

Changeling Press

DAWG TOWN



DAWGS

PLAYING FOR
KEEPS

DAWN MONTGOMERY

Dawg Town: Playing for Keeps

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Prairie dogs may be low on the food chain, but Riley Cates is anything but. More man than Dawg, he's finally carved his place in Barkus.

Until Tara walked back into his life.

Now there's no turning back, because once Riley has his taste, he'll never be able to let her go.

Tara's drawn to the one man who holds her soul, her happiness in his paw. And no matter what happens, this time she's playing for keeps.

Dedication

For Tariana, who asked me to write something fun and unusual. I hope you enjoy your namesake. ;-)

Chapter One

The roar of a Harley on its last wheel sputtered into Riley's parking lot. He groaned and wiped the back of a hand across his sweaty forehead. Bad Dawg would shit bricks if that baby was as bad as it sounded. It would need custom work, and nothing pissed BD off more than abuse of a hog.

"Hey, Riley. Long time."

Riley's attention jerked from the guts of his truck to a ghost from his past. Cold fury warred with hard lust. Five and a half feet of curvy and delicious. It was little comfort to know his imagination hadn't strayed from his memory of her. Still perfect.

"Tara. Shouldn't you be with your husband?"

Her friendly smile wavered. "He has more than enough wives to keep him occupied." She gestured to the Harley. "Can you fix it?"

"No." He narrowed his eyes. "Why are you here?"

"I came looking for you." She flipped her long black hair over a shoulder. The delicate curve of her throat tempted him. Did she still bear the mark he'd given her so many years ago? God, the ache in his cock was going to kill him. Her taste was like a memory on the back of his tongue.

He raised an eyebrow. "Turn off your bike if you want me to work on it. Then get the fuck out of my shop."

She shut off the bike and set the kickstand. The way she straddled that bike had his cock aching to bury deep in her pussy. She leaned back in the seat, and he watched her leg as she lifted it over the seat. Her legs were gorgeous in jeans and black chaps.

"I needed to see you."

"I don't fuck married women."

She winced. "I'm not married anymore, Riley."

"Do you have that in writing, darlin'?"

"Our marriage was never official. A Prairie Dawg has the right to leave at any time. I took my right." She glared at him.

Riley smiled, and the constriction across his chest dissipated. The fury still simmered on the back burner. This changed things considerably. He grabbed a rag and began wiping his hands, all the while watching the rapid rise and fall of her chest, the way her body swayed slightly, the tremble in her limbs. Oh yes. Things had definitely changed. "What did you do to your ride?"

"I have no idea." Her shoulder-width stance and crossed arms told him far more than her expression. She expected a war or for him to throw her out. He contemplated both, but his cock had other ideas.

Knowing she was free, really free, made all the difference. He shook his head. "Why doesn't that surprise me? Where are your things?"

A pained expression crossed her face. "Everything I need is in my saddlebags."

"You wanted comfort and luxury, sweet thing. What happened to the beautiful house and the status you craved?"

Her face paled. "I didn't have a choice and you know it, Riley. He was my clan. My family was honored to have him as a relative."

He clenched the wrench. "And what about you? Were you honored? Was it everything you ever dreamed of?"

"Fuck you. You think I liked watching my husband fuck other women? It was my duty!" She was screaming now, and the rage made her beautiful. Anything was better than that hurt and scared look she'd given him earlier.

"Duty?" He threw the wrench across the room and stalked toward her.

She shrank away from him, and the fury burned hotter in his gut. What had that fucking prick done to her to make her afraid? He jerked to a stop. "I would have given you anything. Anything. And you had to go to him, instead."

Her eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry."

Not too long ago her tears would have made him try and change the tide. Riley ignored the hitch in his gut at her distress.

"I'm not here to ask for another chance. I just wanted to let you know you were right."

Riley crossed his arms. "About what?"

"About all of it. The bike wasn't an excuse. It really did start sputtering right outside of town. I wanted to come in and chat with you and then leave you to your life."

"You are a piece of work, baby."

"Yeah. I expected you to say something like that." She turned her head and started rifling through her saddlebag. "I can pay you."

Before he could think, Riley moved close enough to snake her wrist in a loose grip. "Oh you'll pay me, Tara. The question is, how far are you willing to go?"

He felt her tremble at his touch. "I don't play games anymore, Riley. One-night stands and bullshit are behind me."

He tugged her close and inhaled the rich scent of his woman. Too many years had passed without her. "Who said anything about games and one-night stands? I'm tired of waiting, baby." He ran his fingers through her hair. Vanilla shampoo and a musk uniquely Tara teased his nose.

A soft cry of distress left her throat, but she pressed against him, trembling.

"You'd better decide now, honey. I'm not letting you go this time."

Tara's pussy clenched. His voice, that growl. She shivered. He could turn her hotter than hell in less than two point two seconds. Her slick heat dampened her panties and she whimpered. Yes, she wanted this. Was she just fooling herself in believing she'd be able to walk away?

"Make damn sure, honey. I have to hear the words."

"I'm sure, Riley. Please."

Riley hauled her against him and kissed her with a desperation she matched. Tongues tangled and rasped against one another. A storm of emotions tore through her heart, ones she couldn't name. Her memories didn't do his kisses justice.

Her breasts crushed against his broad chest. She ached to press kisses against his slick muscles. His scent was so familiar, and she wanted to wrap herself in it. She'd been without touch for so long; she felt like a woman starved.

He grabbed her arms and held her away from him. She whimpered her need and pushed against him. "I won't fuck you on the floor of my garage like a randy teenager." He dragged a hand through his hair. "Let me close up shop and then I'll take you home."

Tara dragged air into her burning lungs and tried to pull the tangle of her lust into some semblance of order. It wasn't supposed to be like this. She'd imagined herself more emotionally removed when she saw him again. A thousand thoughts and scenarios had played in her mind, and none of them counted on this raging need to be possessed by him.

Even now she couldn't tear her eyes away from him. He was fluid grace and lean muscle. How he'd spent the past five years without getting hitched was a miracle, or a testament to the blindness of the women here. What did catch her interest was a small line of a scar he'd not had before.

Her panties were practically soaked with her lust. She tried to drum up the old Tara, the one who would have been embarrassed and shy, but too many years with no sexual outlet outside battery operated boyfriends and a body pillow for comfort had left her shameless.

She touched her lips where they still tingled from his kiss and knew without a shadow of a doubt that he was focused on her. She could feel his intensity like a shiver of pleasure down her spine. What if she wasn't enough to keep him satisfied? Her stomach clenched. This was just to get the need out of their system. Wasn't it?

The clank and grind of the garage door shutting jerked her out of her thoughts.

Riley'd turned his full attention back to her, and she forgot to breathe. Forgot all the reasons why this was a bad idea. All that mattered was his need. He stalked across the room like a predator on the hunt. So unlike her ex it was like comparing apples to oranges. Riley didn't act like most Dawgs she knew. And maybe that was what scared her the most.

He stopped an arm's length away and held out his hand. She could see the play of emotions across his face. "This is your last chance, Tara. If you come with me now, I swear I won't let you go. I won't be able to."

She knew it. Felt it to the marrow of her bones. He meant his vow. She raised her chin and slid her hand against his waiting palm. Hard calluses brushed against her fingertips, and she ached to have them touch her. Everywhere.

Riley dragged her against him and gave her a hard kiss on the lips. "Let's go, baby. We have five years to catch up on."

She had a feeling he wasn't talking about conversation. And that was just fine with her.

Chapter Two

She had another barrage of nerves on the short walk to his house behind the garage. Her thoughts chased themselves around in her head, a buzz of white noise that dampened her libido.

Riley squeezed her hand, and she looked at him through lowered lashes, trying to read his expression. Nothing could stop her heart's flutter of panic.

He opened the door and turned on a switch. The entryway flooded with light and he gestured. "It's not much."

Tara stepped in, letting his hand drop from hers. Her fingers tingled with the itch to pull him back in her arms so she shoved them deep in her pockets. She moved slowly through the living areas with Riley turning on the lights as he went. It was a beautiful home and comfortably decorated. So far from the sterile environment she'd left behind.

"I know it's not like your --"

"It's perfect." She turned to him and held out her hand. The pain deep in his heart was her fault. To see such a strong man doubt himself did something painful in her chest. Guilt and self-disgust twisted her gut until she was afraid she'd be sick. Tears welled up in her eyes. "It's a gorgeous home, Riley. Don't ever think otherwise."

"Hey." Riley's voice was tender and she could hear the shock lacing it. "Don't cry. I promise, if I would have known my decorating was that bad, I wouldn't have brought you here."

Tara laughed and waved a hand in a helpless gesture. "Your decorating is perfect. The house is perfect." She looked up at him. "You're perfect and I've never been good enough for you."

Riley's eyes narrowed. "I don't know what he did to you, Tara, but if I ever get my hands on him, I'll make him wish he was never born."

Tara sniffed and shrugged. "He didn't do anything. Honestly, he didn't have to, and this isn't the time or place for this discussion. Weren't we doing something naughty?" She hoped he'd take the change of subject.

He ran his fingers along her arms and down her back, pulling her close. His lips touched her forehead and his hands ran the swell of her hips to her ass, pulling her against the hard erection straining his jeans.

She groaned and hid her relief by pressing kisses against his jawline.

"We'll revisit this later, baby." He reached up and clenched her hair, arching her neck. She whimpered even as her pussy contracted. His lips explored her throat while his hips braced her weight. She grabbed his arms to keep upright since her knees were shaking so bad she doubted they'd hold her for long.

Teeth raked against sensitive skin and she shivered. He wasn't a predator by nature, but something about Riley always gave her this need to submit to him. To be taken any way he wanted. Every way he wanted.

His tongue touched her pulse and she could feel the rumble of his moan through her body. Her heart raced frantically. He released her hair and swept her up in his arms. She gasped in surprise and buried her face against his neck. Her cheek rested on his broad shoulders and she held tight as he walked through his home.

He tossed her on the bed and followed behind, tearing off his shirt and toeing off his boots. She scrambled to follow, tugging off her boots and chaps. Her jeans followed.

"Gods, if that ain't the prettiest sight I've ever seen." Riley stilled her when she would have moved. He stretched out over her body and pressed a reverent kiss against the cotton of her panties and the dampness her lust had left there.

He pressed another kiss at her lower stomach, tugging the cotton shirt up to see more. "Let's get these panties off you, baby." He caressed the skin under the band of her panties and dragged them down. Heated kisses and nibbles followed along until her entire lower body trembled with heightened sensitivity. She rested on her elbows so she could watch his mouth do wicked things. He was a beautiful man, a gorgeous specimen of Dawg.

Her panties were tugged off and dropped. She tried to remember to breathe, but Riley made it damned hard when his dark eyes held such intense desire. For her. She swallowed.

He moved back up her body until his breath touched the trimmed thatch of her mound. Dark eyes watched her face as he began teasing. His fingers traced an intricate path along the inside of her thighs. Each pass near her pussy grew closer and closer until she was riding a fine edge of insanity.

He came frustratingly close again, and she bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut to keep from screaming. His fingers caressed her pussy lips, and the coil of tension in her core wound tighter.

"Your scent intoxicates me."

Tara shifted, embarrassed. "I've been riding all day."

His fingers stroked her slit with tender care. "You smell like sunshine and sweat, and uniquely Tara." He slid two fingers deep in her pussy and she jerked at the sensation. When he touched her, it was like being burned alive from the inside.

His mouth touched her pussy almost reverently. Talented fingers found the right spot and she shivered. His tongue began doing wicked things to her clit. Tara clenched the coverlet in her hands and pulled. Her hips arched of their own accord, and she couldn't stop her body from jerking against him in desperate need.

Soft mewling noises came from her throat, and she squeezed her eyes shut at the flare of white-hot pleasure searing her core. He stroked again and she cried out. Her inner muscles squeezed him in hard ripples.

"Gods, Tara, how your pussy milks me. So fucking hot. So wet for me. I can't wait any longer, baby." He pulled his fingers from her and pushed off the bed. With a desperation she felt to the depths of her soul, she watched him tug at the button of his jeans, tearing them open and ripping them down his body.

She needed him.

His cock, hard and ready, pressed against his stomach. She could see precum on the head of his dick and fought the urge to lick it off. Damn, did he always go

commando? She couldn't remember that particular habit, but five years made some things a bit hazy.

She held her arms out to him and sighed with something akin to happiness when his naked body slid against hers. Tara ran her hands down his back and lightly scraped her nails up again.

He made a low rumble in his throat and squeezed his eyes shut. She didn't know if he liked it or not, so she did it again. He moaned and opened his eyes. Dark and beautiful, the way she'd always remembered. The heat in his gaze shot straight to her pussy. She spread her legs and wrapped them around his hips. With care she guided his cock to her, hoping he didn't feel the trembling in her hand.

The head of his cock slid in just enough to have her breath catch. Warm pleasure tingled down her spine to the juncture of her thighs. His eyes never left hers, capturing her with his own need. He plunged deep and she cried out. Muscles unused to sex clenched around his length.

"So tight." He withdrew slowly. God, he was going to kill her. He slammed deep again and pleasure spiked through her pussy. "So good, Tara." Riley was torturing her with slow, deep strokes.

"Dammit, Riley." She could feel her orgasm hovering on the edges, teasing her with tightening muscles.

A sharp nip of his teeth against her throat made her scrape her nails down his back. "I decide when you come." He slammed deep in her pussy and she dug her nails in his back.

His tongue laved the bite and she hissed through her teeth. He changed to shallow strokes. The head of his cock hit a sweet spot and she whimpered. He didn't stop, and she couldn't hold back anymore. She arched against him, desperate for the edge, wanting to jump over into a place where she didn't have to think. Didn't have to need.

He pulled out, and she jerked her eyes open.

"Turn over." He hauled her over and pressed her chest against the mattress. Hot tears filled her eyes, and he pulled her ass up so that it was in the air. She tried to move; a sharp slap against her ass gave her a moment's pause.

His fingertips slid over the warm imprint of his hand and sent odd pleasure tingles to her pussy.

"Why did you stop?" Her throat tightened and she struggled to breathe past the lust thrumming through her body.

Riley kissed her hip and slid two fingers into her drenched pussy. "I told you, baby. I decide when you come. I wasn't ready for it." He scissored his fingers inside and she shoved his pillow against her face to dampen her scream of frustration.

"So impatient. We have all the time in the world, you and I." His fingers pulled out to stroke her engorged clit in circular motions. The pleasure was almost too much and she trembled at the sharp edge of it.

"You're so pretty like this, bent over for my pleasure." He nipped at the spot on her ass where he'd smacked it earlier. "Why did you leave?"

She turned her head so that her cheek rested against the pillow. "I was stupid, Riley. I didn't marry for love or influence."

He pulled her hips down and slid his cock against her slit, teasing her. "You were afraid." His cock slammed deep in her pussy and she arched, clawing at the bed. The new position put friction against that sweet spot.

"No." She moaned to keep from giving in.

"You were afraid of this." He fucked her with the same slow withdrawals as before. "Afraid of us."

"No." She didn't want him to stop, but his words were making her go to a place she didn't want to deal with right then.

"Yes." He drove deep into her, and her inner muscles clenched him.

"Please, Riley." She bit her own arm at her soft plea.

"I love it when you beg, Tara. So beautiful." His pace increased and his cock slammed deep and fast in her pussy. She cried out and pushed back against him. He

gripped her hips and rode her hard. Each thrust drove her closer to the edge until she couldn't stop the waves of pleasure rolling through her body. Impending climax tightened her inner muscles.

"So good. Tara. So good." He changed his position just enough to hit that spot over and over.

Orgasm crashed through her, tearing apart her sanity and leaving her trembling against him. He thrust again, and she felt the hot jet of his cum deep inside. Another smaller orgasm rocked through her. He rolled them over so they were side by side on the bed. The aftershocks of their sexfest made her self-conscious.

"Sleep, baby. We have tomorrow to deal with the world. For now, why don't we burrow down and get some shut-eye?"

She worried her lower lip and doubted she'd be able to rest.

He tugged a sheet over them and ran his hands up and down her spine, draining away her tension. The soft whirr of the air conditioner kicked on, and she shivered, but not from cold. No, she was remembering his words. She wasn't afraid, was she? Of what? He was just crazy. Wasn't he?

Chapter Three

Morning sun caressed her skin, and she stretched. Her hands struck an unfamiliar headboard. She froze and inhaled slowly, trying to remember where she was. Riley's scent engulfed her, and memories of the previous evening roared in her mind and body. Her pussy already ached to be filled again. She finished her stretch with a smile on her lips.

Things were going to work out.

She slipped out of bed and wrapped the sheet around her. The hardwood floor chilled her feet, but she accepted it, wanted the shock of the cold to wake her up, especially if Riley still made coffee the way he used to. She shuddered with distaste at his need to make it so stout it could melt a spoon.

If it was possible, by daylight the house looked warmer and more inviting. She touched the back of a particularly comfortable-looking couch. The kitchen was a cheery yellow. Gingham curtains fluttered in the morning breeze. Years of isolation left her longing for a home like this.

"I don't care who he is, the sonofabitch isn't coming here." Riley's voice carried from outside.

Tara froze.

"Fuck him. I mean it. He takes one step on my property and we will settle this clan to clan." Riley paused and another voice spoke. It was pitched too low for her to make out words, but she could hear the intent. "I just got her back. She left willingly. He already admitted that."

Tara's blood turned to ice. Her ex-husband. What the fuck did he want? Why would he come looking for her now? Her thoughts screeched to a halt. Maybe it was her father, but he'd never questioned her decision to leave the Hallaway clan. Never once.

She turned around and started looking for her clothes. Her thoughts roiled into a slow burn of anger.

Her ex had no business messing in her life. That damn Dawg was determined to kill everything good in her world.

The voices grew closer, and she ran to the bedroom to finish getting dressed. Her heart slammed against her chest.

"Look, Scooter, I'm not sayin' you have to let Tara go. I'm sayin' he's asked for a meeting with his wi --"

Riley growled a response, and Tara rested her forehead against the bedroom door.

"All right. Ex-wife. I'm not sayin' you have to meet with him. I'm just sayin' it'll be a lot easier if she does."

"I thought this place was for those who didn't have anywhere else. Why would you change that now?"

"I'm not. I want this idiot done and outta my town yesterday, if you catch my meaning. But he's bringing some hefty weight with him. Just meet with the guy, let him get whatever he wants off his chest, and then we can all carry on with our lives."

"What if he tries to take Tara?"

Tara held her breath. Old prairie dog law decreed men held territorial property on wives and land. The law had been out of fashion since World War I, but some still claimed it.

"Then he'd be breaking my territory law, and I'd have his ass dragged out of our hometown."

"It's good to know we're on the same page."

The guest made a noncommittal sound. "You may want to go ahead and fill her in. Well, on what she hasn't heard already."

Tara's cheeks flamed in embarrassment, and she finished getting dressed.

The door opened, and Riley leaned against the doorjam. His expression was thunderous, but she could see him fight for control.

"It's my ex, isn't it?" Riley nodded. "I don't know why he's here." Tara jerked her boots on and stomped into them. "I gave him notice, did all the appropriate things to leave him."

"Did he know that?"

"Look, I may have screwed up when we first got together, Riley, but I learned my lesson."

He held up his hands before crossing them again. "Whatever you say, baby."

She knew he didn't believe her, and hell, it's not like she blamed him.

"Let's get this shit over with so I can let you get back to your life." She made to pass him, but he trapped her against the door.

"No, baby. Let's get this straight." His fingers traced along the line of her jaw. She closed her eyes and shivered delicately at the pleasure of one simple touch. "You are my life. Walking out isn't an option. I already told you that." This time his smile was sweet and wistful.

She knew he'd let her go if she wanted. How, she didn't know, but her gut told her he'd never trap her.

Her heart was already his; he just didn't know it yet. "Okay, Riley. We'll do this together. But leave the maiming to me."

Riley chuckled and gave her a slow, lingering kiss. "All right, baby. Whatever you say."

She wasn't kidding, and he was in for a rude awakening.

Chapter Four

Riley was two seconds away from smashing Michael's face in. The little shit wouldn't be able to pick himself back up afterward.

He would have, too, had Tara not glared at him a moment before. Not that he was all that upset about it. Tara was holding her own against the weasel in prairie dog clothing.

"You lying Dawg. I have no interest in being a part of your harem."

"Tara, it's the way we are. We are prairie dogs. One man, many wives. That's the way of things. Surely you knew that when you entered into our arrangement." Michael leaned against the bar.

Riley wondered if that suave voice actually came across as genuine to anyone.

Bucky, the bartender and owner of the town's favorite bar, eyed Riley over a mug he was polishing. Riley held up his hands, but Bucky didn't look like he meant any harm.

"You can take your bullshit and shove it, Michael. I'm not interested."

"I supported you for five years. We took care of you, tended to you --"

"What?" Tara's face hardened in an expression Riley was only too aware of. That look meant trouble, and Michael seemed to be too stupid to figure it out.

"You heard me -- I took care of you."

Tara got in his face. Michael's expression would have been comical had Riley not been afraid for the idiot's life. Tara was furious. "You piece of shit." She poked him in the chest. "What care did you give me? I ran your fucking finances. Your little harem was dead broke when we married. I dug us out of a hole and rebuilt your reputation, and what thanks did I get? When I asked to annul the marriage, you used the influence

I created. You manipulated and twisted the finances until you put a stranglehold on my family." She was shaking.

Michael grew paler with each explosive sentence.

"You think I didn't know how your favorite little wife sabotaged my bike? I was able to fix it enough to get me here."

Michael pushed her hand away and gestured toward Riley. Hmm, this was going to be interesting. "That's another thing. You leave me for him? He can't even shift. He's not pure-blooded."

Riley jerked as though slapped. When had pure blood mattered? No one in town had ever treated him like he didn't belong.

"Who cares, Michael? Really? You're so fucking petty. No, I will not fix your finances. My family is in a place where you can't touch them. And don't let the door hit your ass on the way out."

She turned on her heel and stalked over to Riley.

"You're beautiful when you're angry." Riley couldn't resist it.

Her lips twitched with a reflexive smile. "You comin' or not?"

"Where are we going?" Riley eyed Michael, but the little weasel seemed less interested in chasing Tara and more interested in leaving. Not that he minded one bit.

"Home. Take me home, Riley, please."

Riley tilted his head. "Are you sure?"

She grabbed his hand and interlocked their fingers. "I've never been more sure of anything in my life."

They left Bucky's and headed back to his house.

"It never mattered to me, you know." Tara's voice had a strange pitch to it, like she was trying not to cry.

"What?"

"You not being able to shift. I never cared about that, but my parents did. Well, my mom, anyway." She went on a bit in silence.

Riley didn't know what to say. The reason why his family had moved out here in the first place was because of the bigotry of their previous clan.

"I don't belong anywhere else but here, baby. You can have a life anywhere you want."

Tara shrugged her shoulder. "I kind of like your first idea better."

He looked down at her face and watched the sunlight play through her beautiful hair. He brushed a thumb across her bottom lip. Already his cock was aching for her. He could see the answering lust in her eyes. "What idea was that, honey?" He couldn't live without her, but he'd let her go if she asked.

"The one where I don't get to leave. You know, stay here." She scraped her teeth against the pad of his thumb, and he felt the spark shoot straight to his cock. "At your mercy." Her little tongue rasped against his thumb. "Forever."

"Hmm, I kind of like that too, baby."

A sudden commotion jerked their attention back to the bar. Michael was running like a madman away from the bar. He jumped in his Lexus and tore out of the parking lot like a man in fear of his life. Riley laughed.

"Was that Michael?"

"Yep."

Tara stared up at him. "You wanna tell me what happened?"

Riley put his arm around her shoulders and turned them back toward the house. "I'd say Bucky introduced Michael to a few of our locals."

"Why would he be afraid of other Dawgs?"

Riley chuckled. "It was probably the gator."

"Gator?" She was so cute when her voice squeaked like that.

"Yeah or the wolf."

Tara tightened her hold on him, and he laughed. "You're gonna love it here, baby. Trust me. This place ain't like nothing you've ever seen in this ol' world."

"As long as I'm with you, I'll love it."

"You know, I like the way you think."

She laughed, and it was music to his ears. It was good to have her back and this time, she was his. For keeps.

Epilogue

Tara gnashed her teeth on the cotton cloth in her mouth. She wanted to lick the sweat off Riley's skin, taste the heat they were building.

"Do you know why I gagged you, baby?" Riley's lips touched the edge of her ear, and she shivered in delicate response. He didn't wait for her to answer, just nibbled lightly on the tender skin. She moaned and tugged at the ropes holding her arms wide against the mattress. "Your pretty little mouth gets me all out of sorts, darlin'. Makes me forget things."

His fingertips ran along the curve of her breast and under, scraping lightly against her ribs. She arched against his hand, and he laughed before pulling away and moving to the other side. Tara huffed her frustration.

His lips touched the curve of her spine, and she stilled, barely taking a breath. The feather-light caresses were heavenly and so were the ever-widening swirls his fingers were writing over her skin. Where his touch burned her nerve endings with sensation, his breath cooled, leaving her shaking and desperate.

Her pussy slickened with moisture and need. His scent surrounded her, filled her until there was nothing else. The breeze wafted the mixed scents of their hard lovin' and a prairie rainfall. Home.

"You have the most gorgeous ass I've ever laid eyes on, Tara." A hard smack to her ass punctuated his gentle words and Tara jerked away.

His palm smoothed the skin and she shuddered. Nerves tingled where his hands touched. Another light smack on her ass sent sparks of pleasure through her pussy.

"You like that, baby." He growled low against her skin and bit softly. She moaned and arched back against him. "Give me that pretty pussy, Tara." He gripped her hips, and the pressure of his dick pushed against her slick skin. It slid and rubbed

against her slit, and she moved to alter the angle. Another smack fell on her ass and she jerked.

"I decide when, darlin'. Not you."

She growled and moved again. Another smack fell and she grinned. A battle of wills followed. Every move of her hips brought another love tap on her ass until it burned with fiery sensation. Her gasps were absorbed by the gag.

"Are you ready for me, baby?"

She spread as wide as he let her and pushed back. The head of his cock slid deep inside, and they both moaned in sweet ecstasy. His forehead pressed against her shoulder and he moved slowly back, dragging pleasure through her tight channel until she trembled. He thrust deep and she cried out. He tugged the ropes on one wrist. They loosened and fell in a jumbled heap around her arm. She tugged the other loose and braced her weight on her forearms.

He ran a hand down her spine and she moaned. His hand pressed against her lower back and her hips arched up. "Your pussy's so tight for me." He groaned and thrust deep. Sparks of pleasure shot through her body while the tingle of orgasm tightened down her spine.

"Gods, your pussy is so sweet." His fingers slid around her body and began a sweet torment of her clit, teasing until she became mindless. Needy. Wanted. He moaned and tugged her hair just the way she liked it. His fingers worked their magic and she screamed. Orgasm tore through her body like a storm, tightening the walls of her channel around his cock. He thrust harder and dragged another one from her. And another. She begged through her gag, pleaded, but he kept going, driving her insane with pleasure.

He thrust again and she could feel the hard release of his cock through her sensitive walls. Tiny aftershocks of pleasure rumbled through her, and she fell in his arms on the mattress.

Gentle hands released the gag and work-roughened knuckles caressed her cheek. "My beautiful Tara."

She opened her eyes and saw the sadness there, a shadow of the pain she'd given him, and it broke her heart. How he could ever forgive her was an amazing feat. She'd do everything in her power to make him happy. Never again would she let another person dictate her happiness. "I wish I could give you everything."

His hands stopped their tender ministrations. The light of a thousand stars lit up his eyes when he touched her cheek. His hand moved down to settle above her left breast. "I have everything I could ever want, right here. Love you, Tara."

She pulled him close and gave him feather-light kisses across his jaw. "I love you too."

He tugged her hair until she let a soft growl rumble in her throat. His kiss was hard and thorough. "Bound together."

She smiled at the old promise they'd made years before. "Forever, Riley. For keeps."

Dawn Montgomery

Writing is a driving passion for Dawn Montgomery. She's told stories her entire life and has no intention of slowing down any time soon. Dawn's world is hectic and it reflects in her tales. Reflection comes later, when you get a chance to breathe. Aside from caring for her family, telling a great story is the most important thing to her and she loves hearing from her readers. You can learn more about Dawn by visiting her website at www.dawnmontgomery.com, and can reach her at dawn@dawnmontgomery.com.