

# All of You Bonus Chapter

by Callie Harper

Jax

There were a lot of things I loved about living with Sky. Up near the top of the list had to be waking up next to her in bed. She woke early, since she ran a bakery, but so did I and we made the most of those stolen, early moments in the darkness between the sheets.

Her naked body, so warm and inviting, pressed up against mine and made my pulse jump. As I whispered my lips to her throat, she sighed, still half asleep, shifting so she was pressed even closer. I brought my hand to her hip, rocking myself against her. Her sigh became a moan as I slipped my fingers down between her thighs, working my way up in lazy strokes.

I loved the way her legs parted on instinct, her body responding to the promise of pleasure before her brain even had time to fully register what was happening. Her body awakened instantly to my touch. It always had. We'd been acutely aware of one another from the moment we'd met, during all those long months we hadn't been able to do a damn thing about it.

Now I could, though. Sliding my fingers along her pussy, I pressed right where she liked it. She rewarded me by her arching back with a low moan. All this sweet, slow lovemaking was nice, but I needed to add some heat. I knew she liked it like that, too.

Working my other hand around, I pinched her exposed nipple. Her eyes and lips opened, a gasp escaping as arousal coursed through her body. I brought my hand up to her throat, not griping hard, just letting her feel held against me, secure and possessed. She grew slippery wet with arousal as I worked her clit and rocked my fully-erect cock against her ass. Nipping her ear, I tugged lightly on the lobe with my teeth.

"Good morning," I whispered. "Ready to cum on my fingers?" She closed her eyes in desire, nodding her "yes." "Good. Let me see you cum." My words worked along with my fingers to make her tense, pushing into me, a needy pant working up into that shudder of release I sought.

"Jax!" she cried out as she came for me, shivering and shuddering in the darkness of the early morning. She was so wet as I slid between her legs, parting her thighs from behind with my cock. I'd taken her so many times over the past year, but I never failed to savor the feeling, that warm, slickness just for me, only for me.

Even as she wanted me inside, she braced herself, her fingers clutching a pillow, her other hand pressed against the mattress. She knew how big I was and how demanding I could be when I fucked her. It was no easy task to take me in all the way.

I flipped her onto her chest, her breasts mashed down against the bed, then pulled her hips up so she was up on her knees. That gave me just the right angle. Re-positioning myself at her slick entrance, I pushed all the way in in one, long stroke.

"Fuck! Jax!" she screamed, her hands gripping the pillows.

“That’s it,” I groaned, hands grasping her hips, pulling slightly out only to thrust myself balls-deep back into her tight heat. She moaned, head down, submitting to the onslaught her body craved just as much as mine. Picking up speed, I worked into her, filling her with my cock again and again, her cries of need fueling me on faster, harder. When I felt myself drawing close, my balls tightening, my ass clenching, I fisted her hair, giving it a pull.

“I’m going to cum in you,” I growled. She moaned in response, arching her ass up into me, asking for all of it with her body. Driving into her hard, I came, spurts jetting deep into her, my cock milked by her spasms as she came yet again.

“Fuck,” I roared, arching back and ramming into her. She was so much smaller than me, but she’d shown she could take all of me and that was how she liked it. Good thing, because with Sky it was all or nothing. We’d had to choose nothing for so long. Now that we were finally together it was all, baby, all the time.

“Jax.” Sky sighed as I slid out and she rolled to the side. She looked up at me sleepy and dreamy, a smile across her gorgeous face. “You really know how to wake a girl up.”

“It is Valentine’s Day today,” I reminded her, lying to her side and gathering her against me once again. Any distance was too much.

“Right!” She sat up, reminding me of reality. She had a job to do, a bakery to run. But we’d have tonight, and I had big plans for it. “I’ve got to get a move on.”

She hustled into the shower, singing a bit as she got ready for work. I followed shortly after, and we both got out the door before sunrise, two entrepreneurs set on making their businesses a success.

Downtown, my pub Ace’s Place was off to a smashing start. My partners were right on board with my vision for it, and it made me realize how much energy I’d expended at my old bar back in California, spinning wheels as my former partner and I battled over which crowd we wanted to attract. But at Ace’s Place, we were all in agreement. Our tavern thrived with a healthy mix of locals to keep it in the black over the winter months, plus during the busy season we attracted down-to-earth vacationers who wanted decent, solid food and quality brews. We aced that. Pun intended.

I opened the place up, enjoying the moment of flicking the lights on and surveying the quiet interior. With gleaming wood and burnished brass, the place felt inviting. And not a biker in sight. I still rode, of course, not while the island was covered in snow and ice but once it turned warm it was a great way to get around. What I didn’t miss, though, was the motorcycle clubs, or the accompanying tension, crimes and violence right beneath the surface always threatening to explode. Just because I could handle all that shit didn’t mean I wanted to do it on a daily basis.

The crowd on Naugatuck was so easy it almost made me laugh. Every now and then, one of the Richie-rich clients at the pub honestly would crack me up. A guy would stroll in, and I could tell by the way he looked around and dressed that he fancied himself quite the tough guy. He wouldn’t last an hour with the types I used to know in Cavallo Canyon. With any luck, he’d never find out what a cream puff he really was. I certainly wouldn’t be the one to show him any different.

The pub still quiet, I pulled out my phone and sent Sky a text.

Jax: You covered in sugar just how I like?

She sent back a photo of her in a lace-trimmed apron, sugar and flour dusted all over.

Jax: That's my girl.

I was so damn proud of her. After all she'd been through, she was so resilient, now fulfilling her lifelong dream of baking and selling pies for a living. She was taking that bakery and whipping it into shape, updating it with local, seasonal ingredients and making people addicted to her pies. I knew I had an addiction to her sweetness, one I'd never kick. Just as I was about to send her another text, this one more raunchy, my phone rang. Ace was calling me early in the morning East Coast time, which meant the man on California time was up EARLY.

"What's up? Everything OK?" I didn't mean to start the conversation on a worried note, but when your 81-year-old grandfather called you at the crack of dawn concern did cross your mind.

"Hell yeah, all good," he assured me.

"You're up early."

"I'm old!" He cackled, as if he found the statement hilarious. He seemed to find a lot to laugh about in life. Maybe that was the secret to his continued good health and energy, lots of laughter.

Sky and I had managed to get him out to visit last October. Show me another 81-year-old who'd so willingly hop on a plane, cane and all. When I saw him walking out in Logan Airport, cap tilted at a jaunty angle, I almost couldn't believe it.

How did Ace do on Naugatuck? What do you think? The man had more dates during his two-week visit than most twenty-something hunks managed in a year. Liam's wife Sophie ran a dance studio downtown, and she taught a couple of classes to seniors. Jackpot!

"You book your tickets yet?" I asked. He'd had such a good time he was talking about coming out again for another visit over the summer.

"Not yet. But I'm thinking July."

"That would work." I took a deep breath, preparing myself to tell him the big news. "I'm going to ask Sky to marry me tonight."

"It's about damn time, you numbskull."

Now it was my turn to chuckle. "Tell me what you really think, Ace." The man never minced words.

"Of course you should ask the girl to marry you. She's the real deal, the full package. You're a lucky dog, Jax. Snap her up."

I planned to do just that. With any luck, we'd be getting married when Ace came to visit in July.

I spent the rest of the day as usual, the pub humming to life slowly, first with wait staff arriving for set up at ten, then the first patrons as doors opened at eleven. At four o'clock, I left the manager on duty to handle things. I headed out the door, because it wasn't every day that you asked the love of your life to marry you. I had a

ring hidden in a velvet box in my sock drawer. Sky didn't know that tonight was the night I'd pop the question.

I honestly didn't know what she'd say. I knew she loved me, but marriage hadn't exactly worked out for her in the past. Last summer as we'd watched Liam and Sophie walk down the aisle, Sky had had mixed emotions. As much as she'd been happy and excited about the day, it had also made her reflect on pain and loss.

It hadn't helped that the bride had broken down, sobbing on Sky's shoulder right before the ceremony. Sophie had been thrilled to be marrying Liam, but someone was missing from the ceremony: Ian. Right up until the last moment, Sophie had hoped against hope that her brother would arrive. But he never did, and it had cut her deep.

That day, I'd seen the wheels turning in Sky's mind, as they had in mine. Family was complicated. Pain had a stubborn way of enduring even over time. A wedding couldn't solve all of life's problems.

Both of us had seen enough over the years to know storybook endings didn't happen often. But it didn't stop me from wanting one. I had to ask Sky to marry me. I'd waited as long as I could. I couldn't control her reaction, but I knew I wanted to make her mine in every way, to protect and cherish and love her until the end of my days. Tonight, it was up to her to give me her answer.

Sky

Valentine's Day turned all of Naugatuck into a festive celebration. With large, decorative hearts on the lampposts compliments of the island's historical society, and a throng of people downtown bustling around with flowers or wrapped chocolates as gifts, I felt in love with everything around me. At the bakery, we were doing brisk business due to a special: two for one on any pastry or pie with red in it. All treats flavored with cherries, strawberries, or raspberries were flying off our shelves.

The day sped by as most of them did, in a constant bustle of activity, just how I liked it. I never got bored, caught up in a constant whirl of interactions with customers, vendors making deliveries, and my assistant working the front counter. How amazing, I had someone working for me! She was 20-years-old, figuring out if she wanted to go to culinary school, and I felt great about helping her articulate her dream.

Thank goodness, Maple, the former owner, still came by almost every day to offer advice and guidance. I'd officially taken over the business from her in the fall, but with all the relationships she'd built up over the years with suppliers and landlords and vendors, I felt deeply grateful she was willing to hold my hand and make sure the transitions went smoothly. Best of all, I had Jax to help me through everything. He already had years of experience owning and operating a restaurant, and he kept me steady and focused on what really mattered.

In many ways, I was still realizing how much Mike had held me back. When I'd been married to him, I'd been fearful and withdrawn, not expecting much from life. Each day on Naugatuck, I felt more and more free, happy and powerful enough to pursue my dreams, especially with Jax by my side.

Around three o'clock we closed up shop and I headed to my favorite dance class at Sophie's studio. Sophie had fast become a close friend, and moving to music in one of her classes always lifted my spirits. Afterward, driving back home, the sun was already rapidly setting and I couldn't wait to be inside, snug with Jax. We'd bought a lovely little cottage right by the seaside. It was small, just over 1,000 square feet, but we had enough land that we could expand, and in time perhaps we would. I hoped we'd have reason to at some point, with a couple of little ones running around after us.

It being Valentine's Day and all, Jax had said he had something special planned for us. I'd told him I didn't need anything fancy. All I wanted was time with him. We could go out to dinner, sure, and I knew we'd enjoy ourselves, but the real treat at the end of my days was simply being together.

He was waiting for me in the kitchen, so darkly big and gorgeous and all mine. I rushed into his arms, still relishing the fact that I could. I felt so safe with him, so entirely protected and secure. Worry disappeared wrapped in his embrace.

"I have something I want to give you." He sounded strangely stiff, not his usual self.

"Is everything all right?" I looked up into his face, wondering why he seemed tense.

"I was going to wait until after dinner but..." He took my hand and led me over to the couch. I sat down, confused. Then he bent down on one knee.

"Oh my God!" My hands flew up to my mouth, my eyes as wide as he took out a black velvet box. He stumbled over his words, but his eyes said everything I needed to hear. He looked at me with such love and promise to be with me forever. I threw my arms around his neck and started crying.

"Wait, is that a yes?" He held me, but still felt stiff.

"Yes! Of course, yes!"

He exhaled, enfolding me in his powerful arms. Lifting me back onto the couch, he settled me onto his lap.

"You're sure it's not too soon?" he murmured, caressing my shoulder, nuzzling my ear.

"It's not too soon," I assured him. The past was the past. Jax and I had a glorious future together and I was ready to enter into it with all my heart.

"Ace is coming back in July. We could get married then. Unless you want to wait and plan something bigger."

"No, simple, let's keep it simple," I remembered Liam and Sophie's wedding from the past summer. It had been gorgeous, but Sophie's mother had taken over and blown it up huge. The Douglas family had money to burn and burn it she had. The reception at the Country Club for 500 had featured a five-course dinner. Plus ice swans.

It had all been over the top, and Sophie had enjoyed herself, but I'd still watched her heart break a little when she fully realized her brother was not making it to the event. I knew Ian was badly injured, with wounds that might never heal from the accident he, Jax, Chase and Liam had all been in back when they were teenagers. I'd heard that he still locked himself away from the world, wrapped in pain and isolation, but I'd still hoped he'd come for Sophie's sake. I knew she would

have traded all of that pomp and circumstance to have her brother by her side. That's what really mattered in life, being with those you loved with you.

"Do you think Ian will come?" I asked Jax as we sat together on the couch. He hadn't made it for his own sister's wedding, so I highly doubted he would make it to ours.

"I doubt it," Jax agreed with my unspoken thoughts.

"I know, I was just thinking of Sophie."

"Look at you, always thinking of others first." He shook his head, planting a kiss on my head. "One of the many things I love about you. But you need to think about yourself. I want our wedding to be special for you. What do you want? What's your dream wedding?"

I knew without him having to say it, he was remembering the circumstances of my first wedding. Mike and I had been so drunk, stumbling and incoherent in Vegas as we impulsively exchanged vows we neither meant nor much remembered the following morning. This was my chance for a do-over. That didn't happen often in life, and I felt deeply grateful for it.

"I just want you," I answered simply and truthfully.

"You've got that," Jax held me in his arms and kissed me in a silent, loving promise. He was all I needed. And the miracle of it was, I had him.

I hope you enjoyed this little peek into Jax & Sky's life post "All of You!" And stay tuned for Ian's story, out July 24<sup>th</sup>. Add it to your TBR, or preorder on iBooks.

"It's just a job, how hard can it be?"

I was hired by his father to become Ian's live-in caregiver. It sounded like an easy job. But the day I arrived at his broken-down Scottish castle I started to realize it might not be as easy as I thought.

I was not told that I'd be looking after a dark, brooding, rich man who drank his days away, mired in a world of pain.

I was not told that this man would push all my buttons and test even my strongest limits.

I was not told that he was devastatingly gorgeous with a wickedly, sinful mouth. I was definitely not told that what I'd end up feeling and what he would propose would drive me wild.

But I'm Annie and this is my new job. And damn it, I'm not going to let anything, even him, that gorgeous, sinful, delicious man, stand in my way.

You believe me? Don't you?

iBooks: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/book/all-i-need/id1236345264>

TBR: <https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/35276564-all-i-need>