



# Alice & Meg

**Author:** *Winter Travers*

**Category:** Romance, New Adult, Lesbian Romance

**Description:** Take two ol' ladies from the Devil's Knights and two ol' ladies from the Fallen Lords, and what do you get?

One hell of a weekend.

**Total Pages (Source):** 36

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:25 pm*

## Chapter One

Meg

“I went down like a fattie on a seesaw, Cyn. And I can say that because I am a fattie,” I blurted out, the words tumbling out of me in a frantic whisper.

“Don’t you know how to start a conversation?” Cyn’s voice drawled through the line. “You didn’t even say hi.”

Balancing the phone precariously between my shoulder and ear, I scanned the bustling lobby of the Kalahari Hotel. “Yeah, well, when I go ass over teakettle in front of a huge group of car guys, I gotta call you to talk me off the ledge of drowning myself in the kiddie pool.”

Cyn’s laughter echoed through the phone. “Rigid was right. I should have gone to the convention with you.”

Yeah, she definitely should have. But no, Cyn would rather spend the weekend with her husband celebrating their anniversary than endure a weekend away with her best friend of too-many-years-to-count-because-then-we-would-both-feel-really-old years. Rude.

“Babe,” came a voice from behind me.

I spun on my heel, retreating further into the corner, only to collide with a statue of a big-ass elephant. Lo stared at me, not the least bit surprised by the spectacle I’d just

made of myself.

“Is that King?” Cyn’s voice crackled through the phone. “His ‘babe’ sounded lower than normal.”

“It did, but I think he’s more perturbed by the long line to check in than he is at me landing on my ass in front of everyone,” I babbled nervously.

“That does sound like King. God knows he’s seen you do so much worse than tripping, Meg.”

I waved dismissively at Lo. “I better go. I saw a giraffe hat in the gift shop, and I might grab it to help me be incognito this weekend.”

“Grab me an elephant one if they have one,” Cyn chimed in. “And try not to embarrass yourself more than normal.”

Ah, what a good friend Cyn was. “I’ll keep you posted, but I can’t promise anything.” With that, I ended the call and stuffed my phone back into my pocket.

“Babe,” Lo called again.

I glanced around, hoping that everyone who had witnessed my embarrassing tumble had dispersed.

“Coming, handsome,” I muttered, scurrying over to him, and grabbed onto his arm. “Are you sure you want to be seen with me in public?” I batted my eyes at him and pasted a huge grin on my face.

“I think the train left the station on me not wanting to be seen in public with you, babe. You’re stuck with me.”

“Switch it around because god knows you are the one who is stuck with me; imagine getting another man and training him. Gross.” I cringed and shook my head. “No, thank you.”

Lo grunted and shook his head. “We’re both stuck with each other, babe. Not interested in hearing you talking about getting another guy.”

I reached up and cradled his cheek. “Oh, honey. God knows you’re the only man I want.” I looked toward the large revolving doors. “Unless Jason Momoa walks through those doors right now.” I waited five seconds and then turned back to Lo. “Well, looks like you really are stuck with me.”

Lo wrapped his arms around me and leaned down to press a kiss to my lips. “You’re a nut, Meg, but I love you.”

“As you should,” I whispered.

“You ready to go check out our room?” he asked.

I nodded and stepped back. “Yes, but should we wait for Jonas and Lennox?”

Lo shook his head. “They can wait in that massive line just like we did. I’m going to need to start drinking if we hang out here much longer.”

“You know you can’t drink with the meds you’re on,” I scolded.

Lo grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the elevators. “Which is why we’re not going to hang around waiting for Jonas, and we’re going to go to our room. The welcome dinner isn’t for a few hours.”

“What are we going to do for a few hours?” I asked. “Did you want to hit up the

indoor waterpark?” The Kalahari was known for having the largest indoor waterpark, and it was on my list of things to do this weekend.

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Lo shook his head and pressed the elevator button. “Not right now, babe. I thought there was something else we could do to kill time.” He pulled me into the elevator and wrapped me in his arms.

“Oh,” I gasped.

He pressed a hot, searing kiss to my lips and pressed me against the wall of the elevator. “You picking up what I’m laying down, babe?” he drawled.

Oh, I was more than picking it up.

The elevator doors slid open, and we stumbled out, a bit disheveled but grinning like idiots. We made our way down the hallway to our room, hand in hand, excitement bubbling up inside me like a shaken soda can.

As we reached our door, Lo slid the keycard into the slot, and the light turned green with a satisfying beep. He pushed open the door, and we stepped into our temporary sanctuary.

“Home sweet home for the weekend,” Lo said, dropping our bags by the door.

There was a large king bed on one wall, a big couch next to it, and a huge TV in front of the bed. The bathroom was massive, with two sinks and a tub big enough for two.

I laughed, kicking off my shoes after giving the room a once over and flopped onto the plush bed. “Not too shabby.”

Lo joined me on the bed, wrapping an arm around my waist. “We should take advantage of this downtime before the chaos of the welcome dinner.”

I nodded, snuggling closer to him. “Definitely.”

My heart raced as Lo’s hands trailed down my back, his touch sending shivers of anticipation down my spine. With a tender smile, my eyes met his gaze.

“I need you, babe,” Lo murmured, his voice husky with longing.

I nodded, my fingers trembling as I reached for Lo’s shirt buttons, my movements slow and deliberate. Lo mirrored my actions, his touch gentle as he undid the buttons of my blouse, his gaze never leaving mine.

As our clothing fell away, I felt a sense of vulnerability wash over me. But it was a vulnerability I welcomed, a testament to the trust we had in each other.

“You’re still so hot, babe,” Lo said, his voice filled with admiration. “After all of these years, it’s still you. The only woman I’ll ever want.”

“Right back at you, handsome,” I replied, my eyes drinking in the sight of his toned body. “After all of these years, you’re still the only man who knows how to get my motor running.”

With a soft sigh, I laid back on the bed, my body tingling with anticipation as Lo trailed kisses along my neck and collarbone. His touch was like fire against my skin, igniting a hunger within me that I couldn’t deny.

And then, with a gentle touch, Lo parted my thighs and began to explore me with his tongue. I gasped, my hands tangling in his hair as I surrendered myself to the pleasure coursing through my body.

Each flick of his tongue sent waves of ecstasy crashing over me. My moans filled the room as I lost myself in Lo. It was as if every touch was electricity coursing against my skin.

Like it was every time with Lo, it didn't take me long to find my release. His name ripped my lips, and I came all over his tongue.

He kissed the inside of my thigh as my breathing slowed. He sat back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Taste like fucking heaven, babe," he murmured.

I purred and languished in the afterglow of my orgasm. "I love you, Logan," I sighed.

As usual, the use of his real name set a fire in his eyes.

"I love you, too." He slid his hands to the back of my thighs and squeezed gently. "Hold on," he called.

I knew what was coming next. I knew what Lo liked best.

My ass in front of him while he fucked me from behind. It was my favorite, too.

He flipped me over, and I braced myself with my arms. I buried my head in the pillow and raised my ass up to meet him. He ran his hand over the globes of my ass and squeezed.

"Fucking perfect," he growled.

He slowly entered me until his hips slammed against my ass. He slowly pulled out and then slid back in.



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“Harder, please,” I pleaded, my voice breathless with need. “Faster.”

Lo obliged, his movements becoming more urgent as he drove me to the brink of ecstasy. With each thrust, I felt myself spiraling closer and closer to the edge again, my senses overwhelmed by the intensity of Lo.

“Get there, babe,” Lo urged, his voice filled with encouragement and need.

And then, with a final, desperate cry, I felt my orgasm crash over me; pleasure washed over me in waves as I surrendered myself completely.

Lo followed soon after, his release echoing mine as we collapsed together in a tangle of limbs, our bodies still humming with the aftershocks of our shared pleasure.

We laid together, spent and sated. Lo gathered me in his arms, pulling the covers over us.

“I know we’re on a getaway and should be out exploring, at the very least rubbing elbows with your car buddies, but I’m ready for a nap and maybe a round two before the welcome dinner?” I suggested with a mischievous twinkle in my eye.

Lo growled playfully and pressed a kiss to my neck. “That sounds like a good plan to me.”

## Chapter Two

Alice

“Do you think they’ve got any cow statues?”

Wrecker folded his arms over his chest and looked up at the large giraffe statue. “I’m sure they don’t, but god knows you are going to track down whoever it is that orders these fucking statues and see if they have a cow.”

We were standing by the entrance of The Kalahari, waiting for Nikki and Pipe. There were large statues of elephants and giraffes by the front, and I couldn’t help but admire them.

I squinted and wrinkled my nose. “I mean, I do have real-life highlands, but it would be pretty cool to have a statue of one at the end of the driveway. Oh, we could get two, and they could be Elvis and Priscilla.”

Wrecker shook his head. “I’m not even surprised anymore.”

“As you shouldn’t be,” I laughed. “This is all par for the course right now, beardilocks.”

Wrecker put his arm around me and pressed a kiss to the top of my head. “How about we stick to live cows and leave the statues at the Kalahari?” he suggested.

“I think that sounds entirely normal, and I won’t stand for it.” Normal, blegh.

“Again,” Wrecker drawled, “not at all surprised.”

“Yo, Alice,” Nikki called. She was dragging a large bright blue suitcase behind her with Pipe next to her, who was dragging a large cooler behind him. “You cannot fit one of those statues in your car.”

Pipe grabbed the suitcase from Nikki and glared at her. “I told you I would get the

damn suitcase, woman.”

“You were taking too long,” Nikki shrugged. “Sometimes it’s just easier if I do it myself.”

“Because I was getting the damn cooler out of the back. This thing weighs like a hundred and ninety pounds.” Pipe nodded to the cooler he was dragging behind him. “What the hell did you pack in here?” he asked.

“Just the necessities,” Nikki shrugged. “Things are expensive here. I’m not going to pay five bucks for a bottle of water when I can bring my own.”

“This is just water in here?” Pipe asked.

Nikki squinted up at Pipe. “Why are you questioning me? Arlo helped me pack the darn thing. You think he would help me pack junk? We have only the necessities in there.”

Pipe leveled his glare on Nikki. “Well, the kid belongs to you, so yeah, I would say he would do anything to humor his mom to make her happy.”

“He belongs to you, too,” she grunted back. “I saw that firsthand when he refused to pack the air fryer.”

Pipe dropped the handle of the cooler, and it clattered to the ground. “You wanted to bring the damn air fryer? We’re only here for four fucking days, Nikki! And I don’t know about you, but one of the perks about being away from home is eating out.”

“What if I want a snack in the middle of the night?” Nikki countered. “You really think I’m going to want to haul my cookies out of bed to track down some dry-ass sandwich from a vending machine?”

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Pipe held up his hands and shook his head. "I'm too damn old for this shit." He grabbed the handle of the cooler and headed to the front entrance.

I squinted at Nikki. "You didn't bring the air fryer?" I whispered.

Nikki shook her head. "Arlo wouldn't let me."

I pushed my sunglasses on top of my head and smiled. "Don't worry, I put mine in my suitcase."

"What?" Wrecker demanded. "Is that why this thing is so heavy?"

I wrinkled my nose and shrugged. "You're strong. You can handle it."

"Woman, what the hell were you going to do if we decided to fly here?" Wrecker demanded.

I scoffed and pulled my sunglasses over my eyes. "As if you would get on an airplane. Let's get checked in." Wrecker getting on an airplane was hilarious. The man drove everywhere, even if it was twenty hours away. Our trek to Texas a few months back had been long. That was one trip I was not looking forward to making again.

"Yeah," Nikki called. "The welcome dinner is in an hour, and I need to unpack."

Wrecker shook his head and looked down at my suitcase. "I should have known you were going to pull some crazy shit."

I grabbed his arm and pushed him toward the entrance. “Again, I don’t believe you should be surprised by anything I do, Wrecker. We’ve been together longer than I care to count.”

“Years,” he grunted. “Lots of years.”

Nikki fell into step beside me. “We tried to follow you guys on the highway, but I swear to god, the older Pipe gets, the slower he drives.”

“I think the opposite goes for Wrecker,” I laughed. “I swear it took minutes to get here instead of a couple of hours.”

“That’s because you slept most of the way,” Wrecker grunted.

I rolled my eyes. “I think you’re going to be attending all of these car meetings by yourself this weekend, and Nikki and I are going to camp out at the pool area.”

The doors whooshed open, and we stepped into the sprawling lobby. There were more large statues of African animals around the lobby and a pretty long line to check-in. Thankfully, Pipe had gotten in before us and was halfway up the line.

“Are all of these people here for the body shop convention?” I asked.

“Probably not, babe. This place is freaking huge, and I’m sure there are families on vacation that are mixed in with the convention.” Wrecker got in the back of the line.

“Uh, why don’t we go up by Pipe?” Nikki suggested.

Wrecker shook his head. “Because I’m not looking to start any fights, doll.”

Nikki shrugged. “Well, suit yourself. I’ll ask them to put you guys by us when we

check in.” She squeezed up the line until she was next to Pipe.

“You see all of those dirty looks she got?” Wrecker laughed. “It’s a damn good thing Pipe didn’t see them.”

“I don’t know about that. I think he’s still irked about the two-hundred-pound cooler,” I laughed.

Wrecker shook his head. “Hardly. You and I both know Pipe would kill for Nikki.”

I reached up on my tiptoes and pressed a kiss to Wrecker’s cheek. “Just like you would for me, even when I bring home more chickens, goats, or kittens.”

Wrecker grunted but wrapped his arm around my waist. “Yeah, even after all of the animals that seem just to follow you home, you’re mine.”

“I love you, Wrecker.” And man, did I love him. I never would have thought that, when I drunkenly curtsied to Wrecker, I would end up over twenty years later happily married with a farm full of animals and three kids with the love of my life.

“Love you, too, babe.”

I closed my eyes and sighed. “Do you love me enough to butt your way to the front of this line so we can get into our room?” I whispered.

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Wrecker chuckled and shook his head. “You’re just gonna have to deal with waiting, babe. I’m not in the mood for a fight today.”

“Softy,” I smiled. “Maybe tomorrow?”

“You’re crazy, Alice.”

My smile spread wide, and I leaned into him. Man, I loved my life.

### Chapter Three

Meg

“Remind me again of the rules.”

Lo walked out of the bathroom and shook his head. “Babe, why do you have to have rules when we go out in public?”

I pulled my shirt over my head and slipped into my flats. I was going for the ol’ lady biker look but classed it up with the flats. That was about as fancy as I got. Black blouse with flowy sleeves, dark jeans, and black flats. And my purple hair always went with every outfit. “Because then, when I act up later, I can say whatever I did was not part of the rules that you laid down.”

Lo shook his head. His fingers struggled to button his shirt, and I could tell he was agitated.

“Let me,” I called softly. I stepped in front of him and slipped each button into its hole.

“I can’t even button my own damn shirt,” he grunted, frustrated.

“You’re just trying to make me feel wanted,” I joked. I smoothed my hand down his shirt and smiled up at him.

Lo grunted. “Fucking hardly.”

A couple of years ago, Lo had suffered a stroke that should have killed him, but the doctors had performed a miracle, and he was still here with me. He had a few deficits now, but for the most part, he was still my Lo.

He struggled with his fine motor skills, mostly. Most days were good, but there were days when he struggled with buttons or working on the small parts when he was working in the garage. There had been more than a few hammers and screwdrivers tossed across the garage when he was frustrated.

I had to remind Lo that he was lucky to be alive, and if struggling with buttons and tiny tasks was what we had to deal with now, I would button his buttons for the rest of my life.

“Any other buttons you need me to do?” I glanced down at his waist. “Though, I might just keep that one unbuttoned and spend the night in our room with you.”

He wrapped his arms around me and rested his chin on the top of my head. “I don’t know what I would do without you, Meg.”

“Probably just wear T-shirts and jogging pants, which honestly wouldn’t be that bad. I mean, that’s pretty much all I wear.”



He chuckled and squeezed me tight. “I don’t think Hero and the club would be cool with me representing Knights Garage in sweats this weekend.”

“Eh,” I mumbled. “I’m sure they wouldn’t care because they don’t have to attend all of these meetings.”

“And talk on the Pinstriping with Ease panel tomorrow,” Lo mumbled.

I tipped my head back, and my eyes connected with his. “That one is your fault. As soon as the convention organizers heard the great Logan Birch was attending the Midwest Body Shop convention, they were hounding you to lead the pinstriping panel.”

“I should have said no. With my luck, my brain is going to freeze, and I won’t even know how to pick up a pen, let alone string two words together in front of hundreds of people.”

I frowned, and my heart hurt for my normally confident Lo. “You don’t have to do the panel tomorrow. You don’t have to do any of this. We can just hole up in our room all weekend and just enjoy each other.” Lo was one of the best pinstripers in the Midwest, and it made perfect sense for him to lead the panel, but I didn’t want him to do it if he was so worried he was going to mess up. He did get some brain fog now and then, though it didn’t happen nearly as much as it did right after the stroke.

Lo sighed heavily and brushed a stray strand of hair from my face. “Pretty sure Hero would be pissed to find out we came here and just stayed in our hotel room the whole time.”

I shrugged. “Eh, you’re still the prez. You can make him wash all the bikes if he gets mad.” Lo had been saying for years that Hero was going to take over the Devil’s Knights, and he honestly was, but it hadn’t happened yet. Sure, Lo had stepped back

from his daily duties between the club, the garage, the strip club, and the pole dancing studio, but he was still Prez. I didn't think that would ever go away, even when Hero officially took over.

For so long, the Devil's Knights had been Lo's life, and that was never going to change.

"I'm doing the panel tomorrow and all of the meetings this weekend, babe. I just might need you close by."

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I smiled wide. “So I can make a distraction? Fall out of my chair? Maybe dramatically fill my cup with water and then forget that I’m filling my cup, and I just pour the whole pitcher on the table? Oh,” I gasped, “what if we get some type of hand signal, and when you do it, I’ll jump up and act like my water broke? That will for sure get the attention off you, partly because I’m not pregnant. I think that’s obvious, but I think confusing everyone will help you make your escape.”

“Oh, Meg,” Lo chuckled. “I admire your willingness to do anything to help me, but I think we can leave the fake water breaking for a last-ditch effort. I think I’ll only need that if I pass out.”

I patted his chest. “Well, just know if you need it, wiggle your fingers on your left hand and then point to the left with your right hand.”

He pressed a soft, gentle kiss to my lips. “I don’t know what I would do without you, babe.”

“You already said that,” I sighed. “It’s going to go to my head, just so you know.”

“I think you’re supposed to tell me you don’t know what you would do without me.”

I cradled his cheek in my hand. “I’d probably have fifteen dogs and three cats and still be working at the warehouse.”

“I see you’ve thought about it,” he chuckled.

“It’s kind of a given, isn’t it?” I winked. “Though let the record show, I much prefer

the wonderful life you've given me."

"Have I told you lately I love you?" he asked.

I squinted and glanced up. "Hmm, I think it's been about seven minutes and thirteen seconds, so you're late. Tell me," I prodded.

"I love you, Meg."

I cupped my hand to my ear. "A little louder, please."

Lo chuckled and shook his head. He swooped me up into his arms and carried me to the door. "Nope. We need to get to Jonas and Lennox's room and then down to the welcome dinner."

"I'm sure they can find their own way down to the dinner," I hummed.

Lo stepped back, and I lost the warmth of his body. "We already spent all afternoon in our room. We need to go mingle and show our faces."

I shrugged and ran my fingers through my hair. "No one wants to see my face. You are the one these guys are going to go gaga over when you tell them your name. That's if they don't notice you before then." I wasn't joking when I said that Lo was a pinstriping legend. He was phenomenal at what he did, and a lot of the body guys looked up to him.

"I just need you by my side, Meg."

I grabbed my little clutch, and Lo reached his hand out to me.

"There is nowhere else I'd rather be, handsome. Let's go."

## Chapter Four

Alice

“I feel like we’re in school with assigned seats.” I grabbed my name card and wrinkled my nose. “If I didn’t love you so much, I would be offended by being listed as Mrs. Wrecker Bloom and not by my own name.”

Pipe held up his name card. “Bloom plus one,” he grunted.

Nikki patted Pipe’s arm. “It’s your own fault because I told you that you needed to let the convention know at the beginning of the month that we were coming, and you didn’t.” She grabbed her name card. “For the weekend, we are both Bloom plus one.”

I pointed at Pipe. “You are going to thank me.”

“Uh, okay? Can I ask why?” Pipe laughed.

I grabbed my purse and pulled out a label maker. “Because give me thirty seconds, and I can get our name cards to say whatever we want.”

“I’m sure you’re going to have to do his name badge, too, babe,” Wrecker grunted. “I was on his ass to let the convention know he was coming.”

“Does that thing really work?” Pipe asked.

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I rolled my eyes and powered it on. “Uh, yeah. I use it all of the time on the cows.”

Nikki tipped her head to the side. “Um, what?”

I waved my hand. “Labeling their feed barrels and everything in the barns.”

“Oh,” Nikki laughed. “That makes sense.”

“Just do Pipe,” Pipe instructed.

I shook my head. “It’s going to need to be longer than that, so it covers what is already on there.”

“Do Pipe Derek,” Nikki instructed.

“Hell no,” Pipe spat. “Do not put my real name, Alice.”

I shoved the label maker to Nikki. “I’m going to let you handle this one. Maybe you can just put Pipe like six times so it covers the plus one.”

Nikki grabbed the label maker and smiled mischievously. “Oh, I think I know just what I am going to put.” She turned her back to Pipe and typed quickly.

I elbowed Wrecker. “Who is sitting next to you?” I asked.

Wrecker shrugged. “I don’t know. I haven’t looked.”

I rolled my eyes and reached over him. “Well, then, I will look. I don’t know about you, but my anxiety doesn’t like not knowing who is going to sit with us. Maybe they won’t show, and we’ll have the table to ourselves.” I snatched the name card and plopped back in my chair.

“This is the biggest Midwest convention ever, babe; I’m pretty sure whoever that card says is going to be here.”

I rolled my eyes and read the card out loud. “Mr. Logan Birch.”

Pipe’s eyes bugged out, and Wrecker’s eyes opened wider.

“Don’t know him,” Nikki called. The label maker hummed in her hand, and it spits out a new name for Pipe. “But I do know Mr. Pipe, don’t call me Derek, Monroe.” Nikki waved the slip of paper in the air and grabbed Pipe’s name card.

“Jesus Christ, Nikki,” Pipe grunted. “Why the hell do you always have to do this shit to me?” he laughed.

She peeled off the protective back and plastered the new name on the card. “Because you only tease the ones you love.”

Wrecker grabbed the name card I had nabbed and set it back where it was.

“You know him?” I asked.

Wrecker nodded. “Heard of him, never met him.”

“That’s because Wrecker would probably shit himself if he met Logan Birch. Dude is one of the best pinstripers in the Midwest.” Pipe leaned forward. “I would say in the whole country, but there are some who would dispute that since he had his stroke.”

Wrecker shook his head. “King will always be the best.”

“I thought his name was Logan?” Nikki pressed Pipe’s new name on his name card and set it in front of him.

I tipped my head to the side. “He’s one of you.”

Wrecker nodded. “He’s the Prez of the Devil’s Knights. No one calls him Logan to his face from what I hear.”

I nodded to the card. “Then he’s probably not going to be happy that his name is on the card.” I snatched his name card and grabbed the label maker.

“What are you doing?” Wrecker asked.

“The same thing I would do for you if they had put your real name on your name card. I’m fixing it.” I swiftly typed in King in all capital letters and printed it out. I peeled off the back and then pressed it over Logan. “Problem solved,” I declared.



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“Why the hell couldn’t you do that with mine?” Pipe asked.

“Because your name is not King.” I tucked the label maker back into my purse and handed the card to Wrecker.

“Not changing yours?” Wrecker asked.

I shook my head. “I’m good being attached to you.”

Wrecker pulled me to his side and pressed a kiss to the side of my head. “Love you.”

“Are you nervous that King is sitting next to you?” I asked softly.

Wrecker shook his head. “Nah. I’ve heard the guy is cool as hell.”

“Good, good,” I muttered, relieved. “I’d hate to have to punch him in the nuts if he was a dick.” I patted Wrecker on the leg, sharing a silent understanding.

“Who are we punching in the nuts?” A voice interrupted, drawing my attention. A woman with vibrant purple hair had appeared beside us, eyeing the table with interest. “I think this table is going to be the perfect fit for us.” She waved over to a man approaching and called out, “Lo, over here.”

Oh, boy. Open mouth, insert foot.

“Have I ever told you I love going out with you?” Nikki whispered. “It’s always entertaining.”

Three people approached the table behind the woman. The older, good-looking man was obviously Lo.

Part of me wished I had bothered to look at all the names on the other cards. I felt clueless about who the woman was, let alone the two others accompanying Lo. They seemed younger than any of us, probably Lo's kids. I made a mental note not to get too comfortable with calling him Lo; Wrecker had mentioned he didn't like it.

Lo moved behind the woman with purple hair and wrapped his arm around her waist. "Babe," he called out softly.

She turned to him, her face lighting up. "Found our names," she said with a smile.

Lo leaned down and pressed a tender kiss to her lips. Watching them, I couldn't help but admire the palpable love between them. It made me hope that people could feel the same connection between Wrecker and me.

The younger guy, who was heavily tattooed, pulled out a chair from the woman with short, colorful hair who was also heavily tattooed. I was completely digging the vibe of these guys. After being married to a prez of an MC, these were the type of people I was most comfortable around.

For once in my life, I didn't know what to say. What on earth was wrong with me?

Pipe stood and held his hand out to the guy. "Hey, I'm Pipe, and this is my wife, Nikki."

The man smiled wide. "What's up, man? I'm Snapper, and this is my wife, Lennox."

Yeah, see? They even had kick-ass names. I made a mental note to talk to the girls when we got back home about maybe coming up with new names for us. Well, at

least me. I mean Alice? Could I be lamer?

“Hi,” Nikki called.

Snapper nodded to King and the woman. “And those are my parents, King and Meg. You would think after all of these years I would be used to them being all over each other, but it’s still embarrassing.”

King and Meg. Although she didn’t have a kick-ass name like Lennox, her name really suited her, and I liked it.

“Easy, babe. We’re coming,” King called. He pulled out the chair next to Lennox and helped Meg sit.

King sat next to Wrecker, and I could feel Wrecker tense slightly. I knew he was playing it cool with me earlier about being impressed with King.

I had never met someone that Wrecker looked up to before. It was kind of fun seeing my strong, confident man being a little starstruck.

Meg and King weren’t much older than Wrecker and me. Maybe five years, if that.

I bumped Wrecker. The man needed to introduce us.

He pointed at me. “Alice.” He pointed at himself. “Wrecker.”

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Oh, my Wrecker. He was a man of few words, but maybe he could have added a few more in there. He was obviously taking on caveman mode tonight.

I waved at everyone. “Hi, it’s nice to meet you.”

Meg smiled wide. “I spotted your purple hair when we walked in and hoped we were sitting together.”

“Meg likes to judge people by their hair color,” King grunted. “You’ll have to excuse her. It’s a miracle she even looked my way all those years ago.”

Meg rolled her eyes. “If that were the truth, then you know I would have fallen for Rigid.” Meg held her hand above her head. “Rigid has a five-inch blue mohawk. Cool, but not my King. And I would have had to have fought Cyn for him. No, thank you.”

Waiters started to move around the tables, laying down baskets of bread and bowls of salad.

“Oh, thank god,” Nikki sighed. “I’m freaking starving.” She grabbed a roll and slathered it with butter. “That line to check in was ridiculous, and then we only had twenty minutes to get dressed before we had to be down here.”

Pipe put his arm around the back of her chair. “Imagine hauling a two-hundred-pound cooler around with you, too.”

Nikki rolled her eyes. “We are not getting into this right now.”

I had a feeling we were going to be hearing about the cooler for the whole weekend. I grabbed two rolls and set one in front of Wrecker. “Butter your own bun, man.”

Wrecker grunted. “That’s not what you said last night.”

Yeah, of course, that would be Wrecker in front of new people.

Meg giggled and grabbed two buns; except she didn’t set one in front of King. At least not at first. She buttered both buns and set one in front of him. He leaned over and whispered something in her ear, and she blushed softly.

The dynamic between King and Meg was hypnotic. I didn’t want to look away from them.

I had never seen two people more in love, and I had literally only been around them for five minutes.

“Babe,” Wrecker called.

I shook my head and looked at him. “Hmm?”

He leaned close, his lips next to my ear. “You’re staring at them.”

I nodded. I mean, I was. It wasn’t in a creepy way or anything.

“You want to swap seats so you can try to get in on the action?”

“What?” I squawked, finally coming out of my stupor.

“I mean, I don’t really think either of them are into sharing, but you can shoot your shot if you want.”

I blinked twice, wondering if Wrecker had lost his ever-loving mind because I knew he sure as hell wouldn't be into sharing me, either.

A huge smile spread across his lips.

"You're joking," I whispered.

Wrecker nodded and pressed his lips to the side of my neck. "Yeah, babe."

"They're really in love."

Wrecker turned his head, and his eyes connected with mine. "Just like us."

"Why aren't you whispering in my ear like that?" Nikki asked Pipe.

I leaned back from Wrecker but kept my hand on his leg.

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Pipe leaned close to Nikki. “I still can’t believe you packed a two-hundred-pound cooler,” Pipe announced loudly. “That’s about all I have to say right now. I’m pretty sure I tweaked my damn back.”

Snapper choked on his drink, and Lennox slapped him on the back while she tried to contain her laughter. King let out a loud belly laugh, and Meg smiled wide.

“Jesus,” Wrecker mumbled.

“Yeah,” Snapper croaked, “I think you were right, Meg. This is definitely the table we were meant to sit at.”

“It’s like we didn’t even leave Rockton,” King chuckled.

“You guys got crazy ol’ ladies, too?” Wrecker asked King.

King nodded. “Brother, you don’t even know the half of it.”

Wrecker pointed to me. “She has a blender in her trunk at all times in case there is a margarita emergency. I think I know the whole of it.”

Meg leaned forward. “King wouldn’t let me bring my air fryer this weekend in case I wanted a late-night snack this weekend.”

I shrugged. “I didn’t know we were supposed to ask. I just shoved mine in my suitcase.”

“It’s easier to ask for forgiveness than it is to ask for permission,” Nikki and I sang in unison.

“It’s like we’re in a parallel universe,” Lennox laughed. “These two are like you and Cyn,” she pointed out.

“That’s the damn truth,” Snapper agreed.

“Next thing you guys are going to say is you love cooking and are always on the brink of being arrested when a group of you gets together.”

I shrugged. “I don’t mind cooking. Cows are more my thing, and we’ve only been arrested once. And, for the record, we didn’t do anything wrong. We were wrongly accused.”

King looked at me and then back at Meg. “Babe, I think we found your long-lost cousin or some shit. She’s you, down to the purple hair.”

Meg smiled. “How freaking cool is that? You always said you could barely handle me, and now there is someone else just like me.”

“God help us,” Wrecker drawled.

The waiters started circling again, and the speaker crackled.

“Hello, hello,” a man at the front of the room called. “I just wanted to hop on and welcome you all to the largest Midwest Body Shop Convention! While you’re all eating and getting to know everyone at your table, we’re going to go over the plans for the weekend and introduce some of the speakers for the upcoming meetings and presentations.”



Meg elbowed King. “That’s you, babe,” she whispered.

King shifted uncomfortably. “Yeah, yeah.”

“You’re the main reason why we came,” Wrecker told King. “Been following your work for a long time.”

King nodded. “Thanks, man. Just trying to keep up with the young guns.” He nodded to Snapper. “I’ve been working with him to show him all of my tricks. He’s always trying to show me new ways or shortcuts.”

“Just trying to keep you up with the times,” Snapper laughed.

“Yeah, but nothing can replace a steady hand and a good eye, right, King?” Pipe called.

King shifted in his chair, and I noticed Meg put her hand on his leg.

Pipe had mentioned before they sat down that King had a stroke, and I wondered if that had affected his work.

“Could you pass the salad?” I asked Lennox. “I’m in the mood for some rabbit food.”

Lennox grabbed the bowl and passed it around the table.

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I wasn't sure what was going on, but I could sense that a change of conversation was good.

"Speaking of salad, I hope the boys are taking good care of my babies," I muttered.

"Babies?" Lennox asked.

I nodded. "Elvis and Priscilla are my new additions. Wrecker got me them for Christmas last year."

Meg tipped her head to the side. "Uh, what kind of babies do you have?" she asked.

I smiled wide. "Highland cows." Now this was a topic I could get behind, and I was sure it wasn't going to make anyone uncomfortable.

### Chapter Five

Meg

Alice was a nut.

I loved it.

We were all pleasantly full, waiting for our dessert, and Alice had been talking about her highland cows for the past half an hour.

The names and stories she had to tell about them were downright hilarious. She had

us all laughing and smiling the whole meal.

I could sense when Wrecker and Pipe had started talking about pinstriping that Lo was on edge.

I got it, but I also knew that in Lo's mind, things were a lot worse than they actually were. Sure, he struggled a little with fine details, but even when he struggled with his pinstriping, the end result was still fucking amazing. That's what happened when you were so damn good at what you did, that even on your worst days, you were most people's best work.

It was getting Lo to accept it, and that was the challenge.

"And finally, we have Logan Birch, who will be leading the Pinstriping with Ease seminar tomorrow at two o'clock," the announcer called. "Stand up for us, Logan."

I had been hoping that they would skip over Lo. He was already nervous enough about tomorrow, and now he had to stand up in front of everyone.

Lo stood and modestly raised his hand. The room went up in a round of applause, and I felt a swell of pride in my chest.

I knew that this was hard for Lo. He thought that he wasn't as good as he was before the stroke and didn't deserve any of this.

I knew differently, though. Lo deserved all of this and more. He was one of the best pinstripers in the country, and no one in this room thought he was any less after his stroke.

He nodded to a few people and gingerly sat down.

I leaned into him and pressed a kiss to his cheek. “Smile, handsome,” I whispered. “They all know how great you are.”

He turned and pressed a kiss to my lips. “Only because you’re by my side.”

I was more than good with being next to Lo. It was where I belonged.

Speaking of belonging, everyone at this table belonged.

Talking with Alice and Nikki had come like second nature. They were ol’ ladies just like me and Lennox, and that unspoken bond between us was strong.

The waiters delivered large slices of chocolate cake to each of us.

“Oh, boy,” Jonas called. “They should have brought anything but chocolate cake.”

“What?” Alice asked.

Lennox nodded to me. “Meg makes the best chocolate cake in the world. There is no way that this is even going to compare.”

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I rolled my eyes and picked up my fork. “I’m sure this is going to be just fine.” I knew it was going to suck. I could already tell by looking at it that it was going to be dry as hell, and the ganache looked grainy.

“Nice try being modest, babe,” Lo chuckled. “I’m not even going to try that because I can tell it’s dry and grainy.”

I glanced at him. “I’ve taught you well.” I guess that’s what happened after over twenty years, me bitchy and moaning about bad cake to Lo.

“It’s chocolate, so I’ll eat it,” Alice laughed.

“So, what are you ladies doing tomorrow?” Nikki asked.

Lennox glanced at me.

We had both agreed before coming here that I needed to stick close to Lo during his seminar. “Uh, well,” I hemmed.

“Because,” Nikki drawled, “We were thinking of hitting up the spa at some point this weekend and wondered if you guys would want to come with us.”

“I wanted to watch Lo’s seminar and see some of the meetings,” I replied. I definitely needed to be with Lo when he led his seminar. And if he wanted me to be with him the whole weekend, I would.

“Oh, sure, sure,” Alice replied. “Maybe we could hit the spa up after that, huh?”

I glanced at King, who nodded. “That should work.” If anything, I could always back out if Lo needed me, and just leave Lennox with them.

“You mean you’re going to run off to get massages while we sit through boring meetings?” Pipe drawled. “That seems like we’re getting the short end of the stick.”

Pipe and Nikki had a give-and-take dynamic. Pipe gave Nikki shit, and she took it for the most part, though she didn’t miss a beat to dish it back to him.

“You’re going to be sitting on your butt listening to guys talk about car stuff all day. I’m pretty sure that is right up your alley,” she drawled. “I think you’ll manage.”

“We’ll sneak snacks down to you guys,” Alice laughed. “I’m pretty sure my air fryer has a bake setting, and I saw a roll of cookie dough in the cooler.”

“That cookie dough is for snacking,” Nikki mumbled.

“I still can’t believe you guys brought an air fryer,” I sighed. “I totally would be baking some banana bread in my room.” I went through kicks of baking certain things. Lately, I have been on a quick bread kick, with banana being my top flavor.

Alice dropped her chin to her chest. “Did you just say banana bread?”

I nodded.

“Ugh, that is my absolute favorite. I’m sure you’ve got some amazing recipe. I’ll have to get it from you so I can make it when we get back to the clubhouse.”

I tipped my head to the side. “I mean, you guys have an air fryer, right? I could give you a list of ingredients to buy, and we can have a little baking session in your room after Lo’s seminar instead of hitting the spa,” I suggested. I was all for being

pampered, but if I was given a choice between baking and getting a massage, I was going to always pick baking. That was my kind of self-care.

“No, no,” Alice called. “I wouldn’t want to take away from your time to show me how to make banana bread.”

“Y’all,” Lennox called. “It is no joke that Meg loves to bake. When she offers to bake for you, you have to take her up on it.”

Jonas nodded. “You’d be crazy not to. I might skip the last meeting of the day just to get some banana bread.”

“No, you’re not,” Lo growled. “You can have Meg’s baking whenever you want.”

Jonas rolled his eyes but didn’t argue with Lo.

Alice and Nikki exchanged a glance.

“I mean, if you insist. I would totally be down for some freshly baked banana bread.” Alice pulled out her phone. “What is your phone number? I’ll text you my room number.”

I rattled off my phone number. Lo put his hand on my thigh and squeezed gently.

“Only you could wrangle an invite to someone’s room to make banana bread,” he laughed.

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“What can I say? I was born to bake.”

Alice

“I think she liked me.”

Wrecker leaned against the doorframe to the bathroom and crossed his arms over his chest. “Not anything about you not to like, babe.”

I splashed my face with warm water and washed off my makeup.

Wrecker and I had gotten back to our room a few minutes ago, and I was ready to pass out for the night.

“I think King liked you and Pipe, too.”

Wrecker shrugged. “Don’t be trying to pair us up, Alice. Just because you hit things off with his ol’ lady doesn’t mean King has to become my new best friend.”

I rolled my eyes and grabbed the towel off the rack. “Come on, how can you guys not be friends? You’re both prez of MCs and extremely sexy.”

Wrecker grunted.

“I mean, you’re sexier, of course.” I dropped the towel next to the sink and flipped off the lights. Wrecker stayed, blocking the doorway.



“Bedtime, beardilocks. You’ve got a big day ahead of you of meetings, and I need to find a grocery store in the morning.” I stepped toward him, but he didn’t budge. “Are you mad at me?” I asked. I wrapped my arms around his waist and tipped my head back to look at him. “You’ve been quiet since we got back to the room.”

He shrugged. “Just been thinking.”

“About?” I asked.

“King is so well-known here. Accomplished.”

I nodded. “Yeah, all of you guys seemed to know him.” I didn’t know what Wrecker was getting at.

“I want that.”

“Baby,” I whispered. “You are accomplished.” Wrecker had done so much in the years I had been with him. Hell, he had saved my ass at least a dozen times.

“Not like King, though. I’m not going to walk into a room and get a round of applause like he did.”

I reached up and cupped his cheek. “Well, you walk into the clubhouse, and each and every one of your guys will clap for you.”

“Yeah,” Wrecker laughed, “that’s not really what I’m talking about, babe.”

I realized Wrecker had always been the biggest personality in the room before tonight. He was the one everyone looked up to and knew. Until tonight.

“You know, I think you might be more well-known than you think you are. When we

walked into that room tonight, I noticed everyone looked at you, and I lost count of how many guys had shaken your hand and talked to you. They knew you, honey.” My strong, handsome, and confident Wrecker was feeling a little less than, and I got it. I was used to being the big personality in the room, and tonight, I had to share that with Meg. It didn’t make me any less, though. Hell, it made me realize that she would be a hoot to hang out with.

“I guess it just made me realize that maybe I want to be known for something,” he confessed.

“You’re known for being a kind yet firm Prez, Wrecker. There are so many people who look up to you and want to be half the man you are. Your two sons included. You know Kingston and Fox think you hung the moon, baby, along with Eden.”

He brushed my hair back and pressed a kiss to my lips. “Thank you, babe. I guess I was just feeling a little less than sitting next to one of my idols I look up to.”

“I’ll always be here to remind you of how amazing you are. It’s part of my job,” I laughed.

“You’re doing a damn good job,” he rumbled.

He swung me up into his arms and stalked toward the bed. I felt a rush of warmth envelop me, his strong arms cradling me with ease. The familiar scent of his cologne mixed with the musk of leather and the faint smell of motor oil filled my senses. With each step, his presence grounded me, reminding me that this was my wonderful life, and I never wanted it to change.

He set me down next to the bed and pulled my shirt over my head. “You’re fucking perfect, Alice,” he whispered.

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His touch ignited a spark of anticipation within me. I took him in as he stood before me, towering and commanding, his presence filling the room. With practiced hands, he pulled down my pants, his movements deliberate yet tender, each article of clothing falling away to reveal the curves of my body beneath.

I plopped onto the bed and laid back to watch the show of him undressing. After all of these years, Wrecker was still the most handsome man I had ever seen. His large, muscular frame spoke of years spent working hard and riding free, his tattoos adorning his arms and chest like badges of honor. The intricate designs told the story of his life, each mark a testament to his strength and resilience.

But it was his bushy beard and kind eyes that captured my heart every time. Despite his rough exterior, there was a warmth in his gaze that melted me from the inside out. In those moments, as he watched me, I felt seen, understood, and loved in a way that words could never fully express. Wrecker was perfection in every sense of the word.

Wrecker climbed into bed beside me; his body filled the bed, his warmth seeping into my bones. With a gentle touch, he gathered me in his arms, pulling me close until there was no space between us. His lips found my neck, trailing a path of soft kisses that sent shivers down my spine.

“Hmm, I loved having dinner with everyone,” I confessed, my voice barely a whisper, “but I have to admit I was looking forward to being alone with you.”

Wrecker grunted in response, his lips moving lower to trail kisses across my breasts. I arched into his touch, a soft sigh escaping my lips as pleasure washed over me. With a sense of abandon, I raised my arms over my head, inviting him to explore every

inch of my body.

His touch sent waves of pleasure coursing through me, his fingers teasing and tantalizing as they moved lower, until he was between my legs. With a gentleness that belied his strength, he parted the lips of my pussy, his touch sending sparks of pleasure dancing along my skin.

And then his mouth was on me, his tongue tracing circles against my sensitive flesh. I gasped as pleasure built within me, a wildfire raging out of control. “Oh my god!” I cried out, unable to contain the overwhelming sensation that consumed me.

Wrecker growled in response, his movements becoming more urgent as he drove me to the brink of ecstasy. And then it happened, a wave of pleasure crashed over me as I came undone beneath him, my body trembling with release.

But Wrecker wasn’t done yet. With a primal need driving him, he moved back up my body, his lips finding mine in a fierce, hungry kiss. And then he was inside me, his hardness filling me completely as he drove into me with unbridled need.

I cried out as pleasure consumed me, each thrust pushing me closer to the edge again. With each movement, I felt a connection between us, a bond that went beyond words or actions. And then it happened, a release so intense it left me breathless, my body shaking with the force of it.

Wrecker called out, his release filling me full until he couldn’t hold himself up anymore.

“God damn,” he grunted.

God damn was right.

“You think we’ll ever slow down?” I asked as I traced lazy circles on his chest. “I mean, we’re getting up there.”

Wrecker grunted and pulled the blanket over us. “As long as I’m breathing, babe, I’m always going to want you. Get used to it.”

I didn’t doubt Wrecker would always want me; I doubt if our bodies would be able to keep up with this pace for the next thirty years.

“Well, then I need to get some sleep because, honestly, I don’t even think I could stand right now.”

Wrecker hummed under his breath. “Then stop talking, beautiful.”

I playfully slapped him on the chest. “Um, I’m sorry. I’m just trying to make sure you know you’re amazing, even if a room full of people doesn’t clap for you when you walk in.”

“I’m good now,” he sighed. “Forget I even mentioned it.”

Yeah, as if I was going to be able to forget that. “I can’t believe I’m going to say this, but you’re crazy, Wrecker.”

“No, that is you, babe. If anything, you’re to blame because you’re wearing off on me. Now, go to sleep. I got a big day ahead of me tomorrow, and you’ve got plans with Meg.”

I looked at him in the darkened room. “I love you, Wrecker.”

Wrecker pulled me close, his warmth enveloping me. I felt a sense of peace settle over me. His words, spoken with a certainty that only he possessed, washed away my

doubts like a cleansing tide.

“I know. That’s why I’m not going to worry about being known for something,” he murmured, his voice a soothing balm against my skin. “You, the club, and the kids’ opinions are the only ones I am going to be worried about. I had about thirty seconds of doubt, and you brought everything into perspective for me. Now, sleep.”

His words hung in the air, heavy with meaning, and I felt a weight lift from my shoulders. All the thoughts and worries that had been swirling in my mind moments ago seemed insignificant now.

I had been ready to dive into a discussion about all that Wrecker had ever done to reassure him of his worth and accomplishments. But now, in the quiet intimacy of the moment, I realized that I didn’t need to.

“Uh, okay?” I replied, a hint of disbelief in my voice. Well, hell. Who knew a few simple words could have such a profound impact?

Wrecker chuckled, the sound vibrating against my chest. “I love you, babe,” he said, his words a gentle caress against my skin.

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I snuggled into his arms, feeling content and at peace. As sleep began to tug at the edges of my consciousness, I knew that everything was as it should be. In Wrecker's embrace, I found solace, love, and acceptance.

I drifted off to sleep, happy and satisfied, knowing that I was exactly where I belonged, and so was Wrecker.

### Chapter Six

Meg

"Stay with him."

Jonas rolled his eyes. "I heard you the first five times you told me, Meg. I promise I will not let King out of my sight."

"I know you think I am crazy, but I don't want anything to happen to King."

Jonas lowered his voice. "Is something going on that you're not telling me? Did he have a bad checkup or something?"

"No, no. His last checkup was pretty damn good. The doctor calls him a walking miracle."

"Then why are you hounding me to stick to him like glue?" he demanded.

Jonas and I were standing by the coffee shop near the front desk, waiting for Lo and

Lennox, who were getting coffee.

“Because Lo is worried.”

Jonas stepped toward me. “About what?” he asked.

I looked around to make sure no one was eavesdropping. “That he’s not as good as he once was. That people are going to think since the stroke he’s not... enough.”

“You fucking kidding me?” Jonas growled. Jonas looked around accusingly. “Who the hell said something like that? I’m going to beat the shit out of them.”

I grabbed his arm to ground him. “No one said anything; it’s just something Lo is afraid of. He was struggling with the buttons on his shirt last night. You know how he gets when something that he used to be able to do is hard for him now.”

“He throws shit,” Jonas smiled. “Gets real feisty.”

“Do not let Lo hear you call him feisty,” I whispered.

Jonas’ eyes sparkled with mischief. “You think he’ll throw something at me if I do?” he asked.

I held up two fingers and motioned from his eyes to mine. “I need you to focus right now, Jonas. Stick close to him, and if it seems like he’s struggling, help him, okay?”

“Is he planning on buttoning his shirt in front of everybody?”

God freaking help me with this kid. He wasn’t even a kid technically, but it still felt like I was raising him. “If Lo doesn’t throw something at you, I might.”



“I don’t know why either of you is worrying about this. Who the hell cares if he can’t button his shirt or screwing in some tiny fucking screw is hard for him. King is so much more than any of these people here know. He could literally sit on the couch watching reruns of Fast and Loud for the rest of his life, and I would never be half the man he is. He should be dead right now, Meg, and he’s not. So if anyone thinks they can talk shit about him or think that he’s not as good as he was before the stroke, they are going to have to answer to me. And then when I am done with them, they’re going to have to deal with every member of the club coming here to beat the fuck out of them. You don’t have to worry about Dad.”

My heart flipped at him calling Lo dad. “You don’t call him that much anymore.” Lo and I had adopted Jonas when he was just a little boy and his parents had died in an accident. Turtle, his dad, will always hold a place in my heart.

Jonas shrugged. “Just because I don’t call him dad doesn’t mean he’s not my dad anymore.”

I reached up and patted his cheek. “You’re a good man, Jonas.”

“Only because of you and King.”

I tipped my head to the side.

“Dad,” Jonas sighed. “And you don’t need to worry about him today. Go have fun with Alice and Nikki.”

I shook my head. “I’m only going to hang out with them after your dad’s seminar.”

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“You’re going to sit through all of the boring meetings today?” he asked.

I wrinkled my nose. “I don’t really want to, but...”

Jonas shook his head. “You’re not coming to the meetings.” He nodded over my shoulder.

I turned, expecting to see Lo and Lennox, but was surprised to see Alice, Wrecker, Nikki, and Pipe headed our way.

“Something tells me you are going to be hanging out with Alice and Nikki sooner than you thought,” Jonas whispered.

“Hey,” Nikki called.

“Babe,” Lo called. “I need a pen. This one ain’t working.” He held up the pen while the woman behind the counter searched for another one.

“Oh, uh.” I dug into my purse, pulled out a pen, and handed it to Jonas.

“You’re kidding me,” Jonas laughed. He held up the pen, but it wasn’t a normal pen.

“That’s a bird,” Alice laughed.

“You have a bird pen in your purse?” Pipe asked.

I nodded to Jonas. “Give that to your dad.”

Jonas shook his head and ran it over to Lo.

“You gotta be kidding me,” Lo called.

“That’s what happens when you borrow my pens all of the time and never give them back to me,” I called. Lo was notorious for stealing my pens and never giving them back. I figured if the pens were something crazy that he couldn’t steal, I wouldn’t be constantly buying them.

“I’ll just leave this here,” he countered. He signed the receipt and handed it to the clerk.

“I bought twenty-four.”

Nikki and Alice busted out in laughter, and Pipe shook his head.

“Don’t get any ideas,” Wrecker grumbled to Alice.

Alice held up her hands. “I just want one so I can pull that sucker out anytime I need a pen.”

I fished around in my purse and pulled out two more bird pens. Purple and blue.  
“Here you go.”

Nikki grabbed the blue one, and Alice snatched the purple one.

“Score,” Nikki cheered.

“Do I want to know what else you have in your purse?” Alice asked.

I held up my finger and dug back into my purse. “I’m always forgetting shit, so I

have these handy dandy little notebooks in my purse.” I pulled out two and paged through them to make sure I hadn’t written anything in them.

“Better write this down because I’m forgetful AF,” Nikki read off.

“We were just coming over to see if you had the list of ingredients for the banana bread, but now it’s like Christmas,” Alice laughed.

Lo walked over with Lennox next to him.

“Where’s my pen?” I asked.

Lo rolled his eyes and handed me my coffee. “I should have left it at the register, but the clerk insisted I didn’t.” He reached into his back pocket and handed it back to me.

“You can have your crazy bird back.”

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I smiled and tucked it back into my purse. “Thank you.”

Wrecker nodded to King. “You ready to get this day of meetings going?”

Lo shrugged. “I’m hoping they don’t put me to sleep.”

“I’d like to just skip to your pinstriping seminar this afternoon,” Pipe called.

“Yeah, me, too,” Lo agreed. “I much prefer to keep my hands busy than to just sit around listening to some guy drone on about water runoff or accounting for the future of body shops.”

“Uh,” Wrecker grunted. “I am for sure going to skip the accounting one. I leave that all to Alice.”

“You got stuck with all of the office work, too?” I asked Alice.

Alice wrinkled her nose. “I mean, yeah, but Nikki and Karmen help me a lot. The math is sometimes not mathing for me.”

Wrecker glanced at Alice. “Maybe we shouldn’t tell people that our accounting is less than stellar.”

Alice bumped her shoulder into him. “Easy, beardilocks. I don’t think Meg and King are going to run around the hotel telling everyone the accounting at the garage sucks.” Alice lowered her voice. “It only halfway sucks.”

We all laughed, and I had to admit that Alice was a hoot.

“Why don’t you guys come with us to the store while the guy’s head to the morning meetings?” Nikki suggested. “We did a little Google before coming down and saw there is a Walmart a few miles away.”

“Sounds good to me,” Lennox replied. “I’d much rather wander around shopping than sit in some boring meeting.”

“And,” Alice drawled. “We noticed there is also an outlet mall right by the grocery store.”

Lennox pressed a kiss to Jonas’ cheek. “Check ya later, sexy. I’m shopping.”

I glanced at Lo who had a genuine smile on his lip.

“Go,” he laughed.

“Are you sure?” I really didn’t want to leave Lo. I knew that Jonas would kick ass if anyone tried to make Lo feel bad, but I still wanted to be close to him.

Lo nodded. “Babe, go.”

“I’ll be back in time for your pinstriping seminar, okay?”

He leaned down and pressed a kiss to my lips. “I know you will be.”

“Ready for my water to break at any time,” I added. Lo shook his head and stepped back.

“What?” Alice laughed.

I waved at her. "I'll explain in the car."

"Behave," Wrecker grunted at Alice, his voice tinged with a hint of warning. "I don't want a phone call asking for bail money."

Alice scoffed, her defiance evident in her tone. "Oh, please, Wrecker. When is the last time I did anything remotely bad that would get me arrested?"

Pipe chimed in with a smirk. "July fourth, three years ago. You girls bought some fireworks from some shady guy on the side of the road. You popped the trunk for us to get them out, a cop pulled up, and we found out you bought some freaking illegal ass fireworks. You bought illegal fireworks from an undercover cop," he emphasized, his words dripping with amusement. "Thankfully, the cops figured out you guys had no freaking clue what you were doing and just got a warning not to buy fireworks from the side of the road."

Alice rolled her eyes, dismissing Pipe with a wave of her hand. "He didn't even pull out his handcuffs, Pipe. That does not qualify as getting arrested."

"Are you sure your name isn't Meg?" Lennox asked. "That sounds like something Meg and Cyn would do."

"We just break beds," I laughed.

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Alice pointed at me. “Another thing you are going to have to tell me about in the car.”

Something told me there were going to be a lot of stories we were going to be telling each other. “Only if you tell me more about your cows and how you came up with their names.”

Alice pressed a kiss to Wrecker’s lips. “Try not to fall asleep, beardilocks.”

“You got money?” he asked.

Alice winked up at him. “I’ve got the credit card, baby.”

“Hell,” Wrecker grumbled.

“Have fun,” Lo whispered to me.

“I’ll be back by two,” I promised.

“Yeah, yeah,” he chuckled. “I’m with Wrecker. Make sure you don’t get arrested.”

“Yeah,” Jonas laughed. “I’m the only one who does jail time in this family.”

I wagged my finger at Jonas. “For the last time, joking about being in prison is never going to be funny.”

Jonas shrugged and pressed a kiss to Lennox’s cheek. “If it wouldn’t have happened,



I never would have met Lennox.”

Lennox patted his cheek. “Love you.”

It was Nikki’s turn to say bye to Pipe; they were on a different level.

“Don’t buy any more shit we have to haul home in the cooler,” Pipe grumbled.

“I’m gonna put you in that cooler and haul you back home,” Nikki threatened.

“Are they always like this?” I whispered to Alice.

Alice laughed. “Normally, no, but Pipe seems to have something up his butt.”

“A freaking cooler,” Nikki called. “He’s got a cooler up his butt, but you don’t see him complaining about having breakfast in the room and the freshly baked banana bread we’re going to make.” Nikki folded her arms over her chest. “Now tell me you love me, and give me the credit card.”

Pipe begrudgingly pulled out his wallet and slapped a credit card in her hand. “I love ya, crazy ass.”

“And I love you, grumpy.” She reached up on her tiptoes and pressed a kiss to his lips. “Try to pull that cooler out of your ass while I’m gone.”

“Nikki,” Alice laughed. “You were doing so good until that last part.”

Nikki put her arm through Alice’s. “Yeah, well, what can I say? I’m not perfect.”

“Okay,” Alice drawled. “You boys go do car stuff, and we’re going to do a little shopping.” Nikki and Alice headed to the front door, and Lennox and I fell in step

behind them.

I glanced at Lo over my shoulder and blew him a kiss before we stepped into the revolving door.

“You think this is going to be crazy?” Lennox asked.

I glanced at Nikki and Alice and couldn’t help but wonder if that was what Cyn and I looked like when we set out on an adventure. “I mean, aren’t we always up for an adventure?” I asked Lennox.

“Well, whether we’re up for one or not, I think we’re walking right behind one.”

## Chapter Seven

Alice

“Did she just say mayo?”

Nikki wrinkled her nose. “Maybe banana bread is something different where she’s from.”

“I’m from Rockton, Nikki, not Mars,” Meg called.

“Maybe we should trust her?” I laughed. “I mean, she seems to know what she is talking about.” I liked to bake and cook, but it wasn’t something that I was obsessed with. If someone else offered to cook or bake me something, they could go right ahead. I loved to eat, and I loved it even more when someone else made it.

“I mean, I’m down for anything.” Nikki pushed the cart and followed Meg down the aisle. “So, how does one go about thinking that adding mayo to their banana bread will be delicious?” she asked Meg.

Meg grabbed a small container of mayo and dropped it into the cart. “Uh, well, I use it in my chocolate cake to make it moist, so I figured it would do the trick in my banana bread.”

“Mayo in your chocolate cake?” I asked. “Now you have to be pulling our leg.”

Meg laughed and shook her head. “I am dead serious.”

“I got the chocolate chips.” Lennox held a bag of chocolate chips over her head and jogged down the aisle. “I got the dark chocolate ones.”

“Do you know Meg puts mayo in her chocolate cake and banana bread?” I asked her.

Lennox shrugged. “Umm, no, but I really wouldn’t know much about what goes in either. Since Jonas and I got together, Meg has been doing most of the cooking. I can’t help but say I’ve gotten lazy in the kitchen because all I need to do is go to the clubhouse, and I’ve got a full meal waiting for me.”

“Why don’t we have a Meg at our clubhouse?” Nikki asked.

“We have a Carnie,” I laughed.

“Oh, yeah,” Nikki giggled. “She totally kicks ass in the kitchen.”

“I think that’s it.” Meg looked in the cart and scrunched her nose. “Except we need something to bake the bread in. You guys head to the checkout, and I’ll grab the tin pans.”

Meg took off, and we headed to the checkout with Lennox. “So, was Snapper joking when he said you guys met when he was in prison?” I asked.

“Alice,” Nikki scolded. “You can’t just ask someone if their husband was in prison or not.”

“Uh, why not?” I laughed. “I mean, it’s not like I randomly asked. They mentioned it in front of us.”

Lennox waved her hand at Nikki. “It’s okay. We did bring it up. It’s pretty normal to us, and we forget that most people haven’t been in prison.”

“Snapper seems pretty young. How long was he in prison for?”

We made it to the checkouts and got in line.

“A little less than six years. Involuntary manslaughter.”

The words were out of Lennox’s mouth like she was telling us about the weather.

“Oh, uh, nice.” Nikki cringed. “I don’t know what else to say.”

Lennox smiled. “I don’t think there is a right thing to say.”

I knew Nikki wanted to know the same thing I did. Who did Snapper kill?

“Hey,” Meg called. “You two look like you saw a ghost.”

Lennox started unloading the cart onto the belt. “I told them about Jonas.”

“Uh, what about Jonas?” Meg asked. She looked between Nikki and me. “His parents?”

I tipped my head to the side. “Uh, aren’t you his parents?” What was going on in the world right now? It seemed like Snapper was brimming with secrets.

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Lennox shook her head. “The whole prison thing. I’m sure they want to know what happened, but they’re too nice to ask.”

Ding, ding. Lennox was right.

“Bad dude who had it coming,” Meg explained. “He ran down the woman Jonas was dating and killed her. Jonas repaid the favor.” Meg held up two disposable tin loaf pans. “I got the pans. I figure two should be enough.”

“So what about his parents?” Nikki asked.

I was still trying to digest what Meg had said about Snapper being in prison.

“They died in an accident when Jonas was six. Lo and I adopted him. Well, Turtle actually wanted us to adopt him, so we did. We’ve been his parents ever since.” Meg set the pans on the conveyor belt. “I’m sure you guys have some crazy things that happened with your club.”

“Uh, well,” I drawled. “Some stuff has happened.”

“Crazy stalkers, rival gangs, you know, the usual,” Nikki shrugged. “Kidnappings.”

The cashier gasped, and we all realized that we were in public where our lives weren’t very normal.

“It was a really good book,” I called loudly. “I never saw the kidnapping coming, but it did.”

“Uh, yeah,” Meg agreed. “Reading is my favorite.”

Nikki busted out laughing, and even Lennox couldn’t hide her smile.

We quickly checked out and beelined to the SUV.

“Reading is my favorite,” Lennox mimicked. “It’s a miracle you haven’t been arrested more.”

“I’m not good at lying on the spot, okay?” Meg laughed. “I’m much better when I have somewhat of a plan. Shooting from the hip doesn’t always work for me.”

“Obviously,” Nikki laughed.

We finished loading the car and piled in.

“Now, where to?” I asked.

“Uh, well, I’ve got about two hours until I need to get back to the hotel.” Meg fastened her seat belt.

I glanced at her in the rearview mirror. “We’re seriously going to be back to the convention by two?” I asked.

Meg glanced at Lennox, who was sitting next to her in the backseat. “Just tell her,” Lennox sighed. “They probably already know.”

“You guys going to drop some other bomb on us?” I asked. I was still reeling from the whole involuntary manslaughter thing.

“I just need to be back for Lo,” Meg replied simply.

“Tell them,” Lennox prodded.

Nikki turned in her seat. “Girl, you know you can tell us anything.”

Meg sighed. “Uh, fine. Lo had a stroke a couple of years back, and the whole pinstriping seminar is something he hasn’t done before. Being in front of a room full of people while trying to do something he’s been struggling with is a little nerve-wracking. I promised him I would be back to help him is he needed it.”

Lennox held up her hand. “I’m going to give you the bullet points since I know what questions you guys are going to have since I had them, too.” She held up one finger. “King should be dead. The percentage of people that survive the type of stroke he had is in the single digits.” She added a finger. “He’s ninety-five percent back to normal.” She added one more finger. “He has some deficits, but they are minimal. Fine motor skills are sometimes hard for him, but honestly, if you wouldn’t know that he had a stroke, you wouldn’t know anything was wrong.”

“Nothing is wrong,” Meg insisted.

“There isn’t anything wrong.” Lennox patted Meg’s leg. “He’s going to be fine today.”

“Every person Wrecker and Pipe talked to this weekend has mentioned King. They’re all excited that he’s here and willing to share some of his tips and tricks when it comes to pinstriping,” Nikki replied.



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“Wrecker mentioned that King had a stroke, but I honestly can’t see any deficits that you’re talking about.” I smiled softly.

Meg laughed. “That’s because you haven’t watched him button his shirt or fix the screw on my sunglasses.”

“Fine motor skills are hard but doable,” Lennox explained. “He is going to be more than fine during the seminar.”

“He gets brain fog, too, Lennox,” Meg sighed and looked out the window.

“I thought that hadn’t happened in a while.” Lennox tipped her head to the side. “Is something happening, and you’re not telling us?”

Meg shook her head. “No, no,” she sighed. “I mean, it’s not as bad as it was right after the stroke, but sometimes he forgets things and whatnot.”

I raised my hand. “I forget things all of the time, and Wrecker says I couldn’t hit the broad side of a barn with a hammer. So if teeny tiny screws and forgetting things now and then are King’s deficits, I would say he’s doing pretty damn good.”

“I know.” Meg plastered a smile on her face. “I know he’s going to be fine, and I’m worrying over nothing, but I still would like to be there for the seminar in case he needs me.”

I turned back in my seat and cranked up the SUV. “Say no more, girlfriend. I say we do a bonsai run to the outlet mall and then head back to the convention.”

“I don’t mean to ruin your guy’s plans. You can just drop me back off at the hotel. I don’t mean to be a downer.”

Nikki scoffed. “As if. We watch King’s seminar, head back to the room to make banana bread, and then maybe we can hit the pool before dinner. Sounds like a damn good day to me. And besides, Pipe will like it if I don’t max out the credit card at the outlet mall.”

I shifted the SUV into reverse and headed across the street to the mall. “Sounds like a good plan to me. Maybe we can pick up some lunch for the guys on the way back,” I suggested.

“Honestly,” Meg called. “Just take me ba–.”

“Nope!” I shouted. “You aren’t going anywhere, woman. You’re stuck with Nikki and me for the rest of the weekend, so you should just accept it for what it is and stop fighting it.” My eyes connected with Meg’s in the mirror. “Okay?”

She nodded and smiled warmly. “Okay.”

## Chapter Eight

Meg

“Steady, steady,” I whispered.

“I don’t know what you were worrying about, girl. Your guy is crushing it up there.” Alice elbowed me. “I mean, I don’t want to say anything bad, but there is no way in hell that type of pinstriping is coming out of our garage.”

I watched closely as Lo effortlessly pinstriped a fender that had magically appeared,

and Alice was right, Lo was killing it.

He wiped his brow with his hand, and I grasped Alice's hand.

"Girl," Alice laughed. "Take a breath. The man is allowed to wipe his forehead."

"I told you not to worry," Jonas said from behind me. "Dad is the best in the Midwest."

"Whole country," Wrecker corrected him. "I'm pretty sure he's cementing that in the books as we speak."

I was gathered off to the side of the ballroom with Lennox, Jonas, Alice, Wrecker, and Nikki surrounding me. Lo had called Pipe up to assist him, and I could tell Pipe was having the time of his life.

And yeah, they had moved Lo's seminar into the huge ass ballroom because there were so many people trying to get into the small conference room they had first set him up in that they had shifted the whole thing to the ballroom.

That was my Lo.

Even when he was freaking out on the inside, he was killing it.

"I don't think I have seen Pipe smile this much in years," Nikki laughed.

Alice bumped her. "You know he loves you, babe."

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Nikki smiled softly. “I know. He just gets a little irritated lately. It’s like he wants to be doing something more, but he doesn’t know what. With the kids taking over the club in the next few years, it’s like he’s floundering, figuring out what’s next.”

I glanced at Nikki. “Lo and the rest of the Knights went through the same thing. Hell, we’re still kind of in limbo with Hero wanting to take over but Lo not wanting to give up something that has been his for three-quarters of his life.”

“Wrecker is the same.”

“Hey,” Wrecker called. “You do know I’m standing right here and can hear everything you are saying.”

Alice patted his cheek. “Yes, baby, I know.” She sighed heavily. “I’m kind of looking forward to the kids taking the club over. Maybe I can get some more cattle to help occupy Wrecker’s free time.”

“Jesus Christ,” Wrecker huffed. “I am literally right here.”

Alice winked at me.

She was messing with him, and she loved it. “Or maybe we can start knitting. You know, that big chunky yarn that you have to use your arms as the knitting needles. I think that could be cool.”

Wrecker threw his hands up in the air. “You are unbelievable. I’m gonna go to the other side of the room while you plan my retirement.” He shook his head and weaved

his way through the crowd.

“That man is going to have you committed,” Nikki laughed.

Alice waved her hand at her. “You and I both know that these men would be bored out of their minds if it weren’t for us. And he should be thankful to be graced with my presence for the past bajillion years.”

“Bajillion?” Lennox laughed. “I didn’t think you guys were that old.”

“Hush, little baby ol’ lady.” Alice winked at Lennox. “One day, you’ll be an all-knowing ol’ lady like us.”

Lennox fake curtsied and bowed her head. “I anticipate to learn the way.”

My eyes were trained on Lo as he finished the pinstriping. Pipe grabbed the brush from him and held it up victoriously.

The crowd cheered, and Lo straightened with a huge smile on his lips.

Jonas put his hands on my shoulders and squeezed. “I told you there was nothing to worry about,” he said in my ear over the loud cheering of the crowd.

I smiled proudly and patted his hand.

After all of these years, Lo still had it; nothing was ever going to take that away from him.

## Chapter Nine

Alice

“And now we wait a little bit longer,” Meg called from the bathroom. We had set up the air fryer in the bathroom, and Meg had finally put her banana bread in. “I’m not sure how long it will take in there, so I erred on the shorter side. I think it needs another five minutes or so.”

“I still can’t believe you just made banana bread in your hotel room,” I laughed.

Meg sure was something else. Once the room had cleared for King’s pinstriping seminar, we headed up to Meg’s room while the guys headed off to another meeting. Today was the last day for meetings, and tomorrow was an exhibition with booths and demonstrations from companies and products for body shops.

“I need coffee,” Nikki groaned from the couch. “I don’t know why, but my ass is dragging.”

“Because you didn’t get a coffee this morning,” I called. “We came down thinking we were going to caffeinate, but instead, we ran into Meg and Lennox.”

Nikki pointed at Meg. “You are to blame, but I still like you.”

“Girl, I have learned after all of these years that nothing can and will stand in the way of my daily coffee.” I opened the mini fridge and motioned inside. “I now travel with my creamer, no matter what. And I also always have a special tool with me.”

“Mayo,” Nikki guessed.

Lennox wrinkled her nose. “My god, if you have been putting mayo in my coffee all of these years, we are going to have a talk.”

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Meg laughed and shook her head. “That would be a negative. My secret tool is this.” Meg reached into her purse and pulled out something, but I wasn’t sure what she pulled out.

“What the what?” Lennox squawked. She slapped her hands over her eyes. “Why in the hell are you holding up your vibrator?”

I leaned forward and squinted at the little doohickey she was holding. “If that is your vibrator, you’ve got a vagina made of steel because I’m pretty sure that thing would tear me the hell up.” I cringed and leaned back. “Yeah, I’m not one to yuck someone’s yum, but that’s a no for me.”

Meg pressed a button, and the end of the thing whirled around like a tornado. “No,” she laughed. “It’s a frother.”

Lennox put her fingers in her ears. “I do not want to know what you named it. You are Jonas’ mom, and you’re like my mom.”

Meg rolled her eyes and let go of the button. “You guys are ridiculous.” She grabbed a coffee cup, pulled the creamer out of the fridge, and poured a generous glug into the cup. She put the creamer back into the fridge and slammed the fridge shut. “Watch and be amazed.” She held the cup of creamer in one hand, and in the other, she turned on the frother.

She slowly moved the frother up and dunked it into the cup.

And that is when it clicked.

It was a mini electric whisk.

Man, were we idiots!

Nikki let out a loud laugh and elbowed Lennox, who still had her fingers cramped into her ears, and her eyes slammed shut.

Lennox cracked open one eye, and her jaw dropped open.

Meg cocked her head to the side. "I'm assuming you guys know what this actually is now, right?"

"I did think frother was a weird name for your vibrator," I confessed.

"Can you imagine using that as a..." Nikki bugged out her eyes and tipped her chin to her crotch.

"You guys are too much," Meg laughed. "Who wants a latte?" she asked.

Nikki's hand shot up. "Me first since I am ten seconds away from passing out."

Lennox and I both wanted one, too, so Meg became a barista and whipped up the creamer while the coffee brewed.

Nikki sniffed the air. "Uh, does anyone else smell something burning?" she asked.

I shook my head. "I don't smell anything." I laid back on the bed and stretched my arms over my head. "What do you think they are going to serve at the dinner tonight?" I pondered.

"It's a pizza party," Meg called. "So I am going to assume that they are going to have



pizza,” she laughed. She finished the first latte and handed it to Nikki.

Nikki took a sip and sighed. “I am never going to be able to go back to my crap coffee at home after this.”

Meg started the next cup of coffee and poured another generous glug of cream into the cup. “Girl, just get yourself a frother off Amazon, and you’ll be good to go. Before you know it, you’ll be buying all the flavored syrups and even whipped cream.”

Meg finished the lattes for us and then flopped onto the bed next to me.

“This taste amazing,” Lennox sighed, “but now I’m smelling something burning, too.”

“I don’t smell it now,” Nikki laughed. “I’m sure it’s nothing.”

“How many grandkids do you have?” I asked Meg.

“My son, Remy, has two with his wife. I’m still waiting on Jonas to make me a grandma for the third time.” She glanced at Lennox. “Any day now.”

Lennox gave a thumbs up. “We are practicing.”

Meg laughed. “That’s fine. I guess I can wait a little bit longer.”

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“Guys,” Nikki called.

“What?” I laughed.

She jumped up from the couch. “Something is burning.”

“The banana bread!” Meg hollered.

### Chapter Ten

Meg

“We didn’t mean to do it.”

Lo just stared at me.

“How were we supposed to know?” I demanded.

More staring.

“Are you going to say anything?” I knew Lo was pissed at me, but he hadn’t said one single word. His glare was saying plenty, though.

How were we supposed to know that the outlet in the bathroom was not, uh, shall we say, up to par to plug an air fryer into? Wasn’t it the same as plugging in a hair dryer or a curling iron? Evidently not.

Also, the hotel overreacted by evacuating the whole wing. Yeah, I said what I said.

It was like as soon as the smoke alarm had gone off, there was no turning back.

“There weren’t even flames,” I insisted. “Alice unplugged it, I opened the doors, Nikki grabbed the banana bread out, and then everything was fine.”

“The smoke alarms say different,” Lo growled.

I put my hands on my hips. “I told everyone to stay in their rooms, but no one listened.” Smoke alarms just sent people into a panic. How rude?

“Because the smoke alarms were going off, and there was smoke rolling out of our room!”

“Nothing was on fire, though,” I insisted.

Lo ran his fingers through his hair and paced the length of our new hotel room. The one we had been staying in was, uh, not habitable? Again, I thought the hotel was overreacting.

“Fire is a new one for you,” Lo sighed. “I guess I am going to have to put that in the rules.” He held up one finger. “Don’t get arrested.” He added another finger. “Don’t set the whole hotel on fire?”

I rolled my eyes and flopped onto the bed. “We didn’t mean to do it!” I insisted. “It was the outlet’s fault. It could have happened to anyone.”

“Yeah, because I’m sure there are tons of other guests in the hotel who are making banana bread in an air fryer,” Lo reasoned. He stopped pacing in front of me. “Why does this craziness always follow you, babe? I was terrified out of my mind. All

people were saying was there was a fire on our floor. I didn't know if you were okay or not."

I held out my hands. "I'm totally fine. You should be glad there were no flames and just smoke."

He closed his eyes and sighed.

"I'm sorry," I whispered. "We honestly didn't mean to do it."

His eyes opened, and the anger that had been there was replaced with worry. "I thought you were hurt, Meg. I thought something had happened to you."

And there it was.

Lo wasn't mad at me; he was terrified something had happened to me. "I'm okay," I whispered.

His shoulders sagged, and a chuckle rumbled from his throat. "Was the banana bread at least good?" he asked.

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I smiled wide. “We haven’t tried them yet, but Alice managed to snag them before the hotel staff booted us from the room. She texted me that we should come over when you’re done yelling at me.”

“I’m not yelling at you, I’m just...” he trailed off.

I stood and wrapped my arms around his waist. “Coming down an adrenaline rush because you thought I was dead? Burned up in our hotel room from two loaves of banana bread?”

He wrapped his arms around me and buried his face in my hair. “That stroke didn’t kill me, but something tells me you are going to be the death of me, Meg.”

I leaned back, and my eyes connected to his. “I mean, let’s hope it’s when we’re in the middle of sex and not because of banana bread.”

“God, you’re crazy, but I fucking love it.” He leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to my lips. “I love you.”

I closed my eyes and pressed my forehead against his. “I love you, too.”

“We’re really going to have to add no fires to the rules, aren’t we?” he whispered.

“I mean,” I whispered, “it probably wouldn’t be a bad idea.”

“God, you really are a nut, Meg,” he sighed.

“A nut you love, though.” And thank god for that. I just hoped Wrecker, Pipe, and Jonas weren’t too upset with Alice, Nikki, and Lennox.

I knew Jonas was more than likely laughing his ass off with Lennox, but I wasn’t sure about Pipe and Wrecker.

## Chapter Eleven

Alice

“Everyone is staring at us, aren’t they?”

Nikki looked around. “I think some people are, but it might just be because we’re hot. I mean, I would stare at us if I was them.”

We had managed to grab one of the large round tables toward the back of the ballroom for the pizza party. The guys were up getting pizza and drinks for us while we tried to lay low.

“No one is staring at us,” Meg laughed. “This hotel is filled with thousands of people. No one can know we were the ones who, uh, prompted the evacuation of the third floor.”

“And the fourth floor,” I added.

Meg bugged her eyes out at me. “No?”

I nodded. “Uh, yeah. The hotel manager told Wrecker that they, uh, had to evacuate the third and fourth floor.”

“I have to say, this is right up there with Cyn and I almost getting arrested for

breaking a bed,” Meg laughed.

Lennox waved her hand. “Uh, I would have to say that evacuating two floors for some banana bread surpasses the broken bed.”

“There is one good thing, though.” I reached down and grabbed my purse.

“No,” Nikki gasped. “You didn’t.”

I shrugged and reached into my bag. “This stuff smells so good. I had to distract Wrecker by flashing him so he wouldn’t eat it.” I pulled out the loaves of banana bread and set them on the table.

We all stared at the banana bread.

“I mean, it looks pretty damn good,” Nikki confessed.

“I can smell it from here.” Lennox licked her lips.

Meg grabbed one of the loaves and broke it in half. “This is impossible.” She held the loaf to her nose and inhaled. “It doesn’t smell like smoke at all. I thought for sure it would be a smoke loaf.” She broke off a piece and popped it in her mouth.

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“Well, hell,” I laughed. I grabbed the other half of the loaf and ripped a chunk off. “If she’s not waiting, neither am I.” I popped it in my mouth, and a moan dropped from my lips. “Sweet Jesus.” I didn’t know how the bread didn’t taste like smoke, either. It was downright delicious.

Nikki and Lennox split the other loaf, and the table was a chorus of delicious moans and groans.

“They couldn’t even wait for us to try the damn bread.” Wrecker set a plate full of pizza in front of me. “We managed to talk the hotel manager into not kicking us out, and you can’t even wait to share the banana bread with us.” He sat down next to me and grabbed the banana bread out of my hand. “Does it taste as good as it smells?” he asked.

Nikki moaned and sighed. “Even better.”

Wrecker took a bite, and he dropped his chin to his chest. “God damn,” he groaned.

“They tried it?” King asked as he sat down next to Meg.

Meg laughed and grabbed a piece of pizza off the plate he had set down. “It sure isn’t the pizza making them moan,” she laughed.

King leaned into her and pressed a kiss to her cheek. “You’ve still got it, babe.”

Snapper and Pipe sat down, and each grabbed the banana bread from Lennox and Nikki.



“So?” I asked.

“So, what?” Pipe countered.

Wrecker wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. “She wants to know if almost burning down the hotel was worth it for the banana bread.”

Nikki and Lennox exchanged a look.

“I mean...” Nikki trailed off.

“For the record,” Meg interrupted. “It was just smoke and no flame. No one ever saw a flame.”

King chuckled and shook his head. “All smoke and no flame.”

“All arrest but no charges,” Wrecker chuckled.

“The life of an ol’ lady,” Snapper smirked.

“I think you guys just named your memoir,” Pipe sighed. He put his arm around Nikki’s shoulders. “God knows you guys should write down all the craziness from the past twenty—.”

Nikki plastered her hand on Pipe’s mouth to silence him. “Don’t you know you never mention a woman’s age?”

“Uh, I’m pretty sure you guys are past twenty,” Snapper laughed.

“Yeah, but if he says how long we’ve been ol’ ladies, then people can do the math. I don’t like how the math maths.” Nikki pointed at Snapper. “No mathing when it

comes to how old we are or how long we've been ol' ladies. That is a number only god knows from now on."

Snapper held up his hands. "Okay, okay," he laughed. "No mathing coming from me."

"Smart boy," Lennox laughed.

"I'll give you boy," he muttered. He grabbed her around the neck and laid a hot, searing kiss on her lips.

Meg clapped her hands happily. "I smell another grandbaby on the way."

"Jesus," King muttered. "Can we not talk about this when I'm trying to enjoy your banana bread?"

Meg shrugged. "I mean, sure, but I don't think that is going to stop my next grandbaby from being made tonight."

"Mom," Snapper called. "Could we not do this? Save the crazy for another night?"

"Maybe we don't need to save it for another night," Lennox sighed.

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I tipped my head to the side.

“Oh, boy,” Wrecker whispered.

“I’m pregnant,” Lennox announced.

“You’re what!??” Snapper shouted. “How the hell did that happen?”

Pipe chuckled and shook his head.

Meg’s hand shot into the air. “I freaking knew it! I knew the second I saw you Thursday! I’m gonna be a grandma again,” she cheered.

“I don’t know how you knew, but I just took a test before we left on Thursday,” Lennox confessed.

“Why the hell didn’t I know that you knew?” Snapper demanded.

Out of all of us, Snapper seemed to be the most surprised.

“Congrats,” Wrecker called. “Prepare to be tired for the next eighteen years,” he chuckled.

Pipe raised his glass to Lennox and Snapper. “Congrats,” he echoed.

Meg jumped up from her chair and rounded the table to hug Snapper and then Lennox.

“My babies are having a baby,” she gushed. “I was worried I would never see this day. Especially after that whole Aaron Gibbs fiasco.”

Wrecker leaned into me. “Who is Aaron Gibbs?” he asked softly.

I turned and smiled. “Uh, I think I know, but I’ll tell you later.”

“You keeping secrets from me?” he asked.

I pressed a kiss to his lips. “Not intentionally. I learned a whole lot about Meg and the Devil’s Knights today.”

Wrecker smiled and glanced at my lips. “You know I don’t like when you keep secrets from me.”

“Oh yeah?” I whispered. “Maybe I can find a way to make it up to you.”

Wrecker wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me into his lap. “Honey,” I laughed. “What are you doing?”

He buried his face in my neck and pressed a kiss behind my ear. “Thinking of ways you can make it up to me.”

He tipped his head back, and I combed my fingers through his beard. “Maybe we should head to the room and start with my mouth.”

Wrecker shot up from his chair with me in his arms. “Well, congrats again, but I think we’re going to head to our room.”

Meg tipped her head to the side. “Uh, okay. Is something wrong?”

I patted my throat and coughed. “Uh, I think the smoke from this afternoon might have got caught in my throat. I just need to lay down.” Yeah, I’m sure that was all I needed. The events of the day caught up with me, and I just needed to spend some time alone in our room. Alone with Wrecker was the key here.

Wrecker leaned to the table and grabbed the plate of pizza and banana bread. He pressed them to my hands, and I struggled not to drop them. “I’m sure she’ll be fine by the morning.”

“Yeah,” Pipe laughed. “I’m sure she’ll probably be fine within the hour.”

Yeah, everyone knew what we were up to, but I didn’t care.

No one had died from the banana bread fiasco, King had a great seminar, and Lennox and Snapper were going to have a baby.

It was a night to celebrate, and Wrecker and I were going to do just that.

In our room.

All night long.

### Chapter Twelve

Meg

“I’m glad to see that you’re feeling better.”

Alice lifted her head and squinted at me. “Uh, yeah. It’s like I’m brand new this morning. I think yesterday was just a lot.”

I eyed Alice knowingly. “Yeah. It wasn’t long after you and Wrecker headed to your room that Lo and I called it a night.” Lo and I had gone to our room early, but we hadn’t fallen asleep until the early hours of the morning. There was something about surviving a crisis and then finding out that you were going to be a grandma for the third time, and that just did something to you.

Finally, on the third day at the Kalahari, we managed to make it down to the huge indoor waterpark. This was not the first time I had been to the Kalahari, so I knew renting a cabana for the day was the way to go. We had a designated place that was ours; we didn’t need to guard, so no one took the TV and our own personal waiter that only waited on our cabana and the one next to us. It was well worth the price tag.

Lennox was still in her room trying to get over a bout of morning sickness while Nikki was ass down in a tube floating in the lazy river.

Alice and I had yet to go in the water, but the day was still young.

The guys were walking around the exhibition booths and would meet up here when they were done.

I nodded to the TV. “Have you seen that?” I asked. “They’re going to do a reality show about real motorcycle clubs.”

Alice squinted at the TV as she watched the commercial for the reality show. “Oh, yes, Tread. I have most definitely heard of it.” She wrinkled her nose. “I just can’t wait for our turn.”

I cocked my head to the side. “Uh, excuse me. What do you mean you can’t wait for your turn?”

Alice laid her head back on her lounge and sighed. “We might be one of the four clubs that the producers approached, and we said yes. I don’t really talk about it much because, well, I’m not extremely excited for it. Plus, they haven’t even started filming yet. Right now, they are filming the Iron Fiends and some other club out east.”

“What?” I laughed. “This whole time, I’ve been hanging out with a future TV star, and you didn’t think to tell me.” I was pretty sure that everyone I came into contact with would know if the Devil’s Knights were going to be a part of a reality show.

Alice cringed. “I’m actually hoping not to be on camera much. Wrecker and the club decided to do it for the kids. This ol’ lady is going to stay in the shadows and duck the camera as much as I can.”

“Girl, what?” I laughed. “You are one of the most outgoing people I have ever met, and you aren’t excited about being on a reality show?” I shook my head and laughed. “That is the craziest thing I have heard all day.”

“I don’t know about you, but I think it would probably be for the best that my ol’ lady antics weren’t broadcast for the whole world to see. It’s hard to have no charges pressed when there is video evidence.”

I thought about it and nodded. “You know, you might be right. Leave it to the young guys, and you can just keep the crazy in the background.”

Alice smiled and raised her hand to the waiter. “Speaking of crazy, I think it’s time for the first drink of the day.”

The waiter came over and smiled brightly at us. “What can I get for you?” he asked.

Alice twirled her finger in the air. “When we were walking in, I saw this big ass drink. Had like three little umbrellas in it, and it was bright orange.”

The waiter smiled wide. “You must be talking about our Tiki Cups.” He pulled out a menu from his back pocket and presented it to Alice. “The bright orange one is either the Mango Dragon Rita or the Tropical Passion.”

Alice grabbed the menu and wrinkled her nose. “I’m not into tequila.” She glanced at me. “I learned early on that I am not a tequila girlie.”

I reached out and bumped my fist into hers. “Me, too, sister. I tend to stick to the rums.”

Alice looked over the menu and pointed to one halfway down the page. “I’ll take the Mango Dragon. It got me with the Bacardi Gold float.” Alice smiled.

She handed me the menu, and I looked it over. “And I will do the Island Berry Runner. That sounds like a wine cooler but icy. Do you think we should order something for Nikki?” I asked.



Alice nodded and grabbed the menu back. “Ignore the fact I forgot about her, okay?” she laughed. “Uh, let’s do the Kalahari Flame for her. She’s got a thing for strawberries, and I wanted to try that one.”

The waiter nodded and wrote down our order. “Can I get you guys anything to eat from the grill?” He motioned for Alice to flip the menu over.

*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:25 pm*

“You good with cheese curds, mini corn dogs, and nachos?” she asked me.

“Uh, yeah, as long as you put the black olives on the nachos to the side,” I requested.

“Chicken or beef for the nachos?” the waiter asked.

“Chicken,” Alice and I said in unison.

The waiter smiled and tucked his pen in his pocket. “I’ll get your order into the grill and be right back with your drinks.” He headed down the walkway from the cabana and skirted around Nikki, who was heading our way.

“You guys have got to come float the lazy river with me,” she called. She grabbed a towel from the stack next to my chair and wrapped it around her middle. “I forgot how much I love to just float around.” She sprawled out on the couch and looked from Alice to me. “What?” she asked.

“Alice was just telling me how you guys are going to be TV stars,” I laughed.

Alice rolled her eyes. “But more importantly, I ordered you a drink and a mountain of food for us to share.”

“Yeah, I am way more excited about the drink and food,” Nikki laughed. “I’ve already told Pipe that as soon as the camera crew shows up next week, I will be a ghost around the clubhouse.”

Alice waved her hand in the air. “Amen, honey. I am leaving the cameras for the kids.

The producers have already said they are going to take the angle of the next generation taking over the club. Us old Betty's can just do puzzles and knit sweaters."

Nikki wrinkled her nose. "You had me until the puzzles and knitting."

Alice sighed. "Well, we can do whatever it is that old women do."

I shrugged. "I'm older than you guys, and I'm not knitting or doing puzzles. Me and the other Devil's Knights ol' ladies hop in our RV and see the country."

Nikki threw her hands in the air. "Perfect! We can buy our own RV and follow you guys around. That way, we for sure won't be on the TV show."

"Brilliant," Alice called.

"All right, ladies," the waiter called as he made his way up the walkway. "I have got your drinks, and your food should be ready in about ten minutes."

He handed Alice a huge, and I mean huge, margarita glass filled with a vibrant orange concoction with three straws sticking out of it. "Oh my god," Alice laughed. "This is way bigger than the one I saw earlier."

"Objects may appear smaller from a distance," the waiter joked. He handed Nikki a glass just like Alice's, filled to the brim with what looked like a pina colada, and swirled bright red through it.

"Uh, are you guys trying to get me drunk and see my dance moves?" Nikki laughed.

"Just let me know what music to turn on," the waiter offered.

He turned to me, and I was the lucky recipient of a bright pink slush with a ribbon of

red running through it. “Come to mama,” I laughed.

“I’ll go check on your food and be right back with it.” The waiter headed off, and I took a sip of my drink.

“Oh my,” Alice cringed. “This tastes like I’m going to forget my name and dance on the table with Nikki.”

Nikki took a sip, and her eyes widened. “Mine tastes like Pipe is going to have to carry me to my room later.”

“Mine tastes like straight-up juice, which means Lo is getting lucky tonight,” I laughed.

I leaned toward Alice and Nikki and held out my glass. “Cheers, ladies. To one of the best weekends I have had in a long time.”

Alice clinked her glass against mine. “To ol’ ladies, no matter who their ol’ men are.”

“Here, here,” Nikki chimed in. “Now, let’s drink, eat, and then float the afternoon away.”

## Chapter Thirteen

Alice

## Page 30

*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:25 pm*

“Piper, why are you in the water with your clothes on?” Nikki slurred.

My eyes fluttered open, and I shielded my eyes from the sunlight streaming through the roof.

“You’re in a potted plant, Nikki, not the water,” Pipe laughed.

I groaned, and I slowly sat up. I didn’t need to turn to know that Wrecker was sitting on the lounge next to me. His disapproving glare was very loud.

The second Mango Dragon had done me dirty.

Nikki sloppily waved at Pipe. “You are so silly,” she slurred. “I’m floating down the Nile. There aren’t any bushes in the Nile.” She smiled wide. “Except my bush.” She burst into a fit of laughter and fell out of the pot. Good for the plant she was clinging to, not so good for Nikki’s butt.

“The Nile?” King laughed from somewhere to my left. “I don’t know if you guys are high or drunk.”

Meg groaned next to me. “We hereby dubbed the lazy river the Nile River,” she explained. “And you need to know I don’t do that wacky weed. Lo and I agreed that I’m crazy enough without drugs. Drugs would land me... somewhere,” she sighed.

“In jail,” Snapper and King called in unison.

“Was that before or after your second drink you decided you were floating down the

Nile?” Wrecker drawled.

Meg held up one finger but quickly added a second. “Two,” she chirped. “It had to have been two, though it could have been three, but I’m pretty sure Brandon left the booze out of three.”

“Anyone wonder who Brandon is?” Pipe asked.

“Uh, that would be me,” a young guy called. The decorative grass wall parted, and a probably college-age kid appeared. “I did, in fact, cut them off after two, but since they mentioned you guys were coming later, I just let them try to sleep it off. They weren’t hurting anyone. Well, the bush might be a little worse for wear, but it’s hearty. You wouldn’t believe the things I’ve seen happen to that bush.”

“Appreciated,” King called.

“A hefty tip is headed your way,” Wrecker added. “Anyone who manages to corral the girls deserves either a tip or a medal of honor.”

“I’ll take the tip,” Brandon laughed. “Can I get you guys anything?”

“A round of beer,” Snapper called. “On me.” He handed Brandon a few bills. “Keep the change.”

“Why are you all in the Nile?” Nikki cried. “I can’t float with all of you so close to me,” she whined. Nikki might have been the drunkest of us all.

“Dear god,” Snapper laughed. “She was literally sitting in the pot of a bush. How does she think she is in the water?”

I circled my finger in the air at Snapper. “Shouldn’t you be somewhere with your

pregnant lady?” I asked. The word lady sounded funny coming out of my mouth. “Laaaady,” I drawled like I was Jerry Lewis reincarnated.

“Lady!” Nikki called.

“Ladies all over,” Meg laughed.

“Lady!” we cheered in unison.

“What in the hell is going on?” Wrecker laughed. “I don’t know if we should try to catch up with you guys or just carry you to your rooms.”

What was going on was Meg, Nikki, and I were drunk with a big ol’ capital d. Hell, you could probably capitalize all the letters, and we would still be drunker.

Just straight up DRUNK off whatever magic booze the Kalahari was pumping into their drinks.

I struggled to stand and managed to get my feet under me without falling. “I think... I think...”

Wrecker reached out and snagged me around the waist. He pulled me onto his lap, and I laid my head on his chest. “I think you just need to rest, babe.”

“Are you mad?” I whispered.

“If I got mad every time you and your girls got drunk, babe, we wouldn’t be together.” He brushed my hair off my forehead and pressed a kiss to my cheek. “The first time I met you, you were drunk.”

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I sighed and snuggled into Wrecker. “You’re were so hot and nice. So nice, I curtsied.”

“How did you find us?” Meg asked. “And what time is it?”

“Alice was smart enough to tell me what cabana you guys were in.”

I reached up and patted Wrecker’s cheek. “Always need to let my man know where I’m getting toasted at.” I swept my arm wide. “Do you like our commode?”

“Cabana,” Meg howled. “It is a cabana.”

“That’s what I said.” Didn’t I?

“Isn’t a commode a toilet?” Nikki asked.

Of course, she would be coherent enough to remember what a commode was.

I closed my eyes and tried to stop the room from spinning. “Take me drunk, Wrecker, I’m home.”

“I’d like to think you guys will learn from this, but I think we are way past that ever happening.” Snapper saluted to King. “I’m going to head up and check on Lennox to see if she’s still worshiping the porcelain god.”

“Take her some ginger ale,” I called. “That was the only thing that could calm my stomach when I was pregnant.”



“And some crackers,” Meg added.

“Cheese,” Nikki called.

“Babe,” Pipe drawled. “I don’t think cheese is the best thing to eat when you have morning sickness.”

Snapper shook his head and waved. “Later,” he called as he headed down the path.

Nikki pouted out her bottom lip. “Oh, I thought we were ordering more food.”

The grass wall parted again, and Brandon appeared. “Can I get you ladies anything to eat when I bring the round of beers?”

“Cheese!” Nikki called.

“Slice, melted, stick, or curd?” Brandon asked.

“Curd,” I called.

“And some more nachos, beef this time, chicken tenders, French fries, and two of those big ol’ pretzels,” Meg rattled off.

“You got it,” Brandon called.

“The service here really is top-notch,” Meg sighed. “I’m so glad we got this cabana.”

“Can I get some fruit and a big ol’ slab of cheesecake, too?” Nikki asked. “I love me some cheesecake.”

“Yes, to the fruit, but I don’t have any cheesecake,” Brandon called from the other

side of the grass wall.

“You think that dude just sits on the other side of that wall listening to us?” I asked.

“More than likely. He knows where his payday is coming from,” Wrecker laughed.  
“The more you guys order, the bigger his tip is going to be.”

Wrecker was not wrong.

“Meg makes the best cheesecake ever,” Pipe announced. “You guys will have to visit sometime so you can have it.”

“Oh,” I called. “We should run to the store and make it in the...” My words trailed off as I remembered what happened with the banana bread. It turned out delicious, but the long lecture I got from Wrecker about electrical safety was not something I wanted to do ever again. “We will totally have to come visit the Devil’s Knights clubhouse.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:25 pm*

“And then you guys can take a pole dancing class.” Meg smiled proudly. “Indiana is the best pole dancer.”

“I can’t tell if she’s drunk rambling or if she actually knows someone named Indiana.” Pipe crouched down and finally helped Nikki off the floor. “Up you go, baby.” Nikki teetered and faceplanted into Pipe’s chest.

“She’s actually making sense,” King laughed. “Not only do we have a garage, we also have a strip club/bar, and a pole dancing studio.”

I raised my hand. “I am totally down to twirl around a pole.”

“As long as you’re not drinking,” Wrecker grunted. “No broken bones.”

I rolled my eyes and tugged on his beard. “I’m pretty sure I am going to need a few drinks in me to even get close to the pole.”

“Oh, please,” Nikki called. “Just imagine it’s a cow, and you’ll be riding it like a lawnmower.”

“A lawnmower?” Pipe asked.

Nikki buried her head in Pipe’s chest. “I’m drunk,” she moaned. “Stop expecting me to make sense.”

“Fair enough,” Pipe grunted.

“Keep the expectations low. And for the record, I haven’t ridden any of my cows,” I laughed.

“Sure,” Nikki drawled.

“How long do you have this cabana for?” King asked.

“We’re shutting the waterpark down,” Meg called. “I’ve got this puppy until nine.”

“That... is a long time from now,” I laughed. I wasn’t sure what time it was, but it was still daylight out.

“Uh, yeah, babe. I’m not sure everyone will want to be staying down here that long,” King agreed.

I was about ten minutes away from passing out for a few hours. As comfortable as it was to snuggle up with Wrecker on the chaise lounge, I knew our bed in our air-conditioned room would be much more comfortable. “Uh, I’m in for some food, and then I think I need my bed.”

“Here, here,” Nikki agreed. “I think the Nile has conquered me, and I need me a laydown.”

“Fine,” Meg sighed. “You party poopers can go to your rooms, but King and I are going to get every penny I paid out of this commode.” She shook her head. “Cabana.”

A few minutes later, Brandon brought two platters filled with every snack a drunk person could want: cheese, carbs, and grease.

I promptly ate half a pretzel, a handful of cheese curds, and all the fries. Yeah, I was a fry addict.

Wrecker managed to stand while holding me, and we headed out of the waterpark and up to our room.

I groaned once he opened the door and tossed me on the bed. “I know we normally get frisky when I’m drunk, but I’m pretty sure if we get this bed a-rockin’, the pound of fried food I ate is going to come a-knockin’.”

Wrecker pulled his shirt over his head and fell into bed next to me. “We’ll try the rockin’ later, babe. I need a nap, too.”

I snuggled into his chest and sighed. “I know I never like to say we’re getting old, but honestly, it kind of rocks getting old. When we were younger, there was no way we could get drunk, eat a ton of food, and then be in bed by four in the afternoon.”

“Yeah,” Wrecker agreed. “The Alice from twenty years ago would have been calling for a rally already.”

I groaned and closed my eyes. “No rally for me. My butt is going to stay in this bed until morning and the brunch buffet calls me.”

Wrecker pressed a kiss to my head and grunt, “Deal.”

## Chapter Fourteen

Meg

*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:25 pm*

“Why did you let me drink so much?”

Lo leaned against the doorframe of the bathroom, shirtless, while he brushed his teeth. “Pretty sure you did that all on your own, babe. I was down in the expo yesterday while you were living it up with your new friends.”

I groaned and splashed cold water on my face. “Alice and Nikki are the only things I don’t regret this weekend. Everything else I could have done without.” I glanced at him in the mirror. “Except for that standing ovation you got after your pinstriping seminar. I’m pretty sure I will never forget watching you be a pinstriping badass.”

Lo wrinkled his brow. “Uh, thanks?”

“You’re welcome, handsome. I also won’t be able to make banana bread again without wondering if I’m going to burn the place down.”

“Yeah, I’m pretty sure I will never be able to get the stench of smoke out of our suitcase.”

I rolled my eyes and grabbed a towel. “You’re being dramatic. I’ll Febreze the hell out of it once we get home, and it will be as good as new.” You would be surprised what a bottle of Febreze and a determined woman could do.

My phone dinged, and I glanced at it to see a message from Alice. “Alice wants to know if we want to grab brunch before they leave.”

“I’m surprised she’s even awake,” King laughed. “Between her and Nikki, I didn’t

think either of them would surface until noon.”

I laughed and sent back that we would meet them downstairs in half an hour. “I’m pretty sure the fact that missing checkout is a hefty fee of one hundred dollars propelled them out of bed, just like it did us.”

“Good point,” Lo laughed. “Speaking of, get your ass dressed, babe. We’ll take everything out of the truck before we meet them at the restaurant.”

I saluted him in the mirror. “You got it, but only if you get your half-naked body out of my sight. I know I’m hungover, but that doesn’t take away from me wanting you.”

“You’re insatiable, babe,” he chuckled.

I wiggled my eyebrows at him. “Only with you, handsome. Now, spit, and get out of my sight.”

## Chapter Fifteen

Alice

“Two Tylenol and two bottles of water,” Meg laughed. “Works every time.”

Yeah, that was going to have to be a hangover remedy I would have to remember. I mean, I wasn’t that bad off this morning, but I totally had a small grade school band playing in my head. “Write that down,” I told Wrecker.

“You’re the one with the crazy bird pen,” he grunted.

Nikki’s eyes lit up, and she riffled through her purse. “Yes!” she cried as she held up the pen. “I have been dying to have a reason to pull this birdie out.” She grabbed the

small notebook and scribbled eagerly.

Lennox sat down with her fourth plate, which was full of food.

“I’m assuming no morning sickness today?” I asked.

Lennox smiled wide and popped a strawberry in her mouth. “I’m living in the moment. I could very well be praying to the porcelain god in a matter of minutes, but for the time being, I am going to eat my weight in eggs benedict, fruit, and each and every one of those pastries.”

We had managed to snag a large table, and we were all gathered around, enjoying all the food the Kalahari had to offer. And man, oh man, did they have a lot to offer.

“I need to find out what they put in these eggs to make them so fluffy,” Meg muttered. She held up a forkful of eggs and examined them. “I’ve heard of putting ricotta and even pancake batter in the eggs, but I don’t think that’s what they do.”

“Don’t care what they do,” Pipe called. “All I know is they are fucking delicious.”

“You and Carnie need to get together. She loves to cook and bake,” Nikki pointed out.

I shook my head. “Oh my god, if that were to happen, they would have to roll each and every one of us out of the clubhouse. I wouldn’t be able to stop eating.”

From what I had heard and tasted of her banana bread, Meg was an amazing cook, and Carnie had been keeping us all well-fed for years.

Put those two powerhouses together, and I would weigh fifty million pounds.



*Source Creation Date: July 12, 2025, 5:26 pm*

“2024 Harley Davidson Homecoming Festival,” King said.

We all turned to stare at him.

“Um, what?” Meg asked.

“2024 Harley Davidson Homecoming Festival,” he repeated. He wiped his mouth with his napkin and nodded to Wrecker. “We were talking about it yesterday. It’s supposed to be like a huge three or four-day party. Concerts, Harley’s everywhere, and good food. We should all plan to meet up there.” He paused for a second. “Like, both of our clubs.”

“I don’t know if that would help mask all of our crazy or if it will be even more crazy with us surrounded by a huge ass crowd,” I laughed.

Wrecker shrugged. “I think there is only one way to find out.”

“Seriously?” Pipe asked. “We’re going to be right in the middle of filming when the festival is going on.”

Wrecker sipped his coffee. “I guess it will make for some good television, then.”

I had been thinking that this might be the only time I got to hang out with Meg and Lennox, but now it seemed like we were going to hang out at a huge ass Harley Davidson festival. Sometimes it just kicked ass being a part of an MC.

I grabbed my orange juice and raised it. “I didn’t know it when we got here, but this

was one of the best weekends of my life. Old friends,” I winked at Nikki, “and new friends made this a weekend to never forget.”

“Meg and King’s burnt hotel room probably won’t be the same, either,” Pipe drawled.

“Pipe it down,” I grumbled.

Meg tapped her glass to mine. “To new friends and future plans. We are totally going to bring the RV,” she laughed.

“Dear god,” King grumbled.

We all clinked glasses and toasted to a future we didn’t really know about, but we knew it was going to be one hell of a ride.

## Chapter Sixteen

Meg

“Babe.”

Lo’s low voice penetrated my sleep, and my eyes fluttered open. “Huh?”

“We’re home.”

“Oh,” I sighed. “I must have fallen asleep.”

Lo chuckled and helped unfasten my seat belt. “You were knocked out before we even got on the highway.”

So, yeah, I had passed out. Hard. “I guess that means it was a good weekend.”

Lo caressed my cheek, and I smiled softly.

“It’s always a good weekend when I’m with you, babe.”

“Have I ever told you I love you more than my next breath?” I whispered.

He leaned closed and pressed his lips to mine. “You might have mentioned it a time or two in the past.”

“Well, I love you, Logan Birch.” I tipped my head to the side. “Speaking of your full name, who put King on your place card that first night?”

Lo smiled. “Wrecker told me Alice did it. He mentioned that I didn’t like to go by my full name, and Alice whipped out a label maker and changed it.”

A laugh bubbled from my lips. “I knew I liked her the second I saw her.”

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“Yeah, babe, the Fallen Lords are definitely good people.”

“And it seems like we’re going to have some adventures with them this summer. I was pretty surprised you and Wrecker were the ones to figure it out.”

“Yeah, well, the idea just came to me, and we haven’t had any excitement lately,”

I flattened my lips. “I’m pretty sure I remember you yelling at the kids to knock off the crazy stalkers and whatnot a few months ago.”

Lo shrugged. “I mean, I don’t think we’re going to have a killer on our tale from hanging out with the Fallen Lords, do you?”

I shrugged and pressed a kiss to his lips. “Only time will tell.”

No one really knew what the future held, but there was one thing I knew for sure. No matter what, I was always going to have Lo.

### Chapter Seventeen

Alice

“I want an RV.”

Wrecker grabbed a beer from the fridge and bumped it shut with his hip. “No.”

“Uh, yes,” I countered. “I want us to get out and just travel. I was looking at them

yesterday, and they have ones that you can haul your bike in some compartment in the back. I don't really get how it works, but I know it works." I had looked at a ton of RVs online, and after a while, they had all started to blur together. But I still knew I wanted one. Badly.

"You are going to put your herd of cows in there, too?" he laughed. "Last I checked, they don't feed themselves."

I rolled my eyes. "Kingston will take care of them. You know he loves those cows just as much as I do." I had already thought about all of that. Sure, Kingston had moved into the clubhouse, but that didn't mean he couldn't come stay at the house to watch the cattle and animals while we were gone. I mean, was he really going to say no to me, his mother? I think not.

"He loves animals in general." Wrecker wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me to his side. "He got that from his mama."

I laid my head on his shoulder and sighed. "I don't want to leave leave, but it would be nice to be able to get away for a week or so here and there."

"We can just take the bike," Wrecker suggested. "You love being on the back."

"Yeah, because we can totally drive the bike in any weather and sleep in it," I drawled. "We need an RV, Wrecker." Love the bike, but it was not practical for going on vacation unless that vacation was to Bike Week or something like that. Been there, done that, and I was ready for some new kind of vacation.

"This is all Meg's doing, isn't it?" he asked.

It wasn't, but it kind of was. She had been the one to show me that Wrecker and I still had a whole lot of life in front of us. I, of course, loved the farm we had grown, but I

did have a slight itch to see the country more.

One or two trips a year in a kickass RV could totally help scratch that itch.

“How about you agree to go look at them with me? I want to be able to get one that I can drive, too. If we get it too big, I’ll be slamming into curbs and whatnot.”

“So that will be different from your normal driving, how?” he laughed.

“Promise me,” I prodded.

“Fine,” Wrecker grumbled. “We will go look at them, but that is as far as my promise goes. We’re going to have a lot going on with the club, and the TV show will start filming in a few weeks.”

I wrinkled my nose. “That’s even more reason to get an RV. I told you I’m not too keen on being on the TV show. When things get crazy with the show, I can just pack up in the RV and head out. Kingston can watch the cows for me. Hell, the TV show could do some spin like a cowboy biker,” I suggested. Anything to get the attention off of me. Not that I thought they would be solely focused on me, but I also knew I accidentally did some funny shit that got attention. I preferred funny shit to not be documented on TV.

Wrecker pulled me in front of him and brushed my hair back from my neck. “I know, babe. No one is going to make you do anything you don’t want to.”

“Besides,” I drawled. “I think you are going to have a lot more drama than you know what to do with if what you saw with Adley and Mason becomes anything.”

Wrecker shook his head. “Whatever those two have going on has nothing to do with me.”

“It will have something to do with you if Mason makes a move on Adley. Slayer will kill Mason.” Wrecker had managed to eavesdrop on a rather heated conversation between Adley and Mason. I didn’t know how, but somehow, Wrecker hadn’t told a soul besides me, and even I hadn’t breathed a word to anyone.

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Now that right there was a freaking miracle.

“It won’t if when everyone finds out, we are hundreds of miles away in our big ass RV seeing the country. None the wiser to whatever drama the club is having.” I pressed my hand to his chest and batted my eyes at him. “Please,” I whispered.

I knew I had him with that. He was dreading Slayer finding out about whatever had gone on between Adley and Mason. Even though I really, really wanted to know what happened between the two, I knew I didn’t want to be in it.

Tucked away in our RV was a good place to be when that happened.

Wrecker held up his finger. “We are only looking, and we both need to agree on which one we get.”

I clapped my hands together like a happy seal.

“If we get one,” he added.

“Yes, yes!” I shouted. I wrapped my arms around his neck and climbed him like a tree. “You are not going to regret this for one second,” I promised. “It’s going to be amazing.”

Wrecker grunted, but he didn’t take back his promise to look at them.

That RV was going to be the beginning of a whole new chapter for Wrecker and me. And who knew, maybe that chapter would include more time with King, Meg, and



the Devil's Knights.