



# Beastly Mountain Man

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**Category:** Erotic, Romance, Adult, Crime And Mafia

**Description:** I came to this mountain chasing an opportunity—a job offer that sounded too good to be true. But with nowhere else to turn and a desperate need for a fresh start, I took the risk.

Now, I'm lost in the woods with no cell service, no sense of direction, and no way to turn back.

Then I find him. Or maybe... he finds me.

The locals call him a beast—a dangerous recluse who lurks in the shadows. When I lay eyes on Ace, I understand why. He's all rugged muscle, untamed hair, and a scar that only makes him look more feral. He stares at me like he wants to devour me whole, and not once does he pretend to be a gentleman.

When I ask for directions, he takes me to his cabin instead.

I should run, but something about him draws me in. The danger. The heat in his gaze. The way his rough voice promises things I've never felt before.

The locals may be right. Maybe he is a beast.

And maybe...I want to be devoured.

**Total Pages (Source):** 13

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

1

June

The worst part about climbing this mountain? The endless sea of identical trees. Sure, if I squint, I can spot the differences—some bristling with pine needles, others flaunting jagged leaves—but in the fading light, they all blur into the same oppressive green.

That's why I'm lost.

Every turn leads to another winding trail, another shadowed thicket. My legs burn, but I can't even tell if I'm ascending or just circling some cruel joke of a slope. Fairland is supposed to be crawling with hikers—so where the heck are they? At this point, I'd take anyone. A seasoned backpacker, a clueless tourist, or even some smug trail runner with too-short shorts.

Just... someone. Before the trees swallow me whole. At this rate, I feel like I'm about to be devoured.

I swipe the sweat from my forehead with the back of my hand, the scent of damp earth clinging to my skin like a perfume made of nature.

I need to take a seat and rest for a few minutes. Sure, it's my third break in an hour, but my feet ache fiercely in shoes not made for this walk, and my thighs burn with every step.

Wearing shorts was an oversight I can now deeply regret—the fabric rides up, and the patch against my inner thighs is rubbing raw. I must look absurd, walking with this awkward, wide-legged gait, like someone navigating an invisible stream.

Once more, I accept that some people aren't suited for nature. I'm putting my name at the top of the list. I'm crazy for thinking someone like me, someone born in the city, could suddenly say goodbye to their life and throw themselves at something so different.

Finding a stump with my name written all over it, I plop down and pull my phone out, my breath held for any difference from the last time I checked the device.

No new messages or calls. It might have something to do with the lack of signal. Ever since I started this climb, I lost it. At this rate, the device is going to die from searching for any hints of service.

Couldn't call anyone to give me a ride up the mountain when my Uber shot down what was supposed to be an easy trip. I guess not everyone wants to put that kind of wear and tear on their vehicle.

Now look at me, taking my last shot of survival on the side of a freaking mountain by hiking for the first time in my entire life.

Sighing, I look down and take in the view of the small town. Despite my struggle, I've made quite a distance. If it were a normal day, I'd be proud of myself.

Eyeing my phone once more, I pull up my last contact. Taylor Bueller. Taking in a deep breath, I press the device to my ear and hope to hear it ring. Instead, just like the last time, it goes straight to voicemail.

“Hi, Mr. Bueller. June again. Not sure if you got my last voicemail, but I'm still

hoping to arrive today. I really appreciate the opportunity you've given me!" Trying to sound positive, my voice cracks. "I hope to see you soon so we can finalize this job offer."

Ending the call, I groan and hang my head in defeat.

I finally get a chance for my fresh start, an opportunity to plant my feet and stay somewhere concrete, and look what happens.

Kicking the stump with my heel out of frustration, I try my maps app once more, silently pleading with the mountain gods to cut me some freaking slack here.

I can't even get the address I last put in to load up. So, if I don't know someone, I have to try to remember as best as I can. Before, I didn't think it would be important to memorize it.

Guess that's what I get for relying on technology so much. Now I'm feeling even more lost than before.

Taking in a deep breath, I steal a drink from my pack, pat my thighs, and get back up.

No more breaks. I need to find someone so I don't let this golden opportunity slip from my fingers.

I push forward, ignoring the sun's heat and the ache in my feet. My thighs continue to burn as I follow the fading trail. Is this even right? Maybe real hikers go off-trail. Maybe the only rule is up.

I'm already lost—what's the harm in veering off? Maybe someone will catch a glimpse of me and call in a lost woman to the mountain rescuers. Something like this has to happen more often than not.

I leave the dirt path behind, stepping fully into the wild. The forest floor is a tangle of moss-covered logs and weathered boulders, each one slick with dampness. My footing grows uncertain, and with my luck, I'll twist an ankle with one misstep.

But here, at least, the air is cooler. The sunlight filters weakly through the canopy of leaves, no longer a relentless glare, but something softer. Diffused. Almost forgiving.

“Hello?” Calling out in hopes someone will hear my voice, I get nothing in return but a few birds mocking me with their squawks. Sighing, I try again further up.

Above me, the birds suddenly scatter from the trees like there's a threat nearby. Can't possibly be me.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

All at once, I remember the conversation I'd overheard at the grocery store while I was grabbing some equipment for this trip. While I was looking at sunscreen, I overheard a couple talking about the mountain. Particularly the beasts on it.

Not just bears and wolves, but some that sound like creatures created for horror stories.

Seven feet tall beasts that could easily eat up a person in one big bite.

I shiver, my steps slowing.

Now is not the time to start thinking about that.

This mountain is too popular for any hikers to go missing. Throw in my current state, I'm the least tasty-looking thing here. No creature wasn't a snack this salty.

Once I'm blinking sweat from my eyes, I try my phone again.

No signal. The battery is definitely getting drained the longer I keep it on.

Letting out a frustrated growl, I bury my fingers in my hair. Where is everyone? Why haven't I run into any cabins?

Twigs snap beneath my sneakers as my agitation swallows up my desperation.

The resolution to my problem is simple. I could go all the way back down, ask for help from one of the locals, and get to where I need to go. That is, if Taylor hasn't

already started looking for my replacement since I'm a bit late as it is.

Abitis a stretch. I should've been there a couple of hours ago. But hey, what can I do? My luck has never been too good, and by now, I'm at the point where I'm ready to give fate control of the wheel, because I'm unsure what to do with myself.

The sound of a distant crunch pulls me from my thoughts, and I'm yanking my head to the side so fast it makes me dizzy.

Mostly expecting to see an animal at this point, I'm surprised when I see what is a tall figure. Not a beast, but a person! Has to be. Even if they're a good three hundred feet away, I'm sure of it.

Relief floods me in a rush, and my foot slides against the grass as I move toward them. "Hey there!"

The figure must not be able to hear me because he keeps moving. Unfortunately, he's fast.

I won't lose them. No way.

After hiking as much as I already have, I'm in no shape to jog. That doesn't stop me from trying. Thanks to adrenaline, I get a push I desperately need.

My pack thumps against my back as I sprint forward. Breathless, I shout again, trying not to sound desperate, but failing. The gap closes.

They finally turn, and for a split second, our eyes lock—just before my foot catches. A grunt, a rush of gravity, and then hard earth as my sneaker glides against the greenery, and I fall face first. The impact knocks the air from my lungs.

But it's not the fall that rattles me.

It's the face of the person I hope will be my savior.

Twigs snap, closer now. I raise my head—and freeze.

The man looming over me is all lean muscle and sweat, shirtless and sun-baked. His jeans are ripped at the knees, streaked with dirt, hanging low. My gaze locks onto his chest instead. Sharp hips, carved abs, a trail of dark hair leading down—

All in an instant, my mouth goes dry. My body doesn't care that I'm sprawled in the dirt, that my muscles are jelly. It only knows heat.

Blocking the sun, his nostrils flare, and his eyes aren't just dark. They're black, pupils swallowing the irises whole. Across his brow, three faded white scars that leave gaps on his brow.

A slow, deliberate exhale. Then his lips peel back.

Teeth.

Not just sharp canines. Fangs. Too long, too pointed for anything human.

Maybe I'm delirious from running out of water a few miles back, who knows? All I can do is wonder if this man is who the locals were talking about. This man is the closest thing to a beast I've ever seen.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

And the way he's looking down at me now? He looks like he wants to devour me whole.

I push myself up, wobbling onto my knees. My tongue darts over my dry lip, tasting dirt and adrenaline.

"Can you help me?" The words leave my mouth too soft, too breathless. "I'm lost."

I'm not just lost—I'm unraveling.

His gaze scrapes over me, lingering where my shirt sticks to sweat-damp skin. Every instinct screams danger, but my body hums with something hotter, deeper. Fear and hunger twist together until I can't tell them apart.

As his shadow swallows me whole, I wonder if I've just traded the wilderness for a different kind of beast.

2

Ace

The afternoon had been a slow defeat. Empty traps, stolen bait—just snagged cages and silence. By the time I stomped back toward the cabin, my mood was foul as it was.

Then she appeared.

A tangle of red hair stuck to her flushed cheeks, sweat gliding over freckled skin. Eyes green as the pines choking these woods—wide, unblinking. Spread across the ground as she took me in. Like a rabbit caught in a snare, waiting for its end.

My stomach clenches at the recent memory, but not from hunger for the food I could've had.

Now look at her, kneeling in the dirt, lips parted, with a wide-eyed look that has all the blood in my body roaring south.

My cock hardens, straining against my jeans like it meant to tear through the zipper. All she has to do is lower her gaze, and she'll see it. Before she can, I move.

Without a word, I pull her pack from her shoulders. Hooking my finger in the small loop, it's almost funny how easily she lets me. If I have to guess, it's because she's caught off guard. Too shocked to react quickly enough.

As she rises unsteadily, my hand finds her arm to steady her. Sunlight catches the dust swirling around her—pale skin gilded with earth, strands of hair clinging to her damp neck. When she shifts her weight, my gaze flickers downward instinctively, catching the shadowed warmth between her thighs.

For a minute, I forget how rude it is to stare. This pull she has on me is like sharp nails digging deep, keeping my eyes on where I want to touch her instead.

I force my eyes upward before they linger too long, but the image stays with me.

Her gasp is sharp in the humid air as I hoist her up effortlessly, like lifting kindling. Before she can protest, she's draped over my shoulder, her hip grazing my ear as she squirms.

“Hey! I can walk—” Her voice cracks, half-anger, half-panic. Fingers scramble for purchase, hooking into my belt loops like they’re lifelines. The heat of her palms burns through denim. “I haven’t even told you where to go!”

Doesn’t matter. I know exactly where she belongs.

In my cabin, on my bed, with my tongue on her skin, once this hunger ripping through my gut finally wins.

I’m not the only one driven mad. All I have to do is breathe in, and I can smell it. Her arousal.

My boots crunch faster, my pulse racing.

This woman is mine. I’ve already decided on it. She’ll be my meal tonight.

Halfway through the hike back, her squirming slows and soon gives up altogether. Like a sack, she sighs.

“Where is everyone? Why haven’t we passed by a single person?” She’s still agitated. Her breath tickles my tailbone.

“Dangerous. Too much wildlife,” I explain, and feel the way her body responds to my voice. She shivered as if a chill had run along her spine. “Locals stay away from this part of the mountain.”

“You can speak. Where are you taking me?” Just like that, she’s jerking again, demanding answers.

Grunting when her foot hits a little too close to my erection, I growl and tighten my grip on her thighs before slapping my palm against her ass. “Settle.”

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

That's all it takes for her to listen. It's what makes the other half of the hike a silent, peaceful one. The yelp and gasp that leaves her lips is the final one.

Once we reach my cabin, I take her straight to the front door. Abandoning her pack against the porch, I carry her inside.

Already knowing where I'm taking her, she groans as I turn. Heading to my bedroom, the first sound that leaves her is relief when I drop her onto the mattress. Her face is flushed, and her eyes are dizzy. Must've had all the blood rush to her head, if I have to guess.

She won't be dizzy for long.

My knees hit the floorboards hard enough to shake the walls.

Her gasp follows—sharp, startled. Now she's wide-eyed. Present.

Exactly where I want her.

I see my rabbit looking perfect like this, limbs splayed across my sheets, soon to be permanently imprinted in the fabric. Soon, her scent will soak into these threads until every inhale floods me with her.

My hands find her knees, spreading her with deliberate pressure. The hunger roars through me, a living thing. Pulsing, insistent, starved.

I don't care about the dirt clinging to her flushed skin, I welcome it. Smelling like the

wild, mixed with the salty tang between her thighs, I'm feeling like I'm in the best place a man in my shoes can be.

Her breath hitches in protest, but my mouth is already moving. A kiss pressed to her knee. A slow lick along her inner thigh, savoring the salt of her skin.

"You can't—" Her words morph into a shuddered sigh as my tongue meets the skin right below the hem of her shorts, and she unconsciously lifts her hips. "I-I don't even know your name and you're—"

I'm reaching toward the button of her shorts, yanking it undone.

She's got a point. How can I hear that sweet melodic voice moan my name if she doesn't even know it?

I can't remember the last time I had to introduce myself. Even with my time away from society, I know this is not the way to do it.

However, her scent is driving me mad. Smelling like sweat and honey, I'm salivating.

"Ace." Growling out my name, I drag down the zipper of her shorts and catch sight of white cotton. "I want a taste. Let me in, rabbit."

Her breath hitches. Fingers twist in my hair, clutching but not guiding. Not pushing me away, not dragging me closer. Just holding on, like she's dangling over an edge.

Fine. I'll decide for her.

My thumb finds the seam of her shorts, pressing slowly against the swell of her. Even through the fabric, she's slick. A shudder rolls through her as I trace her folds, circling where she's hottest.

Finally, reaching her breaking point, she nods her head.

Reeling back, I'm sinking my fingers into her shorts, pulling everything off of her. Once she's free of everything keeping me from my meal, the sight of her pussy has my vision growing blurry to my surroundings.

Pink and glistening, her folds are swollen, parted like an invitation. The scent of her—musky and sweet—hits me before I even lower my head. My thumbs dig into her inner thighs, forcing her wider. Mine.

Her clit pulses under my stare, begging for my tongue.

“W-Wait.” Her hands flutter to my shoulders, pushing weakly. “I’m sweaty—all that hiking—maybe I should—”

A growl tears from my chest. “No.” My breath ghosts over her wetness, making her jerk. “I want you like this.”

I don't give her time to protest. My tongue licks a hot stripe up her seam, and her flavor makes my taste buds explode.

She gasps, her hips bucking, but I pin her down with a hand splayed across her stomach.

“Ace—!” She arches, her fingers yanking my hair hard enough to sting. It's not enough to stop my tongue from delving where she's the sweetest, the source of her heat. “Oh, please—”

I drag my tongue deeper, deeper—until her body seizes like she's never been touched before. Velvet walls clamp around me, fluttering with every flick of my tongue. Fuck. She's so tight I could die here, buried between her legs, and call it paradise.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

“Mine.”

I wrench back, jaw wet, and replace my mouth with my thumb. One brutal thrust, and I’m knuckle-deep inside her. Her gasp is nothing but broken pieces.

“From now on, this is mine.”

No sharing. No mercy. If another man so much as looks at her... My skin crawls, muscles coiling with the need to ruin whoever dares.

Flattening my tongue against her clit, I suck the nub between my lips and swirl my tongue, distracting her as I swap my thumb with my index finger.

Tight. So fucking tight, her cunt clenches around my finger like it’s starving. When I add a second, her breath fractures into a whimper. A third? Impossible. That virginal ring won’t yield—not yet.

My rabbit’s never been touched. I snarl into her heat, my cock straining against my zipper. Precum soaks the denim, the ache brutal. The need is even worse.

I grind against the mattress, the friction a pale substitute for what I crave: Her legs forcing wider. Her nails in my back. That fragile barrier giving way as I sink into her in one solid thrust as I plunge into her wet heat.

A moan rumbles against her folds—half hers, half mine—as my fingers curl, searching for the spot that’ll make her scream.

Once I find her g-spot, she arches against my mattress, her thighs clamping against my ear as I make her come hard enough to leave her speechless.

A soundless scream, lips parted, back arched like a drawn bow. Her release floods my mouth, hot and slick, and I groan against her, drinking her down like a man starved. I don't miss a drop—won't miss a drop. Not when she tastes like this.

When I finally pull back, her chest heaves, eyes glazed. Wrecked.

Staring down at her, I can't help the smirk that comes to my lips.

I've shown her that I can satisfy her. Now, I have to show I can take care of her.

Once my rabbit realizes she doesn't need to leave, I'll keep her here for the rest of our days.

3

June

Okay, I did not plan on spending my afternoon in a stranger's cabin. Nor did I ever dream of having his face tucked between my thighs, either.

Carpe diem.

Now look at me, sitting at his table with a steaming hot bowl of stew in front of me. Beside me, the sexiest man I've ever met, watching me like I'm the meal—elbows propped on the table, gaze heavy enough to pin me in place.

My hair is still wet from a shower, and he so graciously let me borrow a flannel shirt when I told him I had nothing to wear. Just a flannel shirt. Now I'm rewearing my

underwear, because there's no way I'm leaving my pussy bare.

Not when he devoured me so easily with clothes on.

In an hour, I'll have my clothes back. He's washing them now. Once they're clean, I'll be on my way, hopefully with his assistance.

Ace grunts when I don't rush to take a bite, choosing to push around the meat in the stew. Not that I think he's done anything to it, my stomach just isn't empty anymore. It's got tingles and butterflies, and everything else.

"Do you have a phone I could use? I don't know, a landline or something?" Swallowing thickly, I squirm beneath his gaze. "I'm supposed to be meeting someone today, and I'm already late."

My toes curl against the hardwood floor as his brows lower.

"I'm not from around here, if you can't tell." Forcing a laugh, words keep tumbling from my lips. The butterflies are flapping their wings faster. "I don't mean to intrude. I'll get out of your hair in no time."

He finally breathes, his expression stone. "No landline. Don't need it."

Everyone needs communication from time to time. What does this guy do to pass the time? He has to have friends. Even if he says no one lives around here, he must have neighbors.

Maybe that's why he brought me here. He could be lonely.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

Lonely people don't eat you out before properly introducing themselves, June.

Finally taking a bite of the stew, the flavor explodes on my tongue. The meat he's used is game, I'm certain. The vegetables are so soft and chewy, while the broth is perfect.

A moan slips out before I can stop it.

Across the table, his stern expression fractures. Just slightly. A faint curve of his lips, there and gone—but it's enough.

He looks good.

I guess all that walking has left me with low energy. Having spent so much of it getting here and giving him a chunk as well, there's only one way to replenish.

Knowing there's little I can do as of right now, I enjoy my bowl before downing a glass of crisp, fresh water. Once I'm finished, I'm leaning back, feeling fuller than I have in my entire life.

I can't remember the last time I ate a meal cooked so well.

Ace only stares at me for so long, his curiosity growing to the point where he's the one to disrupt the silence.

“Where did you come from?”

The way he's asking, it's like he believes I popped up out of thin air. Unfortunately, that's not the case. Rather, there's a bit of weight behind my reasoning.

Sitting back, I shift so I can bring my knees to my chest. This shirt is so roomy, I've got plenty of room to work with.

"Not too far away, I guess. A few cities over." Shrugging a shoulder, I tease the button on the shirt that bulges because of my knee. "A place a lot louder than here. It's like the complete opposite."

He continues staring, not satisfied with my answer. What all does he want to know? The exact location where I ran away from isn't that important to why I'm here. Maybe that's what he wants to know?

"Um, I came from my parents' house. I was staying with them up until a couple of days ago. One long bus ride and a short-lived Uber ride later, here I am." Squirming in the seat, I lower my gaze.

The sound of his chair scraping against the floor fills my ears as he moves closer. Like he can't stand having distance between us, the moment he's reaching out for me, I know he plans on picking me up as he pleases.

My guess is right when he drags me to his lap instead. His arms feel so strong wrapped around my body, and his chest is radiating warmth like no other.

I'm not so used to this warmth, I'm struggling to believe it's real.

He buries his nose into the crook of my neck and breathes in deeply. It tickles to the point where I can't contain my next giggle.

It's hard thinking about the heavy weight of my past I left behind when he's being so

over the top.

This man. He's outright insane. Maybe he's not used to having company, and he doesn't know how to act normally around women.

Yeah, that has to be it.

"Where were you headed?" His sigh tickles my throat next.

After kidnapping me away from my original path, now he wants to know? That makes me want to laugh more than him, making my skin tingle.

"I came across a job that offered an opportunity to live a peaceful life. Some kind of secretary job, I guess. I don't know all the fine details, but it's what I needed to get out of my current living conditions. Even if I jumped the gun a little, I needed out..." Murmuring the last bit, I stop myself from letting out too many details.

Ace doesn't need to know about the fine details, nor do I want to resurface my rough farewell to my parents.

Looking up at him, I catch the weight of his gaze. His brows are knitted together, his eyes glued to mine.

Lifting my hand, I graze my fingers along the scars lining his brow. They're long-past healed, three white lines that indent his skin.

It's a slight distraction for him as he jerks against my fingers. Studying my face like he expects me to... I don't even know, he stills when I don't do what he thinks I will. Letting me stroke his face, he hums against my skin.

"Why do you stay in a dangerous place?"

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

He grunts, his mouth brushing along my skin. “Right here isn’t dangerous—only the surrounding area. I know where and where not to go. This cabin is safe.”

He states it with persuasion, confusing me. This is his home; it shouldn’t matter if I believe him or not.

“What happened then?” Moving my thumb to his cheekbone, I realize I enjoy touching him. Maybe a little too much.

“I went somewhere I knew I shouldn’t when I was younger. Ran into a bear, this was the outcome. Learned my lesson, and that’s all there is to it.”

That’s all he gives me, too. Like he doesn’t enjoy talking about himself, he starts to itch for more information on me.

My favorite things to eat. My hobbies. Whatever little pieces he can gather to put together the picture of who I am.

I’ve never met someone who cared so much to find out who I am. It’s like a breath of fresh air.

It... makes me want to stay right here in his lap for the rest of my days.

Though I didn’t come to this mountain for him.

I can’t start changing my future because of some beastly mountain man.

If he suddenly loses interest in this glittery object popping up in his life, then what's there to become of me?

I came to this place with my mind set, and I can't let myself waver now.

4

June

It takes more strength than I knew I had to peel myself away from him. The moment cool air replaces his warmth, my body rebels—skin prickling with goosebumps, legs trembling like they've forgotten how to hold me. And there he is, arm already outstretched, fingers twitching like he's fighting the urge to yank me back.

I want to let him.

I want to sink back into his lap, to let his hands trace the same paths they'd taken before—to lose myself in the heat of his attention all over again. That's how far gone I am.

Somewhere, a sliver of sense remains, whispering that I shouldn't surrender so easily—not to the first person who makes me feel seen, even if his gaze burns through me like fire.

Once I'm free, I'm moving toward his front door.

I need to get a hold of Taylor. If he can tell me if the job is off the table, I can fall back into this dream of a man and let fate decide what'll happen to me.

If he's still willing to give me a chance, I should still go for it. It's the smart thing to do. Even if my body begs me to stay, I must follow my brain on this one.

The scrape of his chair tells me he doesn't want me moving around by myself.

Ace follows behind when I leave the table. Like he has nothing better to do, he acts as my shadow as I open his front door.

Fetching my bag, I dig out my phone. Checking to see if I still have no signal, a sigh leaves my lips. Turning to head back inside, he's still there, blocking the path. He's a giant, a brute the size of a brick wall.

He's looking at my phone with a frown.

"I'm going to lose an opportunity of a lifetime if I don't get hold of him," I explain. "I need a place to stay, and he's offering a room and—"

I don't get enough time to try to explain my situation.

Ace is cupping my jaw with one hand before he's swooping down. Right before he makes contact, his breath tickles my parted lips.

"You can stay right here. Stay with me." The words leave him rough, like a demand.

Before I can blink, he eliminates the remaining space between our mouths before they are sealed together, his tongue invading. Just like that, my phone slips from my fingers, clattering against the porch.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

First orgasm, his. Now, first kiss, stolen.

“Mine.” One word vibrates against my teeth, radiating possession.

He’d said it before a few times, but I think I was too distracted to tell just how serious he was.

I can’t think. Not when his teeth sink into my lip, sharp enough to make me gasp, his tongue pushing deep like he’s starving for the taste of me. Every drag of his mouth is intoxicating, it’s a miracle I don’t get drunk with each stroke of his tongue.

My hips jerk against nothing, empty air taunting me. If I’d skipped my underwear, I’d be a mess, slick heat coating my thighs, proof of how wrecked he’s got me with just his mouth.

If I keep letting him have his way, I’m going to end up losing something far more precious.

Flattening my hand on his chest, I push away. Panting, I shove down the heat trying to resurface.

“Ace. You can’t just go touching any woman that crosses your path.” I shake my head, swiping my tongue over my swollen lip—his doing. The sting lingers, a sweet reminder.

“Not any woman.” His voice is a rough growl, low enough to vibrate straight through me. Liquid heat coils low in my gut, and my traitorous body refuses to pull away as

he tilts my head back. Those dark eyes sear into me, relentless. He leans in, his breath a teasing caress against my mouth. “Only you.”

The words unravel something inside me. Why me? I’ve always been background noise, another shadow in the crowd. Never the one pinned under a spotlight. Never the one who made a man’s voice turn feral just by existing.

But Ace—Ace looks at me like I’m everything.

“June,” I whisper, barely audible. “You kissed me before even knowing my name.”

A rumble of approval rolls through his chest. “Stay here, June.”

I must be mishearing him. He wouldn’t invite a stranger into his home, not permanently. He’d have to be crazy.

If I’ve already messed up my original plan, I don’t have a backup one. After moving out of my parents’ place, I promised them I’d never come back. They were happy to see me leave.

I don’t have anywhere to go. This mountain was supposed to be my happy ending.

But this guy, he wants me to stay. For whatever reason, I’m not sure. After weeks of planning, he’s an unexpected complication.

“Why?” Meeting his gaze, my heart pounds away. Thumping so loud that I’m surprised he doesn’t hear it, I let out a shaky breath.

“You.” His voice is rough, low, like gravel dragged over skin. “One look at you, and I knew.” A muscle flexes in his jaw. “I don’t believe in fate, but I believe in this. In wanting.”

His hands leave my face, showing the first constraint he's had since he whisked me away to his home.

"If I let you leave..." His brows furrow. "I know I won't meet another person who will make me feel this way."

Ace grabs my hand and presses my palm against his chest. As if I need proof of his words, I can feel it. The thump of his heart, his pulse racing.

I'm crazy. That's what this is.

This man wants to keep me, and I want to let him.

His fingers tighten around mine, cradling my hand like something precious before he brings it to his mouth. His lips brush my knuckles, just once—soft, deliberate. A shudder rips through me, my knees threatening to buckle.

"How do I convince you?" His voice is rough, stripped bare. "I've never wanted someone near. Neverachedwhen they weren't." His thumb traces the inside of my wrist, right over my own frantic pulse. "But you? Being away from you hurts."

I've never had someone confess their feelings for me. Not like this.

There isn't any hesitation behind his words, no trickery.

He's as crazy as I am.

"June." My name is a weapon in his mouth—low, velvet, lethal. A single syllable that cracks me open. "Stay."

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

I already threw myself into a whirlwind of the unknown by trusting a stranger who offered me a job that may have sounded too good to be true. What's the difference in giving myself to this man?

He's here, and he's real. The ache in his voice is the realest thing I've experienced since leaving my home to find an escape from my past.

With a slow nod, it's all he needs before tugging me back inside.

Just like that, I have a solution to all of my problems. A six and a half foot beast-man who insists on taking care of me in every way possible.

5

Ace

I thought convincing her to stick around would be the hard part.

Turns out not pouncing on her is a challenge in itself. My hunger for her simmers, but I can see how exhausted she is. So I let her sleep on my bed, thighs spread and arms folded.

My shirt is too big for her, not long enough to hide her underwear. The same ones she wore earlier.

She doesn't have any clothes. While I don't understand her situation or why she came up here without anything, it doesn't matter. I intend to give her whatever she needs.

If I have to trek my way back to town to get her clothes, I will. If it means getting wild looks from the locals, so be it.

June can't come with me. If she does, someone will claim I've kidnapped her. Maybe I have. I don't want them to take her away.

I don't waste time leaving my cabin once she dozes off for a nap. Knowing this side of the mountain like the back of my hand, I take the quickest way down.

All my forty years, I've lived on this mountain. As soon as I got the boot from my father, I bought my cabin. Back then, it was in shambles. The poor realtor wanted to get it off her hands, and the previous owner was deceased. No one was fighting over rotten boards and overgrown weeds. It was an easy purchase, and the challenge of fixing it up kept me busy over the years.

Fairland is my home. Doesn't matter that the streets don't feel like it anymore—not since I stumbled back from the mountains that night, half my face ripped open, blood soaking through the makeshift bandages. The clinic lights burned brighter than the pain. The town's whispers burned worse.

I won't let this town scare away June. I'll make her feel welcome.

By the time I make it to the mountain's base, the sky is no longer blue. Painted in colors of orange, pink, and purple, I don't linger long to enjoy the view. Not by myself. I'll wait until she's awake.

There isn't much of a selection to pick from. The grocery store is the only place that hasn't shut its doors. Coming down here a few times a month for essentials, I know they'll have what I need. Enough to make her comfortable.

My skin crawls the moment I cross the store's threshold. Fluorescent lights buzz like

angry hornets. The cashier's greeting dies in the air—I keep my gaze locked on the scratched counter, my throat tight with something bitter.

Thirty minutes. Just long enough to grab a few outfits and let my mind wander to her—how a soft cotton dress might cling to her hips during the warmer season, or how a sweater would smell like after she's worn it during the colder season.

The mountain air should've cleared my head on the hike back. But then gravel crunches under tires, and a familiar red truck rolls up. Fairland Mountain Rescue printed on the door like a badge.

They're polite. Always are. And normally, I'd rather walk barefoot over broken glass than accept charity when they offer a ride.

But June's waiting.

The truck smells of pine and stale coffee. I count the minutes.

Then I'm home. My boots hit the porch with deliberate thuds, announcing my return before I can.

The door flies open before the second step.

And there she is. Eyes wide, lips parted, hands clutching the frame like she's been standing there for hours.

“You disappeared. I woke up, and you were gone,” she starts, breathless. Then, when she sees the bags in my hands, confusion forms.

Eager to see my return, something in my chest stirs. Approval. Satisfaction.

“Clothes,” I answer simply. “You needed them.”

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

God, she's radiant when she blushes. That pink flush spills from her cheeks down to her collarbones, and for a heartbeat, she studies her toes before peeking up through her lashes.

"You didn't have to do that." She plucks at the borrowed shirt clinging to her frame. "I mean... this one's comfy. Might have to steal a few more..."

The bags hit the floor with a thud.

One step. That's all it takes before she's in my arms—her squeak of surprise dissolving into laughter as I hoist her up. She's warm. Alive. And the way her legs instinctively wrap around my waist?

I know I can't wait another minute before I make her mine.

"I bought a few dresses," I murmur against her throat as I carry her through my—ourcabin. "You can wear my shirts, steal them all. But I want to see you in other clothes, too.Please."

She nods, breath already uneven as we reach the bedroom. The sheets are still tangled from where she'd slept earlier, carrying the warm imprint of her body.

I set her down—slowly—letting her feel every inch she slides against me before her feet touch the mattress. Then my fingers make quick work of the buttons, each pop revealing more of her.

More of her than I've ever seen. The soft curve of her stomach, rising with each

shallow breath. The full swell of her breasts, tipped with peaks that beg for my mouth.

“Fuck me.” Pushing my shirt away, I watch the way she squirms. “June.”

I pant her name like a prayer, whispering it repeatedly as I struggle to believe she’s real. She is, I feel the heat of her body against my palm as I squeeze her breast. So soft and full.

Swooping in, her body arches as I wrap my lips around one bud. Nibbling and sucking, I squeeze the other.

It’s a shame I didn’t taste her everywhere earlier.

A broken moan lodges in her throat when my teeth graze her nipple—sharp, then soothing with the swipe of my tongue. Her back arches, fingers scrambling for anchor: one hand twisted in my hair, the other white-knuckling the sheets.

Back and forth, I give both buds attention. Only when her breathing turns ragged do I trail higher, my lips skating up the column of her throat.

“I want inside,” I murmur against her pulse point—and feel the way her body reacts. The sharp swallow. The hitch of her ribs. The way her hips arch up in a silent plea.

Every inch of her body is so sensitive. Twitching and jerking against my touch, the next sigh that leaves her lips is breathless as I grind my hips against hers.

My cock has been unforgiving, constantly swollen, constantly leaking. Every time I look at her, I want to claim her virginity. No, I’ve wanted more. Her dainty fingers against my shaft, her lips against my weepy head, all of it.

Each drag of my hips is a reminder of every hard inch that is hers.

Just like she is mine, I am hers.

“Ace...” Whimpering my name, she tilts her chin back to give my mouth more room to kiss. A shudder wracks through her when I suck a mark against her skin, circling it with my tongue after.

Soon, she’s nodding. Without question, she wants me. Wants this. Us.

Pulling away, I peel off my shirt. Feeling better without it under her clouded gaze, my skin prickles the longer she stares.

She’s got that swollen bottom lip caught between her teeth again.

“You’re making it very hard to control myself.” Breathing in, the aroma of her arousal hits my nose like a perfume. My head spins as I inhale sharply, and I groan in the back of my throat.

Then she spreads her thighs. So slick, I can see the pink through the white, the fabric soaked.

I shouldn’t have bought her new underwear. Rather, I don’t want anything getting in my way whenever I want access to her pussy.

Reaching for her underwear, I slide them down her thighs. Fisting them tight, I bring them to my nose.

“That’s not—” Stuttering on her words as I breathe in deep, her blush grows.

“I’m addicted, June. Let me enjoy every hit I can get.” Moaning the words, I have to

squeeze my cock through my jeans to control myself.

## Page 11

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

After the orgasm I rocked through her earlier, I could breathe her in like this, and rub myself raw so she can rest.

If she weren't spread out on my sheets naked, I'd consider the idea.

Dropping her underwear, I take in her pussy. Puffy and pink, it's hard to believe I had my face tucked between her thighs this afternoon.

June pinches her eyes shut when I part her lips with my fingertips, easing one finger inside.

I'm going to pop her cherry. There's no doubt about it. But I'm going to make this good for her. She deserves all the pleasure in the world, and I won't stop until I can offer it on a silver platter.

6

June

I've made up my mind. Screw any of my previous plans. None of them had Ace in them.

He's painted a picture of a future that doesn't look meek. Rather, it's promising. Secure. Even better, he's making me feel something that no one has ever before. Wanted.Loved.

He may seem beastly, rough around the edges, but he's exactly what I crave. He's

already claimed my heart—now, with every slow, deliberate thrust of his fingers, my body surrenders to him, piece by piece.

His gaze burns heavier with every twitch of my body—watches like he’s memorizing the way I unravel just for him. Then, without warning, a second thick finger presses in, stretching me in a way that borders on too much.

I choke back a gasp, my walls fluttering around the intrusion, trying desperately to adjust. The stretch burns—sweetly—and all I can think about is the brutal thickness of him straining against his jeans, impatient.

“Don’t keep them inside,” he hums, hooking me in place by pressing a certain spot that makes my vision blurry. “I want to hear you, all of you.”

He’s torturing me.

His fingers work deep, stretching me with meticulous care—ignoring the desperate ache of my clit. Every drag of his knuckles inside me pulls a whimper from my throat, every retreat leaves me clenching around nothing.

When my hips lift, begging silently, he withdraws completely.

“No!” The cry tears from me, ragged and unashamed.

His laugh is dark velvet, curling around me as I reach for him like a drowning woman. “Soon.” A single syllable that vibrates through my bones.

Then—the pop of his button. The rasp of his zipper. The sharp hiss of his breath as he frees himself.

My tongue swells twice the size inside of my mouth as he frees his erection.

He's thick—obscenely so—with a weight that makes my thighs tremble just looking at it. His cock juts proudly from dark curls, veins roping along its length like braided steel under flushed skin. The head glistens, weeping with anticipation, so sensitive that a single swipe of his thumb wrings a growl from his throat as he swipes away a bead of precum.

Just when I think I'm the one falling apart, he shows me the state he's currently in.

If two of his fingers held such a stretch, there is no chance he plans on putting that thing inside of me. I tell him that too, my eyes big.

"I'll fit," he reassures as he strokes the entire length. "I know I will."

Having enough confidence to split between the two of us, he's crowding closer, hips wedging my thighs apart. His brows furrow in concentration, and I watch the way his jaw clenches, the vein in his throat jumping like he's holding back a storm.

He's trying so hard to be gentle. The last thing on his mind is hurting me, but it can't be avoided. The best I can do is cling on without scaring him off.

Ace can't change his mind. We're too far into this. I want him inside.

Once he's guiding himself forward, I'm biting the inside of my cheek while preparing for the worst.

His hands move to cradle my hips as he presses forward, andoh—

My eyes squeeze shut at the stretch, the burn. A whimper escapes before I can catch it.

## Page 12

*Source Creation Date: June 27, 2025, 9:50 am*

“Look at me.” His voice is gravel wrapped in velvet. When I obey, his gaze holds mine with terrifying tenderness, even as his body advances relentlessly.

We keep our eyes locked as he starts to rock. Short, shallow thrusts open me up to his invasion. The burn dulls, replaced by a steady thrum of pleasure. Even more so when he leans closer, pressing against the same spot his fingers had been teasing earlier.

“Breathe,” he coaxes, the order meant for both of us.

I do. Every lungful is full of him. The scent of our arousal, the sweat collecting on our skin.

Slow at first. Long, deep strokes that make my toes curl into the sheets. His lips trace my collarbone, worshipful.

When he pulls back, I know what’s next. One full thrust is all he needs to steal my innocence.

His mouth crashes over mine the moment he sheathes himself fully, swallowing my gasp like it’s the last sound he’ll ever let me make. The pain is bright, fleeting—drowned beneath the relentless roll of his hips.

The delicious friction of his body grinding against my clit with every movement, turning sharp breaths into whimpers, whimpers into pleasure.

“That’s it,” he murmurs against my lips, “knew you could take me.”

I want to laugh, but every noise that leaves my lips is uneven, all over the place.

Struggling to focus on both him and the stroke of his cock, I put all my attention on the pleasure bubbling in my gut and the pressure that comes from it.

His moans hot against my throat only add to it.

When my nails dig into his shoulders, when my legs lock around his waist—

Something snaps in him.

The world narrows to the slap of skin, the creak of the bed protesting beneath us, the way his moans vibrate against my throat like a second pulse as his thrusts grow uneven. Frantic. Desperate.

I can't think—can't breathe—not with the pleasure coiling tighter, tighter, a live wire sparking down to my toes. My nails carve half-moons into his shoulders, my legs locking around him like I could fuse us together.

His curse is ragged, hot against my ear as his rhythm fractures. No more control. Just need, pure and primal, each thrust punching a gasp from my lungs. The pressure in my gut surges, crests, and I break.

My body convulses, inner muscles fluttering wildly around him in frantic, pulsing waves before clamping around him, squeezing his length in a death grip. Rough enough to make a snarl ripple through him. I feel the swell of his cock, a telltale sign of his approaching release.

A sob tears free as pleasure detonates through me, white-hot and endless. He follows with a groan, his body bowing over mine, forehead pressed to my collarbone as he spills deep inside.

Clinging onto him, I feel each slow rock of his hips as I milk him dry of his release.

Once we're reduced to nothing but the soft panting, he looks at me in a way that makes my heart swoon. So soft and gentle.

Against my chest, I feel the thumps of a racing heart. I can't tell if it's mine or his. Rather, it could be both of ours at this rate.

Wrapping his arms around me, he crushes my body to the mattress, making it hard to breathe as he rests his cheek against my chest. Almost like he's worried I'll drift away.

"I'm not going anywhere," I promise him softly as I stroke the curve of his spine. "I came to this mountain looking for a new start, Ace. Sure, you might not have been the original path, but this is where I ended up. There's no other place I'd want to be."

A satisfied sigh rumbles through his chest. His body is a warm, heavy weight against mine as he hugs me closer. Exhaustion pulls at my limbs, sweet and syrupy, but I fight it just long enough to turn my face into the crook of his neck.

"I think I might love you," I murmur against his skin, the words slipping free like a secret I've held too long. "Is that crazy?"

His breath hitches. For a moment, the world stills. His eyes bore into mine. Then his arms tighten around me, crushing me to him like he's memorizing the shape of my body.

"Tomorrow," he rasps, voice thick with something unspoken, "I'll remind you why you said that."

A laugh bubbles up, tired but bright. "I look forward to it."

Here's to hoping Ace isn't impatient and doesn't try to remind me tonight. I don't think my body will be able to keep up with him.

7

Ace

Epilogue

The cabin's too quiet.

I check the bedroom first—empty. The kitchen, the bath, even the damn closet. Nothing. My pulse ticks up, just a little. Not fear. Never fear. But the woods aren't safe, and my wife has a habit of wandering where she shouldn't if something catches her eye.

With her love of nature, the list is long.

I step outside, sunlight cutting sharply across my vision. Shielding my eyes, I scan the tree line.

I know how to track prints, and I know how to hunt. June doesn't try to hide her footsteps. The question is, did she leave with shoes, or has she gone barefoot again?

Tracking her's always been half the fun. The chase. The way her breath hitches when she realizes I've found her.

Searching the ground for what I'm looking for, it's not long before I'm trekking forward to hunt her down.

I move quietly, my boots crushing damp earth, until I see her. Bent at the waist, fingers tangled in a fistful of wildflowers. Sunlight turns her skin gold.

She doesn't hear me coming. Good.

I close the distance in three strides, my hands on her waist before she can gasp. She knows it's me—her body goes pliant against mine as I spin her, pinning her to the rough bark of a pine. The flowers tumble from her grip, scattering at our feet.

“Ace—”

I cut her off with my mouth. Hard, hungry. She tastes like summer and sin, and I drink her in like I'm starving. Her fingers knot in my shirt, clinging like she's afraid I'll vanish.

Never.

The kiss turns desperate. Hungry. Her hips press into mine, and I groan against her mouth when I feel how damn wet she already is. My hand slides down her side, gripping her thigh to hike her leg around my hip. She gasps, and I swallow the sound, kissing her deeper, harder, until we're both breathing like we've run for miles.

It's not enough. I want more—need more. My fingers drag up the hem of her dress, rough and impatient, and the second I feel bare skin, I almost lose it. Fuck, I could take her right here. Bend her over, push her panties aside, and sink into her so deep she scares away the wildlife with her cries of pleasure. The thought alone has my cock throbbing.

But then she whimpers—soft, pleading—and I force myself to stop. Not here. Not like this. I break the kiss, panting, forehead pressed to hers as I fight to steady my breathing.

Every time I touch her, she leaves me wrecked.

When I finally pull back, her lips are swollen, her eyes dark. I thumb the flush on her cheek, then crouch to gather the fallenflowers. Purple, yellow, white—shit she'll probably weave into something pretty later.

“Need to get you back home. Dinner is done.” Leaning toward her, I breathe in the scent of wildflowers. “Though, you’ve got me hungry for something else, now.”

The giggle that leaves her lips fuels me, and I scoop her up. Weighing nothing in my arms, I carry her back home with the intention of eating dinneranddessert.