

BARBRA CAMPBELL

*Finding  
the  
Mountain Man*

Finding the Mountain Man  
Bachelor Bluff Mountain Man Series

#4

by

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# Bailey

My brother was going to shit when he saw how many people showed up for his surprise party. Jagger wasn't one for fanfare, but once he got over the initial shock, he'd have a blast with the houseful of long-time friends.

Honestly, seeing everyone together hit my sentimental bone. Almost enough to make me want to move back to Bachelor Bluff. Ironically, the name had been chosen because single men settled the area but tended to leave when they met a woman. It was the perfect bachelor pad with thousands of acres of wilderness, no one to tell you how to conduct yourself, and plenty of primal, testosterone-pumping challenges mainstream America would have thought went the way of wagon trains and buffalo. And hardly a woman in sight.

Except for women like our mom who'd pretty much whipped our corner of the world into shape with no regard to the challenges of living in the wilderness.

My brothers had been amongst the current set of available bachelors when all three of them wound up falling in love. Had the universe magically called me home under the guise of needing to throw a surprise party for Jagger so I could witness the historic event?

Felicity, one of my future sisters-in-law, grabbed the platter of food I'd gotten ready. "This is perfect, Bailey."

"It sure is." I peered across the room, barely able to see Neil through the party-goers. Technically all that mattered was Jagger's friends showed up, but Neil was the only invitee I'd worried about.

"I think we all managed to keep from spilling the beans." Felicity beamed then made her way through the crowd.

I got a better view of Neil across the room as people stepped aside. Did my heart really skip a beat? Silly. Then again, he had a fair bit of city in him. The refined look I loved. And the

way he filled out his shirt had me dying to get a gander at what was underneath.

He hadn't gone overboard on beard growth and grooming like my brothers. Neil only sported a little scruff, exactly the length I like to run my fingers over. Button-up shirt, top button undone, no tie, and not tucked in, keeping him from appearing stuffy, again the makings of perfection.

Jeans and suede shoes, the former fitting in fine, but the latter standing out against the work boots and hikers pretty much everyone out there wore. A sense of style. If my heart had skipped a beat, it made up for the loss by fluttering.

Neil was a man who could appreciate my love of the city. Except he'd moved to Bachelor Bluff as part of the stupid property giveaway contest. Where had he been when I was a lonely teen wanting a boyfriend? He would have offered more than a six-pack and hot dogs around a campfire. Not that the combo didn't make a stellar date, just not every single time.

From what I'd heard, Neil grew up in suburbia but had actively pursued the wilderness lifestyle and spent most of his time in the woods even before moving to Colorado.

How could Neil look out of place and content at the same time? He couldn't possibly have any idea how handsome that made him. Or was a remnant of long-past sibling rivalry rearing its ugly head? Was my competitive nature driving me to find a boyfriend because all three of my freaking brothers had managed to find girlfriends? No need to get tangled up with someone who wanted to live in the place I'd spent years escaping.

Neil caught me staring, and I smiled awkwardly as I diverted my gaze to the next platter. The giddy feeling was impossible to deny. I'd gotten it each time we'd crossed paths, bummed we'd never had a chance to talk at length.

Twelve minutes until Amanda brought Jagger over.

Instead of waiting for Felicity to return, I tossed the plastic wrap in the trash, grabbed the next tray, and headed for the back door which would take me right past Neil. We might not

be a match made in heaven but flirting was fun. Sauntering past, I let my arm brush against his.

He appeared to catch his breath. Didn't matter if I hallucinated it or not, I was running with the idea my attraction wasn't one-sided.

Offering my prettiest smile, I said hi as I continued and grinned when his eyes dropped to my exposed waist and daisy dukes. I pretended I didn't notice and planned on stopping for a chat on my way back after he had a second to think he'd missed his chance to talk to me. I was putting way too much thought into the entire exchange as I made my way to the food outside.

"Damn it, Felicity. Why didn't you tell me you brought cookies?" I said while grabbing a handful.

"I thought you knew. Trapper said you wanted me to and it's his favorite recipe so I doubled it."

Trapper wrapped his arm around Felicity and cut in. "Yeah, and I warned you she'd eat them even faster than I would."

I shrugged at the stack in my hand. "What can I say, they're good."

"Really? I should try one." Neil's unmistakable voice came from right behind me. Low and sexy tinged with a hint of nerves.

My skin tingled, my stomach knotted, and my legs went weak. It was a lot easier to flirt when I had the upper hand but I enjoyed the surprise. He'd come after me. Or maybe he wanted food. Two birds, one stone. I spun around, took one of the cookies from my hand, and extended it toward his mouth.

His hand started to raise but froze midair as I inched the cookie to his lips. A small, nervous smile flickered before his mouth opened, we locked eyes, and he accepted my offer.

A shiver raced through my body accompanied by an inordinate amount of warmth. Cool mountain breezes usually took care of overheating, but they couldn't do anything to the elated thrumming in my chest.

“Those are amazing, Felicity.” His words were directed at her, but his gaze that hadn’t left mine suddenly darted to the deck.

I bit the cookie, the intimacy of sharing food was going to have to suffice until I could get Neil alone. More of a get-to-know-you session was in order but I needed to keep my head on straight until we got Jagger in the house and yelled surprise. Then I was going to pray Neil wasn’t holding out for anything serious.

The crack of not too distant gunfire broke through the chatter. I glanced at the nearby hill. The owners on the other side must be back. They vacationed in Bachelor Bluff every summer and hadn’t made any effort to meet the locals, strictly there to have fun then head home.

“What do you suppose they’re shooting at?” Neil’s expression showed no sign of our previous moment. Had I imagined it?

Several of us paused, listening to the repeated shots. My time away hadn’t erased my past. “Sounds like they’re shooting a .22, probably target practice. If they are shooting at an animal in self-defense, they’re a terrible shot.”

Trapper winked at me. “You can take the girl out of the country, but you can’t take the country out of the girl.”

“The second part may be right, but I took myself out of the country.”

Neil glanced at me briefly and returned his gaze to the ridge. “You didn’t like living here?”

“She hated it. Said she’d dig ditches in the city if that’s what it took to find a job near civilization,” Trapper said, either missing that Neil and I were in the delicate stages of building something even if it was a one-time deal, or I really was creating the fantasy in my mind.

A flash of a frown passed over Neil’s face before he lowered his head. “It’s not for everyone. I’m going to check out the drinks.”

I shook off the disappointment as he retreated to the coolers. I was too old to get swept up in a dating competition with my brothers. It didn't matter if they married before me anyway, I was the youngest of the siblings.

“Check out the smoke.” Trapper pointed to the hill.

I was grateful the shooting had stopped. “Maybe they're getting a bonfire going now, gotta party hard when you're only here one week out of the year. Barely enough time to fit everything in.” I headed back inside to get the last of the food.

Several phones dinged at almost the same time and I heard Neil shout, “Flames.”



# Neil

No sooner than I saw the flames topping the trees on the ridge, several people's phones went off. An overall sense of panic filled the air as attention shifted from phones to the burning mountain and back. I was standing near another one of Bailey's brothers, Gunner, and asked what was going on.

"Dispatch. Someone called it in." He nodded toward the hill. "This party's about to clear out."

The flurries of hugs, kisses, and apologies were followed by the few people who had cars at the house shuffling everyone else to their vehicles. Was the entire volunteer fire department at the party? We'd all parked at Trapper's house to keep Jagger from getting suspicious when Amanda brought him to the party, hoping to sustain the surprise until the last second.

What terrible irony the firefighters were all so close but had to go into town, gear up, and come back. The flames weren't an immediate threat to our side of the mountain, but I'd heard a few of the experienced firefighters cautioning that if the winds changed, it wouldn't take long for the inferno to approach.

Bailey had tossed her keys to a friend to start shuttling people back to their cars while she got on the phone with Amanda and Jagger. Apparently, all of her brothers were firefighters.

Upon hanging up the call, she bit her fingernail, closed her eyes, and took a deep breath.

A protective urge washed over me to circle my arms around her, comfort her. I wasn't a big, burly mountain man. I had no desire to throw myself in harm's way. But I was damned sure going to protect Bailey.

The bravado must have been a result of adrenaline because I'd never experienced such a strong sense of responsibility. Lives and property were truly at risk.

I wrapped my hand around the one Bailey had brought to her mouth. "Bailey, it'll be okay. I'll protect you."

Her eyes opened wide and the shimmer of unshed tears fueled me. “It’s so much simpler to live in the city where wildfires don’t swallow up everything in their path. And I don’t have to know when my brothers haul off to fight them.”

She shuddered and I pulled her against me. I wished I could keep my thoughts honorable, but holding Bailey in my arms created the illusion of a world that wasn’t meant to be. Forcing my arms to stay around her, I resisted the temptation to drop them into the soft curve of her waist. Her breasts pressed into me and her arms snaked around me were already too much. If I didn’t control myself, she’d think I was the biggest asshole ever and she’d be right.

I lifted my gaze. The flames had grown and the wind shifted. Smoke was blowing our direction. “Bailey, they know what they’re doing. Let’s focus on what we can do.”

Bailey worked a hand to her face and wiped the hint of tears before pushing away. “I shouldn’t freak out, but a friend’s dad died in the Storm King Fire. The flames jumped the fire break and trapped a group of the firefighters, killing them.”

I brushed strands of hair from her face. “Bay, I won’t let anything happen to you, but we need to get moving, the wind’s blowing this way.”

Felicity rounded the corner and was talking to someone about helping transport her goats to safety since she’d moved in with Trapper and their house was between us and the blaze.

Bailey took out her phone. “Hold on. I canceled the emergency notifications when I got a place in the city. Helps me not worry. But as long as I’m here.”

As the last few guests helped put the food away, discussions were happening about who needed help securing livestock, and if anyone could use assistance with any of their belongings. Plans were quickly falling into place.

Bailey glanced up and her mouth dropped open. The flames had crested the ridge. “Crap.” She looked like she gave herself a mental shake. “Okay. All of my brothers’ have a good setback around their cabins but it’s still risky. We have to get

Bones out, he's Jagger's old, deaf, and blind dog. And a few family antiques."

"We can take it all to my place down the hill, should be safe for now. Get the dog to my truck and I'll be there in a second to load him up."

She covered her mouth with her hand and shook her head.

"One thing at a time, Bay." I waited for her to nod then checked with everyone else confirming that those with the most at-risk properties were set then returned to assist Bailey. Once she was busy, she was much calmer but her worries had to be lingering under the surface.

Despite the frenzy, Bones was content to curl up on the bench seat between us as I drove Bailey and the load of items to my place. Her hand brushed over the mutt's short fur and I saw worry creep back onto her face as air support flew thousands of gallons of water past us.

"My brothers keep our old hunting roads cleared. The crews can get pretty close with their vehicles."

"They'll be a huge asset. Your brothers and the roads."

"They know this mountain like the back of their hand. Every backroad, every game trail, it's their life."

I cautiously slid my hand onto the dog who didn't seem to notice. Inching over, I covered Bailey's hand and squeezed.

We drove in silence but every time she looked over her shoulder or into the side-view mirror, I clutched her hand tighter.

In my rear-view mirror, I assessed the fire was primarily traveling up the hill instead of toward their property, but it was growing. My heart raced at the massive flames towering above the trees but the expanse of smoke made it impossible to keep track of the air tankers and helicopters. It wasn't enough to tell Bailey that people and animals were the only things that mattered and they were all safe, everything else could be replaced, because my heart didn't believe it. Plus, her brothers were the ones trying to keep everyone safe.

While she held sentiment to her family's property, I'd moved to the area to explore the rich heritage and abundance of artifacts that had been left by early settlers. Both of us, all of us, stood to lose when a fire ripped through.

We unloaded her family's few antiques into my living room: an old school desk, a rocking chair, and a vanity. Taking a minute for herself, she wandered onto my front porch where the growing smoke cloud demanded attention, marring the horizon and consuming the blue sky.

She set her phone on the railing, taking a break from checking it. No one had much news, just lots of pictures and prayers. One of the county's two ambulances drove past, causing her to shiver.

"No lights or sirens." I wrapped an arm around her shoulders and she sank into my embrace. When her head dropped onto my chest, the need to protect her hit unprecedented heights. I stepped backward and folded her body into mine, dropping my lips onto the top of her head.

Jagger's old dog bumped into our legs, huffed, then curled up at our feet like everything was normal. Could it be? I'd dreamed of a family. Foolish notions allowed me to pretend this was the start. The only thing missing was our children. Even more foolish notions told me that could be fixed.

Was Bailey's existence in my arms as much as I made it out to be? Not only a welcomed, comforting gesture, but trust? And maybe a hint she wanted to be there. My embrace was the first thing to keep her eyes off the threat. I wanted to be there for her. I wanted to offer distraction and solace. I wanted to be her everything.

The buzz of her phone made her body go rigid, tearing a rift in my delusion. She shrugged away, nearly knocking her phone off the railing. "Shit. Residents between High Mesa Road and Brimstone, north of Squirrel Trail should prepare for evacuation."

I rubbed her shoulder. "Is there anything else you need or that Jagger would want us to get out?"

“Hang on. I’m going to call Kelly at the fire department.”

I squatted and petted Bones while she stepped into the yard, paced, and got up to speed. After a brief call she reached through the railing and scratched Bones, our faces only a foot apart, our fingers brushing every few seconds. “They’re not sure if they’ll have it contained this evening and if the evacuation gets ordered, they may not let any of us back in. You’ve seen the road. One way in, one way out. They’ll have to keep it clear to stage the emergency crews without worrying about traffic.”

“You can’t stay there tonight. Stay with me.” The words were out of my mouth with no restraint. I wanted to be by her side, to be the one to take care of her.

“You don’t have to offer. I have plenty of girlfriends who’ve begged me to visit.”

“Are you saying you want me to beg?” I would have done it. Down on one knee. Hands clasped. Eyes pleading. What had gotten into me?

She held her hands up and laughed. After the stressful afternoon, her smile and the sound of happiness were the most amazing things I’d ever experienced. “You don’t have to beg. I’ll help with Bones. He usually sleeps with Jagger. I can be his warm body.”

“Why don’t you take my bed, it’s a queen? The guest bed’s only a twin.” The other offers I wanted to spew were torturous to fight down. And I was happy to be vague about where I would sleep. Bailey had turned me into the most hopeful man on the planet.

# Bailey

Back at Jagger's cabin, I'd instructed Neil to go through my brother's stuff and load a few bags with hygiene products and clothes while I packed my stuff. Smoke had filtered into the house and the emergency response team had advised us to hurry.

Pockets of flames had popped up dangerously close to the road and were keeping the firefighters and hotshots busy on top of trying to establish a safety perimeter.

The drive back to Neil's was bittersweet. Any or all of my brothers' cabins could be destroyed by morning.

Neil gave me the option to relax while he carried all of the bags inside. I was too emotionally drained to object and made myself comfortable on the porch. Staring at the brilliant sunset through the smoke wasn't exactly comforting, but it helped me stay connected. The hint of beauty in the destruction. A trace of smoke made its way to my refuge, a stiff reminder.

I dragged my hand back and forth over Bones from the comfort of a deck chair as memories flooded my mind. I'd celebrated the day I got out of Bachelor Bluff but it held a lifetime of memories. The long-forgotten forts we'd built as kids. The makeshift bridges we'd constructed over the creek. The historic hideouts generations of folklore had attributed to the likes of Butch Cassidy and other outlaws. They'd all be lost if the forest burned.

My heart sank. I'd taken for granted my brothers maintaining the family's vast acreage, giving me the freedom to come and go as I pleased.

Bones stirred, alerting me to Neil approaching with a platter of food. Not all of Bones' senses were gone yet. The dog still had a wicked sniffer. I laughed. "Hungry? That's a lot of sandwiches."

"Didn't know what you and Bones preferred, and we forgot to grab his dog food, so I brought the whole assortment.

Unless you'd rather have the cheese and cracker tray or fresh veggies or—”

“Sandwiches are fine. And Jagger quit buying dog food years ago.” I cut him off and motioned for him to set the tray on the outdoor table.

Bones was up and pacing near the table, determining the exact placement of dinner.

“Want a drink? I have a few beers. I'll run to the liquor store if you need something harder.”

I grabbed a small triangular meaty sandwich. “Water, please. It would be nice to numb the pain and worry, but I want to be ready if there's anything I can do. Hard to believe everything could be gone by morning. Can you believe we built forts and stayed in them for days at a time when we were kids?”

“Your parents didn't care?”

“I'm pretty sure they were relieved we spent all of our free time on the mountain instead of in town where we'd get in trouble.”

Neil shook his head then grabbed glasses of water for both of us. He put a sandwich in front of Bones and the dog picked the meat out before deciding to eat the bread as well.

I'd messaged a few friends to send me updates if they heard anything and watched my phone eagerly for news. When all three of my brothers and several friends were fighting a fire that also threatened my family's property, being in the dark was the worst.

“I wish there was more we could do,” Neil said.

“Staying out of the way is huge. My brothers always complain when people clog the roads trying to get a closer look. They say if people love fires so much they should volunteer. They can get real close then.”

“Not a job most people are cut out for. Your brothers and all of the fire crews are truly amazing.”

“Yeah. I suppose they are.” I paused, wanting to redirect the conversation to Neil. I pointed at his woodshed. “Did you chop all of your wood or did you have it delivered?”

“All me.” His chest might have swelled with pride.

Asking him to grab his ax and cut some wood might have me overstaying my welcome unless he understood what it would do to me. A reprieve from the worry and chaos. Watching a guy chop wood could double as foreplay as long as it wasn't your family. I needed to dial myself in. I tried for something mundane. “And the arrowhead display in your coffee table?”

“You're observant. We were only inside for a minute. And yeah, I found those on my explorations. I've spent a lot of time in the woods.”

Which meant campfires, evenings under the stars, and long walks which I really wanted to do with Neil. Why couldn't I control my fascination with him? I tried for distraction again. “The wild game mounts hanging on your walls? What type of gun?”

“Archery and muzzleloader. Bit of a history buff.”

My fascination with the city was becoming harder to remember with each of Neil's answers. Had my family ingrained in me the love of being one with nature, taking care of yourself, doing things the hard way? Something about simpler times yet I enjoyed tapping a button on the thermostat to get the perfect temperature, and paved trails, and the tidiness of buying packaged meats at the grocery store. I was losing clarity on what I wanted. It might be related to the city-looking, country-acting guy eating sandwiches with me.

Neil washed his last bite down with his water but Bones jumped up and bumped Neil's elbow, dumping the rest of the drink down the front of his shirt.

My breathing deepened as the cotton clung to Neil's sculpted pecs. He'd set his cup down and was unbuttoning his shirt from the top down before I could peel my eyes from him. The fabric dropped open, giving an even better look at his



muscular chest and chiseled abs. I might as well have been standing in the heat of the wildfire with the flash of warmth that overtook me.

“Oh, sorry. I’ll get another shirt.” His cheeks flushed.

“No.” I thrust my hand out embarrassingly fast. “You don’t have to cover up for me. Guess we have proof you really did fill the woodshed on your own.” I cringed at my horrible comment.

Thankfully Neil laughed and proceeded to strip his shirt and flex his muscles for me.

Heavens. How could I sleep in his house without jumping him? And why was I losing all willpower? I’d grown up around buff guys, say for instance every single farm boy in my high school, all seventy-two of them. And yet none of them had ever made me light-headed and wanton.

“Alright, now that I’ve completely embarrassed myself, I’ll get a different shirt.” He rose from his chair and I grabbed his arm.

“You have nothing to be embarrassed about.” I swallowed my ulterior motives.

“You were kind of staring.” He motioned between us.

“Then I should be the one embarrassed. If I promise to look away every few seconds will you promise to leave your shirt off?”

Neil busted out laughing, tossed his shirt on the rail, then sat back down. “Deal.”

Why was I suddenly entertaining thoughts of moving back to Bachelor Bluff? Was the smoke clouding my brain?

Neil fidgeted nervously, trying to figure out what to do with his hands as I forced myself to avoid gawking. Thankfully he broke into my confusion. “I’ve dreamed of living in the country my entire life. Played in every dirt patch I could find as a kid. But it’s a lot of work to live out here. I don’t have to hit the gym to stay in shape anymore. Giving up city life isn’t all it’s cracked up to be. I miss the museums, the lectures...”

“Where have you been all my life?” Shit. I could hear my words. I’d said them out loud.

# Neil

“In the city.” Damn. A downright stupid answer to Bailey’s rhetorical question.

“You’re a mountain man at heart. No one puts up with the bullshit of living out here without embracing it in their core. I can’t wait to show you the supposed hideouts outlaws used, remnants of cow camps left from the old days, and all sorts of hidden gems.” Bailey sounded hopeful but she’d run from the mountains, the lifestyle.

How could our worlds be so similar yet so different? We’d only met a few times but being a mountain man wasn’t the only thing I felt in my core. I’d fallen for her. After having a chance to talk to her, I was convinced she was the only woman for me. The nagging thought that I’d move back to the city to be with her was the shocking but convincing piece of the puzzle. Or was my body simply reacting to the way she couldn’t keep her eyes off me? “When are you headed back to the city?”

“Never?” Her answer whispered over the short distance between us.

“Everyone knows you love it.” I couldn’t understand what was happening. I was willing to give everything up to go back and she was considering staying. Neither of us was thinking clearly. I wouldn’t ask her to do anything she’d regret.

She rose and straddled my lap, her lids heavy as she lowered her lips to mine.

Would she regret this? My heart raced as the faint sweetness of her perfume overtook the smoke-laced air. Not floral or spice, or any of the normal perfumes. Was it the incredible relief her elusive scent offered from the natural disaster, or was there something specific about the fragrance that called to me, made my dick stir?

The soft skin of her stomach glided like silk under my thumbs as I wrapped my hands around her waist. And her dark

hair tickled my chest as she leaned closer. Turning down a sampling of heaven was impossible.

Our lips touched. Brushing gently. A request for permission I couldn't figure out who had initiated. We answered in unison as I wrapped my arms around her waist, drawing her into me, and she tangled her fingers in my hair.

Deep, passionate kisses, tongues mingling, searching for limits that didn't exist, and I was entranced.

She rocked her hips on my lap, begging me to let go. I lost control. My cock hardened. The discomfort of my denim constraints was relieved by Bailey's rhythmic motions. I had to have her, had to make love to the woman who epitomized the collision of my two worlds. There had to be a way to make it work.

The solitude of my porch was broken by a siren, an ambulance headed down the hill. Bailey stiffened then grabbed her phone, dialing.

I moved my hands to her thighs, desperate not to let her go but ready to do whatever she needed.

She asked about her brothers and the ambulance then hung up after a short explanation was offered. They were fine. The ambulance had received a call for a completely unrelated event. All personnel were safe and had successfully created a perimeter for the fire. And the vacationers had confessed to shooting tracer rounds which were basically bullets that ignited so you could see them fly through the air. Except they always landed and this wasn't the first time someone started a forest fire with them.

She rested her head against the base of my neck. "I don't know what got into me, Neil. I'm not normally like this."

I firmed my grip on her hips as she grabbed my shoulders like she was getting leverage to stand. "I'm not either, Bailey. There's something special about you. Let me discover it."

"I'm just a simple girl who can't tell what she wants anymore."

“Then let’s figure it out together because you’ve made all of my life goals seem pointless. I have to rewrite everything with you in the picture.”

“Don’t give up your dreams for me.”

“It’s not for you. It’s because I had them all wrong. I’m sorry if it’s too soon, but I can’t shake the feeling we’re meant to be together.”

She closed her eyes and my heart ached at the possibility of having said too much. It had been foolish to believe my words could force her to agree. “Me too.”

My lungs did a double-take filling themselves as if Bailey gave them permission to take the first breath of my life.

She added. “I don’t know how to make it work. Neither of us can even decide where we want to live anymore. I don’t want to lead you on.”

I cupped my hands around her face and stroked both of her cheeks with my thumbs. “Hey, we don’t have to sort it all out right now.”

Bailey rubbed her hands over her face. “There so much up in the air. I can’t think.”

“Then don’t. Don’t force anything.” I tightened my grip around her waist and stood, her legs naturally wrapping around me as I carried her to my bedroom.

Bones stirred then flopped onto his other side. I paused. Bailey assured me not to worry.

In my room, I was about to set her on the bed when she wiggled free and stood, merging the lengths of our bodies, trailing her fingernails over my bare back.

With my lips grazing her hair, I asked, “How about a massage?”

“Hmm,” she said, making me wonder why she wouldn’t just say yes.

“Your pick. I can do it with your shirt off or on.”

She leaned back and winked, sending electricity through me, refueling the erection my jeans were doing their best to contain. She whipped off her shirt, turned away from me, then unhooked her bra, and dropped it to the floor.

The temptation to wrap my arms around her and cup her breasts, tease her nipples, was nearly unbearable then she bent forward and stripped everything else. My insides roared with need. The impact of her naked body standing in front of me had me adjusting my pants to accommodate my swollen cock.

I memorized her curves and imagined my fingers and tongue following every line her clothes had left indented in her soft flesh.

She glanced over her shoulder, bringing one hand up and curling a finger to encourage me closer.

I cupped her hips and let out a heavy breath as she gave herself to me. My bare chest against her bare back, only interrupted by long strands of hair, made my balls beg for release.

“You can take your pants off.”

“I can’t. Not until you’re ready for me to be inside of you. Please tell me you’re on the pill.”

“I am. And I don’t expect much of a massage, but I am looking forward to the happy ending.”

Damn temptress. My pants hit the floor. She had a way of ruining every plan I had, except one.

I spun her around, unable to stop myself from staring. The plan to keep my composure was busted. Every inch of her skin was more beautiful than I’d imagined. Where to put my hands? Thankfully she stepped forward, trapping my erection between her amazing body and mine, saving me the embarrassment of being unable to move.

Her fingers slid between us and wrapped around my shaft. I was on the edge of losing control. Stroking up and down, she said, “How about we go straight to the happy ending.”

It wasn't a question and I had no objection as I teetered on the brink of coming in her hand. I guided her onto the bed and crawled over her.

She willingly spread her legs revealing her shiny, wet pussy. No hesitation. No worries. She was willing me to take her.

Licking my lips, I made a detour and lapped at her pink parts. It hadn't been perfume I'd smelled earlier, it had been her sex. Her wetness. And she tasted as sweet as she smelled. I was in heaven and pushing her to the brink of climax. She played with one of her breasts, arched her back, and worked the fingers of her other hand through my hair. Her moans sent my mind into a tailspin.

Bailey was even more gorgeous, more alluring, and more irresistible than ever.

Then she came.

My name on her climax-infused voice surpassed every amazing thing I'd ever heard, but it drove me dangerously close to release. The second her body relaxed, I climbed over her and sank my cock into her sweet folds, thrusting hard and fast. The euphoria of my orgasm was too overwhelming to allow embarrassment at how quickly I came. And she lounged under me in bliss from her second release, seemingly pleased with the situation.

Bracing myself on my elbows, I said, "I think I figured it out."

Her playful smile was followed by, "Please tell me you didn't just figure out sex."

"Sorry, I'll last longer next time, but no. You keep your place in the city. I'll keep mine here. Wherever you want to be, you can, and if you'll let me, I want to be there with you."

"Are you saying that so we can have more sex?"

"Would that be a terrible reason?" I trailed kisses over her forehead.

"No."

“What if I wanted to spend the rest of my life with you?” A gamble.

“I like what I’m hearing.”

The bliss was fueling my courage. “And I want to be by your side to raise our children.”

“Promise to teach them the ways of the mountain man even if we spend time in the city?” Her question was even better than a simple yes. City life might be her preference, but rural living still tickled her core.

Was it real? I needed commitment. “Our kids will have the best of both worlds.” I slanted my lips over hers for another kiss. “There, our deal is sealed.”

“You’re a fast negotiator.”

“It’s easy when I know without a doubt what I want.” A far cry from my confusion moments before.

“For the first time in my life, I do too.” She smiled then pulled my head down to hers.

And I figured if a kiss sealed the plan, we might as well start practicing the baby-making. My cock hardened again.

Her body shook with a giggle. “Negotiation isn’t the only thing you’re fast at.”

I pressed back into her tight folds, saying a prayer my unbelievable desire to give her a baby could override her birth control. “This is what you do to me. Bailey, I love you.”

THE END



If you haven't already read the other Bachelor Bluff Mountain Man stories, check them out:

<https://www.amazon.com/gp/product/B08976GY65>

(I'm having so much fun writing about the Colorado mountains, I have some more in the works)

If you love dirty-sweet short stories, check out my others...

[Tattoos](#)

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Or I have plenty of others on Amazon... and most are FREE in KU!

My Amazon author page:

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**Want to stay in touch?**

Here's that newsletter link again if you missed it up front:

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# About the Author

Hi! I'm Barbra, and I hope you had as much fun reading my story as I did writing it. I live in the mountains of Western Colorado with my college sweetheart, and our recent adventure with a forest fire caused me to throw out my original plot for Neil and Bailey's story!

Living in the middle of a forest is amazing, but forest fires suck.