

**LALA BECKLEY**

*Teach Me*

*Harley's Story*

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# Introduction



Hello, and thank you so much for stepping into the world of Wright and Harley with me.

I'd like to introduce myself quickly- I'm LaLa Beckley, a new romance author excited to bring you into other worlds filled with passion, romance, and lots and lots of sex.

If you're reading this, you have signed up for my newsletter. Now that you're part of the family, you'll get updates on when my short stories come out, as well as upcoming full-length romance novels. Plus, we'll have fun discussing other things like fun date-night ideas for my attached ladies and ways my single ladies can treat yourselves. I can't wait to go on this journey together.

Now, to the fun O'Brien Sibling Series. There will be five short stories in all, each following one of the O'Brien siblings- Wright, Farrell, Tierney, Broderick, and Heston. They are all originally from Holden Beach, NC. Each story either takes place in Holden Beach or Wilmington, but all revolve around beach life living and end in a sexy HEA.

This is a freebie chapter for you from my upcoming short story featuring Wright and Harley. I was going to give you the

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first chapter of the book, but thought it'd be silly to bother you with the same chapter twice. Instead of Wright's introductory chapter, this will be the same scene, but from Harley's point of view.

Experience Harley's first night out in Holden Beach, NC, where she meets a sexy lead singer of a band who rocks more than the music that night.

## One

# Chapter 1



### *Harley*

Fuck men. They suck and no one can tell me otherwise.

Fuck the old Harley that was a pushover and would do anything she thought would make her man happy.

Because guess what? It doesn't mean shit.

I start my new job teaching Kindergarten tomorrow morning bright and early. Tonight, though, I'm taking advantage of my first free time since moving to this new town a week ago. I'm going to enjoy myself, the early morning be damned.

I moved to Holden Beach, NC last week to escape my previous life filled with asshole men and lies. I'm actually renting a house in Supply, the town right next door- but saying I live on the island sounds way cooler.

I've had no free time or motivation to pull myself together enough to be social and meet people. But tonight, feeling extra

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pissed and a little lonely, I'm going out.

I have learned a lesson- reminiscing about cheating ex-boyfriends with cheating ex-best friends, will really put you in the mood to get dressed up and flirt your way out of heartbreak.

As I apply my sexiest red lipstick, I try to remind myself that flirting out of revenge doesn't mean I have to get drunk and end up in a stranger's bed. I'm not drinking because of work tomorrow, so liquid courage will not be my wingman tonight. Plus, random hookups aren't really my thing. My bright lips, short denim skirt, silky, white button-down shirt tied high on my stomach, and the lack of underwear, though, say otherwise.

I look in the mirror, decide I look exceptionally sexy, and head out.

As I'm driving over the Holden Beach Bridge that curves high above the inlet and onto the island, I can see the lights of something promising in the distance. I take a left at the stop sign and follow Ocean Boulevard until I see the full parking lot surrounding a quintessential beach bar.

I park underneath a tall palm tree, looking up to see the weathered sign that reads Mermaids. I can't believe I actually got a spot considering how busy it is, especially for a Tuesday night during peak season.

I walk into the coolest building with the best beach vibes. I'm not sure if it is actually an old building or if the weather and salt air have taken their toll, but it's everything I'd hope for during a casual night out in my new beach town.

I scan the place and notice a sign pointing upstairs for music. I wind my way up the rickety stairs and come out to an open bar area on the roof with a little stage setup for a band. I'm grateful for some music- it will be less awkward standing there with my water if I'm swaying my hips to some tunes.



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There's a few high-tops and a row of tables along the back wall. Most of the patrons look like they're in their 20s and already halfway to drunk. There's a table of seven, though, that are about my age and look related. *And holy fuck, they are all gorgeous.*

Concluding I have nowhere to sit, I walk up to the bar and grab a stool there. Just as the bartender reluctantly brings my free cup of water, I hear a few instruments start to warm up behind me on the stage.

When I turn to look, I take a second to appreciate the view a little better. The wall behind the stage is low and completely open to the beach. The moody navy waves crashing against the shore are barely visible with the quickly diminishing light. There's a set of drums, a guitar, some sound equipment, and a microphone in the front.

The guy sitting at the drums obviously lives and breathes the beach. He has dark, tan skin and shaggy, long hair with dreads throughout, making me question if I'm about to be immersed in some reggae music.

The man tuning his guitar is an attractive black man in his mid-30s, wearing head to toe black clothing and glasses. Just as the drummer fits the stereotype of a surfer dude, this man reads very much goth.

My breath hitches, though, when I notice a tall blonde god emerge from the table of seven against the wall. He walks up to the microphone and smiles back at his bandmates, melting me into a puddle on the floor. His short hair is a little longer on the top, which has me dreaming of running my fingers through it and tugging hard. *What the fuck, Harley? No more men!*

I already have butterflies in my stomach, but when the sexy man behind the microphone speaks, I can't help but squirm

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from the tingling between my legs.

“Thanks for coming out tonight!” he bellows, the crowd already riled up.

It seems like most of the people came out to listen to this band, which makes me hopeful for a good time.

“If you don’t know, we are The Tide’s Kiss.” He attempts to continue, but gets cut off by an older woman in the back that is no stranger to the sun or cigarettes. She is confidently rocking copious amounts of makeup and large breasts. She’s also old enough to be my mom. The musical god laughs, “Thanks, Maureen. Anyways, hope you guys enjoy the show!”

I hold my breath, anticipation gnawing at me. What is happening to my body when I hear his rough and sexy voice is a little unnerving. I didn’t act like this even when I met my last boyfriend of two years, who will not be mentioned. I squeeze my thighs together, fighting back what is happening to my pussy right now.

The music begins, and I immediately recognize the melody of one of my favorite ‘90s songs. They really are talented, instantly transporting me back to my early childhood. I can’t help but move my body.

What I don’t move, however, are my eyes. They are locked on this singer with a voice that rivals only that of his orgasmic face and body. I watch as his lips hover dangerously close to the microphone, wishing desperately for them to touch my own.

He scans the crowd, obviously knowing how to work them. Over the next few songs, he smiles at the women who have gathered near the stage, throwing in a wink here and there.

A feeling of jealousy blindsides me as I watch them. I want him to wink those gorgeous eyes at me and smile those pearly whites in my direction.

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I really don't know what is happening to me. I've never been the jealous type in relationships. This has obviously worked against me because I didn't notice when my long-term boyfriend was fucking my best friend behind my back. *How did I not see it?*

This singer's electricity, though, has obviously shocked me back to life- the slightest flirtatious showmanship towards another female has me wanting to shove them all to the ground to be under his gaze instead.

I disgust myself- but not enough to stop gawking.

My heart suddenly stops when I watch his eyes move towards me and jerk to a stop. It's as though a strong magnet has brought them to mine, the force too strong for either of us to move.

His voice falters for only half of a second, quick enough that others might not notice- but I do. He recovers, though, and continues the song. It feels as though he's serenading me, and me alone. I wonder if that's how all the other women feel when he winks at them. But if that's the case, there's not a single dry pussy in the place.

I break our contact and take another sip of my water, trying to regain a semblance of control. I shake my head with disbelief when I notice my hand is trembling. I take a deep breath and sip once more. This time, though, I risk a glance, peering over the rim at him. I attempt a sultry flutter of my lashes while my eyes scream, "Fuck me."

I wonder if I'm succeeding, but my answer comes in the form of him abruptly announcing after the song is over, "We're taking a 30 minute break, guys. Thanks for hanging out with us and hope you stick around for more songs. Don't forget to tip your bartenders." His words are rushed and urgent, his need to leave the stage obvious.

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My heart pounds against my chest as I watch him bound towards me. He approaches as though he's stalking his prey. I almost don't notice the group of women that gathered at his feet during the show, parting as he walks through them- but I *do* notice. He is unphased by their advances, their faces reading shock and disappointment.

The now playing recorded music and the din of the crowd are nothing compared to the pounding of my heart in my ears. I take one last sip of my water, hoping I will be able to speak when he arrives.

He stops before me. "Thank you," his raspy voice says, startling me with such an unexpected greeting.

"Thanks for what exactly?" I manage to get out. I don't quite recognize my own voice. I may actually be having an out of body experience.

"Thank you for watching me tonight," he replies, humor and lust in his eyes.

I giggle, wondering if that's his attempt at a line and questioning if he's as nervous as I am. Surely someone that gorgeous wouldn't be intimidated in any situation. He must know how perfect he is. "You're welcome," I manage before pausing for a breath. "You have an amazing voice. Thank *you* for such a good show. I can't seem to walk away." I blush, realizing my admission.

His beautiful green eyes flash down quickly towards my chest, returning just as fast to my face. I'm guessing my hard nipples are noticeable through my shirt. I smile, so glad I chose my favorite silky shirt tonight, the sheerness obviously doing the trick.

His scent of musk and cinnamon has my mouth watering. He suddenly leans over, ever so slightly touching his lips to my ear.

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He quietly growls, "The only way I'll let you walk away is if I am with you."

*Fuck me.* I can control the moan that escapes my mouth as much as I can control the weather. He notices because he rubs his nose gently against my ear before moving away.

I desperately want to know more about him, so I introduce myself. "I'm Harley."

"It's very nice to meet you, Harley. I'm Wright," he responds, literally growling my name.

He reaches his hand out, making my skin and body come alive. Everything I'd gone through in my life, everything I had to deal with concerning my ex, all led me to this man.

He leans in slightly and asks, "Would you be interested in going somewhere a little more quiet?"

The feel of his breath on my face makes my skin tingle. I find some confidence and tease, "I don't know- I'm kind of enjoying being in a loud crowd so that you're forced to lean in close."

"Oh, I plan to be a lot closer to you," he replies, a devilish grin across his gorgeous face. *Holy fuck.*

I know I promised myself I was done with men. I know I don't like random hookups or no promise of a tomorrow. Something about this man, however, has me willing to risk everything. "Lead the way," I say, hoping I don't sound as desperate for him as I feel.

As though he knows I long for his touch again, he grabs my hand, lacing our fingers together. Everything around us fades away. I'm completely entranced as I walk in the wake of his intoxicating aroma, following him to a back room.

We reach a door that he hurriedly opens, and he guides me in with him. Before I can think about what is happening, his lips are on mine- and I know I'm done.

