



SILVER SPOON
UNDERWORLD



Ariel's **DUKE**

L O N I R E E



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USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

L O N I R E E

Ariel's Duke

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Silver Spoon Falls Universe



We're taking over the universe. □ JUST KIDDING!

Nichole Rose and I are actually building our own little world—the Silver Spoon Falls Universe. Welcome to the Silver Spoon Falls Universe, where forever means exactly that.

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

Don't worry! We will continue writing our own books too! And these will connect in new and exciting ways to our own worlds, creating one giant book universe for you to explore!

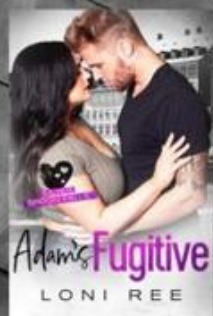


Silver Spoon Falls



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

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



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

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Chapter 1

ARIEL



There was some creative photography going on in the rental brochure, I think to myself as I stare at the cabin I've rented for the next two months.

"Let me show you how to get the old heater going." Mary Jones, the Cabins 'R Us leasing agent in Silver Spoon Falls, sticks her head in the door and smiles at me. "Just in case we have a cool night."

I follow her to the closet at the back of the small cabin and shudder when I see the ancient black stove-looking thingy. God, I hope I don't need to use that thing. "You know what." I glance over at Mary. "I have heavy sweaters and an electric throw if it gets too cold."

“If you’re sure?” Relief flashes through her eyes. I’ve been talking and messaging her for weeks, and she’s nothing like I’d imagined. I was picturing a middle-aged grandmotherly type, not a fifty-something woman with pink hair and flashy jewelry.

“Very sure.” I glance around the room, telling myself this will all work out. After my college graduation, I decided to take the summer off on a whim. I happened to drive through the small Texas town and felt something calling to me that I couldn’t resist—a crazy need to stay here.

For the last five years, I’ve been working two jobs and going to school full-time to earn my degree in forensic accounting. I figured it was time for me to take a little break. I have a healthy savings account, and three job offers to decide between. Once I begin my new career, I won’t have the ability to take an extended vacation for quite a while. “Thank you for taking the time to come out and show me everything. I’m sure I can figure out the rest.” I hope the chatty agent gets the hint and leaves so I can unpack and relax. “I’m going to take a hot shower and get to bed early,” I add when she doesn’t seem to be heading for the door.

My heart drops when she mutters under her breath, “Lukewarm shower.” As she heads for the front door, Mary turns to me. “One more thing.” I should’ve known there would be one more thing. “There’s a neighbor on the other side of the trees lining the back property line. He’s a recluse who hates to have his privacy interrupted.” She shrugs. “Over the years, we’ve had a few renters run into him, and he isn’t very nice. It’s better just to avoid him altogether.”

“You don’t have to worry about me,” I reassure Mary. “I’m here for privacy myself.” The jerk next door is the least of my

worries.

After Mary leaves, I change the sheets on the bed. I mean, you can never be too careful about who used them last. Then I take a *barely* warm shower and pull on my comfy sweats. The new Cassia Murphy cowboy romance book I picked up at the cute little bookstore in Silver Spoon Falls is calling my name.



I wake up to sun peaking in the thin curtains and realize I passed out last night before I even read one page. Oh well, I'll try again later after I explore a little.

It takes me a couple of hours, but I manage to unpack my kitchen supplies and get them stored away in the tiny pantry.

After a quick breakfast, I decide to take a little hike and check out my surroundings. I'm making my way through some thick brush when I notice a small lake with a dock on one side and a beach with real sand on the other. Glancing around, I see a man standing on the dock with a fishing pole in his hand. I squint to get a better look and feel my girly parts wake up as I stare at a specimen of male beauty.

From this distance, it's hard to tell but I'd say he's somewhere around thirty-five. And freaking hot as heck. He's wearing a white t-shirt stretched across his muscular chest and black nylon basketball shorts with a very impressive bulge sticking out the front of them. As he casts his line, I watch his forearm muscles flex and nearly melt onto the hard Texas ground. An intricate tattoo runs up his forearm under his shirt sleeve that draws my attention, causing me to wonder what the entire

tattoo looks like. This man is definitely not what I'd envisioned when Mary told me about my reclusive next-door neighbor.

A loud roar interrupts my inspection of the hottie, and I glance to the side and gasp. *Am I really seeing this?* My mouth falls open as I watch a huge black bear vault across the wooden dock and jump on the hottie's back. Oh, man. I take off in a dead run watching the two of them fight for the fish on the end of the man's fishing pole. Before I reach the edge of the lake, the man falls into the water with his angry bear competitor on top of him. I'm not really sure what I'm going to do to help him, but I'll figure that out later.

A few seconds later, the bear surfaces on the other side of the lake and swims to the bank with the fish clamped tight in his jaws. The animal shakes off the murky lake water before running off in the opposite direction.

Once I'm sure he isn't going to come for me, I frantically scan the lake surface, looking for my neighbor, but he's nowhere to be seen. Shoot. I can't let him die. I'm not sure where this spurt of bravery is coming from, but I kick off my tennis shoes and dive into the frigid water. My breath freezes in my throat, reminding me what a bad idea this stunt is. Isn't Texas water supposed to be hot? Oh well, I'll worry about that later. Right now, I have a hot guy to save.

Thank God for all those swimming competitions my dad forced me to participate in, runs through my mind as I dive under, looking for the bear attack victim. On my third dive into the murky water, my hand encounters something right under the water. Hoping it's my hot neighbor and not something truly horrible, I wrap my hand around what I think is his waist and kick to the surface.

In the bright sunlight, I see his wet jet-black hair falling across his face and swim for the shore, which is about ten feet or so away. It takes several tries to drag his limp body onto the very edge of the muddy bank. I give him a couple of swift thumps on his back, hoping to clear his lungs and breathe a sigh of relief when he groans weakly. “Are you trying to finish me off for the bear?”

Kneeling next to the moaning man, I stare down into his chocolate eyes and feel something crazy happening to me, something terrifying. The realization that my life will never be the same runs through my mind on a continuous loop, along with Mary’s warning about my grouchy neighbor. And I just freaking beat him while he’s down.

Sensing it’s time to make my exit, I jump to my feet and run toward my cabin. “Wait,” he croaks out behind me before coughing incessantly. I ignore his angry calls mixed with him hacking up a lung and cut across the tree line dividing our properties like the hounds of hell are on my heels. My fight-or-flight instinct kicked in, and I listened.

Chapter 2

BRUNO



I wake up the morning after my near-death experience and wonder if I imagined my gorgeous, curvy little rescuer. Throwing back the covers, I wince when I attempt to drag my sore ass out of bed. After stumbling into the bathroom, I check my back in the mirror and see proof of my brawl with the black bear. The fucker not only knocked my ass overboard, but he also stole my huge goddamn fish.

The only good thing to come out of the entire experience was the little water siren who saved my life. When I opened my eyes to find worried emerald-green eyes staring down at me, I felt an unexpected tugging sensation in my chest, followed closely by the urge to pull my rescuer close.

Even on death's door, my cock rose at the vision of her sweet, wet curves. It was hard to tell the exact shade of her wet, long curly hair, but I know it's somewhere between ginger and auburn. I spent all night imagining how it would feel to wrap my hands in the thick tresses and hold tight while pounding into her tight pussy from behind. Now, I just have to find out who the hell she is. And spank her luscious round ass for daring to run from me.

My phone rings, interrupting my thoughts. "What the fuck do you want?" I growl as my frustration boils over. Rick Simon, my bar manager, should know better than to call at the ass crack of dawn while I'm at my cabin. I come out here to get away from work stress.

"And good morning to you." The arrogant fucker realizes I can't fire him since he's the best manager I've ever had at The King's Castle. I've been running the mostly legal strip club since my long-time boss, Dante Arakas, retired a while back.

Dante had moved the headquarters for his organization to the small Texas town when the fucking cartels started circling around the area like hungry sharks. We figured our presence in Silver Spoon Falls would discourage their plans to infiltrate and take over the area. It hasn't worked out exactly like that, but we're winning in our war with the cartels.

Not long after we arrived, Dante found his soulmate in Silver Spoon Falls and started cutting back on his involvement in the organization. He asked me to take over the bar and the casino side of his business while his nephew, Dimitri, and Constantine, Dimitri's best friend, handle the rest. Before long, the quirky little Texas town grew on me like a goddamn fungus.

“I didn’t say good morning,” I remind him. “I said, what the fuck do you want.” When I come to the cabin, I want peace and quiet. The only people who know about my secret hideout are Dante, Dimitri, and Rick. And my bar manager knows not to bother me unless it’s life or death.

“The weekend deposits were short, big fucking time.” Motherfucking hell. Some stupid asshole has lost his ever-loving mind. Stealing from a Dante Arakas business is an excellent way to end up dead.

“By how much?” Our cash has been short a few other times, but the amounts have always been small. Most of the time, it’s an innocent mistake. The few times we’ve actually caught someone stealing, we took care of that shit quickly and permanently.

“A lot this time.” Great. Just fucking great. There goes the rest of my week off. “It was my weekend off, and I didn’t realize until this morning.” Some motherfucking asshole took advantage of Rick’s time off and my vacation. When I decided to head to my private cabin a few days early, I didn’t take into account that it was Rick’s weekend off, and it’s coming back to bite me in the ass. I don’t like being made to look like a fool, and I plan to make the fucker pay big time.

“I’ll get dressed and come down,” I tell Rick and hang up. My little getaway will just have to wait until I figure out who is fucking us over.

On the ten-minute drive to Silver Spoon Falls, I call Dimitri to fill him in on the issues at The King’s Castle. “We have money missing.”

“Son-of-a-bitch.” Dimitri hisses.

“I’m on my way to The King’s Castle to figure this shit out,” I tell him. I forget about the conversation when I notice a figure walking along the road. I blink several times, wondering if my tired mind is playing tricks on me or if that is my curvy little siren. “I’ll call you back.” I hang up on Dimitri and pull the car to the side of the road.

My water siren spins around when I screech to a halt a few feet behind her. My heart takes a direct hit when I realize she’s even more stunning than I’d remembered. Today, she’s wearing a fitted pink t-shirt and jean shorts that show off her curvy hips and tanned legs. The overwhelming urge to keep her hidden from every other man in the world overtakes my common sense.

Not giving her time to react, I hop out of the SUV and rush over to wrap my arms around her luscious curves. “What the heck?” she screeches as I throw her over my shoulder before racing back to my vehicle. “You have to be kidding me.” My girl pounds her fists on my back. “You can’t just kidnap me.” I ignore her indignant grumbles.

“I just did,” I growl and attempt to set her on her feet next to my SUV, but she swings her leg and nails me right in the balls with her knee. I see stars for a few seconds as my ability to father children flashes before my eyes. “Are you trying to finish the job that the fucking bear started yesterday?” I whimper pitifully, trying not to cry in front of my sassy little siren.

“What if I am?” she growls adorably and flings her head around, hitting me in the face with her fragrant bright red hair.

“I guess I need to convince you to keep me around.” I pull her curvy body close and lean over to gently bite her ear. “I’m sure I can come up with a way to do it.”

“Uh.....” Her mouth opens and closes repeatedly. Before she finds her arguments, I quickly set her in the passenger seat and reach across her bountiful curves to grab the seatbelt.

“I can’t believe I saved your life, and you’re repaying me by kidnapping me.” My little siren finally finds her words. “Jerk.”

“I’m not kidnapping you,” I lie. I’m totally fucking kidnapping her little ass. “I’m taking you back to my cabin so I can thank you properly.”

Her eyes widen as she bites her bottom lip and stares at me. “No, you aren’t,” she argues. “You could’ve just said thank you back there. You’re taking me to your cabin so no one will find my body.” My little siren crosses her arms over her ample chest, dragging my eyes along with the movement. My cock wakes up and grows rock-hard in my dress pants. Right, this second, I’m regretting my choice to go commando this morning.

My heart squeezes hard when I see the anxiety swirling in her dark green eyes. “I will never hurt you,” I promise her, hoping she can hear the sincerity in my voice. I plan to spend the rest of my life protecting her, but I keep that thought to myself. There will be a better time to discuss our future once she gets over her anger.

“Why did you run off yesterday?” I change the subject, needing to know why she deserted me.

“I thought you’d be mad that I was on your property.” My little water siren shrugs. “My leasing agent said you didn’t like people trespassing.”

I glance over at her and feel my heart turn over in my chest as she glares back defiantly. “That doesn’t apply to you.” She

fucking owns me. I'll let her get away with anything. Except leaving me.

"Why?" my girl huffs, and I barely resist the urge to kiss the frown off her luscious, pouty lips.

That's a great question. I'm starting to believe the rumor that drinking the Silver Spoon Falls water brings your soulmate into your life. I never thought either Dante or Dimitri would find love, yet both are now happily married. "I'll explain once we get back to my cabin," I tell her, leaving out the part about me wanting to make sure she can't ever escape from me again.

"I don't even know your name," she mumbles.

"Bruno Revello," I tell her, wondering if she has any idea who I am. Glancing over, I see a vein at the base of her throat begin to pound furiously, answering my question. "What is your name, little siren?"

"Ariel Drake." Her name echoes around my mind as I drive up in front of my cabin.

"Nice to meet you, Ariel." Her name rolls off my tongue as my mind fills with all the filthy things I plan to do to her luscious body.

"You as well, Mr. Revello." My little siren's smoky voice sends hunger shooting through my blood, and I fight to control my urges until I find a way to win her over.

"Please call me Bruno." I need to hear my naming falling from her luscious lips.

"Bruno." My cock turns to stone as I imagine her screaming my name while I fuck her between my silk sheets.

Before things get out of control, I force myself to think about something other than the girl sitting next to me. I suddenly

remember why I was headed to town and decide to send Dimitri a quick text, so he doesn't send someone out to look for me.

Something came up

DIMITRI

Something more important than business?

Much more important. I've been drinking the goddamn water.

Three dots appear on the screen while I wait for his reaction. He fell instantly for his soulmate, so he should know the symptoms of irreversible love at first sight.

DIMITRI

Fuck me with a spoon. Go get your woman; I'll handle this.

Keep me updated.

DIMITRI

You worry about your pussy whipped ass. I'll take care of this shit.

I owe you.

DIMITRI

Yeah, you do, and I plan to fucking collect.

Right now, the bar is the last thing on my mind. I have a soulmate to woo. Or kidnap. Whatever it takes to keep her.

Chapter 3

ARIEL



I'm in so much trouble here. Bruno Revello, my neighbor-slash-kidnapper who is also one of the biggest mob bosses around, texts on his phone while I wonder if he's arranging to have my body hidden.

My freaking girly bits don't care that I'm about to die. They are awake and tingling at the thought of the handsome mobster having his nefarious way with me. I attempt to pull myself together, but it's impossible with his yummy, woodsy scent filling the entire vehicle. I should be embarrassed by the effect his closeness is having on my body, but I'm not.

I'm so caught up in my thoughts that I barely notice as he hops out and walks around the front of the SUV.

“Hey,” I grumble when my kidnapper reaches in to unhook my seatbelt before lifting me against his hard chest. “I can walk.” Why is he always carrying me? He should know by now that it’s dangerous to his important body parts.

“I want to feel your curves pressed against my body,” he growls, and I melt into his embrace. “So, I plan to carry you a lot.” I should be furious or, at the very least, concerned, but I’m not. I kinda like the idea of him holding me close.

I glance around the enormous rustic cabin after he sets me on my feet. “This is nice,” I mutter, looking for something to say, hoping it eases the uncomfortable silence.

“Thank you.” He smiles at me, causing my temperature to rise.

“Now that you’ve kidnapped me, what do you plan to do with me?” I can’t believe those words just left my lips. Why in the world would I ask that?

“I’m going to keep you.” He winks at me. His threat should scare me, but it has the opposite effect. I’m pretty sure the mobster just stole my freaking heart.

“Keep me?” What does that mean? And why is my heart racing at the thought of Bruno Revello keeping me?

“We’ll talk about it later.” He smiles. “Would you like some breakfast?” My head spins at the speed of his subject changes.

“Yes, please.” My stomach growls, reminding me that I only had a cup of coffee this morning.

Bruno points at the large L-shaped bar that surrounds the massive kitchen. “Have a seat at the breakfast bar and talk to me while I fix our meal.” I should argue but I don’t. Instead, I decide to find out more about my captor. I make small talk while he moves around efficiently cooking enough food to feed an army.

“Can I help you with anything?” It’s not in my nature to sit around doing nothing and I’m actually getting tired watching him work.

“No thanks. I’m almost done.” I guess I’ll just sit here and watch then. While he stands at the stove cooking eggs, I let my eyes move over his hot body. He is one perfect specimen of mankind. I’m pretty sure those jeans weren’t made to stretch that tight. I’m wondering how much he works out to get those tree-trunk leg muscles when he turns around and catches me checking out his goods. My face grows red as he smirks back at me.

My mortification is complete. To get my mind off my hot host and the effect he’s having on my body, I glance around the large open room with the dark wood furniture and homey décor and search my brain for a safe topic of conversation.

“Do you live here?”

“No.” He places a plate filled to the brim with eggs, waffles, and bacon. “I have an apartment in town and a private suite in my boss’s mansion, but I keep this place to get away every now and then.”

“What do you do?” My curiosity gets the best of me. “Besides getting yourself attacked by a bear and kidnapping unsuspecting women.”

“I run The King’s Castle.” While I enjoy the delicious breakfast he cooked, Bruno gives me a brief overview of his job. I’m pretty sure he’s leaving out all the juicy bits, but I don’t have the nerve to ask him.

“What brought you to Silver Spoon Falls?” He switches the conversation to me. As I watch him blow across the top of his coffee cup, my blood heats to nearly boiling.

“Uh.” I swallow and try again. “I graduated from college last month and can’t decide between three job offers. I honestly don’t know what I want to do.” Ignoring the sexual tension floating through the air all around us is hard. “So I thought I’d come here for the summer and clear my head.” Bruno stares into my eyes, listening. “I hope the time away helps me come to a decision.”

“I’m sure you’ll make the right decision.” He stands and clears our breakfast dishes. “What was your major?” Bruno seems to be truly interested in me.

“Accounting.” I leave off the forensic part, figuring a mob boss won’t be impressed with that choice.

“Very nice.” His phone rings, interrupting us, and I shamelessly listen to his side of the conversation. “Have you checked the security cameras?” Bruno roars and runs his hand down the back of his neck. Oh, man. I’d hate to be the poor person who’s causing that fierce look on his face.

It’s really hard to make out what’s going on from listening to Bruno’s comments alone. After going back and forth for a while, he finally sighs, “I’m on my way.” Does that mean he’s going to let me go home? My heart squeezes in my chest as I realize I’m not ready for our morning to come to an end.

“I’m bringing her with me.” I guess that answers one question while creating several more. Like how did the other person know about me?

“I’m sorry, siren.” Bruno hangs up and slips his phone into his pants pocket before reaching for my hand. “But I have a problem at work that requires my attention.”

“Oh.” I force myself to smile even though my heart is pounding away in my chest. “I can walk back to my cabin, so

you don't have to take the time to drop me off on your way."

"I already told you." He leads me out the door. "I'm never letting you go. And there's a very dangerous bear on the loose, so I think you need to stay with me for your own safety." I'm not really sure what's going on here, but I'm pretty sure he's making stuff up as he goes. My crazy seems to feed off his crazy. I guess I'll go along for the ride and see where it takes me.

"The bear is only dangerous to men fishing in your lake." I roll my eyes at Bruno.

"We don't know that for sure." Yes, we do, but I let him have the last word.

Chapter 4

BRUNO



Once I get this shit under control, I plan to dedicate myself to winning over Ariel. One look and the curvy little siren stole my fucking heart. Now she's stuck with me.

"What is going on?" asks as I head down the main road leading to Silver Spoon Falls.

"Someone stole from me." I lift her soft hand in mine and place a kiss across her knuckles. "And I need to deal with it."

"Oh." Ariel sits back and bites her luscious bottom lip. "Maybe I could help?" I glance over at her, wondering what she means. "My degree is actually in forensic accounting."

She shocks the fuck out of me. My little siren is not only gorgeous, but she's also insanely intelligent.

"I'd love your help." I'm one lucky son-of-a-bitch, and I plan to buy stock in the Silver Spoon Falls water. "But this asshole didn't even try to hide the evidence of their crime."

"That doesn't seem too smart." Ariel doesn't appear to be turned off by my world.

We walk through the nearly empty bar, and my hackles raise as I notice several men eyeing my girl. I glare at each of the assholes, warning them to look away or suffer the consequences.

"This is very nice." Ariel smiles at me as I lead her into my office.

"Not what you expected?" I know most people envision strip clubs as sleazy low-class establishments, but we work hard to keep things classy. Our large staff works around the clock to keep the riffraff out and the wealthy paying customers in.

"Not really." Ariel shrugs. "Actually, I'm not sure what I expected. I've only ever seen these kinds of places on television." I'm not shocked by her revelation. I could sense her innocence from a mile away. I'd bet every cent in my bank account that she's never been touched, which is a good thing. I'm not sure I could deal with knowing another man had dared to touch my siren. I should feel bad for my plans to corrupt Ariel, but I'm not. I'm looking forward to making her mine forever.

There's a loud knock on my office door before Dimitri and Rick come strolling in. I barely resist the urge to punch my bar manager in the face when I see the fucker's eyes fill with heat as he stares at my girl. If he doesn't stop devouring her with

his eyes, I'm going to rip them out of his head and shove them down his throat.

"Stop staring at her, or I'll make sure it's the last thing you ever do."

Ariel gasps and spins around to glare at me, but I ignore my girl's indignation and glare at both Dimitri and Rick.

"You can have a pissing contest after we figure out who stabbed us in the back" Dimitri breaks first. It's personal to us when someone steals from the organization. We go out of our way to treat our employees like family members, and family doesn't steal from family.

"There isn't going to be a contest. Ariel is fucking mine." I lay down the law and take my girl's hand. "Have a seat, siren." I kiss her soft knuckles before helping her sit on the black leather sofa. My little siren instinctively sits back and watches silently while I turn to discuss the situation with Dimitri and Rick.

"Now, what the fuck did you find out?" I glare at Rick, still peeved he dared to treat my girl like eye candy. Once we figure out this fucked up situation with the missing money, I plan to make it clear to every man in town that Ariel belongs to me, and I protect what's mine no matter what.

"We have seven thousand, three hundred and seven dollars missing from this weekend's receipts."

I whistle under my breath at the large figure. That's a whole lot of our money unaccounted for. It takes a truly insane motherfucker to steal from Dante Arakas' organization.

"What did you find on the cameras?" I rub the back of my neck as a headache rushes up my spine. My drive to prove

myself worthy of Dante's confidence in my leadership abilities wars with the overwhelming need to win my girl's heart.

"Not a goddamn thing." Rick shakes his head. "Literally."

I frown, waiting for him to explain but Dimitri cuts in, "The security videos are blank. Someone called the security company Saturday night and had them turn off the recording." Dimitri's dark scowl tells me he's just as pissed as I am. We often call to have the videos paused when we have to take care of family matters, but the company knows better than to do it for just anybody.

"Did our internal backup cameras catch anything?" I ask as Dimitri walks over to the sidebar and pours himself a drink.

"We have to pull the footage and see." After downing it, he sets the empty glass down. "I have Hacker checking the backup system now. I want to find out who was stupid enough to pull a stunt like this." I'd lay money on it being a cartel associate, but I have no idea how one of those dumb assholes could pull something like this off. They'd need a very well-connected insider.

"Good." I sit next to my girl before slipping my arm around her shoulders. "We need to clean this shit up quickly." Both men nod their heads in agreement. "I have plans to spend the immediate future wooing my girl, and I refuse to let this asshole disrupt my plans."

Dimitri smirks before raising his glass to me. "Here's to the Silver Spoon Falls water and the effect it has on us unsuspecting men."

"I plan to stay the hell away from the shit," Rick mumbles under his breath.

After Dimitri promises to keep me updated on the investigation, I grab my girl's hand and head for the door. Right now, I have way more important matters to worry about than a few thousand missing dollars. Like proving to my little siren that we're meant to be together.

By the time we arrive at my cabin, I've forgotten all about The King's Castle's problems. Inhaling Ariel's sweet fragrance for the last fifteen minutes has filled my mind with indecent fantasies that I plan to turn into reality very fucking soon.

"I'm going to fix us some dinner if you'd like to look around a little." I watch my little siren glancing around the cabin.

"What if I want to go home?"

A little voice in the back of my mind warms me that this is a test.

I fight the urge to blurt out that she's already home but somehow manage to keep the words behind my teeth. "Do you want to go back to your cabin?"

"No," Ariel admits before taking a deep breath. "I just wanted to see if you would let me." If I live to be one hundred and thirty, I still won't understand the female brain any more than I do right now.

Realizing it's time to lay my cards on the table, I inform her, "I want you to stay here with me voluntarily, and I hope I'd have the strength to let you go if you really want to leave. But I'm not sure I could do it." She drops down on the sofa and lets me spill my guts. "From the first moment I laid eyes on you, I knew you were the one for me. I want the opportunity to prove that I'm the man of your dreams."

"Okay." Ariel's abrupt agreement shocks me for a millisecond, but I pull my head out of my ass and run with it.

“Let’s have dinner and get to know each other.” Hopefully, I’ll be able to get my cock under control by the time we finish.

Chapter 5

ARIEL



It's scary, but I'm pretty freaking sure the mob boss owns me, heart and soul. "Thank you for dinner," I tell him after we finish our meal. It's amazing how easy I've found it to talk to him. I feel like I've known him forever.

"You're welcome, siren." Bruno takes my hand and helps me to my feet.

"Can I help you with the dishes?" I ask him and reach for my empty plate.

"No." Bruno takes the plate from my hand and sets it back on the table. "You go relax while I worry about the kitchen."

Oh, heck no. I'm not about to sit like a bump on a log while he does all the work. "I insist on helping." I barely resist the urge to stomp my foot. "You cooked, so I'll clean." My stubborn side joins the conversation.

While Bruno silently stares at me, I hold steady and ready my arguments. "Since you insist. Let's do the kitchen together." I'm kinda shocked he gave in so easily, but I take the win and run with it.

I glance up periodically and find Bruno's eyes following my movements. The heated look in his eyes causes my blood to slowly heat to boiling. By the time we finish, I'm ready to self-combust from the heat radiating from us.

"Would you like to watch a movie?" he asks me, and I really want to say yes, but I'm dead on my feet. My eyes are starting to droop, and my bed is calling to me. It's been a crazy day. I need a full night of sleep and a little time to absorb everything. I'm coming to realize that the longer I stay with the hot mob boss, the harder it will be to get over him if things go south. A little voice in the back of my mind keeps insisting that's it's already too late for me. Bruno Revello already owns me.

"Maybe some other time." I bite my bottom lip and ask him, "Could you take me back to my cabin? I need to get some sleep." His blank poker face doesn't let me in on his thoughts, and I start to worry as the silence around us stretches on.

"If you promise to spend the day with me tomorrow." Bruno surprises the heck out of me. "Since you're new to town, I would love to show you around Silver Spoon Falls and get to know you."

I breathe a sigh of relief mixed with a little bit of disappointment at his easy acquiescence. Part of me was hoping he'd force me to stay here.

“That sounds great,” I agree before Bruno drives me back to my lonely cabin on the other side of the lake.

I end up spending the night regretting my decision to come back to the rental cabin, alone.



The next morning, I’m dressed and ready twenty minutes before Bruno is due to arrive. I pace in front of the fireplace, attempting to bring my racing pulse under control but it’s a lost cause. The mob boss wormed his way into my mind and my heart, and I don’t think I’ll ever be able to forget him, so I plan to jump into this relationship with both feet.

When his loud knock echoes through the small cabin, I take a deep breath and walk over to open the door. Wow. I almost self-combust, staring at Bruno Revello’s hot body. I take in his blood-red polo shirt and faded jeans feeling my pulse accelerate.

“Good morning.” I smile at him and step back for him to come in. A shocked gasp bubbles up my throat when he pulls me close and covers his lips with mine. I melt against his hard body and let my eyes fall closed. Fireworks blast behind my eyelids as Bruno slides his tongue into my mouth.

Everything around us disappears as Bruno kisses me within an inch of my life. I give a little grumble of disappointment when he pulls back and lays his forehead against mine. “Good morning, little siren.” His warm breath brushes against my cheek as I debate jumping his bones. Where in the world did that crazy thought come from?

“Huh?” My mushy mind has no idea what we were even talking about.

“I was returning your greeting.” Bruno’s hand runs up and down my back, causing all my brain cells to scatter.

“Okay,” is the only word I’m able to mutter as I melt against his massive body. Bruno’s masculine scent wraps around me, guaranteeing I have no idea what we’re discussing. When he runs his nose along my collarbone, I feel my unused girly bits wake up and join the party.

“I have an entire day planned for us.” He bites my ear, getting my attention. “If you trust me to make it good for you.” My fuzzy mind would agree to just about anything right now. I nod in agreement as he leans down to kiss me again. I love to feel his lips moving against mine. I forget about everything else and let him devour my lips. He places his palms on either side of my head and holds me still for his kiss. “I dreamed about your sweet lips and luscious curves all night long.” His words send excitement zipping down my spine before he steps back and smiles at me. “It was the longest night of my life.”

I couldn’t agree more. “I didn’t sleep at all.” The words fall from my lips before I’m able to stop them.

Bruno steps back and stares into my eyes. “Since we’re suffering from the same issues, I suggest we do something to alleviate our shared problem.”

“What do you suggest?” I ask as he sits next to me and starts the vehicle.

I hold my breath waiting for his answer. Things seem to be happening super fast, and I’m having trouble keeping up, but I don’t want to slow them down, either.

“I want you to stay with me from now on.” His words confirm that he’s feeling the same way. “I can’t sleep knowing that you’re all alone. I need to know you’re safe, and the only way I can do that is if you’re at my place.” It makes sense, but I’m not ready to jump into bed with my mob boss. “You can sleep in the guest bedroom if you prefer. Of course, I’m going to do my best to convince you to share my bed.” I wonder if he can read my mind.

“I’d like to start off in the guest room, then we can see how things go.” I can’t believe I’m agreeing to this. Somewhere between the time I saved him from drowning and now, I’ve lost my mind and found my heart. And crazily enough, I don’t ever want it to change. “I think you should know something.” It’s time for me to let Bruno in on my little secret. “I haven’t ever done any of this before.” It’s true. Between school and swimming, I never had the time for boys.

“I need you to explain.” My mob boss stares into my eyes, waiting for my response.

“I haven’t ever had a boyfriend.” I try to explain in the simplest of terms.

“You’re a virgin?”

He isn’t going to let me get away with vague answers, so I shrug and admit, “Yes.”

“Thank god.” Bruno hugs me close and goes back to kissing me. I lose track of everything as his tongue explores my mouth. He pulls back and lays his forehead against mine. “I’m glad I don’t have to hunt down some asshole and kill him for daring to touch you.”

The threat of violence should scare me, but meeting Bruno has changed my view on a lot of things.

Bruno doesn't let the grass grow under his feet once I agree to stay at his cabin. We skip our day out, and he brings me back to my rental to pack my things. I'm a little shocked when my handsome mob boss rolls up his sleeves and helps me. "I'll have someone come out and clean it." He kisses me on my neck. I'm getting used to having his arm around my waist, and I freaking love the feel of his closeness.

He leads me to the guest bedroom right across the hall from his own room. "While you unpack, I'm going check in with Rick and Dimitri."

Something feels wrong, I think as I open my suitcase. It takes me a few minutes before I finally realize what the problem is.

Not giving myself time to rethink my plans, I pick up my suitcase and drag it to the main bedroom. Bruno walks into the room a while later and comes to a dead stop when he finds me lying across his bed, reading my book.

"Did I miss something?" he asks from the doorway. My heart pounds as the steamy look in his eyes heats me up from the inside out.

"I like your room better." I throw caution to the wind. "It has you in it."

Chapter 6

BRUNO



Fucking hell. I should question how fast this is moving, but I'm not about give my little siren a chance to change her mind.

"You know what the big bad wolf does when he finds his little love in his bed?" I rip my polo shirt over my head and drop it at my feet.

"I'm hoping he makes her feel welcome." When my siren lays back, her t-shirt rides up, exposing her sweet belly. My cock instantly rises to the occasion, and I close my eyes and count to ten attempting to control the hunger coursing through me.

“It might take me two or three tries to welcome you properly.” I make quick work of removing my jeans which isn’t easy with my rock-hard cock. Her eyes follow me, sending little sparks of electricity flowing up my spine.

“Last chance to change your mind,” I tell her, praying she doesn’t put a halt to things.

“Please hurry up,” Ariel whimpers, sealing her fate.

I wrap my hand around my hard erection and slide it up and down as I prowl over to the bed. My brave little siren bites her bottom lip while watching my movements. I crawl over her luscious body and kiss her sweet lips.

The intoxicating taste of her mouth blasts through me, and every thought in my head scatters. My cock gets trapped between my body and her sweet curves. I slide my hand under her shirt and find warm, silky skin. When my girl doesn’t put a halt to my exploration, I roll her hard nipple between my fingers, causing Ariel to arch her back and cry out my name.

“Wow,” she breathes against the side of my neck. When she bites down gently, I almost come all over her luscious curves.

Her shirt is in my way, so I pull it off over her head. Leaning back, I stare down at her stunning body and feel my cock harden painfully. “You’re fucking gorgeous, little siren,” I groan and watch goosebumps erupt across her chest.

“Please do something,” she whispers against my skin and shocks the hell out of me when she reaches between us to wrap her soft hand around my cock. The fucker loves her touch way more than mine. I have to breathe through the urge to come.

“Your touch is magical.” I’m not about to come in my little love’s hand, so I pull back and slide to my knees next to the

bed. After dragging her to the edge of the bed, I rip her sweatpants and silky underwear down her curvy legs and toss them away. Her perfect curves call to me, and I lean over to run my tongue up the inside of her thigh and place a tiny bite on the skin right above her sweet pussy.

I spread her legs and lean down to run my tongue around her clit, causing Ariel to cry out my name. “I like hearing you scream my name,” I groan against her soft skin.

When she digs her fingernails into the back of my head and tugs me close, I slide my tongue into her wet opening and devour her sweetness.

My cock drips cum on the floor as I memorize her taste. I run my tongue around her little clit and slide a finger around her tight opening. When I press a little deeper, her silky walls close around my finger.

Knowing this is my girl’s first time, I take my time and drive her close to orgasm several times before letting her fall over the edge. Ariel’s legs tremble around me as she comes.

My cock is begging me to get a move on, but I ignore the fucker and slowly kiss my way up her sweet curves, stopping to suck and nibble on each tit.

“I really like that.” My girl’s compliment goes straight to my dick, and it grows harder. I’m pretty sure I could drive nails through hard maple planks with the fucker. I cover her lips with mine, and our tongues tangle as I line my cock up with her tight entrance.

As I push forward into her tight, wet pussy, hunger overwhelms me. With each thrust, I’m able to slide a little deeper. It takes every ounce of my control to take things slow and easy while she adjusts to my intrusion. Sweat breaks out

on my brow as I attempt to distract myself from the urge to come.

After a few thrusts, I'm able to move easier as her inner muscles start to relax. Ariel wraps her silky legs around my waist and lifts her hips to meet my thrusts. I watch her bountiful tits bounce with every hard thrust and feel an orgasm roaring up my spine. I slide my hand between our bodies and pinch her clit.

Her sweet body detonates, dragging me with her. Fireworks blast behind my closed eyelids as I come deep in her tight pussy.

"I love you," I whisper against the side of her sweet neck. "I know it's fucking fast and insane, but I don't care."

Ariel stiffens in my arms, and I start to worry that I'm moving too fast. "It is crazy, but I'm ready to take the crazy train with you."

I pull her close to my side and run my finger around her silky shoulder. "And?" I prompt her, needing to hear the actual words.

"And?" Ariel puts her adorable chin on my chest and stares into my eyes. "Was there more?" I see the mischief dancing in her emerald-green eyes, and my heart expands to nearly bursting.

"I'll show you more," I growl against her soft skin and pull her luscious body over mine. My cock instantly wakes the fuck up with the feel of her sweet curves pressed against me. Ariel sits back, and my cock zeroes in on its favorite place in the entire world. "I'm not sure your little pussy is ready for round two." I groan halfheartedly as she presses back, enveloping my suddenly rock-hard shaft in heaven.

“One more round won’t hurt anything,” Ariel insists and slowly wiggles her hips in circles. My mind goes blank, and I forget what we were even discussing. Her luscious tits call to me and I reach up to pinch her nipples while my girl finds her rhythm.

I feel another orgasm building but there’s no way I’m coming without my little love. I rub my thumb around her hard clit while lifting my hips to drive my cock deeper into her tight pussy.

Her tight walls close around my cock as she comes screaming my name. It’s a sound I won’t ever tire of. Ariel drops across my chest and kisses my throat.

“I love you.” Her warm breath brushes against my overheated skin, waking up every nerve in my body. My cock is instantly ready for round three, but I know there’s no way my little siren’s pussy can handle another workout.

“I’m glad because I’m never fucking letting you go.” I can’t live without my little siren. She’s a requirement for my survival.

“I’m happy to hear that,” Ariel sighs against my chest. Her tight walls squeeze my cock, sending all the blood in my body straight to it, causing the fucker to harden further. “Is it really supposed to get hard again this fast?” My girl leans back and raises an eyebrow.

“Around you, my cock stays hard,” I admit and watch as her lips turn up in a sleepy smile.

“I think I need a little recovery time before we do anything about it.”

I lift her sweet body up and lay her next to me.

“I’d die before I ever hurt you. I’ll give you all the time you need to recover.” I hug her soft body close as my eyes start drifting closed.

Chapter 7

ARIEL



Tonight, we're having dinner with Dante Arakas, the biggest mob boss in Texas and Bruno's boss. To say I'm nervous would be an understatement.

"You've changed outfits three times." Bruno walks up and wraps his arms around me. "Stop worrying, siren."

"What if your boss hates me?" I voice my deepest fear.

"He won't." Bruno uses his lips to distract me, and it works. I forget all about my worries while he smears my lipstick all over my face and digs his hands into my hair. Once he lets me come up for air, I glance in the mirror and gasp at my destroyed makeup and messy hair.

“Oh, my god,” I hiss and grab a makeup wipe, hoping to control the damage. “I look like a floozy.”

“You look gorgeous,” Bruno reassures me. After I remove all the makeup, I reach for my makeup bag and apply a small amount of lip gloss and mascara. It’s too late to redo my hair, so I pull it back in a messy bun.

The entire ride to Dante Arakas’ home, I stare out the window, attempting to calm my nerves. Bruno holds my hand and rubs small circles around my skin soothing me. “So, tell me about your boss and his family.”

“After we moved to Silver Spoon Falls, Dante met his soulmate and fell hard for Belle.” *It kinda sounds familiar*, I think to myself. “Belle is a doctor in town.” I’m impressed. It can’t be easy to keep up with a medical practice and her powerful husband. “Dante bought her an Urgent Care for her wedding present so he can make sure she’s safe at all times.” I can’t believe the wealth these people have. I’m not sure I’ll ever get used to it. “Dante raised his niece and nephew, Dimitri and Devin, after their parents died. You met Dimitri the other day. His wife is called Snow. They married shortly after meeting.” I’m starting to see a pattern to this. It seems the Silver Spoon Falls water has been busy. “Devin will be there tonight with her husband, Jude Despora, a lawyer in town.” My mind spins, trying to absorb all these names.

“Did they meet and fall in love instantly?” I can’t help myself.

“You’re catching on.” Bruno glances over and winks at me as we pull up in front of a fortress surrounded by a tall fence. After he punches in a code on the keypad, the heavy wrought iron gates slowly swing open.

“Holy cow,” I gasp as the massive mansion comes into view. “This is beautiful.” I’ve driven by this property several times,

but I had no idea how large and beautiful the home hidden at the end of the drive really is. I notice several other houses scattered around the property and realize the entire family must live on this large estate.

Bruno parks in the circular drive and hops out. While he walks around the front of the SUV, I take a deep breath, trying to calm my racing nerves.

“Come on, siren.” He takes my hand and helps me down. “I want you to meet my family.”

I’m overwhelmed when the door opens to reveal Bruno’s “family.”

“Hello.” An insanely handsome older man steps over and holds out his hand. “I’m Dante Arakas, and this is my wife, Belle.” He points to the adorable short, curvy brunette standing at his side. “Welcome to our home.”

“Nice to meet you both.” My manners override my nervousness, and I reach for his hand. As I shake his hand, Bruno growls behind me. “You’ve touched her for long enough.”

I can’t believe he’s smarting off to the biggest mob boss in Texas.

“I’m going to let that slide since I know how hard the Silver Spoon Falls water hits you.”

Belle steps between the men and shakes her head. “You guys need to find another hobby besides acting all macho.” Then she turns to me and smiles. “Welcome. I’m so happy you could come.”

Dimitri steps over and holds out his hand to me, ignoring Bruno’s grumble. “Nice to see you again. This is my wife,

Snow.” The stunning woman makes me feel both overdressed and way out of my league here.

“I know it’s a little overwhelming to meet all of us, but you’ll get used to it.” I’m not too sure, but I’m willing to give it a chance. Bruno is worth whatever I have to go through to make his family happy.

“Devin and Jude are running late.” Dante leads us to a massive living room. “We’ll have drinks and wait for them to arrive.”

While the men have a drink, Belle and Snow sit on either side of me. “Tell us all about yourself,” Belle urges me. “Men are so useless when it comes to details.”

I give them the highlights and explain how I ended up in Silver Spoon Falls. “So you just got the urge to move here one day?” Snow raises an eyebrow and smiles at me.

“Pretty much.” I shrug, realizing where this conversation is going. “Funny how that happens.”

“Isn’t it.” Belle and Snow exclaim at the same time.

“Don’t worry; the craziness will grow on you,” Snow reassures me.

“It already has,” I tell her honestly. I can’t imagine going back to my boring, lonely life without the craziness that comes with Bruno and his family.

“Now tell me the story of how you saved big bad Bruno from a bear.” Belle giggles. “We’re all dying to hear the unedited version.” I glance over at Bruno and see he’s caught up in his conversation with the men.

“I actually saved him from drowning. The bear had already run off by the time I got there.” They both stare at me with their mouths hanging open as I explain our first meeting.

When Devin and her husband arrive, we go through the whole round of introductions again. By the time we sit down for dinner, I realize I've fallen in love with Bruno's family. They are fun, quirky, and obviously love each other...exactly what my life has been missing.

Plus, they live to give each other hell. What could be better?

Chapter 8

BRUNO



It does my heart good to watch my family fall in love with my girl. Ariel fits in perfectly with the nutty Arakas clan. “You chose well, my friend.” Dante hands me a glass of whiskey as we stand next to the pool, watching the ladies talk. After dinner, we decided to sit on the back patio and enjoy the warm Texas evening.

“I know.” I smile and clink my glass to his. “I’m buying stock in the goddamn water.” I was a skeptic until the water proved its power to me. Now, I’m one of its biggest fans.

“Sounds like a plan.” My boss glances over at the women chatting away before his eyes turn dark. “Once we figure out who the fuck is dumb enough to steal from us.”

Constantine and Carlton, two of our other men, come strolling out the back door. “Sorry we missed dinner.” Constantine, Dimitri’s best friend, grabs himself a drink. “But we have news.”

“Fucking finally,” I growl, ready to get this shit taken care of so I can move on to marrying my siren. “Who the fuck needs to learn a lesson?”

I don’t plan to draw this out. I have a beautiful little siren to marry and knock up.

“Bunny Harper.” I stare at Carlton in shock, positive I heard him wrong.

“Bunny?” I question. “The stripper who’s worked at The King’s Castle since before we took over?”

Surely these assholes have it wrong.

“Yep.” Constantine shrugs before downing his whiskey.

As he heads over to the poolside bar to pour himself another, I turn to Carlton. “Are you fucking positive it’s her?” I trust these men with my life, but I still can’t believe the short, perky stripper is our thief. She doesn’t seem smart enough to pull it off or dumb enough to try.

“Hacker was able to pull up some very telling videos off the security system hard drive. We watched it over and over again to make sure we were seeing it right. She wasn’t as smart as she thought, though, since the bitch left a slew of evidence behind,” Carlton explains while Dante cusses under his breath. “We have Bunny on tape robbing us blind. She got fucking lucky, and a few things fell into place giving her the perfect opportunity to pull this off. First, a group of frat boy assholes got in a fight Saturday night, and the disturbance was just what Bunny needed to make her move. She snuck into the back

office while all the bouncers were dealing with the brawl and called the security company. She got lucky, and the call was answered by a new security team representative who saw the note on our account that we regularly ask for videos to be paused. He didn't verify Bunny's identity before turning off the recordings." We frequently have the videos paused when we have to take care of unpleasant business, like eliminating someone, but the security company is only supposed to take orders from me, Dante, Dimitri or Constantine. Heads will roll for this fuck up. "Then she grabbed the deposits from Friday night that were still in Bruno's desk. That's why we only lost seven grand."

Constantine sets a fresh drink in front of me. "Bunny made one huge mistake, though. She didn't realize we have backup recordings that go to our own server.

"Now that we know who did this, how do you want me to handle it?" I turn to Dante.

Dante sits back and rubs his thumb over his bottom lip for a few moments. "Inform Bunny that it's time for her to move on and make sure the fucking thief knows I won't be so forgiving if she ever returns." He shrugs.

That's what I expected him to say. While Carlton calls around to find out where Bunny is, I walk over and pull my curvy little siren aside.

"I have to go to the bar to take care of a few things." I hate to leave her right now, but I need to take care of this business so I can get to work on something much more important—knocking up my little siren.

"Did you find out who's stealing from you?" Ariel hugs me close, and I debate how to answer her. I don't want my siren to

be involved in my business but refuse to start our life together with lies.

“Yes,” I confirm before kissing her sweet lips. Her taste nearly makes me forget the unpleasant business ahead of me.

“What are you going to do?” Ariel insists on knowing.

“I don’t want my business to touch you.” I refuse to drag my girl into this shit, but she’s making it hard for me.

“I plan to spend the rest of my life with you.” Her words pierce my soul with happiness. “And that means I’m a part of your business. I want to be your partner in everything.”

“Then you’ll have to marry me.” I decide to use her words to my advantage. “Since I refuse to live in sin,” I add in order to plead my case effectively.

“We can discuss it once you take care of business.” Knowing Ariel is waiting at home for me makes what I’m about to do easier.



Later that night, I tiptoe into the cabin and head straight for the shower. After washing away the unpleasantness of my job, I slip into bed next to my siren. “I’m glad you’re home.” She rolls over and throws her thigh over my hips, waking up my fucking cock. It turns hard against her soft skin as I kiss her forehead.

“It’s all taken care of.” I let her know, and that’s all I plan to say on the matter. While I won’t ever lie to my little siren, I don’t plan to go into gory detail either.

“I love you.” Ariel snuggles closer, and I forget about everything except the feel of her sweet curves pressed against my body.

“I love you, too, little siren,” I whisper against her silky skin and thank my lucky stars for the Silver Spoon Falls water.

Epilogue One

BRUNO



I stare at the clock on my work computer and wonder where my wife is. My stunning siren wasn't joking when she said she wants to be a part of my business. After tying her little ass to me for life, I made good on my promise to knock her up then I made her the bar's bookkeeper. We work here a couple of days a week and at home the rest of the time.

It didn't take me long to figure out that nothing slows Ariel down. Even though she's battling morning sickness and extreme exhaustion, my wife insists on working alongside me at The King's Castle.

"I thought I told you to stay home and rest today," I growl when Ariel strolls through our office door a while later. My

eyes automatically eat up the sight of her luscious curves and adorable little baby bump. The floral dress emphasizes her perfect body, and I'm pissed that anyone else has seen her in it.

"I thought you'd realize by now that I don't listen to commands," she sasses back and walks over sit on my lap. As her warm ass cushions my rapidly expanding cock, I forget what we're fighting about.

"Lock the door and lose the dress." I try my luck.

"You lock the door and take my dress off yourself." I'm not sure if it's how much I love my little siren or the fact that she's carrying my baby, but I'm putty in her hands. And her sassiness seems to push buttons I didn't even know I had before I met her.

I stand with her in my arms and set her gorgeous ass on the edge of my desk before storming over to lock the door. "Are you feeling up to this?" I ask my gorgeous wife.

"I am." She reaches between us and squeezes my hard cock through my dress pants. "And it feels like you're up to it too."

"Siren, I'm up to it any time you're around," I tell her truthfully. Since the moment I met her, my cock has lived in a perpetual state of semi-hard. I'm not sure this is good for it, but I don't care.

"Good." Ariel leans against me and bites down on the side of my neck in the exact spot that she knows drives me crazy. "Cause these hormones have me hot and ready."

"We can't have you walking around all hot and bothered." I run my hands under her dress and rip away her undies.

"Hey," Ariel whimpers against my skin. "I really like those panties."

“I’ll buy you a thousand pairs,” I promise and pull her dress over her head.

Stepping back, I stare at her gorgeous swollen body and almost come in my pants. “Lay back and tug on your nipples,” I order her as I drop to my knees and spread her silky thighs open. While she follows my orders, I slide two of my fingers through the wetness dripping from her center and find the spot along her inner walls that drives her crazy. I press deeper and close my lips over her clit while thrusting my fingers deep into her tight core.

Ariel lifts her feet and places them on my shoulders as I devour her sweet pussy. “Oh. Right there.” Her silky walls begin to tremble around my fingers as she comes all over my face.

“I want another one,” I tell her and nibble on her clit.

“Then fuck me.” Ariel has turned into a very demanding wife, and I absolutely love giving her everything she desires.

I stand and rip away my pants before lining my hard cock up with her tight opening. We both shiver as I drive all the way forward in one thrust.

“Hold on, little siren.” I wrap my hands around her curvy hips and hold tight as I thrust into her sweet, warm pussy over and over again. The desk groans under us, and I’m pretty sure all the workers can hear her cries over the music playing in the bar, but I don’t give a fuck.

My wife’s tight pussy strangles the hell out of my cock as I thunder into her. “I’m about to come,” I’m not going to resist much longer. As I thrust faster, Ariel digs her nails into my forearms and arches her back.

“Me, too,” she cries out as her silky walls tremble around my erection. Groaning her name, I come hard and shoot my cum deep into her pussy.

Intense pleasure shoots through me, and I use my last ounce of strength to keep my knees from giving out. I hate to separate our bodies, but I don’t want anyone to come looking and find us fucking on the goddamn desk.

I slide my cock from her sweet pussy before sitting back in my chair. Ariel doesn’t resist when I pull her onto my lap. She runs her finger in circles on my chest while our heartbeats return to normal and our breathing slows. “I love you, Siren.”

My curvy little siren stretches and then winces. Fear cuts through me, and I almost lose my mind at the thought of hurting her.

“Are you okay?” Fear overtakes my voice.

“I’m fine.” Ariel frowns. “I’m just stiff from sleeping on that rock-hard mattress you bought.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I set her on the edge of my desk and start pulling back on my clothes. I can’t believe this is the first time she’s telling me that the mattress is uncomfortable.

After we got married in a quicky ceremony at Dante’s estate, I bought a property not far from town. Rafe Soracco, a local architect who happens to be one of Jude Despora’s MC brothers, made room in his busy schedule to design our home. We finally agreed on a floor plan last week, and construction should start within a few weeks. Until then, we’re staying in the small two-bedroom house that came on our property. We’re planning to buy new furniture once the house is ready, but we needed a new bed now. So, I took my wife to the best

furniture store in Silver Spoon Falls and bought an expensive fucking mattress and bedroom set.

“Because you were so excited to buy it. I didn’t have the heart to tell you I hate it.” Ariel’s bottom lip quivers, which brings me to my knees every fucking time. “And pregnancy hormones are making me nuts.”

“I love you and your pregnancy hormones.” I pull her close. “We’ll replace the bed as soon as we can find something you like.” I’d sell my soul to make her happy.

“No rush.” Her sudden reversal causes me to get dizzy. “It might just be the hormones making me crazy.”

“I love your craziness.” I pull her close once we finish dressing. “And the reason for it.” I rub my hand over her slightly swollen tummy and feel my child moving around. Life just doesn’t get any better than this.

Epilogue Two

ARIEL



We set out to buy a new mattress to replace the one that feels like a freaking cinderblock when I start having trouble sleeping. I tried to deal with the other one, but I finally realized it isn't my pregnancy hormones making it so uncomfortable. The dumb thing is harder than my husband's head, which is saying a lot.

"If it's too soft, you won't sleep well." Bruno rubs my quickly expanding belly and argues as I try to convince him to buy the fluffy pillowtop mattress. "And the little one won't sleep." The mattress he wants is just as hard as our other one.

My pregnancy hormones kick in and supply me with an argument. "Your child doesn't like to sleep anyway," I

grumble halfheartedly. I love staying up late, feeling the baby doing somersaults in my belly. “And I can’t sleep on that hard brick we have now.”

“Do you have something that will satisfy both of us?” Bruno turns to the salesman, looking for backup.

“We have an adjustable mattress.” The middle-aged salesman happily leads us over to the most expensive mattress in the store. “Each of you can adjust it to the pressure setting that’s comfortable.”

I discreetly glance at the price tag and start shaking my head. There’s no way I’m letting Bruno buy us a mattress that costs more than my first car.

My stubborn husband ignores my frantic gestures. “We’ll take it. How fast can you deliver it?” If I wasn’t exhausted from attempting to sleep on his horribly uncomfortable mattress, I’d fight this harder.

While the happy salesman arranges to have our new mattress delivered, I turn to my husband. “I can’t believe you paid that much for a freaking mattress.”

“I’d pay any amount to make sure you are comfortable.” As my heart melts, I forget all my complaints. Between Bruno’s sweet gestures and my pregnancy hormones, I’m an emotional mess.

“Thank you for the new bed.” I kiss his chin and feel his strong arms wrap around me. My body instinctively relaxes against Bruno’s hard frame.

“You can thank me later when we get home.” My husband wiggles his eyebrows, causing my insides to turn to mush. “I plan to spend the entire night allowing you to thank me

properly.” My mind suddenly fills with several indecent ideas, causing my blood to heat.

“Okay.” I should be ashamed of myself for giving in so easily, but I just don’t have the ability to resist my sweet mob boss or his smoking hot body.

Bruno takes the next day off to be home when the mattress is delivered. While he deals with the delivery men, I read through the fifty-page brochure wondering if we bought a mattress or a spaceship.

“Siren.” My husband sticks his head in the door and smiles at me. “The delivery guy wants to show us how to use the bed.”

Thank goodness. I was worried we’d never figure out the space-aged contraption on our own.

Once the delivery man finishes his explanation of the bed, he has us download the app that controls the mattress. I zone out while he explains how to make changes to Bruno. My ears perk up when my husband asks. “What’s this privacy setting?”

“The bed was designed to adapt to your individual sleep pattern.” I start zoning out again. “So, it constantly takes measurements and feeds them back to the program.” The delivery man’s face turns a bright shade of red as he stumbles over his words. “If you’re going to do something in the bed other than sleeping, you know, like watching television, then you can turn on the privacy setting, and the bed will stop recording.” Huh? It takes a second for my pregnant mind to realize he’s trying to find a delicate way to tell us we have to turn off the monitoring unless we want the bed to record our active sex life.

“Please turn off the monitoring permanently.” My husband smirks. “Or some engineer will get interesting data.” While the

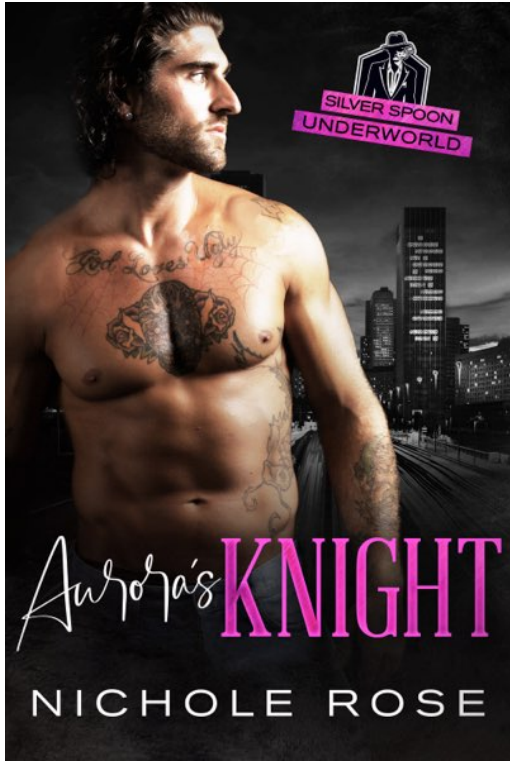
delivery man hastily changes the settings, I glance over at Bruno and roll my eyes.

My husband shrugs innocently before leaning over to whisper in my ear. “I wonder how long it will take for us to wear out the air chambers in our new bed?”

“I’m betting at least two or three kids.” I joke, but I’m not far off. By the time I give birth to our third daughter, the bed is sagging horribly. For our seventh anniversary, my husband buys me the platinum edition of the adjustable mattress. We’ll see how long this one lasts.

THE END OF *Ariel's* DUKE

I hope you enjoyed the story and will consider leaving a review. The next Silver Spoon Underworld story, *Aurora's Knight*, by Nichole Rose is coming soon!



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About the Author



USA Today Bestselling Author

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

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

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

Website: Hotheroesandhea.com

<https://linktr.ee/loniree19>

