



Blindspot

a Holiday Hollywood Crossover

JISA DEAN

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By:

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Callie

I've wanted nothing more than to be like my dad and big brother and fight bad guys. But the way I look has always made that...difficult. Being small and blonde has always caused people underestimate me...and made my brother and dad worry about me following behind them. That's why this new job with a brand new security firm has to work out. It's my one chance to make people like my brother and father take me seriously. But that's not going to be easy when the man I have to protect is known as a Hollywood heartbreaker and keeps telling people I do more than just guard his body. If he doesn't stop flirting with me, his stalker isn't going to have a chance to hurt him...I'm going to do it for them.

Wyatt

I've lived a...colorful life. I was a street punk, a Marine, and now I'm a movie star. I got my start in a modern western partly because the director thought it was hilarious that my momma named me Wyatt. And just like my namesake, I've taken no prisoners when it comes to regrets, much to my agent's chagrin. So when he comes to me all bent out of shape about a couple of little threats found in my fan mail my first response is to blow it off...until I catch sight of my bodyguard. The little thing has so much personality she can barely carry it around, but that's okay. I'll be her porter and hold all her secrets, fears, and wishes. And when the person stalking me turns their eyes on my Callie, they are going to find out just what kind of man I can be. But will all of this drive my little Peach away, especially when I try to watch her back and guard her body too? Or will I end up having to steal my bodyguard and hope I can make her fall in love with this reformed bad boy?

Wyatt is ready to keep Callie's blind spot well covered... with his own body. He's not pulling punches when it comes to

keeping his bodyguard safe and how sexy is a man willing to give up everything for the woman he loves? Come spend the holiday with Wyatt and Callie and reunite with some old friends of Callie from Saving Christmas and Spreading Joy in this Hollywood/Holiday crossover. Let Wyatt keep you covered this Valentine's Day because when you're with an alpha hero like him you never have to stand in line and worry about what to wear. And you always know you're going to have a Happy Ending!

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Chapter One

Wyatt

“I don’t need a fucking bodyguard, Bruce. Look at me for fuck’s sake. Does it look like I need someone guarding me?”

He gives me no answer other than a cocked eyebrow. God damn, I hate when he doesn’t say anything. It drives me fucking nuts.

“Bruce, come on? I’m not hiring a fucking bodyguard, buddy. You can hang it in your ass.”

“Might I put forth the annoying fact you don’t actually have eyes in the back of your head? And no matter how big and tough you are, you are still human, and guns will hurt or kill you. And everybody has a blind spot they can’t watch out for, Wyatt.”

I stop pacing and narrow my gaze on him. “What aren’t you telling me, Bruce?”

Bruce has been with me for...well, the entire time I’ve been an actor. I never had to worry about things because as an agent Bruce is amazing. That doesn’t mean we always see eye to eye or that I fall in line and do whatever the hell he wants me to. It just means most of the time, I will listen to what he has to say before I do what I want to do.

I’m not a stupid mother fucker. I know I’m not the characters I play in the movies. I know I’m mortal and nothing more than a semi-fragile meat suit like every other human on the planet. I’m not a macho man either. That’s not what this is.

This is about something more. This is about the nagging feeling I’ve had nestled in my chest that something - I’m not sure what - isn’t right. I’ve felt it for a long time now. Probably longer than whatever has Bruce’s dander up.

When you grow up like I did, you learn to have that sense of self-preservation. You listen to your gut because if you don’t, you won’t be around for long. I’ve not always been Wyatt

Dagon, the movie star, I grew up on the streets. Not just running around and barely being home, I mean out doing bad shit because I didn't have anything else to do. I ran the fuck away from one of my foster families that beat the shit out of me and never went back.

I was all over the place for a couple of years, and then I happened to get lucky and met a social worker who frequented the Asian restaurant I worked at. She took an interest in my story and called in reinforcements in the form of the US Marines. Her friend took me in, cleaned me up, helped me study for my GED, and became my guardian. His only requirement was that I join the Marines. So, I did.

I was really good at what I did, and it wasn't long before people above my pay grade started taking notice and I was recruited for...more off-the-book missions than my peers. I got out just as the CIA came calling. I figured I didn't want any of that spy-eat-spy shit, so I retired. It just so happened I was on the West Coast when I retired, and a talent scout found me.

At first, I did some television work for shits and giggles. It was kind of fun and even helped me work through some of the PTSD issues I had as a holdover from my military days. Then this movie producer wanted me to do some stunt work for the lead in a modern-day western. But as soon as the guy found out my name was Wyatt and that I knew the proper way to not only hold but also take apart nearly every damned gun they put in my hands, he hired me as one of the co-stars.

I'm not sure why but a lot of people seemed to like what they saw so the guy invited me back for the second movie and gave me a bigger part. And from there, an action star was born. I do a lot of war movies, some westerns, and a few political intrigue movies that deal with...fucking spies, what else. The movie I'm currently working on is taking a small break because my stunt guy, who does some of the more dangerous shit my insurance company absolutely won't let me do, recently got hurt.

“Why don't you quit jerking me around, Bruce, and tell me what the fuck is going on?”

“Okay, Wyatt. You remember the accident with Bob last week?” He goes on without pausing for my answer. “It wasn’t an accident. At least, they don’t think it was an accident.”

The truth of what he is telling me hits me full-on. Bob is a damn good stunt man and we work together even when I am doing my own stunts. So, it would be hard to tell when he’s going to take over or when I’m going to do the stunt. Hard to know the difference at all really.

“So those cut wires were meant for me. Is that what you’re telling me?”

“The studio isn’t taking any chances. They want the extra security or you’re off the movie.”

I fight with my temper and the gut reaction to tell him to tell them to go fuck themselves. Smart men think before they open their mouths to spew curse words.

“There’s been some other stuff too.”

“Other stuff?”

“Letters, e-mails, that kind of stuff.”

“So, tell me, who have you found to guard my body and settle down the old fucks at the studio over their pocketbooks being drained?”

Bruce slides a file across the glass top of the coffee table to me. I flip the folder open and start scanning. Bruce knows I like background, I like research and I want to know everything. I’m not a control freak...I’m trained. The agency has been formed by two retired policemen with excellent backgrounds and credentials. They did a lot of undercover work which is never fucking easy let me tell you. Not that I could even if I wanted to because that shit is still classified.

“They’re waiting on us in the kitchen.”

I stand to follow him while still reading the dossier this agency sent over. I look up just in time to grab Bruce by the arm, stopping him short of the room.

“Who the hell is that?”

“Your new security detail. The one you absolutely don’t want or need.”

“She’s a bodyguard? There is no way...”

I’m not trying to be sexist. Women can get the job done as good or better than most men. But the woman standing in my kitchen isn’t built for being in the background. She’s not going to be flying under anyone’s radar, which is generally what a bodyguard is supposed to do. This woman is going to reach out and grab the attention of every man in the room.

“Sweet cheese and crackers, Wyatt. You can’t say shit like that. It makes more work for me. Now be on your best behavior and come on.”

I walk into the room with the three people standing in it. They all look comfortable with one another which sets me off since one of the two men better not be her husband or boyfriend. I would hate to have to kill someone. It’s been years after all and I’m more than a little rusty.

Bruce thanks everyone for waiting and I watch the three people in front of me all turn to look at me.

“These are the guards from Solace Phoenix Security company that will be protecting you until we get all this cleared up.”

I shake hands with the men but never take my attention off the woman...Callie. The three rattle off their credentials to me before launching into their safety plan. “We don’t want to send this psycho into hiding. Taking care of this as quickly and quietly as possible is the end goal along with your safety of course.”

“Of course.”

“We’re prepared to go undercover. I’ll be working the outside; Geo will be working inside and Callie is taking the position of maid.”

“No one is going to believe that woman is my fucking maid.”

“What do you mean?”

I see Bruce shake his head telling me not to go on. I find that look annoying and work hard to push against it any time I can.

“No one is going to believe this woman would be in my house and not in my bed.”

“Excuse me?” Callie finally speaks. I was beginning to wonder what I was going to have to do to get her to speak to me. Turns out I just had to make her my girlfriend to do it.

Chapter Two

Callie

“Why don’t you just come on as my girlfriend? Everyone will believe that, and you can get close without it looking...out of place.”

I take in the man standing in front of me. My gut reaction is to tell him to go fuck himself but that isn’t going to further the reputation of the S&P. I got lucky when Heath Phoenix and Quill Solace talked my brother into letting me come on the team. He was not excited about the prospect at all. And now this asshole is giving me shit.

It’s not like my brother sees me as anything other than a little girl. And this dipshit is going to make it ten times worse. I can feel my brother’s eyes on me waiting to see if I can handle myself the way I need to.

“I would rather be your maid. It will allow me to slip in unnoticed. Being your girlfriend is too...visible for me to do any good.”

“But I don’t take my maid to award shows with me and I highly doubt anyone is going to believe these two guys are anything other than security. They practically have it oozing from them.” He finally takes his eyes off me so he can run them over the others. “And I’m betting this one used to be a police officer.”

I see my brother’s eyebrow tick up. “How did you...? You read our bio.”

“No. I didn’t have time to get past Callie’s since Bruce just handed it to me. It’s in the way you stand, the way you carry yourself, and the way you keep checking all the exits. It’s been fairly recent that you made the change, I would assume. Most cops lose that rigidness over time.”

“Who are you?”

I see the corner of his mouth tilt up in an eat-shit grin. “I wasn’t always this pretty. I’m sure you know exactly what my background consists of since you probably did your homework before taking me on as a client. So, let’s cut the shit and get down to business. As I was saying, Callie pretending to be my girlfriend would make things run a lot smoother because then it would be expected for her to be everywhere I am. Makes the most sense.”

I bite the words I long to say back and give the arrogant jerk in front of me my coldest look. “That’s Ms. Thatcher.”

“What is?”

“My name. It’s Ms. Thatcher.”

“So, no husband.” He runs those eyes over me again and I have to fight the knee-jerk reaction to shiver. I can understand why so many women find him so hot. “Good to know.”

And that it’s made him so vain is also evident.

“Like I said I prefer to be your maid.”

“And I’m telling you that leaves a huge gap in my security.”

I finally turn to my brother who surprises me. The look on his face tells me he’s actually thinking about what this idiot is trying to propose.

“Absolutely not! Eli, you cannot be giving this serious thought. This is stupid. The stupidest thing I’ve ever heard.”

“It has some merit, sis.”

“No, it doesn’t.” I look over at Geo who is looking anywhere else but me. “You wouldn’t do this to any of your male security, damn it.”

“I’m not attracted to men sadly or your brother would be up for the part, I’m sure.”

“This is bullshit!” I spin on the balls of my feet and make my way to the front of the house. I already know the layout from the intel packet.

My arm is grabbed in a very familiar way telling me who is trying to stop me long before I decide to turn around. My

brother. The asshole who agreed with the other asshole in the room.

“Look Callie, wait just a minute. Can you please just wait?” Because he asked, I stop and turn to stare him down. “Look we’re not asking you to sleep with the guy. Just pretend to be his girlfriend for a few weeks. I don’t like it any more than you do and wouldn’t ask if I didn’t think it was needed.”

I roll my lips between my teeth until they are nothing more than a thin line of disappointment. I know that’s what I look like because I’ve seen that same look on the man standing in front of me.

“I get it stinks, but it’s part of the job and you wanted to do the job.”

“That isn’t fair, Eli.”

He doesn’t say anything else but, in my head, I can hear him finish the thought. Life isn’t fair, you take what it hands you and you get over it. The words aren’t said in my brother’s voice though but that of my father. God knows I’ve been told the refrain enough over the years. I got it every time I tried to do something my big brother did. When he went to the police academy to follow in our father’s footsteps, I informed our father I wanted to do the same...and got the whole spiel. He didn’t want me to be a police officer because it was too dangerous. He didn’t want my mom to worry about her daughter. Her daughter. Like I wasn’t even his child because I was a girl.

I straighten my spine and look at my brother. He didn’t want me to do this either. My safety was mentioned again, even though I shoot better than him, I beat his ass at hand to hand, and I passed all the tests required with better scores than anyone else, including him. They aren’t going to take this away from me. Not this time.

“Fine. I’ll be his freakin’ fake girlfriend but when Dad asks how things are going with the new job, I’m so ratting you out over this.”

I turn back around to find the movie star standing in front of me. He must have cut through the living room in order to make it ahead of me. The smile on his face says he heard every word spoken between me and my brother. Damn it. This whole job has gone to hell so fast it's like a runaway train veering off the tracks...while on fire. And looking at Mr. Hollywood's smarmy smirk only makes the feeling of impending disaster that much more certain.

Chapter Three

Wyatt

It hasn't escaped my attention that I am a big, fat hypocrite. Here I am being guarded because someone is stalking me and I in turn am stalking my bodyguard. I realize how much of an ass it makes me, but I can't help it. She just draws my eyes to her. Without having to do anything specific at all.

Like now. She's just trying to do her daily workout and I'm hiding in the shadows watching her body's every move. I guess no matter where I go or what I do, I'll always be that kid slinking around in the dark, letting my baser instincts control me, doing whatever it takes to get what I want. And I want her.

I watch her body bend and stretch through the moves. Up dog, down dog, warrior pose, and don't that one just match the little thing to a 'T'. All I can think about is some fucked up combination of yoga and the Kama Sutra where she does all her poses naked and a few of them sitting on my face.

I move out of the shadows when she comes back into a relaxed stance, "You have amazing form."

She doesn't jump or act like I've scared her at all, but I can spot her change slightly. Just an unperceivable closing in probably to protect herself.

"I would love to spar with you sometime."

"Right? Spar?" She gives me an unbelieving look before walking further away from me to grab a small towel.

"What does that mean?"

"It means...I train to protect people from real-world threats." She runs the terrycloth along her neck and chin making me jealous that I'm not a fucking towel. "Not a Hollywood stunt job. It might play great on screen but...in the real world..." she sashays by me driving me crazy.

“Really. That’s why. I thought it was because you could tell I wasn’t about to go easy on you because you were a girl.” I give her a lopsided smile. I’ve got her now. I can tell in the way she turns back around to me and comes walking my way again.

“I wouldn’t want to be the responsible party for fucking up that pretty face.” She pats my cheek in a condescending way. But I take advantage and snag her wrist. Before we can both take our next breath, we are in the fight. She moves to punch me; I block her but have to let her go. Both of us start circling each other.

“I understand, sweetheart. I’d be afraid too if I was five foot and saw me coming at you.” Her brow goes up and she stops dead. “It’s okay, darlin’. We’ll just say you beat me so you can feel better about yourself.”

“I’m five-three I’ll have you know and if you want to have your ass handed to you, you should have just said so.”

“Hand away, baby. Hand away.”

Again, we both circle one another. Both of us know the first one to initiate the fight is going to be at a disadvantage to the other one. I finally give in and go for her. I barely get my fingers on her when she’s stepping into me and bringing her knee up. I block her but just barely.

She spins away from me putting distance between the two of us. I go after her and finally get my hands around her only to have her kick the shit out of me for all my effort. That’s going to leave a pretty good-sized bruise. One she should be proud of putting on me.

“I have a premier thing coming up. You’re going to go with me, right?”

She elbows me and twists out of my grip.

“I guess I have to. Considering.”

“Good. Then I’ll call my wardrobe lady and tell her to bring over some dresses and shit for you to try on.”

“What, you don’t trust me to dress fancy enough for you?”

“Darlin’ I don’t mind if you want to stay home and walk around naked but my agent’s not going to be happy about it and home is the only place I’m going to let you run around naked. So...”

She throws her arm out to try to clip me in the face as I go low trying to grab her leg and throw her off balance. I let her get some hits in. “Hard pass. Like I said, I would feel better being your maid.”

“You want to wear one of those sexy little maid’s uniforms for me, you aren’t going to hear me complaining but I’m not about to let you run around the red carpet dressed like that.”

“Afraid someone will find out you’re a kinky perv?”

I narrow my eyes and use her own momentum to unbalance her enough that she stumbles and goes down on her hands and knees. I’m on her before she can get up. “Not at all, baby. I just don’t want to have to blind everyone who sees you walking around in a tiny ass little skirt.” I whisper in her ear, “I’m not a man who likes to share.”

She jerks her head back and hits my chin causing pain to flow out from the point of impact. It’s enough to allow her to tuck and roll out from under me.

“But I’m not really yours and this is all a fake.”

The reminder has my temper flaring up enough that I reach for her and snag her around the ankle, pulling her back under me and gaining control of her wrists. She tries to pitch me from her by pushing herself up off the mat, but it only pushes her lower body further into mine. “Give me time, baby.

A sound near the door has both of us turning our heads to find out who is disturbing our little wrestling match. Both of us are panting for breath and sweating when her brother walks in. I feel Callie stiffen under me and don’t like the change.

His eyes rove over both of us before he says a word. “I would ask why you’re on top of my sister but sadly I can probably guess only too well.”

“Get off me!”

Instead of doing what she tells me to, I bring my eyes back to her and give her a cocky grin that I'm sure is going to piss her the hell off and pop a kiss on her lips. "Nine tomorrow. Don't be late, there's a lot to do for one of these things."

I jump up before she can say a word and walk over to her brother who gives me a questioning look but I'm not answering questions that I don't know how to answer for myself just yet.

Chapter Four

Wyatt

I don't want Eli to think he's put his trust in the wrong place. That I can't keep my eyes off his sister even if it is true. And what do I want with his sister? Where is this going? Is it just because she tells me no with that stubborn chin tilted in the air and I see it as a challenge I can't pass up? All questions I still don't have the answers to. I just know when she's in the room, everything else stops mattering and I am one hundred percent focused on everything she does. It's like I'm drawn to her and nothing I do can break the connection I have with her.

It's pretty damn scary really and a smart man would turn the other way and run. But I've never run from something that's scared me. Not on the streets when I was young, not when I was a Marine, and I'm sure as hell not running from a five-three tornado wrapped in dangerous curves. I've made a good life for myself listening to my instincts and when it comes to Callie everything inside is telling me to get closer.

I hang back and give her time to be pampered before I give in and go looking for her. I find her wrapped in a white satin robe shuffling through dresses hanging on a mobile rack that's been wheeled into the front living room of my house. Her hair has already been fixed and her makeup has been done by one of the women who has worked with me for years now.

"This one looks stunning, doesn't it? I think it will compliment your eyes wonderfully."

Both women look up when I enter the room. I've been watching for a while. A lot longer than either woman knows. I've seen Callie look at all the dresses but the one she spent the most time looking at and touching was a white dress, fully beaded with a corseted top and a long train in the back. She's gone back to it four or five times and each time she's trailed her hands down the beaded skirt wistfully.

"How are things going in here ladies?"

“Wyatt, come tell us what you think. I was thinking of keeping it light since this is her first time and all.” She holds up a light blue dress that will in fact look lovely on Callie but then again everything will look lovely on Callie.

“I thought I might look alright in a white one.”

I look over the gowns and pull one of them from the rack. “Try this one.”

She takes it and hands me the white dress she’s gone back to several times, giving me a look of suspicion before she takes the dress I hand her into the little bathroom nearest to the living room. I pass the gown she handed me to Mckenna who takes it with raised eyebrows.

“No white. Any other color but white.” I answer the question she’s dying to ask me without her having to ask it. “When she wears white it will be at our wedding and she’ll be gliding down the aisle to me.”

The shock on poor Mckenna’s face is evident in her gaping mouth and wide eyes. She can’t possibly be as shocked as I am. It just kind of fell out, the thought brewing, growing like a storm over the ocean, every time I saw her go back to the gown. Mckenna starts holding the gown a little differently.

“This one?” She holds it like it’s made of something other than silk and beads.

I nod and watch as she hands the gown off to one of her assistants with a whispered command to put it up safely. Before she can ask me anything else, Callie steps out of the room dressed in a peaches and cream gown with lace flowers gathered at the top of the dress and twining down the bodice. The sleeves are see-through and covered in the same lace flower pattern. The gown has a slit up the side that is well hidden by the flowy skirts that fall all the way to her feet and trail behind her.

Mckenna gasps when she turns around and looks at her, “Beautiful. Just beautiful. You practically glow.”

Mckenna may have given her seal of approval, but Callie looks to me to get her confirmation. And doesn’t that just do

something to me. More than my ego swells at the little tell she just gave me, “Peach is a good color for you.”

“Really?”

“Oh yeah. You’re stunning.” A small smile flits across her lips as she turns around, and the smile I was rocking drops from my face. I don’t have time to say anything to her though as her brother comes in followed by Bruce. The next few moments are chaotic and don’t offer any chance for me to speak to her. It’s not until we are about to step out of the limo that I finally ask the question burning on my tongue from the moment she turned around.

She’s putting in an earpiece so she can stay in contact with her brother and listening to Bruce tell her what to expect once we step out of the limo. I take the opportunity to lean close and whisper my question in her ear - the one without the comm in it.

“Are you wearing underwear?”

The look she shoots me is one that has my dick hardening in my dress pants. The smile that starts to bloom across her face should warn me that danger is close but all I see is the mischief in her eyes, “That is a question you do not get to ask Mr. Dagon.”

Before I can throw down a rebuttal she’s stepping out, letting Bruce help her out of the back instead of me. I should have been the one offering my hand to her, not Bruce. I’m out and brushing Bruce aside as she smiles for the cameras that immediately start going off around us. I come up behind her and place my hand at the small of her back and then slowly slide it lower until my palm cups the swell of her ass and I have my answer. Her smile slips and she slides her eyes over to me.

“Smile, sweetheart. You don’t want them to think we’re fighting, do you?”

She gives the cameras a hundred-watt smile while hissing under her breath, “Get your hand off my ass or lose it.”

“We’ll talk about PDA the same time we talk about you not wearing freakin’ underwear.” I look over at her with a mirror image of her smile even though our eyes are saying more than our smiles ever could. “When we get home.”

“Your home. When we get to your home.”

“For now.”

She’s crazy if she thinks I’m going anywhere when she’s in a dress with the back down her ass while she’s not wearing any panties underneath.

She smiles up at me giving me a moment of sunshine before she whispers, “You chose the dress, sweetheart.”

Damn! She’s got me there. And she knows it as she goes back to smiling at the cameras in front of us and playing her part.

Chapter Five

Callie

I put the earpiece in like I have the last two times we've been at these things. Bruce isn't in the limo with us this time though. It's been weird being Wyatt's dress-up doll over the past few days. It's disconcerting how much attention he pays me when we're at these things too. I don't like it. It makes me feel...off.

Wyatt is an impressive man and it would be really easy for me to lose my head around him and let all the attention he is giving me go to my head. Especially the flirty way he touches the small of my back and smiles at me when the cameras are out. But when we are at his house, things are different. It's not that he doesn't flirt but the intensity is...less. Not as intense.

Not that I want him to act all...possessive and like I actually belong to him.

"So, this is going to be a little different than normal."

"Different? Different how?"

Before he can tell me, our limo pulls up in the line. "Have I told you how beautiful you are?"

I give him a tiny smile. "Not tonight."

"I should take care of that then." One of his hands comes up to touch my face, brushing against my cheek and tipping my chin up before he pulls me a little closer. I slide easily on the bench seat to him because of the silk of my dress making it even easier for him to bring me closer to him. His lips come down on mine surprising me. I gasp and he takes advantage by surging in. It takes me a few seconds to realize his tongue is in my mouth. When I do, he's already tilting my head just the right way for him to surge in again and use his tongue to play with mine.

I tentatively touch his back hoping he doesn't realize I've never done this before. It isn't like I got a lot of practice when

I was ‘younger’ since my father and brother were gun-toting police officers. The one boy I had a crush on got pulled over by my father once and he wouldn’t look at me again.

He finally pulls back but I keep my eyes shut so I don’t have to look at the expression on his face if it’s bad. Eventually, I feel the car move again and realize we’re seconds away from someone opening the door for us. Wyatt runs his thumb along my bottom lip and I’m giving a big thanks to the makeup girl for using the stuff that doesn’t smear or come off for hours. I’ve got to remember to thank her when I see her next.

Wyatt takes my hand and helps me out of the car before placing his hand on the bare skin of my lower back. Bruce comes up to us having already arrived. I go through the same routine I’ve adopted for all the red carpets. I keep my eyes on the people trying to get close to Wyatt and make sure I stay in constant contact with my brother. But unlike every time before, I turn to smile at one of the photographers and lose Wyatt.

When I find him, he’s standing with another group of actors talking to a tall blonde that I think I remember him dating at one point in his career. One of the other ladies that are coming down the carpet stops to speak to Bruce who is standing by me but he leaves to go to Wyatt as soon as he sees who he is talking to. I think I hear him say something that sounds like ‘not again’ but I can’t be sure.

“Are you okay with them talking?” I turn my eyes to the woman even though my attention stays on Wyatt. I’ve seen her at a couple of the red carpets before and I think she might be one of Wyatt’s co-star’s wives or maybe a girlfriend. Now her words catch me off guard and I actually look at her instead of Wyatt. For just a second. “I mean given they seem to always end up back together again.”

Bruce is right beside Wyatt looking from them to me and back again. Things start falling into place a little more and I have a good idea why this time things will be different. Not so much for me but for Wyatt. I fight to keep my face from showing anything but a pleasant smile and keep my anger

under control. I wouldn't give two shits if he wanted to go play with his ex...if he hadn't kissed me like he did in the back of the limo.

"We're not serious," I tell her with a smile still on my face. I wouldn't care but that was my first kiss, my first real kiss, and he took it without it even meaning anything to him. It might piss me off now but it's a perfect reminder of why I need to keep my distance from this man.

"Really?" The surprise on the woman's face has my attention going back to her again. "That's not what Wyatt's been saying."

"What?" Now my smile drops from my face and I'm the one rocking the surprised look.

"Well, he's...given some of the reporters and paparazzi a different view of things between the two of you."

"What kind of view?" I do not like where this is going. Not at all.

"He's just been saying how close the two of you are and that you all are living together and he's...."

"Excuse me!" I remind myself it's not this poor woman's fault and turn my gaze on the person who deserves my anger. Wyatt. "I...excuse me."

This time I say it softer as I reach out to touch the woman's hand to show her I'm not mad at her at all. "I just remembered something I absolutely have to talk to Bruce about. If you'll forgive me, I'll see you inside."

"Of course, dear. See you inside." She gives me a big, warm smile and I walk away from her thinking maybe I should be the actor if I was able to hide the murderous rage bubbling up inside of me. I make a beeline for the bane of my ire.

"Can I speak with you for a moment, Wyatt?"

It irks me that I feel like a little girl pulling at the sleeve of a much older, much taller, person than me. "Of course, love."

I grind my teeth and give him a pinched smile reminding myself that we aren't alone and that if I'm not careful this is

going to wind up all over every TV in the world. Before I can say a word, a soft voice hits me like a whip.

“Really, Wyatt? The help?”

Chapter Six

Wyatt

The words have me yanking my attention away from Callie and turning my full attention on Delilah, which pisses me off since I was thinking of how sexy it is that Callie is so tiny. She barely comes up to my elbow and all I can think about are all the positions I can put her in where her feet won't even touch the ground. And then Delilah had to open her fucking mouth.

I spot Callie's mouth open a little before she regains control and offers everyone a pleasant fake smile. But I'm not faking the anger that instantly hits me over the spoken words. "Watch your mouth, Delilah."

Now it's Delilah's turn to gasp and seem all shocked that I would talk to her like I am. She turns all her attention to Callie and my protective instincts rush to the surface so swiftly I have to fight the urge to reach for Delilah and wrap my fingers around her neck until she takes her gaze from my woman.

"So...you've enamored our Wyatt, it would seem." Callie opens her mouth to say something but Delilah just keeps going without giving her a chance to speak and giving me another reason to be pissed off. "Don't get comfortable, little one. Wyatt isn't the kind of man to stay and you don't seem like the kind of woman who will be alright sharing."

"You want him, take him."

This shocks Delilah more than anything else Callie could have said. And pisses me off on a whole other level. "She can't have me. Only you get me from now on, Peaches."

Her eyes widen at the nickname even as I pull her into me.

Delilah laughs but the sound has no mirth in it. It's as empty as she is. "Wyatt, you might as well stop lying to the poor girl. Everyone knows you don't settle down and you don't stick around. You don't do..."

"She's living with me, Delilah."

Delilah goes pale and for just a few moments stops running her mouth. But then she recovers. “Of course she is...that’s where her job is after all.”

“You should stop talking, Delilah. It makes you look bad.” I nuzzle into the crook of Callie’s neck and drag her scent in deep. It helps me calm down. Some. “Things are different now. Now that I have Callie.”

“Smile guys!” One of the photographers shouts and squats in front of us in order to take the perfect picture. “Are you two double dating now?”

Delilah gives the man a big, beaming smile, putting her hand on my arm but I just keep my arms wrapped around Callie. “You know me and Wyatt have a long, complicated past. We always part as friends. And we always find our way back to one another.”

“I’m with Callie and she’s all I see. As long as she’s happy...I’m happy.”

Use that as a sound bite.

Delilah mumbles something but I don’t pay any attention to her and just stay focused on Callie who is stiff and her smile is brittle. After the photographer moves on, I’m turning her to find out what’s put that look on her face. And what she wanted to talk to me about.

“What’s going on, Peaches?”

“We should probably talk about this later. When there aren’t so many ears around.”

I narrow my eyes at her but concede. “We’ll definitely be talking about this later. You can be sure of that.”

I never would have left her if Delilah hadn’t grabbed my arm and started pulling me towards her date under the pretense that she wanted to introduce us. I felt better about wandering away since Bruce was next to Callie but when she finally started speaking to me it had nothing to do with introducing me to the poor chump standing by her side and everything to do with my new ‘love interest’.

And how the hell did she find out Callie worked for me? It's a question I am definitely going to be bringing up to Eli when I see him again. By the time we make it home I can tell Callie is exhausted and needs to sleep so I rein in my need to straighten everything out and let her get some rest. As for me, I spend the entire night trying to figure out how things need to go, and how I want them to go.

My mind keeps going back to that kiss we shared in the limo and how Callie responded to it. It's enough to have my dick hurting and my mind spinning. I get a late start because of all the tumultuous thoughts and when I go to find Callie I'm out of sorts and irritated. It doesn't get any better when I pass by my living room and hear, of all people, Dalilah. In my home.

"Wow, you really are living with him."

I can't hear what Callie says in return but the hair on the back of my neck is already up. That woman has no right coming in here without being invited and speaking to my Callie like that. I step close to the door so I can spy on both women before I rush inside.

"I understand you think you might be in love with Wyatt," Callie tries to speak but Delilah just keeps pushing forward. "And maybe you are but he's not in love with you."

I grind my teeth and hold my position letting Delilah give herself enough rope to hang herself with.

"He can't possibly love you. You see, he's never really gotten over me and even though we might go through our little split-ups and 'breaks' he's always going to come back...to the woman he really loves. Me."

There is a long pause as Callie sits and looks at the woman like she might have just escaped a lunatic asylum. Eventually, she starts to speak but it doesn't do anything to make my anger die down.

"Thank you for telling me...but even though you very eloquently set me straight, I can assure you...be it Wyatt, or any other man for that matter, if they want to be with me that

is a choice they can make for themselves. I'm not going to be responsible for forcing anyone to do anything they don't want to do. Nor am I going to manipulate a man into staying with me if he doesn't want to be with me." The hidden implication that Delilah would do both of those things hangs heavy in the room. "I do have control over that much and I refuse to play games, Ms. Williams."

She doesn't raise her voice or lose the cool cadence of her normal voice. She might as well be talking about the weather. But there's a chill embedded in the words that whips a person across the face and stings worse than it would if she screamed.

"As for whether or not I am in love with Wyatt," I step a little closer to catch all of what she is about to say, "is of no concern to anyone but me since 'I love you' is not a question but a statement that needs no answer to be valid and true. Do you want to stay until I can find Wyatt or leave a message for him?"

Delilah's face is priceless but not enough for my liking. "I think it's past time for her to leave, personally." I step forward causing both women to gasp out in surprise.

I step into Callie and wrap my arms around her before lowering my head to capture her mouth with my own. I don't rush the kiss and take my time exploring the inner treasures I've uncovered. I eventually pull back enough to take Callie's expression in fully before turning back to Delilah.

"Which guard did you sleep with to get past the front gate this time, Delilah?"

The woman I'm accusing gasps in utter shock that someone would talk to her like this. She doesn't seem as cool and in control now but rather flustered and upset. I wonder if it's because she got caught speaking to Callie or because I called her out on fucking one of my men. I leave just long enough to shout for Eli and another guard that I already had on my payroll before the Phoenix company came on board.

The entire time we are sitting and waiting for them to come in, I hold Callie in my arms and stare Delilah down. As soon as they come in the room I am talking, "Please see that Ms.

Williams finds her way out and go through the camera feed so we can find out which guard let her in. And fire him immediately.”

I wait until they’ve taken her out before I turn to look at Callie. My little Peaches. She looks everywhere around the room but at me. I take her by the chin so she has no other option but to look at me.

“You might be strong and sure enough to be alright with other women coming on to your man -and I have to admit that’s pretty hot- but I’m not. I know exactly what those other men want when they look at you and baby...I would kill to keep you.”

Chapter Seven

Callie

I can't hide my shock at what he's saying. Maybe he means it in a general sense and I'm taking it too literally when he says 'you'. Or maybe he's trying to tell me something, some hidden code, about someone else in his life. He might be over Delilah but not this mystery woman.

I knew to expect something from the woman since she all but promised to try something last night when we all took that picture. And didn't that just bite me in the ass. The media went with the love triangle and said that the two of us are fighting over Wyatt. Which made me puke a little in my mouth just to be honest.

No one else might have heard her when Wyatt was telling the photographer about how he only had eyes for me, but I did. I heard her when she whispered like a hissing viper. "We'll see about that." So, I was waiting for something to happen when she surprised me and knocked on the door. I didn't really put it together on how she got past the front gate but according to Wyatt, she slept with someone to do it. While talking to me about wanting Wyatt back. How do you sleep with someone and in the same hour try to be with someone else? How does that even work? How is it alright?

And now Wyatt is acting all odd and weird.

"Remember who I was. It's who I still am under the makeup and Hollywood hype." He smiles at me but it doesn't reach his ice-blue eyes. "Remember that, Peaches."

Before I can try to figure out if that's a threat or not, his mouth is covering mine and his tongue is demanding entry. I stupidly let him in, blaming my shock on my consent and not the fact that Wyatt is a really good kisser. It's not because I like the feeling of his mouth on mine or the way his tongue glides against me or that the feeling causes a curl of heat to bloom inside my belly for no good reason at all.

After, I make an attempt to stay away from him for a little while, hiding out in my room for the night since we don't have anywhere to be or any carpets to walk. But my solitude doesn't last long and the next day I have to go through the whole process to dress to impress again. We walk the carpet, make the rounds and smile like damned fools all so we can spend three hours watching other people walk across a stage. Wyatt is one of the presenters and for the first time in days, I don't have eyes on him or am sure where he's at one hundred percent of the time.

If something happens to him while I can't watch him, I'm never going to live it down with my brother, and definitely not my father. By the time we're back home, I'm so wrung out from anxiety and nerves that I'm practically dragging. I could have kissed Wyatt when he turned down going to the afterparty I was so thankful.

It's after one by the time I slip into the shower and wash all the pretty off me. I can't express my enjoyment in washing all the makeup and hairspray away until it's just me, bare and pink and plain like usual. At first, it was fun playing dress-up and letting Wyatt parade me around. Even if none of it is real, it was still fun. But it's also a lot of hard work and it's wearing on the body and mind, all that smiling and peopling.

I let the warm water wash over me with no fear that I'll have to put up with Wyatt again until tomorrow afternoon. He has an interview and a press thing with some of his co-stars. A noise has me stilling and listening harder. I was put in a room on the opposite side of the house Wyatt's room is in. That way we could give him that little amount of privacy if nothing else. No one but my brother and Geo is supposed to be on this side of the house and both of them are on duty tonight. I go back to rinsing my hair when I hear something again. This time I pull the shower door open just enough that I can look out.

It's not impossible that my brother is looking for me or wants to go over something I might need to know about before tomorrow. The noise comes again and this time I turn the water off and grab a towel. The noise happens again, and I

come around the corner...and immediately find myself in a fight.

Instinct kicks in immediately -thank God- letting my body go on autopilot and blocking the hand holding the knife that comes swinging at me. The guy doesn't expect me to come out swinging so the knife goes flying out of his hand evening the playing field between me and him. I get a shot off, aiming a well-placed fist at his nose before he pushes me off him and into the wall. Both of us grapple with one another knocking over a table with a lamp on it and into the dresser.

I catch the corner of the dresser with my hip and fight back the bloom of pain that radiates out from me. And elbow him in the stomach. I immediately turn around to continue fighting when the guy pushes me hard enough to make me lose my balance this time. I prepare to go down fighting when arms come out to catch me. I start to fight the hold but it feels different.

“What the fuck?! You're in a fucking towel!”

“That's hardly the most important thing going on right now, Wyatt!”

I lurch for the man, but Wyatt isn't letting me go. And the room is filling up with more and more people. The guy takes off and flings himself through the nearest window.

“You're in a fucking towel, Callie!”

His words finally sink in, and I realize I am in a thin, damp cloth while more and more people flood in. Not only that, but I finally start feeling some of the effects of the fight I was in, my hip throbbing and my head hurting.

“Out! Everyone get the fuck out! She's in nothing but a fucking towel! Get out!”

“Sir, we need to process the room. Find out if this man left anything we can use to find out his identity.” The bastard was in a ski mask and I didn't recognize who he was, damn it. Another reason I should have just followed him to find out.

“Fine! You do what you need to... we'll leave.”

He surprises a yelp out of me by sitting me down only long enough to put me over his shoulder, his hand on the back of my butt the only thing holding my towel down so it doesn't go flying up and show the room my ass. I grab the top to make sure it is securely knotted, and that the girls are still covered.

Before I wasn't concerned at all about my state of near-nakedness, but now...especially since Wyatt has his hands on me, I am hyperaware of it.

"Wh...what the hell do you think you are doing?" I settle on being angry more than anything else I am feeling concerning his touch. It seems safer.

"Keeping you safe -and covered- damn it! Something you seem to be horrible at."

He plops me on a mattress and has me bouncing. You can't really be badass when you're bouncing on a fucking mattress. I catch his eyes and realize he looks just as mad as I am.

"I cannot fucking believe..." he spins away from me and starts pacing before coming back over to me, highly agitated. "Jesus Christ, you're bleeding, sweetheart."

His words shock me enough to make me momentarily forget that I'm sitting on his bed in nothing but a towel. I reach up where my head has been throbbing and my fingers come away covered in blood making my belly do a funky somersault that I have to breathe through in order not to let him see my concern and fear. If it was bad, I would be seeing double, having stars in front of my eyes, and much worse. So, it's not as bad as he's making it out to be. At least, that is what I tell myself.

He comes back with a washcloth and gingerly dabs the side of my head until he can look at the wound. By the time my brother comes in causing me to pop up off the bed, Wyatt has bandaged me up and put me in one of his shirts, which is better than a towel but not by much. "Are you okay, sis?"

I answer without nodding since I'm afraid that might make my head start throbbing again. "I am. Did we get him?"

He shakes his head no. "But you're sure it was a man."

“Yes. Even a larger woman would have...,” I search for the right words without sounding like an asshole, “it was a man for sure.”

“I want security raised and her moved to a different room. One closer to me.”

“What? No. I’ll...I’m fine. I’ll be alright. This might even be a good thing.”

My brother is shaking his head again but I doubt it’s to agree with me. “He’s right. Moving closer wouldn’t be a bad idea. We’ve gotten some...intel that you might be a target now too.”

“What?! Why? That doesn’t make any sense.” I look between the two men hoping for an answer. “I’m not famous.”

“We think...it was alluded to...it being because you’re the girlfriend.”

“What?” I sit back down on the bed for the first time not caring what I am sitting on.

“Whoever this sick fuck is, he wants to hurt Wyatt as much as possible. If that means attacking the lady on his arm, so be it.”

“Why the hell wasn’t I told about this? How long have you known?”

“A few days. We’ve been monitoring your incoming mail and emails with the help of Bruce and thought it might have been an idle threat but was going to bring it up at our next meeting...” He leaves off because we all know what happened before we could have that meeting...tomorrow. “That’s it. Your little ass is going in the room right next to mine. With a connecting door.”

“I don’t think...”

“It’s not a bad idea.”

“What?!” My brother’s words have my mouth falling open and the question coming out in a higher voice than I normally have. I can’t believe what I am hearing.

“If he attacks one of you, he’ll have to deal with the one he isn’t attacking. If Wyatt...”

“Hadn’t thought of this stupid girlfriend idea in the first place, none of this would have ever happened. You are so right about that, brother dear. But he did and now we’re still going to listen to his dumb ideas? Really?”

My brother tries again but I just mow over him. “And let’s not forget how he so helpfully told his ex-girlfriend that I worked as his security even though I was supposed to be undercover. As she so thoughtfully told everyone standing around...I’m ‘the help’. I mean what are we in? The fifties? But he did it anyway. Blowing my cover and...”

“I never told her you were the help.”

“You didn’t tell her I was your bodyguard?” I let all the disbelief boiling up inside lace my words.

“No.”

“Then how did she know?” My brother asks the question before I can, even though the words are echoing loudly in my head.

“I have some more people that can come in and help us guard you and my sister, but I suggest we start looking into your normal security to find out what the hell is going on and try to track down how a woman like Delilah would know you’re in a relationship with your bodyguard.”

Everyone in the room goes quiet as the ramifications of what we found out sink in. Someone close to Wyatt is the one stalking him and knows a hell of a lot more than we first thought. Our element of surprise is completely gone, and we are the ones left in the dark, one step behind this psycho. It’s a sobering thought and one that leaves us all looking around wondering just who it is. And what we should expect next.

Chapter Eight

Callie

For the rest of the week, everything is quiet. I move into the room right beside Wyatt's and we check in with Quill and Heath daily. I love their wives and constantly ask for baby updates since both women are knocked up.

"Where's Wyatt?" Geo asks as he comes in and grabs lunch. I frown but don't answer him. Geo and some of the other men who have come on board since 'the accident' have noticed his absence and have started to wonder about it.

In fact, Wyatt doesn't come down until well after lunch most days. Leading them to speculate he's found a reason to stay up all night...Skype sex.

"Who knows? Probably asleep due to his late-night escapades." The men laugh and I try to bury my nose in the book I am reading.

It's not that I care he's meeting some woman online to have computer sex, but I think it would be...considerate if he at least pretended this charade we are doing playing girlfriend and boyfriend is...monogamous. Instead of whoring it up online, he could have at least waited until we finished, and I left. Not that I care. God knows I'm not spending my nights staying up sexting a boyfriend behind his back. And even when I'm done with this job, I doubt I'll have any chance of finding a man tough enough to hang around my brother and father and all the men I work with.

"Callie, you should go find out if he's alright."

"What? Why me?"

One of the men who works with me and Geo speaks up instead of Geo, "Because you sleep next to him."

"In the room beside his, Robert." God, I hate Robert sometimes. He can be such a dick, especially about my gender. "Not the same bed."

“But I thought you were his girlfriend?” He covers a shit-eating smile that makes my hand itch to punch him in it. “Maybe he’s finding the computer sex more to his liking, less frosty than his current girlfriend.”

I slap my hand down on the surface and push away from the island. “Robert...you sound stupid. You might want to see to that.” No use candy-coating it with someone like Robert. “I’ll check on Sleeping Beauty and make sure he’s not dead.”

I tell Geo because he’s the one asking about Wyatt and because he didn’t suggest I was sleeping with Wyatt to start with. I make my way up the steps slowly. Do I really want to find out who Wyatt is trying to fuck? No, of course I don’t. But I still have a job to do, and I plan to do it. And it doesn’t hurt that I will be able to wake his ass up and ruin his beauty sleep.

I lean against the door and listen first. I don’t hear any sounds that would tell me he’s having hot internet sex but then again, I’m not sure what that actually would sound like. Grunting? Groaning? Who the fuck knows? I knock softly but don’t hear anything. No call to come in, no grunt of acknowledgment that I’ve alerted him to my presence.

I check the doorknob and find it easily turns in my hand. I peek around the door but still use it to knock on, this time a little louder. “Knock, knock, sleeping beauty. Time to wake the fuck up.”

It’s dark and I can just barely make out the massive lump in the middle of the bed. I was in his room once before but couldn’t really appreciate how large his bed really is. It’s huge. But then again, I guess it has to be since Wyatt is no lightweight.

He’s got blackout curtains closed tight keeping the day out. I go over to the bed just to check on him, not to look at him unguarded or anything. He might have the covers pulled up over his head for all I know. I’m just thankful he isn’t wacking it to a half-naked woman on his computer screen.

Sure enough, he’s there sleeping with the covers only halfway up his body. The silk, if that is what his sheets are

made of because it sure looks like silk, drapes across his lower body leaving his impressive chest bare. I slip closer to the bed and whisper his name again. The last thing I want is for him to move and that sheet to uncover something that will imprint on my mind for the rest of my life. When he doesn't move, I roll my eyes and step closer. I'm going to have to actually shake him awake, damn it.

“Wyatt...”

Before I know what is going on, I am being spun and landing on my back with a big, growly man on top of me. What the actual fuck just happened? He grabbed me and pulled me under him faster than I could take a breath and much faster than I could counter his movement.

“Wyatt, what the hell?”

He snuggles into the crook of my neck and mumbles sleepily against my skin causing shivers to rush through me. “Peaches, are you here to do naughty things to me?”

Did he just...? Peaches is what he normally calls me but maybe it's a name he gives to every female around him. So, he doesn't have to learn names.

I push at him but get nowhere, “Wyatt, wake up, you ass. I'm not one of your LA lays. Let me go!”

It comes out a lot more waspish than I want it to. Maybe Robert is right, maybe I am cold and icy. I hit him on the shoulder and fight not to put my hands around his throat and squeeze.

“Wake up! I'm not...”

“Baby, I've been up since your sweet scent hit me right in the face.”

Okay...so he's not asleep dreaming about another woman he also calls Peaches. I try to wiggle out from under him, but he holds me tight...and effortlessly.

“There's no denying the scent of that innocent as fuck little pussy you got between your pretty legs, baby.”

Shocked, I am utterly shocked. I go stone still and gape like a fish for a full minute before I gather the wherewithal to speak again. “Okay. You clearly aren’t awake because then I would have to kill you for talking about me that way.”

He pulls away from me so he can look me in the eye showing me he’s very much awake. And very aware of who he’s got under him.

“Yeah, but what a way to go!”

Chapter Nine

Wyatt

My mouth crashes down on hers as I hold her body tight. I expect her to resist at first, but she surprises me by sinking her fingers into my bare shoulders and kissing me back. I can tell how untouched she is, how innocent. I could tell the first time I kissed her in the car.

It's in the tentative way her tongue comes up to touch mine, the way she softly explores, not just my mouth but her abilities to kiss, to turn me on. It's addictive as fuck, going straight to my head...and my cock. But Callie isn't someone to fuck around with. Not someone you can play games with and walk away from. Not when you're a man like me.

I've already made up my mind long before now. I'm keeping her. I'm keeping Callie for my very own. So, when I offer her kisses, they aren't to further some plot or game I'm playing. It's because she is going to be the last person I ever kiss for the rest of my life. The notion should scare the hell out of me but instead, it just enflames the passion I have for her higher.

When she moves those soft thighs up around my hips and truly gets lost in the kiss with me, I have to fight with myself - the true me who is used to taking what I want and fucking keeping it always. I have to try to tell myself we have time. There is no rush. She's close to me now, close enough I can keep her fucking safe and protect her like the fucking jewel she is.

I roll us again so she's on top and sit both of us up, so she is fully in my lap as I sink my fingers into her hair entwining them through the silky strands. She's so tiny, so much smaller than I am, that even sitting on my lap she's shorter than I am. But tall enough that our mouths are much more in alignment.

With my other arm, I hold her close to me, our bodies rocking a little every now and then. It's enough to have Callie

pulling her mouth away from mine with a question in her eyes. She experimentally slides her body up and down mine before asking. “Is that your...?”

“Oh yeah.” I could lie to her and pretend nothing is happening but that would fall under the game thing that I won’t do with Callie. I could try to soften the shock but she’s not a stupid woman. She realizes I’m a big man and now she can tell I’m big all over. “That’s me, baby.”

“H...how...,” she does her experimental slide again, “how can it be that big? Is it that big all the time?”

She has no idea what she’s just told me. Just confirmed for me. Now I have no doubt. It makes the appendage she is asking about grow even bigger. Her eyes widen telling me she felt it without her having to say a word. Her mouth falls open in a cute-as-fuck expression of surprise.

“Oh, I...I think it got even bigger.”

“I’ll explain how it works later. Right now, I need that mouth.” I take her mouth with my own again. This time it doesn’t take any coaxing from me to have her respond to me. She puts all of her attention, all of her care, into the kiss -like always, giving her all. Callie does nothing half-heartedly. I love that about her.

I help her this time so when she slides her little body against mine, I’m there working her hips, showing her how to get what she wants out of me. She gasps into my mouth at what I can only assume, and hope is the pleasure I am teaching her. I keep my hands purposefully lax on her hips so I don’t scare her or make her think I am pushing her for more.

But even I am only so strong. “Sweetheart, we...we’re going to have to stop soon.”

“Why?”

I look at her half-closed eyes and sexy full mouth. Her lips are slightly swollen from my kisses, and my resolve melts under her warmth like ice in the sun. “Because we just do, Peaches.”

“Why do you call me Peaches?”

“Because when I saw you in that first dress you looked like a juicy, sexy peach and I can tell you’re going to be soft like a peach and sweet all over. And I can’t wait to get my tongue on your soft little...”

She covers my mouth with her hand as her eyes grow bigger. “Okay, that’ll do. Now I understand.”

“But do you really?”

“I think I can work out what you were going to say, yes.” She stiffens in my arms, but she isn’t pulling away from me. She might want to be shocked because of what I say but a part of her isn’t as offended as she thinks she should be. Otherwise, she’d be off my lap in a heartbeat.

“It’s going to happen, Callie. But only when you want it to.” She deflates a little bit; her stiff posture eases and she settles back into me. My words have the effect of calming her without even really trying since I mean every word. I want my mouth all over Callie but only when she tells me she’s ready.

“What if I don’t want it to?” She won’t look at me and instead focuses on my bare chest as she shifts on my lap.

I can’t fight the smile that stretches across my face. She doesn’t even realize she’s not only comfortable in my lap but still moving back and forth so that her body rubs against mine, searching for the feelings I cause in her.

Instead of answering her with words, I lean forward and tilt her head up so that I can brush my lips over her mouth. I build her back up before I realize what I’ve done. We were supposed to stop, to slow down, and let her have some time to process what is happening and what will happen in the very near future. But having my mouth on her, having her kiss me back, and chasing my tongue with her own, is not slowing down.

It’s making my dick twitch to be skin-to-skin with her. Something that can’t happen right now. She moans into my mouth and tries to find the pace I set before I told her we need to slow down. The moan goes straight to my heart, and I can’t stop myself from helping her find that same rhythm, that same pressure she’s craving.

Her kisses turn more demanding and more insistent. I try to pull back, but she just follows me. I have to tell her to slow back down though. “Callie...” It comes out muffled against her mouth. This time she doesn’t give me time to put the breaks on.

“So...,” it comes out in a muffled moan, but she doesn’t say anything else.

“What, baby? What is it?”

“So close...”

I fight to keep the grin and the look of satisfaction from spreading across my face. She needs to understand this is as serious for me as it is for her. So, no matter how much I want to shout and celebrate the fact that she needs me, I need to go slow and show her how important this is to me.

“You got close the first time didn’t you, Peaches? And now it hurts?” I wait for her to give me a nod before I go on, “You need me to help you find a way to make it stop hurting, don’t you sweetheart?”

She bites down on her pretty bottom lip and gives me a quick nod. “I’ll take care of you, Peaches. I’ll take care of you.”

Her eyes shift to mine and for the first time ever I spot a hint of fear streaking through them. “I’m not...I don’t think I...”

“I know.” She doesn’t have to tell me she’s not ready for me to eat her little peach. “I understand you aren’t ready to have my mouth on you. We’re just going to do the same thing we’re doing right now. You like doing this, right baby?”

She nods and places her hands on my bare shoulders, the warmth of her touch sinking in much deeper than at just surface level. It’s like she reaches out and touches my heart, my soul.

“Then let’s just keep doing this. Let’s just keep rubbing one another.”

My hands drop to her hips, and I help her move, more forcefully and precisely than before. She gasps and widens her eyes when I pull her even closer and slide her against my body slowly. Slower than she did when she was doing it herself.

“Feel good, little one?”

She gives me an enthusiastic nod before sinking her fingers into my shoulders giving me my own thrill. I rub her against my cock like she’s a living little sex doll, using her soft body to work the cum from my tight balls. I might have told her I would take care of her but she’s going to take care of me too. When she comes apart for me, she isn’t going to do it alone. I’m going to be right behind her.

“We’re just going to go nice and slow. Nice and slow.” I drop my hands even lower so I can cup the backs of her thighs and spread her legs further open so I can tunnel my cock in between her warm, soft thighs and get my dick even closer to her pussy. Thank God she’s wearing thin as fuck leggings that mold to her body. It makes it really easy to make a path for my cock right between the valley of her pussy making sure I can hit her clit every time I move her against me.

“Oh... W... Wyatt! It...it’s...my...so hard.”

I can’t make out all of what she is trying to say but I got the last two words. “You feel my hard cock, Peaches? Is that what you’re trying to say? You feel it spreading you apart, sliding through the tunnel of your sweet little pussy.”

Her eyes squeeze shut tight as she nods her head. I keep one hand under her thigh and sink the other in her hair as I take her mouth with my own again. I just need one more taste of her, one more hit, one more slow slide is all I need.

Chapter Ten

Callie

He's working me up and down on his lap and causing me to lose my goddamned mind. I should not be doing this with him, not letting him do this to me. But for some fucked up reason I trust him when he says he will take care of me. And not just about this.

My body doesn't care if he's telling the truth or not. All it cares about is finding the promise of completion he is offering me. I just need to know what is just out of my grasp, what it will feel like to lose all control and focus on something other than what is around me. On just what I am feeling. It's something I've never done before.

His touch burns and his kisses leave a trail of fire wherever they go and all I can focus on...is the feel of my heart beating in my clit. It's kind of addictive, this feeling that keeps me wound tight and on the edge of something big. His mouth leaves mine so he can kiss over my jaw and down the column of my neck.

"Yes." Everything is so...taunt like I'm ready to break. But also, so good. I reach out for something solid to hold and find Wyatt. His broad shoulders and chest, his firm lips that press against the most sensitive areas of my neck and face, and his hands - the grip he has on me is almost as tight as the one I have on him.

And then I break. My whole body starts to shake, and I have no control over anything. Even my breathing is coming in quick pants that end in moans and gasps. I can feel everything fold in towards my center, towards the spot Wyatt is rubbing with the wide thickness of his cock.

"Oh God, Wyatt! I...Wyatt!" I hiss the words in nothing louder than a whisper because it's all I can manage at the moment. His mouth leaves my throat and his eyes clash with mine, making it so that I can't look away. Everything tenses,

my muscles lock, and my mind empties of everything but Wyatt's eyes and the feeling of his thick ridge rubbing back and forth through the center of my body. Finally, I can't hold my head up any longer, letting it fall back as I push my chest out and surrender.

"Cum, Peaches. Cum for me."

His voice is so low and gruff that it sends a vibration through my body that pushes it over the edge. Everything clenches inside of me and the cry I try to shout out catches in my throat. Wyatt draws out the response longer when he slips his hand under my shirt and cups my tit still covered in my bra and plays with my silk-clad nipple. My body convulses hard and all I can hear is the blood rushing through my veins and pulsing in my ear.

And then everything grows wet and warm, so much warmer and wetter than before. I collapse in his arms, trusting him to carry my weight for now. It takes me more than a minute to figure out that the reason for the added wet warmth is Wyatt. He came too. The pounding through my blood is replaced with the thudding of his heart. I don't think I've ever listened to another person's heart beating before.

Before I can share this realization, the door to Wyatt's room flies open and my brother is standing on the other side. My gasp comes out so loud in the quiet room that it sounds like it echoes around us. I can see the look that comes across my brother's face and move to push away from Wyatt.

"There better be a damned good reason for this, you bastard." I start to speak, to stand up for Wyatt when Eli keeps talking. "Clearly, I put my trust in someone I shouldn't have. I thought we had a fucking deal, and it didn't have anything to do with you groping my fucking sister."

My back straightens up and the feeling of being a cat with its back arched is a real one. "What? What are you talking about, Eli?"

"Shut your fucking mouth, Eli. She might be your sister, but she is my woman."

His woman? Why doesn't he want my brother to speak?
What the hell is Eli talking about?

“God damn it! You were supposed to watch over her not crawl in fucking bed with her!”

A sense of betrayal hits me so hard that it feels like a punch in the gut. I scramble off Wyatt's lap and look between the two men who are shooting each other death glares.

“Watch over me? He is supposed to watch me?! Me?!” My voice just keeps rising and I can't seem to get myself under control any better now than when I was in Wyatt's lap. “You asked a client to...babysit me?!”

“Cal, it's not...” I hold my hand up to interrupt him and whatever line of bullshit he was going to try to shove on me. I can see all the answers I need by looking into his eyes.

“Like I'm incompetent. Like I can't do the job I'm being paid to do! A fucking babysitter!” I turn my attention to Wyatt who hasn't moved from the bed yet. The bed where just seconds ago he played with my affections. Pretended. “And you...you...,”

All of this is nothing but one big act for him. And I fell for it. Hard. None of it is real, he was just doing a fucking job, one my brother apparently commissioned him to do. I look between the two men, both refusing to look at me.

“How long? From the start?” Was the dating thing Eli's idea all along? “Did I ever have a chance with any of you?”

I was the only one who didn't know what was going on right from the start. The one who looks like a fool - who is a fool!

“Mom was right...I should have moved away, started all over. Away from you and Dad.”

Tears well up in my eyes before I can square my shoulders and shove them aside.

“We agreed that Wyatt would watch over you, that you would move to the room next to his after you were fucking

attacked. I didn't know he was spending his nights watching you sleep until just recently, Cal."

I step away from Eli who holds his hand out to me.

"We thought they were attacking because they thought both of you were in the room but letters have come addressed to you and..."

"And I couldn't possibly have handled myself or the fucking facts that are being kept from me." I angrily dash the stupid tears away from my cheeks. "I'll finish this job...and then I quit. I'm through with this shit and I'm through with you and Dad."

I turn to Wyatt - the one who breaks me more than Eli's betrayal. Eli never used my innocence as a way to control me. "And you..." I look Wyatt right in the eyes - the lying, betraying deep blue eyes that seem so stormy with emotions now, "Don't you ever touch me again."

I spin and leave the room, shoulder-bumping my brother out of my way as I try to find a place I can run and hide from the pain sitting so heavy on my chest I can hardly breathe. But even as I run, the fear that I'm not going to be able to outrun this overwhelms me so badly I can only make it as far as the room I started in. Away from Wyatt. As far away as I can be for now.

Chapter Eleven

Callie

Tonight is different from all the other times I walked the red carpet with Wyatt. His movie premiere is tonight and in two weeks he has to fly to London where it will premiere there. I, however, am not going to London with him. Tonight, in fact, is my last red carpet walk. Ever, if I have anything to say about it.

Instead of the big, fake smile I usually give the cameras, tonight all they get is a lackluster half-smile that doesn't reach my eyes. I'm tired of faking every minute of my life. I'm tired of having to be around people I can't trust and who don't trust me.

I think that is what hurts the most about my brother and Wyatt's little game - they didn't trust me to do my job and keep someone safe...not even myself. Thinking about it has my jaw clenching and I'm sure instead of a romantic movie star's lover I probably look like I am constipated. And in a way, I guess I am. I'm not moving, I'm stuck right where I am, and I can't move forward or backward until I find a way past the blockage in my life.

Thinking about my brother as a big stinky turd has me actually smiling for real for the first time since all of this happened. I am so focused on the image of my brother that I don't realize Wyatt is being pulled away from my side again. I turn but spot my brother off to the side, dressed in a suit and standing watch. Everyone agreed that heightened security was a must tonight even if the stalker found out about us.

It's not really an unusual thing, being alone. Since I found out about the deception, I've been walking away from Eli and Wyatt every time they start to speak. I don't want to listen to their lies or fake apologies. So, it takes me a minute to realize Delilah has snagged Wyatt again and the two of them are busily talking about something I'm sure is very important. I literally roll my eyes, not being able to contain the sarcasm.

Someone shouts and commotion grabs my attention and makes the little hairs on the back of my neck go up right before a pop goes off and someone screams. Then all hell breaks loose, and chaos surrounds us. I start to head towards Wyatt to get him the hell out of here when I hear another loud pop and this time the screams are louder, and heat hits my upper arm causing me to fall back against other people around me. It takes me a second before I actually realize I've been shot. And the force of it has knocked me off balance. I start to fall as the people I've bumped into start to move away from me. I realize if I go down, I'm going to be trampled by the scared people trying to find cover. But it doesn't help me stay on my feet as I start to fall backward in what feels like slow motion, my eyes still on Wyatt as my world becomes a wall of dresses and tuxedo pants...and shoes running all around me.

Being trampled is so going to be a lot worse than being shot. I can't imagine this is going to be a quick death. But on the bright side, my whole body is going numb so maybe I won't be in pain for very long. And just when I come to an acceptance of my fate, the wall of people begins to part, and I spot Wyatt in full military mode. He's moving through the crowd while yelling at security who are working to bring everything under control. He's by my side in seconds, even if it feels like hours.

I'm scooped up from where I fell and am being carried somewhere when my brain finally turns back on. I'm supposed to be keeping him safe, not the other way around.

"Wyatt...I have to..." I clench my teeth at the pain I'm having to fight back.

"You just watch my blind spot, baby. That's all you have to worry about."

Blind spot? Blind spot. I can do that, especially since he's carrying me through the crowd and all I seem to be able to manage to do is to rest my head against his shoulder and watch as we move to what I am hoping is a safer spot than right out in the open.

My brother surprises me by popping up out of nowhere. Normally I'm very attentive to what is going on around me, but I seem to be going in and out now and not very observant. He mows through the crowd of people and I'm being put in the back of a car. Wyatt's with me since he hasn't put me down and I am still in his arms even when the car starts to pull away.

My brother's voice calling my name jerks me back awake, I didn't even realize I had closed my eyes so it's a shock to be jerked from the darkness that calls to me. I'm vaguely aware of someone fighting with Wyatt, telling him he has to put me down if they are going to look at me. I don't know how Wyatt answers though because I slip back into nothingness until a needle prick stings my skin and warmth floods through me.

I wake up for a matter of seconds when I am jostled as Wyatt leaves the car we are in, taking me with him. We're in someplace dark and cool. I think it might be a parking garage but it's hard to tell when my head is so heavy and laying against Wyatt's chest is such an easy thing to do.

Wyatt slips into another car and holds me tighter to his chest. So tight that I can hear the thump of his heart under my ear and it's a lot better than the sound of my own thoughts running around through my head. The steady thuds put me to sleep finally, and I drift off to a better place where the pain isn't running over me like water running from a shower, to the sound of his heartbeat.

Chapter Twelve

Wyatt

I hold her close to me and watch as she slow-blinks, each one taking longer and longer for her to open her eyes after.

“Rest, baby. Go ahead and rest, we’ll be there soon.” I hug her tighter to me but am mindful of her shoulder where she’s got gauze wrapped around her soft skin. It tears my heart out that she got hurt - shot. She got shot! With me only a couple of feet from her.

I had just pulled myself from Delilah’s clutches when our eyes met, and I started to head back to her. Things between us have been...tense since Eli ran his mouth and told my Peach about the deal I had with him. We got into a fistfight after she left the room, and I got a couple of good hits in. I run my tongue over my lip which is still tender and a little sore. He got some good hits in, too.

And now, here I sit holding her, bandaged and hurt... because of me, god damn it! I look down at the bandage again and check to make sure she’s not bleeding heavily through it. Her left arm is in a wrap because when she fell, she landed on it wrong and sprained it. She’ll have to have a brace on it once we get to where we are going but for now, the wrap will have to work.

Her brother, who is sitting in the front, looks back at us and I can read the worry in his eyes. I’m not sure how this all went to shit but I want someone’s fucking blood. No more pampered Hollywood movie star, no more pussyfooting around the fact someone out there is trying to hurt the woman I love. This time...whoever the hell is stalking me has gone too far.

I have no fear of not finding whoever this is. No worries about my ability to hunt this person down and end them. But for right now, all I want to focus on is the small woman sleeping in my arms.

“Is this going to work, Dagon?”

I look him in the eye without an ounce of hesitation, “If someone comes for her where we’re going, they won’t be leaving the top of that mountain.”

He stares in my eyes for a long time before finally giving me a nod and turning back around. We drive for most of the night, and when we finally arrive at the cabin I secretly own, I don’t wake Callie up as I slide out of the back of the car. I just carry her in and lay her on the bed.

I want to change the dressing on her arm and make sure everything looks good. The wound is a through and through and didn’t hit anything vital but that doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt like hell. And still needs to be cleaned and looked after. I also want to get a brace on that wrist to immobilize it so she can’t move it around as much.

I help Eli and Geo bring in stuff that was already packed in the SUV we switched to in the parking garage. After the threats to Callie started getting more intense and she wouldn’t let me and Eli keep eyes on her, both of us decided to put away our animosity towards one another and we came up with something that would make us feel more comfortable given the circumstances.

The two men and a couple more of their guys are going to be staying in a cabin at the base of the mountain - our first line of defense. The whole damned area is under surveillance and has motion sensors buried everywhere around us. If a squirrel decides to get frisky and break wind, we’ll know about it. With plenty of time to take the little bastard out if he means to do any harm to Callie.

When they leave and I have the cabin locked down I turn my attention to the soft, little woman lying in the big bed still dressed in her sparkly gown she picked to wear tonight. My first order of business is to make her as comfortable as I possibly can. And to do that I need to take her out of that gown.

I begin by taking her hair down out of the pins and clasps that were holding it up. Some of it has already fallen down but

most of it is still up. I manage to find the hidden zipper at the side and work the material down her body. After I start working on the hooks down the front of her corset-style bra thing while being very careful to not jostle her arm or wrist when I take it off her, leaving her in just her panties and stockings and garter belt.

I shouldn't but I can't help but take a moment to stand back and look at the present I've unwrapped. It would be wrong of me to look at this angel...if she didn't already belong to me. She let me make her cum, got off while sliding up and down on my dick, she let me kiss her in the back of the limo when she had never been kissed before. You could say I took that kiss, but I know Callie. A woman like her would never just let someone take something from her. She let me kiss her because if she didn't want it, I would have had my nuts handed to me - end of story.

But she didn't. She let me have my kiss, she let me rub against her and she willingly used me to get herself off. She's mine. And she's perfect. Nothing has ever been as beautiful as Callie lying in nothing but her panties on my bed. Even with blood smeared on her arm and her hand in a brace, she is the sexiest creature I have ever seen.

I run my hand down the center of her body just to feel how soft she is. Peaches is an appropriate name for her because she is soft and tender like a little peach. Her breasts are large for her size but perfect for my hands' size. I love how curvy she is and how she is the opposite of me in almost every way.

Her eyes blink open and our eyes meet but she doesn't try to push me away. Her nipples crinkle under my gaze and her thighs squeeze together. "Wyatt?"

"Shh. Don't move, baby. Just stay. Are you in pain?"

She shakes her head and some of my tension fades.

"Are we somewhere safe?"

"Yeah, baby. We're safe."

"Is it bad?" Her hand with the brace comes up to touch the arm she was shot in. The brace catches her eyes, and she holds

it up in front of her face. I would have known what she was asking even if she hadn't given me visual cues.

“No, sweetheart. It's not bad at all but I know it hurts.”

“Did I break it?”

“No just a sprain but it's a rough one.” Even though we are talking in half sentences and her questions wouldn't make any sense to anyone else, I understand what she is asking, and I would never make her use more words than she has to.

I touch her between her breasts again, trailing my hand down her stomach to the top of her panties. Not to be sexual at all. I'm not touching Callie because she's sexy and I want her body -even though I do think she is sexy, and I do want her. I'm touching her so I can reassure myself that she's alive, she's with me, and that I can keep her safe. I'm touching her because I want to offer her comfort and convey that sense of safety.

“Am I naked?”

“I left your panties on.” Instead of putting her hands up to cover her bare chest, she reaches the one with a brace on out to me. I immediately take it gingerly and wait for her to speak again.

“Will you...?” She stops and even though I want to finish the question for her I want to hear what she wants, what she needs from me. Will I what? Stay with her? Hold her? Never let her go? Yes, I will do all those things and more.

“Will you lay with me?” Her voice is soft and not very much over a whisper...but I hear it.

“Fuck yes!” I shuck my shirt and pants as fast as I can before helping her pull the covers up and over her. I slide in beside her, making sure I don't hit her arm or hurt her wrist. I wrap my body around her and pull her in close to me. She snuggles up against me and I find yet another way we are different and perfect for each other - her body is much cooler than mine so when she burrows into my side it's like she's trying to suck the heat off my body. It's cute as shit and makes

me feel like I have yet another way to offer her comfort and care.

I snuggle against her throat before whispering in her ear.
“You feel fucking amazing, baby.”

“Mmm, you do too.”

I don't mean to drift off, but Callie just makes me feel so damned comfortable and like I've come home after all these years of never having one. It's an intoxicating feeling and one that puts me right out.

Chapter Thirteen

Callie

I wake up to the sun streaming into the room and arms wrapped around me. And sore as hell. And naked. I'm fucking naked. Thankfully, I can tell I still have my panties on so at least there's that, I guess. Things from last night start to filter back into my mind and I find myself turning slightly so that I can look at the man holding me in his arms.

His face is relaxed in sleep, giving me an excellent chance to study him. I've never really given myself permission to take all of Wyatt in before. Putting up barriers and space between us just seemed safer for me in the long run. A man like Wyatt could really hurt a woman and I can easily see why Delilah is so hellbent on keeping him. Of course, I wouldn't have slept with anybody else while still wanting Wyatt either. Not that I'm judging. Maybe that's her way of getting his attention, drawing his eyes to her so to speak. Trying to make him jealous.

I need to extract myself from this before I let the pain and trauma make me do something I'm going to regret a lot longer than I would have to endure the gunshot. I try to move as gently as I can but end up moaning out in pain anyway. As soon as the sound leaves my mouth, intense, bright blue eyes snap open and pin me down.

"Are you in pain, Peaches? Do you need more pain meds, baby?" He jerks up over me so he can stare into my eyes while taking note of every move I make. I pull the sheet up high and try to wrap it around me. It might be thin but at least it offers some protection.

"Where...are we?"

This is not his room at the mansion, and I seriously doubt he's taken me to a rustic hotel or inn.

"Where's my brother?" He is not going to be happy I'm in bed with Wyatt almost completely naked. "Why am I naked?"

Why are you in bed with me?”

A hint of hysteria laces my voice as I ask my questions and I take a moment to collect myself, so I don't start doing something stupid and silly like babbling or -God forbid- crying.

“I was shot.”

I try to sit up but end up flopping back down and grabbing my shoulder as the memories keep coming back. I can't hold in the whimper that slips out as I take an assessment of my wounds and pain. Wyatt is out of bed so fast I almost don't catch the hint of a bulge in his dark boxers. Almost.

He's back in a matter of seconds with both pain meds and a bottle of water. It's not until he's helping me sit up and handing me the bottle before I realize how thirsty I am. It takes no coaxing from him for me to down the pills and drink at least half the water before he helps me set it on the little nightstand by the side of the bed.

He starts answering some of my questions while I sit back and close my eyes to reassess everything. “We are in a cabin I own. I sometimes come here to hide away from everyone or everything. It's somewhere we'll be safe while some friends who owe me favors look for the person who shot you.”

What then? I don't want to say it out loud because I'm afraid of what his answer will be. Something tells me he isn't going to take the guy to the police department. Before I can say anything, he is answering more of my questions.

“You aren't naked.” I readjust the sheet that I took with me when he helped me prop myself up, subconsciously being hyperaware of how bare I am. “I left your panties on.”

“Wyatt, that...,” my brows scrunch inward and I frown at the cavalier way he dismisses my nudity. Maybe he's just not affected by it. He is after all around tons of beautiful women day in and day out.

“Your brother is close and will come immediately when we need him. For now, it's just me and you.”

“And Eli's alright with that?”

“He didn’t have a choice.” The answer he gives me is short and blunt but the truth. I can tell Wyatt didn’t leave Eli much of a choice on the matter. I know my brother well enough that I’m betting he is one more prickly, hateful mother fucker wherever he is because of it.

I nervously pluck at the sheet where it’s wrapped around my thigh. “How long do you think we’ll have to be here?”

“Ready to leave me already?”

My eyes come up to meet his and I think about my next words very carefully. “Things aren’t going to be very comfortable for us. We don’t exactly have a good relationship.”

He cocks his head but doesn’t break eye contact with me. “We’ve not started our relationship yet, Callie. You keep running away from me.”

“You lied to me! You and my brother. You...,” I pull back and close my eyes to rein my temper in. “I’m not doing this with you. We don’t have anything together and we never will.”

“You should have thought about not wanting anything with me before you used my dick to get off, Peaches. Because we absolutely will have a relationship with one another, and you are in fact mine.”

I roll my eyes. If he thinks he can just dictate to me he has another thing coming. If I stood up to my brother AND my dad, Wyatt doesn’t have a chance. “I don’t even know what that means. I’m yours. For what...a day, a week, a month. I’m yours?”

I scoff out a sound between a disdainful huff and a disbelieving snort. Like I’m going to fall for his caveman declarations.

“And then what? What after you’ve had me and I’ve been yours, Wyatt? Are we just going to sit and stare at one another for the rest of the time? Are you going to leave me here so you can go out and find another person who belongs to you? Is there a club I need to join, of all the women you’ve collected

like some men collect cars or wine or is that something I'm going to have to start for the others myself?"

His eyes narrow and before I can move out of his way, he's taken me by the throat with one hand and pulled the sheet from me with the other.

"You should be glad you're all blitzed out on pain meds, Peaches, or I would have you over my knee, spanking that sweet little round ass and you wouldn't get any more chances to make peace with the fact your tight little pussy is mine. But our first time isn't going to be clouded by meds that you can blame your actions on, baby. When we make love for the first time, you're going to be fully aware of every touch, every move, every cry of pleasure that leaves your lips and mine. And when I take you...it's going to be for a lot fucking longer than you can even imagine."

He dips his head and places his mouth on the tips of my breasts, giving both of them little peck kisses before bringing his lips back to mine. It's a soft kiss but it leaves me light-headed and oddly needy. Then he's pulling back and helping me slide myself down further into the bed.

"Rest, sweetheart. Heal. I'll be here when you wake up."

The next few days are going to be the hardest I've ever lived through. Not only am I going to have to process the fact someone shot me, but I've not got a job to go to once this one is over, and I'm going to have to find a way to move as far away as I can so I can finally start living my life. And now, I have to fight this attraction that is growing between me and Wyatt that he doesn't seem to have a problem with at all.

He's not fighting against it. He doesn't care about all the ramifications that come later. He doesn't care how it ends and what it might do to me. All of that is on me. All of that is my problem to deal with. All of that is something I am going to have to remember if I don't want to leave this cabin with my heart broken and my soul cracked.

Chapter Fourteen

Callie

The next two weeks don't go like I expect them to. One, Wyatt hasn't been very sexual with me at all. Most of the time, whatever happens between us happens overnight or when we just wake up. Both of us waking up entwined around one another is the only time we really touch intimately.

Two, instead of all the stress I was anticipating during my stay I've actually really enjoyed the time. We've sat around the firepit some evenings, and taken walks close to the house, and Wyatt has made sure I've been well-stocked with all the books in my TBR pile.

My wounds are healing well, and I've even taken the dressing off a couple of times. I'm not even taking pain meds now. And my wrist is also better than it was, no more brace... most of the time. Now that I'm not as focused on healing, I've had time to really think about Wyatt and what he wants from me. If it is just sex, wouldn't he be pushing me harder? Trying to seduce me or something? Has he already given up and moved on?

He hardly ever leaves me so I can't figure out how he's communicating with someone else if he has moved on. And why is he still so attentive to me? Why is he treating me like someone he's been intimate with, like someone he's dating?

I look over at him and watch as he types on a laptop. I would wonder if that's how he's meeting women, but he never tries to hide it and doesn't act suspicious at all. I guess if he moved on, he wouldn't care if I found out or not. I put my book down on the end table and watch him for a long moment before speaking.

“How much longer are we going to be here, Wyatt?”

He looks up from his computer and meets my eyes. “Why do you ask?”

“We can’t stay here forever. People must be missing you, losing their minds that you’ve fallen off the radar. Bruce must be running his butt off trying to make this all seem...okay.”

His eyes skate away from mine causing me to narrow my own.

“People had to know I got shot. My mom and dad? What do they think happened? Why haven’t they gotten in touch with us? What’s the story everyone is being told?”

“We’ve really put a tight lid on the shooting thing. No one actually saw you after you were rushed into the car, most of you was being hidden by me when I picked you up.”

That explains my mom and dad not being worried. “So why are we still here? Why isn’t Bruce calling and raising hell for you to go back to doing...what actors do?”

“Because he was told to put out a statement telling people why I’m currently unavailable.”

“Which is...?”

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath like he knows he’s about to have to do a lot of talking, a lot of explaining. When he opens his eyes, there’s a heat in them that I recognize from before. That heat was there the day he pulled me into his bed, the day he promised to fuck me after I got better.

“What did you tell them, Wyatt?”

“That the recent scare at the award show made me realize what I had and what I had to lose. And it led me to propose to you. We are technically on a trip to celebrate our engagement.”

“What?” His words are so outlandish that they don’t make sense at all, and it takes me a long time to fully comprehend what he just told me. “What did you say? You...we...?”

I jump up out of the chair I was sitting in. My heart is beating so hard I can feel it in my temples and my wound.

“You said we were engaged!?! What is wrong with you? What made you think this is okay?”

He stands up too and sets his laptop to the side.

“You need to calm down, Peaches. Getting mad isn’t good for your...”

“Really?! Really?! You know what isn’t good for me... YOU! You aren’t good for me at all! Ever since I met you, I’ve been in one crazy scenario after another. First, you make me your fucking girlfriend and drag me around, somehow getting my brother to agree, then you all make some asshole plan to ‘keep me safe’ without me knowing about it -even going so far as coming into my room and watching me sleep for fuck’s sake. And now this! This is...it’s too far, Wyatt. I can’t believe you would come up with something like this stupid story when I’m shot and trying to recover. Why would you do that to me? Why not just say you needed time to escape because we broke up? Why not make up a hundred other excuses that wouldn’t include you changing the course of my life?”

He moves towards me, and I retreat from him. It’s a move that just increases the tension in the room.

“Why did I tell everyone you belong to me? Because you fucking do! Someone shot you. They need to understand, when they fucked with you, they got me - my ass coming for them, hunting them down. That there is no place on Earth they can go that I won’t run them to ground and destroy them for hurting what’s mine.”

He’s walked me back as far as the bed and I nearly go down as it hits the back of my legs but catch my balance before that can happen. It does me no good because he pushes me back so that I fall on the soft mattress. It’s not really a place I want to be, considering the topic of our conversation.

“You need to understand that too, Peaches. You need to understand I won’t stand for you getting hurt without destroying the person or people who do it. I meant what I said the first day we were here. You are mine and I always take care of what is mine.”

“Wyatt...”

Before I can sit up, he’s pulling my nightshirt up and over my head, leaving me in nothing but my panties.

“Wyatt! What are you doing?!”

“You’ve had time, time to process everything, time to make peace with being mine, time to heal. And Callie...you aren’t taking those damned pain pills anymore, baby. Your little ass is mine.”

“Wyatt...we...” His lips land on mine, taking all the words I was about to say away. Before I could stop myself, I moaned into his mouth and started playing with his tongue like he was playing with mine. He’s the one that pulls away first, but only long enough to kiss down the column of my throat. I take the opportunity to start talking again. “Damn it, Wyatt. You bastard. I can’t think when you start kissing me, you ass.”

His big body starts shaking telling me he finds this funny. His breath comes out to fan across my damp flesh and tickles me. I fight back the hysterical laugh that bubbles up and try to focus on my anger at all his lies. I must hold on to my indignation and anger. I must.

“Wyatt...” my voice ends in a shout as his lips find my hardened nipples and closes around first one and then the other. “Oh my God! What...Wyatt...”

He pops off my breasts, but his hand keeps plucking at my hardened peak. “Don’t you move around too much, baby. I don’t want you reinjuring that wound. If you do, I’ll have to tie you to the bed, sweetheart.”

“How are you going to do that when that will only hurt my arm more?” I’m not sure what makes the words fall out but they’re there. It’s like I can’t help goading him, seeing how far I can push him.

He rears up, looking down at me with a smirk on his face, “Oh baby!”

It’s a warning. One that goes right to my clit making it throb with something very similar to anticipation. And makes me want to find out just how far I can push him.

Chapter Fifteen

Wyatt

I watch her eyes take on the same glint she had in them when we were in my bedroom, and I can tell what she is about to do. Even before she does, I would bet. Before she even gets a word out, I flip her over -gently. And pull her panties down but not all the way off. Then I swing my leg over hers and use them as a makeshift trap while I gently place my hand in the middle of her back.

“Wyatt?”

“Don’t jerk around, Callie. I don’t want you hurting yourself.”

I lower my hand in a sudden slap and watch the soft globe of her beautiful ass jiggle. I’m instantly hard.

“Wyatt! I can’t...you better not...”

I land another smack and another before rubbing the pink-flushed skin. She’s gone from yelling at me to burying her face in the pillows. It doesn’t take me long to find out why. I let my thumb drop lower so that I can follow the curve of her round little backside but reverse the movement and go inward...and find that Callie is soaking wet.

I give up any pretense that I might be rubbing away the hurt now and let my fingers explore more of her hidden treasures.

“Oh Peaches, you like that didn’t you?”

She takes in a shuddering breath before turning her head slightly. “Wyatt, I don’t...oh my God, your fingers are...”

“You are dripping, little one. Just dripping. Let’s find out if we can make it even wetter.” I swat her backside with one hand while keeping my fingers just inside her puffy little soft lips. I slide them forward so that I can rub against her nub and she cries out stopping me immediately. “Are you alright, love? Was that a cry of passion or a cry of pain? Callie, tell me you

aren't hurting or I'm stopping and we'll do something else, baby."

"I...I'm not...Wyatt, God, please."

"Please what, baby? Tell me if I'm hurting you?"

"Please don't stop!" Her voice is shaky and comes out high and needy. "Wyatt...I...I think...I'm going to..."

I give her another smack and strum her hardened bud with the pad of my thumb. Her body tightens and I start questioning if this was a good idea or if I should have made her wait another couple of weeks. I monitor everything about Callie to make sure it's pleasure coursing through her and not pain. She cries out my name and her little pussy gets wetter as she starts trembling through a release.

Once she's relaxed again, I roll her and take in the beautiful devastation I just caused. Her eyes are closed, her cheeks are pink, and her lips are swollen from my earlier kisses. Her breasts are soft and round while her tight little nipples are still hard pebbles waiting for my mouth to return. The flush from her cheeks reaches all the way down to the tips of her breasts while the front of her little pussy is covered in wetness from where I made her cum so hard.

"Let's get you out of these, little peach." I help her take the stretched material down her legs, leaving her fully exposed. I gently part her thighs, the motion causing her eyes to crack open just slightly. Her brow furrows as she tries to figure out what I am doing, and I maintain eye contact with her the entire time I lower my head to take her candy pussy in my mouth.

"Wyatt! Holy shit! Oh, cheese and crackers! You're..." her voice ends in a loud moan as I use my tongue to split her apart and find the hidden gem I'm looking for between my woman's thighs.

I run my tongue over the swollen flesh and take it in my mouth to suck on it. She raises up like she might come off the bed, but I stop.

"No! You have to stay still, or I won't kiss your little peach anymore, baby. If you want my tongue, you won't move."

Her face settles into a frown, and she starts biting at her lip. “Wyatt...I’m not sure if I can. It...It feels really good.”

“I’ll go slow, baby. Let you have some cooldown time if you need it.”

“No!” She shouts the word. “I mean, I think...I can try to be still if you keep going. I won’t move. I promise.”

I give her a big, dopey smile before going back to tongue fucking her little pussy. Peaches is the right nickname for her. She is soft and sweet and the best thing I have ever put in my mouth. I could eat her pussy for hours and not want to stop. She’s getting eaten every morning before I go to work and every night before we go to sleep. Thinking about how damned good she tastes makes me want to question whether white is the right color for our wedding dress or if it should be pale peach.

I run my tongue over her clit and back further so I can dip it into her tight entrance where she is even sweeter. I mumble the words god damn but she can’t hear them because I’m face-deep in her sugar and cream. I watch the entire time as she starts to tense up and grab for the covers around her.

“Gentle, love. Take it gently.” Her grip relaxes and she chews on her lip again.

“Oh God, Wyatt. Oh God! I’m so close! So close! Just a little more! Just a little more!” Her thighs start to shake, and she rides my tongue to climax screaming out my name.

I never stop eating her delicious cunt as I work her back up and work my finger inside of her just deep enough to find the little raised ridges that I know will send her right into ecstasy while at the same time stretching her open so having me come inside of her won’t cause her so much pain.

I work her up until I feel her untried muscles start to pulse around my fingers, clinging to me like she’s going to cling to my cock. I fight back the urge to cum wanting my release to only go in her this time. She plants her feet on the mattress to push her hips closer to me, but I lay my forearm across her hips so she can’t move. The last thing I want is for her to hurt

herself trying to seek the pleasure I have introduced her to so recently.

“Son of a bitch, Wyatt. What are you doing to me?” It comes out as a mix between a scream and a sigh as her body tips over the edge and her pussy clenches down tightly on the tips of my fingers. She cries out as she goes completely stiff and floods my waiting mouth with her cream.

The taste of her heightened passion drives me crazy and before I can stop myself, I’ve come to my knees and taken out my cock. I tell myself it’s just to rub her with but even I know I’m lying to myself. She’s so wet and warm and slippery from all her orgasms that even putting my cock near her is dangerous if I don’t want to slip right in.

The head of my dick runs the length of her and hits her clit before taking the trip back down. She gasps out and starts squirming to come closer to me. This time I don’t have my arm laying across her to keep her from moving so when she tips her hips up the broadest part of my cock notches into her entrance. Before I can move, I’m sinking in.

Callie cries out and spreads her legs wider offering me more. I fight the urge just to rush into her and take what I know belongs to me. But I don’t want to take it...I want her to give it to me freely and willingly. So, I close my eyes and muster the strength to retreat. And that is the moment she chooses to push herself on me, the head of my dick popping all the way inside of her sweet, soft heat.

“Oh shit, Callie! You...I’m going to need a moment, baby. I’m going to...”

“Wyatt...I want you. I want you to take it. Why won’t you take it?”

God damn it! God damn it! How am I supposed to take a step back when she’s begging me to move us forward?

Chapter Sixteen

Wyatt

“If we do this, you are not to use that arm or shoulder. You stop me whenever you start feeling even the slightest bit of pain or discomfort and I don’t just mean in your wrist or shoulder. Do you understand? The slightest hint.”

She gives me a big, enthusiastic nod and waits for me to take my pants off. I crawl back on the bed and sit in the middle and hold out my hand. She takes it without hesitation, and I help her straddle my lap.

“Just like before when we were in my bedroom, sweetheart. We’re going to do the same thing, okay.”

Her brow draws together as she thinks about it, “We didn’t, um...”

“We’re going to do the same thing and then go a little further. You tell me if you need to stop, slow down, or change positions. Alright, love?”

She nods, “Okay.”

I position my cock so that it’s nestled between the two of us, angry and throbbing because it wants inside Callie. I wrap my arms around her and pull her close causing her to gasp loudly and her eyes to grow wider. Her breasts press up against my chest causing me to gasp this time. She’s so hot everywhere she touches me it’s like I’ve been branded, and I don’t have one problem with that. She can brand me everywhere and anywhere she wants to.

“Give me those lips, Peaches. Let me taste you for a while.”

Our lips meet in a hot conflagration of passion and need as she starts rocking back and forth causing her soft center to rub against the shaft of my cock, making me groan into our kiss. I help her slide her hips up and down struggling to hold myself back. Precum and Callie’s cream smear together soaking both of us and making us sticky.

“God, it feels so good.”

“Mm, yes it does, baby. Yes, it does.”

I lower my head so I can kiss the tip of her nipple before sucking it into my mouth. She cries out and tips her head back. I alternate between loving on her neck and her breasts until she's using her legs to ride my shaft fast and hard, getting herself off. I hug her closer and both of us pause and shutter when the tip of my cock moves back and catches at her entrance before sliding in.

“Oh God!” Her arms wrap tighter around my shoulders and her thighs squeeze up around me as her tight, hot channel sucks me in.

“Yes, love. Use me to get yourself off. Take as much of me as you want, baby.”

“Yes! Yes!” she pushes her little pussy down on me causing the broad head of my cock to breach her entrance. “Oh shit, you...are really wide. It feels like...you are spreading me apart.” Her statement ends on a shattered moan as I take her nipple back into my mouth.

She slides even further down until my cock is butting up against her barrier causing me to momentarily lose the grip on my control and bathing her little hymen in my cum. As if she can tell, a shudder works its way through her body causing her to tighten around my dick in an attempt to milk it dry.

“Please, Wyatt, please.”

I take her mouth again and punch through the thin skin keeping me out of her sweet heaven. She cries out in my mouth and goes stiff and still. I'm already rubbing her hardening little nub to take her back to the state of bliss I need her to be in before I can continue any further.

“Easy, love. Easy does it. We have all the time in the world. All the time you need to start feeling good again.”

She starts to kiss my mouth and nip at my lip before moaning out and wiggling in my lap. She finally pulls back with my name on her lips, and I help her find a rhythm so she can rise and fall on my cock. The first time, her little pussy

tightens up so snug on me that I can feel cum spurting out of me and into her again. By the time she's found the rhythm, I've cupped her ass in my hands so I can fuck her faster, deeper than ever before.

“Wyatt...it...you're...”

“Hitting that spot you like so well?”

“Yes. God, yes.”

I move so I can lay her back on the mattress and climb on top of her. I catch her hand and entwine our fingers holding them down, so she doesn't reach up and hurt her shoulder. It's just another way to connect us, to wrap myself in her.

Our lips cling to each other as her body tightens up around me even more. I move her leg up to my shoulder so I can open her even more, go even deeper until I can hit the tip of her cervix. The motion causes her to cry out and squeeze up around me, her face showing how lost in pleasure she is. And feeling her little cervix kissing the tip of my cock has me swelling even thicker and my balls tighten up close to my body. I am about to cum so hard my little Peach is going to be knocked up by the time I pull out of her.

The thought sends a rush of cum spurting from my dick which causes Callie to stiffen and shake around me. A flood of cream baths my cock as my little Peach hits her peak and the muscles surrounding her tight little pussy all convulse at the same time, pulsing and hugging my dick tight. Her body is milking me dry and all I can do is keep my eyes focused on my Peaches and ride out the continued spasms coursing through both of our bodies.

I roll so I can pull her on top of me and not smother her since I no longer have control over my own body. Every muscle, every fiber of my being, has gone completely lax. It takes a while before I finally hear her deeper breath and realize she's asleep. For now, I've staved off having to show Callie just how possessive, how obsessed, I am when it comes to her.

Chapter Seventeen

Wyatt

I have a perfect week before the outside world rears its ugly head and tries to wrestle my Callie away from me. It comes in the form of Bruce and her brother. The two visit us and tell me exactly who they think shot my sweet Peaches. The mother fucker worked on my security team for six months before getting shitcanned about a month ago.

I stare down at the picture the two men show me. Yeah, I recognize the face. But I don't understand why he would do what he did. He got fired a month ago and all of this has been going on a lot longer than a month so it can't be revenge for him losing his job. Why did he go to such lengths? Why try to hurt me, and especially Callie?

Eli starts running his mouth about the engagement story and Bruce lays it directly at my feet. I was the one who came up with the story and I was the one who told Bruce to put the story out there so everyone would know. It just causes the old feeling of betrayal Callie felt towards me and her brother to bubble back up again.

By the time the two men leave, Callie is practically vibrating with the urge to fight. "I can't believe you would pretend to be engaged just to stop this thing. I mean, shouldn't that be something special not a tool to draw this fucker out? And you just casually use it as nothing but press fodder."

"That's not what's happening at all. I'm not using some story to draw this asshole out. I'm telling the truth. You're fucking lucky I didn't tell every damned body we're already married."

"What?!"

"And don't even think that when this is all over, your little ass is going to just disappear on me. This is going to go one way and only one way."

“Fuck off! You don’t dictate my life. You don’t get to tell me how to live it.”

“We’re marrying, peaches. Like it or not.”

She starts pacing and yelling and I finally tell her the thing that has been growing inside of my mind every day, the thing that started the first time we ever made love.

“What about the baby?”

“Baby?” She whirls around to look at me like I’ve lost my mind and not pacing anymore. “What baby?”

“The one that could be growing inside of you right at this moment since we’ve been fucking like rabbits and haven’t once used anything.”

She pales and gets a look on her face like she might pass out because of what I just said.

“I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want that to be the reason you agreed to marry me.”

“What?” Her voice isn’t very loud and she still has that lost look on her face.

“I don’t want you marrying me because of a baby. But I do want to marry you and have a baby - a family. A big one.”

“No.” She starts shaking her head and trembling. “No. No. No! How could you? How could I? What have we done? Why aren’t you freaking out about this? Why aren’t you...?” She pauses whatever it is she’s going to ask and spins on her heels. “I have to get some air.”

“I’ll go with you.”

“No! I...I’ll stay on the porch or the back patio. I...I need air and some time.”

She’s gone so fast I can’t say another word before the door slams shut. I don’t like how final it sounds and even though she told me not to follow, I have no choice but to go after her.

But when I open the door it’s to find someone I wasn’t even thinking about, someone who shouldn’t be here at all. I pull

myself up short, so I don't plow into the last woman on Earth I want to talk to. Delilah.

"What the hell are you doing here?" It takes me a long time to spot the gun she is holding in her hand. "What the hell?"

"Why, Wyatt? Why can't you just see we are meant to be together? Forever. Why can't you understand what I would do to have you? Why don't you understand how we are meant to be with one another?"

"I don't know, you psycho. Maybe because you fuck everything with a dick, and you don't seem to think there is anything wrong with that."

"Don't slut shame, Wy."

"No!" I shout the word completely done with this and with her. "This goes way beyond slut shaming, you gaslighting bitch. This is about faithfulness and being one, instead of one and others. This is about love, Delilah, and I don't love you. I love Callie."

"Well, you'll have to find someone new to love, Wyatt, after Charlie gets done with your little peach."

Her words have icy fingers of fear wrapping themselves around my heart. I make a move to go around her, but she reminds me of the gun she's holding.

"Uh uh uh." She waves it around like it's nothing more than a toy.

"You're crazy if you think waving a gun at me is going to keep me from Callie. You're gonna have to empty that thing in me and reload before I'll stop going for the woman I love."

Delilah narrows her eyes and cocks her head like she's thinking about it before raising the weapon, "I'm okay with that. After all, if I can't have you..."

She takes aim right at my chest but before she can squeeze the trigger, Callie comes through the window bringing the sound of broken glass and busted wood into the room with her. She hits Delilah in the back, taking both women to the ground.

The gun goes flying across the room no longer a threat to anyone anymore.

Both women go rolling across the floor before Callie comes up over Delilah and punches her in the face. Delilah cries out and tries to grab her nose but Callie has a tight grip on her wrist keeping her from raising her hand.

“You can’t have him...because he’s mine, you heinous bitch!” She punches her again and this time Delilah isn’t moving anymore. “I guess I am possessive after all.”

Delilah’s face is bloody from the two punches my girl delivered to her and I start to walk over to her so I can help her up off the woman who has seemingly gone absolutely psycho.

The front door bounces open before I reach her and the guard, I guess his name is Charlie if Delilah can be believed, steps over the threshold holding a knife in one of his hands. He’s just as bloodied as Delilah and a sense of pride swells in my chest at the thought that my girl kicked his ass too. He takes a step towards my Peaches and everything in my head shuts off.

This is the mother fucker who shot at the woman I love.

I grab his arm by the wrist and use my other to deliver a sharp strike to the back of his elbow causing it to break. The knife clangs to the floor but I’m not nearly done with this bastard. This is the man who broke in while my sweet woman was in nothing but a towel and tried to hurt her with another knife. He’s the son of a bitch who wrote all those letters to my girl. He’s a dead man.

I hit him twice in the face and end up behind him with his head in my hands ready to break his fucking neck like he’s nothing more than a fucking stick of wood when a sweet, soft voice calls out to me.

“Wyatt.”

I look over at her and see her brother standing beside her. She has a small scratch on her cheek and her shoulder seems to be bleeding again god damn it. The hate I have for this mother fucker rises up all over again.

“Think about the baby.”

I stop dead and drop the piece of garbage so that I can come straight to my Callie.

From behind her, I hear her brother speak up, “A lot of things are going to have to be explained here but let’s get the two of you checked out first.”

I cup her face in my hands and drop kisses on her upturned face, “You were such a badass, baby. You kicked so much ass.”

I wipe at the drop of blood under her eye and bring it to my mouth, even her blood is sweet, before I kiss her hard.

“You were so god damned beautiful when you come flying through that window.” I pull back to stare into her eyes. “But no jumping through windows when we’re sure you have a baby in there.”

She gives me a dazzling smile before she stands on tiptoe to press her mouth to mine. “I love you too, Wyatt.”

A huge grin splits my face as I realize she heard me say it to Delilah before she turned action star and broke through the window to save me.

“I have a proposition for you.”

She gives me a curious look, “Yeah, what is it?”

“How about you come on as my bodyguard full-time?”

Her face falls and she takes a step back -or she tries to but I end up just following her. “Oh.”

Before she can say another word, I go on. “And I’ll watch your body full time. So, we can both watch each other’s blind spot.”

She gives me a beautiful grin before giving me a nod, “Okay.”

“Of course, you’ll have to marry me. It’s part of the job requirement. I just happen to have a ring right here.”

“What?!”

I pull out the engagement ring I brought with us before we left for the award show and slip it on her finger.

“I can’t promise I won’t ever try to dictate your life, especially where your safety is concerned but I’ll be behind you supporting you through all your decisions, cheering you on, being proud, and most of all...loving you more and more, year after year. I can promise you; we’ll always figure it out, Peaches.”

She gives me a watery smile before kissing me breathless and pulling back just far enough to tell me, “Wyatt...I’ll take the job.”

Epilogue I

Six Weeks Later

Callie

After I agreed to marry Wyatt, he let me see how far, and how long, his obsession with me went. Including telling me he made sure I never wore white because he wanted that to be something special for when I walked down the aisle to him. And I'm woman enough to admit my heart melted a little bit at that.

He also told me about having Mckenna hold back the white dress I was looking at that very first fitting, the one I kept going back to and falling in love with a little bit every time I touched it. And it's that dress that I'm wearing now. Joy and Chrissy are my bridesmaids and even though both women are sporting little baby bumps under their gowns they look like they are glowing and so beautiful. When I tell them they surprise the words right out of me by saying the same thing about me.

"Are you sure you're not...because baby, you are rocking a little mommy glow too," Joy asks the question, but Chrissy agrees with a sweet, sure nod.

"We...aren't sure yet. I wanted to get through the wedding before we found out." But Wyatt says he is absolutely certain I am because of the way my pussy tastes. Not that I am going to share that with my two friends.

"Ahhh!" Both of them giggle and smile at me while pulling me in for a three-way hug.

"Ladies," My soon-to-be-husband's voice interrupts us and all three of us turn to look at him. We aren't worried about the tradition of him not seeing me in my wedding dress since he is after all the one who saved it for me. "Might I have a moment with my bride?"

The girls giggle again and shoot me winks and knowing smiles as they go for the door. As they are going out, Chrissy turns around and snips the lock so when the door shuts, we won't be disturbed. I'm going to have to remember to thank her when I see her next.

“Remind me to thank Chrissy when I have the chance, love.”

At the echo of the words in my head from my husband's mouth, I give him a big, happy smile. “You took the words right from me, sexy.”

I take in the tux he's standing in, and my heart skips a beat. He really is a beautiful man. And his eyes drive me crazy. He steps closer to me and takes me in his arms and I go willingly.

“I needed a hit of peaches and cream before standing at the end of the aisle waiting on you, baby.”

My heart kicks up another notch. I realize what that means and feel myself grow wetter at the thought. I give him a saucy look before placing my hands on his chest. “But I'm already in my gown and I seriously doubt you are going to be able to reach me in this.”

I can see the moment the challenge is accepted. He hits his knees and starts working the skirt of my dress up until it is over my hips. His eyes come up to meet mine. “Oh Peaches. You aren't wearing underwear.”

“I couldn't in this dress,” I wait for a heartbeat before I continue, “or maybe I knew you would come visit me and I wanted to make it easy on you.”

“Oh, love. You aren't getting out of this room without this little pussy dripping with me. I want you to feel me on you as you glide down the aisle to me.”

His words cause a delicious shiver to work through my body.

“Show me that pretty pussy, Peaches. Show me what's mine.”

He pulls my hips forward and starts kissing my lower lips using his tongue to bat my clit back and forth. He gently pushes me back, so I have to catch myself on the table behind me before burying his face in me and wallowing in the cream I am giving him. He tells me all the time that he could live entirely on eating my peaches and cream. And I often wake up in the morning with his head in between my legs.

He quickly sends me into a mind-blowing orgasm before he surges up and spins me around laying me across the table. His thick, powerful cock kisses the entrance of my pussy before he pushes slowly into me. I cry out and reach for his hand so I can bring his fingers to my mouth and suck on them in order not to be too loud and alert everyone to the fact my husband is claiming me right in the dressing room of the church we are in. Pretty sure my father would not be too happy about that.

Not that Wyatt cares. He's already told my father -and my brother- that I am his, completely and wholly, and that he will support me in anything I want to do, including remaining his bodyguard and working for the security company that led me to him.

He rides me to climax before emptying himself deep inside of me. As he pulls out, he leans forward and drops kisses on my spine. He helps me work my dress in place before taking my mouth in a promise of heat and passion.

"I'll be waiting for you, Mrs. Dagon." He takes my hand and brings it to his mouth for a sweet romantic kiss, using the name that gives my heart a little flutter.

"Forever, my love. I'll be yours forever."

He opens the door and we come out together. He moves over to make room for my dad to come stand by my side and then turns to make his way to the front of the church to wait on me with a big smile on his face. The world may love Wyatt Dagon because of the characters he brings to life and how sexy he is but I love him because this is the man who would die for me, who would kill for me, who always has my blind spot covered. The perfect man to be my partner through life and

walk beside me completely at peace with me always having
his blind spot covered too.

The End!

If you enjoyed *Blind Spot*, please consider sharing with your friends!

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Saving Christmas

Holiday Series: Book Ten

By:

Jisa Dean

Saving Christmas

Holiday Series: Book Ten

Christmas Hoffman has the unfortunate luck of having a birthday just days before Christmas, a mother who thinks the perfect present is a hot man to spend the night with, and the man she has been crushing on for years having to come stay with her because not only was she involved in a shooting but now she's on some drug dealer's hit list. And all she can do is hope that next year is going to go better for her than this one... if she even makes it to next year. One thing is for sure, she won't ever be the same after this Christmas.

Heath Phoenix has one Christmas wish this year, and that's to get under his sister's best friend's tree. He's been waiting for Christmas longer than anyone and now that she's old enough to finally be his he's not about to let some criminal keep him from claiming her. He'll just have to perform a miracle and not only save Christmas but make her fall in love with him too.

Settle in, pull the blanket tight, and chase away the chill with this sweet escape. This book is all about delivering you the tropes you love to love: Sister's older brother, close proximity, Christmas romance, hot cop willing to do anything for his lady, and my favorite...fake relationship! You get it all in *Saving Christmas, Book Ten* in the Holiday Series, and one that will surely put you on the naughty list if anyone knew... but I won't tell if you don't; so read away.

Chapter One

Heath

“That’s the only way I am going to get laid.”

What now? The words, said in the soft, sexy drawl of my sister’s best friend, stops me dead in my tracks. I shouldn’t be listening. She’s trying to have a private conversation with my sister.

“No...that’s not true.” My sister tries to argue with her.

“It is. The only way I’ll ever get lucky is if your brother takes pity on me and sets me up with someone he works with. I’m resigned to being nothing more than a pity fuck.”

Pity fuck? A pity fuck? What the hell is going on in this world if a pretty little thing like Chrissy can’t get laid by anything other than a pity fuck? And why are they talking about me setting them up with someone I work with?

“You are so crazy! I would totally fuck you if I blew that way.” The two of them laugh but move off to the other side of the room and through the living room.

I move to stand in the doorway to see if I can catch a glimpse of the girls walking away but they are already gone. All that lingers in the room is the scent of cinnamon and innocence. I think of the woman who just said she would be nothing but a pity fuck for someone. Is she still as innocent as she appears? Probably not. I’m not in denial about what women want and need for themselves nor would I try to be a sexist pig and say it changes my view of her.

Still, thinking of the man who took sweet, innocent little Chrissy’s cherry makes me want to go all Neanderthal. It better have been a good experience for her because I am not above hunting the bastard down.

I wait a little while before I follow them into the living room, then naturally gravitate to where Chrissy is standing. I’ve been noticing my sister’s little friend for a couple of years

now. I understand it's not right and would never do anything until she was perfectly legal, but she does turn eighteen in just a couple of more hours.

I walk closer to her when I think about asking her if she wants to help me celebrate my recovery and her birthday doing something naughty together as soon as the clock turns twelve. A couple of weeks back, I got shot on the job I was working with my best friend, Quill. Who happens to be eye fucking my little sister. I would say something, but can I really with the way I am over here panting after Chrissy? Will she even want someone who has the kind of job that doesn't always guarantee you'll make it safely home every night?

Shit, maybe I should just leave her alone. And yet I move. It's the reason I am so close when the first sounds of gunfire ring out. It's the only reason I am close enough that I can shove my larger body over hers when I take us both down. I look over at my sister to make sure she's okay. I don't have to worry about my mother. I'm more than certain my dad will take care of her.

Sure enough, Quill has her under him. I can see his lips moving as he talks to her. It pulls my focus back on the little angel under me. She has her legs wrapped around me so tight. I make sure to cover her head as I whisper into her ear. "Lower your legs, angel. Put them back under me."

She does as I tell her, wrapping her arms around my chest even tighter. Once everything goes quiet, I slowly start to pull away but she stops me. "Heath...oh, my God, you're bleeding." She holds her hand up so that both of us can look at the wet, red stain spread across the palm and fingers of her hand. "I...I think you've been shot again."

Well, damned if that just doesn't suck a bag a dicks.

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