


**SILVER
SPOON FALLS**

Quizzy's **Passion**

LONI NICHOLE



Grizzz's Passion

LONI NICHOLE

GRIZZ'S PASSION

Copyright © 2022 by Loni Nichole

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](#)

Cover Photography: [CJC Photography](#)

Cover Models: Jeff Violette & Alli Theresa

✿ Created with Vellum

FROM THE AUTHOR

This book contains a scene with sexually predatory behaviors. It may be triggering to some readers.

CONTENTS

1. [Grizz](#)
2. [Morgan](#)
3. [Grizz](#)
4. [Morgan](#)
5. [Grizz](#)
6. [Morgan](#)
7. [Grizz](#)
8. [Morgan](#)
9. [Grizz](#)

[Epilogue 1](#)

[Epilogue 1.5](#)

[Epilogue 2](#)

[Coming Soon](#)

[Follow us on Facebook](#)

[Also by Loni Nichole](#)

[About the Author](#)

ONE

GRIZZ



"I 've got a job for you."

I glance up from the video on my phone to see Cormac "Giant" Carmichael standing in the doorway with a shit-eating grin on his face. It's a classic sign that whatever job he's about to give me is one I don't want. He's always up to something, and it never bodes well for anyone around him.

He's like that fucking squirrel from *Hoodwinked*. You know, the one jacked up on caffeine? Except he doesn't mainline coffee. He's just naturally fucking crazy.

"Don't want it," I mutter, swiping up to load the next video. It's a cursing parrot. A grin slides across my face as the little thing wanders around asking, "What the fuck."

"Bullshit. You've been in here scrolling for the last four hours. You're bored out of your goddamn mind." He kicks my boot, knocking it off the edge of the milk crate. We gave up on footstools a while ago. They don't make the damn things big enough for anyone in this office. We looked ridiculous with our shit-kickers hanging off the edges of the dainty little things.

"Mmhmm. But I don't want whatever shit you're trying to sell me. Give it to the FNG."

"Fucking New Guy is busy."

"You take it."

"Can't. Also busy."

"Annoying the fuck out of your wife isn't actually an item on your to-do list, Giant."

He hoists his middle finger in the air, his grin growing. "I don't annoy my wife. She loves me, asshole."

"Two things can be true at once." I drop my phone on my stomach and smirk up at him. "You annoy the shit out of that girl. Don't even act like you don't." It's his favorite thing to do. The bastard is just lucky that Bella Carmichael is as obsessed with his overgrown ass as he is with her. If she weren't, I think she would have killed him by now. She's a pint-sized savage. I like her. "What's the job?"

"Private security for a party."

"What kind of party?"

"Bachelorette party."

I groan loudly. "Fuckin' A, Giant."

"The pay is excellent."

"How much?"

"Two fifty an hour."

My brows climb toward my hairline. Jesus. "Who the hell is getting married? The Queen?"

"You really gotta ask that in this town?"

"Good point." I snort, shaking my head. In a town full of billionaires and millionaires, people can afford to throw money around like it's going out of style. They do it on the daily. We've offered security for some of the most asinine shit and made a killing doing it. If some billionaire wants to pay us two hundred and fifty an hour to babysit his future bride and her girlfriends while they sip mojitos and toast her good fortune, who the fuck am I to complain?

"The bride's name is Camden Sears. She's marrying into the Graydon family," Giant says, propping himself up against the doorframe. "Guess he just wants a babysitter for a few hours. They requested you specifically."

My brows pull together. "I don't know the Graydon family."

"Well, they know you, motherfucker. You want the job or not?"

I trust him about as far as I can throw him... and his nickname is Giant for a reason, so I can't throw the big bastard far. There's something he isn't telling me. It's written all over his face. But it's not like I'm doing anything else. Besides, it's a bachelorette party for a rich chick. How much fucking trouble could it possibly be?

"Fine," I growl. "I'll do it. But just know that I know you're up to something."

"Who, me?" He bats his lashes at me. The lying bastard.

"Giant? Get the fuck out of my office."

He throws his head back and laughs. "I'll text you the address, you ungrateful prick. Go clean up before you go. You look like the arse end of a dog."

"Go?" My lips pull down into a deep frown. "The job is now?"

"Yep." He taps the doorframe on the way out. "Toodles, bitch."

"I swear to God, I'm fucking quitting one day!"

"No, you aren't. No one else would put up with your bullshit like I do."

Yeah, that's probably true. Fuck.



Color me confused. The bachelorette party is at the Graydon Estate. Meaning I have to pass through three different security gates just to get to the house. Why the hell Graydon needs me to babysit with three men manning the gates, I don't know. But it's his fortune. I'm just here to spend it.

I roll up in front of the house, my eyebrows climbing as Biggie's distinct voice throbs from the stately mansion loud enough to rattle the windows. There are a dozen cars parked out front, and absolutely none of them look like they belong at the multi-million-dollar property. They definitely belong to women, though. There are cutesy colors and sorority bumper stickers everywhere.

One even has fucking eyelashes on the damn headlights.

"What the fuck did you get me into, Giant?" I mutter, reluctantly killing the engine on my truck. For a minute, I just sit, eyeing the mansion. The estate is one of the biggest in Silver Spoon Falls, sprawling across literal acres. The lush green lawn rolls across little hills, with massive trees planted here and there to offer shade from the hot Texas sun. The house itself looks more like a stately castle than a modern building, with parapets and rounded gable roofs. It screams old money and a thousand fucking rules.

I've never been particularly good at following those. There's a reason I'm a bodyguard. It's because I make my own damn rules. People do what I say, not the other way around. It works well for me.

I'm big and bullheaded, a real stubborn asshole. Been that way my whole life. What can I say? I know my own mind and don't change it easily. My teachers hated it when I was a kid. My ma didn't much care for it, either. But

shit, I have three sisters who changed their minds as often as they changed clothes. Someone had to step up and make decisions.

I'm already regretting this particular decision. Spending the night with a bunch of drunk, horny bridesmaids is not my idea of a good time. I'm trying to avoid ending up like every other man in this town. They take one look at a woman and lose their minds.

The last thing I need right now is a woman leading me around by the cock. I've got shit to do. A house to build. Clients to handle. Sisters to marry off. Shit. To. Do.

I shove my cell and keys into my pocket, remind myself that spending other people's money is a helluva lot more fun than spending my own, and then climb from the truck.

The music is even louder out here. Loud squeals and peals of laughter ring out over the throbbing bass.

Jesus H. Christ. This is not a sedate, boring night unwrapping fancy crystal goblets. What the fuck are they doing in there?

My curiosity is officially piqued.

I stride up the circle driveway to the porch, stepping between two massive columns. The antique brass double doors are wide enough to fit an army through. Tall enough, too.

I bypass the knockers and press the doorbell.

The fucker gongs like a drum inside the house.

More squeals sound from within, and then what can only be described as the sound of a stampede.

The doors fly open not even thirty seconds later. Six sets of dilated, glossy eyes land on me. Six bright, inebriated smiles grow brighter. Their *Bride Tribe* crowns are askew, their sashes crooked.

I take a step back as the unmistakable odor of tequila wafts toward me.

They're plastered.

I'm killing Giant.

"Ooh, he's big!" a blonde squeals, swaying on her feet.

"Uh-huh," a redhead breathes, staring directly at my junk.

"I'm looking for Camden," I growl, my patience already wearing thin.

"And we can't *wait* to look at you," the redhead says, making the others guffaw loudly. "We could use a little protection. Especially if you're doing it half-naked."

"When do we get to that part again?" a tiny brunette asks, her nose scrunching up.

I glance over her head, searching for the bride. Instead, my gaze lands on a curvy little goddess seated on the staircase. Unlike everyone else, her *Bride Tribe* crown is perfectly aligned on top of her raven curls, her sash unwrinkled. She's got her head tipped down, her nose buried in a book, completely oblivious to the rest of the world.

My goddamn heart seizes up in my chest as her gray eyes dance along the page, her lips moving as she whispers the words to herself. She's the prettiest little thing I've ever seen.

Jesus. Why does my heart feel like it's lodged in my throat?

"Yeah! Take it all off, baby!"

The little raven-haired beauty glances up, her eyes meeting mine.

Two things happen simultaneously.

My fucking cock sits straight up. And I realize exactly what the blonde just said.

Giant, you son of a bitch. Did you hire me out as a stripper?!

He did. He absolutely did.

And right now, I'm not entirely pissed about it.

TWO

MORGAN



Hot darn. My mouth drops open as his dark chocolate eyes hold mine captive. The smoking hot hero in my current read doesn't hold a candle to the tall, dark, and way-the-heck out-of-my-league stripper staring down at me like I'm his next meal.

A small lock of dark brown hair falls over his forehead, taking away some of the gruffness of his expression. My eyes travel over his hot-as-holy-heck body. His tree trunk-thick leg muscles are almost too much for the tight jean material stretched across them. The black leather jacket and tight white t-shirt conceal his upper body, but I'm betting it's just as drool-worthy.

Swallowing, I fight hard to school my features into my patented bored look. “The bride is over there.” I point at my overly toasted friend while the thought of him removing his clothes for my friends causes my heart to squeeze tight in my chest. The smoking hot stripper turns slightly, giving me a bird’s-eye view of his perfect rear end. Oh my. “You’re supposed to be stripping for her.” As the words leave my mouth, my naughty side hopes the sexy-as-sin stripper has other plans for me.

“I’m the bride.” Camden wobbles her way over on freaking five-inch heels, interrupting us. I’m a little jealous that I can’t wear those torture devices sober, but my friend can rock them three sheets to the wind. “And I’m ready for you to protect me.” She wiggles her perfectly arched eyebrows up at the hot stripper, and my hands clench in my lap as the green-eyed monster nips at my heels. “Take it all off.” Oh, heck no. For some reason, I know I won’t be able to sit by quietly while he removes all his clothes for my friends.

“No offense, princess, but I’m not getting my ass kicked by your rich-ass husband-to-be,” he growls at Camden before reaching for my hand and tugging me to my feet. “I’m going to give your bridesmaid a special private lap dance.”

I blink several times wondering if I heard him right.

What bridesmaid? Before I know it, I’m following as he tugs me down the long hallway. His large, warm palm gently clasping mine sends electric shocks straight down my spine. The stripper glances into the empty library and seems satisfied with it because he pulls me in and slams the door behind us.

“I don’t want a private dance.” I almost slap my forehead as the lame words escape past my numb lips. Why can’t I be like the sassy heroines in my favorite romance stories? “But I’m sure the other bridesmaids would be thrilled for you to remove your clothes for them.” There’s that darn green-eyed monster again.

“I don’t plan on ever stripping for any other woman but you.”

“Yeah, right.” I snort as my dislike for lying overrides my inability to speak coherently to the opposite sex. “Pull the other leg.”

His closeness is causing unusual palpitations in my chest. Didn't I learn anything from my dad's tendency to ignore his marriage vows? When my parents' marriage fell apart, my older brother stepped in to raise me. Living through two years of hell while my parents tore each other apart taught me a valuable lesson. I promised myself I'd never allow any man to treat me poorly. Too bad, my romance-addicted heart didn't get the memo.

"It might be a little hard to find work if you refuse to do your job," I remind the hot stripper.

"We need to get a few things straight." He towers over me, and the heat radiating from his massive body wraps around me.

I ignore his yummy masculine scent and attempt to step back, but he wraps his massive palms around my elbows, pulling me closer. "Stop dragging me around."

"Stop trying to get away." His exasperation is showing.

"No." I wince as the huff comes out of my mouth, sounding just like a toddler.

"Why don't we start over?" His charming smile might work with most women, but I'm not falling for it. I straighten to my full five-foot-one height and stare into his smiling brown eyes. "My name is Grizz Delacorte." He holds out his hand, and I look down at it for a few seconds, attempting to decide if I'm brave enough to touch him again. The first time almost blew my mind. I'm not sure my heart will be able to resist a second time.

"Grizz?" Uh, that's an unusual name.

"I was born early and came out covered in hair and screaming at the top of my lungs. My parents said I reminded them of a little grizzly bear. So, Grizz it is." He shrugs like that's not the cutest thing ever.

I'm debating how to respond when he leans over to breathe next to my ear. "Now that we got that out of the way, aren't you going to tell me your name?"

I take a tiny step back before muttering, "Morgan Tempest."

“You definitely are a temptation.” I’ve heard girls call my hockey star brother that silly nickname, but this is the first time anyone has ever used it for me. “One I don’t plan to resist.”

He backs me up until the back of my knees hit the large brown leather sofa taking up the entire wall. In one move, Grizz sits me on the edge of the sofa and drops to his knees in front of me.

All my thoughts scatter when he leans back and slips his leather jacket off. I was so freaking right about his body. His muscles ripple as he places his palms on either side of my thighs and leans over to run his nose along the skin at the base of my throat.

“Fuck, I could eat you up.” My eyes cross when he runs his tongue across the vein pounding on the side of my throat. A loud voice screeches through my mind that this is the worst idea ever. Even worse than when I let Camden convince me to sneak into a bar Freshman year. We both ended up in jail. Luckily, my brother was willing to bail us out without telling Camden’s overprotective parents.

Grizz’s warm breath brushes across my skin, and I shiver while attempting to remind myself that romance book heroes don’t jump off the pages and fall for chubby bookworms. It just doesn’t happen.

His warm hands run up my thighs, and I feel the heat of his touch through my yoga pants. I’m in so much trouble here. All my resistance and common sense fly right out the stained-glass window above the mantel as Grizz kisses me.

The word kiss is too tame for what his mouth is doing to mine. While his tongue explores every crevice of my mouth, I turn off my thoughts and melt against the soft leather.

He shifts a little closer, and my naughty side nearly explodes when something very large and very hard brushes against my inner thigh.

I’m in so much trouble here, and I have no idea how to put a halt to it before I lose my heart and virginity to the hot stripper.

“I owe Giant a goddamn distillery for giving me this assignment.” His words are like a bucket of cold water right to the face. He’s a stripper on

assignment. I'm nothing special. He's trying to earn a bigger tip by giving the shy wallflower a private lap dance.

Catching him by surprise, I kick with all my might and send him sprawling on his big, stripping rear end.

"Go try your stripper wiles on someone else," I growl and blink back the stupid tears filling my eyes. Before he's able to react, I kick off the ridiculous three-inch heels Camden insisted I wear and bolt for the door.

As I rush through the large mansion, I hear my sloshed friends hooting and hollering. I guess they found something else to occupy themselves. I'm so perturbed at myself as I lose the fight and stupid tears run down my face.

I'm ten feet from the front door and escaping this bachelorette party from hell when I turn around to look for my favorite book. Miles gave that first edition of *Les Misérables* to me for my sixteenth birthday. Camden stumbles out of the living room and takes one look at my disheveled appearance. My ears ring when she screeches, "Did that big jerk hurt you?"

I see fire flash through my friend's eyes a second before she turns to the rest of the bride tribe. "Get him."

In the heat of the moment, I turn and rush out, letting my six totally plastered best friends have at the stripper who just trampled my heart. I'm not sure who I'm more mad at—him for making me feel these crazy emotions or me for letting my heart get me into this mess.

THREE

GRIZZ



Morgan flees from the library like the hounds of hell nip at her heels. I've never been one to chase a woman. But chasing this one turns me the hell on. I launch myself to my feet, determined to catch her pretty little ass so we can set a few things straight right now.

Clearly, she thinks I'm an actual stripper. My fault for not setting the record straight already, but what can I say? Giving her a lap dance sounded like a good plan to me.

My little bookworm was into it, too. Right up until I mentioned Giant. I make a mental note to add killing him back to my list of shit to do after I buy him a

distillery. Then I slide around the corner after Morgan. She's quick for such a little thing. I barely make it into the living room before she disappears into the foyer.

My last sight of her is of her raven hair flowing behind her as she vanishes around the corner.

And then a fist of fury clocks me right in the cheek.

"Go, Camden!"

"No means no, you big jerk!" the bride shouts, winding up to clock me again.

What the fuck?

I dodge her shitty aim, which sends her spinning into the blonde. I try to grab them before they land in a heap on the floor, but apparently, that's the wrong fucking thing to do.

An almighty racket comes from my left as every other woman in the house makes the same outraged shrieking sound, and then all hell breaks loose.

One of them kicks me in the back of the knee.

The brunette cold clocks me with a fucking pillow. And not a fluffy, comfortable bed pillow either. It's one of those goddamn pillows that double as a brick.

I land on my ass at the feet of six drunk, hissing women, asking God why.

Why do I still work for Giant when I could have retired to the fucking mountains by now?

"We should call Dillon," the brunette announces into the loud silence. I think she's crying. Jesus. Why is she crying? Considering that she just hit me with a fucking brick pillow, I should be the one in tears. Yet I'm not even mad.

Drunk women are wild, slightly terrifying, completely unpredictable adventures every day. Especially when they're in groups. I dealt with a lot of them when Bender Valentine's ass was playing sold-out shows every night. I never thought I'd miss it. But now that he and the band have retired... I kind of do.

I've been drifting without a purpose, unanchored and unmoored. Until tonight. Convincing Morgan Tempest, my little temptation, that she doesn't want to run from me is my new purpose in life. Once she stops running, we'll figure out the rest. I'm thinking it'll take us the rest of my life.

"We should tie him up and then call Dillon."

"We should undress him, tie him up, and then call Dillon," the redhead says.

My dick shrivels for the first time since I set eyes on Morgan.

"No one is undressing me except Morgan," I growl, launching myself back to my feet. My lip is bleeding. I'm pretty sure I have a black eye, too. Fuck me. I turn a hard glare on Camden. "Where is my little bookworm, and why the fuck are the six of you using me as a punching bag?" I point at her. "And don't tuck your thumb in like that when you punch someone or you'll break it."

Camden's scowl slips. "You're giving me advice on how to hit you?"

"If you're going to do it, do it right." I scrub a hand through my hair. "Where's Morgan?"

"You tell me!" Camden cries, throwing her hands up in the air. "You're the one who doesn't know what no means!"

It's my turn to scowl, a withering, dark scowl that has all six of them taking a step back. "You think I forced myself on her? Is that what she said?" My stomach turns at the thought. Jesus. Is that what she thinks happened? *No, little bookworm, no. Never.*

"I... No, not exactly." Camden swallows. "She didn't really say anything. She just ran out, and I thought..." Guilt flickers through Camden's expression, burning away the fugue of intoxication. "You didn't hurt her?"

"Hurt her? I'm marrying her." I stomp toward the door. "And I'm not a goddamn stripper. When you call Giant for a refund, tell the asshole that he still owes me for the whole night, plus pain and suffering."

"Wait!"

I pause halfway through the living room.

"She's new here, but she just got a job at the local library."

A smile curves my lips upward even as blood drips from it. She can run, but she can't hide now.



A file folder lands on the desk in front of me.

I flick my gaze up from my computer screen to see Giant looming over me like an idiot in his MC cut and faded jeans, grinning like the cat who ate the canary. You know, typical Tuesday shit.

"Whatever it is, I don't want it."

"Oh, but you do."

I pull out my phone and fire off a text to Dillon Armstrong, the sheriff of Silver Spoon Falls.

ME

Is killing your boss illegal if they deserve it? Asking for a friend.

"Who are you texting?" Giant cranes his neck, trying to see my phone screen.

"Dillon." I drop the phone on top of whatever bullshit assignment he's trying to give me now and touch my finger to my split lip. It hurts like a motherfucker. The guys have been giving me nine kinds of hell about it and the black eye all morning. Every time they look at me, they crack up all over again. Assholes. "I'm trying to find out if murdering you would be justified since you deserve it. Figured if anyone would know, he would."

Giant's smirk grows, his eyes twinkling with amusement. He's loving every second of my misery. I think he may be a sadist.

"It's not." Bella pokes her blonde head into my office, rolling her blue eyes toward the ceiling. "I asked him the same thing last week. He told me that I'm not allowed to kill the big jerk."

Giant's triumphant smirk slides from his face as consternation takes over. He spins to face his pint-sized wife, growling deep in his chest. "What the fuck, Mischief?"

"It's not like it's the first time I've wanted to smother you with a pillow, Tiny." She hits him with a bright, vicious smile before disappearing down the hallway. "Probably won't be the last, either!"

He huffs like he's offended, but we both know he's like a dog with a bone when it comes to her. He annoys the fuck out of her just to calm her down again. It's like his favorite pastime.

DILLON

Why does everyone ask me if they can kill Cormac? JFC. If I'm not dead before he reaches Ophelia's age, I'm moving to Florida.

"Is that Dillon?" Giant asks. "He better not be giving you permission to kill me, or I'm telling everyone about that thing he did with the thing that one time that I'm not supposed to tell anyone about."

"What thing?"

ME

No, you aren't. You hate the beach. You don't like getting sand in your crevices.

"Did he give you permission to kill me?" Giant asks suspiciously.

"Yep," I lie. "Even offered to help hide the body." What? I want to know about the thing.

Giant's response to that includes an impressive number of curses in inventive combinations. The bastard doesn't tell me about the thing, though. Instead, he plops down in the chair across from my desk, planting his boot on top. He immediately starts rifling through my shit.

DILLON

Get off my phone, Grizz.

ME

You never answered my question.

DILLON

No, you can't kill Giant. Don't you have a librarian to chase?

My brows pull together as I read his message. "What the fuck?"

"What?" Giant stops fucking with shit on my desk long enough to look up at me.

"How does Dillon know about Morgan?"

"I told you that you want to know what's in the folder." Giant nods to it, smirking. "Maybe I felt a tiny bit bad about you getting your ass kicked by a bunch of drunk bridesmaids, so I called in a favor."

"What kind of favor?"

"The kind you can thank me for later."

I set my phone aside and carefully flip open the cover of the folder, not entirely convinced I want to know what's inside. My heart ricochets off my ribcage when I see Morgan's beautiful heart-shaped face staring up at me from the dossier inside.

Jesus. I've traveled the world with Bender and his band, seen everything it had to offer, and stayed in some of the most beautiful places it had to offer. But perfection? That's staring up at me from the folder in front of me.

Morgan Olivia Tempest, my tempting little bookworm.

"You ran a background check on her."

"Figured you might like to know who she is." He pauses. "She grew up here before her family moved. Her brother, Miles, plays for the Falcons."

"Don't tell me." I flip the folder closed, pushing it across the desk toward him. Everything I could ever want to know is right at my fingertips, but I don't want to learn it from a file. I want to hear it from her lips. She isn't a job. I won't treat getting to know her like one. I think she may be my future. That's how I'm approaching this... as something I can't afford to lose.

"Smart decision," Giant says, his voice heavy with approval. The same lights his gray eyes. "Never let a fucking file tell you what you should be finding out about your girl for yourself. Had you read the file, I wouldn't have given

you the rest of the day off."

And this is why I still work for the man. He's a maniac, but his heart is bigger than that big ass body of his. I'm not telling him that, though. Uh, hell no. He sent me to work as a stripper, and I got my ass kicked by six drunk women. Let him sweat.

"The day?" I arch a brow. "Motherfucker, I'm taking the rest of the week off."



Half an hour later, I step inside the library in town. The smell of old books and industrial strength cleaner assails me. The former is a familiar, comforting scent. The second reminds me of hospitals and schools... neither of which are on my list of favorite places.

For a small town, the library is impressive. Books line every shelf in the two-story building, reaching all the way to the ceiling in places. Rolling ladders attach to the shelves so patrons or staff can reach titles on higher shelves. Computers and a reading area take up the center of the room.

Morgan's at the counter, checking out an elderly man. Or he's checking her out. The old man is chatting her ear off. I stand inside the door for a long moment, watching her as she throws her head back, laughing at whatever he's saying to her.

The man is old enough to be her grandfather, but jealousy slides through my veins anyway. I want that laugh to be because of me. I want those smiles for myself.

I roll my shoulders, trying to get my shit together. My dick is a steel rod in my pants, though, making it virtually impossible to think straight. My mind is a jumble of want, need, and claim.

The old man—Mr. Stevenson—takes his books from Morgan and steps away from the counter. Morgan turns to watch him walk away, still smiling. Her gaze lands on me. Even from across the room, I hear her gulp. I see her eyes

grow three sizes and her pulse skitter.

Happiness floats through her eyes before she seems to remember something. Between one heartbeat and the next, she shuts down on me. It's like the fucking light just drains from the world. I don't like it, not one bit.

A growl rumbles in my throat as I stomp toward her, determined to get to the bottom of this right the fuck now.

My little bookworm has other plans.

She takes one look at me charging in her direction and reacts exactly like she did last night. She grabs a stack of books and flees like her life depends on it.

"Come out, come out wherever you are, Temptation," I growl, circling around the desk after her as she disappears between two rows of shelves. Just like last night, my goddamn cock throbs at the thought of chasing her down. Only, she's not getting away from me this time. Not until I say what I came to say. Not until she knows there's nowhere in this town that'll keep her from me for long.

FOUR

MORGAN



I feel stupid running from the hot stripper, but I can't force my feet to stop. Leave it to me to get into this crazy situation in the first place.

“Are you okay?” Quin, my friend and coworker, asks as I round the corner and almost knock her over.

“No.” I glance over my shoulder to see if Grizz is anywhere in sight. I'm not sure if I'm more relieved or sad to see the aisle behind me empty. After dropping the stack of books on the counter, I grab Quin's arm. “Come with me.”

My friend doesn't resist as I drag her into the store room and shut the door. There's a hallway leading to the back entrance to the main office. I pull Quin along until we're safely locked in my office. She grabs my shoulders and stares at me with a look of concern. "Do we need to call the police?"

"Oh my God, no." Just what I need, a little more mortification to go with the hefty dose I got at the bachelorette party. After I ran out, my friends blew up my phone with concerned calls and texts. Once I finally convinced them that the hot stripper hadn't hurt me, well, except my pride, they agreed to let the subject drop.

Too bad my overactive mind won't let me forget Grizz. Or what he made me feel the afternoon we met. Now, I have to find a way to convince my heart to forget the first man to turn me into a ball of mush with one look.

"Remember the stripper I told you about? The one who showed up at Camden's bachelorette party?" When my phone kept vibrating Monday morning, Quin became concerned, and I was forced to tell her the entire humiliating story, leaving out the part where I fell for the hot stripper like a ton of bricks. "He just walked into the library."

My friend blows out her breath before walking over and booting up my computer. I watch as she pulls up the main camera behind the circulation desk. "Him?" My eyes automatically follow Quin's finger, and I nod my head yes as I watch Grizz storm through the library looking around every corner.

"Oh, girl." My friend bursts out laughing. "You have it all wrong. He isn't a stripper."

Huh? My mouth drops open as my legs give out, and I drop into my chair. My fingers clinch around the armrest while I hold my breath, waiting for her to explain.

"Are you sure he said he was a stripper?" Now that I think back, I realize he never really said those exact words. Wait a minute. How does she know him? I'm not going to lie; a little flash of jealousy cuts through me, even though I know my friend is head over heels in love with her husband. God. I'm losing my freaking mind and it's all Grizz's fault.

“He offered me a private lap dance,” slips out in my defense before I’m able to stop the words.

Quin explains, “Unless Giant finally made good on his promise to fire him, he’s actually a bodyguard. I’m betting Camden’s rich honey bunny hired him to watch over you guys while you were plastered.” Shoot. Just when I thought this situation couldn’t get any more embarrassing, it just got a million times worse. Maybe the floor will open up and swallow me before I have to face him again.

Of course, the universe isn’t listening to my pleas because the next thing I know, there’s a loud knock on my door. “Morgan, there’s a nice young gentleman out here looking for you.” Evelyn’s voice comes through the wooden door. She’s been working at the library forever and a day. There isn’t anything that happens in Silver Spoon Falls that Evelyn doesn’t know about. Great. I have no doubt the entire town will know all about my humiliation before the evening news.

“I just can’t catch a break,” I grumble and blow a stray strand of hair from my forehead before walking over to pull my office door open. “I’ll be right there.”

“Hurry up before he changes his mind.” Evelyn picks a stray piece of lint off my black sweater. “He’s a catch.” She winks at me. “I’d give you a run for your money if I were a few years younger and if he didn’t already have *taken* written all over him.”

“Taken?” My usually agile mind can’t keep up with Evelyn’s crazy train of thought.

“I could see a mile away that he is totally gaga over you.” She gives me a little shove, and my feet take off on their own. Before I’m able to stop myself, I’m walking out of the library’s main office with Quin and Evelyn following on my heels.

I find Grizz leaning against the circulation desk with an infuriatingly, smug smirk on his face. He glances behind me and tells my coworker, “Thank you so much for finding her, Evelyn.”

I stick my tongue out at him when my older romance-addicted coworker

gushes behind me, “I’m always here to help.”

“Then why don’t you help me put away that stack of books,” Quin cuts in before tugging on Evelyn’s arm.

Once my two coworkers are out of earshot, I turn to the non-stripper. “Here to give me another lap dance?” I watch his eyes widen almost comically and barely resist the urge to smack my own forehead. Did those words really come out of my mouth?

“Maybe later, Temptation. Right now, I want to ask you out to dinner.” He doesn’t miss a beat. “Then we can negotiate our plans for the rest of the night.”

I’m tempted to jump at the chance to have dinner with him, but I need to know something first. “Why did you let me go on believing that you’re a stripper?”

“Honestly, the first time I laid eyes on you, so luscious, so perfect sitting on the steps reading one of my favorite books, I forgot all about everything except you.” He steps close, and his woodsy masculine scent wraps around me. “And I made the biggest fucking mistake of my life. I let you run out on me without knowing the truth. One thing about me, Temptation. I catch on quickly, and I won’t make the same mistake twice.”

I’m at a loss for words, so I go with the first question that pops into my mind. “Is *Les Misérables* really one of your favorite books?”

“It is.” He smiles down at me. “We can discuss it over dinner tonight.”

Taking a deep breath, I do what my favorite romance story heroine would do. I play hard to get. “I can’t tonight.” It’s the truth. I promised my brother weeks ago that I’d have dinner at his new house. “Maybe some other time.”

“Then what about tomorrow night?” Grizz doesn’t let my refusal faze him. “Or the night after that? I’m pretty fucking free every day this week, and I won’t give up until you say yes.”

“Don’t you have a job to do?”

“Not this week. My boss gave me the rest of the week off to make up for him

sending me into the bride tribe ambush. The big asshole got a kick out of my pain and suffering until I threatened to quit. Then he changed his tune real fast.”

“Ambush? Pain and suffering?” I’m missing something here.

“Your friends took it upon themselves to make me pay for upsetting you. Those girls would be dangerous if they weren’t completely plowed,” he explains, but I have questions. I make a mental note to ask Camden what in the world happened after I ran out the other night. “So, what do you say, little bookworm? Are you going to agree to have dinner with me, or will I have to spend every day in the library until I find a way to change your mind?”

“Does Friday work for you?” I ask, knowing I need time to figure out how to handle this situation. “I get off at three on Fridays, so I can be ready around six.”

A dimple appears in his right cheek when Grizz smiles widely. “That works great for me. What’s your address? I’ll pick you up at six.”

“Where do you want to go? I’ll meet you.” My brother would have a stroke if he found out I let a man I just met pick me up for a date.

The smile slips from Grizz’s handsome face. “I will pick you up.”

“I will meet you.” My heart pounds in my chest as I hold my ground.

“I can see you’re going to give me a run for my money, Temptation. Meet me at the Broadway Steakhouse Friday at six.” I might have won the battle, but my victory is hollow. Disappointment cuts through me when I realize I have to wait three more days to see Grizz again.



“Hey, short stuff.” Miles opens his door and pulls me close for a bear hug.

“You could try to be more original.” It’s my usual response to the nickname he gave me in grade school.

“I could.” My older brother rolls his eyes dramatically. “But I’m not going to.”

“Stop being a pain in my rear and show me around your new place.” When Miles decided to move to Silver Spoon Falls to join the Falcons Hockey team, he started looking for land to build a home of his own.

“I’ll never stop being a pain to you.” I push his hand away with a growl when he attempts to mess up my hair. “Come on, and I’ll show you around.” As he leads me from room to room, I realize Quin’s brother, Rafe, a local architect, knocked this job out of the park.

“I can’t believe your spoiled behind ended up with an indoor swimming pool, hot tub, and sauna.” He works his tail off and deserves it, but I still have to give him trouble.

“Don’t worry, short stuff.” Miles smirks and leads me into the large room made entirely of glass that houses the medium-sized pool with an attached hot tub. “I’ll let you use my toys whenever you want.”

“I’m definitely going to take you up on that offer.”

“Good.” Miles glances over his shoulder. “Now, why don’t you tell me about your stripper problems.”

Fudge my life. How in the world did my brother already hear about Grizz? “Stripper problems?” I cross my fingers behind my back and attempt to bluff my way out of explaining my complicated love life to my older brother.

“There are some things you should know about this town.” Miles throws his arm around my shoulders and leads me to the kitchen. He points at the breakfast bar before ordering me around like a little kid. “Sit down, and I’ll let you in on all the Silver Spoon Falls secrets.”

I decide it isn’t worth the effort to argue with my stubborn older brother and scoot into one of his tall barstools. Miles places a glass of iced tea in front of me. “First of all, news travels through the grapevine at the speed of light. I probably knew about Grizz Delacorte showing up at Camden’s fancy new digs before you did.”

“You’re freaking kidding.”

“Welcome to small town living at its best.” Miles leans his hip against the side of the breakfast bar and stares down at me. “Do I need to kick Grizz’s ass?”

“No.” My eyes narrow. “I can take care of myself.” If I had a penny for every time I’ve had to tell my brother to butt out of my life, I’d be a millionaire. Miles wants to fight all my battles, and I have to convince him that I’m a big girl who doesn’t need her big brother interfering.

“I heard from my sources that you left the bachelorette party in tears.” Wow. The Silver Spoon Falls grapevine really puts it all out there.

“What sources?” Miles decided to sign with the hockey team in Silver Spoon Falls since he has several friends in town. I wonder which one of them is my brother’s informant.

“I’m not divulging who my sources are, but I want you to know I’ll make sure Grizz eats through a straw for the next eight to ten weeks if he hurts you.”

“I can take care of myself.” It’s the same old argument, and I’m sure I’ll get the same results.

“I know you can, short stuff.”

FIVE

GRIZZ



If my little bookworm thinks I'm waiting three days to see her again, she's lost her mind. I don't even wait one. By the time she gets to work the morning after we make our date, I'm standing by the doors to the library, waiting for her.

"Grizz." She blinks up at me like she's staring at a mirage. "What are you... Do you need something?"

"Came to see you," I growl. Fuck, she looks edible today in her naughty librarian get-up. My fingers actually itch to pull the pins out of her hair to watch it tumble down her back. And that modest little white blouse is doing it

for me.

Who knew prim and proper could be so fucking sexy?

"You wanted to see me?" The wariness in her expression melts away, replaced with a softness that hits me right in the heart. She's sweet as hell. Bet she doesn't even know how tempting that is for a man like me.

"Fu-I mean, he-I mean, heck yeah," I mutter, trying to mind my manners and my mouth when a mom with two little kids starts up the steps toward us. "Thought about you all god... all night. You're too tempting to resist."

"What's *tempting* mean, Mommy?" The little boy cranes his neck to peer up at his mom as they pass us by.

The little boy's mom shoots me a hard look.

Morgan's lips twitch.

"We'll find a dictionary and look it up," the mom says.

"Shit." I run a hand over my head, grimacing. "Guess I should learn to watch my mouth if I'm going to be spending time around here, huh?"

Morgan's eyes grow comically wide. "You plan to spend time around here?"

"You're here, little bookworm. I intend to spend a whole lotta time wherever you are."

"Oh."

"Yeah. Oh." I hold out the paper bag and cup of coffee I picked up for her from The Golden Mug, the best coffee shop in town. "Here. Breakfast."

"You brought me breakfast?"

"Stop looking at me like that, Temptation," I groan, my dick imprinting on my zipper as her eyes grow even wider. Fuck me. I need to get the fuck out of here before I bend her over the nearest library table and fuck my kid into her. She's too beautiful and far too sweet.

"I'm just looking at you."

"Yeah, and the longer you look, the more I want to back you up against that wall and eat *you* for breakfast."

"You can't talk to me like that," she whispers.

"Yeah?" I grin as her cheeks turn bright pink. "I just did."

She juggles the bag and coffee in one hand to press the other to her forehead. Her dazed eyes meet mine, her expression slightly accusatory. "Are you sure you aren't a stripper?"

"Positive," I growl. And then, just because I can't resist teasing her when she looks so fucking off-balance and cute as hell, I add, "But I'll play the role for you. Just name the time and place."

She whimpers. Actually fucking whimpers. It's the single sexiest sound I've ever heard. And that's my cue to get the fuck out of here before I really do fuck her over the nearest flat surface because she's making it hard as hell to behave. Real hard. As in... zipper indentions all up and down my shaft.

I lean down, brushing my lips across her forehead. "I have shit to do today. Behave, little bookworm. I'll see you tomorrow."

"What? No, you won't! Our date isn't until Friday."

"See you tomorrow." I chuckle.



When I show up on Thursday, she's just as surprised as she was Wednesday. I don't make it in time to bring her breakfast. Instead, I bring her lunch.

"Temptation."

"Ah!" She drops the stack of books in her arms, spinning around to face me like she's doing a pirouette.

I grin from ear to ear.

"Grizz! Good grief, you scared me half to death!" Her gaze drifts down my body, her cheeks heating. Is she remembering what I feel like all over her? Fuck, I hope she is. That's certainly what I'm remembering right now. How she feels in my arms. The sounds she makes when she's kissing me back. The way she tastes.

How goddamn badly I want to kiss her again right now.

"What are you doing here?"

"You're here," I remind her, holding out the container from the Trust Fund Café. "I brought you lunch."

She glances at the container and then at the clock behind her. "Do you... I don't suppose you have time to eat with me?"

I suddenly want to kick my own ass for not considering the possibility that she might want me to eat with her. I'm an asshole.

"I wish I did, little bookworm," I say regretfully. "But I actually have an appointment."

"Oh." Her face falls into an adorable pout. "Well, thank you for bringing me lunch. It was really thoughtful, Grizz."

"I'll make it up to you tomorrow, Temptation. I promise." I lean across the counter, unable to resist touching her. I run my fingers down the side of her cheek. She's so damn soft. "You'll see."

"See what?"

"What my appointment is all about."

"Huh?" She blinks at me, her eyes glassy and out of focus.

Jesus. She makes it impossible to behave when she looks at me like that. I don't think she even knows she does it either, looks at me like I just stepped out of one of her books. It's the same damn way she looked at me when she looked up from the steps at the bachelorette party.

Speaking of which...

"Who is your date to the wedding next weekend?"

She blinks again. "What wedding?"

"Camden's wedding."

"Oh, um, I was just going to go alone, I guess." She shrugs. "I didn't have a date lined up."

"You do now."

"Did you just invite yourself to the wedding?" Her lips curve slightly, letting me know she isn't actually mad about it.

"The Bride Tribe kicked my ass. Camden owes me." I shrug unapologetically. "You can tell her I'm calling in my favor."

Her smile grows as her gaze drops to my split lip. "I wondered who beat you up." She tries miserably to fight a laugh. "I'm so sorry, Grizz. I didn't know they were going to assault you on my behalf."

"It's all good, Temptation. I'm glad you have friends willing to fight a fucking stripper for your honor." I shake my head, bemused. "They're terrifying."

Her laughter peals out across the library, loud and clear this time. "I can't believe you actually let them beat you up."

"Let them?" I arch a brow. "Uh, it was six against one. They were kicking my ass right and proper, Temptation. There was no *letting* involved. Giant has told the whole town at this point."

"Is that how my brother knew?" She laughs again. "He wouldn't reveal his sources."

I freeze, my eyes locking on her. "You told your brother about me."

"I... no... I mean... no."

"You did."

"Did not," she lies, blushing bright red.

I lean over the counter, getting all up in her personal space. "Did you tell him

that I'm the man you're going to marry, little bookworm?" I growl, hooking my finger into her shirt to pull her closer. "Because if you left out that part, you didn't tell him the whole story."

"Grizz," she whispers, her voice little more than a soft breath.

I skim my nose along hers before pressing my lips against hers in a soft kiss. "You're mine. You wouldn't have told your brother about me if you didn't know it, too." Unable to resist taking a little taste of her, I flick my tongue against the seam of her lips and then pull back. "See you tomorrow."

I'm halfway to the door before she manages to pull herself together enough to respond. "You're banned from the library until our date, Grizz!"

"See you tomorrow, Temptation," I call back, grinning.



"Grizz." Morgan takes one look at me standing at the front desk and shakes her head in exasperation. "I thought we agreed yesterday that you were banned from the library. You showing up here is bad for my hips."

I narrow my eyes on her, raking my eyes down her body. "Your hips look fucking perfect to me."

She presses her hands to her cheeks, her eyes wide. "You're shameless, you know that?"

"You made me that way." I shrug, not denying it. "Besides, I'm not here with food this time."

"Really?"

I don't miss the hint of disappointment in her eyes. She likes being spoiled. I make a mental note of that with every intention of showing up every damn day with treats if it makes her happy. Whatever it takes to make her fall in love with me.

"I'm here to kidnap you."

"It's not time for our date yet," she says, laughing. "I don't even get off until three."

"Which is ten minutes from now, Temptation. I have a surprise for you, but we need to leave as soon as you get off if we're going to make it in time."

She gapes at me. "I'm not even dressed for a date!"

"You look perfect, but I called in a favor with the Bride Tribe. They have clothes, shoes, and all the girly shit you could ever possibly want waiting in my truck."

"Where are we going?"

"You do not understand the definition of surprise, do you, little bookworm?"

Her scowl is sexy as hell. Whatever irritation she feels dies a quick, painless death, though. Avid curiosity sparks in her gaze, and the scowl melts. "You're a hard man to say no to, Grizz Delacorte."

"Then that puts us on equal footing, Temptation." I crook her chin up with a finger. "Because I already know I'll do whatever the fuck you want if it keeps you looking at me like you do."

"H-how do I look at you?" she whispers, her expression dazed and glassy again.

"Just like that," I growl, touching my mouth to hers. "I'll wait outside."



"Holy cow," Morgan whispers for the fifteenth time since we boarded Cash Montoya's private plane half an hour ago. She's seated across from me, peering around like she's never been on a plane before. It's cute as hell.

She's fucking adorable.

"You got a plane for our date, Grizz."

"I borrowed it, Temptation."

"Are you trying to impress me?"

"Is it working?"

She holds her forefinger and thumb a quarter of an inch apart, making me grin from ear to ear. And then she sobers. "You know you didn't have to do all of this, right? I would have been happy doing anything."

"You're worth it, Morgan." I slide forward in my seat and unlatch her belt before picking her up. She squeaks in protest but quickly settles down when I place her on my lap. "You've lived a thousand lives in your books. Now, you get to live one big one with me."

I have a feeling she hasn't done much of that. Living, I mean. She's spent most of her life with her nose in a book, living other people's adventures. I want her to have her own starting right now.

"You're trying to sweep me off my feet, aren't you?"

"Fuck yeah," I growl, nuzzling her neck. She smells like orange blossoms and vanilla. I want to spread her out and find the source of that scent. "You better stop me if you aren't ready to be mine because I'm on a mission, Temptation."

"In that case, maybe I won't stop you."

I groan, pressing my face to her skin. "Don't tempt me, little bookworm. This plane has bedrooms, and we have a two-hour flight."

"Really?" She wriggles on my lap until she's able to look at me. "Where are we going, Grizz? And how many bedrooms?"

"Reach into my pocket."

Her eyes narrow.

"I'm not trying to get you to touch my cock, Temptation," I say, laughing. "I meant my suit pocket."

"Oh." She blushes and delves her hand into my pocket. The fact that she feels

me up before grabbing the envelope stashed in the pocket doesn't go unnoticed. My girl likes my body.

"Open it."

"Bossy." Her smile lets me know she doesn't mind.

She takes her sweet ass time peeling the envelope open. And even longer reaching inside to pull out the two tickets nestled inside.

"Holy cow." Her mouth pops open, her gaze flying to mine. Her soft expression makes my cock throb. "Les Misérables? Seriously? We're going to see it?"

"Yep." I tap the tickets. "I had to do shameless shit to get my hands on these, but I knew as soon as you agreed to go out with me that I'd be taking you to see the musical while it's in Memphis."

Giant called in a favor with Cash to get me the plane. I worried it might be overkill, but he just kept telling me to trust him.

She carefully tucks the tickets back into the envelope and then slips it back into my pocket. When she looks up at me again, it takes everything I have not to drag her down to the floor. Her eyes practically glow. No. *She* glows. Like a fucking angel.

"Grizz? I think I want to see those bedrooms now," she whispers.

"Yeah?"

"Yes, definitely."

Fuck me. Giant may be a goddamn genius after all.

SIX

MORGAN



Watching his pupils dilate as his breathing accelerates causes my blood to overheat. It might've been a little forward of me, but I couldn't resist getting a little handsy with his hot body when I searched for the envelope. My bad. Now, I'm ready to get a good look at the rest of him.

When he takes my hand and leads me toward the back of the plane, I feel like we're moving in slow motion. I rethink my decision to make a move on him several times, but there's no way I'm changing my mind.

Over the last few days, the incredibly sweet, hot bodyguard has managed to worm his way into my heart. I feel like I'm living in one of the romance

stories I love so much. He stops in the small doorway and signals for me to precede him into the bedroom. As I slip past, he smacks my rear end and growls, “I’ve been dying to get my hands on your luscious ass.”

I glance back over my shoulder and wink. “Hopefully, you plan to do more than give me a little tap.”

“Oh, bookworm, I plan to spend the next several hours exploring every single inch of your gorgeous body.” He pulls me into his arms and covers my lips with his.

I shock both of us when I wiggle my hand between our bodies and stroke the hardness protruding from his black dress pants. Calling on every ounce of bravery I possess, I lower the zipper and slip my hand inside.

“If you keep that up, I’m going to lose my fucking mind. Your touch is heaven.”

Feminine power roars through my blood as a tremor runs through his large frame.

I wrap my hand around his erection and give him a little squeeze. He covers my hand with his and shows me how he wants me to touch him while his lips cover mine for a rough kiss.

When he pulls back and moves out of my reach, I glance up into his passion-filled eyes and frown. “Why are you stopping?”

“Oh, bookworm, I’m not stopping. I’m just changing gears.”

He lifts me into his arms and kisses me again before laying me back on the bed.

He steps back and winks at me. “I owe you a private strip show.” Grizz reaches for a button on the wall, and music fills the room around us.

My eyes follow his every movement as he sways his hips to the music. When he unbuttons his gray dress shirt and lets it fall to the floor, I get my first look at his muscular chest and washboard abs. And what a gorgeous chest it is. I could stare at his hotness all night long if my naughty side wasn’t ready to jump his bones.

Grizz reaches down and unbuttons his pants, pushing them down his hips and over his tree trunk-sized legs, and my thoughts scatter. Holy wow. He's something. I'm a whole lot intimidated by his hard shaft.

"I don't have any experience with one of those. I mean, except what I've read about, and I'm pretty sure that one is way more impressive than most." God, I sound like an idiot.

He throws back his head and laughs. "I like to think it's the most impressive one on earth." Then his expression turns serious as he warns me, "Once I make you mine, this is a done deal." He points down at his stiff erection. "This will be the only and last one you ever experience."

"I can live with that." I'd agree to anything at this point, plus a lifetime of experiencing his special form of magic sounds like heaven.

As I continue to stare at him, Grizz strokes his erection, and the sight of the fluid dripping from the dark purple head holds my attention. Time stands still while I watch him pleasure himself, wishing it was my hand wrapped around his erection.

"As much as I'm enjoying this private show, can you please get a move on?" I blurt out and feel a blush move up my neck and across my face. I'm not sure where my sudden burst of assertiveness is coming from, but I'm liking it.

"Don't rush me." He continues his slow dance. If I weren't already completely under his spell, this hot strip dance would definitely push me over the edge.

Biting my lip, I decide two can play this game. I stare into his dark eyes and begin to undress. The vein in the side of his throat pounds as he watches my little show. His hand picks up speed while I slowly slip out of the last of my librarian uniform.

"Fuck, you're spectacular, bookworm," he groans and steps next to the bed. "And all goddamn mine."

"Caveman." The nickname definitely fits him. I lean back on my elbows and watch as he crawls over me.

“That’s right. I’m your caveman.” My elbows give out, and I drop back onto the soft bedding as he kisses me. Actually, his lips devour mine. The plane bumps around, but I barely notice the turbulence.

I hold on tight while he blows my mind. When he starts to kiss his way down my chest, I lay back and let him have his way.

He pauses and places a soft kiss on one nipple while gently tugging on the other one. I arch my back and cry out when he sucks one nipple into his mouth.

“Tell me what you want,” he growls against my sensitive skin.

“More of what you’re doing.” Seems like an appropriate response.

“More of this?” he asks and runs his tongue around my belly button.

“Just more.” My blown mind can’t articulate my desires.

“Let’s try this.” He places a soft kiss at the crease of my thigh before spreading my legs. He places light kisses all around where I really want him to kiss.

“Try faster.” I’m about to start begging. Grizz runs his tongue around the outside of my opening, torturing me. “Are you purposely trying to drive me insane?” I grumble as he closes his lips over my clit. Now we’re talking. My eyes cross and roll back in my head as electricity shoots down my spine and my toes curl from the pleasure coursing through me.

“I just want to make sure you’re ready for me, bookworm.”

“I’m so far beyond ready,” I assure him before whimpering as he slides one huge freaking finger just inside my opening.

“I think we have a little more to go before you’re ready to take me. And I’d cut off my own dick before I ever hurt you.”

Waiting is freaking killing me, but I trust Grizz. He rubs my clit and slowly presses his finger a little deeper before pulling back. I lift my hips to meet his slow strokes. Before I know it, he’s pressing two fingers into my tight opening. When he scissors them open, my inner muscles protest and I wince from the tiny sting. My caveman distracts me from the pain by sucking on my

clit.

My thoughts ricochet through my mind as pleasure overwhelms me. “Fuck. I can’t wait another minute,” he growls against my clit before climbing back up my body. He leaves little kisses and nips along the way, ensuring my pulse rate never slows.

He runs his tongue up the side of my neck, causing goosebumps to erupt all over my body. His hard shaft rubs against my inner thigh, reminding me of what’s coming.

When he places his erection at my opening, I dig my nails into his shoulders. He slowly presses deep with one thrust while I hold my breath, bracing for the pain.

To my surprise, there’s only a tiny sting, which is replaced with indescribable pleasure as he circles his hips and picks up speed.

He kisses me and his tongue explores my mouth while I hold on for the wild ride. He reaches between us to rub slow circles around my clit, and I start lifting my hips to meet his thrusts.

I wrap my leg around his hips, causing his hardness to slide even deeper with his next thrust, and that’s all it takes for me to come. Hard. In fact, I’m pretty sure I pass out for a few seconds. When he drops to the bed next to me and pulls me into his arms, my eyes blink open.

“Wow,” I manage to mumble past my dry lips. “I’m surprised the plane was able to fly through the storm we created.”

“We landed about an hour ago.” His masculine lips turn up into a smile as his adorable dimple appears.

“Oh. I guess I was too busy to realize it.” Talk about being distracted.

“We still have time to make it to the play.” Grizz runs his hands through my tangled hair, reminding me I probably look like a woman who’s been getting lucky. “Or we could go straight to the hotel and continue.”

“I’ll go with option number two.” It isn’t even a hard choice.



Grizz really pulled out all the stops. We don't even stop at the reception desk in the fancy hotel. Instead, he leads me straight to the elevator. "Don't we have to check in?"

"It's already been taken care of." My caveman pulls me close as the elevator doors shut. Since we're all alone, I run my hand down the front of his shirt and notice he missed a button. Oops. "Now, be a good little bookworm. I'd hate to give the security guards watching on that camera," he points at the little triangle in the corner of the elevator, "an X-rated show."

"I'll try but I can't promise anything." What can I say? I'm already addicted to him.

When we step into the large suite, my phone vibrates in my purse, reminding me that I've gotten three messages from Miles.

I pull it out and read the latest.

MILES

I'm calling the police if you don't answer me.

ME

Stop being so melodramatic and let me enjoy my night.

MILES

Enjoy it doing what?

I refuse to let my overprotective brother interrupt my weekend. I glance over and see Grizz reaching for his phone, too. I might just kill my brother.

MILES

Doing what?

MILES

Hello

MILES:

I called Dillon and he's going to get in touch with Grizz.

ME

Overreact much? I'm on a date with Grizz. It's going great.
Take a chill pill.

MILES

ARE YOU IN MEMPHIS WITH HIM? WE ARE GOING TO
HAVE A LONG TALK WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOUNG
LADY.

MILES

I'm kicking his ass and sending you to live in a convent.

ME

That old argument doesn't scare me. Why can't you find a
girlfriend to worry about?

MILES

Changing the subject won't work.

“Your brother is blowing up phones all over Silver Spoon Falls.” He wraps his arms around my waist from behind.

“I'm so sorry.” I sigh and lean back against his warm, muscular body. “He's a smidge overprotective.”

“I plan to have a nice long talk with him when we get back to Silver Spoon Falls.” My heart squeezes a little at the thought of the two most important men in my life not getting along. “Don't worry, bookworm. I'll iron everything out with your brother.” It's like my caveman reads my mind.

“Thank you.” I glance over my shoulder and smile up at him.

“Little bookworm, I plan to spend the rest of my life making you happy. I'll do whatever it takes to win over your brother.”

SEVEN

GRIZZ



"Fuck, Temptation," I growl, digging my hands into her hips as I lift her up and then drop her back down on my cock. Her nails skate down my shoulder blades and my name leaves her lips in a soft whimper.

"Harder, Grizz."

"You want more, little bookworm?"

"Please," she pleads sweetly, those big eyes locked on me.

How can I resist? I can't. I don't even try. I pound into her, fucking her hard and deep as my mouth moves against hers. I'm already on the edge, fighting

like hell not to fall before she does. But who am I kidding? I fell days ago. I've been falling since.

I'm not ready for this weekend to end. I like waking up with her in my arms. I like eating her for breakfast and making love to her. I like fucking her in the shower. I'm wild about this woman.

She's the sweetest little treat, with a sassy streak a mile wide. I fucking love how feisty she can be. The more comfortable she gets with me, the more that feisty side comes out. I never cared much about hockey, but I find myself intensely grateful that the Falcons now call Silver Spoon Falls home. Because it means she does, too.

I thought the best years of my life were over when Bent retired. She proved me wrong. They started the minute I walked into that bachelorette party and saw her sitting on the stairs. Everything is new and exciting again.

This entire weekend has been the best of my life, hands down.

She's exactly what I didn't know was missing... the heart, the fire, the *passion*.

She gasps my name, coming apart around me. Her perfect cunt locks down on my shaft, her inner muscles clenching hard enough to hurt. She soaks me as she comes, burying her face in my throat as if that's going to hide the way she cries my name into the shower.

I drop her down on me and hold her there, roaring the truth, "I love you."

She hears me. Her head flies up, her wide, startled eyes locking on mine. She doesn't have to say anything for me to read the question there.

"Meant it," I growl, writhing in ecstasy. Fucking hell. Maybe I'll just keep her here for the rest of my life instead of taking her back to Silver Spoon Falls. At least I don't have to share her here. She's all mine.

"Grizz," she whispers, her expression soft. "I love you, too."

My heart swells... and so does my cock.

Nope. I'm definitely taking her home today. I need to let her brother know I'm marrying her. Pronto.

But I drag her closer and lift her up my cock again, planning to use up every ounce of hot water in this damn hotel first.



I regret my decision to bring her home precisely five minutes after our plane lands. We're barely off the damn thing when Giant's big ass appears like a grinning specter in the distance.

"Fuck my life," I groan, drawing to a stop on the tarmac with Morgan at my side.

"What's wrong?"

"Giant is here."

"Giant?" She scans the tarmac, her eyes growing wide when they land on my pain-in-the-ass friend and boss striding toward us. "Whoa," she whispers. "He's bigger than you are."

"Stop looking at him, Temptation."

"What?" She blinks at me in confusion, reads my disgruntled expression, and then rolls her eyes. "I didn't mean it like that, caveman. I just meant he's huge."

My scowl deepens, which makes her smile.

"You're such a caveman," she mumbles.

"What's up, fucker?" Giant shouts, his deep voice booming toward us. "You forget how to answer a phone?"

"No. I had the week off. That means I get to ignore your big ass without repercussions," I remind him.

He smirks, his gaze flicking from me to Morgan. His grin widens and I groan internally. Here we fucking go. "Hey, Morgan. 'Sup?"

"Um, hi," she whispers, being her usual shy, sweet self. Meeting new people makes her anxious. But as soon as she feels comfortable, she comes out of her shell.

"I'm Giant." He stops in front of us, thrusting out a hand toward her.

She darts a glance in my direction and then reaches out to shake his hand. When he tries to pull her in for a hug, I growl, which makes him laugh his ass off.

"So, it's like that, huh?"

"It's always like that," I growl. "Stop pissing me off before I tell Bella you're the one who lets the air out of her tires before Girl's Night every week."

"You wouldn't."

"Try to hug my woman again and I will."

"Possessive bastard," he says. The hint of approval in his tone makes it clear he isn't complaining. Giant is... fucking Giant. He's feral, but he believes in love with his whole big ass heart and wants everyone else to believe in it, too.

I'll never admit it, but he's part of the reason I know how to take care of my little bookworm. My dad ran out on my mom when my youngest sister was still in diapers. He just split, leaving her to raise us alone. She gave up on love after that.

I know what a healthy, loving relationship looks like partly because of this big jackass and the rest of his MC. I spend so much fucking time around them, thanks to him and Bender, that I see the way they are with their wives. I guess I've learned a thing or two about what it means to love a woman by watching them love theirs.

They do it without shame or reservation, holding nothing back. That's exactly how I plan to be with Morgan. She'll have every piece of me, no matter who is watching, no matter what.

It's the only way I know how to be with her. She stole my heart and claimed it as her own. *Property of Morgan Tempest.*

"Why are you bugging me? It's Sunday."

"You missed the performance." He tsks like he's disappointed, but I read the humor in his eyes. "After threatening my life to get tickets."

"Something came up."

He smirks. "Yeah, I bet it did."

Morgan blushes bright red, looking everywhere except directly at Giant.

"We saw it on Saturday." Even though we missed the performance on Friday, I managed to score tickets to the Saturday show. It took a small miracle, but it was worth it. My little bookworm loved every second of the show. I spent the whole thing watching her.

"I know." Giant grins at me. "But I had to give you shit about missing Friday."

"You came all the way out here to give me shit?"

"Nope. I'm actually here on official business." He nods at Morgan. "Her brother hired me."

She blanches, her mouth falling open. "He didn't."

"He did. Said you were missing. He's convinced this big idiot murdered you and hid your body because you stopped answering your phone."

"Oh, I'm going to kill him," she hisses.

"Jesus Christ." I shake my head, not entirely surprised by this turn of events. Miles Tempest was not thrilled that his baby sister ran off to Memphis with me. He was even less thrilled when she told him to mind his own business.

He and I need to have that discussion sooner rather than later. He can't be stressing her out. It's not good for her. She could be carrying my kid.

God, I hope she's carrying my kid.

"You want me to tell him that she's alive and well or what?" Giant asks me.

"Nah. I'll handle it."

He jerks his chin in a nod before glancing down at Morgan. "You may want

to call your friend, too. The chick who's marrying George Graydon. The whole bridal party has been calling all weekend, looking for you. They're also convinced this big idiot kidnapped you."

"Oh my God!" Morgan cries. "Why is everyone in my life suddenly crazy?"

"I mean, you did run off with a stripper," Giant says, and then he smirks at me. "Crissy, one of the bridesmaids, wanted to know if you do private parties, by the way. I'm guessing the answer is no?"

"Tell Crissy that his stripping days are over," Morgan growls, jealousy flashing in her eyes. "He's retired. Actually, I'll tell her myself."

"What she said," I agree, fighting a smile. Fuck, I think I like her wearing that jealous look over me. It's sexy as hell... and completely unnecessary. No one gets to see any part of me except for her, which I remind her when I tuck her up against my side, pressing my lips to her temple. "I only strip for my future wife."

"Goddamn, I love the water in this town," Giant says, clapping me on the shoulder. "Congratulations."

I lift my chin in acknowledgment, my eyes locked on Morgan, who is staring at me in complete shock.

Yeah, little bookworm. You heard me right. You're marrying me.

"Future wife?" she mouths.

I wink at her and then hold out my fist for Giant to bump. "I'll see you tomorrow, fucker. I've got shit to do."

"Yeah. Good luck with that." He laughs quietly. "Miles Tempest is not thrilled with you."



ot thrilled with me is an understatement, I quickly learn. Miles is waiting on

N Morgan's front porch when we pull up out front, and judging by the glare on his face, he's been there for a while, growing madder by the minute.

"Let me handle him, Temptation," I murmur, placing a hand on Morgan's arm when she spots him and starts muttering to herself about strangling him.

"He tried to report me as missing, Grizz!"

"He worries about you."

"I'm a big girl."

"Yeah, you are." I smile, tucking strands of hair behind her ear. "But to him, you'll always be his baby sister. He'll always worry his ass off about you. He wouldn't be worth a damn as a brother if he didn't worry." As far as I'm concerned, the fact that he worries about her says a lot about the kind of man he is.

It says a lot about the kind of woman she is, too. She engenders loyalty from the people in her life. They want to protect her because they love her. Because it's impossible to know her and not love her. She's shy and sweet and sassy when she wants to be. She's fucking perfect.

Her brother has been watching over her for her entire life. He knows how incredible she is. He's probably been beating assholes off her with a stick. But I'm not one of them. The only thing I want from her is whatever little crumbs she's willing to give me.

Okay, that's a lie. I want every piece of her. Her brother is just going to have to accept it because I'm not going anywhere. He can do his worst. I'm a dog with a bone now.

"Fine," she mumbles. "But if you two kill each other, I'm stepping over your bodies and going to eat ice cream."

"You want ice cream?"

"You don't want ice cream?" She eyes me like I'm the crazy one here. She may have a point. Especially if I get to eat it off her perfect body.

"Wait here." I hop out, circling around to her.

"About fucking time you brought her home," Miles growls, stomping down the steps toward me. He looks just like Morgan, only bigger. He's a brawny motherfucker with eyes just as gray as his sister's. "Much longer and I was flying to Memphis to bring her home myself."

"Good to see you again too, Miles," I say dryly.

He grunts instead of responding.

"She was perfectly safe with me."

"Says you." He stops a few steps from me with his feet planted apart and his arms crossed over his broad chest. "You both could have been dead in a ditch somewhere for all I knew."

"Are you pissed she's with me specifically, or are you pissed she's with a man in general?" I ask, keeping my voice pitched low to keep Morgan from overhearing. This is between the two of us. "Because if it's the former, I can't do shit about that. But if it's the latter, you know damn well that she's safe with me, man."

"Do I?" He cocks his head to the side, staring at me like he's never seen me before. Which is fucking funny considering we've been doing security for the Falcons off and on since they came to town. "You've spent most of your life running around with Bender's band, living large. She's a good girl. But the first chance you get, you've got her running off for the weekend without a word to anyone."

Well, shit.

"It wasn't even like that," I mutter. "I took her to see Les Mis. It's her favorite book. I thought she should see it live at least once."

"You took her to see Les Mis?"

"Despite what you clearly think, I haven't spent my life living large." I shake my head, bemused at his miscalculation. "I don't fuck around. I spent half my goddamn time on the road with my nose stuck in a fucking book."

Living the rockstar life isn't what I've missed since Bender retired. I never gave a shit about any of that. It was having a purpose and something to do

every day. I've just been drifting since the band retired, picking up clients here and there. I miss the fuck out of the band. I wasn't made for boredom.

"You're serious."

"As a heart attack. I'm in love with your sister. You don't have to like it. I don't even expect you to like me. But don't break her heart," I say. "You do that, we're going to have major fucking problems."

He watches me for a long moment and then blows out a sharp breath. "Jesus Christ. You are in love with her."

"And I love him, too."

I glance over my shoulder as Morgan's voice rings out loud and clear from behind me. She's out of the truck, standing a few feet behind me with her hands on her wide hips.

"Jesus, Morgan," Miles growls.

"You hired Cormac Carmichael to find me," she growls right back at him, fire flashing in her eyes. "Are you insane?"

"I..."

"*Don't* answer that."

Miles, wisely, snaps his mouth closed.

"I'm a big girl, Miles. I love you for looking out for me, and I'm sorry I didn't call you before we left, but you are not the boss of me," she says quietly, stepping up beside me. "I'm allowed to have adventures instead of reading them for once. You should want that for me."

"Of course, I want that for you."

"Then stop being a jerk to Grizz because he's been pretty freaking amazing to me, even though I got him beat up by the Bride Tribe."

Miles' gaze darts from his sister to me. My split lip has healed, and the black eye is all but gone now. A tiny purple bruise is all that remains, but, of course, he zeroes in on it. His lips twitch, his disgruntled expression easing. "Fuck. I guess I can't break his jaw then," he mutters before guffawing. "You

wouldn't last a week on the ice, Delacorte."

I politely tell him what I think of that. With my middle finger. But the tension falls from my shoulders and the knot in my stomach dissolves. If he's laughing, I think we're good. That's all I need.

I pull Morgan into my arms, pressing my lips to her temple. "Told you to let me handle it," I murmur against her skin.

"You were taking too long," she complains, making me smile. "I really want ice cream. And another private show."

Well, hell. Who am I to tell her no?

EIGHT

MORGAN



Tears fill my eyes as I stand in front of the altar while Camden and George promise to spend the rest of their lives together. Out of the corner of my eye, I glance around, trying to get a peek at my caveman standing on the other side of the aisle with the other groomsmen.

I find his eyes trained intently on me. When he runs his tongue around his lips and winks at me, I barely resist the urge to fan myself. Oh, man. How long is this freaking ceremony going to last anyway?

My stubborn caveman put his foot down and refused to let any other man walk down the aisle with me, even though it isn't our ceremony. My brother

and Giant gave him hell, but Grizz refused to bend. In the end, Camden and her fiancé, George Graydon, agreed to add another groomsman and bridesmaid to the wedding party so I could walk with my caveman.

I'm not at all upset with this turn of events. In fact, I'm completely turned on and in love with my caveman. I might've read thousands of romance books over the years, but none of those book boyfriends hold a candle to my real-life hero.

The ceremony finally comes to an end, and the bride and groom head back down the aisle followed by each of us. When I wrap my arm around Grizz's, he leans over to whisper next to my ear, "That fucking ceremony was thirty goddamn minutes too long."

"It only lasted thirty minutes." I snort, trying to keep a serious look as we walk down the aisle.

"Like I said, way too fucking long. I was tempted to throw your gorgeous ass over my shoulder and get the fuck out of here midway through." My entire body heats from the inside out.

"I owe you a special reward for resisting the urge." My teasing causes my own blood to heat when fantasies of how I could reward Grizz flash through my mind.

"Why don't you agree to run off to Vegas and marry me tomorrow for my reward?" Shocked, I suddenly halt, nearly causing Crissy and Eric to plow into us from behind.

"Are you serious?" He doesn't answer. Instead, my caveman tugs on my arm and leads me to the empty back corner of the large cathedral.

"Dead serious. We can be husband and wife by this time tomorrow." The theme of our short relationship has been throwing caution to the wind, and I don't intend to change things now. After all, things are pretty freaking fantastic.

"Let's do it." The only cloud in my bright sunny sky is my brother. Oh well, he'll just have to get over it. I plan to avoid him until we can escape from the wedding reception. Then I'll worry about dealing with Miles once I'm Grizz's wife.



When my caveman decides to get something done, he really gets it done. The morning after Camden's wedding, we're on another private jet on our way to Las Vegas.

"How did you borrow this plane without giving away our little secret?" I lean back against the buttery soft leather seat and take a sip of my champagne. It might be seven-thirty in the morning, but I decided to start celebrating early. Plus, my nerves could use a little liquid courage. In my heart, I know marrying Grizz is the right decision, but I'm still a little nervous. Okay. A whole lot nervous.

"I rented this one." Ah. That explains why my brother hasn't texted me a hundred times already. "I'm not taking any chances until I have my ring on your finger. I'd prefer to ask for forgiveness than permission."

"I like the way you think." I lean my head against his shoulder and relax when a sudden thought crosses my mind. "As long as you're not using that philosophy with me."

"Never. I plan to get into all my future trouble with you at my side." He smiles and leans over to kiss me to within an inch of my life. By the time we come up for air, I've forgotten what we were talking about.

The rest of the morning passes in a blur. After landing at the private airstrip, Grizz whisks me away to a small chapel. I'm not sure how he arranged this so fast, but everything is ready to go. Within an hour, we're signing our marriage certificate.

Once all the formalities are done, my new husband doesn't waste a second, and we make it to the hotel in record time. "Fucking finally." He slams the suite door shut and turns to me. "I love you, Mrs. Delacorte."

"I love you, too." I decide to tease my new husband a little bit. I have to keep him on his toes, after all. "What are we going to do now? Feel like watching a movie?"

“Maybe later. Right now, I’m about to blow my wife’s mind.” He steps back and rips off his jacket and tie.

“I guess we can watch a movie later.” I shrug and point my head to the bedroom. “What are we waiting for? I’m ready to have my mind blown.” In one move, he lifts me against his chest and turns to rush across the suite.

The lights from the Vegas strip illuminate the room. Without turning on the lights, he kicks the door shut before setting me on my feet next to the bed.

“Do you want to keep the dress?” I don’t recognize his voice.

“Yes?” Why is he worrying about my wedding dress right now?

“I have a recurring fantasy of ripping a dress off your luscious body, but I’ll take a raincheck.” It should scare me that he can read my mind so easily, but I find it incredibly hot. When he rips his shirt open and buttons zing across the room, my mind goes blank.

I run my hands up his naked chest, feeling like a kid at Disneyland. He throws back his head and growls my name, and I feel incredibly powerful. He stops my exploration when I reach his waistband.

“I can’t take much more, Temptation. I’m going to come in my pants if you keep touching me.” Grizz spins me around and makes quick work of unbuttoning all the buttons down the back of my dress. He lets the silky material drop to the floor before kissing the back of my neck. “Lie on the bed.” I should be a little self-conscious, wearing just white lacy panties, but the passion shining from his dark eyes wipes all my concerns away.

“I need you.” I step back and sit on the edge of the bed. When he leans over to suck one of my nipples into his mouth, I drop onto the soft comforter. He kisses his way across my chest and gives the other side the same attention.

I groan when he pulls away to let his dress pants drop down his legs. “I want you too much to take my time.” He crawls over me and places a soft kiss on my neck.

“I’m not complaining.” And I’m not.

He spreads my legs and my pulse skyrockets. When he runs a finger around

my wet opening, I whimper and beg him to move things along. My husband puts me out of my misery and presses on my clit with his thumb while pressing two fingers deep into my core. I lose track of time while he keeps his promise and blows my mind.

“Please,” I plead as he takes his time touching every inch of me before starting the entire process again. I’m not sure where he found all this patience, but I’m dying here. “I need you.”

An orgasm blasts through me when he bites down gently on the side of my neck while curling his fingers to rub them against my sensitive walls.

As tremors run through my body, he places his shaft at my intimate opening and ever so slowly presses forward.

My nails grip his shoulders as his thrusts pick up speed. I lift my hips to match his thrusts, but it’s hard to keep up with my husband. He rotates his hips a little to one side, and the new angle causes his erection to rub against a sensitive spot that drives me wild.

Mr. Overachiever isn’t happy until I come so many times, I lose track of all the climaxes. Two can play this game. I slide my hands down his muscular back and dig my nails into his perfect buns while clenching my inner muscles tight around his erection as another orgasm tears through me.

His huge body shudders above me, and he comes with me.

“I love you,” he whispers into my ear, and I’d return the sentiment if his huge cock hadn’t already stolen my ability to speak.

A little while later, I decide to steal his ability to speak.

Careful not to wake up my dozing husband, I scoot down the bed with one mission in mind. I lightly stroke his shaft while trying to decide where to start. “Fuck, I want to wake up like this every day.” I guess he caught me.

“We can negotiate later. Right now, I’m on a mission to blow your mind.” I place a soft kiss on the tip and slowly slide my hand up and down.

“Blow away.” He moans and wraps his hand in my messy hair. His muscular legs tremble when I close my lips around his erection and suck, heightening

my own pleasure. It takes a few tries, but I figure things out and my husband isn't complaining. I'm going to freaking love married life.



The next morning, my eyes blink open and I realize something is missing. Grizz's powerful body isn't pressed against my backside. I roll over and glance around the room. Nope, no sign of my husband.

We were too busy yesterday to unpack our suitcases. We didn't even bring them into the bedroom, so I'm out of luck when it comes to having something to wear. Oh well. I'm pretty sure my caveman won't mind me walking around the suite naked. In fact, it might encourage him to continue our workout.

I stick my head out the bedroom door and glance around, expecting to find Grizz somewhere in the living room. My heart drops a little after I rush around and find the entire suite empty. I grab my cellphone and dial his number, but the call goes straight to voicemail.

Wondering where he disappeared to and not wanting to take the time to dig through my suitcase before I find out, I throw on my wedding dress and pull on his discarded dress shirt over it. Before I leave the suite, I slip my feet into my nude pumps, completing my morning-after outfit. I don't care if I look like I'm taking a walk of shame; I have a missing husband to find, and we have a honeymoon to continue.

Luckily, I find the hallway deserted. When the elevator immediately opens, I breathe a sigh of relief and step in. So far, so good. My incredible luck holds until the elevator doors swish open a couple of floors down.

Swallowing, I watch as two rough-looking, extra-smelly men stumble into the elevator. I mean, these two men look like they've been ridden hard and put away wet. They both look me up and down a few times, and I swear one licks his lips. Eww. I tug Grizz's shirt tight around myself, and his warm, spicy scent helps disguise their disgusting unclean smell.

When the older of the two turns and leers at me, I notice the huge gaping hole where two of his front teeth are missing and almost gag. “Aren’t you a sweet little morsel,” the younger, slightly ickier one sneers. Shoot. I suddenly regret my tendency to react without thinking things through. I glance between the two of them, noticing how bedraggled they are. Their dirty jeans, threadbare t-shirts, and greasy hair added to the dirty smell clinging to them tell me these men aren’t staying at this five-star hotel. For the first time since I met Grizz, I’m scared, actually terrified. I know my husband will do whatever it takes to protect me, but I’m definitely making his job tougher.

The younger creep presses the red emergency button, and the elevator halts between floors. Now, my fear of whatever nefarious plan these men have combines with my fear of being stuck in an elevator. “Now, we have time to get to know her.”

“I’m really in a hurry,” I attempt niceness first. “Someone is waiting for me.”

“Whoever it is will have to wait until we’re finished with you.” The younger one ends my hopes of getting out of here without issues. Pulling up my big girl pants, I realize I need to take control of this situation. I call on every single self-defense technique my brother has drilled into my head over the years and dive between the two men with my hand aimed at the alarm. Before either is able to react, my finger hits the button, sending the elevator soaring back up at the same time their horrible stench hits my nose.

When the older one reaches for me, I elbow him in the nose, sending blood pouring down his face. “Not today, Satan,” I growl and spin around to drive my knee into the younger creep’s sweet spot.

The doors open behind me, and I spin around to get the heck out of there but find my husband’s furious eyes taking in the scene. Well, at least he’s getting to see what the next sixty or so years will be like. Me causing trouble and him cleaning up the mess.

NINE

GRIZZ



As soon as I hear the elevator alarm, my stomach sinks. My wife isn't in our room, and the fucking alarm is going off. Every instinct I have screams for me to get to her... right the fuck now.

I barely make it to the elevator before the doors slide open.

One look inside tells me everything I need to know. Rage bubbles up from deep within and I see red.

"Out of the elevator, little bookworm," I growl, holding out a hand to her.

She doesn't waste any time taking it. She allows me to pull her into my arms.

She's as brave as she is sweet. Despite the fear in her eyes, she doesn't tremble or cry. She stands tall as I look her over, meticulously looking for any signs that these motherfuckers put their hands on her.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes," she whispers. "They called me a sweet little morsel and pushed the emergency stop button."

"We were only playing."

Good. If they like to play, they won't mind if I play with them for a little while then.

"I broke the big one's nose."

"I see that." I brush my lips against her forehead. "Go back to our room and call down to the front desk. Tell them to send security up here."

The little fucker hears me and starts stabbing the button as if he can make the elevator move with my boot blocking the doors. They aren't going anywhere until I decide to let them. And I haven't decided to let them.

"I can't leave you alone with them," Morgan cries, her eyes wide and worried. "What if they're dangerous? What if they have weapons?"

I want to fucking howl at the thought.

They were locked alone in an elevator with her—*they scared her*—and she's worried about me. They don't share her concerns for my safety. The color drains from the little bastard's face. He knows he's fucked. The big one is too busy trying to stop the bleeding.

"Go, Temptation. Before they manage to get away and hurt someone," I say, gently turning her toward our room. "Lock the door behind you and don't open it for anyone but me."

"Fine!" she cries. "But I'm going to be so mad if anything happens to you, Grizz Delacorte."

It's not, I can guarantee that.

I wait until she runs back to our room before I step onto the elevator with the

little motherfuckers, allowing the door to close behind me.

"You like to play, huh?" I say, stabbing the emergency stop button to keep the elevator on the top floor. No sense in having security chasing us all over the building. "Let's see how much you like to play with someone your own fucking size."

"We were just kidding with her, ma—"

I drive my fist into his face, silencing him.

Turns out, they don't like playing nearly as much as they thought they did.



"**Y**ou're alive!" Morgan cries, flinging herself at me as soon as she opens the door for me an hour later.

I scoop her up into my arms, carrying her into our room while she wraps herself around me like a koala bear.

"Of course, I'm alive, little bookworm," I murmur in her hair, breathing her in. She smells a helluva lot better than the two sewer rats from the elevator. "You think I'm going to leave you alone twelve hours after I married you? Fuck no."

"I was so worried."

I plant my hands on her ass, marching her toward the bed. As soon as my knees touch the soft mattress, I drop her before crawling over her.

"Look at me, Temptation."

Her beautiful eyes meet mine, her arms looped around my neck.

"You don't ever have to worry about me making it back to you safely," I murmur, my voice firm. "No matter what, I will always come home to you. But no one threatens you. No one scares you. Not without answering to me."

"Okay," she whispers and then bites her bottom lip. "Um, did you at least leave them alive?"

"They're alive. Security was calling the police to have them arrested. They keep trespassing into the hotel. I don't think they'll be doing it again once they get out of jail." We had a discussion. Actually, I talked. They listened. And bled. But that's beside the point. They won't be showing up at the hotel or harassing another woman again.

And if they forget what we discussed, well, I slipped security my number. If they show up again, security will call me. I have no problem making a special trip out here to have another discussion with the motherfuckers. I don't think that'll be necessary, though. They bit off more than they could chew today. I have a feeling they'll be reconsidering their extracurriculars while they heal.

"Good," Morgan whispers, her nose scrunching up. "Hopefully the jail will give them showers. They did not smell pleasant."

"I'd like to get you naked and soapy." I nuzzle her throat, nipping at her skin. "I'm thinking about making you wear that dress every day just so I can get you out of it again, wife."

"I like this plan. Oh!" She shoves at my shoulders, flying into a sitting position. "Giant called. He said you have to call him back immediately."

I rest my forehead on her collarbone, groaning, "I don't want to call Giant."

"He said it's an emergency. I think he was serious."

"Fuck my life." I press my lips to hers and roll off her to grab my phone from the bedside table where I left it. Sure enough, he's been blowing up my phone for the last hour.

"This better be an actual emergency and not some bullshit Giant emergency," I growl as soon as he answers. "Because your definition of emergency and the rest of the world's definition are drastically different, motherfucker."

"Miles knows you ran off to Vegas to get married. He's pissed."

"What the fuck? How do you know where we are?"

"This is Silver Spoon Falls. Everyone knows where you are," Giant snorts.

"Did you really think hiring your own plane would keep her brother from finding you?"

"He told me to make an honest woman out of her," I mutter, scrubbing a hand down my face. Having a brother-in-law is complicated as fuck. Thank God my sisters aren't ever getting married. I'm squashing that idea now. I've had one brother-in-law for twelve hours, and he's already stressing me out. I don't need three more.

"She's his only sister, you dumbass. He wanted to walk her down the aisle," Giant says. "Now, he can't. You're screwed. He's probably going to hire a hitman. RIP, my guy. R.I.P."

"Son of a bitch."

"What's wrong?" Morgan asks.

"Thanks for the heads-up," I tell Giant. "I'll handle it."

"Yeah, good luck with that." The bastard laughs at me. "If you die, I'm keeping all your cool shit."

I hang up on him before tossing my phone and turning to my little bookworm. She's still on the bed, propped up on a stack of pillows, looking like a goddess. Fuck me. Her brother is going to kick my ass for depriving him of the opportunity to see her in her wedding dress, looking this beautiful.

"Marry me," I blurt.

"Um, I already did that, Grizz." She beams at me, holding up her hand to show me the rock on her finger. "Elvis was there and everything."

"I know. I mean, marry me again, Temptation. The right way this time." I stride toward her, kneeling beside the bed. Now that she's mine and I can think straight, I have to make it right. It's the right thing to do for her and her brother. She deserves those memories as much as he does. "I want to marry you again surrounded by our friends and family."

"Is this about Miles?" she asks, suspicion rife in her expression.

"It's about you. When we're ninety, I don't want you to feel like you missed a single goddamn thing with me, bookworm. You deserve every memory,

every milestone. I want to give them to you, starting with the most perfect fucking wedding of your dreams."

Her expression softens. "You're so much better than one of my book boyfriends," she whispers.

"You aren't allowed to have book boyfriends, Temptation. You aren't allowed to have any boyfriends except for me."

"Shh." She places her fingers over my lips. "You're basically perfect, Grizz. Don't ruin it now."

"Is that a yes?"

"Yes."

I exhale a breath and scoop her into my arms, pressing my lips to hers. Fuck. She's marrying me again in front of everyone who matters. I don't know what I did to deserve her, but I make a note to keep doing it.

"Where are we going?" she asks, her lips against mine as I stand upright with her in my arms.

"We have shit to do, Temptation. I have a wife to unwrap. Orgasms to give. A wedding to plan. Shit. To. Do." Like making sure I'm the only man she ever thinks about. Fuck those book boyfriends.

"Oh," she whispers against my lips. "Carry on, then."

I chuckle, more than willing to oblige.

EPILOGUE 1

MORGAN



NINE-ISH MONTHS LATER

“I’m still debating killing your asshole husband,” my all-bark and no-bite brother grumbles, but the tears in his eyes as he holds my newborn daughter close to his chest give away his true feelings. “Ever since you started puking from morning sickness at your goddamn wedding, I’ve been planning my revenge.”

“Oh, come on.” I blow a stray hair out of my face and sit back against the cool hospital sheets. “We’d already been married for six weeks.” I remind

him that it took us over a month to put together our fancy wedding in Silver Spoon Falls. “You can’t be upset that I was already pregnant.”

“Yes, I can,” my brother grumbles without heat. “That big bastard took you away from me, so I can hold a grudge as long as I like.” He sounds like a petulant toddler.

“Get over yourself.” Speak of the devil. My caveman comes walking into the hospital room with his boss. Giant has his mammoth arms wrapped around a pink teddy bear that’s easily six feet tall, while Grizz carries three pink glittery bags with balloons hanging from the handles. “We all know I grew on you and you love me like a brother.”

“More like a fungus,” my brother mutters under his breath and makes a cooing face at Arina.

“Sorry to hear you got the dreaded fungus.” Giant glances over at me and winks. The big lug just can’t help himself. He lives to give both Miles and Grizz hell.

I look over and find my husband snapping pictures of Miles with the sappy look on his face. “What the fuck?” My brother looks up and catches him. Oops. He wasn’t fast enough.

“I thought the team Instagram page would love to see you enjoying your new niece.” My caveman doesn’t pull off innocent well. In fact, he kinda resembles the cat who ate the canary right now.

“Over my dead body.” My brother stands with Arina in his arms and lets Giant get a quick peek at our daughter before he steps next to the bed and hands me my newborn.

“We can arrange that,” Grizz says without heat. “This is for you from all the men at work.” He drops the three large gift bags on the edge of my bed.

“And this guy is from me,” Giant cuts in, pointing to the massive stuffed animal sitting in one of the hospital chairs.

“You shouldn’t have.” My husband scowls at his boss.

“I know.” Giant isn’t the least bit put out. “But it was a two-for-one. I got to

buy my goddaughter the biggest bear in Silver Spoon Falls and annoy the fuck out of you all in one shot.”

“Wait a fucking minute.” My brother’s roar fills the large hospital suite. “I’m her godfather.”

Both men look over at me imploringly. Oh heck. Not this again. Ever since I puked my guts up at our wedding, they have been dropping hints about why each should be the baby’s godfather. Luckily, my husband had a great idea to handle the situation.

“We want you both to be co-godfathers to Arina.” I look between the two men, wondering how long it will take for them to argue who’s the best godfather.

“There’s no doubt I’ll be her favorite godfather.” Giant wins the prize with my brother close on his heels.

“Oh, hell no. I already bought her a pair of pink sparkly ice skates. She’s going to like me best.” I’ve seen the ice skates. They are a women's size eight. My daughter won’t be wearing them for years, but I keep that little tidbit to myself.

“I bought her a man-sized pink teddy bear.” My husband’s large boss sputters.

“When do you think I should tell them that I bought her a baby pink Hummer?” My husband sits on the bed next to me and wraps his arms around my shoulders. That’s a subject for another day. A touchy subject. If I live to be one hundred, I’ll never figure out how he thought buying a fetus an eighty-five-thousand-dollar vehicle was a good idea. At least I have a big vehicle to borrow when the weather is bad, which I’m sure played into my husband’s thinking.

“Let them fight it out for a while, then you can break it to them.” I snuggle into his strong embrace, enjoying the entertainment.

EPILOGUE 1.5

GRIZZ



“Fucking finally,” I sigh, scooping my baby girl up into my arms. I cradle her against my chest, my heart pulsing. I’ve been waiting all damn day for everyone to go away so I can have my wife and baby to myself.

Arina snuggles right in with a little grunt, her tiny fist against my throat.

“She’s so tiny,” Morgan whispers from the bed, watching us through sleepy eyes.

She is tiny. And perfect, exactly like her mama.

“She’s going to look just like you, bookworm.” I scowl at the thought.

“Maybe it’s a good thing Miles and Giant are already fighting over who is going to be the best godfather. I’ll need all the help I can get watching over her.”

Morgan groans, dropping her head back against the pillow. “Don’t you dare encourage them, Grizz Delacorte.”

“I’m just saying.”

“Say less!” she cries, making me smile. “They’re going to drive me crazy.”

“No can do.” I stride across the hospital room toward her and lean down, cradling Arina carefully so I can press my lips to Morgan’s temple. “It’s my job to drive you crazy.”

She hums sweetly. “You’re so good at it, too.”

“Smart-ass.”

Her soft laugh hits me right in the heart, just like always. “The truth hurts, caveman.”

“Scoot over and make room for us. We have something important to do.”

“We do?”

“Mmhmm.”

She eyes me curiously as she wriggles over, making room for me to settle beside her. Once she’s situated, I hand Arina to her and then dig through the diaper bag beside the bed before pulling out the book I packed.

“Oh,” Morgan whispers when she sees it. “You brought a book?”

“You said Miles used to read to you all the time.” I settle onto the bed beside her. “They’re some of your favorite memories, so I thought you might like to carry on the tradition with Arina.”

“He read to me to drown out the sound of our parents fighting.”

“He read to you to remind you that the world was bigger than what you guys were going through,” I say, wrapping an arm around her. “He read to you to comfort you and to spend time with you. He read to you because he loved

you. We'll read to our kids for the same reasons, little bookworm."

Morgan and I don't fight. There will be no arguments to drown out. But we will teach our kids that the world is bigger than their own bubble and that there's comfort to be found between the covers of a favorite book. I want them to appreciate reading as much as Morgan does. I want them to live a thousand lifetimes, too.

"I love that." She smiles up at me, her expression soft. "I never thought of it that way."

"I'm a smart fucker sometimes, Temptation."

"Occasionally."

I growl at her, making her laugh.

"What book did you bring?"

I flip it over so she can see the worn, tattered copy of *Les Misérables*.

Her eyes light up. "Perfect," she whispers.

EPILOGUE 2

MORGAN



NINE YEARS LATER

“Are you nuts?” my brother finally loses his cool and yells over the glass. I was just sitting here in the Silver Spoon High School Arena, wondering how long it would take for Miles to freak out. “That was a clean hit.”

“Sit down.” I grab his arm, but my incensed brother ignores me and keeps yelling at my nine-year-old daughter’s coach. “You’re embarrassing me.”

“It’s embarrassing that they are making those mistakes in an important

game.” I roll my eyes at him. I knew this was going to be a bad idea. Ever since Arina could walk, Miles has been teaching her to ice skate. When she asked to play hockey like her Uncle Wiles, he just about wet himself.

“How’s the blood pressure, Uncle Wiles? I mean, godfather number two?” Giant and Bella scoot in next to us. When Arina started talking, she decided she likes the name Wiles better. I did everything I could think of to change the toddler’s mind, but here we are eight years later and both kids call my brother Uncle Wiles. I secretly think my husband and Giant encouraged Arina.

“You tell me since you’re godfather number two.” I swear my brother looks like a three-year-old toddler right this second.

“Boys.” Bella decides to take this round of godfather control. “It’s Arina’s first game. Let’s all get along.” She glares at her husband, daring him to argue, before turning her laser stare toward my brother. “Later, you two can take it out back to figure things out.”

“He started it,” Giant mumbles, only to have his wife turn to him with fire brimming from her bright blue eyes.

“So sorry I’m late, Temptation.” Grizz sits next to me while our five-year-old son wiggles in between Giant and Miles. “I stopped at Gatsby Books on the way here. The little man’s new book came in.” My husband pulls me close to his side and wraps his arm around my shoulder, glancing around like he has to protect me from other men. Like he hasn’t already made sure every man in Silver Spoon Falls knows who I belong to.

What can I say? I love my caveman and his sweet, protective ways. “I love you.” I give him a quick kiss on the lips.

“Love you, too. I’ll show you just how much later.” My body overheats at his whispered words. I glance over at the clock, wondering how much longer I have to wait until this game is over. Shoot. Two more periods to go. This might be the longest night of my life.

“Uncle Wiles, look at the new book my daddy bought me.” Aleksei holds up the new fantasy novel for my brother, and I appreciate the distraction. “I’ll let you read it once I’m done.”

“See, number one godfather,” my brother mouths to Giant over my son’s head.

In an effort to keep things easy and simple, we made both men co-godfathers to Aleksei, too, thinking it would help with the obnoxious competition between the two men. Only, it had the opposite effect when Giant and Miles upped their efforts to win over both children.

I’m not sure where they find the time, between their own families and their careers, but they’re both relentless in their battle to win the best godfather crown.

“I’m not even going to tell you what Tiny is planning for Arina’s tenth birthday,” Bella leans over and whispers in my ear before rolling her eyes dramatically.

“Please tell me it isn’t another bright pink ATV.” God, I almost had a heart attack when Giant showed up with the ATV and helmet for Arina’s ninth birthday. I made my husband and his boss promise that they wouldn’t let my daughter ride the darn thing until she had the proper lessons. Luckily, the security firm owner was way ahead of me and had already booked Arina and Aleksei for ATV training courses.

“Nope. Definitely not a ten-thousand-dollar machine,” my friend snorts. “He went overboard this time and got tickets for all of us to go to the Winter Olympics next year.” Fudge muffin. It’s going to be hard for my brother to top that, but I’m sure he’ll try.

“I don’t even know what to do with these men.” I sigh and snuggle into my husband’s embrace.

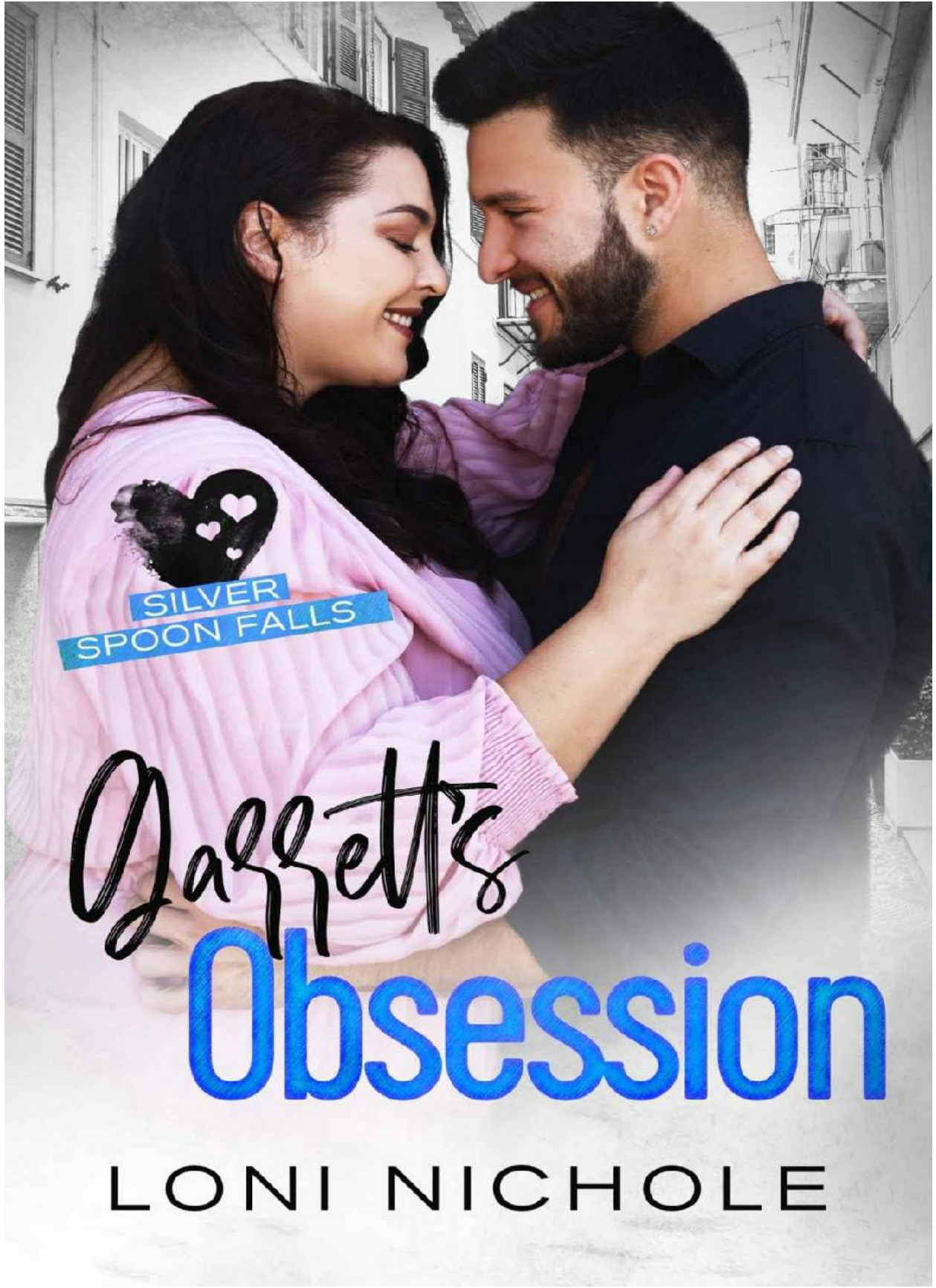
“Love them and kick their butts when necessary to keep them in line.” Bella’s got that one right. It requires daily butt-kicking to keep a Silver Spoon Falls man under control, and I’m the right woman for the task.

THE END OF

Grizz's **Passion**

Thank you for reading Grizz's Passion. We hope you enjoyed the story and will consider leaving a review.

[Garrett's Obsession](#), the last story in the Silver Spoon Falls series is coming soon!



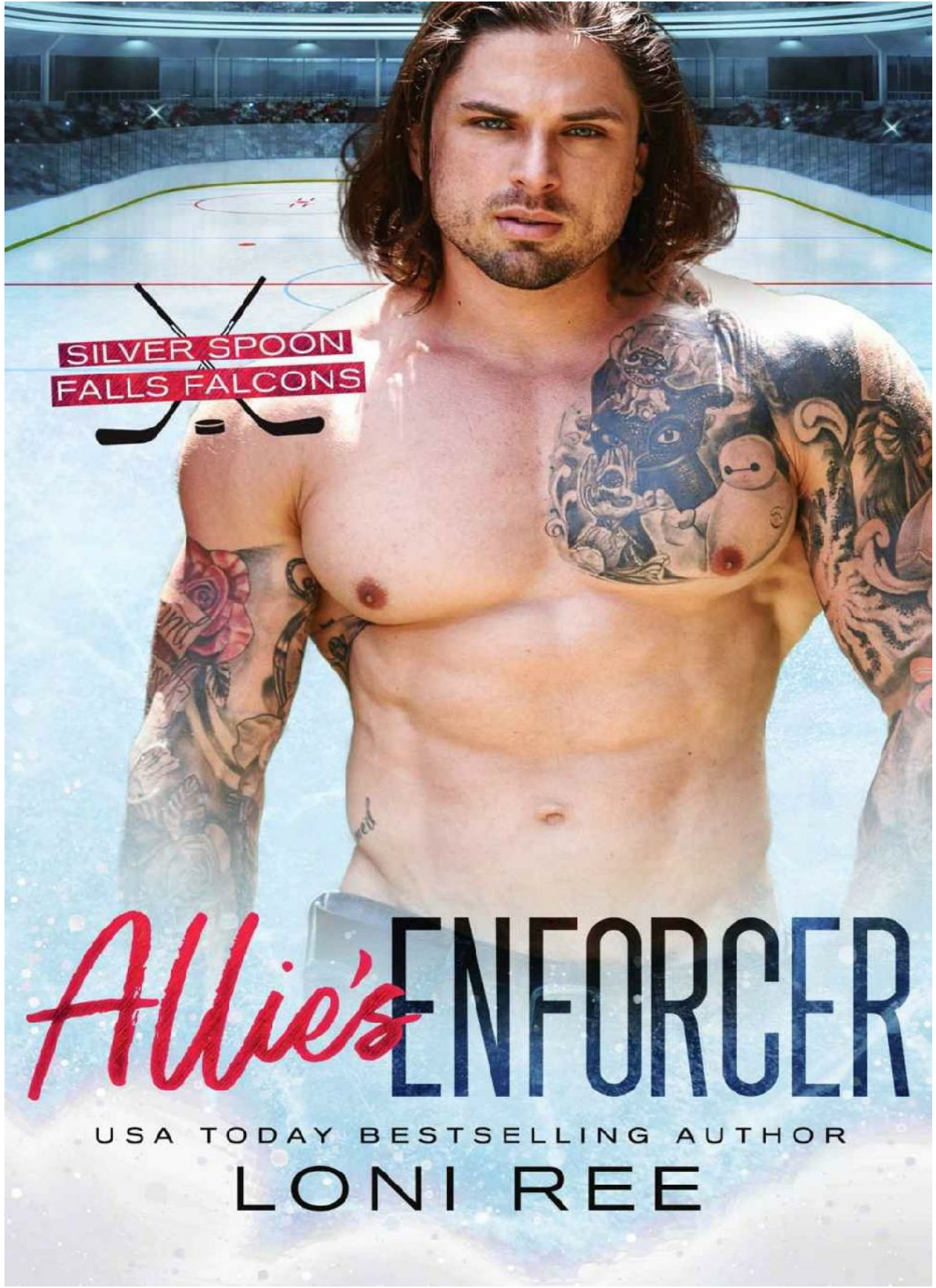
SILVER
SPOON FALLS

Gazette's

Obsession

LONI NICHOLE

Miles Tempest is getting his happily ever after in [Allie's Enforcer](#) by Loni Ree!



SILVER SPOON
FALLS FALCONS



Allie's ENFORCER

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LONI REE

SILVER SPOON FALLS UNIVERSE



Nichole Rose and Loni Ree are taking over the universe. 🤪 JUST KIDDING!

They're actually building their own little world-the Silver Spoon Falls Universe. Welcome to the Silver Spoon Falls Universe, where forever means exactly that.

They hope you'll join us this year and next as they introduce you guys to even more of the men and women who call Silver Spoon Falls home in the Silver Spoon Falls series and the Silver Spoon Underworld series.



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.



Check out the Silver Spoon MC on audiobook.

SILVER SPOON MC

the CEO
LONI REE

the CEO
LONI REE

the CEO
LONI REE

AUDIO BOOK

NOW AVAILABLE



SILVER
SPOON MC



AVAILABLE
IN AUDIO

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



Ryker's Reward
LONI NICHOLE



Zane's Rebel
LONI NICHOLE



Xavier's Kitten
NICHOLE ROSE



Callum's Hope
NICHOLE ROSE



Gizzi's Passion
LONI NICHOLE



Gizzi's Obsession
LONI NICHOLE

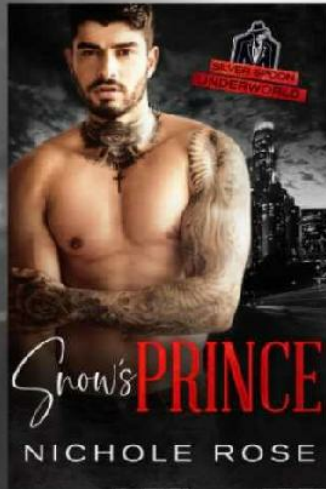
- ✓ OVER THE TOP
- ✓ CURVY HEROINES
- ✓ SUGARY-SWEET
- ✓ ALPHA HEROES
- ✓ STEAMY INSTALOVE

SILVER SPOON UNDERWORLD

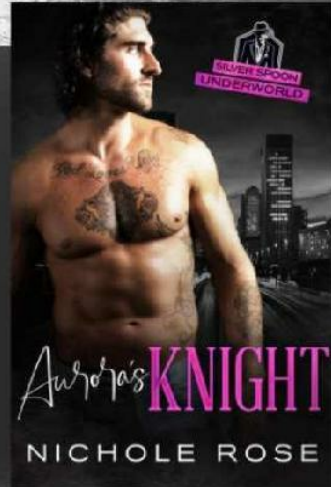
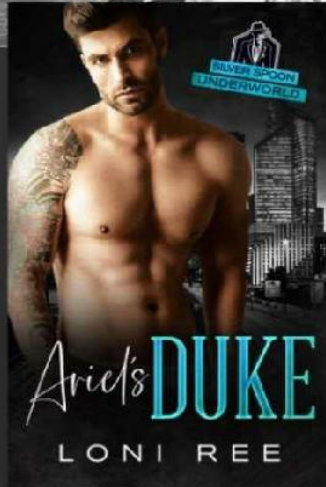


Welcome to Silver Spoon Falls, TX. The men here are known for having it all. Except there's a shortage of eligible ladies in town to share it with. These determined men won't let that slow them down. Like the MC brotherhood who calls this small-town home, their best friends, brothers, and neighbors will 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!



- ✓ OVER THE TOP
- ✓ SUGARY SWEET
- ✓ CURVY HEROINE
- ✓ STEAMY INSTALOVE
- ✓ SASSY GIRL
- ✓ MAFIA ROMANCE



FOLLOW US ON FACEBOOK

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

[Loni Nichole on Facebook](#)



ALSO BY LONI NICHOLE

Find all our books on our website:

<https://loninichole.com/>

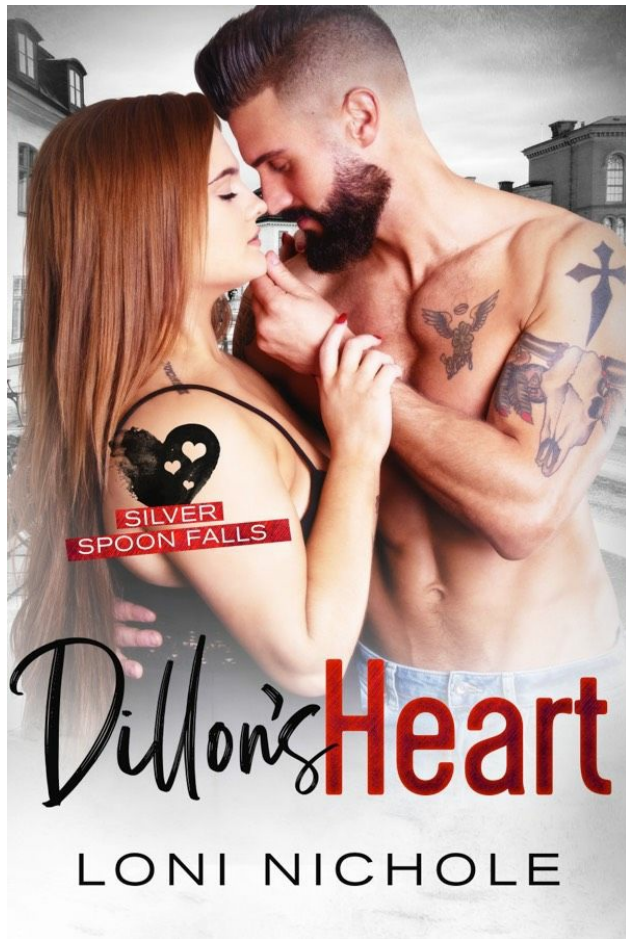
[Razor's Flame](#)



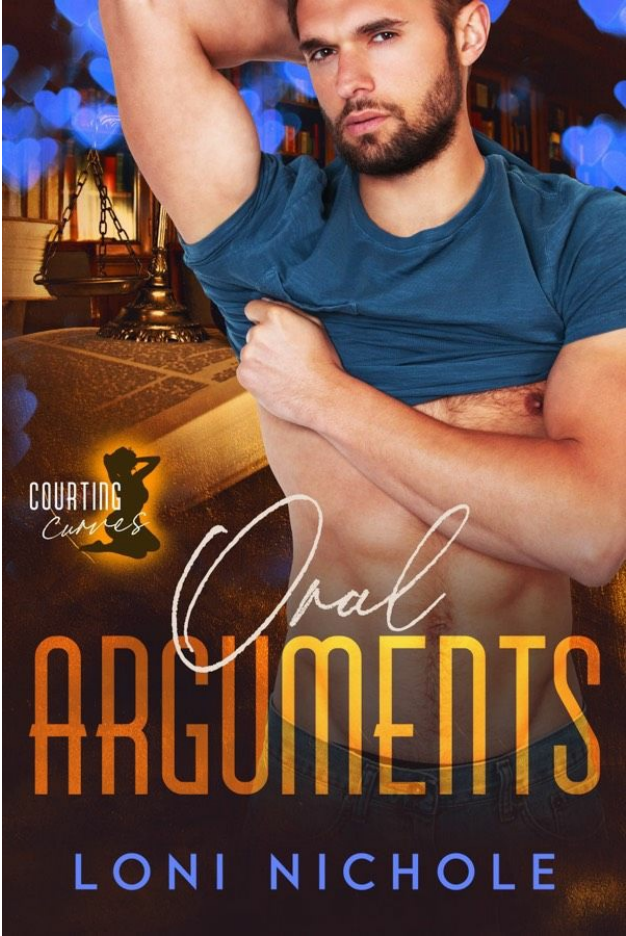
[Ryker's Reward](#)



[Dillon's Heart](#)



[Oral Arguments](#)



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Writing partners-in-crime [Loni Ree](#) and [Nichole Rose](#) have teamed up under the Loni Nichole penname to bring you sugary sweet and steamy full-length instalove romance featuring the sassy, curvy heroines who love taming the OTT alpha heroes that make you swoon.

If you like over-the-top, insta-love romance with a little bit of humor and a tiny amount of drama, Loni Nichole has you covered. No cheating and happily-ever-afters are always guaranteed.

[Loni Nichole Website](#)

