

Preacher and Ruby catch up.

Ruby heard the roar of the Harley Davidson first. The way it thundered down their street, it vibrated her bones. It was the first warning she got her man was home because after that first warning her body came alive, the way her heart began that upbeat patter in her chest and the throb began in her abdomen.

It was a lovely throb and she hoped it never went away because the first sight of her Preacher man was something to behold.

He came through the back door loudly, just like he did everything else, with exuberance, shoulders so wide he practically brushed either side of the doorframe. Ruby was down the other end of the house, on the floor playing with Seb and his new flash cards from Zara he just adored playing with. Their boy was smart for his age, she might be biased but as she told Preacher last night, it was damn true.

"Rubes?" he yelled in a voice so velvety deep it reached inside her and stroked wet places. She watched him stride down the hallway, this massive man in his work club clothes, he would have changed from his overalls back into jeans and the short sleeved white t-shirt with the leather cut over it, as always, his hair caught up in a stubbed tail on top of his head. There was nothing fancy about Asher Priest, he wore clothes he was comfortable in and, yet he looked amazing.

Everything in her body flatlined out and then came back online with a hot pulse of want.

She was up on her feet and smiling by the time he reached the living room before he grabbed her around the waist she was already jumping at him, wrapping her legs eagerly around his trim waist.

Oh, the look on his face.

She hoped he never lost that either, the love right there in the green eyes.

They met at the mouth, he slid in with his tongue like the dirty guy she loved, his hands gripping her butt.

A groan rolled out of the massive chest, still connected at the mouth he squeezed her bottom. "There's my wife."

"I missed you."

This was their switch over hour.

Ruby didn't know how long it would go on for, she was already tired of never seeing much of him, and Preacher must feel the same but he never complained. He worked all day, Ruby stayed home with Sebastian, and when he came home just after five they had one good hour together before her late shift at Otis' bar.

When he dropped her to her feet she leaned up on her tip-toes, slid her hands over his enormous shoulders, the muscles beneath flexing as she pushed off his cut, tossing it over the chair. "Mmm, now there's my Asher." She nuzzled his mouth.

Preacher laughed, held her around the waist, his brow arched up. "Saying you don't like the biker me, beautiful? that's not what I heard last night when I bent you over my bike in the garage."

she laughed smacking his arm. "Little ears! Maybe I like being married to two men, hmmm? A biker in the streets and an Asher in the sheets."

Preacher threw his head back and laughed.

They spent the next hour talking in the kitchen, Preacher going in and out of the living room to answer questions from Seb and play with their little guy while she plated him up some food, he was so good with her nephew. In just a few short months they'd both seen a transformation in him, he was livelier for one, much to Preacher's chagrin who still insisted the kid cockblocked him on purpose.

That man, he was so cute.

When it was time to go she curled into his chest at the door. Sooner or later something was going to have to give, and they weren't in a position they could only have one pay check coming in, Okay, *they were*, as Preacher insisted he could take care of *his family*, but she hated to rely on him, she was an independent woman and had been all her life, but she had to rethink her priorities now there was Seb and Preacher in her life, much more important things, she was seriously thinking of resigning the bar and doing her tattooing full time again. At least that way she could be at the MC more and see Preacher at least more than five minutes.

She wasn't sure how the CPS would take it Seb being around a biker club though. It was why she was holding onto this arrangement for the time being.

"I'll come get you at 4, beautiful." He told her.

"You don't have to, that's too late, I can drive home."

Preacher insisted. "Not having you come home alone at that fucking time of night. I got a prospect coming over to sit with Seb."

"Oh, yeah..." she teased fingering his beard. "is it Slider?"

As she expected he slapped her ass and grinned. "Behave, woman. Don't make me kill that boy for your crime."

"You're no fun." That night was and would *only* ever be the one night, but teasing her husband was fun when it riled him up and got him all fiery to possess his stamp on her.

Big tough caveman.

They shared one more longing kiss. "Fuck, need you tonight, Ruby. Under me, while I pump my fuck into you, okay?"

God. She swayed, pressing her face into his shirt front, smelling his masculine scent.

He did this to her, this lovely heady sensation surrounded in love.

"Yes, please. I love you."

"I love you, wife."