



Saved By a Knight

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Mc

Description: "When a fierce biker meets a determined student, sparks fly!"

In the heart of Boulder, where danger lurks in the shadows and passion ignites like wildfire, Lora Bailey becomes entangled with the enigmatic leader of the Knight Riders MC, James Knight. When her creepy professor crosses the line, James steps in, ready to protect the beautiful Lora. But as sparks fly and secrets unravel, Lora discovers that the man who saves her is also the one who makes her pulse race and her thighs clench. Dive into "Saved By A Knight," the first book in Lena Little's sizzling "The Knight Riders MC" series, where love is fierce, and loyalty runs deep. Will Lora be able to handle the heat, or will she get burned?

James:

Boulder is our town, and everyone knows it.

And who are we?

The Knight Riders.

An ice-cold chill that sends a shiver down your spine.

The shadow in the corner of your room, always watching, waiting.

A cold dagger of justice, set loose on this world to keep it balanced.

And that's how I meet her. Lora!

It's just another night. Normal, quiet, boring.

All I want to do is make sure her creepy professor isn't giving her any trouble.

How could I know she would rock my foundations to the core? Make me topple over and leave me desperate for each second of her company. But it's like the old saying goes...When life gives you lemons, make lemonade.

And Lora's the sweetest I'll ever taste.

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KNIGHT

There's a unique thrill that comes from hearing my bike purr while riding down the streets of Boulder. And the smell of burning gas as she warms up and starts to let loose. Whoever said do what you love as a career and you'll never work a day in your life couldn't be more right.

It's a quiet night. Not unusual with how hard the Knight Riders and I have been pushing to keep this town out of trouble. That doesn't mean it's time for a night off. In fact, the opposite. My motorcycle roaring through the night is a warning to anyone who thinks they can fuck around.

I make my usual route through the neighborhood, keeping my ever-vigilant eyes on the sidewalks as I go. A few folks make their way home from work, most walking along the sidewalk with only a few in cars driving at a snail's pace. The pleasure of living in a small town is how easy it is to get around. Most of these people are a few blocks away from their houses at best, and don't need to litter my streets with their cars.

I get a few waves as I pass by some, others hail me as if they want me to stop and have a chat. But early evening is when the devil's idle-handed fools look for their victims, so I keep riding.

After an hour, give or take, with the streets cleared up and no sign of trouble, I pull my bike into a gas station. I stop in front of a pump and jump off my motorcycle to

head inside and grab a drink, a snack, and whatever else might catch my eye.

With a basket stacked with goodies for the rest of my night on the road, I start making my way to the front of the store.

“James?” Only one person calls me by that name, and hearing her voice brings a smile to my face.

“Mrs. Winthrop.” I greet with the charming smile I tend to put on display when caught off guard and trapped in a conversation. “How’s Bertrum doing? Recovering well after his surgery, I hope.”

A beaming smile stretches over her wrinkled cheeks.

“Thanks to you, he’s on the mend, if not a tad grumpier than usual.” She sets her basket on the floor and opens her arms up for a hug. I awkwardly lean forward and give her three pats on the back with my free hand. “I think his tumble finally made him realize he isn’t as invincible as he once believed.”

She chuckles. Following her cue, I do the same, even if I don’t get it.

“I’m happy to hear it.” And I truly am. We have to protect our elders. They are the weakest members of society, and without a helping hand, they’re prone to the worst injustices of this life.

My blood boils at the thought alone. None of us would be here if it weren’t for them, and so many are too keen on preying on the weak.

“Let me get that for you.” I grab Mrs. Winthrop’s basket off the floor and carry it to the counter.

“You really don’t hav?—”

“I insist.” Her pleasantries will fall on deaf ears, so I might as well stop them early.

We head over to the checkout, and I start packing Mrs. Winthrop’s things onto the counter.

“Two bags,” I say to Jerry, and he scans the items.

Mrs. Winthrop starts scratching through her handbag for her purse, while I pack my things. Jerry, who understands how I operate, adds her things to mine without so much as a smile.

It’s a small gesture, but it brings a warm smile to Mrs. Winthrop’s face. Not like a loaf of bread, carton of eggs, and some milk will dent my wallet, but to her, it’s money better spent on her husband’s recovery.

“Will that be all?” Jerry asks, looking over his shoulder at a box of Lucky Strikes.

“That’s all.” I release a heavy sigh. Quitting cigarettes has been the hardest thing I’ve ever put myself through, but I have to stay strong. Can’t be coughing up a lung every time I get off my bike. It doesn’t send the right kind of message.

I pay for the goods, grab both bags, and we leave.

“Thank you, James.” Mrs. Winthrop rests a wrinkled hand on my shoulder.

“You’re most welcome.” The thing is, my kindness doesn’t come from a place of wanting applause. I do it because it’s the least I can do for those who need it. Once we’re at her car and I’m packing her goods away, I continue, “Besides, you can take Bertrum out for a steak dinner on me.”

She chuckles. “With his cholesterol, a steak dinner might be the reason for another call to you.”

But it’s while she’s talking, I see something from the corner of my eye that puts me on high alert—a young woman talking to an older guy. Could be nothing, but body language is important in my line of work, and even from a side eye glance, I can see how she’s recoiling away from him.

“Sorry, Mrs. Winthrop, I hate to be rude, but?—”

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She cuts me off, raising a hand to still my apology.

“No need, James. I understand.” The same hand moves to my forearm, as her eyes hone in on the young woman and her unwanted companion. If she noticed it as well, then there’s definitely something screwy going on with the balding nerd and the brunette trying to run away from him. “Go do what you do best.”

I pass my bike on the way to them and chuck my things onto it. Slipping a hand behind my back, I feel my pistol nestled in its holster. I don’t expect I’ll need to draw it, but better safe than sorry is a saying for a reason.

My eyes are focused on the brunette as I approach the pair. Mostly to gauge her reaction, read her body, and see if I need to speed up my walk. The longer I look, the more I realize I want to keep on gawking for a completely different reason.

She’s gorgeous. I haven’t even gotten a chance at her face, and I’m on the verge of drooling. Long flowing hair cascades down her back and comes to a stop about a foot above her plump, round ass. Milky white, long, slender legs poke out of the bottom of her skirt and come to an end in designer platform sneakers.

“Mr. Callahan, I don’t think it would be appropriate.” Close enough to hear her speak now, my feelings are only amplified. It’s like heaven’s gates opened up, and the very angels up above started singing straight into my brain.

“It’s dinner. Drinks. Nothing serious,” Callahan replies, killing the vibe.

“You’re my professor. It’ll send the wrong message.” She’s using every trick she can

to get out of this. A flat-out no might piss him off, but appealing to his career might do the trick.

Very clever.

She flicks her brunette hair over one shoulder and turns to him, with it comes my first glimpse of her face. A side view portrait of a walking goddess. Dripping sexy, sultry perfection. Awestruck and dazed, I nearly stop dead in my tracks.

Had I seen her under different circumstances, I might have too. But I'm close enough to them now that I can intervene if necessary. It seems neither knows I'm here, with their backs turned to me. Probably for the best, since the element of surprise can go a long way in coming out on top.

"No one has to find out," he says.

Creepy professor and sexy student? A tale as old as time. I guess Boulder breeds this depravity. It's a small town in the middle of nowhere, with the highlight being Winchester University. If it isn't students, it's older couples like the Winthrops. So, I can hardly blame Callahan for approaching someone this stunning.

Still, no means no. Even if it is veiled by niceties to spare his feelings.

"Mr. Callahan?—"

He reaches a hand to her.

"Lora—"

"She said no." My time to strike before his decrepit fingers get anywhere near her. Lora. The stunning beauty who will no doubt plague my dreams this evening, and

many more to come, I'm sure. "So you better drop that hand."

"Jesus." Callahan jumps to the side, putting distance between himself and Lora. "You scared the piss out of me."

"And if you're not careful, I'll beat it out of you next," I snarl.

Rake thin, gaunt features, and bulging eyes, he doesn't look like much of a threat. But I'm too smart to go on themaybesandwhat-ifs.

All it takes is a stray bullet to find yourself six feet under.

The brunette bombshell skips back at my sudden intrusion, and her hand instantly shoots up to her chest, just above her heart. She stares up at me with two powder blue saucers for eyes, slack-jawed as she drinks in the sheer size of me.

If I thought I saw a goddess from behind, the front of her can't be quantified in words. She's perfect.Perfect. Flawless elegance from crown to toe. Delicate face, pearly white smile, ample bosom, and slender hips. Everything I look at invites meto explore further. Uncover the secrets of her magnificence and never look away.

"Is he giving you trouble, miss?" I clear my throat, trying to catch myself from falling too far.

"No." Her soft, calm voice trickles down my ear like honey. "There's no trouble at all."

I turn my attention back to the professor before my gawking becomes a problem. She's already had one creep lusting after her tonight, and I don't want to become the second.

“Yeah, no trouble.” Callahan starts recoiling away from me when my attention falls back on him. “No trouble at all.”

Guess I’ll have to be the judge of that, and after seeing her, I might be a little biased.

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LORA

“Idon’t know what you think’s going on here, but it isn’t anything like that.” Professor Callahan appeals to the behemoth towering over us.

A little tickle of tightening nerves in my belly tells me that there is no appealing to this monster. His judgment is final, and he acts as judge, jury, and executioner all bundled in one.

“So, you aren’t making unwanted advances at someone who clearly showed no sign of interest?” His scowling lips barely part to say the words, but they still manage to carry the burning intensity swirling in his golden eyes.

“Let me just get out of here before this blows up further.” Professor Callahan speaks with the same stoicism he uses in the lecture hall.

“I’m surprised you haven’t fucked off already.” A deep rumbling emits from the monster’s chest.

I gulp down a dry swallow. It should be out of fear, I think. That the devil I know is being chased away by one far bigger and farscarier. But it isn’t. My nervously dry throat has nothing to do with him being intimidating. At least not the aggressive side of it.

It’s because this is the closest I’ve come to someone catching my eye since I moved to Boulder. Living in an all-girl dorm doesn’t make it any easier, and my wild years of partying have passed me by while I study for my master’s in psychology.

Definitely helps that behind the thick padding of muscle that makes up everything below the neck, he's incredibly easy on the eyes. His strong jaw carries a light coat of fuzz, enhancing his already terrifying demeanor. Hazel eyes twinkle beneath the streetlamp overhead, seemingly swirling endless beauty behind their intensity.

Callahan doesn't speak again as he starts walking backward across the street, keeping an eye on the giant as he goes.

"I suppose a thank you is in order." I speak once the professor is in his car, shuffling madly to get it started.

"Nah, not at all. Don't thank me for taking out the trash." His gaze remains fixed on Callahan, long after the threat is gone. "It's a duty and a pleasure."

"Your wife must love you then." Where did that come from? Because I know it isn't with good intentions. I haven't stopped gawking and fawning at him since he blasted his way into my conversation with Callahan, and hearing him say he's married would pour salt in a wound that shouldn't even exist.

He lifts his enormous hands and waggles his thick fingers around to show me he isn't wearing a ring. Well, that's not true. He's wearing several, some with skulls, others simple gold, but none in that sacred position on his left hand.

"Maybe someday, but for now, it's a thankless job."

Only once Callahan's car is halfway down the road does he turn down to look at me. But like my own, his eyes can't seem to settle in one place. They scan my cheeks, follow the length of my hair trailing down my shoulder, a few haphazard glances even make it to the high V-cut of my blouse, and my cheeks instantly set ablaze.

Looking too deeply into it can't be a good idea. He's a man, and men like to look at

women, but not like this. Clenching down so hard that his jaw pronounces even further. Scattering glances returning to my face, so I can't be certain if he is stealing cheeky glances.

"James Knight." He offers a hand and I take it. It's rough and calloused, telling of his years working with them. "But everyone calls me Knight."

"Fitting." A smile breaks over my face.

"Why's that?"

I don't pull my hand away immediately when the shake is over. There's no hidden subtext behind the action, but I just like the feeling of his in mine. He isn't trying to rush away, either.

That has to count for something, right?

"Your name, silly." I giggle. "A valiant knight coming to save a damsel in distress."

"I may be a knight, but valiant isn't the word I'd use to describe myself." He scoffs, shaking his head as our hands slip apart. If he weren't a complete stranger, I'd snatch it right back.

"Lora Bailey," I conclude our greeting. "But everyone calls me Lora."

"Well, Lora Bailey, I'm not everyone." He looks over his shoulder at the gas station he must've come from. "How about I give you a ride home?"

"How could I refuse an offer like that?" If even just to spend a few more minutes in his company.

I peek around his side and don't see a car at the station. Hell, I don't see cars anywhere on the road. That can only mean the bike is his.

"Yup, that's mine," he answers my question before I even have a chance to think it.

"What can I say? Every knight needs his stallion, and a sedan wouldn't quite cut it."

We both chuckle at his joke.

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“Where am I taking you?” he asks, and we walk toward his bike.

“Winchester’s female dorm.”

“Should’ve seen that one coming.” We get to his bike, and Knight lifts the seat to expose a hidden compartment where he tucks a bag with the gas station’s logo inside.

“Does that mean you’re new around here?”

“Sure am,” I sigh. “Haven’t quite caught my bearings around Boulder yet.”

“Well, if there’s anything I can do to make your transition easier, I’m just a call away.” As if waiting for an opportunity, Knight slips a hand into his pocket and pulls out an off-white business card.

I tuck it into my purse, knowing I’ll probably use it sooner rather than later.

“She’s beautiful,” I say, eyeing the machine. I don’t want to get my hopes up that Knight’s gesture wasn’t purely to give me his number. But that doesn’t mean I’m not telling the truth, either. His motorcycle is very pretty, with an all-black body, apart from a few red streaks running through it. What isn’t painted is polished chrome, gleaming beneath the lights.

“You’re lucky.” He sits and offers me a hand to help me behind him. “She feels the same way about you.”

Maybe it’s my nerves talking, but that sure sounds like he’s flirting with me.

If I weren't nervous about taking my first ride on the back of someone else's motorcycle, I'd be chuckling like a goofball. I'm sure of it. But to set my mind at ease, Knight reaches to the side and grabs a helmet. Like his bike, it's black, but it has his name running across the side.

"Take this. Nothing's gonna happen, but I'm in the habit of delivering precious cargo unharmed."

Oh. My. God.

He is flirting with me.

"Don't you need it?" I ask, but snatch the helmet anyway. It's loose-fitting around my head, but it'll do enough to keep me safe anyway.

"Hard as rocks up here." He knocks against the side of his head lightly. And before I have a chance to answer, he starts his bike, and we start to move. I fling my hands around his belly and latch onto him tightly as we pull away from the gas station and onto the road.

But it doesn't take long for my nerves to settle down, and the short ride to my dorm is a pleasure instead of a cause of dread.

The engine comes to a stop in front of my dormitory building, and Knight waits for me to get off first. He joins me, eyes scanning the length of the street as he does, to ensure there aren't any more ne'er-do-wells running about.

"Are you always this cautious?" I ask, as we start walking to my door.

"In my line of work, it's a necessity," he admits. "But no. I guess I'm just on high alert because of what happened."

And because it's me in the firing line? A nice thought, but probably not.

"Well, you can rest easy knowing Professor Callahan has no way of getting into my dorm room." I gesture toward the front of the building, where one woman in a guard's outfit stares at us with a feverish scowl, and another sits at a desk inside. "No one's passing those two. Not even you."

"It's good to know I'm not the only one on the job trying to protect you" —he smirks— "even if it does mean I can't sneak in."

This man and my burning cheeks are a match made in heaven.

"So, you'd have tried then, huh?" I raise a playful brow at him.

Knight stops abruptly, and mortification washes over his face. "No. I'd never. I mean?—"

"Easy, big guy." I rest a hand on the side of his arm to settle the racing thoughts. "I'm fucking with you."

"Good because I wasn't talking myself out of that one," he admits, and I laugh.

We walk the rest of the way to the door, stopping in front of the very grumpy-looking guard.

"So, do you do this often? Or am I a one-time thing?" Everything that comes out of my mouth seems filthier than I intend it to be.

"Often," he says. "Most nights are quiet, but you never know when someone might be in need. We keep focused, so the people of Boulder can rest easy."

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“We?” I raise a brow, growing more intrigued with this man by the second.

“The Knight Riders. My club.” His eyes harden. “There’s too much injustice in this world. Folks who can’t help themselves. Weak, scared. We step in when no one else will.”

“And you aren’t worried something might happen to you?” I cross my arms over my chest.

“Nah, not really. I’m a big boy. I signed up for it. But making the world a better place, one small step at a time, is a life worth living if you ask me.” He cranes his neck to look at me.

This time, his eyes don’t wander. They remain fixed somewhere between my eyes and the bridge of my nose, as if searching my face for an answer my mouth might not give.

“I agree.” It’s the truth. What Knight and his crew are doing is admirable. But I get the feeling that scaring off professors isn’t the bulk of their job description. And it’s those hidden points I don’t know about that would be the worrisome side.

“It’s all just taking out the trash to me.” He smiles, and it looks so natural on his face. But it quickly melts away to the same hardened intensity I first saw on him. “Your teacher ... does he give you a lot of trouble?”

It was bound to come up eventually. Straying away from light, airy teasing to the reason Knight’s at my side in the first place. Did it really have to be this damn soon?

“No,” I sigh, fixing my eyes on the ground. “Not yet? I don’t know. I’m new in town, and he hasn’t had much of an opportunity, I guess. But I don’t think he’ll be much of an issue after you set him straight.”

The last part is purely to still the anger brewing inside Knight’s eyes.

“You’d think so.” I feel his hand on my shoulder, and my eyes shoot up to his face. “But you can never be too careful with men like him. It’s better to be safe than sorry.”

Overly protective, and a reassuring touch. That’s all this is. I really shouldn’t look any deeper into it.

“I understand. I’ll keep an eye on him and make sure nothing else happens.”

“And if it does, you call me.” His face softens around the lips as they lift for a smile. “Night or day, I’ll be there.”

Heat rises to my cheeks at the thought of his card inside my bag.

“Is this an offer you make to every damsel in distress, or are you just this dang smooth?” I tilt my head to the side, feeling the first tick of a naughty smile growing over my face.

“Can’t it be a little bit of both?” He brushes an arm up and down my shoulder before pulling it away. “But let me not keep you. I don’t think she’s very happy with me being this close to the building as is.” His eyes playfully dance toward the guard in front, glaring at the two of us.

“You stay safe out there, okay?” I take my first step away from Knight’s side since he saved me. I almost feel lost without his massive frame towering over me.

He waits for me to get inside before he makes his way back to his motorcycle.

But his departure doesn't fill me with dread that I'll never see him again. This is the start of something fun, I knew it from the second we were alone.

And I can't wait to see where this road leads us.

3

KNIGHT

Three days, I've been her tail. Following from the shadows when permitted, and on my bike when they didn't. And the longer I keep my eyes on her, the happier I am to do it. Personal reasons aside, if she hasn't noticed me following her around, I can't risk that she wouldn't notice someone smaller. Callahan springs to mind, a rat who scurries around with bad intentions. But what scares me most is that he's too smart to approach her out in the open. Especially now, with me on his case.

He won't make a move until he knows he can corner her.

And I'm not going to let that happen.

So, I follow her. From dorm to school and back again. Most nights are late. Lora likes to spend time after classes at the library to study longer. I've gotta give the girl credit where it's due. She's committed to her cause, and it's incredibly admirable.

Tonight's different, though. Instead of spending a late night surrounded by books and study notes, Lora took a cab out of our small town and into the big city a half hour's drive away. I followed on my motorcycle, loving the open road and hard wind beating against my skin. Doing nightly drives in Boulder has the benefit of keeping folks safe, but cruising the highway becomes a luxury I can rarely afford.

But the Knight Riders make it a habit of wearing our colors and taking longer trips at least once a month. Gotta keep our faces in the public eye, lest the world think we've gone soft.

Her cab stops outside a restaurant, and she quickly disembarks. The place is too fancy for a get-together with the girls on a wild night out, and with the distance involved, something tells me she's trying to keep them out of these plans.

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A romantic engagement? A date? That would make the most sense. Putting distance between whoever's waiting for her and her sorority.

Ah, fuck.

If I've misread the signs, then I'm a dickhead sitting on the back of my bike watching it happen. My heart sinks into my guts, but still I sit. I've made it a vow to keep her safe, and with the rest of the Knight Riders on patrol in Boulder, I've got all the time in the world.

Hell, am I totally fucked in the head for hoping things go sour with her new partner? That maybe, he fucks up, and she calls me to save her. I can swoop in, knock him around, show her that I'm the only man she needs.

That'll go a long way in convincing her that I'm the right man for this job...

The right man for her.

"Relax, Knight," I grumble under my breath. You're fighting a straw man that doesn't even exist.

For all I know, she's here alone. Or meeting her parents to catch up after her first few weeks at Winchester University. There are a number of things that could be happening, and I shouldn't jump to the first negative conclusion.

But it's while I deliberate on the vast extent of my current situation that I feel my cellphone buzz in my pocket. An unknown number with a message that reads:

Come in.

Join me for dinner.

If blushing was something I did regularly, I'm sure my cheeks would be red as a tomato now. She's known the whole time. No doubt set this whole thing up to see if I'd follow her all the way here.

And here I thought she was young, reckless, and stumbling through life without a care in the world. Maybe my concerns about the professor are unfounded after all.

I pocket my phone and head inside. No point delaying the inevitable, and to be honest, I could go for a good meal.

She's sitting at a table with a bottle of wine and two glasses in front of her when I arrive. A beautifully bright, beaming smile overshadowing the fancy restaurant in which we find ourselves. But inside it radiates a naughtiness I can't quite place.

"You look beautiful tonight." There's no reason to hide my intrigue. This restaurant is too fancy, and her dress is too revealing for me to miss the signals this time. "I feel a little out of place."

Looking around the main lobby, the rest of the tables are staring straight back. We're out of my turf, and these people don't know me. They probably see the leather jacket-wearing tank, with tattoos running across his body, as a criminal. A monster who's coming to pilfer what belongs to them.

Well, they can rest easy. I'm only here to pilfer one thing—Lora's heart.

And maybe the soaking treasure between her thighs.

“You shouldn’t.” She gestures to the seat opposite her, and I take it. “Who cares what a bunch of rich snobs think anyway?”

“Definitely not me. But it does make me wonder why you brought us here, of all places.” I raise a brow and cross my arms over my chest.

It takes every ounce of strength I can muster to keep my eyes on hers instead of letting them wander. From my peripheral vision, I can see how deep the neckline of her dress is. How her cleavage spills out the top, inviting my leering without care or concern.

“Because I wanted to see if you’d actually do it,” Lora answers. “Follow me all the way out here.”

A waiter stops by our table and gives me a funny look. I give him one back, and his eyes widen in fear at the sight. Yup, I’m still fully in control here. Their expressions don’t mean much when I’m still the meanest bastard in the room.

“And are you pleased with the answer you’ve gotten?” I ask.

The waiter’s intrusion settles me. Between his awkward gawking to make me know I don’t belong and pouring two glasses of red, he gave me a way out from staring at Lora.

God knows I’d do it for the rest of my life if I could, but right now I don’t want to let myself slip too far off the deep end.

“Yes. Very.” She reaches for her glass of wine. “I spotted you the next night. At first, I thought I was being silly, since it was right where you scared Callahan off the first time,” she starts. My logic was sound. A criminal always returns to the scene of the crime, and I wasn’t going to miss an opportunity to fuck him up if he hadn’t heeded

my word. But he never pitched up, and Lora never seemed scared. I guess things couldn't have gone bad during the day. "But I realized it wasn't just for him when it happened again and again and..."

She pauses and takes her first sip of the wine. Putting on a display, she extends her arm in a wide angle and presses out her chest to make sure I get a glimpse of what's waiting beneath it.

"And now we're here. And buying you dinner is the least I can do, with all you've been doing for me."

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“Buying me dinner? No, no, it’s gonna be the other way around.” Chivalry isn’t dead. It’s just hidden beneath layers of taking control.

“Well, that’s too bad, Mr. Knight.” She snickers and ruffles her nose at me. “I squared up before I invited you in.”

A naughty smirk trickles at the corners of my lips. “Well, I hope you know I can eat. A LOT. You might’ve put your wallet in jeopardy.”

“Who said it’s my wallet taking the fall?” She winks at me, and my cock spikes upward.

Good God, we’re lucky it isn’t knocking on the bottom of the table.

I grab the wine glass by the stem and raise it in the air to toast. I’m sure it’s full of some expensive blend that my pedestrian palate wouldn’t be able to appreciate, but who am I to decline a free drink?

“Then a toast to a lovely night in great company,” I say, watching as her face twists into a devious smile.

4

LORA

Rich, absent parents make nights like this easier, I suppose. Had I been a struggling student, getting Knight out of his comfort zone would have been harder. Instead of a

fancy restaurant, it would be a burger joint in Boulder. And while I find nothing wrong with burgers, fries, and draughts out of shoe-shaped tankards, I'd never know if he would actually follow me anywhere and everywhere.

Getting him out of his comfort zone isn't to take control, however. It's about lowering his guard and getting to know the man beneath the thick leather jacket. Learn more about James Knight, the man, not the monster, who runs his motorcycle club.

So far, everything's going exactly to plan. He's even started relaxing and smiling more.

After two glasses of wine, Knight moved on to whiskey. Shortly after the first arrived, so too did our dinner. Steak and confit potato fries for him, and a quarter chicken with vegetables for me. We ate in moderate silence, savoring the food, though I suppose Knight still hadn't found his groove in the new environment.

"Gotta say, as skeptical as I was coming in here, the food's pretty fucking good," Knight says, taking a small sip from his glass.

"Good meal, better company, how can we complain, right?" Try as I might to fight a smile from growing on my face, my cheeks lift anyway.

"I haven't had much to complain about since..." He pauses, reluctantly taking another swig from his glass. "Well, since I met you."

There it is. Exactly what I wanted to hear. His interest was evident from his haphazard following, but getting confirmation that he's more interested in me than just the damsel in distress on our first meeting is music to my ears.

"Is that right?" My smile widens, and my cheeks immediately start to burn.

Knight nods and fights away his own forming grin. “It does make me wonder, though.” He sets his glass down on the table and leans forward, staring past my eyes and into my soul. His smoldering gaze is enough to make my heart melt into a puddle between my thighs, but with ever-burning cheeks, I wait for him to finish. “Why a pretty little thing like you has any interest in a guy like me.”

Being this forward is out of character for me. I’m better suited to burning the midnight oil, buried in a stack of books, rather than being out and taking what I want. But James Knight has broken down those barriers without needing to try. Where I’ve pushed him out of his comfort zone, he’s doing the same to me. Making me do and say things I could never imagine, out of fear of losing him to the next pretty girl who might catch his eye.

“Because a guy like you is every girl’s fantasy at some point in their life.” An involuntary wink accompanies. “Tattoos, leather jacket, a scowl so deep it could kill.”

Pure. Fucking. Badassery.

There’s no better way to describe it. Him. He drips intensity and raw aggression from head to toe, and I want it all directed at me. From the second I saw him, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it. Knight’s strong hands wrapped around my waist, pulling me into an unforgettable kiss that leaves me weak-kneed and desperate for more. Or the scent of his musky cologne as our bodies tangle and twine across his bed.

“You should be careful, Lora.” He smirks, running two fingers over the rim of his glass. “Flattery like that might make me lose control.”

“So?” I wiggle an eyebrow at him, joining him in leaning closer over the table. We’re still in a very public setting, and I feel our conversation is heading in one direction. It’s definitely not for their ears. “Why try and stay in control when letting loose is all

the more fun?”

“It’s like you’ve got a direct line to what my soul craves, y’know that?” Knight chuckles, as one of his hands slides over the table, resting over mine.

The heat from his fingertips sends a warm jolt of electricity up my spine. And there’s a look in his eyes I can’t quite place. It’s so inviting, tantalizing, as if he wants to lean over the table and kiss me where I sit. Kick off whatever I planned for the rest of the night, right here in front of everyone.

I want him to. And if he’s not going to, I want to do it myself. Fully surrender to this strange mix of feelings and emotions that came out of nowhere, and haven’t released me since the night we met.

“Is that a good thing or a bad thing?” Shaky words pass my quivering lip. Knight has barely done anything, but I’m the one left in a mess.

“It’s better than you could ever imagine,” he says huskily before releasing my hand and pulling himself back.

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Once he's leaning back in his chair, lifting his glass back to his lips, do I notice the reason for his sudden retreat. Our waiter has returned, with his silver tray in hand and a chocolate pudding sitting on top. Two spoons, four strawberries circling the ramekin coated in icing sugar.

"Is there anything else I can get for you?" the waiter asks as he places the dessert between Knight and me.

"Not for me," the big man says.

"Nor me," I add.

The waiter steps away, leaving us to our treat.

Knight grabs a spoon and gets a big scoop of the pudding onto it. He grabs one of the strawberries next, carefully placing it on top of the mound of gooey chocolate. I expect him to take the big bite himself, but instead he leans forward again, offering it to me.

With another wave of heat flushing my cheeks, I open my mouth wide and accept his offer. It fills my cheeks to the brim, and a devious smile tugs at the corner of his bearded face.

"Better not fill up too much," he teases, scooping another bite onto his spoon before taking a bite himself. "You should save some room for me."

And as good as the chocolate pudding is, that sentence sends me over the moon.

Having lost all need for pretenses, Knight's crude joke is exactly what I needed to hear to know that we're in sync.

Chewing and swallowing the portion he gave me as quickly as my cheeks will allow, I wipe away any remnants of chocolate and icing that may remain and stare him square in the eyes.

"Then how about we skip the dessert and get to the fun part?" I say with as much seriousness as I can muster, feeling butterflies swarming in my belly.

Without another word, Knight drops the spoon and jumps to his feet, offering a hand to help me up from the table. I accept, and he whisks me out of my chair, basically sprinting from our table to the front door. He doesn't stop until we're outside, next to his bike.

"You must think I'm all sorts of desperate." There's a playfulness to his tone that makes me giggle.

"I'm the one who pushed, aren't I?" I snake a hand over his shoulder. "If you're desperate, what does that say about me?"

Hooking the same hand around his neck, I swing the other around his waist. I'm practically hanging onto him with how tall he is. Trying to keep this position, my feet barely stay on the ground, but Knight rests his hands on my waist and lifts me a little higher to ease the strain.

"That you're fucking perfect," he says.

Knight doesn't give me time to process those words before he flings himself at me for a hot, passionate, and breathtaking kiss.

Thank fuck he's holding me up. Otherwise, I'd have fallen to my ass by now.

Yeah, I knew I made the right choice in pursuing this. James Knight is everything I could've asked for and so much more.

5

KNIGHT

An anguishing ten minutes later, we're in a hotel room, with a room towering over the city. But there's no time to take in the view or enjoy the luxuries the hotel has to offer. Lora has a different idea, and she's made it very clear the entire way over.

It started with her hands lowering down my body while we rode over here on my motorcycle. From my abs to my belt, and finally against my crotch. She was holding on tight, just like I said she must, but I couldn't have bargained for a tight grip against my shaft, practically stroking it the whole way over.

I'd have to be a fool not to know whatlet's grab a hotel and spend a night heremeant. It's a half-hour drive back to Boulder, and I'd have done it with her on the back of my bike if she wanted to go.

She didn't want to go. And now we're here, standing in the open-plan living room of a hotel, staring at each other like we're aliens. Wandering eyes drinking in every breath. Imagination running wild about what's hiding under that dress, when by the end of tonight, I'll have the answer.

Wait, fuck.

She's staring at my cock.

Wide-eyed.

Nervous.

Excited.

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Looking down, I can see why. The front of my jeans tents up and out in her direction. Her hands fidget at her sides, as if she wants to reach out and touch it. Take it in a tight grip and deliver the same treatment she gave me on the bike.

“Like what you see?” I break the silence, keeping my tone light. I’m struggling to hold onto the single thread keeping me in control, but I must.

If it were up to me, I’d be balls deep inside her tight cunt already. Fucking her brains out over the kitchen counter and leaving my eternal mark burned deep inside her womb. That’s why I have to hold back, play nice, and pretend I’m not on the verge of losing my fucking mind over her.

It’s our first time. She has to be in control, at least for now. We take it at her pace until she’s comfortable relinquishing control. After all, we’ve got the whole night to enjoy ourselves. Why rush it?

“Do I ever?” she answers with a goofy smile that only widens the longer her eyes remain locked on my manhood. “I’m gonna kiss you now.”

“What was that?” The nonchalant way she speaks catches me off guard, and I could almost fool myself into thinking she didn’t just say it.

Yet, Lora flings herself at me like a wrecking ball. Our bodies collide, hands lock onto whatever they can grab, and mouths meet in a tantalizing embrace. The sudden impact makes me step back, and I connect with the sofa, toppling into it.

Lora doesn’t give me a second to catch myself, falling straight on top of me, with her

hands shooting to my head. She straddles my hips and pulls me deeper into the kiss, as soft whimpers of desire squeak out of her mouth and into mine.

I grab two firm handfuls of her bountiful ass, and while we continue to kiss, I find the strength to lift us both up. She giggles into my mouth as her position suddenly shifts, and her arms tighten around my neck for stability. But the motion only pulls her deeper into the kiss until she's so lost in it, Lora doesn't even notice we're moving.

Walking blind, I somehow manage to avoid the well-laid-out obstacles in my path. From the living room to the bedroom, nothing stops my march until my knees knock against the bed. It's only then, as her feet brush against the silk linen neatly tightened around the king-sized bed, that she pulls away and takes in her surroundings.

"The bedroom, huh?" Still close enough, her hot breath tickles my lips.

I peck hers, relishing in the sensation of her full, soft lips against mine. "Thought we should check the place out."

What I really want to say is that there's no way I'm about to experience her body for the first time on some uncomfortable designer sofa made to look good for the guests but provide no actual support. If we're doing this, we're doing it right. She'll be treated like the princess she is, no question about it.

Lora snaps her head from side to side before her eyes settle on mine again.

"I'd rather keep checking you out," she concludes with a devilish grin.

"My thoughts exactly." I lower her, and she plants her feet into the bed, leaving her standing at eye level with me. And though I can tell she's expecting me to give her another kiss, my hands have other plans.

They sink and tickle their way down her body until they reach the bottom of her dress. As if controlled by a mind of their own, they start lifting the soft material higher, and my eyes sink to find what they expose. Her thighs, the see-through blue of her panties, a well-toned tummy, and finally, as it flies over her head, two mountains held in place with a matching bra.

If it wasn't bad already, every ounce of blood seems to rush straight to my cock, and I nearly collapse at the sight of her nearly-nude body. My legs can hardly hold me upright, and I give them the go-ahead to collapse as I fall forward, pulling Lora down with me.

I start by kissing her again, but it quickly devolves into my mouth traversing her body. From her lips to her jaw, down her neck, chest, and breasts. By the time I realize what I'm doing, my face is against her panties, tongue lashing against her thighs, searching for any taste of her delicious nectar that may have spilled.

Good God, what has this woman done to me? She's left me a desperate mess who can't think straight unless it's thoughts of her.

And I'm fucking living for it.

"Oh shit, that feels so good," she mewls from above me. Her breathing has hastened in my sudden exploration of her body. Her hips are arched, and she's driving her sex into my face.

She wants this as badly as I do, so who am I to deny her this pleasure?

I use my lips to peel away her panties, and turn to a stone statue at the first sight of her slick pussy. Begging for my touch in dripping eagerness. Using my hands to finish the job, I yank her panties down her legs and discard them at the foot of the bed.

“I’ve been waiting for this for so fucking long.” I’m hungry, and all it wants to do is get a taste.

It’s been three days, but it might as well have been three lifetimes. The instant I saw her, I knew my life as a single rebel without a cause was over. Lora would be mine, no matter what I had to do to get her.

“Then why are you still waiting?” She’s on her elbows now, peering down at me over the two pillows on her chest.

Her question gives me pause. Why am I waiting? Staring at her wet pussy like a fucking moron when I can be buried in it instead?

I don’t bother answering, or maybe I can’t, as the alluring call of her gooey center draws me nearer. My tongue slithers out of my mouth, making first contact with the soaked flesh, and my mind implodes at the sudden sweet, salty taste flooding my mouth.

Lora releases a choked yelp, and her elbows give way to drop her onto her back once more. Her hips return to their raised position, pressing every inch of soaked flesh she can get against my tongue.

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While my tongue gets to work lapping at her hot flesh, my hands start working the bonds of my belt. Without missing a beat against her pussy, I discard my layers one by one apart from my shirt. There's no way I'm going to stop to pull it overhead when I have the satisfaction of her wriggling thighs against my head.

With layers shed, and my face sufficiently coated in her goodness, I latch onto her hips and pull myself up her body. Every inch and motion makes my body start to vibrate at an incredible speed. I kiss her again, bashing my tongue through her lips and giving her a taste of her delicious nectar. My dick finds its way to that sacred place between Lora's thighs, poking and prodding haphazardly while I lose myself to her.

"Put it inside me," Lora moans huskily between kisses. "Fill me up, make me cry out, don't stop 'til I'm numb."

She wants it as much as I do. Hell, with the way she's barking orders, maybe she wants it more.

Shoving my hand between our bodies, I grab the base of my cock in a firm, if not shaky, fist. I run it against her slickness, coat the tip in her liquid, and stop myself from crying out in sheer exhilaration of what I'm about to do to her fresh cunt.

"Give it to me," she groans, rotating her hips against my motions. My swollen head, pressing and prodding against her eager lips, stroking up to her hood.

She emits sounds of pleasure that send me over the fucking moon. Every action, no matter how big or small, rouses another thrilling sound to tickle my brain and push me

closer to the edge of losing control.

It's a miracle I've managed to hold on this long, but looking into her big puppy dog eyes, eager and ready, is the final straw. I can't hold back anymore. Don't want to, either. I'm ready to give myself to her in full and take her as mine in turn.

Sliding my tip down the length of her pussy again, I slide it between her walls. My body gives up on me, and I fall forward as her tightness closes around my throbbing head.

"Ah, fuck." The only words I can muster as I try to lift my weight off Lora.

Raising up onto my elbows, my cock slithers deeper inside Lora's chamber. Every inch forces her eyes further to the back of her skull, as she stifles moans and deep, guttural grunts. I could listen to this for hours, her exquisite releases of pleasure and desire.

Who am I kidding? Now that I've had a taste, I'll be hearing these sounds for the rest of my life. And it's time she learns it.

"You're mine now, Lora." My voice is husky, feral. Savage. I'm planting my flag deep inside this uncharted womb. Staking my claim with no intention of ever releasing it.

"Yours." She fights the words out between her angelic noises of pleasure. "All yours."

Her saying it back sends me hurtling over the edge. Deep into the grip of lustful depravity, and I'm fucking loving it. I slide my length out of her slowly before slamming it forward with as much force as I can muster. Her soaked pussy receives me in full, as if perfectly carved for my cock to nestle inside.

She bucks her hips against my cock, and I spasm forward, inadvertently driving my face between her breasts. I can't stop myself from kissing them through her bra. Over it. Lapping at cotton, or silk, or whatever the fuck it is to feel those two perky orbs against my mouth while I drive thrust after glorious fucking thrust, as deep as she'll take me.

Lora bounces rhythmically in time with my thrusts as the sounds of slapping meat, anguished moans, and heavy panting fill the air. Frantic giggling now accompanies her wild movements.

A few more thrusts are all it takes to feel that all-too-familiar feeling of my own release on the horizon. Lost in her throes, my body rushes from lust-hungry monstrosity, to teetering on the verge of come-drunk whimpering.

No, fuck, not yet. Hold it together. I fight against my natural urges, but it's a losing battle.

Excruciating pleasure streams through my entire body. Every part of me lost to every part of her.

"I'm close," I groan, half-hoping Lora will slow her slamming hips. God knows I can't stop myself from driving deeper into her.

She doesn't. Instead, a devilish twinkle floods her baby blues, and she kicks her legs around my body and uses them to pull deeper.

"Come for me, baby," she whispers, repeating the sentence twice, growing ever more hysterical with each iteration. The first was enough for me.

I roar out into the night as my body betrays me, exploding in euphoric agony as I empty my balls inside of Lora.

Try as I might to keep myself up, it's all in vain, toppling on top of her again and locking our lips in another deep, intense embrace.

This is it. My life will never be the same again, but it's only up from here with Lora in it.

6

LORA

Silent darkness engulfs the university grounds when I step out of the library and onto the court leading to my exit. I hate having to end my studies this late. Not because Boulder's a particularly dangerous town. Everyone seems to understand their role underneath the Knight Rider's thumb, but that can only take the edge off so far.

After eight, it's still a long, empty street from the university to my dorm building. Empty and quiet, apart from the sound of a few animals in alleyways or chirping birds in the scattered trees.

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Tonight has me on a certain kind of edge. Probably because I know it's the first time Knight hasn't been watching me since we met. He told me who wouldn't be around this morning when he dropped me off. Said he had business back at the club to tend to.

I thought I'd be fine and reassured him as such. Still floating on a cloud after our magical night we shared together to think straight. I knew I'd spend a few extra hours in the library, but I expected to be out before the sun set completely.

Now, staring down the long stretch of empty black apart from a few street lights overhead, I regret everything.

A sound from an alley to my right makes me jump as I pass it. With a lamp overhead providing light in my general vicinity, staring into the dark is a pointless endeavor. My night eyes have been burned away, and the longer I look into the shadows, the more my mind starts playing tricks on me. Swirling inky shadows drifting into the shapes of a person. Of people. Approaching me slowly at first, but quicker as I start to walk away again.

Fuck.

I grab my phone and text Knight.

Busy? Feeling scared and could use backup

Along with a dropped pin of my location.

As much as I don't want to bother Knight, he makes me feel safe. And the picture in my head of his big, strong arms around my body while he carries me all the way home ... God, it sounds like heaven.

To avoid a mishap of being caught outside alone, I head into a twenty-four-hour convenience store. I've used it a few times since I moved here, and built a bit of a relationship with the old man running the shop. He greets me as I enter, and to avoid alarming him that I might be in danger, I head down the aisles as if I'm looking for something.

But reaching the farthest end of the store, with a view of the entryway door through the aisle, I've made a terrible mistake. Because there he is, standing inside it, dressed in all black fromhead to toe, with gloves and all. The creature I saw hidden in the shadows, waiting for its time to strike.

Professor Callahan.

Come on, Lora. Relax. You're acting crazy.

There's as high a likelihood that Professor Callahan is here to buy something for dinner as he is following me around. In fact, the former is far more realistic than the latter. Before anything else, he's my professor, and he won't risk his career and, knowing Knight, his life to have another shot at me.

Those thoughts are immediately dashed when he spots me down the row of canned goods and starts making his way over.

I draw in a few deep breaths, watching him near me. There's still a chance he'll break off, stop in the middle somewhere, and grab a few tomato cans. Or better still, maybe he's coming over to offer me help instead of doing something creepy.

I'll decline it immediately, of course, but I still shouldn't expect the worst when nothing has?—

“There you are.” Those three words are enough to shatter any illusions that he's here for anything other than something twisted.

Fear claws at my chest as soon as he opens his mouth, and I fight back my urges to scream. Had it been any other sentence, I might've mistaken it for something else.

But those words imply he's been looking for me. Hunting me. And now he has me. Cornered in the farthest end of a long grocery store.

“Professor? Can I help you with something?” I do my best to appear strong, but my shaky voice betrays me. “You could've emailed if it was something urgent.”

Emailed, waited until tomorrow at uni, anything apart from trapping me in a grocery store.

“It couldn't wait.” He doesn't stop walking even as he nears me. Not until I've taken a few more steps and tucked myself anxiously into the corner between a refrigerator and a shelf full of pet food. “I had to see you, Lora, without James Knight getting in the way of things.”

“He won't be happy when he hears about th?—”

“And that's why he won't be hearing about it,” Professor Callahan snarls as his face starts to twitch in anger. “I'm rather upset at his intrusion the other day. We were making good ground.”

“Professor, I don't want to send you the wrong message, so I'll say it clearly.” I gulp down, harvesting every ounce of strength I can muster. “I'm not interested in going

out with you, and I would appreciate it if you respect my wishes.”

“And I’d appreciate it if you heard me out without jumping to conclusions,” he hisses in response.

He hasn’t tried to touch me yet, and for that I’m thankful. But with how hot he’s entered this conversation, I don’t see myself walking away from it unscathed. The best I can do is cry out for the shop owner’s assistance and hope he isn’t afraid of what the professor might do.

What pisses me off most about this whole situation is having to rely on a stranger’s aid when it comes to a man I should be able to trust. Professor Callahan has taken on his role as teacher and guide to the students, and he’s betraying that trust without care or concern.

But the more I think about it, the more uncomfortable I become.

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If he's doing it this freely and out in the open, I can't be the first poor soul he's approached.

But if luck is on my side, and Knight received my message, I might just be the last.

7

KNIGHT

"I've got a bad feeling about this, Knight," Talon, my second-in-command, interrupts my workout. I'm on my ninth rep of my sixth set, and my arms are burning, almost as badly as my temper.

"There's no reason to panic." Not yet anyway.

"There's a lot to worry about with two factories opening up just outside Boulder." Talon watches me do my bicep curls, but it's more like he's looking through the action than at it. As if staring deep into the void, and unluckily, it's staring right back.

"Like what?" I have my own theories as to the potential chaos a mega-corporation's factories might bring, but I want to hear it from Talon's mouth. He has his head screwed on right with these kinds of things.

"An influx of workers." He crosses his arms and leans against the doorframe leading into my office. "New faces mean new trouble."

"The Knight Riders will show them what happens to troublemakers." I drop the

dumbbell at my feet.

University towns aren't known for their high crime rates. Boulder was a rare exception to the rule. An Ivy League university, with the majority of residents too old to parent anything to stop ne'er-do-wells from never doing well, and students with rich folks, made our little town a hotbed for criminals.

It was a different landscape when we moved here. But I had bigger dreams and aspirations for how I wanted to run my MC back then. Visions of grandeur, my own factories, producing narcotics to ship and distribute all across the country. Who'd think to look in a town like this? Where most come at the end of their lives, and the rest are just starting out.

I guess spending too much time with the old folks gave me a different view on the world. Sure, crime pays, and we have different operations that keep us afloat, but serving the community has given the Knight Riders a clean face. Most people can overlook a few misdeeds.

I suspect that's where Talon's real concerns come from.

"And what about our operations?" he asks.

Right on cue, as if I'm a fucking oracle.

"We continue as normal. Anyone who causes trouble learns the hard way that no one fucks with the Knight Riders." Blunt and to the point.

Fuck with us, and we'll fuck you up.

I get up from my workout stool and head over to my desk, where I've left a towel and water. Starting with the towel, I pat the sweat off my face and shoulders before taking

a big swig from the bottle.

“And if we step on the toes of the wrong people?” Talon clears his throat apprehensively. “Could cause trouble in paradise.”

“Can’t have paradise without a little chaos.” I turn to him with my brow raised.

“Sure, but until this new batch of workers arrives, we won’t know what we’re dealing with. We don’t even know who’s erecting these companies,” he says. I grab my phone while he continues. “Things run well because we’re the good guys in the public eye. But if anyone digs, they could sour that reputation.”

Unlocking the cell, I see Lora’s name on the home screen with the start of her message poking underneath it.

Lora: Busy?

Never when it comes to you. I click into the message, turning my attention back to Talon before reading the rest.

“And what better reason to give someone with enough money to start an industry reason to dig than by kicking in the teeth of his latest hires?” Talon’s cause gives me pause for concern. Maybe there is more to this than just beating on whoever thinks they can cause havoc in Boulder.

“Exactly.” He shrugs.

“You’re right. It might be something, it might be nothing, but let’s not risk it.” I nod slowly. “This development is worth keeping an eye on. You and Hush take charge of it and report back whatever you find.”

I put a smile on my face and return to my phone.

Lora: Feeling scared and could use backup.

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Fuck.

Unfiltered rage instantly courses through my veins as I read those words. And here I am, thinking she was sending a message for a repeat of the fun we had last night.

I grab my jacket, strewn over two chairs in front of my desk, and storm toward the door. She sent the message a few minutes ago. Maybe I'm in luck and there's been a resolution to her fears.

But that's a risk I refuse to take. Until I've seen Lora's safe with my own two eyes, I can't risk that she isn't.

"I've gotta head out," I say while barreling past Talon.

"Everything all right?" He follows me down the hallway.

Members of my crew part like the Red Sea as I make my way through them. All good men, looking at me with the same concern that's no doubt splashed across Talon's face.

"Someone needs help, and I'm gonna give it." I slide my arms through my leather jacket as I step through the front door and into the desolate parking lot.

"Need backup?"

"Not tonight." I'm not one to decline a helping hand, but this is personal. "But stick close to the phone. I'll give you a call if I need a hand."

With a two-finger salute to send me off, Talon heads back inside, while I turn to the roads at ridiculous speeds to get to Lora's pinned location.

8

LORA

Trapped in the back of a convenience store with a deranged lunatic is not how I expected to spend my night.

"Professor..." I pause to gather my thoughts. I spent an hour in his lecture hall earlier this afternoon, and he seemed fine. Normal even. Like Knight's message actually came across, and he understood that I was off limits.

So, I can't for the life of me understand what's gotten into him. If I weren't shaking to the bone, I could've put my studies into practice. Use everything I've learned in my degree and figure out a reason behind the lunacy.

But my gut tells me that even if I managed to find the words to say, they'd fall on deaf ears. As if the moon rearing up in the sky transformed him from a man into a beast, like in some fairytale fiction.

"We can't be doing this." I finally find enough of my backbone to say it straight.

"Can't be doing this?" He chuckles, as if I just told a bad joke. "Doing what, exactly?"

"You can't keep approaching me. I'm not interested." If it weren't for Knight's claim in the bedroom, I might not have had the strength to speak out at all. Too afraid to go against him, out of fear for what it would mean for my safety and my studies.

But with my Knight Rider in command, I don't need to cower to someone like Professor Callahan. He only has as much control as I give him, and I'm not going to give any more than he deserves.

"You haven't even given me a chance." His lackluster chortle comes to a stop, and his eyes narrow in fury.

"And I'm not going to," I utter with as much confidence as my quickly slipping bravado will allow.

"You aren't, huh?" The professor takes a step forward, making me recoil deeper into the corner. Between him, the fridges, and the dog food, I'm walled off in a triangle of despair. My heart starts thumping in my throat as he leans in closer, almost close enough for me to feel his breath against my cheeks. "Well, that puts me in a bit of a strange predicament, doesn't it?"

I gulp down. This is slipping out of my control. He's pushed me so far out of my comfort zone that my mind goes blank, and the sound of my pounding heart in my eardrums is all I can focus on.

"Wh—" I can't even form a word, let alone the rest of that question.

"You want something, I want something. It's quid pro quo," Professor Callahan says, leading me down a road I hoped he'd never stoop to. "It wouldn't be the first time one of the brightest students at Winchester University had a sudden fall from grace."

Screaming for help is the smart thing to do, but my lungs won't allow it. The air is trapped inside. Choked down by his looming presence. Shallow breaths aren't helping me find the courage, either. They're making me lightheaded, on the verge of collapse, and I'm doing everything in my power to stop myself from falling into his arms.

“You can’t?—”

“I can, and I will,” he cuts me off. “No sweat off my brow.”

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He slams a flat palm against the wall next to my head, and I jump at the loud bang it makes. His face twists from narrow-eyed aggression into a twisted, devilish grin. “You’re just another nobody in an endless stream of faces as far as they’re concerned. One bad word from me, and you’ll fall far into the deepest pits of obscurity. So, I’ll give you a choice.”

He pauses, expecting me to ask what it is. Wanting me to play into his hand and relinquish control in full. But if being frozen in fear wasn’t enough reason to stay completely still, my urge to fight this prick tooth and nail until the end will be.

Noticing I’m not going to give in, his grin twists into a sneer. “Either give me a shot,” he starts, and I’m sure it doesn’t mean go out on a nice date and see how things play out, “or I’m going to make your life hell.”

A long, dark shadow engulfs us as his ultimatum is delivered, as though the lights themselves dimmed to reflect my darkening mood. Professor Callahan pulls his hand away, and the annoyance on his face washes away to an emotion I can’t quite place.

But it’s with his newfound terror that I realize the shadow can’t be some figment of my imagination. And try as he might to getaway from me, Professor Callahan is as trapped in the corner as I am now.

“You picked the wrong girl to fuck with.” My man’s voice pierces through the thumping in my ears. “And I’m gonna make you regret it.”

Before I can fully realize what’s happening, Knight has Professor Callahan by the scruff of the neck. He lifts him into the air effortlessly before yanking his arm

backward and sending the professor flying into a snack shelf behind. The sound of chip packets pop open like gunshots as Callahan's body smashes into them.

My Knight in shining armor, swooping in to save the day - again. With it, my fears melt away, and my heart's quick to follow.

Deeper in lust and love.

9

KNIGHT

I'll fucking kill him.

Make it slow, torturous, and painful. Have the thrill of watching him squirm beneath me. Listen to his vain attempts to beg and plead for mercy while I exact revenge.

Taking a moment to scan Lora for any obvious signs of physical harm, none present themselves. Dazed but unscathed, I would've released a heavy sigh of relief if my blood wasn't boiling. Without thinking, or maybe because I have no idea how to handle this other than with my fists, I spin on my heels and direct my attention to the professor.

"I warned you, didn't I?" I storm toward Callahan, who's wheezing and attempting to shuffle through the crushed chips back to his feet. "Now, I'm gonna have to show you what happens when you fuck with the Knight Riders."

Grabbing the front of his shirt in a white-knuckled fist, I deliver the first blow square against his jaw. The second follows shortly behind, but I'm caught off guard by Trent calling out from the front of the store.

“Mr. Knight, what’s going on back there?” I catch my next jab just in time, knuckles brushing against Callahan’s cheek.

Glistening tears flood the professor’s eyes as he stares back at me. A silently weeping man who can never know how lucky he got tonight. Had we not been in this convenience store, Trent watching on, and fears of what Lora might think of me for tearing his head clean off his shoulders, I’d have done it already. Taught him a final lesson all his years of book smarts never could.

Releasing his limp, weak body, Callahan crumbles into the mess I’ve left across the aisle. I lean in close, so only he’ll hear me, and whisper in his ear. “Let this be your final warning. If I see your smug fucking face in this town again, I’ll rip it off.”

Callahan nods viciously, choking on spit and blood, and crunches the remaining chip packets as he starts to move. His sorry attempt to get to his feet fails, leaving him on his hands and knees right in front of me.

“Unsettled business,” I finally answer Trent’s question. He doesn’t look angry, knowing I’ll cover the cost of what I broke and the stock he lost because of it.

“Sorry.” The professor repeats the word a few times over. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s not me you need to apologize to,” I hiss, looking over my shoulder at Lora.

Mortification floods Callahan’s face, but his gaze never breaks away from me. “I’m sorry, Lora. Please forgive me.”

“Get the fuck out of here,” I order. It’s bad enough he caused the commotion in the first place. Addressing my woman isn’t going to do him any favors.

I watch him crawl on his hands and knees away from me before passing by Trent's legs.

But I don't give him my attention for long, returning to my feet and facing Lora. I'm a stone statue, analyzing every stunning inch of her face for reluctance or remorse toward me. Allowing her to witness my unbridled savagery, if only for a moment, is too far.

"Are you okay?" I rest a gentle hand against her arm for reassurance.

She nods, and to my great surprise, there isn't a trace of fear in her eyes. In fact, a smirk forms on her lips, and her eyes glow with the same burning desire I saw in our hotel bed. Little minx, getting off on seeing her man kick the shit out of some asshole. I've gotta remember that, maybe make a habit of it. Teach this world that Lora's mine, and I'm not sharing.

Well, that's if anyone's brave enough to make a move after what happened to the professor.

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“He didn’t touch me,” Lora purrs. Not the reaction I expected, but I’m damn happy to see it.

Fucking and fighting is why I got into this business, and what luck I’ve had with both centering around Lora. And with one out of the way, and Lora’s intentions splashed across her face, the other is soon to follow.

“Got here in the nick of time then.” Staring into her eyes, I can feel the anger washing away by the bucket. She has such a soothing presence that even the beast inside me can’t fight.

“Twice in one week.” She takes a few, slow steps toward me. When she’s close enough, she presses a finger against my abs and lazily scrawls random patterns across them. “This time, you’ll have to let me thank you for taking out the trash. And I know the best way to do it, too.”

As much as I want to stay in control and treat this like one of the many scenes I’ve left in chaos and disorder, I can’t. Not with her. I can’t stop myself from sliding my hands around her waist, pulling her body tightly against mine, and letting the fires of passion roar inside my chest.

“What exactly do you have in mind?” Playing along is part of the fun, even though there’s only one real answer.

She jumps onto her toes, hooks her arms around my shoulders, and steals a kiss. “A bit of this,” she whispers against my lips, “and a bit of that.”

I kiss her again, losing myself to the fierce embrace in full.

Lora giggles and pulls away, gesturing with her head in Trent's direction. He's still standing in the front of the store, staring in disbelief.

Shit, I completely forgot he was here.

"Call the boys back at the clubhouse to sort you out," I shout across the room.

"Got it." He lifts his slack jaw off the floor and disappears behind the row of shelves.

And with that little bit of business concluded, I can turn my attention in full to the glorious creature pressed against my body.

10

LORA

Every part of me wants every piece of him.

He barely brings his motorcycle to a stop, and my hands are already over him. My lips traversing every inch of skin they can touch on the back of his neck. Our bodies fused together on the bucket seat while Knight scrambles to get parked.

I didn't doubt his sincerity toward me, not once since we met. Tonight, however, confirms it all to be true. He didn't just say and do what he thought was necessary to get in my pants.

Knight gets off of his bike, and I do the same, but before I find solid footing, his hands feel up my ass before he hoists me off the ground. He pulls me into a mouthwatering embrace, leaving me dizzy and disoriented as he starts storming

toward the single-story building he calls home.

We burst through the front door, bodies interlocked and wild desire flooding Knight's eyes.

"You're so fucking hot," I finally say the words flowing through my mind the entire time Knight was dealing with Professor Callahan. "My big, strong man, taking charge, protecting what's yours."

"Mine." He kicks the door shut with his heel and pins me against the wall. "All mine." His head sinks to the crook of my neck, and his tongue slithers outside it.

The soft, slick muscle sends a cool sensation of pleasure across my scorched skin. It glides up my neck, across my chin, and his lips settle around my earlobe. I howl out at the feeling, slipping further into my want—no, my need—for Knight.

"What do you think of my place?" The question comes between nibbles, licks, and kisses. It's almost playful, and I suppose it makes sense since I can't really see the place. Shrouded in darkness, neither of us has given any real thought to turning a light on.

And I suspect we won't until we land in the bedroom.

"Ask me again in the morning." Lost in my own little world, overwhelmed by just his lips against my neck, I almost can't respond. I slip one hand over Knight's shoulders, resting it on the nape of his neck to pull his head tighter against me.

Keeping me up against the wall for extra support, one of Knight's hands slips away from ass. His hand slides up between our bodies, and he starts working his belt buckle free. Every twitch of his hand has his knuckles brush against my pussy, radiating pure, electric pleasure throughout my body.

Maybe we won't make it to the bedroom, after all.

A short struggle results in Knight's cock bouncing free from its confines. It hammers down against me, gliding over my panties as if magnetized to my promised land. Knight's attention moves from his belt, under my skirt, and to the waistband of the white lace acting as the only barrier between me and him.

He tugs it down, as far as it will go with my legs hooked around his hips, and a haphazard moan rips out of my chest.

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“Fuck,” rumbles out of his chest, with his manhood making contact with my wetness.

Pressing his full weight into me, allowing the tip of his manhood to prod closer to my entrance, Knight draws me into another kiss. His free hand traverses my body, eagerly stroking all the way up to my breasts as he pins me tighter against the wall.

My noises of pleasure, a mix of moans, grumbles, and whimpers, catch in his mouth. He devours them, basking in the intensity of the state he leaves me in without so much as trying. And with one more subtle sway of his hips, it happens. Unintended or not, the thick bulb of his cock bashes through my entrance. I let out a long moan, my head snapping to the ceiling with his overwhelming size filling me to the brim.

Restraint is the last thing on both our minds. His slow start of careful, calculated thrusts transforms into a mad thrusting until he’s slamming every inch in and out of me. Between the sensation between my legs, his mouth finding its way over anything it can kiss, and my tits being fondled, I can’t focus on any single piece of pleasure. They all culminate together into a heated explosion from my core, making me buckle and scream in the purest delight.

I can’t control my body as the orgasm hits me. My nails dig into his broad shoulders, legs kick, and tighten around his waist, and hips make awkward motions to try and buck into his thrusts.

“Your cock feels so fucking good.” Part dirty talk, part I never want it to end. But my attempt to drive him crazy with a few well-chosen words works too well.

Knight’s entire body starts to tense, and his motions become even more erratic than

they were. Deep snarls rip past his lips as his hand on my ass starts to squeeze tighter than before.

He tries to speak, but the words get cut off by a long, guttural roar that echoes through the blackened apartment. And then I feel his release. Hot, gooey liquid spurting into my walls as he fills me with his seed.

His legs buckle, and together we tumble backward onto the floor. Frantic giggling from me and deep, hearty laughter from Knight mean no one got injured.

“You’re fucking amazing, y’know that?” Knight finally says.

“Hush.” I wink before lowering my head onto his enormous chest. “You’re gonna make me blush.”

“I bet you’d look cuter than ever, red as a tomato.” He brings a hand to the side of my head and slowly strokes my hair.

And if it weren’t for my face being buried against his pectoral, he’d be able to tell for certain.

EPILOGUE

KNIGHT

Three Months Later

“Come on. Spend the night with us,” one of two young men, hot on the heels of a young brunette, protests into the night. “You can spend the night at my place. Don’t need to worry about sneaking out.”

Another night on the job. Hidden among the shadows, I'm a silent sentry, awaiting my time to strike. Caution is a new tool in my repertoire, and one I'm quickly learning to hate. My best work comes from hot-headed aggression rather than slinking in the dark, but it's that aggression that's proven the downfall of so many before.

And where it was once a boon, when I lived a life of solitude, my temper is a curse now. Because I'm not living just for me.

I'm living for her. Lora Bailey. The love of my life.

"It's not a good idea." The brunette shakes her head at their offer, increasing her pace to get away from them.

The two guys aren't much older than her, but their intentions are evident in their pursuit. But these two predators don't know that the king of the jungle is hunting them.

"Josie, come on." It's not the petulant whine of a young man trying to convince a girl to spend a night out. His rising temper makes him speak through gritted teeth.

Time to make my move.

"Jason, I'm not?—"

Jason knocks the books out of Josie's hand before she can finish her sentence. She jumps back at the impact and yelps in fear as her small body smashes into mine.

"The fuck's going on here?" I ask, staring Jason dead in the eyes.

"Woah, Christ." Both guys take hasty steps away from me. "Where the hell did you

come from?”

“Wait a second, man. I know this dude.” The second guy gulps, head craned upward to stare at my face.

“You do?” I narrow my eyes and harden my scowl, making the second nearly tuck tail and run without warning his friend.

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“We should get out of here, man. Now.” This time, he doesn’t wait for any subtle actions or implied threats. He spins on his heels and sprints away.

Confused, the first follows him nonetheless, unwilling to risk a round with me alone.

“Are you okay?” I ask, bending over to collect Josie’s things off the floor. By the time I have them gathered, Lora’s halfway across the street to us.

“I’m fine, thank you.”

“We’re going to get you home safe,” Lora says, and a warm smile darts across my face.

That’s my line.

Together, Lora and I walk Josie the rest of the way back to the woman’s dormitory two blocks over. Josie doesn’t speak much, but she has a bright, beaming smile on her face.

And it’s all thanks to Lora. Who knows what would’ve happened to Josie had she not been there?

Josie thanks us again before disappearing past the outside guard and into the dorm building.

“Holy shit, what a thrill,” Lora squeals when we’re alone. She flings herself into me, and I catch her as our mouths lock in a short but explosive kiss.

“Why do you think I love doing it so much?” I chuckle as we part.

Staring into her eyes, I’m suddenly filled to the brim with overwhelming emotions. Happiness, love, and an unyielding need to spend the rest of my life with her at my side.

Who am I kidding? I feel this way every damn time I think of her, let alone have her against me.

“Fuck, I love you.” The words spill out of me, and I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

No woman will ever understand me the way Lora does. She’s seen firsthand how I operate, the good and bad of me, and still chooses to stand at my side. I’d never be able to express these feelings to her in words, so instead I wrap her in a tight hug, pressing a kiss atop her crown.

“And I love you.” She wriggles tighter into my hug.

“You know, we make a pretty good team.” I loosen my grip around her and slide my hand into my pocket. My heart starts thumping in my chest, and the wispy way the words leave my mouth is a sign of my budding emotions.

Is this what being nervous feels like? Because I don’t like it. Not one bit.

“Couldn’t have said it better myself.” Lora’s brows furrow upon noticing my sudden, odd behavior. Well, loosening my grip on her is an odd behavior, but we’ve become so in tune with one another over the last few months that she can pick up on my subtleties.

“So why don’t we make it official?” I clear my throat, doing whatever I can not to

screw this moment up. But even that question seems out of place with what I've got planned. "Marry me, Lora. Let me have you and hold you until the end of time."

"Did you jus—" She cuts herself off when I bring my hand back out, holding a little black box in my palm. I lift the top open, exposing a diamond-encrusted rose gold ring inside.

Then silence. Seconds that feel like hours while her face drifts between me and the ring in utter disbelief. I can't tell if it's a good sign or a bad one. Then again, I probably could've chosen a better time to pop the question.

"Are you ... are you going to say something?" I ask when the mounting pressure becomes too much to handle.

"Yes," she whispers at first, but with it, her face twists into an unending smile of pure joy. "Yes, I'll marry you." She flings herself into me again, grabbing my face in both her palms and pulling my head down to her level.

We kiss, and it's like the very first time. And maybe it is. Because it's here, in front of a mean-looking guard, that we stop living as separates in favor of becoming one.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

LORA

Six Months Later

I stare down at the ring on my husband's hand, resting on my swollen belly. We're sitting at a table in his clubhouse, surrounded by scary-looking men who couldn't look happier for their leader's good news. And though it's been fun to mingle with the men and women he works with, we won't be here long.

“Congratulations, big man,” Talon says, giving Knight a firm pat on the shoulder.
“And to you, Lora. Maybe you’ll be the one to tame this tiger.”

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“Him?” I look into Knight’s eyes and see the twinkle of love and lust swirling inside them. “He’s my big pussy cat.”

The table laughs, and Knight joins in. He grabs his beer can off the table and takes a long gulp from it, never moving his hand over my belly as he goes. Hell, it’s pretty much been there since I broke the news that we’re having a child. Then again, knowing Knight the way I do, it’s probably because he can’t keep his hands off me at the worst of times, let alone the best.

“We really should be heading out,” Knight says, tossing the empty beer can to Talon. His second catches it before doing his own overhand throw toward a trash can in the corner of the room. He fist-pumps victoriously as it sinks straight down the middle.

“Where are you two off to again?” Talon asks when his excitement subsides.

“Hawaii for a week, and the Alps for another,” I answer. Our honeymoon, a spectacular adventure in two different climates. Knight was apprehensive about the snowy mountains of Switzerland at first, but in the end, he gave in.

“As long as you’re at my side, anywhere is perfect,” he says, and the all-too-familiar feeling of my cheeks turning a different shade of pink follows. “I’ll see you guys in a couple of weeks. Don’t fuck things up while I’m away.”

Another round of laughter, though he does get curious looks from a few of the crew. Because that’s how my husband is; even when joking, his intensity comes off strong.

We walk hand in hand to the parking lot, where one of the bikers from inside is

packing our bags into a black SUV. He gives us the same congratulations as inside before he gets into the driver's seat, waiting to chauffeur us to the airport.

Knight walks me over to my door but stops before opening it. He slides his hand around my belly, always remembering to give our future child some attention, before giving me a kiss.

"I love you, Lora." It's the sincerest those three words have ever sounded.

"And I love you, Knight." More than he could ever imagine, though something tells me he feels the same.

"Now let's go start the rest of our lives together," he says, opening my door and helping me in.

And what a wonderful life it's going to be.

The End