries to give me an innocent look, but I don’t believe it for a second.

“We just want you to spend some time with someone special this holiday season,” Fern jumps in.

“Time with someone? Everyone is around for everything. I’m not alone for any of the events,” I point out, not understanding what they’re talking about.

Fern huffs out a breath like I’m being insufferable. “What about a date? A man? I’ve never seen you go on a date or anything, Robyn,” the whine in her voice would make me laugh if she wasn’t talking about me dating someone.

I’ve avoided men as I’ve moved around and focused on righting wrongs in the world that I wish I didn’t even know about. Having a man and being a memory for someone goes against my ability to move through the shadows. I had a boyfriend in high school and things were serious, but when Kyla went missing, he couldn’t handle my sadness.

I don't think a man would be able to handle my need for vengeance and they wouldn't understand my means of getting it. Why even put myself out there like that?

Then there's the fear from knowing just how bad some of the men in the world are. What if I met the wrong one and gave them a chance?

No. It's better for me to keep my distance from men and find comfort and solace in my work.

"You can't be alone forever," Merry's gentle voice pulls me from my thoughts and my swirling fears.

"I'm not interested in dating anyone, ladies," I try and keep my voice gentle, but it comes out sharper than I mean it to.

Fawn reaches out and places her hand on my arm. "I don't know who hurt you, Robyn, but it's okay to let people in and get close to you," her voice is only a little bit above a whisper.

"I let people get close to me," I defend even though I know I'm a big liar. The ladies give me a dubious look and I can only roll my eyes. "I like my life just how it is. I don't want a man to roll in and mess everything up."

"They might mess up your hair with some good lovin'," Fern sasses with a wiggle of her eyebrows, "but that doesn't mean they'll mess everything up."

I try, really fucking try, not to think about the implications of this older woman reminding me about sex hair and barely stop myself from shivering. Yeah, I don't think I'm going to be able to forget this conversation any time soon. It's going to be one of those that replays in my head at the oddest moments.

"You need someone you can let get close to you," Fawn tries again. "Even us, the people who you let in, it's only as far as the surface. We don't know much about you and it's fine because you're part of the Mistletoe Creek family no matter what." I open my mouth to say something, anything, as tears sting the backs of my eyes. "You don't have to tell us all your secrets or anything. That's not what we're saying Robyn."

"We just want to see you happy," Merry interjects.

“And we want another wedding,” Fern mumbles, but Merry elbows her and she lets out an oomph sound that has me almost laughing at the three of them.

Their friendship has jealousy peeking up inside of my soul. Not because they don’t deserve it, they absolutely do, but because it’s the kind of friendship I used to have. With Kyla. We were so different and yet we fit together perfectly.

It’s clearly the same thing for Fawn, Fern, and Merry.

“I am happy,” I insist and look around to try and find a means to escape this wild conversation.

Merry pats my hand and the look on her face is one only a Southern Grandma can perfect—pure condescension. They look at me like I’m missing out on something huge and even though I know it’s not true, they have me questioning everything I thought I knew.

“I’m going to take another walk through and then head home,” I try to make a smooth exit while giving the ladies a bright smile. “Happy holidays, ladies. It was wonderful to see you.”

“Just think about it,” Fern insists before I can slip away.

I do walk through the contest one more time, but I barely see the gingerbread houses or anyone else. Have I been wearing my pain on my sleeve all this time? Can people see how I’ve held myself apart and how lonely I’ve been?

My heart sinks at the thought that I’ve been so transparent. Yet, everyone accepted me and tried to make me feel welcome in Mistletoe Creek. That should make me feel better, but, somehow, it doesn’t.

I’m on autopilot as I get home and make myself dinner. Just for myself. Again.

I don’t think dinner for one has ever been more depressing.

Dread pools in my stomach and an ominous feeling wraps around my shoulders. I try and think about what is going to happen after the holidays are over, hoping planning will help me feel more settled. A plan is always a good thing, right?

When I'm tossing and turning in bed, unable to figure out the future while drowning in my past, I swear I hear the rumble of motorcycles. When I jump up and look out the window, the streets are clear without a headlight or taillight in sight. That feeling of dread doesn't let up, though, and chases me into dreamland.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 4

FRIAR

I think this place might be too wholesome for me and my brothers. There's a lot of Christmas going on and everyone smiles all the damn time. I'm not sure how I feel about it. I almost can't believe that the hacker who has been stealing from the club is hiding out here.

It's, honestly, the last place I would have ever looked for him.

After spending a night in the Charleston clubhouse, we headed out to Mistletoe Creek, but we didn't just ride into town straight away. We took our time and explored the surrounding area, wanting to get a feel for it. You never know if someone is going to run when cornered and they'd know the area better than us.

When we finally rolled into Mistletoe Creek to explore, I was taken aback by the Southern hospitality. Everyone is so damn nice. It sets my teeth on edge and I'm not sure I trust it.

We're staying a town over to not totally invade the town which seems to be the type of place where gossip spreads fast. We'll already attract enough attention as it is.

"Fucking Thingamabobs," Crucify mutters next to me as we head toward the diner. "Did you see the name for that fucking store? It's ridiculous."

"It's whimsical," I fire back at him with a smirk that has my brother glaring at me as if he could do what his name suggests right here on the street.

Thankfully he can't, but I wouldn't put it past him to try when we're alone.

"It's something," he grumbles.

Even though we've stopped by Old Man Winter's Diner the last few days for lunch, everyone stops and stares at us when

we walk in. It takes a moment for everyone to go back to what they're doing after we slide into our seats. It's as if they're waiting to see if we're going to cause trouble.

Chains mutters under his breath, "Why does it feel like my mom is going to pop out of nowhere and tell me to get my elbows off the table?"

I bark out a laugh and shake my head at him because he's right. There's something wholesome about this place and every business we've visited only makes it more apparent.

Brimstone gives Chains shit, "Didn't know your mom was a 50's housewife kind of woman. Might need to meet her if she is."

"Fuck you," Chains shoots back and gives Brimstone's shoulder a shove.

My brother isn't wrong though, the diner has a definite theme. It's one I dig, and the food is just as greasy and delicious as the décor makes you believe it will be. If it weren't a little chilly outside, I'd probably break down and get a milkshake too. As it is, we always get a piece of pie to end our meals here and they're fucking delicious.

I'm tempted to steal whoever is making the pies, but that's something to consider after we find the person responsible for stealing from the club. If we find them. I haven't seen anyone suspicious, and they haven't tried to hack us again. Being here is starting to feel like a dead end even though my gut is telling me not to give up just yet.

After we order and start digging into our food, we put our heads together and try to come up with something. Anything.

"I heard there's some sort of lantern festival thing going on tonight at some orchard," Crucify throws out and we turn to look at him. He narrows his eyes and huffs, "What? People tell me things."

"People tell you things," I repeat slowly. "Because you seem like such a trustworthy guy?"

He shoots me a wicked grin and points a fry in my direction. "Fine, I blended into the shadows and overheard

some people talking about it.”

“Yeah, that sounds much more believable,” I quip.

And it does. Crucify is not a small man and he certainly doesn't give off welcoming vibes at all. It's one of the things that makes him a good enforcer for the club. He can make a grown man spill his secrets with silence and a glare. I've seen more than one person stare at him while we've been in town. It's not surprising considering his tattoos, bulk, and imposing form.

Hell, if I didn't know the man and how damn loyal he is to the club, I'd be scared of him. I remember meeting him when Spark brought me into the clubhouse the first time and I thought for sure he was going to lay me out in front of everyone. The next thing I knew, we were playing a game of pool, and I was kicking his ass.

When he lost, I eyed him warily and he growled, “I should hit you over the head with this pool cue.”

I don't know where I found the backbone considering I knew it could be a death sentence, but I mouthed off, “Or you could get better.”

The lounge froze as everyone's attention focused on us and it felt like a million years passed before he started laughing. It wasn't some little chuckle either, it was a full-on belly laugh that required him to wipe tears from his face. When he straightened up, he slapped my back, and I stumbled forward a step.

“You're going to fit in just fine here, kid,” he assured me.

I knew I was home right then and there.

I shake off the memory when Chains suggests, “We should go to the lantern thing. Most of the town should be there, I would think. It might help us get a read on more people.”

I nodded absently, trying to reconcile my disappointment at not finding the dickweed who stole from the club and my gut telling me I'm on the right track for...something. I have no idea what it is, but this is the closest I've come to finding out

who is behind the theft. I know it shouldn't matter, but I also wonder what they've been spending the money on.

Are they just that selfish? Or is there something else at play here?

When we finish and step out of the diner, we all go our separate ways so we can explore the town and maybe find out some information. If we're all together, people will be less likely to tell us anything.

As I'm walking down the street, I feel naked without my cut on, but we decided it might spook whoever has been stealing from the club if they see our insignia. I agree, but it feels wrong that I'm not wearing my club's patch right now.

I avoid taking it off as much as I can because the club is part of who I am. They gave me a home when I had long forgotten what having a home even meant. They gave me brothers when I never had any before. They gave me a purpose when I was desperate for meaning in my life.

I owe the DSMC everything.

I'm not paying attention when I hear a door open and then a woman's gasp as the front of the flannel I'm wearing is doused in hot as fuck liquid. I jump back as my eyes come down and I'm looking into worried filled brown eyes. My heart stops as I look at the woman in front of me and as hard as it is to not stare into her eyes for eternity, I have to see the rest of her.

Her hair, which is black and longer than her shoulders, looks silky and makes me wonder what it would feel like between my fingers. She's wearing a light sweater, but it does nothing to hide her killer fucking rack from my eyes or her curves, which my hands are begging to touch. She's much shorter than my 6'2" and, fuck, her curves.

She looks like her hips are the kind you could really hold onto while you plow into her from behind. She'd be able to take it and ask for more. I haven't seen her ass, but I swear I can feel it cushioning my hips as I fuck her and make her scream.

My dick is rock hard behind the fly of my jeans, and it takes everything in me not to wrap my arm around her waist and haul her against me. I know she'd fit perfectly against me as her tits pillow against my chest.

Fucking mine.

I blink at her a few times, trying to figure out what the hell is going on because I've never had this kind of reaction to a woman. Mine? What the hell does that even mean?

"Oh my," she breathes out, her eyes flitting back and forth between mine and my shirt which is still hot against my skin but cooling quickly. "I'm so sorry, I wasn't looking where I was going. It's all my fault."

She grabs my hand, and a jolt goes up my arm and straight to my fucking heart, making it beat rapidly in my chest as I try and wrap my mind around what is happening right now. I've heard stories from some of the guys, especially Bronco when he met his old lady, McKenzie, about when they met their woman. They knew she was theirs and then they never let her go.

Could that really happen to me in Mistletoe Creek fucking Tennessee of all places? While I'm supposed to be looking for the damn hacker who has been stealing from the club?

Yeah, it would be just my luck.

"Holy shit. What was that?" She drops my hand and looks at me with wide eyes as I shake my head.

"I don't know, Temptress, but if you want to hold my hand to see if it happens again, I'm all for it," I offer with a smirk, while holding my hand out in front of me.

She grabs my hand and tugs me inside the café she just came out of before proceeding to pour her entire hot as fuck beverage all over me. It smells like peppermint and chocolate, and I scrunch my nose up a little because I know it'll be a sticky mess in not too long and I'll need to change before the lantern festival.

"I'm only doing this to help you clean up," she grumbles, which is cute as hell, and shakes her head. "I don't ever do this

kind of shit,” it sounds like she’s talking to herself more than me. “What is wrong with me?”

I give her hand a squeeze as we get over to where cream and various coffee stuff is set on a small table along with napkins. “Nothing’s wrong with you...,” I let my voice trail off in a questioning manner hoping she’ll give me what I want.

My woman huffs and rolls her eyes. “Robyn. I’m Robyn Locke,” her words have an absent quality to them as she grabs some napkins and starts to dab at my shirt, as if it’ll make a bit of difference.

I know it won’t, but there is no way in hell that I’m going to stop her. Not when it means she has her hands on me. I’m not a stupid man.

“Robyn,” her name rolls off my tongue with so much ease and something settles in my chest the moment I say it. Her eyes snap up to mine and I grab her hands to stop her from patting the napkins against my chest. “I’m Friar,” I tell her without thinking.

“Friar?” She looks me over, her brown eyes moving from the tips of my toes up to the top of my head that’s currently covered in a black beanie. “What kind of name is Friar?”

I swallow hard and decide I don’t have a choice, but to go with the truth. “It’s my road name,” she pales, and it has the hair on the back of my neck standing up, “but you can call me Tucker.”

“Tucker,” she whispers.

“That’s right, Temptress, Tucker Fox.”

She nods, but the action is kind of robotic and I swear I can see wheels turning in the depth of her brown eyes. She yanks her hands away from me and rushes out, “I’m so sorry. I was running late and then I ran into you, which I really am sorry about. I really need to go.”

I reach out to her, but she’s out the door so quickly, my fingertips don’t even brush against her. I stare at the door for a while, hoping she comes back to me. When she doesn’t, I leave to change my shirt, and then roam around Mistletoe

Creek. I should be trying to figure out who the hacker is, but I'm not. I'm looking for any glimpse I can get of Robyn.

When I meet up with my brothers at the Queen's Orchard for the floating lantern festival, my eyes immediately find my woman. She's chatting with some people from town and the smile on her face takes my breath away. Everything in me is screaming to go to her, but I hold myself back.

There was something about her reaction to me when I told her Friar is my road name that has my stomach clenching. Something's going on, which is why I keep an eye on her. When the lanterns are released and float into the sky, I wish she was leaning back against my chest as we watch them disappear.

I want her, it's like a fire burning in my chest, but it'll have to wait. I'll have her in my arms, but I can't do that until I find who I'm looking for. Then I'll put all my focus on getting to know my Temptress and all her secrets.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 5

ROBYN

I sit up straight in my bed as the memory of the smile Kyla had on her face when I gave her the concert tickets for her birthday fades around me. I want to cry because that moment has been haunting me more and more. It's like I can't escape it lately.

For the last ten years, it's come in waves. There have been times when I could almost forget what drove me from my home and what has fueled my need for revenge. Then there are other times when it slams into me over and over while not allowing me to get my feet under me.

Meeting Tucker today threw me off and it was something I couldn't shake, especially when I went to the floating lantern festival and felt him watching me. I don't know why he was there or who the men there with him were. I've never seen any of them in town before today, but they're intimidating as hell.

I'm not sure they just came to town for the holiday festivities. When Tucker told me Friar was his road name, I barely stopped myself from running away from him. Still, I got out of there as quickly as I could.

I should have gone home, packed, and gotten the hell out of Mistletoe Creek. I'm not sure why I didn't. If he has a road name then he's part of an MC, even though he wasn't wearing anything telling me which one he's with.

There was just something about him that made me feel safe. Which is completely ridiculous. If they're here looking for me, then I should leave.

I was so rattled that when I came home, I got on my computer and did some digging into the Devil's Saints MC, since they're the only MC I've taken money from lately. I couldn't find any information on a man called Friar or Tucker Fox associated with the DSMC, but not finding him might not mean a damn thing.

It certainly didn't help the fear swirling inside me. Or make it easier to decide if I should try and wait it out or leave right away.

If they are here for me, then they're already too close. Will disappearing make it more obvious who they're looking for? And I gave him my real fucking name, too stunned to come up with a lie on the spot. Because I was struck dumb by his muscular chest and clear blue eyes like a huge cliché.

I try and relax in my bed while telling myself that I'll leave tomorrow, but my dreams still have a hold on me, and I find myself staring up at the ceiling while my heart aches for Kyla. I miss her. I miss the person she never got the chance to become. I wonder what the hell happened to her and if all hope really is lost to find her.

I know the odds. They aren't good and even if there was a slim chance she's alive out there, she would have so much trauma that part of me hopes she's at peace. Which makes me feel guilty.

Or maybe it just makes me a coward.

I push the memories of Kyla away because they're so painful and the first thing that pops into my head is Tucker. How is it possible I managed to bump into the sexiest man I've ever met in my life and spilled my entire drink on him? If it hadn't happened to me, I would have thought things like that only happen in rom coms. And yet there I was, just trying to get my caffeine fix from the Mistletoe Café.

He looked casual in his heavy flannel shirt, worn blue jeans, boots, and a beanie on his head, but there was something about him that held so much awareness. He was clearly amused by me running into him and I think I saw heat in his eyes when he looked at me. And look at me he did, from the tips of my toes to the top of my head without missing an inch.

It made my pussy clench and my nipples pebble. It took a lot of self-restraint to not throw myself at him. Which would have been even more embarrassing. I, clearly, didn't need help in that department as it was.

Tucker Fox.

How can one man's name be so sexy and so right on point? It's really not fair.

On top of being sexy, his voice was pure deliciousness. It was deep and rich, with an edge of steel and arrogance that had me wishing I could hear him whisper dirty things in my ear while his large hands roamed all over my body. The longer I was around him, the more I wanted to tell him all my secrets and have him protect me from my own decisions and their consequences.

It was stupid which is why I got out of there as fast as I could. But I had already made mistakes. A lot of them. Like touching him because it felt like electricity was running over my skin when I did.

Dumb, dumb, dumb.

I almost fall out of my bed when someone starts to bang on my door and then I almost trip myself on my comforter when I try to walk out of my bedroom. It's late, or early depending on how you look at it, and no one should be knocking on my door unless there's some kind of emergency. I have no idea why someone would come to me in an emergency, but my curiosity and fear that something is wrong has me ripping open the door without even looking out the peep hole to find out who it is.

Tucker is there staring at me, his blue eyes cold, before he pushes inside my place and growls, "It was you. I knew there was something going on with you when I met you today. I fucking knew it."

"Knew what?" My voice is hoarse so I clear my throat and shake my head, desperately trying to understand what this man is doing in my space and why he thinks he could barge in. "What are you talking about? Why are you here?"

His blonde hair, no longer covered by the beanie he had on earlier, is sticking up like he was running his fingers through it in agitation. Even though they're cold, his eyes also have a wild, feral quality to them as he looks around. He'll be

disappointed since there's not much to see when it comes to my apartment.

I'm not sure he's even talking to me when he mutters, "Unless you have a man and he's here. That would explain it."

I huff and turn toward the kitchenette to grab some water and throw over my shoulder, without thinking, "I don't have a man. I don't know who you're looking for, but you can see yourself out."

Before I can open the cabinet for a cup, I'm pressed up against the counter by Tucker's large body. I can feel every hard angle of him as he presses firmly against my back. There's something dark and dangerous in the way he buries his face in my neck, something that has my entire body teetering between turned on and flight.

It's a heady combination and I have no clue as to which way I'm going to fall. I try not to pant as he nips at the place where my neck and shoulder meet, and my knees go weak.

"Please tell me it's not you, Temptress," his voice is pained and makes my heart ache even though I have no idea why.

I whisper, "Not me who?"

"Not the hacker who has been stealing from my club," he grunts, and my body goes rigid. "Fuck," he bites out, "it is you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," my voice is so fucking shaky that I don't even believe my bullshit.

"You have no idea what you've done, Robyn, and who you've stolen from. You shouldn't have done it." He pulls away from my back and I instantly, and stupidly, miss his warmth. His hands are firm when he spins me around and looks down at me, his eyes intense as they bore into mine. "Why? Tell me why. I know it was you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," the words sound a little stronger this time around, but they're still far from believable.

“Don’t lie to me,” he growls and then I’m up and hanging over his shoulder.

I yelp, “Put me down. Are you fucking insane? You’ll throw your damn back out and then I’ll have to try and drag you out of here.”

When his hand lands on my ass, I’m reminded I only have on a long sleep shirt and panties. I clamp my mouth shut while I make a wish to disappear on the second star from the right, because that’s the special one, right?

Tucker manhandles me until he’s sitting on my couch and I’m straddling his lap. His lap that contains his very obvious dick. His hard dick. I should not grind myself down on said hard dick.

I mean, it would not be the right move.

I’m clearly already in enough trouble as it is. Even though it’s very tempting because the bulge underneath me, positioned right underneath my very interested pussy, feels impressive as hell.

But it would be wrong.

Tucker looks into my eyes and studies me, the air between us becoming thick with something I don’t even want to examine. There is just enough light for me to see most of him, but parts are still in shadow. Up close it’s clear he’s probably a few years older than me, mid-thirties if I had to guess. His jaw looks so strong, chiseled, and I thread my fingers together and put my combined hands on my lap to prevent myself from touching him.

Touching him would be dangerous right now.

“First, let’s get one thing out of the way,” I arch an eyebrow to prompt him to keep going since I don’t trust my voice, “you’re not too heavy for me to put over my shoulder or pick up anytime, anywhere. You should get used to it because I’m going to be doing it often.”

My mouth falls open as I stare at him and the corner of his lip twitches in response. “I,” I scrunch my face up and shake my head, “what?”

“You heard me,” he states before the little smidge of amusement I saw on his face disappears and his whole demeanor hardens. “You’re the hacker,” he doesn’t phrase it like a question and how sure he is along with the warning in his eyes to not lie has me nodding slowly. “You stole from my club.”

“The Devil’s Saints MC,” I whisper, and his eyes bore into mine as he nods. “I’m not sorry,” my voice is barely audible, but I know he hears me from the way his breathing deepens and his jaw clenches.

“You should be. You have no idea who you stole from and what that money was going to do,” there’s a note of condescension in his voice that has me narrowing my eyes.

I try and stand up, but Tucker’s hands come down on my hips and hold me in place. “Don’t speak to me like I don’t know where that money was going to go and the kind of men you and your club,” I spit the word like it’s foul, because it is, “are involved with. The money was probably going to buy more women or at least hide them from those looking for them while ruining more lives in the process.”

Tucker blinks at me, something crossing across his features I can’t place before he throws his head back and laughs. If this were any other situation, I would find the sound beautiful, but all things considered, it might as well be nails on a chalkboard to me. I start to struggle against his hold while hitting his hard as a fucking rock chest and not making any progress.

When he finally gets himself under control, and I’m still perched on his lap mind you, he wheezes, “You’ve got it all wrong, Temptress.”

“Don’t fucking patronize me,” I hiss the words and it seems to sober Tucker up immediately.

“You have it very wrong. We do not hurt women or work with anyone who is involved in the skin trade.” His face twists up in disgust. “There is no fucking way we would help scum like that. Especially not after what happened to my brother’s sister,” his voice goes soft and is filled with pain.

My heart sinks, my own pain recognizing his and, even though I'm not sure I want to know the answer, I force myself to ask, "What happened?"

"She was taken, stolen," his voice cracks. He closes his eyes briefly before opening them again and meeting my gaze. "The club went after her and we found her along with a lot of other victims. We rescued them all but finding her took a few days."

"Oh no," I murmur, my hands gripping his shirt as pain rips through me.

He nods slowly before his hands pull me a little closer, our bodies molding together and his forehead coming down on mine. "She couldn't take the memories of her trauma. Monk found her after she committed suicide."

Quiet surrounds us while my pain reaches out to meet and twine with his. I don't even realize I'm crying until Tucker pulls back enough to tilt my head up while his thumbs wipe my cheeks. The way he searches my eyes is too much. He'll see too much.

"You lost someone too," his voice is a gentle, coaxing rasp.

"My best friend, Kyla. She was like a sister to me. I was supposed to go to the concert with her, but I was sick. I," I look away from him, but he doesn't let me get far and grips my chin to turn me back toward him. I take a deep breath and let it out slowly, not wanting to be lost to the past more than I already am. "I never saw her again."

"It wasn't your fault," he whispers and how he knows why guilt eats me alive from the inside out, rotting me slowly, is a mystery I don't want to examine.

"I got her the tickets for her 18th birthday and then I didn't go with her," I try and insist, but it sounds more like a plea to prove me wrong.

"What did you do with the money you took?"

His blue eyes are full of curiosity even though I know there should be anger there, deep anger and the need for retribution. Why isn't it there? What is going on?

“I gave it to people who need it. Organizations who help find traffickers and put them behind bars and help people who have been victimized either in trafficking rings or abusive situations.”

He lets out a long sigh before tipping his head back and looking at the ceiling like he’s searching for strength. “We would have done the same with it, but,” his head comes back down as he looks at me, “you shouldn’t have stolen from the DSMC. We’re not the bad guys. We work against those using the port to try and smuggle people out and ruin lives.”

I narrow my eyes and I grit out, “You’re working with the Volkov Bratva.”

“Fucking hell,” he mutters under his breath. “You have just enough information to be dangerous, but not enough to be effective when it comes to my club.”

“I’m good at what I do,” I insist, “and I do my research.”

He nods slowly, “You did, and you only found what I wanted you to find. The Volkov’s took power from the Morozov family, and those fuckers were bad news. We had been fighting against them for years, but the Volkov’s are on our side.”

The way he says ‘our side’ has warmth filling my chest in a way I don’t understand. I’m not sure I want to.

“What do you mean what you wanted me to find?”

Tucker smirks at me, “I’m not so bad in front of a computer either, Temptress. Sometimes you have to appear to be different than you are.” His blue eyes darken as he looks me over. “I’m sure you know something about that.”

Feeling out of my depth and more confused than I’ve ever been, I don’t know what to do or what to think. Tonight is not going how I thought it would at all.

Does this mean I don’t have to pack up and leave tomorrow?

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 6

FRIAR

I know I should be pissed, and I have no idea how I'm going to explain the situation to my brothers, and not just the ones who came with me to Mistletoe Creek, other than to tell them the truth. I should probably be most concerned about how Spark is going to react, but it's Clutch who worries me the most. Every theft has felt like a personal affront to him because of his position.

Once he meets Robyn and hears her story though? And finds out what she did with the money? I hope my brother will be able to find a way to let it go.

Because there's no way I'll be able to let go of my woman, which is exactly what Robyn is. I knew the moment I looked into her eyes after she spilled her coffee all down my front, even though I knew there had to be more to the story. Now, knowing she's the one who was making my job so hard, I'll give her my ring, my last name, and plant my babies deep inside of her and never look back.

Without a single regret.

It's like she's written on my soul in code only the two of us understand. I'm desperate to ask her questions about her skills and how she kept me on my toes for so long, but it's getting more difficult to concentrate on anything other than the heat coming from her pussy the longer she's perched on my lap.

"How do I know what you're telling me is the truth?" There's a hesitance in her voice that guts me.

"I'm more than willing to give you my laptop. You can look through my files and be able to backtrack everything I've altered about us. You'll also be able to look through our accounts and see who we give money to," my voice is casual even as she blinks at me like she can't comprehend the words coming from my lips.

Her mouth opens and closes as her eyebrows furrow together in the most adorable way. “I don’t understand,” she sounds genuinely befuddled. “Why would you let me have that kind of access?”

“Because I want you to trust me, Robyn,” I admit earnestly. I can see the questions swimming in her brown eyes. “I know it doesn’t make a lot of sense, but I’ve heard and seen this go down with my brothers, both in Seattle and New Orleans. I’m not saying we’re men who are always above reproach or who always follow the law, but we know what we want. We know the woman who is the other half of our soul when we meet them.”

Her voice is barely there, just a snowflake floating in its beauty, “The other half of your soul?”

“You.” I almost groan when she licks her lips and shifts nervously on my lap. “I knew it the moment you ran into me. I barely even realized I was covered in hot liquid because I was experiencing something so much more important when I met you.”

“That was only a few hours ago,” she snaps, an edge of hysteria filling her words. “There is no way.” She shakes her head rapidly like she’s trying to dislodge my words from her memory. “Nope. No way.”

I grip the hair at the base of her neck, finding it’s just as silky as I thought it would be, and slam my mouth down on hers. I don’t wait, plunging my tongue between her lips, tasting and exploring her because kissing her is like nothing I’ve ever experienced before.

I’ve never been into kissing, but this feels like coming home and sitting in front of a cozy fire with a drink in your hand. It also makes me want more. Robyn melts against me and her fingers curl into my shirt. Her hips start to rock against my cock which is begging to be let out so I can sink balls deep into my woman and claim her.

“Tucker,” she moans against my lips, and I pull back from her, but not before pecking her lips again because I can’t get enough. I watch her half-lidded eyes focus on me, but the fog

of lust and desire there makes me want to push her down onto the couch and make her scream my name. “You’ve lost your mind,” she murmurs dreamily.

I smirk. “Nope. There have been a few times in my life when I have been sure I was on the right path. When I joined the Devil’s Saints, when we started working to bring down trafficking rings, and right now with your hot little pussy teasing my cock and your lips swollen with my kisses.”

Her hand flies up to her mouth and she presses her fingers against them like it’ll make it less obvious that she’s been thoroughly ravaged by me. It won’t. Nothing will, she’s mine and I’m going to make sure she, and everyone else, knows it.

“We don’t know each other. I stole from your club,” she points out like either of those things will make a fucking difference.

I shrug one shoulder, my voice just as casual, “Neither of those things matter, Temptress. We have our entire lives to get to know each other and you did good with the money.” I wink at her. “And, considering your skills, I won’t mind it at all when you work with me.”

“Work with you?” She pulls back from me so quickly that she almost tumbles backward off my lap, but I grab her and pull her against my chest. My heart is pounding with the thought of her getting hurt because I wasn’t holding her tight enough. “Woah,” she murmurs as she pats my shoulder, “I’m okay. I didn’t fall.”

“You could have,” my voice is petulant, but I can’t find it in me to care. I clear my throat and reassure myself that she’s right where she’s supposed to be. “Yes, work with me. I’m in charge of all things IT when it comes to the club, and you would be an amazing asset.”

“I’d be an amazing asset to the club,” she deadpans. When I don’t say anything, her hands drop to her sides and the light inside of her dims. “That’s what this is about.”

I hiss, “Whatever you’re thinking in your gorgeous head, you better get it out of there right fucking now.”

“I stole from the club so now I owe the club,” she shrugs like she didn’t just say the most fucked up shit I’ve ever heard.

I stand up quickly, making my woman yelp and wrap her arms around my neck, which feels nicer than it probably should, and then stride through her small apartment and into her bedroom. I drop her on the bed and then bend to untie my boots enough to toe them off and kick them away from me.

“Tucker,” she protests as she sits up and pushes her hair out of her face. She watches me rip the henley I put on after the coffee incident and her eyes roam over my chest with obvious appreciation. When my hands drop to the button fly of my jeans she gasps, “What are you doing?”

“I’m showing my woman that my need for you to be with me, and for us to work side by side has nothing, not a fucking thing, to do with the club,” I grit out through my teeth as I stare at where her sleep shirt has ridden up her thighs. They’re calling for me to lick, bite and rub the stubble on my jaw across them. “I’m claiming you, Robyn,” I look right into her eyes as I make my intentions very well known. “You’re my old lady. Mine to protect. To love. To make happy and to build a family with.”

The stunned look on her face has me wanting to beat my chest and laugh, it’s an odd feeling, but I’m going to roll with it. When I drop my jeans to the floor, my cock springs free and hits my abs, pre-cum leaking from the tip.

“Holy shit, you were going commando this whole time?”

I smirk at my woman and close the distance between us. I reach down and pull her shirt up and off, groaning as I look down at my woman’s luscious body. She licks her lips, her eyes filled with a wariness I’m going to fuck right out of her.

I keep moving and use my body to push her back onto the bed until I’m hovering above her. “Robyn, you’re mine,” I murmur against her lips before I kiss her hard.

Her arms wrap around my neck and her fingers dive into my hair as her legs wrap around my waist. The only thing stopping me from sinking into her tight heat are the panties she

has on. She starts to rock her hips against mine, using me to give her the friction she needs. I'm more than happy to be used by her.

"Tucker," she moans, her back arching and pressing her tits against my chest. I kiss across her jaw and down her neck, tasting her and nipping at her skin. "You live in Seattle," her voice is breathy and a little worried. "How will this work?"

I pull back enough to look down at my woman, her eyes hazy even as she tries to focus. I brace my weight on my arm near her head and use my free hand to run over her skin. "Do you have anything holding you here?"

She shakes her head and I find myself grinning as I cup one of her tits. She moans and I give her a squeeze, loving the way she reacts to me. I kiss across her clavicle and down her chest until I suck her nipple into my mouth. The sounds of pleasure coming from her has me rocking my hips against her, wishing I had ripped her panties off already.

"You'll love Seattle," I tell her after I pop off her nipple and make my way over to the other one. Before I get there, I bury my face between her tits because I simply can't help myself. My words are muffled against her skin, "We'll come back every Christmas if you want to."

She giggles and tries to push me away and I let her, sitting back on my heels and looking down at her. She's so fucking beautiful and my breath hitches. Her black hair is fanned out across the pillows making her look wild.

"You want me to just go with you to Seattle?"

I pull her panties down her legs, growling when she's naked in front of me. "I need you with me. You'll be able to help a lot of people there, Temptress." I cover her with my body again and kiss her softly. "We can talk about it later, right now I need to be inside you."

I watch her face and see the moment she gives into me, gives into us. I've never seen a more wonderful sight.

"Fuck, yes." She clings to me, her nails digging into my shoulders. "Please," she begs, "I need you."

I nip at her lower lip, my cock throbbing as I swallow down her moans. When I pull back from her, I stare into her eyes and feel the tension building between us, connecting us, binding us. With a grip on the base of my cock, I position myself at her entrance and slowly start to glide inside.

“Tucker,” my name on her lips has me punching my hips forward and burying myself all the way until my balls are pressing against her ass.

“Fuck,” I bite out, trying not to fill her with my cum right away. “You feel so damn good. So tight. So wet.”

“Move. Tucker. I need you to move,” her words are panted.

As I pull back, the walls of her pussy grip my length and I swear her body is begging me to never leave her. When I thrust forward, I do it quickly and with more force. The sound of her gasping has my entire body tingling.

“So big,” she groans. “So big.”

As I set a rhythm, she starts to move with me, her hips meeting mine as a primal urge to fill her with my cum starts to take over. I know I should have asked, but I need to take her bare. I’m clean and I’d never put her in danger, but I have no idea if she’s on birth control.

That should freak me the fuck out, but the thought of my Temptress being round with my child has me fucking her faster and harder. Our mouths meet and her body molds to mine. She’s soft where I’m hard, but we fit together perfectly.

“So fucking wet for me,” I growl.

“More, Tucker,” she begs, and I give her exactly what she wants and needs.

She’s not the first woman I’ve known a short time and taken to bed, but she’s going to be the last. I’ll be the last man she’s with as well. Because we belong to each other and that’s just how it is. Now I know why I haven’t been interested in what the angels have been offering—I was waiting for her.

“You’re mine,” I grunt as the walls of my woman’s pussy start to ripple around my shaft. “Give it to me,” I command.

Robyn lets out a scream of pleasure as she comes. So fucking beautiful.

“Fuck, yes, Temptress,” I breathe out, “milk me.”

There’s no way I can hold off from coming. I’ve wanted her from the moment I saw her and being inside of her feels too damn good. I push myself as deep inside of her as I can, reveling in every jet of my cum that paints her walls.

We’re panting as I roll us, loving the way her body drapes over mine. When she kisses my chest, my heart flutters and a sense of rightness settles around me.

Her voice is small, “You’re not mad?”

“Mad about what, Temptress?” I kiss the top of her head as I start to run my fingers through her hair. “Damn, you feel perfect against me.”

I can feel her lips curve into a smile against my chest. “About the money I took,” she whispers.

“One thing you’ll learn quickly about the Devil’s Saints is that loyalty is something we cherish. You found a way to be loyal to your friend, even though you carry around so much guilt about what happened to her that I can see the weight of it on your shoulders.” Slowly, Robyn’s head comes up, her brown eyes glassy with tears as she looks at me. “I admire the fuck out of you for being loyal to your friend. You’ll make the perfect old lady.” I kiss her forehead. “My perfect old lady.”

“We’ll see,” she murmurs while yawning before burrowing into my chest.

Once she’s asleep I slip out from underneath her and get her cleaned up. After I shoot my brothers a text to let them know where I am and check Robyn’s place to make sure it’s all locked up, I slip back in bed with her. The way she seeks me out, even when she’s asleep, has me grinning as I fall asleep with her pressed against me.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 7

ROBYN

After pulling my sleep shirt back on, since I woke up very naked and very alone in bed, I stumble out of my bedroom. I figure Tucker slipped out of my bed at some point and I'm alone in my apartment. It's one way to avoid the awkward morning after problem, even if it makes my heart ache.

My eyes are mostly closed as I make my way into the bathroom. I am not a morning person and whenever the morning is involved there should be coffee very close by. I mean, really, coffee is life.

So much happened last night and I'm not sure any of it was real. Did Tucker really show up at my door? Did he figure out who I was and what I did?

Did he really fucking tell me I'm his and will be going to Seattle with him? Not just with him, but to be with him? Was there really talk about me being his old lady?

The lingering scent of him in my space and the slight soreness of my pussy are the only things I can point to which tell me it really did happen. It wasn't all some sleep deprivation induced delusion. Wouldn't that just be the kicker here if my fantasies, and there is a lot to fantasize about when it comes to Tucker, became so real I couldn't tell if they were simply fantasies?

That's definitely not what I need in my life right now.

I'm only a teeny tiny bit more awake when I make my way out of the bathroom and freeze. Why do I freeze? Because there are four large men in my living room which is hardly size appropriate for the men taking up the space. How is there even any air left in the room with how much they must be sucking down?

"Wh-what is going on?" My eyes travel over the men in my home, but my brain is not processing them very well. It's not

until my eyes lock with Tucker's that it feels like I can breathe. I hold his gaze as I ask him, "Who are these people and why are they in my living room?"

Tucker closes the distance between us which, considering how small my place is, only takes a few steps. "Tempress," he growls, "you're not wearing nearly enough clothes in front of my brothers."

I grip the hem of my sleep shirt, which does fall past my ass and covers all the important things, and try to tug it down a little farther as I squeak, "Your brothers?"

He kisses my forehead before turning me back toward my bedroom. "Go put some clothes on," he orders while slapping my ass.

I look over my shoulder at him and glare because the man who is telling me to put clothes on is only wearing his jeans. He looks hot as hell, but it's kind of rich that he's telling me to get dressed.

Just as I close the door to my room, I hear one of the other men tease Tucker, "I can see why you're all twisted up now, Friar."

"You have no fucking idea," Tucker's voice carries before it hardens, "and don't fucking look at my woman."

His words should not feel as good as they do. I rush through pulling on a pair of leggings and an oversized sweater. I pull my hair up into a messy bun on top of my head and tug on some fuzzy socks because comfort is fucking key here people.

When I get back out to the living room, the giants are still there and everyone, including Tucker, is looking me over before one of the men steps toward me. He's the biggest of the four with slicked back hair and tattoos peeking up over the neckline of his shirt on one side of his neck. Where he's pushed up his sleeves, there are more tattoos on display.

He definitely has more ink than Tucker who has a few on his ribcage and the upper part of one arm. The tattoos are

yummy on both men. I shake my head to try and rid myself of my thoughts. Now is not the time.

“So,” he drawls, “you’re the woman who has my brother’s panties all in a twist after giving him the runaround for months.”

“Uh,” I shift from one foot to the other, my fingers twisting together. “Sorry?” I offer the word up with my eyebrows scrunched together, not sure if I am sorry for what I did. I might have been working with altered information which led me to believe the DSMC were the bad guys, but that’s not entirely my fault.

The man holds his hand out to me, and my manners take over which means my hand is in his before I even realize it. He brings my hand to his lips and kisses my knuckles like a fucking gentleman, which is at odds with the man’s appearance. Tucker growls and pulls me away from the man before tucking me into his side.

“I’m Crucify, babe. Enforcer for the club,” the behemoth of a man informs me.

His grin is easy and when he winks at me, it’s not hard to imagine he’s the type of man that women fawn over before stripping and offering themselves up to him as tribute. Still, there’s an air around him that has a primal part of my brain screaming ‘danger, danger’.

He does nothing for my libido though. Tucker must have broken me.

“Hi, I’m Robyn,” my voice is a little unsure and I feel my cheeks heating as he continues to stare at me.

Somehow, his smile gets even wider before he looks at my man...I mean, Tucker, or Friar, or whatever. “You’re fucked, Friar.”

“Wouldn’t have it any other way,” Tucker’s voice is serious as he kisses the top of my head. “Temptress,” I look up at him and he points at the other men in the room, “that’s Brimstone and Chains.”

I give the dorkiest wave I've probably ever given and instantly wish I could disappear. Where is Santa to the rescue when you need him? Or at least an elf. Just send Rudolf to swoop in.

The men filling up the space in my apartment, space I definitely don't have to spare, chuckle as Tucker kisses my temple. This doesn't make a whole lot of sense. Shouldn't they be mad at me too?

My confusion and a little bit of fear must show on my face because Brimstone's face softens. He's a little more weathered than the other three men, definitely the oldest of the group, and has a gnarly scar near his eyebrow. Even with the understanding I see in his eyes, I brace myself.

His voice is surprisingly gentle, "Friar filled us in on why you stole from the club and what you did with the money." He shrugs like my actions are no big deal, which has my eyebrows pulling together. "I guess you kind of saved us a little work since most of that money would have gone to the cause anyway."

"I'm not really sure what I say to that," I admit quietly.

Tucker gives my waist a squeeze, the strength of him grounding me and giving me a sense of reassurance I'm not sure I've earned. "You don't have to say anything, Robyn. We understand why you did what you did. You didn't have all the facts. I'm kind of glad you stole from us."

My body jolts with his words and I almost screech, "What?"

All four men chuckle, and they look at me like I'm an adorable little kitten. It's both endearing and annoying. "If you didn't steal from us, it might have been actual bad guys tracking you down," Tucker explains. He shares a look with his brothers and amends his words, "Not that we're always totally on the up and up. We do bad things to bad people."

I nod slowly, my brain trying to process since I still haven't had the coffee that I need to have this conversation or be around this many people. I pull away from him and start to

head toward the kitchen, mumbling, "I'm pretty sure I need my big mug of coffee this morning. You're not the only people I was skimming from, anyway," I add absently.

I just get the button pushed on the coffee maker when I'm spun around by my shoulders and look up into Tucker's intense blue eyes. His voice is gruff, "What do you mean we weren't the only people you were skimming from?"

I blink up at him, surprised by the way he's focused on me right now. I can tell he's serious, but my body is reacting to him in a way that is not at all appropriate when I notice his club brothers have squeezed into my kitchenette as well. Their eyes are just as focused and filled with various amounts of worry.

"I mean just what I said," I speak slowly.

Tucker scrubs his hand down his face and bites out, "Fuck."

"Babe," Crucify gets my attention and Tucker glares at him, maybe because of his pet name for me, but I'm not sure because I still haven't had any coffee yet, "who else?"

I fiddle with my fingers and glance at the men surrounding me. I'm not afraid of them, surprisingly enough, and the realization has me relaxing. "I change it up pretty often. There are a lot of bad people out there with way too much money. It buys them access to resources and keeps them safe from the consequences of ruining so many lives. I've skimmed from other clubs, a few street gangs here and there, and low-level cartels."

Brimstone's head falls back on his shoulders, and he mutters, "It's going to take a Christmas miracle to keep your woman safe, Friar." When his head falls forward again, he's looking at Tucker. "What are the odds that if we were able to find her then someone else will too?"

My body goes rigid, and I let out a huff of indignation. "I'm damn good at what I do," I remind him. I wave a hand in Tucker's direction, "How long was he chasing his tail for?"

"That's the point, Temptress." Tucker's hands smooth over my shoulders and my traitorous body relaxes. Damn it. "I

didn't have shit until you fucked up and didn't hide your trail as thoroughly as you normally do."

My heart sinks and I start to nibble on my lip. It must have been the night I was lost in my memories of Kyla. I'm usually very careful, but that night is a big blur. Even now I'm not entirely sure what I did and didn't do. I don't normally let the past into the present when I'm working, but I was powerless that night.

Tucker pulls me into his chest as my breathing picks up and it feels like I'm right on the edge of panic. "It's okay. I've got you. I'm not going to let anything happen to you and it's not just me at your back anymore," he soothes me.

"You have the entire Devil's Saints at your back," Chains speaks for the first time, and I turn my head against Tucker's chest enough to peek at him. He smiles at me, encouraging me, begging me to give them just a little trust. "I was patched in not long ago after being a prospect. I can tell you my brothers are loyal even beyond death and we protect our own because we're family."

"But I stole from you," I wince as I remind him. "I'm not part of your family."

Chains smirks and waves a hand in Tucker's direction. "You're his woman. He might not have done it in church yet, but he's let us know that he's claiming you. That makes you family."

Since my brain is going a million miles a minute, the only thing I'm able to latch onto and verbalize is, "Church?"

"It's what we call our club meetings," Tucker's voice rumbles against the side of my face. He drops his face into the crook of my neck and whispers, "He's right though. You're mine."

In the light of day, with his brothers surrounding me and my crimes pulled out to be examined, I'm finding it more difficult to believe him. My heart wants to, desperately. I haven't belonged anywhere or with anyone for such a long time and I'm tired of running. It's exhausting.

Mistletoe Creek is the closest I've come to settling in a place where I thought it would be safe and I could find acceptance, but I still kept myself a little apart from everyone. I don't say anything as I give Tucker a squeeze before turning around and making my coffee.

I don't know if he can read what I need or if he's annoyed at me, but Tucker gives me some space. I listen to the guys chat, joke, and give each other shit as I sip my coffee and try to make sense of how much has changed in such a short amount of time.

A lot of my questions won't be answered with anything other than time to see how it all plays out, but that doesn't mean they aren't swirling around in my head. Can I trust these men? Is Tucker sincere when he says I'm his? Do I want to be?

Okay, that last question is easy to answer. Of course I want to be his. He's gorgeous and his touch makes me feel alive in a way I've never experienced before. I've spent so long looking over my shoulder, but Tucker makes me feel safe, even if I'm not sure I can trust it.

By the time Tucker pulls me out of my apartment, asking me to show him around town, I feel a little bit better. I'm not any closer to knowing what is going to happen, but there's a tendrill of excitement about finding out. The guys all go their separate ways, giving me chin lifts as they do.

Except for Crucify who kisses the back of my hand again which makes Tucker push him away from me. When I laugh at their ridiculousness, Tucker crowds against my body, buries his fingers in my hair and kisses me until I forget everything but him. By the time we come up for air, Crucify is long gone and I need more coffee.

As we step into Mistletoe Café, I almost groan because Fern, Fawn, and Merry are there holding court at a table. It's not that I don't want to see them, but with my big, bulky shadow attached to my hip, I know they're going to ask questions. The way their eyes light up when they see me and then look at Tucker, tells me just how right I am.

I make my way over to them, Tucker staying in step with me, until we're standing at the edge of their table. I can see the appreciation in their eyes as they look over the man hovering just a little bit behind me. This is going to be embarrassing.

In the attempt to head them off, I chirp, "Hi, ladies." I quickly introduce the troublesome trio to Tucker and him to them because of those damn manners acting up again. They practically swoon when he wraps his arm around my waist possessively. I try and deflect by taking the focus off me, "Wasn't the lantern festival beautiful last night?"

"It was," Merry agrees absently, her eyes still on Tucker.

There's a mischievous glint in Fern's eyes before she asks, "Does this mean we don't need to figure out who to set you up with, dear?"

"You'll be setting my woman up with someone over my dead body," Tucker growls.

All three women, who really do view themselves as fairy godmothers whether they've earned it or not, now really do swoon, complete with hands over their hearts and dreamy sighs. I'm pretty sure Fawn's eyes become heart shaped.

I would roll my eyes if it wasn't endearing as hell. I'm going to miss this place when I leave.

Wait. Am I leaving? Is that what I want?

I watch out of the corner of my eye as Tucker chats with the women, charming them easily, and realize how much I want to give into everything he's offering. I just don't know if I should.

I guess time will tell.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 8

FRIAR

It's been a few days since I woke up with my woman in my arms for the first time and had to slip out of her bed to tell my brothers I found the hacker and there had been a major change in plans. I still fully intend to take Robyn back to Seattle with me, but not because the club is owed some answers.

I have all the answers I need and I'm claiming her as mine.

That's all there is to it.

I've spent the last few days with Robyn, exploring the town and getting to know her. I knew she was mine the moment I saw her, but everything I learn about her only makes me fall harder. I get why Bronco and Penance follow their women around like lost puppies now.

I just want to soak up every second with her. I want to understand her and be able to anticipate her needs and her emotions. It's not something I ever expected to be feeling, but I'm not going to fight against it.

Why would I? Building a life with Robyn is inevitable and it's a life I'm looking forward to with every fiber of my being.

Not only is she beautiful and witty, but she's smart and sexy. She has so much to offer and the only doubt I have is if I'm good enough for her. The thing is, I'm selfish enough to not give a fuck because I'll work at being worthy of her time, attention, and love every day for the rest of my life.

When we talked about her past, she shared her pain with me, and I could feel it like a physical thing. I opened up to her in ways I haven't in years. Because I know she'll never use my past or the pain of that experience against me. She didn't look at me with pity in her eyes, only compassion.

It was a relief because pity is not something I want her to ever feel for me. The look of pride on her face as I told her about what I do for the club, going more in depth about the

trafficking we help to take down, made me feel proud of myself.

I'm sure no one thought I would grow into the man I am today when I was a foster kid who was angry at the world. But here I am.

I lean away from Robyn's small two-person table after eating the dinner we cooked together and feel content. We kept bumping into each other and barely scooting past each other while we were working. With anyone else it would have been annoying. Not with her. I kept finding ways to touch her and be close to her even though it was hard not to be that close in the small space.

I don't think I've ever had so much fun cooking with someone.

At the clubhouse, most of the brothers are more than willing to cook for themselves or let the angels and old ladies have at the kitchen when they feel like it. Cooking with Robyn while chatting and laughing was something I've never experienced before.

I could picture our future together, one with family dinners and memories made around the dinner table, so clearly. It's not the first time since I got to the bottom of who she is and why she stole from the club that I could see the future with Robyn like it was just a matter of time before it became a reality. It's one of the reasons I've started to look for houses in Seattle for us.

I won't choose one without her, but there's also no way in hell I'll be asking my woman to live at the clubhouse with me indefinitely.

I kind of envy the compound the New Orleans chapter has because they have enough room to build houses there, where it's safe, and be close to the club while also having space. We don't have the same kind of setup in Seattle, which never bothered me before.

"Dinner was delicious, Temptress," I praise her and watch my woman's cheeks pink slightly.

“I’m glad,” she whispers and stands up to clean up, but I grab her wrist, scoot my chair back, and pull her down into my lap. She lets out the cutest fucking yelp of surprise when I do.

“What are you doing?” She nibbles on her bottom lip as she looks at me. “I need to clean up.”

I shake my head slowly before kissing her lips softly, hoping she can feel just how far she’s burrowed into my heart and soul in a matter of days. I’m not sure how I’m going to convince her, really convince her, to go back to Seattle with me, but I know there’s no other option but to make it happen. I won’t be able to live without her.

I press my forehead against hers. “I want you to know something really important, Robyn.” She swallows hard and nods slightly. “If you really don’t want to leave then I’ll move here.”

She jerks back, her eyes wide and a little wild. “You can’t be serious. Everything you love is in Seattle. Your club. Your family.”

I shrug and bury my fingers in the hair at the nape of her neck. My voice is earnest, “None of that matters without you. Nothing is more important than you.”

Her mouth opens and closes a few times, but when no words come out, she simply presses her lips against mine and I feel it. She feels the same way I do, but she’s scared. I can understand why, and I can wait. It might kill me, but if she needs my patience then she has it.

I’ll always give her what she needs.

When her tongue swipes along my bottom lip, my control snaps and I delve my tongue into her mouth to play with hers. She whimpers into my mouth as her body melts against mine, giving herself over to me. It’s the sweetest gift she could give me and I’m going to make sure she knows just how much I cherish it.

I stand suddenly, our mouths still fused together. When she pulls back, her chest is heaving as she looks up at me with confusion in her eyes. “What are you doing?”

I make my way into her room, pushing the door open with my shoulder while winking at her. "I'm going to have my dessert."

"Holy shit," she breathes out as I lay her down on the bed.

After we spent the day in Mistletoe Creek, she put on a cute pair of sleep shorts and an oversized tank top that has been driving me to distraction by giving me glimpses of her skin. Fuck, I could barely keep my hands off her while she cooked and as we were eating.

My cock has been hard and ready to be inside of her for far too long. This isn't going to be about me though, I remind myself and my cock as I strip off my shirt, sink to my knees, and pull her shorts and panties down her legs. I eat up the sight of every inch of her laid out in front of me.

"Fucking love your curves, Temptress," I growl, tugging on her hips until she's perched on the edge of the bed. Her legs fall open, giving me a perfect view of her pretty pussy. "A goddess," I breathe, and she shudders as my words wash over her skin.

I start by kissing and nipping up the inside of her thigh, the stubble on my jaw rubbing against her skin and making it pink. The sight of my mark on her makes me want to roar and bury myself inside of her, but I hold myself in check.

When I almost get to her pussy lips, I switch to her other knee and make the trip up her body again. Her fingers twist in the bedding next to her hips as she arches her back and tries to get me where she wants me. I chuckle under my breath and look up to find her watching me, her dark brown eyes glazed over with lust and need.

"Please," she keens, her voice husky with need.

"Can't deny you anything, Temptress," I admit before I swipe my tongue between her pussy lips and groan at how fucking good she tastes.

Having her on my tongue makes it impossible to go slow. I dive between her thighs and devour her, lapping and collecting all her arousal. She squirms underneath me and I grip her hips

to hold her in place. I grunt against her entrance as I use my tongue to fuck her, making her even wetter for me.

“Fuck,” I growl, “never gonna get enough of you.”

When I move toward her clit and circle it with my tongue, her hips jolt in my hands and I can't help but smile. Her hands dive into my hair to hold me in place, and I suck her clit into my mouth.

“Oh fuck,” the word becomes a long, low moan, “Tucker. Just like that. I'm so close.”

I toy with her clit, rolling it against my tongue as I suck. The tension in her body grows and coils, wrapping around me and making me feel feral. I know she's close. I can feel it almost like I can feel my own orgasm.

I hope it's always like this.

When I nip at her clit, her back arches and her fingers tighten in my hair. It's right on the edge of painful, but I don't give a flying fuck. She could rip clumps of hair from my head, it would be worth it to watch her come as beautifully as she is right now.

Her body is shaking as her limbs start to relax and my movements are jerky as I pull from her grip and stand up to finish getting undressed. Her eyes stay closed until I'm pushing my jeans down off my hips and over my thighs. I kick them behind me and wrap my arms underneath my woman to move her into the middle of the bed.

It's not a big bed and I can't wait until I can get her back home because I'll have more room to play with my woman and my mattress is like a cloud. Still, her bed could be all lumps and springs sticking out and it wouldn't matter. I've gotten the best sleep of my life since she's been in my arms.

Hell, I had my brothers bring my bag to me the first morning I had them come to my woman's place because there was no way I was going to be far from her. Just no fucking way.

Her body is soft and warm as I cover her with mine. Her half-lidded eyes, filled with satisfaction from the orgasm I just

gave her, spark with need and I growl before I slam my mouth down on hers. I know she can taste herself on my lips, but she doesn't seem to mind. She wraps her arms around my neck and pulls more of my weight down on top of her.

Her leg wraps around my thigh, and she uses it to pull me closer to her. When my length slides between her soaked pussy lips, we both moan.

“Fuck,” I bark against her lips as I reach down to grip the base of my dick and line myself up at her entrance.

When I slide into her, it's a long, smooth glide. As much as I want to slam into her, I force myself to go slow. Gritting my teeth barely holds me in check and by the look in her eyes, she wants me to fuck her until she forgets her own name.

That's why she's my Temptress. She makes me forget myself and my good intentions to love her slow and sweet.

“Gonna show you how much you mean to me, Robyn,” I rasp.

“You can fuck me hard and still show me,” she whines slightly.

While I'm buried inside of her balls deep, I throw my head back and laugh. I've never felt this happy with a woman and never laughed during sex. I know why—it was never her.

I start moving slow, circling my hips when I'm filling her to rub her clit against my pelvis and she shudders at the contact. When she arches her neck, I kiss and suck on the skin there, wanting to leave my mark so everyone knows she belongs to me. Need it.

“You're mine,” my words ghost over her skin, and I feel her nod.

“Please, Tucker,” she mewls, and I feel a little bit of my control snap.

I start to move faster, keeping our bodies as connected as possible. The feel of her tits pressed against my chest is fucking heaven. Her skin against mine is shimmering magic that I crave.

Her pussy squeezes down on my shaft and I grit out, “Don’t push me, Temptress.”

The small, breathy laugh is the only warning I get before she does it again. I swear my eyes fucking cross at how good it feels. I start pumping harder, hitting the back of her channel, and making her gasp. Best fucking sound ever.

Her nails rake down my back and it only makes me go harder and faster. My grunts and moans meld with her pleas and groans. Our pleasure builds and I know we won’t be able to hold off much longer.

We chase it together, faster, harder, more and more. It’s everything. When we finally fall over the edge, our gazes are locked together, I can see beyond her fear and into forever.

“Mine,” I whisper and the way her eyes soften as my cum fills her and her pussy milks me is all the answer I need.

It’s all I’ll ever need.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 9

ROBYN

Breakfast with Santa is a Mistletoe Creek tradition and one I haven't missed since I moved here. It's really holiday blasphemy to miss it. Who wouldn't want to eat breakfast with the big guy two days before Christmas?

I always love how much love and holiday spirit surrounds everyone at the event. Then there are the kids who are practically beside themselves with excitement. I don't blame them. Magical things can already happen over pancakes and then you add Santa to the mix? It's practically guaranteed.

This year is a little different though because Tucker and his three club brothers are at breakfast with me and I'm on edge. Something is going on I don't know about. For the last few days Tucker has been acting strangely.

It's not like he's pulling away from me, but he's keeping something from me. Something that worries him and makes him hyper aware every time we've stepped outside of my apartment. I also haven't seen as much of Chains, Brimstone, and Crucify. It's not like we spent all day together or anything, but it's been markedly less the last few days. If I do see them, it's only one of them at a time and it's brief.

It's strange and my gut has been in knots since I noticed the change in the guy's behavior.

I try and push my worry away because there are a lot of things that haven't changed. Tucker is still mounting his campaign to get me to agree to move to Seattle with him. Like in a few days. He's still affectionate. He still gives me orgasms that have me seeing snowflakes dancing and Christmas lights twinkling in my vision.

Even though the guys have been keeping an eye out as we eat breakfast, they've kept the conversation light and teasing. It doesn't assuage my worry the way they probably want it too and it does nothing for my suspiciousness. Not a damn thing.

Do they think I'm daft?

When I see Fern, Fawn, and Merry coming our way, I plaster a bright smile on my face. They have mischief written all over their faces and I don't know if it's because they're going to embarrass me or the guys. If it's the guys, it'll be hilarious because these women might be up in years, but they don't take any shit. Watching them bring some bikers down to their knees might be fun.

Now, if it's me then I would rather not have that happen.

"Robyn," Fern chirps as they reach me. I smile at her, but she's not looking at me. None of them are. Fern has her gaze fixed on Tucker with a happy glint in her eyes while her best friends are eyeing the other three hulking men who look out of place at a Santa-centric event. "It's so good to see you," she adds absently.

"Good morning, Fern." I tease her, "Did you get a chance to tell Santa what is on your wish list this year?"

When her eyes meet mine, she winks before waving her hand dismissively. "No need. We already got what we wanted this year."

"Speak for yourself," Merry grumbles, her eyes fixed on Brimstone like he's a five-course meal and she is starving. "I should have asked for *him* to be under my tree wearing nothing, but a bow wrapped around his," she's cut off by Fawn elbowing her and hissing something under her breath.

Brimstone turns bright fucking red, and I can't help but burst out laughing. "I don't think Santa delivers men, Merry," I poke a little fun at her. "It would make the sleigh too heavy."

"Christmas magic," she breezes with a wave of her hand before licking her lips.

"My word," Fawn huffs before grabbing Merry and Fern and starts to drag them away. "Bye, Robyn," she calls out over her shoulder, "Merry Christmas."

The two women fight her hold, but then call out similar sentiments to me when they realize they aren't going to win. I

return it and then bite my lip as I look at Brimstone whose shoulders are curled in on himself like he's trying to be small.

"You could do a lot worse than Merry," I tell him with a straight face.

Brimstone's eyes soften when he looks at me in a way that reminds me of my dad, and a pang of longing hits me hard. "I'm sure that's true, but I have a feeling she might be too much for me," he says with a slight pout on his face.

We all laugh together before chatting as we finish up breakfast. The guys are still on alert, but some of the tension has been broken. I'm thankful for it, but I still want to know what the hell is going on.

After leaving breakfast and saying goodbye to the guys, I walk through my apartment door with Tucker right behind me. I can feel his eyes on my ass, but the whole sex on a candy cane thing he has going on is not going to deter me from getting answers.

The moment the door is closed behind him, I whirl around, my finger meeting his chest as I narrow my eyes. He throws his hands up in surrender, his voice wary, "What's up, Temptress?"

"Don't you 'Temptress' me," I snarl. "I want to know what is going on and why you and your brothers have been on edge for the last few days." He opens his mouth and before he says a fucking word, I know he's going to deny it. I shake my head and make a sound of disgust in the back of my throat. "Don't even try it. I have a right to know."

His hands shoot out and wrap around my hips. When he hauls me against his chest, the warmth of him instantly soothes some of my raw edges. Damn him. I do lock my knees and hold my back straight, barely stopping myself from melting into him.

When I don't relax against him, he sighs and kisses the top of my head. His voice is rough as he promises, "I'm going to always keep you safe, Robyn."

While I'm sure he means for those words to be placating, they only scare me more. The hair on the back of my neck stands up and I feel like I'm being watched, which doesn't make any sense because we're alone in my tiny apartment.

"Robyn," he sighs before he leads me over to my couch, sits, and then pulls me down onto his lap. His hands start to slide through the strands of my hair, and I almost forget that I'm on a mission. Almost.

"Tell me," I press, my voice soft and insistent, even though it wavers slightly.

"A few days ago, I got a call from Crucify as he was out riding around and keeping his eyes open. It's what they've spent most of the time here doing to make sure no one else has come into town to look for you." He gives me a pointed look and I glance away from him, guilt eating me up.

I'm not even sure why I feel guilty. Of course, I feel bad I stole money from the DSMC when they aren't the bad guys, but everyone else I skimmed from are bad. I don't doubt it at all. I don't love knowing the other guys are patrolling Mistletoe Creek and keeping it safe instead of enjoying a little vacation, but I'm grateful as hell they are.

"A few guys arrived one town over and have been coming in a little at a time to look around." When I look into his eyes, they bore into mine. As much as I want to get lost in the clear blue skies there, I know I can't. This is serious. "After doing a little research, we've found out that they're associated with the Castillo family out of Miami."

I stiffen, and he heaves a deep sigh. I know of the Castillo family. I can't exactly call them a cartel, but they are a crime family. They're small time, but they've been gaining resources in Miami lately. They aren't just dabbling in trafficking either. It's drugs and guns mostly, but the violence and destruction they've caused is serious.

"I fucked up," my voice is barely a whisper. Tucker starts to shake his head, but I'm insistent. "I did. I wasn't paying attention, the night you said you found me?" His eyes are full of concern for me as my eyes fill with tears. "I was thinking

about Kyla and wasn't focused on the task at hand. It's all just a blur. I couldn't tell you if I covered my tracks at all. I was hoping muscle memory would work in my favor, but I guess I was wrong."

"Temptress," Tucker's voice is firm as he grips my chin and tilts my head so I'm looking at him, "even though you were only half on the job, I still had to look deep to find you. The only way these assholes did is because they had someone working for them with the skill to find the very small breadcrumbs you left behind. You didn't fuck up. You're human and you were in pain."

I swallow hard, trying to soak up his words and believe them, but it's not easy. "You shouldn't be so nice to me," I whisper.

He makes a tsking sound and then kisses me slowly. It's so damn sweet that I feel tears start to track down over my cheeks. How is it possible this man fills up the cracks in the deepest parts of me so effortlessly?

"I can't not be nice to you, Robyn," he murmurs against my lips. "You're mine to treasure. Mine to hold. Mine to remind you that you have value, worth, and a place to call home when you're ready to grab ahold of it."

I know he's talking about Seattle, and I want it. So damn bad. I just don't know if it'll be as smooth as he thinks it'll be. The brothers here in Mistletoe Creek with him might not hold any animosity about what I did, but will that be the case for everyone? Will some of them hate me?

I don't want to be the reason he ever has to choose. Which is why I didn't jump all over it when he told me he would stay here. It wouldn't be right. He wouldn't be happy.

I want him to be happy just as much as he wants to give me everything I need. I know he does because I see it in his eyes whenever he looks at me.

I gasp when he bites my bottom lip and realization slams into me. I love him. Somewhere between bumping into him and covering him with my peppermint mocha and now, I fell

in love with him. It was probably before my mocha had even cooled on his shirt.

Loving him scares me and thrills me. The problem is I don't know if I'm brave enough to keep him.

"I'll protect you," he assures me as he kisses along my jaw and nips at my earlobe. I slip from his lap and onto my knees between his legs. His blue eyes darken as he looks down at me and runs his fingers through my hair. He quirks an eyebrow, the challenge clear on his face, "What are you doing, Temptress?"

"Showing you." I undo his jeans and then work them down over his hips, jumping a little when his cock springs free. "Like a damn jack-in-the-box," I mutter causing Tucker to laugh.

The sound becomes a strangled growl when I wrap my hand around the base of his cock and twirl my tongue over the tip. His fingers tighten in my hair, and I can feel the strain of him holding himself back from filling my mouth completely.

The way he allows me to have control over him makes me feel powerful, even though I'm on my knees in front of him. I place fluttering kisses up and down his shaft, teasing him and watching his hips rise slightly every time I suck the head into my mouth. But he doesn't push. He doesn't force.

"Fucking hell, Robyn," he moans. "Need you to take me into your mouth. Want to feel your lips wrapped around my dick and sliding up and down."

I look up at him from underneath my lashes and find him already watching me. His eyes are intent and focused, like he's trying to memorize every detail, and he's biting his lip in the hottest fucking way. It's sexy, but vulnerable in a way that makes me feel honored.

Is that silly? I guess it doesn't really matter if it is, because as I take him into my mouth, just like he wants, it's a sensation that washes over me. Honored.

I'm honored to see a side of him I don't think anyone else gets. I'm honored that he decided I was worth claiming even

as he was covered in my drink. I'm honored by his willingness to listen to me, even though he didn't have to. I'm honored by his adoration and the love I see shining in his eyes, even if we haven't given a voice to those emotions.

I bob up and down his length, taking more of him and stroking in tandem. His abs bunch and I watch as his jaw clenches, telling me he's getting closer and trying to hold off. I want him to soar over the edge.

When I come up his length, I suck a little harder and add a twist to my wrist. The groan he lets out has my pussy clenching with how sexy and filled with want it is. I don't need him to tell me he's about to come or how he wants me to swallow every drop. It's written all over his face and I want the warmth of him inside of me.

My name on his lips as I don't waste a drop is pure fucking sin.

And then I'm up and in his arms, with the promise of my own pleasure close enough to touch. Maybe giving myself over to this feeling will help me find where I belong. Even though it's scary.

He'll make it worth it.

I just hope nothing bad happens before I can say the words out loud.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 10

FRIAR

I look up from where I'm lounging back on the couch and freeze as I watch Robyn walk into the room in a fucking onesie that is covered in a print depicting elves wrapping Rudolf up in Christmas lights as Santa laughs in the background. I have never, not once in my life, thought a onesie was sexy. I was wrong.

The material looks soft as it clings to my woman's curves making me a little jealous of the fucking onesie in question. My cock goes rock hard at the sight in front of me and the loose flannel pajama pants I have on do nothing to hide the fucking thing.

I reach down and adjust it just as Robyn looks up and her brown eyes sparkle with amusement. She does a slow twirl up on her tiptoes like she's wearing the most expensive lingerie money can buy. Honestly, she might as well be considering this onesie is doing things for me that I never expected.

She arches an eyebrow and sasses, "See something you like?"

"I'm not going to lie to you, Temptress." My eyes roam over her body and I clench my hands together to stop myself from reaching for her when she saunters closer. "On paper, this look should not be sexy, but I'm rock-fucking-hard right now."

She smiles softly at me, her eyes filled with affection and amusement as she shakes her head. "Come on. Let's head out. The movie marathon and PJ night wait for no one."

I growl when I think of anyone else getting to see my woman the way she's dressed right now. All her curves are on full display. I have no doubt that any man who looks at her will be thinking about grabbing her hips and sinking into her the same way I am right now.

Then there's the fact that the Castillo assholes have been spending more time in Mistletoe Creek. It doesn't seem like they've gotten closer to figuring out Robyn is the hacker, but the more she's exposed out there, the higher the chance.

The idea of her being in danger makes my vision hazy with red and my heart thump against the inside of my rib cage. I can't lose her now that I found her. I just fucking can't.

I've lost enough in this life, and it's taught me to hold on to the things and people who matter the most and fight for them. I know Robyn cares about me, fuck, I think she might love me, but she's still scared. She's so close to accepting me completely and her getting hurt or taken from me would ruin everything we've been building.

I'm not going to be able to stay much longer and Christmas is tomorrow. The thought of leaving without her has dread filling me, even though there isn't a doubt in my mind that I would be racing back to her. If she refuses to move to Seattle, I'd be coming back with her to stay. If she's just not ready to leave yet, then I'd be coming back to coax her into making the leap.

Either way there's no way I'd be able to leave her for long. But I can't do that if there are other people looking for her.

And, yet, Spark's patience is running thin, especially because I had already filled him in on all the details surrounding Robyn and he holds nothing against her. When I spoke to Spark today, he growled, "I know you want to stay with your woman, but we have work to do here, Friar. You've also gotta know Clutch is practically climbing up the walls. I'm trying to honor your request to let you be the one to fill him in on what you've found. Unless you want to do it over the phone, you need to come home."

"I can't just leave her," I insisted, my voice firm. "She's mine."

The sigh he let out was heavy and weighted with much more than annoyance—it was like I could hear the weight of the club and his responsibilities in it. "So you've said, but until she's claimed at the table, it's unofficial and not enough for me

to let you stay there longer. You had a mission. You completed it. It's time to finish the job and come home." There was a pause while I was trying not to lose my shit on my Prez. "I expect you guys to start back the day after Christmas. How you travel is up to you."

Then he hung up on me, ending the conversation and making me feel like I was being pulled in two very important and different directions.

It feels like time is running out. If those Castillo fuckers don't give up their search, I won't be able to leave her. Something has got to give, but I don't want it to happen at the expense of my woman's safety.

"Tuck," Robyn calls gently to get my attention as her fingers run through my hair.

When I look up, the expression on her face is filled with concern. When was the last time someone showed so much care for me? I can't remember. Never?

With my brothers it's different. We're family and we're loyal, but it's not the same softness my woman offers me. I wouldn't want it to be either.

I learned how to be the man I wanted to be wearing my cut and I wouldn't have it any other way. I learned how to be that man so I could be right here right now for my woman. I know it to the depths of my soul, but I don't have a lot of time to convince her.

I wrap my arm around my woman's waist and pull her down onto my lap, grinning when she lets out a small shriek of surprise. I nuzzle my face into the crook of her neck, the soft fabric of her onesie snagging on the stubble on my jaw. The sound of her giggle filling up her small apartment makes me feel lighter.

It makes me feel like I might have a chance to pull this off and get her to come home with me.

I know it's where she belongs. She's scared, and I get why, but I just need a chance, and for her to take a leap. I should

have asked Santa for a little Christmas miracle yesterday at breakfast.

My words are muffled against her skin, “How about we stay in? We can watch Christmas movies here if you want. I don’t give a shit what we do as long as it’s me and you, Temptress.” She pulls back from me slightly and cups my face in her hands, the tips of her fingers rubbing against my stubble, as she looks into my eyes. “I just don’t want to share you,” I whisper.

She nods slowly. “And you don’t want me exposed more than I have to be since those assholes are spending more time in town,” she surmises.

I kiss her forehead and take a deep breath of her scent. It’s like home and the holidays, two things I didn’t grow up with, but know instinctively. “You’re so damn smart.” I amend my words, the pout in my voice obvious, “Too damn smart, really.”

She snorts a laugh and wraps her arms around me. “I get to pick the first movie. And we have to watch all Christmas movies.”

I kiss up and down the column of her neck. “Are they all going to be sappy?” She giggles and I’m not sure what that means. “I get one veto and no black and white.”

“Deal.”

I pull back and narrow my eyes at her because that felt too fucking easy. She winks at me and then hops up out of my lap so fast I’m not able to keep a hold on her. “I got you something,” she shouts over her shoulder and my fucking heart swells in my chest.

As I rub the spot absently, I smile at the blush on my woman’s face when she walks back in the room. She tosses something my way and then plops down next to me.

“It’s not much and I didn’t have time to open it since it just arrived today.” I shoot her a look to tell her she’s being ridiculous, and rip open the soft plastic mailer. It’s not heavy and small, but that doesn’t mean I’m any less excited about

getting a gift from my woman. “Mine are in there too,” she whispers.

I pull out two pairs of socks, the snowflake pattern on them matching, but one of them is a deep cranberry and the other is a forest green. I can’t help but smile at my woman as she grabs hers and gets ready to put them on.

For some reason, my voice is tight as emotion clogs my throat, “You wanted us to match?”

She looks at me, her eyes wide while her tone tells me she thinks my question is ridiculously silly, “Well, of course. I didn’t think I’d get you in a onesie to match mine, so socks had to be close enough.”

I bark out a laugh and warmth fills me as I pull my socks on. I’ve never worn Christmas socks in my life, but there’s something so damn cozy and comforting about it. This is the kind of tradition I can get behind.

“I don’t know,” I tease her, “you could probably bribe me into wearing a onesie with you.”

My woman’s eyes light up as she grabs the remote for her small television and starts scrolling through some streaming movie options. “I’ll have to keep that in mind,” she whispers.

I wrap my arm around her shoulders and tuck her into my side, marveling, again, at how perfect she feels. We fit. I never understood what the guys with old ladies were talking about before. Now I do and I’m going to fight like hell to keep her at my side.

When Robyn presses play, my jaw drops open when I see she’s picked *Die Hard*. I’m sure she can hear the shock in my voice, “This is your pick?”

She looks at me and scrunches up her nose, “What? It’s a Christmas movie,” her tone is defensive.

I bark out a laugh and settle in to watch one of my favorite movies, seeing no reason in the fucking world to argue with my woman. Hell no. This is the perfect pick even if having her body pressed up against mine is distracting as hell.

The terrorists haven't even taken over Nakatomi Tower before I lay my woman down on the couch and position myself above her. Her voice is breathy and filled with need as she stares up at me, "What are you doing?"

"I can't stand it anymore, Temptress. You're looking sexy as fuck in your pajamas, and I need to be inside of you. It takes a little maneuvering, but I work her onesie over her curves until she's exposed to me.

"We'll miss the movie," she whispers, but the heat in her eyes and the way she clings to me tells me she doesn't really mind.

"Fuck the movie," I growl before kissing her hard.

She opens for me so damn beautifully and when I taste her on my tongue, I lose all sense of time and responsibility. I kiss her until we're panting, until I have to release her lips and take a breath. My hands roam over her curves, mapping them and memorizing every inch of her.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Robyn" I groan against her lips.

Her hands reach down and push my pajama pants over my hips, freeing my cock and making us both moan when our skin touches. I sink into her quickly, needing the connection between us, needing to remind myself and her.

We move together, the movie long forgotten. We don't look away from each other, the magic connecting us growing and tying us tighter together with every thrust, every moan, every breath. It's something that won't be undone. Something I'll protect and defend with everything in me.

"Please, Tuck," she moans, her back arching and her hips trying to coax me to move faster, "fuck me. Make me come."

I grit out through my teeth, "You're going to soak my dick with your pussy when you come, aren't you Temptress?"

The whimper she gives me in response is all I need. I give her what she wants, what she needs, and she meets each of my strokes, pushing us higher and closer. As my balls draw up, I know I'm not going to be able to hold out for much longer.

Thankfully she's right there with me and we find our pleasure together. Just like it should be.

I hold her in my arms, both of us naked except for our socks, with a Christmas movie playing in the background. I'll make sure it becomes a Christmas tradition for the rest of our lives.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

CHAPTER 11

ROBYN

I tiptoe out of my bedroom after slipping some clothes on, thankful that Tucker and I showered together before we fell into a sated sleep after our movie marathon last night. Okay, it was more of a sex marathon, but I don't think we need to split hairs here.

It means I can go about my Christmas morning tradition without waking him up. It's not like it'll take me a long time to go and get the cinnamon rolls from the next town over. The bakery is only open for a few hours first thing on Christmas morning, their own tradition that was in place long before I came around and will keep going long after I leave.

I pause and take in my small apartment which has been the only home I've known in such a long time. Am I really thinking about leaving? More than that, have I made my decision?

The last few days have felt like one long goodbye to Mistletoe Creek, even with the threat of those Castillo assholes hanging around. I've gone to my favorite places and made sure to speak to the people I'm closest to, which isn't saying much.

When did I make up my mind to go to Seattle without even realizing it?

I guess it doesn't matter now considering the only place I want to be is at Tucker's side and he has a place to belong with the Devil's Saints MC. My biggest concern is that the rest of the brothers are going to hate me for what I did. I could give them the money back. Well, I could replace it after skimming from some guys who truly are bad.

My gut twists at the thought, my conscience making me wonder if there's another way for me to help people in Kyla's memory. Tucker has assured me that he could use my skills to help people. That would be better than stealing and giving

money to organizations fighting a losing battle or helping people after they've already been traumatized, right?

I shake my head and slide into my large SUV. I don't drive much, since it's not really a requirement when I don't normally go far, but I made sure to get a vehicle big enough for me and my stuff because a moving truck was never going to work for me.

There's a special glow to the town on Christmas morning with the sky barely peeking over the horizon and hardly a soul in sight. I know the bakery I'm going to will be busy because they always are. That's why I put in my order for cinnamon rolls two months ago.

Usually, I feel a sense of peace when I'm driving on the small country roads, but today there's a sense of sadness and a little foreboding. I guess I am saying goodbye. You would think, with all the moving I've done, I would be used to putting places in my rearview mirror, but it's never gotten easier.

Getting to the bakery and picking up the cinnamon rolls doesn't take me long and I'm back on the road and heading toward home. Well, Tucker. He's given me a sense of home I've been missing for the last ten years, and I know, if given a chance, I'll feel at home wherever he is.

It's totally sappy, but I'm okay with it.

I need to figure out a way to tell him I'm ready to leave Mistletoe Creek, but he hasn't brought up moving to Seattle in a few days. It would worry me if I couldn't read how much he cares about me in his eyes. He's been trying to give me the space and time to decide what I want to do, and it's made me fall deeper in love with him.

I never thought I'd be the kind of person to fall in love quickly, but with Tucker it's felt natural and easy. Not that he would really accept anything less. If the man knew how much it turns me on when he gets all demanding and growly, he'd be insufferable.

I look in my rearview mirror and notice the same vehicle behind me that was there while I was heading to the bakery. At least, I think it's the same one. I might be able to be all cloak and dagger online while I'm getting a job done, but I don't have magical spy powers in the real world.

I narrow my eyes and try to get a glimpse of the driver, but it's impossible because they're a little too far back. Add that in with the way the sun is rising and the slightly darker tint they have, and I don't have a choice other than to stop trying. My heart starts to race as I focus on the road ahead of me and getting back home.

"Damn it, Robyn, you should have left the man a note," I chastise myself under my breath. "He's going to be pissed."

I won't be able to say shit about him being mad because I realize, with a car following me and no one else on the road, I've put myself in a precarious position. Knowing full well about the potential danger. If only I could chalk it up to ignorance, but nope. Just poor choices and not thinking it through.

Which I don't think is going to curry me any favor with Tucker. I send up a little hope for a Christmas miracle that he'll still be asleep in my bed when I get back. The sinking feeling in my gut tells me I won't be that lucky.

As I'm crossing a hidden dirt road, a large truck comes speeding out and barreling right toward me. I scream and swerve, narrowly avoiding hitting them. I slam on my brakes, my eyes closing as I try to calm my racing heart. I put it in park because my entire body is shaking as adrenaline courses through my veins.

Just great! Out in the middle of nowhere and you're almost t-boned. Merry fucking Christmas.

I take a breath, preparing myself to wave off some pissed off driver and keep heading back to Tuck when my window shatters and an arm reaches in to unlock my door. I scream as the door swings open, and I'm pulled out onto the road.

My body feels weak, and my legs give out which causes me to fall to my knees. My palms sting from the asphalt when I use them to catch myself from falling completely to the ground.

I look up into brown eyes that belong to a man I've never seen before glaring at me. He grabs my arm and pulls me to my feet, the grip he has on me so tight that I know it's going to leave a bruise. I wince and try to pull away from him, but he only holds me tighter as he starts to drag me toward the truck.

My voice is high and shrill, "Who the fuck are you? What are you doing?" From the way he looks at me, disgust and hate written all over his face, I have a fairly good idea who he is. Well, at least who he works for. Not that I'll be admitting that to him. "You almost hit me and then you smash in my window and manhandle me?"

He scoffs and I feel a little sheepish because I should have known a damsel in distress act mixed with queen bitch was not going to do the job here. I really wish my computer skills did make me a super spy, now more than ever.

The back door of the truck is being held open by another man as one stands near the front of the vehicle, his eyes scanning the area.

The man holding me captive snarls, "You stole from the wrong fucking people and you're going to pay for it." He looks over my body and a scary as fuck smile spreads across his face. "We should get a pretty penny for you."

My entire body goes cold, and it has nothing to do with the nip in the December morning air. I start to twist and contort my body, trying to get away from him. I think heavy thoughts. I kick out my legs.

Nothing fucking works.

The sound of screeching tires behind me fills me with anxiety. Is someone coming to help me? Are they more men with the guys trying to take me? My stomach twists in knots.

I should have stayed in bed with Tucker. I bet he'd be making me come right now. But no, here I am about to be

stolen and sold because I made a mistake while stealing from dangerous men.

The roar of a bike coming in fast comes from the direction of Mistletoe Creek, but it's only one bike. Reinforcements? Could it be Tucker?

I'm almost afraid to dream.

"You better let the woman go before our brother gets here and he sees how you're touching her," a voice shouts from behind me, a voice I know.

Crucify.

I wish I could sink to my knees in relief, but I can't. Not yet anyway.

The roar of the motorcycle gets louder and then cuts off right before Tucker bellows, "Robyn."

My eyes go to him immediately and the absolute devastation, fear, and murderous intent on his face has my nipples pebbling and relief filling me. Him being here is great, I realize, but that doesn't make me safe.

The man who is gripping me pulls a gun from his waistband and points it at someone behind me as the other two men near the truck take aim as well. One of them is pointing their weapon at Tucker and I feel like I'm going to be sick.

"You better let my woman go. Right fucking now. It'll be the only chance you have to not end up with your body parts scattered through the woods for the animals to find and devour."

I shiver at the warning and promise in Tucker's voice.

Everything around me is a blur and it's like I can't focus on one thing. I don't know if that's good or bad. Maybe it's a way for my mind to protect me because it feels like everything is happening so fast and so slow at the same time.

The man holding me sneers, "She's yours? You're the man stupid enough to get involved with a thief?"

“Better than a sex trafficker,” I mumble under my breath and wish I could slap my hand over my mouth.

What the fuck is wrong with you? Shut up.

Solid advice. I’m going to try and take it.

“Don’t worry about my woman,” Tucker snarls.

Slight movement pulls my eyes toward the man who was guarding the truck and I watch with horror crawling up my throat as his fingers starts to tighten on the trigger. Before he can shoot, three shots ring out at the same time and warmth hits the side of my face.

The man’s grip loosens and then falls away.

I hear...something, but I can’t latch onto anything, and I don’t want to look around me. I don’t want to know.

But I need to.

I force myself to start to turn toward the man who was just holding onto my arm, the ache of his grip setting in already. A huge body slams into me and arms wrap around me as I’m pulled against a chest. I know it’s Tucker and tears start to stream down my face as I bury my face against him.

“Fuck, Robyn,” he growls, anger vibrating through his body and his words, “what the fuck were you thinking? Where did you go and why didn’t you wake me up? You put yourself in danger.”

“I know. I’m so sorry,” I sob. “I wasn’t thinking. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have left without you. I wasn’t,” I don’t get the rest of the words out because my crying becomes borderline hysterical.

I think I’ve earned the right to some tears, but I still hate how it makes me feel vulnerable and weak. Tucker pulls me even tighter against him while whispering soothing words. I know he’s still pissed at me and the situation I put myself in, but the fact that he’s comforting me anyway has me falling even deeper in love with him.

“Brother, we can’t stand in the middle of the road all day with these bodies,” Crucify’s gentle voice comes from behind

me, and I know it's for my benefit more than Tucker's.

I burrow deeper into my man and whimper, "I'm sorry." I feel on the edge of panic as I clutch the fabric of his shirt in my fisted hands. "You have to forgive me. You have to. I'm sorry."

Tucker grips the hair at the back of my neck and pulls me away from his chest just enough to look down into my eyes. He just stares at me for a moment, our gazes locked without giving any attention to the movement of his brothers around us or the dead men on the road. I can see anger in his eyes, but there is also love there I never want to take for granted.

"I will always forgive you, Temptress," his voice is gruff, "because I love you and love is forgiveness just as much as it is acceptance."

I gasp, my heart pounding in my chest for a whole new reason now. "I love you, too, and I want to go back to Seattle with you."

The smile that stretches across Tucker's face almost makes me forget about the men dead around us. Almost.

Tucker kisses my lips gently and murmurs, "Good." He takes a deep breath and gives me a stern look. "Now, don't do anything like this again because I can't lose you."

"I won't," I promise, knowing it'll be an easy one to keep.

I'll use my skills to help the club, just like Tucker wants me to, which means I won't be some lone vigilante. I'll have the club at my back, hopefully, but I do know, without a doubt, I'll have my man.

"Next time," there's a warning in his voice, "I'll take you over my knee and spank you."

My pussy clenches and I squeeze my thighs together which has a wicked grin curling on Tucker's lips. He kisses me again, this time it's hard, demanding, and just what I need to make me feel grounded and alive.

"I got cinnamon rolls," I murmur against his lips once he slows down the kiss.

He pulls back from me, throws his head back and laughs. That's what tells me we really will be okay. Even though I made a stupid decision this morning to leave without him. Everything is going to be just fine and I'm ready to find out what life, in a new city and with a new family, has in store for me.

DEVIL'S SAINTS MC



**SEATTLE
CHAPTER**

EPILOGUE

NEW YEAR'S EVE

ROBYN

I pat the back pocket of my jeans for probably the hundredth time since getting dressed for the party going on in the clubhouse tonight. I know what I have there hasn't moved, and yet, I just need to make sure one more time. Because I have a feeling it might be the only way to bridge a gap that I didn't know I made and never considered I would want to fix, but now desperately need to.

I know how important Tucker's brothers are to him and after spending some time with Brimstone, Chains, and Crucify, I can understand why. They're good men. Kind of intimidating and more than a little scary, but good men who have hearts of gold and some blood coating their souls. No one's perfect.

After being almost abducted in the middle of the road on Christmas morning, the guys got everything cleaned up and Brimstone and Chains set out to the Charleston chapter of the DSMC. I don't know the details and I don't want to. Plausible deniability and all that. Crucify stuck with us during a Christmas filled with some processing of my morning, cinnamon rolls that were delicious even if they weren't worth the aftermath, and packing.

I had to sheepishly tell Tucker I didn't get him anything other than our matching socks. He just hooked his arm around my neck and kissed me softly. "You're coming home with me, Temptress, and you've given me your love. I can't think of a better gift."

My heart fluttered in my chest and my eyes welled up with tears at his sweetness. I swear Crucify was rolling his eyes on the other side of the room, but he didn't give us any shit. At least not until I pouted, "Does that mean my gift is your love?"

Crucify barked out a laugh and jeered good naturedly, "She's got your number, brother."

Tucker flipped him off while keeping his blue eyes, warm with love and affection, fixed on me. “I have something for you, but I won’t be able to give it to you until we’re in Seattle.”

I nodded and burrowed against his chest, not really caring about a gift at all. He was right, our paths crossing, having the chance to explain my actions, and his love was more than enough for me. That doesn’t mean I’m not curious about the gift he was talking about.

It took a few days to pack up my meager belongings, get the window fixed on my SUV, and to give a proper send off to Mistletoe Creek, but then we were on the road to Seattle. I hope I never have to make that drive again. Not only was it long, but Tucker and Crucify were big babies about being stuck in a ‘cage’, as they called it, instead of being on bikes the entire fucking time.

Thankfully with the three of us we were able to drive for longer and I was able to nap and not listen to them complain. I understand they love being on a bike, clearly, but I never knew grown men could throw a temper tantrum over being inside of a perfectly good vehicle. I can’t wait until I can pull their whining out as blackmail. I’ll get my chance; I just need to bide my time.

When we arrived at the clubhouse, I was nervous, but it was late and there weren’t a lot of people around. Not only were Brimstone and Chains there, since they flew back from Charleston, but I also met Spark, the DSMC President. I thought the men I had spent time with in Mistletoe Creek were intimidating, but I didn’t know the definition of the word until meeting Spark.

Holy hell. I couldn’t help but start to fidget where I was standing in front of him, unsure if I was supposed to genuflect or apologize or start a conversation. All three? Who knows? I was at a loss.

What I wasn’t expecting was for him to pull me into a hug, lean down, and whisper in my ear, “I’m sorry about what happened to your best friend. With your help, we’ll be able to

stop more people from experiencing what she did,” he pulled back and looked into my eyes, his expression earnest, “what *you* did.”

I couldn't stop a few tears from escaping, but I quickly wiped them away. “I thought for sure you were going to yell at me there for a moment,” I admitted, my nerves getting the better of me before I could think through my words.

He tilted his head back and barked out a laugh before giving my shoulder a squeeze. “Welcome to the Devil Saint's family, Robyn.” He looked over at Tucker and smirked. “It might not be official until your man can bring it to the table tomorrow morning, but I still want to be the first one to say it.”

I swallowed hard, a feeling of belonging I had been missing for so long starting to creep in. “Thank you. I want you to know that I won't squander the chance to be part of a family again. I'll have your back because Friar and the guys have already proven to me that you have mine.”

The smile he gave me changed him completely. He was no longer the intimidating president of a motorcycle club. It was breathtaking and surreal.

I slept right through Tucker going down to church and claiming me yesterday morning, not that I would have been allowed to be there anyway. From what Tucker told me, the only person who wasn't on board with me being there was Clutch. I'm not surprised considering Tucker told me how he felt like my skimming was a personal affront to him given his position in the club.

I'm hoping I can help heal the wound I've caused a little bit tonight.

I've only just arrived here, but I already know that I don't want to go back. I can see so clearly that this is where my future is. I'm meant to be with Tucker. I'm meant to be here with these men as my family.

My knees feel weak when Tucker steps out of the bathroom looking hot as hell, a smirk gracing his lips as he looks over

my outfit. I wasn't sure what to wear to a biker New Year's Eve party, but jeans and a sparkly top felt appropriate.

He holds his hand out to me, and I don't hesitate to take it. "It'll be fine," he assures me, knowing I'm a nervous wreck.

Not only am I meeting all the guys in the club, but Tucker filled me in on the angels and their role in club life. He assured me that he hasn't been with any of them in a long time, but I just don't want to deal with any drama. I am looking forward to meeting the other old ladies though.

My knees feel like jelly when we make it to the common room, and I can't help but feel lighter as I take in everyone having a good time. There are a lot of smiles in the room along with loud music, alcohol, and a few scantily clad women. I'm going to try not to judge them. It should be easy enough as long as they stay the fuck away from my man.

Tucker gives my hand a squeeze and when I look up into his eyes, he nods toward a man standing at the bar. His cut displays a patch that says 'Clutch' and 'Treasurer'. When he looks over at me, his eyes narrow and I take a deep breath while searching for a little bit of courage.

With one more squeeze of my hand, Tucker lets me go because he knows I need to do this on my own. I know he'll be at my back while I do, and it gives me the boost I need. I walk toward Clutch slowly, hoping he won't turn his back on me and will listen.

His eyes are wary and curious when I step right up to him without paying any attention to anyone else around us. "Hi, I'm Robyn," my voice wavers slightly and I take another breath to fortify myself. I reach into my back pocket and pull out a picture, one of the last ones I took with my best friend and one of the few things I always made sure I had with me, no matter where I went. "I know Tucker told you about why I did what I did, but I wanted to show you." I hold the picture up between us and his eyes look at it and soften. "This is Kyla. She was like a sister to me and then she was just...gone. For a long time, even though I knew I wasn't the one who took her or hurt her, I blamed myself. The only power I could find in

the darkness was in taking from those who were feeding the evil in this world. I know I got it wrong with the DSMC. For that I am sorry, but I'm not sorry for fighting for a cause that matters and doing it in the only way I knew how."

He gently takes the picture from me and stares at it for a long time. When his eyes lift to mine, something shifts and understanding breaks through the clouds that were there just a moment ago. Without warning, he wraps his arms around me and pulls me against his chest.

"I understand, Robyn," he murmurs. "Thank you for sharing her with me. I'm glad you're on our side now."

"Always," I murmur, knowing it's true to the depths of my soul.

These men are all about loyalty and I intend to show up every day and prove I'm here for them and for their cause. I'll do the same with my man through my love and the future we build together.

Tucker gently pulls me away from Clutch, his voice teasing and cutting through the heaviness in the air around us, "That's enough manhandling my woman."

Clutch chuckles and I giggle as we share a look. I have a feeling we'll be friends now and that this will just be water under the bridge. I jump a little when Tucker claps his hands loudly, drawing the attention of everyone in the room.

Silence descends as the music is shut off before his voice carries, "As most of you know, I went out to take care of some club business and came back with my old lady. Her name is Robyn, she's mine, and I expect everyone to treat her with respect."

I have a feeling those last words are directed at the barely dressed women scowling at me, but my happiness doesn't have room for their petty crap, and I ignore them. The brothers chuckle and there are a few women clapping, from the way they're tucked closely to a man while wearing a cut themselves, I'm going to assume they're the old ladies I can't wait to meet. I'm almost a little jealous of the property cut

they're wearing since Tucker explained them to me and their significance. I smile and force myself not to give into the impulse to wave at everyone.

"I didn't give my woman anything for Christmas," boos ring out throughout the room, and I can't help but laugh, "but only because I needed to get her home before I could give it to her." He turns toward me and grabs a small box I didn't even notice sitting on the bar near where Clutch is standing. He holds it out for me and shakes it a little. "Open it, Temptress."

I blink up at him, butterflies taking flight in my belly and making me feel off kilter. I gently slide the top of the box up and freeze. Not only is there a property cut folded neatly in the box, but, on top of it, sits the most gorgeous ring I've ever seen.

"You're mine, Robyn," Tucker's voice is earnest, "and this only shows the world what we already know." I nod and look up to meet his blue eyes, finding them shining with so much happiness and joy. "Will you be my wife, my old lady, my everything?"

I give him a cheeky smile and sass him, "I thought I already am your everything."

He barks out a laugh, grabs the ring, slips it on my finger and then helps me into my property cut. It settles around my shoulders and feels...perfect. It just fits. Much like the man I was never expecting, but now can't imagine not having in my life.

Spark shouts, "Time to party. We have a lot to celebrate."

Everyone cheers and I meet the club with a smile on my face, love in my heart, and a future just within reach. Then there's the man at my side. I might have robbed him and his club, thinking I was taking from those who misused their power and money to give to those who needed it. Then Tucker showed up and robbed me right back.

Only he stole my heart and I never want it back.

**Want more Tucker and Robyn?
Get [Robbing From Mistletoe's Bonus Epilogue](#)**

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

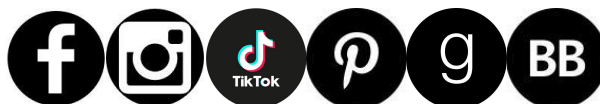


Ember Davis loves alpha heroes with a range of emotions, but a strong sense of how to take care of their women. She loves her heroines from all walks of life, just like her heroes, and she wants them to be real and relatable. Her heroines tend to be sassy, opinionated and smart.

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

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

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



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