

A woman with blonde hair, seen from the back, wearing a black lace bra and black gloves. She is holding a black whip in her right hand, with the tip near her mouth. The background is a warm, golden-brown color with a blurred pattern.

THE  
WAKEFIELD  
*Brats*

*The Sheriff's*  
**JAILBIRD**  
*Brat*

TABOO AGE GAP ROMANCE EXPLICIT  
OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN ROMANCE

**EMILY CRESCENT**



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**THE SHERIFF'S JAILBIRD BRAT**  
THE WAKEFIELD BRATS ROMANCE

**EMILY CRESCENT**

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# CHAPTER ONE

I can feel my body responding, just lighting up, and I moan softly and almost silently as all those hands run over my body. God, how many are there? There must be seven or eight sets of hands, boys and girls, just touching me through my clothes. I can't think of any time I'm gladder to be wearing just a thin, pullover cotton dress. I'm especially glad I'm not bothering with a bra tonight. I wish to hell I wasn't bothering with panties.

I love dancing and I love everybody copping a feel, but I have to admit it gets a little scary when a hand moves up my leg under my dress. It shocks me a bit when other hands do that as well, but I'm caught up in the moment. I'm certainly not going to protest. Hell, I'm right on the verge of

saying, “Yes!” I sway a little more and thrill as everyone gets more aggressive.

I can’t see anyone clearly, probably because of the dim light, but I sure as hell can feel them. One of the hands under my dress is past my knee now and well on its way to my pussy. It doesn’t get there first, though. Before I can really wrap my head around things, my dress is coming off. I might be so paralyzed with fear and shock—and believe me, there is plenty of fear and shock—that I’ll stop things but before the idea to stop processes there are hands on my breasts and a hand slipping into my panties to rub my clit.

No fucking way I’m stopping now.

Instead, I press my pussy against the hand there and I moan loudly. I lean back and feel a mouth at my throat, kissing and licking I want to see who it is but then a mouth covers mine and I’m kissing instead. The hand at my pussy is getting more insistent, fingers teasing along my slit and then, with one swift motion, plunging into...

“Wake up, Jessica! Up!”

It's like the sun suddenly appears in my eyes, completely blinding me. Jesus, no. It's not the sun. It's industrial lighting. "Damn it," I groan, "I was just getting to the good part of my dream." Already, the details of my dream are fading from my memory. I was dancing naked with a bunch of people, I think. We were getting sexy.

"Get up, now!"

"Come on, mom," I groan, "Ten more minutes."

I hear clanging as the voice says, "I'm not your mother. She's in Ohio, remember?"

My vision clears and I breathe out, "Shit," as a memory of last night comes back. I'm in the jail at the Wakefield Sheriff's Station.

"Sheriff Josephson?" I sit up and shake my head. "Why am I here again?"

He sighs and says, "You're here because you were drunk in public. That's the official reason."

“Official reason?” I ask, my head starting to clear. “Wait... do you have coffee.”

He takes pity on me and leaves. This isn't the first time I find myself in a jail cell but it's most definitely the first time I wake up in one. He returns with a plastic mug and opens the door. He hands it to me and says, “Four sugars and two creams.”

“How do you... Oh.” He knows because of the last two times I'm here. That's three times in the new sheriff's first week in town. Not my finest hour.

“What do you mean official reason?”

“I arrested you because you were drunk at the park behind the motel. Ordinarily, I would have just dropped you off at your apartment but you living alone now means nobody to stop you from going back out. Since seven college kids spending the night at the park were getting ready to gangbang you, I didn't think that was wise.”

I sit up a hell of a lot straighter. “Gangbang me?” How the hell can I not remember that? Jesus. I really am out of control lately.

“Yes,” he says, “You were so drunk you couldn’t talk, and seven college kids were about to take turns fucking you.”

Hearing him lay it out so bluntly awakens me to the seriousness of the situation and instead of cracking a joke or making light of the situation, I timidly say, “Thank you for rescuing me.”

“You’re welcome,” he says, “But this needs to stop.”

I open my mouth to reassure him it will, that I won’t make this mistake again and I appreciate his kindness and his forgiveness, but he raises his hand before I can speak and says, “This is the third time in the past week that you’ve been in my jail. The first two times I didn’t charge you. I just let you dry out and then sent you on your way. This time, I’m not going to let you off easy.”

I lower my eyes and don’t respond. After a moment, he says, “You have two options: I can charge you with drunk and disorderly behavior and you can appear before a judge or you can surrender control of your life to me and I can give you some direction that will keep you from ruining things for yourself even further.”

I look up at him wide-eyed. Surrender control of my life to him? The thought is so absurd that I would dismiss it out of hand, except...

Except if I do, then I earn myself a criminal record and potentially miss out on some quality time with Sheriff Josephson.

This would be a good time to mention that he's hot. Like really hot. In fact, he's the sexiest man I've ever seen. He has a powerful body and features that look like they were cut from marble. His eyes are dark and piercing and his full beard gives a rugged, manly look to him that causes my pussy to twitch with need.

Oh yeah, and also I'm still fucking horny from that dream. That leads me to wonder what else control of me might entail. I definitely wouldn't mind sheriff Josephson taking control of me and say, sticking his cock deep inside me. Yeah, that would be perfectly fine in my book.

God, I need a shower. I'm starting to have thoughts that aren't helpful or appropriate right now.

"Do you have a shower I can use?" I ask.

He sighs and I can tell he thinks I'm just blowing him off. He doesn't push the issue, though, but only says, "Yeah. Follow me."

I follow him, trying not to imagine what it would be like if he joined me in that shower.

## CHAPTER TWO

Well, I guess I can check to take a shower in jail off my bucket list.

No, it's not on my list. That's an attempt to be funny.

Of course, I'm not very successful with anything I'm attempting right now. I can very vaguely recall the boys the sheriff talks about behind the motel. God, what I can remember about them more than anything is that I didn't find them attractive.

The problem is, the way I feel right now, how attractive or unattractive a guy might be is irrelevant to me. I'm so damned horny I think I'd happily suck off a troglodyte. Don't get me wrong. I'm wild, sure. Hell, I'm wild and I'm irresponsible. I'm not a slut, though. If those boys had

their way with me at the motel, it would have been only the second guy I had sex with.

Well, I guess, the second, third, fourth... Well, you get the idea.

Anyway, I'm so out of my mind horny that I'm trying my best to let a cold shower calm me down. I mean, the man is right. I need to get control of my life and now isn't the time to be so damned stupid about things. The problem is, I don't even have enough self-control to do that. I turn the nozzle to change the water to hot inside of twenty seconds.

I mean, in fairness, the new sheriff is hot as hell. He's so fucking sexy. I briefly toy with the thought that I get in trouble so much this week just for the excuse to see this hot older guy. Of course, I have to dismiss the whole idea. I've been behaving like this my whole life. It just so happens I get caught by someone new who takes an interest in changing the behavior. I let out a little moan.

A moan?

God, I don't even realize thinking about the man has me pinching my nipples and adjusting my body so the jets of water from the shower spray onto my pussy. I guess a normal girl would realize what she's doing and

stop immediately. I'm about as far from normal as can be, though, I guess. Once I realize I'm touching myself, I just go for it.

There's no real way to direct the water flow so it does what I want it to do so instead, I move one hand down and while I think of the sheriff's muscular body, I rub my clit. God, it feels good. I don't know if it's just waking up horny or what, but I swear to high heaven my pussy is somehow twice as receptive to the sensation as it normally would be.

And then the water turns off and the lights flash. I hear the sheriff's voice. "Okay, the shower's over. I'll turn the water back on for a minute if you need to rinse off. Then dry off and get out here."

I stand there in shock and when the water comes back on, of course, it's freezing fucking cold. I yelp and get out of the shower quickly. I quickly dress and feel a little bit triumphant that when he says, "Out now, Jessica!" I open the door and stand in front of him mid-sentence. He nods and says, "I have your personal effects. Come on, I'm driving you home."

Does it make me crazy that I feel turned on just by how he's treating me?

I mean, he's sexy as hell. Getting turned on at the sight of him makes sense. Getting turned on by him essentially not putting up with my shit, though? I don't get that at all.

He drives me home and walks inside with me. When we step inside the apartment, he frowns and says, "This is unacceptable, Jessica."

I wait for him to tell me what he expects me to change in my life, but he surprises me when instead of telling me what I need to change, he says, "When I return at seven, I expect this apartment to be spotless."

I stare at him a moment, shocked. Did he just essentially tell me to clean my room? Like I'm some sort of unruly child?

Oh yeah. That's pretty much exactly what I am.

He leaves and I surprise myself even more by not hesitating at all before I start tidying up. I start in the living room by picking up all of the trash and taking the scattered articles of clothing to the hamper in the bedroom. Then I dust and polish the coffee table and the two end tables along with the entertainment center and vacuum the couches and the rug. I wash the dishes, clean the kitchen counters and stove and sweep and mop the entire kitchen and living room.

I am as thorough in the bedroom and bathroom as I am in the living room. The process takes me most of the day and by the time I finally head to the shower, I am sore and tired and dirty, but I feel strangely accomplished.

I can't believe that I did this. I mean, I've never cleaned up like this before, not even when I was a kid living with my parents. Somehow, today I find the gumption to clean my apartment and not only clean it but give that cleaning attention to detail I don't remember giving to anyone my entire life.

As I shower, I wonder what it is that prompts me to this sudden effort. I mean, obviously, I don't want to go to jail, so it's important that I convince Sheriff Josephson that I'm serious about listening to his instructions, but it isn't fear that motivates me but... I don't know what it is.

Then it hits me. I do it because I want to please him. I want him to be proud of me. I don't just want him not to punish me, I want to show him that I can be better than I am so far. I want him to believe that I can be a good person and so I go above and beyond his instructions and make the place spotless.

And I'm still fucking horny.

I consider masturbating but there's no time. It's five to seven and he expects me to be waiting for him when he returns.

I switch the shower off and towel off and dress quickly. I make it to the living room just as the sheriff returns. He knocks on the door and I let him in, waiting nervously while he inspects the apartment.

## CHAPTER THREE

What the hell is going on with me?

Am I just that turned on by this guy?

I don't think in my entire life I've ever been so desperate for approval from anyone. I mean, it's not like I want people to hate me or anything, but I can't recall a time, at least not since junior high, when I really cared if people liked me or not. I can't recall a time caring if someone is proud of me or if someone is going to be happy with something I do. I mean, it just never enters into the equation for me. I just don't usually give a damn about that.

But now, as he walks around the house, just looking over things, it feels like my entire existence depends on him being happy with what he sees. It's such a new and strange thing to care about that sort of thing.

And if you can tell me why in the midst of all this near panic about what he'll think about the apartment my nipples are harder than hell and I feel like if the breeze hits my clit just right, I'll cum, feel free to explain that to me.

Finally, he steps in front of where I sit on the couch and says, "I want to ask you a question."

I have no idea why that's the last thing in the world I expect to hear. It makes even more skittish, and I nervously answered, "Okay."

"Will you walk around the apartment? You don't have to look closely. Just walk from here to your bedroom, the kitchen, and the other places. Just open all the doors and glance and then come back. Shouldn't take you more than a minute or so. Would you do that for me?"

"Okay," I say. Now I'm skittish and confused. Did I miss something? I can't help but ask him. "Is something wrong? Do I need to see what I messed up?"

“You don’t need to look for anything at all. I just want you to go take a peek at everything and come back.”

I do as he says, still confused. Damn it, the place is perfect! There’s nothing wrong. I’m damned proud of the work I put in. I don’t know what his problem is! I come back and sit down, and my attitude is a lot less eager to please, I can tell you.

“Okay,” he says, “Now I just have one question for you. How do you feel being in your apartment right now compared to how you felt yesterday and the day before when you were in your apartment?”

All of the irritation disappears. The eagerness to please kind of disappears, too. There’s just a surprise. “I... I feel really good,” I say. “I feel like...” I feel my cheeks grow warm and I imagine I’m blushing. “I feel like I can breathe.”

He smiles and says, “You made the apartment perfect. It doesn’t have to be like this all the time. Some people like their homes like this. Some people like it a little more lived in. Most people like it somewhere in between. I have a feeling whether you like it a little lived in or perfect like

this, you'll be able to breathe a whole hell of a lot better than when you leave it a complete mess like it was when we got here."

I stare at him and maybe for the first time in my life, I nod in agreement with an authority figure, I mean agreement I actually feel. "I'm proud of you," he adds, and it feels like a caress.

"Thank you," I say softly.

"Jessica," he says, "Your life is like this apartment. You don't have to be perfect. You can enjoy life a little, but you'll never be able to breathe if you keep being a complete mess."

I stare at him in a lot of shocks, a little wonder, and something else I don't understand until I burst out in tears. I feel his arms wrap around me and though this is what I've lusted after since the morning, I don't feel very sexy at the moment.

I look back on my life up until now and it feels a lot like the apartment before the sheriff made me clean it. Disorganized, dirty, torn up, and most discouragingly, not valued.

That's why this apartment looked the way it did. I didn't value it. I mean, I liked having a place to sleep but I didn't take any pride in it. It was just the place I would pass out at when I stumbled home drunk or high or was dropped off by the most recent guy I sucked off for a ride home from the bar. It was never a home, just a roof, and a shower. Hell, the only part of the place that I ever kept in any kind of shape was the tv.

My life was exactly like that. I didn't care about the fact that I was letting random guys use my body, even if that use never escalated to intercourse. I didn't view my life as something valuable or precious or even something that belonged particularly to me. I was just existing and in this moment of clarity, I understand that all of my poor behavior—drinking, partying, flitting from guy to guy and from high to high—stems from the fact that I don't value myself much at all.

I value my apartment now. I value how clean and nice it is. I value the fact that I can sit and not have to toss old food wrappers out of the way. I value the fact that the place doesn't smell like dirt and mildew anymore. I value the fact that although I was nervous for him to inspect the place, I was equally proud for him to see it and see the thought and care that I put into cleaning and organizing.

I have nothing in my life to be proud of. The rest of my life is as dirty and disgusting as my apartment was only hours ago and realizing that now brings bitter tears to my eyes.

When I open my eyes, I am alone in my bedroom. It is dark outside, so I know that hours have passed, and when I roll over and see the clock reads four a.m., I realize that many hours have passed.

I am in my bra and panties and nothing else and I realize what happened. I cried myself to sleep and the sheriff undressed me and carried me to bed.

I feel a touch of lust knowing that he undressed me, but that lust is mixed with simple gratitude at the kindness he shows me. I can't recall the last time someone shows me kindness that isn't just an attempt to get into my pants.

## CHAPTER FOUR

This is an entirely new experience for me. Seriously. I wake up in a way I can't recall ever waking up before. First and foremost, my brain is quiet. I don't know how to explain that exactly other than if you think about the apartment, about the mess being all cleaned up. It's like my mind was a mess and now it's clean. The problem is I'm familiar enough with the structure of my apartment after two years that I can navigate it even though I can barely recognize it.

How long has my head been a mess?

I mean, it's like all the rooms in my head are swept clean but I'm unfamiliar with all of them. I'm lying on my bed, which probably has clean

sheets and a clean blanket for the first time in eight months, and it's almost unfamiliar to me but it's still my bed. I'm in a room that's completely clean and it's sort of unfamiliar to me but it's still my room.

I slip out of bed, and this might be the first time since I was like nine or ten but even though it's like four in the morning, I make my bed. As I walk to the bathroom, I see the clothes I wore yesterday neatly folded and on my dresser. I wore them for a total of two hours or so and I put them away. Again, when does that happen? I take off my bra and panties and instead of tossing them on the floor, I put them in the hamper.

I shower and my mind is still clear and unfamiliar to me. I don't know how to explain it. I'm just... clear. I don't want to drink. I don't want to get high. I don't want to raise hell. There's nothing I want to stop thinking about. Can all this really be just from cleaning my house?

No.

Bullshit.

It's the analogy from the sheriff. I guess maybe it's a metaphor. Whatever the hell you call it, the man is right. My life is like my apartment

before, a complete and total mess. As I shower, I realize something. I don't even like the crap I do. I can't figure out why I do it.

Do you feel better?

Isn't that the question he gives me? Well, I feel a hell of a lot better with the house clean.

My mind is clear. It's quiet. The problem is, I just don't know what to put in it now. I kind of scrub all over in the shower. I mean, I don't feel dirty or anything. I don't know why I feel like cleaning every inch of myself. Anyway, I shower long, and I shower hard. When I step out, I look in wonder at the wall. There are two fresh towels on the towel rack—usually, there's one that's been used six or seven times before. Even better, my big fluffy terrycloth robe is on the hook on the wall. When was the last time I had my robe available?

I mean, yesterday does feel like a brand-new start. The problem is it feels like my life is a car all broken down. Then, magically, the car is completely fixed but now I don't have a map and have no idea where to go. Still, I feel better than when I'm broken down. I dry off and I feel almost luxurious as I blow dry my hair for the first time in ages and then wrap

myself in my robe. I put on my... Oh my God, my fluffy slippers! It's been so long!

I walk back to my room and check the clock again. It's four-forty-five. I lie in bed again, but I'm wide awake and when sleep doesn't come after about fifteen minutes, I get out of bed again and go to the kitchen to make coffee.

I pour myself a cup and close my eyes, smiling as I savor the warm brew. I giggle a little as I realize this is the first time in years I've actually enjoyed coffee and not just pounded it as a hangover cure. I drink slowly, enjoying each sip and when I'm finished, I head to the living room. I figure the sheriff will be at work in a few hours, so I'll call him then and ask what my next instructions are.

Then I see him sleeping on my couch under one of the blankets I washed yesterday. I stare in shock when I realize he spent the night here and my shock increases when I see his clothes neatly folded on the coffee table and realize he's nearly naked underneath.

All of the lust that I sort of forgot about in the overwhelming realization that I've treated myself like garbage for years returns in full

force and I decide to thank Sheriff Josephson for all of his help in the most intimate way possible. I carefully remove the covers and then just as carefully pull his boxers down.

I stare wide-eyed at his cock for a moment. Even soft, it's the most impressive cock I've ever seen. I lower myself as though in a trance and when my lips close around the head, a shiver passes through me. It takes all of my willpower to slowly move up and down his cock and not just go absolutely crazy on him.

I'm glad for my restraint, though, because the feeling of his cock growing in my mouth is maybe the most intoxicating thing I ever experience. I keep my lips pressed against his base for as long as I can, but he quickly grows too big for me to take him all and I have to pull up and add my hand to his base to extend my suction as I moan and slide my tongue luxuriously over his shaft.

When I add a hand to caress his balls, he stirs, then wakes. I smile up at him without slowing or stopping my movements and when he registers what's happening, he cries out, "Jesus! Jessica, we can't do this!"

I keep moving without slowing or stopping. My only reaction is to giggle and then drive my lips further down his throbbing shaft.

## CHAPTER FIVE

I pull my mouth up but I keep stroking his cock. He stares at me. I can tell he wants to stop me, but the man has a twenty-year-old girl eagerly pleasing him. How does an older guy wake up to that and resist? “I have never slept with anyone I wanted to,” I say, “not once. I don’t mean anybody forced me. I just mean I never wanted to.”

It’s like my words distract him from the situation, like sympathy or empathy or whatever it takes the surprise and impropriety away or something. “You don’t have to do this. I’m not going to charge you.”

I’m still stroking. “You don’t understand,” I say with a sweet smile—Jesus, what a wonderful thing to remember I even have a sweet smile!

“Sheriff,” I... “I’m not calling you that anymore. Daddy. I like that. Daddy, I’ve never done this with anyone because I wanted to. It was always to keep the peace or to get what I want or to get out of trouble. I know I don’t have to do this right now.”

He still doesn’t stop my hand. “But why then, Jessica.”

I shake my head. “You don’t have to figure anything out, Daddy. It’s pretty simple. I want to. I want to do this. For the first time I can remember, this is something I want to do, not something I have to do.” Before he can speak again, I put my mouth back on him.

There are so many things that are wonderful about this. I mean, I think the thing I like most of all is how he starts to stop me a number of times. He lifts up his hands or starts to adjust his body. He just can’t go through with it. It’s like the only thing more impossible than letting me do this is stopping me from doing it. I guess that makes me feel really sexy and powerful. More importantly, it lets me do this for him, and I’m not lying when I say I want that.

It’s kind of strange because my newly quiet mind is racing again but not really in a bad way. I’m just trying to wrap my head around why I so

desperately want this man. No, that's not it. I'm trying to wrap my head around why I want desperately for this man to enjoy right now. I don't know how to explain it. Lots of people tell me I'm wasting my potential. Lots of people tell me how badly I live my life. He's the first one who ever, I don't know, got me to understand the difference. Maybe the stars aligned or something to make this the perfect time. I'm just not sure.

What I feel absolutely certain about, though, is that I want this man to feel rewarded and happy. I want him to be pleased not *with* me but *by* me.

Oh, I guess I also want him to be pleased with me.

I move my mouth a little more purposefully, going deeper and moving my tongue a lot. It's kind of strange to realize I'm actually paying attention to what I do rather than just going through the motions. I caress his balls and move my hand and mouth together on his shaft. I'm moaning softly. All of these things are kind of new for me. I mean, it's not like this is the first time I do them. It's more like this is the first time I do them just to make it good for the guy and not due to some ulterior motive.

When I feel his breathing grow ragged and his balls lift in my hand, I increase my pace and the force of my suction. He moans and says, "Jessica,

I'm..."

He doesn't get the chance to tell me he's cumming because he does before he finishes the words, crying out and pulsing powerfully in my mouth while I moan and suck, not slowing or stopping until long after his cock stops throbbing in my mouth. In fact, I won't stop until he pushes me off of him, moaning, "Oh God, little girl."

Hearing him call me sends a shiver through me and if he didn't pick me up and start carrying me to the bedroom, I would straddle his cock right then and there. When he gets me to the room, I moan, "Daddy, fuck me," and when he puts me on the bed, I open my legs wide and wait for him to take what belongs to him.

He does, but not in the way I expect and when his lips close on my pussy, it's like a spark of pleasure ignites every nerve ending in my body, sending waves of sensation through me that cause me to alternate between stiffening and gasping and writhing and moaning.

Oh God, he feels good. God, this feels really good.

I've only had sex three times before, all with my high school boyfriend. I've given dozens of blowjobs and hundreds of handjobs. Not

once has anyone ever gone down on me. I sort of assumed it was just something that pornstars did and not something that real men would actually do. I never really missed it. I just dismissed it as something unrealistic of me to expect.

“Daddy!” I cry out as his lips and tongue move expertly through my folds and flick lightly over my clit. “Oh my God!”

He moans over my pussy, I shiver as a lightning bolt of sensation runs through me. His hands reach behind my legs and come over to hold my hips, holding me still while he suckles me powerfully and drives me closer and closer to an orgasm that I know will be far more powerful than anything I’ve ever felt in my life.

And I feel more than just physically good. I feel cared about. I realize now why people of all genders enjoy oral sex so much. Oral sex by its nature is focused entirely on the other person. I sucked his cock because I wanted him to feel good and wasn’t concerned with how good I might feel other than the fact that pleasing him felt good.

He licks my pussy because he wants me to feel good and isn’t concerned with his own stimulation other than the fact that it feels good to

him to make me feel good.

And good doesn't even begin to describe what I feel when my climax hits and my body explodes into a thousand pieces of shivering, screaming pleasure.

# CHAPTER SIX

It's overwhelming.

It's like this is the first time I actually experience an orgasm.

Don't misunderstand me. This is not my first orgasm. It's the best, though. It's almost like this time I actually feel the orgasm. I'm not explaining this correctly. It's so beyond any previous climax that it makes the others feel like they aren't actually orgasms but just, I don't know, approximations of orgasms.

I can't explain it.

It's like the difference between canned spaghetti and spaghetti cooked at home. Yeah, that doesn't work either. The point is—

“Oh, Jesus, Daddy!” I cry as his cock suddenly fills me.

Yeah, the only point now is the sheriff fucking me. Dear God! Again, it's like experiencing sex for the first time, the way it's supposed to feel. I cling to his shoulders as his thrusts drive me to places I can't even comprehend.

My mind is still clear.

I mean, the mess is gone.

If this is what I'll fill the empty rooms of my mind with, I'm on board.

If this is what Sheriff Josephson will fill the emptiness in my body with, that's perfectly fine with me. He can fill me in anytime.

In case that wasn't already clear to him, I say, “Daddy, cum inside my pussy.”

Then I correct myself, “Cum inside your pussy, Daddy.”

I belong to him, body, mind, and soul and I'm not allowing him the privilege of enjoying my body, I'm giving him what he's already earned.

“Cum inside your little girl, Daddy. Fill me up. Please.”

He cries out and does as I ask and I clamp my thighs shut around him and grind my hips crazily on him, drawing out every drop of him and climaxing myself at the feeling of his cock pumping deep inside me. When we're finished, we remain in each other's arms, breathing heavily and basking in the afterglow of our mutual climax, and for the first time, I express the feelings I've had for him ever since that first day when he made me clean my apartment and then my life.

“I love you, Daddy.”

He makes me the happiest woman in the world when he responds by saying, “I love you too, little girl.”

# EPILOGUE

“The Wake County Sheriff’s Department would like to welcome our newest deputies. These individuals have completed six months of grueling training and studying to earn their badges and will now join the finest law enforcement agency in the country and serve and protect their community —”

Sheriff Josephson continues his speech. It’s a little bit of mental masturbation I suppose to call us the finest law enforcement agency in the country, but I certainly feel a lot of pride as I stand with the other graduates of the police academy and wait for my name to be called.

I can't believe it. I'm a sheriff now. Well, a deputy, technically, but still. This time last year, I was drunk off my ass about to have a train run on me by seven equally drunk college boys and now I'm standing at parade rest with my hair in a bun, in an immaculately tailored and ironed sheriff's uniform about to take an oath to serve and protect my community.

And not just to serve and protect my community but to serve as an example to everyone in my town of a strong, proud, kind, law-abiding citizen who will be an asset to her neighbors and not a liability.

I'm a good person now. I guess I wasn't really a bad person before, just a lost person, but the end result was that I did a lot of bad things, so it's not really a stretch to say I was a bad person.

Now I'm found. Now I'm good. Now, as I stand in front of the man I love and solemnly swear to uphold the law and serve as a shining example to the people of Wake County, I have no doubt that I will keep that oath and make my community and my Daddy proud.

He pins my badge on and smiles at me and though we obviously have to remain professional in front of everyone, the smile he gives me reveals

the love and pride he feels in me for accomplishing something that only a few months ago seemed utterly absurd to think about.

“Welcome to the Wake County Sheriff’s Department, Deputy Jessica Josephson.”

Oh yeah, we’re married too. I forgot to mention that part.

I smile and say, “Thank you, Sheriff Richard Josephson.”

There’s applause and a little scattered laughter from the attending deputies, all of whom are aware of our relationship and equally aware that the nature of our relationship doesn’t afford me any favoritism or special treatment. Everyone is genuinely happy for me and genuinely proud of me and being seen as something other than an easy blowjob is nearly as powerful as the accomplishment of earning my badge is.

I walk down the stage and I no longer consider my life valueless. I can look at myself with the same pride that Daddy feels when he looks at me.

And that’s pretty darned amazing, if you ask me.

\*\*\*

Did you like *The Sheriff's Jailbird Brat*? I enjoy writing a nice instalove story with a brat involved. Jessica and her sexy older man are certain to enjoy a nice, long, uncluttered happily ever after life now. What a great ending for them and, while we're at it, a nice change for the little town of Wakefield. There's one less young person causing trouble and wasting her life away, right? I hope you enjoyed this tale as much as I loved writing it.

If you enjoy reading tales about brats getting a hell of a lot more than what they expect from their behavior, you'll love the next book in this sexy series. Wakefield is the perfect spot for people traveling to stop, gas up, eat, and sometimes stay in the little roadside motels. It's also right in the middle of wildfire country and that's why Fire Marshal Holt Carson arrives in town to arrange for fire breaks and brush clearing. The county assigns him Tiffany, a girl sentenced to community service for disturbing the peace. She doesn't want to be there and doesn't want to do a damned thing he tells her to do. She's about to learn that Holt Carson won't put up with her. It's a rude awakening but she finds herself suddenly aroused by the way he takes

a firm hand with her. It doesn't take long before she wakes up next to him! This kind of forbidden romance can't possibly work, can it? Find out in [\*The Fire Marshal's Careless Brat\*](#), the next sexy tale in the sexy new series, *The Wakefield Brats*.

Happy Reading!

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