



MY BF'S
**GRUMPY
DADDY**

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MY BOYFRIEND'S GRUMPY DADDY

MY BOYFRIEND'S DAD: BOOK 6

LENA LITTLE



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PREVIEW

This Thanksgiving, I was looking forward to some peace and quiet. My son, Brody, bringing home his latest girlfriend...not so much.

But when the most gorgeous little girl on the face of the f*cking planet climbs out of his car, all bets are off.

Delia is mine from the second I see her.

Especially when I find out they've broken up.

She's a ray of sunshine I don't deserve, but there's no way in hell I'm going to let her go once she gives herself to me.

Brody has other plans, though.

After treating her like shit, he and his friend try to ruin us, come between us, and make Delia cry. Who the f*ck do they think they are? What right do they have putting her through this?

Fury curls hot and unstoppable in my gut because as long as I'm alive, no one will ever hurt her. No one. Not even my own son.

He'll learn the hard way that Delia and I aren't playing around and just hooking up.

No! This is for life. This is forever.

The sooner he gets *that* through his thick skull, the better.

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C LANG!

On my back in the wide open garage, I crank the wrench and feel the bolt turn easily. There's no way in hell I'd ever let anything rust on my bike, so these tune-ups tend to always be more pleasant than frustrating. Stress isn't something I need any more of, being the Chief of Police around here.

It's not like Wickford, Rhode Island is a haven for crime or anything, but hell...people can certainly get up to some bullshit no matter what the location. I'm hoping it will be a quiet weekend since I left the Lieutenant in charge this weekend. Taking days off isn't something I usually do, but my son is coming home for Thanksgiving.

My son and his new girlfriend. Well. Whatever flavor of the week he drags here, I mean. Girlfriend is a strong word when it comes to Brody Dixon. The thought makes me scowl. I hate how much of a little prick he is to these girls.

I've wanted more for my son for as long as I can remember, but he's proven to be both girl-crazy and lazy. He lucked out with some IT job outside of Providence, and it lets him sit on his ass in an office basement for most of the day. I don't know what kind of woman he thinks he's going to bag with a work ethic like that, though. I wonder what lie he's managed to tell this new one.

Cranking the wrench again, I blow out a breath. I don't even want the two of them here, but family is family. Brody is probably hoping for a few free meals and a chance to charm

his little piece with the small town he grew up in. Wonder what he told her about me—his asshole Police Chief dad.

The streets here are quiet, and I hear the car before I see it. An obnoxious green Kia Soul—like an ugly ass shoe box on wheels—comes down the road, and I take a deep breath to brace myself for what I'm going to have to deal with now. Maybe it won't be so bad. I've already gotten the spare room made up, and if I can just avoid Brody for most of the weekend, then we might make it through without arguing. He calls me an asshole, which might be true, but I'm also a realist. And Brody really gets on my nerves these days.

I grab a shop towel and start to wipe my greasy hands on it, standing as the car pulls into the driveway. My house isn't big, but it's well maintained, all by my own hand. Brody has expressed frustration in the past that I don't buy something newer and bigger considering how much money I make, but what's the point? I live alone, and I like the old house.

Just a brick ranch with a dark gray roof, a nice little backyard, and a garage big enough for my cruiser, my bike, and whatever project car catches my eye. It wasn't until he was a teenager and started to get an eye for the finer things in life that my son ever had a problem with his childhood home. It might have bothered me then, but I don't give a flying fuck anymore.

The driver's side door of the Soul opens, and Brody climbs out, looking like a weaker version of me from twenty years ago. He gives the house a sneer but wipes it off his face quickly enough when he looks over at me and raises a hand. "Hey, Pops. Long time no see."

Still wiping my hands, I start to saunter down the drive to him. Then the passenger door opens, and an angel climbs out, stopping me dead in my tracks.

Fuck me.

She's gorgeous. Long brown hair falls in soft waves over her shoulders, catching the sun, and she's wearing a white t-shirt and tight black jeans that mold perfectly to her generous curves. She's a little bit hippy and all legs, and damn...

I think I just stopped breathing. She hasn't seen me yet, stretching her arms over her head so her tits strain against her shirt. Holy shit, this is who Brody brought with him? This fucking goddess? Surely this can't be his girl. There's no way in hell because as soon as I see her, I know something without a shadow of a doubt.

She's mine. All mine, even if she doesn't know it yet.

I want her. Damn, do I want her. Her heart-shaped face turns up to meet my eyes, and hers are a bright cornflower blue. A soft pink blush colors her cheeks and her lips part. Her lips are lush, pouty, and full, and I think about her wrapped around me, her mouth full of my cock and that blush coloring her skin.

What the hell is wrong with me? I've never had such a visceral reaction to a woman before. Not ever.

Brody comes up behind her, and I force myself to look away, focusing instead on the annoyance that is my son. He's looking at me but not meeting my gaze, and he's got his hand on the small of the woman's back like he's staking a claim. "Pops, this is Delia," he says.

She holds out a hand, stepping closer. "It's so good to finally meet you, Mr. Dixon."

Her voice is melodic and sweet. I stare down at her, still feeling slightly stunned. As soon as I touch her soft skin, it's like an electric jolt runs through me. I look down at Delia, watching her eyes go wide and her pupils dilate. All of my blood is rushing to my cock, and I'm struggling to keep my brain running.

Looking into her eyes tells me something else too. It tells me that she's just as bothered by me as I am her. It's there in the way that she shifts from foot to foot and in the way her tongue darts out to wet her lips, like a sinful little invitation.

Oh, it's going to be a difficult few fucking days, that's for sure. I'm forty, too young to have a heart attack, and yet I'm still worried it's coming on.

"Call me Dean," I say, clearing my throat. "Nice to meet you." I drop her hand, and the loss of her touch is almost painful.

“You guys are staying for Thanksgiving, huh?”

“Yes,” Delia says, nodding her head. Her brown hair swishes and her lips tip up. “Thanks so much for having me. It’s been a really long time since I’ve had an actual Thanksgiving dinner, and I’m really excited.”

I raise an eyebrow. “I’m sure it will be fun, but I’ve got to be honest...I’m ordering catering. Cooking an entire Thanksgiving dinner might be beyond me.”

She giggles, her laugh like the sweet ringing of bells. “Oh, I’m sure you could pull it off if you really wanted. But don’t worry...didn’t Brody tell you? I’m a professional cook!”

I shake my head once to banish the image of her cooking for me in nothing but an apron. “Oh yeah? So if I buy the stuff, you’re going to keep me well-fed, huh?”

There’s a flush high on her cheeks like she isn’t sure if there’s something more sexual behind my words. Honestly, I’m not even sure if I mean for it to sound dirty, but I’m definitely thinking about all the other things she could serve me to eat that I’m hungry for. Namely, what’s between her legs...

“I can try,” Delia breathes, biting her bottom lip. “Do you have a big appetite, Mr. Dixon?”

I open my mouth to answer her with the words, *I can show you just how big my appetite is*, when my son huffs, and I’m snapped out of the haze that this girl has put me in.

Brody rolls his eyes. “Come on, Delia, enough chit-chat. Let’s go inside. Pops, did you make up the spare room for us?”

My gaze shoots daggers at him for interrupting me, and I see a brief flash of fear in his eyes. I should be ashamed of how easily he scares, but right now, it’s working to my advantage, so I don’t feel too bad that my own son is a little bitch.

“The spare room is ready,” I bite out. “But the bed is only a full size, as you know.”

“Cool.” He looks down at Delia, who looks suddenly unhappy. “We don’t mind being close. Do we, Dels?”

She wrinkles her nose. “I already told you I’m not comfortable—”

Brody scoffs. “Come on. Look at this place, Delia. Do you really think Dad has more room? Look at this cracker box.”

Anger flares. “You’re more than welcome to get a hotel, you little shit. But I was under the impression you couldn’t afford it.”

Brody’s face goes red, but he doesn’t say anything. I look back at Delia, softening my tone with some effort. “You can take the guest room if you want, Delia. Brody can sleep on the couch.”

She looks relieved. “Oh, that’s okay. I can sleep on the couch, and he can take the guest room.”

“My son is more of a gentleman than that,” I tell her, and I can see Brody clenching his jaw out of the corner of my eye. I’ve backed him into a corner, and I know he doesn’t like it. I don’t give a fuck.

“Of course,” he says between his teeth. “Let’s go in.”

Laughing to myself, I let Brody lead Delia around me and toward the house, hooking my thumbs into my pockets and following them. Watching Delia’s hips sway and the round globes of her ass is a nice distraction, but I’ve got some thinking to do. Brody might be my son, but his hand on her shoulder is unacceptable. Once I make a decision, I don’t back down, and I’ve decided that Delia is going to belong to me.

It’s going to be one hell of an interesting holiday.

I don't want to go into the house. Like, at all.

Because I know that inside this house is going to be more of Dean Dixon. His scent, the things he touches every day, his *bed*....oh, no. I don't want to go inside at all.

Actually, that's a lie. I want to go inside too much. I know I shouldn't, but I really, really do.

How in the hell did I manage to go from planning on breaking up with Brody to feeling weak in the knees at seeing his father? Talk about a silver fox. Or a wolf might be more accurate. Dean Dixon looks like a predator that might eat me alive, and I just know I'd enjoy every minute of it.

Meanwhile, his frustrating-as-hell son keeps trying to touch my arm and my lower back as if we didn't fight most of the drive over. If I hadn't already promised that I'd spend the weekend with him, then I would have definitely bailed, but Brody had basically begged.

The thing is, I told him before we left Providence that I didn't think this relationship was working out, but he insisted that we hold it together for the holiday just so he didn't have to spend the entire time stuck in the house with his dad who he just didn't see eye to eye with.

I wanted to say no, but Brody had pulled my ass out of the fire last month when my bakery's oven had stopped working and there was no one to come out and look at it on a Sunday night. I was the only one scheduled, and my boss wasn't answering. I knew if he came in the next day and there were no pastries to

sell, I'd be so fired. He greased the palms of some repairman who reluctantly came out to fix the oven, which was great.

Brody whining that I wouldn't sleep with him afterward, though, was not so great. I had promised him a favor at any time as long as it didn't have to do with my body or his, and this Thanksgiving trip is what he chose—even knowing that we've basically broken up.

That's why the touchy-feely nonsense is bothering me as much as it is. But even that takes a backseat to how Dean is making me feel. Because...wow. Just wow.

I stepped out of Brody's car, sore and desperate to pee since the asshole refused to stop the whole way here, and stretched while I enjoyed finally getting out of the vehicle. Then I opened my eyes and looked forward, and found myself looking at the Rhode Island equivalent of Thor.

My heart had started beating so fast that it was almost scary, my mouth going dry...nipples going hard...hell, even my pussy started to tingle when his eyes met mine. It's like every part of me that had been sleeping was suddenly awake, and lust roared through me like a storm.

Dean Dixon is no less than 6'3, skin bronzed from working outside, and his dark hair and beard flecked through with silver, especially at his temples. He's so packed with muscle that it looks like his shirt is straining to control his broad chest and thick arms.

With a wide mouth, thick brows, a large nose, and stormy gray eyes, his face drew me in more than his body, which is saying a lot. Because he definitely has the hottest body I've ever seen. When he came forward to shake my hand, I could smell the motor oil from the motorcycle he had been working on when we arrived, but underneath that, he smelled like an evergreen forest—sharp, fresh, and warm. I wanted to bury my nose in his neck so much that I had to take a deep breath to stop myself.

God, the effect this man is having on me is so wildly inappropriate that I don't know what in the world I'm supposed to do. He makes all of my feminist ideas go flying

out the window, and I can see myself barefoot and pregnant in his kitchen, cooking him an extravagant meal after being fucked senseless. He'd come up behind me and rub my shoulders, kissing the side of my neck and telling me exactly what he wanted for dessert....

Christ on a cracker. Get it together, Delia!

I shake my head to disperse all the thoughts I definitely shouldn't be having and force myself back into the present. I don't want to go into the house because of how much Dean is affecting me, but what choice do I have? This insta-crush I've developed on my boyfriend's dad isn't going to get me out of having to spend this holiday here. The sooner I get over it, the better.

But when Brody passes by me in the doorway and I'm left with Dean close enough that our shoulders could touch, I'm absolutely positive that I'm not going to get over it. He looks down at me like I'm the most beautiful thing he's ever seen—like I'm an oasis and he's dying of thirst. No one has ever looked at me like this, and I have never wanted to touch another human being so badly.

“Are you two coming?” Brody yells from further into the house. “Stop messing around, Delia. You don't need to put on this polite princess act for my dad.”

“I am polite,” I blurt out to Dean, flustered and embarrassed by Brody. “I'm not a princess, though. But definitely polite.”

Dean's smile is slow and luxuriant. “Oh, I don't know. I think you could be a princess if you really wanted to.”

Oh my God. Why does that make me so hot? I swallow hard, a nervous giggle popping out of my mouth. This stoic man teasing me makes me want more, but before I can tease right back, Brody pops his head around the corner, and I can basically feel Dean shut down again.

I wonder what that is all about.

“Delia, seriously. Come on,” Brody says.

I sigh and walk past Dean, but his hand brushes the small of my back and it sends a wave of heat through me. I look up at

him, and he gives me a small, private smile. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to use your bathroom,” I say, needing an excuse to get away from both of them and collect myself.

“Down the hall, first door on the left. There’s an attached bath, and there’s plenty of hot water if you want a shower.”

“Thanks.”

“I’ll take a shower too. I stink,” Brody announces, leering at me. I’m ready to tell him absolutely not because we haven’t even done more than kiss. What the hell is he thinking? But before I can say a single thing, Dean takes over.

“No, you stay here and help me bring your stuff in.”

My stomach twists, and I don’t know if Dean is really doing what I think he is. Is he trying to keep me and Brody apart? I appreciate it, but it’s not like Dean can possibly know we’re on the verge of breakup anyway. Does my boyfriend’s dad really think something might happen between me and him?

Because...yeah. I want it to, but I also know how wrong it really is.

“What do you mean? She’s my girlfriend,” Brody insists.

“I’m sure she’d prefer a little bit of privacy.” Dean’s eyes cut to me. “That and you didn’t even ask her if she wanted company.”

He’s not wrong. “Uh...no. Thank you. A shower alone would be great.”

Brody crosses his arms over his chest and stares at Dean, looking petulant and ridiculous. He looks like a child. “Fine. Whatever.”

“Thank you,” I whisper, and Dean nods. I’m still reeling from the exchange when I close the bathroom door behind me.

Holy shit. What in the world is going on?

After taking the longest shower of my life and washing away all the grime from the road, I dry off and stare at myself in the foggy mirror. “Don’t get too excited,” I tell my reflection.

“He’s probably just being protective. Don’t read into it, Delia. You’re here for Brody and to enjoy a good meal. That’s all.”

Saying the words out loud doesn’t stop my heart from beating double-time.

Once I’m dressed, I walk back into the living room, but Brody and Dean are nowhere to be found. My purse and the bag I packed are sitting on the floor in front of the couch, and I pick it up, looking around. “Hello?”

No answer.

I take the time to look around the house and what I see makes me smile. I had been in such a rush to get away from all the testosterone before that I basically had blinders on, but despite all of Brody’s complaining about his childhood home, this place is nice. Charming.

There are signs that it was first decorated sometime in the eighties—simple things like the pale polished wooden cabinets and a black and white tile kitchen floor—but everything else is simple and modern.

Dean must not be a decorator, but what he does have is well-placed and classic. There are framed newspaper articles and a few awards that Dean must have won on his way from police officer to police chief hanging on the wall. The furniture looks expensive and handcrafted, with a huge plush gray couch that seems like an odd choice for a bachelor. Underneath the flat screen hanging on the wall, there is what I first think is a bookshelf but, on closer inspection, is a collection of vinyl records. So Dean Dixon does have a personality. Interesting.

I turn the corner and walk down the hall, and the first room has an open door and is definitely Brody’s. It’s a small bedroom with a single bed and posters from bands and movies from his younger years still hanging on the wall. It’s the only room with a door that’s still open, so the next door must be the master.

I bite my lip, thinking about what Dean’s room might look like, and decide to indulge. I reach for the handle, but it swings

inward, and I'm standing there with my hand still on the knob, my eyes going wide.

"Sorry, sweetheart. Didn't mean to scare you," Dean says, a towel wrapped around his waist and another over his shoulders. He's drying his hair with it, and droplets of water bead cling to his broad chest.

My cheeks heat, and my pulse pounds in my throat. I'm frozen, not able to move or form words. Dean smiles and it's so damn sexy that it's all I can do not to throw myself at him. He looks like the kind of guy who would catch me, and that's not a good thing. With a deep breath, I force myself to step back, putting my hand to my chest and shaking my head. "Oh, no. Sorry. I just...uh..."

"Just looking for me, huh?" Dean teases. Even from the door, he smells fresh like clean man and soap, and it's all I can do not to breathe him in.

"Yeah," I manage, even though I'm pretty sure there's a lump the size of Texas in my throat.

Dean laughs and turns back to look at me. "Well, now you've found me. You need something, princess?"

His words send a bolt of lightning straight to my core, and my mouth opens, but no sound comes out for a full thirty seconds. "Uh... I forgot, actually."

"I'm sure it will come to you. Meanwhile, I didn't know if you were hungry or not. But if you want to stay for dinner, then you can help me pick up some Chinese."

I nod. "I'd like that." I avert my eyes finally, even though it's much too late to hide my obvious interest. "Have you...um... seen Brody?"

Dean's expression shuts down once more. "He's out on the front porch having a beer."

I'm not surprised. It figures that the first thing he would do when we got here was find a way to get drunk.

Observing Dean and how his posture changes, a lightbulb goes off in my head. Brody has described his dad as a jerk for as

long as I've known him, but to me, Dean has been anything but...except when I bring up his son.

So maybe the problem isn't Dean after all. Maybe the problem is Brody.

But I'm not here to psychoanalyze father and son, so instead, I just give Dean a tight-lipped smile. "Oh, okay. Cool. So when should we head out to pick up the food?"

"How about you go sit with him and let him know we'll be leaving soon, and I'll throw some clothes on."

Or don't. "Sounds good," I say despite my filthy thoughts. "Um...see you soon."

Dean smiles, and the softness returns. "See you soon, sweetheart."

Sweetheart. Oh god, that's not fair. I can't let that go to my head because the whole situation is just all sorts of wrong. I turn away and make my way back to the living room, grabbing a water bottle from my purse and heading out onto the porch.

The evening sun is painting the neighborhood in gold, and there are the sounds of families echoing along the streets. This is such a quaint little place that I can't believe it's the same town that Brody complained about so much. I love it here. It feels quiet—peaceful even—after the hustle and bustle of the city.

The charm wears off for me when I turn to see the man I'm searching for. Brody is leaning against the railing of the porch, smoking a cigarette.

I hate the smell of smoke, and he knows it. "Really? Where did you even get those?"

"Brought 'em." He shrugs. "Relax. You're not the boss of me."

I bristle. "Never said I was."

I don't want to do this, not here and not now. Not when Dean is around the corner, and not when I'm still not sure why Dean and Brody are so at odds. But the fact that he's already being

an ass makes it all too easy to argue. I do my best to hold my tongue.

“Listen, I don’t want to argue right now. Your dad sent me out here to get your food order. We’re getting Chinese. What do you want?”

Brody drops some of the arrogant act and tries a cajoling one instead, which means he wants something from me. “Well actually, one of my buddies from back in the day texted me and wanted to meet up at the bar. Since you’re pissed at me anyway, I’m assuming you don’t care if I go?”

There’s a moment of excitement thinking about being alone with Dean, but it’s quickly followed by worry that I’m going to get into trouble if Brody isn’t around to remind me of just why Dean is not someone I can get involved with.

“Uh, I mean...”

Brody sighs. “Come on, Delia. Let’s not start this shit again. You think we should split, so why do you even care if I go?”

“Because it’s rude as hell, for one.”

“Come off it, Dels. I won’t be gone long. Just go watch TV in the bedroom or something.”

He’s really okay with just leaving me behind? We haven’t even been here an hour yet! I’m so annoyed by how willing he is to blow me off that I don’t even care about the awkwardness anymore. I just want him out of my face.

“Fine. Go. See if I care.”

He grins, looking once more like the guy I actually thought I could see a future with. Now I know it’s just an act. “Thanks, Delia. I swear I won’t leave you here too long.”

In my mind, I know good and well it’s a lie. But I don’t want this argument to go on any further. “Yeah, okay. See you.”

Brody puts the cigarette out and tosses it down the steps before giving me a quick kiss. I turn my head quickly and take it on the cheek. “Thanks for understanding, babe. Bye.”

I’m still standing on the porch when he drives away.

I wonder if I can get Dean to drop me off at a hotel instead of staying here alone. Probably not. I look at the empty beer bottle and the half-smoked cigarette and shudder at how close I was to falling for Brody's charmer act a few weeks ago. Even if he is an asshole, though, at least he's an asshole I know.

But I've just allowed myself to be trapped with his hot-as-hell dad who looks at me with fire in his eyes. I might have made a big mistake.

I'm about to text Brody and demand the address of wherever he's going or tell him to come get me when the front door opens. Dean is standing there, a pair of faded jeans and a snug white t-shirt hugging him perfectly.

Damn.

"Everything alright?" he asks, looking at me and then at the place where the Soul had been parked.

"Yep. All good. Should we go?"

He doesn't look like he believes me. "Where's Brody, Delia?"

There's no reason to lie. I hate the idea that my words might drive a wedge between the two men, but I'm just telling the truth. Brody made his own decisions, not me. "He went out drinking with some friends I guess."

Dean scoffs, unamused. "Fucking figures. I can still take you to get food if you want."

I nod, giving him a bright smile, hoping to combat some of the dreariness surrounding him. "Absolutely. I'm starving, especially if I get to pick out some of the stuff and you agree to try it."

He gives me a slow smile, and his eyes seem to darken. "Alright then, princess. Let's go."

His words shiver down my spine, and I try to do the responsible thing. "Don't call me that."

He raises one eyebrow. "Why not?"

"Because it's weird," I say, stepping back to let him pass.

Instead of walking inside, Dean moves closer to me and cups my face in his hand. The first touch of his skin to mine feels like a static shock, and I know it's the same for him when he sucks in a breath. "You don't think it suits you?"

I never did before, but when Dean calls me princess...I melt and burst into flames all at the same time. "I think I'm a 21-year-old woman. An adult. "

"I can tell." His voice has gone husky, and his gaze has dipped lower. "An adult woman that I'd like to treat like a princess."

I should pull away, especially when his thumb slides over my cheekbone, but I just can't. "You can't say things like that."

"Why not?"

My body sways towards him. "I can't think straight when you say things like that."

He smiles, his thumb brushing the line of my jaw. "Good. I'd like you to feel off-balance because you do the same to me."

Oh god, please don't say things like that. My knees are already weak, and if I keep going like this, I'm not going to be able to walk.

"I'm not a princess," I whisper, and I can barely get the words out.

"I'll be the judge of that," Dean says.

Then he drops his hand and steps around me, leaving me a shivering mess on his porch.

Once I get my shoes on and join Dean in the garage, all of the teasing he'd been showing me is gone and he's back to the grouchiness Brody insisted is his full-time personality. I know better, though. All this princess stuff and the way he touches me tell me there's a different sort of man beneath that hard crust.

For now, though, he looks annoyed.

"What's wrong?" I ask. "I thought we were getting takeout?"

"I just got off the phone with Brody," he says, still not looking at me, arms crossed. "You didn't tell me he went out partying. I thought he just went to get beer or something."

"What's the issue?" Frankly, now that I've had some time to think about it, I'm not at all mad that Brody left. He was getting on my nerves anyway.

"The issue is my son left his girlfriend alone to go be an ass with all of his school buddies. I'm fucking pissed he thinks it's okay."

"He's an adult."

"He's an irresponsible little shit, that's what he is. I didn't raise him to be an asshole."

"He's a grown man, so any dumb decisions are his own."

Dean shoots me a dark look. "I can tell him how I feel about his choices."

I laugh. “Good luck with that. He’s never listened to anyone a single day in his life as far as I can tell.”

Dean frowns, and his jaw tenses. “So he’s always treated women like shit? I’m not surprised.”

“That’s not what I said.”

“No, but it’s what you meant.”

Again, he’s not wrong.

“Look, let’s not talk about this, okay? I’m not interested in discussing my boyfriend’s bad qualities.”

“Your ex,” Dean corrects. “He’s not your boyfriend anymore, is he?”

My mouth drops open. “Excuse me?”

“It’s obvious that you two are breaking up, princess. It’s written all over your face. What the hell did he do to piss you off and why are you still dating him?”

“You know, I think this conversation is done.” I clap my hands together as if that is enough to end the subject. If Brody finds out that Dean already knows he and I are on the verge of splitting, then he’s going to be pissed. I’m supposed to be his girlfriend for the holiday. His dad shouldn’t find out the truth on the first day. “Which one are we taking?”

Dean looks thrown off, which makes me grin. He looks at the black undercover cruiser, a Charger, and then his motorcycle. “We’re obviously taking the cruiser.”

I put on a little fake pout. “Oh. I’ve never been on a motorcycle before. I thought it might be fun.”

Dean’s lips quirk, and he tilts his head. “Are you telling me you want to ride the bike with me, princess?”

“Maybe.”

Dean looks me over like he’s never seen a woman before. Finally, he gives me one short laugh, takes the helmet hooked to the bike, and hands it to me.

I'm stunned. I didn't think he'd go through with it. "Wait, are you serious?"

Dean grabs his own helmet, hefting it from hand to hand as he waits on me. "Absolutely."

I bite my lip. "I'm not sure about this."

"Oh, no. No backing out now, princess. You wanted to."

"I know, but..."

"But what?"

"This is a bad idea. This is a very, very bad idea. Like, it's a terrible idea."

"You think so?" He crosses his arms, placing the helmet on the motorcycle seat. "Then why did you ask?"

I look at the helmet, then at the motorcycle. There are so many reasons this is a bad idea. So many. But I want it. Oh, how I want it.

"I guess I was just curious." Why in the world am I backing out now? Where is my sense of adventure? "I mean...really, really want to but..."

That's all he needs to hear, shoving his own helmet on his head. "Good. Put the helmet on."

He swings a leg over the bike and gets situated, looking back at me. "Get on behind me, Delia."

I gulp, my stomach swooping. I shouldn't.

"Come on, princess. Get on the bike. The sooner you're holding on to me, the better."

Shit, his words are just so dirty and delicious. How the hell is this happening to me?

"Okay." I breathe. "Okay."

"Hop on, sweetheart."

I do.

"Wrap your arms around my waist," Dean orders, and I do, the muscles of his stomach tensing.

“I was serious when I said I’d never been on a motorcycle before,” I admit. “Is it safe?”

“With me, it is.”

I’m not sure what to make of that. I’m not sure what to make of any of this! But I believe him. For some reason, I believe the safest place for me is by his side.

“Hold on, princess. Here we go.”

He starts the bike and it rumbles to life, making my whole body vibrate. “Holy shit!”

Dean laughs. “Alright, princess. Time to go. Just relax and let me handle it.”

The ride is so much more intense than I could have imagined. The wind in my face, the roar of the bike, and the feeling of holding onto Dean, of my body pressed against his. It’s the best thing I’ve ever experienced. It’s colder than I expected, and my hoodie doesn’t quite kill the chill as much as I’d like, but Dean radiates heat like a furnace and I’m free to press up against him all I want. I mean, I shouldn’t, but I do.

When he stops at stop lights and signs, he always lays his hand over mine, checking on me to make sure I’m still okay. By the time we reach the restaurant, I’m absolutely positive this is not a man who’s just going to let his son’s girlfriend go. And even though it’s so damn wrong, I don’t think I want him to.

You just met this guy, Delia Watson! My conscience screams. Stop fantasizing.

Tuning out my inner voice, I tug the helmet off. “You were right,” I say, grinning from ear to ear when the engine cuts. “That was incredible. Can we do it again soon?”

“Any time you want.” Dean turns back and grins, his face still pink from the cold air. “I knew you’d like it.”

I didn’t have much time to look at the little town on the way in, and clinging to Dean’s back had me way too distracted. So I look around now and almost squeal. It’s all so cute! Buildings in all sorts of pastels, and trees with leaves in the

orange and reds of fall. I can already smell the food cooking in the Chinese restaurant, and it makes my stomach rumble.

Immediately, I start to wonder what spices they're using and the methods with which they cook, and I have to snap myself out of it. This is not the time to be thinking about work. Not with Dean waiting for me, his thumbs hooked into his pockets.

"I can't believe you let me go on the back of your motorcycle, Mr. Dixon," I tease, my tone flirtatious. I'm still so amped up from the adrenaline of the ride that I can't help but tease him. Dean doesn't seem like one to smile easily, but I get a smirk out of him. Just a little one.

"I'll let you do whatever you want, princess," he promises, his voice a low rumble that sends a bolt of lust straight to my core.

I giggle. "I'm glad. I'm hungry, though, and if you're paying, I'm gonna get a ton of food."

"I'd expect nothing less. What do you want? I'll order while you decide."

I look over the menu mounted above us, tapping my finger on my lips. "Ask the cashier what she suggests. I want all of the best things. Mention a secret menu. All restaurants have them."

Dean gives me an odd look, and I just grin. "You've never worked in food service, have you, Dean?"

"Nope. Lifer in law enforcement here."

I nod sagely, still messing with him. "That explains it."

He shakes his head. "You're something else."

Dean orders, and within 20 minutes, we have the food loaded onto the back of the motorcycle and are headed back to Dean's place. I check my phone a few times, and Brody hasn't texted me a single time. So much for being right back.

But once I've got my arms wrapped around Dean again, my head nestled between his shoulder blades as he drives us home, Brody is the last thing on my mind. In fact, the only thing occupying my brain is Dean. His evergreen scent, the

warmth of him, and the memory that is burnt into my thoughts forever—him shirtless in only a towel, calling me sweetheart.

Oh, I'm in so much trouble.

"How'd we do, princess?" Dean asks, cutting the engine once we pull into the garage once more.

I unstrap the bag from the back and heft it, feeling the weight. "Well, it looks like we got about twenty pounds of food, so that should do."

He doesn't quite laugh, but his mouth twitches. "Something like that."

Dean leads me back into the house, and I put the heavy bag on the counter. His kitchen is immaculate, and while the appliances are sparse, there's a plethora of counter space for cooking. Before I leave back for Providence, I'm going to make this man the best meal he's ever had. But for now, Chinese takeout it is.

"I can't believe you didn't even ask what they chose for you," Dean comments, getting out forks for us. "You just took their word for it."

"Who better to pick my food out than the people who work there? Plus, I like a little adventure. Some surprises in life. Don't you?"

He shakes his head once. "No. When you're in my line of work, surprises are the last thing you want to encounter. Sorry if that makes me less interesting."

"Oh, come on." I bump his shoulder playfully. "I think it's sweet you're a bit of a control freak."

I hear him rattling the plates as he pulls them out of the cabinet behind me. "Sweet, huh?"

I turn around and lean against the counter. "Uh-huh."

"You've got me all wrong. Sweetness is not one of my personality traits. But you..." Dean sets the plates on the table, then puts a hand on the small of my back and leans down until our noses almost touch. "You, I think, are sweet as hell."

Something about his tone sounds off to me, but maybe I'm trying desperately to focus on anything besides how close he is. "Why do you sound like that's a bad thing?"

"Because this sweet girl isn't mine." His voice is low and gravelly, and a bolt of heat goes right between my legs.

Swallowing hard, I once again fail to pull away when I know I should. "I mean...I'm not anyone's, really. Brody and I...like you noticed...aren't really a thing anymore. So I'm...sort of available?"

His fingers dig into my back. "Are you fucking with me, princess? Because if you're playing a game with me, then I'll play back."

I shiver. "I'm not playing anything. You know and I know that Brody and I are over. There's no need for either of us to pretend otherwise."

"Then why did he tell me he was bringing his *girlfriend* to Thanksgiving?"

I shrug, trying to ignore the butterflies in my belly. "It's complicated."

He grunts, backing away from me and gathering the plates once more. I want to ask him to come back, to be close again, but I keep my mouth shut. How many times are we going to skirt the edges of what's appropriate like this?

"I think it's a lot less complicated than you're letting on, princess, but I'm not going to argue. Let's go eat in the living room."

He gestures with his head, and I follow, sitting down on the couch as Dean turns on the TV. I get all of the food out of the brown paper bag, arranging it on the coffee table while he scrolls through the options for entertainment. We settle on a new release on one of the streaming services, something sort of scary, and finally get down to eating.

I check my phone again. Still no Brody. Oh well. I'm starving.

Dean watches me carefully as I load my plate. I pile it high, and he raises an eyebrow but doesn't comment. I can feel him

staring at me, but I refuse to be embarrassed. After a moment, he does the same, and I relax, sitting the plate in my lap while I eat about a foot away from Dean.

He's got great taste, and the Chinese food is phenomenal. I tell him so, and he barely smiles again. Ugh. What does it take to get some humor from this guy?

"Thanks, princess. I'll tell the chef."

I'm a little disappointed, honestly. He'd been flirty and fun and sexy. Now he's right back to his normal self. The grouchy, grumpy, uncommunicative version. I don't know what to do with that. I'm not even sure why he keeps doing it.

The movie is just starting when Dean gets a text. He scowls, and that expression is all I need to see to know who is messaging him. "Is that Brody?"

"It's Brody. He's at the bar," Dean says, reading the text. "He's asking for a ride."

"A ride? He can't drive himself?"

"No. He's drunk. And apparently, his buddies are too. They're all wasted."

I roll my eyes. "Sounds like Brody. Are you gonna go get him?"

"Fuck no. I told him to figure it out himself." His tone is mocking. "He's a big boy after all."

I nibble at my bottom lip, cleaning up the food to burn off some of the nervousness I'm feeling. I don't blame Dean, but on the other hand, should I be more worried for Brody? Because I'm not. This night has been so cozy that I don't want it to end.

"I mean, if you think it's the right move..."

"It is. He knows plenty of idiots around here. He'll be fine, and this can be his punishment for leaving you all alone."

"Punishment?" I laugh. "I can handle being alone, Dean."

"Sure, but it's still a dick move for him. You're his guest, and he's out fucking around instead of taking care of you. So it

falls to me.”

I pause in stacking plates, turning to face him. “So are you saying you’re only spending this time with me out of obligation?”

His jaw tightens. “No.”

“Because that would make a lot more sense than you wanting to spend time with me just because you want to.”

Dean sighs. “Sit down, Delia.”

Oh, no more princess? It’s not a nickname he should be using for his son’s ex-girlfriend, but I’ve started to like it. A lot. I do as he says and settle back onto the couch cushion, still a foot from Dean, but all of a sudden, it doesn’t seem far enough.

“I can’t pretend I don’t want you,” he grits out. “But I’m trying to be respectful of how fucked this situation is.”

Flustered, I blurt out, “If it helps, the feeling is mutual.”

Dean goes silent.

I shake my head., thoughts all over the place. I gather all the dishes, my face burning, and start to put things into the sink. Did I really just admit to wanting him back? Dammit! I need some space. I need to get away from him before I do something I’ll regret. But then, I look back into the living room and the hot-as-fuck man sitting there all alone, his shoulders stiff. It makes my heart ache. He’s been alone for a long time, I think.

I’m not going to turn my back on him.

Liar. You know you want him too. You just need an excuse.

“I think we need some ice cream,” I announce, rummaging through the freezer for something to take the heat down between us.

Dean grunts. “Alright.”

Wow, he really is shut down all of a sudden. “Do you want some?”

Another one-word answer. “Yes.”

After scooping out the sweet treat, I go back to the couch and sit next to him, closer than I was before. I hand him his bowl, the spoon clinking against the side of it. “Here you go, now let’s watch the movie.”

Dean doesn’t restart the show, though. “Princess.”

“Yeah?” Since when do I answer so easily to the pet name?

“We need to talk about this.” He waves at the space between the two of us, and I know all too well what he’s referencing.

“I know.” I sigh. “I’m not sure there’s a whole lot to talk about, though.”

“There’s a whole lot to talk about. You’re young and beautiful, and you’re my son’s ex. But I can’t make myself care about any of that when you’re here. “

I pause with my spoon halfway to my face. “We’ve already established he and I are basically done. Now focus. Let’s watch the movie.”

Dean groans. “You’re stubborn as hell, princess.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

The look he gives me is pure fire, but Dean doesn’t say a thing. He takes the remote and starts the movie, and even though I feel like I’m going to combust, I force myself to relax and watch.

After a few minutes, the adrenaline starts to fade, and I find myself yawning. I set my empty bowl on the table and snuggle into the corner of the couch, resting my feet on the cushions. I can’t help the second yawn that comes, and then the third, and the fourth.

“Tired, princess?”

“Mmmhmm. The movie is so good. It’s scary but not too scary. Just right.”

He chuckles. “That’s not why you’re tired. Do you want to go to bed?”

“No,” I mumble. “I’m watching the movie.”

Dean stands and walks away, and my heart drops. Is he done with me? I shouldn't be so clingy, and I know that, but I like being around him. I feel safe and comfortable.

I can hear him moving around the house, and the lights flip off, leaving only the light of the television.

"Here," he says and drapes a blanket over me. "Lie down and get some sleep."

It's such a sweet gesture from a man who insists he isn't sweet that it leaves me reeling. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere, sweetheart. Just to the chair."

"Stay," I say, and it sounds more desperate than I meant it to. But he does, sitting back down on the sofa.

"Come here, then," he orders, and the command sends a shiver through me.

I do, lying down with my head on his thigh, and Dean runs his fingers through my hair.

"Go to sleep," he whispers.

"Okay."

"Goodnight, Delia."

"G'night."

My eyes flutter closed, and even though I'm exhausted, it takes a while for me to drift off. Because I can't help thinking, even as I fall asleep, how much better this is than my bed at home. How much better Dean is than Brody.

I WAKE up sometime in the middle of the night, my body cold. I don't know where I am at first, and panic seizes me. I sit up, and my arm flops to the floor, waking up my brain.

"Shh, princess," Dean murmurs. "You're okay."

"I fell asleep," I mumble, and his fingers stroke the back of my neck.

“I’m aware.”

I turn and see him sitting on the floor, leaning against the couch. “What are you doing?”

“Making sure you were comfortable. Don’t worry about me.”

Consciousness bleeds in slowly, and now I’m all too aware of how close his face is to mine like this. So close I could bump my nose against his if I wanted. I wonder what he’d do.

“I’m not worried,” I say.

“You’re awake now, right? We should get to bed.” He tucks a lock of hair behind my ear. “There are still a few hours before dawn.”

He’s not wrong, but I don’t want to let go of this moment. Whatever is between us, it feels so fragile, and I don’t want to shatter it.

“I don’t want to go.”

“Neither do I.”

Dean’s voice is low and rumbling, and it does things to my body that make my nipples pebble under my shirt. “Dean...”

He groans, then moves until our noses touch. “You’re going to have to stop saying my name or you’re going to drive me insane.”

“Maybe,” I whisper. “But it feels so good, doesn’t it?”

Dean growls, his hand sliding under my chin and holding my head in place as he leans closer. “Be very, very sure this is the path you want to walk down, princess.”

“I’m sure.”

He kisses me, and the world turns inside out.

His tongue slides across the seam of my lips, and I open for him, letting him devour me. Our tongues meet, and Dean’s fingers tighten on my chin, tilting my head to the angle he wants it at.

He’s demanding and aggressive. Every time his teeth graze my lip or his tongue tangles with mine, a little whimper escapes

me. It's so fucking good.

"Fuck," he groans, pulling back. "Fuck."

"Why did you stop?" I ask, breathless.

"Because I'm not a saint. Because I want to carry you into my bedroom and bury myself inside you, and that is not a good idea. Not tonight."

"It sounds like a good idea to me," I say the words before I can stop myself, and I'm shocked at my own audacity. *Holy shit, Delia! You're still a virgin, remember?*

Dean shakes his head, leaning his forehead against mine. "I want to, believe me. I want to, but you're not ready."

"Dean..." I whine.

He silences me with another kiss, only breaking it when I'm well and truly breathless.

"Just sleep." Dean pushes me back down and drapes the blanket over me. I watch, a little dazed, as he goes upstairs and then comes back down. I hadn't noticed the pillow or blankets before.

"I'm going to be on the floor. I'm not leaving you."

"You can't stay on the floor all night," I protest.

"Watch me."

The finality in his voice leaves no room for argument. Dean lies down and pulls the blanket over him, and the two of us lie there in silence for a long moment.

"Are you sure you're going to be okay down there?"

"Delia, if you don't shut the fuck up and go to sleep, I'm going to do something to keep your mouth occupied."

Heat flushes through me at his words, and I bite my bottom lip to keep myself from making a sound.

"Goodnight, princess."

I turn and face the couch, squeezing my eyes shut.
"Goodnight, Dean."

Despite my exhaustion, it's a long time before I'm able to sleep.

Delia's scent clings to the blanket. It surrounds me, and no matter how hard I try, I can't sleep. I should go back to my own room, but the idea of leaving her makes something inside of me sit up and roar. Delia makes me possessive as fuck...makes me want to have my eyes on her at all times.

My eyes, my hands, my mouth....fuck. I want to be all over her. I want to own her in every way a man can own a woman, and that possessive part of me is sure that I will. It's just a matter of time.

She's too sweet for her own good.

I can't help replaying last night over and over again. The way her body moved with mine when I kissed her. The taste of her skin. She's fucking addictive, and if I don't get a grip on myself, I'll ruin everything.

I've got to play this carefully. She's too young and innocent, and the last thing I want is to be an asshole about this. But dammit, she makes it hard. She makes *everything* hard, my cock included.

The light in the kitchen flicks on, and I push myself up to a sitting position. "Delia?"

Her soft voice comes from the other room. "Hey, sorry, didn't mean to wake you."

Standing, I stretch, pacing through the house to join her in the kitchen. "It's alright, princess. What's up?"

“Can’t sleep,” she admits. “We’ve still got like an hour before dawn, but...”

“Don’t worry,” I assure her. “Me either.”

She leans against the counter, staring down at me, and I stare back, taking in every line of her face, her body. She’s wearing a pair of shorts that leave nothing to the imagination and a thin T-shirt that’s not covering nearly enough. I don’t even know when she changed or what time it is.

“So it’s morning?”

She suppresses a yawn. “Barely. I started coffee. I hope you don’t mind.”

“Of course not. Come sit with me.”

She hesitates, but then she does. We pass the dining room table and take our mugs back to the living room where blankets and pillows are still scattered. This time, Delia sits so close her legs press against mine, and the warmth of her calms me. I’m not sure how it’s possible that this girl could make me so damn possessive, so protective.

“Are you going to kiss me again?” she asks out of the blue, the steam from the coffee curling into the air between us.

“Probably,” I say honestly.

“Okay.” She bites her lip, and her cheeks turn red. The sight makes me fucking ravenous.

Suddenly, I have zero interest in coffee. I set the mug on the table and lean forward. “Do you want me to kiss you again, Delia?”

Her fingernails tap against her own mug. “Yes.”

“Are you sure? This is the kind of thing that changes everything, and I need you to understand that.” I put a finger under her chin, tilting it up so she’s forced to look into my eyes. “We kiss again and I’m going to start thinking you’re mine.”

“I know....” She looks around. “Brody never came back. He didn’t text me either.”

“Fuck him.” I can’t resist reaching out to tuck a strand of her chocolate hair behind her ear. “His loss.”

“I hate that I let him talk me into coming here. But...I’m glad I did.”

“Why?” I know the reason, but I want to hear it from those pretty pink lips.

“You,” she whispers, shifting on the cushion.

Fuck it.

I cup the back of her head and, in one smooth movement, crush her mouth to mine. She gasps, and I use the opportunity to slip my tongue inside, claiming her, dominating her. I tilt her head and deepen the kiss, and the little moan she makes sets my blood on fire.

“This,” I murmur against her lips, carefully taking her mug out of her hand and placing it next to mine. “This is what you wanted, right, princess?”

She nods, curls flying with how emphatic she is.

“Then give me a minute.” She watches with wide eyes as I move to the chair in the living room, sitting and then patting my lap. “Get over here, Delia.”

“Like...” She waves towards me. “On you?”

“On my lap. Now.”

Her lips are swollen from my kiss, and her pupils are dilated. Fuck, she’s sexy. Delia moves and settles across my thighs, her ass against my dick. She wiggles a little bit, and I groan. “You keep that up, and I’m going to have a hell of a time getting control.”

“Sorry,” she mumbles, trying to get comfortable. A little gasp escapes her when she feels how hard I am.

“Don’t be sorry. Just be sure.”

Delia meets my eyes. “I’m sure.”

My hand slides along her leg, gripping the inside of her thigh and giving it a squeeze. “I’m going to touch you now,

princess. Tell me what you want.”

She steadies herself with her hands on my shoulders, voice quivering. “I want you.”

“More specific, baby.”

“I...” Her face flushes, and she glances away. “I’m not sure, I guess? I’m...um...a virgin, so...”

I still. Oh, shit. Part of me is screaming in animalistic joy, but another part of me somehow already knew. Delia is mine, and she was always meant to be mine. Now I know when I have her, I will have all of her. But for now, I still want to take things slow. No matter how fucking hard my dick is.

“Look at me, princess.” Slowly, she meets my gaze. “If we do this, if you and I cross this line, it’s going to be different.”

“Different, how?”

“For starters, the fact that you’re a virgin. That means if I fuck you, Delia, you’re mine. All mine. Do you understand?”

“Mmmhmmm.” The poor girl is distracted, her pupils blown wide with clear arousal, and her nails digging into my shoulders.

I slide a hand over her mouth. “I didn’t hear an answer, princess. Use your words.”

Delia focuses enough to give me a real answer. “I’m yours.”

Satisfaction flashes inside of me. “Good girl.”

I move my hand, and this time, I don’t bother easing her into it. My mouth crushes against hers, and I swallow the moan she lets out.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Let me make you feel good.”

I reach down and pull her shorts off, tossing them to the side, and then yank her t-shirt over her head, leaving her naked on my lap. I’m unprepared for it—the creamy expanse of her skin, the pink tip of her full breasts, the generous curve of her hips, and her soft, puffy pussy. All for me.

“You are so fucking beautiful,” I tell her, cupping her tits and pinching and circling her nipples with my fingers until she quietly moans.

She licks her lips. “Should we move to the bedroom?”

“No. Fuck that.” I stroke a hand down her bare back, and she shivers. “This is my house. Now give me that sweet mouth again.”

She does, swaying into me, and the connection of our mouths is electric. Our tongues tangle, and she whimpers.

“Spread your legs, baby,” I tell her between kisses.

Delia wiggles on my lap, spreading a little. “Like this?”

“Wider. You’re doing so well, princess.”

I stroke her thighs, up and down, getting closer to her wet cunt each time, until she’s panting with need. “Dean, please.”

My pulse is thrumming in my ears. I want to hear the words from her mouth, want to hear her beg me for it. “Please what?”

“Touch me.”

“Where?” I tease, nipping at her neck and jaw, soothing the bites with my tongue as I go. She tilts her head back, hair falling behind her like a waterfall. I suck one nipple into my mouth, cupping her other breast in my hand. “Here?”

The noise she makes for me....God, it could kill a man. She drags her nails over my scalp as she responds, “Yes, there and...”

“Where, Delia?”

“You know where!” she huffs, frustrated.

I smirk. “I want you to say it, baby. Tell me where you want me to touch you.”

She swallows. “My pussy. I want you to touch my pussy.”

“Like this?” I stroke one finger through her folds, and she moans. “You’re soaking wet for me.”

“Yesss.” All the air comes out of her lungs in a rush.

I stroke her again and again until her hips are rocking, trying to get more. I love the way her breath hitches when I touch her clit. I circle her, and her head falls back, her hands gripping my shoulders.

“Good girl. You look so pretty like this. All spread out for me, wet and desperate.”

“Yes.” She gasps again.

Fuck, I can't believe I have her here, so ready and willing. Was it really just yesterday I first met her and felt that zing of our instant connection? It feels longer...it feels like Delia has always been here, has always been destined to be naked and writhing on my lap.

I dip lower, gathering her juices, and bring them back to her clit, slicking her up, rubbing her until her legs shake. With a growl, I grab her around the hips, standing and placing her ass in the chair before she can even figure out what's going on. I'm fucking feral for her, and if I can't fuck her right now, at least I can taste her.

I dive in, licking her entire pussy in one stroke of my tongue, her sweet taste driving me wild. I grab her knees and force her legs further apart. The look on her face is overwhelmed, almost frightened. This is her first everything...the first time she's had a tongue on her pussy. I'm going to fucking own her.

Her hands scramble to grab the arms of the chair. “Dean, oh god. Dean, what are you...”

“Shhh,” I growl, nipping at the inside of her thigh. “You're mine, Delia, and this...” I lick her pussy again. “This is mine. You think you can get away with making such a mess on my lap? Drenching my jeans with this pretty pussy and not having to clean it up?”

“Oh my god,” she whispers.

“I'm going to show you what it means to be mine. Do you understand?”

“Uh-huh.” Delia bites the words out, her body shaking with tension.

I swipe my tongue from her entrance to her clit, circling her bud and making her shudder. "Use your words."

"Y-yes, sir."

"Sir." I laugh. It's close, but it's not the name I want her to give me. "Not sir. Daddy."

Delia's gulp is audible. "Yes, Daddy."

"Now relax, baby. This is going to be fast because you're so fucking ready. Just lie back and let me take care of you."

She's still shaking, but she does as I ask, and I bury my face between her legs.

I lick and suck, fucking her with my tongue and using my fingers to stroke her clit. I find all the ways that make her hips buck and her whimpers turn to screams. And then, just when I know she's close, I suck her clit into my mouth, and Delia explodes.

Delia digs her hands into my hair and holds my face against her pussy as she comes, grinding into me with abandon. "Oh! Dean, oh god!"

Fuck, I could do this all day. Her taste is addicting. She's shaking and writhing, and her sweet pussy gets even wetter. I drink it all down, not letting up until she goes limp against the chair. I push her legs up, giving me the access I need, and lick her from her hole all the way up. She's still shuddering with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

"Dean, please..." I look up at her plea, taking in her flushed face and the shell-shocked, lust-addled look in her eyes. Nothing has ever been more beautiful.

"What do you need, baby?" I slowly let her legs down, peppering kisses up her body as I go, letting her come down easy.

"Nothing. Everything." Her small hands cup my face, surprising the hell out of me with how sweet the gesture is. "You."

"You've just sealed your fate, little Delia." My voice is dark with need. "Now I'm going to need one more. You're going to

come on my tongue one more time.”

She yelps when I dive back in, but the second I sink my tongue into her channel, we both hear a car door close from the driveway.

Fuck. Brody is back.

DELIA

I've never moved so fast in my life. Too bad for me my legs are like jelly, and I nearly trip in my haste to get up, grabbing my pajamas from the floor, panic screaming through me.

Shit. Shit. Shit. Brody is back and I'm spread out, in the middle of getting my pussy eaten by his fucking dad!

"Easy," Dean rumbles, putting a hand on my hip to stop me. "Sit back down. I'm not done with you. I'll take care of him."

"You're crazy!" I squeak, pulling away and making him growl in frustration. "Just...uh...crap! Just tell him I'm in the shower or something!"

"Delia..." Dean warns, but I don't care. Defying him makes me nervous, but not as nervous as the sound of the front door knob turning.

I squeal, sprinting naked down the hallway and slamming the guest bathroom door shut. I throw the water on, jumping underneath it before it even has time to warm up. The water is so cold it's almost painful, but once it hits my skin, I can finally breathe.

I'm good. He didn't catch me. Everything is fine.

Except, of course, for the fact that I'm in a freaking shower, hiding from my ex-boyfriend, legs still quivering from the orgasm his dad just gave me.

And I didn't even get to have my coffee.

As the water slowly warms, I can hear the two of them in the living room talking and flinch as the voices raise in clear argument. I guess Dean is still pissed that Brody left me last night, even if it meant he and I...

Well...

Made out a lot. And Dean went down on me. How am I ever going to live this down?

“FINE!” Brody screams loud enough for me to hear. “I’ll go stay at a fucking hotel then! Should I even worry about coming back for dinner tomorrow?”

“Do whatever the fuck you want tomorrow.” Dean’s voice is cooler, more in control. “But for now, get your shit and get out of my house.”

I listen, frozen, as the front door slams again. A few moments later, there’s a knock on the bathroom door.

“Come on, princess,” Dean calls. “You can’t stay in there all day. Open the door.”

“I will!” I call back. “In a minute.”

He growls, and even though he can’t see me, I flinch. I have a feeling that’s a sound I will be getting used to. “Open. The. Door.”

I will absolutely not open the door. “Um, actually, I was thinking...”

Dean’s voice cuts through the wooden door with ease. “You’re not going to pull back on me now, Delia.”

“No, that’s not it, but...I think maybe it would be a good idea if I just stayed in the bathroom for a while. You know, like a timeout.” I know I’m babbling, but he just doesn’t understand how much I need some space to process what just happened... and how much I want it to happen again.

He sounds skeptical. “A timeout?”

“Yeah, like, a punishment for being bad.” I know I’m making no sense, but I’m exhausted and rattled from coming so hard I think I left my body for a moment.

There's silence, and I wonder if he's considering it. Then, a dark laugh sounds, and his footsteps fade away. Oh no.

Ten or so minutes later, I step out of the shower, dry off, and quickly get dressed before following him. Dean is sitting at the counter, a steaming cup of coffee in his hand, his steel gray eyes watching me intently. He's dressed similar to yesterday, the insignia of the police department on his t-shirt and jeans, fitting him so perfectly it could bring a girl to tears.

"So..." I start.

"You thought you could just hide from me?" His voice is weirdly upbeat, especially coming from Dean.

"I..." My mouth feels so dry. I've never wanted a glass of water more in my life.

"Let's start again." Dean takes a long drink of his coffee and sighs. "Do you know why I call you 'princess'?"

I shake my head.

"Because you are. You're my princess, Delia. Mine. That means that when you're good, you're rewarded, and when you're bad..."

"When I'm bad, I'm punished." All of this seems so surreal. Didn't I just meet this guy? And now I'm letting him call me *his*?

Crap...

The bigger problem is, why am I okay with all of that?

He smiles. "Exactly. You're not a kid. You don't need a timeout. You need discipline. And you will get it, from now on, when you're not good."

My legs wobble, and I grip the counter to keep myself steady.

"Now, do you want coffee?"

"I...yeah. And a glass of water."

"Then go sit on the couch and wait for me. I'll bring you your drinks, and then we're going to talk."

I do as he says, settling on the couch and crossing my arms over my chest. My pajamas from last night don't feel like nearly enough clothes around Dean, which is stupid. He's already seen me naked.

A moment later, Dean hands me a cup of coffee, black, the way I like it. I take a sip, letting the flavor wash over me, and sigh. "So, what do you want to talk about?"

"Let's start with how much Brody knows."

I flush. "Did he see us? Please tell me he didn't."

Dean shakes his head. "No. But I'm sure he has an idea, considering the pillows and blankets gave away that we slept in the living room. And he tried to go to talk to you in the shower, and I almost broke his nose. So yeah...he's not totally stupid."

My stomach rolls, and I press a hand to it. "Oh my god. I feel...Brody is..."

"It's okay, baby. I just needed you to know he's not completely in the dark." He takes my hand, stroking his thumb over my knuckles comfortingly. "We don't have to talk about him anymore. He's not part of this."

Tapping my fingernails on my coffee mug, I consider my next words carefully. "What is 'this' exactly?"

Dean moves closer to me, bringing my hand to his lips. "This, Delia, is me taking care of you. In every way."

"Why? I mean, don't you think it's a little weird?"

"Is it?" He tilts his head, looking at me. "There's nothing weird about me taking care of what's mine."

How much longer am I going to let him keep saying this stuff? At first, I thought it was just a sex thing...like pet names or something, but Dean sounds completely serious when he says it. It scares me and thrills me in equal amounts. "But I'm not yours."

Dean smirks, and my heart rate kicks up. "You are. And now I'm going to prove it to you."

He leans in, cups my chin in his hand, and kisses me. I'm utterly lost.

IT'S 3 PM. Dean had to leave just as things were starting to heat up between us again—an emergency call at the police station he couldn't ignore. Meanwhile, I have a single text from Brody I've been reading and re-reading for hours now.

Brody: Can we talk?

It's such a simple question. I could easily just tell him no and move on with my day. But I'm stuck. It would have been way easier if he just accused me of being a terrible person and hooking up with his dad, but no...he had to be all vague and hard to decipher. I want to let Brody down easy, but I'll be lying if I say he's the main thing on my mind.

It's hard to think of anything except Dean Dixon.

To keep busy, I start going through his kitchen, a plan in mind. I still have no idea what I'm doing or what is going on between the two of us, but there's nothing wrong with making the man a meal, is there?

Gosh, just thinking about him makes my cheeks heat and my core tingle. He talks to me like forever is on the table. Maybe...it is, but we've only known each other for a single day. He's all the things I didn't know I wanted—strong, steady, and hot as hell. His age doesn't bother me, and he has a real career.

What am I thinking? Nothing can come of this but maybe some physical stuff. It doesn't matter if it's all too easy to picture something more between me and Dean.

I move to open the freezer, but something attached to the face of it with a magnet catches my eye—a receipt from a local restaurant for a Thanksgiving meal catering order. Oh, that just won't do.

With a small, secret smile, I call the restaurant and cancel the order. My next order of business is to plop back down on the

couch, go to my favorite grocery delivery app, and make a nice big order. Turkey and all the fixings, made from scratch by me of course. I'm going to blow Dean's mind tomorrow.

HE COMES home from work a few hours later, and I still haven't answered Brody's text. I've got the turkey in a brine bag in the refrigerator, and when Dean opens the front door, I'm in the process of cutting a ton of apples. I turn around to see him, knowing I'm going to have to explain myself, but stop in my tracks when I see Dean Dixon in his full Chief of Police uniform.

Holy. Shit. Now I know what people are talking about when they gush over a man in uniform.

"Um," I say, feeling a bit like a deer in headlights. "Hi."

"Hello, princess." He closes the door behind him and advances, taking off his hat and tossing it on the counter. "What's going on here?"

"I...uh...well...I figured we could have a Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow. You know, just the two of us."

His eyebrows shoot up nearly to his hairline "You're cooking? I already made an order—"

"Yes. I canceled it." When he looks skeptical, I wrinkle my nose. "Stop with that face. I know what I'm doing. Really well, actually. I went to culinary school, remember?"

"I'm sure you're very talented." He crosses his arms looking me over, taking in my high, messy bun and my comfortable cooking clothes. "How much longer till you're done with whatever you're doing?"

I find myself fixated on his body in that tight uniform again, looking over every inch of him and barely hearing his question. I take in Dean from the feet up and ogle his thick, muscled legs.

"Delia, did you hear me?"

“Oh! Um, yes. I’m just making some fall sangria.”

He steps up close, putting his hands on either side of me and pressing me against the counter. He dips his head down to kiss my neck.

“Delia,” he murmurs, nipping at the sensitive skin under my ear. “Stop ignoring my question.”

“I...huh?”

“I asked how much longer you’re going to be.”

How does he expect me to concentrate when his mouth is doing *that*? I tilt my head and let him continue. “Well, the sangria doesn’t take too long. It’s basically done. Why?”

“Just wondering when I will get you all to myself.” He pulls back, and there’s that mouth twitch again. “You seem surprised to see me in my work gear.”

Flustered, I gesture at his entire body with my hands. “I wasn’t expecting it, no. You look...nice.”

“Nice?” He prods, hands drifting to my hips. At this rate, these apples are never going to get cut.

“Really nice. It’s hot, actually. Do you like wearing it?”

He huffs a small laugh. “Not really. I only wear the uniform when I’m doing PR or making appearances, and I hate all of that. I’m more of a hands-on kind of guy.”

“Yeah?” Dean’s hands are moving around to my back, and down to cup my ass. “I can see that.”

He leans in and kisses me, his lips brushing against mine. “Mmm. Speaking of being hands-on, let me help you.”

Now I’m confused, pulling back and blinking. “Help me?”

“Yeah, help. With the cooking.”

“Oh, no, it’s okay. I’m all set. You can go change and relax.”

“Delia,” he rumbles. “Stop trying to get out of letting me help.”

“I wasn’t...”

His next kiss is quick, followed by a squeeze of my ass before he pulls back and starts to undo his button-down uniform shirt, leaving him in only the police t-shirt from earlier. “Let’s try this again with no arguing. What’s next on the agenda?”

“Hmm.” I glance down at the recipe I’ve written down. “I guess we’ll prepare the stuffing next so I can just throw it in the oven tomorrow.”

His smile is genuine this time, and I’m shaken by how much it changes his entire face. God, he’s gorgeous. “Then let’s do it.”

I blink. “Seriously?”

“Yes. Now finish with your apples and let’s go.”

I can’t help it. I laugh, and then Dean kisses me again, and I forget everything.

It turns out, Dean is a really great sous chef. He listens, follows instructions, and doesn’t touch my ingredients without permission. It surprises me. Dean seems like the sort of man who’s in control of everything in his life. But it all starts to make sense when I realize he’s helping not because he’s trying to be helpful, but because he wants to be near me.

The thought makes me giddy, and the whole time we’re cooking together, I’m fighting the urge to smile like a maniac.

“I didn’t expect you to be so good in the kitchen,” I comment as I stir the stuffing.

He looks over his shoulder at me where he’s dumping the apples into a large carafe. “Yeah? What did you expect?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. I just thought you’d be a meat-and-potatoes kind of guy. I mean, no offense, but I get the feeling you’re sort of set in your ways.”

He grunts but doesn’t respond. Dean still hasn’t changed out of the bottom half of his uniform, but his short sleeves let me see the flexing of his corded forearms as he works.

With Dean, the prep—my least favorite part of cooking—is fun. Before I know it, we’re done. The sangria is chilling, and everything that could be done early is finished, ready to be popped into the oven tomorrow for Thanksgiving.

“Okay,” I say, putting my hands on my hips. “Time to clean up. Then, I think a movie sounds perfect.”

“Mmhmm.” Dean moves behind me, his arms wrapping around my waist and his head dipping down to press a soft kiss to the exposed skin of my shoulder. “Do you have any requests?”

“I thought maybe you could choose.” My eyes flutter shut at his attention.

“How thoughtful of you.” He moves his lips over my skin, sucking softly, and I can’t help but tilt my head, letting him have better access. When he speaks, I can feel his lips moving against my skin. “Actually, I want to take you out. You don’t deserve to be cooped up in this house.”

Now I’m paying attention again. “What? Really?”

I turn around to face him, and he kisses me softly, pulling me in. “I want to take you on a date, Delia. A real date. No sneaking around. Let me take you out.”

It sounds wonderful, but there’s still the shadow of something hanging over the idea. “Are you sure? Brody...”

He presses a finger against my lips to shush me. Okay... message received. No talk about his son. “I’m not talking about Brody. Let me take you on a real date. I know the perfect place. We can talk about...all of this. And maybe make plans for tomorrow.”

I can hear in his voice that this means something to him. In for a penny, in for a pound, I guess. “A real date, huh? Well, you’ll have to change out of your uniform.”

He grins, a flash of white teeth, and my stomach flips. Oh, I’ll do just about anything to see that smile more often. I blow a stray strand of hair out of my face and relent. “Fine. Go get dressed, and I’ll get ready, and we’ll go out.”

“You act like you had a choice, princess.” He chuckles, carrying dishes to the sink.

I stick my tongue out at him, and he growls, reaching out to grip my hips and pull me closer.

“You better watch it, princess. I have a feeling your punishment is going to come sooner rather than later.”

I wiggle out of his grip, blowing him a kiss as I go. “Promises, promises.”

“I mean it, Delia. I want you, and I’m going to have you. Every inch of you.”

I bite my lip. “Yeah, well. We’ll see about that.”

“Now, go get dressed. I’m going to take a quick shower, and then we’ll leave.”

He gives me a gentle slap on the butt, and I yelp but move towards the bedroom. Dean might be able to take charge, and he may even have me. But if I’m going to continue with this unconventional flirtation, there’s something I need to do first.

Once I’m alone in the guest room, I pull out my phone and compose a text to Brody.

Delia: There’s nothing to talk about. I want to break up, just like I told you before. I’ll find my own way back to Providence on Sunday.

Brody: No. We need to talk. I have a lot to say.

Delia: No. You’re the one that chose to ghost me, not the other way around. You left me, and now I’m leaving you.

Brody: This is insane. Are you okay?

Delia: Yes. I’m great. In fact, I’m happier than I’ve ever been.

Brody: Happy. Sure. So what you’re saying is you’ve met someone.

Delia: I don’t need to explain anything to you.

Brody: Just be for real right now. Are you messing around with my dad?

I break out in a cold sweat.

Brody: That’s fucked up. You’re such a terrible person.

I stare at the text, feeling numb. Is this really happening? Am I a terrible person?

Delia: I don't care if you think I'm terrible. We're not together anymore, and you can't stop me from seeing whoever I want.

Brody: So you are hooking up with my dad.

Delia: It's none of your business.

Brody: Of course it is. You're supposed to be my girlfriend.

Delia: Not anymore. We're done, remember?

Brody: Whatever. You can have him. Just don't pretend you didn't start this.

I roll my eyes.

Delia: Sure, Brody. Enjoy the rest of your Thanksgiving. I have somewhere to be.

I don't wait for him to answer.

AFTER DEAN TAKES A QUICK SHOWER, we head out. It's cold and dark, but I can still see the trees lining the street and the way the moon shines above us. My heart is still racing, and I'm a little shaken after texting Brody.

I didn't pack a lot of things to wear, but Dean insisted there was no reason to dress up for this outing. He's wearing a flannel and well-worn jeans, so I'm confident my knit sweater will be perfectly fine.

We take the cruiser this time—my request since I put my hair up—and Dean refuses to tell me where we're going. He'll only answer in grunts and shrugs, which annoys the hell out of me, but I guess this is just part of his personality.

To my surprise, we don't end up in the parking lot of some restaurant. Instead, it looks like a small farmstead, and there is just a smattering of cars in a grass field. He comes around to open the door for me and hands me a fleece-lined jacket.

"We'll be out here a while. I don't want you freezing to death," he says, waiting patiently until I relent and put the

enormous jacket on. It goes down past my wrists and nearly to my knees.

“Now will you tell me what’s going on?” I huff, and his mouth pulls up a bit.

“Nature hike.”

My mouth falls open. “In the dark?”

He nods once. “There are some lights. Supposed to be pretty romantic. I heard a buddy talking about it at work. Come on.”

With this wildly sparse description of our outing, I throw caution to the wind and take his hand. We stop inside the barn first, where he insists on buying us both an enormous cup of spiced apple cider at the snack stand. Then we go out back, where the only light is the stars and the moon. There’s the faint sound of cows mooing in the distance and the scent that is undeniably farm, but soon enough, our path curves left and into the forest that lines the property.

There’s a faint glow I can see when we’re still at a distance, but as we get closer, I see what it really is—the nature trail lined with carved pumpkins, all with a white-lit candle inside. There must be almost a hundred of them winding through the wooded path.

“Dean,” I gasp, looking at him. “This is...perfect.”

He squeezes my hand. Then, as if by magic, the two of us begin to walk the trail. We don’t rush, and it feels a little like time slows down.

“I’ve never seen anything like this,” I marvel, stopping to look at some of the intricately carved gourds. These aren’t just jack-o-lanterns but works of art.

“Neither did I. But then again, I’m not usually out taking romantic hikes by myself, so I wasn’t really looking.”

I lean my head on his shoulder as we stroll. “You aren’t the sort of man to do romantic, are you?”

“No.” Dean pauses, rethinking. “Until now.”

I bump him with my arm as we walk “And what makes me so special?”

His answer seems easy like he doesn't even have to think about it. “Because you're mine.”

I go quiet, processing what he says and trying to come to terms with how hot and flustered it makes me.

I don't know how to respond. How do I even begin to address that?

Instead, I take a sip of the cider and let the silence settle over us. It's not uncomfortable exactly. Just full. Full of things neither of us are ready to say.

We're halfway through the pumpkin-lined trail and the silence has started to get the better of me. Dean and I walk hand in hand, but I can't stop thinking about his words.

I'm his.

What does that even mean? And more importantly, is it something I want?

“Stop,” he rumbles, squeezing my hand. “Quit thinking so much. Just enjoy this.”

I take a deep breath and let myself fall into the moment.

“That's it.” His voice is warm, and his words are spoken low but close to my ear. He puts his hands on my shoulders and guides me to the bench on the side of the path, urging me to sit. Once I do, he sits next to me, putting his arm around my shoulders. I snuggle in close.

“What are we doing?” I ask. “What are we doing, Dean?”

He doesn't respond right away, just looks up at the stars, and then takes my hand, pressing a kiss to my knuckles. “Right now, I'm kissing your hand.” He takes the cider from me and places it on the ground next to his. “And now, your mouth.”

I moan as I sink into the kiss, letting all the difficult thoughts fade away with the stroke of his tongue against mine. It's chilly out, but he's heating me up, biting at my bottom lip and moving from my mouth to my jaw.

“Now, your neck.” He does just that. Meanwhile, his hand drifts up my jacket and beneath my shirt.

Oh god. It feels so good, my skin burning where he touches me. I’m nearly on his lap as his hand plumps my breasts, finding my nipples with pinpoint accuracy and circling them slowly while he kisses me. The sensation sends pleasure straight to my core, and I moan into his mouth.

Dean’s other hand grazes the fly of my jeans, but just as he starts to undo them, we hear the crunch of leaves underfoot.

Another couple is rounding the bend in the trail, and I scramble off Dean, sitting on the bench once more and straightening my clothes. Oh my god, we’re acting like horny teenagers and almost got caught!

I look down at the ground, planning on ignoring the other couple until they’re out of sight, but the man stutters to a stop in front of us.

“Chief?”

Dean tenses and rises to his feet, holding out his hand for the other man to shake it. “Trevor. Nice to see you, Officer.” Trevor’s eyes flick down to me, and Dean quickly adds, “This is Delia.”

The other man, who must be Trevor, looks surprised, and then shocked. His date is none the wiser, but a chill is running down my spine at the way the man is looking at me. Like he knows me.

Maybe he does in a roundabout sort of way. It’s a small town after all.

“Like Brody’s Delia?” Trevor asks, immediately confirming my suspicions. My stomach drops to my feet and my cheeks heat.

“No.” Dean’s voice is low and gives me no room for argument. “Just Delia. My date.”

Still confused, Trevor looks between the two of us while his date tugs on his sleeve, urging him to continue the hike. “Oh, um. Well...cool. I guess I’ll see you at work, Chief?”

“Guess so,” Dean grumbles and watches Trevor like a hawk as the other couple finally departs.

Shaken, I stand, grabbing his arm and leaning into him heavily. “Who was that?”

“A patrol officer of mine. He used to be Brody’s friend back in the day.” Dean frowns, thinking. “I wonder if that is who my son has been hanging out with the last few days.”

So many negative emotions are coursing through me, and my thoughts are running out of control. “Oh no. What if he tells Brody we were making out here and Brody—”

Dean presses a finger to my lips again. “Delia, shh. Listen to me. Forget about him. We’re going to go back home, pick up some dinner, and finish that movie. Maybe enjoy some of that sangria, and then...see where things go. Don’t give that asshole a single thought.”

“What do you mean?” I insist. “He works for you, how can you just pretend this isn’t an issue?”

“Because it’s not,” Dean says with an air of finality. “I’m the chief. They answer to me. Which means he’ll keep his mouth shut if he knows what’s good for him.”

I inhale slowly, letting the breath out in small increments until my heart rate finally evens out. “Okay...okay. I trust you.”

He gifts me with another rare smile, the wind tousling his salt-and-pepper hair. When he kisses me, his beard is pleasantly scratchy. “Good girl. We’re going to have fun tonight, aren’t we?”

“W-what do you mean?” My head is still spinning from the adrenaline rush, but the cool fall air is starting to bring me back to earth.

His touch when he strokes his hand down my face is heated. “I think you know, princess.”

“No, I don’t.”

“You do. You just don’t know how to say it yet.”

I press my lips together, looking down. Dean tilts my head so I'm looking at him. "But that's okay. Because we've got time. Soon enough, you'll have no problem telling me exactly what you want from me. But let's start simple—tell me to kiss you."

"Dean..."

"Do you want me to kiss you?"

I bite my lip and nod, letting him lean in. His mouth finds mine, and it's not a slow, sweet kiss. It's a demanding one. Dean kisses me like a man starved, and I can feel his hunger, his desire. It's a kiss that demands reciprocation, and I give it, matching him. I lean in and bite his bottom lip, and he groans, kissing me deeper.

I break the kiss first, and Dean doesn't push. He waits and the look on his face is patient but intense.

"You remember what I told you..." I look away, heart pounding as I pull at the sleeves of my too-big coat. "About being a virgin..."

"Yeah." He chuckles, and there's an edge of darkness to it that leaves me shivering. "Trust me, that's not something I'm about to forget—you being untouched and all mine."

"You're a lot...you're a lot to take on a first date. And the whole thing with Brody and you being his dad..."

"Hey." He grips my chin and makes me meet his eyes. "We've already been over this. The only thing I want from Brody is his absence. I don't want his involvement in my life or yours if you want the truth. He doesn't deserve anything from either of us."

"But—"

"Delia." His voice is strained. "For fuck's sake, don't mention him again. Please." He rakes a hand through his hair. "You want to finish the hike? We can talk more in the car."

I swallow. "Okay."

He stands, offering his hand, and I take it, letting him pull me up. "Let's go."

Dean walks us back through the pumpkins and then out the back way. He doesn't speak until we're back in the cruiser and we're on the main road.

"Delia." He sighs, turning to me. "I don't know how many ways I can say this, but I want you. I want you the way a man wants his woman. And I'm going to have you...if you let me."

"I..." I fiddle with the hem of my jacket. "Dean, I..."

"It's okay," he assures me. "Don't answer that right now. Think about it."

My heart is in my throat at the thought of him touching me again, stripping me bare...all I can do is nod.

He pulls the car up to the house, and I get out, following him inside. When we're standing inside, I reach for him, my body moving without thought. I move forward, gripping the lapels of his coat and bringing him in for a kiss.

"Make me forget him," I whisper against his lips. "Take my mind off everything."

"So demanding, princess." Dean's gaze heats as he picks me up, and I wrap my legs around his waist. It's so easy, so natural to do. We fit together like two puzzle pieces.

"You're going to learn your place," he murmurs. He's kissing me again, and I can't think straight. "But tonight, I'm going to be real gentle, princess. And I'm going to make it so good."

I don't tell him all the things inside my head—that it's already so good I can barely take it, or that I'm both more nervous and more aroused than I've ever been. All the dirty words falling from my lips shock me, but with Dean, they come so easily.

He takes my chin in his hand, tilting my head just so and locking his mouth on mine. Dean's tongue sweeps in, exploring me until I'm gasping. In one fluid movement, he takes me into his arms and starts to walk back toward the bedroom.

Not the guest bedroom either. His bedroom.

Dean kicks the door open, and I get my first good look at his room. Last time I was here, I was frozen in the doorway,

looking at him with a towel around his hips. The room might have been totally empty for how much attention I paid to it. Now I take in the dark colors of his bedding and walls and the glow of the lamp on the bedside table.

He lays me down on the bed, and I reach out, touching his cheek and his shoulder.

“I’ve never felt like this,” I confess.

Dean leans over, putting his hands on either side of me so he can come in closer. “That’s good, princess.”

“You’re going to take care of me, right?” I don’t know why I’m saying all these things, asking all these questions, except that maybe I want to hear his deep, rough voice.

“I will always take care of you.”

He strips me slowly, his hands making quick work of my fleece jacket and sweater and taking his sweet time pushing my jeans down.

“Delia,” he says, his voice rough. “You’re fucking gorgeous. Do you know that?”

“Uh-huh.” I’ve lost the ability to find real words, lust burning all of my thoughts out of my brain before they can form. I’m so full of need that it feels like my body is too small for all of it, and I squirm against him, desperate for relief.

“I can’t wait to feel your pussy on my mouth,” he grits out. “I can’t wait to feel your nipples on my tongue. I’m going to suck on you, princess. And then I’m going to taste you from the source.”

My body arches as he removes my clothes, tossing them to the side. I’m naked and exposed, and Dean is still fully clothed.

“God,” he murmurs, leaning down to kiss my breast. “I could look at you forever.”

“Dean,” I pant, reaching for him.

“Shh.” He runs a hand up and down my side. “Don’t worry, baby. Daddy’s got you. Let me love you.”

He kisses me, and it's soft and sweet. Like he's taking his time to make it good. Just like he promised.

"Spread your legs for me, princess. Open your legs and show me that pretty little cunt. I'm going to taste you before I fuck you."

His words make my pussy clench, and I feel how wet I'm getting. I didn't even know I could be this wet, this needy. It makes the words that come from my lips so deliciously filthy. "Please, Daddy."

He presses a soft kiss to the inside of my knee. "Such a good girl."

Slowly, I spread my legs, giving him the access he's asking for. His eyes move down my body, and I feel completely exposed, completely bare. It's hot and dirty, and I like it way more than I should.

"Delia," he whispers, looking at my center. "Look at you. You're soaking wet. Is this all for me, princess? Have you been thinking about Daddy's mouth on you?"

"Yes," I gasp because it's true.

"Good girl."

Dean dips down, kissing me again. He sucks on my bottom lip, and then my tongue, and then, with a groan, he's moving down my body until he's between my legs, kissing my pussy and licking a hot, wet strip over my slit.

"Oh my god!"

I feel Dean chuckle, and he's back, looking up at me with a cocky smile. "Do you want to come, baby? Does your sweet little pussy want to come on Daddy's tongue?"

"Yes!" I grab handfuls of the sheet, head thrashing from side to side. I'm so warm, I'm burning up, the pleasure coming from his mouth and tongue white hot.

"You're not going to," he says, licking another line up my slit. "Not until I'm deep inside you and making you see stars. And not until I tell you you can."

I whimper, but he just goes back to working my pussy with his tongue, sucking my clit into his mouth.

“Dean!”

“Oh, princess. That’s it. Let Daddy make you feel good.”

I can’t take it. His mouth is all over my pussy, and I can’t think straight. The noises he’s making, the way he’s eating me, the way he’s looking up at me like he’s worshipping me...it’s all too much.

“Daddy, please. Oh god...”

“You’re so fucking beautiful, Delia,” Dean growls, looking up at me as he rises. I want to scream when his mouth leaves my pussy, the lack of it almost heartbreaking.

“Come here,” I beg. “Please.”

“That’s so cute how you think you can tell me what to do.” He chuckles, jerking his shirt over his head. “Lucky for you, we both want the same thing. Now, sit up and undo my belt.”

Swallowing hard, I rise to my knees and put my hands on his belt, just like he demands. My legs are shaking, but I can see the hard line of his cock in his jeans. Suddenly, I want to see it, to touch it, more than I’ve ever wanted anything. I make quick work of the belt, moving to the button and fly and finally pushing his pants down his thick, muscled legs.

Dean assists, stepping out of them and palming himself through his black briefs. God, he’s so big. I don’t know how in the hell I’m going to be able to fit that inside of me!

A thread of worry has me chewing my bottom lip, but Dean isn’t in a waiting mood. “Touch me, Delia.”

“But...”

“Hands on your knees, princess, and open wide.”

I do as he asks, putting my hands on my knees, and spreading my legs so his big, heavy cock is right in front of my face.

“Touch it, Delia.” When I do, he groans. “Suck on the tip, just a little.”

I open my mouth, letting the fat head of his cock push past my lips. It's a weird feeling, having something in my mouth, and the size of him...it's daunting. But the way his face relaxes, his head tipping back and a deep groan rumbling from his chest makes me feel powerful. I'm taking care of him. Dean Dixon, my handsome, protective police chief. I'm touching his cock, and he's letting me because he likes it.

"Oh, fuck." My cheeks flush at his words. "So good, baby. Your mouth is so hot. You look so pretty taking my cock like a good girl."

My apex clenches, and I can feel my cream dripping out, running down my legs.

"That's it. Take it all in, just like that. Get your hands around the base. Good girl, stroke me. Just like that. Fucking perfect. Are you ready for me, Delia?"

I moan, and he pulls back. Am I ready? I'm coming apart with need, but I'm still unsure how he's going to manage to fuck me.

Dean reaches down and cups my chin in his hand. "You're going to have to talk to me, sweetheart. I can't read your mind."

How is it that I can suck his cock but just saying these words feels so hard? "Yes. I want you. I want you to..."

His grip on my chin tightens. "To what, baby?"

I'm throbbing, clenching down on an emptiness that I need filled more than I've ever needed anything. "I want you to fuck me, Daddy."

"What a good girl," Dead purrs. "But you have to be sure. Are you sure, princess?"

"Yes. Fuck me. Take me."

His thumb traces my bottom lip, and there is pure adoration in his eyes. Dean's words might be bossy, but there's something between us that softens him even if he doesn't want to admit it. "Scoot back, head on the pillows, and keep those pretty little legs spread for me."

I settle into the pillows and watch as he crawls onto the bed. My body quivers, and I'm sure my face is flushed. My fingers are shaking, but Dean reaches down and stills them, pressing a kiss to my knuckles.

"Just relax, princess."

I nod, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly.

"That's better," he murmurs, settling in between my legs. "Keep breathing."

He rises above me, and Dean's cock is still rock hard. The tip glistens even in the dim light of the room. He strokes himself, looking down at me, and my eyes go wide. From this angle, it's even more obvious how huge he is. I'm freaking out internally, but there's such a look of desire and anticipation on his face that I desperately want to please him.

"It's gonna be a stretch, princess," he admits, stroking himself more.

"I-I know." My words come out shaking.

Dean leans down and kisses me. His mouth drifts from my lips to the curve of my jaw and down my neck. Meanwhile, his hands are stroking my body, pinching at my nipples and making my skin rise in goosebumps.

"Good girl," he whispers into the crook of my neck. "Just relax."

Dean takes his time, kissing and licking and caressing my skin until every bit of my focus is on the way he's making me feel—so warm and tingly. When one hand finally dips between my legs, his thumb brushing my clit, he shifts to line himself up at my entrance. I can feel the head of his cock parting my folds just so, the pressure already there.

"Take a deep breath," Dean orders, and I do. "That's a good girl. I'm going to fuck you now, Delia. I'm going to make you mine."

The tip of his cock enters me, and it feels huge. I gasp, and my nails dig into his biceps.

"Oh god," I pant, stomach clenching.

“Breathe, princess.” His thumb continues to work my clit, the pleasure helping to block out the uncomfortable stretching feeling. “You can take me.”

“Fuck,” I whimper. “I don’t know if I can. It’s too big...”

“Look at me, Delia.”

My eyes have been fluttering, but I force myself to focus on him and the dark, stormy gray of his eyes. A connection between us locks into place, energies merging, and a feeling of safety washes over me. I know he won’t hurt me. I know he’ll make it good. “Dean.”

“Look at me,” he growls. “Don’t turn away. Not until I’m all the way in.”

“I’m sorry,” I whisper, meeting his gaze. “It’s just...you’re so big and I’m not...”

“I’m not going to hurt you. All I’m going to do is make you come.”

I nod, trying to take slow, deep breaths. “Okay. Okay, I’m ready.”

He eases into me, and my mouth opens but nothing comes out. There’s pain, but it’s dull and mixed with an intense pleasure that has my entire body tingling.

“Good girl,” Dean growls. “Oh, princess. You feel so good. You’re so fucking tight. I can’t believe how good you feel.”

I’m panting, and the pressure is building. It feels so good, but there’s also that burning, stretching sensation. To my surprise, my body resists him for only a second, my inner walls stretching to accommodate his girth little by little. Maybe I really can take him.

“Fuck, you’re tight.” He’s stretching me. It’s hot, and it hurts but in the best way.

“God,” I gasp and clench around him.

Dean lets out a groan and pushes in deeper. “Fuck, you’re a perfect little fit.”

My body trembles, and he thrusts again. I can't stop it anymore. A sharp cry of pleasure leaves my lips, and wetness seeps from me. My legs are trembling, the muscles in my core tightening, and every inch of my skin is on fire for this man. He slides his hands underneath me, gripping each of my ass cheeks and pulling me forward and onto his cock even more.

“Wrap your legs around me.”

I'm more than happy to obey.

When Dean thrusts in again, the change in angle almost undoes me right here and now. The blunt head of his cock is pressing against a bundle of nerves deep in my channel, sending earth-shattering waves of pleasure through me. He starts to pick up the pace, fucking into me in long, deep strokes.

“Dean,” I moan, arching my back and digging my fingers into his shoulders.

“Does it feel good, baby?” For the first time, there's a tightness to his words. I'm affecting him just as much as he is affecting me.

“Y-yes,” I stutter, moaning and writhing beneath him. “So good.”

And it's God's honest truth. Nothing, and I mean nothing, has ever felt as good as this. I've never been so connected to anyone, and this grumpy, gorgeous man is shaking the foundations of my world with every stroke of his cock into my body.

I know I'm going to come, harder than I've ever thought possible. What I don't know is if my mind will even be intact once it's done...because it already feels like the pleasure is making me lose it.

“I'm not gonna last much longer, Delia,” he confesses, and this single moment of vulnerability has my inner walls fluttering around him. “But from what I'm feeling, you're not either.”

I can't answer. The words get stuck in my throat, and I can feel my toes curling and the wave of an orgasm coming closer.

“Let go, baby,” Dean whispers, kissing the corner of my lips. “Come for Daddy. Let me feel your pretty little pussy come.”

It’s an order. There’s no hesitation in his voice, and that’s what sends me over the edge. I cry out, a sharp, broken sound that’s a mix of a moan and his name. Then, it’s just bliss and the heat of his come filling me.

Dean collapses on top of me, breathing heavily, holding only some of his weight on his elbows. I don’t care about the crushing, though. I love it—the feeling of his hot, hard body against mine.

Seconds pass as the aftershocks of my orgasm fire off inside me. It’s quiet, and all I can hear is our heavy breaths and the rapid beating of my heart. It’s pounding so hard, I can feel it everywhere.

“Delia,” he says, breaking the silence.

“Hmm?” I’m still unable to speak.

He shifts his weight but doesn’t pull out of me. Instead, he looks down at me and smiles. “You’re so fucking beautiful.” He traces my lips with his thumb. “So beautiful, and all mine.”

His words hit a raw, exposed part of me, and tears sting the back of my eyes. I look away, embarrassed that I’m getting emotional.

“Hey.” He cups my chin, turning my face to him. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing.” I sniffle and then laugh. “God, this is so embarrassing.”

“Princess, why are you crying?”

“I don’t know.” I hiccup. “I just...nobody has ever talked to me the way you do or made me feel the way you do. Nobody has ever treated me the way you do, and I don’t know what any of it means.”

Dean sighs, rolling off me, and I panic. I’m scared I’ve ruined this.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to ruin the mood,” I ramble. “And we don’t have to cuddle or anything if you don’t want to. I just thought after that we could...”

Dean wraps an arm around me, pulling me against his side, and I trail off. Oh...okay. This is nice.

“I have no intention of letting you go.” He nips the shell of my ear, molding his body around mine, my back against his chest. His words make it hard to breathe. This feels like something more than just a fuck. Something way, way more. And then he has to remind me of his real personality. “So I’m not going to. Because I make the rules, remember?”

“Dean,” I breathe.

“What?”

I can’t help but laugh. “You’re such an asshole.”

“Maybe, but I’m your asshole.”

“Is that so?”

“I would never say something I don’t mean.” He traces a finger down the back of my neck, following the path with his lips. “I don’t believe in lying. If someone can’t handle the truth, that’s their problem.”

I snuggle back against him, my thoughts going all liquid and my muscles weak. I’m warm and content, but there’s one more thing I have to say before I drift off. “You were right. You did make it good for me.”

He hums in agreement. “Like I said, I don’t lie. Get some rest, Delia. The night isn’t over yet, and you’re going to need your strength.”

I open my mouth but no words come out. My body is already drifting, sleep coming on quickly.

The last thing I hear is him whispering, “You’re mine now, princess.”

DELIA

I look at the spread of Thanksgiving food I've been working on since the night before and can't help but grin. Oh, man.

I think I've done good. I know I've done good. But I just want to impress Dean so freaking badly that I keep second-guessing myself.

Is the turkey too dry? Are the potatoes too lumpy? No. I'm a professional cook for goodness sake. I can make a Thanksgiving meal.

Dean left early, having to handle yet another issue down at the police station. While putting on his uniform, he explained that the night before Thanksgiving is usually the busiest bar night of the year and that they had quite a few people sobering up in the holding cell he had to deal with. So much for taking the holiday off...but he promised me he'd be home as soon as it was all straightened out.

But I'm beginning to get a little nervous because the turkey has been out for the past half hour, and it's just waiting for him.

And then, just like magic, the door opens. Dean is there in his uniform, his badge gleaming on his chest. God, he looks hot. My entire body tenses at the sight of him, and my core feels suddenly warm and wet.

"Princess?" His brow furrows as he glances around the house.

"In here!" I call, giddy.

“Oh, thank god,” he breathes. I watch as his entire body relaxes. “I was afraid you had done something stupid and left.”

Does he really think I would leave when he was gone, like a thief in the night? It makes my heart ache to even consider it. “Nope. I’m right here.”

“I see that.” His mouth twitches.

“I made you dinner. A real, full, traditional Thanksgiving meal just like I promised.” I grin, gesturing towards the table. “Come on.”

He takes a few steps into the dining room and stops short, looking at the feast laid out. He doesn’t say anything, and my smile falters. “Dean?”

“Oh, princess, this looks delicious. But I still don’t get why you would go to all the trouble...?”

I frown, feeling confused. “I wanted to thank you. You’ve given me so much, and you’ve treated me like a queen. This is the least I can do.”

He turns towards me, and for the first time, I see him really smile. The look on his face is so tender that my heart aches, and I feel a blush creeping into my cheeks. “Thank you.”

A lump forms in my throat, but there’s no time for crying. Not if we want to eat while the food is hot. “Come on, let’s eat.”

We sit down at the table, and I can’t help but notice the way he looks at me. There’s something in his eyes, something different than usual. And when he smiles at me, it’s a soft, almost wistful expression.

“You’re making me nervous,” I admit, laughing self-consciously.

“Just thinking about how I don’t deserve this or you. But I’m damned glad you’re mine, Delia.”

His words cause warmth to pool in my belly and a smile to break out across my face. Something flutters in my stomach, and I have the sudden urge to jump on his lap and ride him right here at the table. Instead, I reach across the table, and he takes my hand in his, squeezing tightly.

“I am,” I whisper. It’s a reckless, crazy thing to say. But I don’t care.

We start to eat, the turkey melting on my tongue, and the stuffing and mashed potatoes warming me from the inside. I was right—I killed it.

“I hope you’re hungry.” I laugh. “You’re going to have leftovers for weeks.”

He’s between bites, but when he swallows, he says, “That’s fine with me. You know, I don’t usually give a fuck about Thanksgiving, but...” Dean takes a drink of his sangria, and his stormy eyes lock onto mine. “I’m pretty damned thankful that I met you, princess.”

Oh, this man. Demanding, controlling, but with a streak of genuine affection that touches my soul. “I feel the same. I’m glad I met you too.”

I take a sip of my own sangria, the alcohol sweet and spicy. God, I am so happy I met him. And now I don’t want to be without him. I don’t want to lose what we have.

Of course, I know this is all insane. We only met three days ago, and I’m his son’s ex-girlfriend! But when I look at Dean, when he touches me, all of that fades away. It feels like I’ve known him for years. No one has ever made me so comfortable or feel so cherished.

I watch him as he eats—the way his jaw moves and the flex of his muscles under the dress shirt. My mind starts to drift. Before I can stop myself, I’m picturing him taking me right there on the table—his mouth on mine and his cock inside me.

“What is it, princess?” His voice breaks into my thoughts.

I flush and take a deep breath. “I was just...thinking about things.”

“What kind of things?” he asks, pretending to be more interested in his plate than my words. But I know better.

I bite my lip, wondering if I should be honest or not. “I’ll tell you later, but let’s just eat right now. I don’t want anything to

go to waste...” Grinning, I point my fork at him. “I worked really hard on all of this, you know.”

“I’ll try and appreciate it more then.”

I wrinkle my nose at him. “You better.”

Dean laughs and shakes his head. “You really outdid yourself, Delia. This is great.”

The rest of the meal is a comfortable silence, and I can’t help but notice that there’s a change in the air. Something about him is different. I don’t know what it is, but I like it.

I’m cutting the pumpkin pie, feeling all glowy and excited thinking about what the rest of the night will hold, when I hear something that makes my blood run cold. It’s the front door opening and the sound of my ex-boyfriend calling through the house.

“I came for dinner. I assume you still want to do that at least. Right, Pops?”

Dean is on his feet, but Brody struts into the dining room like he owns the place. His face goes slack in shock as he sees me, and his steps stumble.

“Delia, what the hell? Why are you still here?”

“Because you left me here!” I huff. “I haven’t seen you since the day we arrived, and you have a lot of nerve showing up right now looking for a free meal.”

His expression is confused, and then furious. “I thought Dad would have sent you home in a cab or something. I didn’t believe Trevor when he said he saw you two at the pumpkin trail, but now I’m starting to think he was telling the truth. Are you really fucking my dad, Delia?”

Dean clears his throat, and Brody’s eyes land on him. “You will speak to her with respect in my home, Brody. Delia is my guest now since you fucked off to party all weekend.”

I’m panicking inside, hands shaking as I set down the pie knife. Brody looks like he’s scared to talk back to Dean, which is a wise decision, but when he glances at me again, he puffs out his meager chest to continue complaining.

“Guest or fuck buddy?” Brody snaps.

Dean’s expression goes thunderous. Oh no, this is a side of him I haven’t seen before. He’s going to kill Brody.

“You’re on thin ice, son.”

“Don’t call me your son while you’re messing around with my girlfriend.”

Dean takes a step forward, and Brody steps back, his expression nervous. He’s not nearly as large as his father, and there’s no way he could ever take him in a fight. “I didn’t ask for a smart-ass response.”

Brody looks at me for some kind of help. Too bad I have none for him. “Delia, are you serious?”

I swallow hard. The last thing I expected was for him to even ask that question. “We broke up, Brody. Remember?”

“No. I remember you bitching at me, though.” He scoffs, but there’s sweat beading on his brow. Dean has gone silent, but that silence speaks words. I can’t believe Brody is still arguing back...it must be all the adrenaline making him stupid. “I didn’t think it was a real breakup.”

“It was! It was real back in Providence, and it’s real now because you ditched me, and even before that, it was obvious we weren’t good together. Why do you even care if I’m here or not?”

“Because, Delia...” He waves his hands in the air, at a loss. “Because you’re supposed to be my date.”

Dean has been silent through all of this, and as I glance at him, his hands are balled into fists. He’s holding himself back.

“This is your last chance to leave, Brody.” Dean’s voice is deceptively calm, hiding the storm brewing underneath. “After this, I’m going to make you leave.”

Brody scoffs. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Don’t test me. I’m not the man you grew up with. I’m the man you never wanted to meet.”

Brody swallows hard, and his eyes move to mine. “Do you know how old he is?”

“It doesn’t matter,” I snap, meaning every word of it.

“Yes, it does, Delia. Jesus, he’s 40! Don’t tell me you’ve lost your fucking mind.”

Dean’s eyes narrow. “Get the fuck out of my house.”

Brody doesn’t move, but the expression on his face tells me he wants to. He doesn’t dare. “Delia, I want an answer.”

Crossing my arms, I tilt my chin up. I’m freaking out inside, but I won’t let Brody see. I refuse. “And I’m not giving one.”

Dean takes a step forward. He towers over Brody, who isn’t small by any means, and the difference between them is like a wolf standing next to a poodle. “I won’t tell you again.”

“I’m not going anywhere. This is my house too, and I have as much right to be here as Delia.”

Dean reaches out, wrapping his large, rough hand around the back of Brody’s neck. The young man gasps, trying to jerk back, but his father holds him still.

“Dad, let go.”

“Get. The. Fuck. Out.” Dean’s grip tightens, and Brody yelps. “This is my house, Brody. Mine. And Delia is staying because I told her to.”

“What the fuck? Are you crazy? You’re like twice her age. It’s sick.”

“Shut up, Brody,” I snap, but the older man shakes his head, not looking at me.

Dean shoves Brody back, and the younger man stumbles, almost falling. The tension in the room reaches a fever pitch, but finally, Brody breaks. Shoulders slumping, he looks away.

“Fine. I’ll go stay where I’m wanted.” He turns and leaves the room, and after a second, the front door opens and slams closed.

As soon as he's gone, Dean collapses into the chair, letting out a deep breath. "Dammit. I'm sorry, princess."

That was awful, and I'm still quivering....but it feels like a weight has been lifted off my shoulders. It's over. Brody knows, and there's nothing left to hide.

"It's okay." I reach across the table and take his hand in mine, squeezing tightly. "Everything is fine."

Dean's thumbs sweep across my knuckles. "I never want to make you feel uncomfortable, Delia. But I wasn't going to let that little fucker talk to you like that."

My smile is soft and genuine. "I know, Dean. Thank you."

DEAN

3 weeks later

It's been three weeks since Thanksgiving and my confrontation with my son, and somehow, they've been the best weeks of my life.

And it's all because of Delia Watson. Soon enough, she'll be Delia Dixon if I have my way.

Not once has she expressed any interest in going back to Providence, and I reward her each night by making her come until her voice is hoarse from calling out my name. She told me that the bakery she works at—which is apparently some fucking prestigious bullshit run by a French guy—is closed for the holidays, but the way she words it makes me think she's considering going back after New Year's.

And there's no way in hell that's happening.

We've done all the shit I'd never cared about before, and somehow, sharing those moments with Delia makes them something enjoyable. I let her pick out an enormous Christmas tree and a cart full of glass ornaments, and she makes us gingerbread cookies while I haul the huge thing into the house. We build a fire in the backyard and drink hot cocoa around it. Then, I take her inside to warm her up first in the shower and second in my bed.

Our bed. Everything that's mine is Delia's. Including my last name...it's just a matter of time.

I even have the proposal planned out. Three days before New Year, I'll be taking her on a getaway for the weekend to a local winery and asking her to marry me while we drink overpriced champagne.

It's all so easy. She fits into my life so well, my good little princess, and I plan to have her next to me forever.

Yesterday morning was the first wrench in my plan. I haven't heard from Brody since he stormed out on Thanksgiving, but a detective I trust more than anyone else at the department pulled me aside to tell me that Brody gave an officer some fucked-up information about me and Delia and that it was spreading through the force like wildfire.

The rumor makes me so mad I'm afraid I might break my teeth clenching my jaw. What everyone is saying is I stole my son's barely legal girlfriend and blackmailed her to get her to sleep with me, throwing my son out of his childhood home in the process. That Brody loved Delia and they were so happy until I coerced Delia into my bed and abandoned my only child.

Fucking Brody...the only person I could possibly be more pissed at is my own officer spreading these bullshit fucking rumors about me. And today, I plan to get to the bottom of them.

I stalk into the police station, head held high and shoulders back. I'll be damned if all of these fuckers—my subordinates—make me feel uncomfortable in my own kingdom. I'm the chief, and they will fucking respect me.

The officers and detectives look up at me from their various desks and tasks they're performing, most of them looking like deer in the headlights. No doubt I was the topic of gossip before I got here, and I'm highly fucking unamused about having to come in early to address this.

"Listen up," I announce, and they all give me their full attention. Good. "I know some talk has been spreading about something that's none of your damn business—the woman I'm choosing to spend my time with. Listen to that word again—woman. Delia Watson is a grown woman, and any connection

she had to my son is ancient fucking history at this point. If I hear a single word about her spoken around here, you will be demoted so fast for insubordination that your heads will spin. Got it?”

All of the shocked faces nod their heads, some of them looking absolutely terrified. Good. They should be.

“And if I hear of any disrespect towards Delia Watson or any of her loved ones, there will be severe punishment. If I find out who has been talking shit, I’m coming for you. Understood?”

All of the men and women nod, some of them gulping. I nod curtly. “Now, who started this bullshit? Tell me now and I’ll let all of you off without consequence.”

A young female detective in the back of the room raises her hand slowly, looking unsure. “It was Trevor. He’s the one who said he had the dirt on you and it was bad.”

I nod, trying not to smile. “Thank you, detective. Do you know where Trevor is right now?”

“He’s in the training gym.”

“Thank you. All of you are dismissed. Get back to work.”

I turn and leave, heading to the gym.

I enter, hearing the clang of weights and machinery, my eyes scanning over the equipment, mats, and punching bags before landing on the two men sparring on the mats. One is the hand-to-hand combat trainer and the other is Trevor. Perfect.

“Trevor!” I call out, and the two men stop their grappling, rising to their feet.

His eyes are wide, and at this moment, I know he’s aware of exactly what I’m here for. “Yes, Chief?”

“You’re against me next.”

“What? No, sir. I really shouldn’t.” He’s already trying to exit the sparring mat as he speaks, panicked.

“Get on the mat,” I say calmly, rolling my sleeves up. “This is a command, not a request.”

He reluctantly nods, returning to his place as the trainer exits. His fear is palpable, but little does he know how much more scared I plan to make him.

“Ready?” the trainer asks as I’m getting into position.

Trevor sighs. “Ready, Chief.”

“Go,” the trainer calls.

“You know what this is about,” I say, low and deadly as we circle each other. “You saw Delia and me at the trail and went to tattle to your old friend, Brody, right? Not only that, you had to run your mouth to the force too. As if I didn’t give you a job just because you hung around my son in high school.”

“Sir, it wasn’t like that,” Trevor tries to explain.

“Bullshit. Now you’re going to learn.”

I strike, hard and fast. He manages to get his hands up in defense, but he’s already losing ground. I could do this the right way, but that’s not what I’m feeling right now. I look at Trevor, knowing that he thought he and Brody could take me down, damage my reputation as the chief of police, and fury roars through me.

The next strike takes him in the jaw, and he stumbles. I take him to the ground easily, and he looks up, fear in his eyes.

“Now you listen to me, and you listen well,” I growl. “You’re done running your mouth about things that are none of your damn business. You’re also done spreading lies about me. The only thing I’m doing is dating someone who knows my son, and even then, she’s a grown woman.”

I press the bar of my forearm against his neck, just enough to make fear fill his eyes. “Say you’re sorry, you little fucker.”

“I’m sorry sir, please!” he pleads, the pressure making him struggle.

“I won’t go to jail for killing someone, but you’re starting to make me want to.” No one else can hear me but him, and the way he’s shaking in my grasp makes him even more pathetic. “This is your last warning, Trevor. If I catch wind of another rumor or hear a word about you running your mouth about me

or the people I care about, I'll fire you. And no one else will hire you. Maybe because you're blacklisted or maybe because you're six feet under. Got it?"

He nods quickly, his face turning red.

"Good. You're dismissed. I expect you to be on security guard duty in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, sir."

I push off him, standing up and wiping my hands off on my slacks. Trevor leaves in a hurry, and the combat trainer looks at me in shock.

"Is everything alright, sir?"

I shrug. "Just giving him a lesson. No harm done."

"Yes, sir."

"Good training, soldier," I say, walking away. "Keep it up."

"Thank you, sir!"

I exit the gym, shaking my head. I know no one will talk about me or Delia anymore, and if they do, they're a dead man walking. I grab my shirt and hat on the way out, not saying a word to anyone as I leave.

There's a gorgeous woman waiting for me at home. Right now, that is priority number one.

I FREEZE when I see her, the duffle bag she had shown up with weeks ago open on my bed—*our bed*—as she shoves her clothes in it.

I can't stop the growl that starts in my throat, and Delia jumps, turning around to face me. Her face drains of color, except for the red of her eyes. It's clear she's been crying, and despite how angry I am that she thinks she can leave me, my chest feels tight at the thought of her here crying all alone.

"What do you think you're doing?" I demand.

“Brody posted everything on social media,” she sniffles. “Everything, Dean! And he tagged the bakery I work at in the post!” She dabs at her eyes with the sleeve of her sweater as she tears up again. “Do you know how many people wanted that job and how hard I had to work to get it? It’s one of the most prestigious bakeries in the country, and now when people search it, they’re going to get to see all of my dirty laundry.”

Rage flares in me, but not at Delia. At fucking Brody. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“I’m going home to try and mitigate damage. This...this has been wonderful, Dean, but it was just a dream. And with Christmas coming up...”

I stalk towards her. “Princess, when I said you were mine, I meant it.”

There’s a stiffness to her shoulders, but she doesn’t look surprised. “I know...but how can I move my entire life here after just a few weeks? I feel so strongly about you, but that’s just crazy!”

“Is it?”

“Yes!”

“Why?”

“Because...because...we haven’t known each other for that long.”

“Hmmm.”

“Dean...”

“I never want to let you go, Delia. But I’m not forcing you to stay here against your will. If you want to leave, then I will help you pack.”

She rears back, jaw hanging open. “What? I...I...”

“What do you want, Delia? Are you okay with Brody succeeding in robbing you of your happiness? Because you are happy with me, right?”

“Dean...”

“Answer me, princess.”

“I...I want to stay here, but...”

“But what?”

“My career...”

This time, I don't speak. I let her think for herself. If she ultimately decides to leave, then I'll move heaven and earth to stay with her...wherever the fuck she is. Because all of what I have? None of it matters if I don't have her. She's mine and will always be.

It doesn't take long for her to arrive at a decision. Delia stands to her full height and squares her shoulders. In a split second, she launches herself at me, burying her face in the crook of my neck. Relief washes over me in waves.

Thank fuck.

“God, Dean. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry for even considering...”

“Remember that first morning together when you defied me after I ate your pussy? Remember how I said you were going to have to be punished for it? Well, it's time, princess. You defied me again. You doubted us, and it's time for you to learn that I don't let go of what's mine. Ever.”

She freezes in my arms. “Dean, what...?”

“Turn around, hands on the bed, pants off.” My tone leaves no room for argument, but of course, Delia tries anyway.

“Dean...” She swallows hard. “Daddy...”

“Now, princess.”

Delia bites her lip and pouts, doing as I say. “I'm sorry, Daddy. I was just trying to do the responsible thing.”

I grab the waistband of her pants and tug them down, leaving her standing there in her panties and sweater, the latter long enough to cover her ass. My fingers slip under the edge of the panties and push them down until they fall to her ankles.

“If I wanted to hear your excuses, Delia, I would ask. Now, hands on the bed, princess.” I smack her ass lightly.

She looks at me, eyes wide, cheeks flushed. She knows this is something new, something that will change things between us, but she's not scared. No. Her eyes turn glassy and are at half-mast already.

Delia leans over, planting her hands on the bed, and spreads her legs. I push her sweater up as I run a finger through her already dripping folds, causing her to moan and arch her back. Heat comes off her skin, and she rotates her hips.

My fingers circle her clit a few times, just enough to have her shaking and breathing heavily. But it's not her pussy I'm after right now.

"You might want to grab the blankets," I suggest lightly, and when Delia opens her mouth to question me, I give her ass a swift spank.

She jumps, shocked. "Ow! What...?"

"This is your punishment." I chuckle darkly. "You're going to get spanked, Delia, and take every bit of it."

I follow up my words with another smack. She lets out a sharp little yelp, and her legs shake.

"Oh god."

I rub my hand over the flesh of her ass, soothing the burn. "Tell me to stop, Delia. Tell me to stop and I will."

"No! Please don't. Please don't stop, Daddy."

Her body quivers under my touch. I run my thumb along her wet slit and then press into her pussy, curling my finger, just enough to make her moan but not enough to give her the satisfaction she needs before stopping again. Not yet.

I pull my hand back and land a slap against her other asscheek, and Delia squeaks. The sound is almost more of a whimper, and it goes straight to my cock, making it twitch.

I repeat the motion, alternating between her cheeks. I spank her, and she moans. She whimpers, and my cock swells. I watch as the red on her ass fades and then reddens again.

Delia is panting, her body shaking as she fights back the whines and whimpers, but there's something about seeing her bent over and taking this punishment, knowing how much she's turned on, that makes me want to give her everything. On the next smack, I go much easier, letting my fingers trail between her round cheeks and grazing her tight little hole. The noise she makes is one part surprise and the other part pleasure.

I know exactly how I'm going to fuck her, and it's going to be something totally new.

I keep it up, giving her just enough pleasure to counter the pain, teasing her ass with my finger. I don't press in, not yet, but just the light brush is enough to have her moaning and bucking her hips.

I'm hard as a fucking rock. It only takes a few tugs and my belt is off, my pants at my feet. Cock in hand, I soothe her red cheeks some more with my free one. "Good girl. Are you ready for your reward for taking your punishment so well?"

"Yes." Her voice quivers.

"Good. Get the lube out of the bedside table and get right back into this position again. Now."

She obeys, and as soon as the bottle is in my hands, I'm squeezing some out and rubbing it on her hole, making her gasp.

"Relax, princess," I soothe. "We'll go nice and slow, but I'm going to fuck this tight little ass."

I push one slick finger in, and her entire body shudders. She whimpers and purrs. Delia's dripping wet, and as soon as I have one finger inside her, she pushes back against me, begging for more.

"You like that?"

"Y-yes, Daddy," she breathes, and the sound makes my cock jerk.

"Good girl. Just relax and take my finger, and you'll be ready for my cock." I push in another finger, and she cries out,

pushing back against me, her legs spread wide. “Such a good girl. That’s it.”

I fuck her with my fingers, making sure she’s ready to take me. The last thing I want is to hurt her, but when her ass is ready for me, I pull my fingers out and slick up my cock.

“I’m going to fuck your ass now.”

“Please.”

She’s more than ready, and the tip of my cock is pressed against her tight hole, pushing slowly in. Delia lets out a moan as I enter her, and her fingers grip the blankets.

“Fuck, Daddy.”

“Does that feel good, princess?”

“It hurts a little,” she admits. “But it feels good too.”

Her ass is tight, squeezing my cock, and the heat makes my balls tighten. Fuck. If she keeps this up, I won’t last very long, and that’s not what I want. I want this to be good for her too.

“You look so beautiful, baby girl. With my cock in your ass, you’re perfect.” I grip her hips and pull out, thrusting back in, and Delia screams in pleasure.

“Oh god.”

“Fuck. Yeah. Such a good girl. Does it feel good, baby? Does my cock feel good in your ass?”

Delia has no words for me, just moans and sighs as I fill her again and again.

I slide in and out of her, picking up the pace as I go, and the more she moans, the faster I thrust. Delia’s body is tense, and her pussy is soaked. Her knuckles are white from holding the blankets so tight, and her legs are spread wide.

“God, I love this.”

“That’s right, baby. I know you do. Your ass is so tight, princess. Fuck.”

The pleasure is overwhelming, and my orgasm begins to crest, but I want her to come first. I reach down, one hand still on

her hip, and my fingers find her clit. As soon as I brush it, her entire body tightens, and she screams.

“Oh, fuck. Daddy! Don’t stop, please. Please.”

“Come, baby. Come on Daddy’s cock.”

My fingers continue working her clit as my cock moves inside her. Delia’s body is shaking, and her thighs are soaked. It’s so hot, and as soon as she comes, I pull out, my own orgasm coming so fast I can’t stop it. I stroke myself once, twice, and then I’m coming all over her back, painting her with it.

Delia is still moaning, her body shaking, and she collapses onto the bed. “Oh my god. That was...intense.”

“Mm.” I lean down and kiss her lips softly, loving the way she melts under my touch. “Do you really think I’d let you leave that easily, princess?”

She laughs, sounding exhausted. “I guess I should have known better.” Delia bites her bottom lip for a moment, looking at me from beneath her lashes. “Dean....could we take a shower? Together?”

Warmth floods through me. Together. She’s not thinking of leaving anymore. “Absolutely.”

She smiles, and her hand goes to my face. “Perfect. And when we’re done, I’ll unpack.”

I kiss her gently, any anger from the fight with Trevor long gone. Delia isn’t leaving. She doesn’t want to, and soon enough, I’ll prove to her that I’ll take care of her every want and need forever.

Dean once again has been tight-lipped all morning about where we're going. He made me pack a bag before we left, and we've been driving for over an hour now. No amount of Googling on my phone has given me an inkling of Dean's destination, so I'm stuck pouting in the passenger seat as we cruise through the countryside.

"Princess," Dean rumbles. "You know what I do with girls who pout."

My face grows hot. Even after Dean and I have done everything under the sun together at this point, I still feel shy about it all. He has a way of making me feel completely submissive and innocent, even as he's tying me to the bed and edging me until I'm practically in tears.

I've never had someone take care of me the way Dean does, and the realization makes me tear up a little bit.

"What? Princess, what is it?" he asks, concerned.

I wipe the tear that escapes off my cheek. "Nothing. I've just really enjoyed this time with you, Dean."

He looks over at me, a tender emotion flickering over his face. "Me too, princess. Me too."

More minutes pass, and I'm checking my fingernails when we pass a sign for a local winery with camping cabins, and suddenly it all makes sense.

"Is that where we're going?" I ask, smiling, getting excited at the prospect.

Dean glances over, his mouth pulling up to one side. “Maybe.”
“You’re so frustrating.” I sigh. “And yeah, you can punish me for saying that.”

His dark laugh rumbles through the car, and I press my legs together to relieve some of the pressure building in my pussy just from hearing that sound. It’s very familiar...I hear it a lot when he’s buried to the hilt in my body.

“You know,” Dean says, his voice low and rumbly. “If I didn’t know any better, I’d think you were falling in love with me.”

“You’re impossible,” I mutter, not knowing how to respond. *He’s right, my heart whispers, You do love him. You have for weeks.*

“Whatever you say, princess,” he says, looking over at me and placing a large, calloused hand on my thigh. “All I know is that you’re mine. All mine. And I’m going to take care of you this weekend in ways you can’t even imagine.”

A shiver runs down my spine, and I look over at him, in the mood to tease. “What if I don’t want to be yours?”

He smiles, slow and wolfish. “I’ll just have to change your mind.”

“Promises, promises,” I reply, turning my attention back out the window.

We pass another sign, and Dean squeezes my leg. “You’ll see, princess. This weekend is going to change your life.”

“THIS PLACE IS BEAUTIFUL,” I breathe, taking in the rolling green hills of the winery. There’s just the slightest dusting of frost, but honestly, I don’t think I’d mind being snowed in here.

Dean smiles. “Let’s check out our cabin and then explore. You can try all the wine you want.”

We get our bags and check-in, and then walk up a little hill to our cabin. It's a little two-story cottage, complete with a white picket fence.

"This is ours for the weekend?" I ask. "You really outdid yourself, Dean."

"Of course," he says, squeezing my shoulder. "Only the best for you."

I sigh and lean into his touch, letting the warm feeling wash over me. Dean always makes me feel like the most important person in the world.

We head inside and settle in. Then, Dean and I decide to walk around the winery and take a tour. We're the only people on the tour, which means we get a little extra attention from the guide.

"This is a gorgeous winery, isn't it?" she says, smiling at us. "Have you two been together long?"

Dean and I look at each other. "Long enough for me to know she's everything."

"Oh!" the guide gasps. "That's so sweet!"

Dean laughs, putting his arm around me. "I guess you could say it's a whirlwind romance."

We return to the cabin where dinner has been delivered for us, and to my surprise, hundreds of rose petals and dozens of candles cover the floors, table, and every other surface of the place. The guide leaves quietly, and Dean takes my hand, leading me over to the table.

He uncorks the bottle of sweet red wine and pours us both a glass. "Before we eat, princess, I need to ask you something."

"Yes?" I reply, my heart kicking into high gear. There's a feeling of fate in the air like the next few minutes are going to change everything... forever.

My instincts are proven right when Dean, all 6 feet plus of him, gets down on one knee and pulls a ring box from his pocket. I gasp, my hand going to my mouth, adrenaline

pumping into my bloodstream and making me shake. Is this really happening?

“Delia Watson,” he begins. “When you came into my life, you changed everything. You gave me a reason to start living, not just surviving. For that, I’ll be forever grateful. Please make me the happiest man in the world and agree to become my wife. Will you marry me?”

Tears leak down my face as he holds the ring box open—a gorgeous princess-cut diamond shining on the black velvet.

“Yes,” I cry, falling to his level and throwing my arms around him. “I’ll marry you.”

He slides the ring on my finger and pulls me into his lap. His kiss is searing and desperate.

“Delia,” he groans. “I love you. I love you so fucking much.”

His confession rocks me.

“You’ve changed my life too,” I tell him, tears falling freely from my eyes now. “And I love you too. God, I love you so much, Dean!”

We don’t make it back to the dinner table, falling into bed instead and telling each other over and over again with our bodies and our words how much we love each other. When we finally manage to eat, it’s in bed, wrapped in sheets, all the candles burning down to wicks and puddles of wax around us.

The food is cold and the wine is warm. It’s messy, and because it’s with Dean Dixon, it’s perfect.

EPILOGUE

Motherhood looks damn good on my wife. My fucking wife. I still can't believe it sometimes. But here she stands, looking over the balcony of our new family home and smiling as she watches the sunset, our daughter in her arms.

We didn't move far so I could keep my position at the police department, but I plan on retiring sooner rather than later. We had the house built to our exact specifications, and Delia was on cloud nine decorating to her heart's content. The basement is her very own bakery, where she can cater small batch orders on her own time.

"Princess," I say, coming up behind her and wrapping my arms around her waist. "And little princess Dana."

She leans into my embrace, resting her head against my chest. "Hey, baby."

I smile. "Enjoying the view?"

"Wait one second." She hands me the baby and steps back about six feet until I'm also in the picture she's seeing, and Delia sighs happily. "There. Now it's perfect."

Delia and I married six months after my proposal, and Delia gave birth to our first child—a girl—nine months after that. She's a gorgeous little thing, with her mama's dark hair and shimmering eyes, and a little dimple in her cheek.

And I'm trying my damndest to be the best father I can be... and the best husband too.

I'm still the same asshole I've always been, but when Delia is around, I'm less tense and angry. She's given meaning to... well, fucking everything. Even Brody and I are slowly rebuilding a relationship, and when he and his new girlfriend get married, I plan to welcome her into the family with open arms.

It's funny how life can change so quickly.

I wrap an arm around Delia and lean in, kissing her softly. She sighs, relaxing against me and our daughter, and I feel the warmth of my new little family spread through me.

"I love you," Delia whispers. "Both of you."

"I love you, princess. And I love you too, sweet girl."

I press a soft kiss to the top of my baby's head and pull my wife close.

Life can't get any better than this.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

Ten Years Later

My wedding day was the best day of my life, but today might just top it. I'll never tell Dean that, though.

I'm sitting in the audience of the elementary school's talent show, and the kids are just finishing up the final act—a rendition of "All I Want For Christmas Is You" by Mariah Carey.

My baby, only three and a half, is the youngest in the talent show and the most nervous.

And the cutest.

He's dancing and singing along, and even though the song is way too fast, he's doing a great job. His dad and I are beaming as he takes his bow, and his sister and brother are cheering and clapping wildly.

Dean and I have three babies, and our family is everything.

After we were married, I went to work building my own business, and Dean and I lived happily ever after. I even got him to let his hair grow out a little bit, and he's gotten a bit softer around the edges. But again, I'll never tell Dean that.

I love him so much, and I can't wait to spend the rest of my life with him.

The show is over, and all the kids line up. I clap and cheer and scream along with my babies. They take their bows, and we

head backstage to grab our little boy, who's so excited to see us.

"Did you see me?!" he yells, running towards Dean. "Did you see me dance, Dad?"

Dean scoops him up, holding him close. "I did, bud. You did a great job, little man."

"You're the best, Dad," he says, giggling.

"And you're the best, bud." Dean grins at me over the top of our son's head.

After a few more minutes of hearing all about little Daniel's preparation for the big show, his teacher approaches and collects the toddler to take him back to preschool. As usual, she gives Dean an appreciative look before sauntering away, and I roll my eyes.

Dean chuckles, low and amused. "You know, if it bothers you, you could say something. If the shoe was on the other foot and some male teacher was looking you over, I'd make him swallow his teeth."

"It's not that," I huff, shepherding our oldest daughter and middle son off to their respective groups. It's loud enough in the gym that no one can hear me but Dean, so I go ahead and make my confession. "It's that she's so...so fit and young and gorgeous. And here I am three kids and a few sizes later."

Dean's eyes darken, and before I know it, he's grabbing my hand and dragging me through the school until we find an empty stock room. He shuts the door and turns the lock. Within seconds, he's on me.

My back is pressed against the metal door, and Dean is lifting one of my legs to wrap around his hips.

"What are you doing?!" I gasp, leaning my head back to give him better access to my neck even as I'm feeling totally scandalized. This is our kid's school!

"Showing you how fucking stupid what you just said is," he growls. "You are hotter than you've ever been, Delia. Your

curves drive me insane, do you know that? And you can take it even rougher. It's so fucking sexy."

He yanks my pants and panties down and presses a thumb to my clit.

"I can't believe this is happening," I gasp.

"Believe it, princess. You're mine, and I'll prove it to you anytime."

"You're going to make me come so hard," I whimper, and he chuckles.

"Fuck, I love the way you think." He unbuckles his pants, and I'm not sure if the shiver that goes down my spine is from his words or his touch, and I honestly don't care. He rubs the thick head of his cock against my slick entrance, and I gasp.

"You want this, don't you, princess? You want my thick cock to fuck you hard right here in the closet at your kid's school?"

"Yes," I whisper, the thrill of being caught making me hot and cold all over.

"Good, because that's exactly what's going to happen..right... now." Dean thrusts inside me, and my eyes roll back into my head. "Fuck," he mutters. "You always feel so fucking good."

I'm too turned on to answer, and the only sounds filling the room are his low groans, my cries, and the slapping of skin on skin.

"Are you going to come all over my cock, princess?" he growls.

"Yes," I sob. "Don't stop."

"Never," he grunts. "I'll never stop, baby. You're stuck with me forever. Come, baby, come for me. Let me feel you."

I'm coming harder than I've ever come before, and then he's following me, spilling into my inner walls with a grunt. We both breathe heavily. Then we laugh, a little bit giddy with adrenaline.

"Well, that was unexpected," I say, smiling.

“Nothing is more beautiful than you,” Dean replies, leaning forward and brushing a gentle kiss across my lips. “Next time you need me to remind you, I will. Again and again until you believe it.”

I almost tell him I already do, but I stop myself. Maybe I’ll want a little quickie like this in the future, and now I know just what to say to get it.

We escape the school without getting caught, stifling laughter as we go. There’s a few more hours till the kids get home for the day, and I’d like a little more private time with my husband.

The End. Thanks for reading!

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Dad's Best Friend

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Book 15: Dad's Cop Buddy

Her Bad Boy

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Book 1: Jealous Cop

Book 2: Jealous Fighter

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