



THE  
GETAWAY

MIKAYLA CHRISTY

Mikayla Christy

The Getaway

*A Clover Creek Farm Novella*

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# Content Warnings:

Profanity and sexually explicit scenes (meaning this is not a closed door/fade to black romance)

Mentions of sick/dying parent & parental loss

*If you have any questions regarding the content in this book before reading,*

*please reach out to the author.*

# Playlist

1. I Hope You're Happy Now - Carly Pearce & Lee Brice
2. Amarillo Sky - Jason Aldean
3. Shivers - Ed Sheeran
4. Razor Blade - Luke Bryan
5. Burnin' Bed - David Nail
6. Beautiful Drug - Zac Brown Band
7. Heaven – Los Lonely Boys
8. Make Me Wanna – Thomas Rhett
9. She Keeps Me Up - Nickelback
10. Rum – Brothers Osborne
11. No Mercy – Austin Giorgio
12. Black - Dierks Bentley
13. Santa Tell Me – Ariana Grande
14. Whisper - Chase Rice
15. Traveling Alone - Cody Fry
16. Echoes of You - Marianas Trench

[Listen here!](#)



# Dedication:

To those who just need a vacation...

Take the time. Find your joy.

# Chapter 1- Sabrina

“I can’t believe that you’re still going,” Addison says.

“Why shouldn’t I go, Ads? I have the tickets, everything is paid for, and I can’t get my money back. Why the hell should I let this perfectly planned trip go to waste?” I snap, unable to hold back my frustration.

No one in my family seems to understand why I’m going. To all of them, I’m being completely irrational.

*Not that they’ll say it outright or to my face.*

When Addison doesn’t answer right away, I sigh. Plopping onto the bed, I pull the phone away to check how much time is left before I need to leave for the airport.

Mindlessly, I rub at the ache that’s spreading across my chest.

Ignoring the fact that the Caribbean vacation package is fully paid for and nonrefundable, I need this trip more than anyone understands.

My family is trying to be supportive, claiming they want nothing more than for me to be happy. But I saw the disappointment in their eyes when I called off the wedding.

Especially considering it's the same look that almost everyone in my life has been giving me for the past month.

Although, none of those hurt as deeply as the anguish on Paul's face the day I told him that I couldn't marry him.

Guilt settles in my stomach like a bowling ball. Hurting him was never my intention. He had been my closest friend for years, and it took me longer than it should have to realize the truth.

I didn't love him. At least, not in the way he loved me. I care for him and want nothing more than for him to be happy. But if we went through with the wedding, his happiness would be built on lies.

My wedding day was supposed to be beautiful and magical.

It was supposed to be perfect. That's what I always thought.

Except I had forgotten all about the plans I made as a kid, until my mom was going through boxes in the attic and found my old "Dream Wedding" box.

Throughout high school, I had planned everything. From potential venues, to wedding dress ideas, to all the desserts I wanted. It was adorable to see what sixteen-year-old me thought would make for the perfect wedding.

At least, that's what I thought before I found the note.

The note that spelled out every wish for what my future husband would be like and how none of the other details

mattered, so long as I found a man who was right for me in every way.

Teenage me had made an incredibly detailed outline of things that my future husband could do that would make me sacrifice any wedding day details.

It was as if I could feel myself changing as I read over the bullet points.

I wanted someone who would set off fireworks every time we touched. Someone who would bring me a piece of cannoli cheesecake and a heating pad when I get my period. Someone who would remember all the little things. Like what my favorite movie is—*Moulin Rouge*—or that they would listen to my favorite \*NSYNC song—*Pop*—on repeat and not complain.

But it was the last thing that struck me the hardest.

Even if I met someone who sometimes forgets to put the toilet seat back down or doesn't do the dishes the same way as me, it would be okay as long as he made me feel *special*.

Paul loved me. There was no doubt in my mind about that.

We met in college ten years ago and hit it off immediately. I didn't even realize we were dating until some guy tried flirting with me at a bar. Paul stepped in and told the guy I was taken. From that point on, I was swept up in everything and didn't think twice. It was easy with him.

But there was no spark.

There were none of the things that younger me had hoped for.

I didn't even realize that I wasn't *in* love with Paul until that day.

When he proposed last fall, I said yes without even thinking about what I truly wanted. In my mind, marriage was simply the next step for us.

Until I opened that box.

It was like taking off a set of VR goggles and figuring out what life actually *was*.

"Ads," I whisper to my sister but pause, unsure of what to say, and squeeze my eyes shut.

With Paul, every day was the same.

I went to work for a successful company that helps businesses come back from the edge of failure. I've gotten every promotion that I applied for and have worked my way up the company ladder for the past six years. At the end of every day, I came home to have dinner with Paul before heading to my office to continue working.

Then that box was opened, and I realized just how numb to life I had become.

The only joy I've felt in the longest time was when it came to *this* trip.

Paul didn't care where we went or what we did. Hell, he even told me we didn't have to go on a honeymoon since he

knew getting time off work might be difficult.

But I wanted... no... I *needed* this vacation.

I'm the one who planned everything. This was my dream honeymoon, from excursions to massages, it was all booked and paid for. All we had to do was show up.

Shaking my head, I push away thoughts about my disastrous life, choosing to focus on getting up and zipping my suitcase shut.

At my sister's silence, I try explaining myself one last time.

“Addison, aside from the financial loss that I would be taking, I need this. My life has been complete chaos since I called off the wedding. I've been trying to separate everything Paul and I had, add in all the calls and emails that I've had to send to cancel everything we booked for the wedding... I'm fucking exhausted.”

I tip my head back, focusing on the random lines and splotches that make up the white popcorn ceiling to help hold back the tears. I've shed enough of those since everything went up in flames a few weeks ago.

“I've spent the last six years of my life working nonstop and have based all my life decisions on the wants and needs of someone else. Going on this trip is something that I decided *for myself*. I deserve this!”

“Of course, you do, Bri. That's not what I'm saying at all.” She lets out a loud huff. “It's the fact that you're going to the

Caribbean *alone*. Hell, the only reason you left the state of South Carolina was because you got a job in New York!”

She’s not wrong. My travel experience is extremely limited. But it does make me feel marginally better that she thinks I’m being irrational for traveling alone and not because I’m still going on a vacation that was meant for me and my ex-fiancé.

Our younger brother, Tommy, called me a few days ago and gave me an ear full for going. He thinks I’m “hijacking this trip” and by the end of the call, he had been trying to convince me to ask Paul to still go with me.

Tommy was only fifteen when I started dating Paul and believes that my ex walks on water. So, it wouldn’t surprise me if he thought a five-day trip on a tropical island would fix everything.

Addison sighs on the other end of the phone, pulling me away from my thoughts about how I’ve disappointed my brother.

“Look, you deserve time away. I’m just... What if Paul has the same idea as you and shows up? What if you get kidnapped and sold into an underground sex trade?”

I roll my eyes but indulge in easing her worries. “Okay, first off, he couldn’t show up if he wanted to.”

Not that he would. This whole vacation had been my plan.

I don’t give her a second to come up with another reason. Nothing she could think of would stop me from going. There’s

no doubt in my mind that this is what I *need* to do.

“As for getting kidnapped, if some mafia boss wants to take me away while giving me everything I could ever want or need... I’ll send a private plane to come get you if he has a brother.”

That makes Addison laugh. “Bitch, you better.”

Tension eases from my shoulders as I grab my purse and take one last look around to make sure I have everything.

“In all seriousness, I have a TSA-approved can of pepper spray and will not set foot off the secure resort.” I state, snatching my keys from the hook by the door.

“I will stop sounding like mom if you promise to text me the moment you land *and* send me proof of life pictures at least twice a day,” she finally relents, and I smile.

“You will receive so many pictures that you’ll be yelling at me to stop because you’re so jealous of where I am.”

“I do *not* need pictures to be jealous. You’re not the one spending your Christmas holiday doing free labor for Ma and Pa at the vineyard,” Addison groans. “I am not ready to be stuck with our parents, Tommy, *and* Tuck for an entire week.”

There’s no containing my giggle.

Addison’s disdain for Tucker, our parents’ vineyard manager, has gone on for almost ten years now. Tuck started working at the vineyard right out of high school, doing the daily tasks that Pa physically couldn’t, until he worked his way up.



The two of them have butted heads every step of the way.

“Just make Tucker do all the heavy lifting. He keeps posting shirtless pictures and bragging about his muscles, so knock the dork down a peg or two.” I laugh when she sighs heavily in response. “Listen, I gotta get goin’ Ads. I don’t wanna miss my flight. I’ll text you when I land. Love you!”

“I hope you get what you need from this trip, Sis. Have a safe flight. Love you.”

## Chapter 2- Noah

“**T**his is a mistake,” I repeat for what feels like the hundredth time. “Now is not the time for me to go on a vacation.”

Running a hand through my hair, I sigh, scolding myself for not getting it trimmed last week. When I face my brother, Connor, he’s shaking his head while leaning against my living room doorway and watching me with crossed arms.

“We’ve had this conversation way too many times now, Noah,” he reminds me.

I begin to pace the length of my small entryway.

“Yeah, and none of those times have changed my opinion of this... idiotic plan that the two of you came up with.” My teeth grind together at the thought of leaving right now.

When Connor chuckles in response, I spin on my heel and level him with a glare. He throws his hands up in a “I surrender” gesture.

“Hey, don’t blame me. Dad made all the plans; I’m simply doing what he asked.”

“Yeah, funny that you choose now to listen to him,” I grumble.

Connor shrugs, pushing off the doorway and blocking me from my pacing. Placing both hands on my shoulder, he holds me in place.

“Noah, just... listen to me. Dad might have put all this together for you, but I agree with his reasoning.”

“Hell must be freezing over if you’re not only doing what Dad asks, but also on the same page as him.” I sigh, refusing to meet his stare.

It’s not that Connor and Dad don’t get along, they do. They’re just so similar that they get under each other’s skin at every turn.

Our father has been our number one supporter with everything we do. Zero hesitations and no questions asked, Dad has been there. Even when Connor decided that he wanted nothing to do with farm life and instead wanted to pursue an art degree, Dad didn’t falter. He hired extra help at the farm to replace my brother and became the ultimate art student dad, supporting him in every way he could.

But working on the farm has always been my calling. No matter the heavy lifting or grueling labor needed, I couldn’t picture my life anywhere else.

Hell, the furthest from home I’ve ever been is to Cape Sodus on the coast. Which was only because of the yearly

summer trips our mother used to drag us all on for long weekends.

That, and the one vacation I took with an old fling a while back.

Clover Creek Farm is my heart and soul. I love the land, the animals that live here, and even the staff that have helped me expand and grow the farm. I even enjoy the older couple that own the land behind our property.

I sigh again and glance at my packed bag, still not on board with this plan. Connor shakes me gently, forcing my attention back to him.

“Listen, Dad knows you could eat and breathe this farm. You know this place better than anyone else in this family has, and you have done so much to expand. This place is not only surviving, it’s *thriving* because of you.” His face softens slightly as he continues. “But Dad needs to see that you know when and how to take time for yourself.”

He sucks in a long breath, shaking his head and finally dropping his arms from my shoulders. “Even Ma used to force us to take time as a family and she loved this place *almost* as much as Dad. Just...” he trails off, running a hand through his hair before looking at me again. “Noah, is it so wrong that he wants you to have fun and live a little?”

“I have fun,” I mumble, but even I don’t believe my own words.

Connor rolls his eyes. “Going to the bar in town every Friday night for dinner and a beer is *not* living.”

“I also go to Wine Wednesday with the Joneses twice a month.”

My brother scowls in response. Ever since the Joneses opened the vineyard behind our farm, Mrs. Jones—who would smack me upside the head for referring to her as anything other than Ma—has made it her mission to include us in their life.

Shaking my head, I stare down the hallway toward my kitchen.

“There’s still so much to do. I have to finalize the inventory transportation schedule for after the holidays. The fence at the back of the property got damaged during last week’s storm, I need to fix that so none of the animals sneak through to the vineyard. Which then reminds me that the cows need—”

“Dude, stop,” Connor cuts me off, stepping forward and drapes his arm around my shoulder to usher me toward the door. “I know how to do all that. Dad taught me, too.”

“Yes, and that reminds me of another point.” I shrug out of his hold, crossing my arms and raise a brow at him. “You’re supposed to be on winter break. Shouldn’t *you* be ‘livin’ it up’ at some resort instead of me?”

He avoids my gaze, shoving his hands in his pockets and staring toward the front door.

“We both know why I wouldn’t be anywhere but here right now.” His voice is barely above a whisper, but I hear him loud and clear.

Which only adds to my protests about this whole stupid plan.

“Exactly!” I exclaim, not bothering to keep the desperation from my voice. “Dad needs us both here. Yet you expect me to get on a plane, go to an island—in *the middle of the freaking ocean*—at a time like this!?”

Connor meets my gaze again and I freeze, the air in my lungs whooshing out.

*He’s the spitting image of Dad.*

“The last thing Dad said to either of us was how much he wanted you to go,” he says softly.

“And what if something happens to him while I’m gone?” I snap.

Pinching the brim of my nose, I suck in a deep breath before speaking again. “Our dad is in a medically induced coma and the doc all but said his time is limited. How can I leave when he’s...”

Unable to put into words what’s happening, I simply watch as Connor opens the door with a heavy sigh.

“Noah, he booked everythin—”

“You mean, *you* booked everything,” I interrupt.

“Semantics.” He waves a hand in dismissal and continues. “Everything is all set. Dad wanted to make sure you know how to take time off when needed. And honestly, I agree with him. When was the last time you went on vacation or even just a weekend away?”

I open my mouth to respond, but stop short, realizing the answer will not help my case.

“Let me guess,” he continues. “Fifteen years ago?”

I push my tongue against the inside of my cheek, unable to deny it.

“Can you really blame me for not wanting to leave? The last time I took time off, we lost one parent. Now we’re on the verge of losing another and you want me to leave again?” My chest tightens and I step back, retreating back into my house with a shake of my head. “I can’t...”

“Yes, you can.” Connor turns to me but stays put at my front door. “If something happens with Dad, there’s nothing either of us can do to stop it. But what *you* can do is follow his wishes and go live a little. Even if it’s only for five days.”

“Con...” I start but can’t think of anything new to say. He takes the opportunity to continue.

“If anything changes with Dad’s condition, I will call you. Immediately. I already verified that there’s flights leaving regularly from the closest airport, so if needed, you can catch an earlier flight home.” He steps toward me, placing his hands back on top of my shoulders and holds my gaze. “Noah, just

go. If nothing else, go for a night or two. If you still feel like you shouldn't be there, *then* you can cut it short. You can say you did what Dad wanted and be back on your happy land."

I roll my eyes at him calling the farm my happy land and try to think of any final arguments that would get him on my side but come up blank. If I back out now, dad would have spent this money for nothing and undoubtedly be disappointed that I didn't go.

Not wanting the last thing he feels toward me to be laced with disappointment, I bend down and grab my suitcase.

"You sure you got everything under control?" I question. Connor nods seriously, which I appreciate him not brushing me off. "And you'll call me if anything goes wrong? With the farm or Dad?"

"I promise, I will call you if anything goes wrong that I can't handle or if anything changes with Dad," he responds.

Reluctantly, I head toward my brother's truck, letting him lock up the house behind us.

Taking a moment, I look out over the land and wonder how in the hell I'm supposed to actually enjoy five days away while things are falling apart here.

"Ready?" Connor questions as he rounds the hood of the truck and opens the driver's side door.

"As ready as I'll ever be," I whisper more to myself before jumping into the cab beside him.



## Chapter 3- Sabrina

“**H**oly shit.”

Those two words have been on repeat since the moment I set foot on the resort. Every new view that I come across takes my breath away and leaves me in awe of the beauty that surrounds me.

Standing in the middle of my bungalow, I slowly spin around, taking in the place that I’ll be staying at for the next five days.

Pictures do *not* do this place justice.

The open concept layout, giant glass sliding doors at the back, and light wooden colors of the furniture make the bungalow seem bigger than it actually is. Everything here is the perfect mixture of luxury and beachy.

Simple, small decorations are scattered around the open living room and kitchen. There’s thick glass on the floor of the small living room, momentarily drawing my attention to the water below. But nothing takes away from the main focal point.

From where I'm standing in the entryway, I can see the edges of the infinity pool and the sleek outdoor furniture through the back doors. Except that's not what finally makes me move.

My feet step forward on their own accord, bringing me closer to the crystal-clear water. Opening the back door, I smile as the salty, fresh air hits me.

It's like I've stepped into my own personal heaven.

Since my bungalow is at the end of the row, the ocean is the only view, displaying colorful fish that dart quickly in the waters all around.

It's literally the view of a lifetime.

Before I can stop them, tears prick at the corners of my eyes and my heart pounds heavily in my chest.

*Maybe I shouldn't have come...*

I shake that thought away just as quickly as it came. Yes, this trip was booked with the intention of celebrating Paul and I, but there's no going back now. I made my decision and it's what was for the best. For both of us.

For the past ten years, I have lived my life according to what was best for Paul, his career, and what made *him* happy. That's not to say I'm not successful in my career. I'm well respected by my team, make good money, and have worked hard to be where I am.

But it's not what I went to college to do.

Staring out over the sparkling water, I think of everything I have turned down or held back on, all so Paul could focus on his role as chief executor at his father's company.

Another piece of my heart breaks at the reminder of all that I have put on hold for him. Without even noticing, I sacrificed and changed myself past the point of recognition.

Being here, away from the city and the chaos of the life I am leaving behind, was exactly what I needed.

Not just as a break from wedding cancellations or time off from work and the life I hadn't planned to be a part of. I need time to find myself and start figuring out what to do from here.

Sinking down onto the lounge chair, I suck in a deep breath through my nose.

I have been hiding my dissatisfaction with my job and going through the motions in all aspects of my life. Saying "I love you, too" in response by default for so long, that I'm now certain the words have lost their meaning for good.

A tear slips free as images of Paul's heartbroken face play through my mind. I never meant to hurt him. Never meant to break his heart or shatter the picture-perfect image he had of us.

But staying with Paul simply to make him happy would have killed me. I would never be able to live with the lie of not loving him like he loved me. We both deserved better than that.

Regardless of the fact that I made the decision to end the relationship, it doesn't lessen the pain.

As the war of emotions battles within me, I decide to give myself five minutes.

Five minutes to mourn the loss of a friend and the life we had together. Five minutes to be pissed at myself for allowing things to go on this long and losing myself along the way. Five minutes to pity how lost I had become and all the lies I didn't know I was telling.

Once the time runs out, I will freshen up, change into one of my new outfits, and remind myself that this is not the end.

I am a strong, independent, bad-ass woman, who will figure shit out.

With a mojito in hand of course.

\* \* \*

Soft, acoustic music plays through the speakers of the bar and mixes with the laughter of all the adults coming out for the night. I marvel at the slowly growing crowd and colorful lights that fade from green to blue to purple and pink. The air is humid, warming my lungs with each inhale and soothing something deep in my chest.

The heat has never bothered me. If anything, when the temperature drops below seventy-five, I turn into a raging

asshole because I can't handle the cold.

*And yet, I live in New York.*

A band is setting up on the stage in the corner while more couples filter in and claim seats. The sight of all the happy groups makes me think of something for the first time since coming out, not just to the bar, but on this entire trip.

I had rearranged all the plans and excursions to a party of one, not thinking twice about the fact that I would actually be doing them all alone.

Standing at the entrance of the bar right now makes that fact hit me dead on.

*I'm alone.*

In more ways than one. But for now, I focus on what to do at this moment.

Do I sit at a small table? No, then I would be taking up space where other couples could sit together.

Do I order a drink and take it to sit by the pool that's just outside of the bar area? That's a tempting thought, but the sound of over exaggerated giggles draws my attention to the drunken bachelorette party that is lingering at the far side of the pool.

Sighing, I scan over the mostly full space and spot two empty stools at the bar. With a single nod to myself, I make up my mind. If it gets awkward, I can finish my drink quickly and go relax back at my bungalow with room service.

But at least this way I can say I went to a bar by myself.

After snapping a picture to send to Addison, I head over to the bar and try to figure out which seat to take. I'm not even halfway there when the decision is made for me.

Three drunken men stand next to one of the open stools, loudly talking and ogling any woman that their eyes land on. Even without being close to them, I can tell their sense of filter is long gone as they crack lewd jokes.

Not wanting to get close to them, I cut through a few tables and beeline toward the remaining stool.

As I approach, I sigh in relief seeing that to the left are two older women chatting animatedly to one another. They're so caught up in their conversation and don't even spare me a second glance.

However, it's the man on the right that has me faltering.

There's no hiding that he's attractive, even with his head down, only showing his side profile. But it's not just his jaw dropping good looks that makes me pause.

No, it's the size of him that throws me off.

While I step up to the empty stool, I can't help but focus on his presence. Even with him sitting down, he towers over me.

Granted, I'm not tall by any means. My siblings were the ones who got our dad's height. Having stopped growing at five foot three, I'm my mother's daughter through and through.

So almost everyone is taller than me.

But this man is different.

Add on the muscles that are beautifully highlighted by the simple gray T-shirt he has on; this man demands attention without even trying.

Desire catches me by surprise, coursing through me and settling low in my stomach.

It's been months since I last had sex and even longer since I wanted to. Not because Paul wasn't good in bed. Things in that department weren't bad at all. We knew how to get each other off and left it at that.

Being in this man's presence makes me realize that I have never been the one to initiate sex. Not just with Paul, but with anyone. If anything, I could easily have gone weeks without it.

My body has never buzzed with attraction like this.

Needing to actually sit, and stop staring at this man, I place my hand on the back of the stool and clear my throat. "Is this seat taken?"

Muscle Man lifts his head and shakes it once before tipping his beer back and glancing at me from the corner of his eye.

"All yours," he says in a low, warm voice that shoots straight to my core.

*Fuck, even his voice is sexy.*

Smiling softly in response, I focus on taking a seat. From the corner of my eye, I notice his beer bottle freezing midway to his mouth. Risking a quick glance his way, my cheeks turn molten when I find his attention still on me.

It took longer than I'd like to admit to convince myself that I looked good, despite not having my normal full face of makeup on.

For once, I didn't see the point of putting on layers of foundation, concealer, eyeshadow, or lipstick. My normal day-to-day appearance did not feel fitting considering the beachy atmosphere of the resort.

Instead, I hopped in the shower to wash off the day of travel and all my makeup. Then I let my hair air dry and didn't bother trying to straighten the waves away. I only put on a single coat of mascara and a simple light pink lip gloss.

It felt wrong to not spend over an hour getting ready.

The sight of my naturally wavy red hair and bare face made me pause. I couldn't help but question everything about my appearance and if it was good enough for going out tonight.

So now, with this handsome man's attention fully on me, I can't help but wonder if I ended up being wrong and should have put more of an effort into my appearance this evening.

Glancing down, I tuck a strand of hair behind my ear and double check that my boobs are both tucked into my swimsuit top.



It was dinner time when I left my bungalow, and while I didn't plan to go to the pool tonight, I wanted to come prepared in case I couldn't resist a quick, late-night dip. My black one piece is unlike any swimsuit I've ever owned before. Instead of my old ones, which are all flowy and hide my curves, this one hugs them.

The sides are open, held together by three twisted black knots and the deep cut of the top dips down to my sternum. My new see through cover up isn't baggy, but also not skintight. Together they give a teasing appearance to the outfit and are still covering more than what most of the women here are wearing.

Hell, more than half the people here are wearing swimsuits that leave nothing to the imagination.

Running a hand along the strap on my shoulder, noting that everything is in place and covered how it should be, I raise my eyes back to the man only to find him still staring at me. Only now that I'm paying attention, it's clear to see that his lingering attention isn't out of disgust or because of a wardrobe malfunction.

The beer bottle still hangs in the air, frozen halfway to his gaping mouth. My eyes drop at movement on top of the bar, where his free hand is clenching tightly into a fist.

Raising a brow, I wait for him to look back up to my face. My body scorches under the weight of his heated gaze as it trails along my body, but I stay still.

“Something wrong?” I say with a smirk when his darkened eyes finally meet mine.

He clears his throat, shaking his head before looking away and bringing his beer to his lips.

“No, sorry ma’am,” he drawls out, a slight Southern accent poking through. A smile tugs at my lips as his voice makes me think of my Ma.

When I called off the wedding, she had only one thing to say to me. Her words now play through my mind, *“Well, maybe now you can move down here with us and meet a good southern man. They know what they’re doing.”*

Unable to control it, I snort at the memory.

While my Ma and Pa were sad to find out that I was so unhappy for so long, my Ma took full advantage of my breakup. During our weekly phone calls, she always finds a way to make her pitch on why I should move back to South Carolina with her and Pa.

Once my youngest brother graduated high school, our parents wasted no time in buying the surrounding property around our childhood home to fulfill Ma’s dream of owning a vineyard. It’s the reason I originally went to college to get my business degree, so that I could help them run the tasting room and store front.

Shaking those thoughts away, my blush spreads down my neck when I realize that I accidentally laughed out loud.

Muscle Man's head whips back in my direction, but I shrug it off and stare ahead.

His stare burns the side of my face. With a newfound confidence, I lean forward in my seat. Bracing my elbows on the edge of the bar top, I dramatically arch my back while snagging the attention of the bartender.

When the young employee spots me, a wide smile spreads across his face and he makes his way over. Stopping in front of me, he leans a hip against the bar while keeping his eyes on mine.

“What can I get for you?” he asks with a flirtatious smile, dropping his gaze to my chest.

Smiling politely, I check over the wall of alcohol and come up blank.

Once again, I falter and rack my brain for something to drink.

I hear a grumble at the same time a sharp sting radiates across my elbow.

“Ouch!” I exclaim, falling back in my seat and rubbing the ache away. My hand freezes, holding my elbow as I stare down at the bar top.

“Sorry,” Muscle Man mumbles, but my attention is solely on the menu that he shoved my way. A slow smile spreads across my face, and I'm almost certain I thank him, but I'm already scanning through the options.

“Ooh!” I exclaim, slapping the menu shut and setting it back on the bar. “Can I have a creamy coconut mojito?”

Another thing I get from my Ma; my undying love for mojitos.

“You can have anything you want, Miss.” The bartender flirts, turning away to start making my drink.

Twisting in my seat, I offer the menu back to Muscle Man with a smile. “Thank you.”

He nods in response, taking it from my hand, only to place it back between us without another word.

While the bartender makes my drink, I fidget with my phone case, ready to pull out my ID or credit card if needed. Everything is already covered, the blue rubber wristband I have on is the only verification any employee needs for food and beverages. Still, I can’t help but feel weird not handing over my credit card.

I try to tame my excitement, knowing it’s probably sad how excited I am for this drink. But this will be my first official drink on my dream vacation, and it feels significant.

*Which is stupid since it’s just a drink.*

Circumstances be damned, at this moment, I’m happy.

I’m practically shaking in my seat when the bartender sets the glass down in front of me with a smile.

“Let me know if you need anything else, Miss.”

However, the tropical beverage has my full attention.

Without thinking twice, I pull my hand away to unlock my phone and take a quick picture. I'm not normally one for photographing my food or drinks, but this one is worth remembering.

With a satisfied grin, I lock my phone again and set it gently in front of me.

When I finally sip my drink, I can't contain the wiggle of joy that courses through my body. The little happy dance only solidifies that I am right where I'm meant to be. Any lingering doubt washes away as the cool liquid runs down my throat and all that remains is a newfound sense of *happiness*.

As I sway to the beat of the music in my seat, I look around the bar and my earlier worries about being alone fade with each sip.

I made the right choice.

Mindlessly, I stir the drink with my straw, turning to watch the band as they start warming up. Which means that Muscle Man is in my line of sight, and I can't help but observe him instead of the band.

He now sits ramrod straight, playing with the edges of the label on his beer bottle, making the tattoos that coat his arms jump with each movement as he stares ahead. I spare a quick glance to find out what's holding his attention, only to find him staring at the wall of alcohol.

*Maybe he was hoping for the seat next to him to stay empty?*

Briefly, I contemplate moving. But if he didn't want to be around people, he shouldn't have come *here*. There are plenty of private areas throughout the resort that he could have gone to instead.

Still... maybe it's *me* that is making him uncomfortable?

"Do you want me to move?" I blurt out.

He whips his head toward me, watching me with furrowed brows.

"Wh-what?" he eventually stammers.

There's no point in me trying to backtrack now, so I clear my throat and meet his gaze head on.

"You seem uncomfortable, and I don't want that to be because of me. So, would you like me to move?"

He's shaking his head before I finish repeating my question. I raise a single brow, but when he doesn't say anything in response, I shrug and face forward.

Just as I'm taking another sip of my drink, he speaks.

"You're beautiful."

His words cause the liquid in my mouth to go down the wrong pipe. I choke, coughing and fighting to catch my breath.

Once I regain my composure, I turn to him, not surprised this time to find him watching me. Traces of a smile fight at the corners of his lips and something akin to amusement shines in his blue eyes.

“Excuse me?” I ask incredulously, even though we both know I heard him clearly.

A full, wide smile breaks free.

*Now that’s just not fair.*

Not only is Muscle Man tall and built like a god, but he’s fucking handsome. Like, drop my panties with zero hesitation if he asked me to, level handsome.

Wrinkles crinkle at the corners of his light blue eyes and even his short, groomed beard can’t hide the dimples that peek out on his cheeks.

“I said,” he chuckles, eyes still on me. “You’re beautiful.”

“Are you always this forward?” I ask, sending up a silent plea that my cheeks are not as red as they currently feel.

Muscle Man huffs out a breath, shaking his head and failing to hide his grin behind the beer bottle.

“No, actually. Never.” He shrugs, taking a sip of the beer and glancing at me from the corner of his eye with a raised brow. “Would you like me to take it back?”

I don’t bother trying to hold back my smile and shake my head. Still ignoring his compliment, I twist on my stool to fully face him.

Studying him for a long moment, I think over what to say. Considering I had been in my last relationship for eight years, flirting feels foreign. But even I can’t deny the fact that I am *very* attracted to this man.

*What's the harm in flirting a little with a stranger?*

“So, are you here with family... friends...” My eyes drop quickly to his left hand. “Girlfriend or fiancée?”



## Chapter 4- Noah

**F**uck. *She's breathtaking.*

When I told her that she's beautiful, it felt like I was lying. Beautiful is too simple of a word for the magnificent woman sitting beside me.

Even before I laid eyes on her, I could tell she was about to capture my full attention. Her melodic voice pierced straight through me, bringing something deep inside me to life.

And then I *saw* her.

I hadn't actually decided to check her out. I simply didn't want to be rude and turned to acknowledge the stranger that asked me a question. But that one quick glance made my body freeze while my pulse took off like a racehorse.

Red hair frames her delicate, soft face and hangs in waves down her back. A light blush highlights the faint freckles lining her cheeks and adorable nose. When she leaned forward to get the bartender's attention, the dips and curves of her waist and hips stole mine.

It's a test of my self-restraint to not blatantly ogle her like all the men around us are. All it took was a quick glance

around us to learn that I wasn't the only one entranced by her.

Before she asked me if I wanted her to move, I had been racking my brain trying to remember the last time anyone had such a strong physical effect on me. But I kept coming up blank. My thoughts are running manic in my mind and her presence beside me makes it difficult to think of something to say.

Luckily, the beautiful stranger is one step ahead of me.

“So, are you here with family... friends...” She pauses for a breath, her gaze dropping for a heartbeat before finding mine once more. “Girlfriend or fiancée?” she asks, bringing the straw of her fruity drink to her plump lips.

Images of her lips wrapped around my cock have me shifting in my seat.

*Stop staring at her mouth.*

Clearing my throat, I focus back on her hypnotic light brown eyes.

“Nope. Just me,” I answer, and for the first time, that fact doesn't grate my nerves like it has been since my flight took off. “What about you?”

I watch her closely, subtly crossing my fingers on my beer bottle that her answer is the same.

*Don't get your hopes up, there's no way she's single.*

She shocks me when she nods and whispers, “Me too.”

My damn heart skips a beat and I turn in my seat to face her.

“I’m Noah,” I say, offering my hand to her.

She smiles brightly and slips her smooth, small hand into mine.

Everything around us pauses. This moment seems to last a lifetime, even when only a couple of heartbeats pass. The feeling of her hand in mine sparks a memory of my dad reminiscing about our mother a few weeks ago.

*“When I met your mother, and she smiled at me for the first time, everything else faded away. Nothing else mattered but her.”*

I shake the memory away, not wanting to get distracted by the sappy thoughts of my father while having this woman’s sparkling eyes watching me closely.

She chews her bottom lip for a couple seconds before finally answering me. “Bri.”

*Bri.*

A million questions pass through my head, resting on the tip of my tongue and begging to be voiced. However, considering she’s a stranger, albeit an extremely attractive stranger, they all seem wrong to ask.

But since my dad and brother sent me here to “live a little,” there’s no harm in trying to flirt...

“First day on vacation?” I question and inwardly cringe. I’ve never been one for small talk, always hating the awkwardness and uncertainty of what to say.

Bri settles back in her seat, nodding slowly and bringing the straw back to her mouth. After taking a quick sip, she speaks.

“Yeah, I landed early this afternoon. You?”

“Same. Well, I got in a couple of hours ago,” I say.

Her eyes scan the space around us, taking in everyone before landing on the band to my right. They’re in the middle of introducing themselves, earning cheers and claps from the crowd. The bar isn’t overly packed yet, but there are already a *lot* more people than I’m used to being around.

Shifting in my seat, I focus back on Bri and try to tune out the voices around us.

“Where are you visiting from?”

“New York,” she answers, swaying to the music playing and glancing at me. “You?”

“The Carolina’s,” I say simply, not wanting to bore her with the details of the small town just past the South Carolina border. Bri smiles in response.

“Ah, I know the Carolina’s very well! Beautiful place to live.”

Luckily, Bri is better at small talk than I am and keeps the conversation going for the next few songs that the band plays.

A while later, when her drink is long gone, someone bumps into her back, causing her to slip out of her stool slightly and into me. I move quickly, one hand landing on her upper thigh while the other holds her waist to keep her on the stool.

She glares over her shoulder, but when she does, her eyes widen as she looks around.

“Shit, when did this place get so busy?”

I follow her gaze, realizing I had no idea either. Bri shifts in her seat, reminding me that my hands are still on her, and I finally let go. She looks back at me, chewing on her bottom lip as her brows pinch together.

“I think that might be my cue to leave,” she says, not sounding fully convinced.

My heart drops to my stomach at the idea of her going. From the moment she started talking to me, I haven't thought about the farm or my dad's health. After only an hour in this woman's presence, I'm not ready for her to leave.

Except it's not like I can tell a complete stranger to stay just because she's a beautiful distraction.

“Yeah, me too.” I nod and finish the last bit of my beer. “Hope you enjoy your time here.”

Internally, I groan, hating that's what I choose to say. It shouldn't be that big of a deal, since I likely won't cross paths with her again. Hell, before she got here, I had sent my brother a text about coming home tomorrow.

*But if I stay, I might run into her again.*

Bri pushes her seat back, standing from her stool.

“Well, Noah. It was nice to meet you,” she says with a smile. Except, when she turns to walk away, she hesitates. “Maybe I’ll see you around the resort?”

Swallowing thickly, I nod again, now torn between staying for the *possibility* of seeing her again and leaving to be by my dad’s side. Bri’s smile falters a bit, but she doesn’t say anything as she grabs her phone and once again moves to go.

She barely makes it two steps when one of the drunk guys at the end of the bar steps in front of her and blocks her path. Bri skids to a stop, narrowly avoiding a collision with his chest and takes a step back. His gaze slowly slides down her frame and my fists clench when a lopsided smile spreads across his face. He runs a thumb over his lip as he says something, and she shakes her head in response.

The guy only smirks, taking a step toward her and she immediately retreats. This time I hear her when she speaks up.

“I said, no, thank you.”

Once again, the drunk idiot ignores her, reaching out and placing his hand on her arm. When she tries to pull her arm away, my chest tightens, and I shove out of my seat. I’m at her side in the next breath.

“Back off,” I say in a voice so low that it doesn’t even sound like me.

The guy barely glances at me, scoffing at me with a roll of his eyes.

“And who are you? Her boyfriend?” he slurs while keeping his grimy hand on her arm. He wobbles a bit, jostling the two of them and making Bri stumble. Without thinking, I wrap my arm around her waist and tug her to me.

“Yes, I am,” I seethe through clenched teeth. I’m mindful about where I place my hand, tucking Bri into my side carefully.

Ripping her arm from the guy’s hold, she molds into me, fitting against me perfectly. The warmth of her skin on my palm over her mostly see-through cover up has me swallowing thickly.

For a second, I can’t help but imagine what it would be like to feel her bare, smooth skin without anything in the way.

Finally, the man lazily removes his drunken gaze from Bri. Putting his hands up, he takes another wobbly step back.

“Sorry man. Thought she was ‘vailable.’”

I roll my eyes at the same time Bri scoffs.

“Yeah, ‘cause me saying ‘no’ wasn’t enough.”

The guy goes to speak, but I simply step forward, keeping my arm around Bri and directing us both toward the exit.

Neither of us say anything until we are clear of the bar, the upbeat music and laughter slowly fading away. We come up to

a break in the pathway and I reluctantly unwrap my arm from Bri.

She clears her throat before breaking the silence. “Thank you for helping me.”

Dipping my chin and tucking my hands in my pockets, I turn to respond but the breath catches in my throat at the sight of her.

Between the moonlight and the glow of the lamps lining the pathway, Bri is breathtaking. Her brown eyes shine as she stares up at me and I watch as they drop to my lips. Almost instantly, her tongue darts out, wetting her own while she takes a small step toward me.

Slowly, keeping her eyes on mine the entire time, she pushes to the tips of her toes. My heart rate spikes when her hand lands gently on my chest, no doubt able to feel how heavily it pounds. I inhale deeply, trying to tame my racing heart, watching her intently as the faint scent of apple mingles with the fresh ocean air. It overrides my senses and jumbles my thoughts even more.

Bri places a kiss on my cheek, one so light that if I wasn't watching her every move, I would doubt she had done it. When she pulls back, it takes everything in me to not hold her close. To not slip my fingers into her soft hair and claim her mouth with mine.

*The kiss was a kind gesture, nothing more.*



“Noah,” she whispers and it’s the only warning I get before she moves back in.

I blink, not processing that she’s kissing me. By the time my brain catches up to what’s happening, she’s breaking away.

“I’m so sor—” she starts, but I don’t let her finish.

Instead, I wrap an arm around her waist, pulling her flush against my chest while my other hand tangles into the hair at the back of her head.

This time, *I kiss her.*

Her soft, plump lips taste like coconut and sugar. Licking along her bottom lip, I bite back a groan when she immediately opens her mouth, allowing me to deepen the kiss.

Bri leans her weight into me, sliding her hands up my chest before wrapping one to the nape of my neck. Every inch of my body hums with the need for more.

My hand slips from her waist, trailing down to cup her ass in my palm and squeezing. A quiet moan escapes her, and I greedily swallow it. The hand with her phone in it slides down my chest to my ribs and around my back. She tugs me impossibly closer, causing my cock to press into her stomach.

There’s no stopping my groan at the contact.

Bri breaks away, gasping for breath while blinking rapidly up at me and I can’t bring myself to let her go.

Instead, I keep her wrapped up in my arms, staring down at her beautiful face and puffy lips. My heart is pounding in my

chest, I resist the urge to lean in and kiss her again.

“Can I...” I pause, reminding myself to be a gentleman and reluctantly remove my hand from her ass and untangle my fingers from her hair. “Can I walk you back to your room?”

She blinks up at me, slowly nodding as she sucks in a deep breath before stepping out from my arms. Even in the Caribbean heat, I shiver at the loss.

“Yeah,” she answers breathlessly. After clearing her throat and tucking her tousled hair behind her ear, she motions to our right. “This way.”

We walk side by side in silence, and I struggle to think of anything to say. I’m not one to go around kissing strangers, or really anyone, but thoughts of what it felt like to kiss her dominate my mind, making it difficult to start a conversation.

“How long are you here for?” Bri asks, leading us away from the center of the resort and closer toward the buildings by the coast.

“Uh, next week,” I say, scratching the back of my neck and focusing on the pathway ahead of us. “I’m supposed to fly out the day after Christmas.”

“Same!” she exclaims, her smile turning sad. “This is my first holiday without my family around.”

Gently, I nudge her with my shoulder and offer her a smile. “Same.”

When we come to a fork in the sidewalk, I’m about to go one direction, assuming she’s in the suites that overlook the

beach, but Bri steps in the other direction. I hesitate for a second before following her.

“You’re staying at the bungalows?” The question bubbles out and I mentally slap myself on the back of the head.

I spent the plane ride here memorizing a map of the resort. While I mostly wanted an idea of how to get around, it also provided a distraction during the flight.

“Yeah,” Bri responds, pausing to smile at me over her shoulder. “I went all out on this vacation.”

I nod, watching as she confidently steps onto the boardwalk bridge that leads out to the secluded bungalows.

We continue down, lights built into the sides of the boardwalk making it easy to see where we’re going, and Bri talks about wanting to check out things around the resort. But all I can think about is what it was like to kiss her and how I wish this short walk wouldn’t end.

All too soon, she stops at the very last bungalow and faces me. Just as I’m finally about to speak, wanting to stall her departure, she beats me to it.

“Do you wanna come in for one more drink?”

“Yes,” I answer before she’s even finished.

Bri giggles, turning to enter the code that opens the door while mumbling something that sounds like, “Thank God.”

Following behind her, I can’t help but curse under my breath as I look around her bungalow. When I checked into my

room, it felt like I shouldn't even set my bag down. Everything at this resort is so pristine compared to my house on the farm.

It's not that I'm messy or unorganized, but white is definitely not a color that lasts long back home, and everything around here is very, *very* white.

Bri turns on a couple lights before heading into the small kitchen and I make my way over to the opposite side of the counter.

"What would you like to drink?" Bri asks while putting some ice in two cups.

"Whatever you're havin' is good," I respond, continuing to move around the living room so that I'm not just standing there staring at her.

Unsure of what to do, I sit on the couch, staring down at the dark water that's below the glass floor and wait for her. Knots form in my stomach as I rub my hands on my shorts. I can't help but briefly wonder if I should have left, regardless of how badly I want to be near her.

From the moment I laid eyes on her, I've thought of all the different ways to peel that sexy cover up off her. There's chemistry between us, that much is clear from that kiss alone. I can only imagine how amazing it would feel to fuck her. But since I've never been the type for one-night stands, I'm at a loss on what to do next.

My stomach twists at the knowledge that I'm in uncharted territory.

This is one of the reasons I love the farm. There's a structured routine to every day and everything I do. Even when there's a wrench thrown in the plans from Mother Nature, I always know exactly how to respond.

"Okay," Bri says, halting my internal spiral. I glance over my shoulder, watching as she grabs both drinks and closes the distance between us. "I'm just gonna come right out and ask something, but before I do, I just need to preface that I've never done anything like this."

She steps in front of me, offering one of the glasses and sucking in a deep breath while waiting for me to answer. Holding her gaze, I accept the drink with a nod and raise a single brow.

"Do you want to fuck?" she rushes out in one quick breath.

I blink at her, waiting for my brain to correct itself and process what she *actually* said. Because there's no way I heard her correctly.

She shrugs, "I can't think of any polite way to ask, and I feel like beating around the bush or dropping subtle hints would take too long."

Bri stares down at me expectantly while taking a sip of her drink. When she doesn't say anything further, it becomes clear that I heard her right the first time.

Even still, the need to hear her confirm she wants to fuck sits at the forefront of my mind.

Clearing my throat, I keep my eyes on her, setting my untouched drink on the side table before leaning forward. When she doesn't back away, or tell me to stop, I place my hands on her hips and gently tug her forward until she's standing between my parted thighs.

Her chest rises and falls heavily in front of me, tempting and teasing me, but I stay focused. Sliding my hands down the sides of her legs until I reach the bottom of her cover up where my palms meet her smooth, silky skin.

I inhale deeply through my nose, taking in her intoxicating scent and focus on speaking.

“Just so there's no confusion,” I pause to wet my lips, fighting a smirk as she tracks the movement. Rubbing my thumb in circles, slowly inching them higher and bringing the damned fabric that separates us up with my hands. “Ask me again.”

Her gaze snaps back up to mine and a beautiful blush spreads down her neck. My heart pounds heavily, and for a second, I think she's going to take it back.

But then she leans forward, her full breasts brushing against my arm, and sets her cup next to mine. When she straightens herself, she doesn't back away.

Instead, Bri places each of her hands on my shoulders and holds my stare.

“Do you want to fuck?” she says slowly, emphasizing each word.

“Hell yes.”

With the bottom of her cover up in my hands already, I push it up and out of my way. Bri grabs it, quickly pulling it over her head and tossing it over her shoulder. I’m practically drooling at the sight of her breasts spilling from the deep cut of her swimsuit. Not bothering with restraint any longer, I grip her ass in my hands and tug her closer.

She stumbles into me, bracing herself on my shoulders, but I don’t pause.

Holding her steady in front of me, I place open mouth kisses up her sternum before turning my attention to the bit of her breast that’s popping out. When my tongue meets her skin, a beautiful moan slips from her mouth followed by a whispered, “Yes, more.”

*More.*

The single word runs through my head at the same time Bri’s hands leave my shoulders. I pull back slightly, her ass still in my hands, and watch as she reaches up to slide the straps of her swimsuit from her shoulders. She slips her arms out, letting it fall to her hips, leaving the most perfect set of tits on full display in front of me.

“Fuck, you’re perfect.” I groan, but don’t give her a second to even think about responding as I run a hand up her back and pull her forward. All I can focus on is having her perfect pink nipples in my mouth.

I circle one of her nipples with my tongue, and when I flick it, I'm rewarded with another beautiful moan as she loses her balance once more. This time, I grip the undersides of her thighs and lean back, pulling her legs apart and using the momentum of her imbalance to help her straddle me.

Without missing a beat, Bri grinds her hips, rubbing her warm pussy over my hard length. We both groan in unison. My hands are on her ass once more, guiding and urging her to continue. Her head tips back as her eyes fall shut just as a whimper escapes her lips.

The need to see her cum like this, to fall apart by using my body with our clothes still on is all I can think about.

"Noah," Bri moans my name, her hips picking up pace. "I need..."

Her words turn to a moan when I buck up, meeting her movements with a smirk.

"Tell me what you need, beautiful. Whatever you ask, I will give you without hesitation," I murmur, already suspecting what she needs and move to kiss the side of her breast.

Bri's brows scrunch together with a gasp, and her movements stutter before becoming more urgent. I chuckle against her skin and nip at the side of her breast.

"That," she breathes. "I need your mouth on my..." she trails off, her words once again cut off by a moan as I teasingly trace my tongue around her nipple, but not quite touching.



She groans in frustration when I repeat the move. It isn't until I do it for a third time that she finally snaps.

“Fuck. Noah, bite my damn nipple. Lick it, pinch it, I don't care just—oh!”

Her nipple is between my teeth before she can finish her sentence. I bring a hand up, cupping her other breast in my hand before pinching her peaked bud between my fingers. At the same time, I continue to worship her breast with my mouth.

“Yes, yes, yes,” she chants, and then the most beautiful sound escapes those perfect lips as Bri comes apart on top of me. I continue kissing and playing with her breasts, my free hand slipping down to her lower back and guiding her as she rides out her orgasm.

“You look so perfect, using me for your pleasure.” I nip her chest once more and she drops her head forward, resting on my shoulder and catching her breath. “So fuckin' hot,” I mumber in her ear, running my hand up her bare back.

“Holy shit,” Bri whispers, turning to place a kiss on my neck. “That was...” She doesn't finish, pushing back to peer down at me with hooded eyes while biting her bottom lip.

I smirk, seeing the unspoken demand dancing in her eyes.

“Say it,” I command.

“Make me cum again,” she whispers without missing a beat.

“Yes ma'am.”

## Chapter 5- Sabrina

Noah's hands slip around the backs of my thighs and in the next second, he's standing and bringing me with him. I'm half expecting him to carry me the short distance to the bedroom, since the bungalow is an open concept, the room is easy to find.

But he doesn't.

Almost immediately, he's bending forward, causing me to wrap my arms around his neck with a squeal.

"I've got ya, Sugar." He chuckles in a low, smooth voice against my neck and continues to lower me onto the coffee table.

The cool glass meets my back, causing me to gasp and cling to Noah tighter. He responds by kissing down my neck, coaxing me to loosen my grip to allow him to continue his descent.

Releasing my hold, I trace down his muscular biceps. Briefly, I admire the smooth lines of his tattoo and grip at the fabric of his shirt before dropping my head back and giving in completely. He licks his way down my bare torso and uncurls his fingers from my thighs. I whimper at the loss of his touch,

but then he reaches down to gather the sides of my bathing suit that's bunched up at my hips, and slowly peels it down my legs.

Noah kneels before me, pushing himself back slightly. After tossing my suit to the side, he places a hand on each of my knees and pushes my legs open. His darkened blue eyes trace over every exposed inch of me.

“Fucking perfect,” he murmurs, not even giving me a chance to feel embarrassed or attempt to hide myself as he leans in to place a kiss on the inside of my knee.

My eyes close and I drop my head back to the table. Slowly, he continues up my thighs, alternating kisses on each side and holding me open. Anticipation builds, spreading through every inch of my body and settling low in my stomach as he closes the distance to my pussy.

Then he stops.

My eyes snap open and I'm about to ask him why he stopped, but the breath catches in my throat at the sight of him between my legs. He's barely an inch away, staring up at me with a smirk as his warm breath fans over me.

“Noah,” I pant, ready to demand he do something—*anything*—but he stops me by leaning in. A moan breaks free, and he holds my gaze as he swipes his tongue along my entrance.

“You taste better than I imagined,” he groans.

Then he's back on me, devouring me and lighting me up in ways I never experienced before. His tongue flicks across my clit causing me to gasp while my back arches off the table. He repeats the movement a few more times before sucking my clit into his mouth.

It's as if he's dragging me to new heights with each suck and lick of his mouth. I'm teetering at the edge, almost there but not yet able to fall over.

"More, Noah. I need *more*," I demand, not even caring that my voice doesn't sound like *me*. To my own ears, I sound desperate and wanton.

But I can't find it in me to care. Especially when he listens, bringing two fingers to my pussy and teases them at my entrance.

"Yes," I moan, grinding and lifting my hips in a silent plea. His free arm wraps around my thighs, his large hand spreading out across my stomach and holding me in place.

I'm on the verge of begging when he circles my clit with his tongue at the same time those two teasing fingers finally push into me. He slowly pumps them in and out of me and I almost shatter from that alone.

If I thought I was on the edge before, it's nothing compared to this.

Warmth flares through me, the build-up spreading through my entire body and when Noah curls his fingers, I come apart.

I'm moaning and chanting his name with no remorse as I shamelessly cum on his hand.

I thought I knew what it felt like to have an orgasm. Thought that my experience with Paul was *good*. But everything I knew about pleasure shatters as this orgasm tears through my body.

Noah hums from his spot between my legs, the hand on my stomach sliding to my side, but he doesn't let me go. My eyes finally open and I look down at him as he pulls his fingers out.

When he brings them to his mouth, sucking them clean while holding my gaze, it's as if my body already forgot about the life-changing orgasm it just had seconds ago.

“Delicious.”

My eyes drop down, greedily taking in the beauty and perfection of this man, only to suddenly realize that he's still fully clothed. While the sight of him on his knees between my legs is magnificent, seeing him naked would be even better.

I reach down, grabbing the collar of his shirt and tugging. He comes willingly, pausing only to drop kisses on my stomach, breast, and neck before finally landing on my lips. The taste of my cum on his lips has me panting and squirming beneath him.

“Take your clothes off,” I say between kisses.

He breaks away, standing up while grabbing the back of his shirt collar and effortlessly pulling it off. My jaw drops at

the sight, and I push off the table. Sitting before him, I run a hand along his perfectly chiseled body. His muscles jump at my touch, and he drops his head back when I trace a single finger down the defined V that disappears into his shorts.

Peering up at him and biting my bottom lip, I undo the button and zipper before pushing them down. They fall to the floor with a soft thud, leaving only his boxers between us. I finally break our heated stare off and focus in front of me. The thin material is doing *nothing* to hide the definition of his hard cock.

Leaning forward, I place a kiss on his rock-hard abs while curling my fingers into the waistband of his boxers. With my next kiss, I tug them down, letting them fall to the floor with his shorts.

If I wasn't drooling before, I certainly am now.

"Holy shit," I rasp. He has the biggest and most perfect cock I've ever seen. Granted, I haven't seen many, but this one standing tall before me leaves me with one thought.

*He's about to ruin me for all other men.*

Noah hasn't even fucked me yet and I can already tell that no one will ever hold a candle to this man.

The need to touch him is overwhelming and I don't waste another second before my hand wraps around his length. Marveling at the feeling of him in my palm, my thighs squeeze together in anticipation of how he will feel inside me.

I pump him in my hand twice before he yanks himself away. I'm about to glare up at him, but he shakes his head.

"I need to be inside of you," he says, his voice gravelly and low. He sits on the couch, legs slightly spread and grips his cock in his hand, slowly pumping his hand up and down. Quickly, I shove off the coffee table and am straddling him in the next heartbeat.

His hands find my hips once more as I hover above his cock. Placing my hands on his shoulders, I find my rhythm above him, rubbing myself along his length. Then I repeat the movement again, but this time, the head of his cock catches on my entrance.

We both gasp at the contact, but I don't stop. Instead, I lower myself, causing him to slip in a couple inches. I raise up slightly, his cock slipping back out until only the tip remains. I pause to look down at him.

Noah is breathing heavily, his jaw clenched with his eyes squeezed shut and brows drawn together. When I don't move right away, he slowly opens his eyes, immediately finding mine. He swallows thickly before opening his mouth, but I don't let him speak.

Instead, I impale myself on his cock, sinking down until my pussy is flush with his pelvis.

"Fuuuck," he drawls out, dropping his head to the back of the couch and closes his eyes. The grip on my hips tightens as he holds me in place on top of him, and briefly I wonder if he's going to leave marks on me. My pussy clenches at the

thought, that warmth from earlier coursing through me once more. In this position, it becomes clear that it's not going to take much for me to cum again.

Noah lets out a long exhale before slowly opening his eyes. They trail down my body slowly, but don't stop until he's looking at where we're joined.

"God dammit. You feel so fucking perfect wrapped around my cock." He licks his lips, still staring at my pussy. His words cause me to clench, the need to move almost unbearable while he groans. "So fuckin' perfect."

When his gaze trails back up my body, I can't help but squirm, but he holds me steady.

"Noah, I need to move," I groan through gritted teeth before squeezing his shoulders and trying to grind my hips again. Meeting his hooded gaze once more, I plead. "Let me fuck you. Please."

"With you begging so beautifully, you can do whatever you wish," he says, finally loosening his hold, but doesn't let go. He smirks up at me. "Ride my cock, Sugar."

I move slowly at first, keeping my eyes on him and waiting for him to stop me again, but he doesn't. Bracing my weight on my knees a bit more, I push up before slamming back down, his cock stretching and filling me in delicious ways.

My body hums as I pick up my pace and do exactly as he said. I ride him, the pressure building back up and coiling tight



within me.

“That’s it, Sugar,” Noah says, his hands moving up my sides before he cups my breasts in his hands. “Use my cock. Fucking *use me*.”

I moan again as he squeezes my breasts in his hands before pinching both my nipples between his fingers.

“Again.” The word slips free, and he listens without question. This time, he does it as I’m slamming back down his length and the head of his cock hits that perfect spot that I’ve only ever gotten with my vibrator.

“Noah,” I plead, unable to actually form the words as I raise back up slowly. But this perfect stranger doesn’t need it. I’m sliding back down his hard cock, hitting that spot, and using his pelvis for pressure on my clit when he pinches my nipples again.

The orgasm tears through me, catching me by surprise. Noah helps me ride through it, slowly moving my hips and thrusting up into me. I clench my fingers on his shoulders, tingles shooting through them as I sag forward and rest on him. He wraps his arms around me, holding me close while I catch my breath.

When his still hard cock twitches inside me, we both groan.

“One more, baby. You’re going to cum all over my cock one more time,” he whispers in my ear.

I jolt back, mouth gaping and ready to tell him that's not possible. But my protests turn into a moan as my movement causes his cock to rub against the bundle of nerves inside me.

“Fuck.” I shake my head, trying to deny it, but he only chuckles.

With his arms still wrapped around me, he moves us quickly, not once pulling out of me. Laying me on the couch beneath him, one of his hands slides down my side and hooks under my knee to hold to his hip.

I stare up at him, breathless and stunned while my own body hums with desire.

“One more,” he growls, snapping his hips forward and pounding into me. I shake my head, but no words come out.

His other hand finds my breasts again, twisting and pinching my hard nipple as he thrusts in and out of me. It shouldn't be possible. I shouldn't be teetering toward the edge of *another* orgasm. But this one is building quickly, and more intensely than any before.

“Fuck, Noah, I—” I try to say with a gasp, shaking my head as he pushes into me, pinching my nipple, and pleasure shoots straight to my core.

“That's it, baby,” he groans, finally releasing my nipple only to reach down between us. “Be a good girl, and fucking cum.”

His fingers find my clit, applying the right amount of pressure as he circles it. I do as he says. I explode, my vision

going blurry as I ride through the best orgasm of my life. Noah moans my name, pumping into me before his hips still, swearing as he cums.

He falls forward slightly, catching his weight on his hands on either side of me as they shake and letting my knee fall freely beside him. Dropping his head to my shoulder, he places a gentle kiss.

Contentment and exhaustion weigh heavily on me, and I feel as if I could fall asleep like this. Instead, I bring a hand up between us, placing it gently on his chest and pushing him up.

“There’s a hot tub on the back deck,” I state, scrambling to find a reason for him to stay.

He stares down at me, a lazy smile stretching across his handsome face.

“That is the second-best thing I’ve heard tonight.”

I raise my brow. “Second best?”

Noah smirks, placing a kiss on the side of my mouth before leaning into whisper in my ear. “Nothing is better than the sound of you cumming with my name on your lips.”

## Chapter 6- Noah

I have never hated my internal alarm clock before today.

Without even opening my eyes, I know that the sun hasn't even risen yet. Being an early riser is great back home for everything that needs to be done daily on the farm. But after the events of last night, I had hoped that, for once, I would actually sleep in.

I should have known I wouldn't be so lucky.

Sucking in a deep, slow breath, I focus on the sound of the waves in hopes of them lulling me to sleep. However, thoughts of last night, of the way Bri came so beautifully over and over, has my eyes opening. The need to see her, to confirm that she's real and not some perfect fantasy brought on from a day of travel, is more urgent than fighting for sleep that won't come.

But when my eyes land on the empty space in the bed beside me, every inch of my body tightens, and I immediately sit up. If it weren't for the fact that I'm waking up in a room that is *not* the one I checked into yesterday afternoon, I would be doubting my memories completely.

Shoving the sheets away and swinging my legs off the side of the bed, I'm about to get up when movement from the corner of my eye makes me pause.

The glass doors across the room are open, letting in the salty breeze and helping soothe me. My eyes settle on Bri, my heart skipping a beat and I find myself more energized than I have ever been before coffee. Silently, I push to my feet and make my way across the room but don't join her just yet. Instead, I lean against the doorway and take a moment to admire Bri as she watches the sunrise with a mug in hand.

I've seen hundreds of sunrises in my life. Watched the darkness from the night get chased away by the pinks and oranges before light settles across the land more times than I can count. Each and every day I take a few minutes to marvel at the beauty of the farm as it's basked in the morning light.

But none of those sunrises compare to the sight of this one.

Last night, I noticed the back deck has three sections to it, each showcasing a different feature. Behind the kitchen is the small infinity pool and hot tub. Bri and I enjoyed ourselves for an hour, making small talk and easy jokes before the tension once again became too much and we stumbled to the bed together. The middle of the deck has a small outdoor table with chairs and another set of steps leading to a lower deck that sits just above the water with two lounge chairs.

The side of the deck that is off the bedroom is where Bri currently rests. There's a large round chair, with outdoor

cushions and pillows, that sits to the side of the door and could easily fit the two of us. That's not the focus of this side though.

It's where Bri chose to watch the sunrise that steals the spotlight.

The floor of the wooden deck stops halfway, and a net made up of thick rope stretches across the remaining length, with nothing but the water below. Bri is in the middle of it with the white blanket from the bed wrapped around her and tucked under her arms.

I stifle a groan at the thought of her naked beneath the blanket and adjust my aching cock inside my boxers. Apparently, my body doesn't care that we had sex only hours ago.

My feet move on their own and when I reach where the deck meets the net, Bri startles me by speaking up.

"Good morning." She glances back at me, resting her chin on her shoulder and smiling before turning back to the sunrise. Her red hair tumbles in messy waves down her back, making her look deliciously disheveled, reminding me once more of everything we did last night.

"Good morning, Sugar."

The nickname rolls off my tongue as I carefully move to sit beside her on the bit of extra blanket. A slight blush spreads across her cheeks while she tries, and fails, to hide her smile behind her mug.

“How long have you been out here?” I question, surprised that she’s awake, but unsure if she likes talking in the morning. Not that I normally am talkative, but it’s not uncommon that someone else is around at the crack of dawn when I start my work, so I do know how to be nice before caffeine.

“A few minutes, if that,” Bri states and her brows furrow as she turns to me. “I didn’t wake you, did I?”

“Nah, I’m always up with the sun.”

Bri nods at my response and we settle into a comfortable silence. But even as neither of us speak, all I can focus on is her next to me.

I don’t even bother trying to hide the fact that I’m watching her. Last night was proof enough that I’m attracted to her and that she reciprocates the attraction. As we sit in silence, I briefly wonder if I should have left instead of joining her out here.

Suddenly, her hand that was clutching the blanket to her chest shoots out, locking in place around my bicep as she gestures with her mug toward the water.

“Look!” She gasps.

Reluctantly, I turn my head to see what holds her attention and catch the tip of a fin dipping back into the water. I squint and stare at the spot, waiting to see it again, but something breaking the surface slightly closer catches my eyes. This time, two fins poke out, coasting along the top of the water for a couple of seconds before they disappear.

“Dolphins,” Bri whispers. She leans back carefully, setting her coffee on the deck behind us before turning back around and eyeing the ocean intently. The smile on her face only grows and I assume the dolphins pop back up.

But I can't take my eyes off her. Bri has me completely enamored without even knowing or doing anything.

I watch the subtle dimple that plays peekaboo on her cheek as she smiles brightly, causing small laugh lines to form at the edges of her warm brown eyes. The light from the rising sun casts a golden glow on her skin and my breath catches in my throat.

She looks like an angel, beautiful and untouchable.

*But I did touch her, in so many ways.*

Unable to resist, I reach over and tuck her silky hair behind her ear. She lets out a contented sigh and turns to look at me. With my hand hovering beside her face, I gently cup her smooth cheek and she leans into the touch, flashing me one of her breathtaking smiles. It feels natural to lean in and kiss her, not second guessing myself or doubting the action, especially when she meets me halfway.

As her lips press to mine, the need to hear her beautiful moans courses through me, and I start to wonder if it's possible to become addicted to hearing someone orgasm.

Bri reaches out, trailing her hand up my chest and around the back of my neck, holding me to her and deepening the kiss.



I lean into her, gently forcing her backwards until she's laying down next to me. Gripping her hip in one hand, I tug at the blanket that she tucked under her arms.

Breaking our kiss, I watch with rapt fascination as the blanket falls away, revealing every perfect inch of skin. Moving carefully, I climb over her leg and settle between her thighs. Her hands slip from my neck, but cling to my shoulders as I wrap my hand under her and slightly lift. Trailing kisses along her shoulders, I hold her flush to my chest while using my other hand to spread the blanket out beneath her. Once it's as good as it's going to get, I gently lay her down.

We should move inside, even with the blanket, I can feel the rope digging into my knees, but the sight of her beneath me wipes that thought away.

Her hair is fanned out around her and off the top of the blanket, hanging through the holes of the net and sparking an idea. Slowly, I trace my hands up her ribs before moving to take her wrists. She lets me grab them, watching with curiosity as I guide them over her head.

Keeping her gaze, I direct her hands to the net above her head, making her hold onto it in two different places before meeting her gaze and smirking.

“If you let go, I stop.”

Her eyes widen, but I don't miss her grip tightening around the rope before she nods. Closing the distance, I bend down to kiss her. I trace my tongue along the seam of her lips, and she opens for me immediately, allowing me entrance. Even

without her hands on me, the power behind her kiss speaks for itself as her tongue fights with mine for dominance.

Without removing my lips from hers, I run a single finger along the underside of her breast and around her nipple. She shifts slightly beneath me, attempting to follow my touch, but I press my hips into hers and hold her in place as I repeat my movement. This time though, I pinch her nipple between my fingers.

Bri bucks her hips against mine, a whimper escaping, and I immediately swallow it. Finally, she breaks away, gasping for breath.

“Noah,” she pants, trying to move. I glance up to her hands, just in time to see them opening.

“Are you letting go?” I whisper, pushing myself up, as if I’m actually going to get off her.

She shakes her head, biting her bottom lip between her teeth and gripping the rope in her fists once more.

I reward her, leaning down to capture her nipple between my teeth and gently bite. She gasps as I soothe the pain with my tongue. Reaching up, I grab her other breast, watching from the corner of my eye as it spills out of my hand.

“Fucking perfect,” I groan before turning my head to pay attention to her breast in my hand.

When I finally pull myself away, she’s breathing heavily with a light sheen of sweat coating her skin. As I kiss my way down her stomach, I glance up to check her hands, which are

still tightly gripping the net. Her eyes are squeezed shut while her mouth hangs open in pleasure.

I work my way down her body—kissing, licking, and teasing every inch that I can get my hands and mouth on. Pushing myself back, I place my palms on the insides of her thighs, holding her legs open before me while I settle on my stomach.

Kissing one of her thighs, I chuckle when she lifts her hips, as if reminding me where she thinks I should be. Wrapping my arm under one of her thighs, I spread my hand out on her stomach to hold her in place. She bites her bottom lip between her teeth and attempts to wiggle her hips, but I keep her still.

Only when she gives up—sinking back onto the net with a sigh of frustration—do I finally break my gaze from her face and to the view in front of me.

“Look at you,” I groan, using my free hand to trace along the edges of her pussy. She moans when I do it again. Licking my lips, I continue teasing her.

Although I don't know who I'm teasing more—her or me. I swipe my fingers along her entrance, coating them in her arousal with a groan.

“You're fucking soaked, Sugar.”

She opens her mouth to say something, but her words turn into another beautiful moan as my tongue licks up her center.

“Noah,” she pants, attempting to lift her hips again, but I keep her in place as I thrust my tongue into her.

“You taste like fucking heaven,” I growl before diving into her.

I run my tongue up her pussy until I find her clit, swirling my tongue around her sensitive nerves and tease her entrance with a single finger.

Looking up through my lashes, I watch her expression while slowly pushing a single finger in. She nods her head with a whispered, “Yes,” and I continue pumping into her. After a few strokes, I add a second finger, and the feel of her pussy gripping my fingers goes straight to my aching cock.

Before this trip, I had gone years without having sex and had not thought twice about it. Or if I did think about it, I’d simply take care of myself in the shower and go on with my day.

But after one night with Bri, my body is reacting as if I wouldn’t make it twenty-four hours without being inside of her.

Thoughts of how it felt to have her wrapped around my cock last night has me resisting the urge to let her go in order to stroke myself. Instead, I flick her clit with my tongue before sucking it into my mouth and curl my fingers inside of her. I’m rewarded with a “Oh, fuck,” and repeat the movement while sucking on her clit.

Bri writhes above me, her hips fighting against the weight of my hold on her as I keep her in place. Glancing up at her hands, I catch one of them loosening and quirk a brow, even though she can’t see me. I continue working her close to the

edge of an orgasm, never once taking my eyes from her weak hold on the net.

I see the moment she decides to let go. Her fingers flex around the rope once and I slow my movements, but don't stop just yet, giving her a chance to change her mind. Bri ignores the warning though.

Instead, she slips her hand free, and I stop completely, removing my fingers and pulling my tongue away from her clit.

“What? No!” Bri exclaims, her eyes wide and wild as they snap toward me.

Raising a brow, I drop my gaze to her hand that rests just above mine on her stomach. Flicking my eyes back to her, I smirk.

“I told you if you let go that I'd stop.”

Quickly, her hand flies back up, finding the net once more as she stares at me with pleading eyes.

“Are you gonna hold on this time?” I ask, and she nods frantically.

“I will do whatever the hell you tell me to. Just make me cum, Noah.”

Smirking, I hold her gaze and thrust my fingers back inside her. Bri's eyes roll back as she moans and her walls clench around me while I pick up my pace. When she doesn't open her eyes again, I pull out and gently slap her pussy.

“Eyes on me, Bri. I want to watch as you fall apart,” I demand. She snaps her gaze to me just as I slam my fingers back into her. Her eyes roll, clearly fighting the urge to close as she stares down at me through hooded lids.

The morning sun illuminates her, showing off the light layer of sweat that coats her skin and the flush that has spread across her body.

She’s breathtaking and in this moment, I find myself grateful that my brother forced me to come on this trip, otherwise, I would be missing out on *her*.

“Fuck, Noah. I’m gonna—”

I cut her off with a flick of my tongue over her clit.

“Fucking cum, Sugar. Cum all over my fingers and let me taste you.”

I don’t give her the option to respond, swiping my tongue once more at the same time that I thrust my fingers back into her, curling them to hit her G-spot.

Her back arches off the net once more and this time, I let her. I move to hold her hips as I gentle my touch while lapping up every drop of her sweet release.

When she settles back against the net, I finally pull my fingers from her. I hold her blissed out stare as I push up to sit on my knees. With my clean hand, I shove my boxers down.

With her cum on my fingers and dripping down my hand, I grip my cock. Her gaze drops from mine, and she watches as I stroke myself. I don’t bother holding back my groan at the

feeling of her release around my cock. She licks her lips as she watches me.

Every inch of this woman's body is perfect. With her sprawled out and flushed from an orgasm *I* gave her, the way her heated gaze tracks each and every slow stroke I make, and the fact that she still has her death grip on the net, is *almost* enough to make me cum after only a minute.

Bri thighs tighten on each side of me, as if she was trying to clench her thighs together.

“Something you need, Sugar?” I drawl.

Her gaze doesn't leave my cock as I stroke up my length, griping myself tightly, and twisting my hand before slamming back down my length.

She finally nods her head. “I want to make you cum,” she says breathlessly.

I chuckle, slowly tracing my gaze down her gorgeous body, “Oh trust me, you will most definitely be the reason I come.”

Her brows pinch together and she shakes her head, finally looking up at me.

“I want to make you cum, *in my mouth.*”

My strokes falter, knowing that if I continue with that image in my mind, she won't even get a chance.

“Please, Noah.”

I nod, unable to find my words. Bri moves instantly. Releasing the net, she sits up quickly, only to twist and shove me down in her place.

She kneels between my thighs and when she sees my cock still in my hands, she swats my hand away. Without another word, she reaches out to replace my hand, stroking me once before bending down to lick up my length.

I drop my head back, bucking my hips to follow her touch while running my fingers through her hair. The sound of her laughter has my head snapping up to look at her. My heart skips a beat at the smile on her face.

“As you said, let go and I stop.”

Holding her gaze, I reach above my head and grip the net. My chest warms at her words, pride mixing with my attraction for her.

Her eyes flick between my hands, and after a single nod, she gives me no warning before she’s wrapping her mouth around my cock and taking half my length.

“Fuuuck,” I groan as she pulls back, keeping the tip between her lips before practically swallowing me completely.

Her head bobs up and down and her tongue swirls along the underside, I almost shoot my load right there. I suck in a deep breath, wanting to enjoy this, but when I look down at the sight of her and she moans around me, I know holding off won’t be possible.



My muscles tense and my toes curl into the net beneath me.

“Bri, I’m gonna c—” This time *my* words are cut off as she wraps one hand around the base of my cock while cupping my balls and gently tugging with the other.

It takes all my strength to hold onto the rope and not tangle my fingers into her hair.

Her tongue swirls around the head of my cock before she takes my full length back into her mouth, I let go.

Bri takes it all, not pulling away until I’ve emptied myself down her throat and pulling away with an audible *pop* and a satisfied smile.

Letting go of the net, I push myself to sit up and pull her in for a kiss. The taste of both our releases mingles on my tongue. Even having just finished, I know that if we were to continue, I could easily fuck her and come again.

Bri pulls away, gasping to catch her breath. When she looks at me again, a relaxed smile is spread across her face.

“Now *that’s* a wake up call,” she laughs.

She turns, settling between my legs. I wrap my arms around her, chuckling along with her before we settle into a comfortable silence and continue to watch the rest of the sunrise together.

## Chapter 7- Sabrina

“**A**lrigh! We’re just getting the last few people checked-in and then we’ll be on our way!” The chipper tour guide announces with a wide smile over the hushed murmurs from the people around me on the bus. She turns back to the bus driver and says something quietly to him before stepping off the bus.

I grip the backpack that’s resting on my lap, fighting the urge to pull out my phone and check the time again. Considering I had looked at it right before the tour guide spoke, I knew there was no way it had been more than a minute.

But as *another* couple steps onto the bus, finding two seats together and leaning into one another, the itch to distract myself is almost too much. It’s an effort to swallow the lump in my throat and divert my attention away from all the couples. As much as I don’t want to notice it, I can’t help but realize that I’m the only one alone. The bus has two seats on each side of the aisle, and as they fill up, I’m still the only one with an empty seat beside me.

*Maybe I should’ve canceled the excursions...*

No. I shake that thought away. Just because everyone else here is with someone doesn't change the fact that I can, and will, experience these amazing views alone. I don't need someone by my side.

Although, knowing *someone* would help ease some of the awkwardness threatening to consume me.

Once the bus gets moving and we leave the hotel, I know my doubt will start to fade away. However, until then, I continue to war with myself about staying put and getting off the bus before it's too late. If nothing else, being the only single one here means I get to use the empty seat beside me for my backpack instead of setting it on the ground.

Unable to resist any longer, I unzip my backpack to dig my phone out. Telling myself I just need a distraction and will only send my sister the picture I took of the sunrise.

Thoughts of this morning with Noah cause my cheeks to heat.

When he joined me on the back deck this morning, I had been waiting for any awkwardness or regret of what we did to seep in. Instead, all I wanted was *more* of him.

The only time anything felt awkward between us was after we had finished watching the sunrise, and I told him that I had plans at eight o'clock. Even then, it was actually more of the uncertainty that hung between us, at least on my part, because I found myself not wanting him to leave. Still, it was as if my plans reminded both of us that we are strangers and only on vacation.

We fumbled through a goodbye, both saying how we hoped to see each other again, but didn't make any commitments.

*Because you shouldn't be making commitments to anyone right now! Let alone a stranger.*

I nod at my reminder and focus on sending my sister a text.

**Me:**

**OMG! Ads, it hasn't even been a full day and I already have so much to tell you. Going on a mountain & waterfall excursion tho. Text you details later... maybe ;) -XO**

Attaching the picture from this morning, I hit send and giggle to myself, knowing she's going to freak out on me for teasing her with that.

I'm tucking my phone back into my backpack when the tour guide starts talking again.

"Alright, once the last of you find seats, we can get going!"

Just as I'm zipping my backpack shut, a voice to my left makes me jump.

"Is it alright if I sit here?"

My cheeks heat, but not because I was startled. No, it's because I don't even have to look to recognize that voice.

But of course, I do look. I can't help the smile that spreads across my face as I turn to Noah.

He's standing in the aisle, staring at the front of the bus with a slight scowl on his face. His jaw is clenched and it's almost as if he's debating jumping off before they can drive away. I bite back a laugh at the fact that he doesn't even realize who he just asked to sit next to.

When I don't answer right away, he speaks while finally tearing his gaze from the front of the bus.

"Excuse me, can I... Bri?" He says my name with a mix of relief and disbelief.

I smile, feeling the anxiety of being here alone ease away. While I know that I *could* have done this excursion on my own, knowing that there is going to be a semi-familiar face close by today allows for excitement to finally trickle past the anxiousness that had been building.

My cheeks heat at just how *familiar* this man is with my body and force myself to not think about the delicious things he made me feel last night... and this morning.

"Well, hey there stranger," I say with a light chuckle. He finally moves, dropping into the seat without ever looking away from me.

"What are you doing here?" He questions as a slow smile spreads across his face.

"Same as you. Going on a tour to see some waterfalls," I raise a brow at him. "Unless one of us is on the wrong bus?"

Having checked three times, I know that at least *I'm* in the right spot. My heart thumps heavily in my chest at the thought that Noah might not be though. But when he shakes his head and smiles at me, what anxiousness remains dissipates.

“Nope, I’m where I’m supposed to be.”

Before I can think of anything else to say, the tour guide claps her hands and starts talking.

As I turn my full attention to listen to the itinerary for the day, I bite back a smile at the feel of Noah’s lingering gaze.

\* \* \*

“Jump, Bri.”

“But what if I hit the side of the cliff?” I squeak, not taking my eyes away from the rocky ledge in front of me. I clutch the rope tighter. Shaking my head, I step back. “I can’t do it.”

My back collides with a warm chest, stopping my retreat. Noah’s hands find my hips, gently holding me in place as I lean back into the safety of his body, and he chuckles softly.

“We just watched everyone else jump off before us and no one hit anything other than the water at the bottom,” his voice is low, and I resist the urge to shiver as his breath tickles my neck.

“That doesn’t mean that *I* won’t!” I state, attempting to take another step back, but he holds me steady.

It didn’t seem that high as we climbed up the cliff-side. But as all the couples ahead of us swung from the rope and let themselves drop to the water; nerves began to take root. Now, with only Noah and the tour guide left behind me, that fear mixes with doubt.

“Nope. I can’t do this. I’ll walk down.” I swallow thickly. “Here, take this.” I move to shove the rope toward Noah, but he doesn’t take it.

Instead, he squeezes my hips, keeping me in front of him and not backing down.

“You can do this, Sugar,” he murmurs and I’m already shaking my head.

“No, I can’t,” I whisper back.

Noah places a kiss on my shoulder. “Yes.”

He says the one word with no room for argument. As if there really is no other option. Before I can think to protest further, he kisses the spot where my neck and shoulder meet. “I’ll be right behind you.”

Some of the tension eases from my shoulders at his words. He must feel the slight change and continues whispering in my ear while tracing his fingers along the top of my bathing suit bottom.

“Plus, if you jump now, the cave will be empty by the time we get there.”

My breath catches in my throat, and for the first time since the rope was placed in my hands, I almost jump. Tearing my gaze from the drop in front of me, I turn my head to look at him over my shoulder before glancing at the tour guide.

Noah chuckles, placing a teasing kiss below my ear. “I have been thinking about kissing you all fucking day.”

Unable to hold back, I shudder at his words and clench my thighs tightly together. Which is something he doesn’t miss.

“Why haven’t you then?” I question back breathlessly.

He doesn’t respond right away, choosing to trace his fingers up my sides and along the lengths of my arms. When he reaches my hands, he covers them in his own and nips my ear before answering,

“Because when I kiss you, I won’t be able to stop myself from thinking about the way you felt in my arms last night and how I want nothing more than to fuck you so goddamn hard, it would make the Devil himself blush.” His voice is low as he presses himself into my back and all I can focus on is the feel of his hard length against my ass. “I haven’t kissed you yet because when I do, it’s going to be clear to anyone around, that all I am thinking about is being inside of you again.”

I gasp at his words and there’s no doubt in my mind that my cheeks are crimson red. The desire pooling low in my stomach has me wishing he *would* kiss me, audience be damned.



Noah squeezes my hands once more before dropping them to my hips and placing a feather-light kiss on my neck.

“The sooner you jump, the sooner I can have a moment alone with you.” He lets go of my hips and steps away. “Jump, Bri.”

My mind is so focused on his words, thoughts of him kissing and fucking me playing on a loop in my mind, that I barely register my feet moving. I’m so consumed by memories of how his tongue felt against mine, that I don’t realize I’m jumping until it’s time to let go of the rope. With a squeal, I open my hands, the drop causing my heart to lurch as I squeeze my eyes shut and plunge into the water below.

The warm water clashes against my skin, cooling me down and leaving me with only the sound of the blood pounding in my ears. My chest tightens with excitement and the moment I break through the surface, I’m wiping my eyes off and looking up to where I just leapt from.

Noah stands at the edge, a wide smile across his face as he stares down at me. When the tour guide steps up behind him with the rope, Noah doesn’t remove his gaze from mine.

Kicking my feet, I watch him and begin to swim backwards, toward where I know the caves are. “Well, what are you waiting for?” I shout up to him.

Even over the sound of the waterfalls, his laughter reaches my ears. I continue swimming backwards and watch as Noah takes a step back before launching himself off the cliff. It isn’t

until he's about to hit the water that I finally close my eyes, turning my face away to protect it from the splash he makes.

With a laugh, I turn back to where he landed, expecting to find him already coming up for breath, but he's not there. Just as I'm about to call out for him, hands are wrapping around my waist and pulling me forward. I screech and am about to shove myself away when Noah pops up in front of me, a smile stretched across his face.

"Shit, Noah!" I exclaim as my hands find purchase on his shoulders, using him for support as I wrap my legs around his waist. Sucking in a deep breath, I try to calm my racing heart. "You scared the crap outta me."

One of his hands sprawls out against my lower back, holding me to him while the other moves back and forth under the water with his legs to help keep us above water.

"You jumped," he murmurs.

I beam down at him, nodding. "Well, someone knew all the right words to say." My eyes drop to his lips, and I lean down until our lips are just barely touching. "Apparently there's a cave close by."

With that, I untangle my legs and push away from him before swimming in the direction of one of the caves.

His laughter and the sound of splashing water follows me, pushing me forward and motivating me to swim faster. Not that I actually want to get away from him.

No, I'm simply having *fun*.

As I approach one of the cave entrances, it occurs to me that I've felt happier in the last twenty-four hours with a stranger than I have in the past eight years.

*Just proves that leaving Paul was the right choice.*

Shoving those thoughts away, I focus on the cave entrance in front of me before glancing over my shoulder, only to find Noah hot on my heels. I lurch forward, and in an attempt to swim away, I suck in a big breath and dive under water, but he's too close. Just as quickly as I went under, I'm being pulled up and my back is colliding with his chest.

Briefly, I'm grateful that I had thought to braid my hair back earlier, otherwise I would be looking like the ginger version of the creepy chick that crawls out of the television in that scary movie my sister forced me to watch.

Twisting in Noah's hold, I turn to face him.

"See," I motion with a thumb over my shoulder and smile innocently. "Caves."

Noah laughs, shaking his head and sliding his hands down my sides until they land just below my ass. Instead of responding, he bends down and just when I think he's going to kiss me, he's lifting me and moving us forward. I cling to him, half expecting him to stumble and go underwater, but Noah moves with ease.

This cave itself isn't that big, probably just enough space for three or four people at a time. As he makes his way further

in, now walking in the shallow water, I wait for him to put me down.

But he doesn't.

Instead, Noah carries me around the small bend and in the next heartbeat, I'm pressed against the side of the cave. The cool rock digs into my back, making me gasp as I try and escape, but Noah remains immovable.

"I told you what was going to happen when I got you alone," he whispers.

Tilting my head back, my pulse thuds heavily as I look up at him with a smirk.

"And yet, I'm not being kissed," I taunt.

"That fucking mouth of yours," he groans.

And then his lips are on mine.

He kisses me slowly, tracing his tongue along my lips and capturing the moan that escapes before plunging his tongue into my mouth. Every inch of my body hums to life, thrumming with desire and need as he reminds me with just a simple kiss how good last night was.

At this moment, nothing else matters. Not the rock digging into my back, not the shouts from other tourists or the five-minute warning call from the tour guide in the distance.

All I can focus on is the feel of his tongue against mine, the way his hands grip my thighs tightly. My hips grind

against him, feeling his hard length against my needy pussy. I have to break away with a gasp.

He holds me in place, letting me feel just how turned on he is, and drops his head to my chest while I fight to catch my breath.

“Do you feel what you do to me?” He grinds his hips, teasing me with his length and rubbing it against my clit. “*You* are so fucking sexy. Watching you walk around, your perfect tits teasing me, and your ass begging to be smacked all day along... Do you know how beautiful you are?”

My cheeks flush and I fight the urge to shake my head. I’ve never been self-conscious, but no one has ever spoken to me like *this*. No man has ever told me that my body is sexy or perfect. Yes, Paul said he loved my curves and that he thought I was beautiful, but even if Noah wasn’t so good with his words and mouth, his stare alone would say more than my ex-fiancé ever did.

If nothing else, I’m grateful that I came on this vacation, if only for the fact that I got to experience what it’s like to sleep with a man like Noah.

Noah places a gentle kiss on the center of my chest before looking up at me with a smile.

Unsure of what to say in response, I lean down and kiss him. All I can think about is how I need to get this man back in my bed tonight. The two of us might not know much about each other, but our bodies certainly know how to move together. The way he touched me last night and this morning,

hell even as he simply *kisses* me right now... he makes me feel as if every experience and every orgasm I had before him was half-assed. Shit, my guess last night was right and there's no doubt that he's ruined me for all men *after* him as well.

*It might be time to upgrade my vibrators when I get home too.*

How am I supposed to go about the next three and a half days normally, knowing that he's close by? Just the thought that he will be near, that I could potentially enjoy a few more days of this intense pleasure will leave me looking around every corner for him.

An idea pops into my head and I don't even have to fully think it through.

"Have dinner with me tonight?" I mumble against his lips.

Noah nods, deepening the kiss and rubbing his cock against my clit again. I give into him, tangling my fingers into the short hair at the back of his head to hold him to me.

In the distance, the tour guide's voice calls out, telling us that the time is up, and we'll be leaving to hike to our final stop where the bus will meet us.

Breaking the kiss, I untangle my fingers from his hair and hold Noah's face in my hands.

"Is that a yes to dinner?" I question, needing to confirm that I'll get to see him again.

He smiles, placing one last kiss on my lips before answering, "Yes, Sugar. I'd love to have dinner with you."

*Perfect.*

That leaves me with only a few hours to figure out how to get this man on board with what I have in mind.

## Chapter 8- Noah

“Hey man, mind if I sit here?” someone asks beside me. I bite back a smile as his words make me think about Bri asking a similar question yesterday. Which only makes me remember how it felt to be inside of her while she came so beautifully around my cock.

I clear my throat, glancing over my shoulder at the guy.

“All yours,” I say with a nod, taking a sip of my beer and fighting the urge to look at my watch again.

When we returned to the hotel, Bri and I agreed to meet at the same bar from last night and head over to one of the restaurants together. Since it only took me twenty minutes to shower and get dressed, I decided to come down early to grab a drink to keep myself busy. Even after spending all day with her, I’ve been practically counting down the seconds until I see her again.

After I left her bungalow this morning, all the doubts and concerns about being away from the farm and my family had begun to creep their way back into my mind. I was moving on autopilot, too consumed with the war in my head on staying versus going home.



But then I saw her sitting on the bus.

Just like last night, the moment she spoke, everything else faded away. My problems weren't gone, and my family was constantly on the back of my mind. Except with her around, instead of worrying about my dad's health or how my brother was managing the farm, I found myself wondering what they would think of *her*.

Bri would make a joke and I'd be thinking about how my dad would laugh with her. When we were hiking up one of the cliff sides, I thought about how Connor would admire her determination to do it on her own. Throughout the day, I couldn't help but wonder what she would think about my life at the farm.

Of course, I kept all those thoughts to myself.

*Act normal, dumbass.*

I scoff at the thought, bringing my beer back to my mouth and roll my eyes. It was something I had to remind myself of all day long. And it's why I don't do hook-ups. I know very little about this woman, yet my dumb ass mind starts imagining what it would be like to have her in my life beyond this vacation.

*Maybe Connor was right. I do need to get out more.*

"You waiting on someone?" the guy next to me asks, pulling me from my spiral. I check around both of us to see if he was talking to someone else, but when I finally look at him, his focus is fully on me.

Swallowing thickly, I nod. “Uh... yeah. I have a date.”

The man smiles brightly, causing recognition to nag at the back of my mind, but I shrug it off.

“You?” I question, unsure of what else to say. The guy’s smile softens, his face relaxing at whatever—or whoever—he’s thinking of and glances over his shoulder toward the door.

“Yeah. My fiancée and I have a dinner reservation at the restaurant across the path. Breezeways, I think, is the name.”

“Oh yeah, that’s where we’re eating too.”

“Great minds think alike with that reservation making!” he says, holding his glass up toward me. Clearing my throat, I drop my eyes to the cup in my hands and shift in my seat.

“Uh, my date actually made the plans.”

*Shit, should I have offered to make different plans?*

When Bri asked if I wanted to have dinner with her, I was so focused on seeing her again that I didn’t question where she told me to meet her.

The guy shrugs and stays silent, but I can feel him watching me.

“Wait...” When he doesn’t continue right away, I turn to him. “Your date?” he questions.

“What about her?” I can’t help but sit straighter, not sure where his line of questioning is going. His eyes are wide, and it almost seems like he’s fighting back a smile.

“Did you come on vacation with her? Or do you mean like... you just met her... *here*.”

“I met her at this bar last night. We’re both here alone.” I don’t know why I feel the need to clarify that we’re both single, considering I don’t know this dude and don’t actually owe him any answers.

“Dude. Now *that’s* gonna be an awesome story to tell the kids.”

I practically choke on my beer.

“What?” I cough out.

“Sorry, sorry. It’s the wedding planning.” He shrugs, passing me a napkin. “My fiancée and I were talking about the future and all that and last night she realized one day we’ll have to tell our kids about the night we met.”

He stares forward, lost in a memory and the pure happiness on his face has me asking,

“How’d you guys meet?”

The guy flashes me a wide smile before flicking his watch and checking the time, making me check it too.

“You got time for another?” he asks, dipping his chin to my now empty glass.

“Yeah, I still have another thirty minutes before my date will be here.”

“Same.”

After he places an order for our refills, he turns back to me with his hand extended.

“I’m Dominik.”

“Noah.”

As I offer him my hand, his name and looks click together, and I finally realize why he looks familiar.

He’s fucking Dominik Mikelson, number thirty-three from the Tampa Bay Bobcats hockey team.

There isn’t much else that I have time for outside of the farm. But one thing my family would always make time for during the winter months was watching hockey. Since my mom was from Tampa herself, the team was inherited into our house. With dad being sick this past year, we missed a lot of games last season, but I did remember seeing mentions of the newest addition and just how good he was when I was updating my dad on last year’s trades. From the few games we watched, Dominik was a natural born player and really fast on skates.

I try to suppress my shock, not wanting to ruin the moment and keep my cool.

“So, you and your fiancée?” I question, attempting to sound normal and hide the fact that I am freaking out.

*Is it still fangirling if I’m not a girl? Would it be fan... boying?*

Dominik laughs, shaking his head as he turns his whole body to me and leans an elbow on the bar beside him.

“You watch hockey?” he asks as I’m sipping my beer and I choke *again*. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

“Sorry man,” I offer, wiping my mouth and shrugging. “I tried playing it cool. But shit, you’re really fucking good on the ice.”

He laughs, shrugging my compliment off and nodding.

“Yeah, playing with the Bobcats has definitely helped me a lot.” He waves his hand dismissively. “Anyway, you knowing who I am makes this easier. When I signed my trade agreement, preseason had already started. Before I was introduced to the team officially, the timing had made me unable to play in one of the preseason games, but my buddy convinced me to tag along to one of the team’s watch parties that they have outside the arena.”

Dominik takes a sip of his beer, shaking his head with a smile before continuing.

“Then Lilly, my *now* fiancée, shows up. She was *also* dragged there by her best friend.”

“Damn, were your friends playing matchmaker?” I ask, completely invested in his story.

“No, but they do like to try claiming credit for our meeting.” He rolls his eyes. “But, after getting completely soaked in the rain and Lilly kicking my ass at darts, we went back to her place and...”

He wiggles his eyebrows suggestively at me and I can only shake my head, huffing a laugh in response.

“If I recall correctly, I kicked your ass *twice* at darts,” a feminine voice says from behind me. I turn to find a pretty blonde smiling at Dominik with her arms crossed.

“Sunshine, you could have kicked my ass a hundred times that night and that still wouldn’t be more important than the fact that I went home with you.” Dominik says, wrapping an arm around her waist and tugging her into his side. She smiles at him, and I turn away just as she leans in to kiss him.

Glancing at my watch, I repress a sigh when I see that we’ve only managed to kill twenty minutes.

Now all I can think about is last night with Bri and have to shove away thoughts of one night turning into more.

“I’m Lilly,” the woman says, thankfully distracting me.

“Noah,” I offer her a polite smile.

“Noah here is about to go on a first date,” Dominik offers, and I roll my eyes.

I’ve known the dude for less than a half hour and it already feels as if it was Connor embarrassing me.

“Wait, a *first* date?” Lilly exclaims. Her full attention on me has my face heating.

“Uh, yeah, we met last night,” I shift in my seat while peeking at her from the corner of my eye.

“This guy comes on vacation, at a resort filled with either families or couples, and manages to score a date. Like I said, a

story for the future kids,” Dominik chuckles, and Lilly hits him on the shoulder.

“Dom,” she hisses but he simply shrugs, smiling at me as he stands and holds out his hand for her to take.

“Babe, am I wrong in saying that’s a hell of a meet-cute?” he asks. She shakes her head, but a teasing smile plays on her lips.

“Sorry, what’s a meet-cute?”

Lilly rolls her eyes at Dominik before turning to me, “Excuse him. He’s just finished reading my book and is now onto reading some of my favorite authors, but he keeps putting everything in real life into romance book terms.”

Dominik smirks at me. “Dude, you could learn a lot from authors like my girl here or the... what do you call them, Babe? The W-holy Trinity?”

Lilly shakes her head, cheeks and neck turning a deep crimson. “Yes, the W-holy Trinity.”

“Wait, like, Whitney West?” I question, hoping I got the name of the author from the book that was on Bri’s nightstand correct.

“Yes!” Dominik exclaims, “You read?”

I shake my head, looking between the two of them. “No. Bri, my date, has one of her books with her and I noticed it last night.”

Dominik leans in and keeps his voice low. “Tip from one dude to another, read the book. Learn from the book.”

“Learn?” I feel my brows furrow as I ask. “What do you mean, learn?”

“Dommy! Stop! Don’t scare the poor guy!”

Dominik groans. “I thought we agreed that *that* nickname was *not* sticking.”

“Well, maybe it *is* sticking now,” she huffs, crossing her arms as she playfully glares at him.

Dominik glances behind me, shaking his head before smirking.

“I’m gonna take a wild guess on this one and say your date is here.”

Without thinking, I whirl around to face the door, and sure enough, Bri stands in the doorway scanning the bar. My heart pounds heavily in my chest and when she spots me—with that gorgeous smile spread across her face—the damn thing skips a beat. As she makes her way toward me, Dominik wraps an arm around my shoulder and gives me a side hug.

“Good luck,” he says, and I nod my head in his direction. Suddenly, he snaps his fingers, turning to face me with a mischievous smile. “Remember dude, you’re gonna have to tell the kids about this.”

Lilly hisses his name, grabbing his hand and pulling him away. But I can’t even think of anything to respond with, as Bri holds my full attention.



Following behind her all day—while she wore those jean shorts that hugged her perfect ass and a tank top that revealed her bikini every time she bent down—was torture. But seeing her now, there's no doubt in my mind that this woman could wear anything, and she would take my breath away each and every time.

A green, floral dress highlights her delicious dips and curves. There's a knot holding the fabric on her chest together, drawing my attention to the teasing cut in the fabric. The skirt of the dress is shorter in the front while the rest flows behind her, leaving her smooth legs on display for me.

I'm so captivated by her that I don't miss the way she falters in her step, her jaw dropping open as Dominik and Lilly pass her. Her cheeks stain red, and I manage to tear my gaze away and watch as Lilly once again playfully shoves Dominik ahead of her and smiles at Bri with a wave of her hand.

When she stops in front of me, her jaw opens and closes while her attention is still over her shoulder.

“Was that...” she pauses, turning to look at me with wide eyes.

“Lilly Matthews?”

“Dominik Mikelson?”

We both speak at the same time, and her shocked eyes widen further.

“Wait, what?” she exclaims.

“Oh, I guess I didn't catch her last name.”

Bri shakes her head, staring at me, and I take her stunned silence as an opportunity to change the topic. There's no way in hell that I want to tell her about the famous hockey player making jokes about our "meet-cute" or whatever he said about future children.

"You look stunning." I let my eyes drop down her frame, my gaze lingering on the skin beneath her breasts.

Stepping into her, I lean down to place a gentle kiss on her cheek. When I pull back, the surprise from a few moments ago is gone, replaced with that beautiful smile and faint flush.

"Tell me, how easy would it be for me to just... pluck that knot loose and have those perfect tits on display for me?" I whisper, trailing a finger up her side and along the bare skin.

Her audible gasp makes my cock twitch, craving more of those addicting sounds.

"Very easy," she breathes in response. I think about how close my room is, how easy it would be to get her there and naked beneath me once more in only a matter of minutes.

Instead, I step back and clear my throat.

"Shall we?" I wave a hand toward the door and let her lead the way. Between our activities last night, and the hike and swimming today, there's no doubt that we both need food. Plus, eating a meal will give me the time to figure out how to ask her if she wants to have a repeat of last night.

We head to the restaurant, making small talk about things that happened throughout the day, and how we both need to

remember sunscreen tomorrow.

By the time we're seated, and entrees are ordered, I've already decided I want to spend every possible second of this vacation with Bri around, not just one more night. Now I just need to figure out how to ask her.

"Okay, I have a question." Bri asks, picking up her glass and bringing it to her lips.

"And I have an answer," I retort. Bri giggles, shaking her head and smiling at me over the rim of her wine glass. When she doesn't continue right away, I raise a brow in question.

She murmurs something to herself along the lines of "just ask" before sucking in a deep breath and staring right at me.

"Do you want to have sex again?"

I blink at her question, glancing around as if someone is about to pop out and tell me this is all a joke. But when no one does after a couple of seconds, and Bri remains seated across from me chewing her bottom lip, I answer.

"Yes..." I say hesitantly.

"Not just tonight, but like... for the rest of our vacation." She clarifies.

Unable to help it, I huff out a laugh. Her brows furrow, and I lift my own glass to my mouth, shaking my head as I hold her gaze.

"I've been trying to figure out how to ask you the same thing."

She laughs then too, the sound piercing through me and making my chest feel lighter.

“You were gonna ask me to turn our vacations into a sex-cation too?” She asks and I choke on the wine I had just sipped. Coughing, my eyes shoot back to her.

“A...” I clear my throat. “I’m sorry, a *what?*”

Bri covers her mouth, trying to hold her laughter in, but failing.

While I attempt to get my breathing and heart rate back to normal, I watch her as she tries to calm her own giggles. When her laughter dies off, her shining eyes find mine as she smiles at me and the tension between us builds.

All I can think about is how she felt against me as I pinned her to the cave wall. How she tasted as she came so beautifully this morning on the net bed. Thoughts of how perfectly we fit together dominate my mind, making everything else fade away.

It isn’t until the server appears to deliver our meals that our stare-off breaks.

“Can I get you two anything else?” the server asks in a chipper voice, but I don’t look away from Bri.

“I have everything I need.”

Bri’s cheeks redden as she offers a smile to the server. I wait until we are alone again before speaking up.

“So, just to be clear, what are you suggesting?”

Bri picks up her fork, loading it up with bits of her meal before glancing back at me.

“I was going to suggest that, since we’re both here for three and a half more days, and we’re both alone, what if we just... hung out together.”

She has to be some sort of mind reader. Or maybe a perfect delusion from my own mind.

For the past twenty-four hours, this woman, *this stranger*, has said and done all the right things. Keeping me on my toes, making me laugh and feel more than I ever have before.

“This could be a vacation with benefits,” she continues, oblivious to my admiration of her, but her words snap me back.

“So, three days of...” I trail off, wanting her to be the one to lay out the terms for what this is. Considering my mind apparently likes to go from zero to a hundred in just a day, it’s better to let her set the rules, and I follow them.

*“Remember dude, you’re gonna have to tell the kids about this.”*

Dominik’s voice pops up in my head and I have to shake the memory away, only furthering my point to myself.

“Three days of hanging out, keeping each other company and maybe another excursion or something,” Bri pauses, letting her eyes drop and slowly trail over my torso as she licks her lips before slowly bringing her gaze back to mine. “Three days of mind-blowing orgasms.”

I smirk, cutting my steak but keeping my eyes on her.

“Anything else?”

“Nope,” she shrugs, taking another bite of food before continuing. “I had a lot of fun with you today and there’s an undeniable chemistry between us. Might as well enjoy some no strings fun. No commitments and nothing too deep,” she bites her bottom lip between her teeth.

I swallow the lump that forms in my throat and force a smirk to my lips.

“Not too deep, eh?” I quirk a brow.

“If last night told me anything, it’s that you know exactly how deep to go,” she whispers. That beautiful flush spreads down her neck, both of us clearly thinking about how it felt to have my cock buried in her perfect pussy.

“Is that a, yes?” she asks breathlessly.

“Sugar, it’s always gonna be a yes from me when it comes to you.”

## Chapter 9- Sabrina

“**W**hat do you mean ‘nothing’? You had drinks with a professional hockey player and his author fiancée and you talked about nothing?”

“Pretty much,” Noah shrugs, nodding to the hostess as he opens the door and motions for me to lead the way.

Huffing out a dramatic sigh, I pass him with my arms crossed but he only chuckles and follows behind me.

“Fine, keep your secrets,” I roll my eyes even though he can’t see my face and start heading in the general direction of my bungalow.

He chuckles and it’s the only warning I get before his arm is wrapping around my waist. My back collides with his chest as he dips his head down to place gentle kisses up my shoulder and neck. His breath warms my ear, and I can’t suppress the shiver brought on from his closeness.

“We have better things to talk about than a random conversation I had with a couple strangers,” Noah pauses, placing both hands on my hips and holds me flush against him. I bite back a moan when I feel his hard length pressing into me

as he continues. “Actually... we have better things to *do* instead of talking.”

One of his hands slides down my leg and stops mid-thigh, before slowly bunching the fabric of my dress into his hand. My palm flies down, covering the back of his hand with mine, yet I don't move him away as I glance around.

Before Noah caught up to me, I had made it to one of the side pathways, leaving us alone in the shadows of the palm trees. Faint music mixes with muffled laughter of those enjoying the bars and restaurants back by the main strip that we just came from. Waves crash in the distance and the temporary seclusion makes it way too easy to get lost in this moment.

My breath catches in my throat when his calloused fingers meet my skin, and he starts gently tracing up my leg.

“Better things?” I question quietly, trying to keep myself focused on the fact that we are still technically in public.

“Mmm,” Noah hums against my neck, the sound making my thighs clench together and my entire body lights up. “Much, much better things.”

“Like what?”

Instead of answering me, he slides the hand from my hip across my stomach, holding me in place while his fingers continue to dance up my leg. When they find the edges of my panties, any thought that isn't Noah flies from my mind. All I can think about is those fingers continuing their path.



He teases me over the thin fabric of my underwear, never staying still or moving quite where I need him too.

“Like officially beginning our ‘sex-cation’ as you so perfectly called it,” he whispers in my ear while those damn fingers trace teasing circles over my clit.

Between the light pressure of his touch and the friction from my underwear, I can’t stop the groan that falls from my lips.

“Fuck, Sugar,” he groans, dropping his forehead to my shoulder as his hand dips further between my thighs. His fingers move quickly, shoving my panties to the side and tracing along the side of my bare pussy. “You’re already so wet for me.”

Those damn fingers continue their insufferable movements, teasing and working me up until I’m practically shaking in his arms.

“Noah,” I moan, dropping my head back to his shoulder and clutching his hand on my hip.

“Yes?” he whispers in my ear as his fingers move past my entrance once more. I grind my hips, seeking his touch.

“Please,” I breathe out.

I’ve never been one to beg, never been in the situation where I would have to. If you had asked me a month ago if I would, my answer would have been quick and simple. Hell no.

Yet it’s not even something I think twice about with Noah.

When we got together last night, the thought of never seeing him again was what gave me confidence. I figured that if I said or did something to be embarrassed about, it was just a one-night stand. Now, after only a day with this man, it's clear that I could say or do whatever, and he would *gladly* give it to me.

So, begging for Noah is a whole different story, as I would do just about anything to chase after the high he gives me.

He presses a single finger inside of me then, barely giving me any relief.

“Get a room!” someone yells out from behind us.

“Shit!” I squeal, jumping out of Noah's arms and turning around to face him.

My dress falls back into place, and I try to ignore the heat spreading across my cheeks when my underwear stays messed up. Noah glares over his shoulder toward the voice, but the people have already moved on after calling us out.

When he turns back to me, the annoyance that was on his face instantly turns into a smirk as he slowly looks me over. His intense gaze makes me rub my thighs together, my body instantly reminded of what he was about to do and how badly I crave his touch.

“My room is in that building,” Noah says, nodding his head toward it and stepping toward me. Reaching out to grip my waist, he pulls me into him. I push up onto my tiptoes,

wrapping my arms around his neck, leaning in until our mouths are barely an inch apart.

“Then why are we out here still?” I whisper, my lips skimming over his as I talk.

Noah doesn't respond, instead he slams his mouth against mine. He kisses me slowly at first, but when I swipe my tongue over his bottom lip, something snaps. Holding me tightly against his body, Noah devours me. Our tongues battle for dominance while his hands roam over my ass, grabbing and massaging every inch of my body as if he can't get enough.

I don't know how much time passes, but when I hear someone laugh close by, I finally break away and gasp for air. He doesn't falter, kissing down my neck and shoulder until he retraces his path back to my jaw.

“Your room. Now, Noah.”

It's not a question, or even a request. It's a demand, fueled by the pure desire coursing through my veins.

Noah chuckles against my neck, the feel of his beard against my skin making me squirm in his hold. He moves before I have a chance to catch up, bending down and scooping me into his arms.

“What are you doing!?” I squeal through my giggles, tightening my arms around his neck and practically clinging to him.

“As much as I enjoy teasing and working you up, I have been thinking about being inside your perfect cunt all damn day.” He says it so simply, picking up his pace while gripping my thigh tighter. “There will be plenty of time to draw out all those beautiful sounds you make, to learn every inch of your body and find what makes you tick. But right now, all I can think about is fucking you.”

I blush at his words, and instead of telling him to put me down or attempt to hide how his words affect me, I let them wash over me.

Noah’s words are more intoxicating than any drink. From his dirty praises to his sensual affirmations, everything he says leaves my body buzzing with a need that only he can soothe.

His comment about teasing runs through my head as I lean in and place a feather-light kiss on his neck. The hand on my thigh squeezes in response, encouraging me to do it again before moving to kiss just below his ear.

He curses under his breath, approaching the building quickly. I catch his ear between my teeth, biting gently before moving back to return the favor of those torturous kisses he likes to give me.

A cool blast of air hits us, telling me we’ve made it to his building, and I finally pull back to look around. We approach the elevators, but Noah doesn’t slow down, passing them and rounding a corner.

Halfway down the hall, he finally loosens his hold on me, carefully setting me on my feet in front of a door, but not

letting go. I'm about to get out of his way when he steps into me, pressing me against the door and tipping my head back so he can kiss me.

I melt into him, fisting the fabric at his chest in my hands and kissing him back. Without breaking away, he enters the door code, messing it up twice before finally pulling away from me. While he enters the numbers again, I manage to undo the top three buttons of his shirt. The door opens behind me, and I stumble back, but Noah catches me with an arm around my waist. He carefully walks me backward through the door.

We don't make it further than the entryway, as Noah pins me to the wall and reaches between us. He tugs at the knot that holds the top of my dress together, letting it fall open and reveal my bare chest to him. His hands are on me in the next second, grabbing my breasts in his hands as he dips down to lick at my hard nipples. I groan at the feeling of his tongue against my skin, letting my head fall back and hit the wall with a loud thud.

"Yes," I gasp as he bites down on one, making my back arch away from the wall and into him.

Reaching for his shirt, I fumble through unbuttoning it while he switches to repeat his attention to my other breast. Just as I've undone the last one, Noah pulls back, shoving the shirt off and dropping it behind him. The cool air against my chest causes me to shiver as I take in his bare chest.

"You're fucking breathtaking," he murmurs, bringing a single finger to the top of my chest and tracing the side of my

breast. I groan when he pinches my nipple between his fingers.

Grabbing for him, I find his belt and try to tug him closer but he stays put.

“Out of your dress,” he demands. Such a simple sentence has my entire body reacting. I fumble for the hem, messily pulling it over my head and not even caring if I look sexy or if my hair gets messed up.

The second I drop the dress to the floor, Noah is closing the distance between us and wrapping his hands around my thighs to lift me up. He pins me to the wall as I wrap my legs around his waist, moaning when his cock brushes against my clit. I didn’t even get a chance to notice that he took his clothes off while I was undressing, but Noah doesn’t give me a second to comment.

Keeping my back against the wall, he pulls his hips back, making his hard length slip between my thighs. His grip on my thigh moves between us, following along the seam of my thong with a groan.

“Was this expensive?”

I shake my head. “No, they’re just from—”

He doesn’t let me finish my sentence. He yanks them to the side, ripping them where the fabric meets at the back and then tearing them from my hips.

“Holy shit,” I gasp, grateful they were a Target clearance find and not the fancy matching ones I bought last week.

While part of me wonders if I should be angry that he just destroyed perfectly good underwear, it only turns me on more.

He thrusts his hips into me, his cock rubbing along my pussy. His fingers dip between us again, pushing his cock aside as he slides two of them into my entrance. As he pushes them into me, he drops his head to my shoulder.

“Look at you. Dripping and ready for my cock.”

His words have me clenching in anticipation and all I can do is moan his name.

“That’s it baby, say my name while I make you cum.”

That’s the only warning I get before he’s removing his fingers and replacing them with his cock, thrusting fully into me with ease. I curse loudly and unabashedly as his pelvis hits my clit. He stays still, sucking in a deep breath, leaning back to look between us.

“Shit, Sugar. That’s it, choke my cock,” he grunts, pulling out slowly before slamming back into me. “Your cunt is a perfect vise grip made specifically for me.”

With my head thrown back and my hands on his shoulders for support, all I can do is take him. Each time he pushes in, his pelvis hits my clit, sending shocks of pleasure through me. When I open my eyes to look down at him through my lashes, he’s focused on my face.

Picking up his pace, he tightens his hold on my ass, fucking me against the wall as if there’s no time left in the world.

My eyes drop closed, my orgasm building faster than I expected.

“Touch yourself, Sugar. Your pussy is so fucking perfect. I’m not gonna last long.”

Without hesitation, my hand drops from his shoulder and finds my clit.

“You’re so fuckin’ sexy,” he murmurs, and I moan his name again in response. Noah continues to speak, those filthy perfect words falling from his lips with that Southern drawl.

Between his mouth, his perfectly timed thrusts and my fingers circling my clit, tension pools in my lower stomach, warmth spreading through my entire body as he picks up his punishing pace.

“Noah,” I moan breathlessly.

“Cum with me, Sweetness.”

With one final hard thrust, my orgasm rakes through my body, tearing through and pulling my pleasure out. Noah cums just as hard, dropping his head to my shoulder and saying my name as we both ride our endorphin high.

We stay like that for a few moments, catching our breath and getting our bearings back. When he finally looks up at me, he has an adorable half grin on his lips.

“I could make you cum all night long and never tire of the sounds you make.”



Laughing, I open my mouth to respond but I'm cut off by pounding against the wall and a muffled voice yelling from the other side.

“Please don't! The walls are thin, and we have an early flight out!”

My cheeks burn with embarrassment, but even still, all I can do is bury my face into Noah's neck to stifle my laughter.

“Sorry!” Noah calls back, not sounding apologetic at all as he peels us away from the wall and sets me on my feet. He doesn't let me go anywhere, wrapping his arms around my waist and pressing a kiss to my forehead.

I clasp my hands behind his neck, smiling up at him.

“Maybe we go back to my place for the rest of our sex-cation,” I whisper, even though we are alone, and the neighbors probably wouldn't hear us talking normally.

“You will hear no protests from me about that. Having you alone in a place where only I can hear you fall apart so beautifully sounds like a dream.”

## Chapter 10- Noah

“Feel free to take a few minutes to snap your pictures out here. We’ll meet inside the lobby in five minutes and start our tour!” The tour guide calls out before turning to talk with one of the other employees.

Our small group immediately disburses, everyone scattering to go take their pictures of the Christmas decorations set up around the outside of the Rum House.

Last night, after getting cleaned up and grabbing my stuff, we went back to Bri’s bungalow. Neither of us could keep our hands to ourselves as we enjoyed the night of private conversations and learning more about each other’s bodies.

Like we agreed at dinner, nothing we talked about was too deep. But even still, we chatted for hours about our favorite foods and drinks. Bri told me all about the romance books she reads, who her favorite authors are, and how she’s still mad at me for not asking Lilly Matthews for an autograph.

We then talked about the plans we had for our vacation and as it turns out, Bri and my brother have a lot in common with excursion planning. Connor had booked me three total excursions, the falls yesterday, a rum house tour today, and

one more nighttime lagoon trip for my last night. Which is exactly what Bri had planned for herself, along with a massage or some spa package.

When I first looked at the plans my brother made for me, I had thought he was an idiot for thinking I would enjoy these. But now I'm grateful he did, because it means I get to spend even more time with Bri. Not that I plan to tell *him* that.

I look around at the array of winter inflatables, fake snow and even notice a nativity scene set up in front of the big welcome sign. While everyone else gravitates to the blow-up Santa and reindeer, I slowly follow behind Bri as she moves toward a grouping of barrels stacked on top of each other. As we get closer, I realize they're set up with garland, lights, and other random decorations to make it look like a tree.

Bri stops in front of it, tilting her head back as she looks over the fake tree, but my full attention is on her.

Since we weren't doing any hiking today, she chose to wear a tantalizing navy wrap skirt and gray cropped tank top. Every step she takes causes her perfectly toned legs to peek out and it's been an ongoing effort to not drool over every inch of revealed skin.

With the sun shining brightly down, it's easy to see the new freckles that peek out on her face and my eyes drop to the small smile that lights up her face. Her hair is braided back, with a few strays breaking free.

Even with all the places and things to see on the island, there's no doubt in my mind that she is the most beautiful sight

here.

“It’s so pretty,” Bri murmurs.

“Yes, you are,” I respond without hesitation, not bothering to follow her gaze.

Why would I look anywhere else to find beauty, when everything and everyone else pales in comparison to her?

Slowly, Bri looks away from the Christmas decorations and it’s then that I notice the tears lining her eyes. I close the small distance between us, pulling her into my arms and cupping her cheek gently.

“What’s wrong?” My question comes out rough, the need to find and fix the problem taking over.

She smiles up at me, shaking her head.

“Nothing,” she says, placing a soft kiss on my lips before trying to pull away, but I refuse to move. Bri stares up at me, and I see the moment she’s about to try the “nothing” answer again and cut her off.

“Something upset you.” I try to keep my tone soft, while also hiding the desperation of needing to know what’s bothering her.

“It’s nothing either of us could fix, Noah.” Her voice is a whisper, and that damn sad smile still rests on her perfect lips.

“I might not be able to fix it, but sometimes, just having someone listen can help.” I tuck a stray hair behind her ear,

holding her gaze while aching for her to let me in. “I can be your someone. I can listen.”

Her eyes bounce between mine, searching for the truth behind my words and deciding if she’ll listen. I can only hope she doesn’t see just how deeply I mean them or just how hard I’m fighting off feelings that shouldn’t be here after only two days.

Bri sighs, leaning into my hold and dropping her forehead against my chest.

“It’s probably stupid,” she mumbles against my chest.

“Maybe to others, but it’s clearly not stupid to you, otherwise you wouldn’t be upset about it. And whatever you feel is valid, no matter how big or small it may be to anyone else.” I place a kiss on the top of her head, squeezing her tightly to me and whisper, “Tell me, Sugar.”

“It’s just...” she pulls back, turning her head to look at the decorations once more but not leaving my arms. “This is my first Christmas away from my family. Growing up, putting up the Christmas Tree and decorating it was a whole day event. We’d blast holiday music, joke, eat and laugh. As we got older, and when my sister and I moved away, we all found different ways to continue that tradition.” She turns, holding my arms to her stomach and staying in my hold while she continues talking.

“My sister lives in the city too, so we keep to tradition, except now we FaceTime our parents and she usually crashes at my place because we drank holiday sangria all day long.”

I laugh at that, picturing everything she's saying while I try to think about the last time I put up a single Christmas decoration.

Bri shrugs, saving me from the thought and wiggles out of my arms. Pulling her phone from her little clutch, she snaps a picture of the barrel tree.

“This is the first year I haven't put a tree up.”

I stay silent, watching her while she lingers in front of the barrels, and rack my brain for a way to fix this. But she might be right, this might not be something that I can help with.

Before I can think of anything to say, our tour guide is calling out for everyone to head to the entrance. Bri turns to me then, her shoulders relaxing and the tears that were threatening to spill now gone.

“You were right,” she says with a smile, stepping into me and wrapping her arms around my neck. “Saying it out loud *did* help.”

She pushes up, giving me a quick kiss before pulling away. When she offers me her hand, I take it without a second thought.

“Enough emotions! Let's go learn about and taste some rum!”

Shaking my head at her dismissal, I follow behind. As the tour guide leads us through, talking about the history of the site and their process for making the alcohol, all I can focus on is Bri. The way she listens to every word and pauses to read

the historical plaques makes me think she would enjoy the tour that the Joneses do at their vineyard behind my farm.

Ma Jones has dragged me on the tour multiple times, talking my ear off as if she were leading it and making us fall behind. She lives for the history of the land and the town, loves to brag about all the work her employees put into everything they do. Watching how happy and invested Bri is on this tour reminds me of her, and I make a mental note to do the vineyard tour again when I get home. It's something so easy that makes Ma Jones happy, and I can spare a couple of hours for her.

While the tour guide finishes talking about the barrels of rum that are being aged, he leads the group to the next room. Bri still lingers down one of the aisles between the stacks, reading up on the trade history of the island and I move toward her. Stepping up behind her, I place a hand on her hip and rub my thumb over the exposed skin on her waist. She leans back into me, keeping her attention on the sign as she finishes reading.

Glancing over my shoulder, I catch the last of our small group filter through the door into the next area. Bri appears to be oblivious to the fact that we're now alone, but all I can think about is the warmth of her smooth skin beneath my fingers.

She's an addiction I will continue to gladly give into. Every sound she makes, from her melodic laughter to those sexy moans and whimpers, lights a fire in my veins. Her

beautiful, infectious smile lights up every room she enters and awakens parts of me that have been silent for so long.

“I love seeing the behind the scenes of things like this,” she says, leaning into me and tipping her head back to rest against my chest as she stares up at the wall of barrels.

My earlier thoughts about Ma Jones pop back up but I clear my throat, choosing to keep that personal detail to myself. Instead, I lean down to kiss her exposed neck. The intake of breath she takes is audible, and my cock responds instantly.

Although to be fair, she doesn't have to do more than be around me for my entire body to respond.

I trace along her waist, my fingers slipping beneath the fabric every so often as I whisper in her ear.

“Have I told you how mouthwateringly beautiful you are?”

“Yes, like half a dozen times today,” Bri chuckles, twisting around to face me with a smirk.

Shrugging, I hook a finger back into the top of her skirt and gently tug. She stumbles into me, laughing and letting her hands land on my chest. Brushing a stray hair from her face, I lean down, keeping my eyes on her as she leans in and pushes up to meet me. Before she can kiss me, I pause, skimming my nose along her cheek as I respond.

“I'm falling behind. The goal is to tell you a dozen times today.”



I cut off her laughter with a kiss, moving forward until her ass is pressed into the sign she was just reading. Her fingers tangle into the hair at the back of my neck, holding me close and sliding her tongue along my bottom lip.

The way she asks for what she wants, both with her words and her actions, is hands down one of the sexiest things I have ever experienced with a woman.

I run a hand down her side, continuing down her thigh until I find the cut in her skirt and shove it aside. With her smooth leg now in my hand, I wrap my hand to the back of her thigh and pull it up to rest at my hip. She moans into my mouth when I press my hips against her, showing her just how true my words are and how much she affects me.

She meets my movements, grinding against me until I *almost* say “fuck it” to worrying about who might walk in.

Without pulling away, Bri tugs her leg from my hold and finds her footing before spreading her palm out on my chest and pushing me. I move with her, letting her guide me backwards as my tongue sweeps against hers until my back meets something solid.

We break apart then and I glance over my shoulder to find she’s backed me up to the reinforced beams from the barrel stacks that go up to the ceiling. Bri looks up and down the aisle before leaning to the side and checking the space around.

“They all moved on to the next room,” I tell her.

She settles back in front of me and my heart stutters at the mischievous gleam that's dancing in her eyes as she bites her lips.

“So... we're alone?” she questions, and I can only nod, swallowing thickly as her hands travel down between us. Her smile widens when she finds the button to my pants and I finally react, reaching to stop her quick fingers from undoing it.

“Someone is going to notice we're gone soon.” My voice is low and strained.

Stopping her from touching me is one of the hardest things I've had to do.

But she's undeterred, shoving my hand aside and unsnapping the button.

“Then I better be quick,” she says in a quiet, sultry voice.

I don't even get a chance to think of a response as she reaches into my shorts and boxers, immediately gripping my cock. My head drops back as she slowly pumps me in her hand, drawing a groan from my lips.

“Better keep it down, Mister. We don't need to draw any attention to us,” she murmurs and if I weren't already hard for her, I would be now.

She strokes up my length, her hold around me tight and perfect. I have to bite my bottom lip to hold in another groan. My eyes close and I suck in a deep breath through my nose as she continues her slow movements.

When her free hand reaches for my waist, my attention snaps back to her. The sight before me almost makes me shoot my load after only a few touches from her.

Bri now kneels in front of me, her attention solely on freeing my cock. She gets them down my thigh midway before forgetting about them. Licking her lips, she peers up at me through hooded lids.

“So perfect,” I whisper to her. That’s all the permission she needs.

Sticking her tongue out and flattening it, she guides my cock to her mouth and licks me from base to tip. She does this once more only this time, she circles her tongue around the head of my cock before taking me into her mouth.

Unable to keep my hands to myself any longer, I cup her cheek in my palm, tracing my thumb back and forth as she sucks on my cock. I watch as she visibly relaxes, taking a deep breath while looking up at me with darkened eyes, before taking my whole length into her mouth. The tip of my cock hits her throat, and she swallows. Even with her mouth full of me, I can see the smirk fighting at her lips when I curse.

“Fuck, your mouth is heaven, Bri.”

She hums in acknowledgment, the vibrations causing me to buck my hips and shove my cock back down her throat. I go to pull out and make sure she’s okay, but both her hands move to my thighs and hold me in place. When I can’t get away, I relax, rubbing the stray tear from her cheek.

“I don’t want to hurt you.” I whisper and she shakes her head. She brings a hand to the base of my cock before letting me slide out of her. As she talks, she continues to pump me, twisting her hand when she gets to the tip and sliding back down with ease.

“You’re not hurting me,” she says simply, dropping her gaze to watch her hands stroke my cock before looking at me again. “Fuck my mouth, Noah. Use me and cum down my throat.”

“Bri...” I warn. But if this is what she wants, who am I to deny her?

She raises a brow, searching my gaze before smirking.

“Do you know how much this is turning me on?” she asks, and my eyes immediately drop to her lap, as if I could see for myself. “Noah, I’m so fucking wet from pleasuring *you* right now. Trust me when I say I can take it. Fuck my mouth.”

“As you wish, Sugar.”

Her mouth is back around my cock in the next second and after I wipe away one last tear, I tangle my fingers into her hair. She moans around me. Between that and her permission, I do exactly as she says.

I thrust into her, fucking her mouth, and ingrain every detail of this into my mind. From the way her perfect pink lips wrap around my cock, to the tears that roll down her flushed cheeks and the way she’s shifting on her thighs as if seeking relief.

I'm so focused on the way she looks on her knees before me as I fuck her mouth, that I don't notice her hand moving until she's cupping my balls. I curse under my breath as she continues to pull and play with them all while taking everything I'm giving her.

My hold in her hair tightens and those telltale tingles flow through my veins, gathering at the base of my spine. I take her face in my free hand, not removing my hold from her hair as she bobs her head up and down.

"I'm gonna cum, Bri," I warn. She nods her head, moaning around my cock. I thrust again, hitting the back of her throat where she swallows around me as she continues her attention on my balls.

I thrust once more, stilling my hips and cumming down her throat as I hold her in place. She takes it with ease, swallowing every drop before releasing my cock with an audible pop.

With my hand in her hair, I pull gently, guiding her to her feet and wrapping my free arm around her. She loses balance slightly, but I catch her, tilting her head back and capturing her mouth in a deep kiss. The taste of my release on her tongue is enough to make my cock twitch, already bouncing back for round two with her.

Bri breaks away, gasping for breath as she drops her wide gaze between us.

"How is that even possible?" she questions, shaking her head and smiling up at me. I shrug, reaching down to pull my shorts back up.

“This is a first for me, so believe me when I say, it’s all because of you.” Buttoning my pants, I reach for her again and pull her in for a gentle kiss. “That is going to live in my head, rent free, for the rest of my life.”

She smiles lazily up at me, but when she opens her mouth, it’s not her voice that comes out.

“Ah! There you two lovebirds are! Sneaking away for a secret kiss!”

I turn to the new voice, finding one of the employees at the end of the aisle.

“Sorry to ruin the moment, but we must keep you going and finish up the tour!”

“Of course!” Bri says cheerily, stepping from my arms and moving away. “So sorry we fell behind, I didn’t even notice the group moved on!”

I follow after her, shaking my head at her little fib and taking one last look behind me.

*Yeah, definitely never gonna forget that.*

## Chapter 11- Sabrina

“**S**orry, I’m just supposed to lay there while he rubs me?” Noah asks incredulously from where he leans against the counter with his arms crossed, watching me as I pick up my copy of *Always, Madly* by Whitney West up off the couch and move to set it out of the way on the counter.

“Okay when you say it like that it sounds bad!”

“I don’t see the difference between what you said and what I said,” he says, earning a playful glare from me over my shoulder.

“Well, for starters, *I* said that I was able to get you added on for a massage with me.”

“So, I lay there and let some random guy rub me with oils while some *other* guy does the same to you.” He pushes off from his spot and moves toward me. Stopping in front of me, he places an arm on each side of me, trapping me against the counter. “That’s definitely not helping the case any.”

“Noah, it’s a *massage*. They’re going to be kneading and manipulating our muscles and tissues to help us relax.” I place a hand on his chest, rolling my eyes up at him. “Not ‘rubbing’ us.”

He raises his brow. “Another man is going to be kneading and manipulating you?”

My cheeks flush at his tone. He almost sounds jealous, but I immediately shake that thought away. He wouldn't be jealous after only two days.

“Not like that, Noah.” I drop my gaze. “I just thought it would be a nice thing to do to kick off Christmas Eve, but I can easily call and cancel yours.”

I go to move out of his arms, but he keeps me pinned in place. Before I can say anything, he hooks a finger beneath my chin and tips my face up, forcing me to look at him.

“You're right, all jokes aside, it will be very nice. I've never had one.” He pauses, leaning down to softly kiss me. When he pulls away, my breath catches in my throat at the sight of his darkened eyes. “It's really only the fact that another man will be touching you, soothing and pleasuring you, that is driving me insane.”

Dropping his hand from my chin, he traces a single finger down the side of my neck and over the tops of my exposed chest. His gaze follows the movement, never wavering as he openly stares at my body.

“I want to make one thing perfectly clear.” He continues to trail his hand down my side. “I don't share.”

As if to emphasize his point, he grabs my ass, hauling me against him and grinding his hard-on into me.



“It might only be for the next couple days, but while we’re here, your body and your pleasure are *mine*.” His mouth slams against mine, his free hand moving to the back of my head and holding me in place.

I should correct him. I should shut down the absolute possessiveness that’s there in his words.

Instead, I give in to him. Choosing to let his temporary passion and obsession course through me. All he does is fuel my desire toward him, making me think of all the delicious things he does to me and how sexy his attention makes me feel.

He licks along my lips once, and the second I allow him, he deepens the kiss. I grab the fabric of his shirt in my hand, using it to hold him closer as I practically melt into him. His hips buck into me again, making me moan into his mouth.

Just as I’m about to suggest we move to the bedroom, a knock interrupts us. He pulls away with a groan and drops his forehead to mine.

“When this man’s hands are on you, just remember one thing.” He pauses to kiss the corner of my mouth.

“And what’s that?” I whisper breathlessly, desperately trying to calm my racing heart.

Noah steps back, letting his hands fall from me and I can’t suppress the shiver from the loss of his warmth.

“This guy might make you feel good, but the moment he is gone, I’m going to remind you that I can make you feel

*better.*” He licks his lips, slowly trailing his eyes down my body before meeting my gaze with a smirk. “I’m going to fuck you until there’s nothing but my name falling from your lips as you beg me to cum.”

My jaw drops open at his words, my entire body almost vibrating with the need for that to happen right now. But Noah backs away with a chuckle before turning on his heel toward the door to let the massage therapists in.

The two men come in, saying their hellos to me but getting right to moving the furniture of the living room aside. Noah and I wait awkwardly in the kitchen, neither of us speaking as we watch them move about. Once their tables are set up beside each other, the taller of the two men turns to us with a wide smile. Both men are attractive. Their golden skin and muscular builds undoubtedly have women all over the resort wishing they were on their table.

However, while I can appreciate their good looks, they don’t even come close to Noah’s level.

“Hello! I am Leo and this is Collin.” He waves a hand and gestures to his partner who is finishing setting up some bottles on the pop-up table they brought with them. Collin straightens, turning to face us both as Leo continues. “How is the happy couple feeling today?”

My eyes bulge at the comment, wondering if the receptionist who booked this forgot to note that we are *not* the married couple like originally booked. When I changed all my

plans to just me, she hadn't missed a beat, taking Paul's name off everything without hesitation.

However, when I called to add a second person back onto the massage today, she was very curious. I simply told her I made a friend my first night here and wanted to treat them to a spa day.

There have been a couple of moments that I almost told Noah about why I'm here, what this vacation was *supposed* to be. But considering I was the one who suggested nothing get too deep between us, I kept to myself.

"We're ready to feel relaxed," Noah answers smoothly, completely unfazed by Leo calling us a couple.

"Excellent! We are going to step out and let you change. You can leave undergarments on should you wish, but best results come when there's no clothing on." He pauses, waving a hand toward the beds but Noah speaks up before Leo can continue.

"You want us naked?"

Leo smiles, not fazed by the interruption in the slightest.

"Only if you're comfortable. If not, you can leave your shorts on. Both your comforts are our top priority, so should you wish to remain partially clothed or have anywhere you would like us to not touch, that's no problem."

From the corner of my eye, I see Noah watching me and know he's not thinking about himself having no clothes on. No, he's only thinking about the fact that *I* will be naked.

Ignoring his attention and the blush that spreads across my cheeks from it, I focus on listening to Leo's instructions.

"When you're both ready, you can lay on the beds under the top sheet, and then give us a shout. Any questions?"

"Yeah, who will we be paired with?" Noah asks casually. I have to stifle my laughter.

"I will be attending to you, sir." Leo answers easily. I offer Collin a polite smile in response as Leo continues. "Alright, we'll be right outside the back doors, you two get settled and we'll get started!"

Noah doesn't say anything as they leave, and we both strip down without a word. Only once I'm lying on my stomach under the sheet does he speak up.

"I meant what I said, Bri. Your pleasure is mine this week, and the moment they leave, I will be reminding you of that." He turns then, calling out for them to come in.

Leo and Collin enter immediately, talking in hushed voices to let us know what they're doing, while turning on calming instrumental music. I focus on laying my head down and relaxing my shoulders, but all I can think about is what Noah just said.

"Is there anywhere you would like me to focus on or avoid?" Colin whispers, startling me slightly. I turn my head to smile softly at him, willing my heart to stop racing and for the dirty thoughts of Noah to go away.

“Nope! Do whatever you think is best,” I respond lightly, not wanting to disrupt the calm ambiance. But Noah clearing his throat has me looking at him instead of laying back down.

He has a single brow raised at me, but instead of speaking up, he simply licks along his bottom lip before lowering himself onto his massage table.

I do the same, avoiding Collin’s gaze in hopes he doesn’t notice my blush and lay back down so he can begin.

Once he starts, it’s easy to lose track of time and everything around me. The only thing I can focus on is the way Collin’s hands soothes over muscles that I didn’t even realize were sore. He works his magic on my shoulders and arms before moving on to my lower back.

“You carry so much stress here,” Collin comments under his voice, pulling me from my trance. I’m about to ask him what he’s talking about when he massages a spot just above the back of my hip, and I groan. “There ya go, doll.”

He focuses his attention on that spot before moving to the other side. Hell, even I didn’t know I was carrying any stress there either, but he knew exactly where to find it.

I’m so lost in his ministrations that I almost miss Noah breaking the silence and saying, “Fuck it,” under his breath. I slowly peel my eyes open and turn my head just in time to see Noah swinging his feet off his massage table, holding the sheet around his waist to cover himself.

“Out,” Noah seethes through clenched teeth as he moves toward me.

My eyes widen, the relaxed state that Collin had put me in immediately vanishing. Noah stops next to me at the head of my table, and I push to my elbows, not missing how his eyes immediately drop to my chest.

Collin doesn't move, his hand still resting on my back as he addresses Noah.

“Excuse me, sir?”

Noah doesn't remove his stare from me, showing me just how serious he is about kicking these two out. I turn to apologize to the guys but come up short when I find Leo already smirking at Noah's back.

“We'll come back for the tables in a couple hours,” Leo says, flicking his gaze to Collin and tipping his head toward the door.

With his hands still on my back, Collin looks between the two other guys in the room.

“But I was just—”

“It's okay, Col,” Leo interrupts before pointedly looking at Noah. “We can give them privacy and come to collect our things later.”

I smile apologetically at the two of them, watching as they leave. Only when the front door audibly closes behind them do I look back at Noah.

“What the hell was that?” I question, sitting up on the bed with my feet off the side and not bothering to cover myself.

He doesn't answer me though, choosing to slowly stalk around the side of the table and stopping in front of me.

“Why did you kick them out—”

All words leave me as he drops his sheet and my mouth hangs open at the sight of how turned on he is.

“Because those damn sounds that kept leaving your lips were driving me insane.”

He takes a small step back, gripping his hard cock tightly in his hand and slowly pumping himself.

“Do you see what just *hearing* you does to me? How those beautiful sounds you make affect me so damn much?”

I squeeze my thighs together but fight to stay focused.

“So, you kicked out the man who was giving me the best massage of my life because you were turned on?”

I'm baiting him. We both know he wouldn't have kicked them out like that to just tell me how turned on he is.

Noah releases his cock, stepping up closer until he is towering over me. I try to ignore his hard length pressing against my knees and swallow thickly as I tilt my head to look up at him.

“I kicked them out of here because all I could think about was just how perfect you sounded. I kicked them out because every time you moaned; it was driving me insane that it wasn't

because of me.” He reaches for me, running his thumb over my bottom lip. “I kicked them out of here so that I could bend you over this table and fuck all of those sounds out of you.”

When his thumb passes over my lip again, I can’t resist the urge to open my mouth and catch it between my lips. Holding his gaze, I suck his thumb, swirling my tongue around it and drawing a groan from him that encourages me to do it again.

“Stand up,” Noah demands suddenly, yanking his thumb from my lips and taking a step back. I do as he says, standing bare before him and fighting the urge to rub my thighs together again for some sort of relief.

“So beautiful,” he murmurs as his gaze trails up my body. His cock is back in his hand, and I think about how much it turned me on to have him in my mouth yesterday. I’m about to sink to my knees again when he speaks.

“Turn around and bend over.”

Swallowing thickly, I eagerly listen, turning and folding myself over the side of the massage table. I brace my elbows on the edge, arching my back and wiggling my ass slightly.

Noah immediately grips my hips, holding me still. I look over my shoulder to watch him. His tongue darts out, wetting his lips as he stares down at my ass.

“Such a pretty sight—you bent over for me.” He rubs a hand across my ass, moving until his fingers skim over my dripping pussy. “Already so wet and ready for me.”



He grabs his cock, stroking it roughly once before rubbing it up and down my entrance. My head drops forward between my shoulders, and I groan.

“I could listen to you on repeat,” he chuckles, continuing to tease me.

“Noah,” I breathlessly pant his name, pushing back in an effort to entice him into fucking me now.

I’m so lost in trying to get him inside me, that I don’t even notice he’s moved his other hand until the sound of his palm against my skin meets my ears. He rubs soothing circles on my ass cheek while he shifts his hips and teases my pussy once more. Blinking to help me stay focused, I glare at him over my shoulder.

“Did you just...” I don’t even get a chance to finish my question before he’s slapping my ass once more. The pain is momentary, instantly mixing with pleasure as he massages the spot while he rests his cock at my entrance.

“That’s for letting any other man hear those beautiful sounds.”

I open my mouth to respond, but he cuts me off with another slap. This one has my head dropping forward again and a groan slipping from between my lips.

*Should being smacked on the ass be that much of a turn on?*

He does it again, easing the sting with his palm. My cheeks flame as I catch my breath.

“What were those for then?”

He chuckles, squeezing both my ass cheeks in his hand before answering.

“Because my cock is pressed so tightly against your dripping pussy, and I felt how much it turned you on.”

As if to prove his point, he pulls his hips back and slides his cock along my pussy, coating himself in my desire. There’s no point in trying to stifle any sound I make, and they only spur him on as he grinds behind me. He places a hand on my lower back, forcing my chest to push into the table as he glides his cock between my thighs and rubs over my clit.

“Noah, please.”

He slaps my ass again in response, my insides clenching around nothing, and I whimper.

“Your pleasure is mine,” he says as the tip of his cock notches at my entrance. I’m nodding my head, whether that’s at his words or the fact that he’s about to fuck me, I don’t know.

“Say it, Bri.”

“It’s yours,” I gasp, moaning as he pushes the head of his cock into me.

My relief is short lived though, as he stills his hips and doesn’t give me more.

“What’s mine?”

I try to push back, needing more of him but he holds me by my hips tightly.

“My pleasure, fuck. My pussy, my orgasm, everything. It’s all yours, just fuck me.” I’m not even sure if I say the right thing, but he rewards me by slamming the full length of his cock into me. We groan in unison as he pulls out, my pussy clenching around him.

“Mine,” he practically growls before pounding into me. My nipples rub against the sheet on the massage table, creating an additional sensation that has my entire body responding to him.

I’m at Noah’s complete mercy as he fucks me. Pleas and other nonsensical words fall from my mouth as I get lost in him. One of his hands slips from my hip, and he reaches toward my face. He holds two fingers in front of my lips.

“Suck.”

I listen, opening my mouth and wrapping my lips around his fingers and swirling my tongue around them like I did to his cock yesterday. He curses under his breath before pulling his fingers back and reaching around my front. In an instant, he finds my clit and applies the perfect amount of pressure in a circular motion.

“Oh my God,” I moan, warmth spreading through me, and I struggle to focus on just one of the sensations coursing through my body.

When he pinches my clit between his fingers, I gasp loudly, clenching around his cock as he continues to pound into me.

“Cum, Bri,” Noah demands, rubbing my clit with determination. “You feel so fucking perfect choking my cock like this.”

His pace picks up, and he presses his free hand to my lower back. When he thrusts back in, he hits a spot inside me that I know will set me off. Which is something he learned the other day, so it’s no surprise that when he slams back into me, he pinches my clit at the same exact time.

My orgasm tears through me, shooting through my body as Noah slams into me with my name leaving his lips, cumming with me.

He folds himself over my back, collapsing on top of me while we both catch our breath.

When I finally open my eyes, I laugh.

“What could you possibly be laughing at while I still have you impaled on my cock?” Noah questions and it only makes me giggle harder. He groans, pushing up to his feet and pulling out of me.

“I hadn’t even felt the table move,” I say through my fit of laughter and that’s when Noah finally notices it as well.

I had been so focused on him fucking me, that I was completely oblivious to the fact that the entire table was

moving. Noah runs a hand through his hair, that devious smirk painted across his lips as he turns to look at the other table.

“Well, now if anyone asks, we can say that massage tables are sturdy.”

## Chapter 12- Noah

“**Y**a know, for as much as I miss my family’s Christmas traditions, I could definitely get used to this,” Bri sighs contently, scooping up a spoonful of the chocolate mousse we had delivered with dinner.

We had originally planned to go try one of the other restaurants on the resort tonight, but after I kicked the massage therapists out, we were more than happy to let our plans change. Besides, staying here meant that Bri didn’t have to put clothes on, so really the decision of where to have dinner was easy.

Bri brings the spoon to her mouth but doesn’t look away from the view outside the bedroom doors. Yesterday when she brought up the Christmas tree thing, it was easy to tell that it was weighing on her. At that moment, she looked as if she was carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders.

“Do you have a favorite thing to do around the holidays?” she asks, finally turning to me. I study her expression, searching for any of that lingering sadness from yesterday.

But at least now, she appears happy.

Tearing my gaze from her, I look out over the water and think my answer over.

We haven't celebrated the holidays in a long time. My mom used to go all out with decorations, baked goods, and presents. Since she passed away, all the old decorations have been in storage boxes collecting dust in the basement. The only cookies we eat now are the ones Mrs. Jones brings us. There's only one thing that has remained the same, and that's what I tell her.

"Every year my brother and I dress up one of the horses as Rudolf the Red-nosed Reindeer and let him loose on the town on the day of their winter carnival. We keep eyes on him at all times, but it makes everyone happy."

Bri straightens, gasping as her hand swings out to clutch my arm. For a second, I wonder if I did something wrong.

"You have a horse?" she questions, her face completely serious, and I nod slowly.

"Yeah, a few actually..." I trail off, uncertain of what she's going to say next.

Her grip on my arm tightens and a beautiful smile spreads across her face.

"That's freaking amazing. Owning a horse is one of those childhood dreams that I always think I outgrew, but then I see one in a field, and it all comes rushing back."

She relaxes back in her spot, shaking her head as she continues dreamily.

“I would leave the city in a heartbeat if it meant I got to own a horse.”

I can't help but smile at her words, images of her back at the farm on top of one of the horses teasing my mind.

Clearing my throat, I change the subject in hopes she can't see what I was just thinking.

“What's your favorite thing about the holidays? Aside from the Christmas tree.”

She pulls a knee to her chest, wrapping her arms around it and resting her cheek on top of it while smiling softly at me.

“Every year on Christmas Eve, my siblings and I watch *The Nightmare Before Christmas* at exactly ten thirty at night. That way, by the time we finished, it would be midnight and officially Christmas Day.”

“I've never seen that,” I whisper. She whips her head up.

“How?” she squeals, and I shrug.

“My ma was always more of a *White Christmas* kind of person so that's what we always watched on repeat and nothing else.”

“Okay,” she says with a single nod. “I guess that's actually a good reason.”

Unable to think of a response, I simply offer her a smile. A tightness in my chest forms at the idea of next year, without her, but Bri is oblivious to my thoughts. Getting up from the



bed, she gathers the dishes from our dessert and carries them to the kitchen.

Plopping back onto the bed, I tuck my hands behind my head with a heavy sigh and stare up at the ceiling. I listen to the sound of the waves and try to ignore the pang in my chest at the reminder that being with Bri is only temporary.

I'm so lost in my own mind that I don't even realize Bri is back until she is straddling my waist and smiling down at me. Reacting without thinking, my hands find her hips, holding her in place as I admire her.

*Fucking hell she's pretty.*

Her messy red hair cascades over one of her shoulders and her warm brown eyes shine as she places her hands on my chest for balance. My gaze lowers down her body, taking in the perfect swell of her bare breasts and instantly wishing my mouth was there. There's a red flush spread over her skin, but it's hard to tell if it's from being out in the sun or her body reacting to our position.

"You seemed lost in thought," Bri says quietly, watching me closely as if searching for the answer in my gaze. I shrug, squeezing her hips before running my hands down the length of her thighs.

"Not horribly lost, just a little dazed."

She chuckles and bends down to kiss me.

The moment her lips press against mine, nothing else matters. All I can think about is the feeling of her body against

mine.

“Maybe I can give you something else to focus on,” she whispers against my lips, shifting her hips and grinding against my already hard cock.

“Sugar, from the moment I laid eyes on you, you’re all I’ve been able to focus on.”

She continues grinding against me, working herself up and driving me insane with the desire to be inside of her. It doesn’t matter that I just fucked her a few hours ago, my body always reacts to her, craving every touch and feel until I’m almost aching.

Abruptly, she stops, pulling back and smirking down at me.

“You claimed my pleasure earlier, it seems only fair that I get to do the same to you.”

My racing heart skips a beat while I stare up at this perfect woman. I push up slightly, resting on an elbow and bringing our lips closer together.

“Take it all. It’s already yours, Sugar.”

Her mouth clashes against mine, kissing me with determination as we fall back to the bed.

Bri wastes no time, her hips finding a rhythm that has her moaning into my mouth. I start to meet her thrusts, desperate for more of her while also waiting to see what she’ll do next. When she finally breaks our kiss to sit up, her hand reaches between us and wraps around my cock. I bite back a curse and

watch as she pushes up on her knees and lines me up at her warm entrance.

When she doesn't move right away, I tear my gaze from the sight between us and look up at her face to find she's already watching me.

Holding my stare, she finally starts lowering herself onto my cock. It takes more effort than I would have thought to not let my eyes close at the feel of her sinking onto me. But I force them to stay on her, to watch the way her eyes start to roll back, and her mouth hangs open as she sits on me.

By the time she's fully lowered, I'm breathing through gritted teeth.

As she begins to find her rhythm, sitting back more and finding the angle she wants, those beautiful sounds I love fall free from her lips. Her breasts bounce as she moves, rising and lowering herself on me and all I can do is admire her while she fucks me.

When she slams down onto me again, her pussy tightens, and she says my name in the prettiest moan. Needing more of her, those sounds, and her pleasure, I brace my weight on my elbow and move to sit up. Except when I start to slip my hand from her hip to actually pull her close, the groan that slips from her lips isn't from pleasure.

I still, tilting my head back. I'm about to ask her what's wrong when she presses both her hands to my chest and pushes me back down.

“Don’t. Move,” she demands between deep breaths.

Following her direction, my hands drop away from her, and I watch her closely as she finds her pace once more.

“Does that not help? I thought the angle would be better...” She shakes her head, hips not once faltering as she grinds above me. My jaw tightens as she clenches around my cock, and I try to focus on her answer.

“Sometimes yes, but I’m...” Bri trails off, flattening her palms on my chest and sitting back just slightly with a moan. “So close.”

The need to touch her spikes through me once more and I have to clutch the sheets beside me. She’s so close, her pussy squeezing around my cock in a vise grip and so perfect as she teeters toward her orgasm. All I can do is let her use my body.

And fuck if it isn’t the hottest thing ever.

My knee bends slightly and my hips lift on their own accord to meet her next thrust. Her eyes shoot open as she glares down at me.

“Stop moving.”

“It was just my knee!” The fib slips free. We both know it was more than that, and I shrug, grabbing at her thigh while she squints down at me before slamming herself down on my cock. She stays seated there for a second, pussy gripping me tightly and it takes everything in me to not grab her by the hips and force her to move again.

“Noah. Stay fucking still.”

Painstakingly slow, she rises onto her knees, my cock slowly slipping from her tight cunt until only the tip rests at her entrance. Panting heavily, she supports her weight above me with her hands on my chest, one right above my heart, and stays where she is while speaking.

“Every time you move, it changes the angle.” Bri starts lowering herself down half my length before pushing up once more. “I am so close, but then you fucking move and I’m left chasing after my orgasm.”

With that, she drops her weight, swallowing my cock with her pussy and starts moving with determination.

“You said I can take your pleasure,” she taunts me with a smirk. “So, stay fucking still and let me take it.”

Her words course through me, seeping into my veins and making me groan at just how amazing she is. Unable to resist, I suck in a breath through clenched teeth before speaking.

“God, you’re fucking magnificent.”

My grip on her thigh might leave bruises but it’s all I can do to keep myself in place while she uses me. She writhes above me, her movements becoming more erratic. Pleasure builds and gathers at the base of my spine, reminding me that I’m not going to last much longer.

Bri moans my name at the same time her pussy flutters around me, and her back straightens at the start of her orgasm. She slips down my cock, grinding her clit against my pelvis while her body shakes as she cums.

“You can move now.” Her words are breathless, and I waste no time listening. Pushing up, I knock her hands away from my chest and reach down to grab both her thighs and guide her legs to wrap around me as I sit up.

Once we’re both upright, she’s slightly limp in my arms as I pound up into her tight pussy. More moans slip from her lips, and all I can do is watch her face as I fuck and draw out her orgasm. It doesn’t take long for me to finish, not with how she clenches while chanting my name like a prayer.

She’s a fucking siren, taking her pleasure from my body and dragging mine out with hers.

“Fucking hell, Sugar,” I groan. “You feel amazing.”

With my hold on her ass, I lift her once more before dropping her on my cock. We groan in unison and with the next grip of her pussy, I’m gone. Holding her in place, I empty myself into her.

At this moment, nothing else matters. Not the jealousy that tore through me earlier while that masseuse had his hands all over her, not the fact that we only have one more day together and the possibility of never seeing her again. None of it.

With Bri smiling lazily as she leans in to kiss me... this moment, and the woman looking at me as if I hung the stars, is the only thing that matters.

I kiss her back, moving us both as I lay her in the bed beside me, an idea forms. She snuggles into me, draping an

arm around my chest and I rub her back, holding her close while I think of what I need to do.

All I need is for her to fall asleep.

## Chapter 13- Sabrina

**T**he smell of coffee and ocean air assaults my nose, making me smile before I even open my eyes.

Aside from that first morning here when I woke up early to watch the sunrise, I've taken advantage of the chance to sleep in. Back home, I'm normally up with the sun and one of the first people in the office. So being here, where I'm only on the schedule I've given myself, has been a refreshing change in pace.

That, and the fact that Noah and I can't seem to keep our hands off each other so I end up practically passing out in his arms from sex exhaustion.

Thinking about Noah is what has me stretching, my hand going to his side of the bed, only to be met with cold sheets. My brows furrow as I push up and finally peel my eyes open. He's been up before me for the past two days, but after getting back into bed, he would sit next to me until I fully woke up. If it weren't for the smell of coffee, I would almost think he left.

My heart squeezes at the realization that today is our last full day together, and that after tomorrow, I won't wake up beside him anyways.



Noah steps into the room then, his body filling the doorway as he leans against the frame holding two cups of coffee and smiles at me.

“Merry Christmas, Sugar.”

“Merry Christmas.” I smile, sitting up fully and letting the sheet pool around me. Before this trip, I’d never been one for sleeping naked. But falling asleep after getting fucked until my entire body feels like jelly means pajamas are easily forgotten.

Noah groans, pushing off the frame and moving closer with his eyes on my chest.

“So beautiful,” he says softly, leaning down to kiss my forehead before handing me one of the mugs. “And so very tempting.”

I wrap my hands around the mug, smirking at him with a grin.

“Tempting enough to get you back into bed?”

He shakes his head, stepping away.

“Almost. If it weren’t for the fact that I have something to show you, neither of us would be getting out of bed for the rest of the day.”

“Something to show me?” I question, perking up at his words. He holds a hand out to me but only offers me a strained smile in response that has my gut twisting with nerves. Hesitantly, I take it, letting him help me up and keeping a close eye so that my coffee doesn’t spill.

Noah squeezes my hand once and starts leading me out of the bedroom. We're both silent, and I watch him closely, following him into the main part of the bungalow.

His shoulders are tense and if I didn't know any better, I'd say he was blushing.

"Noah, what's wrong?"

"I, uh, I got you something," he says, pulling his hand from mine as we stop in the middle of the living room and grips the back of his neck.

I blink up at him, "What?"

He doesn't meet my gaze, looking toward the back of the house while answering me.

"It's nothing major, and I didn't actually buy you anything. It was just something I thought of, and it might be stupid but..." He pauses, finally facing me as he offers a small smile. "I'm sure it's nothing like the ones you put up back home, but it's the best I could do on an island."

Noah motions with his free hand, pointing toward the coffee table. I stare at him for a long moment before finally looking.

I almost drop my coffee when I see what he's talking about. Tears gather in my eyes as I move closer.

On the center of the coffee table is a dried-up piece of driftwood from the beach, it has a few branches stemming off the main branch, and some of them have even smaller shoots.

He propped it up with a white sheet wrapped around the base, holding it in place.

Each branch has seashells of all different shades hanging from them. Some have holes through them and dangle from the limbs, while others are whole and rest on the ends of the branch. At the very top part of the wood, rests a perfectly put together light pink conch shell that is much bigger than all the rest.

“You made me a...” I trail off, placing a hand on my chest and shaking my head while trying to wrap my mind around what’s in front of me.

“It’s supposed to be a Christmas tree. But I was limited on the “tree” options, so I had to improvise. I thought about waiting until the shop opened up but didn’t know how early you would be waking up and didn’t want to risk you waking up alone on Christmas,” he rambles, and the uncertainty in his voice has me tearing my attention from the tree.

“Noah,” I say his name softly and his head snaps to me. Holding his gaze, I close the distance between us, wrapping my arms around his neck and pushing onto my tip toes. When our noses skim together, I pause. “This is the best thing anyone has ever done for me. And not just for Christmas.”

Unable to put to words how much this actually means to me, I kiss him, hoping to convey through my actions just how much I appreciate what he’s done. Noah hesitates for a heartbeat before pulling me into his embrace and kissing me back.

“So, you like it?” He mumbles against my lips, and I chuckle, leaning back to look at the seashell Christmas tree he made for me.

“I don’t just like it, Noah. It’s absolutely perfect, I love it.”

\* \* \*

“Tell me again what we’re supposed to be seeing in the dark?” Noah asks, keeping his voice down just like everyone else does as they step onto the tour boat.

“It’s the Luminescent Lagoon!” I whisper excitedly and Noah just raises a brow at me in question. “Basically, there’s stuff in the water that makes it light up at night.”

That’s really all there is to this final excursion. It’s nothing crazy and even some of the people on the travel sites warned that it wasn’t an exciting trip. Even if I only get twenty minutes of seeing the ocean light up, I’ll take it.

I know that it’s actually bio-luminescent microorganisms living in the water that light up when disturbed, but seeing water light up is a dream of my inner child. And after everything I’ve gone through, after how deeply I buried my own dreams, I deserve to enjoy all the little things that bring me joy.

Noah’s gaze burns into the side of my face, but I keep my attention on the dark water over the side of the boat.

We spent the whole day relaxing around the bungalow, mostly eating snacks, and talking about random things beside the seashell tree he made me. After showing him my appreciation with a blow job, he told me just how long it took him to find everything he needed. If I hadn't already been a puddle, learning just how much thought he put into it did the trick.

I meant it when I told him that it was the best thing anyone had ever done for me. What I didn't tell him though, is that it was also the most thoughtful and touching thing ever given to me. Throughout the day I had tried to think of any possible way for me to take it home with me, only to end up settling on taking a picture of it and setting it as the background on my phone.

One thing I've learned over the last few days with him is that he notices everything. Half the time, I don't even think *he* notices how much he actually does. From organizing the dirty dishes at the restaurants so it's easier for the staff to grab to refilling my water when it gets low; he's on top of it all.

So, it really shouldn't surprise me that he did something like that.

Although maybe it's more the fact that he did something so meaningful that will stay with me for a long time that makes my heart do funny things.

Things that I definitely shouldn't be feeling after only knowing him for four days.

Shaking my head, I listen to the captain go over safety protocols while the boat leaves the docks. As we set off into the dark waters, he transitions to tell us all about the lagoon, what we'll be doing and how much time we have.

By the time we get to our destination, I'm literally sitting at the edge of my seat. I don't even realize my legs are shaking until Noah places a hand on top of my knee with a chuckle.

"I didn't realize you were *this* excited for the lagoon," he comments. I finally turn away from the dark waters to smile at him.

"It's glowing water, Noah!" I exclaim, as if that is the only possible reasoning needed. He grins at me, his blue eyes shining in the moonlight.

"Then let's go," he says, offering me his hand, which I eagerly take. I don't even worry that I might be holding him too tightly, I simply let him pull me to my feet.

"I'm so excited that I feel like I might hurl."

That wasn't something I meant to say out loud, but Noah doesn't flinch away.

"If you do, I'll help hide it from the captain so he doesn't try telling you that you can't go in the water."

His words shouldn't make my heart turn to mush, considering we're talking about puking, but they do.

"That's the sweetest thing anyone has offered to do for me," I say, pushing onto my toes and kissing his cheek.

Noah lets go of my hand, pulling his shirt off and setting it next to the towels we brought with us. I follow suit, slipping my swim cover off and placing it on top of his shirt.

With my back to him, I smirk when I hear his groan, knowing exactly what he's seeing. Today's swimsuit is a remarkably simple dark green bikini, with the top giving the perfect amount of structure to hold my breasts without them spilling out. Unlike the other two bathing suits I've worn around him, these are high waisted, sitting just on top of my hip bones and are cheekier than any of the others I own.

Granted, Noah has seen me naked countless times over the last four days. But I knew the bottoms would be covering just enough to tease and remind him of what's beneath. His hands are on me instantly, grabbing my hips and pulling me against him as I straighten.

"God damn your ass is perfect." His voice is a low rumble next to my ear and I tilt my head to the side, baring my neck to him.

"You like my swimsuit?"

"Sugar, that thing should be illegal for you to wear, if only for the fact that you look so sexy in it." His lips trail soft kisses over my shoulder and up my neck before he nips my ear and continues. "The only thing that would make this bathing suit look better, is the view of it on the floor while I worship your perfect body."

My cheeks flush at his words and I glance around quickly hoping no one can see his roaming hands and the way they

tease along the edges of my bikini bottom. Once I see that no one is paying us any attention, I relax against him. For a moment, I forget where we are and simply enjoy the warmth of his embrace.

“Now, let’s go swim in some glowing water before I end up fucking you in front of all these people.”



## Chapter 14- Noah

“**T**hat was unbelievably amazing,” Bri exclaims, skipping ahead of me into the bungalow and dropping her bag next to the couch. “Hands down, best Christmas ever.”

Swimming beside Bri in the lagoon is an experience that I’ll never forget. The way her eyes lit up when she touched the water and smiled up at me, is seared into my mind. We only had about thirty minutes in the water, but it was worth it for her happiness alone.

Bri keeps me on my toes, wondering what she’s going to do or say next and makes me crave her even more.

At this point, it’s not even just that I’m physically attracted to her. While the chemistry between us is unlike anything I have ever felt, there was so much more to her.

We’ve kept things easy, not diving into heavy topics or anything that is deeply personal, yet we can hold a conversation about anything. And if we can’t, there’s a comfortable silence that falls between us that neither of us feel we *have* to fill.

Every part of me wants to ask her if she feels this connection too, or if it’s just me. But every time I think of a

way to address it, I chicken out, not wanting to ruin what little we *do* have.

Bri glances at me over her shoulder, that sexy little grin playing on her lips as she takes a step toward the bedroom.

“We should shower and clean ourselves up.”

She reaches for the hem of her cover-up and pulls it over her head. I take my time, appreciating every inch of exposed skin and groaning at the sight of those tempting bathing suit bottoms.

When I saw them earlier, I was convinced they were designed specifically to tease me. Looking at the perfect curve of her ass being hugged and shaped beautifully, I know that to be true. I take a step toward her, the need to have her in my hands almost becoming unbearable.

But she pays me no mind and heads toward the bathroom as she reaches a hand up behind her to tug at the bikini top string. All I can do is follow after her, watching as she drops the top to the floor and makes her way inside.

The bathroom is simple, open, and white like the rest of the bungalow. It's meant to showcase the glass shower. However, it's hard to think of anything other than the different ways I could fuck her against the tiled walls or how she could ride my cock while I sat on the wooden bench. Or even how I could kneel before her and feast on her delicious pussy.

Leaving those damn bottoms on, she turns the shower on, testing the water with her hand before finally turning to me.

My gaze immediately trails over her breasts, admiring the way they hang so perfectly and wishing my tongue was on them.

I close the distance between us, pausing only to lose my shirt and swim trunks, and don't stop until she's backed up against the glass shower. There's no hiding how turned on I am, and it's not something I even try to keep from her, letting my erection press against her lower stomach as I cup one of her breasts in my hand.

"You are the perfect temptress," I murmur before bending forward to wrap her nipple in my lips. Bri gasps and my cock instantly reacts to the sound.

After paying equal attention to the other side, I trace my hands down her ribs until finding the edge of her bottoms and hooking my fingers in them. She watches me with hooded eyes as I let them drop around her feet and steps out, kicking them to the side.

Wrapping my hands around her thighs, I bend slightly and lift her up, carrying her into the shower. She kisses me, her tongue immediately finding mine for a slow, deep kiss.

It's as if we're both trying to savor this, like we both *need* this to last.

*How am I supposed to walk away from the first person to make me come to life like this?*

I press her against the tiled wall and memorize every detail about how it feels to kiss her. Then I tighten my grip on her thighs, lifting her slightly so my cock rests between us.

“Noah,” Bri pants out, breaking the kiss and looking at me.

Swallowing thickly, I hold her gaze, afraid that if I speak, I will ruin this perfect moment. Her eyes bounce between mine, and it’s then I notice the crease in her brow as she watches me.

For a long moment, we simply stare at each other, silently spilling what we’re feeling but never saying the words.

Bri shifts in my arms, making her warm pussy slide along my hard length. The next grind of her hips is timed perfectly with mine and we both groan when the head of my cock notches at her entrance.

Without breaking our heated and emotion filled stare off, I slowly push into her. My teeth grind at her warmth, taking every inch of me so beautifully.

By the time I’m fully in, we’re both panting heavily, and I have to tighten my grip on her thighs to keep her from moving.

Her wet hair hangs to one side, clinging to her shoulder as she wraps her arms around my neck. I pull my hips back, letting my cock slip out until only the tip remains before slamming back in.

She moans, nodding her head and grinding her clit against my pelvis.

Neither of us speak as I fuck her slowly in the shower, not that I would even know where to start. I feel everything and it’s as if nothing but doing *this* is the right thing to do.

From the first moment Bri and I slept together, neither of us held back on our bedroom talk. It’s been easy to praise and

worship her, especially when all the dirty words that slipped from her mouth sound like music to my ears.

But right now, it feels as if we're standing in a very fragile bubble and at any moment, it's going to burst.

So instead of saying anything, we hold each other's gaze until we're both breaking the silence as we cum with each other's name leaving our lips.

\* \* \*

My body jolts upright and I'm immediately on edge as I scan the dark room, searching for whatever woke me while trying to slow my breath. It takes longer than it should, and between the haze of sleep and the waves softly crashing outside the bungalow, I almost miss it.

Once it clicks in my head what I heard, I hurriedly shove out of bed and cross the room with a silent curse.

I make it to the dresser across the room just as my phone screen goes black. I'm yanking the cord out and leaving the room just as it lights back up in my hands.

Quickly, I slip out the door and onto the back deck as I answer the phone.

"What's wrong?" I say as a way of greeting to my brother, unease swirling and twisting my gut.

“Noah,” Connor sighs on the other end. I immediately know the answer to my question.

“How long?” I question, glancing over my shoulder in the direction of where Bri sleeps peacefully.

“They’re taking him into surgery now but it’s not looking good. I already checked flights and there’s one leaving in two and a half hours. If I update your flight, you think you can make it in time?”

I suck in a shuttering breath, running a hand through my hair as all the dread and worry I had been suppressing this week hits me tenfold. My answer isn’t one I have to think over long though.

“Yeah, I’m leaving now. I’ll text you before my flight takes off.”

We say our goodbyes and I move on autopilot to the bedroom; grateful Bri had the thought for me to bring all my stuff back here.

It isn’t until I’m fully dressed, my bag sitting by the door while I stand beside the bed and stare down at Bri, memorizing every beautiful detail, that I finally falter.

My chest tightens, an ache so deep spreading through me as I trace my fingers lightly over her cheek and push the stray hair away. I need to leave. I need to make it onto that flight and make it home in time to see my dad once more. Yet I can’t get my feet to move as I stare down at the most captivating woman I have ever met.

Bri wasn't supposed to make me feel like this.

She was only meant to be someone fun to distract me while on vacation. Someone to keep me busy and *here*, yet she became so much more. She made me realize that, before this trip, I was alive, but I wasn't *living*.

The thought of her being just a memory, of returning to a life where she's not around makes my stomach drop.

*I have to leave now.*

My heart cracks at the thought, and I wonder if I should wake her or leave silently.

Bri and I only ever spoke about *us* in terms of the past five days. Agreeing that we would have fun and enjoy the chemistry between us before going our separate ways. But my feelings for her run so much deeper than just five days of sex. If I leave like this, knowing I did nothing to ensure that I would hear her laugh or see her smile again, I will regret it for the rest of my life.

I didn't even want to come on this trip, fought my brother tooth and nail to try to get out of it. But somehow, this forced vacation turned out to be the getaway that I never knew I needed.

And now I'm here, dreading the fact that it's time for me to go, all because I'm not ready to leave *her*.

There's so much I don't know about Bri, but there's this deep-rooted feeling that if I walk out the door right now, she would be my one that got away.

With that thought, I know that I need to at least try.

Fear of rejection, that Bri might not be on the same page, is the only thing keeping me from waking her up. My emotions war inside me, mixing with the ache of knowing my brother is waiting for me as my father fights to hold on. But all these feelings do is leave me frozen in place.

That's when I spot the book Bri had been attempting to read the other day on her nightstand.

Without thinking, I quietly find a notepad and pen. My hand shakes as I write her the note and sign it with my name and phone number at the bottom. Folding it in half, and then in half once more, I write her name on the front before going back and pick up her copy of *Always, Madly* by Whitney West.

I flip through until I find her bookmark and tuck the note in that page before setting it back on the nightstand.

Maybe this is for the better, the ball officially in her court. She was the one who said no commitments, that this was just sex and fun. So, while I might be falling for this woman at an alarming rate, she could just be ready to go home and act like this never happened.

My chest tightens at the idea of never seeing her again and it takes all my resolve to not wake her and figure this all out now.

But my brother needs me. My *dad* needs me.

So, with one last gentle kiss to her forehead, I turn and leave, hoping that Bri feels the same and will contact me



tomorrow.

## Chapter 15- Sabrina

I don't even have to open my eyes to know that Noah's not here.

There's an eerie silence that rings throughout the bungalow and even the waves sound distant as my ears strain for any other sound. For the past four mornings there was always a sign that he was still here to ease my half-awake brain. Aside from the first morning when I woke up before him, when Noah got up, he would sneak to the kitchen to make coffee. The smell would wake me each time, and he'd come sit beside me in bed until I was ready to get out.

The sun beats down on my back, heating my skin in its warm embrace as if it knows I need to be comforted.

*Maybe he just went to get breakfast before check-out.*

The thought sneaks in, my heart aching as I squeeze my eyes tightly together to keep them shut and cling to the unrealistic hope.

I hug the pillow to my chest, staying absolutely still as if a single move will change the fact that he's not here.

Only when the heat from the sun becomes too much do I move.

With my pulse racing, I suck in a deep breath and release the pillow as I sit up. Tucking my hair behind my ear, I force myself to look across the room. My heart drops to my stomach, the air in my lungs heaving out as I stare at the empty spot beside my suitcase confirming what I already knew.

Noah left.

I glance around the room, looking for any sign he was here and find nothing. Pushing up from the bed, I wrap the bed sheet around me, clutching it like a lifeline and go to the living room.

I find the space out here exactly the same. If it weren't for the lingering ache between my thighs and the faint cologne that lingers on the sheets I'm wrapped in, there would be no signs of him ever being here.

*Fuck.*

This was only meant to be a fling. A vacation with benefits. No commitments and nothing more.

So, why the hell does it feel like I've been hit by a freight train at max speed?

I feel the tears gathering in my eyes and I drop to the couch, fighting to hold them back. Only sitting down here is not something that helps as I put myself at eye level with the

seashell tree he made me and find the first sign that he *was* here.

It was only five days. Not even five full days since he left early. I shouldn't be feeling this... *heartbroken* over a man I didn't even know for a full week.

Ending my relationship with Paul hurt. However, the ache I'm feeling right now is ten times worse than anything from that.

The first tear falls as I stare at the now empty spot at the top of the tree.

When Noah chose to leave in the middle of the night without a word, he took two things with him. One being the pink conch shell that was his makeshift tree topper.

The second thing being a piece of me.

I didn't know I was giving myself to him. Thought that I was doing a good job at convincing myself that this was just a fling and that I wasn't falling for him.

But I did.

I came on this vacation to escape the chaos in my life and enjoy time away. Now I have to go back home to finish piecing it all back together and figure out what to do next. And I had to do it with more heartbreak than I left with.

Tearing my gaze away from the tree, I think over the past few days and land back on my first day here and nod to myself.

I get five minutes.

Five minutes to wallow in the pain from Noah leaving without a word. Five minutes to be mad at myself for letting one man affect me like this. Five minutes to cry at the fact that I didn't get to see him one last time.

And once that time is over, I will pick myself up and move forward.

If nothing else, I can look back on my time here and leave better than when I came.

Noah made me feel things I didn't even know I could, he showed me that, while I might be a little dented, I'm not broken.

While there might be a new ache in my chest accompanying me home, I will not let myself regret anything. I came here hoping this would be the getaway trip that would help me figure out what to do next.

I still don't know exactly what that will be, but as I wipe the tears from my face, I'm hit with the thought that everything will work out how it's meant to.

# Epilogue- Noah

*3 months later*

“Got someone here for ya,” someone calls out with a chuckle behind me.

I drop the bag of chicken feed from the bed of the truck and grab the hem of my shirt, using it to wipe the sweat from my face before turning around.

“Shit,” I curse under my breath, jumping from the truck and heading toward Tucker, the Vineyard Manager for the Joneses winery that backs up to my farm. “I’m sorry man, I thought the temporary fix on the fence would hold until supplies get here.”

Tucker laughs, petting the four-year-old white and brown horse that keeps weaseling her way off the property.

“S’okay man. Miss Rosie here just has a thing for finding her way to the back cabin,” he says with a pat on the mare’s back. “As long as she stays away from the vines, you know none of us mind her poppin’ over to say hi.”

I shake my head, glaring at Rosie as she steadily makes her way toward me. But the damn horse is oblivious. Ever since the storm back before the holidays took out a section in the fence, Rosie has been visiting the vineyard. Even with the temporary fix up, she still finds a way through.

When Tucker lingers close by, I turn back to him with a raised brow. He shrugs, making his way over and pushing himself up onto the bed of my truck where he helps me unload the rest of the feed.

“What’s up, Tuck?” I question, unable to take waiting for him to say whatever it is he needs too.

It’s not that Tucker and I don’t get along, hell I consider him to be a friend. But he and I are both the same in the sense that we keep busy when there’s something we need to talk about. And it’s definitely not uncommon for Ma Jones to use Tucker as a way to check-in on Connor and me.

“Ma’s worried about you,” he says softly, dropping a bag into the stack and turning away for the next one.

“Well damn,” I sigh.

Ever since I got back from vacation, I’ve simply been getting through each day however possible. Most of the time, that means putting my head down and focusing on the farm. I’d somehow put myself into a blind routine, that I couldn’t even tell you the last time I left the farm.

It was easy to get lost in work, to go through the motions and not think about my dad or Bri not calling.

I force the thoughts about Bri away the moment they come, bending to stack the feed on the dolly to move to storage.

“Honestly, I’m surprised she’s left you alone this long and hasn’t shown up to drag you by the ear to Wine Wednesday,” he chuckles, shaking his head and finally looking at me. “She’s getting antsy though, asking me or Tommy to come check on you more and more.”

I can’t bite back my smirk at that because that was also something I noticed a few weeks back. Unlike Tucker though, Tommy will just linger and talk my ear off while I work.

“I’ll come by in the next couple weeks and see her,” I tell him and now it’s his turn to smirk at me.

“Actually man, that brings me to topic number two,” he holds up two fingers and tilts his head toward Rosie. “Although it’s more of a two and three...”

I frown, not understanding what Rosie has to do with anything involving Ma. Tucker jumps from the truck, wiping his hands on his pants before leaning back and using the bed door for support.

“The oldest Joneses kid is coming to stay here for a bit. She gets in at the end of next week.” He tips his chin toward the horse again. “Pa doesn’t want Miss Rosie here startlin’ Sassy Pants too much, so he wants an ETA on when the fence will be fixed or if you need anything.”

I raise a brow, “Sassy Pants?”



Tucker shrugs.

“Dude when you meet her, you’ll see. That girl can hold her own against a bear.”

“Yet Miss Rosie will startle her?” I laugh, shaking my head. “Supplies get here in a couple weeks, the guys and I will get working on repairing the whole back fence as soon as we can.”

He nods, smiling toward the horse. “Miss Rosie won’t startle her, from what I hear it’s more along the lines of she’ll worry about loose animals on the vineyard and damaging something.”

“Gottcha,” I nod, grabbing the handle of the dolly. I’m about to head to the barn when I remember something. “What’s the third thing?”

“Ma has dinner planned in two weeks. Said she wants “all her babies” there and to make sure you and Connor come.”

“Sounds good man. Text me the details and let Ma know we’ll be there.”

He shouts his goodbye and I head toward the barn thinking everything over.

I knew I had been shutting myself off from everyone, even more than before. Between losing my dad and Bri’s rejection... if I wasn’t working, I’d go down a spiral thinking about them. But in doing so, I had forgotten about the small community I have here.

With that thought, I scold myself to do better for them. They understand my grief, but no one aside from Connor knows about my beautiful strangers. And even he doesn't know how much it hurt that she never called.

However, I can't let that be the reason I shut everyone out. The loss of my dad won't go away anytime soon, but he wouldn't want me living like this.

If anything, he would want me ready for the next time a woman comes along. If Bri showed me anything, it's that I do want someone in my life.

I don't know when or how, but I know that when the woman I'm meant to be with comes along, I won't let her get away.

Thank you for reading The  
Getaway!

If you enjoyed this book, please consider leaving an honest  
review!

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**Sabrina and Noah's HEA- Title to be announced - 2024**

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who I am, and supporting me without making me feel guilty for how I get through each day.

# Stay in touch;

To keep up with Mikayla Christy, you can follow her on:

TikTok:

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## About The Author:



Mikayla Christy lives in upstate New York- not anywhere close to the city- with her husband, two dogs and cat. Most

often she can be found curled up under a mountain of fuzzy blankets and fur babies with a book/kindle in her hands.

Throughout grade school, Mikayla found her love for reading and collecting books. She would always be found shut away reading or wanting to go to the bookstore, until life got busy after graduation. Seven years later, after coming across a book recommendation on TikTok, she fell right back into the joys of reading. Only this time, they weren't YA.

Two years after, as she closed in on owning her own library, Mikayla finally found the courage to write her own story with *Cross Check My Heart* and continues finding joy in expanding on and creating new worlds & characters.