



Law Man (Blue Collar Bad Boys #4)

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Category: Romance

Description: Riley:

It isn't every day that your worst nightmare and your biggest dream come true at the same time. One minute, I'm being attacked by a stranger in the library where I work, and the next minute, the man I've been in love with for years is rescuing me. I feel safer in Noah's arms than I ever have before, and I'm even more sure that he's the man for me.

Noah:

As the sheriff of Blackwood Falls, my life isn't particularly exciting. The town is small and it's one of the safest in the country. So, when I get the call saying a woman is being attacked at the library, the case gets my full attention. I race over, and I'm face to face with the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. So beautiful, in fact, that I forget my training and let the perp get away. I can't allow a man like that to be on the streets, so I'm forced to leave Riley alone while I track him down. When Riley is put in danger for a second time, I know I can't afford to make any more mistakes.

Law Man is the final book in the Blue-Collar Bad Boys series. It's a standalone grumpy-sunshine, obsessed romance with a very sweet, happy-ever-after.

Total Pages (Source): 10

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:53 am

Noah

My sirens wail as I fly through the streets of Blackwood Falls.

Dispatch stressed that this was serious, that the librarian on the line was distraught.

She wasn't able to give our team many details before she hung up, which makes the situation even more concerning.

The only thing our employee was able to glean is that a patron won't leave and that he's trying to force himself on her.

We don't get calls like this very often here.

Blackwood Falls is generally a pretty safe town.

Occasionally, some tourists will get drunk and cause a ruckus, but no one ever gets seriously hurt.

Hell, there's hardly ever even a risk of physical injuries.

Bruised egos are usually the collateral in the calls I respond to.

So, when this call came over the radio, I took the case immediately.

As the sheriff in town, I'm the person that's most well-equipped to handle this, even though I've only handled a few break-ins in my time on the force.

That's of no consequence. Crimes like this make me sick, and I'll be damned if I don't do everything within my power to put the sick bastard behind bars.

My patrol vehicle comes to a screeching halt in front of the library and, flipping off the sirens, I jump out of my vehicle to run inside. I take the stairs three at a time, my hand resting on the gun at my hip. Then, I burst inside, the door slamming against the wall.

Before the glass door shuts behind me, I hear a female voice yelling from somewhere deep within the library. I waste no time in running toward the source of the sound, my adrenaline pumping. My heartbeat pounds in my ears in anticipation of what I might come across.

I'm always one to do things by the book, but depending on what I find, I just might put a bullet in this fucker's head.

As I approach a door marked "Employee Lounge", the sounds of distress become sharper, louder. I'm close.

Not caring if the perpetrator hears me coming, I barrel in, my stomach turning at the sight in front of me. A pale man, about 5'10", with a medium build and unkempt black hair is standing over the woman who made the call. I can't see her face, I can only hear her yelling for the man to stop.

She sounds so scared, so broken, that I see red.

"What the fuck are you doing!?" I yell, pulling my gun from my belt and aiming it at the criminal.

The man, still keeping his hold on her wrists turns around, a wild look in his eyes. I'm so focused on him that I almost don't realize how gorgeous the little lady he's

looming over is. My eyes flit to her body, wanting to assess the situation and ensure her wellbeing.

Her big, blue eyes are locked onto me, and her long, brown hair is mussed up. Somehow, despite the clear fear and horror etched into her features, there's relief in the oceans of her irises. Seeing that does something to me... makes me do something I never do.

I hesitate.

In moment that I do, the perpetrator lets go of the girl.

He takes off, darting toward a door I didn't notice when I first walked in.

Above it, in bright green letters, is the word "exit." He's on the loose, and it's imperative that I stop him.

I can only assume what he was going to do to her, and having someone like him on the loose—even if he doesn't come back to the library, other women could be in danger, too.

"Suspect is on the run," I say into my radio, hustling to the door. "Exited through the backdoor, unclear of the direction he went. In pur—"

The words die in my throat. As I pass by the girl, she grabs onto my wrist, tears welling up in her eyes. Her bottom lip wobbles slightly as she says, "Please don't leave me here."

Suddenly, I don't care about finding the perpetrator myself, at least not right now. I can't leave the woman, and I don't trust her with anyone else. I've never felt so protective of a victim, but something about her is different from everyone else I've

met.

“I won’t,” I promise, stopping in my tracks. Then, I press down my radio again and give the man’s description, never looking away from the girl. When I get responses from my team, I say, “Hey, you’re okay now. I’m here.”

She nods, and the hint of a smile graces her lips. I’d do anything to keep her smiling. God, I’d tear apart this entire world for her. What is she doing to me?

“Thank you, Officer Reynolds,” she says, her voice almost as small as she is.

Thank god I got here when I did. She’s a petite little thing. There’s no way she could have fought that man off. Fuck... I can’t let her be alone. What if something else happens? I can’t risk that.

“You can call me Noah,” I say, trying to focus on the task at hand, the woman in front of me.

“I— I’m Riley,” she says, voice shaky but bright. “It’s nice to meet you, Noah.”

I open my mouth to speak to her again, but it seems as though the events of the day all catch up to her at the same time.

Her face falls, the bits of happiness that were there just moments before are completely gone.

The tears that were gathered in her eyes begin to fall.

So, I do the only thing I can think to do — I wrap my arms around her and pull her close to my chest.

Comforting people has never been my forte.

I have a bit of a reputation around the station for being a hard-ass.

I couldn't begin to count the number of times one of my officers has had to take a crying individual out of my office, whether they were a fellow member of the force who was getting a severe dressing-down for not following orders, or a teenage girl begging me not to tell her parents she'd been caught shoplifting.

My affinity for the rules doesn't pair well with gentleness.

For Riley, though... for Riley I try my best.

For her, I'll always try my best. And, if I can have it my way, she'll never feel like this again. I'm going to do everything I can to catch the bastard that made her feel this so frightened.

As I rub her back silently, I decide to keep any words of comfort to myself, so I don't say something wrong.

I don't have much practice with this kind of thing, after all.

Instead, I scan the room. There isn't much that I can glean from the scene.

The perpetrator didn't leave anything behind, from what I can tell, but I do see a surveillance camera in the corner of the room.

If I can get my hands on that and any other footage from the time of the incident, I can find our guy before the end of the night.

That is, if I'm willing to bend the rules a little bit.

Even though I do things by the book and ream my guys for shirking procedure, this is a special case.

I've got an acquaintance that can find anyone, and fast.

I'll ask about the footage soon, but for right now, my girl needs me to help calm her down.

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Riley

This is simultaneously the worst and best day of my life.

I never thought that I'd be a victim of assault, especially not in the library, not in Blackwood Falls.

But I also didn't think I'd ever come face to face with the sheriff — a man whom I've been quietly crushing on since he gave a presentation at my local high school.

The whole point was to encourage us students to join the force, and thought that if I could become an officer, I'd be able to get closer to Noah.

I attempted to get in shape, but even though there's no official height requirement, I just didn't have the build or the stamina to complete any of the tasks on the Physical Fitness Qualifier.

How could I, when the dummy I had to carry was taller and heavier than I was?

When I realized my dreams of being an officer would never come true, I decided that I would just make peace with not having him.

But now, he's here. His arms are around me, and he's running his strong hands along the length of my back. Even though I'm still shaken from what happened, from what might have happened if Noah hadn't shown up when he did, I relax into his hold.

I'm not surprised that his presence makes me feel safe. He is the sheriff after all. But

there's something else. It's like something has sparked in my chest, and I feel more at ease than I ever have in my life.

After a few moments, my frantic breathing starts to even out. Noah pulls back slightly, his arms still holding me close. As though this moment couldn't get any better, any more intimate, he rests his hand on my cheek. His thumb brushes just below my eye, comforting me with a gentle touch.

A sigh of relief escapes my lips, and my eyes fall closed. As he continues to stroke my cheek, he says, "Everything's okay now, Riley. You're safe."

"Yeah," I agree, letting out a shaky breath, opening my eyes to admire him up close.

His black hair is buzzed and neat, part of his sheriff's uniform.

Those green eyes, which I remember as being hardened and severe, take on a soft glint.

Up this close, I'm struck by just how much bigger he is than I am.

An involuntary shudder runs through my body, a strange kind of electricity collecting between my legs.

"Are you cold?" he asks, apparently sensing the way my body reacts to him. I'm not surprised, considering how tightly we're pressed together.

"N—no," I stutter, feeling silly for how flustered I'm getting under his gaze. "That was just— it was just a lot."

That's not a lie, he just doesn't need to know how all-consuming his presence feels.

“It was,” he agrees.

Then, something amazing happens. The corner of his mouth twitches in the beginnings of a smile.

Even though I don’t know him personally, Blackwood Falls is small and gossip travels fast. I thought he seemed tough when he gave the speech to my class, but since then I’ve heard more about him.

I know that he’s serious, that he’s no-nonsense, that he won’t tolerate even the most minor infractions.

In all the stories I’ve heard, I’ve never heard of him smiling. Yet, here he is. Noah Reynolds is smiling at me.

“Seriously, though,” he says, his face straightening out. “Are you okay? I can get you anything you need.”

“I’m okay,” I tell him, his low, warm voice making me feel steadier with each passing moment. “Now that you’re here, I know everything’s going to be okay.”

This time, it’s not just a twitch of his lips. Noah smiles, and he gets even more handsome. My heart flips in my chest, and my breath catches in my throat. I have to look away from him before I do or say something stupid.

I don’t have any experience with this. The only man I’ve ever had eyes for is him. I’ve never had sex, never kissed anyone, never even flirted. The last thing I want to do is ruin this for myself before it’s even started.

“I’m glad to hear it,” he says, voice low and husky.

For a moment, I think he's going to kiss me, but surely that has to be my imagination. He's so much older than I am — nearly twice my age — and a professional. He's not the kind of man to kiss the people he's supposed to be protecting.

Breaking me out of my thoughts, he says, "Let me check you for injuries." He finally puts some distance between us, but the weight of his attention grows heavier.

"You might feel okay, but there's a lot of adrenaline running through your system.

It's possible you were hurt and you're just not able to feel it yet. May I touch you?"

I nod, not trusting my voice to remain steady.

Once he has my consent, he takes one of my hands in both of his.

With the same amount of gentleness that he used to stroke my cheek, he runs his fingertips over my wrist, pressing down slightly to check for any bruises or tenderness.

When he's satisfied that I'm uninjured there, he turns his attention to my other arm.

My entire body gets unbearably warm, the heat starting in my cheeks and spreading through my limbs. The warmth is concentrated on where he touches me. And... somewhere lower, somewhere peculiar.

Oh god... is that wetness? What's happening to me? What is he doing to me?

After a few seconds, he deems my opposite wrist uninjured.

I assume that he's done checking me over, but his hands land on my hips and he takes in my form.

I can't help but wonder if his interest is strictly professional.

The blush on my cheeks burns even hotter, and I'm positive that it reaches my chest.

"Did he touch you anywhere else besides your wrists?" Noah asks, the hardness in his tone surprising me.

Apparently, just the thought of that guy is enough to infuriate Noah. I think that if he were anyone else, I'd be scared of his seemingly very short temper. With him, though, I like it. I can tell that the anger isn't directed at me and that it will never be directed at me.

"Well, he chased me in here," I admit, not wanting to relive the events of a few minutes ago.

I'll have to, though. If I want to file a police report — which I do — I'll have to go through it all multiple times.

"But that was after I called 911. All he had time to do before you got here was grab me."

Noah nods, his jaw clenching as he processes the information. I hold my breath, waiting for him to say something else. He controls himself for me. I'm fairly certain he's not the kind of man that usually does that. It's not lost on me that he's making a conscious effort for my comfort.

God, he's an even better man than I thought he'd be.

"I wish I could have gotten here sooner," Noah says, rolling his shoulders back. Then, he shakes his head like there's no use in dwelling on that. "I will find him, Riley."

“I know you will,” I say, meaning it with every fiber of my being. Still, for some reason, my eyes start to water. My voice quivers as I continue to speak. “If anyone can do it, you can.”

He grabs me, pulling me against his chest, hugging me tightly again.

I absorb his warmth, his strength. I try not to be embarrassed by how emotional I feel right now.

I remind myself that it’s normal, that I’m probably handling what happened to me better than most people — and it’s all thanks to Noah.

“I’ll need to get you to the station,” he says, still holding me tightly, his hands rubbing comforting circles into my back.

“I have to finish closing the library,” I say, unsure of why I’m trying to find reasons to stay here. All I want to do is leave here and go wherever Noah’s going.

He pulls back, another one of those smiles that I’m starting to realize are just for me, gracing his lips. He murmurs, “I’m sure that your boss will understand if you don’t get everything done. I’ll even talk to her myself if she gives you any flack. Sophia still in charge?”

“She is,” I confirm.

“Then I’ll give her a call when we get to the station,” Noah says, his steadiness a huge comfort. “But, before we go, can you get the footage from the security cameras?”

I blink, remembering for the first time since all of this happened that the library is outfitted in cameras — something I thought was overkill at first. I smile and say,

“Yeah, I can do that. Do you want it on a flash drive?”

“No,” he says, releasing me and stepping away. “I’ll have you send it to my personal email.”

That strikes me as odd, something that is decidedly not by the book.

I don’t say anything about it, though. Actually, I find that I like the prospect of such a rigid man with a reputation for being a stickler for the rules breaking them for me.

So, with Noah hot on my heels, I lead him into the office so I can forward him the videos.

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Noah

The station is empty when we get there. Our office is usually pretty empty, and right now, all of the officers on the clock are currently out looking for our perpetrator.

“I’ll take you back to get your car tomorrow,” I tell Riley as we settle into my office. “I don’t want you to be alone while this criminal is still on the loose.”

“I appreciate that,” she says, suddenly seeming very shy. It’s adorable.

I grab my notebook from my desk drawer and nod toward the chair in front of my desk. As she settles in, I take my own seat. It’s too far from her for my own taste, but I’m already breaking so many rules, both my own and the force’s, that I know I need to follow them while I take her statement.

“So, I’ll just need you to tell me everything that happened,” I say, flipping my notebook open to a blank page. “We can start before the incident occurred and work our way up to the harder details.”

Riley nods, her arms circling her torso. It’s a self-soothing mechanism I’ve seen people do hundreds of times before. My palms itch with the desire to be the one giving her comfort. I’ll have to try to guide her through this as quickly as possible.

“Tell me about the day,” I say, trying to ease her into this interview. “Was there anything strange or out of place?”

“Um,” she starts, focusing on a spot at the edge of my desk. “No, it was pretty

normal. But... well, when I got in, Daisy, the girl who works day shifts, she told me they had to kick someone out for bothering patrons.”

“Interesting,” I say, jotting that down. “Did she mention what he looked like?”

“Maybe...” Riley says. Her bottom lip quivers. “I... I don’t remember, though. I’m... I’m sorry.”

“Hey, it’s okay,” I say, setting my pen down.

I long to reach out and grab her hand to offer her some semblance of comfort, but she’s holding herself even tighter than before, her eyes downcast. “Don’t worry about it.

I can just talk to her later if I need to.

I’ve already got someone looking at those videos. With any luck, I’ll hear back soon.”

My words don’t seem to reach her. She’s in her own head. Unsure of what else to do, I push myself back from the desk, and the sound of the legs scratching against the floor gets her attention.

“Come here,” I say, a hint of command underlying the statement, though I still sound much kinder than I usually do, to my own ears at least. I hope I sound kind to her, too.

As if under a spell, Riley stands and comes around to my side of the desk. She settles herself onto my lap. Her hands rest gently on my shoulders, and she perches on the edge of my knee.

I wrap my arms around her waist, pulling her small frame flush against my chest. She leans into me, her body relaxing further when I start running my hands along her back.

My cock starts to stir to life in my pants at the thought of just how willingly she does what I tell her to — I don't even need words.

“You don't have to worry,” I say, barely above a whisper because if I speak any louder, she'll be able to clock the arousal in my voice. That isn't what she needs right now. “We're going to take care of him. He isn't going to bother you or anyone else ever again. I can promise you that.”

“I know,” she says, and it sounds like she really believes me. “Today has just been... so overwhelming.”

“I know, sweetheart,” I murmur, the pet name slipping out. Riley doesn't seem to mind it, though. In fact, she relaxes even further into my grasp. Deciding to push it further, I place a kiss to her temple, lingering there when I say, “I'll keep you safe.”

“Please,” she says, her voice breathy, shifting to something almost sultry.

I leave a line of kisses down the side of her face.

When I get to her jawline, I keep going, groaning when her head tips to the side to give me better access.

She shudders slightly, her breath hitching.

She makes a sound like she's opening her mouth to say something but can't seem to get the words out.

Without giving her a chance to figure out what she wants to say, I rest a hand on the nape of her neck. Gently, I tilt her head, stopping when our mouths are in alignment. I pause for a moment, gauging her reaction before diving in, connecting our mouths in a light kiss.

Riley makes a noise of surprise, remaining still as she processes what's happening. Then, she responds. Her lips are hesitant against mine, and her hands twitch at my shoulders like she's not sure what to do with them.

It's endearing. The way she behaves makes me wonder if she thinks I'm doing this just to comfort her. I can't have her believing that. I need her to know that I want every part of her.

"I don't do this with all my witnesses, baby," I say against her mouth before pressing our lips together again. "Just you."

Riley nods, and the next time we kiss, she responds eagerly.

I can't tell if she's out of practice, doesn't have a lot of experience, or if she's still distracted by what happened earlier.

The way she kisses is messy, alternating between too much lip and too much tongue.

She wants this, though. She wants me, and that's enough to make my cock pulse with need.

"Just focus on me," I instruct between heated kisses. She hums in response, gaining a little bit of confidence with each press of our lips. When she pauses for a breath, I say, "Let me distract you, baby girl. I'll make you feel better."

She turns herself in my lap to get a better angle. I smirk, a thrill running through me.

Placing my hands on her hips, I help her change to a straddling position, her knees falling on either side of my thighs.

With the new angle, I'm able to kiss her more deeply. I start by sliding my tongue against her bottom lip. She gasps, her entire body shuddering from the contact. I take advantage of the opening, licking into her mouth.

It's obvious that she doesn't know what to do. At first, she keeps her tongue away from mine, still kissing me and leaning into me. Then, as I continue with my chase, she seems to understand what I'm trying to do.

At the first slide of our tongues, Riley makes a strangled noise in the back of her throat. Almost immediately, she comes back for more. Her technique here is even sloppier than our initial kisses, and I groan at her inexperience.

Fuck, the way she's kissing me, I'm almost positive she's a virgin, completely untouched by anyone. I'll be the first person to take her apart. I'll be the only person to ever take her apart.

"Shit, Riley," I say, my breathing ragged when I pull back for air. My mind is so clouded with lust that I'm grasping onto my last shreds of self-control to keep from pushing up her dress and using her like a toy.

"Sorry," she murmurs, looking away from me, her cheeks bright pink, the blush spreading down her neck. I wonder how far it goes. I want to taste it with my tongue.

"Why are you sorry, sweetheart?" I ask, furrowing my brow, squeezing at her sides lightly to get her attention.

"I—" she says, stuttering when we lock eyes. She's absolutely gorgeous when she's flustered. I want to spend the rest of my life making her like this. "I just... I've never

done anything like this before.”

“You haven’t?” I asked, aware of how low my voice is. I can’t mask the arousal thrumming through me at the confirmation that she’s a virgin. I want to hear her say it, though. “You’re a virgin?”

Riley looks away, embarrassed. It makes her all the more alluring to me. So quietly that I have lean in to hear her, she says, “I am.”

Something feral overtakes me, and I yank her in closer. I hungrily swallow down the noise she makes. My cock twitches hard against her.

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Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:53 am

Riley

I thought that after finding out that I'm a virgin, Noah wouldn't want me, but he's kissing me with even more enthusiasm than before.

Actually, I never thought that I'd be in this position at all, sitting on his lap with his hands on my hips, his tongue in my mouth.

Even in the fantasies I allowed myself to explore, we never kissed like this.

It seems like today is full of surprises, both good and bad.

Moving on instinct, I try to get closer. When I do, something pokes my thigh and Noah growls. Worried that I've done something wrong, I pull away, my stomach swooping when I see his lips glistening with the evidence of our passion.

"I'm sorry," I say again, my face burning with embarrassment that I've already done something wrong. "Did- Did I sit on something?"

That question draws another low, guttural noise out of him. I'm not sure why, but it settles in my stomach, between my thighs. I'm suddenly aware of the fact that I'm wet down there, too.

"What?" I ask, the word coming out breathier than I intended. It's like I have no control over my voice, and I can only blame Noah for it.

Noah shakes his head, a wicked smirk on his face. Raggedly, he says, "I might be

even worse than that bastard.”

I don’t get what he means at first. Then, I shift slightly, and the hardness resting against my backside twitches. It starts to dawn on me that I might be the reason for what I’m sitting on.

“You don’t know what this is?” he says, pushing his hips up against me.

“I–” He grinds up against me again, and I suck in air through my nose. “I think I have an idea.”

“You want to tell me what you think it is?” he asks, his grip on my waist getting tighter as he pulls me down against the bulge.

“I– I don’t want to be wrong,” I admit as I close my eyes.

I’d hate to embarrass him in case I’m sitting on a nightstick or a flashlight.

I know what men have down there, of course, and I know that it gets hard, but it’s impossible to imagine that anything could start off soft and become that rigid.

“That’s my cock,” he says, the vulgar word making the wetness between my legs even more pronounced. He pumps his hips up at me again. “I’m hard as a rock just from kissing you, baby.”

How is the way he’s talking making me feel like I’m boiling? I might melt into a puddle right here on his lap. Actually, I think that I’m already melting into a puddle.

“This happens when I’m turned on,” he continues, leaning forward and kissing my neck.

I grip his shoulders tightly, my head cloudy with a need I can't name.

I almost don't realize that his hand is drifting up my inner thigh.

He swipes his fingertips over the wetness that's been accumulating there.

"Looks like you're turned on too, baby girl. "

"That—" I start, swallowing hard, my hips chasing his touch. "This has never happened to me before."

"It hasn't?" he asks, nipping at the column of my throat.

"No, I..." I try to put my thoughts together while Noah continues to lightly run his fingers over my most private parts through my cotton panties. "I... I think it's because of you."

"Is that right?" Noah says as he kisses his way up to the pulse point beneath my ear. "I'm turning you on?"

"Y-yes," I reply as my hips twitch forward and goosebumps pebble my arms. "But, I don't know what to do about it."

"Fuck," he curses, his touch getting even more firm. He nibbles on my earlobe, and I whimper loudly. "Don't you worry. I'll take good care of you. I'm going to make you feel better than you've ever felt before."

"Please," I say, not caring what he does to me. I want it. I want anything he'll give me.

As soon as the words leave my mouth, Noah pulls my panties to the side. Then, he

pushes two fingers into my opening. I can't stop myself from whimpering at the intrusion.

His mouth finds mine again. I do my best to kiss him back, but I can't do much more. The sensation of his fingers inside of me is overwhelming. It's unlike anything I've ever experienced, and I wonder why I've never done this to myself.

"You're so wet," Noah says in awe. "You wanted me this bad, baby?"

"Yes," I say, swallowing down another word that threatens to come out. I keep my mouth clamped shut, in fear of embarrassing myself.

I could gush about how much I want him, about how long I've wanted him. But instead, I focus on the way he's fingering me. I keep my mind on the delicious stretch, and the way his thumb occasionally brushes over something above my opening that makes my legs tremble.

There's something building in my gut. I feel like I might explode, but I can't tell him to stop. I want to find out what happens. There's an edge I'm about to tumble over, and I want to be in Noah's arms when I fall.

"You make the prettiest sounds," he says, and truthfully, I hadn't even realized I was making any noise. It's like my body is reacting to him without my permission. I love having him in complete control of me. "Have you ever cum before, baby girl?"

"I- I don't think so," I admit, grinding against his touch on instinct, chasing whatever's about to come next.

"You'd know, baby," he assures me, the deep timbre of his voice adding to the way he's touching me. "There's nothing like it."

“Oh,” I say, but it turns into a moan, my voice reverberating off of the walls of Noah’s office.

He chuckles, leaning in and kissing my neck again. I feel like I might ascend to a higher plane. All of this attention is too much for my brain to handle.

As he continues to kiss my throat with reverence, he asks, “Do you want to cum? Do you want me to give you your first orgasm?”

“Please,” I whimper, holding onto his shoulders so tightly that my fingers hurt.

He keeps going, but now his focus shifts to the bundle of nerves above my opening. My whole body freezes up. I can’t do anything but sit here and take everything that he’s giving me.

The release hits me like a train. I start babbling, hardly cognizant of what I’m saying. My body clenches, nearly convulsing in pleasure as my pleasure builds to a crescendo.

I’m reaching my peak, and I throw my head back. Then, unable to hold back that word any longer, my mouth drops open, and I cry out, “Daddy!”

That gives Noah pause, but after a tiny break in his ministrations, he starts again, going even more enthusiastically than before. I’m so caught up in my pleasure that I can’t find it in me to feel embarrassed about the slip. If anything, it seems to encourage him to give me more of what I want.

He works me through my first orgasm, not stopping until I slump against him, making whimpering noises. He wraps his arms around me, pulling me closer against him. I can still feel his hard cock against me, but I don’t know what to do with it.

“I– I’m sorry for...for calling you that,” I say when I finally catch my breath, my face burning as the shame fully sinks in.

“Baby girl, you have to stop apologizing,” Noah says. “Daddy is always going to make you feel good.”

Another sharp tendril of pleasure shoots through me. I don’t know if this is a normal part of having sex, but I don’t care if it’s normal or not. I’m still recovering from my first orgasm, but I already want more, and it’s all because Noah’s calling me his baby and letting me call him daddy.

“I– I wanna make you feel good, too,” I say after a moment.

He groans as he reaches for his belt. Electricity climbs up my spine as he pulls out his member.

I can’t see it, the hem of my dress covering both of our laps.

But then he pulls my panties to the side again.

This time, instead of his fingers, I’m met with the blunt head of his cock sliding through my folds.

“Can daddy put it in?” he asks me, and I realize that he’s restraining himself for my sake.

“Please, daddy,” I say, the term already feeling at home in my mouth.

I gasp, sucking in air as he enters me. His length is so much thicker than his fingers, and I feel like I’m being split open in the best way. However, I only get to soak up this experience for a few thrusts before we’re interrupted.

At first, neither of us responds to the knock on Noah's office door. Then, there's another, more insistent series of bangs on the door. Noah grits his teeth and barks out, "What?! And don't come in; I'm in the middle of something."

"Sorry," the officer says. "We have a lead on the perp from the library. You told us to let you know the minute we found anything."

Immediately, I stiffen. Noah slips out of me, making a shushing sound as he does. I clamber to my feet, adjusting my dress and panties. He stands too, tucking himself back into his pants.

"I have to go deal with this," he says, cupping my cheek and pulling me in for a reassuring kiss. "You stay here in the office. You'll be safe."

"Okay," I say, even though the thought of his leaving makes me want to cry.

He's right, though. As long as I'm in the police station, I'll be safe. Plus, he's leaving to get information on the man who attempted to assault me a few hours ago. Still, my stomach sinks as Noah walks out the door, leaving me alone.

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Noah

“This better be good,” I say as I walk into the station’s conference room.

Both of the officers on duty tonight are already here. If it were any other day, I’d be annoyed that we didn’t have anyone on the street. I’m still kind of ticked off, but I don’t have any time to issue a reprimand. There are more pressing matters to deal with.

“I think it is,” Murphy says, turning his laptop screen toward me.

“One of our dispatch operators got an anonymous call with a tip. Apparently, this guy just got out of prison for assault, moved into his aunt’s place to get a fresh start.

We have a name and address. The caller said they saw someone matching his description fleeing the library around the same time that you were there.”

“And you didn’t think to tell me this sooner?” I ask, staring at the mugshot. He’s our guy for sure. His hair is shorter in this picture, but his face is the exact same.

“They just got the call,” Murphy says. He nods at the other officer. “We both came straight here to discuss what you’d like us to do.”

If the call just came in, it’s likely the work of my friend. Smart of him to cover both of our tracks like this. I’ll have to take him out for a drink once everything’s taken care of.

“Well, first thing’s first,” I say, my eyes bouncing between the two of them. “One of you needs to get back out to patrol. Be on the lookout for this guy, but also any drunk drivers or other dangers. Respond to calls as needed.”

“I’ll head out,” the second officer says, getting to his feet and hustling to the door.

Smart man.

“So, what’ll we do, boss?” Murphy asks, leaning forward and resting his elbows on the table.

“We’ll need to see if we can’t get any other officers out,” I say, as I locate his current address. “At the very least, I want more eyes on the streets. I think I’ll head to his place. He might have gone back home.”

“What if they don’t let you in?”

“I’ll worry about that if it comes up,” I reply, memorizing our suspects name. Richard Lorenz. “For now, I’m just concerned about figuring out where he is.”

“So you can bring him in for questioning?” Murphy asks, and I don’t even have to look at him to know that he’s smirking.

“Yes,” I say, frowning at him. I might be planning on doing more than just questioning him, but I don’t like his implication.

“You sure you’re not going to rough him up?”

“What kind of man do you take me for?” I challenge, straightening myself out.

Murphy shrugs, too at ease for my taste. What we’re dealing with is serious, and he

should be treating it as such. I'm starting to get pissed off.

"Calm down, Noah," he says, putting his hands up in a placating gesture. "I know you've got a girl in your office right now."

I raise an eyebrow, deciding against confirming or denying that statement. Truthfully, it's none of his business if Riley's in my office or not. Sure, it's against the book, but I always follow the rules. So fucking what if my girl is here? I'm the one in charge.

"She's the victim in the crime, right?" Murphy asks, tone shifting to something more professional when he realizes that I'm not going to indulge him in whatever teasing he was about to dole out.

"She is," I confirm. I know it's my job to inform him of all the details, but I don't want to share.

For some reason, I want to protect her feelings.

Feelings have never been a concern of mine before, but I'm falling for her.

"I brought her here to take her statement and keep an eye on her. We don't know if she was targeted or if this was a random act."

The corner of his mouth ticks up, but he refrains from making any comments. Instead, he says, "Probably a smart idea. It's too early to establish a motive."

"We can establish a motive when we get him in custody," I say, shutting the laptop. "For now, I need to make some calls and see if I can't get anyone else to patrol. If I can get two more of our guys on patrol, I'll get someone to stand guard here."

"Why would we need someone to guard the station?" Murphy says, brow furrowed.

“The doors to anything important lock when they’re shut.”

“I’m well aware of that,” I snap, my patience waning. I’m ready to get going. The sooner I get out of here, the sooner I’ll be able to get back to Riley. She’ll be safe, and we’ll be able to finish what we started. “Riley’s staying here while we’re gone.”

“She can’t just go home?”

“Didn’t we already establish that we don’t know if this was a targeted attack? You don’t think this guy might have followed her home some night?” I say, unable to keep the edge from my tone. “I can’t just let her go home, not unless she’s got a security detail.”

“Damn, man. I’ve never seen you care so much about someone,” Murphy notes, ass still in his seat.

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” I ask, my jaw tight. “Obviously I care. I’m the goddamn sheriff. If I didn’t give a fuck, I could have an easier job. But I care about everyone’s safety.”

Murphy rolls his eyes and finally gets out of his chair.

He says, “I’m not saying you don’t care about the town’s safety.

I just don’t think I’ve ever seen you go out of your way for someone like this.

Normally, you take their statements you let me or one of the other guys worry about their wellbeing. ”

“We’re done here,” I say, starting toward the door so I can head to my office to make some phone calls.

“Don’t act so pissy,” he says, stopping me by putting his hand up in the doorway. “It’s sweet. But you need to watch yourself. If people find out you’re fucking around with someone we’re supposed to be helping—”

I push his hand down and walk past him. Over my shoulder, I say, “It would serve you well to keep your nose out of my business. Get your ass back out there. Keep an eye out for Richard, and if you find him, you call me. I want to be the one to make the arrest.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he mutters under his breath as he leaves the station.

When I get back to my office, Riley has pulled out my stack of true crime books.

I don’t have the patience for fiction. She looks away from the back of the book in her hands, giving me a curious look.

Her face is a balm to my irritation, and I even make a mental note to apologize to Murphy next time I see him.

Despite Murphy’s warning, I know I’m making the right choice with Riley.

In my thirty-two years, I’ve never met anyone that makes me feel the way she makes me feel.

I don’t care that she’s twenty-three, and it doesn’t matter how we met.

A more sentimental man might call this fate; I just call it good luck.

“Did you find him?” Riley asks, pulling me out of my musings.

“No,” I say, hating the way that her shoulders droop. I need to bring her good news as

soon as possible. “But we have his name and an address. I’m going to make a few phone calls, then I’m going to head there to get him.”

“Really?” she says, her face lighting up a little. “You’re going to get him tonight?”

“I will,” I say because I’ll be damned if this bastard is on the streets for any longer.

“So, you’re going to leave,” she says, drumming her lithe fingers on the cover of the book she’s holding.

“I am,” I confirm, sliding behind my desk so I can start calling other officers. “But I’m trying to get someone here to make sure you’re safe.”

Riley nods before asking, “What if no one can come?”

“You’ll still be safe here,” I assure her as I pick up the phone. “No one can get back here. The only reason I’d want anyone posted is for my peace of mind.”

“Okay,” she says, opening her book. “I trust you.”

Having her trust is better than anything I could have imagined. I keep that in mind as I make my calls. Although, it’s hard not to feel like I didn’t let her down when I can’t even get anyone out to assist in patrols.

But Murphy’s right. No one can get back here once the doors are closed unless they have a key. Riley will be safe here.

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Riley

After Noah leaves, I find it hard to focus on the books I pulled off his desk. I'm well aware that it's my nerves, that being alone after that attack is making me crazy. Still, I can't seem to make myself sit still.

I trust that Noah's going to take care of the man from the library. He's competent at his job, and the determination on his face told me everything I needed to know. After tonight, I won't have to worry about anything like that happening again.

I push myself to my feet, deciding to pace to get rid of some of my excess energy. The office is fairly bare, but there are small piles of clutter lying around. I lean over the desk to take inventory of the pages strewn across it.

Even the professional, there aren't any police reports or sensitive information left out here. However, he's compiled several news articles about crime happening in the city. I glance over them, familiar with a few of the cases.

Ever since that presentation Noah gave, I've developed a bit of an obsession with true crime, keeping up with multiple podcasts and YouTube channels dedicated to the topic.

Not to mention the fact that as a librarian I get first dibs on any new true crime book that comes into the library.

It's not that I like the violence, but I'm interested in the way that the human mind works.

Maybe it's a morbid curiosity, but I can't deny that I want to learn everything there is to know.

What drives a person to commit heinous crimes? Is it something that happens in their childhood? Is it a mental disorder? Were they radicalized by outside forces?

I run my fingertips over the pages, but don't let my eyes linger for too long.

If I do, the librarian part of me will kick in, and I'm likely to pick up the articles and rearrange them.

Noah seems like the kind of person who has a particular way of keeping things, even if it looks like it's a mess.

There's doubtless a method to his madness that's on par with any librarian's.

The rest of the office is well-organized.

There's an old picture of the original sheriff's station hanging on the wall.

Below it is a photo of the current force.

Noah is there in the middle, giving the camera a serious expression.

Actually, upon closer inspection, none of the men in the photo are smiling.

I feel the corners of my mouth tick upward. It's just like these guys to put on a serious front. I don't know any of the other men in the picture, but I'm aware of the fact that most of them are kind and a little goofy. Noah might be the only person who was accurately captured in this photo.

Somehow, I've been able to see a different side of him. That gentleness might be a part of him that's reserved only for me. And that makes me feel warm all over. Knowing I'm going to see him soon helps to quell my nerves.

Taking a deep breath, I feel a little steadier.

I walk the perimeter of the room, taking note of the dates on the filing cabinet drawers.

They predate Noah's time here; the oldest drawer boasts files from the 1960s.

I resist the urge to pull the drawer open to rifle through the cases.

Maybe if I had some kind of job here, or was doing a research project beyond the scope of the library's archives, I could get away with that, but as it is, I'd just get into trouble.

I run a hand through my hair, noting the sweat collecting on the nape of my neck.

Earlier, I thought I was just hot from what Noah and I were getting up to, but now I realize the lack of airflow had something to do with it as well.

So, I walk over to the door and crack it open to allow cooler air to filter in.

Now that I'm feeling more steady, I settle back into what I already think of as my chair and pick up the true crime book I'd been looking at.

My mind is still all over the place, but I force myself to focus on the pages in front of me.

Besides, with the scent of Noah surrounding me, I can feel myself slowly relaxing.

I wonder if he'll always have that effect on me. Surely he will. No one has ever wanted to protect me the way that he has.

As I start to tuck into the book, an analysis of a series of murders that took place in Appalachia, I marvel at the way things have worked out for me. The way Noah and I met was unfortunate, that's undeniable. But, somehow, I've met the man of my dreams and he wants me just as much as I want him.

I wonder what might have happened if we hadn't been interrupted earlier. Obviously, we were having sex, but I didn't really get to experience it. Having just a taste wasn't enough for me. I'm already wishing for Noah to get back here so we can finish what we started.

Crossing my legs to give myself a little bit of friction, I shift my focus to the book in front of me. Even if Noah gets back quickly, he's going to be too busy to give me what I want immediately. It's best if I do something to pass the time.

Besides, maybe he's already read this book. If he has, we can talk about the case together. It's exciting to find out that not only is Noah's appearance perfect, we share interests. I'm falling for him, there's no doubt about that.

It takes me a few minutes to get absorbed in the book, but when I do, the rest of the world gets blocked out. The author draws me in, and the case is compelling. Time passes quickly, and I'm not sure how long I'm sitting there before I hear the door opening all the way.

The sound makes me jump, and I shut the book and spin around. A smile works its way onto my face before I even lock eyes with Noah. I'm just so glad that he's here, that this nightmare with the man at the library will be over.

But, it isn't Noah standing there.

The man from the library is standing in the doorway, a wild look in his eyes. My blood runs cold, and the smile melts from my face. My body freezes, but my brain runs wild. What happened earlier cannot happen again. I won't let it.

"You really should have kept this door closed," he says, rapping his knuckles against the doorframe. "Wouldn't have been able to get into the office if it wasn't open. Maybe you missed me."

Something about his tone... it's like he's insinuating I liked what he was doing earlier. That makes my blood boil. I'm moving before I even realize what I'm doing.

The book flies out of my hands. It smacks against his face, the corner of it catching his eye.

He howls, falling to his knees. His body lands in the hallway, and I see an opportunity.

With even less thought than I put into throwing the book, I take off, dodging him as I fling myself into the hallway.

As I run through the empty station, I hear the man cursing behind me. He's not close, though. I think he might still be trying to get to his feet, though I'm too afraid to turn around and check. If I waste even a second here, I could lose the advantage I've somehow managed to get for myself.

I retrace the steps that I took to get to Noah's office when we first got here. I'm not sure where I'm going to go, but I know that I'm no longer safe in the station. As I run, I pat down my body, trying to find my phone – I curse myself when I realize I left it in the office.

There's no way I'm going back there, and there's no way I'm stopping to call 911 at

one of the desks.

I could try to see if there's a weapon I could use, but it would just be obvious that I have no idea what I'm doing.

It's best if I get myself out of here as soon as possible.

I'll be able to find someone that will let me use their phone along the way.

Or, at worst, I'll get home and lock myself in.

I'm nearly to the front door when another idea strikes me. It'll only work if I pass what I need... and... I do!

I grab onto the handle of the fire alarm. As I'm passing, I push it in and pull it down. The alarm blares instantly, and the sound is deafening. It's the background noise for the rest of my run to the front door, the bright emergency lights flashing.

Praying that I've done enough to draw the attention of the authorities, I take off down the street. I don't look back, I barely pay attention to where I'm going. My only goal is to run until I can't anymore.

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Noah

I was in the middle of questioning Richard's aunt when reports of the station's fire alarms going off came over my radio. I cut the conversation short without any explanation. It's not like she had been helpful, anyway. She hadn't seen her nephew since breakfast and figured he was out with friends.

It doesn't matter. I'll find Richard and make sure he pays for what he did. Right now, that's secondary to making sure Riley's safe. Even with firefighters on their way, I can't do anything else until I set my eyes on my girl.

I'm about two blocks away from the station when I see someone running. It's a woman, and there's someone following her closely. It's hard to be certain in the nighttime, but she looks to be the same height as Riley, and as I look closer, I see she's wearing the same dress.

Fuck. That is Riley. And the man behind her, that's Richard.

I slam on the breaks, throwing my vehicle into park before I'm even completely stopped. That'll be hell on the engine, but that's a problem for after I've apprehended the man who's after my girl. I have half a mind to blow his brains out for even thinking about going after Riley.

As I jump out of my car, I remind myself that Riley's right here. She's such a sweet thing, clearly very sensitive. I can't just kill a man in front of her, no matter how much he deserves it. Richard is lucky, he's very, very lucky that I'm sparing him on Riley's behalf.

Although if he gets to her before I'm able to get him, I might not be able to stop myself from pulling my gun and putting a bullet through his temple.

"Stop right there!" I scream, pulling the taser from my belt and running toward the action. "Put your hands up and get on your fucking knees!"

Richard, to his credit, stops. He doesn't get on his knees or throw up his hands, though. Instead, he angles himself toward me. In the corner of my eye, I see Riley falter. It's like she wants to come toward me, but knows better than to get closer to this guy.

He comes running at me, full speed. As soon as he's in range, I pull the trigger on the taser, and the prongs connect to his bare biceps. Currents of electricity shoot through the lines and into Richard. Almost instantly, his knees buckle and he falls to the ground.

I run at him as he writhes, yelping in pain. With practiced ease, I grab my handcuffs from my belt. Pressing my knee into his back, I drop the taser and grab onto his wrists. He fights me as I restrain him, but I'm stronger than he is. I easily get the cuffs on his wrists.

Through the haze of adrenaline pumping through my veins, I hear Riley yelling, "Noah!"

I look over at her, noting that she's uninjured and relief floods through me. I itch to go to her, to wrap her in my arms and kiss her and proclaim my love for her. Unfortunately, there's no way that I can just leave the perpetrator on the road.

"Stay there!" I yell at her as I start to bring Richard to his feet.

As soon as I get him upright, headlights illuminate us. I turn my head ready to scream

at them to stop, when I see that it's Murphy's patrol vehicle heading our way. He stops when he sees us, hopping out of his car.

At the arrival of another person, Richard starts to fight against my hold. He throws his head back, nearly knocking it into my nose. When the shot misses, he kicks out, trying to get the two of us off balance.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" I ask him, keeping him standing as he struggles. "You wanna get slapped with a resisting arrest charge, too?"

"I can't go back to jail!" he screams, struggling even harder. "I haven't even been out a year yet."

"Maybe," I growl, yanking his arms back and making him yelp in pain, "you should have made better fucking choices."

Richard ignores me, looking at Murphy. He yells, "Help me, man! I don't know why this guy has me in cuffs! I didn't do shit. I was just out on a jog and he tased me! This is police brutality. You guys don't want a lawsuit do you?"

"You were on a jog in jeans and sandals?" Murphy says, slowing from a run to a measured pace when he realizes I have the situation mostly under control.

"Man, fuck you!" Richard spits. He actually spits; in all my time as an officer, I've only ever seen that in the movies.

It doesn't quite reach my partner. "All cops are fucking corrupt. You don't even give a shit about if I actually did anything.

You're just taking your buddy's word instead of an innocent man's.

Give me your name and badge number! Read me my goddamn rights! I want my fucking phone call.”

“That our guy?” Murphy asks as he stops in front of us, completely ignoring the expletives that are coming from Richard’s mouth.

“Yes,” I confirm as Richard continues to curse the two of us. He yells out every single thing he can think of in an attempt to get us to let him go. “I was en route to the call about the fire at the station. Saw him chasing Riley and stopped. I apprehended him a few seconds ago.”

“I just swung by the station,” Murphy says, grabbing onto Richard’s arm, his grip getting tight enough to quiet him when he starts to shout again.

The night is almost nice without him spouting his bullshit.

“There’s no fire.” He glances over at Riley still standing on the sidewalk.

“They said someone pulled it. Must have been her.”

The corner of my mouth lifts when I realize what Riley did.

She’s a smart girl. If it hadn’t been for that alarm, I would still be interviewing Richard’s aunt.

aunt. I’d never ended an interview early before, no matter how pointless it was but the thought that the station might on fire was enough to get me running back, the way Riley knew it would.

“He’s got a hell of a shiner, too,” Murphy notes, getting in Richard’s face and examining a bruise forming on his right eye. “You get into a fight?”

“It was that bitch ,” Richard shouts, and I can’t stop myself from stomping on his foot for the slight. “Man, fuck you! That’s brutality! You’ll be hearing from my lawyer.”

If Murphy wasn’t here, I’d probably do much worse to him. Actually, I know I’d do much worse to him. I’m pretty sure I could cover up a murder. I’m the damn sheriff, for god’s sake.

“You know what, Noah,” Murphy says, tugging the perpetrator away from my grasp as though sensing my thoughts, “I’ll take him back to the station and get him processed once the fire department finishes up. You take care of her.”

I glance back toward Riley, who’s now sitting on the curb. With a mumbled thank you to Murphy, I jog over to her. She looks up at the sound of my footsteps, smiling when she sees me.

“Our guy said you hit him,” I say, offering her my hand and pulling her to her feet. “Is that true?”

“Well,” she says, looking away from me. In the glow of the headlights, I can see a blush creeping onto her cheeks. “I didn’t hit him. I did throw a book at him, though. That’s how I was able to get away.”

“That’s my girl,” I reply, stopping at the passenger door of my squad car. Before I open it, I pull Riley into a searing kiss. When we part, she sways into my space as though asking for more. I’ll make sure she gets it. “Let’s get you out of here, okay?”

I yank open the door, helping her into the seat. Then, I jog around to my side. Since I left the engine running, all I have to do is put the car in drive.

For the first few minutes of the drive, Riley is quiet. It isn’t until we pass by the station that she asks, “Where are we going?”

“I need to get you somewhere private,” I say, glancing over at her. “Riley, I love you. I can’t go any longer without you knowing and without making you mine.”

“You love me?” she asks, sounding breathless and excited. “You really love me, Noah?”

“Of course I do,” I reply, leaving no room for misinterpretation. “How could I not, baby girl?”

“I love you, too,” Riley says, squeezing my hand hard when I reach over to grab it. “Noah, I love you more than you could possibly know.”

“I guess you’ll just have to show me, then,” I say, lingering at a stop sign so I can lean over to kiss her slow and sweet.

“Show you how?” she murmurs, eager with a hint of sultriness that I don’t think she even realizes is there.

Fuck, she’s so goddamn innocent. Is it fucked up that I don’t ever want that to change about her? Maybe it’s more fucked up that I don’t care what the answer is. I know what I want, what I love about her, and I’m not ashamed to admit it.

“How about you get yourself ready for me?” I say as I continue to drive. “Remember how I touched you in my office, baby? I want you to do that to yourself. Get yourself nice and wet and stretched for daddy’s cock.”

I hear her breath hitch as she processes my words. Then, she swallows hard, shifting to hike her dress up and slip off her panties as she says, “Yes, daddy.”

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Riley

Sitting with my bottom half completely bare against the squad car is exhilarating. I don't really know what to do with myself. Noah told me to do what he did in his office earlier, but I was too focused on the way everything felt than the specifics of his movements.

Still, I want to try. He gave me an instruction, and I'm going to follow it to the best of my ability. And, if I feel like I'm not doing it correctly, I can always ask him for instructions.

I get the idea that my daddy likes that he gets to teach me how to feel good.

With unsure movements, I slide my free hand up my inner thigh, gripping onto Noah's right hand with my left.

My own teasing touch feels good, but it's nothing compared to the way his hands felt.

His palms are so much bigger than mine, and he seemed to know the right places to touch to titillate me even further.

"You can play with that tight little pussy when you're ready," he says, rubbing his thumb encouragingly over the back of my hand. "Don't put your fingers in right away. Just touch the outside."

"Yes, daddy," I say, relieved that he's giving me instructions. Not only do I need his guidance so I can make myself feel good, but also his voice makes me tingly between

my legs, I'm pretty sure that's helping me along, too.

Now that I've been told what to do, I spread my legs a little wider and bring my hand up to my center. With a singular fingertip, I tease my folds. And, though this is still decidedly different from when Noah touched me, it still feels so good that I can't stop myself from whimpering.

"That's it, baby," he encourages, his voice dipping down low with lust. "Let daddy hear you. Keep teasing yourself like that. Make sure you're good and wet before you put your fingers inside."

I nod, gasping as I apply a little more pressure.

Even though I wonder why I've never done this before, I'm glad it was a discovery I made with him.

There's no way that playing with myself like this would feel nearly as incredible if Noah wasn't sitting next to me, squeezing my hand and encouraging each one of my movements.

With each passing minute, I gain more and more confidence. My touches become bolder, my moans and whimpers and gasps louder. My fingers get closer and closer to my opening, teasing it and gathering the wetness to make my fingers slide along it even more smoothly.

On a whim, I try touching myself higher, looking for the place that Noah found.

It's my clit, I know that from the websites I've visited and the romance books I've read.

Before tonight, I thought that everyone was exaggerating the pleasure you could feel

by stimulating the little bundle of nerves.

Now, I know that they were understating it.

It takes me a few seconds to find it, and at first I wonder if it only feels that way when someone else touches it. Then, an electric shock of ecstasy zips through my body. My thighs shake, and a high pitched moan escapes my lips.

“Did you find your clit, baby?” Noah asks, his voice strained and husky.

“Ye— yes,” I choke out, breathing heavily.

“Keep touching it for me,” he says, his grip on my hand getting tighter. “And keep making those sounds. Fuck, baby.”

I do as I’m told, even though the stimulation is overwhelming. Noises come out of me, unbidden. It feels like I don’t have any control over myself, but I find that I like it. With my daddy right next to me, holding my hand and cursing under his breath, I’ll be okay. He makes everything okay.

“I’m never letting you out of my goddamn sight again,” he growls, an intensity in his voice I’ve never heard before. “I won’t let a thing happen to you, baby. You’re never going to have to worry again. I’ll take care of your every want and need. Just say the word, and I’m at your service.”

“Daddy,” I whimper, wanting to say more, wanting to tell him how much I want that. There’s no way I can get out anything coherent, though.

He seems to understand me anyway. “You’re doing so well, sweetheart,” he praises, and when I glance over, I see that he seems to be struggling to keep his eyes on the road. “Keep making yourself feel good for me.”

“Daddy,” I whimper, changing the angle of my wrist so I can slip two fingers into my opening.

My own hand doesn’t feel quite as good as Noah’s. My fingers are slim and small, whereas his are thick and long, filling me up in a way that satisfies me much more. Still, this feels better than anything else I’ve ever done to myself.

The heavy, coiling sensation from earlier starts to build in my gut.

It’s strange to be doing this to myself, especially knowing that I could have been doing this all along.

I’d still be thinking about Noah, though.

He’s the only person I’ve ever felt this way about.

He’s the only one that I’ve ever wanted in my private fantasies.

“That’s my good girl,” he practically growls, hitting the breaks a little too hard at the stop sign. It doesn’t matter, though; if anything, it makes me feel even more sensitive. “Gonna have you do this for me when I can actually watch you.”

“Mm, daddy,” I whine, pumping my fingers in and out of myself faster.

“Fuck,” he curses. “I can’t stand knowing that someone was trying to take you from me. You’re mine. If I were a worse man, I’d keep you locked in my house so no one else could see you ever again.”

Those words, they’re obsessive and possessive.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I think that I should be afraid of what he’s

saying.

I'm not afraid, though. The way he wants me, the depth of his love for me...

I feel even closer to the edge. I want him to keep me all to himself.

I'd be happy if I didn't see anyone but him.

Noah's my whole world. He has been since the very first time I saw him. I'll happily indulge his obsession. Although, it's not even indulging him. The feeling is mutual. I want him just as badly as he wants me... maybe even more.

"Wanted you for so long," I tell him, the words coming out before I can stop them.

I'm babbling, I know I am. I don't care, though.

Just like my pleasure is about to burst from me, my words are doing the same.

"I saw you when I was in high school, and since then, you've been the only man I've thought about. "

"Shit," he says, his hand on the wheel tightening. "You being serious, baby?"

"Yes," I admit, my thumb working circles into my clit. "Wanted to join the force just to be closer to you."

"I couldn't let you do that," he growls. "It's my job to protect you. I couldn't let you put yourself in danger."

"I'm not strong enough to be an officer anyway," I admit, my voice hitching. "I was heartbroken when I realized that I wouldn't be able to meet you."

“But you did meet me,” he says. “You met me, and now you’re mine. You won’t have to worry about anything again. While you’re with me, you’re never going to be heartbroken again. You’re never going to be sad. I’m going to take such good care of you.”

“Want you to take care of me,” I say, my head falling back against the seat. “Please, daddy. Please.”

Noah lets go of my hand, and I miss the contact. But, when I look over, I realize that he’s palming himself through his uniform pants. The sight is so erotic to me that I moan. My voice echoes in the cab, and his own groan joins the symphony of ecstasy.

My fingers work even faster, and my thighs start to shake. As my abdomen tightens, I know that I’m about to fall right over the edge. And, next to me, Noah is making his own low, sultry noises.

All of my senses are heightened. I’m acutely aware of each sound Noah makes beside me, the way that the leather of the seat feels against my backside, and the way he smells beside me – a mix of mint and pine.

“Daddy,” I groan, my toes curling in my shoes.

“You close, baby?” he asks, pulling the car over. I don’t know where we are, but I don’t care. I have his full attention on me now. “You gonna cum for daddy?”

“Uh-huh,” I confirm.

I think that Noah is saying something else, but I can’t decipher it. All of my blood rushes to my ears, the first pulses of my pleasure sinking into my skin. My eyes fall closed, and my mouth falls open.

A breath is punched out of me as I cum hard. My whole body quivers. I keep stimulating myself, rubbing circles into my clit as my orgasm grows.

Fireworks erupt behind my closed eyelids. The fingers inside of my pussy grow wetter and wetter. My juices spill over my palm and onto the seat. My gasps and whimpers fill the cab as I work myself through my pleasure.

“Jesus Christ,” Noah curses, unbuckling his seatbelt. “Baby girl, you’re so fucking hot. I can’t wait anymore. I need to get inside you. Right now.”

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Noah

I'm so hard that I'm leaking in my boxers. The noises Riley made, the way she writhed in her seat, it was so erotic. My intention was to get her to my house so I could fuck her in my bed, but I can't wait. My restraint only goes so far.

"Get in the back seat," I tell her, getting out of the car and going around to the back door.

Riley, the cute little thing that she is, doesn't even get out of the vehicle. She just climbs over the center console into the back seat. I've never been so glad that I don't have a standard squad car with a cage between the driver's seat and the back passengers.

She's blushing bright red as she settles next to me. I grab onto her cheeks, taking a moment to admire her. There's a light sheen of sweat over her forehead, and her lips are parted slightly. I lean in, connecting our mouths in a gentle kiss, needing to get a taste of her.

"You have no fucking idea what you do to me, baby girl," I say, holding onto her chin so we can look each other in the eyes.

Her pupils are blown wide. Each time she exhales, I can taste the lust that's imbued in every fiber of her. I have to lean back in to get another taste.

I shove my tongue into her mouth. Riley moans, tilting her head to the side to give me a better angle. I nip at her bottom lip before plunging my tongue back in. Kissing

her is intoxicating. I'm already addicted.

While we're making out, she starts to get bold. Her hand falls onto my knee, and she squeezes gently. Her confidence is bolstered when I pull her closer, and she shifts her touch up to my thigh. My cock throbs in my pants, practically screaming for her touch.

I don't know if she's satisfying my need or her own curiosity, but that pretty little hand continues to climb higher. Then, finally, she gives me what I've been wanting. Her palm lands on my bulge.

"Oh fuck," I say as she applies pressure.

I can't wait any longer. With a growl, I move far enough away from her to take off my belt. I get it undone, and then I slide out of my pants. They land in a pile on the floor of my car, and I grab onto Riley, yanking her onto my lap.

"Daddy?" she asks, her eyes wide and curious.

Fuck, I might blow my load before I get inside her at this rate. She's gorgeous, absolutely irresistible. And, now that she's on top of me, I can feel her pussy dripping onto my lap.

"We have to finish what we started earlier," I say, my fingertips digging into her waist. "I just can't wait any longer. I'll take you in my bed after this. I just need to get my cock in your tight, pretty little pussy right now."

"Please," she breathes, her voice shaking with desire.

"Please, what?" I prompt. I can't fucking wait to bury my cock in her, but I want to hear her beg for it. I know she wants me badly, but hearing it would only make me

even hotter. “Tell daddy what you want, baby.”

“Please fuck me, daddy,” she moans, her hips twitching forward.

Fuck, I knew that would make my cock even harder, but I wasn’t prepared for how intense the flash of pleasure would be. I’m nearly blinded by how badly I need to bury myself inside of her. Without another thought, I pull her down onto my lap, the tip of my cock dipping into her pussy.

“You’re so fucking perfect, baby,” I tell her, my hips thrusting up to reach even deeper into her tight, warm, wetness. “Been dreaming of doing this since I first fucking saw you.”

Riley moans, her thighs shaking as she lifts herself up before sinking back down. It’s her first time, I’m well aware, but it seems like riding dick is an instinct for her. I can’t believe how lucky I am to have gotten her.

Now more than ever, I’m sure that I have to hide her away from the public eye. She’s mine. All mine.

“This pussy is so goddamn tight,” I groan as I help her ride me, picking her up and bringing her back down hard. “And so wet. Did you like touching yourself for me?”

“Uh-huh,” she hums, her hands falling onto my shoulders to help stabilize herself. “Liked you watching me. But... but, I like this better.”

“Me too,” I say, leaning forward to kiss her hard.

This kiss is messy, our mouths being jostled each time she bounces. She’s whimpering against my lips, the noises she makes never stopping. Already, I start to feel the beginnings of my orgasm gathering in my abdomen, and my balls tighten as

they prepare to empty my seed deep inside her.

“I love you so much, baby girl,” I say, our foreheads resting against one another. “You’re my perfect, precious girl, aren’t you?”

“Yes, daddy,” she says, her pussy pulsing around my length. “I am.”

“Such a good girl,” I groan before kissing her again. “Gonna take such good care of you, baby. Gonna spoil my sweet baby rotten.”

The words seem to ignite something in her. She rides me harder, rocking her hips against my cock when she sinks fully onto my lap. Her eyes are closed, and she makes a high pitched noise when the head of my cock slams into her g-spot.

I marvel at how perfect she is. I need to see more of her, though. So, I grab onto the hem of her dress and tug it over her head, revealing to white lace bra beneath. I cover her breast with my hand, squeezing the perfect mound of flesh.

That’s still not enough. As she continues bouncing on my cock, I reach behind her and unclasp it. Once it’s undone, I slip her bra from her body, finally getting to see her in all of her glory.

“You are the most beautiful fucking thing I’ve ever seen,” I tell her before leaning forward to take one of her nipples into my mouth.

I swirl my tongue around the pert little nub, using my hand to stimulate the other nipple. She whimpers, her chest heaving with delight. I smile against her skin, pleased to have found a new way to drive her crazy. Tucking the knowledge into the back of my head, I reconnect our mouths.

Her second orgasm approaches quickly, and feeling the way her body tenses and her

pussy pulses is delectable. A primal growl rips from my chest. My own climax feels like it's approaching rapidly.

"Gonna fuck you full of my kids," I say, my grip on her tightening as I take control. My hips thrust into her while I move her up and down, my muscles working overtime. "Gonna give you my seed and watch you grow with our babies."

The declaration seems to push her over the edge. She cries out helplessly, her pussy growing impossibly wetter. She's practically strangling my cock, and I can't get enough of it.

I'm barely holding my orgasm back, then she starts babbling. She moans, "Please, daddy. Please give it to me. I want your babies. Please get me pregnant."

I'm unable to deny that request. My body fulfills it for her. My balls tense, then empty deep inside her, pumping her full of my hot seed, making her whimper with delight.

I keep kissing her through both of our climaxes.

It's sloppy, and full of gasps and moans.

The contact is perfect, though. We're as close as we can possibly be.

We draw each other's pleasure out further, and I don't stop moving, fucking my hips up into her and kissing her wildly, until she slumps against my body with her chest heaving.

"You were incredible," I tell her as her breathing evens out, kissing her cheek with reverence. "Felt so good around me, baby."

“That was...” she starts, sounding dazed. “It was incredible.”

“All thanks to you,” I assure her. “You’re a natural.”

Riley giggles, leaning forward to bury her face in my neck. I wrap my arms around her, enjoying her closeness. After a few minutes, I push her back gently, connecting our lips once more.

“Let’s get you dressed.” I say, reaching down to grab her dress from the ground.

Riley deflates a little as she asks, “Are we going back to the station?”

“No,” I assure her, slipping the dress over her head. “Murphy can handle things for a few more hours. I’m not done with you yet. Actually... I don’t think I’ll ever be done with you. I just need a little something to hold me over before I go back to work.”

“I’d like that,” she says with a grin as I help her off of my lap and out of the car. “I’d like that a lot.”

“Good,” I reply, pulling her into another searing kiss before opening the passenger door for her. “I love you, baby girl.”

“I love you too, daddy,” she says. “I love you so much.”

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Six Years Later

Riley

“Heading out?” I ask Murphy as he strolls past the reception desk.

I’ve been working at the sheriff’s station since meeting Noah.

I’m not sure why I never considered this as a career option, maybe I thought it would be too unimportant to attract Noah’s attention, but it combines my passion for the law with the organizational and social skills I picked up as a librarian.

I started here a few weeks after we got married.

It’s nice being so close to him, and my only complaint is that we have to leave our son, Connor, with one of our parents while the two of us are working.

“I am,” he confirms, jerking his head toward the back of the station.

“Everyone else should be going to patrol now. Well, everyone but your husband. He’s got some paperwork he has to get filed.

No one should bother you for the rest of the day.

I won’t say anything else, though. Don’t want to jinx it. ”

“I appreciate that,” I say, giving him a warm smile. “Be safe.”

Murphy returns my smile, tapping my desk twice before leaving. The rest of the force filters out slowly. Some of them are in plain clothes, only here for the monthly meeting. A few minutes after the last officer leaves, Noah strolls over to my desk.

“How’s the paperwork going?” I ask, immediately feeling at ease now that he’s here.

“What paperwork?” he says with a smirk.

Our mutual obsession has only grown since we met. We have our hands on each other any spare moment we can find. From the tone of his voice, we have a spare second.

When I tilt my head curiously, he continues. “What do you say you come to my office and play a game with daddy?”

I stand without a second thought. Already, I feel myself getting a tiny bit wet at his suggestion. My pulse pounds in my ears, and my heart thumps with excitement. We haven’t done something like this at the station in a while.

Noah places his hand on my back as he leads me to his office. Once the door is closed behind us, he pulls me into a kiss. I melt against him, pressing our bodies together. His cock pushes against me through his pants, and my knees get a little weak.

Instead of reaching for my clothes when he pulls away, he goes for the handcuffs attached to his belt. I watch with rapt attention, only a small idea of where this might be going. When he catches me watching him, he gives me a smirk.

“Daddy needs to practice fore when he’s catching the bad guys,” he says, his voice smooth like silk. “You’ll help daddy, won’t you?”

“Yes, daddy,” I say, goosebumps blossoming on my arms as I realize what’s about to happen.

“Good girl,” he says, the words sending hot desire shooting through me. “Now, take off your clothes for daddy.”

I obey him, eager to get to what he has planned.

This is far from the first time that we’ve played with his handcuffs, but we’ve never done it at the station.

The fact that anyone could come back while we’re in the middle of this adds another layer of eroticism to the act. I’m already embarrassingly wet.

Once I’m naked, Noah’s hand finds my ass. He squeezes playfully before praising me once again. Then, he brings my hands behind my back, holding them together at my wrists and slapping the metal cuffs onto me.

The coldness from them cuts into my thin skin, but they aren’t too tight – Noah has made sure of that. Still, there’s no getting out of them. I’m completely at my husband’s mercy. Another rush of wetness drips from my pussy at the thought – there’s nowhere else I’d rather be.

“Now, remember,” he says as he takes hold of my bindings and roughly walks me toward his desk. “I’m only pretending you’re a bad guy. You’re still my good girl, aren’t you?”

“Yes, daddy,” I reply, drunk off arousal. He isn’t rough with me often, but I find that I like seeing this different side of him. I know he’s never going to hurt me.

He pushes me down, my chest pressing into the top of his desk. With his boot, he knocks my feet apart. I whimper in response, and he growls.

“Fuck, baby,” he says, running his thumb through my wetness. “You’re this wet from being treated like a bad girl?”

“Mhmm,” I hum, swallowing hard.

“Naughty girl,” Noah says, leaning in close to my ear, his breath ghosting over the shell.

I shiver when I hear his zipper being pulled down. He’s still holding onto the cuffs around my wrists, keeping me against the desk as he pulls his cock out. When he swipes the tip of it through my wetness, I shiver with anticipation.

After a few seconds of teasing me, dipping his cock into my opening slightly before pulling it out and circling my clit, he presses inside. I moan loudly, not caring about my volume since the station is empty save for us. He pushes all the way in quickly, stealing the breath from my lungs.

As he starts to thrust into me savagely, I decide to play along with this fantasy. I whine, “Is this the normal punishment for crime?”

Noah curses under his breath, using his grip on the cuffs to pull me harder against his cock. He says, “No, this is a special circumstance. Someone as pretty as you can’t be locked up, but I can’t just let you get away without any punishment.”

“Doesn’t feel like that much of a punishment,” I say, earning myself a particularly hard thrust.

“Is that so?” he says as he leans over me to bite at my neck. “I’ll have to try a little harder, then.”

True to his word, he starts slamming into me harder. His grip on the cuffs gets more severe, and the metal digs into my wrists. The slight pain only heightens the pleasure, and I feel my orgasm starting to approach quickly.

I think I might be more into this than Noah.

“Am I going to get to walk free after this?” I ask breathlessly.

“I don’t know about that,” he grits out, his cock twitching inside of my pussy. “You feel way too good for me to just let go. I might have to keep you to myself for a while longer.”

“Once I’m absolved of my wrongdoings, I might just commit more,” I challenge, whimpering when he changes his angle and pistons directly into my g-spot.

“Oh?” he challenges, biting into the same spot as before again – I’m going to have a bruise there before we’re done. “I’m not supposed to condone crime, but I wouldn’t say no to getting to see more of you.”

I’m too far gone to respond. I feel my body tightening around Noah’s length. He feels it too, increasing the speed of his thrusts until the only sound in the room is that of our skin slapping together.

“Daddy!” I exclaim as I fall over the edge.

My climax slams into me so hard that I find myself thankful for the desk below me and the cuffs that Noah’s keeping a tight grip on. Knees buckling, my body goes limp as wave after wave of intense pleasure washes over me. Noah keeps fucking me, and I’m aware of the fact he’s saying something.

Before my orgasm subsides, he grunts, pushing his hips completely flush against my ass. Inside me, his member kicks and he spills his seed. His thrusts become shallow and short as he uses my pussy to milk every last drop of semen from his balls.

As soon as he recovers, he pulls out and frees me from my bonds. Turning me around, he brings my red wrists to his lips and kisses them gently. It’s such a sudden, stark contrast to his actions earlier that another shiver runs up my spine.

“You did so well, baby girl,” he praises before leaning in to give me a sweet, lingering kiss. “Let me get you dressed.”

I sit on the edge of the desk as Noah retrieves my discarded clothes. He dresses me with care, stopping to give me a kiss after he slides each article onto my body. When he’s done, he rubs at my wrists gently again.

“I love you, Riley,” he says, kissing at the red marks. “You’re so good to me.”

“You’re so good to me,” I reply, letting my eyes fall closed as we bask in the afterglow. “I love you too, Noah. So much.”

He chuckles affectionately, cupping the back of my head so he can kiss my forehead. When he pulls away, he says, “We’re so lucky to have found each other.”

“We are,” I agree, soaking in his warmth. “But we should probably get back to work.”

“Ah, you’re right,” he says, sounding genuinely remorseful. “I do have some paperwork that needs to get done.”

I giggle as I get off his desk. As I make my way to his office door, he slaps my ass playfully. I turn around to look at him again with an eyebrow raised.

“What?” he asks, crossing his arms over his chest in a challenge. “That was just a taste of what I have in store for you later.”

“I’ll hold you to it,” I say before heading back to work with a new spring in my step.