

Hey everyone,

Wow, that's weird. Sounds like I know all of you, which I don't. But Erin tells me that you all know me really well—also weird by the way—and that you'd love to hear from me, so I agreed. After a couple shots—or six—of moonshine. Yeah, if I'm writing this letter, I'm spilling the secret to how she got me to do this. Don't underestimate Erin Nicholas. She does like to get her way. And when I commented on her kind-of amazing tolerance to our moonshine, she mentioned something she just called "booze" and a place called Sapphire Falls? Anyway, apparently she's been drinking homemade liquor and getting rowdy country boys to do what she tells them for a while now. She also said you all would know what she was talking about with that? So that's how I ended up here writing to you all.

Um, so where to start? What do you already know? Erin says there's a whole book about how me and Maddie got together, but I haven't read it. I mean, that's kind of cool but Erin said she didn't really want me to read it. Said she shared some intimate details that might make me uncomfortable. She should have known better than to say that. It's pretty hard to embarrass me and if it's all about how I finally convinced Maddie to stay in Autre and let me love her and get her naked on a regular basis then I not only want to read it, I want everyone to read it. Hell, I might sign copies and give them away on street corners. Damn right, I want everyone to know that Madison Allain picked me.

Hey, let's talk about Maddie. I can do that all day. So, she's painting again. A lot. She's sold four pieces through the gallery in New Orleans and a couple of things she had hung up here in the office. We're talking about setting up a website for her stuff and everything. Her work is amazing and I'm not saying that just because I'm sleeping with her. Which I am. Did I mention that? All the time. Every night. Just to be clear—Madison Allain is fully and completely in love with me and I get to see her naked every single day. Sound like I'm bragging? Hell yeah, I am. Did she decide to stay with me in Autre because she's half crazy? Nope. It's because she's totally crazy. Which makes her perfect for me.

Okay, for now she's still technically staying at Cora's, but let's just say she hadn't had to make the bed in her room at Cora's for a while.

Why don't we just get married? Am I going to propose to her? Well, of course. But this is the kind of thing you gotta make a big-assed deal. In part because Maddie deserves that. In part because my grandma might cut me off from her bread pudding if I do something small and quite and normal. So I'm still working out how and when to do it. But don't worry, she's not getting away again. Maddie, not my grandma. Well, my grandma isn't getting away either. Not that she's trying to leave. Especially now that she and Leo are back together. They're sneaking around and trying to hide it from all of us, but Leo is a horrible secret keeper and the way they look at each other, it's obvious.