



Claimed by a Knight (The Knight Riders MC #2)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Talon and Gracie: A Love Story That Defies the Odds!

In the heart of Boulder, where the roar of motorcycles meets the pulse of passion, Talon has always been blind to the love right in front of him. Gracie Kimble, his oldest friend and confidante, has been by his side through thick and thin, but now she's ready to break free from the friend zone.

As Talon grapples with his feelings, Gracie has a plan to entice him into a world of desire and commitment. Will Talon finally see the signs and claim the woman who's always belonged to him? In this steamy installment of The Knight Riders MC series, love is a wild ride, and nothing will stand in the way of their forever.

Talon

I'm blind.

Not physically, but emotionally.

Totally inept in the field, and I'll be kicking myself for the rest of my life because of it.

Gracie's been at my side through it all. We've been thick as thieves, even longer than I've been with the Knight Riders.

You'd think I'd wisen up, right? See the signs, subtle hints, attraction. Right!

Well, you'd think wrong. But now that I know, nothing's going to get in the way of our love.

And I'll show the whole damn world.

Gracie belongs to me.

Claimed By A Knight: A Steamy Friends-to-Lovers Romance!

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TALON

“N ever thought I’d see the day a big biker was crawling on his hands and knees for me.” She’s in the bathroom, doing God knows what, while I neatly lay cabling from her newly hanging TV to the wall socket.

Little does she know, all she ever had to do to get me crawling around the floor like a damn puppy was ask. I’d do it in a heartbeat. Hell, for her, I’d find a way to make the world stop turning to spend eternity in her presence.

Because at the end of it, it’s all about her. Her. Gracie Kimble. My oldest friend. We’re two drifters, together through life, walking the long and short roads side by side. It’s how we’ve always done it, and it’s how we should keep it. Even if it drives me nuts.

Lately, nuts isn’t the right word to describe it. I hardly stay in control of myself around her. Maybe walking on all fours like a puppy is the wrong analogy. I’m more like a rabid mutt, desperate for her attention and pawing at her side for more, more, more.

“Never took you for much of a handyman.” Her subtle jab leaves me grinning like a fool, and I turn my head to her door in hopes she’s standing there.

She isn’t. The door’s half shut, with only the smallest crack exposed, giving enough room for her intoxicating perfume to flood through and suffocate my mind in a haze.

“Handsy man is a better way to put it.” I chuckle at my own silly joke. Words spill

out of me freely with her. Teasing more so. She brings out the best in me without realizing it.

Finishing off the cabling, I flick the switch and ensure the mounted TV turns on.

A deafeningly loud advert for some pharmaceutical company pierces the mostly quiet room, making me jump in place.

Lowering the volume, I can hear Gracie laugh in the bathroom.

Though it's more of a snicker, as if planned in advance to give me a fright, knowing I'd be the first to hear it.

"You wanna grab a pizza when this is done?" I ask, playing off her prank with cool charm.

"I can't." Her answer pierces my heart. "I've got plans. I hope I'm not being a nuisance, but it's another reason I asked you over."

"You need a ride?" It isn't the first time I've taken her around the city for a night out, and I'm sure it won't be the last. I flop onto her bed and flick through a few channels to make sure I didn't screw anything up with the install.

While I lie lazily, the bathroom door swings open, but no one stands inside it.

Only another waft of her delicious scent.

I'm choked out and left reeling. Desperate to be the one to bury my face between her breasts to breathe deeply her aroma.

Tongue lashing at every inch of skin in a vain attempt to coat my tongue for a taste of

what drives me so fucking crazy.

After a short pause of me staring and her doing whatever inside, Gracie emerges from the en-suite, and my jaw nearly drops through the carpeted floor.

“Fuck.” The word claws its way out of my choked, tight throat. “You look stunning.”

Locks of gold cascade down her shoulders, tickling the straps of her awfully revealing dark blue dress, bouncing with every step.

The material clings to her fit body, exposing every curve—from ample bosom to narrow waist and wide hips—perfectly.

If it wasn’t bad enough, the dress rides high up her milky white thighs and leaves very little to my imagination.

“You think so?” Deep red covers Gracie’s snow-white cheeks before she has a chance to twist away and hide her blush.

“Know so.” Before I make a bigger ass of myself, I get back to our original conversation. “So, where am I taking you looking this pretty?”

Gracie stops dead in her tracks and gulps so hard her neck muscles stiffen.

“I’ve got a date.” She speaks in a whisper, too nervous to say it outright. As if those words are the ones to send me over the edge and drive me deep into insanity. And if that’s the case, she hit the nail right on the head.

“You what?” A blow to the gut is an understatement.

Fuck, it feels like someone’s taken a sledgehammer to my chest. Jealousy and

annoyance that I'm not the one to take her out bring me right to the edge, ready to scream.

"I mean..." Nope, no way I'm talking myself out of this one without making things worse; I'll just shut up and accept defeat.

"A date." She crosses her arms over her chest, and I can't help but follow the action.

Scanning the curvature of her elbows as they curve her forearms under overly exposed breasts.

Jesus, a strong breeze would be enough to have them spilling out.

Maybe I should rush her into the night for a chance to get a glimpse of it.

"You know? Two people going out, having dinner, drinks, a laugh, and whatever else might happen."

Grabbing one of her decorative pillows, I sneakily adjust it down my body and rest it over my ever-swelling cock.

It's not my proudest moment to be flaunting an erection.

Especially when I'm annoyed and embarrassed at myself for overreacting.

But one look, that's all it takes. Her body has a direct connection with every pleasure receptor in my brain.

Defeated or not, nothing will change the way I see her.

Like every time is the very first. Her plump lips in a brimming smile, joyful eyes

holding the promise that everything's going to be okay.

God, what I wouldn't give to just kiss her right here.

Throw myself into her and dissuade this foolish notion of spending her time with another.

Somehow, it feels cruel. No matter how I feel inside, throwing away the best friendship—hell, the only real friendship—I've had because of my own wants isn't something I can do.

"You should try it sometime. A handsome man like you, I'm sure you could get any woman you want," she concludes before stepping into high heels and collecting her purse.

"Who's the lucky guy?" Deflecting her statement is easier than playing along. I'm already walking a fine line between exposing my desires and annoyance at the straw man she's going to see. I might say or do something regrettable if I'm not careful.

"Ezra Green." Her eyes are locked on mine. Scanning not only my reaction, but searching into my soul for some answer I don't know how to give other than with bitter disgust.

"You're kidding me, right?" How I manage to say it without sounding furious is beyond me. "You can do so much better than that asshole."

Ezra Green, with a pencil-thin line of black running along his receded smile.

Too much gum showing to be genuine, especially when plastered on his gaunt, sickly face.

Some higher up in the mega corporation setting up shop in Boulder, Ezra has been on my radar for a while now.

And after tonight, he's got a ticket straight to the top of my list of dick heads to keep an eye on.

"Maybe," she says, taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

"But I'm not looking for the guy I'm going to spend the rest of my life with tonight.

And Ezra may be an asshole, but he's an affluent asshole, and he'll treat me to a good time.

"She crinkles her nose at me and leans a little bit closer.

Every inch an excruciating test of my resilience.

'I've got cash. I could treat you to a nice night out any damn time you want,' is what I would've said if my backbone hadn't turned to fucking jelly.

"Affluent asshole." I chuckle, but I like it. Alliteration tickles my brain in ways I don't understand. It's better when it comes from Gracie's lips. "Well, he's one lucky guy. I'd kill to have someone like you on my arm. Even if it's just to spoil you."

Where the hell did that come from? Fuck. I knew I should've kept my big mouth shut, and seeing Gracie's eyes widen and her teeth sink into her lower lip nervously, I couldn't help but feel I'd crossed a line.

It would've come out sooner or later, of this I'm certain.

But why did it have to be tonight? The first date she's gone on since college. Now I

just look like a jealous fool, covering his cock with a pink, fluffy pillow.

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GRACIE

There's no way he means it the way I want him to. While I'll never discredit Talon's compliment as anything but, he's just saying it because he doesn't approve of the man I'm going out with tonight. Right?

Sure, I'd have to be blind, deaf, and dumb to miss the way he looks at me.

How his eyes travel the length of my body when I wear something a little too skimpy.

Subtle changes in the tone of his voice when I parade myself around one of our apartments in short shorts and a tank top that hardly covers my tits.

But he's never shown interest in that way, much to my chagrin.

I've always chalked it up to him being a man and me being a woman. No matter where the friendship flag stands, we can still appreciate one another as the attractive people we are.

I rest a hand on Talon's chest and feel the slow, rhythmic thump of his heart. He's barely moved since I sat next to him, and if he weren't talking, I might've believed he fell asleep.

"It's not that big a deal, you know? And it's not going to change anything. We'll still hang out all the time." I shouldn't feel ashamed for going on a date.

I've waited for Talon to make a move for years. If he has any hidden feelings inside,

he's damn good at keeping them locked away, but if I'm being honest with myself, I know why nothing has come of us.

We've been together forever. We met in our first year of high school, and barely left each other's sides since. But the hardest, or maybe it's the easiest part about it, is that I've wanted to be with him since our first interaction.

He was smaller then. Half the height he stands now, with twigs on his arms instead of the massive tree trunks he sports now. A rake-thin sapling with a nervous smile and an offhand compliment about the novel I was reading.

"I know." He shrugs, adjusting himself up my headboard.

"Then why do you look so upset, sourpuss?" My attempt at lightening the mood makes him wince.

"I'm not." His raspy voice gives me all I need to know the real answer hidden beneath his lie. "Well, not with you going on a date." A quick attempt to recover that makes his heart thump a little faster against my fingers. "It's the guy you're going out with. You know he's no good for Boulder."

Once upon a time, a change like this would've been exactly what Talon yearned for. But his view of our little university town changed when he joined the Knight Riders. I'm not sure if it's for the better or worse, but his fiery passion to keep Boulder safe is damn sexy.

"Make hay while the sun shines." I slide my hand back slowly, enjoying the feeling of his firm chest against my fingertips. "That's what Momma always said."

"Momma's a wise woman." He's met her a thousand times over, so he knows how far her wisdom extends. "Anyway, let's not dwell on me. Of course, I'll drive you there."

Bring you home when you're done, too, if you'd like?"

I must be all kinds of screwed up to be upset by him wanting to do what I asked.

I had no ulterior motives in asking him for a ride or telling him I'm going on a date, but some part of me deeply wanted him to object and fight for me to stay here with him instead.

It could've been the catalyst that made us take the step away from friends to something more, but maybe that's just me being delusional.

Seeing something where there's nothing because it's what I want to happen.

For all I know, his reaction really is set in the fact that Ezra Green isn't a good person and has nothing to do with me seeing someone.

Getting up from the bed, I keep my hand on Talon's chest as long as I can before it becomes too hard to explain why I'm still touching him.

He opens his mouth to say something, but shuts it just as fast with a humph and a sigh.

The short walk down the set of first-floor stairs to the main lobby is taken in harrowing silence.

Only the sounds of his footsteps and the occasional grumble from Talon, no doubt wanting to say whatever made him react this way in the first place.

I just wish he'd actually say it. Come out with whatever's running through his mind so we can get past this.

But all the way down, right until we're standing next to his bike, Talon doesn't speak.

He doesn't even look at me with those dreamy hazel eyes.

He simply stares ahead, with a stern gaze that would make the devil quiver in his boots.

A chilly wind blows through the night as we stand in front of his motorcycle. I knew I should've brought a coat, but in a rush to get away from the awkwardness, I barely remembered to grab my cellphone off the kitchen counter as we walked by.

But here it is. His last chance to speak up and tell me to stop. The only question is, will he take it?

And my heart shatters into tiny little pieces as he opens his mouth and asks, "Ready?"

"As I'll ever be," I answer, masking my frustration with a fake smile.

"Then let's get to it."

We blast through the night on Talon's motorcycle at speeds I haven't seen him ride in years. We whizz by buildings, cars, and people who turn their heads to look at the man flying like a bat out of hell. A ride that should have taken twenty minutes completed in half the time.

Talon pulls his bike into the closest parking spot he can find to the Casa Bella's entrance.

He gets off first and extends a hand to help me up like a true gentleman.

All smiles now, the ride must have shed his gloomy disposition, and while I'm glad

he isn't moping anymore, I still think I preferred his lack of acceptance to this.

It was the closest we ever came to me fulfilling my teenage dreams of holding his hand and sharing my first kiss with him. I've kissed a few others since, but something tells me they'll never hold a candle against Talon.

"Thanks for the ride," I say, as my eyes turn down to our hands that refuse to break even though I'm on my feet.

"Anytime, sunshine." Talon brushes his thumb over my fingertips and finally releases. "Gonna need a ride home tonight?"

"If you're up to it." I slip the hand still burning from his touch into my purse and pull out a travel makeup kit.

"For you, I'd kill the bull." Talon smiles, but his brow quickly furrows, and he shakes his head viciously. "Not literally, I mean, it's like moving mountains. I'd never hurt a bull."

I burst out into a laughing fit, my cheeks starting to ache from the intense smile his fumbling causes.

"I know what you meant." Because he's said it before, usually accompanied by a terrible Spanish accent.

"Oh God, my hair's a mess," I grumble, scanning myself in the small round mirror attached to my travel kit.

"You think?" Talon raises a brow, but his features remain solid as stone. "If you're asking me, I'd say you've never looked better."

My cheeks instantly flush red, and my fears from earlier drift away in a wave of giddiness.

So, he did mean it the way I wanted him to?

He's not looking for a girl like me to spoil, no.

Talon wants me. Compliments have come in the past, but never like this.

So direct and honest, with a smile that could melt even the coldest hearts.

Gah, why couldn't he have done this sooner? If nothing else, I feel obligated to go in there and meet the man I promised a night out with.

"Stop, you're gonna make me blush," I say when my spinning mind starts to slow.

"Too late, buttercup. Those cheeks aren't getting any rosier from anything I'd say." He pauses, stares at my cheeks that feel like two ovens, and chuckles. "Never mind. You've gone from rose pink to ruby red, and I didn't even do nothing."

"Stop." I fake a slap against his chest, and he recoils from me as though it actually hurt.

"But go on, enjoy yourself. I'll stay close by and just a phone call away."

A phone call away?

Well, in the state he's leaving me—swooning heart and soaked panties—that call might come a lot sooner than he's expecting it.

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TALON

I straddle my motorcycle like the black stallion it is, ready to ride into the night and disappear from this place. For good this time, I tell myself and strap on my outlaw ten-gallon, staring off into the black, dusty trail outward.

It's a nice delusion, isn't it? Dropping everything and running away from your problems. Vanishing in the cover of night, starting a new life somewhere far away where no one knows your name.

Maybe there, in this idyllic escape, Gracie's right.

I could find someone else, a woman all for me, with curled golden hair and a smile that melts my heart into my guts.

But I know the truth. No one will ever compare. Not to her. My Gracie.

I start my engine and begin to move. Slower now than what I did to get her here.

And though it brings me no pride to admit that I did it to rush this thing along, I couldn't go slow.

My regrets set in the second we left her house, and they grew like a pit in my chest until I was fully consumed by aching despair.

If I gave myself an extra second to think, I'd never let her go through with this. Not with Ezra Green, not with some other handsome prick in a ten-thousand-dollar suit,

no one. The thought of losing her, and no matter how you slice it, this will be losing her, is suffering I can't endure.

This is how it starts, isn't it? A casual date, testing the waters, we'll still hang out all the time . . .

Until we don't. Until she finds someone who consumes her fully. Passion, love, and lust, a perfect melting pot to fall headlong into. We'll see each other less at first, make excuses as to how busy we've been, and pretend that everything's still the way it once was.

And then, nothing. She'll be happy, living a life with a man who should be me while I ponder the past and drink myself to slumber.

Christ, you big baby. If you're going to cry about it all night, go back there and do something.

Logic and reason, two of my stronger skills when it comes to work, often fail me when I'm supposed to be a civilian.

Cracking skulls and slinging dope come naturally, but being a friend and a shoulder to lean on?

Fucking forget it. But that little niggling voice in the back of my mind, scolding me for being so damn foolish, always manages to steer me right eventually.

Now is no different. With its ridicule and reprimands, at the first light I can make a turn, I spin around and roar my engine back to the swanky restaurant.

Sure, barging in and swooping her off her feet away from Ezra Green might piss him off, but it's like the boss keeps on saying—the Knight Riders need to show these

newcomers who runs this town.

I pull back into the Casa Bella's parking lot, but I don't have time to waste looking for a spot. I stop my bike in front of the entrance, turning heads in my direction as I dismount and head for the door.

"Sir, you can't park—" the doorman taking names says, but I silence him with a single raised finger, hovering dangerously close to his mouth.

"Won't be long, so keep an eye on her. Got it?" My narrowed eyes meet his gormless expression dead on. No way he's going to cause any problems for me. Doubt he gets paid enough to tussle with a man double his size and three times as mean.

"Understood." He nods and steps aside to let me in.

I storm through the entryway, barroom, and into the main floor of the restaurant.

Heads crane to stare at the mad monster barreling through the restaurant, my flaring nostrils a sign of the trouble I bring.

Silence falls over the room, almost like you'd see in a movie, as they all gawk at me, fumbling nervously with whatever they can get their hands on. Waiting for the trouble to start.

But it comes to a quick end, with folks returning to their conversations.

I'm certain most of them are centered around me.

I don't belong here, that much is certain, in my raggedy t-shirt and dark blue jeans.

Had I known I'd be making a public appearance, I'd have at least pulled my jacket on

before I left Gracie's place.

Oh well, not much I can do about it now.

"Over here." Her angelic voice cuts through the low murmuring of the crowd.

And when I see her again, unencumbered by the weight of Ezra Green's company, a relieved sigh barrels out of my lips. Time seems to slow as her bright pink cheeks and wide smile filter through my vision.

My heart starts to race as I take my first few steps toward her. Every inch inspiring an overeagerness that makes me want to gallop forward to be at her side again. To hell with friends 'till the bitter end. Wouldn't lovers be a better start to the end of our old lives as we step into the new?

"Are you okay?" Her smile fades as I reach her table, and panic washes over her face. "Did something happen?"

Tongue tied, mind twisted, I struggle to answer. My heart's slamming haphazardly against my ribcage, and the pit in my gut traps my words tightly in its grip.

Gracie's increasing dismay forces me to speak. Husky words that have no place leaving my mouth, but I need to bring that smile back. "I'm fine. Everything's fine." Both the truth and a lie, wrapped up neatly.

"Then why are you back here?" She eases back into her chair, inadvertently pressing her chest out.

Fuck, where's that fluffy pink pillow when I need it?

I take a moment to scan the restaurant. Glances in various directions to ensure Ezra's

not around, watching me steal his date away. Not that he could do much to stop me, but I'd rather avoid unnecessary drama.

"I'm here for you." I gulp, feeling like I'm making a massive ass of myself.

"For me?" Gracie tilts her neck down, gazing up at me from beneath her lashes. Once more, those pearly whites sink into her lower lip, and my manhood aches against the inseam of my boxers.

"You can't do this."

"I know you don't like him, bu?—"

"No." I shake my head, cutting her off. "Not him. You can't do this. With anyone." Good start. Flawed execution, but I'm bringing the point across. At least I hope so.

"It's a bit of fun." She raises a brow, but the devious smile forming on her lips is enough to tell me exactly what I want. She's screwing with me. "I'm not gonna marry the guy or anything."

"Yeah, sure, but what if I want to have this bit of fun instead?" Expressing feelings shouldn't be this hard, and yet, my throat feels like it's about to tighten shut and choke me out.

"Then I'd ask why you didn't tell me sooner." She kicks her chair back and gets to her feet, gathering her handbag.

"How am I supposed to answer that?" Maybe under different circumstances, with more thought and planning, I'd be able to. At this moment, I'm at a loss for words, slipping further and further into embarrassment, even knowing she's toying with me.

“By saying, ‘I’m a big dummy.’” She winks, and I nearly fall flat on my ass.

“Fine, you’re a big dummy.” I try to keep it light, pull back control where it’s slipped so far out of my grasp.

And she laughs. Glorious, sincere laughter that resonates through the main floor and once more calls all attention to us.

“Well then, you’ve come this far.” Gracie circles the table slowly, dragging a finger across the top as she approaches me. “What’s next?”

“We get the hell out of here, and I give you exactly what you were looking for.”

“And what, pray tell, do you think that is?” The finger sliding over the table shifts to my arm, starting at the wrist before it travels all the way up to my shoulder.

Choosing to answer with actions instead of words, I slide my hand around her waist and pull her tightly against my body. To hell with the onlookers.

I fling my head forward and lock our lips in an explosive kiss. Tongues mashing together, my mind racing to a thousand places yet fully focused on her and her alone. Her perfume tickling my nose, the softness of her lips, the vicious hunger from her tongue trying to devour my own.

“Not what I was thinking, but it’s so much better,” she whispers as our mouths part. “So, let’s do it. Get that pizza and have some real fun back at my place.”

“To hell with the pizza.” I grab her hand in mine and move through the tables faster than I’ve ever moved before. “Only thing I’m eating tonight is you.”

Gracie snickers behind me, and if I weren’t in such a hurry to leave Casa Bella for

good, I'd steal a look. See those white cheeks darken and feel my heart jump into my throat. But if this goes as well as I hope it will, we'll have the rest of our lives to indulge in how adorable she is.

"Gracie?" A timid voice catches my ear as we step into the cool night air. Shifting my gaze toward the speaker, I see Ezra Green staring at us wide-eyed and slack-jawed. "What's going on here?"

Gracie's hand tightens around mine at the sight of him. Poor thing's probably all sorts of uncomfortable now, and if we stick around too long, it's only going to get worse.

"Shouldn't have been late." I do the talking, taking a natural defensive stance in front of Gracie. Ezra doesn't pose much of a threat, but his beady eyes falling on my woman is enough to drive me crazy.

"Late?" He checks his watch. "I'm perfectly on time."

Every muscle in my body tenses as I stare him down. I'm sure he's confused. I would be, too, but getting in my way is a big mistake. Take the loss and fuck off like a good bitch. Don't make this harder than it has to be.

"We're leaving, so you better go inside or go back home." I brush past Ezra without another word, and Gracie remains close behind.

However, Ezra's intrusion before we could make our grand escape doesn't seem to have had much of an impact on her.

In the few short steps to my bike parked in front of the entrance, Gracie's hands have moved halfway around my body, clawing and tugging at my belt as if she wants to rip my pants off and have her way with me right here.

Lord knows, I'd give it to her too. She could do any damn thing she wants to me as long as it makes her happy.

And as we speed off away from Casa Bella, Ezra hasn't moved. He remains glued in place, staring at us from the entrance, a hand clasped over his mouth in disbelief.

It feels good to deliver him his first loss of many on a night that can't get much better if it tried.

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GRACIE

We're making out before we reach my apartment building's entrance. His hands are under my dress, squeezing my ass by the time we get to the stairs. By the time we've ascended them, Talon's carrying me to the door, his rock-hard erection enthusiastically brushing against my sensitive sex.

Awkward encounter with Ezra aside, I'm not letting anything get in the way of my night with him. I've been waiting for this for years—it feels like lifetimes at this point—it's not going to pass me by that easily.

He pins me against the wall to unlock the door and push it open.

And as soon as we pass the threshold of public space to my apartment, my hands shoot down the front of his body, working his belt buckle to release.

He groans at every touch, heartier when my haphazard gestures fumble and stroke his throbbing member.

By the time I've got his pants loose, we're in my bedroom. I help him shed his layers while he walks me the last few steps to the bed. Shoes, pants, boxers, everything apart from his shirt, though it's a lot harder to do that when he has me straddling his waist.

We reach the foot of the bed, and Talon's hands move off my ass, one grabbing me by the waist while the other slides up to my neck. He breaks our kiss and lays me down on the bed gently before pulling his shirt overhead.

My eyes nearly burst out of their sockets when it's off.

I've seen Talon shirtless before, but I'm awestruck at his exceptional physique, fully naked.

His muscles have muscles, all of them firm, tense, and flexed like he's gearing for war and trying to show his physical dominance.

The muscle that holds my gaze the longest is the slab of meat standing between his legs.

It's long, thick, and hard as iron and bounces as his eyes hungrily scan my still-clothed body.

"I've been waiting for this for so long," Talon mutters, as if embarrassed to say it aloud.

"Me too," I admit honestly, sitting upright to start undressing.

Before I can reach for my first heel, Talon stops me.

In a quick motion, he presses a hand into my shoulder to lower me back onto the bed and falls to his knees in front of my legs dangling off the bed.

I chuckle at the action, but the sound gets caught and choked at the ticklish sensation of his rough fingers striking my calf.

"Lie back, relax. I'll handle it." His smoldering gaze makes my heart skip a beat, leaving a fluttery sensation in my chest.

Holding my calf with one hand, Talon allows the other to strip my first heel.

He repeats the process on the other, smiling the whole time he's busy, before bringing my leg higher to his face.

He looks at my freshly shaved skin like it's a precious art piece.

And to top it all off, Talon leans in close, hot breath tickling me, before he moves to kissing.

Tingling warmth settles in my core while Talon's lips skim across my skin.

From my calf, past my knee, and onto my ultra-sensitive, tingling thighs.

His hands fly past his head, latching onto my dress while his mouth works against my skin.

Tugging and pulling at the fabric, unsteady grunts follow his slow movement to hoist my dress up higher.

With the hemline inching higher, so does his kissing. From the gentle start below, he's devolved into a mess of lips smashing against any flesh it can, his tongue slithers out and laps any liquid coating its path, and deep, animalistic grunting to convey his pleasure and indulgence.

I don't want to get in the way of his enjoyment, but my body yearns for more. I want to feel all of him, over and inside all of me. His mouth, his hands, his cock.

I've waited years for this moment. Eagerly bidding my time in hopes that someday it may come, and I appreciate his cautious approach, taking time to make this as romantic as possible, but I can't hold back my desires any longer.

I slip my hands over the shoulder straps of my dress, tugging them downward to start.

It's enough to loosen the top of my dress, and as I move my hands farther down to their inevitable destination, I claw the garment lower until my tits are exposed. So focused on his task, Talon doesn't notice.

It's only when my fingers skim over his face that his burning hazel eyes turn up to me. His jaw drops between kisses as he notices my exposed mounds. And it's in this sudden confusion that I pull his head away from my thighs and directly to my gooey center.

Unable to break eye contact with my breasts doesn't stop Talon from getting back to eating me out.

As if the catalyst to give him free rein to do whatever he wants, Talon forgoes the slow and steady approach, burying his tongue inside me for his first taste.

Satisfied, he runs the full pad of his tongue against my quivering pussy.

My body jerks and spasms, inadvertently bucking my hips forward into the warm muscle.

"Oh fuck, that feels so good," I whimper, while his tongue soothes my desperate sex.

He mumbles something against me, but I can't make it out and have no intention of stopping to hear a corny joke right now. So, I chuckle, gasp, and moan as he brings a finger to my hole while he suckles and tongue-lashes my clitoris.

"Talon." Just saying his name is nearly impossible.

So lost in the sensations his mouth delivers, I almost don't want it to end.

At the same time, I want more. All of him.

Filling the empty hollowness inside me only he can.

I want us to join together, become one, feel the warmth of his touch resonate from inside me.

I have to repeat myself twice more before Talon's ears prick up and his gaze snaps to me. Even while staring into my eyes, his tongue remains wriggling against my entrance. His insatiable hunger for me is exactly what I wanted.

"I want you inside me," I say outright, and his lips peel away from my pussy in an instant. He's on top of me just as fast, smashing his soaked face against mine, giving me a taste of the nectar he's drunk so deeply from.

I feel the swollen tip of his manhood prodding against my pussy while our mouths dance in electric delight. With no guidance from either of us, it knows where to go and wants in immediately. And for the first time since all of this started, a tense bundle of nerves tightens my body into a knot.

Not from a lack of desire or want for this.

No, the opposite. Feeling the head of his glorious hammer knocking at my door drives the sensation.

Knowing that all I've dreamed of for so long is finally coming to pass.

Years of desperate waiting, wanting, over in a heartbeat.

Annoyance at myself, realizing it could've happened so much sooner.

But mostly, and I guess it's the part that both excites and terrifies me, is the sheer size of his cock. Taking it all, indulging in his pleasure while he splits me in half.

I squeal suddenly as the bundle of nerves erupts across my body.

“What’s that for?” Talon asks, his kiss moving down my cheeks and over my neck.

“Excited.” One word to express every emotion building inside me.

“Then I better give you what you want.” He allows his hands to drop over my breasts, squeezing the mounds and teasing my nipples between his fingers.

“I’ll take it if you don’t. At least this way you can feel in control.”

He chuckles against my neck, traveling up to my ear before answering. “I never said I was in control. That honor is all yours.”

I open my mouth to speak again, but Talon, knowingly or not, shuts me up completely, easing his hips forward. The tip glides against my pussy lips, then back down, gathering a coat of my silky arousal as lubricant.

I bellow out at the newest of his incredible sensations, swinging my arms around his neck. Holding on for dear life, both ready and not, for what’s about to happen.

One of his hands releases my breast to snake down our bodies.

I can’t see what he’s doing, but I don’t have to in order to know he’s guiding himself to my entrance.

Talon’s entire body shudders as he brings his head closer, and as it reaches the end of the line, he’s tense and flexing, releasing heavy, labored breaths.

“Are you ready?” he asks, as if I’m not begging for it already.

He lifts his head, and our eyes lock together. I'm nibbling nervously on my lower lip, but nod my reply because speaking seems damn impossible right now.

"Good." He plunges his tip into me.

A synchronous moan floods my otherwise quiet bedroom. Another follows as he inches his way lower, slow and steady, giving me time to adjust to his girth before he makes another move.

Every pause comes with his cock throbbing inside me. It pulses waves of pure bliss throughout my body. A flood of euphoria and delight while I'm barely able to move. And the few restricted movements I can make intensify my grip around his shoulders.

The longer he goes with the precise movements, the more comfortable I become. Before long, his slow inching turns into rhythmic thrusting, and I meet him with rolling hips, accepting as much as I can take.

"Your pussy feels so good, baby," he mutters between low grunts. With it comes the first sign that he's losing control. Unable, or maybe just unwilling, to keep the steady pace.

I grin up at him, wanting to see him lose it completely. Never being good at dirty talk, I'm almost certain I'm going to make an ass out of myself. But lost in the deep, heady grips of pleasure, maybe it won't matter.

"That's it, baby." My body moves on its own, instructing my legs to hook around his waist and pull him into me. "Fuck my tight, warm pussy. Give it to me. Everything you've got. Make me squirm and scream."

Talon's body tenses, and his thrusts become erratic blasts from a jostling body.

Guttural sounds emit from his mouth, a mix of moans and roars as he fights back his release.

Between the cacophony we're emitting, I can hear him trying to speak.

Part of me wants to hear it, intrigue piqued, and mind locked in on his voice.

The rest of me is too far gone to the intensity of the pleasure Talon's pumping into me.

"Mine," he growls. A single word that could have so much meaning. His? What's his? Parsing the message would be a challenge under normal circumstances, but with a come-drunk mind and a body writhing in agonizing delight, I'll have to wait for more.

In his attempts to speak, without getting lost in the throes of pleasure, Talon's pace slows.

The strength he's found in controlling his body when he's so close to the edge is impressive, but where slowing his thrusts might keep him in the game, I'm still floating high among the clouds any time he moves his hips.

"All mine." He slams his full length into me, tickling every nerve ending inside.

"This?" He presses his lips against my neck.

His tongue makes an appearance, caressing mottled flesh, travelling up to my ear.

"Mine." His kisses travel across my collarbone, on my shoulder, and over one breast. Again, his tongue finds the hard point, and every lick makes my tummy flutter further. "These? Mine."

His hand sinks between our bodies while he slams his cock into me. He moves it until his thumb rests against my clitoris, applying just enough pressure to make me scream out.

“Most importantly, this is mine.” He speaks against my breasts before raising his head to gaze straight into my eyes. “Do you understand?”

He could say anything to me right now, and no matter how depraved or fucked up, I’d agree. To hear something so sweet, even if uttered in the same husky growl I’ve heard him scare people away with, melts my heart into a puddle around his cock.

“I want to hear you say it.” Talon drives another deep, hard thrust.

“Yours.” My eyes roll to the back of my head, and an exalted howl I never knew I could emit blasts out of my grinning mouth. “Yours now. Yours always.” He starts rolling his thumb in slow circles against my hood. “Yours alone. Yours always.”

“Good girl.” Those two words send me over the edge, where my admission does the same to him.

With one hand pinned between our bodies, the other moves onto my hip. He digs in firmly, holding me in place, and his pace starts to quicken. My nails instinctively dig into his back, trying to pull him deeper for a kiss.

And kiss we do, as another orgasm tears out of my core, making my entire body rattle and shake.

When he tries to pull away, I dig in deep again to keep him on top of me.

Our mouths locked, souls entwined, knowing he wants to warn me of what’s to come, but I don’t need him to.

His intense motions and stiffening body are enough of a sign.

He's plummeting to the edge of release, and how better to do it than with my tongue halfway down his throat?

His manhood starts to flex and knocks against my walls.

He sucks in short shallow breaths wherever he can get them between our kiss and primitive grunting.

Then I feel it, hot liquid splashing and filling me up to the brim.

I howl into his mouth, bucking my hips into his last pumps to accept every drop he has to offer.

And as the intensity of his release still, Talon collapses on top of me, cock still buried, panting heavily against my chest. I hook my legs around his waist and slide a hand up his back, resting it in the mess of his hair.

"You're fucking incredible." His voice is croaky, exhausted, and spent.

"I know," I joke, keeping him pinned in place.

I never want this moment to end, but deep down, I know it never will. Not really. We'll part again, his magical cock from my warm confines, out to work or wherever we end up going alone.

But we'll always return to each other. Because now and forever, I'm his.

And he is mine.

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TALON

I must be the luckiest man in the world. Waking up the morning after an escapade with my dearest friend, and shit isn't awkward and uncomfortable. Even that's an understatement.

Gracie's still sleeping, with her head resting gently over my chest. Her golden hair, scented in sweet vanilla, some concoction of fruit I can't place, and our debauchery. One of her magnificent, slender legs is half wrapped over my body, and her arm struggles to wrap around my broad chest.

This is the closest to heaven I'll ever come, and I'm relishing in it.

I'm too nervous to move, too scared to breathe, in fear of disturbing her slumber.

Maybe it's a good thing, too, because if I had the ability, I'd be jumping for joy and screaming in elation.

I feel like a kid again, so blissful and ignorant of the hardships of this world. Happy, careless, and free.

And if I'm feeling this good at the start of my day, how can I make sure Gracie does too?

Breakfast in bed? No. Neither of us is the morning eater sort.

A slice of toast, sometimes two, while heading out the door.

We may lack the good sense to eat a meal, but coffee is a morning staple neither of us can live without.

It's times like these I wish I knew how to make those little hearts with the cream. She's given herself to me, fully, willingly, and wanting, so a silly gesture like that to show her I'm doing the same would be the cherry on the damn cake.

At least I've got a plan now. Something to do to brighten up her day, before it's even begun.

Slowly inching my way out of her grip, Gracie doesn't stir. Not until I'm free from her arm and working on getting out from under her leg, where, from the corner of my eye, I can see her big baby blues staring at the side of my head.

"In a hurry to get out of here?" she whispers, masking the sleepiness in her tone. "Didn't take you for the hit and run type."

"If you call going to the kitchen to make coffee running, then I'm a sprinting superstar." I flop back in beside her. Before my head even has a chance to hit the pillow, Gracie's tugging my arm around her shoulders and nuzzling into my neck.

"As lovely as that sounds, I'd rather have you all to myself until we've gotta head to work." She peppers kisses against my shoulder, tightening her leg around mine to show how serious she is.

"Then I'm all yours, as long as you need me." Squeezing her tighter into me, I press a gentle peck against her crown.

But all good things come to an end, and the best usually come screeching to a halt the soonest. Before either of us can utter another sound, Gracie's cellphone emits a loud chiming alarm.

She curses under her breath, rushing to kill it, before flopping back into bed with a scrunched-up nose and pursed lips.

“Why do you look so glum?” I know the answer, but my skin starts to itch at the thought of hearing her say it.

“I’d rather spend the day in bed with you...” She slowly turns her head back to me, big blue eyes full of devious intentions. “And that big cock of yours inside me.”

And just like that, it’s all I’ll be thinking about until I can see her again.

“I’m gonna jump in the shower and get ready for work.” Her head snaps to the ensuite’s door, and a heavy sigh rumbles out of her chest.

“Don’t be so down.” I scooch down beside her and give her a shotgun blast of kisses across her neck, cheeks, and a few against her peaked nipples.

Those last few are more for me, but it gets her giggling.

“I’ll be back here tonight. Tomorrow too, probably.

Let’s face it, every night after that until you’re sick of me.”

“Sick of you?” Her eyes roll to the back of her skull. “This has been my dream a lot longer than just last night.”

Gracie crawls her way out of bed and plods toward the shower.

She doesn’t bother closing the door when she steps through it, letting me watch as she opens the water and starts her morning routine.

And I do watch. From the second she's out of bed, up until she disappears, and her small hand reaches out to shut the glass shower door.

My plan to brighten her morning with coffee might've failed, but that doesn't mean I can't leave a smile on her face for the rest of the day. She said it herself, she wants to spend as much time with me as possible before we have to leave, so why does having a shower have to stop our fun?

Getting out of bed, I tiptoe my way to the door. Even though I've had her naked body against mine all night, watching her in the shower almost feels naughty. And yet, what I've got planned doesn't fall under the same umbrella.

Funny how the brain works sometimes.

I step into the bathroom to see Gracie's plump ass pressed against the door while she scrubs her legs.

My cock instantly jerks to life, shooting upright and nearly smashing through the glass.

Her long slender legs stretching up to her rump would be enough to cause this reaction, but it's her slightly obscured slit that drives me over the edge.

With no warning, I pull open the door, and Gracie flinches. Sure, now isn't the time to give her a jump scare, but she's safe and knows it. So as the sudden rush of nerves settles, she continues scrubbing in the same position, looking at me through the hole her extended arm and arched body create.

"Oh my, what have we here?" A wicked grin extends on her upside-down face.

"Couldn't let you go on your day being so gloomy. I'd be thinking about it all day," I

say, extending a hand toward her slowly, cautiously, knowing that the second I feel her skin, I'll lose control again.

“What’s taking you so long?” She replaces the awkward upside-down head position with an over-the-shoulder smirk.

Gracie’s eagerness rivals my own. We’re two untamable, insatiable beasts, never satisfied and always wanting more. But as I’ve come to accept, her wish is always my command.

“Basking in the fantastic view in front of me. Knocked the senses clean out of my head.” I slide my fingertips over her slick, wet ass.

Christ, maybe we shouldn’t be doing this in the shower with the electricity thrumming through my body from merely a touch. Stepping into the shower behind her, cool soothing water rushes over my scorching hot flesh.

“Get it back,” she whines, pressing her body forward to stabilize herself on the wall. “I want—no, I need this.”

Then you’ll have it.

Skimming my hand across her skin, it slips between her thighs. Like a homing missile heading straight to its target, the length of my middle finger glides through her folds and settles over her engorged clit.

Gracie whimpers, but with a single twist of my finger, the soft sound shifts into a deep, guttural roar that echoes through the bathroom.

Inching my finger downward, I press the tip against her entrance. Her hands shoot up to the wall for support, her head sinking beneath the water pouring over it. Deep

breaths followed by wispy exhales, preparing herself for what's to come.

And then I do it. Plunge myself inside her walls, and her pussy instantly responds, coating me in a different kind of wetness.

Stepping deeper into the shower, I bring my lips to Gracie's neck to start kissing her while my hand starts to move in rhythmic back and forth. If we had more time to kill, this would only be the start. Teasing her with a finger, making her come all over me, before we had a repeat of last night.

However, until tonight, this release will have to get her through until then. The way she's choking her sounds and struggling to draw a full breath is a sign I'm doing a good job, at least.

I keep kissing and playing with her until she buries her face against the wall and erupts into a mess of moans and groans, body jittering and spent, barely able to stand on her own two feet.

"Gonna stop being so glum now?" I ask, once she's had some time to recover.

"Nah." She shakes her head viciously. "I think you just made it worse. Now I won't be able to stop thinking about all the filthy things I'm going to do to you later."

"I'd say that's a win-win in my book," I tease, grabbing her bar of pink soap and rubbing it across her shoulders and down her back. "At least I'll be getting home to a nice welcome."

"Nice and naked. Maybe a little wet," Gracie coos. "Oh, who am I kidding? Soaking wet."

"That's my girl," I say, stepping back out of the shower. No more interruptions, or

she really won't want to head to the office. I'm wholeheartedly willing to spend a day between her thighs, but I know how much Gracie hates missing work.

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GRACIE

“ And there we have it.” I slide an indigo envelope, holding the newly acquired bank card over the table to Henry Harlow and his grandson. The young boy, who can’t be older than four, snatches it eagerly and rips it open to get to the goods.

“Thanks, Pop-pop.” The youngling can barely contain his enthusiasm. I’m sure he doesn’t fully understand what’s going on here, and that the eleven thousand dollars his grandfather put inside his account is the start to a flourishing life ahead.

But someday, Billy Harlow will remember this moment. And hopefully then he’ll smile, remembering the good times with his granddad.

“Not me.” Henry shakes his head, but he’s all smiles nonetheless. “You’ve gotta thank Gracie. She’s the one who did it for you.”

“Thank you, miss.” Billy’s smile softens, and he tries to hold a respectable look.

“It’s my greatest pleasure,” I say, collecting the discarded paper from Billy’s haphazard ripping. “Will that be all for you?”

“Yes, thank you.” Henry helps Billy off his lap before standing up. He takes his grandson’s hand and starts walking off. “Have a wonderful rest of your day.”

Oh, I’m going to.

I’ve only got three hours left before I can be back in Talon’s arms again. God willing,

they will be three eventful hours, with a constant stream of people needing my assistance to open accounts or rectify faults, so time can fly by.

And as the clock ticks on, it seems I'll be getting my wish.

One after the next, new faces drop opposite me.

I guess it helps that Mercury Bank is one of the largest in Boulder, and most folks in town work through them.

The influx of people moving here because of the new job opportunities those factories brought has Mercury Bank very busy lately.

In time, once the dust settles, it'll go back to drips and drabs.

But hopefully by then, I'll be able to spend a day at work without Talon consuming my every thought. Until then, it's back to the grind.

Before I know it, hours have elapsed, and there are only ten minutes left, with one more ticket listed on my desk. Rush this out, and I can forget my woes for another glorious night with my Talon. Here we g?—

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me,” I mutter it under my breath, but by the way my last client’s deadpan gaze shifts into a grin, he definitely heard me.

“It’s lovely to see you too, Gracie.” Ezra Green cocks his head to the side and looks down at the black chair in front of my cubicle. Behind him, I see the first of my colleagues shuffling out the door to freedom.

My heart sinks at the sight, leaning back in my chair to see if anyone else is around. Someone who wouldn’t mind taking on a last-minute arrival and sparing me the

torture of having to deal with the man I stood up not twenty-four hours ago.

Luck isn't on my side. The only person left is making his way to the backrooms, leaving me to do this alone.

Big girl smile and treat him like everyone else. You can do this.

"How can I help you today, Mr. Green?" Amicable, respectable, and sincere. Fake as it may be, I doubt anyone would be able to see past the plastered-on facetiousness.

"Straight to business, huh?" He raises a brow and awkwardly pinches the backrest of his chair with his thumb and index finger to pull it out. His face twists in disgust as he does it, brushing his hand down his pant leg, as if everyone who touched it before was a germ-riddled, disease factory.

When he sits, Ezra does so stiffly on the very edge of the chair. Limiting his exposure to the surface as best he can.

"We're in my place of business, during business hours, why wouldn't I get straight to it?" I lean back as far as I can in my own chair, trying to put as much distance between Ezra and me as possible.

I don't want to stir the pot or make things more uncomfortable than they already are, but I'll do anything in my power to show him that there is no second chance. My heart belongs to another, and now that I know Talon feels the same, nothing will get in the way of it.

Ezra gets as comfortable as he's going to, kicking one leg over his knee while his eyes burn a hole straight through mine.

He glares at me like he's trying to look straight through me.

An attempt to make me feel small, maybe?

A way to show how I'm one of the peasants, while he's a titan of industry, a conqueror, and I've missed the biggest opportunity I'll have at being with someone like him.

The longer I think about it, the more delusional it sounds. It's my mind playing tricks on me after I ditched him for the man I'd rather be with.

"Are you going to say something?" Someone has to get the ball rolling beyond the discomfort we both have on display. I hate that it has to be me, but I can't sit back and let him think this power play is actually working. "Or are you just wasting my time until the clock ticks out?"

"Is that any way to talk to a new client? Perhaps I should have a word with your manager about this insolence." Ezra's lips prick upward into a twisted half smile. He's looking for ways to push my buttons, and while I'm in my office, I can't fight back and defend myself.

There are no personal boundaries here. "The customer is always right" is a statement my boss adheres to, even through the worst transgressions against his staff.

So, fighting against my body's want to gag in disgust, I force a smile onto my face, beaming with false joy, and want to satisfy a client's needs. "My apologies, Mr. Green. I got ahead of myself. How can I help you today?"

"Much better." Ezra smirks and folds his hands over his knee.

"And I do hate to be a bother, but I've got a lot of questions about one of your investment packages.

I'm sure we're going to be here a while, so don't get any ideas of rushing out the door at...

"His neck cranes down to his watch to check the time, and it inspires another sickly grin.

"Well, now. Wouldn't it be a shame if I took my business elsewhere?"

Still continuing to fake my pleasant demeanor, I start clicking and typing away at my computer as though I'm actually taking him seriously.

He doesn't question my actions, though his eyes do drop to my hands, watching them tap away at the keyboard.

Most of my typing is nothing, a visual flair to keep suspicion off his radar, but my true intent is to open my emails and send an SOS to Talon.

If Ezra thinks he's going to stand in the way of me and my man by keeping me glued to this chair all night, he's got another thing coming.

"Yes, sir. That would be a tragedy. Mercury Bank has your back." I click on Talon's details into the email line before turning my attention to Ezra.

This dance won't play out the way he thinks it will.

Either his facade will crack and give Talon reason to storm the gates, or my man will come in here and swoop me away the same way he did last night.

Hell, this job is just that. A job. Somewhere to make ends meet, and there are plenty more available nowadays.

If I felt safe in the idea of walking out of here without Ezra following me back home, I'd do it in a heartbeat.

But I can't risk what he'd do to me alone. An unhinged lunatic who thinks the world revolves around him? I'd rather take my chances with security at the front door and wait for Talon to get here.

"Which package are you looking at?" I ask when the deafening silence makes my ears ring.

"All of them. Why don't you list the pros and cons from top to bottom, and we take it from there?" His lips move, but the rest of him remains statuesque.

"Very well then. Give me a moment." Taking the brief time I have to "search" for our packages, I type my message to Talon.

Ezra's at my office. No danger, yet. Boring me to tears. Save me?

After hitting send, I find the documents listing our packages and start the boring process of going through them. It's out of my hands now. I can only hope Talon's close to his phone or a computer to get me out of this mess.

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TALON

“They’re worse than we thought they’d be. No outward acts of crime, but belligerent and unruly,” Hush says. He’s leaning on a big red toolbox, playing with a spanner the way one might a knife. I’ve known the kid for years, and I’m pretty sure that’s the longest sentence I’ve ever heard him say.

“Not the sort we want to keep company with,” I add, tearing the stopper off a bottle of oil and casually pouring it into a funnel sticking out of my bike. “They puff out their chests and make a lot of noise. It’s a matter of time until someone tries something stupid.”

At the top of my list to pull a stunt is Ezra Green. Being higher on the food chain in their corporation, he’d know about the Knight Riders. Might not see us as the threat we truly are, but he’ll have heard rumblings. And having his date stolen out from under him isn’t going to do well for his ego.

“Boys, come now, you’re looking at this all wrong.” Knight grins at me while he pats Hush on the shoulder like he can see some great scheme that the two of us are oblivious to.

“How do you figure?” I tilt my neck to him, but keep constant vigilance over the oil. I really don’t want it to spill over and have to clean that mess.

“What are we? First and foremost.” Knight’s gaze shifts from Hush to me and back again.

Before either gets to answer, a loud clang comes from behind, making Hush jump in place. His sudden fright makes Knight chuckle, but all three of us turn our attention to the mechanic fixing up a black panel van with the Knight Riders logo painted onto the side.

“Sorry, boss,” the scrawny guy says, holding a hydraulic jack into the air. “Slipped outta my fingers.”

Knight shakes his head and waves the back of his hand toward the guy to instruct him to carry on.

“We’re bikers,” Hush answers the question, once everyone’s off edge.

“Sure, we’re bikers. A motorcycle gang, some might even call it.

” Knight pushes off from Hush’s side and closes the gap between us.

When he’s about halfway, he stands facing the giant roller door leading into the garage.

Outside, the late-afternoon sky is muddy and grey from storm clouds threatening rain. “What else? What do we do?”

Not to rush the point along, but in a rush to finish this conversation and race to Gracie’s side, I give the answer he’s looking for. “We’re businessmen.”

He lifts his left hand in a finger gun pointed straight at my chest. “Bang on the money.” Knight lowers his thumb, as if it were the firing pin shooting, and he takes a few more steps toward the grim outside.

“The Knight Riders are opportunists. We’re not and never have been destined for

greatness.

We create our destiny. There's nothing in this world that can stop us, so why should we allow some rabble to shake our foundation? ”

“It's not about shaking our foundation. None of us is rattled by a few noisy drunks and hotheaded fools. But we have to weigh the implications of acting against them.” I finish topping off my oil and chuck the empty bottle into a trash can.

“Implications? Is that even a word in our dictionary?” Knight scoffs.

“If it isn't, it should be. We don't need the law poking around our business.” I tighten the oil cap in place and move over to Hush, leaning against a silver workbench littered with bike parts, grease stains, and tools.

“Who said anything about the law? I'm not saying we should hurt these people.

” Knight turns around, still walking, until he reaches the roller door.

He stops just before stepping outside, and his wickedly narrowed eyes immediately make me uncomfortable.

“I count two hundred heads of new clientele flooding into Boulder on a weekly basis. Maybe it's time we get back to our roots, no?

Sling some dope, get 'em hooked on our product, and have them crawling back for more.”

He lifts his arms at his side, like some kind of Messiah, and takes that final step backwards. And as he moves from the workshop and onto the parking lot's tarmac, as if he truly was some kind of magic man, the heavens open up and heavy rain soaks

him in an instant.

“With the right combination of our goods, they’ll be sedated and calm.

Malleable and easily manipulated.” Knight stares up at the sky, straight into whatever God cast this storm upon us, and smiles.

“Why fight when we can win an easier war? Hell, line our pockets for eons at the same time. The Knight Riders are in control until we give it up. And we’re not going to do that for a couple of dickheads in fancy suits, are we? ”

“No, sir. We ain’t,” the mechanic shouts from underneath the van.

Hush looks at me, then back at the boss, and shrugs. “Sorts all our problems out nice and easy.”

“That it does,” I add. I can’t say for certain why I’m impressed by Knight’s plan. He’s our damn leader, after all. But while I had my doubts and struggled to wrap my head around this new issue the Riders were facing, he was cooking up gold and not letting anyone in on the secret.

“Settled then? No more worrying about a few factories and their ill-tempered employees?” Knight steps back inside, and the rain that poured seconds before turns to a fine misting.

A mighty fine party trick if I’ve ever seen one. I’ll have to ask him how he made it work sometime.

“Done and dusted.” I slide my hand into my pocket and grab my phone to call Gracie. Her day should be done by now, and I can’t wait to hear her voice again.

Her email is the first thing I see, and I chuckle at it, realizing that the corporate giant's only way of revenge is to trap her at the bank and waste her time. I pocket my phone, knowing she won't answer if I call, and head over to my motorcycle.

“Anything else we need to discuss? I've got a hot date and don't want to be late.” There's no point in telling them the truth of the matter. Someone will worry, insist on backing me up, and I don't want that hassle with the things I plan on doing to Gracie.

“Nah, head on out. Hush and I will iron out the details for things,” Knight says.

I start my engine and cruise my way to the bank, going as fast as I can without moving too dangerously over the newly wet roads.

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GRACIE

“Are you some kind of moron? Why would I ever accept that deal?” Ezra spits as we go through the fourth of nine different plans for his investment. Where this whole thing started with him showing some, if a little, respect, once we started, he quickly devolved into a belittling, rude tyrant.

No matter what I say or the options I offer as they’re stated in front of me, Ezra meets them with criticism.

I know it’s to whittle me down and make me feel small, but many of his accusations are directed at things totally out of my control.

Interest rates that are too low, the term his money would be tied up, and the most recent comes from too little return on investment over a two-year period.

“Then we should look at the next option.” I keep the same smile on my face, finding it harder and harder not to tear him a new asshole for being so rude.

What Ezra doesn’t know is that there’s a line when it comes to impossible investors.

He crossed it ages ago, and I could’ve walked out of this meeting without so much as a second thought with no issues coming my way.

And where I’ve considered it a few times, to avoid the unnecessary attack on my character, the payout of having Talon swoop in to save the day is going to be so much sweeter now.

“Yeah, you better.” Ezra rolls his eyes at the offer, raising a hand and rotating a finger to say I must hurry up.

“You know, this would be a lot easier if you told me exactly what you wanted an account for. Are we just investing? Is it for retirement? Where?—”

“Stop wasting my fucking time with your bullshit,” he snaps.

“Ah, that’s what this is about.” It slips out of me before my brain has a chance to stop my tongue.

“What did you just say to me?” Ezra’s eyes widen, nostrils flaring. He looks ready to launch himself over the table and give me a spanking for talking back.

For the first time since we started playing this silly game, the swelling knot of anxiety takes hold in my stomach. It reaffirms my suspicions that walking out on him would’ve been worse than staying here and shoveling the shit he’s thrown my way.

At least here, Ezra’s not only wasting my time. Mercury Bank has security on the premises day and night, and with the two of us still in-house, they have to stay extra vigilant on the off-chance that this is some kind of setup for a robbery.

But what’s done is done, and I can’t take back what I said. The only thing I can do now is try and soothe his hot-headed temper, or continue with my show of defiance.

As much as I hate to do it, the former is my best bet of walking away from this unscathed. Hopefully, Talon has seen my message, and he’s headed my way. Until then, I shouldn’t risk anything.

“If local investments aren’t to your liking, we can look at offshore platforms.”

“No.” Ezra’s head snaps from side to side.

“You don’t get to disrespect me and come away by talking shop.

You’re damn fucking right that’s what this is about.

You wasted my time, got me excited, and ready for a night out, and what do I find when I walk through the door?

You clinging to the arm of some pathetic piece of shit. ”

Yup, I definitely unleashed a can of worms with this one. I recline back in my chair once more to get as far away from Ezra as I can, slipping a finger under my desk over a button underneath that will have security at my desk in seconds.

“Look, Ezra, it’s got nothing to do with you. I’m sure you’re a great guy. This has just been a long time coming.” Appealing to his sense of image and importance might be enough to cool his temper.

“You fucking a street rat has been a long time coming?” His nose twitches as he speaks. “Maybe it’s a good thing it didn’t happen then, with all the disgusting diseases you two now share.”

Not the worst insult I’ve heard tonight. Guess I’ll take it as a win.

“So, why not go home and forget about this? Why are you agonizing over?—”

“Shut the fuck up. We’re not done here until I say we’re done.

” Ezra’s voice booms through the empty bank.

Until now, he's kept himself mostly quiet and composed.

His comments were made to cut, but he didn't want to call any attention to himself.

Ezra's mask slips off completely, and I don't like what I'm seeing behind it.

But before I have a chance to respond, talk him down from the heights of anger, a hulking mass of ferocity appears and towers over him.

"You should've listened," Talon says, his hand falling onto Ezra's shoulder. "Woulda saved you a trip to the dentist." The same hand tightens, and Talon hoists Ezra out of his chair as easily as lifting paper from a desk.

Ashen white coats Ezra's face like he's just seen a ghost. Even as he's hoisted to his feet, so limp and wobbly, Ezra nearly topples onto the floor.

He opens his mouth to speak, only the first syllable managing to escape before Talon spins him around and swings a mighty fist into his face. He crumples to the floor, collapsing into a mess of limbs as whiny, terrified squeaks emit from his mouth.

"Think you're the big man, huh?" Talon leans forward, grabbing a fistful of Ezra's shirt, and yanks him back up. "Cornering my woman in her workplace? Calling her names and making her feel less? How does it feel to stand face to face with someone who can do something about it?"

Again, Ezra opens his mouth, pearly whites coated in red, and Talon cuts him off again. This time with a lefthanded slap that turns his cheeks a deep shade of red. Flecks of purple form in an instant, warning of the bruises he'll have on show tomorrow.

"Let him go," someone shouts from behind. "Don't make me use this."

Talon looks over his shoulder at Pete Winslow, an older man who nervously holds a stun gun up to his back. In his state of fury, I can't see many folks reasoning with the beast.

"Hey," I say calmly, directly at Talon's ear. He's still holding onto Ezra's limp body, and if he releases, the poor fool will smack his head against my cubicle's divider. "Talking to you, big guy."

Hearing that, Talon's head slowly moves away from Pete and back to me. I tell him, "We're all good here. You don't need to take it out on the old timer."

"But—" Talon shakes his head as his eyes drop to the mess of a man in his grip. His gaze doesn't linger there long before it settles on me completely.

Something about seeing this confusion makes my heart flutter in my chest. With my rapidly beating heart comes a flood between my thighs at the raw intensity on display. Talon came in so angry, the whole world disappeared behind a film of rage, only removed by protecting me.

And now he's done it. We're safe and sound, and his returning senses plaster an adorable confusion on his otherwise stern features.

He releases Ezra, and as predicted, his head thuds against the divider, followed by a groan.

Talon tries to make sense of it all, keeping his eyes pinned on mine, and after a measured minute, he shakes his head and launches forward.

His hands snap around my waist, and he yanks me over the table toward him for a kiss.

What a kiss it is, standing over our defeated foe, with an old man staring in disbelief.

“Let me get this guy and leave you to it,” Pete says, cautiously approaching us. Neither of us notices him pulling Ezra out from under the table, lost in our own blissful world.

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TALON

I never understood the term 'seeing red', and after today, I still don't. There was no red when I entered and heard Ezra causing a ruckus. In fact, all the color drained from the world until there was nothing but a black void surrounding my mind with a single word screaming in my head.

Kill. Kill. Kill.

And I would've. Bad as it would've been to deal with the cleanup, that piece of shit got lucky Gracie was here. The angel on my shoulder who talked me off the ledge and drew me into her arms. Ironical, isn't it? She's both the victim and the savior in it all.

And that's why I've got my tongue halfway down her throat, shuffling awkwardly through the back halls of the bank to wherever she's leading me.

She grins at my intensity, but doesn't bother stopping the beast she has awoken from claiming what's his.

Not while I work the buttons of her blouse until her tits are hanging in her bra, or while I hoist her skirt high above her waist to get a feel of her ample ass.

She wants this to happen. Right here at her own workplace.

Only difference between us? I need it.

“Y’know, I’ve always wanted to do this,” she says, as we reach the end of a long hallway. Her words barely pierce the fog in my mind.

“Huh?” A sound that could mean so many things. What did you say? Please continue. Literally anything she could associate the noise with is good enough for me.

She opens a door at our side, as the first of what I know will be many moans leaves her lips when I start kissing her neck.

My appetite for her was bad before last night, but after it, I’m hooked like a crackhead trying to score his next fix.

Never enough, but always the best damn thing when I’ve got it in my hands.

Gracie snakes a hand behind my neck, locking my head against her skin. I follow long strokes from my tongue with grazes of my teeth, leaving my mark to show the world she’s mine. All mine. Anyone who wants to screw with her has to walk a long, treacherous road.

Gracie pulls me inside, refusing to break my kiss on her neck as she fiddles with a ring of keys.

She finds the right one and slots it into an iron gate, and I take the time to move lower.

Her shoulder, giving it the love it deserves, down her chest, until I’m scrunched over with my face between her tits.

She releases the lock, and with the gate swinging open, I pull her up into my arms for easier access to her tits.

My tongue finds the groove of her cleavage, sinks as far as it can go before hitting her lacy white bra strap.

I bite into the material and tug at it like a savage animal until it moves below her nipple.

“This is the only place in the entire bank that doesn’t have cameras.” Her voice is fluttery, but she wants to get the message out no matter what. “Well, here and the restrooms.”

With a scumbag who let Ezra Green keep Gracie here for hours, I wouldn’t be surprised if there were cameras in the lady’s room. And if I weren’t hell bent on mouth-fucking her breasts, I might’ve even made the joke to show her how calm she makes me.

It’s deathly quiet inside the vault. Lockers of various sizes and shapes line the walls all around us, with a steel table in the center of it. Empty now, but the silver tray atop it tells me this is where they store their cash for day-to-day operations.

“We might not be screwing on top a bed of money, but with a quarter million in valuables inside this vault, it’s the closest we’re gonna get,” she snickers.

“If we do this at the clubhouse, your dream can become a reality.” There’s cash in abundance there, usually our ill-gotten gains stacked high until we can ship them off to the various laundry sites.

Enough talk. Enough thinking. Back to my task at hand.

Resting Gracie’s ass on the table, I suck her nipple between my lips. Her head snaps back at the sensation, and she chokes out a giddy moan. I flick my tongue over the pointy nub.

Gracie doesn't let me get too carried away, however. She presses the tip of her index finger into my chest until I take a step back, pouting frustratedly. She pushes off the table, slowly spinning in the half-dressed state I put her in, until her back is to me.

She tilts her head over one shoulder, those big blue eyes inviting me closer, before bending forward and pushing her ass out in my direction. Her matching white lace panties brush over my cock, making my body spasm in electric anticipation.

I slide my hand between our bodies, at first to get her excited, but her silky liquid coats the digit in an instant, telling me she's ready for me.

"Don't waste time, just give it to me," she coos. "Someone's gonna realize we're back here soon."

I hook my thumbs into the waistband of my jeans and, with a single tug, they fall to the floor. My cock springs out, settling in the groove of her ass and that alone is enough to make my legs turn to jelly.

Peeling her panties to the side with one hand, I guide my erection to her pussy with the other. My breathing hastens the closer I get until I'm panting and moaning. Haven't even penetrated her, and I'm already a mess.

"I fucking love you, you know that?" It pours out of me as my tip slots against her entrance. A wide 'o' shape forms on Gracie's mouth, and her eyes widen to the size of the moon, but I don't allow her the time to process it before sliding deeper into her wetness.

She howls, and those wide eyes shift to rolling with every inch. Until I'm sunk to the hilt, squeezing her hips for stability, and panting.

Gracie wriggles her ass against my throbbing manhood, taking a few seconds to

accustom to the fullness.

“I fucking love your cock.” She starts grinding from side to side, taking control and sending sharp jolts of pleasure through my body.

“I fucking love that you’ll do anything for me.

” Slow and steady, she rocks back and forth on the balls of her feet, sliding all the way up my cock.

“I fucking love you.” Finally, she plunges back, slamming my full length back inside her, with erratic, elated sounds blasting through the quietness.

Hard as I try, there’s no holding back. With my hands still firmly gripped on Gracie’s side, I meet her thrust for thrust. She sputters and makes noises that drive me crazy, now and then trying to look at me over her shoulder.

She never makes it all the way when another thrust sinks her head into the table.

And if I could go on forever, I would. Stuck in time with her right here, in bliss, happiness, and pleasure.

But where the mind is willing, my body is weak. My balls start to tighten after what feels like seconds. My toes start to curl, and my muscles start to stiffen.

No, not yet.

“Are you going to come for me, baby?” Gracie asks, like she can read my damn thoughts.

I don’t even have the strength to answer. Cresting over the edge of glory, as my

body's betrayal releases in an earth-shattering explosion, toppling me forward on top of her.

I find the strength to move, flopping to her side on the table, my rapid breathing, uncontrollable. She spins around too, frantically giggling, letting her hand find its way to my aching manhood.

"Y'know, they'll probably axe you for bringing me back here, right?" I speak when some semblance of strength returns to me, staring at the long tube light on the ceiling.

"Fuck 'em then," she says, mimicking the action of smoking a cigarette. "I don't need anything else as long as I'm at your side."

"You're damn right about that. Two drifters, together through life." I slide an arm under her neck and pull her closer to me. "Now, let's get out of here before the cops come."

And like two naughty kids up to no good, we do leave. Out of here and into the rest of our lives together.

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GRACIE

Six Months Later

“ N ow, I don’t know what you did to get this boy on a leash, but please, keep it tight,” Knight says, and the entire table of bikers erupts into raucous laughter.

In the distance, the sound of rumbling engines from the last few Riders pulling into the outdoor barbecue fills the air.

Getting used to spending time with this rough-and-tumble sort came easier than I thought it would.

Though I know what they do, the good and the bad, they’ve always made me feel welcome.

“Who says it isn’t the other way around?” I turn to my fiancé, giving him a wink. “Don’t you know I’m the wild cat between us?”

Another bout of joyous laughter follows.

“Well, Gracie, you’re a fantastic addition to this little family of ours. Don’t listen to Knight. He knows who wears the pants in this relationship,” Lora teases him and jabs a soft elbow into his belly.

“And let’s face it, neither I nor Talon would have it any other way.” Knight nods, but the tender smile on his face as he looks into his wife’s eyes is enough to melt my

heart. “Now, while I have everyone here, let’s get down to business.”

“Which is our cue to drift off,” Talon whispers in my ear.

“Drift off, you say?” I raise a brow.

“Yes, to about six months from now when we’re sitting on our patio, staring up at the beautiful night sky, with our little boy in our arms.” He leans in close, resting his head on my shoulder.

“Two pups at our feet, the warm spring breeze carrying the smell of summer on its wings, and you and me, so deeply in love we want the whole damn world to stop for a while.” He tilts his face to the side, pecking me softly on the cheek.

“Well, maybe that last part is true right now. And every time I look at you.”

“Talon,” I say his name in a whisper. “Stop, you’re gonna make me blush.”

“Then do it. Let them all see those rosy red cheeks that made me fall in love with you. It’s not my fault if they get jealous.

” With a smirk, Talon brings his hand over my belly and rests it against our son’s kicking.

He keeps it there, while we stare off into the wide-open fields surrounding the outdoor barbecue.

Life’s better than good. It’s fucking amazing.

And we’ve only just started.

TALON

Two Years Later

“T here’s little pushback, but the Greenstone Corporation is starting to get nosy with their workers hopped up on our product,” Hush says in a deadpan voice, as if showing emotion about our business in front of Gracie or our son, Adam, nestled in my arms is going to make him appear weak.

“Isn’t this a conversation you should have with Knight?” I ask, swaying side to side to keep Adam sound asleep. My boy is at a very tender age, and he looks up at me as his protector. Those words have no meaning to him, sure, but he feels safest to drift to sleep when either Gracie or I hold him.

“I wanted to see if you had anything I could bring him.” Hush has one foot in my front door, the other still outside it. Gracie offered him a seat in the living room and a drink to boot, but he didn’t want it, saying he’d only be a minute.

That was twenty minutes ago, and we’re going around in circles.

“Haven’t put much thought into it. My family has needed me.” And they always take priority.

“You sure I can’t get you something to drink?” Gracie steps in behind me, snaking one hand under my arm and the other over my shoulder in a warm hug. God, I love the feeling of her body pressed to mine.

“No thanks.” Hush smiles. “I ought to get going, but if you wanna grab a drink with me to figure this thing out, I wouldn’t say no, Talon.”

“I’m gonna have to say no, my man.” I’d like to help, but this is a mundane task for Hush to figure out on his own. Nothing in this world could pull me away from the warmth and love of my wife’s arms surrounding me, while my own cradle my son.

Hush says his goodbyes, and I watch him from the doorway until his bike’s halfway down my street. Getting back inside, I ease myself into the sofa next to Gracie, who’s huddled under a thin blanket with a cup of tea in hand.

“You know I can hold down the fort if it’s important, right?” She pecks me on the cheek, copying the action over to Adam.

“I do.”

“And you know you can hang out with your friends whenever you want as well, right?”

Fuck. Does she feel bad about me staying in? If she does, it’s time to set that straight right now.

“Gracie, there’s nowhere I’d rather be than right here.

With you. Our son. I waited too long to show you how I feel.

Scared that I might make a fool of myself to the closest person in my life, and look where that got me.

” I smile at her, slipping one hand away from Adam, and cupping her cheek.

“I have everything I want and everything I need here. You at my side, my son in my

arms, life is perfect. I've said it a thousand times, and I'll say it a thousand more.

I love you more than any damn thing in the world, and I never want to leave your side. ”

Tears line her eyelids as I profess my feelings. But I don't say them for any reaction. It's the truth. Basking in the warmth and love my family brings me is what I need. All I'll ever need.

And nothing will stop me from having it for the rest of my life.

The End

Thanks for reading!