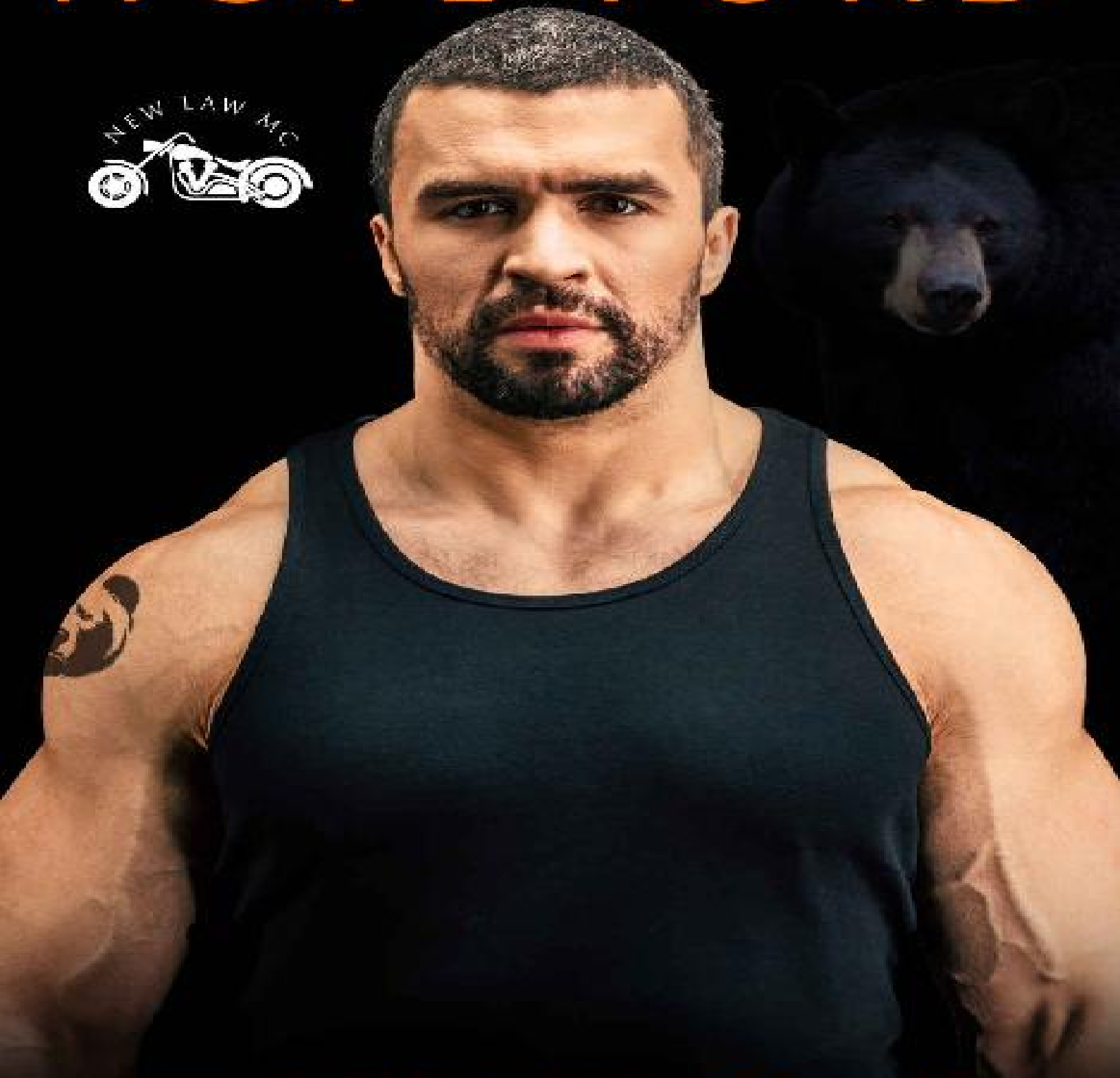
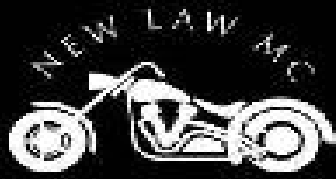


HOPE FORD



AN ALPHA BEAR SHIFTER MC ROMANCE

RONAN

RONAN

AN ALPHA BEAR SHIFTER MC ROMANCE

HOPE FORD

Ronan © 2020 by Hope Ford

Editor: Kasi Alexander

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

www.authorhopeford.com

CONTENTS

1. [Bree](#)
 2. [Ronan](#)
 3. [Bree](#)
 4. [Ronan](#)
 5. [Bree](#)
 6. [Bree](#)
 7. [Ronan](#)
 8. [Bree](#)
 9. [Ronan](#)
 10. [Bree](#)
 11. [Ronan](#)
 12. [Bree](#)
 13. [Ronan](#)
 14. [Bree](#)
 15. [Bree](#)
- [Epilogue](#)
[Epilogue 2](#)
- [JOIN ME!](#)
[Free Books](#)
[About the Author](#)

BREE

The wind flows over my body as I drive my motorcycle on the open freeway. The further north I get from Southern California, the better I feel. It's not just the feel of flying, although that's good too; no, it's finally striking out on my own. No more dealing with my overprotective parents breathing down my neck and trying to micromanage my life.

I'm on my way to Eden. It's at the base of the Klamath mountains in California. The cabin that I'm looking to buy is close enough to the protected forest land that I can feel my inner bear shiver in excitement just thinking about it. The idea that I will be able to shift into my bear without having to worry about getting caught, well, that's reason enough to make this trek across the state. The town I come from is small and everyone knows everyone. I was taught growing up to never show my bear. I can hear my mom now, "*No one will understand, Bree.*" I heard it all my life.

So when my cousin Bruin told me about the freedom that he has in Eden, well, I knew I had to do it. I had to go there. Of course, Bruin was always the black sheep of the family. He's a bad boy and "part of that motorcycle gang," as my mother always said. But I always looked up to him. He lived life the way he wanted and didn't care what anybody thought. That's it. That's what I want. If my parents knew I was planning to meet up with Bruin, they would have found a way to stop me. But I'm twenty-two now, well past the age of being an adult, and I'm ready to be free.

I passed the sign for Eden a few miles back and as soon as I see a gas station I pull in to fill up. Getting off the bike, I stretch the worn muscles of my back and legs. With my hand on the pump, I can't take my eyes off the mountains. They are beautiful. Taking a deep breath, I go to lift the handle when my thoughts are interrupted.

"Do you smell that? She's in heat." I turn around and look behind me, but I'm not quick enough. Two men have me cornered between the bike and the pump. I was too caught up and distracted to catch the scent of the bear shifters. Both of them are big and tower over me.

One of them reaches out and grabs the tip of my black hair lying across my shoulder. He lifts the strands to his nose and inhales deeply. I freeze next to them, weighing my options and knowing that I'm no contest to them like this, not in my human form.

After he smells my hair, he smiles, showing me his yellow-stained teeth. "Yes, I smell it. She's in heat."

I stand up straight and look at the other man, knowing he's the alpha, the one in charge. "Get lost."

They both laugh, but I can tell that me standing up to them has angered them because their backs straighten and their laughs are controlled and menacing.

The one I'm staring at takes a step toward me, crowding me. "She hasn't seen our colors. Anybody traveling through or living in Eater territory has to pay the toll."

My body jerks at the name. I remember Bruin mentioning the Eater motorcycle club and I don't think it was good, but damn, I wish I had paid better attention.

"This is New Law territory, isn't it?" I ask them, mentioning Bruin's club name.

He lifts his foot and kicks over my bike before wrapping his hand around my neck. He was so fast, I didn't even have a chance to make a sound. He smells like blood and hunger. He's a bear shifter, I'm

sure of it, and judging by the size of him in human form, he will be a big bear.

The roaring I hear makes me think that it's the sound of the men shifting right out in the open. He grips my neck tighter. With my air supply cut off, I know I'm going to lose consciousness if I don't act soon. I can't shift fully, not out here in the open; it would put all the shifters in danger.

Bending the rules, I flex my hand out beside me, releasing my bear claws and drawing them across the face of my attacker. Suddenly the chokehold on my neck is gone. I'm bent over gasping for breath as the man moans, holding his face. I look behind them and realize then that the roaring sound I heard is motorcycles.

"There's four of them," the other Eater says. "We can find this bitch later."

The man who choked me looks at me with his open wound on his face pouring blood. He wants to stay. I can feel it in his stare. But instead he tells me, "I'll find you... you'll get yours."

The two men run to their bikes, leaving me standing there, gasping for breath. If I was human the chokehold would have snapped my neck, it was so tight. My vision is blurred and I would scream if my throat wasn't already laboring to heal from the chokehold. A pair of hands grips my shoulders, pulling me to my feet.

It's my cousin Bruin and I've never been so happy to see someone in my life. He's firing questions at me so fast, but I don't have a prayer of answering half of them. "Eaters," I tell him.

He lets go of me and his whole body flexes as he screams "fuck" at the top of his lungs. The muscles in his neck are strained and I can see the anger vibrating off of him. It's like he's pulsating and I know his bear is fighting to get out.

He turns back to me. "You have to be seen with the New Law. That is the only thing that will protect you from the Eaters."

I nod my head at him. I would agree to anything at this point. What was so momentous only minutes ago now fills me with dread. I've

only been here such a short time and already I've made enemies. And bad ones, it seems.

"We can go to the clubhouse, introduce you, and I'll have Ronan call a vote."

I raise up then, testing my voice, quietly at first and then finding that I'm able to talk normally again. "I'm signing my lease on the cabin"—I look down at my watch—"in ten minutes."

Bruin runs his hand through his hair. "Fine. Sayer, you're with me. Koda and Johnny, head back. Let Ronan and Deator know we need church tonight."

The shorter one, the one he called Koda, speaks up. "There's a party tonight. No one is going to want church..."

Bruin shakes his head. "They'll do it. Now go."

Bruin doesn't even wait to see if Koda and Johnny listen to him. He turns back and looks at me expectantly. "Where's the cabin?"

I give him the address and I go to lift my bike up, but the other man with Bruin stops me. "Leave it."

I look at him with surprise. "I can't leave my bike."

"One of the brothers is on his way to take it back to the shop. You've come a long way and it won't hurt to have it checked."

I want to argue with him. I hate to be without my ride, but what he's saying makes sense. I nod and follow Bruin to his bike.

I mount it behind him and hold tight to the vest he's wearing as he takes off flying down the road.

When we get to the cabin, the woman is already waiting on me. She shows us around, but she keeps eyeing my two companions. I can see the interest in her face, but also probably a little bit of fear. I sign the papers, ready to be done and relax a little bit.

Bruin tries to reassure me, but I can sense his hesitancy. He tells me to relax, promising me that he and Sayer will check the area around

the cabin and put fresh markings down to remind the Eaters whose territory this is.

Only when I shut the door after promising them that I'll be ready when they come to pick me up for the party and this thing called church do I finally take a deep breath and think about everything that's happened in the hour I've been in town.

RONAN

Lola, one of the club sluts or Twinkies, as they like to be called, is toying with the tie of her string bikini top. She's doing her best to tempt me. Her small hips gyrate, causing her fake breasts to bounce up and down. Any minute now, I'm waiting on one of them to fall out of her barely-there top. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't partially interested. I need something to relieve my frustrations. Being the VP of the club is hard work.

I look over at my younger brother, Klaus, and just shake my head. He throws back the bottle of Heineken and takes a big swallow before laughing at something someone in his group says. He's different then he used to be. He used to be right up here with me, but not anymore. He fucked up five years ago and is lucky he didn't get booted out on his ass by Deator, our dad and also the president of the club.

Instead, Dad relieved him of his title, and he's only a patched member now. In my opinion, he's got it made. While he hangs out, parties, and drinks, I have to take care of our club and its future. I have all the headache and he has all the fun.

Since I'm not pushing her away, Lola straddles my leg, pressing her pussy into me, waving her body over top of me. I adjust my hardening cock in my jeans. I could probably go a round or two with her. She's skinny and I prefer a woman with more meat on her bones, but it's been a while for me. I haven't buried my dick in any sweet heat for a while now and he's begging to get wet. My hands

go to her hips just as the front door swings open. Instantly, I'm on alert. Koda and Johnny walk in and just looking at them, I can tell that something is wrong. They look around the room and once they spot Deator, they go straight over to him. I stand up, lifting Lola off me and setting her to the side.

"But Ronan, I thought we could go to your room," she whines.

I don't even answer her. I walk over to Deator and stand next to him, crossing my arms across my chest.

Koda and Johnny both start talking a mile a minute, but before I can stop them, my dad does. Holding his hands up, he tells them, "Stop. What happened? And one at a time."

Johnny tells us about the Eaters being in New Law territory and how they threatened Bruin's cousin. "She stopped to gas up her ride and they jumped her, probably would have killed her if we hadn't showed up. As soon as they saw us, they got out of there."

Koda jumps in and says, "It was Solos. But I didn't recognize the patch that was with him."

The Eaters. They are our biggest rivals and our biggest headache. "Fuck. They know to stay out of our territory. We need to stop this and we need to stop it now." I feel my heart racing just thinking about it. We've had plenty of run-ins with the Eaters before. They're a crazy crew and any fight with them usually ends in blood shed and lives lost. It's about time we took care of them and ended this.

We sit down at the nearest table. "Where's Bruin?" I ask Johnny.

Lola sets a beer down in front of each of us. Johnny takes a drink and sets it down. "Bruin and Sayer went with Bruin's cousin to her new cabin. She just moved here. Actually was rolling into town when she got jumped. He asked me to come tell you that we need to have church tonight."

Kodak interrupts, smiling. "Yeah, but I reminded him about the party..."

The three of us look at him like he's crazy. Surely he knows that anything with the Eaters is more important than him getting his dick wet.

Johnny rolls his eyes. "Boss, Bruin is pissed and liable to do something stupid on his own if the club doesn't back him up and protect his cousin."

Deator has been quiet through the whole conversation. He's always been that way, but I've learned that he just takes it all in. He's quiet but when he talks, people listen. It hits me that he's starting to show his age. His white hair is thinning and his blue eyes are tired. He founded this club. He and Mom both put their heart and soul into it. They always said they wanted to build something for Klaus and me. I look over at Klaus and he's staring at us. When I catch him looking, he turns his head away and takes another drink. "We'll meet tonight and the members will vote on what stance we'll take where Bruin's cousin is concerned. We'll wait on Bruin and Sayer. Let the boys know." He gestures around the room with his hand.

Johnny and Koda get up, but something makes me stop them. "The cousin? Is she okay?"

Johnny nods his head. "Yeah, she's okay. I think Bruin was more torn up then she was."

Koda interrupts him. He runs his hands in a curvy motion in front of him. "The sexy cousin took a piece of Solos. She cut into him so hard it probably chipped a piece of bone. The Eater may not scar but even with his fast-healing blood, it will take him months to recover."

The she-bear already seems to have a fan in Koda.

I nod my head, dismissing them. My heart's pounding, knowing that a fight is about to happen. I can feel it in my bones. But in the same thought I think, *A she-bear taking a piece out of an Eater? That's a woman I'd like to meet.*

BREE

As soon as my cousin left, I took another tour of the small cabin. It's prefurnished and while it's not exactly my style, I can't argue with how comfortable and sturdy the pieces of furniture are.

After taking a hot shower, I'd taken a nap in the buff. It's something I had always told myself I would do when I was out on my own. I don't know how much time has passed before I jolt awake and stretch against the sheets, loving the feel of the soft material against my skin. I jump up when I realize that the sound of motorcycles is what had wakened me. I pad over to the window and pull the blind to the side to see who's coming up the driveway. When I spot Bruin, I release the breath that I didn't know I was holding. For a second, I thought the Eaters had found me.

I step away from the window, unlock the front door and reluctantly start pulling out my v-neck top and cutoff jean shorts I planned to wear tonight. I am unhappy that I have to put clothes on and even more upset that I haven't had time to let my bear run. She's itching to get out.

There's a pounding on the door just as I'm sweeping mascara on my eyes. I holler, "Come in" as I step out of the bathroom and go in search of my boots. Sayer, Bruin and a woman that is hanging on him walks into the cabin. Bruin starts in on me right away, "You don't tell people just to come in. And your door was unlocked."

I just laugh and joke with him, "And I thought I left my parents back in So Cal!"

After sliding my shoes on, I stand up and walk over to the woman. "Since he's not going to introduce us, I will. I'm Bree, Bruin's cousin."

"Hey, honey. I'm Lisa," she says with her hands glued to Bruin. She smiles at me, but it rubs me the wrong way. *I'll have to make sure I stay away from this one*, I tell myself.

Sayer runs his hand across the back of the couch. "So you feeling better since earlier?"

"Yeah, I'm good," I tell them. Even if I wasn't I would still go. I know it's important for me to meet the New Law MC and to make a decent impression. If I plan on staying here in Eden, I definitely want to be on their good side. "Any word on my bike?"

Sayer just shakes his head and smiles. "It's all checked out. They ordered a part for the broken mirror and some new tires. It will be ready soon."

Bruin's walking around, checking all the windows and making sure they're locked, then turns back to us. "Let's roll."

Since Lisa is with Bruin on his bike, I agree to ride with Sayer. He's nice enough and I can tell he's interested by the way he slides his hand across my upper thigh. He could be fun, but he's not really my type of guy. He's no alpha.

The ride to the clubhouse is short. I roll my eyes when Sayer speeds up to make me tighten my hold on him. When we do arrive, it's dark and there's a fire and a cookout going on. I can smell the food from here and my stomach rumbles. I follow them to the party. I'm hungry, but more than that, I'm interested to see what these bad boys are like.

Ronan

I HEAR the motorcycles pull in over the music and all the commotion. I stand apart from the crowd, watching Bruin, Lisa, Sayer and the cousin roll in. When she gets off the back of Sayer's bike, I feel an uncontrollable jolt of anger toward my patched brother. He's acting too familiar with Bruin's cousin and the only thing that saves him is when she walks over to the other side of Bruin, distancing herself from Sayer.

I watch her walk into the party and she's like nothing I've ever seen before. She's beautiful. Somehow, her black hair is shimmering in the moonlight. Her curves make my mouth water. She's curvier than most of the chicks here and the first thing I think of is wanting to grab on to her wide hips and hold her against me.

Lust builds inside me and I don't know what to do with it. I've made a point of staying away from any females that make me want to consider settling down. I don't want any part of that. She laughs then and it lights up her whole face. My bear jolts inside of me, fighting to get out, to go to her. But I rein him in barely. I feel my veins expanding and my muscles stretching, but I bear down, holding him inside. I kick the gravel with my boot and watch it spray across the lot. Pissed at Sayer, pissed at myself for not being able to stop myself from staring at Bree, I decide right now that I need to stay as far away as possible from her.

I walk across the lawn to the other side and join my brother. But my eyes keep straying over to her. Bruin introduces her to everyone and she has a smile for them all. I barely hold it together when Sayer walks up and throws his arm around her. Fuck. Me.

She turns then and out of all the people here, her gaze goes directly to mine. When she sees me and notices I'm staring back at her, her eyes widen. She looks away and lifts Sayer's arm off her shoulder and steps away from him.

"Good girl," I whisper and her eyes jolt back to me. It's almost like she heard me, but I shake my head. *There's no way.*

We stare at each other for I don't know how long before Lola slides up next to me, cupping my hard dick in my pants. "You miss me, Ronan?"

I jerk away from her, but when I look back at the cousin, her back is turned to me, making me wonder if she saw. But immediately I want to kick myself. Why should I care if she saw? I'm not hers and I never will be.

RONAN

I try to push Lola away, but instead of that, I'm more interested in watching Bruin and his cousin as he walks her around to the members. My breaths are almost coming out as gasps when they stop in front of me.

Bruin points at his cousin. "Ronan, this is my cousin, Bree. Bree, this is Ronan. He's the VP."

She blushes prettily and I nod my head at her, not trusting my voice right now.

Lola runs her hands across my chest. "And I'm Lola. We were just about to sneak back to Ronan's room so we'll catch you later."

If I wasn't staring at her I would have missed it. Anger flares in Bree's face. She tamps it down, but barely. I want to say something, tell her it's a lie, but I don't. I don't owe her anything.

"Lola, I can't right now. I have club business. Go check on Sayer, I think he's needing some attention." She doesn't want to, but she knows better than to not listen to me. She walks away but not before I see the dirty look she gives Bree.

But Bree doesn't back down. She smiles at her and gives her a nod, like telling her to go before she smiles slyly at her. If anything, my dick gets even harder and I can feel the precum dripping from my tip. She doesn't back down from Lola. That's a sight to see because

most of these women here are scared of her. Well, everyone but Mom. Nobody messes with Mom.

"I heard you had a run-in with an Eater today."

She doesn't say anything but instead just nods her head. I wish she would talk; already I'm missing her voice. I point to her neck. "Did Solos do that to you?"

Her hand goes up to her neck and caresses the faint bruise before she whispers, "Yes. Well, I don't know his name, but yes, it was from today."

The light lines on her neck make me think how bad it must have been. We're fast healers and if she still has marks, it had to be bad. My fists clench at my sides. The thought that one of the Eaters had their filthy hands on her makes me want to go to Eater territory right now and finish this.

"Deator's watching us. You ready to meet the president?" Bruin asks her.

She takes a deep breath, and if I wasn't watching her so close, I would never have guessed that she is nervous. "Yes."

Bruin wraps his arm around her and a growl escapes my lips. They both look at me in surprise but I just look away and lead the way to my dad. I could kick myself. The whole walk over, I remind myself I don't want to settle down. She's definitely not a club slut. She's the type to settle down and I. Don't. Want. That. I say it over and over, almost making myself believe it until I get to where my dad's standing and turn back around to face Bree and Bruin. One look at her and I know my little talk to myself was a waste of time. I'm fucked.

I look over at my dad, see the anger in his face, and notice it's directed at Bree. I know I can't just walk away from this girl. In order to convince my dad to protect her, I'm going to have to be one hundred percent on board.

I know with Dad and Klaus' history, he's not going to want to put his hand out for a stranger. No, he's been burned before and he's not

going to put the club in that situation again. And the last time we went against the Eaters, we were the victors then, but barely.

Bruin finally breaks the silence. "Bree, this is Deator, the president of the New Law. And this is his ol' lady, Kass."

Bree surprises us all when she gasps and dirty-looks her cousin. "Bruin, you don't call her an ol' lady." She swats him across his stomach and then turns to my mom. "I'm so sorry. I swear we were raised better than that."

We all start laughing then, even Deator. He tries to stop it, but I see his lips curving up on the sides.

My mom laughs, bringing Bree in for a hug. "Honey, he didn't mean anything by it. I promise, I'm Deator's ol' lady. That's what we call a woman that is tied to one man. It just means he claimed me." Mom reaches over and pats Dad's stomach. "And don't let the white hair fool you... I definitely want him to claim me."

My stomach lurches as she says it. "Mom! C'mon, no one wants to hear that."

Bree looks at me with a smile on her face and I can't help but match it. We stare at each other for so long, I know my mom notices. She's looking between the two of us and she smirks at me. Yeah, she knows. On that cue, I excuse myself. I remind myself that even though I want to help her, I don't want to settle down. There's no sense adding fuel to the fire and standing around gawking at her.

I walk off from them and the pull I have to stay is strong. Once I'm far away, I stop and turn around to watch her. Bree's gaze lands on me in an instant and it's then I realize that there's no distance now that will break it. Already our bond is there.

Lola walks over to me and slides her hand down my back and across my ass. I'm used to having her on me. It's become more common recently, not really because I want it, but because I never really had a reason to turn her away. But now I feel it, deep in my gut. Betrayal... I'm not even mated to Bree—we shared one look—but she's already controlling how I feel and what I think. I step away from Lola and she's pissed.

“Lola, I’m not dealing with this shit right now. We aren’t together and you need to calm the fuck down,” I tell her, never taking my eyes off Bree.

She’s watching me, but when she saw Lola walk up to me, she tried to act like she wasn’t. Her back went ramrod straight and even across the yard, I know she’s pissed.

I watch as Sayer joins Deator, Kass, Bree and Bruin. He’s sniffing around her and I know he’s on the hunt.

Turning to Lola, I tell her, “Look, I know Sayer is lusting for you. Go to him. You and I are done.”

She wants to argue with me, but I turn to her with the “look.” It’s the same look I use to stare down any and every adversary. She lifts her chin at me defiantly and walks away. But she walks toward Sayer. As soon as Lola reaches Sayer, she drags him away from the crowd and Bree turns to me, knowing it’s my handiwork. The expression on her face tells me she’s trying to figure me out, but I look away. Hell, I don’t know what I’m doing exactly.

The party goes on and when Bruin finally walks away from Bree, she goes to the outer ring with her back to the party, looking out at the forest.

She starts walking, never turning back, almost like she’s drawn to the wooded area. So I follow her.

BREE

It's official, the sexiest man alive is the VP of New Law. I felt him studying me, staring at me, and even across the yard, I felt his attraction to me. Too bad he's got a bitch of a girlfriend in Lola. They're all drinking and having a good time, but I've put in my appearance. No one is going to miss me if I go for a bear-stretching session.

The expansive forest in front of me beckons me, calling for me to come and run. I feel like I've been cooped up my whole life and right now in this moment, I can't put it off any longer.

As soon as I get far enough and the music from the party is barely audible, I start to take off my clothes. With my hands on the hem of my shirt, I stop suddenly. I smell him before I see him. Surprise hits me. Even with all the bears gathered together, I'm still able to identify Ronan's scent. My body tautens and there's a pull in my lower belly. Hating the reaction my body is having to him, I take a deep breath to calm my nerves. I put aside my attraction, because even now, even with this attraction I know he feels for me, he could still mean to harm me. Just like the Eaters. I release my shirt and turn around to face him.

He must have taken off his leather vest with the New Law patch back at the clubhouse, because he's not wearing it or a T-shirt. He's standing there staring at me, and even from here, I can see his nostrils flare, and I know he's smelling me, memorizing my scent.

His chest is massive and it rises deeply with every inhale. I want to walk over to him and put my hand over his heart. I want to feel the steady beat of it under my palm.

I rub my hands down my jean shorts, fighting the feeling of wanting to go to him.

He surprises me when his face softens and he smiles. "I'll show you my bear if you show me yours."

It makes me smile, because I really need to shift. The pull is so much stronger in the wilderness of Klamath than in the city. Ronan isn't shy as he strips off his shoes and pants. When he's left in only his boxers, I can't take my eyes off him. He puts his thumbs in the waistband of his shorts and pulls them over his hips and down his legs.

When he stands back up, he's hard... everywhere. I know that I'm blushing from head to toe. This is my first time seeing a naked man's—you know—and, well, I can't believe how big it is.

His hands go to his hips and he cocks his head at me. There's no shame in him. He's proud and I can't say he shouldn't be. I step behind a tree and start to undress. I know as soon as I unbutton my shorts, he's moved so he can see me. I can feel his eyes on me. I keep my back to him, refusing to stop and let my insecurities take over. Pulling my shorts down over my curvy hips, I undress slower than I planned, feeling more nervous than I have in a while.

Once I'm nude, I shift into my black bear. It's freeing and already I feel stronger and more confident. I turn to face him and instead of Ronan, I'm standing face to face with the biggest black grizzly bear I've ever seen.

We stand there on all fours, staring at each other. He walks closer to me and rubs his face along my neck, either nudging me to go or nuzzling me, I'm not sure. He takes off running and I follow behind him.

We run for I don't know how long, chasing after one another. The only sounds are our gasping breaths and the breaking twigs under

our feet. He shows me the land and I have to say it's one of the best and most freeing experiences I've ever had.

Ronan

IT'S BEEN a while since I've run these hills and felt the freedom I feel right now. With so much responsibility and everything I do with the club, I never take the time to let my bear run free.

I lead Bree back to where we left our clothes and we're both panting. I shift first, going back to my human form. I don't walk away to get dressed. I stand there staring at her black bear, daring her to shift while I'm looking at her.

I expect her to go behind the tree and get dressed, but she surprises me by shifting right in front of me. I openly watch her. I couldn't look away even if I tried. I stand there, eating up every detail of her curvy body. My cock springs up between my legs. Her gaze instantly goes to it and her blush is everything. I should be a gentleman and apologize, but I can't and I don't want to. I want her to know what she does to me, how she makes me feel. I'm so hot for her I'm practically panting.

I don't know who takes the first step. Maybe it's me but she meets me in the middle until we're standing toe to toe. I lean down and press my cheek to hers, nuzzling her against me. If she was any other woman, I would have already picked her up and leaned her against the side of a tree and had my way with her. But Bree, well, she's different. And she makes me different.

I pull back until our faces are only inches apart. She's staring at my lips and I know she wants them on her. I know she does.

I lean farther down until we're barely touching, when the sounds of people shouting our names has her breaking away and running behind the tree. I don't go to my clothes; I stand guard in front of her, not wanting anyone else to see her.

Bruin and Klaus come through the trees, telling me it's time for church. They're not surprised to see me standing here naked. All of us find our freedom in these woods.

When Bree comes up behind me, she walks past me and toward Bruin. He's eyeing her and I'm waiting on him to give her shit but he doesn't. He walks back with her while I get dressed and follow behind them with Klaus. It's time for church.

BREE

When we get to the clubhouse, it seems that church is already in session. I can hear Deator from the hallway and Bruin and I both freeze at his words. It's obvious he doesn't want to protect me. When we walk into the room, it goes silent. Lola and a few other women are standing in the corner and I don't miss the snide look on her face. Looking around the room, hardly any of the men will meet my eyes.

I straighten my back. I'm not going to beg. I can take care of myself if I have to... even against a damn Eater.

Ronan walks into the room wearing his leather vest again and goes to the table, taking the seat next to his dad. I notice that Klaus goes and stands against the wall. There's a dynamic there, something's not right, but I can't bother myself with it now. It seems the fate of my life is in the men's hands at the table right now.

On the walk here, Bruin already told me that they may have to get to know me better before they agree to protect me, so I'm not expecting much at this moment really.

Deator stands before the club and his voice is commanding when he starts talking. "Brothers, we're here to take a vote. Should the New Law offer Bree McGuire our protection against the Eaters? We've had run-ins with the Eaters before and let's just say our numbers are down since then. Should we take on a fight that isn't ours? You know where I stand." He looks in the eye of every man in the room. "You know where I stand."

He sits down and the room is so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Already, I know I've lost. These men obviously respect their president and they're not going to go against him.

Ronan stands up and addresses the room. "I don't mean to disrespect my dad, but I don't think we can back down from the Eaters. We need to show them we're not afraid of them. Plus, we are not fighting a battle that is not ours. She is ours. She's one of us. She is the cousin of a patched member." He points to Bruin standing next to me. His eyes find mine for a split second and then he looks back at the men staring at him. "Plus, I'm claiming her. She's one of us now. She's mine."

I gasp. I don't know what it all means, but when he growls the words "She's mine," I feel it to the very core of my body. A commotion breaks out into the room. Everyone is talking at once and they're all looking at me now. I'm still trying to make sense of what just happened when Deator stands back up and instantly the room is quiet. He looks at Ronan. But after I look closer, I realize he's not looking at Ronan, he's looking at Kass, his wife, or ol' lady. She smiles at him, nodding her head. There's a silent exchange between the two of them.

Deator tells the room, "Okay, we are taking a vote to protect Bree McGuire, Bruin's cousin and my son's—" He stops and looks at Ronan, almost questioningly. Ronan nods his head before Deator continues, "my son's mate. This is to mean we would protect her against the Eaters and all others. Choose wisely, men."

Ronan calls for the vote. "Everyone in favor?"

The room calls out, "Aye."

His voice hardens. "Against?"

It's as if he looks around the room, daring anyone to say a word. The room is silent.

He confirms to everyone, "The ayes have it. We will protect Bree with everything we have... or die trying."

Ronan

DEATOR THEN APPOINTS me to watch over Bree. I agree easily. There's no one else I would trust.

When I walked into this room, I knew exactly what I was going to do. There's no way I could turn my back on her or let my club, either. I wasn't lying when I told them I was claiming her. I am. She was mine when I had her against me out in the forest.

Bree is looking around the room still trying to figure out what just happened. I don't know if she fully understands what it means that I claimed her. But she's about to find out.

I walk over to Bruin and shake his hand. I know he wants to say something to me, but he doesn't. He just nods his head as if giving me a blessing. Not that I needed one, but it's going to make this easier for sure.

I grab Bree's hand and walk her out to my bike. I sit down and nod my head at her. "Get on."

She doesn't move. "Where are you taking me?"

"Home."

She blinks her big brown eyes at me before getting onto the back of my bike. She gives me the address to her house and I realize she's only a few miles down the road.

I grab on to her hands behind me and pull them around me, pressing them into my chest. "Hold on."

She grips on to me and I take off down the road. When I pull into her house, I walk her in, checking everything inside and making sure it's secure. "I'll be right back. I want to check outside. Lock the door after me."

She nods her head and I walk outside, checking the perimeter to make sure it's clear. After I know everything is safe, I walk back to her cabin and knock on the door. She opens it and when she sees I'm about to argue with her for opening the door without asking who it was, she holds her hand up. "I knew it was you."

I take off my vest and throw it across the back of a chair. Pulling off my shirt, I let it drop and then I start walking toward her.

Her eyes are big and she puts her hand on my chest, stopping me from coming any closer. "What about Lola?"

RONAN

I've never had such a raw and primal drive to fuck, to claim a female as I have for Bree. It's so strong I can barely think correctly. I went outside to check things out, but also to try and get control of these urges burning through my body. I want her. I want to claim her, but I don't want to scare her.

I shake my head, remembering the question she asked me. "Lola is not my ol' lady. She's just a club slut."

She puts her hand up on mine as I begin to unbutton my pants. "Will I just be another club slut too?"

The thought of the guys passing Bree around makes me feel like I could tear them apart limb from limb. They're my brothers, but no one gets to touch Bree but me.

"No. Did you hear what I said in church?" I ask her.

She tilts her head to the side, exposing her sweet neck to me. "Yeah, I heard you, but I don't know what it all means."

I ignore her hand and continue unbuttoning my pants before pulling them down my legs and tossing them across the room. "It means you're mine. I claimed you before God, my dad, my club, and everybody."

She looks down at my hard cock between us. It's big, engorged with the blood flowing through it. I want to fist it, stroke it once or twice, just to get some kind of relief, but her next words stop me.

She licks her lips before bringing her gaze back to mine. "What if I don't want to be claimed?"

A growl escapes me and it's feral, loud, and piercing, bouncing off the empty walls of the room. The need to pick her up and set her down on my hard cock is hard to resist. I want her, but she has to want me too.

I look at her then. Really look at her. Her breaths are tiny and rapid. I reach my hand out for hers, grabbing on to it. I bring it up between us and run my thumb along her pulse. It's fast, quick, and I know her body is telling me everything she doesn't want me to know. She wants me. She wants to be claimed.

I walk toward her and with every step I take, she takes a step backward. When I'm tired of playing this game, I reach for her, stopping her.

With my hand around her neck, I pull her to me, wanting her to feel my warm breath on the shell of her ear. "Do you not want me?"

She whimpers and it's then I know I've won.

I turn her around and lead her, my hands still gripping her neck, toward her bedroom.

She doesn't resist me. I stop when we're next to the bed. And we stand there like that for I don't know how long. Our breaths in and out match, my chest to her back, my hand on her neck.

I want to push her over and drive into her honey heat, but I know she deserves more than some quick fuck. Plus, I don't think that will be enough. I want to touch every part of her body... with my mouth, my tongue and my hand. I want to rub across every curve she has until she's not sure where I end and she begins. I want us as one.

I walk around her until we're facing each other. I let my hand slide down her shoulder and brush across the crest of her large breasts. She inhales deeply, almost like she's pushing herself into my hand. I run my knuckles across her hard peaks and another whimper leaves her mouth.

I smile possessively at her, loving what I can do to her body. She bites her lip, and her big brown eyes look up at me, waiting.

Reaching for the hem of her shirt, I pull it up and she raises her arms to let me take it off her. Her creamy white bra barely holds her in, her breasts swollen and heaving against my touch.

I unclasp her bra and slowly pull it down her arms. I'm giving her time to adjust to me, to push me away, to stop me. I'm not sure which, but I'm praying she wants this as much as I do.

Her skin is soft and I run my fingers across her collarbone, pushing her hair back. Small goosebumps raise across her skin and I lean down to nip at her shoulder. She moans and I take advantage of it by covering her mouth with mine.

As soon as our lips touch, a fire ensues. My blood is racing through my veins and it's like I'm drowning but it's the sweetest death I could ever know. I want her and I'm going to have her. I turn her head, giving me better access, letting me deepen the kiss.

The raging inferno inside me multiplies. I want her... badly. Almost too much. I press my hard cock against her belly, sliding my hands down her back, pulling her against me. I knead the ass of her jean shorts before unbuttoning them and pulling them down along with her panties in one fast swoop. I want to see her... all of her.

I step back from her and look down at her large, heaving breasts, the swell of her stomach, and her wide thighs.

Dropping to my knees before her, I grip her thighs harshly. My fingers dig into her but I can't stop it. I can't release my hold on her. I pull her to me until my face is at the apex of her thighs, and I breathe her in. Her sweet, musky scent fills my nostrils and cum leaks from the tip of my cock.

One way or another I have to have her. I'm drooling for her taste.

"Spread 'em," I tell her roughly.

She doesn't ask any questions or hesitate; she spreads her legs open and I can see the messy juices of her arousal on the short hairs of her

pussy. I don't hold back then, I can't.

I put my mouth on her mound... and taste her.

BREE

I should stop him. I should tell him I don't want to be "claimed." But one touch of his hand on me has me thinking otherwise.

His mouth suctions to me and my head falls back. I don't know what he's doing to me but I hope he never stops. The swipe of his tongue from the back to the very front of me has me kicking my legs open even wider, wanting everything he is willing to give. I grip his hair in my hand and when his tongue strokes across my swollen bundle of nerves, my body flexes and I pull on his head, holding him to me, praying he doesn't stop.

I look down at him and his face shows intense pleasure. When our eyes meet, he sucks my clit into his mouth, pushing me over the edge. My face scrunches up and the climax hits me hard. I ride his face, pushing him, begging him for more.

He licks me clean, my juices coating his chin, and he pulls away from me and lifts me up before laying me back on the bed. He climbs up and mounts me, his hard cock stroking across my swollen, wet folds.

"I want you, Bree. I want to be inside you." His voice is thick, filled with emotion.

Looking up at him, I know I should tell him no. I know it's too intense, I know the only thing that will come from this is heartache. But the tiny vibrations of my orgasm between my legs are still

rocking through me. I have no coherent thought except I have to have him.

"Yes," I moan to him.

He reaches for his jeans on the floor and pulls out a condom. He pulls it on quickly and I can't help but think that at least one of us is thinking clearly.

He lines himself up at my core, and I plant my feet on the bed, letting my legs fall open with him between them. My body is tight, knowing that it's going to hurt, but I don't want to stop it.

He fists his cock, stroking it through my lips before I feel him stretch my opening around his wide, wide girth.

"Breathe, baby," he whispers, his eyes on me.

When our eyes meet, I let out the breath I've been holding and smile shakily at him.

He pushes in, inch by inch, until he comes to the little piece of skin that separates us. Instantly, I feel his cock swell inside me. His hands tighten on my hips. With a strained expression, he asks me, "Bree? Why didn't you tell me?"

I can't even shrug my shoulders because my whole body is drawn tight. So I jut my chin at him. "I didn't want you to stop."

He stares at me for a second as if he's in awe, then tells me, "There's nothing that will ever stop me from having you."

He takes a deep breath and I watch as his large, muscled chest rises and falls again. His hand slides between us and strokes my already sensitive clit. He circles it, putting pressure on it. His face is strained and I know it's killing him. I move my hips, just tiny little thrusts, but he pulls back.

"Don't stop, Ronan. Please don't stop."

He plunges into me then, burying himself inside me. The pain is immense, almost like my body's being ripped in two. I scream then, because it's just too damn much.

Leaning over, he wraps his arms around me, picking me up and setting me on his lap as we're still joined. His kisses are light across my face and my neck and he keeps whispering my name soothingly.

A lone tear escapes and rolls down my cheek, but he catches it with his tongue. "Don't cry, baby. It won't hurt anymore."

I run my hands across his shoulders and his muscles are drawn tight. I pull back from him and ask, "Can I move now?"

He brushes the hair away from my face. "You can do anything you want to do."

I lift my hips slowly, and then settle again.

His grunt and the tightening of his face presses me on. I do it again, not stopping, up and down until my thrusts become uncontrollable.

He grips my hips with his hands, bouncing me up and down on his lap. I throw my head back as his mouth covers my breast and he pulls my nipple into his mouth.

"Yes," I moan as my body starts to contract.

He wraps his hand around the base of my neck. "Look at me," he demands.

I open my eyes and look at him and the emotion wells up and topples over. I'm screaming his name over and over as my body uncontrollably jerks and trembles over him.

He groans and I can feel his massive cock twitching inside of me. He doesn't stop, though, not until I've come down and am lying breathless and limp in his lap. With my head on his shoulder, our chests pressed against each other, we sit here, trying to catch our breath.

"Bree," he says, stroking his hand down the back of my head.

"Huh?" I say, my eyes still closed. I swear I could pass out right now; he definitely took it out of me.

"Baby, I need to get up," he says.

My eyes pop open and I raise myself off of him. "Yeah, sorry." I crawl off the edge of the bed and walk quickly to the bathroom.

I take care of business, take a deep breath and walk back into the bedroom. He's already dressed in his jeans and putting his boots on. I walk quickly over to the bed and dive under the covers to hide my nakedness.

He's leaving. I rub my hands across my face. I'm so stupid. I know right now in this instant, I'm going to get my heart broke. There's no doubt about it.

He gets up from the bed. "Go to sleep. I'll be right back."

I sit up, holding the sheet around me. "You're coming back?"

I try not to let him see the hope in my eyes. He smiles at me. "Yeah. I just want to check outside."

As he walks away, my mind drifts off to the Eaters. The way everyone is acting, I know I'm in a bad position to be pitted against them. They're dangerous, I know, but I can't help but wonder how dangerous.

I draw the blanket up over my body and only moments go by before Ronan is back. He takes off his boots and pants and I know there's no way my body could handle it, but I already want him again.

He slides into the bed. I'm far on my side, not sure how this works. But I shouldn't have worried because he's pulling me to him, wrapping his arms and legs around me until I feel him pressed against every part of me.

I release a sigh and he must think I'm worried about the Eaters, because he promises me, "They'll never touch you again."

I burrow deeper into him, resting my head on his chest. Even though I'm scared of the Eaters, I couldn't be happier that I moved to Eden.

RONAN

I woke Bree up early this morning because I had to be back at the clubhouse. I would have loved nothing more than to bury myself in her once more, but I know she needs time. I can already feel her trying to withdraw from me. She's been stilted and quiet. She wanted to stay behind, but I couldn't leave her. Not until I handle this thing with the Eaters and I know she's safe.

One thing I've learned is she's definitely not a morning person. I had to ply her with a cup of coffee to get her going. But even now, she's not saying much. She can try all she wants, but I'm not going anywhere. Not without her anyway.

As soon as we get in the door of the clubhouse, Klaus stops us. "Deator wants to see you."

Even the way he says our dad's name, I can hear the indifference in his voice. Our family will never be the same but eventually one of them, Dad or Klaus, are going to have to give in.

I nod my head at him and kiss Bree on the forehead before going in to see my dad. I know exactly what he wants and I'm not surprised when he starts jumping onto me for the "scene" I caused yesterday and going against him.

"Dad, I can't not protect her. If you don't want the club in on it, then stop them. But I'm in. I'm 100 percent in."

“Fuck,” he says to me. I know he understands what I’m saying, but he doesn’t like it. I’m surprised he didn’t lay into me last night after the meeting. But he probably knew better. He knows that no one goes against Mom and I’m pretty sure she’s on my side with this one. I’ve never felt this way before. I’ve never gone against my father. I’ve always backed him and his ideas one hundred percent of the time. He can’t handle it and he obviously doesn’t like it.

His voice is deep and intimidating. “You’re putting our club in jeopardy.”

I just shake my head. “As long as there are Eaters, we are in jeopardy.”

He stares at me and I’m waiting for the argument, but it never comes. Instead he walks around his desk and sits down. I wait, but he just points at the door. I guess I’m excused.

Walking out of the office, I’m pissed off and frustrated. And it only gets worse. Bree is sitting at the bar and Sayer has her caged in with his arms on each side of her. My bear lurches, wanting out. He wants to protect her too.

I stalk up behind Sayer, my body a live wire and my muscles flexing. “Am I interrupting something?” I barely recognize my voice. I’m hoping I didn’t read this wrong. I didn’t think Bree was the type to go from one man to another. Wait, what the fuck? She was a virgin. I know she’s not.

I look over Sayer’s shoulder and Bree is looking at me straight in the eye. I can see how uncomfortable she is when she says, “No, actually, I was just telling Sayer that I wasn’t interested.”

Enough said. I jerk Sayer back and he stumbles. Before he gets upright, I pull him up and against me. Barely hanging on, barely containing my bear, I tell him, “You dumb fuck. Were you not in church last night? I claimed her. She’s mine. That means you don’t touch her. You’re lucky I let you breathe the same air as her, you mindless fuck.”

He stares back at me and I’m waiting on an apology and “I’ll never do it again.” But instead he smirks at me. The fucker smirks. I rear

back and punch him, knocking his ass out and he goes flying across the room. The other men in the room are staring at us, but no one moves. No one goes to check on him, which is good, because at this point I might knock their asses out too.

My body is heaving and I can't control it. The urge to destroy something is building inside me. I look at Bree and the image of Sayer's hands on her makes me desperate to remove the feel of his touch from her memory. I take her in my arms roughly, picking her up, and her legs wrap around my hips. I don't care that half the damn crew is here, or my dad is in the next room. She puts her hands on each side of my face and, as if she knows exactly what I need, what I'm feeling, she kisses me. I thrust my cock against her crotch, seeking her heat.

I break the kiss just long enough growl a single word: "Mine."

I walk her to the back room and release a primal snarl when I find it occupied with some of the guys playing pool. As soon as they hear it, they drop their sticks and leave quickly.

BREE

He just punched out his friend and ran off the innocent guys playing pool. He has me sitting on the edge of the pool table, and he's standing between my legs. His ownership of me is apparent. He says I'm his.

I should run. I should run and never look back. One look at him and I know he can break my heart in an instant. He pushes me backwards, but I resist.

"I'm not fucking around, Bree. I need to be inside you and I need it now."

His rough voice is quiet and I can tell he's barely hanging on right now. But I can't give in, not this easily.

I need to scare him off. I may not know much about men, but I know his type. He may want me, but he definitely doesn't want me to stake my claim on him. I smile at him and when I do, he starts to take calming breaths. He leans down and nuzzles his face into my neck. The feel of his stubble against my skin gives me goosebumps.

"Bree, are you too sore? Because that's the only reason I'm stopping right now."

"No," I tell him.

He pulls back then and lifts my chin so I have to look at him.

“So why’d you stop?” He lifts me up a little, running his hard cock along my core. Even with our jeans on, his impressive bulge hits me in all the right places.

I shrug my shoulders and try to look away, but he stops me. “Uh-uh, baby, talk to me.”

Looking in his eyes, I know I have to be honest with him. I don’t have a choice. “I just think that if I’m yours, then that must mean you’re mine... or it’s no deal.” I try to laugh and make it sound playful, but I already know he can see right through it.

He doesn’t smile back and for a minute I have no idea what he’s thinking. I almost take it back. I almost tell him I’m joking.

He runs his thumb across my bottom lip and kisses me lightly. “I’m yours and you’re mine, Bree. It goes both ways.”

It hits me then that he’s dead serious and this thing between us is real. It’s too much too fast, and my inclination is to run. I’ve never felt this way for someone before and it’s scary.

He pushes me backwards and wrestles my jeans and panties down over my hips. I turn to the open door. “What if someone comes in?”

“They won’t,” he tells me as he unbuttons his pants, letting his jeans and underwear fall around his knees.

“But the door’s open,” I tell him.

He grabs my thighs and scoots me to the end of the table. I can feel his hard cock against my swollen slit. He strokes through it. “I’ll kill them. I’ll kill anyone that sees you like this. Look at us, Bree. Look how good we look together,” he tells me, staring down at where his cock is rubbing along my slit.

I lift up on my elbows and look at the juncture of my thighs. His hard shaft is wet, my juices coating him.

On instinct, I reach between us and fist my hand around his girth. The primal groan that leaves him is so loud, it vibrates the walls and the table I’m lying on.

I stroke him once, twice, and watch as ecstasy fills his face.

He's powerful, probably one of the most potent and strong men I've ever known, but right now, the way he's looking at me, I know that I'm the one with all the power. I can control him.

That thought fills me, calms me and makes me want to let this happen.

I line him up at my core and throatily whisper to him, "Take me, Ronan."

RONAN

I know she's scared. I can feel it. She thinks this is it for us, an itch that needs scratched. But that couldn't be further than the truth. When I said she was mine, I meant it.

My cock is swollen and harder than I've ever been. I want to sink deep inside her but something is stopping me.

She says it again. "Take me."

I rub my hands across her soft belly and down her legs.

"Say it, Bree. I want to hear you say it," I tell her as she moves her hips against me.

I know she wants this. She wants me to fuck her, but I can't. Not until I have her promising me that this is more than just fucking. No, I need to hear her say the words.

Frustration fills her voice. "What? What the fuck do you want me to say?"

My hands tighten on her hips. The fact that she's talking to me this way takes me by surprise. No one talks to me that way, especially cussing me. Something about it makes me pleased that she feels she can. She can do and say anything to me.

I slide my hands down between her legs and open her up, her juices shining against her pretty, pink pussy.

I put one digit inside of her and her greedy pussy clamps down and holds me tight. I smile then, feeling what I do to her. "I want to hear you say it. Tell me that you're mine."

Her eyes flash up to mine, but her face is guarded, not wanting me to see. But I know. I know exactly what she wants; she just has to let herself have it.

She lifts her chin. "No."

I pull my finger from inside her and she whimpers. We stare at each other, communicating without words. She wraps her legs around me, nudging me, urging me to enter her.

I run my fingers lightly across her belly. "I'm yours, Bree. But I'm not fucking you until you believe it, until you say you're mine."

She's looking up at the ceiling. She opens her mouth to say something but then closes it again.

"What? What is it?"

Her eyes find mine. "You're telling me there's not going to be any more Lolas?"

She questions me and I blink, looking back at her. I'm not used to being questioned. I always do what I want when I want without thought of anyone else. Her words make me think about Lola and I cringe. No, I don't want Lola. With my dick right up against Bree's sweet heat, I know that I don't ever want to be anywhere else.

I pull her up and hold her against me. Looking into her eyes, I promise her, "There's no one else but me and you. You're the one I want. Fuck, you're the one my bear wants. No one else."

Her eyes widen and her face tinges a pretty pink. She finally nods her head. "I'm yours."

A smile fills my face and my chest bows out knowing that I was just given the most amazing gift in the world. She is mine. I pull her to me and finally give her what we both need. I slide into her in one thrust. Her channel tightens around me and my balls draw up.

A shiver goes through my body and I lean my head against hers.

"You okay?" she asks me.

I lift my head to look at her and when our eyes meet, this thing I'm feeling multiplies. Holding her gaze, I tell her, "Yes, you just feel so good... perfect."

I pull her off the table and walk with her against the wall. I lean her back and thrust my hips into her.

The sex last night was good, but this has me breathless. It's so much more intense. Her gaze never wavers. She watches me and I can see the second her mind decides to claim me. Her pussy is hot, sucking me in and out. The powerful look between us intensifies it and we both start to orgasm together. My thrusts are erratic, our moans fill the room, but we still look at each other. Even with her face scrunched up in the throes of ecstasy I've never seen anything more beautiful.

I lean against the wall, still inside her. I can feel the connection to her. She's my mate. I know it and I know she knows it too. She may not fully understand it or what it is that's happening between us. I'll give her time and we'll talk about the bond after she's more comfortable with it. But at least she said it... she's mine. Nothing will ever come between us now.

BREE

The crew is treating me like family now. Even Lola is being nice and seems to have lost her attitude. We're sitting around hanging out with a few of Ronan's crew. Every time I look over at the pool table, I know my face turns three shades of red. Just remembering the way Ronan held me, looked at me, well, it was powerful, but also a little overwhelming. I know what he said and in that moment I can't doubt it, but now, after the fact, now I'm not so sure. It's awfully fast to be claiming me.

But looking at him now, he seems so much more relaxed. Instead of the tense, straightfaced man I met yesterday, he's actually hanging out and smiling. The transformation on his face is something else.

He hasn't let me leave his side. His hand has held mine or been touching me since he told his crew it was safe to come back in. They all looked at me, but not with any disrespect. The looks almost seem curious. I guess I get it though. I'm still curious to know how I claimed the hottest guy at the New Law MC.

"So we going after the Eaters?" the one they've been calling Petey asks Ronan.

At the mere mention of the name, you can see everyone in the room tense up. You can see on the men's faces around the room how much they want to get revenge on the Eaters. It seems to me that this is a long time coming.

Ronan rolls his shoulders, and instinctively, I get up and move behind his chair, putting my hands on his shoulders and working out the tight muscles. I haven't told him what I do for a living yet. It hasn't come up. I don't know what he'll think about me being a masseuse. I have a feeling that once he finds out he's going to try and impose the "female clientele only" rule. I snicker just thinking about it.

His muscles start to give under my kneading, and he responds, "We will. We're working on a plan."

"It doesn't look like you're working at all," a loud voice booms from the doorway.

All eyes go to the big, white-haired man standing in the doorway. The room, which was filled with laughter only a minute ago, is now so quiet you can hear a pin drop.

Ronan's dad looks at me and then slides his eyes back to Ronan. "Is this how it's going to be now? You got pussy and..."

Ronan jumps up and points at his dad. "Don't finish that sentence, Deator. I won't let you disrespect her."

Deator laughs a menacing laugh.

Ronan steps toward his dad. I want to stop him, I want to tell him it's okay, but I don't. I feel that there's more going on than what I know about.

Ronan stops right in front of his dad. "In your office."

The surprise on Deator's face is almost comical. I don't think he's used to having someone order him around. I wait for someone to throw a punch or the yelling to start, but instead, Deator turns around and Ronan follows him.

No one says anything for the longest time. Finally, Petey cracks a joke about needing a beer after that one and everyone starts talking at once.

Unease fills me. I don't want to come between Ronan and his father. But I also don't want to face the Eaters on my own. Anxiety about

everything fills me. I walk around the room and stop next to Sayer. "Hey, did my bike ever get finished?"

He nods his head. "Yep, it's outside next to the garage."

I start to walk away, but he stops me. When I look at his hand on my arm, he pulls away. "Hey, don't be upset. Ronan and Deator just have a few things they need to work out. It's not because of you."

I nod my head, not fully believing him. They seemed fine before I got into the mix.

He walks beside me as I turn to leave. "Where are you going?"

Without breaking stride, I tell him, "Into town." I have a few things I need to grab for the cabin.

"Petey!" he hollers, keeping stride with me. "Now look, Bree, I can't just let you leave here with the Eaters out looking for you."

Petey comes running up to us and starts bouncing foot to foot. "You holler, Sayer?"

Sayer ignores him when I start in with, "Looking for me? We don't even know that for sure. They may have forgotten all about yesterday."

"That right there shows exactly what you know about the Eaters. Oh, they're looking for you and if they catch you out, especially without New Law protection, well, then it will be bad."

I just roll my eyes at him. I can't stay here any longer. I just can't and I tell him that.

Sayer just shrugs his shoulders. "Fine, we'll go with you."

I look between Sayer and Petey and realize that Ronan might not like it, but hey, I don't like this situation I'm in either. In one day I've managed to get an enemy in a man named Solos, supposedly his whole club is now after me, and I'm breaking up a father-son relationship. Obviously I'm not at my best right now.

Nodding my head, I just tell him, "Let's ride." I gesture for him to go before me.

I really don't know where my bike is anyway. I already know that Ronan is not going to like this, especially me going off with Sayer of all the men, but I don't have a choice. I have to get out of here.

I'm on edge the whole ride into town. I know it's New Law territory, but that didn't matter the day I showed up into town.

Once we get to the store, I make quick work of grabbing a few essentials. When I get to the front of the store to check out, Sayer speaks up. "You have to be the quickest shopper I've ever met."

I smile at him, pay for my stuff, and we go outside to load up.

The roaring of motorcycles is what we hear first. Our heads whip up in that direction and even before seeing them, I know who it is. The Eaters have found me.

Sayer screams at Petey and me, "Let's go."

Petey goes first, then me, and I look back to see Sayer following us. We go as fast as we can, but once we get to the edge of town and hit the dirt road, we have to slow down. Some of the Eaters pass us and once we reach them they have set up a perimeter and we have no choice but to stop. We're surrounded on the abandoned mountain road.

Sayer and Petey both get off their bikes and stand on each side of me. I can tell by their stance that what Ronan said they took to heart. They are going to protect me to their deaths. I have a whole new respect for the New Law MC, but I don't have time to think about that now.

Solos, still with a big cut on his face, gets off his bike and starts walking toward us. Petey gets in front of me and holds his hand out to stop him. "I won't let you hurt her, Solos."

Solos starts laughing. He looks around at his men and then turns back to us. He starts to shift and when he does, the three of us do too. However, before Petey can stop him, Solos picks him up and throws him so fast he lands against a tree with blood pouring from his head. His eyes are wide open and I gasp, knowing that Petey is dead... and it's all because of me.

I look around wide-eyed and we're surrounded by bears. Sayer's black bear tries to get in front of me, but I shake him off. No one else is going to die tonight because they're protecting me.

All the Eater bears focus on Sayer and I want to help him, but Solos has his eyes set on me. He's a big brown grizzly staring me down. He starts toying with me, acting like he's going to charge me and then backing off. The torment is worse than if he just charged me. My bear is tough, I'm tough, but he's bigger and stronger. I can't help but think of Ronan. I shouldn't have left. I was holding back with him and I should have told him how I feel. Instead, I left and now I'll probably never see him again.

RONAN

I hate fighting with my dad. You never win when you fight with the president of the MC. He makes it known that it's "his way or the highway." But not on this. I'm not giving up on this. I just found Bree and already I'm mated to her. She may not know it, but that's what this is about. I'm not going to let anything come between us.

"Ronan, you're throwing away your club, you're disobeying your leader, for what, for some pus..."

I shake my head at him. "Don't say it, Dad. I'm telling you to not say it. She's not some pussy. She's my mate."

The old man gasps and stares at me in disbelief. But I just continue. "That's right, Dad. She's my mate. We're mated and there's nothing you or anyone else can do about it. Nothing, not even this club, will stop me from protecting her. Not now... not ever."

Deator stands up to his full height and flexes his arms in front of him. This tactic works on the majority of the crew, but not on me. No, I'm twice my dad's size and not afraid of him.

He starts yelling at me and the first thing I think is, *Well, this is new. The quiet man that's always in control has lost his temper the first time someone bucks his authority.*

My mom comes running in. "Deator, what is wrong with you?"

"This"—he points at me—"this ungrateful asshole is what's wrong. I've given him everything in life and this is how he repays me..."

He goes on and on, but I barely notice. My heart starts to race. It's beating so fast, I can't wrap my head around it. I can't focus on the room, or my parents, who are still arguing. I drop to my knees, my hands on the floor. The pain in my chest is the most intense feeling I've ever felt in my life. I'm dying, that thought crosses my mind, but quickly I realize that's not it. It's not pain that I'm feeling; it's Bree. She's hurt. My eyes are closed and I see flashes of the forest, bears fighting. In an instant I know exactly where they're at. Solos has Bree's bear pinned to the ground, blood pouring from her shoulder, and they're all circling her. And Petey, Petey is dead, his empty eyes staring back at me.

I fight to get up, to stand on my own two feet, but I can't. I start to stand and quickly tumble back down.

"Ronan, oh God, Ronan, are you okay?" I hear my mom's voice, but I can't focus on that. Not right now.

Deator hollers for Kass to get the men and he comes near me. His hand on my back has me pulling from him. I've breathing heavily, knowing I have to get to Bree. I just have to.

I mutter the words, "Bree needs me."

In my human form, I don't have the strength to move. Our bond is so strong I can feel her pain, but I can't fight it like this, not in my human form. I know my bear is the only thing that is powerful enough to handle it.

I shift right in my dad's office, my clothes, torn to shreds, falling to the floor. I destroy the room getting out of it, but I don't care. I pass my brother and the crew and without question I run toward the forest, the quickest route to Bree.

I can hear the sound of twigs breaking under my feet and my fast-paced breath is filling my ears. But it's more than just mine. I look to my right and my brother is running with me, keeping pace if not faster than me. I look to my left and Bruin, Johnny, Koda and a few of the others are with us too.

Determined, I run faster. I have to get to her. It's not an option anymore. I'm afraid of what might happen if I don't get to her in

time.

Anguish overcomes me just thinking about it.

I know we're getting close. Oh God, I hope I'm going to get to her in time.

BREE

I'm going to die. That thought keeps going through my mind and I don't know how to stop it. I would give anything to see Ronan one more time, but I hope he doesn't come here. No, I hope he stays far away. The chance he'll save me is slim. No one even knows where we are.

Solos may have only been playing with me in the beginning, but he finally tore into me. He ripped my shoulder open and although it's already started healing, the pain is still there.

I'm on all fours, gasping for breath, a part of me wishing I was already dead. This is his game. Solos brings me so close to death, and then he releases me. He's done it over and over and now I'm just exhausted. I can't keep fighting him off. I just can't.

I hear it then. My name, barely a whisper, but I hear Ronan saying it over and over. I turn in circles, lifting my eyes to the trees, the sky, trying to figure out where it's coming from. I wait for it to stop, but it doesn't. Over and over. "Bree, Bree, Bree."

I decide then and there that I'm going to do everything in my power to stay alive. I'm not going to let Solos destroy me and what I have with Ronan. I put my head down, breathing in and out. And I wait. I know he's going to attack again and this time I'll be ready.

I don't have to wait long; Solos is not a patient bear. When he comes for me, I bite into his shoulder, the sound of breaking bones loud as I gnaw on his leathery skin. I jerk him around and throw him as far as

my bear is able to. It isn't far, but it will give me a breather and some distance.

Another Eater in human form walks toward me. I stare him down, knowing my bear is stronger than him.

He raises his arm and points at me. "Shift into your human form."

I roar at him, right in his face, letting him know that it's not going to happen. I know what his plans are if I'm in human form and I'm not allowing it. Solos would destroy me.

The same man points over to Sayer. He's in his bear form lying on the ground, surrounded by all the Eaters. He's breathing, but barely hanging on. I can't let them kill him. I can't. He came with me to protect me and I should never have left the clubhouse. This is all my fault.

I know I'm dead either way, but if I shift back and do what they say, there's a chance that Sayer might survive. I look around and Solos is still in his grizzly form. The others have shifted back to humans, but not Solo. I know his plans and I know what I have to do.

I morph back into my human form. I'm standing here, naked for all the men to see, but I don't have a choice. I don't cower or curl my shoulders in defeat. I focus on my love for Ronan and refuse to be the pleading, crying kitten they want me to be. I stand tall waiting on what will happen next.

Solos blows air out of his nose and ruts at the ground. The other men gather around us and I know they just want to see how Solos is going to torture me, his bear against my human form.

I would normally hope for a fast and painless death, but even now, looking the savage Solos in the eye, I still don't want to die. I want to live and tell Ronan I love him. I want him to know what I think of him and how I want to be his... only his.

It's then I hear it. A stampede of something. The noise is deafening and I can feel it getting closer.

Solos turns toward the forest and so do the human Eaters. We're all curious, waiting to see what it is, when several grizzlies pounce through the trees at the same time. The first one I see is Ronan. He doesn't stop once he lands on his paws; he tracks me and starts running straight for me. Once the shock wears off, Solos stands on his hind legs, ready for what's about to come.

Ronan

SHE'S ALIVE, but it looks like barely. I look between her and Solos and I know I have to end him now. I can't let him survive, not after what he's done to her.

I'm running toward him and he starts running to me. We meet in a mix of blood, sweat and spit flying everywhere. Solos is a big bear, but I'm bigger. And I have more to lose. There's no way I will lose this fight. Even in this mix of flying fur, as we tumble and roll across the ground, gnashing our teeth at each other, I still have my eye on her.

She's shaken and I see her collapse to the ground. I want to go to her, but I can't. My growl is fierce and the split second I take my pressure off of Solos is too long. He pushes me backwards, hitting a tree, and it shakes from the force of it.

Solos walks slowly toward me and I struggle to get up, but not before a bear, Bree's bear, comes flying to us and tackles Solos to the ground. I get my bearings and get up, charging the animal, ready to end this game. Bree is standing over Solos, daring him to get up. I nuzzle her neck, pushing her back toward the forest line. She's done enough; she's saved me and probably Sayer too. All the other Eaters have left, and my men stand around Solos. We can take him apart limb by limb, but that's not how this is going down. I look at Bruin and nod my head toward Bree. He walks over to her and only when I know she is protected do I circle around Solos, moving my men back, letting them know that he is mine.

I stand over him, rutting my paw into the dirt, begging him to get up.

He does then and when he turns to look at Bree, I pounce on him. Just him looking at her is reason enough for me to end him.

I demolish him. We fight and tumble and roll all over the dirt road, but in the end I finish him.

BREE

“I’m leaving, Ronan.” I should say it to his face, but I can’t look at him. So instead, I write him a letter. My bags are packed and it’s the first moment I’ve had to myself since the fight with Solos and the Eaters. It’s only been a week, but I’ve spent that time taking care of Ronan. He was hurt pretty bad, but he is already almost completely healed.

Ronan was called for church this morning and I knew this would be my only time to escape. Since the moment I came into town, I’ve caused nothing but problems. Eden was going to be my big escape, my taste of freedom. Instead, I made enemies with the rival MC, got Petey killed, almost got Sayer killed, and I’ve come between Ronan and his father. I’m surprised that they haven’t kicked me out of town already.

The sound of a motorcycle has me looking out the window. *He must have forgotten something*, I think when I see Ronan flying up the driveway.

I look around the room but don’t see anything. Only seconds flick by from time he shuts off the motor and the front door comes splintering open.

“What are you doing, Bree?” His nostrils are flared and even though I know he would never hurt me, I’m a little scared right now.

He stalks into the room and I back up two steps for every step he takes.

He pauses at the kitchen table and looks down at what I was just writing. "You're leaving me?"

I don't have the words, I can't say it out loud. All I do is nod at him.

I expect him to ask me why, or hell, he should be kicking my bags out behind me and saying so long. But he says the one thing I never would have expected.

"You're not leaving me."

My shoulders drop. It was going to be hard, fuck, the hardest thing I've ever had to do in my life, leaving him. But with him here, right in front of me, it will take everything I have to. "Ronan, look at what I've done to you, to your family, your crew..."

He walks over to me, gripping my shoulders. I cringe at how tight he's holding me and he softens his touch a little bit. "Our fight with the Eaters started way before you got here. And it's going to be here for a while, but not because of you."

I put my hand up on his firm chest. "Yeah, but you and your dad?"

He brushes the hair off my shoulders and holds it at the nape of my neck. "My dad and I are fine. He understands now. He's not going to come between us..."

I look at him skeptically. I want to believe we have the possibility for a future, but as soon as my hopes start to rise, I think of something else that will stand in our way. "Ronan, I saw how your dad reacted to me. You can't tell me he's just going to accept me, accept us." I point between the two of us.

He wraps his arms around me and locks them behind my back, holding me tight to him. "Mom's talked to him. He's good."

I laugh then, because I can't help it. "No one messes with Kass, do they?"

He chuckles. "Not if they want to live."

I rest my head against his chest and breathe him in. "Ronan, I don't get it. You should be running me out of town, not telling me you

want me to stay.”

“Hey”—he nudges his body against me, shaking me a little—“look up at me.”

I raise my head, resting my chin on his chest.

He stares at me for the longest time and I swear I see exactly what he feels for me in his eyes. The thought scares me a little.

His voice is rough and thick with emotion. “Do you remember me telling you that I was claiming you? That you are mine?”

I nod.

“Well, I meant that. You’re stuck with me.”

I try to back away from him, but he stops me. I push my hands hard against his chest. “This doesn’t make sense, Ronan. I feel so boggled up inside and I can’t make sense of anything. I don’t understand this... what’s happening between the two of us. I just don’t know,” I tell him.

“I know exactly what it is, but I can’t tell you how to feel, Bree. I need you to figure this out on your own.”

Ronan

NOW I’M WORRIED. I know she’s younger and doesn’t fully understand what’s happening, but how do you tell someone that they are mated to you? What if she’s my mate, but I’m not hers? Is that even possible? I’ve never heard of it.

I lead her over to the table and pull the chair out. “Sit down.”

She looks at me weirdly but does as I ask. “Okay, clear your mind, try not to think of anything but you and me.”

She rolls her shoulders as if she’s trying to relax.

I pick up the letter that she started, and read the words over and over. "Ronan, I'm leaving."

She's watching me curiously, but I keep at it. I imagine coming here and finding her gone. I imagine never seeing her again. I imagine losing my one true love... my mate. The emotions build inside of me and I can feel it affecting me. My heart is beating rapidly in my chest, my muscles are flexed and the pain in my gut is immense.

Her hand slides across the table and I can't stop myself from reaching for her. Her other hand goes to her stomach and she holds herself like she's in pain, like she can feel what I'm going through. She leans toward me and I watch as a tear rolls down her cheek. I can't help it, I pull her into my lap. She curls into me, her hand pressed against my chest. We sit there for the longest time, until finally our breaths return to normal.

With her cheek on my heart, she finally asks me the question I've been waiting for her to ask. "Ronan, how did you know I was hurt? How did you know where I was at?"

I don't answer her for the longest time, and finally she raises up and looks at me. I cup her jaw in my hand. "I felt your pain. I felt what Solos was doing to you. I felt it so hard that I couldn't even get up off the floor because the pain was so bad. It was weird and I've never experienced anything like it, but I knew where you were. I could see you."

Her eyes are wide. "I felt your pain, Ronan. Just now, when you read my letter that I was leaving, I felt what you were feeling." She says it with awe in her voice.

Nodding my head at her, I say to her, "We're mated, Bree. You're my mate. I wanted you to figure it out on your own. I didn't want to tell you what you're feeling, but you're mine, and I'm never letting you go."

Her hand goes around my neck. "I love you, Ronan."

I nuzzle her neck, inhaling her sweet scent. "I love you, too."

EPILOGUE

RONAN

Two Months Later

Bree, the badass black bear, is the only woman who is bear enough for me. I thought it would take years with someone to get even close to how I feel right now about Bree. I wish I could say I left that fight with Solos without a scratch on me, but that'd be a lie. She's nursed me back to health, and completely taken care of me. She's even kicked my ass a little when I've tried to milk my healed-up injuries a little longer.

The sun is rising over the Klamath mountains and I have Bree in my arms. Ever since the day she had planned on leaving, she has been by my side. I'm pretty sure I convinced her that day that we were meant to be together, but just in case, I plan on sealing the deal.

She stretches beside me and when she's finished I pull her into me. She lays content on me and I breathe her in. "Honey."

She doesn't answer me and is faking asleep.

I turn her on her back and put my body between her legs, holding her open. I look down at her naked body. In the past two months we've spent every night together and I can honestly say I'll never tire of looking at her.

I kiss her lips, her neck, her shoulder, and when I nip at her peaked nipple, she moans.

I pull away and smile at her before reaching in the drawer next to the bed.

Her eyes are heavy and she's smiling with them closed. I kiss her nose. "Open your eyes."

She opens one and peeks out at me, finding me lying there with a box in my hand. She gasps and tries to scoot backwards, but I put pressure on her and keep her where she's at.

"Well?" I ask her.

She just shakes her head at me. "I'm sorry, did you ask me a question?"

Rolling my eyes, I lean in to kiss her. "You're going to marry me, Bree McGuire, soon to be Bree Vahn."

Her legs go around my middle, lightening her words. "I don't know if I will or not since I haven't been asked."

I put my weight on her and bring my lips to her ear. "Honey, there's a lot of things I'll ask you for, but this isn't one of them. You don't have a choice. You're marrying me because I love you and you love me. Without you, I am nothing, no one."

I can see the light in her eyes and I know she wants this. I know she wants to say she will marry me, but something's stopping her.

She lowers her eyes. "But your dad..."

"He knows you're my mate and will give his blessing, not that I need it. Just like I didn't need your cousin Bruin's blessing, but I asked for it."

"You asked Bruin... but you're not asking me. Your logic is a little messed up there, Ronan."

I just laugh. It wouldn't have mattered what he said. Me asking was just a technicality. She's going to be mine. Once and for all.

"Well?" I ask her again.

She finally shrugs her shoulders. "Yes, I'll marry you, Ronan. I mean, you are my mate. It makes sense."

I laugh before kissing her. I slide my tongue across the seam of her lips and she grants me access. I stroke her mouth until she's gyrating her hips, pressing them against my hard cock. "I have to have you." I kiss down her body until I'm looking at her wet, slick folds. "And then my bear needs to run."

There's no better way to celebrate than letting your bear run free in the Klamath mountains.

She widens her legs, showing me her core soaked with desire. Her whispered words break me and I'm licking her seam before she finishes. "I'll show you my bear if you show me yours."

EPILOGUE 2

Bruin

When Ronan asked me for my blessing, I gave it to him. After the way he protected Bree, I knew there was no reason I should stand in their way. They are obviously each other's mates. If you're with them in the same room for just a few minutes, it's obvious.

Watching them these past few weeks has made me wish for things I've never thought I would want before. I used to find pleasure in any of the club Twinkies, but now it's just to pass the time.

Just take Rita for instance. I know that Sayer has a thing for her, but here she is, obsessed with my dick. She caught me in the hallway and pushed me into my bedroom. I want to tell her no, but the praise she's giving my dick is amusing. I fully intended to push her away before she started kissing and licking me, but I'd been distracted by the sound I heard in the closet.

Someone is in there.

I can feel the eyes of someone on me from the closet but it isn't a predatory gaze. The sensation that rushes over my body is more like a curious hot stroke over my cock.

I look down at the carpeted floor near the closet doors instead of directly at the doors to see movement behind the slats and can make out the full feminine figure behind the doors.

Whoever it is, she's got big, round full breasts and the thought of the sexy stranger watching me get a blow job turns me on a lot more than Rita and her efforts. I grab Rita by the shoulders and push her away. She barely notices as she works her hand between her thighs.

I leave Rita on the bed and edge a little closer to the closet, but before I can make it to the doors to open them and find out who is behind them, Lisa, one of the club sluts, comes bursting into the room with Deator, Ronan, Johnny, Zeus and Teddy.

They all ignore the half-naked Rita on the bed pleasuring herself. Lisa points to the closet. "She's in there."

Deator opens the doors wide and stands back.

Inside the closet stands a blond-haired woman, a shifter, I realize when her scent fills my nostrils. She looks vaguely familiar and when she raises her chin, her light blue eyes pierce me, and it's then I recognize her resemblance. There's only one person that I've seen with eyes like hers. She is related to Alban, a member of the rival Eaters Gang.

Her eyes flick down my body and when they land on my exposed hard cock, it grows even harder. She licks her lips and just the sight of her extended pink tongue sends a jolt through my body. I tell myself she's an Eater; she's off limits. My mind obeys, but not my body. Pre-cum drips to the floor, but I'm not watching that; no I'm watching her and she's watching me.

She's an Eater, hiding in my closet. Was she sent here to spy or is she an assassin? I look around the room at the bloodthirsty looks on the men around me. They're out to get the Eaters and they won't hesitate to use her to get their revenge.

She should be scared, she should be begging for her life right now, but instead she's staring at me and my hard cock. There's something that tells me, either it's my raging pulse or the way I can't catch my breath, that I've finally met my match... and she's a fuckin' Eater.

COMING UP NEXT: Bruin, the second book in the New Law MC Series. Stay up to date on the series [HERE!](#)

JOIN ME!

JOIN MY NEWSLETTER & READERS GROUP

For Up To Date Information on New Releases, Specials, and More

[JOIN MY NEWSLETTER](#)



[JOIN MY PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUP!](#)



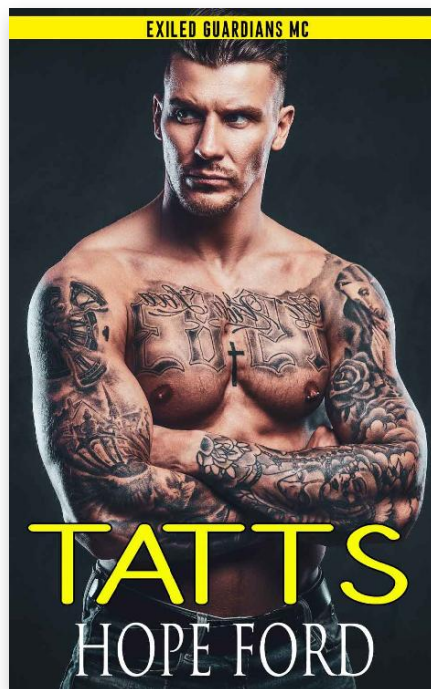
[CLICK HERE TO JOIN MY READERS GROUP ON FACEBOOK](#)

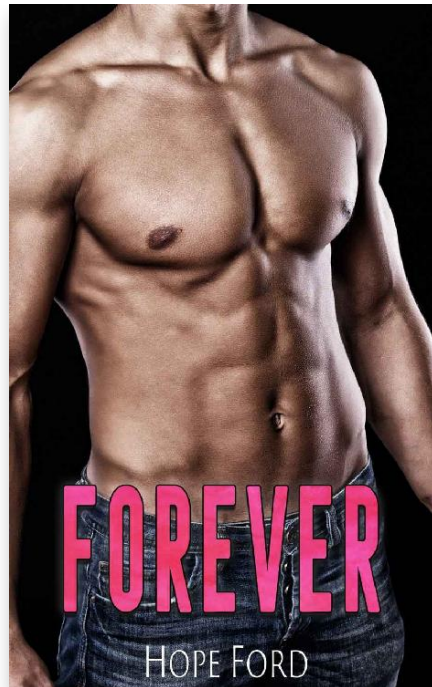
A place to talk about Hope Ford's books! Find out about new releases, giveaways, get exclusive content, see covers before anyone else and more!

Find Hope Ford at www.authorhopeford.com

FREE BOOKS

Want FREE books? Go to www.authorhopeford.com/freebies





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Bestselling short romance author Hope Ford writes short, steamy, sweet romances. She loves tattooed, alpha men, instant love stories, and ALWAYS happily ever afters. She has over 70 books and they are all available on Amazon.

[FOLLOW ME](#) – Click on the link or below to follow Hope Ford on Pinterest, Instagram, Facebook, Goodreads, and more!

