

Renegade Teaser

I sat up and reached for the shirt that was dangling off the night stand as her nails raked gently down my back. “You could stay,” she offered and I stilled. She scooted closer, her breasts pressed between my shoulders as she idly rubbed the bold ink tattooed across my back. “You would be welcomed here – *respected*,” she added, treading on dangerously thin ice.

I glanced down at the shirt still in my hand and relaxed my hold, smoothing the wrinkles as I took a calming breath. “You know that’s not gonna happen, Ginger.” Her lips skimmed my shoulder as she wrapped her arm around my stomach, her fingers stroking my hip. “I’m a Rebel.” I felt her frown before she tucked her head against my back, a lock of red gold hair trailing along my arm.

“You know that’s not actually my name, right?” She asked petulantly as her sharp nails flexed against my back. I knew her irritation had nothing to do with what I called her, but the fact that I wouldn’t give in to her demands.

I glanced over my shoulder as I muttered, “It suits you.” And it did. She was a firecracker – in bed and out – and the red hair was nothing more than a warning to all who dared entry.

“You could be an Ace,” she whispered and I settled my arm over hers, gripping the hand at my hip and squeezing. “It’s not so impossible, Clutch. Everyone here respects you. The Professor would second the nomination.” She spoke quickly, the words tumbling out as she tried to convince me before I could reject the offer. “Daddy thinks the world of you.”

“Because I went to jail in place of his beloved princess,” I retorted and she hummed an agreement. “But it doesn’t change who I am. A *Rebel*,” I stressed and her head dropped to my shoulder as she tried to pull her arm back. I tightened my grip, knowing I’d upset her. “Ginger, I wouldn’t ask you to change. I couldn’t.” I grunted when she balled up her fist and thumped me on the back. “You know I’m right.”

“I don’t have to like it,” she muttered, jerking away from me. “You’re going to go back to that stupid cow, *Ronnie*,” she hissed, not looking at me as I turned on the bed to face her. “After she dumped you when you went to prison.”

“Well, I did go to prison for you,” I reminded her. “That might have been part of the issue. Plus, it was a long time.”

“Three years,” she scoffed, shaking her hair back, the red strands standing out against her pale skin. “Nothing. A true old lady would have stuck by her man.”

“Twelve,” I corrected idly, still unable to believe they’d let me out. “I don’t remember seeing you there.” She blinked rapidly, ducking her head so her hair covered those cat green eyes. “I noticed you didn’t visit either.”

“I wanted to,” she murmured, taking a deep breath as she lifted her head. “But Daddy didn’t think it was a good idea.”

“I’m sure he didn’t,” I answered, rubbing my thumb over her areola and watching the skin pucker. “His little girl almost got caught transporting weapons over state lines. I’m sure he didn’t want you within a hundred yards of a cop.” She arched her back, thrusting her puckered nipple into my palm and I massaged it lightly as her eyes grew hooded. “I’m sure none of your other boyfriends did either.” She scraped her nails over my stomach, drifting lower as my dick came to attention.

“You’re not jealous,” she stated, her eyes on mine as she wrapped her hand around my dick.

“No,” I agreed, leaning over her as she fell back on the bed with a breathless sigh as I plucked at her nipple. “But I also don’t share.” I took her nipple in my mouth, relishing her moan as I sucked hard, and my dick twitched happily when she gripped it firmly, her hand moving in long strokes.

“You don’t have to share,” she whimpered, her fingers tangling in my hair as I released her nipple with a pop. “It’s not like that.” I ran my fingers down her breast bone, following the curve of her stomach, until I found a neat patch of red curls.

“So this is all mine?” I questioned, one finger grazing her wet folds as her eyes dilated. “No one touches this pussy but me?”

She licked her lips as I slid my finger back and forth lazily, waiting for her to respond. Her hand tightened on my dick when I grazed her clit, but she couldn’t or *wouldn’t* answer so I pulled my hand away even as she clenched her thighs to keep it there.

“That’s not fair, Clutch,” she objected as I straightened, my dick jutting up as her hand fell to the bed, her red hair spread out around her on the white sheets. “It’s not that simple.”

“No, I guess it isn’t for you, but it is for me,” I replied and her face twisted into a pout.

“You just had me,” she retorted, her hand sweeping over the bed. “Three times, if I counted correctly. You didn’t mind sharing *then*.”

“I just got out of prison,” I commented, leaning back as her hand came up to slap me. “I wouldn’t turn down a good fuck, but I’m not sharing an old lady.” Her gaze threatened to blister me as I picked up the shirt I’d dropped, about to tug it over my head, when her hand on my side caused me to pause.

“You didn’t have this before,” she murmured, tracing the reddened ridge of flesh on my side. “A knife?”

“Shiv,” I muttered, yanking the shirt down and covering the still healing scar. “It’s nothing.” She eyed me, her ire disappearing under sudden curiosity.

“What happened?”

“Nothing,” I repeated, tugging my jeans out from under her leather pants. She made a noncommittal sound, but didn’t press the point to my relief. I had to make a conscious effort not to cover the wound with my palm as the memory of a pair of terrified doe eyes flashed through my mind. I shook off the recollection as I started to pull on my jeans.

“Come back to bed,” she invited, patting the bed beside her. “I won’t mention your girlfriend again,” she promised, looking about as trustworthy as any naked redhead could while lying on silk sheets. “Scout’s honor.”

“Ex,” I muttered under my breath, my gaze sweeping the floor for my boots. I raised my voice. “I’ve been gone long enough,” I excused, not wanting to admit I was no longer interested. I didn’t delve too deeply into why as the wound on my side throbbed, a reminder that I’d done at least one selfless deed in my life.

I stuffed my feet into boots and ran my hand over my jaw, the short stubble scraping my palm. I hadn’t allowed myself to have a beard in over three years and the scruff felt strange.

“I’m sorry,” she rasped as I walked to the door and I hesitated. “I don’t want you to go,” she admitted, swallowing.

“I was never going to stay,” I said unapologetically and she flinched. “There’s only one place I belong. One place I call home.” She kneeled on the bed as I strode out the door, the need to see my brothers again driving me forward.

I didn’t bother to look back.