



Neighbor DADDY (Yes, Daddy #53)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: From Neighbours to Lovers: Lena brings the Heat in her latest hot novella, Neighbour DADDY: a curvaceous young inexperienced woman seeking her independence falls for her ex-military sexy-as-all-get-out neighbour..

In the heart of Covington, Georgia, Kelly is ready to leave her troubled past behind and embrace a fresh start. But when she meets her tall, dark, and dangerously handsome, ex-military neighbor, Cam Shelton, everything changes. Their connection is immediate, electric, and addictive, igniting a passion that neither of them can resist.

Kelly

A new house, a new job, and a new city to start my life in. Sure, the house needs some work, and I have a few empty months before my job starts, but everything is looking up for me. I left bad memories behind in Boston, and now I'm ready to make my mark on Covington, Georgia.

Things take a turn when my sexy-as-hell neighbor, veteran Cam Shelton, literally sweeps me off my feet and saves me from landing on my ass. It's almost love at first sight, and I can't get enough of my tall, dark, and intense neighbor. I might be inexperienced, but I've always been a girl who knows what she wants.

But when the darkest part of my past rears its ugly head, will Cam protect me?

Cam

I hoped life after the military would be easy and peaceful, and it was for a while ... until a blond, blue-eyed whirlwind named Kelly Davidson swept into my neighborhood and life. I caught her when she fell, and the second our eyes met, I knew I'd never be able to let her go. She was mine from that moment on, even though she didn't know it at first.

What I feel for Kelly is more than just lust. It's obsession. I'm happy to help her with whatever she needs, knowing the house she has me fixing would one day be our home ... at least if I have my way.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

KELLY

Moving out of student housing and into my own place scares the hell out of me if I'm being honest. I don't mind telling myself a little white lie here and there, but there's no way I'm going to be able to make myself believe I'm not nervous in my giant new Colonial.

I've second-guessed myself at least a hundred times, if not more. Should I have moved back in with my mom until I got on my feet a little more? Should I have just rented an apartment and saved buying a house for when I actually know what I'm doing with my life?

I should probably stop thinking about it.

It's already done. The house is paid for.

It's mine. The moving van has been sitting in the driveway all morning, and my stuff has been unloaded.

I've accepted a job as a kindergarten teacher at the local school, and the pathway for my adult life is well and truly set.

So why doesn't it seem real?

With a sigh, I put my hands on my hips and look up at the house.

It's the kind of home you see on postcards, the ones that say, "Wish you were here."

It's beautiful, with a wraparound porch, a large yard for me to start a garden, and three bedrooms for guests to stay over.

Or at least, it will look like that with a little TLC.

I already knew I'd bought a fixer-upper, and that the inside would need a little love.

I'm looking forward to it. The process of making the house a home is something I find exciting and thrilling.

The thought of taking something old and broken and turning it into something functional, beautiful, and comfortable is a great feeling.

I've already gone shopping for decorations, and the first few bags and boxes of things have been dropped off, along with my mattress and bookshelves.

It's one of the first days of summer here in Covington, Georgia, but the heat is making it feel like we're smack dab in the middle of the season.

Luckily, my big yellow house has central air, but that doesn't help me when I have to keep unloading the moving van.

I wipe my sweat off my brow and get back to it, knowing I'm the only one who can get the job done.

You want to be independent, Kelly? Well, here you go!

It's about an hour later, and I've made it down to the heaviest boxes.

I really tried to pack light, but things like dishes and my trusty air fryer, which had gotten me through college, were just plain heavy.

I'm already exhausted but filled with a sense of accomplishment at the same time, and it makes me bite off a little more than I can chew.

I grab the cardboard box full of dishes, take a few steps backward down the ramp, and stumble.

The ramp isn't too high up, and while my initial reaction is terror about getting hurt, my second thought is how I'm going to have to buy an entire new set of dishes after just receiving these as a housewarming gift from my cousin.

Before I can hit the ground, two strong hands steady me, grabbing me around my waist and planting me back on my feet so I don't hit the concrete. Then the box is plucked effortlessly from my hands, and I turn to look at my savior .

I've met a few of the neighbors, but the person in the house directly to my left has been away on business, according to Mrs. Blevins a few doors down.

She told me that Cam, the only occupant of the house, usually kept to himself, and he was a veteran who now worked in civilian aircraft mechanics.

I hadn't seen even a glimpse of him until now.

And wow, he's certainly a sight to see. As soon as my eyes meet his, something sparks between us, intense and instantaneous. I gasp, drawn to him so powerfully it makes my knees wobble.

He has broad shoulders and long legs, with a slim waist. His chest is muscular and wide, and he's wearing a plain gray shirt and jeans.

He's also got dark hair that's just a little long, with the shadow of a beard on his square jaw.

There's a hint of gray at his temples and in his beard, and a seriousness to his hazel eyes, even though he's currently grinning down at me.

"Looks like I showed up just in time."

I'm speechless. My heart is racing from both the shock of almost falling and the sudden appearance of this man, but I find my tongue long enough to squeak, "Yeah."

"You okay?" he asks. His voice is deep and raspy, and it makes my stomach flutter.

"Yep, totally fine."

He puts the box on the grass and gives me a look over. "You sure? You might have twisted an ankle or something."

"No, really, I'm fine. Thank you. I appreciate it."

"Sure. Hey, you want some help? Looks like you've got a lot to do."

I've got nothing going on today, so if you need someone to unload stuff and move some furniture, I'm happy to do it.

"He holds out his hand to me, and it takes a minute for me to process that he wants to shake hands."

His palm dwarfs mine when I finally accept it, and his skin is warm. "I'm Cam Shelton, by the way."

"Kelly Davidson." I clear my throat, feeling like a complete and total dork.

He smiles, and that just makes him even more handsome. He's got a smile that

crinkles his eyes and softens the harshness of his face, and I can't help but smile back at him. "Welcome to the neighborhood. Now, let's get the rest of this stuff unloaded, and then you can get settled."

There's something about his Southern drawl and his immediate offer to help that leaves me reeling.

Accepting help from a stranger, no matter how tall, dark, and handsome he is, should be a big no-no for a 21-year-old girl living on her own for the first time, but before I can tell him I don't need any help, he's carrying two boxes up the porch steps and inside.

I have to swallow, my mouth suddenly dry at the sight of his butt flexing in his jeans as he ascends the stairs.

Something clenches low in my belly, and I feel a dampness between my legs that is totally new.

I know I'm already flushed from heat and exertion, but if I weren't, just seeing Cam would be enough to turn me beet red.

This isn't normal, right? To have these feelings just from meeting a guy for the first time?

Maybe, maybe not. I don't have much experience with men. My last boyfriend was during high school, and we were together for less than a month. There was some kissing, but nothing else. Since then, I've just been too busy with college and work and everything else to even consider dating.

My only experience with men in college was a negative one. I somehow gained a stalker, a man named Frank, who was a teacher's assistant in one of my classes, and

he freaked me out enough to put me off dating forever .

This guy, my new helper? Maybe some modifications to my no-dating lifestyle can be made for someone like that.

I've been standing on the ramp like a total idiot, and Cam turns and looks at me, raising his eyebrows. "Everything okay?"

"Yes!" I say, quickly picking up another box and hurrying after him.

I can't deny that having him here is a huge help.

It means that my whole kitchen is unloaded within the next twenty minutes, and my bedroom furniture is in the bedroom without much effort at all.

He's quiet while we work, and I try not to stare at him or ogle him, but I fail pretty miserably.

I keep getting caught, and Cam keeps flashing me a grin, which is equal parts disarming and devastating.

Once the truck is empty, I snag us both bottles of water from the fridge and find Cam on the porch.

He's leaning against the wooden railing, taking a breather, and when he lifts the hem of his shirt up to mop his forehead, revealing a tan six-pack lightly dusted with dark hair, I think I'm going to need several breathers to recover.

"Thanks," he says when I hand him a bottle, and he twists the cap off and drains it.

He's not wearing a wedding ring, so it seems safe to assume he's single.

"It's nice to see someone has bought this place with the intent to live here and not just to flip and sell, and I don't mean to assume, but are you living in this big old place alone? "

I nod and open my water bottle. It's a little embarrassing, and I'm afraid he's going to judge me, but I tell the truth. "Yeah. It's my first house."

"And your first time living on your own?"

"Yep."

He raises an eyebrow. "No starter apartment for you, I see. Jumping right into home ownership."

"It's a lot," I admit. "But I've always wanted to have my own place, and it was now or never. My mom thinks I'm being stupid, and she's not wrong. This house is a little bit of a fixer-upper, but the price was right, and it's got a nice yard. Plus, it's close to where I'll be working in the fall."

"Ah, so you've got a job lined up and everything, huh?"

"I've got a job lined up at the local elementary school as a kindergarten teacher."

"Impressive," he says, sounding surprised.

Cam looks me over slowly, and I have to take another drink of my water to hide how much his gaze affects me.

"I think you're going to make a fine neighbor, Ms. Davidson.

Don't hesitate to come ask if there's anything you need.

I only work part-time these days, and I've always done all my own repairs, so I'm good with my hands. "

His words, spoken in that husky voice, send my mind straight into the gutter. "Oh, uh," I stammer. "That would be great. Thank you. I don't want to impose, though."

"Not at all. That's what neighbors are for. It can be tough to do it all by yourself." He grins, and this time it's a little wolfish.

A little naughty. A little like he knows exactly where my mind has wandered.

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With that, Cam finishes his water and makes his way back to his house, stopping to close the moving truck for me on the way.

I'm frozen to the spot, watching him walk away, admiring the muscles of his back, the curve of his ass, and the length of his legs.

He turns and waves at me, and I can't help the big, goofy smile that crosses my face as I wave back.

Wow.

This is one neighborly gesture I didn't expect, but I'm so, so glad that it happened. Something tells me I'm going to be seeing a lot more of my neighbor than I anticipated.

Well, actually, I see Cam again a lot sooner than anticipated, too.

I'm thrilled to have the moving company come pick up their truck, and finally, it's time for me to relax.

Most of my possessions are still in boxes, but I'm truly home.

The doors are shut, but the windows are open as the sun starts to set, and the sweet-smelling summer air is blowing in through the screens.

It's peaceful in a way student housing had never been, and it's enough to put a lump in my throat.

The grocery will have to wait until tomorrow, so tonight I plan to just order a pizza.

It's a Friday, so the wait time is over an hour, and I decide a hot bath in the antique, claw-foot tub is exactly what I need to ease my sore muscles.

I've brought my toiletries, favorite scented candles, and bubble bath, and while the water runs, I light a few and start some music playing on my phone.

I strip out of my sweaty clothes, leaving them on the bathroom floor, and sink into the hot water with a groan.

My body has definitely taken a beating, but it's a good one.

I feel accomplished and excited. Tomorrow I can do all the boring stuff like washing my sheets and putting dishes away. Tonight is about relaxing.

As the music plays, and the candlelight flickers, and the scent of honeysuckle and jasmine wafts through the air, I can't help the sigh of satisfaction that escapes me. The bath is the perfect end to the day.

When the water starts to cool, I pull the drain plug, step out of the bathtub, slide on my silk robe, and towel my hair dry. It's when I lift my head back up that I notice the level of water in the bathtub hasn't gone down at all.

Frowning, I reach down to see if the plug slipped back into place, but no, it's clogged. Dread settles in my stomach, even if the issue is relatively small. I was so sure I wouldn't have to deal with my first homeowner catastrophe for at least a few weeks .

There's a brand-new plunger under the sink, so I yank it out and get to work, trying to unclog the drain. I can call a plumber tomorrow. I just need the water to go away for the night, even if it goes slowly.

Ten minutes later, the water is still at the same level, and the plunger is absolutely useless. I plunge it down a few more times, but when I go to pull back up, the stick separates from the rubber and I go flying backward, landing on my ass.

Shit.

I'm in tears, and it's embarrassing as hell.

How has this stupid house, I already love so much, managed to make things this difficult this quickly?

In a fit of tired, hungry rage, I stomp out to the front porch and throw the plunger stick out into the grass with all my might.

I yell as I do so, a wordless complaint about how frustrating my situation is.

Then, I hear it.

Laughing. A low, rich sound coming from next door.

I freeze.

"What the hell is going on over there?" Cam is on his porch, leaning against the railing, wearing the same outfit as earlier, watching me with an amused expression on his face. "Nice robe, by the way."

I quickly dash away the tears from my cheeks while making sure the tie on my robe is tight.

My nipples have gone hard from the cool evening air, and I'm sure he can see them, but I'm so far past caring.

"My bathtub is clogged, and my plunger broke," I confess.

"It's not a big deal. I just have a little bit of a temper and?—"

"Say no more." Cam is already on his way over, his long legs eating up the distance between our houses quickly.

He stops to grab a toolbox out of the big white truck in his driveway, and while his grin is amused, he isn't condescending.

"I'll have that handled for you in a flash.

These houses all have old pipes in this neighborhood.

I've dealt with it plenty of times at my own place. "

He steps into my house, and it's almost surreal how a stranger can waltz into your home with the simple intention of helping you.

Not that I'm not happy to have him here.

I can't help the thrill of excitement and arousal that shoots through me having him near.

I catch the notes of his cologne as he walks by, warm and spicy, and I imagine how much stronger the scent would be if I were pressed up against him.

Cam heads into the bathroom, and I stand at the entrance to the room. He leans over the edge of the tub and sticks his arm in, fishing around. He pulls the detached head of the plunger out and tosses it in the wastebasket before grabbing his toolbox.

I should have been expecting it, considering how high the water level in the tub was, but I'm still shocked when he pulls his grey shirt over his head and tosses it aside before getting to work.

His body is tan and muscular, with a faint amount of dark hair across his pecs and leading down his stomach.

He has a few tattoos—a vine curling around his right upper arm and the silhouette of some bird on the left—and he's got scars here and there, too, the marks of a life well-lived.

He's a man, not a boy. An adult.

And he's got my attention in a way that's totally foreign to me.

Cam is oh-so-casual about being naked from the waist up, but it's anything but casual for me. My pulse races, and I lick my lips, imagining pressing kisses to his chest, his shoulder, and his abs. It's not until he clears his throat that I realize I've been staring, and my cheeks heat.

"Sorry, zoned out for a second," I manage, and Cam grins.

"Nothing to apologize for," he drawls. "But hey, since you're standing right there, hand me a wrench?"

I fumble through the toolbox until I find the wrench, and the moment I pass it off to him, he gets back to work, sticking his arm into the bathtub again and using the tool. When he pulls back up, he's got a grimace on his face, but after a moment of intense concentration, he yells, "Gotcha!"

Cam then pulls up something disgusting from the drain, and I have to turn away while

he disposes of it, laughing. "Just a hair clog," he tells me. "Nothing to worry about. See? It's draining already."

Sure enough, the water level is dropping rapidly, and within a few minutes, the tub is completely empty.

"Thank you so much," I say, meaning it.

"No problem. Anything else I can help you with?"

Yes. Please stay.

That thought surprises me, but not enough to stop me from considering it. "I ordered a pizza for dinner. Want to join me?"

His eyes are hooded as he looks at me, and there's an intensity to his gaze that leaves me breathless. "Absolutely."

Cam cleans up his tools, thoroughly washes his hands and arms, and grabs his shirt before we make our way to the living room.

The pizza is late, so we sit together on the couch, the air between us crackling with anticipation.

He's so much bigger than I am, his shoulders filling up the space and making me feel small and delicate. It's nice.

"So you just moved here from...?"

"Boston," I say. "My mom grew up here, and I wanted to get a fresh start. She moved to Boston to live with my dad when he got her pregnant with me, but he abandoned

her a few months after I was born, and she's stayed up north ever since."

"What kind of bastard abandons his woman and baby?"

Cam's vehemence takes me off guard, and I blink. "I, ah, it's been a long time. She's dating again, finally, and I never really knew him, so let's talk about something else."
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"Hm." His gaze drifts down, and I'm all too aware I'm still in just my robe, hair wet, but it seems weird to jump up and change now. The pizza should be here any second, anyway.

"What about you?" I ask. "Mrs. Blevins said you're a veteran?"

He nods. "Army, twenty years, two tours. Now I'm out, fixing airplanes. Just got hired at the local base." He rubs his chin, reminiscing, "I've been out for some time now, but it's still weird being a civilian." Cam grins down at me. "I guess we're both entering into new phases in life, huh?"

"I guess so."

He leans toward me, just a little, his hazel eyes intense. "It's good to have a partner in crime to help you out."

"Yeah?"

"Oh, yeah," Cam says, his voice low.

The pizza delivery car pulls up and parks, and I have to jump up to grab the food. The interruption is welcome and gives me a minute to compose myself and think about what's happening here.

Is Cam flirting with me? Is this something I want to happen?

Yes, yes, and definitely yes.

I've had my eye on him, and now that we're spending time together, my attraction to him has only grown. His intensity and confidence are so attractive, and the fact that he's a veteran and a mechanic and handy around the house? Yeah, it's a total turn-on.

"Smells good," he says as I carry the box into the living room. Cam's already got the TV on, and we settle down together.

I have no idea what we watch, or even how much pizza we eat, as all of my focus is fixed on Cam's big, warm body and how close he is to me. By the time he says goodbye and heads home, I'm so hot and bothered that I nearly sprint up to my room .

Throwing myself in bed, I shove one hand between my legs while the other cups one of my breasts, and I'm shocked at the wetness that greets my fingers. My nipples are hard and sensitive, and I let out a groan as I rub my clit and fantasize about Cam.

His mouth on mine. His hands touching me, stroking me, his fingers buried deep inside me. His thick cock pushing into my virgin pussy, his big body over mine, his lips sucking and kissing my neck.

My hips buck, and I bite back a scream as a powerful orgasm rolls over me, leaving me shaking and breathless. It's intense and quick, leaving me gasping for air.

Holy shit. I'm totally, 100% screwed. I can't even deny it.

This is not at all what I expected when I moved here.

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CAM

Well, fuck.

I'd only seen a glimpse of the girl when she moved in, and while I could immediately tell she was built just to my liking, soft and curvy, I convinced myself that my new neighbor wouldn't be a problem.

I was so confident in my ability to distance myself that I sauntered over with the intention of helping her get the rest of her things out of the moving truck. The mystery of her was going to bother me a hell of a lot more than the reality, I was sure of it.

And then I saw her start to fall, her arms full of an oversized cardboard box, her blond ponytail swinging. It was second nature to catch her in my arms, but the second I touched her and looked down into those deep blue eyes, it was over for me.

The touch was electric, the connection instant. Now I'm drawn to her so intensely that she's all I can think about, and I've tortured myself by sitting next to her in that silky, thin-as-hell robe. I don't even remember if the pizza was any good or not. All I remember is her .

It's the craziest thing I've ever felt, a jolt of lightning through my very soul.

She's so pretty, soft, and innocent. Helping her was second nature, but taking my shirt off while I repaired her tub was just to gauge if she wanted me as much as I wanted her.

And the way her eyes traveled down, her face flushing, her tongue darting out to lick her lips ... yeah, Kelly is attracted to me.

Now, what the hell am I going to do about it?

I'm forty, and she's in her early twenties for sure.

I have no business messing with her, but she makes something possessive come to life in me that I've never dealt with before.

Life hasn't been easy, and the military put me in enough life-or-death situations that I consider myself unshakeable, but I'll be damned at how easily Kelly has shaken me.

It's a Saturday, and the day is hot. There are no cars in Kelly's driveway when I go out to the front porch, and I take the opportunity to cut her grass. My yard needs doing, too, but there's nothing wrong with a little neighborly goodwill.

The sun beats down, and sweat beads on my forehead, rolling down my skin as I drag the old push mower across the lawn. By the time I'm done, the smell of freshly cut grass is heavy in the air, and my shirt is soaked with sweat.

There's no sign of Kelly, and that disappoints me.

I finish up with the yard and clean the mower before putting it back in the shed. A cold shower and a beer are calling my name, but both mine and Kelly's yard could use some edging, and I need some new string for my weed eater.

I don't know why I thought retiring from the military and working part-time would be relaxing. Hell, sometimes I feel like I'm busier than ever .

There's a hardware store in town that's close, and after a quick shower, I grab my

keys and wallet and head out. It's a small town, and I know nearly everyone, so when I see a confused man dressed way too fancy for a place like this in one of the aisles, I pause. "You need some help, buddy?"

The man turns and looks weirdly guilty, jumping as he does so.

"Oh, um! Well, maybe." The man is maybe in his mid-thirties, but he has an oily sort of look about him that I don't trust. But I've already offered my help, and Southern hospitality is part of my DNA.

"I'm not used to shopping for tools and stuff," he admits.

"I'm looking for a new length of rope for my ... boat ... is all."

"Well, the ropes are this way, but what type are you looking for?" I lead him back to the aisle and look the selection over. It's not huge, but it's enough, and he seems lost.

"A rope for my boat, like I said."

I'm not getting a good feeling from this guy. He seems shifty, like he's hiding something, and I've dealt with plenty of men just like him over the years. They're usually the type who think they're above the law. "Do you need a rope for the anchor? Or the winch?"

"Uh, the winch?"

"What type of boat do you have?"

"A fishing boat."

"Where do you fish?"

"In the lake."

"Do you keep your boat at the marina, or on the shore, or..."

"Oh, the marina."

I give him a hard look, but I think if I push him more, he's going to run. He hasn't said anything too weird yet, but my instincts aren't usually wrong. "Okay, man. Sure." I hold out my hand. "Cam. And you are?"

"Um, Frank," the man says, shaking my hand, his palm sweaty.

I grab a coiled length of cord and toss it towards him, which he catches awkwardly. "This should do. Say, why haven't I seen you around here before?"

"I'm in town to see a friend." Frank wipes his wet hands on his slacks, looking less stressed now that we're in neutral conversation territory again. "She just moved here, and I want it to be a surprise."

"That's sweet," I say. "What's your friend's name?"

"K—" He stops himself and coughs into his hand. "Kate. It's Kate."

It's a lie, actually, but he doesn't know I know, and I want to keep it that way.

Something about this man is setting off warning bells in my head, and all of them are about my new, gorgeous neighbor.

I could pound this guy into the ground right here and now, but I have no proof, so I just clap him on the shoulder and squeeze a little harder than necessary.

"Good luck then, Frank. I'll be seeing you around, I'm sure. "

He nods, looking pale.

I'm a good judge of character, and Frank is shady as hell. I shrug it off, knowing there's nothing I can do about it right now, but take a second to memorize the cars in the parking lot after I buy my string, just in case.

When I get home, Kelly is outside, and I wave at her. She smiles but doesn't approach, and I try not to let that bother me. Maybe she's not sure how to act around her new neighbor, either.

Or maybe I'm completely barking up the wrong tree.

Either way, I need a distraction .

I fire up my weed eater, and the high-pitched hum fills the air. My yard isn't big, and it's easy enough work, but the whole time I'm focused on what the fuck is going on with Frank and what his deal is.

I have a bad feeling, and I can't shake it.

"Hey."

Her voice makes me jump, and the weed eater goes flying. I catch it before it hits the ground, but it's close, and I turn to face Kelly, trying to look casual and calm, but my heart is racing.

She's dressed in a tiny pair of jean shorts and a tank top, and her hair is pulled up in a high ponytail. She looks amazing, and she's smiling at me. "Sorry, didn't mean to scare you."

"No worries," I say. "How's your day going?"

"It's been okay, but I wanted to ask, did you mow my lawn?"

"Yeah, thought it would be a nice welcome gift," I admit. "Plus, it's the neighborly thing to do."

"That's so kind," she says, and her blue eyes shine. "Thank you. You didn't have to."

"It's nothing," I say. "I cut my own, so it's not a big deal."

"Well, thank you," she says. "Can I buy you dinner or something? It's the least I can do."

I'd love nothing more than a night alone with her, but repayment for the lawn has nothing to do with it. "Sounds like a fair trade. When?"

Kelly chews on her bottom lip, thinking, one hand planted on her curvy hip. "Tomorrow night? I've still got a lot of unpacking to do, and I promised myself I'd get at least my clothes done today."

"Sure," I say. "Tomorrow night sounds great. Just text me when you're ready and we'll figure it out. "

We exchange numbers, and just like that, she's available to me anytime, anywhere. She looks pleased, and the smile she gives me makes my chest ache. "See you later, Cam," she says, heading back into her house.

I finish up with the weed eater, and it's dark by the time I head inside. Grabbing a beer from the fridge, I take it out onto the front porch and watch the stars come out. Nothing about my day has been too odd or out of place, but I'm being pulled in two

different directions anyway.

First, my attraction and near obsession with Kelly is growing every time I see her, and second, I can't shake the feeling of wrongness I had about that Frank guy at the hardware store.

Covington is a small town, but not tiny, so it's more than likely the friend he was talking about wasn't my Kelly, but I can't seem to make myself believe that.

Before I climb into bed, I send her a quick text.

Me: Remember, if something is bothering you, I'm right next door. Never hesitate to call.

It's around 3 AM when my phone goes off, and at first I think I'm dreaming.

Groaning, I roll over and grab the device, and my heart jumps into my throat when I see Kelly's name on the screen.

I hit the green button. "Hey, everything okay?"

"Cam," her voice is shaky. "I-I'm sorry, I know we only met yesterday, but you said to call if something was ever wrong, and ... and...."

I'm already on my feet, pulling my jeans on with the phone braced between my shoulder and ear. "What's wrong?"

"It could be nothing, the house settling or something, but I swore I heard someone messing with the doorknob downstairs. "

I swallow hard. "Are the doors locked?"

"Yeah."

"And the windows?"

"I think so."

"Stay on the phone with me, Kelly. I'm coming over."

"Okay."

My blood roars in my ears, and the moment I've got the front door open, I sprint toward her house.

"You're outside?" she asks, her voice shaking.

"Just crossed into your yard," I confirm. "I'm not going to hang up until I'm at your door, all right?"

"O-okay."

She's scared, and I want nothing more than to wrap my arms around her and protect her, but right now my focus is getting to her. "What are you doing right now, honey?"

"Um, I'm standing upstairs by the railing."

"Are all the doors and windows locked?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."

Just like she said, the door is locked when I reach it, and I rap my knuckles against it three times. "I'm here, Kelly."

The line goes dead, and the wait for the door to open is the longest few seconds of my life. The moment it opens, I rush forward, pulling her into my arms and holding her close. Her body is shaking, and she clutches my shirt.

"Thank you," she whispers. "Thank you for coming. "

"Of course," I say, stroking her back. "Always."

She pulls away, and when our eyes meet, it's like the air is sucked out of the room. There's something here between us, and even in the midst of a crisis, I'm acutely aware of it.

"So, um, what's the plan now?"

"Now, we check your house."

"Okay."

The upstairs is clear, and Kelly follows behind me, staying close, while we clear the downstairs, as well. Every room is empty, and the windows and doors are locked up tight.

"See? All clear," I say, smiling down at her.

"Thank God." She sighs, leaning against the wall behind her and pressing a hand to her chest. It's then I realize that she's not wearing a single thing beneath her thin, short pajamas and that her nipples are hard points against the fabric.

The urge to lean down and nip at one through the shirt is so powerful I have to clench my fists to regain control.

"Kelly," I say slowly, "I need you to tell me the truth, okay? Is there anyone who might be a danger to you? It doesn't just affect you. It affects the whole neighborhood, and I need to be aware."

She looks guilty, and a cold ball of fear drops into the pit of my stomach.

"Sweetheart," I murmur, brushing my knuckles over her cheek. "It's not an accusation, just a question."

Tears fill her sapphire eyes, but she dashes them away before they can fall.

"It really shouldn't be an issue—I mean, he lives in Boston for goodness' sake—but I had a.

.." She swallows, and this time I let my hands slide down to her shoulders, steadying her.

"I had a stalker. He was a teacher's assistant, but he became weirdly obsessed with me.

He never hurt me or anything, but he'd leave creepy gifts outside my door, and I swore he watched me when I left my night classes.

The police never caught him, so he was never charged, which isn't fair, but I was so sure the issues would be over once I moved. "

"Shit, Kelly. I'm sorry." I already knew the answer before I asked. My instincts are almost never wrong. "What's his name?"

When Kelly says it, the word hangs heavily between us. "Frank."

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

KELLY

" I fucking knew it."

"What?" I stare up at Cam, confused and overwhelmed and more than a little scared.

"You knew who it was?"

"Well, not exactly," he admits, running a hand through his dark hair, his muscles flexing and rippling as he does so.

He's in just a thin white T-shirt and a pair of loose-fitting jeans, but his presence is massive.

Even without him touching me, his nearness is soothing and arousing at the same time.

"I talked to some guy at the hardware store with that name, and he seemed ... weird. Something just felt off. He's a slick motherfucker, I'll give him that, and he did a good job lying, but ... he was shopping for a rope."

I feel immediately sick, and my legs feel like jello. Cam must see me wobble because he steps forward and wraps an arm around my waist, pulling me close.

"Whoa," he says, "Easy, there. "

"You don't think he was...?" I can't even bring myself to say it.

"I can't be sure, Kelly, but..." Cam sighs, and the puff of air stirs the fine baby hairs on my forehead. "The chance that it's the same person is too high. I'm going to stay here with you."

"What?!"

He gives me a look, his hazel eyes stern. "If this is your ex-stalker, you're in danger. I'm not letting you sleep alone tonight. You can have your bed and I'll sleep on the floor, but there's no way I'm leaving."

"Cam, that's not necessary."

"It is. And I'd be an asshole to leave you vulnerable."

His words fill my chest with longing. I look up at him, and he's still so close, so warm, so handsome ... and his mouth is only a breath away.

It would be so easy to stand on my toes and press my lips against his. But would he push me away? Or would he pull me close, and kiss me back, and maybe...?

I shiver at the thought.

"Cold?"

"No, just nervous."

Cam's gaze turns serious, and he tips my chin up so our eyes meet. "I won't let anything happen to you, Kelly. Not while I'm here. I'll die before I let that man hurt you."

"Oh," I whisper, the intensity of his promise way too strong for how little we know of

each other.

Why does it feel like I've known this man my entire life?

All of his muscles are stiff, especially his hands on my waist, but there isn't an ounce of fear in me regarding Cam. "Are you okay? You seem tense."

His chuckle is low and startlingly seductive, and I feel his fingers flex against my skin. I inhale sharply as he says, "It's just ... I'll keep you safe, baby, but I've also gotta keep myself in line. You're hell on a man's nerves, you know that?"

"What?" I blink up at him, confused.

"Jesus, Kelly," he mutters, and then his mouth crashes down on mine.

I freeze, shocked, but almost immediately melt against his body and let him take possession of my mouth.

Cam's lips are warm and soft, but there's a hunger behind his kiss that makes my heart race.

His tongue teases at the seam of my lips, and I part them for him, moaning softly when his tongue invades my mouth.

He kisses me like he's starving, and I cling to him, kissing him back, loving the feeling of his stubble against my skin, and the way his muscles are coiled tight, as if he's fighting to control himself.

When we break apart, my cheeks are flushed, and Cam is panting, his pupils dilated and his expression fierce. "Kelly, I?—"

I grab the hem of my shirt and lift it over my head, throwing it to the side and baring my breasts to him. They're heavy and full, the nipples pebbled, and I see his throat work as he swallows hard.

"Kelly," he whispers. He cups my tits in his big, warm hands, and I sigh as pleasure courses through my body.

His thumbs brush across the nipples, and I exhale, reaching out to brace myself against the wall.

Cam drops his head and presses a gentle kiss to the tip of one, then the other, and my pussy clenches.

"Do you know how beautiful you are?" he whispers, his breath hot against my skin. "God, I can't stop thinking about you. When I saw you standing on the porch in that thin robe, it took all of my self-control not to touch you right then."

"Oh," I breathe. "Oh, please touch me now, Cam."

I've never done anything so spontaneous, so out of character for me, but Cam makes me want to throw caution to the wind.

He came to save me the second I called, and when he touches me, I feel things I've never felt before.

He makes me feel needy, and I know the only thing that will help is his hands on me.

The fact that I'm a virgin barely matters now, as long as his lips keep pressed to mine and his fingers keep plucking at my nipples.

"Kelly," he rumbles, breaking the connection and pressing his forehead to mine. "I

want you so damned bad, baby, but I don't know if you're ready for how things will be if we fuck. I don't do casual."

"I'm not asking for casual."

He groans, and his fingers still work my breasts, making it hard to think.

"It's more than that. I keep what's mine, and if I have you, I'm not letting go.

You're going to be my baby girl, and I'd be your daddy.

Every time we're in bed, or on the floor, or with you bent over the couch, that's what I'd expect you to call me.

Understand? That's what I'd need from you. "

I'm stunned, and it takes a second for me to find my words. "You're serious?"

"Dead serious. I'm not into half-assed or whatever else. If you're with me, it's all or nothing. You'll be mine, and I'll be yours, and that's that. And I'll be responsible for you, in every way."

I don't even need to think it over. If a name is all he needs to keep making me feel this good, I'll gladly give it to him. "Oh, Daddy," I sigh, and the way he sucks in a breath is like music to my ears. "That sounds ... perfect. Exactly what I want."

"You sure about that, baby girl?" he asks, his hands dropping to my hips, his fingers dipping beneath the elastic waistband.

"I'm sure," I whisper, gasping as his fingers find the wetness pooling between my thighs.

"Oh, fuck," Cam hisses, picking me up and tossing me over his shoulder. My bare breasts are pressed against his hot, broad back, and I'm still wearing my tiny shorts, but they do little to hide my arousal .

Cam takes me upstairs and lays me gently on the bed.

"I'll go slow," he promises. "It'll be good, baby. I'll make you feel so good."

"Yes, please, Daddy," I whimper. "I want it. I want you."

His eyes burn into mine, and when he leans down to kiss me, he's more careful this time, but still dominant, still hungry. "Then spread your legs, baby girl. Let Daddy take care of you."

I bite my lip and obey, and he smiles, the expression wicked and delicious.

"Oh, fuck yeah," Cam growls. "That's my girl. I'm gonna eat this sweet little cunt until you scream."

All I can do is swallow, my mouth having gone dry. When Cam drops his hands to my knees, my legs shake from nerves and anticipation. Calling him Daddy is one thing, having him put his mouth on my pussy is something else altogether.

He pulls my shorts off, leaving me completely naked, and I gasp as his fingers slip through the folds of my pussy. He circles the opening, teasing me, and when his thumb brushes against the swollen nub of my clit, I buck up off the bed, gasping.

"Sensitive, huh, baby?" He grins, and then his hand is gone and his face is between my legs.

My eyes fly wide, and I cry out as his tongue licks up my center, his hands on my

inner thighs, pushing my legs apart and keeping me spread.

"Delicious," he murmurs, and his hot breath against my sex makes me squirm.

He keeps his face there, and his tongue goes back to work, licking and lapping and teasing.

I gasp, clawing at the sheets, and when his mouth closes around my clit, his tongue swirling against the sensitive bud, I can barely catch my breath .

I've never felt anything like it, and Cam isn't shy about taking everything he wants. He teases, but only a little, licking and sucking at me hungrily.

"Cam!"

"Uh-uh," he murmurs, lifting his head and looking me in the eye. "Who am I, Kelly?"

"Daddy," I gasp, "but?—"

He smirks and dives back in, and my whole body writhes against the sheets. The pleasure is so sharp and strong that it feels like a coiled wire in my belly, tightening with each brush of his lips or clever tongue.

Everything is bliss until he slips one finger into my dripping entrance.

At first, it just adds to how wonderful everything feels, but his finger is so thick, and I'm tighter than I expected.

Cam works it in slowly, but when he reaches a certain point, there is the slightest burning sensation, and he stops.

"Kelly..." Cam's voice is cautious, but I whimper at this loss of his mouth on my core. "Is there something you need to tell me?"

"Yes," I pant, my eyes squeezed shut. "I'm a virgin."

"Ah."

He doesn't move his finger, and when I open my eyes, rising onto my elbows, his face is carefully neutral. Then he smiles ferociously, and it's an intensely satisfied smile.

"That's perfect, baby girl," he says. "Your daddy is going to take good care of you. We're just going to have to go a lot slower."

With that, he lowers his head, and his tongue swirls around the hard nub of my clit once more, distracting me enough to relax.

The new angle allows me to watch everything he does, and it only cranks my arousal up higher.

I pant and clutch at the sheets. His tongue and lips bring me closer and closer to release, but I have a feeling he's not done with me quite yet.

"Please," I whine, my thighs trembling, my entire body feeling like it's about to explode.

Cam chuckles and lifts his head. "Do you want to come, baby girl?"

"Yes," I whisper, nodding emphatically.

"Then you're going to have to let Daddy in."

Cam teases my pussy with two fingers this time, and when he slides them in, I almost jump out of my skin.

It's tight, so tight, but the stretch is addicting, and as his lips wrap around my clit again, the pleasure drowns out any pain or discomfort.

When he breaches the barrier from before, the pinch of pain is barely a flicker in my mind compared to all the incredible feelings.

His tongue moves faster, flicking and licking and driving me closer and closer, until the dam bursts.

I fall apart, screaming and writhing, and Cam's arm is iron against my thighs, holding me down and still as he continues to devour me through every bit of my release. The pleasure is like a storm, overtaking me, owning every bit of me.

"Good girl," he rumbles when I can finally catch my breath. Cam lifts his head, and his smile is so proud it makes me feel all gooey inside.

I'm a mess, sweaty and panting, and when he withdraws his fingers, I whine, my pussy clenching on empty space.

"Oh, baby," he whispers. "I've got so much more to give you, but not tonight." He climbs up into the bed with me and pulls me into his arms, cradling me against his chest. "We're not taking that next step until you're absolutely certain. Understand?"

"But I'm sure," I mumble, even though my eyes are drifting closed. "I'm very, very sure. "

Cam chuckles. "Not tonight, baby girl. You're exhausted."

"But—"

"Nope." He presses a kiss to my forehead and tugs the blanket over both of us. "Get some rest, sweetheart. Daddy's got you."

"Mm, 'kay," I mumble. He's right, and I'm too tired to argue. While Cam strokes my skin, the world slips away, and I fall into a deep, satisfied sleep.

I would be content to sleep in, but Cam is apparently an early riser, whether I like it or not.

When he shifts beside me and sits up, I groan and pull the blanket over my head. I hear him chuckle, and he pats me on the ass affectionately.

"No reason for you to get up, baby," he rumbles. "I'm going to go for a run and go home to shower. Call me when you're up, alright?"

"Okay."

"I'll lock the door behind me and make sure all the windows are shut and locked. Get some more sleep."

"Bye," I mutter, hearing the front door close a few minutes later.

My body is pleasantly sore from the night before, and Cam made sure I was comfortable and happy. Still, I can't help but wish he stayed here with me, so we can continue exploring what we started last night.

Maybe later today.

With that thought, I drift back off to sleep, and the next time I wake, it's because the

smell of bacon wafts up the stairs .

I stretch and climb out of bed, slipping the thin robe over my cami and pajama shorts, and follow the smell.

When I enter the kitchen, Cam is standing by the stove with a plate full of bacon and a bowl full of scrambled eggs. His hair is damp and messy from his shower, and the T-shirt he's wearing is a little damp as well.

"Good morning," he says, turning around and giving me a crooked grin. "I got impatient waiting for you to get up, so I decided to make you breakfast." His tone is teasing, and I stick my tongue out at him, making him laugh.

"Thanks," I say. "I'll make you breakfast next time, er, if you want to come back, I mean."

The look Cam gives me is hungry, and my body responds, the familiar ache starting between my legs.

"I'd love to, baby," he says.

"I'll get plates," I say, turning toward the cabinet. Cam grabs the spatula, and when we're both seated at the table, we fill our plates and dig in.

"This is delicious," I say, my mouth half full. Cam's lips quirk, and I swallow, blushing. "Sorry."

"Don't be," he laughs. "I'm glad you're enjoying it. Did you sleep well?"

"Yeah," I reply, smiling. "I really did."

"Me too."

He reaches out and places his hand on mine, and I can see the tension in his shoulders. His energy has changed. There's something he wants to say, I just know it.

"What's wrong? "

"After my run, I walked your property to see if there was any sign that someone had been trying to break in last night.

" Cam puts his phone on the table and slides it towards me.

On the screen is a picture of dirt with two distinctive footprints in it.

My insides go cold. "This was below the window next to the front door.

Your instincts were right. Someone was here. "

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

CAM

I told Kelly I had some stuff to do for work, but the truth was I spent most of the day driving to all the hotels in town and trying to suss out whether Frank was staying there or not.

By the time evening rolled around, I was frustrated, annoyed, and a little bit angry.

I hadn't been able to find anything and was starting to suspect that the fucker might not be in town at all.

He could have given up and gone home, or he could have stayed farther away to avoid notice.

The regret of not just kicking his ass at the hardware store is eating at me, and I have to keep reminding myself that if I had done that, I would have been in jail last night, and not in bed with Kelly.

Oh, Kelly. I feel like a caveman, only able to have two thoughts. I want to protect Kelly. I want to fuck Kelly.

I know my tastes in bed aren't for every woman, but Kelly's willingness to let me be her daddy made her even more precious to me. And she's a virgin. Damn. I don't know what I've done to deserve such a precious thing like her, but even if I'm undeserving, I'm sure as hell not going to give her up .

The only way I'd leave her now is if she asked me to. But she won't. Not after last

night.

Even as a virgin, she'd been responsive and eager.

She moaned for me, and whimpered, and screamed when she came, and her little pussy clamped down on my fingers like a vise.

Just the memory is enough to have my cock stiff and straining against the fabric of my jeans.

I don't want to give up on my search just yet, but the temptation of going back to her immediately to show her just how good I can make her feel is distracting.

This was supposed to be an amazing week for Kelly, her first week in her new home, and some bastard is tainting it. When I think about the rope I helped him pick out, I'm so furious I feel like my teeth are going to shatter from clenching my jaw.

I decide to stop for a quick bite at the Blue Goose Bar and Grill before heading back, and try to calm down. The last thing Kelly needs is for me to walk in angry and snarly, especially after what happened last night. She's been through enough, and she doesn't need my emotions making it worse.

When I get to the bar, I get a text, and I groan, dragging my hand over my face.

Kelly: Are we still having dinner tonight?

It's 7:05 PM, and she's been waiting for me. Fuck! How did I forget?

Me: I'm sending an Uber to pick you up. I'm at the Blue Goose and I want my girl here with me. How does that sound?

Kelly: Like the best idea ever.

I smirk and send the driver a request. I'll make it up to her and take her on the date she deserves, but right now, I'll be happy just to share a meal with her.

By the time the driver drops her off, I'm sitting at a booth near the back, sipping a beer .

Kelly looks amazing. Her long blonde hair is hanging loose, and she's wearing a dark red sleeveless shirt and a pair of jeans that make her legs look amazing.

It's a bit busy when she arrives, and I enjoy watching her look around for me, knowing I've put that hopeful, excited look on her face.

It makes something pull tight in my chest.

Everything is good until some drunk from the bar, hat backward and beer still in hand, stumbles over to her and gets way too close for my liking. Kelly, being new to the area, is like a magnet for losers like these, and this particular asshole is trying to flirt.

The idea of another man touching her has my vision going red. I'm on my feet in a second and stalk over to where they're talking, resisting the urge to lay him out right here and now in front of everyone.

"That's enough," I interrupt, putting my arm around Kelly's waist. "I'm going to give you a single warning. Get the fuck away from her and out of this restaurant before I make you."

The drunk looks me up and down and scoffs.

I've got at least six inches on him and weigh significantly more, so his liquor-soaked bravado is hilarious.

Or it would be, if I was capable of feeling anything besides rage at the thought of someone messing with Kelly.

"I don't think so, buddy. Me and the pretty lady here are having a conversation. Don't need you buttin' in."

"Oh, trust me," I say, pulling Kelly closer, lowering my voice. "She's spoken for. And you've had enough to drink. Leave now and I'll call your dumb ass a cab, but if you try and push me, we're going to make a big fucking scene, you hear me?"

"I don't need your fuckin' help," he slurs, and I can smell the booze on his breath.

"Please, Cam," Kelly murmurs. When I look down at her, I hate the fear in her eyes, but this is just a part of me she'll have to learn to understand. I'm protective as hell, and while she has no reason to worry, I guess I should have warned her about this side of me.

"Why don't you sit down and order a drink, and I'll be back in a minute, okay?" I squeeze her hip reassuringly, hoping she can pick up on the silent signals I'm trying to send her. I want her to know everything is okay, but I need to handle this.

Kelly nods, her eyes wide, and when the drunk guy makes a move, I grab his wrist. He's not sober, and it's easy to turn him and twist his arm behind his back. He cries out, and I shove him towards the door.

"Come on, asshole. Let's get you outside."

"Let me go!"

"No can do."

When we reach the door, the manager meets me, and we call him a cab. He's swearing the whole time, but he's no match for me. I wait outside with him until the cab arrives and shove him inside roughly.

I feel a little guilty when I return to the table—not for what I did, but that Kelly had to see that side of me so quickly—but the smile she gives me has the feeling vanishing almost instantly.

"You handled that really well," she says, her voice a little breathy. "Thank you."

"Of course." I slide into the booth next to her, and she snuggles into my side.

"Is that a part of the job, too?"

I can hear the unspoken part of the question. What she's really asking is if it's part of Daddy's job. "What, getting handsy drunks to leave women alone?"

"Yeah. "

"Nah. I just didn't like the idea of him getting close to you. No one touches what's mine."

Her breath hitches, and when I glance at her, her cheeks are pink.

"You liked that, huh, baby girl?"

"Maybe," she admits, and when her blue eyes meet mine, her expression is open, vulnerable. "Is that wrong?"

"No," I reply. "Not at all. In fact, I'm pretty fucking turned on by the idea of you belonging to me."

"Really?"

"You're damn right," I murmur, sliding a hand under the table and placing it on her bare knee. She sucks in a breath, and I move my fingers slowly upward, teasing her skin. "You're mine, Kelly. All mine."

"Yes, Daddy."

I smile and lean forward, brushing my lips against hers. She presses closer, and when the waiter arrives with our drinks, we reluctantly separate.

"Thank you," I say, clearing my throat. "I think we're ready to order. We're in a hurry."

I don't rush Kelly through the meal, but I can tell food isn't the first thing on either of our minds. I want her to eat because she's going to need her strength if this evening is headed where I think it is.

I also don't tell her I've been searching for her stalker all day, either. Considering I plan on having her sleep in my bed tonight, she'll be more than safe, anyway.

She's so sweet, sexy, and gorgeous, and all those things combined are driving me crazy .

As soon as we're done eating, I take her hand and lead her out to the car. There's a nervousness radiating off her, but excitement, too.

"We're going back to my place," I explain to her as we pull out of the parking lot. "I

want to continue where we left off last night ... if you're ready, that is."

"Yes," Kelly replies instantly. "I mean, I am."

"Good," I growl, my grip tightening on the wheel. I know she's new to all of this, and while I plan on treating her gently, the thought of claiming that tight little pussy for my own has me half-mad with lust.

When we get to my door, I unlock it and usher her inside, turning to lock it again and setting the deadbolt. There will be no interruptions, not tonight.

When I turn around, Kelly is standing by the couch, twisting her hands nervously. She looks adorable in her date-night getup, but I want it off. I want to see what's beneath.

I stalk towards her, and her eyes go wide as I close the distance between us.

"You're nervous," I murmur, sliding my hands around her waist. "Why?"

"I'm not sure."

"I promise I'm going to take very good care of you, baby girl," I say, leaning down and brushing my lips against her ear. "Daddy's going to make you feel so good, all right? Trust me."

"Okay." Her voice is breathy, and when I kiss her neck, she sighs softly.

"I like that sound," I say, smirking. "I'm going to do everything in my power to hear it again and again. How does that sound?"

"Perfect. "

"Good girl." I step back and look her up and down, and then point at the ground in front of me. "Strip and kneel for me, Kelly. I want to see you."

She hesitates for a split second, and then does as I ask. I watch as she shrugs out of her red top, revealing a white lace bra. My eyes drink in every inch of skin as she unfastens her jeans and slides them off, taking her shoes with them.

When she's done, she's standing there in nothing but her white lace bra and panties, her cheeks flushed pink.

"Beautiful," I whisper. "You're absolutely beautiful, Kelly."

"Thank you."

I nod toward the floor. "Kneel."

She drops to her knees in front of me, and I run my fingers through her hair. When she tilts her head back, I cup her chin and rub my thumb over her bottom lip.

"So pretty," I murmur, dropping my hand to unbutton my jeans. "Open your mouth for me, baby."

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

Her eyes go wide as I pull my cock free from my jeans and boxers, and she stares at it.

I'm achingly hard, and there's already precome gathering at the tip. I stroke it slowly, making sure she watches the movement. I can tell the size is a lot for her to take in, and I have to control my pride. It's going to be a lot for her, but I know she can take it.

"Come here, Kelly," I say, my voice rough with lust. "I need your mouth."

She opens her lips obediently, and when I slide the tip of my cock against them, she flicks her tongue over the head, tasting me.

"Fuck," I groan. "Suck me, baby girl. "

Slowly, she wraps her lips around me and slides her mouth down my shaft. I grip her hair tightly, encouraging her, and when I hit the back of her throat, she quickly pulls back.

"It's okay," I murmur. "Try again."

Kelly takes me in her mouth again, this time slower, and she manages to take more of me. She wraps one hand around the base of my cock and squeezes gently, and the sensation is enough to make me groan. I know I won't last long in this tight heat, and I want to come inside of her, but first...

"Come here," I say, helping her stand up. She looks at me curiously as I grab her hips

and turn her around, bending her over the back of the couch. I slide my hand down between her legs, and when I cup her pussy through her panties, she moans softly.

"Daddy..."

"I know, baby girl." I tease her through her panties for a moment before I pull the fabric down, running my finger along her slit.

Her pussy is swollen and pink, already damp for me.

When I push two fingers inside her, she sucks in a breath, and I curse as I feel how wet she is.

"You're soaking wet. Is this all for me? "

"Yes, Daddy."

I withdraw my fingers and smack her ass lightly, watching her round cheeks turn pink under my palm. Her back is arched, hair curling across her shoulders as she looks back at me.

"Spread your legs for me, Kelly," I say softly. "Let me see you."

She obeys, and when I kneel behind her, she lets out a breathy moan.

"I'm going to taste you now, baby girl. Daddy's going to lick that tight little pussy until you come all over my face. How does that sound?"

"Amazing," she moans. "Please, Daddy. I need it. "

I smirk and press a kiss to each cheek before burying my face between her legs. Her

skin tastes sweet, and the sounds she makes as I lick her are sinful. I reach up and tug her bra down, exposing her breasts, and roll her nipple between my fingers.

When I suck on her clit, she cries out. I know she's still sensitive from last night, and I've learned all the ways she likes to be touched the most.

"You taste so good, baby girl," I growl, reaching down and stroking myself. "I want you to come for me."

"Cam, oh my God!"

Her scream is muffled as she buries her face in the couch cushions, and I reach up and spank her ass lightly.

"Say my name, Kelly."

"Daddy!"

I chuckle, "Good girl. Now, give it to me."

I suck on her clit again, and after a few swipes of my tongue, she comes apart, screaming, her thighs shaking. I don't stop licking her until the aftershocks subside, and when I stand up, I can see her pussy still clenching, begging for more.

I lean down and kiss the back of her neck, and she whimpers softly. I'm rock fucking hard, and I can barely see straight as I fist my cock in my hand and line it up with her dripping, still spasming entrance.

"Are you comfortable?" I ask roughly, rubbing the head of my cock through her folds, up and down. "And are you ready to take me? To lose your virginity?"

"Yes," she whispers, her voice shaky. "Please, Daddy."

That's all the encouragement I need .

I go slow, just like I promised I would, even as my baser nature screams at me to just bury myself to the hilt immediately. She's soaking wet, and tight as hell, and with every inch, she hums, squirming against the couch.

"Easy," I growl, gripping her hips tightly. "I'm not going to hurt you."

She lets out a shaky breath, and when I'm finally buried completely inside her, I lean down and kiss the back of her neck again, nipping at the sensitive skin there, holding still so she can adjust.

"How does it feel?" I murmur.

"Full," she gasps. "Like ... so full. Like you're filling me up completely."

"Good girl," I growl, smirking. "Tell me what you want."

"I want you to fuck me," Kelly whispers. "Please."

"Daddy's going to take care of you," I promise, my voice hoarse with lust. "I'm going to fuck you just like you want."

And with that, I grip her hips tightly and pull out slowly, almost all the way, before slamming back into her.

She cries out, arching her back, and I do it again, and again. My grip is tight enough to leave bruises, but I don't care. All I can focus on is the tight heat of her pussy wrapped around me, pulling me deeper.

"Fuck, baby," I groan. "You're so fucking tight. So perfect for Daddy."

I lean down and tease her earlobe with my teeth, keeping a steady pace, the sound of my hips hitting her ass as I fill her driving me wild. She's so fucking tight that it's a fight each time I thrust back in, and I'm loving every second of it.

I know I can make her come right now if I reach between us and stroke her clit, but I want this to last. I want her memory of her first time to be burned into her memory forever, and for her to always think about how I fucked her long enough to leave her crying my name .

Kelly's hands grip the fabric of the sofa, a gorgeous flush on her cheeks as she takes me. Her eyes are closed, and her legs are shaking, and I know she's close.

"Are you going to come for Daddy?" I growl. "I want to feel that tight little pussy squeeze me as you come all over my cock. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes!" she gasps.

"Good girl," I rasp, increasing my pace. Just like I know she wants, I finally reach beneath her and circle her swollen clit with my thumb, making her spine go stiff and her breath catch. "Come for me, baby girl. Give it to me."

Sweet Kelly gives me everything I want and more, exploding as I fuck her through her orgasm.

Nothing has ever been as beautiful as she is in this moment, and nothing has ever sounded as fucking hot as the noises she makes as she comes.

Her cries fill the air, and I don't stop fucking her nice and steady until the tremors subside.

When I come, it's a fight to stay standing. My knees threaten to buckle as I bury myself completely inside her, emptying my load. She feels so good that it's almost painful, and when I pull out, I can't help but stare at the sight of my come dripping down her thighs.

I pull her to her feet and kiss her softly, wrapping my arms around her waist.

"How was that?" I whisper.

"Perfect," she says. "Like it was ... I don't know. Like it was meant to happen."

"I know what you mean," I say, kissing her temple. "Do you want to go take a shower with me and then go to bed? It's late."

"I'd love that," Kelly says softly .

I'd love it, too. As she loops her arms around my neck and kisses me softly, standing on her toes, I think I might love a whole lot more than just the thought of spending the rest of the night together.

It makes no fucking sense, considering I've only known her for a few days, but I think I love Kelly Davidson, too.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

KELLY

Things with Cam are, to put it lightly, amazing. Incredible. Just ... wow.

I know I'm inexperienced when it comes to relationships, but being with him just feels right.

He's sweet, protective, and makes sure I'm always taken care of.

After we made love on his couch, he cleaned me up in the shower and tucked me into his bed, curling up around me and whispering comforting things until I fell asleep.

There was no awkwardness in the morning, either, just another home-cooked breakfast before he had to head off for work.

Over the past few weeks, we've settled into a sort of routine. Cam works three days a week, and on the days he doesn't, he comes over and helps me turn my fixer-upper into my dream home. Cam is like a one-man renovation team, painting and building and even installing new hardwood floors.

I can't believe how lucky I am .

But today is Friday, which means that I have a full day to myself.

Cam is working until 4 PM, so I've decided to spend the day doing some much-needed shopping.

I need a few things for the house and some new clothes.

I figure it'll be a good way to kill a few hours while Cam is fixing planes or whatever it is he does.

I make it downtown and park in one of the many open spaces. The weather is beautiful today, and as I grab my purse and get out of my car, I can't help but smile. Life is good, and there's a pep in my step as I walk towards my destination.

As I walk, I can't help but remember what Cam said about keeping an eye out for anyone following me or looking at me funny. I'm pretty sure that's just his protective nature coming through, though. We haven't seen any sign of a stalker since the incident with the door.

There isn't much as far as big superstores go in Covington, but I'm learning to love the smaller, quieter businesses.

I pick up a few cute matching workout sets for all the runs Cam has insisted I join him on—in no small part because of the secluded, wooded trails we've taken full, naughty advantage of—and add some lingerie on as a special surprise.

After that, I grab some things for dinner and enjoy the slow, sun-soaked afternoon as I stroll downtown on my way back to my car. Cam has proven to be the better cook out of the two of us, but I'm not far from catching up.

He's also proven to be possessive as hell, bordering on obsessive, but I sort of like it. Okay, I really like it, if I'm being honest with myself. Cam is quiet and well-respected in town, but if some man looks at me a little too long, a totally different part of him rises to the surface.

I like it. I like him, maybe even love him. I'm still trying to decide if it's just because

this is all so new to me, but I don't think so. It feels way too real, too genuine for that .

I smile as I load the groceries into my car, waving at a few of the locals I've met through Cam and chit-chatting for a minute before heading home.

I've still got a lot of time before Cam gets home, but there is always a project that needs to be done in the old Colonial.

Right now, I'm working on sanding down and repainting the kitchen cabinet doors that Cam removed for me last week.

Once home, I grab my things and take them inside.

I stop dead in my tracks when I enter, using the back door that opens right into the kitchen.

Slowly setting my purchases down on the counter, I approach the beautiful bouquet.

It's at least two dozen red roses—not my favorite, a little too cliché—but surprise flowers of any variety are lovely.

Smiling, I snap a picture of them and text it to Cam.

Me: Thanks for the flowers 3

He doesn't text back but calls in less than a second. His voice is tight, and I can hear the wind blowing against the phone speaker as if he's outside rushing somewhere. "Kelly, I didn't send those flowers."

"Oh," I say slowly. "Then who did?"

"Kelly, listen to me. I want you to leave your house right now. Get back in your car and go somewhere busy. Stay where there are lots of people around you."

I go cold all over, and my hands feel so numb I can barely hold the phone. "O-okay. Cam?—"

"I'm calling the police as soon as I hang up, and I'm on my way. Just get out of the house."

"I'm leaving now," I whisper, tears burning my eyes.

"Good girl. I'll be there as fast as I can."

"Okay. "

My hands shake as I grab my keys, but a feeling of total dread washes over me all at once. I can feel eyes on the back of my neck, and I know in my bones that if I turn around, someone is going to be standing right there in the dining room looking at me.

"Oh, Kelly. What's the rush?" Frank says, his voice sickly sweet. "It's been so long. Why don't you take a seat, and we can catch up?"

I whirl around, my heart pounding. "Frank? How ... how did you get in here?"

"That's not important. Come here and sit down with me, sweetheart." He gestures towards one of the dining room chairs, not with an empty hand, but with a small, silver pistol. My heart thunders in my chest at the sight.

No, no, no.

I shake my head, my entire body trembling. "No. No, Frank. I don't want you here. I

don't want to see you. Please just leave."

He scowls, and for a brief moment, I'm terrified he's going to shoot me on the spot.
"Sit down."

I glance down at the phone in my hand, still clutched tightly. Cam hung up, and I desperately want to call him back, but I have a feeling it would only end badly.

"What do you want?" I whisper.

"You," Frank says simply, his eyes traveling over me. "I've wanted you since the first time I laid eyes on you, Kelly."

I feel sick to my stomach.

"But we never had a chance. Now we do. You're soldier isn't here, and we have all the time in the world. SIT DOWN, Kelly."

The last two words are so harsh, so commanding, that I have no choice but to sit. My entire body trembles, and I feel like I might be sick .

"So beautiful," Frank says softly, staring at me. "And all mine."

I feel a sob build up in my throat. This can't be happening.

I think of all the beautiful moments Cam and I have shared, how spending time with him has made this new phase of my life the happiest ever, and I don't want it to end.

I don't want Frank to touch me, but I'm afraid that if I fight back, he'll shoot me.

The police will be here soon, I tell myself, the police AND Cam. You just have to

stall!

"Frank," I say slowly, trying to keep my voice from shaking. "Frank, I need to use the restroom."

"No. You're not going anywhere. You're staying right here, with me."

"But Frank?—"

"I said no!" His voice is loud and angry, and when he takes a step towards me, I let out a little cry, jumping to my feet.

"Kelly!"

"Stay away from me," I whisper, my voice shaking.

"Don't make me hurt you, honey. I just want us to be together, like we should be."

His free hand shoots out to grab my wrist, and he pulls me forward against his chest. He smells awful, like he hasn't showered in days, and the feeling of his skin on mine is clammy. Time slows to a standstill as he tries to lower his face to mine, lips pursed.

What would Cam want me to do? I think. The answer is as clear as day. Cam would want me to fight.

And fight I do.

I slam my forehead against his, and he yelps, pushing me away.

I run for the door, but Frank is faster than me.

He grabs me by the hair, but I fight back like a scalded cat, kicking and screaming.

I scratch at his face hard enough to draw blood, and he finally releases me.

I can hear sirens in the distance, but I've still got at least a minute before they reach us.

Everything after that seems to happen all at once, but in slow motion at the same time. Frank raises the pistol with a shaking hand, the other hand clasping his bloodied face, but before he can even aim, the basement door flies open and Cam slams into him, hard.

"Go!" Cam yells, trying to wrestle the gun from Frank without setting it off. "Outside, Kelly! Go!"

I run as fast as I can, my pulse thundering. The police car screeches to a halt in the driveway, and two officers jump out, guns drawn. I put my hands in the air, sobbing, and one of them lowers his weapon to intercept me.

"It's okay, miss," the officer says. "You're safe."

"Cam is still inside!" I cry. "You have to help him!"

I know Frank is no match for Cam, but Frank is armed. I'm scared and shaking, and all I want is for my protector to wrap me up in his arms and hold me close.

The other officer runs towards the house, and when I hear the crack of a gunshot, I scream.

The police won't let me back into the house, and when a pair of ambulances roll up, my hysteria only grows. It turns out the ambulance is for me, not for Cam. They insist

on checking my vitals and try to tell me I'm in shock, but I don't care about that right now.

"Cam!" I sob. "Where is he? Is he okay? "

"Miss, please calm down," one of the paramedics says. "They'll bring him out shortly."

Shortly feels like an eternity. I keep my eyes glued to the front door of my house, praying for Cam to walk out safely. Finally, it opens, and I see Cam step outside. He looks a little battered, and I can see a bruise already forming on his cheekbone, but otherwise he looks fine.

I sob again, this time with relief, and the paramedic, trying to calm me down, laughs. "Looks like he's fine, miss."

He approaches the ambulance slowly, a grim expression on his face, and my stomach clenches. The joy of seeing him alive and unharmed drains away when I realize he's in cuffs, two cops flanking him, and tears fill my eyes again.

"What happened?" I yell, hoping someone will answer me. Paramedics run into the house, and while Cam is being led to the police car, another figure is brought out on a stretcher. I suck in a breath when I see that it's Frank, unconscious and bloodied.

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They rush him to the second ambulance and hop in, doors slamming as they speed away. I stare after them for a long moment before turning back to Cam.

"Cam! What the hell happened? Why are you in handcuffs?"

"Kelly, baby," he murmurs. "Come here."

"No!" I shake my head, hair flying. "Not until someone explains what the fuck is going on!"

"Please, Kelly."

I want to refuse, but there is something in his voice that breaks down the last of my resistance. I go to him, and he leans down and presses a kiss to my forehead.

"I'm okay, sweetheart," he whispers. "It's going to be okay. "

"You're in cuffs," I gulp. "That's not okay!"

"Kelly, look at me. The gun went off, but it went wide.

No one got shot, but I..." He licks his lips, and when he looks away, his expression is equal parts satisfied and shaken.

"I beat the hell out of him, Kelly, until he was out cold.

They're got to take me in. It's the law, and it's not their fault. "

By now, all of the neighbors are outside, either on their front lawns or porches, and Cam nods towards Mrs. Blevins, who is in her housecoat despite the Georgia heat.

The older woman shuffles over as Cam tells me, "Agatha will take care of you until you've calmed down, but they've got to take me to the station now, okay? "

"No!" I sob. "No, no, no!"

"Shhh, Kelly. You're all right. Agatha is going to take good care of you."

"No, Cam, you can't leave! You can't leave me here alone!" I know I'm making no sense. The threat is gone, but hysteria is still growing inside of me at the thought of Cam being taken away. Maybe I really am in shock.

"Kelly," Mrs. Blevins says softly, placing a wrinkled hand on my shoulder. "Come on, now. You'll be all right."

I look from her to Cam, and back again, trying to process what's happening. Cam can't go to jail, not after all of this. Not after he saved me. It's not fair.

"I have to go," Cam says gently as the police move him towards the car, patience waning. "I know you don't want me to, but I have to. I love you, Kelly Davidson."

It's the first time he's ever said it, and the confession only makes me cry harder. I know I'm a tear-covered, snotty mess, but I can't help it.

"I love you, too," I whisper. "But if you go to jail for real, I'm going to kill you. "

He laughs softly, and so does Mrs. Blevins, though she pats my shoulder consolingly.

"I'll call a lawyer if I have to," Cam promises, "and I'll be home soon. I'll talk to you

as soon as I can, okay? Be good."

The officers open the door of their car, and Cam leans down to kiss me once more before getting in. My tears are pouring down my cheeks, and my entire body is shaking, and when the car speeds off down the street, I feel like I'm going to pass out.

"Come on," Mrs. Blevins says gently. "Let's get you inside, and we'll make some tea. You're having quite the day."

"Yeah," I whisper, feeling numb all over. "I am."

Agatha Blevins, for the first time since I've met her, has nothing to gossip about.

She takes me into her home, which is like a velvet-covered time machine, and gives me sweetened chamomile tea, rubbing my back soothingly and asking me questions about anything and everything besides Cam, Frank, and what just happened.

When I'm finally able to breathe again, she walks me home, sees the blood and overturned furniture in the kitchen, and, before I can spiral into another panic attack, firmly tells me to go upstairs and have a hot bath while she takes care of everything.

By the time I come back downstairs over an hour later, there are two other older women in my house, apparently Agatha's friends from down the street. Everything is clean and perfect, and it looks like nothing ever happened, the air smelling like disinfectant and mopping solution.

They're putting together a tray of food when I walk into the kitchen, and I try to protest, but Agatha puts her hands on her hips and tells me I've had a long day and I need to eat.

The three of them stay until I've finished eating the entire tray of food, and then they

head out, each giving me a hug and telling me to call if I need anything.

I also notice the roses have disappeared. Good riddance.

Frank is long gone, at the hospital and then on his way to jail once he recovers, but I still check every window with shaking hands. The last thing I do is lock the door, and exhausted, I slowly climb the stairs, collapse on my bed, and cry myself to sleep.

It's the second time since I've moved to Covington that I've been woken up at 3 AM. This time, it isn't to hear my door knob rattling, but to a tall, muscular form crawling into bed with me.

Fear shoots through me, and I open my mouth to scream, but Cam's scent hits me just before his voice does, and the fear melts away.

"Shh," he doesn't cover my mouth, but runs his thumb over my bottom lip instead. "It's just me, baby girl."

"Cam!" I sob, throwing my arms around him. "Oh my God! Are you okay? What happened?"

"I'm fine, Kelly. I'm home now, and I'm not going anywhere. We can talk about it tomorrow, okay? I just want to hold you."

"I want that, too," I whisper. "I was so scared without you."

"I know, baby. I know. I'm sorry. Just go back to sleep." He pulls me into his arms, kissing my forehead. "It was all just protocol. Everything is fine."

I don't want to sleep, though. My bloodstream is full of adrenaline, and there's no way in hell I can rest. Instead, I grab two handfuls of his shirt and pull him down into a

searing kiss, showing him without words just how worried I was .

"Kelly," he groans. "Baby, we can't. Not tonight. You've been through enough."

"I need this, Cam. I need you. I want you. Please?"

He hesitates, but when I slip my hand under his shirt to caress the muscles of his chest, he lets out a soft sound of need. "Kelly ... fuck."

"Please?" I beg softly. "Make love to me, Cam. Make me forget."

"If that's what you want, Kelly," he whispers, pressing a soft kiss against my lips. "I'll give it to you. But if you want to stop, you tell me. I'm not going to be rough with you after what you went through today."

"I think..." I bite my bottom lip. "I think I might like it a little rougher. I don't want to feel anything other than you, Cam."

His eyes darken, and he nods slowly. "Tell me if you need to stop, Kelly. I mean it."

"I will."

"Good girl."

He kisses me again, softer this time, more gentle.

He tastes like mint and home, and I sigh as he slowly slips my nightgown off over my head, baring my body to his gaze.

His hands trail over my skin, so lightly I can barely feel them, until he reaches the place between my thighs and caresses me softly.

"Always so wet for me," he whispers, slipping a finger inside of me. "So good, baby."

He adds another finger, and I let out a sigh, rocking my hips against his hand. When he begins to move, I whimper, the feeling of his fingers inside of me driving me crazy.

"Cam, please. I want you inside of me. "

"Patience, sweetheart," he murmurs, his free hand cupping my breast and squeezing it, pinching my nipple gently.

He lowers his head to my chest, swirling his tongue around my nipple until it hardens into a peak.

He bites down on it gently, making me squirm, and I let out a soft cry, gripping the sheets tightly.

Cam keeps teasing me, taking his time with my body until I'm shaking with need. He finally lets his fingers slide out of me, and he stands, stripping quickly. His cock springs free, already hard, and I lick my lips. He's so gorgeous, and I'll never get tired of seeing how much he wants me.

He strokes his length as he speaks. "If you really want to get your mind off everything, how do you feel about trying something new?"

"What?" I whisper.

Cam crawls back over my body, kissing me deeply, tongue stroking against mine as his hand drifts down my body.

I feel his thumb brush over my clit once, and then twice, but when his hand continues

downwards, he doesn't slip his fingers into my pussy like I expect.

Instead, one long finger caresses my asshole.

"Oh!" I squeak, and he laughs against my mouth.

"We don't have to," he rumbles, nipping at my jaw. "But I swear I'll make it good for you if you want to try, baby girl."

I hesitate, and he pulls back, waiting patiently. His hazel eyes are full of desire, but the expression on his face is full of patience and love. I know he'll stop if I ask him to, or if I tell him I'm uncomfortable.

"Okay," I whisper, and he smiles.

"Good girl," he praises again.

Cam reaches over to the bedside table, where there's a bottle of lube.

We've been going at it like rabbits and have a bottle at both our houses.

He slicks his cock up with it, and then presses some against my asshole with his fingers.

It's cold, but he warms it up quickly, slowly easing a finger inside.

The feeling is strange but not unpleasant.

There's the slightest bit of burning, but as always, Cam is slow and gentle as he introduces me to these totally new sensations.

"You ready for another?" he asks. When I nod, he adds a second finger, slowly stretching me open.

This time it burns more, and I can feel him scissoring his fingers open to stretch me wider, but I'm surprised by how good it feels, too.

When he curls his fingers, my back arches off the bed, and I let out a soft moan that he swallows up by kissing me.

His mouth drops to my nipples again, the pleasure from it easing and the discomfort from down below, and when I'm writhing beneath him, he finally pulls his fingers out.

"One more," he whispers, "just to make sure you're ready."

"Hurry up," I whine. "I want you, Cam."

He chuckles, pressing a kiss against my hip. "I know, sweetheart. Be patient. I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't," I whisper.

I let out a gasp as his third finger slips into me, and it does burn more this time, but as soon as Cam crooks them again, I gasp, hungry for more. For him.

"Okay," I pant. "Okay. Please, Cam?"

"Please, who?"

Ah. I know what he wants. "Please, Daddy."

"That's right." He kisses me again. "Put your legs over my shoulders."

I obey, and Cam grips my hips, angling me upward until it's the perfect position for him to slide into my back entrance.

Again, he's as slow as he needs to be, the blunt head of his pushing open the ring of muscle there.

I suck in a breath, muscles tense as he fills me somewhere new, somewhere I've never been filled before.

"You okay, Kelly? "

"Yeah," I whisper, shaking. "Yeah."

He sinks in slowly until his cock is fully sheathed in me. It's an overwhelming feeling, being so full back there, and I let out a little whimper. My pulse is racing, blood roaring in my ears.

Cam doesn't move. He waits, giving me all the time in the world to adjust to the thick length of his cock in my ass.

Finally, I nod, and he begins to move in and out slowly.

Every movement seems amplified tenfold by the fact that I've never done this before, and that we're making love instead of fucking.

All the intensity of the day, all the fear and anger and sorrow are worked out of me with each piston of his hips.

In turn, I move with him, running my hands over his chiseled chest and arms,

showing him just how much I missed him, even for such a short time.

"God, Kelly," he moans. "So fucking tight."

"Cam!"

"You're taking my cock so well, baby girl," he whispers. "Such a good girl."

He's hitting spots in me I didn't know existed, and I gasp for air as my body shakes.

The pleasure inside of me builds and builds, and when Cam reaches down to brush my clit, it's like something snaps inside of me.

I come hard and fast, shaking beneath him as he keeps thrusting in and out, making the waves of pleasure last forever.

Cam groans, and I feel his cock twitch. He spills inside of me, hot and heavy, and as the last waves of pleasure fade away, I collapse onto the bed. He does, too, falling onto the pillow beside me.

"Holy shit," I pant. "That was?—"

"I know," he murmurs, pressing a kiss against my temple. "You were amazing, Kelly. I love you."

The confession, now that it wasn't said right outside of a police car, fills me with warm, glowing joy .

"I love you, too, Cam."

I roll onto my side, letting him pull me close against his chest, and I breathe in

deeply, letting the scent of him fill me. We should clean up, and I'm sure Cam should eat, but for the moment, just being together is enough.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

CAM

I knew since the moment I caught her outside of that moving truck that Kelly would be mine for good, but after all the shit with Frank and the arrest, I want to make it official.

No. I need to. I want everyone to see the ring on her finger and to know she's mine. I want her to have my last name, to be my wife in the eyes of the law and the rest of the world.

So a few weeks after I get out of jail—only for a half a day while everything was processed, thank fuck—I suck up my pride and ask for help.

I'm hopeless when it comes to jewelry, and all of Kelly's stuff is dainty and simple.

It was hard enough to swipe one of her rings when she was sleeping to get her ring size, but it was, of course, just a simple gold band, giving me no clue what designs she'd like.

I knew Kelly didn't speak to her mom much, so I asked the only other woman I had any sort of trust in—Mrs. Blevins.

The older woman was over the moon about our little 'date', holding onto my arm as we walked down the streets of downtown Covington, and after we stopped for coffee, we headed to the jewelry store in the corner.

It's been in the town for almost a century, owned by the same family, and I'm hopeful

the right ring will be here.

"This one is gorgeous," Mrs. Blevins says, pointing to a large diamond on a golden band, "but you said all of her jewelry is simple, right? Describe it to me."

"Gold bands mostly, but there are a couple of silver pieces. Nothing flashy."

She hums thoughtfully. "I think I have an idea. Do you trust me, Cameron?"

I grimace at my full name but nod. "Of course."

Mrs. Blevins leads me around the store, showing me ring after ring, all of them different in subtle but meaningful ways.

The worker behind the counter offers opinions, but it's clear he's giving Agatha the space to lead.

Finally, when we're near the back of the store, Mrs. Blevins points at a display of rings with small, delicate bands, each with a slightly different gemstone.

"These are just what I was thinking," she says, smiling at me. "Your Kelly is a special woman, and she deserves a special, unique ring, don't you think?"

The first three I look at aren't right—two too small, one too big—but when I spot the third to last ring, I know I've found the one. The band is dainty and gold, and there's a deep blue sapphire nestled in it. The stone is the exact color of her eyes. It's perfect.

"This one," I say softly, holding it out to the worker. "This is the one I want."

The worker takes it, nods, and disappears into the back. A minute later, he returns with a small box. The ring is inside, sitting on a little white cushion. I stare at it for a

long moment before taking the box and tucking it into my pocket .

"You've got the ring," Mrs. Blevins says, grinning and clapping her hands. "Now all you've got to do is ask her. When are you going to do it?"

"I was thinking I'd rent a boat and take her out tonight. It's going to be a full moon and clear skies."

"Nonsense! That's not how you ask a woman to marry you. You need a romantic starlit evening, candles, and wine, and then you do it at the end of the night."

"Mrs. Blevins, we live in Georgia. It's a million degrees out. An outdoor candlelit dinner isn't going to work."

"Well, hm. All right, you do the boat thing. I suppose that sounds romantic enough." She gives me a stern look. "But don't get cold feet. That girl is special."

"I know," I tell her solemnly.

Mrs. Blevins smiles, clearly pleased with herself. "I'm going to make a call to the other ladies to tell them the news."

"After the proposal," I say sternly, and she grins.

"Of course, dear. Just make it quick. My patience isn't what it used to be."

Kelly is a vision in a yellow sundress, but she's unsure as she climbs on the boat I've rented, gripping my arm so hard her knuckles are white.

"I'm not sure about this," she says, looking at the water.

I wrap an arm around her shoulders, pulling her close. "It'll be fine, sweetheart. I'm a strong swimmer, and if you start to fall overboard, I'll save you. "

"Not helping!"

I laugh. Normally I'd let her bail on the date and just take her home to spend time together, but I've only had the ring for a handful of hours and it's already burning a damn hole in my pocket. Every time I move, I can feel it there, ready to change the entire course of the rest of my life.

I'm not nervous. In fact, I can't fucking wait. Kelly is the only person for me, the one I want by my side forever.

I don't take her out too far, just far enough that the lights of the marina fade and we can see all the stars above us.

The moon is heavy and bright, and Kelly starts to relax as I open a bottle of champagne, passing her a glass.

I prefer whiskey, but it didn't seem like the best choice for a proposal.

"This is nice," Kelly says, taking a sip of her champagne. "I thought I'd be terrified being out here, but it's actually kind of peaceful."

"See? I told you everything would be okay."

She smiles, and I set aside my own glass to pull out the box from my pocket. Kelly is staring up at the sky, so she doesn't notice until I'm down on one knee.

"What..." Her eyes widen, and her mouth drops open.

"Kelly," I say, taking her hand, "from the moment I saw you, I knew you were mine. You came here for a reason, and that reason was to be mine. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Kelly. You're it for me."

I open the box, and she lets out a little gasp. The gem catches the light of the full moon, making it sparkle and shine.

"Will you marry me?" I ask, looking up into her beautiful eyes.

Tears fill them, and her chin trembles. "Cam, are you sure? "

"I've never been more sure about anything in my life, Kelly. You're the one I want by my side through everything. Please."

She nods, a single tear trailing down her cheek. "Yes. Of course, I will!"

I stand up, pulling her into my arms. She's shaking, but she's smiling, too, and I lift her into the air, kissing her deeply. She giggles against my mouth, wrapping her legs around my waist and her arms around my neck.

"I love you," I whisper, brushing our noses together.

"I love you, too, baby."

I slide the ring onto her finger and kiss her again. I want to get her home right now, strip her out of that dress, and make love to her all night long, but we still have a few things to take care of on the boat.

Still, the kiss turns heated, and before I know it, I'm kissing a trail down her neck in the moonlight, and she's rolling her hips against my hard cock through my pants.

"How ... how long do we have the boat for?" Kelly breathes, her fingers finding their way into my hair.

"I don't give a fuck," I growl, lowering her to the white leather captain's chair, already tugging on the straps of her dress. "I'll pay the late fee."

Kelly's laughter turns to sighs of pleasure, and there beneath the stars, I show her once again just how much she means to me.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

KELLY

One Year Later

I had a lot of plans when I moved to Covington last year, and while I accomplished almost all of them, there were some surprises along the way.

The first was meeting and then marrying the love of my life, Cam Shelton.

The second was having his baby just ten months later, only two months after I became Cam's wife.

My pregnancy obviously put a damper on my first year as a kindergarten teacher, but the district was understanding and let me teach alongside the long-term sub who would be taking over for me once I went on maternity leave.

Now the school year is ending, and next year, I'll be teaching full time again. For now, though, Cam and I have arrived at the elementary school to watch my first class's kindergarten graduation, and I introduce everyone to our daughter, Shelby .

It's hotter than hell out, so I'm dressed in a loose dress that's appropriate for school without making me a sweaty mess.

Cam and I have barely arrived before the other teachers swarm over to coo over Shelby, offering to hold her so I can help with the ceremony.

Cam is clearly not comfortable with them handling his daughter, but he lets them

anyway.

"You're doing great," I murmur, squeezing his hand as the other teachers fuss over Shelby.

He frowns. "Sure. How long until I can take her back?"

I laugh, standing on my tiptoes to kiss him on the cheek. "Most of those women are mothers three times over. Relax. It takes a village, remember?"

"Yeah, yeah."

But he smiles at me, and when one teacher passes Shelby to another, he doesn't even scowl.

The graduates are all lined up, and the teachers who aren't helping wrangle the little ones get the others settled into their seats, and as the principal calls the parents over to get the pictures set up, I realize how much I'm going to miss these kids.

They've grown so much over the course of the year, and even though I've only had them for a few months, it feels like they're mine too.

There are a few moments of chaos as the kids get their caps and gowns on—and a few meltdowns from those who don't want to wear them—but soon everything is in place, and I take my spot next to the principal.

Cam and the rest of the parents settle down on the chairs, and after a quick introduction from the principal, we begin.

The kids are nervous at first, but as soon as they realize this is their chance to show off all they've learned, they get excited. The cap and gown thing doesn't last long, and

the kids all grin when we finally get to the end of the alphabet and the final student gives their speech.

It's bittersweet as we wrap up the ceremony, and I hand out hugs and well wishes. Most of the kids will be at the same school next year, so it isn't too hard. I'm sure I'll see them with their parents around town, anyway.

When the last kid has been hugged and kissed on the head, I head over to Cam and Shelby.

"How was that?" I ask, letting him wrap his free arm around my waist.

"They did good. You did good."

I smile. "Thanks."

"Shelby seemed to enjoy herself. I think she's happy to be done with all the attention, though."

I look down at my daughter, who's asleep in her car seat. "I'm glad she was awake through most of it. Maybe we'll actually be able to get her to bed on time tonight."

Cam snorts. "Good luck with that."

I lean into his embrace, breathing in the scent of him. There was a time in my life when I was certain I would never find love, but now, here I am with my husband and daughter, and I couldn't be happier.

"Can you believe that will be her up there in five years?" I say wistfully, and Cam's frown returns in full force.

"Don't remind me."

Sighing happily, I bump my shoulder against his as we walk back to the car together.

This school and this town have become home, but most importantly, the man beside me has become MY home.

As grumpy and possessive as Cam can be, there's no one else I'd rather be living this new chapter of my life with.

And to think, it's only just beginning.

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 12:30 pm

CAM

Ten Years Later

Everything possible managed to go wrong trying to get Kelly out the door for our ten-year anniversary trip.

First, her mother was late getting to the house, her flight having been delayed by two hours.

Second, Kelly was anxious as hell about packing and leaving, especially when the twins clung to her legs and cried.

Third, Mrs. Blevins managed to get into an argument with Kelly's mother the second the cab dropped her off, and by that time, I was ready to explode.

Thank God I've learned a lot of patience after being married to Kelly for ten years.

One of the core parts of our marriage is 'plan everything an hour ahead to make sure we arrive on time'.

The anniversary cruise was important enough that I had given us a two-hour buffer, and it was our saving grace.

The kids were so excited enough to see their Nana that they finally backed off their mother and let her load her suitcase into the car.

Shelby, almost eleven now, was talking a mile a minute, and the twin five-year-old boys, Colt and Branson, were already asking what sorts of things Nana had brought them from Boston.

A million kisses and fifteen minutes later, I finally managed to get Kelly in the car, and we made the drive to the port of departure with just thirty extra minutes to spare.

"Well, that was stressful," Kelly says hours later as we settle down at the restaurant on the boat.

"You don't have to tell me twice." I hold up the bottle of champagne. "Drink?"

"Yes, please. Don't you want to order something harder?"

"Nah. Someone has to make sure you don't fall off the ship."

Kelly laughs. "That would be a great way to end the evening."

I grin, leaning over to kiss her. "Happy anniversary."

"Happy anniversary. And happy first day of our cruise."

I'd been planning this trip for a while, wanting to take her someplace special. The cruise gave us the chance to visit some of the most beautiful spots in the Gulf, and since we had both saved up quite a bit, I was able to book us the honeymoon suite.

"How's the champagne?"

Kelly holds up her glass, smiling at me. "Delicious. Thank you, baby."

"Of course. Anything for you."

Our waiter arrives, and we order, enjoying the calm moment together. After so many years together, I still love spending time with my wife, even if it's just sitting in a restaurant together. I also love the low-cut, ruby-red dress she's chosen to wear, and how it fits her like a glove .

What I don't love, though, was the way all the other men were looking at her. The only thing that settles my possessive streak is the fact that I'm the one taking her back to the suite tonight ... and I'm the one peeling that dress off her.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" she asks, eyes sparkling.

"Because you're fucking gorgeous," I growl, leaning over the table to capture her mouth in a kiss. She sighs against me, her hands coming up to tangle in my hair, and I know if we don't stop soon, we won't be eating dinner at all.

We break apart when someone clears their throat, and I grin wolfishly. "Sorry. That dress is making me act like an animal. Where the hell have you been hiding it?"

The sparkle fades from her eyes, and she tugs at the neckline.

"Oh, I bought it specifically for the trip.

I'm sort of regretting it, though. I didn't get a chance to look in the mirror before we left the room, and I just caught a glimpse of myself in the glass wall before we were seated, and.

.." She shrugs, looking down at her lap. "I overdid it. I'm sorry."

I stare at her. "Sorry? For what?"

"Well, look at me! I don't look like the other women here."

"No, you don't. You look fucking hot. Like you belong on the cover of a magazine, not eating dinner with me."

She stares at me, blinking rapidly, and I realize she's tearing up. "Cam, I don't look anything like I used to. After three kids?—"

"You're curvier and hotter than ever," I growl, reaching over to grab her chin between my thumb and forefinger, forcing her to look at me. "I love your body, Kelly, and I really love how rough I can fuck you with those extra curves. Never ever doubt yourself again, you hear me?"

She nods, tears pooling in her eyes. "Yes. I'm sorry. "

"Don't be sorry. Just know that when we're done with dinner, I'm going to take you back to the room and make you see just how hot you are."

A shudder runs through her, and she smiles. "Sounds like a plan to me."

After that, we don't have any more problems. It's perfect, just like every day with Kelly is, and by the time we finally make it back to our suite, we're both desperate for each other.

In minutes, I have Kelly bare, the wicked red dress pooling on the floor. She melts into me, and I know she's waiting for me to take her to bed, but I have other ideas in mind.

The waiting always makes things sweeter, after all.

I spin her around and grab one handful of her round ass. "Bend over, Kelly. I going to spank you for daring to talk badly about this gorgeous fucking body."

She shivers in delight, unable to hide her grin. This is a game we've played many

times, and my wife loves skating that edge between pleasure and pain until I turn it to all pleasure.

"Count them," I growl, bringing my palm down on the round curve of her ass. The spank is never hard, but just enough to make her pretty skin rosy.

She gasps, jerking forward. "One," she moans.

Smack! "Two!"

"Three!"

By the tenth slap, her ass is warm and pink, and she's humming with pleasure, grinding her hips against me. The strikes are half hearted now, and I spend most of my time dipping my fingers into her pussy instead of spanking her .

"You took that so well," I rumble into her ear, nipping at the shell of it. "Are you ready for your reward?"

"Yes!" she groans, tilting her hips back and trying to grind against me. "Please, Cam!"

I chuckle. "You're going to be begging a lot tonight."

All she can do is whimper.

I'm not going to fuck her yet. I'm going to make her come, but afterwards, I'm taking her back out onto the main part of the ship, maybe to swim or enjoy the hot tub, and let her dream about my cock that she won't get until later tonight.

For now, I sink two fingers fully into her core, curving them upwards until I hit her G-spot, and her legs quiver. I slip my other hand between us and find her clit,

stroking it in time with the thrusts of my fingers.

Kelly pushes back against me, moaning loudly as I work her pussy. The sounds are wet and obscene, and I fucking love it. My wife is so responsive to me, so desperate to come, and it's a hell of a power trip.

"You want to come?" I murmur into her ear. She's speechless with need, and I grin, biting down on her earlobe. "Use your words, baby girl."

"Yes, Daddy!" she hisses finally, jerking her hips, trying to take more of me.

"Then come for me, sweetheart. Come all over my fingers."

Her body stiffens, then her walls clamp down on my fingers, and she comes hard, crying out my name.

I stroke her through it, but when she finally relaxes in my arms, I pull my hand away, sucking the wetness off my fingers. Delicious. "That's my good girl. But we aren't done yet, baby. I have plans for you tonight. "

"Plans?" she asks, looking back at me with those big blue eyes.

"Oh, yes," I say, helping her stand on wobbly legs. I lean in, kissing her deeply. "We're going out tonight. Let's go enjoy the cruise, and I'll remind you just how much I love your body when we get back."

"Fuck," she groans. "You're a jerk."

I grin. "But I'm your jerk."

She sighs happily. "That you are."

And I always will be.

The End

Thanks for reading!