



# Tamed By A Knight

**Author:** *Lena Little*

**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult

**Description:** Can a silent enforcer find his voice in love? Discover Hush and Tara's steamy journey!

As late-night rides turn into steamy encounters, Hush must overcome his fears and embrace the love that's been waiting for him all along. Will he finally claim Tara as his own, or will he let her slip away into the night?

TAMED BY A KNIGHT: A MOTORCYCLE ROMANCE: a steamy friends-to-lovers romance that proves that sometimes, the fiercest battles are fought within. TARA plans to entice HUSH, but will her cunning tame her target?

Hush

Late-night calls asking me for a ride.

Hands dancing across my body while we ride through the streets of Boulder.

Teasing glances, playful touches. Never wanting to say goodbye.

How didn't I notice it?

Tara was never afraid to be out on her own. Wasn't scared of something big bad lurking in the shadows. She was doing it for me. Week after week, month after month, she tried to get my attention in any way she could. I couldn't see it. If I did, I couldn't believe it.

What would someone like her want with someone like me?

I'm a silent nobody, a face in the crowd. And she's a peach, perfect and vibrant with the world at her feet, praising her on their hands and knees. But now, nothing can stop me from making her mine. Not even my own self-doubt.

Because Tara was made for me.

And I belong to her.

**Total Pages (Source):** 17

1

HUSH

“Getting those factory rats hooked on our product was a stroke of genius.” Talon offers his excitement to Knight in the form of a hard pat on the shoulder. “Boulder hasn’t been this quiet since before they arrived. Looks like the Knight Riders are back on top.”

We’re sitting in Knight’s office, a museum of triumphs throughout his career as Boulder’s biggest badass. Guns line the walls, with the most important mounted on a wooden frame with a plaque commemorating the day it was used. Standing shelves and display cabinets have ornaments scattered across them, from MC badges and motorcycle parts to a set of bronze boxing gloves and bullet casings. He’s a hoarder of mementos honoring the past.

“We never left the top, Talon.” Knight’s smirk, enhanced by the side-eye glance he’s giving Talon, shows the pride he has for what’s been accomplished. “Boulder’s ours, always was, always will be. Now and then, we’ve just gotta remind folks of the fact.”

Knight walks over to the chest of drawers on the far end of his desk and grabs three glasses out of it. Bottles clink together as he searches for the one he wants to commemorate our success, before returning with all of them. He knocks over a fat stack of cash with one hand to clear room for the glasses.

But all of this begs the question—why am I here?

It's hard not to get nervous when our commander and his second in command ask for a sit-down meeting unprovoked, and when word came through the grapevine, I started making peace with the idea of becoming another trinket on Knight's shelves. No reason for those thoughts, of course. I do what I'm told and don't ask any questions. A job's a job, and that's that.

However, if I were called in here under some false narrative, my chances of arguing a case for innocence would be futile. Loyalty is all that keeps these insane men from tearing your head off and feeding it to the wolves. And once there's any inclination of someone doing bad, they're as good as dead.

Still, I can't do anything but sit here and accept whatever fate has in store for me. Share a drink with my boss and my captain. Hope I don't wind up in a shallow grave outside.

"And tonight, we celebrate." Knight pours two fingers of whiskey, unknown in origin, with his hand covering the label, and passes them around. "To the good work we've done, both lining our pockets and protecting our people."

We raise our glasses and clink. Both my superiors suck back their drinks in a swallow, but I only take a sip. Hard liquor isn't my style. I like a beer, mellow and easy, rarely going for a second.

Gotta keep my wits sharp.

"Don't think we haven't noticed what you've been doing for us, Hush." Knight's attention falls firmly on me. "Strong silent type like you, probably don't even realize it yourself."

"You're right. I don't." Embarrassed to admit it, I shift my gaze to the whiskey tumbler in my hands.

“Fuck, the modesty on this guy.” Talon jumps in, making Knight chuckle. “Without you on the streets, dishing out ass beatings and making deals run smooth, this would’ve flopped. Big time.”

Doubt it. All the Knight Riders are capable of handling their own, but I’ll take the praise where it’s offered.

“Big time,” Knight parrots, “and that’s why we brought you here, maybe a little unceremoniously. Credit where it’s due, that’s how we make sure our ship stays afloat, and you deserve a whole bag of it all to yourself.”

“Thank you, but?—”

“I know what you’re gonna say, Hush, and I’m gonna stop you right there,” Knight cuts me off, pouring another round for Talon and himself. “Everyone else will get their share of the pie, but this one’s for you. A pre-celebration, if you will. We know the spotlight isn’t your thing, and want to extend our appreciation in a way you’ll receive it best.”

Knight turns to Talon, whose eyes shift to a clasped box on the desk. Cautiously, as if handling pure gold, he slides it closer to me.

“And it would be an honor if you accepted our gratitude in the form of a promotion.” While Knight speaks, Talon lifts the top of the box, exposing a new patch for my left shoulder.

The patch is in the shape of a teardrop. Below the peak is the signature Knight Riders emblem, a skull wearing a medieval-looking helmet, with “Hush” and “S.a.T.” below it.

Sergeant at Arms? Me? Seems so out of place, all things considered. Yet, my cheeks

are burning from a smile I can't seem to shake, and my mind's racing with all the possibilities of what my future with the Knight Riders could hold.

Shit, and all this started with me thinking I was gonna get my ass handed to me by the big boss himself.

"I don't know what to say." My eyes hastily shift from the patch to Knight and back again.

"I'll do the speaking for you then." Talon stands upright, accepting the glass of whiskey Knight's holding out to him. "Thanks, Knight, and yes, I'd be happy to move on up in the world."

I repeat those words exactly.

They laugh, we clink glasses, and somehow the whiskey goes down a whole lot smoother this time.

Ten minutes go by, with celebratory jokes and Knight and Talon gulping down half a bottle of whiskey, when a buzzing in my pocket brings me back down to earth. Checking the face, 'Tara' is displayed on the caller ID, and if I thought my smiling was a problem before, it's a killer now.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

The two titans of our band of misfits are engrossed in their own worlds, reminiscing on the good old days. They won't notice me step away for a second. Though I don't move far, taking a few steps into the far corner of Knight's office.

"Hey," I answer casually.

"Hey. You busy?" Tara's soft voice sends a tingle up my spine.

"What's up?" Ignoring her question is easier than explaining what's going on.

"I hate to do this again, but..." She trails off until loud music is all I can hear on the other end.

"You need a ride?"

"If you could? I'd be forever in your debt."

"You know you've offered that up before, right? That's a lot of forevers you're giving up." Talon and Knight both look over at me while I'm grinning like a fool in the corner.

"You say it like it's a bad thing." Tara's casual, offhand flirtation doesn't help when it's just her and me alone. With them staring, I'm red as a tomato at this point.

"Give me a few. I'll see what I can do. Where am I headed?" Clearing my throat uncomfortably, Talon cracks up in laughter.

God, the embarrassment truly is endless.

“Lavish.” She almost sounds upset at having to admit it. Probably due to the fact that I hate that place with every fiber of my being.

“I’ll pick you up inside.” Killing the call, I return to the table, where both men stare on with devilish smiles.

“You mind if I?—”

“Not at all.” Knight leans over the table to give me a firm slap on the shoulder. “New title comes with new perks. You don’t have to ask for our approval, no more.”

“Thanks, boss.” And with it, I’m off to rescue my damsel in distress.

Neon signs in pink, purple, and blue hang overhead. Some multicolored and others mono, they blink the naked female form, acting as a spotlight and lighthouse to the lonely bachelors and bachelorettes of Boulder. Their incessant buzzing makes me sick to the stomach on my approach, getting worse by the second as I square off against the seven-foot-tall brick shithouse guarding the door.

Above his head, the noisiest and brightest sign of them all, surrounded by a flickering mess of color and the words, Girls! Girls! Girls!, the club’s name holds steady. Lavish, the only club in all of Boulder, aims to please the female eye and attract lust-hungry men like flies to a fetid carcass.

“Need something?” the bouncer says after giving me far too much time to realize how much I hate this place.

“I’m here to pick someone up.” No eye contact means no trouble. I focus on his chest instead, the periphery focused on his arms. No telling what a man might do,

unprovoked or not. Staying cautious of anyone and everyone is how you get far in this world.

“Don’t see anyone out here.” He scans the street, left to right and back again.

“She’s inside.”

“Yup, that’s my guess. But tell me, why would she be waiting on the dance floor and not here?” The bouncer folds his arms over his chest, raising a brow at me.

“I told her to wait inside. Safer than out here.” He’s doing his job. I have to remind myself of that before I let my temper flare unnecessarily.

“Call her and say you’re here then.” He scoffs and shakes his head like I’m some kind of dumb ass.

“Tried. Probably can’t hear her phone over the deafening music.” It’s times like these I wish I had Knight or Talon’s tenacity. Let me in or else. That’s how they’d sort this guy out. Make quick work of it and get on with their business.

The bouncer’s face hardens, and his eyes travel up and down to inspect me. Another scoff follows, and I ready myself for whatever bullshit’s going to spew out of his mouth next.

“I’m fucking with you,” he says, shattering my perception of what’s going on. “Saw your colors as soon as you rode in. Knight Riders are always welcome here.”

“Gonna let me pass?” I start walking to the door before he answers.

“Sure, but keep whatever trouble you’ve got inside to a minimum, will ya?” His head follows me, but he doesn’t move out of his chair. “Don’t wanna have to break up any



fight.”

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

That's the problem with cultivating a reputation, isn't it? I'm here for a girl, but how many times has that excuse been used to save someone inside? And it's not like the Riders to leave a place without cracking a few skulls in the process. Then again, we're not usually called for personal errands.

I'm hit by a wall of sound when I enter the main club floor. Music blares from speakers hanging in every corner, and the DJ barks orders on how the dancers should be moving to the beat. Overhead, men and women alike dance in cages on high platforms. Others hang over safety rails on the second floor. Most dressed so scantily, they might as well not have worn anything at all.

I don't understand how Tara can stand being in this place. Darkened surroundings with a dance floor covered in unicorn vomit from the lights overhead. I feel a migraine coming on from a few minutes in this hell.

Scanning the crowd for her as I walk through, I miss someone taking a drunken step back. He crashes into me, almost toppling over completely, but my strong frame keeps me upright.

"What the fuck, man?" he shouts before turning around. And when he does, he stumbles back at seeing just how much bigger I am than him. That's what I want to believe, anyway. More likely than not, he's too drunk to stay upright. "Watch where you're going."

Spotlights from the main floor wash over us while he flicks his hands dry from whatever drink he spilled on himself, and they give me the perfect opportunity to see his face in the darkness. Not in the mood for this to turn sour, I make my mental note

of him and walk away, hearing him drunkenly slur something at me. Unable to speak and too much noise in the bar, I can't make a word out.

My damsel in distress, the words ring in my mind as I shuffle from one table to the next, looking for Tara. It's such a pleasant thought when I'm in my environment, where I'm in control, but out here, it feels like a distant dream.

I don't mind it when she asks me for a ride. Nor do I mind pulling up to these places and whisking her away before thenight gets out of hand. Lately, I've been wondering while I'm searching for her amid the crowds alone. Wondering if a girl like Tara and I could stand a chance. She's loud, out there, a party animal to the end, where I'm quiet, timid, and find myself preferring a night in over a loud and obnoxious drunk crowd.

But then I see her, casually sitting at the bar, light brown hair draped over her shoulders and a bright smile on her face while she talks to someone next to her. Not unlike tonight, it seems, as I stop on a three-stair high platform overlooking the more relaxed section of the club.

Stunning isn't the right word to describe her. It's placid and weak in comparison. She's standing this time, with her ass pressed out in a pair of tight blue yoga pants, while the rest of her is hovering over the bar to whisper something in the bartender's ear. Fuck, I could stand here for another hour gawking at her perfect peach, stretching the material nearly to breaking point.

Then again, that would be a disservice both to myself and to the rest of her exceptional physique. And tonight's loose-hanging crop top seems the ideal shirt to get a peek at what waits beneath it.

Stop drooling and get a hold of yourself. You're here to do a job.

Is there a difference between business and pleasure when it comes to her?

2

TARA

Even in a completely dark room, with our only light source, strobe and spotlights, Hush has a way of engulfing me in his shadow. Tall, broad-shouldered, and well-built, he's a hard man to miss, and tonight is no exception. He doesn't have to say he's here for me to know he's right behind me. Something about his presence alone is enough to make me feel warm and safe.

As if there's a chance anyone else could carry the same raw essence, I look over my shoulder to make sure it's him and not someone thinking they have a shot with me. I shouldn't have doubted myself, because lo and behold, my silent monster waits patiently for me to finish what I'm busy with.

"See?" I say to the bartender, who stares wide-eyed at Hush in disbelief at his sheer brutish size. "Told you he was a giant."

"You weren't wrong." The bartender, who isn't small in his own right, shifts his attention away from Hush and back to me. "It's like I'm staring at a dang tree come to life."

"Quiet as one too," I say, looking back over my shoulder at Hush, who nervously snaps his eyes away from my ass and up to my face. My pulse quickens, catching him in the act. After all, it's what I was hoping would happen when I pulled on these pants.

Bought them a size too small, thinking I'd return them someday, but never got around to it. I knew they'd come in handy at some point, and now they're paying dividends.

“So, you’ve been talking about me?” Hush doesn’t sound angry, but it’s hard to tell when it comes to him. He’s a closed book when it comes to showing emotions. And speaking. Reserved sums him up perfectly.

“Who wouldn’t?” the bartender answers for me. “But you can rest assured that Tara’s only told me the best of things.”

Hush furrows his brow, not used to another face interrupting our one-on-one time. With a sideways bounce, I’m facing him, smiling brightly. “Hush, this is Robby. Robby, Hush. We studied together at Winchester.”

“Pleasure,” Robby says, giving Hush a two-finger salute.

“Likewise.” Hush doesn’t move at all, eyeing Robbie through long strands of messy black hair hanging over his eyes.

“Strong silent type, huh?” Robbie snickers. “Well, can I get you anything to drink?”

“No. I’m just here to get Tara home safe. Ready to hit the road?” Hush asks, fighting his natural urges to look down the top of my shirt. I don’t always dress provocatively; sometimes I choose dresses, and at others, I favor simple outerwear to stay comfortable.

Nights like these, I can’t help myself. Wanting nothing more than to tease this hulking brute to breaking point. Have him show me that beneath the stoic statue he presents the world hides a savage beast that indulges itself in earthly pleasure. Carnal pleasure.

Let it be me he ravages.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Sure, paid up and ready to go.” With Hush struggling to focus his attention on my face, I push out my chest so he can get a better view of my cleavage sticking out of the very open V of my top. He never asks for money for these rides, doesn’t accept a thank you when offered, might as well give him some eye candy to enjoy.

Well, that’s what I tell myself. More than anything, I enjoy seeing him inspect my body. Watch his eyes as they trail my curves, hunt for secrets, and overindulge in my womanhood.

We start walking to the exit, Hush leading the charge and blocking anyone from crossing our path, and me behind, gawking in awe at him. Even from behind, his body is carved from tip to toe in muscle. There isn’t a soft spot on him, and his clothes show their struggles to contain it all, with every seam straining at his movements.

With no trouble on our departure, we make it outside to a mostly empty street. A few stragglers hang around their cars, some on their way to scoring for the night, others on the verge of collapse from hitting the booze too hard.

We pay no mind to them as we walk to Hush’s bike. It’s here, in the silence of the night, that I choose to make my move. Rushing to catch up to his side, I slot my arm around the crook of his elbow and lock in tight. Nothing big that might scare Hush off, but a gesture to show my interest.

In the beginning, I was way more subtle in my approach to catching his attention. Dropping a sly comment here and there to see what he’d do with it. However, I’ve found him to be a tougher nut to crack than I’m used to. Simple tricks won’t work on

him, and I'm not sure if it's from a lack of interest or nerves, but it's time to get this ball rolling, one way or another.

Hush looks down at my arm as I lock it with his. I take him not pulling away as a good sign, nuzzling deeper into his side as the smile on my face stretches wider.

"Straight home or do you need to make any stops on the way?" Hush asks, locking his arm with mine, as we trudge onward.

"Straight home." To my bedroom, with him and me doing the dirty tango to finish the night off.

We get to his bike, and Hush pulls two helmets off one side. His is shaped like some ancient piece of armor, like a Spartan soldier would've worn when rushing into battle. The one he hands me is closer to the classic motorcycle helmet, round all around, with a visor to protect the eyes. He gets on first, offering me a hand to help slide in behind him.

"Hold on tight," he says, but there is no question about that. I plan on feeling his body up as best I can, the same way I do every time he gives me a ride home.

He starts the engine, and his bike roars to life, and before long, we're riding through the streets of Boulder with the wind in our hair and not a care in the world.

God, I love this feeling. Zipping through the streets with our bodies entwined. My fingers digging into his hard abs, brushing over every groove while I cling to him for dear life.

But as the best things in life have a way of going, it's over too soon. A ten-minute ride, gone in the blink of an eye, and my high-rise apartment looms overhead.

“Can I steal you for a while, or do you need to rush away to save the world again?” I crawl my way off the back of his bike slowly, and he follows, answering my question without needing to say it.

“A few minutes couldn’t hurt.” Hush’s lips tick up in a half smile, enhancing the intense glow of his emerald gaze. “You need help with something or...?”

“Company.” From the front façade of my six-story apartment building, only three lights are on. That means once Hush leaves, it’s another quiet night in my bedroom with thoughts of Hush and boredom, my only companions.

Of course, entertaining those thoughts could bring me momentary respite from the emptiness, but that can only go on so long. At some point, I want to feel his hands traveling across my body, his breath caressing my skin, bathing in the woody cologne he wears, and soaring to new heights of pleasure only he can deliver.

God, I need this.

“I’m not much good at being company.” Hush casts his eyes to the sky, where a few of the brightest stars still manage to pierce through the light pollution surrounding my building. “Talking isn’t my strongest trait.”

Before he can bring himself down any further, I swing my arm around his again. This time, he doesn’t stare at it quizzically, accepting it as if it’s our new normal, which, if it were up to me, it would be.

“Who says we have to do any talking?” I ask, scanning the side of his face to read any emotions he won’t be able to convey with words.

But for the first time since the night we met, Hush’s emotions bubble straight to the surface. His head snaps back in my direction, mouth agape and eyes wide at the



implication of my comment. He stays like this, frozen in time for a good long while, trying to process what's on offer.

"What do you propose instead? Because trust me, if it's cards, you really don't want to open that rabbit hole." His stunned expression gives way to a smirk.

"Only card game I'm good at is strip poker." I eye him squarely, trying to convey the message of 'Let's fuck' without directly saying it. "I mean, the one with the least clothes is the winner, right?"

Hush chokes on the spit in his mouth, nearly losing a battle to a coughing fit while he tries to stay in control. But there's a twinkle in his eye that gives me pause, makes me know that he wants to say yes, throw away his night for me, and give in to those base desires I've tried to light for so long.

Instead, as we get to my front door, he sighs, long and deep. That's the last sound I want to hear from him. Makes me feel like I pushed too hard, and now he's regretting his decision to stick around.

"I like seeing you like this." Shift the conversation back to something lighter. Away from my mind's filthy wants, and back to where we were before I blew it.

"Like what?" He lifts a brow and spins to face me, still keeping our arms close together.

"So talkative. Happy. Not sure what to call it, if I'm honest." Leaning in closer, with the sole intention of inviting him to do the same, I wait a moment to see if Hush will pick up on the signal. When he doesn't, to avoid embarrassment for both of us, I continue, "You're like a whole different person from the silent monster who drove me home the first time."

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Must be you,” he says, prying himself away from me reluctantly. “You bring it out in me.”

He sighs again, and this time my heart sinks into my guts because his mouth is moving before I have the chance to pull him back to me. “Look, I understand what you’re trying to do, Tara, but I can’t go up there with you.”

“Why not?” My lower jaw quivers, making me stutter the words.

“It doesn’t feel right.” He turns away, locking eyes with whatever he can see through the window on the upper half of the door. “You’ve been out drinking. You’re not in the right state of mind. I don’t want to take advantage of that.”

Yes, I’m a little tipsy, but I’ve wanted this for months. I think about him drunk, I think about him sober. For shit’s sake, Hush is all I ever think about. But there’s no way to say that now without him thinking I just went overboard.

“I understand.” Much better than I’m letting on, too. If he thinks I’m going to roll over and give up because of one small setback, Hush has another thing coming.

With a subtle nod, Hush pulls the door open for me. “I’m around, whenever you need me. Just a call away.”

Don’t you worry, big boy, I know.

I step inside and make my way to the elevator. When I step inside, facing the direction I came, Hush is still standing at the door, watching me. Enjoying the view,

perhaps, but more likely than not making sure I get upstairs safely.

And as I enter my empty apartment, deathly silent and too cold for my liking, I know it won't be this way for long. Hush overplayed his hand, whether he thinks so or not.

All I have to do is pounce on the opportunity offered to me.

3

HUSH

Three Days Later

"Things are good then?" Tex asks, a thick-skinned brawler in our merry band of misfits, holds constant eye contact with Jerry Haines.

"No noise in a long time." Jerry smiles, slipping a hand under the counter and returning it with a package wrapped in brown paper. As one of the few twenty-four-hour establishments in Boulder, he gets special attention on nighttime patrols, always eager to give us something for keeping an eye on him.

"You know we can't accept that, Jer." Tex scoffs, holding a flat palm to stop Jerry from delivering whatever's inside. "Boulder's as much our town as yours, and it's in our best interest to keep the streets clean."

Buzzing in my pocket distracts me. It's my phone, ringing again at an inopportune time, but seeing Tara's name splashed across the screen, I can't stop myself from answering it.

I pat Tex on the shoulder and point to the door, saying I'll wait outside while he finishes up with Jerry. He nods to give me the go-ahead. I miss the first call, making

my way over to our motorcycles, but answer the second before it gets to the second ring.

“Busy?” I don’t even have a chance to greet her, and her voice runs down my ears like honey dripping on a hot biscuit.

I’ve noticed the steady uptick over the last few weeks, going from a few a month to three times a week. I do my best to stay free whenever I can, on the off-chance she needs my help, but sometimes duty calls and business and pleasure have to mix.

It’s one of those nights, though Tara’s timing could have something to do with it. She’s calling five hours earlier than usual. She’d usually be starting her night out now, not finishing it. And just like that, a pang of heartache emanates from my chest and radiates through my body.

As badly as I want to go through with this, how can I? We’re opposites. Maybe it’s my age talking, not that I’m some curmudgeon old man, but she’s younger, has stars in her eyes, and a full life ahead of her. Could be the barrier pulling us apart. My constant reminder that time’s ticking stops for no one, and while Tara’s everything I want in a woman, sometimes you can’t always get what you want.

“Sorta.” Short answers when handling Knight Rider work are the go-to. Can’t have Tex walk out on me gushing like a fool. It’s bad enough that Knight and Talon saw it.

“Well, when you finish, I could use your services.” Tara doesn’t sound upset or threatened. She’s calm, and that scares me more than a direct ask for help.

“Everything okay?”

“Peachy.” What does it say about me that the first thing my mind jumps to is her ass in a pair of yoga pants? “I’m at the Old Fifty-Five. Can you come by when you’re

done?”

“I’ll be there,” I say, just in time to see Tex stepping out of the twenty-four-hour convenience store.

“Thanks, Hush. See you soon.” She kills the call.

“Everything good?” Tex straddles his motorcycle, and I do the same.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Better than.” We strap our helmets on. “How many left?”

Tex grabs a handbook from a satchel hanging off the ass end of his bike. He shuffles to the last page with writing on it, and after scratching Jerry off the list, says. “Three left for the night. Two along this road and one on Lucielle Avenue.”

“Mind taking Lucielle Avenue on your own?” As much as I want to, I can’t drop him on all three stops. With a new shiny badge on my jacket, there’s a certain standard I’ve gotta uphold. And at least with Jerry’s confirmation that things are quiet, there shouldn’t be any trouble along this road.

“Yeah, no prob.” Tex lights a cigarette and reaches for his key in the ignition. “Need to handle that call?”

“Uh-huh.” I pull my riding gloves on and start my bike. Tex is quick to follow, and we ride side by side to the next destination.

Our first stop goes down without a hitch, quick in and out with a smile and a thank you. The second, a fuel station run by two older folks with their daughter running the register at night, is much the same. No trouble, other than the grievances they’ve had in their personal lives that I’ve become an expert at blocking out.

It’s on the way back to our bikes after finishing our check-in that Tex speaks about my arrangement again.

“Think it’s trouble?” he asks while we mount our motorcycles. “I’m sure the boss won’t mind if we deal with it before heading over to the corner store on Lucielle.”

“Don’t think it’s trouble, no. Someone needs my help.” Money and power aside, it’s helping folks that drew me to the Knight Riders. Sure, we do some bad things to get ahead, but helping this community thrive is the good deed that makes it right.

Before Tara, I almost lost sight of the importance of our operation. Getting bogged down in the day-to-day, it’s easy to forget the finer details. Saying it out loud, getting the warm fuzzies inside, that’s how I know I’m doing the right thing by helping her whenever she needs it.

“All right then.” Tex lights another cigarette, scanning the street up and down twice. How his lungs handle a cigarette every twenty minutes is beyond me. “I’m gonna be riding around a while after I finish, so you give me a call if you need backup.”

“Got it.” Starting my engine and rolling forward just a little, I give him a pat on the shoulder. I see it all the time, must be something to the gesture I don’t understand. “Stay safe out there, chief.”

Tex gives me a thumbs up as I ride into the night.

Arriving at the bar, it looks nothing like Tara’s usual hangout spots. It’s not dingy, per se, but it doesn’t have the same chic elegance I’m used to seeing her in. Definitely more my kind of place, a dive bar through and through, with a few familiar faces from the clubhouse hanging around outside.

We greet as I pass them, but while they smile, drink, and remain jolly, my nerves about why she called amplify. What trouble could she have gotten into that it would take this many of the Knight Riders to sort out?

Stepping inside, I’m met by jolly sounds of laughter, loud voices calling from across the room, and overall pleasantries across the room. Not a single whiff of trouble anywhere in the room.

“Can I get you a table?” a waitress asks, but before I have the chance to reply, I see Tara sitting alone in the distance, and she knocks all sense out of my mind.

She’s running her tongue up the length of a straw sticking out of a pink cocktail, with her powder blue eyes glued to mine. Mischievousness twinkles inside them, enhanced by the wicked grin tugging at the corner of her lips.

Collecting my jaw off the floor and reminding myself that the young lady at my side is better off serving whoever enters next, I answer, “I’m meeting someone and I just found her.”

“Got it.” The waitress crooks a brow at me, as though I’ve gone completely insane, and shuffles off. I make my way to Tara, whose devious little grin stretches wider and wider with each step I take.

“This isn’t what I was expecting.” Not that I had many expectations at all.

“Like it?” Tara jumps out of her chair and rushes around the table to pull out my chair.

“Love it.” I drop into it with a chuckle, watching her saunter back to her own seat.

I’d be an idiot not to steal a glance of her body wrapped up in a short plaid skirt that barely covers her ass. Her black top is tucked into the skirt, or maybe it’s one of those one-piece things that have a button nestled against her crotch. The image flashing across my mind instantly makes my cock throb. Silky smooth legs that bend and curve inward to her holy V. Toned muscles pressing against the tight shirt, raising to the voluptuous mounds of her breasts. Nipples, like daggers jutting against the shirt, expressing her arousal without Tara needing to say a damn thing.

“Thought you might.” She snaps me back to reality from the picture I was admiring



inside my mind. She's back in her chair, leaning halfway over it, deep black mascara enhancing her sultry gaze. "Wanted to make this as comfortable for you as possible."

"Looks like you've succeeded. Hell, that doesn't even cover how well you've done." A waitress stops at our table, and thank fuck it's not the same one who met me at the door, and I order a soda. It takes her less than a minute to deliver my drink, with a bounce and a smile. "It does beg the question of what we're doing here. I'm used to getting you home safe, not joining you for drinks."

"You got me thinking the other night." She pauses to sip her drink, and I do the same. "Said you didn't want to take advantage of me in a drunken state."

My cheeks warm to uncomfortable levels. "The remedy is getting me drunk, too?"

"That was the plan before you ordered soda." She winks, still using her tongue to play with her straw. "See, subtlety is an artform. One I guess I'm not very good at. So, I decided to take matters into my own hands. Bring you out, say things straight, and we take it from there."

With the picture of her half-naked body still rooted deep in my head, and the feeling of being ambushed creeping in, I'm stunned and locked in place. It's in my best interest not to say or do something stupid, let Tara take the reins and lead me wherever she wants.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Then by all means, go on,” I say.

“Why do you think I call you every time I go out?” She slides her hand across the table until her fingertips brush against my hairy wrist.

My breathing quickens, and I gulp hastily, searching for an answer I’ll never find. “You want someone to protect you.”

She shakes her head. “Yes, I usually need a ride, but I don’t want it to be just anyone. I want it to be you, silly. We’ve been doing this song and dance for months. Think I’d still be going out every other night if you just asked me on a date?”

“A ... date?” My eyes widen to the point of hurting. It all makes sense now. The teasing and taunting attempts to get me upstairs. Each tactic, another way for Tara to get closer until I found the nerve to pop the question. “Fucking idiot,” I say under my breath, and she giggles ferociously.

“I wouldn’t go that far.” She rolls her eyes.

“Then let me right the wrongs.” My spirits pick up immediately, almost to the verge of giddiness. Twisting my wrist, my hand snaps over hers, and I close it in a loose fist to make my decree. “You, me, right here. A date. And if you still want anything to do with me after?—”

“None of that.” Tara waggles a finger on her free hand. “No putting yourself down. But I accept. You, me, right here. A date.”

I'm so excited, I swear I'm about to have a heart attack.

4

TARA

Goddammit. It was staring me in the face the whole time, and I was too blind to see it. The direct approach. Who'd have thought?

By the time we've finished eating, Hush has opened up completely. He shed his fears surrounding my want shortly after announcing this is our date, and settled firmly into comfort. I really do love seeing him like this. Smiling and happy, without a care in the world, when the rest of the time it looks like he's carrying the weight of it on his shoulders.

"Can I get you a menu for desserts?" our waitress asks.

"Not for me," Hush says, rubbing his belly. "I'm stuffed."

"Same here." I smirk, staring directly into his eyes and praying he can read my thoughts. Just this once. Because if the rest of the night goes as I planned it, he'll be doing the stuffing before it's over.

"Then I'll let you finish your drinks," the waitress adds.

"And the check. Shouldn't drink too much more if I wanna get this pretty lady home safe."

I wait for the waitress to leave before I lean over the table and take one of his hands in mine. Half to see how he'll accept it, the other because I want to feel those rough fingers against my skin. "So, what's it like being a big, scary biker man?"

Hush smiles, leaning in to give me easier access to his hand. “Isn’t all that scary. Most of it’s riding around with the crew, stopping along our road for grub, and talking shit with the boys.”

I believe him, but it also seems like the diplomatic response. The answer you’d give when you don’t want someone to know the dirt that comes with the territory.

“And you like it?” My eyes drift from his to our hands.

“Love it.” He brushes his thumb over my knuckles. “Apart from the usual, we also help the folks of Boulder. Those who can’t help themselves. Means a lot to me.”

Smiling profusely, I nod at his comment. Not that long ago, I was one of them.

“And what about you?” he asks. “Apart from knowing how to pull a man away from the edge of insanity, what do you get up to?”

“I spend my days with puppies and kittens. A shelter just outside Boulder, giving them a healthy home to thrive and grow in.” I sip the last of my drink through the straw. “Might not be as heroic as helping vulnerable folks who need a firm hand to help them out, but it’s fulfilling.”

“You say it like it’s a bad thing.” Hush’s features stiffen as he raises a brow. “Doesn’t matter who or what it is, easing any suffering is admirable.”

My heart melts into a puddle hearing him praise what seems like such a simple thing in comparison.

While I lose myself further to just how perfect this man is, our waitress returns with the bill. Hush pays with cash, and he pulls me up to my feet before she’s even made it back to the cash register.

“So, ready to go home?” We’re already walking, and I wonder if it’s because his eagerness has reached new heights after our successful night together.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“If you’re not up to it, we can grab a few cardboard boxes and set up a makeshift tent outside,” I joke, and it actually gets Hush to laugh. Not the chuckles he’s thrown my way before, but true laughter.

And now that I’ve heard it, I never want to stop hearing it. We jump on the back of his bike in our usual way, tightening helmets over our heads and making sure we’re protected before we set off.

We make it back to my apartment building, and to little surprise, Hush accepts my invitation upstairs. The whole walk over to the elevator, I consider saying screw it and throwing myself into him. Feeling his lips against mine, tasting his tongue while we explore each other’s mouths. Saying goodbye to our old lives as separates, and uniting in some unholy union that shouldn’t have taken this long to reach.

But I don’t, holding my cool until we’re upstairs and in my home. Hush doesn’t strike me as the kind of guy who’d be open to public affection, even if we are the only two people around. Instead, I pull the front of my shirt down lower, until my breasts are basically exposed, giving his eyes something to enjoy, while his mind erupts with the filthy things he wants to do to me.

As soon as I open my door, however, the gloves come off. I pull him into my apartment and don’t give him a moment to speak. Too much time might give him reason to come up with excuses to run, and I won’t allow it. I need this. I need him. Our bodies pressed together, minds connecting as one, a perfect unity.

I throw my arms around his shoulders and jump up onto my tippy toes, flinging my face up to his. Our lips meet for the first time, gentle at first, but devolving into a

mess of tongues mashing and warmth rising through my body.

Losing ourselves to the moment, Hush steps forward, pinning me to the wall. His hands dance across my lower half, sliding over my ass to feel me up, before sinking under my skirt. His haphazard exploration of my body somehow feels expertly done. His fingertips glide over my soaked panties, caressing every tender inch.

Pleasure mounts in my core with his slow approach. Barely touched and yet, on the verge of a body-rattling orgasm that could rival the most intense earthquakes. Months of anticipation will do that, I remind myself. Dreaming about this night since our very first meeting, picturing and playing out every hot detail.

Fuck, I can't wait anymore. While Hush makes his way over my slit, perching his thumb against my clitoris, driving unbound desire through my body, I slip both my hands down to his cock. I rub and stroke his thick girth through his jeans, delighting in the pleasure of the moans he releases into my mouth.

Rumbling emits from somewhere deep inside his chest, and Hush's mouth begins to wander. Down my cheek, brushing against my earlobe, settling against my neck before his tongue starts lashing my flesh.

Keeping one hand on his manhood, I move the other to his zip. Lowering it slowly, while indulging in all the wild sensations he's exploiting. Shoving my hand through the hole, I pull and tug at his boxers to free his cock from its confines. Hush does the same, and a shiver runs through my body as he peels them aside.

While I explore the extent of the huge slab of meat now pressing against my belly, Hush's fingers glide through my silky wetness. Still locked in our kiss, I almost want to break it to see the extent of what I'm dealing with. The monster between his legs that I can't wait to have inside me.

Instead, Hush slots the thick digit of his index finger inside me, and all those wants vanish to the back of my mind.

“Oh fuck,” I roar against his lips. His curls into a smile, and his hand starts to move back and forth.

The finger slides in and out of me in fast-paced, rhythmic intensity. I choke back moans, trying my best to stroke his cock in time with the thrusts, but with pleasure erupting through my body, it's a nearly impossible task.

“You're so fucking hot,” he whispers huskily, sliding his free hand under my knee, hoisting my leg against his side. Parting my legs so far gives him easier access to slam deeper until he's scratching an itch only Hush can satisfy.

If I wasn't being pounded with satisfaction, I might've been able to answer him. Come up with something witty to make him blush and feel as warm and fuzzy as I do. But stroking and kissing are hard enough as is, so words will have to wait.

In the struggle of entwined limbs and messy movements, euphoria consumes me whole. The sounds we emit turn into primal grunts, while fireworks shoot off behind my eyelids as I crest the peak to a leg-shaking orgasm. But in finding myself overwhelmed by pleasure, I didn't even notice Hush's breathing become erratic, and his body stiffen.

“Fuck, Tara, I'm—” He can't get all the words out before his head snaps to the ceiling, and he emits a lion's roar through my apartment. The intense sound is followed by a rattling of limbs, both his and mine, as his warm, white seed splashes over my black top.

Holy fuck, I did that? Engrossed in my own gratification, I didn't notice how much fun he was having. The result leaves my belly fluttering, made worse by the thought



of what comes next.

“Ah, shit. I ruined your shirt,” Hush wheezes, eyes glued to the sticky mess he left me in.

“A tiny price to pay for what it means.” I giggle freely, maniacally, as though Hush making me come unlocked some deep-rooted insanity that couldn’t wait to be freed.

“And what does it mean?” He stumbles back on shaky legs until the wall behind provides the support he needs to stop.

When he’s finally upright, and I’m sure he won’t collapse, I launch forward and pull him into another kiss. Leaping into his arms this time, hooking my legs around his waist.

“All the fun we’re going to have, you and I.” I kiss him until I’m satisfied that I’ll be able to wait to see him again before I pull back. “Because trust me. This is only the beginning.”

He stares at me with that smoldering look that won my heart all those months ago. “Then the future’s looking bright.”

“And sticky.” One more naughty wink follows, and I crawl out of his arms.

Already anticipating all the foolish things we’re going to do.

And I’ve never been more excited for anything in my life.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

HUSH

Two Days Later

I keep repeating it over in my head. Playing the moment of our joint release on a loop. It makes me smile, burn up in a blush, and want it a thousand times over. But in my enjoyment, I could kick myself. I was knuckle deep in her soaked pussy, feeling her insides in ways I could only dream of, and not once did I break to take a look. And now, once again, my imagination is all I have for what resides beneath.

Not that I mind too much, especially on nights like tonight, with Tara wearing a skimpy blue dress, with ample cleavage exposed and showing off her legs.

We haven't stopped talking since our escapades. Making plans and talking about how we're going to have fun. If it were up to me, we wouldn't be apart at all, but while duty called, I had to satisfy my urge to be with her by texting.

Stepping into the Coyote Bar, at least the wait is over now. Somewhere in this noisy place, my happiness waits for me.

Tara jumps out of her chair when she sees me, waving frantically to catch my attention. I rush to her side and she greets me with a passionate kiss, enough to rival the first we shared.

The things I'd do to you if there weren't so many people around.

"Hey," I say as our lips part.

“Hey, yourself.” Her hand snakes up my shoulder to cup my cheek.

“How are you?” Early small talk, not my strong suit.

I slide Tara’s chair out from under the table and wait for her to sit before I push it in. Give her a taste of the gentlemanly show she gave me.

“Better now that you’re here.” She cranes her neck up to look at me, and her teeth sink into her lower lip as she sees me smiling like a fool at her comment.

She doesn’t know half of it. It was forty-eight hours of hell without her by my side.

“You taking a liking to these dive bars?” There aren’t any familiar faces here, not like last time. I knew there wouldn’t be when I agreed to meet Tara, but like the last, she didn’t choose the Coyote because it’s a biker bar.

She wants me to be comfortable, foregoing her own preferred places to appease. Someday I’ll tell her that a night in with her on my lap is all I want, but not yet. We’re too early in this budding romance, and though my mind might be made up that she’s the one for me, I can’t expect Tara to feel the same so soon.

“It’s got a certain level of charm. An ambience that can’t be beat...” She pauses, casting her eyes to the ceiling to think of another empty compliment, shaking her head when nothing springs to mind. “Nah, that’s all I’ve got. As long as they’ve got good music and better booze, who am I to judge?”

“Speaking of, your cup runs dry.” I take a step away from the table. “I’ll be right back, gonna grab drinks.”

“Hurry back.” She pouts, and I lean in to give her a kiss on the cheek.

“Two minutes and I’m yours for the night.”

I head to the bar, order two beers, and crack ‘em open at the counter. I grab my wallet, drop a twenty on the counter, getting stuck among the rabble while the barman collects my change.

If it weren’t for Tara being a few feet away, this wouldn’t rub me the wrong way so badly. I’m used to standing around, a stoic statue in the corner of a room, watching for signs of danger. Now’s no different, casting my gaze over the Coyote’s patrons, getting a feel for my surroundings.

But sometimes you don’t have to look for trouble. It comes knocking all by itself.

Three men approach, but none seem interested in passing to call on a server. Their eyes are trained on mine, burning with focused intent. One in the back cracks his knuckles, and it makes me drawl out a long, annoyed sigh.

“I know you.” The one in front waggles a finger at my chest. He’s short, lean, and wears a twisted grin on his stubbled face.

“Doubt it.” I cross my arms, eyeing the first, second, and third to gauge how badly this could end. Making a mental note of them, I go with Stubble, Curly, and Bald as their defining characteristics.

“I never forget a face.” Stubble scratches the top of his head. “You’re that prick who rammed into me at Lavish.”

“Settle down, gents. You don’t want to open this can of worms.” I choose to take the diplomatic approach. Having to clean their teeth off the floor is a surefire way to ruin my time with Tara.

“Well, well, we’ve got ourselves a big man here.” He squares his shoulders and puffs out his chest, the sign of a man eager to cause a scene.

I stand upright, towering over the first, keeping the other two behind him in my periphery. Any of them make a sudden move, their ringleader’s gonna learn firsthand what it means to dance with the devil.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

My silence prompts him to speak again.

“How about you apologize and we can get on with our night?” he insists.

A wiser man might’ve accepted the offer. Said sorry for something he didn’t do, move on, and be done with it. Good thing no one’s ever accused me of being wise.

“No.” This is still Knight Rider territory, even if the bar isn’t one we frequent. But three fools swinging their dicks around in some show of masculinity must mean they aren’t aware of who runs the place.

New in town. Factory workers, perhaps. Nobodies trying to assert dominance where they have none.

“No?” His eyes narrow to thin slits, nostrils flaring.

“Here’s your change.” The barman’s voice hits the back of my head.

“Keep it.” I’d rather give away the eight bucks than turn my back on these three. Not in the mood to take a cheap shot to the back of the skull. The bartender gives thanks and shuffles off. “As for you three, go back to your table. Drink your drinks. Enjoy your night. Forget you saw my face, and I’ll forget about your barking. Are we clear?”

Stubbles’ face softens, and he erupts in a raucous belly laughter. The two behind him join in. “You’re a funny man. Real funny. But just remember, I never forget a face. And forgiving ain’t in my nature.”

They leave, and so do I, back to my table where Tara waits. Her beauty and smile going a long way in soothing my ill temper.

6

TARA

Questions answered with monosyllable responses. Hush is closed off, sitting with crossed arms and a thousand-yard stare. But worst of all, silence fills the void unless I'm talking.

I should be used to it with him. He's not much of a talker at the best of times, but with how well things started when we got here, I hate seeing him lost inside his own head.

Well, Detective Tara's on the case, and I'm going to get to the bottom of this and pull him out of his bad mood.

"What's got you so down in the dumps?" Straightforward and to the point is how I operate. Dancing around tension leads to much worse outcomes.

"Nothi—"

"The guys at the bar?" An intrigued brow raises as I cut him off without thinking. Of course, it was them. Hush looked fine until they spoke to him.

He answers with a half nod, groaning.

"Rider business?" I shouldn't ask, but curiosity is getting the better of me. I've known Hush for months, but he's held all things Knight Rider close to his chest.

“No, but don’t worry about them. I’ll wait for ‘em to kick up more dirt before I handle it.” He shrugs.

“Fine, but if I accept that you’re not going to tell me,” —sliding out of my seat and moving into the one next to Hush, I can’t hide the smile growing on my face. I just pray it won’t give my intentions away— “I won’t accept you being all doom and gloom by yourself, either.”

His eyes follow me as I cross the gap from opposite to beside him, settling between my eyes when I’m seated again.

“I’m sorry.” He snaps his head to the other side of the room. Allowing him to continue, I slide my hands under the table. “I didn’t want to ruin the night, but...” He trails off as my fingers brush over his knee, circling his muscular thigh until my palms cup tightly against it. “What are you doing?”

“Me? Nothing at all,” I say with as much sultry flare as I can muster. “Just trying to help you relieve some stress.”

I walk my fingers along the inside of his thigh, while my palm slides along with it. His body tenses the closer I get to his manhood, already throbbing and bulging against his jeans.

“See?” I continue. “The best way to get rid of that pent-up tension is to get it out. And I’ve got it under good authority that men, especially those in harsh professions like yours, store most of their tension in the balls.” My shit talking is enough to put a smile on Hush’s face. A step in the right direction, considering the deep creases his intense frown left on his forehead.

“What do you suggest then, doctor?” Hush asks, leaning back in his chair and separating his legs to give me easier access to the rock-hard slab in the middle.



My momma used to say the easiest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And with the way my dad looked, pot belly and smiling from sun up to sun down, I believe her. But what I've learned is that the easiest way to settle the storm brewing inside them is through their cock.

There isn't a thing in this world that can't be remedied with a well-timed stroke. Hush molding like putty beneath my fingertips reaffirms the point, and by the end of the night, he'll have forgotten all about the guys at the bar giving him trouble.

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

My fingers traipse over his meat, starting at the head and working their way to the base. “First instincts tell me that emptying your balls will give you some much-needed relief.” Rubbing my palm along the full length while I speak, Hush catches a moan in the back of his throat. Perfect timing, too, with someone passing just as the sound threatens to escape. “But I’ve got a feeling that this is a deeper problem. You’ll have to come back for repeat sessions five to six times a week for the next, oh, I don’t know, decade or so to cure it completely.”

“What if I’m not cured by the end of it?” His eyes lazily meet mine, staring straight through and into my soul, as I coil my hand around the head of his cock through his jeans. Squeezing tightly, with short motions of the wrist to get this ball rolling.

“Then I’ll extend your treatment for another ten. And we’ll keep it on repeat until you’re satisfied with your care.”

Heavy breathing, an unnatural spasm in his legs, and a fire stoked in his eyes reassures me that I’m doing a good job. But it can still be better.

Much better.

“Wanna get out of here and take your first dose of ... medicine?” I ask, bobbing my head in the direction of the door.

“Funny, isn’t it?” Hush slips his hand over mine under the table before launching to his feet. The action pulls me onto mine, and before he can finish the thought, we’re heading for the door. “You’re the one giving me medicine, but it’s my syringe that’s doing the poking.”

## HUSH

Tara couldn't keep her hands off my cock the whole ride back to her apartment. With one around my belly for support, the other stroked and teased me, keeping me rock-solid and ready for what what's about to happen.

Making out the elevator trip to her floor, hands wandering and bodies tangling, we barely make it to her apartment clothed. Not three steps in, her hands find their way to my belt, yanking and pulling on the leather for release. A few more, and her dress is scattered over the kitchen counter, our shoes left somewhere in the entry, with my shirt and boxers, and her sheer green undies the last hurdles to overcome.

"You're so fucking perfect," I growl between kisses. Starting with her lips, but letting mine sink wherever they want to go.

"As your doctor, I'll accept a five-star review alongside your glowing recommendation." She giggles, but it's cut short by a moan as I sink my teeth into her neck.

"Five stars? We need a higher number for you." She leads me blind through her apartment, as we stumble over the carpet leading from the living room, down a short hallway to her bedroom.

I cup the sculpted peach of her ass in both my hands, rubbing and squeezing every inch. My mind's set aflame, eager and desperate for more, wanting it all, right here, right now, with no way to take it.

We reach her bed, and with my head still buried in her neck, I reluctantly move my hands off her ass and into the waistband of her panties. Hooking my thumbs in, with a

single flick of my wrists, they fall down her legs. And after a long, soothing lap of my tongue over the flesh I've nibbled on, I pull back.

Torturous as it may be to pull myself away from her, I need to see Tara in all her glory. I won't make the same mistake as our first night together, touching and feeling, but never seeing all her assets on display. It doesn't take Tara long to notice my pause comes from a desperate need to drink in her body. And so, she kicks one leg to the side to give me a better view of her dripping slit, while her hands rifle behind her back.

Tara unclasps her bra and drops it to the floor. My eyes stay glued to the perfection of her naked body until they sting and water. Unable to look away, drinking in every inch, curve, and line, as though she's some ancient, holy relic no mere mortal was meant to gaze upon.

"Like what you see?" she asks, trailing a finger down her belly. It cuts through the grooves of her abdomen, over the crease of her thigh meeting her hip, and between her legs.

My hand snaps to it instinctively, stopping her from touching that sacred mound.

"My hands only," I snarl, replacing her touch with my own, sliding a finger over her soaked lips.

There's no taming the beast she awoke in me, and feeling her against my skin sends my mind into an uncontrollable flurry. With one hand between her legs, my middle finger against her clit, the other hand snaps behind her neck. Keeping the flames of passion burning, I roll circles over her delicate nub and fling forward, kissing her. My impact against her body sends us both toppling onto her bed.

Tara giggles and moans, her mind unable to decide which sound is more applicable.

Not wanting to interrupt the sounds of her pleasure, I crawl on top of her, allowing my mouth to explore the pillowy mountains she calls breasts. Finding her nipple, I coil my tongue around it, while her body wriggles and spasms under me.

Deciding to up the stakes, I slide my middle finger down her slit, resting my thumb on the perch it inhabited to take over the rhythmic rotations. Reaching her entrance, my finger slides inside without resistance, accepting the full length straight to the knuckle.

Before long, frantic breathing replaces the giddy noises tearing out of her. She bucks her hips, using the motion to grind against my fingers, with white-knuckled fists latching onto her blanket for dear life.

“Don’t stop, baby,” she moans at the ceiling, and my heart sets aflame in my chest.

Baby. Such a simple word, yet hearing it from Tara’s lips, it takes full control of me. Drives all thoughts to the back of my mind, forcing me to focus on the single task she instructs. Shorter rotations, faster thrusts, and deep guttural sounds emanating from the back of my throat, all the tactics my feral mind can employ to deliver her orgasm.

“Give it to me. Come over my fingers,” I bark my order.

Tara responds with another vicious spasm, squealing in squeaky delight as every muscle in her body tenses into a knot. Choked groans catch in the back of her throat, and her eyes flutter from here to there and everywhere at once.

She doesn’t have to call it out for me to know she’s barreled over the edge. Her pussy tightens around my fingers, her body releases in a jolt so powerful she makes the entire bed shake on its feet, and a satisfied groan breaks her silence.

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

I give Tara a moment to breathe, come back down from her high, but never remove my hand from between her legs. Feeling her wetness against my fingertips, picturing how fucking good it's going to be on my cock instead.

"Hush." Her hand tickles its way up my side, across my neck, and into my hair. With a hard pull, she yanks my attention back to her. Fuck, I love a woman who knows how to take charge.

"How can I help, doc?" I tease, but her fluttering eyelashes make my heart pound hard in my chest.

"Put it inside me," she drawls out slowly. "I need it."

There's a time and place for jokes, and I'm sure I could come up with a good one for this. But those words are enough to wipe my mind clear, empty. Pulling myself onto my knees, I hook my hands under hers to lift and part her legs. Tara keeps them spread as I set her feet on the bed, creating two arches leading to her pink pussy.

So eager in my approach, I almost slam myself into her with boxers on. It takes all the willpower I can muster to hold back for a few more seconds. In a flash, I'm on my feet and tear away the remnants of my clothing. Boxers first, to stop their restrictions on my aching member, then shirt. Pulling it over my head, Tara stares at me with the same unblinking, awe-struck gaze I gave her moments ago.

"Oh, fuck." She gulps audibly as her gaze drifts lower.

"Like what you see?" I parrot her question, crawling back between her legs, and

resting the length of my erection over her belly. Her hands instinctively snap to it, rubbing the sensitive skin as she mentally prepares for what's about to happen.

“Do I ever?” She grabs the base firmly, taking full control of the moment and me. “And I can't wait to feel it, too.”

Using her feet planted in the bed as support, she shimmies back until my head is in line with her hole. She tugs me forward, using my cock as a leash, and slots me against her entrance to a joint howl that echoes in the quiet black of her bedroom.

“Are you going to give it to me?” Tara coos, stroking my head against her slick arousal. “Split me in half. Fuck me silly. Leave me a come-drunk mess?”

The pen is mightier than the sword, that's what they say, right? Until now, I couldn't believe it. But Tara's filthy tongue is proof that words can be pretty damn strong.

Grabbing my manhood and prying it out of Tara's grip, I sink the tip deeper. Her warm tightness engulfs me, hungrily accepting every measured inch I feed it. Her hips buck up the deeper I go, eyes roll to the back of her skull. By the halfway mark, her tongue hangs from her mouth, and she pants for air.

“You're...” Strained words claw their way out of my chest. “So...” Another inch, my arms start to shake. “Fucking...” Any movement I make sends sharp spikes of pleasure out from my loins, tickling every nerve in my body. “Tight.”

Pushing deeper, my body turns to water, and I collapse on top of Tara. My face drops between her bosom, mouth open and eager to feed. My tongue finds the erect bud of her nipple, and I flick over it with expert precision. Tara howls out, and her arms snake around my neck, before trapping me in place with an iron-clad squeeze.

I start rolling my hips, inching back and forth inside her pussy, while Tara suffocates

me against her tits. My mind is lost to spiraling thoughts of her. The overwhelming sensation of her pussy gripping onto my cock. Flashes of her naked body before me. Fingers still coated in her liquids, leaving lines of the nectar against her thighs, while I claw onto them for dear life.

It doesn't take long to lose control. The strained, slow pulse of my hips, replaced by long strokes burying myself down to my balls. So far gone in the haze of pleasure, the cacophony of noise we're both erupting couldn't penetrate my ears.

Fierce grunts, flustered moans, howling and squealing—an orchestra fit for the Gods, playing on repeat from Tara's magnificent lips.

“Don't hold back,” I speak against her breasts. There's no real reason for it, other than how badly I want her reaction. “I want to feel your tight cunt gush over my fucking cock. Show me that you belong to me. That you're mine.”

“Y-yours?” Strained sounds, almost indiscernible, fight their way out of her mouth.

“All mine.” I slide my cock as far as it will go before slipping out of her and smashing my hips forward. Tara's body spasms, her legs give way, and she collapses onto her back.

She writhes in eye-rolling bliss, a wicked grin plastered across her face, as her grip loosens around my neck. “Yours,” she howls, stating it as though an obvious point of fact.

“Good girl.” My hands tighten in the grooves of her hips with the overwhelming urge to make it official. Using my grip, I start pulling her waist into my thrusts, planting my flag deep inside her womb to make my claim official.

I slam my cock into her, fucking Tara harder as she climaxes against it. She claws her



nails across my skin, digging them into my back as she flies over the edge. And that's when I feel it, brewing just beneath my gut as her hips spasm against my cock.

"Fuck," is all I can get out before I hear Tara's frantic giggle.

"That's it, baby." Finding new strength after her orgasm, she starts rolling her hips in time with my pulling, and better still, my thrusting. "You gonna come for me?"

"I a—" Can't even finish the sentence. So close, my eyes go blurry, and my head goes blank.

She speaks in a frenzied whisper. "Do it. Come inside of me."

One more thrust is all it takes. Reaching as far as it can go inside her, my cock swells and tenses, while painstaking grunts replace my ability to breathe. It starts as a slow trickle from the base moving up my shaft, before my seed explodes into the tight confines of Tara's pussy. She jolts her hips upward, accepting every last drop I have to offer, while I can't even keep myself upright.

I crumble at her side, pulling her face over to mine to seal this deal with a kiss.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

And it's just like that, I know nothing will ever be the same again. She's mine. I'm hers.

I won't let anything get in the way of it.

8

HUSH

"They giving your girl trouble?" Knight's grave tone almost makes me regret calling him.

But chatting with Knight about this is a matter of respect. Three fools causing trouble in our city is reason enough for an ass whooping. But Stubble and his crew chose to turn their ire on a Knight Rider, and they have to learn a lesson. Since it's a personal problem, who better to be their teacher than me? Show them what happens when you fuck with the kings of these streets.

"No." I wouldn't be bothering him with this if it weren't for the three of them sitting at a table a few feet away from me. It's a small town, not many streets, and a handful of eateries. We were bound to run into each other again.

But this soon? I don't buy it.

"They giving you trouble?" I can hear his heavy, frustrated breathing through the cellphone's receiver.

“Yes.” Another point in their favor is that Tara opted for takeout from a family-run burger joint close to her place and a night of movies on her couch, instead of going out for dinner and drinks.

Which is why Stubble and his cronies pitching up rubs me the wrong way. Makes me think they’re following me. Find the biggest guy in town and kick his ass to assert their dominance.

I got bad news for you, boys.

“And you say they’re new in town?”

“Can’t confirm, but with most newcomers understanding their role in the Knight Riders world, I have to assume.” I keep my eyes locked on Stubble, and he does the same to me. The other two keep chatting among themselves, as if nothing’s going down.

I could be crazy. Looking too deep into this. But trusting my instincts has gotten me this far, so why stop now?

“Deal with ‘em how you see fit. Show them who’s boss,” Knight says. “Want me to send a few boys your way? A little help couldn’t hurt.”

“It’ll be over before they get here.” If anything happens at all.

“Got it. Stay safe out there.” Knight kills the call.

With business concluded, I join Tara at the table she’s waiting at. I fall next to her, and with a naughty smile, her hand instantly snakes between my legs.

“How’d it go?” I’m not sure if she knows they’re here. To keep her as far from my

business as possible, I told her I had to check in with the boss to see if he needed me.

With low lights in the Coyote Bar that night, and her mind warped by what the night might hold, I can only hope her vision was hazy when it came to the three men staring at us.

“Great. I’m unshackled and all yours.” I hook an arm over her shoulders and pull her tightly against me. Big talk is easy when you’re singling one guy out, but approaching a man and his woman gives reason for pause.

“All mine?” Excitement bubbles over her words.

“Forever and always.” I peck her crown, my attention snapping to one of the waitresses stepping out of the kitchen with a takeaway bag in hand. My heart all but sinks when she delivers it to a table of four on the other side of the restaurant.

Noticing me staring at the waitress—hoping that every time she slips into the kitchen, she returns with our bag—Stubble takes it as an invitation to come over. He and the other two get out of their chairs, dropping a few notes on the table for whatever they drank beforehand.

“Tara, these three are trouble,” I finally have to admit, and do it by whispering against the side of her head. “Let me handle it, okay?”

She looks at me before her gaze settles on them, but I never get a clear answer to whether she accepts or not.

“Funny running into you again, big man,” Stubble says with a skin-crawling snark. To assert dominance, or the perceived assertion anyway, he presses his palms onto our table and leans into them.

I knew it. He's here for trouble. But I'm torn between giving it to him and the crushing reality of what that might mean for Tara and me. If I deal with them the way I want, she's going to think I'm a monster. Some unholy creature she should've never let close.

"Hush, you know this guy?" Tara raises a brow, her eyes darting between me and Stubble.

## Page 14

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Nope.” I stare him down, playing with all the ideas of how badly I could hurt him.

“Hush? What a fitting name.” Stubble snickers. “How about you hush up and let the men talk?”

“What the fuck did you just say to me?” Tara hisses, her face turning several shades redder. “Better watch what comes out of your smug fucking mouth next or I’ll slap that smile off your fat fucking face.”

Angry as Stubble’s comment toward Tara made me, I’m stunned at the firecracker next to me, giving it a thousand times harder than she got it. An unsettling mix bubbles inside me, between the white-hot rage and the swooning sensation in my chest. And then there’s her rosy cheeks as she bares her teeth, ready to launch across the table and beat the piss out of Stubble.

Holy fuck, is this what love feels like? Never had it before, so I wouldn’t know, but if it is, I never want it to end.

“Woah, woah, calm down.” Stubble’s eyes bulge out of their sockets at Tara’s outburst. He’s more afraid of the little thing at my side than me.

Good. I prefer to stay unassuming.

“Listen, chump, you better go back to your table unless you want trouble. Trust me, you won’t be able to handle it.” She eyes him square.

And here I was, afraid that showing Tara my ruthless side would scare her off. Little

did I know, hers is far worse.

9

TARA

“Christ, buddy. Muzzle your bi—” Before the prick hovering opposite us can finish his sentence, Hush has the front of his shirt in a balled-up fist. The word gets cut off in a half-scream as Hush tugs him forward and smashes his face into the table.

Glassware, plates, and cutlery go flying off the table as the guy crumples like a sack of potatoes. Hush is on his feet, fists raised and ready for the second who approaches. He storms around the table, met by a firm right hook from Hush that makes an awful thudding noise. The third remains in the distance, mouth agape as he recoils away from the table.

The entire restaurant goes quiet, heads snapping to the scene. And then there’s laughter, joyous and free from a young boy two tables over.

“Look, Mama.” The kid is in frantic hysterics, pointing at the third guy. “He peed himself.”

“William,” his Mama reprimands him.

“Sorry for spoiling your evening, folks.” For the first time ever, at least with me present, Hush’s voice booms across the room. “It’s over now. You can go back to your meals.”

The two who stepped up to my man start scampering in the direction they came, joining their piss-soaked buddy, before they all run out the door together.

When the dust settles and everyone returns to their night out, I launch out of my chair and swing my arms around Hush's shoulders. Pulling him into a kiss, one that shows a fraction of how hot I find him, my heart flutters wildly against my ribcage when he doesn't try to stop me.

"That was amazing," I say, standing on my tippy toes, hanging off his shoulders. "You're amazing."

"Me? Don't sell yourself short, doc. You're the one who really gave it to them." Hush rests his hands on the small of my back. He sees this embrace as the soft, tender sort, but I've got a very different idea in mind.

"Come with me." I slide my hand into his and yank him in my direction as I storm to the exit.

"What about our grub?" Hush laughs and smiles while I pull him through the tables.

"We're not going far. We'll grab it after." Out of breath and overly excited, my words come out strained. This has to be confusing for him, and I'll do my best to explain it when we get back home.

But right now, I need to feel his strong hands against my body. Hear the rumble in his chest. Come together as one, in the best way possible with him.

We break out of the building and step into the warm, stale air. I give Hush a few more steps away from the building before I slip my hands behind his head and pull him into a kiss. I keep leading him onward while we kiss, trying my best to look up and down the sidewalk to see if anyone's around.

Apart from the three scattering to their car, and a group of four doing the same, we're alone.



“You’re so fucking hot. That was so fucking hot.” Words spew out of me with giddy excitement.

Hush accepts my words as his mouth sinks down my face and settles just below my ear.

“You came all the way outside just to tell me that?” Hot breath tickles my ear, and I squirm.

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“I came outside to fuck you,” I admit, unapologetically. Two nights ago, I would’ve been too nervous to say it, afraid that it might make Hush uncomfortable. After what we just went through, I can’t contain myself.

“In public?” He chuckles.

“Look around.” Lost to the intensity I thrust upon him, Hush didn’t notice me leading him farther from the building and slipping into the shadows of a nearby alleyway.

Even in the dark, I can see the flash of his pearly whites brought forward by his grinning excitement.

“Good thing I wore a dress, huh?” Teasing him, I tug at the hem higher and higher until it passes my hips. “Know what’s even better? I’m not wearing any panties.”

Hush gulps so hard I can hear it. “No panties, you say?”

“See, I planned ahead on the off-chance you’d need an emergency session with the doctor.” I cock my head to the side, imagining what his face looks like in the dark. Surely dumbfounded, but with a hint of that cocky, winning smile he so rarely has on display.

“You’re right.” His hands snap onto my naked hips, and he uses them to pull our bodies tighter together. “This definitely calls for an emergency meeting, but something tells me it’s more for you than me.”

I snicker at his comment, releasing my dress from one hand and rolling it over his

shoulder. “Might be, or maybe I know what you want better than you do.”

Pressing my lips against his jawline, I pepper soft kisses across his five o’clock shadow. Taking it as his sign to continue, Hush uses his grip on my waist to hoist me into his arms. I straddle his hips with my legs, and it doesn’t take long for his throbbing manhood to find its way against my sex.

“We better make it quick,” Hush groans, his eyes fixed on the sky above us. “The old folks might worry we skipped dinner if we don’t.”

“Your wish is my command,” I whisper against his cheek and drop my hands between our bodies to start working on his pants. I lower the zip, slide my hand through the hole, and tease his erection with my fingertips while I loosen it from his boxers.

Overzealous and ready to conquer me, Hush stumbles forward until he has me pinned against the wall. He snaps his head to mine, sucking my lips into a messy kiss, while I struggle blind to guide his cock to my?—

Never mind.

Loose fumbling does the trick, and the tip of his spear hits its mark before I can realize what’s happening. Holding back my moan for anyone who might be able to hear, I latch onto Hush’s belt and pull him deeper.

Hush pauses our kiss, his hands squeezing my ass, and I can feel the mighty roar he wants to release, rumbling in his chest. But the sound doesn’t come, not while we’re outside and exposed to the world. Instead, he utters a pained, choking grunt that he tries to remedy by clearing his throat.

“I fucking love being inside you,” he whispers.

“Prove it,” I answer, wanting him to let go and give me every damn thing he’s got.

Pinning me firmly to the wall, Hush starts rolling back on his feet. His length slides out of me until only the head remains lodged inside, and after a brief pause, he slams it back in as deep as it will go.

I bury my face in his chest, unable to hold back my whimpering and sputtering, with Hush repeating his intense thrusting in my walls. His cock is fucking perfect. A single touch is enough to make me lose touch with reality. Fucking lose my mind altogether, really.

There’s no controlling my spasming limbs. My eyes roll, jaw clenching on his shirt to use it as a makeshift gag, lungs burning from the lack of oxygen my short breaths take in. It only takes that first thrust for warmth to nestle in my belly. Fireworks to shoot off in my mind’s eye. My pussy throbbing in want for more, but unable to handle anymore of his cock’s glorious pleasure.

“I’m gonna fill you up, baby,” Hush groans into my ear, distracting me from my attempts to make heads or tails of how amazing the last few days have been.

I want to tell him I’m right on the edge. That we’re about to come together, unite as one in ways we never thought possible, but I can’t. My mind’s blank from his swollen cock stretching my aching sex while he pounds wave after wave of euphoria into me.

Hush groans as I reach new heights of ecstasy on his cock. But that sound, and two more thrusts bring him up here with me, as he drains his balls inside of me.

He holds me in place a while, resting one of his cheeks against mine while fighting to catch his breath. I wrap my arms around him in the tightest bear hug I can muster, wanting to feel every inch of his body against mine.

“Hey, Tara,” he says, a quivering hint hanging on those words.

“Hey, yourself.” A smile beams across my face.

“Might sound crazy, but...” His pause after starting a sentence like that should make me nervous, but it doesn’t. He could say anything to me right now, and it would be the perfect sentence. “I think I love you.”

My heart all but explodes in my chest as he says those words. Out of pure reflex, I almost ask him to pinch me so I’ll know this isn’t a dream. But taking a second to compose myself and banish my overwhelming need to scream in excitement, I answer him, “Good.”

His head snaps in my direction, and though I can’t see it, I’m sure it’s flooded with confusion or concern. “Because I know I love you, Hush.”

## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

Jolly voices from patrons leaving the restaurant pull us back to reality, and Hush gets me back on my feet. He takes one of my hands in his, and we walk back the way we came.

Could life get any better?

### EPILOGUE

### HUSH

#### One Year Later

“You doing okay, Hush?” Knight’s voice snaps me out of my daze. “You with us?”

“Right here, boss,” I lie.

How could I not slip in and out of lucidity when I look down at Tara’s hand and see the ring that binds us together forever?

“Good. Then let me be the first to congratulate you two on your wedding,” Knight raises a glass of champagne in the air. “What a wonderful addition you’ve brought into our family.”

Spending some time with the crew after a wedding has become a formality lately. First Knight, then Talon, and now me. Each one of us is in the same boat, doing our part to show face, but eagerly awaiting our chance to escape.

“To Tara.” Talon looks me dead in the eye, a sheepish grin tugging at his lips. “The best damn thing that’s ever happened to you.”

Laughter and clinking glasses are followed by roaring cheers from the rest of the table, ushering Tara and me into our new lives. It doesn’t take long for the noise to settle and folks to start making their way over to give us personal well-wishes.

Tara and I accept and thank those who stop by. And though this isn’t my idea of a good time, I’m approaching it as a chore of duty, rather than anything else. Biding my time until I have my wife all to myself again.

“Looks like Boulder’s ours again. For real this time,” I overhear one of the Riders talking to Knight. And with those words, I breathe a sigh of relief.

“You want to get out of here?” I whisper in Tara’s ear.

“I don’t want to take you away from this.” Her brow furrows.

“You’re not.” I set her mind at ease as quickly as I could. “But as fun as this is, I’d rather have you all to myself. We still have a lot of celebrating to do, what with you becoming my wife and all.”

Her expression lights up at the wordcelebrating. We both know what it means. A week tucked away in her bedroom, coming out the other end an exhausted mess of entwined limbs.

And though that’s where our fun will be, I’m also entirely sincere in wanting to get away. Even if there weren’t anything waiting at the bottom of this rainbow, I’d want to go. How else could I bask in Tara’s glory? Worship her as the goddess she truly is? I want to get lost in the haze of her presence, feel my pulse thundering as she smiles at me in that way only she can.

The Knight Riders will have me back soon enough, but until then, the only thing I want is her.

## EXTENDED EPILOGUE

TARA

Three Years Later

“It doesn’t look real,” I coo, resting my head against Hush’s chest, as we stare off at the beautiful pinks and purples painted across the sky. “It’s so damn beautiful.”

“Is it?” Hush asks, and as I turn to face him, he’s staring deep into my eyes. “I didn’t notice. Then again, everything on this whole damn planet is dull compared to you.”

Heat rushes to my cheeks, and I slam my palms over them to hide my blush. A devilish twinkle dances across Hush’s eyes, and his smile widens, knowing that he’s won this round.

“You know, you shouldn’t talk to me like that.” I slide a finger down Hush’s chest until it slips between the grooves of his abs.

“And why not?” He slides a hand around my shoulder and squeezes me tightly against his chest.

“Because it’s comments like those, my husband, that got us in this position.” I nod towards my belly to enhance my point before continuing, “If you’re not careful, you’ll have a few more buns in the oven.”

“So what you’re actually saying is that my plan is working perfectly, then?” Hush slips his hand under my arm and rests it on my ever-swelling belly. Just in time, it



seems, as our daughter decides to say goodnight with two gentle kicks.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 8, 2025, 3:42 am*

“Fuck, I love you.” The words barrel out of me. But they always do with him.

We’ve been together for years, but every time I look at him, or hear some cheesy line designed to make my heart beat faster, it’s like we’re back in some sleazy bar and he’s offering a joke to comfort me for the bike ride home.

The way he looks at me? Even now, when he’s seen me at my best and my worst, it’s always like the very first time. Awe-stricken and nervous, searching the recesses of his mind to find the perfect line.

I still remember ours. How could I ever forget? So simple, yet it changed the course of our lives forever.

Hey.

Hey, yourself.

Thanks to those three words, we’re taking our step into becoming a real family. With a child on the way, and Hush expressing a great desire to give our first daughter siblings. And somehow, his eyes still tell the story of him being lost, scared, and shy. Wanting to impress me like he hasn’t done it a million times already.

“I love you.” Hush kisses the top of my head, focusing on me instead of the beautiful sky ahead.

That’s why I know our love will last forever. Why I blush at his silly jokes or attempts to tease, and why I can’t control my expressions of love.

Because he's the perfect husband, and soon he'll be the perfect father.

And I can't wait to take the rest of this journey we call life together.

The End