

Jax vs. Reid: The Lucie Situation

“Have I told you how fucking hot you look in that dress, Lu?”

Reid Andrews kicked the door to their vacation bungalow shut with his heel and set their suitcases off to the side, all without peeling his eyes from his girlfriend’s ass. *Girlfriend*. Damn, he loved the sound of that. He’d love the sound of fiancée and wife even better, but his girl needed him to take things a little slow. That was okay, he was willing to wait, a lifetime if he had to. As long as Lucie Miller was his and only his, the titles didn’t matter.

Tossing her floppy-brimmed hat on the couch, Lucie peered over her bare shoulder, giving him a coy look that tightened his balls. It wasn’t so long ago that she would have been so shy and flustered that the very thought of flirting with her eyes would have sent her into a panic. Until Reid gave her lessons on how to seduce a man and she grew more confident than he ever thought possible. He’d pat himself on the back if he actually thought he’d had anything to do with it. All he’d done was shown her how beautiful and sexy she already was; once she believed it, the rest came naturally. Now she seduced him on a daily basis without even trying.

She ran the tips of her fingers over the back of the plush couch as she walked around it, like she was testing the feel of it. The way he yearned to touch and test the feel of her beneath his hands. Traveling to the island of Oahu had seemed to take five years. It’d been forever since the last time he’d been inside of her, and he wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Something tells me I could be wearing a burlap sack instead of this maxi dress and you’d say the same thing,” she answered with a half-grin.

He couldn’t argue with that. It wasn’t the strapless thing that hugged her breasts and hung loosely down to her ankles that turned him on. It was knowing what was beneath it. Her trim waist, the flare of her hips, her smooth legs that loved to wrap around him. He knew how soft her skin was and that the sensitive skin behind her knees were secret erogenous spots that always elicited soft gasps when he kissed her there. It was all of that and so much more.

He started to move forward, slowly stalking her in the small living area, running through the different scenarios in his mind for how he wanted to take her and which to do first. “Very true. It doesn’t matter what you wear; it’s either accentuating your body, which makes me think of what those parts of you look like naked, or it’s hiding your amazing assets, which makes me think of what those parts of you look like naked.”

Lucie gave a soft snort and almost covered her nose from an old habit, but quickly corrected herself, dropping her hand and smiling at him. “It sounds like you might have a serious condition.”

“Oh, I do,” he said. “It’s an addiction, actually. One I need to feed. Immediately.”

“Reid,” Lucie warned. “We don’t have time for you to go all caveman on me. Jackson will be here within the hour and I need a shower. I’m all travel-icky.”

“Bullshit. You’re travel-radiant.” Reid ignored her eye-roll, arguing, “And your brother hasn’t been on time a day in his life. But even if he is, I still have time to give you…” He glanced at his watch. “A good two or three orgasms before he’s due to arrive.”

Placing her hands over her belly, she drew her brows together. “Oh, God. We should have told him about us before we came down here, Reid. He doesn’t even know you came with me! This is going to be a shit-show, I just know it.”

Reid rounded the couch and stepped in close, framing her face in his hands. He hated the anxiety pooling in her dove gray eyes, but he knew his plan was the best way of handling this. And by *this*, he meant telling his lifelong best friend that he’d gone behind his back and started dating (and sleeping with) his baby sister. A sister he raised by himself after their parents were killed in a car accident. No matter what, Jackson Maris was not likely to take the news well. But telling him over the phone was cowardly and disrespectful. Reid had to tell him in person so Jax could look him in the eyes and see for himself how serious he was about loving Lucie.

“I told you before, this isn’t something you tell a man three thousand miles away. And if you told him that I was coming, he would’ve asked questions, and we all know how easily you fold when interrogated.”

“Hey, I—” Reid hitched a single brow, making her sigh in resignation. “No, you’re right, I totally do. I’m just really nervous. I don’t want him to be mad at you.”

“Relax, Lulu. It’s all going to work out, I promise.”

Dipping his head, he gave her a reassuring kiss on her soft lips. That’s all he meant it to be, but when it came to Lucie, Reid didn’t have much self-control. He slid his hands into her long hair, palming her head and angling it as the tip of his tongue traced her full lower lip. “I know what would help you relax,” he rasped between sips of her mouth. “After I make you come a few times, you won’t even remember why you were so anxious to begin with.”

She groaned in a half-hearted protest, which wasn’t helping the situation in his shorts. “Must…shower…first.”

Reid nibbled on her neck. “Fucking first. Shower later.”

“No, I—” He kicked his seduction up a level and grabbed her ass with one hand, yanking her against his hard as steel cock, and used his other hand to pinch and tweak a nipple. “Okay, fucking first.”

“That’s my girl.”

Growling triumphantly, he wrapped his arms around her waist and carefully rolled them over the back of the couch. Lucie squealed in surprise before they landed safely on the cushions with her pinned beneath him. Her legs parted and the slit up the center of her dress allowed her to cradle his hips in the apex of her

thighs. As he attacked the sensitive skin below her ear, he rocked against her, his cock hitting just the right spot, causing her to arch into him and cry out.

“Fuck yeah, baby,” he said, doing it again, this time eliciting a sexy moan from his woman. “Get loud. Let’s introduce ourselves to the neighbors.”

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Jackson Maris parked his Jeep at the beautiful Mau Loa resort and made his way through the lobby and to the path that would lead him to the private bungalows. He’d had a hard day of training, but he was too excited to be exhausted like he normally was after one of his coach’s hell sessions.

It’d been a year since he’d last seen his little sister, Lucie, and he couldn’t wait to grab her up in a great big bear hug. Regular phone calls and Facetiming was great, but it couldn’t take the place of hanging out with Lu in person. They’d always been close despite the five years age difference, but raising her after their parents died had strengthened that bond a hundred-fold. He loved his little sister and missed her like crazy; there wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do for her.

He smiled ear to ear as he approached her rental he’d booked for her. He wasn’t due for another hour, but he’d had Jilli at the front desk alert him when she arrived so that he could surprise her, and he couldn’t fucking wait to see the happy look on her face.

Jax raised his fist to knock on the door when he heard a small scream come from inside followed by what sounded like a groan of pain. Concern for his sister flooded him. In less than two seconds Jax had the key card for her door out of his wallet, but not before he heard another agonizing groan. Quick as lightning, he swiped the card through the slot and thrust open the door as he called her name.

“Lucie? Are you— *What the fuck?*” Jax expected to find Lucie on the floor or couch, curled up and holding an injured part of her body that was a result from her inherent klutziness. What he did *not* expect was to find her on the couch with a half naked *man* lying on top of her body.

“Jackson!” Lucie cried from beneath the asshole who still hadn’t gotten up, which was probably to shield her as she adjusted her clothing. *Jesus fucking Christ.* “Oh my God, why the hell would you just burst into my room like that?”

“Because I heard you scream and it sounded like you were hurt,” he shot back. “Hey, asshole, get the fuck off my sister before I remove you myself.”

“Take it easy, bro.”

Jackson froze. He’d recognize that voice anywhere, not to mention the tattoos running up the man’s arm and neck. He’d been too worried about his sister to pay attention to the details that were now literally punching him in the gut. Which wasn’t near as bad as what he was about to do to his best friend who was finally getting to his feet.

“You motherfucker.” Jax’s vision was eclipsed in red and he hadn’t even realized he’d moved across the room.

He saw Lucie scramble off the couch in his peripheral vision. “Jackson, wait!”

Reid looked over his shoulder at her—Jax’s sweet, innocent sister—and reached back, placing his hand on her belly. “It’s okay, baby, I got this.”

“Baby?” Jax’s jaw damn near crushed his teeth to dust. “You’re a dead man, Andrews.”

* * *

This is going to hurt.

Reid braced himself for the fist he knew was coming his way even before Jax cocked his arm back. He’d hoped to avoid this reaction. Hoped to ease his friend into the idea of him dating Lu. He knew Jackson wouldn’t be happy about it at first, but he also knew that once Jax understood how much she meant to Reid, he would calm down and be happy for him. For them both.

But seeing as Jax had witnessed Reid minutes away from being buried inside his baby sister, he couldn’t deny the man a little payback.

Scarred knuckles pounded into Reid’s nose. He heard the sickening crunch echo inside his head as it snapped back on his neck, accompanied with a sudden rush of blood that sprayed over his bare chest and Jax’s white linen shirt.

“Fuck!” Reid yelled. Jax hadn’t pulled his punch even a little fucking bit.

Lucie shouted at them to stop and pushed her way between the men, turning her back on her brother who was shaking out his hand to examine Reid’s nose. Her capable therapist hands delicately probed his injury. When she pressed a little too hard on the bridge, he hissed and yanked his head back.

“I’m sorry, honey, I didn’t mean to hurt you,” she said, her eyes sad. “It’s broken.”

Reid bent down and snatched up his discarded shirt, using it to staunch the blood flow. “Yeah, I kind of figured that out when it exploded, Lubert.” Her teeth captured her lip with obvious concern. He winked at her and did his best to smile around the blood-soaked cotton. “Come on now, it’s not like I’ve never been punched in the face before, sweetheart.”

“I know, but not like this. Not by my brother.”

“Oh, so you *do* remember I’m here,” the brother in question grumbled from the kitchen where he was filling hand towels with ice.

“Bro, pouting is not a good look on you.”

“Fuck you, Andrews.”

“Stop it, both of you.” Reid watched as his good-natured girlfriend pushed her shoulders back and narrowed her eyes at them. Lucie’s backbone was coming out to play, and he had to tell himself now was not the time to get turned on by it. “Sit your asses on this couch, right now.”

Reid dropped his ass into the corner as Jax did the same on the far side, reluctantly handing him one of the makeshift ice packs. Reid accepted it with a muttered “thanks” and then gingerly replaced the ruined shirt. Standing in front of them with hands on her hips, Lucie started reading the men in her life the riot act.

“Jackson, I’m sorry you had to find out this way—believe me, my big brother finding me in a compromising position is not my idea of fun—but it is what it is at this point, so now we deal with it and move on.”

“What exactly is *it*, Luce?” Jax said, his towel of ice pressed to his knuckles. “Are you referring to the fact that my best friend is apparently fucking my little sister?”

Reid’s head whipped to the side to glare at Jax. “Watch your goddamn mouth, Maris.”

“Reid, enough, I can handle my own brother and I don’t need you to defend my virtue that I lost long before you came around.”

Jax groaned. “*Lucieeee...*”

“Oh, cool it, Jax. You act like I’m still a wide-eyed innocent, and I get it. You raised me and you feel responsible for me, but I’m a grown woman who knows my own mind and can take care of myself.

“This thing between me and Reid is unexpected. Hell, it shocked the hell out of us, too. But it’s *real*, Jax. We came down here to tell you about us and to ask for your blessing.”

Reid interjected. “FYI, blessing or not, bro, I’m not giving her up.”

Lucie cut a look at him. “Not helping, hotshot. I’m not all that happy with you either. This could have been avoided if we’d told him before we left.”

“Could’ve been avoided if he hadn’t burst in without an invite,” Reid grumbled. When Lu raised a single brow at him, he offered her an apologetic grin. “Sorry, baby.”

Jax pushed to his feet. “So what, you come here and blindside me with this and you just expect me to be okay with it?”

“Yes,” Lucie said, lifting her chin. “I do.”

Scoffing, Jax folded his arms over his chest and focused on the ocean rushing onto the beach outside the window.

“He means everything to me, Jackson, and I’m going to be with him whether you like it or not. Don’t make me choose the man I love over my brother. You won’t like my decision.”

Jax’s gaze snapped to hers, all silver fire and confidence. Reid didn’t think he’d ever loved her more than in that moment. Jackson’s voice barely rasped through an emotion-clogged throat, his eyebrows knitted together. “Luce…”

She shook her head, stepping in close to him. “I mean it. I love you, but if you can’t be reasonable about this and be happy for me, then we have nothing more to say to each other.” Gathering up her floppy hat, she pinned them both with a look that said she wasn’t a woman to be messed with. “Now, I’m going to go for a walk along the beach. Don’t come looking for me until you’ve both worked out your shit. And Jax, if I see so much as another bruise on my boyfriend, you’ll need a surgeon to reattach your balls.”

And with that, the little hellcat exited the bungalow, slamming the door behind her.

Reid glanced over at Jax and chuckled at his stunned expression. “Where the hell did *that* come from?”

Leaning his head back, Reid reapplied the ice to his face. “She’s always had it in her. Just learned how to unleash it recently, is all.”

Jax sank onto the couch again, bracing his arms on his legs and staring at the floor between his feet. “That have something to do with you?”

“I would never take credit for anything where Lucie is concerned,” Reid said. “She’s an amazing woman all on her own, always has been.”

He grunted in agreement. “Which is why I don’t want to see her get hurt.”

Reid leaned forward like his friend, setting the towel of ice on the coffee table. “Neither do I.”

Jax scoffed. “You forget that I know you better than anyone, Reid. I know all about your commitment issues, where they come from, and that you’re a self-proclaimed perpetual bachelor.”

“Not anymore,” he said matter-of-factly. “Lucie changed all that.”

“Just like that?”

“Just like that, bro.”

A heavy exhale of frustration fueled Jax’s body as he got up and walked to the huge bay window. He stood there in silence for several minutes, hands in his pockets, staring out at Lucie as she waded through the foamy surf. “Do you love her?” he asked softly.

Reid waited until his best friend looked back at him. Then he let his feelings for Lucie show in his eyes, willing Jax to see the truth. “More than my own fucking life, man.”

Jackson nodded and walked a few steps back, then held his hand out. Reid pushed to his feet and met him halfway, pulling him into a manly hug with hard slaps to the back before they stepped apart.

“The epic beatdown you’ll get if you fuck this up goes without saying, right?” Jax said with a grin.

Reid smiled, even though his face hurt like a bitch. “Pretty sure you just said it, but yeah, and I won’t even fight back.”

“Sorry about your nose. If it’s any consolation, it’s improved your looks.”

“Yeah right. Breaking my face is the only way you’ll ever be better looking than me, but that’s okay. I’m off the market and now I get to enjoy Lucie’s sexual healing.”

“Dude!”

“Too soon?” Reid said, laughing hard.

“She’s my *sister*. If I *never* hear you make those kinds of references to her it’ll be too soon. Do it again and I just might risk the ball reattachment surgery.”

Laughing, Reid opened the door and let Jax go through it before shutting it behind them. “Let’s go get our Luey so you can take us to dinner. Getting hit in the face always makes me hungry.”

“Don’t even pull that shit with me, bruh. You’re totally buying dinner after what you just put me through. I’m saving my money for the gallon of brain bleach I need thanks to you.”

Reid knew he shouldn’t say it, but he was in such a good mood, he just couldn’t help himself. “Then I won’t tell you what happened when you called her and she told you she stubbed her toe.”

He barely finished speaking when Jax’s left—and currently uninjured—fist plowed into his stomach. Reid doubled over, half laughing and half gasping for air. “Ooooh, your balls are so toast.”

Jackson’s face split into a shit-eating grin and said, “Worth it,” as he started walking toward Lucie.

Reid straightened and rubbed his abs as he smiled, watching his best friend embrace his little sister who just happened to be the woman Reid planned on spending the rest of his life with. Nothing made him happier than having Jackson and Lucie. They’d always been his true family, and though the dynamics had shifted slightly from what they were years ago and their little group was bound to grow over the coming years, it would always be the three of them at the core of everything. Now and forever.

With that thought warming his heart, Reid walked across the white beach to join his family for what was sure to be the beginning of an amazing life.