



Mountain Man's Curvy Girl (Summer In The Pines #4)

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Category: Romance

Description: He's gruff, guarded, and hotter than a blowtorch.

She's sweet, shy, and the spark he never saw coming.

Ethan Cole doesn't say much, but when his sweet, curvy neighbor Chloe needs him, he's there—gruff orders, strong hands, and all. For years, he's kept his distance, convinced she deserves better than a man like him. But when a summer storm traps them together, his control snaps, and all those buried feelings come blazing to the surface.

Chloe has had a crush on Ethan since the day she moved next door, but the grumpy mountain man never seemed to notice her. Until now. Alone with him in the middle of a blackout, she's about to learn just how hot things can get when he lets his guard down.

A stormy summer night. A sweet, curvy virgin. And a big, burly mountain man who's ready to claim what's his.

Total Pages (Source): 20

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Chloe

“I’m telling you, he’s into you.”

I shoot Mia a glare over the rim of my mug, even though I know it has zero effect on her.

Growing up in the system in an urban area, I was always used to sticking to myself.

That was until I applied for a job in a small town and got hired.

Now I live up a beautiful mountain where I help run the admin side of things at city hall, and I’ve gained a sassy best friend who loves meddling...

Mia just smirks, her eyes glittering with mischief as she leans against the counter of the bakery where we’re hiding from the bad weather. Outside, rain falls from a gray sky, but inside, it’s dry, cozy, and annoyingly filled with Mia’s teasing.

“He’s not into me,” I say, setting the mug down with a little more force than necessary. “He barely looks at me.”

She snorts. “Oh, he looks. You’re just too shy to notice.”

I shake my head, my cheeks heating. “You’re imagining things. Ethan is... I don’t know, grumpy. Quiet. He doesn’t even talk to people.”

Mia’s grin widens. “Except you .”

“He said, ‘Nice weather,’ Mia,” I point out, rolling my eyes.

“That’s practically a poem for him. Come on, Chlo’, the man looks like a lumberjack crossed with a Greek statue, and he’s been your neighbor for years? And you’ve been crushing on him for almost as long. Make a freaking move already, girl.”

I duck my head, my hands curling around the mug like it can shield me from the truth.

Yes, I’ve had a hopeless crush on Ethan Cole—the gruff, broad-shouldered welder who lives three doors down from my house ever since I moved to town from the city.

But making a move? Uh-huh. Nope. Absolutely not. Not in this lifetime.

“Let’s say you’re right,” I mutter, avoiding her gaze. “Let’s say he does... notice me,” I finish shyly. “Why would someone like him want me? I’m not... you know... exciting.”

Mia sets her cup down and levels me with a serious look. “Babe, you’re gorgeous, you’re kind, and you’re real. If Mr. Mc Beefy can’t see that, then he’s even dumber than he looks.”

I can’t help but laugh, then quickly sober up. “I don’t know.”

Mia shrugs, smirking. “Then you’re lucky you have me to push you.”

* * *

Ethan

“Goddamn weather,” I mutter under my breath as I open the door to my truck.

The wind bites at my face, cutting through my flannel like it's paper. Another freak summer storm is coming. Nothing our small mountain town hasn't dealt with before, though. I just checked on my folks. They already hunkered down at their place, and I'm on my way home.

The truck door slams shut behind me, and I take a moment to breathe.

The silence inside feels good. It's been a long day—too many welds, too many people asking for last-minute work before the storm hits—but my mind isn't on any of that.

It's on my sweet neighbor. Chloe. She moved here from the city a few years ago. And stole my fucking heart.

I grip the steering wheel tight, like the memory of her voice can be squeezed silent.

I walked past her earlier. She was getting into the bakery.

Her dark hair tucked under a wool hat, soft brown eyes sparkling as she talked to her friend.

More lively than she ever is around me. Her gorgeous brown skin making my hands itch to touch.

Fucking beautiful. She was smiling, and when Chloe smiles, both my heart and cock stand to attention.

I drag a rough hand through my hair, scowling at the windshield like it's its fault I can't get her out of my head.

She doesn't know how hard it is to keep my distance, to keep my hands steady when

she walks by.

Doesn't know that every damn time I see her, I have to remind myself why we would be a bad idea.

She's too sweet. Too soft. I'd fucking ruin her.

She deserves better than a grumpy recluse like me.

But fuck if that stops me from wanting her.

* * *

Chloe

The rain has picked up by the time we leave the bakery. Mia and I say our goodbyes and part ways on the sidewalk.

I tug my jacket tighter, wishing I thought about driving instead of walking to town. The streetlights glow softly in the falling rain, casting everything in a golden halo, but all that beauty is lost on me when the wind slices through my coat.

Halfway down the block, I spot a familiar truck parked near the hardware store, and my heart does that stupid flutter it does every time I see Ethan's beat-up Chevy.

I wonder why he keeps this old thing. The man's probably too much of an alpha male for some fancy new truck.

I snort to myself. And, of course, that's when the driver's side door opens, and Ethan steps out.

He is huge , all broad shoulders and bulk, his flannel stretched over a chest that looks like it was carved from granite.

His dark hair is a little messy, and his beard, thick enough to make him look like he walked straight out of a wilderness survival magazine.

And his hands—Lord help me... strong, rough, capable hands that make my knees go weak whenever I think about how they'd feel on my skin.

Deep breaths, Chloe. You can do this. You can have a short, non-awkward conversation with Ethan Cole.

And that's when he glances up. Our eyes meet.

My heart skips a beat, and I freeze halfway to waving like an idiot.

Ethan just nods, his usual frown firmly on, before walking into the hardware store.

I exhale deeply, my breath clouding the freezing air. "You're an idiot," I mutter to myself, quickening my pace. I need to get home before this damn storm hits. Not stand in the rain thirsting after my grumpy, hot neighbor.

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Chloe

The rain's falling harder now, dropping heavily around me as I make my way through the darkening streets. My heart's still beating fast from my brief encounter with Ethan outside the hardware store, and it feels like no amount of icy wind can dull the memory.

"Nice weather," I mutter under my breath, mimicking his gruff small talk from earlier in the day.

God, why am I like this? I spent the entire walk replaying his nod when he probably didn't even think about it twice.

But there's a tiny part of me that keeps hoping.

And Mia's teasing definitely did not help.

Then the power flickers. And my steps falter as I look up at the streetlights. They stutter before going out completely.

"No, no, no, no, no." I fumble for my phone, but the flashlight does little to pierce the shadows. The town is pitch-black, its cozy atmosphere replaced with thick darkness.

Just as panic starts to creep in, I see the glow of headlights cutting through the storm. And then, thank God, Ethan's truck comes into view.

"Chloe?" His deep voice carries through the night as he lowers his window, stopping

the still running car next to me.

* * *

Ethan

Of course she's out here, in the middle of this mess, looking like she's in a goddamn movie.

She's shivering. Her face, damp from the rain, her dark hair spilling from her hat and tangled around her scarf.

So fucking pretty she makes my heart hurt.

But I also want to wring her neck for being this reckless. Out here, alone, in this weather. Fuck!

"Chloe!" I roar, pulling the truck to her side.

She turns to me, her almond-shaped eyes widening.

"Get in," I command, already stepping out to open the door for her. "Now."

She hesitates for a second—just long enough to make me growl under my breath—before climbing in. I slam the door behind her; the wind slicing through me as I circle back to the driver's side.

"Thank you," she says in her soft voice as I crank up the heat. She's clutching the blanket I keep in the cab, her small frame practically swallowed by the seat.

"You shouldn't be out here," I grumble. "Where were you going?"

“Home,” she responds, her gaze fixed on her hands. “It’s not that far.”

“It’s too far in this storm,” I snap, gripping the wheel tightly. “You’re staying with me until it clears.”

* * *

Chloe

Say what?! Stay with him?!! My brain stutters, tripping over his words. Ethan doesn’t even look at me when he says them, like it’s the most natural thing in the world. Like I’m his responsibility.

“I—I couldn’t impose,” I stammer, feeling hot all over

“You’re not,” he replies, his tone leaving no room for argument.

Ooookay then . Guess that’s settled.

The truck is silent except for the sound of the heater and the whoosh of the storm outside. Ethan’s presence is so overwhelming, I can’t stop stealing glances at him. His set jaw, his big hands gripping the wheel. His scent filling the small space. Laundry detergent, clean sweat, and all man.

“You’re shivering,” he suddenly says, his low voice startling me.

I blink, trying to play it off. “I’m fine—”

“Chloe,” he interrupts firmly.

His hand brushes against mine as he adjusts the blanket on my body, and my breath

catches.

My heart pounds as he turns to look at me, blue-gray eyes dark and unreadable.

For a moment, I think he's going to say something else, but he doesn't.

Just nods, jaw tightening as he turns back to the windshield.

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Chloe

Ethan hasn't said a word since he rearranged the blanket, and the silence is only filled by the hum of the heater. The truck rocks a bit as the wind howls, the rain coming down so hard it feels like the world outside has disappeared.

I steal another glance at him, my eyes tracing the sharp line of his jaw under the beard, the way his large hands grip the steering wheel hard. He's tense, and it only makes the knot in my stomach tighten.

"You didn't have to do this," I say, breaking the silence. "I mean, thank you for driving me, but—"

"You think I'd leave you out there?" Ethan glances at me hard, before turning back to the rain-covered windshield.

"No, I just—" I hesitate, unsure how to explain the million conflicting thoughts running through my head. "I don't want to be a bother."

He exhales sharply, and it almost sounds like a laugh. "Chloe, you couldn't bother me if you tried."

His words leave me speechless. He said it so casually. Like it's obvious, like it's something I should've known. And maybe I would have if I hadn't spent the last few years convincing myself that a man like Ethan Cole could never think about me the way I think about him.

I wrap the blanket tighter around myself, my mind racing with a thousand questions I'm too afraid to ask. What did he even mean by that? Does he realize what he's saying?

I can feel the heat of him, smell the faint mix of metal and pine that always clings to his jacket. My breath catches, and for one wild, reckless second, I think about closing the small distance between us.

"You okay?" His voice snaps me back to reality, his gaze flicking to mine.

"Y-yeah," I stammer, tugging the blanket higher to hide my flaming cheeks. "Just... cold."

* * *

Ethan

She's not cold—she's nervous. Her voice shakes enough to give her away, and the way she keeps fidgeting under that damn blanket is driving me fucking crazy.

I should've just driven her home. Should've kept things simple, dropped her off and let her go. But the storm made that impossible, and now here we are—trapped in my truck, with her looking so damn soft, small and tempting I can barely think straight.

I tighten my grip on the steering wheel, trying to focus on anything other than the way Chloe's dark eyes dart to me when she thinks I'm not looking, or her teeth chewing that full bottom lip.

She doesn't realize what she's doing to me—how hard it is to keep my hands to myself when all I want to do is to reach out and pull her into my lap.

“I’m sorry for the trouble,” she adds. “I feel like I’m bothering you.”

I glance at her, frowning. “You’re not.”

She turns her gorgeous big brown eyes my way. “Oh. Well, thanks. For... everything.”

I don’t respond, because I can’t. Not without saying too much. Instead, I stare out at the storm, forcing myself to stay still and ignore the fire burning in my chest every time she shifts.

But then Chloe sighs softly and tucks her long legs under her, the movement sending her just a little closer to my side of the cab. I’m screwed.

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Chloe

Ethan feels bigger than life, sitting only inches away from me, his broad shoulders nearly brushing mine in the cramped space of the truck. His presence is overwhelming in the quietness, as if he fills every corner of the cab just by breathing.

He shifts, adjusting his grip on the steering wheel, and the movement draws my eyes like a magnet.

His hands are huge—rough and calloused, the kind of hands that could bend steel and still be careful enough to hold something fragile.

My cheeks heat as I imagine those hands brushing against my skin, and I quickly look away, clutching the blanket tighter.

The truck rocks slightly in the wind, and Ethan lets out a low sigh, the sound deep and rumbling like distant thunder. “This storm’s not letting up anytime soon”.

“It’s fine,” I say quickly, though my heart is hammering in my chest. “I mean, I’m fine. I can—”

“Chloe.” His tone stops me short. He’s not even looking at me, but the way he says my name, low and steady, makes my breath hitch. “Stop trying to talk your way out of this. You’re staying put.”

His hand drops from the wheel to rest on his thigh, and I can’t help but notice the way his jeans stretch over thick, muscular legs. Everything about him is solid, and way too

tempting. I force myself to look away, focusing instead on the frost that's starting to cover the windshield.

* * *

Ethan

Chloe's nervous. I can see it in the way her fingers clutch that damn blanket, how her beautiful eyes dart everywhere except at me. She's been driving me fucking crazy from the second she stepped inside my truck.

I shouldn't be looking at her like this—shouldn't be noticing her plump lips, or the sliver of smooth, golden-brown skin at her collarbone. She's so close I can smell the sweet scent of vanilla that always clings to her, and it's taking everything in me to keep my hands to myself.

"You cold?" I ask.

Her breath hitches every time I move. She's not cold—she's nervous. And I'm making it worse.

"No, I'm okay," she replies, but the way her voice shakes tells me otherwise.

I lean closer, and her eyes meet mine, wide and unsure. For a second, neither one of us speaks. The only sound is the wind howling outside and the low hum of the heater, but it's not enough to drown out the thunder of my pulse in my ears. I stop the car.

"You don't have to be scared of me," I whisper.

She shakes her head. "I'm not scared."

I reach out, my hand brushing against hers as I adjust the blanket. Her skin is so fucking soft. The contact sends a jolt straight to my cock. Chloe doesn't pull away, and for a moment, I let my fingers linger, testing her reaction.

She swallows hard, her breath catching as her eyes dart to our hands. "Ethan..."

The way she says my name—soft and shaky—is my undoing.

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Ethan

I don't pull away. I can't. Instead, my fingers tighten over hers, holding her hand in place under the blanket.

Fuck! Her skin is softer than anything I've ever touched.

And I fucking love our size difference—how small her hand feels in my huge paw, how easily I could wrap my fingers around her wrist and hold her down.

“Chloe,” I murmur, her name rolling off my tongue rough and gravelly, thick with the weight of everything I can't hold back anymore. She looks up at me, her wide brown eyes locking with mine, and I see it—it's just a flicker of something under the nerves. But it's clear as day. Want.

I lean closer, and she doesn't move, doesn't breathe. The truck feels smaller, the air thick with the scent of her—vanilla and something fucking addictive. All woman. All her.

“You're trembling,” I growl out.

“I'm not,” she whispers, even as her hand shakes under mine.

I chuckle low in my throat, shifting closer until there's barely a breath of space between us. “Liar.”

Her lips part, her breath catching as I let my hand slide up, brushing over her wrist

and along her forearm. Her pulse is frantic under my fingertips, and I can feel her body heat even through the layers between us.

“Ethan...” Her voice cracks. She’s not scared. No, she’s leaning into me now, her shoulders relaxing as her chest rises and falls in quick breaths.

“Tell me to stop,” I rasp, my voice barely audible over the pounding of my pulse.

She doesn’t.

Instead, her gaze drops to my mouth, and that tiny, hesitant movement is all it takes to break my restraint.

I close the distance between us, my lips crashing against hers with a ferocity that startles us both. She gasps, and I take advantage, sliding my tongue inside her mouth, tasting her—sweet, soft, and every fucking thing I didn’t know I needed.

She melts against me, her hands clutching the front of my jacket as if she’s afraid I’ll pull away. Not a chance, baby girl. My hand moves to cup the back of her neck, angling her head so I can deepen the kiss, claiming her fully.

* * *

Chloe

The second his lips touch mine, my brain goes blank. All I can feel is him—the rough scrape of his beard against my skin, the heat of his mouth moving over mine, the way his hand holds me firmly but gently, like he’s afraid I might break but can’t let go.

I’ve kissed guys before. I’ve been kissed before. But nothing—nothing—has ever felt like this. It’s overwhelming and all-consuming, like he’s pouring everything he has

with every movement of his lips.

His hand slides down, his fingers brushing against my jaw, my neck, and the touch sends a shiver racing down my spine. I gasp against his mouth, and he growls—low, rough, and so primal it makes my knees turn to jelly, even though I’m sitting down.

“Chloe,” Ethan murmurs against my lips, his voice a deep, gravelly rasp that makes my toes curl. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

“I think I do,” I whisper, though my voice shakes.

He pulls back just enough to look at me, his blue-gray eyes dark and stormy as they search mine. His lips are swollen, his jaw tight, and I can feel the tension radiating off him like heat.

“If I keep going,” he rumbles, “I’m not gonna stop.”

I swallow hard, my pulse racing as I force myself to meet his gaze. “I don’t want you to stop, Ethan.”

The words hang in the air between us, and for a moment, everything is still. Then he’s moving—his hands cupping my face, his lips crashing to mine, his hulking body shifting closer until there’s no space left between us.

The truck feels too small, too hot, too everything, but all I care about is him—his touch, his heat, the way he’s kissing me like I’m the only thing keeping him alive.

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Ethan

Her words are like gasoline on an open flame. I don't want you to stop.

I pull her closer, my hands sliding down to her waist, my fingers gripping her. She's so damn soft and when I lift her into my lap, grateful for the bench-style front seat of my car, her breath catches, her hands clutching at my shoulders.

"You sure about this?" I rasp.

She nods, her big brown eyes locking to mine. "Yes."

That's all I need.

My hands move to her full hips, pulling her down so she's straddling me, her body pressed against mine in a way that sends a jolt of heat straight to my cock. I bury my face in the crook of her neck, inhaling the sweet scent of her skin as my lips trail along her collarbone.

"Ethan," she whispers, her fingers tangling in my hair, tugging just enough to make me groan against her neck.

I pull back, my hands sliding up her sides, brushing over the curve of her waist until I reach the hem of her sweater. "Can I?" I ask, my voice rough and strained.

She bites her lip, nodding, and I waste no time pulling the fabric up and over her head. She's stunning—curves that make my mouth water, her skin glowing in the dim

light of the truck in nothing but a lacy bra and her jeans.

“You’re beautiful,” I murmur, my hands tracing the curve of her waist, her ribs, the softness of her belly.

She glances away, but I tilt her chin up, forcing her to look at me. “Don’t hide from me, Chloe. I want to see all of you.”

Her breath hitches, but she doesn’t look away. Instead, she leans into me, her lips finding mine again, softer this time, but just as consuming.

* * *

Chloe

His hands are everywhere—strong, rough, but careful, like he’s trying to memorize every inch of me. When his thumbs brush over the sides of my breasts, I gasp, arching into him, and he groans softly, his lips trailing down my neck to my collarbone.

“You drive me crazy,” he murmurs, his voice a low growl that sends a shiver racing down my spine. “You have no idea what you do to me.”

“I think I do,” I whisper, my hands sliding down to his chest, feeling the solid heat of him under his flannel.

He shrugs out of the jacket, his movements quick but not rushed, and when he pulls his shirt off, my breath catches. He’s all muscle and strength, his skin tanned and warm, a faint line of dark hair trailing down from his chest to where his jeans hang low on his hips.

“See something you like?” he asks, his lips quirking into a faint smirk.

I nod, unable to speak, and he chuckles softly, the sound low and rough, like gravel under my skin.

His hands slide back to my hips, pulling me flush against him, and I can feel him—hard and insistent under me. The sensation sends a rush of heat through me, pooling low in my belly, and I can’t stop the soft moan that escapes my lips.

“Ethan,” I murmur, my voice trembling.

“I’ve got you,” he says softly, his lips brushing against my ear. “You just have to tell me what you want.”

* * *

Ethan

She’s trembling in my arms, her soft curves pressed against me, her eyes wide and full of trust and something deeper—something primal. I can feel her heat, her need, and it’s taking everything I have not to lose myself completely.

“Tell me,” I murmur again, my hands sliding up to cup her face, my thumbs brushing over her cheeks. “Tell me what you need, Chloe.”

“You,” she whispers, her voice barely audible. “I need you.”

I groan softly, capturing her lips in another searing kiss as my hands move to unbutton her jeans. She lifts her hips, helping me slide them down, and when I run my hands over her bare thighs, she gasps, her nails digging into my shoulders.

“You’re so soft,” I murmur, my lips trailing down her neck. “So perfect.”

She whimpers, her breath hitching as I let my fingers brush against her center, finding her already wet and ready for me. The sound she makes—soft, desperate, needy—nearly undoes me.

“Please,” she whispers, her hips rocking against my hand.

I growl low in my throat, pulling her closer as I work her gently, my fingers sliding through her slick heat. She cries out, her body arching into mine, and the sight of her—trembling, completely undone—makes my chest ache with something I can’t name.

“You’re mine,” I murmur, my voice rough and full of conviction. “Say it, Chloe.”

“I’m yours,” she whispers, her voice breaking on a gasp. “Ethan, I’m yours.”

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Ethan

Her heat is slick and warm, coating my fingers as they slide against her pussy, and I let out a low growl that rumbles deep in my chest. “Fuck, Chloe. You’re so wet. All for me?”

She whimpers, her hips rocking into my hand, and that sound—sweet and desperate—nearly sends me over the edge. My cock is straining against my jeans, hard enough to make me lightheaded, but this isn’t about me. Not yet.

“I’m going to make you come, sweetheart,” I rasp, curling my fingers just enough to hit the spot that makes her cry out. “Right here, right now. I need to hear you scream for me.”

Her hands claw at my shoulders, her nails digging into my skin as I work her pussy with slow, deliberate strokes. Her clit is swollen and begging for attention, and when I brush my thumb over it, she gasps, her thighs trembling on either side of my lap.

“Ethan,” she moans, her voice shaking as her head falls back. “Oh my God...”

I lean forward, pressing my lips to her neck, sucking lightly on the soft, sensitive skin just below her ear. “That’s it, baby. Let go. I’ve got you.”

Her hips jerk against my hand, her pussy clenching around my fingers as I fuck her harder, faster, my thumb circling her clit in rhythm with every stroke. She’s so tight, so fucking perfect, and I can’t stop imagining what it’ll feel like to be buried inside her.

But not here. Not yet. She deserves better than the cramped cab of my truck.

Her breath catches, her entire body tensing as she hurtles toward the edge. “Ethan, I—I’m—oh my God, I’m—”

“Come for me,” I growl, my voice rough and low. “Let me feel you, Chloe.”

Her cry shatters the quiet, raw and broken as her pussy clamps down on my fingers, her juices soaking my hand. She’s trembling, gasping for air, her head falling against my shoulder as she rides out the waves of her orgasm.

“Good girl,” I murmur, slowing my movements but not stopping, drawing out every last shudder from her body. “You’re so fucking perfect, Chloe.”

* * *

Chloe

My whole body feels like it’s floating, like every nerve is still sparking with the aftershocks of what Ethan just did to me. My legs are trembling, my chest heaving, and I can’t seem to stop clutching his shoulders like he’s the only thing keeping me grounded.

“Are you okay?” he asks, his voice softer now but still tinged with that rough, growly edge that makes my toes curl.

“I—yeah. I think,” I stammer, my cheeks burning as I bury my face in his neck.

He chuckles softly, his large hand smoothing up and down my back. “You think?”

I nod against him, too embarrassed to say anything else. How do I explain what just

happened? That I've never—

The thought slams into me, sharp and terrifying, and I pull back just enough to look at him.

“What is it?” he asks, his brows furrowing as he studies my face.

“I, um...” I bite my lip, my heart pounding so hard I'm afraid he can hear it. “I've never... I mean, that was my first...”

His eyes widen slightly, and for a moment, I swear he stops breathing. “Your first what?”

I swallow hard, the words sticking in my throat, but I force them out. “Everything. I've never been with anyone before.”

His expression shifts, darkening with something I can't quite place—something primal and possessive that sends a shiver down my spine.

“You're a virgin,” he says, his voice low and rough, more a statement than a question.

I nod, my cheeks burning. “Yeah.”

He exhales sharply, his hands gripping my hips like he's trying to keep himself steady. “Fuck, Chloe. You're killing me.”

“I'm sorry,” I whisper, but he shakes his head, his fingers tightening just enough to make me gasp.

“Don't,” he growls. “Don't apologize. Fuck, I should've known. You're too sweet,

too innocent for someone like me.”

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Ethan

Her words are a punch to my chest. A virgin. Chloe is a virgin. The thought sears through me, burning away every ounce of restraint I've been clinging to since she stepped into my truck.

She's trembling in my lap, her soft, warm body pressed against mine, and I can't stop staring at her. At the way her wide, unsure eyes make her look so damn sweet it's driving me insane. My hand tightens on her hip, and I feel her shiver under my touch.

"Chloe," I rasp, my voice rougher than I intend. "You don't know what you're doing to me."

She bites her bottom lip, her fingers clutching my shoulders like I'm the only thing keeping her steady. "I—I do," she whispers, her voice shaking. "I want this. I want you."

Fuck. I want her too. More than I've ever wanted anything in my life. But hearing her say it? Knowing she's never been touched, never been claimed? It flips something primal inside me, something that makes me want to tear apart the world just to make her mine.

"You deserve better than this," I murmur, my hand brushing against her cheek. "Than me."

Her brows knit together, and she shakes her head, her soft curls brushing against my fingers. "I don't want better, Ethan. I want you."

That's it. My last thread of control snaps.

"You have no idea what you're asking for," I growl, sliding my hand into her hair and tilting her face up so she's looking at me. "Once I have you, there's no going back. You'll be mine, Chloe. Do you understand?"

She nods, her breath hitching as her eyes lock onto mine. "Yes. I understand."

I don't hesitate. My lips crash against hers, rough and hungry, and she melts into me like she's been waiting for this as long as I have.

Her mouth is soft and sweet, and I can't stop myself from tasting every inch of her, my tongue sliding against hers in a way that makes her gasp and cling tighter to me.

"Fuck, you're perfect," I murmur against her lips, my hands sliding down to grip her hips. "So goddamn perfect."

She moans softly, her nails digging into my shoulders as I guide her movements, grinding her hips against my lap. The friction is enough to drive me insane, but it's not enough. I need more. I need all of her.

But not here. Not yet.

* * *

Chloe

Every nerve in my body feels like it's on fire, every thought drowned out by the feel of Ethan's hands on me, his lips claiming mine with a fierceness that leaves me breathless.

He pulls back just enough to look at me, his blue-gray eyes dark and stormy, and the intensity in his gaze makes my heart skip.

“You’re shaking,” he says softly, his rough voice sending shivers down my spine.

“I’m okay,” I whisper, though my voice is shaky. “I just...”

“What?” he asks, his brow furrowing as his hand brushes against my cheek.

“I’ve never felt like this before,” I admit, my cheeks heating. “I didn’t think it could feel like this.”

His lips twitch into a faint smile, and he presses a soft kiss to my forehead. “You’re killing me, Chloe,” he murmurs, his hands sliding down to my thighs. “But I’m not taking you here. Not like this.”

I blink, confusion swirling with the haze of desire clouding my thoughts. “Why not?”

“Because you deserve better,” he says, his voice firm but gentle. “When I claim you, it’s going to be in my bed. Where I can take my time. Make you scream my name until there’s no doubt who you belong to.”

My breath catches, heat pooling low in my belly at the raw possessiveness in his voice. “Ethan...”

“Not here,” he repeats, his lips brushing against mine. “But I’m not letting you go, Chloe. Not now. Not ever.”

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Ethan

The rain has slowed, but the wind still howls around us, shaking the truck like it's trying to remind me just how dangerous this storm is.

I glance out the windshield, the faint glow of streetlights barely visible through the heavy drops.

It's letting up, but not enough for me to feel good about leaving Chloe out here.

I glance at her, and she's watching me, her brown eyes wide and unsure, her lips still swollen from my kiss. Her sweater, back in place, slightly rumpled, just like my shirt and jacket, her chest rising and falling in shallow breaths that make me want to forget the storm entirely.

"We're going to my place," I say, my voice rougher than I intended.

Her brows lift, surprise flickering across her face. "Your place?"

"It's closer than yours," I explain, gripping the steering wheel tightly as I try to focus on the road and not on the way her thighs are pressed together like she's still trying to calm the heat I left simmering inside her. "And it's safer."

She nods slowly, her fingers twisting in the hem of her sweater. "Okay."

The word is soft, hesitant, and it makes something inside me twist. She's nervous—I can see it in the way she keeps glancing at me, like she's trying to figure out what I'm

thinking. Like she doesn't realize I'm already thinking too much.

I start the truck and ease it back onto the rain-covered road. The drive is slow, the storm still fierce enough to demand my full attention, but I can feel her beside me, her warmth radiating through the cab, pulling me back to her every time I try to focus on anything else.

She doesn't speak, and neither do I. The silence stretches between us, heavy and charged, until we finally pull into the driveway of my cabin.

* * *

Chloe

His place is exactly what I imagined—rugged, cozy, and undeniably masculine. A log cabin tucked into the trees, the soft glow of lights from the windows casting long shadows over the drenched yard. It's nothing like my tiny house, but it feels... safe. Warm.

Ethan kills the engine and turns to me, his jaw tight, his blue-gray eyes searching mine. "Stay close to me," he says, his voice low and commanding. "The path's slick."

I nod, my throat too dry to speak, and he's out of the truck before I can blink, circling around to open my door.

His hand is warm and solid as it closes over mine, helping me down, and the second my boots hit the wet ground, he's pulling me close, his arm wrapping around my waist like he's afraid I'll slip.

The walk to the cabin is short, but every step feels loaded, his body pressed against mine, his warmth seeping into me through the layers of my coat. By the time we

reach the door, my heart is pounding so hard I can barely hear the heavy rain.

He unlocks the door and pushes it open, guiding me inside. The cabin is dimly lit, the faint smell of wood smoke lingering in the air, and the warmth hits me immediately, chasing away the last of the cold.

“Sit,” he says, nodding toward the worn leather couch near the fireplace. “I’ll get the fire going.”

I do as he says, sinking into the cushions as he moves around the room with a quiet efficiency that’s almost hypnotic.

His broad shoulders and strong back flex with every movement, and I find myself unable to look away, my eyes tracing the line of his jaw, the way his hands work so confidently, so effortlessly.

The fire roars to life within minutes, casting a soft, flickering glow over the room, and he turns to me, his gaze dark and unreadable.

“Better?” he asks, his voice softer now, but no less commanding.

I nod, swallowing hard. “Yeah. Thank you.”

He steps closer, his hands on his hips as he watches me, and the tension in the room thickens, wrapping around us like the heat from the fire. “You should take off your coat,” he says after a moment. “You’ll overheat.”

I fumble with the zipper, my hands shaking slightly, and he’s there in an instant, his large hands brushing mine away as he pulls it off for me. His fingers linger on my shoulders, and I can feel the heat of his touch through my sweater, searing into my skin.

“You’re nervous,” he murmurs, his voice low and rough, like gravel under my skin.

“I’m not,” I lie, my breath catching as his hands slide down my arms.

“Liar,” he says softly, his lips twitching into the faintest smirk. “You don’t have to be. I told you, Chloe. I’ve got you.”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Ethan

She's standing there, trembling, her dark eyes locked on mine like I'm the only thing in the world she can see.

And maybe I am—because right now, she's the only thing I can see.

The firelight dances across her skin, making her glow, and all I can think is how much I want to touch her. To make her mine.

“Come here,” I say softly, holding out a hand.

She hesitates for just a second, her teeth sinking into her bottom lip, but then she steps forward, placing her small hand in mine. I guide her closer, my free hand resting on her hip as I look down at her, taking in every detail—her soft, full lips, the way her sweater clings to her curves.

“You're beautiful,” I murmur, my voice rough but steady. “You know that, right?”

Her cheeks darken, and she glances away, but I tilt her chin up, forcing her to look at me. “I mean it, Chloe. You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.”

Her breath catches, her eyes wide and searching, and I can see the doubt flickering there—the fear, the uncertainty. I hate it. I want to erase it. I want her to see herself the way I see her.

“You don't have to be nervous,” I say, my thumb brushing over her cheek. “I'm not

going to hurt you. I'll take care of you, sweetheart. I promise."

She swallows hard, her lips parting as if to say something, but no words come out. Instead, she leans into me, her hands clutching my shirt, and I take that as my cue.

Slowly, gently, I lower my head, brushing my lips against hers.

It's soft at first, careful, but when she sighs into my mouth, I deepen the kiss, my hand sliding to the small of her back to pull her closer.

She melts against me, her body fitting perfectly against mine, and I groan softly, the sound vibrating between us.

"Ethan," she whispers, her voice shaky but full of need. "I—"

"I've got you," I murmur, my lips moving to her neck, trailing soft, open-mouthed kisses along her skin. "Let me take care of you, Chloe. Let me show you how good it can be."

She nods, her fingers tangling in my hair, and I lift her effortlessly, cradling her against my chest as I carry her toward the bedroom.

She gasps softly, her arms wrapping around my neck, but she doesn't protest. She just holds on, her head resting against my shoulder as I kick the door open and set her down on the edge of the bed.

* * *

Chloe

Everything feels surreal, like a dream I don't want to wake up from. The room is

warm and dimly lit, the firelight casting shadows that flicker across Ethan's broad shoulders as he kneels in front of me, his hands resting on my thighs.

"You okay?" he asks, his voice low and steady, his eyes searching mine.

I nod, my breath hitching as his fingers brush against the hem of my sweater. "Yes."

"Good," he murmurs, a faint smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Because I want to make you feel things you've never felt before, Chloe. I want to make you mine."

The words send a shiver down my spine, and I watch, mesmerized, as he slides his hands under my sweater, lifting it slowly. His touch is warm, firm but gentle, and when he pulls the fabric over my head, his breath catches again.

"You're perfect," he says, his voice rough and reverent, his gaze raking over me like he's trying to memorize every inch of my skin. "So fucking perfect."

My cheeks burn, and I glance away, but he tilts my chin back up, his thumb brushing over my lips. "Don't hide from me, sweetheart. Let me see you."

His hands move to my jeans, unbuttoning them with a practiced ease that makes my pulse quicken. He's so careful, so patient, and when he slides them down my legs, he presses a kiss to my knee, his lips warm and soft against my skin.

"You're trembling," he murmurs, his hands sliding up my thighs. "Tell me what you're feeling, Chloe."

"I..." I bite my lip, my heart racing as his hands move higher. "I'm scared. But I want this. I want you."

His eyes soften, and he leans forward, pressing his forehead against mine. “You don’t have to be scared. I’m going to take care of you, okay? I’ll go slow. I’ll stop if you want me to. Just say the word.”

I nod, my breath catching as his lips find mine again, softer this time, more tender. His hands are everywhere, sliding over my skin, exploring every curve, every dip, until I feel like I’m coming apart under his touch.

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Ethan

She's trembling under me, her soft body flush against mine, and every ounce of restraint I've ever had is hanging by a thread.

But this isn't about me—it's about her. It's about making this perfect for her, about showing her how good it can feel when she gives herself to someone who will treat her like she deserves.

"Relax, sweetheart," I murmur, trailing my lips along her jaw. "I've got you."

She nods, her breath hitching as my hands slide over her waist, my fingers brushing against her soft skin. Her body is warm and inviting, and when I press my lips to the curve of her shoulder, she lets out the softest little whimper that goes straight to my cock.

"You're so beautiful, Chloe," I whisper, my voice rough but steady. "You're driving me crazy."

Her lips parting as she meets my gaze. "You... you make me feel..."

"Good?" I ask, a faint smirk tugging at the corner of my mouth as I slide my hand lower, my fingers brushing against the lace of her panties.

She nods quickly, her hands clutching at my shoulders. "Yes."

"Good," I murmur, leaning down to kiss her again. This time, it's slower, deeper, my

tongue teasing hers as I press her back against the bed. My hand slips under the lace, and when I feel how wet she is, I groan softly, the sound rumbling deep in my chest.

“Fuck, Chloe,” I growl, my fingers sliding through her slick heat. “You’re so wet for me. So perfect.”

Her hips jerk against my hand, her thighs trembling as I circle her clit with my thumb. She gasps, her nails digging into my shoulders, and the sound of her soft, breathless moans fills the room.

“Ethan,” she whispers, her voice shaky but full of need.

“I know, sweetheart,” I say softly, kissing the corner of her mouth. “And I’m going to make this good for you. I promise.”

She nods, her trust in me written all over her face, and I slide my fingers lower, pressing one gently inside her. She’s tight—so tight it takes everything I have not to lose control right then and there—but I go slow, letting her adjust, watching her every reaction.

“Does that feel okay?” I ask, my voice low and rough.

She nods, her eyes fluttering closed as she bites her bottom lip. “Yes. More.”

I add another finger, moving carefully, and her breath catches, her hips arching off the bed as I curl my fingers just right. Her pussy clamps around me, hot and slick, and I growl softly, my free hand sliding up to cup her breast, my thumb brushing over her nipple through the lace of her bra.

“Ethan,” she gasps, her voice trembling as she clutches at me. “I think... I think I’m...”

“Let go, baby,” I murmur, pressing my lips to her neck. “I’ve got you. Just let go.”

Her cry shatters the quiet, her body shaking under me as she comes undone, her pussy pulsing around my fingers, her thighs trembling against my sides. I don’t stop, don’t let up, drawing out every last wave of her release until she’s gasping for air, her hands tangled in my hair.

“Good girl,” I whisper, kissing her softly. “You’re so fucking perfect.”

* * *

Chloe

I can’t catch my breath. My body feels like it’s floating, like every nerve is still sparking with the aftershocks of what Ethan just did to me. He’s hovering over me, his broad chest rising and falling as he looks down at me, his blue-gray eyes dark and stormy.

“You okay?” he asks, his voice soft but rough, his hand brushing a strand of hair from my face.

I nod, my lips trembling as I try to speak. “Y-yeah. I’m okay.”

His lips twitch into a faint smile, and he presses a kiss to my forehead. “Good. Because I’m not done with you yet.”

My breath catches, my heart racing as he shifts, his hands sliding down to grip my hips. He’s still fully dressed, but the hard press of his cock against my thigh is impossible to ignore, and the thought of what’s coming next makes my pulse quicken.

“Ethan,” I whisper, my voice shaky. “I...”

“I know,” he says softly, his thumb brushing against my hip. “And I’m going to take care of you, Chloe. I promise. But I need to hear you say it. Tell me you want this.”

“I want this,” I whisper, my voice steady despite the storm of nerves swirling in my chest. “I want you.”

His eyes darken, and he leans down, capturing my lips in another searing kiss. “Good,” he murmurs against my mouth. “Because I’m going to make you mine, sweetheart. Completely.”

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Ethan

Her words are all I need.

“I want you.”

I’ve been holding back for so long, but now there’s no reason to.

She’s given herself to me, and I’ll make sure she knows exactly what that means.

I’m not just taking her—I’m claiming her.

Every inch of her, every moan, every shiver, every damn heartbeat.

She’ll know she’s mine by the time I’m done.

I push off the bed just enough to peel off my shirt, the cool air hitting my skin as I toss it to the floor. Her eyes widen the same way they did in the car, her gaze raking over me like she’s never seen a man before, and the heat in her expression makes my cock twitch painfully in my jeans.

“You’re staring,” I tease, though my voice comes out rough, more growl than anything else.

She bites her bottom lip, but she doesn’t look away. “You’re... you’re beautiful.”

I laugh softly, shaking my head as I lean down to kiss her. “Sweetheart, I’m not the

beautiful one here.”

Her hands slide up my chest, her touch tentative but so damn soft it makes me shudder. She’s exploring me, and I let her, watching as her confidence grows with every inch of skin she maps out. When her fingers brush against the waistband of my jeans, I catch her hand, bringing it to my lips.

“Not yet,” I murmur, pressing a kiss to her palm. “This is about you, Chloe. Tonight’s for you.”

I move back to her, my hands gliding down her sides, savoring every curve, every soft gasp that escapes her lips.

Her bra is delicate, lacey, and when I slide the straps down her shoulders, she shivers under me.

I take my time, savoring the moment, until she’s completely bare, her soft skin glowing in the firelight.

“Perfect,” I whisper, my hands cupping her breasts, my thumbs brushing over her hard nipples. She gasps, her back arching into my touch, and I lower my head, my lips closing over one tight peak.

“Ethan,” she breathes, her fingers tangling in my hair as I take my time, kissing, licking, and teasing her until she’s trembling under me.

Her thighs press together, her hips shifting as she tries to ease the ache I know she’s feeling, and it’s everything I can do not to rip my jeans off and bury myself inside her right then. But I won’t rush this. She deserves more.

I trail kisses down her stomach, my hands parting her thighs as I settle between them.

Her scent is intoxicating, sweet and warm, and when I press my lips to the soft skin of her inner thigh, she moans, her hips jerking.

“You’re so sensitive,” I murmur, my breath brushing against her slick heat. “So responsive. Do you know how much that turns me on, sweetheart?”

She shakes her head, her chest heaving as she looks down at me, her wide eyes filled with need.

“I’m going to taste you,” I say, my voice low and rough. “And you’re going to let me. You’re going to let me show you how good it can feel.”

She nods, her breath hitching as I lower my head, my tongue sweeping through her folds in a slow, deliberate stroke. She cries out, her hands clutching the sheets as I take my time, tasting her, teasing her, letting her body guide me.

“Ethan,” she gasps, her hips rocking against my mouth. “I... oh my God...”

I hum against her, the vibration making her thighs tremble as I focus on her clit, circling it with my tongue before sucking it gently. She’s soaking, her juices coating my lips, and I can’t get enough. She’s sweet, soft, perfect, and I want to drown in her.

Her body tightens, her moans growing louder, and I know she’s close. I slide two fingers inside her, curling them just right, and when she cries out, her pussy clenching around me, I feel like I could explode just from watching her come.

“Good girl,” I murmur, kissing my way back up her body as she trembles under me. “You’re so perfect, Chloe. So fucking perfect.”

* * *

Chloe

I can barely breathe. My body feels like it's on fire, like every nerve is still sparking, and all I can do is look up at him as he moves over me, his blue-gray eyes dark and intense.

"Are you okay?" he asks softly, his hand brushing a strand of hair from my face.

I nod, my voice shaky. "Yes. That was... I didn't know it could feel like that."

He smiles, leaning down to kiss me, slow and sweet. "It gets better, sweetheart. So much better."

He shifts, standing to remove his jeans and boxers, and when he's completely bare, my breath catches. He's... massive. Hard and thick, his cock standing proudly against his stomach, and for a moment, I'm not sure how this is going to work.

He sees the hesitation in my eyes and kneels back on the bed, cupping my face in his hands. "We'll go slow," he says, his voice soft but firm. "I'll take care of you, Chloe. I promise."

I nod, trusting him completely, and when he moves over me, his body pressing against mine, I feel the heat of him, the weight, the overwhelming presence of him.

"Are you ready?" he asks, his lips brushing against mine.

"Yes," I whisper, my voice steady. "I'm ready."

Ethan

Her words— I'm ready —are my undoing.

I brace myself above her, one hand cupping her cheek, the other gripping her hip, and I can feel her trembling under me. Not from fear—no, there's no fear in her wide, trusting eyes—but from the anticipation that's making my own body shake.

"I'll go slow," I murmur, pressing a soft kiss to her lips. "You tell me if it's too much, sweetheart. You tell me if you want me to stop."

"I won't," she whispers, her hands sliding up to grip my shoulders. "I don't want you to stop."

I groan, low and rough, the sound rumbling deep in my chest as I position myself against her slick heat. Her body welcomes me, her pussy soft and wet, but I take my time, guiding the head of my cock against her folds, circling her clit to hear those little gasps she can't hold back.

"Ethan," she moans, her voice trembling. "Please."

"Patience," I rasp, though my voice is just as shaky as hers. "I want to make this good for you, Chloe. I want you to feel everything."

I press forward, the head of my cock breaching her entrance, and she lets out a sharp gasp, her fingers digging into my shoulders. She's so tight, her body clenching around me, and I have to grit my teeth to keep from losing control.

“Relax,” I murmur, leaning down to kiss her, my lips brushing against hers softly. “Breathe, sweetheart. Let me in.”

She nods, her chest rising and falling as she takes a deep breath, and I feel her body soften under me, her thighs parting just enough to let me slide in deeper.

“That’s it,” I say, my voice rough but steady. “You’re doing so good, Chloe. So fucking good.”

Her moan is soft, breathy, and it goes straight to my cock, the sound making me want to bury myself inside her completely. But I hold back, inching forward slowly, letting her body adjust to me.

“Ethan,” she gasps, her nails raking down my back as I push in further. “You’re... you’re so big.”

I groan, my head dropping to her shoulder as I fight to keep myself steady. “You can take it, sweetheart. You’re perfect. Made for me.”

Her body stretches around me, and when I finally sink in fully, I feel like I’ve been struck by lightning. She’s so warm, so tight, her pussy gripping me like she doesn’t want to let me go. I pause, giving her time to adjust, my hands cradling her face as I look down at her.

“Are you okay?” I ask softly, my voice rough but full of concern.

She nods, her eyes glassy with pleasure. “Yes. I’m okay.”

“Good,” I murmur, pressing a kiss to her forehead. “Because I’m going to move now, sweetheart. And I promise, it’s going to feel so good.”

I start slow, rocking my hips gently, and her gasp sends a bolt of heat straight through me. Her body responds immediately, her hips rising to meet mine, and the way she looks at me—like I’m the only thing that matters—makes my chest ache.

“Ethan,” she whispers, her voice shaky but full of need. “It... it feels...”

“Good?” I ask, a faint smirk tugging at my lips as I thrust deeper, earning another sweet moan from her.

“Yes,” she breathes, her hands clutching my shoulders. “So good.”

I can’t hold back anymore. I grip her hips, my movements growing more deliberate, more intense, and the sound of her cries fills the room, mixing with the soft crackle of the fire. Her pussy clenches around me with every thrust, her body arching into mine, and I know I’m done for.

“You’re mine,” I growl, my lips brushing against her ear. “Say it, Chloe. Tell me you’re mine.”

“I’m yours,” she gasps, her voice breaking on a moan. “Ethan, I’m yours.”

The words send me over the edge, and when her body tightens around me, her orgasm crashing over her, I follow, burying myself deep as I come, her name a rough growl on my lips.

* * *

Chloe

I’m floating, my body trembling under Ethan’s as he holds me close, his weight pressing me into the mattress. I can feel his heart pounding against mine, his breath

hot against my neck, and I don't think I've ever felt more... complete.

"Are you okay?" he asks softly, his lips brushing against my temple.

I nod, my hands sliding up to tangle in his hair. "Yes. More than okay."

He lifts his head, his blue-gray eyes searching mine, and the tenderness there makes my chest ache. "Good. Because you're mine now, Chloe. And I'm never letting you go."

I smile, leaning up to kiss him, my heart swelling as his arms tighten around me. "I'm yours, Ethan. Always."

Chloe

The room feels different now—warmer, softer, like the world has been stripped down to just the two of us. Ethan’s weight is a comforting pressure against me, his strong arms wrapped around my body like he’s afraid I might disappear if he lets go.

I’m not going anywhere.

I trail my fingers lightly over his shoulder, tracing the faint lines of a scar that stretches across his tan skin. His breath is hot against my neck, his chest rising and falling with each steady inhale, and I feel safe in a way I never have before.

“You okay?” he murmurs, his deep voice breaking the quiet. It’s rougher than usual, but there’s a softness to it, a careful tenderness that makes my chest ache.

I nod, turning my head to meet his gaze. His blue-gray eyes are dark and stormy, but there’s something else there, too—something raw and unguarded that takes my breath away.

“I’m perfect,” I whisper, my voice barely audible.

A small smile tugs at the corner of his mouth, and he presses a kiss to my forehead, his lips lingering against my skin. “You are,” he says softly. “You’re perfect, Chloe. You know that, right?”

My cheeks heat, and I glance away, but he doesn’t let me. His hand cups my face, his thumb brushing gently along my jaw as he tilts my head back to look at him.

“Hey,” he murmurs, his voice low and steady. “Don’t hide from me. Not now. Not ever.”

I swallow hard, my hands clutching at his shoulders as I nod. “Okay.”

His lips curve into a faint smile, and he leans down, kissing me softly, slowly, like he has all the time in the world. It’s different now—gentler, but just as consuming—and when he pulls back, his gaze searches mine.

“You were amazing,” he says, his voice filled with reverence. “So damn brave. You trusted me, and I won’t ever take that for granted.”

His words hit me hard, and I feel my throat tighten as I blink back tears. “I... I didn’t think it would feel like this,” I admit softly. “I didn’t think I could feel like this.”

“Like what?” he asks, his brow furrowing slightly.

“Safe,” I whisper, my fingers tracing the line of his jaw. “Cherished.”

His expression softens, and he leans into my touch, his eyes closing briefly before meeting mine again. “That’s because you are,” he says firmly. “You’ll always be safe with me, Chloe. Always.”

My chest feels like it might burst, and I can’t stop the tears that spill over, but he’s there to catch them, brushing them away with the pads of his thumbs.

“Don’t cry,” he murmurs, his lips pressing softly against my temple. “You’re going to break me, sweetheart.”

I laugh softly, the sound shaky but real, and I bury my face in his neck, holding him close. His arms tighten around me, his warmth seeping into my skin, and for the first

time in years, I feel like I've found exactly where I'm supposed to be.

* * *

Ethan

I've never felt anything like this before. Holding her in my arms, feeling her soft breaths against my skin, I know there's no going back. She's mine now—completely, irrevocably mine—and I'll spend the rest of my life proving I deserve her.

I tilt my head, brushing my lips against her hair as she sighs softly, her body relaxing against me. "You okay?" I ask again, needing to hear it.

She nods, her voice muffled against my chest. "More than okay."

"Good," I murmur, my hand sliding up to cradle the back of her head. "Because I'm not letting you go, Chloe. Not ever."

Her breath catches, and she looks up at me, her dark eyes wide and searching. "Promise?" she whispers.

"Promise," I say firmly, leaning down to kiss her again, slow and deep, pouring every ounce of what I'm feeling into that one moment. She's everything I didn't know I needed, and I'm not letting her slip through my fingers.

Not now. Not ever.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Chloe

I wake slowly, the soft light of dawn filtering through the curtains and casting a golden glow across the room. For a moment, I don't move, caught between the warmth of the blankets and the steady, solid heat of Ethan's body pressed against mine.

It feels surreal—waking up in his bed, his arm draped over my waist, his breath warm against my neck. But it's real. The soreness in my body and the delicious ache between my thighs are proof enough of that.

I turn my head slightly, just enough to see him. His face is relaxed, his jaw slack, and his dark lashes cast shadows on his cheeks. He looks softer like this, almost boyish, and I can't help but smile as I reach out to brush a lock of hair from his forehead.

He stirs at the touch, his brows furrowing slightly before his eyes flutter open. They're soft at first, hazy with sleep, but when his gaze lands on me, they sharpen, and his lips curve into a slow, lazy smile.

"Morning, sweetheart," he murmurs, his voice rough with sleep and ten times more devastating than it has any right to be.

"Morning," I whisper, my cheeks heating under his gaze.

His arm tightens around my waist, pulling me closer until there's no space left between us. "You sleep okay?"

I nod, my fingers toying with the edge of the blanket. “Yeah. Did you?”

“Best sleep I’ve had in years,” he says, his tone so sincere it makes my chest ache. He leans down, pressing a soft kiss to my forehead before shifting to prop himself up on one elbow. “How are you feeling?”

“I’m fine,” I say quickly, though my cheeks burn as I glance away. “A little sore, but... good. Really good.”

His hand finds my chin, gently turning my face back to him. “Don’t be shy, Chloe. I want to know how you’re feeling. All of it.”

His eyes search mine, so steady and earnest it’s impossible to look away. “I feel... amazing,” I admit softly. “And safe. And... happy.”

His lips curve into a soft smile, and he leans down to kiss me, slow and tender. “Good,” he murmurs against my lips. “Because that’s all I want—for you to be happy. For you to know how much I care about you.”

My heart skips a beat, and I open my mouth to respond, but before I can, his hand slides down to my hip, pulling me flush against him. I gasp softly, my body already reacting to the hard press of him against my thigh.

“You’re not too sore, are you?” he asks, his voice dipping into that rough, growly tone that makes my toes curl.

“I—I think I’m okay,” I stammer, my cheeks burning.

“Good,” he says again, his lips brushing against my ear. “Because I’m not done with you yet, sweetheart. Not even close.”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Chloe

The storm has passed, leaving the world outside blanketed in fresh rain that sparkles in the morning light. Ethan's cabin is quiet, the kind of peaceful that makes you want to curl up and never leave. Not that I could even if I wanted to.

The scent of coffee fills the air, mingling with the warmth of the fire crackling in the hearth.

I'm at the stove, flipping pancakes in one of Ethan's cast-iron skillets, wearing one of his flannel shirts that's far too big on me.

It's ridiculous, really, but it smells like him—woody, rugged, and a little like the smoke that lingers in the cabin.

I glance over my shoulder, finding him exactly where I left him, leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed. He's shirtless, his flannel pajama pants slung low on his hips, his hair still mussed from sleep.

And he's watching me.

That's the part that makes my stomach flip. The way his blue-gray eyes follow every move I make, dark and intense, like he's memorizing me.

"What?" I ask, my voice softer than I intended.

"Nothing," he says gruffly, though his lips twitch like he's fighting a smile.

I roll my eyes, turning back to the stove. “You’re staring, Ethan.”

“Yeah,” he says simply, his voice rough and steady. “I am.”

My cheeks heat, and I focus on flipping the last pancake, sliding it onto a plate with the others. I bring them to the table, only to find him already there, sitting at the head of the table like he owns the place—which, of course, he does.

“Here,” I say, setting the plate in front of him before taking the seat across from him.

“It’s not much, but—”

“It’s perfect,” he interrupts, his eyes locking onto mine.

The room feels smaller all of a sudden, the air heavier. He doesn’t reach for the food. Instead, he leans back in his chair, his hands resting on the table as he studies me, his expression unreadable.

“You’re staying,” he says finally, his tone firm.

I blink, my fork halfway to my mouth. “What?”

“You’re staying,” he repeats, leaning forward now, his forearms braced on the table.

“Here. With me. This is your home now.”

I stare at him, my heart pounding as I try to process his words. “Ethan, that’s—”

“Not up for debate,” he says, cutting me off. “I don’t want you going back to that house. Not when you could be here. Where you belong.”

My lips part, but no words come out. He’s looking at me like he’s daring me to argue, but the possessiveness in his voice—the conviction—it sends a thrill racing down my

spine.

“You could at least pretend to ask,” I say finally, my voice a little breathless.

His lips curve into a faint smirk, and he leans back in his chair, crossing his arms over his broad chest. “Why waste time? You’re mine, Chloe. End of story.”

My cheeks heat, and I look down at my plate, trying to hide the smile tugging at my lips. “You’re ridiculous,” I mutter.

“Yeah,” he says, his voice softer now. “But I’m not wrong.”

I glance up, and the intensity in his eyes takes my breath away. “You’re really serious about this?” I ask quietly.

“Dead serious,” he says, his tone leaving no room for doubt. “I want you here, Chloe. With me. Every day. Every night. Always.”

My chest tightens, and I feel a lump forming in my throat. I want to say yes—I want to throw myself into his arms and never look back—but the fear is still there, lingering at the edges.

“What if this doesn’t work?” I ask softly.

He stands then, rounding the table and pulling me to my feet. His hands cup my face, his thumb brushing against my cheek as he leans down, his lips a breath away from mine.

“It’ll work,” he says firmly. “Because I’ll make it work. I’ll do whatever it takes, Chloe. Just say yes.”

I swallow hard, my hands clutching at his waist as I look up at him. He's so sure, so steady, and I feel the last of my doubts melting away.

"Yes," I whisper. "I'll stay."

His lips crash into mine, and everything else fades away.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Chloe

Moving day wasn't supposed to look like this. In my head, I'd imagined something neat and organized—labelled boxes, a checklist, maybe a little celebration at the end of the day.

Instead, I'm sitting on Ethan's oversized leather couch, surrounded by half-unpacked boxes, my hair in complete disarray, wearing one of his old t-shirts that hangs down to my thighs. It's been chaos, but it's the kind of chaos that feels good. The kind that feels like the start of something new.

Ethan strides in from the kitchen, a steaming mug of tea in the other. He's shirtless again—of course—and I can't help but stare at the way the firelight highlights every hard line and muscle as he moves toward me.

"Here," he says gruffly, handing me the tea before sinking down beside me.

"Thanks," I murmur, curling my legs under me as I take the mug.

His arm stretches across the back of the couch, his fingers brushing against my shoulder as he takes a long sip of his water, his eyes scanning the room, lingering on the boxes piled around us. His free hand reaches for one of the stray labels sticking out of a half-open box.

"You're a terrible packer," he grumbles, though there's no real heat in his voice.

I laugh, nudging him with my elbow. "Excuse me, Mr. 'Throw Everything in a Truck

Without a Plan.””

“It got here, didn’t it?” he says, his lips twitching into a smirk as he leans back, the couch creaking under his weight. “That’s all that matters.”

“Barely,” I shoot back, taking a sip of my tea. “I think half my stuff is broken.”

Ethan snorts, his hand sliding down to rest on my thigh, his fingers curling against my skin. “Good. Less clutter.”

I roll my eyes, but the warmth of his touch distracts me, sending a soft shiver up my spine. He notices, of course. He always notices.

“You cold?” he asks, his voice dipping into that rough, growly tone that never fails to make my pulse quicken.

“No,” I whisper, shaking my head as I meet his gaze. “I’m fine.”

His eyes darken, and he sets his glass down on the table, turning toward me fully. “You sure about that?” he murmurs, his hand sliding up, brushing the hem of the oversized shirt I’m wearing. “Because I can think of a few ways to warm you up.”

My breath catches, and I feel my cheeks heat as his fingers tease the bare skin of my thigh. “Ethan,” I start, but he cuts me off with a soft kiss, his lips pressing against mine like he can’t help himself.

“You’re here,” he says against my mouth, his hand tightening on my thigh. “In my house. In my bed. Exactly where you’re supposed to be.”

His words make my chest ache, and I pull back just enough to look at him, my fingers tangling in the soft, dark hair at the nape of his neck. “I am, aren’t I?”

“Damn right you are,” he growls, leaning in to kiss me again, deeper this time, his other hand cupping the back of my neck. “And you’re not going anywhere, Chloe. Not now. Not ever.”

I smile against his lips, my heart swelling with a mix of emotions I can barely contain. “I wasn’t planning on it.”

“Good,” he murmurs, his voice low and possessive. “Because I’ll just come get you if you try.”

I laugh, but the sound turns into a soft gasp as his hand slides higher, his fingers teasing the edge of my underwear. “Ethan...”

“Tell me you’re happy,” he says, his voice rough but full of something deeper, something softer.

“I’m happy,” I whisper, my hands sliding over his broad shoulders. “So happy.”

“Good,” he says again, his lips trailing down to my neck. “Because so am I.”

* * *

The cabin is quiet now, the boxes forgotten as we lie tangled together on the couch, a blanket draped over us. Ethan’s arm is heavy around my waist, his chest a solid wall of warmth against my back. The fire crackles softly in the hearth, casting flickering shadows across the room.

“This is home,” I whisper, more to myself than to him.

“Damn right it is,” he murmurs, his voice thick with sleep as he pulls me closer. “Our home.”

And as I close my eyes, surrounded by his warmth, his scent, and the steady rhythm of his breathing, I know he's right. This is home. This is us.

Forever.

* * *

I'm breathless, trembling under Ethan's touch as he peppers kisses down my neck, his rough hands exploring every inch of my body. But when he pulls back, his blue-gray eyes locking onto mine, there's something in his gaze that makes my heart skip.

"I have something to show you," he murmurs, his voice low and gravelly.

"Now?" I ask, my cheeks heating as I glance at the state of my dress—half off, barely clinging to my waist.

He smirks, leaning down to kiss me, slow and teasing. "Trust me. You're going to like it."

He pulls me to my feet, the cool mountain air brushing against my bare skin as he wraps his flannel shirt around my shoulders. I follow him, curiosity sparking despite the heat still simmering between us. He leads me to the back of the cabin, stopping in front of a door I hadn't noticed before.

"What is this?" I ask, glancing up at him.

"Open it," he says simply, his hand resting on the small of my back.

I push the door open, my breath catching as I step inside.

The space is enormous—warm, inviting, and unmistakably new.

The walls are paneled in rich wood, the floor covered in soft, plush rugs, and a wide, open window frames the snow-covered mountain outside.

There's a stone fireplace in the corner, and built-in shelves line the walls, waiting to be filled.

"It's beautiful," I whisper, turning to look at him. "When did you—"

"I started it a few months ago," he interrupts, his lips twitching into a faint smile.

"I wanted you to have more space. For your art, your books, whatever you need. And if we're going to build a family...

"His voice trails off, his gaze softening as he looks at me.

"I wanted to make sure we had room for them, too."

My heart clenches, tears prickling at the corners of my eyes. "Ethan..."

"I know it's a lot," he says quickly, his hand rubbing the back of his neck. "But I needed you to know—I'm in this, Chloe. All of it. I'm not just marrying you. I'm building a life with you."

I can't stop myself—I throw my arms around his neck, pulling him into a tight hug. "You're incredible," I whisper, my voice breaking. "You know that, right?"

He chuckles softly, his arms wrapping around my waist. "Yeah? Guess I'll take your word for it."

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Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Chloe

The rain falls softly outside the window against the backdrop of the mountain.

Inside Ethan's cabin— our cabin—the air is warm and heavy with the scent of pine, the fire crackling low in the hearth.

The small, intimate ceremony we'd planned was perfect, with just a handful of friends and family braving the cold to watch us exchange vows.

Now, the guests are gone, and it's just the two of us. Husband and wife.

I still can't believe it. I glance down at the simple gold band on my finger, twisting it gently as I sit on the edge of the bed.

The satin of my wedding dress clings to my curves, the delicate lace bodice snug against my skin.

I'm still wearing the heels Mia convinced me to buy—though I swore I wouldn't—and I can't stop fidgeting as I wait.

"Chloe."

His voice, deep and rough, cuts through the quiet like a low rumble of thunder.

My breath catches as I glance up to find him standing in the doorway.

He's already shed his jacket and tie, the top few buttons of his crisp white shirt undone, his sleeves rolled up to reveal his strong forearms. His hair is slightly mussed, his blue-gray eyes dark and focused as they roam over me.

"You look nervous," he murmurs, stepping into the room.

"Not nervous," I say softly, though my voice shakes slightly. "Just... thinking."

"About what?" he asks, his lips curving into a faint smirk as he moves closer, his hands already reaching for the knot of his cufflinks.

"You," I admit, my cheeks heating as I glance away.

His low chuckle sends a shiver down my spine. "Yeah? What about me?"

"That I'm your wife now," I say, my voice barely above a whisper.

The smirk fades, replaced by something darker, more intense, as he steps in front of me. He crouches down, his broad hands sliding up my thighs, pushing the layers of my dress aside as he kneels between my legs.

"You're mine now," he growls, his voice rough and possessive. "Completely. Forever."

I nod, my breath hitching as his hands move higher, curling around my waist to pull me closer.

"Say it," he commands, his blue-gray eyes locking onto mine.

"I'm yours," I whisper, my hands trembling as they settle on his shoulders.

“Damn right you are,” he growls, leaning in to kiss me. It starts slow, soft, but it doesn’t stay that way. His mouth moves against mine with a hunger that leaves me breathless, his hands pulling me closer until I’m practically in his lap.

The satin of my dress slips down my shoulders, and he pulls back just enough to slide it lower, his rough hands skimming over my skin. “You’re so fucking beautiful,” he mutters, his lips brushing against the curve of my neck.

My hands tangle in his hair as his mouth moves lower, trailing kisses down my collarbone, across the tops of my breasts. When his teeth graze the edge of the lace, I gasp, my thighs tightening around his hips.

“Ethan,” I whisper, my voice trembling as his fingers find the zipper at the back of my dress, tugging it down with agonizing slowness.

“Shh,” he murmurs, his breath hot against my skin. “Let me take my time with you, sweetheart. I’m not rushing tonight.”

The dress slips away, pooling around my waist, and his hands are everywhere—tracing, teasing, worshiping every inch of me. His mouth follows, leaving a trail of heat that makes my skin tingle and my head spin.

“You’re perfect,” he growls, his voice rough with need as his lips close over my nipple, his hand sliding between my thighs. “So fucking perfect.”

I cry out, my body arching against him as his fingers find my heat, sliding through the slickness there. “Ethan, please...”

“What do you want, sweetheart?” he murmurs, his lips trailing down my stomach as he pushes me back onto the bed.

“You,” I gasp, my hands clutching at the sheets as he spreads my thighs wider, settling between them. “I want you.”

“Good,” he growls, his voice vibrating against my skin as his tongue slides through my folds. “Because you’re going to have me, Chloe. Every fucking inch.”

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

Chloe

The rain outside is falling thick and fast, blanketing the mountain in a soft, white quiet. Inside the cabin, though, it's anything but peaceful.

"Ethan, it's fine," I say, biting back a laugh as he lugs another ridiculously large package through the door. He's shirtless—again—his flannel pajama pants hanging low on his hips, and there's a smear of dirt across his chest from God-knows-what project he's been working on.

"It's not fine," he grumbles, setting the package down with a thud that rattles the floor. "The crib was a piece of shit. I'm not putting my kid in something that'll fall apart if I sneeze too hard."

I try not to laugh, but it's impossible. "You've already built two cribs. And a bassinet. And what about the playpen in the corner? What exactly do you think the baby's going to do in the first six months?"

He glares at me, but it's the kind of glare that makes my stomach flutter rather than shrink. "They're going to sleep. Safely. In something solid."

I shake my head, leaning back on the couch and resting my hands on the curve of my belly.

I'm eight months pregnant, and Ethan has turned full alpha-caretaker mode up to eleven.

If he's not building something for the baby, he's fussing over me— bringing me food, insisting I rest, hovering like I'm about to pop any second.

“Come sit,” I say, patting the couch beside me. “The baby doesn't need a third crib, Ethan. What they need is you. Preferably not passed out from overexertion.”

He hesitates for a moment, his gaze flicking between me and the offending package, before finally sighing and sitting down beside me. The couch dips under his weight, and his hand immediately finds my belly, his rough, warm palm spreading over the curve.

“They're kicking again,” he murmurs, his voice softening as his thumb brushes against my skin.

“Because you're riling them up,” I tease, though my heart swells at the way he looks at me—at us. Like we're his whole world.

“They're strong,” he says, his lips curving into a faint smile. “Just like their mom.”

I laugh softly, leaning into his side as his arm wraps around me, pulling me close. “You're ridiculous, you know that?”

“Yeah,” he says, pressing a kiss to the top of my head. “But you love me anyway.”

I tilt my head up to look at him, my hand resting over his. “I do. Even when you're driving me crazy with all this nesting.”

He grins, his blue-gray eyes crinkling at the corners, and leans down to kiss me. It's soft at first, but there's heat there too, the kind that hasn't faded even a little since the first time he kissed me.

“You’re mine,” he murmurs against my lips.

“Always,” I whisper, smiling as his hand slides back to my belly.

* * *

The fire crackles in the hearth, the rain outside a quiet backdrop to the warmth of the cabin. Ethan is lying beside me in bed, his hand tracing lazy circles on my hip as he watches me with that same intense, possessive gaze that always makes my pulse quicken.

“You know,” he says, his voice low and rough. “We should probably start thinking about names.”

I laugh softly, resting my hand over his. “You mean you haven’t already decided?”

He smirks, his thumb brushing over my skin. “I have a few ideas. But I figure I should let you think you have a say.”

I roll my eyes, but the warmth in my chest doesn’t fade. “You’re impossible.”

“And you’re perfect,” he says, leaning down to kiss me. “The two of you.”

As his lips move against mine, I can’t help but think about how much has changed since that night in the truck. I was nervous, unsure of what was happening between us, but now? Now, I know exactly where I belong. Right here.

THE END.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:21 am

She's glowing in the firelight, her soft brown eyes shining as she looks up at me like I'm the only man in the world. Hell, to her, maybe I am. And I'll spend the rest of my life making sure I deserve that look.

"You're too good to me," she murmurs, her fingers trailing up my arm.