



# Damaged Mountain Man (Whiskey Mountain #1)

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**Category:** Action&Adventure

**Description:** I need to get away. Away from my parents' ghosts and from the criminals tracking me down for reporting something I never should have seen. That's how I wound up at this secluded cabin in the woods, hoping to find solace in nature.

The only problem is I am not outdoorsy, like at all. When my first venture into the woods goes wildly wrong, I feel like all is lost. Until I see... him. Our connection is immediate and leaves me wondering if escaping here wasn't such a bad idea after all.

**Total Pages (Source):** 10

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Luna

I just have to make it to Whiskey Mountain.

This is the thought that I have kept on loop since last night when I decided I had to get out of town or risk losing my sanity for good. I have repeated the thought every minute of my nearly eight hour drive so far and now that I'm almost there, I'm not sure making it to Whiskey Mountain is the solution I thought it would be.

This has been the worst year of my life, and that's not even a bit of an exaggeration. My parents were killed in a car accident six months ago. It was so unexpected, so final that I hadn't had time to fully process it before the incident occurred.

Just as I was starting to put my life back together, having finally sold my parents' house and gathered the courage to put their entire lives in storage, I witnessed a crime. I was walking back to the parking lot from the storage unit I had rented to put my parents' belongings while I figured out what my next step was. It was a rough day, I had just brought over my mother's countless photo albums and I couldn't help looking through them as I was placing the crates on the shelves.

I ended up staying for hours longer than I planned and when I walked out of the unit, it was completely dark out. As I was closing the door to my unit, I heard a gunshot and was shocked to see a dark haired man fly past me in a very distinct silver car. I was terrified, but knew something must have happened so I looked back towards the end of the unit alley and saw something that changed my life forever.

There, in the open garage of one of the units laid a man with blood pooling around his

head. I ran closer to see if he was alright, only to find that he had one perfect bullet hole right through the center of his head. He was dead, and there was nothing I could do about it. I immediately called the police, wanting to make sure this man was taken care of, even in death. It was the most basic human decency, but it has cost me greatly.

I told the cops who arrived on the scene about the silver car, about the dark haired man racing away. They let me know that the city had been having problems with the mafia and that this shooting was likely connected to that. Suddenly, I went from being sure I had done the right thing to scared out of my mind. The mafia in my city was not something to mess with and I couldn't shake the feeling that they would find out who I was.

The next week, I came back to my storage unit with the last of my parents' keepsakes. I had just closed on the house, something that felt like both a relief and the end to the early part of my life. As I went to open the garage-style door to my unit, I found a note haphazardly taped to the door:

You will pay for this.

I nearly dropped the box in my hands in fear. I quickly unloaded the car, locked my unit up, and headed back to my apartment. I couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching me the whole night, that someone had seen me at the storage unit and followed me back to my place.

Instead of sleeping that night, I stayed up and looked for quick rentals in small, secluded towns in the mountains. As soon as I saw the quaint cabin in a town called Whiskey Mountain, I knew that was the place for me. I booked the cabin as far out as it would let me. With the money from the house and the sum my parents left me as their only child, I knew I could swing it. Maybe I could get a job in Whiskey Mountain. I wasn't thinking that far ahead, I just knew I needed to get the hell out of

the city.

I just have to get to Whiskey Mountain. I repeat once more and just then, I see the sign welcoming me to the small town.

Welcome to Whiskey Mountain!

Population: 4,000

Perfect.

I follow my GPS to the cabin and feel the first semblance of relief I've felt in weeks at the sight. It's a cute log style cabin with a bright blue door that makes me feel welcome immediately. I get out of the car and punch in the key code the owner messaged me this morning.

I drop my bags by the door and take a deep breath. This is it. My new life. I don't know how long I'll be able to stay here, but for now, I'm off the grid. No one knows where I am. I'll be safe here.

But the thought doesn't comfort me as much as I'd like it to. I can still feel that lingering fear, the sense that someone's watching me, even though I'm alone. I walk over to the window, peeking through the blinds just to make sure no one followed me. Of course, there's no one out there. Just the trees and the dirt road and my beat-up car. But the paranoia is hard to shake.

I sit down on the couch, my mind racing. I think about my parents again, how much I miss them, how I wish they were here to help me through this. They always knew what to do, and always had a plan. But now it's just me, figuring it out as I go. I can't believe I'm here, in some random cabin in the middle of nowhere, trying to stay alive because I saw something I shouldn't have and thought I was doing the right thing by

reporting it.

The weight of it all hits me suddenly, and I feel tears welling up in my eyes. I press my palms into my face, trying to hold it together, but it's hard. I feel so lost, so disconnected from the life I had before.

After a few minutes, I take a deep breath and force myself to stand up. There's no point in breaking it down now. I'm here. I'm alive. And I just need to get through this, one day at a time. I start unpacking, trying to make the cabin feel a little more like home, even though I know it never really will.

After a few minutes, I head into the kitchen and find a note from the owner detailing where everything is and what I might need for my stay. She noted that there is a stash of firewood behind the cabin, next to the hiking trail. I decide a nice fire doesn't sound so bad and, despite having no desire to leave the first place I've felt a smidge of comfort in months, venture out to the stash.

As I walk behind the cabin, I notice the trail she mentioned, it's blocked by a few trees, but still pretty close to the house. Maybe once I'm feeling more secure, I can venture out and explore the wilderness. I think that would do me some good. I'm lost in my own thoughts, picking out the best looking pieces of firewood when I feel a tickle on my ankle. Without thinking, I jump, falling backwards as the wood I had gathered goes flying around me.

I land flat on my back, grateful for the soft ground to break my fall. What I'm not thankful for is the piece of firewood I tried grabbing onto as I was going down. The log has landed on my wrist and I can already feel the bruising forming. I remove the piece of wood with my good hand and try circling my wrist around.

"Shit, shit, shit," I mutter, still sitting on the ground. I start moving my wrist in tiny, agonizing circles. Thankfully, it doesn't seem broken, but the pain still makes me

wince.

I look up when I hear a rustling in the woods, just through the trees. I peer in and see a man rounding the curve, he must see me through the trees because he pauses. I stay frozen in place, not sure if I want to make contact with a stranger—especially with everything going on.

“Everything okay over there?” the man asks, taking out one of his earbuds but still standing a healthy distance away. He’s wearing a forest green puffer jacket, hair covered by a gray beanie, a thick, chocolate-colored beard, and face tanned like he spends time outdoors all year long. He gives me a small smile and something about him makes me feel safe.

“Just took a tumble, I think I felt a leaf blow by my ankle and it sent me flying,” I say with a laugh. “It’s my first day here, I don’t know if I’m built for this wildlife.”

“Do you need a hand?” he asks, still standing in the clearing. I don’t know why, but his keeping a distance makes me feel like I want him closer. Like he wants to make sure I feel safe before he approaches me.

“That would be great, thank you!” He steps toward me and reaches out a hand. I take it with my unharmed hand, but stumble a little as I’m standing up, falling forward but he catches me. He stabilizes me right in front of him and I get a true look at his face for the first time. His eyes near-perfectly match his green jacket, they’re like looking into pine trees themselves. I’m mesmerized.

“Thank you, uh...”

“Ethan,” he interjects with a grin that lights up his whole face.

“Ethan,” I nod. “I’m Luna.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Luna. How’s the wrist?” he asks, eyeing where I’ve clutched it in my good hand.

“Definitely sore. I don’t think it’s broken, but I don’t think I can manage carrying back the firewood that was the whole purpose of coming back here,” I finish in a huff, back to feeling helpless and overwhelmed. This stranger doesn’t need to hear my ramblings.

“I can carry it back for you, if you want.” Before I can answer, he backs away and starts gathering the firewood in his arms. He seems so kind and I am such a mess in comparison, I can’t even form words.

After staring at his very lithe body for a little too long, I swallow and spit out, “If you don’t mind! I’m staying just around the bend.”

He gives me another glowing smile and says he knows the place, but tells me to lead the way.

Maybe my time in the woods won’t be so bad.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Ethan

When I set out on my usual afternoon hike, the last thing I was expecting was to find a woman just off the trail. I've walked this same trail route nearly every day for the last decade and never once have I seen someone by the wood pile out there. As I watched her circling her wrist, wincing with every turn, I knew I had to step in and offer a hand. It's how I was raised, how my military training taught me to be.

So, I offered my help to the woman with blonde hair so pale it almost looked like moonlight. Imagine my surprise when she said her name was Luna.

Now, walking back to her cabin, I can't help but admire her curves as she leads the way. She is stunning. The walk only takes a few minutes and when she turns to hold the door open, I catch a glimpse of her navy blue eyes and nearly trip on the step. She gives me a small smile as she holds the door open with her foot, still cradling her wrist in her good hand.

She guides me to the stand beside the small fireplace and I layer the wood for her, certain she can't do it on her own with her clearly hurt wrist. I dust my hands off on my cargo pants and turn to where she is standing beside the sofa.

I clear my throat. "I can take a look at your wrist, I was in the Navy and have medical training. I don't want you to have to suffer."

She looks down at her wrist. "That would be great, Ethan, thank you. And thank you so much for helping with the wood, there's no way I could have carried that back on my own." I nod, smiling back at her.



I gesture for her to sit on the couch before taking a seat next to her. I take her hurt wrist in my hands, turning it over to make sure no bones are broken.

“You still have full movement,” I say, flexing her wrist as she grimaces in response.

“It hurts, though,” she says, and I can see tears welling in her eyes. Without thinking, I reach out and brush one that has fallen down her cheek. She gasps at my touch and I can’t help but feel electricity in my fingertips. God, she is so beautiful, like a winter princess.

“I know, Luna, I’m sorry this happened on your first day here. You should’ve had a better welcome to Whiskey Mountain.”

“Par for the course of my life right now,” she says with a mix between a laugh and a sob. I place her wrist gently on her lap.

“Looks like you just need some ice and maybe a brace for a few days to keep from further straining it. I have a brace that should work for you at home, I can go grab it if you want?”

She hesitates, and I can tell she is a bit wary of spending more time with a stranger. Honestly, I get it. I usually don’t go out of my way like this to help people, but there’s something about her that is making me want to keep spending time with her.

Another few seconds pass before she quietly says, “That would be great, Ethan, thank you so much.”

“Do you know if you have any ice here?” I ask, thinking we should get something cool on it as soon as we can.

“I’m not sure, actually, I haven’t even looked in the freezer yet.” With that, I rise and

head to the freezer, the open concept of the cabin means I can still talk to her as I open the freezer and spot nothing but empty ice trays and a few bags of frozen veggies the previous renter must've left behind. "Looks like peas will have to do," I say, grabbing one of the bags and a kitchen towel that was on the stove door.

Wrapping the peas in the towel, I gently place the pack on her wrist. She makes a face at the cold, but seems to quickly adjust.

"I'll be back in about an hour. I can grab us some food if you want? Do you like burgers?" I ask, still standing in front of her on the couch.

"Yes," she says, "but I don't want you to have to spend money on me. We just met and you're already being so helpful."

I smile as her cheeks redden. Her shyness is making me want to be around her even more, making me feel like she doesn't open herself up to a lot of people, I feel like I should be grateful she's even let me in this far.

"I won't be. I own the brewery, so the burgers are on the house," I say with a wink. She lets out what looks to be a sigh of relief at that, and that makes me want to spoil her. I ask her what she likes on her burger (grilled onions and cheddar) and, without really thinking, bend to kiss her cheek before I head out the door.

She looks back at me, blue eyes swimming with surprise. "Be back soon," I say.

I head back the way we walked back from the trail, hooking into it and taking the mile back to my cabin at a slow jog. I walk in, grab some ice packs from my freezer, my brace from the first aid kit in the bathroom, and hop in my truck. On the way to the brewery, I call Scott, my co-owner, and tell him to have our burger order waiting for me when I get there.

I pull up to the brewery a few minutes later and Scott is standing at the bar bagging up my order.

“What’s this all about?” he asks as he places the last container in the bag.

“Met a girl on my trail walk this afternoon, no time to explain, have to get back to her.” I snag the bag off the bar and shout “Thanks!” back to Scott. His deep laugh follows me out the door. I nearly sprint to my truck, eager to get back to the mysterious girl with the moonlight hair.

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When I get back to Luna’s cabin, I knock, wanting her to know it’s me before I enter. I hear a muffled “come in” and open the door to see Luna curled up on the couch, back of peas still resting on her wrist and a book in her other hand. I’m glad to see she has ways to entertain herself out here, the thought of her having nothing to do in the woods all alone fills me with sadness.

“Food’s here, but first, let’s get your wrist wrapped up.” I kneel next to her on the couch, balancing my elbows on her thighs as I gently set aside her makeshift icepack and remove the brace from the first aid kit. I swear, I can hear her heart racing as I get closer to wrap her wrist. She’s warm, despite the ice I just removed. Her breath hitches as I tighten the wrap and I can’t help but place a kiss on the inside of her wrist before setting it down.

I’ve never felt this instant attraction before. Sure, I’ve had flings, been with women for the night and nothing more, but with Luna it’s more than lust. It’s this overwhelming feeling that she’s it for me. Which is crazy because we’ve only known each other for a few hours. I just need to be around her.

I rise and grab some plates from the sparse cabinets in the kitchen before unboxing

our takeout. I bring out plates back to the couch and pull the coffee table a bit closer before taking a seat beside Luna.

“This looks delicious. Thank you for going to get it, I don’t know what I would’ve done for dinner tonight without you,” she says before taking a bite of her burger and letting a moan that sends all the blood in my body rushing to my dick. That sound will be playing on repeat in all of my future fantasies.

“My god,” she says, “this is amazing . This is from the brewery you own?”

I tear my eyes from her mouth and take a bite of my own burger as I nod. “Yep. I bought it with my buddy Scott after we got out of the military. We had seen some... pretty messed up stuff when we were deployed. We needed a new focus, something to take our minds off the past. Between figure out how to even brew beer and opening up the restaurant, we were able to cope with what we went through and start something that has been really wonderful for both of us.”

“That’s great. I’m glad you were both able to find healthy ways to cope. Do you mind if I ask what you did in the Navy?”

“You can ask me anything,” I say without a second thought. I realize it’s true, I would answer anything she asked me, no matter the pain it may bring me.

“I was a medical pilot, I can’t really go into much more detail than that. But I saw a lot and came back just desperate to move on. I’m grateful for the friends I made, but I have no desire to go back to that phase of my life,” I finish and quickly take another bite of my burger, hoping I didn’t just scare her away.

“I totally get it,” she says. “We all have our secrets.” She breaks eye contact, leaning to grab some curly fries with her good hand, clearly not wanting to talk about her own. But I can’t help my curiosity.

“How long are you planning on staying in town?”

She swallows her fries, thinking on it for a moment. “I... I’m not sure, actually. Hopefully just until some stuff clears up back home.”

I nod, content with her answer for now. We keep eating and I spend some time telling her about the town, letting her know where the grocery store is, and mentioning that I could show her the lake one day when she’s feeling up to it.

Our conversation dulls and I start sensing my queue to leave, but I don’t want to just yet.

“Do you have everything you need for tonight? I put some ice packs in your freezer, so they should be ready to go when you need to ice again. I’ll leave the first aid kit here, it has painkillers in case you need them. I can come back—”

“Would you mind staying?” she says sheepishly, and I can tell that she has never asked someone this before. “I just... really don’t want to be alone tonight. I know we just met and it might be weird, but I think the company would be good for me.”

Spending the night with her is all I want in the world. But I know it’s a mistake. I don’t know how I’ll be able to resist her, her curves and her big blue eyes that pin me down like she can see everything about me.

All of these thoughts race in my head. But instead of listening to any of them, I follow my heart.

“Of course,” I say. She gleams in return.

Maybe this isn’t such a bad idea after all.

## Chapter Three

Luna

I can't believe I actually asked Ethan to stay.

I've never spent this much time with a man before, let alone had one spend the night with me. To him, it's probably no big deal, but to me, it's a huge step.

Since my parents died and everything happened with the mobsters I have been alone. Like completely alone. I pushed all of my friends away after none of them seemed to understand what I was going through without my parents and then I saw the crime and I couldn't tell them anything without putting them at risk, too.

So, for the better part of the last year I have been cripplingly, pathetically lonely. Ethan is the first person I've felt safe with in so long that I just couldn't bear the idea of him leaving tonight. Now that he is actually staying though, I am not sure what to do next. Where is he going to sleep? Would it be weird to share the bed?

"Let me get this cleaned up," he says, breaking my thought spiral. He picks up our plates, dumps the few fries I left on my plate in the garbage and heads to the sink to wash the plates. God, he is so nice, just doing what needs to be done and helping me all day long.

I'm glad I came to Whiskey Mountain. It's the first time I've felt that running away to this small town was the right decision. I feel safe and maybe for the first time in a long time, a little bit happy.

Ethan places the clean plates on the drying rack next to the sink and turns back to me. I realize right then I have been ogling his, admittedly very nice, backside for the last few minutes. I immediately blush as he grins at me, having fully caught me in the act.

“What were you reading earlier?” he asks as he makes his way back to the couch, taking a seat much closer to me than he was before he got up.

“Oh, it was a... fantasy novel,” I say, a bit embarrassed, worried he will think less of me as I explain a bit of the plot. He just looks at me with wide, interested eyes and makes me feel secure enough to keep describing the series to him.

“I love reading, but I’ve never tried fantasy before. You’ve piqued my curiosity,” he says, before reaching around my shoulders to where the book sits on the armrest of the couch. He flips to the back cover while keeping his arm locked around me. Smooth .

“Can I read this when you’re done?”

“Oh, yeah. Of course,” I say and he places the book back on the armrest, but doesn’t move his arm. He smiles down at me.

“I’m glad I was walking by at the right time today, I feel like I was meant to meet you, Luna.”

I don’t even know how to reply to that, how to articulate how comfortable I am feeling around him and how lucky it was that he was there at the right time. I think I would’ve had a full on breakdown if he hadn’t been there to help me this afternoon, to feed me and keep me company this evening.

“Me too,” I whisper eventually. We sit there talking for a few minutes before I feel my eyelids begin to droop.

“We should get you to bed,” Ethan says after he catches me trying to stifle a yawn. Before I know it, he’s standing and lifting me into his arms. He carries me to the small bed cove on the other side of the room. Holding me in one arm, he uses the

other to pull back the cottage-core blue and white floral quilt. He's so strong.

He places me in the bed and walks away, returning a moment later with a glass of water and some painkillers. "So you don't wake up from the pain in the middle of the night," he says, handing them to me. I pop them on my tongue and swallow the pills.

Ethan is still standing beside the bed, but as I lay back on the pillows, he removes his shoes and plops down beside me, laying on top of the comforter. He turns to me and begins stroking my hair, I nearly purr at the feeling of his touch. He's so easily affectionate, it makes me feel like he wants me, despite us just meeting a few hours ago.

"You... you can get under the covers. If you want. You don't have to, I just know it's kind of chilly in here and—"

"Luna, don't make this weird," he says with a laugh, cutting off my rambling. "I like you. I think you like me. I just didn't want to assume anything." He finishes speaking and rises, pulling back the covers and pulling me close to him, careful not to twist my wrapped up wrist.

I know he said he was in the military, but he has been so gentle with me, I'm having a hard time believing it.

He turns us both on our sides so we're facing each other, our faces only inches apart.

"I'm going to kiss you now, Luna," he says, pressing his lips to mine before I can answer. I like that he is taking charge, that he shows how much he wants me. It's so different from anything I've dreamed of. He is the first man I've ever kissed, and he might be the first man I've ever wanted to do more with.

After a few seconds, he pulls away and goes back to stroking my hair. I think he can



sense my restraint because he quickly asks me if I'm okay.

"Yes. It's just, I've never... been intimate with anyone before." I close my eyes, scared to see his reaction, but as with everything today, he takes it in stride. He tilts my chin up so I have no choice but to look at his emerald eyes.

"Don't be embarrassed, not with me, Luna. We can take this as slow or as fast as we want, but just know I will be there for all of it." His assertiveness should scare me, but in the wake of this last year, it makes me want him more. Makes me feel like he could be the protector I have been missing for so long.

"Thank you," I say, a tear running down my cheek as I process my feelings.

"Hey, let me make you feel better. Show you how good we can be," Ethan says, swiping away the tear and then plunging his mouth to mine once again. This kiss is deeper, more intense than the one we shared just moments ago.

I open myself to him, letting our tongues tangle and learning what I like in a kiss. When he swirls his tongue with mine, it sends shocks to my core. We continue exploring each other and I get lost in his scent, in his taste and for the first time in months, my mind doesn't feel weighed down with the past. I am totally, wholly present and it's all thanks to Ethan.

He breaks the kiss for just a moment as he rolls me to my back before hovering over me, careful to rest my wrist on a pillow before resuming the kiss. It grows, becoming sloppier as our tongues mingle together. He pulls away, kissing my neck in a way that makes me tingle before coming back to my mouth. He lowers himself slightly and I can feel his hardness against me.

"Oh!" I let out as his cock hits my core in just the right spot.

“Like what you feel?” he says with a smirk.

I can't hide my blush. I've never felt this turned on before, I know I am dripping beneath my sweatpants. Before I know it, he is dipping a hand beneath the waist band. He lets out a surprised chuckle when he finds no underwear standing in his way. After he left to get the food, I just wanted to be ready for bed so I didn't bother putting on another pair of panties.

“Oh, Luna you're soaked ,” he says, his voice deepening to a near growl. “Is this all for me?” he asks as he continues sliding his finger through my folds.

“Y-yes. You're the first person whose ever made me this way, I have never felt like this before.” He gives me another smirk before lowering his mouth to mine once again.

“Well, let me do something about it, since it is my fault,” he says as he breaks the kiss. He pushes off of me, removing his hand from between my legs before settling his body between my legs. On his knees, he pulls my pants off and tosses them to the floor.

“Can I taste you, Luna? I need to taste you.” He's staring down at my core, looking like a man starved.

I nod, meeting his eyes when he looks up.

“Thank god.”

He folds forward and before I know it, his tongue is on my clit. He gently laps at me and I begin to squirm. His strokes turn circular and I feel a tightening in my spine.

“God, you're delicious. You're doing so good for me, letting me eat you up.” His

praise nearly sends me to the edge and he holds me down with one arm across my hips while he dips a finger from his other hand inside me. He looks up at me to confirm it's okay, and when he senses no objection, he curls his finger inside me as he sucks on my clit.

The sensation is like nothing I've ever experienced before. It's so much . His finger hits just the right spot as he swirls his tongue around me in a way that makes me scream. I come apart in an instant, in shock at both how quickly and how decisively he made me fall apart.

With a final kiss to my pussy, he moves to lay beside me again.

"I told you I'd make you feel better," he says with a wink. I can't help but laugh. He's so confident, so sure of himself and what we're doing that it makes me feel the same way, too.

"That was amazing, Ethan. I had no idea I could feel that way. And it made me completely forget about this," I say, lifting my wrist off the pillow he rested it on, "and everything else I have going on."

I can tell he wants to ask more, but instead of probing he just says, "The pleasure was all mine." He reaches down to the floor and grabs my pants before slowly pushing them back up my legs. Once he secures them, he places a deep, but gentle kiss on my mouth. I taste myself on his tongue and I don't even mind. It's proof of how good he made me feel.

He settles next to me before pulling me back in his arms. "Get some sleep, Lu, you'll need it to make that wrist feel better." I smile at his easy use of the nickname and curl deeper into his side, slowly drifting off in the first semblance of comfort I've felt all year.

## Page 3

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I don’t even know how to reply to that, how to articulate how comfortable I am feeling around him and how lucky it was that he was there at the right time. I think I would’ve had a full on breakdown if he hadn’t been there to help me this afternoon, to feed me and keep me company this evening.

“Me too,” I whisper eventually. We sit there talking for a few minutes before I feel my eyelids begin to droop.

“We should get you to bed,” Ethan says after he catches me trying to stifle a yawn. Before I know it, he’s standing and lifting me into his arms. He carries me to the small bed cove on the other side of the room. Holding me in one arm, he uses the other to pull back the cottage-core blue and white floral quilt. He’s so strong.

He places me in the bed and walks away, returning a moment later with a glass of water and some painkillers. “So you don’t wake up from the pain in the middle of the night,” he says, handing them to me. I pop them on my tongue and swallow the pills.

Ethan is still standing beside the bed, but as I lay back on the pillows, he removes his shoes and plops down beside me, laying on top of the comforter. He turns to me and begins stroking my hair, I nearly purr at the feeling of his touch. He’s so easily affectionate, it makes me feel like he wants me, despite us just meeting a few hours ago.

“You... you can get under the covers. If you want. You don’t have to, I just know it’s kind of chilly in here and—”

“Luna, don’t make this weird,” he says with a laugh, cutting off my rambling. “I like you. I think you like me. I just didn’t want to assume anything.” He finishes speaking and rises, pulling back the covers and pulling me close to him, careful not to twist my wrapped up wrist.

I know he said he was in the military, but he has been so gentle with me, I’m having a hard time believing it.

He turns us both on our sides so we’re facing each other, our faces only inches apart.

“I’m going to kiss you now, Luna,” he says, pressing his lips to mine before I can answer. I like that he is taking charge, that he shows how much he wants me. It’s so different from anything I’ve dreamed of. He is the first man I’ve ever kissed, and he

might be the first man I've ever wanted to do more with.

After a few seconds, he pulls away and goes back to stroking my hair. I think he can sense my restraint because he quickly asks me if I'm okay.

"Yes. It's just, I've never... been intimate with anyone before." I close my eyes, scared to see his reaction, but as with everything today, he takes it in stride. He tilts my chin up so I have no choice but to look gazes with his emerald eyes.

"Don't be embarrassed, not with me, Luna. We can take this as slow or as fast as we want, but just know I will be there for all of it." His assertiveness should scare me, but in the wake of this last year, it makes me want him more. Makes me feel like he could be the protector I have been missing for so long.

"Thank you," I say, a tear running down my cheek as I process my feelings.

"Hey, let me make you feel better. Show you how good we can be," Ethan says, swiping away the tear and then plunging his mouth to mine once again. This kiss is deeper, more intense than the one we shared just moments ago.

I open myself to him, letting our tongues tangle and learning what I like in a kiss. When he swirls his tongue with mine, it sends shocks to my core. We continue exploring each other and I get lost in his scent, in his taste and for the first time in months, my mind doesn't feel weighed down with the past. I am totally, wholly present and it's all thanks to Ethan.

He breaks the kiss for just a moment as he rolls me to my back before hovering over me, careful to rest my wrist on a pillow before resuming the kiss. It grows, becoming sloppier as our tongues mingle together. He pulls away, kissing my neck in a way that makes me tingle before coming back to my mouth. He lowers himself slightly and I can feel his hardness against me.

“Oh!” I let out as his cock hits my core in just the right spot.

“Like what you feel?” he says with a smirk.

I can’t hide my blush. I’ve never felt this turned on before, I know I am dripping beneath my sweatpants. Before I know it, he is dipping a hand beneath the waist band. He lets out a surprised chuckle when he finds no underwear standing in his way. After he left to get the food, I just wanted to be ready for bed so I didn’t bother putting on another pair of panties.

“Oh, Luna you’re soaked ,” he says, his voice deepening to a near growl. “Is this all for me?” he asks as he continues sliding his finger through my folds.

“Y-yes. You’re the first person whose ever made me this way, I have never felt like this before.” He gives me another smirk before lowering his mouth to mine once again.

“Well, let me do something about it, since it is my fault,” he says as he breaks the kiss. He pushes off of me, removing his hand from between my legs before settling his body between my legs. On his knees, he pulls my pants off and tosses them to the floor.

“Can I taste you, Luna? I need to taste you.” He’s staring down at my core, looking like a man starved.

I nod, meeting his eyes when he looks up.

“Thank god.”

He folds forward and before I know it, his tongue is on my clit. He gently laps at me and I begin to squirm. His strokes turn circular and I feel a tightening in my spine.



“God, you’re delicious. You’re doing so good for me, letting me eat you up.” His praise nearly sends me to the edge and he holds me down with one arm across my hips while he dips a finger from his other hand inside me. He looks up at me to confirm it’s okay, and when he senses no objection, he curls his finger inside me as he sucks on my clit.

The sensation is like nothing I’ve ever experienced before. It’s so much . His finger hits just the right spot as he swirls his tongue around me in a way that makes me scream. I come apart in an instant, in shock at both how quickly and how decisively he made me fall apart.

With a final kiss to my pussy, he moves to lay beside me again.

“I told you I’d make you feel better,” he says with a wink. I can’t help but laugh. He’s so confident, so sure of himself and what we’re doing that it makes me feel the same way, too.

“That was amazing, Ethan. I had no idea I could feel that way. And it made me completely forget about this,” I say, lifting my wrist off the pillow he rested it on, “and everything else I have going on.”

I can tell he wants to ask more, but instead of probing he just says, “The pleasure was all mine.” He reaches down to the floor and grabs my pants before slowly pushing them back up my legs. Once he secures them, he places a deep, but gentle kiss on my mouth. I taste myself on his tongue and I don’t even mind. It’s proof of how good he made me feel.

He settles next to me before pulling me back in his arms. “Get some sleep, Lu, you’ll need it to make that wrist feel better.” I smile at his easy use of the nickname and curl deeper into his side, slowly drifting off in the first semblance of comfort I’ve felt all year.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Ethan

I wake to Luna still curled into my side, silver-blond hair splayed across my chest. She is so beautiful.

After tasting her and feeling her fall apart last night, I'm even more gone than before. I have so much to show her, so much to make her feel. I can't wait to show her around Whiskey Mountain and show her everything in the bedroom.

I know I will be her first, but as far as I'm concerned, I'm going to be her last, too. She is mine. It was fate that I walked up on her yesterday and I'm not squandering something so clearly sent to me.

Since I got out of the military, I haven't let anyone get close to me. I haven't even had a casual hookup in years because the idea of letting anyone inside after everything I saw scared the shit out of me. But now that I'm home and in a good place with my business, I can't think of anything I want more than Luna.

I know she's hiding something and I know she's not ready to tell me yet. But when she is, I'll be there ready to protect her, fight for her, do whatever she needs. She is it for me and she needs to know that.

She begins stirring beside me, wincing a bit as she moves her wrist.

"Morning, Lu," I say, her midnight blue eyes staring up at me like she's surprised I'm still here. "How's the wrist?"

“Better, I think,” she lifts it and undoes the brace. She starts slowly circling her wrist first left, then right, then back and forth. “I think one more day in the brace and I should be good as new.”

“Good, let me grab you some ice while you have the brace off,” I say, planting a kiss on the crown of her head before rising to grab one of the ice packs I brought over out of the freezer. I wrap it in a blue and white checked kitchen towel before crawling back in beside her.

“Thank you.” She gives me a tight smile as she wraps the ice pack around her wrist, grimacing slightly at the cool shock. I crawl in beside her, sitting against the pillows and pulling her into my arms. I never want to wake up without her again. This feels so natural, so right, like we were always meant to be here.

Is it possible to feel this way after only knowing someone for less than a day?

She breaks my thoughts by asking me how I slept.

“Best sleep I’ve had in years, thanks to you,” I say with a wink. She lights up at my response. “How about you?”

“Same. I feel rested for the first time in... so long,” she meets my eyes again and I can see her holding something back, but I don’t prod. Instead I ask, “What do you have on your schedule today?”

“Just settling in, getting the things done that I couldn’t do last night—unpacking, going to the store, things like that. I also should look for a job at some point, I was planning on picking something up while I’m here to make some extra cash and get out of the cabin.”

“Come work for me at the brewery,” I say without really thinking about it. I could use

the help and it would give me an excuse to spend more time around her, which I wouldn't mind at all. I'm sure Scott would be glad for the extra set of hands, especially as we head into the busy summer season.

"You've already done so much for me," she says after a moment. "I don't want you to feel like I'm taking advantage of your kindness."

"You're not. Do you have any restaurant experience?"

"Yeah, I was a waitress and a bartender at a chain place when I was in college. I imagine getting back into it is like riding a bike. But seriously, Ethan, don't feel like you have to offer me a job just because I mentioned it. I'm happy to look around town."

"Nope. You're working for me, whether you like it or not," I answer, hoping the sparkle in my eye conveys that I'm joking... kind of. I want to keep her close by.

"Okay, thank you, Ethan. Really. I don't know how I would've gotten anything done without you last night and you're certainly giving me a leg up on getting around Whiskey Mountain." She shyly kisses my cheek and I can't help but pull her on top of me for a deeper kiss. I know she's not ready for more than we've already done yet, but I just need to taste her again.

I tangle a hand in her hair and bring her mouth to mine, she lets out a gentle moan as my tongue pierces her mouth and I can't help but think that this is what heaven must feel like. Our kiss continues, gentler and more exploratory than last night, before we break apart. I decide we should stop now or we'll never get anything done today.

"I can drive you to the store, show you around, if you want?" I say, stroking her hair as I wait for her answer, admiring the bright blonde strands against the tan of my well-worked hands. Everywhere she is soft and delicate, I am hard and worn. She is

my perfect contrast. “I just need to run home and change first, then we could head out.”

“I can go myself, I don’t want you to have to run all around for me. You’ve already done so much.”

“I don’t mind. I like spending time with you.” I’m sure I’m being too forward, but I honestly don’t really care. She should know how I feel about her.

“Okay... if you’re sure.”

“I’m sure,” I say. I plant a quick kiss on her lips before lifting her off me and setting her to the side. I get up, grab her ice pack to throw back in the freezer. She tells me she’ll be ready by the time I get back and I head back to my place.

When I walk back in, it feels so different than it did yesterday. Kind of like it’s not home anymore. Like I may have found home somewhere else. Which is strange because I love my house. The log cabin overlooks a small pond that is great for fishing and wading in the hot summer months. I have a hot tub on my balcony that has a fantastic view of the mountains that looks even better at sunset. But now, it feels like it’s missing something, or someone.

I quickly shower and dress, throwing on jeans and a crewneck as it’s starting to warm up in the late spring and a full jacket no longer feels necessary. I swing through town on my way back to grab Luna a coffee. I’m not sure what she likes, so I take a gamble on a vanilla latte and a chocolate croissant, hoping she likes both. I grab myself a blueberry muffin and a black coffee before making the ten minute drive back.

As I pull back up to the cabin, I spot Luna through the window. She’s changed into a maroon knit sweater and jeans and looks so at home as she is placing clothes in the

small dresser just outside of the bed nook.

This place was made for her.

She spots me through the window and gives me a wave and a bright smile. I beam back at her, excited to show her around and make Whiskey Mountain feel like home.

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Luna

We're in Ethan's truck heading into Whiskey Mountain proper. He brought me the most amazing chocolate croissant and vanilla latte—both my favorites, not sure how he nailed it, but I'm not complaining—and I can't wait to see the shop they're from. He parks in front of a small coffee shop naming it as the place he stopped by this morning. He gets out and opens my door, grabbing my good hand to help me out of the truck.

He doesn't let go of my hand as we walk down this side of the block. He points out the butcher, the few restaurants in town, and some other shops before we cross the street and walk a little further off the main strip.

We arrive at a large warehouse-style building with a wood carved sign that reads "Whiskey Mountain Brewing" on the front. I peer around and spot a large patio area that hasn't been set up for the day yet, but that has a perfect view of the mountains.

"I assume this is your brewery?"

"Sure is," Ethan answers. "It's what I'm proudest of in the world. I can't wait for you to work here too."

We head inside stopping at the bar where a man with dark hair and a beard similar to Ethan's introduces himself as Scott, Ethan's business partner. Ethan tells him I'm going to be working here a few days a week while I get settled.

"Great!" Scott says enthusiastically. "We could use the extra help as we head into the

busy season.”

“You’re sure I’m not imposing?” I ask, looking to both of them. They both look at me with nothing but kindness, but it’s a kindness I can tell they extend to few people and that weirdly makes me feel better, like since Ethan likes me, Scott does too.

“Of course not. We want you here,” Ethan says, gently rubbing my back as he does. Scott can’t stifle his laugh at that.

“Jesus, man. I’ve never seen you like this before. And I’ve known you my whole life.”

“Yeah, well, here we are,” Ethan says back to him, never looking away from me. It makes me feel even more special and secure here. Whiskey Mountain was the right call.

We take a seat at the bar and Scott pours us a new draught they’ve been working on. Ethan gives notes on the flavor while I just enjoy the crisp taste on my tongue. We stay a little longer and Ethan gives me a tour of the full place, showing me the brewery itself, the kitchen, the extensive seating they have indoors and outdoors.

“You’ve really built something amazing here,” I say as we walk around the outdoor space.

“Yeah, we love it. We put everything into it after we got back from our last tour. It really helped to have somewhere to redirect our energy, to work without being in panic mode.”

“I get that. It’s amazing you did something so productive when you could’ve just fallen into despair. I wish I had something like this to take my mind off of... everything.”



“You can tell me anything, you know. I know we’ve only known each other for a day, but it feels like this could be something real and I don’t want you to feel like you have to keep anything from me.” He finishes speaking and looks down at me, green eyes flooded with concern, the waves of his hair blowing in the slight breeze. He’s so handsome, so sure of himself, of us, that I know I can open up to him. I’m just not ready for that yet.

“Thank you, Ethan, really. I know I can trust you, it just might take me a little time to get there,” I say with a watery smile, overcome at his openness. He pulls me close and plants another kiss on me and I feel myself softening under his touch.

We break apart with a shared laugh and he grabs my hand. He leads me out of the brewery and we walk back the way we came, strolling down the opposite side of the street where he points out the grocery store and the local gym. I find myself feeling excited to try out all the places he’s shown me, to begin working at the brewery and finally feel safe and settled again.

We grab lunch at the small Mexican restaurant in town before heading into the grocery store where I load up on groceries for the rest of the week, feeling desperate to eat a vegetable after a few days of take out only. Ethan loads the groceries into the back of his truck, shooing me away when I try to help, telling me I need to rest my wrist.

How did I get so lucky?

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I’m finishing up making dinner, a crisp spring salad with some grilled chicken, when I hear Ethan come back into my cabin. He ran back to his place to grab a toothbrush and a change of clothes after we mutually decided we weren’t ready to part ways just yet.

I plate up our salads and we sit at the barstools by the rollaway wooden kitchen island. Our conversation covers everything from books we like, our favorite movies, little things to get to know each other. I've never spent time with a man like this and getting to know things about him fills me with a thrill.

He washes up from dinner and lights a small fire to combat the nighttime chill before joining me on the couch, where I've settled with the same fantasy book I was reading yesterday. I put it back as soon as he sits down, deciding it's time to tell him why I'm here. I turn on the couch so I'm facing him and he grabs my legs, placing them over his lap.

"I want to tell you my story. But I think I need to get it all out in one go, so sorry if I don't pause at all—"

"Don't apologize, I'm happy to listen to you speak, to let you get this off your chest."

His words give me the push I need, so with a deep breath I launch into my story. I tell him about my parents accident, the shock of losing them and how alone I felt. How I had to figure out everything on my own from selling the house to getting everything in storage. How lucky I was that the house sold quickly and all I had to do was clean everything out.

I tell him about the storage units and getting lost in time looking at the photo albums and when I shed a tear remembering how many moments my mom captured, like she knew I would need them to look back on, he just rubs my legs and swipes away the tear with a gentle caress of my cheek.

Finally, I get to the incident. I tell him about hearing the gunshot, about seeing the man with the dark hair and the special silver care speeding away, how I found the body and how I see the man with the bullet through his head in my dreams every night and I don't know if it will ever stop. I tell him that I called the cops and how

wrong I realized that was when they told me who their prime suspect was.

I share how my fear was confirmed when I found the note on the storage unit and how I couldn't shake the feeling of being watched, being followed. Finally, I tell him about staying up all night looking for somewhere to go and how this cabin, this town just seemed to call me. Lastly, I tell him about heading out behind the cabin to find some firewood, and how a handsome man in a green coat that perfectly matched his eyes helped me just when I was on the brink of breaking.

I take a gulp of air, feeling free for the first time in so long, happy to share the burden of all of this with someone.

Ethan stares at me for a moment longer before pulling me into his arms.

"Oh, Lu. I'm so sorry about your parents, I can't imagine how hard that must have been," he says, pressing a kiss to the crown of my head like he does so often. "But I'm sorrier for these sick bastards who are coming after you," he says, his voice a near growl. "If they ever come near you, I'll make sure they can never hunt anyone down again." His voice is filled with so much authority that I would be terrified if I didn't know how gentle he could be with me.

"I know you would," I say, tilting my head up to look at him. "Thank you for listening to me... thank you for being you." I finish and he looks at me, his gaze filling with heat and desire and something more.

Without another word, he pulls me onto his lap, my thighs landing on either side of his. He pulls me into a heart-melting kiss, so deep and tender it nearly takes my breath away.

"I want you to be mine, Luna. In all ways," he says, pulling my hair back so I have to meet his eyes. The pull of his hand should hurt, but it just fills me with more want.

“I want that, too, Ethan. Make me yours.”

Without another word, he rises, carrying me with him. He crosses the room and tosses me on the bed and before I have a moment to catch my breath, he’s kissing me senseless again.

“Need to see all of you,” he says, pulling away as he stands and strips off his own shirt and pants. I’m mesmerized at the sight of him. His chest is strong but not toned, clearly honed from his years in the military and the hard labor he does around the brewery. A dusting of dark, curly hair trails into his black boxer briefs that I can see stretching with the length of him. God, there’s no way he will inside me, I think.

“Come on, sweetheart, no need to be shy with me,” he says and I turn warm at the endearment. He leans over and lifts my sweater off before reaching down to unbutton my jeans. I’m glad I took then time to put on black lacy underwear and a matching bralette this morning. This is the first time I have ever wanted to impress a man, the first time I’ve wanted a man to see me naked. The groan he lets out when he finally gets my jeans off and stares at me laying on the bed fills me with the confidence I need.

He kneels on the bed, eyes wandering around my body and I’m sure he can see the damp spot on the front of my underwear. When I feel like I can’t take his perusing anymore, I pull his mouth to mine. It’s the first time I’ve ever felt like taking control and I like it, like how easily he opens his mouth to mine and tangles his tongue with mine. He tastes like the honey I used in the salad dressing, so sweet I can’t help but lick around his mouth.

He laughs at the sensation and so do I. His hand cups my breast, tweaking my nipple through the bralette before moving lower, sliding beneath the waistband of my underwear before finding my clit. He begins rubbing quick circles around me, like he needs to be touching me as much as possible. I arch at the sensation.

“Oh, Ethan,” I say lifting my hips, hoping to feel more relief from his touch.

“You like that, baby?”

“Mhhmmmm,” I say, barely able to form words. This is a different sensation from last night, but one I like just the same. He rises, and I immediately feel desperate for his touch again. Before I know it, he’s ripping my underwear from my hips, leaving the lace in scraps beside my bed.

“I said I needed to see all of you,” he says, before diving headfirst into my pussy. His tongue laps at me and I squirm, he bands an arm across my hips to hold me still before he slides a finger into me with his other hand. He continues to work my clit with his tongue as he curves his finger inside me.

“How about we try two, get you nice and warmed up for me?” he asks, pausing his movements while he waits for my approval. I can’t help but smile.

“Okay,” I whisper, and he grins.

He slowly slides a second finger into me and I feel so much fuller. I wonder how I’ll ever be ready for his clearly sizable length when this fills like I’m filled to the max. He hits my walls as he sucks on my clit and I come apart beneath him. He slurps up every last drop before rising and raising his fingers to my mouth.

“Here. Lick.”

I take his fingers into my mouth and lick myself off of him. “I can’t wait to feel that tongue around my cock,” he says before taking my face in his hands and kissing me deeply.

“Tell me if you want to stop, because I don’t think I can resist getting inside you a

second longer,” he says.

“I don’t want to stop. I want all of you too, Ethan,” I say and the smile he gives me in return could set the world on fire.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Ethan

The sincerity in her voice sends another wave of desire coursing through me, and I dive back in, kissing her harder, more passionately. I kiss her neck, and her collarbone, moving lower with each kiss. I can feel her heart racing beneath my lips. I want to remember everything about the way she feels, the way she tastes.

When I finally reach her breasts, she gasps, her back arching off the bed. I take one nipple into my mouth, sucking gently, and her hands fly to my shoulders, holding on like she's afraid she'll fall apart if she lets go.

In the times we've been together, I haven't explored her perfect breasts. They're full and her dusty pink nipples are pebbling beneath my touch. I move to her other side, sure to caress her with one hand while my other moves back between her legs.

"So wet for me again, sweetheart," I say feeling her dripping between my fingers. "I'll be gentle, but tell me if I'm hurting you. I know it's your first time," I say, pressing kisses on each of her cheeks before devouring her mouth once again.

I break the kiss long enough for her to mumble "I trust you."

Holding my gaze with hers, my hands on either side of her head, bracing my big body over hers, I start pushing into her inch after agonizingly slow inch.

I feel myself gradually stretch her out as she gets used to the feel of me inside her and it makes me glad I took the time to stretch her out a bit earlier. The tight fit is heaven and hell all in one and it takes every ounce of my self-control to not fuck her into this

mattress.

“That’s it, Lu,” I say as I feel her take the last of me. “You’re doing so good, baby, so wet and ready for me.”

She blushes at the praise like she always does and gives me a nod to show she’s ready for more.

I begin to stroke very slowly inside of her, giving her time to adjust to the sensation. I can feel her growing wetter with each stroke, giving me the go-ahead to increase my pace. I quicken my strokes and she moans at the change.

“Are you okay?” I ask, not wanting to ruin the mood, but wanting to be sure she’s not in pain.

“Yes... Ethan, God yes, just keep going.”

So I do. I pour into her with abandon, pounding into her so hard she slides toward the headboard and I have to push my hands out to stop her head from hitting it. I look where we’re connected and she looks so perfect, so full of me.

“Whose pussy is this?” I ask as I pull all the way out.

“Yours, Ethan, it’s yours,” she says. Her answer is enough for me to dive back into her with full force, driving us both to the edge.

“I can't hold it any longer,” she cries out.

“Let go, Lu, I’ll be right behind you.”

I feel her walls pulse around me, milking me for everything I’m worth. I follow right



behind her, pulling out and releasing myself on her stomach. I collapse beside her, taking in the sight of her covered in me. She looks perfect. She looks like mine.

“You look beautiful. You did so well, baby,” I say, reaching over to pull her into a kiss. I can feel her smile against my lips.

“That was the best first time I could’ve imagined,” she says. “I’m so glad I met you.”

“Me too, Lu, me too.”

I get up and head to the bathroom to grab a warm washcloth to clean my mess off of her. I return to the bed and slowly wipe her off, careful to keep the swipes of the cloth warm and soothing for her.

“Thank you,” she says, looking sheepish.

“Don’t thank me, sweetheart, it’s me who got you messy in the first place,” I say with a wink. I drop the washcloth in the hamper before curling in beside her, taking her into my arms. I wait for the soft sounds of her sleeping before I drift off beside her, overwhelmed at the experience we just had together.

I can’t wait to do this forever.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Luna

I awake a few mornings later to the sensation of Ethan kissing down my body. A grumbled “good morning” from me sends his emerald eyes shooting up to me. “Good morning, sweetheart, thought you could use some relief, I know you didn’t sleep well last night.” He’s right about that, I can’t shake the feeling that I’m not totally clear of the mobsters and I’m desperate to feel anything, do anything to escape it.

“Thank you, Ethan,” I say, reaching down and stroking his cheek. I tangle my fingers in his hair and pull him up to me, sighing when his mouth meets mine. “What if... what if I wanted to distract myself, with you—by tasting you? I know we haven’t tried that yet, but I want to learn. I want to make you feel as good as you make me feel.” I finish sheepishly. He smiles down at me and tells me I don’t have to ask him twice. We flip so that he is on his back and I reach down to pull off his plaid sleep pants.

His thick cock springs free, ready for me just from our brief kiss. I love how he’s always turned on by me and by my body, it makes me feel wanted and cherished in a way I never dreamed of.

“Is there anything you like or don’t want me to do?” I ask, reaching for his length and slowly beginning to stroke up and down.

“No, Lu, anything you do to me will make me cum,” he says with a laugh. After a moment he adds, “Just take as much of me as you can, baby.” He knots a hand in my hair and pulls me down. I moan at the first taste of him as I swirl my tongue around his leaky tip. Slowly, I slide more of him into my throat, gagging as he fully seats

himself in the back of my throat.

“That’s it, Lu, you’re doing so well.” His praise sets me on fire, and I moan again. The sound sends him running and he begins fucking my throat, the pain is nothing compared to the pleasure I’m getting at seeing him let go. He’s always so focused on my release that I’m glad to finally be able to do this for him.

“Is this too rough?” he asks, breathless after a moment, his cock is soaked with a mixture of my saliva and his pre-cum and it’s glorious. I shake my head before lowering again, swirling my tongue all the way down. I continue stroking him, desperate to see him lose control and he begins thrusting into my mouth again.

“About to cum. Want to finish inside of you,” he says, reaching under my shoulders and lifts me so I’m straddling his lap. “Is that okay?” I smile and tell him it is. Luckily, I’m not wearing any panties under the oversized shirt I slept in last night. He reaches a handout and strokes me.

“God, your pussy is drenched, is this all for me?”

“It’s always for you, Ethan,” I gasp as he inserts a finger before removing it and sucking it clean. Next thing I know, I’m lifting my hips and settling on his firm length. He fills me in the most perfect way and the more time we’ve spent together, the gladder I am I waited for him to be my first. To be my only. The thought should scare me, but it doesn’t. Not with him.

He begins thrusting into me and I work to meet each stroke. He reaches out a hand and circles my clit and I can feel myself falling over the edge.

“Can’t last much longer,” Ethan says, “are you almost here?”

“Yes,” I pant, “I-I’m going to cum now.”

I explode. I feel like I'm seeing stars as Ethan erupts inside of me, the hot burst of him already dripping around us.

"God, you look so gorgeous all full of me," he says, planting a kiss on my lips before lifting me off of him and placing me beside him on the bed. He rises and returns with a warm cloth, wiping me up and planting a kiss on my pussy before laying beside me.

"Well, that definitely distracted me," I say with a laugh.

\*\*\*

I'm relaxing on the couch, curled up with the third book in my series and sipping the vanilla latte Ethan made me before he left for work. He brought his fancy espresso machine over here a few mornings ago and it's been a gamechanger. Although I miss him, I'm glad for the day to myself to read and recharge.

My nightmares have been getting worse and I think Ethan can tell. I'm hoping that by escaping to a new world, I'll be able to feel a bit better, a bit more like myself. I'm stretched out, facing the back of the cabin when I hear a car pull up. I just assume it's Ethan coming back early, so I don't react as quickly as I normally would.

As I turn to greet him, I feel my heart plummet. It's not Ethan. It's the dark haired man I saw racing away from the murder scene that night, and what looks to be one of his lackeys. Before I know it, a blindfold is being forcibly wrapped around my eyes and I'm being lifted off the couch.

I start screaming and kicking my assailant, terrified but unwilling to go down without a fight.

"Don't make this difficult, Luna Stevens, age 24, child of Mark and Louisa Stevens, killed last October." I shiver at the man's words, absolutely disgusted that he knows

so much about me, so much about my parents.

“What the hell do you want from me!” I scream, still kicking and clawing anywhere I can reach, but it seems to be having no effect. The man that’s holding me is apparently made of steel and I feel my hope dwindling with each passing second.

“Revenge,” the other man growls. I feel the tears dripping through my blindfold as they throw me in the back of their van.

I can’t believe this was the first day I wasn’t full on guard. I’ve been so careful, only leaving the cabin with Ethan or to go to work, where Scott always is if Ethan isn’t there. We decided to tell Scott about my predicament on my first day, knowing that he would protect me if it came down to this.

I feel a pinch in my thigh and a heaviness fills my veins.

God, I hope Ethan can find me. I think before falling into darkness.

\*\*\*

The sensation of being dragged wakes me. I have no sense of where I am, of where I could be. I feel a quick blast of cold, signaling I must be outdoors and the slight light I can see through my blindfold brightens for a moment. I hear the raising of a door before I’m placed in a chair. Tight rope wraps around my ankles and wrists—the pull of the rope straining my freshly healed wrist—sealing me to the chair.

I hear the door roll down before my blindfold is ripped off and the two grisly men stand before me. I can tell we’re in another storage unit, empty this time, and I’m hoping it’s not too far from Whiskey Mountain so that Ethan stands a chance at finding me.

“Tell us what you saw,” the man from the car shouts at me. I keep silent and he slaps me right across the cheek. A single tear falls at the pain, but I remain silent, unwilling to give him the satisfaction of hearing my pain.

“I’ll give you one more chance,” he says. I debate whether to say anything, but apparently don’t answer him fast enough. He slaps me so hard I see stars.

I hope Ethan knows how to find me.

Ethan

The last few days have flown by in a blur as we settle into a routine. Luna joins me working at the brewery a few days a week and spends her days off at the cabin adjusting to her new life, trying to figure out what her next step should be.

Personally, I think she should stay here forever, but I don’t want to influence her decisions and want her to want to stay in Whiskey Mountain .

Every night, we curl up at her place. I’ve offered to have her come to mine, but I think she feels safest in the cabin and doesn’t want to risk going to a different location when she’s just starting to feel settled. I get it, and I want her to feel safe. Especially because I hear her when she has nightmares about the mafia men coming after her. She wakes up sweating, desperate for some form of comfort. I rub small circles around her back as she gulps water to calm down.

She can usually relax after about fifteen minutes, but it’s not the same and I know the stress is eating at her. I wish there was something I could do, I wish I knew who these men were so I could put them in their place for her. Make sure she never has a sleepless night again.

I’m lost in my thoughts as I walk back to the bar area at the brewery from the kitchen.

We were down a cook today so I had to step in for the lunch rush. I was supposed to be spending the afternoon taking Luna on a hike around the lake, but when Scott called saying they were desperate, I came right over.

I think Luna was content to hang at her cabin, she's been flying through her fantasy series and I know she likes to read when I'm not around to distract her.

I join Matt, one of our bartenders behind the bar while Scott is busy putting out some fires in the brew room.

"Hey, boss," Matt says as I sidle up next to him. The rush just ended, so there's only a few stragglers remaining at the bar.

"Hey, buddy, what's up?"

"Thought you should know, some pretty rough looking guys came in here earlier. They were talking about some girl they were looking for," he stops and swallows, as if weighing his next words carefully. "I, uh, caught a glimpse of their phones and she looked like Luna, but like Luna on a blurry security cam."

My stomach drops at his words and I'm running out of the brewery before I can even think about what I'm doing. Scott is coming out of a door just as I'm running past.

"Hey!" he shouts. "What the hell is going on?"

"Luna. Those guys that are after her that we mentioned. Hurry up and come with me!"

Scott doesn't think twice, he jumps into the passenger seat of my truck and we race off, back to Luna's cabin. I just hope we're not too late.

I speed all the way there and we make it to her cabin in less than five minutes. I jump out of truck as soon as we park and immediately know something is drastically wrong, her door has been left open and I know she never would've done that on her own.

I hear Scott's door close behind me and he comes up and pats my shoulder. "I'm sorry, buddy," he says. Together, we walk into the house and as soon as I see her blanket bunched up on the floor and her book carelessly tossed on the floor, I know she's been taken.

Scott takes a look around and calls me over when he spots something on the floor. It's not much, just a card with "Unit 118" and a cut off street name on it. Immediately I know where these sick bastards have taken her. I grab Scott and we jump back in the truck, he suggests we swing by his place and grab some guns before we confront these guys, so after a quick stop to load up, we end up speeding all the way to the only storage complex in Whiskey Mountain.

We pull up to the line of units and sure enough see a glossy van with out of state plates parked outside of unit 118. The door to the unit is closed and we can't hear anyone inside, but I can sense Luna is here. I just know it.

Scott and I both spent more than a decade in the military and have broken into our fair share of "secure" locations. This storage unit should be a piece of cake. After scoping around the unit for a few minutes, we find an internal hallway that leads to normal doors through each of the units. We figure this route is our best bet as there's no way they'll see us coming.

On my count, Scott breaks down that door and I immediately see Luna, tied to a chair, head hanging low, like she's barely holding on to consciousness. I want to scream at the sight of her, but immediately compose myself to deal with the two men in front of us. They're caught off guard which works to our advantage.



While we were at Scott's, we also grabbed some zip ties and duct tape, wanting to be prepared for whatever we encountered here. We hold them at gunpoint, backing them into the empty corner of the storage unit. Once they're trapped, Scott and I each take one and flip them on their stomachs, placing them each in a kind of hog tie before duct taping their mouths.

It's honestly kind of pathetic how easy it was to take these guys down and it's clear that their life of crime was no match for our military training.

The second I can tell that they're not going anywhere, I rush to Luna, cutting off her ties with my pocketknife.

"Hey, Luna sweetheart, it's okay, I've got you," I say pulling her off the chair and scooping her into my arms. She leans her head against my chest and starts sobbing.

"I wasn't sure how you were going to be able to find me, but I knew you'd come for me," she says through the flood of tears rushing down her face.

"I'll always find you," I say, holding her closer. Never wanting to let her go.

Scott clears his throat in the corner. "I'll call the cops and handle these guys, E. Get her home." I thank my friend, giving him a quick hug with Luna still pressed between us, and he places a light, friendly kiss on her head.

"Thanks for coming, Scott," she says, her smile breaking through her tears.

"You're one us now," he says, "besides, we couldn't lose you at the brewery, we need the help." That gets a real laugh out of her and she lightly slaps him. I'm glad they've gotten close, too. They're the only two people I care about in this world.

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the way for us to leave. As I set Luna down in the seat, I see Scott pull out his phone to dial the cops.

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Luna leans on my shoulder the whole way back. Instead of taking her to her cabin, where I know she probably no longer feels safe, I take her back to my place, hoping the change of scenery and the sense of security will make her feel better.

We pull up my winding gravel driveway and she lets out a small gasp as she sees where we are.

“This is where you’ve lived the whole time? We should’ve been staying here from the start,” she says, taking in the 360 view of the mountains, the small pond peeking through the back of the house.

I laugh, glad she can still joke after all she’s been here. I stop the truck and get out, rounding the front to open her door and scoop her out. She tries to tell me she doesn’t need to be carried, but I don’t bother listening and she settles back against me as soon as I shut the door. We walk up the steps and inside, I stop by a panel on the wall before settling with her on the couch.

She tilts her chin to look up for me. “Thank you again for finding me,” she says through a sniffle. “I never doubted you but I was so, so scared that they took me somewhere far away. I didn’t answer any of their questions, I didn’t want to give them the satisfaction.”

“I would’ve found you if it took me days, weeks, years, Luna. And I’m so proud of

you for holding out against them, but I'm glad you're safe. I don't know what I would've done if I lost you. I know it's soon, and it might seem crazy, but I love you, Luna. I love you more than I've ever loved anyone or anything," I finish, holding back tears at how much I love this woman and how close I came to losing her forever.

"Oh, Ethan, I love you, too. I think I've loved you from the second you helped me in the woods with no questions asked. You make me feel like I have a home for the first time since my parents died and I can't thank you enough for that."

We're both crying now, overcome with the emotion of the day, of this moment. Without another word, we're peeling off our clothes and I'm crawling on top of her, reaching down to find her already slick between her thighs. I lower myself for her and find myself devouring her pussy, desperate to taste her, to know she's safe, to know she's mine.

When she comes apart moments later, I rise and swiftly slide into her, my eyes rolling back at the feel of her warm core wrapped around me. Each stroke feels like coming home and before I know it, we're both falling apart.

I collapse on top of her, stroking her hair and holding her close, grateful to have her whole, here, and mine.

"I love you, my moon," I say, stroking her hair that glows in the evening light.

She blushes at the endearment. "I love you too, my hero," she says with a giggle.

## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Ethan

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## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Luna

After we made love on the couch, Ethan carried me up to his room. I was shocked at the massive king-sized bed set against the wall, facing a wall of windows with the most gorgeous glow of the moonlight reflecting against the pond in his backyard.

“See, my moon, I was looking at you all this time,” he says, walking up behind me and wrapping me in a spare robe he had in his room. He’s swaddled up in another and looks so perfectly at home. He grabs my hand and leads me back out of the room and down the stairs through the sliding doors that open to the back porch. Tucked to the side I see a lit up hot tub and I sigh at the sight, it’s just what I need.

“I turned it on when we walked in the house, I’ll show you how to use the panel in the morning so you can use it whenever you want,” he says. I drop my robe and his gaze turns so heated I nearly combust at the desire in it. He gives me a hand as I climb the few steps into the tub, staring at me every step of the way.

I settle against the jets, letting out a moan of pure pleasure as I relax in the warm water.

“Oh my god, Ethan, I could stay here forever,” I say, opening my eyes just as he’s sitting down next to me. I can tell he’s already half-hard for me and I can’t wait to have him again. It never feels like enough.

“You should,” he replies simply, resting a hand on my thigh. “Move in here, I know you don’t want to go back to the cabin and we spend every day together anyways. Stay.”

“Are you sure? I feel like I’ve completely upended your life and I don’t want to impose.” He squeezes my thigh and I feel an excitement at his touch.

“I’m sure. You’ve upended my life in the most beautiful way and I want you to stay here, forever, Luna. Stay,” he repeats.

“Okay,” I say simply. “I love it here, I love Whiskey Mountain, and I love you. It’s all perfect.”

“It is,” he says, voice deepening as he stares at my tits glistening with the steam of the tub. He pulls me onto his lap and I immediately groan as his hardness hits my clit in just the right way. He lowers his mouth to my chest, taking a pebbled nipple in his mouth, nipping and sucking until I feel like I could come from that alone. I grind down on his length, desperate for some relief.

With one breast still in his mouth, he lifts us. I impale myself on his length and nearly come apart at the rush. “You make me feel so good, Ethan,” I moan as I begin slowly riding him, his mouth still alternating between my breasts. The dual sensations are almost too much and I know I won’t need much more to get there.

“You’re perfect, baby,” he says, moving his mouth to meet mine and sealing his words with a deep kiss that sends me over the edge. He thrusts into me through my orgasm, the force of his strokes, the pleasure of the kisses he’s planting around my throat, the way his beard tickles me, brings me to another climax just as he erupts inside of me. We stay sealed together as he collapses back against the edge of the tub.

I rest my forehead against his chest and he pops a kiss on the crown of my head, telling me again how much he loves my hair. I rise stroking my fingers through his chestnut waves. We lock eyes and smile at each other, and I feel like this is the most perfect moment of my whole life.

\*\*\*

The next morning, after the best night of sleep I've had in nearly a year, I wake up in Ethan's luxurious bed, wrapped in the soft flannel comforter and resting my head on his chest. I can tell he's still asleep from the way he's breathing, but I don't mind.

I lay there, admiring the view of the mountains I couldn't see last night, thinking about all the ways we can make this place ours . After a few minutes, I feel him stir underneath me and he immediately pulls me closer, like he wants to make sure I'm here and safe.

"Good morning, my beautiful moon," he says and I can feel his smile on the top of my head.

"Good morning, my love," I say, tilting my head so he can see me beam back at him.

We have a slow morning, he makes me pancakes and we head into town to grab coffee from the shop because his espresso maker is still back at my cabin. After our conversation last night, I messaged the owner of my cabin and told her I would be moving out as soon as possible.

I told her briefly about being taken and she completely understood why I needed to get out of there. She said she was hoping to spend the summer out here anyways and we made plans to meet up when she arrives. It would be nice to make some friends out here.

After grabbing our coffees, we head back to the cabin and pack up as quickly as we can. While I loved this place, it doesn't feel like home anymore. Ethan is my home, and I can't wait to start my life with him.

With one last walk around the property, including back to the wood pile that started

this all, I say goodbye to the cabin, ready to head to my new life with my new love.

Thank God I made it to Whiskey Mountain.

## Page 10

*Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 1:01 am*

Ethan

2 Years Later...

I can't believe it's been two years since I found a girl with moonlight hair fallen by a pile of wood. So much has changed since then.

After the kidnapping, Luna moved straight into my place. Later that week, we got a call from the cops asking Luna to come in and make a statement about what had happened. She reiterated what she had told the cops back home and the case exploded from there. Federal agents were brought in because the case had crossed state lines and Luna was at the center of it all.

It turned out the man whose murder she witnessed was an informant trying to take the crime family down from the inside. He got sloppy, the mafia found out, and they took him out before he could share any more of their secrets. The day after he was killed, he was supposed to be entered into witness protection and it's a shame that he wasn't able to get away.

When Luna identified both the car and the driver, it was the first proper lead the cops had gotten in months. By the time the guys arrived to take Luna, the walls were closing in and the rest of the family was being raided that afternoon.

After Scott called in from the storage unit, the cops arrested the men, questioned Scott, and the rest is history. The two men turned out to be relatively low figures in the family, but their involvement in the kidnapping and the murder sent them away for life. The trial took a year, but now we're sure those men will never come after

Luna again.

We were so relieved when the guilty verdict came in that we had a wild night out celebrating in the city. We partied a little too hard and nine months later, our perfect daughter Stella arrived. Now I have my moon and my stars and I'm the luckiest guy in the whole world.

Luna has taken over as a manager at the brewery and we get to work together every day and raise our daughter in the cabin she's made into a home. I couldn't ask for a better life.

I'm thinking this as I feel Luna stirring beside me. We were taking a quick nap while Stella was down, but now that Lu's up, I think I might be in the mood for something that might relax me more. I turn towards Luna and she greets me with a glowing smile.

"What are you looking at, honey?" she asks.

"You, baby, always you. Come here." I pull her on top of me and we fuck lazily, in no hurry at all.

Every day is the happiest day of my life with my Luna.

~The End