



Written in
Wild Adventures

A Moonshine Springs Short

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WRITTEN IN WILD ADVENTURES

A MOONSHINE SPRINGS SHORT STORY

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EV'S LATE NIGHT PUBLISHING

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CHAPTER I

REAGAN

I'm so screwed.

Looks like the weatherman is wrong, yet again, because all around me lay piles of snow drifts. I, being the amazing person that I am, managed, in my infinite wisdom, to find the only pile of black ice on Willow Springs property.

So here I lay looking up at the sky while tiny white flakes flutter down on top of me. Each one with a silent laugh as if to say I told you so. I glance down at my leg. It won't move. My foot is turned in a weird angle to the inside. I try but nothing moves.

My normal range of motion is gone. A dead limb. Everything from the knee down feels like it's gone. But I can still feel the pain. It's an odd sensation.

Waves of adrenaline crash through my body one after the next. My heart beats rapidly in the cage it's being held in. My heart...*my heart*. I lift up my wrist. Yes! I'm still wearing my watch.

My phone was misplaced somewhere when I went down. The ground is hard beneath my skull. Tingles run up and down my spine. Thank God I didn't hit my head when I landed. A miniscule bit of good news.

It's the perfect weekend to have an accident when I think about it. Cassidy Mae, Beau, Remington, and Faith have gone to Whiskey Run for a couples retreat.

You can hear the sarcasm in my words, right?

I reach down to press the button on the side of my watch.

The all too familiar voice responds back to me. Rhett... He's the only one in town. It only takes one ring for him to answer. "Reagan, is everything alright?"

"Rhett, I've had an accident." My voice is laced with trepidation. I'm breathing through the pain with each breath because I can feel it radiating everywhere.

"Don't move. I'll be there in five minutes." His voice is brash as he talks into the phone back to me and I hear him rushing around. We hung up shortly after.

The faint sound of sirens cut through the silence of the peaceful winter wonderland, or some may call it death trap, around me. I have to smile because of course Rhett would call 911. Typical boy scout.

I have to think about anything other than my current predicament.

I can admit it. I've had a major crush on my brother's friend since we were kids. Beau would flip his shit though if he knew half of the thoughts or dreams I had about his friend.

Rhett's jacked up truck flies up the driveway and slams on the brakes right in front of the bunkhouse, cutting off my thoughts.

The ambulance pulls in behind him and the EMT's rush from the truck like they're on fire. Bags, I'm sure filled with

medical supplies, and a stretcher accompany them. Rhett runs over to me cautiously and drops to his knees on the ground.

“It’s going to be okay, Rea. We’ll get you all fixed up.” His hand caresses the side of my face as soft as a feather. I love looking up into those deep green eyes of his. I could get lost in them so easily. If I stare long enough maybe I can drift away.

Cute dimples that peek out when he smiles at me like he’s doing right now are also charming. My heart flutters like a teenager with her first crush even though I’m in my twenties.

Focusing on him is taking my mind off other things like the fact that the EMT’s are trying to get a stretcher in place to roll under me. I feel them as they slide it beneath me and I cry out in agony when my leg shifts with the movement. Thousands of knives feel like they’re stabbing me from the inside out, slicing along the way.

Not so silent tears stream down my face. They tell a story of pain.

I feel hands touching me, but it’s faint. It’s a pressure, but I’m in a subspace.

I remember being lifted into the ambulance and Rhett turning to jog back to his truck. The EMT tries twice to find a vein in my arm without any luck. Instead fentanyl is shot up my nose to relieve some of the pain. It has an instant effect.

Each bump and dip in the road makes me cringe.

Laying back my eyes close as I try to relax. Luckily the hospital is only a few miles down the road. We are there in no time and I’m being hauled out of the ambulance and taken through the emergency room.

Rhett rushes into my room as if he’ll miss something and pulls up a chair beside my makeshift bed. He asks how I’m

doing, but I think it's pretty obvious. An hour later, they've done scans on me. It's determined I have dislocated my entire knee. My kneecap is currently in the opposite position of where it should be. The nurses move me here and there as they take more scans and I grit my teeth to not yell at them.

The scans finish quickly and I'm provided with more pain medicine. It makes me loopy but I don't care. The doctor tells me it'll be just a little while. They'll give me a light anesthetic to put me under so they can relocate my knee.

The drugs flood my system and my world goes black.

I don't know how long it is later that I'm finally awake but the world is blurry. My mouth feels dry as I try to move my tongue around collecting saliva to wet my lips with. Rhett and I spend the next eight hours in the emergency room waiting for scan results and to be seen by the physician to make sure their relocation of my knee is correct.



WORRY THREADS through my core at the thought of having to climb into his jacked up truck. I cannot put pressure on my leg because of the pain. "It'll be okay, Rea. I got you." He wheels me to the entrance of the hospital and leaves me there while he runs to get the truck. A few seconds later the low growl of his truck engine tingles my ears.

He stops in front of the door and hops out.

I'm wheeled over to the truck and he opens the door. "Rhett... I can't."

"Put your hands around my neck. I'm going to lift you gently into the passenger seat." I obey his instruction and am

gently lifted. After he makes sure I'm all in, he shuts the door and jogs the wheelchair back over to the entrance of the hospital.

"Ready?" He asks as he hops back into the driver's seat. The corners of my mouth curve into a small smile. Why is he so handsome? Why do things have to be so complicated?

My eyes trace over every hardened line of his ruggedly handsome face. His square jaw gives way to sensual lips in desperate need of kisses. His profile is clean cut only pronounced more by the fact that he's shaved recently. Notes of his aftershave hit me with each draft of air sent in my direction.

It's odd because normally he has a full beard. I think I've only ever seen Rhett without a beard a few times since we all hit puberty.

Dang it. These must be really good drugs. At least I have something to blame my ogling on if he catches me. His hair is the color of the darkest dark chocolate you can find.

By the time we pull back into the ranch I'm floating on the fluffiest cloud being serenaded by tiny cherubs announcing my return to the kingdom. Rhett pulls back up to the main house where I live.

I turn and smile at him when he parks the truck.

"Do you have any idea how handsome you are?" I reach out to touch his face, not worrying about the consequences.

A chuckle rumbles from between those perfectly plump and kissable lips. My tongue sneaks out to wet my own. "Okay, Rea. I think you're getting a little too much enjoyment out of those drugs. Let's get you inside. I need to call Beau."

“No!” I yell. “I mean, no. Don’t bug Beau on their holiday getaway.”

“Reagan...”

“Rhett... so help me if you pick up that phone.”

“Fine, but I’m staying with you.”

“Deal.” I offer my hand in agreement as a smile tips the corners of my mouth.

In the time it takes to discuss him not calling my brother he’s already gotten out of the truck, walked around the front, and has opened my door for me.

He leans in and I inhale him like cocaine, a hit of drugs right to my blood system. This is what Rhett Andrew Colton does to me.

He places my hands behind his neck and makes sure I’m holding on before gently pulling me down from the passenger’s seat. Turning himself away from the truck he uses his sexy ass to close the door with his limit on hand use. The gravel creaks and groans as he walks over it. Each step is carefully determined making sure he’s taking my comfort into account.

We get to the front door of the house and he gently slides me down his body. “Where are your keys?”

I wiggle my eyebrows. “I’m not telling you, but you’re more than welcome to search me.”

“Reagan, I’m serious. I don’t want you putting weight on that leg for too long.” He runs his hand over the door frame and a few seconds later he pulls away with the spare key.

He speeds through unlocking and opening the door before picking me back up yet again. This time he closes the door

with a soft kick to the bottom. Rhett walks over to our leather couch situated in the middle of the living room and lays me down softly. My arms unwind themselves from around his neck and I frown at the loss of contact with his soft skin.

His eyes are filled with concern and savage inner fire. I bet he's wild in bed. *Jeez, there I go again with my head in the gutter.* I bite my bottom lip and turn away to allow my eyes to linger on anywhere but him.

I hear his solid footsteps as they leave the living room and head to the kitchen. For a few minutes I wonder what he's doing and if he plans to come back over, but the longer I think about it the more drawn my eyes become. Exhaustion consumes me like a magic spell and I'm lost to the darkness.

CHAPTER 2

RHETT

When Reagan called me earlier today my heart had been in my throat. And unfortunately it isn't because my friend's little sister had gotten hurt.

No, it's because over the years, and especially last year, she's become somewhat of a crush for me. One I could never admit to for fear of immediate death by Beau.

He loves his sister fiercely and without reserve. He also knows the reputation I used to have with the ladies. I claimed way more attention than was needed and was labeled as a playboy. Since we left high school and I graduated college I've moved away from my party boy tendencies.

Shit, I haven't even fucked anyone for over a year. It's hard to fuck someone when your heart belongs to another. It belongs to Reagan. It always has and probably always will, but she can't ever know this information.

I sit here in the chair beside the couch where Reagan is peacefully sleeping. My eyes drift over her body, tracing each dip, freckle, and tan line. She is exquisite. A perfectly formed nose and sensual lips. Thick, dark hair circles her face as she sleeps, almost concealing her beauty. It curls over her shoulders and reaches out to brush against her porcelain colored skin.

She has a wild sort of beauty about her. Each part has been delicately created to make me crave Reagan Harper Montgomery something fierce. It's a nonselective hunger stoked by my desire to do wicked things to her body.

A moan rumbles through her as she sleeps, but it isn't a moan of utter and blissful desperation: it's one of pain. Her eyes squeeze tightly. A cringe rocks her body when she tries to move. I want to fix it so badly but I can't. All I can do is be here for her.

A few days in a house all alone with Reagan.

What's the harm in that, right?

I chuckle because I know exactly what the harm in that is. Every time I'm near her I smell the amber jasmine perfume she wears and drown in it. The scent, a hit to my senses, makes my dick want to push against my pants for freedom. It burns with need to be inside her. To feel her slick, tight walls squeezing the cum from my balls.

Fuck, I really need to get laid... but the only one I want is laying in front of me in a ocean of pain, doped up on drugs. I want her, but when I take her I want all of her focus on me and the pleasure I derive from her body. I want her moaning my name and screaming as she comes.

A pair of magnetic gray blue eyes find my own briefly before a yawn escapes her mouth. "How long have I been out?"

"Just about an hour or so."

Her round lips rise at the corners ever so slightly. "You've been sitting there being creepy the whole time?" She jerks in pain when she tries to move her legs and reality sets back in.

She's had an accident and it's going to take a while for her to mend.

I offer kind words in a soothing tone, while my fingers smooth through her jet black hair; so similar to her brothers. *Fuck, do not think about Beau right now.*

She leans into me accepting whatever comfort I'm willing to give her. A small hand encloses mine and I feel the warmth of her palm against my own. I trace my thumb over the inside of her wrist and feel her pulse. Bump. Bump. Bump - with each breath she takes. Her heart rate is raised and I know it's because she's in pain.

“Hey, Rhett. I need to... can you...”

“Spit it out, Rea.”

“I have to pee, okay? I don't even know how I'm going to do it.” She raises her upper body from her position on the couch and takes a few deep breaths. Gritting her teeth she moves one leg followed by the other off of the couch. Her movements are jerky and laden.

She tries to push herself up from the couch but it doesn't work.

“Let me help you.”

CHAPTER 3

REAGAN

Stabbing pain shoots up my leg and I have to swallow back the bile that rises. Nausea follows and I lean back just to catch my breath.

Tears start to clog my eyes. My nose starts to run and I tell myself I don't want to ugly cry, not in front of Rhett, but I have a feeling I won't be able to help it.

Every time I set my foot down my knee screams out in agony. I try to lift myself up from the couch, but it's too hard. It feels as though an anvil is sitting upon my chest making it hard to breathe. Stopping me from rising.

Each try just makes things worse. After the third try I'm a mess of tears and snot. Rhett is there sitting beside me, rubbing my back and telling me it's going to be okay, but how does he know? Because this doesn't feel okay to me and I wonder if it will ever feel okay again.

His eyes furrow as he watches me try everything I can think of to get off the couch, but when it comes down to it, I know I'm going to need his help.

“Rhett... I can't...”

“I got you. Wrap your arms around my neck and I'll lift on three, okay? I'm going to try and go as slow as I can, but I

can't promise it won't hurt."

I sniffle, nodding my head. I understand. What seems like an hour, but is probably only five minutes later, I'm in a standing position. My bladder is screaming at me for relief so I try and make my way to the bathroom down the hall. Rhett holds me around the waist so I don't fall.

Luckily when I left the hospital I was provided with a walker. So I have a little more help than just Rhett.

My steps are wobbly, my right leg is shaky since most of my body weight is leaning on that side.

He starts to walk into the bathroom with me and I stop him. "What are you doing, Rhett? You are not going to watch me pee."

"What if you need help?"

"I don't stand up. I won't need help. Last time I checked I learned to go to the potty by myself when I was a little girl."

Rhett releases his grip on me, understanding lighting up his eyes. "I'll be out here if you need anything."

I hop over to the toilet and lower myself down slowly, biting my lip over the urge to scream. A sigh slips from between my lips as I release my bladder. A silent tear slides down the side of my cheek, stinging my nose on the way by, and I reach up to wipe it away.

His hands are in his pocket and he is leaning against the wall when I open the door. Dimples show as he gives me his signature grin. My lips reply in turn, but it's quickly replaced by a grimace. He helps me back to the couch.

"What else can I get for you?" He asks and his deep voice strums through my veins. Every time he speaks it's like a

firecracker inside my body sparking up until it burns out and I go back to realizing that he is my brother's friend and Beau would kill both of us.



BEAU, Cassidy Mae, Remington, and Faith are all due back to the ranch tonight. Home from their married couples vacation. I love my family, don't get me wrong, but sometimes the mushy, lovey dovey stuff is over the top. Or maybe I just want it for myself and am mildly jealous that it hasn't happened yet.

Rhett has been by my side constantly. He makes me food and gets me whatever I need. He's been sleeping in the living room every single night on the couch. It has to be uncomfortable. He's taller than the length of the couch so he tends to crunch himself to fit.

A few nights he even slept on the floor.

The day he brought me home from the emergency room he took my bed apart upstairs and brought it down to the living room so I was more comfortable. He's been getting me ice for my leg every day and meds every four hours.

We're currently sitting here watching Judge Judy. She is the goddess of all judge shows. Hands down. I will never, ever deny it! Anyone who can say you have two ears and one mouth for a reason should definitely get my viewership.

The current case is something silly and petty. A snort rises from Rhett's lips and I look over at him. "What?"

"I don't think I'll ever understand why you watch this garbage."

“Because some days it makes me feel better about myself, okay? Because even though my leg is messed up and I’m in an incredible amount of pain I’m still not one of those people with their phony stories and tears.”

A contemplative look crosses his face as though he’s running through every word of what I just said. His eyes focus back on the tv and I can’t help but marvel at how sexy Rhett is.

He’s so damn charming I can’t help but be drawn to him. Bug zapper and fireflies be damned.

I always saw Rhett as the jokester, but the last few days I’ve found there is a real person in there just begging to be set free. It’s as if he’s revealed a whole other light to himself that’s been clothed in darkness for too long. I’ve often wondered if the persona he carries is just another beautifully painted facade.

My phone lights up on the coffee table as an alarm goes off. Time to take more pills.

Rhett called off work for the last few days just to take care of me.

When Beau left he put me in charge of the horses and taking care of the place. Ha, see where that got me, right?

Rhett has taken up the load, going out every morning to feed the horses and do turn out. At noon he comes back and fixes food for me and himself then heads right back out into the barn to pick stalls and fill up water buckets.

A part of me feels guilty for him having to pick up my slack, but he never seems to complain about it. Then again, I’ve never seen Rhett in a bad mood.

Judge Judy ended a while ago, but we haven't moved from our spots on the couch just enjoying the comfortable silence between us. I have no idea what's currently on, but I also have no desire to mess with it at the moment.

The door jerks open and I jump. "Honey, we're home!" Beau singsongs to me. He has no idea Rhett's here too. The wide grin he enters with drops as he looks between Rhett and I sitting on the couch.

"What's going on here?" His voice is deep and angry sounding. Then his eyes rove over me until they land on my left knee. The one that's currently in a cast. "Rea, what the hell happened? Why didn't you call us? We would've come home."

"That right there is exactly why I didn't call you. See the way you're acting right now? Like an angry father. Newsflash bro, I'm not a kid anymore. I don't need to call you every time something goes wrong."

His brows pinch in a furrow. "So, he's the answer?"

"Yes, Beau. Rhett is the answer. When I called he was here and he didn't mind my bothering him. Although, I do feel bad he's been taking care of me like I'm the Queen of France." I turn sympathetic eyes toward Rhett but his eyes are planted on Beau. His shoulders and stance are stiff. His mouth is formed into a grim straight line.

Gone is the easy go lucky man I've had for the last few days. Angers spike and tension sizzles in the air as they stare each other down.

"Well, thank you for taking care of my sister, but we can handle it from here." Beau says coldly like they're not close friends.

“Chill, bro.” Rhett steps back putting his hands up in a non-defensive pose.

CHAPTER 4

RHETT

It's been a couple months since it all happened. I remember it like it was just yesterday when I pulled in and saw her laying so still on the ground. Reagan has been in therapy for the last couple of months regaining her strength.

Beau has been cold to me since he returned from spending a week with his wife and friends.

His shitty mood won't dissuade me from checking in on Reagan though. We only spent those few days together, but they were precious to me. She is precious to me.

So like clockwork every day I come over under the guise of checking on her to just spend time together. Am I using her injury as a way to be close to her? Absolutely. Do I care? Maybe I would have yesterday or a couple months ago, but now? Nope... my fucks have vanished into thin air

The front door creaks as I open it slowly, giving my eyes a chance to see the room fully before entering. The way Beau has been acting lately I feel like I'm always on guard. Like somehow he's going to pop out of the woodwork and scream boo so hard I shit my pants. I've never been afraid of my friend before and I shouldn't be now. Reagan and I aren't together, but somehow it feels like I've broken the bro code.

Reagan is every bit worth it though. One hundred percent worth any beating he'd ever try to give me.

The room looks same as it always does - leather couches, rugs, handmade lamps, and a coffee table engraved with horses sits proudly in the middle.

There in the recliner sits Regan, leg propped up watching you guessed it... more Judge Judy. I will never understand the appeal but if she wants it then who am I to tell her no?

“Uggghhhhh, he is impossible!” An expression clouded with anger hovers over those gorgeous, yet stormy, gray blue eyes.

“Hey, Reagan.” A smile finds a way through her mask of frustration even though she tries to disguise the evident irritation she's feeling. Every damn smile from her sends my body pulsing. “What's wrong?”

A shadow of annoyance crosses her face. “I need to get out of here, Rhett. It's been weeks and I'm tired of staring at these same four walls day in and day out and as much as I love Judge Judy eventually it gets boring.”

“Where do you want to go?” I ask, blinking with bafflement.

Her tension melts only briefly. “Camping.” I try hard to conceal my chuckle over the ridiculousness of her request. She can walk, but not very well or long. She's slow. How in the world does the girl think she can go camping?

My face must be betraying my mind. “Seriously, I can do it, Rhett. Beau is being a mother hen and I swear to God I love him, I really do, but I'm also about to murder his ass. And I'm to the point where I won't even feel bad about it.” She blows out a huff as red paints her cheeks.

“And... where do you want to go camping?”

“Anywhere, let’s go out West, do a road trip, rent an RV, and just go exploring.” I nod at her thoughts. I have more than enough money to rent an RV for the both of us for the week, plus all the activities along the way. My concern is if Beau will actually let me take her off the property.

“I don’t know, Rea.”

“I swear to God Rhett if you tell me it’s because Beau will say no then I’ll dig a grave right beside his for you.” There’s my feisty little crush.

I exchange a smile with her while shaking my head.

She starts to laugh and it’s so damn infectious. There’s the smile that will bring me to my knees. The smile that will get her whatever she damn well wants from me. I can’t tell her no. I’ve been where she’s been, stuck in a room unable to leave. I broke my leg once and was laid up for weeks.

“Okay, let’s do it.” I give in way too easily but the excitement streaming from her is completely and totally worth it. Now I’ll just have to convince Beau.



IT TAKES me only a matter of days to get everything set up. I rent us a small RV for a week and a half. If she wants a road trip I will give her one to remember. We’ll stop at all the prettiest sites across the states. Hell, we’ll stop wherever she wants to. Reagan Harper Montgomery deserves all the beautiful things and I am damn well going to give them to her.

The gravel crunches under my tires as I pull up and park the RV right outside the bunkhouse. An immediate thought

hits me. Why does Reagan still live in the main house when there is a perfectly good bunkhouse completely unused? Don't Cassidy Mae and Beau want privacy? I sure as hell would.

Not to mention if she lived out here... It would be so easy to be alone with her. The things I'd do to her body if only given the chance.

We'd be living out of an RV for the next week and a half touring the United States.

Us, *alone*, in an RV, in the middle of nowhere. Nothing separating us from God's creation. A beautifully painted picture stroking watercolors across the sky.

The possibilities are endless and I can't wait to explore each one. She is up and walking these days and sometimes I wish she still needed my help getting around. I love holding her waist as she walks so I can feel the heat of her body against my skin.

Fuck, I get hard just thinking about it.

"Hey, what's the RV for?" Beau says with a quirk of his eyebrow, catching me off guard.

My mouth curves into an unconscious smile. "Going on a cross country trip."

His brows furrow as confusion paints a mask over his face. "With?"

"Reagan."

His mouth thins as the revelation sweeps over him. "I'm sorry, could you repeat that?"

"Reagan and I are going on a road trip together." This time I say it slowly making sure he hears me correctly.

His nostrils flare with disapproval. “Like hell you are.” This is Beau. One of my closest friends, but I knew this day would come. I’m going to have to tell him one time or another about my feelings for his sister. How... I can’t stop thinking about her? How... I can’t stop wanting her to be mine?

“Look, Beau. I love you like a brother man but you need to chill. I was here when Reagan got hurt. I was the one taking care of her for the four days y’all were gone. I’ve been here every single day checking in on her. She needs this. She needs to get out of this house and have some fun. It’s suffocating her staring at the same four walls. Can’t you see that she’s not as happy as she used to be before all this happened? I don’t want her to be depressed. I’ve seen it happen one too many times.”

I show him no signs of relenting on this.

“And what exactly makes you think *you* are the right person for the job? I know you Rhett. I’ve been around for years. You may treat women right but I can tell you it’s not good enough for my baby sister. Look, I’ve known you for a long time but I can’t condone you dating her. You aren’t good enough. She deserves better.”

Anger wells up inside me. Beau basically thinks I’m trash on the side of the road. I want to provide him fucking wrong. I will take Reagan on this trip and I will make damn sure she gets all her dreams.

I sigh in defeat and acceptance as I run a hand through my hair. “You’re right, she does. But I’m going to do my damndest to prove to her I’m worthy.”

“Wait...” His brows furrow and I immediately see the light bulb go off in his brain. “Nope... no... no way. You like her?”

“Have for years, Beau, not sure why you’re just now putting two and two together.”

“Fuck.” He says as he runs his hand through his dark onyx hair. “Fuck.” He repeats it again as if he has no other words to say.

Before I get to the house my journey is interrupted again. “Hey, where are you going in that big ol’ fancy motorhome out there?” I turn to see a pregnant Faith and Remington walking up to the main house holding hands.

I love the two of them, really, I do, and last year was a hell of a ride for those two, but they act as if they’re still in that honeymoon phase of dating.

I thought married couples were supposed to be boring. I shake my head and keep walking. They surround me as we finish the rest of the walk to the house. “So...”

“Reagan and I are going on a cross country trip.”

Her eyes widen and her mouth drops open. She grabs onto my arm. “Wait, and... Beau is cool with it?” I shake my head and keep walking. Eventually we hit the door and it slowly opens.

“Hey, you ready to go?” Her presence suddenly brightens my mood from talking with Beau. A hint of her perfume hits when I lean in to grasp her around the waist and pull her to me for a hug.

“Always.” For the first time in months she looks blissfully happy. My eyes catch her lips and the desire to kiss them takes over but I take a step back. *Later...* when we’re alone and we can talk.

CHAPTER 5

REAGAN

We are on the road forty five minutes later. Our journey today will be a long one. One I'm not entirely sure will be happening based on the murderous look Beau had on his face when he came back from tending to the horses this morning.

I'd heard the RV pull in by the bunkhouse and did the typical thing; peeked out the window enough to spy.

Luckily by this point I've moved back upstairs into my own bedroom and am able to pack my suitcase and add some additional fun items. A road trip with the guy I've been crushing on for years. *Alone in an RV*. The possibilities are endless.

I eavesdropped on Faith, Remington, and Rhett outside. I want what Faith and Remington have. The kind of love that eclipses years and overlooks the minor things to find its way back to each other. My parents had that type of love.

I look at Beau and I see the love he has for Cassidy Mae. Maybe Rhett and I won't ever amount to anything. Maybe he's just around for the here and now, but I'm not going to waste time trying to figure it out when I can be living life.

He clears his throat in the seat beside me. "Okay... so where to? I realize we probably should've figured this out

before we left but I kinda really wanted to just get out of there.” I notice the faint tic of his face and the way his knee bounces beneath the steering wheel. Guess I didn’t realize how nervous he is.

“Vegas.” I have always wanted to go there and I know Rhett will take me without hesitation. It seems Rhett has always had a soft spot for me.

He chuckles, looking over at me with a quirked eyebrow. “Anywhere else?”

“A few places. I figure since we have this big ol’ thing we can camp along the way, right? I want to see Monument Rocks in Kansas. Ohhh and then Maroon Bells in Aspen, Colorado. Monument Valley in Utah. Ooooo and then there’s Arches National Park in Utah too.”

His laugh is deep, warm, and rich. Like the best type of air hug. I can’t wait to hear more of it. “You realize this trip will probably be more than a week and a half if you plan to see all of those places, right?”

I sneak a peek at him from the corner of my eye. “And you mind spending that much time with me?”

“Never.” The dimples appear and I can’t help but swoon. What is it about dimples on a guy that’s so attractive?

I really hope there isn’t a hands to myself policy on this trip because I have a feeling I’m going to be crashing into it like a wrecking ball.



OUR FIRST STOP had been Monument Rocks in Kansas, or the “chalk pyramids” as they tended to be called. The whole rock

face is made up of chalk, giving it the obvious name. While we were there we discovered Monument Rocks was the first national natural landmark in the United States at the time. So much history hidden in a massive clump of chalk.

We'd set up camp at the local campground to make sure we were well and rested when we got up the next morning for the rest of our drive. I slept like shit that night. I could hear him breathing and I kept wondering what it would feel like against my collarbone. Against my ear as he whispered dirty things into it.

I'm dying a slow death. I've never been so aroused in my life and it wasn't like he was doing anything special. He was simply being the same old Rhett. Only this time, we were alone together in an RV in the middle of nowhere.

I swear every stop we make along the way is even more breathtaking than the one before. If I happen to die any of these nights at least I have good memories. Now there is only one stop left between us and Las Vegas. One more night of cranked up sexual tension.

One more night of having to get myself off so I can get some peace and rest. I wake up at some point during the night to light groans and moans. It isn't just a dream. Is Rhett... is he getting off? I have my answer when my name falls from his lips so softly I almost don't hear it.

At least it isn't just me that feels whatever is happening between us. Rhett and I have always had a spark. I've never met another guy who makes my heart flutter so much. Every time I'm around him it's like fireworks are going off around us just waiting. Maybe trying to prompt us into having our own fireworks show.

A show I'm completely on board with. I just don't know how to make a move. Or... even if he wants me to make a move. Nothing will make this trip worse than trying to seduce someone who doesn't want to be seduced. Then having to spend the next week in an RV alone with them? *No thank you.*

The interstate takes us directly to Arches National Park. Sandstone arches created thousands of years ago stand proudly around us. I can see twenty just in my line of sight, but I know there are probably many, many more. It looks like something you'd see in a movie. It's so picturesque. The sky is cloudless and the most gorgeous shade of blue today making everything seem brighter and more alive.

A hawk soars above us as we sit in the RV and look at the arches surrounding us. I wonder what he thinks as he proudly flaps his wings with each push.

I gawk at everything with wide-eyed wonder. I still can't believe I'm finally here seeing them in person. Rhett is making dreams come true this week.

He won't let me pitch in and pay for anything. I feel bad about it, but every time I pull out my wallet he shakes his head no. We spend only a short while longer looking at the gorgeous arches before we decide it's time to move on. Our destination awaits us.

My pulse thrums inside my body with all the ideas of what we can do while we're in Vegas. All the shows, the casinos, the other late night activities. We actually got a hotel room for a couple days for this one.

It will be so nice to sleep in a real bed again.

We stop to pick up sandwiches for lunch and I get a soda as well. Caffeine will do me good right about now because

who falls asleep when they're about to experience Vegas for the very first time in their life. Not this girl.



IT'S BEEN a long trip and my leg isn't exactly happy but icing it at night while we sat around the campfire seemed to really help. We made s'mores and just talked under the stars until we were too tired to keep our eyes open. Then we'd haul our sorry asses back onto the RV and crash for the night.

I can't wait to get out and stretch my legs. My eyes don't have nearly enough time to take everything in as we drive down the strip. People are walking everywhere - some holding hands, others clearly drunk, and others simply enjoying their time while in Sin City.

We leave the RV with the valet. We desperately need to sleep in real beds for one or two nights and then we can proudly go back to our journey-across-America-sleeping. Check-in is a breeze and before long we're at the door to our room.

"The Honeymoon Suite." The concierge says to us as we approach.

"The what?" I respond before thinking it through.

"The Honeymoon Suite. On behalf of the hotel we wish you congratulations on your wedding and hope you have an enjoyable time on your visit.

"But we're n..." I don't even get the words out before Rhett pulls me into him, his arm firmly planted against my waist.

“I’m sure our time here will be perfect. If you don’t mind, my wife and I have plans for this evening.”

“Certainly, sir.” Rhett tips him and he leaves, closing the door silently behind him.

I turn to face him, eyebrow raised. “Your wife, huh?”

“Well...” A bashful blush creeps up his cheeks. I have never seen him blush in my life, but it’s fucking adorable. “It is Vegas.” He brushes it off with a shrug of the shoulder, but I can see the desire lurking behind his eyes. The want that’s been steadily increasing each time he’s looked at me this week.

Every single time I’ve felt his gaze on me, my heart has turned over in response.

Silence looms between us now for a moment before his lips crash against mine. I almost fall back but he pulls me roughly into him and hangs onto my waist. He ravishes my mouth, sending my stomach into a wild whirl. Long gone are the butterflies replaced with overwhelming need.

I give myself freely to the passion he puts into our kiss. It’s our first kiss and electric isn’t even a good enough word to describe it. There are those damn fireworks again.

His tongue traces the outsides of my lips and I open for him. My pulse grinds out a frantic beat as his kiss sings through my veins. Each touch of his lips or his tongue sends another spark of burning desire through my core.

I don’t know how we waited so long for this kiss. It’s magnetic.

He raises his hand to my chest and I wonder what he’s about to do but far be it for me to stop him.

Putting his hand over my heart he closes his eyes. “Your heart is furious.” He pulls my hand up and places it on his chest. “It matches mine. Why have we waited this long, Reagan?” His words come out tentatively in a hushed whisper.

Rhett doesn't even give me time to respond before his lips are attacking mine again with fervor. His lips are demanding to the point of possession.

I feel his hand sneak downward tracing the top line of my breast, while his other takes my face, holding it gently. Tingles run up and down my spine from the connection. It just feels right, like this was meant to happen.

For years I've watched Rhett date other girls. I've watched girls break his heart and I've watched him break theirs. I know there's a big chance he'll do the same to me but I'm willing to risk it anyhow. For him. For this.

I can feel the eager anticipation from him as we continue to kiss and the world falls away. It's just Rhett and I in our own little love bubble.

As the kiss deepens I try to throttle the current of emotions swimming through me. His hand is still above my breast but I need more. My body aches for him to touch me further.

Fingers creep beneath the neckline of my shirt and fingertips brush against my nipple ever so gently like a feather. I am powerless to resist my attraction to him. My hand skirts down his body so I can feel each bump of his abs. The ridge beneath his pants grows hard the longer we kiss and I smile inwardly. Our kiss is turning him on.

Why do I feel like a teenager with a crush again? I don't have an answer, but I don't want to stop either. He pulls back

and I instantly feel the loss of connection when he removes his fingertips from me.

“As much as I’d love to devour you whole right now. We need to go see Vegas. It’s why we came here after all.”

I pout at him. “What if I don’t want to leave the room?”

“I do. I need a break. If we keep going I’ll embarrass myself with how bad I fucking want you right now. So... let’s go out, enjoy ourselves, and see where this night takes us?” I nod my agreement. Here’s to the perfect night out with Rhett.

We hit up the casino first. The sounds of the machines going off and someone winning a jackpot hit my ears as soon as we walk in the door. Everywhere I look people are excitedly playing slots hoping for that one shot to win.

Rhett slides his big palm against mine and wraps our fingers together before pulling me slightly so I follow him.

CHAPTER 6

RHETT

I've had a hard on for the last four days. It's a constant companion around Reagan as if my body is just waiting; to explore what lies beneath her clothes. I've seen her in a bikini many times over the years, but I want to see it all. What color are her nipples? Do I make her wet when I turn her on?

We only stay at the casino for a little while before we move on. Technically you come to Vegas to gamble and live the high life, but I have a high without even gambling. Reagan is the best gamble I'll ever take. This week and a half will change things between us. Every once in a while I find us a bench to sit down on. I don't want her to wear out her leg. It's not as strong as it used to be. My desire to care for her and make sure she's comfortable overwhelms any other thoughts.

We walk down the strip and stop at the fountains by the Bellagio. I lean down and my breath brushes against her sensitive skin before I murmur to her. "Hey, look. Another show is about to start. Let's watch." She turns to me and her face radiates with happiness.

Reagan is completely gorgeous.

The fountain captures her attention once more and I lose contact with those beautiful silver blue eyes. I wrap my arms

around her waist fitting perfectly in those sexy as hell curves she has while my chin rests upon her head.

All I can smell is her shampoo and there goes my dick again. She is going to be the death of me this weekend. We watch the end of the show before continuing on. A few bars later we're both feeling it. Liquid courage and all that. If this is my one shot I'm taking it.

We stop for another rest break when the sight of a bride and groom traipsing down the street arm in arm steals our attention. They look so happy.

"Let's get married." I say it out loud before I can think better of it.

"What?" She asks me incredulously.

"Marry me." I say slipping my hand under her hair to hold the back of her neck. "I feel this connection with you, Rea, and I want to keep it forever. More connection than I've ever shared with another woman. What's the point of coming to Vegas? We should do it. Get married."

I can see the wheels as they spin in her head going over everything that can go wrong with this plan. "Don't think." I say it softly before leaning in to take her lips with mine.

I love how she's always been so easy to talk to. She's freaking gorgeous and who wouldn't feel like the luckiest fucking guy with her as his wife? "You're serious?"

"I've never been more serious about anything in my life." Yes, the alcohol may have been making me a little more courageous than I'd been sober but I'm taking what I can get.

I lean in and kiss her cheek, feeling her body respond to mine with desire. "This is crazy, Rhett."

“I’m crazy about you, Rea. I have been for years.”

Tears line her eyes. “Really?” Her tone sounds so hopeful.

“We have forever to figure out the rest. Marry me, Reagan. I will get down on one knee right now. I’ll buy you the biggest damn ring. Just say yes.”

“I...” Her eyes drink me in. “Yes.” She whispers as she runs a hand through my hair. “Let’s get married, but just so you know... Beau will hate this.”

“Beau will learn to deal with it, Reagan. He’s not going to stand in the way of forever with you at my side.”



WITH RINGS in hand we find a little chapel and get hitched. Every part of her smiles the whole way through the ceremony. We say I do and now I’m going to take my wife, *for real this time*, up to our room so we can consummate this union.

All the plans I make to go slow with her when we get back to the room fly out the window. The beast comes out as soon as the door closes. I pounce on her, sliding my hands to her cheeks I tilt her head for a kiss.

My body burns for her and all the passion, hard ons, and dreams I’ve been having about her rush to the surface. I’ve always wanted Reagan, but this is a different level of need.

“Bed.” I gasp into her mouth.

I separate from her briefly to walk her backward, making sure she doesn’t trip and fall. Absolutely nothing is going to get between me and being inside her. I’ve waited years for this moment.

My arms wrap around her waist as we kiss. I need her too badly. Her small hands drop to the waistband of her shorts and desire floods my veins. I strip probably the fastest I've ever stripped and I watch her gaze rove over me in approval.

Heat lingers behind her eyes. "This okay?" I say as I reach down to the hem of her shirt to lift it off. She nods and it's all the answer I need before I shred her shirt, leaving only a black satin bra concealing those gorgeous tits from me.

A matching thong covers her bottom half and I need it gone so I can properly take her in. I raise my hands to her hips and wait for her approval. When she nods, the ripping of her thong ricochets across the room.

A ripple of pleasure zips down my spine as her hands touch me all over. I crawl onto the bed over her, leaving gentle kisses as I make my way to her mouth. "We need to speed this up or I'm not going to last long. Wanted this for too long, Rea. Wanted you forever."

Words pour from my lips, but I don't care. She's my wife now.

Delicate hands grasp my rock hard cock. A soft twist at the tip has me almost blowing my load. It shoves me into motion. My hands go on an exploratory journey over her luscious tits, over her tight stomach, and down further.

Her lips part and her breathing increases as I make my way to where I want. I lean down and pull her lips to me as I line my now bare cock up with her slit. My cock runs along her center. She's drenched. My fingers find her core and I grin. "Are you wet for me, Reagan? Do you want this dick?"

"Please." She whispers as I suck one of her breasts into my mouth while twisting the other. "Yes, Rhett." My name on her

lips is fucking heavenly.

She is writhing below me in ready desperation. I slide a finger between her folds and holy hell she's tight and fucking divine. Perfection, a goddess. Her body clings to me, gripping me, and urging me for more. She's so damn wet and warm.

I want to explore every part of her, but we can do that later. Right now I just need her. "I need to fuck my wife but I want to watch you come first."

My tongue teases a taut dusky nipple before it makes a path down her ribs to her stomach. Kisses are feathered on every single inch of her skin until I come to the hidden wonderland between the apex of her thighs. I eat her out like it's my job while her sounds and quivering thighs only encourage me more. Small fingers comb through my hair tugging and pulling me where she wants and it's almost erotic.

She squeezes around my fingers, her arousal coating my face.

I find her mouth again and wonder if she tastes how sweet she is on my tongue. A soft moan slips out. "Rhett..." My name is spoken breathlessly, the feel of hot breath lingers against my skin. "Condom?"

I sit up straight. "Shit..." How in the fuck did I forget condoms? I hoped but I never expected her to go for it.

"It's okay, I want this. I'm clean..."

"Yeah, I haven't had sex in months.. You on the pill?"

"Yes." With each answer her voice becomes low and sexy. My cock throbs with an aching need. Each throb aligns with the pounding rhythm of my heart within my chest.

Her eyes widen as she looks down at the size of my erection, and a smug grin takes over my lips. I swear it feels like it's going to burst. "It'll fit baby. You ready for this cock, *wife*?"

My nerves are shot with anticipation, but my body is so ready for her.

"Fuck me." My name slips out as a moan.

"You ready?" I'm as eager and erratic as a summer storm. Lowering myself I feel her bare skin against my own. She looks like a sexy goddess beneath me. Her legs part for me, begging for relief.

My dick rubs against her wet slit and she reaches up to pull me down, her small hands gripping my ass.

She moans, head thrown back in pleasure as I push into her. "Oh, God. That feels...."

"Yeah." It's fucking heaven. I want to claim her and make her mine - solidify that this is real and happening. Her body was made for me. I'm fucking the girl I've had a crush on since the first day I saw her and she's now my wife.

It's weird to say, but I fucking love the way it tastes on my tongue. *Wife*.

We were like two waves in the ocean, crashing down. I want to take it in.. drunk on every damn emotion I'm feeling and save it stashed in my memories.

She's completely responsive. I grab her hip and move around until I can find the place that makes her whimper the most. The need to get her off hits me hard. I want to feel her clamping down on my cock and stealing the life from it.

The urge to empty my balls is insane. I have never felt this way with any other woman. God, it's exhilarating.

I move the hand at her side up into her hair and grip it tightly, keeping total eye contact, making sure when I mash my lips against hers she has nowhere to go. I snap my hips with each thrust into her warm core and swallow each cry that springs from those perfectly pouty lips.

Pleasured cries. It's what I want to call them. I feel her fingernails dig into my skin and I wonder if she likes a little pain with her sexual indulgence. There are so many things running through my head on overdrive. All the things I want to do to her and with her creep into my thoughts.

Her breasts heave with each thrust. They're not huge, but definitely a good handful and those tiny little dusty pink budded nipples make my tongue water. Her body is losing control and relinquishing itself to the need.

When she whimpers I feel my balls draw up and a spark of electricity shoots right to the tip of my cock..

“More?”

“Yes. Harder. I need you, Rhett.” She moans out, her eyes glazed over in pleasure.

I slam into her harder, snapping my hips with each thrust.

The noises she makes shoot a rush of lust roaring through my veins. As she comes her tight channel clenches down on me and I try so hard to fight off the orgasm, but it's futile. She feels too damn good.

As her body pulses and pulls me under I give up control. With one more thrust I'm coming, burying my face in the crook of her neck to soften my curses spewing from my lips.

We lay there breathing heavily. I roll to the side so as to not crush her because my arms can barely hold me up right now. Coming took all of my strength. She milked me dry.

I can't stop thinking about how responsive she is to me.

I swear to God my cock twitches and thickens just a little even thinking about it. Sex is good, but with the right person, its fucking phenomenal.

There will be backlash when we get home out of our little honeymoon bubble, but we'll face whatever comes our way. She's worth it. Ever since Remington's accident we've been flirting and hanging out. Now, she's all mine, *forever*. I lean over to kiss the corner of her lips as they turn up into a smile. Gorgeous gray blue eyes turn in my direction and I get lost in their depths.

I feel nervous asking her this, but I need to make sure. "I wasn't... too rough with you?"

"No." She shakes her head. "It was life shattering."

CHAPTER 7

REAGAN

I wake to the sun on my face as it sneaks through the curtains showering us with light. There's a delicious ache between my legs that reminds me of all the dirty things I did with my *husband* last night. Wow. For the last year we've been flirting with each other - soft touches, innuendos, and sexual tension. It all came to a head, literally and figuratively, in one night. The best night of my life.

We're going home tomorrow. Today is the last full day we'll have before it's back to the real world. My eyes graze over the sexy as hell body beside me and he groans. "Are you watching me sleep, wife?"

"Yeah, I am. You're cute when you sleep. So damn peaceful."

He runs his hand down my leg under the covers and sparks start to erupt within. I am so horny for my husband. I had him only hours ago, but I want him again, and judging by the tent he's holding under the covers he wouldn't mind going again either.

"How are you feeling, Rea?" The sincerity in his voice causes the flower inside my chest to blossom.

"Um... I'm a little sore, but totally worth it."

He chuckles in a deep timber. So damn sexy. “So damn worth it. How’s this for a road trip? Did you get everything you wanted?”

My gaze slowly and seductively slides down his uncovered bare chest. I lean over and he pulls me to him. Our lips connect in heated passion and his tongue slips into my mouth.

His hand reaches out, going on a lust- arousing exploration and sears a path down my body. I moan softly in arousal.



FORTY FIVE MINUTES later an incessant buzzing pulls me from Rhett’s arms. I pick up my phone. The same one I haven’t touched since we arrived in Vegas. Several missed calls and texts line the screen.

The one that worries me the worst is the one from Beau.

BIG BRO: I need you to call me immediately when you get this. I’m serious, Reagan. I will come find you.

AS I LOOK through the photos and my messages from last night I find one very incriminating one. My heart is in my throat and my gut is doing somersaults. I sent a picture of Rhett and I to Cassidy Mae and Faith with the words... look who just got hitched. The gorgeous ring Rhett bought for me, front and center. A copy of our marriage license in the background.

My phone dings again with a new message. *Beau*. He’s going to keep calling until I respond. I answer the phone cautiously. “Hello?”

“The next words out of your mouth better be April fools or just kidding. Please tell me you did not marry him.” I remain silent because I don’t want to lie.

“Who is it?” Rhett asks as he walks out of the bathroom. I hold my hand over the speaker and mouth Beau. His eyes widen only slightly before a small chuckle leaves his lips. As he sits down on the bed I playfully smack him and he gives me those gorgeous dimples.

His arm around my waist, he pulls me in close. “Put it on speakerphone.”

So I do. “Beau, man. How are things going at the stables? Anything new we should know about?”

I can feel the anger as it pours through the phone. He’s on the tipping point and ready to fight someone. “I don’t know Rhett. Is there anything new *I* should know about? Like oh, I don’t know. How you fucking married my baby sister without asking my goddamn permission?”

“Beau.” He says in a very placating manner.

“No, don’t you Beau me. Reagan, are you still there?”

“Yes.” I say quietly, hesitating to add more.

“You will go and you will get an annulment. This trip will be chalked up to a stupid, drunk decision.”

“NO.” My voice is firm. I refuse to be bullied by Beau. “I am an adult Beau. You are not dad. You do not need to treat me like dad. I love Rhett. I think...” I look over at him and lift my hand to his cheek and rub it against the scruff of facial hair that’s been growing since we started our journey. “I’m in love with him and there is nothing you can do about it. I married him willingly, I said yes. I meant every one of my vows and I’m not breaking them just because you don’t approve. All

because, what? Rhett didn't get your permission? So the fuck whatever, dude. I deserve a happily fucking after too, don't I? You have Cassidy Mae, Remington has Faith and now I have Rhett. We're going to be one big happy family."

"Reagan..." He growls out my name.

"Beau Andrew Montgomery so help me if you say one more word, we'll go home to Rhett's house and never come back to the barn. You don't approve of this marriage so fucking be it. But it happened and I'm not taking it back. So either accept it or don't. He's your friend for Christ's sake. If he was a terrible human he wouldn't still be around."

A loud sigh comes through the phone. "Fine."

"I'm fucking serious, Beau. One word..." My chest flushes with anger. My breathing is heavy. Rage bleeds into my veins.

He hangs up the phone before I even have the chance to say goodbye and I stare at my phone like it's just disappointed me. "Hey, it's going to be okay."

A small tear slips from my eye and runs down my cheek. My emotions right now are going haywire. I don't know how to feel. When Rhett wraps his big arms around me I feel a comfort and safety that I've prayed for my whole life.

With a soft voice, he whispers in my ear. "We can get an annulment if you want, Reagan. I don't want to cause trouble between you and Beau. I won't like it, but I'll do it for you. I love you that much."

I lean over and hungrily take his mouth with mine. "Fuck that... didn't we say this was forever?"

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