

All of Me Bonus Chapter

by Callie Harper

Liam

Sophie slept soundly beside me, her head nestled against my shoulder. I, however, sat up, completely alert. We still had another three hours on the airplane.

I'd never travelled internationally before. Even on domestic flights, I'd never exactly been a relaxed flier. I guessed I'd had too much disaster rescue training. It kept me hyper-vigilant at all times, one eye on the cockpit, waiting for my cue.

But Sophie, apparently, had so such problems. She'd dozed off pretty much as soon as we'd taken off, late afternoon Massachusetts time. When we'd land, it would be morning in London and she'd be good to go. I, on the other hand, would be ready for a long nap.

But that wasn't going to happen. We were going to hit the ground running for our post-Christmas vacation, first touring London for a couple of days with some of Sophie's friends. Then, we'd visit Ian in Scotland. I had no idea what we'd find when we got there, but my gut said it wouldn't be good. Ian had dropped so completely out of contact I almost wondered if he'd even let us inside once we were standing at his doorstep ringing and knocking. Apparently he lived in the Douglas ancestral estate. It sounded picturesque, but according to Sophie it was basically a crumbling castle on the verge of falling straight into the ocean. It sounded gloomy enough to make anyone depressed, Wheelchair-bound and riddled with pain? I could only imagine the depth of Ian's gloom.

Before the accident, Ian had been such a magnet. We'd only been at the start of adolescence, kids honestly, but girls used to clamor around his dark good looks. My all-American thing didn't hold a candle to Ian's charisma. Funny how our public personas had formed so distinctly even back when we were 14. I'd been the smiley, football-playing good guy. Chase was intense and driven. Jax always had that bad boy edge some girls flocked to, the ones who liked playing with fire. But it was Ian who'd had an almost universal appeal.

Sophie had tried to explain it to me. She said girls took one look at him and saw Heathcliff on the moors, or Mr. Darcy from *Pride and Prejudice*. The references didn't mean much to me. All I knew was the kid seemed to have magic powers.

Now, though? He'd dropped off the grid. It had been a couple of years since any of us had seen him. I hoped Sophie could cheer him up. He'd always had a soft spot for his little sister. She might be able to snap him out of his funk.

As for me, I felt worried I wasn't going to do much good. But yesterday Jax had given me some good advice. I'd called him before we'd taken off, first of all to thank him for telling me I should ask Sophie to marry me. Like he'd predicted, she'd said yes. And I'd called to wish him a Merry Christmas. I'd caught him in the middle of visiting his grandfather, Ace. Such a good guy, he'd practically raised Jax after the

accident. Well, after Jax had done time in juvie after the accident and his parents had wanted nothing to do with him.

“Go slow with Ian,” Jax had warned me. “Like with a wounded animal. People act exactly the same way. The more they need someone to take care of them, the more they push you away.” His voice hinted at a melancholy I’d rarely heard from Jax before. He was always up for action, had his finger on the pulse of the party. He ran a bar, for God’s sake. The man lived life to the fullest, never slowing down.

“You all right?” I’d asked. I was deliriously happy with Sophie, but I didn’t want it to turn me into a bad friend. Happy people could get seriously annoying in their oblivious bubble.

Jax exhaled, heavy, in what came very close to a sigh. A sigh. From Jax. Something was up. “I think I need a change,” he admitted.

“Yeah? You thinking of leaving the bar?” I knew he and his partner, Tommy, didn’t always see eye-to-eye.

“Maybe, I don’t know.” I could picture him pacing the floor, rubbing his head like he had a habit of doing. Sometimes he shaved it bald. And he pulled it off, badass that he was. “I might need to get out of town.”

“Last time we talked you were trying to get me and Sophie to move out to California.”

He laughed, but didn’t sound too amused. “Yeah, I’m all over the map.” He paused again, as if he might tell me more. Instead, he changed the subject, giving me more advice about Ian.

“But try to get him out of the house. Too much time in your own head isn’t a good thing.” Again, I had the feeling he was talking about himself.

“Well, I’ll have Sophie with me. So that’ll help. She’ll know how to handle it, say the right thing and all that.”

“Listen to you, man,” he teased. “You’ve got it bad. You’re usually MacGyver, figuring out how to fix everything on your own.”

“Not any more,” I happily admitted. “Sophie’s way better at dealing with people than I am. She’s amazing. Now we need to get you someone.”

He gave a dry laugh, again with no humor. “Don’t hold your breath.”

“Haven’t met the right one? Or...?” I cast out a fishing line, wondering if he’d bite. Us guys weren’t always great at this sharing our heart stuff. But Sophie had taught me a lot about the importance of opening up. I’d kept so much bottled inside for so long I’d nearly driven myself crazy, feeling like I was two separate people. I’d almost gotten to where I didn’t believe I could ever meet a woman who’d fall for all of me, the dark and the light. Then Sophie had come along and happily blown up every single preconceived notion.

But Jax hadn’t taken the bait. He’d told me he needed to get off the phone, wishing me a good trip and promising me he’d pass along my Merry Christmas to Ace. I hoped Jax would find someone someday. He was rough around the edges and could throw down hardcore in a fight, but his heart was as good as gold. He needed someone who’d see through the tough exterior and connect with that part of him.

Now that I was with the love of my life, and she’d actually said yes when I asked her to marry me, I realized that was it. The Ultimate State of Being. The

Reason for Living. If anyone thought it sounded like I was exaggerating, that was because they'd never been in love.

I glanced over at Sophie, fast asleep, looking like an angel. Too bad she was with me and my mind was as dark and filthy as an unrepentant sinner. I pulled up the blanket and tucked her in. But not because she looked cold.

Overhead, the lights were turned off, giving passengers the opportunity to sleep. Sophie had insisted on booking us in first class. It was a new experience for me, with all that room and extra attention from the flight attendants. But they weren't hovering over us now. Just the two of us in our row, we might be on a plane, but it felt like we had a lot of privacy. Exactly how I liked it.

Sophie

I was having the most delicious dream. Liam was with me on a bed and the two of us were tangled up together. He was nuzzling my ear, whispering how much he loved me. And he didn't stop at that. His hand, his magic fingers were down between my legs, stroking, caressing.

I moaned, then opened my eyes as his lips met mine in a kiss.

"Shhh," he whispered, his eyes full of mischief.

"What—?" Disoriented, I started sitting up.

"Stay where you are." He looked at me with that commanding glint in his eye, the one that made me wet. I licked my lips and settled back down. I had no idea what he had on his mind, but I knew enough about Liam to understand that I'd like it.

My senses mingled, awakening, growing aware of my surroundings on the airplane at the same time as I realized it wasn't just a dream. Liam was very much up to no good. Under the blanket, his hand snuck down my panties where I was already responding to his touch.

"You have to keep quiet," he murmured in my ear. I swore I could hear how much he relished it, making me squirm, forcing me into that kind of discomfort, so aroused and yet needing to keep it hidden. I whimpered slightly in protest, leaning toward him, wanting him to go faster. But he kept up the same pace, maddeningly slow, controlling the build-up, drawing it out as long as he liked. He knew how to make me cum, but he wasn't going there, not yet. He wanted to make it last.

"Unbutton your blouse." His voice hovered at a whisper, but it had all the authority of a command. Furtively, I glanced up, around, trying to assess the danger. Were any other passengers watching? The plane was dark, technically overnight as we flew across time zones toward the U.K. Across the aisle, every passenger I could see was sound asleep. But how loudly had I moaned in my sleep before Liam had silenced me with a kiss? Had I awakened anyone? There was a chance the people behind us were alert and listening. And what about flight attendants? One might come walking past to check if anyone needed anything.

"Don't make me wait," Liam warned, stopping his rhythmic thrusts, reminding me he'd make me work for it. He'd have no problem withholding my orgasm until I complied.

Nervous, I brought my hand to the top button of my blouse. "People might see," I whispered, looking into his eyes.

He shifted his position, leaning over me in the window seat with his large frame, blocking me from sight. "Only me. Now unbutton."

Slowly, I started undoing my blouse. Each small movement seemed to make all kinds of noise, the rustle of the fabric, the popping of each button. I felt shy and naughty all at once as I bared more and more of my skin, every inch devoured by Liam's ravenous gaze. He resumed stroking, massaging while I did what he wanted, rewarding me for my compliance.

As my fingers traveled down, I pulled the blanket up so I could hide myself from view. Underneath it, my nipples stood out stiff and hard with arousal. That was what Liam wanted to see, and I bet he'd do more than just look at them. But I felt nervous about getting caught.

Darting another glance at the aisle, I slowly inched the blanket down below my breasts. My blouse open, Liam could see my cleavage and the lace of my bra. I gave him a shy smile, showing him. Even that much felt daring, but I knew it wouldn't be enough.

"Show me," he hissed. Nervously biting my lip, I pushed the blanket to my waist and pulled my bra to either side, forcing my breasts up and out. Exposed, my nipples stood out in hardened tips, aroused by Liam's touch and heated gaze, and by the risk. We might get caught and it gave me a naughty thrill.

Taking in what I offered, he let out his breath harshly. "That's good." He traced his fingers around my breasts, lingering on my throbbing nipples. "I like seeing how much you want it."

Eyelids closed, I sank back to the seat, letting him take over. He wanted me to surrender and it felt so good to do it. Without how loving and protective he was of me, without trusting him completely, I could never let myself go like that. But as it was, I knew he worshipped me. He did everything he could to make me happy. It just so happened this was one way to do it.

He whisked his palm along, teasing and light. I knew what he wanted to do, how he wanted to tease and tweak me, bringing pain to mingle with and heighten my pleasure. I wanted it, too and it made me whimper for more.

"Shh," he reminded me. "You don't want to get caught." I worked to stifle the moan that provoked. In the darkness, on the airplane, surrounded by people, I knew he had me trapped. Only he could give me the release I craved. Panting, arching my back, I forced myself to stay quiet.

When his thumb and finger finally closed around my nipple, I had to bite back a gasp. He played with it, gentle, toying, knowing what I wanted. What he'd taught me I needed. I sought that edge, the line dividing pleasure and pain blurring when we were together, one pushing into the other.

"What do you want, Sophie?" he murmured into my ear. He never gave it to me easy. He always made me work for it. Just how I liked it.

"I want to cum," I whined, whispering back, bucking my hips under the blanket.

"You need to be still."

I responded to the harsh, demanding tone of his voice. Both in obedience, stopping my movement, and in arousal, growing even more wet as he ordered me to be still.

“That’s good,” he whispered in my ear, his fingers thrusting fast, taking me so close I gripped the armrest, trying to hold back. “You said you need to cum?” he asked, wicked and knowing.

“Mm-hmm,” I nodded, eyes closed, sensing it, how good the orgasm would feel engulfing me, rippling up and through my limbs.

“Then cum for me, baby.”

I bucked into his hand at his words, taking his fingers in as far as they would go, shuddering and cumming on his hand as he whispered hot praise in my ear.

“That’s it. Just like that.”

He tweaked my nipple, giving me an extra burst of sensation, drinking in the cry I would have filled the cabin with had it not been for his mouth over mine. He brought the blanket up over my chest, then pressed me to his, cuddling me close. I snuggled in, loving everything about him, his smell, his body, so masculine and all mine. Settling my panties back in place, my pants back as well, we both got comfortable.

Smiling, I brought my palm to his chest, feeling his heartbeat. “That was unexpected.” I laughed softly as he stroked my hair. I could feel the rumble of his laughter as well.

“I’m the gift that keeps on giving.”

I knew he was joking, but that was exactly how I felt. Each day with him brought some kind of unexpected delight. And now we had an entire European vacation ahead of us. Soon the plane would land and a whole new adventure would begin.

I couldn’t wait to see my beloved brother Ian. I knew he was hurting, in every possible way. But I also believed, deep in my heart, that the Ian I’d known as a girl was still inside him. He was still my big brother who used to seem larger than life, so charismatic and charming. Back then, he’d always known exactly what to do to cheer me up. Now it was time for me to try to return the favor.

And I was bringing one of his oldest friends to help me do it. My best friend Liam, the love of my life, now my fiancé and soon to be husband. I drifted back into drowsiness, snuggled against him, so peaceful, so serene. A huge smile lingering on my face, deep and true gratitude serenaded me into an utterly contented sleep.

THE END

Thank you for reading! It’s so fun to share Liam and Sophie with you. I can’t wait to publish the rest of the “All In” books with Jax and Ian’s stories. Each will be a standalone novel with some crossover characters, and they can be read in any order. Jax’s book will be out in May—I’ll put up a preorder link soon and be sure to let you know about it when I do! Ian’s will be out in July. And for those of you who missed it, here are the links to “In Deep” with Chase & Emma and, of course, “All of Me” with Liam & Sophie:

In Deep

Amazon US: <http://amzn.to/2kXskCz>

Amazon UK: <http://amzn.to/2kCg5io>

iBooks: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/in-deep/id1120982833>

Nook: <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/in-deep-callie-harper/1124212392>

Kobo: <https://store.kobobooks.com/en-us/ebook/in-deep-13>

All of Me

Amazon US: <http://amzn.to/2kOzxEI>

Amazon UK: <http://amzn.to/2lTrCHt>

iBooks: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/all-of-me/id1196455789>

Kobo: <https://www.kobo.com/us/en/ebook/all-of-me-41>

Nook: <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/all-of-me-callie-harper/1125851897?ean=2940157444365>