



# Her Filthy Cowboy

**Author:** *Stella Banks*

**Category:** Romance, Western, New Adult

**Description:** When this cowboy makes a filthy bet with his gorgeous rival, one steamy night changes everything...

Brody

Eight seconds on a bull? Easy.

Resisting Savannah Sullivan until our bet comes due? Impossible.

She's my rival, my temptation, my ultimate prize.

One night together—that's what I've won, and I plan to make it count.

The anticipation is driving me wild with each passing day.

I'll fight her stubborn family, her career fears, and our shared history.

Because after that night, Savannah will be mine forever.

Savannah

I told myself this was just another story.

Brody Clayton was supposed to be nothing but a subject.

Now I'm counting down the days until I'm in his bed.

The thought of his touch sets me on fire before he's even laid a hand on me.

But giving in to him means betraying my family and risking my dream job.

Can one night of passion turn into a love worth sacrificing everything for?

Or will our families' feud destroy any chance of a future together?

**Total Pages (Source):** 23

# Page 1

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## Chapter One

### BRODY

I'm scowling at my reflection in the mirror when my brother, Jace, walks into my bedroom.

"Reporter's here." He jerks his thumb toward the hall. "Want me to tell her you'll be out in a few minutes?"

I sigh. "Fine. Let's just get this over with." Then my head snaps toward him. "Hang on a second. The reporter is a woman?"

"Yeah, why?"

Shit. I meet my brother's gaze in the mirror. "You ask to see her ID?"

You can never be too careful these days. It wouldn't be the first time a groupie tried to pass herself off as a journalist to get some alone time with me.

Jace chuckles as he walks out the door. "Trust me, she's legit." He turns back to look at me and smirks. "And don't worry. She's definitely not a buckle bunny."

I let out a small sigh of relief, but the knot in my stomach doesn't loosen.

I don't want to do this damn interview for theFit Mountain Monthly, but my agent and sponsor insist it's necessary for my image.

Winning the national bull riding championship was a dream come true, the culmination of years of blood, sweat and tears. The roar of the crowd, the weight of that trophy in my hands, the pride swelling in my chest...it was a high like no other.

But of course, I had to go and screw it up. Partied a little too hard at the after-party, let myself get caught up in the moment. And now there are all these photos floating around on social media, making me out to be some kind of wild party animal. It's bullshit.

They know damn well how hard I work, the blood and sweat I pour into this life. I'm up at dawn every day, training, tending to the ranch. I push myself to the limit and then past it, all to be the best at what I do.

This house, this land—this is what matters to me. Being a good rancher, a dedicated brother, a man with dreams that go way beyond eight seconds on the back of an ornery bull.

As I walk through the living room, my eyes fall on the framed photos lining the mantelpiece. Me and my brothers, grinning ear to ear after a cattle drive. An old snapshot of Mama and Daddy on their wedding day. This is my legacy. This is what I want to be remembered for.

I stride into the kitchen, ready to paste on a fake smile and get this over with. But when I walk in, I stop dead in my tracks.

There, perched on a stool at the island counter, is none other than Savannah Sullivan.

The girl who's starred in every single one of my dreams since the ninth grade.

It's been years since I've seen Savannah. Last I heard, she was off living her big-city journalist dreams.

Savannah looks up at the sound of my footsteps. “Hey, Brody.” She slides off the stool and gives me a cute little wave. “Long time no see.”

My nostrils flare as I take in her appearance.

She looks sexy as fuck in a pair of fitted Wranglers that hug her thick thighs and a tight black T-shirt with a red flannel on top, the sleeves rolled up her forearms. Her brown hair cascades over her shoulders in loose waves, and it takes all the willpower I have not to run my fingers through it and tug her gorgeous body against mine.

I swallow hard, trying to regain my composure. “Savannah.” My voice is like gravel. “What are you doing here?”

She blinks at me like it should be obvious. “I’m here for your interview.”

My eyebrows shoot up. “You’re the reporter?”

A panicked look crosses her face. “Your agent didn’t tell you I was coming?” She grabs her phone and starts scrolling. “I’ve got the email right here if?—”

“She told me about it. I’m just surprised they sent you.”

“Why is that so surprising?”

“I guess I figured they’d want someone more... objective.”

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Savannah glares at me. “I can be objective.”

“Really? Because last time I checked, your family hates mine.”

She crosses her arms over her chest. The movement makes her tits strain against the fabric of her T-shirt. “I’m a professional, Brody. I can put my personal feelings aside to do my job.”

I drag my gaze back to her face. “I also thought they’d send a reporter who actually lives in Wyoming.”

Savannah’s chin juts out defiantly. “I moved back last week. Not that it’s any of your business.” She snatches a pen and notebook from her bag. “Look, can we just get this over with, please? I don’t like this any more than you do.”

I can’t help the smirk that tugs at my lips. “Who says I don’t like it?”

Her green eyes flash with irritation, and I feel a thrill zip through me. Riling up Savannah Sullivan has always been my favorite hobby.

I cross the kitchen and yank open the fridge, grabbing a bottle of water. “Thirsty?” I hold one out to her.

Savannah eyes it warily before reaching out to take it, her fingers brushing against mine. Electricity crackles at the contact. I wonder if she feels it too.

“Thanks.” Clearly agitated, she twists off the cap and takes a swig.

I lean my hip against the counter and cross my arms. “Your daddy know you’re here?”

Savannah frowns, the bottle hovering at her lips. “Not exactly.”

I raise an eyebrow. “Care to elaborate?”

She sighs, setting down the water. “He knows I took a job at theFit Mountain Monthly. He just doesn’t know my first assignment is... you.”

“I don’t think this is a good idea, Savannah. I don’t want your angry brothers showing up here and causing problems.”

Savannah rolls her eyes. “I can handle my family, Brody. I’m an adult. I make my own decisions.”

The whole thing with the Sullivans started way back, but it really blew up about twenty years ago.

We were in the middle of this nasty drought, and Dad stumbled onto this underground water source on our land. We started using it to keep our fields green and our cattle happy.

The Sullivans, on the other hand, were not happy. They said that the water ran under their property, too, and they should get a piece of the action. It went to court, and we won fair and square. But old man Sullivan just won’t let it go.

Savannah’s voice breaks me out of my thoughts. “I was thinking we could start the interview with some basic questions about your rodeo career, then move on to your life on the ranch.”

“I have a better idea.” I set my own glass down on the counter. “How about we take a ride around the property?”

Savannah raises an eyebrow. “A horseback ride? That’s not exactly standard interview protocol.”

I flash her my most charming grin. “Since when have we ever been ones to follow protocol?”

For a moment, Savannah hesitates, and I can practically see the wheels turning in her head. But then she nods.

“Fine. But I’m warning you—I’m not going easy on you with these questions. No matter how pretty the scenery is.”

I laugh. “I wouldn’t expect anything less from you, sweetheart. Let’s go saddle up some horses.”

We head out of the kitchen through the back door and step into the sunshine. The warm rays hit my face, and I take a deep breath, inhaling the sweet scent of freshly cut hay.

“I saw your brothers when I first got here,” Savannah comments as we walk past the barn. “I can’t believe Wyatt actually has a girlfriend now. I remember we all thought he would be single forever.”

I chuckle. “Yeah, they just met two days ago.”

Savannah looks at me with surprise. “Two days ago?” She shakes her head in amazement. “I swear, the Walkers really did a number on this town.”

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I glance over at her as we walk side by side toward the barn. “You don’t believe in love at first sight?”

She bites her plump bottom lip. “I don’t know. I guess I’ve just never experienced it myself.” She tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, her eyes meeting mine. “Have you?”

The truth is, I have. The moment I first laid eyes on Savannah back in high school, I was a goner. But there’s no way in hell I’m admitting that to her now.

I shrug, trying to play it cool. “I think when you know, you know.”

After we enter the cool shade of the barn, I lead her over to where my horse, Ranger, is waiting in his stall. I quickly saddle him up, then turn to Savannah.

“You can ride Buttercup.” I nod toward the pretty Palomino mare beside Ranger. “Need a hand getting up?”

She brushes me off. “I think I can manage.”

I watch as she puts her foot in the stirrup and swings her other leg over the saddle. The sight of her straddling the horse, her jeans stretching tight across her thighs, makes my blood run hot.

We ride out of the barn and into the pasture, the horses’ hooves thudding against the packed earth. As we ride past the paddocks, memories of our childhood flood back to me.



Savannah and I spent countless hours racing each other on horseback, daring the other to go faster, to take bigger jumps. She was fearless even back then.

I glance over at her now, admiring the confident set of her shoulders and the way she handles the reins with ease. “Remember how we used to race down by the creek?” I ask.

Savannah looks over at me and grins. “I remember that you could never beat me.”

I chuckle. “That’s because I was too busy admiring the view from behind.”

She rolls her eyes, but I catch the hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth. “Flattery won’t get you anywhere, Clayton.”

“It’s not flattery if it’s true.”

Savannah blushes and changes the subject. “Tell me something about yourself that nobody else knows.”

“Starting with the hard-hitting questions, I see.”

She smirks. “You thought I was going to ask you whether you preferred blondes or brunettes?”

I bark out a laugh. “I like brunettes, for the record.” I let my eyes rake over her. “Especially ones who look sexy as hell on horseback.”

Savannah groans. “Brody, would you please be serious? This is an interview.”

“I am being serious! I also like long walks on the beach. Oh, and I give really good massages.”

Savannah snorts. “I find that hard to believe.”

I raise an eyebrow at her. “Why is that hard to believe?”

She gives me a smug look. “I don’t know. I guess you don’t exactly seem like the massage-giving type of guy.”

A stab of irritation lances through me at her tone. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Savannah shrugs, a hint of a smirk on her lips. “I just mean, with all those buckle bunnies throwing themselves at you, I doubt you have to work very hard to get a woman to...relax.”

I narrow my eyes at her. “You don’t know the first thing about me or how I treat women.”

“Oh, I think I have a pretty good idea.” She lifts her chin, meeting my gaze head-on. “The Brody Clayton I remember was only interested in one thing when it came to the opposite sex.”

With each word, I feel my temper rise along with my undeniable hunger for her. I want to kiss that smart mouth of hers. I want to show her that no other woman has ever set my blood on fire like she does.

“Is that really what you think?” My jaw clenches as I stare her down. “That I’m just some dumb cowboy looking for my next conquest?”

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Something flashes in her eyes. “I calls ’em like I sees ’em.”

I urge my horse closer to hers until our knees are nearly brushing. Her cinnamon scent invades my senses, making my head swim with need. “I’ll have you know I’m very good with my hands. I’d be happy to give you a demonstration sometime.”

She laughs, but it comes out a little breathless. “In your dreams, Clayton.”

“Careful what you wish for, baby.” My voice drops an octave. I tap the championship belt buckle that I’m wearing with my forefinger. “In case you haven’t noticed, my dreams tend to come true.”

Savannah swallows hard, her eyes darting to my mouth. “Whatever you say, Brody.”

“How about a wager, then? For old times’ sake.”

Savannah frowns. “What kind of wager?”

“A horse race. You win, I’ll answer whatever question you want. My deepest, darkest secret. My biggest regret. You name it.”

Savannah bites her bottom lip again and it takes all of my willpower not to reach out and tug it from between her teeth. “And if you win?”

“If I win, you give me one night.”

“One night?”

The words tumble from my mouth before I can stop them. “One night. Alone. In a bed. With you.”

## Chapter Two

### SAVANNAH

The thing about interviews is that they never go according to plan.

Even the ones you expect to be simple. Like this one with Brody.

I’ve known Brody Clayton, his three brothers, and his sister Abigail my entire life. Both of our families have lived in Cooper Hills for generations. And even though there’s been bad blood between our families since before I was born, I thought Brody and I could put that aside for an hour.

But the second Brody swaggered into his kitchen an hour ago looking like walking sex in his tight Wranglers and pearl snap button down that stretched across his chest, I knew I was in trouble.

Big trouble.

Now his damn championship belt buckle is shining into my eyes as I stare up at him, my heart pounding in my ears as his words echo in my head.

He wants to win a night alone with me?

“You’re joking, right?” But I already know he’s serious. That cocky grin of his says it all.

“What’s the matter? Scared you might enjoy it?”

I scoff, trying to ignore the way my body reacts to his proximity. “Pretty sure of yourself, aren’t you, cowboy?”

Brody chuckles. “Just stating facts, Sullivan. So, what do you say? You in?”

I hesitate, my mind racing. This is crazy. I’m supposed to be a professional. Who the hell makes a bet like this?

But then again...

I’ve always been drawn to Brody, as much as I hate to admit it. Unfortunately for me, growing up, our families’ feud meant we were destined to be rivals. Brody was the typical popular jock when we were in school, surrounded by a gaggle of skinny girls vying for his attention. They hung on his every word, giggling at his jokes and batting their eyelashes.

Sure, there were a few moments when Brody and I put our rivalry aside. Like the time he snuck me into the Clayton family’s annual bonfire in ninth grade. For a few precious hours, the feud melted away and we were just two teenagers, caught up in the magic of the night.

But when the embers died down and the sun began to rise, reality came crashing back in. We went our separate ways and pretended like it never happened. The next day at school, Brody was back to his usual self, strutting down the hallway with a cheerleader on each arm.

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And I was back to being Savannah Sullivan, the nerdy journalist and the rival rancher's daughter.

I can't help but wonder if this bet is just another way for Brody to tease me. To prove that he can have any woman he wants. Old insecurities start to rise up inside me but I force them back down.

I'm not that shy, insecure girl anymore. I'm a grown woman, and I refuse to let Brody Clayton get under my skin.

"Fine, you're on," I reply. "And I hope you're ready to lose."

A sexy grin spreads across his face. "Well, well. Looks like my girl's got some fire in her after all."

"I'm not your girl." I snap back. "And I've always had fire. You were just too dense to notice."

Brody chuckles. "Trust me, sweetheart. I noticed."

I roll my eyes. "Whatever. Just don't cry when I leave you in the dust, Clayton. Remember that time in high school when I beat you by a full length?"

Brody takes a step closer. Suddenly I notice how tall he is, and how his shoulders block out the sun. "Ancient history. I've learned a few things since then."

"Yeah? Like what?"

He leans in close. “How to play the long game. Sometimes, losing the battle means winning the war.”

My heart races, and I struggle to form a witty comeback. Before I can, Brody straightens up and winks.

“Better get ready, Sullivan. Something tells me my luck’s about to change.” He gestures toward the distant tree line. “We’ll race to the old oak at the edge of the property and back. First one to cross this fence line wins.”

I nod, but I’m barely listening. My eyes are drawn to the way his muscles flex as he adjusts in his saddle.

Brody’s voice snaps me back to reality. “You got all that, Sullivan?”

“Yeah, yeah. To the oak and back. Simple enough.”

I swing back up into the saddle. Buttercup snorts and paws at the ground, sensing the tension in the air. I give her a reassuring pat on the neck as we trot over to the starting line Brody has marked out in the dirt.

“Ready?” Brody’s voice holds a hint of challenge.

I nod, gripping the reins tightly. “Ready.”

With a shared nod, we’re off.

The moment my horse breaks into a gallop, everything else fades away. The wind whips through my hair, and the rhythmic pounding of hooves fills my ears.

This—this is what I’ve missed.

New York was exciting, but nothing compares to the rush of racing across open Wyoming land. No towering skyscraper could ever match the majesty of the mountains in the distance, no busy street can compare to the beauty of the wildflowers blurring past.

For a moment, I forget all about Brody and this stupid bet. I'm just a girl on a horse, free and alive in a way I haven't felt in years.

But as I glance over at him and see the fierce concentration on his face, a small part of me wonders what it would be like to lose. To give in to the attraction that's been simmering between us for years.

As we round the old oak, and head back toward the finish line, reality comes crashing back. I lean forward and urge my horse faster. But it's not enough. Brody surges ahead in the final stretch, crossing the finish line mere seconds before me.

Shit.

My heart pounds as I slow to a stop. Brody trots up beside me, a triumphant grin spreading across his face.

"And the winner is Brody Clayton!" The smile he gives me is pure sin. "Looks like you'll be spending the night with me after all."

I dismount slowly, my legs shaky beneath me. I'm not sure if it's from the ride or Brody's words. Probably both.



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“You got lucky,” I mutter, avoiding his gaze. “I’m out of practice, that’s all.”

Brody slides off his horse and takes a step toward me. “Luck had nothing to do with it. I won fair and square.”

I finally look up at him, my breath catching at the intensity in his eyes. “Fine. You won. Happy now?”

“Oh, I’m very happy.” He reaches out and tucks a strand of hair behind my ear. His fingers linger on my cheek. “Question is, are you?”

I swallow hard, trying to ignore the way my skin tingles under his touch. “I’m a woman of my word, Clayton. I’ll honor the bet.”

“Mmm. I have no doubt about that.” His thumb traces my lower lip, and I fight the urge to nip at it. “But that’s not what I asked. Obviously, I’m not going to make you spend the night with me if you don’t want to.”

I lick my lips, watching his eyes darken as they follow the movement of my tongue. I decide to play it cool. “Like I said. I’m a woman of my word. I guess you’ll have to wait and see about the rest.”

Brody slides his hand from my cheek to the back of my neck and tangles his fingers in my hair. He tugs gently, tilting my head back. “Guess I will.”

His voice is a low rumble that I feel all the way to my toes. My heart hammers against my ribs as he leans in, his breath hot against my skin.

For a moment, I think he's going to kiss me. I want him to kiss me. But at the last second, he pulls back, a maddening smirk on his lips.

"How about we head over to those trees?" He nods toward a nearby grove. "You can finish up that interview of yours."

We walk over and settle under the shade of a large oak. Once settled, I pull out my notebook, but the professional façade I'm trying to maintain crumbles as soon as Brody starts talking.

"So, Ms. Sullivan, what else do you want to know about me?"

I clear my throat. "Well, um, you never answered my question from earlier."

Brody rests his hand on my thigh, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "And what question is that?"

Suddenly, I can't focus on anything but the heat of his touch seeping through my jeans. Why does he keep touching me like this?

I take a shaky breath, trying to compose myself. "I asked you to tell me something that no one knows about you."

"Ah, right." He keeps his hand on my leg as he leans back against the tree trunk. "Well, when I was a kid, I secretly wanted to be a vet."

That surprises a laugh out of me. "Really? Mr. Rough and Tough Cowboy wanted to take care of animals?"

"Hey, being a vet is a noble profession." But he's grinning too. "I've always had a soft spot for animals. Used to bring home every injured bird or bunny I found. Drove

my Mama nuts.”

“Yeah, I remember you nursing that stray cat back to health when we were kids.” I smile as the memory washes over me. “You were so gentle with her.”

Brody’s smile turns wistful. “Whiskers? Yeah, she was a sweet old girl.”

“What made you change your mind about being a vet?”

He chuckles. “I realized I couldn’t do math worth a damn, so vet school was out. Decided to focus on riding bulls and running the ranch instead.”

I poke him in the side. “And look at you now. A big-time rodeo champ.”

Brody snorts. “Yeah, something like that.” He rubs his thumb in a circle on my thigh and looks over at me. “What about you?”

I blink at him. “What about me?”

“You achieve all your big city dreams out there in New York?”

I look away, suddenly uncomfortable. “Some of them, I suppose.”

“But not all of them.” It’s not a question.

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I shrug, still not meeting his gaze. “Life’s complicated, Brody. Things don’t always go according to plan.”

“Is that why you moved back to Wyoming? Because things in New York didn’t go according to plan?”

I sigh. “Pretty much. “I don’t know if you heard, but my dad got sick earlier in the year. Cancer.”

Brody’s hand stills on my thigh. “Damn, Savannah. I’m sorry. I had no idea.”

“He’s in remission now,” I say quickly. “But it was touch and go for a while there. I just...I thought it was best for me to come home. Be with my family, you know?”

Brody nods slowly. “I get that. Family’s everything.”

“It really is.” I glance over at him, his profile silhouetted against the afternoon sun. He looks relaxed out here, at home in a way I rarely see him anywhere. “I guess it all worked out in the end, though,” I tell him.

A small smile plays on his lips as his eyes meet mine. “I guess it has.”

About an hour later, the interview wraps up and we head back to the stables.

I swing my leg over Buttercup’s back, ready to dismount, but as I do, the toe of my boot catches in the stirrup. Suddenly, I’m falling, the ground rushing up to meet me at an alarming speed. A startled yelp escapes my lips as I brace for a fall.

But Brody is right there to catch me. “Easy, baby,” he says as he helps me stand upright.

I tell myself he’s like this with everyone, that his flirting doesn’t mean anything. But the intensity in his gaze makes me wonder if maybe there’s more to it than that.

“So, about this bet. How about I pick you up Friday at six?” Brody’s fingers trace circles on my hip, making it hard to focus on his words. “We’ll have dinner, then spend the night at the Fit Mountain Resort. I’ll book us a room.”

My mouth suddenly feels unbearably dry, and my voice comes out as a whisper. “Okay. That sounds fine.”

“Any preferences for dinner?”

Why is he treating this like a date? I thought he just wanted sex. But dinner, a resort... it feels like more.

I shake my head, unable to think about food when all I can focus on is the heat of his body so close to mine. “I’m open.”

Brody’s hand leaves my waist, and I instantly miss his touch. He holds out his hand. “Give me your phone.”

I fumble in my pocket, pull out my phone, and hand it over. Brody flashes the phone at my face, unlocking it with facial recognition. He types in his number and then sends himself a text.

“There,” he says, handing it back. “Now you’ve got my number. Text me if you think of anything during the week.”

I clutch the phone, staring at the new contact on my screen. Brody Clayton. It feels surreal. I swallow hard. “Anything like what?”

Brody leans in close, his lips brushing my ear. “Anything at all. What you want to eat, what you want to wear...” His voice drops even lower. “What you want me to do to you.”

My heart pounds so loud I’m sure he can hear it. I struggle to breathe as he pulls back, his eyes locked on mine.

“See you Friday, baby. Sweet dreams ’til then.” He winks.

As I watch him walk away, his confident stride makes my mouth water.

Ugh.

What have I gotten myself into?

Chapter Three

BRODY

“Geez, this place is way more packed than I expected.” Melody steps into the bar, and Wyatt, Jace, and I trail behind her. “It’s like the whole city is in here.”

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Wyatt chuckles. “Yeah, this bar is a local favorite. The owner used to play in the majors. Pretty much everyone in town comes to this place.”

Melody’s eyes get even wider as she scans the crowd. “Looks like it. It almost feels like a night out in New York City.”

“Except you don’t have to deal with New York prices.” Jace chimes in with a grin.

It’s Thursday night, and the four of us have just arrived at The Pitcher’s Brew, a local bar in Cooper Hills. I’m not usually much of a bar guy, but Wyatt insisted that all of us come out to celebrate Melody’s first official week living in Wyoming.

As we weave through the bustling crowd, I can’t help but notice a cluster of women across the room eyeing me.

Their gazes lock onto me, clearly trying to catch my eye and get me to come over. Buckle bunnies, no doubt. I give them a polite wave, making sure my gesture is friendly, but deliberately keep moving. It’s not that I don’t appreciate the attention, but tonight isn’t about that.

I’m also not interested.

There’s only one woman I want. And I’m counting down the minutes until I can see her again.

Finally, we find an empty corner booth in the back. Melody, Wyatt, and I slide in while Jace heads to the bar to grab us a round of IPAs.

Melody sighs dreamily as she shrugs off her jacket. “Yeah, I can see why people like this little town. It’s definitely got charm.” Then she beams up at Wyatt. “Not to mention the hottest cowboy I’ve ever seen.”

Wyatt growls possessively and kisses her on the lips. “And the hottest city girl I’ve ever seen.”

I roll my eyes at their PDA, but can’t help but smile.

The door to the bar swings open, and my other brother Luke strides in. “Look who finally decided to show up,” Wyatt calls out. “Thought you might’ve gotten lost on the way.”

“Sorry I’m late.” Luke slides in across from me. “Had to drop Maisey off. She’s going to her first sleepover with girls from ballet class.”

“Awww.” Melody’s eyes light up. “I remember my first sleepover. Was she nervous?”

Luke chuckles and shakes his head. “Nah. My baby girl is fearless. You should’ve seen her face. She practically bounced out of her seat the whole drive there.”

Melody grins. “Those parents don’t know what they’re in for. A whole pack of giggling ballerinas? I hope they have enough wine.”

We all laugh, and Jace returns with our drinks. Wyatt raises his bottle and looks down at Melody with a soft look in his eye. “To Melody’s first week in Wyoming. Cheers, baby. Welcome to the family.”

“Cheers!” we all echo before taking a sip.



I take another swig of my beer, trying to focus on the lively conversation around me. But it's no use. My mind keeps drifting to Savannah.

I have no idea why she agreed to spend the night with me if she lost that damn horse race. Maybe it was the thrill of the competition. Or maybe she feels this electric pull between us too.

But honestly? I don't really care why.

All I know is that Savannah Sullivan is mine.

She just doesn't fully realize it yet.

The thought of having her all to myself, even just for one night, has been driving me crazy. I wonder what she's doing right now. If she's thinking about me the way I'm thinking about her.

I keep imagining how she'll look tomorrow when I pick her up for our date. Will she wear her hair down or pulled back in a ponytail? A sexy dress that hugs her curves or tight jeans that make her ass pop? Part of me hopes for the dress, just so I can slowly peel it off her later.

My cock twitches in my jeans just picturing it. I shift in my seat, trying to adjust myself without drawing attention. I need to get my head on straight before I embarrass myself.

Just as I'm taking another sip of beer, a flash of chestnut hair catches my eye.

Savannah.

What the hell is she doing here?

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I can't tear my eyes away as she makes her way to the bar, hips swaying with each step. She leans against the polished wood, flagging down the bartender with a flirty smile. The way her ass and tits strain against her clothes has my pulse racing.

That's when I notice the hungry, male gazes devouring her from every corner of the room.

A wave of possessiveness surges through me.

I clench my fists beneath the table, fighting the urge to march over there and rip their fucking eyes out for looking at her like that.

She's not theirs to ogle.

She's mine.

"Brody?" Melody's voice snaps me out of my territorial haze.

"Huh?"

"You okay? You look like you're about to Hulk out and flip the table."

I blink and tear my gaze away from Savannah. "I'm fine." I grit the words out, trying to keep my tone even.

But Melody isn't buying it. Her eyes dart between me and where Savannah is standing. Understanding dawns on her face.

“Oh look, I think that’s Savannah standing over there.” She sits up straighter, craning her neck to get a better look. “Who’s that guy she’s with?”

My head snaps around just in time to see some wannabe cowboy hitting on my girl.

I’m out of my seat before I can even think. My brothers look up, startled at my sudden movement.

“Shit.” Jace follows my gaze to where the man is standing with Savannah. He turns to Wyatt. “Stay here with Melody. Luke and I got this one.”

I’m already halfway across the bar, my long strides eating up the distance. I can hear Jace and Luke behind me but I don’t slow down.

As I get closer, I can hear the man’s oily voice over the din of the bar.

“Come on, sweetheart. Let me buy you a drink. A pretty little thing like you shouldn’t be alone tonight.”

Savannah scowls and tries to shrug off his hand. “I told you, I’m not interested. Please leave me alone.”

But the man doesn’t budge. If anything, his grin gets even wider. “Don’t be like that. I’m just trying to show you a good time. I promise I can make it worth your while.”

I grab the guy’s shoulder. “There a problem here?”

The drunk man whips around to face me, his bleary eyes narrowing as he takes in my 6’4” frame. Recognition flickers across his face.

“Well, well, if it ain’t Brody Clayton.” He slurs his words, puffing out his chest in a

pathetic attempt to look tough. “This ain’t none of your business, cowboy. Me and the lady were just having a friendly chat.”

“Really? Because from here it looked like she told you to fuck off and you weren’t listening.”

“Hey now, there’s no need to get hostile.” He holds up his hands in mock surrender, but I can see the flare of anger in his bloodshot eyes. “Savannah and I are old friends. Ain’t that right, darlin’?”

He reaches out to touch her arm again, but I intercept his hand in an iron grip. “I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” My voice comes out in a growl.

The man tries to yank his hand away, but I just tighten my hold until I feel his bones grinding together. He yelps in pain, his face turning an ugly shade of red.

“Listen closely, because I’m only going to say this once.” I lean in close so he can see the promise of violence in my eyes. “You’re going to turn around and walk out of this bar. And if I ever see you so much as look in her direction again, I’ll break every bone in your fucking body. We clear?”

His gaze darts to Savannah, then to where Jace and Luke are flanking me, their arms crossed and ready for a fight. I can practically see the wheels turning in his head as he weighs his options.

Finally, he seems to realize he’s outmatched. He nods jerkily, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallows. “Crystal.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

I release his hand and he staggers back, cradling it to his chest. With one last glare, he turns and pushes his way through the crowd, then disappears out the door.

I watch him go, the tension slowly draining from my shoulders. Behind me, I hear Jace snort. “What a fucking tool. You good, man?”

I nod, not taking my eyes off the door. “Yeah. Thanks for the backup.”

“Anytime.” Luke claps me on the back. “You coming back to the table?”

I hesitate, glancing over at Savannah. She’s watching me with an unreadable expression, her arms crossed tightly over her chest. I can’t tell if she’s pissed or grateful or both.

“You guys go ahead. I’ll catch up in a minute.”

They exchange a knowing look but don’t argue. As they head back to our booth, I turn to face Savannah fully.

She glares at me. “I had that handled, you know.”

I snort. “Didn’t look like it from where I was standing.”

“I don’t need you swooping in to save me like some damsel in distress.” She jabs a finger into my chest. “I’m not one of your buckle bunnies fawning for your attention.”

“Trust me, I’m very aware of that.” I catch her hand before she can pull away and hold it against my chest. “You’re far too stubborn to ever make things easy.”

“Then why get involved? I told you, I can take care of myself.” But despite her harsh tone, she doesn’t pull her hand from my grip.

“Because no one gets to touch what’s mine.”

Savannah’s eyes widen and she sucks in a sharp breath. For a moment, neither of us move. The air feels charged between us, thick with all the words we aren’t saying.

Her gaze drops to where my hand is holding hers against my chest. I know she can feel the pounding of my heart beneath her palm. It’s racing just from being this close to her.

“I’m not yours,” she whispers.

“Keep telling yourself that, sweetheart.” I brush my thumb over her knuckles. “But we both know the truth.”

I pluck my black Stetson cowboy hat off my head and set it on hers. The brim dips low over her eyes, but I can still see her biting her lip to hide a smile.

Something primal and possessive surges through me at the sight of her wearing something that means so much to me.

Savannah reaches up to touch the brim, her fingers brushing against mine. “Brody, I...” Conflict swims in her eyes. “I don’t know what this is between us. But I’m not... I can’t just...”

“Dance with me.”

Savannah blinks up at me. “What?”

I nod toward the small dance floor, where a few couples sway to a slow country song. “I asked you to dance, baby. Please. I’m sorry for making a scene earlier. Let me make it up to you. Dance with me.”

Savannah hesitates for just a moment, her eyes searching mine.

“Fine, one dance,” she says softly. “But that’s all you get.”

I grin. “Sweetheart, one dance is all I need.”

## Chapter Four

### SAVANNAH

All eyes are on us as Brody takes my hand and leads me out onto the dance floor. I adjust his cowboy hat on my head, secretly loving how it feels.

When I came out tonight, the last thing I expected was to end up in Brody’s arms.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

All I wanted was a cold drink and a few hours away from my overbearing family. I figured that a Thursday night at a local bar would be the perfect way to unwind.

But of course, Brody had to show up and ruin my plans.

Or make them infinitely better, depending on how you look at it.

Now he's wrapping one arm around my waist as he pulls me close and I can't help but inhale the intoxicating scent of leather and pine that clings to his skin. My body molds against his chest as we begin to sway to the slow rhythm of the music.

As we turn, I notice a group of slack-jawed women huddled together near the bar, their eyes glued to Brody and me.

Part of me wants to gloat, to revel in the fact that Brody chose me over all of them. But another part of me still can't quite believe this is happening. That Brody Clayton, the most eligible bachelor in Fit Mountain, is dancing with me in front of everyone.

"People are staring at us," I whisper. I can practically feel their eyes boring into my back.

Brody just smirks, completely unconcerned. "Let them stare. I'm right where I want to be."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yep. Dancing with the most gorgeous woman in the room."



His hand slides lower, fingers splaying across my hip.

Every hard ridge of his body presses against my softness, and I have to bite back a moan. If his hand moved just a few inches, he could touch me right where I'm suddenly aching for him.

“What are you thinking about?” Brody murmurs into my ear.

I bite my lip, debating how honest to be. “I'm thinking about how I shouldn't enjoy this as much as I do.”

He tightens his hand on my waist. “And why's that?”

“You know why. This—us—it's complicated.”

“Only if we let it be.”

I want to argue, to list all the reasons why this is a bad idea. But with his body pressed against mine and his scent enveloping me, I can't remember a single one of them.

So instead I change the subject. “What are you thinking?”

Brody slides his hand up my back and threads his fingers into my hair beneath the cowboy hat. He angles my face to his, our lips a mere breath apart.

“I'm thinking that you look good in my hat.”

Heat rushes through me at his words and his touch. I can't think straight when he's this close.

I swallow hard, my body trembling against his. “Maybe I’ll keep it.”

His eyes drop to my mouth. “Maybe I’ll let you.”

And then he kisses me.

I’ve always wondered what it would feel like to be kissed senseless on a dance floor while an old country song played in the background. Now I know.

And it’s even better than I imagined.

Brody’s lips move skillfully over mine, his tongue teasing and tasting. He kisses me like he’s been starving for it, like he wants to devour me whole. And I let him. I open for him, welcoming the deep thrust of his tongue, the nip of his teeth.

I slide my hands up his chest to grip his broad shoulders, holding on for dear life as he expertly explores my mouth. He tastes like whiskey and temptation. I can’t get enough.

Every swipe of his tongue against mine sends a little zing of pleasure straight to my clit. Liquid heat pools low in my belly, and my thighs clench with need. I’ve never been so thoroughly kissed in my life.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

When we finally break apart, we're both breathing hard. Brody's hand slides from my waist to the small of my back. "I'm taking you home."

"Oh, I can call a cab?—"

"Not a chance."

Brody keeps his hand on my back as he leads me off the dance floor. We pass by a booth where Brody's brothers and Melody are watching us with amused expressions.

"I'm taking Savannah home." Brody nods at Luke. "You good to drive everybody else back?"

Luke grins, a knowing glint in his eye. "Yeah, I'm good. You two go on ahead."

Wyatt chuckles, his arm draped around Melody's shoulders. "We should probably get going too. This one is practically falling asleep over here." He tilts his head toward Melody, who is leaning heavily against his side, her eyelids drooping.

Melody rouses herself enough to protest. "I am not." But then, as if on cue, a sleepy yawn escapes her lips.

Wyatt shakes his head, an indulgent smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "Come on, Princess, let's get you home."

In one smooth motion, he scoops Melody into his strong arms. She lets out a little squeak of surprise before looping her arms around his neck and snuggling into his

broad chest.

The crisp night air hits my face as we step outside the bar and I shiver a little. Brody must notice because he shrugs off his thick ranch jacket and drapes it over my shoulders. The heavy material envelops me, surrounding me with his scent and his warmth.

“You don’t have to do that. I’m fine, really.”

Brody opens the passenger door for me. “I like seeing you in my clothes.”

My belly flutters at his words and the heated look in his eyes. I climb up into the cab of his truck, trying not to think about how intimate it feels to be wearing his hat and jacket, to have his scent wrapped around me.

The drive back to my house is both too long and too short.

Brody keeps his hand on my thigh as he drives, the heat of his touch seeping through my jeans. The weight of it feels possessive. Like he’s staking his claim on me for all the world to see. Or at least anyone who happens to glance into the cab of his truck.

Part of me wants it to last forever, to stay cocooned in this moment. But another part is desperate to escape the tension simmering between us before I do something reckless. Like climb into his lap and beg him to have his way with me.

By the time Brody pulls into my driveway, my body is wound tight with anticipation and nerves.

“Wait there.” He puts the truck in park. “I’ll get your door.”

He hops out and walks around to my side, then opens the door and offers me his

hand. I take it and let him help me down.

“Thanks for driving me home,” I say as we walk side by side up the porch steps. I lick my lips nervously and reach up to take off his cowboy hat. “I should probably give this back to you.”

But Brody’s hand shoots out, his fingers circling my wrist to stop me. “Keep them. They look better on you anyway.”

Then he leans down and brushes his lips against mine in a soft kiss.

This one is different than the one he gave me at the bar. It’s less urgent but more tender and still makes my knees embarrassingly wobbly.

He pulls back just enough to rest his forehead against mine, his hand cupping my cheek. “Good night, Savannah, I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Good night, Brody.”

I watch him walk away, my heart racing. As soon as he’s out of sight, I fumble with my keys and rush inside.

My mind is reeling. I lean against the closed door, touching my lips where I can still feel the pressure of Brody’s kiss.

“How was Pitcher’s Brew?”

The deep, amused voice startles me, and I nearly jump out of my skin. My eyes dart to the living room, where my brother Liam is lounging on the couch.

## Page 13

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

I clutch my chest, willing my racing heart to calm down. “Liam! You scared me half to death. What are you doing here?”

He ignores my question, his gaze zeroing in on the cowboy hat and jacket I’m wearing. “I’d imagine Pitcher’s Brew was more than satisfactory, considering you’re wearing Brody Clayton’s clothes.”

My cheeks flush with embarrassment. “How did you know they were his?”

Liam chuckles darkly and holds up his phone. “It’s all over social media. Apparently you two put on quite the show tonight.”

My stomach drops, and I fumble for my phone with shaking hands. Sure enough, when I open up Instagram, I’m greeted with photos of Brody and me. Dancing, him putting his hat on my head, walking out of the bar together.

I groan, rubbing my temples. This is a disaster. If my parents see these...

“I also heard you’re writing a story about him now.” Liam crosses his arms over his chest. “Getting real close to the enemy, aren’t you?”

I grit my teeth, silently cursing small-town gossip. “He’s not the enemy. And what I do with my personal life is none of your business.”

“The hell it isn’t. You’re my sister. And Brody Clayton is a cocky bastard who’s hated our family for years.” Liam stands up and tosses his phone on the couch. “What are you thinking, Savannah?”

“I’m thinking that I’m a grown woman who can make her own decisions.” I curl my hands into fists at my sides.

“Not when those decisions could affect our whole family.”

Anger surges through me at Liam’s words. I step toward him, glaring up into his face. “How dare you. My writing has nothing to do with our family. This is about my career. I’m doing an important story.”

“Right.” He scoffs. “Important. Is that what you call rubbing up on Brody Clayton in a bar for everyone to see? You’re making a fool of yourself over that arrogant prick.”

“I’m not a fool. And I’m not ‘rubbing up’ on anyone. We danced together, so what? It’s not a crime.”

Liam’s jaw clenches. “It is when he’s a Clayton. Have you forgotten what that family has done to us? To Dad? Where’s your loyalty, Savannah?”

“Ugh! When are you going to let go of this stupid feud? It’s ancient history.”

“That feud is our legacy. Grandpa Sullivan?—”

“Is dead.” My words are harsh, I know. “Along with whatever imagined slight started this whole thing. It’s time to move on.”

Liam sets his jaw stubbornly. “Brody is only interested in one thing when it comes to you. And it sure as hell isn’t an interview for some fluff piece.”

“You don’t know that. You don’t know him.”

“I know his type. Hell, I’ve been his type.” Liam runs a hand through his hair in

frustration. “He’s going to chew you up and spit you out.”

“I’m a big girl, Liam. I can take care of myself. I’m writing this article, and I’m going to keep seeing Brody. So you might as well get over it.” I square my shoulders and meet his gaze head-on. “Because there’s nothing you can do about it.”

With that, I turn on my heel and march upstairs.

I slam my bedroom door behind me and toss my purse onto my bed. Then I shrug out of Brody’s jacket and gently set his hat down on the shelf above it.

My phone buzzes with an incoming text. I dig my phone out of my pocket and see Brody’s name on the screen. My heart skips a beat as I open the message.

It’s a photo from tonight at the bar, clearly taken by someone else there. In it, Brody and I are facing each other on the dance floor. His cowboy hat sits atop my head, and we’re standing so close that our chests are nearly touching. My head is tilted back as I gaze up at him.

But it’s the look on Brody’s face that makes my heart stutter in my chest.

He’s gazing down at me with a hunger that scorches me to my core. There’s something else in his expression too, something tender and almost reverent. Like I’m precious to him.

Like I’m his entire world.

And that’s when I keep scrolling and notice the accompanying message from Brody below the photo.



It's a single word.

Mine.

Chapter Five

**BRODY**

"I don't know about you, but I am officially stuffed," Savannah says as I swipe the hotel keycard and push open the door to our suite.

I chuckle as I follow her inside. "I'm glad you enjoyed dinner, sweetheart. I wanted tonight to be perfect for you."

It's Saturday night, and Savannah and I just returned to our hotel after having dinner at the most expensive restaurant in town.

Savannah kicks off her high heels and pads across the plush carpet in her bare feet toward the expansive windows that stretch from floor to ceiling. She pulls back the gauzy curtain and lets out a soft gasp.

"Brody, this view...it's breathtaking," she whispers.

I have to agree. The night sky is awash with twinkling stars that seem close enough to touch. The full moon hangs low while the lights from the town glimmer in the valley below.

I walk up behind her and slide my arms around her waist, enjoying the way her supple curves feel pressed against my body. “It really is something else,” I murmur as I nuzzle her neck. I breathe in the sweet scent of her perfume. “Almost as beautiful as you.”

“Still, it’s too much. You didn’t have to go through all this trouble for me. The five-star restaurant, this incredible suite...”

“I wanted to,” I assure her, tucking a strand of her silky hair behind her ear. “I like spoiling my girl.”

Savannah turns in my arms to face me. Her green eyes sparkle in the moonlight. “Your girl?”

“Yeah, baby. My girl.” I caress her cheek. “I want you to be mine, sweetheart. Not just for tonight. But for real.”

Savannah’s lips part in surprise and I capture her mouth in a deep kiss. She melts against me, her arms coming up to wrap around my neck as she kisses me back just as fiercely.

I skim my hands down her back to cup her round ass and give it a possessive squeeze. “Damn, your ass is perfect. You have no idea how long I’ve wanted to do this.”

Savannah reaches between us and rubs the bulge straining against my pants and smirks. “Mmm,” she purrs seductively. “Does this mean you’re ready to collect on our bet and have your way with me?”

I groan as her fingers trace my hard length through the fabric. “Fuck, yes,” I rasp. “I’ve been half-hard all night just thinking about getting you naked in this bed.”

“Oh really?” she looks up and gives me a coy smile. “What else were you thinking about?”

I fix her with a heated stare. “You really want to know?”

Savannah swallows hard. “I really want to know.”

I press my lips to her ear. “I’ve been thinking about licking you from ass to clit. About claiming every inch of this sweet little body of yours. I’ve been thinking about how it will feel to make you come on my fingers and then my tongue. I’ve been thinking about shoving my thick cock deep inside your soaked little pussy over and over until you’re begging me to stop.”

Savannah’s cheeks flush pink at my words and I chuckle at her reaction. “You asked, sweetheart,” I remind her with a wicked grin.

But then she surprises me by pressing her soft curves fully against my hard body. She trails a finger down my chest, her nail scraping lightly over my shirt.

“You’re right. I did ask.” Her voice is low and breathy. “Because I want it. I want you to do all of that to me.”

Fuck.

I love how confident Savannah is. Knowing that this gorgeous woman wants me just as much as I want her is a huge turn-on.

I trace my thumb over her full bottom lip. “Then strip.”

Savannah’s eyes go dark with lust at my command. Without breaking eye contact, she reaches behind her neck and slowly unzips her dress. The silky fabric slithers

down her body to pool at her feet, revealing a black lace strapless bra and matching panties. My cock throbs at the sight.

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“Keep going,” I urge.

Savannah reaches back to unclasp her bra. Her heavy breasts spill free and my hands itch to touch them, to feel their weight in my palms. But I resist, wanting to savor the show she’s putting on for me.

Next, she hooks her thumbs into the sides of her panties and shimmies them down her long legs.

“Fuck, baby,” I groan, drinking in the sight of her naked body. “You’re perfection.”

My gaze rakes over her full tits, soft waist, and flaring hips. Between her thighs, her pussy is bare and glistening with arousal. I lick my lips, already imagining how she’ll taste when I bury my face between her legs.

“Lie back on the bed and spread yourself open for me,” I command. “I want to see that pussy.”

Savannah’s thighs part instantly. The sight of her, open and waiting for me, nearly brings me to my knees.

“Gorgeous. Now, touch yourself for me. Let me see you how you get yourself off when you’re alone.”

Savannah’s blush deepens but she does as I say, trailing her fingertips down her body until she’s circling her clit. She lets out a breathy little moan that shoots straight to my cock.

“That’s it, baby.” I palm myself through my jeans as I watch her. “Just like that. You’re so fucking sexy.”

Savannah’s hips start to undulate as she rubs herself faster. Her other hand comes up to knead her tits, tugging and pinching her rosy nipples until they pebble under her touch.

I groan low in my throat. “You have no idea what you do to me, baby. I’m so fucking hard right now.”

She gives me a coy smile. “I want to see what I’m doing to you.”

I don’t hesitate, dropping my pants and boxers in one swift motion.

My cock springs free and I wrap my hand around my thick shaft and lazily stroke myself from root to tip. “Like what you see?”

She swallows hard. “You’re so big. I’m not sure if?—”

“It’ll fit.”

“But I?—”

“Trust me, honey.” My eyes lock on hers as I continue to stroke myself. “We’ll make it fit. Even if it takes all night. You just focus on making a mess over there. Help me slide in deep.”

Savannah starts to whimper as her fingers move faster.

“You like this, don’t you?” I growl. “You like putting on a show for your man.”

“Yes.” She moans and arches her back. “I love you watching me.”

“Tell me what you’re thinking about. What’s making that sweet pussy so wet, baby?”

She slips a finger inside her clenching hole. “I’m thinking about your big cock stretching me open.”

My dick jerks in my hand at her words. I love that my girl gives as good as she gets when it comes to dirty talk.

“Is that what you want? My big cock filling up that tight little hole until you cream all over it?”

“Yes, Brody.” The desperation in her voice nearly makes me burst into flames.

“That’s what I want.” Her hips start to buck off the bed, and I can tell she’s close.

“Don’t you dare come yet,” I growl. “I want my tongue inside you when you do.”

“But I don’t think I?—”

“I said wait, baby.”

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*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

Panting, Savannah removes her hand from between her legs. A needy whine escapes her.

“Good girl.” I pump my fist over my cock as I drink in the delicious sight of her splayed out before me. Her body is flushed and trembling, her perfect tits heaving with each ragged breath.

I’ve never been more turned on in my life.

“Spread your legs wider,” I instruct. “Hold yourself open for me. I want to see everything.”

Savannah reaches down and uses her fingers to spread her glistening folds apart, giving me an unobstructed view of her soaked pink flesh. Her opening is fluttering wildly and her clit is swollen and throbbing.

“Look at you. So wet and ready for me. I’m going to taste you until you’re shaking and coming all over my face.”

Groaning, I drop to my knees before her. I hook my arms under her thighs and yank her to the edge of the bed. “Hold yourself open for me just like that. Don’t move your hands.”

Savannah whimpers but obeys, using her fingers to keep her glistening folds spread wide. Unable to resist any longer, I bury my face between her legs.

“Fuck, you taste incredible,” I growl against her flesh. “So sweet. I could feast on you



for hours.”

“Oh, yes,” Savannah gasps, fisting her hands in my hair as she grinds against my face. “Don’t stop!”

I have no intention of stopping. I lap at Savannah’s pussy like a man starved.

Her thighs start to tremble, and I slide two fingers deep inside her, curling them just right as I suck on her clit. Savannah’s back arches off the bed, a strangled cry escaping her lips as she climaxes.

I pull back and wipe my mouth with the back of my hand as I admire my handiwork. Savannah looks utterly wrecked, her chest heaving as she tries to catch her breath. Her eyes flutter open, meeting mine. The hunger I see there matches my own.

I brush a strand of hair from her face. “We’re just getting started, baby.”

## Chapter Six

### SAVANNAH

I gaze up at Brody as he positions himself between my thighs. The moonlight streaming through the window highlights every chiseled muscle of his bare chest.

I’ve never seen a man so utterly gorgeous.

He looks down at me with a predatory gleam in his eyes that makes heat pool low in my belly. As he lines himself up, I can’t help but marvel at his impressive size. A thrill of nervous excitement runs through me.

Brody leans down, his lips brushing my ear as he whispers, “Can I fuck you bare,

honey? I want to feel all of you tonight. Nothing between us.”

I reach up to run my hands over his broad shoulders, reveling in the feel of his warm skin beneath my palms. I’ve never had sex without protection before. A part of me knows I should probably say no. But looking into Brody’s eyes, seeing the raw need there, I nod.

A triumphant smile curves Brody’s lips. “Tell me you want it, Savannah. I need to hear you say it.”

Heat floods my cheeks. “I want you inside me, Brody. No condom. Please.”

I can’t help the gasp that escapes me as Brody plunges deep inside. He’s thick and deliciously hard, stretching me in ways I’ve never experienced before.

“Fuck, Savannah.” He growls in my ear and moves his hips. “You feel amazing. So tight and wet for me.”

His words send a wave of arousal gushing through me. I’ve never been one for dirty talk, but hearing those filthy things in Brody’s deep, gravelly voice is doing things to me.

He starts fucking me harder, his powerful body driving into mine. I wrap my legs around his waist to pull him closer. The friction is incredible, and each thrust hits spots I didn’t even know existed.

Brody throws his head back and groans. “Goddamn, this pussy fucks like a dream. I always knew it would. I always knew it would feel just like this.”

I moan in response, unable to form coherent words. The raw passion, the intensity. It’s overwhelming in the best possible way.

Suddenly, I feel a familiar tension building. “Brody, I think I’m going to?—”

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*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

“Not yet.” His voice is commanding as he cuts me off. “I want you to wait. Can you do that for me?”

I nod, biting my lip. The need for release is almost painful, but I’ll do anything he asks.

Suddenly, Brody shifts our position and lifts my legs over his shoulders. The new angle allows him to penetrate even deeper.

Then, he wraps his hand lightly around my throat.

My breath catches. But it’s not from fear, it’s from a surge of unexpected arousal. I’ve never been into anything like this before, but with Brody, it feels right. I trust him completely, and I know that he would never hurt me.

As he continues to thrust, I lose myself in the sensations. The pressure of his hand on my throat, the fullness of him inside me, the intensity in his eyes as he watches me—it’s all too much and not enough at the same time.

“Oh, Brody.” I grip his muscular shoulders. “Right there, please don’t stop.”

“I’m not gonna stop, baby.” Brody’s pace is relentless. “Take all of me. You’re mine now.”

The possessiveness in his tone should bother me, but it only turns me on more. I’ve never felt so desired, so completely claimed by someone. I feel my climax start to build rapidly. “Brody, I’m so close. Please, please, please. I need to come. Please let

me come.”

His grip on my throat tightens just enough to make my pulse race.

“Do it. Since you asked me so nicely. Do it, Savannah. Come for me. Let me watch you fall apart.”

With one more perfectly angled thrust, I shatter.

Waves of pleasure crash over me as I cry out Brody’s name, my body clenching around him. It’s more intense than anything I’ve ever experienced before. Brody is right behind me, spilling into me in hot spurts while he groans my name.

As I come down from my high, Brody gathers me into his arms and pulls me against his broad chest. I nestle into his warmth, feeling utterly sated and surprisingly emotional.

“That was...” I trail off, searching for words. “Brody, that was amazing. I’ve never felt anything like it.”

He presses a tender kiss to my forehead, a contrast to the roughness of our lovemaking. “You’re amazing, Savannah. I knew you would be.”

As we drift off to sleep together, I can’t help but wonder what this means for us. Can a Clayton and a Sullivan really make this work? But for now, wrapped in Brody’s strong arms, I push those thoughts aside and let myself enjoy the moment.

When I wake up the next morning, sunlight spills through the gaps in the hotel curtains the next morning. I turn, expecting to feel Brody next to me, but his side of the bed is empty. The sound of the shower running drifts from the bathroom.

I stretch languidly, my body deliciously sore in all the right places. After a few minutes, the bathroom door opens, pulling me from my thoughts. Brody emerges with a towel slung low on his hips. Water droplets cling to his broad chest, and his damp hair curls at the nape of his neck.

He grins when he sees me awake. “Morning, sunshine.”

I can’t help but return his smile. “Morning, yourself.”

Brody crosses to the bed, his eyes darkening as he takes in my naked form tangled in the sheets. “You look good enough to eat.” He lets the towel drop to the floor and leans down to kiss me, one hand slipping beneath the covers to skim along my thigh.

But before we can get carried away, my stomach growls loudly.

Brody pulls back with a chuckle. “Guess I better feed you first.” He presses a quick kiss to my nose. “Shower’s all yours. Then we’ll rustle up some breakfast.”

As he turns to get dressed, I catch his hand. “Brody...”

He looks at me expectantly, but I hesitate, unsure how to put my swirling emotions into words.

I swallow hard, settling for a safer truth. “Last night was amazing.”

His eyes soften, and he lifts my hand to his mouth and brushes a kiss across my knuckles. “It was. And it’s just the beginning, Savannah. Trust me.”

With a wink, he releases me and starts pulling on his clothes. I watch him for a moment, blown away at the easy intimacy between us. The sense of rightness.

Then, with a sigh, I drag myself out of bed. The shower calls, as does my growling stomach.

*Source Creation Date: July 19, 2025, 5:05 pm*

The hotel spray of the hotel shower does little to quell my racing thoughts as I lather up. Brody's touch still lingers on my skin, igniting a longing I've never experienced before. It's as if he's unlocked a hidden part of me, one I didn't even know existed.

After wrapping myself in a fluffy towel, I step out of the bathroom, tendrils of steam swirling around me. Brody looks up from where he's lounging on the bed, his eyes darkening as they sweep over me.

Just as Brody opens his mouth, no doubt to suggest we skip breakfast altogether, my phone trills loudly from the nightstand. Cursing under my breath, I snatch it up, my heart sinking when I see my editor Evelyn's name flashing on the screen.

"Hey, Evelyn. What's up?"

"Savannah, we have a problem." Evelyn's normally unflappable tone holds an edge of panic. "Liam called. He's threatening to pull all the Sullivan ads if we run your Brody Clayton piece."

I sink onto the bed, my legs suddenly boneless. "What? He can't do that!"

Evelyn sighs heavily. "Unfortunately, he can. Your family's ad contract gives them a lot of sway. Liam's playing hardball, Savannah."

Fury and disbelief war within me, constricting my throat. Liam has always been overprotective, but this is beyond the pale. Meddling in my career and my life, like I'm still a child who needs her hand held.



“Evelyn, this article is literally my first piece with the magazine.” I barely manage to speak through gritted teeth.

“I know, honey. And your piece is fantastic. But we can’t afford to lose the Sullivan account. It’s not just my call.”

My stomach twists painfully, a toxic cocktail of anger and hurt churning inside me. How could Liam do this? How could he sabotage me like this?

Brody’s hand on my shoulder startles me back to the present. I glance up to find his brow furrowed in concern.

I bury my face in my hands, hot tears stinging my eyes. What a mess. How did it come to this? How did a simple profile piece become a battleground in a war I never signed up for?

The Sullivans and the Claytons, we’re not so different. We’re both proud, stubborn, and fiercely loyal to our own. We both love this land, this way of life. And yet, we’ve let the sins of the past poison the present.

My family will never understand. No matter what I say, they’ll see this article as proof that I’ve chosen the enemy over my own blood. And maybe they’re right. Maybe I am choosing Brody.

But it’s more than that. It’s about choosing myself, my career, and my integrity as a journalist. It’s about recognizing that this feud, this bitter grudge that’s dictated so much of our lives, is utterly ridiculous.

Brody’s hand on my knee pulls me from my thoughts. Wordlessly, he plucks the phone from my white-knuckled grip. “It’s not fair. Them putting you in this position.”

I nod, not trusting my voice.

“But Savannah”—he tightens his grip—“you can’t let them win. This article, it’s bigger than just us. It’s your chance to show the world who you really are.”

His words hit home, resonating deep in my chest. He’s right. This is my chance, my moment to prove that I’m more than just a Sullivan. That I’m a real journalist, with a voice that deserves to be heard.

I straighten my shoulders, resolve solidifying in my gut. I won’t back down. Not this time.

Determination fills me. “I’m running the article.”

A slow smile spreads across Brody’s face, pride shining in his eyes.

“That’s my girl.”

As I melt into his embrace, I feel a weight lift from my shoulders. Come what may, I know I’m making the right choice.

For myself. For my future.

Brody’s lips quirk into a mischievous smile as he pulls back from the kiss. “You know”—he trails his fingers up my thigh—“I can think of a much more enjoyable way to take your mind off things.”

“Oh really?” I arch a brow. “And what might that be?”

His grin widens, eyes glinting with promise. “How about I show you?”

In one swift motion, he scoops me up into his arms. I let out a surprised laugh and instinctively wrap my arms around his neck.

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As Brody's lips trail down my neck, I allow myself to get lost in the sensation. To forget about the expectations and obligations waiting for me outside this room. Right now, there's only this. Only us. Savannah and Brody.

Two people finding solace, finding connection, in each other's arms.

### Chapter Seven

#### BRODY

The smell of bacon and coffee hits me as I push open the kitchen door. It's Sunday morning, and my family's weekly brunch is in full swing. Before I can even sit down, a little tornado with pigtails comes barreling toward me.

"Uncle Brody!" Maisey squeals and latches onto my legs.

I scoop her up, my arms easily encircling her tiny frame. "Hey, munchkin. How was your sleepover with your ballet friends?"

Maisey giggles, her gap-toothed grin infectious. "It was so fun, Uncle Brody! We practiced our dance moves and talked about the recital!"

"Sounds like you had a blast." I ruffle her hair. "Is the recital coming up soon?"

"Uh-huh! And guess what? Daddy's a Tutu Trooper now!"

This catches my attention. "A Tutu Trooper, huh? What's that?"

“It’s when the parents help at ballet class.” She turns to Luke. “Right, Daddy?”

Luke clears his throat, still focused on the pancakes. “Right, sweetheart.”

“It was supposed to be just for moms, but then my teacher Ms. Jasmyn said Daddy could be one too!”

I raise an eyebrow, intrigued. “Is that so?”

“Yeah! Daddy’s the only dad, but she let him join anyway. He volunteered really fast when Ms. Jasmyn asked!”

Luke’s ears turn red. “They just needed help. That’s all.”

Wyatt leans forward and smirks mischievously. “Ms. Jasmyn, huh? I don’t think I’ve heard you mention that name before.”

“She’s my ballet teacher!” Maisey chirps. “And she’s really pretty and nice and Daddy said she’s?—”

“Time to get washed up for breakfast, Maisey,” Luke interrupts as he sets a plate of pancakes on the table.

I make my way to the table, nodding hellos to Jace and Wyatt. Melody’s there too, carefully arranging place settings. She looks up at me with a sparkle in her eye. “Where’s Savannah?”

“She’s finishing up some work at the magazine. Said she’d swing by later if she can wrap it up in time.”

I settle into my usual spot, then pause. There’s an extra chair pulled up right next to

mine.

My chest tightens as I realize what it means. They've made a place for her, without me even asking.

It's such a small thing, but it hits me hard. After everything that's gone down between our families, I wasn't sure how my brothers would react to the idea of me dating a Sullivan. But this is my family accepting Savannah as one of us, no questions asked.

I run my hand over the back of the chair, picturing Savannah sitting there, laughing with my brothers and Melody and Maisey. It feels right. Like she belongs here.

Wyatt notices I've gone quiet. "You okay there, bro?"

I clear my throat. "Yeah. Thanks for, uh, saving Savannah a spot."

Wyatt claps me on the shoulder. "Of course. She's important to you. That makes her important to us."

As we start passing around the plates, Jace's eyes lock onto mine. "Speaking of Savannah, how did things go with your date?"

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Luke nods toward Maisey and gives me a pointed look. “PG version please.”

I can’t help but chuckle. “Things went great. But we’ve hit a bit of a snag with her brother Liam. He’s threatening to pull all the Sullivan ads from Fit Mountain Monthly if Savannah runs her article about me.” I stab a potato with more force than necessary. “He wants someone else to write it. Anyone but her.”

Luke looks confused by that. “Why’s he so against her writing it?”

“He thinks she can’t be objective. That she’ll make me look too good and the Sullivans too bad.”

Wyatt scoffs. “Like any other writer in this town wouldn’t be biased against us Claytons.”

I nod, feeling a surge of frustration. “Exactly. Savannah’s the only one who’d give me a fair shake. But Liam can’t see past his own damn prejudice.”

Melody’s eyes soften. “What does Savannah plan to do?”

“She wants to write it anyway.” I’m unable to keep the pride out of my voice. “Says she won’t let Liam or anyone else dictate her career choices.”

Wyatt grins, raising his glass in a mock toast. “Sounds like your kind of woman.”

I grin back. “She really is.”

As the meal winds down, I start clearing plates. Wyatt catches my eye, jerking his head toward the back porch. I nod and follow him out.

The cool air hits us as Wyatt leans against the railing. “So, this thing with Savannah. It’s serious, huh?”

I don’t hesitate. “Pretty serious, yeah.”

Wyatt’s eyes lock onto mine. “Then you fight for her. If she means that much to you, you don’t let her slip away because of some family feud bullshit.”

“I don’t plan to.”

“Good.” Wyatt nods. “Because a woman like that? She’s worth going to war for.”

As I head back inside, Wyatt’s words echo in my mind. He’s right. Savannah’s not just some fling. She’s it for me. And I’ll be damned if I let anyone, Liam included, come between us.

I feel a surge of determination as I finish cleaning up. Savannah is my woman, and I’m going to make damn sure everyone knows it. Whatever comes our way, we’ll face it together.

Hours later, I guide the mare through a series of exercises, my hands firm on the reins. Savannah’s leaning against the fence, her curves accentuated by her tight jeans and flannel shirt.

“Any word from Liam?” I keep my voice steady despite the tension coiling in my gut.

Savannah shakes her head, her brow furrowing. “No. He’s as stubborn as a mule. Won’t budge an inch on his threat to pull the ads.”



I feel a flare of anger. “What’s your next move?” I press, urging the horse into a trot.

“Well, I’m not backing down. This article means too much. It’s not just about you or the rodeo. It’s about standing up for what I believe in as a journalist.”

Pride swells in my chest. That’s my girl—fierce and unyielding. “I’ve got your back, darlin’. No matter what.”

Savannah’s eyes soften. “I know you do, Brody.” She pauses, chewing her lip. “I’m meeting with Evelyn tomorrow. I’m hoping she’ll support me, even if it means risking those ad dollars.”

I bring the mare to a halt, considering. “You think she will?”

“I don’t know. But Evelyn’s always encouraged me to chase the hard stories. To dig deep and find the truth. I’m hoping that spirit wins out over the bottom line.”

I dismount, handing the reins to a nearby stable hand. Crossing to Savannah, I cup her face in my hands. “Listen to me. You’re the best damn journalist in this county. If anyone can make Evelyn see the importance of this story, it’s you.”

Savannah leans into my touch. “You really think so?”

“I know so. You’ve got fire in your belly and steel in your spine. Don’t let anyone douse that flame. Not Liam, not Evelyn, not anyone.”

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A slow smile spreads across Savannah's face. "When did you get so wise, cowboy?"

I grin, pulling her close. "Must be all that time I spend with horses. They're pretty good listeners."

As I lead the mare back to the barn, Savannah falls into step beside me. Our hands brush as we walk, and my heart kicks up a notch.

We enter the barn, the familiar scents of hay and leather wrapping around us. My heart starts racing again but for a different reason now. I've got something to show her, something that's been burning a hole in my pocket all day.

After settling the mare into her stall, I turn to Savannah. I can't keep the mischievous grin off my face. "I've got something to show you."

Her eyebrows shoot up. "Oh? What is it?"

"Close your eyes."

Savannah obliges, a smile playing on her lips. I take a deep breath, steeling myself. This is it. I slowly roll up my sleeve, revealing the fresh ink on my forearm.

"Okay, open them."

Her eyes flutter open, then widen as she takes in the tattoo. It's a delicate design, intertwining our initials with a small horseshoe. A symbol of our love and the life we're building together.

“Brody.” She traces the lines with her fingers. “It’s beautiful.”

“I wanted something permanent. Something to show you that I’m in this for the long haul. No matter what comes our way.”

Savannah looks up at me, her eyes shining. “I love it.”

I pull her close, overwhelmed by the depth of my feelings for this woman. “Good. Because I love you, Savannah.”

I can’t hold back any longer. I pull Savannah into my arms and crash my lips against hers. The kiss is all fire and need. I back her up against the wall of the empty stall, pinning her with my body. “I want you so bad, baby.” I growl the words against her mouth.

Savannah tugs me closer. “Then take me.”

I don’t need to be told twice. I find the hem of her shirt and lift it over her head. I skim my palms over her soft skin, marveling at how perfectly she fits against me.

I take a moment to drink in the sight of her. “I will never get tired of looking at you. You’re so fucking gorgeous Savannah.”

Savannah fumbles with the buttons of my flannel. “Off,” she demands. “I need to feel you.”

I help her, shrugging out of my shirt. The moment we’re skin to skin, it’s like a jolt of electricity. I can’t get enough of her.

“Wrap your legs around me.”

Savannah complies without hesitation. I lift her, supporting her weight easily. She feels so right in my arms, like she was made for me. I carry her to a pile of fresh hay in the corner.

“You want to do it right here?” Savannah’s voice holds a mix of excitement and nervousness.

“Right here.” I lay her down gently. “I can’t wait another second to have you.”

I sink into Savannah’s warmth, and we both gasp at the intensity. Her body welcomes me, tight and perfect.

“Fuck, you feel amazing.”

Savannah’s eyes lock onto mine, dark with desire. “You fill me so good, Brody.”

I start to move, thrusting steadily. Each stroke is deliberate, pouring all my love and passion into her. Savannah’s hips rise to meet mine, matching my rhythm perfectly.

“That’s it, baby. Take what you need from me.”

She digs her nails into my back, spurring me on. The slight pain only heightens my pleasure. I can’t believe how responsive she is and how perfectly we fit together.

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“Harder. I need more.”

I oblige, picking up the pace. The hay rustles beneath us with each thrust. Sweat beads on my skin as I drive us both higher.

“You’re mine.” Possessiveness surges through me. “Say it, Savannah.”

“I’m yours. All yours, Brody.”

Her words push me closer to the edge. I can feel her tightening around me, her release building.

“Come for me, honey. I know you want to. Come all over my cock.”

Savannah cries out, her body tensing as pleasure washes over her. The sight of her coming undone triggers my own release. We cling to each other, riding out the waves of ecstasy together.

As our breathing slows, I press a tender kiss to her forehead and hold her close.

“Everything’s gonna be okay. I’m your man now, and I’ll make damn sure of it.”

### Chapter Eight

### SAVANNAH

I smile and nod as my sister Haley passes the mashed potatoes, but my thoughts are a

million miles away.

Or more precisely, in the barn earlier today, wrapped in Brody's strong arms.

“Savannah? Did you hear what I said?”

My eyes snap open to find Dad frowning at me from the head of the table. “Sorry, what was that?”

He exchanges a look with Liam. “I was asking your opinion on selling those fifty acres to the Gibsons. Reckon it's a good deal or should we hold out for more?”

I scramble to gather my wits, pushing thoughts of Brody aside. “Um, well, land prices have been rising. It might be smart to wait.”

Dad gives an approving nod. “My thought exactly. No need to be hasty.”

As the conversation shifts to preparations for the upcoming cattle auction, I try to focus. But my mind keeps wandering back to Brody like a compass seeking north.

I cut into my steak, determined to act normal, but I can feel Liam's eyes boring into me from across the table. He knowssomething is up. I avoid his gaze, my heart hammering in my chest.

I should be grateful he hasn't ratted me out to Mom and Dad about Brody yet. If they knew their daughter was sneaking around with a Clayton, all hell would break loose. I'd be in for the lecture of a lifetime. Or worse, they might try to stop me from seeing him altogether.

But I can tell from the tight set of Liam's jaw and the accusatory arch of his brow that he's just itching to tattle on me. It's only a matter of time before he opens his big

mouth. I need to get my story straight before that happens.

A sharp knock at the front door cuts into my thoughts.

My mother's chair scrapes against the hardwood floor as she rises to answer the door. I take a sip of water, trying to calm my nerves. But then I hear a familiar deep voice rumbling from the entryway and my heart leaps into my throat.

“Good evening, Mrs. Sullivan. I need to speak with your husband. It's important.”

Brody. He's here.

“I think you'd better come inside, dear,” she replies.

Footsteps echo down the hall as my mother leads Brody into the dining room. I keep my eyes glued to my plate, afraid to look up. Afraid of what I might see in his eyes. Afraid of what my family will see in mine.

“What's he doing here?” Liam demands, his chair clattering back as he shoots to his feet.

I risk a glance at Brody. He stands tall and proud in the doorway, his broad shoulders filling out a crisp white button-down shirt. The sleeves are rolled up, revealing his tanned, muscular forearms. His dark hair is tousled, like he's been running his fingers through it. And his blue eyes blaze with determination as they lock onto mine.

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Liam takes an aggressive step toward him, hands balling into fists at his sides. “I asked you a question, Clayton. What the hell are you doing in our house?”

Brody doesn’t even spare him a glance, his gaze still fixed on me. “I’m here to speak with your father. It’s a personal matter.”

“Personal?” Liam scoffs. “Since when do you have personal matters with anyone in this family?”

Dad holds up a hand, silencing Liam’s tirade. “Let the man speak, son.” He turns to Brody, his expression guarded but not entirely hostile. “How can I help you, Mr. Clayton?”

Brody finally tears his gaze away from mine to address my father directly.

“Mr. Sullivan, I’m here to tell you that I’m in love with your daughter.”

My heart feels like it might burst out of my chest. Is he really doing this?

“Savannah is the most incredible woman I’ve ever known. She’s smart, passionate, kind... and I can’t imagine my life without her.” Brody takes a step closer to my father, his gaze unwavering. “I know there’s been bad blood between our families. But I’m willing to do whatever it takes to put that feud to rest. Because your daughter means everything to me.”

Tears prick at the corners of my eyes. I never dared to dream that Brody would be so bold and so honest about his feelings.



“I want to build a future with her. A life together.” Brody’s voice roughens with emotion. “And I’m asking for your blessing, sir.”

Liam lunges forward, his face contorted with rage. “Are you out of your mind, Clayton? You think you can just waltz in here and?—”

“Enough, Liam!” Dad’s booming voice cuts him off mid-sentence. Liam’s mouth snaps shut, but his eyes still blaze with fury. “I won’t have you disrespecting a guest in my home.”

Dad turns back to Brody, his weathered face inscrutable. He studies him for a long moment, the seconds ticking by with agonizing slowness.

Then, miraculously, the hard lines of his face soften. The scowl that’s been etched into his features for as long as I can remember slowly transforms into something else.

Something that looks suspiciously like... understanding.

He nods once, a curt jerk of his head. “Well, Mr. Clayton, I can’t say this is a conversation I ever expected to have.” He rubs a hand over his stubbled jaw. “But I also can’t deny the conviction in your words. It’s plain to see that your feelings for my daughter are genuine.”

He gestures to the empty chair beside me. “Why don’t you have a seat and join us for dinner, son? It seems we have a lot to discuss.”

I gape at my father, hardly able to believe my ears. Did he really just invite Brody to sit down with us? To break bread at our family table like he belongs here?

Brody looks equally stunned, his eyes widening a fraction before he quickly composes himself. “Thank you, sir. I’d be honored.”

Brody crosses the room to stand beside me, finding my hand and lacing our fingers together. “I love you, Savannah Sullivan.” His eyes shine with adoration.

“I love you too, Brody Clayton.” My heart soars with happiness. “Now and always.”

Unable to resist a moment longer, I turn into Brody’s embrace, my lips finding his in a kiss that sets my whole body on fire. He pulls me close, one hand tangling in my hair while the other splays possessively across my lower back.

Dimly, I’m aware of my family watching us, but I can’t bring myself to care. Let them see how much this man means to me. How much I need him.

We finally break apart, both of us breathing hard. As I gaze up at Brody, I feel a profound shift inside me. It’s as if the last of the shadows clouding my heart have finally been chased away, replaced by the radiant light of our love.

Brody keeps my hand clasped firmly in his as he turns to face my family again. “I appreciate you hearing me out, Mr. Sullivan. I know this isn’t easy, putting the past behind us. But I promise I will do everything in my power to make your daughter happy and to be the man she deserves.”

Dad clears his throat gruffly, but I catch the glimmer of respect in his eye. “See that you do, son. Savannah’s happiness is what matters most.”

I can’t help the surge of giddy excitement that bubbles up inside me.

Looking around the room, I realize that the same transformation seems to be reflected on the faces of my family members. Where there was once bitterness and hostility, I now see tentative smiles and misty eyes. The old wounds are beginning to heal. Hope is taking root where hatred once grew. Whatever challenges the future holds, I know we’ll face them together.

Our love has built a bridge between two warring families. And standing hand in hand with my cowboy, I've never felt more ready to cross it.

The End