



The Virgin Cowboy (Cowboys & Virgins 4)

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Category: Erotic, Romance, Western

Description: Dolly Jennings has wanted one man since she was sixteen, but he's kept her at arm's reach. Time has passed and she's all grown up now, with a body that he can't ignore.

Brandon Knight has wanted Dolly for longer than he should have, but he thought she deserved someone better. No longer able to control his desires, he's giving up on staying away, and claiming his woman.

When Brandon finally gives in, can he prove himself worthy of Dolly? Will Dolly throw sass and southern sayings all over the place?

Absolutely!

Warning: This short story is packed full of big hair, a big attitude, and big curves. Dolly holds her own, but the hero always ends up on top. *slow wink* Grab your boots and cowboy hat... We've got a couple of cherries to pop!

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Brandon

“Johnnie Walker. Straight up,” I say, leaning against the bar, not wanting to sit down. I’d been in a saddle all day riding fence lines after the bad storm we’d had, and sitting is the last thing I want to do right now. In fact, all I want to do is shoot whiskey until my body makes me sit. Then I can drag myself to the hotel next door and crash into a mattress that has probably seen better days. But I don’t care. For a night away from the Johnson farm, I’d sleep on a bed of nails.

Fuck, I hate that place. One second I think I’m getting what I want, the next I’m in a living hell. All I ever wanted was to be a foreman and maybe have my own farm one day. I had put having my own farm on the back burner and concentrated on running the Johnson farm for Cash McCallister, but lately things have turned into a living hell, and I’m starting to question if maybe it’s time to move on.

Cash bought the land a few years back because the farm ran along his. I’d been in charge of it since old man Johnson owned it, but it eventually became too much for their family to handle. He sold it off to Cash, and I kept running it for him. I’ve been at Cash’s side for as long as I can remember. He taught me everything I know about working a farm, but this isn’t working for me anymore.

When Cash bought it, he’d let the owners keep the house with a small patch of land around it, but a little over a year ago, Johnson’s daughter June had come home after a bitter divorce. She’s the reason the farm has become so unbearable lately. She’s slowly driving me insane. I’m hoping a weekend away will give me time to reboot.

Staying in a shitty hotel for a few days sounds like paradise right now. Anything to keep June's claws from me. There's only one woman I want digging her nails into me.

Dolly Jennings' face appears in my mind, and I want to groan. All that red hair that I can never seem to pull my eyes away from, and those big dimples that take up her full cheeks. She looks so goddamn sweet. No matter how hard I try, she's never far from my thoughts. The bartender, Jimmy, drops my glass on the bar, breaking me from my spell. He's brought me the only thing that can make me forget about the woman I can't ever have. That little firecracker who's way out of my league. Too sweet for a man my age. Too good for me to be thinking about. Too pure for all the things I want to do to her. But it's been this way since she strolled into my life years ago, easily catching my attention. No one missed Dolly. She'd light up a night with no moon just by smiling.

I pick up the glass of whiskey and shoot it back, feeling the burn of the alcohol move through me. I drop it back down on the old wooden bar, praying it makes the image of her disappear. Although deep down I don't want it to go away. I pause for a second and then decide to order another when June steps in front of me. Great. Here we go.

"Hey, cowboy. Lucky seeing you here." She winks at me, leaning up against the bar and standing a little too close. Her fancy perfume fills my lungs, making my throat burn more than the whiskey did. She's always like this. I never understand what June is up to. Tonight she's dressed in cowboy boots and shorts so short I'm not sure you can call them that. She plays up the cowgirl image in the way she dresses, but I've never seen her work on the land a day in her life.

She's a Beverly Hills cowgirl, if there is even such a thing. June doesn't look like she could last an hour doing real work. Her straight bleach-blond hair is never out of place and her face is covered with too much makeup. June wants to play make believe, and she wants me to pretend with her—something I have no intention of

doing.

“June,” I say, taking a step back, but she follows me.

“Brandon.” She does a little eye-roll, like she’s teasing or we’re playing some flirting game. Her hand comes to my chest. “You still can’t call me JJ? Everyone does.”

Her fake smile lights up her face. I know she can turn it on and off in an instant. I’d seen her do it time and time again to her own parents. She was the reason they’d lost their farm to begin with. They had to sell it to clean up after their daughter. June could spend money faster than a dog could lick his balls.

“I’m not everyone,” I tell her, taking another step back and letting her hand drop away. I don’t want to give her the wrong idea. I think I did that when she’d first come back home to live with her parents. She was a fucking mess, to put it lightly, and I’d felt bad for her one night when she’d caught me out on my porch. She talked about how all she wanted to do was find a good man and to settle down, have a few kids and all that.

I told her I wanted the same thing. Because I did. After spending years around Cash and his wife, Clare, I knew I wanted what they had. A family was something I’d never really had. All I ever had was a drunken father, and the only thing I felt about him was relief when he died. I was eighteen at the time, and thankful I didn’t have to worry about him anymore. It was fucked up, but years of cleaning up after him made it a blessing when he passed. Neither of us had to be miserable anymore.

June had taken it to mean it was something we could have together, and I’ve been trying to get her to see I hadn’t meant I wanted to start a family with

her. But June has always gotten what she wants since she was a little girl, so she can’t understand when people tell her no. She can flip those tears and pouts on and off, but

it does nothing for me.

I glance around the bar, seeing plenty of men eyeing up June. I don't know why she has her sights set on me. I don't see why she doesn't try elsewhere.

"No, you're definitely not everyone," she says in a husky voice, and I wonder if that really works for her. Maybe it does, with how the men around us keep looking at her.

When I start to pull my eyes back to June, I freeze when I see Dolly standing in front of me. Her hand rests on her full hip, and her bright blue eyes are narrowed on me. Those dimples I love are long gone. She looks pissed. Normally she's all smiles when she sees me. Even flirts with me on occasion. I try to avoid it, because unlike with June, I fucking love it when Dolly gives me attention. I crave it, and it's something I shouldn't like. She's too young for me. I repeat it to myself every night when I lie down in bed and stroke myself to the thought of her.

My favorite one, the one that's been killing me recently, is what would happen to those dimples when she'd be on her knees in front of me, my cock in her mouth as she sucked me down her throat. Would they disappear, or would I catch little glimpses of them as she worked her way up and down my dick?

Fuck. I try to push the thought from my head, feeling my cock getting hard. She shouldn't even be in here. She's still a year shy of twenty-one. I thought I'd be safe in a bar, but here she is, standing in front of me. She looks madder than a cat with its tail on fire.

"You're too young to be in here, Dolly," I tell her, looking down at her.

Jesus, she's gorgeous. I just want to reach out and touch her. Run my hand along her creamy skin. See if she's as soft as I've always thought she'd be with all those curves. She's built for a man. The kind of woman you want to come home to every night. To

see standing in your kitchen, barefoot and round with your child. Not a speck of makeup on her face, and her hair wild from chasing after your kids all day. My chest aches with how much I want that image to come true.

“Guess you better step away from this skank and follow me. Make sure I’m safe while I’m here.” She winks before she turns and leaves me standing there. I shouldn’t follow her, but she’s right. There are too many swinging dicks in this place to let her wander around on her own. I’ll just watch her. Make sure she gets home okay.

June tries to grab me as I follow Dolly, but I ignore her. I keep walking, watching Dolly’s lush ass in her tight jeans all the way back to her seat. I watch her sit down with a dark-haired girl, and I take a seat on the other side of her.

“I guess you handled that,” the dark-haired girl says, looking over at me.

“Nobody fucks with what’s mine,” Dolly says.

I grip the side of the bar at her words, fighting to keep myself from touching her. Dolly has always made teasing comments like that over the years. I used to think it was just some crush she had on me, something she’d grow out of. No way a girl like her would want to be saddled with someone ten years older than her. Someone who didn’t even have a name around here. Her family is well known. Everyone knows the Jennings family.

If she keeps throwing that shit at me, she might not like what she gets. She thinks it’s cute and funny, but a man can only take so much. And with the hell I’ve been putting up with lately, I’d love to get lost in Dolly and forget about everything else.

Dolly picks up a glass and starts drinking. I should stop her, but nothing really stops Dolly. She does exactly what she wants. I’ve always liked that about her. Not only does she do what she wants, but she doesn’t wait for it to be handed to her. She works

for it. Goes in like a wild bull, never real sure of what she might do. I'd give up everything for just one small ride. I know I could get with her if I let it happen, but I know she'd ruin me. Hell, there's a part of me she's already ruined. I'll never want anyone else but her.

I watch her drink and laugh with her friend. Slowly closing in on her. I'm not liking that men are starting to glance their way. She looks happy, and she's having a good time. I want to watch her and get lost in this. I could get drunk off her. The thought of another whiskey is long gone. This is all I need.

They both stand up to go and dance, and I'm on my feet. But before I can cut them off, Blake, Dolly's brother, is there punching a man who tried to grab the brunette. When he turns around, his eyes go to her.

"Holy shit. I've never seen Blake lose his temper before." Dolly says exactly what I was thinking. Blake is always laid-back and calm. "She's as good as roped."

I know Dolly means the brunette she's been laughing and drinking with all night. I think she's right.

"Jimmy. We're gonna talk later about you serving them," Blake yells.

That was something I was planning on doing once the bar cleared out. I didn't want to think about Dolly coming in here again and not having me to watch over her. I know people in small towns tend to do what they want, but I was going to make sure Jimmy wasn't serving her.

"I'll give Dolly a ride home, Blake. Make sure she gets there safe," I tell him, seeing he has his hands full already. Plus, I want to make sure she gets home. She isn't staying here.

“Thanks, Brandon. I’d appreciate it,” Blake says to me. Dolly crosses her arms, and I wonder if she’s going to fight me on this. “You sure it’s not too far out of your way?”

“No, it’s fine. Anything to get a break from the Johnson farm. You know how June is.” I roll my eyes, and Dolly purses her lips at the mention of June. I reach out, grabbing Dolly’s arm and feeling her warm, soft skin under my fingers. I can’t help but wonder how I’m going to drive her home without touching her.

2

Dolly

“Don’t do me any favors,” I say, tugging my arm free from Brandon’s touch.

God, all I want to do is climb up his big, hard body and rub against him. I’m like a bear in heat with the way I want to cuddle and have sex with him. I stomp over to my truck and grab the handle. But suddenly Brandon’s hand comes over mine and he’s dangerously close to me again.

Looking up into his big brown eyes, I can tell he wants me. I’ve known it for a long time now. I might be young, but my mama always said I had an old soul. Boys my own age never interested me, and I always hated that. I wanted to fit in and find love, but it just never happened. The day I saw Brandon on the Johnson farm baling hay with no shirt on, I knew my body had finally found its libido.

I was sixteen, and my brother Ty needed to drop off some equipment for Brandon to borrow. I remember seeing him jump down from the back of his truck, all sweaty and tan. I’d never felt so much as a pulse between my legs before that, but the sight of Brandon that day had my heartbeat drumming out a rhythm on my clit. I had to cross my legs to find some relief, pressing the seam of my jeans tight to me. When he came to my side of the truck and took off his hat, that shaggy blond hair fell around his

eyes, and I had to bite my lip to keep from moaning.

Brandon has starred in every fantasy I've ever had. I've masturbated to that man so many times, I named my vibrator after him. It's a tiny little vibe, though, and from what I've seen in outline of his jeans, my baby-daddy is packing some heat.

"I'm not doing you any favors, Dolly. You've had some drinks and I want to make sure you get home safe." His voice is deep, and the sun-kissed crinkles around his eyes make him look like Brad Pitt in *Legends of the Fall*.

"You gonna come tuck me into bed, too?" I say, boldly pushing up against his body, which is so close to mine. I have had a few drinks, so the usually flirtatious manner I adopt when I'm around him is in overdrive. "You'll have to be careful, though, because I sleep naked. Wouldn't want you doing anything you don't want to."

I see his jaw twitch, and I give him a wicked grin. Nothing makes me happier than working him up.

"Goddamn it,?"

?? he says, wrapping his hand around my wrist and tugging me behind him to his truck.

"No need to get all grouchy. You can sleep naked, too, if it will make you feel better—" My words are cut off, and I let out a little squeal as he grabs me by the hips and lifts me into his truck. "Thanks for the boost, Daddy."

"Don't call me that," he says through gritted teeth.

He tells me that every time I say it to him. I either call him Baby-daddy or just plain Daddy. It seems to get under his skin like nothing else, so of course I keep doing it. I

randomly called him Baby-daddy one day when he came out to Blake's farm to pick up a horse. He'd spent the afternoon on the ranch, so naturally I did, too. At one point I was feeding one of the lambs and he asked if he could sit with me. I joked that the lamb was our child, and for a moment we both laughed and played with the little guy pretending to be parents. It was silly, but something in my heart grew that day, and I haven't been able to let it go since.

Seeing him agitated, I giggle and raise my eyebrows, and he clenches his jaw as he climbs in. He slams the door of the truck and lets out a deep sigh before turning to me.

"Dolly, I swear on all that is holy, that mouth of yours is going to get you in trouble one day. One day real soon." The look in his eyes is so intense, I can't help but push just a bit more.

"Can you tell me how much longer? A girl has needs." I rest my hand on his thigh, and he jerks under my touch.

This is a bold move for me, seeing as how I've never so much as laid a hand on a man before, let alone on Brandon, the star of all my dirty fantasies. But the tequila is making me feel all kinds of brave, and so I go for broke. Leaning in, I whisper against his neck and ask him something I've always wanted to know.

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“Are you mad that I call you Daddy because you don’t like it, or are you mad because you do?” My lips are so close to his neck that they graze his warm skin, and he shivers under my touch.

I want to push him harder and further so he’ll admit the truth, but I don’t get the chance. Before I know what’s happening, I’m on my back in the cab of his truck, with his big body over me. My body ignites, but I’m thrown off balance. It’s one thing to be pushing Brandon’s buttons, but it’s another to finally have a reaction from him. My body and my head can’t keep up, and I’m lost for words as I feel his delicious weight on me.

“You know I like it,” he says through clenched teeth. “You know damn well that I more than like it when you call me that. Because it reminds me of everything I want to do to you.”

One of his hands comes to my hip, and it’s gripping me so tight it’s nearly painful. But I don’t dare speak a word and break this moment. It’s everything I’ve dreamed of. Finally. Finally, he’s going to make love to me and give me what I’ve been not-so-quietly begging for all these years.

“But I’m too old for you, Dolly. And you’re too good for me. You deserve a man who can give you the world, and not settle for the first person you had a crush on.”

Dark regret fills his eyes, and I want to cry. I want to curl into a ball and wail at his rejection, but I wasn’t raised that way. I’m not the type of girl to shed a tear, and it damn sure won’t be over a man. I didn’t cry when I got thrown off a horse when I was nine and all my brothers were watching. I didn’t cry when my first pet cow,

Missy, died when I was twelve. So I damn sure won't be crying because Brandon Knight has a stick up his ass about fucking me.

I sit up and push him off me. I know there's no way I'm physically capable of doing that, so he lets me do it and allows me to have my space. He might be a jerk, but at least he's got some manners.

"Just take me home so your good deed can be done for the day, seeing as I'm just a charity case now."

"Dolly, it's not like that." He grips the steering wheel so damn tight I'm surprised it doesn't protest.

"I got your message, Brandon." I slowly enunciate his name, exaggerating each syllable.

He huffs through his perfect nose before putting the truck in gear and pulling out of the parking lot. It's dark back there, so thankfully nobody witnessed our exchange. Not that there was anything good to see.

My teeth are clenched the whole way home, and I don't speak a word to him. He starts to talk a couple of times, because I see his mouth open and then close. He must know I'm pissed, because he doesn't try to push it.

We get to my road and drive under the metal arch that reads The Dairy Queen Ranch. My dairy farm is one of the best in Texas and everybody knows it. I've got the best cows, on the best land, with the best equipment. I take the title of Dairy Queen seriously, even though some see it as a joke.

When we get to the front of the house, he stops the truck and I start to jump out, but before I can, Brandon flips the locks, stopping me from exiting.

“What?” I ask, not looking over at him. I stare out the window, not wanting to make eye contact.

“Look at me, lamb.”

I close my eyes, both hating and loving that nickname. Because it’s from that day. The day I fell in love with him. It wasn’t just a young girl’s infatuation with an older guy; it was me seeing him for who he truly was as he held that tiny animal and laughed with me. He called me his lamb that day, and I don’t think he truly understood what that did to me.

I can’t do it. I can’t turn and face him, so I keep my eyes closed and wait for him to say his piece so I can get the hell out of this truck. This night has turned to absolute shit, and I need it to end.

“There are so many things I want to say right now, but I need to let you walk in that house.”

“And what if you don’t?” I snap, turning to face him. My anger is getting the best of me tonight, and I blame it on the tequila.

“If I don’t let you walk away from me now, I might not ever be able to,” he confesses, and it nearly splits my heart in two, because just as he says it, he unlocks the doors.

I grip the handle tighter, ready to exit but not ready to leave him. We don’t get many moments like these, and I hate that it’s turned into this.

I want with all my heart to throw myself at him, but I won’t be the one doing the chasing. As much as I want him, I’m the lamb, not the lion. And he damn well knows it.

“Listen to me, Daddy. When you get your head out of your ass, you know where to find me. I’m not the kind of girl that will sit around and wait, but I promise you this right now—there won’t ever be a man that I want more than you.”

With that, I pull the handle and jump out of the truck, slamming the door behind me. I stomp across my driveway and onto my porch, fling the door open, and go inside. I kick it closed and lean against it. I wait for five solid minutes to see if he comes after me, but eventually I hear the roar of the truck as he leaves.

The worst part is, I know tonight when I lie down, I’ll still think of him when I touch myself.

3

Brandon

I watch Dolly enter her house and shut the door. I want nothing more than to carry her into the house myself. Thoughts of a night out on the town, where I take her dancing and she has a little too much to drink before I bring her home and spend hours loving her body, flash through my mind.

I slip from my truck and up onto her porch, checking to make sure the door is locked. I stand and listen to her setting the alarm, before I finally make myself walk away. I pull myself from her house and get into my truck.

I don’t even make it halfway down her long drive and I’m throwing my truck into park, turning the ignition off, and letting all the lights die in the cab. I grab my phone from the center console and scroll through my pictures until I find the one I’m looking for.

It’s a picture of Dolly from last week. She’s standing outside of Mick’s diner,

laughing, her dimples on full display. Her head is thrown back, that red, curly mane all over the place. She's got on a soft purple dress that hugs her in all the right places, and her brown cowboy boots that look scuffed and worn. All they tell me is Dolly is willing to get her hands dirty.

I want those hands on me. Fuck, it feels like I've wanted those hands on me my whole life, even before she entered it and started consuming my every thought.

Before I know it, I have my dick in my hand, pumping away. Pre-cum is already leaking out of tip as I think about having her pinned under me. God, I should get a medal for pulling back. Letting her go was the hardest thing I've ever had to do. It was a sight I've been dreaming of for years, and it was like it was finally coming true—her red hair sprawled out all around her and her curvy little body trapped under me. That little catch of her breath had almost sent me over the edge.

I'm about to cum all over myself. I grip my dick harder, the strokes almost painful as a punishment for wanting something I shouldn't.

Daddy.

The one small word flutters through my mind, and I can't hold back my cum anymore. White-hot pleasure licks up my spine and out of my cock as cum pours from me. I moan out her name, my head falling back on the headrest as I try to catch my breath. Pleasure pulses through my body like nothing I've ever felt before. I can still smell her in my truck. I try to breathe it all in like she's still here with me.

I don't know how long I sit there in her driveway, one hand gripping my cock as the cum I spilled all over myself dries. Finally opening my eyes, I look down at my other hand and see the phone with her picture still showing. My cock comes back to life at the vision, and I groan.

I just had the hardest orgasm of my life and the mere thought of Dolly has my dick ready for another round. I could do this all night and we'd never be satisfied. I'd be rubbed raw before he ever got tired of her.

What am I going to do? I toss the phone onto the dash and

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fix myself before starting up the truck again and heading down the rest of the drive. When I get to the end, I just sit there, unwilling to leave. I grip the steering wheel so hard my hands start to ache.

With all the self-control I can muster, I make myself pull from her driveway, heading back towards the farm instead of the hotel I'd planned on staying at. It's closer to my little lamb and my control is splintering.

She's too young for you, I tell myself over and over. It doesn't matter how much she wants you. This is better for her. I should let her go, but even thinking that is like a sucker punch to my gut.

Her final words don't help, either. That she'd always want me, but she wouldn't wait. If I know one thing about Dolly, she means what she says. I think it would kill me to see her on some other man's arm. But isn't that what I wanted? For her to move on from me? Forget this schoolgirl crush and find a man more suited to her?

When I finally pull up to my house, I get out of my truck and look at the building. It looks nothing like a real home. Not like Dolly's, where flowers wrap around the whole house. Where chairs sit on the front porch and cute little ornaments welcome you in. It's clear that someone loves it.

Mine has nothing. It doesn't look anything close to lived-in. It's just a simple log cabin. Maybe it's because I never really knew what a home looked like, so I didn't put much into it. I went from a rundown home I lived in with my father, to a bunkhouse with a bunch of other men. Then finally to this place.

I'd never thought much about it before tonight. Until I stood on Dolly's porch and saw her things. It was a place made for a family. One she'd probably raise hers in.

"Fuck!" I bellow, before I drive my fist into my front door. Pain shoots through my hand, and it's a nice distraction from thinking about my little lamb having a family with another man. Growing his baby in her belly.

I have to stop thinking about her with someone else, because that's not something I can bear to see. Maybe it's time to move on. Get the hell out of this town and as far away as possible from all this pain that's creeping up on me.

4

Dolly

It's been a couple of days, and I'm finally done sulking. I don't want to chase after Brandon, and I won't, but it sure stings not having him return my feelings. Or at least not admitting to them. He wants me just as bad as I want him, that's for damn sure. He just doesn't think he's good enough for me. And the saddest part is, as long as he thinks that, he's right.

I can't go chasing him down. I might normally fight for things I want, but I've been waiting for him for years, and I won't chase him. He's known how I've felt forever. It's not like I've been hiding it. It doesn't take much for people to see when I want something, because I let it be known.

I don't want my baby-daddy thinking he's not good enough for me. I want Brandon to treat me like a queen, fuck me like he owns me, and love me like a goddess. Is that so much to ask? Maybe it is. Maybe that's the problem. Maybe Brandon doesn't want me as much as I thought he did. I know I'm not bad on the eyes, but my mouth and attitude are a whole other rodeo.

I always say what I'm thinking. It just comes right out of my mouth. Growing up with three brothers and more ranch hands than I could count, my language isn't the best, and I can be just as crude as the next cowboy, even if my virtue is still intact. Not that I want it to be. I kept thinking Brandon would come and take it. I've thought of a thousand different ways that might happen. Some of them rough and hard, coming out of nowhere, and others a slow, sweet seduction. I like both options, because either way, I getting him, which is all I ever wanted.

I decide to start my week off with a new attitude and get ready for work. I could let myself think about this all day if I don't stop myself. I pull on some old jeans and throw on a wife-beater before gathering my hair into a ponytail and putting on my boots. I hop into my Gator and head to the barns to check on my girls.

My dairy farm is nothing but Jersey heifers. Ever since my older brother Ty got me a dairy cow for my sixth birthday, I've been obsessed with the beautiful tan cows with big bright eyes. Doesn't hurt that I fucking love cheese.

My mom and dad started this dairy farm before they passed away. They had everything in place, and my brothers kept it running until I was eighteen and wanted to take it over full time on my own. Even though they were still pushing me to go to college and I was taking a few online classes just to keep them off my ass, I knew that was where I wanted to be.

Why did everyone seem to think they knew what was best for me and that I didn't have a mind of my own? No one got all pissy when my brothers didn't go to college. I'm sure as shit no girl they ever tried to date said they couldn't for any kind of reason.

When I make it over to the barn, Mark, my foreman, waves hello. He gives me the rundown for the day, and I look over the production, making sure everything is in line like it should be. The Dairy Queen operates mostly without me now, because I have

good people in place. We have a routine, and it works. It took a little money and a lot of hard work to get it here, but now everything has a nice flow. But the farmer in me is always up before the sun to check on things. I've had it drilled into me since I was a baby, and there's no use changing it now.

I walk up and down the stalls, saying hello to the ladies being milked and giving them treats. The rest of the herd is out in the pasture eating breakfast. Just before I leave, Mark gives me some bad news. His mom is sick and he's got to move back to Arkansas to help care for her. I hate to see him go, but I completely understand. He's been working here since my parents started the place, and I'll be sad to see him leave, but family always comes first. I don't think I could ever move away from mine. I'm not sure how he's done it all these years. I can barely go a day or two without checking in on my brothers, making sure they don't need anything. Especially Blake and Trace. Ty has MJ now and doesn't need me as much, but Blake can't cook to save his life and would starve to death without me, and Trace would probably forget how to talk if someone didn't pull conversation out of him like I do.

Louis, the backup foreman, can handle it for a short time without him, but it's not a position that can be left empty long-term. Louis is older, and he's said on numerous occasions that he isn't interested in more responsibilities here. He wants to be home by five, enjoying the dinner his wife puts on the table for him. He's happy being second-in-command. Mark was the go-to on day-to-day operations, and he kept up with the staff here, working long hours when needed. I don't have the desire to step into his shoes, so I've got to find someone to fill it. I like checking on my girls and making sure everything is in order, but I'm a caretaker by nature. Just like I am with my brothers, I can't stop myself from making sure everyone is okay. As much as I love my farm, I know my strengths and weakness, and micromanaging operations isn't my style. I'm more suited to the creative department.

Mark and I talk for a while, and when we've worked things out about when he needs to leave, I head over to the office. I've got a small building near the entrance of my

land where my secretary, Cathy, runs the office stuff I hate dealing with.

“Hey, pretty lady!” Cathy says as I walk in and grab a cup of coffee, topping it off with some cream.

“Hey. Mark told me the bad news. He’s giving a week’s notice.”

Cathy nods, not at all shocked by this. She’s always five steps ahead, and that’s why I love her. “Want me to put some feelers out and see who’s available?”

“Yeah, we’ve got to get on this. I don’t want it sitting open too long.”

“I heard Brandon Knight was calling it quits out at the Johnson place. Maybe he’s available,” Cathy says, making me nearly choke on my coffee.

“What did you say?” I cough, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand. He quit? He’s been working with Cash for as long as I can remember.

“Seems he told Cash he’s taken the farm as far as h

e can and turned in his notice.”

My stomach drops as I plop down in the closest chair. Brandon is leaving? I knew he wasn’t happy there lately. I could see it written on his face. Hell, the whole damn town did. But I never expected him to quit. Does that mean he is leaving town? I never thought he’d pussy out on making me his.

The disappointment turns to anger, and I feel like punching him in his beautiful mouth.

“From what I’ve heard,” Cathy says, casually typing away on the computer, not

looking at me, “he’s staying out in one of Ty’s bunk houses for the time being.”

I’m out of my seat and out the door before Cathy finishes her sentence. As I barrel from the office, I hear Cathy call out from behind me, “Take care, Dolly. Tell Mary-Jane I said hello.”

I take the Gator back to my house, run inside, and grab the phone. It rings a couple of times, and I stomp my foot while I wait. Finally, Mary-Jane picks up, and I start with the questions.

“Is it true he’s out at your place?” I pause for half a second, not nearly enough time for her to answer, before I ask another. “When were you planning on telling me he was there? MJ, I thought we were sisters.” MJ is the only female friend I really have, and we’ve become close since she married my brother Ty and started popping out his babies. Most of the girls I’d grown up with were off in college or already married and living a life I wanted.

“Slow down, Dolly,” she says into the phone, but her voice is whisper-quiet. “I called you three times this morning, but you didn’t answer.” I hear a door shut, and her voice picks up. “He showed up here yesterday talking to Ty. I couldn’t tell what they were saying, but something’s going on. I tried to get it out of Ty last night, but none of my tricks worked.”

“Ew. Gross. Skip that part,” I say, eager for her to bypass the fact that she has sex with my brother.

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MJ giggles. “Whatever. I left you a message, but I’ll tell you anyway. I’m making dinner tonight, and you’re going to pop by around six and magically join us. Got it?”

“You act like that wasn’t going to happen anyway,” I say, rolling my eyes.

“Just get your butt over here and thank me later. I’ve got to get back out there before Ty comes looking for me.”

“Over and out,” I say, hanging up.

My mama always said the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. But I like to think she left off the part about short skirts and cleavage because I was too young to hear it. A plan forms in my head, and I know exactly where to start.

I go back to my room and open my closet, digging into the back. I said I won’t do the chasing, and I’m not. But I sure as hell can give him something to look at while he’s making up his mind. I think it’s time I turn up the torture a notch and see just how far I can push him before I finally get a reaction.

I strip out of my work clothes, toss them in the hamper, and head to the shower. I’m going to shave, buff, and polish every inch of myself before I head out to Ty’s place. If Brandon wants to move on, that’s fine. But I’ll show him exactly what he’s going to be missing.

“How long you staying?” Ty ask, taking a drink of his beer.

“Trying to get rid of me already?” I lean back in my chair, kicking my feet out.

“Fuck no. I’ve been trying to think of a way to get you to stay on here.”

“You already have a head foreman,” I remind him, taking a sip of my drink, enjoying the cold burn of the beer after a long day of work. I didn’t work for Ty, but while I’m staying here, I’ll help and I had all day. I couldn’t help myself. It was that or pace my room thinking about Dolly. It was easier to just exhaust myself and fall into bed at the end of the day than think of all the ways I was fucking up with her. Or how I was going to fix it. I couldn’t keep going on like this.

“I can always use more hands, and I know yours are good,” he says, and I know he’s right.

There’s always more than enough work, but that’s not why I’m here. I’m not real sure what I’m going to do for work, but I’ve got over ten years’ worth of savings, so I’m not worrying about that at the moment. There’s something more important to handle right now, and it’s the reason I’d come to Ty’s to begin with. Why shortly after I left Dolly’s place I quit my job. That and the fact that he’d offered me a place when he found out I quit the Johnson farm and was staying in the only motel in town. It wouldn’t have been too bad if June hadn’t found out I was staying there. I thought when I left the Johnson farm, I’d be done with having to deal with her, but that didn’t seem to be the case.

“Or did you have another kind of job in mind?” Ty leans up in his chair, and we both know he isn’t talking about a job. He levels me with a hard stare. “I’m not sure I’m so inclined to let you have a go at my sister.”

“A go?” I growl. I don’t like how he put that. Not one fucking bit.

He shrugs, clearly not caring that he's pissing me off. "That's what I call it. Lots of men try to get her attention, but they all fail."

Now Ty's got my full attention. I sit up. "Who's been trying to get her fucking attention?"

I'm on my feet before I know it. I've never heard a word of Dolly dating, and I'm not sure what I would have done if I had. That shit would have probably killed me, which makes no sense whatsoever because I've been telling myself over the years I wasn't good enough for her and that she should find someone worthy of her. But here I am, mad as a copperhead just thinking about the possibility of someone trying to date her.

"Hell, I take it back. Have a go. I've got a real good feeling she's not going to just fall into your lap. Not anymore, at least. Might be fun to watch."

I stop pacing the porch and look at him. Then it hits me like a ton of fucking bricks.

"Yeah, now you're getting it," he says, taking another pull from his beer.

I drop back down in my chair. I want her to have the world, but I'm the one keeping her from it.

"I'm a bastard," I mumble, more to myself than to him.

Ty lets out a deep breath. "She's been too young for a long time, so don't go beating yourself up about it. You two have been dancing around each other for a while, but you waited. That makes you not a bastard in my book. That makes you what I call alive, because I would have put you six feet under if you'd have gone after her sooner. But she's not a teenager anymore."

No, she's not. But just barely. "She's too good for me."

“She is,” Ty agrees.

“But no one will treat her better than me. I’ll spend my whole life proving that to her if she’ll let me,” I tell him. Because I will. I’d already made that promise to myself when I turned in my resignation to Cash at the Johnson farm. I couldn’t stay there any longer, just moving through the motions. It was slowly eating me alive. It felt like I couldn’t breathe there, and since I’ve gotten on Ty’s land I’ve felt some oxygen finally enter my lungs. I’m closer to her, and I can feel it. I also knew I was on the path to having her.

“I figured you would. Hell, I do the same damn thing every day. I’ll never be good enough for my MJ, but no fucking way am I ever letting her cute little ass go. And I’ll make damn sure she never has a reason to want to go.”

“I can more than do that,” I vow.

The sound of a vehicle coming up the drive has us both turning to look.

“Looks like you’ll be trying sooner rather than later. I think I’m gonna need another beer to enjoy this show.”

6

Dolly

I hop out of my truck and straighten my skirt before I shut the door. I’ve got on a pair of cute dark gray ankle boots that make me feel sexy, so I feel pretty confident as I strut across the gravel and onto my brother’s porch, pretending I don’t even see Brandon. If he can pretend nothing is happening with us, then I’ll do the same.

I feel Brandon next to me, his eyes burning up my body with his stares. But I don’t

glance at him as I see my brother Ty lean to get up from his rocking chair and shake his head. He clearly knows what's going on. I've never been quiet about wanting Brandon. Partly because, well, I talk a lot and partly because I wanted everyone to know he's mine.

"You want a beer, Dolly?" Ty asks, and I follow him in the house.

If Brandon wants to pretend like nothing is happening between us, then by God, I'll do the same and do it better. But as I take a step through the doorway, I hear him say my name.

"Dolly." His voice is somewhere between shock and aggravation. Good, he can feel aggravation, because I've been feeling it for months.

"Oh, hey, Brandon," I toss over my shoulder, looking him up and down as quickly as I can.

He's dressed in faded jeans and a white V-neck shirt. His cowboy hat is on the chair next to him, and his shaggy blond locks are pushed back from his eyes. His chocolate eyes look me over, appraising my outfit.

I decided to keep it simple but a lot sexier than I normally wear in front of anyone. I had a few things stuck in the back of my closet that I hadn't had much use for, and this seemed like a perfect opportunity to pull them out. I'm wearing a black tank top that's cut low in the front and laces up in the back. The crisscrossing thin strings show off everything from my shoulders to the top of my ass.

My boobs decided to show up when I was in ninth grade and haven't stopped turning heads since. When you work on farms, you're around men all the time. Women are few and far between. For the most part I keep them caged with good bras and tops with inbuilt support. So tonight I thought I'd let the girls have a little fun and went

braless. The shirt really called for it, with the open back and all. The deep plunge of my top and the loose material around my breasts has Brandon taking his time as his eyes linger on them.

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“What

in the hell are you wearing?” he says through clenched teeth. My heart flutters at him getting all worked up. I’m bringing this out in him.

I see him ball his fists at his side, and I bite my lip to keep from letting a giggle slip free. I look down at my top and the cut-off denim skirt I’m in, and shrug. The movement catches his eyes as my breasts give a little jiggle, and he takes a step forward.

“Just thought I’d come have dinner with my family tonight. I heard some of the crew was going to join us. You coming, Daddy?”

I throw the words over my shoulder as I turn and walk in the house. Normally Ty’s guys don’t all eat together, but MJ said she was doing a big meal for all of them. This is going to be like holding a match over a bucket of gasoline, but I’m tired of waiting on my love life to begin. I’m kicking this shit into overdrive.

I feel his heat behind me as I walk in the house and head straight to the kitchen. From the low growls, he doesn’t seem to approve of my outfit choice, and it makes me smile. One point for Dolly.

Mary-Jane is in the kitchen, and I start helping her right away, mostly to avoid Brandon’s gaze, but I still feel it on me the whole time. As much as this is about him, I don’t want him to know that. If he wants me, he’s going to have to come for me, because I will not be chasing him down anymore.

“If Brandon doesn’t murder you for that outfit, your brother is going to,” MJ whispers to me as we take the food out back to the long picnic table.

“Ty, I can handle,” I say, looking nervously around me. I’ve lost sight of Brandon, and I don’t want him to hear me. “Baby-daddy, on the other hand, he’s an unknown quantity.” He seems more worked up than I thought he would get, but maybe the other night sent him over the edge.

“He’s liable to pop out an eyeball with the way he’s looking at you tonight. I hope you know what you’re doing, Dolly,” MJ says and winks at me. If anyone knows what a jealous man is like, it’s MJ. It took a while before Ty even let his men near their house. I know I have that streak in me, too. I just didn’t think feeling all kinds of territorial was something Brandon would have done, but it looks like I might be wrong, and something about his jealousy is doing all kinds of wonderful things to me.

My skirt is loose at my hips, and it shows off an inch or so of my belly as I reach around the table to set plates. I have to bend over a lot to reach the other side, and my boobs are all over the place. I’m starting to think the top was a mistake when I turn, catching sight of Brandon. He’s standing in the shadows off to the side. His cheeks are flushed red, and he looks to be breathing hard, but otherwise he’s a statue, his eyes never leaving me.

Soon the crew shows up, and a few of them come and say hello. Most of them I know by name, having been around them for years now. One of the older guys comes up to give me a hug, but suddenly Brandon is in front of me, asking him a question about some sort of grain seed he thinks they should start using. He’s clearly making sure the man doesn’t get anywhere near me.

After that, Brandon isn’t more than an inch or two away from me. Every move I make, he’s stuck to my side, but never touching me. Everyone else seems to know to stay away from me. None of the men will meet my eyes anymore. Brandon might as

well pee a circle around me, and I'm not sure how I feel about that. A part of me loves his jealousy and that he doesn't want anyone near me, because hell, I don't want any women near him either, but another part of me is getting mad. He doesn't want to be with me, but he isn't going to let me be with anyone? Not that I even want to be with someone. The thought of another man does nothing for me. In fact, it makes my heart ache just thinking it, but he doesn't get to pull that crap.

Ty brings me out a beer, and he shares a look with Brandon. I take a drink and look between them, not understanding what's happening. I know something is going on between them and it has something to do with me. I can feel it. I'm about to ask, when MJ comes out and announces it's time to eat.

I go to take a seat at the other side of the table, wanting to get away from Brandon for a moment, but he grabs my elbow and steers me to the opposite end, away from the crew and next to MJ and Ty.

"Sit," he says, and there's an edge to his voice. Like if I don't, there are going to be consequences.

"I think you've mistaken me for your horse," I say, jerking my arm out of his grip and eyeing him. I walk to the other side of the table, but he's by my side instantly, giving me no space.

It was a mistake to push him. His expression is full of fury. I can almost taste the anger rolling off him as he takes a step closer to me. I decide to try another tactic.

Softening my voice, I lean towards him so when I speak, only he can hear it. "You know, with all this attitude you're giving me tonight, I'd say you're either really hungry or really horny."

He leans down so our noses are only an inch apart, and I know everyone is watching

us. His breath hits my lips, and God help me and my hormones, because I want to grab a hold of him. My plan is definitely not working. Brandon is way more intense than I thought he would be. Gone is the mellow facade he once had, and the real him is bleeding through.

“Oh, it’s both, little lamb. And as soon as you’re fed, you’re going to get what you’ve been begging for.”

He grabs my elbow again and takes me back to my original spot and tells me to sit. This time I do what he says, feeling the throb between my legs agree with him.

Holy shit, did he mean what he said? My stomach quivers, and I don’t know if I’ll be able to eat now. Suddenly I want this whole dinner to be over so I can find out exactly what he means. I had no idea him bossing me around like that would turn me on. I should be pissed, telling him I’m going to shove my boot up his ass, but all I feel is need. Need so thick and overwhelming I don’t know what to do with it, so I just sit there trying to get myself back in control.

Everyone takes their seats and starts passing around the bowls, family-style. When something comes my way, Brandon takes it and serves me. Before I can say anything, my plate is piled high with food and everyone is digging in.

I feel Brandon’s rough, warm hand slide on my thigh as he leans over, putting his lips to my ear.

“Eat your dinner, lamb. You’re going to need your strength.”

My legs shake and my breath catches as I look over at MJ and my brother, checking if they heard anything. MJ is in Ty’s lap and they’re both feeding each other, lost to what’s happening around them.

Brandon leans back and takes a bite of his food, but his hand lingers on my thigh. I pick up my fork and scoop up some potatoes just as his hand begins to trail upward to the hem of my skirt. I look up, not moving a centimeter as his fingers trace the inside of my thigh and he squeezes me there, pulling toward him and opening me up.

I look over to him, and he's having a conversation like the earth didn't just stop moving and his hand isn't opening my legs for him. He looks completely relaxed as he eats his dinner one-handed and talks to one of Ty's farm hands about how the winter is going to be a rough one this year.

Is this my punishment for teasing him with my outfit? And why does the thought of him punishing me for being a brat make the tingling between my legs even worse? I take a breath and try to not let my mind race as I start to eat and pretend that nothing is going on under the table. Nothing at all. Nothing besides my body practically combusting at his touch.

He pauses his hand, and I spread my legs, tucking my chin to hide my blush. I cannot believe I'm doing this. He waits and then looks over at me and nods to my food.

"Eat," he says and then goes back to his conversation.

I take a bite, and he pets the inside of my leg approvingly. I take another bite, and he slides his hand up a little more. I stop to take a drink of my beer, and his rough fingertips move even higher.

I swallow my gasp when two of his fingers touch my naked pussy, and he freezes. I don't think he expected me to be commando, and I kind of like that I shocked him. He

snaps his gaze to mine, and with all the sass I can muster, I wink at him, feeling like I just gained a small victory.

“Something wrong with your dinner?” I ask, low enough so only he can hear me.

“Not a thing, little lamb. Just getting started.”

With his words, he spreads my wet folds easily and rubs my clit. I have to bite down on my lip to keep from moaning as he slides his now-slick fingers through my wetness. There’s no way for me to hide how turned on I am, and I’m almost embarrassed by how wet my pussy is. I didn’t even know I could get this wet, but even my thighs are soaked with my arousal for him.

Being this close to him, I can smell his scent of leather, and I want to climb onto his lap and rub against him. Instead, I reach down to where his hand is, and place my hand on top of his. I don’t want him to stop touching me. I never want him to stop.

He pets me slowly as he eats, and I try to follow his lead. I pretend to act casual, like nothing is happening. It’s just a simple touch, but so fucking perfect that I’m actually climbing towards an orgasm. I can already tell it’s going to be bigger and stronger than anything I’ve given myself, and I don’t know how I’m going to control it. I don’t think I’ll be able to stay quiet if I cum.

As if Brandon knows exactly what I’m thinking, he stills his fingers, then pets my pussy softly, before taking his hand away.

I want to growl with frustration, but cumming with him for the first time isn’t something I want to experience in public. I look up and see him discreetly bring his fingers to his mouth and lick them before taking a sip of his beer. He looks over at me, and I watch his Adam’s apple move as he swallows. I lick my lips thinking of how I want to taste him there, and everywhere, before my eyes go back to his. They’re so dark, and there’s a hunger there. An underlying current of desire that he might not be able to control for much longer.

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This isn't how I pictured tonight going. I thought I'd show up and tease him and then end up leaving the same way I always do. But something has changed—it's as if Brandon isn't fighting that need inside him that I knew was there all along. But should I allow him to take me so easily? One touch of my pussy and I let him have me? I want him more than I want my next breath, but I'm not easy, and I'm nobody's plaything. My feelings for him are for life, and I won't let him think he can appease me and my desires by teasing me. This means everything to me. I'm not some quick fling. He could break my heart into a million pieces if I'm not careful.

I may talk a strong game, but I don't know how I'd ever come back from having Brandon for a few beautiful, wonderful days, only for him to walk away from me. He'd ruin me. I've got myself good and mad in a matter of moments, and I don't feel much like hanging out anymore. I take my almost empty plate and stand up. This isn't a game to me. Maybe I was playing a game when I got here, but I've clearly bitten off more than I can chew.

"Thanks for a great dinner, guys, but I've got an early start tomorrow," I say to the table.

Brandon stands up beside me with his own plate. He takes mine and stacks it. "Dinner was great, MJ. Thank you."

Everyone says goodbye as Brandon grabs my elbow and leads me back into the house. I don't want to cause a scene, so I let him, but as soon as we are in the kitchen, I jerk free of his hold. He slowly places the dishes in the sink, and I back away from him. There is a tightness in his shoulders, at the big muscle that connects to his neck. It's the place I want to taste the most. I want to bite down on it as he takes me.

I shake that thought out of my head and take another step back as he turns to look at me through hooded eyes.

“Well, I guess I’ll see you later,” I say, trying to act like I’m not afraid and turned on by what he could do next. Trying to play it cool.

“Dolly.” The way he says my name, it’s like a warning. “You’re not going anywhere but with me.”

His words piss me off, and I find myself getting mad all over again.

“What makes you think I want to go with you? I’ve been after you like a lost puppy dog since I was sixteen. Now you decide you want a piece of my pussy and you think I’ll just go along with it? You know, I always thought you had a big dick, but you must have a set of balls the size of Texas to assume I’d be so desperate for attention. That I’d just give in and take the scraps you threw my way.”

He’s on me before I can take a breath, throwing me over his shoulder and storming out of the house. I scream and start hitting his back, but he keeps going, stomping across the yard. When he stops, I hear a truck door open, and he puts me inside before slamming it shut. I go to grab the handle, but he takes his keys out and clicks the locks. I watch as he walks away, and I beat on the glass, yelling at his back. After a second I see him disappear into the shadows and I’m left alone.

“What in the fuck just happened?” I ask myself as I blow a red curl out of my face.

7

Brandon

Storming back into the house, I go straight for the bag I brought over tonight. I wasn’t

real sure how things would go. Mary-Jane is standing off to the side of the living room, just staring at me, and I know she wants to say something. It's written all over her face. Not that I blame her. I probably look like I'm about to lose it, something I never do. I'm always calm and in control, but Dolly knows how to shatter that.

"Dolly can run her mouth like one of the boys," she finally says, and a smile pulls at my lips, knowing how true that is. Dolly grew up surrounded by men—her smart mouth is evidence of that. It's something I've always loved about my little lamb. She says what she's thinking and goes for what she wants.

There is no reading between the lines with her. You piss her off and you know it, along with anyone within a mile of her.

"That said, she's all woman at heart. She cares about everyone and everything. People who care like that have soft hearts. You hear what I'm saying?" Mary-Jane adds.

I more than hear what she's saying. I need to take care not to hurt her heart. She'd shatter a whole lot easier than most would think. I've always known that Dolly is all heart. It's apparent in everything she does.

"I'm going to spend the rest of my life making up the past few years to her. Fixing any hurt I might have caused her if I made her think that I didn't want her, even for one moment."

"Good. I'd like to have a little niece or nephew soon." With that, she turns and leaves me standing in the living room. Images of my little lamb swollen with our child flash through my mind and almost bring me to my knees. My feelings are too frayed right now to be thinking about that. To think about having a family. I've never had before. One like Dolly grew up with, where everyone cares about and loves each other. The only thing I've ever known of a family was a drunken father who'd been a better

father to me dead than he was alive. I know with Dolly, I'd have it all. The kind of family a man like me can only dream about. The kind I never in my life thought I could have.

Running my hand across my face, I try to get myself back under control before I go out and face Dolly once again. We need to talk about that fucking outfit, how it was fucking up my intentions tonight. I've got the smell of her pussy all over my hand, and I'm dying with need. She has me so wound up tonight, I already feel like I'm about to explode as it is.

I still can't fucking believe I did that at the table with everyone sitting around. I don't know what came over me, but the need to touch her was too strong. I'd seen all of Ty's ranch hands looking at her, and I needed a reminder that she was mine. Only mine to touch. Something to cool my edge and keep me from punching someone right in the mouth for even looking her way.

I sat there talking to Chuck while I played with her pussy. I can't even remember a goddamn thing he and I talked about. But when I felt Dolly's little pussy pushing towards a climax, it was like a load of cold water was dumped on me. It was then I remembered where I was and what I was doing.

No one sees that shit but me. I've waited fucking years for this moment, and I'm not sharing it with anyone. That shit is mine, just like she is going to be, and I am going to savor watching her cum for the first time. I've spent too many years fighting this pull to her, thinking it was wrong, and now that I'm letting go, I don't think I'll be able to share her attention very well. Probably won't even let her out of the bedroom for a month, soaking up every drop I can get. That's the only thing that's going to calm me down at this point. Getting her all to myself for a while.

When she first got out of the truck tonight, I felt like someone had punched me right in the gut. I've never in my life seen her dress like that before. I couldn't deal with it.

Then when I found out some of the hands were coming over, I had to pull myself away to the bathroom to get myself under control.

All I really got was my dick in my hand as I tried to take the edge off all the lust I was feeling. I barely stroked myself and I was cumming all over my hand. Dolly sure as fuck wasn't a kid anymore. The girl who showed up tonight was all woman and looking for one thing. I'm just not so sure she was happy when she got it, because she tore out of here fucking pissed, thinking she could get away from me.

Oh, Dolly is about to get what she's been asking for all these years. The floodgates are open, and nothing will stop me from having her now. Not even her.

8

Dolly

He's back faster than I expected, with a duffel bag thrown over his shoulder and a hard look on his face. He throws it in the back of the truck and then comes around to the driver's side and gets in.

"Brandon, what in the damn hell are you doing? Let me out of this truck," I snap at him, but there's no real power behind my words. I didn't even try to get out when he stormed back in the house. I don't know if it was because I was still stunned or because I didn't want to test him.

"Nope," he says, not looking at me as he cranks it up and pulls out of Ty's driveway.

I cross my arms and let out a huff, and it only takes me a moment to realize where we are headed.

"You're taking me home?" I nearly screech. Well, isn't that just a big fuck off. His

jealousy is so thick he wants to make sure that my ass is at home. Alone.

He doesn't speak as he gets out, grabs his duffel bag, and throws it over one shoulder. He comes to my side and unlocks the door. I protest, and he rolls his eyes, pulling me out and throwing me over his other shoulder like I weigh nothing.

"You put me down right this second or I swear to God, I'll call my brothers and have them get your ass off my land." I throw the threat at him.

SMACK!

My ass burns, and I let out a squeak. I can't believe he just spanked me! A whole new side of Brandon showed up tonight, and I'm not sure what to do with this.

"Simmer down, little lamb. We're going to have a chat."

I bite my lip because as much as that hurt, I kind of liked it, and I'm afraid if he does it again, I might moan.

He unlocks my front door and carries me inside, kicking the door shut and then setting the alarm.

"How did you know the code?" I pause as my thoughts catch up. "Hey! You have a freaking key?!" I ask, seriously worried about my security here.

"There's not a fucking thing I don't know about you."

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He drops his bag in the living room and finally puts me down, standing me up in front of him. I put my hands on my hips as fire rises in my chest. I want to slap him and kiss him all at the same time.

“Bran—”

“No,” he says, cutting me off. “You let me talk. You need to hear what I have to say.”

I roll my eyes and tap my foot, waiting, pretending I don’t care, when really inside I’m freaking out. What he always has to say is that I’m too young or some shit like that. Thinking he knows what’s best for me. Or worse, what if he says something about us having a fling and getting this out of our systems? I think that would hurt worse than him saying I’m too young. At least that meant he was worried about me. That he cares. But the idea of a fling makes it all feel cheap. That he doesn’t have these love feelings like I do and that this is all just lust for him. That would break my heart.

“I’ve wanted you from the second I saw you. When you were too goddamn young for me to be thinking about you the way I did. I waited and bided my time. When you turned eighteen, all I wanted to do was to finally claim you and make you mine. You’ve been driving me insane with how you call me Daddy and the way you play with me. You absolutely love pushing my buttons and testing my patience.” He takes a breath, closing his eyes like he’s still picturing it. “But I thought you deserved better than me, so I didn’t take what I wanted. More than wanted. I had respect for your brothers and for you, and I didn’t want to ruin you, Dolly. I wanted you to stay clean and pure. Not be with some bastard who doesn’t even know how you begin to give you a family. I don’t even really know what a family is. And I know that’s what

you want. White-picket fence and kids running all over the place, all of that.”

“But—”

He holds up a hand, cutting me off. “But then I realized that no one will ever be good enough for you, not even me.” I see the dark look in his eyes as he takes a step towards me. “But it’s also true that no one will ever want you more than I do. And no one will ever love you more than I do.”

He drops down to one knee in front of me and pulls a simple gold band with a diamond on it out of his pocket.

“Brandon,” I whisper, my hands going to my mouth. I can’t believe what’s happening. He’s pouring his heart out to me. I hate that he thought he wasn’t good enough for me and that he doesn’t think he deserves a family.

“I want to prove to you that I’m not going anywhere. I dragged my feet to give you a chance to change your mind about me, even though my feelings never changed. There’s nothing about you that I don’t love. You’re loud, the center of attention in every room, and I get to sit back and watch you shine. You’re stronger and work harder than anyone I’ve ever met.”

I don’t say a word as he reaches out, taking my hand and sliding on the ring.

“You’re going to marry me, Dolly, not because I’m asking—I’m not—but because there’s no other choice that I will allow. You’re mine. Have been from day one. You sealed your fate the first time you turned those eyes on me and flashed those dimples. You think I’m going somewhere, but I’m not. The only direction I’ve ever been headed is towards you.”

I want to cry, I want to laugh, and I want to fall on the ground with him, all at the

same time. But I'm frozen in place. He's given me my every wish, and I don't know how to process getting my happily ever after.

"Now," he says, getting off the floor and picking me up. "I'm going to take you to bed and wear you out."

9

Brandon

Dolly's back hits the bed, and I'm on her, ripping at her top. The material is no match for my need for her—or my anger at the shirt. The sound of the material tearing is loud in the room, and it makes me even harder. My mouth goes straight for what's been taunting me all night since she showed up in this outfit. Her full breasts spill out, and I lean down, latching on to her nipple. I'm going to make sure these clothes never see the fucking light of day again.

My hands lock on her hips as I eat at her body, wanting to know what she tastes like everywhere. Needing to know. All these years of want are pushing down on me, and I try to remind myself to go slow, but I can't seem to stop. I need it all.

"Brandon," she moans, her fingers sliding into my hair as her back arches off the bed.

"You giving yourself to me, little lamb?" I ask, looking up at her. My hands on her hips dig in deeper in pure possession. I can't seem to let her go.

"I gave myself to you a long time ago," she admits, and her words sink in deep. She belongs to me. Always has. There has never been another option. We were made for each other. I'm going to spend my life proving I'm the man for her, and I know she'll give me the life I've been dreaming of.

Her legs fall open, and the skirt she has on bunches up around her hips. Her bare pussy is pressed up against me, and only my jeans are keeping me from being inside her. I don't know if I hate them or love them right now. They're making me slow down, because otherwise I'd already have all of my cock shoved inside her tight little cunt, spilling myself deep inside her, trying to make all those thoughts of her swollen with our child come true.

"So you're saying this belongs to me." I thrust up against her, the hard ridge under my jeans rubbing against her pussy.

"God, yes," she moans, trying to wiggle against me. Reluctantly, I let go of her hips and lean back, looking down at her. All she has on is the jean skirt shoved all the way up around her waist, and her little gray boots.

Her hips rise up, trying to get back the friction I just stole from her. She makes a grab for me, wanting to pull me back down to her. I level her with a hard stare. She stops, her eyes widening before she drops back down onto her elbows.

My hand cups her pussy before I rub my thumb up and down her slit, loving she's bare here. Nothing getting in my way of her.

"You shave this for me, little lamb?" I ask as my thumb stops on her clit. Her eyes start to fall closed as she enjoys the pleasure I'm giving her. Slowly, I rub back and forth, stopping when she doesn't answer me. Her eyes snap open as she bucks her hips in search of my thumb.

"Answer me," I growl. My own need is bearing down on me as I watch her, spread out on a bed beneath me, her wild curly red hair everywhere while she's enjoying the pleasure I give her.

"Yes, I did it for you," she finally admits, narrowing her eyes at me.

“But then you wore a skirt that showed everyone what was mine.” I cup her pussy again, not liking the idea of any

one else ever seeing it. It’s mine, and the thought of another man getting a look at her makes me want to spank her ass again.

“It’s your fault! I had to wear the skirt. So if you want to be mad at anyone—” Her words stop abruptly when my hand on her pussy rises and comes down, slapping her sex.

Her eyes grow big, and a gasp leaves her mouth. But she opens her legs even wider.

“I can’t believe you—”

I smack her pussy again. This time when my hand lands, her hips push off the bed, meeting me halfway. Then she falls back flat on the bed, a moan leaving her mouth.

Fuck. She likes it. I feel myself breathing hard, liking the sound of my hand hitting her warm skin. Thoughts of getting Dolly worked up and bending her over the nearest surface for a spanking to get her under control flood my mind.

“Say you’re sorry and you won’t do it again, little lamb.”

“Sorry, Daddy,” she sasses, and my whole body locks up. Something passes between us. Something new and primal and right. She licks her lips. Fuck, that word kills me. I don’t know why, but when it comes from her mouth it does something to me. Something raw.

I reach for the buckle of my belt and pull it free, then go for the button on my jeans to free myself.

I wrap one hand around my cock and stroke it. Dolly's eyes go there, and she licks her plump lips. Cum leaks from the head of my cock, ready to spill at any moment. It won't take much. It never does with her.

"You want Daddy's cock, don't you?" It isn't a question. She wiggles her hips, and I look down at the wetness coating her pussy. She wants it bad. She's just as needy as I am.

I rub the tip of my aching cock along her slit, hitting her clit and making her jerk. A pained sigh escapes her mouth, and I grunt with her.

"Please, yes, I want it," she begs.

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“I think I need to mark you. If you’re going to run around in short skirts, I think it’s best you do it covered in Daddy’s cum. Then everyone will know you belong to someone. That your pussy doesn’t need any attention because it’s already getting it at home.”

“Please, yes, yes, I need that,” she pleads desperately, a soft, sweet whine in her voice.

Using one hand, I spread her lips open a little as I slide the head of my cock through her wet folds, hitting her clit, and we both groan.

“Beg me,” I growl, needing to hear her want for me more than I need my next breath. I’ve never in my life been needed by someone, and getting that from Dolly is like coming home.

“Please, Daddy, make me cum!” she screams, already falling over the edge. She takes me with her as cum spills out of my cock and lands on her virgin pussy. I rub it into her skin, coating her and making sure every inch of her pussy is covered with her man.

Satisfaction like I’ve never felt fills me. If I thought I was gone before, I had no fucking clue what gone for her really was.

10

Dolly

I feel the tingling waves of pleasure flow through me, and it's unlike any orgasm I've ever had. They all pale in comparison to what I just experienced, and to call that an orgasm is really an understatement. It was more like a volcano erupting, but from the feel of the warm wetness between my legs, Brandon was the one doing the erupting.

"Wow," I breathe, opening my eyes to look at him.

He leans down, pressing his lips to mine, and his tongue pushes in. He's demanding I give myself over to him, and no way in hell would I stop him. Not now. I've finally gotten everything I've ever wanted from him, and it's all happening so fast.

I gasp at his taste, running my fingers through his shaggy blond hair. He rests his weight on me, and the feel of it turns me on. His cock is hard between us, pressing into my folds and seeking entry. I spread my legs wider as the head of it penetrates me, and I wince a little as he reaches my virginity.

He feels me tense and breaks the kiss to look down at me.

"I've loved you for a long time, Dolly. But even before I knew you, I think I was waiting on you."

"Me too, Daddy," I say, my cheeks burning from the blush. I love calling him that while we're like this. It's so intimate and real.

"I've never been with anyone before, and I know you haven't either, so I'm not using anything to separate us. You're mine, and I'll take care of you. Forever." He nods to the ring on my finger and then takes my hand and kisses it. "There's no getting away from me now."

The look in his eyes is dark, and my body responds to it by raising my hips and inviting him to take me deeper. I want all of his obsession. I want to be the only thing

he thinks about, night and day. I want every ounce of his attention, and I don't want his hands to ever leave my body.

He takes my wrists and pins them above my head. My breathing picks up. His possession heightens my arousal, and I tighten my ankles around his waist.

"You been saving yourself for me all these years? Is that why you're still a virgin?" I ask, raising an eyebrow at him. Just because I've agreed to be his doesn't mean I can't throw a little sass his way. Besides, he loves it. I can't believe he's never been with a woman, but a small part inside of me rolls around in it. I'm so selfish when it comes to him, so I love he's only done this with me.

"Been waiting on you to be legal," he says, leaning down and biting my nipple.

I cry out in pleasure as the small bite sends tingles all the way to my clit. The heavy vein of his cock rubs along my wet seam, and I moan with desire.

"You're late," I pant, trying to catch my breath and get my bearings. My head is all over the place, lost in a fog of passion and lust.

"Guess I need to make up for lost time, then."

He ends his sentence by thrusting fully into me, and I feel a pinch of pain. But just as soon as it comes, it passes, mostly due to his mouth on my breasts. He's got them pushed together as he licks both my nipples at once, and it's so fucking hot I can't think about the tiny amount of discomfort between my legs.

"Fuck, I can't hold back," he says, pulling out and thrusting back in.

It's rough and sexy, and I can't move under him. His weight is pinning me down as his hands hold my wrists above my head. This is something I didn't expect, but the

feel of being truly possessed by him is enough to have my desires skyrocketing.

“Daddy, please,” I beg, so close to the edge I can taste it.

His mouth lands on mine in a hard kiss that has him robbing my breath from me. He takes my bottom lip in his mouth and bites down on it a little, and I shiver at the sensation. He’s not being careful with me and treating me like some delicate flower. He’s fucking me like he owns me, and I’m getting off to it.

“More,” I say, and his hands grip tighter as his thrusts start to grow more forceful.

His hot body is rubbing against the sheen of sweat on mine, and he’s slick against me. The sound of our sex is dirty, and I feel like an animal with him. I’ve never been so free in my life, and as my orgasm approaches, tears build in my eyes.

He’s broken through every defense I’ve ever put up, every fake smile I’ve ever worn to hide the hurt of rejection. Brandon has pushed down all my excuses and made this moment so real and powerful that I have no choice but to give over to his body and lay before it what it demands.

My body feels like it breaks in half as I climax. I scream Brandon’s name, and the tears fall as I cum harder and deeper than I ever have in my life. I feel him still above me as warmth floods my womb and he finds his own pleasure inside my body.

Before I realize what’s happening, his lips are on my cheek, kissing away the tears, and he’s giving me soft, soothing words. He’s moved us so that he’s holding me in his arms on his side, and I’m buried in his chest.

“It’s okay, little lamb. I’m right here.” He pets my hair and kisses my forehead as I let out the sobs that are suddenly welling up inside me. “Shhh. I’ve got you.”

I've always been the loudest girl in the room, the center of attention, and the one everyone laughs with. I've never been the girl guys took seriously. I was always just their friend, even if they secretly wanted more. I never felt like I was truly meant for anyone until Brandon came along. And though he kept me at a distance, I understood why. He wasn't rejecting me, he was letting me grow and become who I am now. I came across as confident and bold on the outside, but really deep down I have my shy insecurities just like every other girl. Growing up on the heavier side, I hated the way I looked. It felt like cute small girls were always getting the guys. And like Brandon seemed to know, I grew out of that. I learned to embrace my body, and love my curves, but sometimes the chubby girl inside me is still there. I thought the best way to hide my fear was by being over-confident, loud, and always making jokes, and it kind of stuck. All the worrying was in my head though, because in reality, he was falling in love with every bit of me. The good, the bad, and the loud. And isn't that all any girl wants? To be loved by her man just as fiercely as she loves him.

It's as if Brandon understands all of this and lets me have my emotional moment. The tears are not tears of sadness, but of joy. Because all of my insecurities are laid bare before him, and he loves me because of them, not in spite of.

"I remember the first time I saw you," he says, rubbing warm circles on my back. "We played house in the barn that day with the little lamb, and I remember thinking you had the most beautiful laugh I'd ever heard. You did it with your entire heart, and all I wanted to do was listen to that for the rest of my life."

The tears have stopped, and I smile against his chest, loving this confession.

"You made me a ring that day. Do you remember?" he asks.

I nod and let out a little laugh. I'd taken a piece of hay from one of the hay bales and tied it around

his finger. I said if he was my husband, I wanted people to know it.

He reaches into his back pocket, and I'm suddenly surprised he's still got his jeans on. I guess he didn't need to kick them all the way off to do what we did earlier. The thought makes me blush, though I don't know why.

I watch out of the corner of my eye as he pulls out a little piece of hay and places it on my left hand, where a wedding band would go.

"That can't be," I say in shock as I sit up. But looking down at it, I see it's the very same one.

"I married you in my heart that day. I just had a little waiting to do. I wasn't sure it would work out, I think mostly because I was afraid to hope for it." He runs his fingers through my hair and leans up with me, kissing my lips softly. "You're so fucking perfect, Dolly. And I'm going to spend the rest of my life being the man you deserve."

11

Brandon

It's the first light of morning and I've made love to Dolly twice already. I guess we never really stopped since last night, so I'm not sure if it's included in last night's total.

"Let me make you some breakfast," I say, squeezing her ass and getting up from the bed.

She hops up with me. Both of us are early risers, no matter how little sleep we actually get.

“You’re going to cook me breakfast? I’m skeptical, to say the least.” She winks at me and pulls on some jeans and a T-shirt. I follow suit, knowing there’s work to be done on her farm today, and I plan on seeing what it is.

“Oh, you won’t be saying anything when your mouth is wrapped around my biscuit.”

She comes over and runs her hand down my chest and then cups the front of my jeans. Leaning in close, she looks up at me through her lashes as my cock hardens under her touch.

“Is that what we’re calling this beast? Biscuit? Because, to be honest, soon-to-be-husband, I’m kind of fond of Goliath.”

She kisses me on the chin before wiggling her cute ass out of the bedroom and leaving me laughing. Goddamn, do I love the tenacity that woman has. Tugging on my shirt, I go out to the kitchen and she’s already poured me a cup of coffee.

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I sit down on the stool and pull her into my lap, kissing her neck. “This is heaven,” I say, holding her to me. I take a few moments just to enjoy her before I take a sip of my coffee. It’s got a little sugar and a lot of cream in it. Exactly the way I like it. I kiss her on the lips. She tastes like a warm spring day, and all I want to do is drag her back to the bedroom.

“I just wish I could have stayed in bed a little longer,” she says as I sit her down on the stool, then go over to get stuff for breakfast out of the cupboards.

I know Dolly has everything I’ll need in here because my woman loves to cook. But it’s my turn to take care of her instead of her always being the one to do it.

“What’s going on?” I ask as I mix up the dough.

“I need a new foreman. Mark has a family emergency and he needs to head back home. He said he’d give me a week, but I want to be able to cover it before then so he doesn’t need to worry about staying. He needs to go be with his family.”

Her words touch my heart, and it’s just another reason why I love Dolly so much. She always thinks of others before she thinks of herself.

“Well, the way I see it, you just got one when I put that ring on your finger.”

She looks down at it, as if she somehow forgot it was there, and smiles at it.

“When did you get this? How did you just pull this out of nowhere last night?”

I put the biscuits in the oven and start on the bacon. She comes over and wraps her arms around me from behind as I cook.

“Little lamb, I’ve had that ring since your eighteenth birthday.”

“What?” she half-yells, and I turn around and smile at her. “You had my ring with you for two damn years and you didn’t propose to me?”

I tilt her chin up and place a soft kiss on her lips. “It’s on there now and it’s never coming off. Now back to the job. I don’t know a lot about dairy farms, but I plan on being here for the rest of my life, so I’ve got time to learn. You gonna let me follow your pretty ass around and show me, or do I have to get someone else to do it?”

Thinking about spending my days and nights with Dolly by my side warms me from the inside out. I grab her by the hips, lifting her onto the counter and moving between her legs.

“I think I like the sound of you looking at my ass all day,” she says, pressing her tits against my chest.

“I like the sound of that, too. I love you, Dolly, and I want to take care of you any way I can. I’ve got enough money that if you never want to work again, you don’t have to. And if you want to run the farm, then we’ll do it together. As long as you’re by my side, your wish is my command.”

She smiles sweetly at me and nods. “I think I can handle that. I’ll be happy as long as you’re with me, Daddy.”

The one word sends my cock into overdrive and I want to fuck her so bad it aches. I pull the bacon out of the pan and turn off the stove. Then I take the biscuits out and set them on the counter. Then I turn to Dolly, grab her by the waist and pull her off

the counter.

She gives me a questioning look as I lead her over to the living room and to the side of the couch. Before she can open her mouth to say anything, I push her over the arm and start tugging her jeans down.

“Brandon, what are you doing?” Her voice is a mixture of amusement and desire as I push her jeans down to her knees, and then go to my own, undoing my belt and zipper.

“You’re going to have to learn to control when you call me that, little lamb. You calling me Daddy makes me need to get inside you and cum.”

She moans, trying to spread her legs, but her knees are bound together with the denim.

“Just lean over and take it like a good girl,” I say before I slick my fingers in her wetness and bring them to my mouth, sucking them clean.

I want the taste of her pussy on my tongue as I fuck her, so I don’t waste time and thrust all the way inside. We both respond, her with a groan, me with a growl, as I start to work my cock in and out of her tight channel. She’s almost impossible to get to like this, but she’s so wet I slide in and out without hesitation.

“You keep this up and I’ll call you Daddy every chance I get,” she says into the cushion.

I slap her ass one good time, and I feel her clench around me. “That’s it, Dolly. Don’t hold back.”

She gets on her tiptoes and raises her ass as much as possible so I can have full access

to her. I slick my thumb and press it against her tight bud, not entering her, but just giving her a little pressure.

“Fuck. Brandon!” she cries out, and I feel her orgasm take her over the edge.

The added stimulation was exactly what she needed for a hot and fast climax. I empty into her, unable to hold myself back. She’s too tight and too sweet to stop myself.

Leaning over, I kiss her neck and shoulders as we both catch our breath. It was quick, but it was shattering, and I want to carry her back to bed. But instead, I help pull her jeans back into place and carry her back to the kitchen and sit down with her in my lap.

“Now, you want to try my biscuit?” I say, winking at her.

Epilogue

Brandon

Five months later...

“Where’s Dolly?” I ask Louis, but he just shrugs.

I walk out of the barn, looking around to see if I can find her. I see the feed truck on the other side of the pasture and figure she went out to meet the delivery driver, Rex.

I hop on my horse, tug down my hand, and trot out to where the truck is, looking for her. When I spot her over by the feed pen, I smile. But that turns to a scowl when I see a young guy with no shirt on coming up next to her.

I click my heels against my horse and she speeds up. I need to check this shit out,

because that is definitely not four-hundred-pound Rex who usually delivers the cow feed.

When I get up to t

hem, I can see Dolly isn't paying him any attention. She's watching one of the cows feed its baby, smiling sweetly. The guy is unloading bales from the back of his truck, but I see him look Dolly up and down every time he gets near her.

"Can I help you?" I bark, loud enough to make Dolly and the calf jump. The cow looks at me and swear she rolls her eyes before going back to her meal.

"Brandon, this is Carl. He's filling in for Rex while he's on vacation."

I dismount and walk over to her, standing between Carl and my woman. He's young, but I don't like anyone giving Dolly eyes, especially one without a shirt on. He looks at me with a kind expression, but I glare at him. His smile drops, and he takes a step back. Good.

Dolly is five months round with my baby girl, and men still look at her like she's the most beautiful thing they've ever seen. Probably because she is. And pregnancy only enhances that.

"That's my wife you're looking at," I say gruffly, and I swear I hear Dolly laugh behind me.

"Yes, sir," he says, and I can see he's wary. He should be.

"You keep your eyes on your face and do your job."

"That doesn't even make sense," Dolly whispers behind me.

“Get your ass on the Gator,” I bark to her, and she rolls her eyes but does what I say. “Now, you can unload this and take my horse back to the barn. Next time you come on our land, you keep your goddamn shirt on and show some respect.”

“Yes, sir,” he says quickly, and it eases some of my anger. Some.

I climb on the Gator with Dolly and take off towards the house. When we get there, I take her by the wrist and drag her inside. I have a burning need to claim my woman, and I can’t wait another damn second.

“Really, Baby-daddy, you’re all worked up for nothing. He’s probably only sixteen.”

I take her to the bedroom, grabbing a pillow and tossing it on the ground. “I’d like to remind you what you were thinking about me at sixteen,” I say, glaring at her. A blush hits her cheeks, and I nod. “That’s what I thought. Now get on your knees.”

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She hesitates for a second, and I hold her hands as she lowers herself to the floor. When she gets in position, she reaches down to the hem of her sun dress and pulls it off in one fluid motion. Then she removes her bra, leaving her only in a pair of pink cotton panties.

I tug her red hair out of its ponytail and watch it fall around her shoulders. She licks her plump lips, and my cock is angry with need. Reaching down, I unbutton my jeans and pull out my hard length. Her eyes grow wide with desire, and I stroke it a few times right in front of her face.

“I want you to suck my cock so good I see those dimples I love. Then I want you to bend over so I can eat your pussy and fuck you from behind. I feel like marking my territory.”

“Yes, Daddy,” she whispers and licks her lips again.

She reaches out, brushing my hand away, and then takes as much of my cock as she can. The feeling of her warm mouth and tongue around my shaft has me closing my eyes for a second to try to get control. When I open them back up, I see she’s got her cheeks hollowed out and those fucking dimples are there.

I want to watch her do it forever, but in reality I can only stand about thirty seconds before I’m pulling her off and getting behind her so I can taste her pussy.

“Damn it,” she hisses when I take it out of her mouth. But her protests end when I pull her panties to the side and cover her pussy with my mouth. “Oh yeah, Daddy. That’s it.”

I'll never get tired of hearing her call me that, and I make her say it over and over as I eat her to an orgasm.

When she's finished giving me the last of her tremors on my tongue, I sit up and press my cock to her opening. I thrust home in one long, slick stroke, feeling her impossibly tight pussy squeeze me.

"You never get any smaller do you?" She gasps and pushes back against me.

Her lush ass fills both my hands, and I grip her tightly as I bounce her against my cock. "If you weren't so fucking tight, I wouldn't have to squeeze my way in," I say, leaning over her back and kissing her shoulder.

"I love you," she says, and I feel my beast calming.

"Damn right you do," I say and give her shoulder a little nip. I bring my hand to her pussy and rub her clit. She starts to squeeze me, and I feel her climax coming. "I love you, too, Dolly."

"I'm cumming," the words are out of my mouth, and I feel her go over with me. The warm heat of our passion surrounds us, and I hold her body as we try to catch our breath. Every time is like the first time with her, and I don't think I'll ever get my fill.

"Take me to bed, Daddy."

That's all I need to hear before I'm cradling her in my arms and kissing her soft lips. "Your wish is my command, little lamb."

"Then why don't you spank my ass and feed me a cupcake?" she says, her sass rising.

"Sounds like our regular Tuesday night. I'm in." I wink at her and then do exactly

what she says.

Epilogue

Dolly

A few years later...

“You feeling all right?” Brandon asks, kissing my neck. I tilt my head, letting him have more of me. He buries his face in my hair for a moment, taking a deep breath.

“I’m perfect.”

He makes a noise like he doesn’t believe me before turning me and picking me up. He places me on the counter in the kitchen and his hands go straight for my feet. That’s when I know I’m busted.

“You took your boots off.”

“I was hot,” I counter.

“They’re swollen,” he fires back.

They are, but I can’t stop. Not until I’m done getting things ready. I want everything to be perfect for our little girl’s second birthday. I might be going overboard, but I’m going to get in as much girliness as possible. Because I know these days are numbered.

“I’m almost done,” I tell him, looking around at all the food I’ve been making today. It was the last thing I had left to do. I’d even made the cake myself. I’d stayed up late making it, and it looks more like a pink wedding cake than a birthday one. But

instead of there being a groom and bride at the top, there is a giant 2.

“You’ll never be done, little lamb. I know you. You’ll go go go until you fall over, and it isn’t happening. Not when you’re about to burst. You’re going to end up giving birth to our boys a month early at this rate.” The hand massaging my feet goes to my very swollen belly.

We’re lucky I’ve got child-bearing hips or these twin boys, who seem to be heading for their father’s size, would never make it out of me.

“I don’t know why you get so worked up. You know everyone will bring food. There is more than enough, and I already got the whole back yard decorated. It looks like a pink explosion out there. I even fed your cows strawberry syrup this morning so all their milk comes out pink just for the occasion.”

I snort at his joke.

“This is going to be the pinkest barbeque birthday Texas has ever seen,” Brandon says, making me smile.

“Mommy, everyone is here!” I hear Savannah squeal from the other room. Both Brandon and I laugh at her excitement.

She’s been bouncing off the walls waiting for her cousins to get here, like she doesn’t see them every day. Those kids are thick as thieves.

“I think she’s even louder than me,” I whisper to him.

“Think?”

“Hush, Baby-daddy,” I say playfully, smacking his chest.

Everyone pours into the house and, like Brandon said, they have stacks of dishes with them. All the women love to cook, and most family events take place at our house. It's really become the center of the family, the place where everyone always ends up.

Little ones come barreling through the house and straight out the back door. Brandon takes a dish from my hands and follows me outside. He places it on one of the picnic tables that's already covered in food.

"Go sit," Brandon tells me. I start to protest, but he levels me with a stare.

"Doesn't have a lot of power when I know you won't spank me," I tease him.

"Little lamb, I have other ways to punish you," he whispers in my ear. He grabs me by the hand and leads me over to a chair. He sits down and pulls me into his lap with him. He knows I won't stay on my feet if he wants me to sit with him. I relax into his big warm body, watching all the little ones run around. This is the third kid's birthday our giant family in the past six weeks, with all of us popping kids out all the time now. It's never-ending and I love it. Love every freaking moment of it.

"God, you look like Mom like that. I remember when she was pregnant with you. I swear you two could be twins," Ty says, sitting down next to me. He pulls his wife MJ into his lap, resting his hand on her small baby bump like Brandon has his on mine.

"She would have loved this." I look over at him. My eyes water, not because I'm sad, but because I'm happy. We all are. This was all Mama ever wanted. For the family to be close and happy. I knew that was her dying wish when I'd read their will after she passed. They'd split up the land, but made sure we'd all be stuck together. She got what she wanted, and I'd spent my life until now making sure that happened, too.

Making sure all of us stayed close. Making sure all my brothers always had what they

needed until they found their wives.

I rest my hand on top of Brandon's.

"I think these babies might be my last," I say looking at my belly.

"Nah. We keep popping them out, we won't even need farmhands anymore. We'll just have our own little crews," Ty says.

Brandon laughs before he adds his own two cents. "I'm good with three, but she said the same thing last time. Wait until these boys start crawling around and she'll be wanting another."

I think about our twins crawling all around and I feel my face drop. I don't like that idea.

Brandon laughs even harder. "See? She's pregnant and already thinking about another baby."

"Whatever," I mumble

because I know he's right.

"No need to pout. You can have as many babies as you want, little lamb."

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“Well, I’m definitely done,” MJ says, and Ty shakes his head behind her. I have to hide my giggle.

“I’ll never be done,” Trace’s wife, Addison, says, a giant smile on her face. I believe her. She barely makes it past the six-week all-clear mark from one baby and Trace has another one in her. I think all these men have pregnancy fetishes or something.

“I think I’m good for a little while,” Blake’s wife, Luciana says, holding a baby in her arms.

I smile, resting my head back and closing my eyes for a second. I sit contentedly, enjoying the sounds of our family talking and playing, and feel happiness encircling us.

I don’t think I could ask for anything more than this, and I know Brandon is right. This birthday party is perfect because it’s got everything anyone could ever need. Love.

THE END

When Clare Stevens walked onto the McCallister ranch, she expected her life to be a certain way. She was the mail-order bride of the owner, and she was to fulfill her duties. Clean the house, cook for his men, and warm his bed at night. What she didn't expect was the beefy cowboy who walked in and literally swept her off her feet.

Cash McCallister didn't have time to date and find a wife. So a mail-order bride seemed the easiest way to find a partner. He thought he'd made a mistake until he laid

eyes on the little piece of sunshine that lit up his life. He never imagined a true love like this. He never knew an obsession could take hold so tightly.

When drama hits the farm and their fast love is threatened, can Clare and Cash hold it together?

Warning: This is literally as cliché as it sounds...and just as awesome. It's country living with high-calorie foods and easy sunsets. Come sit on the porch and stay a while. You'll like what you see.

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Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are a product of the author's imagination. Locales and public names are sometimes used for atmospheric purposes. Any resemblance to actual people, living or dead, or to businesses, companies, events, institutions, or locales is completely coincidental.

Edited by Aquila Editing

This book is for those of us lucky enough to have a night under the stars while sipping Boone's Farm. Here's to the backs of trucks, cowboy hats, and tight jeans. Yeehaw!

Chapter 1

Clare

“Miss Clare Stevens?” I turn my head to look at the man who said my name. The sun blocks my view until he takes another step forward, his cowboy boots tapping on the concrete of the train station’s entryway. His movement gives me a clear view of him now, and I’m taken aback by the sight of him.

He looks like he could be my father’s age. Not that I knew my father, but if I had to guess how old he was, he’d be around this old. Instantly, the little bit of the fear I’d been feeling slides away. The man looks nice. The laugh lines around his mouth are evident, even with all the wrinkles. His grey hair is cut short, his skin is deeply browned by the sun, probably from years of working out on the land.

“Yes, that’s me.” I rise from the bench I’d been sitting on for over an hour. I was starting to wonder if my soon-to-be husband was coming or if maybe he’d changed his mind. The worry had grown worse with each ticking minute that had gone by. I didn’t even have enough money to catch a train back out of Lobo, Texas. I would have been stranded in a town in the middle of Nowheresville.

“Sorry about that, ma’am. One of the fences broke this morning and we had hogs all over the place. Had to round the bastards up.” He cringes slight at his own curse. “Excuse my language, ma’am.”

I smile, letting him know it doesn’t bother me “Don’t hold back on my account. I grew up on a farm with ten ranch hands. I’ve heard it all.”

“That so?”

I nod. “Yeah, until my mama got sick and we had to move to the city.” I can still hear

the pain in my own voice. It's still fresh. I can't hide it, even if I wanted to. She left me all alone a little over a month ago, and I don't have anyone now. The ranch I'd grown up on was gone. It wasn't our ranch, but it felt like it after all the years we poured into working there. The ranch hands there were the only family I'd ever really known, but the Blackwells upped and sold the ranch last year and there wasn't the option of going back to work there now.

I'd found myself up the creek with no paddle.

"Sorry about your loss."

I just shrug my shoulder because I really don't want to talk about it.

"That all you got?" He nods at the one bag I have sitting next to the bench. That all you got? The words burn.

"Yeah, that's all I got."

He studies me for a second, his eyes going soft.

"He's never going to see you coming." He laughs, and the lines around his mouth are more prominent now. I know he's talking about my future husband, Cash McCallister.

"Pretty sure he knows I'm on my way." I go to grab my bag, but the man beats me to it.

"Name's Earl," he says, picking up my bag and giving me a wink. "And no, I'm not sure he knows you're coming."

With that, he turns, bag in hand, and starts heading out of the train station. I follow

him as we make our way towards a black truck. He throws my bag into the back before opening the passenger door for me.

He actually has to give me a little boost to get inside. This thing needs a freaking stepladder or something.

Closing the door behind me, I slip on the seatbelt while he climbs in the driver's side. He buckles his own belt before he turns the key and the truck comes to life.

"It's about an hour's drive out to the ranch. It's nothing but farmland once we pull out of this town. You need anything before we go?"

"Where is he?" I don't know why that's my response, but I'm hurt that the man I'm supposed to be marrying isn't here to pick me up. I actually thought we'd be tying the knot before heading out to his ranch. That's what the email had said.

"Got held up," is his only reply as he pulls out of the train station, getting right on the road out of town.

I bite my lip as I look over at Earl, who shoots me another wink. I debate whether I should try to grill him for information about Cash or let it be. He'd probably tell him everything I'd said. Besides, Cash told me how this marriage was going to work and why he needed a wife.

A marriage of convenience. Someone to warm his bed and cook his meals. He hadn't said it in such blunt terms, but I could read between the lines. Though I didn't know why a man as handsome as Cash needed a mail-order bride. Handsome was putting it mildly. He'd given me one picture of himself and said it was the only one he had. It looked like it was taken without him knowing. He was on top of a horse, a stern expression on his face.

I couldn't make out his hair with the Stetson on his head or his eye color, but there was no hiding he was attractive and massive. Intimidating was the best word I could use to describe him in the picture. I couldn't imagine a man like him needed to get a mail-order bride, but here I am. Something about not needing the tangles of love. This wasn't going to be hearts and flowers. We would each do our part.

His words were cold, and at that, I'd pushed the idea of finding my Prince Charming out the window. When I'd first found out about the Cowboy Mail-Order Bride Program, I'd let those little romantic ideas dance around in my head, but it was clear

from the emails and the fact that he couldn't even bring himself to pick me up today that he hadn't been lying. This is all for convenience.

He didn't even ask for a picture of me. All he wanted to know was if I could cook, clean, and work a computer. That had pretty much been the gist of it. The agency did a background check, and I'm not sure what-all they'd given Cash of it.

I close my eyes, and soon the hum of the truck puts me to sleep. I don't know how long I drift, but the touch of a hand to mine wakes me from my sleep.

"We're here," Earl says. I look out at a large ranch-style home made completely out of wood. A deck wraps around the whole thing and I see white swings on the porch. The double front door is a dark blue, giving the home a welcoming feeling.

I open the truck door, wanting to see more, but Earl grabs me by the wrist.

"Wait for me." He exits the truck, coming around to my side to help me down.

There's land as far as I can see, with barns speckled here and there.

"It's beautiful here."

Earl just nods in agreement before going back to the truck and getting my bag. A few men step out of the white barn closest to the house. Both raise their hats, saying hi. I nod back at them.

One thing I'd always loved about growing up on a ranch was that there were always people around. And I love to cook. Mama and I could cook for hours for the men, and it was worth it to see their faces light up when they came in after a hard day of work. It made me feel needed, a part of something. I want that feeling again.

"Let me show you inside." I follow Earl up the porch stairs. He opens the doors to the house, leading right into the living room. Everything is minimal. It looks like a woman has never even stepped foot in here. The walls are bare, and the only furniture consists of three sofas facing a giant television screen. The living room is open and connected to the dining room and kitchen.

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The dining room has a wooden table that could probably seat fifteen people at it, but the kitchen steals the show. I find myself standing in it, not even realizing I'd moved. The countertops are all granite. The island has a sink of its own. One wall has four ovens built into it. The stainless steel appliances practically sparkle. I think I'd marry Cash just for this kitchen alone.

"Brand new," Earl says, breaking through my kitchen high.

I turn to look at him still standing in the living room as he watches me.

"How many hands are here?"

"Total is eighteen people if you count yourself, ma'am."

I could definitely handle eighteen people in a kitchen like this. I glance over at the clock. It's already one in the afternoon.

"Dinner time?" I ask as I start to pull open drawers, looking to see where everything is.

"Six," I hear him say from behind me as I find an apron and pull it on, tying it behind my neck and making sure not to catch any of the blonde spirals that have come loose from my ponytail.

"Well, I better hop to then if I want to have dinner done by then. I'm guessing that my adoring soon-to-be husband has no plans to marry me today since he couldn't even be bothered to pick me up." I turn, putting my hands on my hips.

Earl just smiles. Again.

“No, I don’t think he has plans to marry today.”

I give a curt nod before getting back to the task at hand. Not even married and I’m already mad at the man. But I think this is how our marriage will be. I’ll see him at meals and when he comes to bed. A bed I’m sure I’m supposed to be in. That was never outright said, but that is what married people do.

I’d made plans for that as well, making sure I’d gotten myself on the pill before I’d come out here. I might have landed myself in this situation, but I wouldn’t bring a child into it with me. This was about surviving, and Cash had never said anything about children.

I go to the pantry and look to see what I have that could feed almost twenty people. After looking over the shelves in here and in the kitchen, I decide on burgers with baked fries and a pasta salad. I’ll need to go to the store soon, but I have enough for tonight and breakfast tomorrow. But I need to start with the pies to get them into the oven.

When I come out of the pantry, I scream. Caught off guard by a young man who looks to be about my age or maybe in his early twenties. I’m still a few days shy of my twentieth.

He holds his hands up at my shriek.

“Sorry, ma’am. I was just coming in for the first-aid kit.” He wiggles the kit he has in his hand. “Barbed wire got his calf.”

“Sorry, you just scared me. I didn’t expect anyone.”

He gives me a crooked smile. “So the boss went through with it. Got himself a wife.”

“That’s me,” I confirm, though we aren’t married yet. I go over to the sink and pull out a dish towel I saw in the drawer, wetting it with warm water.

“You might need this.” I hand him the towel.

“You’re mighty small.” His eyes run over me like I’m hiding size somewhere. I am small. I’m barely five foot two, and I used to have a little more meat on my bones, but when money runs tight so does food.

“I think I can handle my chores while still being small.” I reply, not sure where he’s going with this.

“Oh, I’m sure you can. I just meant...” He looks back at the front door like he suddenly wants to leave and not finish what he was saying.

“Well?” I push, wanting to know.

“I should really go.” He backs up out of the kitchen, first-aid kit in one hand and towel in the other, before he darts out the front door. And I stand there, wondering what he meant.

Lassoing the Virgin Mail Order Bride... Available NOW!

Everything For Her

by Alexa Riley

USA TODAY bestselling author Alexa Riley's first full-length novel shows just what happens when a strong, possessive man finds the woman of his dreams.

I'll never forget the way she looked, so confident and sure of herself. I watched her from a distance. She wasn't ready for me yet. I didn't approach her and I didn't disturb

her, but I never once took my eyes off her.

Mallory Sullivan is ready to start her new life. After graduating at the top of her class, she's landed one of the most coveted internships in the United States. Hard work and determination have gotten her to this moment of living the life she only dreamed of while growing up in foster care.

From the start, I knew that she would be my greatest achievement, so the day I let her go, I set down a path for her. A path to me.

She never expected Oz to be the greatest culmination of those dreams. But sometimes fate determines who you fall in love with. Who makes you lose control. Who owns your soul.

And then you realize it wasn't fate at all...

I've wanted to care for and protect her since the first moment I saw her. I've constructed everything in our lives so that at the perfect moment, I could have her, could give her the life she deserves.

The time has come.

Preface

Miles

I've watched her since the beginning.

It's funny, but I don't really remember much before her. It's as if I could split my life into two halves. Before her and after. I remember my life with my parents, and I remember getting into college, but it's all gray before her. Until the day I saw her, there was no color. But once my eyes landed on her for the first time, it was like

when Dorothy landed in Oz and she opened the door. The world went technicolor, and she was my very own Glinda the Good Witch.

I was twenty-two years old the first time I saw her. She was seventeen and competing in a state-level high school math competition.

Yale University asked me to represent them as a student judge, and I nearly declined. The state of Connecticut is small but houses one of the greatest Ivy League colleges in the country. One that makes becoming a standout almost impossible. I was among the top one percent in my class as a senior at Yale, and my major being statistics.

The only reason I'd accepted the invitation was to play a part. Many expected me to follow in the footsteps of my father, and I wanted them to believe that, but my end goal was a little different than anyone knew. I was on the path of revenge, but playing a part would help me on that path. Rubbing shoulders with the same men my father did, even if it left a bitter taste in my mouth.

Agreeing to judge the competition was life-changing. The bitter taste in my mouth altered that day. A sweetness took over. I wanted it. Needed it.

I'll never forget the way she looked, so confident and sure of herself. I watched her from a distance, like you would a lioness in the wild. I didn't approach her and I didn't disturb her, but I never once took my eyes off of her.

I found out later she was being sponsored by her high school so that she could attend the competition. She had no family and was being raised in a group foster home, so her school funded the trip. She was smart, and they wanted to see her succeed, which she did.

I saw so much in her as she competed. She knew all the answers and was absolutely sure each time. She trusted her instincts, and they didn't let her down. There was so much potential in her just waiting to be unleashed. I wanted to sit down and talk to

her and have her tell me everything, anything, as long as she talked to me.

She swept the competition and won first place in her division. I was strangely proud of her.

When she walked out of the hotel ballroom after the competition was over, I let her go. It was the hardest thing I'd ever had to do. But I knew that if I went after her too soon, or too fast, she would run. Not only was she too young for me, but something about her told me she was the kind of woman who came along once in ten thousand lifetimes.

This wasn't to be rushed. It was to be savored.

I may hate my father, but I've learned from his mistakes. I'm going to use those mistakes for my own. He's smart but sl

oppy at the same time and it's been showing. But I know if you want something, you work hard for it, plan out all the details to make it yours.

From the beginning, I knew that she would be my greatest achievement, so the day I let her go, I set down a path for her.

A path to me.

No one knows it's been me behind the curtain, pulling the strings. I've constructed everything in our lives so that at the perfect moment, I could have her.

The time has come.

****STILL IN EDITS****