



Wanted Mountain Man

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Category: Romance, Adult

Description: She's a 23 year old looking to lose her V card. But she might lose more than she planned to this rugged, dangerous Mountain Man.

April's having a bad day. Bad month. Bad year. She's sure it's her inexperience holding her back. But after unsuccessful attempts to hook a guy in town, it's when her car breaks down and she is rescued by a big, burly Mountain Man she see her chance to lose the V card.

But is this rough, older, grumpy Mountain Man going to treat her right? And when he demands more from her than she counted on, will he be able to let her go? Will she even want to leave?

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Chapter 1

April

“That’s it darlin, straight down the camera”

Click. Click. Click.

It’s a small room filled with people. The photographer is so small and skinny, if I sat on him I would crush him. It’s loud, bright, and I feel like everybody is judging me.

“More pouting. Can you be more sexy?”

I’m trying to do sexy as best I can. I stuck out my butt even though it feels like a move best kept for the bathroom. I’m doing duck lips so hard I’m about to start quacking. Batting my eyelashes. Pointing one foot. Hand on hip. All while pretending I’m comfortable in the lace corset thing that has squished my boobs up to my throat and has created fat rolls at the top of my thighs.

I’m a curvy girl. The shoot asked for a plus-sized model. But I didn’t know it would be like this. My curls are hairsprayed and the make up is thick. And to the left of me is a line of other girls, waiting their turn.

The photographer stops clicking his camera and lets out a frustrated sigh. “It’s just not sexy. I want you to give me that look like you know you have the power to turn men on. Like in sex, when you feel beautiful and worshiped. Give me sexy. Give me the come to bed look like we’re just about to make love and you know it’s going

to be fantastic.”

I really do try. I make my eyes go wide, try to smile and pout at the same time, I try everything I think might be sexy.

“No. No. No.” He puts his camera down. “You look constipated. Not sexy. I can not work with this.”

His words sting but I refuse to let this bastard see me cry. It’s not until I am out of there and in my car do I let the tears fall.

* * * * *

“It was awful, Trin. I wish you’d been there, you would have stood up to that photographer.”

Trinity is my best friend and she has been letting me stay with her since I got kicked out of my apartment. She plonks herself down next to me on the couch.

I let out a sad little sigh. “How am I meant to pretend to be sexy, when...well, you know...”

Trin is the only one I have confided my dreaded secret to. I’m a twenty-three year old virgin. It’s so embarrassing. It feels like all my friends had their first time in high school, or at least, shortly after high school. And I tried. But, the sad fact is that nobody wanted me. I was too fat for any of the boys to show any interest.

“But you’ve seen movies, April, can’t you just pretend?”

“Yeah, but I don’t know how it feels. The photographer went on about giving him that look when a guy likes you. How can I do that when I’ve never experienced that

feeling.”

Trinity shrugs as she adjusts her purple shawl. She is the ultimate of cool. I sleep in her second room that she uses as a wardrobe, so I go to sleep at night surrounded by all the cool, alternative fashion that she collects.

“So no modeling then. What’s next on the list?”

I shake my head with despair. “I tried being a barista and the machine kept exploding.” I start counting off jobs on my fingers. “Bartending, they said I was too big for the hustle behind the bar. Writing, well, we both know I’m not great with words.”

We both sit back and sigh.

“I have to lose my virginity.” I announce.

“I don’t think having sex will help you write better.”

“No. It’s this big thing though. This big, dark cloud that follows me around. I’ve got no confidence. I don’t know how to flirt with a guy or what to say. Any time I meet a nice guy I’m wondering if he can tell I’ve never had sex. It’s all I think about!”

“Hmmm.” Trinity appears to think about it. Then her eyes flashing, she turns to me. “Doesn’t your Aunt live up in the mountains somewhere? You should go there. Mountain Men are known to be good lovers and they like curvy girls.”

“Just do it with a stranger?” I ask, thinking about it.

“That’s the best way. You don’t have to worry about if it’s bad because you’ll never see the guy again.”

It would be good to get it over and done with. And it's not like I have anything else to do at the moment. "Okay. I'll do it!"

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Chapter 2

April

Saying that I will do it and actually doing it turn out to be two different things. My Aunt was happy to have me come stay and I like the town she lives in, a small mountain town called Starfall Valley. Walking around I certainly find plenty of good looking mountain men. But now what?

I still don't know what to say to them or how to flirt. I tried sitting in the park reading a book but nobody noticed me. I went to the bar and got talking to a ninety year old about the good old days. I said hello to a nice looking man. Batted my eyelashes as I asked him for directions. And then I watched as a beautiful woman jumped into his arms and they started kissing right in front of me.

After a week of roaming the main street of town, I have to admit that I am no better off here than back in the city. So it is time to pack up my little yellow car and head back home with my tail between my legs.

"My sweet, April. You don't seem happy. You have always been such a good girl, you take care of yourself." I give my Aunt a big hug. I just can't bring myself to tell her that I came here to get laid and failed. And that my life is a mess and I can't keep a job, don't have anywhere to live and don't know how to make things better.

It is those feelings that are overwhelming me as I sit at a fork in the road outside of town. If I turn left, that road takes me back down the mountain. Back to my same old life. But something tells me to go right. Right takes me the scenic route up to The

Ridge. I've never gone that way and I'm desperate for something new. Anything other than being the stupid virgin who can't keep a job, can't get a man, can't do anything right.

With a rush of excitement I make the turn. The path less traveled. Something different. The possibility of new adventures. In reality, it's just a longer way home and with a pretty view, but I push those thoughts aside. I am April the explorer. Brave. Independent. A woman who makes a decision and goes for it. Not the timid, fat, failure from the past. This is the new and improved April. Air-con on high, blowing my curls around, radio up loud, I'm enjoying a sense of freedom.

That is when the car starts spluttering, coughing and lurching. I slow to a stop and cut the engine. I up my phone. No signal. Getting out of the car I hope that maybe it has just overheated and needs a bit of time to recover. I walk to the front, picking up a burnt smell from under the hood. I'll pop the hood and let it cool down. My door clicker doesn't work. Fuck, my phone and everything is in the car. What the heck do I do now?

Turning towards the distant roar of motorbikes I wait to hail someone down for a lift back into town. But before I can see them, there is a hand over my mouth and an armed wrapped around my body picking me up off my feet and carrying me back off the road and into the forest.

My heart races. I kick and struggle and try to scream. It's not until we are beyond the tree line that I'm put on my feet. Turning around, ready to hit and scream, I see a tall, handsome man. He still has a strong grip on my arm and his finger is up to his lips telling me to be quiet.

"Get down. Stay quiet." He yanks me down and I turn to watch the road where six motorbikes have pulled up around my car. The men are all leather and denim clad, big, beefy types, lots of tattoos, big beards and an air of danger about them.

I glance at the man crouching by my side. He is tall, broad shoulders, athletic and strong. He has a three day beard, sharp edges to his face and he looks ready to pounce. Energy runs through him. Alert and aware. His large hand resting on my forearm now.

Looking back to my car I watch as the men set about breaking the window. I gasp in outrage as they start pulling out my purse, my luggage, searching through everything. I stand up but that arm is once again around my waist. His hand covers my mouth again. His urgent whisper in my ear.

“You donotwant to go up there. Your things can be replaced. Stay very still and do not make a sound.”

With panic making my heart race I lean back into the stranger as one of the bikers stops and scans the forest where we are hiding. We watch as he stands there. My heart stops as I swear he looks right at us. I squeak and lean back further into the man holding me. His grip on me tightens.

The biker moves away to say something to the other men.

The man holding me lets go, only to grab my hand. “Come with me if you want to live.”

He doesn’t wait for a response. Moving stealthily like a panther through the forest. I jog along beside him. Gasping for breath, crashing through the undergrowth, my heart beating so loud I’m sure everybody can hear it.

At one point he stops, pulling me down again as he scans the forest. I pick up the scent of his soap mixed with the smell of the forest. A warm, clean smell that I find comforting. When he looks down at me he has a kind smile that makes me feel warm and safe. “It’s alright sunshine, I’ll keep you safe. I’m one of the good guys.”

Chapter 3

Jack

I hate this assignment. I love the outdoors, enjoy a bit of camping and I like my job as a sheriff. But hiding up here in the hills just to observe the criminal element is driving me crazy. We know there is a problem up here. Criminals hiding out so close to our nice little town. But the problem is too big for the town sheriff department. My job is to get an idea of numbers, the different gangs operating up here and then report back.

But hanging out in a tiny cabin, alone, surrounded by danger is not my idea of a good time. It's been a week already. A week of hiding out in the dirt, checking out abandoned cabins, following bad guys, eating the same crap every night. I miss my uniform. I miss the town and my perfectly ordered life. But the job comes first. I take my role as protector very seriously.

I was waiting for one of the motorcycle gangs to pass by when I saw the bright yellow car come round the corner. Music blaring. A cute little face surrounded by curls bobbing away behind the wheel. And then as it stuttered to a stop I found myself hoping the woman would get out of her car so I could catch a glimpse of her.

She's a curvy thing. And then I found myself laughing at her little temper tantrum right there on the side of the road. And that's when I heard the motorbikes and knew I had to get her out of there.

Wrapping my arm around her was just a bonus. Feeling her wiggle against me causing me to feel things I shouldn't. And seeing her face up close took my breath away. She doesn't belong out here. All wide eyed, innocent. She reminds me a bit of my younger sister. Someone to be protected.

"It's alright sunshine, I'll keep you safe. I'm one of the good guys." Her smile makes

me feel all warm and my heart skips a beat.

“You can call me Jack.”

“April.” Her voice is soft. Nervous but calm. I hate to think what would have happened if one of the gangs had found her. I know at that moment I will do whatever I need to do to protect her.

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I'm not meant to let anyone know where I am staying, but I'm not about to leave this sweet girl out here on her own. And so I keep a firm hold of her as we make our way deeper into the forest towards my cabin.

Though heaven help me when we get there. I am not the greatest at talking to women. I never know what to say. My sister is always on at me to date more, but I'm no good at small talk and in my experience, women always have an agenda. Usually they are attracted to the uniform or they know about my family money. Just once it would be nice to meet a girl who says exactly what she wants without playing games. A girl I could imagine a future with.

This girl might be all innocent, sweet smiles. But I have fallen for sweet smiles before. Best I remember that I am on the job and she is under my protection and I need to keep this professional.

Chapter 4

April

His cabin doesn't hold much in the way of personal items. There is a single bed in the corner, an empty crate turned on its side acts as a bedside table. There is a small kitchen area, one wooden chair facing the fire. A one man cabin, the lack of personal items speaks volumes. He is a drifter. Not to be tied down.

My eyes keep darting over to that bed. Isn't this exactly what I wanted? He is attractive. Clean. A stranger, never to be seen again. And we do seem to be stuck here with not much else to do.

He is a stranger but already there are acts of kindness. Him telling me to warm myself by the fire. The way he stepped in and rescued me. How he kept me by his side.

And he is attractive. There is an energy about him, with the body of an athlete and his warm smile. I find myself staring at his arms, the front of his t-shirt that indicated hard muscle underneath.

“Would you have sex with me?”

“What??” He turns so fast. His frown dark. He looks annoyed like I’ve asked a stupid question.

And it is a stupid question. What other girl has to go around asking if a stranger will have sex with her? But I really feel like if I could just do it once, then I would understand how to look sexy. I would have more confidence to flirt with a guy. I could stop thinking about sex all the time, so many questions would be answered, and then I could move onto other important things.

But because I’ve not yet had sex, I’m not yet brave enough to push the matter. Or have any idea how to seduce this guy into it. And he looks so annoyed and tense.

“It’s not important. I was just asking if I was the type of girl you would want to have sex with?”

“You are very pretty.” His words are terse. Like someone telling a child what they want to hear.

I watch him as he turns back to fixing the food. But then he turns back to me. “What sort of question is that? You can’t just go around asking strange men if they would have sex with you. Don’t you know that just asking about sex makes men think about it?”

“I don’t know anything. I’ve never had sex. I don’t think I’m the sort of girl men want to... I’ve never...” Fuck, this is awkward with him staring at me like that.

He shakes his head. His hands curled into fists at his side as he seems to be debating with himself. And then he walks over, pulls up a crate and sits down opposite me. I look into his eyes and pick up a note of caring mixed in with frustration and anger.

“Look, April. You are still young. You are a beautiful girl. But you can not go around talking to strange men about sex. Do you know the trouble you could get yourself into? There are bad people in this world. People who would just take what they want. You have to be smart and protect yourself. I’m sure, one day you will meet someone special and everything will work out fine for you.”

“You think I’m beautiful?” Those words had struck a chord in me and made my heart race faster.

“You heard the rest of what I said, right?”

I nod but all I really heard was that he thinks I’m beautiful. No man had called me beautiful before and I had a feeling he meant it.

“Would you kiss me?”

Jack jumps up as if I’d asked him to set himself on fire. “Damn it, April. No. You’re too young.”

I get up and follow him back to the kitchen area. “I’m twenty three. And it’s just a kiss.”

He grabs me by my arms. I feel he is close to shaking me. But I can also feel a heat radiating off his body that I want to get closer to. I’m close enough to pick up the

smell of wood smoke, soap and pine needles.

“There is no such thing as just a kiss between a man and a woman when they are attracted to each other. Now, enough of this. Go sit down, far over there. And I don’t want any more talk of sex or kissing.”

“I’ll help with the food.” Any excuse to stay close to him. Especially now he has admitted he is attracted to me. But what now? I still don’t know what to do to stoke his passion. Other than his anger.

But as I stand chopping vegetables, I can feel his eyes on me. I try not to blush when I see his gaze hover on my breasts. I breathe deeply, my heart racing. His frown gets even darker as he turns away from me to stir the pasta on the stove.

When he is next looking my way, I make a point to stop and stretch. Arms back, breasts out.

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When he turns away I bite at my lips and take a moment to pinch my cheeks.

When he looks back at me he pauses and studies my face. “Are you okay? You don’t look well.” He puts his hand on my forehead to feel for a temperature.

“I feel fine.” I tell him, though I feel hot all over. “We could just have one kiss.”

“No.”

“Please.” This has become really important to me. “And then I swear I will shut up about the whole sex thing.”

“Fine.”

He stands still. It’s obvious he isn’t going to be the one to do the kissing. But I still want to know. Stepping closer I stand on the tips of my toes. Placing a hand on his chest for balance, I turn my face up to his. Our bodies almost touching. His breath mingles with mine. He holds himself straight. Tense. I reach up and push my lips against his. Just for a moment. His beard tickles my chin. I want more but I don’t know what to do.

I step back disappointed with a sigh. Being that close to him was thrilling. He has the energy of an animal waiting to spring into action. Heat radiates off his body. That small touch was tantalizing but if he won’t participate then it’s not a real kiss.

With a muttered curse and a growl. His arm reaches out around my waist pulling me back to him. One hand on my cheek I find myself blinking up into those beautiful

eyes for a moment. A breath. And then he lowers his head. Moving his lips across mine. I feel his tongue, he gently sucks my bottom lip into his mouth. And then the kiss deepens. His hand in my hair.

There is a hunger and an urgency. I grip at his shirt. His arm holds me tightly to his body. All hard muscle that my body melts into. But the kiss. The kiss has me feeling like I am floating. And a heat flows through my body. I want more. I want to be closer to him. I want something I don't understand. And I definitely want the kiss to continue.

But then he thrusts me away from him. His breath ragged. My heart going crazy. My body tingles, mourning the loss of his heat.

“Okay. You got your kiss. Now we won't say anything more about it.”

Say no more about it???

I have so many questions.

I want to do that again.

That and more.

The feel of my body against his was amazing. His mouth on mine, more than I could have dreamt a kiss could be. Not talk about it? No way. If that is the start of something then I want to know absolutely everything there is to know!

Chapter 5

Jack

I knew she would be trouble. I was already turned on before she started talking about sex and kissing. I pride myself on my self control. I thought I could resist her. But it broke my heart to see her looking so defeated and disappointed after her attempt to kiss me. I thought what harm could one kiss cause?

I thought, I'll give her one good kiss and then April will be happy and I can retain my self control. I'd been thinking about kissing her. It took all my strength not to pull her to me when she first attempted the kiss. But it was for her own good that I did what I did. Certainly not for my own pleasure.

But damn, she tastes sweet. Her body fit perfectly to mine. Her sweet little sighs of pleasure. It was a damn good kiss. The kind of kiss that makes a man think of how good it would feel to come home to a woman like this every day. The kind of kiss that has a man forgetting he had said she was too young for him.

Twenty three? It's only a ten year difference. She's not too young for me. But she is so sweet and innocent. She has that smile that gives me a warm feeling in my chest and she is cheeky and charming and has a face that shows every thought running through her mind.

The kiss was a mistake. Feeling her body against mine awakened a feeling I haven't had in the longest time. Thoughts of getting her naked. Of exploring every inch of her body, tracing those curves, letting my fingers grip into the soft flesh of her ass. And damn I want to put my hands on her breasts. Perfect, round, globes just begging to be kissed and touched.

I can order her not to talk about it but I recognise the look on her face. She's not about to let this go. But I am resolved to resist her charms.

As I serve up the meal she starts with the questions.

“When you kissed me, it felt like I was floating. Did it feel the same for you? And when you sucked on my bottom lip.. Could I do that? Would it feel good? And there was so much heat. I felt all hot, almost like I had a fever, but it made me want to be closer to you. And my knees really did feel weak. I thought that was something they just said, but it’s true. Does kissing always feel like that?”

I concentrate on what I’m doing. I won’t even look at her. The one glance showed her face lit up and eyes sparkling, her excitement for this new topic overwhelming.

I practically throw the dinner bowl down before moving the crate back away from her and sitting down to eat.

“It’s like I knew I wanted more too. But I didn’t know what I wanted more of. I guess that is sex. If sex is as good as kissing then I’m looking forward to it.”

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I swallow a groan. Her questions are killing me. What I wouldn't give to show her everything. To teach her, to lose myself in her. To explore her body. To be the one to teach her about pleasure. I'm getting hard just thinking about it.

The mistake is looking up at April. Bathed in the glow of the fire, her skin looks soft, her eyes glisten as she thinks to herself. And I know damn well what she is thinking about. And then I watch, fascinated as she lifts her food to her mouth. Those sexy, luscious lips. Still not watching me, she holds the fork in her mouth, pulling it out so slowly. Savoring her food. All I can think about is kissing her again. She has been sent here to tempt me and I'm not strong enough to resist.

Putting my bowl to the side, she looks over at me. Her innocent eyes wide and questioning.

Standing up I take her plate from her and put it aside. Taking her hand I pull her up out of the chair. My arms wrap around her and I take, just a second, to feel again those soft curves melting against my body.

It feels so right. Her face turned up to mine, her lips part, our breath mingles. I take just a moment to ask myself if I am sure. But when her tongue darts out to wet her bottom lip. Fuck me.

Self control? What self control?

I claim her mouth with mine. Kissing her with all the hunger and passion that is demanding to be released. Hold her head, I bruise her lips. My other hand holding her to me. Her hands grip at my t-shirt and I break the kiss to whip the shirt over my

head.

Her hands roam over my hard muscles. Like she has been waiting for this access. Wanting to feel and touch everything. I moan into her mouth and let my own hands move over her. Across her back, over her hips. I want to touch but I also want her pressed against me.

If we go on like this I won't be able to stop. Breaking off the kiss, my voice rougher than intended. "Are you sure, April? Are you sure you want this."

Her eager nod and happy grin makes something explode in my chest. Like a forest fire, heat races through my body. Holding her tight I kiss her deeply. Both of us breathless but needing even more.

Chapter 6

April

My heart is racing. My body feels like it is on fire. I love his big hands on me and I want more. He turns me around to hold me against him. My back against his chest. His lips running a trail of hot kisses down my throat.

He has one hand on my stomach. Just his touch creates heat under my skin. But his other hand, oh my! He shoves my bra upward and has a grip on my right breast. Squeezing and kneading it. I can feel my nipple pucker and harden.

"You have to be sure, April. I'm going to touch you all over. I'm going to explore this beautiful body and then, when you are ready, I'm going to fuck you like you asked me to. I'm going to fuck you how I want to. I'm going to fuck you how you deserve to be fucked."

His deep voice send tremours of excitement through me, making my knees go weak. A moan escapes me. He grips me tighter.

“I need you to say it.” He growls.

“Yes! Yes I want it. Fuck me however you want.” My body is writhing and twisting against his. I can’t stop moving. I feel his erection and rub my ass against it.

His hand drops between my legs. Stroking me through the denim of my jeans. His thigh between my legs adds even more pressure and I feel I will burn up if I can’t have more.

I feel him unbutton my jeans before pushing them downwards. Fingers dive into my panties. Stroking my pussy.

“You’re already so hot and wet for me.”

“Is...Is that okay?” I ask, nervously.

I hear him laugh but then all thoughts are gone as I gasp. His fingers pushed up inside of me. I rock against them. And then let out a cry of disappointment as he removes his hand.

But it is only to turn me around back to face him. He whips off my t-shirt. Bra gone too. Putting his mouth to one breast I gasp and moan as he uses his mouth to suck, lick, kiss. Running his teeth over my sensitive skin. Who knew his mouth on my nipples could cause such sensations throughout my body.

He holds my hips to his. His huge erection nestled against my pussy. My body is on fire. Gasping for breath. Needing to touch him all over.

He drops to his knees. Pulls off my panties and helps me step out of them. Then, positioning one leg over his shoulder he puts his mouth to me. Sucking in the folds of my pussy. Using his tongue in long strokes. His fingers are there. Inside me. When he touches on my clit I feel my whole body shake.

I try to resist these feelings. It is scary, whatever is building up inside of me. I feel I might die. I feel I might explode. I feel... holly fuck. Like a damn bursting, my body shakes as I float up into the stars. Warm and happy. I want to laugh out loud. My first orgasm. Fucking amazing.

Chapter 7

Jack

Her body shakes. Her pussy floods. I fucking love it. Feeling honoured that I am the first man to experience this with her. If there was more time I would do this again and again but I am so close to exploding it is painful. My cock, big and rock hard, demands attention.

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Getting up off my knees I pick up April in my arms and carry her to the bed. She looks dazed and happy and stretches luxuriously on my sheets.

“We’re not done yet, sunshine.”

She smiles sweetly up at me and I take a mental note of her naked in my bed. I’d love to savor the moment but again, there isn’t time. My need is riding me hard.

Stripping off my jeans and boxers I stand by the bed as April’s eyes roam over my body. Her look is as sexual as though it were her hands running over my body. But when her gaze locks on my cock and she licks her lips. I practically pounce on her with a growl. Kissing her hard as I lay my body over hers. I feel as though I am on fire. But I can feel her tensing up.

Pulling away from the kiss she is nervous now and it is enough to cool my passion. I hate the fear in her eyes.

“Will it hurt?”

I gaze my knuckles over the soft skin of her cheek. Wishing I could wipe the worried look from her expression. “If it does, it will just be for a second. And we can stop at any point.”

She nods. Putting my hand between her legs, I stroke gently at her pussy, stoking the fire that burned so hot before. “You’re still so wet. Do you know what it does to me, to know how hot and wet you are for me?”

She starts to relax as I move my finger in and out of her.

“My cock will feel even better than this. Are you ready for me, April.”

“Yes.” Her voice is just a whisper.

Moving into position I stroke my cock over her opening. Pushing just the tip of my cock inside. Her eyes flare and her fingers dig into my shoulder.

“It’s....it’s, um..bigger than your fingers.” Her words are gasped out.

I move slowly in a little further. “Does it feel good?”

“It feels big.”

With all my might I stop myself from pushing deeper. Holding the weight of my body off her. Commanding my cock to halt in pushing forth. I kiss her gently. And then with more hunger. Letting our tongues roll over each other. Sucking on her bottom and lip and feeling her smile.

And then she pushes her hips upward. Her pussy pulling me in further.

“April!” I groan. Needing to tell her to stop but it feels so fucking good. And then I break. Pushing in the rest of the way, into her hot, wet little pussy. Smashing past her barrier, ignoring the fingernails sinking into my skin.

Filling her. Stretching her. Her tight pussy hugging my cock like it belongs there.

“Are you okay?”

“I think so. So this is sex? We are doing it?”

I laugh. I don't mean to, but it's such an odd question in this moment. I look down at her and smile. "Yes, sunshine, this is sex. Well, the start of it."

She appears to think about it. I move inside of her a little and she gasps. "Alright, I think I'm ready to see what comes next."

I laugh and kiss her deeply as I start to move within her. Taking all my will power and skill to slowly increase the long strokes of my cock. Pulling almost all the way out before pushing further in. It's not long before she is telling me to keep going.

With a groan I still hold myself back from pounding her into the mattress. Wanting her to adjust to these new feelings. Wanting her to love the full length of me inside of her.

But when she starts her own hip thrusting, that's when I lose all control. Holding off for so long, all I can do is hold her tightly to me as I thrust into her like an animal.

All the while feeling that we are bonded together now. She and I. That I found the missing piece of my life. That I don't ever want to let her go. She is mine. She is mine. She is mine.

Chapter 8

April

Laying on the small, single bed, wrapped in Jack's arms, I feel warm and safe. Still a little dazed. And amazed. And in love. I want to tell him that I love him for showing me how beautiful sex can be. But I know he will think I am crazy. I asked for sex and he obliged. I need to play it cool.

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All of my emotions are bubbling to the surface, but I must not let Jack see it. This was like a business arrangement and I will try to keep reminding myself of that. No matter how much I might wish this could be long term. How perfect we could be together.

But I will guard my heart. I don't want him thinking I'm too immature and young to handle this. My first sexual experience. But to him it was just what I asked for, nothing more. Nothing special.

“Why were you in such a rush to have sex for the first time?”

I try to shrug it off but he won't let me get away with not answering the question. And so I tell him it all. That I have never felt beautiful. That I don't know how to be sexy in front of a camera.

“April, you really are beautiful. From the minute I saw you I thought you were cute. Then a little bit aggravating.” I can feel his smile as he plants a little kiss on my shoulder. “And then I just thought you were sexy as hell. And that was before you propositioned me for sex.”

I don't have to question him. I can tell by his passion that he does find me attractive. But then again, he is a criminal on the run and has probably been up here for months. Maybe even years.

“I'm not good at anything. But at least now I have one less thing to worry about.”

“What do you mean?”

“I always felt it was holding me back. Sex was this whole big thing I didn’t know about. But now I’ve had it. And it was great by the way. Thank you for that.”

“No problem.”

“I thought I might like to be a model for plus sized clothing. I like the idea of having a positive body image, we can’t all be size six, you know. But how could I be promoting positive body image when I didn’t have a positive image of myself. This feeling that nobody would ever have sex with me. But then I met you. And you obviously don’t mind what I look like. And I want to learn everything there is to learn about it.”

I know I am rambling. I can’t seem to stop. I feel all giddy with happiness and nervous at the same time. My romantic heart would like nothing better than to stay wrapped in his arms and have him confess his love for me now that we have had sex. But my realist brain knows that is not how things work. So I’m trying to be cool and guarded while letting him know I had a great time. A really great time.

“Learn about what?” His voice is a bit clipped. He has probably just never had a woman ramble on like this. I turn over and grin up at him. “Learn about sex. Now the first time is out of the way. I want to know everything. Different positions or whatever.”

“You want to have sex again?” He asks the question without emotion. “Just to learn a different position?”

I nod.

“Okay. Fine.” I watch as he sits up in the bed. His back against the bedhead.

“Come here.” He holds out his hand. He still shows little emotion but he must be

okay if we are going to have sex again. I get up on my knees. My hand in his he pulls me up onto him until my legs are straddling his.

Sitting back on his thighs I look at him questioningly.

“You just want to use me for sex. Well have at it. I think you will find this position enjoyable.”

He moves his legs apart, my thighs opening wider with the movement. His hand gently stroked my pussy. I’m warm and wet when he pushes his finger inside and I let my head roll back with a little moan.

When I look down between us his hand is stroking his cock, already thick and rock hard.

“You know where everything goes now. If you want to use me to gain experience, then who am I to complain?”

I want to tell him that’s not how I want it. He is being cold and impersonal. Obviously hurt by my suggestion I was using him just for sex. I want to tell him it means more to me than that. That I was just being stupid. Trying to protect my heart from falling for him. I was going to tell him....

But his hand grabs my ass and drags me forward onto his cock. I gasp as he pushes into me. His big hands pulling me closer so I take his whole shaft. It stretches me. But fuck me, this is what I want.

His hands drop away and I let out a little whimper. Sitting there. Impaled on his cock. I want him to move within me. I don’t know what to do. I grip at his chest. Grinding down with my hips.

“This is your game, little one. If you’re just using me, if it’s just my cock you want. Just the experience. Well you decide what happens next.”

I bite my lip as I raise myself up a little before sliding back down. My eyes flare wide at the sensation of it. The power of it. I move some more. Just my hips. Then up and down. Slowly. Long deep, angled strokes. I find some movements make him moan. I watch his face as I move up and down on his cock. I find a rhythm and start to ride him.

Then, with my hands gripping the bed head, I can get more traction. Angle his cock in different ways for different sensations. But my favorite is to sink down onto his beautiful shaft. To feel every inch of him. To bounce up and down just a little to feel him in the depths of me.

He likes it too. He tries to keep a straight face but he can’t contain his groans of pleasure. This feels so good. Wickedly sinful. Powerful. I like the control. But only for a little while. I find myself wishing he would take control again. I want him to fuck me like before. Fuck me like he owns me.

I’ll ride him like this, just for another minute, and then I’ll tell him. But I don’t have to. With a fierce growl he grabs my ass with one hand, the other, lost in my hair pulls me down for a hungry kiss.

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“You learn too fucking quickly.” His hands roam my body. “Enough lessons for today.”

I nod. I want him to have full control. I’m so close to orgasm again but can’t get myself there. Riding his cock is nice, but I want him in control of it. I’ll do anything he asks and I think he knows it.

Holding my hips to his. His hands at my waist. “Lean back, April.”

I do as he says. Arching my back. He gets up on his knees. His big hands holding me to him. My legs around his waist. He grips me tight as he pushes his cock into me. And then he pounds me onto him like a rag doll.

In this position I have no control. My head is on the bed. He holds my hips, bringing me to him as he thrusts into me. All the pressure that has been building in me feels like it is going to explode. My boobs bounce. Flesh wobbles. But all I care about is his cock inside me and that feeling that I am going to explode or cry or die and I don’t give a fuck which, as long as he never stops fucking me.

But then he stops. Withdraws and I cry out with the loss. Shaking my head, almost mindless. His big hands pull me upwards. His hands on my back, my head above his, he lowers me slowly back onto his cock.

“Look at me, April.” His voice is a deep growl. I do as he commands.

“This isn’t some fucking lesson, you hear me?” He picks me up and drops me onto his rock hard shaft. “This isn’t a one night thing, you and me. This means something.

Can you feel that it means something?”

“Fuck, yes!!!” I’d agree to almost anything at this point. But my heart feels like it is going to explode knowing he feels how I do. That there is something between us now. Joined by this experience. And neither of us is ready to let the other one go.

Chapter 9

Jack

April is fast asleep. It’s been a big night for her and I’m determined to leave her be. But everytime I look over to her in my bed, I can’t keep the grin off my face. Who would have thought that this assignment I didn’t want would bring me to meet the most amazing woman.

She is sexy, funny, determined and entertaining. She makes me laugh. She makes me feel protective. And damn me if she hasn’t got me planning out our future together.

After a couple of hours I figure I’ll just lay down next to her. Just to watch her sleep. But as I ease myself down she looks up at me and smiles.

“Did I dream it all?”

I let out a laugh and wrap her in my arms. Giving her a soft kiss on that sexy mouth of hers.

“No, sunshine, it was all real. You gave yourself to me and now I’m not letting you go.”

We lay there, with my woman wrapped in my arms and talk about the future. She admits she has no job, no plans, no apartment of her own.

“So, you will live with me. I’m due some time off so I can spend all day and night...ahh....teaching you.” I grin at her. Then kiss her. “I mean loving you.”

I love her laugh. “Time off from being a criminal?”

I explain to her that I’m a sheriff and have been hiding out undercover. But at first light I’m getting her out of here. Out of danger. Someone else can come up and monitor The Ridge for a while.

“You think you could like life with a Sheriff?” I ask her seriously.

“Oh yes.” She grins up at me. Then she bites her lip and looks down.

“What is it, April?”

“Do you think we could do it sitting up again?”

I laugh and hug her to me. Never before have I felt this happy. This light-hearted. I kiss her. Soft at first and then more deeply. Well...we do have a few more hours till sunrise.

Epilogue

April

“Look, there is another one looking at you.”

I’m on a park bench in Starfall Valley. My new friend Kate and I had the idea of going for a walk, but so far it involves both of us sitting here enjoying a coffee.

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“He wasn’t looking at me.” Though secretly I had seen the interested look from the big, handsome mountain man. This small town is filled with them. “I just don’t understand. Only a couple of weeks ago I would have done anything to be noticed and none of these guys gave me a second look.”

Kate nods. “It’s the happiness factor. Now that you are here, and in love with the gorgeous Sheriff Jack, the happiness you feel automatically makes you more attractive. People can apply this and shave off that, but at the end of the day it is inner beauty and happiness and joy that people are attracted to.”

I sit back and look around at the trees in the park. The fresh mountain air. This town, which I am beginning to love. And I think about my handsome stranger turned Sheriff, who I am totally head over heels in love with. I let out a contented sigh. “You know what, I am really happy. I’m so glad I came here and got lost in the mountains.”

Kate grins. She has heard the whole story when we meet at Book Club. And I learnt that she moved here and fell in love with her mountain man, artist neighbour. So she knows what I am talking about.

Sure, there have been a few teething problems as Jack and I start to really get to know each other. Like he is perfectly ordered, shoes shining, socks in their place in the sock drawer. And I enjoy a little bit of cluttered mess. But he is also strong and brave and protective. And he loves to make me happy. So we are finding our way together.

“So, what do you think?” Kate pulls my attention back to her. “Now that we have decided that you are happy and these guys find you attractive, would you model for me? It would really help me out.”

I'm not sure. After that one experience I've been turned off the idea of modeling plus-sized clothes. But I would like to help out my new friend. And Jack hasn't mentioned me getting a job, but it would be nice to have my own money. And something to do while Jack is off protecting the town.

"Okay. I'll do it."

* * * * *

"That's it. Just look relaxed. Look to the left. And smile."

Click. Click. Click

"Fantastic!"

I'm glad I agreed to this. Kate runs websites for different businesses in town and it is a plus-sized clothing store that I am modeling for. Kate is here, the photographer is really nice and the clothes are beautiful.

I glance over at Jack before I do a little twirl. He is standing off to the side, arms crossed, watching everything. When I told him about this job he wasn't too pleased at the idea of me modeling. And so he had insisted on being here to make sure everything is okay.

"Comfortable Jack?" Kate calls over to him and he nods. "Get yourself a coffee if you are hanging around, we've got a lot of clothes to get through."

I laugh at his frown and skip over to him. "I'm fine here on my own if you want to go home?"

He runs a hand through his hair. Cut shorter since we came back to town. The beard trimmed down too. Much more dashing and handsome like this.

“Yeah, probably best I go. I’m this close to throwing you over my shoulder and taking you home.”

“Really? You like these dresses.”

I swear the man is almost blushing. He hooks his thumbs in his jeans pockets and shrugs. “I like the pink one.”

“Maybe I’ll buy it.”

He takes out his wallet and hands me his credit card. “Buy anything you want. And we will talk further about how beautiful you are when you get home.” With a sexy wink I watch him walk off, unable to keep the grin off my face.

Who would have thought life could be so good for a hot mess like me? Just goes to show what one wrong turn can bring.

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