



Traveling with the Mountain Man

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Category: Romance

Description: After a near death accident left me physically unable to work, I bought a van, converted it into my home, and hit the road.

The van life was now my life.

But when I stumbled upon a younger, curvy woman with a broken down car, I couldn't resist offering her a ride.

The gorgeous photographer had no destination in mind so she joined me on my journey along Route 14.

As we traveled and explored together, one thing became crystal clear.

Leilani Smith was mine.

Traveling with the Mountain Man is an age gap, forced proximity, instalove romance and features a younger, curvy woman and a sexy mountain man. It's meant to be devoured in one hour! So if you love short, steamy instalove novelettes with hot mountain men, you'll want to one click Traveling with the Mountain Man today!

Who doesn't love a road trip? They are filled with fun, conversation, and perhaps a little love on the way.

Join us this June for 13 steamy romances from some of your favorite Romance short authors! This series is packed with secret billionaires, MC and mountain men, celebrities, and all the instalove to make her heart melt.

Total Pages (Source): 7

CHAPTER ONE

Sawyer

I drove my camper van into the campgrounds and parked next to my rented space. My dog, Betsy, a five-year-old golden retriever who came everywhere with me, barked from the passenger seat next to me.

“I know girl, I’m ready to get out of this van too.”

She licked my hand in response and wagged her tail. I loved having her with me, a companion when times get lonely, and my big protector.

I couldn’t wait to take a long hot shower, eat a good meal, and sleep, hopefully more than a few hours. With the heat lately, I haven’t slept well, only a couple of fans to keep me cool, but I’m not complaining. with no schedule tying me down, I’d eventually catch up on sleep.

Besides the weather forecast predicted a cool down in temperatures starting tonight and into tomorrow. Hopefully a nice breeze will come through.

I’d only just arrived in Rustic Junction, Colorado, the first town on my adventure. Tomorrow, I planned to hit up some touristy stops before heading to my next stop on Route 14.

The van life was now my life, and I intended on enjoying every second. Route 14 traveled through several states and gave me ample opportunity to be the tourist I’d

always wanted to be.

After settling in and setting up a pen area for Betsy, I took a shower in the camp's facilities, the hot water pure heaven on my skin.

Back at my van, I got a fire going in the firepit and began prepping some dinner.

Since all I had was a cooler to keep food fresh, I made daily stops for that day's meal instead of worrying about food going bad.

Today's dinner was chicken kabobs with veggies over the fire.

Betsy helped me eat some of the chicken along with her own meal of dog kibble.

I finished with a few roasted marshmallows for dessert before putting out the fire and calling it a night. Inside the newly renovated van I purchased, there's a small kitchen area with seating, a storage area, and my bed, with my dog's bed on the floor next to mine.

With the fans on, the windows cracked, and the van locked, I closed my eye, anticipating building inside me from all of the dumb touristy shit I can't wait to do.

"Alright, Bets, let's gas this baby up and see what we're exploring today." I said as I parked my van in a spot at the local visitor's center. "Probably something outdoors so you can join, hmm?" I killed the engine and patted Betsy on the head before hooking her leash up.

We climbed out of the van together and as we began to walk, a woman's yelling caught my attention. I stopped in my tracks and turned my head towards the sound.

Sure enough, a young woman looked very upset only a few feet away from where

Betsy and I stood.

I studied the younger woman, her wavy light brown hair cascading down her back, as she paced back and forth while talking animatedly on the phone. She stopped and started again, pointing at the car in front of her and throwing one hand up in the air.

Even though she obviously looked distressed, my horny ass checked her out anyway, taking in her soft features and curvy, sexy body, her short summery dress hugging them in all the right places.

Her large breasts showed ample cleavage, and her legs were long and tan, and I pictured them wrapped around my head while I made her scream.

My fantasy developed quickly inside my head and my dick twitched to life for the first time in months.

That was until she stomped her foot and ended her call, tossing the phone into the passenger seat of the car through the open window. She threw her hands up in the air, let out a frustrated growl, and kicked the tire of the car before yelping in pain. “Fuck my life!”

Without another thought, I strode over to her. “Are you okay, ma’am?” Betsy dutifully sat at my feet.

She whirled around, her eyes wild, stress radiating off her in waves. “Ma’am? Really? Just make my day worse why don’t you?” She rolled her eyes, but a smile played on her lips. When she saw Betsy, her eyes lit up.

“Sorry.” I tipped my head toward hers. “My mama raised me with manners, unfortunately.” I grinned and that got a laugh. “Having some car trouble?”

She sighed before petting Betsy on the head. “How could you tell?”

I shot her a wink. Blood roared in my ears. I wanted to be near her, close to her, figure out who she was, as if there was a magnetic force pulling me towards her. “Anything I can do to help?”

“Unless you’re a mechanic, then probably not.”

“Nope, I wish. Would be a good skill to have. Maybe inside the visitor center we can find some info?”

“Why do you want to help me? I’m a complete stranger.”

“Again, my mama raised me with manners. And if she were here right now, she would be telling me I better help the pretty young lady in trouble. We all need a little help sometimes, right? By the way, I’m Sawyer and this here is Betsy.

” I held out my hand and when she slid her tiny one in mine, something inside me shifted, causing my breath to catch in my throat.

Her cheeks turned pink as she stared at our intertwined hands. Did she feel it too? “Leilani. Nice to meet you. And your adorable doggie.” When her eyes lifted to my face, her gaze stopped at my mouth and fuck, the urge to kiss her was strong.

This woman was a complete stranger to me, yet somehow, it felt as if we were destined to meet.

The image of kissing her became clearer in my mind and my mind drifted there wondering what she tasted like, how her lips would feel against mine...

Betsy barked and jolted me from my very distracting thoughts.

Leilani laughed as she rubbed Betsy's ears, my dog lapping up the affection like she was starved for it.

"Maybe they'll have a list of car shops around here or something." I tipped my head towards the building.

"Hopefully. I tried doing a Google search earlier, but my service is spotty. I was surprised my phone call lasted as long as it did."

"Yeah, seems to be that way around here." I started walking towards the building, Leilani falling into step beside Betsy and me. "Where are you headed?"

"Should I be telling a stranger that?" Leilani quipped, laughter in her voice.

"Good point. But Betsy here keeps me in line." I teased and ruffled my dog's ears. "We're traveling along Route 14, getting some sight-seeing in."

"I'm traveling down Route 14, too. Taking some pictures, doing a little sight-seeing, too. Until my car decided to be a bitch."

I chuckled as I held open the door for her.

Inside the visitor center, cool air blasted our faces when we walked in.

A few people mulled about but it wasn't too busy.

I was grateful dogs were allowed inside.

I hated leaving Betsy chained outside while I went in somewhere.

I always got a bad feeling when doing it.

As we walked around the tables, I spotted some guides for the local hot spots, and Leilani found a list of service garages.

Back outside, Leilani patted Betsy and smiled up at me. “Thanks again from your help.”

“Do you want me to wait to make sure you get some help?”

“No, I couldn’t ask that of you. I’ll be alright. I’m a big girl. I just need to pull up my big girl panties.” She attempted a smile, but it fell flat.

“It’s no big deal. Betsy and I could use a good walk while you make your phone calls. Holler if you need anything okay?”

“Okay, thanks, Sawyer. I appreciate it.”

“You bet.” I winked and watched her reaction, the way her body seemed to viscerally react to me. I fucking loved it. I wasn’t about to leave this pretty girl alone until I knew she was safe.

Even if it meant asking her to join me on the road.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:54 am

CHAPTER TWO

Leilani

As I dialed a third number from the list, I watched the sexy, handsome man walk his even more adorable dog around the parking lot, sticking to the grassy areas, under the shady trees.

Leaning against my car, I studied him closely, how he was with his dog, and the kind of vibes he gave off, his demeanor while doing the basics of doggie poop duty.

I looked for something that I've yet to find, a red flag or a strange look, something to make me question this man more.

Otherwise, I'd be hoping into his van already and driving off into the sunset.

Until I ended up on the next true crime documentary.

I wasn't kidding.

You never knew what could be lurking out there and while I tried not to live my life in fear, it still settled at the back of my mind.

A guy with a cute dog couldn't be that bad right?

Finally, after dialing the fifth phone number, somebody answered. But no appointments were available until next week.

Shit!

Why didn't I listen to my parents?

Instead, my stubborn ass was going to make this work in whatever way I could.

Forever chasing the beauty in a photograph.

"Any luck?" Sawyer asked as he came up beside me, Betsy sitting next to him, her tongue lolling out the side of her mouth.

"Nope." I ended the call of the eighth number I tried, leaving only one left on the list. "Either no answer or no appointments."

"Damn. Must be the time of year with the holiday coming up next week and people going on vacation."

"Yeah, probably." I muttered before trying the last number. Again, no answer.

"Is there anyone you can call to come pick you up? Or maybe there's a hotel nearby..." Sawyer scratched at his beard and the sexy move distracted me.

I shifted on my feet and sighed. "Yeah, I'll figure something out. But hey, nice meeting you again. Take care, okay?" I yanked open the driver's side door when a hand landed on my arm. I froze from his light touch and my breath caught in my throat.

"I'm not going to just leave you without a working car. It's not safe. So please, let me give you a ride, or find you a hotel."

I lifted my eyes to his and only kindness reflected back. It made no sense how I

already felt so comfortable around him. I've known him all of fifteen minutes yet it's almost like he was put in my path.

"I'm too far from home to ask for a ride and I don't have enough money for a hotel room.

My plan was to travel and take pictures and sleep in my car if I had to.

Stupid, I know. My parents tried to stop me.

But all I've ever wanted is to see the world and capture it from behind my lens.

"My whole sordid story tumbled out and I was positive he would turn and walk away while he still could.

I wasn't his problem. Why would he want me tagging along?

Sawyer offered me his hand, and I didn't object.

Couldn't object. Like my knight in shining armor, he brought my hand to his lips and kissed it gently.

"How about a little detour with me? Honestly, I think your plan is amazing. So, it may have a few holes, but what part of life isn't a little bumpy?

Chasing goals and dreams is messy work, but when you make it to the finish line, you'll be so happy you did.

Okay, okay I'll get off my soapbox now. I'm sounding like my damn father which makes me feel old. "

I laughed, clearly ignoring his question. A little detour with him ? Should I? “How old are you?” I asked, needing the distraction.

“Ah, I knew that question was coming. I’ll save you from the how old do I look crap. I’m thirty-five.”

“I wouldn’t have guessed a day over thirty.” I teased. Something about him being older than me had my panties in a twist. A good twist. A hot twist. “I’m twenty-five.”

“Age doesn’t matter.” He leaned closer and my heart pounded in my chest. “You’re absolutely gorgeous.”

My heart beat so hard and fast, I thought it was going to bust through my rib cage and splatter on the ground.

“At least come see Rustic Junction with me. There’s an old western saloon I wanted to check out.

I bet you can capture some good pictures there.

I promise to be nothing but a gentleman.

Betsy will keep me in line.” He grinned and I nearly melted into a puddle next to my car.

How could I say no?

“Okay.” I grinned, unable to hide my excitement. “Let me just grab my stuff and lock up my car.”

“This is our little home away from home.” Sawyer opened the back door of his van

and showed me around the inside. It was a cute little setup and like many of the other van campers I'd seen on the internet.

"Oh wow, it's so cozy in here!" I stepped inside, Betsy right beside me. She licked my hand and jumped onto her little bed. "You love it too, huh, girl?" I rubbed her ears.

"I bought it newly renovated. The guy who sold it to me had gutted the inside completely and converted it into the camper. So far, it's been great. Only downside is no air conditioning. Some nights are hot."

"My car's air conditioning doesn't work, either. A couple of nights weren't fun, waking up drenched in sweat."

"When did you hit the road?"

"Last week. Spent some time roaming around Colorado, as my hometown is about two hours upstate."

"I drove here from Vermont. Something about Route 14 intrigued me and I figured why not start my new adventure here?"

"Vermont? Wow. I heard it's nice there."

"It is. Especially in the fall. The leaves changing colors and the atmosphere in the air as the crisp weather comes in. There's nothing like it."

"I bet. I'd love to see it one day."

"Stick with me and you will." Sawyer said so matter of factly, my heart leaped into my throat.

“What made you decide to start the van life?”

A sad expression came over his handsome features, but it was gone as quickly as it came. “I’ve always wanted to travel. After an injury left me unable to work, I figured it was now or never. So, I went with the now, bought the van, got my finances sorted, and hit the road with Betsy.”

Betsy’s ears perked up at the mention of her name.

“That’s pretty awesome. I mean, not the part about the injury, of course not, but getting to travel at your own leisure and live in your van.”

“So far, it’s been good. But now I think it’s even better.”

My cheeks flushed from the heat of his intense stare. “You do?” The silly question tumbled out.

“How can it not be when a beautiful lady is here. C’mon, I’ll finish showing you around and we can get in the front and take off.”

“Okay.” I swallowed hard. I would’ve said yes to anything he asked at that point.

Fuck, I was in trouble.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:54 am

CHAPTER THREE

Sawyer

It was as if I'd known Leilani forever. Like two longtime friends, we got along easily and had a lot of fun together.

After leaving the visitor center, I drove to the Guns Blazing Saloon where we grabbed lunch, took a bunch of pictures, and even posed for a photoshoot in old western clothing.

In between checking on Betsy and giving her water, we moved from one activity to the next, having a blast at each one. Laughter followed us and the time passed by too quickly. More and more sexual tension escalated between us, and it was becoming harder to ignore.

On the way back to the camp site, I stopped at the grocery store and picked up a few things for dinner before parking for the night.

The energy was so electric, you could almost feel the zaps between us.

"There's a hot shower at this campground if you'd like to take one.

I'm going to get dinner going and feed Betsy.

" Maybe if I kept myself busy, I wouldn't notice what was happening between us.

“Thank you, Sawyer.” Leilani said as we walked to the back of the van, and I opened the doors. “Please let me give you some money for food and gas. I’m sure it costs to stay at this camp site.”

“I don’t want your money. Save it for your car. Your company is enough for me.” My eyes dipped lower to her lips, and I wanted to capture them in a kiss and taste every bit of her until I got my fill. All day, I thought about kissing her, with a couple of close encounters during the photo shoot.

But did she feel the same? I didn’t want to offend her or make things awkward between us. Yet I couldn’t ignore the growing feelings. I asked her to come with me for a reason. Sure, she needed help, and I wanted the company but that wasn’t the real reason.

The one that’s been gnawing at me since I first saw her this morning.

As soon as I laid eyes on Leilani, I wanted her to be mine. There was no way I was letting her go. But like I promised, I would be a gentleman. Unless she made the first move. Then all bets were off.

“But I should at least give you money for food.”

“I don’t want your money, Leilani. I won’t take it.”

She crossed her arms over her ample cleavage, and I wanted to rip her little dress right off her. She pouted her lips and tapped her foot, and I wanted to throw her over my shoulder and slap her ass. “Why are you so damn stubborn? You’re helping me. Let me help you back.”

I moved closer to her, both of us still standing at the open back doors of the van. “You want to help me?” I breathed. I couldn’t hold back any longer. The urge grew

stronger by the second.

Be a gentleman. Be a gentleman.

A low growl erupted from somewhere deep inside my throat.

“Yes, of course.” Leilani said, a hint of flirtation in her voice.

At least I think it was.

Was I hearing things?

Was I just hoping I heard the flirtiness?

I was going out of my damn mind. I wanted to taste her... needed to taste her...

“Then put me out of my damn misery and kiss me.”

Leilani blinked a few times.

The words were out there and there was no way to take them back.

Her expression gave nothing away and I didn't know if she was going to kiss me or slap me.

The seconds ticked by.

When finally, ever so slowly, Leilani moved towards me until our mouths were almost touching.

She brushed her lips against mine and I took the opportunity she gave me, capturing

her mouth with my own.

Our mouths moved together in perfect sync and my hands found her hair, burying themselves inside the silky strands.

I pushed my tongue inside and swept hers into a dance with mine, a tango for just the two of us.

Down, down, down we fell, and I welcomed it, beckoned it inside, wanting her and only her.

Our kiss grew frantic, and I wanted nothing more than to take her into my bed, but I needed to slow down. Be a gentleman.

With a few more nips and nibbles, I broke our kiss, leaving us both panting.

Her eyes were wild with desire and need, and I took a step backwards.

My feelings for her were just as intense and if I didn't move away, I'd take what I wanted.

"If I...if I don't stop now..." I said between heavy breaths. "I won't ever stop."

"Then don't." Leilani challenged me, her chest rising and falling in quick succession.

"Ha." I brushed her off, my cock growing harder by the second.

"I'm serious."

"Me too. We won't leave that van for a few days."

A grin slowly spread across her full, swollen lips. “And?”

I shook my head and chuckled, the sound low and deep and almost feral like.

I wanted to. I wanted to ravish her from head to toe.

Instead, I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her flush against me. “What are you doing to me, woman?”

“Everything you’ve ever wanted.”

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 31, 2025, 3:54 am

CHAPTER FOUR

Leilani

How we got along so well was beyond me, but he was an easy-going guy that wasn't hard to live with.

The hardest part? Ignoring the urge to kiss him again, or to jump straight into bed with him.

He was being a gentleman and respecting my space, but I doubted I could hold off for much longer. I pinched myself often, finding it hard to believe I met this great guy and was now living the ultimate dream life with him.

It had to be a fairytale I'd wake up from, right?

No one was perfect and we had yet to discover so much about each other, but this wasn't real life. Reality would come crashing back down soon and I'd have to deal with it whether I liked it or not.

Sawyer would leave and I'd be back at my car, trying to figure out how the hell to fix it, while camping out in the visitor parking lot.

Maybe my parents were right. Maybe it was time to focus on something more reliable.

"You're quiet this morning." Sawyer said over breakfast, the fire roaring beside us,

steaming mugs of coffee in our hands. We'd arrived at a campground late last night and didn't get to bed until late, due to a certain someone and his roaming hands.

"Just tired."

"Traveling can be a lot. Why don't you take a nap before we go exploring?"

"Yeah, maybe."

"You love to hold it in until you're bursting at the seams, why is that?" Sawyer asked me, an amused look on his face. He already knew me too well in the little time we've spent together.

"I don't know, okay?" I buried my nose in my warm mug. "I don't want to burden others, so I try to deal with shit myself. But eventually, I need to get it out, usually by venting or crying."

"You're never a burden to me. You can tell me anything and let me help you carry the load. Don't feel you ever have to hold back."

"How?"

Sawyer blinked, his expression one of confusion. "What do you mean?"

"How are you even real?" I set my mug down and stood from my chair.

"This whole thing, this whole set up, this whole way of life, it's not real, Sawyer.

It's not based in reality. Who gets to travel carefree and not have to worry about a job, or rent, or other bills?

Who meets a random woman and asks her to come travel with him?

Who is so open and honest and caring to someone they don't even know? ”

“It's my reality, Leilani.” Sawyer's voice cracked and my stomach free falled.

“Yeah, it looks like all rainbows and butterflies from the outside but it's not.

I fell off a ladder at a job I dedicated my entire life too, and it was devastating.

A horrible blow to both my self-confidence and my life.

For months, I didn't know what to do with myself.

I wandered around aimlessly, like a lost soul.

But then I decided to stop feeling sorry for myself and get out there and take the world by the balls.

So, I did. And now, meeting you, it feels like it was meant to be.

You want to travel and photograph the world.

I want to give that to you. I really like you.

Wait, fuck, I mean...I took one look at you and knew you were going to be mine.

And now, the more time we spend together, the more I fall in love with you. ”

I sat back down with a thud, a tidal wave of emotion taking me under and pulling me down. My mouth opened but no words tumbled out.

Sawyer placed his mug down next to me, leaned forward, and took my hands in his. “Whether you want to believe it or not, this is real. I’m real. You’re real. Our life together could be real.”

Tears filled my eyes and leaked out of the corners, spilling down my cheeks.

“If you don’t feel the same, you can tell me. I’d still like you as my travel companion, though I can’t promise I won’t try to kiss you.”

I laughed and cried at the same time. I studied him from head to toe, this perfect man I stumbled upon, and the storm inside my head began to simmer down.

“My mama raised a good one. I just wish she were still here to see it.”

“I’m sorry, Sawyer.”

“Thank you. But that’s another conversation for another day.”

I released one of his hands and lifted mine to his cheek, caressing his soft beard. He closed his eyes and leaned into my touch.

Moments passed by the silence stretching between us. “It scares the ever living shit out of me, but I’m falling for you, too.”

Sawyer’s body relaxed and pure happiness radiated over his handsome features. He grabbed the back of my head and pulled me in for a deep, earth-shattering kiss, the fire still roaring next to us.

We kissed and kissed and kissed some more until our lips were swollen and tingling in the best way. After breakfast, we showered and headed out for pictures before settling down at the campground for one more night.

With the back doors open, we laid in each other's arms inside the van and counted the stars, so many shining bright. Between stolen kisses and hands roaming under the blankets, I felt like a teenager again, my hormones raging.

But eventually, sleep overtook us, and we drifted off in each other's arms.

CHAPTER FIVE

Sawyer

We made it to the next town of Heartstone, Missouri, which oozed small town charm in every way.

We took a walk in Lover's Stroll Park and hit up the amusement park at nightfall. Leilani captured amazing shots of the large Ferris wheel all lit up with the stormy night sky in the background.

Thankfully, the storms held off until we made it safely back to the van. Betsy hated the thunder, and I always felt bad for her when got really loud.

After a couple of days in the small town, we set off to Tennessee, hoping to eat some good BBQ food. The town was full of tourist shops, with lots of little trinkets to buy and collect, along with t-shirts and various other swag like items.

It was fun going from shop to shop and I picked up a keychain and bottle opener. The keychain I bought from the BBQ store said I got sauced in Saddleback and I must say, the BBQ brisket was amazing. I'd happily get sauced there anytime.

"Sauced in Saddleback?" Leilani laughed. "I like that."

Later that evening, we shared a slice of cheesecake next to the fire, one we scored from a bakery in town. Each bite melted on my tongue. "Wow, that's so damn good cheesecake."

Leilani nodded. She dipped her finger into some whipped cream and spread it on her lips, her eyes darkening.

I leaned forward and took the bait easily, licking it off her lips with the tip of my tongue.

She took more whipped cream, this time spreading some on her neck.

I instantly went for it, her smell intoxicating and irresistible.

Not to mention this sexy summer dress she's been parading her curves around in all day.

We fed each other bites of cheesecake, sucking the sweet treat off each other's fingers and when there wasn't any left, I was only just getting started.

"I fucking want you so bad." I whispered in her ear before nipping at her earlobe.

My fingers found the straps of her dress and slowly slid them down her shoulders, the swell of her breasts even more noticeable.

I moved my mouth down along her jawline, leaving a trail of kisses behind as I made my way to her neck, the skin soft and supple. I licked and sucked, the thought of leaving a mark turning me on more. Why not mark what was mine.

Because she was all mine. All mine.

"Mine, baby. You. Are. Mine." I growled into her neck, and she shivered, her tender skin raised in small bumps.

"Yes. I am. All yours."

Before I could change my mind, I stood up abruptly, taking her with me. “Wait for me in the van. I’ll put the fire out.”

“I like it when you’re bossy.” She blew me a kiss and disappeared inside the camper, taking Betsy with her.

I closed down the camp site as fast I could, making sure to put out the embers in the fire.

My body hummed with anticipation, my cock straining beneath my shorts.

I planned on feasting on every inch of her body tonight, taking my time to slowly savor every part of her.

I’d given her space and time to be ready and tonight, she was ready.

Inside, Betsy was already in her bed and Leilani was beneath my covers, her beautiful eyes peeking above the blanket. “Get under the blanket.” She whispered.

I had a feeling she was naked under there, but even if she wasn’t, she was about to be.

In a few quick moves, my clothes were a pile on the floor.

I climbed beneath the blanket on the opposite end where her feet were and moved my way up her body, inch by inch.

I kissed each foot and gliding my tongue and mouth up her leg and thigh.

As I expected, Leilani had stripped naked, her body on full display. I straddled my legs on either side of her and sat up, taking the blanket with me. Leilani yelped and laughed, but she didn’t try to cover herself up.

Instead, her hands fell to her sides as she allowed me full access to her gorgeous, perfect body.

Her own eyes traveled down my naked form and when she saw my dick, hard and free, she gasped while licking her lips at the same time.

Her hands went right there, wrapping around my cock and causing a deep moan to erupt from my throat.

Leilani's little hot hands worked their magic on my cock, rubbing up and down the shaft and coaxing all the precum out.

My own hands touched every inch of her, showing special attention to her large breasts and hard nipples.

When my hand slid between her legs, I teased her clit with my finger.

I slid one finger inside while using the back of my hand to rub against her clit until she was practically fucking my hand.

"Oh my God, that feels so good."

"Tell me how good, baby." I gritted out through clenched teeth, ready to cum at the sight of her falling apart beneath me.

"So fucking good. I'm going to cum so hard all over your hand."

Less than a few seconds later, Leilani came hard, her whole body shaking as she cried out in pleasure, calling out my name again and again. I couldn't resist the need to taste her, and I positioned myself between her legs, burying my face inside her sweet, wet pussy.

She cried out and nearly bucked her hips off the bed, but I held her in place and kept up the licking torture on her clit.

It didn't take long before another orgasm ripped through her and before she could finish riding out the waves, I plunged my dick so deep inside her, wanting to feel the spasms on my dick.

"Holy shit!" Leilani yelled as she wrapped her legs around my waist.

Her pussy sucked me in, her insides velvety smooth, so tight and wet. I couldn't hold back for long and a few minutes later, I came hard, pouring my hot wet seed inside her.

I collapsed on the bed beside her, giving us a chance to catch our breaths but I wasn't done with her just yet.

"Oh my God, that was insane." Leilani snuggled into my side.

"No snuggling yet, baby. I'm not quite done with you."

Her eyebrows shot up. "Oh, no?"

"Nope. He's almost ready." I took her by the waist and pulled her on top of me, rubbing my hard dick against the inside of her thigh.

"Damn. Impressive."

"Oh, just you wait." I said before lifting her up and plunging her down my hard cock. All night long.

CHAPTER SIX

Leilani

Sawyer wasn't lying when he said we wouldn't leave the van for a few days once we slept together.

We didn't leave for almost a week.

Well, kind of.

We had to leave for things like food, showers, bathroom breaks, and taking care of Betsy.

But the rest of the time?

We were in bed together.

Sawyer's stamina wasn't something I expected but I welcomed it. It was the best sex of my life, and I planned on enjoying it as much as I could.

When we'd finally spent a day outside of bed, we planned the next few places to go.

"Do you want to make our way back towards Colorado? See what we should do about your car?"

I sipped on my iced coffee. "I'm debating just calling my parents and telling them

I'm with you now. I know they'll be pissed about my car. They won't want to tow it home and let it sit in the driveway. My dad does not like clutter. Maybe I should just cut my losses and turn it in for junk parts?"

"How about we take it one step at a time. First is telling your parents about us. How we plan to travel and have no idea where we would settle down just yet."

"Oh, they'll totally love that."

Sawyer chuckled. "Or don't tell them anything."

I shot him a look. "I've already ignored a bunch of phone calls. Pacified them with a few texts. But it's not enough. I'm their only child and they worry. A lot."

Sawyer took me into his arms and kissed the top of my head. "Makes sense. I'd worry about my child, too. It's what parents do."

"Are your parents around?" I asked, curious about his family life he hasn't shared much about yet.

"No. My mom was a drug addict, and my dad was an abusive alcoholic. I was in and out of foster care a lot, never got adopted. Around my eighteenth birthday, I found out my mom had died of an overdose and my dad was in jail. A couple of years later, my dad died. Cardiac arrest. Just dropped dead in his cell. So, when I say my mama raised me right, I'm actually talking about my grandmother.

I lived with her for a while, but unfortunately, she lost custody of me, too. "

"I'm so sorry, Sawyer. That's awful. I should be more grateful for mine, annoying as they can be."

He hugged me close. “The grass is always greener, love. Overbearing parents aren’t fun either. But at least they care.”

“You’re right. Will you stay with me while I call them?”

“Of course. Wouldn’t hurt to meet them, right?”

I laughed and shook my head. “I feel like our relationship is on speed.”

“Can’t slow love down when it’s on a mission. When it’s right, it’s right.” Sawyer said. “And I know with you, it’s always right.”

I reached up and stroked his beard. Then I brought his face closer to me and pressed my lips to his, enveloping us both in a heated kiss. It didn’t take long for the kiss to turn hot and heavy, but I reluctantly stopped him before we got carried away.

“I can’t believe I met my dream man while taking a tantrum about my car.”

“And I can’t believe I met my dream girl while she was taking a tantrum.”

We both laughed and then I took a few deep breaths and pressed call on my parent’s number.

Two weeks later and we were crossing over the Colorado border, headed to my hometown.

I needed to clean up some loose ends before starting my life with Sawyer. My car still had to be dealt with, I needed to pack up the rest of my things and finally move out of my parent’s house. All the way out.

Not just a foot halfway out the door.

I was more concerned with my parents meeting Sawyer and what they'll think of him. Not that it mattered in the end, because I loved him, and he was it for me, but it would be nice having their approval. Plus, it would make for a lot more peaceful events in the future.

"Wow, I forgot how many amazing shots I got!" I said as I flipped through my endless scroll of photos, so many unique sights I was lucky enough to photograph. I couldn't wait to make photo collages and do some scrapbooking, my creative well always needing to be filled with something.

"You're an amazing photographer, love. The angles of your photos always blow me away. The candid shots you always manage to create are unbelievable."

"Thank you. And thank you for seeing the beauty in my art. Not many people appreciate it."

"You're welcome." Sawyer winked. "You can thank me some more in the bedroom later."

I wiggled my eyebrows and licked my lips. "Hmm, let me just check my calendar." I teased.

"There's no calendar to check. You're mine and in my bed."

I laughed. "No place I'd rather be."

A few hours later, when we arrived at my parent's house, weary and exhausted from traveling, my parents were excited to see us and my mom began serving food, insisting we must be hungry.

"Please, eat, eat." She pushed plates at us and kept an eye on us as we ate it all. "You

look thin. Are you eating, darling?”

Both of my parents loved Sawyer and couldn't be happier to send me off with him.

So, when we said goodbye a few days later, I blew them kisses and drove off into the sunset with my handsome man and our little camper, ready to see the world.

And most importantly, photograph it, too.

Who knew I'd meet the man of my dreams while chasing my own?

Page 7

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Sawyer

Ten years later

“Will this one comfortably fit a family of five or six?” I asked the sales rep, the large motor home parked in front of me gorgeous, yet intimidating.

“Yes, there may even be room for a seventh.” The sales rep chuckled and looked at my very pregnant wife, almost due with our second set of twins.

Unbeknownst to us, twins ran in her family and apparently, they ran in mine too.

With our three-year-old twin boys in the stroller, our five-year-old daughter standing next to me holding my hand, and our one-year-old son in my wife’s arms, we were a big clan. And only getting bigger.

“I’m pretty sure she’s done after this. A family of six is perfect. Can we take a look around?”

“Of course, take your time, look it over. It’s a big decision but when you’re raising a family on the road, you need space and comfort.”

“Thank you.” I said before leading my wife and kids over to the RV. We’ve been doing the van life ever since we met but with our rapidly growing family, we needed an upgrade to our space.

Both Leilani and I weren’t sure raising kids on the road was the right move but after a

lot of back and forth, we decided to give it a try.

If it doesn't work out, we could put down some roots and raise our children.

When they've grown, then we can travel once more.

We've seen so much of the country over the past several years and we got some good traveling in.

"You go in first, love. I'll wait out here with the twins."

My wife went inside, our five-year-old right behind her.

"This might be our new home, guys! What do you think?" I asked my twin boys, both of them looking at me with sleepy smiles.

When Leilani came out with our two children, I tried to read how she felt but all I was getting was tired.

My beautiful wife was tired.

Maybe it really was time to set down some roots.

"Was it gorgeous?"

"Yes, it's beautiful."

"So, what do you think?"

"My feet are killing me. Can we talk more about this at home?"

"If you want to stop traveling and settle down, tell me. We can put down roots

somewhere and raise our kids. Use the money for the RV as a down payment on a house instead. Whatever you want, love.”

Leilani smiled. “The RV is beautiful, babe. Everything we’ve dreamed about and then some.

But we need to think about our daily lives.

Soon it’s going to be an energetic five-year-old, two three-year-olds who love to get into things, our one-year-old who’ll copy everything the twins do and then two more babies? How are we going to do this?”

I pulled her close. “We’ve got this, I know we do. We could settle down near your parents?”

“You would do that?”

“I’d do anything for you, love. You know that.” I kissed her soft lips. “Whatever will make this all easier on you.”

“Let’s find a home, then.” Tears slipped down her cheeks as she looked up at me.

“Okay. As long as I can keep our van.”

She laughed and swatted at my arm playfully. “Are you crazy? Of course you can. It’s special.”

“It is special. It’s where I fell in love with you”

“And proposed to me.”

“And eloped in Vegas.” I snickered. “That was a trip.”

“Don’t remind me.” Leilani grimaced. “Tequila is not my friend.”

After we started traveling on the road together, it wasn’t long before I proposed to her. I wanted her to be my wife like yesterday, but I settled for a trip to Vegas where we eloped at an Elvis wedding chapel.

A couple of years later, we redid the ceremony and had a celebration with family and friends and shortly after, Leilani was pregnant.

Van life was tricky with young kids, but we managed.

It seemed like after Leilani got pregnant the first time, she became super fertile, the kids not very apart in age.

It took a toll on her body, and I was positive she was tired and done with it.

Now it was time to hang up the rope on van life and focus on what was most important- my family.

But I’d never forget what van life did for me.

It took my sad situation and turned into a happy one.

One where I explored my dreams while traveling the world.

And one where I fell in love and married my forever.

THE END

I hope you enjoyed Sawyer and Leilani’s story!