

Tracking Estalita

“Are you sure, Dylan?”

“Trust me, sweetheart.”

That was as far as Grinder got with eavesdropping on his dad and Estalita, because he was a firm believer what was once heard cannot go un-fucking-heard and he was staggering on brain bleed terrain as it was by snooping inconspicuously on his Pop getting his freak-on with the woman he was now dating.

Not just dating. The pair were deep into some relationship shit and had been since Christmas. Grinder didn't want to get into their sleeping arrangements and shit, but they'd been together every day. Luxe liked to believe her abuela was going home at the end of the night after a date. Grinder hated to burst his old lady's bubble and all, since she had one wicked fucking temper on her, that 90% of the time ended up with his dick buried in something so damn perfect he could weep, but while there was a 10% chance he might end with a head wound or worse, a tongue lashing from an incensed woman, he didn't point out the obvious that Estalita was staying in their house, so if she didn't come home there every night the possibilities were only Dylan's place.

Watching his old man escort his own woman out of Otis's bar and grill, an arm around the lower part of her back, Estalita leaned right into him, they shared a kiss in the doorway, Grinder found himself grinning.

He didn't think his dad had it in him to be this fucking romantic with a woman. And he wouldn't let on with Luxe who was still adjusting, just how happy he was about it.

If he wasn't careful Dylan would marry Estalita before he could get a ring on his thief's finger.

Speaking of. Grinder ignored the conversation from the prospects about some woman in town who was—blah blah, white fucking noise 'cause his internal organs were on alert thrumming under his skin. It could only mean his woman was near. His dick

never lied to him about serious things. He craned his neck and saw her striding with purpose through the bar. Jeans tight as skin, heels like spikes and her long, long ponytail trailing down her back. Sidebar: he'd held onto that hair last night when she'd wanted doing real nice from behind. Sneaky woman cornered him in the bathroom fresh from a shower and kissed the shit out of him while whispering how she wanted it. There was not much to do but please his woman.

Oh, shit. Grinder grinned. Her face scrunched in either temper or disgust, it was 50/50 what it could be with his little spitfire.

He hoped she'd had an argument with Jamie fucking Steele. It would get him out of going to the cook out over at his place this weekend and his Luxe would want her foul mood working out on Grinder's body. Win fucking win. His aching dick was ready. Tag him in.

Slipping around the table, Grinder found his lap full of thief, her face buried in his neck. For a second his body tightened on alert at her sudden sigh, teeth clenched. If some fuck had upset his woman he was breathing his last breath because no one—

“Kill me now. They were kissing.” She moaned gripping the back of his hair. “KISSING. OUTSIDE. NATHAN.” She rallied enough to lift her head, her eyes dark, gorgeous and swimming in anguish for catching her sweet, old granny being tongue-mauled. Poor baby of his was so distressed Grinder bit the inside of his cheeks until he tasted copper. He was no dumb idiot to laugh right now. “Were they?”

She nodded and re-buried her face. He cupped her head, got her settled on his crotch, why should he miss out on all this, huh? Hands stroked up and down her slim back, feeling every contour and vertebra of her spine. “Kiss your man.” He issued, sex in his voice.

Now, Luxe was about the best damn woman he'd ever known, but once she had the bit between her teeth she had a hard time letting go. Lucky for her she had him in her life now, and he was great at swerving his thief. Even if it meant she scowled at him like right now.

“I’m being serious, Nathan. Your dad had her up against the wall and they were making out. It’s burned into my brain. I wanted you to know so you could share my agony. I think he was ass-groping her, too. *Oh, Dios mío*. If they bring a baby home, I’m not raising it.”

Grinder grinned, palmed the back of her neck, bringing her face close enough he could run his beard on her cheek. “Kiss your man, it’ll make you feel better.”

And what do you know, after a few minutes of her sucking on his tongue, and dry-humping on his lap until he was ready to spit out curses of his own, his Luxe pulled from his mouth. Sweetness and clouds in her eyes once more. She loved turning him on in public and she loved torturing him more.

He was a fucking magician. They should bottle his prowess.

“Let’s go home.” Her voice was nothing but smoke and want, slim fingers, that liked to thief and take things that didn’t belong to them stole under his Henley shirt, playing with the silver part of his belt.

He was up and away from the table, practically carrying his laughing girl with him, with his agenda of getting her to Vegas and a wedding chapel this week on his mind. But first, he was gonna make out with her right against Otis’ wall outside.

Get him a taste of his woman before putting her on the back of his bike.

Like father like son, he reckoned with a smirk.