







**WILLA KAY** 

# **Deception & Daylight**

Oak Ridge Series Book Three

Willa Kay

This is a work of fiction. Unless otherwise indicated, all the names, characters, businesses,

places, events and incidents in this book are either the product of the author's imagination

or used in a fictitious manner.

Copyright © 2025 Willa Kay

All rights reserved. This book or parts thereof may not be reproduced in any form, stored in

any retrieval system, or transmitted in any form by any means-electronic, mechanical,

photocopy, recording, or otherwise-without prior written permission of the publisher,

except as provided by United States of America copyright law.

ISBN: 979-8-9918778-2-4

**Created with Vellum** 

 $\Re$ 

# Contents

Content Warnings
Welcome to Oak Ridge
<u>Listen to Miles and Maggie's Playlist</u>
<u>Prologue</u>
ı. <u>Mags</u>
2. Miles
3. <u>Mags</u>
4. <u>Miles</u>
5. <u>Mags</u>
6. <u>Mags</u>
7. <u>Mags</u>
8. <u>Miles</u>
9. <u>Miles</u>

- 10. <u>Mags</u>11. <u>Mags</u>
- 12. <u>Mags</u>
- 13. <u>Mags</u>
- 14. <u>Mags</u>
- 15. <u>Mags</u>
- 16. <u>Mags</u>
- 17. <u>Mags</u>
- 18. <u>Mags</u>
- 19. <u>Miles</u>
- 20. <u>Mags</u>
- 21. <u>Mags</u>
- 22. <u>Mags</u>
- $23. \ \underline{Mags}$
- 24. <u>Mags</u>
- 25. <u>Mags</u>

26. <u>Miles</u>
27. <u>Mags</u>
28. <u>Miles</u>
29. <u>Mags</u>
30. <u>Mags</u>
31. <u>Mags</u>
32. <u>Miles</u>
33. <u>Mags</u>
34. <u>Mags</u>
35. <u>Miles</u>
36. <u>Miles</u>
37. <u>Mags</u>
<u>Epilogue</u>
Bonus Epilogue
<u>Acknowledgments</u>
About the Author

### Also by Willa Kay

## **Dedication**

To every single person who's been asking for Miles Fucking Barlow to sweep you off your feet, he's ready to spank your bratty ass for being impatient.

## **Content Warnings**

While this book is a contemporary small town romance, there are some heavier themes addressed within these pages. You may skip this page if you prefer to go in blind.

THIS BOOK CONTAINS:

Loss of a parent (Past, off page)

Past childhood physical abuse (off page)

Physical & Sexual assault (off page, not between MCs)

Trauma & PTSD

Cancer diagnosis & treatment (non-MC)

Explicit & Detailed open door spice scenes

(including light dom/sub dynamics, power exchange)

Emotional manipulation (not between MCs)

Mention of Suicide (Off page)

As Maggie says, there's nothing more satisfying than a well-timed fuck. You'll find that word used liberally throughout the book. You've been warned. "Fuck" count: 337

Please put your mental health first when deciding whether or not to proceed.

Every 68 seconds, an American is sexually assaulted. Please reach out for help by calling the National Sexual Assault Hotline: 800-656-HOPE (4673)

This hotline is free, confidential, and open 24 hours/day.

## Welcome to Oak Ridge

Please note, this town is entirely fictional. In theory, it's located in Western Kentucky, roughly 1 hour from the Tennessee border. It is not related to the neighborhood in Kenton County that shares the same name.

You can find a map of our little hallmark town at www.willakaywrites.com



# Listen to Miles and Maggie's Playlist



There are song titles accompanying every chapter.



Prologue

Mags

#### 2 years ago

## H ere's the thing...

When I gently nudged Paige to sign up for RateMate, I had no intention of signing up alongside her. But curiosity (and wine) got the better of me. So, while my bestie is passed out with her feet on my lap, I'm busy swiping through profiles hoping to come across the hottie named Miles who made a brief appearance on Paige's phone before I urged her to keep swiping.

I'm well aware of my hypocrisy but, in my defense, Paige isn't into blondes. I have less... discriminating tastes. Give me a man with a nice smile and a sound moral compass, and I'll bite. Literally, if given the chance.

Admittedly, the distance between Toronto and Kentucky is a challenge, but my dad is the CEO of a travel magazine based in Tennessee, and I'll be in the area over Christmas break. If we split the difference and meet in Nashville, it's a win win situation. What happens in Tennessee, stays in Tennessee, right? Ok, so that's Vegas, but same basic premise.

When I check the time, I'm shocked to find it's already 2:20 a.m. I decide to give it ten more minutes and if I don't find this guy, I'll call it a night. I'm not sure what drew me to his profile in the first place; it might've been the devastating jawline or the deep blue eyes that screamed trouble. Who am I kidding? The man is jacked, and he could absolutely wear me like a JanSport. Bonus points for not having a fishing photo in his carousel.

I'm beginning to lose hope, frantically swiping past profile after profile when I'm stopped dead in my tracks by that devastating smile. I spend the next few minutes going over his details: 28-year-old contractor from Kentucky. Likes animals, not looking for a serious relationship — no problem there.

My finger hovers over the ten in the ratings box when I notice a blinking green light above his messaging icon. He's online right now.

Maggie: Hey Kentucky, got any plans over the holidays?

Miles: Well, hey there, gorgeous. Are you offering to give me something to do?

Maggie: Or someone. ②

Miles: Not for nothing, but maybe we should get to know each other first.

Mags: What do you want to know?

Miles: Favorite movie?

Maggie: Pride and Prejudice (the 2005 version, obviously.)

You?

Miles: Empire Strikes Back

Maggie: Star Wars? Never would've pegged you for a nerd.

Miles: Are you offering to peg me, darlin'?

Not where I thought this conversation was going, but I'll play.

Maggie: Are you interested, Miles?

Miles: Hmm. Think I'll pass. Music?

Maggie: My playlist is a mixed bag. Everything from show

tunes to folk rock. You?

Miles: Hozier is at the top of my list, for sure.

Maggie: You've got taste, I'll give you that.

Miles: I'd definitely love a taste. 3

My face is on fire and I have to squeeze my thighs together to quell the growing ache caused by the glaring innuendo. It's been far too long since I've had a man between my thighs, and if this conversation is headed where I think it is, I need to extricate myself from under my best friend. I carefully slide out from under Paige, replacing my legs with a throw pillow before inching away from the couch and tiptoeing towards the stairs. Just as I'm closing the door to my bedroom, my phone vibrates with another message.

Miles: Not sure if I can wait until December.

#### Fuck. Me.

Instead of tapping out a response, I decide to play with my prey. I quickly strip off my jeans and tank top before heading over to the full-length mirror attached to my armoire. I've done my fair share of sexting, and this angle always gets me *exactly* what I'm after. I muss up my naturally wavy hair, leaving my fingers locked in the strands as I lean my head to the side and cross one leg in front of the other. My nipples are visibly hard beneath my lacy blush bra, my cheeks flushed, looking freshly fucked. I'm a confident 23-year-old woman, and I know I look damn good. I snap a couple of photos from different angles, making sure to get it just right before selecting the best one to send off to Miles. He has no idea who he's dealing with. Miles, eat your heart out.

Miles: Fuuuuuuuuuuk. Ready to play, little minx?

## Chapter 1

Mags

#### 🎝 I Would, Would You - Kelsea Ballerini

I glance down at the blank page, my fingers resting on the keys of my favorite sage green typewriter, poised and waiting for inspiration to strike. But that hope is futile. I haven't written a single word all day.

My phone vibrates on the dark wood coffee table — a welcome distraction. I swipe to answer the call, and suddenly a chubby face that looks strikingly like a tiny version of my best friend is staring back at me. With her dark eyes and curly brown hair, Sofia is the spitting image of her mom. She smiles her dimpled smile as my face comes into view, and before I can even utter a word, she tries to pull the phone straight into her mouth with her tiny, ineffectual fists. Paige snatches it back seconds before the sloppy, wet assault, but it's unlikely to come away completely unscathed. "Sorry, Sofia's teething something fierce," she says with an apologetic smile.

"Couldn't be me," I tease. "How's the sleep regression?"

Her nose crinkles. "Ugh. Don't get me started. Besides, if I wanted to talk about mom shit, I'd call Ivy. How's the new roomie?"

"He's no Paige, that's for sure. Mostly keeps to himself, which I appreciate." After Paige moved out, I put off finding a new roommate for as

long as I could, but Dad insisted on the extra income, even though he has more money than he knows what to do with.

"And have you told your dad you're not taking the job yet?" I grumble a curse under my breath, not liking where the conversation is headed, tossing my head back against the sofa cushions. "You're gonna have to tell him sooner rather than later. It's not healthy for you to keep pushing it off. You have your own dreams to chase, babe. You shouldn't let his archaic bullshit about legacies and living up to the Watson name keep you from chasing them." She pauses to throw up air quotes around "Watson name," and I can't help but laugh.

Through no fault of her own, Paige doesn't know I've already achieved my biggest dream. It's not that I don't trust her, I just haven't found the right time to bring it up.

I never intended to keep it a secret, but it's been a year since my debut came out under a pen name and nobody outside of my immediate publishing team knows about it. Everyone involved in my career has signed NDAs to protect my identity, including my editor and cover artist. If word gets back to my dad that I'm writing spicy romance novels, I'll never hear the end of it. The press alone would be a nightmare. I can already see the headlines: Heiress to the Watson Empire Writes Smut.

With a resigned sigh, I nod my agreement. "He's flying in for a business meeting next month and I'll tell him over dinner."

"Good. I'm proud of you, babe. Whatever you decide to do next, I'll be here."

"I know you will. That's why you're my favorite. How's Cowboy?" I ask, referring to her husband by the nickname she bestowed upon him the first time they met.

"The 'man cold' is very much a real thing, I can confirm. He gets the sniffles, and you'd think he was just diagnosed with some rare terminal illness."

"Need me to fly down there and kick his ass for you?" I mime throwing a terrible punch that would very likely end in a broken bone, and Paige snorts