

## THE THIEF, HER KIDNAPPER AND A BABY MAKE THREE.

“I don’t make deals with kidnappers.” Luxe informed him in her sexy accent with less bite to her tone than the first time around she said that to him.

Good fucking memories... in the end anyway. Not while he’d been in the midst of his giant screw up by kidnapping his woman, though. He was still making up for it.

Now it was like a trip down memory lane, only sexier.

He from time to time reminded her about the day he tied her to a bed and interrogated her, just so he could watch fire brim on her dark lashes.

*Fuck*, the sex that followed was always some of the best orgasms of his life.

Grinder kept his face pulled in a straight line and dipped his head to the side, rubbing fingers over his clipped beard. He took a minute to fold up the sleeves of his black Henley shirt.

Her sneaky thief-like chocolate eyes watching his every move just as he’d wanted. As cunning as his beauty was, she was ever predictable when it came to all her pleasure senses. He knew every single one because he’d made it his mission to always have what his thief needed, whenever she wanted it, day and night.

She loved when he revealed his body like a stripper, especially when she knew it was for her pleasure. Every-fucking-thing he did was for her pleasure.

No if’s, ands or buts.

His arm porn, as she called it.

His washboard stomach he kept in shape and especially his dick.

His dick loved belonging to his thief.

“Make an exception.” He stated, lifting the joint to his lips, he toked slow, taking the smoke into his mouth, holding it before inhaling it back.

“You don’t have anything I want.” She tested and Grinder nearly chewed his tongue off, controlling the urge to take her down to the floor and rut like the

animals. She fired his blood into a rolling boil and didn't have to lift a finger to turn him on. Her sultry presence did it, her raspy voice did it, the way she cursed him out in Spanish definitely did it for Grinder.

Standing tall behind her, his head hanging over his neck to match her size, she might be small, but his wife was a titan in temperament.

He sniffed her neck, making sure to rub his beard on her soft skin.

And felt up her tight little curved hips.

He groaned when she knocked against his crotch.

“I have exactly what you need, love.”

There'd been a lot to be learned from being married to a woman like Luxe. No two days were ever the same nor were they boring, she certainly kept him on his toes, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

She was the salsa to his guac.

Bumping him with her ass again, she turned her head slightly and offered her face upturned for him to deliver the joint smoke directly into her mouth. Ending it with a little brushed kiss he put the blunt down in the ashtray and kept her within the tight confines of his lap.

Their cat and mouse did some funny shit to his body.

Nothing at all to do with the high they were sharing.

It was all his Luxe.

“Must you sex pest me while I'm counting my money?” She told him with a pithy snort he knew was complete bullshit. He flexed his hands on her rounded hips, pulled her back into him until she fit perfectly in his lap and didn't the minx just rub on him until he grew seriously stiff inside his jeans.

She was ruthless, cunning and fucking magnificent was his wife.

And he loved her *completely*.

He'd never been so goddamn hard in his life.

Or so happy.

A couple minutes went by with them in that very position standing at the island in their kitchen while Luxe counted out her latest share from her car stealing agreement with Steele. Stacking up bundles of hundreds all lined up like expensive soldiers. Fucking A was he proud of his little criminal even when he worried about her safety.

They'd started this conversation early this morning and Grinder was all about bringing negotiations to their table because normally it ended with them naked and fucking brutally with his woman screaming her orgasms in Spanish.

The blunt was strong, a new strain the club bought in the last week, so he didn't bother lighting the second one he had rolled when Luxe had the last toke from his fingers and then shared the smoke directly from her sweet lips into his mouth where she licked his tongue before pulling away.

"What do I get out of it?" She asked casually.

His dick jerked against her ass.

"I think you can feel what you get, love. As much and as often as you need."

He didn't miss the heavy inhale and when he sneaked a hand around to stroke her stomach and then upward over the thin cotton tank top, her nipples were two little hard bullets.

He lost control of his smile and his lips stretched underneath his closely-clipped beard. Not to be outmatched, Luxe scowled beautifully, making her ink black eyes even darker against her long lashes.

She lifted her stubborn little chin and Grinder nearly...fucking *nearly* forgot all about this game so he could push lift her onto the counter and crawl between her legs. There was nothing he enjoyed more than when she got in a snit.

Even a pretend snit did it for him.

His dick didn't know the difference, the hard rod was ready to rock and roll inside its heaven.

Grinder had to heel over his crotch and tell the champ it wasn't time yet; the foreplay was only getting started. This shit could go on for hours.

“Everything in life is a negotiation, love. You just have to find the right terms to suit you.”

“Me getting my own way suits me just fine.” She smiled sassily and made his dick twice as hard inside his workout shorts.

He laughed a little, touched the side of her face where her black hair hung in straight ribbons. He loved seeing it down around her shoulders instead of the long tail she preferred to keep it out of the way when she worked. He also liked using it as a hook wrapped around his tight fist when he fucked her from behind.

Turning his always horny brain to the matter at hand, he smirked at her.

“Learn to bend a little, love.” It was like waving a red rag to a bull.

Her brows, both of them perfectly sculpted to two thin stripes, arched down and she compressed her lips tightly.

“Like that time last Easter when we were having dinner with *Mimi* then you followed me to the bathroom and bent me over the bathtub and made me silent by holding a towel over my mouth? Is that the kind of bending you mean, Nathan?” Oh, his sexy little witch.

Blood rushed down into his groin so fast he could have collapsed from dizziness.

He landed a swift palm on her ample ass, making her shriek and him grin. “Your fucking attitude makes my dick hard as stone. Keep going, love, use that vicious tongue some more.”

A slew of Spanish flew from her lips and lucky for Grinder he understood every threatening word. He followed each one with a spank.

God, she was fucking glorious and the crotch of her little panties was soaked.

“Go fuck yourse—”

Another smack and she moaned, her body becoming soft as water. Her hips arched to the hand now rubbing her butt cheeks spilling out of the boy-shorts she favored wearing.

Her underwear drove him mad.

If it wasn't the butt spilling ones, it was thongs.

His dirty rotten thief knew he loved thongs and would parade around their house like a tempting vixen swishing her ass in front of him until he dropped whatever he was doing and started doing...her.

“You ready to talk negotiations now you've soaked my lap?” He kneaded both ass cheeks. Fuck him, she felt good and he lived for making her moan.

Anyone else would think they were crazy to deal-make something so serious in this way. But that was how him and Luxe worked. Their unconventional relationship started with theft and kidnapping, anything else after that was just normal. To them at least and he could give ten buckets of fucks for someone's opinion on his marriage.

They were fucking happy as shit.

So what if he spanked her across his lap to get her to a state of arousal. It was no different to the times she dropped to her knees, ripped open his jeans and sucked him off until he would have agreed to break into the Pentagon and Vatican on the same damn day.

His wife's mouth could get him to do anything. *Anything.*

No battle was ever truly lost between them. They hardly had to compromise because they found their wants were aligned.

Not with the viciously possessive way they loved each other.

It was just they loved the battle.

The warring made them horny, it stoked his wife's fires and Grinder would walk through flames to make her smile even just once.

“You started this, Nathan.”

He had. The blame could stop at his door. But it was her who put the idea in his head three days ago when she'd been gazing at one of Snake's kids. He had two boys now, identical little knuckleheads and the longer he stood by and watched his Luxe curiously observing Winter coo over her son, Grinder's stomach bottomed out.

They'd talked about it only that one time in the car last Christmas, but he reckoned they didn't need a big sit-down discussion. They weren't hurting for money, they had a nice house, family around. So when their time came.. if it came, cause he was wholly happy just him and Luxe ... but if it did, he knew it wouldn't take a big discussion.

Now here they were.

She was right. This was his fault. He'd whispered it in her ear even before she was fully awake, when he'd been dry humping her under the sheets and laving kisses to the side of her neck.

Of course, Grinder played the victim just to hear her huff. He pulled her onto the couch they had in an alcove of their kitchen, curling her onto his lap. The thing was no bigger than one of his ass cheeks, but Luxe had fallen in love with it in an antique store window and he'd hauled it home in his truck as a surprise. "It is all my fault, but you can't wake me by rubbing your naked butt into my crotch, love, and not expect me to react."

"Who said I can't? It was digging into me. Maybe I thought it was a gun, *sz?* Maybe I thought a wild animal had crawled into our bed in the night."

It happened exactly as he said, and he'd been inside Luxe before they were even fully awake, moaning and groaning and destroying each other in their intimacy.

*Make a baby with me.* He'd whispered mid-thrust. Shocking hell out of himself because until that second he had no notion he was even going to say it.

She was a drug and he was the addict. It was some poetic shit really.

Thrust after thrust.

Loving her.

Owning her.

Belonging to her.

He'd said the words over and over until she'd cried out with her face pressed into the pillow and her nails dug into his thigh. Only when they'd calmed down had Luxe turned into his arms, her dark eyes so sure, she never hid what she felt

for him now. All the love was there, mingled with her waning pleasure and he'd been right to bring it up because without words, his wife had been thinking the same thing.

It was the *right* time.

He never thought he'd be a dad, or want to be one. His life was dangerous some days and unrestrained on others. But as he'd seen with his own two eyes, his club brothers made family life work and god... he didn't know the urge to plant babies in his Luxe would feel this monstrous inside him. Like his chest cavity rattled with how caveman it made him react.

Breed.

Procreate.

Fuck and plant.

Yeah, he liked that last one best.

Kissing along the apple of her cheek, it was more than a contact high blowing out her dark pupils. He loved looking at her eyes when she was aroused by him.

Rolling a work-rough palm up her bare thigh, Grinder whispered dirty, filthy words in her ear just to hear her suck in a breath.

His wife was a calculating woman in her own right, not just because she was associated to him. That came with its own layer of protection and also danger too. She'd stolen from dignitaries, billionaires, she fenced the most exquisite jewels and rubbed shoulders with underground gangs and held her stubborn chin high in among the elite underground thieves.

He never thought about the beds she'd been in, in order to steal her shiny things, because as Grinder knew, his mean tempered Mexican queen came to him as pure as the Spanish snow and that was the fucking story he was sticking to and he'd shoot a motherfucker square in the face if he dare disagree.

She thrived on riling his jealous streak while they were tangled sweaty in bed. He knew he was the only man to ever make her come. And he made sure to have her coming hard and long.

“What are you thinking, love?”

“I’m thinking...” she did her own nuzzling on his beard before she slid off his lap and swished her hips from side to side and only stopped to look over her shoulder when she was in the kitchen doorway.

Eyes soft and seductive.

His fires were stoked, and his bones ached to follow her.

“That we should continue this upstairs, *Vamos*, Nathan.” She continued and Grinder was up off the couch in a heartbeat, heavy steps, following his wife like a deadly, aroused shadow. He grabbed her hips halfway up the stairs and she turned a smile on him and melted into his body before she let him pick her up into his arms to carry her the rest of the way.

Would Grinder have reconsidered making a kid in their bed that day if he’d known how much of a troublemaking, stubborn, argumentative little shit his son Dax would grow up to be?

Fuck no. The kid would be a walking image of him and his mean wife.

His son didn’t stand a chance.

Dax would also have Luxe’s gift for taking things that didn’t belong to him.

And he’d do it so well his reputation would outshine his mother.

But in their bed, as Grinder slowly rolled his hips between Luxe’s spread legs, swallowing her excited moans while she cried in Spanish for him to put a baby in her, there was no thought of what the future would bring.

Only the need for satisfaction reigned.

Dax’s time would come.

And god help the world.