

A
Steele Riders
FAMILY NOVELLA

Mike

C.M. STEELE

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I use my fists for a living, beating men until they submit. I'm an alpha male to my core until I run into the woman of my dreams. Our attraction and chemistry are combustible, but Tina's adamant that she wants nothing to do with a famous brute like me. Even though she sends me out the door, I won't give up because I have to prove I'm not the man she believes I am.

Mike "The Maniac" Miller strolls in, cocky and appealing—until I see the pure rage on his face. All the attraction I felt was dampened by the knowledge that a man like him could never be good for me. He's too much man with too much muscle, and I learned a long time ago that men with wild tempers are dangerous.

Still, he doesn't give up, and I don't know how long I can resist the prized fighter.

Chapter One

Mike

I'm heated, pissed as hell as I march down the chilly streets of Steeleville. There are things I tolerate in life because I don't need the press on my ass, but messing with my little sister is one that can't be ignored.

I'm an MMA fighter with several championships under my belt, but outside the cage, I'm usually a calm person. Today is another matter. My baby sister, Sophia, gave me some fucking outrageous story that some woman attacked her, which explained her injury this morning. It didn't make sense, and there was one motherfucker who had some questions to answer: her brand-new husband.

No broad should be attacking my sister in her home. That type of violation is unacceptable, and I have only one person to blame. Maybe the doctor intentionally kept my sister at bay for months so he could keep his mistresses for a while longer. The bastard pretended to love her while fucking around, leaving my sister heartbroken. I'll bust his face if he hurt her in any damn way.

I huff down the street to the clinic where the asshole is supposedly working. Rage-filled, I toss open the door to a pair of pretty caramel eyes that look up at me from the reception desk. I swallow the "wow" that nearly falls from my mouth. We're the only two in the waiting room and I'm frozen for just a moment, stunned as I stare.

Her pretty eyes are shocked at first, but then they narrow with annoyance. Her lips part with a hint of desire and then snap shut as her

irritation grows. Was she mad at the way I came barging in here, or was there another reason?

“Hello. Who are you?” I ask her with a killer smile, stepping up to the front desk and leaning on the sign-in sheet, forgetting the reason I came here—all things forgotten except her. She took my breath away, and I haven’t even seen all of her. My chest pounds out of control harder than when I’m in the middle of a fight. Suddenly something clicks in my brain, and I get it. This is what Danny felt when he was losing his mind over Sammie.

“I’m Tina. I work here. How can I help you?” Her voice is smooth, Southern Texas all the way.

“You can give me your number,” I say, turning on the charm, although I’ve never cared to do it before so I’m not positive it’s working.

She blushes, dipping her head for a moment, trying to gather herself. I silently cheer my success, but it’s premature because Tina quickly composes herself and looks back up at me, purses her lips, and then pulls the sign-in sheet from under my arms with a bit of force. “Sorry. Don’t have one. Is there some medical reason for you to be here?” she asks, looking me over with that annoyance that is her favorite expression for me. How is she so fucking cute even though she doesn’t like me?

I spot Joseph out of the corner of my eye. “Ah, I’m looking for my brother-in-law.” I tip my chin toward that asshole new brother-in-law of mine, but my eyes stay focused on her. Somehow even her disgust is something I don’t want to miss.

“What’s up, Mike? Besides the fact that you are hitting on my assistant?” he snarls, crossing his arms and attempting to look intimidating, but I’ve spent my life going against tough guys, and the doctor doesn’t

intimidate me for shit.

I try to ignore that tone in his voice that sounds too fucking possessive of his assistant. Throw in his stance, and questions start rolling around in my head. “I came to talk to you before we go to the house, but it can wait. Tina, what are you doing tonight?”

“I’m not interested.” She stands up and walks away from the front desk toward the shelf near Doc. Fuck it’s the first time I get a look at her perfect petite, slender body yet she has ample ass and tits that would fit nicely in my meaty motherfucking hands. I’m so fucking hard, my brain isn’t working. I held back a groan and find Doc’s eyes on me, lips clamped shut. He looks at me like I’ve done something, shaking his head.

“Why? Do you have a thing for my brother-in-law?” I challenge, anger for Doc only building more and more.

“No, but you are famous. I don’t date famous guys,” she says. I don’t quite believe that. There has to be more she’s not saying.

“Mike, come on back. I’d like to hurry and get back to Sophia,” Doc insists. Fine. I give her one more glance, but she doesn’t even bother to give me a second of her attention. Holy fuck, she doesn’t have any interest in me. Of all the women in the world. Most women I have to beat off with a fucking stick, and the one I finally want couldn’t give two fucks who I am or that I want her.

I follow Doc into the backroom, seething and thinking about why she has no interest and why he wanted me away from her so damn quickly. Could he be trying to fuck her? Did my sister find out about his women and they got into a fight this morning and she doesn’t want us to know?

Suddenly I have to get the answers out of him, and I know how to do

it. I pin him to the wall, slamming Doc hard as fuck before letting him go. “Don’t fucking lie to me. You put your hands on my sister,” I say calmly when I feel anything of the sort. Every muscle in my body is tense and ready to fight.

“What the fuck? Have you lost your fucking mind? Where the hell did you get that idea from?”

“She said...”

He cuts me off and asks, “She said I did something to her?” Truthfully, the appalled expression on his face makes me believe he didn’t lay a hand on her.

“No. She made up this crazy story about getting into a random-ass fight with some broad and that she cut her hand with an ornament,” I say.

He shoves my hands off him. “Maybe you need to have more faith in your sister. She’s telling you the fucking truth, you fucking dumbass,” Doc snaps off.

Tina appears at the door with her cell phone in hand. I nudge Doc out of the way to get closer to her. “Do you need me to call the cops?” She waves her phone in my face, which I admit does scare me because I don’t need the press on my ass, so I won’t beat Doc’s ass right now. Maybe I’ll listen and calm down.

Strangely she’s standing awfully close for someone threatening to call the police. Her eyes stare at me with heat, and I wonder if she feels this shit coursing through her too. I’m tempted to pull her in close and kiss her ass and spank her ass for sticking up for Doc. He’s an asshole for getting in the way between us and screwing my sister in the first place.

“No, Tina. Let me ask you something, though. When I came into work, who came in a little while after I got here?”

“Your wife. She sliced her hand and begged to see you right away. Some woman dropped her off.” She shakes her head dismissively like she’s not that acquainted with the women that live in town. That’s information I’m learning. That means she’s pretty new. Because all Sammie’s family and everyone knows her.

“Thanks. That’s all. Have a good night. I’ll lock up.” I don’t like him giving her orders.

“Okay. Do you want me to call the cops on this asshole?” She cocks her pretty, neat eyebrow up at me with that sass like she’s deadly serious. Damn, I’ve fucked up big time with my future wife. I’m going to have a lot of work to do.

“No, he’s my shithead brother-in-law. He’s fine.” She leaves, and I can’t take my eyes off her until she’s out of the back area. My eyes are glued to the way her ass sways out of the room almost like she did that shit on purpose. I sure as fuck hope she doesn’t sashay around other men like that all day long because I’m going to have to show people why they call me The Maniac. As much as I want to hunt her down, it won’t do any good, so I take a calming breath.

Doc pulls out a chair, silently telling me to take a seat and chill, so I do. “So as for the shit with the nurse from the hospital, I have proof of that bullshit too.” He hands me over some information, and I’m shocked because I had no idea this was going on.

“Then why didn’t anyone tell us?” I snarl, standing up.

“Because it just fucking happened, and she said it wasn’t any of your

business.”

“What? It’s not our business? You’ve had my sister a week, and you can’t seem to protect her for shit.”

He just shakes his head, losing his patience, so I sit back down and give him time to speak. “And you wonder why I waited three months to go after her. I had no idea some dumb bitch at the hospital would go fucking nuts, especially since I didn’t have more than a conversation with the broad about anything other than work.”

“Where is she?” I’d never hit a woman, but there is a woman’s division and I’m sure some of them would love to kick a bitch’s ass.

“There’s someone on her, monitoring her movements. She’s not in Dallas. She’s in Houston and so far is going about her own business now.”

“Good. I want to strangle the bitch.” My fists flex and clench several times as I picture choking a ho.

“Sophia did a great job beating her ass,” Doc says proudly. That’s my little sister.

“That’s fucking awesome.” It helps that she had us growing up, and I’m grateful this woman didn’t get the better of her.

“Now, can we get the fuck out of here so I can see my wife?” he grumbles, standing up and taking the file from me.

I stand and nod. “Sure. Can I have Tina’s number?”

“No. It would be an ethics violation. I do a lot of shit, but I won’t mess with my license.”

I mumble under my breath, “Cockblocker.”

My woman is long gone, but I'll find her soon and get my hands on her soft curves while my mouth claims hers. The rest of the night seems long, and it takes forever for me to get in contact with the right people, but when I do, they're able to make things happen. Soon, I'll know everything about pretty Ms. Tina and then I'll have her in my arms.

Chapter Two

Tina

My heart thumps wildly out of my chest as I hit the front desk to close out my computer. The doctor's brother-in-law shouldn't be allowed to be around women like me: fertile, vulnerable, and apparently needy.

I grab my bag and stuff my things inside, making sure I have my car keys in hand before leaving. Even though they're in the back, I swear I can feel his eyes on me. I don't even bother putting on my sweater because it's Texas, and even though it gets a little bit cold here, Mike has made my temperature rise, so much so I feel beads of sweat on my temples.

When he stormed in looking wild, he didn't need to tell me who he was. My father and brothers love watching the fights. I don't, but I have seen and heard about him and his brother over the years because they are super popular.

I start my car, grateful that it gets me where it does. I'm not wealthy like Mike or a lot of the people that live in and run this town, but I have a good life that I'm making my own, and that's something to be proud of. My life has been good despite its terrible start, and I'm not about to ruin it just to slake my desires with a man like Mike Miller.

As I warm up my vehicle, I think about the people who pass by. I don't know much about everyone here, but it's a growing town founded by a group of bikers who make their money in different fields, including Dr. Simmons. Although when he's in his doctor mode, I suppose you wouldn't notice that he rides a Harley, but not everyone is who they pretend to be for

the public. Most of the people are insanely pleasant, including most of the Steele Riders, which I find surprising. Even though I have met most of them informally, they seem kind and respectful when they come in here.

Normally, I'd walk home since the town is small and my apartment isn't far from the Doctor's office, but I'm going to my parents' home in Arlington to spend the Christmas Holiday with them.

My phone rings right on time. I answer it before she calls again. "Hello, Mom. I'm on my way right now. I just got out of the office."

"Oh, I thought you would have been out of there much sooner. I was beginning to worry." She's truly the best mom anyone could ask for, even if she worries a little too much, but isn't that what mothers are for?

A pain in my chest grows when I think about that. Is it wrong to feel that way? It's been almost twenty years and the vague memories of my real mother have faded. The few pictures and the emotional scars are all I have. I push that aside and address her concern.

"No, it was only the doctor and me, so it took longer to close up," I say as I pull out onto the main road, hoping that it remains pretty empty. I hate traffic. It's Steeleville, so it's pretty smooth around here, but soon I'll be hitting the expressway and that's where the congestion will hit. Although, since I won't drive through Dallas proper, I should be good. The Cowboys play tomorrow, so that's even better. Tomorrow's traffic will be total shit.

"He didn't try anything with you, did he? You are gorgeous." I roll my eyes, which isn't safe. This woman thinks she has the sexiest child in the world and that any man with a pulse is after me. I love her, but she's insane. I'm a twenty-two-year-old virgin so I can't be that attractive, or maybe it's because I'm super picky. Sometimes I think a little too picky.

“Mom. Please. No. He’s a happily married man and he behaved like an absolute gentleman, and in fact, I think he was worried that I’d flirt with him a couple of times.” I giggle that last part, as if it would have happened. I don’t flirt with anyone...especially married men.

“Wow. Is he handsome?” she asks with a gushing sigh.

“Mom. He’s married.” I stop her before she gets started. I just said the man was married. Did she forget?

“Sorry. Well, please drive safely. It’s crazy during the holidays. Goodness, I can’t wait to see you.” My heart melts, and I look forward to seeing her too.

“Me either. I miss the both of you. I’m staying until Christmas night, but then I have to drive back because I have to go back to work on the twenty-sixth,” I remind her. She knows this, but she still tries to get me to stay longer anyway. I love her to pieces and wouldn’t be the woman that I am without her, but she does try to play mind games with me. Still, my will is too strong, or maybe it’s my skull that’s too thick.

“Do you?” she asks sweetly.

I roll my eyes and reply like I haven’t mentioned it a dozen times before. “Yes.” Seriously, talking to her while driving is dangerous. I’m either going to crash, or my eyes are going to stay like that.

“Dang.”

“It’s okay. It’s not like I’m not around at least once every other week,” I remind her, which is the absolute truth. Considering I live an hour away, I visit a lot.

“That’s true.”

“You know, you and Dad could always come and visit me for an afternoon. Steeleville isn’t far.” I always want them to come visit me, but I know they never will.

“Oh, we know, but your Dad has been working on his pet projects lately so he’s been in his office a lot more.”

“Makes sense. I’ll be there soon. I’m getting off the phone so I can jam out to some Christmas music. I love you, Mom.” She knows I love driving with the music on so I can get my mind off the traffic.

“I love you too, Tina.” I end the call and hit my app, turning up Andy Williams as he belts out *It’s the Most Wonderful Time of Year*.

Christmas Eve has been magical as ever, but something feels different. I’m not sure what exactly it is, but a sense of loneliness keeps coming over me, which makes no sense. I had all my cousins there with my aunts and uncles who teased, drank, and ate before heading home for the holiday. In the morning, Mom, Dad, and my two brothers will still be here with their families to share in the gift-giving, so why do I feel empty?

I shake my head. *No. Don’t even go there. Not one damn moment. Not a second, Augustina. It’s not because of him.*

“Hey, girl, what’s up?” I glance up to see my brother Nate staring at me from the doorway of my bedroom with a concerned look on his face.

“Nothing. What’s up?” I answer way too quickly.

“Bullshit. You’re lying your ass off. Something’s wrong. You’re not yourself one damn bit. Normally you’re ten times more chipper when it comes to Christmas. I’ve never seen you so disinterested. It’s your favorite

holiday.” It is. I remember they made me feel so welcome that first year after my world came apart and I thought Christmas wasn’t going to come for me. They made me a big part of their family.

“It’s really nothing. I think I’ve just had a really busy day at work and it’s worn me down.” I let out a genuine yawn.

He comes in and sits down on my bed. “Is it hard?” he asks.

“Not really, but I go in early, trying to be an overachiever.” I give him an extremely wide smile.

“What do they call it these days? A ‘try-hard’?” he asks. He’s nearly thirty-five and feels like an old man around me, or at least that’s how he likes to act.

“Yeah. I guess. Well, it didn’t work. Not sure if my boss even really noticed because the man works hard as hell and was focused on getting out and home to his family on Christmas Eve as well.”

“Well, then, he was probably happy that you did your job well if he wanted to get out of there in a hurry. Wait, girl, please don’t tell me you’re crushing on a mar—”

“Stop yourself right there. None of that. I’m just trying to prove myself, and besides, I have no interest in him and vice versa. The man is truly in love with his wife, who came in after cutting herself with an ornament today. I think she’s younger than me, though. Anyway, none of that matters. I’m just exhausted. It’s been a very busy day and a long drive back here.”

“Well, I hope it’s just that.” His brow raises, and he gives me a challenging once-over. Nate has been a great big brother to me.

“Of course.” I give my brother a hug, and he leaves the room to go

join his wife down the hall. They started their family a couple of years ago, adding a house full of little ones. As the youngest in the bunch, I have no kids, so I'm just the cool aunt.

Although, an image fills my head of a little baby boy in my arms and big, powerful hands pressed firmly on my waist as a kiss is placed on my head. Damn it, that animal at the clinic fucked me all up.

I know Mike has accidentally changed something inside of me. Maybe it's time that I finally start looking into dating and finding the person who will make me happy like everyone else around me.

No matter how many times Mike's face pops into my head, I doubt a man like him could ever be a good husband. He's a rich celebrity, which means he's more than likely used to playing the field with women throwing themselves at him wherever he goes. Mike probably goes hopping from one bed to another while using his fists when he's pissed. That's a life I can't deal with.

Another knock comes to my door. "Sweetie, can I come in?"

"Sure, Mom. What's going on?"

"I feel like I should ask you the same."

"I don't know what you mean."

She drops her chin and stares at me with that mom look. "Don't lie to me. Who is he?"

"No one. I'm just not sure how to pick the right guy. How did you pick Dad?"

"I didn't pick him. He chose me. One look across our college campus,

and I was his.”

“But how did you know he was the right person? Weren’t you scared about what would happen if things didn’t work out and how he’d take it?”

“Every relationship is like that. We don’t know someone’s reaction to a situation until it happens. There are people in this world who believe they’ve married the most amazing man in existence, only to find out he’s a rapist or a serial killer. Hell, some spend twenty years together, only to get a divorce when the spouse has an affair.”

“So you’re saying I shouldn’t get involved at all?”

“I’m saying you shouldn’t give up on happiness because of what may never happen. We never really know anyone, but we can make the best life.”

“Have you ever worried that Dad would hit you?”

“No, but I’m not saying I didn’t try to push his buttons over the years like he’s pushed mine. Some men learn at a young age that you don’t hit girls and no matter what, they restrain themselves. Some men aren’t taught that or refuse to learn that lesson and lay their hands on females. You have to learn early what kind of man you date is.”

“Thanks.”

“I love you, Tina. Try to push the past behind you and enjoy the rest of the holiday. I know it’s hard to see all the happy couples and their kids, but you can have that one day.”

“Maybe I will.” She says goodnight and takes her leave. The second I’m alone again, my mind goes over thoughts of Mike. He might not hurt me physically, but the man could break me emotionally. That’s not something I think I could handle.

Needing some groceries, I stop at the store before I head home. “Hi, lovely Tina,” Miguel, the cashier, says as I load up my things.

“Hi, how was your holiday?” I ask, making polite conversation.

“Great, although it would have been better if you were there.” I’m sure he’s just being playful.

“Sorry. I had to spend it with my family.”

“How about we go out tomorrow to make up for it?”

I pause, knowing I have no intention of dating this guy, but he’s harmless, whereas Mike is too scary.

“I get it. You don’t want to go out with a guy still getting his degree.”

“No, it’s cool. I do. We can have dinner as friends.” I could use someone to take my mind off Mike, even if it’s just as a buddy.

“Really?” His eyes light up and I’m a bit taken aback by his reaction.

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

“How about we meet at the new restaurant in town at seven tomorrow?” I offer. He frowns at that suggestion. Doubt fills me, but it’s already too late to reverse course. The line behind me is growing and I’d hate ruin his evening. Besides, it’s just as friends, right?

He tears off a piece of receipt paper and writes down his number and hands it to me. “That’s great. Here’s my number.”

“It’s good to see you again.” I take my groceries and leave before I

change my mind and cancel.

“I can’t wait for tomorrow.” Suddenly I’m filled with dread, regretting that I made a friendly date with him. I did say it was as friends, but I know it’s not what he wants.

Chapter Three

Mike

Danny and Sammie are getting married and I'm envious of the prick. I love him, but for the first time, I want to be in his spot while a sassy brunette who pretends to not want me to take Sammie's place.

We have two days until the new year and I want to spend them with her, but I'm not sure how to pull it off since she wants nothing to do with me—or at least she pretends that she doesn't. It's a long shot, but here it goes. I pull the clinic door open and see just one lady sitting down with a little boy. Perfect—it's not swamped.

“Joey, the doctor will see you,” Tina says. Once she leads them to their room, I take my seat and wait for her to return. As soon as she pops her little round butt into her chair, I'm up out of mine and in front of her, smiling and doing my best to attract her attention. As large as I am you'd think it would be easy, but it takes my humming to and tapping on the counter for my future wife to grace me with her voice.

“May I help you, Mr. Miller?” she asks, typing on her computer. Tina tucks a strand of her long brown hair behind her ear, sliding the rest over her shoulder to reveal her slender neck. I fight back the growing arousal.

“Do you want to go to Vegas with me, baby girl?” I ask, leaning on her desk. God, I've missed that beautiful face scowling at me, or rather at her computer, knowing it's just for me.

“Nope,” she says, staring at her computer, refusing to give me those caramel eyes.

“Why not?” I huff.

“Because I said so.” One of the worst damn lines in the world. My mother used that so many damn times it drove me nuts as a kid.

“That’s not a good reason,” I answer. There’s no reason she should want to go away from me. We don’t know each other, we haven’t had a polite conversation, but I want to hear her tell me that.

“Look, there are patients here who need my help. If you’re not ill, then move along.” Pivoting my head around, I see there isn’t a soul in the place.

I grab my chest, bending inward and groaning. “I am ill. I think there’s something wrong with my heart.”

“What’s wrong with it?” she asks, becoming concerned. At least I get her to give me her attention.

“It’s breaking.” She rolls her eyes, giving me the dirtiest mean look. I want to pin her against the wall and kiss her, but I just play it cool.

“My mother says if you do that, it’s going to stay that way.”

She crosses her eyes intentionally and says, “Good. Then maybe you’ll leave me alone.”

I let out a chuckle. “Not a chance. I’d still find you beautiful.” In fact, her playfulness is cute as fuck.

“My mother says the same thing, but she also says it’s not nice to lie, either. So go away.” She waves her hand, shooing me away.

“Tell me you’re not interested, and I’ll go away. And remember—your mother said it’s not nice to lie.” She slams her eyes shut, knowing I just

caught her there. “Look, you don’t have to go with me, but I want you to know that I won’t back down.”

She looks up at me with a smirk. “Well, that’s tough because I have a date tonight.”

I stand up straight, trying to process what she just said. Tina has a date with some other asshole. Some lucky fucker has the opportunity to take her out, touch her hand. I want to smash his fucking face in, break his fingers, stomp on his nuts—but of course I can’t tell her that. There are lines I can’t cross with her.

Taking a calming breath, I ask, “What the fuck does he got that I don’t?”

She pauses, looking for something. “He’s a nice guy.”

There’s really a fucking pain in my chest this time, but I won’t give her that satisfaction. There’s only so much vulnerability I’m willing to give away at the moment.

My career and my actions the other day put me in a terrible light in her eyes. “Okay. Go on your date, sugar. See how fucking nice he is. I’ll be waiting when it’s over.” I storm out of the place, hating that I’m throwing in the towel, but I can’t get her to see me as a good man if I beat the fuck out of every guy that wants her. He’s probably not nice, he’s probably a pipsqueak who she thinks she can take in a hand-to-hand fight.

My family and I leave for Vegas in twenty-four hours, and she’s off going on a date with some “nice guy” like he’s going to treat her better than I’d treat her. No one will ever treat her better than me, but her reasoning in her head make sense to her. I’m the monster that uses his fists and violence just like her father.

I read the report about her young life two days after I met her. Since my cockblocking brother-in-law didn't give me the information, I had to get the details from my own contacts. It cost a lot more because of the holidays and I didn't get everything, but I learned why my girl won't even give me a chance.

Augustina Solis, born twenty-two years ago in Victoria, Texas. Her father Augustine Reyes was a gangbanger who sentenced twenty-five to life for murder of two people including her mother Maria Solis and her friend, Tomas who was helping her escape back when Tina was five, leaving her essentially an orphan.

Thankfully, she'll never have to deal with the sick bastard getting released any time soon because he'd been killed in a prison riot; details regarding it are murky though. Tina bounced around from her mother's family until landing in foster care in Arlington, Texas and then eventually with a nice couple who have some children of their own. She has no other known blood siblings.

I call the detail that I have following Tina. "Keep tabs on her closely tonight. She has a date, and I want them watched like a hawk. Get the restaurant and send it to me."

The first thing I do is head over to the Steele Riders clubhouse where they have a gym set up for a little workout. I need to fucking hit something and get this tension out of my body. Is it possible that a heart can actually break? At first I was fucking kidding about needing medical assistance, but now I'm not.

I say hi to a couple of the Riders and prospects who are familiar with me already and then I hit the bag, needing no damn gloves or wraps for my hands. No—I need to hit this bag with everything I got because I need to feel

something else.

Sweat covers my body and my arms and hands hurt, yet nothing can shake the ache in my chest. I have to do something about this.

Chapter Four

Tina

Why did I say yes to Miguel? He's a nice guy, but I don't have any interest in him. My mother wants me to date, so I thought it would be a good idea to help me forget all about Mike. Except it's stupid, even though we're going as friends. It's less than a day since I scheduled and I haven't forgotten Mike, and now I'm getting ready. Mike looked like I slapped him across the face.

It's not my fault. Dating a guy like Mike isn't good for me. He has danger and heartbreak written all over him, and it scares me how easily I want to fall into his arms. When I see Miguel at the store, I feel nothing. He's my height, not buff at all, so I don't get fearful that he could hurt me.

Would Mike ever hurt me? In my heart, I don't believe so, but it's my head that needs to do the thinking. He beats up men for a living.

I might have been only a small child and don't remember my birth parents, but I remember when my father killed my mother when she tried to leave him and it still haunts me. I need a beta male, not an alpha like Mike, and he sure is alpha. He might try to play the beta, but if he gets his way, he'll run right over me. Falling for the wrong man frightens me.

I wish I had brought my car because sleet has started to fall out here. Taking the sidewalk quickly, I rush home with my hood up. As I reach my apartment building, Mike is standing outside in the icy rain. "What are you doing out here?"

"I don't want you to go on this date." His voice resonates with

vulnerability. Why is he making it so hard for me to fight this? Why am I fighting what I really want?

“That’s not your choice,” I say, holding back the harshness because I don’t want to hurt him.

“I know it’s not, but you can’t tell me this attraction between us isn’t real.” He moves a little closer, and I don’t step back. I allow him to crowd my space because he’s right. There’s no point in lying about it. If I wasn’t afraid he’d break my heart or hurt me, I’d jump into his arms.

With a sigh, I confess, “I am attracted to you, but that’s not enough. You’re just too much for me to handle, Mike. I’m sorry.” I reach up on my tiptoes and kiss his cheek. “I wish things were different.”

Turning on my heels, I leave him standing there and go into my apartment. With my body pressed against the door, I lightly bang my head on it and let the tars fall down my cheeks. I might not be able to be with Mike, but there’s no reason to lead Miguel on. Friends or not, Miguel wants there to be more, so there’s no point because it’s never going to happen.

I send him a text.

Me: ***Sorry, I have to cancel.***

Miguel: ***Are you serious? After all the trouble I went through?***

Me: ***I’m sorry.*** What does he mean, “trouble”?

I power off my phone and toss it on the kitchen table that’s next to the door and put my purse on the back of the chair. I brush back my hair, soaking my hands with the wetness from the rain.

“Shit, I need a towel.” I’m about to grab the kitchen towel on oven

handle when there's a pounding on my door. It's so violent it rattles the steel reinforced door.

I call out, "Mike, please just leave me alone."

"Who the fuck is Mike? That asshole I saw you kissing outside?" Miguel's voice roars from the other side of my door. I'm grateful that the builder decided to make these doors strong and durable.

"Miguel? What are you doing here? How do you know where I live?" I question, panic filling my entire being. Looking around the room.

"Bitch, I told you I went through a lot of trouble, and you go and dump me for that fucking ogre. That's not happening." With a turn of the knob, my door is unlocked and he's inside before I can take two steps in any direction.

"He left us alone. Now it's just us." He closes and locks the door behind him without even looking, like he's done it a hundred times, and a sinking feeling hits me.

"What the hell? How? Get out." Miguel looks demented and nothing like the young man I saw yesterday. His eyes are darker, round, and wild. I swallow hard, unable to think straight.

"No. I've been waiting for my chance for months." I was right. He's been stalking me. "You will put out. I went through a lot of effort, and now we can skip dinner and go right to my favorite part." I had set my phone on the small kitchen table a few feet away.

"Don't try to call anyone." He pulls out a device. "This scrambles all calls."

"Please just leave me alone," I beg.

“No.”

“How could I have ever thought you were a nice guy?” I say, narrowing my eyes at him, regretting the words I said to Mike. With everything going on, all I can think about is how I insulted him while praising Miguel.

“Because it’s what I wanted you to think. Nice guys finish last, and I refuse to be last, especially to that Neanderthal that you were panting over.” I wish Mike was here right now. My eyes move toward my knife block, but it’s going to be a run for it. He sees what I’m looking at and says, “Go for it, but you won’t get far.”

I dash, and before I can make it there, I feel the jolts hit my back. Stunned, I fall, but I’m not completely out so I move, but he’s almost on top of me, and then he’s not there anymore.

“How dare you touch a woman? How dare you hurt my woman?” Mike’s voice reverberates through my apartment.

Chapter Five

Mike

I had a hard time pulling myself away from her apartment, but I knew it was what she needed. She has to understand that I'm not the monster she's created in her head. Yes, I beat up bastards for a living, but I've never put my hands on a woman in anger. Fuck, never for pleasure, either. It's what makes me such a great fighter.

I never had a girlfriend by choice and focused on being the best by meditating and training. I'm in a higher weight class than my brother because I'm more disciplined. Not that he isn't. He only had one girlfriend in high school and then Sammie.

Finally, I find the one woman I want to make my wife, and she is afraid of men who use their fists to problem solve. The world has a sick, twisted irony.

My phone rings as I'm about a block away. "What's up, Mitchell?"

"Boss, this scrawny fucker was parked in a car down the street. I thought he was just being nosy between the two of you, but he just rushed up to Ms. Solis's apartment, looking angry."

"I'm turning around. Stay outside the door in case she needs help." I'm there in less than a minute, taking the steps two at a time.

"We need to get in there." He picks the lock in seconds and then pulls his gun out.

"Call the cops," I inform him.

I'm nearly through the door when I hear him say, "Go for it, but you won't get far."

I see red as he goes for her. He grabs her by her hair and as he yanks it, I whip the fucker off my woman as fast as I can. "How dare you touch a woman? How dare you hurt my woman?"

One punch in the face sends the piece of shit onto the floor. I kick him in the balls and then break his arm. He screams and then passes out like a little bitch. "That's for even touching her." I don't know if he can hear me because he's out cold, and then my security comes in.

"Mike," Tina whimpers.

"Shit." I rush to her side and scoop her off the floor, pulling the stupid taser electrodes from her body. "I'm sorry, baby girl."

"I'm sorry. I wasn't going to go out with him." She cries in my arms.

"You need a doctor, my sweet girl."

"No, I'm fine."

"You're not, baby girl. You have a cut on your head, and don't fucking argue with me. Not about this." I brush my lips against her temple. She sighs and rests her body against my chest.

"Keep an eye on this prick," I tell Mitchell, who hasn't let the unconscious guy out of his sight. If I had my way, the prick would be dead, but life doesn't work that way.

He nods. "Yes, sir." I don't miss the little kick he gives him.

I pull out my phone and give Doc a call. "Please pick up," I mutter to myself.

“I’m not giving you Tina’s information,” Doc grumbles.

“I don’t need it. I’m bringing her to you. She was just attacked in her apartment and needs help. Where the fuck are you?” I don’t have time to wait for him to get back to Steeleville, so I hope he’s not in Dallas.

“Shit. I was closing up the clinic. Come on in. Has Law been there?” he asked.

“We’re waiting for the cops to come now.”

“Better yet, I’ll come meet you and if we need to take her to the hospital, we’ll go. Wait for Law.” I suppose that would be the smarter thing to do since we do need to speak to the cops and she’s not in immediate danger.

“Fine.” I end the call.

“How are you feeling, baby girl?” I question, brushing her hair away from her face. The nasty cut on her head needs to be tended to before it gets infected.

“Like a fool,” she says through her tears. I hold Tina gently, trying to comfort her without scaring her.

“You’re not a fool.”

“Yes, I am. I should have known better, but...”

I press my hand to her lips, then drop it and say, “Don’t do this to yourself. Trust me when I say I understand why you don’t want me and why you went for the safer option.”

She shakes her head. “But I do want you...I’m just scared.”

Taking her hand and lacing our fingers together, I stare into those

caramel eyes. “Don’t be scared of me. You’re my everything, Tina.”

“What happens if things don’t work out?” I suppose everyone has those fears. Hers have a little bit of extra rationale behind them, but I can only reassure her. Time is the key.

“They will work out because I’ve spent my life working hard for the things I’ve wanted, and I’ve wanted nothing more than you.”

“Then why did you walk away so easily when I said I had a date?”
Damn, mistake number twenty.

I tell her the truth. “Would you have liked me to cause a scene in the clinic? Would you have me demand I kick his ass? I mean, I wanted to, and I sure just did, but your past has some demons that I only make worse.”

“You know?” she asks, stepping out of my light embrace. “Did Dr. Simmons tell you?”

“No, the cockblocker wouldn’t give me your information at all. Some ethics bullshit, so I called a friend. He did some digging and when I realized what happened, I get why you think I’m not worthy of your affection.”

She smiles, and I’m surprised because I sure as fuck thought she was going to smack me for spying on her, but then she caresses my cheek. “Mike, you’ve shown me you’re worth it. Still, I have my fears about a lot of it. I need time.”

“Look, we can take this slow, Tina. I promise you that I won’t push. I have a fight coming up, but I leave tomorrow for my brother’s wedding. Today, I asked you to go with me because I wanted you by my side and in my bed. Now, I’m asking because I’ll be worried about your safety.”

“But...”

“We’ll even have separate rooms,” I offer. Honestly, I don’t know how I’ll concentrate on anything without her by my side.

“I can’t. I’m working at the clinic, and they need the staff.”

“Honey, you need your rest. I’m sure Doc will agree with me when he sees you.”

“That’s right, young lady.” Doc comes in with his bag, followed by Law. I’ve only met him once, and he has two other deputies with him.

“Is this the piece of shit?” Law points to the asshole on the floor.

“Yes.”

“Holy shit. Remind me never to box with you,” Law says. “How many shots did you get in?”

“Only one to the face and a kick to the groin, and I fucking broke his arm.”

“That’s some restraint. I would have fucking killed him if it was Sophia,” Doc says. He leans in, and for my ears only, he says, “We can if you’d like.”

“It’s up for debate,” I mutter.

“I need to see your head.” Doc is already bandaging the cut on Tina’s head.

“So please tell me what happened here,” Law asks.

“Well, he asked me out to dinner. I told him we could go as friends.” I give her a look, knowing that she bullshitted me at the clinic today and outside her apartment, making it seem like it was something so much more. “When I got to my apartment, I knew it was foolish to even agree to that

because I know he wanted more, so I messaged him to cancel. He lost his mind and came rushing up and into my apartment with a key.”

Tears fall from her beautiful eyes, and she falls easily into my arms, pressing her head on my chest.

“He tased her and then was on top of her back when I came through the door and pulled him off.”

Law comes up to me and whispers in my ear, “We can handle this legally, or our way.”

“I want him charged.”

“Doc, make sure Tina’s okay from the whole electric shock and fall, please.”

“Where were you tased?” She lifts her blouse, and I growl.

Everyone looks at me, and I apologize. “Sorry.”

“No, it’s okay. Everyone, focus on your job or you’ll lose it,” Law snarls at his men. They all keep their eyes away from Tina, except Doc and me. There is a mark on her back and another on her side.

“I’ll give you some ointment, but you should be fine. You’re probably going to have a nasty headache, so I want you to take some pain meds if you feel worse.”

“Thank you.”

“We’re going to take him into custody, but Doc, I need you to treat him for his injuries.”

“Of course. I’ll have to take care of it, and get back to you on the report,” he tells Law. I don’t know exactly what it means, but I’m guessing it

has to do with the fact that they want to save me the trouble of people asking questions.

“Can we keep this out of the press?” I question.

“Absolutely. He’s not going to make public headlines anywhere. Everything will be unknown unless we have to go to court and someone gets wind of it, but we’ll do our best to keep it under wraps.”

“Thanks, Law.”

“Take him out to the car, and we’ll treat him at the clinic. No sense in ruining the rest of her day.”

“No problem.” They drag him out of the apartment.

“By the way, Tina. I don’t want to see you in the office for the next week. Get some rest and heal.”

“I can’t take that much time off.”

“Yes, you can, and you will. Don’t worry about your paycheck. It will be covered.” He leaves and it’s just Tina, Mitchell, and me alone in her place.

“Do you have some painkillers to take?” I ask, taking her to the living room area.

“I do.”

“Maybe you should take some just in case.”

She nods. “I think you’re right.”

“Do you want some dinner?”

“You don’t have to stay,” she says, which is foolish because there is nowhere else I’d rather be.

“I want to stay, but if you don’t want me here, I won’t be far away.”

“I’d like you to stay.”

“Good. Mitchell, can you pick up dinner for Ms. Solis and me from the pizza place?”

“Yes, Mike.” She tells him what she’d like, and then I add a little to it before giving him money and then taking my woman to sit on the sofa.

“Where are your meds?”

“In the bathroom cabinet.” I go in there and do my best not to snoop. She’s had a hell of a day, and I won’t violate her sanctuary any more than it’s already been. Grabbing what I need, I head back out and then see her on the sofa with her shoulders shaking. Fuck.

“Tina, baby girl.” I set the pills on the coffee table and then slide my arm around her shoulders. “I’m sorry. It’s going to get better.”

“Can you just hold me?” I nod and hug her close, letting her press her head on my chest.

“I need to get you some water.”

“I don’t want the medicine.”

“You need to take it. I’ll be right back.” I get up and grab it, coming back within thirty seconds.

“Here. Take these and we can go back to relaxing together, and you can tell me all about your life before you came to Steeleville.”

“Okay.” I cradle her in my arms, bringing her legs up onto my lap. Her breathing steadies as she slowly falls asleep.

“I guess that was a fast tale,” I tease, pressing my lips to the top of her head.

Chapter Six

Tina

I'm on a plane to Vegas with Mike and his family, although I haven't spoken to any of them. Frankly, I just want to curl up and pretend I'm invisible. I bet none of them have been through what I have. They're all so perfectly put together. Garrett Steele, the founder and owner of pretty much everything in Steeleville, is on the plane too since he's married into the family. His wife is Mike's sister, Crystal, and she's gorgeous as well.

Garrett and his wife slide over to where we're sitting, and he starts off by saying, "I'm sorry about that asshole getting into your apartment. It's my job to make sure the buildings are secure."

"He made a key."

"Yes. My guys are going to figure out how he managed to do that and ensure no one can do it again."

He stands and moves back to his seat, but his wife stays. "God, I love that man," she whispers, watching him walk away, particularly staring at his ass. She turns back to me and smiles sheepishly. "Sorry about that. I can't help gawking at that man I married. He's an animal."

"An animal?"

"Yes, but he adores me and protecting the town he's created."

"I see."

"He can get a bit aggressive when someone threatens it, so you have nothing to worry about. Garrett and the Riders will make sure you're safe."

“Um. Thanks.”

“Do you ever worry he’ll lose his temper and hurt you?”

“No. Weak men hurt women. Strong men protect them. My brother would never do anything to hurt you. Even when we were kids and they taught us girls to fight, Danny and Mike took it easy on us so we wouldn’t get beat up, but were strong enough on us that we learned to protect ourselves.”

“You ladies wouldn’t happen to be talking about me, would you?” Mike says, lifting me off my seat and taking it before plopping me down on his lap.

“God, always thinking everything is about you. Always so self-centered,” Crystal mutters.

“Be quiet, or I’m telling Boomer that you said Cyber has a nice ass.”

“Don’t get his ass killed,” she says. “Besides, he’s not going to believe you anyway.”

“That’s true. My wife knows me well,” Garrett says, coming up to us with a drink in hand. “Here, Tigress.” He kisses her cheek and then looks at Mike. “Don’t start shit with Cyber. He can fuck with you, and he doesn’t need to use his fists.” He laughs and walks away.

“I love that man.”

“What does he mean about Cyber?”

“He’s our tech guy, so he can go in and send him a thousand parking tickets, drain his bank account. Send out press releases or anything he wants. He’s great, and he helps keep the town safe. Well, as safe as we can with all the trouble we’ve had lately.”

“Trouble lately?”

“Yes, each one of us has a story to tell.” She goes into her tale, and I’m shocked and by the time they’re done, I realize that she’s right. Weak men hurt women, and strong ones protect them.

“Well, I’m going to join my husband while you two relax and talk. We only have another twenty minutes before landing.” She gets up, and Garrett, who was talking to Doc, is up on his feet, assisting her to her chair like she can’t do it herself. There’s slight turbulence, and he’s there to stop her from tumbling with her baby bump. Wow.

“Sorry, they can all be a lot.”

“They’re wonderful. I haven’t lived in the area long enough to get friendly with the ladies here or know their stories, but this is crazy.”

“It is. It’s been rough, but I’m hoping the bad times are on their way out.”

“Me too.” I press my head against his chest, and then I lift my butt to move into my chair.

He holds me in place. “Whoa, why are you trying to get away?”

I raise my eyebrows at him and answer, “We have to get into our seats for landing.”

“Oh, I thought you were trying to run.” He releases me, and I take my seat next to him and buckle up.

“Where the hell am I running to?” I arch my brow at him.

“Fair point. I love having you on my lap.”

“I love it too.” He kisses my temple again. We’ve never made it to

our lips and I want to, but we have an audience, so I focus on buckling my seatbelt and then turn my attention to the window.

His strong fingers reach out and cup my chin, turning my face to meet his. “Have I overstepped?”

I tilt my head and scrunch up my brows. “What?”

“I keep forgetting myself.”

“Mike, is that why you haven’t kissed me?” I can’t believe we have our wires crossed. Can’t he tell how much I want him?

“I don’t want to push.”

“I’m not afraid of your kisses. I’m afraid to lose them,” I admit.

“That’s never going to fucking happen.” He growls, sliding his hands up my cheeks and into my hair before pressing his firm lips against mine. I moan, gripping his shirt, wanting to be back in his lap but I’ll have to wait.

We finally arrive in Vegas, and we head on down to the condo that Danny and Mike own. It’s pretty cool and I completely expect it to be a bachelor pad, but it looks wholesome and inviting.

Chapter Seven

Mike

Finally, we're alone in my bedroom and I have my beautiful Tina to myself. "Mike, if you don't touch me, I think I might die."

"Baby girl, I can't let that happen." I take her by the hand and drag her to me. I choke with need just looking at her. If anyone is going to die, it'll be me. Our mouths connect in a sweet kiss as I slide my hands under her top, caressing her back, moving up and down, feeling my way over her soft skin. "Tell me what you want. Do you want me to eat your pussy?"

She nods.

"Do you want me to slide my thick cock into your slick little hole?"

She nods again.

"I need to hear that sassy mouth of yours tell me."

"I want it all, Mike."

I lead her over to the bed where I remove item after item of her clothes until she's lying on my bed in nothing, looking up at me like a goddess. Groaning, I reach behind me and pull my shirt over my head, tossing it somewhere while I kick off my shoes.

Tina refuses to take her eyes off me while I take off my pants and boxers. My big motherfucking cock bobs in front of me, throbbing with the need to come inside her little hole. "You like what you see, baby girl?"

"Yes," she answers with an enthusiastic nod. I stroke my greedy pole

from base to knob while keeping my eyes glued to her. I slide onto the foot of the bed and work my way up, parting her thighs and rubbing my face along her skin until I get to her silky-smooth mound. Her bare slit is practically begging for my attention, so I gently part her lips and dip my finger along the edge, pushing slightly inside and dipping my tongue in her hole.

“Mike,” she gasps. Her fingers dig into my shoulders, spurring me on, and I suck and tongue her until she screams my name. “Mike, Mike. Oh God, Mike.” I pump my fingers in her pussy faster and faster, lick until she’s done shaking, and then I suck up all her juices.

“Fuck, you taste so good, baby girl.” I keep my eyes on her face as I move up her slender, petite frame. Her tits bounce, so I take them in my hands and give them a firm squeeze. “Damn, these babies are so perfect.” My dick dribbles a little cum on her thigh, so I try to calm myself down and take it slow.

“I need to be inside you, Tina,” I say, kissing her throat.

“Oh, please. Please give it to me.”

I trail kisses along her jaw and then taste her pretty mouth. “Are you sure? Because there’s no going back. You’re mine.”

“Yes. I want to be yours. Yours and yours alone.”

“Perfect,” I grunt, aligning my cock with her tiny entrance, hoping to fuck I don’t hurt her too much. Gingerly, I push my way in, stretching her little cunt in two. “Relax, baby girl.” She gasps as I finally push to the hilt, making us one. Tears well in her eyes, and I kiss them away.

I tease her hard nub, strumming that clit while keeping my dick still. He wants to come so damn hard in her vise-grip pussy, but I’m not going to

ruin this for us. “You’re so sexy, and all mine. I’m yours, Tina. This cock belongs to you, baby girl. Now, coat it with your sweet juices.”

“You’re mine, too?”

“Damn right.” We kiss, and slowly she begins to relax around my cock. Her tight walls bathe my length and I start to move, fucking her faster and faster.

“Yes, yes.”

“That’s what you want?”

“Yes,” she moans, tossing her back against the pillow while her fists clench the pillowcase and tug. I drive harder and deeper, holding onto the bedframe as I punish her pussy with every fast stroke. Sweat slides down my back and my forehead as I stave off my orgasm.

“Come for me, baby girl. I want to feel that tight pussy spasming on my cock. Show me how much you love it.” She lets go and cries out, screaming as her orgasm hits. Fuck, she’s sexy as hell, and I can’t hold back. With another two pumps I join her, unloading all of my seed into her, laying the groundwork for our future.

We walk into the lobby after the wedding and run into my manager. “Hey, Thomas. I’m glad you’re here. I’d like you to meet my woman, Tina.” We shake hands, and he looks over to my woman.

“Tina, I’d like you to meet my brother, Danny, and my manager, Tommy Engles.”

“Nice to meet you.” I’m immediately ticked off even if I don’t show it

because Thomas's tone doesn't match his words. He needs to check his tone before I lose my cool.

"Same." Is she getting the same vibe, or does she know him?

"Are you joining Danny for the press conference?" I ask him. As his manager, he should be with him on the stage, or at least nearby.

"I'll be off to the side. It should be brief." He looks at me and then at Tina before addressing me again. "Speaking of press conferences, we need to have a few before your fight. You know the drill."

"Yes. I'll be increasing my training starting tomorrow."

"Good, and you know the rules."

"Of course." Although right now, I doubt I could follow them now that I finally have a woman. "Excuse us. We have a lot to do in a short time."

He leaves us, and we head to the elevators that lead to our room. "What does he mean about the rules?"

"No sex or beating off for at least two weeks before the fight."

"Are you serious?" she gasps and blushes.

"That must be hard."

"It never was before, but now, it's going to be painfully difficult."

"Why?"

"Because I want to be inside you every single moment of every single day." She blushes and presses her face against my chest.

"Then I think it's best I go home when everyone else does."

"I don't want you to go." It's bullshit that she wants to leave me so

quickly, but I get where she's coming from. This is moving a thousand miles an hour and we should fucking slow it down, but the end result will be the same thing. Tina will be Mrs. Miller very soon and we'll have a large family, growing old as fuck together like my parents.

“I have to return to work either way, and you have to fight soon.” I try to ignore her valid points and pull her in for a kiss which she doesn't deny me.

“I suppose you're right, damn it,” I grumble against her pretty lips.

“How about we go upstairs and get in the last bit of time alone before I leave?” She bites down on her bottom lip, hardening my dick.

“Let's get to it, baby girl.” I kiss her lips just as the elevator opens, which stops us, but only briefly.

Chapter Eight

Tina

It's been two weeks, and I haven't seen or heard from Mike since he called me to see if I was safe. We tried talking that night, but he was so hard that we started talking dirty to each other.

“Mike, look—I know this is going to be hard, but maybe we should just avoid contact until the fight. You need to stay focused, and it's clearly not working, even just over the phone.”

“Fuck, baby girl. Are you trying to end things with me?”

“No. I just want you to keep that hard-on at bay until after the fight, and then you can lay it on me.”

“I'd rather stuff it in you, over and over again.”

“I'll hold you to that, Mr. Miller.”

“Fuck, I'm so hard right now.”

“And that's why we need to pause all this. I promise I'm not going anywhere.”

“Fine, but I'm not letting Mitchell off his duties.”

“If it helps you sleep at night.” We ended the call and I went to bed, dreaming all about him.

His fight isn't for a few more days, so there's this limbo I'm in. My head and heart are at war, tugging on each other for a space to put him. Throughout my entire workday, I expected him to barge through the door,

telling me that he couldn't stay away. I'm not sure why, because he said he'd come back to me after his fight, but I still do. I'm the one who forced the separation, even if it was for the best.

Trying to kill some time between my shifts, I decide to go to a movie after my long shift to calm my nerves. It's a short walk from the clinic, and the cool air allows me to get Mike out of my head for a brief minute; that is, at least until I reach the movie theater. I let out a gasp when I see he's there kissing another woman. They pull apart, and I let out a relieved smile. It's Danny and Samantha. Then, I'm embarrassed because they probably know all about why I'm not by Mike's side right now.

"Hello, Tina. How are you doing?" Danny says. He reminds me of Mike in a lot of ways. Even though they're twins, they're not identical.

"Hey, I'm surprised to see you two here," I say, wondering why they aren't on a honeymoon or something. Ashamedly, Mike and I locked ourselves in our room for most of our trip, getting to know each other, so I didn't speak to them about their plans.

"I have to work, so we had to come back. Soon, we leave on a honeymoon."

"Ooh, where are you going?"

"It's a surprise. He won't tell me," Sammie pouts.

"Do you want to come with us to see Mike fight?" Danny asks, changing the conversation.

"I'm not sure I can handle watching all that fighting."

"Well, you can always stay behind and wait for him in the locker room. I'm sure he'll love it," Sammie cheers, grabbing onto her husband's

arm.

“Maybe I can surprise him.” It would be nice to see him sooner than I hoped.

“That’s a great idea,” Sammie says, clapping her hands together.

“Well, I’m going to go home. I’m not feeling up to a movie right now.”

“Why not?” Danny asks, looking at me suspiciously. Does he really believe I was meeting someone else here?

“At first I thought it would be a good idea, but if I want to feel alone, I can put on some Netflix and watch television at my apartment.”

“Are you having a hard time being by yourself in your apartment after what happened?” he asks.

“No. I can’t imagine having more than one crazy stalker and he’s in jail, so I feel pretty safe. I’ll see you all later.”

“We’ll see you before the event.”

I nod and walk away. I hear Sammie whisper, “You probably remind her of Mike.”

“Oh.” She’s right on the money with that one. God, I miss Mike so much; it’s getting harder to be without him. Seeing Danny only made it harder.

I spot Mitchell not too far away because it’s his job to keep a distance, but also protect me. Still, I don’t wave just in case there is another crazy out there ready to get me.

I’m almost to my apartment door when I’m met with a woman I’ve

never seen before. She's a beautiful leggy blonde in a puffy white coat. It's cold here today, so I get the coat, but still, it's a bit excessive. "Hello, um... forgive me, but I had to ask. Are you Tina Solis?" she asks with a pleasant demeanor, but I get a funny feeling from her.

"I am," I answer.

Suddenly, the niceties are gone, and her face hardens. "Stay away from my man," she hisses, inching closer to me.

"What?" I ask, my head snapping back.

"Mike is mine." Her voice is low and filled with anger.

"Oh, yeah? What makes you believe that?" I ask, considering we spent time in Vegas fucking and he didn't have a problem holding my hand while we were out.

"We're engaged." She takes off her gloves and is sporting a massive rock, and then shows me a picture of her and him after a fight. She's clearly a ring girl, and the ring on her finger is more than enough for me. "We've kept it quiet to protect my job, and now you've come between us. He can't help but cheat with naïve small-town girls, but he always comes back to me."

"You can have him, honey." I storm away, hating the wasted hours, the moments I gave to even considering a future with him. He's the piece of shit I assumed he was from the start.

When I get back to my apartment, I fall apart on my bed, letting the tears fall hard. All I can think about is that I gave myself to him, and I'm not just talking about my body—my heart was placed in his filthy hands too.

By the end of the night, I've cried myself to sleep. Two more days and I'll be off, and then I can go to my parents' and hope that I can forget all

about Mike “The Maniac” Miller.

Chapter Nine

Mike

I work my ass off in the gym because my body aches for Tina and foolishly, I let her play this standoff game. Two fucking weeks without even speaking to her is insane. Yes, I get stiff talking to her, but I only have to think about her and I'm rock hard. If she only knew how bad I ache to throw her up against the wall and stuff her with every inch of me until she's filled with cum and leaking her squirty juices all over my dick and down my balls.

Every single day, I'm tempted to fly back to Texas and say fuck it all. Frankly, I've made up my mind; I'm retiring because this isn't going to work. Tina means more to me than fighting. Besides, I was considering it before I met her sexy ass. Granted they were far and few between. There were days before her when I wasn't sure if I'd ever give up until my body had had enough because I loved the thrill it gave me, but since I crossed paths with her, fighting means nothing. Not seeing her face, holding her in my arms, kissing her soft, smart-ass mouth is painful.

The gym is quiet except for the beating of my own heart. All the others have already called it a day and so should I, but I need to give it another twenty minutes. I'm about to go again when I swear I hear my phone go off, but it's in my gym bag. Even though it's supposed to be off, I have it on for emergencies and in particular, calls from Mitchell regarding my bride-to-be.

It cuts off, and then it goes off again, only to be cut off after the first ring. Fucking what the hell? I walk in, and there is my manager coming out of the locker room. "Were you touching my phone?"

“No, I was coming out to tell you it was going off, but it kept shutting off after it rang.” I run to my bag and grab it. It’s from Mitchell. Panic floods every bone and fiber in my body.

“You shouldn’t have your phone on when you’re training.” Anger rages and he’s about to get tossed across the room if he doesn’t get away from me. From the look I’m giving him, he takes a step back.

“Fuck off. It’s for emergencies. You’re my manager, not my trainer, so mind your business or get out of my face.” He’s been pissing me off. Twice he made the offhanded remark about Tina being absent from my life and that women are an unnecessary distraction.

Mitchell calls, and my phone rings four fucking times. The bastard did send it to voicemail. “What’s up? Please tell me she’s safe.”

“For now, but I think we have a problem. I’m sending you a text of a woman, and I want you to tell me if you know her.” My phone dings.

“Okay. I’ll check it, but what the fuck is it for?”

“She was in Ms. Solis’s face and waving a ring in her face. I didn’t get close enough before it was all over, but I heard Ms. Solis say, ‘You can have him.’ Then, she fled into her apartment, very upset.” I don’t bother looking at it because there’s never been a woman in my life except for Tina, so whoever she is, she’s not an ex.

“Son of a bitch. I’m on my way.” I grab my shit and rush out of the locker room. My manager is nowhere to be found, which is good because I was ready to slam his fucking head in. He fucking sent my phone to voicemail intentionally, and it doesn’t matter the reason why.

Shit, I fucking smell. As much as I want to go see her, I need to wash

off first. I head up to the apartment my brother and I keep here in Vegas for our fights. While I get that together, I book myself the first flight out to Dallas. It leaves in two hours.

I try calling Tina, but she must have me blocked because it goes straight to voicemail every time. The shower only takes ten minutes, so when I pop out, I check in with Mitchell again and he lets me know she hasn't left her apartment. Packing my bag, I rush out to the street and jump into a waiting taxi, itching to get to Tina.

It seems like an eternity to get to the Las Vegas airport. I check the image Mitchell sent, and the woman looks familiar, but I can't place where I've seen her before. I call my brother because I need a favor. "Hey, Danny, can you pick me up in Dallas around midnight?"

"Why? What are you doing back here? Miss your girl?"

"Yeah, but it's more than that."

I explain what Mitchell told me, and then he says, "Hey, bro, I'll call Cyber and see what I can find out before you get here."

"Thanks." I'm grateful I didn't get Cyber in trouble with Boomer the other day.

Finally I get to the airport, and my impatience grows.

When I land, I take my carry-on and move through the crowd fast, finding Doc outside the vehicle waiting for me. When I hop into the blacked-out SUV, I see my sister in the front seat, and Danny and Sammie in the back. "We all wanted to be here for you and Tina." We dodge the press easily because Doc isn't a celebrity and I kept my head down and covered.

"Now—I've got some news for you. Cyber found out that the chick is

a ring girl from the Octagon. We've seen her often at the pay-per-view events, but I know we probably haven't spoken to her, so either she's insanely obsessed with you, or someone's intentionally trying to sabotage your relationship."

"How would she know where to find Tina?"

"If she was stalking you, it would be easy, but..."

"But what?"

"Cyber checked the footage and she'd only arrived that day and then left immediately. Like she wasn't following Tina at all, and she wasn't around anywhere. He's digging into her financials now."

"If there's anyone involved, I'm going to destroy them." I drop my head into my hands and groan. "She's not going to trust me. Tina's been through a lot, and her belief in good men is hard as fuck. She doesn't like famous guys for this reason. Women are always throwing themselves at them, and wives and girlfriends have to deal with the constant threat of losing them to temptation."

"Yeah, but you're not that guy," my brother says.

"Yeah, but she's afraid he is," Sammie says. She's been through that with my brother, so she understands more than anyone else.

"We'll stop by in the morning before she goes to work," Doc says.

I shake my head vehemently, pressing my hands on the back of his seat. "No, I can't wait. The more she sits there thinking about it, the more she's going to be upset. It has to be tonight."

"It's like twelve thirty. By the time we get there, it will be almost

two,” Danny reminds me.

“Fuck. What if she won’t see me?”

“We’ll make her see you,” Sophia says, smiling at me and taking my hand.

“I can’t just burst into her apartment after what that asshole did.”

“I’ll make her see me,” Sammie insists.

“Will you?”

“Yes.”

Doc was right; with a light snow, it’s almost two by the time we get to Steeleville. We enter the building quietly, and the tension rushes up my spine.

“Sammie, are you ready?” Doc asks.

“Yep.” She knocks lightly and I want to lose my cool, but I remain calm. After everything that has happened, I can’t go in there like a raging bull.

Chapter Ten

Tina

There are no words for the anger I feel toward myself. He may have tried to play me, but I'm the one who played myself. I talked myself into believing that he could be different, the exception to the rule.

Sitting with my phone in my hand, my thoughts blur into nothingness and I eventually pass out from exhaustion. I'm awoken by the sound of knocking at my door. It's a light knock, taking me by surprise. Looking at my phone, it's after two in the morning.

"Knock harder—she's not going to hear that shit."

"Oh my God," I whisper to myself. Is that my boss?

The knocking is louder. "Who is it?"

"It's Samantha Miller. I need to speak with you. Can I come in?"

I go to the door and open it slightly and she slides inside, closing it quickly behind her. "My brother's outside waiting."

"What's going on? Is everything okay?" I ask, wondering why she'd come here in the middle of the night considering her bother and I were really nothing.

She grabs my shoulders and pulls me into a hug and then steps back to look me in the eyes. "Obviously not. Sweetie, you've been crying."

"It's nothing." It's nothing, I wipe my face with the edge of my tee

shirt. I forgot I was in my tiny pajama shorts and tank top, but it's only her and Dr. Simmons is outside, so it's fine.

“Don't lie to me, girl. I've been where you are.”

My mouth falls open and I don't hold back. “And you still married that lying prick?”

Sammie shakes her head. “Danny didn't lie to me, and Mike didn't lie to you.”

I roll my eyes at her deluded ass. “I met his fiancée, and she showed me proof.”

“That woman, whoever she is, isn't Mike's woman. You are.”

“I'm not anything to him,” I insist.

“Keep lying to yourself, but if you weren't, you wouldn't have been crying.”

“Look, if he cared, he'd be here. You don't need to come here and fix his mistakes. I don't want to be with a man I have to worry about.” My heart can't handle the torture that this day has brought. It's just better to be single than go through this.

“That's the thing...” Sammie walks to the door and opens it. In walks Mike. “Talk to her. She said that bitch claimed to be your fiancée.”

“Augustina, baby girl. We need to talk.”

“We'll just head home,” Sammie says. Mike nods, and she walks out the door.

“She approached me as I was about to go into my apartment. She showed me the engagement ring and a picture of you two together.” I slap his

chest, tears falling from my face.

He takes them both in his and kisses them. “What the fuck? Stop that. You could hurt yourself. Besides, I sure as hell have never been with her.”

“Not that kind of picture. You had your arm around her, and she’s all up on you.”

He looks like he’s puzzling something out and I’m not sure if he’s working up a lie or trying to understand what I mean. “Were there a lot of other people in the picture?”

“No, it was just the two of you, but it was clearly after a fight.”

“I’m never alone with a female because I don’t trust them, baby girl. I swear, she doctored or cropped that image to make it look legit.” He stared at me with soft, genuine eyes that screamed for understanding. He shakes his head, getting more agitated by the second.

“It’s possible,” I admit.

“There is no way in hell I gave her a ring of any sort. What I want to know is how she found out about you and came over here to stop me from being with you. There are only two people who knew outside of a few Steele Riders and my family.”

“So you don’t have anything to do with her?” I question.

“I promise you. Fuck, I didn’t just fly all the way back here when Mitchell called me to say some woman was accosting you.”

His phone rings and he takes it out of his pocket, silencing it before quickly sliding it back inside. Unable to stop my facial expressions, I give off my fears and my insecurities, suspicious of whoever called and why he sent it

to voicemail.

“It’s my manager.” He pulls out his phone and opens the call log to show me the caller ID. “He probably wants to know why I took off. The fucking prick sent Mitchell’s calls to voicemail twice while I was training. Even if he says otherwise.”

“Do you think he has something to do with this?”

“So you believe me?”

“I want to believe you. Somehow I got the feeling he didn’t like me. She said it was a secret so she wouldn’t lose her job, but I mean, wouldn’t your whole family know if you were engaged to someone else at least?”

“Yes, Cyber said she’s a ring girl, but Danny and I don’t remember her. We didn’t even notice her from anyone else.”

“Do you think she’s like a stalker?” I ask.

“I doubt it. Cyber checked the cameras when I was on the flight back, and there was no sign of her in Steeleville until she came to confront you and then she left in her car right out of town.”

If he’s telling me the truth, then this will be just one of many groupies, stalkers, and fans trying to get in the way. I’m not strong enough. “Is this what our life is going to be like?”

He cups my chin, lifting my face gently to look at his. “No. First off, I’ve hardly ever had that much attention. Second, I’m retiring.”

“Retiring, why?”

“Well, I was already considering it before, but now that I have you in my life, I can’t imagine being away from you and forcing myself to fight off

our natural urges just to win. Hell, I don't give a fuck if I ever win again because to me, I won the moment you let me kiss you. Can I spend the night?"

"What about your fight?"

"Look, baby girl. We don't need to fuck, no matter how hard you make me. I just want to stay with you a little longer before I have to go back to training. We weigh in on Friday."

"Okay." Her face drops.

"Look at me, baby girl. How about you join me?"

"What about..."

"Sweet Tina. Didn't I just say I don't care if I never win a fight again as long as I get you? If I get to eat your pussy and slide into it until we're both coming, I'll fight a damn wild animal."

"I'll go with you."

"Good, because I wasn't going back without you."

He pulls me in, eyes trained on mine while he slides his hands down to my ass. “Time for bed, baby girl. I’ve kept you up long enough.”

“Not long enough,” I pant, running my hands up his chest.

“Woman, if we stay up any longer, you’ll be screaming my name until sunrise.”

That’s exactly what I want. I need his reassurance and love. He quickly scoops me up, tossing me over his shoulder as if I weigh nothing, and for the most part I don’t, compared to him. I’m only one hundred and fifteen pounds, and it’s mostly in my tits and ass.

He slides me down his firm body. His mouth slams over mine as he kisses me firmly, sliding his tongue inside to play with mine. When he releases my lips, he grunts out, “You’re wearing too many clothes, beautiful.”

“So are you.”

I watch him as he starts removing his jacket, followed by his tee shirt, and then he goes for the button on his jeans and stops. “Well, little girl, get to it, or are you planning on sucking on my cock first?”

I release the stranglehold my teeth have on the corner of my bottom lip. “Is that a challenge, Mr. Miller?”

“I know better than to challenge you, baby girl.” He grabs my chin and stares into my eyes. “I’m telling you to come suck my cock.” His thumb slides over my lips and then pushes them open. Oh shit, my pussy’s soaking my panties. “Knees.”

I obey, falling to my knees, wanting to please him. He frees himself. “Time to take it, baby girl.” I run my tongue over the tip and let out a moan,

teasingly playing with him before sliding my mouth all the way down.

I look up and see his eyes on me, and he's biting down on his lip. "Fuck, you can't keep doing that. It'll be over before we get started." Smiling, I move faster, hollowing out my cheeks and bobbing up and down his length. "Damn it. I should have known better."

He pops his cock out of my mouth and lifts me off my knees. "If you won't strip, I'll have to take these sexy pajamas off you because I want to keep you up all night as promised, and we don't need clothes for that." He lifts off my thin tank top and then grabs the hems of my shorts and panties, taking them off with one smooth motion down my legs. "Feet." I lift them one at a time. "Good girl." Why does that turn me on? I swore I'd never want a man like him, and I'm at his mercy.

I find myself naked and tumbling into bed with the rugged beast under me whispering promises that make my heart and body sing. He runs his fingers deliberately up my spine until he cups the back of my neck to pull me into a deep kiss. Our hips grind until I feel his length press firmly at my entrance. "Mine," he whispers.

Our loving is fast and intense, our orgasms coming on so quickly we manage to fall asleep well before sunrise, which I'm grateful for because I work in the morning.

The sound of Mike's phone wakes me up and from the time on my nightstand, I see it's already ten am. Seconds pass as I rub my eyes and he fumbles for the device. "Oh shit," I holler, remembering I have to be at the clinic in an hour. I'm out of bed and flying into the bathroom like a madwoman.

“Fuck, baby girl. Where are you going?” he grunts. I turn to look at him and nearly melt into a puddle on the spot. The man is completely disheveled and naked with just the covers at his waist.

“I’m going to be late for work if I don’t get moving.”

He nods at me, so I head into the bathroom as he answers his phone. “What’s up, Cyber?”

“Are you fucking serious?” I come back out of the bathroom to see Mike throwing the covers off and standing up. He scoops up his clothes and starts dressing. “Give me everything you got. I’m firing him, but I want all the proof so the asshole can’t sue me.”

I stand there, forgetting to get ready. My mind is trying to focus on what he’s saying while my body is reacting to his sexiness.

“Okay, thanks.” He ends the call and then looks straight at me. “You come here.”

I point at my chest, pretending he’s talking to someone else. “No, the other sexy thing standing in the middle of the room completely naked.” I’d been so distracted by him that I forgot that I was naked too. “Get over here, Tina.”

My pussy’s gushing at his command. “I should be getting ready.”

“Yes, you should, but you’re a bad girl, staring at me like that when I’m taking an important call, getting me all hard. Do you have any idea how mad and horny I am?”

“I can see how horny you are.” I cup his balls, caressing them.

“Yes, and we’re going to take a shower together so I can fuck you

nice and slow all morning.”

“I have to work.”

“No, you don’t. Doc called and got you a replacement for the week.”

“Again?”

“Yes, again. We have things to work on, don’t we?”

“Yes, sir.”

“I like the sound of that, baby girl.” He pops his hand lightly on my ass and I gasp, staring at him with an open-mouthed smile. “Get moving.”

“I’m going. Are you coming?”

“I will be.” He drops his phone onto the nightstand and chases after me, sending me into a fit of giggles. I don’t make it to the bathroom before he has his arms wrapped around me. “I missed you so much, Tina. I hate being apart.”

“I do too. I’m sorry that I suggested the separation.”

“It was in good faith. Now, let’s get messy.” He carries me into the shower and worships my body in all kinds of ways.

After we come up for air, he gets a text from Cyber. I don’t ask what it says, but he sighs. “Everything okay?” I question, my concern growing.

“I’m about to call off the fight.”

“What? Why would you do that?”

“Because that son of a bitch set it up. He sent her here.”

“Who?”

“My manager.”

“But why? What did I do to him? He didn’t like me from the start.”

“It’s not you. He managed both my brother and me. Then my brother just retired, and as soon as he saw me with you, he knew it was coming.”

“He doesn’t want his cash cow to leave.”

“Yes.”

“You can’t miss the fight. So many fans have paid to be there or ordered the fight. I know when I worked at AT&T Stadium in college and if a band canceled, fans were devastated.”

“You’re right. I’m going to fire his ass.”

Chapter Eleven

Mike

“I’d like to meet your parents before we go back to Vegas.”

“Really? Why?” She turns toward me with a shocked expression.

“Tina, I don’t know if you get this, but I’m serious about us. I don’t know if it’s the fact that I’ve nut inside you about a dozen times without protection or the fact that I’ve said you’re mine a hundred times and you’ve said you’re mine as well, but I’m in it for the long haul.”

She blushes.

I cup her soft face, waiting for her to give me those pretty eyes. Once she looks up at me, I ask, “What’s wrong? Why don’t you want me to meet them?”

“They’re huge fans.”

Shrugging, I kiss her and release my hold. “Good. Then it’s going to be a lot easier when I ask your dad for your hand.”

“What?”

“I feel like this shouldn’t be a surprise, baby girl.”

“I didn’t think you’d ask them.”

“Tina, I want you to know that I’m serious. I love you. From the first moment I saw you, my heart felt like it was jumping out of my chest. My thoughts went straight to my brother Danny and how he felt about Sammie. It clicked for me, and I was like ‘this is what he meant.’ This is what it’s like to

find the woman who fucking steals your soul.”

“I love you too. Please don’t break my heart.”

“Never. I’d do anything to make you happy, even let you go on a date with some asshole.”

“Ugh. Don’t remind me, and please don’t tell my parents.”

“Sweetheart. If it goes to trial, they will find out.”

“Oh my God. I forgot about that part.” She picks at her nails. I grip her hands, stopping her from fidgeting, and pull her in tight to me. Her sweet eyes look up to mine.

“It will be fine. Either way, I’ll be by your side. Now, get ready because we’re about to eat and then head out to your parents’.”

“I misjudged you.”

“I forgive you as long as you let me eat your pussy for the rest of our lives.”

“Well, if that’s the way I earn your forgiveness, I must pay my penance.”

“Let’s get moving so we can get back and have a wonderful evening of atonement, baby girl.” I kiss her lips and then drag her out of the apartment. Doc left me a vehicle to use, so I help her into the SUV.

The entire drive to her parents’, she’s nervous, as if there’s something bothering her. We pull up to a very nice home in the Dallas suburbs and into a four-car driveway.

We don’t even make it out of the vehicle when a large man comes out of the front door. He looks hard and gruff even in his suburban cardigan and

khaki pants. “Dad,” Tina calls out.

“Sweetheart. It’s so good to see you. Your mother’s going to be so excited. Who is...whoa...you’re...”

“Dad, this is Mike Miller. Mike, this is my father, Dasher Turner.”

“Hello, Mr. Turner. It’s a pleasure to meet you.” I stick out my hand and he shakes it, looking a bit stunned.

“What are you...”

His words stop in his mouth, so I just speak up. “Tina’s my girl.”

“What? And you didn’t tell me? Is this why you were so depressed at Christmas?”

I turn to Tina who looks mortified. “Baby girl, you missed me?” I ask, winking. “I missed you too.” Holding her close to my side, I squeeze her tight and place a kiss on the top of her hat covered head.

“Let’s not stand outside. Come on in; your mom will be thrilled.” I take Tina’s hand and follow her father into the house.

“Sarah, dear. Guess who’s here?”

“Who, love?” She calls out from the kitchen, but then she approaches through the door. “Oh my goodness, Tina. You’re home, and who is this?” Her voice hangs on the last two words, drawing them out.

“Mom, this is my boyfriend, Mike.”

“Hello, Mrs. Turner. We’re sorry for just dropping by, but we’re leaving for Vegas soon and I wanted to meet you before we did.”

“Wait, are you two getting married and not inviting us?” she asks,

pointing a spatula in our faces, glaring at us.

I chuckle and throw my hands up and mock surrender. “No, not yet. I have a fight this Saturday, and Tina’s coming to sit ring-side.”

“Wow, are you really?” her father asks, appearing completely stunned.

“Well, I don’t know about on the side, but maybe in the locker room or at least a few rows back.”

“Whatever you want, as long as you’re in Vegas. Hell, you can stay in the condo there.”

“You have an apartment in Vegas?”

“Yes, Danny and I keep an apartment there because we both had fights there and it’s better than booking rooms for the week leading up to the fight and for a couple days after all the time.”

“Must be great for parties.” Her father holds no punches.

“We don’t have parties, sir. Our families are the only ones allowed up there.”

“That’s good to hear.” He eyes me with a warning, and I don’t blame him because the parties that happen in Vegas—hell, I’ve walked into parties and had to walk right back out because I wasn’t getting caught up in the scene and ending up on TMZ with some massive scandal.

“So, sir, may I have a word with you in private?”

He nods, his demeanor growing stern. “Yes. Please join me in my study.”

“I’ll be right back, love.”

I follow him into his man cave, and I'm waiting for his barrage. The second I enter the room, he says, "Tell me why you're in here, although I'm pretty sure I can guess."

"I'd like to marry your daughter, and I'm asking for your blessing."

"How well do you know her?"

"How well does anyone truly know anyone? I'll be frank with you. We've only just started dating because Tina wouldn't give me a chance. It took a lot of convincing and my refusal to give up. I understand that her background has been a rough one and her childhood has left her scarred."

"It has." He nods and uncrosses his arms. "I can't believe she told you about it."

"She didn't have to. We immediately had a connection and I could tell she was interested, but she sent me packing with my tail between my legs. When she refused to give me her phone number and my brother-in-law wouldn't either, I had my friend do some digging. Then I understood why she wanted nothing to do with me."

"Do you normally do background checks on the women you date?"

"I don't date. I don't have flings or one-night stands. Your daughter is it for me, and I made it clear to her that I meant it. My career had been my focus until I stepped into that clinic."

"So why weren't you here on Christmas?"

"Because we weren't together. When she came here, she'd just turned me down for the first time."

"The first time?"

“Yes. I’ve been hit on by hundreds of women, and the one that I wanted to fall at my feet told me to beat it. It was painful. Still, we pressed on, and today she’s happy that we’re in this. Thankfully, my new sister-in-law and my sister spoke with her.”

“Why?”

“They married men just like me, if not more intense. Hell, my brother-in-law was some sort of special forces and now owns Steeleville.”

“Oh, wait—your brother-in-law is Garrett Steele?”

“Yes.”

“I just went into business with him. He’s a great guy and obsessed with his wife.”

“Yes, my sister. I might pound guys in the octagon, but he’s done so much more.”

“He and I are one and the same. You have my blessing, for what it’s worth. Because if I’m right, a no would mean a fast wedding that didn’t include us, and a yes would mean a fast wedding that we’re invited to.”

“You hit the nail on the head.”

“As long as my little princess is happy.”

“That’s all I care about.”

A knock on the door brings in Tina, who looks anxious. “Um...I just came to check in on you two.”

“Come here, sweetheart,” he calls her over and pulls her in for a hug. “Are you happy?”

“Yes.”

“Good. When are you leaving for Vegas? Do you have time for dinner?”

She looks at me with pleading eyes. “Don’t worry. Boomer already offered the plane and is flying us out first thing tomorrow morning, so we can leave here after dinner and be back in time to get enough sleep and be fresh faced.”

“Are you good for weigh-in?” Her father asks me.

“Yes, I should be fine, but if you have a digital scale, I could take a quick look.” They lead me to the bathroom, and my weight is a little under. It’s still in regulation, but I have a few pounds I could put on before the weigh-in tomorrow night.

“How is it?”

“I’m about on target. Eating a decent meal won’t hurt either way.”

“Good because I’m working on a large dinner,” her mother says, stepping into the hallway.

An hour later, the house is flooded with several other guests, including her brothers and their families, who happened to pop by for a family dinner. The guys are huge fans of my brother and me and pick my brain on so many topics.

Right before we leave, they both pull me to the side. “Take care of my sister. We don’t care if you’re a fucking bad ass and our favorite MMA fighter—we’ll find a way to destroy you.”

“I have two sisters, and I understand that you will do just that, but

there's nothing to worry about because Tina's mine forever, and I'm hers until they bury me."

"Great, now go kick some ass because we'll be watching it." We shake hands, and then I go in search of my woman so we can head back to Steeleville before it gets any later.

"Thank you all for a great evening and a lovely dinner, Mrs. Turner. I'm going to tell my mother about it, and she's going to want the recipe."

"Oh, I can't wait to share it." We finally make it out to the SUV and drive on back. Tina smiles, pressing her hand in mine.

"So that went better than you expected," I say, bringing her hand to my lips and giving it a kiss.

"Much better."

"Wow, were they expecting you to bring home a doctor or something?"

"No, it's not that at all. It's just they've been worried about me and since I don't date, I didn't know what to expect, and then you're their favorite fighter, so I was like, maybe they'll be gushing and totally embarrass me or they'll try to get tough with you."

"Well, I'll say it was a bit of both. They did their rightful brotherly and fatherly duties of warning me to treat you right and then also told me how much they loved watching my brother and me kick some ass."

She lets out a long yawn. "Sorry."

"Don't be sorry. Lay your seat back and relax. We'll be home in less than forty-five minutes."

“I’m fine,” she answers, letting out another yawn.

“Do what I say, or you’ll be too tired to begin your penance.”

“Okay, night, night.” She lowers her seat back and closes her eyes so fast I crack up.

“Goodnight, my love.”

Chapter Twelve

Tina

I wake up to the most amazing feeling. A moan falls from my lips and I extend my hand into Mike's hair, running my fingers along his scalp even before I open my eyes all the way.

A low rumble comes from his chest. "Yes, I repent," I cry out, curling my toes and arching my hips up.

Mike lifts his head slightly, staring at me just above my mound, eyes filled with wicked desire. "You can't be forgiven so easily," he growls, dropping back down and dipping his tongue into my heat. The way he licks my hole while he pushes one finger into me has me coming undone so fast, coming on his face.

Slowly, he crawls his way up the bed, one arm extending and then the other, stalking like a predator until he's completely over me, locking me in with his strong body and intense gaze.

"Fuck, I need you."

"Take me, possess me, own me. I'm all yours, my love."

"Baby girl, you own me, but it's time for me to claim this pussy again." He rubs the thick head of his cock along my seam, blending my juices with the beads of cum dripping from the tip. The light flutter of my body doesn't go unnoticed by my amazing lover.

"You like that, baby girl?"

"Yes, but I need more."

“I’m at your service.” With a slight thrust of his hips, Mike’s length pushes inside, and I can barely catch my breath. His size is massive and with the girth, I want him to dominate me.

“Fuck me.”

“Yes, baby girl.” He takes my hands and lifts them over my head, holding them in just one of his meaty fists and then starts driving hard into my core. “You’re mine, baby. Now take what I give you.”

“Yes, oh, yes.” I don’t know why I love the way he’s so dominant in bed. Hell, I like when he’s pretty much powerful everywhere because he’s never mean to me, but damn, do I love the way he controls me here.

His mouth clamps over my ear and he bites before adding, “Mine.” My pussy gushes a little more. “That’s right, baby. You love knowing you belong to me. This little cunt loves it. Now, be a good girl and come for me or I’m going to have to put you on all fours and spank that pretty ass and take you from behind.”

He looks me in the eye and then kisses me roughly, pinning me as he works my tight hole. I want more. Hooking my heels around the back of his knees, I hold him down, forcing him to fuck me deeper and to punish my womb. His hair falls slightly forward, and I love the look. This is what he must look like taking down an opponent, dominating them, but instead, he’s fucking me to the mattress instead of trying to pin me to a mat.

Mike’s muscles flex, sweat trailing down both our bodies as we rock together. The passion only grows, and I can feel myself spiraling until my orgasm rips through me. “Oh God. I’m coming.”

“That’s my good girl.” He releases my hands and slides both of his down to my ass, gripping my cheeks firmly and lifting my bottom up as he

impales me. With a guttural roar, I feel him unleash his orgasm into me, shooting his cum deep. He continues to pump into me until there's nothing left and then slowly rubs my flat stomach. "Soon."

My pussy clenches around his softening length, and I can't explain why his animalistic words turn me on, but they do. Lowering me back onto the bed, he pulls out and then lazily kisses his way up my body. "You like knowing I want to fill you up like the caveman you made me."

"Yes, I do."

"Fuck, the way your pussy twitches with excitement gets me hard all over again, but we need to get some sleep. After the fight, we can fuck like bunnies, and you can prepare for our wedding."

"I don't remember being asked."

"Baby girl, no asking allowed. I'm not giving you the chance to say no. It's a done deal."

"No ring?" I ask

"Baby, how long was I holding your arms up there?" He takes my hand and brings it to my face. I guess my hand had fallen asleep, but I'd been so turned on I didn't notice.

"Holy shit. This ring is massive." I giggle at the ridiculousness of it. It's almost too big for me to close my hand.

"You don't like it?"

"I love it, but it probably cost a fortune."

"Don't worry about that." He pulls me in around the waist and nuzzles my neck. "Just say you'll marry me."

“But you’re going to retire and you’re on the verge of getting me fired with all this time off.”

“Ha...fired, quitting...whatever.”

“You want me to quit?”

“No, but you don’t need to be a medical assistant. You can stay home and raise our babies, maybe do a shift or two if it makes you feel better, but I promise you we’re set. Other than the condo that we bought together, my brother and I didn’t splurge on our money. We invested it and capitalized on other business avenues.”

Could I be a stay-home wife? If I was, he’d have total control of the finances, and I’m not sure I’d feel secure.

“Look—I can see that the thought bothers you, and I get why. You feel like you’ll have no power, and that’s the furthest thing from the truth, but just think about it and decide later. Now—are you going to marry me, baby girl?” I nod and kiss his lips, which leads to him pulling me under for another round. It takes another hour before we find sleep.

Chapter Thirteen

Mike

Yesterday's weigh-in went smoothly for me, but my competitor had a fucking problem. He has to cut weight by tomorrow, or the fight is off. He has an extra ten pounds and from the looks of it, it isn't from loafing around. I'm guessing some sort of PEDs, but we'll see. I already had my piss tested, and it came back clean.

"All of this, and we might not even have a fight tomorrow anyway."

"Oh my God, there she is," Tina hisses.

"Okay. Get your phone recording and hide it in your purse. I want to catch everything she says."

"Sure." She sets it up, and we walk right up to the blonde bimbo, who is talking to another woman when the other one points to us approaching. The woman sees us together and blanches. "Excuse me," she says to the woman, attempting to make a beeline toward the exit.

"Come here, unless you want to be charged with some serious crimes," I snarl before she gets five feet in front of us. She turns on her heel and comes back to us. "You better start doing some fucking talking."

"I didn't do anything wrong."

"Stalking, harassment, threatening bodily harm. I'm sure my lawyers can think of a dozen other offenses for you," I say.

"Okay. What do you want?"

“What sick, twisted game are you playing? I see you’re missing your fake engagement ring,” Tina says.

“Yeah...I was hired to find you and pretend to be his fiancée.”

“By who?”

“Tommy Engles.”

“Did he say why?”

“No, only that he wanted you out of Mike’s life and that he was sure this would get you out quickly. I’m sorry. I really am, but I needed the money. My younger brother just died in a motorbike accident and he has a son who he left to me, so it’s been hard.”

“I’m sorry to hear about your brother.”

“Thank you. I’m truly sorry.”

“Go on—go.” She leaves, and I feel a little bad for her because Tommy played on her need for money and Tina’s feelings for me.

“Did you get all of that?” Tina plays it back, and the recording is crystal clear. “Perfect. Now, it’s time to call that asshole because he’s fired.”

We head back to my condo and dial Tommy’s number. I put the asshole on speaker so Tina can hear everything. There’s no fucking secrets between us. “Mike, I’ve been trying to get ahold of you for days. Where the hell have you been?”

“Trying to save my relationship.”

“Why?” He says it with such annoyance that if he was in front of me, I’d pop him in the mouth.

“Because she’s my woman, and I’m going to lose her.”

“So a woman makes false allegations. She better get used to it.”

“What makes you think that’s why I had to save my relationship?”

“I just assumed.”

“Do me a favor and shut your mouth. I already know you sent that ring girl into Steeleville. What you didn’t know is I had security on my fiancée to protect her, and he saw the exchange. You would have been less fucking suspicious if you didn’t send my calls to voicemail or boldly show your disgust toward my woman.”

“I tried to stop you from ruining your career for a piece of ass like your brother did. There is tons of pussy.”

“You’re fired.”

“You can’t fire me.”

“The fuck I can’t. I can have you arrested. I have all the proof I need, and you should be glad we’re not doing this face to face because I’d be liable to smash your face in.”

“I’m going to sue you.”

“Go ahead and try. I’ll take you to the commission, and you’ll never have a job in the industry again.” I end the call and smile at my beautiful fiancée.

“God, why does that make me hot?”

“Because you like seeing me as a tough guy, as long as I’m sweet to you. Except in bed.” I growl and pounce on my woman.

I give her a smile before I get patted down, and then the asshole has the nerve to wink at her. “You think that’s fucking cute? Don’t get bent out of shape. I’ll do that to her later. I’ll have her bent over after I win.”

The bell rings, and I’m ready. My girl is sitting in the front row, watching. She’s about to see the animal, and now more than ever. “You’re not going to win shit but a trip to the ER, bitch.” I come in ready to strike, knowing he’s going to swipe at my legs, so I jump with my punch, sending him back against the cage. Fists flying in his face, I’m smashing it and then my knee comes up into his stomach, hitting his ribs.

The last strike to the face sends him down and to sleep. “Little bitch, now who is the one bent over?” I look up and see my woman staring up at me with her mouth open. I expect her to be petrified and I feel like an ass, but the look on her face turns to pure lust.

“Mike ‘The Maniac’ Miller wins with a knockout against Aaron Sartain.” They hand me the belt and open the cage to bring in the reporters, my trainer, and Tina. I take the belt, but it’s my woman I want. As soon as she enters the ring, I scoop her up in my arms and wrap her legs around my waist, kissing her fucking hard in front of the millions watching.

“Maniac, there was some major trash talking, although most of the audio missed it. Can you tell us what happened?”

“He needs to mind his manners, and since he couldn’t, he got treated like the little bitch he is. Now, thank you, everyone. I have one announcement to make before I go. Well, make it two. This beautiful woman is my fiancée, and I’m retiring. Goodnight!” I rush out of the ring, carrying my precious woman in my arms. Is she grinding her pussy on me?

“Sweetheart, behave.”

“Sorry, Maniac. I’m horny.”

“You want to be bent over, baby?”

“Yes.” I get her inside the locker room and lock the door. I don’t give a fuck how filthy and sweaty I am, throwing her pretty ass against the massage table in the corner.

“Lift that skirt, baby girl.” She flips it over her ass, showing me her round bottom covered in a pair of black panties that I quickly strip down her legs.

I’m covered in sweat and only more beads down my back as I think about filling up that tight little hole. I kick her feet, widening her stance. Shucking my boxers and cup, I stand behind her with my long, thick cock pointing at her, ready to fuck.

“Ready, baby?”

“Yes. Fuck me. Hard.”

“That’s what you’re going to get, but you better cover that mouth of yours or I’ll punish that pretty mouth later. I don’t want anyone to hear your moans. Those belong to me. Do you hear me?” I ask, slapping her round ass.

“Yes,” she cries out, moaning with her backside shaking. I rub the head of my cock at her plump pussy lips, and she’s soaked.

“You’re going to soak the floor with your juices, love.” I slap her ass twice more with just the tip inside and feel her clench around me.

“That’s your fault.”

“I’ll take the blame as long as you take my cock like a good girl.” I

slam into her hole, rocking the entire table while she grips the edge, holding on for dear life. A yelp escapes her pretty lips. “Keep it down, baby, or I’ll be deep-throating that pretty mouth all night.”

“So you want me screaming out your name?”

“Fuck. Come here.” I pull out of her pussy and flip her upside down so her face is in front of my cock and her sweet snatch is all in my mouth. “Suck my cock and keep quiet.”

“Yes, sir.” She slides down my length, and I swear she takes my soul with her. I grip her ass cheeks and suck on her nub while my thumbs push into her slit. Not wanting to finish like this, I flip her back around and sit her on the table with one leg around my waist and the other over my shoulder, and I slam into her pussy, bending her in half. The words my opponent uttered only spur me on. Only I get to fuck my woman like this.

“Take my cock.” She does, leaning back while letting me pound away.

She cries out, moaning, and I raise my brow. “Bad girl. You need to be quiet.” This doesn’t stop her from moaning louder. I kiss her, and she moans into my mouth while I take my free hand and fist her hair.

Her lips part and she pants, “I’m your bad girl.”

“We’re not leaving our bed for the next two days. Your pussy and mouth are going to be so damn sore.”

“As long as you make me come and feed me your cum, I’m yours.”

I rub her clit and she loses it, coming violently on the table while I shoot my load into her womb. Gripping her throat, I say, “You’re always mine.”

Her pussy flexes around my cock. “Is that my new necklace?”

“Where’s my Tina, and what have you done with her?”

“You make me feel safe. I trust you with my life and my happiness, and I heard everything he said about me.”

I kiss her fucking hard and release my firm grip, thinking about how I’m still hard. “We have to get dressed before they come beating down the doors soon.”

“Yes, we probably have an audience waiting for us out there.”

“And I can’t wait to get you to the condo.”

She puts on her panties and adjusts her dress, but there’s no mistaking that I fucked her brains out here. I put on my outerwear and plan to shower at the condo. We freshen up just enough so I can go out and make a few comments and sign a couple autographs.

When I open the door, we’re bombarded with questions, but I’m much more at peace and able to answer them. Two hours later we made it back to the condo where my family had gathered to congratulate us.

What surprises us is Tina’s parents are there as well. “What are you all doing here?”

“We figured there may be a Vegas wedding.”

I look at her, and she blushes.

“There is now. Tomorrow evening. Be prepared, because I’ll be marrying the ever-beautiful, witty, sassy, and independent Tina Solis, the love of my life.” I kiss her, and then we all celebrate for another twenty minutes before we all go to our rooms. Some of them are booked at the hotel

nearby.

By the end of the next day, Tina Solis became my wife, and my world was perfect.

Epilogue

Mike

The sound of her voice as she sings to our babies eases the tension in my chest. Who knew that in little over a year and a half my life would revolve around one woman and the little family she gave me? I miss her, even when I'm gone for just a few hours a day.

We've moved to Tennessee where we live close to my parents. She gave birth to our twins four months ago, and although she's taking measures to stop me from filling her up with another set, all I can think about is seeing her belly round with my babies. It's the animal in me, the primal instinct driving the desire and I shouldn't, but I stare at her like a hungry man ready to breed his woman.

My sons are a handful already, and Tina does a wonderful job with them, but they're a lot. She gets help from my parents, who can't stop finding reasons to stop by every other day, but I'm sure she's still exhausted.

I watch, leaning on the doorframe with my arms crossed, admiring the perfect scene before me: two cribs on an angle with my lovely wife standing at the crux between them, leaning in.

"Good night, my precious babies." She bends down over their cribs and presses a kiss on their soft, fuzzy heads, one at a time. As sweet as it is, my mind is on her ass that's bent in such a perfect position. I want to pull her pants down and strip her bare and bite down on her cheeks.

A low rumble rips from my chest. She's only gotten sexier after the boys and I've gotten hornier. Maybe it's not fighting as much or maybe it's

that I actually get pussy that I want more of hers, but I can never get enough of her sweet cunt. I want it in my mouth or in my hands before stuffing it with my huge cock.

“You’re home,” she whispers, turning around slowly after giving our boys one more look.

“I am. I missed you, beautiful.” I push off the doorframe and move into the room, closing the distance between us.

“I missed you too.” She slides her arms around me and I drag her in close, bringing my lips down on hers, kissing her deeply. Growling, I scoop her up by the back of her thighs, and she giggles. One of the mattresses moves and I grunt, “Oh shit, the boys.”

I slowly sneak out of the room with my woman in my arms, carrying her to our bedroom.

“Put me down. I’m heavy.”

“The hell you are. You’re a feather, but as it happens, this is the place I want you.” I lay her down on the bed and climb on top.

“You’re sweaty, Mr. Miller.”

Although my wife doesn’t like violence in general because of her past and tough guys kind of scare her, she finds me sexy as hell in the cage. She gets all fucking soaking wet when my muscles are flexed and I’m delivering an ass-whooping to someone.

Even though I’ve retired, I decided to open a training facility of my own. After what happened with my manager, having a good one who didn’t need the money was something guys in the industry needed. He was banned from working as a professional manager and his name went up in smoke in

the industry, so he's off trying to hook smaller people in the underground markets and it's failing. Thankfully, the Riders are keeping tabs on him just in case he gets out of pocket, but things are good.

As for my work, I only train men in the facility, and any women are trained by female trainers, but I have yet to hire any. It's just started, and we only have three fighters.

"I might have thrown a few punches, and a few pins." My lips twitch, pressing my hips firmly into hers.

"Yes," she says, thighs clenching under me.

"Does that turn you on, wife?" I reach between us and cup her pussy. Her tight leggings need to get lost. I slide my fingers under the material.

"Fuck, you're soaked."

"I like watching you get all sweaty."

"Good, because we're about to get nice and sweaty."

Tina

“Dr. Miller to the nurse’s desk, please.” That never gets old. The past sixteen years have changed everything. With our two sets of twin boys and girls coming back to back, we decided to stop having babies. Now, our oldest two are learning to drive. When they were both in school, Mike told me to do what made me happy and I wanted to be a doctor, so at twenty-eight, I was back in med school, and now I’ve been practicing medicine for several years.

I walk to the nurse’s station and see my son and husband. “Oh, no. What happened?” I gasp, cupping my son’s face that has a light bruise on his cheek.

Mike clamps his lips shut. “He got into a fender bender.”

“It wasn’t my fault,” he instantly exclaimed.

“It actually wasn’t, but I got him looked at. He’s all good.”

Slapping my hands on my hips, I stare at the man I’ve loved for nearly half my life. “Why didn’t you call me?”

“I didn’t want to bother you unless it was necessary.” I cross my arms and huff. He’s lying to me and I don’t know whether to scream or cry, but I’m at work, so I maintain my professional composure. Mike groans, but he doesn’t come up to me like he normally would. “Baby girl, I’m sorry, but I didn’t want to stress you out for no reason.”

“So there’s nothing wrong with you?” I ask my son, who doesn’t seem to have any injuries with the exception of a little square bandage on his forehead and the tiny bruise.

“I’m good, but Dad’s not.” Mike gives him a look that means he’s in

trouble.

“What? You were in the car too? What’s wrong?”

“He got hit harder,” my good boy answers for him.

“I’m fine.” He plays it off, but I know better. We’ve been married so long and when we’re in a room together he can’t keep his hands off me, even when I’m at work.

“The hell you are.” I went around the large station where Mike had pushed a wheelchair out of the way, so I couldn’t see it initially.

“Mr. Miller, it’s time for you to get back in bed,” Nurse Susie says, coming up from around the corner, looking adorable in her uniform, and eyeing my husband too fucking long. He’s not even looking at her; his eyes haven’t left mine.

“I’ve got him.” I grab the wheelchair and stick it behind him. “Sit.”

“It’s not your job,” she huffs.

“Did you not hear my wife?” Mike snarls, taking a seat in the chair.

I turn toward the bitch and say, “Honey, if you come anywhere near my husband, you’re going to need a wheelchair. I’ve dealt with women like you my entire marriage. He’s not interested, so move along.” It pisses me off that so many whores are out there intentionally trying to ruin marriages. Men and women stray, but damn, when hookers throw themselves in their path like that it’s like they need a cunt shot from my killer heeled boots.

No matter how many women make eyes at him, he ignores them. He’s turned down so many offers for training female fighters. Some of the female clients have been kicked out for hitting on him. He makes it extremely clear

that there's a ring on his finger, which means he doesn't entertain offers of any kind.

"Sweetheart, I'm sorry." I'm going to have a long talk with my husband because today will not be forgotten. I'm not talking about the stupid nurse. If I got mad every time a woman flirted with him then I'd never be happy. The same goes for me. Although it's bold to do it right in front of me and when I'm her superior as well.

"What room?" I ask my son, refusing to speak to my husband.

"305," my son says.

We don't get ten feet from the nurse's station when one of the paramedics comes in. "Oh, beautiful Dr. Miller. It's good to see you today. I didn't know you were on my shift. It must be my lucky day. You shouldn't be pushing him. I can take care of that for you, dear." Fuck. Now, it's my turn for his temper and I know what that means. I squeeze my thighs together, anticipating the altercation while pressing my hand on Mike's shoulder.

He takes that hand, holding it in his. "Not if you want to fucking live. If I were you, I'd never speak to my wife again, or it will be the last thing you do."

"Oh. You're her husband."

"Yes, I'm the one who gave her that Miller name and that fucking ring that you so obviously ignored. You've got five seconds to get out of my face before I forget my ribs are broken."

This is not the time to be horny, I mentally chant to myself, trying to hold back. Why? Why did the biggest flirt have to show up now?

He leaves and I continue pushing my husband to the room with our boy following behind us. “Here we are.”

“Son, step out of the room and close the door. In fact, take a walk down to the cafeteria and get some lunch. Your mother and I will be busy for a while. I need to remind your mother who she belongs to,” Mike commands.

“Oh, goodness. Please don’t tell me.” He covers his ears and walks out of the room.

“Lock the door, Dr. Miller,” Mike orders, voice rough and gravely.

“I shouldn’t. You have broken ribs.” His eyes are focused on me as he unties the scrubs bottoms.

“Lock it, or I will.” I do as he says, getting wetter by the second. “Now come here.” He cups my cheeks with his strong hand. “What’s your name?”

“Tina Miller.”

My heart’s racing in anticipation, pussy dripping, and my mouth is watering. “And who are you married to?”

“You.”

“Right, so how long has that asshole been flirting with you?”

“Um...he flirts with everyone. I just tell him I’m married and ignore it.”

“I didn’t ask you that, wife. I asked you how long?”

“A year.”

“Take off the coat and bend over.” I do, and he pulls down my scrubs.

“That’s twelve months. Plenty of time for you to tell me about it,” he says.

“I didn’t want you to kill him.”

“One.” He spanks my ass cheek.

“Someone could hear us.”

“Then I suggest you be quiet, Dr. Miller. Two.” He pops the other cheek, sliding down his own scrubs they gave him to wear, freeing his cock.

“Three.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I trust you, Tina. I always have, but this wasn’t cool. Four.” Another whack, and I’m flooded. He leans over and whispers, “Tell me if it’s too much, baby girl.”

“I deserve my punishment.” I get three more whacks in a row.

“Five, six, seven,” he growls.

“This fuck is going to be fast, and then you’re going to sign my release papers because I’m not staying in this place.”

“But...”

“Eight. Wife, I don’t need that nurse trying to help me pee like she tried earlier.”

“What? That bitch. You’re not even debilitated.”

“Exactly. Now, let me see how ready my sexy wife is for my dick.”

“So excited.” He presses two fingers inside and I nearly come on the spot, soaking the floor below.

“Damn right. Ten, eleven, twelve.” He gives me my last good ones

before thrusting into me, holding my arms by my elbows while I'm bent over his bed, drilling me. I put my face into the sheet and cry out, coming hard.

“Mine, Mine, Mine,” he roars, filling me up.

“Shit. We better be careful or I'll be pregnant again, and I'm getting too old for that.”

“You'll never be old. Now, break me out before I escape.” Mike winks, pulling up his pants.

“How about we get dressed first?”

He pulls me in for a kiss. “Great idea. I'd have to kill some bastards for seeing my wife naked.”

A month later...

Thankfully, I wasn't pregnant, but I took time off anyway to spend it with my husband.

"Mike, I was thinking it's time that I go the route Joe did. I think I should open a private practice."

"That's what I'm talking about, baby girl," he growls, peppering kisses on my throat after another round of love making.

"You like that idea?"

"Of course I do. It keeps you away from all those fucking dicks who find you sexy and there's an empty office near the gym if you're looking for a space. I think it used to be a physical rehab place. It might be the right place."

"That sounds good."

"It would mean I'd be around more often. Do you think you'd like that?" Mike asks, snuggling up to me.

"Oh no, it would be terrible. I'd have you harassing me and seducing me between patients. Never mind. Maybe there's a place all the way across town."

He growls and spins me around so he can firmly grip my ass over his legs. "Perhaps, I should just spank your pretty ass."

"That sounds good too," I tease and then he pops me once on my bottom before pumping two fingers into my sopping wet hole. "I guess the commute wouldn't be fun, and having my pussy eaten for lunch would be nice."

“I couldn’t agree more. So it’s a deal?”

“A deal, Mr. Miller.” We kiss and fall into another passionate round until sleep takes us.

Six months pass...

We open the private clinic down the street from the gym, so Mike enjoys stopping by to remind me that we belong together. I do the same almost as often for the same reason, although it's not necessary because there is a big-ass picture of us from his last fight with me in his arms hangs on a gym wall for everyone to see.

There is no doubt that my husband adores me and he wants everyone who walks in to know it. I don't know how I could have been so wrong about him and I'm glad he never gave up the fight.

THE END

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Best Friends Series:

Always You * His Dirty Secret * Sleep Tight

Bianchi Crime Family:

Married to the Mob * Captured by the Mob * Owned by the Mob

Cavanaugh Security Series:

Protecting Macy * Securing Blake

The Cline Brothers of Colorado:

Whatever it Takes * Taking Whatever He Wants * Finding Paradise

The Conti Crime Family Series:

Alessio * Dario * Enrico * Matteo

Dirty Boss Series:

My Pet * My Cookie * My Flower * My Valentine

(Now on Audio)

The Falling Series:

Falling for the Boss * Falling for the Enemy * Falling Hard

The Fiore Family:

Christmas with the Beast * Christmas with the Boss * Christmas with the Sheriff

Gimme Series:

Sugar * Luck * Rain * Cream * Heat * Love

The James Family:

No Choice * No Way Out * No More Waiting

Keepsakes:

Keeping Blossom * Keep in Mind

The Lamian Wars:

Bound * Reveal * Release

All Hallows Eve

The Middleton Hotels:

Built for Me * Built to Last * Built Strong

Built Over Time * Built Overnight

Nothing but Trouble Series:

Taking the Bait * Taking the Mafia Princess

The O'Connell Family:

Claiming Red * Burning for Claire

Claiming Abby * Reminding Red

Obsessed Alpha Series:

Stone * Cole * Graham

Theo * Maddox * Alessandro

Tony * Cormack * Cameron * Jake

Reynolds Ranch Series:

Lara * Tobias

A Rocky Start Series:

Rocky Waters * Her Rock * Rocky Start

A Rough Hands Novella:

My Miracle * Nailing my Wife

Say Something Series:

Say Uncle * Say Please * Say Uncle: Doggy Style

Second Generation:

Say Yes

Sister Switch:

Testing Her Professor * Assisting Her Boss

A Steele Christmas:

Mason's Winter * Perfectly Wrapped * The Company You Keep

A Steele Fairy Tale:

My Gold * My Forever * My Property * My Prince Charming

A Steele Riders Family Novella Series:

Sammie * Roxie * Mike

Steele Riders MC Series:

Boomer * Mick * Jackson * Doc * Beast * Ghost

Wrench * Blade * Boss * Cowboy * Law *Cyber

Southern Hospitality:

Down South * Gone South

Sweet Temptation Bay:

A Taste Of Honey

Sweetheart's Treats:

Sweet Surprise * Doctor's Orders, Sweetheart * Sweet Surrender

Twin Sin:

Stalk Me Please * Sinful Intent

White Wolf Ridge Series:

Turner

Wolfe Creek Series:

Wolfe's Den * Beta: Her Alpha

Raging Kane * Written in History

Standalones:

Buying Love * Conquering Alexandria * Ecstasy Captured

Grant's Deal * In Heat * Intense

Killer Abs * Love Discovered * Loving My Neighbor * Lucky Ride

Mrs. Valentine * My Christmas Gift

Rainy Days * Stormy Nights * Red Hot Nights

Room Service * Scarred * Sharp Curves

So Wrong * Standing There

The Mobster's Virgin * The Wedding Guest * Unexpected