



Bossy Mountain Man (Hot Mountain Nights #8)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Selena

My main concern when I escaped our parents watchful eyes was saving my older sister from an arranged marriage. Finding the small mountain town where she was hiding turned out to be more complicated than I expected, and I was desperately hoping our parents wouldn't find us until we could figure a way out of this disastrous union.

My plan was set in motion when the hired driver dropped me off in the middle of nowhere, next to a cabin in the woods. My cabin—at least for the next month, while Sienna and I work out the details of dissolving the proposed union between her and Arti to advance his political aspirations.

I had no idea my plan would be delayed by a bossy mountain man who claimed I was trespassing in his cabin. It didn't help that our first meeting took place in his bedroom—me without a stitch of clothing and him caught holding a pair of my panties.

Shaw

My life is predictable. I eat the same thing for breakfast every day and walk the same route to work day in and day out. I never stray from my routine. It's a cold and lonely existence, which never bothered me until she showed up at my cabin, claiming it was hers for the next month.

Spotting a curvy stranger stepping out of my bathroom wearing nothing but what the good Lord gave her—and he gave her a lot of curves—turned my boring, predictable life upside down, especially when she seems intent on teasing me to distraction.

It's time to see how far she'll go to distract me from throwing her over my shoulder and kicking her out of my house when we both know that my bed is where she belongs.

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one

Selena

The warm mountain air feels incredible on my skin, far more refreshing than the heavy dirt and grime of the city air I'm accustomed to.

Hiring a driver from the city to bring me here probably wasn't the smartest idea I've ever had, but since I didn't want my car to be spotted, it was my only option.

Especially given that I'm on a mission to save my sister from our overbearing parents and their scheme to marry her off to some jerk for political gain.

"Thanks again for driving me so far out of the way." I hand the driver enough cash through the open car window for him to forget the directions. "If anyone asks, please don't tell them where you dropped me off."

"Lady, I'm not sure I know where we are or how we got here." He smiles as he counts the money. "But for this kind of cash, I'd be more than happy to find my way back here to pick you up."

That is exactly what I was afraid of—money can get you anything you want. "Here." I hand him a couple more hundred-dollar bills. "I won't need your services again, and forget you ever saw me."

With a broad smile, he salutes me by placing his hand to his forehead. "A pleasure doing business with you, lady." He doesn't waste any time turning around in the dirt

driveway and hurries away, leaving a trail of fine dust in his haste, which just so happens to settle on my hair and skin.

“Great. Now I need a shower.” I grab my small suitcase from the ground and carry it up the front steps onto a large wrap-around wooden deck with two rocking chairs positioned side by side, all overlooking a stunning view of the mountains.

I can’t wait to sit out here and work on my blog. My readers will love the idea of a big city girl roughing it in the wilderness, even though I wouldn’t exactly describe this cabin or the view as roughing it.

A girl could get used to this view. But first, a shower.

After discovering the cabin fully furnished with food and everything I could possibly need according to the rental agreement, it’s finally time for that shower.

I wasn’t surprised to find the front door unlocked. It feels so peaceful up here. I can’t imagine criminals wandering around in this little slice of heaven.

Speaking of heaven, the body wash left by the rental agency in the shower is heavenly—almost a bit masculine. I’ll need to remember to ask what brand it is before I go—if I go.

When I came up with the idea to save my sister from a horrible arranged marriage, I barely had time to pack anything in my suitcase before I made a run for it—just some clothes, a few necessities, and my laptop. This rental agency will definitely be getting five stars from me.

Squeezing more body wash from the bottle into my palm, I rub my hands together before running them through my hair, creating a rich lather. The thick bubbles glide down my skin and over my chest, causing my nipples to harden painfully as I imagine

it's a lover's caress making them that way.

Unfortunately, I've been so focused on saving my sister from a potentially terrible relationship that I've never once considered my own pleasure—or even a boyfriend, for that matter. But that's all about to change.

Once I handle the situation with my sister, I'll finally put my needs first, hopefully in the form of a six-foot-two muscular mountain man to devirginize me. A beard would definitely be a plus.

I let my hands trace the path of the sudsy bubbles, moving down my neck to my chest, cupping each breast in my palms. I close my eyes and allow my imagination to take over.

My dream lover is here with me in the shower.

It's a tight fit, but we make it work as our bodies come together.

His skillful fingers pinch my nipples, driving me mad with lust, until finally he captures one of the tightened buds in his mouth sucking on it gently at first, then harder and faster until I think I'm going to burst. But instead of letting me combust into flames like my body is dying to do, he drops to the tiled floor on his knees, placing his face against my throbbing pussy.

“Should I let this pretty little cunt come?” His wicked voice hums against my core, causing my legs to go weak.

I lean back onto the shower wall, needing to use it to support my lust-filled body.

His tongue darts out sliding from my entrance to my clit.

The sensation making my pulse quicken and my breathing come out in short puffs.

His tongue moves faster over the hard little nub as he slips a finger inside of me.

“It’s too much.” My body tenses, unsure what to do with so much pleasure.

“You’ll take everything I give you like the good girl I know you are.

” His praise sends me over the edge as I moan loud enough for our closest neighbor to hear, which is probably a couple of miles away, as my body falls apart under his masterful tongue and fingers.

Once my body stops shaking and my legs regain their strength, I open my eyes, push off the shower wall, and finish rinsing off, aware that I’m wearing the world’s biggest satisfied smile on my face.

I shut off the water, wring out my hair, and hop out of the shower, only to discover there are no towels in the bathroom.

“I guess the rental agency might lose a star after all,” I grumble as I open the bathroom door and step into the bedroom, searching for some towels, only to come face to face with the mountain man from my fantasy.

Unlike my fantasy man, he’s about six feet six inches tall, fully clothed, and holding my discarded, dirty lace underwear in his hand.

I’m almost ready to die from embarrassment when I notice him stuff my panties in the front pocket of his jeans as his eyes eat up my body in a heated glare.

“What is your sexy, trespassing, naked ass doing in my cabin? You know, we arrest squatters around here, don’t you?

I'd hate to have to call the sheriff on you. ”

The way he says, “your sexy naked ass,” has my heart racing. I hope he finds the rest of me as just as sexy.

Wait a minute. Did he say his cabin? Trespassing? Arrested?

“Your cabin? I don't think so. I have proof on my phone that I rented this cabin for the next month.

So, if anything, you're the squatter that will be arrested, not me.

” In my anger, I cross my arms under my breasts and throw my shoulders back, refusing to let this bossy mountain man intimidate me into leaving the cabin I rightfully paid for.

It isn't until his eyes fall to my bare chest that, unconsciously, I'm offering up to him on some invisible platter that I remember I'm still naked.

The desire in those eyes should scare me, but there's something about him that I can't explain that makes me feel like I can trust him not to hurt me unless I ask him to.

“Put some damn clothes on and meet me in the living room so you can show me this proof of occupancy you claim to have or I'll throw you over my shoulder and out of my house like the squatter you are, clothes or no clothes” He stomps out of the room slamming the door behind him, but not before I catch a glimpse of the massive outline of his dick straining against his way too tight jeans and his threat to throw me over his shoulder naked if needed—to kick me out of his cabin instead of ravishing me on his bed like my imagination conjured up at his threat.

Now, the only thing I can think of is getting me some of that mountain cock—and I

know just how to do it. But first, I have to make sure my sister is okay.

I don't bother putting on any clothes because, honestly, I wouldn't mind if he came back in here and saw me naked again. I reach for my purse and pull my phone out, calling the number of the burner phone I know my sister is using.

On the second ring, she answers. "Hey, Selena. What's up?"

I don't want to worry her, but I can't sugarcoat the severity of the matter.

"Things are getting bad with Mom and Dad.

They're furious you haven't returned yet.

" I hesitate, unsure if I want to tell her the whole truth and cause her even more worry.

"It's gotten so bad—they're considering having me take your place as Artie's fiancée."
"

Sienna might only be older than me by eleven months, but sometimes it feels like she's a decade older when the weight of the world is on her shoulders with this farce of a marriage arrangement.

"You know I'd never let that happen. I'll return home on Monday."

"No, you don't have to. I ran away. I'm staying in a cabin not far from the town where you're living. I was thinking that once this all blows over, we can live together in our own bachelorette apartment, just as we always talked about."

"Did anyone follow you?" The slight panic in her voice makes me want to soothe her

fears, if only for a few moments.

"You insult me. You should know me better than that by now." I snort sarcastically.

"Sorry, Selena." I hate hearing the sadness in her tone. Obviously, my sarcasm was lost on her.

"It's okay. But the sooner we get this settled, the sooner I can get away from this bossy mountain man." Of course, I can't stop thinking about him—my sexy, bossy mountain man. Only a wooden wall separates him from my naked body.

"Wait? What are you talking about? What mountain man?" Sienna's words pull me out of my mountain man fantasy.

It's time to come clean. "I rented a cute cabin in the mountains, and this bossy mountain man is claiming it's his cabin and I'm trespassing.

He threatened to pick me up, throw me over his shoulder, and carry me outside if I didn't leave on my own.

Can you believe that? He even said he would have me arrested for squatting on his property.

At least he's giving me time to put some clothes on before he tries to kick me out. "

"Wait a minute, why are you naked? Did he do anything to you?"

"I wish."

Crap, did I say that out loud?

"Okay, so tell me why he thinks you're a squatter and why you're naked."

"It's a long story. Best told in person."

"I sigh, not wanting to bother her with my silly little problem when she's looking at a forced marriage."

"Let's just say I was hot and tired after the long drive to the cabin."

I took a shower, and when I stepped out of the bathroom and walked into the bedroom, a sexy stranger was holding my underwear. "

"You're right. I definitely need to see your face as you explain how you ended up in that mess."

"You and me both. I still think he's the squatter."

"Did he look like a squatter?"

"I don't know. I didn't see much beyond his handsome face and muscular body."

"What about your underwear in his hand? It seems like you didn't miss that." She laughs into the phone, making my heart soar in happiness. I'm glad something can lighten her mood, even at my expense. "Which ones were they?"

"We're done with the conversation." I playfully huff into the phone.

"I'll call you later, when I've straightened out this mess."

And by the way, it was my lace white thong.

Love you. Bye." I can't help adding before I end the call, leaving her to wonder about something other than her pending nuptials.

Now to take care of my bossy mountain man.

I scan the room, my eyes falling on a plaid long-sleeved shirt hanging over the chair in the corner.

Perfect.

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two

Shaw

"Hey, Shaw." My brother answers the phone call in a way that is too happy for my liking today.

If my day isn't bad enough with a curvy little squatter in my cabin, I also have to deal with my head-over-heels-in-love brother, Wyatt.

Wyatt has been pursuing Sienna for a few weeks now. He said that when he first saw her, it was love at first sight—at least on his part. She has pushed him away whenever he tries to get close to her.

I've called Wyatt all sorts of a fool for chasing after someone who clearly doesn't want to be caught. Yet, each time I do, he smiles and tells me someday I'll meet someone who I'll instantly know is mine and do whatever it takes to make her mine.

My mind drifts to the woman in the room next door, and my palms begin to itch thinking about her wide hips, full breasts, and tiny waist. She reminds me of one of those old-time pinup girls tempting men to do their bidding.

I shake my head, trying to remember why I called my brother in the first place, but the only thing rattling around in my brain is all her glorious wet skin.

Having my daily routine interrupted by a naked woman pleasuring herself in my shower is not something I was expecting when I came home for lunch to my quiet

house and boring cold meat sandwich.

My cock twitches in my pants reminding me of her panties resting so close to it stuffed in my front pocket. What in the hell was I thinking, shoving them in there when she caught me red-handed holding them up for inspection?

In my defense, when I opened my bedroom door to the sound of water and a feminine voice crying out in ecstasy from my bathroom, my brain short-circuited. When my eyes landed on a pair of white lace panties carelessly tossed on my bedroom floor, my primal instinct took over.

I'm not sure what compelled me to pick up that tiny scrap of lace, but I swear I wanted to bring it to my nose and inhale the sweet scent I knew I would find there.

The little willpower I had saved me from something more embarrassing than I ever thought possible.

I might be a thirty-year-old virgin, but I don't need my little squatter to think I'm some pervert who goes around sniffing strangers' panties.

Squatter.

I've never really given that word a second thought until today. Now that I've seen her pretty little pussy all I can picture is it smashed against my face as she rides my beard, feeding me her cream as I lap it up with my tongue.

Unconsciously, my free hand shifts to my front pocket to the tiny strip of fabric burning a hole in my jeans. One little sniff won't hurt anything.

The dirty thought almost takes over until I remember I'm in the middle of a conversation with my brother. "I'll be a little late today. I have a squatter claiming she

rented my cabin for the next month."

"She? How hard can it be to get rid of a girl?"

"She's hardly a girl. She's all woman." I clear my throat. I don't want my brother all up in my business about a woman I'll never see again after today. "I mean, she claims to have a confirmation text, which she said she'll show me after she gets dressed."

"Wait, you have a naked woman claiming she rented your cabin for the next month. You're pulling my leg, right?"

"No, I'm not joking. I came home to grab lunch and heard water running in my bathroom.

It shut off as soon as I walked into the bedroom, but before I knew what was happening, a gorgeous naked woman walked out of my bathroom, glaring daggers at me.

"I leave out the sound of her moaning, and the damning piece of evidence in my pocket.

"You poor thing." He chuckles. "What are you going to do with her?"

"I don't know. I threatened to haul her over my shoulder and out of my house if she didn't leave on her own. So, I don't expect she'll want to stay after that."

"Alright, if you say so. But maybe you should take the whole day off just in case."

Fortunately, Wyatt and I own a logging company. As owners, we can come and go as we please. We both enjoy being outdoors with the lumberjacks we employ, cutting down mature trees only to replace them with young ones to maintain the circle of life

in the mountains.

"Maybe." I need to settle this issue and send my unwanted guest back to whatever city she came from because she definitely has city girl written all over her. "I'll talk to you later, Wyatt."

"See you later. And good luck."

I grind my teeth at his sarcastic tone as it digs into my last nerve. My curvy squatter has me tied up in knots as it is, and I've only known about her for ten minutes.

"Hey, sorry we got off on the wrong foot earlier. My name's Selena, by the way."

I spin around at the sound of her sultry voice. My jaw drops as I take in the sight before me. Her long hair curls wildly around her shoulders, still damp from the shower.

But that's not what has my jaw dropping—it's what she's wearing: one of my flannel shirts. And damn if she doesn't look good in it.

It's a bit too long for her, falling below her knees, but it fits snugly around her wide hips. It must be too tight in the chest since she has it unbuttoned so far that I can see the deep valley between her breasts and the swells of her creamy skin, prompting me to take a step closer to her.

"I'm...ah...Shaw." I finally spit out, surprised that I could even string those few words together, my eyes glued to the Goddess in flannel.

"Sorry. I hope you don't mind." She runs her hands down the front of my flannel shirt she's wearing, pressing it tighter against her lush curves.

“But you seemed to be in a hurry to settle this ugly trespassing dispute. I threw on the first thing I saw. I didn’t even take time to get anything out of my suitcase.

” Her unspoken thoughts about her lack of undergarments linger heavily in the air.

My hand instinctively grazes the small lump of fabric still tucked in my front pocket, drawing her gaze to it.

There’s no way in hell I’m giving these back.

I’m going to need something to jerkoff into once she realizes she’s in the wrong about renting the cabin and hightails it out of her as fast as she can, leaving me with only the memories of her perfection.

Just the thought of wrapping her lace panties around my dick as I thrust into my hand imagining it’s her tight little pussy has me rock hard and ready to bust a nut.

Needing to place some distance between us before my body gives in to the craving, I step behind the kitchen island, hoping to cover my obvious lust for Selena.

Selena, a beautiful name that matches her lovely face and gorgeous body.

“No, of course I don’t mind. The sooner we get this mess figured out, the better.

” A trickle of sweat runs down my back between my shoulder blades, leaving a burning trail of need in its wake.

I take a deep breath to cool my thoughts.

“Are you going to show me the evidence you have to prove you’re not trespassing? ”

“It’s right here.” She picks her phone up from the couch armrest and holds the screen up for my inspection, stepping closer to me. “Right there. I’m the legal resident of this cabin for the next thirty days.”

A quick scan of the information on the screen tells me all I need to know. “You’re right. You did rent a cabin for the next thirty days.”

“I told you so.” A sexy smirk crosses her face, and I almost don’t want to continue our conversation. But there’s no point in prolonging the inevitable.

“Like I said, you rented a cabin, just not this cabin. The cabin you rented is about five miles east of here.”

“Oh.” The sexy smirk falls from her face, and I could kick myself for not breaking it to her easier—even stretching it out so she’d have to stay with me longer.

“I guess I’ll change and grab my things.

I’ll be out of your hair before you know it.

” A sad smile touches her lips, and I could kick myself.

“I...um...don’t have a car. Do you know of anyone who could give me a ride to the right cabin? ”

Now I’m mad at myself—my once-sexy, confident little squatter has been replaced by a shy, embarrassed woman.

“I have some chores to do today that I can’t put off.

How about you spend the night in the guest bedroom, and I’ll take you to the right

cabin in the morning?

” I’m not sure what possessed me to make the offer, but as the happy smile that replaces the sad one crosses her beautiful face, I’m glad I did.

Now, all I have to do is figure out what chores I need to tackle so my little squatter won’t realize I’m lying to her.

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three

Selena

Following Shaw outside as he chops wood was sheer genius. What better way to describe to my followers the exact ripple of every one of his muscles than to watch him in action?

Not changing out of his flannel shirt was also pure genius.

With each downward stroke of his ax against the wood, he lets out a primal grunt that has me squirming in the rocking chair on the back porch, with its spectacular view of the mountains, and an even more stunning view of the sexy shirtless mountain man, with his glistening, sweat-streaked chest taunting me.

My inner thighs are glazed in lust from the sight of him. It doesn't help that every time he lets out a grunt, I feel it deep in my core, causing more wetness to escape onto my thighs and his shirt.

Whack. Grunt. Squirm.

How can a girl focus on writing her blog with all this sexual energy in the air?

Shifting my hips once more, I search for relief from my throbbing clit, and I catch Shaw watching me through lowered lashes, the hard ridge of his manhood pressing tightly against his jeans.

Unconsciously, I bring a hand to the collar of my flannel shirt and pull it away from my chest, hoping to create a breeze to help cool me off. Shaw's gaze darts to the opening of the shirt. I glance down only to see I've tugged the fabric so far from my chest that you can almost see my bare nipple.

I quickly let the material drop onto my chest and turn my attention to my laptop. The last thing I need is for Shaw to think I'm lusting after him when he obviously doesn't want to act on the chemistry between us that I know he can feel.

Back to my blog.

Fortunately, I use a fake name and don't have any photos of my face on social media, so there's no way my parents can connect me to this part of my life. As far as my parents are concerned, I'm an influencer who blogs about fashion, travel, and all those superficial things.

I wonder how they would react if they knew that was just a side hustle I use to cover my real social media persona, Lena, and my blog, Lena on Me.

It started as a fun way to help people on their own path to self-discovery and evolved into a platform for those needing a plus-sized role model, not the slim ideal of a perfect woman.

My articles cover topics from dating advice to navigating life in a superficial world. My readers know that I'm still a virgin and that it's perfectly fine to remain one until I feel ready to change that status. After meeting my bossy mountain man, I believe I'm ready.

After taking one last look at Shaw and noticing that he's gone back to chopping wood, I turn to my laptop.

It's time to tell my followers that I've met the man I'm going to make love to for the first time, but I want to make it entertaining—hence the mountain cock idea.

I mean, really, who doesn't want a little mountain cock? Or in Shaw's case, a big mountain cock.

Instead of focusing on the gorgeous hunk in front of me, I lose track of time as I write about the beginning of my adventures in the woods. As I finish the post to invite my followers to tune in tomorrow, I smile as I read back the words and how Shaw makes me feel.

"What are you working on?" Shaw's voice is so close, it's almost as if he's right next to me.

I slam my laptop shut. The last thing I need is for Shaw to see what I posted. Not that there's anything wrong with it; it's just that my blog is mine. Not even Sienna knows about it, and I tell my sister everything.

"It's nothing." I choke on my own spit as Shaw steps onto the porch, reaches down to the cooler next to me, and pulls out a bottle of water.

He unscrews the lid and takes a large drink, the muscles in his neck working the water down his throat while beads of excess water rivet down his chest, making me think about him in a shower.

"Here." He thrusts the half-empty bottle of water toward me. "Drink this."

I take the bottle from his hands, and our fingers brush against each other, igniting a burning sensation where they touch. "Thanks." I pull back, lifting the bottle to my lips, needing to create some space between us, until I realize my lips are now on the same spot where his lips just were.

He watches me expectantly as I finish the rest of the water from the bottle, hesitant to pull my lips away from the warm spot where his had just been.

“Are you okay?” He runs a hand over my back as if to help soothe my coughing fit. I’m not sure if he even realizes he’s doing it, but his touch is doing delicious things to my lady parts.

“I’m fine. I just swallowed wrong.” My voice comes out husky after all the coughing. But it’s the words, I just swallowed wrong, that linger heavily in the air as we stare into each other’s eyes.

I might be a virgin, but I read a ton of smut on my Kindle, and I know for sure, I would swallow every drop of whatever Shaw gave me.

His eyes search mine as if trying to decide what to say. “We should probably call it a day. I’ve got some stew in the crockpot we can have for supper, then we should probably call it a night since I’m sure you’ll want to get an early start on your rental cabin.”

I nod because what can I say—that I want him to throw me over his shoulder and have his wicked way with me.

Instead, I let him lead me into the cabin, where he serves up a bowl of the best stew I’ve ever eaten—too bad I couldn’t enjoy it, my stomach tied in knots, thinking about our limited time together.

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four

Shaw

If she moans one more time, I'm going to fucking lose it. The sound is messing with my self-control--if she makes those kinds of sounds over the taste of my stew, I wonder what sounds she'd make with my shaft buried nine inches deep inside her.

"I noticed you have a garden out back. Do you grow your vegetables?"

I can't remember the last time I had company while eating. With Wyatt caught up with Sienna, he hasn't been around much. It's nice to have someone to talk to, even if it's about my garden instead of how much I'd love to take her into my bedroom and spend the rest of the night making love to her.

"Yeah, my mom always loved gardens. It only seemed right that I have one."

"Do your parents still live around here?" Her question is innocent enough. She has no idea my parents died over ten years ago.

The anxiety I usually feel when I tell people about my parents' tragic death isn't there. There's a calmness settling deep inside me, telling me it's okay to let the past go and live in the present.

"They died over ten years ago." She sets her spoon down and reaches for my hand. But before she can say anything, I continue. "It was a freak accident. My older brother, Wyatt, and I have been alone since."

She listens intently as I share the details of my life before and after my parents' deaths, squeezing my hand when she senses my hesitation.

When I finally finish my story, she squeezes my hand tightly. "I am so sorry for your loss. My parents might be self-centered and have a one-track mind, but I know deep down inside they love me and my sister in their way. I would be devastated if they died."

I wrap a piece of her hair around my finger, needing to touch her somehow. "It's getting late. I still need to take a shower." I let the silky strands slide through my fingers before excusing myself and retreating to the seclusion of my bathroom.

The hot spray of water feels good on my bare skin. The only thing that would feel better is if Selena were in the shower with me. I can imagine her small hands running over my chest, soaping my body, making sure to get every part of me clean.

My hand drops to my shaft as I close my eyes, still imagining Selena in the shower with me, her large breasts begging for me to taste them. Or would she offer me her pink little pussy first?

Faster and faster, my hand pumps around my flesh as a tingling sensation starts to pulse in my lower back, warning me I'm seconds away from spilling my seed.

My eyes fly open at the sound of the shower door sliding open to reveal a naked Selena stepping into the shower to join me. Her eyes boldly staring into mine.

"What are you doing?" My eyes eat up the vision in front of me.

She is so beautiful; I can't resist the urges any longer, especially now that she's offering herself to me.

“Isn’t it obvious, Shaw? I want you to make love to me.” She tips her head down before lifting her gaze back to mine. “I’m a virgin. I want you to be my first.”

All the air is knocked from my lungs at her confession. I lift my hand to her cheek, brushing it gently. “I’m a virgin too, sweetheart. I’d be honored if you’d be my first, too.”

She smiles and wraps her arms around my neck, pulling me to her lips for our first kiss. We’re both tentative at first, but instinct kicks in as our tongues tangle and thrust, mimicking what our bodies are craving.

Blindly, I reach behind me to turn off the shower. “As much as I would love nothing more than to make love to you in the shower, I want our first time to be in my bed,” I say between kisses.

We step out of the shower, and I lift her into my arms, carrying her to my bed. I gently lay her down, following her as I brace myself on my forearms, kissing a path down her body. I take one of her nipples into my mouth, sucking on it while kneading her other breast with my palm.

I release her nipple with an audible pop and move to her other breast, giving it the same attention as the first one. Her moans of pleasure push me to the brink. But I need to finish what I started before I finally take her.

“You’re doing so well.” I playfully bite her nipple, causing her to gasp in shock or pleasure, I’m not sure. But by the look on her face, I would guess pleasure.

I lick a trail down her breast, across her stomach, until I finally reach her soaked core. I lap at her sweetness, knowing I’m the one who made her so wet.

“Yes.” She groans as my tongue taps on her clit causing her hips to thrust off the bed.

“Does my little squatter like to have her pussy played with?” I insert a finger inside her tight hole, causing it to tighten even more.

“More dirty talk.” She groans, twisting her hips from side to side.

“And just what word makes you feel dirty? Pussy?” I run my tongue from hole to clit.

“Clit?” I nibble at the engorged bud begging to come, all the while continuing to pump my finger in and out of her.

“Or is it squatter?” She explodes against my mouth, coating my beard in her sweet cream.

“We have a winner.” I tease as I lap up her sweetness.

Once her body has stopped spasming, I slide up to her mouth and capture her lips with mine. Her eyes widen as she tastes herself on my lips for the first time.

“Do you like how you taste?” I plant a kiss on the side of her neck where her pulse is throbbing.

“Yes. I didn’t think I would be, but I do.” She gives me a seductive smile, causing my balls to tighten painfully. If I don’t get inside her soon, I’m going to embarrass myself all over the comforter. “My turn.” She presses her hands against my chest with a slight shove.

There is no way I’ll survive her luscious mouth on me right now. “Next time.” I grab both her wrists in my hand and position them above her head while she pouts. “I promise, next time you can do whatever you want to me, but right now I need to be inside you.”

My tortured plea must have worked because her pout turns into a smirk as she widens her legs, granting me entrance. “Give it to me, squatter.”

I’d laugh at her calling me the squatter, but I’m too far gone to think about anything but claiming her pussy. “Your wish is my command.” I nudge my cock forward until I’m buried deep.

She inhales deeply at the invasion. I hold back from thrusting into her like my body is craving until I know she has adjusted to my size.

“Please. I need to feel you thrusting inside me.” She begs so prettily, I have to obey.

I flex my hips back and forth, pulling almost all the way out before sinking back into her. The feeling is like nothing I’ve ever felt before. And something tells me she’s the only one that will ever make me feel this way.

“Do you like the feel of my shaft inside you?”

She nods, her face scrunched in pleasure. I don’t have the heart to make her use her words. Instead, I continue to increase my speed, adding a finger to her clit, rubbing it back and forth until she expolde around my cock.

“That’s it. Take my dick like a good girl” I piston my hips faster and faster as her fingers dig into my shoulders until I’m crying out my own release. “Fuck.” I moan, rolling over onto my back and taking her with me, making sure to keep my cock inside her.

“Fuck is right.” She giggles as she runs her fingers across my chest. “When can we do that again?”

“I’m going to grab a warm washcloth to clean you up, and then we can do it again as

much as you want.” I kiss her lips before sliding out of bed and heading to the bathroom.

“Would you mind handing me my phone first? I want to see if my sister’s tried to call.”

She opened up to me about her sister earlier, but she didn’t go into detail about her situation. I’m not offended that she’s thinking about her sister after we just had sex. If the roles were reversed, I’d be doing the same thing, worrying about my brother.

I bend down to pick up her phone, surprised that she doesn’t have a passcode to unlock it when the screen lights up. But what’s even more surprising are the words staring back at me.

Mountain cock.

What the hell does that even mean?

I skim the post, finding in graphic detail the events of our day together, ending with me chopping wood and her plan to get some mountain cock.

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Selena

“What the fuck, Selena? I’m just some mountain cock you can use and forget when you return to the big city? Am I a joke to you? A stupid mountain man you can fuck and forget?” He tosses my phone at me, but I let it fall to the mattress as I jump out of bed to explain.

“No, Shaw, it’s not like that.” I tug at his arm, trying to get him to look at me. “I was only trying to give my readers something fun and entertaining to read.”

“And losing your virginity to a stranger to tell the whole world about is considered entertaining? I can’t believe I trusted you. Pack your stuff; I’ll take you to your cabin. Maybe you can find some more mountain cock to tell your followers about.”

I snap my head back like I’ve been slapped and let go of his arm. “Is that what you think about me? That I’ll fuck whatever guy I find?”

“Selena, I didn’t mean it like that.” His voice carries a note of sadness. “It’s just that by your blog, you’re more interested in giving your followers a good story and not about the man you’re trusting your virginity with.” When he puts it like that, I feel like an idiot.

I have to make this right.

“I’m sorry. I understand why you would think that, and you’re right.

I got so caught up in trying to make sure my followers would come back for more details that I referred to you as a piece of meat, not a human being.

But I want you to know, I truly see you as a human being, a kind and caring human being, and I'm glad I trusted you with my virginity.

"My voice cracks, and I could kick myself for sounding so vulnerable.

"I'm grateful for our time together." I blink back the tears as I gaze at his handsome face.

"I'll pack my things if you wouldn't mind taking me to that cabin tonight. "

The thought of leaving him tears me up inside. I finally found a place I belong with a man I...I what? Love? Lust?

Is it too soon to have these feelings for him?

"No."

His one-word reply surprises me: "What do you mean no? No, I can't go, or no, you won't give me a ride to the rental cabin?" Either way, I'm stunned by his callous remark.

"I mean, no, you're not going anywhere. I just found you, I'm not letting you go." He wraps his arms around me, pulling me close to his chest. "You're mine. I went a little crazy thinking I didn't mean as much to you as you mean to me. It's my turn to say I'm sorry."

Did a timeline splinter?

In what world does this sweet yet bossy man believe he needs to apologize to me?

“But my blog.” I cringe as I remind him of that stupid post. “I’m the one who owes you an apology, not the other way around.”

“Sweetheart. If my parents taught me anything, it was to forgive. We both made a mistake, now it’s time we kiss and make up.”

“Just like that?” I question, knowing that is not how things work in my family.

My mother would have my father buy her thousands of dollars in jewelry as an “I’m sorry” gift until she either forgot or forgave him.

On the other hand, my father would have ignored my mother until he was satisfied that he was over the whole ordeal.

“Just like that.” He presses his lips to mine, branding me with his touch.

“But...”

“No, but about it.” He interrupts me by lifting me into his arms and carrying me back to his bed. “This is the best part of an argument—making up.”

“What if I’m not done being mad at you for being mad at me?” It’s horrible logic, but I need to see how he responds.

“I’m your man, and you’re my woman. I’m not letting you out of this bed until I’m satisfied that you forgive me because I’ve already forgiven you.”

If I’m being truthful, there was nothing for me to forgive him for, but it didn’t stop me from letting him make it up to me all night and into the next day.

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Six Years Later

I 'm so lucky to live close to my sister and her family. Sure, it's great that our kids can grow up together, but the free babysitting is even better. The kids are staying with her so Shaw and I can have some adult alone time.

Tonight, Shaw and I are reenacting the day we first met. It's our favorite role-play scenario—and we do a lot of role-playing.

Knowing he's on the other side of the bathroom door, I let my fingers trail across my pussy, imagining they're his long thick fingers gliding over my throbbing clit. Faster and faster they fly, I'm seconds away from coming when the shower door is wrenched open.

“You know I can't handle all those moaning sounds you make.” Shaw pushes his way into the shower, his hands replacing mine on my body. “I'm going to make you pay for teasing me, woman.”

“Shaw, you're ruining the role-play.” He isn't, but I can't help teasing him about his lack of self-control.

You might think the passion would have faded after six years together and four kids. Fortunately, my bossy mountain man desires me as much today as he did that first day.

“Can't help it. I'm in the mood for something tasty.”

” He captures my lips in a kiss fueled by lust, his tongue running along the seam of my lips, demanding entry.

The kiss continues until he finally shifts his lips to my ear and whispers, “Now you’re going to stand there like a good girl and let your man worship your sweet little pussy, but you’re not going to come until I tell you you can. Do you understand?”

I nod to turn to speak.

“Words, squatter. I need to hear you say you want to ride my beard until I let you come.”

“Shaw.” I moan. He knows damn well what we both think about when he calls me squatter. The need to ride his beard takes over, and I give in. “Please, eat me out. I need to feel your tongue on me, in me, wherever you want to put it.

“What about here?” He spins me around, gently pushing me against the shower wall, my ass sticking out as he caresses it. “Can I stick it here?”

“Yes.” I pant, needing to feel his touch everywhere.

“Good girl.” He drops to his knees, taking one of my butt cheeks in each hand and separates them, bending me over slightly.

“Damn, if this isn’t one of the prettiest things I’ve ever seen.

” His tongue glides across my tightest hole, causing me to gasp.

“Such a good girl.” His husky praise makes my knees weak.

“Shaw, I’m going to come.”

“Not yet, you’re not. Or I’ll be forced to tie you to our bed and pleasure you until you’re on the brink of ecstasy, then stop only to start all over again.” He slides a finger into my pussy as his tongue continues it’s assault on my backhole.

“You wouldn’t dare.” I squirm, knowing I’m not going to hold on much longer.

“Try me, little squatter.” His tongue pushes in deeper, causing me to moan louder before he pulls it out again. “You’re close, aren’t you, sweetheart?”

“Yes.”

“Then come.” He pushes his tongue back inside me as my body jerks and my pussy tightens around his thick finger, my asshole fluttering in awe of his masterful tongue.

I might have blacked out from pleasure, as the next thing I remember is lying on our bed wrapped in his arms. “That was incredible.” I snuggle deeper into his embrace.

“You are incredible.” He kisses the top of my head, and I count my blessings that I ended up trespassing in his cabin all those years ago.

“I love you, Shaw.” I tip my head back to meet his loving gaze.

“I love you, too, Selena.”

-The End-

Want to read Wyatt and Sienna's Story

Click [HERE](https://mybook.to/xy14swb) <https://mybook.to/xy14swb>

Sienna

Warm, muscular hands roam up and down the sides of my body, leaving me craving the touch I want. His fingers graze the underside of my breasts, causing my hips to shift restlessly, until the weight of him presses against me, stopping my movements.

Why does he always tease me like this? Keeping himself just out of reach.

A needy whine escapes my lips, causing him to laugh—the deep rumble vibrates through my chest where he lightly presses me down, limiting my movements. If I weren't so desperate for him, I would shove him off and banish him from my bed. But I'm not strong enough to let him go.

My need is stronger than it has ever been. But he continues to tease me relentlessly. His laughter rises to a high-pitched ringing sound as he vanishes before my eyes.

No! I reach out to him, but I'm too late—he's gone.

My eyes snap open as I inhale sharply, realizing it's my alarm clock ringing—not his laughter, and I realize it's another dream about Wyatt—not the real thing.

Slamming my hand on the alarm clock, I silence the beast that interrupted my nightly fantasy of Wyatt, the sexy lumberjack who follows my every move during the day and haunts my dreams at night.

Speaking of my sexy lumberjack, I should hurry and get ready for work since he'll be here in forty-five minutes to take me to the flower shop.

I rush through my daily morning routine, cursing my limited amount of time. What I wouldn't give to practice a little self-care in the shower to take the edge off the burning desire throbbing in my clit. But there's no time for that—Wyatt will be here any minute.

Grabbing a shirt and a pair of jeans from my closet, I hastily slide them over my

favorite lavender lace bra and panty set. The color enhances my brown eyes and hair, making me feel beautiful, although I doubt Wyatt will ever see me in them.

Curse my life.

If my life were truly my own, I would act on this intense instalove attraction I've felt for Wyatt since the first day he walked into the flower shop. However, because of an arranged marriage, I'm promised to someone else, though it's not official yet.

That's why I ran away from home. I wanted a chance to experience a bit of freedom before marrying Arthur Webster the Third, or Artie, as he prefers to be called. He is soon to run for public office, and he needs a trophy wife who understands her role in the political world.

It's not the life I want. I want a simple life—living with a man I love who loves me back. Not a showpiece, used as a pawn in a world of power and deceit. Unfortunately, I was born into that life.

A knock on my front door pulls me from my impending doom. I glance at my alarm clock—Wyatt is right on time, as always.

I grab my coat and purse and head toward a future I can't have, waiting for me behind the door. It teases me just like my dream lover Wyatt teases me at night.

"Hi. "I smile at my sexy lumbersnack—you know the type. A man who works in the woods who is so damn sexy with washboard abs and dark, broody looks—one strong enough to throw his curvy woman over his shoulder and carry her to the bedroom.

Holding in a sigh, I pull the door closed behind me, turning the handle to ensure it's locked. Not that anyone in this small mountain town would steal from me; it's more out of habit than anything else.

"Hi, yourself." Wyatt smiles, brushing a lock of hair out of my eyes as I fight the urge to turn my head and rub my cheek against his palm.

"We should go. I don't want to be late." I step out of his touch, hating how empty I feel.

Get over it, Sienna. Wyatt isn't meant for you. He's meant for a sweet mountain girl who will willingly warm his bed at night and give him a dozen children. Not some political princess caught in a game of lies.

Wyatt raises an eyebrow, as if I'm a puzzle he's trying to solve. It's a look I know well from him.

"Right," he finally says as we walk to his truck, the silence between us feeling almost unbearable for me.

I wish I could share all my secrets with him, especially the one where I confess my love for him. "It's just that it's Friday and you know how busy Fridays are," I say instead, trying not to let my sadness show.

Once we reach his truck, he opens the door and helps me climb onto the running board—a new addition to his vehicle, installed after the first day when I struggled to get in.

At five feet three inches, it felt like scaling Mount Everest rather than climbing into the cab of a truck.

Not that I minded having his hands grip my hips while he lifted me into the seat that first day.

"We're still having movie night tonight, right?" He holds the door as I scramble into the seat.

"Of course. It's a tradition." A tradition that began six weeks ago on Valentine's Day.

That night, it was storming so badly that I couldn't let Wyatt drive on the twisty mountain road leading to his cabin in the woods. Especially not after he helped me at the flower shop when my boss went missing while making deliveries on that same mountain road.

Fortunately, Blossom was rescued by Chance, and they finally acknowledged their true feelings for each other. Meanwhile, I push away a man who continually pursues me, regardless of how many times I reject him.

With a quick nod, he shuts the truck door and makes his way to the driver's side, opening the door.

"Here. I picked up breakfast." He slides into the seat, closing the door with a click.

He reaches for the plate on the dashboard that holds an Asiago cheese bagel from the local bakery, cut in half and slathered in cream cheese, and offers it to me to choose which half I want.

I choose the fluffy top half, knowing that if I try to take the flat bottom, he will shake his head and switch pieces. "Thanks." I bite into the delicious piece of heaven with a moan, feeling a glob of cream cheese sticking to my lips.

Innocently, I stick out my tongue, wiping the wayward cream from my lips. Out of the corner of my eye, I watch his gaze follow the trail of my tongue—the heat in his eyes seems hot enough to set the whole town ablaze.

It's a risky game, teasing him like this, but my pitiful little heart is going to take whatever scraps it can get with Wyatt.

Clearing his throat, he picks up his half of the bagel and motions to the two large

fountain glasses of Pepsi sitting in the center of the council, as usual.

Soft drinks are my weakness—or at least Pepsi is.

It's something my parents always frowned upon. With all its sugar, it isn't good for my weight.

Artie always makes little comments about that one guilty pleasure I can't seem to break—nor do I want to. But Wyatt indulges me in that guilty pleasure, even joining in each morning and never once complaining about the sugar content.

We finish our breakfast in comfortable silence, reminding me again of how perfect Wyatt is. He drives through our quaint little town as if we are a normal couple rather than whatever our relationship is.

Wyatt pulls in front of the flower shop, leaving the truck running and not bothering to park in his usual spot.

He strolls around the front of the truck, leaving me feeling confused.

This isn't how our day goes. He always parks the truck and spends the entire day with me in the flower shop.

He's become such a fixture that some of the townspeople think he's an employee.

It doesn't help that I've put him to work.

I try to push the panic aside as Wyatt opens the truck door. "I have a few things I need to take care of today. I'll pick you up after work for movie night." He leans in and kisses my forehead, which intensifies the panic inside me. A kiss on my forehead isn't how I pictured our first kiss.

He's given up on me—I've waited too long to tell him how I feel about him.

I knew I should have left town weeks ago when I still had my heart intact.

"Sure." I smile weakly as he steps back, takes my hand, and helps me out of his truck.

"I'll see you later." I dash to the flower shop before I break down in tears.

Get it together, Sienna—this life isn't real. You knew it would end someday.