



Found in the
MOUNTAINS

Found In The Mountains

Greene Mountain Boys

Olivia T. Turner



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Found In The Mountains

My younger sister is getting married to a hot mountain man
and I'm feeling a little lost.

We're in Greene Mountain, Montana for the wedding and it's
making me realize it's time for a change.

It's time to get my stagnant life in order.

It's time to be more adventurous.

But when I get hopelessly lost in the woods after the wedding,
I realize that my desire for adventure might have been a bit too
ambitious.

Luckily, my own hot mountain man is on the way.

Park Ranger Noah Wright.

He finds me.

In more ways than one.

And I realize, my adventure is only beginning.

*Megan arrives in Montana to celebrate her sister's new love,
but her own love affair is waiting for her in a big burly
tattooed package.*

*Insta-love at its finest with no cheating and a super sweet HEA
guaranteed. Enjoy!*

To Steven,

We were incredible together.

But incredible was not good enough for you.

And now you're all alone and everyone hates you.

I win.



Chapter One

Megan

“Don’t they look beautiful?” Richard, a friend of the family says as we watch my youngest sister dancing with her groom for the first time as husband and wife. Ashley came to Greene Mountain on vacation and returned with a lot more than a cheap refrigerator magnet and a mountain-themed bottle opener. She came back with a gorgeous mountain man named Dylan.

“Yeah,” I say with a happy smile. “I’ve never seen Ashley look so happy.”

Her favorite song is playing, *Wouldn’t It Be Nice* by The Beach Boys, as they dance around with all of the women’s eyes drawn to Dylan’s swaying hips.

“Maybe there’s a hot man hiding in these mountains for you,” Richard whispers with a grin.

I let out a deflated laugh and then take a long sip of wine. I feel like there’s a weight in my chest as I look around the room at all of the happy couples.

I’m twenty-six and my life is not going as planned. I’m still living with my parents in New Jersey because house

prices are insane and it's taking me longer than I thought to save up for a downpayment. The way I'm going, I'll be able to get a sad little one-bedroom condo in the year 2098.

I'm a real estate agent, so I should be benefitting from these crazy house prices, but I haven't sold a place in two years. I got lucky and sold a house on my first ever showing with my first ever client. I thought it was a sign of fortunes to come. I thought I was going to be killing it.

Nope. Crickets.

Where I live and work, there are more real estate agents than houses on the market. It's brutal.

Most days, I sit in the office beside a phone that never rings and look at houses online that I'll never be able to afford. I should probably make a career change. I should probably make a lot of changes.

"Awww," everyone says as Dylan spins Ashley and then dips her over his knee. He leans down with pure love in his dark brown eyes and kisses my sister on the lips as the song ends.

My heart aches as I watch them. I want a love like that. I want a man to look at me the way Dylan looks at my sister.

My eyes begin to water as the crowd claps their hands and cheers.

If you think my career is going bad, wait until you hear about my love life. It's horrific. One bad Tinder date after another.

My last date was with a sleazy guy who smelled like garlic so much you'd swear he was trying to ward off vampires. I was so annoyed after he skipped out and left me with the bill that I threw my phone into a fountain on the way home in

frustration. When I realized I couldn't afford a new one, I panicked and waded into the fountain to get it while a couple of people watched and filmed it.

I was afraid the video was going to go viral, so I looked it up on YouTube. After searching for an hour or so, I found it. The caption they wrote was: *Pathetic weirdo throws phone in fountain and then fishes it out*. Seventeen views. Even my breakdowns aren't interesting enough for people to take notice.

But this day is not about me. It's my sister's wedding and I'm not about to turn it into a pity party. We're in the gorgeous mountains of Montana, I'm surrounded by family and friends, we have this entire spectacular lodge to ourselves, and my amazing sister is marrying the man of her dreams. I couldn't be happier. Well, I could, but you know what I mean.

I slap a big smile on my face, grab Richard with one hand and my aunt with the other, and pull them both onto the dance floor as the DJ puts on *Red, Red, Wine*.

Guests flow all around us, dancing and singing with the bride and groom. Ashley dances over.

"I would never have met Dylan if it wasn't for you," she whispers in my ear. I'm the one who convinced her to come here on vacation when she was feeling down. "Thank you for coming all the way here and being my maid of honor. You've always been the best sister. I love you."

My stomach sinks as she hugs me. No more negative thoughts. Just good vibes for the rest of the night and for the next four days that I'm here.

"I love you too, sis," I say as I hug her back. "Now, let's rock out with our cock out!"

She laughs as we start dancing like we used to as teenagers in our rooms.

It's a hell of a party. Dinner flies by and my speech goes surprisingly well.

The groom's brother, Owen, owns this amazing lodge and was nice enough to let everyone stay here free of charge for five days. We have the place to ourselves, which means no one is driving, which means the drinks are flowing and everyone is having a great time.

I'm dancing with Richard, Justin, and some other family friends when *No Diggity* comes on.

"Oh shit!" I shout as my favorite beat booms through the speakers. Adrenaline surges through me. I fucking *love* this song!

I start putting on a show, rapping and dancing in the middle of the dance floor. My friends and family surround me, dancing and cheering me on.

I feel weightless and free as I lose all inhibition and let it all out. I'm a queen. I'm a rap goddess. I'm rapping and dancing as the place goes wild.

I'm in the zone, until I see him...

My body just stops. Stops moving, stops rapping, stops everything.

I just stand there staring in awe as the crowd moves around me, oblivious to the life-changing event passing between me and this gorgeous man.

He's at the door watching me.

Those eyes...

They're mesmerizing. They're hypnotic. They're changing everything.

Time stops. I can't even hear the blaring music. My mind is fixated on him and only him.

It's like we're the only two people in the room. The only two people on the planet.

He's the most alluring, beautiful man I've ever seen.

And he hasn't stopped staring at me.

He's not a guest at the wedding, I would have noticed him before now. And I can tell he's not from New Jersey like my family and friends. This guy has mountain man written all over him.

He's enormous with big broad shoulders and muscular arms covered in tattoos. Is he some kind of park ranger?

I look him over in his dark green pants and light beige shirt that's stretched tight over his massive chest. His short sleeves are squeezing his biceps in a way that's making my heart beat insanely fast. This man is no dorky park ranger. With those hot muscles, sexy tattoos, and with the deep sensual look in his eyes, I'm certain he's the sexiest park ranger on the planet. He just may be the sexiest man who's ever existed.

I swallow hard as I drag my eyes back up to his face. Justin is a little drunk and dancing hard beside me. He bumps into me, but I never take my eyes off the tall dark stranger.

That long brown hair and thick brown beard look so soft. I just want to bury my hands in his hair. I want to feel that sexy beard between my legs, tickling my inner thighs. I want it. I *need* it.

My body aches as our eyes connect once again. My whole body hums and vibrates like he's taken control of it. Like I'm his now. Like he can do whatever he wants with me, all he has to do is say the words and my body will listen.

“Bouquet time!” Ashley shouts as she grabs my arm.

“What? No!” I gasp as she begins pulling me to the side of the dance floor. The bar blocks my view of him and I nearly scream out in frustration.

“All the single ladies report to the dance floor,” the DJ says into the microphone.

There are only a small number of us, about ten, and they're all linking arms.

No...

Ashley's high school friend links my left arm and one of Dylan's cousins links my other arm. I'm trapped.

Panic rises in my chest as I try to get another glimpse of him but can't.

“Who wants to be the next to get hitched?” the DJ asks as Ashley dances around, swinging the bouquet over her head.

The whole place is watching. My sister is about to throw the bouquet and I'm the maid of honor. I can't exactly run off to hit on some random stranger no matter how badly I want to.

I have one eye on my sister and one on trying to find Park Ranger Hottie as the DJ tells us to get ready.

“Three, two...”

Where is he?

“One!”

My eyes are desperately searching the room when my sister's bouquet hits me in the chest. I instinctively wrap my arms around it and look up in shock as the whole room cheers.

Everyone is staring at me while clapping and hollering.

My cheeks burn red as my sister skips over with a big smile on her face.

“Looks like you'll be the next one to fall.”

I swallow hard as I look down at the flowers.

I wouldn't mind that so much.

If I get to fall into that gorgeous mountain man's arms.

Chapter Two

Megan

“**T**hat’s my horse?” I ask with a gulp as I look at the big brown wiry creature. His head is up and he keeps looking around with wide fired-up eyes like he’s even more unsure of this than I am.

“Oh, you’re going to love Thunderbolt,” Carrie, the co-owner of the Greene Mountain Stables says. She opens the gate to the paddock and tries to get him, but the horse takes off in a full sprint. She turns around with a nervous laugh.

“Maybe I’ll just wait on the bus,” I say as my stomach does a weird flippy thing. “He doesn’t look too into it.”

“Thunderbolt *loves* people,” she says as she tries to chase after him.

He doesn’t look like he loves people. He looks like he’s wishing we all went extinct.

I was up too late partying last night and I woke up with a wicked hangover. I spent the whole day with my exhausted nauseous ass in bed, so I’m the last one to arrive at the group activity of horseback riding through the mountains. I missed the shuttle bus and had to take a cab.

Thunderbolt was the last horse left for obvious reasons.

“It’s okay,” I call out to Carrie as she slips in the mud while desperately trying to corral the horse who wants nothing to do with her. “It looks like it’s going to rain anyway.”

It’s late in the afternoon and the sky is a horror show of dark rain clouds. It looks like it’s going to open up and rain down Armageddon on all of us at any second.

“I checked the weather,” Carrie says as she sprints after the horse through the mud with a forced smile on her face, “it’s not supposed to rain.”

“Have you checked the sky?” I mutter to myself.

I turn and look at my group. About a dozen people from the wedding signed up for the activity and they’re all watching atop their nice calm horses.

My sister Ashley is probably wrapped up in bed right now enjoying her new groom Dylan. I wish I was doing the same. Perhaps with that gorgeous Park Ranger from last night. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about him.

Carrie stops in the middle of the muddy paddock and forces out a laugh as Thunderbolt hurries away from her. The giant horse’s back is all tense and he’s looking like he’s ready to bolt at any second.

“Why is he named Thunderbolt?” Richard asks from atop his very well-behaved patient horse.

“I’m not sure,” Carrie says as she puts her hands on her hips. She’s trying to catch her breath from all that effort. “Tyler would know.”

“Tyler?” I ask.

All of my group takes in a collective gulp of air as they stare behind me in shock. I turn and watch as a giant man with a long brown beard and intense brown eyes comes walking over. He's got big tattooed arms and looks like he was spawned out of these mountains. He heads into the paddock, kisses Carrie on the lips, and then calmly walks over to the horse.

The horse doesn't move when he comes over. Even other species seem to recognize and respect his dominant nature.

He takes the reins and walks the horse over to me.

"He's all yours," he says in a deep voice.

"Great," I say as I nervously try to get on. He helps me up and I immediately regret it. This feels like I'm sitting on a missile that's loaded up and ready to fire.

"Okay!" Carrie says with red cheeks and a flustered smile. "Who's ready to go explore those mountains?"

We head out along the trail and I can't focus on anything except staying on this horse. The spectacular mountainous views, the wildlife, the blooming flowers, the tall towering Aspen trees—they all get ignored as I cling to Thunderbolt's tense back while gripping the reins like we're about to jump over a river of lava.

The other newlyweds, Justin and Richard, are ahead of me on their gentle laid-back horses. "Did you see that guy's arms?" Justin whispers to him. "I wonder if he intermittent fasts?"

"Nah, he's just a real man," Richard answers. "Those muscles are honed from the mountains, not from the gym."

They start arguing about it and my mind goes back to that park ranger from last night. Were those muscles honed in the

mountains as well? They certainly looked like it.

The guide, Carrie, is pointing out birds but it sounds like she's making up half of them. "That's a yellow peekacoo," she says as she points at one in a tree. It darts off when the rain starts coming down.

It's light at first, but pretty soon, it opens up.

Thunderbolt tenses even more.

"Anyone want to trade horses?" I ask as I nervously squeeze my thighs around his slick back.

No one answers. No one even turns around.

Something is going on with this horse. He keeps whipping his head around and making these strange noises. His eyes are big and buggy like he forgot to take his Xanax and is about to have a nervous breakdown.

"Anyone?" I ask.

The clouds get darker and Thunderbolt starts trying to get off the trail.

"Whoa!" I gasp as he heads for a steep drop. I yank the reins, desperately pulling him the other way with all I got. He makes a sound which I can only imagine is horse for 'fuck you.'

"Are you okay?" Richard asks as he looks at me over his shoulder.

"Carrie!" I shout. "I need help!"

She's busy fighting with the hood on her rain jacket, trying to get it over her head. "What?"

"This horse doesn't look very—"

A bright flash of lightning slices the dark sky and a deep booming crack of thunder quickly follows. I feel it in my chest. It's deafening.

Thunderbolt snaps. Full horsey meltdown.

I scream as the missile fires. He takes off in a full reckless uncontrolled sprint down the steep incline.

"What the fuck!!!" I scream as I white knuckle the reins while this crazy fuck of a horse rockets forward like his tail is on fire. My ass is bouncing off the wet slippery saddle as stinging rain pummels my face. I can't see. I can't breathe. All I can do is hold on and pray that he doesn't launch me off and send me rolling down this mountain, breaking every bone on the way down.

"*Stop!*" I beg in a scream. "Please fucking stop!!!"

I pull the reins, I squeeze my thighs, I beg, I cry, I try everything but this horse keeps running all out.

Just as we get to the bottom of the incline, another boom of thunder detonates over our heads. Thunderbolt gets a new burst of speed and takes off through the forest.

"Shit!" I scream as I duck out of the way of flying branches. He leaps over a rock and picks up speed, racing through the trees as I hold on for my life.

Tears mix with the rain pouring down my face. *I'm going to die.*

I'm going to die having never felt the love of a man's arms around me. I'm going to die a virgin.

The thunder keeps coming and Thunderbolt keeps going.

I guess I now know why he's named Thunderbolt. He hears thunder, he bolts.

And keeps bolting...

Deep into the wilderness.

I'm panicking as I look around, trying to figure out how I'm going to find my way back.

I have to memorize memorable spots.

Okay, that bush. Remember that bush...

In ten seconds we're a football field away from the bush and I already forget what it looks like. There's a gazillion bushes in this forest. A gazillion trees. They all look the same! I'll never find my way back!

"Stop, Thunderbolt, stop!" I scream as he gets a new burst of energy and takes me deeper into the forest. He keeps jerking to the side and turning abruptly. I don't know what direction the stables are in. Even if I can get him to stop, I don't know where the fuck the exit is.

I finally come to a stop, but it's no help from this asshole horse. He leaps over a fallen log and I get jerked backward with the thrusting momentum. I do a backward summersault off his ass and land in the wet shrubs.

My head is spinning as I sit in the mud, rain pouring down while I watch Thunderbolt's big butt getting smaller and smaller as he keeps going.

Finally, he disappears and I'm all alone.

All alone in the terrifying wilderness surrounded by hungry bears and vicious wolves.

All alone in the cold rain with only a pair of shorts and a tank top on.

All alone with nothing to eat and a hangover that won't quit.

It hits me how fucked I am as I look around with a lump lodged in my throat. The trees are so freaking tall that they won't be able to find me from a plane or helicopter. I don't know which direction to go in. Should I walk or stay put? I remember coming across an article, *Seven Steps To Survive In The Woods Like A Boss*, but I never read the damn thing.

I hope one of the steps is to cry and feel sorry for yourself, because if it is, I'm doing great.

A cold shiver creeps up my body as the freezing rain starts to soak in. Goosebumps appear all over my skin. I hold my arms as the uncontrollable shivering starts.

This is bad. This is soooo bad.

What the hell am I supposed to do?

Chapter Three

Noah

I check my reflection in the rearview mirror and then take a deep breath as I turn back to the Greene Mountain Lodge.

She's in there. She's somewhere in there.

I can't stop thinking about her. My mind keeps replaying the same moment over and over again.

I keep seeing her dancing and singing on that dance floor, looking so free, so radiant, so damn tempting. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Once I saw her, I was stunned, I was in deep. So fucking deep.

I had stopped by the lodge on my way home from work to make sure that none of the drunk wedding guests were heading out onto the trails. Sometimes city folk don't realize how easy it is to get lost up here at night, especially when the drinks are flowing.

When I popped my head in to have a word with the owner, Owen, I saw her.

My hands were shaking. Literally shaking. I've faced down a snarling grizzly bear and had a shotgun pointed at my

forehead by a furious hunter, and my hands didn't shake. Well, this beauty shook me.

I didn't know what to do. When she was pulled away from my line of sight by the bride, I left. I hated myself for leaving. I cursed myself out the whole way home, telling myself to turn back and go get her, but I couldn't. I needed some time to collect my thoughts. To calm down. To get rid of this edgy feeling that seems to only be getting worse.

I knew that if I had stayed a second longer, I would have marched onto that dance floor, grabbed that girl, thrown her over my shoulder, and brought her back to my place.

And that... wouldn't have gone well.

People tend to react when a stranger tries to steal one of their loved ones.

I knew it was best to take a breather, regroup, and get her the old-fashioned way.

My truck dings as I open the door and step out. The rain is a killer today. It's pouring down and I'm half-drenched by the time I rush over to the front door of the Greene Mountain Lodge.

I'm off-duty, so I'm wearing a pair of dark jeans and a light blue buttoned-up collared shirt under a sports jacket that's now covered in rain.

My plan is to have a drink at the bar, spot my girl, talk to her, fall in love, and spend the rest of my days making her happy and making her moan.

Other than that, the details are a little fuzzy. I'm certain it will work out, though. Me and her are fate and fate always works out. It's the definition of the word.

I nod to the doorman and then head inside the vast lobby. I can immediately feel the tension in the room. A bunch of the guests are gathered around near the giant stone fireplace, discussing something.

I keep my eyes on them as I head over to the reception desk. Tina and Tiffany, the strange twins with straight black bob haircuts and big round glasses, are working.

“What’s going on?” I ask them.

Tina, or maybe it’s Tiffany, shrugs. “Some dumb girl got lost in the woods.”

“Her horse took off and then came back without her,” Tiffany says. “He probably did it on purpose.”

“Why would anyone want to ride an animal?” Tina says with a look of disgust. “I mean we have bicycles.”

“And unicycles,” Tiffany points out. “Leave the horses alone, that’s what we always say.”

“How old is this girl?” I ask, jumping into park ranger mode.

Tina shrugs. “Twentyish? Thirtyish?”

“I thought she was fortyish.”

“No, fortyish have more wrinkles than that.”

Tiffany shrugs. “Anyway, it was the bride’s sister.”

“The bride’s sister?” I ask, perking up. “The one wearing the light blue dress last night?”

My stomach drops as they confirm it. My girl is missing in the forest.

I head over to the group with my heart pounding.

“Oh, good,” Lauren, the manager of the lodge says when she sees me. “Noah, you’re here. This is the park ranger.”

Everyone looks at me with hopeful eyes.

“What’s her name?”

An older man who could be her father answers. “Megan Botter,” he says, looking terrified. “Can you find her?”

“I’ll find her,” I say as my hand squeezes into a fist, determination taking over. I was made for this moment. Everything—all my years spent in the mountains, learning how to track and find missing hikers—it’s all been cumulating to this moment. To find *her*.

You see how fate works? She knew all along.

“I need something of hers,” I say as my mind starts racing with the next steps. “Something with her scent on it.”

“Here,” the bride says, handing me a sweater. “It’s Megan’s. She wore it yesterday.”

Everyone watches as I hold it to my nose and breathe in her sweet delicious scent. It fills my lungs and sets my soul on fire.

“Where was she last seen?”



“That-a-boy, Charlie!” I say as I follow the Bloodhound through the forest. He’s already honed in on her scent and the amazing dog is running forward with a singular drive.

As soon as I left the lodge, I raced to my buddy’s house. Colin works search and rescue in these mountains, and he’s got the best tracker in the whole state. Up and down the West

Coast, Colin and Charlie have found missing hikers, missing kids, and missing seniors with dementia.

Unfortunately, Colin wasn't home, so I had to break a window to get inside. I left a quick note, grabbed Charlie, and took off to the Greene Mountain Stables. The owner Tyler took me to where the horse got spooked and I gave Charlie the scent off Megan's sweater.

It's been a couple of hours of searching in the rain. All this wetness is not helping. It keeps washing my girl's scent away. Charlie lost the scent a few times, but we picked it back up about ten minutes ago and he's moving fast now.

"Don't lose her, buddy," I whisper as I jog beside the dog. He's not sniffing everything anymore. He's locked on her scent and racing through the forest. I spot a couple of snapped branches which might be from her horse as it ran away.

The dog's tail is up, his long snout hovering over the ground, and his big floppy ears are bouncing as he moves.

My eyes are scanning the dark forest, desperately looking for her. I'm not going to leave these mountains until I have her in my arms. I don't care if I'm still here in a week. I'm *not* leaving without her.

Charlie suddenly takes off in a full sprint. My heart seizes in my chest when I hear a shrill scream.

"Don't eat me!" Megan screeches as she crouches into a ball, covering her face with her arms. Charlie is standing proudly beside her. He looks at me as I run over to them.

"It's okay," I say as I drop to my knees in front of her. "You're okay now. You're safe."

She slowly lowers her arm and looks at me with these big innocent blue eyes. Up close, those eyes stagger me. I feel my

whole body going weak with the full force of them at such close range.

The poor girl is soaked. Her blonde hair is plastered to her head and she's shaking uncontrollably. She's only wearing shorts and a tank top, and the cold rain has been soaking her for hours.

"Y-You're the g-guy... from the w-wedding..."

Her teeth are chattering as she stares at me like she's not sure if I'm real or a hallucination.

She does remember me. I feel an expanding feeling in my chest like my heart is growing an extra few sizes as I stare at this innocent beauty.

"It's me, Megan. I got you now. I'm not going to let you go."

"W-What's your n-name?"

I yank my rain jacket and collared shirt off as I kneel beside her. "I'm Noah."

"N-Noah," she whispers as I wipe her arms and upper chest with my balled-up shirt. Her big eyes are roaming all over my naked torso that's now getting drenched by the cold rain. I wrap the raincoat around her and it's large enough to cover her whole upper body and most of her legs.

She's looking at me with those captivating blue eyes as I pull the hood over her wet head.

"You'll be in a hot bath soon," I whisper as I slide my arms around her. "Then you can dry off, put some warm pajamas on, have a hot drink, some hot food, and crawl into a nice comfy bed."

I hoist her up and cradle her to my chest as Charlie watches.

“How does that sound?” I ask with a smile as I look down at her all curled up in my arms.

“It sounds like h-heaven,” she says as she looks up at me with gratitude in her eyes. “Thank you for finding me.”

Holding her like this and seeing her so vulnerable is firing up my protective instincts. They’re taking over.

All I can think about is how I want to keep her safe from the world forever. I have an overwhelming urge to care for her, to defend her, and to guard her from any kind of harm.

The atavistic need implants itself in me. It carves its way through my body, rewiring my brain and taking over my thoughts until every thought that passes through my mind is centered around her and her safety.

I know this is a permanent change. It’s not going away. This need to care for her and make her mine will be with me forever.

She’s the one for me.

I hold her against my chest, wondering if she can feel how hard my heart is beating for her, and turn to the skilled Bloodhound.

“Let’s go, Charlie,” I say to the soaked dog who’s watching me curiously. “Home. Go *home*.”

He immediately springs into action and starts hurrying through the forest back the way we came. I hold my girl in my big arms and follow him at a quick pace.

The scent should be easy to follow on the way back. It should be a piece of cake for this dog, so I can let him handle

it and I can focus all of my attention on the treasure in my arms.

She must be exhausted from the whole ordeal, but she doesn't close her eyes or fall asleep. She just watches me the entire time, those mesmerizing blue eyes staring up at me under her long lush eyelashes.

I fall deeper in love with her with every step.

By the time we pop out of the forest beside the Greene Mountain Stables, it's dawn. The sun is coming up, all three of us are exhausted, and I am unequivocally, one hundred percent obsessed with this amazing girl in my aching arms.

Chapter Four

Megan

Noah climbs on top of me and I moan as I feel the force of his weight pushing down on my body. Fire and heat are whipping through my veins, tingling into my hands as I rake my fingertips down his hard muscular chest.

He's so hot. I want him so fucking badly.

"You're mine now, Megan," he moans as his lips hover over mine. I taste his warm breath. It tastes like sex.

I arch my back when I feel his thick erection pressing against my hot pussy. Fuck, it feels good. I moan and writhe under him, wanting more, wanting it all.

"Oh, Megan," he moans as he presses his hard beautiful shaft against me. "Megan. Megan! *Megan!!*"

I snap my eyes open with a gasp and then let out a blood-chilling scream when I see my mother's face hovering over me.

"Mom, what are you doing?!" I screech as I scramble away from her. My back hits the big oak headboard and I grab the blankets in a panic, pulling them over my hot, flushed body. *What did she see? What was I moaning out loud?*

“You were having a bad dream,” she says as she scoots toward me.

No, I was having the best dream ever!

“Do you have a fever? You look all hot and sweaty.”

She tries to touch my forehead, but I dart out of the way. “Just... Please. I need a second.”

My mom frowns as she watches me. My heart is thumping away and my pulse is racing. Even my pussy doesn't know what happened. One second, she was living her fantasy, the next, my mother is here.

The only more jarring way to be woken up is to have a bucket of cold water dumped on your head.

“What are you doing here?” I ask as I stare at her in shock, my breaths still coming out shallow and rushed. “Did you... sleep here?”

There's a blanket on the chair by the window. She did sleep here.

“I was so worried,” she says as her chin quivers. “I didn't want to leave you.”

The tears start pouring out and I go over and hug her. It's funny how sometimes the person who goes through the ordeal is the one who ends up comforting everyone else.

She clings to me as I pat her back.

“You could have slept in the bed, Mom,” I say as I look at the tiny chair. It doesn't look very comfy and this bed is massive.

“I didn't want to disturb you,” she says as she finally lets go. “Were you scared? It must have been terrifying.”

“It wasn’t so bad,” I lie. It was horrible. Just thinking about it brings me right back to that hopeless feeling. I thought I was going to die.

I wandered around the forest for a while, but when it became clear that I wouldn’t be able to find the way out on my own, I hunkered down and waited. For what, I didn’t know, but I didn’t know what else to do.

I spent the first hour feeling sorry for myself, but then something inside me snapped. I decided I was done being pathetic. I was done waiting for things to happen to me. I was done failing at life and doing nothing to change it.

I made a vow to myself that if I got out of that forest, then I would step it up. I would be the person I’ve always wanted to be. I would go for things and be bold and adventurous and not let anything stop me.

I take a deep breath as that drive and determination come flooding back. I can’t let this feeling fade. I can’t let it drift away and go back to the status quo. I have to take it and use it as a springboard for change. I have to remember how I felt last night.

That determination and drive faded a few hours later as the cold seeped deep into my bones. I was shivering so much that it hurt. I thought I would die of hypothermia, that I would die before I saw the sun rising, but then that wet incredible dog came bounding over.

At first, I thought it was some kind of hungry beast about to finish me off, but then I heard Noah’s voice. I can still remember it perfectly.

“It’s okay. You’re okay now. You’re safe.”

He sounded like an angel. He looked like one too.

I hadn't felt warmth in hours and a part of me didn't think I'd ever feel it again. I forgot what it felt like, as if it was some distant memory barely accessible. But when that beautiful man picked me up and cradled me to his muscular chest, I felt warmth penetrating every inch of me. It radiated throughout my body and I knew I would be okay.

I also knew that nothing would ever be the same again, because as he carried me to safety, I fell in love with him.

"That park ranger," my mother says with a swallow. "He didn't want to let you go."

"He didn't?"

Some parts are so clear, but others are a little fuzzy. I kind of remember him carrying me into the stables. The horses were looking at me. My friends and family were there.

The doctor wanted to look me over, but Noah didn't want to put me down. I didn't help the matter by clinging to his big sexy arm.

My father finally asked him in a firm voice and he surrendered me over. The doctor kicked everyone out but my parents and that was the last time I saw him.

"He stayed outside the whole time with that adorable dog beside him," my mother explains. "Even when I told him that you were fine, he didn't want to leave. I told him to go home and get some sleep. I told him that his dog looked hungry and that we would call him later, and he finally left, but it took a lot of convincing. He really didn't want to. Do you know that guy?"

"Well... No. I guess I don't."

"He seemed quite taken with you."

I perk up. “He did?”

She nods as she stares off into space like she’s lost in a daydream. “He was so handsome. He was cradling you to his chest and he wasn’t wearing a shirt. I was a little jealous.”

“Mom!”

She laughs. “What? I’m still a woman, you know! I always had a thing for park rangers.”

I close my eyes and shake my head. I guess my mother and I share the same fetish for hot park rangers. Great. I didn’t need to know that.

I need to change the subject before I learn more disturbing details that I won’t be able to forget.

“Is the horse still lost? Is anyone looking for him?”

Thunderbolt may be an out of control asshole, but I don’t want him to get hurt. The poor thing only ran because he got scared.

“He came back before you did,” Mom says. “Just strolled back into the stables like nothing happened.”

“Your dad wanted to punch him.”

“He wanted to punch a horse?!”

Oh God, I can only imagine what the owners of the stables think of my family now.

“It was very stressful for us!” my mother says, defending him. I don’t know how you defend wanting to punch a horse, but I guess that’s what happy couples do—have each other’s backs no matter what.

“I’m sorry,” I say as I hug her. “We can put it all past us and enjoy the rest of our vacation. I won’t get lost in the

mountains again. I promise.”

“Just in case, I’m buying a GPS tracker for you.”

“Mom!”

“It will fit in your purse,” she says with a shrug. “You’ll barely even notice it.”

“We’ll see,” I say as I shake my head in disbelief. “You’re free to go now. I just want to take a shower and go get something to eat.”

“I don’t want to rush you, honey,” she says as I practically push her toward the door, “but there are a lot of people downstairs who would like to see you. They’ve been worried sick.”

I can’t help but smile, knowing they were all worried about me. “I’ll be quick.”

After the hottest shower of my life, I get ready and head downstairs. I put on an outfit that’s both casual and sexy—jean shorts with a loose white shirt that buttons up the middle. I leave an extra button open than I normally do and finish the outfit off with my new wedge sandals that I got on sale last week.

Everyone is waiting in the lobby. I get a lot of hugs and my shoulder is soaked (from my father, my sister, and my aunt’s tears) by the time I get through everyone.

I keep scanning the room, wanting to find someone in particular, but he doesn’t appear to be here.

When the sob-fest is over, and I’m finally free, I sneak over to the reception desk to speak with the twins.

“Oh great, they found you,” Tina says in a flat voice with absolutely zero emotion or happiness on her face.

“We told you riding animals was stupid,” Tiffany says with a scornful look.

I force out a smile. “Right... So anyway, I would like to thank the park ranger for saving me. Do you know where I can find him?”

“Twenty bucks,” Tiffany says.

“What?!”

“Twenty each,” Tina quickly adds.

“Are you serious right now? My life was in danger—“

“Because of your stupidity.”

“—and I’d like to thank the man who *rescued* me—“

“Waste of time as far as we’re concerned.”

“—and you’re charging me for it?!”

They both stare at me, then say ‘yes’ at the same time.

I want to scream in frustration, but I yank my purse open instead and fish out two twenty dollar bills. “There,” I say as I throw them on the counter. “Now, where can I find him?”

“He’s right behind you,” Tina says as they snatch the crumpled bills off the counter.

I turn around and gasp when I see Noah, the hot sexy park ranger, walking into the lodge with his eyes fixated on me.

Chapter Five

Megan

This is the third time the sight of this man has stunned me. I cling to the counter as he walks over, wearing dark gray jeans and a tight white t-shirt. His long brown hair is slicked back in a messy kind of way. He looks so good that my heart starts beating so fast it feels like a hummingbird is lodged in my chest.

Those beautiful green eyes are focused on me and only me as he walks over like he's about to claim me as his own. I can feel the possession radiating off him. He's looking at me like I'm his territory. Like I belong to him and only him. I wouldn't argue about that. Right now, I feel like I'm all his.

He walks right up to me and I swallow hard as I stare up at those sexy heated eyes. I didn't realize he was this big. This tall. He's massive. He's gigantic.

I gulp as my eyes roam along his big round shoulders to his giant tattooed biceps. Those arms were carrying me last night.

He picked me up like I was weightless and carried me through the forested mountains. I knew he was strong if he

was able to do that, but I didn't realize how large he was up close. The first time I saw him, it was from a distance and the second time was late at night, so it was dark and I wasn't exactly fully with it.

"Hi, park ranger Wright," Tina says from behind me.

"Hello," he answers, but he never takes his eyes off me, so I'm not sure who he's talking to.

"I wanted to... thank you, for... um, saving me. Last night."

My brain is a mess of jumbled thoughts and emotions with this sexy man's attention on me. It seems like I forgot how to act like a human.

Even my hands are moving non-stop. I put one hand on my hip, but that feels funny, so I put it on the counter, but that feels awkward, so I rub them together until I realize that it probably looks really creepy. I shove them into my pockets and force out a nervous laugh.

"Are you okay?" he asks in a smooth sexy voice. It's as deep as thunder and as electric as lightning. I get a shiver from hearing it again.

"I'm good," I say, nodding my head excessively. "Never been better."

The Megan of yesterday probably would have chickened out by now and made an excuse to run away, but I don't want to be that way anymore. I tap into that bold adventurous feeling I felt last night and let it guide me.

"I'm heading into town to get a bite to eat," I say as I stare at my fidgeting hands. "Would you like to join me?"

I can't even look in his eyes. It's too intimidating. I may not be fully bold and adventurous yet, but I asked him out, so it's a start.

"I would love that," he says in that smooth masculine voice.

My eyes dart up to his. "Really?"

"*Really?*" Tina and Tiffany echo behind me.

He smiles and my knees nearly give out. "Of course. I know a great burger place in town. Want to hop in my truck?"

"Yeah! Okay! I'll just tell my mom. I'll meet you outside."

His sexy green eyes linger on me for a long moment before he smiles and then walks to the door. I stare at his huge V-shaped back with all of those taut tempting muscles visible through his t-shirt. My hungry eyes continue down to his nice firm ass that looks so damn good in those jeans.

He shoots me a glance over his big shoulder before disappearing outside.

"Did you just ask him out?" Tina says in shock.

"Maybe we should get ourselves lost in the mountains like dumb city girls," Tiffany says as she stares at the door.

They're still holding the twenty dollar bills and both of them are distracted. I shoot my hands out like snake strikes and snatch both of the bills out of their hands.

"Hey!" they both whine.

"You might want to get lost in the mountains some other time," I say as I shoot them a smirk while walking away. "Because the park ranger is going to be busy falling in love with this dumb city girl."

They both frown as I stick my tongue out at them and leave.



“So, what does a park ranger do?” I ask after the waitress takes our menus and leaves.

“You mean besides saving beautiful women from the forest?”

My cheeks heat up as he smiles at me. “Yeah, besides that.”

He has a really nice smile. It gives me a fluttering feeling every time I see it.

He’s so hot that it’s hard to focus on his words. I keep catching myself getting lost in his beautiful green eyes or getting mesmerized by his sexy lips. I feel like a teenager again in math class trying to pay attention.

“We patrol protected areas and take down any poachers,” he tells me. “We also protect the wildlife, and enforce rules and regulations.”

“So, you must be outside most of the time? That must be so nice out here.”

He nods as he smiles at me. “I think I’d go nuts behind a desk. I’m much more suited to working in the mountains.”

I find out that he’s lived here all his life and he knows the area better than anyone. There’s a question I have that’s been bugging me. I’m not sure if I want to know the answer, but I’m going to ask it anyway.

“So, are there like wolves and bears in these mountains?”

“Of course. Lots of them.”

I shiver from just thinking about being so vulnerable last night. He must see the look on my face because he quickly continues.

“They don’t hunt during thunderstorms,” he says in a soft comforting voice. “You weren’t in that much danger.”

“Really?”

I can’t tell if he’s lying for my benefit. “I’m just glad I got there in time. I’ll look out for you for the rest of the trip. How does that sound?”

It sounds like paradise. “Thanks, I’ll call you if I wander into a grizzly bear den or fall into a river full of piranhas.”

We’re in a cute restaurant in town called McArthur’s, sitting in a quiet booth beside the windows that look out onto Greene Mountain Town.

I love it here. The town is so gorgeous with the adorable shops and stunning view of the mountains in the background. All of the people look so safe and happy as they walk along the cobblestone sidewalks. I smile when I see a young couple patiently waiting for their toddler to come along. She’s fascinated by a pigeon eating an ice cream cone. They might be there for a while.

Greene Mountain Town looks like such a nice place to start a new life and raise a family. I’m so happy for my sister that she gets to do that here with her soul mate.

“Your sister got married?” he asks. “How was the wedding?”

“It was fun,” I say with a smile. “I had a few too many drinks. I think you saw that part.”

He smiles as he watches me. “You looked radiant dancing out there.”

“Then how come you left?”

It just shoots out of me. I guess it’s part of my new bold adventurous personality. Apparently, the new and improved Megan has *no* filter.

Noah takes a few seconds to collect his thoughts. I lean forward as he takes a sip of his iced tea and begins to speak.

“I wanted to stay,” he says as he slowly looks up at me. “But I didn’t... trust myself.”

“Trust yourself?” I ask with a tilt of my head. “Why, are you like an alcoholic or something?”

“No, no,” he says. “Nothing like that.” He takes a deep breath. “I didn’t trust myself around you.”

Okay, now I’m *really* confused.

“When I know what I want, Megan, I *want* it. I’m not really good at self-restraint.”

“Okay... But what did you want?”

He stares at me until it clicks. Oh. Oh!

“You. I wanted you.”

My mouth drops open, but no words come out. What do you say to *that*? How do you respond when the sexiest man you’ve ever seen (by far) tells you he wants you so badly that he worries about self-control?

Luckily, I don’t have to figure that out because the waitress arrives with our food.

“Thanks, April,” Noah says as she slides the burgers in front of us and pulls the bottle of ketchup out of her apron.

“Enjoy,” she says in a curt tone before leaving. She doesn’t look very friendly.

My stomach is still fluttering with butterflies over that last topic, so I switch it up. This Megan is bolder and more adventurous than ever, but even the new and improved Megan has her limits. I’m not sure if I’m ready to go there just yet.

“Is your dog okay?” I say, remembering how soaked he was. The poor guy was probably freezing his tail off.

“Charlie?” he says as he spreads his napkin on his lap. “He’s not mine.”

“Oh no? He seemed to listen to you so well. I thought for sure he was yours.”

“He’s just a good boy,” he says with a smile. “His owner is Colin. He works in search and rescue with two other guys. Oh, that reminds me. What are you doing after this?”

I shrug. “Nothing.”

“I had to break Colin’s window last night to get Charlie, so I want to go drop off the money to replace it. Want to come with me? You can see your furry friend again and give him a proper thank you.”

“Definitely!” I say, lighting up. “But I want to pay for that window.”

I hardly have a cent to my name, but I’ll take it out of my credit line and figure it out when I get home.

“Not going to happen,” he says as he bites into a French fry. “But you can do something else...”



The something else is getting a dog bone for Charlie. After a fun late lunch, we stop at the pet store in town and I buy the Ferrari of dog bones. The guy behind the counter said it was the best one they had, which made me wonder if he's tried them all, but I was too shy to ask.

"I hope he likes it," I say as we get back in the truck.

"I'm sure he will," Noah says as he stretches the seatbelt across his massive body. "I once saw him eat a used tissue off the ground, so I don't think you have to worry too much about it."

"Well, the guy said it was the best bone on the market, so..."

"How does he know?" Noah asks with a chuckle. "Did he try them all?"

"That's what I was thinking!"

We chat on the way over there and we're really starting to hit it off. The jitters and nerves I was feeling at the beginning of the date seem to be disappearing the longer we talk. He doesn't seem as intimidating the more I get to know him. He's no longer just some hot intense mountain man, although he is still that, but he also becomes Noah—a sweet caring guy who I'm starting to crush on pretty hard.

"So, what do you do back in New Jersey?" he asks. "I bet it's something amazing."

My stomach sinks. "Not really."

He looks at me and my cheeks start blushing.

"I'm a real estate agent," I say with a sigh.

"That's pretty amazing," he says. "You match people with the house of their dreams. That's special."

“It would be,” I say as I gaze out the window at all of the passing trees, “*if* I made any sales, but I don’t. I made a sale on my first day and that was it.”

“You made a sale, that’s great! You just started, don’t be so hard on yourself.”

“It was three years ago.”

He gives me a look.

“What?”

“Maybe you’d have more luck out here.”

“Out here?” I ask with a laugh. “Are there even any houses out here?”

He chuckles as he turns back to the windshield. All we see are trees around us. We’re driving along a quiet mountain road with no sign of civilization besides the pavement we’re rolling on.

“There are houses,” he says with a grin. “We just like things a little more private than what you’re used to, so you can’t see them.”

I smile as I look over at him, letting my eyes linger for longer than I’ve let them linger on him all day. The windows are open and the warm summer breeze is blowing through his brown hair. His right arm is outstretched as he grips the wheel, his large muscles flexed under those sexy tattoos. He looks so at peace. So sure of himself like he’s right at home driving his truck through the mountains. I wonder if I’ve ever looked so at home where I live. If I look like I belong while I roam the streets of New Jersey.

I always thought New Jersey was too loud and too crowded. I can see how someone who’s lived here all his life

can be so at peace. The mountains have that humbling way about them.

Every time we drive around a bend, a new spectacular view presents itself. There was a stunning waterfall a little while back, a gorgeous creek, and right now, I'm looking at a beautiful cliff with tall trees clinging to it.

“Are you looking to buy a house by any chance?” I ask with a sly grin.

He smiles as he looks at me. “The second I am, I'll give you a call.”

“I hope you call before then.”

I get another one of those devastating smiles right before he turns off the highway onto a steep dirt road.

“You can bet I will.”

Chapter Six

Megan

“Just warning you,” Noah says as we take off our seatbelts. “Colin might not be in the best mood.”

“Why, because you broke his window?”

“Yeah, because of that,” he says with a chuckle, “and because he’s never in a good mood.”

“Oh,” I say as I look at the beautiful house with a slight tenseness in my body. It’s a modern cabin with large windows and a gorgeous wraparound porch. It’s nestled among the trees with no neighbors in sight. It looks like it should belong on a Pinterest page, not to a mean old grump.

I look at the seatbelt in my hand, wondering if I should click it back in and stay in the truck. Then, I see Charlie waddling around the house with his big floppy ears and I forget all about his grumpy owner.

I hop out of the truck, drop to my knees, and put my arms out as he shuffles over. He’s so freaking cute!

“Remember me?” I ask as he waddles right into my arms, wagging his tail like we’re best friends reunited after years

apart. “You’re such a good boy. Thank you for saving me last night.”

His nose quickly finds the bone in my hand and his tail gets a new burst of energy.

“You want this?” I ask as I hold it out to him. “I got it for you.”

He gently takes it in his mouth and then waddles away to chew it with his long ears swaying from side to side.

The screen door slams shut and I look up with a gasp. That must be Colin. He’s standing on his porch with nothing on but a pair of faded jeans and a mean ole scowl. Even though he doesn’t look friendly (or particularly happy to see us), he’s still incredibly handsome in his own rugged curmudgeon way. He’s got long brown hair, a thick beard, and intense brown eyes. Where Noah is all perfectly sculpted and cut muscle, Colin is just big. His muscular frame is built like a tank.

I much prefer Noah with his easy smile and beautiful face.

“Did you come to break another window?” Colin asks in a sharp curt tone.

“I came to give you the money,” Noah says as he walks over. I wouldn’t go near that guy, but Noah doesn’t seem intimidated in the least. “And a bit extra for the trouble.”

Colin grunts as he takes the thick envelope. He frowns as he rifles through the crisp bills.

I look around for any sign of a female, but I don’t see anything. Geez, what is with these mountains? They’re teeming with hot single men. It’s like all the men have to be at least six feet tall with huge muscles, tattoos, and be hot as hell to enter.

It feels like I wandered into a parallel universe or something where the rugged masculinity is off the charts.

I should start a real estate company in town and market it to single women around the country. If single women knew about this place, every hot-blooded woman in the country would want to move here. Every time a house came on the market, I'd have a feeding frenzy on my hands.

Colin grunts as he shoves the envelope into his back pocket. "Next time you break into my house, put the screen back. I killed about a hundred mosquitos."

"Will do." Noah gives him that easy smile. It turns me to mush, but it doesn't seem to do much to Colin but make him grunt.

His dark brown eyes snap onto me and I feel my whole body tighten.

"Is that the girl?"

Noah looks at me and smiles. "That's her."

"You better stay on the trails," Colin warns me with a scowl. "There are lots of hungry grizzly bears out there just waiting for someone to wander into their den."

"That's enough," Noah warns. He walks beside me and puts his arm around my shoulders. He's so protective, I love it.

"Oh," Colin says with a roll of his eyes. The sight of us together seems to put him in an even worse mood. "Are we done here?"

"We just wanted to say thank you for lending us Charlie," I say, "and apologize for breaking your window. I know it was an inconvenience for you, but it meant so much to—"

He just turns around and goes inside. The screen door slams shut and my mouth drops.

How the hell can he be so rude? Even the people in New Jersey aren't this rude! I thought people out here were supposed to be nicer.

I'm standing here in shock as Noah looks at me with a shrug. "That's Colin," he says with a grin. "Now let's get the fuck out of here."

I say bye to Charlie (who is thrilled with his bone) and then get back into Noah's truck.

"He works in search and rescue?" I say as we roll back down the road. "I don't think I'd want to be saved by that guy. He's terrifying."

"He's not so bad," Noah says as he turns around a bend. The cabin disappears behind the trees. "He's good at his job, but he's had a hard life."

I'm curious about what happened to him, but I don't want to ruin the afternoon with sad stories. It's not every day that I'm on a date (this is a date, right?) with a hot muscular park ranger, driving around the scenic mountains in his truck.

"Have you seen Jasper's Lookout?" Noah asks as he rolls down the windows.

"No," I say as I lean back and let the nice breeze tickle my face. "What's that?"

"It's the most beautiful spot in Montana. It's perched high on Silvergray Mountain and you can see the whole town and miles of stunning wilderness around it."

"Is that where all the mountain men take the tourists to make out?" I ask with a grin.

He turns and smiles at me. “Sometimes.”

My eyes are drawn to his mouth. I wonder what kissing Noah would be like. He’s probably the perfect mix of rough and gentle. I start to imagine what those big strong hands would feel like as they explored my body and my pulse begins to race.

Be bold. Be adventurous. For once in your life go after what you want.

“Will you take me there?” I ask him.

His eyes drop to my mouth for a second before he looks at me with a smile. “Absolutely.”



It’s stunning up here. We’re sitting on the hood of Noah’s truck at Jasper’s Lookout and I’m speechless as I gaze out at the beautiful sweeping vista before us. A sense of gratitude and awe wash over me like I’ve never experienced before. Maybe it’s from my near-death experience last night or because I have this wonderful man beside me, but it feels like I’m looking at everything in a new light.

The air is so crisp. So clean. The rain from last night has been all soaked up by the thirsty plants and trees, and everything just smells so good—like pine trees and wildflowers. I wish I could bottle this scent up and bring it home to smell whenever I’m walking through the thick exhaust fumes permeating the city.

The sun is beginning to set over the rugged peaks of the Montana mountains, casting a warm golden glow over the humbling view. Birds in the distance serenade us with their

songs and the gentle rustling of leaves over our heads fills me with a sense of vitality and freshness.

“It’s beautiful, isn’t it?” Noah says as my eyes begin to water.

“Yeah,” I say as I look out at the lush green forests stretching out to the horizon. A large deep blue lake and several rivers cut through the forest far from the adorable little town nestled in the middle of it all. I spot the Greene Mountain Lodge and smile.

A deep sense of appreciation for nature and all its wonders begins to overtake me. The majesty of the mountains and the vastness of the wilderness reminds me of my small place in the world. Do I even have a place? I always thought it was in New Jersey, but now I’m not so sure.

“Are you crying?” Noah asks when he looks at me.

I quickly wipe the tears from my eyes but several more take their place.

“I’m sorry,” I say, feeling embarrassed. Leave it to me to cry on a first date.

“Don’t be sorry,” he whispers. “This place has a way of connecting you to what’s important.”

He slides his hand onto mine and my heart jumps at the warm feeling. I entwine my fingers with his and hold his hand as we admire the awe-inspiring view.

This man is amazing. He didn’t laugh at me or make me feel stupid. He gets it. He gets me.

I turn and look at him. Even his side profile is beautiful. I swear, my heart can’t take any more beauty. I’m overflowing with it.

He turns and looks at me and we gaze into each other's eyes. Something is happening here. This is not a normal first date. There are no more awkward jitters or uncomfortable silences. I feel like I've known this man my entire life. I feel so at ease with him, he just has that safe comforting way about him.

"What if I... hung around here for a bit?" I say before I lose the nerve.

His eyebrows perk up. A slow smile builds on his face.

"You're thinking of moving here?"

"Maybe... yeah. What do you think about that?"

He runs a hand through his hair as he turns back to the view, the smile still on his face.

"I think you should."

"Really?"

He nods as he turns back to me with his green eyes shining. "It was fate that brought us together, Megan. Her job is over. It's up to us to stay together."

"You really believe that? I mean, we haven't even known each other for twenty-four hours."

"When you know, you know, you know?"

I laugh. "And you're so certain you know?"

"I knew the second I saw you dancing at the wedding. You were filled with this radiant life and a contagious energy. I knew immediately that I wanted to be surrounded by that fire for the rest of my life. And then when I saw you in the forest, drenched and scared, but still fighting, still holding your head up high, I realized how strong you are.

“Being able to hold you on the way back, clutching you to my chest, it was the happiest I’ve ever been even with the cold rain stinging my face.”

His eyes are too much. I look at our connected hands as strong emotions flare inside me. I’m not leaving. How could I now?

“I want to be yours, Megan. You’re already mine.”

He looks at me with pleading eyes.

“I think I changed my mind,” I say bluntly. “I’m going to go home.”

He winces and clutches his chest like I just ripped his heart out.

“I’m kidding,” I quickly say. “Maybe I’ll hang around for a bit longer. I think Ashley and Dylan will let me stay at their place while they’re on their honeymoon.”

“And if they don’t, you can stay with me.”

The sincerity in his eyes is so genuine that I can’t help but try to kiss him. I lean forward, tilt my head up, and he does the rest.

Those soft luscious lips come down on mine and he kisses me like he’s been dying for it. I moan as he lets go of my hand, grabs my hip, and pulls me closer.

Kissing Noah is as awe-inspiring as these mountains.

He’s so tasty. I could do this forever.

I slide my tingling hand up his hard arm as he slides his tongue into my mouth, deepening the kiss.

After a long while, he pulls away and I slowly open my eyes. I hadn’t even realized they were closed.

Noah holds my face with both hands. Those sexy green eyes are gazing down at my mouth like it's the most captivating thing he's ever seen. When he can't hold himself back anymore, he swoops down with a groan and kisses me again.

I'm staying.

I've felt lost my entire life. At home, at work, with friends, with family.

But here with Noah, it's different.

I'm finally feeling like I've been found.

Chapter Seven

Noah

I can't stop kissing this girl.

Our lips are like magnets. They can't stay away from each other for long.

Megan moans into my mouth as I taste her sweet tongue. My hand slides up her ribs, tracing the side of her breast.

I can't let her go. I can't let this beauty slip out of my grasp and head back across the country.

How will I live knowing she's over there without me looking out for her? What will I do with myself? I'll drive myself crazy, I know it. I can't live like that.

I love this place, and these mountains run deep in my soul, but I'll leave them in a second if I have to choose between my home and my girl. I'll move to New Jersey if she doesn't want to move here. Hell, I'll live on the fucking moon if it means I get to stay close to this angel.

We pull away from each other and gaze into one another's eyes. I lick her sweet taste off my lips and my body begs for more. I want all of her. Tonight.

“You’re so beautiful,” I whisper as I hold her against me. “I’ll remember this moment forever.”

The sun is starting to sink toward the sharp peaks of the mountains and it’s lighting the sky up with bright vibrant hues of pink and purple, the temperature is perfect—warm with a slight breeze, and we have the whole place to ourselves.

There’s not a soul around except for us. It feels like we’re on top of the world.

“So will I,” she says in her soft sweet voice. “You’re a good kisser.”

I grin as I lean down and give her another one. She arches her back as she slides her delicious tongue along mine. Her breasts press into my chest and my cock aches with need. I’m so hard. This sexy angel has got me so turned on.

“Last night changed things for me,” she says when we pull away.

“It changed things for me too,” I whisper as I begin to kiss her neck. She drops her head back with a moan as I lay soft kisses along her jawline. My whole world was recentered around her.

“I’ve decided to be more bold. To be more adventurous.”

She slides her hand up my neck, holding my head against her. I kiss a trail down her neck to her collarbone. I want to taste every inch of her. I want to discover if the rest of her sweet body is as tasty as her mouth.

“I’ve decided to be more vocal and go after what I want,” she says as I slide my palm up her thigh.

“And what do you want, sweet girl?” I ask between kisses.

She grabs my cheeks and pulls my head up until I'm looking into her soft blue eyes. "You," she says. "I want you, Noah."

I kiss her hard on the mouth, lunging forward with a carnal desire. She whimpers when she feels my hardness digging into her thigh. The soft gentle kisses are over. There's a heated urgency to our mouths now. We're desperate for each other.

"Yes," she gasps when I start undoing the buttons on her shirt, working from the bottom up. When I slip out the last one, her shirt falls open and I lean up on my elbow.

She's stunning. Fucking stunning.

My girl is laying on my windshield, her blonde hair splayed around her with a lustful look in her eyes. Her shirt is open, revealing her beautiful breasts still mostly hidden by her lacy white bra. They're moving up and down in the most mesmerizing way as she takes deep sultry breaths.

My cock *aches* for her. I've never wanted anyone so badly. I need her like I need to breathe.

"I want you too, Megan," I say as I slide my hand up her stomach. Excitement flashes in her eyes as I grab the middle of her bra in a fist. "You're the one for me. Now and forever, you're the only one I want."

She licks her lips as she watches me with those sexy lust-filled eyes. "I'm already yours, Noah. So, let's do this."

I grin as she smiles at me. "Let's fucking do it."

I yank her bra down and her beautiful tits spill out. My heart seizes in my chest as I take a few seconds to stare at them in awe.

Watching her like this—breasts out, mouth parted, eyes glazing over with arousal—it’s the most erotic, tempting thing I’ve ever seen. I burn the image into my mind so I’ll never forget it, and then I lunge down and put my mouth on her.

She arches her back with a moan as she feels my mouth on her hard nipple, kissing and sucking while I massage her other breast with my hand.

“*Oh, Noah,*” she moans as I switch breasts, tracing her nipple with my tongue before taking it into my mouth and sucking on it.

While I’m busy playing with her soft voluptuous tits, she yanks off her shirt, unclasps her bra, and pulls it off.

A heated blaze is searing through me with every second I’m in this angel’s presence. I feel like I’m dreaming. How could I be so fortunate to be with a girl like this?

I lick along the bottom of her breasts and then continue south, kissing a trail down her stomach. I slip off the hood of the truck and stand in front of it, looking at my stunning girl with my cock raging. It’s a steel rod in my pants and I can tell it won’t be going away anytime soon.

“I want to taste more of you,” I say in a low gritty voice. Even I can hear the intense need in it. There’s no hiding the desire I have for this girl. Not anymore.

I slide my hands up her shins and then I begin to spread her legs as I arrive at her knees. She doesn’t stop me. There’s no resistance.

“Do you want me to taste you?” I ask in a low thick voice as I slide my hands up the inside of her thighs. “Do you want my mouth on your hot little pussy?”

“*Oh fuck,*” she whispers under her breath as she watches me. My hands arrive at her shorts and I graze my thumbs over her mound while slowly working my way up to the button on her waist.

I flick the button out and her breasts start moving up and down faster as her breathing speeds up.

“Answer me, Megan,” I say in a firm voice as I slowly pull her zipper down. “Do you want to feel my hot tongue on your pretty little pussy?”

She swallows hard as she watches me with her wide blue eyes.

“It’s time to be bold and adventurous,” I tell her as I lean over her body. I hover my lips over hers and grin. “Tell me what you want and it’s yours. Tell me you want me to taste you.”

Her eyes are locked on mine. I see resolve and determination settle into them. “I want you to taste me,” she whispers.

A carnal growl rumbles out of my throat as I watch her. “Is your pussy nice and wet for me?”

“So wet,” she whispers.

I want to drag out the moment some more. I want to hear more dirty words coming out of her sexy little mouth, but I can’t hold myself back for another second. I need to be buried between her legs with my tongue lodged deep in her tight little hole.

I drag my beard along her naked chest as I go down.

“Wait,” she suddenly says. I freeze and snap my eyes onto hers. “Can you... Can you take your shirt off?”

I stand up with a grin and yank it off. Her face lights up as she looks me over while I stuff it into my back pocket.

“Is this the view you’ve been wanting to see?” I ask with a smile as her lustful eyes roam all over my chest and six-pack. She sits up and those big beautiful breasts tumble down, swaying and jiggling with every movement. Her hard little nipples look so perfect as she reaches forward and drags her hands over my hard stomach.

This lookout is probably in the top ten most stunning scenic views in the country, but we’re both completely ignoring it. We can’t take our eyes off each other. This spectacular sunset has got nothing on my girl.

“I love your tattoos,” she says as she slides her hands over my shoulders and chest. “I love your arms. They’re so sexy.”

I grab her shirt and bra off the hood and toss them onto the roof of my truck behind her. All that’s left are these tight little shorts and her wet panties, and my girl will be completely naked.

I cup her breasts in my big hands as she slides her palms down my stomach.

“Oh!” she says with a gasp when she sees the long steel rod running along my leg. Once she sees it, she can’t take her eyes off it.

That bold mischievous little hand drops down and she slides her palm along my hard shaft, making me moan. My whole body goes weak as I feel her stroking me. There are two layers between us, but I could easily cum like this if she keeps it up.

“Lay back down, baby,” I say as I take her wrist and pull her hand away. I don’t want her to stop, but my mouth is

watering for a taste of her sweetness. I need to lick her hot little cunt before my heart gives out.

She scoots back onto the truck and lies down on the large windshield. This time, I'm not so soft and gentle. I grab the sides of her open jean shorts in my fists and tug them down hard. They slide down her legs and I toss them onto the roof of my truck with her shirt.

"*Fuck,*" I whisper as I run a hand down my beard. She's wearing these sexy little pink cotton panties and there's a wet spot on her mound. My mouth waters as I stare at it in awe.

"Noah," she says in a shy voice. "I want to tell you something."

It takes everything I have to hold myself back. My whole body is clenched tight and dying for me to claim her. I feel edgy all over. It fucking hurts.

"I've never done any of this before," she says in a soft tone.

I snap back to attention, the edginess subsiding for now. "What do you mean? Are you...?"

She nods as she looks at me shyly. "I'm a virgin. I don't know what I was saving myself for, but... I did."

I wrap my arms around her open legs and lean over her until my mouth is an inch from hers. I feel the moist heat of her pussy pressing against my stomach as I stare into her eyes.

"You saved yourself for me?"

She nods.

"That's my good girl," I whisper as I look at her parted lips and then back into her gorgeous blue eyes. "I'm going to make you so happy you waited. You won't want anyone but me."

“I already don’t,” she whispers back. “I just want you.”

I kiss her hard on the mouth and then when the urgency becomes too great to bear, I pull away and drop between her legs.

“God, you smell good,” I groan as I kiss her soft pussy over her panties. Her scent is filling my lungs and intoxicating me. I’m high on her arousal. I’m drunk with need.

She sucks in a breath and holds it as I grab her panties and slowly pull them down. I look into her eyes while I pull them over her knees and then off her feet. These don’t go on the hood of my truck with the rest of her clothes. I’m keeping them forever. I stuff them into my pocket, slowly spread her legs, and then look at her pussy for the first time.

“Goddamn,” I whisper as I see the most stunningly erotic view of my life. She has a trail of light curls down there leading to her soft pink lips that are glistening with her juices. Her pussy looks so flawless and tight. I would have probably known she was a virgin just from the look of her tight little opening.

I put my hand on her inner thigh and drag my thumb up her wet slit, watching as her lips spread. Her warm juice leaks onto my thumb and she watches breathlessly as I bring it to my mouth and suck it clean with a moan.

“You taste like honey.”

I lean down, wrap my arms around her thighs to keep her from moving, and graze my lips up her soft pussy lips.

A deep moan rumbles out of her as I inhale deeply, letting her heady scent fill my lungs.

I’m in heaven right now. This is the best moment of my life.

I kiss her clit softly and then dive in, burying my tongue into her tight sticky wet hole. Her pussy clamps down around my tongue and I suddenly realize how incredible she's going to feel wrapped around my cock.

Once I get a taste, I can't hold back. I devour this angel's pussy, sliding my tongue up her soft moist flesh as she writhes and makes the sexiest whimpering sounds.

I want to feel her cumming on me. I want to swallow her innocent essence.

She grabs a fistful of my hair as I wrap my lips around her clit and start sucking hard.

"Oh yes, Noah," she moans as she holds me there. "Your tongue feels so good. Don't stop."

I flick my tongue over her hard pearl and then work my way back down to her opening, tracing it with my tongue before I dive back inside.

I'm the only one who's seen her like this. I'm the first to taste her.

The gratitude and love I'm feeling over those facts are making me want to repay her by blowing her mind and giving her body an experience that she didn't know was possible. I want to make her feel as incredible as she made me feel when she told me she waited for me.

Her hips start writhing to the rhythm of my tongue. She's rolling and grinding her pussy against my hungry mouth as her cries become a little louder, a little more unhinged.

I can tell my girl is close.

Her juices soak my beard. My mouth is covered in her sweet desire and the more I lick, the more I get. I'm like a

savage as I tongue her cunt and drink her sticky nectar down.

I work my way up to her clit and as I'm sliding my tongue over it, her grip tightens in my hair. Her back arches. She lets out a scream.

I take as much of her soft pussy into my mouth as I can as she unravels and cums all over me. Hot juice leaks onto my lips and tongue as she cries out so loud a few birds take off, flying away in terror.

My tongue never stops moving. I lick her hot delicious cunt while she screams, while she shakes, while she drops back onto the windshield and tries to catch her breath.

I keep licking her, wanting to draw another orgasm out of her and then another, but I abruptly stop when I hear the crunching of tires coming up the road.

Shit!

Megan hears it too. She leaps off the hood of the truck, yanks open the passenger side door, and leaps in as I try to keep my head from spinning. One second I'm in heaven with this angel, and the next, I'm jerked back to reality.

I glare at the car as it drives up and parks in front of the lookout. A family gets out—two parents and two kids bouncing around in excitement.

The mother does a double-take when she sees me standing there shirtless with a huge erection straining against the inside of my pants.

I smile at her even though I just want them to go away, then I grab my girl's clothes off the roof of my truck and climb in.

“Can I have those back?” Megan asks as she hides on the ground in front of her seat.

“Not a chance,” I say as I look at her stunning body. “I’m not done with you yet.”

Chapter Eight

Noah

I'm gripping the steering wheel so tight my knuckles are white as I drive back down the road. My balls are *aching* with the need to release.

I want to unload every drop of seed I have building inside of me into my girl's ripe supple body. I want to *breed* her. I need it.

Megan peeks up and then slides onto the seat when she sees that there's nothing but tall Aspen trees around us.

"Too bad we got interrupted," she says as she leans forward, her bare breasts hanging down. It's hard to keep my eyes on the road when she's looking like that. I slow the truck to a crawl as I give my eyes a few seconds to roam over her body. All those curves... Fuck, I'm in love.

"I feel like we were just getting started."

I swallow hard as her little hand slides up my muscular thigh. Even with my jeans on, her touch gives me goosebumps. Her palm continues over my crotch and along my hard throbbing cock.

“Goddamn,” I whisper as my head drops back and my eyes fall closed. She’s incredible. How can one touch make me feel like nothing else matters?

That little hand keeps moving and then she’s crawling over the middle console of my truck and clawing at my belt. I lift my hips as I steer the truck.

She opens everything, tugs my jeans down, reaches into my boxer briefs, and pulls out my big hard cock.

I grin when I hear her surprised gasp. I’m large all over and my cock is no different.

It looks huge with her tiny hand wrapped around it.

She puts her mouth on my head and starts sucking my dick as I slow the truck to a stop. I don’t even pull over to the side of the secluded mountain road. I just park in the middle of the goddamn thing and focus on her soft luscious lips and slick sensual tongue.

I swallow hard as I stare forward, my head resting on the seat, my girl’s blonde head moving up and down as she coats my cock with her wet mouth.

I groan as I turn and admire the curve of her back, her round ass bobbing with every movement of her head. She moans as I slide my hand along her spine, and then continue through the crack of her ass. My fingers find that silky wet pussy and I dip two of them inside her opening.

“Your pussy is so wet and ready,” I growl. “Do you want this big cock somewhere else after you’re done sucking on it?”

She answers by hungrily inhaling my dick, sucking on it wet and loud. I pull out my cream-coated fingers, suck them dry, and then I put my hand right back onto her pussy and rub her hard little clit until her legs are trembling.

“Your mouth feels so damn good,” I growl as she takes me in deep, so deep it must be hurting her throat. She chokes and gurgles on my dick, but she doesn’t stop.

My fingers must be hitting the right spot because she suddenly cums all over my hand. Her body shakes and trembles as she yanks me out of her mouth and screams in bliss.

All through her orgasm, those hands don’t stop moving, stacked fist-over-fist as she jerks me off hard.

The sight of her coming undone is too much to handle. I’m coming undone too.

I grit my teeth with a heavy groan as she shoves me back into her mouth. A few strokes of that soft little tongue and I’m cumming deep in the back of her throat.

“That’s my girl,” I whisper as she swallows my seed down, my fingers still buried in her pussy.

More... I need more.

I need to take her virginity with my hard cock and fill her little cunt with every thick inch. The urge to claim her cherry right now pounds through my body, but I fight it off.

This woman is an angel and I’m not taking the innocence of an angel for the first time in a damn truck. I would never forgive myself for that.

Megan wipes the sides of her lips as she sits back in the seat with a lustful glaze in her eyes. She’s so fucking perfect.

I watch her as she catches her breath and comes back down from her high.

“Can I have my clothes back now?” she asks with a shy smile.

I'm tempted to throw them out the window, so I can see her naked the entire way back, but if I can see her sitting here naked, so can every nosy fucker who looks into my truck.

I'd be so enraged, I'd kill a man if he saw what belonged to my eyes only.

"Here," I say as I surrender them over.

I watch her as she gets dressed, wondering how a woman can look just as sexy getting dressed as she looks getting undressed.

"Where to now?" she asks as I throw the truck into drive and start racing down the mountainous road.

"A bed," I growl. "I'm getting you to a bed."



We slip into the lodge through a back door so we don't run into any of Megan's family, and we hurry up the stairs.

The coast is clear down the hall, but as soon as we arrive at her door, we hear her name.

"Megan!"

"Shit," she mutters before turning around with a smile. "Hey, Ashley."

I recognize the bride immediately. So, this is Megan's sister and my future sister-in-law. She's looking me up and down while trying to hide her grin.

"The date went well?"

"Yeah," Megan says with her cheeks blushing. "Noah, this is my sister, Ashley. Ashley, Noah."

“Nice to meet you,” she says with a smile. “Thanks for finding my sister last night.”

“It was my pleasure.”

“I can see that,” she says, trying not to laugh. “What are you two up to now? Are you coming to the group dinner?”

“Um...” Megan says as she looks at the door. “We have other plans. I just came to... change.”

“Cool,” Ashley says as she bounces on her toes with a grin. “Well, I’ll leave you to it. Have fun.”

Megan lets me in and then hesitates before closing the door. “Give me a sec.”

She races out to catch up to her sister. I don’t want to eavesdrop, but I can hear them whispering in the quiet hotel. “Don’t tell anyone, okay?”

“Are you kidding?” Ashley whispers back. “I would never. Just don’t make so much noise that the entire hotel hears you.”

I smile as I hear them giggling. My girl comes racing back in, closes the door, and looks at me with a fire in her eyes.

She suddenly breaks into a run and leaps into my arms. I laugh as I catch her, her arms and legs wrapping around me. We’re forehead-to-forehead, both smiling at each other for a long while until we start kissing.

The kissing quickly escalates. The smiles are gone. Heated passion takes its place.

I turn and press her back against the wall, grinding my erection into her spread pussy as our mouths connect.

I need to be inside her. If I don’t feel her hot cunt wrapped around me soon, I’m going to lose my mind.

It's all I can think about. Breeding her is the only thing I can focus on.

She whimpers as I carry her to the bed and lower her onto it.

I yank off my shirt as she quickly takes off hers. Her blonde hair is a mess as she reaches behind her back and undoes her bra.

"You're so fucking sexy," I growl. "Once I have you, sweet girl, I'm never going to be able to let you go. Ever."

"Good," she says as she looks up at me with those deep blue eyes. "I want to be yours forever."

She slips her bra off her arms and drops it onto the bed. We're in such a heated rush that we undress ourselves. I yank off my belt as she wiggles out of her jean shorts. Her panties are still in my pocket, so she gets naked first.

I'm kicking off my dark gray jeans as she yanks the bedspread down, revealing the soft white sheets. They look so tempting. Nothing I've come across in my life has been more inviting than seeing my girl laying naked on this huge king-sized bed.

The room is gorgeous with a stunning mountain view and a seating area beside the sliding glass doors that lead onto the balcony. I ignore it all and solely focus on her sweet body. There's no better view than that.

When the last stitch of clothing is off my body, I climb on the bed and go to her.

She opens her legs and grabs my arms, pulling me on top of her with a lustful look. My hard shaft lands on her hot slick mound like it knows exactly where it's going. We both moan as I add some pressure.

“Are you going to stay with me?” I ask as I graze my lips over hers. I feel her hot breath tickling me as she stares into my eyes.

“Yes.”

“Not just for a few days while your sister is on her honeymoon. I want you to live here. I want you to move in with me. I want you to marry me. I want to start a family with you. I want it all.”

She looks deep into my eyes and then reaches up and slides her hand onto the back of my neck. With her lips parting, she pulls me down to her mouth.

I kiss her hard as I dig my cock against her wet cunt. When I finally pull my mouth away, she looks like she’s ready to do anything I say.

“Yes,” she says. “I’ll move here. I’ll live with you. I want to start a new life with you. I want it all too.”

“Really?” I whisper.

She gazes into my eyes and nods.

My heart feels so full, I swear it’s going to stop beating if this girl makes me fall any deeper in love with her.

I kiss her sexy lips as I reach down between us and grab my throbbing cock. Her teeth tug on my bottom lip as I pull away from her mouth.

“You won’t regret it, baby,” I say as I guide my thick head to her tight virgin opening. “I’m going to make you wish that we found each other *years* ago.”

“I already do.”

Her soft pussy lips part for me as I push my head inside. I grit my teeth and suck in a breath when I feel how tight her tunnel squeezes me.

“Easy, baby,” I whisper onto her lips as she tenses up. “Open that sweet pussy for me and let me in. Show me how much you want me.”

Her body relaxes as I kiss her breasts and rock my hips back and forth with slow shallow thrusts. I’m dying to thrust hard into her, but I’m holding myself back, forcing myself to go slow for her sake.

She starts settling down and some of that insane tightness eases up.

“That’s my girl,” I whisper as I grab her hip and continue to slide in deeper. The head of my cock hits resistance and I grin, knowing it’s her cherry.

This is the moment I’ve been dreaming about. This is the moment I make her mine.

With a carnal grunt, I drive my hips forward and thrust through. She whimpers as I slide in deeper, inch after inch while I grab a fistful of the sheets.

Her tight warmth *squeezes* me until I’m all the way in, her soft beautiful heat engulfing my dick. She shudders as a cock fills and claims her for the first time.

Our gazes lock on one another.

So much passes between us in that look. She’ll always be mine and I’ll always be hers. We both know it already. Saying the words aren’t necessary.

“*Oh, Noah...*” she moans. “You feel so... so fucking good.”

I pull my hips back, slowly sliding out of her tight body. I get a shiver as I feel her pussy squeezing me like it doesn't want to let me go.

Just when my swollen head is about to slip out, I drive back into her, a little faster, a little harder. She clings to my arms as she cries out loud.

“You know this pussy is mine, right?” I say as I find a rhythm, driving in and out of her with deep thrusts.

Her body sways to the speed of my hips. “It's all fucking yours, Noah. You can have it whenever you want.”

“Watch what you say,” I answer with a grin. “You might never leave this bed again.”

“Don't tease me.”

She suddenly cries out and arches her back when I hit the right spot. I grin as I splay my palm along her lower back and hold her as I ramp up the pace, giving her longer, harder thrusts of my throbbing cock.

Her tits are bouncing back and forth with the movement and it's like I'm on sensory overload. I don't know where to look.

I want to keep my eyes on her stunning face and watch as she gets fucked for the first time, but my eyes keep dropping between us to where we're connected. Every time I pull back, I can see her virginity coating my cock. It's a beautiful sight.

“Come here,” I say, suddenly grabbing her and picking her up. I drop my ass onto the bed and position her on top of me where she can ride my length. My back rests against the big wooden headboard as she straddles my frame with my cock still lodged deep inside her.

Yes. I like this...

My hands are free to explore her body as she starts bouncing her hips up and down, riding my hard dick.

I massage her bouncing tits, squeezing them and licking her hard little nipples as she slides up and down.

“Your dick is *amazing*,” she moans with her blonde hair bouncing on her bare shoulders. “It’s so *big*.”

With every drop of her cunt, she begins to grind her clit on my hard pelvis, moaning in ecstasy at the intense feeling. I grit my teeth every time she does it because her pussy is squeezing me so fucking tightly. It’s a sweet kind of pain. One I’d like to experience every day from now on.

The need to breed this sweet girl comes raging back.

My chest tightens as I grab her ass and start moving her hips up and down, jerking my dick off with her tight little cunt.

I try to go slow, but that train has left the station. My intense carnal need is in control now.

Her big round tits bounce in front of my face as I fuck her harder and faster. I thrust up with a grunt every time I bring her down.

She whimpers as her clit collides with my pelvis. We’re both so close to cumming.

There’s no protection between us and I have no plans to pull out. I’m aiming my load right into her womb and there’s nothing to stop me from getting her pregnant. Nothing to stop me from making her mine forever.

“*Yes!*” she cries out as I ramp up the pace, squeezing her ass too hard as I plunge in deep. “I’m going to cum! I’m going

to fucking *cum!*”

She throws her head back and screams so loudly that I’m worried the whole damn lodge is going to hear her.

Her hot cunt clamps around me as it cums on a cock for the first time. Warm pussy juice leaks down between us and the feeling is so incredible that it sends me spiraling over the edge too.

I cling to her ass, thrust in deep, and release my burning load into her soft wet pussy.

She takes it all.

With her eyes closed, she licks her lips and moans as she feels me filling her up with my hot seed.

I don’t take my eyes off her as the relentless waves of pleasure slam into me over and over until I’m fucking shaking.

She sinks down onto my hard cock as our orgasms fade, clinging onto me as she tries to catch her breath.

I wrap my possessive arms around her and hold her tight, unsure if I’ll ever be able to let her go.

If she meant what she said, I won’t have to.

She said she’s moving here, but people say all kinds of crazy things in the heat of passion.

She has three days to change her mind.

And I have three days to make sure she doesn’t.

Chapter Nine

Megan

After a stealthy sneak through the lodge in the morning, we get past all of my family and friends without incident and head into the parking lot.

“I don’t think anyone saw us,” I say when we get to Noah’s truck.

“Would that have been so bad?”

I see the hurt look on his face and go to him. I step on my toes, but I still can’t reach his mouth. “A little help, please.”

He can’t help but smile as he puts his big arms around me and kisses me on the lips. His beard tickles. I’m really starting to get addicted to these kisses. How am I ever going to leave this man’s side?

“That’s not what I meant,” I say with my cheeks blushing. “I can’t wait to introduce you to everyone, but I just want you all to myself for now. It’s only our second date.”

“I think we’re way past counting dates.”

I laugh as I slide my hand into his. “I think you’re right.”

We're already an item. If last night wasn't proof enough, then this morning was. We did it twice before we ordered room service and once more while we waited for it to arrive. My pussy is *sore*! Holy crap, but it was worth it.

"Where are we going now?" I ask when we're driving off the lot and onto the main road. It's another gorgeous day and we have all of it in front of us. Noah called in and took the day off, which I was thrilled about. If any dumb city girls get lost on the trails, they're just going to have to sit tight and wait it out because the hot park ranger is all mine for the day. And hopefully for the night too!

"I'm bringing you somewhere you probably don't want to go," he says as he drives into town.

"Well, that doesn't sound good."

I knew the first date was too good to be true. Nothing like a terrible second date to even things out.

"You'll thank me when it's over," he says as he rolls onto the main road. "I don't want you to have any hard feelings with anyone or anything in my town."

"I don't have any hard feelings..."

But he continues on and makes a quick stop at the grocery store. It's starting to click when I see him returning to the truck with a big bag of apples. He gets in and smiles as he puts it on my lap.

"Oh. Him."

"Yeah, him. You two are making up."

I cross my arms as I look out the window. "Fine, but I'm not riding him."

"No problem, you can ride me later instead."

I whip my head around and look at him with my mouth open.

He just grins as he starts the truck. Noah's looking so hot today as usual. He's wearing the same dark gray jeans as yesterday since he came straight to my room and never left, but he had an extra tank top in the back that he changed into. Those giant tattooed arms look bigger than ever and I find myself blushing every time I look at them and remember how they felt wrapped around me.

"Ready?" he asks with his hand on the gear stick.

"Fine," I say with a playful roll of my eyes. "Let's go see this stupid horse and get it over with."

We chat the entire way, laughing and having a great time as we drive down the beautiful mountain roads with all of the stunning views.

"Oh, look! Ducks!" I say when we pass a small lake next to a rocky cliff.

Noah yanks the truck to the side of the road even though we're going like sixty and I hold on until we bounce and skid to a stop. A cloud of dust flies into the air with our chaotic entrance and the ducks get so freaked out that they fly away, quacking in annoyance.

I turn to him with my mouth hanging open and my eyes wide. He bursts out laughing and then so do I.

"I'm sorry," he says, laughing as he drops his forehead onto the steering wheel. "I really wanted you to see them."

"I saw them," I say with a giggle. "I saw them flying away in terror."

We wait for a few minutes to see if they come back.

“Think they’re going to return?” Noah asks hopefully as he looks into the vast blue sky.

“I think they’re probably halfway to Canada by now.”

He laughs as he shakes his head and starts the truck. “You’re probably right. Maybe we’ll catch them on the way back. Sorry.”

I wrap my arms around his thick forearm and kiss his bicep. “I forgive you.”

We arrive at the Greene Mountain Stables before the first group of the day. The owners, Tyler and Carrie, are saddling up the horses as we walk over.

“Hey, Noah,” Tyler says as he walks over and shakes his hand. He nods politely at me, but then does a double-take when he recognizes me. “Are you doing okay? I’m so sorry about that. I thought Thunderbolt got over his fear of thunder.”

“Nope,” I say flatly. “He’s still very much afraid.”

“If there’s anything we can do,” Tyler says. “We’re happy to give you another free ride while you’re in town.”

“No, thank you,” I say as I wave my hands in panic. “I’d like to keep my feet on the ground where they belong, thanks.”

“Actually, we came to make amends with Thunderbolt,” Noah says as he shows the bag of apples. “Is he around?”

“Oh my gosh, it’s you!” Carrie says as she comes rushing over. “I can’t believe that happened! I’ve been worried sick about you. Are you okay?”

Awww. Her concern is touching. “I’m fine,” I say as the men continue talking. “Just a couple of mosquito bites and I met this hunk of man because of it so you won’t be getting any bad reviews from me.”

She laughs and exhales in relief. “Thank goodness. I was worried you were going to sue us or something.”

“No, I would never.”

“That’s a relief,” she says. “We’re saving our money because we want to buy a house and I was worried that—“

“You want to buy a house?” I say, perking up.

She nods with excitement. “Yeah!”

“Well, I can help you with that!”

“Really?”

“Yes! I’m a real estate agent. In the area.”

She tilts her head, looking confused. “I thought you were from out of town.”

“Nope. I live here. Right, honey?”

“Yup,” Noah says as he proudly puts his arm around me with a big smile. “She lives with me.”

Carrie still looks confused. “Oh. What’s the name of your company?”

“Um, Greene Mountain Real Estate.”

Shit, I hope that’s not taken!

“Okay. Cool! Yeah, we’ll go with you.”

“Really?!” I say with my face lighting up. My first client! Shit, I need to get a website, contracts written up, business cards, and a ton more. But who cares? My first client! I nearly jump up and down with glee.

Carrie looks at me funny, probably wondering why I’m so excited. I better tamp down the excitement and act more professional.

“I mean, great,” I say with a serious frown. “I’m happy to be working with you.”

We shake hands and chat for a while about what they’re looking for. When I have a good idea of what they want, they bring me over to see Thunderbolt.

He doesn’t look so scary in the daytime. He’s just standing in the paddock eating hay. Just chilling like a good little horsey.

“Remember me?” I ask as Noah backs away to give us some alone time. “I was the fly on your back when you went racing through the woods like a freaking psycho. That was *not* cool.”

He just chews casually as he watches me.

I let out a huff of breath as I remember the fear of clinging to his back when he went into berserker mode.

But then I remember how it felt to be found by Noah, and the anger and frustration flow out of me. Gratitude and joy take their place. If it wasn’t for this horse’s freakout, I probably never would have met the man of my dreams.

“Okay, fine,” I say as I yank open the bag of apples. “I forgive you.”

Thunderbolt lifts his head and comes over when he sees the apple in my hand. I laugh as I feed it to him, watching his weird teeth as they slice it up.

He looks so happy as he quickly swallows it and begs for another one.

“Alright,” I say after his third apple. “Are we friends now?”

I pet his neck as he nudges the bag on the ground with his nose and snatches an apple that rolls out. “We’re friends.”

“Feel better?” Noah asks as he walks over with his hands in his pockets.

“Yeah. Thank you for this.”

He picks up an apple and feeds it to another horse who wanders over. “So, Greene Mountain Real Estate, huh?”

I smile shyly at him. “Think it’s a good idea?”

“You staying in town, moving in with me, and starting your own real estate company? I think that’s the best idea I’ve ever heard.”

I’ve been trying to be more bold.

And there’s nothing bolder than moving across the country and starting a new life.

“Alright,” I say with a huge smile. “I’ll do it.”

Noah stiffens as he looks at me sideways. “Don’t play with my heart, Megan. Don’t say you’re staying unless you’re one hundred percent sure.”

“I have a new company to start,” I say as I walk over to him with a grin. “And I’m not about to leave the man of my dreams. I’ll stay if you’ll have me.”

He wraps his big arms around me and spins me around while shouting in joy. I squeal as my feet leave the ground.

I guess I’m staying!

Epilogue

Megan

One Year Later...

“**A**nd this is the kitchen,” I say as I walk into the gorgeous luxurious kitchen with Jeremy and Patricia, a young couple who just got married and is looking for a place to start their family in. “Granite countertops, a gas stove, and look at the spectacular view. Every night, you can sit on your porch and watch the sun setting over Silvergray Mountain.”

If I get this sale, it’s going to be my eleventh since I started my company ten months ago. I’ve been killing it! This whole area is an untapped market. The only other real estate company in town specialized in ranches and they barely had a working website. I left the ranches to them and took over the housing real estate market. It’s been amazing!

“I love these tiles,” Patricia says. “What are they?”

“Porcelain,” I say, happy that I memorized that detail. “They’re more durable than ceramic, which comes in handy if you’re planning on having kids. They won’t crack as easily and—”

Water suddenly sprays all over the tiles.

I stare at it in confusion until I realize it's coming from me.

Oh, yeah. I'm nine months pregnant. I'm enormous.

"Did your water just break?" Jeremy asks as he stares at me in shock.

"Yup!" I say with my cheeks burning red. "But don't worry, it won't stain the tiles. They'll still be in perfect condition if you choose this wonderful property to be your home."

"Jeremy," Patricia says in a tight voice as she grabs my arm. "Call an ambulance."

"No, no," I say as I pull out my cell phone. "I'll call my husband. He'll be right over."

I call Noah and tell him the news.

I can hear the edge in his voice even though he's trying to remain calm. He's so excited about this baby. We're having a boy, which I'm thrilled about. I'm anxious to see if he takes after his father. With my husband's manly genes, I wouldn't be surprised if he came out of me with a full beard and tattoos.

Noah makes it over in record time. Jeremy and Patricia help me to the driveway as he comes speeding up the road.

Our adorable seven-month-old puppy—a Bloodhound named Rex—is in the front seat. He suddenly disappears when Noah slams on the brakes.

"Watch the dog!" I shout as Noah leaps out of the truck and rushes over. He's looking a little panicky. Everyone is except for me.

I've grown a lot in the past year with Noah by my side and I'm feeling like there's nothing I can't do. Even if this labor is

tough, I know I can handle it. I can handle anything with this strong supportive man next to me.

“Check out the rest of the place without me,” I say as Noah walks me to the truck. “Just leave through the garage door when you’re done. It’s a lovely home and I’m sure you’ll be really—“

“Megan!”

I look up at Noah in shock. “Yeah?”

“You’re in labor. Clock out, will ya? Stop selling.”

I just can’t help it. I love my job and I just want to see people happy in a house that matches them perfectly.

But... There is a human trying to pass through my loins at the moment, so maybe he has a point.

I slip into the passenger seat, pick up Rex (who is fine by the way), and we head out to the hospital, about to start one more incredible adventure together.

With Noah by my side, I know it’s going to be amazing.

Epilogue

Noah

Fifty years later...

“**W**hat are you doing out here?” Megan asks as she walks out of the house with a smile. “Did that tree fall down during the storm last night?”

I shove the ax into the fallen log and stand up straight, watching my beautiful wife as she walks over.

This woman still keeps me mesmerized. She has for the past fifty years.

Even now, in her seventies, with that gorgeous smile and those alert blue eyes, I still find her as sexy as the first time I saw her, dancing and singing on that dance floor.

“It’s been teetering for a while,” I say as I look down at the fallen tree. It’s on the side of our property, away from our trucks and house. “I guess last night it finally fell.”

“Awww,” she says as she walks over and stands beside me. She looks down at the fallen tree like she’s sad to see it go. “I can call Mikey to come cut it up with the chainsaw. You don’t have to do it all on your own.”

I pull my shirt off with one smooth motion and drop it onto the log. “Do I look like I need help?” I ask with a grin.

She exhales long and hard as those sexy little eyes roam over my naked torso. I might not be as strong as the day I met her, but I can still take on any man in his twenties and win. I can still take care of my property, cutting up any fallen trees, and I can still take care of my woman. In fact, I did last night. We were cooking up our own storm inside while the weather raged out here.

“No,” she says as she slides her hand up my hard stomach and over my chest. The hairs on my chest may be gray, but the muscle there still works just fine. “You look like you can handle this all by yourself.”

My skin prickles with heat when I see the familiar sight of arousal in her eyes. That mischievous little hand slides back down and it doesn’t stop on my hard stomach. It continues past my belt over my cock that’s getting long and hard with this beauty riling me up.

She looks up at me with a hungry look and I grin, knowing this tree isn’t going to be cut up today. I’m going to be busy *all* afternoon.

I scoop her into my arms and she squeals with excitement as I lift her off her feet.

“Let’s go inside and see how well you can handle a big piece of wood.”

Her hand is still on my crotch, rubbing it back and forth.

“No fair,” she says with a grin. “This feels like a tree trunk.”

I smile as I carry her inside.

This woman has made my life worth living. Together, we've created an incredible family and a legacy that we're both intensely proud of. Six amazing children and so far, we have fourteen beautiful grandkids and counting.

I'm thankful for each one of them every single day.

But this woman is a true blessing. She's my rock. My soul mate. The love of my life.

I'm filled with gratitude every time I gaze into her beautiful eyes. I'm thankful for all the wonderful decades we spent together and I'm thankful that we still have some time left.

I don't want to waste a second of it.

With my heated eyes locked on my soul mate, I carry her into the house to take advantage of every second we have together...

...and to show her that this big tree trunk still works just fine.

The End!

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