



Sparrow's Grace

Tiffany Casper



Sparrow's Grace

Tiffany Casper

Wrath MC

Dogwood Treasure

Book 8

Copyright © Tiffany Casper 2023

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author's imagination.

Acknowledgments

Cover Design: Tiffany Casper

Editor: Shelby Limon

Cover: DepositPhotos_244348426_xl-2015

Wrath MC

Dogwood Chapter

Powers – President

Cam – Vice President

Heathen – Enforcer

Skinner – Icer

Gage – Sgt. At Arms

Greek – Tech

Zeke – Secretary

Lincoln – Treasurer

Savage – Road Captain

Clutch – Tattoo Artist

Playlist

Who'll Stop The Rain – Creedence Clearwater Revival

Mama's Hand – Queen Naija

Waiting For Superman – Daughtry

When You Say Nothing At All – Keith Whitley

Barracuda – Heart

Message In A Bottle – The Police

Hungry Eyes – Eric Carmen

It's Your Love – Tim McGraw Feat. Faith Hill

When I See You Smile – Bad English

My Boy – Elvie Shane

Blurb

Being an ol' lady in my mind, was the grandest thing any woman could ever hope to be called. There was nothing like having your man point to you and say, that's my ol' lady.

It just causes shivers to run up your spine.

It causes butterflies to swarm in your belly.

Or... at least, that's what I've always been told.

See, I was just the woman who was his plaything.

I was the woman that he took things out on.

And all because I made a promise to my father on his deathbed that I would be Deck's ol' lady.

So, I stayed the course.

I held my promise.

I did everything I could to keep that promise.

Until he hit me one last time, and a few weeks later, I found out I was pregnant.

All my life I've wondered if all MCs are the same.

And that's a whole other can of worms I won't get into just yet.

But I remembered an MC that had visited the club a few times.

I remembered a certain man.

That man had scowled when Deck called me the female version of a dog.

Would he treat me as Deck had?

Or would he make all my dreams, even those I didn't know I had, come true?

I had a feeling he would do all of that and more.

And I never knew that with one look at a photo, he had removed his heart from his chest and placed it in my capable hands.

HEA. No Cheating. 18 and up. Spicy.

Table of Contents

[Sparrow's Grace](#)

[Copyright © Tiffany Casper 2023](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[Wrath MC](#)

[Playlist](#)

[Blurb](#)

[Table of Contents](#)

[Prequel](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[A Note From The Author](#)

[Connect With Me](#)

[Other Works](#)

Prequel

Wrath MC

The most notorious, dangerous, one-percenter motorcycle club isn't the one everyone knows about. It isn't the one everyone sees at rallies, charity events, or even at bars. Some say Wrath MC is just a myth. A club that was savage, a club that passed around women and then sold them to the highest bidder. Others say the MC is full of nine-to-fivers and weekend warriors. They also say, no one wanted to cross them. Well, some of those myths just may be true. While there are rumors about the club and those are galore, the rumor of where the mother charter could possibly be located is the largest one of all.

The people in a little old county in Tennessee know better. The three hundred square miles in Clearwater held a secret. A very well-known secret or two. Little did they know, Wrath MC holds many more secrets, a lot of those are made of stories your momma warned you about.

Some people have even been rumored to have gone missing in the area, never to be heard from again.

While others have either passed through and are but a fading memory, some have come and gone and left their mark. While others have come and made their mark not only the MC but, on the community, as well.

This story is about one of the members of Wrath MC—the Secretary, to be exact.

Hold on for one wild alpha badass man and a romance that will last till the end of time.

Prologue

Savannah

The bass was thumping in the main room of the clubhouse.

So hard, in fact, it was making the bed frame I was laying on, which, mind you, was two floors up, and add the fact that it was solid oak, vibrate with each beat of the drum and the succession of every note.

Normally, at any other given time, I would be down there with them, jamming out. What twenty-year-old didn't love to party?

But night after night of this? And for every day of my life when I am here?

Well, it gets old. Super quick.

So, seeing that this was an all-the-time thing, it had me silently wondering if all MCs partied as this one did. In that case, being seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day. It was non-stop.

It didn't matter the occasion; it didn't matter how many times one of the ol' ladies had to leave because they had a headache and asked them to turn it down. Their reaction? To turn the volume up.

And every time that happened, I wanted to cringe. Why do you ask?

Well, that was because of the man I had been seeing for two freaking long-ass painful years. He was the one that turned the volume up, and he laughed cynically every single time he spun that dial.

And whenever I sent a scathing look at Deck when he turned the volume up, his response was to just shrug his shoulders. That was freaking it.

I always gave the ol' ladies an apologetic smile when that happened. I never failed to miss the hate-filled glances from the bunnies when he showed even that little bit of attention to me.

They called the girls who slept with the men on a regular basis, bunnies, because they hopped from one bed to the other.

Sighing, I rolled over in Deck's queen-sized bed, grabbed his pillow, and curled it around my ears, trying to dampen the noise so I could get some sleep.

It was five after three in the morning. I had to be up in three hours to get to my computer so I could get started on my deadlines.

Why did I put up with this crap on top of everything else he dished my way with disregard for me?

Why did I not just dump his ass and go on with my life?

How come I didn't respect myself enough as a woman to realize my worth?

Because I had simply made a promise to my father while he was on his deathbed.

My father was one of the original founding members of this club. The Steel Bandits MC. However, when the club started, it had been in North Dakota, where the national chapter still stood today. My father had taken a trip here and fell in love with everything about it. Therefore, he and Gaston had made the move because Gaston's ol' lady, Felicia, really loved the weather here. And the weather here, that was in SoCal.

And now, as I close my eyes, I can still hear the rattle in his chest when he was taking his last breaths. He had stage four bone cancer.

They may have caught it sooner, but my dad was of the mindset that unless you were knocking on heaven's door or, in

his case, rattling the devil's fiery gates, *you didn't need no doctor.*

So, when things started to decline with his health rather rapidly, I'd used everything in my arsenal to get him to go see a doctor.

Everything in my arsenal included throwing in his face the number of birthdays he had missed. Which was fourteen of them, by the way. Yes, fourteen. Also, the number of holidays he had missed because in his words, *I'm only on this earth for a short time, I want to see it all while I can.*

That translated into, 'I want to stick my dick in every female pussy I can'.

And reminding him that he had chosen all of that over me, well, that had done the trick. Thankfully.

Only, the news we had gotten was that the cancer was at a point where there was nothing they could do except to make him comfortable.

But anyway, I digress. When we got the results from his doctor, he was given three weeks to live.

And those three weeks? They were the happiest days of my life.

He didn't ride his Harley and take off somewhere for an unknown amount of time.

He didn't stay in the main room at the clubhouse and reminisce about good days gone by. He didn't spend it with his once burly body that was now frail between one of the bunny's legs.

No, we had hold up in our house while we spent every waking moment together, talking, hanging out, and sharing things that we didn't know about one another. Laughing. Joking. You name it, we did it.

I learned exactly where I got my love for old cars. I learned that it really was genetics that caused your favorite flavor of ice cream. Because how else do you explain that my

mom's favorite was chocolate, my dad's, vanilla, and mine would be strawberry? See the normalized circle? I also learned where I got my taste in music from. The old classics. They don't make singers like that anymore.

Something else I learned was that Deck had saved my father's life when he dove in front of a bullet for my dad when I was thirteen years old. I had known that Deck had gotten shot, but since it had been club business, I hadn't known why until the day before my dad took his last breath.

My dad had told me the day he closed his eyes forever that his dying wish was to see me happy with a good man. A man that would never hurt me. A man that would never betray me. A man that would forsake all others for me.

More importantly, a man that would treat me better than he ever did. I hated that he had regrets. No one should when it's their time to leave this world. But... you can't change the past. The only thing you can do is move forward.

So, when Deck had stepped into my dad's room, I'd found out just who he had been talking about. Apparently, that good man was Deck.

Well, he was a good man in my father's eyes. But in my eyes, I couldn't agree.

I, unfortunately, saw his true colors the day we laid my father in the ground. It wasn't anything major at the time to some, but it was to me.

If you vow to look after someone? To be there for someone through everything? To promise that when the time is right, you will make her your ol' lady?

What you don't do is not stand at her side while her father is being laid in the ground. You don't take off without ensuring that she's safe before the ceremony is even complete. You also don't take off without ensuring that she has a way home.

Nor do you have one of the club bunnies all over you at her father's wake. And later bang said club bunny against

the side of the bar in the clubhouse, four hours after your father was laid to rest.

And on top of all of that, in the past twenty-two months, my dad has been watching Deck smack me around from his Harley up in heaven.

He has seen Deck only come to his room when he needed to get his dick wet with me. And that was only if his favorite club bunny was occupied.

I could see my dad now walking into the clubhouse with his sawed-off shotgun and blasting Deck's middle wide open.

This should have caused a smile to form on my face, but I knew that he had to be rolling over in his grave.

My dad wasn't there all that much growing up, but when he was here, he was here.

He gave me his undivided attention and never, not once, not in my eighteen years of life, had he ever brought his hand to me in anger. He has never raised his voice to me either.

My mom, on the other hand? When she pissed him off, he had no qualms about getting in her face and letting her have it with both barrels using his loud voice that shook the windows in our house. But never, not once, did he ever lay a hand on that woman.

Closing my eyes, I quelled the tears that threatened to pour down my cheeks at the memory of all that had happened on my eighteenth birthday.

My mother had gotten the news that he was dying. She finally crawled out from under one of the rocks she liked to hide under, showed up, handed me the title to my car, grabbed her bags, and walked out as my father lay there almost gone from this earth.

My dad, after having words with Deck, told him that I was to be his ol' lady when the time was right. And then, after

exacting that promise from Deck, he had taken his last breath while keeping his eyes locked with mine as the angels came and took his soul away from me.

And all of that happened on my eighteenth birthday.

And for the last two years, that was something I didn't celebrate.

Tightening the pillow around my ears, I shook my head, knowing that I wasn't going to sleep and be worth a damn for work tomorrow, well, later on today. With that, I let out a growl and released his pillow.

Angrily, I tossed the covers back, got out of bed, headed to the bathroom, and got ready for work.

Even though I was blessed to be able to work from home, I was brought up on the basis that once you woke up, you got dressed to start your day.

There was no reason to lounge around in your pajamas. Something about being ready to face the day prepared you for everything that lay ahead so you could verbally kick ass and take names.

I kept a bag here for when I spent the night with Deck because he told me to. And like the fool I was, I kept nodding my head and agreeing to it.

Sometimes I really wondered about that. Why he even bothered with all of this when it was clear he didn't care about me?

That was proven when he fucked me. I never thought I would use that term, fucking. I thought I would call it making love because that's what it should be. The joining of two bodies becoming one. But it was like his body was there but never his mind.

Almost as if he got transported in time to somewhere else.

And how did I know that?

Because it wasn't my name that he called out when he came. No, it was a woman by the name of Luanne. That has happened thirty-seven times in the past two years. But the time that it really mattered and bothered me? That was the very night that I stupidly gave him my virginity.

I had only ever asked him who she was one time and one time only. And the way he had advanced on me, wrapped his hand around my throat, pushed me against the wall while his fingers dug into the tender flesh there. It scared the hell out of me.

And the words he had spoken to me?

His voice had been at a dead whisper when he asked, "What did you just say?"

Swallowing, I asked, "Who's Luanne, Deck?"

"You don't speak her name. You don't even think her name. I ever hear you say her name again, promise to your father or not, I'll choke the life out of you."

And that had been the last time I had mentioned her name aloud.

I had just put the finishing touches on my make-up, covering the bruise on my cheek I had gotten from Deck just this morning for forgetting to grab him the ketchup for his eggs at breakfast. And how he managed to hit me like that when he had been stumbling every which way as he made it to the table in the kitchen shocked the hell out of me.

Seeing him drunk off his ass was nothing new, but I didn't want to be near him.

That was proven true once again when I heard the door to his bedroom open and then heard his big body hit the bed.

I wanted to tiptoe out of there and not have to face him.

But alas, I had made a promise, and I never, freaking never broke a promise, even more so when I knew what would happen if I did. I didn't feel like having another bruise on the side of my face.

So, that was why, after taking a deep breath, hoping I could come out of this unscathed, I turned off the light, opened the bathroom door, set my stuff down on the chair, and then took another deep breath.

Walking to the side of the bed, I did the job that he demanded I do when he came to bed drunk off his ass. Taking his boots off, I rolled him over, took off his kutte and his shirt, and then unzipped his jeans.

And after I had them unzipped, I pulled them off, followed by his socks.

I had just covered him with the blanket, tiptoed to the chair, grabbed my overnight bag and handbag, and let out a breath that I hadn't realized I had been holding when my hand made contact with the doorknob.

My luck freaking sucked, because my body was suddenly grabbed, thrown over his shoulder, and tossed on the bed. My bags dropped ceremoniously to the floor.

I didn't bother to tell him no. It wouldn't do any good.

I didn't bother to voice any opinions either.

It would have fallen on deaf ears.

He flicked my tennis shoes off, pulled off my jeans, followed by my panties, and entered me without a care.

My body had gotten used to the evasion and my vagina sadly had gotten used to the rough treatment from Deck. There was no foreplay. No tender words, no caresses. Nothing.

The term fucking was what it was. Pure and simple.

But I didn't let that one word that always crept up instead take root in my brain.

However, this time I needed to say something, knowing it wouldn't go over well, but he needed to know. Because it wasn't me that had forgotten something. He never forgot a condom.

I opened my mouth to tell him no because I hadn't been able to tell him that I got on a different form of birth control. The other pill was causing me to bleed heavier.

Just as I had my tongue moving along with my lips to tell him, his hand that wasn't bracing his body slammed down on my mouth.

Forcing me to be silent.

I had tried to dislodge his hand from my mouth but to no avail.

Where he was two hundred and twenty-five pounds... I was a hundred and twenty pounds. I was no match for him.

And when he came not even a few minutes later without me coming, calling out Luanne's name? I felt tears rolling down my cheeks.

He didn't say a word as he removed his hand, pulled out of me, and walked to the bathroom without a backward glance.

I laid there until I heard the water turn on because he always took a shower after he fucked me. It made me feel as though he was washing the scent and everything that had to do with me from his body.

I promised myself that this was the last time. The last time that he was going to fuck me and not have a care. The last time I was going to be made to feel like I was nothing more than a whore.

Wiping my cheeks, I got out of bed, grabbed some wipes, cleaned myself off, and pulled on my panties, jeans, and my socks. Sticking my feet back into my tennis shoes, grabbed my bags, and left the room.

What I didn't know was that not only had my dad exacted a promise from me and from Deck that I was to be his ol' lady someday. He had extracted a promise from the President of the Steel Bandits MC, his best friend, Gaston.

If Deck ever mistreated me that I was free to leave without any repercussions from the MC.

Chapter 1

Savannah

I had stayed at my parents' house over the next few weeks, never venturing to the clubhouse even when Deck had called to ask if I could grab him something to eat. I had used the excuse that I was working overtime because I had been. Technically.

I just hadn't told him that the overtime was happening because I had picked up more work and I had also found a quaint little coffee house to work in a few times a week.

Who doesn't love caffeine? See, this was why I loved my job; I could do it from anywhere.

Even though I hadn't gone to college or anything like that, I took a trade course for graphic design at the local college, and thankfully, I was smart, so I learned by trial and error.

I designed everything you could think of. From book covers to promotional ads, to cologne advertisements, all the way to underwear model campaigns.

And what had them coming back for more was that I didn't alter the person's body. They were human. People reacted better when they saw someone that wasn't perfect.

Also, from having the clientele that I did, I designed a cover for an author and then read one of her new books. I had sent her a message on her social media about the edits.

Normally, I hated doing that, but I really loved her work and couldn't understand what had happened.

And that.... well... that had started my career as also being an editor.

So, I could've gone and gotten him something to eat, but I was still angry with him for how he had treated me that night.

And I repeated the same process over the next month and a half.

What hurt, though?

That wasn't when he hit me.

It wasn't that he fucked me with no care.

Nor was it that he never muttered my name when he came.

It wasn't even the fact that he thought it was okay to belittle me at every turn.

No, it was the fact that he hadn't checked on me. He hadn't asked me if I was okay since I hadn't seen him. And that... well... that makes a person feel so unwanted, it's not even funny.

And today, had it not been the Pres's birthday, I wouldn't be stepping foot on the grounds at the clubhouse either.

I wasn't going for Deck. I wasn't going just because it was the President's birthday. No, I was going for my dad because it would break his heart if I didn't go.

However, before I headed to the clubhouse, I had a doctor's appointment.

Last night, *Google* was my best friend. I know I'm not the only one.

The vomiting, the tender breasts, the no bleeding when my period was supposed to be here a week ago...

So, here I sat in the doctor's office, tapping my brown suede ankle bootie on the white-tiled floor in nervousness. All the while I waited to hear the news that I was so sure of, but was hoping that it wasn't the case because of who the baby's father is.

And when my phone rang, I was so nervous that I didn't bother checking the caller ID.

Oh, how I should have . . . because it meant savoring a slice of German Chocolate cake with Coconut Pecan icing that was bigger than my head, and having that go to my ass, to make me feel better later on tonight.

“Hello?” I answered softly.

“Where the fuck are you?” Deck asked angrily.

Looking at the picture-covered wall of women’s bodies to the right, I said, “Doctor’s appointment.”

I heard him growl when he asked, “And you couldn’t schedule this appointment for a different day?”

“No, this appointment was scheduled last year. It’s my yearly checkup.” So, I told a little white lie. Well, two big white lies. Who hasn’t told at least one in their entire life?

The first was that this appointment had been scheduled last year. And the second was that it was my yearly check-up.

He growled again and asked, “Well, when are you going to get here?”

“As soon as the appointment is over. It won’t take long then I’ll head that way,” I said as another woman sat down while she held onto their purse with a white-knuckled grip.

I could feel her pain.

“Goddamn, Savannah, I don’t have time for this shit. You better be here on time; you’re not going to make me look like a fool.” And then, before I could say another word, he hung up on me.

That alone made my temper flare.

Fucking asshat.

Me? Make him look like a fool? Was he serious? I wasn’t the one making him look like a fool. He was doing that all on his own.

Grinding my teeth together that he had had the nerve to say that crap to me, I was startled when I heard my name

being called, “Savannah Calder?”

“Yes, that’s me.” With shaky legs, I stood up and followed the nurse that was wearing light pink scrubs back behind the yellow-painted door.

After she took my weight, I was then led to an exam room.

And after my exam and peeing in a cup, five minutes later the doctor walked in with a smile on her face.

As well as a prescription for prenatal vitamins and an appointment in four weeks.

Fuck. Me.

Walking out of the doctor’s office in somewhat of a daze, I kept my hand resting over my non-existent belly protectively.

I was pregnant. I was six weeks along.

I was going to be giving birth to a baby.

A baby that was going to be the best part of me.

That thought had the first genuine smile over the past two years hit my face.

And then it was gone.

It wasn’t going to be the best part of Deck. No. After everything, I was of the mindset that he didn’t deserve to be a father.

However, I wasn’t that kind of person. I couldn’t be that kind of person. No matter how much that ate at me.

I was going to tell him. I was just going to make sure there was someone else in the room that he wouldn’t go against when I told him. Someone that he couldn’t act out in front of. Because if Gaston knew what was happening, I had no doubt that Deck would feel his displeasure.

The moment I made it to my car, I started it up and cranked the a/c, turning it to full blast.

Laying my hand on my stomach, I made a vow to my baby, “I’ll always be here for you, little bruiser. I don’t ever want you to feel as though you’re unwanted. Even though you are a surprise, and you weren’t planned, you are the very best surprise. I’ll be there to rock you to sleep. I’ll be there for every major milestone you achieve. I’ll be there to hold you when you’re upset, wipe your tears away and swear to you that nothing is ever going to hurt you. Cause if that happens, I’ll be the one that is hurting right along with you.”

Arriving at the clubhouse, thirty minutes before the celebration was supposed to start, mind you, I parked my car, grabbed his gift, climbed out, and started walking to the front doors.

Only to have my arm grabbed viscously by Deck as he spun me around and slammed my back against the brick wall. I let out a startled cry and an oomph when pain radiated along my spine.

He opened his mouth to say something, but was interrupted by Gaston. God love the man.

“Boy, never seen you do that to her. Never thought I’d ever see it. Her father was here, you’d be dead. Be in your best interest to let her go, step back, and get the fuck out of my sight,” Gaston growled out from the open doorway.

Deck released me immediately, snarled, and then walked inside the clubhouse without a backward glance.

What the hell was going on with him? He’s always been like this, but he made sure to never do something like that where there was a chance that anyone else could see.

“You okay, darlin’?” Gaston asked me after taking a puff off his smoke.

“Yeah, nothing new,” I told him with a shrug of my shoulders.

He nodded then said, “Say the word, darlin’. I’ll lay his fucking ass out.”

Gaston didn't make promises that he didn't keep.

I knew that if I said the word, that was exactly what Gaston would do.

Smiling nervously at him, I gathered up all the courage I could muster and finally said, "I need to talk to you after if you're free?"

An all-knowing glint came in his hazel eyes when he said, "Always make time for you. Let's party, then we can talk in my office."

"Thanks, Gaston." I hadn't realized that I had my hand resting protectively over my belly, but Gaston hadn't missed it.

Not by a long shot.

Standing there in the main room beside Deck, I wished Gaston a happy birthday as he blew out his candle at his ol' lady's insistence. All the while rolling his eyes as he did so.

Because he would never say no to his ol' lady. He loved Felicia more than anything and he had made it clear that if she was ever tired of this life, he would turn in his colors with zero hesitation.

And that was the last time for the rest of the night that Deck was even remotely near me.

In that, he was all over a new club bunny who had the gall to smirk at me. She could have him as far as I was concerned.

And before I made a move that was going to change everything, I looked over to Gaston's ol' lady, Felicia.

She has been around this club since it started. Gaston and she had been thick as thieves since elementary school or so my father had always told me. And watching the way the two of them are together, it was still the case.

I kind of exaggerated earlier. The only time the volume got turned down was when Felicia asked for it to be, which was rare.

Shaking my head, I walked over to Felicia where she sat at the bar and asked, “Hey girl, can I ask you something?”

She took a puff off her smoke and said, “Sure. What’s up, girl?”

“Can we go sit down over there? I’d rather talk to you where others can’t hear?” I asked her as I nodded to the table in the corner that wasn’t occupied.

She looked down at my hand, which I hadn’t realized was laying over my belly, and nodded with a soft smile on her face.

Sitting down, I leaned close so that she could hear and no one else, and asked, “Who is Luanne?”

Felicia scrunched up her brow and asked, “Luanne?”

I nodded then, looking for Deck, making sure he wasn’t near so he couldn’t carry out his threat when I asked, “Yeah, who is she to Deck?”

A concerned look touched her face, “You mean, you don’t know?”

I shook my head, “No.”

She smiled sadly at me, “That’s his wife. She passed away... oh, about seven years ago.”

How the hell was I expected to compete with a ghost? A living, breathing woman... sure... but not a ghost.

“How did she die?” I asked.

“She had leukemia. Deck was crazy about the woman. Never seen a man love a woman harder in all my days other than Gaston. He would pull everyone into finding another treatment. Finding someone that could take the pain away. He lived it and breathed it. She was his end game.”

“So that’s it then. My father’s dying wish is never going to happen, is it?” I asked as I studied the scarred-up wood top on the table we were sitting at.

A sad look came over her features then when she said, “No, darlin’. He’s never going to have another ol’ lady.”

My shoulders visibly dropped then as I muttered, “Why didn’t anyone tell me?”

“Honestly? We all thought you knew. Granted, he never brought her here. Her immune system wasn’t strong enough, but we all thought your father told you.”

Why? Why would my father have him make that promise, knowing he would never keep it? It just didn’t make any sense.

I didn’t answer her as I looked over to Deck. My heart almost went out to him, for him having to have gone through something like that, yes it was traumatic, but to treat another woman like he did me. To punish me because... I wasn’t her?

That steeled my heart against him.

I didn’t see Felicia look in the direction I had. She hadn’t missed the angry look on my face when he grabbed the club bunny around the waist, hefted her onto the bar, and then proceeded to make out with her. Followed by him hiking her skirt up.

Disgust rolled through me.

Glancing over at Gaston, it was to see him lock eyes with me and tilt his head to his office.

Nodding, I turned to Felicia, and with a sad smile, I said, “Thanks for everything.”

And with that, I stood up, kept my eyes on Gaston’s back, ignored everyone else, and followed him to his office.

The moment the door was closed, I walked over to a chair and sat down heavily.

“So, what’s going on?” He grabbed a cigarette, apparently, thought better of it, then put it on his desk without lighting it.

Ever since I could remember, I've never had trouble talking to Gaston. I probably should have though. He is the President of one of the largest MCs on the west coast after all, "Why'd you stop?"

He looked at me pointedly, then said rather bluntly, "Cause it's not good for you and the baby."

Wiping my sweaty palms on my jeans, I asked, "You know?"

"Yeah. The way you had your hand placed protectively over your belly when Deck did what he did earlier told me all I needed to know. And not to mention you've got your hand resting over your belly now."

Neither one of us said anything for a long while.

Knowing this was the moment, the moment where everything I've ever known was going to change, I gathered up the courage I needed and said, "I can't do this anymore, Gaston. I can't fight the memory of a ghost; one I didn't even know about. I can't give someone all of me and have him call out her name when he's inside of me. I can't keep on getting hit when I say something he doesn't like. I can't keep on being belittled because I forgot to grab the ketchup, or the fast-food place didn't give him the right number of sauces. I know I made my father a promise, but... I don't think he would want me to keep it and have kept it this long."

Gaston had his hands on the side of his desk, clenching the wooden frame as he nodded his head, "Your father had me promise that if he wasn't treating you right, no matter what, I'd get you free of him."

I felt the second genuine smile of the day hit my lips, "He did?"

"Yeah. You got a plan in place already?" he asked thoughtfully.

I shook my head, "No, I need to tell Deck about the baby, then I need to go from there."

“Admire you, Savannah. Not all women would.” And with that, he stood from the desk and asked, “Want me in here when you tell him?”

“Please,” I tried to hide the fact that I was utterly terrified of how he would react, but I couldn’t.

He stepped around his desk, walked over to me, placed both of his hands on the arms of the chair, made sure he had my eyes, and said, “I’ll kill him, he tries anything. Always seen you like a daughter, darlin’. Felicia and I were never blessed to have a kid, but I see you as mine.”

And with that, he stood after shocking me because he’s never told me that before, walked to his door, opened it, and hollered for Deck.

I kept my eyes glued to the picture that sat behind Gaston’s desk of my father and the brothers with their blue jean kutties that they had made. The ones they still wear too.

And then I heard, “She has something she wants to tell you.”

I saw Gaston walk to his desk, but he didn’t step around to the back of it and sit down. No, he leaned against it so that he was slightly in the middle of Deck and me, should Deck do something that Gaston would need to shut down.

I watched as Deck stopped, looked over at me in a barely there glance, took a swig from the bottle of vodka he held, and then he asked with a pinch to the bridge of his nose as if this was an inconvenience to him, “What’s going on, Savannah?”

Seriously? Steeling my spine, I started, “You remember the last time you fucked me? You slammed your hand over my mouth so I couldn’t speak. You stopped me from trying to tell you that we needed to use condoms because I had to start a different form of birth control.”

“Yeah, so...” He waved his hand for me to continue.

“I’m pregnant, Deck,” I said with courage I didn’t possess.

“So what? Get an abortion. I don’t want it,” he said matter of fact.

I should be shocked at his answer.

I should be floored.

I should be sickened by the man he is. The man that my father stupidly chose for me.

But I wasn’t.

No, I was... relieved.

“I’m not doing that. I’m having this baby. When I give birth, I want you to sign over your rights.”

“Fine by me, bring me whatever I need to sign,” he said as he took a swig from the bottle of vodka as he held it by the bottleneck with two fingers.

“Never wanted to kill a brother more than I do right now. If I didn’t admire your fucking father... Get the fuck out of my office and don’t let me see your face for the rest of the fucking night,” Gaston roared out.

Without a look at me or anything more, he turned and left the room. Drinking from the bottle the entire time.

Gaston breathed in and out, trying to get his temper under control before he asked, “Plan?”

Knowing this was it, I said, “Sell my parents’ home and move. I don’t want to be here anymore.”

He simply nodded and then asked, “Where are you wanting to go?”

“Always heard Tennessee was nice,” I said as I recalled back a few years ago when another MC had stopped by on their way to Oregon and I had seen how they treated their women. If I could have that kind of protection somewhere, then I would move there for my baby.

He smirked, “Can place a call to Powers., Pres of Wrath MC, Dogwood chapter. They dominate that area. Have him keep an eye out for you.”

I smiled a small smile at that, “That would be great.”

“I’ll call the club’s lawyer. Got someone that wouldn’t mind buying your parents’ house. I’ll have the prospects help you pack up and sell what you need.”

That night, as I stared at boxes the prospects had dropped off, I enjoyed my cake. I even ate two slices and suddenly, I didn’t care if it went to my ass.

Because two weeks later, I was starting over. I had everything I owned in a U-Haul trailer I had rented, and the back of my father’s truck loaded down with his bike. That was something I refused to part with. And it would go to my baby, a boy or a girl.

“You need me, don’t hesitate to call. I mean it, Savannah. May not have known what Deck was doing, but I should have. Been giving the man a pass for the past seven years, think it’s high time he gets his ass in gear.” Gaston brought me into his arms and hugged me.

“I owe him a few good swift kicks in his ass for how he’s been treating you. To be honest we thought you were okay with him being with the club bunnies. I’m sorry we didn’t bother to ask,” Felicia told me as she too pulled me into her arms and that alone told me that Gaston and she had talked.

When she released me, she said, “Now, I want pictures. I want to know what’s happening with the baby. I want to be there for the birth. I’ll be an honorary grandmother. But I won’t be called Grandma, I want to be known as Nonnie.”

“Nonnie, I like that.” I smiled at her while tears gathered in my eyes.

And with that, I walked to my father’s blacked-out, jacked-up, GMC truck that I had dubbed as Iron Hide from one of my favorite movies when he bought it.

Starting it up, I waved at them, and then my baby and I were off to hopefully something better. Something new.

What I didn't know was that my something new was going to be something that I hadn't seen coming. Quite literally, in fact.

Chapter 2

Zeke

With my back to the room, my eyes were on every entry and exit point. Locating the men and women that could possibly be here to end me, I'm always scanning my surroundings. It's not just that I'm prior military that causes me to do this, even though I know that I still look the part.

Black hair cut short on top and shaved on the sides, my beard neatly trimmed, my *Oakley's* perched on the top of my head, the full sleeve tattoos on both arms. Straight down to the tight-fitted black t-shirt and black cargo pants I have on, and my kutte.

No, the reason I always scan all entry and exit points is simple. A matter of survival. Well, it's one of two reasons.

The first is when you add on to the fact that I'm in an MC and we have enemies aplenty, we always need to have our heads on a swivel and always watching our six.

And the second? Well, the second reason has been instilled in me since I was old enough to learn that when a father beats you, it's not out of love. No, it's pure viciousness.

And when you accidentally get one spoon too much of a helping? That was a backhand across the face.

Forget to keep the toilet seat up at four? That was a kick to the backside.

Forget to take the trash out before momma got home at five years old? That too earned a punch to the belly.

Even though the old bastard is miles away from here, I still look for him. I still find myself doing things and then sweating and looking over my shoulder to ensure that he's not lurking in the shadows watching me.

At thirty-two years old, it's still a bad habit to break.

I should tell you that I hated getting my ass kicked for the smallest of things. But I can't say that.

While I was big for my age, my mother wasn't. She was a small thing. She wouldn't live through one of my dad's beatings or, as he called them, *Lessons Learned*.

And being aware of my surroundings as I was doing now, that was how I saw the bastard that was four tables away from me slip something in a girl's ice water. Right in the middle of the diner in broad fucking daylight while she had her head turned to talk to what I assumed to be a friend of hers.

Piece of fucking shit.

Getting up from my table, I was a man on a mission as I stormed over there to them. Grabbed the woman's glass, grabbed the man, hard at the jaw, squeezed until his mouth opened, and then poured the water down his throat.

Uncaring and not giving a fuck if the bastard drowned. Fucker better work his throat muscles.

Ignoring the patrons screaming and someone yelling out, "I'm calling 911, that's assault."

Funny thing about that, it was the girl that he was trying to roofie.

Slamming the glass on the table, I turned my glare on her as she spoke into the phone, "You tell them that in a few minutes or so when he goes limp, it's because of the roofie he tried to slip into your glass of water when you were talking to your friend there. You wanted to be raped and have God knows what happen to you?" I asked her darkly.

She didn't speak a word.

Tagging the phone from her hand, I placed the phone to my ear, "Who is this?"

"It's Margaret with dispatch." My favorite person ever.

“It’s Zeke darlin’. Let the boys in blue know I saw some punk slip something into this girl’s glass of water here at Maggie’s. Didn’t want her to have that and figured he needed a dose of his own medicine. Besides, he looked a little thirsty.”

All she did was chuckle and promise me that she would relay the news.

“Be there Saturday to mow your lawn,” I told her before handing the girl’s phone back to her.

“Zeke. What happened?” Maggie asked as she came over with a white cloth wiping off her hands.

“Pull your tapes, Mags, police will need them.” With that, I looked at the boy and saw his eyes start to roll in the back of his head and he was out like a fucking light.

Tagging my phone, I called the Pres. and filled him in on what had happened.

He let me know he was calling the club’s lawyer to let him know, should they try to pin anything on me.

While Maggie pulled the tapes so the three cops that walked in could see what took place I walked back over to my table, sat down, and then started to eat my double bacon cheeseburger that had been dropped off while I was dealing with the piece of shit.

The fucker was handcuffed and taken to the hospital when they returned from Maggie’s office.

And before I could pay, Maggie told me my meal was on the house.

Oh, and the girl walked over to my table and gave me her phone number with a sultry grin... fucking really?

I can’t make this shit up.

That piece of paper was left on the plate along with my trash as I nodded to Maggie and walked out to my bike.

Starting my lady up, that I had dubbed as Marilyn because I had a pearl white gas tank and pearl white accents

on it, I checked the street before I pulled out and headed to the garage at the clubhouse.

An hour later I got a call from the Sheriff that the boy wasn't pressing charges. Hell, I would have laughed my ass off if he had. It wouldn't be the first assault charge I had thrown at me. And I doubted it would be the last.

When I walked into the clubhouse, I had a little body start running towards me. Leaning down, I scooped our little princess up in my arms. "Have a good day, Chels?"

"Yes, Uncle Zeke. Come look at my newest creation," she smiled as she pointed over to the corner that everyone dubbed as Chelsea's corner where her paints were set up.

Chelsea was different from other kids, but none of us treated her any differently and we would kick the ass of anyone that dared to do that. She was born with an extra chromosome, and that just added to her awesomeness.

Seeing the picture she painted, I was once again floored. She had every member and ol' lady and kid in the picture. I was always amazed at her talent.

"That looks bad a... butt, Chels," I told her with excitement in my tone.

"Thank you. I'm happy with it." Grinning, I sat her down on her feet and nodded to Powers.

That was when his phone rang; walking over to the bar, I tagged a bottle of beer and then turned my head to Powers when I heard his intake of breath, "You're fucking shitting me."

I saw his facial expressions as he listened intently to the caller. Lil came up behind him then and wrapped her arms around him. He dropped his beer to the bar top, wrapped his arm around her, and pulled her to him while placing a kiss on her temple.

Normally I would have turned my head giving them their moment, but whoever was on the other line had me

intrigued since they were able to get a rise out of Powers like that.

I knew it wasn't a Dove because they would have called his burner phone and not his personal cell.

“Well fuck me. Yeah, brother. Say no more. I'll tell the brothers and have them keep an eye out for her. Send me a pic. When should she be getting here?”

A few of the other brothers gathered around when he nodded, then hung up the phone, checking it while he looked intently at it.

“Damn, she's grown up,” he said to no one in particular.

Lil, too, was looking at the photo as she asked, “Who is that, honey?”

“This is Savannah Calder. Her father was Hercules. One of the founding members of Steel Bandits MC and their SAA.”

“Shit,” Heathen cursed.

My sentiments exactly. You weren't truly a member of an MC if you didn't know about Hercules.

“What's going on with her?” Gage asked.

I heard Powers sigh, and that was when I felt my temper start to skyrocket to mammoth proportions.

He looked around the clubhouse then and said, “Since everyone is here, I'll go ahead and tell you. Savannah is heading this way to get a fresh start. Apparently, Hercules passed away two years ago. He made a promise to one of the members that saved his life some years ago. She was to be his ol' lady when the time was right. Only the motherfucker treated her like shit and never fulfilled that promise. I don't know all that includes, but something happened. Caused her to break the promise she made to her father. Gaston asked for us to keep an eye out for her. Make sure she's all right.”

And that was when he passed his phone around to us. No one reacted, well that was until the phone came to me.

Holy. Fucking. Shit.

The motherfucker treated this angel like shit?

What. The. Fuck?

She was a baby doll.

Platinum blonde hair, a cute button nose, and the greenest eyes I have ever seen. There was green and then there was green. I fucking hoped that she wasn't wearing those color-changing contacts. Cause if those were her real eyes? I was fucked.

I knew that if she ever came to me and asked me to hide a body, I would fold immediately just with one look from those eyes of hers.

I couldn't see her body, but I vaguely remember Hercules being a big son of a bitch, and this little woman? Goddamn.

I didn't realize that I had held onto the phone staring at her picture until I heard Powers chuckle, and then say, "Want me to send you that picture, brother?"

Startled, I looked up at him and then shook my head as I passed the phone to Skinner.

Begrudgingly.

A picture was great, sure, but I wanted to see the real thing. I wanted to see if the light was really in her eyes. I wanted to know if her hair felt as soft as it appeared. I wanted to feel those lips of hers, see if they were as soft as they seemed.

Grabbing my beer, I took a long pull from it and asked Powers, "When is she due here?"

"She's driving from California with a U-Haul and her father's bike in the back of the truck, so it won't be for a few days yet. Thinking we can go ahead and get her place set up

here in that time. And there's something else. She's pregnant. Not too far along yet."

"I'll put the call out to the ol' ladies, see if they have any baby stuff they haven't used," Lil said from his side as she pulled out her phone to do just that. Just like the top queen she was.

Four days later, I had been checking my phone religiously, seeing if she'd made it to town yet.

I had no clue if she would let Gaston know and he would let Powers know, but I was like a starved man. Wanting. Needing to see her. All from a fucking picture that was taken God knows how long ago.

I had just gotten the background check back from a few boys that were wanting to prospect for the club when my stomach growled loudly.

The saying that food was the way to a man's heart was proven true to me.

Walking out of my office at the clubhouse, I nodded to a few of the brothers, got on Marilyn, and then drove to the diner for a double bacon cheeseburger. That had my mouth salivating.

Thankfully, I didn't see any cars in the lot so I wouldn't have to wait too long on the food order while I sat at the four-way stop sign.

However, as I scanned the rest of the parking lot, that was when I saw it. A truck. A beautiful blacked-out jacked-up truck, with a bike in the back of it and a U-Haul trailer attached to it.

She was here. Holy fuck.

It was then that my palms got sweaty. What the fuck was happening to me?

This reaction was from seeing her picture.

A picture?

Shaking my head when I heard a horn honk behind me and then looking to see that it was my turn to go, I throttled my girl up and then started forward.

With my eyes on the truck and not the car in the other lane that had stopped to let a pedestrian cross the crosswalk on Main Street, I hadn't seen it.

Was that?

What the fuck?

Please. Please tell me I didn't just do what I think I did?

And when I looked down at the body that was now laying on the pavement while looking up... Yep. I fucking did it.

"God damnit," I growled as I shut my bike off, dropped the kickstand, and then jumped from the bike to the woman that I had hit with my bike.

And when I got a look at her face? All the air in my body let out in a whoosh.

I was right. Having her here. Seeing her.

The real thing was so much better than the picture.

"Savannah," I breathed out as I dropped to my knees beside her.

She already had my heart from that picture of her.

But I also felt my soul detach from my body and mold with hers.

Then, I heard the voice of an angel ask, "Do I know you?"

Chapter 3

Savannah

Did that just happen? Seriously?

Was I really laying on the hot asphalt on my back because I had just been hit by someone on a... a motorcycle?

Me? A girl that just left a motorcycle club, around bikes every day for the entirety of my twenty years of life, and all the way across the other side of the United States, literally, I get hit by a motorcycle.

Was this karma's way of getting back at me for not staying and toughing it out with Deck and going back on the promise I made to him?

Or was this merely an accident?

Because I sure as heck hoped it was only an accident.

I already felt bad enough for the decision to leave; I didn't need to feel any worse about it.

And when I heard my name from someone, in a voice that I swore only existed in the devil's playground.

One that was raspy, as in he smoked a carton of cigarettes a week and sounded like his throat was coated with honey. I asked, "Do I know you?"

How else would this man know my name?

I've never even stepped foot out of California.

Hell, I didn't know anyone personally in the state of Tennessee, just saw them at the clubhouse.

Either it was the pain in my hip, or the asphalt digging in my back that caused me to be slow and not take the man in, I didn't know. Oh, but when I did finally take him in, I wish I had done it right at that moment.

“No, Angel, you don’t know me, but Gaston reached out to my Pres. Powers said you were headed this way and asked us to keep an eye out.”

And that was when, without realizing I had done it, my hand was rubbing circles on my belly.

The man’s eyes landed on my belly, and I watched as his eyes flared, as his throat convulsed when he swallowed, and in that raspy and somewhat panicked tone, he asked, “Where are you hurting, Angel?”

That was when I turned my head in the man’s direction and immediately had to squint my eyes; the sun had to be right over us.

“Hip,” I said as I started to bring my other hand to block out the sun, but before I could, this man shifted his body to block it out.

The softness in his eyes, the likes of which I have never seen before as he looked down at me, surprised me, then he asked, “That better?”

Smiling weakly, I said, “Yes, thank you.”

And that was when he nodded, then pulled his phone from his pocket and placed a call.

Five minutes later, emergency services were there, then I was being loaded up in the back of an ambulance.

“I’ll be right behind the ambulance, Angel,” the man that I didn’t know told me, and yet... there was something comforting in his tone.

Something that told me he meant what he said, and he would do what he said. Actions spoke louder than words with me.

Sadly, I learned that way too early in life. First with my father, then my mother, then with Deck. That was three too many people to let me down.

The ride in the ambulance was a blur as I answered their questions as best as I could.

All the while silently wondering where the man was. I didn't refer to him as the man that had run me over with his bike, no, he was simply someone who cared about my needs by moving in front of the sun so I would be a little more comfortable.

Sure, that was something small to someone else and they probably wouldn't realize how nice of a move that was. But for someone that has been treated as I have by Deck, it wasn't small. It was huge.

When we came to a stop, the paramedics readied to remove me from the back. The doors opened, and there he stood, strong, not moving.

The moment they got me out of the back of the ambulance, he was right there at my side, telling the medical staff what had happened.

Somehow my hand found his, and I squeezed, "Did Gaston tell your President I was pregnant?"

He nodded, "Yeah, that's why I was concerned about where you were hurt. It would have killed me had your baby gotten hurt."

"How far along are you?" someone in navy scrubs that was standing beside him asked.

My eyes never left his, though, as I muttered, "Almost nine weeks."

And after that, everything really was a blur.

I was wheeled into a room in the emergency room and immediately hooked up to wires.

Poked and prodded everywhere under the sun. Blood work was taken and when the nurse came back and asked, "The man that came with you is asking how you're doing literally every five minutes. It amazes me how hard men like that one worry. Would you like him in here with you?"

I sighed and nodded my head. Not because she had asked that, but that the man was worrying about me. Me. A woman he has never met.

But it wasn't only that.

It was that he cared about what happened to me.

And I haven't truly felt that anyone cared ever since my father took his last breath.

She nodded and then left the room.

And not even the hand on the clock next to the television had gone around a full minute before he was walking into the room.

When his eyes landed on me, he smiled.

And let me tell you something.

That smile?

It was lethal.

All I knew was that all he had to do was to point that smile in my direction and I knew right then and there that there was nothing I wouldn't do for him if he asked.

And that... that was dangerous on so many levels.

"How you doing, Angel?" he asked as he rounded my bed, tagged a green-colored chair, and pulled it to the side of the bed.

"Okay, they gave me some pain medicine that is safe for the baby, waiting on the doctor to come in and have someone take me to have an x-ray to make sure nothing is broken."

He nodded, then tagged his phone from his pocket, hit some buttons, and read something on the screen.

Finally, I was able to take the man in, and there was just something about him that seemed familiar to me.

But I couldn't place it.

He had black hair that was cut almost in the military style, but his hair was longer on top. He had sort of a rounded face, and I bet everything I owned in the world that without the orgasmic beard, he had on his face that it would resemble a baby's face.

His eyes?

Now those were something else.

I've seen dozens of different colored eyes. Blue. Hazel. Green. Two different colored eyes. But never in all the years I have been on this earth have I ever seen someone with gray eyes. They were stunning.

Silently, I wondered if those were those contacts.

"No, Angel, they aren't contacts." My cheeks flamed as he chuckled and put his phone away.

I had said that aloud? That's never happened to me.

He chuckled then, "Yes, you said that aloud."

Immediately, I slammed my hand over my mouth.

And that one simple action in time caused the most beautiful sound I have ever heard to fill my senses. His chuckle had morphed into a full-out laugh.

After a minute had passed, I removed my hand and asked something that I have been wanting to know. But what I should have asked was what his name was. Right?

"Why do you call me Angel? For all you know, I could be the devil reincarnated," I asked him as the nurse who had been in here earlier, wheeled the ultrasound machine into the room.

He chuckled as he moved a strand of my hair behind my ear, and I saw his eyes soften even more, if that were even possible.

"Because the moment I saw your picture on my Pres.'s phone, you looked like an angel to me. And if you are the devil reincarnated, then that won't bother me a fucking bit.

You can burn me alive for all I care. Just have to ask one thing of you.”

I scrunched my brow as I asked, “And what is that?”

“Never take those eyes away from me. I always say that a person’s eyes are a view of their soul. There’s the color of green, baby, then there’s the color of green like what you have. It reminds me of the first day of spring as the morning dew has settled on blades of grass.”

“Are you a closet poet?” I asked him as I sniffled, trying to hold in the tears from his words.

Leaning in to whisper so only I could hear, he said, “For you, I’ll be whatever you want me to be.”

But before I had the chance to ask him what he meant by that, the nurse smiled and then had me lowering the blanket so they could check on the baby.

She smiled, then nodded at the man and asked, “Do you feel comfortable having this man in here?”

Did I?

I’ve never met him before.

Well, that’s a partial lie.

Because it had hit me, somewhere between his Angel and the color of his eyes. He was the one that had scowled when Deck called me a bitch.

Call me crazy, but the only reason I was comfortable with him being here was that I had seen his jaw harden when one of the paramedics put their hands on me to check me over.

“Yes, that is, if he wants to stay in here.” I was looking at the man who I still didn’t know the name of. The same man who hadn’t bothered looking at the nurse only kept his eyes on me.

“Take an army to get me away from you... well... not even that, if I’m being honest,” he told me.

“Okay then, honey, since you aren’t far along yet, a normal ultrasound won’t pick up the baby, so we have to do this vaginally. I’m going to need you to place your feet here and here, and then I’m going to insert this into your vagina. Okay?”

“Sure you want to be in here?” I asked as I placed my feet where she had instructed.

“Not going anywhere, Angel,” he told me as he kept his eyes on the little monitor, not once venturing to the nurse and what she was doing.

“Do you have a brother?” the nurse asked him as she pulled the wand from my vagina after we saw the baby and heard his or her little heartbeat.

He laughed then and nodded, “Yeah, got a few. They all have ol’ ladies. Two of them are interested in women that they will end up claiming, though.”

She sighed. “Figures, all the good ones are taken.”

After she cleaned everything up and wheeled the machine out of the room, I realized that neither one of us had bothered to correct her that at least I was single. But I didn’t know if he was.

When we were alone, I said, “You know, I don’t even know your name, and you were in here when she checked on my baby.”

He chuckled at that and said, “Name’s Zeke.”

“No road name?” I asked him. Sure, some of the guys in my dad’s club didn’t have road names. So perhaps their clubs weren’t that different after all. And that alone terrified me.

Had I made a mistake in coming here? In choosing this state all over a brief encounter with the guys when they had been in California.

Taking me from my sad thoughts, he said, “Nah, most of the guys in my club don’t have one.”

I nodded at that and said, “You probably already know my name is Savannah.”

“I did, darlin’. It’s nice to officially meet you.” He smiled as he squeezed my hand which he has yet to let go of.

And then when his phone went off again, it was the fifth time it had gone off.

“Is there somewhere you need to be?” I asked him, hoping there wasn’t, but I wouldn’t be selfish.

No matter how much I wanted him to stay here with me.

He locked his eyes with mine and muttered, “Nah, nowhere else I’d rather be. And in case you’re wondering, those are from the brothers and probably a few ol’ ladies. I’m also single. Just FYI.”

I took in his entire statement, but only two things registered.

One, he was single.

And two, his five words.

Nowhere else I’d rather be.

Chapter 4

Zeke

I knew I was more than likely coming on too strong with her, but I just couldn't help myself where she was concerned.

It was almost as if she had somehow dug into the deepest part of me and pulled this side of me out.

Fuck, I needed to tone myself down. It was way too soon for telling her that there was nowhere else I would rather be. Well, it wasn't just those words, but it was in the context I had said them and the feeling I had put into those five simple words.

I... and that was when I heard her hiccup, and looking up at her face I was startled. "Hey, what has you crying so?" I asked the beautiful girl that had tears trailing down her cheeks that was laying on the hospital bed.

Here I was debating about how I was handling things and while I had been doing that, she had tears trailing down her cheeks.

"I broke my promise to my baby." I wasn't entirely sure what she was talking about, but I intended to find out.

"What promise, Angel?" I asked her as I used the pad of my thumb to brush the tears away.

"I vowed that I would never let them get hurt, and here I am a few weeks after I made that promise and I allowed them to get hurt." More tears trailed silently down her cheeks at that.

And at that statement?

I now understand how the men in the MC that are taken feel.

Because of this protective quick-to-riple temper, I'm feeling now? Yeah, now I fucking feel it.

My gramps used to tell me all the time that the moment he laid eyes on my grams that he knew. He couldn't describe the feeling in his gut. But just that he knew.

He knew she was the one. And they stayed together until, sadly, cancer took her from us, and him not even three days later.

The man was healthier than a horse.

The doctors couldn't describe it, but we all knew that it was simple. He died from a broken heart.

I willed myself to calm down. What the hell was happening to me? My temper was easy to control. But apparently hearing this beautiful woman talk about how she failed her unborn child. It was almost more than I could take.

"Like hell you did. I'm the one that didn't see you, Angel. That is all on me. Not you."

Without another word, I moved my body onto her bed, carefully lifting her and placing her on my body. Because if we laid side by side, half of my body would be hanging off the side of the bed and I would be damned if she suffered through that.

Wrapping both my arms around her after she shifted, got comfortable and let out a sigh that was fucking adorable, yet it went straight to my dick.

Her chuckle filled the room.

And just like that, her tears had subsided.

Five minutes later, I felt her body completely relax into mine as her soft snore filled the room.

And I was right, her hair really was as soft as it looked, the feel of it on my arm, well, that caused a few looks into the future. Looks that I hoped like fuck came true.

Laying there on the bed, I started wondering where she was going to be staying. If it was in a safe neighborhood. How could I access it to make sure she was safe when she closed her eyes? Did she need anything?

Just as I was thinking about everything, a phone rang on the bedside table.

Knowing it was hers, I tagged it carefully without moving her too much and then silenced the call, then checked the screen.

It read *Gaston Calling*.

Swiping the screen to take the call, I placed it to my ear, "Gaston, this is Zeke."

"The fuck you answering her phone for, boy?" he asked in a growl.

One that even a fool wouldn't mistake as being deadly.

Even though he wasn't my president, nor her father, something had told me that I needed to be truthful with the man, so that was what I would be doing. "Had an accident, she's okay. My stupid ass hit her with my bike. We are in the hospital getting her checked out. And before you ask, she's sleeping."

He sighed then and then said, "Wondered why the fuck you were whispering. She's okay?"

"Yeah, waiting for an x-ray now to make sure nothing is broken. I don't think so anyway. I was barely on the throttle when I hit her. Some impatient asshole was behind me, and I didn't notice the car that was waiting for someone to walk by to my left."

"Well, make sure she calls me when they release her so I can make sure she's alright. And then make sure she lets me know where she's staying. My ol' lady is chomping at the bit to make sure she made it there safe and sound." He sighed then, "You motherfucker. She's going to flip her bitch switch mode when I tell her what happened."

“So... do I need to go out and buy a cup to protect my balls, or do I need to visit a sperm bank and have my semen frozen?”

He chuckled then and said, “The last option would be wise. Very, very wise.”

Nodding even though he couldn't see it, I said, “Gotcha.”

Then he had me chucking when he asked, “You going to find that impatient fucker?”

“That doesn't even need an answer, Gaston,” I said low.

And with that, he chuckled, then hung up.

Placing the phone back on the table by the bed, I dug out my phone because my stomach was growling something fierce and shot off a text to our newest brother, whom we had patched in six months ago.

Me – Mind running by the diner and grabbing me a double bacon cheeseburger all the way and bringing it to the hospital?

Monroe replied with a fucking thumbs-up emoji. The bastard.

Monroe was all right. Some shit that came out of his mouth had me wanting to throttle him, though.

Like two months ago. Fucking dumbass thought it would be okay to compliment the skirt that Harlow was wearing. She had just lost the baby weight from having Chelsea. Everyone knew how hard she had worked, even though Skinner hadn't liked it, because he loved everything about Harlow. His exact words had been: *Don't care if you get as big as a house. Still love you.*

At first, the compliment was all right but the rest of it? Well, he received a beer bottle chucked at his face from Skinner.

He had to go to the emergency room to have the glass shards taken out of his face where it shattered because of the force Skinner used. And Michelle and Mackenzie refused to do it.

And the compliment went something like this. *“That’s a beautiful skirt, Harlow. Just wondering how the fuck you fit all that you are inside of it. Cause damn girl.”*

We all figured that he was complimenting her that she was something else and the skirt didn’t do her justice. However, the way it sounded, he was calling Harlow fat as fuck.

I couldn’t help the chuckle that burst forth when I recalled the smirk on Skinner’s face when the beer bottle smashed into Monroe’s face.

Sadly, that had the effect of waking up Savannah. Fuck. Note to self. Must not laugh when she is sleeping on my chest.

Because you best believe this would be happening again.

Sleepily Savannah asked, “How long was I out?”

I tightened my arms around her and then whispered into her hair, “Not long. About half an hour. Feel better?”

“Much.” And then she somehow snuggled deeper into my embrace.

“While you were sleeping, Gaston called, wants you to call him when you get released and then let them know where you land because apparently, his woman is wanting to know, badly.”

She laughed softly at that. And before she could reply, there was a knock on the door as a woman stepped into the room and said they were taking her for an x-ray.

Letting go of her, I scooted out of the bed, all the while ensuring that I didn’t move her too much.

“Be right here when you get back,” I told her as I pressed a kiss to her temple and then stepped back while she was taken from me.

And no, I hadn’t missed the look on her face when I told her that Gaston’s woman wanted to know where she landed. Almost as if she had no clue.

And that, well, that just didn’t sit right with me.

So, while I waited for her to get back from the x-ray, I planned out what I was going to do. But not before I made sure to settle the hospital’s bill.

And once I had that done, I didn’t hesitate to place my plan in motion.

Grabbing my phone I called Powers, and of course, without a greeting, he said, “Yeah, how is she?”

“She’s having an x-ray now, said it wouldn’t harm the baby. Making sure she didn’t break her hip.”

“Good. Fucking hell, not even here a day, and she’s been hurt.” Fuck me, I put on a brave front for her, but no one was feeling the pain from that like I was.

“I know.” I poured the guilt I felt into those two words, then I cleared my throat, “Have y’all found a place for her already?”

“Supposed to go and look at apartments tomorrow,” he answered, and I knew that Lil had been the one to find them.

But my woman wouldn’t be staying in an apartment. Hell fucking no. “Cancel it. She’s staying with me. I got the room.”

Powers sighed then said, “Brother...” But I didn’t let him finish that thought.

“When did you know that Lil was the one?” I asked him as I stopped in front of her room and paced the hall.

He sighed yet again. He knew what I was about to say, “The moment I laid eyes on her, I knew.”

“Yeah.” I nodded. Simple as that. He got what I was putting down.

“I’ll have your back like always, but just remember where she came from. We don’t know all the shit that fucker did to her. You may have to tread with caution on this, brother.” Powers put a voice to all the thoughts that were running through my mind.

I nodded as I saw that Monroe was making his way to me with a bag in one hand, and his other in his jeans pocket, and to Powers, I said, “I got you.”

Powers huffed out a laugh, “You claiming her already?”

I shrugged, “Depends. Need to know what all she’s been through first. She needs to spread her wings and fly, I’m thinking. I’ll give her a place to land after she’s done that.”

With his next words, I knew I needed to take certain things into consideration, “And what if that takes her years to do, brother?”

I didn’t even have to think about my answer, the words just fell from my mouth, and I had zero regrets about every word spoken, “Then I’ll be here. You know me, Powers. Never given my all to anyone except the club. Been waiting for the right one to step into my life.”

“She did that, that’s for sure.” He barked out a laugh.

Fucking asshole, never would I say that to his face, though. I enjoyed breathing a little too much.

Instead, I said, “Alright, I got a key under the mat at the front door. Can you have the ol’ ladies drop off anything they have into the empty room near the second bedroom to the right? That’ll be the nursery. The room beside it, that’ll be her room... for now.”

“Alright, brother. But you know they won’t give that woman and baby hand me down shit.” He barked out another laugh.

“Figures. Just let me know how much they spend, and I’ll reimburse them,” I said, and that got him laughing his ass off. I wouldn’t be getting any receipts either.

Pocketing my phone, I lifted my head when I heard them returning to the room.

Offering a chin lift at Monroe, I took the bag he handed me just as they wheeled Savannah back into the room.

“Mind if I meet her?” Monroe asked.

“You say one thing to her that crosses the line and having a beer bottle thrown at your face will be the least of your worries,” I growled.

That was the only warning he would ever be getting from me.

He nodded and then followed me into her room.

When she looked up after getting settled on the bed, she had a soft smile on her face when she asked, “Still here, I see?”

“Promised you, Angel, I would be here when you got back. Meant that,” I told her as I settled myself into the chair beside her bed, unwrapped my cheeseburger, and dug in.

“Were you that hungry?” She asked as I finished off my burger in five bites.

“Yes ma’am. I was headed to the diner when this all happened. Hadn’t had anything to eat today,” I told her but didn’t think to check how that would sound to her.

And I knew that when she said what she said next.

“I’m sorry. I really should have been paying more attention.” With that, she looked down at her folded hands.

Shoving my trash onto the table, I stood from my chair, placed one finger underneath her chin and gently lifted her face so her eyes could look in mine when I whispered, “Don’t you fucking dare go there, darlin’. It’s not anyone’s fault but

mine and the son of a bitch behind me who honked his horn for me to move.”

And I planned on having Greek tap into the street cams and get me the name of the driver. I would be paying him a visit... later.

That was when I heard Monroe clearing his throat. Asshole.

Pulling away from Savannah, I said, “Angel, this is Monroe. He’s a brother. Monroe, this is Savannah.”

I saw the gleam in his eyes and knew he was about to say something I didn’t like. “Can I call her Angel too?”

I growled, “That name for her comes out of your mouth, and what I promised you earlier will happen.”

He nodded, then held his hands up in surrender.

“What are you two talking about?” she asked.

I looked back at her and said, “Monroe has a tendency to speak before he thinks about how it comes across to other people. Just warning him not to piss me off.”

“Anyway, it’s an honor to meet you, Savannah,” he told her softly and with a smile I’d seen him use on a few of the club girls.

And I didn’t like it. Not one fucking bit.

Before I could ream him a new asshole, my phone pinged. I checked it, and saw the group message Powers sent out.

Powers – *Heads up, Zeke claimed Savannah.*

Once I read it, I pocketed my phone, crossed my arms over my chest, and smiled at Monroe when his, too, went off.

I watched him use the apology smile aimed at my woman, the fucker, and then I watched him read the text and then saw his jaw harden.

His head jerked up, and he snapped, “Seriously? Already? Y’all fuckers don’t give the others a chance.” He shook his head, and that was when the doctor entered the room.

Thankfully, he let us know that nothing was broken and that they would be discharging her soon.

And what made my chest expand was the fact that she didn’t look again in Monroe’s direction.

Matter of fact, both of us forgot he was even in the room.

That was proven true when she said, “My truck and daddy’s bike. Crap, it probably got towed.”

That was something I had already taken care of in the texts I got after I came into her room.

“Already taken care of, Angel. The owner is a friend of the club. If you give Monroe your keys, he will see that your bike and trailer are taken to my house.”

“Your house? But why?” she asked with a confused expression on her face.

“Because, as far as anyone knows, you don’t have a place to stay. I do, however. I have a four-bedroom house that sits on ten acres of land about half an hour from the clubhouse. Got plenty of room. Already got the ol’ ladies gathering up stuff for you and the baby, and I have room for a nursery.” I let her process those words.

And when I saw a certain light enter her eyes and an uncertain smile grace her beautiful face, I finished saying what I needed to say, “Not sure everything you have gone through but figured you wouldn’t mind just taking things easy. Spread your wings however you want to. Just know that you will always have a place to land with me.”

I left out the fact that she was already mine. Didn’t want her to know that just yet. I didn’t know how it was

between her and the baby's father. The baby that also would be mine, but I didn't want her to feel pressured into a damn thing.

And that uncertain smile, well, that turned to one of clarity, "You know I should deny everything you're offering me. But I saw you once. When you and your club came to the clubhouse in California. You're not technically a stranger. I chose Tennessee because your club was there, and I was floored by how y'all treat your women. In awe, in fact. But... do you really think you will be okay with having a newborn in your house?"

With her, I didn't think about my actions, I just acted.

I took her hand and placed it over my rapidly beating heart.

So, she could not only hear my words that were coming next, but feel how much I wanted her to accept it. And when the time came, accept me.

With my other hand, I again placed my finger under her chin and tilted her head back. "Say no more, Savannah. Whatever happens. No matter what. I. Am. Here." I accentuated every single word that came out of my mouth with a growl.

No way was she going through this thing on her own. Over my dead body.

Did I think I would ever be called daddy?

No. To be honest, I never dwelled on it.

But thinking about the little one in her belly calling me daddy?

Fuck. I vowed right then and there that if she gave me that honor, that right there was nothing I wouldn't do for him or her and I would be the best damn father this world had ever seen.

And I wouldn't be giving it *lessons* either.

Was this all coming on too fast?

Probably.

But after I've seen love at first sight over and over with my brothers, I didn't fucking question it.

I dug my heels in and prepared to tell fate to throw everything it had at me, and I knew, at the end of it all, I'd end up with Savannah in one arm and our baby in my other arm.

Chapter 5

Savannah

Sitting there, I watched as a myriad of expressions crossed his face. From uncertainty to nervousness to an all-knowing glint in his eyes.

Just as I was about to ask him what he was thinking, and how much his mortgage was so I could pay my way, there was a knock on the door.

And when I saw the nurse that had been with me since I came into the emergency room step into the room with a couple of papers in her hand, I felt giddy.

I had nothing against hospitals, but there was just something about them that drained you.

“Okay, Savannah. I have your discharge papers here for you. Just take Motrin if you have any soreness and if things worsen for any reason, come back and see us.” I nodded, then looked behind her to a man pushing in a wheelchair into the room.

As soon as the wheelchair was moved into the room, the nurse left.

Zeke started to help me from the bed, but then I stopped moving and looked up at his gorgeous face with confusion written all over my face.

I stated, “They didn’t ask me for payment.”

He smiled down at me and moved a strand of my hair behind my ear that had fallen out of the messy ponytail the nurse had helped me with. “Already taken care of, Angel. Did that while I waited for them to let me back here. Now let’s get you loaded up and taken home.”

Smiling softly, I asked, “Can I make one suggestion?”

And it was right on time too because my stomach growled.

Oh, the wonders his smile could do to the female population. “Name it.”

“Can we stop for food first?” I asked him.

He chuckled, then nodded.

After I was up and settled into the wheelchair with my bag in my lap and my discharge papers, I couldn’t contain my laughter when an orderly grabbed my wheelchair.

He said it was hospital regulation and had started to wheel me out of my room, only for Zeke to stop him with a growl. I could see it rattled the man and he thankfully let go of my wheelchair and moved to the side.

As Zeke grabbed the handles and started wheeling me out of my room and into the hallway, I whispered into the hall, “Caveman.”

His breath tickled my neck when I heard his mouth near my ear, “I’ll be a caveman wherever you’re concerned. Might as well get used to it.”

Shaking my head at him, I climbed into the SUV and couldn’t contain my giggle when Zeke shoved the wheelchair at the man and said, “Deuces.”

I didn’t comment when Zeke opened the driver’s side door, took off his kutte, then climbed in and immediately rolled the windows down after he placed his kutte tenderly in the back seat.

He was a biker through and through.

Starting the SUV, without putting it in drive, he asked, “Okay, what does the lady want to eat?”

“A juicy cheeseburger all the way please,” I told him as he started to pull out what I assumed was his phone, then he glanced at me.

“What is all the way to you? To some, that is lettuce, tomato, onion, pickles, ketchup, mustard, and mayo. To others, that is chili, mustard, slaw, and onions.”

My mouth started watering when he finished asking me that.

Grinning, I said, “The latter.”

“Fucking perfect.” He mumbled under his breath, which caused a smile to form on my face.

Placing his phone to his ear after he hit some buttons, I heard him placing my order.

And after his phone was back in place, only then did he put the SUV into gear and pull out of the parking lot.

Then when ten minutes had passed, and he hadn't answered two of the calls and ten of what I assumed to be messages, I finally asked, “If you need to get them, I can close my ears.”

He glanced over at me quickly, smiled that panty-dropping smile, turned his attention back to the road... and then he bit his freaking bottom lip.

Son of a mother's whore.

“The only thing that matters to me is your safety. If you weren't in this car, I'd be answering them. But you're precious cargo.”

Add on to what he just said and the bottom lip biting?

I didn't say another word, because I was sure that what wanted to come out of my mouth would end up sounding like a blubbering mess.

What were those words you ask...? *Can you please pull over, stick your dick in me and make me cum while you bite your bottom lip?*

In fact, I was so focused on keeping my thighs clenched to ward off the tingling going on between my legs

that I hadn't even noticed that we had stopped in front of the diner I had been walking toward this very afternoon.

That was until I felt his fingers brushing along the underside of my jaw as he asked, "You okay?"

"What? Me? Huh? Oh yeah. Great. Perfect even," I rushed out and then felt my face getting even hotter.

His reaction was nothing but a full-out laugh that had him clenching his stomach as tears formed in his eyes.

Grabbing the door handle, reaching for his kutte, while shaking his head and mumbling, "Fucking adorable."

Once he shut the door and walked inside the diner, I finally let out a long breath I hadn't realized I had been holding.

That man was...

Fire.

Dangerous.

Swoon-worthy.

Completely luscious.

Totally gorgeous.

And completely lickable.

But there was something in the back of my mind that caused me to worry and start thinking badly of myself. Could I be that kind of woman? The kind of woman that jumped from someone's bed straight to another.

Granted, it has been months since I was with Deck.

And what we had... well, a girl has needs.

Would he treat me like Deck did? Or would what I could see in his eyes be the god's honest truth... that he was the best man I have ever met?

They say when you meet someone, you can tell everything about them with one glance. Sure, it's not a good

thing to judge someone like you would a book cover. You have to read the fine print on the back of the book or on the inside cover. But it was in their eyes.

That was the telling tale.

And when I looked into Zeke's eyes... I saw everything I wanted... and more...

Never in a million years did I believe he would ever treat me like Deck had. I couldn't even begin to tell you how I know that... just that I do.

The soft touches, the concerning looks, the over-protectiveness, it was all there, written in his eyes.

Whispering into the cab of the SUV, I asked, "Please dear god, let him mean everything he said in the hospital. Fucking please."

"Meant all that and more, Angel." I jumped as I heard his voice through the open windows.

"Fucking hell, Zeke. Warn a girl, would you?" I snapped as I placed a hand over my rapidly beating heart. "How long have you been standing there?"

"Not long. Just long enough to hear the start of what you said," he told me as he climbed back in and handed me the food and a big Styrofoam cup.

With a judgmental eye at the cup, I asked, "What's in it?"

"Sweet tea. They have the best. Any normal person orders sweet tea with an all-the-way burger. And since you have really good taste, that's what I went with."

Giving him a raised brow, I opened the straw as he put the SUV back into gear and backed up expertly while I placed the straw into the lid and took a hesitant sip, and then I moaned.

It was the right amount of sweetness. Sugar coma, here I fucking come.

After I didn't say anything as I savored the taste, he asked, "Good."

With a soft sigh, I said, "Oh yes."

Freaking right. I didn't miss it when I said that his nostrils flared. That alone caused a little excited flutter in the pit of my stomach.

I knew I was pretty. But next to Zeke, I was so far out of my league that it wasn't even funny. However, when he looked at me like he did at a red light? It made me feel as though I was the only woman on this earth.

That feeling, well, that feeling was a one in a million.

On the way to his house, I ate my burger after making sure he wouldn't get offended if I ate in front of him when he didn't have anything to eat.

His response was to scoff and say, "Angel, I'm the dumbass that ate in front of a pregnant woman. Don't you dare feel bad."

Ten minutes later, when he turned onto a gravel road that was lined with fields and fencing, I started taking in my surroundings.

He told me his house sat on ten acres and I assumed this was all part of it, and when I saw a line of bikes, cars, my truck, bike, and trailer, sitting outside of a gorgeous house that was my dream house to a T, I knew.

Every breath I had caught in my lungs as we came to a stop, clearing my throat I knew that I had to ask, "Okay, I need to ask you something."

He chuckled and then said, "Name it."

Staring in awe at the house, I asked, "Have you lived in my head for the past ten years?"

He looked at me with a raised brow as he put the SUV into park and turned the key to kill the ignition, then he asked, "I don't think so. Why?"

“Because I saw an ad for something similar to that house when I was ten years old, made changes to it in my mind. Never did I imagine that I would ever see something like it in my life unless I had it built,” I whispered, while still staring at the house in awe from the corner of my eye.

“That right? Wanna know something?” I saw the excited glint in his eyes, and I nodded.

“Saw an ad when I was looking at houses. Saw this one and added the changes I wanted.” And with that bomb drop, he tagged his kutte, then stopped and said, “You wait for me to open your door.”

I shook my head and muttered, “Caveman.”

“All day, every day, baby.” And let me tell you something, I thought his smile was sexy... but that smirk over his shoulder. *Mama, I’m home.*

While I waited for him to round the SUV, I really took the outside of the house in.

It really was sitting right there. The house of my dreams. All the way smack dab down to the color of the support beams supporting the front overhang of the house. Dark walnut.

The house itself was white and looked to be about twenty-seven hundred sqft. It was massive and perfect. And the best part of it, he had window boxes that matched the support beams with cute little flowers. If I didn’t know any better, I would think that he was taken.

But he had assured me that he was indeed single. Because if he wasn’t? There was no way in hell I would be able to stay in this house.

Well... maybe that’s a partial lie.

I would break in when she wasn’t here just so I could carry the memory of stepping foot inside my dream house.

When Zeke opened my door and held out his hand for me, I smiled at him and then saw the garage door start to rise,

and yes, the color of the door matched the beams.

After he helped me out and then grabbed my bag from me which got a chuckle out of him when I glared, he immediately replied, “You’re carrying precious cargo. No need for you to lift shit.”

And with that statement, he placed his free hand on the small of my back and led me to the garage, where once again all the air in my lungs let out in a whoosh.

Why?

That was because of the beauty that sat before me.

He chuckled as he removed his hand from my back and then stalked to what I assumed to be a door so we could go into the house, but I didn’t remove my eyes from the beauty before me.

“Please tell me that my eyes aren’t deceiving me,” I whispered at the vision that sat on four wheels in front of me.

He smirked and then asked, “Are you seeing an all-white car with two black racing stripes on the hood?”

The freaking smartass... All I could do was to nod my head in answer.

“Then yes, yes you are,” he told me with amusement in his tone.

“This... this is a 1970 Plymouth ‘Cuda Hemi with a 426 cubic inch, V-8 running at stock 425hp at 5,000 rpm,” I rushed out feeling a rush of excitement, then looked at Zeke.

Only to find his eyes wide, his mouth hanging open, and a look in those deep gray eyes of his.

And when he dropped my bag, stalked over to me, and then dropped to one knee while grabbing my hand and asked, “Marry me, Savannah. Fuck me. Please say yes.”

I couldn’t help but giggle as I gazed down at his sculpted by the greatest of master’s face.

“Well?” he demanded, still on one knee.

“Are you seriously asking me that only because I know what kind of car this is?” I asked him, trying to put a dangerous whisper in my tone but failing miserably.

“Well... kind of... but not only that. You’re fucking beautiful. Fuck me, you took my breath away with one fucking picture. You’re sweet as hell. You have a sassy attitude. You obviously know cars. And on top of that, you’re not afraid to chow down in front of a man. So, give me an answer, please?”

“Ask me again next week,” I told him and then leaned down, and without a care in the world and having no clue how I was so easily trusting of this man, I pressed a kiss on his forehead.

And then I did something I have been wanting to do forever. I walked to the car and ran my hand along with the sleek frame.

My mind ran back to one of the very few times my dad hadn’t forgotten my birthday and had taken me for a ride in his car that was almost identical to this one.

And as I walked along the side of it, I hadn’t realized he had been in the process of telling me where and how he got it.

My ears piqued when he said the name Andy.

There was no way. No freaking way that the Andy that I remembered and the Andy that he knows are the same person.

This car was on the other side of the country.

But I had to know.

You know the saying: curiosity killed the cat?

Snapping my head in his direction, he stopped speaking when I asked, “Wait... what do you mean, the guy you bought it from was named Andy?”

He looked at me with a raised brow, “You okay?”

“What? Yes, I’m okay,” I replied to him.

And when he didn’t answer me, I almost snapped my fingers in his face. This was serious business, “Andy... the guy you bought it from. Was his last name Heighten?”

He jerked his head back slightly and asked, “Yeah... how the fuck would you know that?”

I was getting aggravated now, and I was impatient, “Because, if this car has a small tear in the carpet in the trunk near the fender wheel, then this was my dad’s.”

Zeke’s face showed that of shocked surprise, then immediately he walked to the side door. Which I now know that’s where he was leading us before the car caught my attention.

Oh, and by the way, watching the way those jeans hugged his massive thighs and ass? Deck fucking who?

He tagged a key that was hanging on a cute little key hook board thingy, then walked past me, inserted the key into the lock, turned, and then lifted the trunk.

Walking hesitantly over to him, I peeked into the right side of the trunk and low and behold, a small tear was in the carpet.

Tears welled in my eyes as I reached in and ran my hand along with the cut. “The small tear happened because we passed by a yard sale on my birthday, the last one I got to ride in this car when I was eight. He wasn’t that involved in my life, mostly because of who he was and what he did for the MC, but on the days that he was there, I got his attention.” I wiped a stray tear from the corner of my eye. “When my eyes landed on a purple bike with sparkly silver tassels hanging on the handlebars he had laughed, flipped a bitch in the middle of the road, and bought me that bike.”

“Do you still have it?” he asked, and I knew he was asking about the bike.

I nodded my head, “Yes, I never threw out anything my dad got for me. Drove my mother nuts, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it. Sorry, bet you didn’t expect a story about a little girl and her memories.”

“Long as that little girl is you, then I want to know everything.” I sniffed, then looked up into his gray eyes that somehow saw into the deepest parts of me.

Smiling as I nodded, then got my emotions under control.

Running his finger along the tear he said, “Was going to replace it because of that. Pretty fucking glad I didn’t.”

Chuckling, I said, “You and me both.”

“Any time you want to ride in it, Angel, just say the word. This is the only cage I don’t mind being in.” And with that, he closed the trunk, placed his hand on the small of my back, and started leading me to the side door.

That was when it opened and a man that seemed familiar to me, but older now, stood there and scowled as he asked, “Don’t you answer your phone?”

Zeke didn’t respond until we had passed the threshold into his house.

“Had precious cargo in the SUV. Wasn’t risking them,” he told the man with no amount of remorse in his tone.

And that was when I recognized just who he was, and watched as Powers, the President of Wrath MC, Dogwood Chapter, clapped Zeke on the back and nodded.

Powers chuckled then and said, “Too right.”

Chapter 6

Zeke

Following Savannah into my house with a rock-hard cock was the highest level of misery.

I had been battling with that monster ever since I laid eyes on her in the street, well, if I were being honest, ever since I saw her fucking picture. My fingers itched to text Powers to have him send me that picture and force him to delete it from his phone.

But the only thing that even worked right now, getting him under some semblance of control? Recalling every gruesome thing I could think of to get it at least to a semi-stiffy.

But knowing that she knew about cars?

Yeah, he was not going to be tamed until I had my hand wrapped around it and jerked off to her gorgeous face and her hot little body. Did that make me a complete and fucking creeper? Probably. Did I give a damn? Hell fucking no.

And I fucked up yet again, because that thought alone, yeah, it didn't calm him down a fucking bit, that was until I remembered the number of bikes and people that were in my house.

Fucking nosey ass motherfuckers.

“So, what took y'all so long?” Cam asked from where he was leaning against the doorway of the mudroom.

Sitting her bag on the shelf to my right, I crossed my arms and asked, “What do you mean?”

“Well, we saw y'all get out of the SUV and that was like fifteen minutes ago. Don't take that long to walk through the garage,” he said with a smirk.

Savannah snorted at my side and looked up at me. Giving her a wink, I said, “Well, my future wife saw my car and apparently, she knows about cars.”

I knew what he was thinking. I already claimed her in the eyes of my club, but I hadn’t relayed exactly what all it meant. Even though I figured she would know, but she didn’t know what it meant to be claimed by me.

And I didn’t know the entire story of why she left her old club and moved away.

“Better keep an eye on her; plenty of brothers would go to war for a woman that knew her cars.” And even though Cam was happily married to Michelle, I had to clench my fists when I saw the wink he tossed at her before he walked out of the mudroom and into the kitchen.

Letting out a breath, I looked down at her, “Need anything from your bag?”

When she shook her head, I saw that her eyes weren’t as bright, and her face was a little pale. I knew that she was wiped out.

Nodding at her, I placed my hand on the small of her back and said, “Come on, I’ll give you a quick tour, and then you can rest.”

And then when I looked at Savannah’s face as we stepped through the mudroom, let me tell you something.

Watching her take my house in from the outside was amazing, seeing the amazement on her face from the inside?

I thought she was beautiful seeing her picture on Powers’ phone, thought she was gorgeous seeing her face-to-face, but watching her face while she takes in everything she can see in my house? Utterly stunning.

And the pride that swelled in my chest as I watched happiness blossom on her gorgeous face?

There are no other words for it.

Looking down at her, I nodded over to one of the bar stools and pulled it out for her to sit on it.

After she was settled, I said, “Okay, allow me to make the introductions. We will start with the men and then move to the women. From right to left. You’ve met Powers, next to him is Heathen, asshole is Cam. Next to him is Gage, then Clutch. Then you have Lincoln, and next to him is Savage. And you’ve already met Monroe.”

Each of them nodded when I said their names and freaking Cam smirked at my asshole comment which got an elbow to the stomach from his woman, Michelle.

“Now, the women, they are standing next to their men. You have Lil, June, Michelle, Conleigh, Cora, Mackenzie, and Shiloh.”

They each smiled at her and then stepped forward, completely surrounding her, and talking a mile a minute.

Looking over at Savage, I asked, “Where are the kids?”

“Outside. Prospects are watching over them.” I nodded then and stepped over to him and followed his line of sight right to Shiloh.

Ever since Shiloh went missing, he wasn’t the same. Even though he told us he wanted to go it alone to find her, we hadn’t let him. So, when we weren’t busy, we were out on the streets hitting the ground with our ears to the pavement looking for any lead that could tell us where she was and what had happened to her.

And seeing that shy smile on her face now, she was still getting used to new people being in her vicinity.

“You okay, brother?” I asked him, my tone low so the others wouldn’t overhear.

“Yeah, just glad as fuck she’s back home where she belongs,” he told me as he took a pull from his beer.

Nodding at him in a way that said I got what he meant. The feeling I had when I pulled up my driveway with

Savannah a little while ago it honestly felt as though everything in my world was whole.

I looked over to the living room where I saw them take Savannah. Seeing that she was laughing with the other ladies, I stayed in the kitchen with the brothers as they went over the shit that their women brought.

It was about an hour later when the women migrated to the kitchen to get some drinks and snacks. Savannah stepped to my side and handed me a bottle of cold water. Taking it from her, not even having to ask, I unscrewed the cap and handed it back to her.

She gave me a grateful smile and then took a sip.

I was leaning onto the island with my forearms braced on the marble countertop when I asked, “Why do I get the feeling that you’re no longer as tired as you were?”

In a barely-there whisper, she said, “Because your family is amazing.”

And then she followed the women back to the living room.

And I instantly got the notion that at her old club, things weren’t like that. I couldn’t tell you how I knew that, but I just did.

Greek walked in and smiled devilishly at me as he handed me a piece of paper with a name and an address on it.

Tagging it, I pocketed it, turned to Harlow, who was leaning into Skinner and whispered, “Stay here until I get back?”

She nodded and then I walked into the living room where Savannah was sitting and pressed a kiss to her forehead, “Got something to do. Be back in a bit.”

She smiled up at me and nodded. “Be careful.”

I winked down at her and whispered, “Always.”

“Where are you going?” Powers asked as I walked out my front door.

Turning my head to look at him over my shoulder, I checked that Savannah wasn't near so she wouldn't hear what I was about to say next.

Holding up the piece of paper, I said, “Fucker who honked the horn for me to move at that stop sign.”

And that was all I needed to say as Heathen, Lincoln, and Savage walked to their bikes with me.

But I stopped in the doorway and looked at Skinner, who wouldn't be leaving Harlow's side. “Call some prospects to come and help unload her stuff, don't care where it goes, whatever she wants. But she doesn't lift a fucking finger.”

He snorted and said, “Now why do I think you're tucking your tail and running instead of dealing with the attitude I can see her tossing your way?”

Grinning, I shook my head and walked back into the living room where my Angel was seated.

She saw me headed her way and locked eyes with mine as I said, “One more thing. The boys are going to unload everything. You point to where you want things, but you better not lift a fucking finger. Don't give a fuck. If you want to replace everything of mine with your stuff, then do it, as long as you're in this house with your stuff, I don't care what you change.”

“I'm not even going to comment on the fact that you told me not to lift my finger because something tells me it will be a waste of time. However, I'm not going to change anything. This is your house, Zeke.”

“No, darlin'. Built this house with a family in mind. Never knew when it was going to walk in my life, but on the off chance it did, I wanted to be ready. This is my forever home, and if I have anything to say about it, it's going to be your forever home too. Change whatever, I don't give a fuck.

Long as at the end of the day, it's your body that's in my arms and it's your head that's nestled on my chest.”

And with that, I ignored her shocked expression, pressed a kiss on her temple, and walked out of the house. And yes, you could have heard a pin hit the floor.

Fifteen minutes later, and with my brothers at my back, we parked our bikes outside of the fucker's house.

When I saw his truck in the drive, I started to get excited. I was going to get to pound on something today.

Getting off my bike along with my brothers, I settled my helmet on my handlebar then I strolled up the fucker's front walk.

Grinning when Heathen walked to the truck, removed his knife from its sheath, and then proceeded to slash the motherfucker's tires.

With my fist, I pounded on the door. And then I heard, “Hold the fuck on, I'm coming.”

Standing there, I waited for the moment I needed.

And when the door cracked open, I brought my leg up and then kicked the door in with my boot.

Hearing the grumble from the man and the “*What the fuck?*”, well, that was music to my fucking ears.

Oh, his nose was bleeding? Poor fucking him. Fucking not.

Stepping into the house with Savage, Lincoln, and Heathen at my back, I asked, “Were you in a hurry this morning?”

“What the hell are you talking about? Who the fuck are you?” he asked as he brought his hand to his now bleeding and broken nose.

Slowly and punctuating each word I said, “I asked, were you in a hurry this morning?”

“Who the fuck are you?” He asked again as a woman came rushing down the hallway at his bellow.

“What the hell is going on?” She asked as she inspected his face, then snapped her head towards us and sneered, “Get the hell out of my house.”

“We will, but first, he needs to answer our question,” Savage said as he leaned against the wall.

“He doesn’t have to answer a damn thing. Get out or I’m calling the cops,” the woman snapped at us. What was this? Bitch Woman Week or some shit? First, it was the woman in the diner, and now this broad?

Lincoln snorted and said, “You go right ahead and call the cops. We’ll wait. Besides, your man there will be going to prison for attempted murder.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? Attempted murder? Get the fuck out.”

I’d had enough at that point. Storming toward him, I grabbed his t-shirt in my fist and slammed him into the wall, ignoring the fact that his head slammed into a picture frame as glass shattered from it.

“You remember driving by Maggie’s diner? Do you remember a biker in front of you at the four-way stop? Do you remember honking your horn?” I asked through gritted teeth and watched as his face paled.

I chuckled, “Ahh, so you do remember?”

The woman wasn’t sneering at us anymore but softly she said, “I’m calling the cops.”

I ignored her and glared at the man, “I didn’t pay attention to the road like I should have because you honked your horn. Did you not see the woman that was walking across the crosswalk? Did you know that she is pregnant? So not only will you go to jail for attempted murder for her but also for that of her unborn child.”

“That’s on you, you should’ve been paying attention,” he said, trying to save face.

I shrugged, “Possibly, but I’ve done time already, not afraid to go back. But you see, the difference is, I didn’t flee the scene as you did.” I jerked him back and then slammed him into the wall for that alone. I only had to do thirty days in county for a bullshit seat belt charge but this motherfucker didn’t need to know.

“What kind of motherfucker are you that you don’t even ask if she is okay and if she lost the baby?” I asked and spit on him. “Fucking piece of shit.”

“You need better taste in men,” Savage told the woman as he walked out of the house followed by Lincoln and Heathen.

I turned to her and said, “For your information, no, she didn’t lose the baby. But had she? I would’ve painted this whole house in his blood and then sat on the front porch steps and waited for the cops to show up. Your man can’t say the same.”

It was two hours later when I walked into my house with my brothers at my back, and I made a beeline to get my eyes on Savannah.

She was curled up on the couch with a cute as fuck light pink blanket wrapped around her.

Lil stepped over to me and whispered, “Take care with her, Zeke. I know she didn’t tell us everything, but it was bad. We really like her.”

I nodded, “Thanks, Lil. Means a lot.”

I gave the women one-armed hugs and then back-slaps to my brothers.

It was ten minutes later after I made myself a plate of food that they had fixed and called out, “Angel, you hungry?”

“No, thank you. I ate earlier. You have a plate keeping warm in the oven,” she called out.

I looked down at the plate I had made, and did I eat that plate? Fuck no.

But I called out, “Who made it for me?”

She was quiet for a few minutes, and I waited.

Then I heard her timid reply, “I did. If you don’t like something, I’m sorry. I’ll learn for next time.”

At those words, I wanted to find that son of a bitch and slam my fist into the fucker’s face. That was going to be fun.

So, on hearing that she made it, I wrapped foil around the plate I had made and stuck it in the fridge.

Then I opened the oven door, carefully took that plate out, took off the foil, and had to smile. It was almost identical to the one I made for myself, but with bigger helpings.

Grabbing a beer for me and a water for her, I headed into the living room.

Once I was in there, I sat down beside her and smiled, “Everything looks great. And by the way, for future reference, you make me a plate of food, I’ll eat it all.”

She raised a brow at that, “And what? Grit your teeth at something you don’t like?”

“For you? You’re fucking right. So, to avoid me having to do that, I won’t eat Brussels sprouts, clams, clam chowder, lamb, or lobster.”

She nodded, “I’m right there with you, but add blue cheese and Caesar salad.”

I smiled, winked, and ate my first bite, chewed, swallowed, and then tapped the blanket, “Looks great in here.”

She laughed.

“Seriously? You’re a big biker? You think my pink blanket looks cute in here?”

I quirked a brow at her, “Do you like it?”

She bit her lip and nodded.

“Then, it’s cute. Keep it on the back of the couch,” I told her, winked, and then ate some more food as I looked at the television and had to fight the fucking urge to drop to one knee again and ask her to marry me. Again.

But I had to know, “You like this movie?”

“Yeah, it’s my dad’s favorite and mine,” she said, then grabbed the water I set beside my beer and offered it to me.

Loving that we had this cute little thing, I grinned, placed my fork down, unscrewed the cap, and then got back to eating. Yeah, I was going to be proposing to her for the rest of my life until she said yes.

“Thank you,” she mumbled, and the sound of her voice caught my attention.

When I looked at her, it was to see that her attention was on my hands.

If not for the look I caught in her eyes, we would have missed an important moment.

And that look, I didn’t like it. Not one fucking bit.

Because it seemed that she wanted to ask me something, yet was almost afraid of my reaction to her question.

And well... we couldn’t have that.

Therefore, I lifted one hand and placed my finger underneath her chin, lifting it so that our eyes locked, and there, once I had her eyes, I said, “Don’t ever be afraid of me, Angel. You want to ask me something, you fucking ask it. I don’t give a good goddamn what it is or who is around. You want to know, you fucking ask it. Okay?”

She took in a deep breath, let it out, and then ever so softly, she asked, “What happened to your hands?”

“Fucker that honked the horn at me and made me forget to check the crosswalk has a busted-up face,” I told her nonchalantly as I took a sip of my beer.

And for some reason, seeing the tears in her eyes as she ducked her head from my view caused something in my heart to start pumping double time.

Reaching my hand out, I placed my index finger underneath her chin and turned her face my way. Then I exhaled a breath when she didn't hesitate to direct those eyes with mine.

“I will not ever *not* beat the fuck out of someone that causes you harm, you need to get that now. If that's something you can't handle, tell me fucking now before I fall even deeper.”

I held my breath as I waited.

Chapter 7

Savannah

“No one’s really ever stood up for me. I... I don’t know what to make of it.” I held onto the courage I felt and continued to meet his eyes, eyes that I could find myself becoming lost in.

“Not even your dad?” he asked, concern laced his tone.

I shrugged, “He wasn’t really home a lot to ever really notice.”

“Well, you have me,” he said with every ounce of conviction.

In a whisper, as I tentatively laid my head on his shoulder, doing something I’d never done before, I said, “By the way, I like that you’re ready to defend me.”

I heard his smile in his voice as he said, “Good.”

And just like that he switched from eating with his left hand to his right, and that caused a giggle in me.

He didn’t say a word as he finished eating, and then kept his plate on his legs and settled to watch the movie with me.

I hadn’t realized I had fallen asleep.

Not until the next morning when I woke up in an unfamiliar room.

It took a minute for my eyes to compute with my brain what I was seeing, and then it hit me.

I was in the room that Zeke had instructed me to have.

I stretched and then smiled.

And then frowned.

I missed the feeling of him carrying me to bed.

Damnit.

Savannah Marie Calder, next time, wake yourself up so you can experience it.

Getting out of bed, I rubbed my growling tummy and then smiled. “Let’s get some food in you, bruiser.”

I walked to the bathroom, did my business, and changed my clothes into a hoodie and some comfortable shorts.

I didn’t get fully dressed yet, hair, makeup, all that because I wasn’t sure what was happening today.

Carefully, once I was ready, I opened the door.

I knew it was kind of early to be up, so quietly, I crept down the hall and had to bite back a moan at what stood before me.

Zeke, with his back to me, was standing in front of the stove, shirtless, and... oh my, gray sweatpants hung low on his hips.

Wanting to enjoy the vision before me, I leaned against the wall to my left.

He was singing an old classic rock song softly as he scrambled eggs. And in another pan I could just make out peppers, onions, and ham.

The toaster chimed, and he pulled two slices of bread from it and slathered butter on them.

Then, while the eggs and veggies were cooking, he poured two glasses of orange juice.

Once the eggs were done, he separated them into two plates, topped it with the veggies and ham, then sprinkled cheese over it all. And holy Moses, that smelled so good.

I jumped when I heard, “Do me a favor, Angel, take your cute ass back to bed. Your first morning in my house, you’re getting breakfast in bed.”

He still had his back to me, so how the hell did he know? But that didn't stop the smile on my face.

All the way back to my room, I wore the biggest smile that ever graced my face.

Once I was on the bed, I sat crisscrossed and waited.

I didn't have to wait long.

That was because he entered my room with two plates balanced on one arm, his large hand holding two glasses.

I was smiling ear to ear as I took one of the plates from him and a glass of orange juice.

"This looks amazing. Thank you," I said as I stared into his eyes.

He winked at me, and that wink, well, it shot straight to my core. "Welcome, hope it tastes good."

Then, without another word, we both dug in.

And once the flavors lit into my tongue, I moaned.

I was so intent on eating the delicious goodness and missed the way his eyes darkened at my moan and the puff of his chest.

After I ate my last bite, I didn't realize that my orange juice was about to fall over from where I had it resting in the crook of my knee.

Not until his hand moved really fast and stopped it from falling, and at his hand moving real fast, I flinched.

His other hand fisted on his thigh at my flinch. "I would never hit you. Know you don't know that, but that's the truth. I will never hurt you."

When I breathed out, he smiled, "Got a favor to ask, know it's a big one"

I nodded, then waited. "Trust me. Don't be afraid to be yourself around me. Can you do that?"

I swallowed, "I can try."

“Good. That’s all I can ask you to do. You try for me, and I’ll try to have the patience of a saint.”

Without realizing it, his face was inches from mine, and my body had control over everything, as I looked down at his full lips and licked my bottom lip.

The only thing I wanted was to feel his lips on mine. I couldn’t explain it.

After everything I’d been through with Deck, why would I want another man touching me?

But with Zeke, I couldn’t explain it.

Then the moment was broken when we both heard a knock on the door.

He growled, grabbed our plates, and walked out of my room.

But not before he turned to me and said, “You need time to heal, going to give you that. When you’re ready, I’ll know. Then I’ll make my move.”

After he left, I sighed, then ran my hand through my hair.

I was walking down the hall after him with our glasses when he opened the door and asked, “Fucking really? You couldn’t have waited and knocked thirty minutes later?”

I knew it was a woman because of the giggle. “No, I couldn’t. Now, step aside. We are here to get Savannah and take her on a tour of her new town.”

“Fucking hell,” he growled, then he looked over his shoulder and locked eyes with me.

And I swore, if looks could kill, none of the women would be breathing right now.

I grinned, “Hey ladies.”

“Hey girl, hey,” Harlow said as she glared at Zeke to move.

I laughed, “Zeke, you going to let them in?”

He glared, “I don’t particularly want to.”

I chuckled again, “Zeke.”

He sighed, then stepped aside and gestured for them all to come in.

And when I say all, *I think I remembered all the names*, eight women of Wrath MC... Lil, June, Michelle, Mackenzie, Harlow, Conleigh, Shiloh, and Cora.

“Hey girl,” June winked at me.

“Hey,” I grinned.

“Okay, so you know what to dress in; the weather is a cool seventy-four degrees right now. We are taking you to Main Street, and there’s a fair going on, so a lot of vendors have things for sale. We go to it every year,” Mackenzie said and I could have hugged her for that.

I nodded, then walked over to Zeke, stood up on my tiptoes, and kissed his cheek, “Thank you again for breakfast.”

Then I hurriedly walked away from him, but stumbled at his words, “Don’t ever have to thank me for taking care of you, Angel. I’m proud as fuck to do it.”

Fifteen minutes later, I was walking out of the bedroom in some white denim cut-off shorts, a Harley Davidson tee with a red bandana tied in my hair to keep the flyways out of my face, and my hair was in a messy bun. I had dark blue Converse on my feet to match my tee. I went light on my make-up and spritzed on some perfume. And I had my light bohemian boho bag resting against my left hip.

When I entered the living room, Zeke was now too dressed in a black fitted tee, dark-washed jeans, and black motorcycle boots.

He looked up from his phone when he saw me coming, and I watched in fascination as his eyes closed. He inhaled a breath and then opened them and locked gazes with me.

“Damn girl, you fucking fit right in.” I tore my gaze from Zeke’s and looked at Conleigh and chuckled.

They all stood, talking about some vendors they were excited to see when Zeke stepped to my side. “I’m thankful as fuck I decided to tag along so I can glare at every motherfucker that has a wandering eye.”

I giggled, then nodded and started to follow the girls out of the house, and I swore I heard, “The street is going to be red by the end of this. Your face, that body, that ass, those legs. Fuck me.”

I knew I had heard right when Mackenzie locked eyes with me and chuckled too.

“Okay girl, we are taking two vehicles, and the men that are going with us are riding their bikes. Do you want to ride with me, June, Shiloh, and Michelle? Or do you want to ride with Harlow, Mackenzie, Cora, and Conleigh?” Lil asked.

I tilted my head to Mackenzie; “I’ll ride with them.”

And like that, we were all loaded in and buckled in, but not before there was a tap on my window. I rolled it down and looked at Zeke.

He winked, “Didn’t have to ask, and didn’t have time to inform you, don’t know your money situation, but just so we’re clear, I’m paying for whatever you want today.” I started to open my mouth to protest that I had plenty of money, but he pressed his finger over my lips, “This is your welcome home gift from me. So please, if you see anything you want, don’t hesitate, all right?”

Mackenzie laughed and then said, “Girl, just give in. These men are stubborn and proud. They pay, you spend. Because I promise you, your repayment is to simply smile at them, and that makes it all worth it to them.”

Zeke tipped his head to Mackenzie and nodded with a smile.

“So, I know some of you have kids, but I didn’t get to meet them last night,” I said.

“You’ll meet them all at the clubhouse tonight. We’re throwing you a welcome home dinner,” Harlow said with a smile in her rearview mirror.

I hated crying.

Freaking hated it.

But I couldn’t stop the tears that flowed from my eyes at all of their kindness; they didn’t know me from Adam.

Mackenzie reached over and squeezed my hand, “It’s all good, sweetie, trust me, we get it.”

“It’s just, in my dad’s club, the ol’ ladies, all but one, well, they didn’t really like me. They didn’t like my mother, and I guess they judged me for that. Then the club bunnies, well, that’s a topic I don’t really want to get into. I can tell you this, they never celebrated anything for me. Other women, and kids, yes, but not me.”

“Well, your dad’s club is stupid. No offense to your dad,” Harlow snapped.

“I want to say fuck this, call all the ladies, and go give them a piece of my mind,” Conleigh chimed in.

I grinned at them, then I wiped my tears, looked at my fingers, and said, “Thank goodness for waterproof mascara.”

Every woman nodded and laughed.

Then when I heard a song that was playing, I took in the women in the car and smiled, “Mind turning this one up.”

Mackenzie smiled and said, “You beat me to it.”

Shiloh commented, “Same here, girl.”

Harlow grinned from the driver’s seat and turned the song up.

And just like that, we were all singing to *With You I am*.

Twenty minutes later, we were guided to a spot to park by the brothers, and then I wanted to cry again as every man went to each door and helped their women out. I was shocked at all of this, and I didn't realize my door had been opened, and I was staring into Zeke's eyes.

He growled, "Who the fuck made you cry?"

When I didn't answer him fast enough, he spun on his heel, probably to ask them what the fuck, but I moved and grabbed his hand quickly, "They were just super nice to me. I'm not used to it. They didn't do anything wrong."

He breathed in, then breathed out, and looked at me, "You sure? Because ol' lady or not, I'll rip them all a new asshole."

I laughed, then jumped out of Harlow's SUV.

Zeke closed the door for me, and then followed me to the rear of the vehicle. Once we were all there, Powers nodded, "Okay, you all know the drill, stay together so we can protect all of you. If y'all want to move to different vendors, then the others let us know, and we will divide up the men."

Mackenzie smiled, looped her arm through mine, and then we followed the other women. Lil and June were flanked by Powers and Heathen.

Michelle and Conleigh were flanked by Cam and Gage.

Cora and Shiloh were flanked by Clutch and Savage. I watched as Savage leaned down and whispered something in Shiloh's ear; to that, she smiled and looped her arm through his.

And Mackenzie and I were flanked by Zeke and Lincoln.

A few prospects took the rear.

We moved like that from vendor to vendor, everyone buying a thing or two.

When we got to the next vendor, I smiled at what I saw.

“Smile looks good on you, Angel,” Zeke said as he looked in the direction I was.

He tagged my hand and then led me to the next vendor, away from the ones the girls were standing at.

A little girl, probably about six or seven, smiled up at us, “Hi, Welcome to Havana’s. Everything is made by my mother’s fingers.” She even wiggled her little hand.

“It all looks amazing,” and they really all did. When I saw these bracelets back in Cali, I was floored at the intricate work it took to make them. They were called friendship bracelets but they were much more intricate in the threads and colors that were used.

I smiled and asked, “Which one is your favorite?”

She smiled back, showing she was missing two teeth, and then pointed at the exact one I had my eye on, “This one.”

It was an Aztec-colored one, the reds, the oranges, the blues—it was beautiful. Smiling, I picked one of them up and from the corner of my eye, I saw a group of women walk by looking Zeke up and down. I chanced a look from underneath my lashes and saw his eyes were directly on me.

Then I picked up one that reminded me of Zeke. It was black, white, and gray. Sure, he may never wear it, but it was the thought that counted, right?

I handed them to the little girl, and smiled, “I’ll take these two, please.”

She nodded, “That will be twelve dollars.”

Before I could get my cash out, Zeke pulled out his wallet and offered the little girl a twenty. She nodded, bit her lip, and counted with her fingers.

Then she pulled out a five and three ones and handed them to Zeke.

A woman stepped to the little girl and smiled down at her with pride in every feature. “Good job, sweetie.” Then she looked at us, “I hope you like them.”

I winked at her then turned to Zeke, “Help me with this?” I held up the Aztec one.

He took it from me and tied it so I could loosen it whenever I needed to.

Then I grinned up at him and said, “I need your wrist.”

He didn’t say a word as he offered me his left one, and then I tied the black, white, and gray one to his.

“I like it.” I smiled up at him and then moved to the next vendor with Zeke.

And when a man got too close to me, Zeke would move his body and block his view.

I hadn’t laughed so much in one day, for as far back as I could remember.

We were halfway through with the vendors when Zeke looked down at my belly and asked, “You okay to finish, or do you need to rest a bit?”

“I’m fine to continue on but I’m getting pretty hungry,” he nodded, then whistled.

I looked at Powers to see him look up and then nod at whatever Zeke had done.

Five minutes later, we were all in line at a taco truck.

Mackenzie sidled up next to me with Lincoln on her side.

“What’s that on your wrist, brother?” Lincoln asked.

Zeke looked at him, then tilted his head at me, “She got it for me.”

And that was that.

I heard Harlow snicker then she grabbed Skinner’s wrist and, low and behold, he had the same one on his wrist.

That caused a myriad of giggles.

“Where’s everyone’s bags?” I asked before I bit into my first taco.

“The prospects took them to the trucks,” Lil said with a smile and bit into her own taco.

Zeke looked at me and said, “Yeah, speaking of that, are you not buying anything because you don’t want to spend my money, or have you just not found anything else that you like?”

“So far, nothing else really. I did spot a few vendors near the end of the street that I wanted to check out.”

He nodded, then started eating his own taco.

I had just eaten four and taken a sip of my soda when I let out a very unladylike burp. My hand immediately flew to my mouth. My cheeks got pink.

Zeke looked down at me and winked, and then, almost as if it was choreographed, the women started throwing out rating scores.

Then one by one after they all had a sip of their drinks, they too did the same, and it was the smallest of us all, Cora, that won.

After we were all through eating, Zeke placed his hand on the small of my back and whispered, “Don’t ever be embarrassed? Okay. It’s a bodily function.”

I smiled up at him, “Okay.”

And like that, if I wasn’t looking at a vendor’s booth, and he wasn’t looking at something, his hand was on the small of my back.

It was the second to last booth that I spent money, well, his money, and walked away with two bags. See, I had a shoe fetish and a belt fetish. And these belts were to die for. They were big with rhinestones on them, and I loved every single one of them.

Zeke did nothing but smile down at me, and then say, “Well, at least I know what to get you for Christmas now.”

I laughed and then bumped him with my shoulder, “So do I.”

And that was because, at the next booth, he bought ten vinyl records.

Chapter 8

Savannah

We were all loaded back up in the SUVs, the men on their bikes, and we headed to the clubhouse.

Zeke was at my side instantly as he led me into it. To say I was a bundle of nerves would be an understatement.

Sensing my unease, he took my hand in his and that caused me to look up at him. “I know this is all new to you. At any point you want to leave, you say the fucking word and I’ll get you out of here so fast your head will spin. Okay?”

I smiled and nodded at him.

When we stepped inside, I realized that the clubhouse wasn’t really that different except for the structure and the way it was set up.

The Steel Bandits MC had a bar to the left instead of the right. They had three pool tables, whereas there were only two here.

They had a big stage in the far corner, whereas here, they had a small one.

And the atmosphere didn’t scream party nonstop like the other one did.

No, this one said, come home and stay awhile.

Zeke led me to where the other ol’ ladies were gathered and then held out a chair for me to sit down on. “What do you want to drink?”

“Since I had a soda, I’ll take a water, please.”

He nodded and then went to the bar.

He returned with two bottles of water, he took the cap off one, handed it to me, then he took the cap off the other one and took a drink. “You know, you don’t have to drink water?”

“Taking you home. I won’t drink anything that could stop me from keeping you safe.”

And with that, he nodded at the women, who, for some reason, smiled and then went outside.

Before I could ask what was going on, they all returned with bags from the vendors.

What shocked me was that they were all placed in front of me. “So we also went to the market to get welcome home gifts for you,” Lil said with a smile.

Staring at the bags, I took in breath after breath, so I didn’t start crying again, then I muttered, “Freaking hormones.”

They all laughed and then one by one I opened the bags, and I knew Zeke had a hand in this because everything I had touched or looked at was all here.

I started to tell them all thank you when Monroe handed me a yellow dollar store bag, “What’s this for?”

And when I peeked inside and saw a roll of bubble wrap, I looked at him with a raised brow.

“Fucker already ran you over. You got some bad luck, girl. Figured he can wrap you up in bubble wrap to keep you safe when the fucker does something else that hurts you. You were my woman, nothing would fucking hurt you, least of all me.”

Before I could rip his ass a new one for that statement and realize Zeke was right, everyone had gone from joking and being carefree to an amount of tension in the room that could be sliced with a butter knife.

“Outside. Fucking now,” I heard Zeke growl out, and then he stood, and without a backward glance he stalked out of the room. However, when I expected him to throw open the door, instead, I heard his boots pounding on the rich dark floors back to me.

When he made it to me, he pressed a kiss to my temple, and then he stormed out of the clubhouse. And this time, he threw the door open so hard that it banged into the wall with a sudden thwack.

Savage shook his head, stood, then started popping his knuckles as he followed Zeke outside and then shut the door.

The room didn't take too long to react.

All at once, the men followed Zeke and Monroe outside, and then when the last one followed through the door, I turned my head to look at Harlow.

“What the hell just happened?” I asked her.

“Monroe was trying to be good-natured, but, well, he ended the comment, and it made Zeke look like a fucking fool.”

For some reason, that had my spine straightening and my temper flaring.

I got up and then followed the men.

“Umm, where do you think you're going?” Mackenzie called behind my back.

I looked at her over my shoulder and said, “No one makes Zeke look like a fool.”

Then I opened the door to see the men standing shoulder to shoulder as Zeke beat the hell out of Monroe.

And I looked to my right and saw a lone fold-up metal chair.

I grabbed it, flattened it, and calmly walked over to them. I knew the men spotted me, but then Zeke saw me, and when he dropped his hands, I brought the chair back, and then with all my might, I slammed it into Monroe's back.

He stumbled and then whipped his head around and looked at me, pain etched on his face, blood dripping from the corner of his mouth.

“No one makes him look like a fool, least of all you.” Then I dropped the chair, and headed back into the clubhouse, back to my chair, and sat down.

That slap wore me out.

I hadn't realized that the women had followed me, not until Harlow asked, “Please tell me someone got that on video.”

Greek smiled and then nodded.

Zeke came in moments later, and I called out, “Grab some alcohol and some cotton pads, then come to me so I can clean your hands.”

But he didn't do it.

No, he came to me, wrapped his hand around the back of my neck, and then... slammed his lips to mine.

And I swore that as our lips moved, our tongues danced, that the entire world melted away and it was only the two of us remaining.

I wasn't sure how long we stayed locked like that but needing to breathe, I pulled away, and then with my eyes closed, his forehead pressed to mine.

There, he whispered, “I will never berate you for defending me, baby. But next time, do me a favor. While you're pregnant at least, tell one of the men to grab the chair and then you tell him what body part you want him to hit. Okay? Because I swear, you'll see a side of me you never want to if any of them retaliate and hit you.”

I nodded.

But he wasn't finished. He repeated the words he said to me earlier at his house, “You need time to heal, going to give you that. When you're ready, I'll know. Then I'll make my move.”

That was when what he told me just a few moments ago flew out the proverbial window, as I asked, “Was that your

move?”

He shook his head, “No, Angel, that was me showing my interest.”

Mackenzie coughed and at the same time said, “Bullshit.”

He looked at her over his shoulder, sighed, and then looked at me, “Okay, I’m trying to look like I’ve got my shit together, and not come across as the craziest person ever born.”

I couldn’t help the giggle that burst forth, “Why?”

He sighed, then lowered his voice, so only I could hear his next words, “I’m already headed towards saying those three words to you. I’ve already caught myself a few times.”

I bit my lip, then asked, “Have you said those three words to anyone else?”

He shook his head while keeping his eyes locked with mine.

Then a thought popped into my head, and I didn’t bother to bite my tongue. He told me to trust him and be myself, so that’s what I intended to do, “I’ve only ever said it to my dad. Guess we will have to see who says it first.”

He winked at me, and then said, “Now, I’ll go get what you asked me to get.”

He pressed a light kiss on my lips before he left me.

I brought my hand to my lips and didn’t even try to fight the smile that formed on my lips.

“If I wasn’t happily taken, my word, that was hot,” Michelle said.

“Oh really?” Cam said, and then he wrapped her in an embrace and kissed the hell out of her.

When he released her, she wobbled. With a smirk, he asked her, “You were saying?”

She made an attempt at a shrug, but at least it was there, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

He winked at her, “Yeah, that’s what I thought.”

That was when I saw Zeke walking back into the main area of the clubhouse and seeing that little bottle of alcohol and those cotton pads in one of his hands.

If I wouldn’t appear as an idiot, I would have fanned myself.

There’s only so much a woman can take, but my willpower was just about shot because he had removed that black fitted tee and freaking replaced it with a white one.

Hoping my desire wasn’t written plain on my face, I took in a breath and smiled up at him. He winked, then sat down as I got to work on his split knuckles.

After I had them cleaned, he winked again, then took the stuff back, and moments after, he returned to me.

“Okay, the grill is fired up, let’s take this outside,” Powers called out.

Then, with my hand in Zeke’s, he helped me up and led me outside.

I was talking to the women, when the door opened and kids came pouring out, and seeing the sheer number of them I looked at Mackenzie, “Damn, y’all stayed busy, huh?”

She laughed and nodded.

And that was how, thirty minutes later, I was introduced to them all.

Powers and Lil’s two kids, Storm, and Rosa.

Heathen and June’s three kids, Nathan, Lucas, and Hailey, and when I looked at June, I asked, “Did you get their names from *One Tree Hill*?”

She smiled, “I loved that show.”

I winked and said, “Me too.”

Her eyes gleamed with excitement, then she asked, “Marathon?”

“You just say when,” I told her, and Heathen, well, he looked irritated but the love in his eyes as he looked at June, there was no other like it.

Then I met Cam and Michelle’s two kids, Laci, and Cruz.

That was followed by Lincoln and Mackenzie’s two, Wren and Micah.

I smiled huge at Skinner and Harlow’s daughter, Chelsea. She was cute as a fucking button.

Gage and Conleigh’s daughter, Collins, was next followed by their son, Axel.

And last I got to meet Savage and Shiloh’s two daughters, Layla and Ember

When something hit me, I looked at Mackenzie and asked, “Do y’all not have club bunnies?”

I hadn’t realized that Powers was behind us listening.

She nodded, then smiled, “Yeah, but the men who are taken, they don’t touch them. It’s in the contract they sign before they are even considered to be a club girl. Mostly the prospects use them. And since this is a family-only party, they were told to clear out tonight.”

I nodded, then she asked, “Why do you ask?”

“At my father’s club, it didn’t matter the event, the club bunnies were always there. And the only man I know that was faithful and didn’t hike one of their skirts up for the entire club to see was Gaston, the pres.”

Mackenzie growled, “Yeah, I really want to go there and have our boys beat the fuck out of them.”

Powers let us know he had listened when he said in a dark tone, “We might just do that.”

Then he walked away.

To say I was shocked had been an understatement.

An hour after we had eaten, the music started, not too loud, and for that I was grateful.

After we said our goodbyes because it had been a long day and it was getting colder, I was surprised when Zeke grabbed everything before I could and carried it out to his SUV.

I stopped, then I looked at him, “How did you get that here when you rode your bike all day?”

He shrugged, opened the back door, and then deposited the bags in the back, “Had one of the prospects go and grab it.”

“We could have ridden your bike,” I commented back.

He smiled at me, then opened my door for me, “One, you’re pregnant. This world is full of fucking stupid ass people who can’t see a person on a bike. I don’t want to be sitting in prison with the memory of you dying while carrying out...your baby because I’d kill whoever hit us. And I just found you. Not ready to fucking lose you. Two, I knew the ladies were going to be getting you things. They wouldn’t have fit in my saddlebags. And three, it’s late and I know you have to be worn slap out.”

He was so right.

Smiling up at him, I climbed into the SUV, buckled up, and then settled into my seat.

After he closed the door, rounded the hood, hopped in, and started the car, within ten minutes on our way home, I had fallen asleep.

And once again, I freaking missed being in his arms as he carried me into the house.

Chapter 9

Zeke

When my phone rang in the middle of the night, I let out a groan, then I rolled over, moved my hand to the nightstand, and tagged my phone.

All the while, I completely forgot it was charging, so when I pulled it to me, it bounced out of my hand and then clacked down on the hardwood floor.

I let out a curse, and then winced, hoping it hadn't woken Savannah.

Also, thank Christ for the hard case I had on it.

Seeing it was Cam, our VP, I answered, "Yeah?"

"Bout time you answered. We got a Dove," he said, and the sleepiness I was feeling was obliterated by that one word.

Dove.

I sat up immediately, tossed my legs over the edge of the bed, and asked, "Location?"

He grunted, "Texted it to you."

I nodded, then unplugged my phone, "How many?"

At his word, I stood up, "One."

"Who all is going?" I asked as I headed into the bathroom.

"You, Savage, and Heathen." I nodded. The situation wouldn't be too bad then or else he wouldn't have called Savage and Heathen.

"Got it. Can you have a prospect come out here and sit on the front porch? I don't want to leave Savannah hanging."

He confirmed he would, then we hung up. I got ready and waited.

But not before I opened the junk drawer in the kitchen, and pulled out a pad and a pen, then I wrote her a note in case she woke up before I left.

'Angel, got business at the clubhouse. A prospect will be on the front porch. I don't like leaving you here by yourself. Be home when I can. Z.'

Spec, one of the newer prospects, showed up, nodded at me, and took a seat on one of the dark walnut Adirondack chairs. I said, "Be back quick as I can."

At his nod, I headed to the clubhouse. When I saw that Heathen was there, we both waited for Savage. He came pulling into the parking lot and then he and I climbed into one of the club's SUVs while Heathen stayed on his bike.

Three hours later, we had the Dove in the back of the SUV and were headed back home.

And the man that had been beating the absolute hell out of her when we showed up, well, he was currently serving up dinner to a few alligators that were about a mile from their house.

When we pulled back into the clubhouse four hours later because fucking traffic was a bitch, we helped the Dove into Lil's arms and then we all relayed the events to Powers.

Then and only then did I head home to catch a quick nap before I needed to be at the clubhouse tonight, and I knew I'd also never had a better nap than the one I was about to have.

When I pulled into the driveway, I turned my bike off, hit the button, raised the door, and walked it into the garage.

After I was off the back of my bike, I lowered the door back down and headed to the front porch.

Seeing an empty mug that was one of mine sitting beside Spec, the only thought that ran through my mind was that she better be up, and he better not have gone into my house without me there.

“Everything good?” I asked him as I moved my eyes to his.

He nodded, “Yeah, nothing happened. Your woman brought me a cup of coffee out here when she woke up about an hour ago.”

I nodded, “Thanks for staying.”

He stood up then, tagged the coffee cup, and handed it to me, “You need me to do this again, don’t hesitate.”

I slapped his back, went to the front door, tried to open it, smiled, and then used my key and unlocked the door.

When I got to the kitchen, I put the coffee cup in the sink and then went in search of her.

I didn’t have to look far. She was sitting on the couch, strawberries in a container beside her, and a cup of something in her hand, her eyes were glued to the television.

“What are you doing, Angel?” I called out.

She jumped, then smiled, “Zeke, I didn’t know you were home. How come I didn’t hear your bike or the door to your SUV?”

I shrugged as I made my way to her, “Didn’t know if you were awake or not, walked the bike into the garage.”

She smiled, “Zeke, you didn’t have to do that, I can sleep through motorcycles running.”

“Good to know. But I won’t be doing it while you’re pregnant. You need your sleep regardless.”

She grinned, then she answered my question, “I had a craving for strawberries and sour cream.”

I was smiling at the strawberries but winced at the sour cream.

She dipped a strawberry in the sour cream, popped it into her mouth, and moaned.

Thank fuck I was older and didn't buy into the whole skinny jean bullshit.

Because at that moan, my dick would have lost all blood supply at how hard it got.

Knowing the only way I could get the hardness down was by thinking of the goriest things I could think of because nothing else worked when it came to her.

One, dead bodies.

Two, burning bodies.

Three, kids getting blown up.

Yeah, that fucking did it.

And yes, being in the unit I was in, I've seen it all before.

I sat down beside her, took off my boots, then settled on the couch.

She smiled at me, dipped another strawberry into the sour cream, and asked, "Want to try one?"

Knowing that this woman could ask me for anything, and I'd give it to her, I opened up and let her pop the strawberry stuff into my mouth.

Then I bit down on it, and chewed, then swallowed.

When I didn't say anything, she asked, "Well?"

I wanted something to wash the taste out of my mouth, but I wasn't a fucking idiot, if she said it was good, then it was fucking good, therefore, I said, "Darlin', it ain't as bad as the green eggs in an MRE."

She smiled, then nodded, "I need to try..."

I shook my head at her immediately, "Angel, if you ever try it, it'll be because I'm dead, and you're facing a Zombie Apocalypse."

She giggled, then asked, "So, tell me something about you?"

I watched as she popped another strawberry in her mouth, and then asked, “What do you want to know?”

She chewed, then swallowed, and said, “Anything you want to tell me?”

“Well, I had a dad that was a piece of shit. You’re going to see me with my shirt off, a few of the scars are from him. He used the term *Lessons* instead of beatings. When I was seventeen, I joined the army. Did two tours. Got out and didn’t really have a home.”

“I was out riding my bike, saw a fight taking place between some guys in an MC and some punk ass looking motherfuckers. And when I saw one of them backhand a woman, well, I pulled into the lot, grabbed a crowbar I kept in my saddlebags, and slammed that crowbar in the man’s face, then I told him, only a pussy hits women.”

“And then after I joined them in the fight, Powers asked me if I wanted to prospect. Six months later, and because of how I was and acted, I got my full patch. That was seven years ago, and I’ve never looked back.”

I held my breath, what I really did was try to see if she was the right person for me, just like my gut, my head, and my heart was telling me, and she proved she was with her next words.

“Wow. I can only say two things. Men in uniform are hot, if you still have yours, I’d like to see you in it. And second, I don’t ever want to meet your dad. Cause if I do, I’ll be the one in prison.”

I laughed at that.

And the reason why she’s the right person for me was the simple fact that she didn’t thank me for my service. Yes, it’s nice when people say that, but honestly, it really gets old hearing it so many times.

When she moved to get up, I asked, “What do you need?”

She bit her lip, “Strawberry ice cream.”

I let out a chuckle, then nodded, “Stay seated. I got it.”

After I retrieved the carton from the freezer, I tagged two spoons and then sat back down on the couch, handed her a spoon, put mine in my mouth, and took off the lid.

And with a small chuckle, she dug into the ice cream, so... there we sat, two spoons in the carton, and this time, I didn't mind eating the strawberries with the ice cream.

“So, you don't mind my cooties, huh?” I asked her as she ate from the spot I had been eating from.

She shook her head, “Nope.”

“Good,” was all I said.

A few minutes later, she called my name, “Zeke?”

“Yeah?” I turned my head to look at her.

She bit that bottom lip again, and I had to plant my feet further into the floor to hide my need to take that bottom lip in between my teeth. Thank Christ for the rug I had underneath the couch over the hardwood floors.

“Is this weird?” she asked.

I quirked my brow at her, totally not understanding what she was asking, “Is what weird?”

“The way you and I seem to... well... to fit,” she said in a soft tone.

I sat there as I thought about her question, then I answered her, honesty in every word I spoke, “I've always heard that when you meet the one you're meant to be with, it will feel, unlike anything you've ever felt before. I've also heard that it will seem as if you've known that person your whole life. Not to mention, others might not think you're perfect. But to your person, you're completely perfect.”

And no, I so didn't miss that blinding smile she shot at me, then she nodded, “You took the words right out of my

mouth.”

I winked at her, then asked, “You done?”

At her nod, I put the carton on the coffee table, then I lifted my arm and muttered, “C’mere.”

She didn’t hesitate to curl into my side, my arm wrapping around her, my hand resting on her hip, her head laying on my chest.

I lifted the footrest on the couch and leaned back slightly so she was comfortable.

As the credits rolled on the movie she had started right before I got home, I looked over and saw her eyes were closed, her chest slowly rose and fell.

Then I fell asleep right along with her.

And I could have kicked my own ass for not telling her to ask me anything because it could have saved a whole lot of shit that I fucked up on my part.

Chapter 10

Savannah

My eyes opened slowly, and at the happy feeling deep in my chest, I smiled. Then I stretched, and when my feet contacted something that was soft, yet firm, and strong, I looked in that direction. The small smile I had turned into a wide smile.

My god, the man was so handsome it was unreal.

His dark lashes fanned out across his face, a face that seemed, well, to me, created from the masterpiece that every woman dreamed of being able to call hers.

A strong jaw that was evident even beneath his beard. A beard that wasn't unruly. A beard that was trimmed neatly. And what surprised me were the little strands of light gray there.

It was hot.

Oh, and what looked even more awesome, was the black hair that fell over his forehead.

My fingers itched to feel the softness, move it on top of his head, and then let it fall, and repeat the process all over again.

I jumped slightly when I heard his voice, "You sure are something when you wake up."

I laughed, "Your eyes have been closed this whole time. How can you know?"

He chuckled, "Didn't I tell you earlier? I have eyes in the side of my head?"

I snorted, "Aren't they supposed to be in the back of your head?"

He opened one of his eyes, and then locked it on me, "Angel, I don't have to have my eyes open to know you're

gorgeous.”

I smiled, “Do you practice your lines in the mirror?”

He laughed, “I don’t need to, with you, it just comes easy.”

Then I watched as he moved that big body of his and stretched.

That was when my sleepy brain came fully online, “Wait, didn’t I fall asleep on your chest?”

He nodded, “Yeah, but I had to get up to use the bathroom, and when I came back you had moved. I didn’t want to move you, so I sat down on this side.”

I didn’t even try to hide the pout, and at his reaction, I didn’t feel embarrassed, not in the least.

All because he laughed, and then said, “Next time, I’ll do my best to hold it in, so I don’t get up if you’re asleep on my chest.”

To that, I smiled, “Thanks.”

He winked at me and then asked, “So, there’s a cookout tonight at the clubhouse so we can watch the fight. Clutch took on a kid that begged him to train him. He’s up tonight for the heavy bantamweight title. Want to go with me?”

I nodded, “Yeah, that sounds like a plan.”

Then I watched as he checked his watch and then his eyes widened, “Thank you. Can you get ready in thirty minutes? Fuck, I didn’t realize we slept that long.”

I laughed, then got up, “Yeah, I can do that.”

And I had, in fifteen minutes, I was ready.

Since I got cold at the clubhouse, I figured I needed to wear jeans, so that’s what I did. Thankfully, the jeans I picked were stretchy. I knew in a few weeks I would need to go shopping for some new pants.

I had just grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge when I closed the door and there Zeke stood.

When his eyes landed on me, he stopped walking.

Then I watched as his lips moved to form two words, “Fuck me.”

It took me a minute to respond, and I was thinking those same words as to how he was dressed.

A dark green Henley hugged his torso and his arms.

Dark-washed jeans encased his long legs and hugged his thighs.

But the kicker, that was seeing his tattoos revealed. There was just something about a man that had sleeves rolled up his forearms, his tattoos on display.

I had to clench my thighs together to not let out a moan at all the hotness that was on display for me to see.

Once I came back to myself, I asked, “What?”

“Would you think I was a total asshole and not take offense if I asked you to change into something that hid your figure and covered your body from head to toe?”

“As long as it’s because you don’t want other men looking at me because you’re possessive, then no, I won’t take offense. But if it’s because you don’t want anyone to see me with you, then I will take offense, pack my stuff, and walk out right now.”

“I don’t want anyone else seeing you dressed like this if I’m not at your side.”

“Then I guess I need to remain at your side at all times. Huh?”

He smirked then, and nodded, “Yeah, Angel. I think that would be the best course of action. Otherwise, I may have to kill one of my brothers.”

I laughed as I handed him my water, and then smiled as he winked, took the cap off, and then handed it to me.

After I took a sip, I followed him to the mudroom and smiled.

I didn't know why, but seeing my Converse sitting beside his boots, it caused something warm and fuzzy to settle in my belly.

When I felt his eyes on me, I looked up and then waited as he searched my eyes and then nodded, "I get it."

And just like that, we got our shoes on and then he locked up and we walked side by side out to his truck.

Fifteen minutes later, we were pulling outside of the clubhouse.

Once he had the truck in park, he looked at me and then continued to rock the very foundation my world sat on, "You may or may not know the drill by now, but whenever you get out of a car, you wait for me to open your door if I'm with you."

Then I watched as he vaulted out of the SUV and then rounded to my side and opened my door.

Once he helped me down, I looked around the area, and then I didn't realize that I placed my much smaller hand in Zeke's.

Not until I looked up into his eyes and was shocked to see the warmth there in his dark storm-cloud gray eyes as he tightened his hand on mine.

"You do that because those club girls are watching me? Or something else?"

It didn't occur to me that other women were looking at him, and I didn't hesitate to inform him of this either, "Would you believe me if my hand had a mind of its own?"

He smiled, "When it comes to you and me, yeah, Angel, I can believe it."

“Good,” I said with a smile and then smiled even wider when he tightened his hand over mine again.

He opened the door and then gestured for me to walk through first, and I did, never once losing contact with his hand.

We passed by familiar faces and a lot that I didn’t recognize.

Then he led me outside, and over to a table where Mackenzie, Shiloh, June, Lil, Conleigh, Collins, and Harlow were sitting along with some other women that I have no clue who they are, but judging by their kutties, I knew they were ol’ ladies.

As we got closer, Mackenzie looked up and then smiled, “Hey girl.”

I waved with my free hand, “Hey.”

Then I bit back another freaking smile because, with the way I was smiling, I knew I was going to have one etched firmly on my face with all the things that Zeke did that were utterly perfect.

And I say that because he pulled a chair out for me to sit down on.

Happily, I chuckled and sat down, then I whispered, “Are you doing all of this because I’m pregnant?”

He shook his head, “No. I’ll be doing this when we’re old and gray. That’s a promise.”

Then he leaned down and placed a hand on the table in front of me and said, “There’s a few brothers I need to talk to. You okay over here?”

I looked up at him, smiled, and nodded.

“Okay, you need me, call my name, all right?” I nodded.

Then I followed that with the words, I knew he wanted to hear, “I will.”

When he didn't move, I shoved at him, "Go on, you big goof. I'm totally okay."

He looked down at me and nodded, and yes, I totally watched his ass as he walked a few steps over to another table that was set up and then sat down.

And when he turned his head to look back at me, I didn't look away, he just smirked, shook his head and then that was that.

"So, how's it going with the two of you?" Harlow asked as she leaned her chin on her closed fist atop the table.

"It's going. All this is so new to me. The way the club is, the way he is, and I like it. I like everything about it. And then there's Zeke. It's really nice not having to bite my tongue all the time and just getting to be myself around someone who gets me. It's nice. It's really nice."

She nodded and then smiled. "I get that. I really do. It's the same with me and Skinner."

I smiled at her, and when I recalled his words of *No. I'll be doing this when we're old and gray*. How was any of this possible? I've only known him for a few days. Things like this just didn't happen. Did they?

They do say that love finds you when you least expect it and if you're not actively searching for it, then you'll find it.

Did I already love Zeke?

Shaking my head, knowing I needed to get my mind off that topic because I was going to make a fool of myself if I was the only one feeling these things.

Knowing that I needed to find an obstetrician here and remembered hearing something about Mackenzie helping a woman give birth, I asked, "So I have a question."

She winked, "And I may have an answer."

"I overheard that you helped bring a baby into the world. Are you a doctor or a midwife?"

She nodded, “Yeah, I worked in Peds for a long time, then I started working exclusively with the club. Then Linc saw that it wasn’t enough, asked me what else I wanted to do, and when I told him I wanted to be a midwife, he went to our safe, pulled out the money for the classes, and told me to get it done. So, I am legal to practice as a midwife.”

I had to smile at that, it was too adorable. I nodded, “Well, are you taking on new patients?”

Her grin morphed into a full-fledged smile, “Are you serious?”

At my nod, she squealed, then clapped, “You just made my day. How far along are you?”

“Nine weeks today.” She nodded.

“Okay, in two more weeks, I’ll have everything ready at the doctor’s office I work out of, and we will get your baby and you checked.”

That was when Lincoln walked over and asked, “Why are you squealing, baby?”

Mackenzie was all smiles and I could see why Lincoln adored her, she was gorgeous. “Savannah here, my new freaking bestie, just asked me to be her midwife.”

The love that shone brightly in Lincoln’s eyes had my breath stalling in my chest. “Happy for you, darlin’. That’s good.” Then he leaned down, pressed a kiss on her temple, and then walked over to a group of men.

“Momma, look it,” I heard Mackenzie’s little girl say and then looked over at her and smiled at the blue flowers Wren had picked.

Mackenzie gasped and then brought her hand to her heart, “Are these for me?”

Wren nodded, then Mackenzie wrapped her in her arms and said, “Thank you, precious. I love them. Can you put them in my hair?”

And at her little giggle, we all let out a soft laugh.

Then we all watched as Wren placed the flowers behind Mackenzie's ear.

It was adorable.

That was when I saw someone rolling out something, and at my confused look, Lil chuckled, "It's the projector so we can watch the fight out here and be comfortable."

I nodded and smiled my thanks, then checked the time.

I had just enough time, thankfully, so to the table, I said, "I need to run to the bathroom right quick before it starts."

Mackenzie smiled and then said, "Anyone messes with you, tell them you're with Zeke, okay?"

I smiled at her and nodded.

Then I stood up and looked to where Zeke was sitting with a few men from other clubs. I wanted to let him know where I was going because of the words he had said at the house.

That was until I saw what I did and then felt my jaw harden. Please, please don't be like Deck. Freaking, please.

A girl, one whom I assumed to be a bunny that was wearing a red mini-skirt and a black halter top was leaning against his chair with her hand resting on his shoulder.

I didn't realize that I hadn't moved since I stood up.

Not until I heard Mackenzie in my ear, "Sweetie, he doesn't even realize she's there."

I felt tears prick my eyes when I stayed where I was and watched and ignored her.

How could he not realize she was there?

If I felt someone's arm on me, I would want to know who it was immediately.

And still, there I stood, unable to look away.

And then I watched as she threw her head back and laughed. And at that laugh, I felt my hands tightening into fists.

Then I watched as she moved around and sat down on his lap.

I heard Mackenzie's intake of breath at the movement.

And then I saw that his hand landed on her thigh. On her bare freaking thigh.

Mackenzie was wrong. He definitely knew she was there.

Immediately, I looked down at the ground at what I saw. Tears instantly pricked the backs of my eyelids.

"Go over there and rip her off his lap," Mackenzie demanded.

I shook my head, inhaling and exhaling, trying to make sure the tears didn't fall, "He's not mine. Not really."

Mackenzie softened her voice and then said, "Sweetie, that man is yours. Even a blind person could see it."

I sighed, looked to where Zeke was sitting, and realized that the girl wasn't in his lap anymore. No, she was sitting on the ground.

Sure, it was great that she wasn't on his lap anymore, but when he didn't brush her off, he gave her that opening. His actions showed that he was okay with her touching him.

I didn't even look at Mackenzie. I tore my eyes from them and headed to the bathroom with my eyes on my feet.

Then, as I stepped into the clubhouse, I finally looked up just in time to stop myself from walking right into someone's chest.

"Sorry," I mumbled and then sidestepped the person.

I headed to the bathroom and thanked my lucky stars that there wasn't a wait and that it was free.

After I used it, I looked at my reflection in the mirror and sighed.

I always came in second place.

With everyone.

My mother.

My father.

Deck.

The whole club.

Why had I stupidly thought that Zeke would be any different?

Stupid. So freaking stupid.

What I hadn't realized was that I had said all of that aloud as I washed my hands and then dried them.

With a deep breath to calm my racing heart, I prepared myself to tell Zeke that once I found a place for me and my baby to go that I was leaving.

I couldn't do this again.

With a breath of courage, I nodded to myself in the mirror, opened the door, and then smiled at who was standing there leaning against the wall. I intended to move right by him, but not before he said, "Don't like a sad woman. Whose ass am I kicking?"

I looked up, and up, and up at the big man. He looked like the Hulk. He was bigger than Skinner, and I didn't think that was possible.

And what stood out, but I didn't stare at it, was a long scar that went from one temple straight across his face, bisecting his right eyebrow, over his nose, and then all the way to a dimple in his left cheek.

I locked my eyes with his blue ones that had flecks of green in them, and then whispered, "Umm, I'll be okay. But thank you for the offer."

He kept his gaze pinned with mine, and then when I didn't look anywhere else but his eyes, he mumbled, "Thanks for not staring."

"Only an asshole would stare," I told him, and then walked back through the clubhouse and then outside. What I didn't realize was that the big Hulk had followed me.

And waited to see if I would inadvertently tell him who had upset me.

When I made it to the table, I retook my seat and was so proud of myself that my eyes didn't immediately search for Zeke.

Mackenzie squeezed my hand comfortingly, then she leaned in and whispered, "I don't know the relationship between Zeke and that girl, but I'm rooting for the two of you."

At her words, I gave in and then looked over to where Zeke was still sitting. No, she wasn't on his lap anymore, thank god, but she was now leaning into his back with her arms resting on his shoulders.

I turned my head, shook it, and then looked at Mackenzie and smiled sadly.

Apparently, that was all the Hulk needed. I felt him come up beside me, and then he leaned down and said, "He's a good man. But I still won't hesitate, you just say the word."

Then he lumbered off.

I looked at Mackenzie with wide eyes, and then I noticed that all the girls had cottoned onto what had happened.

"Okay, who was that exactly?" I asked them.

Lil looked at him then at me, and whispered, "His name is Grimm. I've never heard him talk before."

"Yeah, I know, he never talks when he comes here with his club. Reminds me of Skinner," Harlow chimed in.

"Same, he reminds me of Heathen," June whispered.

Shiloh chimed in then, “He reminds me of Knox.”

“Take all of them, and roll them into one man, and you have Grimm. That’s for sure.” Conleigh whispered.

“What club is he from?” I asked them.

“He’s from Soulless Outlaws MC. They’re an ally club, they’re based out of Louisiana.” Lil said.

It was at that moment that Powers whistled, “Alright everyone, time to get your seats for the feature that is taking place tonight. And for those of you that don’t know, tonight we are rooting for Clutch and the boy he trained.”

Just then chairs were carried over to our table and the men that belonged to the women took their seats. Then I felt Zeke slide into the chair at my side.

Then, immediately, he smiled at me and then reached for my hand.

I saw the hurt that flashed through his eyes when I pulled my hand from his and laid it underneath my thigh.

But I couldn’t help the pain I had felt when I watched what happened earlier.

I felt Zeke’s curious stare on me the entire time the fight was going on.

But I didn’t dare look his way.

If there was one thing I learned, it was that actions speak louder than words.

That was the motto I lived by.

Shaking my head, I wanted to get into a better mood than be sad so I concentrated on the fight.

Then we all watched, cheering as the belt was wrapped around Jonah ‘*The Wrecker*’ Abbott’s waist.

They spanned to show Cora with her two kids, Katiya and Nikolai, with wide smiles on their faces.

That was when the screen was turned off, the projector rolled up, and then the music started.

I didn't realize that I had licked my lips at Harlow's nachos with beef and jalapenos on them until Zeke left my side, and then, moments later, he came back with a plate piled high and jalapenos on the side.

He sat them down in front of me, "I don't know what I did that made you rip your hand from mine. But what I do know is that if I see you interested in something, I'm going to make it happen."

I smiled a sad smile at him.

After I managed to eat a few bites, I rubbed my temple.

That was when that same freaking girl came walking over and then placed her hand on Zeke's shoulder.

I looked away from him and then groaned when everyone started to get louder and louder.

Thankfully, because of the headache, I didn't have time to think about the woman that was still standing there with her hand on Zeke's shoulder.

He looked at me worriedly and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Headache," I told him tiredly, but I didn't dare look at him and see that woman.

He looked over his shoulder and hollered, "Turn the damn music down, my woman's got a headache you, fuckers."

I placed my hand on his arm and said, "You didn't have to do that."

I needed to tell him I wasn't his. Not when he let some other woman hang all over him. But yet, the words seemed to be stuck.

"Fuck yeah, I did. You got a headache; you don't need to sit through it with the music blaring wide fucking open, making it worse." And with that, he got up and stormed away.

All the while dislodging the girl that let out a gasp of anger.

I ignored her but it was Mackenzie that said, “Go away. This is the ol’ ladies’ table, and you are not one.”

“Then why the hell is she sitting here?” the woman snapped.

“Because Zeke brought her over here. He’s claimed her,” Lil snapped right back.

“Well, he obviously didn’t if he had me in his lap and his hand on my thigh earlier,” she smirked.

She was right.

There was no fighting what she said. Instead, I let out a groan, and started massaging my temples, “Please, lower your voices.”

They stopped fighting immediately, but it was Grimm that stormed over, glared down at the woman, and pointed to another place.

She didn’t say a word as she stormed away.

I looked at Grimm and nodded thankfully.

He nodded, then walked off.

Tears hit the backs of my eyes when I saw Lil squat down at my side, “What’s wrong?”

“I had a headache, and the music was making it throb even harder and I told Zeke that he didn’t have to have the music turned down for me. At my father’s club, if a woman asked for the music to be turned down, it was turned up. And on top of that, why do men say one thing and then do the complete opposite? You know? For once. Just once, I want to come in first.”

She looked pissed, “Did you tell Zeke that about the club?”

“I didn’t have time before he stormed off,” I told her, and I really didn’t.

I didn’t see where he went, and for some reason, I wanted to fall into old habits and apologize.

But not for what they used to be, no, for making him angry enough that he stormed off.

“Savannah, we really don’t know the relationship between...” I held my hand up for Harlow to stop.

“It’s okay. Soon as I find a place, I’m moving there,” I said tiredly. I was so done with putting my hopes and wants on someone else’s shoulder. It was high time I started worrying about myself and making it all happen.

“Hear Zeke out. Okay. Just please do that,” Mackenzie said. “And if you don’t like what he said, then I’ll get Lincoln to kick his ass.”

Harlow chimed in then, “I’ll get Skinner to help.”

And that was when the rest of the ladies chimed in and included their men in the proverbial beatdown.

But it was Grimm who was sitting at the table beside us that said, “I’ll take care of it.”

Chapter 11

Zeke

I was leaning against the bar, my forearms braced on top, taking in breath after breath.

I needed to calm down, so I didn't get on my bike and haul ass to that club and kill every person.

I hadn't missed the worry in her tone when she told me I didn't have to tell them to turn it down.

The fact that I had called her my woman, and she didn't deny it, was brought to the forefront of my mind, but I didn't really give her a chance to say a word before I stormed off like a little bitch.

Just as that thought rolled around in my head, Powers stepped closer to me, and then said, "You're being a fucking idiot, brother."

The man missed nothing.

I had my head down, embarrassed at how I'd reacted to her, but I didn't think he was only talking about that, "How?"

"Have you had a talk with her about how it was at her father's club? Why she reacts to certain things like she does? You know how we are; you know how some other MCs operate, boy. You know that they don't treat their women with respect like we do." Standing there getting told something by Powers wasn't unusual, but getting your ass verbally handed to you?

Yeah... enough said.

But he wasn't done, "Oh, and by the way, you claimed Savannah? Right?"

I glared at him, "You fucking know I did."

"Then why the fuck did you let Ginger climb in your lap? Why the fuck did you let her hang herself over you while

you sat beside Savannah?”

I looked at him like he had a couple of screws loose, “I didn’t...”

Then the last hour played over in my head, and all I could do was drop my head.

I growled at my own stupidity, “Fuck me. I didn’t even think anything about it. We’ve been like that for years.”

Powers nodded, “I get that. But when you claim a woman, that means you don’t allow another woman to sit on your lap. I talked to Gaston and got some more info. Apparently, Deck had no problem with lifting skirts up and driving into them with Savannah in the same room. Think about that for a second. And then I want you to place yourself in her shoes. And know that Savannah looks at you like all the other taken women look at their men. You want her, you’re going to have to apologize to her, and mean it, but not with words. Because something tells me she’s had enough of being lied to.”

He left me standing there to contemplate everything he said, and then I ran through everything I wanted to say to her, everything I wanted to apologize for.

But nothing that I came up with prepared me for what awaited me back outside.

As I made my way back outside, my eyes instantly found her. She had moved closer to the fire pit and was rubbing her hands up and down her legs.

Damn, I’m a fucking idiot.

There I was inside having a fucking pity party, and all the while my woman was getting cold.

Immediately, I spun on my heel, marched up to my room, unlocked my door, and grabbed a blanket that had seen better days but was still in good condition. I’d get a new one just for her to keep here.

With the blanket tucked underneath one arm, I marched back down the steps, back outside, and made a beeline to where she was sitting. Thankfully, while I was doing that, she hadn't moved.

She clocked me the moment I got closer to her, and when I saw her bite her bottom lip, I wanted to apologize to her, and then pull that lip in between my teeth.

I knelt at her side, and before I could say a word, she beat me to it. "I owe you an apology."

I was flabbergasted.

She owed me? No, she had it all wrong.

Shaking my head, I wrapped her up in the blanket I'd grabbed.

As soon as I had it wrapped around her, I waited patiently until she gave me those soulful, mesmerizing green eyes of hers, then I whispered, "Angel, I'm the one that owes you an apology. This is the second time I've gotten mad over something that you have no control over and that's not fair to you. I'm sorry I blew up like I did. I didn't take into account that things were different with your father's club."

She nodded, then she looked confused, "When was the first time?"

I sighed, "When you flinched this morning."

She smiled sadly at me, then I took a deep breath and asked, "To keep this from happening so I know, because I never want to hear the words, *I'm sorry* from you again, will you explain things to me?"

I didn't realize that everyone had gone quiet so they could hear too.

And neither did Savannah.

Not when she smiled and nodded, "It means a lot that you want to know. And then do things to keep those feelings away from being unwanted and a bother."

I brought my hand up and placed it on her thigh, then muttered, “Those two words should never enter your vocabulary.”

She smiled sadly at me, “When your own father is a free spirit and spends his time on his Harley on the open road and doesn’t come back for years, maybe sends a postcard or two. When your mother would rather have you sit at home alone when you’re eight because you ruin her mood while she’s getting her hair done and wants to go out to bars and get drunk.”

“When my dad came home for the last and final time, he didn’t look well. He was of the mindset that if you were knocking on death’s door there was no reason you should visit a doctor. You wouldn’t believe what I had to do to get him to go see one.” I stayed where I was, even though I wanted to lean forward and kiss the trail of tears away. But something in my gut told me not to move.

So, instead, I asked, “Tell me?”

Then, in a broken whisper, she told me, “I had to bring up the fact that he missed every birthday but three of them. Three.”

And right there on one knee, I made a silent promise that no matter what was taking place in our lives, I would never miss her fucking birthday.

To that, I asked, “Tell me when your birthday is, Angel?”

“September twenty-fifth,” she said quietly.

I smirked, “Year?”

“Two thousand and three.” Again, there was a quiet tone.

I nodded, letting her know that I got it.

“Thank you for telling me. Now, I want to know why you told me it was okay when I asked them to turn the music down,” I asked her.

She sighed, “One thing that they did was that if you wanted them to turn down the music if you had a headache, they wouldn’t do it. It didn’t matter who asked. And the kicker in all of this, it was Deck that would turn the volume up louder. I lost count of the women that would look my way and sneer at me for his actions.”

Then she took a deep breath and continued on, and I wanted to hop on my bike and drive my fist through Deck’s face.

“If you’re an ol’ lady, they don’t get a say if their men want to screw a club whore right in front of them. Gaston told the brothers it was up to them. It’s why I didn’t say anything when that club girl got in your lap. I tried it once with Deck, and well, I found out real quick that I wasn’t allowed to tell him what he could or couldn’t do. The only ol’ lady that could do that was Felicia, Gaston’s woman.”

I dropped my head in shame. Fuck me.

The shit this woman has had to deal with, and I had the fucking wherewithall to have a fucking pity party earlier? Yeah. No. Fuck. That.

I lifted my head, and made sure I had her eyes, and there I said, “Angel, with me, you had every right to walk over there and jerk Ginger by the hair and get her off my lap. But you shouldn’t have had to do that. I should have done that. I shouldn’t have allowed her to touch me to begin with.”

Then I dropped my voice so only she could hear. “Ginger and I have been friends for years, and I thought nothing of doing that with her. I’ve never been inside of her, and she’s never gotten any part of me.” I made sure I still had her eyes and then continued talking to her softly. But ensuring she could hear the honesty in my words.

“And for the record, I know what I’m saying isn’t going to make you believe me, but I fully intend to prove to you with my actions that I’m yours. I won’t allow another woman to touch me. I swear to you.”

And Ginger being Ginger showed the side to Savannah that she's only shown to me. She dropped into the chair beside her and apologized, "I'm sorry. I've known Zeke for a long time. He stepped in and stopped my dad from beating the hell out of me because I wouldn't do something. And that something would have ruined the rest of my life."

Ginger shook her head and smiled an apologizing smile, "I honestly didn't think anything of it. We've been doing that for years now. I would pretend to be his woman to keep gold-digging bitches off of him that come to the club with the sole purpose of landing a brother."

Savannah gave her an *I know how you feel* look, then Ginger continued, "And I can only imagine what you're thinking. I know he's claimed, and I shouldn't have sat down in his lap knowing that. Especially knowing that. Because he's never claimed a woman before. Again. I'm sorry. I'd like to get to know you. And FYI, if that little punk shows his face around here, I'll be happy to ram my size nine foot up his ass. Okay?"

Savannah looked at her, then at me, and seeing whatever she needed to in my eyes, she looked at Ginger and asked, "Thank you for telling me all of that. But that doesn't explain your attitude toward me at the table earlier."

Ginger's head dropped, then she locked eyes with Savannah, "I know. Sometimes I let my temper get the best of me, and I really have no filter. I need to work on that. I'm just protective over Zeke. And the other ladies, well, they don't really like me. I guess I was just using my words as a protective barrier around myself."

Savannah sat there, soaking in Ginger's words, and she sighed, "I can understand wanting words to be used as a protective barrier. I definitely know how that feels."

"But be warned, apparently Zeke has claimed me as his, even though I haven't claimed him back because I have a lot of issues I need to work through first before I do. But if you

do it again, I will grab you by the hair and jerk you out of his lap.”

Ginger smiled and showed an amount of respect for Savannah that I'd only seen in her eyes a handful of times. She nodded, and then said, “I would too, girl.”

I looked at Ginger and nodded, then I looked at my Angel, “How's your headache?”

She smiled, “Mackenzie gave me something for it. She said it wouldn't harm the baby.”

Ginger gasped, “You're pregnant?”

Savannah nodded, “Yeah, I'm nine weeks along.”

Ginger clapped her hands, “I'll earn your forgiveness and your trust. Do you want a boy or a girl?”

Savannah smiled, but it wasn't the smile I was used to, no, it was far from it, and I knew that it would take a lot for her to forgive Ginger. And me.

Savannah placed a hand over her belly and said, “Honestly, as long as he or she is breathing, I'll be happy either way.”

Ginger nodded at that and was called by a visiting brother.

It was thirty minutes later after I had gotten off my knees in front of her and claimed the chair beside her when her soft snores filled the night air.

I let out a soft chuckle, then sighed in contentment.

With her head on my shoulder, a smile on her face, the fire in front of us blazing on, surrounded by my family. This. This was what happiness really felt like.

We stayed like that until I felt the temperature drop drastically, and then ever so carefully, I maneuvered myself so I could get Savannah into my arms.

After I carried Savannah to my truck and tucked her inside, Mackenzie whispered, “You owe Grimm a handshake or a beer.”

And that was when she told me that he had been there for her when I hadn’t been. Fuck me.

After she promised to hang there in case Savannah woke up, I headed back into the clubhouse and approached Grimm.

He was sitting in a back corner with a bottle of beer in front of him.

I stopped at his side, and his scary glare settled on me. “Thank you for keeping an eye on Savannah and being there when I couldn’t. I appreciate it, brother.”

“You don’t deserve her,” he rumbled out.

And had this night not rocked the very core of me, I would have been shocked that I heard the normally quiet man speak.

“I know. But I’m going to bust my ass to prove to her that I do.”

Grimm didn’t say a word, he just stared at me, and if I was a lesser man, I would’ve turned on my boot and ran the fuck away. Fuck me, but he was one scary son of a bitch.

His eyes always appeared to be dead. His black hair was always shaved on the sides and slightly longer on top. The scar ran from his right temple down to the corner of his mouth. The way he never smiled. The way he seemed to be colder than a whore in church.

I came back to my thoughts when I heard him say, “Maybe you do. Get her home. She’s baking.”

I snorted. “You got it.”

Then I turned on my heel and started to walk away, but his words stopped me short.

“She’s a good woman. Didn’t look at my scar. She fucking smiled at me. Treat her right.” Then he swallowed, sighed, and grabbed a pad and a pen he kept in his kutte.

He wrote something down, and had I not had my hand braced on the back of the chair, I would have fallen to my ass.

I overheard her in the bathroom talking to herself. She’s fed up with coming in second place. She thought you were perfect until tonight. You fuck up again, I’ll make sure she gets treated like she deserves. Like a fucking Queen.

And knowing Grimm, well, he was one possessive and protective motherfucker. I had no doubt that he would end me, and anyone else that’s ever laid hands on Savannah or hurt her feelings. He was just that type of man.

Thankfully, I planned on breathing and took what he had written down to heart and promised on everything I am, not to fuck this up.

Because what I didn’t want was to have him experiment on me like he liked to do on other people.

He can tell you the right angle to use on someone’s body to flay them alive with a fucking butter knife. Don’t ask me how I know that. I’ve seen it. It still gives me the creeps.

Or the best way to hold a metal file and sever the brachial artery. And not just any metal file, but the ones that you find on a pair of fingernail clippers.

That night, after I laid her down in her bed, I covered her up, pressed a kiss to her forehead, and then carefully and quietly headed out the door.

Then and only then did I pull out my phone and call Cam, our VP.

“Yo,” Cam answered on the third ring.

“Hey brother, I need to make it known that on September 25th every year from here on out, I will be unreachable.”

I heard the smile in his tone, “Got you, brother, I’ll make it known. Got mad respect for you, brother.”

What I didn’t realize was that even in her sleep, she let it be known where she belonged.

With me.

Chapter 12

Savannah

The past three weeks have been something right out of a dream.

Once we made it home after watching the fight night, we talked the next day.

I told Zeke about Deck, and what Felicia told me about Luanne.

I told him about what Gaston told me.

He told me about other things that his dad did.

And I vowed that I would be committing murder if I ever had the unfortunate opportunity of meeting that man.

Also, that very day, Zeke got a text from Ginger that said she was headed out of town for some personal reasons and had no plans on ever coming back. Neither one of us would find out until a week later when Grimm showed up at the clubhouse and handed me a note, then he climbed back on his bike and left.

Good women don't deserve to be disrespected. I'll be watching.

Needless to say, Zeke had wrapped his arm around my side, pulled me in, kissed the top of my head, and... well... that was the start of how things began to change between the two of us.

It was a week later when he found out I was a graphic designer and edited books.

And while I was out with the girls one day, Zeke and a few of his brothers had taken one of his guest bedrooms and created an office for me.

The walls had been painted a blush pink. The desk, bookcase, and storage system were all white with gold

hardware and pieces.

The molding was a pretty dove gray color.

I still remember the feeling when one of his large hands landed on my hip, his other in front of my eyes, as he whispered in my ear, "I have a surprise for you."

And when I had seen what he had done for me, I had spun in his arms, and then pressed my body tightly to his, buried my face in his neck, and whispered, "Thank you."

I hadn't realized that I had tears streaming down my cheeks until he had placed his finger underneath my chin, lifted my head, and then he used his other hand to wipe the tears away.

And you know what they say, sometimes, it just happens.

I stood there staring up into his eyes, as he stared down into mine, and then I felt my eyes close, stood up on my tiptoes, and pressed my lips to his.

Once our lips made contact, my body was spun around, my back met the wall, and a picture frame fell to the floor, but neither one of us paid it any mind.

His tongue was tangled up in mine, my hand was running through his hair, and my other hand was holding onto his kutte, keeping him close to me.

And all of those things caused the moment that everything changed...

When I woke in the middle of the night, I couldn't tell you what really happened.

The only thing I remember was walking out of my room, down to his room, and then walking to his bed.

I didn't realize that he had woken up when he heard me walking, and I didn't realize that silently, he had lifted the corner of his comforter, moved over to a cold spot as I settled

into the warm spot, curled up into his shirtless body, and fell right to sleep after he covered us up.

And unbeknownst to me, with me wrapped in his arms, Zeke didn't have a single nightmare.

Not. Freaking. One.

Slowly, I opened my eyes and then took in the unfamiliar bedroom, one with dark furniture, light gray walls, and the prettiest view outside the big windows that allowed tons of natural light to flow through the house.

Then when I looked to my right, it was to see Zeke laying there with the sheet around his waist and his head resting in his hand. And around that wrist was the bracelet I had bought for him.

I thought I had just seen the prettiest sight, oh but I couldn't have been more wrong.

There, in front of me, was the prettiest sight I had ever seen.

His black hair was mussed from his sleep. His eyes were still revealing that he hadn't been up long.

Then he smirked, "So, you know where you want to be in your sleep?"

I felt my cheeks turn a light pink at my embarrassment.

He laughed, "Good morning, Angel."

"Good morning, Zeke. I'm sorry." I felt my cheeks turn fifty shades of red in a matter of seconds.

He smiled, "Don't be. If you want to move your stuff in here, then do it. I liked falling asleep with you in my arms, and I liked it even more waking up just like that."

Then he got a serious look on his face, and said, "Going to need an answer to my question, okay?"

Seeing the seriousness on his face, I wanted to tease him a little, therefore, I said, "No, I won't marry you today."

He pouted, “Ah hell.” Then he winked, and my god what that wink did to me. “But I wasn’t going to ask you that, well, not right now at least. What I was going to ask you was if you feel comfortable letting me go to your doctor’s appointment with you today?”

Before I moved here, I looked up the area and found a good OB/GYN. I had talked to Mackenzie about this again last night, and she told me that the office I was going to is the one that she was waiting to be set up in, so I nodded, “Yes, but why?”

He didn’t hesitate in answering me, “Because I need to know if you want me as much as I want you.”

I looked into his eyes, and then said, “What do you mean?”

“What I mean by that is I want to be with you through every step of this pregnancy. Then, I want to be in that room with you when you give birth. And once he or she takes their first breath, I want you to give them my last name. Then, whenever you’re ready after you’ve spread your wings and found your place, I want to give you my last name.”

“And what if, when I spread my wings, it takes us away from you?”

Over the past three weeks, the way he’s tried to prove to me that he won’t let what happened with Ginger to ever happen with another person again. The way he’s so attentive to me and my baby. The way he’s protective. I really didn’t see myself spreading my wings.

But I had to know. I had to be sure.

After everything that happened with Deck, it wasn’t only my heart involved.

I saw his jaw tick, then he muttered, “Then I’ll make sure that you know what’s waiting at home for y’all.”

I took in a breath and asked, “And that would be?”

“A man that will love y’all with everything he has. A man that will remain faithful no matter how long it takes.”
Was he being serious?

“You’ve only known me for a short time, Zeke. How can you say all of that and mean it?” I didn’t know how I was managing it, but I was keeping my heart from pounding out of my chest.

“Because I was taught that when you know. You fucking know. And I know.”

“I’m going to be honest with you. It’s going to take me some time to trust you fully. My gut is telling me that I can. But just... have patience with me. Okay?”

He nodded and said, “I know that. And I get that. And I meant what I said. Whenever you’re ready, I’ll make my move. And not a minute too soon.”

After I nodded, we both got up, showered, dressed, and then I was loaded up in his SUV and we headed to the doctor’s office.

Once we were on the main road, a song that I hadn’t heard in forever came on, and I didn’t even think as I reached for the dial and turned the song up.

I saw Zeke from the corner of my eye lift his brow. I shrugged, “I love this song.”

“I would ask you if you wanted to marry me right now, but after what you said this morning, I’ll hold off.”

I couldn’t help it; I threw my head back and laughed.

And as I was doing that, I hadn’t realized we had come to a stop at a light, and since the weather was perfect, we had the windows down.

Not until a car beside us with guys in it was catcalling.

I rolled my eyes and looked at Zeke to see him narrow his, and then he pulled his piece from the small of his back and pointed it at the driver.

The driver's face paled, and then he pulled away.

Blue lights flashed behind us, and I started laughing again.

That car was in the turning lane, and the sign posted read, '*Do Not Turn On Red.*'

I was laughing once again all the way to the doctor's office.

And yes, once we pulled up into the parking lot, I stayed in my seat and waited for Zeke.

The man didn't disappoint.

Oh no, he didn't.

He opened my door for me, offered me his hand, and then helped me down.

Once we were signed in and the paperwork knocked out, I saw someone I recognized. I squealed, "Mackenzie?"

She turned her head and once her eyes landed on me, she smiled, "Surprise. I called and told them I was starting today and that you were my first patient."

I grinned and then sat down beside Zeke.

He was looking through a magazine about pregnancy, and then I saw his face as he read over something.

He almost looked concerned, and that made me curious as to what exactly was in the magazine he was reading, "Why are you making that face?"

"Well... thinking once we leave here, we are going to the store," he said as he placed the magazine down, tagged his phone, and took a picture of the page.

I chuckled at him, "Why is that?"

"Because half the shit in my house isn't healthy food. And you need healthy food." What he didn't know was that after he had created a place for me to work and the way he

treats me, I had already planned to stay here. To try this with him.

And I needed to tell him. I needed him to know.

So, I called out softly, “Zeke?”

He looked at me, took in the look on my face, brought his head closer to mine, and whispered, “Right here, Angel.”

“Slow?” I asked as I stared into his eyes and was amazed at the flecks of blue in his gray eyes.

He read what I was asking, oh yes, he did, because a slow-becoming smile lit up his face.

“Slow. But just so you know, I’m going to light up your whole world.”

“I’m going to hold you to that,” I whispered.

Then my name was called by a woman in dark blue scrubs, “Savannah?”

I stood up, and then Zeke did as well.

As we followed behind her, she led me to an alcove where I was weighed and then led to a room, handed a cup to pee in, and then I did what I had to do.

When I came out of the bathroom, it was to see Zeke leaning up against the wall and the nurse looking pleased.

After she led us to a room and then told us the doctor would be with us shortly, I looked at Zeke and asked, “Okay, what was all that about?”

He smiled at me, then helped me up on the table, “She said that it was refreshing to see a man so devoted to his woman.”

“And are you devoted?” I asked.

He placed his hands on either side of my thighs. His bracelet shone against his tan skin, his forearms flexing, his face a mere inch from mine.

Then, he whispered, “I was yours the moment I saw your picture. Was blown away when I saw you for the first time. Was enraptured seeing you taking in my home for the first time. Became devoted to you when you took my back. And now, I was claimed by you in the waiting room. So, fuck yeah, I’m devoted to my woman.” Then he placed his hand on my belly and dropped his tone, “You and our baby. You gave me you. In doing that, you gave me this. I’m not a fucking fool, Savannah. I know you see something in me, and baby, going to make damn sure I never let the two of you down.”

I didn’t realize that I was crying from his words, not until he brought his hand up and brushed away my tears, and sitting there, I needed him to kiss me, so, trusting in him, trusting in his words, I whispered huskily, “Kiss me, Zeke.”

And boy, did he kiss me.

It was hot with need. With want.

I hadn’t realized I had moaned deep in my throat, or that someone had entered the room, not until the sound of a throat clearing interrupted us.

He pulled his lips from mine and growled, “Fuck me.”

I giggled.

To that, he narrowed his eyes, then stepped to the side so Mackenzie could check me over.

She giggled as she started to ask me questions, and we created a birth plan.

Then she got lucky, and I was able to see my baby for the first time with the ultrasound machine.

And at Zeke’s face as he stared at the grainy screen, I knew he definitely meant every word he said to me.

It was a sight to behold.

But nothing beat the soft look on his face after she turned the sound on, and we could hear the baby’s strong heartbeat.

Then Mackenzie printed out a few pictures and handed them to me. A tear slid from the corner of my eye as I looked at the images, smiling, then I handed them to Zeke. He smiled at them too, then looked at Mackenzie and asked, “I need six more copies, please.”

I looked at him, confused, “Six more copies. For what?”

He grinned, looked at me and then winked, “Explain my madness later.”

I shook my head. After she printed off six more pictures, she answered a few unspoken questions I had. She looked at me, then at Zeke, and asked, “Okay, that’s the gist of everything. Do either of you have any questions for me?”

At the shake of my head, I looked at Zeke and waited, he looked at me, searched my eyes, and then he asked Mackenzie, “I’m not sure if this is something you’ve asked. But for my peace of mind, I need to know if sex will hurt the baby.”

Mackenzie cocked her brow, then I saw a mischievous glint in her eyes. “And if it will?”

Zeke didn’t hesitate to answer, “Then I’ll keep using my hand in the shower until it’s safe for her.”

Mackenzie looked at me and smiled. She fucking smiled wide.

Then she winked at me and whispered, “You got a good one, sweetheart.”

“I know,” I whispered right back and tried like hell to fight another current of tears that were wanting to trail down my cheeks.

Then Mackenzie looked at Zeke and shook her head, “No, Zeke, sex won’t hurt the baby.”

Over the past couple of weeks, Zeke bent over backward to show me that I could trust him.

Maybe this was all too soon.

But you know what? I found myself not caring. Not in the slightest.

And then I looked up into his eyes, saw everything I needed to see, and what I needed to see? Was the man of my dreams, someone who wasn't perfect, but was perfect for me.

That was when I whispered, "Take me home."

He froze.

His eyes searched mine deeply.

In a ragged breath, he asked, "Are you sure?"

I nodded, "Show me what making love is supposed to be like."

"You said you wanted to take things slow?" he asked, breathing deeply.

I nodded, "I know. But... Zeke, I'm ready to live for me. I want you to help heal the scars on my soul. Will you do that for me?"

And before I could catch my next breath, I was up and in his arms as he carried me bridal style out of the women's clinic and then straight to his truck. All the while, the staff was laughing right along with me.

I was laughing and through my laughter, I asked him, "Zeke, what are you doing?"

"Not taking any chances of you changing your mind," he said as he stomped towards his truck.

I chuckled, "We were supposed to pay and set up our next appointment."

I was unprepared for what he did next when I said the word *our*. At that word, he froze, looked at me, and when I was finished speaking, he slammed his lips down on mine.

Mackenzie just stood there, and waved and giggled, "Don't worry. I'll get the payment from Zeke later and text

you with your next appointment.”

Through the open door as Zeke buckled me up. Yes. Buckled. Me. Up. I asked her, “Is this normal?”

She giggled some more, “Yep. Though I have never seen Zeke act like this before.”

He smiled at me, winked, then looked at her, and said with such honesty that I found it somewhat hard to breathe, “And you won’t see me like this with anyone other than Savannah and our baby.”

I smiled as Zeke closed the door.

Then he shocked me as he pulled one of the ultrasound pictures from the inside of his kutte and placed one of them over his speedometer.

My heart melted at the sight. He looked at me, winked, then started the SUV up, and then proceeded to drive fifteen miles over the speed limit to get back home.

Once we pulled back into the driveway, I barely got my seatbelt undone when my door was opened, and I was carefully helped out.

And then, just like the doctor’s office, he picked me up, bridal style, and proceeded to bring his boot up, and kicked the door closed.

Once we made it to the front door, he said, “House keys in my pocket, wedge your hand down there and get them out.” I did as he asked, and then moaned when my hand grazed his hard cock.

His hard, I knew to be a massive, cock.

“Angel, I don’t want to shoot my load in my jeans, but I’m about five seconds away from doing that if you don’t move your hand,” he growled into my ear.

The feel of his neatly trimmed beard on my neck, holy shit. Talk about spontaneously combusting.

And then... yep... my mind went there.

The feel of it on the insides of my thighs as he...

He cut off my thoughts when he growled, "Angel, unlock the fucking door. Now."

At his growl, I didn't mean to do what I did, but I couldn't help myself. At his growled words, I moaned and then proceeded to lick my bottom lip.

And that... well... that was how I found myself tossed around like a rag doll.

My back went to the front door, my legs went around his hips.

And then his mouth came crashing down onto mine.

Fever.

Angst.

Need.

I didn't take a breath while his tongue was in my mouth, caressing my own. Diving deep, circling, retreating, and then coming back for more.

I released his mouth, took in a deep breath, and moaned at the feel of his massive cock, grinding into my pubic bone.

He was the perfect height.

He looked down into my eyes, and then I had my hand on the back of his neck, pulling his mouth back down to mine.

I let go of the back of his neck, and his hand moved from underneath my ass, cupped the side of my face, and tilted it, and then he got even deeper with his tongue into my mouth.

I had both hands clenched in his kutte, keeping him as tight as I could to me.

And then... just like that, our mouths broke apart as our breaths mingled together.

His forehead was pressed against mine, and there, with my back against the front door, his big body caging me in, he

then proceeded to rock my fucking world, “Fuck. Me. I will not be making love to you for the first time against a fucking door. Nor will I ever allow anyone to ever see this side of you but me.”

I smiled at him and whispered, “Then move so I can unlock the door, please.”

He nodded, but did he let me go? Fuck no, he didn't.

I got the door unlocked, and then with his boot, he kicked it closed, flipped the deadbolt, and carried me to his... no... to our room. All the while kissing me hot and heavy.

Once we reached our room, he released my ass cheeks and lowered me to my feet.

And then he placed both hands on either side of my face, then he said, “We do this, I will try to release you when you want to spread your wings, but I don't know if I can.”

I grinned, “Then don't.”

“Don't say that to me if you don't mean it,” he whispered against my lips, without losing eye contact with me.

“Something you should know about me, handsome, I don't say things I don't mean,” and with that, I placed my fingers on his kutte, and lowered it off his arms.

He took it from my hands, laid it on the bed, and then stepped to me and said, “I want to undress the best damn thing that's ever happened to me. But I also want to sit back and watch you undress. Revealing my present, one piece of clothing at a time.”

I bit my lip and asked, “Want to know what I want to have happen?”

“Tell me,” he whispered huskily.

“I want you to undress me, and then proceed to kiss every single inch of skin that you unwrap.”

And that was what he proceeded to do.

As he lifted my shirt from my body his lips and tongue trailed over every single expanse of skin.

Once he had me down to my bra and panties, I bit my lip and then asked, “Will you do something else for me?”

He nodded, “Simply ask it of me, Angel.”

“Will you take your shirt off by grabbing it by the collar with one hand?” I didn’t even get to finish my question before he was already doing that for me.

I wouldn’t have been able to control my reaction even if I’d tried.

My thighs automatically rubbed together due to the feeling that shot straight to my vagina.

And well... it would seem we had already found our thing.

Because it would seem that Zeke missed not a thing when it came to my body and the reactions it has.

Our thing consisted of my back being pushed against the wall.

His lips on mine, my hands roaming over his body.

Feeling the hardness of him, the softness of his skin, the way the muscles bunched and flexed beneath my touch.

His lips trailed from my mouth to the corner of my lips, down my jaw, then along the column of my neck, and there he whispered, “Been dying to know what you taste like. I need you to be sure. Once I taste you, you become mine.”

I smiled, then whispered, “Isn’t it supposed to be when you enter me, I become yours?”

He shook his head as he kissed a trail along my collar bone, and then I moaned at the feel of something no one has ever done to me. “No. I’m greedy and possessive. I taste you on my tongue, you became mine.”

And that was when I asked, “How do you plan on making me yours, when I already am?”

“Like this,” and that was when he dropped to his knees in front of me, used his teeth, removed my light pink lace panties that matched my bra, and down my legs.

Those big hands of his trailed up the backs of my legs and then gripped the backs of my thighs.

And as I felt my center getting drenched, when I thought he was going to dive straight into me, he didn’t do that.

No, he did something oh so much sweeter.

He rose up higher, pressed a kiss on my belly and then whispered, “This doesn’t just make your mama mine, little bruiser, this makes you mine too.”

And that was when my man, my Zeke, lowered back down, hiked one of my legs over his shoulder, and then when my lips were parted for him, flicked his tongue over my clit.

His tongue plunged into the deepest part of me, and when he curled his fingers around my ass cheek, and then moved two fingers in tandem inside of me along with his tongue, I felt it.

I felt it move through me at such a violent speed that my body shuddered, the ground beneath my feet quaked, my muscles locked, my spine tingled, I screamed, unable to hold anything else in, “Zeke.”

Zeke didn’t stop his assault on my vagina.

He didn’t stop no matter how hard I tried to push his mouth away from me.

Not until he made another earth-shattering orgasm tear through me.

Once he made sure I was steady on my feet, he stood up and then winked at me.

I winked back, and then removed my bra, and whispered, “My turn.”

And that was when I dropped to my knees and then unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his jeans, lowered his zipper, and then let his jeans fall from his waist and then down his thighs.

I looked up his amazing body and then saw his head was lowered, his eyes were on my body, one strong forearm was braced against the wall.

And that’s when I lowered his black boxers down his legs and revealed his perfect cock.

And then without hesitation, I did something I’ve never wanted to do before, but really wanted to do for this man before me.

I circled the tip of his head with my tongue and heard a hiss from the man above me.

Grinning, I did it again and then worked my way up his cock.

Coming back down his cock, I brought one hand up and cupped one of his balls, and the other I moved to the base of his cock, his wiry black pubic hair tickling my skin.

Then, I pulled his cock into my mouth and then moaned at the taste that came from precum hitting my tongue.

And then I started to move.

As I moved my mouth and my hand up and down, up and down, in and out, I swirled my tongue once, twice as I moved up his cock, and that was when I heard, “You don’t want to swallow me all the way down, you need to release my cock. Now.”

I didn’t move.

I simply moaned around his cock and at that moan, “Savannah. Fucking hell.” His seed exploded against the back of my throat.

I moaned as I swallowed every last drop from him, and only when I knew he was clean did I release his cock from my mouth.

An audible pop filled the room.

Then... I stood up ever so slowly, my body rubbing deliciously against his.

And when my nipples made contact with the smattering of chest hair... I got wet... again.

Damn this man was all kinds of sexy.

Only once I was standing back up, his eyes locked with mine, did he ask, "Need me to go wash my mouth out?"

I shook my head, "Not if you want me to wash mine out?"

He showed me that he didn't need me to do anything in the next minute.

With his taste on my lips, mine on his, our tongues danced in a rhythm, and I knew that if I had done this with anyone else, I would have been mortified.

But with Zeke, give me all the kinky fuckery one can think of.

Tie me to your bed.

Smack my ass.

Bound me.

Gag me.

Yes, please.

"I'll do all of that, just need a safe word, Angel." He muttered.

Trusting this man implicitly, I simply said, "Purple."

His eyes shone with heat, lust, want, and need.

And then I felt his still hard as steel cock against my belly, and there, against my lips, he whispered, "I can't

fucking wait anymore. Tell me what I can't do.”

“Just don't call me another woman's name,” I whispered against his lips.

That was when I not only heard his growl but felt it against my chest, “I'm going to kill that fucker.”

And then he pressed his lips to mine, and I forgot all about Deck. I forgot about everything as he pushed me back up against the wall and devoured my mouth.

My hands ran through his hair, grabbing at the ends and pulling his mouth closer to mine.

And that was when he picked me up by my ass, pivoted, threw me onto the bed.

My body bounced, once, twice, then a third time until I settled.

His body was up and over mine in the next second, “I'm clean. You okay with me going in you bare?”

I nodded, “Yeah. And I'm clean too. Got checked when I was six weeks along.”

I whispered against his lips, “Now, show me what it's like, Honey.”

He shook his head, “Afraid I can't do that.”

Confusion wrapped around my lust filled brain, “What do you mean?”

“How can I show you what making love is supposed to be like when I've never done it?” and with those words spoken, eighteen simple words, only eighteen, changed my entire world.

I thought it had changed when I became his and he kissed me for the first time, but nothing, nothing touches this moment right here.

And I knew nothing ever would.

Except for what followed soon after.

“Eyes. I want your eyes while I’m inside of you. I want to watch the windows into your soul as you come apart for me, and all over me. then, I want you to watch what you do to me.” And with that... he slammed his cock into my vagina.

My back bowed off the bed.

His thick cock stretching me wider than it’s ever felt before.

That was when he stilled, and then asked, “You okay.”

I stared into his eyes, brought my hand up and brushed the dark hair from his forehead, and nodded, “Fucking yes. Move. Honey. Please. Fucking move.”

And then... my man moved.

He gripped one of my thighs and brought it up, and oh my fucking god, the angle, the way he went even deeper.

He pulled out, and then slammed back in. so forceful, the bed slammed into the wall.

But neither one of us made a comment.

“Honey,” I moaned as he hit a certain part of me, that caused so many emotions inside of me that I raked his back with my nails.

“Give it to me, Angel.” He said through clenched teeth.

“Not there, yet,” I said.

“Bullshit, you’re squeezing my cock so hard I don’t see how you’re not. Fucking hell, Savannah. Let the fuck go. I need to fill you up.”

And the thought of his cum feeling me up... well... that did it.

I exploded in a mass of majestic colors.

“Thank fuck,” he whispered as he moaned, slammed into me, once, then once more, and then stilled.

And there above me, he whispered, “The fuck you do? Fucking kegel’s or some shit?”

I lifted a brow, “What do you mean?”

“The tightness of your pussy almost squeezed me to death and caused no blood to circulate through my dick,” he said with a groan as he pulled out of me, and then laid down on his back.

I smiled, “Well, I guess that’s how it feels when I’ve only been with one other person.”

He turned his head, took in a deep breath, and then let it out, “Fuck. Me. Best I ever fucking had. When you’re ready, definitely putting a ring on it.”

I laughed and then rolled over to my side and then held out my hand, “Come take a shower with me?”

He groaned, “Angel, you gotta be sore. Been a bit for you, and been a bit for me. I get my hands on your soapy body, I’m going to want to take you again.”

I simply shrugged, “So?”

And he didn’t necessarily take me again in the shower, he fingered me, and I gave him a hand job.

My shoulder looked cute with his teeth marks there, and he looked great with mine on his shoulder.

And as I walked away from him and to the kitchen to get something to drink, he called at my back while he too got dressed, “Don’t think this needs to be said, but I’m saying it any fucking way. You’re fucking mine.”

“Long as you’re mine right back, Honey.” I tossed over my shoulder.

I smiled huge at his answer, “And that, I will always be.”

“So, what else did you want to do today?” he asked me as I washed my hands at the sink.

As I turned the water off, I said, “I want to shop for a few things to wear, my pants are starting to get tight.”

Then he shocked the hell out of me, “Get dressed. We’ll leave in ten.”

“Wait, really?” I asked him as I spun to face him.

He shrugged, “Yeah, why not?”

“Umm, most guys don’t want to wait while a woman shops for clothes.”

He smiled, then walked up to me and wrapped those strong arms of his around me, and pulled me close, “Well, I’m not like most men. Also, those men don’t have a woman like you. In case you haven’t figured it out yet. Don’t care what you want to do, as long as whatever you want to do, I can be there with you.”

To that, I smiled, “Okay, you can go with me to get some new clothes, but on one condition.”

He got all serious and then asked, “Name it.”

“We get to take the ‘Cuda,” I said.

And to that, well, my man threw his head back and roared with laughter, “I fucking love you, Savannah.”

Then I watched as his face sobered, and then before I could say it back, he brought his fingers to my lips and said, “No. Don’t say it because I did, Angel. You say it whenever you’re ready. But I couldn’t hold those words in anymore. I’ve been wanting to shout it to the rooftops ever since I laid eyes on you.”

What he didn’t know was that I was ready to say it right then and there.

Instead, I decided to wait for the perfect moment to give him those words right back.

Chapter 13

Zeke

I know that Savannah had looked at me funny when I had asked for six extra copies of the baby. Of my baby. Because I was claiming that baby. I already had the first copy in the SUV.

And after we had cleaned up, I had placed one on my mirror in the bathroom, one on my nightstand, and one in my wallet, and the other two locations were coming.

When she saw that, she showed me her happiness with a kiss that curled my fucking toes.

After I had her loaded in the ‘Cuda, I placed the other picture on my visor.

“Ready?” I asked her.

She grinned, nodded, and then said, “Yes!”

With a laugh, I started her up and then smiled at the wonder and happiness on her face.

We were driving for about ten minutes when the son of a bitch behind me pissed me off.

Seeing that she was buckled in, I glared at the rearview mirror and said, “Hold on, Angel.”

Once I made sure she had a good hold on the door and one on the center console, I made my move.

Grabbing the emergency handbrake, I jerked it upward. Hard enough for the car to come to a screeching halt, all the while with my boot on the brake and my left hand on the wheel cranking it to the left. Hard.

The moment the car rocked to a stop, I pulled a move like Bruce Willis did in one of my favorite movies, *Red*.

Like a flash, I threw open my door, grabbed my piece behind my back, and stalked to the son of a bitch’s car that

rode my ass for the past fifteen minutes. There was only so much one person could take.

When brake checking the asshole hadn't worked? Well, his car was going to eat a bullet, possibly the entire clip. And if he just so happened to open his mouth... Well, he would be eating a bullet too.

The situation that just took place wouldn't have garnered the same reaction from me had Savannah not been in the car. I would have just floored the pedal and took his doors off. Ignoring the speed limit signs and any blue lights that would come up behind me.

But before I could get to the car, they backed up and then tried to go through the grass to go around us.

Only, his plan was thwarted by me.

With my gun aimed, my sight on my target, I squeezed the trigger, oh ever so slowly.

Smiling when his tire blew, he fishtailed to the right.

Why didn't I go after the back tire since the car was a rear-wheel drive? Because had I taken out the back tire, the car would have run smack dab into Savannah.

And there was no way that I was going to allow her to be hurt again on my watch.

With the fucker's car sitting still and no longer moving, I replaced my piece, gave the motherfucker my back, and then headed to the car.

Sliding into the still-open door, it was to hear the sweetest sound ever, but I was still pissed off.

I narrowed my eyes at her, "You're fucking giggling right now?"

A fucking snort came from her lips as she asked, "How much do you want to bet that he peed in his pants?"

I shook my head and looked at her, "You're not mad at me?"

She sobered, then scowled at me, “Why the hell would I be mad at you? I would have said something too.”

“Yeah, so fucking planning to ask you to marry me again.”

She giggled, then slapped my arm. “Onward sir. Mama wants clothes.”

And seeing a different side of her since we had our talk at the clubhouse, I smiled.

Then I drove my woman to get her clothes.

Savannah

When I stepped out of the fitting room, I looked at Zeke, then asked, “What do you think?”

He looked at me and then said, “Do a spin for me?”

I did the spin for him in the new maternity dress.

Then he got up and prowled over to me, “Think they’ll mind?”

I looked up at him, confused, “Mind what?”

He smiled devilishly, then he backed me up into the fitting room, locked the door, and looked down into my eyes. “Are you sore?”

At first, I was confused as to why he was asking me that, well, that was until I caught the heat in his eyes, therefore I shook my head.

He grinned, “Turn around, baby, place your hands on the wall.”

I did as he asked.

Then he lifted my dress up, and I heard him groan, “Fuck me. This ass. Get you there with me, taking this perfect ass.”

I moaned and felt the wetness between my legs.

Seconds later, as his fingers dipped inside, I knew he felt it too.

Then, with his hands on my hips to keep me still, he whispered harshly, “Going to dive home, hard, you ready, baby?”

I nodded.

Then he drove home, and holy fucking Christ.

I didn’t even try to hold in the scream when he hit that certain spot deep inside of me.

After I screamed his name, “Zeke!” he started to pound into me harder.

Hitting that spot every time.

“Fuck me. I’m close. Holy shit.”

“I am. Too. Hurry. Honey. Please. Hurry.”

If I thought he was going fast, well, it was nothing like anything I’d ever experienced before. He moved even faster inside of me.

And then when I felt my orgasm start to take hold, I moaned.

Then, “That’s it. Milk my fucking cock, Angel. Milk it.”

And I did. My orgasm slammed out of me so hard that if he wasn’t holding onto me, I would’ve fallen to my ass.

He slammed into me one more time, and I felt him still, and then he let out a guttural groan.

After he lowered the dress down, leaned his head, and then pressed a kiss to my bare shoulder, he asked, “Anything else you want to try on?”

I shook my head.

He nodded, then winked, “Get dressed, baby, then meet me at the register.”

After I got dressed, I walked out of the fitting room, held my head high and what shocked me, no one looked at me with a nasty look.

That was odd.

But I found out why it wasn't so odd.

As I made my way to the counter with the clothes I was getting, Zeke was leaning up against it. And the moment he saw me, he prowled toward me and then glared, took the things from me, and then headed back to the counter.

“What’s with the glare?”

He looked over his shoulder and said, “You’re carrying precious cargo, you’re not supposed to be lifting a thing.”

What did I do? I smiled. Okay, that was nice. That was oh-so-nice.

I looked at the woman that was standing behind the counter and I knew I wanted to be her when I grew up. She was biker/rocker chick personified.

She had silver bangles from wrist to elbow on both sides and a tight-fitted, deep plum shirt that was cut low in the front and showed off a generous amount of cleavage.

“I see you got some,” the woman at the counter told me with a glint in her eye.

I gasped, “Wha... what are you talking about?”

“Girl, any other woman can see the euphoria on another woman’s face, and she knows that woman just got herself some. Plus, you can’t hide the beard burn, the kissed as fucked up lips, and the messy hair.”

Then she winked at me, when she saw the blushing of my cheeks, and then said, “That’s why we put those mirrors in there really. I can’t tell you how hot it is for your man to have such a strong reaction to seeing his woman trying on clothes. Speaking of that, I need to call my own man and tell him to get down here. I’m hot all over after listening to y’all.” And in the

next breath, she had her phone out of her back pocket, hit some buttons, and had her phone pressed to her ear.

I should be embarrassed. I knew I should.

But I wasn't.

Why?

Because I had been with Zeke.

He looked down at me and smirked. The big bastard.

I slapped him on his stomach, "Shut up."

After we had everything paid for, or should I say after he had paid for everything which had resulted in us bickering in the middle of the store which started with her telling us the total.

Me trying to pull my wallet out of my bag and grabbing my card, Zeke pulled his wallet out to hand over cash.

I glared at him, and before I could open my mouth, he said, "You're mine. That baby is mine. I take care of what's mine."

And whether it was so I could really test him, or if it was just never having this, I snapped, "No. Ever since I met you, you have been paying for everything, and I know how women treat guys like you. They take you for all your worth and then when something supposedly comes along that's better, they toss you to the side. Well, I am not them. And I won't be like them. So, I am going to be paying for my own clothes."

What did he do?

He simply got a soft look on his face, dropped his head, pressed a kiss on my forehead, and then whispered, "It's because of words like that, and that I know you really mean them, that's why I'm doing it."

Needless to say, I was so dumbstruck by his words that I totally missed him already paying for everything, and him,

after he had the bags in one arm, placing his hand on the small of my back and leading me out to his car.

As soon as I was buckled in, he rounded the hood, and that was when my phone pinged with a text.

And then another one.

And then another one.

And again, another one but that one pinged double time.

Zeke obviously heard it through the open window and raised his brow.

I shrugged my shoulders and then pulled my phone out of my back.

When I lit my screen up, I saw....

Mackenzie – *Please ask him.*

Harlow – *He needs to be here.*

June – *I need me some Z-tunes.*

Lil – *The guys opened a bottle of 'shine. We need Zeke to help the tone.*

Michelle – *Please make him come so my eardrums don't bleed out.*

Conleigh – *Come to the clubhouse now. Bring Zeke. Gage needs backup. My man's vocals can only drown out the others for so long.*

Shiloh – *So you don't run away screaming, we need Zeke here.*

Cora – *We want to keep you. We like you. Please bring Zeke here. Now.*

I read them all, showed Zeke the phone, and asked, "Eardrums bleed out? What are they talking about?"

He sighed, "Fuckers. They want me to sing and play guitar. For future notice, any time moonshine is brought out,

and I'm not with you, get in your truck and go home. Dear lord."

"Uh oh."

"Uh oh is right. You okay if we head to the clubhouse to save the women and the men's egos?"

I nodded, "Yes, under one condition."

He grinned wide then, "Fucking name it."

"You feed me while we are there," I said as I rubbed my belly.

"Deal." And with that, he started the car up, the delicious rumble sent shivers all over my body.

And the moment we stepped through the doors of the clubhouse, I winced. My eyes looked to the little stage they had in the corner. Yeah, Cam really didn't have a singing voice.

My eyes found Michelle and then I winced in sympathy for her. She caught my eyes and rolled her own, then she held up a margarita glass and took a big sip.

Zeke pulled me over to where the women were sitting, and then once I had my ass in a chair, he said, "I will save the day, but first, I have to feed my woman."

After he went to the kitchen, all the women looked at me and said, "We are indebted to you forever."

Michelle winced when Cam hit a certain note, "I love my man, he's sexy as all hell in the bedroom when he uses that voice, but he's so out of tune."

I was wincing right along with the women as Cam started another song, and thankfully, Zeke came out then, placed a plate with a sandwich on it, a bag of chips, and a soda down in front of me, bent, pressed a kiss on the tip of my nose, and then I watched his perfect ass as he walked to the stage.

And all at once, everyone started clapping while the women said, "Thank god."

But it was Michelle who whistled, and Cam looked at Michelle and said, “Really?”

“Honey, I love you. But you can’t sing for shit.” That started up rounds of laughter.

I winked at her when she looked at me and shrugged her shoulders.

I grabbed my sandwich and looked up at the stage, only to find Zeke’s eyes on me as he sat on a bar stool in front of a microphone, with a guitar in his lap, and one leg propped up on a rung.

Sending him a smile and blowing him a kiss, he made sure he caught it then he asked, while looking at me, “First song of the night goes to my woman and my baby. So, Angel, what song do you want to hear?” And at the words *my baby*, soft smiles showed up on everyone’s faces.

I didn’t even have to think about it. One song came to mind. And then I opened my mouth and said, “It’s Your Love by Tim McGraw.”

He closed his eyes at my request, and then I placed my sandwich down, he opened his eyes back up and then looked at me, and I mean really looked at me, and then... and then he started to strum the chords.

I leaned back in my chair and watched, mesmerized, as he sang the song to me. It was fucking perfect.

When he got to the lyrics, “*Better than I was. More than I am. And all of this happened, by taking your hand. And who I am now, is who I wanted to be,*” tears ran down my cheeks.

I sat there as I watched my man sing that song to me, I felt a hand land on my shoulder, and when I looked up, it was to see Lil with a soft smile on her face, “Couldn’t have picked a better woman for him than you.”

I whispered, “Thank you.”

Then my eyes went back to Zeke.

As he finished the song, I stood up, walked to the stage, and then leaned up on my tiptoes as he leaned over and gave me his lips.

Once we both pulled away to hear catcalls, Gage leaned in and started to talk about another song they wanted to play.

And I knew it was the right time.

Therefore, in the middle of the clubhouse with everyone around us, I looked up into his eyes, smiled, then without a care in the world, knowing my man would catch me when I fell, I took in a breath and called out, “Zeke?”

He was talking to Gage about another song, but at hearing his name, he stopped mid-conversation and looked at me, “Yeah, Angel?”

I smiled then, wiped the tears from my eyes, and then with my voice as strong as I could make it, I said, “I fucking love you too.”

Then... then I watched as he closed his eyes, dropped his head, and then took in a breath, opened his eyes back up, and looked at me, then in front of everyone, he said, “Marry me.”

I winked, “Ask me in a couple of weeks.”

And if he did, I knew I wouldn't be saying no.

But he didn't need to know that.

Chapter 14

Savannah

We had just hit the sixteen-week mark last week, and needless to say, when Zeke did something at my request, I watched as a tear slid down his handsome face.

We were lying in bed after making love, and I couldn't get comfortable.

I tried, I really did.

Carefully, I moved around the bed. Trying to move without disturbing him.

I knew he was tired. He had gone on a run to rescue a Dove, and yes, when he told me what they did, I'd never been prouder of a group of men in my life.

He was so tired, but I knew that my comfort came before his own. Sleepily, he asked, "What can I do?"

I sighed, "Go to sleep, Honey."

He lifted up on a forearm, sleep he desperately needed showed on his face, "Angel. What. Can. I. Do?"

Staring into his eyes, I could tell that he wouldn't be taking no for an answer, therefore, I said what I did next.

"Would you play me a song?" I asked him as I tried to find a comfortable spot.

And my man, he didn't sigh, he didn't hesitate, nothing. He simply walked out of the bedroom, his bare back bunching with his movements, and then he returned moments later with his guitar.

He settled on the bed and asked, "Any requests?"

I shook my head, "Surprise me."

He smiled at me, bent and kissed my growing belly, and then he started to sing, "*It's amazing how you can speak right to my heart. Without saying a word, you can light up the dark...*"

I grabbed his hand in the middle of him playing a part in the song and then placed it right over the spot on my stomach.

And that was when I watched as a tear slid down his cheek.

Our baby liked its daddy's voice, and apparently, so did I. Because as he sang, I drifted off to sleep.

And that... well, that started no matter how late it was, or how tired he was, he sang me a song so I could fall asleep and get the rest I needed.

“EEK!” That was all I was able to get out as I was picked up bridal style and gathered in his arms.

“Grounds wet. Got on good shoes. Not walking in this shit,” he said matter-of-factly.

“Honey, the restaurant is at the other end of this strip,” I told him as I sighed and snuggled into his warmth.

“Don't give a fuck. I was made for you,” he said with all honesty and continued walking without even breathing heavily.

And I knew that I didn't weigh what I used to. Not by a long shot.

Hell, ever since my last appointment, I have already gained twenty pounds from everything I was eating.

“You going to carry her all the way to the restaurant, brother?” Powers asked as he had Lil wrapped up under his arm.

“Fuck yeah, I am. My woman got new shoes this morning and the way her face lit up when she saw them. No way am I making her walk in this shit while wearing them and risking them getting messed up.”

“You're pussy whipped,” Heathen muttered to the side.

But not before June slapped him upside his head, and then snapped, “So are you. So can it.”

He growled and muttered, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Proud fucking of it.” I looked up at Zeke when he said that and couldn’t help but let the huge grin I was sporting turn into a full-blown smile.

I laughed outright then when June asked Heathen to bend down so she could piggyback on him like Harlow was doing with Skinner.

He didn’t say a word as he did as she asked and wrapped his hands around her thighs to hold on to.

Zeke stopped walking and then said, “I ain’t the only one pussy whipped.”

Everyone started laughing while the women all had fits of giggles, as every woman was either given a piggyback ride or carried bridal style like I was, except for Lil and Powers.

And when we reached the restaurant, my man didn’t put me down until we were inside the restaurant and the floor was dry.

“Umm, is this a thing with bikers where y’all carry your women in the rain?” A woman asked that had stopped to let us all in where she stood to the side with her husband at her back.

“It is if she bought new shoes this morning and her face lit up,” Zeke said as he wrapped his arm around my waist, his hand landing protectively over my belly.

“Don’t even say you want me to do that. You’re fucking heavy on a good day. You’ll break my back,” some man said to a woman at his side as they walked in our direction.

And that was when the air around us tilted.

“He did not just say that,” I said with a growl.

“My hearing is on point. He just fucking said that,” June growled.

“Oh shit,” Lincoln muttered.

“Wanna repeat that shit?” Harlow asked as she stormed up to the man. Skinner followed her and took her back.

I was taking a step in their direction to offer him a bitch slap when Zeke tightened his arm around me, then whispered low enough for his brothers and their ol’ ladies to hear, “Let Harlow and the other women handle him. He reacts and hurts you and my baby? He’ll no longer be breathing.”

“I said...” the man started, but stopped when Harlow held her hand up, silencing him.

“I know what you said. I wanted to see if you would apologize before I start on your dumbass self. But I can see that you had to have taken one too many up the ass and it affected your brain cells or something.” The man’s face started to turn a deep shade of red.

“Any man that talks like that to a woman is fucked up in the head. Do you see that man behind me? Want to know his name? Well, in case you don’t, I’ll tell you anyway. His name is Skinner. I don’t think I need to tell you how he got that name.” Harlow snickered as the man’s eyes widened.

“Now, you can either apologize to your wife and tell her she is fucking beautiful, and you don’t care about her weight because you love her, and fucking mean it. Or you can choose to receive a bitch slap from every woman standing here except Savannah because you hurt her, and Zeke will end you. Or you can choose to deal with my husband and let me give you a piece of advice on your options. The first would be a wise move. We are biker ol’ ladies, we don’t hold back. But more importantly, the last man that made me cry? Well, I could hear his screams from the dead.”

“Choose,” June said as she stepped up to Harlow.

“Tick-Tock motherfucker,” I snarled out.

His face was white as a sheet when he swallowed, then turned to his wife and said, “I’m sorry, Becca. That was wrong of me. You’re freaking beautiful. I am a lucky man to have you in my life. You want me to carry you around? I’ll gladly do it. I just need to hit the gym first, not because of your

weight, but because I need to build my strength up after I had surgery on my back six months ago.”

“Now... why couldn't you have just said that? That was perfect,” Harlow told him as she nodded, then stepped back into Skinner's embrace.

“We ever meet you again, and you speak ill to her? I'll turn my man loose on you,” I said just as the hostess called our party to the stand.

We made it to our table and then placed our orders with the waitress, who was smart enough not to hit on the men.

I looked at Harlow, who smirked and then said, “She's already getting a tip.”

I nodded my head.

Then I looked at the menu and rubbed my belly, thinking about what sounded good.

Zeke leaned in and asked, “What does my baby want?”

I looked up at him, and then at everything that sounded so good. Then I looked at the women and said, “What's the best thing about being pregnant?”

We all looked at each other and then, with as straight of faces as we could muster, we all gave our answer.

And around the table, the answer was, “We get to eat anything we want, and no one can say a bad word about it.”

Mackenzie finished the rest of the statement off with, “As long as it's okay for the baby.”

Smiling, I looked up at Zeke, “I want the country fried steak, mashed potatoes, mac and cheese, green beans, roll. And I want some fried okra and slaw.”

He grinned, “So, basically, I need to order myself a steak, and whatever you don't finish, I will?”

I bit my lip and nodded, and all my man said, “Whatever makes you happy, Angel. I'm not the one creating life.”

“You’re not going to balk at that amount of food?”

He shook his head, “Nope. Any man that complains about what a woman wants to eat can go step off a cliff. And any man that says a word to a pregnant woman needs to be strung up by his toes and left to swing while the buzzards circle him.”

Did I mention I wanted to ask him to marry me right then and there?

Because I did.

But I held my tongue.

Chapter 15

Zeke

I had just checked the cards that were given to me when Lil called out, “Okay ladies, we ready?”

All the women nodded, then Savannah stood up, leaned down, and pressed a kiss on my temple, and then I sat there as I watched my woman walk out the door without a backward glance. Would she never freaking learn?

I shook my head, sat my shot glass on my cards, and then followed her out of the clubhouse.

Savage called out at my back, “Where are you going, man?”

I didn’t even look over my shoulder to answer him, no, my eyes were all for my woman’s ass in these fucking jeans, “To go open her door for her. Be back in a few.”

That was when I heard my woman growl, “Zeke...”

She stopped moving and then looked over her shoulder at me as I made my way to her, “No, Angel. Told you once, anytime you get in a car and I’m near, you never open your own door. Don’t give a fuck where we are or what we’re doing.”

That was when Cora looked over at her man where he sat on his bike so he could head to the tattoo parlor when she said, “Zeke, do me a favor, give Clutch some advice.”

I shook my head and then saluted her with two fingers, but never took my eyes off of Savannah, then I whispered, “I love you.”

She smiled wide at me and whispered right back, “I love you too.”

And with that, I put my hand on the small of her back and then glanced down at how great these jeans made her ass

look. Leaning down, I whispered, “Tonight, I want to peel these jeans off of you with my teeth and then stare at your perfect ass while I take you from behind.”

She elbowed me in my side.

Letting out a grunt, I looked down at her with an innocent expression on my face.

She chuckled and then muttered, “You’re an ass.”

I gasped, “Why?”

“Getting me wet before we leave. I’ll make you pay for that.”

I headed back into the clubhouse and before I could sit my ass down back in my chair, Powers called out, “Church.”

With that, everyone that was sitting stood up, and then we filed one by one into the room we used for church.

I was in the middle of taking my seat when my phone pinged with a text. But it wasn’t a text, no, it was an image.

My Angel - **butt in the air**

I bit my lip and then texted her back.

Me - *That was uncalled for.*

My Angel - *No. What’s uncalled for was making me wet, and then not dipping your fingers into the waistband of my jeans, teasing me, and bringing your fingers to your lips.*

I was about to reply to her when another text came through.

My Angel - *Had I made a single drop of precum spill from your cock, I would have dropped to my knees and licked every single droplet of it up.*

I grabbed at my now hard as fuck cock and moved it so I was comfortable.

Me - *Payback is a bitch.*

My Angel - *You’re all talk.*

“I’ll show you,” I said aloud and didn’t realize I did.

“What?” Gage asked from his seat across from me.

“My woman, she’s playing with fire and playing dirty as fuck.”

“I…” he trailed off when his phone went off.

He pulled it out, looked at it, and then grinned.

And when he did that, everyone’s phone went off with a text.

Let me be clear, every taken man’s phone went off with a text.

Even Skinner was smiling down at his phone.

Powers looked up from his and asked, “Okay, who started this shit?”

I grinned, “That would be my woman.”

He shook his head, sighed, and then opened his mouth and grabbed the gavel, but not before the sound of his phone ringing stopped him.

I don’t think he realized that somehow his cheek had hit the speaker button on his phone.

Not when we could all hear Lil ask, “How in the hell do you not respond to a text like that?”

Powers smirked down at the table and said, “Dove, why the hell would I waste my time responding to that when I would much prefer to show my appreciation the moment you get home?”

We all heard her scoff, “That’s beside the point. I… wait, how long do you think you’re going to be at the clubhouse?”

The man shrugged, and then said, “A few hours at least. Why?”

“Well, my dad offered to watch the kids. And since you won’t show me your appreciation for the photo I sent you, I

might as well show you my displeasure with you for not responding to my text.” Did he not recognize that tone of hers?

And I knew he didn’t recognize that tone she used with him when he asked, with a scoff mind you, “And how would you do that?”

“I got a delivery the other day. The colors are red and black. May sleep in that tonight, and your unappreciative ass can sleep on the couch.”

That was when we all watched as his eyes narrowed and then he let out a low growl, “Woman, you try to wear that shit, and not let me touch you, I’ll tan your fucking ass.”

We all heard her snicker, and then she asked, “Do you love me?”

“Why the fuck do you always use that?”

She snickered again, “Because it always works.”

And then we all knew that she had hung up on him when he sighed, shook his head, and mumbled, “Only for my woman.”

And with that, his fingers moved over the keypad, as he obviously texted her back.

Once he was done with that, and got a text back that made the fucker smirk, he pocketed his phone.

“Not going to bother with the gavel. I have to get home. I feel like a horny ass motherfucker even after all these years later,” Powers said to the room.

And that caused either snickers, snorts, or grunts of agreement.

That was when he locked his eyes on me, “We got a phone call, Zeke. I know you don’t want to be away from Savannah, but this woman really needs our help.”

“I’ll call Savannah. I’ll let her choose between going home and sending a prospect there. Or staying here in my room.”

After that, we got the particulars on where to pick the woman up and where we would be delivering her to.

Walking out of church, I grinned at the fast pace Powers took to get to the front door.

Pulling my phone back out, I called Savannah.

She was in mid-laugh when she answered with, “Hey, Honey.”

I closed my eyes at that.

Every time she called me honey, it was one of the best things I’ve ever known. And that took eighth place.

The seventh was my first bike.

The sixth was the first time I put my kutte on.

The fifth was when I saw her picture.

The fourth was when I saw her for the first time.

The third was when I felt the baby move.

The second was when I slid into my home for the first time.

And the first was when she said I love you to me for the first time.

I shook my head and then said, “I have to run and rescue a Dove. It’s going to take a few hours. Do you want to stay home? I’ll send a prospect out there. Or do you want to come stay at the clubhouse?”

That voice of hers, I swore, I wanted to have in my ear twenty-four seven, “I would stay at the clubhouse; however, just after I left you, I had an author reach out to me. A big-name author. She needs me to edit one of her books and heard about me. Said if she liked the edits, then we would talk more.”

“She’s going to hire you. You’re damn good at your job, Angel.”

She sighed, “How do you know?”

I chuckled, then told her something she had no clue about, “Angel, I’ve read the books you’ve edited.”

I waited... I didn’t have to wait long when she gasped and then battered me with the four W’s, “What? Where? Why? When?”

“The one you edited about the UFC fighter while you were having your girl day last week,” and this was something the women did.

Once a week, they got together and had a girl’s day.

Last week, they got mani-pedis and had glasses of champagne, while Savannah had a glass of orange juice.

Today, they were at a wine and painting event.

“Alright, gotta get loaded up. Be careful, I’ll have a prospect on you at the house.”

“Okay, Honey. I love you. Please be careful.”

“I love you too, Angel. Keep the doors locked when you get home.”

“I will.”

With that done, I had one of the prospects that followed the girls to the painting event, follow her home, and stay there.

And then while on the road in the van to pick up the Dove with Gage, while Heathen, Savage, and Cam rode their bikes, she sent me another text.

And this one showed the deadbolt was locked.

Grinning, I texted her back.

Me - Good girl.

Thankfully, we didn’t have a hard time getting the Dove out of her old location and relocating her. As soon as I put my kutte on over the non-descript black hoodie, I climbed back in the van and floored it home with the rest of my brothers.

Once I made it home, I proceeded to give her payback. Tenfold.

And once I was done rubbing cream on her ass cheeks and licking my lips at the taste of her that was still on my tongue, she turned her head, looked at me over her shoulder, and winked, “Honey, if this is your idea of payback. Sign me right the fuck up.”

Chapter 16

Savannah

My eyes opened as I blinked at the sunlight that was streaming into the bedroom, and then, almost as if the baby knew his or her momma was wide awake, they proceeded to jump on my bladder.

Groaning, I got out of bed and then realized that the bigger I got, the harder it was going to be to get out of bed.

Side note: make sure Zeke is always home in the mornings to help me out of bed.

And then he or she jumped on my bladder a-freaking-gain.

No, no, we are definitely not going to discuss if the wetness I just felt was pee or not.

Definitely not.

Shuffling to the bathroom, I lowered my pajama shorts, settled on the toilet, and then moaned at the feeling.

Sure, sex is great.

Don't get me wrong.

But... peeing for the first time in the morning after waking up while pregnant? Hashtag, the best feeling ever.

I knew I was being somewhat loud with my moans at how good it felt to finally be able to pee, but I just couldn't help myself. And I really got how it all sounded when the bathroom door was shoved open by Zeke, who had a hellish glare on his face.

And then when he saw I was only peeing, his eyes widened.

I grinned, "Honey, I know we've crossed that line, and once the baby gets here, you're going to see a lot more of me."

But do you think I can pee in private?”

“How the hell do you have any room in there for all that?” He gaped.

Yes, I was still peeing.

I sighed, “I don’t know.”

“Well, according to the book I bought, he or she is now the size of an eggplant.” I was still peeing and growling at him.

“Honey, thank you for that knowledge, but let me pee in private, please?” I asked him.

As if he heard me but didn’t hear me, he continued on, “Okay, and while you were sleeping in, I was going over colors for the nursery again.”

Smiling, but really wanting to pee in private because once the baby gets here, my peeing in private is done for until he or she is at least five or six years old, “Honey. Out.”

“Okay,” He nodded, then moved to the door, but stopped, then turned around and said, “We really need to discuss the birth plan. I’m fine with...”

He didn’t finish his words because I grabbed one of the magazines he uses for reading material in the bathroom when he blows a hole through the toilet and then lobbed it at his head, “Get. The. Hell. Out.”

He grunted and then sighed, “Angel, stress isn’t good for the baby. You need to breathe...”

And that was when sane and rational Savannah Marie Calder left the proverbial building, and Nuclear Savannah Marie Calder came out to play.

“If you don’t get out of this fucking bathroom by the time I count to three, not only am I sleeping in another room until this baby is out of me, I will also be making my own self come, and using that as getting my stress down. And if you open your mouth one more fucking time, I will start screaming

this house down and then throwing everything I can get my hands on at your head. There are only two words I expect to fall out of your mouth by the time I count to three and they are *yes, ma'am*. Is that fucking clear?"

He stared at me and then asked, "Savannah, what's gotten into you?"

He. Did. Not. Just. Say. That.

I felt my jaw get tight, "Excuse me?"

Now, when a woman says excuse me to something you said, you really should shut up.

But, when a pregnant woman says excuse me, you need to tuck your chin to your chest, and run like fucking hell with your tail tucked between your legs.

"I said, what's gotten into you? Where's my sweet Savannah at?"

I finished peeing, not saying a word, wiped, pulled my pajama shorts up my legs, and then shuffled to the bathroom counter.

And when my hand landed on my wrapped-up hair dryer, I didn't hesitate to throw it at his head.

And I went like that until everything was off the bathroom counter and he was no longer in the bathroom.

Meanwhile, at the back sliding glass door, a man stood, pissed off at himself, red marks covering his skin, and all of them given to him by the one woman he swore he would never hurt, and the one woman that brought light to his gray world.

"What the fuck just inhabited my woman? Jesus Mackenzie. This shit isn't normal."

"Zeke, what made her do that? Yes, her hormones are out of whack, but this is Savannah we're talking about. It takes a lot for her to lose her temper. So what happened?"

I wanted to lie. Oh how I wanted to lie. But damnit. I wasn't that man. "She asked me to get out of the bathroom so she could pee."

"And did you listen? Or did you let it go in one ear and out the other and she asked you a second time?"

I bit my lip, and then answered her, "I think she asked me four or five times."

Mackenzie's intake of breath let me know I really fucked up.

As if the red marks on my body didn't make it plain I had fucked up, then that definitely would've.

"You made her ask you four or five times to let her pee in private? To allow her the relief of emptying her bladder that no doubt has had a baby jumping on it all night long as well as growing a human being inside her belly?"

"I fucked up. I just wouldn't have had time to talk about this stuff today, not with everything going on at the clubhouse and the parties we got lined up this weekend."

"Then, Zeke, that's when you hold off the conversation. I realize that whatever you needed to discuss was important to you. But when a pregnant woman is peeing, or eating, or sleeping, unless it's a matter of life or death, then we don't care."

"I'm beginning to see that," I muttered, upset that I made her upset, and then angry at myself for not listening to her.

I'll make it up to her," I said while looking out the back sliding door.

"You better. Because Zeke, there is nothing worse than having a pregnant woman mad at you. You hear me?"

"Yeah, Mackenzie, I hear you, sweetheart."

And I really did.

What the hell was that man of mine thinking?

I asked him not once, not twice, nor three, or even four times. But no, I asked that man five freaking times to let me pee in private.

And he hadn't listened.

Therefore, I didn't really feel bad when Nuclear Savannah came out to play. Not at all.

Sighing, I got dressed for the day, knowing I had about four jobs I was working on that needed to be done by the end of the week.

White short shorts. A flowy camo tee that showed off my baby bump and made me feel beautiful. My hair was still curled and looking good, so I didn't bother with it.

A spritz of perfume, and deodorant, and then my butt was planted in my office chair.

Twenty minutes later, the door to my office was opened, and the smell of a sausage and gravy biscuit filled my nostrils.

The paper plate was sat down on the corner of my desk as well as a glass of orange juice.

And then, then, I felt the most tender of caresses against my forehead as he pressed his lips there. "I'm sorry I didn't listen, Angel. I'll make it up to you. Get your work done. I'll be at the garage if you need me, you call."

I didn't say anything, just grabbed my glass of orange juice and took a sip.

Was I being a bitch by not saying anything? Probably. But damnit, I don't fuss about him leaving in the middle of the night for the club. I don't complain about spending our time there.

I don't complain about him spending time with his brothers at all.

Nor do I complain when he leaves his *Little Debbie* wrappers around the house. Yes, the man eats healthy, but not when it comes to *Little Debbie*'s.

I also don't complain when he leaves the toilet seat up in the middle of the night and I've almost fallen into it ten times.

But when I ask for him to leave the bathroom so I can pee, I expect him to leave.

But... hell, I can't be too much of a bitch to him, so that's why before he's out of my office that he made for me, I called out to his back, "Please be careful, Honey."

I saw him freeze and then saw his head look over his shoulder and there was that blinding white smile I was addicted to.

Bastard.

Yes, because of that smile, I was already over my issue.

But he didn't need to know that.

And when he texted me every thirty minutes to say he was sorry and to check on me and the baby, if I hadn't been over my issue earlier, he would have gotten me over it with the way he was being.

To be honest, if I didn't know that he felt as bad as he did, the whole blowing up my phone would have driven me insane.

Once I was done with everything I needed to get done today, an alert popped up on my phone, and then I felt my eyes grow wide.

Normally, whenever she has a new release, the very minute it's delivered to my Kindle, I'm all over it.

But it totally slipped my mind.

Did I close everything down, kill the lights and then shuffle my bootie to the recliner in the living room in under

five minutes?

Yes, I damn sure did.

Was I out of breath?

Yes, yes, I was.

But the very moment I opened the book and read the little tagline above the prologue, I was giggling.

And just like every single book she's ever written, it's a page turner.

I was so engrossed in my book that I didn't hear Zeke's bike.

Nor did I hear the garage door open.

And I didn't hear the beep at the door to the garage go off.

Not until I felt a warm, calloused hand on the back of my neck and the feel of his lips against my forehead, "Hey, Angel."

Sighing, I looked up from the book, and the moment I did, he lowered his head and then softly brushed a sweet kiss on my lips.

After he kissed me softly, and thoroughly, he pulled away and whispered, "I don't ever want to make you so mad at me that you won't offer me your mouth before I leave the house."

I shook my head, "Neither do I."

I stared into those eyes of his and wondered if we had another baby, if that baby's eyes would have flecks of blue in them, just like his. Then he said, "I'll do my best not to make you that mad again. Okay?"

At my nod, he tilted his head down at my Kindle, which was still in my hands, and asked, "Good book?"

I nodded, "Yeah, you remember the author I was telling you about who writes about bikers and curvy women?"

He nodded, “Got it. I’m going to go shower. Be back.”

I nodded and then tilted my head for a kiss, at which he smiled and gave it to me.

And then I watched that sexy swagger of his as he stalked to the bathroom.

My lord, the man was sex on a stick.

That was when I debated the sanity of forgetting about my book and following my man to the shower.

However, that was when I remembered I ran out of body wash yesterday and my order for more wouldn’t be here until tomorrow.

Yes, I have to order my body wash from the Zon. Years ago, I tried this particular scent I found at the store. And I fell in love with it. Sadly, they only carried it for a few months and then introduced a new scent. Thankfully, the Zon has it available. Since I have to buy it by the case which is four bottles, it lasts me a good long while.

That was the only reason why I wasn’t following him to the shower. Yes, I could have followed him and used his body wash, however, I didn’t feel like being itchy for the rest of the day.

I already made that mistake once and wouldn’t be repeating myself.

Sighing, I got back into my book and then shook my head when the man tried to grab her ass, all the while with her man storming through the club to get to her.

A short time later, I heard, “Pick one.”

My head came up at the sound of his voice, to see him sitting on the edge of the coffee table in his kutte, a tight fitted wine colored t-shirt, and light washed jeans.

His hair was styled just so and I couldn’t wait to run my fingers through it and mess it up later.

And when I looked at what he held, two cards with blank faces stared at me. And that was when I swooned. This was a trend that was going around on social media. It was a cute way for a date night between a couple. And I wasn't going to lie, I really wanted to take part in this months ago while I was still living in California, but didn't want to do it with Deck.

I looked up into his eyes and smiled. Setting my Kindle to the side, I asked, "What do I get?"

He freaking smirked, "You'll see. But first, you have to pick one."

Looking at the two cards he held out for me, I grabbed the one on the right and flipped it over. Then I read it aloud, "*Comfy clothes.*"

He smirked and then nodded toward our bedroom, "Go. Get it done."

Laughing, I headed for our bedroom, but not before he slapped my ass, and then I heard him mutter, "Damn, but I'm a lucky fucking man."

Five minutes later, I came out of our bedroom with my hair in a messy bun, a hoodie on, and some comfortable jersey knit shorts.

His eyes were all for my legs that were on full display.

I saw his eyes darken, and then I threw up my hand, "Nope. I know what you're thinking. But, Honey, you planned something out. I want to see what this all is. You can have my thighs wrapped around your head and then wrapped around your waist once this is over."

He groaned, "You're evil." Then he grabbed two more cards from the pocket inside his kutte, and then said, "Pick one."

I picked the one to the left this time and then turned it over and read, "*Cuda.*"

I clapped my hands and then smiled wide when he shook his head, tagged my hand and then led me out to the 'Cuda.

Once he opened the door for me, I climbed in, buckled up and then waited.

As soon as his ass was in the seat, he pulled out two more cards. I giggled, picked the one on the right and then flipped it over, and then grinned, huge, "Japanese."

Zeke groaned, "Fuck me. If that fucker stares at your ass or tits when you're coming or going, we're going to have problems."

Grinning, I leaned over the console and pressed a kiss to his jaw, "Honey, there's only one man I'm going home with tonight. And there's only one man's cock I want anywhere near my body."

"Better stay that fucking way," he growled.

Thankfully, while we were there eating, the man that Zeke wanted to beat the hell out of wasn't there. See, we had been out as a group the first time we all came here. The man in question hadn't flirted with any of the women when they had eaten there before. Apparently, that was because none of them were his type, being that they weren't pregnant at the time he met them. Talk about a weird kink.

Once we were full of delicious goodness, we settled back into the 'Cuda.

He pulled out another set of cards and then I picked the one to the left. When I read it aloud, I looked at him, confused. He simply grinned at me.

And that was how we found ourselves half an hour later, walking into the clubhouse with bolts of fabric to make a couple's blanket.

Thirty minutes later, we had ours made, my side of the blanket had books and typewriters on it, and his had

motorcycles on it. The ends were tied together and it really was the cutest thing.

We were settled outside at the fire pit, our couple's blanket wrapped around my legs, when Zeke grinned at me and asked, "You have a good time?"

I nodded, "Yeah, it was perfect. Thank you for doing this for me, Honey."

He grinned and then stared into my eyes. He did that for long moments and then I saw him shake his head, and look away from me and take a sip of his beer.

Curious as to why the head shake, I asked him, "Honey, why'd you do that?"

He looked at me, lowered his beer from his lips and sighed, "Because I'm so fucking amazed that you're mine. I wasn't even looking and then bam, I see your picture on the Pres's phone. But damn, Angel, that picture didn't hold a candle to the real thing. Not at all. And I was thinking of asking you to marry me again, but knowing that I'm starting to sound like a broken record."

I took in a breath, knowing that everything from this moment was going to change forever, but I knew what I felt in my heart, and straight down to my soul, therefore, I whispered, "What if I were to say yes?"

And my man, bless his heart, was apparently tired of being shot down, shook his head and said, "I won't be asking again until I know I'll hear the one answer I want."

I didn't say anything, I just stared into his eyes.

He sighed, looked away, took a sip of his beer, then as he was doing that, his eyes strayed back to mine, and still, there I sat, staring at him, waiting, silently telling him to ask me.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he lowered the bottle from his lips, all the while keeping his eyes locked with mine.

The bottle was resting on the side of the chair now, as he whispered, “Are you serious?”

I shrugged, but still kept my eyes locked with his.

Telling him that it was time. That it was time for him to ask me.

He swallowed, moved the beer to the ground, moved from the chair down to one knee in front of me, the fire dancing behind him, soft lyrics from *When I See You Smile* by *Bad English* filled the night air, and there, right in front of me, on one bended knee, he asked “Marry me?”

Savage groaned then and said, well begged really, “Please tell him yes. Dear god. He has asked you every single week for I don’t know how long. Put the fucking man out of his misery already.”

Laughing, since I had already planned on telling him yes when he asked again, and it was time. And apparently it was also time for Zeke to beat the hell out of Savage for interrupting our moment.

Therefore, I smiled at the side of his head and then said, “So... that all depends.”

If I had a video of how the moment that just played out, I would turn it into Ripley’s. I have never seen a neck turn that fast before in my life.

“Fucking hell. Did he just break the sound barrier?” Skinner asked with amusement in his tone.

He swallowed, gave me his undivided attention, and asked, “On what?”

I smiled, “On whether you have the ring or not.”

He didn’t say a word.

He didn’t move.

Not for long minutes.

And then I watched my big man, as he slowly moved his hand inside his kutte, and then pulled out a light blue box.

He opened the lid and then I moved my eyes to his and held out my left hand for him.

He caught onto the fact that I hadn't looked at the ring yet, when he asked, "Don't you want to see it?"

I shook my head, "I'll be seeing it for the next however many years I'm on this earth, Zeke. What I want now is for my fiancé to take me to his room and fuck the ever loving hell out of me."

Catcalls and wolf whistles came at our backs, but neither Zeke nor I paid them any attention as we made it into the clubhouse, and then up the stairs and to his room.

And yes, he proceeded to fuck the ever loving hell out of me.

"Harder," I moaned as I pressed back into his thrusts.

"I go harder, Angel, we're going to break the bed," he gritted through clenched teeth behind me.

I turned my head over my shoulder and raised my brows at him, "I don't fucking care. Bed's can be bought. Walls can be fixed. Amazing sex like ours, it needs to be experienced."

And that was how he went harder. We didn't put any holes in the walls, and we didn't break the bed.

That wouldn't happen until exactly two days later and we had to pay for the damages.

But it was so worth it.

Chapter 17

Zeke

“I cannot believe you talked her into this,” Mackenzie said at my back as we stood there, waiting to be let off the plane.

Yes, a plane.

I grinned, and before I could say a word, my woman did it for me, “You wouldn’t believe what he can talk me into when he uses his mouth on my vagina.”

The stewardess obviously had a coughing fit, trying to hide her laughter.

“You know, you really shouldn’t say stuff like that in public,” Conleigh said in a mere whisper.

And then Harlow followed up behind her while laughing, “Yeah, right.”

That single comment had all the girls laughing their asses off.

Which also caused a few bystanders to either snarl their noses at us, or look at the women like they were queens. Because they were.

Cam called out from behind me when he asked, “So, what made you decide to do this?”

I wrapped my arm around Savannah and pulled her into me, taking her weight as best as I could. Then when she tilted her head back and kissed my jaw? Fucking perfect. “It took me months to get her to agree to be my wife, no way in hell was I giving her the chance to say no. Plus, if we would have waited another week, it wouldn’t have been safe for her to fly.”

Mackenzie chirped in then, “Thankfully, I’m here so in case something happens, we have a midwife on hand and a

doctor ready and willing.”

Chuckles and grunts followed the rest of our party as we stepped off the plane.

And outside of the little chapel, my woman was squealing at my side in the limo we had rented when she saw the two people that were standing there outside the doors.

Gaston and Felicia had made the trip when I told them she agreed to be my wife.

I also talked to them about a few other things, and have been sworn to secrecy.

Two hours later Savannah became Mrs. Zeke Scott Coleman in a cute little dress that surprised the fuck out of me where she found it.

If you don't think you can find the perfect wedding dress at a costume shop, then you need to check them out.

Honestly, it looked just like the dress *Marilyn* had on when she played her role in *The Seven Year Itch*. The dress was iconic.

Five hours later, after gambling, we had collectively made fifty-two thousand dollars.

That's impressive right? That's what happens when you have twenty people playing. Melia and Greek stayed behind to watch the little ones with the help of the bigger kids.

And yeah, our friends and family were like that, they handed it to us to start up a college fund for our little one. Our little one that we wanted to be surprised by.

We both had a great time, and even the four-thousand-dollar hotel bill didn't dim our happiness in the slightest due to the broken bed. Because the wide smile on my wife's face as I slid over my card, fucking worth every god damned penny.

“Worth it,” I told her as I leaned my head down and pressed a kiss on her temple.

She looked up at me and smiled, “I know. It so was.”

It was even more worth it when I saw my wife walking with the women to get something to eat at the airport with her property patch on her back.

That caused a memory of this very morning to run through my head, which caused my dick to get hard.

Because while she had been in the shower finishing with her hair, I had laid her property kutte on the bathroom counter for her, and took the clothes she had taken in there.

Her luscious fucking body in nothing but that property kutte, fuck me, thankfully, I didn't give two shits who saw what happened next when I moved my hand down and adjusted my cock to a more comfortable position.

After they ate, we got back on a plane and flew home.

I had one more surprise for my woman, and I couldn't wait to give it to her.

We were at the clubhouse having a reception when I walked up behind my wife, wrapped my arms around her waist, and whispered in her ear, "Are you happy?"

I heard the smile in her voice as she leaned back and gave me all of her weight, "Zeke, I can't remember a day that I have ever been happier than I am at this moment. You don't even realize all you've given me. That and more."

"Well, I have one last thing to give you, and then all I have and all I am is yours," I told her, and then smiled when she spun in my arms, and my body bent forward to make room for her belly.

"Thought I already had all of that?" she asked me as my brothers and their women chuckled.

Grinning, I reached into my back pocket and pulled out a set of keys that were attached to a keychain I had made for her. *Zeke's Angel*.

Handing them to her, she opened her hand automatically as I dropped them into her palm.

She didn't react for a few minutes. Nothing.

Starting to worry, I was about to drop down on my haunches and beg her to tell me what was wrong until she lifted her head and gifted me with those beautiful green eyes.

Then she asked, "Are you serious right now?"

I frowned, "As a heart attack. Why?"

"You already get pissed off when someone stares at me as we walk through the grocery store. How are you going to react when I get stared at in the 'Cuda?"

Sweat immediately formed on my brow, "Fuck me. I'll have the lawyer for the club on retainer."

She started giggling and then that turned into full out laughing.

Tears streaked from her eyes and then just as I was about to join in on the laughter, her beautiful face paled.

"Angel, what's wrong?"

And before I had time to react, my entire world crashed around me.

"Sir, please, release her. We can't work on her with you standing there," a nurse in light gray scrubs snapped at me.

But the only thing I could focus on was the way her pulse was still beating beneath my fingers. The sight of my tanned, scarred-up hand against her unblemished throat...

"Brother, come on. Let them work."

Running my hand over the side of her face, I whispered, "Promised her."

"We know, brother, but she's in good hands," Heathen said at my side.

Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. "I can't leave her. I fucking can't."

Mackenzie placed her hands on either side of my face and then whispered, “Zeke, I’m using my privileges to get in there and assist. Do you trust me?”

“With my life, but she dies, that baby dies, I’ll kill you,” I told Mackenzie and didn’t regret a single word that fell from my mouth, fuck the goddamn consequences of that statement.

“I know, Zeke. Savannah is one of my best friends. I won’t let anything happen to her. But we need to move, she’s starting to fade fast.”

And those four last words were the only ones that got me to let go of my entire world, my reason for breathing, as I allowed Skinner and Heathen to wrap their arms around me to pull me back.

But when I heard the monitor that they had hooked to her heart drop to a steady tone, I hadn’t realized that I had let out a roar so ferocious that the glass in the emergency room department rattled.

Heathen

I sat there, holding my woman in my arms, her tears soaking through my shirt. Zeke always stayed under the radar. You could see the beast inside of him, but he never unleashed it. Not like he did when Savannah’s heart stopped beating.

Powers

I swear to all that’s holy. If you take that woman away from him, I’ll end up watching my brother follow her to the grave. Know it’s wrong, but if you have to spare one of them, you spare Savannah. They can have another baby, or they can adopt. There will never be another Savannah for him.

Cam

I wanted to throat punch Zeke when he threatened to kill Mackenzie and Michelle if something happened to his woman. But then... well... I’d be the same fucking way if something ever happened to Michelle.

Lincoln

I had every faith in my woman that she would do her best to make sure that Savannah and that baby were okay. Zeke just had to keep that in mind.

Skinner

I pulled Harlow into my lap and pressed her face against my neck, her hot tears running down my throat, traveling through the scars there. I'll be the first one at Zeke's back if he decides to go on a killing spree to make himself feel better.

Savage

Fuck. Why is it that the women who really want kids have the hardest time carrying them and giving birth? But the ones who don't want them, it's easy as hell for them. Man above, do your best to spare 'em both. Because Zeke won't survive if you take her from him.

Clutch

Even since I've gotten to know Savannah, this world would be a lot more dim without her in it. She needs to be okay.

Monroe

God, save the both of them. There's no one else I would ever want to swing another chair at my head for being a fucking idiot.

Gage

I get how Zeke feels. I felt that way every single time Collins had her treatments and we were told the medicine stopped working.

Zeke

Mackenzie came through the doors with a smile on her face and made a beeline for me.

I stepped away from the column I was helping hold up and waited.

My brothers stepped to my side, the women holding onto one another.

“Mama and baby are okay. Apparently, the reason she fainted was because your little one decided it was time to come now, and tried to exit her body without her body being absolutely ready. Due to the stress the baby was in they had to perform an emergency cesarean. Your baby has to spend some time in the NICU due to being born at only thirty weeks, but other than that, both of them are healthy.”

“When can I see her?” I asked the only thing that mattered to me at the moment.

Mackenzie got it. She smiled then said, “Follow me.”

I did.

We went down four halls, and then made a left, and there, I saw my woman, her eyes closed, her blond hair spread out across the pillow, softly, I said to Mackenzie, “Wait here, okay?”

She nodded and looked at me with a worried frown.

I ignored the frown and then once I made sure her pulse was strong and steady, I whispered against her ear, “I know you’d want us to meet our baby for the first time. But I also know you don’t want him or her to be scared or worried or alone. So I’ll be with our little one until you wake up and they let me bring him or her to you. I love you, Angel. Love you more than the wind on my face.”

Once I pressed one more kiss on her forehead, I straightened, then headed to Mackenzie, and then locked eyes with the man that stood there.

“How’d you know?” I asked him.

He looked around me, and then sighed, “Had eyes on her. Got some shit to admit to. Tell her first.”

And then... without another word, he slipped around me, walked into her room, pulled up a chair and took a seat beside my woman.

Something in me told me not to push.

And being that I had always trusted my gut, I didn't push it.

Not yet.

Instead, I let Mackenzie take me to the NICU.

Chapter 18

Savannah

Opening my eyes, it took a moment for them to register what they were seeing.

What the hell?

Where the hell was I?

“Zeke?” I called out.

And then winced when a pain in my belly made itself known.

The baby!?

“You’re okay, Savannah. Promise,” a gritty, deep rasp of a voice said.

Turning my head, I felt my jaw go slack when I saw the last person I would ever expect to see.... in a... in a hospital room?

Just what the hell happened and where the hell was I?

He cleared his throat, and then said, “You’re at Saint Charlotte. You’re okay. Baby is okay. Zeke is with it.”

I nodded, and then swallowed, then gritted out, “Water.”

A straw was at my lips in the next instance.

“What are you doing here?” I asked Grimm.

“Your mother cheated on your father years ago. Had me when they were off for the first time. Years before she trapped your father with you. Been looking for you ever since I found out about you. Saw you at the clubhouse that day. Was shocked. When you bumped into me, took a strand of your hair. You never knew. Sent it off. You’re my half-sister,” he told me.

I blinked, then really took in Grimm's features, and then nodded. We had the same eyes, and the same mouth, "How'd you know?"

He shrugged, "Look just like her. Did some digging. Confirmed it."

"I always wanted a brother or a sister," I said to him with a smile on my face.

And I saw a semblance of a smile grace his face, then I gasped, "The baby, he or she is really okay?"

Grimm nodded, "Yeah. Last I heard, the baby is breathing on its own. Zeke's been in there with it. Promised him I wouldn't tell you the sex."

"Think I can see him or her now? I'm ready to meet them," I asked him with hope blossoming in my chest.

Grimm nodded and then stood, the chair squeaking as he took on his weight.

He looked at me and I winked, letting him know I wouldn't be saying a word about his looks or his size. Ever.

"Grimm?" I called out.

He stopped, turned to look at me, and when he did, I asked, "Two questions?"

He nodded, so I asked, "What's your real name?"

"Gavin Xano." I nodded at his name.

"Where is our mother?" I've always wondered what happened to her.

"Dead." That was all he said before he walked out of my room to go get my husband and my baby.

Zeke

Eight hours earlier, when they placed him in my arms, I couldn't tell you the feeling that settled into the deepest part of my heart that he had already grabbed with his little hands and held tight.

Pride.

Elation.

Excitement.

I had no clue that if he had been mine by blood if I would feel any differently towards him, but I just somehow knew that I wouldn't.

I also knew that it wouldn't have mattered if she had been further along in her pregnancy when we first met.

This feeling—it would have been the same.

And as I sat in a chair, my skin against his, his little hand wrapped around my finger, I couldn't tell you how proud I was of my little man as they removed wire after wire, after wire, followed by a few tubes.

And then just as I got the all clear that I could take our son to meet his mama, Grimm stood there, nodded, and then jerked his head.

He told me he wouldn't leave Savannah's side until she woke up.

And apparently, he had kept that promise.

Mackenzie walked up to me, smiled, and then pushed a cart in front of me that held a little plastic carrier.

Once I laid him inside of it carefully, I pulled my shirt back on and my kutte and then started to push the cart out of the NICU.

Once we made it out the door, I stopped in front of Grimm and asked, "I need to worry about you?"

He shook his head, locked eyes with mine, and then said in a deadly tone, "Only if you ever hurt her or any of the children she gives you."

I nodded, "I'm thankful for that Grimm, but that doesn't answer my question."

“They got plenty of uncles in the club. But none of them, this little guy, or your future children share blood with but me.”

Okay, I wasn't expecting that. “How's that?”

He shrugged, “Same mother. Different father.”

“Well, fuck.”

He didn't reply, he just looked down at our baby boy, and then for the first time since I met Grimm all those years ago, I watched as he softened his face, it may have been only by a molecule but I had seen it. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I never would have believed it.

After he looked back at me, the softness gone, we headed to Savannah's room.

And the moment she saw us coming, she carefully propped herself up in bed and then gave me that fucking smile that I would go to the devil himself and offer myself up on a platter to ensure it never leaves her beautiful face.

I smiled at her and stopped the cart, then carefully lifted him from his carrier, and the moment she saw the blue blanket Mackenzie had run out to get, she smiled wide.

And then, once she had him in her arms, I vowed right then and there, I wanted to have as many babies with this woman as the man above allowed.

She brought his little head of dark hair to her lips, pressed a soft kiss to it, and whispered, “No one is ever going to fight as hard for you as I will. No one is ever going to love you as hard as I will. Your father will always be a close second, but you will never go one single second without your mother's love. This, I promise you.”

Smiling, I settled beside them, but not before I got a few pictures of the two of them together. “So, what's his name, little mama?”

She had told me the names she was thinking about and wanted to know the names I liked as well.

But secretly, there was one name I wanted for him.

But I never told her that name.

So, imagine my shock when I hear the perfect names fall from her lips.

Tears settled in my eyes as I glanced at her, to see a smile on her face as she stared at our boy, “Parker Scott Coleman”.

Smiling, I looked down at Parker and couldn’t help but say, “Think he will get shit for having two last names?”

“No. Because you’re his dad. You’re not going to let anyone bully him. And if they do, you will teach him what he needs to do to deal with it. Not to mention all his uncles and aunts won’t put up with it.” With that smile she shot my way, there was nothing I wouldn’t do for her.

Seeing as the way she had walked into my life, she had given me everything I had ever hoped for and more.

No, I wasn’t looking for love.

No, I wasn’t looking for what my brothers had found with their women.

No, I wasn’t expecting a ready-made family.

But had I not recognized everything that shone brightly in her deep green eyes?

I wouldn’t be holding a tiny little thing that already had me wrapped around his little pinky finger.

But there was one thing else that had to be said, and... in that deep, rasp, deadly tone, Grimm spoke from where he was stationed near the door for protection, and said, “Anyone fucks with him, they deal with me.”

Savannah

We spent two days in the hospital.

And the moment everyone was given the all clear to come into my room and meet Parker, their hands were

saturated in hand sanitizer from Parker's uncle.

We had just climbed out of the SUV and grabbed Parker's things, well, Zeke grabbed Parker and his things.

With Grimm growling from that back about the stroller not unfolding correctly.

I was laughing at his struggle when everything around me froze.

Everyone stopped moving.

Zeke stepped to my side, and handed Parker off to Grimm, when I saw a man walking up the forecourt of the clubhouse.

"Who is he, Zeke?" I asked.

"My fucking bastard of a father," he told me, and then I moved.

Shifting my weight so that I was standing in front of him, I crossed my arms and glared at the man.

If I didn't know things about this man, I would think he was good looking in that silver fox kind of way, but not now, no way in hell. Hell, the way he treated Zeke, he doesn't even deserve to be taken in and described, and when he opened his mouth and said one word, "Son..."

The man started, which got a bark of laughter out of Zeke as he replied with, "Was never your son, old man. Just the kid you used your fists on."

"Angel, need you to get behind me," he said as he placed his hands on my hips to move me.

I stood my ground and growled, "You try and move me, your ass will be sleeping on the couch tonight."

"You let your woman talk to you like that," the man said.

But I didn't let that deter me. I had a few things I wanted to say to this spineless coward, and I was going to

have my way, come hell or high water.

Which was why I called out, “Brother, do you have my boy?”

Grimm answered immediately, “Yeah. I got him.”

I nodded, then I locked my eyes with this piece of shit and then poured all the hatred I had for this man into every word, “Listen here, you piece of shit. I don’t know how the hell this man grew up to be as amazing as he is with having a no-good piece of trash for a father like you.”

“I don’t know who the fuck you think you’re talking to like that, little girl,” Zeke’s dad sneered at me and that was when I felt Zeke’s entire body stiffen behind me, but I paid that no mind.

“I’ll tell you who I am. I’m a woman that was neglected as a child. I’m a woman that endured having another man call me someone else’s name when he came inside of me. I’m a woman that knows what it feels like to have someone backhand her across the face. I’m a woman that knows what it feels like to be raped. I’m a woman who is a friend. A lover. A wife. And a mother. Do you want my birth date, and social security number too?” I snapped at him.

But I was so far from being finished it wasn’t even funny, “What I also am is a woman that is extremely protective over Zeke. Unlike you and that bitch of a woman that gave birth to him when, after having Zeke, her damn vagina should have been sewn up shut. What a mother never does is allow her child to take a man’s fists for her. What a mother does is three things. One, she wraps her arms around her child and protects him with everything in her, taking everything the bastard, a.k.a., you, dish out. The second thing a mother does is grab’s the nearest sharp object and guts you like a fish. And the third thing a mother does is grabs that little boy and gets the fuck away from a piece of human trash that isn’t even fit for a dog to shit on. A.K.A, YOU!”

Had I not been so pissed off in this moment, I would have heard the twenty or something bikes that had rolled into the clubhouse parking lot before I tore this piece of shit a new asshole.

However, that all changed when I heard, rather loudly, a woman shout, “That’s my fucking daughter!”

Grinning, I spun around and smiled wide at Felicia.

And then I smirked as Gaston pulled his gun from his back, walked the rest of the distance over to us and aimed it at Zeke’s father, “Ain’t even gonna ask if all that is true. Cause there’s one thing I know about our girl. She doesn’t lie. And she doesn’t fly off the handle like that. So, give me one good reason not to blow your brains out for putting your hands on my grandbaby’s daddy.”

“Tick-fucking-Tock motherfucker,” Lil snapped and then tossed me a wink as she said, “Ever since I heard you say that, I’ve wanted to say it. Thanks for letting me.”

Laughing, I said, “You’re welcome.”

“Hurry up, motherfucker. My arms ain’t been around my girl in seven months, and I miss the fuck out of her.”

And just then, with no other words spoken, a gunshot sounded to my right. All heads turned in that direction to see Skinner lowering his gun and placing it at the small of his back. He looked at us and nodded, “No man beats on a child and lives.”

With that, he wrapped his arm around Harlow as she smiled wide and then said, “Damn, baby, take me to our bed.”

With a soft chuckle, we all watched as the big behemoth lowered his head, pressed a kiss on the top of her forehead, and said, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Dispose of the body,” Powers called out as three men headed that way.

“With pleasure, Pres.,” Monroe said as he started in that direction, then stopped and looked over at me. “Not going

to get my ass handed to me for a stupid comment, but I will say this. You're a damn good woman, Savannah. Bastard that did all that to you, I've got a few hits with my fists with his name written all over them."

And that was when no one noticed the man at the back of the pack whose face had paled that had arrived with Gaston.

"Now, where's my grandbaby at?" Gaston asks.

I smiled and then looked at Grimm, "He's with his uncle."

Then I walked over and took Parker from Grimm, but not before I stood on my tippy toes and pressed a kiss on Grimm's cheek, "Can't wait to really get to know you, big brother. I already know I love you. But you're going to have me wrapped around your pinky."

He shook his head, "Other way around."

I snorted and then introduced Parker to his grandfather and his Nonnie.

"Hi, sweetheart. I'm your Nonnie. I love you to the stars and back," Felicia said as she picked our baby boy up and cuddled him to her chest.

Needless to say, they oohed and ahed over him.

But before I could really melt at the sight, Zeke wrapped his arm around me and pulled me into his chest, lowering his mouth to my ear, where he whispered, "Is that him?"

I looked to where Zeke was looking and then felt my body get tense.

To that, Zeke's arm tightened around me.

And then the stupid idiot, not realizing how tight the man's body that was wrapped around me was, he walked over to where we all stood.

But before he could get too close, Zeke snapped, "That's fucking close enough."

Knowing I still haven't answered him, I said, "Yes, Honey, this is him."

He stepped around me, but not before he pushed me to the side carefully. Then he brought his arm back and let his fist sail into Deck's face.

And then another to his kidney and one to his ribs.

No one stopped him.

No one.

"That was for the times you put your hands on her. That was for the times you made her cry." And then he brought his knee up and landed a perfect shot in Deck's balls. "And that was for the times she told you no or would have, but you slammed your hand over her mouth, not letting her speak."

Zeke turned then, hatred and darkness quickly leaving his eyes when they landed on me.

Opening his arms, I walked into them and said, "I love you, Zeke."

"Love you too, Angel." He squeezed his arms around me and said, "Be back."

And that was when Grimm stepped over to me, but not before bringing his leg back, and landing a solid kick in Deck's side.

I shouldn't have been surprised he was wearing steel-toed boots either.

Deck was on the ground writhing in pain, and no one made a move to help him.

I felt the air around me stir, and I knew who was headed towards me.

I looked and then found him, and saw he had papers in his hand and a pen in the other.

He handed them to me, and then walked over to Deck, grabbed him by his shirt collar and then lifted him up and off the ground.

Then he slammed Deck against the body of someone's truck and seeing that he was staying, he grabbed the papers and pen from me, and then slammed them into Deck's chest, and held up the pen, "Time for you to keep your fucking word for once and sign them."

Deck looked at Zeke, then down at the papers and smirked, then shook his head.

"Don't think I'll be doing that."

"And why the fuck not? Heard you promise Savannah you would sign the papers my fucking self, brother," Gaston spat that last word at him.

That was when Deck locked eyes on me, "But what you don't know is that your dad had Gaston mark you as an ol' lady in the books."

"And I told you the promise I made to him, should you treat her anything less than a fucking queen, that I would get her out of there. Therefore, revoking your claim on her."

"Still remains. Shit is still in the books. According to club law, she's still my ol' lady."

And that was when I heard a gun being cocked and then said gun was pressed to his forehead, compliments of Zeke. "Don't give a fuck. Tell me why I shouldn't pull this trigger now?"

"Because that little boy will ask you what happened to his real father. Do you really want to tell him that it was you that pulled the trigger?"

"You're right about one thing. It'll break my heart to tell him that I did that. But you're wrong when you speak about his real father. That's me. Top of that, my boy, yes, my boy, is going to understand that I killed the man that tried to take his Mama away from me. He's going to know that there is

nothing I won't do for her and for him. So, when he smirks and has every characteristic of me inside of him at that, I'll be one proud fucking father." And with that, Felicia turned Parker away knowing what was coming, and then I watched as Zeke took Deck out.

And then he got chin lifts from everyone there.

Justified.

The prospects from both clubs moved to take care of the other body.

Thankfully with where the clubhouse was located, no one would be the wiser. Not with the land that was used for hunting about five miles away.

Standing there, I felt a tear trail down my cheek. Gaston wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me into his side, "Your old man was the best man I ever had the pleasure of knowing. Well, I thought that. Now, the man you gave your heart to... You did good, darlin'. Your old man would be fucking proud of you. I fucking am."

"Thank you, Gaston. That means the world to me," I told him.

"Sure, you don't want to move back home?" Gaston asked as I chuckled and shook my head.

"Try it, fucker. Deck won't be the only one receiving a bullet from me today," Zeke said as he wrapped his arm around my waist and tugged me from Gaston's side.

Smiling, I curled my body into his and then looked up at him to see him still glaring daggers at Gaston.

Pinching the little fat on his side to get him to stop glaring, Zeke laughed, then looked down at me, brought his hand to the side of my face, and wiped a stray tear from my cheek with his thumb.

With my heart staring back at me from his eyes, I whispered, "I love you, Zeke."

He winked at me, “I love you too, Angel.”

“Gaston?” Felicia called out.

He smiled and then asked, “Yeah, gorgeous?”

She looked down at our boy and said two words, “It’s time.”

I didn’t know what she meant by that, but when Gaston simply nodded, then pulled the colors from his back, and looked at his V.P., they shared a silent nod in understanding.

I looked between Felicia, Gaston, and then back to Felicia, and asked, “What’s going on?”

She smiled wide, “Well, ever since you left, Gaston and I have talked about this. He wasn’t the only one that saw you as his daughter. So do I. So, if you’ll have us, we will be moving to Tennessee, and we would be honored if we are in this sweet little boy’s life and any other grandbabies y’all bless us with.”

Luckily for them, neither one of us remembered that I missed my appointment for the birth control shot almost a year later.

Whoops...

Epilogue

Zeke

Sitting there in the waiting room, I waited for them to call me back so I could be in the room with Savannah.

This shit shouldn't have happened again.

The same fucking thing.

Only this time, I told them I would be in that room with them.

And thankfully, our baby was born at thirty-four weeks, so it wasn't as much of a shock.

However, knowing I needed to do something to ground me, I looked at where Felicia and Gaston sat with Parker between them.

Grimm was posted up so he would have views of the doors.

My club took over half of the emergency waiting room.

Sighing, I pulled my phone out, and then pulled up a video I took about two months ago, and hit play.

The vision that played out before me, well, it sure was something.

Thankfully, I thought ahead and grabbed my phone and started to record what my eyes were seeing.

Our boy Parker was a momma's boy. There were no ifs or buts about it.

So, I wasn't really that shocked when I walked in the door and watched as Parker said, "Okay, Moms, I'm taking you to jail so the doctor can see you. We have to put you in cuffs."

My breath hitched. We had a pair of cuffs in our bedroom, but I highly doubted he knew where they were.

Much to my amazement, my kid grabbed two koozies and told my woman to hold her hands out, and then he slipped the koozies onto her hands.

“Stand up, Moms.” She stood up.

“Hands behind your back.” She did that too while biting her bottom lip, trying to not smile.

And my heart skipped a fucking beat as I watched Parker carefully run his hands over her swollen belly, and then in the softest voice, our son said, “Doctor Coleman has the perfect ‘scription for you.”

And that prescription? He started to sing a lullaby to his baby sister.

“You okay, brother?”

I looked at Skinner, then shook my head, and wiped a stray tear from the corner of my eye, and then I pulled up that video, and before I hit play, I said, “I’m pissed the fuck off that dumb son of a bitch didn’t want this amazing fucking boy. But I’m so fucking grateful that he didn’t. Because I can’t tell you how fucking much it means to me when he calls me Dad.”

Then I played the video of Parker singing to his baby sister through his mommy’s tummy.

“Takes a lot for a man to love someone else’s kid, so much that you’d lay your life down for them,” Skinner said.

“I would for that boy and every day that ends in y.” What I didn’t know was that Parker wasn’t asleep in the chair between Gaston and Felicia like I thought.

And no one saw the little tears on his cheeks that he shed, for the man that didn’t give him a lie, but loved him just as much as if he did.

No one would ever know how much that meant to him until he found his one in a million.

Just like his mom did.

And when he watched the man he called Dad head to be with his mama, he vowed then and here to grow up to be a man his dad could be proud of.

Savannah

I was in the kitchen putting all the leftovers away from our Christmas dinner when I heard my daughter Madison's voice call out , "Gramps?"

Gaston called out, "Yes, darlin'."

Madison's little voice floated into the kitchen, "How comes we don't look like you and Nonnie?"

I heard Gaston grunt, you know that man thing all males do, it's annoying, "I'm going to give you a little lesson on life. Okay?"

"Okays," our little girl said as Parker gathered around to hear what their gramps had to say.

"Nonnie and me, we aren't your mommy's parents. We aren't your daddy's either. Your mommy's daddy is up in heaven. You all know that. That's why y'all don't look like us. But here is the lesson: blood isn't always thicker than water. That means family is what you make of it. We claim your mommy as our daughter and your mommy blessed us with y'all. When each of you were born, Nonnie and me cut out little pieces of our hearts and placed them in y'all's hands on the days y'all were born."

"That's okay. We loves you anyways."

Chuckles sounded around in our home at that as they all split off and ran back to their Christmas presents. And there under the tree was my sparkly purple bike that Zeke had repainted and fixed up to give to our daughter.

But really, they ran back to their uncle Grimm.

That man was their savior, other than their daddy.

Smiling, I made a few plates for Grimm, and then finished putting everything up, only to have Zeke growl at me from the mudroom when he saw I did it all while he was outside shoveling snow.

Knowing he was getting riled, I simply smiled, winked, and then said, “Thanks, Honey.”

He made his way over to me, wrapped me in those strong arms that were still my home, and then muttered against my ear, “Four hundred and seventy-four.”

“Still keeping count?” I asked him with a chuckle.

He pulled his head away, and then winked at me, “I’ll never stop keeping count, Angel.”

“Six hundred and ninety-eight,” I whispered against his lips.

His eyes were shining all these years later with nothing but love for me.

And when we heard the pounding feet coming down the hallway, I didn’t bother to hold back my laughter.

“Mommy and Daddy time is over,” I said through my laughter.

“Mom! Dad!”

“Mommy! Daddy!”

What neither one of us really knew was that I lived for the moments he called me Angel.

And he lived for the moments I called him Honey.

Zeke

The teacher and the principal were sneering at me, but I paid them no mind. I walked right up to my boy, got down in front of him, and asked, “What’s that smile for son?”

“One of the new kids laughed at my name,” he said with glee.

I sighed, his mama was right, “And?”

“Knocked two of his front teeth down his throat.”

I didn't say anything, just got the information I needed that he would be suspended for three days and then left the school.

But not before stopping to get my boy ice cream.

We don't put up with bullies in this family. Ever.

However, that wasn't what I was thinking half an hour later as I kissed Savannah's cheek and then headed back to the school.

That was because I just got a call that my daughter, who also had a first name that could be considered a last name, also got suspended for junk-punching the little shit's brother that made fun of her, all I could do was hang my head as I ended the call.

Then I tossed my head back and roared with laughter.

“What's so funny, brother?” He then asked.

“Fucking Madison junk-punched a kid who made fun of her name. And it's the little brother that made fun of Parker.”

He chuckled, “Damn. That's great.”

Gaston asked as he followed me to my SUV, “My granddaughter did what?”

When I told Gaston just what she did, he smiled wide and rubbed his hands together with glee. “I'll go pick her up. Taking my princess out for ice cream.”

And that was what Gaston did.

But he didn't do it alone. Nope. Grimm got in on the action and had words with the two little shit's father and mother.

A week later I got a call and needed to go help a Dove out. Sadly, I had to leave right in the middle of dinner and she made pork chops, mashed potatoes, and green beans too.

Thankfully, the Dove we had to rescue was only two hours away.

Once I pulled my bike into the garage and closed the door, I headed into the mudroom. Toed off my boots, checked the doors and windows, and then once I reset the alarm, I headed to our bedroom, and then stopped in the doorway.

Because right there on our bed was Savannah, Madison, our seven-year-old was curled up to her, and Parker, our eight-and-a-half-year-old, we couldn't forget the half part, was sprawled out on my side of the bed.

Thank fuck we have a California King.

But I wouldn't have it any other fucking way.

After having a father who beat me.

A mother who didn't give a fuck.

Dirt from other countries under my boots.

Nameless faces and dead bodies filling my dreams.

Having my brother's backs. Protecting their women.

Meeting a woman, and knowing that everything I thought I knew was changed irrevocably.

My woman and our kids, they're my grace.

And as I climbed into bed behind Parker, my woman lifted her head and smiled at me, "Glad you're home, Honey, now I can go to sleep."

And she did. What she never did, was if I left her, did she ever fall asleep without knowing I made it back home to her and in one piece.

The End.

A Note From The Author

Holy effing hell's bells.

I can't believe it.

I don't think I'm ready to believe it.

We've reached the very end of my Dogwood Treasure series.

Umm... I'm not in tears right now.

Nope. Definitely not.

If you want to know which was the hardest book to write for me in this series, that's easy, it was Lark's Precious (Savage & Shiloh).

The book that took the longest, this one, I wasn't ready to say goodbye.

The easiest book was Lo's Wraith. I loved Skinner and Harlow.

Adored them.

What character am I excited to write next, yes, Grimm. Holy Cannoli.... but... a few brothers deserve their Happily Ever After's first.

This book is the official ending of my Chapter in Tennessee... but it's really only see you later...

Shelby - You are amazing, and I am truly honored that the day I messaged you to see if you would go over a part of a book for me, to see what you thought, that it sparked your first editing job for me. And I wouldn't trade you for the effing world.

Cassandra - Thank you for being patient with me and never pushing me, and knowing how my mind works, and just being

able to go with the flow on my releases.

To my Beta's - Tami, Raylene, Elaine, Billie. Thank you,
ladies for loving this book as much as I do.

To those of you that knew I was under the weather and this
book is releasing a week later than I had planned, for being
super freaking patient, I so hope that I made the wait worth it
for Zeke and Savannah.

As always.... xoxo, Tiffany.

Connect With Me

My Website

tiffanycasper.org/

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/authortiffanycasper>

Instagram

<https://www.instagram.com/authortiffanycasper/>

Goodreads

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/19027352.Tiffany_Casper

Other Works

Wrath MC

Mountain of Clearwater

Clearwater's Savior

Clearwater's Hope

Clearwater's Fire

Clearwater's Miracle

Clearwater's Treasure

Clearwater's Luck

Clearwater's Redemption

Christmas in Clearwater

Dogwood Treasure

Dove's Life

Phoenix's Plight

Raven's Climb

Wren's Salvation

Lo's Wraith

Falcon's Rise

Lark's Precious

Sparrow's Grace

Pinewood Lake

Rise

Empower (TBD)

Strength (TBD)

Armor (TBD)

DeLuca Empire

The Devil & The Siren

The Cleaner & The Princess

The Soldier & The Dancer

As If...

(Zagan MC Prequel)

Cold As Ice

Dark As Coal (TBD)

Smooth As Whiskey (TBD)

Charlotte U

Perfectly Imperfect

Imperfection is Beauty (Sept 29th, 2023)

Novellas

Hotter Than Sin

Silver Treasure

Wrath Ink

In Case You Didn't Know

Where Hearts Align