

MC: Knight

MC Series

Book 1

By

L. Ann Marie

Government trained autistic assassin protects his Club like no other.

Steve is the VP of the MC. He's autistic, talks funny—especially when stressed, and swears like a sailor. His mind works like a machine, focusing singularly on potential problems and clearing them with precision and stealth. Military trained as a SEAL, he was a satellite for his team, but rarely involved with them. Working alone is what he's best at, doing it quietly is what he excels at, and eliminating a threat to his MC family is what he was born to do. When he turns that focus on Jess she doesn't stand a chance and her natural sub tendencies are a perfect fit.

Jess is content being single. After three years of being asked out she finally says yes to Steve. She lives with a debilitating ailment and has to keep moving. She is determined to hide that from her new MC family.

With her finance degree, she helps the MC stay out of the drug trade and they offer protection from union bosses. Pres works with Jess to get businesses up and profitable enough to keep his MC going and growing. Keeping drugs out of their newly attained clean world is a challenge that Steve will not walk away from especially when Jess becomes the target.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is entirely coincidental.

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MC: Knight Book 1

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FYI

Steve Knight spent his youth avoiding his house. His mother died when he was young, his father blamed him for her death. His older brother did nothing to shield him from his abusive father's wrath. He was a loner that never had much to say until Ben moved into the neighborhood. They were drawn together by the trauma they each had lived through. Never talking about their pain or situations but finding solace in the shared silence of their traumas. They Prospect for the MC, finding comfort in the family that never asked questions. Steve went into the military, training for the day he came home to become a soldier for the only family that accepted him. Ben went on to college studying politics, business administration, and psychology. He stayed in the MC, working his way into being an Officer. When Steve returned, speaking even less than before he left, Ben stuck close believing Knight to be autistic he worried over how the military affected him. He gives him the space he needed while keeping him in the Brotherhood they found together. The old bond grew. Ben planned with the Officers while Steve used his training and fought for the Brotherhood. When the President of the MC died in a drug war Ben fell into the new role of President, he pulled Steve close and into the VP slot.

As a loner, being a satellite for one of the military's elite forces and finding camaraderie within the MC, Steve rarely used his voice to get his point across. Most points he made were directives containing no emotion or feeling, just simple facts or commands. When he first returned home from the military he tried to talk to his brother, telling him one of the horrors he saw and committed. He was shut down, reinforcing the need to keep the horrors buried along with his voice. Working as a mason and moving up into the supervising foreman position caused him to grow verbally, but it was always work for him. Even after ten years he still has to work at having conversations not giving commands.

When he notices Jess, his life starts to change. He forces himself to make conversation almost daily. Giving him confidence with an experience he never had before, using words to gain her trust. Jess never had a problem understanding him or accepting his lack of conversational skill, which makes her all the more attractive to him.

This is Steve and Jess's story.

Chapter One

Jess

I love my house on the water. I've spent two years fixing it up. With my brother's help, there's wainscoting and chair rail around the living room and dining room, a TV room in the basement, and new fixtures in the bathrooms. The flooring company I work for gave me a great discount on the carpet and laminate flooring. Today I'm soldering a copper fitting on the baseboard heating pipe that I noticed was leaking on my new carpet. It's always something. I get my leak fixed and wet down the area so I don't have smoldering floorboards under the carpet, then turn the baseboard shut-off back on. I watch the fitting, waiting for a leak. Fist pumping the air and feeling a little foolish, I put the end cap back on and stand.

I have a date with the hunky Steve in a couple of hours, so I clean my mess, put all the tools away, and move the chair and table back in place. Looking around, I'm happy with the room and proud of my ability to fix the little things that crop up without calling my brother, Danny.

I jump in the tub and do the shave, scrub, and shampoo thing. Steve hasn't seen me in anything but suits at work. I'm excited as I dress in Levi's and a powder blue sweater that fits like a glove. I pull on my high-heeled boots, swipe on some eyeliner and shadow, gloss my lips, and spray on some perfume. I'm ready. Thinking of how many times Steve has asked me out over the last six months, I smile remembering his expression when I said yes. It's safe to say shock was apparent, then the smile that lit up his face. Green eyes flashing through lashes I would kill for and that freaking sexy smile made it worth it. I wanted to kiss that plump bottom lip as it smiled down on me. Luckily, my desk was in between us or I would have made a fool of myself. Because he's a supervising foreman I see him almost daily. This made for a long week of fantasizing what his lips would feel like. Actually, fantasizing about Steve has become a new pastime for me. Seeing his long jet black hair down, his six foot three toned and trim body in my bed, his tattooed arms holding me. Yep, I've had all the fantasies I care to have about Steve. Tonight it's time to make at least one of them a reality.

Doing a walk-through, I straighten up and get the dishes taken care of. I hear a truck out front and start walking to the door. I make it to the enclosed front porch as Steve opens the storm door. He starts at my boots and slowly moves his eyes up my body. I'm not sure if I should be offended or not. I look him over and admire his long hair down, dress shirt, black jeans, and black biker boots. The sleeves of his shirt are rolled, showing off his tats. Sexy! Testosterone oozes off him. His eyes finally meet mine and he smiles. "You see something you like?" I ask sarcastically, raising an eyebrow.

"Babe, see a fuckofalot that I have never seen at work. Why the hell you wear clothes that hide that body?" He puts his hand on my waist and bends to kiss my cheek. "Yeah, I like everythin' I'm seein'."

I guess I'm not really offended. I pull his hand from my waist and hold it as I turn and move back into the living room. "I work with a bunch of alpha males, if I dress in revealing clothes, I'd never get any work done. When the hell did I become babe?" I drop his hand and move to the closet to get my coat.

"Point taken. Fuck," he says in a low voice that sends a shiver down my spine.

I look back as I open the closet door and see his eyes on my ass. "Babe?" I ask again.

He moves into the room, takes my coat, and holds it for me to slide my arms in. I smile. The coat is fitted and stops at my waist, I know he can still see my ass. "When you went from the smart, friendly, and funny Jess from the front office, to the fuckin' babe with the slammin' body standin' in front of me." He takes my hand and pulls me closer to him. Even in heels I'm only at his chest. I look up a little surprised, wondering what he's doing. "Need to get the goodnight kiss over with." He slowly bends,

stopping just before our lips touch. I close my eyes and feel his breath before his lips touch mine. I'm surprised by how soft his lips are and how gently he's touching me. This will give me a new fantasy. He touches his tongue to my lips, and I open for him. He keeps it gentle, playing tag with my tongue, moving his hands to cup my face. Releasing my mouth, he steps back and watches for my reaction.

I look at him for a minute, still admiring his hair. "I guess that takes the tension off the end of our date. Though, I have to tell you, I wasn't worried." I smile, head to the front door, and grab my purse.

He laughs, following me out. I lock the front door then the storm door to the porch. He puts his hand on my back, guides me to his truck, lifts me onto the seat and closes the door. Watching the wind blowing the edges of his hair as he walks around makes me smile. Finally seeing his hair down will spark a few more fantasies. He swings into the truck in one fluid motion, looks at me and smiles. "What's the smirk for?"

"This is the first time I've seen your hair down. It will make for some new fantasies." Since I'm staring right at him it's hard not to see the shock on his face.

"You realize you said that out loud?" he asks, hand frozen on the ignition, still looking shocked. Cracking up, I nod. "Fuck, Jess, that's all I'm goin' to be thinkin' about all fuckin' night."

Smiling sweetly at him, I reply, "Me too."

"Fuck, this is goin' to be a long night." He shakes his head as if to clear it. I watch his hair swing, still smiling. "After six months of no, what made you change your mind?"

"You made me laugh and showed me you aren't the kind of guy that gives up. I've been attracted to you from the beginning but refuse to jeopardize my heart or job on a whim. I've gotten to know you and like what you've shown me."

He looks at me and smiles. "You goin' to be this direct all night?"

I tilt my head and watch him. "We've known each other for three years. I'm the same person you've been talking to daily. If you don't like me being direct, take me home now. I'm not likely to change who I am at this point."

Putting on the blinker, he pulls over. Looking at me for a full minute, he unclips my seatbelt and pulls me over to him. "Relax, Jess. Know who you are, like your direct. Means I'm not expected to read your mind all fuckin' night. Yeah?" He leans down closer to my face.

"Yeah," I say softly. His soft lips are so close to mine. I lick my lips anticipating his mouth on mine. He doesn't disappoint.

Pulling back, he says again, "Goin' to be a long fuckin' night."

I smile. "Yeah." He reaches into the seat, pulls the seatbelt out, then clips me in the center. We make small talk as he drives us to a seafood restaurant a couple of towns over. He keeps my hand in his on his leg the whole time. When he gets out he pulls me to him, lifting me down. Once my feet hit the ground he bends and kisses me. I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him back.

He growls and holds me tight against him. I can feel that he's hard against my stomach. A shiver runs through me and I moan into his mouth. He nips my bottom lip then licks it. Raising his head, he moves my hands, holding them in front of me as he takes a step back. We're both breathing heavy. "Like takin' your mouth," he says as he turns us. When I tell him I do too he shakes his head and smiles at me. Keeping my hand, he walks us to the door.

At the hostess station I glare at the woman taking his name. She stands straight, pushing her chest out and pastes on a megawatt smile. If she flips her hair one more time I'm finding scissors and cutting it off. I follow her sashaying ass to the table with Steve's hand on my back. He helps me out of my coat

while I give her a death glare. He ignores her and looks at me with a smirk as he sits across from me. “Okay?”

I nod. “Yeah, okay.”

“Like you stakin’ a claim.” He smiles at me. Shit, I look away, feeling the heat on my face. What am I thinking? This is our first date and I’m giving out death glares. “Not complainin’ here, Jess,” he says as he turns my chin back to him. I nod because I don’t know what to say to that. “You been here before?”

Happy with the change of subject, I nod. “Yes.” The guy who brought me was a jerk. He didn’t hide as he checked out every woman in the damn place. I’ll keep that to myself.

“That’s it?” Brows raised.

I look away, not wanting to lie. “My last date was here. The food was really good, but the company was lacking.”

“Fuck, why didn’t you say?” He sounds pissed but doesn’t raise his voice.

My eyes snap to his. “The food was really good and I have better company.” I shrug.

“Guess you don’t need to hear the special.” His face is tense.

“It’s been three months. I’m pretty sure they’ve changed them.” I give him a wink.

“Three months? Bad breakup?” His whole body relaxes.

I watch in fascination. I’m surprised he asks. We’ve never ventured into this area before. “Someone else caught my interest. Since it was a second date and I don’t juggle or share, seemed like the perfect time to end it.”

He smiles. “Good to know. I don’t share and I hate a cheat.”

“I know, that’s why I’m out with you.”

The waitress comes for our order, stopping me from embarrassing myself. When our drinks arrive he brings us back to the earlier conversation. “How’d you know?”

I know exactly what he’s asking. “You have a sense of honor about you. With the military background, it is ingrained. I see it in your work ethic. I’ve heard it in our conversations that touch on morals. That characteristic is attractive to me.”

“How are you still single?” he asks with a smile.

“Wasn’t that long ago I was married.” I shrug. Being thirty-one and single feels awkward right now for some reason.

“Really? How long ago?” He looks shocked.

“I was married for seven years and have been divorced for three.”

The tense way he was holding his shoulders relaxes. “You don’t talk about it.”

“Not exactly proud of a failed marriage. It doesn’t seem like something to brag about.” I answer the question he doesn’t ask. “Have you been married?”

“Yeah, it’s why I hate cheats. When I’m all in, I expect that back.” He doesn’t give any more, so I don’t ask.

“Think we can leave the ex-cheats and move on to a better topic?” The waitress drops our food, asking if we need anything else. Steve raises an eyebrow in question and dismisses her with a no thanks. “I wonder why they bring all the food together. By the time you finish your salad your fish is cold.”

“It’s always been that way here.” He moans and his green eyes fall to half-mast as he puts a scallop in his mouth and starts to chew. Hair down, high cheek bones, long-ass lashes, cleft chin, plump bottom lip, and satisfied smile. Holy cow, that is sexy.

Fuck! I’m going to replay that sexy look in my fantasies. “Shit.” A tingle runs down my whole body, settling into my core. My cheeks burn with heat and I look down, trying to calm my pounding heart. When I look up his eyes open and focus on me. “That looked almost orgasmic.” I jump when he barks out a laugh.

“Babe, the food is good but nowhere close to orgasmic. Takes more than good food to get me off.” He winks at me. Fuck! I feel my panties get wet. I clear my throat and stuff shrimp in my mouth, hoping it will keep it too busy to talk. I hear his chuckle. “Nothin’ to say?”

“Apparently your reaction to food is enough for me,” I say, looking down. He barks out another laugh. Fuck, it’s hot in here. It takes monumental effort to keep my hands from fanning my face.

“Good to know it’s goin’ to be a long fuckin’ night for you too.” He gives me a knowing smirk as I fidget in my seat. Thankfully, he changes the subject and we have an awesome dinner. We both pass on dessert and he has our salads boxed. After helping me into my coat, he guides me out with a hand to my back, the other holding the bag of salads.

At the truck he turns me around for another kiss. My body feels like kindling ready to burst into flames when he steps back to open the door. Shit. My brain engages enough for me to climb in and slide to the center. He reaches over me and buckles my seat belt. I smile at him with an eyebrow raised.

He looks at me as if he’s weighing something in his head. “Was goin’ to brin’ you to the Club but now I’m not so sure. You want to go for drinks at the Club or a walk on the beach?”

“Am I dressed for the Club?” I’m hoping he says yes. I’ve heard talk about his Club, but he’s never talked to me about it. I find the whole motorcycle badass thing sexy and intriguing.

“Not sure I want you walkin’ in there showin’ skin, so yeah, you’re dressed for the Club.”

“Why were you unsure?” This seems out of character for him.

“Guys from work there, not sure I want them seein’ you without a suit on,” he says in a gruff voice. “Since you live on a beach, walkin’ it would be like any other day.” He nods, I think to himself, and drives us to the Club. He pulls up to a gate and waits for a guy to open it for us. Guess he’s on guard duty. Driving into the lot there are three rows of bikes backed in nice and neat. For some reason this both surprises and impresses me.

Unclipping my seat belt, he pulls me toward him and steps in between my legs. Leaning in, he kisses me while I’m still sitting on the seat. I fight to keep my legs from wrapping around his waist. Fuck, I’m wet and he’s not helping. Once he’s done tasting every bit of my mouth he steps back, giving us a minute to catch our breath. “Fuck, that might not’ve been a good idea.” Back in control, he lowers me to the ground by my waist. I consider asking him to take me home but toss the idea as I hear music. I grab my license and drop my purse on the floor. My curiosity wins out as he turns me toward the door. I’m getting excited. “You nervous?” he asks, interrupting my fantasy to do list.

“No, should I be?” I look up at him, wondering why I would be nervous.

He stops and turns me so I face him. “Some things you should know: Club whores will probably have their mouths on someone right out in the open, there will be “old ladies” that are showin’ skin stayin’ close to their men, the men do not filter their language because a woman is standin’ close, there are men in there that live by their own set of rules. I’ll keep you close to me until they get that you are with me. Yeah?”

Wow, that's a lot to take in, but it doesn't sound like it's much different than any other Club except the blow jobs out in the open. "Yeah." I smile at him.

He holds my hand out. "Not nervous. Fuck, you are full of surprises." With a peck on the lips, he walks us through the door.

He wasn't kidding about the women. Scantly clad and open sex acts seem to be the norm here. I keep my face neutral as he moves us to the bar. I see John and Luke from work watching us. They both scan me from head to toe with leering smiles. Not something I'm used to from them. Steve puts his arm around my waist and their eyes look up at him. They both lose the smile and give him a nod. "VP."

Luke looks at me. "Damn, Jess, you're looking good out of the suit." John's eyes are on my chest.

Steve growls, "You wanna stop eye fuckin' my girl here?"

They look at my eyes. I guess I'm not the only one staking a claim. "I'll take that as a compliment instead of wondering if my work wear is worth the money I paid."

John laughs. "Nope, you need new digs," he says as he stares at my chest again. Damn, I'm completely covered.

Steve's hand tightens at my waist. "You want your coat checked?" he growls in my ear. I shrug out of my coat and he hands it to the guy behind the bar. "You want a 7&7?"

I'm surprised he remembers. We had a conversation about drinks a month ago. "Please." I watch him order and see the glare directed over my shoulder. I turn to see what he's glaring at, noticing Luke's and John's eyes on my ass. Shit. I lean up on my toes and kiss his chin. Smiling down at me, he pulls me closer, resting his hand just above my ass. We get our drinks and he turns us toward the center of the room, heading for the couches. I slow when I notice a woman bouncing on a guy's lap on one couch and a guy getting a bj from a bleached head on another. Steve sits on the arm of the couch, turning me around so I'm in between his legs while he talks to a huge guy with full sleeve tattoos and piercings all over his face. I'm staring at him, wondering how much pain he went through for that.

Steve clears his throat. I look at him then at the tattooed giant. "Sorry for staring. I was thinking of how high your pain threshold is. You must be close to superman after all that."

He throws his head back and laughs. It gets quiet. Everyone is looking over as he pulls me from Steve and hugs me to his stomach. I hear Steve chuckling and send him a smile. Giant lets me go. "Tiny." He puts his hand out. Of course, that's his name.

I put my hand in his paw. "Jess," I tell him with a smile. He gives Steve a nod and turns away.

Steve pulls me back in between his legs, kissing me until I can't breathe. I pull my head away and look up at him. "Just got the Club's seal of approval. Tiny ignores women, never talks to 'em. Never laughs. Rarely smiles. Ever."

I'm a little dumbfounded. The guy that just hugged me seems nice. "Oh."

I take a swallow of my drink when a couple comes up to us. The guy is handsome and as big as Steve but with lighter coloring and a soft but regal way about him. The woman is tall, pretty with long blond hair and a welcoming smile. Her smile puts me at ease. The guy asks Steve what Tiny was all about and the woman introduces herself to me as Tracy, Ben's old lady. She looks familiar, but I can't place her. Steve introduces me to the guy who gives me a chin lift.

I nod to him and look at Tracy. "You work at the bank?" She smiles and nods. "I work for LL Flooring."

"I thought you looked familiar. You're the CFO." I smile and we chat while the guys are talking. More people migrate toward us. The women are friendly and open. The guys do chin lifts that make me

smile. Tracy never leaves my side. I lean to her, asking about a bathroom. She grabs my hand and pulls me away from Steve's side. He puts his arm over me and reaches her shoulder.

"Bathroom." She throws over her shoulder. He nods and lets me go.

I'm pulled to the front hallway where we enter the ladies' room. I'm shocked at how clean it is. I do my business while Tracy gives a running commentary about Club life. Washing my hands, I stop and look at her stunned. "He's never brought anyone here?"

"Not a date, no." She gives me a smile that makes me a little nervous about exactly what that means. I dry my hands and head for the door. In the hallway a guy blocks my way. He looks me up and down then smiles. He's seriously scary looking. Tracy's voice is monotone. "She's Knight's." Grabbing my arm, she moves around him.

"She's not wearing a cut. That makes her anyone's and I want me a piece," he says as he grabs my other arm.

"I'm certainly not yours," I say as I pull my arm away. He grabs me again then let's me go. I look back and see Tiny holding him up in the air. Tracy pulls me down the hall at a fast clip but slows once we hit the main room.

Steve tracks us as we make our way back to him. The guys around him follow his gaze. "What happened?"

I see concern in his eyes and keep my face blank. I don't want to make trouble my first time here. "We're good," I tell him at the same time Tracy launches into the Tiny lifting the guy details. He looks from her to me then lifts my hand. I realize this is his way of seeing if I'm nervous. Since I'm not shaking he smiles and intertwines our fingers pulling me into his side. The guys go back to talking and Tracy tells the women how we know each other. I smile realizing I'm having a good time while I look around at these tattooed, leather clad men and scantily dressed women with leather vests on. Go figure, they are really nice.

After an hour of girl chat my hand is squeezed. "Ready to go?" Steve says in my ear, sending a shiver down my back.

I turn and smile at him. "Sure."

He leans down and kisses my lips then stands, pointing us toward the door. He raises his chin and says 'later' as he guides me out. I wave to my new friends but stop when I see the guy that grabbed my arm in the hallway. His mouth has dried blood on it, his cheek is sporting a bruise and he's glaring at me as if I did it. Steve slows then nods at Tiny, who's standing by the door watching.

"Owe ya, man," Steve tells him.

"There'll be blowback," Tiny says.

Steve looks at grabby guy. "Fuck." He does a chin lift to Tiny and walks us out the door.

The ride back to my house is quiet. I'm wondering if I did something wrong. As we pull behind my truck I find my voice. "Sorry if I caused you trouble." I'm not sure what else I can say here.

"You didn't," he says easily. I give a nod. "Whole ride here I was wonderin' if you were going to invite me in."

I smile big for him and unclip my seat belt. "You could have just asked."

He has that smirk on. "You goin' to invite me in?"

"I got a whole new set of fantasies to try out." He sucks in a breath. I just continue as if I didn't hear him. "But my panties have been wet all night hoping for reality to check in."

He laughs, opening his door, and pulls me to him. “Too fuckin’ much, Jess.” He’s still chuckling as I open the door.

“Do you want a drink?” I ask as we make our way inside. He shakes his head no. “I need to grab some water.” He follows me to the kitchen, where I grab a water from the counter and pull my meds container. I’m a little embarrassed but figure he might as well know now. He puts the salads in the fridge. I’m surprised he doesn’t ask. Pulling him to the stairs, we make our way to the bedroom. “Once I get in that bed are you going to let me up before morning?”

His brows shoot up in surprise at my words. “No.”

“I need to take care of a couple of things before I climb in then.” He nods and sits in the chair by the door. I smile going into the bathroom leaving the door open. I take my makeup off, brush out my hair, and brush my teeth.

When I turn to leave I find him watching me with a smile. “Expected to be waitin’ more than five minutes,” he says as he stands.

I walk over, stopping right in front of him. His arms go around my waist and he kisses me like his life depends on it. Holy shit, he is good! His hair tickles the side of my face. He lifts the hem of my sweater, pulls it over my head, and goes back to the kiss as my hands pull his shirt out of his pants. I’m unbuttoning it while his hands grab my ass and squeeze. Lifting his head, he flicks the clip on my bra, it falls down my arms, to my amazement. That’s never happened before.

He freezes, staring at my pierced nipples. “Fuckin’ beautiful, Jess.” His voice is thick. He shrugs out of his shirt and puts a hand behind his head, dragging his T-shirt off. His hands move to my waist as he walks me back to the bed, where he pulls the comforter then lifts me to the center, laying me down gently. He unzips my boots and slides them off. Shit, he is built. His muscles ripple every time he moves. I lift my hands to his arms and trace the tattoo over to his chest. His breath comes out in a hiss. He moves my hands over my head, my heart and breathing speed up. His eyes lock with mine to gauge my reaction. “You like that?” I nod. He growls, “Don’t move,” and bends to catch my nipple in his mouth, teasing the studs. I love the feel of his hair touching my body. My back arches, but I keep my hands over my head. He slides a hand to my waist, unbuttoning my pants as he moves his mouth from one nipple to the other. When he bites down then sucks hard I moan, lifting my hips off the bed, feeling it right down to my pussy. “Fuck, more surprises.”

He lifts up, kneeling over me as he slides my pants down. Pulling them from my feet, he drops them and my knee-highs off the bed. My lacy panties are all I have left on. He skims his fingers up my legs then lays himself in between. “Any more surprises for me, Jess?” I’m fighting to keep my hands above my head, not sure if I should answer. I nod. He growls pulling my panties down roughly. I whimper. “Fuck, one surprise after ‘nother,” he says, leaning to lick the bar on my hood. A tremor runs through my body. “Gotta tell you, you are one sexy lady. Your jewel is sittin’ in a pool of cream.” He strips my panties off. Growling, he flicks his hair to one side and settles his mouth onto my pussy, playing with the bar, making me crazy. He lifts my legs over his shoulders and opens me wide.

Pleasure is zinging around my body as he sucks my clit and bar into his mouth, gently flicking his tongue. “Please,” I beg him. I’m trying so hard to hold it in. His tongue doesn’t let up. I’m whimpering. “Please, Steve,” I beg again.

“Fuck, babe, let me see my good girl come.” He puts his tongue back on me and I lose it, screaming his name. When the haze lifts he kisses his way up my body. Looking into my eyes, he says, “Nothin’ sexier than hearin’ you scream my name.”

“Fuck. I’m a good girl,” I whisper, so relieved. I lift my hips, he raises an eyebrow. I drop back down to the bed and wait.

“Good girl.” My brain clicks, it’s okay to come. “Fuck.” He gets off the bed and removes his pants. Fuck is right. He is big and sporting a barbell. I moan. “Like what you see?” I slowly move my eyes up his body, finally reaching his eyes and nod, holding my bottom lip with my teeth. Grabbing a condom from his pocket, he rolls it on and pulls my legs to him, putting my ass on the edge of the bed. I wrap my legs loosely around his hips and wait. He watches my eyes the whole time. “You want me in you, Jess?”

“Please,” I whisper. He slams into me and stops. My breath comes out in a whoosh. I take a breath in and moan it out. He starts moving slow at first, rolling his barbell to find my sweet spot. When he gets it he starts moving faster, sliding his hand under my breasts, his fingers rolling the studs. Fuck! I pull my eyes to his. I’m ready to come, trying to hold it off. I whimper.

Something clicks in his eyes. “Fuck, Jess, you’re a good girl tonight pleasin’ me. Come when you need it.” My body releases, I feel my pussy contracting, he moans. My back arches, I cry out his name. He flips me over and onto my knees and holds my head down on the mattress, slamming into me from behind. I’m whimpering while he squeezes my ass, opening me wide. “Fuck, goin’ to take your ass soon.” I moan and push into him. He slaps me on my right cheek. “Don’t move.” I moan again. He reaches around, rubbing my bar against my clit. I go off like a rocket feeling his body jerk as he slams into me a final time. I collapse under him moaning and try to catch my breath.

He rolls to the side, looking in my eyes. “Full of surprises, Jess. Never came that hard.” He’s waiting for me.

I nod. “Me neither.” My voice sounds hoarse, but I smile at him. He pecks a kiss to my lips and gets up to take care of the condom. I sit at the edge of the bed, waiting.

I hear the water shut off and his feet padding back to me, stopping in front of me. “Want your mouth, Jess.” I smile and move my hands to hold him. “Just your mouth.” Putting my hands behind me I lean forward, swiping my tongue around his barbell. He puts his hands in my hair. I take him in, moving deeper each time, sucking hard as he pulls out. I swirl my tongue around his head when he pulls out far enough. “Fuck, knew your mouth would be good.” He goes back to fuckin’ my mouth, moving faster this time. “Pull away if you don’t want to swallow.” His moans tell me he’s enjoying it. When he makes it to the back of my throat I swallow. “Holy fuck, Jess!” he growls out and holds my head still. He shoots down my throat with a growled ‘fuck’. Pulling out of my mouth, he lowers himself onto the bed, pulling me with him. He tucks me to his chest and kisses my head. “Thank you, Jess.” I turn my head and kiss his pec. His breathing is back to normal before he talks again. “Why’d you make me wait?”

I think for a minute then sit up so I can look at him. I know I didn’t tell him the whole truth before. He intertwines our fingers. “I needed to know that I would be safe. I knew you were a Dom, but I wasn’t sure if you were what I needed. The wait and our conversations showed me I would be safe. I didn’t mean to mislead you earlier.”

“That’s what I thought. Good you took precautions. Without ‘em you could get hurt.” I look down but nod. He lifts my chin to meet his gaze. “Did someone hurt you?”

“Yes...it was a while ago. That’s why it’s so hard for me to trust just anyone.”

“When did you become a sub?”

I look at him and draw in a breath. “When I was twenty.”

“Fuck, were you forced?” I see concern in his eyes.

I shake my head, “No. I was introduced slowly and with love. It was a beautiful experience.”

He smiles. “Good. What happened to your Dom?”

I feel the burn in my eyes and turn away. He keeps a strong hold on my hand. "I was once in an abusive relationship. When my Dom was out of town I needed help. We didn't have mobile phones and texting back then. The abusive ex got out of jail and showed up at our house. The police took him away and said I had to get a restraining order. I did, but it was just a piece of paper. He came back and sat in front of the house the same day. I went to a friend and stayed with him for the two weeks my Dom was supposed to be gone. The day J...my Dom was due to come home I went back. He had been home for a week. He didn't believe me. Even with the paper, he ended us."

"I'm sorry." He hugs me to him. "Tomorrow we talk about what you're lookin' for. Thinkin' we match up pretty well, but I'm not takin' anythin' for granted. Yeah?"

I nod against his chest with a smile. "Yeah." I close my eyes and fall asleep within minutes.

* * *

Steve

I curl my arm around her. What a fuckin' surprise this night turned out to be. I don't think I could have ordered a more compatible woman. Troy fucked with her, whores were being whores right in front of her and she didn't bat an eye. She treated the old ladies with respect and got it back. She even made Tiny laugh. What the fuck was that? The guy treats women like dirt, but he hugs Jess?

Watching the guys take interest at the Club pissed me off. She wasn't even showing skin. The motherfuckers. I wanted to punch John and Luke right the fuck out. I'm gonna have to have words with Troy, fuckin' pain in my ass.

She rolls, putting her leg over mine. I spread my hand over her waist on her back. I love her long ass hair hanging almost to the perfect ass that she keeps hidden. I'll never let her hide again. Fuck if her tight little body doesn't get me hard again. If she moves again I'm gonna take her again. A fuckin' sub, no one would believe it, and a good one at that. The fuckin' fool that let her go is an ass. I need to find out what she needs to get off. She came twice with me in her, squeezing me so fuckin' tight I couldn't hold on any longer. Fuckin' beautiful. Her jewels are another turn on. I can't believe she was sitting at the office for three damn years hiding her body and jewels from everyone.

I hear a bike on the street and it sets off a bad feeling in my gut. I slide her off me and look out the window. The bike slows coming down the street. The only thing past Jess's house is the boat dock, the gates been closed since we left. Who the fuck is this? He moves past the house then under the street light. Fuckin' Troy. I grab my pants and head to the stairs. He lays it out taking off, probably waking the whole fuckin' neighborhood. "Fuck." Opening my phone, I hit Tiny's number. "T, Troy just passed Jess's. You know how he got her address?"

"VP, she left her coat. John was taking it to her at the office. They found her license in it. They were drinking and talking about making a special delivery tomorrow. Troy had a drink with them. I been watching them all night till he took off."

I rub the back of my neck. "Fuck. Thanks, man." I close my phone with a snap. I want to throw the damn thing through a window. Definitely need to have words with Troy tomorrow. Making my way to the stairs, I wonder how Jess is gonna take this. I put her on Troy's radar. Fuckin' great.

Standing at the door, I stop and look at her. She's so tiny in her big bed. She can't be more than five foot-five. Hair across the pillow, jeweled rack, and that ass, like a fuckin' wet dream. I grab a rubber, drop my pants, and climb back on the bed, turning her onto her stomach. She lifts her ass up for me. Fuckin' beautiful. "Good girl." I suit up and slide in. She moans. "Love hearin' you, babe." I see her hand slide under her. "You rollin' that jewel?" She nods, arching her back. "Fuckin' sexy." Holding her hips, I ram her until I feel her pussy tighten. Reaching around, I slide my fingers to her bar, and she cries out.

“There’s my good girl, let me hear you come, baby.” She goes off screaming my name. Fuckin’ beautiful! Her pussy is sucking me in and sets me off. I trail kisses down her back as I pull out. Not sure where that’s coming from, but I do it. Heading to the bathroom, I’m shaking my head. I clean up and climb back in bed. She rolls onto my side, never says a fuckin’ word. I kiss her head and curl my arm around her. Fuckin’ beautiful.