



BABY BREEDER
Session 2

Bred by the
DEPUTY

DEE ELLIS

Bred by The
DEPUTY

DEE ELLIS

Bred by the Deputy by Dee Ellis

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Cover Design: [Bookin' It Designs](#)

Interior Formatting: Dee Ellis

Publisher: Hummingbird Press

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Chapter One

Dole

All it should take is one. Just *one kiss* to know if they're the one.

I might not have done a lot of kissing in my time, but there is a reason for that. I believe in a lifetime kind of love. Watching my parents, who were high school sweethearts, love one another proved that sort of thing exists. They still moon at one another like teenagers, and I won't settle for anything less than that for myself.

Finding love in a small town like Driftwood is a lot harder than one might expect. Growing up in the same town, with the same people, means I know just about everyone in town. We get some tourists or some new people now and again, but for the most part, the dating pool is about twenty women, all of whom I know well enough kissing them feels wrong.

Being a deputy sheriff also means people trust me. They expect me to be a good guy, to do the right thing. This means if I take a lady out even if no sparks fly, I have to be gentle about getting out of a second date. Somehow, I still end up the bad guy, though never have I paid a higher price than I am paying now.

"Mrs. Murphy called again," Mackenzie glares at me as she passes over a post-it full of notes about the call. "Be nicer to her than you are most the ladies, Dole."

Ouch. Dating a woman I work with was a bad idea. I don't regret it exactly, we had a good time at first. Mackenzie is a beautiful girl, funny, and smart, any guy would be lucky to be with her. Just not this guy. When it came to *that moment*, the one I make all my romantic decisions on, I was let down. When I kissed her goodnight on our third date, I felt...nothing.

No sparks, no hum in my chest, nothing below the waist, just nothing at all. It felt almost the way it felt to kiss my sister Bria. I tried to let her down easy, I said I thought our dating and working together was a bad idea. That was not a good enough reason it would seem, because Mackenzie has been downright hateful towards me since our last date.

“I am nice to everyone the same,” I tell her, taking the note swiftly. “I think we all ought to be that way, don’t you?”

Tipping my hat at her, I grab my coffee and get the hell out of the station. It’s been weeks since we last went out, but her attitude has not changed. We were good friends before we tried to date so I figured that wouldn’t change. I guess I figured it wrong. I am just hoping this whole thing blows over soon because it is frigid in the station with her now.

“Dole,” Watt’s deep voice booms as I step outside. Turning to see the new sheriff heading towards me, I smile and nod my head. “Morning. How’s things going in there today?” He tilts his head towards the station, and I wince.

“Still the same. Should I take her out again?” I wonder as I glance back inside to see Mackenzie pouting back at me.

“No, you should *not*. You tried it, you two weren’t meant to be. The second landing is opening up on the mountain soon. There will be plenty of growly lumberjacks for her to swoon over. Where are you headed?”

“Yeah, I hope so. Can’t help it if the magic was not there. I am going over to Mrs. Murphy’s. That new coffee shop gives her something new to complain about every day it seems.”

Watt shakes his head with a laugh. His old lady is best friends with the owner of that coffee shop, so he lets me handle these complaints. The truth is the coffee shop is a great addition to Driftwood. We’ve seen several new places open up lately and I for one am glad for it. Mrs. Murphy, who I swear was here when the town was born, thinks otherwise.

“Tell Quinn and Willa you get a free latte for your troubles.”

Chuckling, I tell him I'll do that, and I head for my cruiser. Driftwood is a small town with less than two thousand residents. The mountains that make up most of the town bring lumberjacks to town during the felling season. Those boys can be a bit of a handful if they drink too much so they keep us busy. As I pass by the one bar in town, I slow a little when I see the line of bikes out front.

Our other main source of trouble is the motorcycle club that calls Driftwood their home. Most of the guys are former military, some rough and rugged guys. They don't cause too much ruckus, but if they tangle with the residents who grew up here or even the rowdy lumberjacks, we get called in to handle it.

Nodding my head at Hawk, one of the newer residents of Driftwood and a member of the Driftwood Disciples, I sigh. I don't mind them being here. They give back to the town and if you ask me, they make it a little safer. Who wants to tussle with a band of former elite marines? Not me, and not most of the trouble that comes through Driftwood. They help us police the town even if we do things very differently.

Turning up the radio, I head towards Mrs. Murphy's place just beyond Main Street. All she wants is someone to talk to. Her husband passed on five years ago, about when her regular calls to the station began. At the time, our sheriff had little patience for it, so I often took the calls. She means no harm, so I let her complain for a bit before I promise to do something to fix whatever upset her this time.

"Evening Mrs. Murphy," I call as I close my cruiser door, seeing her rocking on her front porch, knitting as usual. "What seems to be the trouble this evening, darling?"

"Oh, Dole, they should not have sent you here. I just let Mackenzie know there's a speed demon in town. Racing up and down the streets."

Shaking my head, I join her, sitting in the rocking chair beside her. I will sit and talk with her as long as she needs. Her husband doted on her until he passed, so she misses the attention. Her jerkoff kids rarely come to visit and even her grandkids hardly come by to see her. I hate to think of my mother rocking on the porch, without dad, without me.

“Was it one of the Disciples on their bike again?”

“No, no, it was a fancier can than I ever seen before. Maybe one of those rich boys from Harmony Hollow.”

Chuckling with her, I nod. We talk about the weather, the landing where the lumberjacks’ fell trees, and even about her garden. It kills about an hour of my twelve-hour shift and when I climb back in my cruiser, Mrs. Murphy is a little less lonely. Waving at her, I promise to find this speeder as I pull from the curb to start my usual patrol.

The small cruiser fills with the twangs of Laney Wilson singing about heartache. I think back to earlier with Mackenzie. I wish I had felt that spark with her. We flirted for months before I asked her out. I knew if it went bad, things at the station would become tense. I consider asking her out again to see if I am being too much of a romantic about it all.

“Holy shit,” I mutter when I see the blaze of bright pink fly past me. Well, hell. Mrs. Murphy wasn’t wrong. That is one flashy ass car.

Hitting my lights and siren, I try to catch up to the pink Porsche as it speeds through the narrow streets. It slows once the driver takes notice of the wailing siren and flashing lights behind them. Part of me wants them to keep running and give me a little excitement for the day. They pull off the road at the edge of town, putting an end to the short-lived chase.

Before I get out of the cruiser, I take down all the details I can. License plate, color, make, model—a Porsche 718—where I first spotted them and the mile marker they pulled over. Climbing from my car, I shut off the sirens and lights as I head towards the car. My pulse kicks up as I place a hand on my gun, taking it off just long enough to press my palm to the back of the car, just in case.

“Good evening. Going a little fast back in town,” I start as I reach the driver’s side, the darkly tinted window sliding down slowly. “Can I get your....”

Trailing off as the driver tilts their head back, black and pink hair falling off her face, I swallow hard. Bright golden eyes gaze up at me, a shimmer of mirth in their depths. Reaching out, she hands me a driver’s license from Miami, insurance, and the registration before I finish asking for them.

My heart pounds faster, the normal adrenaline I would feel at any traffic stop. Only this is not any traffic stop. This girl is not from here, is driving a car worth more than a year of my salary and looks as poised and polished as any woman I have ever seen. Back at my car, it takes me a minute to calm my breathing as my shaking hands type in her information.

“Calm down, Dole,” I curse myself, tapping at the keys anxiously. I pull up a clean driving record, but there are some hits for arrests. I pull them up, laughing when I see them. Of course, she’s one of those.

Last winter Quinn VonMuth and her best friends—and fellow rich girls—came to town to protest the logging landing. They were known philanthropists who truly used their money and power for good. *Usually*. They found out quickly that Felle Landing is one of the most sustainable logging companies in the world.

Quinn and her friends gave up their protests, at least at Felle Landing. That may have more to do with Quinn getting hitched to one of the lumberjacks up there. They decided they liked it here in Driftwood and Quinn and her friends set up shop, opening that fancy new coffee shop Mrs. Murphy usually complained about.

It would seem this speed demon is here to join the ranks. Many of her arrests match up to protests I know Quinn, Lennon, and Brielle were involved in. Only know that because Keller had me do checks on all the girls when they kept showing up at the landing. It seems they all like to stick it to the man, or something along those lines, this one included.

Della Crest. Daughter of Leonard Crest, billionaire newspaper mogul.

I imagine the many stories he had to print in his newspapers about his daughter's antics have something to do with her winding up here in Driftwood. Rich girls seem to wind up here seeking some kind of redemption. It worked for her friends. I suppose it could work for her.

"Ms. Crest," I start as I approach her again. "You know why I pulled you over, I assume?"

"Yes, I was going too fast. I forget how fast this thing goes. I was rushing for no good reason. My father always said I started life in a hurry because I was two months premature. Officer, I understand I made a huge mistake. How can I make it right?"

Glancing down at her as she beams up at me, I stop lying to myself. My heart skittering has nothing to do with the usual adrenaline. I am excited. I want to give her a ticket, I want a chance to see her at the courthouse. I want any shot at seeing her again. Her light eyes stare up at me in the twilight, a smile turning up her perfect pouty lips.

"I have to write you a ticket, Ms. Crest," I answer gently.

"Della. Call me Della," she pleads with a bigger smile, her eyes narrowing on my badge. "Dole...like...the pineapple and bananas?"

"No, ma'am. It means destiny, to fulfill it. Not that I mind pineapples or bananas."

"Oh, that is much better. I do like pineapple though. Have you ever had the dole whip at Disney? It is *divine*. Am I going to jail, Dole?"

Chuckling, I shake my head at her. "No, Della, not tonight."

"Well, take me to dinner then. I have no idea where to eat."

"What? Right now, take you to dinner?"

“Yeah. Could you? I promise to pay for any ticket. I plan to be in town for a while. I am starving with no idea where to get some mashed potatoes. You have a place like that here?”

What could it hurt, taking a little rich girl for some mashed potatoes?

Chapter Two

Della

Mashed potatoes may be the best thing man ever invented.

Well, after the French fry, if we're talking potatoes. I love a good French fry. Who doesn't? Hand cut, fried just right, a heavy hand of salt, and a pool of warm ketchup. That is a slice of heaven if you ask me. Add some beer-battered onion rings and it doesn't get much better.

These mashed potatoes could be the best I have ever had. And at a tiny diner on the edge of a tiny town, I am impressed. The gravy is thick, warm, and dark with a rich flavor. I ask the waitress for a bowl of it to dip my steak in and she obliges with a polite smile.

"You weren't lying about being starved."

Flushing as I shove a bite of creamy gravy-soaked mashed potatoes and steak, I nod. I do a lot of stupid things. Drive too fast. Drink too much. Date the wrong men—which is why I ended up here in Driftwood. But I never lie. Not even about simple things. I don't know if I know how to lie.

"I was. I am. This is amazing. I had a bag of hot Cheetos and a Red Bull earlier. This is what I needed. A good meal at a good place, with a good person. Am I making you uncomfortable? People say I do that."

"No. No, why would I be uncomfortable? Matter of fact," he pauses, cocking his head as he smiles at me. I love his smile, it lights up his green eyes. "I am much more comfortable here with you than I ought to be."

"Well, I say stuff that bothers people. My father always said I had no filter. Just his nice way of saying I never think before I speak. I mean, of course, I do, I couldn't speak if I wasn't thinking, right? I do make people uncomfortable. They find out who I am and what I do, and they hate me."

Dole frowns at me, tilting his head to let his eyes slide over me. I am used to men looking at me a certain way. It is what I get paid for, after all. I started modeling when I was fourteen when I was spotted on the streets of New York, on a shopping spree with my socialite mother.

“Why would people hate you for what you do?”

“Women are taught to hate other women. To hate them because they are thin, or not thin, too blond, too brash, too quiet, too loud. I was a model for most of my life. I got paid exorbitant amounts of money because a person in the know deemed me pretty enough to get paid for it. I am one of the reasons some girls diet, and why some girls wear what they wear. They eat it up but hate me after finding out I am the face of what they devour.”

“That’s,” pausing, his eyes come to mine. I almost drop my fork when I see a softness in their jade depths. No judgment. No leering. Just soft eyes full of...not sympathy, but...I guess, empathy? “That’s an awful way to live, sweetheart. What brought you to Driftwood? Passing through?”

“Oh, no,” I push another big bite of creamy potatoes past my lips, speaking while I enjoy it. “Some of my old friends live here now. It’s wild, they came here to protest, then moved themselves to town. I figured I had to see the cute little town that took them all out.”

I leave out that I had nowhere left to go but to Quinn and Willa. That I came here out of necessity, not for a visit with some old friends. If I am being honest, his pulling me over seemed like a sign. Once he walked up to my door and our eyes met, I felt safe for the first time in months.

Doing what I do for a living has its perks *and* drawbacks. Wearing the finest clothes, going all over the world, hanging out with celebrities, and having a life of luxury is nice. Women hating for being born looking this way, men using me as a trophy, and even being stalked are not so nice.

“Everything good, sweetheart?”

Blinking at Dole as he watches me shred the paper napkin with the diner's name on it, I nod. No, everything is not good but no one else needs to know. The less people who know what is going on, the better. I could not stand it if someone else got hurt because of me. Because of the stupid mistakes I made, that sent me running from my life in the city.

“Yeah, yes of course. Don't you think it was strange of me to drag you to dinner with me? I just broke the law, but I thought I had a right to share dinner with you. What does that tell you about me?”

“Well,” he pauses again to take a good, long look at me. I find I very much like the way he looks at me. It is so different from the way most people look at me. Stare at me. Leer at me. He does none of that. “It tells me you wanted something to eat. About breaking the law...I saw your record, Della, I know this was not your first run-in with the law. Which tells me a lot more about you than us sharing a meal here tonight.”

“Does it? What does it tell you?”

“It tells me you do not like being rich. You don't know any other way to be. It tells me you tried to do some good with who you are and what you say you do for a living. That whatever reason you think people hate you ought to be the reason they admire you. You don't have to tell me this, and dinner here is just us eating, but something tells me you came here to get away from something. Or someone. *No one* will hurt you in Driftwood, Della. I can promise you that.”

Tears sting the back of my eyes as I drop my fork. I have not felt safe for so long. Not just because of what—or rather, who—I am running from. I have not felt safe because my face was my job, where I went, who I went with, and what I did, it was all fodder for the press. I have had to look over my shoulder for so long now, I keep my head on a swivel at all times.

Staring across the table at him, I nod. Because I believe him. I know I should know better by now than to believe what a man tells me. None of the men I let in my life ever kept a promise. They never meant anything they said to me. How I know this one is different, that this man I just met would not let someone hurt me, I cannot be sure. Maybe it's the badge.

"You seem like a good man, Dole," I glance at his left hand, seeing it bare. "You married? Have little baby deputies?" I tease, confused by the sudden twisting in my chest. I realize I am holding my breath waiting for his answer.

"No, not married and no kids. Someday, I suppose. That is what most of us want, right?"

"Most of us, yes," I trail off, pushing at my plate as my stomach churns.

"Not you? No wedding dress or little ones in the future, Della?"

Blinking up at him, I stare back at his heavy gaze. I believe he is a good man. One who deserves a beautiful woman to walk down the aisle to him and give him a dozen babies. There is something in his eyes that tells me he wants it all. And why shouldn't he get to have it all?

"No, not for me. I could never," I break off once again, my throat tightening at my words. "I won't be having kids. Not sure I believe in marriage either. Although I know most of my old friends came here with the same beliefs and got married in quick succession."

Dole nods and chuckles deeply, the sound making my heart double Dutch in my chest. It is warm and louder than I expected, and he doesn't seem bothered when people turn to look. Smiling at him, I take another bite of my meal, my appetite coming back as my unease begins to fade.

As we eat, we talk about the town of Driftwood. He teases me about how my rich girlfriends overtook the town after coming here to protest the lumberjack's work. The girls wound up wooed by the men instead. I laugh as I tell stories about the many other protests we took part in together.

“Once, we were in Haiti, building clean water facilities. We learned so much about the people there. I was almost,” I bow my head as I trail off. “No, not almost. I *was*... I was *ashamed* of us. We had lived so recklessly, so selfishly, for so long. We started all the charity stuff to earn points, to fill the ledger of life with a few good deeds. After Haiti, we did it for the right reasons. It was a tough time down there, we got dirty, we got hurt, we got a teaspoon of a taste of what it is to have almost nothing.”

“It sounds as if you did the best you could,” he says gently, reaching over to cover my hand as my fingers tap anxiously at the battered table.

“It might sound that way, but that’s not true. We knew we had lavish homes to come back to, trust funds, safety most people...” Again, I trail off because what I said is part true. But I have not felt safe in a very long time.

Glancing across the table, I watch his gaze as it locks on me. Men look at me all the time. I get paid to be something people stare at. I used to be proud of how I looked. It made me feel as if I mattered—until I realized my looks meant nothing. Right now, though, I want them to matter. I want this handsome, sweet, kind man to think they matter.

“Do you think I am pretty, Dole?” I say as I stare back at him.

Dole’s eyebrows shoot up before his green eyes darken. They go from a warm caramel to a deep mocha. Beneath the table, I rub my thighs together, trying to rid the heat between them. Leaning across the table, his big, rough fingers still holding mine, he nods. Then he smirks. No amount of rubbing could cool the heat that smile sends between my thighs.

“Della, you might be the prettiest thing I ever laid eyes on. You don’t care about that though, do you?” His voice drops low, sexy.

Blinking at him, I lick a drop of gravy off my lip. Holding his gaze, I nod. Because right here and right now, I do care. It matters if he thinks I am pretty even if I stopped caring about that a long time ago. I flush when his eyes trail over me, surprising myself. I am not shy or coy with men. I never bothered with flirting or trying to pick someone up before. I can't be sure that is what I am doing now, but it feels like it.

“Maybe I do. If it's you we're talking about. Is it wrong for a girl to want someone to find her pretty, Dole?”

Dole toys with my fingers, his roughened ones twisting mine tightly within his. His fingertips brush against my wrist, where my pulse is doing the salsa. His eyes fly back to mine as his fingers press harder on that dancing pulse. I flush hotter, certain I must blend in with the deep red diner booth I am seated at.

“No, darlin', there is nothing wrong with a girl wanting to feel pretty. Why does it matter to you, tonight, here with me, if I find you pretty?”

His teeth scrape over his bottom lip and I almost groan. Why is that so hot? Why is he, in his deep blue uniform with the soft warmth in his eyes, so damn hot? I almost feel drunk as we sit there together, mashed potatoes and delicious pot roast between us.

“Because, Dole, I think you are pretty. For the first time in a very long time, I feel safe. Maybe that made me notice how pretty your eyes are. How nice your mouth is. I never notice those sorts of things because I never look at men all that much. Most of them look the same to me.”

“Well, it sure feels nice you saying I have a pretty anything, darlin'. I am more worried about you telling me you don't feel safe. I can fix that, Della. Let me take you somewhere safe. Not because you're pretty or some helpless rich girl. Because, if I'm being honest, the idea of anyone hurting you pisses me off. Just a little less than the idea of someone else getting to make you feel safe.”

Swallowing hard, I stare at him, nodding. “You going to take me home, deputy?”

“Yeah, darlin’. I’m going to take you home.”

Chapter Three

Dole

Sometimes I make very bad decisions.

Dating Mackenzie was a bad decision. Going with my cousins up on the mountain during a snowstorm to go hunting was too. I never could pull the trigger on a defenseless animal. I was always the type of man who wanted to save the little critters and strays.

It must be my hero complex that has me bringing Della home.

Bringing the most beautiful woman I have ever known to my place hours after we met does not feel like one of my bad decisions. As we sat at the diner, talking about nothing and saying everything, I knew. There was no way I could let her sail back out of Driftwood as fast as she had flown in. Not just because I have never felt so attracted, so connected to a woman before. But because something or someone has her running scared.

I'll be damned if I let anyone hurt her.

"This is not what I expected," Della muses as she wanders through my living room as I work on getting a fire going.

Winter is still lingering here in Driftwood, and it probably will for a few months. Not that I mind it. I love the snow, the cool temps, the stormy skies, and the dark nights. It is peaceful here, a big reason why I came home after I finished my time in the military.

I had never seen action from behind a desk where I was an intelligence officer. After I retired, I could have gone anywhere, but I wanted to come here, the one place that had always been home. Several of my commanders and fellow officers found their way here too. Besides the MC, almost a third of the population here are former military.

“What did you expect, darlin’?” I ask as I turn to watch her pulling books off my shelves, touching photos of my family.

“Not this. I guess...crates for chairs, boxes of old pizza, beer cans. You know, typical guy décor. This is not at all typical guy décor. I suppose because you, Dole are not a typical guy, are you?”

Turning to her as the fire sparks to light, I watch her for a moment. The air between us has been thick with something hot since we sat down at the diner. Taking slow, careful steps toward her, I tilt my head. In thigh-high suede boots, a sweater dress that clings to her every perfect curve, and thick, waving hair, she ought to be on a runway not in my cabin.

“No, I suppose I ain’t a typical guy. Those are my sisters,” I say as I move close, letting a hand drop to her hip as I reach past her for the photo. “They are a little bit more... free-spirited than I am. I am the middle child, so I was picking up or looking after one of them, but I never minded. My parents,” I nod at their photo as I grin. “Were high school sweethearts and still as in love as they were back then. My father told me once he never wanted to take a chance on someone else after he met her. She was his chance for a happy ever after.”

“That might be the most endearing thing I’ve ever heard. My parents should have ended things before I got here. Guess I am glad they didn’t. I knew they loved each other once and they loved the idea of me. The idea of a good pretty little thing who did as daddy told her to. Until I started doing what I thought was right, what I felt good doing, at least. Not so sure they loved me much after that.”

“Don’t you talk to them?”

“No. Not in years. We send cards on holidays, anniversaries, that sort of thing. We used to do video calls with my brothers but...my brothers became important men. I was never too important to make a call. Do you talk to your sisters often? I always wanted sisters.”

“Yeah, we talk very often. My sister Joanna has a shop here in town, she just opened it about a year ago. Janice, my baby sister, is off at college in Harmony Hollow. We try to have a dinner together once a month if we can.”

“Families do that, for real? I never knew anyone who did that in real life. I mean, Quinn’s daddy used to force us to have these uncomfortable meals on Sundays. After he found *the lord*. Never mind that he was banging a dozen women who were not his wife. Quinn would ruin them with food fights or big dramatic fights with her father. It was a good time.”

“Nothing about that sounds fun. Do you want to tell me what has you running, darlin’?”

Big blue eyes flutter as I tug her closer, unable to fight the desire to touch her. Her soft body turns to press into mine, hands on my chest. Head tipping back, she stares up at me for a moment, eyes searching mine. Looking for something. I hope she sees that she can trust me because if she can’t, I am not doing something right.

“Is this you, Dole asking me? Or is Deputy Cahill asking?”

“Just me, darlin’. You were speeding through town to put something or someone behind you. I reckon you came here because those rich girlfriends of yours might be your last line of defense. Last folks you felt safe with. You knew they came here, to this Podunk town in the mountains, and never left. Figure you might think there is a good reason for that.”

Cupping her jaw, I tip her head back gently. Tears shimmer in her bright eyes. It might as well be a jagged knife right to my heart. Standing there with her soft, fragile frame pressed against mine, those unshed tears glittering in her beautiful eyes, something inside of me breaks open.

Room for her to fit inside, for her to find a place there in my chest. I drag her closer, fingers rubbing at her cheeks, as if willing those tears not to fall. Lowering my head, I touch my nose to hers, breathing in her sweet honeysuckle scent. Della takes a shuddering breath before her eyes close.

It might not be right, but I do plenty of things wrong. Tilting my head, I brush my mouth over hers. I have been craving the taste of her since I pulled her over in that pink Porsche. My mouth seals over hers and she moans, hands clutching at me, wrinkling my perfectly pressed uniform.

Della whimpers as I lick at her sweet lips and I groan, hands dropping to grasp her by the thighs. Lifting her against me, I walk towards the couch, bending to lie her down on it. It's a wide, deep couch and her body sinks in as I fit her beneath me, her thighs spreading at my ribs.

"Dole," she cries as I tear my mouth from hers, kissing her jaw, the shell of her ear, and down her throat. "I was waiting for you to kiss me. Now you better not stop," she hisses as I nip at her pulse as it leaps beneath my lips, her hands pushing and pulling at my uniform.

"I won't stop until you tell me to, darlin'," I promise her, hands gathering the hem of her dress and shoving it up out of my way.

"You smell so good," she murmurs with a soft laugh as she presses hot, wet kisses at my throat.

"You smell sweet," I rasp as my hands slip up her thighs, fingertips brushing against her lacy panties. "Bet you're the sweetest right here," I hum as I rub circles at the wetness soaking the lace where her clit is.

"Dole," she whines, twisting her hips to push her pussy into my hand, "You said you won't stop unless I tell you to."

Glancing up at her, our eyes clash, her need glowing in those green eyes. I smirk as her hands come to the back of my head, her hips lifting. Her fingers tangle in my hair, tugging roughly, playfully. Turning my head, I bite at her bare thigh just as playfully. Body twisting beneath me, she whimpers my name again, her thighs spreading to make room for me.

Gently I kiss at the indentations my teeth made on her creamy thigh. When I lick at the marks, she hums, her thighs starting to tremble. I bite her again, on the other thigh, to be sure she has matching marks on her. Licking that mark too, I grin against her skin when she tugs at my hair again.

“Be patient, darlin’,” I tell her, sliding my hands up her thighs, and pushing her dress to her stomach. “I want to take my time with you. I want to remember every little sound you give me, the way you taste on my tongue, how sweet you come in my mouth,” I murmur as I press my mouth to her wet panties, sucking noisily at the dew there.

“Dole,” she cries, twisting beneath me, forcing me to band an arm across her hips to still her. “Please, I need.... oh...that, yes, I need that.”

Yanking her panties to the side, I lick through the seam of her, grunting as her salty sweetness covers my tongue. Closing my eyes, I slip my tongue inside of her, sucking again, swallowing down the creamy wetness that coats her pussy. I am immediately addicted to it. To her.

Flicking my eyes open, I watch her twisting still as I close my lips around her swollen clit. I pull at it with my teeth, chuckling darkly when she shouts and bucks against me. Eating her slowly, I grip her hips in my hands, holding her to my mouth as I feast on her pussy.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she chants, her hips still working, rocking her slit against my tongue as I fuck her with it.

“That’s my girl,” I murmur as I take a breath, breathing her sweet arousal deep into my lungs. “Let me see you come for me, Della.”

Rising slightly, she stares down at me as I eat her greedily. Thighs tensing, both her hands laced at the back of my head, holding my mouth to her. I smile against her wet flesh, slipping two fingers inside her. Della cries out, falling back as she comes, filling my mouth with her sugar.

Falling back, her entire body trembles as I lick at her still, savoring each drop of her that hits my tongue. Pushing at her dress, I move over her, lifting it up and off. Della pulls at my uniform, and I let her. I pin her beneath me as I cradle her jaw, tipping her head back.

“Come on, darlin’, come take a shower with me.”

“We’re not that dirty yet, deputy,” she purrs, rubbing her soft, tear-drop tits against my bare chest.

Grunting, I tangle my fist in her thick, blonde waves, tilting her head back. Della gazes up at me, eyes softening as she opens her mouth. I groan and bend my head, licking my tongue into her mouth so she can suckle at it. My cock bobs between us, but we’re taking that shower before we get any dirtier.

“We’re just getting started, darlin’.

“Is that so, deputy?”

“Yeah, it is. Do you want to know why?”

Staring up at me, she falls back against the couch, tossing her arms over her head. This one loves to be dramatic, I see. Smiling, I bend close, letting my hands learn the shape of her, in no rush. Her body is a thing of perfection. Creamy skin, long legs, round hips. Soft tits that fill my hand, the peachy pink nipples stiff against my palm.

“Yeah, I want to know why.”

“Good, now let’s go take a shower.”

Standing, I reach for her, laughing when I scoop her up fireman style, surprising her. With ease I hold her against me, my heart thundering in my chest. Her head tips back, those bright eyes of her locking on mine. I can’t look away and truth be told, I don’t want to. Not when I am certain of one thing that I have never been sure of before.

“Tell me why, Dole,” she whispers gently, eyes searching mine.

Setting her down atop the vanity in the bathroom, the one I built when I first redid this cabin, I pause. Turning away, I start the shower as I figure out how to word it. How do you explain what I just realized? What I am feeling for the first time? Looking at her again, both of us as bare as the day we were born, beyond our nakedness, I smile at her.

“Because darlin’. It takes *one kiss* to know. They always said that. I always thought I believed it. Before I kissed you, I don’t think I did.”

“Believed what? What do you know after one kiss?”

“One kiss, Della, and I knew you were going to be it for me, the woman I give my last name to, and my children to.”

“Dole...” Della trails off as I lift her against me, stepping under the shower with her.

“If you don’t mind, I kind of want to get started on all of that as soon as possible, darlin’.”

Chapter Four

Della

Coming clean can mean a lot of things.

Hot water pours down on my flushed skin as I press back against Dole, letting him run his big, rough hands over me. I've been clean for twenty minutes but neither of us cares. He even washed my hair with his sandalwood-scented soap, and I wanted to drown in that scent. I tip my head back on his shoulder just to get another hit of it.

I've been intimate with another man before. It never felt this way. Not that *anything* with Dole feels like it ever did before. I've never experienced *intimacy* the way we've been intimate tonight. Not this way. It started the moment we slid into that booth earlier tonight as if we'd done it a hundred times before.

We ordered the same thing and shared a smile, and I decided I wanted to do it a hundred more times.

"You smell so good," I hum against his throat, his strong arms banded across my breasts.

"You smell even better now that you smell like mine," he replies, kissing my shoulder as his palm rubs at one of my nipples.

"Dole don't start again," I whimper, my thighs starting to tremble as I press back against him. I need him to hold me up.

Before he started cleaning me with his bare hands and that delicious soap, he pinned me to the wall with his huge body. Mouth marking my skin, his fingers made me come twice. He watched me with fascination in his dark eyes each time I came, each time I cried out for him to stop just to beg him to keep going.

Now his hand slips between my thighs again, soap sluicing off us both as he spreads me open. I moan, fingers clutching at his muscled thighs as he rubs at my clit gently. It's too much. Sweet torture I cannot get enough of. My pleasure seems to please him more than if he were getting his own.

“God, you're perfection,” he muses as his thick fingers curl inside me. “I am lucky it was me out on patrol tonight. How else would I have found you?”

“Oh, I was just getting started breaking the law 'round here, deputy.”

“As long as I am the one who gets to lock you up, break all the laws you want, darlin'.”

We laugh together after I mock his slightly southern twang playfully. My laugh becomes a deep, throaty moan as his palm presses down on my clit. How could I forget his magic hands were still toying with me? I gasp out loud when his hand pulls at my stiff nipple, his fingers pumping inside me at the same time. Sinking my fingers into his thighs, I cry out as another orgasm twists up like a storm inside of me, wrecking whoever I was before he started touching me.

Dole washes us both off again, being tender with my sensitive lady parts. I am not as gentle with his big, thick, man parts, staring up at him as I stroke him to an orgasm that I don't want him to wash off me. He does though, promising me there is plenty more where that came from. Literally.

“You said something about feeding me, didn’t you?”

Grinning at me as we towel off, he nods. I don’t bother pretending I am not staring at the thick length between his legs because I am. And I don’t plan to stop. It’s a thing of beauty. Not that I have much to compare it to. Reaching out as he starts to fuss with my wet hair, I stroke it again, loving how velvety soft it feels even as it grows hard in my hands.

“Not feeding you that just yet. Another time. We need to eat because this is just getting started. Need to take care of my girl.”

Flushing hot as he wraps his arms around me, pulling me close, I nod. I press against his firm chest, feeling his heartbeat thudding against my cheek. I close my eyes and take a shaky breath. I am scared so I am being reckless. Because Dole is the first person to make me feel safe after everything I went through.

“While I make us a meal—do you want more mashed potatoes, sweetheart—I want you to tell me why you came to Driftwood.”

Turning, he tugs me from the bathroom, down a short hall to his bedroom. I smile at the neatly made bed with the thick, checkered duvet covering it. It is huge, taking up most of the room, sitting higher than any bed I’ve ever seen. I want to curl up in it with him holding me, making me feel safe. Even if I can’t be sure he can keep me safe.

Crossing the room to a wooden armoire, he pulls it open to grab some clothes. Before I can object, he pulls on some dark gray sweats. I watch them slip over his ass with a sad sigh. I was enjoying the view from back here. Dole comes back to me, yanking a big, thick shirt over my head, kissing the top of my head as he lets it fall to my thighs.

“There you go darlin’. Looking even more mine,” he teases, winking down at me as I suppress a little swoon.

Gazing up at him, my heart twists beneath my ribs. It aches. He is going in this thing, whatever *this thing* is, blind. He clocked that I was running from something by coming here. Now I regret it. Bringing my troubles with me to a place, and people, who don’t deserve it.

“Dole...I can’t be whatever you think I can. Dinner was nice earlier, this was nice...I should not have let you bring me here. I was scared. I am scared,” I correct as I storm out of the room, racing away from him. From what he is promising me without ever saying a word.

“Tell me why, darlin’. I will take care of it. I want to take care of you.”

Whirling to face him, I shake my head. *No*. No one else will take care of me. I made the mistake of letting men take care of me most of my life. My father kept me tucked away until I used my pretty face to break free. Then I ran right to another man. Immediately entangled myself with the sort of man who won’t ever let me be free.

“No. No one can take care of me. I can take care of myself. I did this to myself. I can’t let you...I won’t make the same mistake again.”

Turning away before he can see the tears spilling down my cheeks, I rush for the door. We left my Porsche in town, but I know some of the girls live up on the mountain. They would come to get me. It would let me take some time to clear my head before I make another foolish decision.

“Della, you won’t be leaving this cabin, this mountain, or Driftwood.”

“I won’t? What the hell do you know?” I turn back to shout at him, swiping at my tears with the cuffs of his shirt. “We met a few hours ago, you know nothing about me. No idea where I have been or what I’ve done. Who I made the mistake of....”

I trail off as he cocks his head at me, a grin overtaking his face. I frown, frustration flooding me. Why is he smiling? And why is it so damn charming? So, disarming? What is it about him that makes me want to go to him, let him play knight in shining armor, and save me from myself?

I am no good at picking men, but to be fair this one picked me.

“A boyfriend. *Ex*-boyfriend,” he clarifies as he closes the distance between us, walking me backward until I hit the wall. “Because there will be no other men in your life besides me, darlin’. Unless you give me sons. He hurt you. He threatened you. He did something so awful....”

Dole’s big, warm body fits against mine, his hand pressing to the small of my back. A tug closes the limited space between us. My head falls back against the wall, chest pumping as I struggle to catch my breath. All I can feel, all I can see, I can smell is him.

For a moment, I let myself indulge. I pretend for just long enough for me to catch my breath that I could have him. That we could be a cute couple here in this cabin together. Dinner at that cute spot in town on Thursdays. Cuddling by a big, roaring fire. Maybe I learn to cook and give him the babies he keeps talking about. Then I remember that I won’t get that kind of life—not with him or anyone.

“I saw him shoot someone two days ago. I wasn’t even supposed to be there. I had no idea...that’s a lie. At first, maybe I had no idea. I figured he was up to...nefarious things after a while. It was never serious. I wanted something to save me from my life. My boring, imperfect, empty life.”

Going to that penthouse was the worst decision of my life. Made worse because I had gone there to end things. After a few months of seeing one another, he had become too intense. It scared me. I never wanted to settle down with a man like Mateo Acosta. Not that I ever considered settling down at all until a handsome deputy took me out for the best mashed potatoes and pot roast I ever had.

“Who was he? You need to tell me so I can protect you, darlin’.”

“Stop calling me that! Stop touching me as if I am something precious. Looking at me as if I am some damsel in distress, needing to be saved. I can’t be saved. Not from this. Not from him.”

Heaving a sigh, he scoops me up with two big hands beneath my backside. I twist against him even though I am making no real attempt to break free. Why would I want to get away? In his powerful arms, smelling him, feeling our heartbeats match as he carries me to the kitchen, is the very first time I have felt as if I am exactly where I belong.

“Give me a name, *sweetheart*,” he mutters the name sullenly after he deposits me on the counter with a thud.

“Will you put his name in some bad guy finder at the station? Give a call to some buddies you know up in the big city? Get the goods on this guy and handle it the way good old boys do here in Driftwood?”

Dole cages me in on the counter, fists at my hips, arms flexing as his jaw ticks. I almost laugh. He is smirking even though his eyes glint with impatience. Unable to help myself, I press against his bare chest, pouting at him. There is something irresistible about this darker, edgier side of him.

“This is not Batman and Robin. *Or* Dukes of Hazzard. Give me a name. I find out how to deal with him, how to protect you, and then we get to the living happily ever after part. Like Romeo and Juliet.”

“They died at the end, deputy,” I remind him as I sit back on my hands, feeling proud of myself for getting most of his references.

“Not how I read it, darlin’,” he hums, lowering his head to brush his mouth across mine. Not a kiss, just a tease. “They wound up together, didn’t they? That is all that matters in the end, isn’t it? Us being with the person we would die for, we would kill for, we would give everything for.”

“How are you a real person? Why do you talk the way the men in those messy Harlequin books talk? Forever and ever after, breeding and babies. That is not real life, Dole. This is not real, none of this,” I trail off, waving my hands at his very real, very perfect cabin, his big, perfect, and *very real* body, and the way he is pressed against me.

“When you try to lie to me, your pulse skips twice. I can see it right here,” he murmurs, reaching to brush his fingertips over my throat. “You lied enough tonight for me to discover your tick. When you come for me, your pulse purrs like a kitten. You were scared when I pulled you over; not because you were caught. Because you thought I might let you off. You wanted to be caught tonight, you wanted to have someone to tell this to.”

“Yeah, maybe I did. I might have come here because I knew my best friends had found some of the good guys. Ones we never believed existed. I thought if there were enough of you I could be safe here. Now that I know you exist, I couldn’t stand it if I damaged you—or this place.”

“Della, baby,” he tries another name, smirking when I flush and shake my head, smiling at him. “There’s a dozen more men better than me out there. Right here in Driftwood or over in True Ridge. Nothing bad will happen to you here, I won’t allow it. If you believe that then you have to know all those other men, all the good ones, will be damned if they let anything happen to you either.”

“How could there be men better than you? That can’t be possible.”

“Plenty out there better than me, darlin’,” he rasps, yanking me against him roughly. “Because other men might let you go if you asked. I won’t. I told you: one kiss was all I needed, Della. You got it right when you said forever and ever after. With breeding and babies.”

“Babies? I was kidding, Dole.”

“Well, I ain’t, darlin’. I want them both, *with you*, and soon. Now give me a name so I know how to protect what’s mine. You, Della, *are mine*.”

Forever and ever after, *breeding and babies*...he can’t be serious, can he?

Chapter Five

Dole

Never been more serious about anything in my life.

Watching Della pout as we talk about everything but what *we should* be talking about makes my chest ache. This is what it will be like. The two of us, making dinner together, talking about our day, working around one another. Not just in the kitchen, but our life here that we're going to share.

Della cuts up some mushrooms from my garden out back, musing about how weird it is that I like cooking. Launching into tales of eating at five-star restaurants as a child to living off fruits and wild vegetables during protests in the jungles of South America, her attempts to distract me won't work. Moving close behind her, I stop her chopping hands gently.

"A name, darlin'," I whisper against her ear, kissing the soft curve. "I am not feeding *or* fucking you before you give me a name," I warn her.

"Dinner was *your* idea," she sasses, even as her ass rubs against my dick as it hardens in my sweats. The flannel I put on her earlier just covers her ass, so I feel the round, soft globes as she twists against me teasingly.

"You saying fucking was your idea?" I shoot back, dropping a hand to swat at her backside playfully.

This is easier than I ever knew it could be. All those dates with women I have known most of my life never came close to this one day with a stranger. We were never strangers at all if you ask me. This was bigger than both of us. Her friends coming here, setting up shop, and putting down roots meant I was bound to meet her. Meeting her when she needs me most makes things simple.

"If I recall *you* started it all, deputy. I just...didn't want it to stop."

“Oh, we’re not done, we both know that. Before we get what we both want,” I husk against her throat, yanking her hips back to let her feel how bad I want her. “You need to tell me how to protect you. You need to trust me.”

“I do. Never would have had mashed potatoes with you otherwise.”

Chuckling, I tighten my grip on her hips, turning her to face me. Lowering my head, I touch my brow to hers, taking a calming breath. Della sighs and nods, closing her eyes tight before she lets out her trembling breath.

“Mateo Acosta. He was different from anyone I had ever met. I wanted to break the rules. No, I wanted to tear them apart. Mateo was dark, handsome, mysterious, all those things foolish girls chase after. He didn’t care about who I was or wasn’t.”

“How long?”

Just thinking of another man touching her, feeling the silkiness of her creamy skin, smelling her sweet scent fills me with rage. A deep red, blinding rage that I never thought I could feel. Hate, anger, and violence have never been a part of my makeup. Becoming a cop was not about wanting to wield power or hurt bad guys. I just wanted to do some good.

Now, holding this woman in my arms, a woman who I didn’t know existed just this morning, I think about that. It seems my makeup has some jealousy mixed with a touch of obsession. That is how Della has me feeling. I would revert to violence to protect her. To hurt whoever dared give her something to fear.

Whoever sent her running best not come looking for her.

“Mateo Acosta,” I mutter the name like a threat.

“Ever heard of him down here, deputy?”

“Matter of fact,” I cock a brow at her, picking her up and setting her on the counter beside the stove. “We had trouble with some smarmy fucks from Silver Shores a while back. I do believe your friend is a rival. Monetti’s the ringleader of that bullshit circus. Our lumberjacks dealt with the trouble.”

“Lumberjacks,” she murmurs with a cute grin. “That’s a real thing? I thought Quinn was teasing. Mateo had a lot of enemies. I have no idea why I got mixed up with that piece of shit. If I could go back...”

“You would not have ended up here, where I could find you and have a chance to protect you,” I cut her off gently, tilting her head back with the hand gripping her head, our eyes locking.

Nodding at me, she bows her head as her fair skin flushes pink. Dipping my head, I kiss her cheeks, her jaw, her throat, anywhere the pink touches, I think she is perfect and beautiful, even scared. I am not pleased someone ever thought they could hurt or scare her, but I am glad it brought her here to me, just as I said.

“You mentioned feed me and...” her sweet voice trails off, heated green eyes flashing up to mine.

“Fucking you...yeah, I intend to do both. Which would you prefer come first, darlin’?” I husk against her mouth, feeling the slight tremble of her body, legs tightening at my hips. We both moan and I nod. Yeah, eating can come later. We both need to come now.

Once again I scoop her up, heading for the bedroom with a sense of urgency that stuns me. I need to feel her beneath me. Wrapped tight around me. Need to hear her calling my name as I take everything she will give me. And I want it all. I want every single part of her to belong to me.

Lying her down, I loom over her, feeling my breath catch. I’ve been with a few women, but none of them ever felt...it never felt permanent. I never looked down, seeing beyond her creamy golden skin and tumbles of silky hair, to see her. To see her as the woman at my side, my wife, the mother of my children, the one person I will get to share my life with.

Seeing Della lying beneath me, waiting for me, I see all of it.

“Darlin’,” I whisper, pushing the flannel open, and ripping the buttons. “Nothing I do is done lightly. Not my work, not my cooking or even playing cards with the boys. Della, this is me telling you I meant all that talk about being mine. Knew it the minute I kissed you. There won’t be anyone else for me, I tasted it the second I got a hit of you.”

“Dole...” her soft cry cuts through the organ beating in my chest, closing tight around it. It belongs to her now. I belong to her.

Moonlight filters through the curtains, casting her body in shadows and silver light. For a heartbeat, I just look at her. At each slope and curve of her. Tiny tattoos mark her golden skin beneath her left breast, down her left side, and across her left hip. Bending, I kiss each before I trace their shape with my tongue.

Della pushes at my sweats with her knees, making me chuckle against her breast before I lick a path between the pert handfles. My hands grip her hips, pinning her down as she twists beneath me. Her soft tits brush against my chest, the stiff nipples driving shots of pleasure right to my dick. I drop my hips a little, letting my jutting cock rub against her pussy.

“Hell,” I groan against her throat as I rock my hips. “Baby, you’re soaked. Because you know you’re meant to be mine. It doesn’t matter if we met twelve hours ago or twelve months ago. You’re mine, darlin’, tell me you get that, tell me you know there is no going back for us.”

Staring up at me, jade eyes glittering in the darkness, her full pink mouth turns up slightly. A half-grin that makes her eyes shine even brighter. Her head nods as that grin becomes full-blown, taking my breath away. Lowering closer, I touch my mouth to hers, needing to hear her say it, needing it said out loud, so the world hears it.

“Say you’re mine,” I growl, glancing down to watch the crude way my cock spreads her wet folds open, wanting to push deep, wanting to plunder her and own her.

Beneath me, she gasps, twisting her hips, seeking my heavy cock. I chuckle, pulling back, teasing her. When she whimpers and whines, arching until her wetness rubs against the swollen head, I groan, wrapping a hand around her throat to pin her down.

“Say it,” I demand, rocking my hips slowly.

“I am. I am yours, baby,” she moans that endearment throatily, crying out when I grunt and thrust my hips.

“Ah, hell,” I hiss against her mouth as she closes tight around me, her thighs trembling at my hips. “Della, sweetheart... I knew the moment I pulled you over. I would have locked you up on the spot if I thought you were trying to get out of town. I knew you were mine,” I murmur roughly.

We pick up a rhythm that has us both panting, hands fumbling, mouths eager as we fight one another to get what we want out of each other. I kiss down the column of her throat as she throws her head back, chanting something I can't understand. I thrust faster, seeking to get deeper, to fill her with my seed, to get her pregnant, round, and tied to me for the rest of our lives.

I won't risk ever being without her again.

“Dole, baby,” she shouts. Oh, that is what she was saying. Calling me baby over and over, twisting her hips in circles as I pound into her, clawing at my back as I fuck her harder, obsessed with the idea of coming with her. Coming inside her and staying inside until every drop gets where it belongs.

“Della, tell me how many babies you want, darlin’,” I grunt, holding her hips to tilt them up as I kneel between her thighs.

“How many do you want to give me, deputy?”

“Ah fuck, that's my girl. Going to keep you safe. Gonna put my babies in you,” I roar, running a hand over her soft tummy. “As many as your perfect body will carry, darlin’,”

Locking her thighs tight around me, she nods against the pillow. Her feet press at my ass, urging me deeper, her panting breath telling me to go harder, faster. I do what my lady tells me to, still gripping her throat as I start to thrust faster, faster, the big bed slamming against the wood logs of the cabin.

“Oh, hell, there it is,” I choke out as her pussy clenches tight, her thighs shaking as her head thrashes. “Come for me, darlin’. Be my good girl and let me feel what heaven is while you come on my cock.”

“Dole!”

Her nails claw at my shoulders, drawing blood as she comes. Her tits bounce softly as her body trembles, her throat working as she gasps for breath. I cradle her head, tilting it up so I can kiss her moans and claim them for mine. Just the idea of coming inside her bare makes me wild and I push deep as my orgasm tunnels through me.

“Coming inside you, take every drop sweetheart. Take it and make me a daddy. Come on, come with me so your greedy pussy swallows it all.”

Head thrown back, leg hooked around my hip to lock me deep inside her, she smiles up at me. It’s the single most stunning smile I have ever seen. It is a sated, carnal, possessive, contented grin that makes me feel like a man as nothing else ever has.

“Give me all of it, deputy,” she purrs, her hand cupping the back of my head to pull me down for a searing kiss.

That kiss, those dirty words, they set me ablaze as I come hard. My entire body feels it, from the crown of my head to the crown of my cock. I pump my hips slowly, not wanting to pull out. Not wanting to risk a drop going to waste. I rub her belly as she kisses me deeply, her tongue stroking mine hungrily.

Falling to the side of her, I drag her close, still buried inside her. I kiss her throat, her shoulders, the curve of her collar, and the dip between her breasts. I press my lips over her left breast, feeling her heart galloping. I smile and gather her close, brushing her hair back from her face.

Lying in the dark together, we share the same air as we settle in together. Our voices fill the room soon enough, talking in whispers as we trade stories. I tell her about my time in the military and she tells me about fighting crooked military in South America.

“My girl likes getting herself in trouble. It’s a good thing you came speeding through my town—now I’m going to deal with your troubles.”

Chapter Six

Della

Knowing who I want to be always got in my way.

Figuring out the sort of life I *wanted* versus the one I was living was an unexpected blow. For too long I accepted being an accessory on the arm of a criminal. I fooled myself that he was just an edgy man who worked with even edgier men. I knew the truth. He was more than a stereotypical bad boy persona - the late-night meetings, imposing presence and his flair for violence meant real danger.

“Two nights ago, well, no it’s been almost four now, hasn’t it,” I cut myself off as I lie on my stomach, moaning as Dole’s hands work magic on me in a masterful massage. “I went to end things with Mateo. Ouch, I am sorry I dated someone before I knew you existed,” I whine when he swats my bare ass, chuckling.

“You ought to be, darlin’. I am sure sorry I ever wasted a moment on any other woman before you,” he bends close to purr at my ear, his big body weighing me down as he goes back to massaging me.

Dole woke me up with gentle kisses down my spine, but this thing between us does not feel gentle. Dragging me back against him, he cradled me close as he sunk his thickness into me, working me to a fast orgasm as his rough fingers rubbed at my clit. Over breakfast, I said something about all the oils and creams in his bathroom and he lit up, offering a massage.

Now I am laid out in his spare room, bare and oiled up as soft classical music plays. It is dark and intimate, and I know I can tell him anything, and trust him with everything. The minute his hands started working on me, his questions started. How I met Mateo, why I dated him for *four months*, how didn’t I see the signs?

Dole is a damn good deputy because I am confessing everything.

“It was going to be the last time I saw him. I never even got to the penthouse. Parked in the garage, working up the courage to face him, I saw him. Or I saw his ridiculous Bentley. It was so dark, darker than usual. That’s how I saw those two bursts of fire, two pop-pops. Know what’s the craziest thing? I couldn’t believe he would make a mess in that fucking car. “Oh, that’s good, right there, deputy,” I sigh as he rubs delicious circles on my shoulders, taking away the tension that has wound my entire body tight for days.

Truth is, the moment I looked up at him from the side of the road, this big, beautiful deputy pulling me over, that tension began to fade. I was hoping to hide here from Mateo until I figured out what to do. Now I know I don’t need to *hope* for anything.

Dole will never let anyone hurt me on his watch.

“Guess those sorts of guys enjoy making a scene. That beat-up Ford out there goes to show what sort of guy I am. Never need to make a scene, no worries about that darlin’.”

Laughing with him, I nod, sighing dreamily as his thighs pin my hips down. His touch makes my heart dance in my chest. Heat hums between my thighs, my clit rubbing against the plush carpet beneath us. Dole has kept me humming since we first walked into this cabin almost two days ago.

That first night we made love all night. Lying in bed until the sunrise spilled gold and pink in through the windows, we shared hushed whispers and soft laughs. It seems impossible but it feels as if I have forgotten who I was when I came speeding into town. Maybe because *that* woman was never really who I wanted to be.

This, sharing all the moments I have shared with this man, laughing, talking honestly, being unashamed of myself, *this is* who I want to be. I want to be proud of what I put out in the world, proud of the good I did with Quinn, Brielle, Lennon, and other friends who tried to use the reach given to us by our wealth.

“Hmm, I will make enough scenes for both of us, deputy,” I tease, turning to grin back at him.

Dole's face lights up because I have done it again. During the throes of the best sex of my life—honestly, did I ever even have sex before this man?—we said a lot of things. Obsessive things. Outlandish things. Ovulation-related things. Even when I am not drunk on orgasms, I catch myself saying things about a future “us” and each time, he lights up as bright as his red and blues.

“You go on and make any scene you want, darlin’. I will be there to deal with whatever comes our way.”

Lying my head down on my arms, I close my eyes. This might be the craziest thing I have ever done. Nuttier than marching in Ukraine. Wilder than going to Haiti in hurricane season. Crazier than dating a literal criminal I witnessed kill someone.

Falling for Dole might be nuts but here I am, tripping, tumbling.

“I bet you will. God your hands are magic. Is this something I can look forward to in my future, deputy?”

“Yeah, sweetheart,” he husks against my ear as he bends forward. His hips rock against my ass, sending that spark of pleasure to my clit again. I moan and he chuckles, kissing my throat. “Plenty more where this comes from. Matter of fact, go take a shower, I need to take you somewhere.”

“What about...I mean what about all I just told you?”

Twisting me beneath him, he grabs both my wrists in one hand, pinning them above my head. Settling back on his knees to take his weight off me, he stares down at me. Dole looks at me unlike anyone else ever has. I modeled for most of my life, so I've gotten a gamut of looks. This look, his look, it's not like any of them.

Dole looks at me as if I am the only thing in his world.

“You gave me a name, you gave me a statement. Just because I was trying to make you come while you did changes nothing. Watt is aware of you being here. I will make a few calls. Not just to law enforcement. To anyone who can get me what I need to take care of this.”

Before I can ask questions, make an objection, or get a word out, he moves. I cry out as his mouth closes around my left nipple, sucking, teeth scraping, tongue swirling. The right nipple gets the same treatment, my legs trembling as he dives lower. I cry out as my orgasm washes over me seconds after he wiggles his tongue over my clit, detonating that spark.

“Oh, God,” I cry out as he sucks at my thighs, marking them possessively. I noticed in the mirror after our shower this morning that my body is littered with marks. From his hands, his teeth, his beard scraping at my skin. Each mark feels like a stamp of ownership, and I love it.

“That’s my girl. Now, go get dressed. Quinn and Keller dropped your bags off earlier. Quinn tried to see you. I refused. You needed rest.”

With that, he scoops me up, tossing me over his broad shoulder. I smile as I let him carry me down the hall to the big bathroom. I love his bathroom and cannot wait to soak in the huge claw tub. Depositing me on my feet inside the stone wall shower, he plants a kiss on my lips then a smack on my ass before he turns away.

A moment alone will give me time to let it sink in. Men I knew before, my father, my friends, and the few I dated, were all different kinds of intense. Dole is intense in his way. Unlike any other man I have known before. His intensity has the power to both soothe and seduce me.

We were talking about babies on our first night together.

Skating my hand over my belly, I consider it. I close my eyes to see it. Life with Dole here in Driftwood. Babies in this cabin with the best man I have ever met. A man who promised to protect me, who took on my troubles, and my terrible decisions without hesitation.

It could be beautiful. It *would* be so beautiful. Better than any penthouse, than yacht sailing on an ocean, or some great cause in a place I could never call home. There was never going to be a home for me anywhere I traveled to. Because Dole was not there, so how could any of those places ever feel like my home?

“I think two to start,” his voice rumbles behind me as his firm chest presses to my back. “A boy first so he can look after his little sister. Thinking of you round with a baby...with my baby, Della, darlin’, it is the first time I have ever thought of being a father.”

“You mean it when you say you want me to give you babies, don’t you?”

“I do. I want you soft with my babies. I want you here, where I know I can keep you safe. I will be a good father, Della. A good husband. No one will ever hurt you or our babies. I would never let it happen. No on my watch, darlin’. Not on my watch.”

Turning in his arms, I stare up into his warm, brown eyes. The color of golden caramel. I see forever in his eyes. Just what he talks about. Babies, a home, somewhere safe, and... love. Love like I have never known before. I start to open my mouth, but his words stop me.

“No one will ever love the way we will. It might be right now, it might be tomorrow. You *will* love me, Della. I will love you. That first kiss, I told you it was all I needed. It was as if finally found this part of me that was living outside of me. It was you. I found you.”

“Yes,” I whisper, mesmerized by the truth shimmering in his eyes. “Yes, I think two babies to start. But a girl first, they know how to take care of their boys.”

“Cahill men know how to take care of their girls. I am taking you on a date, darlin’. Going to show you how to fall in love with me.”

Chapter Seven

Dole

Taking my future wife and the mother of my children on a date feels important.

Just a few nights ago I wondered if I would ever settle down. If I would ever find the right woman for me. Then I found her. Breaking the law, no less. If someone else had been on duty or I had dismissed her demand for mashed potatoes, who knows how this could have ended.

Grinning as I set things up for our date, I don't give it a second thought. Della Crest is my fate. My future. Pulling her over was no fluke, we would have found one another here in Driftwood. Her best friends live here, are married to or engaged to friends of mine. It was all going to come full circle for us, I have no doubt about that.

Starting the fire in the deeply dug firepit, I throw some logs on it just as my phone rings. It's about time, too. Getting away from Della long enough to set this up for us was difficult. Mostly because if I am not on duty, I need to stay on duty taking care of her. Keeping her safe from that scum who could come looking for her.

Let him come look—we will be ready for him if he does.

“Thanks for getting back to me, Preston,” I say as a hello.

“I'll hang up you call me that again,” he threatens with a chuckle.

“Sorry. I appreciate you calling, *Panic*,” I will owe a lot to Panic if the leader of the Driftwood Disciples comes through for me.

“Might not when I call this favor back in, brother. Got some news about that *problem*. Hawk knows a guy who knows the name. Acosta is low-level slime working his way up. His crew is at war with Monetti’s crew up in Silver Shores, but it’s bleeding down into Sunset Springs and True Ridge. Which big boy Briggs does not appreciate.”

Cursing, I nod my head at the mention of both Hawk Palermo and Bolton Briggs. Both former military, I know *of* them but have never met either man. All I know about them is shades of gray. They’re not *bad guys* but they’re on their side of the law. Briggs was a lethal special forces commander and no one in True Ridge or anywhere near it messes with him or his Foxtrot Freight team.

Hawk is on the darker side of the law, running with another MC, but he spent some time here in Driftwood. Preston is his cousin, or so they claim, walking a similar path. In a club with other misfits who never fit anywhere else, so they created their own place.

Panic’s MC brothers are rough, dangerous men. They don’t hurt people unless they’re forced to, they don’t take anything that isn’t theirs, and they protect their people. They also scare the shit out of most of Driftwood which is why calling him was a risk I had to think about before reaching out.

It was not a hard decision—I won’t let anyone hurt Della.

“What do you think the chances of him coming down here might be?”

“He would be both an asshole and an idiot if he did. I hope he is both. Hawk mentioned Della might not be his first lady friend who saw something that cost her damage. Cahill, we ain’t friends, I never met your lady but,” he pauses for effect, and I find myself waiting for him to go on. “He comes to Driftwood, he won’t be leaving here.”

Relief washes through me at this declaration. I'm a cop. A deputy sheriff. The last time I broke the law, I stole a candy bar from a store. I ate half of it before guilt made me try to return it. I have dedicated most of my life to doing right, to helping people, to being a good guy.

If it takes being a bad guy or working with bad guys to ensure Della is safe, I will blur that line. Even if I was not falling head over heels for her, even if there was no obsession in me to get her pregnant—and there is, I want her belly popped with my baby as soon as possible—no one should be as afraid of something as she was the night we met.

Della was racing through the streets of Driftwood because she was terrified. Because she was rushing to get to someone she could trust. To the few people in her life, her best friends, who had let her live her life her way. This man, this piece of shit she wasted four months of her life on, he changed that, he sent her running scared.

Being the bad guy would be worth making her feel safe.

“Thanks, Panic,” I tell him with an awkward laugh. “Good to hear you understand where I am coming from. I hope he is not dumb enough to come after her. If he does... good to know that I know a guy who knows a guy,” I say tactfully as I focus on the fire in front of me.

“Know where to find me, brother.”

Ending the call, I take a deep breath. Yeah, I know just where to find Panic and the other Disciples. My hope is I don't have to. If I do, then I will deal with whatever fallout comes with making that call.

Back at the cabin, it's warm, a fire crackling still. Hearing the shower going, I smile. Having her here in my space, a place I have never brought a woman, it feels so good. Feels right. I shed my clothes and step into the bathroom, seeing Della beneath the steaming spray, her hand on her belly.

My chest seizes as I close my eyes, dreaming along with her. Coming home to her in the shower, her soft belly round, maybe another baby down the hall napping. All of us at the dinner table, the room filling with baby laughs and baby messes. Holding her body, one that changes to give me the family I wanted the second I laid eyes on her.

Peace settles over me, joy, a kind of completeness I have never known. One I had hoped I would know one day, and here it is, standing in front of me. I join her in the shower, grabbing her slick body to bring her close. "I think two to start. A boy first so he can look after his little sister. Thinking of you round with a baby...with my baby, Della, darlin', it is the first time I have ever thought of being a father."

Della gazes up at me with eyes showing me it's the same for her. How could we have expected to end up here? Finding the person for us on the side of the road. Truth is I knew it before we had that first kiss. At the diner, I knew I wanted a lifetime of dinners with her.

As we dress for our first date, I eighty-six her outfit choice. Seems my girl packed just cute, flashy dresses and sexy underthings. Thanking her for the foresight because I cannot wait to see her in each pretty thing, I hand her a warmer pair of my sweats. With a pouty look, she pulls them on, somehow looking sexier in my clothes than I think she would in her own.

"Going to thank me for that later, darlin'. Come on, let me show my girl a good time," I plead, taking her hand and leading her through the cabin.

"Is this where I say anytime with you is a good time?"

"Couldn't hurt my ego, could it?"

Laughing softly, she follows close behind as I lead us to the back of the cabin. We don't talk for a while as we walk deeper into the woods. Sometimes there is no need for words. Along the way, she stops a few times, picking up a single flower struggling to survive through the thick underbrush. She weaves them in her hair, and I think they're much like her: surviving when they are given every reason to give up.

"When I was about ten, Daddy took us camping. Up in the Catskills, it was supposed to be some bonding, back to the earth thing. I loved it. It was the one time life felt real. Maybe I *was* meant to wind up out here with you."

Bending my head, I drop a kiss at her temple, drawing her closer. We step out of a thick growth of trees about a click away from the cabin. I smile when she gasps, turning a bright, beaming grin up at me. Set out around the deep-set fire is a little picnic. It was the best I could do without time to plan, but from the look in her eyes, I think I did good.

Blankets and pillows surround the fire, a little basket with some fruit, and a few sandwiches. Good ole' PB&J—she said she hadn't had one in years. Leading her toward the sparking fire, I help her settle on some of the pillows I piled up before I join her.

"Deputy Cahill, this might be the sweetest, most adorable thing anyone has ever done for me," she muses as I settle back against some logs, pulling her between my outstretched legs.

"Good. I'll keep doing this sort of thing then," I promise, kissing her temple again.

For a while, we just sit there by the fire, enjoying the quiet. Reveling in the peace we have found here together. Della snuggles back against my chest, draping her legs over my thigh. I gather her close, sighing contentedly. Her soft little body fits perfectly against mine, our hands lacing tightly over her stomach.

"How did I not scare you off talking about putting babies in you the day we met?"

Della laughs, her head tipping back on my shoulder. Green eyes shine up at me as she bounces a shoulder. “Guess it might have scared me off if it didn’t sound so good. How did I not scare you off by telling you I was running from a known criminal?”

“Might have scared me off if keeping you safe, playing the hero for once, didn’t sound so good,” I shoot back, kissing her softly.

“Dole,” she breathes against my mouth, “I do want babies with you. Forever after. I want it all with you.”

Turning to face me, she settles on my lap, long legs wound around me. Grinning down at me, she combs gentle fingers through my hair. The air smells of fresh earth, fire, and her sweet, succulent perfume. Behind her the fire crackles as the sun slowly begins to set.

“This is perfect. Being with you is perfect, Della,” I whisper.

“It is. This feels like real life. This is who I want to be, baby, with you,” she rasps gently, pressing closer, kissing me between giving me the sweetest words I have ever heard. “You said you would show me how to fall in love with you. I think I will. I think I will learn what love is supposed to feel like with you. Because of you,” her words come faster, her breath panting sweetly against my lips as she starts moving against me.

“I can be *me* with you. Not just a pretty face or some good-doer rich girl. Until you took me home and told me that you believed forever was going to happen for us, I never thought I would get to *be me*. Now I am. Now I can be me, with you. Because you were right. I was meant to wind up right here, with you. Being yours is who I was meant to be.”

Della reaches between us, shocking me by yanking at my pants. I follow her lead, pulling the sweats she begrudgingly put on earlier. I grunt when I feel her bare pussy soaking my hand just as she wraps hers around my cock. This was supposed to be a romantic start to giving her everything.

Getting another chance to knock her up will work fine too.

“Dole,” she pants, lifting her hips to guide me to her pussy, moaning as my hard cock pushed inside her. “Come on, baby, give me some more. Give me some babies, deputy. I want to be barefoot and pregnant in that cute cabin with my hot deputy and a dozen little deputies. Give me it,” she moans, taking me deeper and deeper as she drops her hips.

“Come here, let me get as deep as I can go, darlin’. Let me fuck my cum into that eager pussy. Fuck, you’re so hot, I can’t wait to see you round with my child,” grunting the words, I yank at her sweatshirt, throwing it towards the fire so I can burrow my face in her tits.

“Yes,” she cries out, bouncing slowly on my surging cock. “I want it. I want it with you, baby. God, you feel so good. I never knew it could feel so good. It wouldn’t, would it, deputy? Not with anyone else.”

“Fucking right,” I hiss against her nipple as I suckle at it hard. “No one else will fill you up the way I will. No one else will take my cum so good. Come on, sweetheart, make me come in this perfect pussy.”

Della leans back, her skin glowing in the dark twilight and the shadows of the fire. I am mesmerized by the sight she makes as she takes me. As she begs me to tie her to me with my child, ties us together.

“I’ll give you everything, darlin’,” I swear as I pump up into her, gathering her close so I can seal a promise to her lips. “Going to give you everything you could ever want. Forever, and ever after, say it. Say it.”

“God! Yes, yes, forever and ever after. Oh, yes, Dole!”

By the crackling fire, we make love until it’s dark. Until all I can see is the shadows of the moon and the dancing firelight on her skin. I make her promises in the dark with my mouth, with my body, with my soul.

I promise I will give her everything she could ever want because she gave me her.

Chapter Eight

Della

Being at peace is a feeling I could get used to.

Life in a tiny cabin in a picture-perfect little town, with the sweetest, sexiest man I have ever known is not the sort of life I ever saw for myself. Now I can't think of a better life. This is just where I was meant to be, and Dole is just the person I was meant to be with.

"Morning beautiful," he hums as he rubs my back, waking me from another night of the best dreams.

Sighing as I stretch against him, letting him work his magic on my bare skin, I smile against the pillows. They smell of him, of me, of the two of us together and I never get enough. His uniform is rough against my bare skin, and I pout at the reminder he will be leaving me.

"Don't go to work," I whine, pushing my ass back against him, feeling the weight of his buckle.

"Wish I could stay all day, darlin'," he hums against the back of my neck, one of his hands sliding up to cup my bare breast. "I am on duty till eight. Then I am on duty to you, sweetheart."

"Hmm, I suppose I ought to let you go be a hero for the rest of Driftwood," I tease, moaning when I feel his thick, hardness press against my ass. I turn on my back, trying to tempt him the way he always tempts me.

Two months of waking up with this man. With a man who makes me feel safe, sexier than I have ever felt, and satisfied in a way I have never known. Not just with orgasms. But lord the orgasms he gives. I love this new life I am living with him so much I don't miss a single thing from my old life.

Whenever he is on duty, I play happy homemaker. After playing a role for a long time that never fit, this is different. This role suits me. I am good at it, good at doing things here at the cabin, cooking meals, working the sprawling garden, hell I started a flower garden out front that I am damn proud of.

This is the life for me—as long as I am living it with Dole.

Thinking about a *whole day* without him, I decide to make him late. I tug at his belt, knowing full well he won't deny me. It is his damn fault I cannot get enough of him. Spreading my legs, I trap him, yanking at his zipper as he groans, putting up little fight.

“Darlin’, I can’t be late again,” he husks without conviction.

“Make it quick, baby,” I plead, moaning as I wrap my hands around his hardness. “Don’t make me.... oh, yes, baby,” I whimper as he thrusts inside of me, chuckling because we both knew I was going to get my way.

“Hmm, my girl is so eager in the morning,” he teases me playfully.

“Dole,” I cry out as he reaches between us to rub my clit, intent on giving me pleasure before he goes. “I...oh..yes, I love...baby, I love you.”

Stilling deep inside me, he stares down at me. His eyes flutter, his jaw tensing as he starts to come. I feel him jerking inside me, his gaze locked on mine. I cup the back of his head, pulling him close as the magnitude of this moment hits me as I come with him.

“I love you. I love you too, Della. Fuck, *I love you, darlin’*.”

Pulling back, he cups my face, his seed still filling me as his eyes shimmer. Oh, fuck. He’s so *goddamn* beautiful. His light eyes shimmer with adoration and I know I am so lucky to be here. To be with him, to have found him when I needed him most.

“I love you *so much*,” he rasps as he pumps his hips a few times, his grin making my heart swell until I think it might burst. “I love you, Della.”

“Oh, God, love it when I can feel you come,” I whimper, nodding my head as I gasp with aftershocks of my orgasm. “I love you, Deputy Cahill. Love you so much. I am going to spend forever showing you how much, baby,” I moan as he pulls out of me, a hand fisting his shaft so he can jerk cum all over me.

“Mine. This is all fucking *mine*. You, this pussy, this body, this heart, and all your pretty soul, it’s *all mine*, darlin’. Say you’re mine. Say you’re going to give me babies and be my wife. Say it so I can keep breathing.”

“Yes, baby,” I husk, voice tight with emotion as our gazes hold. “I love you. I want to be yours forever. I hope you put one in me by now,” I tease with a laugh, pressing both our hands to my soft belly.

“Mmm, me too. I will keep giving you baby batter until we got a little one cooking in there, darlin’,” he teases, bending to kiss my stomach.

Pushing him playfully from the bed, I help him fix his uniform before I pull on my robe. I walk him to the door, pleading with him to be safe while on duty, and to rush home to me. We kiss at the door as he promises to always come back no matter what, and swears he is *always* in a hurry to come back to his girl.

“I love you,” he whispers before he kisses me once more, turning to rush to his squad car.

Standing at the door, I watch him go, my heart rattling in my chest. I am still getting used to him being on duty. Leaving me to go be a hero to others, the way I teased earlier. He was my hero, after all, I kind of hate sharing him with all of Driftwood.

Smiling, I close the door and go to the kitchen to start some coffee. First, more work on my flower garden before I go to town for lunch with Quinn and the other girls. Brielle just got back from her honeymoon, so we want to catch up and spend some girl time together. I laugh as the coffee starts to drip, thinking how different our lives have all become.

From girls dancing in clubs, and protesting in the streets, to women becoming wives and mothers. We never saw it coming.

“Oh,” I cry out as the scent of the coffee hits me.

I get the very best caramel blend coffee from Quinn, one she created just for me. Their coffee and tea shop has become a hit here in Driftwood. Lennon loves creating teas from locally sourced materials and who doesn’t love getting a cup of joe or a spot of tea from the new rich girls in town?

This smell, one I adore, makes me want to throw up. Frowning, I grab a cup, almost retching as I take another sniff. Suddenly the room twirls and I can't catch my breath. I rush to the sink, unable to stop myself as bile burns my throat. I gasp over the sink, eyes watering, heart racing. As soon as it began, it stops.

“What the hell...” I trail off as I press a shaking hand to my stomach.

Standing there in the kitchen, I am filled with a sudden wave of joy. A sense of fullness in my heart. Am I pregnant? Did we do it so soon? Not that we haven't been trying for months since that fateful night he pulled me over. Dole has been on a mission, as he teased earlier, to fill me with as much of his *baby batter* as possible.

“Holy hell. I am pregnant,” I mutter out loud as tears fill my eyes, my stomach roiling.

Doing the math in my head, I realize I've not had a cycle since I've been here. Rushing to the bedroom, I pull on clothes, smiling at the sight of my things hanging alongside his uniforms and flannels. It looks strange. Flashy designer threads next to his casual stuff. If you ask me, we fit together despite our differences.

Twenty minutes later, I am sitting outside the police station. My hands tremble as they hold the test I took. Never thought I'd be peeing on a stick in the tiny bathroom of the Driftwood Peaks Market. Trying to catch my breath, I rub a hand over my belly, love burning through my touch straight to my womb.

Beside me sits a basket of bread. *Buns*. I thought it would be a cute way to tell Dole the news. I rush inside, calling hello to the always frosty Mackenzie as I pass her desk. I am working on killing her with kindness. If roles were reversed and she snagged my man, I would be cold to her too, but I want to make things easier for them both at the station.

“Will Dole be back soon?” I wonder after I set the buns at his desk.

Mackenzie glances up at me and I wait for her wrath. To my surprise, she smiles, looking at me almost as if seeing me for the first time. Or maybe seeing me with new eyes. Nodding, she answers sweetly. “Yes. Mrs. Murphy called him out again, you know he is her favorite. You can wait for him if you want, Della. You look so...you’re *glowing*. I am so happy he found you. He deserves someone who gives him everything.”

“He does. He deserves everything good. Don’t we all?” I whisper to her, gently, reaching to cover her hand with mine. “We have someone out there for us, all of us. You too. It wasn’t him because it will be someone else. I never believed that sort of thing before I met Dole. Now I do.”

“After seeing you two, I think I do too.” She sighs with a smile.

“Good. I need something sweet...can I grab you something?”

“Yes! Have you had the cinnamon buns at Watt’s little sister’s bakery? They are to die for! If you grab one for me, I will tell you all about the real reason Mrs. Murphy favors your Deputy.”

Laughing, I agree, pushing outside into the cool air, feeling good about just about everything. Life is going my way, and I am so grateful. Once I see who is waiting beside my Porsche, I am hit with a new wave of nausea. And I am reminded why I never should have pulled over for Dole that night I was trying to speed away from my former life.

“There she is, *mi Corazon*,” Mateo purrs as he opens the door to the black Bentley blocking me in.

“M-Mateo. How...how did you find me?”

“Oh, princess, did you think you were free of me? I knew you would come to your friends. Their coffee shop is very popular, *non?*”

Fear bleeds through me, icing the blood in my veins. I cannot move. I am barely breathing. I back towards the station, but he makes a move forward. His hand comes up, waving me towards him. I shake my head, knowing salvation is just behind me. If I can just move my legs to get me back into that police station, Dole will be here soon.

Then I think about him coming back to find he’s going to be a father. Or getting in the way of what Mateo wants. About Watt who just proposed to the woman he loves. I think about Mackenzie being so sweet, wanting to patch things up and be friends. I can’t let anything happen to any of them.

“We need to talk, don’t we *Corazon*? Do not make a scene here. I would hate for that pretty girl inside to get hurt. Or that backwater boyfriend of yours to get caught in the middle of things between us.”

“There is nothing between us,” I snarl, stiffening my spine.

“Oh, yes, we do. Never should have been there, *mi Corazon*. Wish you had not seen things that night at the parking garage.”

“Who said I saw anything?” I lie, trying to sidestep past him.

“Why, you said it, Della,” he murmurs with a grin that scares me. “You ran. Think that said enough. Now come, *morra*, let’s go talk.”

Swallowing hard as my throat dries out, I nod. Tears slip down my temples, but I can’t fight him. I cannot make a scene. Not if it would risk the baby I just found out I am having or anyone else here. I go to him, ducking into the back seat of the car, my heart breaking.

Mateo slides in beside me, pushing me against the other door. He was always a man spreader, the big jerkoff. Tsking me, he leans in to brush the back of his hand down my face. I huff and pull away, hating his touch. After being touched by Dole, his touch feels so wrong.

“We’re just going to go chat, *Corazon*. The deputy will get you back. Well, he will get back whatever pieces of you I am done with.”

Turning to stare out the window, I let out a breath. It feels as if I have been holding my breath since fleeing Silver Shores. Waiting for this moment. For him to find me. Since I met Dole, I have started to breathe again. I believed I had gotten away, had a chance at a real life.

How can I breathe now, without Dole, without our baby?

Chapter Nine

Dole

Fear was never something I had to deal with.

For a while, I was a little afraid I would never find the right woman. Now I have. Even if I knew it that very first night, the past months with her have proven it tenfold. Della is the woman of my dreams and I want to give her whatever she dreams of.

I want to give her my children, my love, my last name.

Pulling away from Mrs. Murphy's house, I am smiling big. We talked about the MC club, as she has seemingly taken a liking to them. Guess Panic has seen to it that his guys steer clear of her and even handled some neighbors who were bothering her. Then we talk about Della and Mrs. Murphy is about as excited as I am about me having babies.

"You will make a fine father," she murmurs with a pat of her hand on mine. "You're the sort of man who does anything for the people he loves."

Those words hit me in the heart. Yeah, I love Della. We said it this morning before I left. I could not believe it when she said it. There has never been a more perfect, poignant moment in my life. We were connected by more than body, more than need, more than hunger. It was body and soul, spiritual and sensation and I will never forget how it felt.

"I sure do love her. I'm going to marry her as soon as I can."

"Good for you, son," she says sweetly, seeming proud of me. "I would love to meet her, you know. I call and bother you a lot, I know...but you've come to mean a great deal to me. You're a good man, you always do the right thing. No matter what that means, you do what is right."

Promising to bring my girl by soon enough I head out. As soon as I climb into my cruiser, something feels off. It's a few hours into my shift and I am still getting used to the hours

away from Della. Having her there when I come home, sometimes with dinner waiting, sometimes waiting in bed for me, it's fulfilled my life.

"Deputy Cahill, come back," my radio crackles, Mackenzie's voice sounding more urgent than usual.

"Deputy Cahill, go ahead dispatch," I call back, my hands clenching tight on my radio.

"Get to the station. Your old lady was just here. Saw a Bentley outside then she never came back. Don't look good, sergeant."

My entire world bottoms out. A Bentley. Mateo Acosta was dumb enough to come looking for my girl. My chest seizes. I can't see or hear anything for a minute. No. No, he can't have her. He cannot touch her. If he hurts her...if he so much as touches her, being a Deputy will mean nothing to me.

"On my way."

Slamming the cruiser into gear, I peel from the curb, hands shaking on the wheel as my foot punches the gas. Mrs. Murphy can holler at me later. I need to get there. I need to find out why she was even there. I told her I would be home tonight. That I would get back to her as soon as I could.

If something happens to her...no. No, nothing will happen. I will not let it happen. Nothing will ever hurt her again. Not on my watch. Pain pricks my eyes as I round the corner to the station, seeing her unmistakable pink Porsche parked at the curb.

Throwing the door open, I race inside, hoping to find her there. Hoping this was some terrible joke. Maybe Mackenzie is still pissed at me. Once I see her face, I know it is no joke. No, she is not pissed at me, but she *is* upset. Mackenzie looks downright enraged.

"I told her you would be here," she accuses, voice shaking. "I saw that Bentley then she was gone. I said you'd be here."

"Did she say something before she left? Where she was going? If someone had showed up at our place?"

Rushing to my desk, I pull open the top drawer. With a trembling breath, I pull out the wooden box there, flipping open the lid. I always carry a weapon, of course, but this one is not duty-issued. This is my own. One I got from Hawk a few days after my call with Panic.

“No, no, she was happier than ever. Smiling. We were going to eat cinnamon buns and gossip about you. Left that basket for you.”

Grabbing the gun, I pull the clip to make sure it is loaded, then pull the slide. My hands tighten on the grip as I tuck it in the back of my belt, glancing absently at whatever Mackenzie mentioned Della leaving earlier. I almost hit the floor once I finally see the basket.

A basket full of bread—or, rather, buns—because...she is pregnant. I joked about her baking my baby batter to put a bun in her oven. Oh, God. My girl is pregnant. I ought to be overjoyed. I am—of course I am. I am more terrified than I was a few minutes ago. I am petrified.

“Tell Watt not to send someone after me. Unless I call myself.”

“Jesus, Dole, be careful. Go get your girl.”

Nodding, I rush out of the station, pulling my uniform shirt off as I go. Passing the cruiser, I toss it and my utility belt in and head for the Porsche. Della always leaves her keys in the touch-button car, knowing full well no one in Driftwood Peaks would be dumb enough to steal a pink Porsche they know belongs to a Deputy Sheriff's woman.

Pushing the button to start the car, I squeal the tires, making a mental promise to her for new ones. Speeding past the station, I head down Main Street, headed for one place. Stopping outside The Rusty Nail, I hop out of the car to head inside. Inside, I pull out my phone, pulling up the app that will track where my girl is, one she has no idea I put on her phone.

“Panic,” I call as I step into the darkness, seeing the crowd of Disciples at the back of the bar. “I need that favor, man.”

Panic stands, his towering, bulky frame taking up all the air in the room. Two even larger, scarier-looking men flank him, moving when she jerks a chin at them. Crossing the room towards me, he claps me on the shoulder, turning me to follow me outside. I wondered how I would feel if this moment came. Now that it is here, all I feel is a mix of rage and fear.

“Gatlin and Crush will hit the ins and outs of town. No one will come or go without them allowing it. You and I will find them. Bruiser will wait in the wings if we need some... assistance.”

Outside he hops on his motorcycle, and I climb back in the Porsche. Together we pull from the bar, and I follow him through the streets of Driftwood. We weave through what little traffic there is until we reach the outskirts of town. I see Crush, the tallest, most tattooed of the bunch, parked, smoking a cigar as he stands propped against his bike.

Stopping behind Panic as he idles his bike, I jump out of the car. As I approach the two men, I hear Crush give out a chuckle. Just a laugh. It is the coldest, darkest laugh I have ever heard. Reminds me I am dealing with very dangerous men. For a moment, I hesitate...and then a vision of my girl, my pregnant girl, being hurt or worse kills any hesitation.

“He’s been spotted,” Panic comes to update me. “Pretty stupid coming to Driftwood in a fucking Bentley. We got a tail on him, they will follow him to the north side of town. He won’t get out of town, Deputy.”

“What do we do now?”

Panic grins, a shocking slash on his face. “We go say hello.”

There is a lethal undertone to his voice, and it should bother me. It ought to have my cop senses tingling. Why does it set me at ease? It leaves no doubt that whatever we’re facing, I chose the right people to face it with me. He teased me about calling a favor back in one day, but if his crew helps me keep the woman I love safe, I will owe him more than one.

“Let’s go meet this fucker,” I mutter without any more hesitation.

Climbing back into the Porsche, I nod at him, and both men turn around, waving me to follow. We break the speed limit but since I am the officer on duty, I guess it doesn’t matter, does it? In no time we are closing in on the north edge of town, my hands shaking, my heart thundering and my stomach twisting.

Need to get to her, to protect her like I promised.

Seeing lights up ahead in the darkness, I take a shaking breath. Half a dozen bikes surround the obnoxious Bentley. Some of the men have weapons drawn and it’s then I spot a man kneeling in front of the car. I smile. I actually *smile* because I know without having to ask that this man is Mateo Acosta. A man dumb enough to come to a small town where men kill for what they love.

Leaping from the car, I run towards the Bentley, my heart in my throat. A flash of gold catches my eyes. Golden curls. My sweet girl. I rush to the backseat where she sits, hands trembling as one covers her belly protectively, the other pressed over her heart.

“Della, darlin’, I’m here,” I whisper gently moving slowly.

Green eyes track up slowly, from my boots to my chest where my badge should be, up, all the way up to my eyes. There is a moment of recognition, of relief. Then she smiles. Tears slip from her eyes, but she smiles as I drop to my knees, winding both my arms around her.

“Hi, Deputy,” she whispers as her head falls against mine. “I knew you would be here. Once they stopped us, I knew. We were almost out of town, but I didn’t think for one second you would let him leave with me. You came for us,” her voice is watery as she presses against me, clinging to me. Lifting her up and out of the car, I cradle her close, burrowing my face in her chest where I feel her heartbeat.

“Told you I would always come for you. I won’t ever let my girls go,” I rasp as I rush back to the Porsche, setting her inside gingerly.

“Girls? Oh, baby, you saw it! We’re pregnant! You think it’s a girl?”

“Yeah, darlin’, I saw it. Hope so. Would be so fucking lucky to have another you. Did he...did he hurt you, sweetheart?”

Pulling back, I take stock of her, making sure there is no damage. My hands touch her everywhere and she grabs them when they shake too badly to feel a damn thing. Tipping her face back, I growl. Rage boils inside me when I see the marks on her face. A bruise forming. He hit her. He put his hands on a woman, on my woman, who is carrying my child.

“I am going to fucking *kill him*,” I roar, standing before she pulls me back down.

“No, no, please don’t leave me. It was nothing. I was being mouthy. Told him he had made a big mistake because my Deputy would come after me. I laughed at him. He just smacked me to shut me up. I am fine. Please, please, don’t leave me. Do not do something that would take you from me.”

Blinking down at her, I frown. It takes me a minute to notice her eyes tracking the scene behind me. Turning a little, I see men circling Acosta who is still on his knees. His gaze is locked on us, a look of pure hate and disgust on his ugly face. Standing, I promise her I will be back before I go to join the others, wanting to finish this.

“You put your hands on women? Pregnant women at that,” I add, shaking my head as if I pity him. Truth is, I do. Because he will never know what Della and I share. He could never understand the bond that began the moment she smiled and asked me about mashed potatoes.

“Pregnant? That *Punta* spread her legs fast for you,” he snarks, spitting on the ground at my feet.

“Oh, we don’t talk about women that way here, friend,” Panic speaks before I can, landing a crushing blow to Acosta’s

face, sending blood spraying. “Definitely don’t put hands on them. Here I thought we were just getting payback. Nah, now we get to end a bitch of a man who ain’t nice to the ladies. Ought to be a good time, I think, don’t you boys?”

“Oh, in case you weren’t sure, you’re *never* leaving Driftwood,” Crush offers with his dark, twisted grin.

“Had no clue you plugged Disciple family, did you?” Panic stuns me. This was never a favor—they were going to find Acosta with or without me. He came to them instead. “That man you couldn’t buy was one of us in all the ways that count, whether he wore a cutte or not. This is *about us*, Acosta. Not the Deputy. Because you hurt his woman, we will have a little more fun just for her sake. See you later, Deputy. This is on us not you. Take your old lady home.”

There are a lot of deciding moments in a man’s life. When I joined the military. When I put on a badge. When I pulled Della over and forgot for a few hours I was an on-duty cop because I was busy falling in love with her. This is one of those moments. I can be a cop, or I can be a man. A man who does the right thing, just like Mrs. Murphy said I would do.

“See you later, brother,” I nod at the President of the Disciples, turning to go do the right thing. To take care of my girls.

Loading Della up carefully, I pause as I kneel beside her. Closing my eyes, I press my face to her tummy, saying a thank you, a prayer, a vow. I will protect them both for the rest of my life. At all costs, no matter what lines I have to cross or what rules I have to break. They are all that matter to me now, and I would give everything to keep them safe.

“Come on, darlin’. Let’s go home,” I tell her, kissing the slowly darkening bruise on her face, her jaw, her lips.

“I love you, baby,” she rasps, nodding her head as she beams up at me. “I was never scared. Because I knew, we knew, you would come for us.”

“I will always come for you, Della. Always. No matter what.”

Pulling from the road after I climb in beside her, I don't look back. I don't care what they do to Acosta. I would lie if someone asked me, I would protect this secret, those men if it came to that. Because they let me keep my word. They let me protect the most important things in the world to me.

"Baby," she murmurs as we near the house, hands on her belly. "Will you do something for me when we get home?"

Turning to gaze at her, I smile immediately. "Yeah, darlin'. Whatever you want. What is it?"

"Will you make me mashed potatoes?"

Chuckling, I forget all about the bruise on her face, the man who put it there, and what might come of him. None of it matters. I nod my head, bringing her hand to my mouth to kiss each finger. Yeah, I will make her mashed potatoes or get her ice cream and pickles, I will do anything she asks of me.

Because I love her, and it took just one kiss for me to know it.

Chapter Ten

Della

Being pregnant is a beautiful thing.

Even with swollen ankles, morning sickness that lasts all day, and crying fits that come and go, it is so beautiful. Lying in the huge claw bathtub, my belly so big now that all the bubbles do nothing to hide it, I drop a sweet pickle dipped in the best ranch in town in my mouth. Moaning at the sweet, saltiness, I sink lower into the warm water, sated as can be.

Just passing the twentieth week, I have loved every bit of being pregnant. Dole spoils me rotten, gets me treats, rubs my feet, and is dutifully prepping the spare room as a nursery. Tonight, we're going to town for the gender reveal with our friends and I am so blessed that he is letting me have all the little milestones that some never bother with.

"There she is," Dole's voice booms in the space, making heat flood through me immediately.

Besides strange cravings, emotional see-saws, and wild dreams, I am *always* turned on. At least once Dole enters a room. Or brushes against me in bed. Touches me while we're making dinner. I want it all the time, any time he touches me or looks at me, or even says something right, I want it.

Leaning against the doorframe, looking sexy as hell in his half-undone uniform, he grins at me. And yeah, I want it. I want it now and I can't help it. I slide a hand between my thighs, waving the other at him. Cocking his head, he saunters over slowly, pretending he has no idea what I am up to.

Reaching up, I yank at his belt, hand diving inside his neatly starched trousers. Pushing up in the huge back, I kneel, my mouth opening greedily. I waste no time, pulling out his heavy thickness, and closing my mouth around him with a moan. Dole groans, head falling back as I swallow him down, my wet breasts soaking his clothes as I start to suck him.

“Fuck, darlin’,” he grunts, hands going into my pinned-up hair. “What did I ever do to deserve a goddess like you? God, you’re so beautiful with my baby in that belly, sweetheart. Ah, hell, that mouth is so good.”

Before I can tug him in with me, he scoops me up, letting me drip all over the stone floors. My thighs wrap tight around his waist, my ass rubbing against his jutting cock. I moan and drop my hips, trying to get him inside me. One of his hands slides between us to wrap around my throat. If I weren’t soaked from the tub, that move would make me a wet mess.

“I love you,” he murmurs as he turns, pinning me to the standing shower. The cool glass against my back feels good on my hot flesh. “I love you so fucking much. You’ve given me everything, Della,” he hisses as he sheds his clothes fast. His hard body presses mine to the glass and I whimper. Rough hands cup my ass, palming the flesh as he moves me, rubbing his shaft between my folds, teasing me. He wants me to say it.

“I love you,” I moan the words, head falling back so I can find his gaze. “I love you so much, baby,” I pant, arms tightening around his broad shoulders. The smile he beams at me makes my heart swell the way it does any time we say the words. Ones we say often, loudly, proudly.

“Come here, darlin’,” he drops his voice as his hips thrust up and he sinks inside me. “Mmm, yes, there she is. There’s my girl. I love you.”

Dropping his head, his mouth closes around a nipple as he starts moving. I claw at his back, sinking my teeth into his shoulder. The sweet slide of him in and out of my greedy flesh, the sound of his hips pounding against my thighs, our panting breaths, it’s so perfect, so hot, I come fast.

“That’s my girl,” he praises before he pulls at my other nipple with his teeth. He moans loudly, pulling back and tilting his head back. I gasp when I see milk spill from his mouth. His cock erupts inside of me, the powerful jerks of his orgasm rippling inside of me setting off another orgasm for me.

“Dole, oh my god,” I whimper as he bends his head, suckling at my tit now, filling his mouth with the warm milk.

“Fuck, that’s hot as hell. God, I could come again just tasting you on my tongue. Jesus, I might not let our little girl have a drop of this.”

Flushing hot at the very insinuation, I slap his shoulder before I hide my face in his neck. His hips pump a few more times before he stills, sighing in pleasure. Pulling back, he steps aside, throwing open the shower door. Moving us inside, he starts a shower, setting me on my feet so he can wash me, his big hands lingering on my round belly.

“Can I keep you pregnant, sweetheart?” He wonders with a grin.

“Didn’t I say I would give you as many babies as you wanted?”

“You did. You did say that. I am holding you to it, darlin’. I love how beautiful you look pregnant. I love knowing that you belong to me, that this little body is giving me something so precious. I love you.”

“Mmm, I love you more. I love how you take care of me. How you let me be myself. Someone I don’t think I knew before I met you.”

That is the truth. Starting a life with him has forced me to figure out who I am. Who I want to be. I was a model, but I am more than a pretty face. I was a rich girl, but I did good things with my money. I was a spoiled girl, but I also spoil the man in my life, and my friends, and I will spoil our children.

Like my so-called rich girlfriends, I am more than what the world sees. I love to cook, I have learned. I love that garden in the backyard, and I love creating something from the earth. I have started baking lately and the girls at the coffee shop feature one of my breads every week. I am more domesticated than I ever thought I could be, and that is who I am.

On our way to town almost an hour later, I am so excited I am buzzing. In my pretty silk dress of soft pinks, I look good pregnant, I decide. Dole is right about that. Beside me, he looks just as good in dark jeans and a light blue sweater. Truth is, he wants a girl and I want a boy, but it won't matter to either of us what we have first.

Because I meant what I said—I will have as many babies as he wants to give me.

“Ah, there's the momma to be,” Quinn shouts, as she throws the door open to the little hall where she, Lennon, Brielle, and Willa put together this shindig for us.

Pink and blue fills the room, and glittering lights hang from the ceilings with gauzy pastel curtains. One long table is full of food, and most of the huge lumberjack husbands crowd there to survey the cute spread. Balloons fill two corners, and an actual throne is set between it all, where Lennon leads me, settling me as Willa pulls a sash over my round belly.

“This is beautiful,” I breathe, tears stinging my eyes at all the love filling the room.

“Oh, darlin', none of that now. Tonight is all blessings,” Dole whispers beside me before I blink and see he is not beside me, but in front of me. Frowning, I notice the entire room has shifted. People circle us, all of them watching as he kneels. I gasp at his outstretched hand.

“Dole! What is...is that....”

“Yes, darlin'. This is a ring, this is a small token of my promise to you. To love you forever. To be a good husband. A good father. Protect you and our children, our happiness, and our life together, at all costs. I will do that with or without this. Rather do it with it. Will you be my wife, Della Crest? Will you promise me the forever after I want so badly?”

“Yes! God, yes, I will be your wife! I love you, Deputy!”

Throwing myself at him, I laugh when he scoops me up off my feet. The entire room erupts in a chorus of applause and hollers of congrats. Kissing me soundly on the mouth, Dole laughs with me before he sits himself on the throne, pulling me on his lap. Taking my left hand, he slides on the beautiful ring, a simple silver band with a rough-cut diamond.

Holding my hand out to admire it, I sigh. How is this my life? When I ran here, I just wanted a place to hide out. A place I could feel safe, a feeling that was foreign to me most of my life. The moment I met Dole, I knew what safety was. What being secure could be.

“Congratulations,” Brielle announces as she and Willa wheel a small table over with a cake. “We still have something to find out, don’t we?”

Lennon and Quinn flank me, both holding little firecracker-looking tubes. I notice several of the men in the room, well their men at least, also hold similar tubes. Lighting some sparkling candles on the cake, Brielle nods at Willa who brings a finger to her lips to hush the crowd.

“We ready, folks? Let’s find out what we’re cooking in here,” I shout, lacing Dole’s hands with mine over my very round belly.

All at once, the ones holding the tubes pull a string and the room explodes with confetti. At the same time, the sparkling candles change colors. The fluttering confetti falls, and the bright sparkling lights tell us what we want to know. All of it is pink.

“A girl! We’re having a girl!”

“Called it,” Dole chuckles with a kiss on my cheek.

Catching some of the falling confetti, I laugh too. He did call it. Matter of fact, he called it from that very first night. Dole said he wanted babies and forever after—and that he wanted it with me. I could not know he meant it, and that I would want it just as badly, but here we are.

Dole saved me and helped me find who I wanted to be—
and I want to be his wife, the mother of his babies, and his
forever after.

Epilogue

Dole

One Year Later...

Watching my wife nurse our baby boy as our little girl coos on my chest is how I want to spend all my Sundays.

Della loved being pregnant with Ilsa, our one-year-old. I loved her being pregnant. I got to dote on my girls, seeing to any craving, any pampering, and any pleasure, she asked of me. Once Ilsa was born, she said she wanted another baby as soon as possible. I was all too pleased to oblige.

Watching her become a mother has been beautiful. Della comes from a family who love each other but never knew how to show it. Who placed such weight on appearances, stature, and power. All she cares about is making her babies happy, showing them love, and being a good mother to them. An amazing wife to me.

Before finding out we had another baby on the way, Della decided to start her own food delivery service. Sourcing materials alongside Lennon and her other friends, she creates delicious courses that she then delivers to folks here in town. People like Mrs. Murphy, who was her first customer, and even grumpy lumberjacks up on the mountain love her meals.

Seeing her come into her own, as not just a wife or mother, but as a woman, has been so rewarding. Finding herself is still a work in progress and it has made me think about who I am as well. I am a husband and father first, and a deputy second. But I am also a friend, having bonded with several of the lumberjacks married to her besties. I have also grown closer with Panic, turning to him more than once since he handled Acosta.

Finding love, finding safety, finding ourselves, has made us stronger, both together and apart, so strong I know nothing could break us.

“What comes next, darlin’?” I wonder as I watch her fuss over the baby, the joy on her face making my heart swell.

“Before another baby,” she muses with a light in her eyes that makes my gut twist. “How about we go on a vacation? I have never just gone somewhere for fun. Could we do that, all four of us?”

“We can do whatever you want, mama,” I answer, kissing the top of Isla’s downy soft head. “Where do you want to go?”

“Can we...can we go camping? You know, the way my father did with us when I was little? Kind of like our first date together, out in the woods, with a fire and...maybe even s’mores and a tent?”

Grinning at her, I nod, setting Isla down to let her walk between my legs. “Hell, yeah, we can go camping. Where would you want to go?”

“Anywhere as long as we can fish and swim, cook out like normal people do, play with the kids. We could invite Quinn and Keller too. Brielle would maybe want to go with Brett? Could we do that?”

Gazing at my wife, I nod. Because there is nothing she could ask of me that I would turn down. Being with her friends, the families they are starting, means a lot to her. Which in turn makes it mean something to me. They have become her new family, one that shows her how much they love her, who do not care about power or appearance, and who have been there for both whenever we needed them.

“Yeah, darlin’, that sounds good. Take the kids out to show them real life in the wilderness. I bet all the guys would love to get their women out in the woods,” I tease her, reaching over to take the baby from her.

Scooping up both kids, I head down the hallway to put them to bed. I am off duty for the weekend, so I am excited to get some time with them. Being away from them has gotten harder instead of easier. I still want to be a cop, I still love what I do. I guess I still want to be a good guy.

Once I settle the kids in their shared room, taking a moment with each of them the way I always do, I head down the hall to our room. Pausing at the door, I just stare at my beautiful wife. Outside the sun is setting and the light filtering in from the big open windows shines on her lying in bed.

“I love you,” she whispers with a grin, beating me to it. Each day we play a game of telling each other first or most often. A game I will never tire of.

“I love you too, darlin’,” I rasp as I step into the room, pulling the door almost closed.

As I saunter towards the bed, I peel off my sweats so that by the time I climb up between her spread thighs, I am as bare as she is. Della cradles me to her, limbs closing tight around me. Her tits are fuller and bigger now that she breastfeeds, overflowing in my big hand. I squeeze a nipple, my dick jerking as the milk soaks my hand before I bend, suckling it all up.

“I still love how sweet it is,” I hum as I suck at her nipple greedily, my dick surging between her thighs. “I would keep you pregnant just to get this in my mouth. I love having you on my tongue while I am inside you.”

Beneath me she sighs, her back arching to fill my mouth with her breast. I reach down with my other hand, rubbing at her mound before I sink two fingers inside her. Wet and sticky. We never get enough of each other. My cock leaks onto her thigh, hungry to get inside her and fill her up so I have a chance at getting her pregnant again.

Before I do, I worship her body, marking every single inch of it with my hands and mouth. I suck marks at her thighs before I savor her sweet pussy. I make her come in my mouth, jerking my cock to relieve the painful need before I feed myself inside her. Once I do, she moans my name so softly, the way she did the first time I ever tasted her.

“God, I love you,” I husk as I make love to her, caging her in with my arms, gaze locked on her beautiful face.

“I love you. I love you,” she pants, thighs rubbing at my ribs as she drags me closer. “Love you so much, Dole. My savior. My good guy. The hero of my life. You saved me, baby. You gave me a life and I love it.”

“Good because I love our life too. Love our family. Love what we found when you came speeding into my town and my life.”

We come together with quiet cries of pleasure. After, we lay in the dark talking the way we did the first night I brought her home. We talk about camping. About taking our kids out to enjoy the earth and rough it a little. And we talk about having more babies or stopping now with our two.

“No, baby, I want more. I love being a mama. Love being pregnant. I said I would have as many as you could give me. You done giving me babies, Deputy?”

“Never,” I growl playfully, loving her a little more every single minute. “I will keep giving you babies as long as you want them, darlin’.”

“Good. Now, show me again how much you love me, put another one in me, Deputy.”

“I can do that, darlin’. I can do that.”

And I do. Or at least, I give it my very best and I will keep giving her my best for the rest of my life.

Thank You for Reading!

I hope you loved Dole and Della's Story! Want some more mountain men intent on breeding? Read [**Bred by the Lumberjack**](#), also set in Driftwood Peaks! Also, please consider [**leaving me a review**](#). Also, check out my [**AMAZON PAGE**](#) for details and give me a follow so you never miss a new release!

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Moore Than Expected by Mayra Statham
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Artfully Bred by E.M. Shue
Bedded and Bred by Tamrin Banks
Bred to the Mafia Beast by Layne Daniels
Bred by the Boss by Cassi Hart
Bred by Daddy by Stella Bella
Stalked & Bred by Tracie Douglas
Bread in The Oven by Natalie Arthur
Bred by the Mercenary by Amanda Keen
Bred by the Deputy by Dee Ellis

About Dee Ellis

Born and raised in the Midwest, reading, and writing have always been Dee's passions. Short stories became long stories that finally, became books.

While playing grownup during the day, meaning working a job, Dee wrote her first book. When not reading or writing, which leaves less time than she's proud of, Dee loves spending her time with her furbabies, her husband, and lots of movie nights.

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[Burn it Down](#)

[Burn for Me](#)

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True Ridge Series'

Tennessee Truckers Series:

[First Run](#)

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[Good Buddy](#)

Come Back

Driftwood Peaks Series'

Driftwood Lumberjack Series:

Hard Wood: Driftwood Peak Series #1

Cherry Wood: Driftwood Peak Series #2

Thick Wood: Driftwood Peak Series #3

Deep Wood: Driftwood Peak Series #4

Driftwood Wood You Series:

Wood You Dare: **Driftwood Peak Series #5**

Wood You Beg: **Driftwood Peak Series #6**

Wood You Come: **Driftwood Peak Series #7**

Wood You Knot: **Driftwood Peak Series #8**

Driftwood Mountain Men Series:

Mountain Man's Hideout

Mountain Man's Obsession

Sunset Springs Series'

Cocky Cocktails Series:

Maybe Mimosas

Maybe Margaritas

Maybe Martinis

Maybe Mojitos

5 Star Daddies Series:

Daddy Flyboy

Commander Daddy

Daddy Maverick

Sergeant Daddy

Bad Boys Worldwide:

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Fellow Falls Series:

[Ride a Cowboy.](#)

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Pine Grove Passions Series:

80s Baby:

[When I Think of You](#)

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Harmony Hollow Mistery Series:

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[Mr. Vows](#)

[Mr. Mess](#)

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[Mr. Grump](#)

[Mr. Mile-High](#)

Harmony Hollow Hawks Series:

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[False Start](#)

[First Down](#)

Harmony Hollow Howlers Series:

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Puck Luck

Iced Out

Totally Pucked

Sweet Treats Series:

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[Sweet Cream](#)

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[Sweet Memory](#)

[Sweet Tease](#)

[Sweet Fit](#)

[Sweet & Sour](#)

[Sweet Secret](#)

[Sweet Baby](#)

Standalones:

[Mustang Maverick](#)

Miss Matched

Lucky Chance

Holi-Date

Tempting Tutor

It Takes Two

Forgive & Forget

Bred by The Deputy.

Flirt Club Series:

Dear Sexy Swimmer

Spring Break Heartache

His Sun Drop

Her Captain's Deck

Hard Packed

Shore Thing

Forgot & Found

Walking Their Plank

Snowed In with The Lumberjack

Royally Theirs

Teaching Ms. Tingle