



Tempted by the Lumberjack (Sexy Lumbersnacks #5)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Sienna

Running away from my overprotective family and an arranged marriage has me living on the edge. I'm constantly looking over my shoulder, expecting my fiancé to find me—it's not a matter of if, but when. With his money and influence, it's only a matter of time.

I'm living on borrowed time in a small mountain town, working in a flower shop. I can't allow myself to get close to anyone, especially not the hot lumberjack who has taken it upon himself to act as my personal bodyguard. He's kind, funny, and incredibly sexy, but I can't drag him into my messy life.

I keep telling myself that today will be the day I return to my life as a senator's daughter. But each morning when I wake up, my lumberjack is waiting to escort me wherever I want to go, without complaints. He's the perfect man. Unfortunately, he's a temptation I need to resist because the moment I open my heart to him, it will make it that much harder to leave him when I have to return to reality. But for now, I'll cherish these few stolen moments with him—even if I can't act on my feelings.

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one

Sienna

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Grabbing a shirt and a pair of jeans from my closet, I hastily slide them over my favorite lavender lace matching bra and panty set. The color enhances my browneyes and hair, making me feel beautiful, although I doubt Wyatt will ever see me in them.

Curse my life.

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

That's the reason I ran away from home. I wanted a chance to experience a little bit of freedom before I married Arthur Webster the third, or Artie, as he insists on being called. Soon to be running for public office. He needs a trophy wife who understands her place in the political world.

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

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

I grab my coat and purse and head towards a future I can't have, waiting for me

behind the door. Teasing me just like my dream lover Wyatt teases me at night.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Once we reach his truck, he opens the door, helping me climb onto the running

board—a new addition to his truck, added after the first day when I struggled to get in. At five feet three inches, it was like scaling Mount Everest instead of the cab of a truck. Not that I minded having his hands grip my hips as he lifted me onto the seat that first day.

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

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

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

Luckily, Blossom was rescued by Chance, and they finally realized their true feelings for each other. While I push away a man who continues to pursue me, no matter how many times I turn him down.

With a quick nod, he shuts the truck door, then makes his way to the driver's side and opens the door. "Here. I picked up breakfast." He slides into the seat, closing the door with a click. He reaches for the plate on the dashboard, holding an Asiago cheese bagel from the local bakery, cut in half and slathered in cream cheese, and offers it to me to choose which half I want.

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

Innocently, I stick out my tongue, wiping the wayward cream off my lips. Out of the corner of my eye, I watch his gaze follow the trail of my tongue—the heat in his eyes

looks hot enough to set the whole town on fire.

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

Clearing his throat, he picks up his half of the bagel and motions to the two large fountain glasses of Pepsi sitting in the center of the council like usual. Soft drinks are my weakness—or at least Pepsi. It's something my parents always frowned upon. With all its sugar, it's not good for my weight.

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

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

Wyatt pulls in front of the flower shop, leaving the truck running and not bothering to park in his usual stall. He strolls around the front of the truck, leaving me feeling confused. This isn't how our day goes. He always parks the truck and spends the whole day with me in the flower shop. He's become so much of a fixture that some of the townspeople think he's an employee. It doesn't help that I've put him to work.

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

He's given up on me—I've waited too long to tell him how I feel about him. I knew I should have left town weeks ago when I still had my heart intact. "Sure." I smile

weakly as he steps back, takes my hand, and helps me out of his truck. "I'll see you later." I dash to the flower shop before I break down in tears.

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

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two

Sienna

"Where's your shadow today?" Blossom glances from the vase of flowers she's arranging, her boyfriend Chance by her side. "I didn't think he would let you go anywhere without him by your side."

"He had something better to do today." I shrug, not wanting Blossom and Chance to see my disappointment. Besides, it's not as if he can continue spending every day with me.

I know he's a lumberjack, but in the last eight weeks that I've known him, he's never left my side during the day. He can't work the night shift, or he'd never sleep. A horrible thought hits me.

What if he lost his job because he was with me instead of working? What if he's been spending all his savings on me?

It's time for me to go back to reality. I can't ruin Wyatt's life, too. Hopefully, it's not too late for him to get his job back once I leave town.

My burner phone rings, causing me to jump. I slow down my breathing before excusing myself to the back room to answer the call, knowing it's my sister Selena, since she's the only one who has the number.

"Hey, Selena. What's up?"

"Things are getting bad with Mom and Dad. They're furious you haven't returned yet." The urgency in Selena's voice helps me make up my mind. If I return to my former life, I'm going to have one amazing night with Wyatt tonight. "It's gotten so bad—they're considering having me take your place as Artie's fiancée."

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

Home.

The word feels like ash in my mouth. The Senator's mansion has never felt like home. It's more like a museum. Selena and I were never allowed to play anywhere other than in our bedrooms. Running through the halls was strictly forbidden.

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

Selena is my Irish twin—only eleven months separate us. At twenty-two, she graduated from college last spring with a degree in communication. She has been working as an online influencer to the disappointment of our parents. My accounting degree seems like a waste, considering that most political wives don't work outside the home unless they run their own charities.

"Did anyone follow you?" The thought of our parents or Artie ruining my little piece of heaven shakes me to my core.

"You insult me. You should know me better than that by now." She lets out a disgruntled snort.

Selena and I are nothing alike. She's outgoing, pushing the boundaries with our parents. Living close enough to the edge to cause them stress, but far enough inside

our world to know her place. But that has never stopped her from orchestrating some of the best escapes from the boring parties we had to attend with our parents over the years.

"Sorry, Selena."

"It's okay. But the sooner we get this settled, the sooner I can get away from this bossy mountain man."

"Wait? What are you talking about? What mountain man?"

"I rented a cute cabin in the mountains, and this bossy mountain man is claiming it's his cabin and I'm trespassing. He threatened to pick me up, throw me over his shoulder, and carry me outside if I didn't leave on my own. Can you believe that? He even said he would have me arrested for squatting on his property." I stifle a laugh. I think my little sister has finally found her match. "At least he's giving me time to put some clothes on before he tries to kick me out."

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

My concern for my sister is replaced by relief when I hear her mumble into the phone, "I wish."

"Okay, so tell me why he thinks you're a squatter and why you are naked." I settle into one of the breakroom chairs, feeling lighter than I have since Wyatt left me on my own today.

"It's a long story. Best told in person." She sighs. "Let's just say I was hot and tired after the long drive to the cabin. I took a shower, and when I stepped out of the bathroom and walked into the bedroom, a sexy stranger was holding my underwear."

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

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

"Did he look like a squatter?" I can't help but ask, imagining the shock on both of their faces—him at her nakedness, and her with her panties in his hand.

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

"What about your underwear in his hand? It seems like you didn't miss that." I laugh into the phone. "Which ones were they?"

"We're done with the conversation." She huffs into the phone. "I'll call you later, when I've straightened out this mess. And by the way, it was my lace white thong. Love you. Bye." she says, ending the call before I can comment on her choice of underwear.

I appreciate her positive attitude, but there is no way our father will let me out of this arranged marriage.

With my mind made up, I put my phone in my purse and returned to helping Blossom with our busy Friday until the clock on the wall struck 7 pm, marking the end of my workday. But instead of having Wyatt standing next to me with my coat and purse, he's standing at the door waiting to take me home.

It's fitting that with the change in our routine, tonight will be our last night together. Tomorrow I'll return to the real world and my place next to Artie.

"Are you ready to go home?"

Home.

All I can do is nod. If only it could be a real home for the two of us.

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three

Wyatt

My hand hovers over the attachment on the email my private investigator sent me. It's the information on Sienna, I asked him to collect it eight weeks ago when she first came into my life. We've settled into such a comfortable routine—I'm not sure I want to know her past. Instead, I want to build a future with her.

The phone on my office desk rings, giving me a reprieve from opening the email. "Hey, Shaw," I answer the phone, knowing the only person who calls the office phone is my brother Shaw.

Shaw and I own most of the logging camps and sawmills in the state. Being one of the owners has allowed me to spend all my time with Sienna during the day.

I hated leaving Sienna alone at the flower store, but I was needed at the office to review the government contract my company had won to supply the state with all its lumber while conserving the land by planting a new tree for every tree we cut down.

Luckily, my friend Chance agreed to hang around the shop today in my absence. Which wasn't a hardship for him, considering his girlfriend, Blossom, owns the flower shop.

I'll be a little late today. I have a squatter claiming she rented my cabin for the next month."

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

"She's hardly a girl. She's all woman." Shaw clears his throat. "I mean, she claims to have a confirmation text, which she said she'll show me after she gets dressed."

"Wait, you have a naked woman claiming she rented your cabin for the next month. You're pulling my leg, right?" I snort, thinking about my gruff brother, who keeps his distance from everyone, having to deal with a disgruntled tourist.

"No, I'm not joking. I came home to grab lunch, and I heard the water running in my bathroom. It shut off as soon as I walked into the bedroom, but before I knew what was happening, a gorgeous naked woman walked out of my bathroom, glaring daggers at me."

"You poor thing." The whole situation is ridiculous, but honestly, having a naked woman show up in his cabin is the only way my recluse brother is going to find a girlfriend. "What are you going to do with her?"

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

This is too good for me to interfere. "Alright, if you say so. But maybe you should take the whole day off just in case."

"Maybe." He sounds almost happy by this turn of events, or as happy as my grumpy brother gets. "I'll talk to you later, Wyatt."

"See you later. And good luck." I hang up the phone with a chuckle.

My eyes shift back to the unopened message from the private investigator. Clicking out of my email, I decide to concentrate on the contracts and not on the mystery that

Sienna is hiding—she'll tell me when she's ready.

The day drags by. Even with the mountain of paperwork I've neglected these last few weeks, I've been spending time with Sienna. At least I should be caught up for a few more weeks unless Shaw's gorgeous squatter ends up being more than he can handle.

At 6 pm, I tidy up my desk and leave a note for Shaw, since he didn't make it in today. If I don't hear from him in a few days, I'll call him, but for now, I want to see how this plays out for him.

My thoughts shift back to Sienna as I make my way down the winding mountain road in my truck, with its sharp turns and beautiful scenery. The thought of spending the rest of my life driving along this road with Sienna and our children by my side fills my heart with warmth.

It's time I finally claim Sienna as my own so she can stop pushing me away. Tonight, will change both of our lives forever.

Stepping through the door of the flower shop without Sienna by my side doesn't feel right. Nothing feels right until my eyes land on her standing by the cash register, ringing up the last sale of the day.

I breathe a sigh of relief and step aside for the customer to leave. All I can think about is getting Sienna home alone, all to myself.

Her beautiful gaze lands on mine as I ask, "Are you ready to go home?"

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four

Sienna

The movie we picked for movie night is one of my favorites, but for the life of me, I can't concentrate on the storyline. I only know that Josie is an undercover reporter, going back to high school, because I've watched the movie numerous times. I've never understood why she goes undercover at a high school. I guess I won't find out tonight either.

All day, I pictured how I would seduce Wyatt, but now faced with the reality of doing it, nothing I planned seems right.

Glancing at him from the corner of my eye, I bite my lower lip. He looks so natural sitting on my couch watching a movie.

It's now or never.

Leaping off the couch, I stand and face him as I pull off my shirt, throwing it somewhere behind. Next, I shimmy out of my jeans, kicking them to the side, leaving me in only my favorite lavender lace bra and panty set. The one I was sure he would never see.

His eyes widen as they roam up and down my body, leaving me feeling breathless.

Dropping to my knees, I reach for the belt on his pants, intent on giving him the best blowjob he's ever had and the only one I've ever given. I need tonight to be a night

we'll both remember long after I've returned to my real life.

"What are you doing?" He grabs my wrists, stopping me from unbuckling his belt.

"I-I was going to give you a blowjob."

"I'm not going to feel your mouth around my cock before I feel it against my lips." He growls, gently pulling me onto his lap. My knees straddle his bulky thighs as my lace covered pussy presses down against his hard cock. "Now that's better." His hand slides behind my neck as he guides my mouth to his.

"Wait! "I push at his chest. "I need to tell you something. I'm a virgin." I blurt out, lowering my gaze so he can't see my embarrassment.

"Look at me, Sienna." I obey his command, looking into his eyes with a newfound confidence. "I'm a virgin too." I shake my head, not believing that he's a virgin, too. "I'm serious. I've never met anyone I wanted to do this with until I met you. No one made me feel the way you do. You're the other half of my soul." The truth in his words matches the look of love in his eyes. "I've never even kissed a girl."

Never been kissed.

I hold in a giggle at how perfect this moment is with our movie selection matching our real lives.

"Then it looks like we need to devirginize each other." I'm not sure what came over me to be so bold. Maybe the knowledge that he waited for me, just like I waited for him. Or the love shining in his eyes when he looks at me, or the fact that he's, my penguin. That makes me act on instinct. "Make love tome, Wyatt." I lower my lips to his, savoring our first kiss.

If I were being truthful, I would admit that our first kiss was a little clumsy. But when I relive this moment years from now, when I'm stuck in a loveless marriage, I will remember it as having been the most perfect kiss of all time.

Breaking our kiss, he whispers against my lips, "The first time we make love isn't going to be on your couch with Drew Barrymore watching us."

This time, I do giggle. Wyatt truly is my soul mate if he knows the real name of Josie Geller.

I suppose we'd better do something about it. I lift my leg to scramble off his lap, but he stops me by placing a large palm on my thigh.

"Not happening, Sweetheart. Your man is going to treat you right. From now on, I'll carry you wherever you need to go." He stands, swings me into his arms bridal style, and as promised, he carries me to my bedroom, gently lying me on my bed, before stripping out of his clothes.

I know his comment is ridiculous, but it warms my heart to know he cares about me so much. But I'll be gone in a few days, so that it won't matter, anyway.

His fingers trace the lace on my bra as his hand brushes against my nipple, making it tighten even more. "It looks like someone needs a little attention." He lowers his head, his body hovering over mine as he licks my nipple through the lace. The texture of the lace combined with his tongue sets my body into overdrive.

"Yes. Just like that." I moan, pressing my chest forward for him to take my nipple deeper into his mouth, causing his hips to thrust into mine, pressing his cock tight against my soaked lace covered pussy.

With a growl, he unhooks my bra with one hand, which is impressive for someone

who's never touched a bra in his life, slipping my arms out of it and tossing it aside. "Beautiful." His hands cover my breasts as he gently squeezes them, causing my panties to dampen even more. His eyes flash to mine. "Do you need my touch anywhere else?" He flicks his tongue over my nipple.

"Yes. "I hiss, needing to feel his tongue lower.

He shifts his weight off me as his hands grip the sides of my panties. Slowly, he slides them down my legs before bringing the wet fabric to his nose and inhaling deeply. "Damn, you smell good. Is all this wetness for me?" I fight the urge to roll my eyes—of course, it's all for him. Instead, I nod. "Good girl." With one last deep inhale, he tosses my panties across the room as he begins to kiss his way down my body.

His distraction is the opening I need to catch him off guard. If he's going to taste me, I'm going to taste him. I press my hips up, twisting my body until I'm on top of him, straddling his hips again, with him flat on his back on my bed.

"I want to taste you too." I lean down and give him a deep kiss, rubbing my tongue against his.

Before I lose my nerve, I break the kiss and spin my body around so I'm facing away from him. I might be a virgin, but I've read enough spicy books on my Kindle to know how to "69".

His sharp inhale at my new position gives me the confidences to wrap my hands around his cock or at least try to wrap my hands around him. He's huge. I'm not sure how he's going to fit inside of me, but I can't wait to try.

Lowering my head, I start at the tip, running my tongue along the pre-cum leaking out of it. "Mmm, you taste good." I swirl my tongue around his girth before

attempting to take him deep in my throat.

"Not so fast. You don't have to take it all at once. We have a lifetime to enjoy each other." I know his words are meant to soothe me, but instead, I feel the panic rising inside of me, knowing we don't have a lifetime, we only have tonight.

He grips my hips and guides my pussy onto his hungry mouth. His tongue glides across my wet lips until it reaches my throbbing clit. The ache is so intense that I grind my hips down, making him moan against me, the vibration sending shivers through my already sensitive body.

Faster and faster, his tongue flicks my clit as he inserts two fingers into my soaked core, thrusting them in and out to match the speed of his tongue, his soft beard tickling my thighs. I try to keep up the pace as I bob my head up and down on his cock, but the feeling is too much—too intense. I end up crying out his name as I come all over his face and beard.

"That's it. You're such a good girl." His praise sends another round of shockwaves through my body.

Once the last wave has subsided, he lifts my hips, twisting me around to face him again, causing me to protest, "But I wasn't done. You haven't come yet."

"The first time I come is going to be in your hot little pussy."

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five

Wyatt

I almost lost my mind when Sienna took my cock into her mouth. Even though she had no idea what she was doing, it still felt amazing—better than I could have ever imagined.

Sienna looks stunning with her dark hair spread out against the pure white of the pillowcase. Almost like she is the sacrifice, and I am a hungry god demanding that she submit to me.

"Are you sure you want to do this? Because once I make you mine, you'll be mine for all eternity." I shift my body so that my cock is hovering at her entrance, waiting for her to give the okay.

A look I can't describe flashes across her face, and I'm left wondering about the secrets she's hiding. A small part of me wishes I had opened that email from the P.I., but the main part of me, which understands we are in this for the long haul, knows it's her story to tell in her own time.

"I'm sure." A genuine smile crosses her face, making me sigh in relief. She wants me as much as I want her as she lifts her hips up to mine in a sign of submission.

The primitive beast inside of me wants to slam into her body, forcing orgasm after orgasm through her body until she's pregnant and swollen with our child. But the civilized part of me knows this is our first time—I want to make it good for her.

I press my hips forward, pushing my cock into her tight pussy, inch by agonizing inch. She's so tight. She's strangling my cock, making me want to spill my seed before we even get started.

"More," she demands, as she wraps her legs around my waist, her heels digging into my ass.

"As you wish." I push forward until I bottom out, my cock buried deep inside her. I capture her cry of surprise in my mouth as I kiss her deeply, letting her taste herself on my lips.

Her eyes widen right before she sighs into my mouth, her body relaxing enough to let me thrust inside of her.

"More, Wyatt." She chants against my lips.

Pushing her harder and faster, I slip a hand between our bodies until I find her throbbing clit. It's almost as if it has its own little heartbeat. I begin to rub it in rhythm with my thrusts. "That's it, Sienna. Take my cock like the good girl you are. Your pussy is starving for it."

My words are the only encouragement she needs as her body clamps down and she comes around my cock.

Two more thrusts and I'm calling out her name as I release rope after rope of come into her body until she's wrung me dry. "Such a good girl." I kiss her lips one last time before changing positions with her and rolling her onto her side next to me.

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six

Sienna

Feeling more secure in Wyatt's arms than I've ever felt in my life, I decide it's time to come clean about my life and a future we can't have together.

"Wyatt, I need to tell you about my life. It's complicated." I take a deep breath as I trace the contours of his chest with my fingers, trying to commit everything about him to my memory for those long, lonely years ahead of me. "My real name is Sienna Greystoke, not Sienna Grey. I come from an extremely wealthy family. My father is Senator Samuel Greystoke. I'm promised to a family friend's son in return for political support." He doesn't flinch as I tell him my story, only holds me tighter, running his hand over my shoulder.

"I needed time to process my life, so with the help of my younger sister Selena, I ran away to find myself for a few days. Then I ended up here, with a new job and a sexy lumberjack bodyguard. Those days turned into weeks, then into months. But now my sister is in danger of having to take over my fate if I don't return to my normal life and agree to be Artie's wife."

"I see." Is all he says, making me wonder if I only imagined the instant connection we had.

Did I just jump from one man who doesn't care about me to another?

Attempting to shift out of his arms and put some distance between us, I push away

from him. Instead of letting me go, he holds me tighter until I relax back into his arms.

"Marrying Artie is the last thing I want to do, especially now that I've met you." I continue, deciding to open up my heart to him, even if it means he'll break it. "You're kind, protective, and loving — the perfect man for any woman, just not me." My heart drops at my confession. "It doesn't matter anyway. I don't have a choice in life. I was born into a life to be used as a pawn—not out of love." Even though I've always known that, speaking the words out loud is like a dagger to my soul.

He's been silent for way too long, making me wonder if he ever had feelings for me.

I silently curse myself—of course, he has feelings for me. You don't uproot your whole life for two months to spend every day with someone you hardly know.

"So, what you're saying is your father is marrying you off to this Artie guy for what? Money? Political power?"

Blinking back the tears, I nod. Wyatt must think I'm a horrible person from an awful family. Which he's half right about.

"I should go." I make a weak attempt to push out of his arms again, only to be pulled in closer.

"First, you're not going anywhere. I told you once you gave yourself to me, you were mine forever. Second, your father won't mind having me as a son-in-law.

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seven

Wyatt

"Y our father won't mind having me as a son-in-law." It's time to come clean to my future wife. "My brother, Shaw, and I don't just work at the lumber camp—we own it, along with about twenty-five others in the state. We're looking to expand to a couple of the surrounding states." I wait for her to realize I'm not the poor lumberjack she thinks I am.

"Wait a minute. So, all this time I worried about you losing your job and spending all your money on me and you're as rich as Artie and my parents?"

More like ten times as rich, but she doesn't need that added information to stress her out. I can share that at a later time. So instead, I reply. "I am. But it all means nothing without you by my side."

It's the truth. All the money in the world would never replace her. Shaw and I lost our parents at a young age, when I was nineteen and he was eighteen. We invested the life insurance from their deaths and started a logging company, neither one of us knowing anything about being a lumberjack.

As luck would have it, we figured it out. Now, twelve years later, we own most of the state and have more money than we ever imagined. But it will never bring our parents back.

But the past is in the past. My future lies with Sienna and the family we create.

"What about my father? He's main focus is his political standing."

"Don't worry about your father and his political greed. Shaw and I have so many contracts with the government—our ties are stronger than anything old Artie or his family could bring to a marriage."

"But, what if..."

I silence her concern with my lips. Taking the kiss deeper until we are both breathless. "Are you doubting your man?" I say when we finally come up for air.

"Never." She sighs against my lips.

"Good, because right now, I need to feel you come around my cock at least a dozen more times before I let you out of this bed." I kiss her nose. "I love you, Sienna," I say, not expecting her to say it back to me so soon, but she surprises me.

"I love you, too, Wyatt." Her eyes stare into mine lovingly. "I'm pretty sure I've always been in love with you."

Her honest confession humbles me. "You're mine. Forever and always."

"And you're mine. Forever and always." She repeats.

My life is almost complete. "Now let's get started on making a dozen babies for us to raise on the mountain. We're going to need that many to run all the lumberjack camps and sawmills."

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Five Years Later

Wyatt was right. My father had no problems accepting him as my new fiancé, reminding me that all I am is a pawn to my family. A way to increase their wealth and power. Luckily, my sister and I were able to escape that world, me with my sexy lumberjack and her with her bossy mountain man.

"Are you ready for the annual Lumberjack competition?" Wyatt lifts our youngest, Henry, out of his playpen, placing a kiss on his forehead.

Henry is dressed in a red and black plaid shirt and a pair of blue jeans with black suspenders. He's a replica of his father—all he's missing is a beard. At six months old, he's already a heartbreaker, according to the daycare he and the girls go to twice a week while I work at the flower shop.

Our twin girls, Hannah and Heidi, rush into the living room wearing their own identical lumberjack outfits to match Wyatt and Henry. I swear they're four going on fourteen some days.

I'm the only one not dressed like a lumberjack, which is fine with me. The sundress will give Wyatt easy access if we can steal a few minutes alone.

"We're ready, Daddy." The girls say in unison.

"Alright, girls, grab your stuff, and we'll meet you in the car." The girls do as they're told, leaving Wyatt and me alone with Henry. "You look good enough to eat, Wife." Wyatt pulls me to his chest with his free arm, a distracted Henry looking over Wyatt's

shoulder out the window.

"You might get your wish. Selena is taking the kids overnight tonight."

"How did you manage that? Isn't she always trying to leave her kids with us so she can have some alone time with her husband?"

"We drew straws." I run my hand over his chest, unbuttoning the top button of his shirt and slipping my hand under the material onto his naked chest. "I might have rigged the outcome."

"Is that so?" He nuzzles my neck, making my knees go weak.

If it was up to me, I'd drop the kids off with Selena now and forget about the lumberjack competition. However, I know how much it means to Wyatt to showcase his skills, especially against his brother, Shaw.

"You know I'd do whatever it takes to get you alone. Perhaps even try for a little brother or sister for Henry so he'll have a playmate closer to his own age."

"Are you sure?" Wyatt holds me tighter. He's always wanted a big family.

"I'm positive." I place my lips against his, showing him in that one kiss how much I love him. "I love you." I break the kiss and whisper against his lips.

"I love you, too." I could stay wrapped in his arms forever, but right on cue, a horn honks, reminding us that the girls are impatiently waiting to go to the festival and meet up with their cousins. "We'll finish this later."

True to his word, we finished it later, much, much later, before we both fell into an exhausted heap on our bed, successfully creating a little brother for Henry and the

girls.

-The End-

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Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 12:22 am

Blossom

It's Valentine's Day. Love is in the air, and so are snowflakes—not the light, fluffy ones that were falling earlier when I first started my trek up the mountain in my trusty pink van to deliver Valentine's flowers to people lucky enough to have a loved one willing to pay the outrageous prices charged on a day meant for love.

No matter how hard I try to keep my prices down, the high demand for flowers on Valentine's Day drives up the amount I have to pay my distributor, which trickles down to my customers. The least I can do is drive through a little snow to make sure their flowers arrive for this special day.

If only it was a little snow.

My windshield wipers can barely keep up with the heavy, wet snow. Don't even get me started on where the road ends and the shoulder begins. I'll be lucky to make it back to town without getting stuck in a ditch. It's good that my cat Milo joined me on this journey instead of staying back at the flower shop like he normally does. Not that I want him to be stranded with me, but at least I'm not alone on Valentine's Day.

I left my flower shop, Where Hope Blossoms, in the more than capable hands of my assistant, Sienna. Usually, I would have one of the two teenage boys I hired to deliver the flowers, but with the snow and winding mountain roads, I thought it best to make these deliveries myself.

Besides, I'm not sure how much longer I could stand watching Sienna's self-proclaimed bodyguard, Wyatt, hover around her all day, growling at every man from

ages fifteen to ninety-five that she was his every time they got too close to her.

What would it be like to have a man so in love with you he would be that possessive?

Sienna is a fool for not agreeing to date Wyatt, but that's her story to tell, not mine.

This town is filled with handsome, possessive mountain men. Why does the one I want, have to be such a recluse? Chance only comes into town every few weeks for supplies. I'm almost positive he has a wife or a girlfriend living with him—he stops by my shop every time he's in town for a bouquet. He was in only a few days ago, so I won't see him for a while.

My heart races at the thought of his big, muscular body with the tattoo sleeve on his left arm. He pushed up his sleeves the last time he was in my shop, and I almost melted on the spot when I got a glimpse of the corded veins running through his ink and how I wanted to trace them with my tongue.

A slight moan escapes my lips, earning me a grumpy meow from Milo. He glares at me from his spot on the passenger seat, riding shotgun in his new cat car seat. "Sorry, buddy." I take my right hand off the wheel, only long enough to run my hand over his head and down his back. "I'll make this quick. And we'll be back home in no time." I promise my cat before my thoughts wander back to Chance.

Needing a break from those dangerous thoughts, since there's no point in lusting after someone I can't have, I pop an old CD from one of my favorite classic groups, ABBA, into my van's CD player, another perk of my trusty old van. As luck would have it, the first song that plays is "Take a Chance on Me."

Perfect. Now, all I can think about is Chance taking a chance on me if he ever leaves his wife or girlfriend because, of course, I'd be the first in line. "Yeah, right." I snort, disturbing Milo again.

If his glare shows his disapproval of my snorting, I might as well plan on being utterly alone tonight. "You know what, Milo? It's Valentine's Day today, and we are both single. I, for one, am going to embrace my status." Ignoring Milo, I crank up the music and belt out the lyrics as loud as I can, wiggling my hips in my seat as I bob my head to the beat.

Feeling light and carefree, I glance at Milo's still disapproving stare as I sing along to the ba ba ba's. I take my eyes off the road for a split second to tickle my finicky partner under his chin, hoping to coax him out of his grumpy mood when the van slides sideways. I snap my gaze back to the road, grabbing the steering wheel with my right hand to correct the slide of the van, but I'm too late as the van slides headfirst into a snowbank.

"Holy crap, Milo. Are you okay?" I check on Milo first. A giggle escapes my mouth at the "WTF" look he is giving me. "Sorry about that, Milo." I apologize, hoping to soothe his anger at the sudden crash into a small but still dangerous snowbank. "It's good I bought you that cat car seat." At first, it seemed like a silly purchase, but now that I know Milo is safe and sound, I'm glad I spent the hundred and fifty bucks on it.

After a few strokes of my hand down his head and back, Milo relaxes back into his car seat, dismissing me with a flick of his tail.

"Let's see if I can get us out of this mess." I put the van in reverse, gently stepping on the gas pedal, only to have my wheels spin helplessly from side to side, digging the van further into the snowy ditch. "Well, shoot. That didn't work." I take my foot off the gas pedal and put the van back into park.

My next option is to call Bernie, the local tow truck driver, to see if he can pull me out of the ditch so I can make my final flower delivery for the day to Mrs. Nelson. She and her husband are in their late eighties. Mr. Nelson called into my shop to order the flowers since they don't get into town often anymore. With their age and the fact that they live high in the mountains, it's hard for them to make the drive into

town. Most folks help deliver their groceries and other supplies, so they don't have to make the journey. Chance is the only person who lives higher in the mountains than they do.

The flowers!

My thoughts are interrupted by Mrs. Nelson's bouquet of a dozen red roses in the back of my van. The classic Valentine's gift for their classic love story—high school sweethearts, married seventy years and counting.

After a quick glance in the back of my van, I breathe a sigh of relief at the still-secured vase of roses tied to the bolted-down racks I had installed into the van for deliveries. Now, I need to figure a way out of the snowy ditch to deliver the flowers and get home for my own Valentine's romantic comedy movie night with Milo.

I take my phone from the cup holder, only to find no signal. "Just great." I push the driver's side door open and step out, only to sink into knee-deep snow. "Even better." I huff as I stomp my way out of the ditch onto the road where the snow is only ankle deep, I hold my phone out at arm's length, and spin around in a circle, searching for that elusive cell tower signal.

"Find what you're looking for, Blossom?" A deep, sexy voice says from somewhere behind me, causing me to jerk in surprise. Where did he come from? My feet fly out from under me as they tangle in my haste to turn around to see if it truly is the face of the person whose voice keeps me up at night fantasizing about things no virgin should fantasize about.

I tumble to the ground, the soft blanket of snow cushioning my fall as my legs with white leggings covered in tiny red hearts that I thought were perfect for the holiday and the cute red tulle tutu skirt, which I also thought would be fun for the holiday, part in an invitation I've never given anyone before.

I prop myself up on my elbows to get a better look at my savior. "Chance," I say in a husky voice I barely recognize. "Can you help me get off...I mean, out? Can you help me get my van out of the ditch?" I scramble to my feet, my cheeks hot with embarrassment over my slip of the tongue.

Chance reaches his large hands out to help steady me. "I can help you do both."