



COURTING  
*Curves*



*at* RECESS

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LONI REE



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L O N I R E E

# At Recess

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# Chapter 1

LETTY

# at RECESS

**F**udgemuffin. My heart drops to my toes as I glance in my rearview mirror and see the red and blue lights flashing behind me. Looks like I'm going to be really freaking late. I pull Betsy over to the side of the road and get my excuses, driver's license, and registration ready. I know the drill.

I paste my cheeriest smile on my face and turn to the officer. "Good morning." The smile slips off my face when I see the angry scowl on Sheriff Armstrong's face. Oh, man. When I woke up with a headache, I knew it was going to be a bad day.

"Letty, do you have any idea how fast you were going?" he growls, and my excuses dry up in my throat. Why couldn't it be Deputy Williams who caught me this time? The deputy usually flirts a little and then lets me off with a warning. The deep frown lines running between Sheriff Armstrong's eyebrows tell me he isn't in the flirting or warning mood.



Swallowing, I pull myself together and blurt out my excuse. “No. Betsy’s speedometer went out, and I haven’t had the time to get it fixed. Plus, Edward at the garage said he doesn’t know if he can even fix her anymore because she’s so old, they don’t even make parts anymore. Once we get Curvology up and running, I plan to buy a new car, but I’m not going to put Betsy out to pasture. I’m going to keep her, but I won’t drive her as much.” My grandmother gave the forty-year-old VW Bug to me for my sixteenth birthday.

“Stop.” Sheriff Armstrong holds out his hand, stopping my ranting. “You can’t drive a car around without a functioning speedometer.” He shakes his head, and I’m really glad he has the mirrored sunglasses on so I can’t see the disappointment in his eyes. “You were going fifty-seven miles an hour in a thirty-five zone.” He lifts off his sunglasses and glares down at me. “That’s twenty-two miles an hour over the speed limit,” the sheriff adds, implying I can’t freaking add.

“Oops.” All my excuses fly right out of my mind.

“Oops? Is that all you have to say for yourself?” His face turns a frightening shade of red.

“My bad,” I add and almost slap my forehead at my impulsive words as his eyes narrow to slits. My freaking brain isn’t functioning without my usual white chocolate mocha with a double shot of espresso.

“You can explain this to the judge. I’m adding reckless driving to the speeding ticket.” Darn. My bad day just got worse.

“But...” All excuses fly right out of my throbbing head, so I blurt out my first thought. “Can’t you give me a break?”

“I am giving you a break.” He shakes his head and hands me the little computer pad to sign. “I should take you right to jail

for the reckless driving, but I don't feel like dealing with the headache."

That makes two of us. "Thank you," I grumble, knowing this is all my fault. I should've gotten Betsy's speedometer fixed after my first ticket. Not my seventh.



I stop for my usual latte then head straight for the boutique. As I drive through Silver Spoon Falls, I glance in my rearview mirror and find the sheriff following closely behind me. He really doesn't trust me. When I hear my older sister's ringtone coming from my oversized purse, I groan. Shoot. Holding the wheel with one hand, I dig for my cell with the other. Hopefully, Sheriff Grouchypants doesn't realize I'm taking one of my hands off the steering wheel. He'd probably take me straight to jail.

"Hello." I'm out of breath by the time I manage to answer the call before it stops ringing. I'm sure my sister is worried that I'm not already at Curvology, the boutique we're opening in Silver Spoon Falls.

"Where are you?" Jazzy grumbles. "You left home before me." No kidding. Usually, we ride to work together, but I had to drive myself today since Jazzy and I each have meetings this afternoon in opposite parts of town.

"I had a little trouble," I grumble and ease my foot off the accelerator.

"Another ticket?" My older sister knows me so well. Being the middle of three sisters is a pain sometimes. Jazzy, the oldest, is

overprotective, while Skye, our youngest sister, is even flightier than me.

“Yep.” I sigh, not elaborating. I’ll explain everything to her later when I’m not trying to drive carefully. “I’ll be there in five minutes,” I tell her and hang up before I get in even more trouble.

Exactly four minutes later, I wave at the sheriff as he drives off. The big jerk followed me all the way here and watched me park. I juggle my purse, computer bag, and coffee cup, trying to make my way to the back door without making a mess.

Our grandmother raised us after our mother and father decided three little girls cut into their time to party. Gramma Liz died two years ago, leaving us each a small inheritance. When I graduated from college last spring, Jazzy, Skylar, and I decided to take a chance and pool all our inheritance money together to finance a boutique dedicated to curvy women. The three of us have spent our entire lives hunting for clothing that complements our full figures.

We chose Silver Spoon Falls for our new adventure after Jazzy traveled to the small Texas town for a conference. She fell in love with the small yet quirky town and forced us to come and visit to see for ourselves. From the second I stepped foot here, I felt like I’d finally found my forever home.

Since I have an accounting degree, I take care of the business side while Jazzy uses her fashion merchandising background to run the buying side. Skylar invested her inheritance in the boutique and will help with staffing while she takes online classes to finish her marketing degree.

“Here, let me help you.” Jazzy, my older sister pushes the door open. “I was just about to call you again.” She grabs the coffee

cup from my hand and helps herself to some of my white chocolate mocha before locking the door behind us.

“I had to go slow. Sheriff Armstrong followed me all the way here,” I admit and prepare myself for her lecture. “And I have to go to court for this ticket.”

“Court? Why?” Jazzy slams her hands down on her hips.

“I uh...” She’s going to flip. “Sheriff Armstrong added reckless driving to my speeding ticket,” I explain, leaving out the part where he threatened to take me to jail.

“Yikes.” She winces. “That’s not good. I told you to get Betsy fixed,” Jazzy tacks on her older sister dig.

“I haven’t had time.” *Or money*, I add silently. My sister would insist on helping me if she knew how fast my savings is dwindling, but I refuse to add any more to her already full plate. “Once we get Curvology up and running, I’ll make sure to take her to the garage.”

# Chapter 2

LEX

# at RECESS

I walk through the courthouse's back entrance and run into the clerk of court.

"I'm so glad I caught you." Melissa Monte walks up and smiles at me. "I'm afraid Judge Hamilton caught the nasty flu bug going around town." I rub the back of my neck, hoping she gets to the point of this so I can grab a cup of coffee before my first session. "So, I'm going to need you to preside over traffic court this morning." What the fuck?

Melissa has been the court clerk for as long as I can remember. In fact, my father hired her when I was still in grade school. She's like an honorary aunt to my younger sister, Wren, and me. "What about the cases on my docket?" I ask.

"I've arranged to have them pushed back until eleven am. There are only two traffic court cases, so you should be done with time to spare." Fuck my life.



I've spent the last several years in Las Vegas. For five years, I was an Assistant DA in the Crimes Against Women division, then I became a family court judge. When my dad announced his retirement after forty years on the bench in Silver Spoon Falls, I reevaluated my life and realized I wasn't happy in Las Vegas. Within weeks, I'd moved back to my hometown to finish my dad's term. Now, I have two years to decide if I want to continue along this path or find another one.

The small-town courthouse doesn't run the same as a large city court. Judges move around and cover wherever we're needed. In my opinion, it's a fucking crazy way to work, but it's the way things have been done in Silver Spoon Falls since the Civil War so I doubt things will be changing anytime soon.

"Okay," I tell Melissa and turn to head to my office.

"By the way," she calls to me. "I had your office refrigerator filled with bottled water. It's best if you avoid the Silver Spoon Falls water until you're settled in."

She's the third person that's mentioned the Silver Spoon Falls water since I arrived last week. First, the clerk at the convenience store recommended I buy bottled water, and then, my sister made a remark about me avoiding the town water that was seconded by my dad's housekeeper. I make a mental note to investigate what the fuck is going on with everyone before making my way to my new office, the same office my dad had for the last four decades.

Not ready to tempt Karma or fate or whatever evil force is contaminating the water, I grab a bottle of water and pour it into the ancient coffeemaker my father left me. While my much-needed coffee brews, I look around at all the boxes stacked up and realize I'm going to have to spend my weekend organizing this shit before it drives me nuts.

I barely have time to guzzle a cup of coffee before pulling on my long black robe. I rush through the back hall toward the main courtroom and push the door open with one minute to spare.

What the fuck? I almost trip when I glance across the courtroom. My heart beats double time in my chest, and I quickly sit behind the bench before my knees give out. The curvy little brunette sitting in the front row is fucking stunning. *And all fucking mine.* Where the hell did that come from?

Shock courses through my soul as my eyes roam from the top of her caramel curls past her luscious tits and down her absolutely perfect curvy frame. The banister hides most of her sweet frame, pissing me the fuck off. I want to see all of her. She's too far away for me to make out the color of her gorgeous almond-shaped eyes. I give my head a little shake, trying to clear the cobwebs filling my mind, but visions of her sprawled across the bench while I lose myself in her tight pussy run through my mind.

Now I know I'm losing my fucking marbles. I've never had these indecent thoughts during a court session before. The court clerk calls the session to order, and I paste a bored look on my face as Melissa calls the first case. I groan to myself when Charlotte "Letty" Matheson, the beautiful girl in the front row, stands and smooths her hands down the front of her tight black skirt before walking up to the defense table. I drag my eyes away from her perfect frame and force myself to listen while the prosecutor explains the case against her. I'm not really sure if I'm more pissed or impressed. My curvy little repeat offender has been caught speeding four times in a two-month period. The list of her traffic offenses is mind-blowing.

She's a regular menace to society, and I plan to tame my little lawbreaker.

I'm not sure where that crazy thought came from, but I already know there's no fighting the pull between us. The fifteen people in the room with us do nothing to cool my jets. Thank God for the long black robe and bench that hide the evidence of my arousal from the entire courtroom. Walking around with a hard-on is definitely not the way I wanted to introduce myself to the Silver Spoon Falls court system.

When she steps up to the podium to explain herself, I grip the edge of my seat and listen while she speaks. Her smoky voice fills the courtroom, setting my blood aflame. Hunger unlike I've ever known courses through me.

"Let me get this straight." I halt her endless babble. This close, I can see her eyes are mossy green. "Your vehicle's speedometer is broken, so instead of getting it fixed, you've been speeding through town, risking your life and everyone else's lives?" Her gorgeous eyes widen as my roar fills the courtroom. Well, that was more aggressive than I intended, but the thought of her getting hurt causes my heart to squeeze tight in my chest.

I want to kick my own ass when her stunning green eyes fill with tears while her bottom lip wobbles. "I'm sorry."

I have to look away as anger flows through me. Anger at myself for making my girl cry. Staring at the prosecutor, I ask, "Where is the ticketing officer?" I look around, expecting to see the sheriff step forward, but he isn't in the courtroom.

"Sheriff Armstrong had an emergency this morning and couldn't be here." I almost roll my eyes at Harlen Jeffry as he asks for a miracle. "I'd like to ask for a continuance so Sheriff Armstrong can attend."

“That isn’t how we do things,” I remind him unnecessarily. If the officer isn’t in court, I have to rule in favor of the defendant. Turning to my girl, I force a bored look on my face. “You’re free to go, Ms. Matheson, but I’d recommend that you get your speedometer fixed.” Her entire body relaxes as I continue. “Next time, you won’t be so lucky.” It’s a moot point. I’m going to make sure there’s no fucking next time. My woman will not be driving around in an unsafe vehicle.

“Thank you, Your Honor.” She almost trips over her own feet rushing out of the courtroom. As I watch her flee, I promise to hunt her down and lay down the rules as soon as I get through the rest of my first day in the Silver Spoon Falls Courthouse. Little Ms. Charlotte Matheson isn’t going to make a clean break from me. I plan to do society a favor and tie the curvy little lawbreaker to me for life.

# Chapter 3

LETTY

# at RECESS

**J**udge Ashford is definitely grouchy, but he isn't old. Not the least little bit. I was expecting a distinguished, slightly grumpy, older man, not the drop-dead gorgeous, thirty-something hottie who walks into the courtroom and turns my bones to goo. His deep blue eyes stare holes through my shocked body as he sits behind the large bench at the front of the courtroom. I momentarily forget all about my legal troubles while concentrating on the most handsome man I've ever seen. My stupid eyes refuse to look away, and my body sparks to life as I take in his square, beard-covered jaw. There is no doubt in my mind that his long black robe is hiding a well-built body. I can't believe these insane feelings roaring through me. All kinds of steamy fantasies fill my mind, causing my face to heat.

I'm too busy paying attention to Judge Hottie to listen as the prosecutor shreds my driving ability. When Judge Ashford enquires about Sheriff Armstrong, I realize I haven't seen the



sheriff this morning. The next thing I know, Karma shines down on me as the judge tells me I'm free to go and the charges will be dropped since the sheriff couldn't attend the hearing.

My heart drops as I turn and rush out of the courtroom like the hounds of hell are on my heels. Too bad, that means I'm leaving Judge Hottie behind.

"What happened?" Skylar is waiting in the lobby as I rush out. She came to court with me today for emotional support but couldn't come into the courtroom.

"Come on." I grab her arm and tug. "I'll explain in the car."

"What?" my sister sputters behind me but rushes to follow. "Are you on the run?" When we get to her little red car, she presses a button on the remote to unlock the car while glaring at me.

"No." I roll my eyes. Of course, she'd expect the worst. "They dropped the charges." I explain the situation while she drives us home. "The new judge is hot. Like really, really hot." I can't believe I let that slip out. A few minutes in Judge Hottie's company and my freaking fried brain has lost all ability to filter my words. Now, I'll never hear the end of this.

"Oh?" Skylar glances over at me. "I don't think I've ever heard you describe a man as hot before." That's true, but Judge Hottie isn't any man. He's the man who turned my mind and body to mush with one look. Too bad, I'll probably never see him again.

Fifteen minutes later, we pull up in front of the large country home we share on the outskirts of Silver Spoon Falls. "What happened?" Jazzy meets us at the front door.

“They dropped the charges.” I shrug as my nose perks up. The smell of hot cheese and pepperoni fills the air around us. “Is that First Class pizza?” My sister knows that’s my favorite meal.

“I thought you’d need some cheering up.” My older sister is the best. She might be upset with me for the ticket, but she’ll still do whatever it takes to cheer me up. “Now, explain this to me.”

“Letty blew the judge and he let her off,” Skylar deadpans, and I feel my face heat at my earlier fantasies.

“Don’t be crude, Skylar Renee,” Jazzy snaps at our younger sister before turning to me. “What really happened?” I’m a little offended she doesn’t even give Skylar’s explanation a second thought.

“The judge dropped the charges when Sheriff Armstrong didn’t show up,” I explain to my older sister as we dish up our pizza.

The next morning, Jazzy insists on driving us both to Curvology. “I’m going to walk down to The Golden Mug,” I tell her before we get to work. “Do you want anything?”

“I’ll take my usual.” I’m not shocked Jazzy wants a vanilla latte. All three of us need our daily caffeine to survive.

The Golden Mug is crowded with early-morning caffeine addicts, like me. What can I say? I depend on my daily dose of black gold to keep me going. As I stand in the longish line, I pull out my phone and read the morning news.

“Good morning, Ms. Matheson.” That voice. Oh, my goodness, it cuts through my soul exactly like it did yesterday in court. I close my eyes and take a deep breath, hoping my un-caffeinated mind is playing tricks on me. I’d prefer not to

run into the hottest man on earth before I've had my morning caffeine boost. Peeling one eye open, I glance up, way the heck up. *Judge Ashford is even taller than I thought yesterday*, runs through my mind as I stare into his intense dark blue eyes.

"Oh," I squeak out. "Hello, Judge Ashford." Great. I sound like a constipated chipmunk. "I didn't speed today," I blurt out and immediately regret my missing mouth filter.

"I'm happy to hear that." His arrogant smirk heats my blood. I'm not sure if I want to smack his handsome face or throw myself at his steaming hot body. Luckily, the barista asks for my order and saves me from making a choice.

I force myself to turn from the smiling judge and order my usual. "I'll take a large white chocolate mocha with a double shot, extra hot, and a medium vanilla latte."

Before she's able to finish ringing it up, Judge Ashford interjects, "Please add a large black coffee." What? Does this big jerk expect me to pay for his coffee?

Before I'm able to object, he pulls a black credit card from his wallet and pays for all three coffees. "Oh." I'm way the heck out of my league here. "You didn't have to pay for my coffees."

"I wanted to." His warm, intimate smile heats me from the inside out. My knees turn to jelly as my face turns bright red.

I barely notice the door jingling behind us as someone walks in. "Good morning, Lex." I squeeze my eyes shut, hoping the ground opens up and swallows me. Just my freaking luck. Here I am waiting for my saving grace—coffee—and I have to deal with not only the hot judge but the jerk sheriff, too.

“Good morning, Dillon.” Judge Ashford glances over my head and gives the sheriff a nod.

“Good morning, Letty.” Great. The testosterone meter is hitting overload in the small coffee shop. I glance over my shoulder and give Sheriff Armstrong a half-smile.

The two men begin discussing something that is none of my business, so I stand like a bump on a log and try to fade into the background. My luck finally turns around when the barista places our coffee order on the counter. Before either man can react, I grab the two lattes and rush out the door like the hounds of hell are on my heels.

# Chapter 4

# at RECESS

Watching my girl rush out of the coffee shop, I realize she's going to need special handling. My gorgeous little lawbreaker is skittish, but I'll do whatever it takes to make her mine. I spend a sleepless night fantasizing about her luscious curves. I'm pretty sure my cock is going to suffer permanent damage from the constant hard-on her stunning body caused.

"You're going to have your hands full trying to tame her." Dillon slaps me on the back, reminding me I'm in a crowded coffee shop drooling over the curvy little lawbreaker. "I can see you've been drinking the Silver Spoon Falls water."

"What?" This whole town has gone nuts since I left several years ago.

"Let me tell you a little story." He points at our coffees sitting on the counter. "Grab those while I grab us a table."

What do I look like, the fucking waiter?



I set our coffees on the table and sit across from Dillon. “It’s good to have you back,” he tells me, and I realize I did miss my hometown and friends.

“Are you looking for a sane person?” I ask, wondering what the hell happened since I moved away.

“Not going to find one in this town.” He laughs. “The love bug has struck and we’re all acting like morons.” I blink several times, wondering if I heard my old friend right. Has everyone in town gone crazy? “We’ve concluded that the water contributes to the insane amount of love matches happening throughout Silver Spoon Falls.”

As he explains, I rub the back of my neck, pretty sure whatever caused my old friend to lose his mind is now working on me.

Keeping with the theme of crazy, I drive past Letty’s house on the way home from the courthouse. I might’ve gotten her address off the original ticket, but that’s neither here nor there. The large country home sits at the end of a dead-end road. As I pass by the secluded house, I slow down to check it out. Three women living alone in the middle of nowhere should have more security, and I make a mental note to ask Dillon for recommendations.

Of course, I plan to move Letty in with me as soon as I can arrange it, but I still want her sisters to be safe.

It might be nuts, but I already know that Letty owns me, heart and soul. There’s no way I’d ever take a chance with her safety.

After arriving at my new home, I throw a frozen dinner in the microwave and pull out my phone to call my sister. “It’s about time you called me back,” Wren grumbles.

“Sorry. I’ve been busy getting everything settled.” I cross my fingers behind my back as I lie to my younger sister.

“Bull,” she calls me on it. “I heard a rumor going around that you’re the latest victim of the Silver Spoon Falls water.” Why is everyone so fucking concerned about the goddamn town’s water?

“Is everyone in town nuts?” I grumble, already knowing the answer.

“Yep. It’s time you embrace the insanity, Lex Loser.” My younger sister might be a well-respected defense attorney, but she still loves to needle me like she did when we were kids.

“Never, Wrenegade,” I tell her and walk over to remove my dinner from the microwave.

“That’s not the rumor going around town. The Silver Spoon Falls grapevine is still very active. I’ve heard from very reliable sources that you’ve gone ga-ga over a very sweet little shop owner.”

How the fuck does this shit get around so fast? “I’m not discussing my love life with you.”

“That’s okay. I’ll just keep getting my info from the grapevine.” Fucking hell. Just like every other person in this crazy town.

After I manage to get my sister off the phone, I try to choke down a few bites of the awful dinner before heading up to shower. My hard fucking cock reminds me of the effect my little lawbreaker has on my body. Just thinking about her ripe, perfect curves causes my blood to heat while my cock grows impossibly harder. My hands clench at my sides as my mind fills with fantasies of Letty’s smoky voice calling my name while she rides my hungry cock.

My dirty thoughts should shock the hell out of me, but I'm getting used to the crazy feelings that meeting Letty has caused. After turning the water to colder than a well-digger's ass, I rip off my clothes and step under the freezing cold water. The frigid spray doesn't calm my raging hard-on one little iota, so I take matters into my own hand. I lean back against the cool marble and wrap my hand around my erection. My quick, efficient strokes bring me to orgasm quickly, but it doesn't satisfy my hunger one bit. I watch jets of cum mix with the cold water and run down the drain but still feel dissatisfied. My own hand just doesn't cut it when I'm hungry for a curvy little lawbreaker. Leaning my forehead against the cool glass, I wait for my breathing to return to normal while my heart pounds in my chest.

After spending another sleepless night staring at the ceiling with a painful erection, I roll out of bed before the sun even rises. Figuring another cold shower might help, I stand under the sting of the icy water and sigh. I repeat my quick jack-off session and get the same goddamn results—a deflated cock and an unsatisfied heart.

I dress before heading down to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. As the caffeine flows through my blood, I decide I can't spend another night like this. It's time to go find my girl and get this relationship moving.

# Chapter 5

## LETTY

# at RECESS

I'm fighting to keep my eyes open while working my way through merchandise invoices when Jazzy comes breezing into the back office. "You have a visitor," my sister practically sings.

"Visitor?" I glance up, wondering if I forgot a meeting with some supplier. It's almost five-thirty, so most businesses in Silver Spoon Falls are already closed.

"Hello, Letty." Judge Ashford steps around my sister and smiles down at me. A sudden thought occurs to me. Shoot. When I skipped the makeup and pulled my hair up in a messy bun this morning, I had no idea the hot judge would pick today to come calling. Actually, I never thought I'd ever see him again unless I get another speeding ticket.

"Judge Ashford." I stand up suddenly and almost knock my nearly empty soda off the edge of my desk. "Oops." I make a

grab for it and find my hand enclosed in his much larger, warm palm as he reaches for the paper cup at the same time.

“Here you go, baby.” He somehow ends up with the cup in his hand when I jerk mine away.

“Thank you,” I manage to mutter past the restriction in my throat. His electric blue eyes hold mine captive as his perfect lips lift into a smile.

“My, my. It’s steaming in here.” My sister cuts through the tension filling the small office. “I think I’m going to run and grab something cool to drink.” When Judge Ashford turns to her, I take a deep breath and try to bring my racing heart under control.

“No, thank you,” he tells Jazzy before turning back to me. “I actually stopped by to see if you would have dinner with me tonight.” My sister slips from the room while my mouth opens and closes repeatedly.

I give my head a shake and blurt out the first thought that comes to my mind. “Why?” Surely, my freaking brain could come up with a better reply.

“Because I’d like to get to know you, and dinner is a great way to accomplish that.” He smiles down at me, and my mind turns to mush.

I can’t tonight since I have my weekly book club at Gatsby books, the adorable local bookstore. “I already have plans tonight.” There my mouth goes, spouting off without waiting for my brain to catch up. “Could we make it tomorrow night?”

“We can do that.” He sits on the edge of my desk and lifts my hand to his lips. My bones melt as his breath feathers over the skin on the back of my knuckles. “May I pick you up at six tomorrow night?”

“Where do you want to meet? I can drive myself.” I smile at him while wondering what made the hot judge decide to ask me out.

“No offense, baby, but that’s up for debate.” He winks at me, and I realize he just dissed my driving ability.

“I’ll have you know I’m a great driver, Judge Ashford.” I stand and smack his shoulder before I realize what I’m doing.

“I’m sure you are. Great and fast. Really, really fast.” He pushes a strand of hair behind my ear. “Call me Lex and tell me what time you want me to pick you up.”

Swallowing, I realize I’m out of my depth here. “Lex.” I love the way his name feels rolling off my tongue. “I can be ready any time after six tomorrow night.”

“Then I’ll see you at six.” My mouth drops open when he leans over and places a soft kiss on my cheek. As I watch him walk toward the door, a sudden thought occurs to me. “Wait,” I call to Lex. “You don’t have my address.”

“Yes, I do.” He winks at me, and I must lock my knees to stay standing. “I made it my business to find out all there is to know about you.”

“Why?” I don’t really understand any of this. The smoking hot judge shows out of nowhere and asks me on a date? Is there some hidden camera or something?

“Because you got under my skin the first moment I laid eyes on you, and I plan to make sure you feel the same way about me. The best defense is a good offense.” His answer blows me away.

“Oh.” I spend the rest of the night lamenting my less-than-stellar response to his shocking statement. In the end, I don’t

get much from the book club. In fact, I can't even remember the name of the book I read.



The next evening, Jazzy and I head home early. Technically, Curvology isn't open, so it's not a big deal.

"What are you going to wear?" Jazzy and Skylar sit side-by-side on my bed, watching me frantically tear outfits from my closet.

"I have no idea," I grumble, looking down at the heap of clothing on my carpet. I can't believe the total mess of my favorite outfits but none of them are just right.

"Try the red dress," Skylar urges me and points at the red silk lump lying next to my foot. "It is h-o-t with a capital H."

"No," Jazzy disagrees. "She needs to wear the emerald-green silk pantsuit. It makes her eyes pop."

I finally decide to go out on my own and wear my favorite fitted black dress. No one can ever go wrong with a little black dress and ruby-red high heels.

My heart beats at a frantic rate as I wait for Lex to arrive. "Stop pacing the front hall. You look gorgeous. You're going to knock the judge on his rear end." Jazzy shakes her head and hands me my black wrap before opening the main door. "That way we can see when he drives up." I stare through the glass storm door and take a deep breath to calm my crazy nerves.

"You look beautiful," Skye calls from the living room. Morris, our bright yellow tabby cat, stretches out next to her on the sofa and glances over at me longingly. I take a step toward the



sofa, then realize I'll spend the evening picking cat fur off my outfit if I'm not careful.

"I can't let you leave orange fur all over me before my date," I coo to the spoiled feline. "I'll pet you when I get home," I promise the pouting cat.

"Where can I get in line for petting?" I spin around and gasp when I find Lex Ashford standing in the doorway, smirking at me.

# Chapter 6

LEX

# at RECESS

**W**hile my joke hangs in the air, three pairs of shocked green eyes turn to me. “Lex.” My girl spins around and gasps, “I didn’t hear you walk up.” My cock turns to stone in my dress pants as I stare at her gorgeous body. My mind fills with visions of tearing the tight black dress off of her perfect curves. She has an adorable habit of chewing on her plump bottom lip whenever she’s nervous, which sends my pulse into overdrive. “You remember my sister, Jazzy.” I shake the older sister’s hand before my girl points to the younger woman sitting on the floral sofa. “And this is Skylar, my younger sister.”

I barely have time to wave goodbye to the other two women as my girl drags me out the door. I open the car door to help Letty slide in before leaning over her sweet body to hook the seatbelt. Once I slam the door, I take my time walking around the back of the car, hoping to have a few seconds to get my cock under control. The second her delicate scent reached my

nostrils, my erection nearly tore its way through my dress pants.

“How was your day, baby?” I fucking need something to distract me and help ease the restriction in my pants. Hopefully, idle chit-chat will do it.

My girl fidgets the entire ten-minute drive to the restaurant while I hold a mostly one-sided conversation with her. By the time we arrive at the Broadway Steakhouse, I’m ready self-combust.

The popular restaurant is packed most nights, and I didn’t want to take any chances so I called in a few favors and arranged to use their private back room. Tonight is all about wooing my girl, and I plan to pull out all the stops to impress her. “Please, follow me.” The hostess smiles and leads us through the darkened room toward a set of double doors at the back of the restaurant.

“Your waiter will be with you in a few minutes,” she tells us once we’re seated in a large booth on the back wall.

Once the door closes, I turn to Letty and smile. “Tell me about yourself.”

That sounds innocent enough. “There isn’t much to tell.” She shrugs. “I moved here with my sisters to open our boutique. We specialize in clothing and accessories for curvy women.” As she talks, I stare into her expressive green eyes and lose myself.

At some point, the waiter comes in and takes our order, but I have no fucking idea what I even ordered. Warnings to take things slow with Letty fill my mind, but my overheated body wants nothing to do with that goddamn idea. Watching her enjoy her steak shows me a whole new form of torture. “Is

your dinner okay?” Worry fills her deep green eyes as she points at my mostly untouched dinner.

“I’m hungry for something besides steak.” The words hang in the air between us as Letty swallows and stares into my eyes. “I’d rather have a taste of you.” These crazy feelings are turning me into a fucking caveman. I want to take my woman back to my cave and keep her there forever. Her mouth opens and closes several times without any sound emerging. “Have I shocked you, baby?” I need to know my obsession isn’t scaring her away.

“This all seems crazy,” she admits but doesn’t pull away when I lift her soft hand to my lips for a kiss.

“Too crazy for you?” I hope I don’t have to resort to kidnapping her. Not even my family’s connections could save my legal career then, but having Letty for the rest of my life would be worth the sacrifice. “We can slow things down, but I’m not giving you up.” I lay my cards on the table.

She picks up her wine glass and takes a huge sip. “I’m confused,” she admits, and I feel her pain. “Part of me is terrified, but the other part is telling me to shut up and hold on for the ride.”

“What part are you going to listen to?” If she doesn’t choose the right option, I plan to do everything in my power to change her mind.

When she blows out her breath and smiles, I almost collapse from relief. “You know I can’t resist a fast, wild ride.”

I fight the urge to throw Letty’s gorgeous ass up on the table and show her just how relieved I am. This girl has me twisted into so many knots; I don’t know what end is up.

I spend the rest of the night deciding how to accelerate my wooing. We discuss safe subjects and get to know each other.

The drive back to her house is silent, but I keep a hold of her soft hand the entire way. It takes every ounce of my control to pull her into my arms and kiss her soft lips without taking it any further. When Letty groans in the back of her throat and melts against me, I almost come in my pants. Before things get too far out of control, I pull back and lay my forehead against hers. “Can I see you tomorrow? I’ll cook you dinner at my place.”

“I’d like that.” My heart settles into place when she agrees. As I drive away, I dial my sister’s number.

“Do you have any idea how late it is?” Wren growls.

I glance at the clock on my dashboard. “It’s only ten-forty.”

“And I’ve been in bed for an hour.” My sister has always been an early riser. Growing up, she got up before the sun rose even during the summers.

“I need your help,” I tell her before she’s able to give me any more shit. “Letty is coming to dinner at my place, and you know how well I cook.” One thing Ashford men can’t do is cook.

“I have court until eleven tomorrow, and then I’ll head straight to your house.” My sister jumps in to help me. “But you owe me big time.”

“Help me pull this off and you can name your price,” I tell her and hang up as I pull up in front of my house.

True to her word, Wren pulls off a miracle. She has dinner cooked, the kitchen cleaned, and a fresh bouquet of flowers sitting in the middle of my table when I walk through the door at four pm.

“Thank you.” I give my little sister a hug.

“Don’t thank me yet.” The brat smirks at me. “You haven’t heard what I want you to do for me.”

If this helps me impress my girl, I’ll do whatever my sister asks.

“What do you want?” I ask her on my way to the stairs. I need to rush through a shower if I’m going to make it to my girl’s house on time.

“I’ll let you know.” Wren grabs her purse and waves at me.

“When I figure it out myself.”

# Chapter 7



LETTY

# at RECESS

I spend all day telling myself to cancel the date. What in the world am I doing with the hot judge? My inner insecure side has asked me that repeatedly today.

Luckily, I decide to ask Jazzy for her opinion, and my older sister is much more convincing when she orders me to take a chance on Lex. “You will never forgive yourself if you don’t give this relationship a chance. Heck, I’ll never forgive you if you pass up this chance.”

“Listen to Jazzy.” Skye walks into the office and sits on the edge of my desk. “I want to live vicariously through you.”

My sisters manage to convince me to throw caution to the wind and take a chance. It takes me much longer to get ready for dinner since I’m acting like a sixteen-year-old girl. I end up applying, tweaking, removing, and reapplying my eyeshadow and blush several times while my sisters watch me. When Skylar offers to help, I let my younger sister work her magic.

Five minutes before Lex is due to arrive, I rush down the stairs and take several deep breaths, hoping to calm myself down. A single, rich, handsome man wants a relationship with me, and I'd be crazy not to jump at the chance. Once I finish my internal pep talk, I feel much better. In fact, I'm looking forward to seeing where this is going. The possibility of something great with Lex is worth the risk. Even if I end up with my heart broken.

When I hear his sports car outside, I rush out before my sisters get the chance to come downstairs. I'm ready to jump in with both feet and see where this relationship is going.

After a short drive, he leads me into his gorgeous home and smiles. "Welcome to my home." He looks yummy in his dark jeans and white button-up shirt stretched across his muscular chest.

"Thank you." I smile up at him. "Something smells wonderful."

"I have a confession." My heart drops a little while I wait for him to explain. "My sister helped me with dinner." Oh, man, I'm in so much trouble here. My heart and soul both melt at the thought of him asking for assistance to impress me.

"That was really sweet of her." I let him lead me into the large living room.

"Not really." Lex sits next to me on the large leather sofa. "She had ulterior motives."

"What motives?" I relax against his side and breathe in his warm, spicy scent. My inexperienced body lights up from the inside out while I fight the urge to jump his bones.

"I have no idea, but I'm sure it will be a doozy." When he leans over to place a kiss on my lips, I feel sparks shoot down

my spine. My mind shuts down as his tongue slides past my lips to tangle with mine. I groan in the back of my throat as fireworks burst behind my closed eyelids.

I finally get the chance to run my fingers through his short black hair. His deep groan fills my mouth as his hands slide down my side. His soft touch sends my blood zinging through my veins. When he pulls back and lays his forehead against mine, I take several deep breaths, trying to clear the cobwebs from my mushy mind.

“We need to slow things down before I self-combust.” His warm breath feathers against my overheated skin.

“What if I want to move things faster?” Where did those words come from? Have I lost what’s left of my mind?

“As much as I want to move our relationship along at the speed of light, I need to make sure you’re really with me. What I feel for you is too important to risk by moving too fast and scaring you off. Now, let’s have dinner and finish getting to know each other.”

Unfortunately for my overheated body, Lex acts like a gentleman the rest of the night. By the time he drops me off at my door, there is no doubt in my mind that I’m already totally in love with the handsome judge.



**O**ver the next few weeks, Lex insists on giving me time that I don’t really want. Don’t get me wrong, I love spending time with him, but I’m ready for my hunky judge to make a move. Since he doesn’t seem to recognize the signals I’ve been sending out, I’ll have to take matters into my own hands.

We're having dinner with his dad and sister tonight, and then I plan to make my move. "I like your outfit." Skylar walks into my room eating a bowl of ice cream. "Very sexy." My sister wiggles her eyebrows. "Should we assume you won't be coming home tonight?" I spin around and stare at myself in the mirror. The hot pink dress might be a little bright, but it hugs my curves in all the right places. The A-line dress with bell sleeves hides the fact that I have a few extra inches on my waist. When the dress arrived in our last shipment, I took one look at it and knew I had to have it. Pairing the gorgeous dress with my new four-inch black heels helps disguise my "height deficiency."

"If things go according to plan." I laugh at the silly look on Skylar's face.

It only took Lex a few hours to win over both of my sisters. The first night he had dinner at our house, he brought flowers, wine, and a fancy white chocolate mousse cake. From that moment, the judge can do no wrong in their eyes.

"Go get him, tiger. Rawr." Skylar's silliness eases some of the nervousness running through me.

The butterflies return in full force when Lex pulls up in front of the large mansion. "They're going to love you." He senses my anxiety and pats my knee. His soft touch causes the opposite reaction than he intended. Instead of easing the tension coursing through me, Lex's touch creates a whole new hunger and I end up forgetting the subject of our conversation.

"Welcome to my home." An older version of Lex opens the door and smiles at me. "I'm Austin Alford, but you can call me Pops." I'm totally shocked when he pulls me into his arms for a hug.

“Hey, get your paws off my woman,” Lex growls behind us, and I feel laughter coursing through his father.

“I don’t know where I went wrong, but that boy has always had a problem sharing.” The older Ashford winks at me before turning to his son. “Glad you could make it.”

“You only say that because you’re trying to steal my girl,” Lex teases his dad before pulling me into his arms. As his arm wraps around my shoulders, I melt against his side.

“Not true.” Pops shakes his head and leads us into the dining room. “Your sister is going to be late. She had some emergency client meeting.”

While the men discuss Wren’s meeting, I look around the large home. From the outside, it looks like a cold, imposing fortress, but the inside is actually warm and inviting with antique furniture and family pictures scattered around the hall and living room.

# Chapter 8

LEX

# at RECESS

**M**y heart expands in my chest as I watch my girl charm the pants off my father. Every day I wait to make her mine takes a toll on me, but I'm determined to give her the time she needs before taking our relationship any further.

By the end of the night, I'm pretty sure Letty has my dad wrapped around her little finger. Just like me. I'm a little worried that Wren never makes it to dinner, but I forget all about my sister when Letty leans over and places her hand on my thigh. "I had a great time tonight. I'm just sorry I didn't get to see Wren." Her soft touch makes it nearly impossible for me to pay attention to the conversation as my cock turns rock-hard in my pants.

"Are you trying to torture me?" I ask as her hand moves into dangerous territory. My cock thumps in anticipation, waiting for her touch.

“Trying to torture you? No.” She shakes her head. “I’m trying to encourage you to make a freaking move before I do something desperate.”

Well, I can work with that. “How far are you willing to go to encourage me?” The words come from my cock, not my blown mind.

My curvy girl shocks the hell out of me when she runs her hand over the bulge of my cock and gives it a squeeze. All the blood in my body heads straight for my cock as I pull over to the side of the road before I drive us right into a ditch.

I turn to Letty and warn her, “You’re playing with fire, baby.”

“Uh-huh.” She doesn’t seem too worried about it.

“Do you think you can behave until I can get us to my house?” I ask as my ability to take things slow evaporates. I’ve been waiting for a sign that she’s ready, and I’d say her fondling my cock is about the best sign I’m going to get. In the weeks since our first kiss, I’ve been slowly dying on the inside waiting for this.

After parking in my garage, I rush around my car and drag her little ass out. She squeaks adorably as I lift her gorgeous body against mine. I kiss her to within an inch of her life while making my way through my darkened house straight to my room.

As I set Letty on her feet, she reaches between us and lightly strokes my erection through my pants. My growl echoes around us while she lowers my zipper and wraps her soft hand around my cock. “If we take this much further, I won’t be able to stop.” I give her one last warning before nibbling on the side of her neck.



“I’m banking on it.” She sighs before pulling my erection free. My eyes cross as my gorgeous girl drops to her knees and leans over to run her tongue around the head of my cock. She leans back and runs her thumb through the cum seeping from the tip before rubbing small circles around my sensitive flesh.

“Fuck.” I throw my head back and stare at the ceiling as she sucks my cock into her warm, wet mouth. Pleasure ripples down my spine as I lock my knees to stop the fuckers from shaking.

“I hope I’m doing this right,” she mumbles around my cock, and the vibrations nearly knock me on my ass.

I wrap my hand in her silky hair and groan, “You’re doing it perfectly.” I lean forward and watch as she explores my cock with her mouth.

Her emerald-green eyes meet mine as she sucks me deeper down her throat. I know I’m rapidly approaching the end of my control, but I can’t pull back. She’s a fast goddamn learner. I barely resist the urge to come down her throat as her soft hand strokes my cock from base to tip with each pass of her silky lips.

Tingling at the base of my spine warns me that I need to put on the brakes or this will be over way too fucking quickly. I step back and ignore her adorable pout as I lift her curvy body against me. “I’ll let you finish that later.” The strain in my voice tells her how close to the edge I am.

I stand Letty on her feet next to my large bed and kick away my shoes before pulling off my pants. Stepping back, I tear my shirt away and let it fall at my feet. Letty’s eyes move up and down my body several times. “Wow.” She swallows and stares at my cock. “Just wow.”

“I’m glad you approve,” I groan as her stare turns my already hard cock to stone.

My overheated body urges me to get things moving so I turn Letty around before slowly lowering the zipper on the back of her dress. The same silky pink dress that has been torturing me all night long. Once I reach the bottom, I drag the material off her shoulders and let it drop to the hardwood floor at our feet. My hands shake as I run my fingers over her soft skin. Her bra offers little resistance as I unhook it and push it aside. The goosebumps breaking out along her spine call to me, and I lean down to run my tongue over her silky skin.

I kiss my way to the band of her light pink thong and give her a little nibble before running my tongue along the edge. Letty groans my name when I pull the silky scrap of nothing down her soft legs. My control takes a beating as I step back and stare at my stunning naked girl.

“That could be a problem.” She points at my painfully hard erection.

“What problem?” I growl, praying she isn’t about to put a halt to this.

“I’ve never done this before, and that isn’t a beginner’s model.” Two things hit me at once: Intense pleasure knowing I’ll be the only man to ever touch my girl, and trepidation at the thought of hurting her.

“I can work with that.” I step close and run my tongue along her collarbone. “We’ll take things slow and make sure you’re ready for my intermediate model.”

“I’m thinking that’s really a professional model,” Letty argues.

“You’ll be a pro before the night is over,” I promise my girl before giving her a little push. As her luscious curves fall back

onto the bed, I reach for her silky legs and pull her body to the edge.

Dropping to my knees, I spread her legs and lean down to kiss the soft skin on the inside of her right knee. “You’re beautiful,” I growl and kiss my way up the inside of the thigh. When I get to her sweet pussy, I swipe my tongue right up her wet center, then give her clit a little lick before kissing my way down the other thigh.

As her knees shake, I pull her ass a little closer and lean down to close my lips over her clit while sliding my finger around her tight opening. My cock steadily leaks cum on the floor as I lose myself in her sweet taste.

When I slide a second finger into her tight hole, her intimate muscles resist at first but slowly begin to relax as I double down on my efforts.

“Please.” Letty’s cry echoes around the room as she twists her hand in my hair, pulling my mouth closer.

“Please what?” I ask while sliding my fingers in a little deeper.

My girl digs her heel into my back and lifts her hips, grinding her sweet pussy into my face. When I drag my fingers across the bumpy surface along the front of her pussy while biting down on her tight little bud, she comes screaming my name. Her cries cause my control to stretch to the point of snapping.

I drag us both up to the top of the bed and cover Letty’s lips with mine as I explore her gorgeous tits. My cock urges me to hurry the fuck up, but I ignore the fucker and kiss my way down her throat. I close my lips around one berry-sweet nipple and suck until my girl begs me for more.

I kiss my way over to the other tit and give it the same attention, ignoring my painfully hard cock before lining it up

with her tight opening. I glance down and stare into her passion-filled eyes. "I need you," I growl.

"Then freaking have me." Letty is tired of waiting. As my cock tunnels into her wet pussy, her nails dig into my shoulders. Pleasure bombards me from all sides while I fight for control.

# Chapter 9

LETTY

# at RECESS

Oh, man. Lex is way bigger than I'd expected. I close my eyes and take deep breaths, willing my intimate muscles to relax. When he kisses me and slides his tongue around the inside of my mouth, I throw myself into the kiss. The stinging in my girly parts begins to turn into little sparks of pleasure, and I lift my hips slightly to meet his slow thrusts. Lex reaches between us and massages my clit, which feels pretty freaking fantastic.

As his pace increases, I forget all about the pain and concentrate on the orgasm making its way up from my toes. When he slides his arm under my leg and lifts it slightly, I feel his hardness slide even deeper. With each thrust, he hits some very sensitive spot that sends intense little zings of pleasure shooting through me. Out of nowhere, an orgasm blasts through me and I cry out as fireworks explode behind my closed eyelids.

Lex thrusts hard a few times before throwing back his head to shout my name. Warm wetness fills my pussy as his cock jerks inside me.

“I love you,” he whispers against the side of my neck before dropping next to me on the bed and pulling me into his arms. Lex drags the warm covers over us and hugs me close.

I barely have the energy to mutter, “I love you, too,” before sleep pulls me under.

The sun peaking in the blinds wakes me up. I stretch and groan as my intimate muscles protest the movement. “Good morning, baby.” Lex pulls me close and kisses the back of my neck.

I glance over my shoulder and smile at him. “Good morning.”

“I fucking love waking up with you in my arms,” he growls before pulling the covers away from my naked body. Lex’s eyes darken as he stares down at my curves. My body is begging for an early morning workout, but I know it’s probably a bad idea. A really freaking bad idea if I ever want to walk normally again. “I don’t think I’m up to round two yet.” I turn and sigh my disappointment against the side of his neck.

Lex slides me over to my back and slips under the covers. “Why don’t we try round one point five.”

“I’m willing to try,” I murmur as he spreads my legs and leans over to run his tongue up the center of my pussy.

When he sucks my clit between his lips, I forget what we’re talking about.

Lex presses a finger gently into my opening while nibbling on my clit. It only takes a few moments for his fingers and tongue to take me to heaven.

Of course, my handsome judge is an overachiever. After I come down from the first orgasm, he carries me to the bathtub and gives me three more climaxes.



Over the next few weeks, my stuff slowly starts making its way over to Lex's home. Before I realize what's happening, I have my own drawers in his dresser and a side of the closet. When Lex showed up one evening with a brand new car for me, I threw a fit, but he used his hot body to convince me that I need a safe car to drive into town every day since I'm no longer riding with my sisters. It took all my negotiating skills, but I managed to get him to agree to keep Betsy, too. She has the third garage space, and one day, I'll find someone to bring her back to her original glory.

"Honey, I'm home," I step in the garage door and call across the dark kitchen. It was my night to work late at Curvology, and I'm dead on my feet after the twelve-hour day. Since Curvology opened two weeks ago, we've been insanely busy. The female residents of Silver Spoon Falls have embraced our new boutique so much that we're having trouble keeping up with the demand.

"How was work?" Lex strolls into the kitchen and wraps his arms around me.

"Busy," I tell him. "I'm dead on my feet. I think we might have to cut back a little on the hours or hire more help." Or maybe even both. Jazzy, Skylar, and I are all coming to the end of our ropes.



“Why don’t you go take a hot bath while I warm up our dinner?” Lex offers, and my heart melts.

“That sounds great.” I lean up on my tiptoes and kiss him, which leads to him pulling me close against his muscular body. Thoughts of a nice hot bath fly right out the window as I return his kiss. At some point, I end up laying across the breakfast bar with him kneeling at my feet.

“I love these dresses you wear,” he growls against the inside of my thigh before running his tongue along the edge of my underwear. “They give me easy access to my favorite snack.”

My eyes cross as he uses his fingers and tongue to bring me to the edge of orgasm. I growl Lex’s name when he suddenly stops. “Hey.” I lean up on my elbows and glare at him, hoping to convey my displeasure.

“Shush and let me work.” He glances up into my eyes and winks.

“Well, hurry up and get to work.” My patience is gone. I drop back down on the cool countertop and stare at the ceiling.

“You’re awfully demanding when you’re tired,” he grouses, then stands up and pushes his sweatpants down past his hips. His huge cock juts out, and I reach down to give it a little squeeze.

“You’re awfully big when you’re hard.” His eyes glaze over with passion as I slide my hand up and down his erection. He moves my hand out of the way and presses his huge erection into my opening. Then the big jerk stops. Sweat breaks out on my back as I wiggle my hips, attempting to draw him deeper.

After wrapping my legs around his hips, I dig my heels into the back of his thighs and hold on tight. Lex finally gets the hint and begins to pump a little faster.

I lose track of time as he slowly brings me closer to coming. Each time I feel like I'm going to explode, he slows his thrusts. His freaking patience is getting annoying. Two can play this game. I lean back and stare into his eyes as I run my fingers over my boobs. When I squeeze my inner muscles around his hardness, Lex loses his mind and starts thrusting furiously. "Come for me." His words send me right over the edge. I come screaming his name while Lex pumps his cum deep into my pussy.

We shower together, then spend the rest of the evening getting dirty again.

# Chapter 10

LEX

# at RECESS

**W**aking up with Letty curled up at my side every morning for the last several weeks has spoiled me. I've gotten to the point that I hate workday mornings and live for the weekends when I can spend the entire morning showing my girl how much she means to me.

A week after she started staying at my house full-time, I bought a ring. I've spent the last few weeks trying to figure out how to propose. Our relationship has been on the fast track, but I'm still not satisfied. I want her tied to me for the rest of our lives.

I'm sitting at my desk, staring out the window, watching people move up and down Broadway when my cell phone rings. Thinking it's my girl, I answer without looking at the screen. "Hello."

"Lex!" Jazzy's hysterical voice cuts through my soul.

“What’s wrong?” My mind automatically jumps to the worst-case scenarios, causing my heart to seize up in my chest. “Is Letty okay?” I blurt out the words that are echoing through my mind on a constant loop.

“I don’t know,” she wails. “Skylar just called me from the store to tell me she’d called an ambulance for Letty.”

Fucking hell. “What happened?” I grab my coat and rush for the door. The afternoon session is the last thing on my mind as I race through the busy courthouse.

“I don’t know,” Jazzy explains. “I was in the shower so I missed her call. She left a message telling me to meet them at the hospital, and I’m on my way there now.”

I growl some response and hop in my car. After peeling out of the parking lot like a bat out of hell, I notice red and blue lights flashing in my rearview mirror but I don’t stop. The fucker can follow me all the way to the hospital.

Dillon pulls up on the side of my car in the hospital circular drive and jumps out of his cruiser. “What the fuck? Has Lead Foot Letty rubbed off on your ass?”

I’m too terrified to appreciate his attempt at humor. “Something is wrong with Letty.” I shove past him and rush for the front door.

I hear my friend cussing a blue streak behind me but ignore the fucker and rush to the front desk. “Letty Matheson.” Confusion enters the young nurse’s gaze, and I correct myself. “My fiancée, Charlotte Matheson, was brought in by ambulance.”

“Oh.” She smiles at me. “Let me check.”

“Fiancée?” Dillon mumbles behind me.

“She will be as soon as I make sure she’s okay,” I tell him without even turning around.

“Can I see your ID, sir?” the nurse asks, and I fumble for my wallet, tempted to push my way past her and tear this hospital apart until I find my girl.

“Miranda, I can vouch for him,” Dillon cuts in and I appreciate his assistance. He probably saved me from spending the night in a jail cell.

“She’s in the Emergency Department, room twenty-three. Go straight down the hall and turn left.” The smiling nurse hands me a sticker that reads, “Visitor Room 23.”

“Thank you,” I call over my shoulder and rush down the hall with Dillon right behind me. When I turn the corner, I see Skylar pacing in the hallway talking on her phone.

I rush up and spin her around. “Where’s Letty?” I don’t care who she’s talking to. I need to know my girl is okay.

“She’s sleeping,” Skye tells me before mumbling into her phone, “Lex is here. I’ll call you back.”

My soon-to-be sister-in-law pats my arm. “Letty is fine.” My heart finally resumes a normal beat as questions swirl around my mind. “She passed out on me at Curvology, and I freaked out and called an ambulance.”

“Passed out? What the fuck caused her to pass out?” I need to know. No matter what, I’ll make sure my girl has the best medical care available. She’s alive and we’ll find a way to take care of whatever illness she has, I reassure myself over and over again, knowing there’s no way I’d survive without my curvy little love. Life just wouldn’t be worth living.

“She can explain it all to you.” Skylar evades my question, causing my anxiety to spike. “Come on, I’ll take you to her

room.”

As I follow Skylar, Dillon calls behind me, “Call me if you need anything. We can discuss your driving offenses over breakfast next week.”

“Whatever.” I forget all about my friend when Skylar pushes open a door and I see my girl lying quietly in a hospital bed. Skylar steps out of the room and closes the door as I step close to the bed and take Letty’s soft hand in mine. My girl’s eyes pop open and she smiles at me, soothing some of the turmoil coursing through me.

“Are you okay, baby?” I pull a chair over and sit next to her bed without releasing hold of her hand.

“I’m fine.” She isn’t fine. Her face is the color of paper, and there are dark circles surrounding her gorgeous green eyes.

“God, I love you.” I rub circles on the back of her knuckles with my thumb. “You scared the holy fuck out of me.” Now that the adrenaline is waning, I feel like I’ve been through the wringer.

“I love you, too, and I’m so sorry.” Letty squeezes my hand. “I was so stupid.”

“What happened?” I need to know what we’re dealing with.

“I didn’t eat breakfast and my blood sugar dropped.” What the fuck? She’s never passed out from hunger before. From now on, I’m going to make sure she eats regularly, no matter how busy we get. “And your child already loves to screw with me.”

Her last comment runs through my mind on a constant loop until I feel like I’m about to pass out. “Child?” I mumble more to myself than anyone.

“Yep.” Letty sits up in the bed and smiles at me. “Surely, you aren’t surprised. We haven’t exactly been careful.”

She’s right. We haven’t been careful, and I was secretly hoping that this would happen, but I’m still a little shocked. And a whole lot happy. Happier than I’ve ever been in my life.

Nothing compares to the knowledge that we’re going to have a child.

“When did you find out?” I can’t believe she didn’t tell me before now.

“I suspected but didn’t know for sure until we got here, and they did a test,” she explains.

One thought keeps circling through my mind. “This means you have to marry me.” I drop to my knees on the side of her bed and lay my head against her soft belly.

“That’s how you’re asking me?” Letty stares at me with a raised eyebrow. I’m relieved to see the color slowly returning to her gorgeous face.

“I’m not asking. I’m telling you that I’m dragging your gorgeous ass down to the courthouse and tying you to me for life,” I insist, knowing I’m lying through my goddamn teeth. I’ll do whatever it takes to make my girl happy. Even if it means waiting for a few weeks so she can plan the perfect wedding.

“We can negotiate once we get you home,” I tell her while my mind fills with lists of things we need to get done.



# Chapter 11

LETTY

# at RECESS

It takes some effort, but I manage to convince my caveman to give me at least a month to put together a small wedding. When Jazzy and Skylar insisted that I spend the night before our wedding with them, Lex threw a fit.

Luckily, I've become very good at soothing his ruffled feathers. To be honest, I get as much from the effort as he does.

I'm lying in my old bed, staring at the ceiling when my phone rings. "I can't believe you forced me to sleep alone tonight," Lex growls when I answer. "I can't sleep without your curvy little ass snuggled up against me."

I'm missing him, too, and it's my own fault. "It's only one night. Eight hours," I remind him and glance over at the clock, hoping time has magically moved quicker. This night feels like it's lasting forever. "Then we will be together every day for the rest of our lives."

“Damn right. And I plan to spend tomorrow night making you pay for this suffering.” His grumble sends goosebumps down my spine.

“I can’t wait.” I lie back and shove Morris off my chest. The darn feline decided to make me pay for moving out by suffocating me.

“Me either.” Lex sighs. “I love you, baby.”

“I love you, too.” I smile in the darkness. At some point, I drift off to sleep with Lex still on the phone. The next morning, my alarm rings and interrupts the best dream. I move Morris aside and slide out of bed. Now that I’m all hot and bothered, I need a long cold shower to cool my jets some.



**S**everal hours later, I’m standing at Pops’ back door, wondering why I insisted on having a wedding ceremony. Right now, I’m wishing we were already married and on the way to San Antonio for our quick honeymoon. Morning, noon, and night sickness started as soon as I got out of the hospital, and I’m still suffering most days. We decided to take a quick honeymoon now and then a longer one once our little one is old enough to stay with one of his aunts. Between Jazzy, Skylar, and Wren, our little guy will be spoiled rotten. All three of them are chomping at the bit to get ahold of our little guy. At least, I think our baby is a boy. We’ll find out for sure in seven months.

The second I step out into the hot Texas afternoon, I feel my stomach clench. *Oh no, little guy, you can’t act up now.* I swallow down nausea and watch both of my sisters walk down

the aisle followed by Wren. Pops pats my hand soothingly. “Don’t get nervous on me now.” He smiles down at me.

“I’m just ready to get this over with,” I admit and take several deep breaths, trying to keep my breakfast down.

“I’m pretty sure my son feels the exact same way.” He nods to the end of the aisle where Lex is standing. I glance at my soon-to-be husband and feel instantly better as my heart turns over in my chest. “Let’s get this show on the road before he storms back here and drags you to the alter,” Pops teases and escorts me toward his son.

“You look gorgeous.” Lex leans over and kisses the side of my neck when I step next to him. As his warm hand wraps around mine, I forget about our friends and family sitting behind us.

“You look pretty good yourself.” I squeeze his hand and lock my knees, hoping to get through the ceremony without embarrassing myself and puking on the judge’s shiny shoes.

Lucky for me, our little one decides he’s caused enough trouble for the day. We make it through the ceremony and reception before I start to feel queasy again.

“Do you want to spend the night at our house tonight and wait to drive down to San Antonio tomorrow?” Lex asks me as we leave Pops’ house to head to San Antonio. I’m not looking forward to the three-hour drive, but hopefully, Lex will make it worth my while once we get there.

“No.” I shake my head. “I’m really doing okay.” There’s no way I’m going to miss a moment of our short honeymoon.

“I want you to be better than okay.” Lex brings my hand to his lips for a kiss as we drive through Silver Spoon Falls.

“Maybe you could help me with that once we get to the hotel.” I glance over at him and wink.

“Why wait until then?” I really like the way my husband thinks. I melt back into the seat as Lex slides his hand up and down my thigh. I hold my breath when he slips it under the edge of my white dress.

My head falls back on the headrest as he slides his hand between my thighs and runs his finger over the front of my silky thong. When he slips his finger under the material, I squirm in my seat. “Hold still,” Lex growls, and I turn to see sweat running down the side of his face.

“Are you too hot?” I tease him.

“Burning up,” Lex moans and slips his finger into my opening. It takes a little maneuvering, but I manage to lean back far enough to give him room to work. The sound of my gasps fills the small car as he presses deep into my pussy while running his thumb over my clit.

When he scissors his fingers and hits the spot that drives me crazy, an orgasm flows through my body, turning my bones to mush.

“I love pregnancy hormones.” I sigh as my heart slowly returns to normal.

“I love you.” Lex smiles and helps me rearrange my clothing. At some point, I end up falling asleep and miss the rest of the drive to San Antonio. Lucky for me, my husband doesn’t seem to mind my rudeness.

# Epilogue One

LEX

# at RECESS

**Seven Months Later**

I stare down at my gorgeous newborn daughter and feel my heart expand in my chest. “Are you sure it’s a girl?” Letty grumbles from the hospital bed. After ten hours of labor, my wife is still the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. “Did you check twice just to make sure there isn’t something hiding?” She glances over at me and raises an eyebrow.

I shake my head and tell Letty the same thing I’ve been saying the last two hours. “Our daughter is absolutely perfect, and she’s all girl. There’s nothing hiding anywhere.”

This entire pregnancy, my wife has insisted that our child was a boy. Two hours ago, we found out the truth when Amelia Renee Ashford was born.

“I promise you.” I glance over and smile at my stunning wife, wondering how I managed to snag the perfect woman. “She’s

a girl and she's beautiful just like her mother."

"I can't believe I was wrong." Letty sighs and holds out her arms to take Amelia.

"I guess we just need to try again so you can take another shot at guessing," I negotiate.

"Oh, heck no." My wife shakes her head vigorously. "I need to wait a while before I do the puke my guts up and pee all night long rally again." Letty snuggles our newborn against her chest and coos down at her. "I'm not sure I'll ever be ready to go through that again."

"I'm happy with whatever you decide." I lean over and kiss my wife's head before running my finger along Amelia's soft cheek. "As long as I have you and Amelia, I have everything. I love you more than anything in the world."

"We love you, too." Letty smiles at me as our daughter lets out a mewling whimper. Amelia's loud, angry cry fills the hospital room, signaling that she's ready to be fed.

"Do you need help?" I ask as my wife fumbles with the front of her nightgown.

"I think I got it." Letty manages to hold our child with one hand and pulls her luscious tit out with the other. I shouldn't be surprised. After all, Letty is pretty darn perfect, and I thank fate, Karma, and the Silver Spoon Falls water every single day for bringing her into my life.

"I'm pretty impressed with your moves," I tell my wife as I watch our child nurse.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Letty teases me, and I feel my cock turn to stone in my pants. It's going to be a long fucking six weeks until I can make love to my wife again, but



our child was totally worth it. I smile down at the two most important people in my life and sigh.

“I can’t believe she’s already here. It went by so fast.” It seems like just yesterday that I was staring across the courtroom at my little lawbreaker, feeling like I’d been hit over the head with a two-by-four.

“Says the man who didn’t have to throw up four times a day and pee three times a night for the last eight months,” Letty grumbles halfheartedly, but I can see the happiness shining from her gorgeous green eyes. Eyes I hope our daughter inherits.

“I’d take all the suffering for you if I could.” I truly would. Seeing my wife suffering was like a daily blow to my soul.

“I know you would.” Letty glances over with love shining from her bright green eyes, and I feel my heart nearly burst from the happiness flowing through me.

# Epilogue Two

LETTY

# at RECESS

**Six Years Later**

I let myself into Lex's office and lock the door behind me. Glancing at my watch, I see that I have about ten minutes to get ready before my husband calls the first recess of the day.

This is our little tradition. Every Friday, I spend the morning working at Curvology before heading over to the courthouse to have "lunch" with my husband. After our boutique took off, we hired three full-time and two part-time employees. Jazzy, Skylar, and I each work one morning a week plus a few extra hours each month to keep things running smoothly.

Even though I got over my difficult pregnancy, we decided not to add to our family. Our beautiful daughter started walking at six months old and running three weeks later. Since then, she keeps us on our toes round the clock, and there's no way we could keep up with another Ashford child.

I pull the blinds shut then take off my coat and hang it on his coat rack. Next, I slip out of my dress and kick my shoes aside. Once I'm ready, I sit in his big fancy chair and wait. Impatiently. My favorite part of the week is blowing my husband's mind while court is at recess, and I'm impatient for him to get here.

Exactly nine minutes later, I hear a key turning in the lock. "Okay, Melissa." I hear Lex's voice and glance down at my naked body. I hope my husband remembers it's Friday and doesn't let the clerk come into the office. "I'm busy right now, but I'll send the information over to you when I get the chance." Anticipation lights my blood when I watch my husband step into the office and shut the door behind him.

I wet my lips and watch while Lex quickly strips away his clothes and lays them over the back of one of the chairs across from his desk. "Hi." I run my finger around one of my nipples and watch his blue eyes turn dark as he watches my show.

"Hi yourself." He drops to his knees in front of me and pulls my hips to the edge of the chair. "I've been counting the seconds until recess all morning." Lex nibbles on the inside of my thigh before running his tongue along the top of my clit.

"Me too." I sigh and spread my legs wider to give him better access. My head falls back as my husband throws himself into blowing my mind. Over the last six years, he's learned to drive me nuts with very little effort on his part.

"I love you, Mrs. Ashford." Lex lifts me out of the chair and sets me on the edge of his desk. "Fuck, I love you." We don't have much time on our Friday lunch dates, but we make the most of the time we do have.

It's a miracle the entire courthouse doesn't know what we're doing. I attempt to unglue my tongue from the roof of my

mouth, but it's impossible to do with Lex rapidly thrusting deep into my pussy. I bite his shoulder to muffle my cries as he brings me to orgasm three times before coming himself.

"I love you, too." I breathe against the side of his neck as he carries me to his private bathroom to clean up.

After we dress, Lex kisses my nose. "Is my sister still picking Amelia up from school?"

That's another tradition of ours. Every Friday, Amelia spends the night with one of her aunts to give Lex and me some time alone.

"Yep," I assure him. "Do you think you'll be on time tonight?" I hunt for my shoes while my husband pulls on his long black robe. Even though they just had a workout a few minutes ago, my girly parts tingle at the sight of him in his court uniform.

"I will." Lex kisses me one more time and walks me out to the car. "Make sure you're naked and ready when I get home." My husband gently bites my bottom lip to get his point across.

"You don't have to ask me twice," I tell him and hop into my car.

"And don't fucking speed." He tells me the same thing every time I get in a vehicle.

"I don't speed," I grumble and add under my breath, "anymore."

"Better not." Lex leans in the car window and kisses me. "I'll spank your ass if I catch you going one mile over the speed limit."

"That isn't a threat," I tell him. We both know how much I enjoy his spankings.

“Then I won’t spank your ass if you speed.” Now, that’s a real threat.

“I promise,” I tell him and wave goodbye before driving home to get ready for round two.

Having my hunky husband all to myself on Friday nights is my second favorite part of the week. What can I say? I’m one lucky lady. Since moving to Silver Spoon Falls, I found the love of my life in the most unexpected of places. I thank God every day for Betsy’s broken speedometer and my lead foot.

## THE END OF *at* RECESS

I hope you enjoyed the story and will consider leaving a review. Jazzy, Skylar, and Wren will be getting their stories, too.

Wren’s story, Oral Arguments by Loni Nichole, is coming soon.

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# About the Author



**USA Today Bestselling Author**

USA Today Bestselling Author Loni Ree is a busy mom of six who spends her free time writing steamy stories about over the top heroes who find the right curvy woman to tame them. Her stories are a little over the top because she believes reading should be an escape from real life.

She lives in the Midwest with her wonderful husband, the last child at home, and a zoo of animals, including Beau, her beloved French Bulldog.

Loni also has an alternate pen name L. Ree. If you like clean, sweet romance, check out her L. Ree books.

Website: [Hotheroesandhea.com](http://Hotheroesandhea.com)

<https://linktr.ee/loniree19>

