



Chapter One

Levi King slammed his foot down on the accelerator and spun the wheel.

The heavily armored Z6-Hunter responded, skidding left. Levi narrowly avoided the oncoming alien vehicle by a few centimeters. He gunned the Hunter across the bumpy, deteriorating road.

He grinned.

“Hold this fucking thing still,” a deep voice yelled from the back of the vehicle.

Levi knew when his best mate, Ash Connors, was angry. And right now, he was pissed. The man was currently manning the autocannon at the back of the Hunter, trying to take down the aliens.

Turning the vehicle again, and holding it as damn still as he could, Levi watched green laser fire trace through the air. He turned the wheel again and spotted a raptor vehicle straight ahead. He clenched his teeth. About the same size as the Hunter, it was a black, squat-looking thing with solid plating, four rugged tires, and three sharp spikes in front that made it look like a triceratops. That made Levi and his squad mates call them trikes.

The trike let out a blast of alien weapons fire—a dark-green poison that could burn through just about anything. He jerked the Hunter to the side. Their own laser fire struck the alien vehicle, and it spun out of control before crashing into a tree.

Levi grinned. *Yeah, baby.*

“Woo-hoo!” Beside Levi, Hemi—their squad’s second-in-command—shouted and barked out a laugh. The bearded man had his carbine aimed out the side window. “Take that, you alien assholes.”

Another black trike came into view, and Levi jerked the wheel again. He swung the Hunter around, getting into position so Ash would have a clear shot on the cannon.

Across the clash of fighting, he saw another Hunter zooming fast toward them, across the overgrown grass of a nearby field. That one had the rest of his squad mates in it—their squad leader Tane, ex-con and former cop, Griff, and dark, scary Dom.

They were Squad Three, also known as the berserkers, fighting to protect their little outpost of humanity from the invading Gizzida aliens.

The afternoon’s routine patrol had turned deadly when they’d run into this group of alien vehicles. Fuckers had appeared out of nowhere, and they’d had almost no advance warning.

Levi’s hands tightened on the wheel. He didn’t care. He liked taking down raptors.

“Bring us around again,” Ash yelled.

“On it.” Levi pushed more speed out of the Hunter. They didn’t often get to take these vehicles out, preferring their armored bikes, so he was enjoying the hell out of it. You had to find some fucking fun where you could.

Some days, it felt like he’d been fighting his entire life—as a boy, raised by a rough biker dad, he’d grown up dodging fists and learning how to use his own. As an outspoken teen, fighting for his place in the world. And finally, as the president of a motorcycle club he’d been forced to drag out of the blood and filth of the wrong side of the law. And now, as a berserker, fighting back against the dinosaur-like invading aliens.

Levi had been born into rough and he was still living rough.

“What the fuck is that?” Hemi’s deep voice rumbled through the vehicle.

Levi turned his head and saw a giant alien vehicle coming out of the haze of laser fire.

Fucking hell. It was at least twice the size of the other alien trike vehicles, with eight wheels under it, and a giant row of armor plates down the back of it. Damn thing looked like a stegosaurus.

“Squad Three, you have a large alien vehicle incoming.” A female voice came through the comms on the central console. “I’m reading thicker armor plating than the trikes, and more weapons.”

Indy Bennett was their outspoken comms officer, sitting back at the Enclave. She was a wildcat who wasn’t afraid of the bikers, mercs, and criminals who made up their squad.

Levi wasn’t worried about the size of the steg. He was more concerned about the giant, spinning saw blades on the front of it.

“Ash,” Levi called out.

“I see it,” Ash answered. “Bring us around.”

“Levi? Hemi?” This time, a deep, controlled voice came through the comm unit. It was Tane—Squad Three’s leader and Hemi’s brother.

“We’re on it, Tane,” Levi answered.

He sped up, turning the Hunter in a wide circle around the steg. Through the long window at the front of the alien vehicle, just behind the giant saw, he caught a quick glimpse of several raptors sitting at the controls inside.

Ugly-ass creatures. The raptors were humanoid, with thick, gray, hairless skin, and teeth. A hell of a lot of teeth. And nobody could forget the glowing red eyes.

Ash fired the autocannon. Laser blasts hit the side of the steg, but didn't seem to have much impact. The vehicle turned around, moving pretty damn fast for such a massive thing.

Fuck. Levi threw all his focus into driving. He spun the Hunter's wheel and jammed his foot down on the accelerator. As the steg roared toward them, he swung the Hunter into some fancy maneuvers.

The entire time, Ash kept shooting, the cannon whining. Across the field, Levi saw the other Hunter circling the steg and firing as well. The top hatch of the second Hunter was open and Tane's dread-locked head was visible as he fired his carbine.

"It's coming around again," Hemi shouted.

Levi turned the Hunter, driving off the cracked road and onto the grass. He felt a hard thump at the front end of the Hunter and he righted them. *Damn.* Must have hit something in the grass. Then he got into position, directly facing the steg.

Suddenly, the Hunter's engine faltered.

Fuck. No, dammit. He jammed his foot on the accelerator. Nothing.

The engine died.

"Levi!" Ash shouted.

"I'm working on it!" Levi tried to stay calm, his heart trying to knock its way out of his damn chest. He tried to start the engine, but there was no response. He looked up...and saw the steg bearing down on them, the giant saw blade spinning faster and faster.

Shit. He worked the controls. "Come on, baby, don't do this to us."

The steg roared closer.

The Hunter's engine caught, then died again. *Come on, come on.* Levi punched buttons and pushed gears, trying to get the vehicle started.

“Levi, this fucking century,” Hemi growled.

“Something’s fucking wrong with the engine.”

“I knew I should have driven,” Ash muttered.

“Fuck you, Connors.”

The steg got closer, looming over them, the blades a gleaming, metallic blur.

The Hunter’s engine roared to life, with a belching growl. Levi jerked the wheel.

The saw blades sliced into the Hunter’s right side. The vehicle jolted, sparks flying, and there was the vicious screech of metal being ripped open. Ash was firing from the turret and shouting. Levi jerked the gears. They needed to back up. Hemi leaped into the back seat, the crazy man firing through the tear in the Hunter, directly at the saw.

Levi slammed his boot on the accelerator and reversed the vehicle, turning the wheel.

With a huge jolt that rocked the Hunter, and another shriek of metal on metal, they tore free of the saw blades.

Levi reversed them back until Ash was in perfect firing range. Laser fire lit up the afternoon sky, and a second later, Tane’s Hunter roared up beside them. Together, the autocannons on the two Hunters fired on the steg.

Sparks poured out of a damaged side panel on the giant alien vehicle. A moment later, under the unrelenting hail of laser fire, it pulled back and fled.

Levi pulled the Hunter to a stop and dropped his head to the wheel. “Fuck.”

“What the hell happened?” Ash called out.

“We lost all power. The engine stopped.” At the worst possible time.

The Hunters, and the other gear the squads used in combat, were taken care of by dedicated maintenance teams. With most of the world around them destroyed, it wasn't like they could order a new vehicle or quadcopter.

And the lead Hunter mechanic was a luscious redhead with killer curves and a sharp tongue. Well, Levi had a few things to say to her.

Hemi leaned in from the back seat and slapped him on the back. "I'll buy you a beer when we get back to the Enclave."

"Fuck," Levi said. "I'm gonna need more than one."

Chrissy Hagan stood in the Hunter maintenance bay, waiting. She hitched up her toolbelt and stared impatiently at the large doors at the end of the cavernous space. She'd heard from the comms team that one of her Hunters had been damaged on the latest mission.

She tapped the toe of her boot on the stained concrete. The Hunters were her babies. Since she'd arrived at the Enclave, an underground human sanctuary south of the ruins of Sydney, working on the Hunters had given her purpose in the chaos.

God, some days she still woke, thinking she was back in her apartment in Miami, and about to head to the garage where she'd worked with her father.

Reality was that her once-in-a-lifetime vacation to Australia had turned into an alien invasion and fight for survival. Horrible memories stirred and she shoved them away.

Instead, she looked over at the parked Hunter beside her. She ran a hand over the dark armor plating. Every vehicle, Hunter, quadcopter, and piece of tech they had was precious. There were no more factories, from which they could get new parts, or new vehicles. They had to scrape together what they needed to keep these babies going...their survival depended on it.

Thankfully, fixing engines was in Chrissy's blood. She'd inherited that particular skill from her dad.

The Hagan Auto Shop had been small, but known for quality work. She'd loved going to work every day, even working with her big, burly, and sometimes downright difficult father. Pain clenched in her chest. A while ago, she'd managed to get confirmation from a human base hidden in the Everglades that the part of Miami where the garage had been located had been completely decimated.

Her father was gone.

She'd always known Stan Hagan wanted sons. Chrissy barely remembered her mom, who'd died when Chrissy was a small girl, not long after Chrissy's sister, Jussy, had been born. Instead, her father had ended up alone, raising two small girls. He'd done his best.

Sadness pierced her. He'd driven her crazy, but she also missed him. Chrissy stroked the Hunter again. She had no idea if Jussy had made it. Her sister had run off with her six-month-old daughter just before the invasion. Chrissy rubbed her chest. She'd tried to do everything she could to make her dad happy, but Jussy had been the wild child who never did anything right.

Chrissy blew out a breath, wondering if Jussy and her tiny niece, Charlee, were holed up somewhere safe. *Hope you made it, J-girl.*

The hangar bay doors rumbled open, and the deep growl of the Hunter engines echoed in the space. She straightened.

All the squads were rough on the vehicles, but she knew exactly which squad had the Hunters today. She wrinkled her nose. Squad Three, aka the berserkers. That group of wild ones were the hardest on the equipment.

Scary Tane mostly kept his team in line. The man was sexy as hell, but most women were afraid of him. Chrissy had one word to sum up each of the berserkers. After Scary Tane, there was Wild Hemi, Handsome Ash, Intense Dom, Hard Griff and Cocky Levi.

They sure were a motley bunch of bearded and tattooed bad boys.

One was the baddest of all.

Nope. She wasn't going to think of him. Or the fact that a few weeks back, they'd sniped at each other in a corridor...and she'd ended up grabbing his crotch. And a very hard, very large... She groaned. *Nope*, a hundred times. *Definitely* not thinking about that. Hopefully she could avoid talking to him, as well. Because every time Levi King opened his mouth, she wanted to whack him in the teeth with her wrench.

The first Hunter rolled in. Her tense muscles relaxed. Apart from a few new scratches and a singed section thanks to raptor poison, it didn't look too bad.

Then she saw the second Hunter. Her gut clenched and she hissed out a breath. *No.*

She stared in horror at the tear down the side of the vehicle. It looked like it had been ripped open by a can opener.

The vehicles pulled to a stop and she kept staring at the damaged Hunter. The driver's door opened and a man-bunned, tattooed menace got out. He was clad in black armor, except for his arms, allowing him to display some of his tattoos.

Horror morphed to anger. "What the hell did you do to my Hunter, biker man?" She stomped toward him.

Levi's head whipped around and he grinned at her. "Hey there, Spitfire. I didn't do it, the Gizzida did."

Chrissy resisted the urge to punch him in the gut.

“Tane didn’t get his Hunter sliced open like a tin can.” She flung out an arm. “Clearly, you suck at driving.”

Levi’s whiskey-brown eyes narrowed. “I’m a fucking excellent driver. I’m better at it than you are at maintaining these things.” He kicked the Hunter’s tire.

She sucked in her breath. “How dare you—?”

“Damn thing stalled, right as a giant-ass alien vehicle with a saw attached to the front of it was bearing down on us.” He crossed his arms over his chest. “Not my happiest moment. Ash and Hemi were pretty unhappy too.”

Her eyes widened, and she spared a brief glance for Ash and Hemi. Both men were leaning against the Hunter, watching them, and grinning.

She scowled back at Levi. “What?”

“It stopped. Engine cut out.” He stroked his trim—and damn him, sexy—goatee. “No power. Nothing.”

Chrissy pressed one hand to her hip and frowned. “It was in perfect condition when you took it out.” Brushing past him, she reached over and opened the hood.

“I’m going to debrief with the general,” Tane called out. “Good work out there. Get some down time.”

She barely listened to the hum of deep murmurs as the other berserkers replied. Bootsteps thudded on the concrete around her as they left.

She hoped Levi would go with them, but as she leaned in to look at the Hunter engine, she felt a big, hard body press in close behind her.

Annoyed, she jammed her elbow back. The asshole was still wearing his armor, so she knew he wouldn’t have felt anything.

“Out of my way, biker man.” She spotted some damage at the back of the engine and frowned. It looked almost melted. “How the hell did you get it damaged in here? Do you give a shit about anything—?”

Suddenly, fingers hooked in the back of her tool belt and yanked her backward. Chrissy spun around to face a very annoyed-looking biker.

“You don’t know me,” he growled.

“I know your type.”

He grinned. *God*. She hated that even his damn grin was sexy.

“You don’t know anyone like me, Spitfire.”

He was right, the cocky bastard, but Chrissy was never going to admit that. Ever. “Keep dreaming, biker man. I’ve seen my share of cocky, tattooed bikers. They were either hitting on me, or talking down to the *dumb widdle* female mechanic.” She lifted her chin. “You’ve done both.”

Levi leaned closer, and she got a whiff of man and healthy, male sweat.

“I’ve seen the work you do on the Hunters, Spitfire. I’ve rebuilt more car and bike engines than I can count, and I’m not doubting your skills. You work magic with them.”

She blinked. Her father had been grudging as hell with praise. Now, just a few words from a man who annoyed the hell out of her made her warm inside.

Get a grip, Chrissy.

“But I’m also not blind,” Levi continued. “You have a fantastic ass, and the way your T-shirts hug your—”

Chrissy slammed a hand to his chest. “I get it. God, you were almost nice there, but you just had to add some asshole to it, didn’t you?”

He shrugged, grin in place. “Just telling you how it is.” Then his face turned serious. “The Hunter did stop at a crucial fucking moment, Chrissy.”

She nodded, glancing back at the damage in the engine. “I’ll find out why.” She made a shooing motion with her hand. “Now go. I’ve got work to do.”

He stared at her a long moment. She was pretty sure Levi King didn’t take orders unless he wanted to.

“Am I too distracting?”

She rolled her eyes. “Just go.”

When he turned to leave, she huffed out a breath. *Annoying man*. It was really so wrong that such an annoying man could smell so good, especially after a mission.

Shoving Levi King and his man bun out of her head, she kicked her iono-creeper over. She dropped onto it and laid flat, then pushed herself in under the Hunter. The creeper used electrohydrodynamics to hover a few inches off the ground.

She looked up at the melted mass of metal above her.

Time to get to work.