



Just in January (Crystal Frond)

Author: *Kitty King*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: When Justin meets January, the heat turns all the way up, even while snowed in.

January visits Crystal Frond for her friend Winter's wedding and has a rude run-in with a handsome, but gruff, older man. Settling in town for a month, she takes a job at the inn on the mountaintop. When she arrives, she's shocked to find her new boss is the same guest that snubbed her at the reception.

Justin has been away from women for seven long years working on an oil rig and now that he's back and around such a beautiful creature....he's trying everything to stop help himself from ravaging her. Especially when they get snowed in together.

Will he be able to resist his young employee? Or will he do what he desires most and become her daddy?

Total Pages (Source): 8

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Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:01 am

One

JANUARY

Tears prick my eyes as I watch my best friend exchange her vows with her fiancé. My heart warms seeing the two of them so into each other. The crowd lets out a collective laugh when the minister says Ben can kiss his bride and he grabs her in such a tight embrace she almost falls.

“It’s so romantic,” I whisper to the older woman sitting next to me, and she smiles politely in return.

It’s a shame I don’t know anyone here, other than the bride, Winter. And now her new husband. But I start work at Grant’s Ice Inn Bed & Breakfast on Monday, in two days. Hopefully, then I’ll get to know co-workers and people around town more.

Crystal Frond is adorable, with its little main street shops and bustling ski activities. A place I’d like to call home. But I should return to college in February, after this month is over. I don’t want to. But my father will tan my hide if I don’t go back. Or make some type of plan for income.

“You’re an adult now, and you’ll pay for yourself like an adult,” he told me when I said I was going to spend the month of January here with my best friend. So, I picked up more shifts waiting tables to get a train ticket, and here I am!

The wedding coordinator ushers us into the gorgeous wooden hall dripping with beribboned boughs of greenery. It still smells like Christmas in here. Maybe the town

doesn't have many activities, but there are a lot of people here. Not many of mine and Winter's group, though. Most couldn't make it because of the distance and being poor college kids. Then there's the added stress of classes starting next week. Fortunately, I can do most of mine online.

At the edge of the dance floor, the happy couple waltzes with hearts in their eyes. Sipping my cocktail, I smile and envision what type of wedding I would want. Probably something less fancy. I don't need it. My parents were too busy earning money to raise me, so I mainly grew up on a farm with my grandparents. Taught me a lot about hard work.

A giant, attractive older man bumps into the tall table where I'm peacefully people gazing. Some couples filter onto the floor as the DJ cranks up the tunes. He sets his drink down for a moment and loosens his tie as if irritated with it. As he downs his drink, he scratches his black beard, then slams the glass on the table before hunching over it. His shoulders are broad and his frame must be above six-foot-five. A heavy sigh departs his lips.

My eyes notice his bare ring finger, and a small hope that he'd ask me to the dance floor rises in my gut. He's probably got someone. Or thinks I'm too young. Attempting to make small talk, I ask, "This is a lovely wedding, isn't it?"

His brown eyes flick to me for a moment as if he didn't realize I was even standing next to him. With a sneer on his upper lip, he grunts. The deep resonance of his voice makes all the hairs on my body tingle. Thinking he didn't hear me, I repeat it louder. "It's a lovely wedding, don't you think?"

"Look, snowflake, I just came to drink my whiskey and am hoping to slip out of here as soon as I can without making a scene. Can you just let me enjoy my drink alone?"

I'm flabbergasted. No one has ever been this rude to my face before. Gripping my

glass, I snatch my purse off the table and turn on my heel. Then I swiftly spin around and face him again. “Why did you even come here if it was such a burden to you?”

His long, dark lashes lift as he gazes out on the dance floor as if seeing something that isn’t there. It’s almost inaudible above the loud bass of the music, but he murmurs, “I don’t know.”

Then he pulls his suit coat together and buttons it. Giving me his broad back, he leaves in a hurry.

My jaw hangs open.

Quickly, I scan the crowd of dancers, but Winter is still having a good time. Nobody else is leaving yet, so the grump’s departure shouldn’t be noticeable.

Feeling completely awkward, and snubbed, I shift on my heels and wander around, not knowing what to do with myself. Surreptitiously, I smell my armpits, but I’m still fresh. Maybe people here aren’t as friendly as I thought.

Just when I wonder if I can slip out without my best friend seeing, she spots me and beams an enraptured smile. “January!” She hurries to me and grabs me in a warm embrace. Ben stands just behind her shoulder and nods at me. We’d met the day before, and he seems like a very nice, protective man.

“I have someone I want you to meet!” Tugging me by the hand, she pulls me closer to the dance floor and my heart leaps into action, hoping it’s someone like Ben. Older, established... and someone fun . “Your blue dress looks fantastic on you, especially with your shorter hair.”

“Oh, thank you!” I tuck some of my shoulder-length waves behind my ear. It used to be as long as hers, but I cut it shorter just for this trip. New year, new me.

The bleach blond boy she tugs me to is handsome. Especially with his rows of earrings and tattoos peeking up through his dress shirt... But he's not my type.

"January, this is my friend Blaze. Blaze, this is my very best friend January. She's just up here for a month. Thought maybe you could show her around town." She gives me a wink and his grin broadens.

"Yeah, definitely. Heard you like to party."

Shrugging, I smile. "I do love a good shindig. A soiree, perhaps."

"Rad. We've got a lot going on down at the lodge. Are you free next week? We usually hang out at our place on weeknights, but there's a rager going on next weekend."

Ben pulls Winter toward the cake table, and she gives me a small wave while wiggling her eyebrows at me knowingly.

"Oh, that sounds fun. I'm not sure how much free time I'll have. Going to start working at the Ice Inn."

His smile fades. "Yikes. With Justin Grant?"

"Uh... yeah. I think that's what Winter told me. Ben got me the job. I'm supposed to show up on Monday on the mountaintop. Why?"

"He's just a dick. I mean, he hasn't been around town in several years, but when he did stop by to see his parents, everyone had some type of run-in with him. And it was never pleasant."

Suddenly, I'm reconsidering my plans for the month. Maybe I should have thought

this through more. I guess I could always quit and go back home early. But, I'm no quitter.

"Well, I'll make the best of it. Maybe he's just misunderstood."

"Doubtful." He grimaces like he's recalling a particularly bad memory. "Can I get your number? For the parties, of course. Or... if you want to go out sometime."

Some anxiety lessens in my chest and we bump phones to exchange info. A giggle escapes at his goofy profile picture, flicking off the camera, and he shrugs. "Yeah... I guess that's what I'm known for. Do you want to get out of here? Go back to my place?"

My eyes widen at his forwardness. I can picture it. Probably smoking some weed along the route to his stinky apartment. Maybe he has roommates. And dirty socks in his bedroom corner. Just like the frat guys back home. There definitely won't be any toilet paper. We'd make out, and then I'd put a stop to things because I'm waiting for the right one to come along...

And Blaze isn't it.

Perhaps he'd get annoyed with me, but I'm sticking to it. I'd gone pretty far with my college boyfriend last semester. But not all the way. It's why he broke up with me. And then I decided I wouldn't date unless I knew it would mean something. That the man would cherish me. My grandmother always said if a boy can't respect my boundaries, he's not the one for me.

"No, thanks. I want to stay until the end for my best friend. And then I'll probably be so tired I'll want to just sleep until Monday!"

His blue eyes crinkle with a smile. "I'm down to stay. Let's dance instead then."

Biting his lower lip, he grips my hand and pulls me into the center of the floor as I giggle. And we have a great time the rest of the night.

I even catch the bouquet that Winter tosses. Maybe true love is waiting for me...

Blaze kisses my cheek and bids me goodnight as the newlywed couple depart for a honeymoon in a limousine. The elderly lady I sat next to for the ceremony pats my shoulder as she passes me on the way to the parking lot. "It was romantic, I agree."

My rental car takes forever to get warm and is barely blowing tepid air by the time I reach the Langford Motel, where I checked in yesterday. It's just on the outskirts of town and affordable. Fortunately, I'll only be staying one more night. With its mildew smell and hard mattress, I was hoping for something nicer at the bed-and-breakfast I'll stay and work at for the month.

Winter offered me a place at their gorgeous house, but it would be way too awkward to stay with them while they are busy getting busy. They need their privacy, and I don't want to walk around embarrassed.

On Sunday, I familiarize myself with Main Street. Breakfast at a local diner is fantastic. Coffee in a corner shop is also stellar. I find some local trinkets for my parents and little brother. After a day of shopping, I visit the lodge, but don't ski. It's too expensive for a lift ticket and I haven't been before. I'd like to go before I leave town, though.

By the time Monday morning rolls around, I'm up and eager to get started at my new place, despite the tales of woe from Blaze. Everyone deserves a clean slate and a fresh start.

Fluffing my wavy blonde hair in the mirror, I forgo makeup, other than a little pink gloss on my lip and mascara. I choose jeans over thick boots and a warm white cable-

knit sweater. Underneath is my new tourist Crystal Frond T-shirt. My puffy coat and gloves keep me warm as I attempt to start the cold engine of the rental. Tossing my suitcase in the trunk, I wait for a bit until the heater finally warms up enough for me to drive away without shivering.

My phone's navigation system directs me along a winding narrow road, twisting around Mount Topokai. Icicles dangle from the bare branches, creating prisms in the pale morning light. The car's tires barely cling to the slick asphalt by the time the two-lane turns to one, and the altitude takes my breath away.

All that's around are evergreens and a large drop off the side of the mountain. My heartbeat races until I reach the drive toward the inn. A ramshackle wooden gate crosses over the gravel drive, where it seems a fancy iron arbor once stood. Perhaps something gorgeous once covered it, welcoming guests to a cozy cabin.

Along the tree-lined driveway, my car dips into cavernous pot holes, but makes it to the front of a dilapidated, but breathtaking view.

Across an ice pond stands a log and stone manor house with large windows overlooking the mountaintop. When I get out and peer over the land, my breath catches in my chest as my eyes heat from emotion. The beauty and calmness are awe-inspiring. Sure, the place definitely needs work, but I can see the potential in every timber.

A blast of heat warms my face when I open the glass front door and step inside. Scrubbing my boots on the large rug, I knock off as much snow as I can, then glance around the wide foyer for where to go next. There's no sound of anyone else here, and I call out, "Hello?"

Wandering to my right, I find an open area with a tall counter that contains an old cash register and an open guest log. This must have been where people had checked

in previously. The room was probably quaint and still has lots of cushy chairs and side tables. A large bookcase filled with old paperbacks takes up one wall.

While my back is turned, footsteps approach, and I startle as someone calls, “Can I help you?”

Spinning, my eyes behold the rude man from the wedding reception. The bearded giant that snubbed me harshly. “M-Mr. Grant? I-I’m your new employee.”

His shoulders slump as he scans me over, then his jaw tightens with recognition. “Oh, fuck.”

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Two

JUSTIN

The demon seductress stands there looking perky, young, and fertile . Immediately, my cock rages to a painful erection, pressing on the zipper of my jeans. My hands run through my salt and pepper hair, then tug on the ends with frustration. Just to keep them off her. To stop myself from running over there and taking her.

Why did the universe decide to play such a cruel joke on me ?

I haven't been near a woman in seven years. Not alone in the same room, anyway. And now, I have this absolutely perfect specimen, ripe and teasing my dick relentlessly, with her big eyes and plump lips. The things I could do to her right now... The ways I could bend that tiny little body.

I think I can smell her cunt from where I stand eight feet away. Four steps is all it would take...

"I'm sorry, Mr. Grant. Were you not expecting me?"

Huffing out a gruff sigh, I grip the countertop to keep something in my hands. To stop myself from dropping my jeans and yanking one off right here in front of her. "I told Jake to send me someone good . Someone... older or, I don't know. Experienced ."

Her little cheeks blush fervently, and it makes my cock surge with blood. "Well, I

think he sent me here because I helped out on a farm most of my life growing up. And I am a hard worker. I don't mind getting dirty or on my knees, if that's what it takes. I'll do just about anything I can!"

She pauses and tilts her head as the deep groans escaping my chest get louder with every word she speaks. I can't be near her... I'm about to hurt her. Calm yourself, you disgusting pig.

The girl is clearly too young for me and a beauty, while I'm a brute. Old. Pouch gut. Worn out and tired. "How old are you, anyway?"

"I'm eighteen." My head hangs backward as I stare at the ceiling. Her sunshine voice cuts through my visions of picking her up and thrusting inside her little pussy. "How old are you, anyway?"

"A lot older."

Her jaw drops, and my dick throbs at the image of stuffing it inside her. "That's rude. I answered your question. Shouldn't you answer mine?"

I could tell at the wedding she was going to be miss go-getter. Probably always sleeps a perfect eight hours and wakes up refreshed. She is a child. Of course she would. "I'm forty-two, and I don't think this will work out. I need someone... bigger."

She tosses her hands on her hips like she'll scold me. "That's discrimination. You haven't even let me prove how much I can do."

It's taking everything in me to not respond to her comments about how hard she can work or being on her knees or willing to do anything...

"You stay right there and give me a minute. I'll be right back." I leak with urgent

need, my throbbing length desperate to release from its cage. Turning around, I head back into the kitchen and unbutton my jeans. As my palm grips my cock, I get some relief, but freeze when I hear her enter right behind me.

Leaning over the kitchen island, I grit out, “Didn’t I tell you to stay?”

“Y-yes, but you’re getting a call. I j-just came to hand over your phone. You left it in the other room.” Sure enough, my cell rings in her little hand, and I try to hide my erection by the countertop as much as possible when she lays the device in front of me.

Instead of leaving while I answer it, she gazes around the room, familiarizing herself with things in the cabinets. “Yeah?”

“Justin! Hey, we need someone to fill in next month. Can you make it out here? Alaska this time.”

My breath comes out in a loud pant as I squeeze my eyes closed. “No, Chris. Told you, I’m retired from the oil rig. Got my parent’s inn to take care of now that they’re gone. I’m staying put. Too old for that kind of work. Check with some of those young guns you got on payroll.”

“Alright, man. Well, if you change your mind, give me a call!” Pressing the end button, I worry about how to take care of this situation standing in my kitchen.

The little girl peeks at me behind a blonde curl. “Do you miss it?”

Furrowing my brow, I glance to where she’s set out some flour and baking soda on the marble top island. “What?”

“The oil rig. I understand you worked there a long time. Do you miss that? And...

sorry about your parents. Was it sudden?"

Shaking my head, I try to contain my irritation at her questions. "No. Not like—" There it is... those flashes of Kimberley's car at the bottom of the ravine during the snowstorm. Police coming to tell me she'd slipped off the road. Everything I'd been avoiding since being back. "No. The only thing I miss is solitude. What are you doing with that?"

"Thought I could prove to you how good of a cook I am! If you want to tell me what you need done, I can set myself to work. I mean, other than a good cleaning or floor polishing, laundry, all of that. I'll take care of it. And I'll stay out of your way. I saw books in there that look good to read at night."

Shit . She'll be staying here. Backing away from the countertop to put more distance between my lumbering body and her small one, I cross my arms. "No parties. No drinking or drugs. No smoking. You do your thing, like you just said, and I'll do mine. There's a lot of plumbing, electrical, and woodwork I need to busy myself with and can't be watching over you all the time. Cook three squares a day. Clean the place. Understand?"

Her hair shakes as she nods her head with fear behind her eyes. "Um, Mr. Grant?"

"Call me Justin. Mr. Grant sounds like I'm your teacher or something."

"Justin? Y-your fly is open."

My eyes grow wider than saucers as I spin and button up my fly and adjust myself. Fuck. There's no way she missed my hard on sticking like a flagpole out of my pants.

Hurrying to the door between the kitchen and dining room, I pause and tap on the doorframe with my thumb. I don't mean for it to, but it comes out really rough when I

spit out, “And no boys .”

Shaking my head, I try to make it upstairs while my aching erection throbs against the metal of my jeans. Why’d I say no boys ? If she had boys over, then it would be less of a distraction for me. I’d hope.

This is not how I thought this month would go. I figured I’d get some young ski punk up here and teach him carpentry, some plumbing. Then we’d get one of the local old ladies to plan a party.

Instead, I got Miss Perky Princess with a perfectly pliable body and perfumed pussy just waiting for me down the hall. How am I going to stay the fuck away from her?

When I make it to my bedroom, I slam the door closed and rip open my fly. As I pull down the waistband of my boxers, my heavy cock bobs out as if saying thank you, and I grip it like I’m mad at it. Because I am. Why can’t I get control of this thing?

Tugging myself for some relief, I imagine the snowflake’s tiny tits in my mouth, her wet virgin cunt wrapped around my dick as I rip into her flesh with seven years of pent up lust. But it’s not just her beautiful face or body that consumes me now. All I can hear is her saying, “Mr. Grant,” over and over in that bright voice with her broad smile.

Picturing her blue eyes widening as I plunge inside her while she says, “Mr. Grant... Daddy...” makes me growl loudly and spew all over my hands and onto the floor. The orgasm rips through my loins so violently, I almost fall to my knees, but slam my palm against the wall to keep me steady.

But it’s all of no use. Instead of some respite from the surging lust, I’m still half-hard. And ready to pop a full one as soon as the little vixen comes near, I’m sure. This may not work out.

Fortunately, for the rest of the afternoon, I'm able to hide in the upstairs bathrooms and clear drains, replace toilets, and tear out some old fixtures. My earbuds are in, so I can try to listen to an audiobook about boring things. Nothing to do with barely legal girls that work for me.

Despite the noise in my ears, I hear my stomach growl when it gets near dinner time and the smells of beef and bread hit my nose. My mouth waters at such aromas. It's been a long time since I had a good home-cooked meal. But I don't expect much from my new hire.

Taking my time in the shower to jerk one off again, I get myself to about only a fourth full. Not flaccid, but hopefully nothing that January will notice when I have to see her in the kitchen. I take my time to style my unruly mane somewhat, noticing more grays along the temple and in my beard. Maybe I should go into town for a haircut and trim. My fingers pinch the top of my nose as I sigh. I'm trying to impress her. The young, beautiful girl downstairs. I'm an ogre. An oaf. I couldn't even pull something like that when I played football in high school, let alone now.

When I emerge from my bedroom wearing a clean Henley and pair of jeans, my mouth waters as I approach the kitchen. A lilting melody floats through the crack in the swinging door. She's singing. And my heart clenches as I remember Kimberley doing that very thing when she'd bake cookies during the holidays.

Pressing my hands to the door, it opens up and a feast for two lies on the small kitchen table. A basket of rolls, short ribs with carrots under some type of glaze, fancy looking mashed potatoes, and pie.

"Wow."

She relinquishes a loud scream and jumps three feet into the air. "Oh my gosh, Mr. Grant! I mean, Justin! I didn't see you!"

Her tits bounce under the Crystal Frond T-shirt she wears, and with her hair up in a ponytail, she looks even younger. And, sure enough, my cock rebounds to its full stature. I'm so fucked.

Trying to gain some of her composure, she points to the table. "I-is this okay? Does it look good? I wasn't sure what you wanted, but didn't want to disturb you, either, so I just sort of found things in the freezer back there, and I?—"

"This is perfect. Really. Better food than I've seen in years. Thank you." Stammering, she stands near one chair as I take a seat at the head of the table. "Sit, sit and eat." At my first bite of the ribs, I almost come in my pants, but slyly reach down and grip the tip. "Holy fuck! This is amazing."

Her face lights up brightly as she takes the chair near me. "Yeah? I can change things, if you need. I thought..." She stuffs some mashed potatoes in and pauses.

"Thought what?"

Pursing her pink lips, she considers her answer carefully. "Thought you could use a menu, you know? Like what exactly to make on which day. For the guests. And the party, of course."

My brow furrows. "Party?"

She blinks rapidly while gazing into my eyes. It's enough for me to almost toss all the plates onto the floor and ravage her cunt here on the table. "Aren't you having a grand re-opening party?"

"Oh." Taking a bite of the other dishes, I moan in approval. "I suppose that would be best. It's just not my thing."

Bouncing in her chair like a kid, she claps her hands together. “I live for coordinating parties! Let me do it!”

Pretending that my groan is from the food and not from watching her utter excitement, I cough back some carrots and grab a drink of water. “Then have at it. I’ll hand it all over to you. Even the catering and menus .”

Her fingers reach over to latch onto my forearm with some affection. But her touch sends shockwaves through my blood, straight to my groin. My hips lift off my chair, but I somehow stop myself from pillaging her. She pulls her hand back quickly. Probably thinking I’m offended. Really, I just want that grip of hers lower on my body. And I can’t imagine what her touch would feel like everywhere on me. Those parted lips on mine.

“Um, thank you, Justin.”

I hurriedly eat so I can get back to my room to take care of my leaking cock. As I think about tossing my napkin down and running away, she blinks at me and asks, “I found a set of cake molds, but they’re on the top cabinet shelf. I can’t find a step stool...”

“Show me.”

She hustles to a cabinet, probably sensing how tense I am. Opening it, she stretches how far she can and lifts on her toes, reaching her arm way up as her shirt exposes a strip of her pearly skin above her jeans. Not even slowing down, I take three long strides and stand behind her. My raging hard on slots her ass cheeks while grabbing the pans.

The sensation is too much for me to bear. Planting my spread palm over the warm skin on her waist, I grip her tightly and thrust once, twice, three times into her ass. I

come in my pants with a violent roar while she stiffens in my hold. Gasping for air, I freeze, then release her.

And run as fast as I can out of the kitchen.

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Three

JANUARY

Hands pressed to the soapstone countertop, I regulate my rapid breathing. In through the nose and out through the mouth. My heart feels as though it will jump through my chest.

The door to the dining room still swings angrily after Justin fled through it. Fled, as in sprinted as fast as he could away from me after what he just did.

Heat flares on my cheeks that I was the one that made him do that. I made that burly god crumble and come in his pants. At least, I think that's what happened. He seemed to take pleasure in my backside. If only I can get him to do it again, except with me this time.

From the feel of his steel rod pressed to my ass, it seems as if he's large. Not just his frame, but everywhere. It's terrifying.

And thrilling.

Using all the pent-up sexual frustration I now feel, I breeze through cleaning up the kitchen from our dinner, storing everything in dishes I find in various cabinets. Making a list of items I'll need from the store for more meals, I return to my car and lug in my suitcases.

Where does he want me to stay? I haven't even gotten a proper tour, but there are so

many bedrooms to choose from, it seems. There's a door that states "Private" on it, down a hall past the main living room, so that must be where Justin has hidden himself. A grand wooden staircase leads to a second story that presents several pine wood closed doors. The railing overlooks the gathering area below.

Moving to the first one, I turn the knob and enter a large bedroom with a sitting room and a full bathroom. It's seen better days, but nothing a good scrubbing won't take care of. There aren't any sheets on the bed, but I find a set that smells fine in the closet. After I make the bed, I venture out onto the balcony from the lounge area and behold the beauty of snow-capped mountains surrounding us, just visible in the orange glow of the setting sun. It's utterly peaceful and quiet, except for the tiny patters of snowflakes falling against the ice.

Back in the main bedroom, I situate my things and find a book in the library to settle in with for the evening. But when I pull one out, a photograph falls out of the front of it. A clean-shaven Justin stands with an older couple and a beautiful brunette woman beside him. He's wearing a wedding band that matches hers. Maybe he's divorced. At least, I hope he's single after what he did to me.

And for what I plan to do to him.

In the soft bed, I slip under a warm blanket and try to read the mystery book I picked up, but can't concentrate. My mind wanders continuously to what happened in the kitchen. The feel of his rough palm against my skin. His coarse grunts in my ear. Woodsy scent floating to my nose. And his cock.

Oh, my gosh, his cock. The sheer size should make me worried, but I want to see it.

Slipping two fingers to my clit, I rub myself softly at first, remembering his thrusts into my back. Imagining him taking me from behind while he spanks me hard. His face had grown wan when I called him Mr. Grant... Does that work for him? Does he

like that?

Thinking of this hard man between my thighs, I erupt on my fingers while sighing his name. Then fall asleep.

My alarm goes off early, but I'm already awake. Hustling to get ready for the day, I prep biscuits, eggs, sausage, bacon, and oatmeal. Wanting to provide him with anything he could want, I think about mixing up a batch of waffles or pancakes, but spend more time cleaning before he arrives to the kitchen.

When his lumbering body pushes open the door, my heart races. Holding his eyebrows low, he hangs his head, barely glancing at me. His expression is so filled with guilt, I want to rush to him and give him a hug. Perhaps also jump into his arms and wrap my legs around his waist.

As if he can't hold himself up, he places one hand on the kitchen island and peers at me. His other palm strokes his beard rapidly. "Uh. Listen. Things did not go the way I planned them to. I, um. I take full responsibility for losing control around you. It's inexcusable behavior, so if you need to take off or?—"

"I'm okay. It's fine. I think, what, you haven't been around women in quite a while?"

Dropping his head, he shakes it. "Yeah. Still, that isn't an excuse. I should never have done what I did. I'm sorry."

Filling up a plate for him, I slide it over on the marble top until it hits his finger. Lifting his brown eyes up my figure makes my skin tingle. "Y-you don't want to leave yet?"

"No. I told you I'd prove myself. I like it here." Giving him a smile seems to put him at ease, especially when I take my plate over to the table and sit down. Using my foot,

I slide out a chair for him.

“This looks amazing,” he says, while sitting next to me. “I realized after I ran out last night, I never asked your name.”

A little laugh escapes my lips. “I never offered, either. It’s January.”

His eyes widen with shock. “January ? Like this month?”

Nodding, I take a bite and say, “Yep.”

“Well, that’s fitting. I want you to know, January, that what happened last night won’t happen again. I mean it.”

The way my name rolls off his lips gives me goosebumps. I find my plate quite fascinating as I say, “That’s a shame.”

He chokes on his bacon and coughs into his juice as he tries to chug a drink. “W-what did you just say?”

My cheeks flush with embarrassment as they stare at his pouch, broad chest, then his wide shoulders. His Adam’s apple bobs when he swallows, just visible under his beard. By the time I reach his serious brown eyes, I am almost regretting being so forward. What if he rejects me?

“I said, um, I didn’t mind, and maybe I could help you.”

He drops his fork and knife with a clang onto the table, but they bounce onto the floor. “What do you mean, help me?”

“Well... I just thought since I’m helping around the inn that I could help you in other

ways. Maybe in ways you need a woman to.”

His fingers extend toward me, but just out of reach of my arm. “January, no. That’s not what you’re here for, and I’m your boss. This is already messy enough. I knew I should have grabbed one of those ski punks for this.”

Making the first move, I stand and scoot closer to him. He sits back in his chair with a creak and I sit on his thigh, then let my fingers feel the softness of his beard. His T-shirt stretches with his held breath. “I think it can work both ways. You teach me stuff and I help you around here.”

“Snowflake...” There’s a crass warning in his tone, but his big palm plants on my hip and doesn’t push me away. “I can’t resist you. If you’re this close, you better understand what you’re doing. And what you’re getting yourself into.”

“I don’t. I don’t know what I’m doing. So, tell me...”

Leaning forward, the scruffy hairs of his face tickle my neck as he growls, “I’m going to dirty that tight pussy up with my thick cock until you can’t even scream because I’ll fuck the air out of your lungs. You’ll be so filled with my come, from mouth to muff, that it’ll drip from your lips all day long . You ever been fucked before, snowflake?”

My thighs are soaking wet from his harsh words, pulse pounding deep in my belly, where a tight need twists itself inside me. Shaking my head rapidly, I pant out, “No. I-I’ve never done anything.”

It’s loud. Forceful when he curses against my ear. His hand grips the back of my hair and yanks me from him before he gathers me onto his lap and shoves his lips against mine. He tastes like ice and steel, plus salty remnants of the breakfast I made for us.

A whimper escapes my lips in between surges of his vigorous tongue, and I naturally writhe against his waist, feeling that firmness right where I need it. My legs barely fit around his girth, but I ride him as best as I can. His deep groan vibrates my entire mouth and chest as he presses my body against his.

“Y-you’re gonna make me come in my pants again. Stop.” He pauses, then pushes his plate away on the table. “You want to learn, snowflake? Let me teach you. After I eat some breakfast...” With little effort, he picks me up and sets my ass on the table. “Lie back.” I do as he commands, and he unbuttons my jeans. Helping him, I slide them down until he peels them off my legs.

His big hands grip my ass and carry me to the edge and my knees naturally part for him, spreading wide. “What are you doing?” I’ve never had a guy go down on me before, and my clit tingles with his breath being just this close. I can’t imagine what it would feel like if his mouth were closer.

“I’m too big for you. We’ll take things slow. Besides, I’ll probably come in two seconds being inside your virgin pussy. Going to make this right for you. You need to decide if this is what you really want.”

Just as I start to say I do, he lifts my core to his beard and shoves his wet lips onto mine between my legs. My back arches as I wail with pleasure. The feel of his sloppy tongue on my clit is one of the best sensations I’ve ever had. In between my moans, I hear his zipper lower, and his body shakes as his arm moves up and down. Leaning up, I try to get a glimpse of him, but can’t and his free hand plants me back down and pulls my hips closer to his face.

“Stay down. This is my favorite fucking meal. Your pussy is so ripe and juicy for me.” The heat from his words makes me shiver, but when he dips his firm tongue inside my hole, lightning shoots up my spine. “Mm, my snowflake is so tasty.”

My stomach clenches at his words. His snowflake? Am I his? I want to be...

Clamping my thighs around his ears, I hump his face. My skin burns as I rub his beard repeatedly, but as I get closer to orgasm, my legs hug him tighter to me. Then, I worry about him being able to breathe. "Sorry..."

I try to relax, but he lets his dick go and grips my ass, pulling me closer and says, "Fuck my face. If I pass out, just let me lie there with the memory of your sweet pussy on my lips."

A giggle bubbles up from my belly as I thread my fingers through his hair. He resumes the strokes with his tongue. When he flicks my clit with the tip and adds a finger, I feel like I'm done for. Pulsing his wet muscle against me, his deep chocolate eyes meet my gaze and we hold there until my inner muscles clench his finger. My eyes squint at the ecstasy rocking through my being as I scream, "Mr. Grant!"

"Oh, fuck!" My ass cheeks muffle his yell until I lurch forward and clasp my hands around the back of his neck. Huffing breaths, he stares at the mess he made on his lap, and I get a peek at the beast he's unleashed from his pants. It's enormous. But I'm too blitzed to be afraid.

"I-I'll be right back." He stands and heads toward the half-bath by the entryway as I find my jeans and tug them back on. Straightening up our mess, I fix my hair and pinch my lips between my thumb and finger, worried about how awkward it will be when he comes back.

When he does, he stands close to the door, eyeing me, but I smile and sit back down to resume my meal. He does the same, and we eat in silence for a long moment.

"Fine." His grunt startles me.

Chewing the last of my biscuit, I lick up the crumbs to ask, “Fine, what?”

“Fine. I’ll teach you stuff. But if you ever want to stop, you tell me. And this is the best fucking breakfast I ever had.” Looking at his plate, he lifts his eyes and the corners of his lips jerk up into a tiny smile. “Both of them.”

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Four

JUSTIN

When we work on the dishes together, she dances and sings some Christmas song, though the holiday has passed. My lips tighten to contain the smile it brings me, but I swat her ass with the drying towel and she yelps, then playfully punches me in the arm.

“You okay working down here? I’m about finished upstairs, but still need to do some carpentry trim in the rooms.”

Biting her lip, her cheeks blush as she gazes up at me with an affirmative nod. God, I’m getting hard again. I could take her, but she’s a virgin. And eighteen. This needs to be something more, and she needs to make a wiser decision. I don’t want to be that guy for her. One who took her and didn’t see her again after a month. That’s not me. I’m a one woman man.

Or I was.

Kimberley was the only woman I’d been with before I stuck my face in this little girl’s pussy. And part of me thinks I should feel guilty about that. But I’m more concerned with the fact I don’t. Not at all.

“See you, snowflake.”

“I’ll have dinner ready at six.”

Somehow, I have to make it until sunset to gaze upon her beautiful face again. I plug my earbuds in and put on another boring book to keep my mind occupied while I finish with the upstairs. Occasionally, scents of pine and vinegar, cedar, and lavender waft up to my nose. Then, the glorious smell of something delicious.

When I head to the staircase, I pause. The living room is gleaming. Better than I've seen it, maybe ever. Floors shine under the lamplight, and a roaring fire blazes in the stone fireplace. Even the furniture looks fresh. Old and worn, but clean.

The dining room, front entry, and hall are all of similar quality. She seems to have gotten old traffic stains out of the entry rug. With her touches upstairs, things should be ready to go by the end of the month.

Sliding my screwdriver into my tool belt, I head into the kitchen, where a large pot pie sits in the middle of the table. The kitchen is another sight to behold. Perfectly polished countertops and floor. Fake flowers sit in an old vase, adding to the ambiance. She must have found them in a closet.

As if she's a game show host, she spreads her arms wide and flashes a broad smile, which makes me light up inside as warm as the flames from the fire in the living room. "What do you think?"

"I'm really fucking impressed. You're a hard worker. I guess I should give you a raise." I furrow my brow while rubbing my beard. "I guess that was another thing we hadn't discussed yet. Sit. Eat."

She wiggles her hips as she does while I dish her out a bowl of the pot pie, then some for myself. Waving my fork in her face, I tell her, "How much did Jake say I'd pay you?"

"Um, he said three thousand for the month, and that included room and boarding. I

couldn't afford to stay anywhere else, and that seemed good to me." Her lips purse to blow on her bite, and I tilt my head to observe it. My cock jumps in my jeans.

"Bah. I'll give you eight grand. That includes party preparation." The savory flavors hit my palate, and I groan. "Fuck, this is good. Eat. You're not eating."

"Th-that's a lot of money. Thank you."

Shrugging, I scoop in another forkful. "You're earning it. Keep up the hard work." Her smile brightens up the room, and I'm so very curious to know her. Do I give in? It's such a bad idea to get involved with her... "So a farm, huh? Back home?"

Between bites, she nods. "Yeah, my grandparents. I live in Verona with my parents and younger brother. But my parents are very busy with their careers, so they shipped us off to our grandparent's farm a lot. It's where I learned everything I know. This place reminds me of there." Looking down, she takes a deep breath and drinks a sip of water. "There was a woman in a picture I found. She... You were married?"

Placing my fork on the table, I wipe my beard of the crust crumbs and give her face a once over. She's eager to learn about me. And maybe for the first time in years, I'm ready to let someone.

"Yeah. Her name was Kimberley. She died about seven years ago. I left here to work on an oil rig, just to get my head on straight. My parents died about three years ago, and this place has been unused since. I have a younger brother, but he's a lumberjack and away most of the time, like I was. He's wanting to retire from it, though. Otherwise, it's just been me on a boat."

"I'm sorry to hear that." She says it differently from other people. January means it. But it's difficult to explain the hardships I endured throughout the year Kimberley died.

Clearing my throat, I cast the conversation off myself. “What about you? Anyone special in your life?” Please say no .

“Uh, I mean... No. My friend Winter is the closest person to me, but I don’t want to bother her on her honeymoon.”

My finger reaches out to brush a piece of pot pie from her cheek as a small chuckle escapes my chest. “The wedding was nice. It was just... difficult for me. It was where I got married.”

Her lips part and I press the pad of my thumb to her bottom one. “Oh. That makes sense.”

“Suck this.” When I press further into her mouth, her tongue swirls the tip and makes my cock surge with blood. Pre-cum oozes from my dick and my free hand latches onto it over my jeans, begging myself not to spill and make another mess.

The heat of her breath melts my icy heart from its hard memories when she whispers, “Can I try to suck you in other places?”

My eyes shut to play her words over in my mind. To relish them. Is this fair to her? Is it even fair to me? She’s a temporary employee, and things could get messy for the next three weeks. But what she’s offering, I don’t think I can refuse.

“Get under the table on your knees like a good girl.” Scrambling, she does as she’s told, which only makes my dick press against my zipper more. The chair scrapes across the hardwood when I scoot back and place my hands on my thighs. Her big blue eyes look up at me for the next instruction. “Open my fly and take out my cock.”

Little eager fingers unbutton my jeans, then unzip them. Her tiny hand pulls down my boxers. She almost bangs her head on the table as she gasps with shock. “Th-that’s a

lot bigger than I thought it would be.”

“I’m a big man. But we’ll teach you how to take it. Grab the base and stick your tongue out.”

With a little trepidation, she does, then presses her wet tongue against the weeping mushroom head. My body jerks forward as I almost spray on her face. “Fuck! That’s it. Shh. Sorry.” She snaps back for a moment, scared of my reaction, but I lace my fingers through her fluffy blonde locks and stroke some behind an ear to calm her.

“Is that right?”

“Yes. That’s exactly right. Now, press a big kiss to the tip there. See that bead on top? Take it inside you, snowflake. Tell me what you think of the taste.”

Her lips part as she presses them to my reddened head and licks up the drops of pre-cum surging through me. “Mm, it’s salty. And kind of bitter.”

I can’t help the smile that spreads my lips wide. My hand moves lower to behind her neck, and I gently encourage her forward. “That’s right. Can you take more inside your little girl mouth?” She nods and slides me deeper until she gags, then pulls back. “It’s okay if you gag. Just keep trying. Here, let me help.” Curling my fingers around some of her locks, I press her down and up my shaft in a rhythm. “Relax your throat. There you go. Good girl.”

One of my hands grips the edge of the table, trying to keep myself from coming too soon. This is the best head I’ve gotten. Mainly because she’s so inexperienced, and also because she’s so willing to please me. “Look up at me, snowflake.” She does and saliva seeps from the corners of her mouth beautifully. “Damn... you’re so fucking beautiful taking this huge cock in your mouth. Uh, you’re such a big girl now.”

She gets back to work on me, and I wrap my hand around hers, showing her how to stroke me while using her mouth. Her whimper vibrates down my dick all the way to my balls, my spine tingling with the need to release myself inside of her. “Gonna fill your belly with my cum. You ready? Drink it all, snowflake.” Her eyes glance up at me curiously as I spurt the first rope to the back of her throat. Latching onto my thighs, she tries to back up, but I push her head farther down. “No, don’t pull away. Take all of me.”

Some coughs escape her as her fingers dig into my skin, but mainly, I’m in fucking ecstasy with how much I come. Ream after ream spurt straight down into her, and all I can think of is... I can’t wait to fill her tiny little pussy with all this pent up seed.

I let her go, and she swipes at her lips with the back of her hand. Her flushed face smiles expectantly. “Was I okay?”

Bending closer, I hold her face, give her forehead a kiss, then press mine to it. “Perfect. My perfect, precious snowflake.” I shouldn’t be having these feelings or leading her on like this. Tucking myself back in, I point to her seat. “Now get back up here and finish your dinner, young lady. That was just the appetizer.”

By the time the first week and a half of January passes, we know what each other’s favorite songs are. What annoys each other most (her, singing any disco, and me, poking her in the rib to tickle her). What foods we like (me, everything) or don’t (her, anything with cabbage). I’ve eaten her little pussy in the evenings until the taste is a necessity for my dessert. She’s gotten fantastic at knowing exactly how to push my buttons and where they are to make me explode right when she wants me to.

I know she still wants me to take her virginity, but every time I think about it, I feel guilty. She’s leaving in a few weeks, and that’s just not me. I can’t do that. Have her here, enjoy her so much, then watch her leave. That’s not what a girl’s first time should be about. And a woman like this deserves an amazing first time. Not with

some old, grumpy brute like me.

But that's also strange. Being with January is like me being alone. It's comfortable. Easy. She's not like anyone I've known. Her cheerful demeanor annoys me, but is also exactly what I want to be around.

Every night, she lingers on the stairs as if waiting to see if I'll invite her to my bed. But I won't. It's too far. And I don't trust myself to not bust her cherry the first time I get her under the sheets. No matter how much I want to.

She's always got breakfast going for us in the early morning, so when I awaken in the middle of her second week with me and the smell of bacon is missing, my gut tightens with worry. Especially when I see the kitchen is empty, clean, and dark. Taking the stairs two at a time, I hustle to the room she's using, but she's not there. Her stuff is, except a phone and purse.

There's no puffy pink coat in the closet when I check, and by the time I dash out the front door, I'm in a full-blown panic. Snow lies thick and deep over the mountain. It's piled so high, the driveway isn't visible, and the sheets of flakes driving down to the ground make it near impossible to see more than a few feet in front of me. Snowed in. I can't even see if her car is here or not.

My hands tug at the ends of my hair as I sway back and forth, not knowing what to do. Kimberley... The pain returns with the memory of a morning much like this one seven years ago.

Have I lost her?

"Hey! Justin!"

Spinning around, I see January trying to climb through the drifts like she's

swimming. I dig in and rush to her, then lift her out of a deep embankment. When I get us inside the entryway, I place her feet on the ground. My arm grabs her around the waist as I tug her close. “Where the fuck were you?”

Her bottom lip quivers with fear. “I-I went for supplies, but it started snowing so hard, I got stuck. My car’s out there somewhere, and I got scared and came back.”

Lifting her chin with one of my crooked fingers, I scold her harshly. “You will not leave here again without permission.”

Her jaw drops open. “Who are you, my daddy?”

With a deep growl, I narrow my eyes and tell her, “I am now.” Then I toss her over my shoulder and head toward my bedroom.

It’s time to make this little girl mine.

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Five

JANUARY

When I squirm on his big shoulder, he spanks my ass so hard I yelp. “Ouch!”

“Be still. Behave or daddy will give you another one.”

I like it. So, I move again. And he spanks me again. My belly squeezes tight at his touch, which sends tingles right to my pussy lips. Is this it? Is he going to take my virginity like I’ve been dying for him to?

Justin is the one . I know it. He feels like home to me, just as much as this inn. Every night, I envision our life here together. Of course, he’ll probably hate the parties I want to throw, but I’ll do the talking for him, mingle with the guests, and he can hide out in our room or the kitchen.

He kicks the door closed behind him as he enters his bedroom, then throws me on the bed, following with his huge body over mine. The pouch of his gut presses into my stomach as my legs spread wide to accommodate his hips. There’s no time for me to grab a breath of air before his bearded lips are pressing against me, his tongue forcing its way inside.

The fury of his passion sets me ablaze. His denim is in the way when I writhe against his firmness, and I whimper a complaint. Digging my fingers in between us, I find his zipper and slide it down. He helps me by taking over, then tosses his T-shirt and boxers off while I hurriedly undress.

I know from Winter that this will probably be painful, but I'm okay with that. Justin won't hurt me. Not willingly.

Instead of collapsing onto me, he traces a finger down the center of my sternum, between my breasts, and I arch my back into his touch. The electricity of it sends sparks down my spine and I moan, then dig my heels into his thighs to pull him close to me. "My snowflake needs me, doesn't she?"

"Yes, please, daddy. Be my first, Justin. I mean it. I want it."

Growling, he dives into my body, surrounding me with his large arms. His woodsy scent coats my face as he dips his mouth to my neck and sucks. "I want to be your first... January, I want to be your only ." My breath catches at his words. Is he feeling the same way I am?

The head of his big cock parts my wet pussy lips, and I hold my breath, wondering how in the world I'm supposed to fit it inside. His knees slide beneath mine as he sits back on his calves and grips the base of his thickness. Tapping it three times on my clit, I almost dance off the bed with the heat of the sensation.

Tilting his head to my core, he slicks his length through my soaked folds, then aims for my entrance as I grip the sheet. "Fuck!" He pauses. "I-I don't have any condoms. I haven't really had to use them. I've only been with Kimberley, and that was seven years ago. Shit."

Swallowing, I realize I'm less prepared than I thought. "It's okay. Just do it."

"No, no. I can't... Well. Are you on any protection? Birth control."

Biting my lower lip, I shake my head. His shoulders slump. I whisper, "Please."

“Snowflake... I can’t get you pregnant. You’re too young. Fuck! You feel so good, though.” One of his large thumbs presses right where I need it most. Wiggling on him, I feel desperate for anything he’ll give me. “Stay still. Don’t move.” I freeze.

Holding one of my knees in one hand while circling my clit with the other, he slowly pushes his hips forward until the broad crown of his dick edges inside me. Burning fire surges through me as he hits my barrier until he stops moving. “Take a deep breath, snowflake.”

I do and he eases himself back, the sharpness of the ache replaced with a dull need. “Please, please, daddy. Put it in. I can handle it.”

“Ugh... I’m gonna just put the tip in. Okay? Just the tip.” Carefully, he slips inside again, then pulls back. “How’s that? That feel good? ‘Cause I may not last long. You’re so fucking wet and tight, little girl.”

“Yes, but I want more.”

“No, snowflake. Look at daddy.” I do, and the heat in his face almost sets me ablaze with desire. “Behave. Be a good girl. I can’t come inside you. Not... Fuck.”

His cock throbs against me as I try to scoot down to gather more of him inside. “Seriously, you’re gonna make me force it in. Jan, stop.” Pausing my movements, I give him a smile and his shoulders stiffen. “Okay, let’s do this different. I’m too big, and you’re a virgin. And I’m about to blow my fucking load inside you.”

He holds my hand and lies on his back, situating himself on a pile of pillows at the head of the bed. “Straddle me and sit, but don’t put it inside you.”

Both our palms press together as I ease my thighs over his waist. His erection slots right between my legs perfectly. I’ve never sat on a guy like this while naked. I like

it.

“Now, slide back and forth. Use me. I’ve got your hands.” Clinging to his hold, I scoot my hips back and forth on him as he grunts, his hairy chest rising and falling rapidly with every stroke I lay on him. Our eyes never depart, even when I toss my hair back and sit up straighter. “That’s it, baby. Wiggle your little clit on your daddy’s big cock.”

Every bump of my clit on the ridge of his dick sends another wave of ecstasy through my body until I climb. Climb so high that I explode with fire all over. “Daddy! Mr... Mr. Grant!”

With a growl, he releases my hands and grips my waist, then rapidly shifts through my soaked folds. As I pulse inside, he spews his pleasure in reams across his hairy belly and chest. My fingers latch onto his broad pecs as he thrusts his chin up with a groan and finishes.

Exhaustion hits me, and he pulls me into him. His warm come holds our skin tight together as his fingers stroke my back mindlessly. The firm drumbeats of his heart and steady rise and fall of his chest lull me into a deeper trance. I’m not sure how long we lay in peace for, but it’s the most comfortable and safe I’ve felt in a long time. Possibly ever.

When my eyes open, I catch a framed photograph on his nightstand. It’s a wedding picture of him and Kimberley, at the same place where Winter had hers. Resting my chin on his sternum, I gaze up at him, and he lowers his eyes to stare back. His fingers stroke back my hair and tuck it behind my ears.

“Do you miss her?”

His eyes squeeze shut, then open wide with confusion. “Who?”

“Y-your wife.” My eyes trail back to the picture for a moment and he follows my gaze.

“Kimberley? What? No. Why are you thinking about her right now?”

Shrugging, I try to explain how insecure I suddenly feel. So young and inexperienced. “Because you lost your great love and I must be a sorry replacement.”

Anger flares across his face, but he schools it quickly, then sits up against his padded headboard, tugging me with him. His thick arms entangle around me until I feel like he could squeeze the air from my lungs.

“January, I have never felt the way I feel when I’m with you. I-I’m not sure how to explain this. Well, I guess it’s pretty simple. Kimberley and I were married very young. I was twenty, and she was eighteen. Your age. This is a small town, and when you find someone, you just end up with them. We were friends from a young age, dated in high school, and went to all the dances.”

His voice turns gruff and hard. It was the same that night of Winter’s wedding when I first met him. When I glance up into his deep brown eyes, a shadow lays over them. “Then, the night of her accident, I found out she’d been having an affair with Jud Beckham for years. Maybe even since high school, but she only admitted to at least three.”

Tears form on the edge of his eyelids. “She never wanted kids, and that was fine, but she had to tell me about them being together because... she was pregnant with his baby. She hadn’t been with me in months. We slept in different rooms. So I came up here to stay with my mom and dad. And she told me everything, confessed it all, and that she was going to leave.”

I sit up on his waist and hold his face. “I’m so sorry, Justin. Your heart must have

been crushed.”

His chocolate eyebrows meet as he looks down. “No. That’s the thing. She was my duty, my wife. And I was loyal. Tried to be there for her, but I was closed off. I’m sure that’s why Jud was always more appealing. But did I love her the way—” Lifting his gaze to me, he pauses. “The way a man should love a wife? Probably not. I never knew such feelings could exist. Not until...”

My heart surges as he stops himself from saying more. The warmth in his face as he watches me lets me know... Justin is the one. That true love the caught bouquet promised me. Can I get him to love me? To trust that I won’t do the same to him as his deceased wife did?

One of his hands reaches up to stroke his beard as he gathers a deep breath. “We argued about her affair. I was willing to try anything to save the marriage, just because I didn’t want to divorce. But she took off in a huff. And then, the next day, they told me her car had slipped on the ice in the snowstorm. She rolled off the mountain. That is what I feel guilty about. I should have forced her to stay here. Or at least had a better goodbye.”

“So, you left.”

He nods. “Yeah. I just wanted to be alone after that. Figured there was no use in trying to find anyone else. Not that I wanted to. It’s not something I really looked for in the first place; it just happened. And then I came back and... Things are different now. It’s not as painful as I thought it would be, not with you here.”

My cheeks hurt with the grin I make, and his cock throbs underneath my pussy. I slide on it once, but he laughs and pulls me off him, tucking me against his side. “I’m an old man. Need more time to recover, but, fuck, snowflake. You make me feel young again.”

“Justin, you’re not that old.” He chuckles and taps the end of my nose, and I take a deep breath, then blurt out, “You could still have kids, even.”

His eyes grow wide as he turns into a huge statue. “Is that what you want? You want babies?”

Suddenly turning very shy, I press my cheek to his hairy, sticky chest. “Y-yes.” His dick makes a jump.

The deep rumble in his chest is loud against my ear as he clears his throat. “Well, someday, I’m sure that will be a nice thing... for you.” He slides out from under me and stands, heading to his bathroom. “I’m going to get cleaned up, then need to finish the downstairs plumbing. Some electrical on the lights in the dining room...”

Pulling the sheet up around me, I feel very naked. “Yeah, I’ll get started on some biscuits, then clean some guest rooms.”

My face flushes with embarrassment. Did I go too far? Too fast? Ugh, I’m always too impulsive. Here he was talking about never loving someone, and I just assumed he was falling for me as much as I am him. Maybe it’s better that he didn’t take my virginity. I think I’d be even more attached already if he had.

For the rest of the day, I busy myself working on the guest bedrooms. First thing I tackle is all the linens, while still making time to prep some chicken for dinner. We’re running low on fresh veggies and laundry detergent, but hopefully the snow melts before too long. When I pull back the curtain of my bedroom window just as the sun sets, more snow pummels to the earth in great droves. It piles up high against the windows.

To add to my shame from earlier, I call Justin to dinner, but he only mumbles something I can’t hear. I find him splayed under a sink in one of the lower guest

rooms. “Sorry, snowflake. Just set me something out and I’ll eat it later. Want to finish this up tonight and make sure the pipes don’t freeze.”

I eat dinner by myself. It’s the worst meal I’ve had since I’ve been here. After I clean my dishes, I set him out a plate and cover it. Dragging myself up the stairs, I slide into my bed. Alone, sad, wishing I’d never said anything...

And missing Justin terribly.

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Six

JUSTIN

I should have said exactly what I was feeling, but that would probably scare her away. After being numb for so long, it's weird to let everything go now. That sunshine in the other room brought it out of me.

If this is love, I want it. The problem is, she's so young and has her whole life ahead of her. I couldn't ask her to be a recluse with me up here on the mountain. My fingers lace together as I lie on my back in bed, staring at my ceiling while the dawn's light creeps through the window.

She'd be excellent at playing hostess here, though. I need someone like that. Not just for business.

For me.

These last couple of weeks have moved fast, and she will probably freak out if I tell her exactly what I want: her as my wife, running this business with me, and pregnant with my babies. Multiple.

It's foolish to do all this when we barely know each other, right?

Then I think about the last lonely seven years and wonder how I survived without knowing her. Maybe I spent that time alone, waiting just for this moment, and now that it's here, I should take action.

I know what I'll do. I'll make this place so charming and loving that she won't want to leave. I won't ask her to stay, but if she chooses to, I'll marry her the first chance I get.

On that note, I throw my blanket onto the floor and do what I should have done last night and crawl into bed with her. She barely stirs as I slide underneath the sheets and get between her little legs. Her wintry musk greets me, sending the blood pumping to my groin. Yes, if I do this every morning, she won't want to leave.

A whimper sings in my ears as she stretches, and I grind against the mattress to relieve pent up pressure in my dick. With one finger, I hook the crotch of her panties and slide them aside.

“What? Justin?”

Growling, I place a firm palm against her taut stomach. “Lie back.”

Then, I dive into her with my full face. Maybe it's because Kimberley never really liked oral, but I love to spend time between January's thighs. When I toss her feet over my shoulders, she inches her core closer to my nose as I lick and suck, flick and bite on her clit. She's absolutely soaking wet when I slide one finger, then another, inside her while pulling on that sensitive part of her flesh. A deep moan from her chest is my reward, as is the magical taste of her that greets my mouth as she comes.

“Mr. Grant!”

“Oh, fuck!” Without meaning to, I explode into my boxers while grinding on the bed. It's that name she calls me. Her boss . I shouldn't do this with her.

But I can't stop, either.

Crawling over top of her on my elbows, I peer down at her shocked and worried face. “I should have stayed with you last night. I’m sorry.”

A grin tugs at the corners of her blush lips as she weaves her fingers through my hair. “It’s okay. I missed you.”

When I speak, a huff of relief precedes it. “Really? Me, too.” I roll onto my side and scoop her into my arms. My beard nuzzles against her warm shoulder as I pull the blanket up around us. “If you want to sleep more, feel free. I’m not going anywhere.”

The bed dips as she squirms. “I should get up and make us breakfast.”

Gripping her hip, I pull her back to me. “Nah. We’re good. Unless you’re hungry.”

She half turns to peek at me. “Not yet.”

It’s a rare event, but a satisfied smile grips my mouth as I settle back into the bed. “I was hoping you’d be able to help me paint the master bedroom today. There’re plenty of paint colors to choose from. What would you want to paint it?”

“Y-you want me to pick out a color for your room?”

Holding my breath, I try not to ask if she wants it to be her room, too. I can’t put that kind of expectation on her. “Yeah.”

Some of her blonde hair tickles my cheeks as she flips around to face me, her face beaming. “Yes! I’d love to.”

My warm sunshine...

“Great.” Smacking her butt, I slide to the edge of the bed. “Then let’s eat and get

started.”

After another amazing meal together, we prepare the room for painting. She goes through the cans that are leftover from various projects and holds up one. “You seem like a midnight blue kinda guy.”

I arch an eyebrow at it and nod. “Good choice. I like it. You ever paint before?”

She shakes her head. “Not something like this.”

“You tape off some baseboards and I’ll start trimming.” As we get started on our tasks, she hums a beautiful tune I’ve never heard before. It’s so soothing, I close my eyes and just listen.

“Justin?”

Snapping my eyes open, I find hers. “Yeah?”

“There’s paint dripping.”

Sure enough. A long string has fallen from the brush onto the pale yellow wall I’m covering. Scooping it up with my brush, I shrug and give her a sheepish smile. If only she knew what she was doing to me. “Do you have big plans for when you go back home?”

The pause in her singing is deafening. “No.”

“You finishing school?”

As if to answer me gruffly, she rips the tape off at the end and applies it hurriedly. “I haven’t decided.”

“Maybe you should, you know. If-if that’s your goal.”

She wanders to the base of the ladder I’m on and places a hand on the rung. “Maybe it’s not.”

“I guess you should decide what that is, then.”

We work in silence for a long while until the first coat is finished. I toss an arm around her shoulder as we admire our work. “Great job, snowflake. I think it’s time for a break.”

She glances up at me with a pearl of paint on her nose. With a chuckle, I use a hooked finger to swipe it off, but end up smearing more on her face. Backing away, she laughs, then runs into the bathroom to clean it off.

After I wash my hands, I grip one of hers and tug her toward the entry. “Get dressed for the cold. I want to take you outside.”

“Is the snow still piled up high?”

“Not as bad. Sun’s out now. Let’s go!”

Once we’re bundled, I grip the handle of a snow shovel and hand her another. We dig a path out of the house, tossing snow left and right. In the front yard, I clear another area for our task.

“What are we doing in this circle?”

“Building a snowman. Thought it would be fun.” Or stupid. Now that we’re standing here.

When I glance back for her reaction, though, the snowflakes dance in her eyes as they glisten with a tear. “I love that idea, Justin. I’ve never made one before.” My heart skips a beat at her use of the word love . And I wonder if she’s feeling it, too.

We start the base and roll it up together, but she slips and falls, laughing joyously. The sound better than anything I’ve heard. Pulling her by her gloved hands, I set her upright and press a kiss to her forehead.

Once we’re done and admire our handiwork, I toss an arm over her shoulders and stand back.

“Wait! Let me get a selfie of us with it!” She digs in her pocket and tries to take a picture of us while I squat, but I’m too big.

“Here, let me.” Taking it over for her, I hold the viewfinder so we both take up the frame with the carrot nosed ice figure in the background. On that tiny screen, we look weird together. With a big black beard and huge arms, I look like a lumbering oaf next to a shiny young woman with sunshine beaming across her face. Like I’ve kidnapped her and made her mine. Why else would she want to be with me?

When she looks at the photograph, she turns and plants a swift kiss on my hairy cheek, then blushes. Not sure if it’s from the cold or not, but I want more. No, before she leaves me...

I want it all.

Once the roads clear and her month at work is over, I may never bask in her warmth again. It’s cold up here alone. Not that I minded before, but now, it would be painful without her.

So I wrap my coat padded arms around her and tug her up to me, her legs encircling

my thick waist. My lips find hers and I press my tongue between them, needing to taste her. January . The woman I think my soul has built just for me. Maybe she's an ice angel sent to rescue me from a life of torment.

“Let's go inside.” Swirls of wintry air dance as I huff the words into her chest. She squirms to get down, but I grip her ass and press her into me, then stroll toward the house.

I don't stop. Not until I reach my bedroom and lay her back on the mattress. Snapping my gloves at her, I instruct, “Everything off.”

As she scampers to loosen all her layers, I do the same, until we're both naked and needy. The swells of her breasts heave with her loss of breath as she leans on her elbows, waiting for my next move. My thick hardness pokes straight toward her, and I know what I'm going to do.

Her smooth thighs part for me as I nestle my knees under them, then line myself up. The veins on my cock surge with blood as I grip the base, swathing it through her wetness.

“A-are you going to put it inside me now?” Digging her short fingernails into my forearms, she glances between us a moment before gifting me with her sparkling blue eyes.

“Daddy's gonna put it all inside his little girl. Saturate my dick with your innocence. You want this filthy cock in your tight twat, snowflake?”

Biting her lower lip, she nods rapidly, and I lean over, then press in. “Fuck! Baby! You're so tight.”

“It hurts...”

Like a rubber band around the crown, her barrier resists my thrust. My hips hold still as her eyes squeeze shut. “Take a deep breath for me. I’m about to bust through.”

Her breasts press into my chest as she inhales and latches her fingers through my chest hairs. “Okay, go.”

Checking with her again, I ask, “You want me to?”

“Yes, please. Please. Take me.”

The heat of her skin burns my thumbs when I drag them across her flushed cheeks. “January, open your eyes and watch me. I want you to watch as your daddy makes you his.”

Black eyelashes flutter until her wintry blues latch onto my gaze. Then I slowly pivot inside her. As she squeals, her cherry pops, but never lets our eyes depart. “That’s such a good girl. Good girl for her daddy.”

A whimper parts her lips, and I gather them in a quick embrace with mine, then drag my scruff along her jaw, neck, and chest. My scent spreads over her just as much as hers is on me. “It-it feels good.”

“Yeah? You okay for more?”

She gasps. “How much more is there?”

Lowering my head, I glance down. “I’m only like a fourth in, baby. I’ll go real slow. But you need to take all this dirty cock. You need it, snowflake, so you can be my nasty slut. Get used to this big dick.”

With a little wiggle, she works herself down more on my length, and I help by

pushing more in. “Put it all in.” It comes out like a reverent whisper from her rosy lips.

My knees grip the bed as I draw back, then edge in more. Then, I do it again. And again. The hold her fingers have on me increases with every inch until she’s spread so wide, her pussy stretches to its max. “You did it. Such a good girl. Look down here. Daddy’s all inside his little girl.”

When she glances between us, she giggles, and the sound reverberates through my balls. As I pull back and push in again with more force, she relaxes enough that I can take control.

Seven years of pent up lust releases through my cock as it throbs inside her tight walls. The heels of her feet dig into my back as I seat myself in the apex of her thighs. My fingers brush back some of her blonde locks as they cling to her forehead with perspiration. Our bodies generate so much heat, a sweat bead rolls off my chest and onto hers.

Her wails intensify as I feel her pussy flutter around me. “You gonna come on daddy’s dick, big girl? Get it nice and slippery?”

“Yes! Yes! Mr. Grant!” she screams and collapses around me. The tight band of her interior squeezes me so much, I try to pull out, but she suctions me right back in. Like a vacuum, I feel my eruption getting forced inside of her.

Maybe this is what I want. To make her belly swell and mark her as mine forever...

“I’m gonna put a baby in you, little girl. Daddy’s going to knock you up so you can’t leave.”

And then, I explode close to her womb.

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Seven

JANUARY

A gasp escapes me as I cling to his broad body. Did Justin just come inside me without a condom? Saying he wants me pregnant and to never leave?

Shockingly, I am very okay with this. Am I his now? His girl?

His body shudders as he finishes a long grunt in my ear, sweat making our bodies stick together. The pain between my legs subsides until only pleasure, a tingly warmth, and pressure of fullness remain.

Leaning up on his elbows, his thumbs stroke my forehead as he gazes at me with widened eyes. “I-I shouldn’t have done that without asking. I’m sorry. Fuck... Are you okay?”

I notice he still hasn’t pulled back, and a giggle escapes my chest, forcing some of the liquid to ooze between us. “Yes. I’m very okay, Justin. This is what I want.”

“Y-you do?” He’s out of breath, panting to catch it, and acts as if this hasn’t been what I’ve been begging him for.

“Yes. I do.”

His heavy body collapses onto mine as he gathers my lips with his and kisses me like he just found me. “Is this all too soon? Too soon to say I love you? Because I do, my

little snowflake. You melted my heart.”

Tears heat my eyes as I whisper, “It’s not too soon. I think it was meant to be. I love you, too.”

Lifting his head up, he lets out a yell of victory, then slips out of me slowly. “You sore? You okay?”

I can’t help the broad smile that crosses my face. “I am good . Yes, I am definitely sore... in a fantastic way.”

His large arms lock on either side of me as I sit on the edge of the bed. He leans forward and presses his lips to my forehead. “Get comfortable, then, and I’ll make us hot cocoa by the fire. I want to snuggle buried inside you all night, if you can handle it.”

My fingers brush through his black beard. “I can handle it fine, Mr. Grant.”

He groans, then snaps his fingers toward the bathroom, and I giggle while hurrying toward it.

That night is the best of my life. When I enter the living room, he’s set up an entire comfy bed out of sofa cushions with furry blankets to cover us and oversized pillows for our heads. The cocoa is delicious, too.

“Oh, even little marshmallows! Thank you.” Steam moistens my nose as I sip from the hot mug.

We both take some time to study the flames as they dance against the stones. Justin’s hand massages my lower back as he takes long gulps of the sweet drink. “The roads will open back up tomorrow, I bet.” He clears his throat as I set my cup down and

cuddle into his side.

“Oh, then I can get supplies for the party coming up.”

His broad chest expands with a deep breath. “It-it kinda feels like reality is setting in and you gotta leave.”

Blinking heavily, I gaze up at his face. But he refuses to look at me. “Do I? Do I have to leave?”

Dark brown eyes greet me as he considers my question. “Do you want to stay?”

It feels awkward to ask this of him. Things have progressed at a rapid pace between us. What I’m asking for is everything, and he probably wants to live alone. Maybe I could be his employee for longer. My parents will have my head over it, but I’m an adult now. They’ll have to deal with it.

“Do you need me to? Do...” Trailing off, I gather some courage and whisper, “Do you want me to?”

“I don’t want to steal your future from you, January. You had a life back home and college. Your family. But... I love you.” Leaning forward, he places his mug next to mine and pulls me into his lap to face him. “I’m gonna be real crazy here and say this. I want you here with me. Now and forever. I’ll marry you right here in front of this fireplace whenever you want. If I could chain you to my bed and keep putting babies in you, I’d do it. I have half a mind to go do that now.”

My arms latch around his neck as I squeal with his suggestion. “I want that, too. Your crazy is the same as mine.”

It’s rare, but a broad smile parts his lips and his belly jiggles as he belts out a loud

laugh. “Then, it’s settled. You’re mine now . No getting away, especially once you’re filled with my children.”

Just the thought makes me urgent with need, and I writhe on him as he moans while shutting his eyes tight. Reaching between us, I unbutton his jeans and unleash his beast from his boxers. The head is already red and hot to the touch, the velvet skin almost burning my palms as I rub him.

“Lie back. Let’s go to sleep, snowflake, and I’ll put it inside you all night. I’m your plug, remember?”

I tuck my bottom lip under my teeth and rapidly nod, then shirk off my clothing and slide under the sheet he placed for us. He does the same and pulls me into him.

His huge body hugs my back up against him as we cuddle, faces warmed by the flickering flames. It tickles when his hand slides between my thighs to lift my leg so he can slot himself between them, and tingles shoot down my spine as his beard scratches my bare shoulder.

“Gonna fill you up like this every. Night.” He says it with a grunt as he slides into my wetness, the fullness of him causing me to lose my breath. “Better get used to how big your daddy is.”

“You-you want me to sleep like this?”

Like a little fish, he suctions his puckered lips up and down my neck as I shiver. “Yes, little girl. I want you to fall asleep with me inside you.”

But I can’t. Not when he feels this good, when his cock is this thick .

So, even though his breathing evens out, I squirm slightly on him until his palm

spanks me lightly under the blankets. “Ah, ah. Behave.”

The veins in his dick throb inside me as he pants heavy breaths that make my hair wave across my cheek. Moving my hips back and forth, I get some relief in the ache that fills me deep inside. Whimpering, I undulate forward slightly as his palm plants on my lower abdomen.

“Does my little girl need to come?”

I almost don’t recognize my voice. It’s so desperate and needy. “Yes, daddy.”

One of his legs moves, which makes his length surge deeper inside as I gasp. “Hmm, I made this pussy so dirty, it needs a cock all the time, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, please.”

“Use it, snowflake. Get yourself off, and I’ll put more come in you.”

Freeing my restrained movements, I hula on him, trying to get my fill. As I near the explosion of ecstasy, his hand slides lower until the pad of his finger finds my clit. That’s all it takes for me to unleash, but he goes with me. A rough growl lunges from his chest, the vibrations reverberating from my back.

With his cum and swelled cock inside me, I feel more stretched than earlier today. Somehow, the sensation is exactly what I want.

“Now, settle down and go to sleep. I’m not leaving my pussy.”

Placing my palms together, I tuck them under my cheek as he snuggles closer to me until I dream of snowflakes and cocoa under mistletoe with the man I’m going to marry.

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Eight

JUSTIN

This is definitely not my scene. January told me that I could hide upstairs and she'd take care of everything, but I felt the need to be there. It does have my name attached to it: Grant's Ice Inn Grand Reopening.

My cheeks ache from how many fake smiles I have supplied today. It's been a great relief to have Carson Cash here, only because he brought some helpers to serve and wait on people. Only downfall of his attendance is that he keeps following me around and asking annoying questions.

"So, how much, then?" Shoving a double of oak barrel whiskey in my hand, he smiles with a shine in his eye.

"Told you. Not for sale. It will remain with the Grants from now until forever." Like a moth to a flame, my eyes are drawn to the beautiful creature across the room from me. I take in her red dress and lipstick, but mainly her belly... wondering if it's already filled with my child. She gives me a wink and continues to mingle with guests, showcasing the rooms and features of each.

"You can see, I'll provide all the services you need. You can keep the name and all of that?—"

"Carson? You can't control me. You aren't quarterback anymore."

His mouth snaps shut. But it crawls into a sly grin as he places his hand on my shoulder. “Fine, fine. But if you change your mind...”

“If I change my mind, you’ll be one of the last people I call.” Yeah, I was his center when we played together at Crystal Frond High School just down the road. Took state our sophomore year. He got a bad shoulder injury and never went on after that.

Fortunately, his wife pulls him away, and I turn to grab some shrimp cocktail from the buffet. Heat lights up my skin as someone throws daggers at my back. When I turn around, a guy about my age, looking irate, stands in front of me with a woman hovering near his side.

“So, you’re the man that’s kept my daughter away from home.”

“Uh... Are you January’s father?”

His arms cross, and his fists curl up like he wants to hit me, but he’s so small, he stands a good foot beneath me. “Yes. Yes, I am. We didn’t know she was staying here for a month . The plan was for her to visit for a wedding and return home. She told us the roads were blocked. Is that even true?”

“Yes, Dad, they were! I told you.” Her tiny arm snakes around my back, and I freeze, not exactly sure what I should do. “Dad, this is Justin Grant, the owner of this place... and my boyfriend.”

My eyes widen at her forwardness, especially when her parents’ jaws drop as they take a second look at me. Her dad’s cheeks flame red, and her mother’s knuckles turn white as they grasp his bicep tighter. “January, I knew this would be an issue. Get in the car, now . This-this man is too old to be your boyfriend. What are you, forty-five? My age?”

Swallowing, I use my free hand to stroke my beard. January’s big blue eyes glance up

at me, waiting for me to respond. But I can't speak.

"Justin?" she asks in a tiny voice, as if she wants me to talk with her father. Maybe ask his permission? But he's right. This is awkward and weird. Now that I see them here, the reality of our age difference hits me in the face.

"I'm forty-two. She, January, she was a good employee this month. I really appreciated her hard work and dedication to the job. That was, uh, the most helpful thing for me."

January's little hand slips back and she gapes at me. "I was more than that?—"

"Huh, well, she should be a hard worker. It's how we taught her. She'll be leaving now. January, get your things."

She glances up at me with some wetness in her eyes. Everything in me says to grasp her and tell her father that she's mine now. That I'll make her an honorable woman... But I feel so small for the first time in my life. Incapable. Ineffectual.

Maybe Kimberley was right to leave me, just like January's doing now.

As the three wander away, I stop her father for a moment. "I-I need to pay her still."

He turns to face me a moment with a sneer. "Disgusting. She's worth more than that. The work you're paying her for... We're taking her home and back to school where she belongs."

My hands thread through my hair and tug on the ends in frustration. Dare I let her go? I don't know that I can anymore. If she goes, what's the point of living? This place? Here by myself with guests coming and going? What if she's pregnant with our child now?

This isn't at all what I wanted.

Snagging a fork off the table, I hurry to the fireplace hearth and stand on it, making my height probably over seven feet tall. Despite the butterflies in my stomach and the sweat pouring down my back, I raise the glass and clink on it with the utensil. Slowly, the conversations around the room die down. Even January and her parents pause on their way to her room to look up at me.

“Hello, everyone. I said I wouldn't make any announcements because it's not my thing. But you all have known me my whole life, so here goes. I thank you for coming, but this party isn't just about the reopening of Grant's Ice Inn... it's about melting my heart. Making it bloom with the ability to love again. Only one creature could do that, and she's in this room. It's sudden and very soon, but there's no doubt in my mind that the woman standing over there is the one I'm going to marry. No matter how many hurdles we have to climb. I want to do it together. January? Will you marry this old man?”

A beam of sunshine covers her face as she sprints through the murmuring crowd toward me. “Yes! Yes!” She's panting by the time she reaches me and takes a giant leap until I catch her in my arms. Her legs wrap around my waist and we kiss.

The crowd sighs happily, then cheers us on.

Pulling back from her lips, I say so only she can hear, “I'm sorry to throw that on you on the spur of the moment, but I wanted your dad to hear it from me that way. I couldn't let you go.”

Her parents stand near the base of the hearth when I set my woman down and take a step closer to them. “Sir, I'm in love with your daughter. Yes, I'm older than her, but I'll take good care of her.”

“And I'll take care of you,” she says, not letting go of my hand. “Dad, I'm an adult

now. I get to decide what I want, and I want to stay here running Grant's Inn with my fiancé."

Her mother moves forward and pats my hand where it holds her daughter's. "Welcome to the family, Justin. We are glad to meet you. Maybe we'll stay an extra week to get to know each other better. Right, dear?" she asks pointedly at January's father.

He grumbles a reply, but finally looks at me without vehemence and nods. "Yes, that would be good, I think."

Maybe I won't win him over immediately, but I'll try for my girl's sake. She smiles up at me as if I just gave her the best present she's ever had. But her winning over my heart with her sunshine was the best anyone's ever given me.

"I love you, Mr. Grant."

Pressing my lips to her forehead, I smile. "I love you, snowflake."