



# Resisting (Dirty Cops #1)

**Author:** Landry Hill

**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** A Determined Officer vs. The Damsel That Causes Him Distress

Ryker

Im an officer of the law. Sworn to serve and protect. My badge a symbol of honor, not just duty. But when a fiery young redhead walks into my life, dishing me attitude from that pretty little mouth of hers, I turn into one very dirty cop. I want to bend her over my knee and read her her last rights as a free woman. She just became MINE.

Problem is There are too many reasons why I cant go there. First being the fact that I just left her mothers bed. Second: shes eighteen. Making Rowan Brince OFF LiMITS.

But when fate puts her in my lifes path, resisting the sassy girl becomes impossible. And when I realize shes in need of protection, DUTY CALLS.

Im determined to serve and protect the girl who owns my soul. But Rowan is determined to fight me every step of the way.

She can resist all she wants. But she will be mine.

Landrys Love Note: This is a Standalone Age Gap Romance.

**\*\*Happily Ever After guaranteed.\*\***

**Total Pages (Source): 17**

## CHAPTER 1

Rowan

N o! No! No! No! No!

The drawer goes slamming shut before I can catch it and the sound of clattering utensils fills the small space. My body locks in place, the air locking in my lungs as I listen for signs of stirring. God, please tell me I haven't woken her. The last thing I need this morning is one of the witch's lectures on how I'm the world's worst daughter and "do nothin' but cause problems around here ."

It's bad enough I'll have to face my physics test with a splitting headache, courtesy of being kept awake all night by all the wild moaning and grunting, along with the constant background noise of skin slapping together hard and fast. I'm pretty sure I heard enough dirty words to fill an entire dictionary on sex. But that's not exactly going to help me explain centripetal acceleration on my test today. I just hope I don't start explaining a different type of acceleration instead.

Thankfully, not a peep comes from behind my mother's closed door, but I definitely need to get out of here before luck is no longer on my side. I turn, checking if my lifeline is almost finished brewing, but it's still not done. For some reason the coffee seems to be dripping in slow motion this morning. Probably because my desperation for caffeine is at an all-time high. Every drop filling the pot is going to get me through one more minute of my school day. Then when I get to work later, I can refuel to get me through all the studying I need to do when I get home tonight.

“You mind if I get a cup of that?” The gruff voice has me nearly jumping out of my skin.

Dammit, I did wake them.

I brace myself against the counter, waiting for the verbal attack to hit, wishing I’d just settled for the tar they serve in the school cafeteria. But as the seconds tick by, my mother’s shrill voice never comes lashing out. Which only means one thing: she’s still passed out cold from the booze because there’s no way she’d miss a chance to cut me down, especially not when she has an audience to witness my humiliation.

“Sorry,” I say, keeping my eyes glued to the coffee pot, willing it to brew faster. “You’ll have to make your own. I only made enough to get me through my physics test today. Didn’t exactly get a lot of sleep last night.” Hint. Hint . It’s not like this place is a mansion or a two-story house with a floor separating our bedrooms. It’s a double-wide trailer. Not only was I merely eight feet away from them, but the walls are paper thin. We don’t even have drywall to buffer the noise.

“Damn,” he sighs. “I’m sorry about that. Didn’t know anyone else was here.”

Wow, it actually sounds like he means it. That’s a first for my mom—bringing home a guy with manners. Usually, she brings home jackholes who only know how to scratch their balls and burp the alphabet. “Excuse me” isn’t usually a part of their vocabulary, let alone “I’m sorry.”

“Rhonda didn’t tell me she had a daughter. ”

He seems surprised by the fact, but I’m not. She doesn’t tend to brag about the girl who’s made her life shit. According to her, if she hadn’t had me, she would’ve been able to lock down a husband, have her big house with her white picket fence and two point five kids, and would have a decent job right now. But because I somehow chose

to implant myself in her stomach and was too expensive to abort, she's now stuck living in a trailer, working at the local dive bar, and has never found a man willing to put a ring on her finger. "No decent man wants to be tied down with a step-brat."

Of course, it has nothing to do with the fact that she's cheated on every guy she's ever been in a relationship with. Or the fact that she doesn't have a decent job because she's hot tempered and has no work ethic. And maybe if she didn't spend every dime she makes on cigarettes and alcohol, she could afford somewhere nicer to live other than this trailer. In fact, if it weren't for me, she'd be living on the streets right now because I'm the one who's been paying the bills for the last six months.

"What's your name?" The guy's gruff, baritone voice has my shoulders tensing. If he doesn't keep it down, the wicked witch will wake.

I turn, ready to ask him kindly to keep it down, but when my eyes land on a thickly rippled chest covered in tattoos, my mouth gets frozen shut. My eyes are too busy trailing over every sexy painted line for me to form a sentence. Running down one carved ab after another, leading me to a narrowed v and heading straight to a happy little dark trail of hair that disappears beneath a set of blue jeans which are hung teasingly low on his hips. The button not even fastened.

A low rumble sounding close to a frustrated growl has me snapping out of my trance. Shit. Thank goodness for the lack of light in the room; otherwise, he'd see just how red my cheeks are. I finally move my eyes up to where they belong, but as soon as I see his face, I'm struck even harder.

Holy crap! How the hell did my mom get this guy to sleep with her? He's gorgeous. Like drop-dead, thong-meltingly HOT. And he's a freaking mountain of a man. Usually the guys Mom sleeps with are short with beer guts that take up half the space of our kitchen. But this guy is built like a soldier and has a face even more incredible than the body it's attached to.

His eyes are dark. His hair buzzed close in a military cut. Perfect cheekbones. Perfect mouth. Perfectly chiseled chin. Man, he is so out of her league. He's out of everyone's freaking league, except maybe a super model's.

"How old are you?"

Again, I'm yanked from some seriously inappropriate thoughts and dunked back into an icy bucket of embarrassment. I need to get it together. This guy is my mom's age. Not only that, but he slept with her. Went at it for hours. I heard all the wild, crazy things they did together and have the mental soundtrack to go with it. The last thing I should be doing is drooling over him.

"You gonna answer my questions, baby doll, or lick those lips all day long?"

Oh my God. Does that mean he can see my drool too? I need to get out of here. If I don't, I'm not only going to be fighting a headache, I'm going to be fighting a giant case of humiliation with a side of "what the fuck is wrong with me." Clearly, my sleep-deprived brain isn't functioning properly this morning.

"I'm eighteen," I answer, rushing over to the table to grab my school bag, keeping my eyes trained to the ground so I don't stumble over my feet. "Sorry, I have to run or I'm going to be late for school." I throw my backpack over my shoulder and rush out the front door. But as soon as I step outside, I see I'm not going anywhere. His motorcycle has blocked me in .

I turn to go back inside, but run smack dab into the middle of a hard wall of painted muscle.

"Sorry for blocking you in." That grizzly voice runs down my spine and twists my stomach up into anxious flutters. "Why don't you go on inside and grab that coffee you left on the counter while I move my ride."

I stare straight at the black snake etched into the center of his chest, curling its way over his left pec as if it will strike anyone who tries to get near his heart. I'm too afraid to meet his eyes. Pretty sure my brain will malfunction again if I do.

"Okay, thanks." The breathless rasp in my voice makes me want to cringe. How much more of a fool can I make of myself?

I go to step around him, but his hand reaches out, then my chin is locked inside his grip and being tipped up, giving me no choice but to meet his eyes. And, once again, I'm struck by his gorgeous face, which is even sexier in the low light of the rising sun. Now I can see the shadow of a beard outlining his locked jawline. The salted stubble tempting me to run my lips across it and feel it abrade my skin.

"You never told me your name, baby doll." His words come out through gritted teeth, jerking me right back to my senses. He's mad. Probably thinks I'm a bratty teenager who's pissed about there being a man in my house. I'm definitely not happy about it. But that's only because he's dating my mom, which means his looks are where his good qualities end. Because anyone willing to sleep with my mom is either an idiot or an asshole. Usually both.

"My name is Rowan." Finally, the lust clears and my words come out smooth. "I really do need to get to school, so would you mind moving your bike?"

Next time, I'll be sure to park on the side of the trailer so I won't be in this predicament again. God, just the thought of him coming back again and carrying on a relationship with my mother pisses me off. Thankfully, though, between school and work, I'm hardly ever here. I'll just need to make sure I sleep with earplugs in and my pillow over my head. Maybe even some music playing in the background. And a sound machine set to max with a thunderstorm cracking loud and hard. Harder than the headboard.

That being said, I don't think anything will ever erase the memory of my mom begging for his huge dick. Moaning about how good it made her feel and how she'd never been with anyone so big before. So incredible. And him grunting how she needed to open up and take more. To clench her walls together and give his dick a squeeze. Then both of them groaning and grunting like animals as they came. Oh God. Maybe I should sleep in my car from now on.

"It's nice to meet you, Rowan. I'm Ryker, by the way."

"I know," I state, biting back the urge to tell him that I also know how big his dick is and how thick his fingers are. And that his tongue is magical. All the little details I wish were not burned inside my memory right now.

"So what school do you attend, Rowan?"

What? Why is he asking? He can't seriously be trying to do the whole "get to know the daughter" thing right now, can he? Not only am I not interested in getting involved with my mother's love life, but I don't think I can form coherent answers at the moment. Besides, if he's trying to impress her, then playing the interested family man is not going to work in his favor. And it definitely won't work in mine. If she comes outside and catches him being nice to me, she'll make my life even more of a living hell than she already does.

"Look, mister. I'm really not interested in playing twenty questions right now. I have a test today and need to get to school in time to ask the teacher a few things, so could you please just go move your motorcycle?"

His jaw clenches together. Those granite eyes narrowing along with his mouth. He looks even more pissed. I take a step back, worried I've now poked the bear, but he steps forward, eliminating my safety zone.

“You always this much of a peach in the morning? Asked you a simple question, little girl, didn’t need the attitude. Now, you want to try that again?”

My teeth lock together, a wave of irritation prickling down my spine. I’m not sure who the hell this guy thinks he is but I’m not a child and I won’t stand for being treated like one.

“You have exactly one minute to move your bike or I’m moving it for you.” I turn in my boots and march over to my car. Once inside, I lock the door—just in case. I start the engine, meeting his eyes and feeling his glare penetrating right through the windshield. He crosses his arms, remaining rooted in his spot, and it’s like I’m suddenly in a game of chicken. Both of us staring the other one down. Both of us waiting to see who breaks first. All I can say is he may want to move his bike because there is one trait I did get from my mom: my stubbornness.



### CHAPTER 2

Ryker

G oddamn, I want to storm over there, pull that brazen girl straight from her car, and bend her over the hood. I'll yank down those skintight jeans she's got covering up those sexy-as-fuck legs and give her an attitude adjustment with the palm of my hand. Teach her how to show some damn respect. More importantly, that she can't go around mouthing off to strangers. With that sinful body she's got and a face made to bring men to their knees, she's liable to find herself in a bad situation.

Even the thoughts running through my head are as low as the criminals I lock away. She's eight-fucking-teen. Young enough to be my daughter. And yet, my dick isn't getting the memo. He's straining so hard my balls feel like they're being held up in a noose. Damn, she's a fucking knockout. But she's a kid. And not only that, she's the kid of the woman whose bed I was in last night. Whether I have feelings for Rhonda or not, doesn't change the fact that I fucked her. Loud enough for her daughter to hear apparently. Fuck !

Why the hell didn't Rhonda mention having a kid? I've been up at that bar every Wednesday for the last three months, and not once has she ever even hinted to being a mom. But maybe that's because she wanted to keep that part of her life private. Most of the men that frequent that bar are drunks, so it's probably a good idea for her to keep her personal life close. She probably only let me into her home because I'm a cop and she knew she could trust me. But here I am, fantasizing about the young girl, wanting to spank that little cunt of hers with the crown of my cock while I'm spanking that tight ass with my twitching palm.

Shit!

The guilt creeping up my neck has me dropping my arms and stalking over to my bike. I'm forfeiting this round on account of being completely twisted in both of my fucking heads. I throw my leg over my bike then walk it out of the spot. As soon as I've cleared the way, the little smoke show pulls out and drives off without even a backward glance in my direction. Damn. I wonder whether she really would've run my bike over. And—I wonder what I would've done if she had.

The ideas coming to mind have me marching back inside the trailer in search of all my shit. It's time to get out of here before my mental state sinks even lower into the fucking gutter. I shouldn't have even been here in the first place. But one too many beers and one too many months in a sexual drought had my dick soaking up Rhonda's attention and had me going against my better judgement.

She snuck her hand into my pants as I was giving her a ride home from work and I couldn't fucking stop myself from erupting. Then not wanting to be an ass and hightail it out of here right after she'd worked me out, I came in for a drink which turned into another as we got to talking. And when she dropped to her knees and took me into her mouth, all of my manners and morals went right out the fucking window and I fucked her for hours. Not only making up for lost time, but my trigger was numbed from the alcohol and it took me longer to get off. She's also not the best lay I've had so I had to mentally improvise, but my brain was a little fogged up.

Her trigger, on the other hand, was working just fine. In fact, it seemed to be working on overdrive. She kept going off. One orgasm after another. And damn, she's a screamer. That daughter of hers got to hear every word as she laid on the other side of the flimsy wall. Fuck me. Regret is hitting harder than this hangover I'm sporting.

I slip my shirt over my head and go in hunt for my boots, tiptoeing my way into Rhonda's room. Trying to be as quiet as a shadow so I don't have to deal with the

awkward aftermath. Kind of sucks 'cause now I'm gonna have to find myself a new place to wind down after those grueling days at work. Then again, maybe I should skip alcohol all together so I don't make another shit decision.

Rhonda shifts on the bed, mumbling something as she turns toward me. My shoulders stiffen, my entire frame locking in place. I'm praying I haven't woken her. Thankfully, her eyes remain closed, and seconds later, her snoring picks up again. She's still out cold. Based on the amount of alcohol she drank last night, I'm not surprised. The woman can drink me under the table. Hands down. She was drinking straight up whiskey while I was drinking beer.

Have to say, now that the beer goggles have cleared, there isn't an ounce of attraction running through my veins. Could also be because her cheeks are stained with streaks of black mascara and her lips are smeared with red lipstick, making her look like a clown. And without the dim lighting of the bar and the darkness shrouding us, her teeth are showing the years of cigarette stains, along with the wrinkles around her mouth. She's only forty-two, but in the light of day and without all the makeup firmly caked in place, she definitely looks older. Not that I've ever been one to judge a person on looks, but my dick definitely isn't stirring in her direction.

However, he shot right up when little miss wild thing ran those gorgeous green eyes of hers all over my body. And when that cute little tongue started licking across her plump bottom lip, my cock drooled in my jeans. The attraction, though seriously inappropriate on all levels, was heavy hitting. And it was definitely fucking mutual.

Rowan's nipples didn't rise to the morning sun or any cool air in the room since this place is like a furnace; they perked up when they got to the dark patch of hair I've got running from navel to groin. Those eyelids of hers growing heavy. And had she lingered on the spot between my thighs any longer, I would've unzipped and given her a peek at what I have hidden inside my jeans. I would've shown her exactly what that incredible body of hers was doing to me.

Another snoring sigh from Rhonda has me picking up my boots and moving to the door before I'm having to come up with a sorry-ass excuse for why I'm not interested in seeing her again. This is another reason why I've never been into one-night stands before—the day after is fucking awkward. I feel like an ass doing the walk of shame but I'll send her a text later and place the blame on work.

With both boots in hand, I sneak out of the room, shutting the door quietly behind me as I go. I'm about to make my way outside when the closed door to my right catches my attention and has me stopping. Last night, I'd assumed it was a closet or a bathroom, but it must be Rowan's room.

My curiosity fights to get the better of me, but I refuse to invade the young girl's privacy. Plus, I don't trust myself not to snag a pair of her panties like a sick fucking pervert, so I turn and head out the front door. I'm taking the long way back to my place in hopes that the fresh air will clear my head of all the sinful thoughts rattling through it.

### CHAPTER 3

Ryker

“Good Morning, Sheriff!” Cheryl says, smiling up at me from the front desk.

The morning has been shit on account of my perverted mind spinning out of control. I can't stop thinking of that green-eyed, red-haired, seriously young beauty and the way her eyes raked over me. The ache in my balls worse than my headache. And my day only gets worse when I see Ferguson in talking with the Chief. Wonder what the hell that dirty bastard is up to today. Whatever it is, I know it's no fucking good.

“Morning, Cheryl.” I slap a smile on. I'm not about to take out my irritation on one of the only people I truly trust in this place. “Been quiet so far?”

She shakes her head. “Markson ran out on a residential break-in call, Bentley responded to a domestic disturbance complaint, and Salazar is bringing in a DUI.” Shit. It's only nine a.m. and all hell's breaking loose in this place. She leans forward, giving me a look, her voice dropping to where I can barely hear. “And Diaz said he was running over to the evidence building to check something for a case he's working on.”

My jaw clenches. Yeah, I bet he fucking is. Last two times he went and reviewed something in storage, case-breaking evidence went missing and the criminals both ended up being acquitted since there wasn't enough evidence to pin their asses to the wall. Coincidence? I think fucking not. Which means I'm going to have to go into my office and log into the surveillance cameras to see if I can catch Diaz in the act this

time. Last two times, the footage was missing on account of a camera malfunction. Again, not a fucking coincidence.

Which reminds me, I seriously need to give Traeger a call. It's about time I called in a favor and see if he can't use those genius computer skills of his to uncover the truth.

"Good to know," I say, giving her a wink, more than thankful her loyalty lies with me. "Tell Bentley I need to see him in my office when he returns, and if any calls come in, please direct them to me."

She nods, returning to her task, and I turn and head into my office, shutting the door on my way in. Immediately, I log into the Evidence Warehouse security center and start scrolling through the different cameras to see what the dirty pig Diaz is after this time. And bingo, he's in the drug-holding room looking through the containers of pills which are all sealed, labeled, and bagged. None of which are meant to be handled unless ordered by a judge. But there's Diaz, snatching one of the pill containers off the shelf and shoving it inside his shirt.

Dammit. I wish I knew which evidence bag he took. Maybe if I scroll back and zoom in on the shelf, I'll be able to see. It takes me a moment to get the frame frozen just right, but it's still not good enough. I'm not going to know what he snagged unless I go down there myself. Good news is, I have him caught on camera this time and I'm going to make a copy of the footage before it goes missing like the others did .

My private cell phone starts ringing and my shoulders tense at the sound. I pull it from my pocket and see Dominik Caprizio's name lighting up my screen. It's sad knowing I can trust a mob boss more than I can the men I took an oath to serve the people with. But Caprizio is one of the good guys. He actually wants to get monsters off the street, as ironic as that sounds. For all his criminal under dealings when it comes to business, he actually has a conscience. The only men he's ever "eliminated" deserved far worse than death for the crimes they committed.

“Dominik?” I pick up.

“Need you to run a plate for me,” he cuts right to the chase which means something must be going down.

“Give me the number,” I state, opening the screen I need on my computer.

He reads off the license plate and I type it into the system. A girl’s picture pops up and I start reading off her information. “Georgianna Magniatti. Twenty-two years old. Father died in that warehouse explosion last year. Mother died of cancer when the girl was twelve. Doesn’t have a record. Not even a single traffic ticket from what I can tell.” I scroll to the bottom of the page, not understanding why this pretty, young girl is on his radar. Damn, I hope she’s not in trouble.

“You gonna fill in the blanks for me, Caprizio?”

“Just ran through the surveillance footage from my wedding reception,” he starts, voice tight. “The rat who almost killed my wife was brought in inside the back of her trunk. Saw the fucker fleeing from her vehicle as soon as it got dark out.”

Fuck me. Now the snake has weaseled his way in, infiltrated the family. I swear Bugano knows no bounds. “You need me to go pick her ass up?” I ask.

I’ll lock the girl’s traitorous little ass in jail and find out why the fuck she’s working for that evil bastard. And hopefully, find out where he is in the process. We’ve been trying to track Bugano down for years, but he’s managed to evade us at every turn. Now that I know I have a bunch of dirty pigs on my force, I’m thinking they’re the reason why we haven’t been able to catch the murderous SOB.

We’ve had some great leads over the last year, but every time we go in to get him, Bugano’s fled the location, literally slipping right through our fingertips by a matter

of minutes. I'm starting to think that it's not just luck working on his side but some dirty fucking cops buried deep in his pockets.

"Not yet," Dominik says. "I'm calling Raphaelo first. But I'll keep you posted."

"I'll stand by," I tell him.

The line goes dead and I'm stuck staring at my screen, wondering why a girl not much older than Rowan would turn against her family and get wrapped up with evil. God, just thinking Rowan's name has me conjuring up her image again. Crystal green eyes. Red hair. Sweetheart face. And that little beauty mark sitting right above her lip. She reminds me of Marilyn Monroe, but with a touch of Irish in her veins and an edgy style.

Against my better judgement, I'm pulling up Rowan's record.

Rowan McKenzie Brince. Eighteen years old. Green eyes. Height: 5'5". Weight: 140. And hold the fucking phone ... I scroll further down the page, my eyes narrowing as I read through her record. Says here she was arrested when she was twelve years old for stealing a case of cigarettes. What the hell?

The girl didn't strike me as a smoker. Then again, she was staring down that coffee pot pretty damn hard. Could be a sign of an addictive personality. She's also living with a chain-smoker so it wouldn't be a far stretch to assume that she's following in her mom's footsteps. Looks like she was let off pretty easy though. She was given thirty days of community service. Since then, her record has been clean.

Except... It looks like her tag was pulled three weeks ago. She wasn't issued a ticket but was given a warning for speeding from...Officer fucking Diaz. Motherfucker. All I can say is he better not have made her buy her way out of that ticket or he's a dead man standing.



I overheard him bragging to Ferguson about how he got a grand in exchange for letting some rich asshole go on a warning. Ferguson, the other dirty pig in the pen, suggested that next time Diaz should do a breathalyzer test and see how much he can extort out of the stupid bastard, suggesting that he not take less than five grand. Dirty fuckers . Again, I tried to pull up dashcam footage from Diaz's patrol car to see if I could catch him in the act, but it was missing. Go fucking figure. This time, though, I've caught him in the act and have the proof to take to the Chief.

I click back over to the Evidence Warehouse security system, but as I try to reopen the recording from the surveillance history, the footage of Diaz taking the drug container from the shelf is mysteriously gone. Un-fucking-believable . He did it again.

Well, he may think he's smart, but I know the best hacker in the world and I'm going to call in that favor now. I'll get what I need to pin Diaz's ass to the wall. And once I'm done with him, I'll get him squealing on that good-for-nothing sidekick of his: Ferguson.

### CHAPTER 4

Rowan

“Y ou want to study later, Row?” That’s Hunter’s subtle way of asking if I want to fuck.

Based on the fact that my panties have been soaked all day, I could definitely use a good ride. But I promised myself I was done being Hunter’s booty call. Apparently, a girl from the trailer park isn’t worthy enough to be the star quarterback’s girlfriend, but is good enough to suck his dick. Thankfully, that truth no longer hurts as much as it used to and I’ve managed to finally close off my heart to him.

“Sorry.” I shake my head. “I’m working tonight.”

“You’re always working,” he grumbles, annoyance rolling off those broad rigid shoulders of his. “When are you going to make time for me?”

Just the fact that he’s commenting pisses me off. He knows my situation with my mom and that not all of us have rich daddies paying for every little thing. Some of us actually have to work to get by in this world. Besides, I’m not the one who doesn’t make time. He’s always busy hanging out with his stuck- up friends and acts like I don’t even exist most of the time. When was the last time he asked me to dinner or to a movie, or invited me out with his friends? Oh, right, NEVER. Because he can’t be seen with trailer trash in public.

“Got to run, Hunter.” I step around him, now annoyed myself. “I’ll see you

tomorrow.”

I head to my car, ignoring the snide looks I’m getting from the snobby rich girls. They think I’m Hunter’s tutor and are jealous of the time I spend with him. Little do they know, I’ve been fucking him for the last year. That would really give them something to be jealous over. But that’s done now. They all can have the jerk who only cares about his dick’s needs and doesn’t give a shit about my feelings. If he did, he wouldn’t have brought Janna—his prom date—into the steakhouse where I had the pleasure of waiting on them and all their snooty friends before they all rode off in their long shiny limo to the dance, while I stayed behind and worked all night.

God, I’m an idiot for actually holding out hope that he would ask me to the dance. For thinking for even a minute that I meant more to him than just sex. All I was and will ever be to him is an easy pussy. Just like Rhonda said. “Guys like that don’t end up with trash like you. You’re nothing but his little whore. But maybe if you’re lucky, he’ll keep you around once he settles down with a wife .”

I roll down the window, hoping some fresh air will help clear all the awful thoughts away. Just a few more months and I’ll be free of this place. Free of the witch. Free of the judgement. And free of... oh no ! Shit!

There’s a police cruiser sitting off to the side of the road and as I get close enough to see the officer inside, my stomach drops. The tension in my shoulders quadruples. My knuckles clench the steering wheel so tight they hurt. I look down and check my speed. The speedometer says I’m going three miles below the speed limit which should mean I’m in the clear. But right as I pass the cop, I check my rearview mirror, and sure enough, he pulls out right behind me.

This can’t be happening again. I clutch the steering wheel tighter, keeping my car steady in my lane, mentally going through my check list. I know my registration is up to date. My break lights have been checked and double-checked. And I’m driving a

safe distance behind the car in front of me. There's nothing he can pull me over for today. But as I make my way to work, he stays right on my tail. Every turn I take, he takes. And when I pull into the steakhouse parking lot, he pulls in too.

Good news is: my manager is inside, so if this officer tries anything, I'll run in for help.

I choose a spot between two other vehicles, buffering myself on both sides. I take a few deep breaths, trying to settle my nerves. I haven't done anything wrong so there's nothing he can legally get me on. Though, I'm starting to think that doesn't matter. I climb out and quickly make my way toward the restaurant entrance, but I'm not fast enough. The cruiser pulls up to my side and the voice that now haunts my nightmares calls out to me.

"I see you got that taillight fixed, Miss Brince."

I reluctantly turn, and the creepy smile on his face sends a shiver down my spine. There was never anything wrong with my taillight. Myrah double-checked the thing twice and confirmed it was working just fine. There wasn't even a loose fuse or wire. Which I knew would be the case. After being pulled over so many times by the same officer, I no longer believe a word coming from the man's mouth. I think all these so-called "warnings" he's been giving me are leading up to him wanting me to give him something in return. And I'm worried that when I refuse, he's going to use his power against me.

"Yes, sir." I force the smile, trying to remain polite. If I cop an attitude or dispute his false charge, he's liable to slap some cuffs on me and put me in the back of his cruiser, and then I'll definitely be at a disadvantage.

"You working late tonight?" His eyes roam over my fitted black skirt and bodysuit. This is a fancy restaurant so we're required to dress nicely. But right now, I'm

wishing I had on a muumuu that didn't reveal all my curves. I swallow down the gulp of nerves, barely getting my head to move up and down in response to his question.

“Ten o'clock is too late for a sexy young thing like you to be out alone.”

A spike of fear runs through my veins. He would only know what time I get off work if he's been watching me. And did he just call me sexy? “I'll swing by and follow you home. Make sure you get inside your trailer safe.” He winks. Oh my God! And how does he know I live in a trailer?

No. No. No. This is what I was worried about. He's going to try to do something. Find a reason to pull me over or come inside my place and force himself on me. And who's going to believe the word of some eighteen-year-old girl who lives in the trailer park over the word of a police officer? No one.

“Oh, that's kind of you, sir.” I struggle to keep my voice calm and polite. The smile even harder to force. “But that won't be necessary. I'm sure you have more important things to do. Criminals to arrest. Besides, everyone here leaves together so I won't be alone. There will be lots of people around to make sure I'm safe.”

I'm hoping that's enough to deter him, but judging by the Cheshire smile on his face, I don't think it worked.

“My most important duty is keeping predators away from pretty, vulnerable girls like you.”

The lump of fear in my throat is hard to swallow down. It sounds like he's my number one predator.

“Your coworkers may walk you to your car, but who's going to keep you safe should you get a flat on your way home? ”

Goosebumps trail up my arms, my teeth trying to chatter, though it's nearly eighty degrees out. I think he's going to intentionally do something to cause me to have a flat. Make it to where I'm stranded on the side of the road, needing assistance. And guess who'll be right there, ready to swoop in and offer me help. Just doing his job and protecting me. But who's going to protect me from this dirty cop?

The radio goes off in his car and I nearly jump from my skin. My nerves are completely unhinged. There's an officer needed to respond. Something about narcotics, but I'm too rattled to register the dispatcher's exact words. I'm just praying that it means he needs to go and that whatever's going down will take all night.

"Duty calls, Miss Brince," he says right to my breasts, licking his lips. The man's practically salivating in front of me. "But I'll see you later." He puts his lights on and then takes off speeding out of the parking lot as if he's trying to impress me. But I'm far from impressed. There is something seriously off about him and I'm really worried for my safety now.

"Hey, girl!" Myrah says, as I come rushing into the back room, beyond relieved to be away from the creep. I'm so rattled I barely get a "hi" past my lips.

"What's wrong, Rowan? You look upset. Did your mom do something?"

Before I can answer any one of Myrah's questions, she's standing before me, eyes scanning over my body, most likely checking for signs of bruises. As evil as my mother has been all my life, she hasn't physically abused me. She's verbally abusive and has neglected me, but never has she laid a finger on me, probably for fear that she'd actually be found out.

"No." I shake my head, wishing for once my frazzled state was caused by the witch. She, I know how to handle. I have no clue how to deal with a creeper cop that seems to be stalking me. "The officer tailed me here and offered to follow me home after

work. He said a ‘sexy young thing like myself’ shouldn’t be out that late and if I had a flat tire on my way home who would be there to help me.”

“Oh my God, Row,” she gasps, looking as alarmed as I feel. “You need to report him.”

“Really? And say what? A concerned officer offered to escort me home so I get there safely? They’re just going to call me a paranoid kid and go to his defense. You know how they operate, Myr.”

She of all people should know what will happen if I report the officer. Her stepbrother is doing time for a crime he didn’t commit, but everyone in the courtroom believed the dirty cop’s word over his. And the judge who presided over the case sentenced Knox to fifteen years behind bars.

“Yeah. You’re right,” she sighs, shaking her head. “They all stick together. They’ll believe him over you every day of the week.”

“Exactly.” I nod, turning to shove my belongings into my cubby. Going to the police is out of the question.

“Do you have mace, Row? If not, we need to get you some.”

“I don’t, but that’s a good idea.”

Tomorrow I’ll be going to the store and getting some. So, if this guy ever tries anything, I’ll be armed and ready.

“I’m going to follow you home after work,” she states. “That way if you have a flat, I’ll be there to change it for you. And if that rotten bastard tries anything, I’ll have my tire iron ready to give him a sex change.” She smiles a gleaming smile and I can’t

help but giggle. My fierce friend, the one who wants to become a mechanic, is more than ready to beat the shit out of a dirty cop. And after what happened to her stepbrother, I can't say I blame her.



### CHAPTER 5

Ryker

“Do you have a reservation, sir?” The hostess’s question barely registers. Either the universe is fucking with me or I’m seeing a mirage of the girl who’s been at the forefront of my every thought today.

“Yes.” I nod, my voice now strained. The part between my legs straining too. “It’s under Torrence. Table for two.”

The hostess scans her screen while I scan the beauty across the room. Rowan’s wearing a fitted top and skirt this evening and every inch of her body is revealed through the snug material. Her outfit makes her look older, but I still know just how young she is. Too young for the thoughts once again flooding my mind.

“Right this way, sir.” The hostess takes two leather-bound menus in hand and starts leading me in a different direction of my fire-haired beauty.

“Could you seat us over there?” I ask, pointing in Rowan’s direction. “I’d like to be in her section.”

The young lady stops and looks toward Rowan who happens to be taking an order at the moment. Her smile nearly knocks the wind from my lungs. It makes me jealous of the damn bastard she’s waiting on.

“Do you know her?” the hostess asks, and I can hear a hint of tension in her voice.

She probably thinks I'm some old creeper who has set his sights on the hot young waitress. A girl way too young to be gawked at by a man my age.

"She's my daughter," I quickly answer, not knowing what else to say to excuse the situation. Not wanting her to think I'm some kind of pervert. Although, I should've just said she's a friend's daughter. Fuck. My mind is messed up.

"Oh, you're Rowan's dad? Of course, I'll seat you in her section. Right this way." She smiles big then leads me to a table in the back and stops. She waits for me to take my seat. When her eyes run down my body, I'm wishing I had one of those leather menus she's holding to hide the front of my pants. I think she thinks my hard-on is for her, but it's for the girl I just claimed was my damn kid.

"I'll go tell Rowan that her seriously hot dad is here," the girl purrs, and immediately, alarm bells go off. The last thing I need is for her to tell Rowan someone claiming to be her dad is here. Rowan's going to think I'm some kind of stalker. Shit. I need to fix this.

"I'm not quite her dad," I say, trying to think past the fog in my brain. "I mean. I'm dating her mom. And..." Fuck. I can't even finish the lie. I'm digging my hole deeper and I need to stop before I'm buried alive in my deception.

"Oh," the hostess says, her face dropping. "So you're hoping things will work out with her mom?"

I shake my head, then realize my mistake again and nod. Fuck me. I should've turned around and walked back out the front door the moment I spotted the girl who's quickly becoming an obsession. Traeger requested a steak, but I could've taken him to the Sizzler and I'm positive the man would've been just as happy. Probably more so because it's a buffet.

“Do you have a wine list?” I ask, hoping we can shift the conversation to safer ground. Based on my current state, I may need a glass, or even a bottle to calm my nerves. Haven’t been this razzed up since I made my very first arrest. What the hell is wrong with me?

“Yes, sir. It’s in the back of the menu.” She opens the large brown leather folder and hands it to me. “I’ll go let Rowan know you’re here. By the way”—she bats her eyelashes—“if things don’t work out with her mom, you know where to find me.”

She gives me a flirtatious smile before scampering off in Rowan’s direction, and I’m left wondering what the hell her father would think if he caught her flirting with a man my age. Then again, maybe she’s like Rowan and her dad isn’t in the picture. Maybe the girl is craving someone older because she has some kind of daddy issue. Makes me wonder if my fiery beauty has any issues of her own that she needs me to step in and help her out with.

Dammit! There goes my dick again, drooling at the thought. My mind sinking way into the gutter as I think of walking into the house and calling out “Daddy’s home!” Expecting Rowan to come prancing out of her bedroom in her little schoolgirl uniform and give me a kiss. I’d haul her ass over to the couch and have her sit on my lap cowgirl style while she tells me all about how her day was. And while she’s filling me in, I’d be sneaking my fingers under her pleated skirt in search of a sensitive little button to play with.

I’d get her all worked up and have her squirming over my dick, trying to get the friction she needs. And that’s when I’d slip my fingers under her panties and tease at her wet little hole. Diddling that tight little pussy until she’s coming all over my hand. The word daddy falling from her lips as she shudders in my arms. And when her body goes limp, I’d rub her back and tell her what a good girl she is.

Fuck! I need to stop or else I’m going to be busting in my pants. The last thing I need

is for Traeger to show up and see a damn wet stain on the front of my slacks. He'll think I'm suffering from incontinence. What I'm suffering from is an illness far worse. A forbidden obsession that seems to be taking over.

My eyes focus back in on the girl who I just mentally scandalized, and based on the way she's glaring at me, I wonder if she can read my mind. The hostess is still talking to her, and whatever the girl is saying has Rowan's eyes narrowing further. And as she stomps toward me, holding a pitcher of water in a white knuckled grip, I'm thinking I'm about to get doused.

"Do you need anything besides water as you wait?" she asks, her tone clipped, gorgeous face stiff as she fills the two glasses at the table, refusing to meet my eyes.

I don't like her indignant attitude, or the fact that she's annoyed with my arrival. I was hoping that electric heat I saw burning in her eyes this morning would catch fire and she'd be flustered to see me for an entirely different reason.

"You want to try that again, Rowan?" I state, sounding sure of myself. "The proper greeting is hello, or good to see you again, Ryker."

Her eyes snap up, cheeks flaming red. Now I'm really in jeopardy of being drenched in ice water.

"In spite of what you told Monique, you're never going to be my father. So I'd appreciate it if you stopped acting like one. Now, do you need anything while you wait for Rhonda to arrive?"

That salty attitude of hers, along with her pert little chin, has my palm twitching once again. I'd love nothing more than to bend her over this table and spank the sass right out of her. Then I'd flip her over and feast on the juicy cut of prime meat she's got hidden between those legs. I'd spread those thighs wide and nibble on every inch of

that young pussy. Loving on her pink tenderness until she's screaming "daddy" at the top of her lungs for the entire restaurant to hear.

Fuck! I've never been this out of control before. The perversion is spreading through my mind like wildfire. I can't stop the fantasies from flooding in. Nor can I control the words that come out of my mouth when I go to speak.

"Based on that attitude you keep throwing my way, it seems like you need a daddy in your life. Someone to give that peach of yours a good, firm spanking, and show you what happens to girls who mouth off to their elders."

Her breath hitches and her pink cheeks have turned five shades deeper. I've hit a button, one that looks extra hot, given the way her eyelids have lowered and her nipples have just poked through her thin top. I think she likes the idea of being disciplined more than she'd ever care to admit. And I definitely think she'd let me have my way with that sweet cunt once I was done delivering my lesson.

"You need it, baby doll, don't you? A firm hand between those legs; Daddy to teach his little girl a lesson?"

Another flare of heat hits her eyes. This morning, the attraction seemed undeniable, but right now, it's fucking palpable. I can practically feel the charge tethering us together. The pull that's beyond any magnetic force. Beyond anything I've ever experienced.

Rowan leans forward as if she can no longer fight the attraction. Her full cleavage comes into view. Her red lips within inches of my mouth's reach. The lavender scent floats from her red hair and teases my senses. That little brown beauty mark tempting my hunger, my tongue longing to swipe across it. I swear, if she gets any closer, I'll slip my hand under that skirt and let the world see the perversion running through my veins. There won't be anything that can hold me back. I'm too far gone at this point.

Famished for this forbidden girl.

“Here’s your table, sir.” The hostess’s voice has Rowan snapping upright and putting distance between us. The nervousness that’s now shaking through her frame wakes me the fuck up. I was about three seconds away from mauling this girl in front of her boss and all the patrons in this room. What the hell was I thinking? I’m supposed to be a man of the law. A leader by example. Not some dirty old bastard trying to sink his cock into a girl twenty years younger.

Traeger takes the seat across from me, pinning me with a stare, and I know the inquisition will commence as soon as we’re granted privacy. Followed by a lecture on how I shouldn’t be robbing the damn cradle.

“Rowan will be your server for the evening, but if you two need anything, anything at all”—Monique gives me a wink—“just flag me down and I’ll be happy to help in any way possible.”

The clueless girl must not have picked up on what almost transpired between me and Rowan; otherwise, she’s ignoring the truth that was blazing in my eyes. If I was ever going to charter into forbidden territory, give into the salacious fantasies which have plagued my mind all day and drink from the fountain of youth, then there’s only one girl I’d be willing to risk everything for. And that girl happens to be glaring at me. That attitude of hers back in full force.

Monique makes her exit and Rowan steps up to the table, keeping her eyes trained solely on my friend, a man who could easily be mistaken for Bigfoot. And probably has been since he lives out in the woods in a cave dug through the side of a mountain.

“Welcome to Iron Horse, sir. My name is Rowan and I’ll be your server this evening.” Of course, she gives him the proper greeting, a sweetness in her voice, no doubt to spite me. “I was just pointing out the wine list at the back of his menu. If you

have any questions, let me know. But I'll give you two a moment to look over the drink menu and will be back in a moment with some warm bread."

She turns, refusing to look my way, and heads off toward the kitchen. I want to chase her down, drag her fiery ass back to this table, and finish what we almost started. But I can't.

"You might want to rein it in, Ryker. You can't fuck that girl in the middle of this fancy-ass place you dragged me to."

I ignore his comment, unfolding the cloth napkin and putting it over my tented crotch. "You're the one that said you wanted a steak so I brought you to the best steakhouse in town. By the way, you interested in a bottle of red?"

"Nice try, Ryker." He shakes his head, placing his menu off to the side of the table. "But if you want my help with this case you're working on, then I want to know who that girl is. You two looked awfully familiar with each other. I find it hard to believe that your ornery ass would walk into a place like this and would hit on that young little hottie, so what's the deal?"

Fuck me. Talk about ornery. He's not going to back down. And I sure as hell need his help, which means—I'm confessing my sins.

"She's the daughter of a friend," I admit, though calling Rhonda a friend is a stretch. And I'm not going to mention the fact that I fucked the woman loud enough for Rowan to hear last night. "And I already know she's too fucking young for me so I don't need a lecture."

He smirks, shaking his head. "You know I'm the last person to judge and don't give a shit if you want to get it on with a pretty, young girl who definitely seemed to be hungry for your old ass. But I am concerned about your reputation, especially given

all the shit happening at your precinct. If you're trying to take down some dirty cops, then you may want to keep things on the down-low in order to make yourself look credible."

He's right about that. I need to get myself in check. One thing I know for certain will make me look credible to the Chief of Police is showing up with the missing surveillance footage. "That's what you're here for, Traeg. I need you to get me the truth."

"So that's it? That's all you're going to give me on the girl?" He leans back, crossing his arms. "She's your friend's daughter?"

"His girlfriend's daughter," the obstinate girl states, placing a bread basket briskly down in the center of the table. Shit. Now, I'm really going to get the third degree from Traeger.

"Girlfriend?" Traeger looks from her to me, landing back on her with an intrigued expression, an amused smirk, knowing I've left out some important details.

"Yes," Rowan says, nodding toward my friend. "But apparently, he thinks he's snagged a two-for-one deal. A mother/daughter duo." She turns and hits me with a glare. "But he's wrong. I'm never going to sleep with a man who's been in my mother's bed." Her comment is thick with adamance, but my stubborn dick only hears a challenge. It feels like we're playing that game of chicken again, but this time my cock isn't backing down, nor do I think he'll go down until I get inside her ripe cunt.

She returns her attention to Traeger. "Can I get you something to drink? And would you like to put in any appetizers?"

"We'll get a bottle of your best red," Traeger states, biting back his amusement with



my shit predicament. “And one of each of your appetizers. This one”—he nods toward me—“is extra hungry.” He has no fucking clue. Or maybe he does.

Rowan tips her chin in his direction and doesn’t offer me another glance before she leaves again. This time Traeger’s definitely judging me with his questioning stare.

“I’m not dating her mom.” I immediately clear up the misconception. “I drank too much last night and slept with the woman. Didn’t even realize Rhonda had a daughter. I wouldn’t have gone there if I did. And now I’m fucked. There you have it.”

He lets out a low whistle, shaking his head. “You sure are fucked, man. Because I’ve never in all my life seen you so worked up over a girl.”

Yeah, he’s got that right. This is the first time I’ve actually given a shit over what a woman thinks of me. And Rowan thinks I’m a piece of shit. Based on my actions, fucking her mom loud and hard all night and then trying to slip it to her daughter right in the middle of her place of work, I am a piece of shit.

“Well, all I can say is good luck, because that girl is going to put up one hell of a fight.” He’s not wrong about that. Bottom line is though, she can’t be mine. Not just because of our age difference and how that would look for me at work right now. But I would never want to come between her and her mom. This attraction, the obsession trying to take over, is never going to see the light of day. After tonight, I’m going to walk away and never look back.

“And this is why I live in the fucking woods. To avoid the drama.” He takes a long swig of his water. “Now, tell me what’s going on with these shady cops. Give me all you got so I know where to start.”

I’m more than thankful for the subject change, and the mental distraction, especially

knowing Rowan could return at any moment. So, for the rest of dinner, I bury all thoughts of the beautiful girl away and share what I know about the dirty pigs down at my precinct. I fill him in on how Ferguson has been taking bribes to make false arrests. And that between him and Diaz, and who knows how many others, evidence has come up missing, dashcam footage has been deleted, and I'm pretty damn sure Bugano has been able to evade an arrest on account of being tipped off by one of our own.

Traeger continues to ask me his questions, gathering the details he needs to be able to uncover the truth. Dates and times. Where the main servers are located. I do my best to answer and not watch the beautiful, fiery girl as she moves about the room, taking orders and handling herself with such poise. For an eighteen-year-old, she's very mature. Mature and so damn sexy.

As she checks in on our table throughout the night, taking our dinner orders, making sure we're doing okay, I notice how she becomes friendlier with Traeger. And each time she offers him a smile and continues to ignore my presence, I grow increasingly more and more jealous. When she leaves the check at our table and gives him a flirtatious wink, I snap. I grab the bill and go after her, placing a thousand dollars inside the sleeve, knowing our tab was only a few hundred.

She's typing on a screen over in the corner, putting in an order for another table. I step up to her back, holding out the black folder in front of her. My chest pressed against her body, caging her in. Breathing in her lavender scent. "Just a warning, little girl." I run my lips down her ear, nipping at the spot where it meets the curve of her neck. "The next time you go around flirting with my friends in hopes to make me jealous, be prepared for this ass to suffer the consequences."

I give her left butt cheek a firm squeeze through her thin skirt, making sure my point has been received. Before she can protest and give me lip again, I release my hold and turn and head back to my table where Traeger is shaking his head and giving me

a smirk.

“The man has met his match,” he states smugly, chuckling.

“Come on,” I grumble, knowing that it’s the damn truth. “I paid so we can go.”

“I’ll be in touch,” Traeger says before we part ways in the parking lot and he disappears into the darkness of the night, heading to wherever he’s parked his bat-mobile to return to his bat cave. I head to my truck, forcing myself to start the engine and not sit here in this lot like the obsessed stalker I’ve become.

I pull out and turn left, taking the long way home again so I can make sense of my damn thoughts. The young, edgy, fire-haired beauty has my wills at war with one another. The good part of my conscience telling me to leave her be, that I should drive away and never look back, but the devil that’s enlisted my dick as backup to his cause, has me recalling the heat in her cheeks and the way her body was drawn to my commanding words. He almost has me convinced I need to go back.

It’s obvious Rowan’s in desperate need of a good spanking, and whether she’ll admit it or not, she yearns to have a daddy in her life. Someone to protect, guide, and discipline her when needed. A man who will make her body purr, not just some young boy her age who barely knows what a clit is or how to play with it.

Just the thought of some kid trying to click her little button has me making an illegal U-turn in the middle of the road. I start heading back toward the restaurant, ready to sit and wait until she gets off work. Then what? Will I approach her? Or will I sneakily follow her home? And do what? Fuck her senseless in her room while her mother is on the other side of the wall?

Goddammit. The lunacy of that plan has me slowing, ready to turn around again and head home, lock all thoughts of the girl away in a mental cell and throw away the

damn key. A relationship with Rowan is never going to happen. Rhonda loves her daughter enough to protect her from the drunken bastards at the bar, and I'm not going to come in and dirty the girl up with my perversion and ruin their relationship.

I'm about to make another U-ey when I spot a police cruiser tucked into the darkness off on the side of the road. I obviously won't be breaking the law now since I'm in my civilian vehicle, but I'm also curious as to which officer is staked out here by the restaurant. When I get close enough, I see that it's Diaz hidden in the darkness. Immediately my hackles raise.

I'd bet money on the fact that he's out here, ready to catch the rich men leaving this fine establishment, offering to take cash in exchange for being let off on a warning. And given the likelihood that the men have been drinking with their dinners, I'm guessing he's going to pull the breathalyzer out and see if he can't up his ante. But guess what. I'm not going to let that happen.

I cross the road and pull right up to the side of his vehicle to where our driver's side windows are parallel. I roll mine down and pop my head out. Diaz looks surprised by my arrival; he also doesn't look very happy to see me.

"Aren't you supposed to be off the clock, Officer?" I offer a friendly smile even though I want to punch the guy's lights out. Can't wait until the day I can.

"Just figured I'd make my ticket quota on the way home." He gives a fake smile of his own. "You know how these rich bastards love to impress their women and rev their sports cars. I catch them speeding down this road all the time."

I bet he does. And I bet he's made a hefty amount of side income by letting those men off the hook.

"Yeah, well, I know how belligerent those guys can be. I'll stick around and make

sure no one gives you trouble.” Before he can argue how he doesn’t need backup, I pull forward and zip around so I’m facing the back of his car. I’m guessing he’s flipping his shit right now and trying to figure out a reason for me to get lost, but I’m not planning on going anywhere. There’s no way I’m going to let him use his power to work the system. And if he tries to pull that shit in front of me, I’ll arrest his ass on the spot.

Just as I expect, he starts his car and pulls out, then I hear his voice come over my radio. “Need to use the crapper and I’m getting kind of tired so I’m heading home. I’ll see you at the precinct tomorrow.”

I give him a “copy that” then pull out. Just in case this was a tactic to get me off his back, I follow him to his house, keeping my distance so he doesn’t think I’m tailing him. Lucky for me, we both live in the same direction, so it’s not suspicious that I would be driving this way. But instead of continuing on home to my house, I park up the street from him. I want to make sure the fucker doesn’t have plans to go back out. And tomorrow, I’ll be putting a tracker on his vehicle.

### CHAPTER 6

Rowan

As soon as the bell rings I'm rushing out of the classroom and making a beeline for the exit. My skin is clawing with heat, and sitting in a desk today was pure torture. Everything that happened last night has been replaying in my mind. Ryker's hot words. His commanding tone. The desire oozing off of him like a thick blanket. And then there was that word: daddy . Every time I think of him saying it, I drench myself.

Thankfully, I don't have to work tonight so I can go home, stick my head in the freezer, and get my mind cleared of all these dirty thoughts. Maybe I'll bake myself a pie and have a movie marathon to help my cause. Thankfully, Rhonda works a double shift today, so I won't have to deal with her. I don't think I could handle one of her raving rants right now when I'm barely holding it together.

My phone dings with a text and I quickly check it before I pull out of my parking spot.

Hunter: I'm struggling with calculus, Row, and desperately need a tutor session .

It's Friday. Tutoring, my ass ! What he needs he can get from the cheerleaders he's always flirting with at lunch. All of them are vying for his attention and are practically begging for his cock. All of them are girls his parents would approve of. I throw my phone onto the passenger seat, ignoring the message. Unfortunately for Hunter, he's going to have to get himself another "tutor."

I pull up to the trailer and see Rhonda's car still parked out front. I was hoping she'd be gone by the time I got home, but once again, she's late for work which means I'm going to have to lock myself in my room until she leaves.

"Where have you been, you little brat?" the witch shouts the second I walk through the door. "I had to clean this place up by myself."

She's frantically trying to wipe up all her cigarette ash that's covering every surface of the living room. What I don't understand is why the woman who never cleans a thing in this place is doing it now when she's supposed to be at work already.

"I was at school," I state the obvious reason for why her slave wasn't around to do her bidding. "And aren't you late for your shift?" I'm wondering if she's drunk or high, and has forgotten she even has to work today, which wouldn't be a first.

"I called out sick. My boyfriend is bringing dinner over. Now, help me with the dishes and then get the fuck lost. And don't you dare come home tonight. I'm lucky he even wants to see me again after running into your sorry-ass yesterday. No man wants to be burdened with a step-brat."

Jealousy and rage nearly knock me to the ground with full force. I can't believe after everything Ryker said to me last night he's going to come over and pretend like nothing happened between us, act like there wasn't this insane attraction pulling us together. I guess he wasn't kidding about wanting to be my "daddy." Well, like I told him last night, this isn't a two-for-one deal. I'm not going to let him sneak into my room after he's done fucking my mom.

The knock on the door rattles my frayed nerves along with the rusted-out metal doorframe.

"Shit! He's early," Rhonda whisper-yells, looking panicked. "I'm not dressed yet."

She's still in a ratty old T-shirt and her hair's a straggly mess. I should open the door right now and let Ryker get the full picture of the woman he's in a relationship with. Without the fake eyelashes and thick layer of makeup caked on, Rhonda looks just like the haggard witch she truly is.

"Get the door and stall for me while I go get ready. And whatever you do"—she pins me with a warning glare—"don't you dare say anything bad about me or I'll call the police and report you for stealing again. And since this won't be your first arrest, I don't think they'll let you off the hook so easily." She leaves her usual threat hanging in the air and then rushes into her room, closing the door behind her.

God, I hate her. She's the most vile human being I've ever met. And if it weren't for the fear of my future being tampered with by her evilness, I'd ruin things for her with Ryker. I'd tell him every horrible truth about his "girlfriend." I doubt that once he learns she's a lying, stealing, cheating, wretched individual, he'll stick around. And if he does, then he deserves to be with a witch like her.

I open the door and nearly stumble backwards when I come face-to-face with a shiny police badge. My heart drops to the pit of my stomach and I break out into a nervous sweat as light bounces off the silver metal. The air in my lungs suddenly feels shallow and not enough to keep me upright. I should've peeked out the window first and seen who it was. I should never have just opened the door, not when I know the creeper cop is stalking me .

"You going to greet me properly, baby doll, or do we need to have a discussion about your manners again?"

The panic starts to recede. My lungs begin to fill with air. I look up and see that the face attached to the police uniform is the one who's been starring in my fantasies all day. Based on the way Ryker was dressed last night along with the company he kept and the generous six-hundred-dollar tip he left, I assumed he was a wealthy



businessman. But apparently, he's a man of the law.

The vision of him cuffing me and doing a very thorough strip search infiltrates my thoughts, and once again, my breathing becomes shallow and my heart begins to race.

"Fuck." The whispered groan that leaves his mouth casts over my forehead and makes those butterflies take flight in my stomach. That overwhelming attraction is trying to drown me again. But when I hear my mother's voice, "Be out in a few, Ryker," I resurface to the frigid reality and find my way back to the sharp rocky truth. He's here for a date with my mother.

I step away from the door, feeling sucker punched and needing space. "My mom's just finishing getting ready. She'll be right out." I turn to go to my room to grab some clothes for tonight since I'll be sleeping in my car, but Ryker's arm braces around my stomach and stops me in place. His mouth coming right to my ear, sending a shiver down my spine as his lips brush softly across my skin.

"I'm trying to behave, Rowan. But that stubborn peach of yours is asking for a spanking. Now, why don't you try that again. The proper greeting is hello. And this time, lose the sass."

Apparently, he thinks he's the one in control and can boss me around. But based on the extremely long, hard length pressing against my backside, I'm pretty sure I'm the one who holds the power. And I'm ready to prove the fact. I twist in his arms, gliding my fingers up his solid chest, gripping onto his shoulders, and raising up on my tippy toes to put me at eye level. I lean in and brush my lips along his cheek, teasingly close to his mouth before I run them up to his ear. His sharp intake of air proves the effect I'm having.

"Hello, daddy," I whisper, nibbling on the side of his lobe, realizing that I'm about to lose at my own game. Being this close to him is overwhelming and tempting my sex

like nothing ever has. If I don't put a stop to it, I'll end up letting him have his cake and eat it too. I'll be the daughter who sneaks into her mother's room at night to suck her stepdaddy's cock. I'll be riding him wild while the witch is in the shower, then hop off his dick before she catches us, acting like we were innocently watching a movie together on the couch.

Oh God, I'm sick. The forbidden thoughts are causing a rush of wet heat to pool between my legs.

I trail my fingers back down his chest and straight to the massive erection pressing against me. I give it a firm hug with my palm, loving the soft guttural groan that comes from his throat. "Like I said last night." I slide my lips seductively along the crest of his ear, licking into him with my words. "I don't fuck my mother's boyfriends. So you need to get that through this very thick head." I give his cock full strokes as I make my point, shocked by how big he is. I thought my mother was just trying to flatter him. But she wasn't kidding. He's hung like a mammoth. Easily twice as large as Hunter.

I release him and step out of his reach before the desire to unzip his pants and drop to my knees takes over. There's an indescribable lust in his hooded eyes. The man looks like he's about to break and fuck me dirty against the wall. And I don't think I'd stop him. Right now, it feels like I'm talking a very big game because all I can think about is wanting him to make me his dirty little girl.

My mother's voice breaks the charged silence. I move away from Ryker just as her door opens and she comes walking out of her bedroom. She's wearing one of my fitted black dresses, which she must've taken from my room while I was gone. I bet it's not the only thing she stole from me. She's the real thief in this family, not me.

Thankfully, I took my seven-hundred-dollar tip and deposited it at the bank during my lunch break or else she would've taken that too. I learned early on to keep my

money hidden or it would go missing—used to buy more booze and cigarettes. When I was too young to open my own bank account, I kept it buried out behind the trailer, a place she'd never think to look. And when she'd ask about my money, I'd tell her I spent it on food since there was nothing to eat in the house. Thankfully, she bought my lie. But she also started making me buy the groceries too.

“Mmm...you look seriously sexy in your uniform, Officer,” she purrs in that raspy smoker's voice. She's trying to sound sexy but it just sounds like she needs a tube shoved down her throat. She walks toward Ryker, and I fight the urge to block her path and tell her that he's mine. Clearly, he's not, or he wouldn't be here for a date with her.

She advances on him, reaching out to wrap her arms around his neck, but he holds up the big bag of food which prevents her from making contact. It's as if he's using it as a shield, although, I may be reading too much into it and he could just want to put the heavy-looking sack down. “Where do you want the food? Should I lay it out on the table or on the counter buffet style?”

Rhonda looks thrown by his deflection. I'm not sure what to think of his actions either. Maybe he's not that interested in her anymore. And maybe...I have something to do with that. The satisfaction in knowing I could be ruining her chances with him, the most incredible and impossible catch of her life, has me biting back a smile. After the hell she's put me through, it'd be nice to dish her up a big pile of payback.

“I'll take it,” she says, practically jerking the thing from his hand and carrying it over to the table, her hands wringing the top of the bag like she's wringing a neck. I bite back a smirk, seeing her irritation.

“Rowan, will you point me to the plates,” he asks.

I walk over to the cabinet and take two out and hand them to him.

“You’re eating with us, right?” His voice and eyes are imploring me to say yes. I wonder if he’s uncomfortable with the idea of being alone with her. I know I’m not comfortable with it. “I told your mom I was bringing dinner for all of us. I was hoping to get to know you better.”

Interesting . The witch didn’t mention that. No wonder she wanted me to get lost. There’s no way she’ll share a moment of his attention, especially not with me.

I feel like I’m caught in a trap and I don’t know what I’m supposed to do. I know what will happen if I don’t leave, but the look in Ryker’s eyes has me wanting to stay.

“She was just leaving to go study,” the witch chimes in, no longer making my decision difficult for me. She’ll make good on her threat if I don’t follow her orders and I won’t let her rip my future away from me.

“On a Friday?” Ryker questions. “Come on. You should take the night off. At least eat dinner with us first.” He grabs another plate from the cabinet and takes them over to the table. “Can you grab utensils and some serving spoons, Rowan?”

My eyes shoot to Rhonda. Once again, not knowing how to respond. “Well, don’t just stand there, girl. Ryker brought us a nice meal and we don’t want it to get cold.”

I guess I’ll be joining them. But my gut twists up tighter. Even though I had nothing to do with this decision, I’m going to pay for it later. I’m not sure how, but I will.

I grab utensils and glasses of water then join them at the table. Ryker pulls out container after container of food. He really did bring a feast. “I hope you like Italian, Rowan. It’s from Magalina’s in town. ”

I absolutely love Italian. It’s one of my favorites and I rarely ever get to have

anything other than box spaghetti so this will be a treat. I nod, opening my mouth to thank him but Rhonda cuts me off.

“I love Italian, Ryker. Thank you so much for bringing dinner. It was so sweet of you.” I can see the irritation on her face and hear it in her voice. She doesn’t want me to have any of his attention.

“You mentioned it was your favorite on the phone.” He nods, his tone a little crisp too. “And no thanks needed. Like I told you, this is my way of apologizing.”

That’s odd. What exactly is he apologizing for?

“Do you like it as well, Rowan?” He returns his attention to me. “What’s your favorite food?”

I crack a smile, amused by his blatant irritation with her, but it quickly fades when I see the glare the witch is shooting me. As soon as he leaves, I’m doomed.

“I...um...love Italian, too,” I say, trying not to think about the aftermath of tonight’s dinner. “But my favorite is probably Chinese. Give me those little white containers and a pair of chopsticks and I’m a happy girl.”

It’s another food I rarely treat myself too. But on Christmas day, I let myself have it. That’s probably the reason why it’s become my favorite food. It’s the only thing I look forward to about the holiday. As a kid, Rhonda would leave me at home with a can of corn while she’d go out and celebrate with friends all day and night, but as soon as I had my own babysitting money, I started ordering myself Chinese food and would have it delivered. Now that I can drive, I go to the movies in the morning, then pick up Chinese on the way home and tuck myself onto the couch with my little white boxes and the Hallmark channel playing those cheesy Christmas movies in the background.

“Next time, I’ll bring Chinese then.” He winks .

My hunger suddenly disappears. The idea that he’s going to do this again—bringing dinner and having us all sitting around the table acting like one big happy family—pisses me off. I don’t understand what’s going on. If he’s interested in her, then why does he seem annoyed by her? And why does he keep flirting with me?

“You don’t have to do that, Ryker. Rowan eats dinner at work,” the witch says with a mouthful of baked ziti, already digging into the food when the rest of us haven’t even served ourselves yet. Talk about manners. She’s the one who needs the real lesson on how to behave, not me. “She’ll be moving out as soon as she graduates,” she boasts, smiling broadly and showing off a chunk of tomato that’s stuck between her yellow teeth. God, I seriously don’t understand how he could even sleep with her. She’s awful in every way.

“You’re moving?” Ryker snaps his eyes to mine. “Where are you moving to?”

“I got a full ride to State and my scholarship requires me to start in the summer. So as soon as I graduate, I’ll be moving on campus.”

The shift in his eyes almost seems like pride, but I’m doing a really shitty job of deciphering this man’s intentions and emotions so I’m not going to read too much into it. But it would be nice to have someone other than Myrah excited for all I’ve accomplished.

“That’s incredible, ba...Rowan. What’s your major going to be?”

“I want to be a social worker,” I admit, avoiding eye contact with Rhonda. We’ve never discussed my plans. She’s never asked or shown any interest in what I want to do. In fact, this is the first time she’s learning of my scholarship and what I’ll be doing once I leave here. And judging by the angry look on her face, I don’t think she

likes knowing that I won't just be living on the street like she probably hoped .

“That’s absurd!” Rhonda scoffs. “You may as well keep your job at the restaurant and skip all that work because it’s a waste of time. You’ll be making diddly-squat as a social worker.” She shoves another bite of food into her wrinkled mouth. “How does the scholarship work anyway?” she yaps as she chews. “Do they give you the money up front?” I can see her thieving mind churning like the pasta in her open mouth. She’s trying to figure out if there’s away for her to get her hands on it, but she’ll never see a dime.

“It’s an admirable job, Rowan,” Ryker states, dismissing the witch’s comment. “We need more social workers in this world so we can help more abused and neglected children.” He turns toward the bitch, looking as though he’s struggling to maintain his composure. Or maybe I’m reading too much into his narrowed brow and red cheeks. “You should be proud of the daughter you’ve raised, Rhonda. She’s got an incredible head on her shoulders.”

Now, I’m the one scoffing. She didn’t raise me. I raised myself. From as far back as I can remember I was left to fend for myself. I think the only reason she provided me with clothes, shoes, and cans of vegetables to eat was because she was worried she’d stop receiving government aid if she didn’t show proof that she was providing for me in some way.

“I only said that because I know what it’s like to scrape by. I’ve busted my butt as a single mom in order to make sure she had everything she needed,” she lies, desperate for his praising attention. “It hasn’t been easy raising her by myself, trying to work a full-time job and put food on the table, but I managed. Now, she’s going to have to go out there and do the same. And I don’t want her to have to struggle in order to support the people in her life.”

The pounding in my ears almost blocks my hearing. I’ve never been so enraged in my

entire life. She hasn't given me shit. Barely even fed me. I ate two meals at school and came home to nothing but a can of vegetables if I was lucky. And if she thinks I'm going to continue supporting her and paying her way after I'm gone, she's dead wrong. Once I leave here, I'm never looking back.

"I'm sure it has been a challenge, Rhonda." Ryker nods. "But in spite of the cards you both have been dealt, you've surpassed the odds and come out on top." He raises his glass of water. "We need to toast to both of you for being such incredible women."

Rhonda smiles. "Let me go get something stronger for us to toast with." She gets up from the table and rushes into her bedroom where she keeps her stash of booze hidden under her bed. I'm not a thief, nor do I care to become a drunk like her, but she still insists on keeping her alcohol locked away.

"Don't mind her, baby doll." Ryker's hushed voice has me looking up from my untouched plate of food. "Having a kid so young, she had to make sacrifices and she just wants you to have a better life. Deep down, I know she's proud of all you've accomplished and will support you with your career choice. It just may take her a moment to come around."

The fact that he's trying to make excuses for her pisses me off. But I have to remember that he doesn't know the truth. He's feeding off of the lie. Her resentment and anger have been a constant in my life. She'll never be proud of anything I do. That shit she just spewed was only said to impress him.

"Here we go! Whiskey or wine?" The witch comes walking back out of her room holding up the two bottles. "Or both? We can start with wine and then move onto the harder stuff later."

Ryker shakes his head. "I'm on duty tonight, so I better pass, but you enjoy." Rhonda



nodes and untwists the cap off the wine bottle, pouring herself practically to the rim of her glass. She's perfectly fine drinking alone.

"So tell me more, Rowan. What made you decide you want to become a social worker?"

The truth is obvious. To protect kids like me from spending their lives living in hell. Rhonda always told me horrible stories of what happened to kids that were taken away from their homes. She told me how they were beaten and abused by foster parents, and that if I was ever taken away, I'd be forced to live in a cold basement with rats, possibly not even being allowed to go to school. Therefore, I kept my mouth shut and never told a soul about the way she treated me. I figured I was better off living with the monster I knew than the one I didn't. In becoming a social worker, I want to ensure that not only are kids protected from their abusers, but I want to make sure they're given safe homes to live in.

"Why don't you tell us about you, Ryker?" Rhonda says, clearly not wanting me to answer his question, nor does she want me to have his attention. "What made you want to become an officer?"

"My grandfather was a cop," he says. "He was one of the best men I know and I wanted to be just like him." The pride in his voice shines bright. It makes me want to ask him questions and learn more about his upbringing and the great man he looks up to, but it's better for me to remain quiet, so I shove my curiosity away and let Rhonda do the talking.

She continues to pepper him with questions throughout the meal and I listen intently, realizing that it's not just Ryker's looks that make him incredible, it's his bravery, his selfless soul, and his strong conviction in wanting to make a difference in the world. He's fighting to make the world a safer place to live in. Ryker is nothing like the dirty bastard that's been following me around and issuing me warnings on bogus charges.

Ryker is a good cop.

It makes me wonder if I could talk to him about what's been happening with the creepy stalker. Maybe Ryker would believe me. Or...maybe he'd tell me that I'm reading too much into it and the man is just doing his job. Cops have been getting a seriously bad rap in the media lately and he's likely to go on the defense and get upset with me for even suggesting that a man offering to make sure I get home safe at night is out to hurt me. So maybe it's better to keep my mouth shut.

"So, Rowan, what do you like to do for fun? Are you involved in any clubs or sports?"

The spotlight is back on me and I see Rhonda roll her eyes, but this time she doesn't say anything. She just chugs her wineglass like she's gulping down water in a desert. If she keeps up her pace, she'll be passed out before the meal is over.

"I don't have time for clubs and sports," I say. "I work six days a week, and when I'm not working, I'm studying." Even if I wasn't working all the time, I still wouldn't be involved in any of the activities at school. I doubt they'd even let trailer trash in any of their clubs anyway. And I'd rather not spend my free time with snobs that think I'm dirt.

"You really are a hard worker." He smiles, and that look which resembles pride is back in his eyes. "Someone your age should be having fun, though. You should take a night off every once in a while."

Someone my age also shouldn't have to pay all the bills either, but that little fact will remain behind my sealed lips so I don't end up locked behind bars.

Ryker jerks in his chair, knocking the table and almost spilling the waters over. I don't understand what caused his sudden knee-jerk reaction but when I see Rhonda's

arm reached over, her hand hidden beneath the table, shoulder jerking forward, it's more than obvious what's happening.

Jealousy hits me like a ton of bricks. I pop up from the table, grabbing my plate and glass. There's no way I'm sticking around for another one of their fuck fests. God, I'm such an idiot. Sitting through dinner all dreamy eyed for the man who's clearly dating my mother and trying to do who knows what with me on the side. I can't believe I was mentally raving about what an honorable man he is. He's nothing but a dirty bastard. He's just like the other cop.

I take my dishes to the sink and quickly begin to scrub them. If I left them in the sink for later, they'd end up in my bed, pasta sauce smeared all over my sheets, and I'd be spending my Saturday down at the laundromat before I go to work.

"Oh God, he's so big and hard." The plate slips from my hand and clatters against the stainless steel. Thankfully, it's plastic and doesn't break.

"Rhonda, your daughter's in the room," Ryker whispers.

My anger spikes. He only wants her to stop because I'm in the room. He should be pushing her hand away, telling her he's not interested because I'm the one he wants to be with, but he's not. And, as soon as I leave the room, he'll let her do whatever she wants with his dick.

Jealous rage charges through my veins at such a force it almost takes me to my knees. I quickly finish the dishes then rush into my room. There's only one way to cure the invasion of emotions taking over. I pick up my phone and shoot off a text; immediately it dings back. Let's see how Ryker feels listening to me fuck Hunter for hours.

### CHAPTER 7

Ryker

What the fuck is Rhonda's problem? Her daughter was in the room and she was trying to unzip my pants, ignoring the fact that I kept pushing her hand away. I didn't misconstrue my words when we spoke on the phone earlier. I told her I was sorry for crossing a line the other night and that I wanted to remain friends. I asked if I could bring dinner tonight as an apology for taking advantage. In truth, I was just looking for an excuse to come over.

Ever since I left the steakhouse last night, I've been trying to convince myself to forget about the young beauty, but I can't seem to get Rowan out of my system. The obsession is only growing worse by the second. I figured the only way to make it stop was to see Rowan and her mother together. I thought that once I saw their mother-daughter bond, it would snap me the fuck out of it and I'd be convinced not to pursue the girl under any circumstance. But my plan is backfiring.

Not just because the two don't seem to be very close, but because the more I learn about Rowan, the more I want her. She's not only insanely beautiful and wickedly tempting beyond belief, but she's brilliant, hardworking, and more driven than most of the adults I know. She's even more mature than her mother who's proven throughout this dinner to be nothing like the woman I assumed she was. Not only does Rhonda lack manners, but she's an attention hog, resentful, and highly inappropriate, considering she's trying to jerk me off right in front of her kid. I don't care if Rowan is an adult or not, it's fucking wrong.

Rhonda's hand makes another grab for my zipper and I'm bolting out of my seat.

"Why don't you go outside for a smoke and I'll clean up dinner?"

She leans forward. Her eyes looking a bit blurred from the alcohol. "How about I smoke your sausage instead?" she groans in that sandpaper voice that now grates on my nerves, along with everything else about her. The woman should seriously give up smoking. Pretty soon she's not going to have a voice.

Her hands reach for my zipper again and I grip them in my hold. I'm ten seconds away from snapping my cuffs on her wrists so she can no longer get at me. But she'll just see that as a sexual play and there's no way in hell I'm sending that message. I'm just glad Rowan's no longer in the room. She washed her dishes and hightailed it back into her bedroom. I wish I could get the fuck out of here too, but I feel like I need to apologize to the young beauty for what just happened. The feeling of betrayal is weighing heavier than the pasta in my gut.

Ignoring the drunken woman's disgusting comment, I drop her hands and start clearing the table, taking dishes over to the counter and blocking my dick in front the sink. If Rhonda tries to touch me one more time, I'm going to have to be blunt and tell her that I'm not attracted to her in that way and the booze is to blame for my cock's reaction the other night.

"Fine." Rhonda pouts, annoying me further. "I'll go smoke. "

She stumbles as she stands from the table, swooping in like a vulture to grab the bottles of alcohol. I'm beginning to think she has a problem. The woman nearly killed the wine all by herself, guzzling back glasses like she was drinking iced tea on a blistering summer day. I might need to have a talk with her about it. See if I can gauge just how deep her addiction runs. In fact, I might need to have a talk with her on a few things.

I really didn't like the way she kept dismissing Rowan every time the girl tried to speak. And I wanted to slap a piece of tape over her mouth when she started discouraging Rowan from becoming a social worker, actually advising her daughter to skip college and remain a server at the restaurant. What the fuck kind of motherly advice is that?

She should be cheering her daughter on. Praising her for wanting to make a difference. Damn, I'm not even the girl's parent and the pride I felt hearing Rowan's plans for the future made my chest tighten. Being a cop and seeing how broken the system is, I know we definitely need more people like her in this world. People with brains and a kind heart. People who clearly want to make a difference.

"Shit!"

My eyes snap back into focus. Rhonda's stumbling all over the place as she enters her bedroom, crashing into things while trying to yank the shoes off her feet. She grumbles something about the bitch's heels as she launches them against the wall adjoining her and Rowan's room. Clearly, she's toasted. Have to say, I'm not sure what the hell she was thinking wearing an outfit like that. It makes her look desperate, and was clearly meant to be worn by someone Rowan's age. In fact, it would look killer on my beauty.

Rhonda lights up a cigarette and my spine locks up with tension. I hate the fact that Rowan's being exposed to secondhand smoke. The walls in this place are nearly yellow, which means the inside of my beauty's lungs could be black already. I told Rhonda that she should really think about quitting, at least smoke outside to mitigate some of the tar she's breathing in and to prevent her daughter from getting lung cancer at eighteen, but clearly, my advice was dismissed. So I walk over and close her bedroom door. If she's going to smoke in the house, she can breathe that shit in herself. Suffocate herself in it for all I care.

Damn...I'm not happy with what I've seen tonight. At first, I thought the friction between the mother and daughter was the typical teenage girl/mom drama, but now, I'm beginning to think there's something else going on. Every time I asked Rowan a question, Rhonda steered the conversation in a different direction as if she couldn't stand the girl having any of my attention. And I sure as hell didn't miss her eyes rolling whenever the beauty did get to answer me. It's obvious jealousy is running through Rhonda's veins and is bringing out the worst in her. It's making her downright hideous if you ask my cock's opinion.

If I were taking care of Rowan, she wouldn't be working. She'd be enjoying her youth and having fun. Schoolwork being her only true responsibility. She also wouldn't be living in this shitty-ass trailer. I'd put a real roof over her head and make sure she feels loved and supported for whatever she aspires to do. I'd make it my life's mission to make all of her dreams come true. Also make her fantasies come true as well.

I turn toward Rowan's closed door, wanting to knock and apologize for what she just witnessed, but what am I supposed to say? Sorry your mom was grabbing my junk just now. Don't mind her, she was drunk. Oh, and by the way, that hard-on was for you because I'm so insanely attracted to you I can't think straight. I can't fucking say any of that. Based on the tension already straining the relationship between her and her mom, if I tried to pursue the girl, I don't think Rhonda would ever speak to her daughter again. But I'm questioning whether that's a bad thing. I definitely don't like what I've seen tonight. Then again, no parent is perfect, and a girl needs her mother.

But fuck! I need her.

The sound of the front door opening has me turning and reaching back for my gun. Who the hell is coming in without knocking? A kid who looks to be Rowan's age is walking on in, and my grip on my weapon tightens. My chest pounding hard. This must be her boyfriend and he must be used to just walking right in. Whenever the

fuck he likes. My jaw clenches.

“Can I help you?” I ask, tone sharp, jealousy chafing my every nerve.

“Who the fuck are you?” he barks back. Little punk-ass kid. By the attitude he’s throwing, clearly, he has no respect for authority.

“He’s my mom’s boyfriend, Hunter,” Rowan says, pushing past me and taking his hand. She starts leading him to her room, and for the first time in my life, I understand the meaning of seeing red.

“Aren’t you going to properly introduce me to your friend, Rowan?”

“Hunter, this is Ryker. Ryker, this is Hunter,” she says in a haste, not bothering to even look my way. When she starts to close her bedroom door, I put my hand out, preventing it from closing.

“Your mom lets you have your boyfriend in your room with the door closed?”

Seeing Rhonda’s behavior tonight, I can tell parental supervision doesn’t seem very high on her priority list.

“I’m not her boyfriend,” the arrogant jock states with a whole lot of adamance in his tone. My jealousy edges back a bit, knowing they aren’t together, but I notice Rowan’s shoulders tense. I wonder if she has a crush on the kid and he doesn’t return her feelings. He’d be stupid not to be interested in her. The girl is not only fucking gorgeous but a damn incredible catch. There certainly weren’t girls of her caliber when I was in high school; otherwise, I wouldn’t be single right now.

“My mom doesn’t care what I do,” Rowan smarts back, her attitude in full force. “Now, do you mind? We have to study.”



“I’ll clear the table so you can study out here,” I state.

Boyfriend or not, I still don’t like the idea of them laying on her bed together. I don’t like the idea of her being alone with any boy, period.

“We’ll be fine in my room.”

Rowan shuts the door in my face and my anger flares. I want to bend her over my knee so badly and teach her a lesson on respect. But I need to remember myself and keep my shit under control. Police officers don’t go around spanking teenage girls.

“I need your mouth, Row. It’s been too long.” The kid’s voice comes through the wall loud and clear. What the fuck? Study, my ass! I thought he said he wasn’t her boyfriend; sure sounds like he wants to be.

My fist raises to the door and I pound so hard the thing rattles the entire trailer. I’m a man of the law, but right now, I’m about to commit a crime. There’s no way I’m going to sit back while she’s in there sucking this kid’s dick. No fucking way.

“Rowan, get your ass out here now or I’m coming in!” I’ll fucking bust the thing down if I have to.

“What the fuck is his problem?” I hear the jock grunt.

“He thinks he’s going to be my stepdad,” she grumbles. “Hold on a second, Hunter. I’ll handle this.”

At this point, it’s pretty damn clear she needs a daddy in her life. Someone to rein in her stubbornness and show her she deserves better than a snotty little prick. He’s not only arrogant, but selfish too. He walked right in there and started making his demands. What about her? She has needs too. What about getting her warmed up and

earning the reward? Little fucker.

The door opens and I see the kid laying on her bed, his pants already unzipped and open at the fly .

“What do you want, Ryker?” What I want is for that punk to be gone and for her never to see him ever again.

My jaw barely pries open to speak. Jealousy and rage are locking up every muscle in my body.

“Your friend needs to leave, Rowan.”

She crosses her arms, that chin of hers cocking up. Defiance is oozing from her narrowed stare and it has my dick glaring right back. “Says who, Ryker? You’re not my father. Nor do you pay the bills around here, which means you don’t have any say in what I do.”

My twitching palm clenches by my side, struggling to maintain some semblance of control. I want to pin her down on the bed and spank her little ass right in front of the jock, then strip her down and show him exactly who she belongs to. I’ll fuck her so good she won’t even remember his name. She’ll be crying out for her daddy, begging to suck my cock. Though, I wouldn’t let her do that until her body has been spoiled first. Multiple times.

She goes to close the door again, but I stop it with my hand, feeling the flimsy wood creak beneath my grip.

“You need to leave, kid.” I speak directly to the jock, keeping my eyes locked on my girl. “Rowan’s grounded for the foreseeable future and not allowed to have friends over. So you’ll have to find someone else to ‘study’ with.”

“I’m not a child,” she snaps. “And like hell you’re going to ground me. Come on, Hunter, let’s get out of here. We can go to your house.”

“My parents are home.” He sits up, shaking his head. “You can’t come over.”

Once again, Rowan’s shoulders tense. Not sure what the hell is going on between her and this kid, but whatever it is, it’s over. That I’m going to make damn sure of.

“Fine,” she huffs. “We can go to The Point.”

The fact that she’s even suggesting for him to take her to the number one make-out spot in town pisses me off. She’s not going anywhere with this snotnose kid. Not now. Not ever.

“We can’t go to The Point,” he says, refastening his pants and tucking his tiny pecker away. Not sure that thing would even please my girl. “RJ and Vi are there. They’ll see us.”

And why is he so damn worried about being seen with her? I’d be showing a girl like her off to the world. Unless...he’s two-timing his girlfriend and Rowan’s just a side piece. Which would explain the reaction she had when he said she wasn’t his girlfriend. And would also explain why he doesn’t want her at his house.

This is exactly why she needs a real man in her life. She needs someone who will show her that she’s worth so much more than being a side pussy. She deserves to be the one and only. Front and center. Cherished. Loved. Spoiled. She shouldn’t come second to anyone. She should be the queen.

“Son, you need to get the fuck lost and never come sniffing around Rowan again. This girl deserves more than being treated like a whore by some immature kid.”

“What’s your problem, man?” He appears behind Rowan, giving me one hell of an evil eye. “Rowan’s an adult and can decide for herself whether she wants to fuck me or not.”

Motherfucker. I clutch my fists so tight, my knuckles crack. I’m fighting to keep my rage under wraps, reminding myself again that I’m an officer of the law and can’t go around beating the tar out of entitled little shits. It’s obvious this kid’s been raised with a golden spoon in his mouth and thinks he can do whatever the fuck he wants with whomever he wants. He has no damn respect for this beautiful girl and no damn respect for the law.

“It’s Sheriff,” I grit through my clenched teeth. “And my problem is your self-centered ass not showing an ounce of respect for this girl. Acting like some piece of shit, trying to keep whatever it is going on between you two a secret. Anyone would be a damn lucky son of a bitch to be able to call her their girl.” Damn, I’d give anything to call her mine.

“Now, I suggest you get back into that pretty boy sports car you have parked outside”— the one I’m sure Daddy paid for —“and get the fuck out of here. Otherwise, you’re going to have a problem on your hands. And heed my warning, son.” I pin him with the same glare I use on the murderers I put behind bars. “You stay the fuck away from her.”

Finally, the kid actually looks nervous. Like he finally woke the fuck up and realized I’m not wearing a damn Halloween costume. He better be afraid. I’ll do whatever I have to in order to protect Rowan from getting her heart broken by this little dipshit.

My eyes drop down to Rowan. Not sure exactly what’s going on in that gorgeous head of hers, but when she steps aside, giving the jock space to leave, no longer putting up a fight or trying to go with him, I think I’ve finally won a match of chicken. I thought for certain her stubbornness was going to hold strong. But maybe

she's not as into the guy as I thought.

"Whatever." He huffs, shoving past her and me. He opens the door then stops and turns toward Rowan. "Call me when the stepfucker is out of the picture."

When the door slams shut, I turn back to my Irish-touched beauty.

"I'm never going to be out of the picture." The words come out before I have time to process exactly what I'm saying. But it feels like the decision to make her mine is out of my hands. I don't give a shit about our age difference. In fact, it turns me the fuck on knowing I can guide her and teach her the ways of the world as she grows and blossoms into the woman she dreams of becoming. It certainly makes me hard as a rail, thinking about giving her a firm hand to the ass when I see that she needs it.

And as far as my work is concerned, protecting my reputation as an officer, I'm going to have to keep things on the down-low for the time being. If anyone asks why I'm spending so much time with the girl, I'll have to tell them I'm dating her mom. But once I get the dirty cops locked away, I'll be showing my young beauty off to the world. Not giving a fuck what people think of me robbing the cradle. One look at her and they'll all be jealous as hell.

"I don't care whether you marry my mother or not, Ryker. You're never going to be my father. And I'm never going to do what you tell me."

I shake my head, tsking my stubborn girl. "You're wrong, baby doll." I take a step forward, removing the space between us, my breathing picking up speed. Chest pounding hard. Dick stiffly straining against the tongs of my fly to get to the one he wants. "I'm definitely going to be your daddy. And you're going to do exactly as I say."

Her breath hitches in her lungs. Those tits of hers perking right up. She can say

whatever she wants but I know exactly how her body feels about me. She wants daddy to show her pussy what it was made for. To make that clit serve its purpose. To give her pleasure unlike anything she's ever experienced before. Unlike anything that snotnose kid could give her.

"You can't ground an adult, Ryker." Her breathless dispute falls on sex-crazed ears and goes ignored.

"Yes, I can." I reach for her hip, pulling her up against my body. Pushing my cock between her legs and proving I hold the power when a moan slips from her lips. "You're grounded from ever seeing that boy again. Or any other guy for that matter. Daddy doesn't share his little girl with anyone."

Her body slumps against me, pointed nipples pressing into my chest. I finally have her right where I want her. The stubbornness replaced by lust.

"Say it, Rowan." I lean down to her ear, sweeping my lips across her soft flesh. "Tell me you won't let anyone touch what belongs to me. This is daddy's little pussy. "

I run my hand up under her skirt and cup my palm against her sacred heat, groaning when I feel how soaked her panties are. She lets out a moan as my fingers begin to rub against her.

"I won't let them touch, daddy," she whispers, thrusting her hips forward to meet my hand. Finally, I have her giving into me. I've only known the girl for two days, yet the severity of my need makes it feel like I've known her all my life.

"Ryker? Are you ready for your dessert?" Rhonda's raspy, slurred voice comes crashing into our moment and I yank my hand away from my girl, rushing back into the kitchen.

Shit! I'd completely forgotten she was here. What the fuck has she been doing all this time? And what the fuck was I about to do? Have sex with her daughter while she's in the next room, able to walk in on us at any moment. Goddammit. The problem is I'm not thinking. My desire has replaced all sense of rational thought. My obsession for this young beauty has completely taken over.

Rhonda comes stumbling out of her room in a lace negligée and I'm absolutely disgusted. Not just by her lack of decency in front of her daughter, but by her drunken state. She looks like she's about one minute away from passing out. Guess that's what she's been doing all this time, probably chugging down both bottles and chain-smoking a pack of cigarettes, based on the state she's in and the thick hazy fog of stench wafting out of her room.

She tries to come toward me, but stumbles, slurring under her breath about the bitch's stupid heels and how she's going to burn them. Not sure why she put them back on. In the state she's in, they're a walking death trap. Being a man of the law, my instinct kicks in. I need to get her safely to her bed and make sure she doesn't hurt herself. I step forward and reach for the front of her shoulders, trying to steady her. I wrap her arm around my waist then start guiding her back into her bedroom.

"Come on, Rhonda. Let's get you into bed, hun. "

"Mmm...yes," she moans, her head flopping forward into the side of my neck as I bear her weight and drag her into her room. "Now you're talking. Need another taste of that huge dick."

Fuck me. Another scarring response that Rowan just heard. This woman has no shame. And no motherly sense.

I coax Rhonda toward her bed, while she keeps trying to grab at my dick, talking about how yummy it is to suck on. But I fight her hands off and ignore her comments.

“Come on, hun. That’s it.” I maneuver her onto the mattress. “Put your head right there.” I pat the pillow. “Just like that.” She finally settles down and just like I expected, she’s out cold. I pull the covers over her then head back out into the living room, shutting her door behind me.

Rhonda definitely seems to have a drinking problem, which I need to talk to Rowan about. I want to know how long this behavior has been going on and discuss getting her mom some help. I also want to find out more about their relationship. There have been about a dozen red flags tonight and my need to protect this young girl is in full force. And now more than ever, I’m positive she needs me in her life.

Rowan’s door is closed, so I knock, wishing we could pick up right where we left off. But after what just happened with her mom, I know it’s not appropriate. Once again, the devil and angel on my shoulders are at war with one another. I want to fuck the girl so badly my cock is in a state of pain. But I also want to make sure she’s emotionally okay, and that I provide whatever support and help I can for her and her mother. If Rhonda has a drinking problem, we need to get her into treatment.

My knock goes unanswered, so I try again a little louder. But again, Rowan doesn’t respond. I try the handle and it turns. “Rowan?” I peek my head inside, but she’s not in her room. Maybe she’s in the bathroom. But when I check there, that isn’t the case .

I yank the front door open, hoping she’s stepped outside for some fresh air, but I don’t see her, nor do I see her car. Fucking shit! Where the hell did she go? All I can say is she better not have gone to The Point to meet up with that snotnose kid or I swear she’ll be in big trouble. Damn, I wish I’d put a tracker on her car. Also, wish I had her phone number so I could call her up and tell her to get her ass back here. She and I need to talk.

I storm right out to my cruiser, put my lights on, and speed my ass straight to The



Point. If I find her with that kid, I'll lock his ass up.

### CHAPTER 8

Rowan

D ammit. That's the third time I've spilled something tonight. Pretty soon my manager is going to pull me aside and have a talk with me.

I really need to get my act together, but I'm running on no sleep and hell of a lot of mixed-up emotions over what Ryker said to me last night...and what we did—right before he went straight into the witch's bed. Asshole. What did he think I was going to do? Wait my turn? Wait until my mom was finished sucking his cock and then let him crawl into my bed and give him a second round? No fucking way!

I left and ended up driving around until the sun rose this morning. Until I could no longer keep my eyes open. Then I parked in the school parking lot and got a few hours of restless sleep. I wasn't going home until I was positive Ryker was gone. And now, I'm a fumbling mess.

Thankfully, though, it's time for my break. I need a giant cup of coffee and a moment to clear my head. I take my filled mug and head into the break room. I pull out my phone and see that there's a text from Hunter and a missed call from Myrah along with a text from her, telling me to call her as soon as I can.

I'm curious as to what Hunter has to say after last night so I open it before giving Myr a call.

Hunter : Parents just told me they're going out of town for a few days. Come spend

the night with me. There won't be any stepfucker around to interrupt us. I need it, Row.

In other words, "come over and suck my cock." Yeah, no thanks . This is the first time Hunter's asking me to stay over at his house, but it's only because his parents aren't there to see him with the trash. Meanwhile, I know for a fact that everyone else sleeps over at his house all the time, girls included.

Man, he's such an asshole. They all are. Hunter's an asshole for using me for sex. The snotty bitches are assholes for thinking I'm some kind of lower-class citizen just because I was born without privilege. My mother's a monster witch whose evil knows no bounds. And Ryker...he's an asshole for thinking he can date my mom, then slip it to her young daughter on the side. The only one who isn't an asshole is Myrah. She's the only person in this shitty-ass town worth a damn.

I quickly send Hunter a text back, saying "NO THANKS," wanting to make sure he knows I got his message and that I'm not interested, then I dial Myrah's number. I haven't had a chance to fill her in on everything that's happened over the last two days. Although...I'm not sure what to tell her. She's going to think I'm a freak for falling for a guy twice my age who happens to be my mom's boyfriend. Actually, maybe I shouldn't tell her anything. Maybe I should keep this secret to myself. It's not like anything's going to happen with Ryker anyway.

As soon as she picks up, Myrah starts talking a mile a minute and I barely get a hello in. Apparently, her brother Knox is worried about the creeper cop that's been following me around, and wants to send a friend in to act as my personal bodyguard. I'd been so bogged down with thoughts of Ryker, I'd completely forgotten about the other asshole in my life. The one who's stalking me.

"I just have one question, Myr. Is this friend of your brother's an ex-con?"

I can hear the hesitation coming through the line and I know that's a yes. "He is, Row, but Knox trusts him. And I trust my brother. He'd never put you in harm's way. Promise."

That's good enough for me. Myrah's the only one I trust in this world. And it honestly doesn't matter whether the guy was in jail or not; he's probably a better man than the creeper cop who's been pulling me over for bogus reasons.

"Please tell Knox I'm grateful for his help," I tell her. "By the way, how was it seeing him?"

It's been six years since he was sent away to prison, and today was her first time going to visit him. Her asshole stepfather didn't want anyone in their family associating with the "criminal scum," even though, Knox was set up and is innocent. But Myr is eighteen now and gets to decide for herself, and she's no longer going to let anyone stand in her way from seeing her stepbrother.

"It was...um...good."

Um...good ? That's all she's going to give me. She's usually the master of details, my little chatty Kathy who replays every moment of her day, every conversation word for word, but suddenly, she's being awfully tight lipped. I want to know what it was like walking into a prison. Were the men scary? Has her brother changed? Was he shocked by how much she's grown up? When he went inside, Myrah was only a kid, now she's a woman. One fierce, sexy, beautiful young lady who dreams of becoming a mechanic.

"Hey, Row. Jared is having a party tonight and made a special request for me to bring you. You want to go with me?"

And now, she's changing the subject. Maybe it was difficult seeing him in that place

and it's too hard to talk about. Or maybe, she's still processing everything and will tell me later. I can totally relate. I'm still processing my shambles of emotions and am not ready to admit that I have feelings for a man old enough to be my dad, and that in some fucked-up way I want him to be my daddy.

"Definitely," I agree. "I'll go anywhere so I don't have to face my mom and Ryker tonight." Hooking up with Jared may be exactly what I need to stop the perverted fantasies from flooding in. Although, as the thought pops in, so does the truth. I don't think anything is going to help me forget that sexy, dominant man, or the way I feel when I'm around him.

"Ryker?" she asks, clueless as to who I'm talking about.

"Yeah," I say, feeling guilty that I've been keeping my best friend in the dark; we usually tell each other everything. "I haven't had a chance to tell you, but apparently, my mom has a new boyfriend."

"Another boyfriend?" She's as shocked as I am. Wonder what she'll think when I tell her who it is.

"Yep. Remember the two guys who were seated in my section on Thursday night?"

The line goes silent as she tries to recall, but it isn't long before she remembers. Not only were they the only table of two men seated in my section that night, but they were the hottest guys to ever walk into the steakhouse.

"Oh yeah, the two older hot guys." Her voice is dripping with doubt that that's who I could be talking about, but she's got it right.

"Yeah, well, the older hotter one is apparently dating my mom." Just saying the words out loud feels like a knife wound to my chest.

“Hold the freaking phone!” she shouts, matching my exact reaction when I first laid eyes on Ryker. It seems impossible that a witch like my mother could get a man like him, but again, I have to remember that she saves her bitchiness for yours truly .

“I don’t get it either,” I tell her. “But a few nights ago, I had the joy of listening to them fuck all night long. Then last night he brought dinner over, and my mom threatened me before he arrived so I had no choice but to play along.”

The reminder of their hot and heavy night together twists my gut, but I push past the turmoil of my emotions and keep filling Myrah in on the last two days, giving her the abbreviated version of what went down last night. Leaving out the details of what happened after Ryker kicked Hunter out, skipping the part where he rubbed me between my legs. I refuse to admit that I’m attracted to my mom’s boyfriend. And I definitely won’t be admitting that a part of me wouldn’t mind if he stepped in as a father figure.

My manager passes by the door of the break room heading to his office and it reminds me of the time. After the way I’ve been performing tonight, I definitely don’t want to be late returning from break.

“Shoot. My break’s up, Myr,” I grumble, wishing I had more time to get my shit together. “I get done at nine, then just have to swing home to get changed. Do you want me to come get you?”

“Nah,” she says. “I’ll drive tonight. That way if the creeper cop is out, he won’t spot your car.”

Shit! She has a point. I really do need to be more careful. At least, until Knox’s friend arrives and I have someone watching my back. For a brief moment last night, I was actually considering putting my trust in Ryker and asking for his help, hoping that he’d step in and look out for his little girl. But that’s never going to happen now. I

won't be asking him for anything. And the next time he comes over, I won't be staying either.

“Hey, Rowe. As soon as we hang up, text me that cop's plate number.”

“Will do. See you in a bit,” I tell her. I may not know the dirty cop's name, but I did write down his license plate. Just in case.

### CHAPTER 9

Rowan

We walk into the party and immediately I'm stopped in my tracks as an arm wraps around my waist and pulls me back against a hard chest. "I was wondering when you'd show up, beautiful."

I turn my head and see Jared smiling down at me. He really is good-looking, but unfortunately, he no longer stirs any flutters in my body. My pussy has become as stubborn as I am and only wants one guy. One sexy, much older, off-limits man who's involved with the person I hate most in the world.

I shift in Jared's arms and wrap myself around his neck. The jealousy now coursing through my veins is guiding my actions. "You know if you wanted to see me, Jared, you could've just asked Myrah for my number." I smile up at him, running my fingers through the base of his hair, trying to ignore the uncomfortable feelings settling into my chest.

"I thought you were still dating the jock." He tightens his hold around my waist, bringing me flush against his body. "But I saw him hooking up with some cheerleader outside of the movie theater the other day and realized you two must've broken up. He's a fucking idiot for letting you slip away, by the way. But his loss is my gain." He smirks.

Isn't that interesting. He saw Hunter hooking up with someone. Even more interesting than that though, is the fact that I don't give a shit. Once upon a time, I



would've been hurt, learning that Hunter's been lying to me, telling me he isn't messing around with anyone else and that I'm the only one he wants. But now, I don't feel an ounce of dejection or jealousy where he's concerned. I couldn't care less what he does or who he does it with.

"So what do you say, Rowan?" Jared rubs his erection against me, jerking me from my thoughts as he jerks himself off on my hip. I have the urge to back away but I'm on a mission tonight to forget Ryker, so I stay locked in my spot, trying to scrounge up an ounce of desire to follow through with my plan. "Are you going to let me have a stab at this cunt?"

Seriously? He really thinks that line will get me going? God, I don't understand these guys. It's like they're all a bunch of idiots. Or maybe...they're just too young and immature and haven't learned how to speak to girls yet. They haven't had years of experience like Ryker no doubt has, to know exactly what to say to heat my body up. They're also not old enough to be my daddy and give me what I'm craving.

Dammit, I need to stop.

I take a step back, trying to keep my smile in place. "You know, if you want to have a stab at anything, Jare"—I refrain from rolling my eyes—"you should tell me more about yourself."

He smiles, trying to pull me closer again, but I shake my head. "Fine." He gives me a wink. "But I promise the most interesting part about me is what's hanging between my legs."

Ugh...

Although, he's probably right about that. Except his cock is nowhere near the size of Ryker's so it can't be all that interesting. Just the thought of Ryker's huge dick

pressing against me last night makes me hot inside. I quickly shake the memory, trying desperately to focus on what Jared's saying. I have to stop obsessing over a guy that I'm never going to be with.

"Moved here when I was twelve," he says. "Went to the Velman School for Boys, but was caught fucking my teacher, so I was kicked out. Had to finish up my senior year at Chancellor public. Realized school wasn't my thing and that I wanted to work with my hands so I passed on college. Now I'm working as a contractor for my uncle, mainly doing house framing. What else do you want to know, beautiful?"

Um...what?! Did he really just drop that little bomb like it's no big deal. What the hell? I'm not even sure what to say to that. Myrah never mentioned that Jared was kicked out of school for having an illicit affair with his teacher. That is one detail you don't leave out.

I scan the room looking for my tight-lipped friend, ready to give her a WTF look, but as soon as I spot her, I see her attention is fully occupied by the man kneeled before her. A man who doesn't deserve an ounce of her attention. Not after what he did.

"Earth to Rowan." I turn my eyes back up to Jared, ready to ask where the bathroom is and make my escape from this awkward conversation, but he speaks first. "Is there anything else you want to know about me before I take you back to my room?"

"What happened to the teacher?" I ask the only question that comes to mind. There's no way in hell I'm going to sleep with Jared, but my curiosity is now killing me.

"She lost her job," he says, shaking his head. "I was eighteen and legal, but those bastards were worried about the school's reputation so they let her go. I even told them it was me who initiated things, but they still didn't budge on their decision."

"How did you initiate it?" The question comes flying out, but Jared doesn't look

phased by it. He seems more than eager to share, judging by the smirk on his face.

“We were watching a movie in class one day. The room was dark. Miss Parks was seated at her desk in the back corner of the room and I couldn’t stop thinking about how hot she was in the dress she was wearing. She looked like she could use a stress relief so I...”

“Who’d he sleep with, Jare? And don’t you dare lie to me.” Myrah’s sharp voice cuts Jared off and has us both turning in her direction. My best friend is standing with her hands on her hips, looking pissed as hell.

Jared’s eyes get big and I watch as he looks across the room toward his buddy before returning to my friend. “Don’t know what you’re talking about, Myrah.”

Oh yes, he fucking does. I swear all these shitheads are the same. Fine. If he wants to play that game and be loyal to his cheating friend, then I’ll play a little game of my own. I step up to him and run my fingers down the front of his pants and over his stiff dick, giving it a good squeeze while fighting back the urge to rip it off.

“If you tell her who Zig fucked, I’ll fuck this cock so good, Jared,” I purr, rubbing up and down his ridge. He lets out a low groan, dropping his head back against the wall, and I know I have him right where I want him.

### CHAPTER 10

Ryker

That's fucking it. I'm going in. I don't give a shit if I'm breaking code, I'll claim that the neighbors made a disturbance complaint and blame it on the damn music, which is nowhere near loud enough to be a problem, but I don't fucking give a shit. I want my girl out of that place now.

I've been practically losing my mind all damn day. I need to see her, and I can't wait a second longer. I would've snagged her at work, but my sanity is about to snap and I didn't trust myself not to cause a scene and fuck her in front of the entire place, so I drove to her house and waited until she got home. But then a friend of hers showed up right as my girl arrived so I was forced to hold myself back again. I did a quick loop around the trailer park, checking things out, deciding then and there that I no longer want Rowan living in that run-down heap of junk, and when I was about to turn back onto her street again, I saw the girls driving out of the park. I followed them at a distance, and here we fucking are.

I walk right in through the front door, making a quick scan of the room to get a lock on my girl. When I spot her off to the side, rubbing up on some little dipshit, I almost lose my mind.

"Put your hands where I can see them!" I roar, my pulse pounding in my ears. My hands clutched at my sides, fighting not to reach for my gun. I don't trust myself not to shoot the kid's dick off.

Rowan turns and her eyes go as big as a doe caught in headlights. The kid steps around her, blocking her from my view and I clench my teeth so tight I may have cracked my molars.

“What’s the problem, Officer?”

“We got a noise complaint. But I’m not too concerned about that.” I dismiss my false claim and go to the true crime that’s being committed. “What I’m more concerned with is the fact that you’re serving alcohol to minors.” I look around the room at all the young kids with drinks in hand then pointedly stare at the keg sitting in the corner.

“Everyone drinking is legal.” He crosses his arms, looking me dead on; another little fucker who thinks he’s immune to the law.

“Really?” I narrow my eyes on the cocky little dipshit. “Because I know for a fact the girl behind you is eighteen.” I’m also pretty damn positive that the group of girls in the corner aren’t of age either. But the only one I’m concerned with right now is my girl.

Rowan steps around the kid. “I haven’t been drinking,” she states, glaring at me. “You can test me if you want. But I haven’t had a single drop of alcohol.”

Fuck me. The fire burning in her eyes is making my dick so hard I’m about to fire a round off in my pants. I step forward, step by slow measured step, removing the space between us. When I have her within reach, I clutch onto her silky red hair and tug her to me, smashing my mouth to hers.

I taste every inch of her sweet lips and tongue, and there isn’t a single hint of alcohol on her. There’s nothing but her sweet cherry and vanilla essence that is so perfectly Rowan.

Her hands clutch at my shirt and her mouth goes to war with mine. Both of us battling for dominance. Anger, lust, and primal need driving our tongues together. Her body struggles to get closer. Those sexy legs of hers trying to climb up my hips. I'm about to hoist her up and wrap her around my waist when she lets out a low moan, and that's when my brain snaps back to reality. We're in a room full of kids. I'm an officer of the fucking law. And under no circumstance will I let any of these little fuckers hear or see my girl come apart for me.

"I'm taking you home," I state, but of course my girl likes to buck the system.

"I'm not leaving my friend." She looks over at the girl who she arrived with. "We came together."

I look toward her friend, pissed as hell she brought my beauty to this party, but then all of my anger gets redirected when I spot a familiar face standing by the wall.

"Thought you were locked up for selling drugs to young kids, Zigmond. Didn't realize you'd been let out already." Motherfucker was doing hard time for dealing to some sixth graders. One of the kids ended up in a coma and that's how we found out who was responsible for the crime. So why the hell is he at this party? He's supposed to be getting the shit kicked out of him behind bars.

"Got out on good behavior," he says with a smug grin. Goddammit! If I wasn't a law-abiding officer, I'd kick the fucking daylight out of him and pray that he didn't live through his beating. If there's one thing I have no tolerance for it's drug-dealing scum. And it wasn't like it was this kid's first offense either. Shithead has been in and out of the system since he was thirteen.

I swear. As soon as I find out who he bribed to get himself out of the slammer, I'm going to make the dirty fucker pay tenfold. All the dirty bastards I'm working along the side of will be going down.

“Yeah, well, don’t get too comfortable, Zigmond. I’ve got no tolerance for dealers. Let alone ones who try to harm kids. And I promise that your time will come. I’m watching you.” Like a fucking hawk.

“Party is over,” I hone my warning glare right on my girl. “So you and your friend are coming with me.” I glance toward the dipshit who’s lucky to still have a dick between his legs. “Better clear this place out or I’m going to have to make an arrest.”

Rowan’s eyes narrow to angry slits. There’s defiance dancing in all of her gorgeous features. She turns toward her friend. “You ready to go, Myr?” Her friend gives a nod, and then my girl stalks right past me and out the front door. I give the dipshit kid hosting this party one last warning glare, then turn and march after my stubborn girl. She’s not going anywhere. Her ass is mine.

“Can you unlock it, Myr?” She stomps right over to her friend’s car.

“Don’t,” I state. “Or her stubborn ass will be in trouble.” Her friend wavers nervously, swallowing hard. She doesn’t know what to do. Her loyalty lies with Rowan, but I’m also a police officer. If she’s smart, she’ll follow my orders. For the first time in my career, I’m not above bending the law to work in my favor.

“Rowan, you and I need to have a chat. We’ll see that your friend gets home safe and then I’ll take you back.” And when I say back, I mean back to my house. There’s no way I’m taking her back to that trailer.

“I’m sorry, Officer,” Rowan smarts in her sassy tone. “If you want me to go with you, you’re going to have to arrest me. Because I’m not going anywhere with the man who’s fucking my mom. Sorry, but you’re not my daddy. ”

That is fucking it. It’s time to get a few things straight once and for fucking all.

I stalk straight over to where she's standing, taking my cuffs out from my back pocket. "Fine." I reach for her arm, snapping the link around her wrist, then tugging the other one back. "Have it your way."

"She didn't do anything, Officer." Her friend comes rushing over to Rowan's side. "Please don't arrest her. She's just upset and nervous."

Rowan turns toward the girl, and there isn't a single hint of nervousness shining in her eyes, just pure, maddening defiance. And damn is it a turn-on. "I'm not nervous, Myr," she says, clenching her jaw. "I'm pissed. But only because daddy dearest thinks he can call the shots."

She flicks those stubborn eyes in my direction then softens them when her attention returns to her friend. "Just text me when you get home so I know you're safe. I'll be fine." She leans in to give her friend a hug, whispering loud enough for me to hear. "He's not going to hurt me. But what he wants, he can't have."

She's fucking wrong about that. Rowan is going to be mine and I'm going to be having ALL of her.

I snap the other cuff around her wrist then tuck her right into the back of my cruiser. "We're going to make sure you get home safe," I tell her friend who is still looking unsure of what to do. Rowan's right, I'm not going to hurt her. But that fine peach of hers is going to be feeling the wrath of my palm.

I climb into my vehicle and give my girl a different kind of warning glare in the rearview mirror. As soon as we see her friend home, I'll be teaching Rowan a lesson. And after I'm done, she'll never even look at another boy again. She'll only have eyes for one man. Her daddy.



### CHAPTER 11

Rowan

Ryker pulls out behind Myrah, following at a close distance. The sexual tension in the car is palpable, but there's no way in hell I'm giving into the lust this time. Not after he crawled into my mom's bed last night with the scent of me still clinging to his fingers. I wonder if he used the same hand on her. Bastard!

I turn and face the window, ignoring his penetrating stare. If he thinks he's going to break me this time, he's wrong.

My mind races as we drive. I'm a wreck of mixed emotions. I want to hate him for barging into my life and intruding on my every thought. For causing such deep and dirty desires to flood in. I want to hate him for embarrassing me in front of everyone at the party, and acting as though he has some kind of claim on me when he's clearly involved with my mother.

But then...I think of the look in his eyes when he saw me. The possession that oozed off him made me tremble in hot need. And then there was that kiss. I've never had a kiss like that in all my life. It was full of that same possessive force, like he was staking a claim. Marking me as his. And man, I didn't want it to stop. I wanted his tongue to keep licking and striking down my reservations. I wanted those firm yet soft lips to keep sparring for control. God, it was so hot. So hot, I nearly climbed his body and begged him to fuck me in front of the room full of people.

We turn left onto a street canopied by giant oak trees and I know we're getting close

to Myrah's house. She lives on the fancy side of town. Where all the mansions sit behind gated entrances. But even though she grew up with money, her home life isn't much better than mine. Just goes to show that money truly doesn't buy you happiness. In fact, it turns some people into greedy monsters like her stepfather.

Ryker pulls to a stop on the side of the road, and I watch as Myrah's car enters her driveway then parks in front of her house. She climbs out and immediately looks at me. I give her a nod, mouthing that I'm fine so she won't continue to worry. I know I'm going to have a lot of explaining to do, especially after that sexually charged kiss, but right now, my hands are cuffed behind my back and I can't even reach my phone to send her a text.

As soon as she's inside her house, Ryker pulls back out onto the road. But he's going in the wrong direction. The trailer park is the other way.

"You need to go back onto Ellerson," I state, keeping my eyes glued to the passing trees. I don't trust myself to look at him. Being handcuffed and at his mercy is already making this hard enough. It definitely is putting me at a disadvantage, and not just a physical one. I can't stop thinking about him pinning me down and clubbing me with that huge cock he's got tucked between his legs.

Ryker ignores my comment, and makes no attempt of turning the car around. He keeps heading in the direction of town. Maybe he's taking me to jail and plans to lock me in a cell to teach me a lesson. I wonder what he'll do after he gives me a strip search and discovers how wet I am. Goodness, I have to stop before I leave a puddle of incriminating evidence on this seat.

"Thought I told you no boys, Rowan."

His gruff tone sends another flood of heat right to my core. I crave his dominance. My body wants to be controlled and disciplined. Maybe I do have daddy issues after

all. There's never been a man in my life taking the upper hand and making me mind. I've had to fend for myself in this life, parent myself, which has made me more mature for my age. It's also exhausting. And for once, I want to hand over the reins and be guided and looked after.

I meet his glare in the rearview mirror, watching his temple pulse with anger. God, he's too damn sexy for my own good. It's nearly impossible to stay strong when all I want to do is climb into his lap and beg him to keep me as his little girl. But I'm not going to lose this battle. I already slipped once when I let him kiss me, and I won't let that happen again. I will never share a man with the witch, no matter what my perverted mind and body crave.

"Still don't know why you think you have a say in the matter." I shake my head. "You're dating my mom, not me, remember?"

I hear the steering wheel creak under the tension of his grip and suddenly we're swerving off to the side of the road. The car goes bobbing over grass and rocks and we head right for the tree line. We come to a jolting stop and then Ryker's jumping out of the vehicle and opening my back door. I'm grabbed by the arm and yanked from the car then dragged to the hood of the vehicle as if I'm some kind of criminal he's about to frisk.

I know I should be pissed by his rough handling, but I'm only getting hot inside. And when he pushes me up against the car, wedging himself between my legs, his stiff cock pressing right where I'm the neediest, my panties grow even wetter.

"Let's get something straight, baby doll." He leans in, removing the space between our bodies, trapping my breasts against his firm chest. His mouth awfully close to mine. Those dark eyes of his locking me within an intense hold. The power to withstand the pull is already being stripped away. I'm growing weaker by the second.

“I’m not in a relationship with your mom. Never have been and never intended to be. As shitty as this may sound, what happened the other night was a drunken mistake that I will forever live to regret. And the only reason I’ve even spoken to your mom since and showed up with dinner the other night is because I can’t seem to shake you. You’ve managed to seep into my soul and now it feels like I need you to fucking breathe.”

His words send a rush of warm flutters right through me. I feel it too. Like I’m struggling for air when he’s not around. My every thought is of him. Then when he’s near, it’s like I’m being choked by sexual desire. Being suffocated by the unbearable lust that I’ve never felt until he walked into the kitchen and walked into my life.

“I have no attraction or feelings for your mother, baby. It’s you that I want. You’re all I can think about. You’re my obsession.”

Thank goodness for the vehicle under my bottom because my knees have given out. I want what he’s saying to be the truth. More than anything.

“But what about last night?” I ask, my voice unrecognizable to my own ears, so full of hope and yet the doubt still lingers in the recesses of my thoughts. I’ve been with enough guys to know they will say whatever is needed in order to get what they want. Just look at Hunter. “You took her to her room. I heard you two.”

His lips graze over my chin, finding their way up to my ear, where they nibble and tease another tremble of need out of me. Making a severe mess of my panties.

“She was drunk and I didn’t want her to pass out on the floor. I’m not sure what you heard, but all I did was tuck her into bed and then she was out like a light. If you hadn’t run off, you would’ve known I came right back out of the room. Spent the whole night driving around searching for you, nearly going insane today until I saw your car at the steakhouse.”

“You did?”

He nods, dropping his forehead to mine, breathing in hard like he’s struggling to maintain control. The look in his eyes has a rush of feelings blooming inside my chest. A tightening warmth that I’ve never felt before.

“I looked everywhere for you, baby. Drove up and down every street in this town. Finally figured you’d be working tonight so I waited outside the restaurant. But my urges were too strong and I didn’t trust myself not to go inside and claim you in front of the whole damn place, so I drove to your house and waited there instead. I saw you and that friend of yours show up and I was waiting until she left. But then you two left, so I followed you to that party. And I have to say I’m not too happy about walking in and finding you rubbing up on that guy, baby. He was almost castrated on the spot.”

I bite back a grin. Knowing he was that jealous over me is a heady feeling. Although, Ryker truly had nothing to be jealous over. He’s managed to infiltrate my senses, and I’m afraid no other man will ever stand a chance again.

“Jared was withholding information from Myrah,” I admit. “So I was trying to coax it out of him for her. It didn’t mean anything; I was just toying with him.”

His grip around me tightens. “You’re still going to pay for that stunt, baby doll. And the next time you and your friend need to flush a guy out, it better not be with his dick, unless you’re holding a gun to it. ”

Another pulse of quaking lust washes in. I wonder what my punishment is going to be. I secretly hope it’s the kind that will make it impossible for me to walk straight tomorrow.

“Now,” he says, lifting me further up onto the hood of the car, lodging his firm cock

right against my soaked panties, putting pressure right on my sensitive clit. He's making it extremely difficult to resist. I want to rub myself up on the thick bulge to stop the throbbing ache. "Are you going to continue to fight what's going on here, Rowan, or are you going to be a good girl and give daddy a kiss?"

God, that word twists me up inside, makes me crave the forbidden. Every time he says it, it makes me want to be a bad girl. A very, very bad girl.

"You embarrassed me in front of all my friends tonight...daddy." I practically moan the word as a shiver of indescribable desire ripples through me. "You don't deserve a kiss." I know I'm fighting with fire, but I'm eager to be engulfed by the flames.

His hand grips ahold of my jaw. The look in his eyes growing dark and dominant. My panties growing wetter. "I'm done with the attitude, little girl. Now you better open that mouth and start apologizing with that tongue. Otherwise, you're going to be grounded for the foreseeable future and won't be leaving the house for anything other than school and work."

A thrill rushes through me. I wish this wasn't just pretend and that we actually lived under the same roof. I'd be trying to break daddy's rules so I could suffer the consequences. Sneak out through the window in hopes of being caught.

"Go ahead and ground me then," I state, keeping the defiance locked in my voice. It's twisted that I love this game so much, but I don't care what anyone thinks other than Ryker. And he seems to be more than eager to play. His eyes look so heavy, they're barely able to glare at me with his feigned anger .

"You want to be a brat, fine. But just remember that brats don't get to come."

His lips come crashing down on mine and I open right up, letting his tongue invade my mouth, eagerly licking him back and hoping that my cooperation pleases him. I

don't want to be deprived. My pussy can't take it. I need him to make me come so badly it hurts.

"Fuck, Rowan." His approving groan rocks through me and has me thrusting my hips forward against his massive ridge. Never has a kiss been so severe. So full of mad hot passion. I can't get enough. I need more. Never want it to stop.

"You're such a good girl. Making a mess of daddy's pants." His teeth nip and tug at my sensitive skin while his tongue follows along, licking over every spot to soothe his delicious abuse. I try to keep up the momentum of my thrusting hips, but without the use of my arms, I'm struggling. My body is too weak with desire. I let out a frustrated moan, desperate for more pressure.

Knowing exactly what I need, Ryker grabs onto my hips and holds me tightly in place while he starts rubbing his straining shaft over every sensitive spot between my legs. Working his hips at an angle. A sheen of sweat forming on his brow. Pure sexual pleasure gripping his features. My soaked panties are barely a barrier between us and I can feel every pressing slide.

I let out a sound so desperate I should be ashamed of myself, but I'm not. My orgasm is building and the flames are becoming an inferno. I'm so close. Rushing to be incinerated by the pleasure. Then suddenly it comes to a jolting stop. The pulsing sensations left right on the precipice. My body hanging in a limbo of madness.

My eyes fly open as he pulls away. Please tell me he's not truly going to deny me. But then his head drops between my legs and the panic subsides. He's not punishing me; he's going to give me a different kind of kiss. He rips my panties away and the guttural growl he emits sends a thrill straight to my clit. Ryker is even more desperate than I am. The look in his eyes wilder than any feral animal lurking in these woods.

At the very first touch of his mouth against my swollen, slick flesh, I nearly buck off

the car. His lips and tongue are everywhere, not leaving a single part of me untouched. His attack exquisitely ferocious. I've never felt so desired before. Not even with Hunter, even though I know he craved sex with me. But it's like Ryker is truly obsessed. Like he can't get enough.

His wild grunts drive the heat forward. Those heady sounds combined with his expert tongue plundering my hole while his thumb massages my clit into an oblivion. He sends me tunneling through the forest of raw, animalistic pleasure. I'm chasing after it hard and fast, and then I slam right into my orgasm. My wild cries howling at the moon like a wolf in heat as I'm impaled by the pleasuring blasts of ecstasy.

My body convulses, pussy squirting all over his ravenous tongue which is diving in and out and all around, trying to lap up every drop I give him while his thumb rubs my clit expertly, making sure that every delicious pulse is felt throughout my entire body. He doesn't let anything fizzle out like I'm used to with the other guys I've been with. His attack is unrelenting. And absolutely amazing.

The powerful shocks almost become too much and my thighs try to snap shut to have a reprieve but his head keeps them from closing. The deep hungry timbre of his voice has my eyes opening. "You're in so much trouble, little girl. Never tasted anything so fucking good." He licks his lips. "Now daddy's going to have to punish this little pussy for being too damn tempting, for causing daddy's dick to hurt."

His hot, dirty words relight the flames that were finally starting to settle down. I love knowing the effect I have on him. "Show me," I whisper, still breathless and almost horse. I'm desperate to see the proof between his legs, to see how hard I make his massive cock.

Ryker raises back up to his full height, eyes still glued between my legs as his hand travels down the front of his pants. He squeezes his huge dick through his uniform, letting out a snarl. If there are any animals in these woods surrounding us, they've



definitely been scared off by now.

He lewdly begins to stroke himself through his pants as his eyes raise to mine, locking me in their intensity. I wish I could reach out and take over for him, rub his full length up and down, but my hands are still restrained. His teeth sink into his bottom lip as his breathing grows even heavier. The feeling is clearly overtaking him. It's the hottest sight ever.

"Never going to get the vision of you stroking that kid out of my head," he grunts through his teeth. "It's like a fucking nightmare singed into my memory. Jealousy is still coursing through my veins, baby."

Guilt floods in, twisting my stomach up. I wish I could erase the moment with Jared. Wish I had never been at the party to begin with. But my own jealousy blinded me from seeing the truth. I was so certain he was using both me and my mother, but I was wrong.

"I'm sorry, Ryker. I never would've done it if I thought you were mine."

He pulls me up to his chest, taking my cheeks into his grip. The look in his eyes steals my breath away. "I've never been anyone else's, Rowan. Not in all my years, babe. But one look at you and I was a goner."

That's exactly how I felt the moment I saw him. Struck by something big and undeniable.

"I'm sorry for the way I handled things these last few days. I was trying to do right by you, babe. Didn't think you needed to be with a man my age. And I certainly didn't want to come between you and your mom. But I've been fucking up at every turn. Clearly, sending mixed fucking signals." The guilt burns in all of his handsome features, but I don't blame him. How can I. I've been so mixed up about everything

too.

“Truth is, baby, I’m falling hard and fast. And as much as I should stay away and let you go on about your life, head off to college and find someone your own age, I can’t. I want you to be mine, Rowan. I want to protect you and care for you, and be there for all your big moments. I want to support you any way I can. Money. Guidance. Whatever you want it’s yours. But most of all”—his voice softens, his hold on me tightening—“I want to love you so fiercely that you feel the obsession running through my veins. I never want you to doubt again who I belong to because I don’t even think my heart started beating until the moment you crashed into my life. And I know it’s never going to beat for anyone else.”

He takes a ragged breath, pressing his forehead to mine. My heart is swelling by the second. This isn’t a game we’re playing. This is real. This is him showing me his truth. The ultimate game of chicken where hearts are on the line.

“Please, Rowan. Say you’ll be mine, baby.”

The answer is out of my hands. I’ve only known Ryker for a matter of days, and yet, I’ve never felt so cherished in all my life. So wanted and needed. And if I could’ve wished upon a star for a man to swoop in and save me from the life I’ve been struggling to get through, then he would’ve been exactly what I would’ve wished for. Maybe I’m “supposed” to be with someone my own age, but Ryker is the one I want. And the only one I can imagine ever wanting.

“I’m yours.” I let the truth fall from my lips, knowing my heart isn’t giving me a choice in the matter. I’ve already fallen. Crashing and burning up in the incredible heat.

His mouth closes the distance between us. The kiss he gives me is different from all the rest. This one is full of the same passion and heat, but it’s also full of love and

promise. For the first time in my entire life, I don't feel like I'm alone in this world. It's no longer me against humanity. This incredible man is going to take care of me. And I'm going to take care of him.

"Ryker," I pant. The ache between my legs is building to a hollowed-out throb. I need to be closer to him. "I want to feel your obsession." I lick my tongue against his, striking another match of desire between us.

"Fuck me, daddy," I beg on a whisper. "Now."

His snarling groan falls into my mouth right before our kiss comes to an abrupt stop. Suddenly, I'm yanked up off the hood of his cruiser and turned. Forced forward to where my chest and cheek are firmly pressed against the cold metal. My arms are still locked at my back and my ass is now fully exposed. I'm at his complete mercy and I've never been so turned on in all my life.

Ryker's unleashed this need I never knew was in me, and now, I can't get enough of his rough dominance.

"Goddammit, Rowan." His harsh grunt has me glancing over my shoulder. He looks as unhinged as he sounds. Those intense eyes are locked between my legs again. "How the hell am I supposed to function at my job when this ripe little body is waiting for me at home, all wet and needing daddy to take the ache away?" His palms squeeze my butt and a desperate moan rolls out of me.

"How am I supposed to concentrate on any-fucking-thing when this sweet ass is begging to be spanked and fucked?" A hard smack lands down on my skin. The sting is exactly what I need. What I've been craving. Probably for even longer than I realized.

"That's for being a damn cock tease and turning me into an obsessed heathen," he

seethes, caressing over the smarting spot. Another spank hits my other cheek and the strike of pain has my pussy drenched. I should be embarrassed by the mess I'm making on his car .

“This is for disobeying my order.” He gives me another. And another. “And this is for touching that little prick at the party.”

Five more perfect wallops land down, and I'm barely able to think past the blinding desire consuming me. I need to be fucked so badly, it's making me insane.

“Fuck me,” he groans, the sound so erotic. “You're squirting all over the hood. Goddamn, you're a good girl.”

The sheer longing in his voice has me raising my hips so he can have a better look. His fingers run lightly over the slick spot right before they plunge into my entrance. I cry out as the pleasure hits. “More,” I beg, needing to be filled, now. But instead of giving me what I want, he withdraws his fingers and takes my pleasure away.

“Daddy's little slut just can't wait, can she?”

I hear the sound of his buckle clanking, followed by the sound of his zipper yanking down. “I wanted to take you home and make sweet love to my girl. Show my princess how she deserves to be treated. But this pussy needs to be pounded. She's a demanding little one, isn't she?”

“Yes, daddy!” I cry out. “Please don't make me wait.” I think my sanity will actually break if he doesn't fuck me now.

I feel his cockhead press against my entrance, but he doesn't breach my hole. The whimper that comes out of me sounds agonizing. Like an animal being wounded by a wolf. His mouth nips at my ear, making me nearly faint with lust. I can't take any

more. I need it so badly.

“You ready, baby doll?”

“Yes,” I moan. I’m beyond ready. My pussy is trying to clench and pull him into my body, but he’s just out of reach.

“Because once I go in,” he grunts into my ear, “there’s no going back. This pussy will be mine forever. Understand?”

“Yes, Ryker,” I beg. “Please.” I want to be his. His woman. His little girl. I want to be his everything.

“Good answer, because I really wasn’t giving you a choice. ”

His growled admission is followed by the feeling of intense pressure. His dick isn’t just long but it’s so thick that he barely wedges inside. Each inch deeper he sinks in, the more stretched I become. Even when I was losing my virginity, I didn’t feel this full. It doesn’t hurt, but I’m thankful he’s going slow. Though, I can see it’s causing him great pain to restrain himself. He’s practically shaking. His need clenching all of his features.

My channel slickens further at the sight, allowing him to slip in faster.

“Goddamn, it’s too fucking good.” He finally sheathes himself fully and the tension unfurls. His head falling back on his shoulders as his body shudders.

He lifts his head and his eyes meet mine, pure lust burning in his stare.

“You’re so tight, princess. Don’t even have to move and you’re choking the cum right out of me.” He pulls out slightly, then pushes back in. “So tight and wet.”

Having his heavy balls pushing against my clit is a heady feeling. Even his sac is impressive. Every inch of his body is perfection. Next time, I want to be on top, watching his glorious body as I slide up and down on his magnificent cock.

He grabs ahold of my cuffed hands and yanks me up to him. His mouth presses to mine and devours me whole. The position I'm in heightens the moment, putting me completely in his control, especially with his hand braced around the front of my neck.

"You kiss like a slut too," he rumbles into my mouth, then pulls away. The next thing I know, he's uncuffing my hands. I almost beg him to keep me locked up like a prisoner, but I hold my tongue when he starts barking out an order. "You need to hold on to the hood, little girl, because I'm about to fuck you so damn hard."

His cock slides back out of my soaked channel and then in one forceful push, he thrusts back in, hitting my cervix and sending a lightning bolt of heat down my spine. No one has ever touched me so deep, and it's a mind-blowing feeling. To all the girls who have ever said size doesn't matter, I'm quickly beginning to think they're wrong. Ryker's hitting my G-spot with every pass, rocking me to a level of pleasure I've never experienced before.

"This tight little pussy is daddy's sweet salvation, baby. Never felt anything so good. Never going to have my fill."

His pumping is hard and fast. Balls slapping against my clit at an equal force and I'm building to that place again. My body is quaking from the power that's about to be thrust upon me. I'm holding on to the hood, my nails clawing at the paint. Ryker's hand takes my long red hair in his grip and like a horse's mane, he holds on as he rides us fast and hard trying to take us to the finish line.

When his other hand tucks under my front and tweaks my clit, I hit an all-time high

and go spinning into a realm of pure bliss and spasming jolts of pleasure. Ryker roars out my name, then grunts out a stream of hot, dirty words, each one electrifying me with another intense aftershock. “Fuck! This tight little cunt is milking daddy’s cock so good, baby. Taking her milk like a good little girl.”

He’s filling me up with so much hot seed that all you can hear are the sloppy sounds of our love making. It’s so much that I feel it running down my thighs. His car is definitely going to need a wash after this.

Our bodies begin to settle. His dick slows to a languid stroke, pulling another slow pulse of heat through me. When he finally comes to a stop, I slump forward, no longer having the strength to even hold my chest up. I’m a pile of delicious mush and thankful for the cold metal pressing against me. I close my eyes, listening to the quiet sounds of the night, the rustling of leaves mixed with Ryker’s panting breaths, feeling utterly at peace for the first time in my entire life.

### CHAPTER 12

Ryker

I carry her into my house and lay her on our bed. She's out hard. I think the two soul-scorching orgasms along with her lack of sleep last night finally caught up with her. I'd love to rouse her with my mouth, have another round of the hottest fucking sex of my life, and then spend the night talking to her, but she needs her rest. And damn is she cute when she sleeps. My little red fiery beauty with a face of an angel and a pussy made for sin.

I tuck her under the covers then quietly head out into the kitchen in search of food. I haven't eaten all day and I'm starving. My mind was too on edge, needing to see my girl. Now, that I've had her, I don't think the obsession is going to get any better. In fact, I know it's only going to get worse.

My phone vibrates in my pocket as I'm pouring a bowl of cereal. I pull it out and see Traeger's number calling in. It's awfully fucking late which must mean he's got something for me .

"What's up?" I answer, grabbing the milk from the fridge and soaking my krispies.

"Hello to you too, dipshit," he grumbles into the phone, but I can hear the smile in his irritated tone. "Found what you needed from the Evidence Warehouse footage. There were five different deleted videos over the last year. Four of Diaz. One of Ferguson. I got access to their personal computers, bank accounts, and phone records too, but unless I have specifics to look for, names and dates, it's like mining through the city



dump looking for a toothpick. If you can get me something more solid to go on, I can get you exactly what you need.”

Yeah, I should’ve figured as much. Tomorrow when I’m down at the station I’ll look through files and arrest records and see if I can narrow down some time frames for when certain prisoners were let go so that Traeger can get me proof of the bribes being deposited at the same time. The evidence footage is a good start, but I want to pin their dirty asses to the wall, which means I need everything, including deleted dashcam footage.

Which reminds me.

“I’ll get you some specifics tomorrow. In the meantime, I have another favor to ask.”

I ignore his grumble because I know he lives for this shit. Being hauled up inside a cave in the side of a mountain, the guy’s gotta be bored out of his mind. Having a chance to use his hacking skills and piece together a puzzle of coded mess is a good way to use his time.

“This job is different,” I say. “I actually need you to go into the server and delete the dashcam footage from my car today.” I don’t need anyone getting their hands on the video of me and my girl. They’re liable to sell it to a porn site.

“You want to tell me why?”

I’d rather not, but then his curiosity will have him watching it and I don’t want that either. “I got a little carried away with my girl and don’t want anyone distributing that shit.”

“Which girl? Mom or daughter?” He chuckles through the line.

Bastard. “The only one I ever wanted was the beauty you met. She’s it for me.”  
Going to put a ring on that girl’s finger one day.

But that being said, we still need to figure out how to handle things with her mom. Not being with Rowan is no longer a viable option, but I also don’t want to destroy their relationship. As soon as my girl wakes up, we’re going to have to talk about how to handle things. Maybe we wait until Rowan’s off to college and Rhonda’s sunk her claws into another man before we come clean.

“So I take it you don’t want that video to end up in the ‘Daddy and his little girl’ category on the porn sites?”

“You got that fucking right.” There’d be a lot of different categories the video would fit into. The officer and his prisoner. Grizzly bear and his nubile. Rough dogging. Dirty old man with his fresh young pussy. Shit. Maybe I need to get my hands on a copy of it. “Any way you can send me a copy with a password encryption before you delete the main server’s contents?”

That low rumbling laugh once again fills my ears. Traeger’s getting a good kick out of this. At least he’s not calling me a perverted bastard for creeping on an eighteen-year-old. “Yeah, I can get you a copy.”

“Thanks, man. And thanks for doing this job. You know the favor’s in my court now.”

“Nah, man. Still owe you for saving my damn ass. Besides, I’m more than happy to assist in cleaning up a dirty system. ‘Bout time someone actually fought against the corruption.”

Agreed. It’s definitely time to take out the trash.

“All right, I’ll get you what you need tomorrow.”

We end the call and I shovel down my cereal before heading into my study to have a look at the footage he sent. Not surprised to see exactly what I already knew: Diaz snagging weapons and drugs from the evidence room. He tucked that shit into a gym bag and walked right out, no one even blinking an eye. And why would they? He’s an officer of the law. The last person you’d suspect of stealing.

There’s also a recent video of Ferguson removing files from the closed case room. I’m not sure which ones he took, but I’ll be finding out. My guess is he’s been paid to destroy them for one reason or another. Once I know which files have been taken, I’ll be able to figure out why. Tomorrow I’ll be sorting back through their arrest records with a fine-tooth comb and get what Traeger needs.

I close out my computer, not wanting this shit to ruin my night with my girl. Speaking of...she’s still out like a light when I walk back in the bedroom. Damn. She’s just the prettiest thing I’ve ever seen. That red hair. Those cute freckles. Her sinfully ripe body.

She took my massive cock in her tight hole and begged for a harder fuck. No woman I’ve ever been with has fit me like a custom glove. Her wet heat strangled the cum right out of me. Every slide against her constricting walls was like tunneling through heaven. Shit. I’m hard again just thinking about it. Need to get myself a shower and calm my dick down. I’d wake my girl, but her rest is more important than getting me off.

The spray of the water washes away the grime of my day. My fist taking extra care in getting my stiff length clean.

“Mmmm....” The sweet moan has my eyes opening. I turn and see my girl standing in the doorway, watching me stroke myself. Her sleepy eyes lit with desire so I make

sure to give her a solid show. Tugging my soapy hand over my shaft, running it along my swollen cockhead. Rubbing it around with my thumb while her little tongue runs along her bottom lip like she's dying for a taste .

“You need to strip out of those clothes, angel, and come and get clean with daddy.”

That spark of heat flares in her cheeks. God, she's so damn perfect. With her, I can be myself. She lets me take control and feeds my dominant soul. It's part of my nature, I suppose. Another reason I like being a cop. I like to take charge and give orders. And Rowan eats it up. She craves what I can give her, and that makes us perfect together. No shame. No guilt. Nothing but a scorching hot desire for me to be her daddy and for her to be my little girl.

She drops her dress onto the ground and her sweet little cunt comes into view. I love how she keeps a patch of curls right at the top. It's like a red flame hovering above her hot spot. Her bra hits the floor next and my eyes travel upward. Have to say, I've never seen a pair of tits so fucking sweet in all my life. I know age may have everything to do with how high they sit, but it's like two round tasty donuts with cherries tipped up in the center. I want to feast on them every morning before I have my coffee. Coat them with my icing before I go to work.

Her hands trail up and down her stomach, teasing the cum right from the slit of my cock as they brush over the curves of her breasts. I choke my dick hard to keep myself from spewing too soon.

“You need to get that sexy little body in here so daddy can get you nice and clean.”

Another spark of heat swirls in her eyes. She follows my order and steps inside the shower. I take her in my arms and pull her against me, pressing my lips to hers to get a taste of her sweetness. Her tongue eagerly takes everything I give her. Her hands hold on to my shoulders like she's trying to keep her balance. I love knowing that I

can take her breath away and have her melting in my arms with a single kiss.

I pull back, allowing her to breathe and turn her into the warm water. She drops her head back under the spray, tucking her wet hair away from her face. The girl doesn't have a lick of makeup on and she's still the most gorgeous girl I've ever seen. I reach for the soap and get my hands lathered back up then run them over her shoulders and neck, washing the top of her chest and down her arms. I wash over her stomach then run them around her hips and up her back.

She's squirming under my touch, closing her eyes and biting her lip. I'm purposely holding off washing her perky tits, wanting to drive her mad. Waiting for her to beg me to touch her forbidden parts. "Now rinse off," I tell her.

Her eyes fly open. The desperation clearly hitting its peak.

"But I'm not clean yet."

"What did I miss?" I ask, playing the game, feeding our need.

"You missed up here, daddy." She points to her breasts.

I nod and run my soapy hands over her perfect mounds. Taking extra care around every curve, palming them in my hands, then twisting her nipples between my slippery fingers. She lets out a loud moan, pushing them into my grasp. Her head falls forward against my chest like the weight of the pleasure is too much.

"Does that feel good, baby doll? Daddy getting them nice and clean?"

She nods against me. Her body completely limp and at my sexual disposal.

"Did I miss any other spots?"

“Yes,” she whispers, looking up with puppy dog eyes. “You missed my naughty spot.”

I smirk at her choice of words. “Why do you call it your naughty spot, baby?”

“Because you told me she’s a naughty girl for getting wet for daddy.”

Oh fuck. She’s not holding back on me. And damn am I hard as the fucking slate tile surrounding us.

I run my hands down her side and between her legs, soaping up her little tuft of curls. “She’s such a naughty girl for making a mess when daddy washes you. That’s why she gets spanked so much.” I slip my fingers down through her folds, rubbing through her slit, massaging over her with a deft touch. “But daddy loves his naughty girl.”

“You do?” Her eyes snap to mine, searching for the truth. She’s wondering if what I just said was part of my script or if there was truth in my words.

I pause my hand, putting the game on hold for a moment. She needs to know this isn’t just about the sex for me. I’m not trying to win an acting award; I’m trying to win her heart. “I do love you, Rowan.” I slide my hand up to her beautiful face, brushing the droplets of water off her cheeks. “I know it’s fast, baby, but there’s no doubt in my mind about the way I feel. This isn’t a fleeting infatuation, this is it. You are it for me.”

Her eyes sparkle with happiness. It’s like I just poured water on a budding flower and it just blossomed in the sunlight and is now beautiful and beaming with color. “I love you too, Ryker.” And damn, if those aren’t the best words I’ve ever heard in my life.

I pull her to me for another kiss. This one soft and sensual. Full of love and promise. This one showing her exactly what she means to me, and by the time we’re both

breathless and in need of air, I know exactly what I mean to her too. There's no doubt in my mind that our life together is going to be filled with so much love and happiness.

I reach back and shut the water off. It's time for me to take my girl to bed and make a promise to her sweet body, showing her that I'll always care for her every need. I grab the towel and start drying her off, then wrap it around her shoulders before I take another and dry myself off. Once I'm done, I drop it on the floor and pick her up. She wraps her legs around me, her towel falling to the ground, and I carry her back to bed.

Our stare never wavers. Her eyes are filled with so much wonder. And I hope more than anything she has the same look when we're old and gray, having just returned from a visit with our grandkids. I hope she has that look when I'm on my death bed.

I lay her back onto the bed then begin to worship every inch of her body. Kissing, licking, and nibbling on all of her freckled skin. When I can no longer stand the ache pulsing in my cock, I spread her wide and sink into her. Her body accepts me easily, constricts around me perfectly. A mold made just for me. When I hit that spot deep within her, making her tremble and purr, I mentally beat my chest. She's so responsive. Needy and wanton. And I know just how to satisfy her sweet body.

I keep my thrusting pace slow and steady, milking the pleasure from her one pump at a time. Our eyes stay locked as I build us up and take us to that special place. The one only meant for the two of us. I drive us forward, promising to always cherish her, to be the devoting man she deserves. When I whisper those three words, "I love you," she explodes around me, taking me right along with her.

We both detonate like a bomb of pleasure in a mine field. Every pump causing another blast to go off, another throbbing pulse in my dick. I keep pushing forward, filling her womb up with my cum. She's absolute perfection. Her body convulses. Mouth crying out for me. Hands clinging to me as if she's holding on for dear life. I

keep rocking us through until our bodies grow weak and the shudders subside.

Perfection isn't even a strong enough word to describe the feeling. Obsession is not a strong enough emotion to describe my need. I love this girl and I'm not just going to give her my heart, I'm going to give her the world. Devote my life and eternity in making sure all of her dreams come true. I'm taking an oath to protect and serve, and that will be my new badge of honor.



### CHAPTER 13

Rowan

“ B aby,” his quiet whisper breaks the silence of the dark room. I’ve never felt anything close to this kind of peace in my life. Definitely never knew what it felt like to be loved until now. “We need to talk about how to handle things with your mom.”

Just the mention of the witch shatters that peace and twists my stomach. “I don’t want to come between you two. I couldn’t live with myself if I destroyed your relationship.” He brushes my hair off of my shoulder and kisses my bare skin. “So maybe we need to keep this between us for now. Until it won’t cut her so deep.”

I don’t care whether I hurt her or not. The vengeful side of me hopes I do. She’s broken my heart so many times in my life, I think it’s finally time for her to experience the feeling. I shift to face him. He needs to know the truth. “You don’t have to worry about destroying anything, Ryker. She hates me.” Hate isn’t evil enough for the feelings she has towards me.

He runs his fingers through my hair. His touch so soft and caring. “You two are just going through a phase, angel. All mothers and daughters go through this at some point.”

I wish that were the case. But there has never been a mother-daughter relationship between us. Just the witch and her ward.

“Do you know what my oldest memory is?” I ask, my heart aching for the little girl I

once was. “I must’ve been four years old. Maybe five. Not old enough for school. And my mom came to me one day and told me that she was going out and if I left the house, a monster would swallow me up. She walked out the door and didn’t come back for three nights.”

His body tenses and his eyes sharpen as he sits up straighter, looking at me more intensely. “I was fine the first night because I was used to her leaving me for a night. She always left me alone during the day while she worked and sometimes at night if she had a date. But this time, she didn’t come back and I started to get scared that something bad had happened and she wasn’t going to ever come back. By the third night, I was absolutely terrified that she’d been hurt. I cried and cried, not knowing what to do. If I went over to the neighbor to ask her to help me find my mommy, the monster was going to eat me. So I curled up in my mother’s bed and cried until sleep took me.”

It’s amazing how innocent and vulnerable a child’s mind is. Back then I truly believed every word that left her lips. She was all I had in the world. She was my teacher of the way things worked.

“The next morning she came home and found me in her room. She was so mad I’d been in her bed that she yelled at me, telling me she should’ve had an abortion and how I ruined her life, and that no man wants to be tied down with a step-brat.”

His hold on me tightens, his shoulders growing even more tense. I can see the anger in his eyes.

“I was so hurt by her words, I accidentally wet myself. And when she discovered the wet underwear I tried to hide in the laundry basket, she locked me in the bathroom for two days, saying I needed to be potty-trained again. So for two days I drank from the faucet and slept in the bathtub.”

“Rowan.” The utter pain in his voice has tears burning at the backs of my eyes. I shake my head. I don’t want him to feel sorry for me. This is not his burden to bear.

“Please don’t, Ryker. Please don’t pity me. I had a shit upbringing but I’m not weak.” The last thing I want is for him to treat me as a victim and handle me with kid gloves. “I will never thank the witch for anything as long as I live, but I do thank God every day for giving me the strength to survive and for making me resilient. I learned that no one has the power to break me other than myself.”

As much as Rhonda wanted to and tried to beat me down emotionally, she didn’t.

“I’m in charge of my destiny, Ryker, not my circumstance or anyone around me. My future, my life is going to be amazing because I’m going to make it that way. And the only one who deserves any pity is the pathetic woman who wasn’t graced with a conscience or a heart. She will never know what true love feels like because she’s incapable of loving anyone other than herself.”

He sits up and pulls me onto his lap, cradling me in his strong arms. I can feel the love pouring off of him. He makes me feel safe and protected. Ryker is the one I’m grateful for.

“You’re the most incredible woman I’ve ever met, baby. I’m not sure why I was graced with such an amazing gift, but I’ll be thanking God every day for bringing you to me. I love you, Rowan. And you’re right.” He cradles my cheek in the palm of his hand, caressing me so tenderly. “Our life is going to be amazing together. Your dreams will be coming true. Every single one of them.”

I lean up and press my lips to his, thanking him with my kiss for being such a loving, honorable man. He may have just come into my life a few days ago but it feels like he’s been in my heart forever. We pull apart, pressing our heads together, soaking up the love between us. And as the seconds tick by, it’s as if all the years of pain and

emotional abuse are being washed away.

“I’m going to make her pay,” he says, breaking the silence. I open my eyes and see the anger burning in the depths of his. “For every little thing she ever did and said, she’s going to be feeling the wrath of justice. I won’t give you pity, baby doll, but I am going to give you my word that her suffering will be far worse than yours ever was. That’s a promise I intend to keep.”

His dominance strikes a match between my legs. I sit up, shifting in his lap to straddle his waist. I lean forward and press a kiss below his ear, skimming my lips softly against the shell and feeling his cock stiffening between us. “Since you’re mad at Mommy,” I whisper. “Can I be your wife?” I rock my hips forward, rubbing over his hardening shaft. “I promise I’ll make you happy...daddy.”

“Fuck, baby.” His groan sends a shiver of excitement down my spine. He grips onto my hips and takes control of my movement, sliding me back and forth along his cock. Bumping into my clit and dipping inside my entrance with each pass. “There are certain things husbands and wives do together. Are you sure you’re ready for that, sweetheart? You’re only eighteen.”

I let out a moan as his dirty words rumble low in my tummy. “I’m more than ready.” I nod, eager to play this game with him. “Please, daddy.”

His cursed groan sends a blast of heat through every forbidden part of my body. He lifts me up then aligns us together. His swollen cock pressing right at my entrance. And when I sink down on top of him, it feels like a bond is being fused between us. One full of love, promise, and acceptance.

### CHAPTER 14

Ryker

I can't even concentrate on this shit. Knowing that my beautiful girl is tucked in my bed is killing me. But I don't have a choice. With all the shit going down right now, I have to be on duty. Thankfully, Rowan understands. She even gave me a happy little send off this morning, bouncing on my cock like it was a pogo stick. Damn, that girl's incredible. I can't wait until five o'clock hits and I can get home and ravish her all over again.

My personal cell starts ringing, Traeger's name appearing on the screen. "I was just about to call your ass," I answer. "Got what you needed and I'm shooting the file over as we speak."

"Yeah," he says, "well, I got something for you too. Just sent it to your inbox. Password is roundhouse. R and H caps."

I smirk at that. But I'll have to wait until I get home to open it. Don't want anything lingering on this hard drive. Especially not my hot little girl getting fucked hard and rough by her daddy.

"By the way," he says. "While I was working on deleting your porn flick"—the amusement rings loud and clear in his voice, bastard, all I can say is he better not have watched it—"I figured out a puzzle piece to the code. Went back into the system and was able to retrieve the most recent deleted files from Diaz's dashcam. I should have enough for you to haul his ass in; he's definitely been taking bribes and ripping

up tickets.”

I might have enough to make the arrest, but that’s not enough to keep him there. There’s no way in hell I want him getting out with a slap on his wrist, which is why I need more. I need enough evidence to burn him at the stake.

“I’m not going to read him his rights until I can guarantee his ass will be doing life.”

“Well, I better get to fucking work then,” Traeger grumbles. “I’ll talk to your ass later.”

The line goes dead and I look up through my office window to see if anyone was watching me. Don’t trust anyone in this joint. But everyone seems to be minding their own business. The two dirty pigs—Ferguson and Diaz—claim to be out patrolling together, but when I pulled up the tracker I have on their cruisers, it says they’re at the local titty bar. Doubt they’re giving out tickets there. But I’m sure they’re taking bribes. Fuckers.

A flash of red has me looking toward the main doors, and walking into the station is my girl. I hop out of my chair and head straight for her, worried she had a run-in with her mom when she went to pack up her things. I still can’t fucking believe that piece of shit haggard bitch put my girl through hell. By the time I’m done with her, she’s going to regret every single one of her actions.

But when Rowan spots me and her smile turns into a seductive smirk, I know exactly why she stopped by. Problem is, this is neither the time nor the place for me to give it to her. In fact, no one can know we’re together. I still have a reputation to protect until all this shit’s been cleaned up .

She comes straight for me and reaches out, wanting to wrap her arms around my neck and give me a hug and a kiss, but I pull her into my chest and give her a one-armed

hug instead. "It's good to see you, Rowan," I say, my voice a bit stiff. This whole situation is fucking awkward. I pull back and see the look on her face. She doesn't understand why I'm being distant. I glance over at Cheryl in hopes my girl will pick up on my hint, and her eyes seem to light with understanding. She nods and mouths, sorry .

I wave off her apology. There's nothing for her to be sorry for.

"I...um...do you have a minute?" she asks. "I wanted to talk to you about something."

"Sure." I nod. "Come into my office."

"Ryker, aren't you going to introduce us?"

Damn, I wish she was on her lunch break. "Cheryl, this is Rowan. Rowan, this is Cheryl. The one who keeps us all in line around here." I wink.

The old woman smiles as she greets my girl but I can see the questioning look in her eyes. She's wondering who this teenager is to me. She knows I don't have any kids. And that I was an only child so there aren't any nieces or nephews running around either.

"She's my girlfriend's daughter," I state, before she has the chance to ask Rowan how we know each other and learn the truth. The last person I need losing respect for me is Cheryl. She's one of the few people who have my back around here, and for now I need to keep it that way.

Rowan's step falters as she reaches out to shake Cheryl's hand. I can see I have some explaining to do. "It's nice to meet you," she says, and even the tone of her voice is off. So is her smile.

“Nice to meet you, too.” Cheryl grins broadly, then raises a curious brow in my direction. “You’re going to have to tell me more about this girlfriend.” She gives me a wink. “She must be beautiful since her daughter is stunning.”

I look toward my stunning girl. There’s no comparison between her and her mother. My girl is like a beautiful rainbow where Rhonda is the dark and angry clouds blocking out the sun.

“You know I don’t kiss and tell, Cheryl. Come on, Rowan. Let’s go into my office where nosy bees aren’t spying on us.” I give Cheryl a glare and she just laughs me off and returns to her paperwork. I start leading Rowan back to my office, hoping she’ll understand once I explain things. Although, I’m not sure how much I can tell her. If anyone catches wind of what I’m doing, then I’ll be fucked.

“Ryker.” The Chief’s voice stops me right as I’m about to enter my office. “Did you ever follow up on that lead with the Brimmer case?” Fuck. I’ve been so damn preoccupied I completely forgot.

“He sent me in,” Bentley says from behind, covering for my ass like usual. I’m going to have to buy him dinner for that. The man is one of the few good cops we have left. One of the few I trust. “I’ll have it to you by tomorrow. Working on a couple other leads too.”

The Chief nods at him then turns his attention toward my girl. His eyes travel over her in a way that has my fists clenching. “You want to introduce us?” he asks, in a voice much smoother than the clipped tone he was just giving me. The fucker is trying to hit on her right in front of me. Well, I’m going to put a fucking stop to it.

“Chief, this is Rowan. Rowan, this is Chief Burrow.”

Rowan steps forward, politely offering her hand. He takes it and gives her a lecherous



smile. “Never seen your pretty face around here. Please don’t tell me you’re in trouble with the law. Better yet, if you are, I’d be happy to bail you out of jail.” Motherfucker. He’s not any fucking better than Diaz and Ferguson. No wonder this place is going down the drain. The man in charge is as crooked as the rest of them.

“Careful, Chief,” I say, desperately trying to force my lips up and look friendly. “She’s my girlfriend’s kid and will soon be mine, so she’s off-limits.” She’s also too fucking young for you. Then again, he’s only two years older than me, so that argument doesn’t exactly work.

He nods toward me, then offers her another slithering smile. “Well, if your stepdad here ever gives you any grief, you know who to come talk to.”

Rowan nods, again struggling to force a smile. She doesn’t want his attention on her either. I swear, once I’m done, this dirty pigsty is going to be squeaky clean, and all the crooked swine will be locked in the pen where they belong.

“Come on, Rowan.” I gesture for her to enter my office, needing to get her away from the snake and anyone else who thinks they’re going to steal her from me. No one can have her. She’s mine.

She walks inside, looking nowhere near as happy as she did when she walked through the front doors. I tip my chin toward Bentley as I close my door. Later, I’ll thank him properly.

“It’s not what you think, baby.”

She whips around, that defiance that stirs my cock hardening those gorgeous eyes.

“Oh, it’s not.” She crosses her arms. “So you aren’t trying to cover up the fact that we’re dating? Because you just claimed to be dating my mom. Unless that’s the truth,

and the lines you fed me in bed last night were just bullshit?”

I shake my head and stalk to her, holding back since the blinds to my office are open and people can see in. “I’m not a fucking liar, Rowan. I’m not dating your mom.”

“You are a liar!” She throws her hands on her hips, exasperated. “You just lied to your boss and everyone in that room.” My teeth clench so tight I can feel the pulse in the side of my cheek. Goddammit. If my blinds were shut, I’d bend her over my desk and spank that stubborn ass so she’ll listen to me.

“I had to lie to them. My reputation is on the line.”

Her eyes waver. She looks like I just slapped her across the face. Fuck me. I’m usually good with words but right now I’m clearly doing a shit job getting my point across.

“Well, I certainly don’t want to ruin your reputation, Officer, so I’ll leave.” She tries to move past me but I grab her arms and stop her. Dropping them when I realize others could be watching.

“You’re not fucking going anywhere until we settle this.” Like hell I’m letting her walk out of here with that look of rejection on her face. I need to fucking fix this.

“I’m thirty-eight, Rowan. I’m old enough to be your dad. If they find out we’re together, they’re going to think I’m no better than the pedo fucks rotting in prison.”

“But I’m an adult and you’re not taking advantage of me. I want this. Age is just a number, Ryker.”

To me and her that may very well be the case. In fact, I’ve never met a stronger, more amazing woman in my life, but that’s not what the outside world will think.

I step closer, trying to remove the gap I feel forming wide between us, my voice softening. I wish more than anything I could pull her against me and wrap her in my arms, but there are too many nosy dirty pigs in this place that would probably snap a pic of me and post it online just to ensure the world can see what a cradle-robbing bastard I am.

“I want this too, baby. Like I told you last night, you’re it for me. But it doesn’t change the truth about us. Fact is, right or wrong, they’re going to form their opinions, and I’ll no longer be deemed an upstanding officer of the law.”

My cell phone starts going off and if it weren’t for the name on the screen I’d ignore the call. But I can’t ignore the man calling. When Caprizio calls, you answer .

“Baby, I have to take this. It’s important. I’m sorry.”

“Dominik,” I answer, realizing it was the wrong move as soon as my girl tries to shove past me again.

I shake my head, blocking the door with my giant frame and point to the chair. She refuses to budge so I just stand in place. There’s no way out. Eventually, she turns on a huff and takes a seat.

### CHAPTER 15

Rowan

I can't believe that in the middle of a fight he's taking a call. And I can't believe that I'm back in this place again. The man I'm in love with is ashamed to be with me. And once again, I'm going to have to hide the truth and pretend that I'm okay with being the dirty secret. Only this time, the sting of the truth hurts so much more. My heart feels like it's physically cracking down the center.

I understand why he's concerned. I do. Jared's teacher lost her job because of the school being worried about their reputation. But this is different. They were just fucking. I want to marry Ryker and have babies with him. But we're not going to be able to do that if everyone thinks I'm his stepkid. I don't see his career changing, nor is he retiring anytime soon, which means we're going to be living in secret for years.

For once, I just want to be important enough that nothing else matters, not age, or background, or other's people's opinions. I want the man I'm with to be excited that I'm his and to want to show me off. To feel blessed that we're together. And as much as I get off on the whole daddy-little-girl kink, I don't want to be introduced as Ryker's stepdaughter everywhere we go. And I definitely don't want people thinking that he's dating the witch. That's even more crushing than if he were to pretend to adopt me.

This morning I woke up feeling truly happy and at peace for the first time, but now, everything has been tainted. The sourness of knowing that Ryker's ashamed of our relationship is making me sick. The unbreakable bond I thought we had has now been

fractured. Out of all the times Rhonda hurt me, I have to say, this feels so much worse.

Ryker ends his phone call and then takes the seat next to me. I can't even look at him.

"Baby." He reaches for my hand but I pull out of his grip. I don't need this to hurt any more than it already does. "Rowan, don't pull away from me. Please. I can see it in your eyes and it's scaring me. I can't lose you, angel. You're my everything. Please tell me what's going through that pretty head of yours. Tell me how I can fix this."

I look up and see the worry line above his brow. His eyes so full of concern. Maybe if I tell him the truth, he really will fix it. Or maybe...his reputation is more important than my feelings. Whether I like the truth or not, I need to know where I stand. It may crush me more than anything, but I won't be someone's dirty secret ever again.

"I feel like I'm never good enough." I cast my eyes down at my sweaty hands, nervous that this is it. My final game of chicken with Ryker and I'm about to collide into a broken heart. "Hunter, the kid you met the other night, he and I were kind of together before. But he didn't want anyone to find out about us. He didn't want to disappoint his parents and was embarrassed to be seen with trailer trash." I use my mother's words, though it's the common opinion of me .

"He's a stupid prick," Ryker cuts in. "He had the most amazing girl in the world but was too blind to see."

I look up and his soft eyes are now tense. Doesn't he get it? He's doing the same thing. He's choosing his reputation over my heart. What everyone else thinks matters more to him.

"His reputation was more important," I state. "And yours is too."

Ryker shifts forward, taking my hands in his. This time I let him. I need him to hold me up because I can barely stand the pain.

“No, it’s not, angel. You’re the most important thing to me. I love you.”

I’m so confused. He’s sending mixed messages. He just said his reputation was on the line. He doesn’t want people to see him as a pervert. Although, he’s not. Any girl or woman, no matter what age, would want to be with him. I’m just lucky enough to be the one he chose.

“Baby.” He turns his head, looking out his office window at the officers milling about. He must be checking to see if they’re watching us, worried that they’ll see him touching me even as platonic as this may be. If they do see us, they’ll probably think I’m just upset over something that happened at school or with a friend, and that he’s trying to comfort me. But it’s him who’s hurting me.

Hating the icky feeling of shame, I try tugging my hands from his grip but he tightens his hold, refusing to let me go. “I’m going to tell you something, angel. But you can’t tell a soul. You can’t even write it down in a diary. Understand? This shit is big and no one can be trusted.”

“I won’t, Ryker.” I shake my head. “You can trust me.” There’s a bit of hope budding in my chest, hoping there’s a good explanation coming for why he has to keep our relationship a secret.

He glances over his shoulder again, shifting even closer to me. His voice dropping to a whisper. “I’m working on a huge case. Trying to bring down a bunch of dirty cops. The only reason I give a shit about my reputation is because I need to look credible. If people start blasting shit about me being a sick old fuck and going after teenage girls, even though that’s not what’s happening here, they’ll discredit me, and the accusation I’m bringing forward will be dismissed. They’ll think I’m trying to deflect the

negative attention and make up shit to bring the heat down on other officers.”

Oh my God. I can't believe what I'm hearing. I always thought you could trust the men in blue, but apparently, you can't. I wonder if the creeper cop who's been stalking me is one of the men he's trying to take down. That's one of the reasons I stopped by. I wanted to point the guy out to Ryker and tell him what's been going on. I thought he would know what I should do. Maybe send the guy a warning, or have a talk with him.

“That's the only reason I'm even remotely concerned about my reputation, baby. If this shit wasn't going down, I'd be shouting to the world that you're mine. And as soon as this shit is over, that's exactly what I'll be doing. I don't give a fuck what anyone thinks. They'll all be jealous because I'm the one with the most incredible girl. But timing is everything, angel, and right now is not the time for me to rock the boat.”

His explanation washes away that icky feeling. I understand now why this is so important. Unfortunately, no matter which way we slice it, or how great we are together, there will always be people who think it's wrong that we're a couple. People will judge us no matter what. And if he's trying to prove that he's the good guy and the other officers are snakes, then he needs to not have anyone questioning his morals.

“I love you,” I say, finally squeezing his hands. “Thank you for trusting me. I promise I won't tell a soul.”

“I wish I could kiss you right now.” His eyes drop to my lips, sending a flick of heat right to them .

My tongue slips out, running along my lower lip, wishing for the same thing.

“Don’t make this harder than it already is, baby,” he groans.

“I’m sorry.” I smile, loving the effect I’m having. His control is slipping. I can see it.  
“Maybe I should go.”

He shakes his head. “Before you leave, tell me why you stopped by. Tell me exactly what you wanted daddy to do.”

The heat floods right to my core. That word igniting a storm. I bite back the moan threatening to slip free. “Actually...” I shake the naughty thoughts away, needing to behave and needing to discuss my situation with Ryker. I was looking in my rearview mirror as I drove here, worried I’d get pulled over before I got to the station and I wasn’t even driving my car. I can’t keep living in fear. I need to tell him what’s going on.

“I came to talk to you about something...”

I fill Ryker in on everything that’s been happening. Everything since the first time the creepy cop pulled me over for speeding. Every false charge. Every slimy comment. The more I share, the angrier Ryker gets. Now, I know what makes him such a good cop—the look in his eyes would make the most dangerous criminal cower in fear. I’m just thankful it’s not directed at me.

“Why didn’t you report him, baby?”

“I figured it was his word against mine. And who was going to believe a girl from the trailer park?” He hadn’t exactly crossed a line, and they’d probably think I was misconstruing his words and just being too sensitive. That I was annoyed with being pulled over and trying to attack a cop. “But I told my friend Myrah, and her brother is going to send a friend of his to act as my bodyguard. Knox has dealt with his own dirty cops and is worried for my safety.”



Ryker's jaw clenches. "You're mine. I'm your fucking bodyguard. Don't need anyone else protecting my girl." A thrill runs through my shoulders. God, I love his dominance. His possessiveness. "But I appreciate him trying to help," he says, taking his temper down a very slight notch. "I'll talk to your friend's brother and let him know it won't be necessary for his friend to stand guard. You want to give me his number?"

"I don't have it." I shake my head. "He's in prison." Ryker's eyes narrow, so I proceed to tell him everything that happened to Knox. And by the time I'm done, the man before me is even more livid.

"I'm going to look into his case and make them pay, Rowan. You can tell your friend that I'll bring those dirty cops to justice and will make things right for her brother."

If I didn't already love him with all my heart, I'd be falling right now. Ryker isn't just a good cop, he's a good man.

"I want you to come over here, Rowan, and confirm that it's Diaz." He goes around to the other side of his desk, pulling another chair next to his. "I looked up your record the day we met and saw that he'd pulled you over for speeding."

"You pulled my record?" I'm shocked, and suddenly nervous knowing what he saw.

"Like I said. From the first moment I met you, I became obsessed." He turns back toward his screen and starts typing on his computer while my stomach continues to twist and turn.

"I only stole the cigarettes because she told me to," I rush to say. I don't want him thinking I'm a thief. "I was trying to win her love."

His hands pause on the keys and he shifts to face me. Those eyes of his peering into

my soul. “I’m sorry,” he says. His voice is so full of love that it catches my heart. Tears sting my eyes, fighting to break free as he continues. “I’m sorry that you were given such a rotten mother, angel. I hope you know that it wasn’t you. Nothing you could’ve done or said would’ve changed a thing with her. You’re perfect. And I promise that as soon as I’m done with all this shit, I’ll be making her pay. ”

And again, if my heart wasn’t already so filled with love for this man, I’d be falling right now.

“Ryker.” I scoot closer. My knee pressing up against his thigh. “I really wish we were home in bed.”

He shifts even closer. If people are watching us now, they’d definitely be questioning things between us. But thankfully, his desk and computer screen are hiding us. At least, I hope they are.

“Me, too, baby. I want to hold you so badly it hurts.”

“I don’t like it when daddy hurts.” I reach out and squeeze him right between his legs. He’s already stiff for me. “I want to kiss it and make it better.”

His eyes squeeze shut on a groan. His cock growing harder under my stroking touch.

“Need you to quit, baby, before I can’t hold back.” His pained growl has me daring to disobey his order, but I don’t want to get him into trouble. What he’s working on is too important and I won’t screw this up for him. So reluctantly, I release my grasp and sit back in my chair.

“Fine, I’ll behave.” I pout. “But when you get off work, can I lick your ice cream cone?”

He bites down on his lip, staring me down hard. “Fuck it,” he says, standing up. “I’ll do this shit from home.”

He takes me by the hand and leads me out of the police station, telling Cheryl on our way out that I need help with my car and he can be reached by phone. He takes me straight to his cruiser, and soon as we’re out of the parking, he turns on his siren and lights, speeding off down the road as if he’s chasing toward an emergency. With the tension throbbing between my legs I’d definitely claim it is one.

### CHAPTER 16

Ryker

This is the day I've been waiting for. Finally, I get to read Diaz and Ferguson their last rights. Only—they no longer have any rights. They're going straight to hell and won't get to pass go or stand in front of a judge and defend their criminal acts. They'll both be serving life in prison without parole. And another added bonus of justice, they'll be locked up with the most dangerous monsters on death row. The ones who despise cops.

This is one of the rare times I'm actually in favor of a corrupt system. After learning what those two dirty pigs have done, I don't feel an ounce of guilt bending the law in my favor. Those two bastards will be getting exactly what they deserve. But first, I get to have my turn with them.

As it turns out, my girl gave me exactly what I needed to seal the fuckers' fate. When I looked into Knox's case, I was fucking shocked by what I found. Ferguson and Diaz were caught right in the act. Taking down an innocent man and bragging about how much they were making off it .

Traeger also supplied me with a shit ton of other useful footage. We got them taking bribes from everyone, including some very powerful people who are now being investigated. Not only did the two pigs take money, they also took sexual favors. And not just from innocent females, but from a few men they threatened to destroy unless they begged them on their knees. Sick fucks are definitely going to learn what that feels like in the slammer.

Not only did Traeger get all the audio and video recordings, he also found all the direct deposits made to their accounts. And just as I suspected, there was a hefty sum that came from a bank linked to that scumbag Bugano, who now thankfully is locked behind bars where he'll be rotting for the foreseeable future. A lot has fucking happened over the last two weeks, that's for damn sure.

I pull up behind Diaz's cruiser, which happens to be parked outside of the steakhouse. Now, I know exactly why he was here that night. He was trying to get his hands on my girl. And for that, he's going to pay. Talk about divine intervention. I'm not sure what would have happened to my angel had I not run his ass off. I clench my fists at the thought and climb out of my vehicle.

I walk straight to his open window where once again he doesn't look too happy to see me.

"You on the lookout for drunk drivers?" I ask, keeping my voice calm and collected. Don't want to give myself away too soon. I want to draw this out and watch him crawl with fear once he learns the real reason I'm here.

He nods. "Yep. What are you doing out here, Ryker?"

"My girl's working tonight so I figured I'd stop by for her break. But then I saw your car, so I pulled over. Make sure you didn't need backup again."

"Is that so?" Now the curiosity is shining in his eyes. "Who's your girl? "

Thanks to the dirty rat Bugano, Diaz has been preoccupied trying to burn incriminating evidence and work deals with the judge. He hasn't had time to follow my girl. But I've had plenty of time to follow his ass around. Now, I have more than enough to ensure he'll never be tasting freedom again.

I reach for my phone and dial Rowan's cell. She answers on the first ring, waiting for my call. "Hey, baby, I'm here. But why don't you come outside for a moment so I can introduce you to a friend of mine." Of course, she goes along with the plan and tells me she'll be right out. When I end the call and shove my phone back into my pocket, I pull out my gun and hold it to my side. Diaz is none the wiser. He's looking all too shocked that I can get myself a woman. Can't wait to see the look in his eyes when he realizes exactly who my girl is.

As soon as Rowan comes walking out the front door, I see his nostrils flare. She lights up as soon as she sees me, rubbing this in further. I turn my attention back on Diaz, making sure he keeps his hands where I can see them. Not that I'm worried. Just to be on the safe side, I filled his piece up with blanks. So if he decides to get cocky and attack, he'll still be fucked.

"Rowan, baby." I pull her into my arms, giving her the kind of kiss that'd make any man envious. "I'd introduce you to Diaz, but you two are well acquainted. Isn't that right?" I turn toward the dirty bastard, enjoying the fact that his hands are now gripping the steering wheel and his jaw is clenched tight. I just showed one of my cards. But my hand hasn't been revealed yet.

"It's good to see you again, Miss Brince," he grits through his teeth. "Don't you think she's a bit young, Ryker?"

I shake my head. "She may be. But the sex is fucking fantastic so I don't give a shit what people think." Another tick of his jaw has me biting back a smile. I want him to know exactly how amazing she is so he can burn himself alive with jealousy while locked inside his cell.

"Do you think I'm too old, baby? "

My girl shakes her head, giving me a look that has my cock straining in my pants.

“Age is just a number, and the only number that matters is the ten inches that fuck me so good.” She grabs ahold of my dick, giving Diaz quite the show as she strokes my cock.

I struggle to keep my attention on the fucker who’s now as red as the police light and looking like he’s ready to piss bullets.

“You know they always say size doesn’t matter,” Rowan purrs, squeezing me in a firmer grasp, working me up fast. “But they’re wrong.” She turns her attention on him. “Your tiny dick would never be able to satisfy a woman.”

Diaz cocks his chin to her comment. “You have no idea how big my dick is, little girl, so I’d be careful what you say.” He shoots me a glare meant to intimidate, but all it does is make this moment so much sweeter. “You need to teach your pet how to talk to officers. She needs to show some damn respect.”

I shake my head. “You’re wrong on all accounts, Diaz. She does know how big your dick is because I showed her the videos of you whipping that tiny pecker out and forcing people to suck it so you’d let them off the hook of your false claims. Neither she nor anyone else has to show a lick of respect to a fucking criminal. And as far as you being an officer, I’m here to revoke your badge and haul your ass to the State Pen.”

I hold my gun up to his forehead, moving my girl to the side. “Now, get out of the fucking car with your hands up.”

He starts sputtering useless threats about how I’m going to pay for this as he climbs out of his vehicle, but I ignore it all. Unfortunately for him, no one’s going to be saving his ass from anything. They’re all going down with him. Each and every dirty cop, politician, and judge will be served justice.

I slap the cuffs on him then whack him across the head with the butt of my gun, seeing the lights spin in his eyes, but I don't want him passing out on me yet. "Get on your knees, fucker." I push him down. "It's time for you to have a lesson of your own. Baby." I cue my girl, but I don't have to; she's already ready and looking more than eager for this next part. "It's time for you to teach him how to suck dick because he's gonna have to do a lot of it inside if he wants to stay alive."

"You fucking piece of shit old fuck," he spews at me, and I knock him in the mouth, hoping I cracked a few teeth.

"I'd shut your mouth if I were you; otherwise, I'll knock all your teeth out." I give him an evil grin. "Bet all the guys will really like that, straight gums." I smack my lips, showing him what he'll look like if he says one more word.

He growls again, but is smart enough to keep his mouth shut. Guess he knows there's a hell of a lot truth in what I'm saying.

Rowan rubs her cheek over my cock before she pulls me free. As soon as I'm revealed, Diaz's eyes get big. That's right, his four little inches can't even compare. Probably why he had to use his badge to force everyone to touch him. Between his personality and dick size, I doubt he's ever had a willing participant.

Rowan works her magic and gives it to me good, and I practically forget that we have an audience. Her mouth is like a secret weapon. The first time she went down on me, I didn't even last two minutes. Right now, with the adrenaline pumping through my veins, and her mouth pumping over me with a tight suction, I might not even last that long. When she takes me all the way down her throat, constricting me with those muscles, I erupt and give her every drop of my cum.

She licks up her mess and then raises back up, turning to the dirty pig who's definitely going to be living in a hell of jealousy for the rest of his life. "Are you



going to take him in now?”

I shake my head, pinning the fucker with a death glare of my own. One that has him cowering back in fear. “No. His ass will be going to the hospital once I’m done teaching him a lesson for fucking with my girl. Then I’ll be hauling Ferguson down to the prison.”

Her little eyes flutter with disappointment. “That’s going to take so long.”

I pull her to me for a kiss, leaving her panting and even hornier than she already is. “I’ll be done by the time you get off shift. Then I’ll meet you at home and daddy will show you exactly how much he loves his little girl.”

She trembles with desire, leaning up to my ear. “Can I sit on your lap while you tell me the story about the king who slayed all the dragons to protect his little princess? I love the way that one ends.”

Me too. That one has a very happy ending indeed. The king protected all the lands, making sure his people were protected from all the evil monsters trying to overtake his kingdom. Once the people were safe, and danger was no longer lurking, he took his princess as his bride and made her his queen. Everyone in the village, along with the officers of his court, approved of their marriage, no matter how sordid their affair may be or what difference they were in age. The people saw how noble the king was and how happy the princess made him, so they cheered them on, rooting for them to have lots of sons so that the throne would be forever protected. And in the end, the king and his little princess lived happily ever after.

### EPILOGUE

Rowan

I pull up to the trailer, my gut sinking at the sight. The place looks even shabbier than I remember. Or maybe...it was always a dirty old rust bucket, but because it was my home, I didn't see how run-down it is. I only ever saw how ugly the inside was.

My new home is a small three-bedroom bungalow, but it feels like a palace. Although, Ryker says it's not big enough for his queen. He told me that once I'm done with college and find a job, he's going to buy me my dream home. One big enough to fit all the kids we're going to have in. He also plans to put in for a transfer to whatever precinct is the closest to my work. He's so supportive it's almost too good to be true. I have to pinch myself daily to make sure I'm not living in a dream.

"Thought you were dead," the witch says as I enter. I'm not shocked by her comment; she probably wishes I were. What does surprise me is how dirty the place is. Then again, it shouldn't. I was her slave who took care of everything, including the bills, which is why there are tons of late notices laying on the counter.

"Came for my stuff," I lie. Ryker asked if I wanted anything from my past life, but I didn't. Never had anything of value. No family photos. No homecoming pics. The only thing I had was my wardrobe, which mostly came from a thrift store. And Ryker wanted to take me out and buy me new clothes, so I didn't need any of my old raggedy ones. He loves spoiling me.

"Where you been at?"

I keep from rolling my eyes at her poor English. I'd love to correct her grammar, but there's no point in fixing trash.

"Been staying with my boyfriend." I bite back my smile. Can't wait to see the look on her face when she sees who my boyfriend is.

"Don't be surprised when that rich kid gets tired of your pussy and takes out the trash. By the way, that mail is for you." I look at all the bills but don't bother picking them up. "You better make good on those, you little bitch. Or else you really will be dead."

Wow. She's gone from threatening to have me arrested to threatening to kill me. Guess Ryker will have to add that to her rap sheet. Once upon a time, my heart would've felt the pain of that brutal stab, but my dreams have come true and none of her viciousness bothers me anymore. Besides, she's about to be removed from my fairy tale entirely. The evil witch slayed by prince charming.

Have to say, Ryker's plan is genius. He wanted to keep the ruse going. Make it seem like he was still interested in having a serious relationship with her so that the final blow would be painfully agonizing. So we've been messaging her from his phone, feeding her dreams and painting a picture of a future that will never come true. And to avoid having to spend actual time with her, he's been claiming that he's working undercover on a case and has been out of town .

But today, he called her up and said he couldn't stand being without her for a moment longer. That he needs to see her and be inside her again. He begged her to take the night off of work so that he could take "the love of his life" to the fanciest restaurant in town. The steakhouse. Then he's going to take her to his home afterward and make love to her all night. He also hinted to the fact that he has an important question to ask her, which made me smirk. It's the perfect cherry on top of this entire charade. Instead of getting a ring on her finger, she's going to be slapped with cuffs.

Little does she know, he'll be taking her right down to the prison. Where she'll be spending the rest of her life locked in a cell on charges of: child neglect, drug possession, theft, arson, and trying to frame me in a crime. And the best part is, there will be no trial. It's already a done deal. There's a new dirty cop in town who's calling all the shots now. He's like Robin Hood. Making sure the criminals get the justice they deserve, no longer relying on the corrupt system which punishes the innocent and rewards the guilty.

"I'm not paying your bills anymore, Rhonda." Her wrinkled eyes narrow at me, making even more lines crease her brow. "I'll never bail you out again."

"You little ungrateful bitch. I gave you life."

No. God gave me life. She gave me nightmares. And Ryker...he's given me love and happiness.

"You're the ungrateful one," I state. "I never turned you into the authorities. Never told anyone what a monster you were or how you left me alone for days. I saved your ass from going to prison, so I think you should be thanking me."

She huffs, putting her hands on her hips and stepping forward.

"I should've aborted your ass. Should've just sold my cunt on the street and made money to have you sucked out of me." Again, there's no sting from her evil words. Ryker is right, the issue is with her, and there was nothing I could've done or said differently to change the way she felt about me. Her evil runs too deep in her blood.

"You need to get the fuck out of here before I call the cops. My boyfriend is on his way over to propose, and I won't have you ruining my night." She steps closer, the witch getting right in my face with her warning, trying to intimidate me. But for the first time in my life, I don't back away or quiver in fear. "And if you ever show your face again, I will kill you. You've sucked enough happiness out of me and I won't

have you tainting my future.”

“Knock, knock.” The deep rumbling voice rolls right down my back and settles between my thighs. Ryker comes walking into the trailer, looking as though he wants to blow a gasket, but he has his smile firmly in place.

Rhonda quickly backs away from me, smiling brightly at the sight of him. I don’t think I’ve ever seen a real smile from her before. She actually looks vibrant. Not haggard. She looks like she’s in love. I can’t say I blame her for having true feelings for him. Ryker is easy to love. Plus, we’ve been playing our hand well.

“Ryker, baby. You look so sexy.” She runs her eyes over him, licking her lips. “It’s been so long. Maybe we should go to my bedroom first before we go eat? I want dessert first.”

He does look sexy. I assumed he’d show up in his uniform, but he’s wearing a suit. Guess he wanted to make the ruse believable, rub some more dirt into the wound.

He steps out of her reach and turns toward me. “Rowan, it’s good to see you again.” He gives me a discreet wink and a charming smile. The blush in my cheeks is unstoppable. I still have the taste of him on my tongue and can feel him between my legs.

The moment I got home from having lunch with Myrah, he was waiting at the door for me. Belt in hand and a stern look on his face. My body shivered, knowing exactly what kind of mood he was in. Daddy wasn’t happy that I’d forgotten to text him and let him know I was going out with my friend. He came home on his break, hungry for his “woman,” but I wasn’t there.

God, I’m getting hot all over again just thinking about my punishment.

“She was just leaving,” the witch says, her silky-smooth voice feeling like sandpaper

against my nerves. I'm ready for her to be taken away, so my daddy can get home and tuck me into bed tonight.

"Before you go, Rowan," he says, giving me a genuine smile. "I was just about to ask your mom a question and would love for you to be witness to this special moment."

Rhonda's smile gets even brighter. She believes her dreams are finally about to come true. That this gorgeous man is going to sweep her off her feet, take her away from this dump, and then provide the love and financial stability she's always longed for. When in truth, he's about to ask her if she's ready to spend the rest of her life behind bars, because that's where she's headed.

He looks toward Rhonda, then drops to his knees. A happy gasp falls from her lips, and she looks down at him with pure joy in her eyes. If I didn't despise her so much, I'd actually feel sorry for what's about to happen. He's going to ask for her hand and then slap the cuffs on her. But instead of following the plan, he turns to face me.

"Rowan, baby. Will you please do me the great honor and be my wife?" Another gasp fills the space around us, but this one comes from me. "I promise to always love and cherish you. To be your protector and provider. To spend my days making your dreams come true and my nights bringing your fantasies to life. I want to be your man, baby. And I want the world to know that you're mine. Please say yes, my darling girl."

He pulls out a little blue box, like a magician pulling a rabbit from a hat. And sitting inside is the biggest sparkly diamond I've ever seen in my life. Another gasp registers in the distant background, this time from the witch. She must be in shock too but I can't even focus on her right now, I'm so stunned and absolutely amazed.

Just yesterday, Ryker was telling me he wanted to wait until I was done with college to get married so I didn't feel pressured about being a wife when I should be focused on my school and friends. Of course, I told him that whether we're married or not,

I'm still going to be cuddled up with him at home rather than partying it up, so he better get used to having me around all the time. I was disappointed about him wanting to wait, but I wasn't going to put pressure on him like Rhonda would. But now I'm realizing he was just saying that to throw me off his scent.

"Yes," I say, tears running down my cheeks. "I'll marry you, Ryker. I love you so much."

He slips the ring onto my finger and then scoops me up into his arms for the most incredible kiss of my life. My toes curl inside my heels. Tingles running through every part of my body. My heart feels so full of love and happiness that I think it's going to explode from my chest.

"You little bitch!" The raspy shriek has our lips slowing to a stop, taking one final lick before we pull apart. He places me back onto the ground, giving me one last sensual kiss before turning to the wicked wench.

"This is her way of getting back at me, Ryker. She doesn't actually love you. You shouldn't let yourself be fooled by this little whore. She's been living with her rich boyfriend, so whatever she's told you are lies."

I shake my head. Does she ever actually think before she speaks, or is she as stupid as she is evil? "You really don't get it, do you?" I step closer, shredding her power with each step I take. "Ryker is the guy I've been living with these last few months. He"—I turn and give him a wink—"is my rich boyfriend. And as far as your claim about me getting back at you, you're only slightly mistaken. I'm definitely out for revenge, but it's not my love for Ryker that's a lie. All those texts you've been receiving have been the lie. The relationship you thought you had was us leading you right into our trap."

I turn toward my fiancé. "Can I do it?"

He gives me a smirk and pulls out his gun.

“Oh my God. No! Ryker, please! You can’t let her kill me! You’re a cop. Stop her!”

I can’t help but laugh at the fear rocking through her. For once, she’s the quivering mess.

“I would never be that kind to you,” I say, holding out my hand and taking the handcuffs from him. “You don’t deserve peace after the life of hell you put me through.”

I grab her wrist roughly, just like Ryker does to me when we’re playing the game of dirty cop and his feisty little prisoner. I snap the cuff around her wrist, closing it until it’s tight enough to leave a mark on her skin. “You deserve to sit in a cell, day in and day out, thinking about me living the life you always dreamed of, with the man you were gullible enough to believe could actually love a haggard lying wretch like you.” I snap the other cuff on, making sure it bites her skin as well.

“By the way,” I say, dropping her locked arms and turning to face my man who’s pointing the gun right at the witch, wishing he could just shoot but knowing she deserves far worse. “I am grateful for one thing.” I move toward him, putting an extra sway in my hips as I slink up to him. Running my fingers up his broad chest, then wrapping his tie around my wrist.

“I’m grateful that you brought this incredible man into my life and that you gave him enough alcohol to convince him to stay.” I pull on his tie, bringing him to me, then brush my lips against his. Earning myself one of his sexy growls. “And I’m grateful that I get to live the rest of my life knowing that the only person that you ever truly loved besides yourself is madly in love with me. I love you, Ryker.”

I lick my tongue out, teasing at the seam of his mouth, but he doesn’t let me play. He yanks me against his body and gives me a downright dirty kiss. Setting off an



earthquake of need. When I start to climb up his thighs, desperate for the friction between my legs, he wraps me around his waist. I begin to rock and rub against him. God, I can't get enough of his cock. It's a weapon that yields insane pleasure.

He carries me over to the counter and sits me on top. His fingers slide up my thigh, right to where he knows I need him. He groans when he discovers I'm pantyless. Bare and soaked just like he loves me. "You're a naughty little girl, you know that?"

I bite my lip and nod. I love being his bad girl. Love receiving his amazing consequences. His rough dominance only encourages me to be naughtier.

"You want me to spread this tight little pussy wide or wait until we're out of this hellhole and away from the bitch?"

I glance to my left, seeing the witch who looks like she wants to spit and scream, but there's nothing she can do or say at this point. Her fate is sealed.

"I want you to fuck me raw and hard, Ryker. I want one good memory in this shitter before we burn it down."

"You aren't burning anything," the wench shrieks. "As soon as I speak to an attorney, I'll be released. It's your word against mine, you brat, and who's going to believe a girl with a record?"

"You're wrong." Ryker levels her with a menacing glare, making her cower back—and making my pussy wetter. "It's your word against an entire police force, isn't that right, Officers?"

I turn, noticing for the first time that Bentley and Merk are standing in the doorway. I hadn't even heard them come in .

"That's right," they both say in unison. "We all heard the death threats," Bentley

adds.

“Besides,” Ryker states. “There won’t be any lawyers. Judge already ruled and you’re getting life behind bars.”

She starts shouting and spewing her protests, but no one is listening. Ryker gives the signal and the two officers grab her roughly and drag her outside.

“I thought you were taking her away?” I ask, wondering when he changed his plan.

He swoops in and tugs my lip between his teeth, nibbling me into a frenzy. “I didn’t want to waste another moment of our life on her. Besides, after I get my girl’s pussy tamed and under control, I’m taking my fiancée out for a nice dinner at the steakhouse.”

My eyes blur with tears. Another dream is about to come true. And the part of that dream that I could never have imagined in all my wildest dreams is the man before me. The one who has not only washed all the pain of my past away, but who loves me unconditionally. Even when I’m being a very naughty girl.