

# Undeniable Bonus Chapter

by Callie Harper

## One Year Later

### Dom

Inside our cabin, I stomped the snow off my boots. Outside the storm was coming down fast, but inside it was warm and cozy. We had a fire roaring in the fireplace and my gorgeous wife was already over on the couch with her feet propped up, enjoying the warm glow. Damn, we had it good.

“Did you chop us some more wood, big guy?” she called over to me, her head peeping up above our oversized sofa. She’d wanted to get a big one to accommodate the giant family she planned on having. And we’d already begun, with a little girl born just four months ago.

Technically she was named after her great-grandmother, Margaret. Gigi had always adored her and I could understand why. In fact, the three of us were heading up to New York to visit her tomorrow. But we called our daughter by her nickname, Prin, as in Princess. Because when you get a tattoo that says princess across your heart, it’s good to really get your money’s worth. Gigi would always be the first princess I adored, the inspiration for my tattoo. But now my daughter had joined her so deep in my heart.

Coat and boots off, I headed over to Gigi’s side. She sighed contentedly as she snuggled into me, nestled in the Blue Ridge Mountains cabin I’d built. I sure enjoyed seeing the snow from this perspective, snug and toasty from the inside out instead of out in the cold. Gigi’s strawberry-blonde hair cascaded down my chest and I could smell her scent, that unique blend that was hers and hers alone.

“I think she’s asleep,” Gigi murmured.

“No! You didn’t just say that!” I elbowed her, keeping up our running joke that the best way to wake our daughter up was to declare her sound asleep.

“I shouldn’t have just said that!” She giggled, putting her hand over her mouth. Her eyes went wide and we both listened in silence, holding our breath. But no sound emerged from the bedroom upstairs. Maybe four months was the charm, the moment at which she started sleeping for longer stretches? That would be something.

The fire crackled as we listened contentedly. I’d always been powered by such restless energy, never knowing where I belonged, not growing up in my father’s MC or with my unstable mother or bouncing around from caregiver to caregiver. Not as a young adult in the Hamptons, playing security to the wealthy or even in the military where I found true friends and admired the hell out of the people I worked with. Nothing had satisfied my heart.

Until now. With Gigi by my side as we watched the snow fall out the windows while our baby slept peacefully upstairs, my heart couldn’t have been more full. Gigi stretched and sighed, grazing the side of her amazing breasts against my chest. She’d never looked more beautiful to me than she did now as a new mom, so curvy and with a sort of radiant inner glow. Sometimes when I saw her hold our daughter,

I'm not going to lie, it brought tears to my eyes. Me. I guess it turned out I had more depth of emotion than I'd ever realized.

When Prin was first born I'd felt a little afraid to hold her. What did I know about babies? And she was so tiny and fragile. The first couple days I did more looking than holding. But then one day as I was watching her down in her bassinet she looked straight at me and clutched onto my finger tight with one of her tiny baby fists. From that moment on, it was all over. She owned me heart and soul and I'd been holding her ever since.

"How're you feeling?" I brushed some hair back behind Gigi's ear and gave her cheek a kiss. She felt so good pressed up against me and I knew exactly what I'd like to do next, but I needed to watch it with the ravenous beast stuff. New moms didn't always want to get down and dirty. It was just because I was such a dirty dawg that the first thing I thought of once the baby went to sleep was getting Gigi pregnant all over again.

"I'm good." She looked up, so glowing and pretty I didn't think I could love her any more.

"You want a massage?" I asked. Any excuse to get my hands on her.

"Mmm," she sighed with pleasure at the thought. "Yes, please."

I started at her neck, caressing and kneading her nape. I knew hunching over to hold and nurse the baby sometimes gave her pain there. She exhaled deeply and I could feel the tension draining from her body.

"Feel good?" I asked, my voice growing huskier in ways I couldn't fight.

"So good," she groaned. "Go lower."

Always happy to please, I brought my hands down her back, reaching them up underneath her shirt to caress her soft bare skin. Pressing into her, tracing her spine, she was so pliant under my touch, so yielding and sweet. It made my blood race, but I'd had a lot of practice over the keeping all that in check. I'd gone years without touching her, even as I'd craved it. Surely I could manage one evening.

"Lower," she moaned, tilting her head back, eyes closed. OK, I hadn't imagined the husky tone in her voice. She was getting turned on. There was a God.

"Why don't you come on over here so I can really get you good," I murmured, pulling her onto my lap. A mere flick of my fingers and the drawstring tie at her waist didn't stand a chance. I sank my fingers down and found her silky panties, already damp to the touch. She drew in her breath and bit down on her bottom lip as I lightly caressed her pussy. Now that I knew what she wanted, I was going to take my time.

"So you said you were feeling good?" I repeated, whispering low in her ear as my fingers kept moving. Her hips started shifting in rhythm with my touch, grinding against me. "What do you think, is there something I could do to make you feel even better?"

Her breath came in a short pant and she brought her hand to my chest, grabbing a fistful of my flannel shirt.

"Uh uh, Gigi," I reprimanded her, taking her slim wrist in my large grasp. "I'm in control now. You're just along for the ride." I pulled her shirt off of her, unclasped her bra and tossed them both to the floor. Then I brought her wrists back behind her, fastening them both in my firm grip against her buttocks. "Now I don't have

anything to tie you with right now, baby. But I want you to be good for me and keep your hands back here. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes," she moaned, eyes closed, losing herself to sensation. It was always like that between us, sweet to hot in the blink of an eye.

"Good girl," I praised her, smoothing her hair back off her face as she sighed deeply.

Slowly, taking my time, I pushed her thin cotton pants down her hips and along her thighs. Using the tips of my fingers, I traced her silk panties, scarlet against her pale, creamy skin. She wriggled and sighed, but she didn't move her hands. Gigi knew how to follow orders, and how good it made her feel when she did. I always made sure she got rewarded.

"Are you wet for me, baby?" I asked, sliding my fingers along the silk I could already feel was slick and warm.

"Oh, yes, Dom," she sighed into my touch, leaning back against my shoulder. She made a glorious sight in the firelight, her bare breasts full, her thighs slightly parted so I could make her my playground.

"Good. Just how I like it." With more force, I pulled her panties off, yanking them down her thighs and all the way off so I could have full access. "Now show me." She knew what I wanted and she complied, spreading her legs wide so I could see more of her pussy, glistening and ready for me. She arched her back and leaned against my arm, offering herself to me.

"So wet," I praised her, bringing just a finger down where I knew she ached.

"Mmmm, Dom," she cried.

"Shhhh!" I cautioned her. "You know you need to keep quiet." True, we had a sleeping baby upstairs, but it was the restraint I was after. Whether I applied it, or Gigi restrained herself on my command, it always made everything hotter. She bit her lip and tossed her head to the side, eyes closed, concentrating on keeping quiet, all the while wanting even more to cry out.

I watched her every response as I began to stroke her pussy, working my fingers in and out of her, slowly, grazing her swollen clit with each thrust. I'd never tire of watching her arousal build, seeing it in her dripping sex and the glistening sheen on her quivering skin. There was nothing more erotic than Gigi working her way into an orgasm.

That was where I held her, torturing her as long as I could, right on the brink. Knowing exactly what she'd need to send her over—a hard, strong thrust and some direct pressure on her clit—but no. I withheld it. I loved watching her struggle with need, keeping her hands behind her back where I'd told her to, biting her lip to stay quiet while she heaved and panted. Her breasts glistened in the firelight, her nipples pebbled into hard tips of arousal.

Finally unable to keep either of us from what we really wanted, I dug in, sinking two fingers deep into her slick, hot pussy. She came apart with a sob, shuddering and coming on my hand, crying out softly as she bucked against me.

"So good, Gigi," I murmured into her hair, smelling her scent. "Come for me just like that."

"Dom," she sobbed, another shudder of ecstasy wracking through her body.

"I love you." I meant it with every fiber of my being. Gigi was my everything. With her we had love, a home, a family, everything I'd always wanted but never thought I'd have. I couldn't imagine anything more.

## **Gigi**

Damn, my man was sure good with his hands. Groggy in the aftermath of my shattering orgasm, I smiled a blissed-out smile and nuzzled into his broad chest. Oh my. I couldn't believe I'd managed to survive a four whole years without him. When he'd left that summer I turned 19, it had felt like my entire world had caved in. And it turned out I hadn't even had any idea what I'd been missing.

All those years I'd tried to forget him, telling myself he couldn't be as shatteringly amazing as I'd thought. The truth was he was all that and more.

Summoning my returning strength, I straddled him and started unbuttoning his pants. I felt like going for a ride. He smiled down at me, watching as I unzipped him and slid his jeans down along his hips.

It never failed, when I ran my hands down along his hard shaft it always made me shiver. He felt so good, so hard and strong and solid. And of course I knew how good he could make me feel with that cock.

"I want you inside me," I whispered, working him out of his briefs.

"I like how you think," he agreed, helping me with my efforts. He'd made me so wet all it took was positioning myself over him and down I sank, sheathing him in my wet warmth. We both cried out as he fully entered me, the sensation so intensely good, and then I started to move, grinding on him in rhythm.

"You look so good, baby." He watched me as I worked, the fire behind me basking me in a warm glow. I could feel desire building again with each thrust, each time I took him all the way in. But as much as I wanted to come, I never wanted it to end. It was so good with him, so real and raw and hot every time it nearly brought tears to my eye.

"Are you going to come again for me?" he asked, angling himself to thrust up inside me with more force. He wrapped his hands around my hips and started guiding me, fucking me harder as he thrust me down again and again onto his cock.

"Uh," I groaned as I worked to keep up with his rhythm, my breasts bouncing, thighs spread wide to accommodate his size. When I felt his thumb against my clit it made me gasp. He already had me so close and he knew just how to make me explode.

"That's it," he encouraged me, and at his words I threw my head back, coming hard on his cock as he came up inside me with one, long, hard thrust. We stayed wrapped together like that, panting in the firelight.

"You're so beautiful." He kissed my head and stroked my hair.

"You make me feel beautiful," I admitted, lazily tracing his tattoos with my finger. He'd always been so mysterious to me, back when we'd started getting to know each other, and then during our long time apart. Even though we were married now and parents, I still sometimes marveled over my good fortune. I got to be with him, know him and care for him while he did the same for me. Life was beautiful.

And with that thought, the little life we'd created decided to wake up. We both chuckled and sighed at the sound, so dear and so intrusive at the same time.

"I'll get her," Dom assured me, giving me one last kiss before he shifted me to the side and rose to assemble himself. "Duty calls." He gave me a wink and a military salute before heading off to the stairs.

"My hero," I called after him, absolutely meaning it. He'd left the military, but he still served and protected every day with me and Prin, and most recently as the newest member of the local fire department. I was so proud of him. There was a long waiting list of good people wanting to become firefighters, but Dom had persisted, working as an EMT, paramedic and volunteer firefighter until he finally got the call to join the department full time.

I could hear their voices upstairs, Dom's low and gentle, greeting Prin. Her cry turned into a delighted coo and gurgle at seeing her Daddy. I heard the familiar creak as he walked her across the floorboards to change her diaper. What a good man.

Tomorrow we'd all fly up to New York, visiting my Gram and seeing other family members who happened to be around, probably Colt and Caroline and Ash and Ana as well as their kids. I loved being an auntie. Nothing brought family together like kids, and now the Kavanaugh clan had a whole slew of them, eight grandkids to be exact: three for Declan and Kara, two for Colt and Caroline, one for Ash and Ana, one for Heath and Violet and of course gorgeous Prin, the baby of the bunch.

What fun we'd all have seeing each other over Christmas! The kids tearing into presents, running around in excitement. And in the middle of it all, Dom and Prin by my side. We couldn't ask for anything more.