



Law of Love

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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LAW OF LOVE

MELISSA KING

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Law of Love

BY ALEXA RILEY

Can't get enough of The Breeding Series? You're in luck! The story continues with a bonus novella on Joey and Law.

It's quick, dirty, and over-the-top... just how we love it!

Author Note: This story was originally added to the back of Mechanic so you may have read it before. Due to formatting guidelines we are releasing these bonus chapters separately. Enjoy!

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Chapter One

JOEY

Click, click, click, click.

“Stop that or you’re going to flood the engine.” I stare over at the Sheriff through his windshield as he tries to start his cruiser. I swear, everywhere I go in this town, there he is. Today it was the diner. I ate lunch there before I needed to get back to the shop, and there he popped up. Like always, he just stared at me, and it confused the ever-loving shit out of me. He’s never spoken to me before, even with all the staring, but then again, I give him a wide berth when I see him. He makes me feel things, things I’ve never felt before, and it would just be better for everyone if those feelings stayed buried.

“Just can’t seem to get the damn thing to start.” His deep voice rolls over my skin, making goose bumps break out, even though it’s a good ninety degrees right now.

“Hmm. Pop the hood.” I stumble over my words, and he shoots me a smirk. Prick. Probably used to women falling all over him. Not that I can blame them. I’d probably fall all over him, too, if I thought I was his type. Which I’m definitely not.

He’s clean-cut in a hard, pretty-boy kind of way. Blond hair, blue eyes, and a thousand-watt smile that comes out easy. He couldn’t be more of a good ol’ boy if he tried. Unfolding himself from his cruiser, he reaches down and pops the hood. I don’t wait for an invitation as I step off the sidewalk and lift the hood.

It's an easy fix if it's what I think it is. Retrieving my wrench out of my back pocket, I grab the battery cable, giving it a wiggle. It's loose, just like I thought, so I screw it back on to the battery terminal tightly.

"Give that a try." I straighten and turn around, knocking straight into a wall of chest. The badge clipped to his chest shines bright in my face. "Whoa there, Sheriff. I don't need you up my ass."

I snap the words, trying to take a step back as his masculine smell invades my senses. God, he smells good. I didn't know a man could smell that good. Probably because he doesn't work in an auto shop full of sweaty men all day. Jesus, his smell has me feeling those goose bumps again.

"I don't bite, Josephine."

The use of my name has me glaring at him. No one calls me 'Josephine.' Only my mother ever did, and that name died when she did. It's too intimate for him to be using that name, and I hate how I felt when he said it. It made me feel all feminine and shit. Nope. Not touching that.

"Name's Joey," I correct him, trying to put a firmness behind my tone. I want him to know I'm not fucking around. But he just shoots me that stupid perfect smile, making my heart flutter. I should take a step back, but I don't want to seem like I'm intimidated by him. That, and I'm still rather enjoying the smell of him. I grew up with three older brothers who are all in the Air Force now. Surely I can handle one sexy, muscle-bound sheriff. I think.

"I like 'Josephine' better. Fits you." His hand goes to my shoulder, picking up the end of my ponytail as he twirls the black strands around his finger.

What.

The.

Fuck.

I don't think I've ever twirled my hair, and the fact that I like him touching me bothers me. I bat his hand away, pretending to be annoyed. "How do you even know that name?"

Everyone calls me ‘Joey.’” I give my best stink-eye, which seems to have no effect on him, either. Normally, men scurry off when I give it, but I don’t think Sheriff Law has scurried from anything in his entire life.

“I know a lot of things about you.” His tone makes it sound like we’ve been intimate, like he knows every part of my body. It’s completely untrue, unless he can see through my clothes with all that staring he’s been doing.

“You stalking me?” I push my shoulders back, trying to make myself bigger, but my stature is dwarfed by his broad frame. I take a step into him, thinking he’ll retreat at my aggression, but he doesn’t. In fact he leans in a little more, making me feel the heat of his body.

“If stalking you is thinking about you every night while I stroke my cock and cumming with the sweet name ‘Josephine’ on my lips, then yeah, I’ve been stalking. I’ve been stalking the fuck out of you since I moved back here.”

All the blood rushes to my face, and I can feel it turning bright red. I’ve been around men my whole life who say the nastiest shit, and never once have I blushed. I’m used to it, and sometimes I even add a few jokes of my own. Being around my older brothers and working in an auto shop, there probably isn’t a thing I haven’t heard. What I’ve never heard is that filthy talk directed at me.

No, not me. Joey the tomboy who fits in better with the boys. Joey the chick who doesn’t know shit about being a chick.

“I can’t believe you said that.” The words leave my mouth breathily. I should shove my knee right in his balls, but I find myself wanting to touch him there, just not with my knee.

“That’s nothing compared to the things I’ve thought about doing to you, my sweet Josephine.”

“I’m not sweet,” I bite out. “Or yours, for the matter.”

He leans down, like he’s inhaling my scent. “Oh yeah, you’re sweet all right. You smell like sticky cotton candy on a warm summer day. Probably taste like it, too.”

“That’s grease you smell, jackass.” I want the words to come out mean, but they sound more like a tease. What is he doing to me?

“Go out with me,” he says, ignoring my statement. I’m just not buying it. Why now? We’ve both been in this town together for over a year, and this is the first time we’ve ever so much as talked. “Why are you asking me out now? Run out of local pussy and now you’re digging the bottom of the barrel? Thanks, but no thanks.”

I turn to leave, making the retreat that I didn’t want to make. I wanted him to back down, to get out of my space, but that clearly wasn’t happening. I’m in way over my head, and a little pissed, too. It burns that I’ve wanted him since he showed up in this town, but never once has he made a move. Now out of nowhere he’s all up my ass wanting to go out. Something stinks, and I don’t want any part of it, no matter what my body is begging to do. It’s not like I want him to actually do all those things he said he wanted to do to me. *Nope*, I lie to myself.

He grabs me by the waist, pulling me back to him, and my body embarrassingly melts into his. I can’t help loving the feeling of having him pressed up against me. My body is enjoying the physical contact so much, it almost makes me want to cry. The loneliness I’ve felt comes rushing forward, crashing against my chest, and reminding me how long it’s been since someone held me.

“The only *pussy* I’ve thought about is yours.” He flips the word ‘pussy’ off his tongue like he’s pissed he has to use the word. Which is crazy because not minutes ago he said cruder stuff to me. “In fact, I thought about it so fucking much I can’t seem to get my goddamn job done. I’m finished waiting, so I might as well take it now. Maybe after I get you under me, I can have some sanity and actually finish doing what I came here to do.”

“No.” The word has absolutely no power behind it. Something’s wrong with me. I’m broken. I’m letting him manhandle me, and I’m not even fighting it. Fuck. I don’t want to fight it. Why should I? I’m a twenty-two-year-old

virgin whose body is screaming for some physical attention. Maybe it's time to pull off the virgin Band-Aid. Maybe he's looking for a good time, a roll in the sack, and needs to get me out of his system. Why I'm in his system to begin with, I have no idea, but maybe this could work. I see how other women in the town look at him. They flirt with him all the time, but I've always just seen him be professional. Until now. I like the idea that maybe I've made him crack, even if it isn't true.

"I'll cuff you and take you to the station until you agree." He leans in to whisper into my ear. "Or just wait for everyone to leave the station and eat your pussy until you agree." He takes my earlobe into his mouth, sucking it, then giving it a little bite. A moan escapes my lips, loving the sensation.

"Fuck. Don't make that sound when we're in public." He lets go of me, and then I remember we're standing in the middle of town, beside the diner. I look around, but no one seems to be looking our way or paying attention. Not much is going on.

"Okay."

"Okay?" He echoes the word, raising his eyebrows like he doesn't believe me.

"Yeah, okay. I'll go out with you." His body loses some of the tension I didn't notice was there before.

"Give me your number." He pulls out his phone, and on the screen I see a picture of me standing in the auto shop. It looks like I'm laughing in it. I grab the phone from his hand, wondering how he got the photo.

"What the fuck is this?" I look at the picture, but he snatches the phone away from me.

"I'll get a better one tonight." He ignores me, like it's not weird that I'm his screensaver. I pretend like I'm appalled, but really, I want to jump up and down like a dork in high school who just found out the quarterback has the hots for me.

"Number?"

I just stare at him. "You think I really believe you don't already have my number?" No way he doesn't. Not after the

picture thing and him knowing my real name.

He smiles, slipping his phone back in his pocket. "I'll pick you up at seven." He takes a step toward me, putting his finger under my chin, making me look up into his eyes. "And Josephine," he says, looking into my eyes. "No more flirting with Butch. I don't want to have to kill him."

With that, he turns, pushing the hood of his car down before getting in. It starts right up, the engine turning over as he pulls out and leaves me gaping. I don't flirt with Butch.

Butch is one of my brother's best friends. He's the reason I even came to this town. He got me my job working at the auto shop. Otherwise I wouldn't be here. Growing up with all boys, I could pretty much do anything they could, except pee standing up.

Fuck, do I love the thought of him getting jealous over Butch. He's just like another brother to me, and besides, I'm not even Butch's type. He likes them blonde, tall, with giant boobs, and as easy as they come.

My phone beeps, and I see I have a text from an unknown number. Sliding my finger across the screen, I read the message.

Stop missing me. I'll see you in a couple of hours.

I roll my eyes, but then I find myself smiling as I walk back to the garage. "Asshole."

Chapter Two

LAW

I pump faster, speeding up my rhythm. My cock is aching for release, so this won't take long.

Picturing Josephine standing in front of me, bent over, spreading her ass cheeks apart, I jerk off faster. I imagine her looking over her shoulder, giving me that sassy smirk, begging me to fill her up. I think about her smart mouth telling me how bad she wants me, and I start to cum.

Standing over the toilet, I watch as my cum drips down into the water. I hate to waste it, but no way can I sit through dinner and being so close to her without some kind of release. I won't be able to control myself, so hopefully, this will take the edge off.

Jesus, it's like I'm fifteen. I can't last for more than sixty seconds when I'm thinking about my Josephine. I can't wait until she's under me, and I can get actual relief. Anytime I get hard, I can slide it into her body and empty my seed. After tonight's hurdle, I'll have her bred before the end of the week.

I smile to myself as I clean up and head out, not wanting to be late. I've driven to her townhouse a thousand times. I know she lives with Butch, but from what I can tell they are just friends. I still don't like it, but for the moment there's not much I can do. I'll take care of that soon, but first I've got to get her in my bed. Then I'll fix everything.

I pull up and take a breath, thinking that this probably isn't the best timing with the case still going on. But I've waited almost a year to claim Josephine, and I can't wait anymore.

I've watched her like a hawk from the second I first saw her, unable to let her get too far from me. I'm not proud of some of the things I've done, but when it comes to 'the one,' the rules don't apply. At least that's what I keep telling myself.

Getting out of my cruiser, I walk by her car and think about the night I put the tracer on it. It's hidden under the wheel rim and completely undetectable. Even if she took her car apart, she wouldn't find it unless she was looking for it. Walking to the porch, I ring the doorbell, looking up to see the pinhead camera I installed around the same time. No one would know it was there unless you pointed it out. And even then it's hard to tell. I wanted to know who was coming and going from her house at all times. Making sure she got home safe every night, too.

Oh yes, I've done a lot of things to keep eyes on my Josephine. Almost a year later and I've had enough playing around. I don't care if this fucks up my case, I'm a man, and I'm only so strong.

The door opens, and Butch is standing there with his shirt off. I clench my hands into fists, ready to rip his head off.

"Evening, Sheriff. What can we do for you?" He looks genuinely surprised to see me, and I shouldn't be shocked Josephine didn't tell him I was coming over.

Butch stands there waiting on a response, but my jaw is clenched too tight to speak. I'm seconds away from tackling him to the ground when Josephine walks around the corner.

I nearly stop breathing as she walks towards us, my heart beating out of my chest.

"Damn, Joey. Who died?"

"Eat a bag of dicks, Butch." She walks past him, pulling the door closed behind her, and stands on the porch. She looks at me expectantly, but I still can't speak. I blink a few times and try to focus.

"Well, my earlier plan was a waste," I mumble, thinking that jerking off twenty minutes ago was completely worthless. My dick is at full attention and trying to bust out of my slacks.

“What was that?”

“I said, you look utterly gorgeous, Josephine.” Her cheeks blush at my compliment as my eyes roam over her body. She’s wearing a fifties-style pinup outfit with a high-waisted pencil skirt that’s tight to her body. A white, button-up, short-sleeve blouse and shiny red peep-toe heels finish off her look. Her ink-black hair is pinned to one side, and her lips are lacquered in the same shade as her shoes. She looks like she should be laid across the front of a plane, motivating soldiers in World War II. Her dark eyes look up at me through her thick lashes, and I’m literally breathless at how beautiful she is.

“Are you ready?” she whispers, and I have no idea what she’s talking about.

Leaning in, I find my words, pulling her against my hard body, “I think I should be asking you that question, love. Because with the way you’re dressed and the way you’re looking at me, you’re going to have to try to keep me off you.”

I expect her to pull away, upset by my crude words, but instead, she leans in closer. “What if I don’t want to keep you off me?”

She licks those shiny red lips, and I’ve had all I can stand. Reaching down, I snatch her wrist and pull her behind me to my cruiser. I’m nearly dragging her, but my need is too strong, and I can’t wait.

Taking her to the passenger side, I open the door and silently help her into the car. When I go around to the driver’s side, I get in and crank up the car, driving away from her townhouse.

“Where are we going?” she whispers, and I can hear the slight need in her voice.

“My place. I’ve waited long enough.”

I hear her laugh, and I look over to see her lean back in the passenger seat. Her legs are together, but the slit on the skirt goes all the way up her thigh, making me grip the wheel harder.

“This is our first date, and you’re saying you’ve waited long enough?”

I look back to the road and hit the gas. I can’t get home soon enough. “You know damn well this has been coming.”

Suddenly, I feel her warm hand on my thigh, and I reach down and put my hand on top of hers. I look over and see her lick her full red lips. She’s got the prettiest mouth I’ve ever seen, with lips like something out of a magazine. I can’t wait to ruin her lipstick. I can see the shyness in her eyes, and I know reaching out to me was a bold move for her. She’s usually so tough, but tonight she’s giving in and letting her guard down. I want to show her how good it can be between us, so I push her a little further.

Gripping her hand slightly, I pull it over so her palm is resting on my hard cock. The heat from her palm nearly burns me through my slacks as she rubs her fingers along the ridge of my dick. I press her hand harder against me, and she grips me firmly. It’s all I can do to keep the car on the road as I turn down the long driveway to my house.

I bought this cabin when I moved back, opting not to stay on the family estate. My dad had a few choice words about it, but fuck him. This place is beautiful. It’s a big cabin that sits just outside of town on a small lake. I bought this house the week after I first laid eyes on Josephine.

“Holy shit, this is your place?” She loosens her grip on my cock but doesn’t take her hand away. “That garage is sick.” There’s a little wonder in her voice as she sees the four-bay garage off to the right of the cabin.

“Yeah, apparently this used to be a hunting lodge, and they had the garage for guests. I had the inside of the place renovated, but kept the garage as is.”

She looks over at me and raises an eyebrow. “I thought you didn’t know anything about cars.”

“I don’t. But lucky for me, my woman does.” I had the garage redone for her. Once I got her here, I didn’t want her to have any reason to have to leave. Show her right up front I

wasn't fucking around. She was meant to be mine from the moment I laid eyes on her. I knew it down to my soul. I just had to get things ready so I could have her, but things weren't moving as fast as I would have liked so I was jumping in to speed up the process.

Her mouth falls open a little as I reluctantly move her hand off my cock and get out of the car, going around to her side. I open the door and hold out my hand, helping her step out of the car.

I reach down, scooping her up, and carry her like a bride to the front of the house.

"Law, what the fuck are you doing? Put me down." She tries to wriggle a little, but I grip her tighter.

"Not a chance, love. It's tradition."

"You're kidding me, right?" There's a slight squeak to her voice that I can only assume is fear. It's okay. That will pass the more we're together.

"Josephine, I'm almost thirty years old. I've never once been in love or anything close to it. It's been over a decade since I've so much as shaken a woman's hand. So no, I'm not kidding."

I look into her eyes as I open the front door and carry her over the threshold. I can see wonder there, and I can also see hope. I don't know what kind of life she comes from, but from what I've seen over the past year of watching her, she's built up a fortress to keep people out.

Kicking the door closed behind us, I carry her through the great room and walk down the hall. I take her straight to the master bedroom and stand her up at the end of it, holding her hips to steady her.

"Law, this is crazy. Tonight is just...it's insane." Her dark eyes search mine for guidance. She's desperate for someone to take the reins, and lucky for us, I'm okay with that.

Cupping her neck with both hands, I rub my thumb across the bottom of her jaw. "Aren't you tired, Josephine?" She looks at me questioningly. I lean in, just a hair's breadth away

from her lips. “Aren’t you tired of holding up all those walls? Let go, love. I’ll be here when they fall.”

I press my lips to hers, and she opens for me, letting me in. Her arms go around my waist, pulling me to her as my tongue sweeps in.

Her taste is so sweet, I have bite her bottom lip. I want to devour her body, starting with her lips.

“Law,” she whispers, her words like a balm to my aching body. I feel her let out a breath, and I pull back to look into her eyes. “I’m not...experienced.” She looks away and then looks back at me, clenching her jaw. “I’ve never done this before. I don’t know if that matters to you or not.”

I pull her to me with one arm, letting every curve of her body melt against mine. With the other hand, I reach up and start to undo the buttons of her blouse.

“It doesn’t matter to me who you’ve been with and what you have or haven’t done before me. All I care about is that I’m your last.” Once her blouse is open, I trace my fingers along the edge of her black lace bra and up the middle of her cleavage. “All I care about is that nothing comes between us tonight. Just you and me. Skin...” I lean down, kissing between her breasts. “...On skin.” I say the words against her lush tits, needing to suck on her more.

I let go of her waist, unzipping her skirt and taking off her clothes. She’s standing before me in her black lace bra, panties, and her blood-red high heels. She’s covered in ink, and she looks like a fucking rock star goddess. I burn the image into my brain, wanting to remember this when we are a hundred, and I remind her about the first time she gave me her body.

Reaching around her back, I unclasp her bra and let it drop to the floor. Her tits bounce free, making me lick my lips. Dipping my fingers into the waistband of her panties, I pull them down her thighs, down to her ankles. She goes to take off her shoes, but I touch her leg, stopping her movements.

“Leave those on, love. They’re beautiful and delicate, just like you.”

Kneeling down in front of her, I look up to see a deep blush spread across her cheeks. I help her step out of her panties and then stand back up to relish the sight of her completely naked. I grab my chest and try to breathe.

“Jesus Christ. My will is on my desk in my office if I don’t make it through tonight.”

Josephine laughs, and I snap out of my daze, removing my dress shirt and slacks as well. When I’m in front of her in my boxer briefs, she walks to me, putting her fingers in the waistband, pulling them down my hips. She kneels down in front of me as I did her as I step out of them. She stays on her knees in front of me, eyeing my cock. A drop of cum beads at the end of my dick, and she licks her luscious red lips.

I reach down and grab her arms, pulling her up from the floor and taking her over to the bed. “Not yet, love. Tonight is all about you.”

Laying her down in the middle of the bed, I crawl between her legs, spreading them wide. She’s a little tense, and I’m sure it’s because she’s shy. “Relax, Josephine. I’m going to make friends with your pussy for a little while. After that, we should all be better acquainted.”

I see the smile spread across her lips as I kiss the inside of her knee and work my way up her thigh. I lick and nibble between her legs, feeling her soft flesh against my tongue. When I get to her cunt, I nuzzle the short, soft curls and smell her sweetness. Goddamn, she smells so sweet. Sucking her fat lips into my mouth one at a time, I close my eyes and moan at her flavor.

I can’t decide if her cunt tastes better than her kisses, so I lick her clit to see. I feel her legs fall open farther, and her hands come to grip my hair as I eat her sugary sweet pussy.

Her warm juices run down my chin as I take up residence between her legs. I start humping the bed with every lick, envisioning my cock instead of my tongue in her pussy.

“Law, more. Please, I’m so close.”

Hearing her voice as she grips my hair tighter is enough to send me over the edge. I growl against her pussy as I cum on myself and the sheets, making a mess. I can’t control myself when it comes to her, and I want to make sure this first time is good for her.

Gripping her thighs harder, I suck on her clit, making it my job to pleasure her. I flick the hard bud with my tongue over and over, feeling her tense up. I don’t stop. I keep the same rhythm as she arches her back off the bed and screams my name.

I feel a splash on my chin and realize she just came so hard she squirted on me. I moan against her cunt, wanting to bathe in her orgasm. I feel like a goddamn superhero. I feel like her cum on my face is my trophy, and I want to scream to the world what she gave me.

Kissing up her body, I wipe my cum off my stomach and bring it up to her pussy, rubbing it against it. I want all of me on her. After it’s all smeared across her clit, I move between her legs, my dick at her opening. My cock is an angry purple color, like I didn’t just cum two minutes ago.

Leaning down over her body, I hold her face and kiss her lips. She has a sleepy smile on her face, and she looks like a woman that just had a hell of an orgasm.

“That feel good, love?” She mumbles a yes against my lips, pulling me to her. “This part may sting a little, but I’ll take care of you.”

Josephine nods against me, and I kiss her jaw and move down her neck. I pinch her hard nipple with my two fingers as I move to her other one, sucking on it and giving it little bites.

When she’s raising her hips for me to enter her, I thrust in in one long plunge. She tenses under me and lets out a small grunt as I rip through her virginity. Her sheath is tight and grips me so hard that it’s all I can do to keep licking her tits and not cum.

I focus all my attention on her breasts, trying to pull her back from the edge of pain and bring her fully into pleasure. I lick and pinch, nibble and suck, until she's gripping my hair and moaning.

I keep going for a little longer until she wriggles her hips and begs me for more. "Please, Law. I'm okay. Don't stop." She's breathless with need, and I can't deny her.

Moving my lips up her throat, I thrust hard into her willing cunt. "Nothing between us, love. Skin to skin with no barrier." She moans at my words, growing wetter as I fuck deep, her cunt squeezing me so sweet when I bite her neck.

"Law, I'm not on the pill."

"I didn't think you were, love."

Her head is thrown back, her eyes closed, and she's lost in pleasure. "Oh God, I'm so close. Maybe you should pull out."

I laugh against her throat. "No, baby, I don't pull out of you. Ever."

She clenches down on my dick hard, and I feel her juices all over me. I tilt my hips up a little, hitting her clit with every stroke. It has her scratching my back and moaning my name after only a few pumps.

"That's it, Josephine. Cum all over my raw cock. Open that soft cunt up for me so I can go off inside you. I'm not pulling out, so if you cum on me, I'll nut in you."

My words are enough to send her over the edge, and she shouts her orgasm into the room. Our room. I feel her cunt wet my dick, and it's all the invitation I need. I thrust against her one last time and hold it deep as I cum in her virgin pussy.

When I feel the last drop of my cum splash inside her, I roll us over, not breaking our connection. She lies on top of me, breathing hard, and I smile.

She's mine now.

Chapter Three

JOEY

“Jesus H. Christ, Joey. You’ve got that stupid grin on your face again.”

I bite the inside of my cheek to try to stop the smile as I look out from under the hood of the old Lincoln I’m working on. I meet Butch’s eyes and fail miserably, busting out laughing at the look he’s giving me.

“I can’t believe a fucking copper put that look on your face.” He leans under the hood, using both hands to brace himself like we’re about to have some big conversation about this. And we’re not. This is my business, and for the first time in my life, I don’t have three giant older brothers in it.

“I don’t give you shit about whose legs you’re between, so why you giving me shit about who’s between mine?” I pull the rag from my back pocket and wipe the grease off my hands. Glancing up at the clock, I see I have about enough time to get home and shower before Law is at my door.

Like clockwork every day for the past two weeks, he’s at my door, picking me up at six thirty sharp. Each time he makes me pack a giant bag and asks me why I just don’t go straight to his house when I leave work. I’m slowly noticing that each day, more and more stuff is disappearing from my house and turning up at his.

It should piss me off, but it doesn’t. In fact, it just puts the stupid smile back on my face.

“Just making sure you’re good. You haven’t slept at home one time since the copper took you on that date. Don’t want you getting too deep into something and getting hurt.”

“Not all men are like you, Butch. Some of them actually don’t fuck ’em and leave ’em.”

“I’m not trying to be an ass, I just want you to be careful is all.” He runs his hand through his shaggy brown hair like he’s mulling something over. “To be honest with you, you guys just don’t look like you fit together.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” I throw the towel down on the workbench, then motion for him to move so I can drop the hood down on the Lincoln.

“He just looks like the type to be with some snotty trophy wife. His father’s the Mayor, for fuck’s sake. You see that guy’s wife?” His words burn like acid in my stomach. Fuck this shit. I’m not even hearing it. I know what’s been happening between Law and me for the past two weeks, and it’s been perfect. The way he touches me and treats me, it’s like I’m the rarest thing on earth. Like he can’t live without me.

“Fuck you, Butch. Just because I’m not some rich socialite doesn’t mean I can’t attract a man.”

“Hold up. That’s not what I meant at all. That went both ways. He doesn’t seem like your type either. I thought you’d end up on the back of someone’s bike or something. Not with the quarterback of the football team.”

He’s got me there. I can see why he’d think that, but like most things in my life I don’t fit the mold of what people think. Why would who I end up with be any different.

“Thanks for your concern, but it’s not needed.” I unzip my coveralls, letting them hit the floor as I step out of them. Picking them up, I throw them into the bin with all the dirty, grease-covered clothes.

“Just be careful is all I’m saying.” Butch does the same, peeling off his work coveralls before throwing them into the bin. I feel my phone vibrate against my ass, warming my

stomach because I know who it is. Sliding my finger over the phone, I read the message.

Law: *Can't make it tonight, sweets. Work came up. Call you when I can. Xoxox*

“What’s that face?” Butch asks pulling my eyes from the text. The disappointment must be showing on my face. Maybe a night alone isn’t so bad. I could go to that cute lingerie place in town and get a few things. I own, like, two cute pairs of underwear, and I’ve already worn them both twice. I want something different and fun.

“Law just canceled on me.” I try to make my voice flat, like it’s no big deal, but Butch puts his arm around me.

“Come have a few beers with Paine and me.”

It’s better than sitting at home. “Sure. I just need to run home and change before I make a quick stop. Meet you guys there?”

“Sounds good. You can help me poke bossman about the blonde piece of ass he was drooling all over today.”

I snort, remembering how Paine looked when the woman walked into the shop. I thought he might trip over his own feet to get to her. It was worse when she seemed to give him the slip. Now he’s been back in his office pouting about it for the last twenty minutes. I didn’t even know Paine could pout.

“See you guys there.” I head to my locker, grab my shit, and head home. I rush through a shower, and it only takes me thirty minutes to be back in town. I threw on some jeans and a simple black tee with my boots. It’s not like I’m trying to impress tonight. I have a man. The simple thought makes me blush and giddy with excitement. I have a man. I say it over and over again in my head, loving it more every time.

Deciding to drop my car in the bar parking lot, I walk towards Main Street in the direction of the lingerie shop. It’s a small town, and if you park anywhere by the main road, you can pretty much walk anywhere. Walking by the different shops and stores, I stop suddenly when a familiar face catches my attention. The sudden glance makes my stomach drop.

There, in the little Italian restaurant, I see the Mayor and his wife, with Law, and a leggy blonde who I've never seen before. They're all sitting at a table together, and Law is holding the blonde's hand. Like he feels my eyes on him, he turns to look at me, but I sidestep the glass window and lean against the brick building, trying to get my pounding heart under control.

Fucking work shit, my ass. Jesus, could Butch have been more right? Suddenly, I feel like his dirty little secret. Law never takes me out to dinner, nor does he even talk about his family. If it wasn't for the fact that it's common knowledge that he's the Mayor's son, I would've never known.

It burns. Holy shit, does it fucking burn. I push the tears back and shake off the hurt, going with anger instead. I was about to go get lingerie for his ass and set up something sexy. I was going to call him out on taking shit from my house and putting it in his. Tell him he didn't have to play games, that I wanted to be there.

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

I should've known better. I see how my brothers burn through beautiful women. Hell, I live with Butch, and I see how he burns through them. I'm a tomboy and a plain Jane at best. How did I expect to keep someone like Law?

My phone buzzes in my back pocket, and I see I have two texts. One from Butch and one from Law. Is he texting me while he's on a date? A date he took to meet his father? I grit my teeth and click on Butch's text.

Butch: See your car in the bar parking lot. Where you at?

Me: Be there in five.

I cross the street, not wanting to walk right in front of the restaurant again, then head towards the bar. I can't stop myself from clicking to see what Law said.

Law: Miss you, sweets.

I clutch the phone to keep myself from throwing it. *Sweets*. I loved that name. How he always said I smell so sweet, taste so sweet, am so sweet. No one had ever called me sweet

before him, and I was eating it up. It was like he saw the real me. Yeah, I like to fix cars and watch football and dress down a lot, but I'm a woman, and when he called me sweet, it made me feel like one. *Stupid*, I snap at myself again. He played you. Got what we wanted. Sex. Some piece of ass on the side to fuck when he wanted, and no one had to know about it.

"You look fit to be tied." I look up to see Butch and Paine waiting for me outside the bar.

"Don't want to fucking talk about it." My voice is firm but holds a little more emotion in it than I like, but they both just nod, getting it. That's the great thing about having male friends. They don't make you talk things to death. You say, "Conversation over," and it wraps up pretty quickly.

Butch and I follow Paine in, and I can tell Paine is in just as much of a pissy mood as I am. The only one who looks like someone hasn't kicked their puppy is Butch, but he's always got a stupid easy smile on his face.

Without asking, Jake the bartender slides us our drinks, and I quickly grab my beer, thinking I'm going to need something stronger tonight.

"There's a bachelorette party happening here tonight if you guys are looking for some action," Jake says, making me roll my eyes as I take my seat next to Paine.

"Point me in the right direction, Jake. You know I'm always looking for some fresh trim in this town." Butch straightens and gives the crowd a once-over as Jake points towards the dance floor.

Not being able to help myself, I follow Jake's finger to see who Butch's prey for the night will be.

Suddenly, Butch is laughing and looking back, and I see why when I catch the blonde hair of the woman who ran out of the shop today with Paine hot on her ass.

"Looks like that rich chick with the Porsche is the bride-to-be," Butch says in a teasing tone, and I see Paine grip his beer bottle so tightly I'm shocked it doesn't shatter in his hand.

I reach out and grab his bottle as his eyes meet mine. “I’ll hold it for you, boss,” I tell Paine because I know where he’s heading. Straight for the dance floor to get the girl Butch is following. I down my beer and order another, enjoying sitting at the bar by myself. I don’t feel like being social.

My phone buzzes across the bar top, and I check the message. I should turn it off because I know it can only be one person, but like a masochist, I click the message.

Law: Sweets, text me back. You got me worried.

He’s fucking worried? Is he worried while he’s got his dick in some other chick’s cunt? The thought knocks the air out of my lungs. I motion for another drink, and Jake drops it down in front of me moments later.

Paine sits down next to me, and I don’t comment on where the little blonde went. Hell, I even see Butch behind me in the mirror over the bar, hitting on some chick. Are all men alike? I can’t believe I let myself think I found something different.

My phone buzzes again.

Law: Damn it, Joey, answer me or I’m going to spank your pussy when I get my hands on you.

How can he fucking talk to me like that when he’s out with another woman!

Me: Why don’t you spank the pussy of the blonde you were having dinner with. You know, the one you introduced to your family.

With that, I power off my phone. I don’t want to read his excuses, or worse, see that he doesn’t respond at all. He probably knows he got busted, so I’m sure he’s done with me.

“Penelope,” Paine mumbles next to me for the tenth time since he sat down, taking another pull from his beer.

“If you say that word one more time, I’m going to knock you off that fucking stool,” I tell him. Can’t we both wallow in our misery in silence? I’m just thankful the bar finally turned the music down since the bachelorette party left.

“I fucked up,” Paine says, looking over at me while I fiddle with the paper on my beer bottle. I pull it off and stick it back on, annoyed at everything.

“Yeah, you did. You went after something you can’t have and you shouldn’t want,” I tell him as I meet his eyes. We both went after people who were out of our league and in a class we’d never understand. Law may just be a sheriff, but he comes from old money. Hell, his dad is the goddamn Mayor.

“Evening, Sheriff. What can I do for you tonight?” the bartender says. My eyes snap to the mirror behind the bar, and I see Law standing five feet back from Paine and me. My whole body locks up, and I grab my beer, wanting something to hold on to. *Play it cool*, I repeat over and over again in my head. I’ve given him enough of myself. I won’t give him anymore. He’s already seen parts of me no one else ever has. The girl who lies beneath my layers. One who is going back into hiding to lick her wounds.

“Just checking on things,” Law responds, and I can feel his eyes on me. I try to pretend he’s not there until he speaks right to me. “How you doing, Josephine?”

My heart clenches at the use of my name. It bugged me at first when he called me that, like he knew me, but over the past few weeks, I’ve grown to love it. Crave him saying it. When we’d make love and he’d call it out, it was like the sweetest thing I’ve never known. I still refuse to meet his eyes in the mirror and just go on ignoring him. I can’t believe he’s doing this in the middle of the bar for everyone to see. Before today I wouldn’t have thought it a big deal, but after seeing him out with the other woman, the pieces click into place. He didn’t want people to know we were together. How didn’t I see it before? I was too content to spend our time together just holed up in his home, in his bed.

Instead of answering him, I just give him the middle finger. Because that’s what he can do. Fuck off

“Josephine, sweets, don’t—”

“Sweets—” Paine tries to say interject, but I cut them both off.

“What the fuck are you doing here, Anderson? Pretty sure stalking is against the law.”

The bar has become eerily quiet now, and I know everyone is watching what’s happening.

“Jake, my sister around? I thought they came in here tonight,” Law says, pissing me off even more. He has a fucking sister? Law knows everything about me, and I didn’t even know he had a goddamn sister. Oh, I know why, there’s no point in introducing Joey because you’ll never meet her. You’re just the Sheriff’s dirty secret he fucks out in his cabin.

“She with that bachelorette party?”

“That would have been them. She’s the bachelorette.”

I almost want to laugh at the irony of Law’s words. Paine and I have been sitting at the bar, moping about a brother and sister who are way out of our range. But I have a feeling that won’t stop Paine. As for me, my ego can’t handle another round. I might shatter.

“They left here about two hours ago,” Jake says, pouring a glass of cheap whiskey.

“All right, I was just checking in before I head home for the night.”

I can’t help but snort at his words, not believing him. “Probably going to be fucking his date tonight since he won’t be fucking me,” I mumble to myself.

“Josephine, can I have a word with you outside?” I want to scream at him. Of course, so no one sees the sheriff is slumming it, but I can’t ignore him. He’s still the sheriff.

“Who’s asking?” I motion for Jake to pour me another shot. “The Sheriff or Law?”

“I’m asking, sweets.”

“Then the answer is no. Besides, you don’t like being seen with me in public.” I shrug my shoulders, trying to pretend I don’t give a shit and failing. I can feel the tension in my whole body; I’m practically vibrating.

“That’s not fucking true and you know it,” Law snarls, and I can feel him getting closer to me, something I don’t want. He can’t touch me. I won’t be able to hold back the tears if he does, and I won’t give him my tears. I slam back my shot, jumping off the barstool, and I wobble a little. Both Law and Paine jump to steady me.

“Don’t fucking touch her,” Law growls at Paine, pulling me towards his body in a possessive hold. I feel the dam inside me start to shake, and it takes everything in me to get my words out without it cracking.

“You made your choice. Now live with it.” I try to push past him, but he grabs me by the arm and I turn, shooting all my anger at him. I’ve got to hold on to that anger until I get out of this bar.

“You’re too drunk to drive.”

I don’t even respond to his words. I just call out Butch’s name. “Butch has me,” I say, hoping that fucking digs into his gut. Law may not want everyone to know we’re together, but I know he doesn’t want to share me. Double standard much?

Law clenches his jaw again, but what can he really say? Everyone in the bar is staring at us.

“Pick up your phone,” he grits out at me, but I’m having no part of it.

“Fuck off.”

With that, I grab onto Butch’s arm, and he pulls me closer, probably because he sees the distress on my face.

“Get me home, please,” I whisper to him as the tears start to fall.

Chapter Four

LAW

“**Y**ou’re in over your head.” Paine says the words, but I don’t look at him. I keep staring out the door Josephine just walked through, taking a part of me with her. When she hadn’t returned my text messages I got a little worried, but when she sent that last text, it felt like the bottom of my world dropped out from under me.

I grit my teeth and clench my fists, trying to get my anger under control. I only have myself to be pissed at. I played this all wrong. The last year of my life has been miserable and fucking lonely, and the last two weeks were the best I’ve never known. I’m not letting it slip through my fingers so easily. One way or another, she’s going to listen to me. “As long as I’m somewhere with her, I’ll take it.” It’s the truth. I’ll take my girl any way I can get her. I may be in over my head with her, but that’s fine with me. I’ll drown in her, and it will be the sweetest death a man could ever ask for.

I walk out of the bar and make it in time to see her get into Butch’s car. I know they’re just friends, but fuck does it burn to see him taking care of her. She was hurting when I walked into the bar, and it isn’t Butch she should have been calling out for. No, it should’ve been me. But I fucked up. I want to be the man she runs to when she needs someone to lean on. I’d almost gotten all her trust, only to see it go up in smoke.

“Fuck!” I scream out to the empty parking lot before heading to my cruiser. I don’t give it a thought. I flip on the blue lights and the siren, chasing after them.

Butch pulls to the side of the road and I follow suit, turning off the siren but leaving the lights on. Butch goes to open his door, probably to argue with me, but I give him the same voice I used on thugs on the streets of Chicago when I worked patrol.

“Hands on the wheel and don’t so much as fucking move a finger.” It’s a dick move, using my power for my own ends, but I can’t bring myself to care. There isn’t anything I won’t do to have my sweet Josephine, even pissing a year-old case down the drain. I’ll find another way.

I go over to the passenger side, pulling the door open. Reaching in, I pop her seatbelt and pull her out of the car and sling her over my shoulder. She gives me a little bit of a fight, but she’s just so tiny it’s easy to get her under control.

Butch hops out of the car and I stop looking at him. I can tell from the indecisive look on his face that he’s debating what he wants to do. He may want to come at me, but I’m still the Sheriff.

“You made her cry. I’ve never seen her cry before, Law.”

His words are like stones dropping into water. The first impact is brutal, the aftermath rips through my body, reaching to my soul. I did the very thing I was trying to prevent, and now I’m going to lay my cards on the table.

“I’m going to fix it,” I tell him, letting all my emotion out in my words. I won’t get any points with Josephine if I knock her best friend out on the side of the highway because she’s not going with him. Over my fucking dead body.

“I’m not fucking with you, Law. Fix it or Paine and I will be so far up your ass...”

“Butch! What the fuck? You’re just going to let this lying cheating bastard take me?” She starts kicking her feet again, and I slap her ass. I’m trying to get her under control before she tries to buck off my shoulder and I land her ass on the hard blacktop.

“Call me in the morning, Joey.” Butch gets back in his car and takes off, but Josephine still yells until she realizes he’s

gone.

I go to the passenger side of the cruiser and place her on her feet, caging her in. She bucks against me, trying to free herself. She's hitting at my chest while tears stream down her face. Each verbal blow she lands is a direct hit to my heart.

"I fucking loved you! But I was just some dirty secret to you. Not good enough to take out in public. Not good enough to meet your parents."

When the fight finally leaves her body, getting all of what she was holding in out, she sags against the car.

I drop to my knees in front of her, my hands engulfing her narrow hips, looking up as she looks down at me. The moon makes her big green eyes seem brighter than normal, and my heart aches twice as hard.

"You were right about my dirty secrets." She starts to push my hands off her hips, but I just hold her tighter. "They are *my* secrets that I've been trying to hide from you. I didn't want them touching you. I don't want them anywhere near you."

"I don't believe you." Her words say one thing, but her eyes fill with hope. Her hands come to rest on my shoulders, and I'm thankful she isn't trying to push me back with them.

"I hate my father and can't stand to be in the same room as my stepmother." I don't let her know it's because the woman has been trying to get in my fucking pants for years, something that makes me want to throw up, but I don't want to make my girl jealous. Jealousy eats me up when it comes to her. Fuck, last week I got jealous of the goddamn straw in her drink, and I don't want her to have those feelings. I want her to have no questions about what she is to me, or that I'd ever give another woman the time of day because I wouldn't. Hell, women haven't even been on my radar for years. I poured everything into my job. Until her. She turned my world upside down.

"That may be true, Law, but I saw you with another woman. You were holding her hand."

“She’s with the FBI.” Her fingers tighten on my shoulders waiting for me to continue. “I’ve been building a case against my father, and she’s part of it. About a year ago he asked me to come back here to Springfield and run for Sheriff. At first I told him no, but he kept pressing. Then the FBI reached out to me, told me that things around my dad didn’t smell too good. I didn’t like that one bit. I just wanted to wash my hands of him, but I’d heard him talk about my sister. About roping her into coming back here, and I knew then he had plans to get her under his thumb. We may have never been close, but I couldn’t let him do that.”

“I went on the date tonight as a decoy. Go out to dinner, then back to my dad’s for drinks. I’d distract good old Dad and my stepmom while Debra, my *fake* date,” I emphasize ‘fake’ so she gets the point, “went to snoop around a little. But that all went out the window when you wouldn’t respond to my text messages.” I tell her even though I don’t care that the plan went to hell. I’ll find another way. Josephine is my number one priority. Not the cons my dad has been doing to move himself up in life.

“I blew your case?”

“Fuck the case,” I growl, because that isn’t the issue here. “Josephine, my sweet Josephine. Think of all the ways I’ve worshiped your body. Made love to you every night. You’re it for me. Nothing else in this whole world matters if I don’t have you.”

“Law.” Her eyes fill with tears again, but I can tell I’m getting through to her. Her beautiful face has gone soft. It’s the same face she gives me when I tell her how utterly sweet she is, and she tells me there’s nothing sweet about her, which is utter bullshit. She’s pure sweetness. A sweetness that only I get.

“Did you mean it?” I ask her. Her words still rolling around and around in my head.

“What?”

“When you said you loved me. Did you mean that? Do you still love me?” Her words ripped through me when she threw

them at me in anger. I want them back. Need them. We've never said them to each other before, because I didn't want to push. I'd pushed her so much already that I hadn't wanted to add to it. And to be honest, I wanted them from her first. I had done so much to get her. Gone after her hard and just taking over. I wanted this to be something she gave me.

She drops down to her knees in front of me, but I scoop her up in my arms and stand. She wraps her legs around my waist, her hands around my neck, her fingers digging into my hair at the back of my head. "You don't ever go to your knees."

She ignores my words. "I'm sorry I overreacted. I just... you're just..." She stumbles over her words, and I hold my breath, wondering if she'll say it again. "Too perfect to be true. This is all so new to me. I've never done this before, but I should have known I feel it when you touch me, you love me and I love you."

I take her in a deep kiss, pushing my tongue into her mouth, needing a taste of her more than I need to breathe right now. I was so fucking scared she'd never give me this again. Her body melts into mine, her sweetness seeping out. I press her up against the car, but I quickly pull back, remembering we're still on the side of the road, and I don't want anyone seeing her with all this passion on her face. It's all mine, and I'm not sharing even a drop of it.

She tries to pull me back to her, and I can't help but chuckle. Over the past few weeks she's become more of the aggressor when it comes to the bedroom. It's adorable as shit when she tries to boss me around in the bed and when she tries to attack my cock.

"Not here," I tell her, trying to remind myself as much as her before my control starts to slip.

"Take me home."

I pause at her words, and she must feel my body tense up. "Our home," she finishes, making me smile. I've been slowly trying to move her in, and it seems she was on to me.

“I love you, sweetheart, and there’s nowhere I’d rather take you than to our home.”

Chapter Five

JOEY

Law carries me into the house, and I can't keep my hands off him. The passion between us has ignited and there's no putting it out.

When I open my eyes to see we are in our bedroom, I hop out of his arms and start taking off my boots. "Get on the bed, Sheriff. I'm in charge tonight."

"Yes, Ma'am."

Law gives me a cocky smile, letting me know that he'll play along. I know he doesn't really let go of his control. He just lets me play for a while. I felt like a jerk for messing up his case, but on the way home he got a call from his partner saying that she was able to sneak a wiretap in his father's office tonight and that she should have all the evidence to sink his ship very soon. Law didn't seem to really care, but I was grateful that he hadn't given up on all that work just because I got mad and didn't hear him out. I'm quick to heat, and I judge fast. I should have heard him out. That's what you do when you love someone. You give them a chance. This is all crazy new to me, but with Law on my side, we can make it through anything.

Once he's naked and climbs onto the bed, he lays his big body in the middle, spreading his arms and legs.

His hard cock is pointing straight up, and I can't help but clench between my legs in excitement. Goddamn, do I love fucking him. We have times where it's sweet and slow, and

sometimes it's rough and fast. I think tonight I want a little of both.

I slowly strip off my clothes, letting him get his fill. He reaches down between his legs, stroking his cock as I bend over to take off my panties, spreading my legs wide and letting him see all he's about to get.

“Fuck, baby, I don't know how long I can wait.”

Once I'm completely naked, I slowly crawl from the foot of the bed, up his body. I straddle his leg and rub my wet pussy up his thigh, letting him feel my heat and teasing us both. I rub back and forth, grinding on his hard muscle and feeling the friction of the hair he has there against my clit. It's so good that I reach down and spread my pussy lips further apart, wanting all of me against him.

I grind down as I watch him stroke his cock, pearls of cum beading at the tip. He smears his pre-cum down his shaft and uses it as lube as I rotate my hips back and forth. My pussy is soaked, and I can hear the sticky sound of me against his skin, and it turns me on more.

“Please, Josephine.” I look up to see the desperate need in Law's eyes, and I move up, straddling his cock, placing his thick tip at my opening.

“I love you, Law.” Slowly lowering myself down onto his wide cock, I feel him spread me open in the most delicious way.

“I love you, too, my sweetness.”

When I reach the root of his cock and I'm unable to take any more of him, I slowly pulse up and down. Gently wetting his length and trying to stretch my pussy to accommodate his big cock.

Even after all the times we've made love, I still have to get used to his size. I feel myself leaking down his cock, and I clench tighter with need. I think my body was so worked up from the stress earlier, and now I'm so relieved that everything is okay that I just need a release.

I rub circles around my clit as I start to move up and down Law's cock. He grabs my hips, thrusting up into me, and I close my eyes and moan. After just a few thrusts, I feel him sit up and latch onto one of my nipples. He's even deeper at this angle, and I can't hold back my shout of surprised ecstasy.

"I'm close." I barely get the words out as his teeth find my neck, and I use my free hand to grip his hair. My other hand is still on my clit, inching me closer and closer.

"Let go, Josephine. I'm right here to catch you."

His words of trust and love send me over the edge, and I cum on his cock, releasing all the tension I've been holding on to. I melt into him and move up and down, riding out my orgasm and making it go on longer. He grips my hips and makes me grind down on him as he thrusts deep and fills me up. I feel his cock twitch inside me as his warm cum spreads through my pussy.

"I love you, baby." I smile against his skin because I can't stop saying it. I feel so silly and shy because I keep repeating it, but it just keeps coming out. I'm officially head over heels in love with this man of mine.

I hear him whisper the words against my neck, sending chills up and down my back. I move against him a little and feel that he's still rock hard inside me. There's not usually a time we are together that he isn't hard, and if he isn't, it only takes a wiggle of my ass to get him there.

"Marry me, Law."

He pulls back fast, grabbing my face and looking into my eyes. "Say it again." It's a demand, not a question. His look is intense, and I can't tell if I've upset him or made him happy.

I take a deep breath and remind myself that this is what love is. Everything out on the table and heart wide open.

"I said, marry me, Law. Will you marry me?" I bite my lip and think that he may have wanted to do the asking. But he should know by now that I'm not a conventional girl, and this isn't a conventional relationship. I'm different, he's different, and that makes *us* different.

He closes his eyes tightly for a second and then opens them to look back at me. His big eyes are a little watery as he nods his head.

“You will?” My voice goes up on a squeak on the last word, but I’m too excited to care.

“Yes, Josephine, I’ll marry you. Been waiting on you to ask that for a long time. And to be honest, I thought I’d have to wait a long time for it. I love you so much, baby. I can’t wait to make you my wife.”

He grabs me by the waist and picks me up from the bed, not breaking our connection. He walks me down the hall to his office, around his desk, and sits in his big chair, all while keeping his cock in me, with me wrapped around his hips.

Reaching over, he pulls out a black velvet box and hands it to me. There’s a receipt on top, and the date is circled. It’s from almost exactly a year ago today, and I look up at him in confusion.

“Since I first laid eyes on you, Josephine.” He pulls out the ring—an emerald-cut black diamond. “You’ve always been the only one.”

He slides the ring onto my finger, and my lips fall on his, telling him what I can’t find the words to say. As he lays me back on the desk and makes love to me, I realize that he wanted me before he knew me. He took one look at me and knew I would be his best friend, his partner, his wife, and the mother of his children. He saw more in me in one glance than I’d seen in myself my whole life.

Goddamn, I’m a lucky woman.

Epigraph

LAW

Ten years later...

“I’ve told you three times, I’m not doing it.”

“Josephine, I swear it’s an emergency.”

I hear the phone click, and I know she hung up on me. I feel the smug smile on my face as I lean my ass against my cruiser and wait for her to show up.

The kids are with Paine and Penelope this weekend, and what better way to start off our time alone than with a little fun.

We’ve been together so long that I’m sure she knows my game, but that sassy hard-ass of hers likes to play hard to get.

Things between us have only gotten better over time, and I still can’t get enough of her. She’s the love of my life, and even though things get hectic, we still find time to remember why we fell in love.

I don’t have to wait long before she pulls up in her Corvette. I bought her the classic for her thirtieth birthday, and she looks sexy as fuck in it. She steps out, and my eyes roam up and down her tight body. She’s got on a black tank top, tight jeans, and her work boots. Her black hair is in messy waves down her back, and she looks like a fucking sex goddess. She stomps over to me and crosses her arms.

“What’s wrong with it?” She looks over my shoulder to see the hood of my cruiser up and raises an eyebrow.

“Don’t know. Damn thing won’t start.”

She bites her lip to keep from smiling and elbows past me to check it out. It won’t take her long to see the battery cable disconnected, but the real fun will begin after I get the cuffs on her.

I smile as I turn and follow her, thinking this is going to be a hell of a weekend.

THE END!

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