

“Do I have to spank you?”

“You wouldn’t lay a finger on me, and you know it, you big softy.” So his wife dared say as she reached across the cab of the truck and yanked gently on his beard.

Hawk grunted and felt a twinge of arousal in his groin and questioned if he could pull over and fuck her right here on the highway.

He was a pushover.

A complete fucking sappy bastard for his little bit of a thing.

A sociopath living for his redemption.

Loving his piece of paradise, and she was an excitable ball of woman with the perfect hips sitting next to him, singing off-key along with the radio.

“Baby, Sunny is going to be fine; you saw how happy she was to spend the weekend with her grandparents,” Gia assured him.

She did that a lot. Made sure his fucked-up brain was steady.

He hadn’t felt right leaving their daughter at home, he nearly doubled-backed to Ajax and Annie’s house a hundred times, but he wouldn’t pass up the opportunity to spend an entire weekend alone with Gia.

Sunny loved her grandparents and loved it more, knowing she would probably be spoiled rotten with candy, something they didn’t let her often have. His toddler was a master manipulator with only the bat of her long baby lashes. And though he knew she’d be okay and well protected with Ajax and Annie, it didn’t bring him any calm because Hawk trusted so few people with his baby girl. It took a whole eight months for Gia to talk him into one afternoon away from them; now Sunny had regular playdates with Gia’s family, and Hawk *hardly* stalked by their house at all.

Gia would always live in the clouds, trusting with her heart wide open. Hawk was fine being the cautious motherfucker who guarded his family with the mindset of a psycho and a fistful of hunting knives ready to sushi anyone.

She’d talked him into camping.

He'd been fucking weak coming down from a climax when she sprung it on him.

Sneaky little bit of a thing.

"You should call again," he gruffed and made her laugh.

"We called twice already; we're nearly there now. They'll call if Sunny needs us."

Scowling, Hawk reached over and palmed her inner thigh and let Gia steer the conversation for the rest of the way.

Their campground was secluded and near the lake.

Hawk had already researched where to go; he wasn't going to rock up to a public camping ground where any dirty pervert could watch his Gia.

Murdering was not in his weekend plans.

For the next while, Hawk fixed up the five-person tent, their bed, and got a fire going so he'd have something to use for dinner later. Gia had been in charge of the food cooler, so until he poked his head inside it, for all he knew, they would have protein bars to eat. When he finally brushed dirt from his hands and knees and turned around to see where she was, he found his woman on the edge of the lake in her skin-hugging cut-off denim shorts and bikini top; she'd toed off the sandals and was dipping her feet into the water.

"Gia," he called out, "come and put some sun-spray on before you burn."

Smiling, she started over. "I'm half Greek, half Texan, baby, I don't burn."

Hawk still made sure to coat his stubborn Greek siren.

It was then she noticed their camp. "You made a fire! Oh, my god. An actual fire."

"You wanted this trip authentic and insisted we couldn't bring a camping stove."

"But you made fire with your hands, Hawk, that's very sexy." A purr rolled out of her.

The side of his mouth twitched; she found the craziest shit sexy.

She turned around so he could spray the sun protection on the back of her legs, and his gut tightened; he was still an animal around her, always wanting to put his mouth on Gia. He was three dirty thoughts in and only barely heard her saying, “It’s like when you fix things around the house, it’s a big turn on, Hawk.”

He snorted and rose to his feet, staring at her flushed face and sparkling eyes. “Yeah, I caught onto that every time you jump my bones, little bit.”

I can’t help it,” she breathed, “it’s just so... manly.”

“Like the time you pretended you needed shelves putting up,” he reminded her about her ruse while she was busy chasing him, smirking as she laughed and pressed her petite frame into his chest. A rumble of satisfaction vibrated through Hawk’s body as he palmed her butt.

“I had to use my cunning skills to get you around me; it worked, didn’t it? I got my guy wearing a wedding ring.”

“And I knocked you up.”

His voice had turned raw at the reminder.

How she let him put his dirty body inside hers, how she loved his come dripping out of her pussy, even begged for it often, was still a surprise to him.

Hawk would never wrap his stupid head around a woman like her, so fucking intelligent, beautiful, and classy wanting a piece of shit like him, but he’d accepted that she wanted him, and he’d long given up fighting it.

“You’re so sweet, baby.”

“Don’t act surprised, Gia. You know I’m gonna do anything that makes you happy.”

“You’re so in love with me, aren’t you, big guy? Crazy for your wife. A raging hormone for your little bit.”

Hawk’s blonde eyebrow arched as she laughed at her teasing. Gia always thought she was the funniest person in the room.

“Keep going, you’ll earn that spanking.”

“Don’t threaten me with a good time.”

Any time he got his filthy hands on her tight-as-fuck body, it was a good time for Hawk. What a lucky sonuvabitch he was, no one deserved the life he had now, least of all someone like him, but he'd shoot any bastard in the eye if they tried to take it from him.

Just as he was revving up to get something going between them, maybe fuck her on the ground or drag her off to their tent so he could push between her lips, she shimmied out of his hold, backing up, and started unzipping her shorts. They soon slipped down her legs, landing in the dirt. The shirt was next. Hawk's temperature pounded through his wanting dick as he tried to reach for her, but saucy little minx danced away, laughing. And she didn't stop until she was fully naked, standing on the edge of the lake. "Come skinny dipping with me, Colton. It'll feel so good."

His wife was naked and enticing him to play.

Hawk was dumb but not that dumb to refuse, so he let her watch him strip out of the cargo shorts and muscle tee before walking into the warm water, where she squealed with joy when he got his hands on her.

"I know there isn't any here, but would you save me from an alligator?" Two arms looped around Hawk's neck, and then her legs did the same around his waist. His wife was using him as a floatation device as he swam them deeper into the belly of the quiet lake. All around them was the sound of nature, but he only heard Gia's soft breathing, feeling her tits push into his chest and her touch was fucking bliss.

"Remember last year in Texas, and that ex-boyfriend of yours dared come up to our table in the steakhouse?"

His question started her giggling as she roamed her mouth over his neck.

"You told him to fuck off and to stop looking at your woman before you snapped his neck."

Hawk made a grumbling sound, still feeling the same burning fury he did that night when some schmuck dared to talk to Gia with his happy little smile plastered

on his boring face. They hadn't been back at their hotel room a minute before he feasted on her pussy against the wall with her legs slung over his shoulders.

He wore her out and sent Gia to sleep that night with a smile on her face.

"Mmhm, yes, I remember that night, baby."

"That's what I'd do to an alligator."

She dissolved into laughter.

And then enticed Hawk to play in the water with her for the next few hours.

"Get over here and kiss me." He gruffed later, when the day turned cooler.

Hawk would never tire of seeing her coming toward him with that secretive little smile touching her lips. He'd spent a decade in the shadows watching her, stalking a love so out of reach, she might as well have been on Pluto. Longing for a dream, he thought he was too dirty to have, and now here she was climbing into his lap because she knew she owned him.

Gia drowned out every piece of the ugliness he'd ever felt, thought, and lived through.

Of course, she owned him now, and he'd do anything for her, but she always listened to him when he wanted her. Falling into his lap, she kissed him until he was full of her taste, grunting like the animal he was, in love with his beauty.

They'd swam.

Fished.

Hiked.

And made hamburgers.

With his mouth attached to Gia's throat, he brought out her cell phone, "call home, little bit."

Distracting himself with her sweet skin, he half-listened to her side of the conversation with her mom, and then she talked to Sunshine for a minute.

"She wants her daddy."

"Hey, Sunny girl, are you having a good time?"

"Daddy! I sawed my Seb."

This again.

Gia could obviously hear what their daughter said while she sat on his lap because she chuckled at Sunny's enthusiasm for her much older friend. Ever since Sunshine could crawl, she'd been trying to follow Preacher's boy everywhere.

"Yeah? What have you been doing?"

"I gots ice cream at the park. An' a flossy, ohhhhh, an' soda."

"*mikroúli mou*, don't rat me out," Hawk heard Ajax say in the background, making Sunshine giggle.

She soon grew impatient and wanted to go and play some more.

And then Hawk was free to feast on Gia.

It didn't matter that halfway through their hike, he'd fucked her against a tree or made her come in the lake and then come again when she'd crawled out of the tent ass-first and turned him on.

This was how Hawk played.

And it was filthy.

With his mouth attached to Gia's, swallowing her moans of pleasure when he slid his hand into her bikini bottoms and palmed the heat between her legs.

He played with her until the darkening sky swallowed up her screams, and his body was so fucking satisfied.

* * *

"Do you think...?" Skinny fingers played along his jawline, across his lips before walking through his beard. He knew she was up to something, and Hawk and his grateful dick were ready to be tapped in whatever it was. "We could fit in a quickie before we picked up Sunshine?"

Fully.

Fucking.

Raging.

Arousal.

The desire he felt for Gia pounded like a wound.

It didn't quit.

Never took a break.

Was always on duty.

Lesser men wouldn't have been able to rouse an eyelash, let alone their dick, not from all the sex they'd had last night and today.

Not Hawk.

Gia breathed, and he was ready to throw down.

Gia gave him a certain *she wants his dick now* look, and he started to fish out his stiff shaft for her.

His chest expanded with a massive inhale, taking in Gia's scent as she chuckled at his discomfort when her fingers wandered down his body and molded the hardest part of him. "Mmm... I think you could manage it, Colton. I have faith in my biker."

He'd move mountains, rock by rock, with only his bare hands if that were her wish. Grasping Gia around the waist, he put her in his lap until she straddled his legs; his mouth was starved for hers. The desire was clear to see in her wildly happy eyes, and he felt a punch of heat low in his gut, knowing she belonged to him. He no longer had to snatch stolen minutes to see her. Gia was Hawk's, to touch, kiss, and taste whenever he wanted to.

Even now, the realization was dizzying.

Some nights he woke in a cold sweat thinking it was all a dream, and only feeling her curled into his back made the noise stop rushing through his ears. And when he did a walk-through of his house, looking in on his sleeping daughter before climbing back into bed, Gia was always awake, ready to reach for him to give the kind of peace only she could.

Pressing his lips to hers, he hooked a hand around the back of her neck. "Do you know how filthy it is to fuck in your parent's driveway?"

She hummed, practically vibrating on top of his lap. “You don’t care about that.”

She was right.

“Do you want me, Gia?”

The way she inhaled hard, pushing her gorgeous tits into his chest, was answer enough, but he liked the words too when they came breathily. “Always. So much. *Please.*”

Goddamn.

Grunting like a bull scenting its mate, Hawk squeezed a hand between their bodies, made quick work of the buttons of his jeans, and pulled out his already leaking cock.

“Listen to me, Gia. You gotta make it a quick fuck, okay? ‘cause if anyone sees you bouncing on my dick through the window, I’m gonna shoot them through the fucking face. You got it?”

She chuffed a laugh which turned into a lengthy moan as her pussy sank down and down until she was full of him.

“Oh, god. Yes, I got it.”

“Fucked you for two days straight, and still you want more,” he grunted, holding her fuller hips while she rode him. Sweat gathered on the back of his neck, and heat filled his truck with the scent of their sex.

“Always. *Oh, god*, that feels incredible, Colton.”

It was a tight fit, but she made it work.

“C’mon, little bit, I know you can work it harder than that,” he encouraged, slapping both hands on her juicy ass before holding on for the ride of his life.

Gia’s moan was sex itself, pushing him closer, her forehead came to his, her hands around his neck. “I love you to the moon and back, do you know that, Colton Hawk?”

“Yeah, little bit, I know. Love you back. Now get there before someone wonders why the fuck we’re parked out here for an hour.”

His girl laughed and dived in for his mouth.

She did get there minutes later.

And Hawk didn't have to shoot anyone in the face.