

A man with dark hair and a light beard, wearing a black leather jacket, stands in a recording studio. He has several tattoos on his chest, including a large rose and the words 'Angel above'. In the background, there are microphones and a drum set.

Inked Knight
RECORDS



Risky

ACTIVITY

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LONI REE



Risky
ACTIVITY

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
L O N I R E E

RISKY ACTIVITY

Copyright © 2023 by Loni Ree

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Please respect the author and do not participate in or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials that would violate the author's rights.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, locales, and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Edited By: [Kendra's Editing and Book Services](#)

Cover Design By: [Cormar Covers](#)

✿ Created with Vellum

CONTENTS

1. [Harper](#)

2. [Falcon](#)

3. [Falcon](#)

4. [Falcon](#)

5. [Harper](#)

6. [Falcon](#)

7. [Harper](#)

8. [Falcon](#)

9. [Harper](#)

10. [Falcon](#)

11. [Falcon](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Related Stories](#)

[Join my Reader's Group](#)

[Subscribe to my Newsletter](#)

[Also by Loni Ree](#)

[About the Author](#)

Chapter 1

HARPER



THE UNIVERSE FREAKING HATES ME, I THINK AS I RUSH through the blinding rain, hoping I make it to Inked Knight Records before I look like a drowned rat. First, my flat iron shot craps in the middle of straightening my long curly hair and I had to pull it up into a bun, then my ornery ginger cat decided to use my favorite business suit as a scratching post. Luckily, I'd just picked up my only other two business suits from the cleaners, so I had a back-up, but still, I'm going to punish Scooby when I get home.

I step into the glass and chrome lobby and check out my appearance in the glass wall behind the guard. Ouch. The humidity is definitely not my friend. I run my hand over the frizzed locks, hoping to smooth them into some semblance of

order before I head up to the top floor for my first day at Inked Knight Records.

“Hi.” I smile at the middle-aged guard. “I’m Harper Sullivan.” I hold out my hand. “I’m the new executive assistant.”

“I was expecting you.” He smiles back and shakes my hand before handing me a badge. “When you step into the elevator, scan your badge and it will take you to the top floor.”

“Thanks.” I take the little plastic card and pull myself together.

When I step off the elevator, I find Raven Knightley leaning against the large oval-shaped desk. “Hi.” Her dark eyes light up. “I was hoping the monsoon didn’t slow you down.” She winces. “I haven’t seen it rain that hard in a long freaking time.”

“Me neither.” I smile, hating this part of starting a new job. Being the new kid on the block really sucks. “I’m so happy to be here,” I tell her, feeling the sentiment in my soul. After my former boss started making daily passes at me, my last job got old, fast. I thought I’d be able to outlast his attention, but the jerk had all the patience in the world. This freaking incredible position at Inked Knight Records came up at the perfect time.

“We’re happy to have you.” My new boss’s friendly smile eases some of the nerves eating away at me. “Why don’t I show you around, then we’ll head up to Human Resources to get all your paperwork done.”

“Great.” I still can’t believe Inked Knight Records offered me an insane salary and full benefits along with a corporate apartment and clothing allowance. I must’ve died and gone to heaven.

After a whirlwind morning getting my stuff together, I take my lunch break. Wanting to make a good impression on my first

day, I left my cellphone safely tucked in my locked desk drawer. When I pull it out and check the screen, I see five missed messages from my friend, London Valentine.

MRS. BENDER:

How's your first day going?

Hello...

I'm just going to keep messaging you until you answer.

I'm going to have Bender call Hawk Knightley and check on you.

Bender is making the call now.

I NOTICE the last message came in five minutes ago, so I quickly dial London's number.

"Please tell me you didn't have your Rockstar husband call my boss," I hiss the second she answers.

"It's your own fault. I freaking messaged you a bazillion times and you never answered," London huffs, causing me to miss my friend even more. Moving to a new city far away from all my friends seemed like a fun adventure until I actually did it. I met London a few years ago in Houston. She was in town giving a talk about women in business that I attended for my marketing class.

After the seminar, we had lunch and became instant friends. When I discovered she was married to Bender Valentine, the lead singer of the band Bent, I felt like I was living in the Twilight Zone. Then London and Bender invited me to stay

with them in Silver Spoon Falls, Texas, and I instantly fell in love with the town and all their friends.

When I graduated with a business degree, Bender wanted to put in a good word with his former record label, Inked Knight Records, but I refused his help. Instead, I ended up working for the record company I'd interned at, J & S Records. It was an okay job until my boss, Walter Smith, divorced his wife and decided I was going to take her place in his bed. Ick.

In desperation to escape the uncomfortable situation, I agreed to let Bender put in a good word for me at Inked Knight Records.

"It was five messages," I remind my friend. "And I couldn't answer because I wanted to make the best impression on my first day."

"Hawk, Falcon, and Raven won't mind if you check a few messages throughout the day," London grumbles. "Especially messages from your bestie."

"I've only met Hawk and Raven," I cut in before she gets going. "Falcon is going to be out of town for the next week or so."

"Oh. That's a shame. I was hoping Falcon would take one look at you and sweep you off your feet." I can hear the gears turning in her brain through the phone line.

"It's not happening." My friend is so incredibly happy with her husband, she thinks everyone else should be happily married, too. "I do appreciate Bender arranging for them to hire me."

"You know it was no problem at all. He actually hated the idea of you working for Walter-the-jerk Smith." Not more than I hated it.

“I’m still grateful,” I tell her before adding, “But I’m not looking for Mr. Right.”

“Maybe Mr. Right will just drop into your life.” My ever-hopeful friend just won’t give up.

“We’ll see. Now, how are things going there in Silver Spoon Falls?” London falls for my change of subject and launches into a ten-minute-long spiel on the happenings in the small Texas town.



AT TEN MINUTES TO FIVE, Raven stops by my desk. “I have bad news.” Darn. I knew things were going too well. “The corporate apartment won’t be ready for a few days.” That’s not great news, but it also isn’t the end of the world. Knowing I would have a new corporate apartment mid-month, I gave up my place at the beginning of the month, and I’ve been staying with a friend. Hopefully, Rosalie will let me stay there for a few more days.

“Oh.” I give Raven my brightest smile. “I’m sure my friend will let me stay with her until the apartment is ready.”

“That won’t be necessary.” Raven hands me a key card. “We have a private penthouse upstairs that we use for important clients. It’s empty right now, so you can use it for a few days.”

Heck yes! “Thank you so much.” I can’t believe how nice the Knightleys are. “That’s so sweet of you to make me alternate plans.”

“We want you to be happy here.” Raven pats my arm. “Come on. I’ll take you up to the penthouse for a little tour.”

Two hours later, I sit back in the massive bathtub and let the warm bubbles relax all the kinks in my body. *This is the life*, I think to myself as I watch my favorite TV show on the huge flat-screen television hanging above the fireplace. Yes, this freaking bathroom has a fireplace and a television. I may never leave.

Chapter 2

FALCON



I'D GIVE MY LEFT NUT TO BE ABLE TO GO STRAIGHT HOME AND fall asleep in my own goddamn bed, but the general contractor I hired to remodel my new home did me dirty. The fucker lied when he promised to finish the remodel before I returned from my three-week trip to Europe. So, here I am, homeless for the foreseeable future. *Stop being a whiny ass.* I remind myself I can crash in the penthouse above the Inked Knight Records offices.

When we remodeled our offices a few years ago, I told Hawk, my older brother, that it would come in handy one day and I was right. Our family had run Knightley Records for over fifty years when Hawk and I left the military and decided to come home to take over the business from our retiring grandfather. Granddad Leo had signed tons of strong acts throughout the

years, and the company was thriving, but his health was failing.

We took over the helm, and our first order of business was to revamp the entire business, starting with the name. Knightley Records became Inked Knight Records, and the rest is history. For the most part. Within two years, we'd signed Bent to an exclusive deal and the band's popularity soared. The business arrangement solidified our hold on the record industry.

Our chrome and glass office building comes into view, and I breathe a sigh of relief and turn into the underground parking garage. I drive past my older brother's designated spot and almost pull into my assigned parking spot when I notice the only other car in the garage. Who in the fuck drives a goddamn pink Volkswagen bug? I pull into my parking spot and grab my overnight case from my trunk. My other three bags will just have to wait until tomorrow.

I step into the elevator, already anticipating the warm, comfortable bed waiting for me upstairs, and press my thumb against the little glass reader. After the chrome doors slide shut, I lean back against the glass wall and listen to the tiny beeps as the elevator climbs past each floor to the top. The doors slide open, and I step into the dark apartment.

When the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, I ignore the sensation. Telling myself exhaustion is turning me into a paranoid moron, I head straight to the master bedroom. Without turning on the lights, I drop my overnight bag inside the door and stumble into the bathroom for a quick shower. I see all the girly shit on the shower shelf and wonder if my sister has been staying here. Oh well. It's one more thing I'll worry about tomorrow.

After the quickest shower in history, I dry off and fall into the warm, inviting bed.

My eyes are drifting shut when I hear, “Please don’t hurt me,” whispered in the dark. I sit straight up in bed and fumble for the light. “I don’t have much money, but you can have it all.” The shake in her soft, smoky voice causes my heart to squeeze in my chest. When I turn and see the stunning beauty sitting up in bed clutching the sheet to her chest, I wonder if exhaustion is causing me to hallucinate. She’s the most perfect vision I’ve ever seen. Her delicious curves are mostly hidden beneath the white sheet, but I can make out enough to know she’s a fucking knockout. Auburn curls frame her delicate heart-shaped face. Fear and something else I can’t define shine from her bright emerald eyes as she leans as far away from me as possible without falling out the bed.

“Who the hell are you and how did you get into my apartment?” I almost smack my forehead when my irate voice echoes through the bedroom and her beautiful eyes widen even more.

She blinks several times and swallows. My eyes follow the movement of her long, elegant throat as the tiny gesture turns my cock to stone under the thick sheet. Her emerald eyes widen almost comically as she stares at my lap. As I watch, my gorgeous girl drags her eyes up to meet my eyes and asks, “How did you get in here?” I notice she neglected to answer my question.

If I want answers, I’m going to need to pull my head out of my ass and take control of this situation. “I used my key.” That’s mostly true. I actually used my finger scan, but I’m not going to split hairs. “And since I own this building and this

apartment, I have every right to be here. Now, I'd like to know who the hell you are and how you got in."

My eyes travel over her gorgeous body, from the top of her silky head, over her naked shoulders, to the plump curves peeking from the top of the sheet while images of handcuffing her to my bed and keeping her forever run through my mind.

"I'm Harper Sullivan, the new office manager." My hellcat is on a roll now. "And I have every right to be here. Hawk and Raven said I could stay in the penthouse until my corporate apartment is ready." She glares at me. "If you have a problem with me being here, take it up with your siblings." Fucking hell. I vaguely remember Raven emailing me about our new employee.

When Josh, our long-time assistant, quit to start his own business, we discovered how much the asshole actually did. We soon decided that we needed help but not another assistant. After several long discussions-slash-arguments, we agreed to hire an office manager and handle all the other stuff ourselves.

When my sister told me that we'd offered the prospective employee a corporate apartment as part of her compensation in order to entice her to leave our competitor, I thought it was a stupidly expensive, useless idea. Of course, there's no convincing my younger sister once her mind is made up, so I kept my opinions to myself.

Then Raven informed me that the girl in question was being sexually harassed by fucking Walter Smith, the king of inappropriate shit, and I wholeheartedly agreed with the decision to hire her. Fucking hell.

Rage courses through me as I realize my adorable little hellcat is the woman Walter-Fucking-Can't-Keep-His-Shit-In-His-Pants Smith was harassing. That motherfucker is going to get

my foot up his ass for this stupid stunt. No one causes my girl a moment of pain without feeling my wrath.

I'm so busy attempting to corral my racing thoughts that I don't respond for several moments, and my little hellcat decides to fill the uncomfortable silence. "I assume you're Falcon." My sassy soulmate blows a piece of hair out of her face and stares at me with a raised eyebrow.

Fuck me. Soulmate? My goddamn brother and his romantic nonsense are rubbing off on me. I pause, waiting for terror to run through my soul, but nothing happens. Not a goddamn thing. My heart and soul are too busy drooling over my curvy little hellcat. Her glare could peel paint. Wow. So, that's what it feels like to get your ass handed to you. I'm not going to lie; I don't mind it at all since it's my gorgeous soulmate doing the handing. Before things get out of control and I end up giving into my bondage fantasies, I pull my head out of my ass and hold out my hand to her. "That's right. I'm Falcon Knightley. Nice to meet you, Harper."

When she reaches for my hand, the sheet slips a little, giving me a peek at her luscious, pink-tipped tit, and my cock hardens painfully while electricity soars up my spine at the feeling of her soft skin against mine. I shake my head, thinking, *Well played, Fate*. I need to get the fuck away from her before I screw this shit up completely. "I'll sleep in the guest bedroom tonight, then we can figure all this out tomorrow." I reach for the discarded towel and wrap it around my hips. "Sorry I disturbed you." The words sound lame, but they're all I can come up with right now.

As I lie down in the small, cold guest bed, a thought blasts through my fucking mind, bringing my little house of cards tumbling down around me. *Fate just shit in my Cheerios.*

There's no way I can make a move on an employee. In a matter of seconds, I found my forever, but then the fucking universe stole her right back and imploded my whole fucking world around me.

My usually pretty agile mind shuts down and I have no idea how to handle this situation. But I do know that after a past secretary falsely accused me of harassing her years ago, I learned my fucking lesson when it comes to employees—I don't do anything that could be in any way construed as personal. I don't mess around with office romances. Period.

I'm so goddamn fucked.

Chapter 3

FALCON



AFTER CONVINCING HARPER THAT SHE WAS SAFE WITH ME, I ended up spending a sleepless night in the goddamn guestroom. I woke up extra early and rushed through a shower, but she still manages to sneak out before I get the chance to talk to her again.

Like a lovesick moron, I walk straight to the front desk, hoping to get a little peek at my hellcat. My heart drops when I walk past the empty desk. Fear cuts through my soul, and I worry that I scared Harper off with that bullshit last night. Surely, she isn't going to give up such a cushy job over one little mistake.

I walk straight down the hall and push open Hawk's office door. "Good morning, sunshine." My asshole older brother

smirks when I walk into the room.

“Fuck off, dickhead,” I grumble and pour myself a cup of coffee. This day from hell is only beginning. I’m wondering if I managed to ruin things with Harper before they even began. How in the fuck am I going to manage to work with my soulmate, day in and day out, without making a move on her? And I can’t make a move on her after all she’s been through. Plus, we have rules. No fraternizing with the employees is at the top of the list.

“Who pissed in your Wheaties this morning?” Hawk sits back and waits with his hands steepled.

“I didn’t get a lick of sleep last night.” I blame it all on my exhaustion. “After three flight delays, I didn’t get in until early this morning. Then I found my parking space occupied and went upstairs to crash in the penthouse, only to find it already occupied. By the time I got all that shit figured out, it was five-thirty and I just stayed the fuck up.”

Hawk blinks several times, taking in my tirade. “Why didn’t you stay at your own place?” My older brother rubs the back of his neck. “Our new office manager has been staying in the penthouse until we can get her corporate apartment ready.”

“I figured that out after I hopped into bed with her.” Exhaustion wipes out my ability to make sense.

Hawk’s eyes nearly bulge out of his eyes as he stares at me. I notice humor dancing in his eyes as he smirks. “You hopped into bed with our new office manager?”

“I had no idea the bed was already occupied.” It sounds stupid, but it’s the fucking truth.

Hawk shakes his head. “Wow. I don’t even know where to start.”

There's a brief knock at the door before our younger sister comes strolling in. "I heard you were in here." She glances at me. "I heard you had an interesting night." The motherfucking work grapevine is working overtime.

"Is that what we're calling it?" I don't confirm or deny anything. Instead, I want to see what my sister already heard.

"Why didn't you tell me that you planned to use the penthouse?" Raven pours herself a cup of coffee before proceeding to add so much sugar and cream my teeth hurt from watching her.

"I didn't find out that my apartment is uninhabitable until I landed last night. I didn't even consider calling you at midnight." Fuck it. "Next time, I'll make sure to wake your ass up."

"Who peed in your Wheaties?" Raven sits on the edge of Hawk's desk and stares at me intently.

"I already asked that," Hawk interjects. "And he gave me some bullshit answer."

"Hello." I wave my hand between the two of them. "I'm sitting right here. You don't have to fucking talk about me like I'm not here."

"Oh." Raven snorts. "We say much worse about you when you're not around."

I flip off my little sister then turn to my asshole older brother. "Can we just get to work and forget about everything else?"

"Sure," Hawk agrees easily. Too fucking easily. "First thing we need to discuss is our new office manager and your plans to steal her for yourself."

Fucking hell. I should've seen that shit coming from a mile away. My goddamn exhausted mind let me walk right into that trap. "Don't worry, asshole. I haven't forgotten the number one rule around here." But I wish to God I could. Keeping my hands off of my soulmate might be the hardest thing I've ever done. I don't even know why I'm trying.

"Take it from someone who recently fell hard and fast, there's no slowing the train once it gets moving."

I flip him off again and walk away, wondering if he's telling me to make a move. I fucking hate being out of control, and I haven't been in control since the moment I laid eyes on Harper. Something tells me I'll learn to embrace the craziness my little hellcat brings to my life.

Chapter 4

FALCON



OVER THE NEXT TWO WEEKS, I BARELY GET THE BAREST glimpse of my little hellcat. In fact, I'd bet my yearly salary that she's avoiding me on purpose. When my asshole siblings noticed Harper treating me like I have the goddamn plague, they started giving me hell. Then they began throwing Harper into my path at every opportunity possible.

Between my hellcat crushing my heart under her high heel and my fucking siblings rubbing it in my face, I'm suffering the pains of hell. "Did you get a chance to try the blueberry muffins Harper brought in?" Hawk asks as we sit in our weekly breakfast meeting discussing our plans for the coming weeks. My blood pressure spikes at the thought of any other man, even my brother, tasting her treats. They should all be mine and mine alone. God, I'm losing my fucking mind.

“No.” I growl and flex my tightly gripped fists under the table to keep from giving him the ass kicking he’s been begging for.

“You totally should try them.” Raven cuts in and unwraps a muffin. “They are the best thing I’ve ever eaten.”

Fucking hell. It’s almost as if these two are trying to force me to pay attention to our new employee. The harder I try to ignore her, the harder my siblings work to force us together. Yesterday, Hawk asked me to stop by Harper’s new corporate apartment and check out the leak under the bathroom sink. Do I look like a goddamn plumber?

“I’ll give them a try later.” I brush them off and go back to answering emails on my phone.

“You might want to grab one soon before they’re all gone.” Raven shoves a huge bite of muffin into her mouth and groans. “I’m going to hide a few.”

“You’ve already had three of them.” Hawk reminds her. “You’re going to turn into a blueberry muffin soon.”

“Worth it.” My sister smirks and I tune out the conversation in an attempt to preserve my sanity. “I stored one of Bent’s last platinum records for Bender Valentine in the safe in the storage room.” My sister finally switches into work mode. “He wants to pick it up when he’s in town next week. Do you know if the freaking vault room is livable yet?”

Livable? What the hell did I miss?

“The fucking maintenance man figured out that the main vent into the room keeps sticking when the air conditioning turns on, but the dumbass can’t figure out how to keep it from happening.” Hawk explains but I’m barely listening. My mind is currently occupied with thoughts of my little hellcat.

Since I don't really give a shit about maintenance issues, I zone the fuck out and fantasize about all things my curvy little soulmate could do to me while Hawk and Raven discuss the vault room issues. "It's got to be three hundred degrees in there." Raven shudders and pouts. Fucking hell. She's been using that fucking pout to get her way since she was still in diapers.

Since a little heat isn't going to melt me, I sigh. "Where can I find the fucking record?" Since the vault room is located around the corner from the front desk and across the hall from my office, I can check out my girl on the way to get Bent's fucking platinum record. Score. I can escape this insufferable meeting and check out my girl at the same time. "I'll dig the fucker out for you."

"You are the bestest brother ever." Raven gushes and glance over at Hawk in time to see him roll his eyes.

"Whatever." I ruffle her hair totally losing all the bestest big brother points but it was worth it. "I'll drop it off in your office."

"I'm not thanking you again since you decided to screw up my hair." Raven calls behind me but I ignore my sister.

As I walk by the empty desk, my heart fucking drops to my toes. Where in the hell is Harper?

My mood plummets as I walk over to the plain black wall and press my thumb against the tiny waist high sensor. The heavy door slowly slides open and I step inside the boiling hot room. As I cross the threshold, I suddenly notice the light was already on and realize the whole room must be malfunctioning.

The door swings shut with a quiet click, and I step towards the vault door and see the gorgeous curvy ass I've been fantasizing about lately moving from side to side as Harper crawls around in the records vault. Coming to a dead stop, I let my eyes roam over her perfect curves before she realizes I'm here.

"Why are you digging around in there?" I'm curious but not really concerned.

"Oh my god." She spins and drops to sit on the hard ground. "You scared the heck out of me. Can't you make a noise or something?" The adorable growl sends every single drop of blood in my body straight to my cock.

"Why are you in here?" I ask again since seeing her fried my brain circuits and it's the only thing I can come up with.

The air conditioning switches on and cold air blasts throughout the room as my hellcat explains. "Raven asked me to find Bent's Platinum record." Motherfucking hell. A suspicion cuts through my muddle thoughts and I walk over to press the button that's supposed to open the main door. Nothing. I push it three more times to make sure, but nothing happens. My fucking siblings are going to die for this shit.

"Why won't the door open?" Harper walks up and leans around me to press the black glass button several more times.

"I have no fucking idea." That's not exactly true. I suspect Raven and possibly Hawk, too, are trying to force my hand. Motherfucking hell.

Chapter 5

HARPER



THIS IS SO NOT GOOD. I TAKE A DEEP BREATH, HOPING TO control my runaway heart. Claustrophobia mixes with my desire for Falcon Knightley to create an explosive combination. After our first meeting, I knew the only way to keep from losing my heart, along with my job, was to avoid Falcon Knightley as much as possible. My attempts to dodge my hot new boss have been successful until now, but it looks like my luck just ran out. I'm so freaking screwed. What in the world am I going to do?

Jump his bones, my inner hussy pipes in but I ignore her. "Are we trapped in here?" I ask, hoping he's going to assure me we have a way out. He steps back and I steal a glance at his yummy body. With his jet-black hair, intense dark coffee-colored eyes, and chiseled jawline, my new boss is seriously

smoking. Throw in the five o'clock shadow and the black tattoo running up the side of his neck that's partially hidden by his shirt, and I'm drooling.

"It appears we are." I blink several times, wondering what he's talking about. When my mind clears and catches up to the conversation, I groan to myself. That definitely isn't the answer I was looking for. My temperature skyrockets and I fan myself, trying to think of some way to fix this situation.

"Can we call for help?" When Raven gave me my tour of the building, she showed me the Fort Knox-level security records vault and assured me that there's no way to get locked in. "Raven told me our cell phones won't work in here, but she showed me how to use the emergency phone." I can't believe I just explained to him how his own vault works.

"You can try the phone, but I'd bet my yearly income that it doesn't work." Falcon doesn't seem too concerned that we're locked in an airtight safe. I rush over and pick up the phone to find he's right. There's no freaking dial tone.

"What are we going to do?" Sweat slowly rolls down my back as I contemplate our options. "Are we going to run out of oxygen?" I'm blurting out the questions as they pop into my mind.

"We're going to wait my asshole siblings out." As he glances down at me, his dark brown eyes fill with concern. "Don't worry, hellcat. The vault has a kick-ass ventilation system, so we won't run out of oxygen." He runs his hand up and down my arm soothingly, but the gesture has the opposite effect on me.

My blood pressure shoots through the roof as my inner hussy begs me to jump his bones. When he leans his lips close to my ear and whispers, "I'll take care of you," I melt into a puddle

of goo and barely hear the rest of his words. “We won’t be stuck in here long. Someone will come looking for us.” I’m not sure I want someone to find us.

I don’t resist when he takes my hand and leads me to the large black leather chair in the corner. As he sits down and pulls me into his lap, wicked fantasies flow through my mind. I’m pretty sure the huge bulge poking me in the rear end isn’t his car keys. My inner hussy takes control and the next thing I know, I’m wiggling in his lap.

Oh yeah. That’s definitely not car keys steadily growing harder against me. “If you keep wiggling your perfect little ass against me, hellcat, things are going to get out of hand.”

My inner hussy ignores his warning. I shut down all my doubts and decide to live in the moment. I scoot over a little and reach my hand between our bodies to run my hand over his huge erection. Falcon’s growl fills the room as I grow bolder and unzip his dress pants. When I slip my hand in and wrap it around his cock, he grabs my hand. “This is your last chance to stop. I’ve been dreaming about you for two goddamn weeks while you’ve been avoiding the hell out of me, and I’m about to lose my mind.”

“Me too,” I mutter. “I can’t think straight when you’re around.” Why did I tell him that? Oh yeah, my inner hussy is in control right now.

“Then don’t think at all,” he whispers against my lips. He kisses me and I forget everything except the feeling of him devouring my mouth. My head falls onto his shoulder as his tongue explores my mouth.

He shifts and drags me across his lap. I should be embarrassed by the thought of someone walking in on us, but his kiss is stealing my ability to think. When he unbuttons my blouse and

pulls it out of my skirt, I lean up to help him out. He wraps his warm hand around my bra-covered boob, and I feel the heat of his touch through the silky material.

I don't resist when he unhooks the front clasp and drags the two sides apart. Two weeks of fighting the intense chemistry between us comes to an end as I wiggle out of my blouse and bra. Sitting on his lap wearing nothing but my navy-blue pinstriped skirt feels right. He glances down at me, and I shiver from the heat I see shining from his dark eyes.

“Are you sure this is what you want? Once I have your sweet little pussy, I won't ever let you get away from me.” His words should be a bucket of cold water to my face, but I'm too far gone to worry.

“Please shut up and kiss me again.”

He covers my lips with his and slips his tongue into my mouth. Our combined moans fill the soundproof room as he slides his hand under my skirt. His palm leaves little sparks of electricity along the way as he slowly touches every inch of my over-sensitized skin.

When his finger brushes across my slit, I almost self-combust on the spot. He pushes the material aside and runs his finger through my wetness. His maddeningly slow pace drives me nuts, and I wiggle around, attempting to encourage him to move things along, but Falcon ignores me and continues his exploration. He presses one finger into my wet opening, and I suddenly realize he's about to figure out how inexperienced I am.

He runs his thumb across my clit and my mind goes blank. Forgetting about everything else, I melt against his hard body.

Chapter 6

FALCON



THE SECOND I NOTICED TRUST AND DESIRE SHINING FROM HER emerald green eyes, I lost the ability to resist my hellcat. *After I make her mine, I'll deal with the fallout. Worse case, I'll handcuff her to my bed and keep her forever,* I tell myself as I press my finger a little deeper into her tight wet pussy.

When she reaches between us and wraps her soft hand around my cock, I almost lose control and come against her soft skin. I should slow things down, but I don't have the ability to resist my hellcat.

While she drives me out of my mind, I run my tongue up the side of her neck and around her ear. "You're fucking beautiful."

I wrap my hand around her luscious tit and run my thumb across her berry-hard nipple. “Do that again,” she growls adorably, and I can’t resist giving her what she wants.

Her soft curves melt against my body, and I have to grit my teeth to keep from coming. I unzip her skirt and drag it down her silky thighs. Leaning back, I get a little peek at her light pink thong and have to count backward from five thousand to maintain control.

“I want to see you, too.” She looks up and I see the hunger shining from her bright green eyes. I shift her slightly and rip away my dress shirt, not giving a shit that the buttons fly in all directions. She explores my chest while I toss my shirt to the side and drag my pants off. In the back of my mind, a little voice warns me that we could be interrupted at any moment, but I ignore the fucker.

When my hellcat slowly slides her hand into my boxers and grasps my cock, my head falls back, and I growl her name.

“Harder.” I don’t care if I’m begging. She follows my instructions and nearly brings me to my knees. When she leans over and kisses her way down my chest, I drop my head back against the chair and grip her silky hair. Her long silky hair brushes across my abdomen, sending electricity shooting down my spine. Her light teasing kisses drive me to the edge of my control.

She squeaks adorably when I slip out from under her and spin her around to sit on the edge of the leather chair. I kneel between her spread thighs and lean over to run my tongue along the silky soft skin. When I reach her sweet center, I move the wet fabric aside and slip my tongue into her tight opening.

“You’re perfect,” I whisper against her skin as her silky legs close around my head.

“Please stop torturing me and do something already.” My hellcat doesn’t beat around the bush.

“Be patient,” I tell her and kiss my way up her curvy stomach. I stop along the way to place soft kisses around her belly button and right under her luscious tits. I suck her berry-hard nipple into my mouth, and she gasps my name. When I bite down gently on the little bud, she wraps her silky legs around my hips and rubs her wet center against my overheated skin.

I run my thumb over her other nipple and kiss my way up her neck. It suddenly occurs to me that I’m about to make love to my hellcat in the security vault, but I’m too far gone over her to put a halt to this now. I devour her soft lips then kiss my way down her neck and chest. I stop and give each nipple one more little kiss before continuing down her soft curves.

Her sharp nails dig into my shoulder muscles when I press one finger deep into her wet pussy. While she rubs her silky curves against me, I nibble on the skin right above her bare pussy. Harper lifts her hips, trying to push her tight center closer to my face.

I pull her legs further apart and run my tongue over her clit before pressing it deep into her juicy pussy. “Oh my,” she cries out and digs her nails into the back of my head. I turn my attention back to her clit and press two fingers into her wet opening. Her silky walls clench my fingers in a death grip, telling me my girl is very inexperienced.

Another warning sounds in the back of my mind. “Are you sure about this?” I’d die if my hellcat regretted our first time together.

“Yes.” She uses her hold on my head to tug me a little closer.
“Now, fuck me already.”

My cock grows rock hard in my boxers, and I use my free hand to rip the fuckers away. After tossing my boxers over my shoulder, I spread her sweet pussy lips with my thumbs and slide my tongue deep. Her knees tremble as I devour her sweetness.

When I press my thumb across her clit, she comes screaming my name. While the orgasm races through her curvy body, I kiss my way back up her chest, stopping to suck on each nipple before I stand and lean down to lift her into my arms and kiss her.

I set her gorgeous little ass on the conference table while our tongues tangle. She shocks me a little when she reaches between us to grasp my cock and place it at her wet opening.

“You probably already figured this out, but I’m not very experienced.” I can already tell that, but her words still cause my territorial side to wake up.

“Once we do this, I’ll never let you go.” I’m not going to let her get away with this avoidance shit anymore.

“Okay.”

“Hold on, hellcat,” I growl and thrust steadily into heaven. Her elbows give out and she lies back against the hardwood surface before pulling me close. I lean up on one arm and reach between us to rub her clit, trying to distract her, and slowly press a little deeper each time I drive into her sweet pussy.

She rewards my patience by wrapping her silky legs around my hips and dragging me closer. Her breath brushes against my arm as I slowly pick up speed. When she turns her head

and bites my wrist, I almost lose my mind. Maintaining the barest hold on my control, I press all the way and feel her silky walls relax around my cock.

“Please move faster,” she cries out and lifts her hips to meet my thrusts. I lean back a little and watch her gorgeous tits bounce with each thrust. When an orgasm tingles at the base of my spine, I lean over and take one of her nipples between my teeth. I bite down gently on the sweet bud while rubbing my thumb over her clit, and her scream echoes around the room. I let go of my control and thrust several more times. Fireworks blast behind my closed eyelids as I come deep inside her pussy.

I collapse on top of her and lay my head across her sweet chest. “I think you stole my heart.” The words slip out before I’m able to stop them, and I don’t regret them one bit.

Chapter 7

HARPER



Wow. I'M NOT SURE WHAT TO EVEN SAY.

I feel sticky wetness dripping down my rear end onto the table beneath me and blurt out the first thing that comes to my mind. "I'm not on birth control." His dark brown eyes widen as he stares down at me, and I realize I could've handled that a little better.

"I already figured that out." He runs his hand up my neck and lightly wraps it around my cheek. "And I don't give a fuck."

"You're going to have a vastly different reaction if I turn up pregnant." I push him back a little so I can stand.

Right this second, I'd prefer to be anywhere except here. How in the world do I handle this situation? *You should've thought*

of that before you had sex with your boss in the freaking vault.
I hate my inner voice of reason, so I ignore it.

“I can’t wait to see you grow round carrying my child.” He hands me my skirt and watches intently as I pull it on. “I plan to come deep inside your sweet little pussy hourly until you’re pregnant.”

“Hourly?” I gasp and reach for my blouse. “I don’t think that’s possible.” I might not have had any sexual experience before today, but I do know that shouldn’t be possible.

“Over the past two weeks, I’ve made love to you hundreds of times in my dreams.” My heart melts when he pulls me into his arms. “Now, I plan to make my dreams a reality.”

“Do I have any say in your plans?” I can’t resist the urge to needle him a little bit. Plus, I feel like a duck out of water right now.

“You can decide whether I fuck you in my office, on the front desk, upstairs in the penthouse, or in my apartment.” He leans over and places a soft kiss at the base of my throat, and I realize there’s one place he didn’t list.

“What about my apartment?”

“You won’t need your apartment now that you’ll be living with me.” What the heck? My mind finally begins to function again.

“Hello, Mr. High and Mighty Knightley.” I poke my finger into his chest. “There’s a such thing as asking. Nicely.” The thought of living with him sounds like heaven, but I’m not about to give up everything I’ve worked for at the snap of his fingers.

“Would you please move in with me?” he asks and searches for his own clothes.

“No.” If Mr. High and Mighty wants me, he’s going to have to put in a little effort. I might’ve temporarily lost my mind and given in to him, but I’m in full control now. Watching my friends together showed me what I want out of a relationship, and I’m not going to settle for any less.

He spins around and glares at me. “No? I seem to remember warning you that I’d never let you go.”

“I remember.” Boy, do I ever remember everything he did to me a few minutes ago. “And I want to be yours more than anything, but we know nothing about each other.” I sit back against the table and watch as he slowly dresses. “I’d like to get to know you, and we can take things from there, but I’m not just going to give up my apartment and become your love slave just because you snap your fingers.”

“I like the sound of having a love slave.”

“I can’t believe that’s the only thing you got from everything I said,” I huff and roll my eyes.

“I heard every single word.” He smirks and I barely resist the urge to smack the arrogant expression off his face. “It kills me to think of taking things slow after I wasted the last two goddamn weeks, but I’ll do whatever it takes to win you over. Even if it kills me to take things slow.”

I can’t believe he agreed to my demands. My heart soars as I picture the possibility of our future together.

A few seconds later, the door lock disengages, interrupting our discussion. “Oh, man.” Raven and Hawk walk in. “Did you guys both get locked in here?” Raven looks innocent, but I notice the way she’s shuffling from foot to foot.

“Don’t fucking act innocent,” Falcon growls at his sister. “I can’t believe you two.”

“Me?” She places her hand across her chest and pastes a freaking fake look of hurt on her face.

“As much as I’d love to take credit for this, most of it was Raven’s idea. I only added a little muscle to her plan,” Hawk admits.

“Fuck both of you.” Falcon takes my hand and drags me toward the door.

“You should be thanking us,” Hawk calls behind us, and my face heats from embarrassment. I can’t believe I not only had sex with my boss in the security vault but my other bosses, his two siblings, know exactly what we did. “We cut through the bullshit and fixed the situation you couldn’t handle. We even made sure to give you plenty of time alone.”

Falcon flips off his brother and drags me to his office door. “And one more thing.” He stops and glares at his siblings. “If either of you assholes give my girl any trouble, I’ll make you sorry.”

“We wouldn’t do anything to run her off.” Hawk shakes his head. “We figure if she’s crazy enough to put up with you, that’s suffering enough.”

Falcon flips him off one more time before dragging me into his office and slamming the door behind us. I walk over, drop into one of the black leather chairs, and watch as he kneels in front of me. “Now, where were we?”

“Oh my God.” I cover my face with my hands, wishing the ground would swallow me whole. “My two bosses know I slept with my other boss in their vault.” Hello, Twilight Zone. Your newest resident is here.

“Forget about them.” He wraps his arms around me and lays his forehead against mine. “I want to talk about us.”

Easier said than done.



I ANSWER the call and give my typical, “This is Harper, how may I help you,” speech and get the shock of my life.

“Good morning, dear. I’m Nona Evelyn, Falcon’s grandmother. I heard through the family grapevine that you make the most fabulous blueberry muffins. I was wondering if I could get the recipe from you.” There’s a several-moment pause, and I look down and notice I’m holding the phone slack in my hand. Before I’m able to come up with an answer, she adds, “Are you still there?”

“Oh.” I give myself a mental shake. “Umm. Yes, I’m still here. I’d be happy to give you my recipe.”

“That’s wonderful. Why don’t we meet for lunch next Tuesday and I can get it from you?”

“I’d love to have lunch with you.”

Chapter 8

FALCON



IT KILLS ME TO KEEP MY PROMISE, BUT I WOULDN'T DO anything to scare my girl off, so I force myself to take things slow with Harper.

My family takes things into their own hands, using every opportunity to put in a good word for me. I'm a little embarrassed they think I need the help, but I swallow my pride and go with it since it seems to be working.

My grandmother took Harper to lunch and instantly fell in love with my hellcat. Nona Evelyn called me the second she left the restaurant and warned me not to do anything to screw this up. Her words. I'm a little hurt and offended that my family has so little faith in my ability to reel my girl in.

Over the next two weeks, I take Harper to dinner every night. We spend the weekends wrapped in each other's arms, but my hellcat refuses to have sleepovers on weeknights. While I hate sleeping without her, I'll do whatever it takes to make sure she's happy. Even if that means I'm spending long, lonely nights alone in my bed dreaming about her.

I keep hoping I managed to knock her up the first time we made love. We haven't exactly started using birth control, so it also could've happened any of the other times, but I'm pretty sure I knocked her up the first time.

Friday morning, I stroll into the office dying to see my hellcat. Last night, we ordered pizza and watched a movie before she kicked me out. My heart settles into place when I find her sitting at the front desk. "Good morning, hellcat." I walk behind the desk and spin her around before leaning over to place a kiss on her soft lips. "One white chocolate mocha with extra whipped topping." I set her coffee on the glass desk. "And one of Nona Evelyn's blueberry muffins from your delicious recipe."

"Oh." Harper takes a sip of her coffee and sighs. "You definitely know the way to a girl's heart."

"I'm glad my plan is working." I kiss her nose and press my luck. "Why don't we try the new Italian restaurant down the road today for lunch?"

"That sounds great." She gives me a huge smile, and I barely resist the urge to kiss her until we're both ready to self-combust.

"Sorry to interrupt." Raven walks up and leans against the desk before turning to me. "I need to ask you a favor."

“Ask away,” I tell her, taking a sip of my own coffee. “Doesn’t mean I’ll do it for you.”

“Jerk,” my sister hisses at me before whipping her long black hair behind her back. “I’m supposed to attend a charity thing tonight, but I forgot about it and made a date.” I grit my teeth as she gives me her “oops, I fucked up” smile. “I really want to go on this date.”

“That sounds like a you problem.” There’s no way I’m going to sit at some boring charity shindig while my hellcat sits at home alone.

“I have two tickets.” Raven presses on, sweetening the pot. “You could take Harper with you.” My brain must be completely fried because I never thought about the possibility of turning it into a date with my girl.

“Oh. I don’t think I can,” Harper cuts in. “I don’t have anything to wear.” My hellcat bites her bottom lip while looking back and forth between Raven and me.

“That’s not a problem.” My sister jumps right in without missing a beat. “I can take you out at lunch to find a dress.” She practically vibrates and adds, “The company will pay for it since you’re attending a work function.”

Well-played. I make a mental note to thank Raven when I get her alone.

“It sounds like we have a date. I’ll drive you home after work so you can get ready, and you can pack your stuff to spend the weekend at my place.” Then I lean close to her ear and whisper, “I want you bare under your dress.” I step back and wink at her, enjoying the adorable blush that moves over her face and neck.

“Okay.” Harper sighs, and I can’t resist giving her one more kiss.

Then, turning to my sister, I tell her, “Email me all the information for tonight.”

“You got it,” Raven calls behind me. As I step into my office, I hear my sister and Harper chatting away about the stores they’re going to check out at lunchtime.



AT SEVEN O’CLOCK on the dot, I knock on her door. When she pulls the door open, I almost swallow my tongue at the sight standing before me. “You’re fucking stunning.” That’s an understatement, but my blown mind can’t come up with anything better. Tonight, she’s pulled her auburn curls up in some sort of fancy hairstyle that leaves her neck bare. My lips tingle with the urge to leave my mark at the base of her throat to warn all the other men away.

“You don’t look so bad yourself.” She wraps her silky arms around my waist and leans up to kiss my cheek.

“Surely, I deserve a real kiss,” I tell her before I close my lips over hers and devour her mouth. As her tongue tangles with mine, her soft curves melt against my body and my cock grows iron-hard. All too soon, she pulls back and sighs. “If we don’t slow things down, we’ll never make it to the event.”

I’m tempted to say fuck it and drag her into the apartment to have my way with her luscious body, but I can’t resist the urge to take her out. “Can I have a raincheck?” I lay my forehead

against hers. “We’ll go enjoy this charity gala, then I’ll bring you back to my place and spend the rest of the night making love to you.”

“That sounds like a plan to me.” She smiles at me. “I just need to grab my purse and overnight bag, then we can get this show on the road.”

“Did you pack enough for the entire weekend?” I don’t plan on letting her escape any time soon and definitely not before Monday morning.

“I did.” Harper smiles over her shoulder. “I’m pretty sure we stopped taking things slow a while back, so I packed most of my things. I figured I’d start moving all my stuff into your place this weekend.”

“Thank God,” I release on a breath, relieved we’re on the same page. “You’re stunning. You steal my ability to breathe.”

“Please keep breathing. I have plans for you later.” She wiggles her eyebrows and walks across the living room toward me. As she steps closer, I notice the slit going all the way up the side of the dark emerald green dress and groan. How the fuck am I going to keep all the assholes at this event from staring at my gorgeous little hellcat?

“Did you pick that dress out to torture me?” As sweat rolls down my back, I realize it’s going to be a long fucking night. The low neckline gives a generous hint of her luscious tits, and I’m not too pumped at the thought of other men drooling over my woman. When she spins a little bit, the tight silk hugs her generous curves, and my cock hardens in my dress pants. The sky-high black heels make her smooth legs look even longer, and I suddenly have a vision of them wrapped around my head as I eat her luscious little pussy. I take several deep breaths and

adjust my pants, hoping to make more room for my steadily growing cock.

“This old thing?” She bats her eyelashes, but her innocent act doesn’t fool me one bit. “I just wanted to look good on your arm.”

“Hellcat, you would look better wearing a burlap sack than all of the other women there tonight.” It’s the truth. There isn’t a woman alive that could hold a candle to my soulmate. “I can see it’s going to be a long night.” I wrap my arms around her. “Between keeping all the assholes away from you and wanting to fuck you.”

“Wow.” She leans up and places a soft kiss on my chin. “Maybe we should stay in.”

“Nope.” I wrap my arm around her shoulders. “First, I’m going to show you off. Second, we’re going to enjoy the fancy dinner my sister already paid for. And then, we’ll go back to our place for dessert.” I wiggle my eyes at her and lead her down to the car.

“I like the sound of all of that. Especially our place.”

Chapter 9

HARPER



WE WALK INTO THE CROWDED BALLROOM, AND I LOOK around, realizing I'd rather be back at his apartment enjoying his hot body than here. Leaning close to Falcon, I whisper, "So, how long do we have to stay here?"

He frowns down at me as worry fills his dark eyes. "Is everything okay?" He wraps an arm around my shoulders and pulls me close.

"Everything is great, but I'd rather be back at your apartment. Alone and naked."

"Holy hell," he mumbles against my ear and slides his hand down my back to give my rear end a little squeeze. "We won't stay long. Let's get a drink and check out the art they're auctioning, and then we'll sneak out."

“Lead the way.” He wraps his hand around mine and leads me through the crowded room. Along the way, a few people stop us and shake his hand, but I don’t recognize any of them.

When he hands me a glass of champagne, I take a healthy sip, hoping the alcohol will ease my nerves. I feel someone step up behind me and turn to see an elderly man and a much younger woman standing next to us. “Falcon, I thought Raven was coming tonight.” He smiles and turns to me. “Aren’t you going to introduce me to your lovely companion?”

“Uncle Leo, I’d like you to meet Harper Sullivan, my girlfriend.”

“Nice to meet you, Harper.” The white-haired man takes my hand and brings it to his lips for a kiss. “Please call me Uncle Leo, and this is my wife, Jeanette.”

“Nice to meet you, too.” I’m not really comfortable calling some man I just met “Uncle,” so I leave that part off and turn to the woman who can’t be more than ten years older than me. “And you as well.” I turn and give his wife a fake smile.

“Uh-huh.” The sour look plastered on her face when she glances at me definitely ages her a few years. “I’m going to get a drink.”

Well, that went well, I think as Falcon pulls me close to his side and places a soft kiss on my forehead. “Ignore the bitch. She’s jealous that you’re the most gorgeous woman here,” he whispers for my ears only, then turns to the older man. “We’ll see you around, Uncle Leo.” Before the other man has the chance to respond, Falcon drags me back through the crowd toward the lobby.

He slowly rubs circles on the back of my hand as we walk down the long hallway. “That was my grandfather’s youngest

brother,” he explains. “He lost his wife a few years ago and let Jeanette the witch get her claws into his wallet.”

“Oh.” I follow him into a large conference room filled with paintings and other artwork. A large crystal chandelier lights up the middle of the room, casting rainbow beams across the stark white walls. I’m so caught up in the beauty of the art around us, I barely notice when someone walks up behind us.

“Hello, Harper.” Walter Smith, my former boss and the biggest creep on the planet, sneers at us, dragging my attention to him. I step back against Falcon, hoping to put as much distance between me and the jerk as possible. My skin crawls when he glares down at me.

As I look at him, I realize the last few weeks haven’t been good to my former boss. His grey business suit is wrinkled and ill-fitting. The jacket is a little too small to button, and his shirt collar is pulled tight across his thick neck. Ick. I notice his gross, scraggly, unkempt beard and barely resist shuddering. “I thought you didn’t mix business with pleasure, darling.” His slurred words and the smell of alcohol surrounding him tell me he’s had a few too many whiskeys tonight.

“Harper isn’t your goddamn darling, and she is picky about the men she chooses to spend time with.” All the conversations around us stop as the two men face off. “That’s why she wouldn’t touch you with a ten-foot pole.” Ouch. I almost feel sorry for my former boss. Almost but not quite. While Walter is about fifty pounds heavier than Falcon, my caveman is several inches taller and way the heck more muscular.

“Asshole,” Walter growls and steps closer. “I’ll show you what she’ll touch.”

“Excuse me.” A tall, well-dressed man steps between the two angry men. “Is this man causing problems?” he asks Falcon

while keeping an eye on Walter. When the newcomer turns to the side a little, I notice the earpiece in his left ear and figure he must be hotel security.

“He’s making rude and inappropriate comments to my girlfriend,” Falcon growls. “And I’d appreciate it if you remove him before I’m forced to take the matter into my own hands.” Wow. Seeing his powerful side definitely gets my inner hussy going.

“Sir, you need to come with me,” the security guard tells Walter and points to the door.

“Fucker. I’ll get you for this, Knightley,” my former boss hisses, but two more security guards walk over and help the first man. “You won’t get away with this.” He’s so pathetic that I almost feel sorry for him.

Falcon drags me behind him before turning back to my former boss. “I already did,” he calmly informs Walter. “If you ever come near Harper again, I’ll make sure you pay.”

“I’m not fucking scared of you.” Walter really doesn’t know when to give up, and I get over my sympathy for him when he adds, “I hope the little whore takes you for everything you have.”

This jerk! The insult raises my hackles, and I’m tempted to slap the smirk off his face when Falcon lets out a roar and grabs Walter by the collar. He picks the shorter man up and gives him a hard shake. “I warned you, dickhead.”

Anger pours off Falcon in waves as he shoves Walter away. Luckily, the first security guard grabs Walter by the arm and drags him toward the door. “We’ll take care of him from here.”

Falcon steps back and glares as the three security guards make quick work of removing my jerk ex-boss.

Once they disappear from sight, I turn and wrap my arms around Falcon's waist. "I can't believe he had the nerve to approach us."

"I can." Falcon runs his hand up and down my back soothingly. "He's the scum of the earth." Then he takes a deep breath and smiles down at me. "I refuse to let him ruin our night. Why don't we check out the art and decide what we're going to bid on."



IT FEELS like forever before the night comes to an end. After helping me into his small sports car, Falcon slides into the driver's seat. "I'm sorry about the shit with Walter Smith."

"You didn't do anything wrong." I can't believe I ever worked for that jerk. Thank God Bender stepped in and gave me an out before things got any worse.

I sit back and rest my head against the headrest. "Are you tired?" Falcon glances over at me before reaching for my hand. He brings it to his lips and runs his tongue along my knuckles, causing goosebumps to erupt all over my body. I squirm in the seat, wondering if he can drive any faster.

"I was until you started doing that," I groan. "Now, I'm wide awake."

"I'm glad." He glances over at me and wiggles his eyebrows. "Because I have plans for that stunning body when we get back to my place. I'm dying for my dessert."

"Drive faster," I beg as anticipation cuts through me.

Chapter 10

FALCON



I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ASSHOLE TRIED TO PULL THAT SHIT. I'M so pissed, but I refuse to let him ruin my evening. I push thoughts of Walter Smith to the back of my mind as I lead my hellcat into my living room.

She shocks the hell out of me when she spins around and reaches for the zipper on the side of her dress. I swallow and watch as the emerald green silk slides down and off her luscious body, leaving her in her black bra and matching thong.

Harper reaches for the dress and drapes it across the back of one of my chairs before stepping close to me and dropping to her knees. "I want to taste you for my dessert."

“Fuck me. I might not survive having your sweet lips wrapped around my cock.” But what a way to fucking go.

“You’ll have to tell me if I’m doing this right.” She reaches for my pants and makes quick work of unzipping and pushing them down my hips. When she wraps her soft hand around my cock, I lock my knees to stay upright.

“You’re doing perfect.” I dig my hand into her silky hair and guide her closer. My hellcat slowly runs her tongue around the sensitive tip and down the front of my cock.

“Wait until we finish to give your final assessment.” She smiles around my erection before going back to work blowing my mind.

As she sucks my cock to the back of her throat, she slides her hand up and down the rest of my length before reaching down to gently squeeze my nuts. Sensations blast through me from all sides, and I have to mentally recite last week’s music countdown to keep from coming down her throat.

I know I’m not going to last much longer, and I refuse to come down her throat until I’m sure I’ve knocked her gorgeous ass up. When I feel the tingling at the base of my spine, I step back and lift my hellcat against my chest.

“Hey,” my hellcat protests. “I wasn’t finished.”

“I’ll let you finish next time.” I almost trip over my goddamn pants, but I manage to kick them the rest of the way off before kicking them to the side.

After laying her across my bed, I step back and drag my jacket off before reaching for the buttons on my dress shirt. “Please hurry.” The hunger shining from her green eyes nearly brings me to my knees. I rip away the rest of my clothes and leave them in a pile as I storm toward her.

“You’re gorgeous.” I unhook her bra and lean over to close my lips around one of her berry-red nipples. She arches her back and cries out my name as I suck and nibble. I kiss my way over to the other side and give it the same attention before kissing my way down her gorgeous curves. When I come to her thong, I run my tongue around the silky waistband before dragging it down her silky legs.

“It’s time for my dessert.” I spread her lips and slide my tongue through her sweetness. She grasps the back of my head and drags me closer. I close my lips around her sensitive clit and press two fingers deep into her wet pussy. She begs and pleads, but I take my time devouring her sweetness.

I’m a greedy fucker and don’t let up until she’s had two orgasms. While her curvy body trembles, I crawl back up her body and kiss her silky neck. “I love you.” I’ve been fighting to control the words, but I can’t hold them back anymore.

“I love you, too.” She wraps one of her legs around my waist and pulls me closer. “Now, please fuck me.”

The dirty words coming from her sweet mouth cause my cock to grow impossibly harder. She reaches between us, wraps her hand around my erection, and places it at her wet opening. I thrust deep and she comes screaming my name.

As her silky walls quiver around my cock, I slowly thrust and let her ride out her orgasm. She wraps both legs around my back and digs her heels into my ass, using the position to lift her hips to meet each of my thrusts.

She doesn’t complain when I pull out of her and spin her around to position her on her knees. I spread her legs and thrust deep.

I dig one hand through her soft curls and give a little tug, which causes her inner muscles to clench around my cock. I wrap my other hand around her luscious hip and pull her back to meet each of my hard thrusts. When I reach around her to rub her clit, her elbows give out and her chest drops onto the soft covers, but I don't slow down.

"More," she mumbles against the bedding and pushes her hips back harder, allowing me to slide even deeper.

She comes screaming my name once more, and her silky walls clench down on my cock, causing me to lose control. I thrust furiously a few more times then follow her over the edge.

I use my last ounce of energy to spin us both around and pull her into my arms. I slowly rub my hand in slow circles across the smooth skin on her back while our breathing slows.

She looks up and places her chin on my chest. "I love your dessert." She winks at me. "Think I can have another taste?"

"I need at least ten minutes to recover before you have your way with me again," I tell her, but my cock has other ideas. The fucker is already semi-hard and growing steadily harder by the second.

When she rubs my erection with her silky thigh, I instantly recover and spin her over onto her back. "I thought you needed ten minutes." She smiles up at me and rubs her luscious curves against me.

"Your gorgeous naked body encouraged me to recover faster."

"Glad I could help you out with that." She sighs as I thrust deep into her wet pussy.

Her nails dig into my shoulders as I slowly make love to her sweet body this time. After we come, I pull her close again and groan, "I fucking love you so much. It kills me to picture

spending another second without you. Tell me you'll marry me and put me out of my misery." As she leans back and stares down into my eyes, I pull out the big guns. "Plus, my grandmother is convinced I'll find a way to screw this up. Please help me ease her fears. The poor woman isn't sleeping at night."

"We can't have Nona Evelyn losing sleep." She snuggles against my side and kisses my chest. "So, I guess I'll just have to marry you."

I roll her over and stare down into her eyes. "All joking aside." I need her to know how much her love means to me. "I need you to survive."

"I feel the same way."

Chapter 11

FALCON



LONG AFTER SHE FALLS ASLEEP, I LIE AWAKE STARING AT THE ceiling. The altercation with fucking Walter Smith keeps running through my mind, and I have no doubt he needs to be taken care of before he ever comes near my girl again.

I glance at the clock and see it's three am, the perfect time to wake up my asshole brother.

ME

I need your help.

NOTHING HAPPENS FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, and I'm about to call the fucker when I see three dots move across the screen.

ASSHOLE #1

It had better be life or death for you to text me at 3 a.m.

ME

Walter HUHA Smith made a scene at the charity event.

ASSHOLE #1

Are you and Harper okay?

ME

I took care of it, but I have a feeling he's going to continue to be a problem.

ASSHOLE #1

If you took care of it, why the fuck are you messaging me at 3 am?

ME

I couldn't sleep and wanted to share my pain with you.

ASSHOLE #1

Gee, thanks for thinking of me. Why don't we meet Monday morning at 8 to discuss how we're going to handle this?

I KNEW I could depend on my brother. The asshole might love to give me shit, but he won't let anyone else come after me.

ME

Thank you

ASSHOLE #1

Whatever. Now what in the hell does HUHA stand for? I googled it and nothing came up.

ME

Keep working on it and you'll eventually get it.

ASSHOLE #1

Motherfucking little asshole.

ME

Nope. That's not it.

I LAUGH to myself when he sends me back a middle finger emoji.



I WAKE up the next morning to the sound of my hellcat throwing up and rush to the bathroom to find her kneeling in

front of the toilet. I grab a washcloth and wet it with warm water before bringing it over to her.

“Are you okay?” What a stupid fucking question. Of course, she isn’t okay. She’s fucking puking her guts up.

She takes the wet towel from me and lays her head against the wall. “I think our no birth control policy might’ve led to an unexpected complication.”

I drop to my knees next to her and lightly rub her back. “Are you sure?” I ask, praying she is pregnant.

“No, but I started calculating the odds in my mind when I woke up feeling like this.” She leans against my chest and sighs. “I realized I haven’t had a period since we met, so that’s a pretty good sign that you managed to knock me up. At least, I hope you think it’s a good thing.”

“Thank God for strong swimmers.” I hug her close as happiness flows through my soul. “I’ve been working my ass off trying to knock you up since the first time in the vault.”

“Oh.” I can’t believe she didn’t catch onto my plans before now. “Then woot woot, way to go.”

After a quick trip out to run errands, I come home with four pregnancy tests and an engagement ring. While I hope the tests are positive, I plan to slip this ring on her finger and tie her to me for life no matter what.

“Are you really going to watch me pee?” Harper asks as I stand against the counter, waiting for her to take the test.

“I want to make sure you do it right.” I shrug.

“All I have to do is pee on the little flat part. I think I can figure that out on my own.” My hellcat rolls her eyes.

I'm dying to know what the test says, but I don't want to add any stress to my hellcat, so I tell her, "I'll step into the bedroom. Yell for me when you're done."

"Thank you."

I'm pacing the floor, wondering how long it takes to pee on a stick, when Harper calls me. "Falcon. Come see."

I rush into the bathroom and find her holding up the stick. "Both little pink lines appeared instantly. I guess I'm really, really pregnant."

I'm not sure how these things work but I'm thrilled.

"Us Knightleys don't do anything half-assed." I drop to my knees in front of her and pull the engagement ring from my pants pocket. Harper gasps and stares down at me with tears forming in her green eyes as I smile up at her. "I know you already agreed to marry me, but I want you to have the whole kneeling and asking experience. Harper Sullivan, will you marry me?"

"Of course, I'll marry you. I love you so much." She kneels next to me and throws her arms around my neck.

"It's a good thing you said yes. My family members were making back-up plans in case I screwed this up."

"That should scare me, but I love you and your family."

"You are so fucking perfect and all fucking mine."



MONDAY MORNING, I leave Harper sleeping with orders to stay in bed all day. Our little one is being tough on his mother, and she needs the rest.

“Where’s Harper?” Raven asks when I walk into the office alone. After I follow my sister into Hawk’s office, I grab a cup of coffee and turn to give them my news.

“At home in bed,” I answer, and my sister makes gagging noises. “Our baby is making her sick.”

“Congratulations!” Hawk walks over and smiles at me. “I’m glad to know the Knightley swimmers did their job.”

Raven starts making her gagging noise again. “TMI.”

“Would you two stop with the abbreviation shit? I can’t fucking keep up.” He points at me. “He’s using HUHA and you’re using TMI. I need a goddamn urban terms dictionary to hold a conversation with you two.”

“Who has their head up their ass?” Raven turns to me with a raised eyebrow, and Hawk grumbles something about asshole siblings under his breath.

“Walter Head Up His Ass Smith needs his ass kicked. The fucker came after my girl at the goddamn charity event.”

Raven looks between me and Hawk. “So, what are we going to do about it?”

“We’re going to show him what happens when you fuck with a Knightley,” I answer her. “Then I’m going to fly my girl to Vegas for a quicky ceremony with an Elvis impersonator.”

“God, you guys have no originality when it comes to weddings. He had a small, family-only ceremony.” She points at Hawk and rolls her eyes. “And now you’re going to run off to Vegas.” Raven shakes her head sadly.

“Just wait until it’s your turn,” Hawk warns her. “Then you’ll see.”

“Oh, heck no. I’m going to be single until I die.”

I glance over my sister’s head and give Hawk my “we’ll see about that look” before bringing the subject back to what we’re going to do to Walter HUHA Smith.



I’D PREFER to kill the motherfucker and hide his body, but my siblings convince me to go the easier, less messy route. We have a conference call with Roddy McAllen, Walter’s boss, and put a little bug in his ear about his useless fucking employee.

It doesn’t take long before Walter is headed to Bum Fuck Egypt to handle the “up and coming” side of McAllen’s business interests. In other words, Walter is now a flunky doing a useless flunky’s job. I’d almost feel sorry for him if the asshole hadn’t come for my hellcat. Now, I’m just happy to have him out of the way. Life couldn’t be better.



One Year Later

“ARE YOU SURE ELODIE WILL BE OKAY WITH RAVEN?” I ASK my husband as he helps me into the passenger seat of his sports car. We haven’t been away from our four-month-old for more than a few hours since she was born.

“She’ll be spoiled rotten by the time we get home,” he reassures me and reaches for the seatbelt. Once he hooks it around my waist, he runs around the front of the car and slides into the driver’s seat. When he told me to wear a casual dress and no underwear, I had my reservations but I couldn’t resist my husband.

“Okay. Then can you give me a hint where you’re taking me?” My cruel husband has refused to tell me where he’s taking me for our first anniversary. I tried to wheedle the information out of both Raven and Hawk’s wife, Tia, but neither of my sisters-in-law would give me a hint.

“Not happening.” Falcon brings my hand up to his lips and places a soft kiss across my knuckles.

“That’s okay,” I huff out my frustration. “I’ll figure it out myself soon enough.”

“That reminds me.” He releases my hand and reaches into the glove compartment. “Put this on.” I gasp when he drops a black slip of material into my lap.

I pick it up and run the soft fabric through my fingers. “A blindfold?”

“Yes. Now put it on so we can get on with our evening.” I carefully tie it around my head and lean back as he drives.

After what seems like an eternity, the car slows and comes to a stop. “Sit there and wait for me to come around, and don’t peek or I’ll have to spank your luscious ass.”

“That isn’t a threat,” I manage to say past the lump of lust clogging my throat.

“Then I won’t spank your ass if you peek.” Now, that’s a real threat. When he opens my door and lifts me against his body, I wrap my arms around his neck and hold him tight. The warm night air wraps around me, and I wonder if we’re going somewhere outdoors. That might put a kink in my plans to have my way with him.

I debate where my husband could be taking me as he pushes a door open and steps into cool air. “Stop trying to figure it out.” Falcon leans over and places a kiss on my cheek right below

the blindfold. The sensation of the floor dropping out beneath us tells me we're in an elevator.

"Just give me a little hint," I beg as he rubs his hand that's holding me up along my hip.

When he gives me a little tap on the rear end, I almost self-combust in his arms. "Here's a hint. I'm going to fuck you until neither of us can stand up." I definitely love the sound of that. "Surprise." He sets me on my feet and unties the blindfold.

I blink several times as my eyes adjust to the light. "The vault?"

"Happy Anniversary, hellcat. I wanted to bring you back to where it all started." He kisses my lips, and I melt against his warm, powerful body.

"I love the way you think, Mr. Knightley."

"I love you, Mrs. Knightley." He nuzzles the side of my neck before gently biting down on it.

"Then show me how much." I step back, unzip my dress, and let it slide down my body.

"You don't have to ask me a second time." He rips his black polo shirt over his head then makes quick work of his jeans. His erection bounces up against his stomach, and I drop to my knees in front of him. A shiver passes through his muscular body when I grasp his cock and lean forward, placing a soft kiss on the tip.

He grasps the back of my head and drags me closer. "Don't tease me," he groans as a tremor runs through his muscular thighs.

I look up into his dark eyes and wink. “Be quiet and let me work.” I give his cock a little squeeze and suck hard as he widens his stance. I relax my throat and take him deep with each stroke.

I use every trick in my book to drive my husband crazy while he growls about what he’s planning to do to me soon. My inner hussy urges me to hurry the heck up so we can get to his plans, but I refuse to rush this. When his legs start to shake, I ease up on the pressure, hoping to prolong his pleasure.

“Finish me off so I can fuck your gorgeous ass.” I follow his orders and suck harder while gently massaging his balls. He shouts my name as his cum shoots down my throat. A full-body tremor runs through his muscular body before he leans over and picks me up.

I have a sense of Déjà vu when he sets me on the edge of the table and drops to his knees. “I fucking love you.” His breath brushes against my inner thigh and goosebumps break out on my skin.

“I love you, too.” Then I gasp when he licks his way up my inner thigh. He spreads my intimate lips and runs his tongue up my center, sending electricity shooting through every nerve in my body.

I nearly lose my mind when he nibbles on my clit and presses a finger deep into my core. “Come for me,” he growls, and my body immediately follows his orders.

As I come down from my orgasm, he lifts me against his chest and sits back in the black leather chair with me straddling his lap. I reach beneath him to grasp his hard cock and bring it to my wet opening.

I slide down onto his erection and slowly rotate my hips, dragging his cock deeper into my pussy. When he smacks my rear end, hard, a small climax rolls through me. He isn't happy with just one. My overachieving husband makes sure I have three more orgasms before he lets himself go.

Once I recover enough to stand up again, we grab our clothes and rush upstairs to the penthouse.

"Raven doesn't mind getting up twice in the middle of the night with Elodie?" I ask as I lie next to Falcon in the massive bed.

"Not at all," he reassures me before pulling me into his arms. "I love you," he whispers against my ear.

"I love you, too." I snuggle in my husband's arms and close my eyes, but sleep refuses to come. "Since we're still following the no birth control policy, I wonder how long it will take to give Elodie a little sibling."

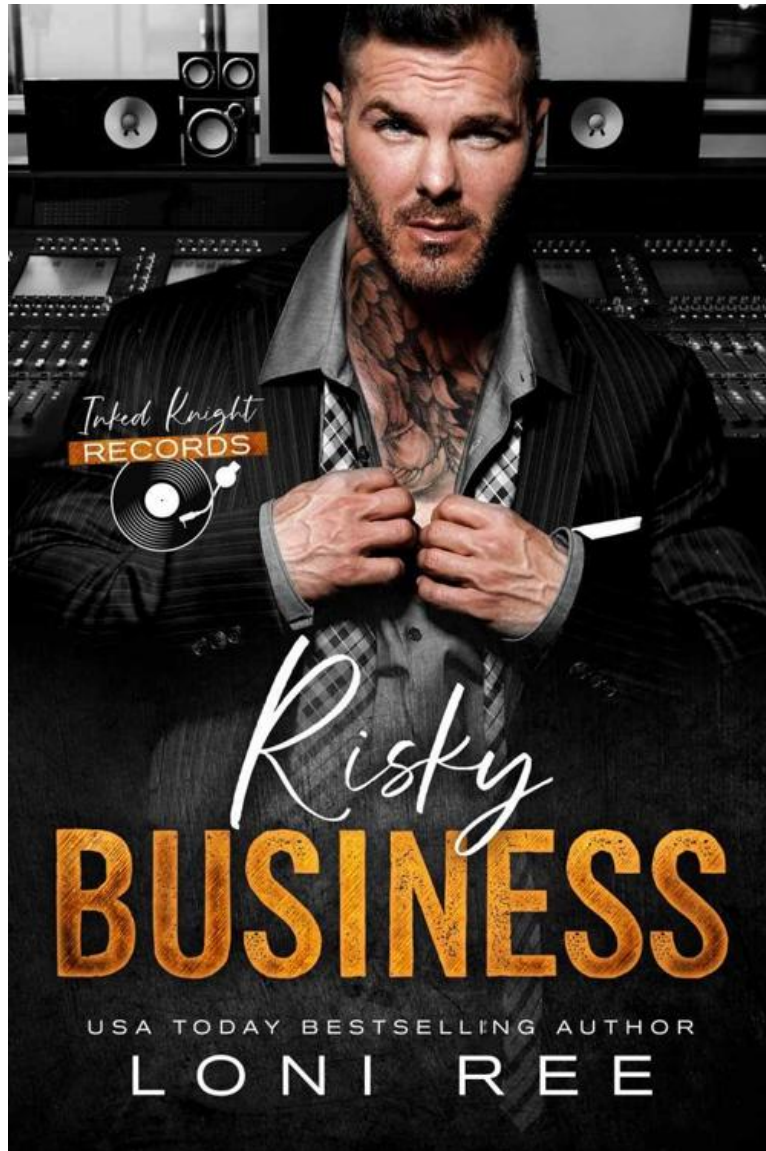
"Nine months." There's no doubt in Falcon's voice, and my husband's prediction is dead on.

Nine months later, we welcome our son, Nathan Hawk Knightley, into the family. Elodie is less than thrilled to share all the attention with her little brother, but she gets over it two years later when the twins are born.

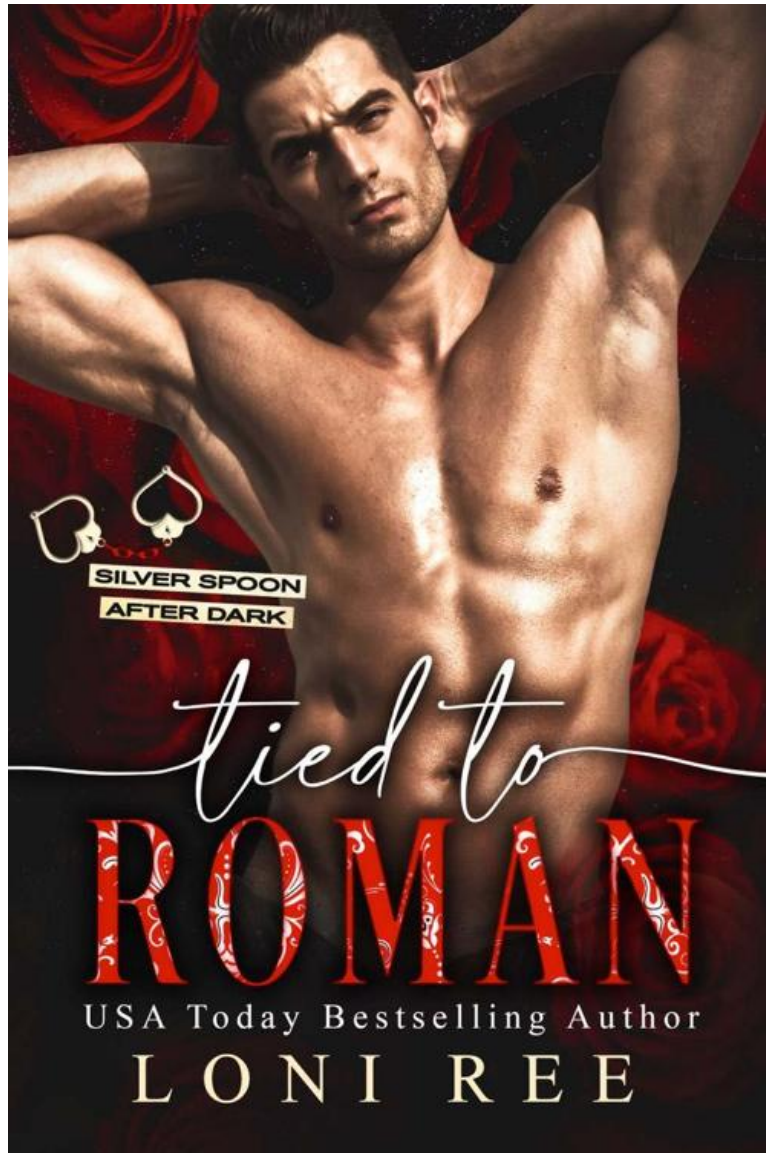
THE END OF *Risky* ACTIVITY



I HOPE you enjoyed the story and will consider leaving a review.



If you want to read Hawk and Tia's story, [Risky Business](#), is available now!



[Tied to Roman](#), Raven's story is coming soon to Amazon.

SILVER SPOON MC



These wealthy Texans have it all—Money, looks, power, their MC and brothers. The only thing missing is someone to share it all with. There's a shortage of eligible ladies in town but these determined men won't let that slow them down. These MC brothers are going to turn the town of Silver Spoon Falls, Texas, on its ear looking for their curvy, soulmates.



SILVER SPOON FALLS



Welcome to Silver Spoon Falls, TX. The men here are known for having it all. Except there's a shortage of eligible ladies in town to share it with. These determined men won't let that slow them down. Like the MC brotherhood who calls this small-town home, their best friends, brothers, and neighbors will turn the town on its ear looking for their curvy soulmates in this spin-off series of sweet and steamy instalove romances from Loni Ree, Nichole Rose and Loni Nichole.

You've already fallen for the Silver Spoon MC. Now get ready to fall for the single men of Silver Spoon Falls!

Fischer's Catch
LONI REE

Dillon's Heart
LONI NICHOLE

Adam's Fugitive
LONI REE

Razor's Flame
LONI NICHOLE

Ryder's Reward
LONI NICHOLE

Zane's Rebel
LONI NICHOLE

Xavier's Kitten
NICHOLE ROSE

Callum's Hope
NICHOLE ROSE

Drew's Passion
LONI NICHOLE

SILVER SPOON FALLS

Drew's Obsession
LONI NICHOLE

- ✓ OVER THE TOP
- ✓ GURVY HEROINES
- ✓ SUGARY SWEET
- ✓ ALPHA HEROES
- ✓ STEAMY INSTA LOVE

JOIN MY READER'S GROUP

FIND OUT ABOUT MY NEW RELEASES,
SALES AND OTHER PROMOTIONS.

[Facebook Group \(Hot Heroes and Happy Endings\)](#)



SUBSCRIBE TO MY NEWSLETTER

GET HOW TO LOVE A HEARTBREAKER
WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO MY
NEWSLETTER

[Loni Ree Romance Newsletter](#)



ALSO BY LONI REE

Find an updated list of my books on my website:

<https://www.hotheroesandhea.com/>

SILVER SPOON MC

The CEO

The Cowboy

The Rockstar

The Architect

The Prince

SILVER SPOON FALLS

Fischer's Catch

Adam's Fugitive

MONSTERS & CURVES

Mr. Nice Guy

First Bite

CELESTIAL FALLS

Cupcakes & Brimstone

Honey & Growls

Hexes & Howls

Whiskers & Wings

Glitz & Growls

Defying Roderick (Related to Celestial Falls)

CURVY CUTIES

Jenna

Emery

BOSS FROM HELL

Over It

Into It

WILD ACES

Spade's Queen

Barrett's Play

Snow's Spell (connected characters)

MEN OF VALOR MC

First Ride

FIELDING-STONE SERIES

Blindsiding Mr. Quinlan

Shocking Mr. Stone

Fielding-Stone Series Boxset

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT SERIES

Professor Maxwell

Packaged Love

Nerd Boy

Cover Model

Love at First Sight: A Four Book Collection

STANDALONE BOOKS

Hungry For Red (A Salem Experiment Book One)

Finding His Forever (Finding His Love Book One)

Wicked Ways (Hunky Halloween)

Falling for my Enemy

Leaping into Love (Taking the Leap Book 7)

Warm Kisses (Warming Up to Love Book 6)

FOR HER

Keeping Liberty (American Heroes Book Two)(For Her Book 1)

Ignoring the Rules (For Her Book 2)

THE MACKENZIE FAMILY INCLUDES:

KANES' KISSES SERIES

Holly Kisses

Surprise Kisses (Forever Safe Christmas Book 19)

Candy Kisses

Kane's Kisses: A Four Book Collection Boxset

Forever Kisses

SWEET BEGINNINGS

Sweet Treat

Sugar Pie

LOVING A BENNETT BOY

Mr. CEO Jerk

Mr. Director Sir

Mr. Boss Man

SPARKS IN JUNIPER

Ignite My Heart

FINDING MS. RIGHT

Claiming Ms. Off Limits

Roping Ms. Imposter

PLAYING RIORDAN

Catching Payton

Scoring Gina

FALLING HARD AND FAST

Can't Resist Her

THE MERGER

Blake's Fall

Lukas' Love

Drew's Fight

FIRSTS SERIES

First Sight

First Touch

SWEET ON YOU (CLEAN, SWEET ROMANCE) Writing as L. Ree

Knox's Surprise (Sweet on You Book 1)

Trace's Fire (Sweet on You Book 2)

Jordan's Gift (Sweet on You Book 3)

Jason's Luck (Sweet on You Book 4)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



USA Today Bestselling Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Loni Ree is a busy mom of six who spends her free time writing steamy stories about over the top heroes who find the right curvy woman to tame them. Her stories are a little over the top because she believes reading should be an escape from real life.

She lives in the Midwest with her wonderful husband, the last child at home, and a zoo of animals, including Beau, her beloved French Bulldog.

Loni also has an alternate pen name L. Ree. If you like clean, sweet romance, check out her L. Ree books.

Website: Hotheroesandhea.com

<https://linktr.ee/loniree19>

