



Ex Meridian

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Category: Romance, Adult, M-m Romance, Crime And Mafia, Action, Dark

Description: A brutal, heartless, assassin's way of showing his partner/lover a romantic Valentine's Day

Take a man and strip him of his ability to feel compassion, empathy, remorse...love, any of the emotions that make him human, but leave the ones that ignite rage and aggression and you have the perfect killing machine—now imagine two of them.

Code names Ex and Meridian are synonymous for 'guaranteed death. Two men recruited into an unsanctioned government program and trained to operate most efficiently—lethally—together. Without the risk of lust or love getting in the way.

Until something within them changed.

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Pınarhisar, Kırklareli, Türkiye

170mi from Istanbul

Meridian pulled his black hood lower on his forehead. He couldn't see where his partner, Ex, was on the compound, but he could feel him. Meridian felt him in his mind, in his soul, and in his heart.

They were supposed to rendezvous at the south entrance of the gutted warehouse, but he had a surprise for his partner.

Ex knew Meridian's every move, sometimes before he made it, so he'd been forced to request the assistance of the Brown Ravens.

Grace and Mirage had arrived in their colors, keeping their identities concealed behind their chestnut hoods and leather clothing.

Meridian's instructions had been followed to the letter, and the three had made quick work of the remaining Grey Jade crime family.

He'd called on the Browns, and without hesitation, they'd answered. Because he was who he was. He was the Meridian. The original. The only Raven who wore black colors.

Fitting for his dark soul.

It'd been the first time Meridian had seen them in action, and he hadn't been

disappointed.

Six ravens existed in the world—the deadliest, unfeeling, genetically engineered men—eliminating threats even the SEALs and SAS forces couldn't reach.

Grace, the taller of the Brown Ravens, came around the side of the building, moving with the silent stealth of a pit viper. His partner, Mirage, was a few inches shorter and stayed concealed in Grace's shadow. He'd revealed himself long enough to kill, then vanished just as fast.

Meridian remained still, silent, waiting.

"A debt is owed," Grace rumbled in a fractured voice that sounded as if it was rarely used.

Meridian's temple throbbed before he gave a stiff nod. He hoped this debt didn't come back to bite him in the ass.

Grace spun into a turn that resulted in his partner tucked in front of him. Meridian never got a chance to see Mirage, but he did see his arms and the glimmering steel of his twenty-inch fighting knives.

Meridian's heart sped up. Not because of the deadly men behind him, but because of the one approaching.

He turned and looked toward the sky in time to see Ex rappelling down the five-story structure with the ease of a spider, landing inches from Meridian's side.

He didn't have to check behind him to know Grace and Mirage were gone.

"Intel is solid. North side clear." Ex's hood was too low for Meridian to see his

partner's eyes, so he kept his gaze on his soft lips.

"South entrance clear," Meridian answered, shifting closer.

"We breach on your—" Ex paused and tilted his head, listening for a second before he eased his suppressed-fire .22 from behind his back.

"Ex—"

"Shhh. Someone's here." His partner pointed the business end of his weapon over Meridian's right shoulder. "I can smell him...no...them."

Fuck.

Meridian wrapped his hand around Ex's wrist and lowered his arm, dragging the tip of his silencer down the center of his chest.

Ex's head was bowed, and Meridian could feel his partner's fiery gaze following the movement from beneath his cover.

"Mere...what are you...?" Ex released an impatient exhale.

Meridian leaned into Ex's ear and whispered against the soft cotton of his hood. "On my mark."

Ex's voice was hushed and controlled. "Goddamn you."

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Heat sizzled between them and adrenaline spiked in Meridian's blood at their forbidden love. They were on a mission, for fuck's sake, but Meridian's soul screamed for his partner's touch.

He was the most ruthless killer in the world. Stripped of all morals, conscience, and any ability to love.

All the things that made a person human.

Except...Meridian's heart had resurrected. And it beat only for Ex. So there he was...doing everything within his infinite power to please him.

"Meridian." Ex narrowed his eyes.

Shit, he's catching on.

He was far too disciplined to be this carefree in the field, and Ex knew he'd never distract him with this kind of energy.

"I need you focused. Do not shift my attention, not now," Ex snarled. "I've hunted this son of a bitch for months. He dies by my hand tonight."

A low growl rumbled from Meridian's chest before he pulled his .44 Magnum and fired three rapid shots into the door's hinges.

Meridian moved so fast he didn't give Ex a chance to react.

In the same breath, Meridian slammed his boot into the center of the steel door, sending it crashing to the concrete with an ear-deafening boom.

“The fucking flash-bang, Mere...goddammit,” Ex growled, then rushed inside the warehouse, darting to the left.

Meridian would’ve disappeared to the right, but their battle dance wasn’t needed. He pulled down the garage hangar door and encased them in darkness.

Meridian watched his partner slow his steps in confusion. His weapon was still raised, but there were no hostiles.

Meridian had already seen to that.

The Grey Jade Somalian crime family was a massive-scale human-trafficking organization that had evaded authorities for years before he and Ex had come to make it right.

His partner took these particular cases harder than the others. Ex had a ferocious appetite for justice—in the form of brutal deaths—and a soft spot for the weak and innocent.

He and Ex slowly pulled back their hoods. His gaze stayed on his partner while he took in his surroundings.

“What have you done, Meridian?”

He didn’t speak. Oftentimes, he liked to observe the emotions he could elicit from a man who had none.

Ex lowered his weapon when he saw the dead guards at every entrance.

“And the rest of the Jade clan?” he asked.

Meridian hummed a satisfied groan. “Buried in shallow graves...alive.”

Ex stood beside the small table Meridian had positioned in the center of the floor. His partner gave him a side-eye at the two silver dome-covered plates and the already lit long-stemmed candles.

Ex ran his gloved hand over the white linen tablecloth before throwing Meridian a look that said, What the actual fuck?

Meridian stalked toward his vicious lover until he was almost on top of him. He gripped Ex’s throat and stared in amazement at the deadly perfection, his sole reason for living.

Ex leaned into him, drifting closer until their foreheads kissed and he was breathing life into him. His partner’s touch was strong enough to move his mind from death to desire.

The deserted warehouse smelled of decades of mold and recent carnage. It was dark and picturesque, with the moonlight and candles casting frightening shadows along the walls.

Meridian couldn’t wait for Ex to see what awaited him beneath the covered plates.

“Meridian, how the fuck did you do this?”

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Meridian's voice was tortured with yearning he wasn't supposed to possess. "Do not ask questions that require no answer, Xavier."

A current of intense need hit Ex in the gut so hard he struggled not to double over. He gasped into Meridian's mouth, his lips trembling.

Smoke smoldered in his partner's onyx eyes, passion dominating his touch.

Ex removed the single rose from between the candles. He didn't smile, didn't fall into Meridian's arms. It wasn't how they showed affection.

He pressed the silky petals to his nose and inhaled the sweet, earthy fragrance.

"A black rose...fitting for my raven."

Their eyes met, a powerful energy rippling between them.

Ex turned toward a sight that made unabashed evil thoughts pound against his temple.

Meridian removed his touch and allowed Ex to feel the full force of the rage and fury taking over his mind. He reached inside his tactical vest and extracted his butterfly blade.

"Meridian." Ex's wrath burned in his throat, making his voice grittier and deeper than normal. "Your generosity overwhelms me, dark angel."

Ex stared hard at Caesar Grey, the founder and leader of the Grey Jade crime family,

sitting hunched over in a high-backed chair with his wrists and ankles bound.

“Happy Valentine’s Day, Xavier,” Meridian whispered.

Ex froze.

His partner was a stoically serious man of few words and even less personality. So when Meridian did speak...Ex reacted.

His fists shook with a warrior’s battle response.

The center of his world had done the impossible for him. Meridian had caught and gift-wrapped his current obsession for him to torture and kill...on Valentine’s Day.

Romantic motherfucker.

Ex took deliberate steps across the dusty concrete floor, closing the distance while contemplating his most sinister forms of punishment.

The crime lord shook his head, his pupils blown wide at the site of Ex’s blade.

He didn’t stop until Caesar had to tilt his head back to look at him.

Ex squatted to change the direction of his view, studying. He’d never had his enemy served up on a platter.

Meridian hadn’t beat him much, only primed him for his arrival.

Caesar mumbled some desperate nonsense behind the wads of duct tape over his mouth.

“Do you know how many families’ lives you’ve destroyed?” Ex tilted his head, his voice void of all humanity and compassion. “Hmm, do you? How many innocent daughters and sons you’ve taken from their homes in the middle of the night like the fucking boogeyman.”

Caesar’s cheeks pumped in and out in an attempt to breathe through his panic. Or perhaps he was hyperventilating.

“I was never afraid of such things,” Ex confessed, staring lovingly at his blade. “The boogeyman was afraid of me.”

Ex snapped his hand out and sliced through the T-Rex duct tape over Caesar’s mouth, then ripped the rest of it away, taking pieces of beard and skin with it.

Caesar hollered in agony, the sounds of his pain and fear ricocheting off the steel walls.

“That’s right.” Ex closed his eyes and sighed with relief. “I wanna hear your screams.”

“I’m begging you, don’t kill me. I can make you rich beyond imagination.”

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His pleas fell on deaf ears.

“I’m about to show you the epitome of imagination.” Ex raised one brow. “Because I know exactly how many lives you’ve sold that made your rich. Faces I’ll never be able to forget.”

Tears and snot ran down Caesar’s ugly face.

“Stop your bitch-ass crying. Have some pride...because there will be no mercy.”

“You didn’t have to kill my brother, man,” Caesar bawled, glaring at Meridian. “He was never a part of any of this.”

Ex’s voice was calm. “Do not mourn your brother. You’ll be together real soon.”

Ex turned his back on the pungent stench of urine and desperation.

Meridian sat at the table with one leg crossed, watching Ex with a hard, sexy expression.

He didn’t stop advancing until he straddled Meridian’s lap.

He removed his gloves and tossed them on the table, then took Meridian’s wrists and removed his.

Those dark eyes held him, ruling his world. His partner’s silence and discipline made his dick jerk in his thick cargo pants.

He ran his fingertips under the silk lapels of Meridian's midnight black jacket, then reached and lifted the covers from the plates, never breaking eye contact.

Ex bit his bottom lip against the shards of desire piercing his armor.

An array of knives and torture instruments filled one plate and prefilled syringes crowded the other.

Meridian cupped his chin, making Ex tremble from his dark touch.

"Have I pleased you, Xavier?"

That fucking voice.

"Greatly," he rasped. "I've never had a valentine."

Meridian's chest vibrated under his palms, his irises hooded by thick, ink-black lashes. Ex didn't need to look into his partner's eyes to fall into his abyss.

He ground his hips harder, making his sinful lover clutch them in response.

"Show me how much," Meridian demanded.

There was but one man in the world who could tell him what to do...and continue to exist.

"Show me, dammit." Meridian yanked him closer.

Ex closed the last inch between them and pressed his lips to Meridian's, his touch tender and appreciative.

Their gazes stayed locked as Meridian wove one hand beneath Ex's vest and the other into his short hair. Meridian lowered his eyes, his hold almost painful.

“Sometimes, Xavier, you are too lethally beautiful to look at.”

Ex lowered his chin and let Meridian caress his cheek.

“Marshall, I exist because you breathe.”

Ex took his partner by the chin and lifted his head until those piercing eyes stared back at him, making his heart bang against his ribcage.

Meridian dragged his palm around Ex's throat and controlled their movements, his stiffness digging into his ass. Meridian locked onto his mouth, sweeping his warm tongue inside.

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Ex was outside himself. Heat ignited between his thighs as Meridian thrust his hips to meet his.

This was no how they performed on a mission.

From the moment they'd stopped fighting their codependency, fighting their attraction to one another, and made love, they'd never allowed that part of them to interfere in the field.

But Meridian was giving him this rare, very special, one-time present to mix business with pleasure.

Meridian was able to manipulate Ex's mind and body, somehow putting him in the mood to kill and get fucked hard at the same time.

Ex sank into dangerous, never-trodden waters, exciting him like never before. Especially for a man who was supposed to have no feelings.

“My family was taken down by some goddamn fagg—”

Meridian snatched a Highlander throwing knife from the plate and hurled it across the room so fast the sleek metal whistled through the air. The precision of the aim sent the tip of the blade past Caesar's lips and through his cheek, pinning one side of his face to the back of the chair.

A delicious shiver slithered down Ex's spine. If he had blinked, he would've missed it.

Caesar's gurgled holler was exquisite music to Ex's ears.

He turned back to see Meridian staring at him, his black irises gleaming with pure evil, making Ex's cock leak.

"Any man that dares insult you...will never speak again."

"You got me all fucked up in the head right now," Ex breathed. "And you fucking know it."

Meridian kissed the long battle scar on Ex's cheek, his lips lingering there for a long moment before he murmured, "Go and enjoy your gift."

Ex picked up the brass knuckles, then the tooth extractor. He'd pull out whatever teeth he didn't knock out with his fists. Ex shrugged and then plucked a prefilled syringe of adrenaline.

He wanted to ensure his plaything didn't pass out in the middle of his fun.

Meridian had just enjoyed one helluva show. Ex had more than gotten justice for every family that had fallen victim to Caesar Grey and his organization.

The Ravens' method of righting wrongs was how it used to be, the way it should be now.

An eye for an eye.

Ex's torture technique was nothing short of inspiring.

He'd sliced his machete across Caesar's chest and back for each victim's name that he called out. His partner was so goddamn surgical with his work he didn't have a

spot of blood on him.

Meridian lit another of his Black Russian cigarettes while he waited for Ex to apply his finishing touches. He should be done soon. There wasn't much left of the notorious crime boss.

Caesar was severely fucked-up, but he was still alive.

Ex came back to the table and retrieved the last syringe. Without looking at Meridian, Ex instructed, "Bring Whisper."

He ignored the aching pressure in his cock to do what his partner ordered.

Meridian stood and buttoned the jacket of his Kiton suit but left his ankle-length trench coat open.

Ex was behind Caesar's slumped body. He bit off the cap of the long syringe, then jabbed the needle hard as fuck into Caesar's shoulder, injecting every drop.

Caesar whipped his head up, choking on silent screams trapped within his shattered jaws. He shook his head as if to beg for an end. But since Caesar had never stopped to spare his victims pain, Ex sure as hell wasn't about to stop inflicting his.

"Kill me, p-ple..." Caesar managed through his swollen lips.

Ex leaned near the bastard's ear.

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“The devil has heard your prayers, and I’m ready to send your mutilated body straight to hell,” Ex growled in a tone that made Meridian shudder. “And if you see me when I get there...you better run.”

Caesar’s body jerked from the many shots of concentrated epinephrine, or perhaps, from the anticipation of certain death.

Ex grabbed a handful of Caesar’s sweaty hair and snatched his head back so hard it made his neck crack. A guttural groan seeped from his bloody lips.

“Shhh, listen. My partner wants to whisper something to you.”

Ex released his brutal grip, and in the half second it took Caesar to drop his head, Meridian yanked Whisper from its hidden compartment in his coat and pierced Caesar’s heart with such force that the remainder of the double-edged blade came out the back side of the chair.

Caesar’s eyes widened with disbelief, staring at where the twenty-inch Sakimaru stiletto dagger penetrated his body.

“I’m going to leave you like this,” Meridian rumbled. “Suspended between life, terror, and death.”

“And since you’re such an advocate and admirer of gay love, I’m going to let you watch that beast standing in front of you bend me over that table and fuck me hard enough to break it.”

Caesar whimpered, and Ex would've laughed if he was capable of such things.

“And after I've come all over his dick...twice, I'll allow him to remove that blade and give your vile ass the death you deserve.”

Meridian leered at Ex, his dick damn near bursting through the seam of his zipper. He turned without a word and went back to the table, removing his coat and jacket.

Ex had shed his tactical vest by the time he reached him. Meridian lost the last of his composure the moment his partner was in his arms.

He grabbed Ex and kissed him until they were breathless. He tasted so fucking good, it made him ravenous. His partner's vicious, insatiable appetite for death tasted spicy and delicious on his tongue.

Caesar released a few muffled cries, a fitting soundtrack for their lovemaking.

“Best fuckin' Valentine's Day ever, Mere.”

Meridian squeezed Ex's ass with both hands, grinding their hard cocks together.

“Fuck,” he moaned against Ex's neck, licking a searing path down his throat.

Meridian relished the feral growl vibrating in his chest as he spun his partner and pressed him hard into the side of the table.

He wrapped one arm around Ex's waist and the opposite hand over his Adam's apple, knowing just how much pressure would drive his lover crazy.

“Mere, I need...need you to fuck me right now.” Ex shoved his cargo pants below his ass.

Meridian grunted, unzipping his slacks and hurrying to free his dick before it broke in half. He removed the small packet of lube from his back pocket and tore it open.

Meridian kissed behind Ex's ear. "This will not be over quickly."

He shoved Ex in the center of his strong back and bent him over the table, making it groan and creak from their weight.

I'm definitely about to break this bitch.

The End