

BEAST AND KNIFE CHRISTMAS SHORT

HAWKS MC



CHRISTMAS CHALLENGE FOR BEAST AND KNIFE

BEAST

Turning to Jay, I signed, *“Are you sure you want to ask him for advice?”*

Jay looked beyond me to the house before he met my gaze again. His chest rose and fell in a deep sigh. *“This is our only option.”*

Christ.

“Not that we need advice anyway.” I tried again before I placed a hand on his thigh and squeezed.

“When it comes to daughters with gay parents, and I don’t want us to fuck this up, then we do.” He nodded. I should have guessed I wasn’t getting him out of this decision since we’d just travelled an hour the day before Christmas to see them.

Scrubbing a hand over my face, I felt a tap on my arm and glanced at Jay. He winked. *“I’ll owe you for this.”*

Smirking, I shook my head. *“No, you won’t. Not when this is for Neveah.”*

“Fuck, you’re awesome.” He ran a hand up and down my thigh.

I slapped mine over his before lifting it to sign, *“You can’t keep doing that.”*

Jay chuckled. "You still pissed I didn't suck you off in the shower this mornin'?"

"Yes. No. Maybe. But you can't make me hard when we're about to walk into the lion's den."

Jay winced. "Shit, you're right. Bet that guy could smell a hard-on a mile away."

Snorting, I undid my seat belt and got out of the car. When Jay was at my side, we made our way up the sidewalk.

Why did it feel like I was walking towards our doom?

Jay and I shared a look, but it was he who lifted his hand and knocked. It took a moment before the front door opened.

"Oh my, to what do I owe this pleasure of manliness on my doorstep?" Julian asked as he leaned his shoulder into the frame and eyed us up and down.

"Is Mattie here?" Jay asked and signed. We both held out hope, because he was the only one Julian listened to.

Julian cocked his head to the side. "He is, but he isn't into sharing. So, if you're here for some sexy time with my fabulous self, you'll have to get that idea out of your head. Though, I might be able to convince—"

Jay waved a hand in front of himself. "No. Thanks. We're, ah, not into sharing either."

Glaring at Julian, I hooked an arm around Jay's waist and mouthed, "Fuck no."

Julian threw his head back and laughed. "You bikers are too easy to stir up. Come in." He moved back from

the doorway with a smirk. Jay and I went straight to the couch and sat down, just as Mattie walked in from down the hall.

“Hey.” He smiled.

“Mattie,” Jay answered while I tipped my chin up at him.

Mattie took a seat on the opposite couch to us, and Julian scooted as close to him as he could. Anyone could see the love in Mattie’s eyes when he looked at his husband.

Mattie turned back to us. “I can tell you guys didn’t just pop in. What can we help with?”

It was true. While we didn’t randomly visit, we did see them at club functions since Mattie was Talon’s brother-in-law, our president of all chapters.

Jay leaned forward, elbows to the knees, hunching a little while he steepled his fingers in front of himself. “With Aelia a little older than Nevaeh, we need advice.”

“Is it about Christmas presents? I can help. Though, you’re leaving it a bit late. Still, I’m happy to tell you all about the best outfits that Nevaeh would go crazy over. Aelia and I go shopping all the time.” Julian sat forward in excitement. “Or is it make-up? Does she need someone to teach her to put it on? Not that I don’t think you are capable, but sometimes it’s better to come to someone with experience.”

I signed, “*You have experience with make-up?*”

From the joyous look on his face, after Jay translated, I instantly regretted the question, because I knew

we were about to hear a long-arse story regarding make-up.

“Well, let me tell you—”

“Babe, I don’t think they’re here for any of that,” Mattie said.

“Oh.” He shifted back into Mattie again. “What’s wrong, then?”

“A boy,” Jay said and signed. I knew he’d said it with a growl, even though I couldn’t hear it. The scowl on his face was a good indication.

Julian’s eyes widened. “Not a boy?”

Jay nodded. “A boy. She wants him to drop by after Christmas lunch.”

Julian clutched his chest. “*That’s* serious. I near had a heart attack when Aelia went to the movies with a group where boys were present.” He suddenly stood and turned to Mattie while pointing at us. “I’m not ready for that, pumpkin. I won’t let her. She’s our girl and no one else’s.”

I caught Mattie taking a deep breath as he pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Aelia!” Julian called. He spun our way. “How old’s Nevaeh?”

“Seventeen.”

“Seventeen. *Seventeen*. Aelia’s eighteen; it means she’ll be bringing boys home.” He screwed up his nose, until he blanked his expression as something else ran through his mind. “Wait, should we be worried she hasn’t already brought a boy or girl home?”

Mattie jumped up and gripped Julian’s shoulders.

“Aelia isn’t interested in love at the moment. She’s focusing on her future. One day, there will come a time when she brings someone home, and we’ll welcome him or her in—”

“And watch him, her, or them, like a hawk while we wait to peck his eyes out if he messes with our angel?”

We all started at Julian.

Mattie even blinked slowly at his husband, as if he’d never seen him before. “Ah, no. But it doesn’t mean we can’t get revenge if anyone hurts her. That is when the time comes.”

Julian nodded. “Good.”

Jay’s knee pressed into mine. “What do we do then?”

Mattie turned to us, just as Julian said, “I’m going to find Aelia. I think she went and saw Emmy at the compound.”

“Julian,” Mattie clipped. “Sit down.”

Julian harrumphed but sat back down before he crossed his arms over his chest and tapped his foot on the floor.

I ran a hand over Jay’s back and felt how tense he was. Maybe it wasn’t good for Julian and Jay to be around each other when talking about their daughters and boys.

When he turned to me, I signed, “*Let’s get home.*”

He nodded. “Yeah. We better get home.”

Mattie winced. “Sorry we’re not any help.”

“Lock her away, I tell you,” Julian cried.

Mattie rolled his eyes and walked us to the door. “I

swear, the older Aelia gets, the older he feels. He doesn't want her to grow up at all."

With my hand on Jay's back, I felt his snort. "I don't blame him."

After a quick goodbye and once we were back on the road, I watched as Jay sat in the passenger seat, bouncing his leg up and down while chewing on his thumbnail.

Taking one hand off the wheel, I reached over and grabbed him, bringing his palm down to my thigh.

He tried for a smile. "I know I'm acting like a dick-head, but..."

"It's our daughter," I quickly signed.

"Yeah."

"She's not gonna dump us."

"Damn right. We wouldn't let her."

Lifting his hand, I kissed the back of it. A day never went by without my body humming, knowing Jay was mine, and having Neveah as our daughter.

I was honestly blessed.



Knife

CHRISTMAS MORNING HAD PASSED BY. Presents had been opened, and we'd just eaten lunch. Now it was time for *Josiah* to drop by. My gut was on a wild ride about meeting this punk. As I sat next to Maddox on the

couch, we watched Nevaeh smiling down at her phone as she texted.

She glanced up with a bright smile. "He's nearly here."

Maddox nodded, and I grunted.

Nevaeh narrowed her gaze. "Promise me again, you'll both behave."

When I glanced at Maddox, I saw him wink before he signed. "*Be thankful we don't have any knives or guns out.*"

She paled a little.

Chuckling, I shrugged. "There's still time."

"Don't you dare," Nevaeh warned.

To be honest, Maddox did have to talk me down from having our arsenal lying about. When I'd brought the idea up, we'd been at the compound, where Talon and Dodge had encouraged my thought. But Maddox said we didn't want to scare him too much. So there went my other idea of having sex toys scattered around the house. Though, I didn't want to traumatize our daughter, just the little shit who thought he could have her.

"You never did admit if you two are datin'," I said.

Nevaeh's cheeks tinted pink. "Well, he hasn't actually asked me. But today might be the day."

Fuck.

I was torn between murdering the guy so he couldn't ask or threatening him to ask her so our girl wouldn't be disappointed.

It was a hard toss-up.

Nevaeh jumped up. “He’s here.” She started for the door. “Be good. And remember, we can’t bring Vin in until he’s gone because he’s allergic to dogs.” She went for the front door.

Fucking douche.

If we didn’t like the guy’s vibe, we could bring Vin in to—

Nevaeh poked her head back around the corner. “And stop thinking about bringing in Vin to get a reaction from him.”

Maddox’s chest moved at my back. His arms came around me to sign, “*Were you?*”

I signed back, so Nevaeh didn’t hear. “*Think that? Yes. You?*”

“Yes.”

Turning, I grinned up at him but then got distracted by his damn handsome face. I’d only just fucked it that morning, and already I wanted more action.

Goddamn, did I love this man.

“Kiss me,” he ordered softly.

Cupping his neck, I leaned into him and pressed my lips against his. He opened up to me, his tongue sliding against mine.

A throat cleared.

We broke the kiss and looked to where Nevaeh stood with her hand over the guy’s eyes. “Well, at least you’re not sharpening knives.”

Maddox and I stood, grinning. But quickly wiped our mirth away when she removed her hand from his blue eyes. The fucker was tall, built, and had dark hair. I

could see why our daughter liked him. Not that he was as good-looking as Maddox.

“Josiah, this is my dad Jay, and my other dad Maddox.”

He moved forward with his hand held out. Nevaeh gave us a death glare behind his back, so I reached out and squeezed his hand.

“Good to meet you, sir.”

What did I say to that? Was it good because he wanted a piece of our daughter?

“Yeah, you too,” I offered, dropping his hand.

He turned to Maddox and met his gaze. Nevaeh would have already told him Maddox needed to see a mouth to read lips. “Nice to meet you, sir.”

My awesome man stared him down while he shook his hand, and I didn’t miss Maddox’s tight grip on Josiah.

“You can call us Knife and Beast,” I told him.

Josiah glanced back to Nevaeh before turning back to us. “Knife and Beast?”

“Yep.”

Nevaeh moved up to his side. “It’s their club names. I told you they were a part of the Hawks Motorcycle Club.”

Josiah nodded and eyed our vests with a thick swallow. “Right, yeah, of course. Ah...” His gaze moved around all of us before stopping on me. “I know we don’t know each other.” He flicked a look over to Maddox. “But, um, I’m hoping you’d give me permission to date your daughter.”

Nevaeh sucked in a breath and stared up at him with moon eyes.

Maddox clicked his fingers, and we all faced him. I translated while he signed, *"You want to be in our girl's life, then know that if you fuck her over in any way, we'll make you shit through a tube."*

Fuck me, but I wanted to kiss him again.

"Dad!" Nevaeh cried.

I wound my arm around Maddox's waist, and he pulled his arm up to slide it across my shoulders, bringing me close. I told our daughter, "He's gotta know we don't fuck around when it comes to family, Nevaeh," Then to him, I asked, "So, you willin' to date our girl knowing who we are and what we'll do to you if you screw up?"

Josiah swallowed thickly again and turned to our daughter.

Christ, he had moon eyes too.

This wasn't good. They were already half in love.

"Yeah, I'm willing, if she'll have me as hers."

"Yes," Nevaeh whispered. He started to lean down, and she stretched up.

"Shit," I drew out as I shoved my hand between their faces. "No fuckin' PDA in front of us, or we'll rip your tongue from your mouth. She's only seventeen. Respect her and her wishes." I dropped my hand, glaring at the teen boy.

Maddox grunted with a nod.

"Dad!" Nevaeh yelled.

I shrugged. "What? It's the truth."

Nevaeh sighed. Josiah's lips twitched. "It's fine, sir."

"Knife," I ordered.

He nodded. "Knife. And Beast, right?"

Maddox tipped his chin and dropped his arm around me to sign, "*You want a beer?*" I translated.

He shook his head. "No, thanks, I'm driving."

"You're older than our girl?" I asked.

"Ah, yeah. Nineteen."

I swung my gaze to Nevaeh. "You didn't tell us that."

Nevaeh winced. "Oops."

Maddox shifted. "*Don't stress, babe. We'll get all the brothers to keep an eye on him. I'll run out and get his license number.*" I chuckled after I translated to Josiah.

"Oh my God, Dad. No."

Josiah seemed a little colourless, but he cleared his throat and said, "It's okay, Nevaeh. I don't mind."

Well shit. Maybe the guy wasn't so bad after all.

Maddox and I shared a look. He shrugged.

Yeah, I guess we could give the guy a chance.

Just one, though.

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ HOW BEAST AND
KNIFE GOT TOGETHER, YOU CAN SEE IT IN
THEIR BOOK: HEAR ME OUT.

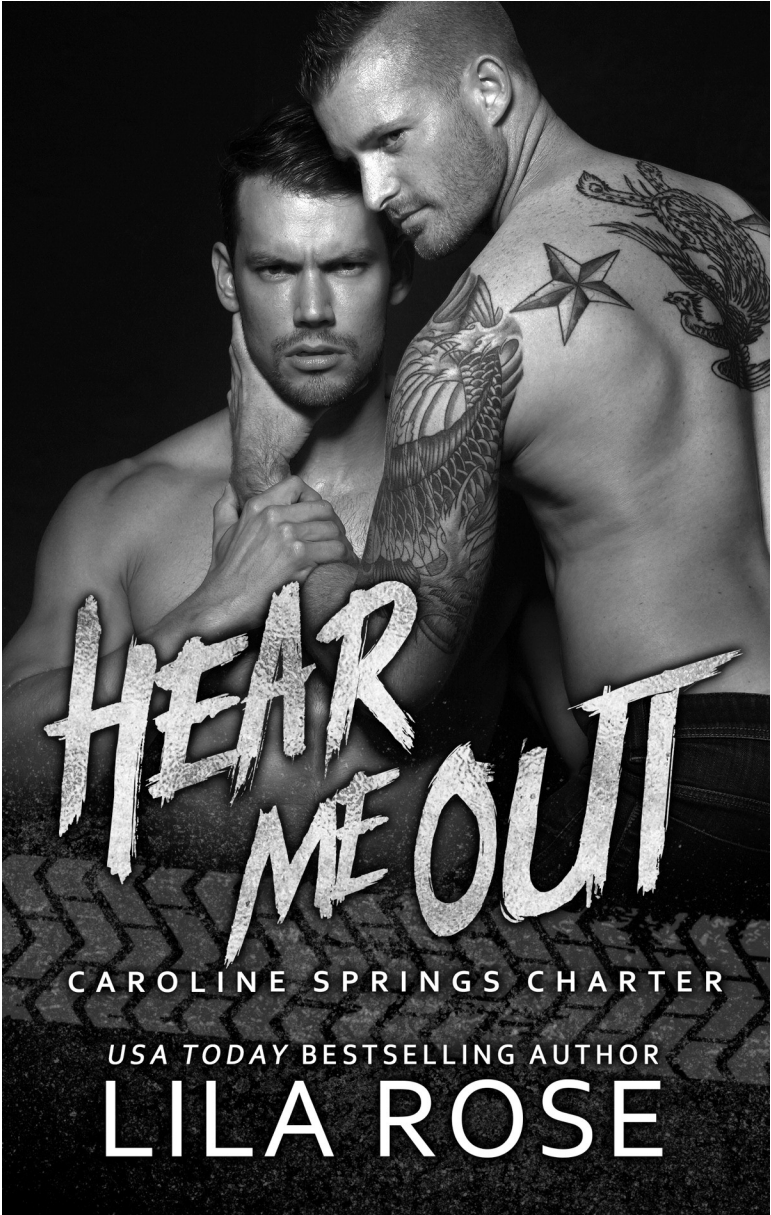
Fear keeps the truth away from his brothers. Fear and
pain keeps him away from the man he loves.

Hawks MC member Maddox "Beast" Lawson had a
difficult time growing up. Tired of being ridiculed
because of his effed-up brain-to-mouth connection, it
was easier to say nothing at all. Living in silence
worked out just fine until that b*tch called Fate took
his hearing, not only that, but she also threw him into
the arms of the man who refuses to acknowledge that
one hot night they shared.

Jay Conger, Knife to his brothers, loves pussy. Licking,
fingering, screwing, he'll take it any way it's offered.

After one surprising night with Beast, to say he's
freaked out is an understatement. Hell, even bananas
have taken on a new meaning, and thinking about a
certain someone's body is too much. Unable to think
straight, Knife is at an impasse, not only with his
traitorous desire but with his heart.

Both lives are going to change. Only will it be for the
better?



HEAR ME OUT

CAROLINE SPRINGS CHARTER

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LILA ROSE

