



Owned By the Rancher

Author: *Imani Jay*

Category: Erotic, Romance, Western

Description: Tasha:

I write steamy romances for a living, but my own love life? Total flop. When my mom starts pestering me about being single, I blurt out that I have a boyfriend. Big mistake. Now I'm expected to bring him home for Thanksgiving.

Just when I think I'm doomed, Liam Reeves, Silver Creek's grumpiest rancher, overhears my predicament and shocks me by volunteering to be my fake boyfriend. Suddenly, I'm bringing this rugged cowboy home for the holidays. Liam's playing the part a little too well, charming my family and making me wonder if this could be more than pretend. Between awkward family dinners and stolen moments in my childhood home, I'm starting to wish this fantasy was my reality.

Liam:

Pretending to be Tasha's boyfriend for a weekend? When I offered, I thought it'd be no problem. I've faced tougher challenges in the military. Or so I thought. Now I'm navigating nosy relatives, childhood memories, and the growing certitude that I want more than just a fake relationship with the city girl who's turned my world upside down. As we dodge relationship questions and share secret glances across the dinner table, the lines between real and fake start to blur. This was supposed to be a simple favor for a neighbor. So why does the thought of returning to my quiet ranch life feel emptier than ever?

With the holiday weekend coming to a close, we're both facing a choice. Do we go back to normal and chalk this up to a convincing performance? Or do we take a chance on turning our fake act into something real?

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Chapter 1

Billie

Pumpkin spice.

It's the smell of fall, the smell of my bakery, and—honestly—the smell of my whole life right now. I'm in the back, kneading dough for tomorrow's pumpkin bread orders.

The door to the kitchen swings open, and in strolls Shay, my best friend, employee and favorite instigator. She leans against the counter, arms crossed, watching me with a grin.

"Running low on pumpkins again?" she asks, looking at the empty containers surrounding me.

I sigh, wiping my hands on my apron. "Yeah. The town's on some kind of pumpkin spice frenzy. I can't keep up."

Shay raises an eyebrow, still grinning. "Well, lucky for you, your cowboy's got plenty."

I narrow my eyes at her. "He's not my cowboy."

Shay snorts. "Puhleeze. Rayne Miller might as well have your name tattooed on him. I see the way you look at each other."

I can feel the heat rising in my cheeks, and I turn back to mydough. “I do not.”

Shay crosses her arms, leaning into her teasing. “Do too. Every time he walks in here, it’s like you’re undressing him with your eyes.”

I roll my eyes but can’t hold back a grin. Rayne Miller is the kind of guy you can’t help but notice. Those broad shoulders, thick forearms, and that ass... don’t even get me started on the way he looks in his battered jeans. And his voice—low, rough... made for dirty talk. I shake my head. I can’t let myself get caught up in my cowboy fantasies right now.

“Just call the ranch,” Shay says, breaking through my rapidly escalating thoughts. “You know he’ll show up.”

I hesitate for a second. She’s not wrong. Every time I need pumpkins, Rayne’s the one who shows up, even though he has a whole team that could do it for him.

I grab my phone and dial the ranch, trying to play it cool while Shay watches with barely contained excitement.

It rings twice before someone picks up. “Miller Ranch.”

I clear my throat. “Hi, it’s Billie from the bakery. I was wondering if you had any pumpkins available for delivery? I’m running low.”

There’s a brief pause, then the voice on the other end says, “We’ll send some over. How many do you need?”

“Three dozens, if you can spare them,” I say, glancing at Shay, who’s smirking like she knows exactly where this is going.

“Got it. They’ll be there in ten.”

Shay raises an eyebrow. “Let me guess. Rayne’s doing the delivery?”

I shrug, pretending to keep my cool. “Didn’t ask.”

She grins. “You didn’t have to.”

I try to focus on the dough in front of me, but I can already feel my heart speeding up. Ten minutes until Rayne walks through the door, and I can’t lie—my thoughts are all over the place. The guy’s all muscles and grit, and every time I see him, it gets harder to keep my head straight. He’s got this brooding look, and I’d bet good money his cock is just as thick as the rest of him.

Oh, My God! What am I even thinking?

* * *

Rayne

One of my guys could have handled this delivery, but when I heard Billie needed more pumpkins, I was out the door in no time. Doesn’t matter that I’ve got a full schedule—this is one delivery I’m handling myself.

Billie Robinson’s been under my skin since the day we met. There’s something about her—those curves, that lush mouth, her big brown eyes, kind heart, warm laugh, and hard-working personality. And there’s the way she looks at me when she thinks I’m not paying attention. But I am. Always. And every time I see her, all I can think about is how she’d feel under me, moaning my name, her pussy tight and wet around my cock. How she would look heavy with my child. Round and glowing. How it would feel to be the one to bring that smile to her face. Hold her in my arms. Push away her

hair and bury my nose in the crook of her neck. Get drunk on her scent. Every day.
For the rest of our lives.

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I shake myself out of my fantasies and load the crates of pumpkins into the truck, my muscles straining under the weight. I don't mind. Actually, I like the feeling. It's a reminder that I'm about to see Billie...

The bakery's close, and when I pull up, I cut the engine and head to the back of the truck to unload. The bell jingles as I push open the door. And there she is. In the kitchen, kneading dough, her apron tied around her waist, and her hair neatly pulled back in a ponytail. She's all professional, but I can't help noticing the few loose strands framing her face. She's fucking beautiful.

"Hey," I grunt, my voice coming out hoarse like every time I see her. I set the crate down by the counter.

Her gorgeous brown eyes flick up to meet mine, and she gives me this broad, thankful smile that hits me right in the gut. She looks me over. And I can see it in her eyes. She's thinking about me the same way I think about her.

"Hey Rayne," Billie says, wiping her hands on a towel. "Thanks for bringing these."

I nod, watching the way her full hips sway as she moves. She's got curves that make a man want to grab hold and never let go. I've thought about it more times than I care to admit—her bent over the counter, tits bouncing while I fuck her deep. But also just lying in bed, her warm, soft body snuggled up to mine...

"You need more later, let me know," I say abruptly, keeping my voice steady, even though my mind's wandering to places it shouldn't be.

Billie gives me a small smile, but there's something else in her eyes. Something that makes my dick twitch. "Will do." Fuck, that soft, throaty voice.

I nod again, turning to leave. But before I step out, I glance back at her, my eyes trailing down her body. "See you around, Billie."

I don't miss the way her breath catches just before I walk out.

Chapter 2

Billie

The Fall Festival is in full swing, and the bakery booth is a madhouse. Pumpkin spice everything is flying off the shelves, and I'm barely keeping up with the orders. People are practically swarming my booth, eager for cupcakes, muffins, and cookies, all infused with that magical fall flavor. I should be focused on the task at hand, but there's a distraction standing a few feet away.

Rayne Miller.

Leaning against a nearby fence, arms crossed over that broad chest of his, and wearing that damn cowboy hat. He's watching me. I can feel his eyes on me, sending a shiver down my spine. I try to focus on the customer in front of me, but it's damn near impossible when Rayne's just standing there, looking all rugged and delicious.

I tell myself to keep it professional. I'm here to sell baked goods, not flirt with brooding cowboys, but when I glance up and catch Rayne's eyes, my heart skips a beat.

Shay appears at my side, nudging me with her elbow. "Your cowboy's back."

I huff, trying to hide my nerves. “He’s not my cowboy.”

“Sure, he’s not,” she teases, winking at me before handing a customer their order. “But you’ve been staring at him like he’s on the dessert menu.”

“I have not,” I protest, but the heat rising to my cheeks betrays me.

Shay smirks. “Whatever you say.”

Before I can reply, Rayne pushes off the fence and starts walking toward me, his strides long and purposeful. My pulse quickens, and I can feel my hands trembling slightly as I hand a muffin to a customer. Great, now I’m all out of sorts.

He reaches the booth, his dark eyes locking onto mine. “Need any help?”

I blink, momentarily thrown off by his offer. Help? That’s new. “Uh, we’ve got it covered. Thanks.”

Rayne doesn’t move. Instead, he reaches for an empty crate next to me, lifting it with ease, his muscles flexing under his shirt. “Looks like you could use a hand.”

I try not to stare, but damn, the man is built. “Fine, but don’t think you’re getting paid in cupcakes.”

His lips quirk up in a ghost of a smile, but he doesn’t respond. Instead, he sets the crate down and starts helping organize the packaged baked goods on display, his large hands surprisingly gentle as he moves things around.

Shay gives me a knowing look before slipping away to help another customer, leaving me alone with Rayne.

“So,” I begin, trying to keep it casual, “enjoying the festival?”

Rayne shrugs, his eyes never leaving mine. “It’s alright. Better now.”

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I bite the inside of my cheek, trying to suppress the smile threatening to spread across my face. “That so?”

“Mhm,” he hums, the sound low, sending a tingle down my spine.

There’s a moment of silence between us, thick with tension, and I’m suddenly very aware of how close he’s standing. His arm brushes against mine as he reaches for another crate, and I swear I can feel the heat radiating off him. It’s ridiculous how much just being near this man affects me.

Rayne leans in slightly, his voice barely above a whisper. “I’ve been thinking about you, Billie.”

I freeze, my heart pounding in my chest. Did I hear him right? I turn to look at Rayne, but his face is unreadable, calm as ever. “You have?”

He gives a slight nod, and for a second, I’m convinced he’s about to say something more, but then a customer interrupts, asking for a dozen cupcakes. The moment is gone, and I’m left feeling like I’ve been splashed in cold water.

I force a smile and turn back to the customer, trying to ignore the fluttering in my stomach.

* * *

Rayne

I never liked these kinds of events, too crowded for my taste. But when I saw Billie was here, I couldn't stay away.

She's reacting to me, and I'm trying hard not to let that smug grin pull at my lips. I can tell she's feeling the tension between us, and hell, it's taking all my control not to just pull her behind this booth and kiss the living hell out of her. But I play it cool. She deserves all the time in the world, not some rushed moment in the middle of a crowd.

I offer to help, mostly just to stay close to her, but it's worth it when I catch the way her eyes linger on me, like she's sizing me up. She can try to act all professional, but I know I'm getting to her.

I move a little closer, brushing my hand against her waist as I reach for a crate. Her breath catches, just like I thought it would. Good. I want her feeling the same fire that's been burning inside me for too damn long.

The booth's busy, but it doesn't matter. I'm only focused on Billie. I lean in just enough for her to hear me. "Been thinking about you."

Her eyes widen, and I can see the surprise written all over her face. It's cute. She tries to play it off, but I know I've got her attention now. I like watching her squirm, seeing her struggle to keep things casual when the heat between us is anything but.

A customer cuts in, asking for cupcakes, and I step back, giving her space. But not too much. I like watching her work, her hands moving quickly as she packages the goods. Her lips part just slightly as she focuses, and all I can think about is what they'd feel like pressed against mine.

Patience, I remind myself.

But I can't deny it any longer—Billie's more than just some passing attraction. She's got me hooked, and I'm done pretending otherwise.

Chapter 3

Billie

By the time the festival winds down, I'm exhausted—physically from all the customers and mentally from trying to keep my head straight with Rayne so close all day. My body's on autopilot, packing up the booth. But my mind? It's all on him. His gruff voice, the way his hand brushed against my waist, the heat radiating from him every time he got near me.

I throw the last empty crate into the stack, glancing around. Shay left earlier with the bakery van—something about making a pit stop on her way home. Knowing her, she's probably off flirting with someone at the food court and only God knows when or if she'll be back.

Rayne's still here, leaning against the side of the booth, his arms crossed, watching me with that intense gaze. I can't help but feel the weight of his eyes on me.

“You need a ride?” His deep voice cuts through the quiet, low and rough like it always is.

I hesitate for a second, but I can't lie—I do need one. “Shay took the van. I don't think she's coming back anytime soon.”

Rayne just nods, like that's the most natural thing in the world. “Let's go, then.”

We finish packing up in silence, the air between us thick enough to cut with a knife. When we're done, Rayne nods toward his truck parked a few feet away.

“Hop in.”

Rayne’s car is big, dark, and rugged. And it smells exactly like I expected. Like him. Leather and woodsy aftershave, and the second I climb inside, I feel the warmth of his scent all over. There’s something about being in his space that sends a shiver down my spine. It’s like I’m surrounded by him, and it’s doing things to me I can’t explain.

Rayne climbs in on the driver’s side, and the truck rumbles to life, the low growl of the engine vibrating through the seat. The atmosphere inside the cab is thick with unspoken words, and I’m hyper-aware of how close we are. His arm resting on the back of the seat, his hand gripping the steering wheel, the way his thigh brushes against mine when he shifts gears.

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“Long day,” Rayne mutters, eyes still on the road ahead.

“Yeah,” I breathe out, my throat suddenly dry. “Thanks for the ride.”

He just nods, his fingers flexing on the wheel. There’s something heavy hanging in the air between us, something we’ve both been dancing around for too long. I try to ignore it, but the heat from his body, the rough way his voice wraps around me—it’s all too much.

I steal a glance at him, taking in the hard lines of his jaw, the way the cowboy hat casts a shadow over his eyes. His muscles straining against his shirt as he drives. Every movement sending my pulse racing.

I swallow hard, feeling my stomach flip when the truck comes to a stop at a red light. The silence stretches between us.

Rayne doesn’t look at me, but his voice is low, gruff when he says, “I’m done holding back, Billie.”

* * *

Rayne

I’ve been keeping it together all day, but I’m done. Done pretending I don’t want her. Done keeping my hands to myself when all I’ve been thinking about is what it’d feel like to have her pressed against me.

I grip the steering wheel tighter, the light turning green, but my focus is shot. I steal a glance at Billie—she’s looking straight ahead, but I can see the way her breath hitches, how her body tenses when I speak. Good. She feels it too.

I reach out, my hand settling on her thigh, feeling the warmth of her skin through her jeans. “I’m done dancing around this thing between us, Billie.”

Her breath catches, and I see her pulse quicken. There’s a moment where I think she might pull away, but she doesn’t. Instead, she leans into my touch, her body softening under my hand.

“Rayne...” she breathes, and just hearing my name on her lips makes my cock twitch in my jeans.

I glance at her again, taking in the way her full tits rise and fall a little faster under her shirt, the way her fingers grip the edge of the seat. The thickness between us is suffocating, and I’m on the verge of pulling over and taking her right here, right now. But I won’t. Not yet.

“We’re not rushing this,” I mutter, my thumb brushing slow circles against her thigh.

I hear her let out a shaky breath, her head turning slightly to look at me. Her eyes are dark, wide, and full of heat, and it takes every ounce of willpower I’ve got not to lean over and kiss her.

But I don’t.

I keep driving, my hand still on her thigh, my touch lingering just enough to let her know this isn’t over. Not by a long shot.

Chapter 4

Billie

The next morning, I'm back at the bakery, but my head is still buzzing from last night. Every time I close my eyes, I see Rayne. The way his hand felt on my thigh, the heat of his touch, the low rasp of his voice saying he's done holding back. I can't stop thinking about it.

It's still early, and the bakery is quiet, just the smell of fresh bread and cinnamon hanging in the air. I'm pulling trays of muffins from the oven when I hear the bell over the door jingle.

"Morning," a familiar low, rough voice says.

I turn, and there he is—Rayne Miller is standing in my doorway, looking every bit the rugged cowboy. That damn hat, those worn jeans clinging to his thick thighs, and a plain black T-shirt that hugs every inch of his broad chest. I shouldn't be staring, but hell, it's impossible not to.

"Morning," I reply, trying not to sound breathless. "You're here early."

He steps closer until he's leaning against the counter. "Figured I'd stop by. See if you needed any help."

I can't help the grin that spreads across my face. "I told you, you're not getting paid in cupcakes."

Rayne's lips twitch into a small smile as he gives me a look—one of his intense, unreadable gaze that does things to me.

I turn back to the oven, trying to pull myself together. "I'm good. No help needed, but thanks for the offer."

He doesn't say anything, just stands there, watching me with those dark eyes. The silence between us is thick, and after a few moments, I can't take it anymore. I set the tray down on the counter and turn to face him.

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“What’s happening here, Rayne?” I ask, my voice steady but my heart racing.

He raises one of his thick, inky eyebrows, and there’s a flicker of something in his eyes. “What do you mean?”

I cross my arms over my chest. “You know exactly what I mean. The pumpkins, the looks, the touches... the help! What do you want from me?”

Rayne steps closer, his broad frame looming over me, and for a moment, I think my heart might actually stop. His big hand reaches up, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear, his fingers lingering on my cheek.

I swallow hard, trying to keep my cool.

His hand slides down to rest at the back of my neck, his thumb brushing slow circles against my skin. Then he rumbles, “everything.”

The word hits me like a freight train, but instead of being shocked, I feel... relieved. Excited.

His dark eyes never leave mine. “I’m done holding back, Billie.”

I feel myself smile. “Good.”

Then, before either of us can say anything else, I grab him by the collar of that damn T-shirt and pull him down into a kiss. It’s hard, fast, and a little desperate, but it’s everything I’ve been wanting and so much more. His mouth on mine, his hands

gripping me, pulling me closer. His lips are firm and soft all at once. His breath, clean. His tongue, talented. And the way he tastes? God, I don't think I'll ever get enough.

* * *

Rayne

The second Billie pulls me into that kiss, I know I'm fucked. I've been holding back for so long, trying to keep my distance, but now that I've got her in my arms? There's no going back.

Her lips are soft, warm, and fuck, she tastes like cinnamon and sugar. I grip her waist, pulling her tight against me, feeling the way her body melts into mine. She's everything I've been craving.

Billie's hands slide up my chest, her fingers tracing my muscles, and it's taking every bit of restraint I've got not to push her up against the counter and show her exactly how badly I want her. But not here. Not like this.

I pull back, resting my forehead against hers, my breath coming out in short, ragged bursts. "Not yet."

She looks up at me, lips swollen from our kiss, her chocolate eyes full of heat. "What?"

I smirk, brushing my thumb over her bottom lip. "We're not rushing this. When I have you, it's not gonna be in the back of your bakery."

Her eyes flash with something dark and playful. "You planning on having me, cowboy?"

I let out a low chuckle, my hand sliding down to the curve of her ass. “Oh, sweetheart, there’s no question about that.”

She grins up at me, all sass and confidence. “About time.”

I press one last kiss to her lips, savoring the taste of her, before stepping back.

“Go out with me,” I tell her, more than I ask.

Billie’s grin widens, and she nods, biting on that full bottom lip I wish I was the one nibbling on.

I pull my phone from my back pocket. “What’s your number, sweetheart?” Her eyes widen at the endearment and I smile. She rattles off her digits. I save them, then I’m out. Leaving before I can’t control myself anymore.

I touch the brim of my hat, nodding a silent goodbye, and walk out.

Chapter 5

Billie

I barely slept last night. Every time I shut my eyes, all I could think about was Rayne’s lips on mine, his rough voice telling me he’s done holding back. Now, as I wait outside the bakery for him to pick me up, my mind’s racing with possibilities.

This thing between us has been simmering for years. All those stolen glances, the way he always shows up when I need something. It’s like we’ve been circling each other forever. But all it took was one day, one sentence, one kiss, and now he’s taking me on our first date. I feel like I’m about to explode.

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The sound of Rayne's truck pulls me out of my thoughts, and there he is—driving up like the damn cowboy fantasy he is. That worn-out hat, his thick forearms, huge hands gripping the wheel, those broad shoulders stretching his shirt tight. Jesus, I've been trying to keep my cool, but it's hard as hell when the man looks like that.

Rayne hops out, walks around the truck, and without a word, lifts me up into the cab like I weigh nothing, making me gasp and giggle like a girl. His hands linger on my waist, and I can't help but notice how strong they are. God, I want those hands everywhere. And don't even get me started on his cock. I've never seen it, obviously, but I've ogled his bulge way too many times. And at this point, I think I've got a good idea about what's hiding under those jeans, and let's just say it's not small or average by any stretch of the imagination.

"Thanks," I mutter, my voice coming out all breathy.

Rayne just gives me one of his smoldering looks and a small grunt in response as he gets back in the driver's seat. The truck rumbles to life, and I'm immediately surrounded by the scent of leather, engine grease, and him. That woodsy, rough smell that makes me want to bury my face in his neck and breathe him in.

The road to his ranch is quiet, autumn colors flashing by. The silence between us, thick with everything we're not saying yet. All I can think about is how close we were to losing it yesterday. One more touch, one more look, and I'm pretty sure we'd have been going at it on my bakery counter.

"You take all your ladies pumpkin picking?" I ask, breaking the silence. I'm aiming for casual, but my heart's racing, waiting for his answer.

Rayne glances over, one corner of his mouth quirking up into a smirk. “You think I got other ladies?”

I snort, trying to play it cool, but inside, I’m doing a little victory dance. “Never know with you, cowboys.”

He just grunts again, which is Rayne-speak for ‘you’re the only one’.

* * *

Rayne

I didn’t get much sleep last night. Too busy thinking about Billie, how she tasted like sugar and cinnamon when I kissed her, how her body felt pressed against mine. And now, with her sitting in my truck, looking fucking perfect in those tight jeans that show off her big, round ass... Yeah, I’m not thinking straight.

I’ve been holding back for too long, and now that I’ve made my move, it’s even harder. Billie’s been driving me crazy for years, but seeing her react so strongly to me? Fuck. That shit’s everything.

I pull up to the ranch, glancing at her as I step out of the truck. She’s looking around, taking in the land, but I can see the heat in her eyes. Good. She’s thinking about it too. About what’s gonna happen when I finally get my hands on her.

I walk around to help her out of the truck, my hands settling on her waist as I lift her down. She smells like heaven, and fuck, I’m barely hanging on by a thread. All I can think about is how soft her skin would feel under my hands, how her lips would look wrapped around my cock.

Shit.

“Ready?” I ask, trying to keep my voice steady and my growing erection under control.

Billie raises an eyebrow, her lips curling into a sassy smirk. “You think I can’t handle a little pumpkin picking?”

I chuckle, leading her toward the patch. “We’ll see.”

* * *

Billie

This pumpkin patch is huge, stretching across Rayne’s ranch like something out of a magazine’s fall edition. There are workers everywhere, tossing pumpkins on trailers. Horses grazing in the distance, a few dogs running around, chasing after each other. The place is bustling with life.

I grab a pumpkin and try to focus on pulling it off the ground, but it’s hard when Rayne’s standing this close. His body heat rolling off him. And the way his eyes keep flicking to my ass? Yeah, I know what he’s thinking. Hell, I’m thinking about it too.

“There’s a science to picking the right pumpkin,” Rayne says, pulling me out of my rapidly escalating thoughts, lifting a huge one like it’s nothing.

“That so?” I reply, huffing, struggling with the one refusing to let itself get extracted.

“Yeah,” he mutters, stepping closer. His voice dropping low. “Gotta make sure it’s hard.”

My eyes instantly flick up to meet his. And I bite my lip, feeling the heat rise between us. “Hard, huh?”

Rayne smirks, his hot gaze running all over my body. “Yeah, hard.”

With renewed energy, I grab another pumpkin and toss it into the crate, trying not to let my mind wander too far into dangerous territory. But it’s hard as hell when he’s right there, looking at me like he wants to bend me over and fuck me in the middle of his damn ranch.

* * *

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Rayne

I'm trying to play it cool, but fuck, it's hard when Billie's walking around in those tight jeans, bending over, giving me a view of that perfect ass. I've been imagining what she'd look like in this position for far too long. With her pussy wet and ready for me. And it's taking everything in me not to make that fantasy a reality right now.

But I have to be patient. When I finally get her alone, I'm gonna take my time. Fucking savor her.

We continue loading the pumpkins. Billie, chatting, teasing. But the fire between us keeps growing. I can see it in the way she looks at me, the way her breath hitches every time I get too close. She wants it just as badly.

"You always work this hard?" she asks, leaning against the side of the big hauling truck, eyes trailing over me like she's undressing me with her mind.

I step closer until I'm right in front of her, my body just inches from hers. "Depends on what the reward is."

She arches an eyebrow. "Really? And what's the reward?"

I lean in, brushing my lips against her ear. "You'll find out soon enough."

She shivers, her breath catching in her throat, and I know I've got her right where I want her.

* * *

Billie

I swear to God, Rayne Miller is gonna be the death of me. The way he talks, the way he moves, the way he looks at me like he's about to fucking devour me... I'm fucking loving every second of it.

As we finish loading up the truck, I catch him watching me again, his dark eyes burning with desire. I know exactly what's on his mind because it's on mine too.

“Ready to head back?” he asks, stepping close enough that I can feel the heat from his body.

I nod, my heart racing, already thinking about what's gonna happen next. “Yes, thank you. I had fun,” I manage to say with a smile.

We climb back into his truck, and as he starts the engine, I steal a glance at him. He's got one huge, veiny hand on the wheel, the other one resting on his muscular thigh, and all I can think about is what it'd feel like to slide my hand over that thick muscle, to feel his cock harden under my touch. Oh, shit. I'm in trouble.

Chapter 6

Billie

I'm trying to act cool, but honestly? My heart's been racing since I woke up this morning. A few days have passed since I last saw him, and I haven't been able to stop thinking about Rayne. How he tastes, the feel of his hands on me, the way his voice sounds, all gruff and sexy.

We've been texting and calling, but it's all been casual—at least, on the surface. Every text from him, every brief call, has me buzzing with anticipation. And now, as I pull up to his ranch to pick him up to go apple picking, I'm practically bouncing in my seat.

I honk the horn lightly, and it doesn't take long before Rayne strides out of the house, looking like a damn cowboy dream in his jeans, boots, and that hat that drives me crazy. He's always rugged and intense, but today, there's something else in his eyes—a hunger that makes my stomach flip.

Rayne opens the passenger door and slides in, his broad shoulders filling the space next to me. My car feels smaller with him in it, and his scent—woody, masculine, and all Rayne—fills the air. I grip the steering wheel a bit tighter, trying to keep my mind focused.

“You're really making me do this?” he grumbles.

“Damn right,” I reply, grinning as I shift into gear. “You better be ready for some hardcore apple picking, cowboy.”

Rayne shakes his head, but there's a smile playing on his lips. “This better be worth it.”

“Oh, trust me,” I reply, shooting him a sly look. “You'll have fun.”

* * *

Rayne

I can see the way her fingers are gripping the steering wheel a little tighter than usual. Hell, I'm trying to keep my own shit together, but being this close to her is messing

with both of my heads. The one under my hat and the one twitching inside my jeans every time she flashes that damn grin.

I don't know what the hell apple picking's gonna be like, but honestly? I don't give a shit. As long as I'm with her, I'm in. Doesn't matter if we're picking apples or sitting in the damn dirt. I'd follow this woman anywhere.

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We pull up to the orchard, and the place is buzzing with families and kids running around, but all I see is Billie. She hops out of the truck, flashing me a smile as she tosses me a basket. “Come on, Miller. Time to earn your keep.”

I grunt, taking the basket from her hand, but my eyes linger on her fucking perfect ass as she walks ahead of me. Those jeans are hugging every inch of her, and it’s taking all my control not to pull her into a corner and find out if she’s as soft as she looks.

She glances back, catching me staring, and raises an eyebrow. “See something you like?”

I shake my head, not bothering to hide it. “You know I do.”

Billie falls out laughing, then she shakes her head, leading the way through the orchard. “Let’s see if you can keep up.”

* * *

Billie

We wander through the rows of trees, grabbing apples and tossing them into our baskets, but the whole time, I’m hyper-aware of Rayne’s presence behind me. He’s quieter than usual, but I can feel his eyes on me—tracking my every move.

I grab an apple from a low-hanging branch, but as I stretch up to reach for another one, I lose my balance. Before I can stumble, Rayne’s there, his strong hands grabbing my waist and steadying me. His fingers dig into my hips, and for a moment,

I freeze, feeling the heat radiate from his touch.

“You good?” His voice is low, rough, and way too close to my ear.

I nod, swallowing hard. “Yeah... I’m good.”

But I’m not good. I’m a mess. My whole body’s buzzing from just that one touch, and when I turn to face him, he’s standing even closer. His eyes are dark, full of heat, and there’s no mistaking the tension between us.

“Rayne...”

I don’t even know what I’m about to say, but before the words come out, he closes the distance between us. His lips crash against mine, hard and demanding, and I melt into him, my hands gripping his shirt as he pulls me tight against his body.

His hands are everywhere—on my waist, my hips, sliding up my back—and I can’t get enough. I want more. I need more.

* * *

Rayne

Fuck. I’ve been holding back for days, but the second I’ve got Billie in my arms, all that restraint goes out the window. She tastes even sweeter than I remember, and her body feels like heaven pressed up against mine.

I grab her ass, squeezing just enough to make her gasp against my mouth, and that sound? It’s like a match to gasoline. I can feel her soft curves under my hands, her body trembling as I push her back against the tree, pinning her there with my hips.

Her hands are all over me, gripping my shirt, pulling me closer, and it's taking everything in me not to rip her jeans off right here in the middle of this damn orchard.

But I'm not gonna rush this. Not yet.

I slide my hand down, slipping it between her thighs, pressing against her pussy through her jeans. She lets out a breathy moan, her head falling back against the tree, and I know I've got her. I rub her slit over the seam of her jeans until I'm staring fascinated, watching her come apart under my touch.

"Fuck, Rayne..." she breathes, her hips grinding against my hand.

"Fuck," I mutter, slipping my hand inside her panties, finding her soaking wet. "You're gonna come for me... right now, Billie."

Her breath hitches, as I slide my fingers through her slick heat, finding her clit and pressing hard. She's panting now, her hands clawing at my shoulders, her body trembling as I work her closer to the edge.

"Come for me, baby," I growl, my lips brushing her ear. "I want you to fucking cream all over my fingers." I take her mouth into a deep, wet, savage kiss, swallowing her moans.

And she does. Her whole body goes tense, her back arching off the tree as she cries out into my mouth, her pussy clenching around my fingers. It's the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen, and I can't help but think about how good she's gonna feel when I finally get inside her.

I pull my hand out of her pants, watching Billie try to catch her breath, eyes glazed, lips swollen.

“You okay?” I ask, gently caressing her face.

She lets out a breathy laugh, her hands still gripping my shirt. “Yeah... I’m okay.”

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I lean in, brushing my lips against hers one last time. “Good.”

* * *

Billie

Holy shit.

I’m still trying to wrap my head around what just happened. One minute, we were picking apples, and the next, Rayne’s fingers were working me, making me come so hard I saw stars.

And now? Now, I’m leaning against a tree, trying to catch my breath while he’s looking at me like I’m his next meal.

“You okay?” he asks, his voice a low rumble that sends shivers down my spine.

“Yeah... Just give me a minute.”

Rayne smiles softly, brushing a strand of hair behind my ear. “Take all the time you need.”

Chapter 7

Billie

It’s been a few days since that apple-picking date, and I can’t stop thinking about

Rayne. Every time I close my eyes, I can feel his hands on me, the way his mouth worked me over until I was a shaking, moaning mess. And it's not just the physical stuff, though that alone has me replaying every dirty detail in a loop. It's the way he looks at me, like I'm the most important person in the room whenever we're together. Like he's been waiting for me, just as much as I've been waiting for him. And the way he kisses, how he touches me—God...

He feels like what I've been waiting for my whole life.

We haven't seen each other since, but we've been texting, and every time my phone lights up with his name, my heart skips a beat. It's ridiculous, how this man can get to me with just a few words.

Rayne: You make it home safe?

Me: Yeah, I did. Thanks for checking in, cowboy.

Rayne: Always.

Me: Awww, really?

Rayne: Damn right.

The texts are brief but loaded, each one like a spark keeping the fire between us burning. There's little fluff, or small talk, just straight to the point—exactly like him. But even though we haven't seen each other since the orchard, I can feel him getting under my skin more and more.

I find myself smiling whenever I think about him. I'm constantly reaching for my phone, waiting for that next message, wondering what he's doing. Wondering when I'll see him again.

And finally, this morning, I get the text that makes my pulse race.

Rayne: How about we do something tonight?

Me: What'd you have in mind?

Rayne: Haunted hayride. Could be fun.

Me: You, at a haunted hayride? You must really want to see me scream.

Rayne: I'm more interested in what happens after.

My heart's pounding by the time I finish reading his last message. I can't wait to see him.

* * *

Rayne

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Every fucking night since the apple picking, all I've been able to think about is Billie. Her taste, her scent, the way she looked when she came for me. She's under my fucking skin, and there's no getting her out.

I've been trying to keep it cool and not invade her space. Communicating through texts, trying to keep the conversation light. But every time my phone buzzes with a message from Billie, it's like a shot of adrenaline straight to my veins. Doesn't matter how rough my day's been, hearing from my girl makes everything else disappear.

Billie: How's your day going, cowboy?

Me: Better now.

Billie: Smooth.

Me: I don't do smooth, sweetheart. Just being honest.

Every night, I'm lying in bed, staring at my phone, thinking about her. It's not just the way she feels, though fuck, I can't stop thinking about how perfect she was against me. It's more than that. She's got me wanting shit I haven't thought about in years. Stability. Something real. And I'm done running from it. I want her, and I'm not waiting any longer to make that clear.

So, I text her this morning, telling her about some silly spooky fall activity they have in town. Not because I give a damn about haunted hayrides, but because I want an excuse to be with her. To see that smile again. To touch her. And, yeah, I wanna see her squirm when something makes her jumps. I wanna be the one who's there to hold

her.

* * *

Billie

Last night, I was laying in bed, staring at the ceiling, thinking about his hands. His mouth. The way he had me pinned up against that tree, making me come like I'd never been touched before.

And now, here I am, getting ready to see him again, my stomach flipping with excitement. He's been quiet all day, no texts, nocalls. And that just makes me miss him more.

I glance at my phone one last time before heading out the door.

Me: Ready for tonight?

Rayne: You know it, sweetheart.

* * *

Rayne

I've been counting down the hours. Every damn minute feels like a lifetime. I shower, throw on jeans and a shirt, and grab my hat, catching a look at myself in the mirror.

I'm not the kind of guy who gets worked up about shit like this, but Billie? She's got me feeling like I'm back in high school, getting ready for my first date.

But tonight's about showing her that I'm all in. That she's mine. I'm done pretending I can hold back anymore.

I pick up my phone, and shoot her a message before I head out.

Rayne: I'll see you soon.

* * *

Billie

The truck hums as Rayne drives, his hands gripping the wheel, his forearms flexing. I can't help but sneak glances at him—the strong jawline, the shadow of stubble that just begs to be kissed, and those shoulders that practically block out the sun. My mind keeps wandering back to the orchard, to the way his fingers felt inside me, how good it felt when he told me to come.

Fuck. I can't stop thinking about it.

“Something on your mind, sweetheart?” Rayne's voice pulls me out of my thoughts, and I glance over to see a tiny smirk pulling at the corner of his lips, that damn cowboy hat sitting low on his head.

I lean back in my seat. “Just wondering if I should have brought you a pumpkin spice latte.”

Rayne barks out a chuckle, his deep voice rumbling through the truck.

I press my thighs together, trying to ignore the sudden pulse between my legs. God, why does he have to be so fucking hot?

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* * *

Rayne

The way Billie's thighs press together, the way her breathing changes when I say something that gets to her... I'm fucking loving every second of it.

We pull up to the haunted hayride, and the place is packed. Families, couples, groups of friends—everyone's buzzing around like it's the biggest event of the year. Billie hops out of my truck, her lush ass looking damn good in those jeans, and I take a deep breath, trying to keep my head straight.

I grab our tickets, and before I know it, we're on the hayride, Billie clinging to my arm every time some stupid scarecrow with a chainsaw, or some horror movie clown jumps out at us. It's cute, watching her yelp while I'm trying not to laugh. But when she leans into me, her curvy body pressed against mine, I'm not laughing anymore. I'm thinking about how soft she feels, how much I want to pull her into my lap and kiss her until she can't breathe.

As the ride comes to an end, we head back to my truck, the tension between us even thicker than before. I open the passenger door for Billie, helping her up into her seat, and when our eyes meet, there's no mistaking the heat simmering between us.

* * *

Billie

As soon as we're back in the truck, the air feels heavier. Rayne's quiet, his eyes focused on the road ahead, but I can feel the intensity radiating off him in waves. The tension between us has been building, and I can tell he's barely holding.

I shift in my seat. My body's buzzing with anticipation, and every time I look at Rayne, all I can think about is him on top of me. His hands, his mouth, his cock...

Oh, fuck.

Without thinking, I glance over at him, catching him watching me out of the corner of his eye. My heart skips a beat. He looks so calm, so in control, but I can feel the fire under that cool exterior.

"Rayne..." I start, but the words die on my lips when he pulls the truck to the side of the road and kills the engine.

"What are you doing?" I ask, my voice barely a whisper.

He doesn't answer right away. Instead, he leans over, his big hand sliding up my thigh, his fingers brushing against the heat between my legs.

"Been thinking about this for fucking days," he mutters, his voice low and rough. "And I'm done waiting."

Before I can respond, he's got his hand inside my jeans, his fingers sliding through the wetness there. My head falls back against the seat, a moan slipping past my lips as he presses his fingers against my clit, rubbing slow circles that have me panting in seconds.

"Rayne, fuck..." I breathe, my hips lifting off the seat, my body aching for more.

* * *

Rayne

I knew she'd be wet. I could feel it in the way she looked at me all day, the way her body moved when she thought I wasn't watching. But now? Now I've got her exactly where I want her.

I pull her jeans down just enough to give me room, and then I'm on her. My mouth finds her clit, licking and sucking until she's gasping, her hands clutching at my shoulders. She tastes like fucking heaven, sweet and wet, and I can't get enough.

"Rayne..." she moans, her hips grinding against my mouth, her body trembling with need.

I grip her thighs, holding her steady as I devour her, my tongueflicking over her clit again and again. Her pussy's dripping, juices coating my chin, and the sound of her moans has my cock straining against my jeans.

I want to fuck her so bad but I also want to feel her come on my tongue, watch her fall apart before I take her the way I've been imagining for years.

Her moans get louder, more desperate, and I know she's close. I slip two fingers inside her, curling them just right, and that's all it takes. She cries out, her pussy clenching around my fingers as she comes, her body shuddering.

"Fuck, Rayne... Oh my God," she gasps, her fingers tangling in my hair as I keep licking, drawing out every last bit of her orgasm.

* * *

Billie

Holy shit. I'm still seeing stars, my body trembling from the aftershocks of what Rayne just did to me. I didn't think it was possible to feel this good, but he's got me coming undone with just his mouth and fingers.

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I'm panting, my heart racing, but when I look down at him, I see the fire still burning in his eyes. He's not done yet. Oh shit.

"That was..." I start, my voice breathless.

"Not enough," Rayne finishes for me, his voice rough and full of promise.

He pulls back, his lips glistening with my juices, and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand. So fucking hot! Then he leans in, pressing his lips to mine, and I taste myself on him. It's fucking intoxicating.

"You're mine, Billie," he growls, his hand still gripping my thigh. "You know that, right?"

I nod, unable to speak, still lost in the haze of pleasure.

"Good," he mutters, pulling back just enough to look me in the eyes.

Chapter 8

Rayne

The rest of the drive back from the haunted hayride is quiet, but it's the kind of quiet that's heavy with everything unsaid. Billie's sitting next to me, close enough that I can feel the warmth of her body, her scent still sweet in the air around us. The memory of her taste, the way she came apart in my arms, all I can think about.

But tonight's not just about that, even though I want her so bad I can barely think straight. I want her to get to really know me—and understand why I've been holding back all these years.

I pull up to my house, and the second the truck's in park, Billie looks over at me with those big, brown eyes, a teasing smile on her lips. "You gonna invite me in?"

I chuckle, shaking my head as I climb out of the truck. "Get your sweet ass inside."

She laughs, hopping out of the truck, and we walk together to my house. The night air is cool, and the place is quiet, just the sound of our footsteps on the dirt. When we step inside, I flip on a light, casting a warm glow over the space. It's spacious, nothing fancy, but everything's top-of-the-line quality. The decor is masculine, western style.

Billie looks around, her eyes scanning my space before landing on me. "Very nice," she says, before whistling. "And a bit too clean for the cowboy theme, if you ask me."

I chuckle, leaning against the breakfast counter.

She smiles, but there's something else in her eyes—something that makes my gut twist. She's waiting. Waiting for me to say what I've been avoiding for too damn long.

I take a deep breath, rubbing the back of my neck as I look at her. "Billie, there's something you need to know."

Her smile fades, replaced by that quiet, steady look she gets when she's listening. Really listening. "You married, or some shit? Hiding kids?"

I laugh, shaking my head, before walking over to her and wrapping my arms around her body.

Billie steps closer, her hand resting on my chest. "I'm listening."

I exhale, running a hand through my hair, my mind racing. "You know I served in the military, right?"

She nods. "Yeah, I figured."

"Well, shit got rough when I came back. Hard to adjust. I was angry all the time, couldn't get my head straight. Didn't think I could be around people without losing it." I pause, feeling the weight of it all pressing down on me again. "I ended up at Silver Creek Ranch. It's a place for vets like me, guys who need to work out their issues without getting sucked into the chaos of the civilian life. It helped. A lot."

Billie's eyes soften, and she steps even closer, her hand brushing against mine. "Rayne..."

I shake my head, cutting her off. "I'm not looking for pity. I'm telling you this because I've been trying to keep my distance from you, thinking I wasn't ready. Thinking I wasn't good enough for you."

Her hand tightens on mine, and when I look at her, there's no judgment. No pity. Just Billie, strong and steady, like always.

"I've been falling for you for years, handsome," she says softly, her voice filled with emotion. "And I don't care about your past. I care about you."

Her words hit me like a punch to the gut, but in the best way. I pull her close, my hand sliding to the back of her neck, my lips brushing against hers. The kiss is slow at

first, tender, but it doesn't stay that way for long. I've been holding back for too damn long.

I grip her waist, lifting her up onto the counter, and she lets out a soft moan, her legs wrapping around my hips. "Rayne..." she whispers, her hands sliding up my chest, her fingers tracing the muscles under my shirt.

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“Fuck, Billie,” I mutter, pressing my forehead against hers. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

* * *

Billie

I’m barely holding it together right now. Hearing Rayne talk about his past, about Silver Creek and all the shit he’s been through, just makes me fall for him even harder. He’s raw, honest, and there’s this vulnerability under all that muscle and strength that makes me want to give him everything.

But the second he pulls me against him, his mouth on mine, all I can think about is how fucking good it feels to be this close to him. I’ve wanted him for so long, and now that I’ve got him? There’s no holding back.

His hands slide up my thighs, squeezing as he grinds his hips against me. I can feel how hard he is, his cock straining against his jeans, and it takes everything in me not to tear his clothes off right here.

“Rayne...” I whisper, my fingers slipping under his shirt, feeling the heat of his skin under my palms. “I want you.”

His breath hitches, and before I know it, he’s pulling my jeans down, his hand sliding between my legs. His fingers brush against my clit, and I moan, my head falling back as he starts to pinch it.

“God, you’re so fucking wet for me,” he growls, his voice rough in my ear. “You want this?”

“Yes,” I gasp, my body trembling with need. “Fuck, Rayne, yes.”

His thick fingers slip inside me, and I’m fucking done for. The way he moves, the way he’s watching me, like he’s obsessed with every little sound I make—it’s too much. I’m on the edge in seconds, my body arching against him as he works me over with those big, rough fingers.

I come hard, my pussy clenching around him, juices spilling over his hand. “Rayne... Oh, fuck...”

But he doesn’t stop. He keeps thrusting, his thumb pressing against my clit, drawing out every last bit of pleasure until I’m shaking, breathless, completely undone.

* * *

Rayne

Watching her come apart like that, fuck, it’s all I can do to keep my shit together. But I’m not done yet.

I pull my hand away, but before she can catch her breath, I unzip my jeans, my cock springing free, hard and aching for her. “You want this big, fat cock, baby?” I growl, my voice rough.

She nods, her eyes dark and full of need as she reaches for me, her hand wrapping around my shaft. “Yes, please,” she whimpers, her thumb brushing over the head, spreading my pre-cum. “I want it so bad.”

“Fuck, Billie,” I groan, thrusting into her small hand, my body trembling with the need to bury myself inside her.

Her grip tightens, her strokes getting faster, and before I know it, I’m coming hard, jizz spilling over her hand as I gasp her name.

We’re both breathless, still trembling from the intensity of it all, and I can’t help but smile. “You’re fucking perfect,” I mutter, pressing my lips to hers in a soft, lingering kiss.

I’m fucking gone for this woman.

Chapter 9

Billie

I can’t stop thinking about him. Everything feels different now, like we’ve crossed some line we can’t go back from, and honestly? I don’t want to. I’ve spent too long tiptoeing around my feelings for him, and now that we’ve finally started something, there’s no way I’m letting go.

There’s a bonfire downtown tonight, and Shay practically dragged me here. She says I need to be around more people, but honestly, all I want is to be around one person. I’m scanning the crowd as I sit by the fire, wondering when—or if—Rayne’s going to show up.

“Your cowboy’s late,” Shay teases, plopping down next to me on the blanket. She’s got a drink in her hand and a grin on her face.

“He’s not my—” I start, but Shay cuts me off with a knowing smirk.

“Oh, he’s definitely your cowboy. I saw the way he was looking at you at the festival, and let me tell you, that man is gone for you.”

I roll my eyes, even though she’s right. Rayne has been on my mind nonstop, and the way he was last time? How he made me come so hard I couldn’t even see straight? Yeah, I’m pretty sure I’m gone for him, too.

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Just as I'm about to say something snarky back to Shay, I see him. Rayne striding through the field like he owns the place, his jeans slung low on his hips, and his flannel shirt stretched tight across his chest. He catches my eye, and it's like the whole world stops spinning for a second.

"Speak of the devil," Shay whispers, nudging me.

"He's not—" I start to protest, but it dies in my throat when Rayne walks up to us, his eyes dark and fixed right on mine.

"Evening," he mutters, his voice low and rough as he steps close, blocking out the rest of the party like it doesn't exist.

"Evening," I reply, my heart thudding in my chest. God, why does he have to look so damn good?

"Enjoying the party?" he asks, his eyes dropping to my lips for just a second before flicking back up to meet mine.

"I was," I tease, biting my lip. "But it's looking a lot better now."

Rayne grunts, a ghost of a smile pulling at the corner of his mouth. "Glad to hear that."

Shay snickers next to me before standing up. "Okay, I'll leave you two lovebirds to it."

I glare at her as she walks away laughing, but my focus is quickly back on Rayne. He stands there for a second, looking around at the fire, the people hanging around, then back at me. “Wanna take a walk?”

I nod, the butterflies in my stomach taking off. “Sure.”

He reaches down, taking my hand, and without hesitation, I let him help me up. His palm is warm and rough against mine, and the second we touch, it’s like a spark shoots straight through me.

We start walking away from the fire, the chatter of the party fading as we head toward the trees. My pulse is racing, my body already hyperaware of how close Rayne is, how his arm brushes against mine with every step.

* * *

Rayne

I’ve been thinking about Billie nonstop since that night at my house. The way she looked when she came, how incredible she tastes—fuck, it’s all I can think about. And now, seeing her looking all cute wrapped up in her sweater, her hair loose around her shoulders, I’m about two seconds away from dragging her into the woods and finishing what we started.

But I’m trying to be patient. Trying to keep it together.

When we reach the edge of the trees, I stop, turning to face her. She looks up at me, eyes wide and shining with excitement. I can tell she’s feeling it too, this insane pull between us. It’s been building for years, and now it’s right here, thick and heavy. Like a fucking living thing.

“I can’t stop thinking about you,” I mutter, my voice low.

Billie smiles wider, tipping up her head, her gaze hoke don mine. “Yeah?”

I nod, stepping closer, my hand reaching out to brush a strand of hair away from her face.

Her breath hitches, and I see the way her chest rises and falls a little faster. “Well, you’ve been on my mind, too.”

And that’s all I needed to hear.

I close the distance between us in two quick strides, pulling her against me, my lips crashing down on hers. She moans into the kiss, her arms wrapping around my neck, and I grip her hips, pulling her tight against me. She’s so fucking soft, her body molding perfectly to mine, and I can’t get enough.

* * *

Billie

The second Rayne’s lips are on mine, I’m gone. All the tension, all the waiting—it explodes between us, and I’m gripping him like he’s the only thing keeping me grounded. His kiss is rough, demanding, and fuck, it’s everything I’ve been wanting.

He presses me back against a tree, his hands sliding down to my ass, lifting me slightly so I’m pinned between him and the rough bark. I can feel his hard cock pressing against my thigh, and it makes me shiver, the heat between my legs growing with every second.

“Fuck, Rayne,” I gasp when he pulls back for just a second, his forehead resting

against mine. “I want you.”

“Jesus, Billie,” he growls, his breath hot against my skin. “You have no idea how bad I want you.”

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His hands are on me again, sliding under my sweater, his rough palms gliding over my bare skin, making me gasp. Thick fingers pinching my hard nipples over the lace of my bra. His mouth moves down to my neck, kissing, biting, while his hands finally slip lower, under the waistband of my jeans.

* * *

Rayne

She's trembling in my arms, her breaths coming in short gasps as I kiss my way down her neck. My fingers find the button of her jeans, and I pop it open, my hand sliding inside, finding her slick and ready for me.

"Fuck, Billie," I mutter against her skin, my fingers sliding through her folds, making her moan. "You're so fucking wet."

She gasps, her hands gripping my shoulders as I finger her pussy, her body arching into me.

"Rayne..." she breathes, her voice shaky.

I push my fingers lower, deeper inside her, and she's so tight, so fucking perfect, that I nearly lose it right then and there.

"God, I love how you feel," I growl, my lips brushing her ear.

She's gasping now, her nails digging into my fabric of my shirt, marking my skin as I

fuck her with my hand, her juices soaking my palm.

“Come for me, Billie,” I mutter, my thumb circling her clit. “Let me feel you come.”

And she does. Her body tenses, her pussy clenching around my fingers as she comes hard, a low moan escaping her lips.

* * *

Billie

I can't even breathe. Rayne's working me like I'm the only thing that matters, and when I finally come, it's like the world shatters around me. My body convulses, my hips grinding against his hand, and all I can think is how badly I want him. All of him.

But he doesn't stop.

Before I can even catch my breath, he pulls his hand from my jeans, lifts me into his arms, and kisses me again, hard and demanding. His tongue pushes past my lips, his grip on my ass tightening as he presses me harder against the tree.

“You're fucking mine,” he growls against my lips, his voice thick with possession.

I pull him closer, feeling his cock twitch against me. I can't fucking wait.

Chapter 10

Billie

Today we're working the Fall Festival again, but this time, things feel different.

Maybe it's the crispness in the air, or maybe it's because Rayne and I aren't tiptoeing around whatever this thing is between us anymore. I'm standing at our booth, handing out pumpkin spice muffins and apple cider donuts, but all I can think about is how he kissed me last night, the way his hands gripped my ass like he never wanted to let go.

The air smells like cinnamon, nutmeg, and apples, mingling with the faint scent of bonfire smoke drifting from somewhere in the distance. The sun's setting, casting a golden glow over the festival, and the trees are a mix of fiery oranges, deep reds, and golden yellows. The ground is damp from the rain we got yesterday, and the cool breeze feels perfect against my skin. Fall is all around me, but my mind? It's all Rayne.

I can't help it. The way he looks at me, touches me, fucks me with just his hands...

"Your cowboy's back," Shay's voice snaps me out of my thoughts. She's been keeping tabs on my mental spiral all day, watching me like a hawk.

I look up and, sure enough, there he is. Rayne Miller, walking through the festival crowd like he owns the place, his dark jeans hugging those thick thighs, his flannel shirt rolled up at the elbows, showing off those strong forearms I can't help but drool over.

I swallow hard, my body already reacting to his presence before he even says a word. He stops in front of the booth, his eyes locked on mine, and I can feel the heat between us even with the cool breeze swirling around.

"Anything I can help with?" His voice is low and rough, like always, and it sends a shiver down my spine.

I grin, wiping my hands on my apron. "You here to work or just distract me?"

Rayne's lips twitch into the faintest smile, and he leans against the booth, his eyes trailing over me in that way that makes my pulse race. "Can't it be both?"

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I bite my lip, trying to keep my cool, but it's hard when he's looking at me like that. Like he's two seconds away from dragging me back and making me forget my own name.

"Fine," I mutter, stepping out from behind the counter. "There's a corn maze after the festival," I say, tilting my head toward the rows of corn just beyond the field. "Think you can keep up?"

His eyes darken, and I can see that familiar hunger flicker across his face. "Billie, I can do more than keep up."

I swallow, my throat suddenly dry. Fuck. This man. "We'll see about that."

* * *

Rayne

There's something about Billie in this fall light, the way her skin looks warm and glowing in the golden hues of the setting sun, her hair catching the breeze, and that sharp glint in her eye when she challenges me. She's all sass and confidence, and it drives me fucking wild.

"Come on, cowboy," she teases, her voice soft and full of heat as she steps closer to me. "Let's see what you've got."

I watch her walk away, her hips swaying just enough to remind me of exactly what I'm going to do to her once we're out of sight. The idea of her alone with me, hidden

by the rows of corn, gets my blood pumping, my cock already starting to strain against my jeans.

We head toward the corn maze, the festival fading into the background as the night creeps in, the air getting cooler but not enough to chase away the heat between us. The smell of damp earth mixes with the sweet scent of caramel apples and cider, and every now and then, a gust of wind rustles the corn stalks, making the whole place feel like something out of a dream.

Billie looks back at me over her shoulder, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips. “You ready?”

I nod, keeping my voice low and steady. “Lead the way.”

She steps into the maze, and I follow, my eyes glued to the curve of her ass in those jeans. She moves quickly, taking sharp turns, trying to lose me, but it’s no use. I stay right behind her, my fingers itching to grab her, pull her close, and remind her exactly what I’m capable of.

“Not bad, Miller,” she calls over her shoulder, her laughter echoing through the narrow pathways. “But you’re still not catching me.”

I let out a low growl, quickening my pace. “You sure about that?”

She rounds another corner, but I’m right there, grabbing her waist and spinning her around until she’s pressed up against the corn stalks, my body pinning hers in place.

“I caught you,” I mutter, my voice thick with the need that’s been building between us for days now.

Billie’s eyes are dark, her breath coming in short, shallow bursts as she looks up at

me. “What are you gonna do now?”

My hand slides down to her ass, pulling her against me so she can feel just how hard I am. “Whatever the fuck I want.”

* * *

Billie

The second Rayne’s hands are on me, I’m done for. He’s pressing me against the corn stalks, his body heat wrapping around me, his breath hot against my ear.

“Rayne,” I gasp as his lips trail down my neck, rough and demanding. “Fuck...”

His hands are everywhere—on my waist, squeezing my ass, sliding under my shirt to cup my tits. I arch into his touch, my pussy already soaking wet, desperate for him to take this further.

“You’ve been driving me crazy all day,” he mutters against my skin, his hand sliding down to unbutton my jeans. “All week, Billie.”

I whimper as his fingers slip inside, brushing over my clit with just enough pressure to make me see stars. “Fuck, Rayne...”

He growls, his fingers dipping lower, sliding through my wetness, teasing me, making me squirm against him. “You like that, don’t you?”

I nod, biting my lip to keep from moaning too loud. “Yes... God, yes.”

His thumb presses harder against my clit, his fingers sliding in and out of me, slow and steady, driving me fucking insane. My body’s on fire, every nerve ending

tingling, and I can't stop the flood of juices soaking his hand.

“Come for me,” he growls, his voice thick and rough in my ear.

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I do. Hard. My whole body tenses, my pussy clenching around his fingers as waves of pleasure crash over me, leaving me breathless and shaking.

* * *

Rayne

Feeling her come undone around my fingers is the hottest fucking thing I've ever felt. She's gasping, trembling, and I can't get enough. I want more—need more.

I pull my hand from her jeans, my fingers slick with her cream, and before she can say anything, I'm on my knees, my hands gripping her thighs, pushing her pants down just enough to bury my face between her legs.

“Rayne...” she gasps, her voice barely above a whisper.

I don't answer. I just dive in, my tongue flicking over her clit, licking up every drop of her juices, tasting her, savoring her. She's sweet and salty, perfect, and I can't stop myself. I want to make her come again, make her scream my name.

Billie's hands tangle in my hair, pulling me closer, grinding against my face, and I groan against her, the vibrations sending her over the edge again. She moans loud this time, her whole body shaking as she comes, her pussy pulsing against my tongue.

Chapter 11

Billie

The next few days after the corn maze are a blur of work, texts from Rayne, and replaying that insane night in my head. I can still feel the way he looked at me, the way he made me come—twice. It's like I'm buzzing with energy, unable to focus on anything except the memory of him on his knees, making me lose my damn mind.

But it's been a few days, and we've both been busy—me with the bakery and the upcoming festival, him with the ranch and whatever brooding cowboy things he gets up to. We've been texting, though, and each message has me grinning like a fool.

This morning, I woke up to a simple one: Pick you up at noon. I've got plans for us.

Now, I'm standing outside my bakery, the cool fall air brushing against my skin, watching as Rayne's truck rumbles down the street, pulling up right in front of me. I feel that familiar flutter in my stomach as I take in the sight of him—those broad shoulders, that damn hat, the way he fills out those jeans like they were made just for him.

He hops out of the truck, and before I can even say anything, he's rounding the front of it, his hand already outstretched to help me into the passenger seat. "Morning, sweetheart."

I grin, sliding my hand into his and feeling the warmth of his grip. "Morning."

He helps me up into the truck, his hand lingering on my waist a little longer than necessary, and I catch that familiar glint in his eye—like he's already thinking about all the ways he's going to make me squirm later. And, God help me, I want it.

We've got some tension still simmering between us, the kind that hasn't fully boiled over into sex yet, but it's coming. I can feel it.

* * *

Rayne

There's something about having Billie in my truck that just feels right. I've been thinking about her every second since that night at the corn maze, how she tasted, how she moaned my name. And I'll be damned if I don't get to hear that sound again.

I help her into the truck, my hand sliding to her waist, feeling the heat of her body through her jeans. She's so damn soft, and every time I get near her, my self-control goes right out the fucking window. But I keep it in check—for now.

I climb in on my side and start the engine, the low growl of the truck filling the silence between us. Billie's looking at me, her eyes sparkling with mischief and something else. Desire. It's mutual.

"Where are we going?" she asks, her voice light and teasing.

I give her a sidelong glance. "You'll see."

The roads are clear, the trees lining the way with brilliant shades of orange, red, and gold. The air is cool, crisp, carrying the scent of wet leaves and pine. It's the kind of day that makes you want to sit by a fire, cuddle up under a blanket with someone, and just... be.

But that's not where we're headed. Not yet.

I drive us up into the hills, the winding roads offering glimpses of the countryside in full fall glory. Billie's leaning back in her seat, looking out the window, but I catch the way she glances at me every few minutes. Like she's waiting for me to do something, say something.

Hell, I'm waiting too.

* * *

Billie

The drive is beautiful. The trees, the hills, the way the sunlight filters through the leaves, casting everything in a warm, golden glow—it's like something out of a postcard. But as gorgeous as it all is, my attention keeps drifting back to Rayne. The way his hands grip the steering wheel, those thick fingers flexing every time he turns the wheel. I can't help but imagine those hands on me again, doing things that make my toes curl.

We make small talk—about the festival, the bakery, his ranch—but there's an undercurrent of tension, like we both know this drive is leading somewhere. Somewhere we've both been wanting to go for a long time.

After about an hour, Rayne pulls over at this little lookout point, the kind that overlooks the whole valley, with trees stretching out for miles. It's quiet, peaceful, and the air is crisp and clean, tinged with the smell of pine and damp earth.

He kills the engine and glances over at me, his dark eyes smoldering under the brim of his hat. "Come on."

I follow him out of the truck, the crunch of leaves underfoot the only sound as we walk toward the edge of the overlook. The view is breathtaking, but I barely notice it because Rayne's right there, towering over me, his presence impossible to ignore.

"You been thinking about me?" he asks, his voice low and rough, sending a shiver down my spine.

I smirk, crossing my arms over my chest. “Maybe a little.”

His lips twitch into that sexy half-smile, and before I can blink, he’s pulling me toward him, his hands on my waist, his lips crashing against mine. It’s not gentle, it’s not soft—it’s hungry, desperate, like we’ve both been starving for this.

* * *

Rayne

The second my lips touch hers, it’s like every bit of tension I’ve been holding back snaps. Billie melts into me, her body pressed up against mine, her hands fisting in my shirt like she never wants to let go. I don’t plan on letting her, not now, not ever.

My hands slide down to her ass, squeezing, pulling her against me, and fuck, she feels so good. Her body fits against mine like she was made for me, and all I can think about is getting her out of these damn clothes and making her scream my name.

But not yet.

I pull back just enough to look down at her, her lips swollen from the kiss, her eyes dark with lust. “You want this?”

Her breath is coming out in ragged gasps, her chest heaving as she looks up at me. “Yes. God, yes.”

I grin, lowering my hand to the button on her jeans, popping it open with a flick of my wrist. “Good.”

Before she can say another word, I’m dropping to my knees, my hands tugging her jeans down her legs. She’s standing there in nothing but her panties, and I waste no

time pulling those off too, tossing them aside as I lean in, my breath hot against her bare skin.

“Rayne,” she gasps, her hands gripping my shoulders for balance.

I don’t answer. I just bury my face between her legs, my tongue flicking over her clit, slow at first, then faster, harder. She’s already soaking wet, her juices coating my lips, and fuck, she tastes like heaven.

* * *

Billie

The second Rayne’s mouth is

on me, I lose it. My knees go weak, my head spins, and every nerve in my body lights up like fireworks. His tongue is relentless, flicking over my clit with just the right amount of pressure, teasing me, driving me insane. My hands grip his shoulders, nails digging in as I moan his name, my hips rocking against his face.

“Rayne... fuck...”

He growls against me, his hands gripping my thighs, holding me steady as he devours me. It’s like he’s on a mission, determined to make me come, and God, I’m close—so damn close.

My body trembles, heat pooling low in my belly as the tension builds. I can’t hold back anymore. I’m panting, moaning, my head thrown back as pleasure crashes over me, my body shaking with the intensity of it.

“Rayne, I’m—fuck, I’m coming...”

He doesn't let up, his tongue working me through it, drawing out every last wave of pleasure until I'm completely spent, my legs barely holding me up.

* * *

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Rayne

Hearing Billie come undone like that, moaning my name, her pussy clenching and dripping for me—it's enough to make a man lose control. But I hold back, savoring the way she tastes, the way she shakes against my mouth.

When I finally pull back, she's standing there, panting, her cheeks flushed, her eyes wide and dark with lust. I stand, pulling her close, my hand sliding up her back as I press my forehead against hers.

“You good?” I ask, my voice rough, barely holding back my own need.

She laughs, breathless, her hands still clutching my shoulders. “You're asking me that?”

I grin, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. “Just making sure.”

Billie looks up at me, her eyes full of heat and something else—something deeper. “Rayne, I don't think I can handle much more teasing.”

I chuckle, kissing her softly. “Oh, sweetheart, this ain't teasing. This is just the beginning.”

Chapter 12

Billie

After that little escapade at the overlook, I'm floating on cloud nine. My legs still feel a little wobbly, and I can't stop grinning like a fool. Rayne took me to places I didn't even know existed, and now all I can think about is how much more there is between us.

The next few days are a whirlwind of work and stolen moments with Rayne—texts that make me blush, phone calls where his voice alone sends a shiver down my spine. But it's not just the sex. There's something growing between us, something more real than I ever expected.

Today, we're back at the bakery, but this time, it's not just work. Rayne's here with me, leaning against the counter like he belongs here, watching me with that smoldering look that makes my heart skip a beat. His sleeves are rolled up, showing off those strong, veiny forearms that I've spent way too much time thinking about.

"Alright, cowboy," I say, tying my apron around my waist. "You ready to get your hands dirty?"

Rayne raises an eyebrow, a slow smirk spreading across his face. "Depends on how dirty we're talking."

I roll my eyes, but I can't help the grin that tugs at my lips. "We're baking, Rayne. Not whatever filthy thing you've got running through that head of yours."

He chuckles, pushing off the counter and stepping closer, his body heat radiating off him in waves. "Oh, I can multitask."

I bite my lip, trying to focus as I hand him a mixing bowl. "You're gonna help me bake pumpkin bread. That's it."

"Uh-huh." He takes the bowl, his fingers brushing against mine, sending a jolt of

electricity through me. “Let’s see what you got, then.”

We fall into an easy rhythm, Rayne helping me mix ingredients while I give him directions. It’s surprisingly fun, watching this big, brooding cowboy try to navigate the kitchen. He’s not half-bad, but I can tell he’s more interested in teasing me than anything else.

At one point, I catch him staring at me, his dark eyes trailing down my body as I move around the kitchen. “What?” I ask, raising an eyebrow.

He shrugs, his lips twitching into a smirk. “Just enjoying the view.”

I laugh, shaking my head as I turn back to the dough in front of me. “You’re impossible.”

—

Rayne

I’ve spent a lot of time watching Billie work, but seeing her here, in her element, baking up a storm—it does things to me. She’s focused, moving around the kitchen like it’s second nature, her hands skilled and confident as she mixes, kneads, and rolls. And fuck, she looks good doing it.

It’s not just the way she moves, though. It’s the little things—the way she scrunches her nose when she’s concentrating, the way her lips purse when she’s measuring ingredients. It’s all so... Billie.

I can’t help but grin as she bosses me around, telling me what to mix and how to do it, her voice all serious like we’re in the middle of something critical. And hell, maybe we are. This pumpkin bread could be the most important thing I’ve ever made,

if it means I get to see her like this.

“You’re doing alright,” she says, glancing over at me with a playful glint in her eye.

“Maybe I’ll keep you around.”

I smirk, stepping up behind her, my chest brushing against her back as I lean down to whisper in her ear. “Keep me around, huh? I like the sound of that.”

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Her breath hitches, and I feel her body tense for a second before she relaxes into me. “Rayne...”

I chuckle, pressing a soft kiss to the side of her neck, just below her ear. “What? Just trying to be helpful.”

She swats at me, but there’s no heat behind it. “You’re supposed to be helping with the baking, not distracting me.”

“Oh, I can do both.” I grin, sliding my hands around her waist, pulling her back against me. I feel the warmth of her body, the way she fits so perfectly against me, and it takes everything in me not to just bend her over the counter and—

Focus, Rayne.

I clear my throat, stepping back before I do something that’ll end with us covered in flour and sugar. “Alright, alright. Back to work.”

—

Billie

I can still feel the ghost of his breath against my neck, the way his body pressed up against mine. It’s a miracle I haven’t dropped anything yet, because Rayne Miller has me all sorts of flustered, and I’m supposed to be the one in charge here.

But somehow, we manage to finish mixing the dough, and I’m about to slide the trays

into the oven when I catch Rayne out of the corner of my eye, smirking like the devil himself.

“What?” I ask, narrowing my eyes at him.

He just shrugs, all casual-like. “Nothing. Just thinking.”

“About what?”

His smirk deepens. “About how you’re gonna owe me for all this hard work.”

I raise an eyebrow, trying to play it cool even though my pulse is already racing. “Oh yeah? And what exactly do you think I owe you?”

Rayne steps closer, his eyes locked on mine, and I can feel the air between us crackling with heat. “I can think of a few things.”

Before I can even think of a comeback, his hands are on my hips, spinning me around to face him, and his mouth crashes down on mine. The kiss is hard, fast, full of all the tension we’ve been building up for days.

His tongue slides against mine, and I moan into his mouth, my hands fisting in his shirt, pulling him closer. He tastes like cinnamon and something else, something rough and raw and so damn good.

He pulls back just enough to murmur against my lips, “I want you, Billie.”

I shiver, my pulse racing. “Then take me.”

—

Rayne

Her words go straight to my cock. I've been wanting her for so damn long, and now that I've got her right here, all soft and needy in my arms, there's no holding back.

I kiss her again, deeper this time, my hands sliding down to grab her ass, lifting her up onto the counter. She gasps, wrapping her legs around my waist, her hands gripping my shoulders like she's afraid to let go.

"I'm gonna make you come so hard, you'll forget your own name," I mutter against her lips, my hand sliding between her thighs, teasing the heat I can feel through her jeans.

Billie moans, her hips rocking against my hand, and fuck, the sound of her voice, the way she moves—it's all too much. I pop the button on her jeans, sliding my hand inside, feeling the slick heat of her pussy as my fingers find her clit.

"Rayne..." she moans, her head falling back as I circle her clit, slow at first, then faster, harder.

Her juices coat my fingers, and I can't help but grin as I feel her body tense, her thighs clenching around me. "You're close, aren't you?"

She nods, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. "Yes... fuck... Rayne, don't stop..."

I won't.

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I keep going, teasing her clit with just the right amount of pressure, feeling her body tremble against me. And then she's falling apart, moaning my name as she comes, her body shaking with the intensity of it.

I hold her through it, watching the way she falls apart in my arms.

Chapter 13

Billie

Rayne's hand is still between my thighs, fingers slick with my juices, and I'm trembling, trying to catch my breath. The bakery is silent except for the soft hum of the oven, but all I can focus on is him—his intense eyes, the heat of his body pressed against mine, the way he's looking at me like he's about to devour me.

"Rayne..." I whisper, my voice shaky, filled with need.

He leans in, his lips brushing against my ear. "I'm not done with you yet, Billie."

A shiver runs down my spine, and I feel his hand slide higher, tugging at the waistband of my jeans. There's no hesitation as he pulls them down, dragging my panties with them. My heart pounds in my chest as I kick them off, knowing what's about to happen and craving it.

He steps back for a moment, his eyes raking over me, taking in every inch of bare skin like he's memorizing me. "You're fucking perfect," he growls, his voice low, rough, and filled with heat.

I can't help the smile that spreads across my lips, the confidence that surges through me. "So are you."

Rayne's hands find my waist again, lifting me off the counter with ease. His mouth is on mine in an instant, hungry, desperate, and I match him, my fingers tugging at his belt, needing to feel him, all of him.

His cock is hard and thick in my hand when I finally free it from his jeans, and a deep groan rumbles in his chest as I stroke him, slow at first, teasing. "You've been holding back for way too long, cowboy."

He chuckles, dark and sexy, his lips brushing against mine. "Not anymore."

Before I can say another word, he lifts me back onto the counter, positioning himself between my legs. My heart races as he grips my hips, his cock pressing against my entrance, slick and ready. I hold my breath, waiting for him to push inside, and when he does, it's slow, deliberate, making sure I feel every inch of him stretching me.

"Oh, fuck..." I moan, my head falling back, my hands clutching his shoulders.

Rayne groans, his forehead resting against mine, his breath hot and ragged. "You feel so good, Billie."

He starts to move, slow at first, but soon the pace picks up, his hips thrusting into me with a rhythm that has me seeing stars. My nails dig into his back, my body arching against his as I moan his name, lost in the sensation of him filling me, owning me.

His hands grip my ass, pulling me closer, his thrusts getting deeper, harder. "God, you're so fucking tight," he growls, his voice strained, like he's barely holding it together.

I'm panting, moaning, my legs wrapped around him, pulling him even deeper. "Don't stop... please, don't stop..."

He grunts, slamming into me harder, his cock hitting that perfect spot over and over again until I'm teetering on the edge, my body trembling with the force of it. "Come for me, Billie. I want to feel you come around my cock."

His words send me over the edge. My body tenses, my pussy clenching around him as I come, my vision going white, my breath catching in my throat. I scream his name, my nails dragging down his back, and Rayne follows me, thrusting deep one last time before spilling inside me with a guttural groan, his cock pulsing as he comes.

—

Rayne

I've never felt anything like this—never wanted anyone as much as I want her. Billie's body trembles against mine, and I hold her close, feeling her warmth, her softness, the way she's still shuddering with aftershocks.

I press a kiss to her temple, my breath still ragged, my heart pounding in my chest. "Fuck, Billie..."

She lets out a breathless laugh, her fingers still tangled in my hair. "Yeah... fuck."

I grin, pulling back just enough to look at her, to take in the flush of her cheeks, the way her lips are swollen from our kisses. She looks perfect—completely wrecked and satisfied. And knowing I'm the one who did that to her? It's everything.

* * *

Billie

My legs are still trembling as I stand there in the bakery, trying to catch my breath, my body humming with the aftermath of what just happened. Rayne's eyes are still on me, his intense gaze making my skin tingle even more.

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He steps forward, brushing his fingers along my cheek, and I feel that familiar shiver run down my spine. “You okay?”

I nod, biting my lip as I smile up at him. “Yeah... more than okay.”

Rayne’s lips curl into that crooked smile of his, and he leans in, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to my lips. “Good,” he mutters against my mouth, his hand sliding down to my waist, fingers grazing the edge of my bare skin.

I let out a soft sigh, feeling like I could stay wrapped up in him forever, but then reality starts to creep back in. We’re still in the bakery, standing in the middle of my kitchen, with flour dusting the counters and the smell of fresh bread filling the air.

As much as I’d love to stay like this, I’m starting to feel sticky, and... well, we need to clean up.

“Wanna get cleaned up?” I ask, my voice soft.

Rayne pulls back, his dark eyes scanning my face. “Yeah... but I’m not done with you yet.”

The heat in his voice makes my pulse quicken again, and I grin, grabbing his hand. “Come on. I’ve got an apartment upstairs. Shower first, then we’ll see what happens next.”

He lets me lead him through the bakery, up the narrow stairs to my apartment. It’s cozy—just a few rooms, but it’s home. The fireplace is crackling, the flames casting a

warm glow over the room, and it smells like cinnamon and pine, a combination of the bakery downstairs and the scented candles I keep around.

Rayne looks around, taking in the space, but I don't give him long to dwell. I tug him toward the bathroom, flicking on the light as we step inside. The shower is small, but it'll do, and as I turn on the water, letting the steam fill the room, I feel his hands on me again.

"You look good in here," he mutters, his voice low and rough.

I glance over my shoulder, giving him a teasing grin. "What, you like me covered in soap?"

Rayne steps closer, his hands sliding down my sides, making me shiver. "I like you covered in anything, as long as you're mine."

His words send a rush of heat through me, and I turn to face him, my fingers tugging at his shirt. "Off."

He obliges, pulling his shirt over his head, and fuck, the sight of him standing there, all hard muscles and rough edges, takes my breath away. His chest is broad, his skin tanned and smooth, with a few old scars that I want to trace with my fingers, my lips. And those tattoos on his arms... yeah, I've had a few fantasies about those.

My eyes trail lower, and I catch a glimpse of his cock, already hard and thick, and fuck, the sight alone makes me wetter. "Get in here," I whisper, pulling him toward the shower.

The warm water cascades over us, and I'm immediately pressed up against the cool tile, Rayne's body trapping mine, his mouth finding my neck. His hands are everywhere, sliding down my back, over my ass, teasing between my legs, and I

moan as his fingers dip lower, finding my clit.

“Rayne...” I breathe, my head falling back against the wall.

“God, you’re so fucking beautiful,” he growls, his breath hot against my skin.

His fingers rub slow, teasing circles over my clit, and I arch into him, my body already spiraling toward that familiar edge. But I don’t want to come just yet. I want to savor this—savor him.

I reach for him, wrapping my hand around his cock, stroking him slow, feeling the way he twitches in my grip. His jaw tightens, and he lets out a low groan, pressing his forehead against mine.

“Fuck, Billie... you’re killing me.”

I smirk, sliding my hand lower, my fingers teasing his balls. “Good.”

But before things get too heated, Rayne grabs my wrist, pinning it above my head, his dark eyes burning into mine. “Not yet.”

He pulls back, letting the water wash over us for a moment, and I feel a strange mix of frustration and excitement. I want him sobad, but he’s holding back, drawing this out, and it’s driving me crazy in the best way.

—

Rayne

I can feel her pulse racing under my fingertips, and it’s taking every ounce of control I’ve got not to just pin her to the wall and fuck her right here. But I want to take my

time. I want to savor her.

The water's pouring down over us, turning her skin slick and warm, and I trail my hands down her body, watching the way she arches into my touch, the way her eyes flutter closed when I hit just the right spot.

I pull her against me, her body flush with mine, and I lean down, pressing a kiss to her lips. It's slow, teasing, and I can feel the way she's trembling, her hands gripping my shoulders as I slide my fingers between her legs again.

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She's already soaked, and not just from the water. I rub her clit, slow and gentle at first, but then I pick up the pace, feeling the way she starts to writhe in my arms, her breath coming out in short, ragged bursts.

"Fuck, Rayne..." she moans, her hips grinding against my hand.

I smirk, pressing my lips to her ear. "Come for me, Billie. I wanna feel you come on my fingers."

It doesn't take much more than that. Her whole body tenses, and then she's coming, her pussy clenching around my fingers, her moans filling the small bathroom. I watch her fall apart in my arms, and fuck, it's the hottest thing I've ever seen.

When she finally comes down, her chest heaving, her body limp against mine, I turn off the water and grab a towel, wrapping it around her before pulling her close again.

"Better?" I murmur, pressing a kiss to her wet hair.

She lets out a soft laugh, her eyes still half-lidded with bliss. "Much."

We step out of the shower, and I lead her into the living room, where the fire is still crackling, casting a warm glow over the room. I pull her down onto the rug in front of the fire, and we settle in, wrapped in the blanket, the heat from the flames making everything feel even cozier.

—

Billie

The warmth of the fire, the smell of cinnamon and pine, and the weight of Rayne's arm around me... it's perfect. I curl up against him, feeling completely content for the first time in a long time.

"Now this," I say, glancing up at him with a grin, "this is the perfect picnic."

Rayne chuckles, pressing a kiss to my forehead. "Told you I wasn't done with you yet."

I laugh, settling deeper into his embrace. "Good. Because I'm not done with you either."

Chapter 14

Billie

A few days pass after that night with Rayne. I still catch myself thinking about his hands on me, the heat of his touch, the way he made me come so hard in that shower. It's a constant, pulsing ache, and every time we text or talk on the phone, it's there in the back of my mind.

But tonight, we're keeping things light—at least, that's the plan. There's a big bonfire party happening at Miller Ranch, and Rayne invited me to join him. I told myself I wouldn't overthink it, but here I am, standing in front of the mirror in my bedroom, trying to decide if this outfit says "I'm casual, but also please keep looking at my ass."

I settle on a pair of snug jeans, a sweater that hugs my curves just right, and my favorite pair of boots. The weather's chilly, the smell of wood smoke already drifting

through the open window, and it makes everything feel even more like fall. I pull my hair back into a neat ponytail, glancing at my reflection one last time. Casual but cute. Perfect.

Rayne texted me earlier, saying he'd pick me up around 6:30, and right on the dot, I hear his truck rumble to a stop outside.

Grabbing my jacket, I head downstairs, feeling my heart do a little flip when I see him leaning against the side of his truck, that damn cowboy hat sitting low on his brow. He's dressed in dark jeans and a flannel shirt, rolled up at the sleeves, showing off those thick forearms that make me weak in the knees every time I see them.

"Evening, sweetheart," he says, his voice low and gruff as always, but there's a softness in his eyes as he watches me walk toward him.

"Hey, cowboy," I tease, feeling a grin tug at my lips. "Ready for some bonfire fun?"

Rayne steps forward, his hand slipping around my waist as he pulls me in for a quick kiss, his lips brushing against mine in a way that sends a rush of heat straight through me. "As long as you're there, yeah."

I roll my eyes, but my heart does a little flip at his words. "Come on, let's go before all the good spots by the fire are taken."

He helps me up into the truck—because of course, the man drives a damn mountain of a vehicle—and we head toward the ranch, the night sky darkening around us. The air smells like pine and smoke, and with the windows cracked just a bit, I can hear the distant sound of music from the party up ahead.

We pull up to the bonfire, the flames already crackling high into the air, surrounded by people chatting, laughing, drinking. The whole scene is drenched in fall

vibes—pumpkins stacked by the fire, hay bales scattered around, people wrapped up in blankets with mugs of cider in hand.

Rayne parks the truck, and we climb out, the cool evening air brushing against my skin. He reaches for my hand, lacing our fingers together, and I can't help but smile at the simple gesture. His thumb brushes over my knuckles as we walk toward the fire. His grip tightening on my hand.

We find a spot near the fire, settling onto one of the hay bales. Rayne sits close, his thigh brushing against mine, and I feel the warmth of him even more than the heat from the fire. The flames flicker, casting shadows across his face, highlighting the sharp line of his jaw and the way his dark eyes seem to watch me even when he's looking at the fire.

I try to focus on the people around us, on the laughter and music, but it's hard when all I can think about is how much I want to feel him again. His hand is resting on my thigh, his fingers tracing slow circles, and every touch sends a shiver up my spine. My skin tingles, and I'm doing everything I can to keep from fidgeting.

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“You okay?” Rayne asks, his voice low and close to my ear.

I nod, swallowing hard. “Yeah. Just... a little warm.”

Rayne gives me a knowing look, his lips quirking into that almost-smile. “I can take care of that.”

He stands, tugging me up with him, and before I can ask what he’s doing, he leads me away from the fire, toward the edge of the clearing where the trees cast long shadows. It’s quieter here, the music and laughter fading into the background, and I feel my pulse quicken as Rayne stops, turning to face me.

“What are you doing?” I whisper, my voice barely more than a breath.

His hands settle on my hips, pulling me flush against him, and I can feel the heat radiating from his body. “I told you, Billie. I’m done holding back.”

Before I can respond, his mouth is on mine, hard and demanding, and I melt into him, my hands sliding up to grip his broad shoulders. His tongue flicks against mine, and I let out a soft moan, feeling the tension that’s been building between us finally snap.

—

Rayne

Fuck, she tastes good. I’ve been holding back for too long, and now that I’ve got her here, in the shadows, away from everyone else, I’m not letting her go.

My hands are on her hips, pulling her tighter against me, and I feel her body tremble as she presses closer, her hands clutching at my shirt. The need to have her—right here, right now—is overwhelming, but I want to savor this. I want to hear her moan my name, feel her fall apart in my arms.

I break the kiss just long enough to trail my lips down her neck, biting gently at the soft skin there, and she gasps, her nails digging into my shoulders.

“Rayne...” she breathes, her voice trembling.

I smirk against her neck, my hands sliding lower, over the curve of her ass. “I want you, Billie.”

“Then take me,” she whispers, her voice thick with need.

I let out a low growl, my hands sliding under her sweater, finding the warm, soft skin under. Her body arches into me, and I tug her sweater up, pulling it over her head, leaving her standing there in just her bra, the cool night air sending a shiver through her.

I dip my head, kissing my way down her chest, between her tits, and she moans, her hands fisting in my hair.

“Rayne, please...”

Fuck, I love hearing her beg.

I drop to my knees in front of her, my hands sliding down to unbutton her jeans. I glance up at her, meeting her gaze, and I can see the heat in her eyes, the way her chest is rising and falling faster now.

“Gonna make you come,” I mutter, my voice rough.

She lets out a soft whimper as I pull her jeans down, my hands sliding up her thighs. Her panties are soaked, and I can smell her—sweet, intoxicating—and it’s driving me fucking crazy.

I press my mouth to her pussy through the thin fabric, and she lets out a gasp, her hands clutching at my hair. I pull her panties down, and then I’m tasting her, licking and sucking, and the sound she makes? Fuck, it’s enough to make my cock throb in my jeans.

She’s moaning my name, her hips grinding against my mouth, and I know she’s close. I flick my tongue over her clit, teasing her, and then I suck hard, feeling her body tense.

“Rayne... fuck!” she cries, and then she’s coming, her pussy clenching, her juices soaking my face, and I fucking love it.

* * *

Billie

My legs feel weak, trembling as waves of pleasure pulse through me. I have to grip onto Rayne’s shoulders just to keep myself upright. He kisses my inner thighs, his breath hot against my skin as he pulls back, his eyes dark and hungry.

“Fuck, Rayne...” I manage to gasp, still trying to catch my breath.

He stands, his hands sliding up my body, leaving a trail of warmth in their wake, and before I can even process what’s happening, he’s kissing me again—hard and demanding, like he can’t get enough. I taste myself on his lips, and it makes my head

spin, makes me want him even more.

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“Still good?” he murmurs against my mouth, his voice low and rough.

I let out a breathless laugh, my fingers curling into his shirt, tugging him closer. “More than good.”

Rayne grins, that cocky, self-assured smirk that does things to me, and I can’t help but roll my eyes even as my heart races. “Don’t let it go to your head, cowboy.”

His hands slide down to grip my ass, pulling me flush against him, and I feel how hard he is, how much he’s holding back. “Too late.”

I press my lips to his, softer this time, my hands slipping under his shirt, feeling the hard lines of his stomach, the way his muscles tense under my touch. I want to take my time with him, to feel every inch of him, but the fire between us is too hot, too demanding.

“Let’s get out of here,” he mutters against my lips, his voice tight with restraint. “Before I fuck you right here.”

His words send a shiver down my spine, and I nod, my body still buzzing from what just happened. We quickly gather our things, the sounds of the party distant now as we head toward his truck. Rayne helps me inside, his hand lingering on my waist for just a second longer than necessary, and then we’re off, the truck rumbling down the dark road.

The ride is quiet, but it’s not awkward—just thick with tension, the kind that promises more. I sneak a glance at Rayne, his strong hands gripping the steering

wheel, the muscles in his forearms flexing with every shift of the gears. I can't stop thinking about what he did to me back there, about how good it felt to have him between my legs. My pulse quickens, and I shift in my seat, suddenly feeling very warm despite the cool night air.

When we pull up to my place, Rayne kills the engine, but neither of us makes a move to get out. The silence stretches, heavy with anticipation, and I know exactly what's coming next.

"Invite me up," Rayne says, his voice rough, his eyes locked on mine.

I bite my lip, the heat between us simmering just under the surface. "You want to come up?"

He reaches over, his hand settling on my thigh, squeezing gently. "What do you think?"

I don't need to be asked twice.

—

Rayne

The second Billie opens that door, I'm right behind her. My pulse is pounding in my ears, and the only thing on my mind is getting her alone.

We head upstairs to her place, and the second the door closes, I've got her pressed up against the wall, my mouth on hers, my hands everywhere—her waist, her ass, her tits. She's warm, soft, and fuck, she smells like cinnamon and sugar, sweet and intoxicating.

She's kissing me back just as fiercely, her hands sliding under my shirt, pulling it over my head in one quick motion. Her nails rake down my chest, and it takes everything in me not to throw her onto the bed and fuck her senseless. But I want to savor this. I want to make her feel everything.

We stumble toward the bed, shedding clothes along the way, and by the time we fall onto the mattress, I've got her naked under me, her skin flushed, her dark eyes filled with heat.

I kiss her, slower this time, taking my time exploring her body, memorizing every curve, every soft moan she makes. Her hands slide down my back, her nails digging into my skin, and I groan, pressing my hips against her, letting her feel just how badly I want her.

"Rayne," she whispers, her voice breathless, "please..."

I grin, my mouth moving to her neck, her tits, her stomach. "You want more?"

She lets out a frustrated groan, her hips lifting, pressing against me. "Stop teasing."

I chuckle against her skin, kissing my way down to her thighs. "Patience, sweetheart."

But truth is, I'm losing control just as much as she is.

My hand slides between her legs, finding her already wet and ready, and the second I touch her, she gasps, her body arching off the bed.

"Fuck," she moans, her voice thick with need.

I press my fingers inside her, slow at first, then faster, curling them just right, and

she's a fucking mess, her pussy clenching around me, her juices slicking my hand. I watch her face, the way her lips part, the way her tits bounce with every thrust, and it's all I can do not to lose it right there.

She's so fucking beautiful, laid out like this, all for me.

I slide my thumb over her clit, rubbing slow, deliberate circles, and she lets out a sharp cry, her hands fisting in the sheets. Her body tenses, her back arching, and then she's coming, hard, her pussy gripping my fingers, her juices dripping down my hand.

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I watch her ride it out, my cock throbbing with need, but I hold back, giving her a moment to catch her breath.

When she finally opens her eyes, they're dark with lust, and she looks up at me with a smirk. "Your turn, cowboy."

Before I can even respond, she's pushing me onto my back, straddling my hips, her hands sliding down my chest. And justlike that, I know I'm in for it.

* * *

Rayne

The second she's on top of me, I'm done for. She's got this look in her eyes—determined, confident, like she knows exactly what she's doing to me. And fuck, she does.

Her hands trail down my chest, over my stomach, and I can barely breathe. She's teasing me, her fingertips brushing just enough to make my cock twitch in anticipation. She leans down, her tits pressing against my chest, her mouth close to my ear.

"You've been teasing me for days," she whispers, her breath hot against my skin. "Now it's my turn."

Fuck.

Her hands slip lower, sliding over my abs, her fingers grazing the waistband of my jeans. I'm so hard it hurts, and when she undoes my belt and tugs my jeans down, I'm practically shaking with the need to feel her.

She looks up at me, her eyes dark and full of mischief, and then her hand wraps around my cock, stroking slow, torturous. I groan, my hips jerking up, but she keeps her pace steady, teasing, her thumb brushing over the tip, smearing the pre-cum there.

"Billie," I mutter, my voice hoarse. "You're killing me."

She lets out a soft laugh, her grip tightening just a little, and I grit my teeth, trying to hold on. But then she leans down, her mouth pressing hot kisses down my stomach, and I know I'm about to lose it.

When her lips finally close around the head of my cock, I'm gone. She sucks gently at first, her tongue flicking over the tip, and I let out a low growl, my hands gripping the sheets.

"Fuck, Billie," I groan, my head falling back against the pillow.

She takes me deeper, her mouth warm and wet, her hand working the base of my cock, and it's all I can do not to come right then. Her lips slide down, taking me all the way in, and my hips jerk up, pushing deeper into her mouth.

She moans around my cock, the vibrations making my vision blur, and I'm gripping the back of her head, guiding her, my control slipping fast. She's too fucking good at this, and the sounds she's making—the wet, sinful noises of her mouth working my cock—are driving me fucking insane.

I can't take it much longer.

“Billie,” I growl, pulling her up, her lips swollen and wet. I flip us over, pinning her under me, my cock pressing against her thigh. “I’m gonna come all over those perfect tits of yours.”

Her eyes light up, and she bites her lip, nodding. “Do it.”

That’s all I need.

I slide back, stroking myself hard and fast, my eyes locked on hers. The way she’s looking at me, all dark and hungry, drives me over the edge. My body tenses, and I let out a low growl as I come, hard, hot ropes of jizz spilling over her tits, her skin glistening as I ride out the waves.

“Fuck,” I mutter, my chest heaving as I stare down at her, covered in me.

She grins up at me, her hand trailing down her stomach, scooping up some of my cum, her fingers slipping between her legs. She’s fucking playing with herself, right in front of me, and it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.

“You like that?” she teases, her voice breathy.

I can barely form words, my cock already twitching again at the sight of her fingers rubbing her clit, her hips grinding against her hand.

“I’m not done with you yet, sweetheart,” I growl, my hands grabbing her hips, pulling her up. “Get ready, ‘cause I’m about to ruin you.”

* * *

Rayne

I grip Billie's hips, flipping her onto her stomach with a growl, the sounds she makes as I position her exactly where I want only fueling my need for her. She's already slick and ready, her thighs glistening with juices from the earlier release, but I'm not done making her come yet.

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“Stay just like that,” I order, running my hands over the curve of her ass, squeezing as I spread her legs a little wider.

Billie moans, arching her back, pushing her hips up toward me. “Rayne, please...”

I love hearing her beg. But I’m not giving in that easy.

I lean down, kissing the small of her back, making her shiver, then working my way lower, my mouth hovering right above her soaked pussy. She’s wet, dripping, her sweet scent filling my nose, and I have to fight the urge to bury myself inside her right now. But no, I need to taste her again, to make her come undone one more time before I finally fuck her like she’s been begging for.

“Hold on tight, sweetheart,” I mutter, gripping her thighs and lowering my mouth to her pussy.

The second my tongue slides between her folds, Billie lets out a sharp gasp, her body tensing. I flick my tongue over her clit, sucking gently, and her hips buck against my face, her juices coating my mouth.

“Oh, fuck,” she moans, her fingers gripping the sheets as I eat her out like a man starving.

I press my tongue inside her, fucking her with it, feeling her pulse around me, her legs shaking. She’s close, I can feel it, and I push her harder, faster, lapping up her juices, my mouth working her pussy until she’s writhing under me.

“Rayne... I’m gonna—fuck!” Billie cries out, her body going rigid as she comes, her pussy clenching around my tongue, her juices flooding my mouth. I groan against her, licking up every drop, not stopping until her legs give out and she’s trembling under me.

I sit up, wiping my mouth with the back of my hand, my cockthrobbing with need as I look down at her, spent and perfect.

“You taste fucking amazing,” I growl, my hand stroking my cock as I position myself behind her, lining up with her entrance. “Now, you’re gonna feel me inside you.”

Billie looks over her shoulder, her dark eyes full of heat, her lips parted as she catches her breath. “Do it,” she whispers, her voice hoarse. “Fuck me.”

I don’t waste another second. I grip her hips and slam into her in one hard thrust, both of us groaning as I fill her completely. She’s so tight, so wet, and I have to bite back a growl as I pull out and thrust back in, setting a steady, hard pace.

“Fuck, you feel so good,” I mutter, my hands gripping her hips as I pound into her, the sound of our bodies slapping together filling the room.

Billie moans, her fingers digging into the sheets, pushing back against me with every thrust. “Harder,” she gasps. “I want it harder, Rayne.”

I don’t hesitate. I slam into her, harder, faster, feeling her pussy clench around me, her juices slick on my cock as I drive into her over and over.

“Yeah, that’s it, sweetheart,” I growl, my hand sliding up her back, grabbing a fistful of her hair and pulling gently, making her arch. “Take it. Take every inch.”

She moans louder, her body trembling as I fuck her harder, deeper, pushing us both

closer to the edge. I can feel her getting close again, the way her walls tighten around my cock, and it's driving me fucking wild.

"Come for me," I order, my hand sliding down to rub her clit, circling it fast, rough. "Come all over my cock, Billie."

She cries out, her whole body tensing as she shatters under me, her pussy clenching hard around me, sending me over the edge. With a low, guttural growl, I come, hard, pumping into her, my body shuddering with the intensity of it.

We collapse onto the bed, both of us breathing hard, covered in sweat, the aftershocks of pleasure still rippling through us. I pull her close, my hand brushing her hair back as I press a kiss to her shoulder.

"Fucking perfect," I mutter, my voice rough.

Billie laughs softly, turning to look at me, her eyes still heavy with satisfaction. "Took you long enough, cowboy."

I grin, pulling her closer. "Worth the wait."

Chapter 15

Billie

Rayne and I finally crossed that line, and if I'm being honest, it feels like everything's shifted in the best way possible. We've settled into this easy rhythm, spending time together whenever we can, and I'm loving every second of it. The tension that was always simmering between us? It's still there, but now it's mixed with something deeper. More real.

Today, I'm getting ready to head over to his place for another hangout. It's a crisp fall evening, and the air smells like pine and wood smoke. I'm feeling the excitement buzz under my skin. I can't stop thinking about him—about how he made me feel the other night, and how every time I'm with him, it's like I'm on the edge of something even better.

Shay, ever the instigator, gave me a knowing look earlier when she caught me smiling at my phone.

“Going to Rayne's tonight, huh?” she teased, raising an eyebrow.

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I grinned, shaking my head at her. “Yeah, it’s just a little thing.”

“Uh-huh, just a little thing,” she replied, smirking. “I bet it’s gonna get hot out there by the fire.”

I rolled my eyes, but she isn’t exactly wrong.

Now, as I pull up to his ranch, the sun dipping below the horizon, my stomach flips in that familiar way. His place is as beautiful as ever, the sprawling land stretching out around the barn and the house, the fields bathed in the soft glow of the setting sun.

When I step out of the car, I’m hit with the scent of burning wood, the fire already going strong, and there’s Rayne, standing by the pit, stacking logs. He’s wearing that same cowboy hat, a flannel shirt that hugs his broad shoulders, and those damn jeans that look way too good on him. The sight of him does things to me I’ll never admit out loud. Well, not yet, anyway.

I walk over, feeling the warmth of the fire and something else—a pull, like gravity drawing me closer to him. He looks up when I approach, and just seeing that grin on his face makes my heart skip a beat.

“Hey, you,” I say, trying to play it cool, even though I’m practically buzzing with excitement.

Rayne steps closer, his dark eyes taking me in, and there’s that smoldering heat that never really goes away when he looks at me. “Hey yourself. You ready for this?”

I nod, and he pulls me in for a quick kiss, the roughness of his stubble brushing against my skin. It's the kind of kiss that says a lot without words—like he's telling me he's happy I'm here, and also that this night is going to end in a whole lot of heat.

He pulls back, his hand lingering on my lower back, and nods toward the group of chairs around the fire. "Grab a seat, I'll be over in a second."

I sit down, settling in by the fire, feeling the warmth sink into my skin. The sky's turning dark now, stars starting to peek through the clouds, and there's something about the whole scene that feels... perfect.

Rayne joins me a minute later, sitting close enough that his knee brushes against mine. We're surrounded by friends, but I can't focus on anything but him. The way the firelight flickers over his face, casting shadows that make him look even more intense than usual. And the smell of smoke, pine, and him—it's all driving me a little wild.

"Having fun?" I ask, leaning in a little closer, my lips barely brushing his ear as I speak.

Rayne's lips twitch into a grin, and he turns slightly, his hand slipping onto my thigh under the blanket we've both wrapped around us. "Now I am."

I swallow hard, feeling the heat from his touch shoot straight through me, and it takes everything in me not to drag him off somewhere right this second.

But this moment is nice. It's simple and easy, and I like it.

Rayne

I've been watching Billie all night, and fuck, she's driving me insane. Every time she

shifts in her seat, I catch a glimpse of her curves under that sweater, and it takes every bit of willpower not to pull her into my lap and kiss her senseless right here in front of everyone. But I can wait. Hell, I've waited long enough.

I glance at her out of the corner of my eye, catching the way the firelight flickers in her dark eyes, and my hand tightens on her thigh. She looks up at me, her lips parting, and I know she feels it too—the heat, the need, the damn tension that never seems to leave when we're together.

Leaning in close, I press my lips against her ear. “You wanna get outta here?”

She looks up at me, her eyes shining with mischief. “What, you're tired of the fire already?”

I let out a low chuckle, my hand slipping higher under the blanket, brushing just close enough to make her breath hitch. “I'm not tired, Billie. I'm just ready to be somewhere a little more... private.”

She shivers, and I can feel the pulse of excitement in her body, matching mine. Without another word, she stands up, taking my hand, and we slip away from the group, heading back to the truck.

The night air is cool, but the second we're alone in the truck, the heat between us is scorching. Billie's on me before I even start the engine, her hands in my hair, her mouth on mine, and I'm lost in her all over again.

* * *

Rayne

The second Billie's lips crash into mine, I know I'm done for. She's on my lap, her

hands tangled in my hair, her body pressed so tight against me it's like she's trying to become part of me. And hell, I want that. I want her in every way possible.

I grip her hips, pulling her down harder against my growing erection, my cock straining painfully in my jeans. The heat between us is scorching, like the fire we just left, but this is hotter. This is burning me up from the inside out.

Her mouth is greedy, her lips soft but insistent as they claim mine. I let her take what she wants because, fuck, I'm happy to give it. Her tongue slips past my lips, and I groan into her mouth, my hands moving to cup her ass, squeezing it through her jeans. She moans, the sound vibrating through me, shooting straight to my dick.

I break the kiss, trailing my lips down her neck, biting and sucking gently at the sensitive skin there. Her breath hitches, and she grinds against me, her hips rolling in a way that makes me see stars.

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“Rayne,” she breathes, her voice heavy with need. “I can’t wait anymore.”

“Fuck, Billie,” I mutter against her neck, my hands sliding up under her sweater, fingers tracing the smooth skin of her waist. “You’re gonna make me lose it.”

She laughs, a low, sultry sound, and pulls back just enough to look at me. Her eyes are dark, filled with the same raw desire that’s clawing at my insides.

“Then lose it,” she challenges, her voice a breathy whisper.

I growl, flipping her so she’s lying back against the seat, my body hovering over hers. Her chest rises and falls quickly, her breaths shallow, and fuck, she looks perfect like this—laid out for me, her lips swollen, her hair a wild mess.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you,” I mutter, my hands moving to the button of her jeans. She nods, her eyes locked on mine, and I waste no time slipping my hand inside, fingers dipping under the fabric of her panties.

She gasps, her hips lifting off the seat as my fingers find her pussy, already slick with need. “God, Billie, you’re soaked.”

Her breath catches as I rub slow circles over her clit, teasing her, building the pressure until she’s writhing under me.

“Rayne,” she moans, her hands clutching at my shoulders. “Don’t stop.”

“Wasn’t planning to,” I growl, my fingers slipping lower, teasing her entrance. Her

juices coat my fingers, and I can't help but imagine how good she's gonna feel wrapped around my cock.

But not yet.

I slide one finger inside her, then another, curling them just right, hitting that spot that makes her eyes flutter closed and her head fall back against the seat.

"Fuck, Rayne," she gasps, her hands digging into my shoulders, her hips rocking against my hand. "Oh, God."

I keep up the rhythm, watching her fall apart under me. Her pussy clenches around my fingers, her wetness dripping down my hand, and it's taking everything in me not to rip off her jeans and bury myself inside her right here and now.

But I'm gonna make her come first. I'm gonna make her scream my name and know without a doubt that she's mine.

Her breathing gets faster, her body tense, and I know she's close.

"Come for me, Billie," I mutter, my fingers moving faster, rubbing her clit harder. "Come for me right now."

That's all it takes. She arches off the seat, her pussy squeezing tight around my fingers, her moans filling the truck as she comes apart in my hand.

"Rayne," she cries, her body shaking with the intensity of her orgasm.

I watch her, mesmerized by the way her body trembles, the way her lips part in a breathless moan, the way her chest heaves as she rides out her climax. It's the hottest thing I've ever seen, and I know right then I'm completely fucked—because I'm

never gonna get enough of her.

When she finally comes down, her breath still ragged, I pull my hand from her jeans, licking her juices off my fingers with a grin.

“You taste like heaven, Billie.”

She laughs breathlessly, her eyes still half-closed. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

I lean down, pressing a slow, lingering kiss to her lips. “You’re mine now,” I murmur against her mouth. “You got that?”

She looks up at me, her dark eyes filled with heat and something else—something deeper.

“I’ve always been yours, Rayne.”

—

Billie

I’m still catching my breath, my body humming from the intensity of what just happened, and all I can think about is how much I need more of him. It’s like one taste wasn’t enough, and now I’m hooked.

Rayne’s still hovering over me, his hands braced on either side of my head, his breath coming out in slow, controlled bursts. He’s trying to hold back, but I can see the hunger in his eyes, the tension in his body. He’s barely keeping it together, and that just makes me want him even more.

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“You’re not gonna stop there, are you?” I tease, running my fingers through his hair.

Rayne smirks, his lips brushing against mine. “You really think I’m done with you?”

I laugh, pulling him down into another kiss. His body presses against mine, and I can feel the hardness of his cock through his jeans, pressing right where I need him most.

“Good,” I breathe against his lips. “Because I’m not done with you either.”

His growl rumbles through me as he leans back just enough to yank off his shirt, tossing it aside before pulling me into his lap again. His hands are everywhere—on my hips, my ass, my tits—like he can’t get enough of me.

“Fuck, Billie,” he mutters, his voice rough with need. “You’re driving me crazy.”

I grin, grinding down against him, feeling his cock throb under me. “Good.”

He chuckles, but the sound is cut off by a groan as I roll my hips again, dragging his length against my soaked pussy through my jeans.

We’re both so close to losing control, but I know we’re not ready for that final step yet. Not here. Not now.

But soon.

“Let’s get out of here,” Rayne mutters, his hands gripping my hips tight. “I want to finish this somewhere I can really take my time with you.”

I nod, breathless and eager, and we climb out of the truck.

Chapter 16

Billie

The bakery booth at the Fall Festival is crazier than ever. I've been serving pumpkin spice cupcakes and apple cider donuts nonstop since I got here, and if it weren't for the adrenaline rush of the festival, I'd probably have passed out by now. The crisp fall air, the vibrant orange and red leaves, the smell of roasted nuts and cinnamon swirling around—it's like a postcard come to life.

But none of that is why I'm distracted.

Rayne's supposed to show up soon. And not just for a quick stop to flirt and help me pack up the booth. No, tonight is different. We're doing this whole thing—publicly. For the first time, it'll be out in the open that Rayne and I are more than just casual acquaintances or friends who might be a little too friendly. We're a thing. A couple. Together.

And to be honest, the thought of that has me both nervous and excited. I keep wiping my hands on my apron, fidgeting with the trays of baked goods like they're not already perfectly arranged.

Shay notices, of course. She always does. "Stop fussing," she says, nudging me with her elbow as she hands a customer their order. "You're not gonna impress him any more than you already have."

I laugh, trying to shake off my nerves. "I'm not trying to impress him."

Shay gives me a look that says, 'Sure you aren't.'

“He’s coming tonight, right?” she asks, but it’s more of a statement than a question.

“Yeah, he’s coming.”

“Good,” Shay says, grinning as she adjusts the sign on the booth. “About time you two stopped sneaking around like a couple of teenagers.”

I roll my eyes, but I can’t stop the smile from creeping up. She’s right. This whole thing between Rayne and me has been simmering for years, and now that it’s finally out in the open, it feels good. Damn good.

The sound of heavy boots on the gravel catches my attention, and when I look up, there he is. Rayne. Walking toward the booth with that slow, confident stride of his, wearing those worn jeans, a flannel shirt that stretches tight across his broad chest, and, of course, that damn cowboy hat. My pulse quickens just at the sight of him.

He walks right up to the booth, eyes locked on mine, and I feel that familiar flutter in my stomach. His presence always does that to me.

“Hey,” I say, trying to keep my voice steady, but I know I’m blushing. I can feel the heat rising in my cheeks.

“Hey yourself,” Rayne replies, his deep voice making my stomach do a little flip. He glances around the booth. “Busy night.”

“Yeah, it’s been nonstop,” I say, laughing a little. “But I’m almost done here.”

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Rayne nods, his eyes not leaving mine. “Good. ’Cause after this, I want you all to myself.”

That simple sentence makes my heart race, and I feel the heat between us crank up a notch. I know we’re out in public, but it’s hard to care when Rayne’s looking at me like that—like I’m the only thing that matters.

Before I can respond, a group of our friends walks by, teasing us like they always do. “There they are,” one of them shouts. “Lovebirds, finally out in the open!”

I laugh, shaking my head, but I don’t pull away from Rayne. He just smirks, not bothered in the slightest by the attention.

Shay comes back over, winking at me. “Go on, Billie. I’ve got the booth covered. Enjoy your night.”

I glance at Rayne, and he raises an eyebrow like he’s daring me to say no. I don’t need any more convincing.

“Alright, I’m all yours,” I say, pulling off my apron and tossing it onto the counter.

Rayne’s eyes darken, and I can see the heat simmering under his calm exterior. “Good,” he mutters, holding out his hand for me to take.

I slide my hand into his, and the second his fingers curl around mine, it feels like the most natural thing in the world. We walk away from the booth, past the crowd, past the festival lights, heading for a quieter part of the grounds.

Rayne

I've waited a long time for this moment. Walking through the festival grounds, Billie by my side, holding her hand out in the open where everyone can see. It feels right—like this is how things were always supposed to be.

The fall air is crisp, and the distant sounds of the festival fade away as we find a quiet spot near the edge of the field. The orange and red glow from the festival lights bounces off the trees, casting everything in a warm, golden hue. It's the perfect setting.

Billie glances up at me, her dark eyes shining, her lips tugging up in that soft smile that drives me crazy. She's wrapped up in that sweater, but I can still see the curve of her hips, the way her jeans cling to her legs, the way her skin glows in the light.

"Pretty nice night," she says, but her voice is soft, like she's feeling the same weight of the moment that I am.

"Yeah," I grunt, pulling her a little closer. "It is."

We stop at the edge of the field, where the crowd is thinner, the air a little quieter. I can hear the faint crackle of a bonfire not too far away, smell the scent of roasted marshmallows drifting on the wind.

I turn to face Billie, taking both her hands in mine. She looks up at me, her face illuminated by the glow of the festival lights, and it's like everything else fades away. There's only her.

"This... feels good," I say, my voice low.

Billie tilts her head, her smile softening. “What does?”

“This,” I say, gesturing between us. “You. Us. Being out here, not hiding.”

Billie’s smile widens, and she steps closer, wrapping her arms around my waist. “Yeah. It does feel good.”

I lower my head, my lips brushing against her forehead. “I meant what I said, Billie. I don’t do casual. Not with you.”

She pulls back slightly, looking up at me with those wide eyes. “I know, Rayne. I don’t want casual either.”

I nod, my hand coming up to cup her cheek, my thumb brushing over her soft skin. “Good. Because I’m not going anywhere.”

Billie’s lips part, and I can see the emotion in her eyes—this mixture of relief and happiness and something deeper. Something I feel too.

Before I can say anything else, she pulls me down into a kiss. Soft at first, then deeper, more insistent. Her fingers tangle in my hair, and I wrap my arms around her, pulling her tight against me, wanting to feel every inch of her pressed against me.

It’s a kiss that feels like more than just a kiss. It feels like a promise.

When we finally pull back, both of us a little breathless, I press my forehead against hers. “You’re mine, Billie. Don’t forget that.”

Her eyes shine with something playful. “I wasn’t planning on it.”

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We stand there for a while, wrapped up in each other, the festival sounds fading away as we savor the moment.

Chapter 17

Billie

My mind is still spinning from everything that happened. Rayne and I are finally out in the open. No more stolen moments or sneaking around. It's all real now, and as crazy as the last few weeks have been, it feels like we've settled into something solid. Something I can trust.

Today's one of those rare days where the bakery isn't completely slammed, and I'm actually able to take a breather. It's a crisp fall afternoon, and the scent of cinnamon, nutmeg, and warm apple cider fills the bakery. I'm sitting at one of the small tables by the window, enjoying the quiet, when the door swings open.

Rayne.

He steps inside, filling the space with that rugged, quiet presence of his. He's wearing that damn cowboy hat again, a flannel shirt that's just snug enough across his broad chest, and his usual worn jeans. My heart skips a beat, even now.

He looks over at me, his dark eyes softening, and that familiar heat stirs in my belly. "You free?" he asks, his voice that low, gravelly tone that still does things to me.

I grin, setting my coffee down. "For you? Always."

Rayne gives a grunt of approval before walking over, and when he's close enough, he leans down and presses a kiss to my forehead. It's a simple gesture, but it makes my chest warm.

"Thought we could take a drive," he says, pulling out the chair across from me.

I raise an eyebrow. "Oh? Where to?"

He shrugs, leaning back in his chair like he's got all the time in the world. "Just around. Thought we could enjoy the fall colors before it gets too cold."

I smile at that. It's such a simple thing, but that's what I love about Rayne. He doesn't need anything flashy or over the top. Just being with him, driving through the countryside, sounds like the perfect afternoon.

"Let me close up, and we'll head out," I say, standing up to grab my apron.

Rayne stands too, taking a step closer, his large hands resting on my waist. "Take your time," he mutters, his lips brushing against my temple.

I can feel the heat of his body, the roughness of his hands through my shirt, and for a moment, I forget about everything else. All I want is him.

"Be right back," I murmur, pulling away reluctantly.

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Rayne

I watch Billie as she heads toward the back of the bakery, my eyes lingering on the sway of her hips. She's been driving me crazy for years, and now that I've got her,

I'm not letting go. I meant what I said—I don't do casual. Especially not with her.

When she comes back a few minutes later, her apron's off, and she's grabbed a jacket. She looks up at me with those big, dark eyes, and it's everything I can do not to pull her into my arms right then and there.

"You ready?" she asks, her lips quirking up into a grin.

I nod, reaching for her hand and giving it a gentle squeeze. "Let's go."

We walk out to the truck, the crisp fall air wrapping around us as the leaves crunch under our boots. The sky's clear, a bright blue against the reds and oranges of the trees, and it's the kind of day that makes you appreciate the little things. The quiet moments.

Once we're in the truck, I help her up into the passenger seat, my hands lingering on her waist a little longer than necessary. She gives me a teasing look, but she doesn't say anything. Just slides into the seat with a smile.

As I get behind the wheel, the truck rumbles to life, and we start driving through town, past the fields and farms, out toward the country roads where everything feels a little quieter. A little more private.

Billie leans back in her seat, watching the scenery go by, her hand resting on the console between us. Without thinking, I reach over and take her hand, threading my fingers through hers.

"You ever get tired of this place?" she asks suddenly, glancing over at me.

I raise an eyebrow. "This place? Silver Creek?"

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She nods. “Yeah. I mean, you’ve lived here your whole life, right?”

I grunt, my thumb brushing over the back of her hand. “Yeah. But I like it here. Simple. Quiet. Suits me.”

Billie smiles at that, turning back to the window. “I can see that. It suits you.”

We drive for a while in comfortable silence, the kind of quiet where nothing needs to be said. Just being here with her, in this moment, feels like enough.

Eventually, I pull over at one of my favorite spots—a quiet overlook with a view of the valley below. The trees are on fire with fall colors, and the air smells like pine and fresh leaves.

I turn off the engine, but neither of us moves to get out of the truck. Instead, I turn to Billie, watching the way the light filters through her hair, how her skin glows in the golden hour sunlight.

“Why’d you ask if I get tired of this place?” I ask, my voice low.

She shrugs, her fingers tracing patterns on the seat. “Just curious. You ever think about leaving?”

I shake my head, my hand moving to rest on her thigh. “Not anymore.”

Her eyes flick up to mine, and for a moment, we just sit there, staring at each other. Then she leans over, closing the distance between us, and presses her lips to mine. It’s

slow, tender, but there's something more behind it. Something deeper.

When she pulls back, her eyes are soft. "Good. 'Cause I like having you around."

I smirk, my hand squeezing her thigh. "Not going anywhere, Billie. I told you that."

She laughs softly, leaning her head on my shoulder. We stay like that for a while, just watching the world go by, feeling the warmth of each other's presence. It's simple, perfect. Just like her.

Chapter 18

Billie

The air's crisp, the trees are a riot of red and gold, and there's an electric feeling in the air that makes everything seem a little more special. This is the biggest event of the season, and my bakery booth is right in the thick of it.

I'm setting up trays of pumpkin spice cupcakes, apple cinnamon muffins, and caramel pecan cookies when I hear Rayne's deep voice behind me.

"Need a hand?"

I turn around, and there he is, looking as rugged and delicious as ever. His flannel shirt's unbuttoned at the collar, giving me a glimpse of his broad chest, and he's wearing that damn cowboy hat. The man looks like he stepped right out of a fall fantasy.

"Sure," I say, trying to keep my voice steady as I hand him a box of cupcakes. "You know the drill by now."

Rayne takes the box, his fingers brushing against mine, sending that familiar shiver down my spine. “Gotta make myself useful somehow.”

I roll my eyes, but there’s a smile tugging at my lips. “You’ve been useful enough.”

He shoots me a look, one of those dark, smoldering looks that sends heat straight to my core. “Not yet, I haven’t.”

My heart skips a beat, and I’m about to come up with some sassy reply when Shay appears beside me, grinning like the cat who got the cream.

“Well, look who’s all cozy now,” she teases, nudging me with her elbow. “You two finally made it official?”

I glare at her, but there’s no point in denying it. Rayne and I are together, and we’re not hiding it anymore. “Yeah, yeah. Keep it down, will you?”

Shay laughs, but Rayne just grunts, like he couldn’t care less what anyone thinks. He sets the box down on the table, his arm brushing against mine as he leans in close. “You ready for the crowd?”

I glance at the growing line of people gathering around the booth. “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Rayne stays by my side the whole time, helping me with the booth, handing out baked goods, and generally just being his quiet, steady self. Every now and then, I catch him looking at me, his dark eyes full of something that makes my pulse race.

Rayne

I've never liked crowds, but standing next to Billie, watching her work, I can't seem to tear myself away. She's got this energy about her—full of life, full of fire—and it pulls me in every time. I've spent years watching her from a distance, keeping my feelings under wraps, but now that we're together? I'm done holding back.

Billie hands a customer a cupcake, her smile bright and wide, and for a moment, I just watch her. She's beautiful, all curves and sass, with her hair tied back in that neat ponytail she always wears when she's baking. Her apron's dusted with flour, and she smells like cinnamon and sugar. Every time I catch a whiff of her, it drives me wild.

"You okay over there?" she asks, glancing at me with a grin.

I grunt, not bothering to hide the way I'm staring. "Just watching you."

She raises an eyebrow, that playful look I love so much dancing in her eyes. "You always this intense?"

"Only with you."

Her cheeks flush—not with embarrassment, but with something else, something that makes my cock twitch in my jeans. I can tell she's feeling it too, the tension between us simmering just under the surface.

Before she can reply, one of our friends walks by, grinning like a fool. "Well, well. Look at you two! Finally stopped dancing around each other, huh?"

I grunt in response, not really in the mood for small talk. But Billie just laughs, waving him off. “Took us long enough, didn’t it?”

Our friend nods, giving me a knowing look before heading off, and I can’t help but smirk. I don’t care who knows. Hell, I want people to know. I want everyone to see that Billie’s mine.

We spend the rest of the day at the booth, handing out baked goods, chatting with customers, and enjoying the festival. But all the while, I’m thinking about how I’m gonna get her alone again. How I’m gonna make her feel everything I’ve been holding back.

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Billie

By the time the sun starts to set, the festival is winding down. The crowd’s thinning out, the air’s growing cooler, and there’s this golden glow in the sky that makes everything feel a little more magical.

Rayne’s standing next to me, his arm brushing against mine, and I can feel the heat radiating off him. I’m tired, sure, but there’s this buzz in the air—between us—that I can’t ignore.

“You ready to get out of here?” he mutters, his voice low and rough.

I glance up at him, my heart skipping a beat. “Yeah. Let’s go.”

We pack up the booth quickly, and before I know it, we’re heading back to his truck. The drive to his place is quiet, but it’s that comfortable kind of quiet—the kind where words aren’t necessary. We’ve been around each other enough by now to know what’s coming.

When we pull up to his cabin, the stars are just starting to twinkle in the sky, and there's a crisp chill in the air that makes me shiver. Rayne notices, and without a word, he reaches out, wrapping his arm around my shoulders, pulling me close.

"Cold?" he asks, his voice a low rumble.

I lean into him, savoring the warmth of his body. "A little."

He doesn't say anything, just presses a kiss to my temple before leading me inside.

The second we're through the door, I feel the tension between us spike. It's been building all day—hell, all week—and now that we're alone? There's no holding back.

Rayne shuts the door behind us, his dark eyes locking onto mine, and I can feel the heat radiating off him in waves.

"I've been waiting for this," he mutters, his voice rough and low, like he's barely holding it together.

I grin, my heart racing. "Me too."

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