



KNIGHT'S LEGION MC

STITCH'S MERCY

NAOMI PORTER

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**STITCH'S
MERCY**

NAOMI PORTER

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Dear Reader,

It's hard to believe Stitch's Mercy is the last book in KLMC: North Dakota. I love all my Knights and never want my series to end. But I'd planned for the North Dakota books to only be about the five kids and had not considered a book for Stitch. *Bad Naomi!* Stitch is an honorary member of the Knight family, and I should have planned better. It was your emails and messages, asking and sometimes begging (wink-wink), that helped me to change my mind and to write our Doctor McHottie's story!

With that said, Stitch's Mercy is all about Stitch and Mercy as they finally surrender to the love they have felt for each other—while snowed in at his cabin. It's light on the plot with the right amount of holiday steam! I hope you enjoy this twelve-chapter, plus epilogue, *gratuitous* smutty story!

All the love, Naomi

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1

Mercy

I might throw up from watching Hope dash around her home, making sure everything was perfect for her very first holiday party. Christmas was in fourteen days, and I had a few days off, a whole three-day weekend, before the craziness of the holiday season descended on the emergency room.

But I didn't want to be at Hope's place on a Friday night, after working a double shift. I did, but didn't because I knew *he* would be here too—doctor Brady Hayes. He'd recently returned from his medical leave after that fucking Forrest Frat had shot him and held Piper hostage.

Admittedly, I avoided him...

And missed him.

He'd called every week and texted, and I had cowardly ignored his calls. Months had passed and Brady hadn't given up. At work, I'd remained professional, then got the hell out of the building like my ass was on fire so he couldn't corner me.

How would I avoid him tonight?

"I think that's it. Am I missing anything?" Hope scanned the living room. Her hands were on her hips and her brows were pinched tightly together as she considered the space. She looked gorgeous wearing an off-the-shoulders red sweater and a black leather skirt and... Christmas socks covered in mistletoe. Her long blonde hair was in a sassy ponytail and her lips were

tinted red. She radiated holiday cheer.

“Babe, everything looks beautiful and perfect.” I stared at her huge fresh tree in the corner. There must have been three times the amount of twinkling lights, then the average store-bought tree.

There were only silver glass balls and white snowflakes on the evergreen giant. At the top was a silver satin bow, eighteen inches in diameter. Hope had spent days watching DIY videos to make it. I recalled her saying how she wanted a simple, yet elegant tree, like the kind seen in movies or posted on social media. I’d say she’d achieved her goal. It was the first holiday in Levi’s and Hope’s new home. She had been on a mission to make it magical—and it was with holiday splendor in every room.

Feeling my inner “Grinch” rising to the surface, I plastered a smile on my face and shifted my position on the couch. I tucked my feet under my butt, so my hunter green sweater dress covered my legs. Why didn’t I wear jeans and a plain sweatshirt? I would be more comfortable, and my feet wouldn’t be cold because I could’ve worn a cute pair of socks instead of tights. Or brought a pair of fuzzy slippers with me since I’d taken my ankle boots off at the door. Guess I’d been too nervous about seeing Brady that I hadn’t thought things through.

In the Upper Midwest, most folks didn’t wear shoes indoors, especially during winter. Currently, there was a foot of snow out and nobody wanted to clean up melted water and dirt each time someone entered the house.

A dress was a dumb choice. It wasn’t like I wanted to impress anyone...

Liar. You want to outshine the other nurses attending the party. They’ll be all over Doctor McHottie.

And I will hate every second of it.

“Thank you. I’m just nervous.” Hope checked her phone. “The guys should be here soon, then the regular guests will start arriving. Lady M is sending her famous cranberry pie with Levi. I told her she didn’t have to, but I’m so glad she didn’t listen to me. It’s to die for.”

“Does she ever listen to anyone?” I smirked and pulled my strawberry-blond hair to one side. “I mean, other than her husband.” Lady M was the matriarch of the Knight family. She ruled the roost, and her children respected the crap out of her.

“Sometimes she doesn’t listen to Ben either.” Hope giggled and plopped down beside me. “I have to tell you, Brady’s looking forward to seeing you.”

“Ha, sure he is. I don’t know how to resist him.”

“Levi said getting shot has made him more determined to be with you.” She cocked her head. “Why didn’t you tell me he’s been calling and texting?”

I sighed, grabbed my glass of wine, and gulped.

“Mercy, do you really want him to give up on you?”

“I don’t know. He was shot, Hope. If he weren’t a biker...”

“But he is, and you’re in love with him.”

“I’m not.” I stood to refill my glass and avoid Hope. She knew me better than anyone, which meant she knew my true feelings for Brady, even though we rarely discussed him.

Of course, Hope followed me into the kitchen. “Let yourself love him.”

“And then what? One of his enemies kidnaps him or me and...” I snap my mouth shut before I say the evil M-word that had shattered me more than a decade ago.

“Brady isn’t like the fucker who killed your brother.” She slowly touched my shoulder.

At least she didn’t say the M-word. “He’s a biker too.”

“But he’s a good biker and a doctor.”

I knew she was right. When I had given into Brady, usually in the hospital supply closet, he had treated me with respect. But when I saw him turn into Stitch, the Harley riding, leather cut wearing biker, it sent me off the rails. I’d have flashbacks of the night I’d been forced to watch as they tortured my brother.

“He would protect you with his life, y’know.”

I cut my gaze at her. “I don’t want to live in a world where a person I love has to die for me.” Like my brother Noah had, at the young age of seventeen. If he hadn’t tried to rescue me, he might be alive today.

“Mercy—”

“Enough, Hope. I don’t want to discuss this.”

“What’s going on?” Levi appeared in the doorway. Brady peered over his shoulder and stared at me.

“Nothing, baby.” Hope went over to her husband and kissed him. “I wanna show you something.” She guided him away, leaving me alone and vulnerable with Brady. The little brat, she was so *not* sneaky.

“You look beautiful,” he said as he approached, assessing me from head to toe.

“Thank you.” My heart raced. He was wearing a black sweater and *not* his cut. I swallowed the lust forming in my throat. *Stand your ground.*

“I wasn’t sure you’d come.”

“Hope is my best friend. Of course I’d come.” I grabbed my glass to leave. The longer I was alone with him, the more I wanted to pull him into the pantry for a quickie. It’d been months since I had an orgasm. I hated to admit I missed his touch and mouth on me.

“Wait.” Brady blocked my escape. “Why have you been avoiding me?”

“Don’t do this here.”

“Where else can I do it? You won’t even answer my fucking calls. When I go to your parents’ home, they don’t let me in.”

“Well, it’s their house.” I popped my shoulders and stepped back.

“And your mom apologizes, which means you told them not to let me in. So I stopped going and thought I could catch you at the hospital, but you’ve changed your hours.”

“Because we need to stop.”

“No, we don’t.” He pushed me against the fridge and caged me in. “We need to talk, Mercy. Let me take you to my cabin. Just for a couple of days to figure us out.”

“There is no us.”

“Well, there should be. Just give me three days to prove we belong together.”

I shook my head. “Are you crazy? After what happened with that psycho, I’m terrified you’ll die.”

“I promise, I won’t.” He cradled my face in his warm hands. “Please, give me a chance.”

“I can’t.”

“Mercy, I won’t accept no for an answer. Be ready to go in the morning.”

I blinked in surprise. “How do you know I’m off tomorrow?”

“I checked with your supervisor and took the time off.”

“I can’t.”

“It’s pointless to fight me.” He pressed his body against mine and kissed me. “Three days, that’s all I’m asking for.”

My ears perked up when I heard the doorbell. “Hope’s guests are arriving. Other nurses will be here. You need to keep your distance.”

“Not happening.” He nibbled the skin below my ear. “I’m going to be glued to you.”

“Brady, please.”

“Fuck, I love it when you beg,” he growled as his hands cupped my ass

and he ground his cock against my pelvis. “Let’s leave. Levi and Hope will understand.”

“No.” I melted under his control. “You need to control yourself.”

“You know I can’t when you’re near me. But I’ll do my best if you promise to go to my cabin.”

I felt torn. If I went with him, it might be a mistake. If I didn’t go, I might regret it. What was the right answer?

“Doctor Hayes?”

I slipped out from between Brady and the fridge when I heard the surprised female voice. I peeked around him and saw Kelly, a nurse from work. *Let the fangirling begin...*

Brady didn’t take his eyes off me.

“Oh my gosh, I didn’t know you’d be here.” Kelly beamed like a kid on Christmas morning. “Oh, hi, Mercy. Am I interrupting something?”

“No,” I said.

“Yes,” Brady replied. “We’ll be out shortly.”

“You want me to leave?” The stunned look on Kelly’s face was priceless. As always, Brady made me feel like the most important person to him. Why couldn’t I let him in? Be with him the way he wanted? Because of fear.

Fear of getting hurt. Fear of losing him. Fear consumed me.

“Yes,” Brady told Kelly, then turned his back toward her. His blue eyes pinned me in place. “I’ll pick you up at eight in the morning.”

“I haven’t said yes.” I checked to see if Kelly was still there, but she’d left. Brady and I were alone again, and I wasn’t angry about it.

“If you want me to keep my lips and hands off you tonight, you better say yes.”

“Don’t manipulate me.” I scowled at him, feigning irritation when, really, I was getting turned on.

“Don’t deny us. I’m fucking tired of hiding how I feel about you.”

“We’re not together, Brady.”

“I’m going to change that, baby.” He captured my lips again and tugged me into his arms. “Say yes.”

“Do you have to be so demanding and cocky?”

“You love it.”

I did. “Do you promise to not embarrass me tonight?”

“I’m not staying away from you. I’ve missed you, sweetheart.” His warm lips moved to my forehead, and he squeezed me tightly. “Missed you more

than words can express.”

He sounded genuine as always and it hurt my heart for how I’d kept him at a distance. I was just so damn afraid to love him.

“Don’t you want to get drunk with Levi and the others? Play beer pong or whatever bikers do? Don’t waste your day off spending it with little vanilla me.”

“No. Tonight, I’m Brady, and vanilla is my favorite flavor.” He reared his head back and lifted my chin. Staring into my eyes, and in a low, powerful voice, he said, “Say yes.”

How could I say no? This man would be my dream guy if he wasn’t a member of a motorcycle club. “Fine. Yes.”

“You won’t regret it.” He released me and smiled. “Let’s join the festivities.”

I was confident I would regret it, because I couldn’t imagine us having a future together. Hopefully, Brady would convince me otherwise.

The holiday party had been in full swing for a couple of hours and just as he’d said, Brady hadn’t left my side. He brought me plates of food and glasses of wine. When an opportunity presented itself, he stole kisses and caressed my body like he would die if he didn’t touch me.

My heart felt as if it might burst.

My pussy was in a constant state of tingling.

I wanted Brady Hayes desperately, and judging by the glint in his baby blues, he knew exactly how much he affected me.

“We’ll leave soon, baby.”

“Why?” I asked.

“So I can relieve the ache between your thighs,” he whispered, then put his arm around my waist. “When you’re ready, I’ll take you home.”

I leaned against him and touched his warm lips with the tip of my finger. “I live with my parents, remember?”

“Yes. We’ll stop at my house first.” He winked and moved in for a kiss.

“So, when did this happen?” Kelly pointed between us, rudely interrupting us. “Isn’t fraternizing against hospital policy? I mean, a nurse and a doctor must be breaking rules.”

I glared at her, not knowing how to reply. The wine made my head wonderfully fuzzy, but I didn’t want to embarrass me or Brady. A tipsy Mercy was a foolish, mouthy bitch. The sort of woman who would find herself in a cornfield, begging three bikers for *mercy* on behalf of her brother.

The horrific memories churned my stomach. I sealed my lips to keep from vomiting onto the floor and reached for Brady's hand, trusting that he would protect me as he'd vowed dozens of times. In my heart I knew he would, but my mind wouldn't let me forget who he was—a member of the Knight's Legion MC.

He gripped my ice-cold fingers firmly, as if sensing my distress. "You should review the policies, Nurse Jones," Brady said in a gruff tone. "Mercy and I aren't breaking any rules. Which you already know. After all, you have many of your own indiscretions with hospital staff and patients."

She gaped and so did I. I didn't know she'd been with anyone at the hospital. Kelly wasn't the friendliest and I wouldn't call her attractive. Judgmental, *yes*. Snobby, *absolutely*. Things were getting very interesting.

Suddenly, my demons had vanished.

"You're mistaken, Doctor Hayes," she replied tartly, and swept her gaze around the room.

Everyone's attention was on Kelly. Hope and Levi appeared intrigued. Jonah, Piper, Silas, and their spouses were frozen at the dining table. The other guests had shamelessly turned toward us to have a front-row seat of the spectacle.

The only ones missing from the group were Micah and Destiny. They lived in Montana and couldn't attend, but they'd be out for Christmas.

"Impossible. I've seen the security footage," Brady replied confidently.

"What?" Kelly cried out in horror.

"Your methods of treating patients are how should I say..."

"Just stop!" Kelly stormed out of the living room.

"Way to bring the drama to my party," Hope told Brady as she went after Kelly.

"Eh. She shouldn't be a snot to others when she's been far more scandalous with her oral remedies."

Levi and his brothers broke out into laughter, while I stared at Brady as he gently led me down the hallway toward the guest bedroom. He opened the door, and I willingly went inside.

"She gives patients blowjobs?" I needed clarification out of wicked curiosity.

"Are you okay?"

"Does she? When did you see the videos because lately her patients have mostly been old men and women?"

He smirked. "She swings both ways. Now tell me. Are you okay?"

"Well, I'm glad you set that bitch straight." My mind was reeling with this new divulgence of information. I doubted Kelly would remain silent about Brady and me. I wasn't sure how I'd do with rumors circulating through the hospital about us. Then again, the way Brady shut her down, I had every faith he'd do the same to anyone else.

"I'm not talking about Kelly anymore." He raised his hand and revealed nail marks on his palm. "Something had you terrified. Tell me what happened out there."

Oh, crap! He knew nothing about my brother, only Hope did, and I wasn't about to bare my soul to him now... Maybe never. "I was just nervous our lives would unravel."

"Because you think Kelly has that kind of power over us? Come on, Mercy. I'm a Knight. We rule the Upper Midwest." He fisted his hand and hit it against his chest like a brutal Viking.

"You don't need to remind me." I went to peer out the window, but I couldn't see anything more than the white Christmas lights on the house's eaves, reflecting off the snow. I'd sobered some and, in my clearer state, I shouldn't be alone with Brady.

I hated he was a biker and proud to be. Hated even more how I couldn't resist him and loved him down to the depths of my soul. I wouldn't dream of changing him or asking him to walk away from the club.

"Hey." He turned me around to face him. "I feel you pulling away. Please don't. If I upset you, tell me. I'll do anything to make you happy."

And that right there was why I loved him. He made me feel like the most important person in his life.

"You're fine, Brady. It's me, not you."

"Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Don't give me that line. It's me, not you, is utter bullshit. Are you saying you won't go away with me? Are you saying you don't want to be with me? Tell me now, Mercy. Don't lead me on."

"Lead you on? I have never. You pursued me from day one. You don't give me a chance to forget you. Even when I avoid you like the last several months, you're already imprinted on my heart, and I'm mad as hell about it!"

A smile tugged at the corners of his lips. "You just gave me hope, baby."

"Not intentionally." I crossed my arms over my chest to block him out, but I was a fool for thinking such a thing was possible. Brady Hayes had the keys to my heart, and I needed to accept it, embrace it, and love it. "What

time will you pick me up in the morning?”

His smile grew bigger. “Bright and early, at eight. I want you all to myself.”

“Are you going to hold me captive after you have me all to yourself?” I lowered my arms and stepped closer toward him. The pull toward him was stronger than my stubbornness.

“No, because I want you to choose me because you love me. Not because I forced you.” He cradled my face and kissed me softly. “You just have to let me in, Mercy.”

“I’ll try... When do you want to go to your place?”

He hiked an annoyed brow. “I’ve changed my mind. You’ll have to wait for it, sweetheart.”

“Are you punishing me for being unsure?” How dare he revive my engine all evening, then pour a bucket of ice water over my head?

“I’m not punishing you, baby. I just want you to be sure.”

I was sure that I wanted him to fuck me tonight, but I knew what he meant. “You’re right.” I patted his firm chest and exhaled a deep breath. How would I sleep tonight? My mind would be racing a mile a minute thinking of all the things that could go wrong or go fantastically well, better than all my dreams. I was most worried about the latter...

“Of course, I’m right.” He winked. “And after our little getaway, you’ll see how right we are for each other.”

I hope so...

Stitch

On the first day of our holiday getaway, we were off to a horrible start, judging by the icy chill and deafening silence in my Land Rover. I'd been white knuckling the steering wheel as I drove us to my cabin at Lake of the Woods.

Mercy was wound tighter than a ball of knotted Christmas lights. It was totally my fault too. *Fuck! If I already screwed things up, I'll hate myself.* But I couldn't be sure of what she'd heard while I'd talked to her dad...

"Mr. Kolter, I love your daughter very much." A lump of coal appeared in my throat and interfered with my declaration.

"Interesting. Mercy never talks about you." His words hurt, but I couldn't say I was surprised. Mercy had never invited me over to meet her folks. All our interactions had been at the hospital or a hotel near the airport—where no one would see us. *"How long have you two been dating? Seems I should've seen you around the house before now."*

"Yes, sir. You should have." I felt like an idiot, pouring out my heart to a man who didn't know I existed in his daughter's life. But I was on a mission, and sure as hell wouldn't abandon my plans, because my ego had just been beaten. *"We aren't officially dating."*

"Really?" He scratched the back of his head. *"Interesting. So then, what'd you want to ask me?"*

I peered behind him to make sure Mercy wasn't lurking about. We were near the front door. Mrs. Kolter had gone to get her. "I wanted to ask you for your blessing to marry her."

"Excuse me?" The shock on his face almost made me retreat out of the house. I could tell he probably thought I was insane.

"I want to propose this weekend, sir." The words shot out of my mouth. "I love her, and I promise to make her happy."

"And does she love you?"

"I believe so."

"Strange, because she hasn't mentioned you."

"Yes, sir." Fool or not, I knew without a doubt that Mercy loved me as I loved her. I just had to get her to admit it and accept us.

"What's going on?" Mercy's voice came from behind her dad. My moment was lost. Mr. Kolter hadn't given me his blessing to propose to Mercy. I was an old-fashioned kind of fellow. Her dad's approval meant everything to me.

"Just chatting." I took the suitcase out of her hands. "Sir. Ma'am." I nodded to Mr. and Mrs. Kolter and headed for the door, feeling like a big fat failure.

"Brady?" Mr. Kolter called. "About your question. Yes—"

"Yes, to what?" Mercy looked at me, then at her dad. Her ice-blue eyes ping-ponged, nervously.

"Walleye," her dad replied quickly, and issued me an approving wink.

"Walleye?" She screwed up her beautiful face. "We're going ice fishing?"

"It was going to be a surprise."

"A surprise?" She clearly wasn't thrilled.

"Yep." What else was I to say? Her dad was doing his best to not reveal the real question while giving me an answer. Relief washed over me. I could tell Mr. Kolter would be an okay father-in-law.

"Oh..." Mercy seemed to have second thoughts, and I couldn't let her back out now.

"It'll be fun." I nudged her along. "Thank you, sir."

A heavy sigh from Mercy brought me out of my thoughts.

"Doin' okay?" I asked her.

"How much longer?"

"Why? Do you have to potty?" I smirked as I tried to break the ice.

She rolled her eyes. “No.”

“It won’t be much longer. Have you been to Lake at the Woods before?” I turned down the radio. We’d been listening to classic rock because Mercy didn’t like Christmas music. There was still a lot I didn’t know about her. The past couple of years, I’d been piecing together snippets of conversations we’d had in between hot and heavy sex. Regardless of how little I knew about her, I was madly in love with the stubborn woman and would do everything and anything to make her mine forever.

But the most important detail I had learned about Mercy was she hated Christmas and wouldn’t tell me why. It made little sense to me. Mercy was a sweet, kind, and caring woman. During the holidays, she acted like she was into Christmas while taking care of her patients, but when they weren’t around, she turned into a grumpy Grinch. Although, another thing I’d learned was how to soften the prickly Christmas-hating woman. Mercy loved lefse slathered in butter and sprinkled with cinnamon sugar, like most Norwegians. Last holiday season, I’d watched her gobble up a plate full her mom had given her.

Knowing Mercy’s sweet addiction had prompted me to dig out my mom’s recipe, then Lady M had taught me how to make my family’s favorite Scandinavian treat.

Of course, I’d brought freshly made lefse and cinnamon sugar just for my girl.

“No, never been this far north. What made you buy a cabin up here?” she asked, but avoided looking at me. “It’s so far from home.”

“It’s only four hours away.”

“That’s farther than The Cities. We’re almost in Canada.”

Interesting. It sounded like she was afraid to be away from home. Now that I thought of it, Mercy never took a vacation or went out of town. *Very interesting.* “I like the isolation. Hunting and fishing are plentiful.” I shrugged. “It’s peaceful.”

“It is pretty out here.” She turned toward me, then she shocked the hell out of me when she reached for my hand on my thigh and laced our fingers together. Mercy had never initiated physical contact with me. “Sorry, I’ve been quiet. You probably regret inviting me.”

“Never.” I raised our joined hands and kissed the top of hers. “You’re the only woman I want to be with and the first I’ve taken to my hideaway.”

She shot me a heart-stopping smile. “Really? I’m the first.”

“The first and last.” I kissed her hand again. My cock was stirring awake, as if sensing we’d arrived at the cabin soon. But as much as Mercy turned me on and made me want to get dirty with her by a roaring fire, I had to take it slow.

“Wow. I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t need to say anything.” I turned onto the private road that led to my property.

“Well, I’m honored.” Her smile brightened. “Oh, my gosh! Is that it?” She pointed out the window.

“Yep, that’s it.” Pride swelled in my chest as I took in my small log cabin. “It wasn’t much when I bought it a few years ago. But I’ve done a lot to it.” I pulled into the circular driveway and parked.

“It’s better than I thought.” She laughed, her cheeks turning pink with embarrassment. “When did you put up lights and a wreath?”

“Last week I came out to prep the place...” For what could be the start of an incredible life with Mercy.

“But you hadn’t asked me to come yet. You didn’t know I’d say yes.

“True. All I had was faith.” I gave her hand another kiss and released it. “Let’s go in.”

I grabbed our things and inhaled the fresh, frigid air. It was minus nine for a high, and would drop to minus twenty by Monday. When I checked the weather before picking up Mercy, a storm was moving in from Canada and it looked like it might hit us. I had almost canceled, then I thought better of it. Getting snowed in with Mercy would force us to stay together longer, which would be spectacular.

Mercy stomped the snow off her boots on the porch before she entered, and I did the same. We took off our shoes and set them on the rubber tray to the right of the door. Hopefully, I wouldn’t have to put them on for the rest of the day.

“Brady, I’m without words.” The amazement in her voice and awe on her pretty face as she studied my place made my chest tighten.

“Twice in one day, huh? That must be a record,” I teased her. Mercy was rarely lost for words.

“Ha ha.” She rolled her eyes, smiling. “It’s so warm and cozy.”

“And it will be warmer in no time.” I stalked straight to the hearth to start a fire. If all went as I dreamed of, we’d be naked, hot and sweaty on the fur rug in front of it before the day was over.

“You have excellent taste.” She ran her fingers over the brown leather sofa as her eyes shimmered while moving about the room. I wished I could hear her thoughts. If I had to guess, I’d say she liked my little hideaway. I sure did.

A small living room and kitchen made up the main living space. Down the short hallway led to the bathroom and bedroom. The cabin was less than a thousand square feet, even with a loft.

“The red throw blanket and pillows are a nice touch. Were you trying to make it feel Christmassy? I mean, you didn’t have to go out of your way for me.”

Sure I did. “I happen to like Christmas. Tomorrow, we’ll put a tree up in that corner.” I nodded to the left. I stood and dusted off my hands, satisfied with the fire I’d started.

“Brady, you know I’m a Grinch.” She removed her coat and went to put it on a hook above our boots. “A tree isn’t needed. We’re only here for two more days.”

“I’ve seen the movie, baby. Nobody is born a Grinch. He warmed up to Christmas, and you can too.” I took off my coat and hung it next to hers. “So, how’d you come to hate Christmas?”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m a lost cause.” She tugged on the hem of my sweater, putting our bodies flush and shimmied her tits against my chest, getting me excited. She always used sex to change the subject, but I needed to stay in control.

But fuck, she felt incredible. Warm. Soft. And she smelled like vanilla icing, dripping off just-out-of-the-oven cinnamon rolls. Good enough to eat...

“You’re not a lost cause, sweetheart.” I glided my hands against her back and kissed her forehead as I walked her backwards and put her up against the front door. “Not my Mercy. You just need to fall back in love with the holidays.”

“I’m not *your* Mercy.”

The hell she wasn’t. “Stop fighting it, baby.”

“I want you,” she whispered and hooked her arms around my neck. “Enough talking.”

There she went, changing the subject. “You want me or my cock?” Either way, she would get both... When the time was right.

“I want you to stop talking.” She sealed her lips to mine. “Give me what I want.”

“Stubborn woman,” I growled into her mouth. A little teasing would be fun. I needed to hear that she wanted me and the words, *I love you*, but there was time for that.

I cupped her breast and rubbed my thumb against her nipple, delighting in her soft, lustful sighs. Lowering my mouth to her neck, I nibbled and sucked. I’d made her come this way a few times in the supply closet. Mercy could go from zero to orgasm in less than sixty seconds. That was how easy intimacy was with her. I’d like to believe she’d only been that way with me.

“Yes,” she cried and tightened her grip around my neck to pull me closer. “More. I need more.” Her leg raised and hooked around the back of my thigh. She bucked her pelvis against my erection.

“Are you hungry?” I reared back, kissed her forehead, and released her. My heart raced and my dick cursed me for stopping the foreplay which would’ve led to sex. I retrieved the grocery bags I’d put next to the luggage and went to put the stuff away.

“Brady, what just happened?”

“Nothing. I’m hungry. Aren’t you?”

She exhaled a deep, frustrated breath. “Sure. I can eat.”

“You know, this weekend isn’t about sex.” I put the milk, eggs, and butter into the fridge, then took out a couple of beers already inside. I needed to cool off, and a red-faced Mercy needed to as well. Twisting the caps off, I handed a bottle to her.

“Thanks.” She guzzled; her icy-blue eyes locked on me. “I better get some dick soon, Brady.”

I nearly spewed the beer in my mouth. “You sound desperate, baby.”

“It’s been months. You know that.” She sidled up beside me. The warmth radiating off her sent a shiver down my spine. “I need your cock.”

Oh, mercy. It was my undoing when she talked like this.

I busied myself at the counter, uncovering the charcuterie board I’d picked up at a fancy deli in Fargo. Mercy would bring me to my knees if she kept on about needing my cock. As much as I’d like to stuff it into her sassy mouth, I raised a Greek olive to her lips instead.

She opened her mouth wide and let me place it on her tongue. Jesus, the moans rolling out of her as she chewed were exactly how she sounded during sex.

“Come on.” I jerked my chin for her to follow. Carrying my beer and the board to the living room, I set both on the coffee table. I relaxed on my sofa

and tried to get control of myself.

“You can’t put me off for long, Brady. My favorite beer and fancy cheese are a nice touch, but it won’t distract me for long.” She sat next to me and gripped my thigh.

“Told ya, this weekend is about figuring us out.” I reached for my bottle and took a swig.

“And what if I said I’m ready?”

I cut my gaze at her. “You’re ready?”

She took my bottle and put it back on the coffee table. Before I could ask what she was doing, she straddled my lap and ground her pussy against my still-hard cock.

“Mercy...” I let out a strangled breath.

“I almost lost you.” She kissed the corner of my lip. “Forrest Frat could’ve killed you. Do you know what that would have done to me?” She stilled on my lap and stared into my soul.

I shook my head, unable to speak.

“I would’ve died too, Brady.”

“But I didn’t die.” Suddenly, I found my voice, and anger boiled in my chest. “If you felt so strongly for me, why in the hell have you been avoiding me?”

“Because I wanted to get you out of my system. I needed to forget what it felt like to be with you so I could forget you.”

“Do you know how messed up that sounds?”

“Yes.” Tears glimmered in her eyes, and she tried to get off me.

“Stay.” I gripped her hips and held her in place. “Tell me why you wouldn’t take my calls or reply to my texts. I want to know why you pulled away from me after the shooting.”

“I was protecting myself. I can’t lose another person I care about.” A tear rolled down her cheek. “If I let myself love you, I’ll lose you too.”

“Baby, I’m not going anywhere.” Cradling her beautiful face, I kissed her softly. “I promise. I’ll never leave you.” Jesus, all this time, I had no idea she loved me. What a damn idiot I’d been.

“I know the dangers of being in a biker club. If you were only Doctor Hayes, it’d be fine. But Stitch isn’t someone I want to be with.”

“They’re one and the same.”

“I can’t be with a biker, Brady. I’m sorry, but I just can’t.”

This conversation had taken a wrong turn, and I felt her slipping out of my

grasp. “But you have been with me. You just admitted you’d die if something happened to me. That means you care. That you love me.”

She shook her head rapidly. “No. I don’t love you.”

“I call bullshit.”

“Let go of me.” She tried to get away, but again, I wouldn’t let her loose.

“We’re talking this out now.” I put her on her back, pinning her against the sofa. “I am Brady Hayes and will always be the man you love.”

“I don’t love you! I will never love you!” she yelled in my face. Clearly fired up, she planted her hands against my chest and pushed with all her strength. “Get off me!”

“Why are you like this, Mercy? Why do you fight what nature has brought together? We are perfect for each other. Don’t you see that? Don’t you feel how much I love you?”

“Yes, and it scares the crap out of me!” She wilted under me, and tears streaked out of the corners of her eyes. “I can’t be with a biker, Brady. Can’t you choose me and quit the club?”

“Jesus, baby. What the fuck happened to you to make you hate bikers so much?” I had to ask, though I was terrified to hear her answer. If she’d been assaulted, I would search for the fucker and kill him.

“Don’t ask me that.” She hid her face behind her hands and sobbed.

My innards twisted into knots in my stomach. Fuck, I’d never been so afraid, but I had to know what had happened to the woman I loved.

I lifted off Mercy and picked her up. I sat back in my spot on the couch with her on my lap. This time, I held her tightly against my chest and gently shushed her. “It’s okay, sweetheart. You can tell me anything. Nothing you say could ever change the way I feel about you. I love you, Mercy. I love you so fucking much it hurts to breathe. Tell me, *who hurt you?*”

“Bikers.” She buried her face against my chest.

Fuck! Bikers, plural?

Rage pumped in my veins. I’d kill every one of them, slowly. Cut off their limbs one by one. Watch them bleed out and writhe in pain. But before they passed out or perished, I’d chop off their dicks and feed their limp sausages to them. It’d be messy, and oh so gratifying.

“I’m so sorry, sweetheart. I will make them pay for hurting you.”

She raised her face to look at me. “What do you think happened to me?”

I swallowed thickly. “You were violated.”

“No, I wasn’t.” She sniffled and wiped the wetness off with her sleeve.

“You have it wrong.”

“Then what?” Relief crashed down on me, but the sadness in her eyes told me something horrible had still happened.

“Eleven years ago, my brother Noah was murdered by three bikers in a cornfield in Iowa. I was forced to watch and would’ve been raped if another group of bikers hadn’t shown up.”

“Jesus Christ,” I muttered.

Mercy

Who had broken the promise she'd made to herself years ago? *This girl.*

Perhaps I should've made a blood sacrifice the night I'd sworn off bikers. I'd learned firsthand that they were dangerous and took what they wanted and treated women like property.

But Doctor Hayes, A.K.A Stitch, in the Knight's Legion MC, had pursued me for years. Slowly, he'd broken through my walls and seduced me in the hospital's supply closet. Not just once, but many times.

When Brady was wearing a white lab coat and we were saving patients' lives, he could command and demand from me all day long. He'd only been a doctor to me, a sexy as fuck doctor. I'd seen nothing else and had easily fallen under his spell... like so many other nurses.

But Brady Hayes had also been a member of the Knight's Legion MC. It was safe to assume I'd gotten more than a little mixed up with the biker, even when I had tried my damndest to not feel a thing for him.

I'd tried to resist him.

Tried to find him disgusting.

Tried to convince myself that he was bad news.

But in the end, I always went into the closet with him and now we were having a genuine conversation, the first since we'd started our sex only arrangement.

Okay, so maybe it'd been more than sex to both of us. Why did I agree to spend the weekend with him? Because I was a stupid woman in love with a man who was a biker.

"I'm so sorry, sweetheart. I will make them pay for hurting you." The anger in voice made me pull back to look him in the face.

"What do you think happened to me?" I knew what he thought. That I was raped, but I wasn't.

"You were violated." His baby blues turned a menacing black.

"No, I wasn't." I dried my face with my sleeve, trying to get my emotions under control. "You have it wrong."

"Then what?"

"Eleven years ago, my brother Noah was murdered by three bikers in a cornfield in Iowa. I was forced to watch and would've been raped if another group of bikers hadn't shown up."

"Jesus Christ," I whispered. "I'm so sorry." He wrapped me in his protective embrace.

Feeling safe and cared for, I bared my soul to him. "He was only seventeen. I was fifteen. He'd taken me out for a chocolate milkshake. When we left the diner, some bikers wearing black leather vests were sitting in the parking lot by Noah's tripped out Honda Civic. They mocked his car, calling it a cage and Noah a pussy."

"Assholes," Brady spewed the word and squeezed me.

I held onto him tighter than ever before. "When they noticed me, they called me a sweet piece of ass and asked Noah if I sucked his dick. My brother shoved the disgusting biker and told him not to talk about his sister that way. The bikers laughed and called him filthy for fucking his sister. I tried to get Noah to walk away. I tried." A sob ripped from my chest.

"Baby, you're not to blame for what happened to your brother. It's not your fault."

"I know. But it's why I hate bikers and Christmas. After Noah's murder, my parents moved us to North Dakota, and we didn't celebrate the holidays. Christmas was Noah's favorite holiday. It hasn't been the same without him."

"Of course it hasn't, but do you think he'd want you to stop enjoying the magic of Christmas? He wouldn't want you to stop living, sweetheart." His words gave me pause. I'd probably heard the same arguments from others, but I couldn't be sure. No one had ever gotten through to me like Brady.

I pulled back and stared at *the biker* in front of me. My heart fluttered like

a love-struck woman as I stared at his handsome face. It should be a crime to be so fucking perfect and a doctor to boot.

Brady Hayes had blond hair, mesmerizing blue eyes, a razor-sharp jawline, and full lips. Below the belt, he had the most addictive cock, long and thick, practically able to split me in two with his violent thrusts. No woman in North Dakota or the entire Upper Midwest would have said no to his invitation to spend the weekend at his lake cabin. But he'd brought me.

He'd always said I was the only woman he wanted, but I'd been stubborn and hadn't believed him. I was starting to believe him now.

"No, Noah wouldn't want me to stop living," I replied honestly. "But how I am supposed to enjoy the season he loved? He died because of me."

"Oh, baby. There is no greater honor than dying to protect someone you love."

"I don't want you to die for me." Was he crazy? If I could go back to that day, I would've run for my life. Screamed for help before the big brute had shoved us into Noah's car and driven us out of town. "It's that mindset I want no part of. We're in the medical field, Brady. We help people and save lives. Not kill and die for others."

"Knights don't kill innocent people, Mercy. You know that."

"Yes. But every time I see a leather jacket or vest—"

"It's leather cut."

"Whatever." I blew out an annoyed breath. "I still get triggered by bikers. Why do you think I'd only let you fuck me at the hospital or the hotel after our shift? I can't handle seeing you in your leather *cut*."

"Shit, that makes a lot of sense."

I nodded.

"But I can't quit the club. Don't want to if I'm honest."

My hopes and dreams came crashing down. I pushed his hands off me and climbed off his lap. "Take me home, please." I went to the door and put on my boots.

"No." He jumped to his feet and crossed his arms over his chest. "We need to work through this. Do you know what a tremendous breakthrough we've had? You opened up to me, sweetheart."

"Yes. I poured out my heart and shared the most private, painful event in my life and you don't give a shit!" I put my coat on. "If you won't drive me, I'll take an Uber."

"There aren't any up here." The jerk smirked like he had me right where

he wanted me—at his mercy. “And I give a shit. I love you, Mercy.”

“No, you don’t, or you’d do anything to be with me.” I flung the door open and trotted down the steps, then picked up speed toward the road. On foot, the frontage road was a lot farther than I recalled. It was around two in the afternoon, and it felt like the temperature was dropping. I’d be a frozen popsicle if I didn’t get a ride soon.

“Mercy! Goddammit!” he yelled.

I peered over my shoulder and saw him running after me. And making excellent progress. His boots weren’t like mine. They were made for traipsing through the snow, whereas mine were fashion boots.

Stupid, stupid, stupid girl. You should’ve gone for functional.

“Mercy, stop before you get hurt.”

It was as if he’d cursed me. Something made me lose my footing, and I tumbled onto packed snow along the side of the driveway. I landed on my stomach and my face.

“Baby, are you okay?” Brady dropped to his knees beside me. “Where do you hurt?” He gently rolled me onto my back. “Fuck, your nose is bleeding.”

“But that’s not what hurts.”

“What hurts, baby?” He plucked tissues out of his coat pocket and put them to my nose.

“My heart.” I held the wad of Kleenex against my nose. “But I’ll live. Wouldn’t be the first time my heart died.” I attempted to stand, but Brady scooped up off my feet and carried me back to his cabin.

“Dammit, Mercy. I’m not trying to break your heart. I only want to protect it and you.” He didn’t grunt or huff, carrying me. Could he not tell I’d gained nearly twenty pounds since the shooting?

“Put me down. I can walk on my own. You might pull something.” At my heaviest, I weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. But then I’d started messing around with Brady and dropped ten pounds, which I’d attributed to happy endorphins and being Doctor McHottie. The extra pounds had seemed to melt away on their own. But now, I was closing in on a hundred and sixty pounds, thanks to stress eating.

“Stop it. You know I love your curves.”

I huffed and snapped my mouth shut. Sure, he might have mentioned liking meat on a woman, but nothing about liking a chubby woman.

We entered the cabin. Brady kicked the door shut and set me on my feet.

“You’re infuriating, y’know?” He removed my coat and squatted to take

off my boots. “You could’ve smashed your skull on the hard snow and killed yourself. Then I would’ve died too.” He repeated the words I’d told him earlier and stared at me with a penetrating gaze.

“I needed to get away from you.”

“Don’t ever do it again.” He removed his boots and set them beside mine on the rubber tray. “I’ll punish you if you do.”

Tingles sparked in my pussy, but I ignored them. “Am I allowed to wash the blood off my face and change into dry clothes?”

“Sure. I’ll help.”

“I’m a nurse and capable of tending to a bloody nose.”

He ignored me as he led me to the bathroom. “Stop being a brat and let me help you.”

“Oh, I’m a brat? How nice.” I nudged him away from me as I entered the bathroom.

“The most gorgeous brat on the planet.” He smirked and retrieved a washcloth from a narrow linen cabinet. “Spunky and sassy, too. She turns me on with only a look and makes my heart race when I’m near her.”

“Sounds like she’s not good for your health.” I let him clean my face, which was sweet. But I wasn’t a child and could do it myself.

“That’s where you’re wrong. She’s the reason I rise in the morning. No matter what’s happening in my life or how many patients I couldn’t save, she always knows what to say before I fall into a dark pit of failure.”

I cut my eyes at him. “Are you serious?” I couldn’t believe what I was hearing.

“It’s the truth, Mercy. You stabilize me. So imagine the darkness I’d been in the past few months without you.”

“Brady, I didn’t know.”

“I need you more than I’ve ever needed anyone.” He stripped down to his boxers, then removed my clothes, leaving me in my panties and bra. His warm touch made goose bumps cover my body. “I love you, Mercy.”

“I’m beginning to believe you.”

He lifted me into his arms again and carried me into the living room. He lowered onto his knees in front of the fireplace and laid me on the fur rug. Covering me with his muscular body, he captured my lips.

I kissed him back, desperate for anything he wanted to give me. “Please, Brady.”

“Please what?”

“Please give me your dick.”

“This one?” He buried himself between my thighs.

“Yes!” I bucked against his iron rod, pleased he was as affected as me. In the two years I’d been fooling around with Brady, we’d never spoken as much as we have today. It may sound weird, but I loved him despite knowing very little about each other. How could I not have grown attached, when I’d shared my body with him dozens of times?

“Then take it, sweetheart. My cock is yours so long as your pussy is mine.” He kissed me hard before I could argue with him. However, he didn’t know I would agree.

I tugged at his boxers until they slipped below his round, firm ass. He lifted his hips to allow me to lower my panties, but I struggled a little. Stupid extra weight. For an average-height woman, there weren’t a lot of places to pack on twenty pounds. Plus, I was short-waisted, and fat loved to attach itself to my middle like the jolly old man dressed in red.

“Babe, I can’t get my panties off,” I told Brady in frustration. Why hadn’t I bought new ones, ones that fit? Well, it wasn’t like I’d been given much time to prepare for a weekend away with the man I was afraid to live without.

“Let me...” He rose to his knees and tore my satin red bottoms off me. The sound of satin ripping and the lustful swipe of his tongue along his bottom lip nearly made me come. God, I couldn’t get enough of the way he ogled my body, like he didn’t give two fucks that I’d gained weight. “So fucking beautiful.”

Right there, he’d confirmed my thoughts. Brady had always treated me like he couldn’t get enough of me, and he wasn’t acting any differently.

“Don’t tell me you can’t see how I’ve changed. And you better replace my bikinis,” I said teasingly. How could I ask him if he’d noticed? I wasn’t usually insecure, but it had been months since we’d been naked together. He’d have to be blind as a bat to not notice I was pudgy in the middle and my thighs were thicker and my ass was rounder... And, and, and...

Stop freaking out. If he didn’t want you, you wouldn’t be here. True!

“Don’t tell me you aren’t perfect when you know you are. Perfect for me.” He waggled his brows. “And you don’t need any underwear. They just get in the way.”

“Do they?” I asked in a flirty tone.

“For the duration of our getaway, you aren’t allowed to wear panties. I might not let you wear clothes at all.” He glided his hands against my inner

thighs, kneading my flesh, and almost touching my hot, throbbing center with the tips of his fingers.

“So bossy. I love it, but I’m overheating. I’m going to start sweating any second.” And I was getting wetter and wetter.

“Good. It’ll make fucking more fun when our bodies slip and slide against each other.” His thumbs massaged my pussy lips and spreading me open a little. He blew cool air on my lady bits to drive me wild. It worked.

I reached for his teasing fingers like a needy woman. The thing about being with a doctor was their hands were always soft, which made for a delightful experience when they played with your pussy. No rough, callused hands or sharp, jagged nails. Brady’s hands were strong and soft as silk.

“Please. God, please,” I whined as I reached for his biceps to pull him on top of me. It hadn’t been easy sharing about my brother’s death or being vulnerable, but I felt lighter. Free to move forward. However, it wasn’t lost on me that he’d said he couldn’t quit the club. I didn’t want to think about that right now. I only wanted to focus on Brady and me fucking.

“So needy.” He smirked, wedging himself between my legs. “Before I spear you with my cock, do you want me to wear a condom?”

“Have you been with anyone since our last time together?”

“Nope. I’ll say it again. I only want you.”

“Then take me bare. I’m on the pill.”

“Fuck yeah.” He drove into me and crushed his lips to mine. He set a steady speed for his powerful thrusts. It was everything and more than I’d been dreaming of.

My body responded to him beautifully. To be connected to him in this intimate way was like coming home. Brady Hayes was my person. After far too long, I was finally ready to declare that my heart, body, and soul belonged to him.

He reared back, breaking our wild kiss. “I know you want to tell me, sweetheart. Don’t be afraid to give me the words.”

I stared at him and let down my protective walls. “I love you, Brady.”

“I love you too, Mercy.” He resumed kissing me and I felt a shift between us. Brady wasn’t fucking me. He was making love to me.

I filled my hands with his squeezable ass and pulled him deeper into me. Meeting his thrusts and hearing the sounds our bodies made as they slapped against one other made the world outside the walls of his cabin disappear.

“Right here, right now, I’m the happiest I’ve been in my adult life,” he

told me through tender kisses.

“I wish we could stay this way forever.”

“No need to wish, baby. We can make it happen.” He amped up his speed and ecstasy shot through my soul.

“Brady!” I cried out his name when my release hit.

He drove into me and filled me with his cum. His body turned to iron as he hovered above me and kissed me breathless, stealing the oxygen from my lungs.

It was official. I loved Brady Hayes, had been in love with him for a long time, and I wanted the world to know it.

Stitch

On the second day of our holiday getaway, I had big plans. The winter storm I'd been watching was coming straight for us. We'd be snowed in a day or two, stuck in my cabin as sub-zero temperatures descended. But before the blizzard hit, there were two things I wanted to do with Mercy.

One: Take her ice fishing. Catching a couple of walleyes would be good to have on hand in case we ran out of food and if we didn't need it, I'd take them to Mercy's dad.

Two: I wanted to propose to her while ice skating.

Both activities were outdoors, and I had little time to get it all done before we were snowbound.

First things first, though. I inhaled the scent of her pussy into my lungs, then licked her slowly, flattening my tongue against her heat.

Mercy didn't stir, sound asleep as if she'd worked back-to-back, twelve-hour shifts in the emergency room. It might take a bulldozer to wake her, instead of my hungry mouth.

It was nearly eight in the morning, and my baby had had an exhausting night of sex. After she told me she loved me, I was like a junky high on crack. I couldn't get enough of her lips—both pairs. When my cock had been in recovery mode, I'd put my mouth to work. I'd made her come so many times, I'd lost track after her thirteenth climax.

We'd taken breaks to eat and drink.

Showered twice.

Fucked on every flat surface in my cabin, which wasn't many. But it was still fucking amazing and the best night of my life.

I dragged my tongue through her tender folds and fondled her puckered rosette with my finger, to wake up my queen.

And Mercy was my queen. Now that I knew she loved me, I would never let her go.

Last night was about showing her how much I desired and loved her. The weight she'd gained had meant nothing to me. Hell, I loved her curves and how soft she felt under me. Her body was only the shell that housed the heart and soul of the woman I loved.

I loved Mercy Kolter inside and out, from her strawberry-blonde hair and ice-blue eyes, down to her cute little toes and everything in between.

"Brady?" she called in a groggy voice.

I replied by sucking on her clit.

"Oh my gosh, that feels so good. Can I expect this every morning from now on?"

I captured her little berry between my teeth.

"Is that a yes?" she asked with a gasp. "Okay, then. I approve." She fuck my face and held onto my head.

If I died while eating her out, I wouldn't be angry one bit.

"I'm coming!" Her nails dug into my scalp, and she coated my tongue with her cream. I lapped up every drop and stayed put under the comforter until she melted, wholly sated.

"Time to rise and shine, sweetheart." I crawled beside her, took her in my arms, and kissed her forehead.

"I want to stay in bed all day."

"Tomorrow we can. Today we have things to do."

"Tomorrow, we return home." She frowned and snuggled against me.

"Nope. A blizzard is coming. It'll keep us put for an extra day or two."

"Really?" Her face lit up like a Christmas tree. "That's fantastic!"

"I thought you might be happy about it. But as I said, we have things to do and not much time."

"Oh, pooh. You're no fun."

"Sure I am. Ever fucked in an icehouse before?"

Her eyes went wide. "No."

“Me either. Hustler tells me it’s an experience all men and women should have.”

“Hope has never mentioned it.” She propped up, letting the blankets fall to her waist. Her lush tits tempted me, beckoning my mouth to suckle, but I had to resist. “But I’m open to new experiences.”

“Then let’s grab some breakfast and my fishing gear and head out.”

“Okay!” She bolted to the bathroom, her naked form taunting me as I admired her. I couldn’t wait to fuck her on the ice.

##SCENE BREAK

“Oh. My. God! Brady!” Mercy screamed as she bounced on my lap. Her aroused sounds pinged off the walls of the ice hut. I hoped the dudes in the shack next to us *could* hear and were pea green with envy and went home with blue balls.

Snickering to myself, I squeezed Mercy’s bare ass cheeks and enjoyed the show.

After we’d caught two good-sized walleyes, I’d turned up the portable heater and placed it beside us so we could strip out of our clothes. Hustler should have given me tips on how and where to screw my queen. Or offered his fish house, which was like a small travel trailer on wheels, complete with kitchenette and a bed. But what fun would that have been, when right now we were doing it like I imagined Vikings had done back in the day?

The only logical place in the ice fishing shanty seemed to be with her on my lap while I sat on a chair. At least the thermal shelter was a festive red. Sort of added to my enjoyment and the holiday spirit.

I had to admit, Mercy was a sight. Her pale skin gleamed with sweat. Lush tits bouncing. Mouth gaping. I could stare at her with her long strawberry-blond hair wild and sticking to her shoulders for the rest of my life. Hell, nothing would make me happier than to have this goddess riding me day and night like my own Viking princess.

“Brady, I’m close!” She picked up speed. Loved how she was doing on the work and taking what she desired like a possessed woman.

Any second I spray her insides with my cum, then I’d pray her birth control failed. I wanted my baby inside her belly by New Year.

I grabbed her head and devoured her neck. The saltiness didn’t bother me. In fact, I kind of liked it. Reminded me of the taste of my semen on her lips.

“What the Sam Hill you all doing in there? Is everything all right?” one of

the dudes asked. “Sounds like your lady is in pain.”

Mercy slapped her hand over her mouth, mortification chasing away her arousal.

“We’re fine. Get lost!” I shouted, hating how we’d been interrupted.

“You’re not killing her, are you? I’ll call the sheriff.”

“Hell no. We’re fucking. Now get lost!”

“Oh, my God! You didn’t have to tell him that.” Mercy swatted my shoulder.

“Christ, buddy. At least try to keep it down. Your woman is scaring the fish away.”

“Sure, I’ll gag her.” I guffawed when Mercy jumped on my lap, a look of surprise. “Not really, baby,” I whispered.

Mercy broke out into giggles. “I’m so embarrassed. You know, they saw what I look like when we pulled up in your car.”

“It’s all good, sweetheart. We’re just making memories, memories we’ll share with our kids when we’re old and gray.”

“I won’t be gray. I’ll dye my hair to keep it its natural color. And we absolutely won’t tell them about today. Do you want to scar them for life?”

I stared at her, my heart full of love and admiration for her. She talked about us and our unborn children naturally, like it was a forgone conclusion we’d get married and have a family.

More than ever, I couldn’t wait to propose.

Mercy

What a day it had been. Ice fishing and fucking simultaneously. I couldn't make this kind of stuff up.

But who knew I'd enjoy being cooped up with Doctor McHottie? Who knew I'd like ice fishing, drinking beer and eating the remaining charcuterie board as we stared at a whole in the ground? Not me, that was for sure.

We'd returned to the cabin a little while ago to put the walleye away and get the ice skating shoes Brady had purchased but had left in his bedroom.

"The sun is fading fast. We better get going if you don't want to skate in the dark." He rushed out of his room with a tote bag in hand.

"I'm ready." I smiled and clapped my gloved hands.

"Don't you look cute in your red knitted hat and scarf?" He hiked a curious brow as he assessed me. "Thought you didn't like Christmas."

I wrapped my arms around his waist and peered up at him. "I don't or didn't. But that doesn't mean I don't like the color red."

"Point made." He kissed the tip of my nose. "Let's go. The pond is a short walk behind the cabin."

"Oh, I didn't know we were walking. Maybe I should add a few more layers."

"You're good. We won't be out too long. Don't forget we're decorating the tree." His gaze left mine and swooped over to the small tree he'd chopped

down while I was making Kahlua hot chocolate to take with us.

“Nope, I haven’t forgotten.” I rubbed the side of his handsome face. “I’m so in love with you, Brady Hayes. Just thought you should know.”

He dropped the bag on the floor and wrapped his arms around me and kissed me passionately. We were all tongues, hands, and soft sighs.

“I would be okay if we stayed in,” I told him through my kisses.

“But I really want to take you out on the ice.”

“You already did. Even fucked me on the ice.” I grinned, then captured his bottom lip between my teeth, and said, “Please.”

He kissed me hard, then pulled back. “I promise to give you my dick when we get back.”

“Well... Okay...” I playfully pushed him away. “If you insist.”

“I do.”

Twenty minutes later, we arrived at the frozen pond. The sky was gray, and the sun had dipped behind the evergreens.

“That wasn’t as short of a walk as I’d thought it would be,” I told him as I shivered.

“I should’ve considered the snow we walked on. Sorry, sweetheart. We’ll make this quick.” He led me to a tree stump and had me sit.

“It is pretty out here. Bet it’s really nice during summer. And warmer...”

“Wait for it.” He removed his phone from his coat pocket and seemed to type out a message.

“Did you get a text? What am I waiting for?”

He raised his hand as if telling me to be quiet.

I scowled and sealed my lips.

“Five, four, three,” he said while lowering each finger as he counted. “Two, one!” Suddenly, Christmas lights flashed on all around the pond.

I gasped from my spot and covered my mouth with my mitten. “Did you do all this? It’s so beautiful, like a winter wonderland!” And so worth having frozen snot in my nose and chattering teeth. Had he done all this special for me?

“Yep. Did it when I was out last week and linked it to my cell phone. Seeing the awe on your face made it worth it, Rudolph.” He booped my nose with his finger. “Let’s get your skates on before you turn into an ice sculpture.”

“No arguments there. It’s freezing!”

Brady made quick work of putting the skates on me, then himself. I

poured our spiked hot chocolate into a mug I'd brought so we could drink some to warm our insides before venturing out onto the ice.

"Are you ready, sweetheart?"

God, I loved how he called me sweetheart. "Yes. But be prepared to catch me when I fall."

"I won't let you fall." He took my hand and led me toward the ice. "We're just going to go slow, like we're walking."

"Okay." I squeezed his hand like he was my lifeline, because he was.

The surrounding trees illuminated the pond perfectly. I'd argue that it was better than the Rink at Rockefeller Center. Not that I'd ever been there, but I'd watched plenty of movies showcasing it.

"Take short, slow steps, baby." He went onto the ice first and held both of my hands as he skated backwards.

"Look at you, show off," I teased. "It's clear this isn't your first time."

"No. I played hockey in high school with Bone and Hustler."

I cocked my head. "You mean Micah and Levi."

"Yes. My mistake." He watched my feet. "You're doing fantastic. Let me pull you a little."

I bobbed my head and held my breath.

"Should I spin you?"

"No! Not if you want to live to see tomorrow."

"I definitely want to live to see tomorrow, so no spinning." He chuckled. "We need some music." He released one of my hands and took out his phone again. Instantly, Christmas music started playing.

I dialed in, not recognizing the song until... "Are you serious right now? The main song from *The Grinch*? You're so rotten!"

Brady belly laughed, his cheeks turning red. "Baby, Faith Hill is a phenomenal singer, and I thought it would be romantic."

"Liar! You were teasing me. Romantic is 'Wrapped in Red' by Kelly Clarkson." The goofball was getting me worked up. There aren't many Christmas songs I can tolerate listening to since my brother's death. "Wrapped in Red" had a different vibe compared to all the traditional songs playing this time of year. Plus, it had me thinking of one jolly, handsome doctor, and it was also why I was wearing a red knitted hat and scarf.

Brady raised his cell phone and tapped the screen once, and my favorite song began.

"How did you know?" Emotion bubbled in my throat. I was a little

worried he had listened to the lyrics and knew it was a ballad I'd deemed for him.

"Sweetheart, I listen when you talk in the breakroom and everywhere else." He moved closer to me but not too close, or I'd surely fall on my ass.

And then he began singing the song as he steered me on the ice.

My heart would most definitely burst. "Brady, I think I'm going to faint."

"Just breathe, sweetheart."

"But this song is—"

"I know, my love. Risk it all and don't be afraid to fall." He slowed us, and once I stopped, Brady lowered to one knee.

"What are you doing?" Tears filled my eyes and blurred my vision. But I could make out the square red box and the look of hope on his face.

"Mercy Kolter..."

"Oh, God." My bottom lip trembled.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"No!"

He chuckled and continued. "I've been in love with you since our first time in the supply closet."

"That's over two years ago!"

"Yeah, I know. You're a tough nut to crack." He snorted and shook his head. "In all seriousness, you're the only woman I've ever loved, and no one could ever hold a candle to you. I've learned a lot about you in the past twenty-four hours, and I want to spend the rest of my life learning everything that makes you you. Will you marry me, Mercy Kolter, and finally put me out of my misery?"

I didn't hesitate. "Yes! Yes, I will marry you."

Brady slipped the ring on my finger and the pear-shaped diamond sparkled like the Northern Star. "It's a perfect fit."

"It's gorgeous. Breathtaking. More than I ever imagined I'd get when I fantasized." I couldn't tear my gaze off it.

"Who was your fantasy man?"

"You, silly." I reached for his jacket collar and lost my balance. "Ah!" My feet slipped and shuffled on the ice the way a person in a movie would do, feet going this way and that way. My body rocking forward and backwards. Arms flailing in the air, trying to grab something before they fell. "I'm going down!"

"Not the right choice of words at a time like this!" Brady fought to grab

my arms and just when I thought I was a goner, we went down together. My handsome, strong, protective fiancé hit the ice first, and I landed on him.

“Brady! Are you okay?” I reached for the back of his head to feel for blood. “Baby, I’m so sorry.”

“Bring those lips over her, Mrs. Hayes-to-be.” He pulled me toward him and kissed me long and hard on the frozen pond. Best day ever, and it wasn’t even over yet.

Stitch

She'd said yes. Mercy Kolter agreed to marry me, and I couldn't stop smiling. I wanted to call Bone and Hustler, and the rest of the Knights to share the news. They were the only family I had in the world... Until Mercy.

As I watched her hang an antique brass ball from my personal collection, on the five-foot tree I'd chopped down, I blinked away tears. My mom, Errika, would've loved Mercy. They were both sassy and hard workers, devoted to their jobs, and reliable. My mom had been a nurse, too.

Perhaps their similarities had been what had drawn me to Mercy. Although, they looked nothing alike, different hair and eye color, and my mom was a tall, five foot eight, thin woman. But they both had a kind spirit and passion for helping people.

"What do you think?" She beamed, admiring the finished tree. "I haven't felt this happy in a long time."

"It's almost as beautiful as you." I sidled up behind her and snaked my hands around her waist and put my cheek against hers.

"You're so sweet. Thank you."

"Happy looks good on you, sweetheart."

"I owe it all to you. You didn't give up on me like other guys."

I stiffened. "What other guys?"

"You aren't the only man I've been with, but you're the only one I've

loved.”

“Good answer.” I squeezed her and kissed her temple, feeling possessive and ready to kick the ass of any guy who touches my woman, going forward.

“Can I ask you something?”

“Sure.”

“Did you fall out of love with Christmas after your brother’s death?” I was sure he had to be the reason Mercy had turned into a Grinch. I knew the pain of losing a loved one. When my parents had died weeks after Christmas, I had the Knight family to support me. Ben and Lady M had gotten me through the worst time of my life. Fortunately, I’d been well acquainted with the motorcycle club family. I’d been best friends with Micah and Levi since grade school, so it hadn’t been weird moving in with them. They’d become my family overnight, and as much as I loved Mercy, I couldn’t quit being a member of the Knight’s Legion MC. I just couldn’t...

“Yes, but not because of Noah. Christmas was his favorite holiday. He’d go all Clark Griswold putting lights on the house, so we’d have the brightest, most obnoxious place on the street. He’d literally save all his birthday money and would mow neighbors’ grass all summer long just to buy more lights. Noah was crazy about Christmas, and I’d get just as over the top as him.”

“How? How were you over the top?” I couldn’t imagine such a Mercy.

She twisted around in my arms to face me. “December first, I’d start wearing Christmas themed clothes and socks. I was the girl who wore red and green ribbons and bows in her hair, even as a teenager. I didn’t care what anyone thought about me. And believe me, I was teased and mocked.”

“People suck.”

“They do.” She shrugged and smiled. “I sort of enjoyed being the Christmas dork. But man, I loved being emersed in all-things Christmas. I even decorated my bedroom and had my own personal tree. Noah had bought for me when I was ten...” I still have it tucked away in my closet.

“So, what happened? Why’d you turn into the Grinch?”

“My mom happened. After Noah’s death and moving to Fargo, she threw away all our decorations, and we stopped celebrating. I was so devastated over losing my brother, I’d just gone along with her hating on the season. I knew the holidays reminded her of my brother and it made her sad.”

“But he wouldn’t want you to be sad and stop celebrating his favorite time of year.”

She swallowed thickly and a single tear rolled down her cheek. “No, he

wouldn't. In fact, I imagine he'd be furious with me for ending our traditions."

Before things go too emotional and sad, I wanted to change the direction. "How about going forward we carry out your brother's traditions in our own family? I'm pretty good at hang lights and being obnoxious." I wagged my brows.

"You'll let me have massive blow ups on the front yard?"

"Absolutely."

"You're amazing. But now I have a question."

"You can ask me anything." I took her hand and led her to the leather sofa, where we could cuddle and eventually make love on.

"Will you ever stop being a biker?"

"No, baby, I won't. But you need to know, my position in the club isn't like the others. I'm their doctor. Ben and Lady M put me through med school to be their personal physician. Rarely do I join them when they take down drug dealers or rescue people from traffickers." I watched her process my words and prayed she wouldn't give back the engagement ring.

"I get the other guys aren't like the ones who killed Noah. Since Hope married Levi, I've gotten to know that family better. But I still get triggered when I see the leather cuts and hear the motorcycles."

"That's totally understandable and expected. You have trauma, probably PTSD. Therapy and time will help heal both."

"I know, and I have talked to a therapist. But what happens if I freak out when we're together and I push you away? Or worse. I could leave you."

"Not gonna happen, Mercy. I will help you through your episode. That's all it is, you know? A short-term episode and now that I know what's the cause of your behavior, I will never let you go, baby."

"I love you so much, Brady Hayes." She launched herself into my lap and kissed me wildly. "Make love to me."

I put her on her back and undressed her. Her sweater and leggings were tossed onto the floor, and like a good, obedient girl, she wasn't wearing underwear.

"Brr." She wrapped her arms around herself. "Better hurry and get on my level of nakedness. It's cold." She shook on the sofa. "I hear the winds picking up."

"We'll be buried by morning." I kicked off my jeans and gripped my cock, giving it a few light strokes just to watch Mercy drool.

“That’s fine. But right now, I want *you* buried in me. Come here, Doctor Hayes.” She reached her hand out to me and opened her legs. “I want it slow and deep. Smash me against the leather with your muscly body.”

“Jesus, you turn me on.” I smothered her as she’d requested and entered her warm heat with a slow, deep thrust.

We melted into one being, kissing and loving. In all my years of being a single man, this was what I’d always wanted. A woman to love and protect, a genuine person with scars and who’d experienced loss like me.

“I claim you, Mercy Kolter. You’re mine.”

“And you’re mine.”

“Hell yes.”

I made love to my woman with the warmth and glow of the hearth beside us, and the first tree Mercy had decorated in more than a decade. I’d make sure she never went through another year without Christmas.

Good-bye, Grinch Mercy.

7

Mercy

The winds last night were loud and strong, and they had created a five-foot tall drift against the front door. I was confident Brady could dig us out, but why would we want to return home when we were still celebrating our engagement?

I'd be just fine, tucked away in his cabin and hidden from the world for a long time. Maybe not for forever, but the time we'd had together brought us closer and for that, I was grateful Mother Nature had dropped a foot of snow on us.

Except, for one thing... We'd lost power and Brady's generator wasn't working right. I was plenty warm by the hearth, but cooking on an open fire wasn't something I knew how to do. Brady, on the other hand, moved about like a pro as he cooked bacon and eggs for us.

"Are you sure I can't help with something?"

He peered over his shoulder and smiled. "No, baby. You stay put. Wouldn't want you to catch fire while wrapped in the down comforter. I'm almost finished."

"Okay." I scanned the small space, wholly at peace and filled with joy. The Christmas tree. The rustic log walls. The smell of bacon and the sight of my man... This right here was heaven on earth.

"I have one more surprise for you. I meant to give it to you last night, but we were busy with other things." He stood and went into the kitchen.

"So, we're calling sex, *other things*?" I snorted and watched what he was grabbing.

"Sure." He brought a paper bag and sat beside me. "I can't believe I almost forgot I'd brought this." He removed plastic containers and took their lids off.

"Lefse! You brought lefse and didn't tell me!" I clapped under the blankets and nearly screamed with delight. We'd been here for days and he was only now bringing it out?

"A lot happened the last few days."

"True. Where'd you buy it?"

"I made it myself." He spread butter and sprinkled cinnamon sugar on one. It looked like a tortilla, except it was made of potatoes, not flour.

"No, you didn't." I nudged him. "Did you, really?"

"Yup. Lady M taught me. Last year, I'd overheard you and some nurses talking about lefse. You'd said it was your favorite holiday treat. My next day off, I'd dug out my mom's recipe, bought all the ingredients and went to the farm to make them with Lady M. What do you think?" He handed me the rolled treat.

I bit off a piece and hummed. "So good." I gobbled up the rest and happily bounced in my spot on the floor. "Can't believe my man makes lefse."

I hit the lottery with you.”

“Glad you think so.” He put equal amounts of bacon and eggs on a plate for each of us, then sat next to me. “I feel pretty lucky myself.”

“You are way more accomplished than me. A doctor. Christmas hero. A lefse maker. I could go on.”

He chuckled heartedly. “Please, don’t. I hate that I’m an overachiever. There’s nothing cool about being a nerd.”

“Well, you’re my nerd and I’m the luckiest girl on the planet.”

“Okay, baby. Now eat before it gets cold.” How adorable was he? I think I embarrassed him. I wouldn’t have thought it was possible, a big bad biker like him. But there was a lot more to Brady Hayes than he’d revealed until now.

We dug into our food and ate quietly. It amazed me how far we’d come since arriving at his cabin. It was like finally coming home.

“I feel bad it took so long to let you in. I wasn’t the nicest person at times.” Jeez, I was flat out mean to him sometimes. “You didn’t have to put up with my shit, ya know?”

“I knew you’d come around and could tell you wanted me just as much as I wanted you, but you were afraid.”

“I was afraid. It didn’t help when Forrest shot you. I’ve been in love with you for a while, so seeing you bleeding out made me fear the worst. I didn’t want to lose you like I had my brother.”

“I wish you would’ve told me all this months ago. I would’ve reassured you we’d be okay.”

“That damn hindsight is always twenty-twenty, isn’t it?”

“Yup. We can’t change the past, but we can do right going forward.”

“I want to do right from now on.” I nibbled a slice of bacon. “When do you want to get married?” It was time to change the topic to something more pleasant.

“Is Christmas Eve too soon?” He turned his handsome face toward me. “I don’t want to wait another day, sweetheart. Let’s make it legal as soon as possible.”

I gaped, completely shocked.

“Unless you want a big wedding?”

“I don’t. Christmas Eve will be perfect. We can go to the courthouse and... Wait. We both work.”

“No, we don’t. I requested the day off and let your boss know you needed

it off, too.” He grimaced, then shoveled eggs into his mouth.

“You are pretty cocky, Doctor Hayes.” I grinned at him. Perhaps I should be angry he’d been presumptuous, but his intentions were pure. My brother Noah would’ve liked Brady, and I could hear him telling me to give the guy a break. So, I would.

“Are you angry?”

“Not at all. If you’re sure you want to marry me on Christmas Eve, I’m totally on board.”

“I’m sure.” He set his plate down, took mine, and put it next to his. “I’m one thousand percent sure. Now let’s seal the deal.”

“Wanna do *other things*, do ya?” I opened my blankets and invited him to join me.

“There’s nothing better than doing other things with you. Er, rather to you.” His lips went to my neck, and I melted. “How soon do you want to get pregnant? I’m ready now.”

“I’m ready for everything and anything, so long as you’re by my side.” In the spring, I’d turn twenty-seven. Brady was five years older than me. It didn’t surprise me that he wanted to start a family right away. It would be wonderful to create a life together, someone who was part of both of us, and maybe a little like my brother and Brady’s parents.

“Baby, I’m not going anywhere.” He turned me onto my stomach and lifted me onto my knees. He drove into me and nearly knocked the air out of my lungs. “You’re mine. Tell me you’re mine.” He slammed into me again.

“I’m yours.” I stared at the tree he’d chopped down for me. Clear mini lights twinkled like stars in the sky. The antique brass balls that were his late mother’s danced in the glow, and the scent of fresh pine imprinted on my brain as Brady fucked me from behind.

“My Mercy.” He hammered into me, and I loved how he turned off his soft side and unleashed his possessive-alpha side. He could switch from sweet to brutal in an instant. But I knew he’d never hurt me. “You’ve been mine for two years and next week, you’d legally become mine forever. I love you, sweetheart.”

I’d repeat the sentiment, but an epic orgasm stole my breath away. Fisting the comforter under me, I focused on the Christmas tree and let the magic of the season back into my soul. I had Brady to thank, Brady to love and adore.

Suddenly, I shattered into a million pieces as ecstasy crashed through me. I screamed his name and froze. My pussy pulsed and squeezed his dick,

forcing his release out of him.

“Fuck, Mercy!” His arms wrapped around me, and he pulled me against his chest. His cum dripped out of me and soiled the blankets. “Fuck, I love you.”

“And I love you.”

We collapsed on the floor, panting and gasping. Brady tangled us up in the blanket, and there on the floor in front of the hearth and tree, we drifted off for a snowbound, late-morning nap.

Stitch

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Are you trying to tickle your lungs with the head of my dick?” I hissed and squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to not come prematurely. I wanted to enjoy Mercy’s overeagerness to make the last day of our holiday getaway memorable.

She’d achieved her goal. Exceeded my expectations, not that I’d had any when I passed out last night with my face nestled between her tits.

My girl had woken me in the best possible way and had taken *deep throat* to a new level.

No question, I’d never forget having her face buried in my pubes. Or the sounds of her gagging as she took me all the way into her throat, or the saliva coating my thighs.

Damn. That was all I could say, just *damn*.

I didn’t want to leave my cabin. Couldn’t we just live in the woods, secluded from the rest of society, and have sex morning, noon, and night? I had more than enough money to afford such a meager living. I’d paid cash for the place, owed it free and clear, could fish and hunt for food. Mercy could tend to the cleaning and focus on satisfying her man’s carnal desires. And I’d make sure my woman’s needs were met as well.

She mumbled and tapped my hip. Sort of seemed like she was scolding me.

“What’s that, sweetheart? I can’t understand you with your mouth full of my dick.” I smirked and propped myself up on my elbows to look down at her.

She glared at me with fire in her piercing, ice-blue eyes.

Oops!

“Sorry, baby. Don’t mean to be an ass. Is something wrong?” Holy fuck, she was hotter than hot with her mouth stretched wide around my cock.

More angry mumbled, but this time she grabbed both of my hips and moved them. Ah, I understood now.

“You want me to fuck your face now, don’t ya?”

She bobbed her head.

“Okay, baby.” So much for staying like this all morning. I got to fucking. To be fair, I imagined her jaw probably hurt. My poor woman. I’d enjoyed her efforts way too much and didn’t want it to end. My thoughts had distracted me enough to keep me from coming quickly. My bad.

I bucked and welcomed the sensations whirling in me.

“That’s it, Mercy.” I held onto her head and our gazes locked. “You are so fucking perfect.” My balls tightened and my spine tingled.

She took my abuse like a champ. And now the fun would end...

“Fuck,” I gritted out, and blew my load.

Mercy couldn’t hold on and released me, falling onto her side and holding her face. “Where and the hell had you gone to while I was sucking you off?”

“Lost in my thoughts, I guess.”

“Wow, the experience was that boring, huh?”

“No.” I collected her into my arms and cuddled her. “It was fucking awesome. I didn’t want it to end.”

“If there’s a next time, you better be present, mister.”

“*If* there’s a next time?” I kissed her head.

“Don’t get your hopes up. My jaw needs therapy.” She rubbed it. “I can hear the conversation now. The questions about how I injured it. Me dodging said questions, so I don’t tell them I was giving my fiancé a blowjob and he has a big dick.” She hid her face behind her hands.

I held back a chuckle. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I won’t hold off coming again. But can you fault a guy for wanting to savor and prolong having his cock in his woman’s mouth? I mean, I nearly suffocate when I’m eating you out and your orgasm takes a while. We both sacrifice for the other.”

Mercy roared with laughter. “Is that what we’re doing? Sacrificing for the

other? Good to know!”

“Listen.” I caressed her jaw. “You were phenomenal. Thank you.”

“It was my pleasure.”

I kissed her softly for a spell, then we got up and prepared to head home.

There wasn't too much to pack up. I tossed out the leftover food in the fridge and left the tree inside. We agreed we'd return before or right after the New Year to take it down together.

By noon, we were on the road, heading home after a very eventful week. But I wasn't taking Mercy to her place. We were stopping at the Knights' farm to announce our engagement. Mercy was texting Hope to meet us. I decided to call my best friend, Bone...

“Who's this?” he answered, snarky as always.

“Who do you think? Or did you remove me from your contacts and can't see my name?”

“Stitch? Stitch, is that you? As Destiny would say, oh my gawd!” he yelled into the phone.

I pulled the phone away from my ear and shook my head. “He's an idiot,” I said to Mercy.

“Hey! Who are you talking to?” Bone asked.

“Are you going to stop acting like a moron and talk like a normal person so I can tell you the news?”

“Normal is overrated,” he grumbled. “Tell me what news?”

“I'm getting married Christmas Eve. I need my best friend to be my best man.”

“Who'd you knock up?”

I burst out laughing. “I didn't knock up anyone, asshole. Mercy and I are getting hitched.”

“Well, it's about fucking time. I'd be honored to be your best man.”

“Awesome. Figured since you and Destiny would be out for Christmas, the timing would work out nicely for you all.”

“Um...” Bone's voice lowered. “Destiny isn't coming home with me. She's spending the holidays in California with her new family.”

I screwed up my face and looked at Mercy. She seemed to strain to hear what Bone was saying.

“Why aren't you going with her?” I asked.

“Didn't want to be in the way. And how can I be your best man if I'm on the West Coast?”

“Are you pulling away from her? Don’t be an idiot. You should go with her.” My best friend could be an arrogant asshole, but down to his core, he was a softy and felt pain deeply. He masked his feelings so no one would like him. He had a lot of emotional baggage from his childhood. I should’ve been keeping in touch with him better.

“She left yesterday with her brothers and won’t return until after the first of the year.”

Oh man, I could hear it in his voice. He missed her already. “After Christmas, go surprise her. Ring in the New Year with your girl.”

“She’s not my girl. You know our arrangement.”

“Why’re you fighting your feelings? Tell Destiny you love her and claim her.”

“Is Mercy with you?”

“Yeah. We’re driving home from Lake of the Woods.”

“Thought she was there. Convo over.”

“I don’t have you on speaker. She can’t hear anything.” I shrugged at Mercy.

“Doesn’t matter. Convo over. Tell your woman I said congratulations and I’ll be at your wedding. Just text me the details.”

“Bone, if you need anything”

“Don’t need nothing, brother. Enjoy the day with your girl. We’ll talk soon.” He was doing everything possible to end the call. Micah never liked talking, much less on the phone.

“Okay. We’re heading to the farm to make a formal announcement. I’ll be in touch.”

“Sounds good. Later.” And just like that, Bone was gone.

I put the phone down and reached for Mercy’s hand. “Micah said congratulations and he’ll be at the wedding.”

“But without Destiny.”

“Right. She’s spending the holidays with her newly discovered family.”

“And Micah isn’t with her?”

“Nope.” I shook my head, feeling sorry for my best friend. Micah wasn’t the sort of guy who got attached to anyone. The mere fact that Destiny was living with him and sleeping in his bed meant a hell of a lot. Maybe not to the average onlooker, but I knew him as well as I knew myself. He was in love with Destiny, but too afraid to admit it.

I kissed Mercy’s hand. Avoidance of feelings was something she had in

common with Micah. But if I could break through her walls, Destiny could break through Micah's.

"What's keeping them from being a real couple?" Mercy asked.

"Micah's standing in his own way of happiness."

"Yikes. I know what that's like. Do you know if Destiny loves him? It takes a persistent and determined person to break through iron walls. I'm just talking from experience."

"I'm not sure if she does." I kissed Mercy's engagement ring. "If she did, would she have left him for their first Christmas together?"

"That's a hard question to answer. I don't know Destiny well enough to guess what's going on in her head."

"Probably better not to make assumptions, anyway."

"Probably not."

When we pulled in front of Lady M's and Ben's farmhouse, it was suppertime and dark out. But as always, the house illuminated the property with thousands of lights.

"Looks like everyone is here." Mercy peered at the vehicles parked near the barn.

"Yup. Looks like it. Are you ready?" I leaned over, cupped the back of her neck, and pulled her toward me. "Just need a taste before we go in." I smashed my lips to hers.

Peace washed over me. It was like I needed a fix. A little piece of Mercy to sustain me until I got her home and could make love to her.

Knocking on Mercy's window had us pulling apart and her yelping in fear.

"Get inside!" Hustler hollered. "Come on, lovebirds." He waved us to follow as he trotted back to the house.

"He has horrible timing. I was about to suggest a quicky." She stole a quick kiss and opened the door. "Now we'll just have to wait until later."

"Waiting isn't the worst thing. Then we can take our time."

"Excellent point. Let's do this."

Mercy

We entered the home, our hands joined and my heart beating faster than normal. Within seconds, Hope was hugging me and bouncing on her toes. Clearly, she had guessed what the big news was. Of course she had. She was my best friend and knew I'd gone away with Brady. When she first found out about us, she'd encouraged me to pursue a relationship with him, but I'd been a stubborn head.

"If I'm making a fool of myself, tell me now before I completely embarrass myself," she whispered. "You're engaged, right?"

"Now, what fun would it be if I told you before everyone else?"

She squealed and hugged me tighter. "I'm so happy for you."

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“I doubt she’ll want to go because it will be Christmas Eve.”

“And that’s her choice, baby. We’ll accept it and not give her a bad time about it.”

I nodded and exhaled a deep breath.

At the door, I knocked, even though I’d been living here since Hope and Levi got together, and could walk right in.

“I should’ve given them advance notice that we were coming by.”

“It’s fine, baby.” He put his arm around me and rubbed my arm.

“Mercy? Why are you knocking?” Mom’s gaze went to Brady. “Oh, Doctor Hayes.” She stepped back and let us enter.

“I have something I want to talk to you and dad about.”

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“I’ll get right to the point.” *Just get it over with.* “Brady and I are engaged.” I showed them the huge diamond on my finger.

“Well, congratulations.” Dad got to his feet and hugged me, then shook Brady’s hand. “This is great news. Right, Sue?”

“Yes, congratulations.” Mom hugged me, but I could tell she wasn’t thrilled. She was only being nice. “Doctor Hayes, welcome to the family.”

“Please, call me Brady.”

“Yes, of course. Brady.” She forced a tight smile.

“So, have you set a date?” Dad asked, attempting to clear out the tension my mom was radiating.

“We have. Christmas Eve. At the county courthouse around noon, before it closes.” My gaze ping-ponged between my parents. Dad seemed totally fine, while my mom looked as if she’d throw up any second.

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Stitch

On our first day back at work after our holiday getaway and being snowed in, our engagement had spread through the hospital like wildfire.

Mercy was on edge, afraid her supervisor would call a meeting with her and the medical director, but I'd assured her it was fine. We hadn't been breaking any rules.

But I heard the whispers. The shock in voices and snide comments.

Mercy isn't good enough for Doctor Hayes.

She must be pregnant. Why else would he marry her?

Why would he pick her? She's a fat grump.

I'd almost choked the bitch who called my woman a fat grump. And of course, Mercy had heard. She'd held it together long enough to get me out of the breakroom. Now I was consoling her in the supply closet we used to fool around in.

"That bitch is just jealous of you, baby. Don't cry." It broke my heart to hear her sobbing and feel her shaking in my arms. "Every woman who talked about us are bitches and sluts. They say shit like that because they wish they were half as beautiful as you. They aspire to be you, Mercy."

She sniffled and pulled back. "Am I fat, though?"

"For fuck's sake. No, you're not fat." I palmed and squeezed her plump peach of an ass. "I fucking love this ass. You know I do and don't deny it."

“I guess you wouldn’t have asked me to marry you if you thought I was ugly or fat. No one was holding a gun to your head... Nobody was forcing you to marry me, were they?”

“That’s it.” I lowered to my knees and tugged down her scrubs. “You need your pussy devoured right now.” I lifted her leg, placed it over my shoulder and dove right in.

11

Mercy

We entered the home, our hands joined and my heart beating faster than normal. Within seconds, Hope was hugging me and bouncing on her toes. Clearly, she had guessed what the big news was. Of course she had. She was my best friend and knew I’d gone away with Brady. When she first found out about us, she’d encouraged me to pursue a relationship with him, but I’d been a stubborn head.

“If I’m making a fool of myself, tell me now before I completely embarrass myself,” she whispered. “You’re engaged, right?”

“Now, what fun would it be if I told you before everyone else?”

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On our first Christmas together,

“Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Are you trying to tickle your lungs with the head of my dick?” I hissed and squeezed my eyes shut, willing myself to not come prematurely. I wanted to enjoy Mercy’s overeagerness to make the last day of our holiday getaway memorable.

She’d achieved her goal. Exceeded my expectations, not that I’d had any when I passed out last night with my face nestled between her tits.

My girl had woken me in the best possible way and had taken *deep throat* to a new level.

No question, I’d never forget having her face buried in my pubes. Or the sounds of her gagging as she took me all the way into her throat, or the saliva coating my thighs.

Damn. That was all I could say, just *damn*.

I didn’t want to leave my cabin. Couldn’t we just live in the woods, secluded from the rest of society, and have sex morning, noon, and night? I had more than enough money to afford such a meager living. I’d paid cash

for the place, owed it free and clear, could fish and hunt for food. Mercy could tend to the cleaning and focus on satisfying her man's carnal desires. And I'd make sure my woman's needs were met as well.

She mumbled and tapped my hip. Sort of seemed like she was scolding me.

"What's that, sweetheart? I can't understand you with your mouth full of my dick." I smirked and propped myself up on my elbows to look down at her.

She glared at me with fire in her piercing, ice-blue eyes.

Oops!

"Sorry, baby. Don't mean to be an ass. Is something wrong?" Holy fuck, she was hotter than hot with her mouth stretched wide around my cock.

More angry mumbled, but this time she grabbed both of my hips and moved them. Ah, I understood now.

"You want me to fuck your face now, don't ya?"

She bobbed her head.

"Okay, baby." So much for staying like this all morning. I got to fucking. To be fair, I imagined her jaw probably hurt. My poor woman. I'd enjoyed her efforts way too much and didn't want it to end. My thoughts had distracted me enough to keep me from coming quickly. My bad.

I bucked and welcomed the sensations whirling in me.

"That's it, Mercy." I held onto her head and our gazes locked. "You are so fucking perfect." My balls tightened and my spine tingled.

She took my abuse like a champ. And now the fun would end...

"Fuck," I gritted out, and blew my load.

Mercy couldn't hold on and released me, falling onto her side and holding her face. "Where and the hell had you gone to while I was sucking you off?"

"Lost in my thoughts, I guess."

"Wow, the experience was that boring, huh?"

"No." I collected her into my arms and cuddled her. "It was fucking awesome. I didn't want it to end."

"If there's a next time, you better be present, mister."

"If there's a next time?" I kissed her head.

"Don't get your hopes up. My jaw needs therapy." She rubbed it. "I can hear the conversation now. The questions about how I injured it. Me dodging said questions, so I don't tell them I was giving my fiancé a blowjob and he has a big dick." She hid her face behind her hands.

I held back a chuckle. “I’m sorry, sweetheart. I won’t hold off coming again. But can you fault a guy for wanting to savor and prolong having his cock in his woman’s mouth? I mean, I nearly suffocate when I’m eating you out and your orgasm takes a while. We both sacrifice for the other.”

Mercy roared with laughter. “Is that what we’re doing? Sacrificing for the other? Good to know!”

“Listen.” I caressed her jaw. “You were phenomenal. Thank you.”

“It was my pleasure.”

I kissed her softly for a spell, then we got up and prepared to head home.

There wasn’t too much to pack up. I tossed out the leftover food in the fridge and left the tree inside. We agreed we’d return before or right after the New Year to take it down together.

By noon, we were on the road, heading home after a very eventful week. But I wasn’t taking Mercy to her place. We were stopping at the Knights’ farm to announce our engagement. Mercy was texting Hope to meet us. I decided to call my best friend, Bone...

“Who’s this?” he answered, snarky as always.

“Who do you think? Or did you remove me from your contacts and can’t see my name?”

“Stitch? Stitch, is that you? As Destiny would say, oh my gawd!” he yelled into the phone.

I pulled the phone away from my ear and shook my head. “He’s an idiot,” I said to Mercy.

“Hey! Who are you talking to?” Bone asked.

“Are you going to stop acting like a moron and talk like a normal person so I can tell you the news?”

“Normal is overrated,” he grumbled. “Tell me what news?”

“I’m getting married Christmas Eve. I need my best friend to be my best man.”

“Who’d you knock up?”

I burst out laughing. “I didn’t knock up anyone, asshole. Mercy and I are getting hitched.”

“Well, it’s about fucking time. I’d be honored to be your best man.”

“Awesome. Figured since you and Destiny would be out for Christmas, the timing would work out nicely for you all.”

“Um...” Bone’s voice lowered. “Destiny isn’t coming home with me. She’s spending the holidays in California with her new family.”

I screwed up my face and looked at Mercy. She seemed to strain to hear what Bone was saying.

“Why aren’t you going with her?” I asked.

“Didn’t want to be in the way. And how can I be your best man if I’m on the West Coast?”

“Are you pulling away from her? Don’t be an idiot. You should go with her.” My best friend could be an arrogant asshole, but down to his core, he was a softy and felt pain deeply. He masked his feelings so no one would like him. He had a lot of emotional baggage from his childhood. I should’ve been keeping in touch with him better.

“She left yesterday with her brothers and won’t return until after the first of the year.”

Oh man, I could hear it in his voice. He missed her already. “After Christmas, go surprise her. Ring in the New Year with your girl.”

“She’s not my girl. You know our arrangement.”

“Why’re you fighting your feelings? Tell Destiny you love her and claim her.”

“Is Mercy with you?”

“Yeah. We’re driving home from Lake of the Woods.”

“Thought she was there. Convo over.”

“I don’t have you on speaker. She can’t hear anything.” I shrugged at Mercy.

“Doesn’t matter. Convo over. Tell your woman I said congratulations and I’ll be at your wedding. Just text me the details.”

“Bone, if you need anything”

“Don’t need nothing, brother. Enjoy the day with your girl. We’ll talk soon.” He was doing everything possible to end the call. Micah never liked talking, much less on the phone.

“Okay. We’re heading to the farm to make a formal announcement. I’ll be in touch.”

“Sounds good. Later.” And just like that, Bone was gone.

I put the phone down and reached for Mercy’s hand. “Micah said congratulations and he’ll be at the wedding.”

“But without Destiny.”

“Right. She’s spending the holidays with her newly discovered family.”

“And Micah isn’t with her?”

“Nope.” I shook my head, feeling sorry for my best friend. Micah wasn’t

the sort of guy who got attached to anyone. The mere fact that Destiny was living with him and sleeping in his bed meant a hell of a lot. Maybe not to the average onlooker, but I knew him as well as I knew myself. He was in love with Destiny, but too afraid to admit it.

I kissed Mercy's hand. Avoidance of feelings was something she had in common with Micah. But if I could break through her walls, Destiny could break through Micah's.

"What's keeping them from being a real couple?" Mercy asked.

"Micah's standing in his own way of happiness."

"Yikes. I know what that's like. Do you know if Destiny loves him? It takes a persistent and determined person to break through iron walls. I'm just talking from experience."

"I'm not sure if she does." I kissed Mercy's engagement ring. "If she did, would she have left him for their first Christmas together?"

"That's a hard question to answer. I don't know Destiny well enough to guess what's going on in her head."

"Probably better not to make assumptions, anyway."

"Probably not."

When we pulled in front of Lady M's and Ben's farmhouse, it was supertime and dark out. But as always, the house illuminated the property with thousands of lights.

"Looks like everyone is here." Mercy peered at the vehicles parked near the barn.

"Yup. Looks like it. Are you ready?" I leaned over, cupped the back of her neck, and pulled her toward me. "Just need a taste before we go in." I smashed my lips to hers.

Peace washed over me. It was like I needed a fix. A little piece of Mercy to sustain me until I got her home and could make love to her.

Knocking on Mercy's window had us pulling apart and her yelping in fear.

"Get inside!" Hustler hollered. "Come on, lovebirds." He waved us to follow as he trotted back to the house.

"He has horrible timing. I was about to suggest a quicky." She stole a quick kiss and opened the door. "Now we'll just have to wait until later."

"Waiting isn't the worst thing. Then we can take our time."

"Excellent point. Let's do this."

EPILOGUE

Mercy

In labor, at the cabin, having a baby boy:



If you're thinking what I'm thinking, that a Remotti
Mafia series is a must in the future,

I agree with you!

But for now, let us savor Spectre's and Jinx's happily
ever after and gear up for our favorite Dr. McHottie
and his Mercy coming December 1, 2023.

Preorder Stitch's Mercy [TODAY!](#) It's the final installment in the Knight's Legion MC North Dakota Chapter series!

[STITCH'S MERCY](#)

They say don't follow your heart if it leads to a biker.

What if your brain says to claim him before it's too late?
Doctor Hayes is magnificent in the emergency room...*I want him.*
But his alter ego, Stitch, is a member of Knight's Legion MC. Hard pass.²

But I am weak when he is near.
So weak he talks me into spending the weekend at his lakeside cabin.
Our getaway turns into seven days of snowed-in bliss where we indulge with each other.
Mistletoe kisses and hot sizzling nights...I want to be snowed-in forever!

When Brady asks the one question I have dreamed of hearing, I say yes.
Our engagement news spreads like wildfire throughout the hospital,
But his past, as the former Doctor McHottie, is thrown in my face time and time again.
I cannot lose him. I will not lose him; this will *not* be the worst Christmas ever.

If you want the inside scoop on all things Knight's Legion MC, Join [Naomi's Knight's Legion MC](#), a private reader group on Facebook!

And if you want to join my newsletter for all the latest
with Naomi Porter's bad boys, bikers, and billionaires,
just go to

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Don't forget to check out the original Knights Legion
MC series: the one that started it all.

[KNIGHTS LEGION MC](#)

Mayhem is coming for the Knight's Legion MC...

Tortured souls.

Cold, dead hearts.

Darkness dwells in them.

They're outlaws.

A brotherhood feared by their enemies and neighbors.

Respected for their undying loyalty, strength, and power.

Nothing bends them to their knees...

Not even the women who melt their frozen hearts and make them beat again.

Or so they thought.

Welcome to the Knight's Legion MC: Minnesota Chapter.

Where nasty and nice get naughty together.

ALSO BY NAOMI PORTER

St. James Billionaires

Breach of Honor (part one of duet)

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Blinded by Loyalty

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Effing Eli

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Knight's Legion MC

Savage Storm

Avenging Angel

Hellbent Hero

Brutal Boxer

Defiant Dodge

Lawless Lynx

Illicit Ire

Sinful Sugar

Torrid Track

Bonita Brynne

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Naomi Porter always had a knack for storytelling, and she's finally putting pen to paper to share with you, the reader. Whether she's trying to stay warm during freezing winter weather or cool in the sweltering heat, she's pounding away at the keys of her laptop to bring you the latest gritty motorcycle club romance, decadent billionaire saga, or heart-stopping sexy drama.

No matter what story she's telling, you can bet it has sexy as sin men, sassy and confident women, and plenty of sizzling passion.

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