



Mystery Mountain Man

Author: *Lara London*

Category: Erotic, Romance

Description: A freak storm, one-bed in a tiny little tent, and a smoking hot attraction to the mystery mountain man who saved my life? What could go wrong?

Mimi

As I trek out into the wilderness in hopes of an epiphany from my recently deceased mother, I lean into the crazy and hope for the best. When mystery man Clint barrels into my campsite and saves me from a horrible storm, I'm ready to show him my gratitude by handing over my V-card. The trouble is, I didn't anticipate catching feelings so fast. How am I going to let him walk away in the morning?

Clint

I live in the city and work my dream job, but I've never been lonelier in my life. While testing new camping products for Billings Corp., I fall in deep, desperate love with a certain curvy camper. One look at her flimsy tent and I know she's not prepared for the massive storm headed our way. Running from the cold and rain, I fall headfirst into the steamiest night of my life. Come morning, I'm ready to make her mine...for as long as we both shall live. I've never been good at talking to women, and Mimi is no exception. How do I make her mine without scaring her away forever?

Tropes: Forced proximity, one-bed, small-town, mountain man, quirky curvy heroine, HEA

What to expect from a Lara London short read: Quirky heroines, sexy men who can't get enough of them, no cheating, an HEA, and a double dose of heat!

Total Pages (Source): 13

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

Chapter 1

Clint

"Rangers urge residents to keep trash cans inside garages until trash day, as May brings bears closer to town in search of food."

The warning message comes over the car radio, and I automatically scan the side of the road looking for fury brown bodies.

"I almost didn't have a job. Some of the locals fought the restoration of The Palmer, but Mr. Maloney, our CEO, managed to get the permits and move forward. And here I am." Brynn Rose, Director of Entertainment at the mountain resort Billings Corp. booked me at, expertly maneuvers the winding mountain road. She hangs back as a car speeds up behind us, passing her on a curve. "Tourists," she mutters with a shake of her head. Brynn grimaces and gives me a side-eye with a little laugh. "Sorry. Present company excluded. Some people don't know how to drive up a mountain safely." She clucks her tongue good-naturedly.

"I learned to drive as a teenager in Grand Falls on the other side of Passion Ridge, but I've been in the city so long, I might as well be a tourist now," I admit.

Brynn continues to chatter away about the resort and town, which is fine by me. I prefer not to talk if I don't have to. I train my gaze on a snow-covered mountain peak in the distance, eyeing the cloud cover as we continue our ascent on the circuitous route around the mountain. I check the weather app for the tenth time since we started the drive. I'm tracking a monster storm. No snow, but lots of cold, rain, and wind. I'm

only going to be able to get half a day in today, but it's better than nothing.

"Alright, this is Ethan's place." Brynn's chipper voice cuts through my contemplation, and I look up realizing we've arrived. "He'll bring you back to The Palmer for dinner tonight, so I'll see you then." Brynn pulls up to the front of a lakeside mountain house straight out of an architecture magazine. Large stone walls, sleek wood, and crystal clear glass seamlessly blend the building with the natural landscape. I stare at the massive arched dark brown double front door.

My bosses at Billings Corporation are the three heirs of the Billings family, so I know they are beyond rich, and I assume they have equally wealthy friends, but I have never seen a home this magnificent in real life.

My apartment is only 700 square feet, and I grew up in a farmhouse on a reindeer farm. For real. My older brother, Dean, runs the farm now with our parents. Our peak season was, of course, the holidays, but we had pretty good traffic during the summer tourist season, too, so we were able to maintain a sizable piece of land. Our house was modest, though. Enough space for our family of five to sleep and eat comfortably when we weren't out doing our chores, so I always struggled to understand why people would spend money on a building.

Now, I know. This is incredible.

"Wait until you see the view of the lake from the back deck." Brynn gazes out her windshield in awe like she's seeing it for the first time. "I'd walk you up, but I'm still on the clock, and Ethan doesn't take no for an answer." As if summoned by her mere presence, the front door opens to reveal a tall man with light brown hair and bright blue eyes. In spite of her former protests, Brynn breaks into a wide grin as he heads straight for the driver side of the car, and she lowers her window.

"Ethan, this is—" she starts, gesturing to me, but the heat in his eyes as he crashes his

mouth to hers has me unbuckling and scrambling out of the car quickly.

I open the back door to grab my camping pack loaded with supplies and the new equipment Billings Corp. is paying me to test this weekend. I turn, scratching my neck awkwardly as a sigh from Brynn escapes out her open window.

"Oh god. Get a room, you two." West Billings' voice rings out from the top steps of the large front porch. West is the CFO of Billings Corp. and I've never seen that man without a smile. He makes me a little nervous, as he's always joking, and I'm a bit more reserved. A lot more reserved, to be clear. But, right now, I've never been more grateful to see another human being in my life. I practically sprint toward him.

Ethan reaches a hand up over the roof of Brynn's car and extends his middle finger. West chortles and then takes on a mocking upper-class voice as he ushers me up the front steps. "Clinton, I apologize for the lack of decorum shown by my friend Ethan here. Money clearly doesn't buy class."

"Hey!" Brynn calls out, having lowered the passenger window after hearing West's jabs. Ethan continues to kiss up her neck like we aren't even here.

"Oh no, not you, Brynn. You are a delight and far more sophisticated than that Neanderthal hanging from your window. When I find out what spell Ethan is using to keep you smitten with him, well, I'll get one for myself so I can find someone as perfect as you."

Ethan finally pauses to glare at West's flirting, but Brynn grins. "We always have beautiful women staying at the resort, West. You should book a room. Spend some of that Billings' fortune."

"Deal. Dinner's on me tonight, my love." West blows her a kiss, and Brynn immediately turns to placate Ethan who looks like he wants to tackle West to the

ground.

I follow a chuckling West inside, past the massive foyer, and into the open two-story living room. He grins at Barrett. "I won, brother."

Barrett sighs as he reaches into his pocket for his wallet. He hands West a hundred dollar bill and nods at me in greeting. "West has been regaling Ethan with tales of your height and masculine prowess, Clinton."

"Masculine prowess?" I stare at West in confusion.

"Yes, I described you as a Greek god or a handsome Viking. Your wide shoulders barely fit through the common doorway. Your height alone causes panties to drop. I even explained the way your long blond hair rustles, as if a permanent wind follows you wherever you go. And I especially emphasized how charming you are with the ladies." West wiggles his eyebrows at me.

A snorting laugh bursts out of me, and I gape at West wondering what the hell he's talking about.

"I don't have a crush on you, Clint, if that's what you're thinking. Although, you could do worse than me; let's be honest. I'm a catch." West looks genuinely disgruntled by my assumed distaste with the idea of dating him, and I find myself at even more of a loss for words than normal.

"For fuck's sake, West. You're making this an HR issue." Barrett pinches the bridge of his nose. "Clint, Weston decided to rile Ethan up. He's a bit of a caveman with Brynn, and my brother fed you to the proverbial wolf."

West grins at Barrett and then tips his head to me. "I bet Barrett that Ethan wouldn't even say hi to you when he saw what you looked like and realized you were alone in

the car with Brynn all the way from the resort."

The front door slams, and Barrett calls out, "What good is an elite boarding school education if you're going to be a common peasant with manners, Ethan?"

Ethan struts into the living room, extending his hand to me. "Ethan Hobbs. Welcome to my home."

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

I shake his hand, noting the pressure behind his firm grip. "Thank you, Mr. Hobbs. And I am not a ladies' man." Okay, not a fact I usually admit so adamantly when I first meet someone. West's laugh echoes off the tall ceilings, and my cheeks heat.

"Call me Ethan, please, Clinton. And yes, I realize I've been hoodwinked. A pawn in this plebeian's sick mind games." Ethan glares at West who cackles with glee. I adjust my pack, pulling out my phone to look at the advanced weather app one more time as the two of them gripe back and forth with each other. I'm anxious to get out into the woods. Excited to try the new equipment, because I'm a complete tech and gadget geek, but also ready for some peace in nature.

"West, just apologize."

As much as I crave solitude, Barrett's permanent exasperation with his brother makes me miss my siblings. My brother, Dean, and my sister, Jenn, stayed in Grand Falls, and I haven't been back in over two years. My brother and sister both have kids now, and I sometimes worry that my decision to work in the city is going to make me a permanent bachelor.

"I can't help myself. I never thought I'd be the last one standing," West declares, echoing my thoughts as he gestures wildly with his arms. "First Ethan, then Vaughn. It's not fair! I'm ready to meet the love of my life, get married, and make loads of gorgeous babies, if my future wife wants them. And yet, the two grumpiest assholes on the face of the planet get to meet their perfect matches first? The universe is against me." He throws himself to the couch dramatically as his cell rings.

Ethan rolls his eyes. "The universe is definitely against you, you poor, billionaire

baby," he deadpans, and even I have to stifle a grin.

West, oblivious or purposely choosing to ignore Ethan's sarcasm, simply nods as he answers his phone on speaker. "Rachel, my favorite future-sister-in-law. The guys are being mean to me." West pouts.

"And what bet did you make that pissed them off this time, West?" Rachel's voice comes through the speaker loud and clear.

West starts to protest her accurate assessment of the situation, but Barrett grabs the phone. "Hey, Rachel. Clint just got to Ethan's, and he looks ready to head out."

I nod, hoisting my bag up on my back again.

"Wonderful. Clint, did you get checked in okay?" Rachel is the office manager at Billings Corp. and one of the nicest people I've ever met. She started as our CEO, Vaughn Billings', executive assistant, but one thing led to another, and now they're getting married. An event which has sent West into a mid-life crisis of some sort, apparently. The entire situation gives me a headache.

"Yes, thank you," I manage to call out. "I-I didn't need anything that fancy."

"Nonsense. I hope you get recharged in nature this weekend. I'm calling because we've been tracking a storm, and I want to make sure it's on your radar?"

I nod at Barrett who looks at me with concern. "Yes, I should be able to get about four hours in today before I'll need to head back, and then I'll go out again tomorrow, if I can."

"Okay, no need to rush it. I'll add days to the reservation if you need to take a few more." Rachel's voice muffles, and then Vaughn's voice fills the room from the

speaker.

"Clinton, make sure you share your location with Barrett and give him a plan for where you're going. Nothing we make is worth more than your safety."

I nod. "Yes, sir."

"And be careful of splinters. Did you bring tweezers?" Barrett asks, and I look at him in confusion. West snorts and then coughs, hiding a grin. I assume this is another prank I don't want to be a part of.

"I have a first aid kit," I reassure Barrett, and he nods seriously.

After we hang up, I send the coordinates to Barrett and Rachel with a rough idea of my schedule, and then Ethan drives me a little farther up the mountain to the best entry point to the woods.

"Good luck, Clinton. Watch out for bears and beautiful women."

I snort. "I'll probably have more luck with the bears, Mr. ... uh, Ethan."

Ethan grins. "Festival Valley is full of surprises, man." He gives me a final salute before he pulls away in his Porsche.

As I walk onto the entry trail, I can't help but imagine running into a beautiful woman out in the woods.

It'd be nice to meet someone who likes the outdoors as much as I do.

Chapter 2

Mimi

"Oh god, oh god, ew, ew! Go, you monster!" I scream as the spider gets too close to my folding chair. I stomp my feet, hoping the vibrations will convince it to leave me the fuck alone, but it takes one tentative step forward and then starts toward me again at full charge.

I jump up, moving my chair to the other side of the tent.

"I am bigger than you, asshole!"

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

Should I have brought spider spray? That wasn't on the suggested list, and probably goes against the whole take only memories, leave only footprints camping motto.

Damn it. I'm not going to be able to sleep imagining the tiny fangs and eighty million eyes staring at me. I shudder when I picture its soft little legs crawling all over me.

My phone buzzes with an incoming text, and I sigh in relief. Civilization! Cell reception is spotty here, which was part of my plan, but now I'm wishing I'd chosen a spot closer to town. I've been here three hours, but it's felt like days already.

Pierce

Please send me a picture of you camping. I have to see this.

I glare at my phone. He is enjoying this way too much.

No.

Pretty please? Dante doesn't believe me.

I snort out a laugh. My best friend Pierce and I are costume designers. We met on a gig with one of the popular musicals in the city two years ago. As freelancers, we work on projects for a few days or weeks at a time, depending on whether it's theatre or television. We kept getting hired for the same productions and clicked. Pierce just landed a full-time designer position on a new television series for a major network, and he's trying to bring me on with him. It would be nice to have steady work for a bit.

I strike a pose, finding the best angle to minimize my chin and maximize my curves. Satisfied, I snap a selfie, making sure to get my little pink pop-up tent in the background. I send it to my friend so he can provide proof of my insanity to his boyfriend. I don't blame Dante. What am I doing here?

OMG. Gorgeous. A pink tent? Adorable.

BTW—you're wasting a great hair day on the woods.

I know. It's falling perfectly today, and nobody is going to see it but you.

Important question, Mimmsie.

I roll my eyes at Pierce's ridiculous nickname for me. Mama would be appalled. He never called me that around her.

Are you going for the movie or the book experience?

Hmm. Good question. A popular book came out years ago about a woman dealing with trauma, so she trekked out into nature. It was made into a film a few years later. But I'm not even using the original source material because I got the idea from a TV character who wanted to recreate the experience for herself. I know it's bad, but part of me was hoping to have the Lorelai Gilmore experience, which didn't actually result in any camping whatsoever. And yet, somehow, I made it out of the car, into the woods, and got my tent set up without anybody talking sense into me or stopping me for a permit. Which, I do have. Somewhere.

Neither. I'm hoping to make it one night. I'll be back tomorrow.

Don't rush. Spend some time in Festival Valley. That place is crawling with rich mountain men. Celebrities have homes there.

I snort. Pierce is the person to go to for celebrity gossip, so I trust his intel.

A grumpy diner owner in plaid is more my style.

Honey, whoever you choose, I'm in full support. As long as he can make you over and over and over. And, over.

I roll my eyes, cringing from his imagery. When he found out I've never had a date, let alone a boyfriend, he choked on his mojito and has been on Mission Cherry Pie for ages now. His label, not mine. Although, it's part of the reason why I'm here. Not to lose my virginity, but to make a plan and build some confidence to get myself out on the dating scene.

However, I don't need a reminder of my inexperience, especially at my age. I'm a thirty-year-old virgin for god's sake, and while it's not forty, it could be if I don't get my act together. It's not for lack of wanting. I am quite talented at taking care of business myself; thank you very much. I wasn't saving myself on purpose or anything.

Mom got sick my last year of high school, and I've spent the past eleven years either at work or taking care of her. She passed away six months ago. In some ways, it feels like my life is only now starting. My eyes tear up. I wouldn't trade that time with my mom for anything, though.

It's getting cloudy. My reception is a little spotty. I'll text you when I get back to my car in the morning.

Remember, don't feed the bears. Unless it's warning you about starting forest fires. Then, feed him your pie, 'cause Smokey is hot.

Bears. Beets. Battlestar Galactica.

Kisses, my love. And remember, if you do see a bear. Don't run.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

Unless it's black. Or brown. I can't remember which one, but you are not supposed to run from one of those.

Well, that's fucking helpful. I start to look up bear facts, but my phone refuses to connect.

Great.

I tuck it into the front of my backpack, pulling the flannel blanket tighter around me as I glance warily at the trees. I'm on edge already, and it's only the middle of the afternoon. Maybe I should go to bed now and skip the whole contemplation of trauma and dealing with my feelings part.

I've been grieving for half a year now. My friend Kiera, who I met through Pierce, gives me free therapy sessions, and I'm so grateful to her. I know that grief is a process, and it never fully goes away. Some days, I don't shed a single tear, and I can think about happy memories without it triggering a waterfall, but other days, the idea that she's gone forever punches me in the gut so hard, I'm physically winded. And then it's a full-on snot-fest of tears and sadness. Kiera assures me this is part of a healthy grieving process. She says to lean in when those moments hit and honor her memory.

I keep getting little signs that remind me of my mom, and I like to think she's trying to guide me to happiness.

"Go out. Meet people, Mimi. I'll still be here when you get back," she'd say, and I always ignored her, because I knew that one day she wouldn't be there anymore. The

sharp prick of tears stings my eyes. It's all she cared about. My happiness.

Three weeks ago, I turned on the TV and tried to watch a murder documentary, but the remote wasn't working right and the only thing I could navigate to was a series we used to watch together. Low and behold, the episode I put on was the one where the main character decided to take to the great outdoors and finally mourned her father's death. It felt like a sign. I had a break between gigs and thought, okay, lead me to happiness, Mama.

So here I am. Lonelier than I've ever felt in my life and wondering if I should instead contemplate why I'm so impulsive.

The trees rustle with a burst of wind. Is it getting colder? I pull out my phone to check the weather app again, but it won't turn on at all now. Shit. I should have turned it off to save the battery. Ugh. I should not be alone in the woods without cell service.

Suddenly, the bushes to my right lean forward as if they're coming at me, and a large, hairy mass barrels down, pitching to the ground with a growl in a pile of leaves and pine needles.

I scream, jumping up from my chair, but my foot gets caught. I land heavily on my hands and knees. More growling and grunting ensues, the branches bow and dip as the creature tries to free itself. I flail around, reaching desperately for my heavy metal mug I scattered in my haste. I whip it behind me, trying to buy time as I get my leg unhooked and jump to my feet.

"Owww! Shit!"

I freeze, turning slowly to stare at the intruder, who I realize now is actually a man. The sexiest man I've ever seen in person to be accurate. And I measure pants on

celebrities, so I've seen sexy men.

Even as he scrambles to disengage himself from the bush, I can tell he's tall. Like, really tall, with mouthwatering muscles. His fitted jeans and flannel shirt hug a chiseled body. His chin-length blond hair is pulled up in a half ponytail, and the man looks like he lifts weights for a living. I let out a little gasp when his bright blue eyes find me. They're the color of the glaciers Mama and I saw on her bucket list cruise to Alaska a few years ago, and I remember thinking it was the most beautiful color nature could make. And yet, here it is, replicated in the man standing in front of me.

He rears back a little, looking startled to see me, and I suddenly remember to close my mouth. That's when I notice his forehead and gasp.

"Holy shit! You're bleeding!"

Chapter 3

Clint

I reach up and touch my forehead gingerly, then pull back two fingers smeared with red. She got me good. Groaning, I get to my feet, nudging the metal mug she threw at me with my boot.

"Are you out here alone?" I ask, bringing my gaze to hers again, and my heart beats erratically. Her hazel eyes stare at me, and her chest heaves as she tries to catch her breath. I've never been more instantly attracted to someone in my life. She's wearing a black sparkly hoodie and black skirt with colorful rainbow socks pulled up past her knees. Her long dark hair falls in waves over her shoulders, and she has a few pink streaks peeking out at the bottom. Her curvy body makes her look like a bombshell pinup from the 1950s, and I have never imagined any other woman naked as quickly as I did the second I saw her. It's like she was custom-made for me, and I've only

heard her speak a few words so far. Her tongue darts out to lick her lips, and my cock hardens in my pants. I start to walk toward her, like a moth drawn to a flame, but her eyes widen, and she takes a giant step back.

"Hold up!" The beautiful woman standing before me puts up her hand, and I freeze, realizing I've scared her.

Of course you scared her. You're a grumpy brute storming through the woods directly for her. She probably thought I was a bear. I grab the back of my neck, embarrassed by my reaction. "I-I won't hurt you."

"That's exactly what a serial killer would want me to think." The goddess before me looks genuinely distressed, and her cheeks turn pink the longer I stare at her.

"Right. I guess I would. I mean, a serial killer would," I correct when she looks at me sharply and backs up another step in alarm. "I-I'm not going to kill you." Oh, god. I suck at talking to women in general, and I'm definitely rusty in my skills to convince her I'm not a murderer.

My sister always said words were meaningless without action, so I take off my pack and toss it to the side next to the flimsy piece of shit this woman is calling a tent. Is she planning to camp in that thing? It looks like a Cracker Jack toy. Damn it. What is she doing out here? I raise both hands in surrender and lower myself to sit on the ground.

"I'm sorry I scared you. My name is Clinton ... er, Clint. I've been testing some camping gadgets for my company. I lost my footing coming down the mountain over there." The woman eyes me suspiciously, and I try to keep my eyes on hers instead of roving over her sexy, curvy body like my cock is begging me to do. Her shoulders relax slightly, but she's not comfortable yet.

"Look, Mimi, is it?" I ask.

"How do you know my name?" she squeaks, her eyes terrified with a hint of something else. Something I'm definitely imagining for my own benefit.

Great. I don't think I could come off as more of a serial killer if I tried. I shrug, embarrassed. "It's embroidered on your backpack. I'm going to toss you my wallet, and you're going to take out my driver's license. Take a picture of it and one of me, and then you are going to send it to a friend."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

"My phone died." She glances at her backpack ruefully.

"Oh, god!" I scrub my hands over my face, trying to keep calm. My fear for this incredible woman alone in the woods just tripled. "Why would you tell me that? If I was a serial killer, that is the worst thing you could tell me."

Mimi stares at me, her mouth open, but she can't come up with a response. "Okay," she finally says, drawing out the word before clearing her throat. "Well, my boyfriend, Pierce, is on his way back from the car right now. And he's bringing my other boyfriend, Dante with him, so don't try anything, Mystery Man."

An unnatural rage boils in my blood at the thought that she has not one man pleasing her, but two.

Mine.

Oh, god. What if I am a serial killer and this is my first time getting the urge? No. The thought of Mimi injured let alone gone from this Earth turns my stomach.

Then I look at her small tent, the solitary cup, and single chair, and I know she's lying.

"Mimi, are you really alone out here with no cell phone and that ridiculous tent for shelter?"

"Excuse me? Does pink offend you, sexy mountain man?" Mimi puts her hands on her hips.

Sexy? I grin in spite of myself, mesmerized by her eyes, and then her cheeks turn red as she realizes what she said. She clears her throat, breaking eye contact with me, and I look around again before checking my watch. I'm not leaving her here.

"No, ma'am. Pink doesn't offend me. Cheap camping supplies do. Mimi, let's grab your stuff. A big storm is coming, and you are barely prepared to camp in good weather." I stand and start to gather the few items strewn about her camping site.

"I'm fine. I checked the weather yesterday, and the guy at the store said my tent will withstand some light rain." Mimi shakes her head, grabbing her backpack away from me. She sets the chair upright as if that solves the problem.

"Do you have any wilderness training whatsoever?" I blurt out before I can stop myself. And as if I hadn't immediately recognized my tone as obnoxious at best, Mimi's hands fly to her hips again, her mouth set in indignant annoyance as she glares at me.

"Well?" I ask, apparently stuck on my rude-douche setting.

"That is none of your business." Mimi huffs adorably, lifting her chin regally, but she doesn't refute my suspicions.

As irritated as I am with her for putting herself in danger, all I want to do right now is scoop her up and kiss her until she can't remember her name. My cheeks heat from the images rushing through my brain of everything I want to do to her luscious body. I flex my hand, willing it to remain in place and not reach for her hip as I picture her massive tits bouncing in front of me.

I'm a creep.

"If you must know, I was in scouts as a kid." Mimi brushes invisible lint off her skirt,

not meeting my eyes.

"And you camped as a scout?" I ask, narrowing my eyes at her skirt and sexy knee-socks doubtfully.

"None of your business," she repeats, emphasizing each word.

I groan. "Did you camp in your backyard at least?" I ask, and when she doesn't respond, I try again. "You've been in a backyard before, right?"

"Look, I grew up in the city, Mr. Mountain Man. There weren't a lot of backyards to come across. My mom used to take me to Central Park all the time when the weather was nice, and I loved it." Her face softens, and I'm overcome with the need to hold her. "I loved the trees and the grass. The lakes and the birds." Mimi looks like she's about to cry. I hate it.

"So, you ran to the mountains? Why not go to Central Park?" I ask, softer this time and less accusatory, or I'd like to think that's the case. I'm trying not to reveal how turned on I am by her, so everything comes out a little choked and growly.

"Because I wanted to camp, Mystery Man!" Mimi turns her back. "Alone," she mutters, fluffing her tent, and I groan in frustration.

Mimi turns around, hands out as she shrugs. "Look. I can't leave. I need an epiphany. And I watched a TV show where the main character went on a camping trip and had an epiphany, so here I am."

"Do you make a lot of your decisions based on television?"

"If TV doesn't tell us how to live life, then I don't want to live!" Mimi says with all the passion of a main character.

I'm flummoxed by this crazy woman. Taking a deep breath, I try again. "It's not going to be safe out here in about two hours, Mimi. Let's go!" I come up behind her, trying to figure out how to pop the tent down.

"I can't leave!" Mimi whirls around, staring up at me, mere inches from my face.

"Why not?" I yell, exasperated that this incredible woman is stubbornly risking her life, and I can't do anything to stop her.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

"Because my mom died!" she yells back. And just like that, all the fight goes out of me. This is more than a stubborn streak. "Six months ago, and I'm sure you will think this is crazy, but she sent me a sign to come here, and I think she's going to help me figure out the rest of my life. So I can't leave until I've done it. Until I have my epiphany and make a plan." Mimi looks at me helplessly, shaking her head as tears roll down her soft cheeks.

I watch her for a few solemn moments. She wipes her face, blows out a shaky breath, and sets her jaw stubbornly before she squares up to me again. Instead of arguing, I simply nod. "Okay. I'll stay with you then." I set my pack down, then pull out my lightweight waterproof jacket. I drape it around Mimi's shoulders. Not surprisingly, it dwarfs her figure, and something about seeing her in my clothes brings out a primal lust that I immediately have to tamp down.

Eyeing her tent with frustration, I grunt, "Let's hope your epiphany comes before we drown."

Mimi gives me a watery smile, pulling the jacket tightly around her, and I gaze deeply into her eyes. I lean toward her, wanting to close the space between us and kiss her, but worried about crossing a boundary. I need to stay with her to keep her safe tonight, and if I'm misreading her interest, I don't want to freak her out. Her mouth parts slightly, a soft breath escaping as I get a little closer.

And then, the first drop of water lands on my nose, jolting me back to reality. I let out a sigh and turn to her tent. "Show me how to close this thing. We're going to have to make a run for it sooner than I thought."

Chapter 4

Mimi

The wind whistles around us, blowing the rain sideways. I can barely see as I follow Clint through the thick trees.

Clint.

Mystery Man is the Clintiest Clint I've ever met in my life. He's sturdy and sexy, rough but gentle. In spite of the wet, biting cold, my stomach flutters from the touch of his hand to mine. He could move quicker without me, but I'm so grateful he didn't leave me at the campsite alone. I barely had time to tend to his forehead before the heavy rain started. It took one ear-splitting crack of thunder before I realized he was right, and I scrambled to help him pack up the rest of my supplies.

He hauled it all up in his arms and took my hand, saying, "I'll keep you safe, Mimi. I promise." I nodded and let him lead me out of danger. He hasn't let go of me yet, and I already trust him with all my heart.

His hand grips mine tightly, the only indication that we are in more danger than he's letting on. Clint turns back to look at me, and I flash him a thumbs-up sign, my teeth chattering.

"I think I see a cabin up ahead," Clint yells, and I nod, barely able to hear him over the sounds of the storm. He guides me carefully over the muddy terrain. I slip twice, and I'm grateful I bought new hiking boots as I realize now how ridiculous the rest of my outfit is for the outdoors.

When we get to the small cabin, it's dark and the door is locked tight. Clint bangs on the window a few times, but nobody answers. I'm soaked through. The cold is in my

bones, and I shiver uncontrollably as Clint darts out into the rain and around the back of the cabin. He comes back to the front porch a moment later and points behind him. I nod. I have no idea what he's found, but I'm sticking with him because I'm not a complete idiot.

We race into the rain, and Clint grabs my hand as he guides me over to what looks like a dilapidated garage or large shed. The door is slightly open, and I start inside, desperate to be out of the pouring rain, but Clint holds me back. It's quieter under the little awning, and I can hear him clearer now.

"Hold up. Let me check for b"—he cuts himself off and looks away from me quickly, before finishing his sentence—"wildlife."

"You were g-going to say b-bears!" I cry, clutching my backpack tightly to my front as my heart beats frantically. My teeth chatter so loudly, I'm a walking siren for wild animals.

Clint hesitates. "No."

"You are l-lying t-to m-m-meee," I manage to get out through chattering teeth as I look around frantically for a mountain lion about to jump out at me from behind a tree. My heart pounds.

Clint grabs both my shoulders and places his forehead to mine. The bandage I used on his wound scratches my skin, but I barely notice. I'm so shocked, I forget to be scared, and I let him hold me. Our breath mixes together in the cold air, and now my heart is beating wildly for a whole different reason.

He pulls back and gazes into my eyes. This close, I notice he has small gold flecks forming a little halo effect around the glacier blue of his iris.

"Angel eyes," I breathe, and he startles, making me blush.

"My grandma used to call me that." He smiles faintly like he hasn't thought of the memory in quite some time.

Clint's eyes dart from my mouth to my eyes and back again. He hasn't let go of me. As cold as I was a few minutes ago, his hands burn against my body through multiple layers of clothes like the world's sexiest hot potatoes. I'm still shivering, but now it's only partly from hypothermia and partly from lusty anticipation.

He's going to kiss me. Holy shit. I thought he was going in for a kiss back at the campsite, but he didn't, and I haven't been able to shake the sudden disappointment since.

I lift my mouth toward his, closing my eyes slightly as he leans down. He's half an inch from my mouth, and then a loud clap of thunder startles us both, and I shriek. The wind picks up, whipping my wet hair into my eyes as I stumble forward into Clint. He grabs me and hauls me to his side as he strains to pull the door open against the wind. He ushers me into the dry space as we get pelted with hard, fat raindrops now mixed with hail.

Cock-blocking storm!

The rain beats down on the roof of the large shed, increasing in intensity the second we get the door closed. I'm grateful to be somewhere dry, but it's still cold in the unheated space, and the chatter of my teeth almost drowns out the sound of the rain. Clint blows hard on his hands, and I realize he gave me his jacket. He must be freezing.

No time to waste, Clint gets to work and quickly pops open my tent while I stand there shivering uselessly.

"S-see. P-pop open is q-quicker." I attempt to grin at Clint, but my body is shaking so hard I must look like a crazy bobblehead figure.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

Clint glances at me with worry and then digs through the contents of his backpack. He pulls out a dark green bundle and walks over to me.

"You need to take your clothes off." His cheeks redden when my eyes widen in surprise, and he hands me a wool blanket and what looks like a thermal long-sleeved top. "Put this on. I won't look."

Any sexy comment I have dies on my lips as our fingers touch and electricity shoots down my hand, all the way to my toes. I look at him startled, and Clint pulls his hand away quickly, returning to set up the make-shift camping site.

I discard his jacket, laying it neatly across the old workbench against the side wall. There is no way it will dry out anytime soon. Even waterproof material is no match for that kind of downpour. Shaking, I bend to unlace my boots, struggling to pull off my soaking wet socks, skirt, and panties. My sweatshirt makes a loud plopping noise as I drop it to the floor. I'm still shaking hard as I fail to get my hands into the dry shirt. I hop up and down a few times to banish the numbness from my fingers, and I blush, realizing I'm naked in the same room with a man for the first time in my life. A man I'd really like to see naked as well.

Does he want that too?

I glance over at Clint as I wrap the blanket around my lower half and swallow hard when I realize he's already removed his wet shirt.

Oh. My. God.

He's bent over, surveying our supplies. His pants are still on, and I bite my lip when I spy the two dimples at the top of his butt. I want to run my fingers over them. A tattoo wraps around his sizable upper bicep, but the rest of his body is completely free of ink, emphasizing the prominent hills and valleys of his incredible muscles.

He looks over at me, and I turn quickly, getting my arms into the shirt and turning back to face him. He's unzipped my purple sleeping bag, laying it down like a little mattress inside the tent, and he's now fluffing out his much warmer looking sleeping bag to use as a top blanket. As he stands up, his mouth falls open when he sees me. His eyes dart away and back again, as he tries not to look at my chest.

I glance down at the fabric stretched tightly over my full breasts, my hardened nipples on erotic display. If only embarrassment could provide actual warmth, I might be able to salvage this into a sexy moment, but I've never been this cold in my life. And I can't think of anything less sexy than having sex with a snowman. Or woman, in my case.

I walk toward him stiffly, rubbing my hands vigorously over my upper arms as I try to get some warmth back into them.

"P-please tell me this s-s-shirt doesn't f-fit you?" I ask, my teeth still chattering.

He shakes his head quickly, his gaze meeting mine, and my breath catches as I finally understand what the phrase "hungry eyes" means. He looks like he wants to devour me. I swallow hard.

"No, it doesn't fit me. I grabbed the wrong one to test." Clint grits out and then shakes his head. "Um, I don't know how to say this without sounding like a creep, but body warmth really is the best way to get warmer in this situation." He reaches into the front of the tent and pulls out two small packets, shaking them slightly. "These are warming packets, but we should probably save them for later if the temperature

continues to drop."

I nod, staring at his chest and back up to his eyes. "Are you going to take your pants off?"

He blushes. "They're soaked, so yes. Unless you want to get wet again."

Too late. I bite my lip as a rush of desire coats the top of my thighs from his unintentional double-entendre.

My heart beats wildly as I walk directly in front him. So close, my nipples brush against his bare chest and he groans. "Take off your pants, Clint," I whisper, staring up at him through my lashes, and then I unwrap the green wool blanket from around my waist and hand it to him. The top he gave me is a slightly longer tunic cut, but it stops right at the tops of my thighs. A shiver goes through me, and I close my eyes briefly. Then, I turn to the little tent. I crawl into the bed he's made, giving him a great view of my bare ass, and pull the covers over the top of me.

I stare up at the bright pink roof of the tent, listening to the rain and shaking uncontrollably, as I wait for him to decide what he's going to do. Then, I hear the zipper of his pants and the soggy mess dropping to the floor. It's only a few seconds before the tent shakes as he maneuvers his naked body through the small opening and crawls up next to me.

Sighing, I turn into him, letting him wrap his arms around me as I place my head on his chest, my teeth chattering against his skin. He's freezing cold, like an ice block. I wrap my arms around his waist, running my hands up his back as he squeezes me back tightly.

"Try to slow your breathing. We'll warm up soon. Give it a minute." Clint's voice is thick, and it only takes me a moment to realize why.

Clint either has a flashlight in his pocket, or he is very happy to see me.

Chapter 5

Clint

I try to angle my cock away from Mimi, but skin to skin contact is the fastest way to warm up, so I simply give in, pulling her as close as possible as I continue to harden against her luscious thigh. The view of her bare ass as she climbed into the tent is permanently cemented in my brain, and my cock wants me to do something about it. Now.

And yet, we are both freezing. Honestly, I should be proud of my cock's gumption, considering cold weather does not usually work in our favor.

Mimi sighs deeply, burrowing into me as she seeks out my body heat. I close my eyes, breathing in her scent, a mix of mountain air, soft citrus, and something I can't quite place. A something I suspect is unique to her.

"Tell me about your t-tattoo," Mimi says, her teeth already chattering less than they were a few minutes ago.

I clear my throat. "My brother and I got matching ones when I turned twenty-one." I move my arms down and wrap them around Mimi's waist, and her little sigh makes my cock jump.

"Is it a deer?" Mimi asks, her forefinger tracing the design on my upper bicep.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

"A reindeer," I grind out tightly. Her touch has me so wound up, I'm afraid I'm going to leak pre-cum on her thigh. "My family owns a petting farm on the other side of the mountain."

"Oh my god! You're a real-life Kristoff! Like from Frozen." Her eyes dance, and I grin.

"Something like that," I murmur, bringing my cheek to her temple and pulling her closer.

"Your legs are freezing," Mimi murmurs. Her breath is steadier now, and her stutter from the cold is almost gone. She splays her soft hand against my thigh and rubs up and down slowly. I almost come. I groan softly, racking my brain for a distraction.

"Have you had your epiphany yet?" I blurt out, regretting it immediately. Bringing up her recently deceased mom, even tangentially is not my smartest moment. In my defense, all the blood flow usually reserved for my brain is currently being diverted south.

Luckily, instead of offending her, she chuckles softly. "I'm not sure. Maybe Mama wanted me to realize camping is not for me. If that's the case, then yes. I've had my epiphany."

I grunt, "Good. Please don't go camping alone ever again."

Mimi pulls back, patting my chest. "But then I wouldn't have met you, Mystery Man." She grins. Usually something that sweet and thoughtful makes me squirm, but

when Mimi says it, I have to hold myself back from kissing her silly.

"Where's your dad? Is he in the picture?" I ask, desperate to know everything I can about her.

She lifts her shoulders delicately in a shrug as she shakes her head. "Stuck around long enough to insist I be named after his great-grandmother, Miriam. Mama never heard from him again."

I clench my jaw. Some people have no right to procreate. The idea of Mimi growing up without a father when that sperm donor had another choice is infuriating.

Mimi smiles and snuggles against my chest, when I tense up around her. "It's okay. Mama only ever called me Mimi, and I've decided to take my future husband's last name some day. I'll change my first name permanently too."

She sounds pleased with the idea. And yet the thought that Mimi might take another man's name makes me physically nauseous.

"You said you were testing camping equipment. Is that for the reindeer farm?" Mimi asks.

I snort. "No. The reindeer are expert campers." Mimi laughs too, and the sound shoots through my body like a little electric current. Is there anything about this woman that isn't sexy? I clear my throat. "I live in the city. I work for Billings Corp. in research and design."

"I live in the city too. I'm a costume designer. Do you visit your family a lot, Clint? They must miss you."

Sadness falls around me like a heavy blanket. "I haven't been home in a few years."

Mimi lifts her head in surprise, and I shrug. "I love my family. I'm close to my brother and sister, my mom and dad. We text a lot. But my siblings have kids and homes. I like my job. Living in the city, I thought I'd find..." I trail off before finishing my thought. I shake my head. "Sometimes it's easier to stay away."

Mimi nods thoughtfully, watching me for a few long moments. "You should make time to go home anyway, Clint. Life can change in a split second, and you'll never regret making time for family."

"I'm sorry about your mom, Mimi." I hug her close, and she shivers. "Are you warming up?"

"Yes," she squeaks, and I'm worried she's suddenly realized what's poking her in the thigh.

"Uh, I can give you more space, if you're warm enough." I don't want to scare her, but I also can't control my body's reaction around her. It's like my cock is trying to claim her.

"No!" Mimi says quickly. "I'm not warm enough." She pulls back, watching me as she continues to rub her hand up and down my thigh.

Involuntarily, I close my eyes as she nears my upper thigh, and my cock jumps against her again. I open them, embarrassed and ready to move, despite her protests, but Mimi refuses to break eye contact with me. Her tongue darts out, licking her soft lips, and then, instead of going back down my thigh, her hand continues slowly moving across my lower stomach.

I breathe heavier, watching Mimi. She doesn't break eye contact, lightly scratching her long nails into the hair at the base of my cock. When her hand finds my hardened length, she lets out a breath and grips me tightly.

"Oh fuck," I moan, letting my forehead fall to hers as she runs her hand up and down my cock.

"Like velvet over steel," Mimi murmurs and then blushes when I open my eyes and grin at her. "I read that in a book. But it's true." She pumps me once, twice, tentatively, and then whispers, "Tell me what to do."

I pull back and stare at Mimi. "Are you a virgin, Mimi?" She blushes, nodding as she watches for my reaction. I cup her face with my large hand, and she nuzzles into it. "We don't have to do anything, Mimi." Her face falls, and she pulls her hand away from me. "No, no! I want to. You can feel how much I want to." Mimi grins wickedly, and I grunt when her hand grips my cock again. "But we can do a lot without doing it all. I don't want to rush you or push you."

Then she kisses me. Her soft, pillowy lips press against mine. Her tongue licks at the seam of my lips, and I open for her, tasting her for the first time. I know I will never crave anyone as much I do her. Despite what I just said to her about going slow, I desperately need to fuck her. Now.

I kiss her hard, invading her mouth with my tongue as I try to demonstrate what I want to do to her wet pussy. I kiss up and down her neck and then back to her mouth. I want to possess her. Claim her. Make her mine.

Pulling away, she stares at me, panting hard. Her lips are swollen, her hair mussed, and my heart swells. She murmurs, "Mission cherry pie," and before I can ask what she means, she's kissing me again. Our tongues clash, a desperate claiming happening on both sides.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

I bring my fingers between her legs, and she sucks in a sharp breath and then moans when I touch her for the first time. The slick arousal I find there is a little gift. I push her back and lay over her, but try not to crush her with my weight. I pull her tight shirt off, and her ample breasts fall free. I pinch one hard nipple and then lave at it with my tongue.

"Oooohhh, Clint." Mimi moans as I move back and forth between her nipples, squeezing and caressing her breasts. Her thighs close around my hand, and I edge them open. Her fingers run up and down my back, and she loops one leg around my waist, opening herself up to me. I kiss her neck, then pull back to watch her as my fingers circle her clit. She closes her eyes, writhing under me as I play with her body.

"Oh god, yes, yes!" Mimi wails as I circle her tiny nub. She grabs my wrist when I pull away.

"Give me a second. I need to taste you." Mimi whimpers. I settle between her legs and cover her stomach with the blanket to keep her warm. I'm eye level with her glistening folds, and my cock is uncomfortably hard, furious that I'm keeping us from the place we are going to call home from now on.

I lick my lips and then bury my face between her thighs. Mimi bucks against me, yelling gibberish as I lick at her seam. Thrusting my tongue into her opening, she rides my face, trying to get relief from the flood of sensations pummeling her body. I find her tight bud and flick lightly, applying pressure as I make circles in a steady rhythm. Once she's panting and writhing, I use my finger and pump into her slick, hot opening. She's so fucking tight.

A virgin. Never been touched. It's never been a fantasy of mine, but now—knowing I'm her first—I want to make it incredible for her.

"Baby," I murmur against her wet pussy. "I need to stretch you out so you can take me, okay?"

"Yes," Mimi pants, pulling at my hair. She bucks against me and yells my name over and over, as I insert two fingers. I pump into her quickly, stretching her as I lick her clit. Her walls throb around me, and I bring in a third finger, sucking her clit to mitigate any pain.

As I pump into her tight channel, I circle and suck, and then she stills. "Oh yes, yes, yes!" Mimi chants over and over as she explodes on my fingers. I lick her through the orgasm, pulsing my fingers in and out to prolong her pleasure.

"Oh. My. God." Mimi jumps as I kiss up her stomach, and I grin. I kiss her again, taking my time as I settle between her legs. Mimi moans when she tastes herself on my tongue, and I caress her breasts, playing gently with her nipples. I wait to see if she wants more, hoping desperately she does, but I will wait forever if she needs it.

Mimi breaks our kiss and sucks on my neck, then nibbles on my earlobe. "That was incredible." Her hot breath against my ear has me releasing a low groan, and I thrust against her stomach a few times, desperate for some relief to my aching cock. Her hand grips my hard length, and I moan loudly.

Her sultry whisper in my ear awakens my inner beast. "Now, I want one with your huge cock inside me."

Chapter 6

Mimi

"Mimi, I promise. I-I don't mind waiting," Clint pants against me, his hard, needy cock belying his sweet words. Part of me is tempted to roll over and let him wait it out. See how long he can be a gentleman after I edge him to the point of madness. But I am not cruel, or a sexy vixen. Let's be honest. I'm a horny thirty-year-old virgin, and I'm ready to be deflowered. I want my cherry popped. Take my V-card, Clint the Mystery Mountain Man, and turn it into an F-card. Do it so many times, we round the alphabet twice.

Afraid to kill the mood with my crazy inner dialogue, I look him dead in the eyes and say two words. "Fuck me."

Apparently, that was the magic password, because this gorgeous hunk of a man, the gentle giant who I could have sworn wouldn't hurt a fly, becomes a ravenous beast before my eyes.

And I'm fucking here for it.

Clint sits up and grips both thighs to pull me closer to him in a move so quick I gasp, grinning like a fool when he looks at me with feral desire. He pushes my thighs apart, holding me open and stares down at my pussy as he strokes his dripping cock. My chest heaves. I watch his eyes—hungry, desperate, and so fucking horny—and I know I am about to get railed like a sex goddess.

My pussy clenches, my heart pounds in anticipation, and then he notches his cock at my entrance, pushing the tip in and out slowly. I moan, trying to close my legs around him, but he shakes his head, pushing my thighs back as he watches the head of his cock disappear into my body, again and again like he's mesmerized by the sight. He moves one large hand to my core, his thumb strumming against my clit as his cock goes farther this time, and then he pulls out.

"Oh god, please fuck me, please," I beg on a whine, so wound up I can't even

remember the incredible orgasm he gave me moments ago.

"Patience, love." His deep voice settles over me, and I clench around him as he pushes deeper this time. I moan, and he stills, watching me as I pant from the fullness.

"Clint, I know you're being careful since it's my first time, and I really appreciate that. But I'm a rip the Band-Aid kind of girl. Fuck me and stay put, okay." I nod quickly, letting him know I'm serious.

Clint eyes me with doubt, but then nods. "Okay. It's going to hurt, but I'll make it better; I promise."

My heart clenches at the gentle soul of the man about to fuck me, and I can't wait for the better part. I need it now.

Clint pulls out, leaving the head of his cock inside me, and I look down to where we are joined. He circles my clit with his thumb until I'm writhing against him, pulsing need thrumming at the base of my spine, and then he thrusts into me. Hard.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god," I chant over and over. The pinch is almost unbearable. I'm lightheaded, staring at Clint whose eyes are closed to near slits, but he's fully inside me, still circling my clit with his thumb, and he stills.

"I won't move until you're ready," Clint grits out, his voice low and raw. His desperate need for me leaking through the tightly controlled care he's showing, and a rush of desire floods my core. I take a deep breath, adjusting slowly as he kisses my shoulder, my neck, and then my mouth. His tongue invades my mouth, and I clench around his hard cock as his thumb continues a rhythm on my clit.

"I'm ready," I tell him as I wrap a leg around his waist. He pulls out slightly and then

thrusts in again. I roll my hips with his movements, a bite of pain still there but pleasure now licking it away. He pulls out farther the next time, pumping into me again before pulling out. He's only going halfway, and it's helping me adjust. He stops rubbing my clit and reaches up to squeeze my breast firmly, and I moan. The slight pain from his touch mixes with the pleasure building in my core as he thrusts into me, and it's the perfect combination.

"You're doing so good, Mimi. Taking me so well," Clint pants against me, and I realize he's still holding back. He pinches my nipple, and I moan loudly. "You like that?" he asks, and my eyes fly open as he speeds up his thrusts. He squeezes my nipple, pumping into me over and over as I moan. He looks down to where we're joined like it's the sexiest sight he's ever seen in his life.

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:01 am

A surge of sensual power rushes through me. I made him respond like that. I'm doing this to him. My body. My tits. My pussy. I rock against him, trying to match his thrusts

"Oh yes, fuck." Clint lets go of my breast, leaning back slightly to watch them bounce as he fucks into me with a raw power that leaves me breathless.

A gentle giant in the streets and a beast in the sheets.

"Oh god, I'm close," I pant out a warning, as little tingles of pleasure lick at my nerves, and he doubles his efforts. He shifts slightly, hitting a spot inside me that sends a quiver throughout my body. I moan low and loud, hanging on for dear life as he thrusts into me, aiming for that same spot over and over again. I clench tightly and then it hits me. My eyes close as my whole body releases with pleasure. Clint pumps into me, bellowing out his release as fireworks explode in my brain, and I come so hard and long, I'm pretty sure I black out.

When I open my eyes, Clint is using the shirt I was wearing to clean us both up. He leaves the tent for a moment, coming back to hand me two pain relievers and a canteen. "In case you're sore," he says, and if my eyes could literally form into hearts, they would. When I'm done, he takes the canteen from me, puts it to the side, and then pulls the sleeping bag over us.

One of his muscular arms wraps around my waist, and I cuddle into Clint, making him my big spoon. "Um, we should probably... I'm clean, obviously. And I don't think I'm close to when I'd be ovulating, so we're okay there."

"I'm not worried," Clint assures me, and I decide I'm imagining the tone of possessive

pride in his voice as I drift off into blissful, satiated slumber.

Chapter 7

Mimi

The next morning, I wake to Clint's fingers slowly rubbing steady circles on my clit, as he kisses up and down my neck. Moaning, I open up to him and drape my leg back over his thigh. At my silent invitation, he doubles his efforts, bringing me to an orgasm so fast little pinpricks of light dot my eyes as my core throbs with release.

"Oh god, yes, yes, yes!" I chant. When the final pulses stop, Clint continues kissing my body like he can't get enough of me. He murmurs softly against my skin. His hard length prods my backside, and I'm wide awake, ready to go. Turning, I kiss Clint's hard chest. He tries to pull me to him, but I resist, wiggling my way down until I'm between his legs.

I eye his cock. It's my first time seeing one up close and personal. I have a feeling Clint's is a particularly magnificent example. I swipe my tongue out to catch the bead of pre-cum glistening on the tip, and I'm rewarded with a loud groan.

"Oh, baby. You're killing me." Clint throws his arm over his eyes, and I grin, loving the power I have over him. I lower my mouth to his cock, tasting him for the first time, and I close my eyes as the rush of sensations hit me. His skin is soft, salty from his dripping need, and I swirl my tongue around the tip, exploring him with my mouth.

Pierce once insisted on showing me how to give an incredible blow job using a banana. There was a lot of alcohol involved that night, and some of the instructions were drowned out by Dante chanting, "Don't use your teeth!" over and over, but I remember the basics.

I use my hand to pump at the base, sucking on the tip and then open my mouth wide to take him deeper and let my throat do some of the work. Clint writhes beneath me, grunting with pleasure, as if he has to stop himself from thrusting up into my mouth.

I want to make him lose control. I hollow my cheeks and swirl my tongue as I reach the tip again. I circle around the ridge at the head of his cock with little flicks, before taking him down as far as I can.

"Oh god. You are so fucking good at that." Clint tangles his hands in my hair, and I reward him with an extra swirl and suck. "Mimi, baby. I need to fuck you." Clint reaches for me, and I come off his cock with a loud popping noise. His hands dig under my armpits, dragging me up, and I laugh at his insistence. I grin as I grip his waist with my knees to straddle him. He's panting, and I put one hand on his chest to keep him down. I bite my lip, loving how his eyes darken when I lift slightly, my hand on his hard length, now dripping from his need and my mouth. I notch him at my entrance and slowly lower myself, moaning loudly as he invades my body.

Clint watches me, his mouth slightly open, his eyes straining in ecstasy as I take him fully, panting as I adjust. This angle is deeper. I'm so full. I whimper as I try to catch my breath.

"We can switch positions." Clint looks at me with concern, but his eyes are still dark with lust.

"No. Give me a minute." I squeeze my inner walls, and Clint let's out a hard breath; his chest heaves when I do it again.Hmmmm.

"Baby, are you okay?" Clint grits out. His eyes roll back slightly before he closes them tight, and I squeeze him over and over.

After I adjust to his length, or width, or both, frankly, I rock my hips slightly, and

Clint groans. I lick my lips, moving again, circling my hips in a little "C" motion. I try to spell "coconut" with my movements like I saw in a video online one time. One I filed away for just such an occasion. Oooh, the "u" and "t" combo is doing something for me.

"Oh fuck!" I pant, moving again and again as Clint pumps up into me.

"Come for me, baby. You've got it. You are so tight, Mimi." Clint thrusts into me, and I can feel my second orgasm of the morning barreling down on me. I grip Clint's shoulders as I writhe erratically. He pumps into me, gripping my hips as we thrash desperately against one another, and I sob out, "I love you!" with my release.

"I love you, too, Mimi! Fuck!" Clint pumps into me once more and then stills before he follows me over the edge. I cling to him, riding out the end of my orgasm as hot ropes of his cum coat my inner walls.

I fall to his chest, breathing heavily. My brain is mush, even as I try to understand what we said to one another. Was it the throes of passion? Or, could he have possibly meant it? I know I did. His fingers stroke my back slowly, and I don't want to ruin this moment, but I have to know.

Slowly, I lift from his chest and find his eyes preoccupied with deep thoughts of his own. I open my mouth, ready to start the conversation, and a sudden loud rap against the door of the shed sounds.

We both freeze, and then a man's voice calls out, "Clinton?"

Chapter 8

Clint

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:02 am

Mimi jumps, and I quickly cover her with the sleeping bag.

"Yes, hold up," I call out, purposely using a deeper voice than normal. If anybody stumbles upon Mimi naked, I'm liable to go full Rambo on them, so I'd prefer to avoid a bloodbath and make them think I'm a possible threat. I've always been a big guy. Taller than most guys, and strong from working the farm, but I've never experienced this level of protection or possessiveness over anyone before.

The guy at the door knows my name, so I'm assuming it's a ranger or someone looking for me, rather than the owner of the shed we borrowed for the night. I couldn't check in with Barrett last night, and since I'm on company business, I figured I'd have some explaining to do. There was no cell service once the storm started.

I quickly get my pants on, still damp and cold, but drier than they were last night, and then I shove my bare feet into my hiking boots.

"Are you Clinton Mitchell?" the guy asks when I open the door to the shed, and I nod. "I'm Ranger Novak. A Mr. Barrett Billings called the station when he didn't hear from you. You doing okay?"

"Yeah, we found this shed to get out of the storm. I'll leave a note for the owner and let him know how he can contact me if he finds any damage."

"We? Who else is with you?" Ranger Novak takes out a pad of paper.

"Mimi Watson." Mimi's soft voice floats out from the tent.

"Ah, good. I had a call from a Pierce Ross. I found her car at the base of the trail in the parking lot, and I've been looking for both of you. Two birds, one stone." He grins at me. "Everybody okay?"

Who the fuck is Pierce? Was that the guy she said was her boyfriend? Shit.

Novak eyes me as I clench my jaw, giving him a sharp nod when I realize I haven't responded to his question. "You know how to get back to the trail from here?"

"Yes, sir. I'll get her back to her car," I assure him tightly. And then watch her drive away from me and back to fucking Pierce.

Novak nods. "Alright, I'll give Billings a heads-up that you're on your way back."

I nod. "Thank you, Ranger." I close the door, glancing at the tent as Mimi's face pops out of it with a little giggle.

"Do you think he heard anything?" She grins at me.

I shake my head, preoccupied. I want to ask her about Pierce, but I have no idea how to bring it up. Instead, I grab her clothes and hand them to her. I start gathering the rest of our meager supplies.

"Thank you," she says softly, a little sadly, and I shake my head. Maybe a clean break is what we need. I've never told anyone I love them before.

"We should go. I need to check in with work." I grab the first sleeping bag and start to roll it up.

"Okay," Mimi says, climbing out of the tent. She pulls her socks on one at a time. All I can picture is her wearing those thigh-high rainbow socks and nothing else as I bury

my face in her pussy.

Fuck.

The hike back to her car is quiet. In our little tent, in her arms, I could say anything. And now, in the daylight, with the Pierce-guy in the picture, I can't find the words.

She said she loved me. Did she mean it? Can I hold her to it? If I convince her to come back to the hotel with me, can I get her to say it again?

When we arrive at her car, she says, "Get in. I'll drive you wherever you need to go." She locks eyes with me, but all I can do is grunt and nod.

I only have about a ten-minute ride to say something. Anything. Instead, I remain silent. Mimi clears her throat a few times, but doesn't speak either.

The ride is over when I point out Ethan's driveway. Her eyes widen as she gazes out the windshield.

"My boss's friend's house," I manage to say.

Mimi nods and then smiles. "Thank you, Clint." She blushes when I turn to her, and then clarifies, "For saving me from the storm."

I nod. "You're welcome." And then, like a robot, I get out of the car. Hauling my bag out of the back, I shut the door.

My heart is pounding, and a horrible sensation stretches into the depths of my bones. I am missing a moment here. The moment. But I can't get myself to speak up.

I woke up this morning madly in love with Mimi, and I can't figure out how to tell

her. And now, she's leaving. We didn't even exchange phone numbers.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:02 am

I haul my bag up over my shoulder, and Mimi gives me a little wave, her eyes shining with tears, before taking off down Ethan's driveway.

Mine!

"What am I doing?" I drop my stuff, running to the front gate as she rounds the horseshoe driveway. She starts to pick up speed, and I sprint toward her car. Mimi turns, sees me at the last second, and slams on her brakes, but I have too much momentum, so I try to veer right. This takes me in a roll over the trunk of Mimi's car, and I land heavily on the concrete driveway behind her car.

"Ow."

"Oh my god, Clint!" Mimi shrieks, and the driver-side door slams. She runs over to me as I sit up, wiggling my toes and stretching out my limbs, testing my body for injuries. "I grew up in the city! I'm not that good of a driver!" Her hands flit over my biceps and head, looking for injuries or blood. Finding none, she holds her chest as if stemming the panic. She finally looks at me. "Did you forget something?"

"Yes," I say, my voice strong and growly. "You."

The look of confusion that flashes over Mimi's features is quickly replaced by a blinding smile. She launches herself into my lap, and I grunt, but I refuse to let her go as she straddles me in broad daylight. She peppers my face with kisses. "Oh, thank god!"

"Who the fuck is Pierce?" I demand.

"My best friend," Mimi says, kissing my face, and then she pulls back. "He and his boyfriend, Dante, are the closest people in my life."

Relieved, I bury my face against her. "Mimi, I want to live with you, eat dinner with you, and wake up with you. Every. Single. Day." I press kisses against her cleavage and neck, and her chest heaves as I blurt out, "Marry me."

It's not a question. It's a demand. I pull back, worried I'm freaking her out, but she cups my face.

"I was going to find Billings Corp. and stalk you. I was going to convince you to come over to my apartment and then tie you to my bed. Make all of your fantasies come true until you only want to be with me." Mimi kisses me hard, and I groan, pulling her hips down to grind my erection against her core.

"My only fantasy is being with you. Forever. I love you, Mimi," I whisper against her breasts.

"I love you, Clint..." she trails off, and then she pulls back to look at me. "What is your last name again?"

"Mitchell." I grin at her.

"Mimi Mitchell," she says, testing it out. Hearing her name with mine, I have to stop myself from laying her out on the driveway and rutting into her like a savage animal. "I like it."

"Mine," I growl, burying my face in her chest again. "Stay with me."

"Forever," she promises. "You're my epiphany, Clint. My angel-eyed, mystery mountain man epiphany."

Chapter 9

Epilogue - Mimi

Two Years Later

"Der-der!" Nora's little voice babbles to her Uncle Dean, who holds her tiny hand out in his loaded with reindeer feed.

Clint pulls me toward him, tucking me under his arm as we watch a baby reindeer lick at our fifteen-month-old daughter's hand. Dean's wife and my new sister-in-law, Mary, takes a video, and our nieces and nephews all crowd around giving Nora instructions on the best way to do it. Nora's little peals of laughter make us all crack up. Everybody is smitten with our little angel.

I can't believe two years ago, I was waiting for my life to change, and it all happened in a split second when a big mountain man barreled into my campsite.

And boy has it changed. I apparently needed to pay closer attention in health class, because I was definitely ovulating that weekend. Clint is convinced we conceived our first time together, but I stayed with him for an extra two days at The Palmer after he checked in with his bosses, and my V-card spontaneously combusted by the end. We haven't been apart a single night since we met.

Clint moved into my apartment the weekend after we got home. His lease was up first, and he had practically nothing but his clothes, so it was easier for him to move. When he told me he pretty much lived at work, I thought he was exaggerating, but the only thing in his fridge was a bottle of water and an apple. He had been sleeping on a blow-up mattress for two years. Now, he spends as much time at home as possible.

We had already planned to get married at his parents' farm the following year, but

when we realized Nora was on the way, we got married at the courthouse, after promising his family they could still throw us a huge party to celebrate. Pierce and Dante served as our witnesses, and then we went to dinner and cut a purple velvet cake that was the most delicious dessert I have ever eaten.

A few months later, Clint's family pulled out all the stops for us with a big tent, dance floor, and included every person from Grand Falls. Clint's sister, Jenn, even decorated some sneakers with sparkles and lace so my swollen pregnant feet could last longer, and then they recreated the purple velvet cake with a beautiful topping of fresh blueberries and blackberries from their garden. It was perfect.

Barely five months later, we became parents. If I thought I couldn't love Clint any more than I already did, Nora proved me dead wrong. She didn't sleep more than two hours at a time for the first three months, and Clint's reserved calm was like baby catnip. Billings Corp. offers free daycare as part of the company perks, so we have childcare available when I pick up freelance jobs, and I've been able to stay home with her part-time as well.

Clint is the best husband and father I could have imagined. I like to think he was heaven sent.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 1, 2025, 10:02 am

As if sensing my thoughts, he leans over and kisses my temple. Getting up on my tiptoes, I kiss his neck and then snuggle into his warmth. The smell of hay, sweet and earthy, permeates the barn. We've visited at least once a month since we got married, and more often since Nora was born. It feels like home away from home for all three of us now. Clint's mom pulled me aside after the first few visits and thanked me for bringing her son home again. We cried. She taught me to make biscuits. It was magical.

Clint hums against my cheek. "Seems she's pretty well occupied. What do you say we slip out and make her a little brother or sister?"

I bite my lip and pretend to contemplate his idea. "Yes, that would be fun. Now, I may have lapsed a bit in reproductive knowledge, but I do remember that you can't get pregnant if you're already pregnant."

Clint pulls back and looks at me in disbelief. I grin up at him as a slow smile brightens his handsome face.

"Yes!" He pumps his fist and then scoops me up in a huge bear hug. I laugh as he swings me around before carefully putting me back on my feet. Clint's large hand cups my face, and he kisses me hard, his tongue clashing with mine, and a rush of desire soaks my panties.

He pulls back and looks at me in concern. "How are you feeling? Are you sick at all? Do you need to go lie down?" My first pregnancy was pretty tame, but he loved spoiling me and making sure my feet were never sore.

"Hmm, I'm only about seven weeks, and no symptoms yet." I kiss his hand, and he grins at me, entirely too pleased with his fertile seed. I roll my eyes, but can't help but grin back at him. I will drop my panties for this man anytime. I trace a finger up his shirt. "Maybe it wouldn't hurt to try one more time. Just to make sure I'm super extra pregnant."

I grab his hand and lead him out of the barn, and he swats at my butt as I race up the big steps to the main house. Clint catches me right outside the front door and dips me back, gazing lovingly into my eyes. "I love you, Mimi Mitchell."

I grin. He says my new full name as often as possible. I gaze up into his ridiculously handsome face and kiss him with all the love in my heart.

"I love you, my mystery mountain man."
