

KA GOES TO THE COMPOUND

“He’s Safe in My Hands”

AUTHOR’S NOTE: There are major spoilers of *Motorcycle Man* and some of the Chaos series books in this short. If you have not read them all, please read on at your own peril!

* * *

“YOU LOST?”
Shit.

I didn’t know what to do.

Here I was. In the Chaos Compound.

How did I get here?

I mean, even if, in a way, I was always there, I wasn’t supposed to actually *be there*.

But I’d just walked through the double doors, rounded the bar and there I was.

Smack in the common room of the Compound of the Chaos Motorcycle Club.

And there were the boys.

My boys.

Yowza.

I took them in.

And yep . . .

I did some serious good with this group.

Serious.

Tack was behind the bar, staring at me and not looking welcoming.

“This is members only, babe. You lost?” Tack semi-repeated, looking less welcoming now that he was also looking impatient.

God, he was hot. Hotter than I could have imagined and he came from *my* imagination.

“Uh, hey,” I greeted.

Tack sent an irritated look across the bar to the men standing there and so did I (though mine wasn’t irritated seeing as Hop, Shy, Joker, High, Snapper and Hound were standing there—jeez, serious as shit, I was good at making up hot guys).

“You know her?” Tack asked the boys at large.

“Nope,” Hop answered, turning to give me his own irritable look and I gave myself another pat on the back for that mustache. He rocked it.

And the flame tats on his forearms.

Fabulous.

“No,” Joke said.

Holy crap, he had a great beard.

“Negative,” Shy stated.

Okay, those green eyes. *Inspired.*

“No,” High growled.

Mm. A Chaos boy *growling*.

Niiiiice.

Hound just glared at me (also hot) and Snap tipped his head to the side, his brows drawing together like he knew me, he just couldn’t place me (and again, hot).

Those last two probably hadn’t quite forgotten me. We’d spent a lot of time together just recently.

Tack looked back at me. “No offense, it’s important to be politically correct and shit, but are you deaf? Like I said, it’s members only in here.”

“I’m Kristen. Or, uh . . . Kit,” I introduced myself.

“She’s got a great ass and good hair but I’m not feelin’ some bitch wandering in just ‘cause,” Hound grunted toward me but not to me.

“You got no problem with biker groupies wandering in here just because,” High pointed out.

Hound jerked a thumb my way. “She ain’t no biker groupie.”

Now hang on a second.

“I’m totally a biker groupie,” I retorted tartly. “I just rock a different style wardrobe seeing as my skin might catch fire if I wore stone wash.”

Hound narrowed his eyes at me. “You’re not *my* kind of biker groupie.”

“Of course not,” I snapped. “You’re taken.”

His brows came up, then shot down then he scowled at me before turning his scowl toward Tack.

Okay, yeah, uuummmm, if I did say so myself . . .

I did *good* with these boys.

“He is?” Joker asked.

“By who?” Hop put in.

I took a step closer to them and when I got all their attention again, I stopped.

Best not to be in close proximity to all that hotness seeing as they were all taken (even though two of them didn’t know it . . . yet).

“That story’s not been told,” I shared. “Widely,” I added.

“Say what?” Shy demanded.

“I’m Kristen. Kit. *Kristen*. As in *Kristen Ashley*. You’re mine.” I did a whirl to indicate them all with my hand. “All mine. I made you.”

They all looked at me before they looked among each other.

I was not surprised when Tack’s back straightened first, his sapphire gaze honed in on me laser sharp then his goatee-surrounded lips murmured, “Well, fuck me.”

I wish.

But first, he was taken. I gave him Tyra.

And second, he was fictional.

Ish.

I mean, he was very, *very* alive in my mind.

“I thought that Jane chick from Fortnum’s told our stories,” Joker muttered to Hop.

“She’s real, as in worked-in-that-bookstore-down-the-road-but-now-writes-books-full-time real,” Hop muttered back to Joker then tipped his head my way. “This bitch is *real*.”

Joker looked like he understood.

I'd made the whole thing up and I was kind of confused.

Tack interrupted my confusion.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I just, well . . ." I took another step forward, stopped, noticed it was coming to them all and being the acute focus of seven members of the Chaos Motorcycle Club was quite an experience, both in good ways and in *scary* ways. I took another step forward and lifted my arms out to the sides. "I just want to say, you know, *sorry*. For, uh . . . all the stuff that's going to go down soon."

"Oh shit," Hop muttered.

"Fuck," Shy bit out.

Joker looked to the ceiling, High glowered at me but it was Snap who spoke.

"I'm next, yeah?"

I bit my lip.

"Great," Snapper mumbled, staring at my lip.

"No, no . . . it's good," I assured quickly. "I mean, well, you know . . . after you get through the bad."

Snapper started glowering at me.

"You know," Tack ground out and I turned my attention to him, "Since I got you, just to say, I could have done without you letting Tyra get stabbed a million fucking times. And she *really* could have done without it."

"It wasn't a million times," I pointed out.

"You ever been stabbed?" he asked.

"Does a slipup with cuticle clippers count?" I asked back, then, at his expression, I admitted, "No. I've never been stabbed."

"One time feels like a million times," he educated me.

"Sorry," I muttered. "It just . . . happened. If it makes you feel any better, you were really awesome in those scenes. Sweet and badass. It was cool."

He didn't take compliments well and proved that by his stormy expression and his gravely query of, "Are you shitting me?"

"No," I answered. "A lot of women fell in love with you."

"Well, *my* woman nearly bled out all over the floor," he returned.

"You had your happily ever after," I reminded him. "And you're still having it. Two beautiful boys and you continue to go at each other like teenagers. I mean, right now, I'm imagining the blowjob she gave you last night and . . ." I lifted both hands, wiggled my fingers at him like I had magic and shouted, "BAM!"

I grinned.

His eyes darkened.

Sweet.

I just gave Tack the memory of a blowjob.

A *really good one*.

Seems I did have a sort of magic.

Sadly, the memory of the blowjob wore off swiftly, such was the memory of what happened to his woman, which I knew would never wear off.

"She died while I was holding her hand," Tack reminded me.

"Fortunately, there are really good doctors at Swedish Medical Center and I'm a benevolent creator so she came back to life," I retorted, not about to correct him that she didn't actually *die*. She more like passed out from loss of blood, shock and serious bodily trauma. Tack was already having issues. I didn't need to remind him of the fullness

of those issues.

He didn't need to be reminded of the fullness.

He appeared to be debating the merits of strangling his creator.

"Yo."

At the call, I looked to High and when I did, I braced.

His handsome face was soft, his eyes searching.

Oh shit.

"Sorry to hear about Axl," he said quietly.

My throat closed up.

"Millie was really torn up about it," he kept at me quietly. "She still is."

"Me too," I forced out.

"It was tough, feelin' you go through that, knowin' he was sick all those months, you havin' to wait it out, never knowing when it'd finally be done," High carried on.

I looked to my feet.

"You took real good care of him, Kit," he said gently and my gaze lifted again to him. "He knew you loved him. You proved it every minute you had him, babe."

"Yeah," I whispered.

"Yeah," he said low, eyes trained on me.

I pulled it together, but it still came out husky when I asked, "Is Chief good?"

"He'll be good forever, baby," High answered. "Forever. Happy and lovin' on Millie and my girls, bossin' us all around, rulin' that roost forever and ever, honey. He's the baddest ass cat in history and always will be. You know it, yeah?"

Oh, I knew it.

Crap. No way I could talk without losing it.

Time didn't heal all wounds. There were some losses that, for whatever reason, just persisted in hurting.

And I was finding that losing my baby boy was one of them.

So I just nodded.

"Thanks for givin' him to us," he said softly.

"Thank you for taking such good care of him," I pushed out.

"Forever, Kit," he whispered. "He'll be happy and healthy and loved forever, babe."

My chin was quivering but I managed another nod.

"You give Starla some scratches for us all, yeah?" High ordered.

"Yes, definitely," I promised, and unh-hunh . . . more husk in my voice. "And you give Poem and Chief cuddles from me."

He jerked up his chin. "Definitely."

"No offense to Poem but," I swallowed hard, "give some especially to Chief. Will you do that, Logan?" I requested.

"Of course, babe," he replied with his lips but I only felt better when I saw the promise come from his eyes.

I drew in a ragged breath.

"Jesus, fuck. There's no crying in the Compound," Hound announced irritably.

I lifted my own chin and shot him a glare. "I'm not crying."

He pointed at my face. "Your chin is all wobbly."

"Jesus, Hound. Her cat died," Hop clipped. "You've met Chief. Chief's based on her boy. And that cat is the shit."

"He is the shit," Hound shot back. "There's still no crying in the Compound."

“I’m not crying!” I cried.
Though I was being loud.
And suddenly in need of tequila.
Hound focused again on me. “What’d you put me through?”
“I’m not saying,” I retorted.
“Do I get laid?” he asked.
Does he get laid?
What kind of question was that?
“Yes,” I answered.
“A lot?” he pushed.
“Yes,” I snapped.
“How much is a lot?” He didn’t let up.
“A lot is a lot.”
“A lot may be a lot for you but *a lot* is a lot for me.”
“Christ, Hound,” High murmured.
“Brother, you got angry sex,” Hound returned to High. “*A lot* of angry sex. Angry sex fuckin’ rocks.” His gaze swung to me. “Do I get angry sex?”
“Umm . . .” I mumbled.
“Fuck,” he bit out. “I don’t get angry sex. What kind of sex do I get?”
“Trust me, you’ll like it,” I promised.
“I’ll like *a lot* of it?”
“God, Hound!” I exclaimed. “I’m *me*. You’re *you*. You’re *Chaos*. So of course you’ll like it and of course you’ll get *a lot* of it. Yeesh.”
“Is it hot?” he kept at me.
“No, it’s mediocre,” I returned sarcastically.
That got some grins and a Tack chuckle.
Nice all around.
Hound was not amused.
“I’m not sure she can do mediocre,” Joker mumbled to Shy.
“Thank fuck,” Shy mumbled back.
“They better be right,” Hound warned me.
“I’m feeling some rewrites coming on,” I warned back.
Suddenly, his lips split in a shit-eating grin. “You wouldn’t do that to me. You love me.”
“You’re the best of them all, Hound,” I said in all seriousness, and the room got serious with me. “And everyone here knows it.”
And I could tell by the feel . . .
They did.
“You gonna pull us through whatever you got in store for us?” Tack’s gravel came at me.
“No,” I told him. “You’re gonna pull me through it.” I lifted my hand and poked a finger toward Snapper. “And just sayin’, may your soul be unconquerable.”
Snap’s head twitched, his lips thinned and his gaze grew acute on me.
“They’re gonna need you,” I whispered.
“Damn,” Joker said low, and did it shifting closer to Snapper.

I dropped my hand and turned my attention to Shy. “Take care of Tabby. She’ll recover, she’s got you,” I threw out my arm, “and her family. But it’s gonna be a blow.”

After giving me a close look, Shy bit out, “Goddammit.”

I finally turned to Tack.

“He’s just like his father.”

Tack held my eyes.

“He is selfless,” I declared.

Tack’s gaze bore into mine but I saw his throat move with his swallow.

“And unrelenting,” I went on.

He got me.

He always did.

“You hurt my son—” he started.

“He’s safe in my hands.”

Tack shut his mouth.

I shot him a grin.

“And you’re gonna *love* his girl.”

The End