



EPIC ASTROLOGY  
THE SIGNS OF LOVE

**LOCKED UP** *by the*

**LIBRA**

**DEE ELLIS**

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**Locked up By The Libra** by Dee Ellis

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# Chapter One

Willa

If you do not stand for something, you will fall for anything.

What happens when you stand for everything? When you push back at everything you deem wrong and raise your voice, hoping to be heard? Well, people talk about you. They judge you. And they distance themselves from you.

Maybe that is what I wanted anyway. Distance from the people I grew up around. From the socialites and seclusion of being filthy rich. And by filthy rich, I mean my family's money makes me feel dirty. For the past several years I have tried to wash away the dirty feeling by giving most of it away.

One of my best friends, Quinn VonMuth, started a game when we were in college. Whoever gave the most each semester won a stupid, cheap prize. One year it was a ridiculous pink Himalayan salt lamp shaped like a Buddha. Another it was a mushroom table complete with matching chairs.

That table is still in my apartment, and I adore it.

“No prizes, no photo ops for Instagram, just a chance to do the right thing.”

Quinn and her two other comrades, Brielle and Lennon had gone down to Driftwood, Georgia, to protest a greedy lumber company. Those three have always attacked things as a trio. They've traveled the world trying to right wrongs and save mankind.

While I trailed along after them plenty of times, I had always been more of a loner. I love those girls and have the best times with them, but it was always a square trying to fit in a circle. Or a triangle, as it were, I suppose.

Getting off the plane in Driftwood on a cool fall morning, I am second guessing coming down. We haven't talked since they first headed down here. I expected at least a few messages after they pissed off the man or even wound up in the small county jail. No news could be good news, so I hope they're up on that mountain raising hell.

"What is the best hotel in town?" I ask the young man who picked me up in an ancient looking taxi.

"Oh, there's just one in town, miss. Driftwood Lodge. We get some traffic in town during the fall season, of course, but it's pretty quiet around these parts most of the time. People go to True Ridge for the sites and Sunset Springs for the beaches. If they're coming here, it's usually to log with Felle Landing, hide away from the mafia, or get in touch with nature."

Blinking at him, I just catch his smile in the rearview mirror. "You were kidding. About the getting in touch with nature," I tease, laughing when he lets out a booming laugh.

"I might have been. Where are you from, Miss? You don't look as if you might be here for logging. You hiding from the mob?"

Laughing again, I fall back against the battered seat. "No, sir. I am indeed here for the logging. Where can I learn more about Felle Landing?"

"Oh, Mack Felle's office is right here on Main Street. If you want to talk to the loggers for a story or something, they can usually be found at The Rusty Nail bar. Or you can go up to the landing, but they don't much like outsiders up there. Had some trouble with some protestors lately."

"Did they now?" I hope those girls have raised some hell.

At the hotel, I thank him for his information and tip him well. Taking the one bag I brought, I get a room and get settled. It's a cute little hotel, quaint with farmhouse décor and a huge, fluffy bed. Peeling out of my clothes, I decide a shower sounds divine.



After spending the past two weeks on the move, a nice long bath sounds better. Bubbles and bath bombs, face masks, a pedicure. That would be heavenly. Tiny shampoos and miniature bar soap will have to do until I get my ass back home.

This trip started with me in Pittsburgh, joining a protest for equal pay for women welders. We took the streets where the women showcased their skills for all to see. Once negotiations started, I flew off to Chicago to talk with some shelters about their needs for the coming holiday seasons.

“Now for some me time,” I mutter to myself drily.

Turning on the hot water, I am thankful it is indeed hot. Stepping beneath the shower, I drop the tiny towel I had wrapped around me. Sighing as the powerful spray works away the tension in my shoulders, I wonder to myself what the hell I am doing here.

Quinn hardly needs help taking down a logging crew. Brielle and Lennon being with her makes them a formidable force. If I can be honest with myself, even if I am not part of their triangle, I consider them friends.

“Sometimes we need a friend,” I mutter under the shower as I soap up my aching body.

I am lonely. Going all over the globe, snapping photos of me living the life while I try to save the world seems glamorous. It seems exciting and exotic. Sure, some of it is. Coming back to an empty hotel room after a day of fighting *the man* is anything but.

It has been so long since I have had someone to come home to. So long since I have had a man touch me. I would give anything to feel rough hands on my skin instead of my own. Blunt fingers tracing my tattoos that cover my curves. I am so needy to feel pleasure, to feel wanted, to be adored, I am in tears as I stand beneath the shower.

A knock sounds at the door, startling me. Who could that be? Shutting off the water, I grab the towel and wait. Did I make that up? No, another heavy knock sounds, making me jump from the shower. Barely covering myself with the towel, I rush to the door without thinking.

“H-hello?” I stammer as I stand in the door, facing a stranger.

Oh. Oh my. Not just a stranger. A beautiful one. Tall and wide, he fills the entire doorway with his big body. Dark hair cropped short on the sides, but too long on the front, falls in his face. His *gorgeous* face. Deep gray eyes gaze down at me as we stand there in silence.

“Uh, Ms. Ross?”

Blinking at him, I start to shake my head. No, I am not Ms. Ross. Suddenly I am awash with anger. With jealousy. Who is Ms. Ross, and why is this perfect creature looking for her? Can't he be looking for Ms. Duchane, the loneliest little rich girl in all of Driftwood?

With my emotions at fever pitch, I forget I am naked. The little towel does little to hide my curves. His eyes eat up every inch the terry cloth doesn't cover—which is plenty. I gasp when he crowds the door, his body so hot against mine, I whimper.

“The hell you doing answering the door naked, sweet thing?”

His huge hands circle my waist, tugging at the towel until it almost slips off. I moan from the delicious weight of his hands on me. I press against him, driven by need, by desire, by the painful ache of loneliness inside of me. I am soaking his clothes as I fit my body close, but he does not seem to mind.

“The hell *you* doing knocking at my door, stud?”

Pushing up on my toes, I seal my mouth to his. His grunt as I lick his mouth makes my pussy flutter with need. God, I am so turned on. I am shaking against his big, hard body, my tongue twisting with his as his hand tangles my hair at the nape of my neck.

Lifting me with one hand beneath my ass, he walks me back into the room. Kicking the door shut, he never takes his mouth away as he lies me down. I feel the towel being ripped away and he grunts, his hand gripping my thigh to hike it up at his hip.

“Jesus, sugar,” he groans against my throat, both of us heaving. “Do you always take what you want this way?”

“Yes, stud, I do. Can *you* take what *you* want?”

“Fuck,” he growls, teeth nipping at my shoulder, working lower until I moan as his teeth closes around my nipple. I moan, shuddering beneath the hot, wet sensation that shoots right to my clit.

“Please,” I beg, hand lacing in his dark hair. “I need it. I need to feel good. Don’t make me beg, stud.”

“I might like how it sounds, sugar,” he teases against my chest as he licks the tattoo spread between my tits.

Our eyes clash as I glance down, a smile at my lips. God, what has gotten into me? Am I about to screw this stranger? His eyes hold mine as he kneels, a hand tugging at his belt. There is something sensual simmering in his eyes as he pulls it off with a smooth yank. Oh, yeah, I’m about to bang this guy, no regret.

“Wait...who...who is Ms. Ross?”

Jealousy hits me again, stunning me in its ferocity. *What is this?* Why am I feeling so damn territorial over a stranger? One I may never see again. His face changes as he blinks down at me in confusion. Head tilting, his rough hands slide up my sides, tracing the tattoos with reverence.

“I...I came to find her. But I found you,” he mutters, thumbs swiping over my nipples, tugging at the barbell piercings.

“Oh God,” I whimper, arcing beneath his magic touch.

“Need your name, sugar,” he demands as he looms over me.

“Willa. What’s yours, stud?”

“Watt. Wanna hear you shout it while I eat your pussy. You do need my mouth sucking that sweet, wet cunt, don’t you sugar?”

“Yes, please, god, Watt, I need it so bad.”

His dark chuckle makes me shudder as he slides down my body, pushing my thighs up. Watching me, he bends his big body, lifting me to his mouth. His hot tongue comes out, spreading me open, both of us groaning at how wet I am beneath his mouth. I cry out, fisting his dark hair, chanting his name like a prayer.

“That’s a good girl,” he grunts, teeth scraping over my clit. “Tell daddy how good he’s eating this sugary sweet cunt.”

“Oh, my god,” I cry out, twisting beneath his mouth. His filthy words wake up something inside of me. Something dirty, dormant part of me I had no idea was there. I want to hear be a good girl for him. I want to please him, even if it is just this one time, just these brief moments.

“Yes, yes,” I chant, rising on my elbows to watch him tongue my pussy, my folds so wet he’s making a mess of his beard. “Don’t stop, daddy. Make me come on your face. Your tongue is so.... *oh daddy!*”

“Fuck, you’re such a good little girl. How was I so lucky to find you today? Come in my mouth like a good girl, let me have all that creamy sugar,” he demands, fucking me with his tongue as his fingers rub at my swollen clit.

“Yes! God, yes, daddy!”

I come so hard, colors flood my vision. It is like the first time I went to Coachella and took too much molly. I am shaking when he slides over me, beard scraping my skin as he kisses me everywhere. He pulls my head back, kissing me, licking my own cum into my mouth with a satisfied groan.

Sometime later I become aware again. Aware and alone. Sitting up with a start, I press a hand between my thighs. Was that all in my head? Did I imagine letting a big, beautiful man come in my room to please me with his mouth?

I am confused until I lie back down—for the first time seeing I am dressed. At least, I have a shirt on. And this shirt is not mine. It smells of pine and citrus and I bring it to my nose, inhaling him.

Holy buckets. I did that—now to find Watt so we can do it again?

## Chapter Two

Watt

I must have been out of my damn mind.

What the hell was I thinking going into that room? Taking that tiny towel off her perfect, curvy, wet body, and lying her down in that big, fluffy bed. Jesus, I have never done something so stupid. What's worse, I was on duty, looking for a suspect when I forgot all about my oath to protect and serve.

Once I saw Willa, all I could think of was having, taking, *owning*.

“Sheriff Baker,” Dole, my new deputy calls through the crackle of the radio. “We found Ms. Ross with bags of stolen property. Ought to get down here to talk to her. Mrs. Felle wants to chat about giving the girl a break.”

Sighing, my hands flex on the steering wheel of my cruiser. I am parked about a block from the hotel. One I should have left in my rearview the minute that door opened. I couldn't help myself. Not when Willa looked up at me with need burning in her eyes.

Not just need to get off, not need to get fucked, no this need was deeper. Willa needed someone to touch her, to own her the way I know I can. Hell, I want to go back there and give her an idea of all the ways I can own her. All the ways I can please that needy good girl.

Fuck, when she called me daddy and begged to come, I was done for. Sitting here thinking of it, my cock jerks in my jeans. I have not wanted a woman in so long. And never as badly as I wanted her the moment she looked up at me with those shining green eyes.

“Got it, Dole. On my way there. Tell Mollie that is an awful idea.”

Signing off the radio, I take one last, long, hungry look at the hotel. I want another look at her. Another glimpse of that need in her eyes. Not that I ought to see her again. I ought to stay the hell away from a girl who can reduce me to such an animal.

Despite telling myself this the entire way to the station, I know what I am going to do the minute I am behind my desk. I know her name and I got her plate. That flashy Jaguar could belong to no one else. As soon as I deal with our town thief, I am finding out all I can about Willa.

“Mollie,” I sigh twenty minutes later as she pouts at me from across my desk. That cute look might work on her husband, Mack, but I am a man of the law. Bettie Ross has been stealing from shops all over town all week. Mollie was the first to catch her before she bailed and gave Dole and me a little chase.

Mollie wants to do more than give her a break. She is talking about giving the young girl a damn job. Mollie’s high-end boutique has become a hit here in town, so I hear, so I suppose she could use the help. Still, hiring someone doing smash and grabs all over town sounds like a bad idea to me.

“Mr. Baker,” she starts sweetly, giving me a look that tells me I am about to have my ass handed to me. “With you being new to Driftwood, it might seem unusual for us to be so forgiving. Wherever you come from might have less... understanding in these matters.”

Wincing, I nod. Yes, I don’t recall many other thieves having their victims vouching for them. “Yes, Mrs. Felle, I suppose you’re right. What do you want me to do here?”

“If you ask me, Bettie was doing this for a reason. For attention, or as a cry for help. Whatever the reason, I won’t press charges. I’ve spoken with the others she stole from. Everything was recovered, so none of us want to press charges. We rather answer her call for help.”

Nodding, I sigh because I figured she went to the other shop owners before coming to see me. “I understand, Mrs. Felle. I will do the paperwork for Dole to release her this afternoon.”

“Thank you, Watt. Please, call me Mollie. Mack and I want you to come to our place for dinner. Can you make it next weekend?”

“Sure, sure I can. Thank you, Mollie.”

Deciding that I *will not* be making that dinner, I push the paperwork aside. Let Ms. Bettie Ross sit for a little while. Turning to my computer, I glance out at the small office. Ensuring no one is paying me any attention, I type in the Jaguar plates.

Waiting for them to pull up Willa’s information, I keep an eye on the office. Dole is flirting with our dispatcher Melissa. I can’t help but grin. That is a daily occurrence, not that either of them does anything about it. Usually it bothers me, to be honest. Seeing them fawn over one another and do nothing about it just irritates me.

In all fairness, it might be Driftwood that irritates me. When I moved down here six months ago, I knew little about the town. Just that it was smaller than the big, loud, dirty city I had grown up in. It was in the mountains and close to winding rivers, a literal breath of fresh air for me.

Once I got here, it was not hard to see it is like something out of those Hallmark channel movies my sister loves. Everyone here is blissfully in love, or on their way there, everything is cute, cozy, and I am so out of my element I feel as if I am a rookie all over again.

“Sir, Mollie wanted me to check with you about letting Bettie go?”



Glancing up at Dole as he stands looking uncomfortable in my doorway, I sigh. Jesus, the Felle's do not fuck around here. Mack owns half the town but he's one of the best guys I've ever met. His wife is friends with everyone in town it seems, and if you're not her friend, she'll make you one soon. They're good people but they make my job hard.

"Yeah, yeah. Can you get that paperwork going for me? I am chasing something here," I offer nothing more because that's too much information as it is.

"Sure thing, boss. And uh...Watt," he turns back, knocking on the door as he decides how to go on. "Don't let this bother you. Mollie is...well she means well. Always wanting to save folks. I will give Bettie a good talking to let her know how appreciative she ought to be."

Grumbling a thank you at him, I wait for him to head back to his desk. Turning back to my computer, I see the information I need. Data I have no damn right to. Still, there it is. I glance anxiously out at the office once more before I dismiss the two out front.

Willa Duchane. Billionaire heiress to a steel fortune. From upstate, where you would expect her stature of socialite to be from. Seeing a line of several arrests, I chuckle. Sweet Willa is a little activist who doesn't mind having cuffs slapped on. God, why does that make me hard?

Half a dozen arrests, none of the charges sticking of course. All from protests, plenty with media coverage, my pretty little jailbird grinning big for the cameras. Well, hell I guess I know what brought her here to Driftwood. Mack had some trouble a while back with some protestors, unaware of their sustainable model.

"Come to raise some hell, sugar?"

Grinning as I read several stories of Willa stirring things up, I recall her opening that door to me. That tiny towel did nothing to hide those delicious curves of hers. Ones I felt in my hands as her soft whimpers filled my ears. God, she felt good beneath me. Her skin tasted so sweet.

My cock leaks in my slacks as I recall how she *begged* me. How she called me daddy. How her pussy soaked my beard as I buried my face between her creamy thighs. Her clit in my mouth, swollen and throbbing as I sucked at it, my fingers pumping into her.

“Fuck, I need it again,” I grunt as I rub at my stiff shaft.

How am I going to make that happen? Can I just go back there and knock on her hotel door, hoping she will let me get another taste? If she is here to protest, to cause trouble for the landing, the sheriff coming for her might scare her off.

“Can’t have that. Willa can’t leave Driftwood.”

Finishing some paperwork as I find as much data as I can about my sweet Willa, I know I am crossing a line. I have no right to use my police powers for this. If I want to know about her, I ought to just go talk to her. I ought to ask what the hell this afternoon was about.

Thinking about how needy she was, how hungry for my touch earlier, I become enraged. If another man came to her door, would she have drawn him in the same way she did me? Imagining someone else touching her, tasting her, hearing her sounds as they please her drives me mad. I shoot to my feet and rush from the station, heading back towards the hotel.

“What am I doing? What the hell am I doing?”

Parked in the same spot I hid at earlier, I shake my head. I am a new Sherriff here, a new resident, still earning the trust of the people of Driftwood. Fooling around with some heiress here to disrupt a huge source of livelihood for its residents might be a bad idea.

Sitting in the dark watching her room feels wrong. Another line crossed. I should go home. Back to my empty cabin on the mountain. As much as that cabin was a selling point in my coming here, it sure has felt lonelier than I thought. Nestled at the base of the mountain, it is cozy, big enough for me and my dog Fletch.

It is also just big enough to fill with my thoughts. Dark thoughts about how I wound up forty and alone. About how no relationship I ever tried worked. Not with my parents, not with my brother, and not with any women. They all say the same thing—I am too closed off.

“Fuck them,” I whisper in the dark as I fill with unease.

Watching Willa’s hotel room, I sigh sadly. This is nuts. This is intrusive and borderline illegal. Stalking a stranger. What the hell am I thinking? Her light flickers on, making my heart sputter. Oh, I know exactly what I am thinking.

I want that door to open again, this time with her wanting it to be me. This time with her bare in the moonlight. Her perky tits wet the way they were earlier, the dusty nipples swollen and hard. I groan as I imagine her pussy dripping down her thighs, her hand dropping to show me how wet she is for me.

“Fuck, sugar,” I grunt in the emptiness of my cruiser. I yank at my zipper, pulling my cock out.

Watching the room, my breathing picks up as her curtains slide open. Oh, hell, there she is. Even from a distance, I can make out the silhouette of her body. With moonlight showcasing her perfection, I see she is in tiny white panties. Nothing else. Those perfect tits bounce slightly with her breathing as she gazes out into the dark.

“Bad girl,” I hiss, slowly twisting my fist up my cock. “Told you once not to show off your perfection. I ought to come spank that sweet ass.”

God, just thinking of bending her over, her little wrists shackled with my handcuffs makes my dick leak cum. I want to kick that door down and shove my hard cock down her throat to punish her. Make her gag on me as I tell her what a bad girl she is. But she would be my good girl. She would let me come down her silky throat as she called me daddy and begged me not to spank her.

I would anyway—because we both know it would make her drip.

“Fuck,” I pant as I jerk my cock, watching her in the dark. Willa turns from the window, and I see her heart shaped ass as she throws herself on the bed. What a show she is putting on for me. I fuck my fist, panting her name as I come all over myself in the cruiser.

“Good girl, sugar,” I whimper as I watch her come back to the window, closing it.

I let myself think she was waiting for me to come back. Waiting for me to find her half naked, waiting for my cock to fill her. To fuck her to sleep before she goes up to the mountain to raise hell. Not that I can let her do that. And I smile as I consider how much fun it will be to stop her.

Will we *both* love it once I slap my handcuffs on her?

## Chapter Three

Willa

Saving the world is kicking my ass.

Not that I know if anything I have done has made a difference. I have marched, protested, donated, and I have given my all. It is never enough. There is always more suffering, more tragedies, and more disaster. Why do I keep torturing myself if I can't see a difference being made?

If I have made one, I sure don't feel it. I can't see it. Sighing, I decide this introspection can wait for another night. Now I just want a cold beer, some stale peanuts, and whatever music they have on the jukebox. I came to town to join another uprising, but it can also wait for another night.

Last night with that sexy stranger sure confused my situation. Why I kissed him the way I had, why I felt so needy, I still cannot figure out. Sure, I have been known to be a little wild, dance on tables, cause a scene, pit two hot soap stars against one another. That was a *long* time ago.

"Oh yes," I exclaim with a chuckle. "How long since I heard this?"

Hitting a button, I nod my head as *Mr. Roboto* by Styx fills the cozy bar. Dumping a few bucks' worth of change into the jukebox, I pick half a dozen other songs. Shaking my way back to the bar, I grab the beer Tre, the friendly and welcoming bartender, pushes across the bar to me.

"Thanks, beautiful," I call with a wink. "Taking over the jukebox for a while, hope no one minds. This place is adorable. Is it the only bar in town?"

“No one will mind, if they do, they can stuff it. I like your music tastes. Thank you honey. Just us here in Driftwood. We did get a new coffee place up the street. Heard we might also get a swanky new bistro soon. Lots of change has gone on since the logging crews got the landings going.”

Huh, that is not at all what I thought I would hear about the logging crews. Quinn and the girls came up here to stop them. Why would we want to do that if it has helped grow the small town? Sipping my beer, one she says is brewed right here in Driftwood, I start to think I got it all wrong.

Taking another sip, I spin on the stool to watch the other patrons. People watching is a favorite past time of mine. I make up stories for who I think they could be. It’s just a way to pass time and amuse myself.

Seeing an older, slightly grizzled man seated at a corner stool, I consider him. Silver hair, sun roughened skin, head bowed in a plume of cigarette smoke. His name is Winston, he drives trucks across the country, but he always wanted to be a bee farmer. I chuckle to myself, letting my eyes scan the bar for someone else.

“Oh, shit.”

Grinning at me, Watt tilts his head as he saunters across the bar, eating up the distance between us. My hands shake as they close tight around my beer. God, he is even hotter than I remember. Tall and wide, his dark hair is a mess on top, the way it was after I ran my fingers through it while he ate my pussy.

“Oh, shit,” I whimper it this time, my thighs trembling as he wets his lip. God, that mouth should be a registered weapon.

“Came here looking for a beer. Once again, I find *you* instead. Think that means something, sugar?”

Watt cages me in against the bar, his thick arms on either side of me, his hands on the bar top. His grey shirt is tight across his chest and his biceps seem to want to bust out of the sleeves. I would very much love to watch him bust out of this shirt, now that I think about it.

Blinking up at him, I feel my pulse skittering. Does he have to be so damn handsome? In my circle I knew plenty of good-looking guys. This man though...holy hell. His eyes simmer with heat, the gray liquid silver. His thick beard does not hide his sharp jaw and when he swallows, somehow the bob of his Adam's apple is sexier than it should be.

“It could mean you owe me a dance. Do you dance, stud?”

“For you, sugar, I sure as shit will learn.”

Grinning, I push from the bar, body colliding with his. Somehow, I know he will catch me. And he does, thick arms winding tight around me. He backs up a few feet and we're on the small, battered wood dance floor. I close my eyes as *Butterflies* by Kacey Musgraves moves us slowly.

“Pretty sure I owe more than a dance,” his voice hums at my ear as he presses me closer, hands at the small of my back. “I owe you a smacked bottom for what you let me do to you. Which I am giving you once you let me do it again, sugar.”

Oh. Oh, my. He is top notch at sweet talk. Panties ruined. I tilt back, peering up at him in the darkness of the bar. It is the second time I have felt this connection between us. It tugs at me, as if telling me to pay attention. To take notice of how I feel when this man is close.

“Play a game with me, Watt,” I whisper, feeling vulnerable as he smiles down at me. “People watch for a few songs with me. I go places alone a lot, I like being alone. Not lonely, which I am lately. Anyway, I play this game where I make up who I think people might be. Play along?”

“You got it, sweetheart. Where do we start?”

My arms lace tighter around his broad shoulders, my fingers sinking into his thick, dark hair. For a moment, we just stare at one another. I have never had a silent conversation with someone but, here we are. I am not saying a word, but I know he senses how shaken I am by my attraction to him. But more importantly, how tired I am of battling life all by myself.

Glancing away as emotion swells inside me like a tidal wave, I seek a target. A couple sits in a booth several feet away. It seems new but they cannot hide how they smile at one another. Grinning, I jerk my head at them as our first subject.

“There. David and Tonya. Fourth date but they slept together on the second date. He can’t wait to get her naked again, but she wants more romance. Dave has never dated seriously before, so he is scrolling Pinterest to find out how to be romantic.”

Chuckling, he shakes his head as he spins us to get a good look at the couple. “That’s good. I think... Tonya is a cake maker who wants to get married soon. David will treat her like a princess. Look again though, how she is watching him. That sweet cake maker wants him to tie her up and inflict some pain.”

Something hot courses through me and I bite back a moan. God, that sounds hot. Him tying me up to hurt me just a little. As if sensing how turned on I am, his thick thigh slides between mine. I gasp, my panties soaked as they rub against his muscled jean-clad thigh.

“Would someone else like being restrained, little girl?”

“Y-yes. By you,” I answer, my chest pumping as I struggle to breathe. “Did you say that because you knew?”

“Hmm, I had an idea, sugar. Not as if I haven’t spent every single moment since last night imagining a dozen things I wanted to do to you. Did you think about what I could do to you, sweet Willa?”



“Yes,” I moan the word as his hands grip my hips, letting me undulate on his leg. “I am not this kind of girl, Watt. I mean people think I am, I was a bit of a wild child. I never... last night, I have never...”

“Shh, sweetheart, I know. You needed it as badly as I did.”

“Watt,” I whimper his name, peering up at him hungrily. “If you had not come to my door...it never would have happened. I mean I never would have let someone else touch me.”

Watt’s eyes glimmer in the twinkling lights strung around the bar before he nods. His hands move me, letting me rub against his thigh as I chase the pleasure that vibrates my entire body. I can’t do that here. He wants me to, I see it in his eyes as they watch me.

“No. No, I don’t want to come,” I plead, pushing at his chest.

“Don’t you though, little girl? Don’t want daddy to see how pretty it is when you come for him?”

No, no, I *do not* want this. Not again. But, God, yes I do. I have never come the way I did under his touch, his demands, his praise that made me so hot I combusted. Hearing him say daddy again, call me his little girl, I feel the rush of wetness soak the thigh of his jeans.

“Watt, please, no,” I beg, horrified at how badly I want it. How badly I want *him*.

“Willa, sweetheart, calm down. You *will* come for me. I can taste how bad you need it.”

“Take me somewhere else. Please, Watt. Don’t make me come here.”

“Shh, sweetheart,” he coos again, hands framing my face as he gazes down at me. “You trust me, don’t you? You don’t know why, but you do, don’t you little girl?”

“Y-yes.... yes, daddy,” I moan, and he grunts, hands turning rougher in my hair, yanking my head back.

“Ahh, fuck, that’s a good girl. Trust me to take care of you.”

Without another word, we break apart and he takes my hand, leading me out of the bar. I don’t even recall if we paid for our beers. Hell, did I even drink that last beer? I laugh when I remember the change I fed into the jukebox. Guess someone else can make use of the bangers I lined up.

Out in the streets, most of Main Street sits dark. Overhead a full, bright moon lights the streets and the air is crisp. I second guess my skirt and tank top, shivering a little as a breeze kicks up. Warmth blankets my shoulders and I sigh as Watt’s heavy hands wrap a flannel around me.

“Come on, sweetheart. Let me take you someplace I like to go.”

“You taking me to the point to park and make out, stud?”

“Nah, something a whole lot better. Trust me, little girl.”

Laughing, I shake off the shudder his words send through me. Damn, he is sexy. Not just how attractive he looks, his huge frame protecting mine as he leads me to a battered old truck. It’s how he carries himself. How he takes the lead. I do feel safe with him even though I know little more than his name.

“What do you do down here in Driftwood, Watt? Seems half the town depends on Felle Landing.”

“Not me, sweetheart. What do you know about the landing? I am new to town, but they have taken good care of their folks here.”

After he helps me up into the truck I see it may seem beat up, but it has been lovingly restored. The rust on it has been carefully salvaged for an attractive patina. Inside smells of fresh leather and cigar smoke. Why is the idea of him puffing on a cigar hot?

“That is what Tre was telling me inside. Can I tell you a secret?”

Smirking up at me, he pushes my thighs open, gripping them beneath the knee to tug them up at his hips. It is a possessive and sensual move that makes my heart and my girl parts flutter. Never one to shy from anything, I tug at him with my knees, sighing when his hardness presses against me.

“Sweetheart, you can trust me with any secret you want to share.”

There is a beat where we watch one another in the moonlight. I cannot deny how something clicks in place between us. I believe I can trust him. He won't laugh at my crusades or shame me for how bad I want him. A freeing sensation hits me as I tug him closer, whispering playfully.

“I came here to shut that logging landing down. Well, some of my friends got here before me. We were going to protest their deforestation of the mountain ranges here.”

“Is that right? Do I have a troublemaker on my hands, sugar?”

His words come out deep, raw, his voice sexy as hell as his fingers dig into my thighs. I nod, trembling against him as I watch him wet his lips. Eyes holding mine, he pushes his hands beneath my skirt, grasping my panties. Slowly he pulls them down my thighs then off.

“Good. That will make this fun, sweetheart. Buckle up, rough roads where we're going. These belong to me now. Don't bother to wear them in the future, Willa.”

Winking at me, he presses the panties to his face, inhaling my scent from the damp silk. I moan as I watch his eyes flutter, his other hand palming his swelling cock through his jeans. Fuck, *he's so filthy*. Why do I crave him being even dirtier? Just thinking of that deep voice muttering nasty things in my ear as he rails into me makes my thighs slick with need.

Rounding the front of the truck, he climbs in, pulling the panties around the stick shift of his truck. I laugh as the satin slides down the long stick. The visual is so sensual. Heck, every single thing he does has a sensual air to it.

And I am about to let him sneak me off to his secret place.

## Chapter Four

Watt

Lying was never something I was good at.

Five years ago, I thought I was a good, honest man doing life the way you should. I had met a girl at the station, one of our dispatchers, I tried to romance her. Tried to do the things a woman likes: dates, flowers, gifts, the whole shebang. I thought that was the way you built a relationship.

Months into seeing one another, I knew I was missing something. We had necked a few times after a date. I even got my hands up her skirt once when I walked her to her door. The moment she asked me to spend the night with her, I knew I couldn't do it.

Because that smart, sweet, stable woman never even made my pulse skip. Never made my dick hard. Even when she was rubbing her cotton panty covered pussy on it. There was nothing there. I couldn't pretend there was to make something work. Can't make something out of nothing.

Looking over at Willa, I am hard as stone. My pulse pounds and my blood pumps hot in my veins. I am so turned on I can barely keep the truck on the road. Willa had to look at me once to wake this beast.

All that will tame this beast now is me claiming her as mine.

“Willa, sweetheart close your eyes. Play your game with me. When you saw me standing at your door....”

Taking a deep breath, she smiles over at me. “Watt is a leader who is lonely. Alone because no one has let him take the control he needs. By day he is proper and patient. Oh, the mayor. At night he prowls this little town seeking someone to be his little girl.”

Chuckling, I nod because, damn she called me. No more prowling for this beast, I just found my good little girl. We hit a dirt road, the big truck kicking up rocks and dirt so it's hard to see where we're going. I ignore the no trespassing sign because I am the man who would enforce it.

“Willa is alone because no one can handle her needs. Not spoiled princess needs,” I rasp as I watch the tremble of her thighs. How her chest heaves with her heavy breaths. “Mom and Dad had no idea how to love her so she ain't sure how it even feels. No one wants to save her, so she keeps trying to save the world until someone does.”

Parking alongside the high fence that surrounds our small airport, I wait for her eyes to open. For her to call me an asshole or crawl in my lap to let me hold her. None of that happens. Without a word, she gets out of the truck, rounding the front. Standing in the headlights, she gazes up at the dark skies, her shoulders trembling.

Going out after her, I push her body gently, sliding my own behind her. Sighing, she lets me wind both arms over her front, my hands locking with hers at her soft stomach. My flannel warmed her up and I quite like seeing her in something that belongs to me.

Because since I laid eyes on her, I kind of feel she belongs to me.

“Where did you bring me, Watt?”

“Driftwood has a small airfield. Lot more traffic than you might expect. We can play your game with the flights that come and go. Or we can sit here in the dark while we both figure out what the hell is going on between us. Whichever you want most.”

Willa laughs softly, letting her arm fall back against my shoulder. Feeling bold, I dip my head to kiss her throat, biting back a groan when she rubs herself against me. Her head shifts, allowing me better access, so I spread teasing, nipping kisses down her throat and jaw. I bite at the curve of her shoulder, loving how her skin smells of me because of the shirt.

“Willa,” I growl, licking at the indents my teeth leave. “You mentioned me liking control. If I am being honest, I want control over your pleasure. We both know what I can do to you. I want you drunk with it. I want you wrung out from how good I will be to you. How hard I will make you come, how I will push you, how I will pull orgasms out of you.”

“Watt...no one else has ever made me come. I tried, a few times.” I growl, enraged at the idea of someone else touching her. Laughing, she pushes back against me, as if soothing me with her plump ass. It works. “It just never worked. So much of me has never worked.”

“Sweetheart, we worked last night. I still taste your sweet cream. It worked for us just fine.”

“I am *so alone*. When you came to my door...I knew you could do it. I wanted it so bad. I still do. I came here for stupid reasons. Too late for the protest party to even count. I need to grow up, to figure my life out.”

“Well, sweetheart you came to the right place for that. I came here for the same reason. Driftwood is a damn fine place to figure things out.”

Turning, I lift her atop the hood, chuckling when she lets out a little gasp of surprise. Climbing up after her, I move to lie back against the window, giving us a perfect view of the runway. Pulling her down on my lap, I let her tuck her soft, curvy body between my legs. Bending my head, I kiss her temple, sliding my hands beneath the flannel and her tank to feel her skin.

“Allow yourself some grace, sweetheart.”

As a comfortable silence fills the quiet, she sighs, her hands dropping to my thighs. Seeing a small Cessna begin takeoff, I tell her to watch. It eases down the runaway towards us, getting to takeoff speed. Going airborne, it sails over us with a ground shaking boom.

Her skirt flies up, reminding me I took her panties earlier. Seeing her sex bare, the small triangle of blond hair leading to heaven I got a taste of, I groan. My dick pulses against her ass hungrily. Turning to kneel between my thighs she is panting as she fumbles with my belt and zipper.

“What do you need, sugar? Do you want to sit on daddy’s cock?”

“No,” she whimpers, her hands diving inside to wrap around me. “I want to suck it.”

“Oh, fuck. Stay on your knees, little girl. Show me those pretty tits,” I growl, reaching up to yank at the neckline, ripping it. Her gasp has my cock leaking into her little palm. “Ahh, that’s a good girl. Now come here, wrap that pretty mouth around me, sugar.”

Bending, her bare ass popped in the air, she moans as she licks at the crown. Her sucking noises as she eats up my precum makes my balls tingle. Watching me in the pale moonlight, she pushes forward, taking me balls deep in her throat in one impressive swallow.

“Holy hell,” I groan, head falling back against the windshield. “Fuck, that mouth is hot. Such a good little girl, sugar. Sucking daddy so good.”

Her little mewl at my praise vibrates up my cock as her hand cups my sac. My eyes almost cross. If I had my way, she’d spin her ass my way so I could get my fingers inside her. Another time. As it is, I am about to blow just watching her bob on my dick, the gagging sounds of her taking me deep so hot I know I won’t last.

“Going to come sugar. Want it down your throat? Or want me to paint those pretty tits with it?”

“Both, I want both,” she pleads, sucking noisily at me.

Just as I feel the jingle jangle of my orgasm, I hear footsteps behind us. Tapping her head, I pull her off my me, laughing when she pouts. Fixing her top—well, as best I can with how I ruined it—I reach for my hip. Of course, my gun is not there, I never admitted I am the sheriff.



“Hey, folks,” a familiar voice calls as I am zipping up. “This is private property, you cannot be here. Going to have to ask you two to come down from there.”

Bright beams of light shine on her face and I curse. I want to smack the fucking MAG light out of Dole’s hands, but he flashes it on me before I can. Realizing he will blow my cover with Willa, I panic. I will tell her who I am, just not yet. I cannot let her know that I know more about who she is yet.

“What is the problem, officer?” I speak up, sliding us both off the hood in a careful move.

Glaring at him over her head, I shake my head at him once he realizes who is standing here. I even put a finger to my lips, pointing down at Willa, as if it is enough to explain finding us out here. Dole blinks at me with a cock of his head before he slowly smirks as he gets it.

“Just told you, son,” he grins big because he clearly is getting a kick out of my predicament. “Private property. Can’t be out here hooking up like a bunch of teenagers.”

“Officer, we were not...” Willa trails off as she dips her head. Oh, yes, we totally were.

“Ma’am, do you have some ID? You too, sir.”

I am a damn good shot with a firearm. I think I could get a hold of his gun and pull it on him. He might not even put up a fight. Might think I am kidding. Right now, I would not be. Covering his chuckle as a cough, he takes the IDs we hold out for him, tipping his head at us.

“I am going to ask you two to come take a seat in my cruiser. I am not arresting you, just detaining you while I get some answers.”

“Officer, that does not seem necessary,” I bark, hands on Willa’s shoulders as I push her behind me.

“No, it’s fine. He is all alone, Watt. They do it for their safety. Been arrested before.”

Brows wagging playfully in the stream of headlights as she grins up at me, I think she takes complete ownership of me right then. Laughing, I nod at her, letting her head towards the car. As I pass Dole, I land a soft smack to his sack, laughing when he grunts.

“Don’t tell her who I am. I will explain later, dick.”

“Yessir, dick. Use this time to be more romantic than hooking up on the hood of a piece of shit Ford.”

“Going to remember that officer.”

Dole is laughing as he loads us into the car, pulling at his handcuffs. I glare up at him, shaking my head just once. No way. If anyone is putting her in handcuffs, it is me and it won’t be in the back of a cruiser. It will be in my bed, with her stripped down and coming on my face.

“Am I falling for a little felon?” I tease her as I press closer than I need to. After reading her records I was aware of her being arrested before. What I was not aware of was how it excites her.

“Not my first time trespassing, stud. Not even the second. Doing what I do, we have to jump fences, climb buildings, piss off the powers that be.”

“Little troublemaker. God, you’re fucking adorable. Come here,” I husk, reaching out to brush her blond locks back. “I want a nice, long taste of you, sugar.”

Eating her moan as I fit my mouth to hers, my gut twists. I am the one in trouble. I want her so desperately I am lying about who I am. Trying to be what she needs, no matter the cost. Because I think I need her more than she needs someone to save her. I don’t want to save her. I just want to keep her.

“Watt,” she moans as we break apart. “Will you...can I come to your place tonight? I don’t want to go back to that hotel alone.”

“You were never going back to that hotel alone, sugar. Taking you home was not the plan, but I like your plan much better. Come here, I am not done with you, sweetheart.”

Dole lets us make out in his back seat for about ten minutes before he pulls us out. He lists off a dozen things he could charge us with as he hands back our IDs. Telling us it's too nice of a night to waste it on paperwork, he cuts us loose. Thanking him for giving us a break, I tip my head at him, whispering a genuine thanks just for letting this go my way.

Loading her up in the truck, I follow him away from the airfield until I turn onto my own dirt road. Once I get to the small cabin I still have not made a home, I see Willa is passed out. Heart swelling as I scoop her up, I kiss her forehead as I take her inside and to my bedroom.

Stripping her down to just her tank top, I pull off my own clothes. Climbing in bed behind her, I smile when she pushes back against me, my little spoon. Snuggling in close, I kiss her neck once more, still content with how her skin smells like both of us. I think I will have to keep it that way.

Unless she hates me once she finds out I cannot let her do what she came to do.

## Chapter Five

Willa

I always was an early riser—until I wake up feeling at home for the first time.

Watt sleeps behind me, his leg shoved between both of mine, his hand cupping my breast beneath my tank top. I am not shocked to wake up barely dressed. To be honest, I am more surprised I was able to sleep with him. I never slept with a man before. Well, I mean...not to *sleep*.

Snuggling back against him, I smile as the arm tucked beneath me flexes. I kiss his bicep, biting my lip when the hand on my breast tweaks my nipple. My hips twist and I gasp when I feel his dick slip between my thighs. Its heavy and hard, rubbing deliciously against my bare pussy.

“Morning, sugar,” he hums against the back of my neck, kissing me softly. “You sleep good?”

“Mmm, yes, in fact. This is nice. Waking up here with you.”

“Could get used to this. Come here, let me just,” he hisses as his hand grips my hip, his cock nudging at my sex. I moan and push back, wanting him to fill me so bad. “God, I want to fuck you. I also want to eat your pussy for breakfast while you ride my face. And paint your pretty tits with my cum. You turn me on until it hurts, Willa.”

“Turnabout is fair play,” I whisper as I rock my hips, sliding against his shaft with a whimper. “It aches, Watt. Make it go away, please.”

“Tell me what you need, little girl,” he husks against my throat, his hand cupping my pussy to spread me open. “Tell daddy what you want.”

“Fuck me, daddy,” I plead, rocking faster, twisting my hips, trying to get him inside me.

“That’s my good girl. Bring that pussy here, sugar, let daddy get his cock where it belongs.”

Arching against him, I push my ass back as I lift my leg to drape it back over his. His hands dig into my hip as he pushes forward, sinking deep inside of me in one hard, delicious thrust. I cry out, turning to bite at his flexing bicep. Bending his arms, he tells me to keep doing it as his hand finds my throat, closing tightly.

“Fuck you feel good,” he hisses, biting at my neck as he stills inside of me. “I want to wreck you for anyone else, Willa.”

Too late, I think. His hips start to move, the sweet drag of him pulling out of me making my eyes roll back. He slams back inside, and I cry out. His fingers close tighter on my throat, limiting my oxygen. It heightens the pleasure of him pumping in and out of me. And then he starts talking.

“God, I want to fill you up, little girl. Want you full of my cum. How hot would you be round with my baby? Fuck, this perfect little body with my baby inside it would own me.”

“Watt, please,” I whimper as he pounds into me roughly, shattering my senses. A storm of pleasure twists up inside of me, battering down on me. His hand at my hip slides lower, thumb and forefinger pinching my clit until it hurts. But the pleasure pain mixture is too much.

“Oh fuck,” he grunts behind me, biting at my shoulder as he goes still. “Come for me, little girl. God, you choke my cock so tight, troublemaker.”

“Come inside me, daddy,” I choke the words out as he slams deeper and deeper, still fingering my aching clit.

“Such a good little girl for me. Daddy is going to flood this tight cunt, sugar. Want you dripping with me all day.”

As his fingers tighten on my throat again, I see stars. His blunt fingers rub at my clit still, spreading me open to take the punishing drives of his thick cock. Again, his teeth sink into the curve of my shoulder, marking me just as his cock is marking me inside.

Watt comes, releasing inside me in hot spurts that push my orgasm higher. I am panting when he slows, his hips moving almost absently. When he pulls out of me, we both moan, hating the disconnect.

“Jesus hell,” he groans deep and low, rolling away from me.

Giggling, I turn on my back, allowing him to pull me against his chest. We’re sweaty, sated, and spent, but cuddling feels amazing. There is something so intimate about the way he cradles me close. How he presses kisses to my damp forehead, my face, and mouth.

“That was uh...wow. Wow seems totally appropriate.”

“Wow works for me, sugar.”

Laughing together, we lie in the warm sunshine pouring in through the big windows of his room. His bed feels delicious especially with him holding me to his big, warm body. Coming to his place last night was a good idea. Or maybe the worst idea ever. I never want to leave.

Climbing out of bed after he promises, he takes me on a tour. Growing up in wealth meant everything was opulent in my world. Untouchable. He lets me touch whatever I want on a wall beside the kitchen full of books, photos, and various trinkets.

Watt’s place is not a typical bachelor pad. With beautiful hardwood floors, comfortable leather couches, an amazing stone fireplace, and the cutest kitchen, it is homier than any place I have ever been. Cozier is nicer than luxurious if anyone is asking.

“You cook too,” I tease with a raised brow as I take a seat at his kitchen nook. “Is there anything you do not do, stud?”

“Lie, cheat, steal,” he throws over his shoulder with a wink. Turning back to the stove where he is frying bacon, he gives a stunning view of his muscular back. God, he’s a built man. Tattoos start at his neckline and spread all the way down his left side to his waist.

“Sadly, I can’t say the same. Lying is a Duchane trait, one of the few things passed down besides old money. Cheating too I suppose. While I bucked most of the Duchane traditions, me trespassing to sabotage equipment and misfeed information to the media is all the above.”

Watt chuckles as he makes plates of eggs and bacon for us. Watching him bring them over, I feel my heart turn over. God, the way he smiles at me makes something flutter wildly in my stomach. Coming to sit beside me, he grabs my chair with his foot, dragging me closer until I am sat between his powerful thighs.

“Nothing wrong with doing what you believe in, sugar.”

Over breakfast, I tell him stories of things I have done over the years to fight for what I believe in. Some are more self-serving than others. I am surprised when I admit that a few of the stunts I pulled were to piss off my parents not to service some great cause.

“They hated me,” I whisper as I take a bite of his cheesy eggs. “Nothing I ever did was good enough for them.”

“Sweetheart, I count that as their loss. I just met you and I am fascinated by you.”

Flushing, I smile at him as I bow my head, flattered by his sweet words. “We keep talking about me,” I stammer a little. “Tell me about you, stud. I want to know everything.”

To my surprise, Watt tenses a little. Before he answers, he pushes a bite of eggs and bacon in his mouth, chewing thoughtfully. I push my plate away after a few bites, clearing my throat as I feel the air thicken. Trying to climb down from the stool I gasp when he grasps both my thighs in rough hands, stopping me.

“Wait. I am just not good at talking about myself,” he whispers, his voice pained. “I am not proud of who I used to be.”

“Watt, it is fine. We had a good time together. It does not have to be more than it was. I think I need to go.”

To my dismay, his hands loosen, and he nods, letting me pull away. My heart sinks as I slide from the stool and head down the hall to the bedroom. I pick up my clothes from where he threw them last night, tears in my eyes. *Why am I so upset he is letting me go?*

“Willa, sweetheart, I don’t want you to go. I will take you to the hotel if you want me to.”

Nodding, I put on a smile I am famous for. Big, bold, and void of emotion, I turn it on high. His face falls but it’s too late. I don’t want to be here. *What was I thinking coming home with him?* I should never have come to his place. I should never have let this go anywhere.

“Yes, I need to get back. I told you I came here for a reason.”

“To protest the logging landing? Do you have any idea how much they do for this community?”

“It does not matter,” I raise my voice as I pull my clothes on, feeling foolish as I stand there in his shirt. “I finish what I start. I came to find Quinn and the other girls, so that is what I am going to do. If you rather not take me back to town, I can walk. I am a big girl, stud.”

“Sweetheart, stop,” he pleads, coming into the room, reaching out to take my hands as I struggle with my skirt. “Can we just talk? I did not mean to shut down on you the way I just did. Give me another chance.”

Peering up at him, my heart squeezes in my chest. I want to. I meant what I said before too—I want to know everything about him. About what brought him here to Driftwood, why he stayed, and if those things he is not proud of are the same sort of things I am not proud of.



“No. This was a bad idea. We were both lonely, Watt.”

“Stop, Willa,” he whispers, tugging me against his warm body. “This is more than two lonely strangers sharing a night together.”

Steeling myself, I twist my wrists free, backing away from him. How could he think it was something more? We both know better. This is his home, where he works, his entire life. For me it is just another stop on my itinerary. Another place for me to try to make a difference so I can feel better that I have nothing else in my life.

“Will you take me to town or not, Watt?”

Watching him as I tilt my head back defiantly, I see him shut down. His eyes go dark, guarded, closing me out entirely. I shake off the iciness of the air between us, hating how easily he can turn it on or off. Charming when he wants something from me, cold when he is done with me. I suppose I am the one who flipped the switch, but it still stings.

“Fine, I will take you to town. For what it’s worth...I don’t want you to go. I sure as hell don’t want you to go up that mountain. What does it matter what I want though? I am nothing but a stranger to you, ain’t that right sweetheart?”

Brushing past him, I storm out of the bedroom, tears flooding from my eyes. I am not waiting for him. I don’t want to be in that beat up truck with him again. Throwing the front door open I stomp outside in my sandals, sputtering when I am soaked from the rain pouring outside.

“Dammit, Willa just wait a minute.”

Turning on him, I point a trembling finger at him. “You don’t tell me what to do! I do not owe you anything. Who do you think you are?”

“Would you please calm down? Can’t we just talk? I apologized for shutting down on you. I told you I want you here. What the hell do you want from me?”

Standing on his front porch, teeth chattering, I am thankful for the rain. It hides my tears. Because what the hell *do I* want from him? Why am I so upset? Part of me wants to climb into his arms and let him hold me because I need it. I *need* to be held, to be loved, to matter to someone.

Because I am so over not mattering to anyone.

“Nothing, Watt. I am sorry. I am so sorry.”

Turning, I bolt from the front porch, running until my lungs burn. I have no idea where I am going, but I need to get away from him. I need to get away from that cozy little cabin that felt like home. What I need is to do the one thing I am good at. The one thing I did that people cared about.

Who cares about a sad rich girl unless she can save the world?

## Chapter Six

Watt

I am a take action sort of man but when it mattered, I did nothing.

Sitting in my office while it pours for the second day, my entire body aches. I could blame it on old injuries from my time in the military, but I know better. This ache started when I stood on my porch, watching Willa run away from me in the rain.

I did a fine job of screwing things up with her. I should have been up front about who I was. About my past in the military and why I came to the small, peaceful town of Driftwood to find some peace. I never wanted to share any of that with anyone else. Those were my nightmares, my misery.

Not sharing myself, not being open with anyone in my life is why I am lonelier than I have ever felt. It is why my family gave up reaching out to me. Why I still haven't found my place here in Driftwood.

"Want me to run patrol, boss?" Dole's voice cracks my miserable thoughts as he raps a fist on the door.

Blinking up at him, I glance outside. No. No, I need to get out there. I need to fix this. "Nah, let me do it. You keep an eye on things here."

"I don't mind, Watt," he argues as he watches me grab a rain slicker.

"Neither do I, bud. I need to get out there. Need to let the town know I am here, that I am one of you, ya' know? I got it handled, Dole."

"That might be a good idea. Go visit Mollie's store," he teases with a wink. "Impress her and the whole town will fall

in line.”

Laughing, I clap him on the back and decide I might just do that. Stepping out in the rain, I take a deep breath. God, I do love it here. I came here to hide from the rest of the world, but I really love it. I like all the people too, so I think it is time I let them know that.

Driving through the bustling streets, I can't help but wonder where Willa is tonight. Hell, what if she left? I stop at the one stop light in town, my pulse skittering. I let her run off in the damn rain. I never even went after her. I wanted to, of course I wanted to go after her.

“What the hell were you thinking?”

Cursing at myself, I make a turn to head towards the hotel. My heart is thundering in my chest as I get closer. She could not have left. Not before she gave me a chance to fix it. To fix what a cold prick I was to her when all she wanted was to get to know me.

Passing the hotel, I speed up when I see her Jag is gone. Panic strikes me cold. If she left...no, I *cannot* consider that. I would have to find her if she did. I meant what I said to her—this is more than us being lonely.

Speeding through the streets of Driftwood, I am on the lookout for her. For that pristine Jag. When I spot it parked outside the new coffee shop, I let out a shaky sigh. Of course, her friends own the place. Quinn VonMuth opened the coffee joint shortly after I got to town.

Parking on the street, I consider my options. Do I go in guns blazing and pull her out of there to talk? Or do I play it cool and grab a coffee as if that is what I came for? No, that would be too obvious. I am not going to play games with her. I am going to tell her the truth.

“I fucked up. I shut things down because I am a coward.”

Saying it out loud stings but it is the truth. Willa shared herself with me with ease. Without holding back. Once she

asked me to do the same I just couldn't. I just closed myself off the way I always do.

Stepping out into the warm rain, I tip my head back. I need to make an effort if I want this to work. If I want her to give me a real shot. And I do. Even if she claims this is just another stop for her, I sense I can change that. Willa is tired of going it alone.

I need to show her neither of us need to be alone now.

Heading inside I am shaking inside out. Not from the pouring rain but from what I am about to face. Inside coffee permeates the air and I inhale the sweet scent. Four pairs of eyes swing my way and I feel pinned in place.

“Speak of the Devil,” Quinn quips from behind the counter.

“Shut up,” Willa warns her with a shove. Her eyes swing back to me, the pretty blues icy cold. “I will talk to you ladies later.”

Breezing past me, she sails outside, yanking the hood up on her bright pink hoodie. I glance at her friends, all of whom I know from seeing in town. I take a step forward to formally introduce myself when the redhead throws an arm out.

“Go after her genius. You came here looking for her, yes?”

“Y-yes, I was looking for her. I wanted to introduce myself to you, I know she considers you ladies friends.”

“Yeah, well she won't if she thinks we let you shoot the shit with us. Go after her, Sherriff. And, no, our little jail bird baby does not know who you are yet. That is up to you to admit. Now, go, Willa is hell on heels.”

Nodding at them, I spin on my heel because I know that all too well. Even in the pouring rain, on a mountain, my girl can haul ass. I chuckle when I get outside, seeing her half a block ahead of me. Giving chase like I should have when she ran out of my place, I catch up to her fast.

“Willa, sweetheart, wait. Don’t run out on me again.”

“What do you care, stud? You let me go last time. Let’s not switch it up, huh?”

“Dammit Willa, do not do this. I wanted you at my place. I want you there...hell, I was miserable after you left. I should have come after you. I was an asshole for letting you go that way. What can I do to convince you?”

“Tell me something about you,” she challenges, whirling to gaze up at me in the rain. Grabbing her, I pull her down a narrow passage between two buildings. Pushing her against it, I shove her hood down.

“What do you want to know, sugar? I will tell you anything.”

“Why did you come to Driftwood? I told you mine, you tell me yours.”

Taking a deep breath, I nod. “I left Sunset Springs after spending eight years in the Marines. I hated it, Willa. Hated who I became. How it taught me to shut down all the parts of me that made me who I was. That made me human.”

By the time I finish, the rain has slowed but I am shivering. I nuzzle against her, my head falling. Her skin is warm as I burrow my face against her throat, feeling her pulse thrum against my mouth. Willa circles her arms tight around me, cradling me to her gently as her body softens.

“Do you...do you need me, daddy?” she whispers throatily, her leg lifting at my hip in the same moment I move to lift her.

“Fuck, yes, I need you. I need you now, Willa. Tell me you need me too. Tell me it’s not just me here,” I beg even as my hands yank at my belt, pulling at the zipper on my jeans.

“Yes, I need you. I wanted you to come after me to show me it wasn’t just me. Please, don’t let me run again,” her voice shakes as I fist my cock, rubbing it against her soft stomach.

“Turn around, face the wall, little girl,” I growl, pulling at my belt with trembling hands.

“Yes, daddy,” she purrs, turning to press her ass against my cock, her soft skin rubbing against the swollen head.

“Hands on the wall. I’m going to spank you, sugar. You need to be punished for running on me. Next time you do, I’m going to handcuff your sweet ass to my bed.”

“Daddy,” she moans, popping her ass out as I flip her skirt up. I pull the belt between my teeth, growling when I see she has no panties on. I told her not to bother with them. I guess she listened.

“That’s my good girl,” I praise, gripping the back of her neck with one hand. “Count for me, sweetheart. You think you can take five? Or will your pussy like it too much you’ll come first?”

“No, I can take it. I can take it, daddy.”

“Good, good girl. I need to hurt you a little. I will kiss it better once I fill you with my cum again.”

Holding the folded belt, I am shaking with desire. With power and lust. Things I have never felt with anyone else. Because it was never going to be anyone else. It would have always been Will.

Coming down with the belt as the rain still pours on us, I watch the welt rise on her creamy flesh. Her cry is muffled as she presses her face against the brick wall. I land another strike against her ass, watching how it bounces. My free hand jerks my cock because it aches to fill her tiny cunt again.

“Two,” she sputters out, reminding me I told her to count.

“Such a good girl,” I coo, rubbing my dick against her slit. It’s hot and sticky, dripping with her arousal. When I crack the third one, her body tenses. Fisting myself, I surge forward, rubbing against her clit to ease some of her pain.

“Three, daddy.”

“Do you want two more, baby? Can you take it?”

“Yes, yes, I can. Don’t stop, I was a bad girl.”

“Ah, fuck. Yeah, baby, you were a very bad girl. Daddy doesn’t mind, little one. Not when you take punishment so good. Look how soaked your pussy gets when I spank you. You love it don’t you?”

“Yes, daddy. I want you to take care of me. Will you, daddy?”

“It’s all I want to do now, little girl. All I been able to think of since you opened that door, waiting for me.”

“Oh, yes,” she whimpers as I land another spank with the belt. “Four. Daddy...I’m going to...oh, I’m going to come!”

“Not until I get my cock inside you,” I growl against her ear, lining up between her thighs. In one swift move, I sink balls deep, both of us moaning. Before I move, I use the belt once more, groaning as she calls out like a good girl, hands clawing at the brick.

“Five! Daddy, please,” she pants, glancing back at me.

“Come on daddy’s cock like a good little girl,” I grunt, using the belt to bind her arms behind her at her waist.

Gripping her arms, I start to fuck her hard, slamming against her. It is pouring warm showers down on us, soaking us both. Pinning her to the wall, I push up her sweater until find her tits spilling out of her tank top. Pinching the stiff nipples, I scrape my teeth along the back of her neck.

“Don’t stop,” she begs, pushing her ass back as I rail her hard. “Don’t stop, Watt. I need to feel you come inside me.”

“I am going to give you every drop, sugar. You want me to knock you up? Would my good girl want my baby in her belly?”

“Yes, yes, daddy,” her voice vibrates as her pussy flutters around my pumping cock.



“Good. I want you tied to me so you can’t ever leave. You belong to me now, sugar. All fucking mine,” I hiss, punctuating each word by slamming inside of her deep. Willa pushes up on her toes, arching her back to let me pound her even deeper and my eyes roll back. “Tell me, sugar. Tell me you belong to me. Let me hear you say it.”

“Watt,” she whimpers, glancing back at me as she obeys. “I belong to you, baby. All yours, daddy. Only yours.”

“Ahh, fuck,” I roar as I come hard, gripping her hips to empty inside her, painting her with jet after jet of hot cum.

Collapsing against her, I pin her to the wall with my body. It stopped raining at some point but we’re both shivering. I kiss her neck, fixing her clothes as I slowly pull out of her. Seeing my cum leaking from her is so hot, I want to push it back inside her where it belongs.

“Willa, sugar I need to get back to work. Will you go back to my place, please? I want you to be there when I get home.”

Turning, she perks a brow at me as she cocks her head. I hold my breath, afraid she might refuse. A rough fuck in the street ain’t romance.

“Yes, I will go back to your place. Don’t be too late, stud.”

“I will be there in an hour, sugar. I will make us dinner,” I promise.

I watch her go wondering one thing—why am I still lying to her about who I am?

## Chapter Seven

Willa

Coming back to Watt's place is like coming home.

Finding out he leaves his cabin unlocked—he swears Driftwood is safe—stunned me. This was after Quinn, Lennon and Brielle told me the same. They also told me I was foolish for running away from Watt the way I had. And I can't say they were wrong.

There is something guarded about him. Now I know it is part of why he came to Driftwood. Him telling me he had been a Marine, and how he hated how it changed him, gave me clues too. He shut down on me when I pushed because he doesn't want to share that part of himself with anyone.

“He wants to share himself with you, Willa,” I tell myself as I step inside his cabin, bending to give Fletch, his adorable bulldog some love.

Pulling my luggage in after me—I was being presumptuous, so I checked out of the hotel—I decided I need a hot shower. After I stow my bag, I peel out of my wet clothes. I could grab something from my bag, but I have something better in mind.

Going to his closet, I thumb through his things. His closet crazy tidy. Organized by color, everything hung neatly, it is impressive. Thumbing through the shirts, I notice most are uniforms. Frowning, I wonder why he would keep his uniforms from the marines.

“Then again you still have uniforms from prep school. Oh, I wonder if daddy would like to see me in one?”

Grinning at the idea, I grab a zip up hoodie and head for a shower. After a long, hot shower, I feel more myself again. Pulling on his hoodie, I zip it up halfway, bringing the too-long sleeves to my nose to inhale his clean, woodsy scent.

Wandering around his place with Fletch following on my heels, I notice things I missed before. Watt in full uniform for his military photo. Damn, he looks good in a uniform. More photos of him in uniform, with a man who must be his brother. I pass another photo of him before I stop and come back, grabbing it off the shelf.

“What the hell...is he a cop?” I mutter at the photo of him in front of a cruiser, in a dark blue uniform.

Is he...is he the Sherriff here in Driftwood? The one Quinn and the other girls were threatened with arrest by? The one who would be forced to arrest me if I pulled any of the stunts I am so famous for? He knew what brought me to Driftwood. Why Quinn and the other girls had come here. Why had he never mentioned he was the law here?

Tonight, when I found Quinn and the other girls, I found out I was late to the party. They had not just given up the protest, after finding out that Felle Landing had indeed given back more than they ever took, Quinn had fallen in love with one of the loggers. Brielle was sweet on one now too.

It was a bit of a bummer to find out I had missed out, though I was glad to hear they found happiness here. After last night with Watt, then talking to the girls, I figured I would just leave town. Find another place to protest, another cause to fight for.

Only, I don't want to leave. I love this little town. I have been here less than a week, but I can see why my friends decided to stay. We spent so much of our lives globetrotting to save one place or another, to help others, finding this place felt like finding a private paradise.

“Why would he hide this?”

Recalling the first day we met, I remember what he said. He was looking for someone, he said. Another woman. Was she another protestor? Or some other law-breaking woman he was meant arrest. Did he know who I was? That I was here to stir things up on the landing again?

Is Watt trying to distract me, so he does not have to arrest me?

“Sweetheart, I am home,” Watt calls after the front door opens and closes. “Huh, I kind of like how that sounds. Where you at, sugar?”

Smiling because, yeah, I kind of like how that sounds too, I set the photo down. Does it matter to me he hasn’t told me this yet? Yes. Does it matter enough for me to run again? No. Watt needs to open up if I am going to stay though, so he needs to come clean about who he is.

“Right here, baby,” I call, feeling heat rush through me when he rounds a corner.

Watt tilts his head, his eyes eating me up as I stand there in the darkness. Opening his arms, he takes a few steps towards me, and I go. I fall against his firm chest, not caring that he is still damp. I do notice that he changed from the dark clothes he had on earlier. *Why is he hiding it?*

“Hmm, like the sounds of that too. Give me some sugar,” he hums, lowering his head to brush his lips over mine.

His hands slide down to my backside, bare beneath his hoodie and he growls into my mouth. I open my mouth, pushing my tongue against his as he lifts me. In a few steps, he is sitting in one of the wide, fluffy chairs in the living room, bringing me astride his lap.

Sitting back, I struggle to catch my breath. We need to talk. Whenever we touch each other, we both lose it. I was so angry with him earlier, but I sure let him spank me with his belt and fuck me raw right in the street.

“Where kept you out so long?” I wear a pout as he settles back in the chair, his hands moving up and down my thighs. His touch makes my thoughts go haywire, but I am trying. I am still upset, still confused about why he has never told me who he truly is.

“They needed me in town. How about we watch a movie, make popcorn, maybe fool around on the couch like horny teenagers?”

“That sounds amazing,” I admit as I fall against his chest. I don’t want to be mad at him. All I want is for him to talk to me, to tell me who he is. A nice night together might help him open up.

“It does. Go pick something out to watch,” he nods at the wall I was nosing around earlier. “I make awesome popcorn. By the way...”

As I stand, I tilt my head at him, waiting for him to go on. Sitting forward, he walks his fingertips up the back of my thighs. My sex pulses between my thighs as I rub them together.

“You wearing my clothes is a lot hotter than I knew it could be. Turn around, I want to see you in that.” He twirls his finger and I laugh.

Spinning, I even give a little shake, letting him get a view of my bare backside. He groans, his hand smacking my ass just before I dart away. Jumping to his feet, he gives chase until he backs me against the wall of shelves.

“You promised me a nice night,” I tease with a pout. “Let me pick a movie, go make your awesome popcorn, stud.”

Pushing playfully at his chest, I laugh when he grumbles. Grasping my chin gently, he tilts my head, pressing a kiss to my mouth. I sigh against his lips, smiling dazedly when he lifts his head. I watch him rush to the kitchen, my stomach all a flutter.

Turning to the shelves to choose something to watch, my eyes fall on the framed photo of him. He looks handsome in his uniform, but it makes me wonder about his intentions. Part of me fears he was looking for me that first day, to warn me from protesting.

Now that protesting is a moot point, he has no reason not to come clean. Except hooking up with the girl woman you were supposed to run off might be against the rules. Can a cop date someone who they might have had to arrest?

“Butter popcorn or super butter popcorn, sweetheart?”

Choosing an old western I think we might both enjoy, I go join him in the kitchen. Popcorn kernels sizzle in a cast iron pan, an arm turning to keep the kernels from burning. He holds a stick of butter in each hand, shaking them indecisively.

“Is the difference an *entire stick* of butter? Meaning heart attack or no heart attack?”

“Butter is good for you, didn’t you know that? Makes everything better. Gave me this beautiful body.”

Laughing as he dumps one of the sticks in another pan to let it melt, he rubs at his flat stomach. Going to slide an arm around his neck, I rub his stomach too, tracing the muscled lines and the sexy V-shape at his hips. His hand comes round to my ass, gripping it tightly to pull me close.

“Eating something good, something bad-for-you-good, was never allowed in the Duchane household. Mother was what we call an almond mother. Throw the other stick in there, baby.”

“That’s my girl, that’s what I want to hear. This is perfect,” he grunts, smacking my ass so hard it stings. “How it is *or* if I thicken you up. I’ll want it no matter what.”

“Thicken me up? You trying to keep me up here, well fed and well fucked, for a while, stud?”

“Oh, yes. Speaking of well fucked,” he growls, picking me up to set me on the counter. “Unzip that sweater, I think I want to get that part right now, little girl.”

Sitting back, I do as I am told, slowly pulling the zipper down on the front of the deep green hoodie. I get to just below my breasts, letting him get a good view of the swell of them. Stepping back, he undoes his belt in that sexy one-handed way he does, tossing it aside. Reaching behind his back, he pulls off his gray shirt in one smooth move, tossing it too.

“God, you’re sexy as hell,” I whisper, my pussy pulsing in need.

“Spread your thighs,” he urges as his big hand shoves inside his jeans. “Show me that pretty pussy.”

Propped up on an arm on the counter, I spread my legs slowly. I am so wet, I am sure to leave a mess on the butcher block counter. Pulling his cock out, he pumps it in slow, hard strokes, dragging his tongue across his mouth. Jerking his head at the hoodie, he tells me to take it off. Just as I start to let it fall off my shoulders, popcorn starts pinging, some of it flying out of the pan.

“Oh hell,” he chortles as he rushes to the stove, pushing the melted butter off the burner as he closes the lid on the popcorn. Before he does, more of the hot kernels shoot out, popcorn exploding like hot confetti.

“Ouch! Watt!” I giggle as I zip up the sweatshirt, jumping down from the counter.

Reaching for me, he tucks me behind him as he gets things under control. We’re both laughing as I wrap my arms around his waist, fixing his jeans for him. I playfully tug at his hard shaft a few times before I tuck it back inside his boxers. His arm stays bent behind me, pinning me to his muscled back. Noticing scars on his shoulder, I kiss them each gently.

“These...were they from when you were in the Marines?”

Watt sighs, lifting me against his back as he nods. We stand still for a moment, my arms going tight around him in a hug. I can sense how it bothers him to talk about. But if he truly wants to keep me the way he claims, he has to let me in.

Watt has to share some of himself if he wants me to give all of myself.

“Yeah. I was in a little town, Haditha, just to end some insurgent attacks. We thought we had the upper hand, the element of surprise. We were wrong. They were waiting for us to come. Lost some friends that day. It was the first time I saw someone die. Wasn’t the last.”

“Oh, Watt, baby,” I coo, pushing around to his front so I can cradle him close.

To my surprise, he gathers me close, closing his arms around me. Watt clings to me as his body shakes. Lifting me, he backs away from the kitchen, reaching the couch before he

collapses. I cradle his head against my chest, combing my fingers through his hair to soothe him.

Watt burrows his face in my neck, his sobs shaking us both. His tears are hot and wet against my skin. I start crying too, hating that he had to see the awful things he saw over there. I cannot imagine it.

“My poor baby,” I whisper, brushing my lips at his temple. “What can I do? How can I make it better?”

“You do. Willa, sweetheart, you are the first thing to make it better. The first person I have ever talked about it with. Just this,” he whispers against my throat. “Having you here, knowing you give a shit, it makes it better.”

“Well, I’m right here baby. I am not going anywhere. You can tell me anything. Nothing will change that.”

“Do you mean it? Do you think you could stay here, with me? Give us a real shot at something together?”

Sitting back, I cradle his face in my hands gently. Can I stay here in this adorable town, with this amazing man? Yeah, I think I can do that. I think I want to do that. But can I trust him when he still won’t tell me the truth about who he is?

“Do you want me to stay, Watt?”

“God, yes, I want you to stay. I never want you to go.”

“Watt...were you going to arrest me?”



## Chapter Eight

Watt

Thinking about Willa in handcuffs should not turn me on.

Of course, it does. Thinking of her bare beneath me, shackled to my bed while I spend hours between her thighs, turns me on until it hurts. I have every intention of using my cuffs on her. At least, if she will let me because there is anger flaring in her pretty blues.

“Uh.... what? Why would you think that?”

“Are you or are you not a police officer?”

In my chest, my heart goes still. I am worried for a moment I might die with her sitting on my lap, half naked. Not a bad way to go, I suppose. It kicks into overdrive as I sit there a little longer than I should.

“Watt!”

“Yes, I am. I am the Sherriff here in Driftwood.”

Willa’s soft body tenses before she pushes me back from where I had nuzzled against her chest. Her big eyes shimmer in the darkness. Fuck. I don’t know if I can stand seeing her cry. Knowing it is my fault she could be hurting would wreck me.

“That day at the hotel, were you there for me? Because I was here to protest the landing?”

Blinking, I shake my head. No way can I let her think we started on a lie. I guess we started on an omission. “No. No, I was looking for a young girl who had spent last week robbing half the stores in town. We heard she was at the hotel. Yes, I was on the job when we met. No, I was not looking for you. But, sweetheart, I am so damn glad I found you.”

“Why lie to me, Watt? Once you found out why I came here, you should have told me. Because if I had gone up there to protest, ignored what the girls had said about Felle Landing being sustainable, would you have come up there to arrest me?”

Dipping my head, I bounce a shoulder. If Keller had called me, yeah, I would have had to arrest her. “They never pressed charges on Quinn or the other girls, sugar. If I had to come up there to stop you, I would have made sure they never pressed charges.”

Pushing off my lap, she yanks the zipper of my hoodie with a harsh snort of a laugh. It’s still cute. Still, I sense it would be bad to smile at her because I think so. Briefly, I watch her bare, juicy ass sway before I realize she is pissed and storming away from me.

Following her from the living room down the hall, I am panicked. I should have told her the first night she came here. Or when I found her in town. What was I thinking not coming clean?

“Willa, sweetheart can we talk about this?”

Stepping inside the bedroom I was just getting used to sharing, I see her bag on the bed. For a moment I can’t breathe. My hoodie is gone, some white leggings and a bright pink sweatshirt in its place. As I watch in silence, she shoves the few things she has unpacked back into her bag.

Going to her, I grab her wrists to stop her, yanking her against me. I am half-dressed and still hard from us fooling around in the kitchen. Damn it to hell, I wish were had gotten to the popcorn, movie, and cuddling on the couch instead of winding up here.

“What is there to talk about? You say you want me here but we’re still strangers. I get that it might be hard to share things, hard things, but what you do every single day? Who you are? You should have told me. Especially when you found out who I was.”

“What do you mean when I found out who you were?”

“When I told you who I was,” she states, turning to stare at me. Something flashes in her eyes. Oh, I fucked up. Fear filled my words, shame about how I had found out who she was. “Holy shit. Oh my God, did you know who I was that first day? Not just another protester but...that I was a Duchane? What did you do, Watt?”

Shaking her head, she throws her hands up. Going back to her bag, she shoves a few things in while cussing. Again, it is so cute I just stand and watch. I am going to love riling her up for the rest of our lives. My spoiled little princess is going to learn that fighting it out just turns me on.

“Did I go to my office to look up your plates? Damn right I did, sugar,” I answer, going behind her, grabbing the back of her neck roughly. Her little gasp makes my dick jerk but it’s the thrum of her pulse that excites the beast inside me. He wants her to be a little scared. Because she gets so wet, so needy when I push her this way. “Did I sit in my cruiser watching your hotel room? Also, yes. I fucked my fist wishing it was your tight little pussy. Weren’t you looking for me, sugar? Coming to the window half naked, showing off your perfect tits. After I scolded you for opening the door to me bare.”

“Watt, stop it,” she pants even as her ass pushes back against my hard cock, my boxers doing nothing to keep him under control.

“Tell me you didn’t go to bed with your hand in your panties, wishing I had come back. I should have come knocking. I could still taste your cum on my tongue. I needed a minute to get right with what was coming.”

“What do you even mean? You broke the law, you lied, you stalked me, you...oh God,” her indigence turns to a throaty moan when I yank at her leggings, shoving my hand between her thighs.

“Ahh, soaked, just as I thought. Yeah, I did all of that, Willa. I would do a helluva lot worse to wind up here, with your pussy hungry for my cock. You were mine the second you set foot in Driftwood. Be mad if you want about that. Doesn’t change things. Yeah, I never told you what I did for a living. Because it doesn’t matter who I am anywhere else but here, with you.”

Curling two fingers inside her, I pump them slowly, watching her hips start to rock. Bending my body over hers, I pin her to the bed beneath me. I shove her tight leggings down to her thighs. It pins her legs together and I smack her ass, smirking when she whimpers and pushes it out, asking for more.

Kneeling behind her, hand still around her waist as my fingers fuck her, I get a beautiful view of her dripping pussy. Groaning, I dive forward, sucking at her juices noisily. Licking her sticky folds, I bite at her thighs, her ass cheeks, and her clit. My cock leaks when she cries out my name, pushing back against my face.

“Watt, please. I can’t do this...” Her panting words don’t stop her from fucking my face, her hand bending backwards to tangle in my hair.

“You can and you will. Hands up, you don’t get to touch until I say so, sugar. Do you want me to use my cuffs?” I rise up over her, pinning her with my weight, my words harsh against her throat.

“No! No you can’t. Tell me what you want, daddy,” she whimpers.

“There’s my good girl. Hands together, back here,” I demand.

Glancing down at her spread out, I grin as I grab a pair of her panties from her bag beside her. When she brings her hands back, I use the lace thong to tie her hands tight. Grabbing another pair of satin ones, I grab her chin, shoving them in roughly.

“If it’s too much, I can stop. Do you want daddy to stop, little girl?”

Glancing back at me, she shakes her head side to side. Hauling her bag off the bed, I tuck it back into the closet. I will watch her unpack it and hang her shit with mine later. Now I need to punish her for trying to bail.

“Come here, I need to see all of you,” I hiss, sliding my hands beneath her body to yank at her shirt. It tears and she makes a muffled sound, but I don’t care. I’ll buy her more if she wants. I yank at it, ripping it off and tossing it aside. I chuckle when she glares back at me but says nothing.

Not that she can when her panties are down her throat.

“Did I lie to you? Yeah, sugar, I did. Do I give a shit that your last name is Duchane, or you spent your wild youth with a middle finger raised to the man? No, sweetheart, I do not.”

Smacking her ass, I rub it gently when she whimpers. I smack the other cheek, giving it its own rub. I do this a few times, smack, rub, smack, rub. Her cheeks are red, my handprint a shock of white on the left one. Kicking my boxers off, I work the precum down my shaft before I line up behind her.

Gripping the bright red cheeks of her ass, I lift to angle her. I slam inside her, gritting my teeth at how tight she grips my cock. I fuck her hard, punishing her for having one foot out the door. Her body rocks against the bed as it slams against the wall.

“My poor little rich girl didn’t come here looking for her daddy, but she found him, yeah? I’m your daddy now, little girl. Daddy will take care of you now, sugar. You take care of my cock, of our home, of our babies, I will do the rest.”

Beneath me, she nods, and I groan. God, I am so lucky I found her. So lucky I was the one who knocked on her door that day. I know she would never have given another man what she gave me, but the thought of me having missed out on her makes me wild.

Pounding into her, I pull her hair around my fist. I take her like I own her, but she owns me. I would give her anything. I would go anywhere and be anyone for her. I will tell her all about my life, all the things I never shared with anyone else.

Before I do, I will tell her I do want to lock her up—with my ring on her finger and my baby in her belly.

## Chapter Nine

Willa

Hurting should not feel so damn good.

Watt's big body pins mine to the bed, his thighs smacking against my ass as he fucks me hard. Tears stream down my face, but it's not from pain. Well, some of it might be. Mostly it's from the rise and swell of waves of pleasure inside of me, knocking me over again and again.

"Good girl," he pants at my ear, licking the side of my face in a move so erotic, my pussy flutters down his cock. "Ah, your sweet cunt takes daddy's cock so good. Made to take my big cock, weren't you, little girl?"

Nodding because my panties are still choking me, I whimper. His thrusts are brutal, slamming him deeper inside me with every stroke. My hands are bound behind my back and his weight holds me down, but I love it. I am so turned on I can feel wetness dripping down my thighs.

Closing my eyes as he kisses down my spine, I twist my hips. I need friction. I need his fingers or mine on my clit. It aches as his cock slides in and out, the thick root of him rubbing against it deliciously.

"You want to come, don't you? Not until you tell me I am forgiven. I should have told you, sugar. I won't ever lie to you again."

Even though I believe him, it is too late. This lie is too wicked. He used his power to find out who I was. He found things out about me without giving me the chance to tell him. There is no way I can trust him after this. No way I can stay here with him the way we both want.

Right now, this rough, raw sex is him punishing me. But I know he is really punishing himself. He must sense this is the

last time. Tonight, will be our last night together. Watt left me no other choice but to go.

My whole life has been full of lies. From both of my parents, from the people they hired to handle me when I couldn't take their lies any longer. Lies from the media about me, about my friends. Even lies I told myself.

Lies like telling myself this place could be my home, this man could be my future.

“God, you look so fucking hot bound for me, little girl. Fuck, I love what a good girl you are for me.”

Again, I just nod. I love being his good girl, too. I thrive on his praise, I seek it when we're making love. Only, we have yet to make love. All we have done is fuck out of loneliness, out of fear, and out of desperation. It was never making love because this is not love.

It came close though. It could have been love, I think. Now at least I have had a small taste. A sip of something good. At least I know that I can feel something other than indifference for someone.

“Such a good girl. Come for daddy, little girl. Let me feel you choke my cock, sugar.”

Twisting my hips as his hand slides beneath me, fingers rough at my clit, I shout. It is muffled because of the panties and how his body weighs me down. He pinches my clit as he slams into me again and again and I let out another primal shout as my orgasm wracks my entire body.

Watt pumps into me a few more times, his other hand on my neck, pinning me down. My body takes his like it was made to. Just as he said. And maybe I was made for him. Maybe the way he hurts me, the way I call him daddy because it feels right when we're this way, was because we were meant to be together.

But I can't—I won't—be with a man who lies to me.



His heavy breathing fills my ears as he rocks into me, calling my name. He comes hard, his thick cock jerking inside me. I wonder for a moment if I could wind up pregnant. If it would matter if I did. And my answer chokes me as tears flood my eyes.

I would still go even if I was pregnant.

Before I do, I want one more night with him. I want the night he promised earlier. The popcorn, the old western, the two of us making out on the couch together. I want one good night to hold on to when I am alone after I leave. And I know I will be alone.

It's ironic that when I came here looking for my friends, I found Watt. And I found Driftwood. This beautiful place that I have fallen in love with. And now I have to give it all up. Along with the only women I trust, the only ones I ever considered real friends.

“Come, sugar, let me take care of my good girl.”

His soft purr in my ear stirs me and I sit up a little. He pulls the panties from my mouth, kissing my aching jaw. Untying my hands, he scoops me up and carries me to the bathroom. We sit in a hot tub for a long time before I ask him to give me the night he promised.

“Of course, sweetheart. It's how I want to spend all our nights now.”

Together we finish the popcorn, and he grabs some ice-cold Cokes for us. In the living room we snuggle together on his wide loveseat, my body draped across his. Tucked beneath a luxuriously soft blanket, we share the popcorn as we watch Kevin Coster owning the old west.

Before the credits roll I am sitting in his lap, our kisses tasting of popcorn and Coke. We kiss and touch each other for hours, but this time it never goes further. It never gets rough, our hands never push at clothes or pull at hair. It is sweet and playful, and I am glad I got another taste of him.

When we go to bed, I get the sense he is holding me tighter than usual. Maybe he knows I will be gone in the morning. If he does, he doesn't want to talk about it. He doesn't want to talk at all, it seems.

Instead of telling me all he swore he would, he doesn't say a thing. We never talk again as we lie in bed, facing each other. I see it in his eyes that, yes, he fears I will leave. I wish I could stay. I wish I could ignore that he lied but the truth is, I can't.

Because the truth is, I don't know Watt at all.

Watt had days to tell me he was the sheriff, that he had checked up on me, that he had come back to the hotel that night. He told me nothing. Hell, I don't even know his middle name or how he takes his coffee. He has given me nothing but is asking me for everything.

Falling asleep in his arms is bittersweet. I don't want to miss a moment of being with him one last time. But I want to be past it all, I want to be out of his cabin, out of this town, and back out on my own. I won't ever make the mistake of trying this with anyone again.

"Willa, please, tell me you forgive me. I can't take it if you don't."

"Watt, I forgive you baby. I don't know why you can't share yourself with me, but I understand. I forgive you," I whisper in the darkness before I brush my trembling lips against his.

Turning in his arms, I let him gather me close, cradling my body in his powerful arms. I smell his soap, his warm skin, and the cologne that scents his sheets. I will always remember it. I won't cry. I've given up enough in my life. I won't be sad when I go—at least I got a chance to feel this.

Watt falls asleep first, his leg shoved between mine, his arms locked tight around me. I lie in the darkness, waiting for a chance to escape. When Fletch jumps on the bed about an

hour after we climb in, it gives me my chance. I don't even grab my bag. Nothing in there that can't be replaced.

Glancing down at him once last time, I whisper three words I have never said to someone else. Words I never thought I would get to feel at all. For that, I am grateful. I am thankful I got a glimpse of it, even if it will tear me apart to go on without it.

Padding my way through the cabin, I make it to the door before I start to second guess myself. I have it open, one foot on the porch, one still inside. I could stay and forget he lied. If I were to stay, he might open up. He might finally let me in, and the lie wouldn't even matter.

I can't get myself to believe it. I have tried to change a lot of things in my life—but I know I can't change a man like Watt.

Pulling away from the cabin, I am in for a surprise. I told myself I wouldn't cry. And I am not crying. I am falling apart. I am sobbing so hard, my chest aches. I can't breathe. I can barely see as I take the winding road leading away from the cabin and the mountain.

Somehow I make it to town before I have to pull over. Where I pull over is the worst spot possible. It gives me a beautiful view of all of Driftwood. The Rusty Nail, Quinn's coffee shop, the cute market, and the row of even cuter shops. It is the kind of place I never took the time to enjoy before. It would be a beautiful home.

“Am I making a mistake? Am I shutting down the same way he shut down on me?”

Unable to consider the answer, with no idea how to navigate these big, complex feelings, I press on. I drive slowly through town, wanting one last look at it. Spotting the Sherriff's station, I stop once again. Staring at the small stone building, I am smiling.

“I bet he is one hell of a sheriff. He sure went under cover with me. If he had just told me who he was. If he had told me

anything.”

Sighing, I pull away from the station and head for the highway. I am leaving here fuller than I was when I got here. Maybe that was all I needed from Watt. If all he can give me was the feeling that for a few days I mattered, I guess the tears and the heartache are worth it.

It starts raining as I hit the edge of town and I laugh. It fits the melancholy mood I suspect I will be in for some time. Perhaps I am the storm cloud, taking some of my sadness with me as I flee.

“Come on, Taylor,” I talk to the radio as I turn up my favorite sad playlist. “Get me through this one, Swift. If anyone can, it is you.”

I get past the “*Now Leaving Driftwood*” sign when red and blue lights glow behind me.

Might not be the first time I’ve been pulled over—though it is the first time I’ve been in love with the officer giving chase.

## Chapter Ten

Watt

Before I open my eyes I am in police mode.

Willa is gone when I stir before dawn, just as I feared she would be. I never should have lied to her. No, I did not just lie. I gave her nothing. I shared nothing with her. How did I expect her to start a new life with a man who can tell her nothing about his own life?

“Fletch, watch the place. We will both be back, boy,” I tell him when he whines up at me. I am not the only fella here who has fallen for Willa.

It is still dark out when I climb into the truck and head away from the cabin. The two of us need to have a little chat about her running off on me. I made a huge mistake, I admit that. I should have come clean about who I am before I ever started things. I guess I thought she would shut it down before we could even get it started.

“Still should have told her, asshole,” I hiss at myself angrily.

No doubt this one is on me. I am still pinking her ass once I get her back to the cabin. And I am not stopping till I get her back home. Up here on this mountainside, in the small, cozy town of Driftwood, with me, is where Willa Duchane belongs. Until I make her Willa Baker, that is.

Grinning at the idea of sliding a little diamond on her finger, because despite the wealth she came from I think any diamond will do, I sigh. I am going to marry that woman and have at least four babies with her. I think I knew it that first night when she came to that hotel door, needy and alone.

Maybe I never told her about myself or what I do because when I am with her, none of it matters. I feel like the best version of myself when we're together. I am not so alone, not so afraid of the world. Before she came into my life I was always afraid of people judging me, of people hating the man I used to be.

If she can love that man, nothing else really matters.

In the pouring rain I make it to town just as the sun starts to peek over the mountains. Most of the town is still blanketed in darkness but her silver Jag would still stand out. Knowing I will have to abuse some powers, I stop just long enough to pick up my cruiser.

I will use any power I have to keep her here in Driftwood.

“Daddy is not about to let his little girl get away.”

Speeding away from Driftwood, my heart is thundering in my chest. I just have to hope one of my deputies sees her if I don't. Under the copper rays of sunrise, I scan the roads for signs of her. Panic starts to flood me until I see the silver car sailing down the highway.

Laughing, I shake my head. Bad little rich girl breaking the speed limit, all the reason I need to pull her over. I turn on my lights and sirens, punching the gas. For a moment I wonder if she is going to make me chase her. The Jag doesn't slow down at first until after about half a mile, she pulls off just past Driftwood's welcome sign.

Pulling my hat on, I take a deep breath and step out of the cruiser. It is still raining, as it has been since my little troublemaker came to town, but I don't mind. It sets the perfect tone for what I am about to do. At her window, I rap on the glass, waiting for her to roll it down.

“Ma'am, I need you to step out of the car,” I tell her, a grin on my face.

Willa glares up at me, absolute disbelief lighting up her features. Still as beautiful as the first moment I set eyes on her. I step back, pulling at her door when she makes no move to do it herself. I laugh when she yanks it closed, crossing her arms as if she can ignore me.

“No. No fucking way.”

“Ma’am, you were going twenty miles over the limit. I am going to punish you for that, after I punish you for sneaking out of my bed.”

“Watt! You cannot use being a cop now to your advantage.”

“Oh, sweetheart, yes I can. And I will. Whatever it takes to keep you here in Driftwood, where you belong. Now step out of the car, you broke the law. It is my duty to keep the roads safe, so let me do my job.”

“You’re serious.”

“Always serious when it comes to protecting and serving Driftwood.”

“While lying about it to a woman you’re fucking?”

“Willa, sweetheart, get out of the car. Don’t make me put cuffs on you.”

Scratch that, I am putting cuffs on her. Thinking about her hands shackled, leaving her helpless, makes my dick so hard it is obscene. I bend, yanking off her seatbelt and grasping her by the hips to pull her out. For a beat she puts up a struggle before I spin her, pinning her to the door after I kick it shut. Pulling out my handcuffs, I slap them on her, smirking when she lets out a little whimper of surprise. Or arousal, I can’t be sure.

“Told you once before not to try to run from me, little girl,” I hiss against her ear, licking the spot beneath it to her pulse, knowing how it turns her on. I nip at her neck when she tries to twist away from me.

“This is insane. You can’t arrest me. For speeding?”

“Nah, sweetheart. For trying to break my heart.”

No spoiled princess response to that one. I pull her from her car, stopping long enough to lock it up and take the keys. No one will touch it here and I'll have it towed back to the cabin tomorrow. Tonight, all I care about is getting her back home and talking things out.

Leading her to the car, I pull open the back door, smirking when she gasps. Turning to glare at me, she tries to yank away from my hold. I push her against the cruiser with my hips, grabbing her throat as I lower my mouth close to hers. We're both breathing heavily, but she is shaking.

"Watt, please. Let me go. This was a waste of time."

"Finding one another was no waste of time. No accident. No mistake. You know it as well as I do. I screwed up, sweetheart. I know I did. I am not a man who makes the same mistake twice."

Tilting her head back, she glares up at me indignantly. I brush my lips over hers, smiling when she gives me a little sigh. Still, I pull her to the back of the car, knowing it will be the one way she has to listen to me.

"Slide in, sweetheart. We have a stop to make before we go home."

"I *was* going home, sheriff!"

"Not headed that way you weren't."

Chuckling when she huffs and falls back against the seat with dramatic flair, I close the door and climb in behind the wheel. Seeing her back there, in my hoodie no less, pulls at my chest. I never want to hurt her again. I know I could not take her ever leaving me. Not when she brought me back to life after so long being half-alive and all alone.



“We got two miles to town, I am going to make use of them. I was an idiot for not telling you I was the sheriff. The first day we met it was the last thing on my mind. All I could think about was having you, Willa. Pleasing you because you needed it, and I needed it. Finding you that day was like finding a part of me living outside of my body. Part of me I had been unable to find for so long because you were out saving the world.”

“Lot of good that did me, huh?”

“It did plenty good, sweetheart. I did break the law that night to find out about you. You have done a helluva lot more than most people. Maybe enough that it might cancel out some of the bad I’ve done in my life.”

“What do you mean, Watt?”

“I told you about just one day of a thousand days of being a marine. I lost friends, young, innocent men. Saw children die in the crossfire. There is nothing worse in this world than feeling powerless to survive while everyone else is dying around you. I was good at what I did, and I am ashamed of that. Who wants to be good at killing?”

“Oh, baby,” she whispers, sitting forward to tilt her head against the wire cage separating us.

“When I came home, I had completely forgotten who I was before. I couldn’t go home, I couldn’t face my family. I have a brother who used to look up to me. Who I should have set an example for? We haven’t spoken in five years, and I don’t blame them for giving up on me.”

“Did they give up on you, or did you give up on them?”

Wincing at her wise words because they might be right, I offer no more than a shrug. Pulling up in front of the station, I take a moment to collect myself. I have more to tell her, a lot more. Things a man should tell the woman he loves. My favorite sweets, what kind of music I listen to.

How much I want to be her husband.

“When I figured out what a little troublemaker you were, I knew I couldn’t tell you what I do. I was afraid you would shut me out. I shut you out first and I wish I could go back to that first day at the cabin and tell you everything about me. Because I want you to know everything, Willa.”

“Your answer to telling me nothing is to arrest me?”

“Well, no,” I grin at her in the mirror. “I arrested you to let you know I want to lock you down, Ms. Duchane.”

Willa’s eyes get huge before I climb out, going to the back to help her out. I could take the cuffs off now, but I rather not. I formulated a plan on the way here. A plan meaning she stays in those cuffs a while longer.

“Watt will you take these off, please? This is embarrassing.”

“No one is here to see us, sweetheart. And it’s not the first time you’ve been in cuffs, now is it?”

“Kind of beside the point, sheriff.”

Leading her inside, I take her past the front desk and the deputy desks. Past the small interrogation room I’ve made no use of yet. Past the storage closet filled with just two shelves of evidence. Up to the small holding cage we’ve used about five times since I’ve been in charge here.

“Watt...no, this is insane.”

Grinning at her, I shake my head as I pull open the door and usher her in. I close it after, pulling it hard enough she jumps. Backing her up against the far wall, I pin her to it. I will make her forget how uncomfortable or embarrassing being taken into custody is. Just like I hope to make her forgive me for keeping myself closed off to her.

Undoing the cuff off one hand, I lift it above her head. Grabbing her other hand, I lift it too, bringing the cuffs through the bars. Slapping the cuffs back on, I have her shackled to the bars. Her chest is pumping as she breathes heavily, her body trembling as I press close.

“I cannot let you leave, Willa. I need you, sweetheart. I need you here with me. I was wrong not to tell you, I am so sorry. Whatever you need to know, whatever you want from me, I want to give you,” I finish this speech by peeling her leggings down her thighs.

“Watt. No, we can’t do that here.”

“Doesn’t it turn you on to be at my mercy? To know I can do whatever I want to you,” I whisper, bending to kiss her bare pussy gently.

“Yes,” she whimpers, nodding her head. “But I don’t want to be hurt.”

“I won’t ever hurt you again,” I swear to her, licking at her sticky cunt. “Not when I fuck you or anywhere else. I will be so good to my sweet little girl, I swear to you. You are everything to me now, Willa.”

Closing my mouth around her clit, I suckle at softly. Not rough or raw the way we’ve been so far. Even though I have her handcuffed, I would take those down and obey her commands, if she wanted. I would beg on my knees, eat her out for hours, never even getting inside her if she asked.

“Watt,” she cries out, her hips rocking against my tongue as I push it inside her, hands sliding round to hold her ass. “I like being hurt this way. When you hurt me, I know it’s because you need me as badly as I need you. Don’t you still need me, daddy?”

“Fuck, yes, I need you, sugar. I am in love with you, Willa.”

“Watt...say it again,” she whispers, her voice shaking as I stand.

Cradling her face, I nod. “I love you, Willa. I think I started to the minute you opened that door. I was so fucking alone. Because I could never let anyone in. I want you in my life, I want to let you in. I need you because I wasn’t really living before you. I am in love with you, sugar.”

“Watt, oh, baby, I love you too. I love you and I want to stay. I was just...I never thought you could open up. I thought you would never share yourself with me. How could I stay if you wouldn't?”

“I will, sweetheart. I want to share everything with you. My cabin, my job, my entire life. Fletch too.”

Willa laughs and I wrap my arms around her, lowering my head to kiss her. I lift her against me before I remember I have her arms bound above her head in the handcuffs. When I pull away, reaching up to undo the cuffs, she shakes her head. I frown, stepping back to see her eyes dark with desire. Reaching down, I smirk when I pass my fingers over her slick cunt.

“Oh, does daddy's little girl want him to finish what he started?”

“Yes, daddy. Make me come. Show me how much you love me.”

“Watch that mouth, little girl. Or I'll stuff my cock in it to keep you quiet.”

Willa laughs but I sense she very much likes that idea. Dropping back to kneel between her thighs, I pull her leggings off. Grasping her left leg, I drape it over my shoulder. Gripping her right leg, I spread her open, just staring at her pussy as it drips. God, she's so hot, and she's hot for me. I could die tomorrow knowing I had this goddess in my life.

Only, I rather spend the rest of my life worshipping this goddess.

“Such a greedy girl,” I tsk with my tongue before I use it to spread her open.

Glancing up at her, I tongue her tightness, sucking noisily at her cream. I hook an arm around the thigh draped over my shoulder, using my fingers against her clit. Her little whimpers spurn me on, the clang of the handcuffs on the bars rhythmic as she starts fucking my face.

“Oh, daddy,” she moans, her hips circling in a figure eight. “Don't stop. Please, don't stop. I want to come, daddy.”

“Good girl, sweetheart, use your words. Need to know what my sweet little girl needs,” I tell her, nipping at her thigh before I dive back into her.

Taking my time, I eat her to a trembling orgasm fast. I don't stop though. No, I nuzzle her clit with my tongue, I wiggle it against the swollen nub, I make out with her sticky pussy. When her second orgasm hits, her hands slam against the bars, clanging loudly as she shouts.

“Oh God! I am coming! Don't stop, it feels so good, daddy.”

“God, you taste so good coming down my throat, little girl.”

Once her shaking stops, I stand, tearing down my zipper hastily. Grabbing her by the back of her thighs, I lift her, hooking her knees at my elbows. Thrusting once, I sink deep and groan her name, my entire body relaxing now that I am where I belong.

“I love you,” I whisper to her softly, bending to touch my brow to hers. “I love you, Willa. I can't wait to come home to you, to build a life with you, a family. You came here to raise hell and got the sheriff to fall in love with you.”

“I love you too, I do. I never thought I would get to have this. Get to feel this. I am so glad I came to raise hell. Oh, oh, yes,” she pants as I thrust up into her, her entire body slamming against the cell bars.

“God, this should not be so hot,” I tease as I rail her harder.

“Daddy punishing his bad girl, why shouldn't it be so hot?”

“Fuck, I love when you call me that, sweetheart. God, I'm going to get you pregnant fast, Willa. I want you round with my baby.”

“Would I still be your little girl?”

That does it, her filthy little words send me hurtling over the edge. I grasp her hips, pumping into her as I come hard. Her head falls against my shoulder as she comes too, panting my name as she chokes my cock. I cradle her to me, letting her hands down to drape them around me.

“Yeah, sweetheart,” I answer at last as I carry her to my office. Why not christen it while I have her here? “You will always be my little girl.”

“Guess you locked me down, sheriff.”

Yeah, I guess I locked down my little troublemaker, didn't I?

# Epilogue

Willa

Who does not love a wedding?

The flowers, the romance, the beautiful gown. Rich girls know how to throw a wedding, that is for damn sure. Quinn's wedding is the talk of the town, and I could not be happier for her. With Brielle, Lennon, Mollie, and I acting as her bridesmaids, it has been a helluva good time.

Brielle will be married in a few months too, and Lennon is right behind her. I ought to be next in line. There *is* a ring on my finger, one I glance down at with a swell of love in my chest. Who needs a wedding? I never wanted to be married, I never even gave it a single thought before.

"I adore how he looks at you," Mollie teases as she tips her head towards a group of big, burly men, one of them with eyes on me.

That swell of love in my chest triples in size. I could say the same to her about her husband, Mack, but we don't need to tell her how much he adores her. Besides, all I care about is getting to my stud sheriff so we can dance at Quinn's wedding.

"There she is," Watt calls, reaching his hand out as he steps away from the crowd of mountain men waiting for their women. "The most beautiful woman here."

"Stop it," I flush as he draws me close, "Quinn is the most beautiful here tonight, she is the bride, stud."

"Nah, not to me she ain't. Though I would never let Keller hear me say it. You would make a stunning bride, sweetheart."

Sighing, I nod as I press closer. Watt asked me to be his wife two months to the day after he knocked on my hotel door, looking for the town's biggest criminal. We were at the cabin

close to the holidays, the place twinkling with the over the top décor he let me drape it in.

*“Willa,”* his words come back to me now as we move to the dance floor, his hands holding me close. *“I love you. I have from the start, and I will to the end. Be my wife, sweetheart. Take my last name like you’ve taken all the rest of me.”*

My yes came so fast, I think I stunned us both. At first he never mentioned a wedding or asked me to set a date. Once our friends started sending invites and we were a part of things, he started to get a little antsy. I do want to be his wife, I just don’t know if I care about a wedding.

“I would marry you on the mountain, at the bar, at city hall, or on the North Pole, sweetheart. It doesn’t matter to me. I just want to be your husband. You gotta make an honest man out of me soon.”

Laughing, I let him twirl me around the dance floor. I smile at Quinn as she gazes up at Keller, love lighting them both up. Hell, maybe I do want this. Maybe I want to show off how much I love Watt, how lucky we were to find one another.

We girls still protest and put our money where our mouth is—we just do it closer to home. A few months after my future husband playfully arrested me, I recalled something he had said. That I had done more for the world than a lot of others. And that maybe all that good could cancel out all the bad he had seen.

It got me thinking and I partnered with him and the girls to start a nonprofit geared to helping former military men and women, as well as people with a criminal record. Doing good for them helped ease some of the guilt over things that had happened in their past.

We have an office here in town, next door to the sheriff’s office, but another chapter has opened in Silver Shores as well. Watt grew up there and wanted to give back to the people there. I agreed—on the condition he went with me to get it started, so he could see his family.



“Well, what if I do want something like this, stud? Would you put on another suit for me in a few months? Let me blow a load on a designer dress and flowers as far as the eye could see.”

“Anything you want, sweetheart. Anything for my girl. I would wear my uniform,” he tells me, licking his lips tauntingly. “Would my wife like me in my uniform?”

“Playing dirty, love?” I tease back as my breath picks up. Seeing him in his marine uniform had me ass up, face in the pillows in record time. He was built to be a man in uniform, so yes, I would like it.

“Never, just think I know what my little girl loves.”

“Yeah, she loves you,” I whisper as we spin away from the crowd, winding up outside under the stars. It is a beautiful night, the wedding was gorgeous, and I am with the love of my life. Later tonight, I know he will handcuff me to the bed and rail me like he hates me.

I am so blessed.

“And I will always be your little girl, yes?” I wonder as we still spin, the music just reaching us out here.

“Who else would be? You’re my everything, sugar. I love you.”

Grinning up at him as he cradles me in his arms, I sigh. “Well, our little girl, maybe? Or little boy. Because they will be here in about five months, stud. You got me pregnant fast, as promised.”

We stop spinning, his gray eyes going wide. My heart could explode it is filled with so much love. He steps back, gaze dropping to my stomach. It has softened a little, but it was when I started craving pickled jalapenos with my vanilla ice cream that I thought I could be pregnant.

“Holy lord,” he whispers, his hands dropping to cradle my stomach. “I’m going to be a daddy? You’re giving me a baby, sweetheart?”

“Yes, daddy, you have a little heiress or sheriff on the way.”

Watt is quiet for a moment before his eyes come back to mine. They shimmer with tears and my heart squeezes. God, I love how he loves me. How he shows it in everything he does now. It took some time to open up to me sure, but once he did, he opened wide, and I love it.

“I love you so much, Willa. You really have given me everything. My entire life. My entire goddamn world is because of you. I will love you a little bit more every day while you carry our child, I know it. And when they get here...I will make room for how much I will love them. But you will always, always, be my sweet little girl.”

Sweeping me back, he kisses me softly, stealing the breath from my lungs. We make it back inside to the tent where our friends are laughing and dancing, celebrating the day. I decide to keep this to us for now. I would not want to hijack one of my best friends' days.

We dance late into the night, laughing with everyone and having the time of our lives. We share some cake, we sip some sweet apple cider, and we hold each other tight as we head home. When we pull up to the cabin, I am all smiles, my whole life waiting to start.

“Watt let's do it. Let's get married. Tomorrow. Next week. Anytime we can say our vows with our friends and dance all night. I want a cake plus cupcakes. Oh, we can announce the baby at the same time! Yes, can we do that, baby?”

Watt smiles at me in the darkness as he starts to spin me on the front porch of our cabin. I have made it our home in the past few months. Now I cannot wait to do a nursery for the baby. Cannot wait to start our life.

“Long as I get to lock you down for life, we can do it whenever, wherever, however you want, sweetheart. I will show up and do what my good little girl says. On our wedding night, you just need to do what daddy says.”

“Yes, daddy. Yeah, let’s do this, stud. Let’s get locked down.” He’s right, it doesn’t matter where, when, or how—just who I get locked down with.

Watt can lock me up for good because I never want to be free.



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# Thank You for Reading!

I hope you loved Watt and Willa's Story! 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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# About Dee Ellis

Born and raised in the Midwest, reading and writing have always been Dee's passion. 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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