

BIG *Brawny*
MECHANIC

CASSI HART

Big Brawny Mechanic

Big Alpha's

Cassi Hart

Published by: Cheeky Publishing LLC

First Edition

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Cassi H♥rt

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Chapter One

Luna

Shit! Shit! Shit! A red light on my dashboard begins flashing. The car begins to whine and shake. I hastily poke the button to turn on my hazards as I pull over to the side of the road.

“No, not again,” I cry out, punching the steering wheel in frustration.

This is the second time this has happened and I haven’t even had the car for a month. The guy who sold it to me promised me that it was in great condition and now...

Tears pool in my eyes as I reach over for my bag and take out my phone. I open it and scroll through my minuscule list of contacts. My finger hovers above the car dealer’s name. I could call him and ask for my money back, but he hasn’t been taking my calls and I am pretty sure that I’ve been scammed. Blinking my tears back, I take a few deep breaths, and instead of giving in to the rage, I dial my best friend’s number.

“Luna, you just left, did you forget something?” she answers on the second ring, her voice laced with sleep.

Quinn and I have been best friends and roommates for two years. We met during freshman year and became inseparable; ever since she has managed to get me out of many jams. I’m hoping she’ll help get me out of this one.

“Hey, uhm. My car broke down.”

“Again?”

“Yeah, it keeps making scary weird noises and... you know I have that biology test to get to, but I don’t think I’ll make it to class in time. I don’t know why this keeps happening—” I trail

off. Anger and frustration threaten to pull me under. How could I make such a colossal mistake? I should know better by now; always trusting the wrong people. *Stupid girl*, I think to myself.

“Hey, calm down, okay? Let’s figure out what the problem is this time. You still have some time left before your test begins.”

I close my eyes and let out a deep sigh, allowing her calm voice to curb the panic that threatens to resurface.

“Okay, so what do I need to do?”

Quinn knows a bit about cars from having been raised around mechanics her entire life. I, on the other hand, I’m hopeless when it comes to cars, or else, I would not have been scammed out of my life savings.

“I need you to get out of the car and tell me what’s wrong. Do you have the hazard lights on?”

“Yeah, I do,” I say, pushing open the door and getting out.

“Okay, I’m out, now what?”

“Open the hood of the car and tell me what you see.”

I walk to the front of the car and touch the hood. Leaping back, I begin vigorously waving my hand. Ouch, that was much hotter than I expected. The skin is already pinking up, but I don’t have time to waste worrying about it. I manage to pry the hood open and a thick, acrid cloud of smoke comes flooding out. I inhale the toxic fumes and begin to cough.

“Luna?” Quinn’s voice is muted as I struggle to get my breath back. “Luna, what’s happening, what do you see?”

“Nothing,” I choke, as tears spill. “I can’t see anything.”

I doubt I ever will again with the way my eyes sting.

“There has to be something. Can you see any leaks or detect any strong smells?”

“Quinn, I can hardly see or smell anything but smoke. Oh my God! Do you think it’s going to light on fire?” I ask, backing away from my car. “Do I need to call the fire department or the cops and...”

“Sometimes I forget how hopeless you can be,” she mutters under her breath but I hear her. “Just don’t... don’t call anyone, Luna. I’ll send help your way, just send me your location.”

“Wait, whom are you going to call?”

She hangs up before giving me a response. I let out a sigh and share my location. Knowing Quinn, she’ll probably come to check on the issue herself.

I kick the wheel and am immediately rewarded for my tantrum as pain shoots up my leg. Groaning as I lean against the side of my useless car, I allow myself a rare moment of weakness. This was the first car I ever bought and the memory of how hard I worked to save up for it has me tearing up afresh. I thought I had finally earned my independence. With a car, I could go anywhere, and do anything. It was second-hand and fit well within my budget; I guess now I know why.

My phone pings with a text and I swipe a hand across my wet cheeks before turning to the screen.

Help is on the way, ten minutes tops.

My eyebrows wrinkle at the vague text. Does that mean she is not coming?

Whom did you call? I text back.

My dad.

My heart stops and for a second, I forget to breathe, literally. I blink at the text and it takes a full minute for my head to process the two words on my screen.

Quinn's dad is coming...

No! She probably meant she called her dad and asked him to send one of his employees, from his garage, to come to my aid. Mr. Jack Knight is an extremely busy man; he doesn't have time to deal with my problems.

Still, even the thought of him coming to my rescue has my heart racing in my chest. See, I have had the biggest crush on the man since the moment his daughter introduced us. He was helping her move into our dorm room and I can still remember the way my body reacted. With six feet of solid muscles, he was so big and burly. I immediately longed to touch his thick black and silver hair.

The string of tattoos peeking from his neck and heavily muscled arms have starred in my dreams so many times that it's an obsession at this point.

And his voice...

A shiver runs down my back at the memory of the deep rumble of his voice. How it sends a delicious need coursing through my body.

Two years later and I have never met a man that affects me with the same intensity as Jack Knight and now, I'm going to see him.

"Don't be stupid, Luna," I whisper out loud. There is no way on earth he will show up. Still, I find myself rushing back to the car and digging through my purse for something to clean my smudged mascara off my tear-stained face.

I dump the contents of the bag on the seat and dig through it for my lip balm and some tissues but I don't find anything. I let out a frustrated groan when I realize that I must have left them behind when I rushed out this morning.

"Luna?" He asks, as his deep raspy voice raises all of the goosebumps on my body.

I freeze.

"Luna, are you okay?"

I jerk up and turn to face the man that has guest-starred in all my dreams, every night, for the last eighteen months. He looks so much better than I remember, dressed in a white button-down shirt with the first two buttons undone. My eyes trail down to the rolled-up sleeve and I swallow at the tattoos on his forearms. His hands are shrugged in his pockets and it takes everything in me to hide my body's immediate rush of desire.

I haven't seen him in a few weeks and yet... it's hard – impossible – to forget him when he's all I see every time I close my eyes.

He is the last man I should be attracted to and yet... as I look up to meet his cobalt-blue eyes, I realize that it's already too

late.

I am utterly—hopelessly—in love with Jack Knight.

My best friend's dad.

Chapter Two

Jack

Maybe I shouldn't have come.

I watch her dig frantically through the contents of her bag before dumping everything on the car seat. She hasn't noticed me yet, and I find my eyes trailing up her jean-covered legs to her perky ass.

I slide my hands into my slacks in an attempt to hide my erection. I resist reaching out to palm her perfect ass, to glide my fingers along the seam between her legs.

Yeah, I definitely shouldn't have come; but, when my daughter called me asking me to help one of her college friends, I was struck by the peculiar request. Quinn and I are close but she rarely ever calls me to help with anything, especially when it involves cars.

I was going to send one of my men to deal with it but that was before she mentioned that the friend, that needed the help, was Luna.

Just the thought of my little moon getting into an accident had me dropping everything and rushing to the scene before she could even describe what the issue was.

There is no explaining my reaction to Luna this time, or all the other times, I've made up an excuse to see her.

Up until this moment, she and I have never been alone and maybe I should have thought of that before jumping into my car and driving to the rescue.

I clear my throat to announce myself but she doesn't seem to hear me.

“Luna?” I call out and watch as her body visibly tenses.

She doesn’t turn to face me and that has me taking a step forward. Wait, is she hurt?

“Luna, are you okay?” I ask again, this time taking a step toward her.

She turns quickly and just like that; she sucks the air out of my lungs. There is something about the way her wide, innocent eyes look up at me that has every one of my protective instincts going on high alert.

Luna is beautiful. No, beautiful doesn’t begin to cover it.

Her auburn hair fans her face when she turns toward me. I watch as she pushes the soft curls back and her beautiful green eyes meet mine under her long lashes. I notice an adorable smattering of freckles dotting her nose and every time I look at her, I forget that I am old enough to be her father.

I forget that she is *forbidden*.

And yet... this close, I can count the freckles that pepper her cheeks. The way her pert nose is pink against the cold morning air. I can’t help but want her.

“Mr. Knight,” her voice is breathy when she speaks and that’s enough to snap me back to the present. I take a step back.

She’s my daughter’s best friend, for Christ’s sake.

Not to mention the fact that she’s half my age.

“Quinn called and mentioned you were involved in an accident, are you hurt?”

Her cheeks flash a pretty rosy hue as she looks away. “Well.... it’s not exactly an accident, Mr. Knight. I’m sorry you had to

come all this way. I am sure you are a very busy man.”

She’s not wrong. I had to cancel a meeting with one of my biggest clients to come here, but I am not about to tell her that.

She is worth every second of my time.

“Jack,” I say instead.

“Huh?”

“Call me Jack, Luna. Mr. Knight makes me sound way older than I feel,” I say teasingly, flashing her a smile. A warmth unfurls in my chest as the blush on her cheeks deepens.

“Okay, uhm... Jack.”

“Can you tell me what the problem with your car is? Quinn didn’t give me much detail when she called,” I say changing the subject into much safer territory.

“I...” she bites at her lower lip and my fists clench at the move. I have to physically hold myself back from reaching out and running a thumb over her cupid’s bow. “I don’t know either. There is this strange noise and when I opened the hood, smoke came flooding out. Do you think you can fix it?”

In the three decades I have worked with cars, I haven’t come across one that I couldn’t fix. The question was always a matter of whether the car was worth the cost it would take to save it.

I move towards the open hood and look inside but I can hardly focus as Luna steps behind me and tries to peek over my shoulder, but I am way taller and larger than she is.

Even with the overpowering smell from the oil leak, I can still smell her sweet strawberry scent and it proves to be

distracting.

“Is it okay? Can you fix it?” Her voice is clouded with worry and there is something so pure and innocent about it that my cock begins to thicken.

I clear my throat and push up. “I’ll have to take it back to the garage with me.”

“That bad?” her eyes pool with tears, but she quickly slides her sunglasses down to cover the reaction. I can see that she doesn’t want to be vulnerable, but I know that I want that part of her.

It’s dangerous, to look at her like I do.

To want to take her into my arms and promise her that I am going to take care of everything because I am.

“I promise I’m going to take care of it, Luna.”

“It’s not that,” she snuffles. “I have a test today and I don’t think I am going to make it to school on time. I can’t fail a test. Being a teacher is my dream. Doing well in school is my one shot, and here I am messing it up. I should have taken the bus and—” she begins to ramble.

“What time does your test start?” I ask, looking down at my wristwatch.

“At nine.”

“You have fifteen minutes before it starts,” I say, digging into my pocket and handing her my car keys. “Take my car to class so you don’t miss your test.”

Her wide eyes shift from my extended hand to my face. “I... Mr. Knight. I couldn’t possibly...”

“It’s Jack and yes, you can take my car. Would you rather miss the test? I know you’ll get it back to me. Don’t forget, I know where you live.” I joke, trying to lighten the moment.

Her brow furrows as though contemplating her options but I see the moment she gives in.

Luna reaches out and her soft fingers brush gently against my hand as she grabs the keys.

“Good girl,” the words slip out and her cheeks flame up to match the shade of her hair.

“Thanks, Mr. Knight... Uhm, Jack.”

I shrug my hands in my pocket and watch her grab her stuff from her car and walk towards mine. She stops and flashes me a smile before climbing in and then she’s off.

I place the heel of my hand against my hard cock and curse at my slipping control. I have no idea when I stopped viewing Luna as more than just my daughter’s friend, but it happened.

One day she was one of Quinn’s friends and the next, I was watching her every move. She’d probably be scared if she knew how intensely I want to possess her.

I take out my phone and dial a number to get someone to come tow the car to my garage all the while thinking of my freckled girl.

Chapter Three

Luna

I tiptoe towards the door, careful to not make any sound in case I alert...

“Hey, where are you going?”

I wince at my best friend’s voice. She has the ears of a bat; I should have known I couldn’t get past her. I turn to find her leaning against her door with her arms crossed in front of her chest.

“Nowhere,” I say way too quickly and her eyes narrow on me.

“Hmm,” her eyes run over my short dress and I find the need to cover myself. “You just got back from school, changed into your favorite dress; you have makeup on and you want me to believe that you are not going anywhere?”

“Yes?”

“Luna!”

“Fine, I am going to a study group. You know that test we had this morning, we have another one tomorrow and a bunch of us are planning to meet up and study for it.” The lie slips out so easily and part of me is sure she is going to call me out on it.

She smirks at me. “Is there a boy in that group that you like?”

“Uhm... yeah?”

No.

“Great, in that case, he’s going to love that dress. And those heels look gorgeous on you.”

I wince at her words. I have never lied to my best friend but it's a knee-jerk reaction.

I mean, sure, I feel bad for lying to her but what am I going to tell her? "Uhm, so you know the giant man with the oh-so-sexy salt and pepper beard. Yeah, the same guy that taught you how to ride a bike and took you to your recitals. Yeah, I got all dressed up for him."

To be fair, I didn't get dressed for him. I just needed a change of clothes before dropping his car off and if he happened to notice my cleavage, then it would be a coincidence.

Liar.

"Tell me how it goes when you get back, okay?" Quinn says and I manage a nod, fighting the guilt that threatens to choke me. Not for the first time, I contemplate coming clean about the feelings I have for her dad but I'm not sure that would go over so well. Quinn is the first person who I have ever really been able to trust and count on; her hating me would be devastating.

Besides, it's not like Mr. Knight – Jack – likes me or anything. Quinn did mention a while back that her father is a busy man and rarely has time for dating. I highly doubt I'm going to be the woman that changes that for him.

"Quinn..."

"Yeah?"

I look up to meet her eyes, noticing that they look nothing like her dad's. Hers are a warm amber color that reminds me of honey, I assume she takes after her mother.

I open my lips to come clean and confess where I'm actually headed but the words get stuck in my throat.

If I tell her the truth, *will she stop me from leaving?*

See me differently?

Maybe she'll think I am weird for being attracted to a man twice my age. That is if she can look beyond the fact that the man in question is her father.

"I'll see you tonight," I manage.

"Okay great," she says cheerfully, missing the conflict in my eyes as she retreats into her room and shuts the door behind her.

I stuff the guilt down and walk out. When I climb into Jack's car, it still smells like him and I want to bottle it up for later use.

I turn the key in the ignition and I want to cry at the beautiful sound of the engine purring. I run my hands lovingly over the steering wheel before pulling out of my parking spot. This car probably costs more than my total college tuition. It flies smoothly down the road and I allow myself just a moment to imagine that I could ever own something this nice.

I've only visited Jack's garage once and that was a year ago but I remember it like it was yesterday. Just the thought of seeing the burly man again has my heart racing. Droplets of cold sweat slide between my breasts and my nipples pebble. Suddenly I'm not so sure that getting changed was a great idea after all.

He's probably going to think I did it for him; in which case, he would be right but still...

The drive from our place to Jack's garage is about forty minutes and by the time I have pulled up, I still have no clue what to say when I see him.

Despite visiting the place once before, my eyes still widen as I step out of the car. When Quinn told me her father was a mechanic who owned a car repair shop, I never expected it to be this luxurious.

For one, the place is littered with expensive cars, making me a tad embarrassed to walk in and claim my piece of junk. I lift my chin and shake off that sentiment. I should be proud that I was able to afford any car at all. When I left foster care at eighteen I had literally nothing besides my high school diploma. I fought and I worked to get where I am today. As I walk to the entrance, I am startled by the waiting room. It looks completely different than the last time I visited. The floors are polished wood and everything is sparkling. The artwork on the wall was definitely not there the last time I visited, or maybe I missed it.

To be fair, my eyes had been on another piece of art that I'd wanted to climb like a tree. Still, the place is so him. It gives off a sense of strong masculinity with dark, expensive furniture.

"Hello, can I help you?"

I look up to see a woman with long beautiful blond hair watching me look around in awe. It's clear that I am out of my element here.

Can she tell?

She is the same receptionist from the last time Quinn and I visited but I don't take offense when she doesn't remember me.

"Oh, hi, I'm looking for Mr. Knight," I say in a strong, clear voice once I have stopped in front of her.

"Mr. Knight is currently not available but if you tell me what your issue is, then I will send someone to attend to you."

I chew my lip and debate using Quinn's name to gain access to the man but the thought sounds wrong even to me. I look around to make sure the one other person in the waiting room is not listening but they seem engrossed in a magazine.

Rolling my shoulders back, I announce, "I have Mr. Knight's car and I came to return it."

Her eyes narrow on me as though she doesn't believe me, which is fair enough. I wouldn't believe me either if I were in her place.

"If what you say is true, then you can leave the keys with me and Mr. Knight will be notified of it once he is available."

I feel disappointed that I won't get to see him, but I refuse to let the receptionist see that. "It's no problem for me to wait a few minutes. Do you think he will be free soon?"

Her shrewd stare pins me again. I can feel her assessing me from the top of my head to my bargain shoes. "I don't believe so."

Coming here was a mistake. I should have told Quinn the truth or better yet, asked her to deliver the car herself.

"Miss?"

I look up at the woman's impatient face and I take a step back, ready to flee when I bump into someone. Their large figure almost knocks me to the ground, but steady arms reach out and grab me before I can fall.

I don't have to look up to know that my savior is Jack. Not when his scent is so familiar to me now; I could almost certainly pick it out from a crowd.

"Luna?" he says when I look up to meet his eyes. There is a clear look of shock on his face that has me blushing even deeper. He probably forgot all about me and the car he lent me.

Could this get any more embarrassing?

"Sir, this lady claims to have your car."

Yes. Yes, it could get more embarrassing and it just did. Now if I could get a shovel to dig a hole and bury myself in that'd be great.

"It's fine, Becca, I'll handle it from here," Jack says, grabbing my hand and leading us away.

"Mr. Knight, I..."

"Call me Jack, and Luna, you should have called me. You didn't have to come all the way out here."

I wanted to see you.

"I don't have your number. Besides, I wanted to thank you for letting me use..."

"Nonsense. You are Quinn's best friend; you are like family."

Family?

My heart sinks to my feet.

Chapter Four

Jack

I push open my office door and wait until Luna has walked through before closing it behind us.

It's a bad idea to be locked in a room alone with my little moon. Unlike the rest of my garage where all the rooms are open spaces or separated by clear glass, this one is a locked space and meant strictly for business.

Definitely not for all the dirty, unprofessional things running through my mind right now.

It takes everything in me not to let my gaze linger on Luna's low-cut dress. I clench my hands to stop from reaching out and running my hands over her smooth skin.

"Did your test go all right?" I ask after an extended silence.

"Yeah, it was okay," she says and the room falls silent again. This is the second time we have been alone and it's unnerving.

My God! Why is it so hard to focus around a twenty-year-old? Normally I'm smoother than this when I like something or someone but Luna seems to have wiped all the sensible thoughts from my mind.

"Do you want something to drink..." I ask but then realize she's not even twenty-one yet. Fuck! This can't be right.

"No, I'm fine," she says, shuffling whilst avoiding my eyes.

"What is it, Luna? Are you worried about your car?"

"No, uhm," she looks up to meet my eyes before shyly looking away, unable to maintain eye contact. "Did you mean it?"

“Mean what?” I ask, folding my arms against my chest.

“When you said that you consider me family because I am Quinn’s best friend.”

“Of course, Luna. You matter a lot to my daughter and I see how much you care about her too and that makes you family.”

She flinches at my words and my brows wrinkle at the move.

“Okay,” she whispers softly as she extends her hand and unfurls her fingers, offering me the car key. “Thanks for today. Please text me... or Quinn and let her know when I can come to pick up my car. I don’t know how much it’s going to cost to fix it but –”

I take a step forward, forcing her to take one back and another until her back hits my desk. I lift a hand and brush her hair from her face, tucking it gently behind her ear. She sucks in a breath from the move but doesn’t look up to meet my eyes.

Don’t touch her.

“Hey,” I whisper, caressing her cheek. “Did I say something wrong?”

“Of course not, I just remembered I have a... Uhm... a”

“You don’t need to make up a lie just to leave,” I say without withdrawing my hand from her cheek. “Do I make you uncomfortable, Luna?”

“Yes,” she whispers but before I can move away, she reaches up and grabs my hand, keeping it in place. “I mean, no... not in the way you think.”

“In what way then?”

She bites her lip again and I almost curse out loud. My hard cock throbs in my pants when her tongue darts from her mouth to slip over the spot she just bit.

“Tell me, baby,” I whisper, controlling the need to lean down and take her lips.

It's wrong. Dangerous even.

“I don't want you to think of me as family.” She whimpers softly.

I reach behind her and push away the files that are stacked neatly on the desk; ignoring the sound they make as they fly through the air. I grab Luna's waist and haul her into a sitting position on top of the desk, lifting her chin until her green eyes meet mine.

“How do you want me to view you, Luna?” I ask, running my other hand over her thigh. Her skin is smooth and soft, just as I always imagined.

“I...” her eyes hold mine as I slide my fingers over the slight swell of her belly. Luna's mouth falls open, allowing a shocked gasp, as I cup her sensitive breasts through her dress. My cock throbs when I realize that she doesn't have a bra on.

She has way fewer clothes on her than she did this morning. Did she get changed... for me?

“Tell me,” I say, pinching her nipple through the dress. She moans when I reach up and slide the strap off her shoulder. Her dress falls, exposing her body to me for the first time. Her breast fits perfectly in my palm and her pink, tight nipples are just begging for me to lean down and suck them into my wet mouth.

I haven't touched anyone like this for a long time. Never wanted to take my time to please someone as much as I want her.

I want to tear every piece of our clothing off and lay her flat on the desk before fucking her into oblivion, but my sweet Luna... she deserves gentle. At least before I introduce her to the beast lying beneath, waiting for the right moment to pounce.

"Tell me, baby, have you ever been kissed, here? Had your nipples suckled until they were raw and sensitive?" I ask, as I slowly increase the pressure on her taught buds.

Her face flames at my words but her eyes tell a different story. The tremble in her body tells me she wants this just as much as I do.

My hand dives down to cup her core as I spread her thighs with my body.

"Ever had a real man tear off your panties and lap you up like you are their favorite ice cream flavor?"

She sucks in a breath when I return to squeezing her soft breasts, fondling her nipples until they become hard points. The little sounds she makes are so damn erotic it makes me want to tease her all day but my cock is already threatening to tear the seams off my pants.

I can't wait.

I need to taste her.

Just the thought of tasting her creamy juices has me salivating...shit! I've never wanted anything as bad as I want her at this moment.

“Tell me baby, has anyone else worshipped this body?” just the thought of another man touching her has blood boiling in my veins. Before I can think of the man I need to take out, she shakes her head.

“Words, sweetheart.” I lean down and swipe a wet tongue along her nipple, drawing a moan from her lips.

“No one,” she cries out. “No one but you.”

That is all I need as I swoop down to take her pert nipple between my lips and suckle the tight bud. She cries out and I lift my palm to her mouth to mute her loud cries. The room is private for meetings but it is far from soundproof.

I release her rosy nipple with a pop and turn to the other one, giving it the same attention until she is squirming. I let go and kiss a trail up her chest to her neck. Her head falls to the side to allow me more access.

I withdraw my hand from her lips before lowering it down to her thighs, all the while watching her face.

“Look at me baby,” I say, my fingers trailing a path up her smooth thigh to her panties... except she is not wearing any. I almost come on the spot, when my index finger brushes her wet naked pussy. “You dirty girl, forget something?”

“Do – do you like it?”

Like it?

I place my knuckle on her slit and rub it up and down, forcing her eyes to glaze over and her mouth to fall open with a cry. This time I lower my lips to catch her moan, sliding them against hers. I deepen the kiss even as I knuckle her slit gently before using my thumb to part her silken folds and tap her clit.

She jumps and gasps. A hand goes around my neck as her body moves frantically against mine.

I can tell this is her first kiss but I can't bring myself to care about the sloppiness of it. The proof of innocence goes straight to my cock.

"You're so wet baby," I breathe against her lips. "I can't wait to taste you."

"T-taste?"

"Yes baby," I whisper, swiping my lips against hers in a needy kiss. "I am going to spread open your legs and bury my face in your juices. Do you promise to be a good girl and not make a sound?"

"Jack," she whimpers.

"You don't want the others out there to know what's happening, do you?"

She shakes her head. Her wide innocent eyes stare up at me so trustingly and I fight the need to warn her against giving herself to me so recklessly.

"If you don't want them to hear us then don't make a sound, okay?"

She nods, her long hair falling to her face.

"Good girl."

Chapter Five

Luna

Good girl.

This is the third time he's said that to me and every time...

It's stupid.

It's totally pathetic how much power those words have over me but, they do. They make me want to do whatever he wants.

I want to be his *good girl* but... my brain is hazy with lust. It's hard to remember what it is he needs from me when he touches me the way he does.

I'm losing myself in him.

In his forbidden touch.

Jack pushes away from me and I moan at the loss but he doesn't stay gone for long, falling instead to his knees right in front of me. I gasp in surprise when he grabs my thighs and pulls me closer until my ass is on the edge of the table.

Gazing down my body our eyes meet, his have darkened so much that they remind me of the ocean on a stormy day. A jolt of electricity shoots up my body when he leans down and presses a gentle kiss on my inner thigh. His beard scrapes across my delicate skin causing goosebumps to break out all over my body in anticipation.

"I can't wait to taste you, Luna," he whispers, his voice so deep and husky. "I bet you taste like the sweetest honey."

He skates his massive palms up my thighs, before yanking them open, exposing my sex to him. My face is a massive ball of flames with the way he is watching my sex.

He might be the one on his knees for me, but he is completely in charge, just as he was on his feet.

Fully in control of my body like he was before he ever touched me.

I have fantasized about this man for so long that this doesn't even feel real. It is a dream I don't want to wake up from.

This is dangerous.

What we are doing can bite us later but I don't want to think about that right now. I don't want to focus on anything but the man set on worshipping my body.

I close my eyes as the anticipation of what is going to happen overwhelms me. I have never had any guy touch me down there and Jack said he was going to...

I jerk on the table and my eyes shoot open when I feel his wet tongue on my sex but his strong grip on my thighs doesn't let me get far. Pleasure shoots up my body and I swear I see stars.

"Hey, what did we say about not making a sound?" he rasps.

Did I? *I have no idea.*

"We don't want anyone walking in here to inspect the noise and interrupt us now do we?"

My lips are dry; I find I can't get a word out, so I shake my head.

"Good, now stay quiet and I promise to reward you, okay baby?"

I place my palm against my lips and nod at his words. I have no idea how I am going to achieve this, but I am determined to follow his directive this time. His eyes move back to my pussy

and he wets the seam of his lips as if preparing himself for a treat.

I want to close my legs from his prying eyes, but the rasping sound of his breath is enough to tell me what he thinks of the view.

“Jesus, Little Moon, you’re soaked,” he whispers, his hot breath brushing against my inner thigh. His face lowers and he inhales deeply. “Now, don’t make a sound.”

That is all the warning I get before his tongue travels hungrily through my folds, sucking all the air out of my lungs and sending pleasure coursing up my spine to the roots of my hair.

I almost drop the hand on my mouth, but remember just in time to keep it in place.

My eyes flutter closed as I feel his face press to my flesh and rub the seam of his lips over a tingling nub. His fingers flex around the back of my thighs to stop me from thrashing about as he laps at me with his tongue. The wet suction to my clit has me biting hard on my lower lip to curb the scream that threatens to tear through.

Oh, God.

What is he doing to me?

His thick beard tickles at my sensitive skin as his tongue slips along my valley before sucking the sensitive bud back between his lips.

My back falls against the desk and I use both of my hands on my mouth to stop the sob that breaks through.

His thumb tucks into my opening, exploiting a sensitive ring of nerves that I had no idea existed until this very moment. I want to scream out as pleasure builds up in my body, but his instructions ring clear in my head.

I want to be his *good girl*. I want to follow his instructions but... why is being good so hard.

I feel his middle finger enter me, even as his teeth gently graze my clit. He gives a delicious tug, increasing the intensity as he caresses me with his tongue and fingers. The pleasure builds up until I am a trembling mess on the desk, my muscles seize and tense, and then...

I explode.

I jolt on the table as electricity shoots up my body, sucking all the air from my lungs as I orgasm. He doesn't stop, his mouth is relentless on my wet sex drawing out pleasure and I bite my hand, hard, to curb the scream that threatens to break through.

My brain is such a foggy mess that I don't notice when he gets up from the floor and unbuttons his pants. I watch him through dazed eyes as he stands between my legs and pulls me flush against him. I brace myself for the pain I've heard comes with sex but he doesn't push inside of me.

"You taste like the sweetest honey, baby," he murmurs in my ear.

Suddenly, he yanks my knees around his hips and slides his hard cock along my pussy, using my juices as lubrication. His dark eyes stare right into mine.

“You were such a good girl for me, Luna,” he grunts, rocking his hips; His thrusts growing rougher and uncontrolled. His body grinds into mine, his harsh pants mixing with mine in the most sensual of ways.

Jack leans down and kisses a trail up my neck as he grinds down roughly, his teeth nipping gently for a moment before his body stiffens against mine. His entire body jerks and he lets out a throaty moan, muffling it against my neck as he coats me in his release.

He lifts his head before leaning in and sliding his lips lazily against mine. His heavy pants mix with mine. I can taste myself on his tongue, reminding me of the pleasure this man has brought me.

This has to be a dream, right?

There is no way Jack-freaking-Knight wants me and yet...

“You did so well, baby,” he whispers against my lips, running a massive hand down my back. “So, well.”

I preen at his words but I can’t help the niggling fear that this could be it.

This could be all I ever get from my best friend’s dad.

Quinn.

Oh, God!

Chapter Six

Jack

Luna is silent on the ride to her apartment.

I don't have to ask what's bothering her when the guilt on her face is so clear for me to read.

"Luna," I say once I have stopped the car in front of her building. "You know what happened back there was not a mistake, right?"

She chews at her lip before turning to look at me, her big beautiful emerald green eyes clouded with worry. "I wanted it to happen but Quinn is going to kill me when she finds out that I... I"

"That you let her old man eat you out on his office desk?"

A beautiful pink blush rises up her neck as she looks away.

I reach out, holding her tiny hands in mine, "Luna, we are both adults. We can do whatever we want to, but if it makes you feel any better, I'll go up with you and explain it to her. Make sure she doesn't get mad at you for it."

"Really?" she jumps up, her face lighting up. Her eyes stare up at me in awe.

"Yes, really," I say. "Let's go speak to her."

She nods eagerly and I get out of the car, following behind her as she rushes through the entrance and towards the elevators. I trail behind her, my eyes on her ass as she steps inside.

As much as I want to push her against the wall of the elevator and ravage her, I hold myself back seeing as we are not the only ones in the damn thing.

I follow her to the apartment she and my daughter share, waiting patiently as she unlocks the door. All the lights are off and the room is silent when we walk in.

“Quinn,” Luna calls out as she drops her purse on the couch and heads for the first door off of the living room. I look around the little apartment. It is a nice place, in a fairly safe neighborhood, but I hadn’t been on board with the girls moving here when they decided to leave the dorms. I’d wanted to buy them a condo in a different neighborhood but Luna had been unwilling to take my offer and my daughter hadn’t wanted to leave her friend behind.

The door leading out to the balcony is slightly ajar, letting in cold air so I walk over to close it and that’s when I see a note lying under a flower pot. I pick it up and realize it must have been blown away by the wind.

“She’s not here,” Luna walks in, her worried eyes searching around the room. “She probably went out for groceries or something. I’ll just call her and ask when she is coming back.”

“No need,” I say, raising the handwritten note.

“Uh, what’s that?” Luna asks as she snuggles into my side.

“A note from Quinn, I don’t believe she has any intention of coming back tonight.” I hand her the note for her to see for herself.

“Going to spend the night at Mom’s. Will be back tomorrow, have fun,” she reads out loud.

“Well, looks like she left the apartment for you to have fun, but why would she assume you would be bringing someone over?”

The thought of Luna being with another man – someone else touching what belongs to me – has me seeing red.

“Oh- that, I lied to her and told her I had a study group with a boy I like. Maybe she thought I would bring him over and...”

She must read the rage in my eyes because she stops, her lips falling open but no sound comes out.

“And what is the name of this boy?” I ask through clenched teeth.

“Uhm, what boy?”

I take a step closer and she backs up until her back hits the wall. The note slides from her fingers. Had I read her wrong? Had she dressed the way she had for some college boy and just come over to drop off the car keys?

“The boy you like?” I say, my eyes drilling into hers. “From your study group.”

“He doesn’t exist,” she breathes.

“Then why did you tell Quinn that you were going to a study group with a boy you liked?”

Her eyes look away for a moment and she chews at her lips, but I am not about to let her get away without answering.

“Luna?” there is a warning in my tone.

“I... lied. I didn’t want her to know that I was coming to see you. I didn’t want her to stop me from coming to see the boy, well man, I actually like.”

The tension in my body dissipates when I realize that I won’t have to break some poor kid’s legs for trying to take what’s mine.

I reach out and grab her around her waist, pulling her flush against me. “If that is the case, then I think it’s about time for you to show me your room, don’t you think?”

“Yeah,” she breathes, the sound turning into a whimper when I fist her hair, tipping her head back so she is staring up at me. The height difference between us is enormous and it is more of a turn-on than it is supposed to be.

I lean down and brush my lips hungrily against hers. Her lips open up for me and I sweep my tongue inside the warm cavern of her mouth, the kiss turning greedy and obscene. Her fingers wind in front of my shirt and she has to get on her toes to kiss me.

“Luna,” I whisper against her lips. “Now.”

Her breathing grows shallow at my words but she pulls away and grabs my hand, leading me down a small hallway and to the very last door.

“I’ve heard you tell Quinn that you hate messes and my room...”

I don’t let her finish before picking her up and dropping my lips back to hers in a hungry kiss. She wraps her thighs around my waist to hold herself up as I turn the door knob and let us in. I don’t care to look at the state of her room, only where the bed is, and carry her to it.

My hard cock presses against her stomach as I let her slide down my body. I’m not sure whether the queen bed will hold my build and weight, but we are about to find out.

“Get undressed baby, I want to see you,” I say, running my eyes over her. “All of you.”

I watch as she slides the straps of her dress down her shoulders before letting the tiny thing fall to her feet. I take in her naked body as she stands in front of me.

My cock throbs in my pants with the need to take her swiftly, but I don't want to scare her. She is a virgin and I am going to make sure her first time is memorable.

My eyes are on her when I start undoing my buttons, one after the other. All the while taking in her full breasts with their tight pink tips. My mouth waters at the thought of licking her up just as I did back at the office and this time, she can scream as loud as she wants.

I drop the shirt to the floor and start on the buckle of my pants.

“Do you like it, Little Moon?” I ask, yanking down my zipper. “Watching me get undressed? Knowing that I am getting ready to fuck that virgin pussy?”

Luna's cheeks redden, but that doesn't stop her from running her eyes over my body. She bites her lips shyly looking up to meet my eyes before trailing them down and I see it the second she sees my cock.

Her body visibly tenses and she takes a step back, her eyes meeting mine with unfiltered worry.

“That...”

I kick the pants away and take a step toward her, ignoring my hard cock throbbing in my hand.

“What baby?” I ask, leaning down to brush my lips across hers.

“It's so big. It's... huge.”

“You trust daddy to take care of you, don’t you?”

“Yeah but –”

“Then you have nothing to be worried about.” I grab her hand and direct it to my cock. I almost come when her fingers close around me. She is so small that they don’t even reach all the way around my wide girth.

I run my fingers down her stomach to her drenched pussy. She spreads her legs a bit wider for me as I run my thumb along the seam of her soaked cunt until it parts. She cries out when I stroke her clit gently, teasingly at first before picking up speed.

“Oh my God...” she gasps, her weight falling against me as I tease her opening.

“You like it when I touch you, don’t you,” I whisper, rubbing softly against her clit. “Tell me, baby, how long have you wanted this?”

“Oh, God!”

“Tell daddy how long you’ve wanted these fingers on you. How long you’ve waited to feel my lips and tongue lick you up.”

She whimpers as I tease her, moaning as my other hand goes up to pluck at her pink nipples. “Too long daddy.”

“How long?”

“From the first day.”

Her words bring me to a pause. The first day? Two years ago? How the hell has she harbored these feelings for me for that long and managed to keep them a secret? I’ve only just

realized my attraction to her and she's known about hers for two years.

"Daddy, please," she cries and I realize that I've stopped moving, taken aback by her words.

Christ! How am I going to hold back knowing how long my little moon has been waiting for me?

With a growl, I lift her into my arms and lower her onto the bed, following down after her. I bring my lips to hers and use my index finger to gently enter her. She is so fucking tight I can barely get the first digit inside.

I pull my finger away and fist my throbbing cock. I don't know how I am going to get into her tight hole and not spill immediately. I withdraw from the kiss and look down to meet her dazed green eyes. They are so beautiful and innocent that they threaten to suck all the air from my chest.

"It's... what if it can't fit?"

"It will."

"But..."

"Baby," I brush my lips gently against hers. "It will sting a bit but I'll make it better, okay?"

I can read the worry in her eyes but she nods trustingly. "Okay, daddy."

I slide the head of my cock along Luna's pussy to gather her wetness before settling it against her entrance. I slowly wedge an inch inside of her and she gasps at the intrusion, forcing me to stop. Leaning down I place gentle kisses on her chin, before

kissing a trail down her chest and taking a nipple between my lips.

Luna whimpers in pleasure and arches into my touch. I push another inch into her and her body tenses against mine just when I feel her virgin barrier against my tip. She is so fucking tight and I want to fuck into her warmth but she's a virgin and...

Jesus.

The realization that I am the only man who will ever be inside her has me almost spilling. Knowing that this is the moment when I claim her, forever, has my inner beast roaring to the forefront.

"Mine," I growl, wrapping a hand around her throat and using the other to brace myself before ramming into her. A scream tears from her lips as I bury myself inside her warmth.

"It's okay baby," I whisper through clenched teeth as her pussy milks me from root to tip. "I've got you, Little Moon."

"Jack," she whimpers and I kiss the stray tear that falls. "So big."

"It's okay, baby. It'll feel better soon, I promise."

Her bright eyes meet mine and she nods trustingly. I lean down and take her lips, kissing her hungrily, giving her body a chance to get used to the intrusion and it's not long before she begins rocking against my body.

"You okay for me to move baby?" I barely manage, holding onto my control by a thread.

"I'm okay, daddy."

That is all the green light I need before pulling out halfway and sinking back into her tight warmth.

“You are so fucking tight,” I pant against her lips. “I don’t know how much longer I can hold back.”

I lower my head and suck her nipple between my lips, sucking hard at the sensitive bud until she is a writhing mess in my arms. My balls threaten to explode and then I let go.

I grab the back of her thigh and wrap it against my waist and then I rail her like a madman, slamming my dick in and out of her wetness. Her cries fill the room, as I ram into her, ignoring the sting as she rakes her fingers down my back.

“Jack, oh my God!” She cries out as I plow into her, her small breasts bouncing with every thrust. I bring my fingers to her clit and rub it with my thumb as I pick up speed.

“Daddy... oh!” she sobs, a second before her body shudders through an orgasm, her pussy clenching tight against my cock, making it impossible for me to hold back mine.

My hips slam against her as my shaft spasms before shooting thick ropes of cum deep into her wet heat. I hold her tight against me as I unload inside her with a gasp.

Mine. My mind roars.

Luna is mine.

“Do you like pizza?” I ask, slowly sliding out of her body. I turn her so she is lying on top of me as there isn’t much room left in the bed and... I like feeling her against me.

“Hmmm,” she murmurs.

“Pepperoni okay for you?”

“Yeah, why?”

“You need fuel for the next round, Luna. You have to know that once is not enough, right?”

She sits up quickly and stares down at me with a worried look on her face. “Again? Are you sure?”

“Did you not like it?”

“I mean...” she bites into her lips shyly. “I loved it but... your back.”

It takes me a second to finally realize that she just called me old.

“What about my back?”

She giggles when I grab her and climb on top of her.

“I’m afraid it won’t be able to keep up.”

I take her words as a dare.

Chapter Seven

Luna

I wake up sore.

I should have known better than to challenge Jack, but I hadn't wanted the night to end. Unfortunately, morning came too soon and I hadn't been kidding when I told Quinn that I had that test this morning.

Jack is still in bed when I wake up. He is still asleep when I get cleaned up and figure I might as well make coffee.

The apartment is quiet when I walk out of my room and head for the kitchen. I stop in my tracks when I see Quinn seated on the couch, her eyes on her phone. I can already tell something is wrong with the way she doesn't look up. I know that she heard me come in because she has the hearing of a bat.

"Quinn."

She doesn't respond when I call out and now, I know that something is wrong.

I take tentative steps toward her and sit down on the couch across from her. I wait until she looks up and when she does, the undiluted anger in her eyes is enough to have fear coursing through my body.

Quinn and I have had petty fights, as friends do, but I have never seen her this angry before.

"Did you have fun? Last night?"

My blood goes cold as the reason for her anger hits me.

Stupid!

How the hell could I have forgotten that the naked man lying in my queen size bed—the same man who rocked my world—is my best friend’s dad.

“Look, I can explain,” I say getting up and reaching for her hand. She yanks her hand back as if I’d burned her, and in many ways perhaps I have.

“Explain what Luna? That you fucked my father? Jesus Christ, I can’t believe I left the house for both of you,” she says, her face filled with disgust. “Just thinking of it makes me sick.”

Her words feel like a slap to my face, but her reaction is a well-deserved punishment. I knew what I was getting myself into by sleeping with Jack.

I knew that my friendship with Quinn was at stake but I did it anyway. I risked alienating the only person who has consistently been there for me since I met her. But don’t I deserve love too? Rock meet hard place.

“I’m so sorry Quinn... I...” my eyes fill up with tears. The guilt gnawing at me is too heavy. “I was going to tell you about it; I swear it.”

“Was that before or after you fucked him, Luna! Do you have any idea how I felt when I walked in and saw his shoes?” she points at the shoes left by the door.

I run my fingers through my hair and try to think of something I can say to absolve myself of this but my mind comes up blank. Quinn is my best friend and the only family I have. Being raised in the system, it was hard for me to make friends. I moved around so often that it was hard to make lasting connections. It seemed like I would finally make a good

friend, only to be relocated a few weeks later. Eventually, I stopped trying because it made leaving that much harder.

Quinn and I met on the first day of college, we shared a dorm. She was a music student and wouldn't stop gushing over Sebastian Bach and Joseph Haydn, people I'd assumed were her relatives or something. Although we have absolutely nothing in common, we still clicked in a way I never have with anyone else. She was the extrovert to my introvert; my other half.

I don't regret Jack or the feelings I have for him but I could have handled all of this better. I could have...

"I don't know if I can ever trust you again, Luna," Quinn says, her voice thick with unshed tears. Her sharp hearing missing the sound of my breaking heart. "This is the worst thing you could have done and I'll never..."

"Enough!" Jack's loud voice booms from behind me and I'm glad for the interruption. I don't know what to say to Quinn.

I don't know if I can ever trust you again.

The words stab at my chest and almost bring me to my knees. Now, not only have I ruined the only friendship I've ever had but potentially put a stain on a solid father-daughter relationship. The reality of what I've done begins to set in. What if indulging in my feelings for Jack affects his relationship with Quinn? I never knew my dad, so I understand how rare and special their connection is.

I can't...

I need air. I need... space.

It's clear that I need to be far away from here if Jack and Quinn have a chance at repairing their relationship. I can't be the thing that comes between them.

I reach for my purse, which I dropped on the couch last night, and look through its contents. I turn to Quinn but she's glaring in her father's direction. The man in question has his arms folded against his chest, watching me gather my stuff.

It looks like I am running, which I am, but I have a valid reason.

"I..." my voice breaks and I clear it before trying again. "I have a test this morning. I'll leave you two —"

"Take my car," Jack says and I feel Quinn's eyes burn into the side of my head, so I avoid looking in her direction.

"Thanks, uh, Ja- Mr. Knight," I say, cringing at the way his name comes out. "I'll just take the bus. Thanks for everything and uh... I'm sorry."

I don't wait for a response before rushing out. Jack calls my name but I ignore him as I run down the hallway, releasing a sigh once the elevator doors close. The instant I know I am alone tears spill down my cheeks.

I knew the consequences of getting involved with Jack but I did so anyway. I wanted to keep them both in my life and now I'm afraid that I have ruined *everything*.

I walk to the bus station and sniffle the entire bus ride to school. I try to focus my mind on the task at hand. *Getting your degree is your only chance in life, so get it together* I tell myself.

Quinn and her father will patch up their relationship soon. Everything will go back to how it was before I came into their lives but...

There's no avoiding the fact that nothing is going to be the same for me again.

Chapter Eight

Jack

I watch Luna disappear through the door and only after she's left, do I turn to my fuming daughter. She is the spitting image of her mother. More so when she is angry.

Linda and I had Quinn when we were both in high school. Our daughter was a happy accident, but neither of us was in love with the other so it was easy for us to agree on joint custody. Anyone else would have interpreted her behavior as that of a daughter who wants her parents to get back together, but I know my daughter.

She had no problem when her mother got married, she's had no problem when I've dated before.

"That was incredibly immature of you."

She glares at me before turning away. "You could have had anyone, Dad, anyone. But no, you just had to go after my only best friend. She's more vulnerable than she lets on, it will devastate her when things don't work out between you two."

"Aah, so this is not about me."

"Of course, it's about you. Dad, Luna? You couldn't find anyone else in the city to fuck?"

"Watch your language," I growl. She may be twenty now but that doesn't mean I will stand for disrespect now any more than I did when she was younger.

"But..."

"You need to call Luna and apologize for how you just spoke to her. Immediately. She and I are consenting adults and we do not need your permission to be together."

“My permission,” she sputters. “And wait, what the hell do you mean by together? This was not...”

“No.”

Her eyes widen at my words. If she thought that Luna and I was a one-time thing, then she is very mistaken. I have every intention of making Luna mine and Quinn will just have to deal with it.

“I can’t believe you. As if sleeping with my best friend wasn’t enough now you are going to make her my stepmother?”

“Yes.”

“I... wow,” she huffs, her body visibly deflates even as she dumps herself on the couch. “You are a douche, you know that?”

“I will allow it today, but after this, you better watch your language,” I say walking towards her and lowering myself next to her. “My feelings for Luna are not going to change, Quinn, you can accept that, right?”

“I don’t think you care what I think.”

“Of course, I do. You have been the most important woman in my life for the last twenty years. I love you so much, Quinn.” I reach over and pull her into me for a hug. “I have also come to realize that I’ve completely fallen for Luna. I haven’t ever felt this way about someone before.”

Quinn lets out a sigh and I see it in her eyes, the second she accepts reality. “Fine, I’ll talk to her later. I’m still mad at her for lying to me about seeing a cute boy. I was so excited for her to be making more friends and going out.”

“Well, she is seeing a boy, and soon she’ll be going out.”

Quinn jumps up. “Eww, don’t... You haven’t been a cute boy in decades Dad. Please stop.”

I glare at her back as she retreats to her room. I am not that old, despite my graying hair but these girls are dead set on teasing me about it.

I get up to leave when Quinn stops me before I can go.

“Did you fix her car?”

“It’s a piece of junk, Quinn. It needs replacements... everywhere.”

“Figured,” she muses. “Luna’s test ends in three hours, after which she will head to the little coffee shop a few blocks from campus, you can tell her about the car.”

“Thank you, Quinn,” I say, knowing that her telling me this is her way of giving her approval.

“I just want you to be happy, Dad.” She says, although her smile doesn’t quite reach her eyes. I will find a way to make this work, for all of us.

I wave at her as I make my way out. Now I need to find Luna and fix things between us. I hate the way she left and I don’t need to read her mind to figure she blames herself for everything.

I head home first to get cleaned up and take care of a few things before heading for the coffee shop.

I zero in on her the second I step in. She is seated alone at a table in a corner, staring out the window and into the busy streets. I watch her for a moment, my little moon. Who would

have thought that a big man like myself would be blown away by someone half my size—and age?

“Hey, is this seat taken?”

My voice has her jumping in her seat and looking up. Her eyes are clouded with unshed tears and I hate them. I hate that she felt the need to run away and figure it out by herself.

“H-how did you find me?”

“Quinn.”

Her face falls at the mention of my daughter’s name. I let out a sigh before sliding into the seat across from hers. I reach out and take her hands into mine.

“How did your test go? You seem to have so many of them.”

“It was easy, which is a good thing since I was feeling a bit distracted. I’m working toward an education degree in biology so we have at least one every week,” she says, her eyes never leaving our joined hands. They are such a contrast with my hard, calloused fingers brushing her small delicate hands.

“I don’t like how you ran off this morning. Did I not tell you that I consider you part of my family?”

She flinches at my words and tries to draw her hands from my grip but I hold tight.

“I don’t want to be considered your family, Jack.”

“Not even my wife?”

She freezes, her eyes widening even as her lips fall open. She tries to speak but nothing comes out.

“All right, I seem to have shocked you into silence. You said you’ve liked me for close to two years now, right?”

“Eighteen months.”

“Right. Eighteen months. So, am I to assume that your feelings run way deeper than a mere crush?”

She nods, her eyes watching me anxiously as if I hold the key to the meaning of life.

“I love you, Luna. It may seem sudden, but maybe it’s not. I think I have loved you since I met you. When I think back to it, I remember randomly showing up to take you guys out for dinner; but maybe I did it just to see you...don’t tell Quinn that though.”

The smile that was forming on her lips disappears again.

“Is she... do you...”

“Quinn is going to be fine, Luna. I assure you that she doesn’t hate you. Give her a few hours to process it and everything will go back to how it was before.”

“You think so?”

I lift her soft fingers and brush them gently against my lips.

“Trust me.”

“Okay,” she says, a blush pinkening her cheeks.

“You’ll let this old man love you through the back pains, won’t you?” I smirk as the blush on her cheeks deepens, no doubt remembering flashes of last night.

She leans forward, framing my face with her hands, and brushes our lips together tentatively. She begins to pull back but I grab the back of her head and fuse my mouth to hers,

deepening the kiss. In our own little world, we ignore the people in the coffee shop who are no doubt watching us.

“Love you, daddy,” she whispers against my lips before pulling away. Her face was now filled with contentment.

Luna’s smile radiates sunshine and I intend to keep it that way.

Epilogue

Jack

Four years later

“Jackson Lee Knight!”

My wife’s angelic but pissed-off voice filters to where I am working on the new car that just came in. Normally, I would let the other guys work on it as I am rarely even at the garage anymore but this one is special.

“Jack!”

“I’m here honey,” I call out, closing the hood of the car, watching her storm towards me. The fierce frown on her face makes her look adorable. She cannot pull off an angry face but I am not the one going to tell her that. I wonder if the high school kids she teaches find her adorable too.

I swear she is just as beautiful as she was the first day I met her, or a couple of months later when I asked her to marry me.

I thought the love I have for this woman would have faded away by now, but it seems to grow with every passing day.

She stops right in front of me, glaring. “So do you remember that day, a couple of years ago when my car broke down and you came to my rescue?”

How could I ever forget?

“Vaguely,” I say instead, earning a smack on the shoulder.

“Yeah well. Do you remember a few weeks later when I asked you about it and you said that one of your boys accidentally gave it to the wrong customer and couldn’t remember who it was?”

Part of me can't believe she fell for that but in all verity, Milo, one of my mechanics, really sold the lie. He was so convincing that I almost bought into it too.

"Hmm, this story sounds familiar but it was a long time ago baby, you know how I get with remembering things. My old age and..."

"Oh, please. You are not pinning this on age. You are barely forty-four," she says rolling her eyes. "Now back to my car. Someone told me that you sold it to a junkyard."

Only one person could have told her this. I trusted my men to take the secret to the grave—but Quinn, not so much.

I'll get her back for this.

"I know you are mad."

"And?"

"Honey," I say, grabbing her waist and lifting her to the hood of the car I was just looking at a few seconds ago. "You know that car was a piece of trash. I'm sorry I didn't tell you about it but I did give you a better one, did I not?"

"I mean, sure but..."

"But I should have told you about it and now I'm sorry, okay?" I lean down and take her lips with mine. She runs her fingers on my beard as I deepen the kiss, plunging my tongue into her mouth, committing her taste to memory.

"Jesus," I hiss, pushing up her skirt and running my hands up her thighs. "I want you just as much as I did two, three, four years ago, angel."

"Yeah?" she asks with a teasing glint in her eyes.

“Yeah,” I say, tracing my lips down her chin and to the sensitive part under her ear. I run my hands on her breasts, fondling them through the blouse as I hump her through our clothes.

“I don’t want to wait,” she whispers, palming my erection before yanking down the zipper to my overalls. “Where are the other guys?”

“Off to lunch. They will be back in twenty minutes.”

“We’d better hurry then,” she says, pulling my hard cock into her hands.

“You’ve grown shameless over the –” my voice trails off when I realize that she doesn’t have anything on underneath the skirt. My fingers touch her naked pussy and I automatically begin to rub her clit with my thumb before sliding my middle finger into her.

“Fifteen minutes,” she gasps into my ear.

I draw my finger from her wet pussy and let her direct my cock to her tightness. We’ve been together for four years and every time I am inside of her, it feels like the first time all over. Her tight cunt milks my cock as I slide into her.

“Oh God, Daddy, fuck!”

I place my palm against her lips to curb her cries. The men might have left for lunch but I can’t have the people in the waiting room getting wind of what is happening.

She wraps her arms around my shoulder when I pull her tight against me. I pull out before ramming back inside of her. Her juices drip as I fuck her on the hood of the car.

I drop my face to her neck to mute my grunts as I thrust into her, deep and hard. Pleasure shoots up my spine and my balls tighten.

“I love you so much baby,” I whisper into her hair, a moment before I shoot my seed into hers. Her hands tighten around my shoulders and she bites down on my hand before her orgasm sweeps in. Her pussy tightens around my shaft as I pound into her to draw out the orgasm.

I release her mouth and gasping she falls against me.

“I think we made a dent in the hood of the car.”

“It’s okay, I’m sure the owner won’t mind seeing as she made the dent in the first place,” I whisper against her hair.

Luna pushes back to meet my eyes and her gorgeous eyes shine with gratitude. “You got me a new car? You didn’t have to.”

“I know but I wanted to. Happy anniversary baby. Do you like it?”

Luna turns to look at it and I can tell she loves it.

“Thank you,” she leans in and brushes her lips against mine. “I love it but do you think it’ll fit a baby’s car sit in there?”

“I’m sure it...” My words trail off when I register what she just said.

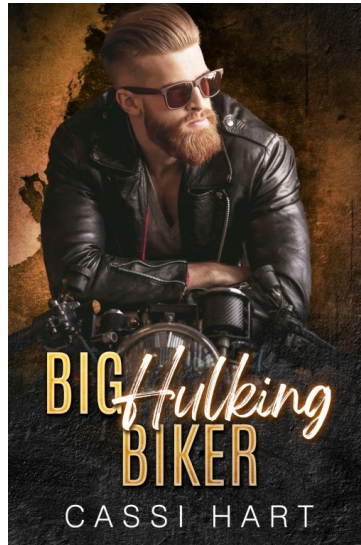
“Happy anniversary,” she whispers, proud that her anniversary gift beats mine.

I lean in and kiss her, my heart racing at the thought of starting a family with my little moon.

I couldn’t ask for more.

~The end

Up Next...



I've always believed in fairy tales— princesses, princes, and happily ever afters.

But I never expected that my knight would come roaring into my life astride a motorcycle. He's big, tattooed, pierced and when our eyes lock the connection is instantaneous.

Rhett Hayes is a dangerous man. The President of a Motorcycle Club— and my father's sworn enemy. Although others fear him, he is my hero. I never planned on being a damsel in distress, but when I find myself in a scary situation he's the one who steps in to slay my dragon.

Our love is off-limits, but I don't care. I want to be his in every way possible. Possessed. Dominated. Forever. When one man's need for revenge plunges me into a nightmare, I know deep in my soul that my Dark Knight will come for me.

I just hope he can find me *before it's too late...*

Big Hulking Biker is a sweet and steamy age-gap instalove story starring a dangerous biker and the Angel who makes him want to be a hero.

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The Kingpin's Obsession

Alice

I saw something I shouldn't have, and my life is in danger.

The police won't listen, and I have no choice but to seek help at Benedetti's, a bar known for its criminal clientele. But I'm barely inside the door before a dark eyed devil drags me back out and demands to know why I'm there. I shouldn't trust him, but I don't have a choice when he's the only one willing to help me.

Too late, I learn who he really is, and now I'm left to wonder... when this is all over, will he save my life only to break my heart?

About the Author

Cassi lives to write brazen OTT, insta-love, short stories, about possessive alphas and the women they love. Stories that will leave you satisfied, and maybe blushing a little. Cassie loves pedicures, being pampered in any way possible, her darling golden Princess, amazing coffee, and traveling to anywhere warm.



Cassi H   nt