



Cuffs and Kink (A Bad Boy Romance #2)

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Category: Romance

Description: Ty: It was no secret I was a manwhore and enjoyed my fair share of women.

More than one woman had tried to pin me down over the years, but no way was the noose of matrimony slipping around my neck.

I was a fuck 'em and leave 'em kind of guy, and I liked my life just the way it was.

Badge bunnies fell into my bed in droves, even the ones who liked to play innocent, but there was one type of woman I'd always avoided virgins.

Which makes things a little awkward when hot little Josie Wright, the reverend's daughter, makes me harder than I've ever been before.

Just one look at those slender legs and perky tits and all I can think about is being balls deep inside of her, but good girls like Josie don't hang out with bad boys like me.

Josie: I've always had the perfect life loving parents and a stable home life.

Until now.

When my father told me I was to marry Reverend Falks, a man thirty years my senior, in exchange for our church getting a new roof, I was sure he had to be kidding, but the good reverend has told me in no uncertain terms that he plans to keep me barefoot and pregnant, along with some other details that make my stomach queasy.

I'll do anything to avoid my fate, even if it means falling into Officer Ty Daniels' bed.

Except once I'm there, I don't want to leave.

He makes me feel things I've never experienced before, and for the first time in my life I'm realizing that maybe it's good to be a little bad.

Warning: This story contains one dirty talking hunky police officer, a

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Ty

Holy fuck! It had obviously been too long since I'd gotten laid if little Josie Wright had my dick standing at attention.

She couldn't be more than twenty, and her prim and proper attire always made her look even younger.

At least, that was normally the case, but it seemed the reverend's daughter was taking a walk on the wild side in her short shorts and barely-there halter top.

How the hell had she escaped her parents' house looking like that?

She normally looked more like a boy than a woman, but fuck if those shorts didn't hug slender curves.

The shirt was molded to her, showing off breasts that looked perky even if they were on the small side.

I'd always been into stacked women, but for some reason those understated curves of hers were making me harder than hell.

I needed to avert my eyes and get my monster cock under control.

Walking around town with my dick tenting my uniform trousers was probably not a good idea.

I was pretty sure if anyone knew it was Josie who'd given me wood, I'd be run out of town by the end of the day.

Hell, I had to be a dozen years her senior, but fuck if my dick cared right now.

Had she really been hiding that body all this time?

I glanced her way again and saw her talking to some of the boys from the local college.

She was better off with someone closer to her age, even if I did want to bend her over the hood of that little VW Beetle she tooled around in every day.

That ivory skin of hers would look hot against the cherry red paint.

She laughed at something they said and the sound carried on the breeze.

It reminded me of damn fairies, it was so light.

My cock jerked against my zipper, and I discreetly adjusted myself.

If I didn't get the hell back into my cruiser and away from Josie, I was going to end up embarrassing myself.

Hell, I was already embarrassed that a slip of a woman had me harder than I'd ever been before.

And knowing that prim and proper Josie was more than likely a virgin just made matters worse.

I'd always steered clear of innocent women, but I would have loved to corrupt her.

An image of her bound to my bed flashed in my mind, and I groaned as I reached for my cock again.

I was just about to slide into my vehicle when the tone of her voice changed.

Her harsh, urgent tones had me turning her way again.

One of the guys had her hands shackled behind her in his massive grip while the other leaned into her space.

When I saw him fondle her breasts and her struggle to break free, I found myself slamming the car door and charging down the street.

His lips were on her neck as his hands pawed at her, and without thought I reached out and grabbed him by the back of his neck, slamming him facedown onto the back of her Beetle.

“I believe Miss Wright said no.”

“What the fuck, man?” the dickhead whined. “We were just having some fun.”

“I suggest you have fun somewhere else, because if I catch you having that kind of fun in my town again I’m hauling your asses to jail for attempted rape.

I have no doubt that’s where you intended to take things.

Maybe not here in the middle of the street, but once you’d managed to get her alone. Isn’t that right?”

The second guy held his hands in the air and backed away. “It was just a bit of fun, officer. She’s not worth the trouble.”

The one in my grasp struggled to break free, but I slammed him against the car again.

His face was turning almost the same color as her paint job, and I smiled grimly.

Josie looked at me with wide eyes as she massaged her wrists.

I saw the angry red marks where they'd held her too tight, and it made me want to lash out at the asshole in my grip.

“What do you say, Miss Wright? Are you pressing charges? I doubt I could nail them for attempted rape, but definitely for assault.”

She shook her head, and I noticed her eyes were shiny with unshed tears.

Fuck me. My heart twisted in my chest at that innocent face looking so crushed.

If she'd known what would happen, I'm betting she wouldn't have worn those clothes outside of her house today.

Hell, I was the law and even I was hard as a fence post just looking at her.

Men should be able to control themselves better, and most of us could.

A woman had every right to wear whatever she wanted.

But there was always a dickhead in the bunch. Or in this case, two.

“Looks like you're free to go, asshole, but steer clear of Josie. You hear me?”

I released him, and he took off down the street without even a backward glance.

I wouldn't be surprised if he'd pissed himself at some point.

Once I was certain he was gone and wouldn't cause more problems, I turned to face Josie.

Before I could even open my mouth to ask if she was okay, she launched herself into my arms, plastering that sweet body against me.

Yeah, if I'd been hard before, I was a fucking steel post now.

There was no way she didn't feel the effects of her body against mine.

Surely, even Josie Wright wasn't that innocent.

"Thank you, Officer Daniels. I thought they were harmless, but..."

My shirt felt suspiciously damp, and I looked down to see tears streaking her cheeks.

My arms tightened around her as I did my best to comfort her, without copping a feel.

I might be an ass, but I wasn't that much of an ass.

Although, her ass... No, I wasn't going to think about her ass, even if it did look good enough to bite.

"Let's get you home," I said, setting her away from me -- or trying to. The damn woman was attached like a barnacle. Her arms tightened around my waist, and I expected her to wrap her legs around me too.

Mmmm . Oh yeah, arms around my neck, legs around my waist. Now that was an image I could jerk off to later.

Sweet little Josie, open and willing and oh so wet.

I'd bet she tasted divine and felt even better.

Not that I would ever find out. Nope. I was going to put her in my car and take her home where her mama could take care of her.

Maybe I was a glutton for punishment. She did have her car with her.

The smarter thing to do would have been following her home.

Unfortunately, I wasn't thinking with the head on my shoulders, and the little head (although, to be honest, it really wasn't little -- just sayin') was all for spending more time with Josie.

I tucked her into my cruiser before sliding behind the wheel.

Her scent filled the small space, and I couldn't help but admire just how far those shorts rode up when she was sitting down.

If they were any tinier, they'd have been panties. Was she wearing any panties?

I gave myself a mental slap and backed the car out of the space.

"I'll drop you by your parents' home, and you can arrange to get your car later."

"I don't want to go there."

I stopped at a four-way intersection and looked at her. "Then where do you want to go?"

“Can we just drive around for a bit?”

Holy hell. She was trying to kill me. Or get me fired, because I was pretty sure the police chief wouldn't be too pleased to find me balls deep inside Josie Wright on the side of the road, and if she stayed in this car much longer, that was what would happen.

“Josie, I don't think that's a good idea.”

She blinked at me innocently before her gaze dropped to my lap, and my very hard cock.

Her eyes dilated and her lips parted. The way she licked her lips was enough to make my dick jerk, and I knew I had to get her out of the car and away from me as fast as possible.

Either that or I was going to be very, very bad.

“Josie.” My tone came out strangled as she continued to stare.

Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes cut toward the window.

I could tell she was intrigued, yet her innocence kept her from saying what was on her mind.

And hell if that didn't just turn me on even more.

I'd been with more women than I could count, but damn if she didn't make me harder than I'd ever been before.

But Josie wasn't a “right now” kind of woman.

She was the forever kind. I might have been thirty-two, but I wasn't ready for the picket fence, golden retriever in the yard, and two point five kids just yet.

No, whoever plucked her cherry was going to be a lucky bastard, but I'd be willing to bet it would be her husband.

"Why don't you want to go home?" I asked. She'd always been around town with one of her parents, seldom on her own, so something had to be going on. It wasn't like Josie to dress like this or refuse to go home.

She stared at the window and didn't say a word.

"Josie, if you don't give me a good reason, I'm going to take you home right now. You were attacked, and you should talk to someone, preferably your mother."

She snorted.

"Talk to me."

She turned those wide blue eyes my way and looked completely lost and betrayed.

Hurting Josie was akin to kicking a puppy.

Whatever put that look in her eyes, or whoever, I felt the need to lash out at them and beat them bloody.

She should be cherished and treated like a princess.

Whatever had happened, that one look told me she'd been cut deep.

"They're selling me."

Well, I hadn't expected that.

“I think you need to clarify that statement. What do you mean they're selling you?
Last time I checked, slavery was illegal.”

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She sighed. “My father has a friend, a minister in another town, who wants a young, pure wife. Someone to give him a dozen kids and teach Sunday school every weekend. A woman who won’t talk back or ever voice her own opinion. And he’s old! Like at least fifty.”

I stifled my smile at that. Fifty was hardly old, but to someone her age it probably seemed ancient.

“And your father is urging you to marry this man?” I asked.

“It’s worse. My father has promised him that he can have me. In exchange, our church is getting a new roof. Reverend Falks has a large congregation, one of those super churches that brings in millions. The man lives in a castle, for cripes sake!”

“And all that luxury doesn’t appeal to you?”

Her lips twisted. “Would you want to sleep with a man thirty years older than you for the express purpose of being a brood mare? Reverend Falks doesn’t believe in birth control and he already informed me that he plans for me to stay barefoot and pregnant.

He’s told me what he intends to do to me, and it makes my skin crawl.

He’s cruel, but the world only sees a kind man who lost his first wife too young.

What they don’t know is that he probably killed her. ”

Those were strong allegations, and I wondered how much was spoken in fear and how much was truth.

I wasn't overly familiar with Falks. I never watched his sermons on Sunday morning, but I knew he was a big shot around these parts.

And if he had decided he wanted Josie, there probably wasn't much she could do about it.

She was dependent on her family with no way of supporting herself.

And in a town this small, the law wasn't always on her side.

Luckily for her, I was.

My uncle was the local judge, and my cousins all worked for the department like me.

I wasn't sure there was anything we could do to protect Josie, but I'd be damned if I wouldn't at least try.

I flipped a U-turn and headed for the courthouse.

If anyone could figure out this mess, it was Judge Turner.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

"We're going to pay a visit to my uncle and see if he has an idea of how to get you out of this mess.

They aren't technically doing anything illegal -- yet -- but they can't force you to marry someone you don't want.

The marriage isn't legal unless you both say 'I do' and I guess you don't intend to do that. ”

“If I refuse, I'll be thrown out of the house. I've never attended college and don't have a job. How would I pay for a place to live?”

“One thing at a time, Josie.”

She sighed and settled back against the seat.

When we reached the courthouse, she reached out and gripped my hand tight.

The jolt I felt was enough to momentarily stun me, but I snapped out of it and ushered her through the building and to the judge's chambers.

He had an open door policy for family, and I hoped like hell he wasn't hearing any court cases.

The sooner I helped Josie figure out her problem, the sooner I could put some distance between us. Before I did something embarrassing.

As it happened, Judge Turner was in, and he seemed to be in a good mood.

“Well, if it isn't my favorite nephew!” He pounded me on the back.

“I'm your only nephew,” I said wryly.

“Semantics. Now, why have you brought pretty Josie Wright with you? Don't tell me you're finally settling down.”

My eyes widened, but my mouth refused to work.

“Officer Daniels thinks you might be able to help me, Your Honor.”

“I’m off duty. Call me Mr. Turner.” My uncle smiled fondly at her. “Now, what seems to be the trouble, Josie?”

She told him the same story she’d shared with me, and when she was finished, my uncle was frowning.

He paced the length of his office before stopping in front of us, hands on hips.

His lips were pursed, and I could tell he was measuring his words before he said anything.

He was always the type to think before he spoke, even when answering a curious eight-year old’s questions.

“Well, Ty could run you over to the women’s shelter, if they’ve got room, but that’s just a temporary solution.

I’m guessing you’d have a hard time finding a job and a place to live around here once Reverend Falks puts the word out he’s looking for you.

You could leave town, but I’m thinking you don’t have family anywhere else who’d take you in, and eventually Falks would catch up with you.

” Josie didn’t say anything, but we both knew my uncle was right.

There was the law, then there was the reality of a small southern town.

“I think it’s obvious what needs to happen. ”

“And that is?” I asked.

“Josie needs to lose her virginity.”

I stared at him, fairly certain I’d misheard. There was no way that was his only thought on the matter, which meant he was up to something. “You think losing her virginity will make a difference?”

He shrugged. “Reverend Falks wants a pure wife, so if she loses her virginity she won’t be pure anymore. He should lose interest and move on to someone else.”

Josie frowned. “I haven’t heard of any male prostitutes in town, so just how am I supposed to lose my virginity before I go home today?”

I coughed and sputtered. “Pardon? Did you just say you were going to use a male prostitute?”

“Well, what else am I supposed to do? I’m too young to hit the local bars, and even if I did, I can’t very well take someone home with me. And who in this town is going to deflower the reverend’s daughter? Aside from those jerks earlier, I’m pretty untouchable in most peoples’ eyes.”

“Trust me, plenty of men around here want to touch you,” I muttered.

My uncle laughed because the state of my arousal wasn’t easily hidden.

Despite the fury I’d felt when she’d told me her parents were trading her for a roof for their church, I’d remained pretty damn hard.

It was difficult to get myself under control with her so near, especially when she smelled incredible.

“Why don’t I give a call to the police chief and tell him you’re taking the rest of the day off?” my uncle suggested. “You can take Josie to your place and discuss her issue further.”

The knowing look in his eyes had heat creeping up my neck and settling in my cheeks.

I was a grown ass man, but talking about sex with my uncle could still reduce me to a hormonal twelve-year-old boy who’d asked him about the birds and the bees.

And fuck me if he hadn’t just put Josie right where I’d wanted her -- in my bed.

If she understood what was going on, she didn’t let on. Those innocent eyes studied me as if she were waiting for me to make a decision. Virgin or not, she knew I wanted her, and my uncle was throwing her into my arms. If she had a problem with that, she kept quiet.

I sighed and tipped my head toward the door. “Come on. I’ll take you to my place and we can figure this out.”

She gave me a slight smile, but her eyes warmed and her cheeks flushed.

My chest ached with how beautiful she was, and it seemed that at least for the next few hours, she was mine.

Fuck me if that didn’t please me more than it should.

Something told me this would come back to bite me in the ass, but until then, I was going to have one very happy dick.

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Josie

I'd be lying if I said I wasn't nervous, extremely nervous, but then handsome men always did that to me.

Officer Ty Daniels definitely was a handsome man.

It hadn't escaped my attention just how well he filled out that uniform, with his biceps bulging against the sleeves of his shirt.

I felt tingles in places that had long lain dormant, and despite my nerves, I felt a bit of excitement over being alone with him.

"Officer Daniels..."

"Call me Ty."

Ty. It suited him. "Ty, are you going to lose your job for helping me?"

"Doubt it. If my chief knew what your parents were up to, he'd be the first one to step in. I should warn you, my place is a bit of a mess right now. I've been pulling extra shifts, so I haven't had much time for housekeeping."

"I'm sure your place is fine."

How messy could it possibly be? I'd heard bachelor pads could be horrendous, but I'd never actually seen one.

My parents' home was always pristine. My father wouldn't have it any other way, and if my mother didn't keep a tidy home, then she paid the price.

Not that anyone would ever believe that Reverend Wright would dare beat his family.

If only people knew the truth. I'd wanted to escape for a while, but until I found a job it wouldn't be possible.

And if my father put the word out that he didn't want me working, then no one would hire me.

Ty pulled into the driveway of a small brick home with blue shutters and a maple door.

I hadn't known what to expect of Ty's home, but it looked quainter than I'd thought it would.

I'd honestly thought maybe he lived in one of the two apartment complexes in town.

A home made him seem more settled, though I had a feeling that wasn't a word he would use to describe himself.

I followed him up to the front door and slipped inside behind him.

He shut off the alarm and motioned for me to have a seat.

His furniture was chocolate leather and a large TV dominated one wall.

It had to be at least sixty inches or more.

My father didn't really believe in the evils of TV, unless it was a religious program,

so we had one small set in our living room and he ruled the remote with an iron fist.

The leather of the sofa creaked as I sank onto a cushion.

“Do you want anything to drink? I think I have some soda and some bottled water, or I could make a pot of coffee.”

Ty looked nervous, and I wondered if this was just as awkward for him as it was for me.

I knew Ty’s uncle hoped his nephew would rid me of my virginity, and I wouldn’t mind Ty being the one to take it.

Honestly, he was hotter than any of the guys I’d seen around town, but I’d always thought he saw me as a little girl since he was older than me.

I wasn’t sure how much older, but I knew he’d dated women in their thirties.

I’d seen him here and there with one beauty after another hanging on his arm.

Not that I’d been stalking him, but he was hard not to notice.

“Ty, you don’t have to do this. I know your uncle thinks it’s best if I lose my virginity, but I don’t want you to feel like you have to help me. He wasn’t very subtle when he suggested I come home with you.”

He smirked. “Honey, getting it up isn’t going to be a problem, but I’ve never been with a virgin before and I’m not sure I have enough finesse for something like that.”

I rubbed my hands against my thighs and stood up. “I never said I wanted finesse.”

“And what is it you want?”

I moved a little closer to him, the heat of his body pressing against me. “You could start by kissing me.”

His gaze skated down my body. “And if I don’t want to stop at just a kiss?”

“Isn’t that why I’m here?”

Ty reached out and wove his fingers through my hair, tilting my head back as he urged my body closer.

My breasts pressed against his chest, the cool metal of his badge making my nipples harden.

My lips parted as I waited for him to make his move.

I’d never told anyone before, but I’d never been kissed.

Being held against him was the closest I’d ever come to being kissed, to being embraced by someone other than family, and a thrill ran through me.

His head lowered and his mouth brushed against mine, leaving my lips tingling from the contact.

I felt his tongue swipe against my lower lip and I let him in, reveling in the taste and feel of him.

Our tongues tangled and I molded my body to his, his cock digging into my belly.

I’d never seen a naked man before, and until this moment I’d never much cared one

way or another about it.

But suddenly, I wanted to see Ty in all his naked glory, and I knew without a doubt that it would be spectacular.

The muscles in his body were hard and unyielding against my softer curves.

My panties grew damp as he ravaged my mouth, his lips and tongue taking pleasure as well as giving it.

I shifted my hands up over his chest and reached for the buttons on his uniform.

I popped them free, one at a time, and felt frustrated when I realized there was another shirt underneath.

I had no idea how to unclip the belt that held his gun and other things like handcuffs.

A shiver raked my spine as I wondered if he'd use the cuffs on me.

I might be a virgin, but I'd read enough romance novels to have a few ideas about what I'd like to experience.

Ty broke away, his breathing heavy and his gaze hungry.

"This is your last chance to change your mind, Josie. I don't think I'll be able to stop if this goes any further. I may be strong, but I'm not that damn strong."

I smiled a little, feeling a thrill of power that he wanted me that much. It made me wonder if a powerful man like Ty would fall to his knees with the right touch, the right kiss, the right words. I had none of those right now, but I would learn.

“I want this, Ty. I want you,” I told him, and I meant every word. I’d never been tempted before now, but standing here in his house with him so near, I knew without a doubt that I wanted him to be the one to claim my virginity.

Ty swung me into his arms and carried me down the hall to the bedroom.

He kicked open the door and set me on the edge of the bed as he made quick work of shedding his uniform.

I watched, hungry and yearning for things I’d only ever read about, as each item of clothing hit the floor.

My mouth ran dry at the sight of his impressive cock, hard and ready.

I had nothing to compare him to, but he seemed rather large, and I wondered if he was going to fit.

Compared to his height of six foot three, I was rather small at barely five feet tall.

Our size difference hadn’t mattered to me, but the monster that seemed eager to get inside of me did worry me a bit.

“I won’t lie,” Ty said. “I’ve heard it hurts the first time, and I’m not exactly small. Not as huge as some, but I have a good eight inches here that I’m hoping will make you scream in pleasure.”

“Just... go slow.”

He nodded.

I stood and awkwardly stripped out of my clothes, my cheeks burning.

No one had ever seen me naked before except my mother and my doctor.

I wasn't exactly blessed when it came to boobs, but I hoped what I had was adequate.

As hard as he was, he didn't seem to mind my smaller curves.

I'd seen the women he usually dated -- not that this was a date -- and they looked like goddesses with curves that Aphrodite would envy.

"Have you ever touched yourself?" he asked.

My cheeks flamed hotter, and I shook my head. I'd thought about it, plenty of times, but our walls at home were thin and I'd worried about making any noises my parents might hear.

"I'm going to touch you, Josie, and I want you to tell me if you don't like something. Okay? I want you to enjoy this as much as you can. If something doesn't feel right or hurts, you speak up."

"O-okay."

Ty came closer, his hands cupping my shoulders and sliding down my arms. Goosebumps rose along my skin from his touch.

He knelt in front of me, putting him at eye level with me.

His hands came up my sides, skimming over my ribs, to cup my breasts.

They were barely a handful, but the look in his eyes said he didn't mind.

If anything he seemed to like exploring my body, and I couldn't wait for him to do

more.

His lips closed over the tip of one breast. Sparks of pleasure shot from my nipple to my core, and I couldn't stifle the gasp that rose to my lips.

Ty moved to the other side as his hands slid down to cup my hips.

His mouth burned against my skin as he kissed his way down the valley of my breasts and across my stomach.

His palms cupped my ass and lifted me, placing me on the edge of the bed.

My thighs parted, giving him room to move between them.

Ty shifted, focusing on my legs. He kissed and nipped up my thighs until he'd made his way to my pussy.

Even though I'd never been intimate with someone before, I'd shaved since I'd turned sixteen and read my first romance novel.

Shaving had seemed sexy, and I'd wanted desperately to be sexy.

Ty dragged his tongue along my slit, and I couldn't help but try shifting closer to him.

Ty's mouth wreaked havoc on my senses as he brought me to dizzying heights.

When his tongue flicked my clit, I saw stars.

He sucked the bud into his mouth, and I cried out as I thrust against his lips. I wanted more! So much more.

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I could feel my body tightening and reaching for something I'd never experienced before.

I'd read about orgasms, but I'd never actually had one.

His touch burned me as his palms pressed my thighs outward, opening me more to his questing tongue and lips.

He sucked, licked, and tormented me until I thought I would cry and scream from both frustration and pleasure.

When I didn't think I could take another moment of it, he flicked my clit hard with his tongue and everything went hot and bright.

I couldn't catch my breath as I screamed out my release, my body bowing as he relentlessly teased my clit.

Stars exploded behind my eyelids as my body slowly relaxed, and I came back down to earth.

Ty kissed his way up my body, and I felt his cock brush against my pussy.

I trembled, knowing what he wanted, and was more than ready to give it to him.

But I wanted something else first. I wanted to please him the way he'd pleased me.

It only seemed fair, and I was more than a little curious.

This might be my first time, but I also knew it might be my only time for a while, and I wanted to make the best of it.

“Not yet,” I said softly.

He pulled away, looking pained. “You want to stop?”

I licked my lips. “No, I want to taste you. The way you tasted me.”

Heat blazed in his gaze as he helped me off the bed.

I fell to my knees in front of him, looking up to see if this was what he wanted.

He tangled his fingers in my hair and urged me closer.

The musky scent of him hit my nose and my mouth watered.

I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock, surprised at how soft the skin felt compared to the hardness of his shaft.

My tongue flicked out and gathered the drop of pre-cum that had been on his tip. He tasted salty, but not bad.

Ty groaned as I fitted my lips around the head of his cock and slowly took him into my mouth.

I remembered reading that the area just under the head was sensitive, and I flicked it with my tongue.

His hold on my hair tightened, and I could feel his control starting to snap.

I wasn't sure what he wanted me to do, so I explored and savored him as much as I could.

I couldn't fit his entire cock in my mouth, but I used my hand to make up the difference.

"Josie." My name sounded like a prayer on his lips. "I want to fuck that luscious mouth of yours."

I pulled away long enough to look up at him. "Then do it."

"You don't know what you're asking."

"Yes, I do." I flicked the head of his cock with my tongue. "You want to fuck my mouth, then do it. Just try not to choke me."

I opened my mouth and took him inside again, letting him have control. He fucked my mouth with slow, shallow thrusts that soon turned to deeper, harder strokes. My jaw ached, but I loved the feel and taste of him in my mouth.

"That's it, baby. Take it all. You like it when I fuck your mouth, don't you?"

I hummed my approval.

"Christ! You feel so fucking fantastic. Suck it, baby. Suck down every fucking drop."

His dirty words just turned me on even more, and I clenched my thighs together. I could feel his body tensing and knew he was close to coming. There was no warning before he erupted in my mouth. I swallowed, trying to take every drop of what he gave me, and when he finished, he released me.

I licked my lips and rose to my feet, marveling at the fact he was still hard.

I'd always thought men went soft after they came, but that didn't seem to be true for Ty.

He growled softly before claiming my lips in a searing kiss that I felt all the way to my toes.

He urged me back onto the bed and covered my body with his.

I knew what was coming next, and I was more than ready for it.

My body hummed with anticipation, and I knew I was more than wet enough to take him.

"I'm going to ask one last time. Are you sure this is what you want?"

"I'm sure. I want you to be the one, Ty. I trust you."

He retrieved a condom from the bedside table, and I watched as he rolled it on.

I'd never seen one up close before, and it squeezed tight over his cock.

I wondered if it was painful. If I'd been on birth control, I might have told him he didn't need one.

I wanted there to be no barriers between us, but I knew that wasn't very smart.

He kissed me again as his fingers slid against my slippery pussy.

He eased a finger inside of me. It wasn't unpleasant, but it felt odd.

As he pumped in and out of me, my body began to loosen as pleasure zinged through me.

He added another finger and slowly fucked me with them.

It felt incredible, and I couldn't wait to have him inside of me.

Any pain I might feel would be well worth it.

“Now, Ty.”

He didn't need any further urging. He lined up his cock with my pussy and slowly pressed into me.

My breath caught and held at the intrusion.

It was a tight fit and hurt like hell as my inner walls burned and ached as he stretched me.

It felt like it was taking forever and I wondered when the pleasure would come back.

“This part is going to hurt more,” he warned before surging forward.

I cried out in shock and pain and he froze, holding still inside of me.

I don't know how long we stayed like that, but the pain began to fade and soon I wanted him to move again.

His thrusts were slow as if he were afraid he would break me.

My body began to warm, and the pleasure returned, even more intense than before.

I could tell he was holding back, and I wanted him to let loose, to give me everything he had.

“More, Ty.”

He nipped my neck as he thrust into me hard, deeper. My legs wrapped around his waist as he pounded into me. Sweat coated our skin, and I felt his muscles bunch and flex with every move. I’d never felt so connected to anyone before, had never felt so complete.

Everything felt like it was spiraling out of control and as he thrust harder and deeper, I cried out my second release, holding onto to him tight.

Ty gave a hoarse cry as he stilled inside of me, our hips pressed together.

He gave me another kiss as he pulled away, withdrawing from my body.

I missed him the moment he was gone. His muffled curse had me opening my eyes to see what was wrong.

“It broke.” He was staring at his cock.

“What broke?” Surely he didn’t mean I’d broken his dick.

“The condom, Josie. The fucking condom broke.”

“Oh.” I blinked at him. “It probably takes more than one time to get pregnant, right? I mean, couples try all the time for months on end before having a baby.”

He stormed into the bathroom and returned a moment later without the condom and with a hot rag in his hand.

I winced as he cleaned me, pressing the hot cloth to my sensitive pussy.

Having never been intimate with someone before, I wasn't sure what came next.

Was it time for me to go? Would he want to cuddle?

Since the condom had broken and he didn't look too pleased, I was going to go with option one.

I pushed myself up and reached for my clothes, but he took them from me, tossing them aside.

"I'm not going to fuck you and throw you out of my house," he said. "Did you think you'd overstayed your welcome?"

"Something like that. You seemed angry, so I thought it was best if I left."

He sighed and shook his head, kneeling in front of me.

"Josie, I'm not mad at you. I'm upset the condom broke because I've never had that happen before.

But that doesn't mean it's your fault or that I hold it against you.

If you want to stay a little longer, I'm okay with that.

It was your first time, and I'm not about to treat you like some whore who needs to get the fuck out of my bed right afterward. "

I scooted over and waited for him to climb back into bed, then I curled against his side and rested my head on his shoulder.

It was nice, cuddling with him, and it was something I could easily get used to.

Ty was the kind of man I'd always wanted, and even though I knew this was a one-time deal it was nice that he was mine even for a little while.

Today would have to be a memory that would hold me for a while.

I wasn't sure when my parents planned to spring Falks on me again, but thanks to Ty, the good reverend would no longer want me.

I only hoped this didn't come back to bite me in the ass.

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Ty

It had been weeks since my afternoon with Josie and fuck if I could get her out of my head.

I'd had a date scheduled for the next day, but the woman had seemed vapid and I'd ditched her as fast as I could.

Since then, I hadn't been tempted by so much as one female.

Except Josie. I had seen her around town a few times, but she'd always been looking the other way, or with her parents.

If possible she looked thinner, and I worried about her health.

There were circles under her eyes, and I knew she wasn't sleeping.

I wondered if that was because of me and what we'd done, or if her parents were still pushing the marriage to Reverend Falks.

It was a Wednesday night, and Josie was probably at church with her family.

I sat at the counter in the Southern Fried Café waiting on my dinner.

I'd gotten off a shift a half hour before, but I was too damn hungry to go home and change before eating.

The loaded burger that Estelle placed in front of me was well worth a little discomfort.

My damn belt weighed a ton, but all that faded away at the thought of food.

Damn burger smelled incredible, and my stomach growled.

“It’s a shame if you ask me,” an old-timer down the counter said. “Good girl like that. Don’t know what her parents are thinking.”

The hairs on my nape prickled.

“I’m sorry, but who’s a good girl?” I asked, dreading his answer.

“Josie Wright. Her parents threw her out from what I heard. She’s been living in her car the last few days. Makes me question just how Christian her folks could be to do something like that.”

“Oh, they had a good reason,” Charlotte Weathers said from across the room. “Can’t say why, doctor-patient confidentiality and all that, but she was in to see Doc Simms the other day and her mama just about went through the roof.”

Was Josie sick? And her parents had thrown her out?

“Where’s she parking her car?” I asked.

“Out at Grovener Park. She parks under the shade tree out that way, or at least that’s where I’ve seen her the past two nights,” the old-timer said.

“Estelle, would you please make my dinner to-go, and get me a second one as well?” I asked.

The waitress smiled and nodded, taking my plate to the back.

About ten minutes later, she had two to-go containers for me, and I was out the door.

I wanted to flip on my lights and barrel through town to get to Josie, but I didn't want to get my ass chewed by the chief.

When I pulled into the parking lot of the park, that bright red Beetle was hard to miss.

Josie had the seat tilted back, and it looked like she was already asleep.

I got out of my cruiser and tapped on her window. She bolted upright, her eyes wide, and I felt like an ass for scaring the shit out of her. Josie rolled down her window and stared up at me.

"Am I in trouble for parking here?"

"You're in trouble all right. Why the hell didn't you come to me when your parents threw you out?"

Tears gathered in her eyes, and she started sobbing.

With a curse, I jerked open her door and pulled her into my arms, her ass resting across my bent legs.

Her arms curled around my neck, and she held on tight like she was afraid I would let her go.

Fat chance of that. She was all I'd thought about for weeks, and now that she was back in my arms, I wasn't going to let her go again.

“Are you okay to drive?” I asked. “Or do you want to come back for your car?”

“I can drive.” She sniffled and wiped her eyes.

“Follow me home. I have some dinner for you when you get there. I picked up some burgers at Southern Fried before I came here. I could tan your ass for not telling me they’d thrown you out. Why the hell didn’t you come to me, Josie?”

“I didn’t think you’d want us,” she said softly.

“Us?” I looked into her car but didn’t see anyone else in there.

“Me and...” She hiccupped. “Our baby.”

“Our...” My gaze dropped to her flat stomach. “Are you saying you’re pregnant?”

She nodded.

Fuck me .

“Follow me home and we’ll talk about this some more.”

I let her get back into her car and then I got into my cruiser and headed for home, checking the rearview every few minutes to make sure she was still back there.

My mind was reeling with her news. She was pregnant?

Fuck. I’d never really thought about being a dad before, but it seemed it would happen whether I was ready or not.

Christ! A kid? It was one thing to think about Josie every waking moment, but

another to raise a kid with her.

What the fuck did I know about raising kids?

Jesus, would she expect me to marry her?

Oddly, the thought of putting a ring on Josie's finger didn't freak me the fuck out like I'd thought it would.

Knowing she was home every night, waiting for me, was actually a pretty nice idea.

I'd stayed away from commitment as long as I could, not dating anyone more than once or twice, but Josie deserved more from me. She was having my baby for fuck's sake.

When I pulled into my driveway, a sigh of relief left me when I saw her pull up to the curb out front.

There was plenty of room in the driveway for both cars, which made me think she didn't intend to stay very long.

We'd see about that. No way in hell was the mother of my kid going to sleep in her car every night at the park.

Our town might be small and low on crime, but that didn't mean bad things didn't happen.

If we were completely crime free, I wouldn't have had a damn job.

Josie followed me up to the front door and I let her in, shutting off the alarm.

I'd have to make sure I gave her a key and the alarm code so she could come and go as she pleased.

Whether she realized it or not, this was her home now too.

I carried our food into the kitchen and got down two plates.

I wasn't about to make her eat out of a Styrofoam carton.

She'd made herself at home in the living room, and I handed her a plate and a bottle of water. I wasn't sure if pregnant women were supposed to drink soda, but I damn sure planned to look it up first chance I got. Whatever she needed, I'd make sure she had it.

"I'm going to grab a shower and change, and then I'll eat something. After that, we're going to talk." I reached out and lifted her chin to make sure she was looking at me. "You're not alone, Josie."

She blinked tears from her eyes and nodded.

I left her to eat her meal, and I took the fastest damn shower ever before throwing on some athletic pants.

I grabbed my food out of the kitchen and sat beside her on the couch to devour my meal.

Despite her shocking news, my appetite was still raging, and my stomach demanded to be fed.

By the time we were both done, she looked worn the fuck out.

Without a word, I picked her up and carried her to my bedroom, where I slipped off her shoes and helped her strip down to her panties.

I handed her one of my T-shirts and helped her to bed.

“Sleep as long as you want,” I told her. “I’ll come to bed in a little while, but I expect you to still be here come morning. Understood?”

“Thank you, Ty.”

“You don’t have to thank me, Josie. I’m just glad someone told me what was going on. I still want to spank that ass of yours for not coming to me right away.”

Her cheeks warmed, and I wondered if she wasn’t a little turned on by the idea. Definitely something to explore later.

I brushed a kiss against her cheek and left her to get some rest. I grabbed my laptop and settled onto the couch to do a little research on pregnancy.

If there was something in particular Josie needed, I wanted to make sure she had it.

We hadn’t really talked about her pregnancy or the baby, so I didn’t know if she was having cravings or nausea.

The blogs I read said a lot of women experienced morning sickness during their first trimester.

Not that I’d had a fucking clue what a trimester was before I looked it up.

By the time I’d finished my research, I felt a little better prepared for our talk in the morning.

Before I went to bed, I called the police department and let them know I wouldn't be in for my shift tomorrow.

It seemed word was already spreading around town that Josie had followed me home and dispatch asked if she was okay.

I assured them she was going to be fine and hung up before they could ask any more questions.

Until Josie and I talked, I didn't want anyone speculating on why she was here.

My eyes burned from staring at the computer screen.

I made sure the alarm by the front door was set before I went to the bedroom.

Josie was still curled on her side so I slid into bed next to her, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her back against my chest. It was the first time I'd ever actually slept with a woman, and it seemed right that the woman was Josie.

Despite how tired I felt, it was a while before I fell asleep.

Even though I didn't have an alarm set for the next day, I still woke when the sun rose.

Force of habit. Josie was snuggled against me, and I didn't want to wake her.

I knew my kitchen had limited options for breakfast, but I wasn't sure if she'd feel like going out to eat either.

Easing out from under her, I threw on a T-shirt and shoes and quietly left the house.

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The diner wasn't busy this time of the morning, and it didn't take long to get two breakfast specials to go.

If the knowing smirk from the waitress was any indication, everyone already knew who the second meal was for.

I just hoped they didn't know why Josie was staying with me, not until I'd figured out how we were going to handle things.

The fact she was pregnant with my kid meant she was my responsibility, whether she saw things that way or not.

The question was just how committed did we want to be?

Having a baby was one thing, but did it mean she'd want to marry me?

The jewelry store was closed this time of the morning, but the pawn shop was just opening up.

On impulse, I pulled into the lot and ran inside.

Rob, the owner, smiled when he saw me hurry through the doors.

It wasn't often we had a chance to meet when I was out of uniform unless it was at the local bar.

“What can I do for you this morning, Ty? Or is it Officer Daniels and this is a new

uniform requirement?”

“Smart ass.”

He grinned.

“I need a ring, and I need you to keep quiet about it.”

His eyebrows shot up. “An engagement ring?”

“You do have those, right?”

“A few.” He motioned for me to follow him over to a glass countertop. The rings were on display on the shelf below, ranging from diamonds so small you could barely see them to a diamond so large I knew it would break the bank even in a pawn shop.

“I only have about a hundred dollars in my wallet. I don’t suppose you have anything for that amount? I wasn’t really prepared for something like this.” I stared at the rings, hoping I could present Josie with something other than the tiniest diamond in the bunch.

Rob reached into the cabinet and pulled out a ring that wasn’t a diamond solitaire, but a sapphire with diamond chips on either side. It was set in a silver band and looked elegant, even though the stones were on the small side.

“This is a platinum band, so it’s good quality. I can let you have it for one hundred, even though I’m asking two hundred for it. I’ll give you the thin blue line special.”

“Are you sure? I don’t want to screw up your profit on the ring.”

“It’s for Josie, isn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I’m sure.”

I handed over the money, and he gave me the ring in a small black velvet box.

I snapped the lid shut and shoved it into my pants pocket.

Rob wrote up a receipt, and I shoved it in my wallet before heading back out to my car.

The food was still hot, and I rushed home so Josie could eat before it got cold.

I was glad I’d made my extra stop, though.

The more I thought about asking her to marry me, the more it seemed like the right thing to do.

I liked to think if we’d had a chance at a normal relationship that things would have progressed to that point naturally.

Josie was awake and sitting on the couch when I walked in, the TV on low.

There was a bottle of water on the table in front of her, and I cursed myself for not thinking about getting some juice for her while I was out.

If she was going to move in, I would definitely need to stock the kitchen with mama-to-be type food and drinks.

She smiled, relief flooding her eyes as I walked through the door with the food containers in my hand.

“How long have you been awake?” I asked.

“Not long. I thought maybe you’d gone to work.”

“No, but I do need to return the cruiser sometime tonight. I took today off and I’m scheduled to be off the next two days, so I need to pick up my personal vehicle.

I only keep the cruiser on nights when I might get called in.

” I held up the containers. “Are you hungry? I have eggs, bacon, sausage, and toast.”

Her stomach growled, and I smiled.

“Just let me put everything on plates and I’ll be back.”

“No.” She held out a hand. “I can eat out of the container. Just bring me a fork.”

I went to the kitchen and grabbed forks for both of us and then settled on the couch beside her.

We ate in silence with her watching the TV, even though she seemed more interested in her food than what was on.

It made me wonder just how often she’d gotten to eat since her parents threw her out.

If she didn’t have a job, it wasn’t likely she’d had much cash on her at the time, if any.

When we were finished, I threw the containers away and put the forks in the sink before returning to Josie.

She seemed nervous, and I couldn't blame her.

She'd been through a lot in the last few days, but I aimed to see that she was taken care of from this point on, as much as she would allow.

Josie had been dependent on her parents her entire life, and from what little I knew about her, I knew that wasn't the type of woman she wanted to be.

If she wanted to work, to have her independence, then I didn't have a problem with that.

But if she wanted to be a stay-at-home mom, I would be okay with that too.

I might not be rich, but I made enough that we could live comfortably as long as we didn't go on crazy buying sprees.

"You said last night that you're pregnant," I said.

She nodded.

"Why didn't you come tell me?"

"I didn't think you'd want to know. It was just the one time, and I knew you were doing me a favor. It's not like we were dating. I don't expect for you to swoop in like some white knight and take care of me, Ty. I'll figure things out."

"Josie..." I reached out and took her hand.

"We might not have planned this, but that's still my baby you're carrying and I have every right to be a part of his or her life.

It also means that I'm going to take care of you.

I know you want to stand on your own two feet and I'm fine with that, but right now you need some help.

You need a place to stay at the very least, and that place is going to be here. ”

“Is this where you go all caveman on me and throw me over your shoulder, carrying me off to the bedroom?”

I smiled. “It's not a bad idea. I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about you every damn day since our afternoon together.

I've looked for you around town, but you never noticed me.

Or if you did, you did a damn fine job of pretending otherwise.

I'm not trying to dictate your life, but I do want an active role in my son or daughter's life. ”

She stared at our joined hands, and I wondered what she was thinking.

The ring was burning in my pocket, begging to be taken out, but I knew if I did that right now it would blow up in my face.

She wasn't ready for me to propose, and she might never be ready for that step.

I wanted her to be mine, even if it had taken an unplanned pregnancy to make me see that.

I just wasn't sure that Josie would appreciate my sudden devotion.

I had no intention of sleeping with other women or even looking twice at them.

Now that I knew we were going to be a family, I had a reason to reach out and grab what I wanted.

“You aren’t mad?” she asked.

“Why would I be mad? It’s not like you trapped me.

The condom broke, which isn’t my fault or yours.

It’s not like you sleep around and you’re trying to pawn someone else’s kid off on me.

” I squeezed her hand. “It may not have been intentional, but we’re having a baby whether we’re ready or not.

You don’t have a place to live right now, and I think we get along reasonably well.

Will you please consider living here? And not as a roommate. ”

“This isn’t who you are, is it? The soft, caring man.

I’ve seen you with those other women, and you’ve always been dominant and demanding.

I’ve heard the talk around town, so I knew what I was signing up for when I agreed to come to your house.

But that’s not the side I’ve seen, and it’s left me wondering which is the real Ty Daniels. ”

“Can’t I be both?”

She shook her head. “I think you’ve been treating me differently because I was a virgin and you were worried you’d scare me, or lose control.

But in the end, isn’t that exactly what you’ve done?

You’ve given all the control to me, and that’s not who you are, Ty.

I want you to be the real you when you’re around me. I’m a big girl, and I can handle it.”

Fuck me. She was giving me permission to be myself, and hell if she wasn’t right.

I’d been holding back with her. At first, it was because she was a virgin, but now I knew there was a baby growing inside of her, and I was scared as hell I’d do something to hurt one or both of them.

What kind of asshole would I be if I handcuffed the mother of my child to my bed?

“I don’t think you can handle the real me.” I released her hand and stood up, pacing the small space. When I neared Josie again, she dropped to her knees and gripped my hips with her hands.

“Then let me prove to you that I can.”

“You shouldn’t be on your knees right now.”

“Why not?”

I growled.

“Does it make you want to do dirty things to me?” she asked with a smile. “Does it make you want to strip me naked and fuck my mouth like you did that afternoon?”

“Yes.”

“Then do it.”

“Josie, I’m not playing.”

“I never said this was a game. You want me, and I want you. The only problem is that you’re scared to let loose, and I’m telling you it’s okay. Take what you want from me, Ty. I’m yours to do with as you please.”

Holy shit! Did she have any idea how fucking hot that was? My dick was trying to break free of my pants, and fuck if I didn’t want to take her up on her offer. She wanted the real me? Maybe it was time I showed her who that was.

“Take off your clothes, Josie. New rule. No clothes in the house unless I tell you to put something on. When we’re alone, when you walk in the door you strip naked.”

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I watched her eyes dilate as she swiped her tongue across her lower lip. It seemed my Josie liked that idea. A lot.

She quickly stripped out of her clothes and sank back to her knees in front of me, waiting for my next command. There were so many things I wanted to do to her, and I fully intended to explore each and every one at some point, but right now she was going to suck me dry.

“Take out of my cock.”

She reached up and pulled my pants down to my hips, and my cock sprang free. She licked her lips again, anticipating my next demand. Pre-cum dripped from the tip, but fuck if I was going to blow my load before I got between those sweet lips.

“Open.”

Her jaw dropped and I thrust my cock between her lips.

She greedily sucked and licked at my shaft as I fucked her mouth with shallow thrusts.

I knew I was too big for her to take the whole thing, and I sure as hell didn't want to choke her.

Fuck ! She felt incredible. My hand knotted in her hair as I tilted her head back a little so I could go a bit deeper.

“You like that, don’t you? Like being treated like a good little whore?”

She hummed around my dick, and my balls drew up.

“Mmm. Do that again, baby.”

She made her humming sound again, and I nearly lost it. I fucked her mouth faster, wanting to come. I was so damn close.

“Reach up and play with my balls.”

Her small, soft hand closed around my balls, and I nearly came right then.

She rolled them between her fingers and when she gave them a little squeeze, I exploded, shooting cum down the back of her throat.

I pulled out before I was completely empty and painted her lips with my cum.

When she licked it off, I was almost instantly hard again.

She had been a virgin when I fucked her a few weeks ago, but damn if she wasn’t acting like a pro.

I had no idea what she’d been up to since we’d been apart, but I was wondering if a little porn-watching hadn’t been part of her spare time.

Even more, I wanted to know if she’d gotten herself off while she’d been back home.

“Did you play with yourself after you went home that day? Have you gotten yourself off?” I asked. I wondered if she’d become a little more daring after our time together.

Her cheeks flushed, and she nodded.

“And what were you thinking about when you did that?”

“You. I remembered the things we’d done together, and it made me so wet.” Her thighs clenched. “I’m wet now.”

“Do you need a good fucking, sweet Josie?”

She nodded eagerly.

“Get on the couch and wait for me.”

I didn’t hang around to see if she complied.

I had a stash of new toys in the bedroom, things I’d bought with Josie in mind even though I hadn’t been certain I’d ever have her in my bed again.

I’d gotten off a lot just thinking about using them on her.

I opened a small vibrator and made sure I put in batteries, then I grabbed some lube and a butt plug.

She’d given me her virgin pussy, and now she was going to give me her virgin ass.

I was so fucking hard just thinking about it.

I’d passed some long hours in the cruiser, thinking about bending her over the hood of my car and fucking her ass good and deep.

I wanted to coat every inch of her in my cum, marking her as mine.

Because whether she knew it or not, she was mine now.

It was just a matter of time before I claimed her officially.

The ring in my pocket felt heavy. I pulled it out and shoved it into a dresser drawer. Now wasn't the time.

In the living room, she was curled up on the couch, her knees folded under her. Her eyes widened when she saw what I was carrying, but she didn't utter a word of protest. So, she was either intrigued, or just didn't want to disappoint me. I was really hoping for the first one.

"I've painted those luscious lips of yours with my cum. Now I'm going to bathe your pussy and your ass with it. If you're going to protest, now is the time."

She shook her head and watched me as I knelt in front of her.

I pulled her legs from under her and spread them wide.

Her pussy was so pink and inviting, just begging to be fucked.

I leaned forward and licked her slit, gathering her essence on my tongue.

Pulling her closer, until her ass nearly hung off the edge of the couch, I set to work pleasing her.

I fucked her with my mouth until she was on the verge of coming, her little clit so hard that I could feel the blood pulsing inside.

"Does my Josie want to come?" I asked.

“Yes, please.”

“I’m going to make you come, and then I’m going to fill your ass with the butt plug while I fuck you good and hard. You want that, don’t you, Josie?”

“Yes.” She whimpered. “Please, Ty. I need you.”

I pulled out the vibrator and turned it on high, placing it against her clit.

She nearly screamed as she orgasmed right away, her body bowing off the couch.

I didn’t let up, knowing she had more than one orgasm to give me.

As I tormented her clit with the toy, I fucked her with my fingers.

My dick ached to be inside of her, and there was a steady stream of pre-cum puddling on my wood floor.

I watched as her ass clenched on her next orgasm, and it made me even more determined to take her there.

I was going to ride her ass long and hard tonight.

When I thought she’d had enough, I helped her roll over onto her knees, and I used a liberal amount of lube to prep her ass.

I teased her with my finger until I felt her relax, then I gently pushed inside, just up to the first knuckle.

I wanted her in the worst way, but I was going to take my time and do this right.

Sweat was coating my skin by the time I'd worked two fingers into her ass and was ready to insert the butt plug.

I eased the toy inside of her, making sure she wasn't in any pain. By the time it was fully inserted, she was moaning and pressing back, asking for more. I had no doubt that she was going to give me a wild ride when it came time to switch the toy for my dick.

"What does my Josie want now?" I asked, flicking the butt plug.

"I want you, Ty. I want you to fuck me."

I teased her slit. "You want my dick to fill up this pretty pussy?"

"Please."

That please was the sweetest thing I'd ever heard.

I helped her readjust so that I could climb onto the couch behind her.

As my cock sank into her wet heat, I reached for the vibrator and switched it on again.

Balls deep inside of her, I tormented her little clit with the vibrator until she was screaming and thrashing beneath me.

My little Josie was something of a wildcat, and fuck if that didn't make me even harder.

I pumped into her with deep, long strokes, wanting to feel every inch of her.

It wasn't long before she was pushing back against every thrust and whimpering for more.

I pounded into her, taking her fast and hard, until both of us cried out our releases.

I shot load after load of cum into that sweet pussy, marking her as mine.

When I pulled out, it dripped down her thighs, and I couldn't help but smile in satisfaction.

I'd never gone bare with a woman before, but fuck me if it wasn't the biggest high.

"I don't think my legs work," she mumbled into the cushions.

"Oh, I'm not done with you yet."

She turned her head and cracked an eye open to peer up at me. "If we fuck like rabbits all day long, I won't be able to walk tomorrow."

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Josie

The plug in my ass was a reminder of things to come.

Once we'd caught our breath we'd showered, then Ty had told me to get dressed.

Even though I'd already seen Doc Simms, he insisted on taking me back and hearing everything for himself.

This time we took his personal vehicle. It seemed he was going to be an attentive father, and it made me think he was serious about being in this for the long haul.

I only hoped Doc didn't ask me to strip, or things were going to get a little embarrassing.

"Josie, Doc said he'd like to do an ultrasound this time, to get a better idea of how far along you are." The nurse smiled. "I know your mom rushed you out of here last time."

"I know exactly how far along I am. I've only had sex one time in my entire life."

The nurse's eyes widened and cut toward Ty, a knowing grin on her lips.

I sure as hell hoped Ty was in this for the long haul because the town gossip mill was about to start churning.

Not that I was expecting a wedding or anything, but I was glad he wanted to be a part

of his child's life.

As for me, I had no doubt I'd eventually land on my feet.

I just needed a little more time to figure things out.

I'd wanted to go to college, but my parents had considered it a waste of time.

Ty helped me onto the table, the paper crinkling under my ass.

I'd thought he would take a seat across the room but he stood beside me, his hand braced on my thigh.

It was sweet, the way he watched over me, but I didn't want to get used to it.

Sooner or later I'd have to face the fact it was time to move on.

Everyone around town knew about Ty and his stance on relationships.

He was a fuck 'em and leave 'em kind of guy, and I seriously doubted that a romp between the sheets with a virgin had changed him. It wasn't like I had a magic pussy or anything. He'd probably had better, even if he had seemed to enjoy himself both times.

Ty rubbed between my eyes. "You're frowning," he said. "If you don't want the ultrasound, we won't get one. I don't know anything about having a baby, but it's probably too soon to see much of anything anyway."

"I'm sure my parents' insurance will cover it if they haven't pulled me already. I just..." I sighed. Now was not the time to discuss where this thing between us was going, if anywhere.

The door opened, and Doc Simms walked in, a jovial smile on his face.

“I’m surprised to see you back so soon, Josie. I take it now that you’ve had time to think things over you’re a little more excited about the baby?” he asked.

“It wasn’t so much a lack of excitement before as it was a shock that I was pregnant. My mother’s screeching didn’t help matters any.”

He hummed an agreement. “Well, why don’t you lie back and we’ll take a look at your baby? My nurse tells me that you know the date of conception, but I’d still like to take a peek and make sure everything looks good.”

I swung my legs onto the table and leaned back, pulling my shirt up to expose my stomach.

Ty moved closer and reached for my hand.

I gripped it tight as Doc squirted a cold gel on my stomach and then started moving the wand around.

There was a loud noise that filled the room as the grainy images appeared on the screen.

I had no idea what I was looking for and hoped Doc would point out the baby.

For all I knew, it looked like an alien right now.

He pressed down harder as he slid the wand around my stomach and then he stopped moving and pushed some buttons on the machine. A moment later, he handed Ty a black and white picture.

“Congratulations, Daddy. You now have your first picture of your son or daughter. According to your paperwork Josie, you’re about six weeks along right now.

At the five month mark, we’ll do another ultrasound, and you should be able to find out what you’re having if the little tadpole decides to cooperate.

Do the two of you have any questions for me? ”

“I read that caffeine isn’t good for the baby,” Ty said. “Is it still okay for her to have some coffee and soda? Or does she need to cut it out completely?”

Doc folded his arms. “I don’t see the harm in one cup of coffee and maybe one or two sodas a day, but try to limit caffeine intake as much as you can.

If possible, only drink one or the other.

You should really focus on milk and juice to get the vitamins and nutrients you need.

Did you get your prescription filled for the prenatal vitamins? ”

I shook my head. “Mom tore it up.”

Doc sighed. “I’ll write you another one. Make sure you get it filled this time. You should also eat well-balanced meals and swap any sugary snacks for things like fruit or yogurt. You’re going to notice a dip in your energy levels before it shoots back up and you go into nesting mode.”

“Nesting mode?” I asked.

Doc smiled at Ty. “If your house isn’t clean now, it will be later. I’ve found that most expecting mothers want the house to be perfect before they bring home their babies,

even if that means hand-washing the baseboards.”

Ty’s eyebrows rose. “I read something about that last night, but I didn’t realize it was a real thing.”

“Oh yeah. Just don’t let her overdo it.”

Ty cleared his throat. “What about... intimacy?”

Doc chuckled. “As long as she’s up for it and no pregnancy issues pop up in the future, then you can have a relatively normal sex life until the last few weeks of her pregnancy.

I’d like you to stop the closer we get to her due date because sperm can cause the cervix to thin and orgasms can cause contractions.

Don’t want the little one showing up too soon. ”

My cheeks burned, but I was glad Ty had asked.

If he intended to continue our relationship, I was certain that sex would be part of it.

If last night was any indication, keeping our hands off each other would be difficult.

The plug in my ass reminded me that he wasn’t finished with me yet.

If he wanted me as much as I wanted him, then we’d barely clear the front door before the clothes would start flying.

I was twenty-one and had never felt so much as a twinge of desire before Ty, and now I felt like a sex-starved rabbit.

All I wanted to do was fuck Ty in every way imaginable.

Doc spoke with Ty for a few more minutes about some concerns he had and then we were on our way. My stomach rumbled, and a glance at the clock showed it was nearly noon. We'd been at my appointment longer than I'd thought. Ty reached over and rubbed my belly.

"Guess we better feed the little bean. Are you hungry for anything in particular? I read that pregnant women have cravings."

It seemed he'd done a lot of research while I was sleeping last night and it warmed my heart, giving me hope that things might work out.

I still didn't kid myself into believing I could have it all, but at least I knew he'd be an attentive father for our child.

A lot of single moms didn't even have that much.

We could work out a schedule that worked well for him so that he could spend as much time with the baby as he wanted.

Assuming I'd figured out what the hell I was doing with my life and I wasn't still dependent on him for survival.

It was really going to suck if I had this baby before I figured things out.

At this point, any job would be better than no job, but who was going to hire a pregnant woman?

"Josie?"

I snapped my gaze his way and remembered that he'd asked me a question.

"Oh. Food. Um, anything is fine. Except for seafood. Maybe some pasta?"

"Little Italy, then."

My stomach rumbled again, this time in approval.

I'd eaten there several times with my family, but I'd never gone there -- or anywhere -- on a date before.

Was this a date? No, this was just Ty feeding the mother of his unborn child.

I didn't need to romanticize it. But we really did need to have a conversation about what his expectations were.

I might have a long way to go with this pregnancy, but I didn't want the uncertainty of my future, of my child's future, hanging over my head the entire time.

Ty found a spot near the front door and escorted me inside, his hand at the small of my back.

I'd hoped we were getting our food to go so we could pick up where we'd left off at home, but he asked for a table.

It seemed he was intent on driving me insane.

Every time I moved, every time I sat, the plug in my ass sent off little shockwaves.

By the time he finally got around to fucking me, I'd probably come just from looking at his dick.

My cheeks burned at my thoughts. I'd never been wanton before or felt so naughty.

I'd definitely never thought dirty thoughts.

Even when I'd had a bit of a crush on Ty, I'd never thought much past kissing and being held.

I might have read hundreds of romance books, but since I'd never actually had sex, I'd not really had a clue how those sensations would feel when the writer described something.

Now I knew firsthand how amazing sex was, and I wanted more of it.

The waitress who came to take our order kept smiling and batting her eyes at Ty.

If he'd given her even the slightest hint of a smile or flirted back, I might have stabbed him with my butter knife.

I had no clue where these out of control emotions were coming from, but I hoped I could get a grip on them soon.

It was one thing to want to climb my baby-daddy like a tree and have wild monkey sex, but it was another to want to bare my teeth and claim him as mine.

I had a feeling Ty wouldn't appreciate that much.

Even when I placed my drink order, the stupid woman didn't even look at me.

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“Does that happen often?” I asked as she walked away.

“What? Wait staff asking to take my order?”

“No, getting eye-fucked by anything in a skirt.”

His lips twitched and amusement lit his eyes. “Usually, it’s the uniform that does it. But yes, women tend to throw themselves at me.”

I wasn’t happy with that bit of news, but I had to stifle my current feelings and lock them away. We might be having a baby, but Ty was very much still single and could do as he pleased.

“I wouldn’t have stopped you if you’d wanted her number.” My hands fidgeted in my lap as my brain screamed lie . As it was, I’d wanted to rip out her eyes for looking at him too long. I had no doubt she’d been picturing him naked -- in bed, no doubt.

His eyes darkened, and his mouth firmed into a thin line. “Is that what you think of me? Do you honestly think I’d pick up another woman while I’m having a meal with the mother of my child?”

“Ty.” I sighed. “That’s all I am. The mother of your child. We aren’t boyfriend and girlfriend. I have no claim on you. I’m sure sharing a house will cramp your style a bit, but it’s not like I moved in last night and demanded your fidelity.”

“Maybe you didn’t have to demand it, and it was freely given.” He nearly growled at me. “I’m not a complete asshole, Josie. I would never disrespect you that way. No,

we may not have labeled whatever this is between us, but it sure as fuck is something. I'm not going to screw you over."

I smiled faintly. "You're just going to screw me?"

His anger faded as he smiled. "Definitely. Every chance I get."

The waitress brought our food, attempting to flirt with Ty once more.

He still didn't pay her much attention other than to thank her.

His eyes never left mine. Maybe I wasn't the only one feeling a little possessive.

Perhaps he really did want me as much as I wanted him, and for now, that was enough.

We finished eating, and Ty paid the bill before ushering me back to the car. He locked the doors before starting the engine and turned my way, his gaze burning bright. I was trapped for a moment, unable to breathe or dare to look away.

"I think little Josie needs to be punished for thinking so little of me."

Oh God. My thighs clenched as my clit throbbed.

"Punished?"

"Push your pants and panties down to your thighs."

"But... the windows. Someone will see."

He smirked. "They're tinted, but maybe I want them to see how much I can make you

squirm. Maybe I want them to know that I can make you beg.”

With my cheeks burning, more from intrigue than embarrassment, I slid my pants and panties down to mid-thigh.

Ty backed out of the space and as he headed toward the house, his hand dipped between my legs and teased my pussy.

He slid his fingers up and down my slit before spreading me open and seeking out my clit.

Rubbing it in small, slow circles, it wasn't long before he had me panting.

My nipples hardened and pushed against the cups of my bra as I tried to spread my legs further apart.

His finger left my clit and dipped inside of me, fucking me slowly.

I wanted more! I wanted his mouth on me, I wanted his dick inside of me, I wanted...

I wanted everything. Through the haze of pleasure, I realized he was taking me past the town limits, and he pulled down a bumpy dirt road, stopping slightly within view of the highway.

My heart raced as I wondered what Ty was going to do next.

We were still out in the open, exposed, and fuck if that didn't seem to excite me even more.

“Take your pants and panties the rest of the way off and get out of the car, Josie.”

My eyes widened. “Out of the...”

“Car. Yes, strip and get out of the damn car.”

I did as he demanded -- ditching my pants, panties, and shoes -- and as I stepped out, I heard him open the glove compartment.

I didn't see what he pulled out, but I stood uncertainly beside the car.

He came around the side and closed my door before bending me over the hood.

His lips pressed to my ear sent a shiver down my spine.

“I'm going to make sure you know that the only pussy I want to fuck is yours. I'm going to take you hard. I'm going to take you fast. And I'm going to take you deep. Then after my cum is dripping down your thighs, I'm going to fuck this tight little ass of yours.”

“What if someone sees us?”

I felt him smile against my neck. “Then I guess they'll get a free show. You'd like that wouldn't you, my little wildcat? You'd like someone watching as I fucked you into a coma.”

My nipples were so damn hard, and my clit was throbbing.

It seemed I had a bit of exhibitionist in me.

I felt his cock against my pussy, and then he thrust inside with one long stroke.

I cried out as my toes curled. His thrusts were strong and demanding.

Relentless. I reached between my legs and played with my clit.

My fingers flew as he took me faster and harder.

I didn't want him to come without me. I was close, so close, but he roared his release before I could orgasm. I felt his teeth on my shoulder.

"Not getting to come yet is part of your punishment, little wildcat. You're really going to like this part."

I felt him ease the plug from my ass and then something cool dribbled in the crack of my ass. He'd brought lube? I wasn't sure if I was turned on that he was so prepared, or a little jealous that he drove around with lube in his car so he could have a quickie whenever the mood struck.

His cock probed my tight hole, and I sucked in a breath as the head pushed through. The toy had prepared me some, but he was so damn big in comparison. It burned, but it didn't exactly hurt. Ty took his time, working his length into me until he was finally balls deep.

"So full," I murmured.

And then he began to move. Fuck me! I'd never felt anything like it before, and I hoped like hell he'd want to do this again sometime.

Every nerve in my body tingled and snapped to awareness as he started out with a slow, steady rhythm.

It wasn't long before I was pushing back against him, wanting more.

"Don't baby me," I said. "I know you want to fuck me."

He growled. “You want me to take you like an animal? You want to unleash the beast inside?”

“I want you , Ty. All of you. If that means you fuck me like an animal, then do it.”

His grip on my hips tightened as he stroked deeper, harder.

As he pounded my ass, my clit tingled and throbbed.

I reached for it, wanting to come this time.

I was so wet and slick that my fingers slid easily against the bud, moving faster and harder until I was crying out my release.

I felt my ass tighten on his cock and it seemed to be all Ty needed to push him over the edge.

He came with a roar, pumping into me until every last drop was drained from his dick.

I had no doubt I was going to be one hot mess by the time we got home.

I squeaked in surprise when he put the butt plug back in.

“You’ll wear that until we get home. Your clothes remain off until we pull into the driveway. Understand?”

I nodded as he helped me into the car. He tenderly buckled me in, kissing the top of my head, before he went around and slid behind the wheel of the car.

I had no idea what to expect next from Ty, but whatever it was, I was going to look

forward to every moment of it.

The man was insatiable, and if all of his punishments were as mind blowing as this one, I might have to be bad more often.

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Ty

I played with Josie's pussy the entire way home, bringing her to the brink at least twice more, yet not giving her the satisfaction of coming.

When we pulled into the driveway, I let her get dressed.

Not that she was going to stay dressed for long, but the neighbors might complain if she walked naked from the car to the front door.

Might be time to find a house with a garage.

Then it wouldn't have mattered if she had on clothes when we got home.

I turned off the alarm as we stepped inside and before the door had shut all the way, I was divesting her of her clothes.

She was abso-fucking-lutely gorgeous, and I planned to keep her naked as much as possible.

My cum was leaking out of her ass around the plug and dripping down her thighs from her pussy.

It made me want to beat my chest like a caveman, having marked my woman.

She didn't seem to realize that was what she was, though.

Not if her comments at the restaurant were truly how she felt.

Josie hadn't realized it yet, but she'd pulled my man whore card.

Now I was a dedicated man whore to just one woman, and I intended to fuck her every chance I got.

"I'm going to run you a bath and let you soak. You're going to be sore."

"Are you going to join me?"

I smiled. "If I join you, you'll be even sorer. No... this bath is just for you. When you're done, we can discuss what you'd like to do for the rest of the day. I need to run to the store for some supplies at some point, but you can stay here and rest while I do that."

I went to the bathroom and started the water.

When I hadn't been able to get Josie out of my head, I'd purchased a few feminine bath products in case she ever came over again.

I added some bubbles to the water and set out the shower gel and shampoo I'd picked up for her.

The doc had said to make sure the water wasn't too hot, but fuck if I knew what too hot was.

I liked my showers so hot my skin almost melted off, but I decided somewhere between reasonably hot and lukewarm was a safe bet.

When the tub was full, I shut off the water and went to collect Josie. She was still

standing by the couch and hadn't moved.

"Everything okay?" I asked, worried that maybe I'd hurt her.

"I'm kind of messy. I didn't want to ruin the furniture."

I smiled. "It's leather, wildcat. I'm pretty sure we can wash it off. Come on. Your bath is ready."

I took her by the hand and led her to the master bath.

Before she got in, I eased the plug from her ass and playfully bit her right ass cheek.

She squealed and jumped a little. I gave her ass a light smack before helping her over the edge of the tub.

As she sank neck-deep into the water, I knelt beside the tub.

"I'll be in the bedroom watching TV. Call me if you need anything."

"Ty, you don't have to hover. I'm pregnant, not fragile."

"Humor me." I kissed her softly before leaving her to her bath.

While Josie soaked in the tub, I brainstormed an idea for a proposal.

After her comments at the restaurant, I knew I needed to make things more official between us.

Women liked romantic gestures, or so I'd been told, but fuck if I knew exactly what that was.

So far, our relationship consisted of me fucking her every chance I got.

I looked out the bedroom window and the roses blooming in the backyard gave me an idea.

I crept through the house so Josie wouldn't question what I was up to, and went out back to gather a few blooms off the bushes that had come with the house.

How the hell I hadn't killed them yet baffled me, but they seemed hardy enough.

I grabbed a red, a pink, and a white before going back inside.

When I got to the bedroom, I changed the sheets to the black ones I seldom used.

I'd never fucked a woman on the black sheets, and at that moment I vowed to get rid of every article of bedding I had that had any miles on it.

Josie hummed softly in the bathroom as I broke the roses apart and sprinkled the petals across the sheets.

I had a few candles that I kept mostly for power outages, but I lit them around the room and cut as much of the sunlight as I could.

This was romantic, right? Music would have made things better, but I'd managed to break my iPod's docking station the week before and hadn't replaced it yet.

I heard the splash of water and the sound of the tub draining.

I raced across to the dresser and pulled out the ring box, then stuffed it under my pillow.

I was just straightening when she sauntered into the room, a towel wrapped around her body and her hair lying damp against her skin.

My heart kicked in my chest at how gorgeous she was.

If this plan worked, then she'd officially be mine.

She smiled when she saw the setting.

"What's all this?" she asked.

"I thought you deserved a little romance."

"Does this mean you're going to fuck me again?"

"No." I shook my head. "This means I'm going to make love to you, which is something I've never done before just for the record.

Fucked like a wild animal, yes, but made love to someone?

No." Her eyes looked a little misty, and I hoped it was a good sign.

"I realized over the last few weeks that you were more than a one-night stand, Josie. I've thought about you a lot since that day, and I wanted you to know that you're special to me.

You're not just another woman in a long line of women. "

She smiled a little.

I walked around the bed and tugged her into my arms. After dropping her towel to the

floor, I laid her on the bed and stripped out of my clothes.

Covering her body with mine, I kissed her softly.

I'd never been one for words or tenderness, but I was going to try for Josie's sake. She deserved all that and more.

When I pulled back, her lips were swollen and her eyes heavy-lidded.

I'd never understood the phrase "drunk on her kiss" until that moment.

Whatever I was feeling, it wasn't something I'd felt before.

But under that euphoria was a big dose of nerves as I slid my hand under my pillow and retrieved the box.

I kept it out of her view a moment longer.

"Josie, I have something I want to ask you." I popped open the box and showed her the ring.

"I know we don't know each other very well, despite our current circumstances, but I want to change that.

I want to know everything there is to know about you, and I'd like to spend the rest of my life trying to figure you out. Marry me?"

Tears had gathered in her eyes and she reverently touched the ring. "Ty, you don't have to marry me just because of the baby."

"I'm asking you to marry me because I want to spend the rest of my life with you,

Josie.

I can't promise you flowery words or that I'll remember to always tell you what you mean to me, but I do promise to take care of you in whatever way you need and to love our child and provide for him or her to the best of my ability. "

She stared at the ring, and I wondered if I was about to be rejected, but she turned those tear-filled eyes my way and nodded. My heart nearly stopped before taking off at a gallop.

"Is that a yes?" I asked, needing to be certain.

"Yes." She laughed. "Yes, I'll marry you, Ty."

I kissed her hungrily before sliding the ring onto her finger.

I threw the box halfway across the room before I devoted all of my attention to my future wife.

Her body was my playground, and I was going to make her scream my name until she couldn't anymore.

I kept my touch gentle as I explored her curves, my mouth tasting every inch I could reach.

I slid down her body and pushed her thighs wide with my shoulders.

The lips of her pussy parted, and fuck if my cock didn't get even harder.

The scent of her arousal was addicting, and I knew it was a scent I would never grow tired of, no matter how long we were together.

I hoped when I was sixty I'd still want to pull off onto the side of the road to fuck her.

My lips closed over her clit, and I sucked the little bud until Josie's thighs were tightening on me.

She tasted sweet, and I couldn't wait to gather her cream on my tongue.

I licked, sucked, and savored every inch of her pussy.

My little wildcat was clawing at the covers and bucking against my face as I teased her some more.

When she came on my face, I licked up every drop and couldn't help but smile in satisfaction.

She was panting, and her eyes were closed.

I placed a kiss on her belly and reached for the bedside drawer.

Little did she realize, I had quite the stash of toys and I intended to use as many of them as possible before the night was over.

I pulled out a smaller vibrator than the one we'd used before.

I sat on my knees and pulled her closer until my cock was lined up with her slit.

When the toy whirred to life, her eyes went wide.

"Just how many of those things do you have?"

I smirked. "You're going to find out, one toy at a time."

The smile she gave me made my dick jerk, and some pre-cum dribbled onto her.

I rubbed it into her skin before easing the head of my cock inside of her.

I'd always wanted to try this, but I'd never had a partner who inspired me as much as Josie did.

I made sure she was comfortable and then placed the toy against her clit.

Josie gasped and her back arched as her hands fisted the covers.

"The only way you're getting more of my dick is if you take it," I told her.

"T-take it?"

"I want you to fuck yourself with my cock. Use me like a sex toy."

Her eyes dilated and her lips parted.

I circled her clit with the toy, and it wasn't long before her hips were pumping, and she accepted more of my dick.

I switched speeds on the toy until it pulsed and buzzed against her little bud.

Josie cried out and began fucking my cock.

I wrapped an arm around her waist and hauled her against my body before I flipped onto my back.

She straddled me; my cock buried deep inside of her.

I teased and tormented her with the toy, switching from fast to slow speeds, then changing the rhythm.

She was riding me fast and hard when she screamed out her release, milking every drop of cum from my cock.

Josie fell across my chest, her hair plastered to her sweat coated skin.

“So, how do you like my toy collection so far?” I asked, smiling.

“If they’re all as good as that one, you may have to go buy more.”

I couldn’t help but laugh as I cuddled her close. Who knew when I was checking out the reverend’s daughter that I’d end up with my perfect match?

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Josie

“I swear to God, if you ever come near me again with that monster cock of yours, I’ll cut off your balls and shove them down your throat,” I growled as I stared at Ty with narrowed eyes. He looked both amused and terrified as his hand cupped his balls.

I bore down on his hand, probably squeezing the life out of it, but fuck if this wasn’t the worst pain I’d ever felt in my entire life.

I’d asked for drugs at least three times and the nurse just smiled patiently and told me there wasn’t time.

Fuck that! She’d better make time. I was not having this baby without some serious meds.

It wasn’t my fault I’d gone from my contractions being six minutes apart to three minutes apart within the span of an hour.

Sweat soaked the hospital gown I was wearing as the doctor checked me once more.

My pussy had seen more action tonight than it had in weeks.

If baby Grant didn’t make his appearance soon, I was going to tell them to cut me open and pull him out.

How did women do this shit? Another spike of pain hit me as a contraction gripped my stomach and wrapped around my back.

I ground my teeth together to keep from screaming.

“Well, I have good news, Josie,” the doctor said. “It’s time to push.”

Halle-freakin-lujah.

“Now, after the next contraction comes, I want you to push as hard as you can.”

Not a problem. I’d push the kid out so hard they’d need a quarterback to catch him. Did quarterbacks do the catching? Fuck.

I pushed as hard as I could when the time came, and poor Ty’s fingers turned purple.

He winced but didn’t utter a word of complaint.

I had to hand it to him; I’d been a super bitch since the contractions started and he’d taken it in stride, murmuring words of comfort to me, even when I snapped back and threatened his manhood.

“You’re doing great, wildcat. Almost there.” He smoothed my hair back with his free hand.

I panted between pushes and glared at him. “I hate you right now. You know that, right?”

“No, you don’t. You love me, and as soon as Grant is snuggled in your arms, you’ll remember that.”

“One more big push,” the doctor said.

I bore down so hard I forgot to breathe and was rewarded with the sweet sound of my baby boy crying. Tears filled my eyes as I watched the nurse clean him up. When she

settled him in my arms, the hours of pain and discomfort faded away.

“He’s perfect, isn’t he?” I said in awe as I counted his fingers and toes.

“You expected any less? I mean, look at his parents. We’re pretty spectacular.”

I smiled at him. “I’m sorry I threatened to neuter you.”

“Yeah, well, you’re still not allowed near any sharp objects anytime soon.”

“Do you want to hold him?” I asked.

He looked scared but held out his arms. I placed Grant in Ty’s arms and watched as he cradled our son against his massive chest. I’d never seen a more touching scene and tears sprang to my eyes.

Ty was demanding in the bedroom, but I’d quickly discovered that when it came to me -- and now our son -- he was a big softie.

There wasn’t anything he wouldn’t do for us, and it made me love him even more.

“I love you, Ty. You know that, right?”

He leaned down and kissed me softly. “Love you too, wildcat. Deflowering the reverend’s daughter was the best thing I ever did. It landed me you and created this handsome little devil.”

I’d decided against breastfeeding, so the nurse handed Ty a bottle.

I felt a twinge of envy that I did all the work, and he got the first feeding, but after I nearly broke his hand, I figured he’d earned it.

As I watched father and son, my eyes slowly drifted closed, a smile on my face.

I had more happiness and love in my heart than I'd ever thought possible.

Who'd have guessed that the sexy, bad boy cop would turn out to be the man of my dreams?