



Crushing on the Mountain Man (Mountain Man Summer #3)

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Category: Romance

Description: He and his family always had the cabin next door. He was my older brothers friend, my childhood crush.

He was the cool guy everybody loved.

Im back for a last lakeside summer holiday. Were both adults now but I still have this crush and this might be the hottest moutain summer yet!!

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Brandy

It's a small, two bed cabin. Two bedrooms, one tiny bathroom, a kitchenette and a couch.

I thought it was bigger than this. It had certainly seemed bigger when I was a kid.

But then, we were hardly ever in here. Too much to explore, swimming and playing in, on and around the lake.

We used to run wild. Total freedom. Only reporting back to sleep or eat, so our parents knew we were still alive.

“Going to be costly.”

I look over to the ass sticking out from under the sink. White flesh bulging out of the top of worn denim. Ass crack and all. The plumber sticks his head out, an almighty snorting sniff as he wipes his hands under his nose. “Could take weeks.”

“That’s what the carpenter said about the roof. I really need hot water. Is there anybody else I can call?”

The plumber shrugs while trying to hide his grin. “I’m the only one out here this time of year. You’d be better off doing this in the off season. We’re about to have all these tourists here needing this and that. Time is money.”

I let out a sigh and walk out the front.

It's an amazing view. It might be further to walk, but from up here on the hill, it's a straight view down to the lake.

The old jetty is still there. I have so many memories of running and jumping off that jetty.

Or us kids would sit out there and talk all night.

It's been over ten years since I was here, it seems like a lifetime.

The door squeaks as the plumber joins me. I can smell his rancid sweat before I see him.

"Going to be costly. I'll do up a quote and send it over. You going to be around for a while?"

I nod and cross my arms over my chest, trying to shrink away from his leering look. I do not want this guy in my Grandmother's sweet little cabin. I don't want him dripping sweat on the knitted cushions or touching Papa's 'I'd rather be fishing' sign that proudly hangs on the back of the door.

And the way he looks at me, straight at my breasts, every single time. I make a mental note to get an extra lock for the cabin door.

"These old cabins aren't worth much nowadays. Better off just selling for land value."

"Thank you for coming and having a look." I put on a smile and shake the man's hand. Mother always taught me to be polite no matter what. "I will think about what you have said."

I'm not about to tell the plumber that the title of ownership of Grandma's cabin is a grey area that nobody talks about.

The general store is a thirty minute walk.

It's one of those sell everything sort of stores.

Fishing bait, sunglasses, soda, baked beans, sunscreen, crisps, flip flops and hardware.

Next door to the general store is a burger van selling burgers and the best toasted cheese sandwiches in the whole world. Up the road there is a gas station.

That's it for shops on this side of the lake. If you cross to the other side of the lake, there is a resort and a fancy restaurant.

It was just a glance at the shirtless man unloading boxes. But whoa, holy stars! It's like time slowed down as I took in his tanned, tattooed arms. Chiseled chest and stomach. He looks at me and nods. I look away quickly.

But that quick look was enough to see a sharp jawline, piercing green eyes. A handsome face. A sexy body that belongs on a billboard or commercial for expensive perfume. The kind of guy who would look good slowly walking out of the lake with water droplets falling slowly from his hair and chin.

Being back here at the lake must have me feeling fanciful because I don't normally get all hot and bothered over a good looking guy. And I'm here to do up the cabin as quickly as possible. I'm not here to admire the locals.

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Knox

I give the woman a friendly nod but quietly let out a little curse.

I thought we had another week before the tourists started trickling in for the summer season.

I love this lake at all times of the year, but the tourist season is my least favorite.

I prefer the peace and quiet over the loud music, constant line of people demanding things and idiots who drink too much.

But if it wasn't for the tourists, I wouldn't get to live this life I love so much. Independent of my family money. Not having to answer to anybody.

Inside the shop I watch the woman as she wanders down the isles.

She's wearing shorts almost to her knees and a t-shirt.

Her clothes aren't flaunting her figure, but she's got some nice curves on her.

I wait for her to look up to see if she is as pretty as she looked in that first glance on her way in.

Brown hair tied up in a high pony. Her skin is pale white at the moment, but if she is here for the summer then it won't be long till she has a golden tan.

As she approaches the counter there is something familiar about her. I study her face. Embarrassed, she looks away. But that is when it clicks. I know her. Little Brandy.

“Brandy Barns?” I ask with a big smile.

She nods and frowns.

“Knox Kingsley. Is the whole family here?” The Barns used to come every summer.

Brandy’s older brother was around my age and he and I had a great time hanging out.

Little Brandy was always tagging along. Her mother tried to make her stay home with her younger sister but Brandy was always determined to hang out with us boys. I haven’t seen them in years.

“No, it’s just me. I’ve come to fix up Gran’s cabin. We might rent it out or sell it.”

“Is gran okay?” The old woman had always welcomed me, fed me, she was close with my family. She had the cabin next door for as long as I could remember. And when the Barns family stopped coming here for summer, old Gran just came on her own so I always checked in on her.

“She’s fine. Just getting older and we don’t like her coming out here on her own. We are trying to get her into an assisted living place but she is fighting it.”

“I bet she is.” That old woman wouldn’t like to be cooped up in a home. She’s got a wild spirit that I can relate to. A need to be free.

I look down at the items Brandy has put on the counter.

A deadbolt, a padlock, pepper spray and a can of beans.

This isn't the sort of place where people lock their doors.

Or feel the need for defensive weapons. I frown.

A feeling of protectiveness coming over me.

I don't like the idea of little Brandy Barns alone and scared. I don't like it at all.

I look at Brandy and her face tells me she doesn't want to discuss her purchases. Tight lips, a slight blush of color on her face. I bag up the items and hand them to her with a smile.

"Now I know you're back in the cabin, I'll have to stop by and say hello. We could go out on the boat or jump off the jetty like old times."

She shakes her head. "I'll be busy. I'm not here for a holiday. There is lots to do to fix up the cabin."

"Well, maybe I'll just check in and make sure everything is okay. If you need me I'm usually around here or I'm staying in the cabin at the back of the property."

"You're not staying in the house?"

Now it's my turn to shake my head and hand her her shopping, not wanting to answer her questions.

As Brandy leaves I still can't believe she is all grown up. She was my friend's little kid sister. Absolutely determined not to be left out or left behind. She fished with us, swam, built forts, jumped off rocks. Everything.

With her comment about the house reminds me I should go check in on it. It's not

good to leave the old place empty and unused for so long.

It's a point of pride that I don't live in the family house. Not that it matters. It's just one of many houses owned by the family. And I am still on Kingsley land. But it matters to me. To show them I don't care about that life. I can do without their houses, their money, their obligations.

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Brandy

Seeing Knox makes me feel fourteen again.

God, I had such a crush on him. He and his family own the big stone lake house.

Gran's little cabin sits right on the border of the back of their land.

The Kingsley family had four boys. Pierce and Carter were older, in their early twenties.

But Knox was the same age as my brother and Wesley just two years older.

Those boys would explore the lake and have adventures.

I was the little kid sister running after them.

My mom would have preferred I stayed clean and in nice dresses, even on a mountain lake holiday!

Luckily she had my little sister to fawn over otherwise I'm sure I would have been trapped with the grown ups.

But given the choice of staying with my mom and sister or having wild, messy adventures with the boys. The choice back then was easy.

I'd been ten years old the first summer we came here. The family in their big stone

house fascinated me. Four boys who seemed to run wild and do whatever they pleased. I'm not sure when it happened. But by our third summer at the lake I was well and truly smitten with Knox.

I loved the way his hair fell over his forehead.

How he would always yell out as he jumped off the rocks.

His pure love of life. But there was a quiet, sensitive side to him too.

Unlike his brother Wesley, who was always laughing, there were nights around the fire when Knox would talk about his father's rage.

The family obligations. What it was like trying to live up to his older brothers, the family expectations.

Knox wanted to run away from it all. And I loved him fiercely for everything he had to go through.

Of course, that was just childish emotions. Teenage hormones. Nobody actually falls in love at fourteen. At least, that's what my mother told me.

But still, it's been over ten years and one conversation with Knox and all those old feelings come rushing back.

Along with some new ones. Like how much he has grown.

A man now, with broad shoulders, toned, tanned muscular arms. A flat stomach.

Big, strong thighs obvious through the long swimming shorts.

He still has the greatest hair. Wavy light brown, lightened by the sun. It falls over his forehead still and curls at the ends. It's the kind of hair you want to run your fingers through. Just to touch it.

And if touching is allowed. My fingers itch to touch his golden tanned skin. Explore just how wide his chest is now. How it would feel to run my hands over his shoulders. I wonder if those arms could pick me up and carry me as he did once when I cut my foot on some glass as a kid.

But, he is not the only one who has grown up. I grew up a little too much. My thighs are chubby, I have a belly and my boobs jiggle no matter how much I invest in bras.

No, I don't think I'll be swimming or boating with Knox. It is true, that I have too much to do. But the truth is, I would be embarrassed for him to see me in a swimsuit now. The fact that he just got hotter as he got older is even more reason for me to keep my thunder thighs to myself.

The very next day I answer a knock at the cabin door to find Knox there grinning at me. Just the vision of him in the morning light takes my breath away.

“Thought I'd come by and see for myself the state of this old place.”

As he steps into the cabin it makes the space feel smaller.

Intimate. He stands looking around. You can see almost everything from this spot.

Back in the day, his family would host dinners and barbecues and I remember walking through the stone house in awe of all the space, the different rooms, the size of the kitchen.

One whole side of his place was windows looking out to the river and letting light

flood in.

Gran's cabin has two small windows but the trees are so close it is always dark inside. Knox is once again without his shirt. It just feels wrong to be standing inside, in such close quarters, with a half naked, sexy hot man.

"It still all looks the same, just as when we were kids. Except, some of this wood work doesn't look too sturdy." Knox is looking around as though this is just a normal situation.

"It's nothing like your place."

"That house is too big. It's ridiculous. I remember that old loft. I always thought that was so cool."

"That's where we used to sleep." God, this feels awkward. "Are you up here for the summer?" I ask.

"I live here." He does a little shrug. He seems so relaxed, while I am a bag of nerves. "I help out at the store. I fix light bulbs and generators. And I have a bit of a side business."

With his family money I am sure Knox doesn't have to work. Must be nice to just live by the lake all year round and not have to worry about a career or paying bills.

"What sort of side business?" I ask, out of curiosity.

He pauses for a moment before answering. "I post stuff on social media. Just me doing stuff. Hammering in nails or taking out the rubbish."

I frown and it dawns on me. "You doing stuff without a shirt on?"

He grins at me. And then he shrugs. "People seem to like it."

I laugh. "I bet they do....Oh, I don't mean I would like it....watch it... I mean, you're hot so I guess I.... well, good for you." My face on fire I turn around to move a small vase on the table that doesn't need moving.

I decide to put the vase in a cupboard and slam the door shut with a little too much force. A loud crack fills the air.

I look up but then suddenly Knox has his arms wrapped around me and dives us to the floor. His body takes most of the impact but the shock leaves me breathless.

His arms still wrapped around me, I look over to see a part of the beam has fallen to the floor.

Looking back at Knox I find his face close to mine.

So close I can feel his breath on my cheek.

The rise and fall of his chest with my body held close to his.

All at once I feel a rush of heat. My mind whirls, trying to grasp the fact I'm lying on the floor with Knox.

His arms around me. Thighs touching. Hips touching.

Chest touching. I blink up into his green eyes.

Lick my lips and his gaze drops to the movement.

Is he going to kiss me? Do I want him to kiss me? Does he think I want to kiss him?

And why am I feeling so hot all over?

We stare into each other's eyes. The cabin dark and silent. My heart racing. I don't know whether to touch him as I want to or get up and get the hell out of there.

"Shit. Sorry." I awkwardly get up to my feet while he seems to jump up, like the fit, athletic God he is.

Looking upwards, he takes my hand and pulls me away towards the door. "Well, I definitely don't think you should be sleeping up there anymore."

"No. I don't." I sputter. "I sleep in the bedroom."

He looks at me. A look of concern on his face. "Look, why don't you come stay with me? Or you can stay at the big house if you want? Nobody is there."

"No. No." I shake my head. "I couldn't do that. I'll be fine here. It's not like the whole place is going to collapse. You don't have to worry about me." After that moment passed between us on the floor, I just want him to get out of there and to never see him again.

I would be mortified if he knew that I still have a crush on him. I'm trying to pretend to be a grown up, sophisticated woman here. And it seems that around him I turn into a stuttering idiot.

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Knox

There is something different about Brandy. Of course, she is all grown up into a beautiful woman. But there is something else. The spark is missing. It's like a wall has been put up and the real Brandy is hidden.

Whatever it is, I am determined to get to the bottom of it. I owe it to her Gran who has always been so nice to me. To her brother Byron who was my friend for so many summers when we were kids. And, there is something that draws me to her.

She is beautiful, there is no doubt about that.

Holding her body next to mine set a fire within me and that had me thinking about her all through the night.

But there is a stubborn tilt to her chin I find just adorable.

Her lips are so damn sexy and I could get lost in her eyes forever.

Light blue. Like the morning mist over the lake.

But with a splash of hazel, like the river rocks. Just amazing.

So Brandy can say she doesn't want me around. She can say she wants to fix up the cabin on her own. But I have a responsibility to make sure she is alright. That's what I am telling myself when I turn up at her door the next morning with coffee and donuts.

“I’m here to help. I’m pretty handy with a hammer and I’ve been fixing up my own cabin so I have experience.”

Her look of surprise when she opened the door, changed to one of hunger when she sees the coffee and treats.

Sitting at the small table she tells me the list of things that have to be done.

There is a touch of panic in her voice as the list goes on and on.

But all I can think is that is how great it is that she will be for the whole summer with so much to be done.

“What do you do for work?” I ask.

“Ah, well I was a personal assistant. But I lost my job. And my apartment. So mom sent me up here to organise the place for rent or sale, since I have all this free time now.”

As we got to work I coaxed information out of Brandy about her family.

She tells me how everything changed when her father got a promotion and started earning more money.

Suddenly she was in a different school. Summers at the lake weren’t good enough for her mother anymore.

And now, her sister is set to be married.

Her brother joined the army. That doesn’t surprise me too much.

Byron was much better about taking orders than I ever was.

But it is Brandy I am interested in now. She won't look at me when I look at her but when I turn away I can feel her staring.

"Are you looking at my tattoos?"

"What?" I love watching her cheeks go pink, embarrassed to be caught staring.

"Yeah, your tattoos. Sure."

I grin. "My way of rebelling against the family. And it's what started me posting on social media, just to show the artwork."

She nods.

"Want to touch them?"

"What? No!" She is blushing again. "Don't you ever wear a shirt?"

"Not if I can help it. When did you become Miss. Prim and Proper. I seem to remember you putting frogs down my shorts."

She shrugs and turns away. But I see a little smile at the memory and I want to see her smile more. Plus I wouldn't mind her touching me. I am determined to work on her. Bring her out of her shell as we work together fixing up the cabin.

As we work I grow to admire Brandy more and more. She is willing to try anything, even though she has never done it before. Her whole face lights up when she does something well. Her big smile is contagious.

I don't even mind when, helping me film a short video for social media, she questions

how I spend my days.

“You don’t feel used for your body, doing this? You were always really smart. You don’t think you should do something more with your life?”

From anybody else I would have gotten defensive. But I feel comfortable talking to Brandy.

“Did you know that my oldest brother is the Mayor in town? And Carter is a firefighter? Wesley is a school teacher. My family brothers are all living respectable, responsible lives. I never wanted any of that.”

“But how long can you go on just posting videos of you being shirtless? Don’t get me wrong, they are..ah ,well, I can see why you have a lot of followers. But you could do so much more.”

“You’ve watched my videos?” Color fills her cheeks and the thought of her enjoying my videos. Me flexing my muscles, putting sunscreen slowly over my chest, working up a sweat, or walking out of the lake. All intended to be as sexy as possible.

And Brandy had enjoyed them? Heat races through my body. I want to grab her and kiss her. But she still has a guard up. Instead I just grin till she changes the subject with a huff.

I’ve lived out here on my own for a long time. I like it that way. After growing up in a big family, I like having my own space. Room to think. But being with Brandy is making me aware of just how lonely it can be. How nice it would be to have someone to share in life’s pleasures.

Each day I get to know her better. And at the end of each day I suggest we go for a swim. Everyday she shakes her head, no. But I feel like she wants to but something is

holding her back.

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Brandy

This week has been amazing. Working with my hands, moving my body. The fresh air. I almost feel free again. After so many years not knowing who I should be, I have this feeling of coming home. That here, at the lake, this is where I can truly be me. That's if I can remember who that was.

I have been tempted to swim. I used to love swimming. But I'm not ready to swim in front of Knox. We've been together everyday for a week and all those old feelings are back and they brought their grown up friends of lust and need.

I find myself watching him all the time. I can't help it. The guy never wears a shirt. But I've also liked talking to him. Just being with him makes me feel good.

"Okay, that's it. We're going for a swim."

I turn to look over at Knox who has packed away his tools. He points out the door. "Tomorrow the tourists arrive. It's crazy to be this hot with the lake right there. I'm calling it a day for both of us. And today, you're getting your ass in the water."

I laugh. It's something I do a lot these days with Knox. Laugh. A simple thing that has been missing from my day to day life for so long.

"You've got 5 minutes to change and then I'm throwing you in."

I look down at my shorts and t-shirt. I did pack a swimsuit, of course I did. But I didn't know at the time I'd have to wear it in front of the hottest guy in the world.

“I’ll meet you down there.”

Knox gives me a skeptical look. After refusing to swim with him so many times I have no doubt he is worried I will just lock myself in the cabin. But it is too damn hot. And working so closely with Knox, he has become a friend.

Sure, I wish he didn’t have to see me in all my chubbiness. But who cares. Soon I will be gone from here and we will probably never see each other again.

And so, ten minutes later I walk down to the lake in my one piece swimsuit, flip flops and oversized shirt that is practically a dress, towle over my shoulder.

Knox looks like some sort of Adonis, standing there in the sunlight, tanned skin stretched over muscles, his hair glistening where the sun rays touch it, his big grin on his face.

I take a deep breath in and let it out as a long sigh. Some lucky girl will one day get to call Knox hers. It’s not likely she will look anything like me, but she will be one lucky woman.

“We should go up to the rocks tomorrow and see if you’re still as brave as you used to be.”

“No, no, it’s enough that I’m here. I’m not nearly as reckless as I was back then.”

“You can still swim though?”

I nod. “It’s been a long time.”

“Well, after you.” Knox holds out his arm towards the end of the jetty.

I worry at my lip. If I go first he is going to see all my wobbly bits. But if he goes first he will see it all from the water anyway.

“What’s wrong?” Knox is looking at me with a mix of concern and care.

“It’s silly. It’s just you are so fit and standing there looking like that” I wave a hand at his magnificent torso. “While I’m, well, I’ve put on a few pounds.”

It’s crazy, but saying it out loud, that I am so embarrassed to be seen in front of him. It makes me feel like crying all of a sudden. The emotion welling up in my chest to choke me.

My mother is always on at me about my weight.

How I’ll never get a husband looking how I do.

And she must be right because I never have had a boyfriend.

And she always shakes her head at the clothes I wear but nothing fits right.

I know she wishes I could be more like my perfect little sister.

Brianna has curves too but in all the right places. I just have blobby, jiggly fat.

“Brandy.” I look up to see Knox standing close to me. The gentle touch of his hand on my arm. “I’ve been with you all week. I know what you look like. And I think you are beautiful.”

It’s just one of those things that people say. He doesn’t mean it and it actually makes me feel worse.

“Is that why you won’t swim? Do you know how crazy that is? The water doesn’t care what you look like. And you used to love swimming. Surely, once you’re in there, you don’t care what you look like either?”

I look up into Knox’s eyes. Full of compassion. But not the pity or laughter I expected to see.

He reaches slowly for the hem of my shirt.

Lifting it upwards. In that moment the world seems to shrink down to just he and I and the gentle sound of the water lapping at the jetty.

I lift my arms and he pulls the shirt off.

Standing back to look at me I feel my face go bright red as his gaze roams over my body.

I catch my breath as he leans in and puts his lips to mine. A kiss. Soft. Gentle. Barely anything but it means everything to me.

“What was that for?” I whisper.

“Because you are beautiful.”

I shake my head. An inbuilt reaction. Knox puts his hands on my arms. Warmth spreads out from his touch.

“You tell me I am more than just this body. Why can’t you see how amazing you are? I don’t give a fuck what you look like. You are amazing.”

For the first time I start to believe it. But I’m uncomfortable with his compliments. So

I do what all fat girls do. I laugh it off.

“I think you have heat stroke. So, last one in is a rotten egg.”

I turn and sprint into the lake. The splash of cold water feels so good. But the warm feeling in my heart feels even better. Knox Kingsley thinks I am amazing.

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Brandy

We swam and jumped off the jetty, just like when we were kids. And every time I ran down those wooden planks, I felt less and less self conscious about my fat jiggling. After a while we just floated around. Talking. Laughing.

When it started to get cold, Knox suggested we shower up at the big house. That big, fancy house was equipped with everything, including two shower heads on the outside. Installed with hot and cold water for exactly the purpose of washing off the lake water before going inside.

“It’s so cold. How come we never felt this cold as kids?” I ask.

“Like you keep saying. We’re all grown up now.”

I turn the water on, adjusting it to the perfect heat. It is amazing the warmth and the pressure. And after a week of cold showers at my place, and with Knox right next to me, water running down his bare chest. This feels almost sinful. And oh so very grown up.

Tilting my head back I let the water run over me. Warmth pouring over my body. There is a bottle of liquid soap and rub the foam over my arms and chest.

Glancing over at Knox, I stop, caught in his gaze.

He has been watching me. And there is a hunger in his eyes like before.

But much more serious now. We stand there looking at each other for what feels like forever.

And then he grabs me, pulling me under his shower, lips to lips, he kisses me.

My whole body melts against his. His hands go around me.

Holding me to him. As he kisses me with a hunger and a passion I've never known before. But I like it. I want more.

Tentatively I put my arms around his neck and with a groan he pushes me against the wall. His bare chest against mine. I can feel his erection through his shorts. My swimsuit is so thin. His hands roam my body and I might as well be naked.

“Brandy” He murmurs my name in my ear. His hands at my shoulder straps, he slowly lowers the wet material. My breasts springing free.

“Oh Brandy. Your body is beautiful.”

This time I believe him. The look on his face so serious as he examines my breasts. Taking one each hand. My soft flesh is bigger than his grip. He looks at them in wonder.

“You should always be naked. You shouldn't ever hide these beauties.” He says the words so seriously, I can't help but grin at such a silly idea.

And then he is kissing me again. A hard, hungry kiss.

His whole body moving against mine. His chest, teasing over my nipples.

His hips grinding into mine. All of it working to make me want more of him.

All of him. My body is on fire. All I can do is cling to him as these new feelings overwhelm me.

My fingers digging into his hard muscular back and shoulders.

The warm water pouring over us as the friction between us has my heart racing and an ache between my legs.

Begging for more and not knowing how to ask for it.

I let out a groan when he moves his body away.

But he pulls me under the shower and proceeds to pull off my swimsuit till I am naked.

Taking the body wash in his hands he soaps me all over.

Turning me. Touching me. His thumb across my hardened nipple.

His strong grip on my ass cheeks, pulling me against him.

And everywhere little kisses across my skin.

When he drags his teeth across my shoulder I gasp.

But it's nothing compared to the pleasure when he sucks on a sensitive spot.

The side of my throat. My breasts. His fingernails across my back.

He is touching. Exploring. Loving every gasp and groan of pleasure he pulls from me. And then, when I think I can't take it anymore. He pushes my back against the

wall and drops to his knees. Before I have time to think He lifts one of my legs up onto a rock and puts his face between my legs.

I tighten up. Nobody has ever done this before. But he is straight in with his marvellous mouth. His tongue. His fingers and thumbs. All of it working together to stroke and lap and suck and blow. Rubbing against me. I hang onto the shower pipe. My knees gone weak.

I don't know what he is doing but fuck me it feels...

it feels... it feels like flood and fire mixing together.

It feels like a volcano about to erupt. My heart is racing.

I can barely catch my breath. I want to wiggle away.

I want to grid down. It feels so fucking good.

Everything building and building. I think my heart will stop.

He is killing me and I don't fucking care.

And then like an explosion within me I scream out.

Waves of pleasure crashing through me. My whole body shakes.

I'm gripping the shower pipe so hard. My head against the wall.

Panting. In seconds he is standing. His now naked body against mine.

My head is still drifting in the clouds as I feel his hands on my body.

His grip on my ass pulling me up against him.

My legs around his hips as though they belong there.

My eyes flare as I feel the tip of his rock, hard cock at the opening of my pussy.

And then he is pushing inside me. I'm hot and wet.

He is big. Stretching me as he enters. But it feels good.

It feels like something I've been missing and didn't know I needed.

He is so thick and hard. This is even better than his mouth. Better than his fingers.

I look into his eyes as he holds me tight.

Letting me down onto his huge shaft ever so slowly.

I should be scared. My whole adult life I've been scared of everything.

Including sex. But I'm not scared with Knox.

I want this. I want his whole, huge cock.

I want him inside of me. And I fucking want it right now.

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Knox

I knew being with Brandy would be amazing.

All week I've wanted to touch her. To pull her to me and kiss me.

Just to explore her body is a treat. But to be with her out here.

The warm water of the shower over us. The cool breeze through the trees behind us.

And Brandy's beautiful eyes, those lips, this body.

This could become addictive. Even having her now I'm already thinking about the next time.

All the different ways, all the different things I could show her.

This week, every time she tried something new, I have fallen a little bit more in love with her.

Entering her now. Holding her tight as I break through her virgin barrier.

She is mine. All mine. I swell inside of her.

Rock hard and trying to take it slow. But out here in the wilds. My need is like an animal. Raw. Hungry.

But, holy stars, Brandy is loving every minute of this new experience.

Grabbing onto her ass I pull her up and down on my shaft.

Her back against the wall. Water flowing over her tits as they bounce around every time I thrust into her.

She is amazing. She is beautiful. She is everything a woman should be.

Our gasps and groans fill the evening air.

I don't care who hears us. It is just me and her.

The water, the earth, the air and the fire between us.

She has a wild spirit, just like me. She just needed to be reminded of it.

And there is no better place for her to find herself than here at the lake. She belongs here. She belongs with me.

All these thoughts are whirling around my head.

My heart racing. As I thrust into her long and hard.

Giving her every inch of me. And when her nails dig into my shoulders and she screams out her second orgasm.

I finally let myself go. Exploding within her.

Filling her up with my seed. Holding onto her like my life depends on it. Like I don't ever want to let her go.

When she collapses onto me. Weak and exhausted. I pick her up and carry her over to one of the lounge chairs. Laying her down and then laying my body against hers. Pulling her to me. Planting little kisses on her shoulder as our breathing returns slowly to normal.

“Knox. What happens now?” Brandy has turned to face me. Her fingertips trailing across my shoulder, down my arm. I smile and kiss her deeply.

“Well, give me a minute and then there will definitely be a round two.”

She bites her lip. I know her well enough to know there is something on her mind.

“I mean what happens with us.”

I gently tuck her wayward hair behind her ear. “It’s up to you.”

She thinks about it for a good minute. “I like working on the cabin. I’ve really enjoyed learning how to do things. Getting dirty. The sense of achievement with a job done well.

I love it here at the lake. If I had my way I would just stay here forever.”

She lets out a big sigh. “But Knox, I don’t have family money like you. I need to work, have a career, be an adult and all that. It’s fine for you and your shirtless lifestyle. But I’m not sure I can be that free.”

I understand. I’ve grown up being told I have to conform. Follow a certain path. Be responsible and live up to the family standards. And it’s not that I am irresponsible. I just found my own path to happiness.

I kiss Brandy deeply. It’s hard to lay here next to her and not kiss her. And I want to

wipe the worry from her expression.

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Brandy

It's been an emotional evening. Letting myself go. Sex for the first time. And so much love for Knox I feel it welling up in my chest. But he has his life here at the lake. I have a demanding mother, a sister getting married and a job to find.

I can only lay here with Knox for so long before I start worrying that it is just going to be this one time. A memory I will treasure forever. But what I wouldn't give for my life to be different. To stay here with Knox. For this to be more than just sex.

Knox's kiss is only making me feel more love for him. But I have to know where we stand. He breaks off the kiss, smiles gently and looks into my eyes.

I hold my breath. This is it. This is the break up. We are different people. It's been fun but it's not going to work.

And then he grins. And my heart flips over.

"Brandy, first off, you will be amazed and shocked when I tell you what my shirtless lifestyle earns me. So you don't have to worry about money. I can take care of you for as long as it takes for you to figure out what you want to do."

My heart swells. He is saying he wants me to stick around. And he kisses me again. Like he can't help himself.

"Secondly, the girl I knew was wild and free. I think she's still in there somewhere."

He is right. I used to be so carefree. At some point I let my mother win. I gave up. I bent to her will, with the dresses and the hair style she wanted. At some point it was just easier to do the things she wanted rather than fighting over and over again.

There are only so many times you can be told that you are the problem. Too much. Too much energy. Too hard to get along with. Not good enough. It breaks my heart to think of me as a kid running around in the mud and laughing and loving life.

“Do you want to return to the city and get another office job?”

Knox interrupts my thoughts. I shake my head. No.

“Do you want to stay here with me?”

I nod and can't help the happy smile. Knox kisses me again. This time a longer and deeper kiss that leaves me breathless and has my heart racing. It's getting hard to ignore the fact we are both naked.

But Knox has more to say. “You are beautiful. Crazy intelligent and smart and wonderful. I have a feeling that if you give it two minutes serious thought then we could come up with something you love that lets you be wild and free and stay here with me.”

Another kiss.

“That last part is the most important.” He mumbles against my lips as his hands run over my body. “Cause I'm not sure I can let you go.”

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Brandy

“Either of these colors would lighten up the place, but let me know what you guys think. Don’t forget to like, subscribe and comment.”

I turn off the video. I upload it, add a description and some hashtags and post it.

Checking the subscribers I hop out to the deck with a happy skip.

I know at least half of our viewers are there to perve on Knox.

And as I stop to watch him hammering in the new deck railing, I can’t blame them. He is just so frigging sexy to look at.

But a good number of our subscribers are there for the content about fixing up and decorating the cabins.

I love the positive comments about watching me learn new skills, have a go at things and our how-to tutorials.

And there is a small group that comments about how they love seeing a real woman, a plus-sized woman on social media.

If I can help one girl who is out there feeling she is not good enough because of her size, if I can encourage one woman to stop putting life on hold till she loses weight, then I am over the moon.

Plus, it doesn't hurt that posting this content is earning us money. But honestly, as long as Knox and I can spend our days together, doing what we love, in beautiful locations, then I am very happy. The money we make is just a bonus.

"Subscribers are up on our joint channel." I tell Knox.

He looks up at me with a grin, pulling down his tools. "And I've finished my jobs and you know what that means."

He walks slowly towards me with a hungry look in his eyes that makes me want to giggle. I still can't believe I'm here. Doing stuff I love doing. Being with Knox. Living life in a way that makes me happy.

He pulls me to him for a kiss that sets my pulse on fire. "You keep me on track, my little taskmaster."

I laugh. He is teasing. It's true that I might have brought a bit of organization to the business but Knox has so much enthusiasm for what we do, I don't need to push him. It is usually him pushing me. Giving me the support I might have missed growing up. Teaching me to believe in myself.

"Swim? Or hot, passionate sex?"

I laugh. "Sex first, then swim later."

He picks me up and carries me inside. Whispering sexy suggestions in my ear as we go. My teenage crush turned into a fully grown sexy hot mountain man.

* * * * *

Thank you for reading! If you enjoyed this story please leave a review to help other readers out.