



Stepbrother Mountain Man

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man**

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chapter **one**

Skye

I CANNOT FREAKING BELIEVE THIS. I let out an exasperated sigh and stomp my foot as I pull my cell phone from my purse and dial my mom's number.

"Hello, honey." My mom answers the phone with a giggle, and I roll my eyes. I'm happy for my mom. I really am. I'm glad that she finally found someone she loves and who treats her right, but I'm just in a pissy mood because while my life is falling apart, she's completely oblivious.

It's not that I want my mom to be miserable, but you know the saying misery loves company? I just don't want to be reminded of how perfect her life is while mine is in shambles at the moment. It's just really irritating me to hear her happy, flirtatious giggles while I'm literally out on the street.

"What the hell happened to the house?" I sound like a whiny teenage brat right now, but I don't care.

"The what?" Mom asks like she doesn't have a clue what I'm talking about.

I huff and roll my eyes. "The house where you and I lived? You know? The place where you raised me? Home?"

"Oh!" I hear the surprise in mom's tone. "I thought I told you, sweetheart. I sold it when Don and I got married."

"You what?" My heart sinks.

“Yeah, I didn’t think you would care. You’ve been moved out for three years, sweetheart, and you never came home.” Mom’s voice changes as if it suddenly dawns on her why I’m asking. “Wait, are you at the house right now?”

“Yeah,” I tell her. “I thought I would come home and visit you.”

My mom’s not that stupid, though. I can almost hear her sitting up straighter, her tone sobering. “What happened, honey?”

“Nothing,” I lie.

“Skye...” She takes on that mom voice that cracks me every time.

I huff out a breath. “Okay, well, some new bitch came onto the marketing team and stole my job by thrusting her huge tits in the boss’s face, so now I’m out of a job, and I lost my apartment and...” I trail off and start chewing on my lip as I look down at my tiny breasts as if they’re to blame for my predicament.

“Oh my god, honey! I’m so sorry. You need a place to stay.” I hear the sympathy in my mom’s voice, and it about kills me. I hate asking for help—absolutely fucking hate it.

“Yes, that’s why I came home,” I admit.

“Oh my god, honey.” My mom sounds truly worried and apologetic as she explains, “Don and I sold everything so we could travel and wouldn’t have to worry about upkeeping a house.”

I fight to contain my incredulous snort. It never occurred to them to just pay someone to watch the house while they were gone? It’s not that I’m particularly sentimental about the house I grew up in. It’s just that I’m desperate and need a place to stay, and it never occurred to me that I couldn’t go home or that my mom no longer had a house at all.

My stomach plummets further as the gravity of my situation hits me anew.

“Don’t you worry, though, sweetheart. We’re going to figure this out,” Mom tries to reassure me.

“No,” I shake my head as if she can see me as I swallow thickly. “It’s okay. It’s not your problem, Mom. I’m a grown-ass woman. I can handle this.” I *will* handle this. Somehow. Even if I have to keep sleeping in my car.

“Skye, you’ll always be my baby,” my mom protests. “I’m always going to help you in any way I can.”

I hear Don’s voice in the background, though I can’t make out what he’s saying. He’s obviously heard the entire conversation, though, because my mom perks up, her voice practically quivering with excitement. “Yeah, that’s right. Don is right, honey. His son, Zack, has a place close by. Let me give you the address and you can go up there. He’ll be more than happy to let you stay with him for a while.”

Wait, what? My brain instantly balks at the idea of staying with a stranger. “Mom, wait!” She wants me to stay with some stepbrother I’ve never met? “I can’t stay with this dude. I don’t know him.”

She’s not listening to me. Well, she heard me, but she brushes off my words. “Oh, honey, it’s just Zack, and he’s as sweet as can be.”

“That’s right,” I hear Don say in the background. “Zack’s a good boy. He won’t mind putting you up for as long as you need. I’ll go ahead and give him a call and let him know you’re on your way. After all, you’re family now. He won’t mind.”

“But—”

Mom and Don both cut me off.

“Gotta go, honey,” Mom says.

“We’re gonna call Zack,” Don chimes in.

“I’ll text you the address!” Mom adds before she hangs up on me. My phone pings a moment later with the address.

I slap my hand on my forehead and groan as I peer down at my phone and chew on my lip.

I can't believe I'm even considering this, but what are my other options? I'm all out of money. I look at my car helplessly. I suppose I could just keep sleeping in my car, but how long can I really survive doing that? I need a place to stay. My back is already killing me from the three nights I slept in it on the drive down here.

As much as I hate having to ask anyone for anything, especially some guy I don't even know and have never even met—stepbrother or not—it looks like I don't really have a choice. My mom sold our house so she could go off galivanting and traveling the world with her new husband, so the simple fact of the matter is I'm fucked.

I'm twenty-one years old, and I'm already starting over. As much as I hate to admit it, I need a place to stay while I get back on my feet and figure out what the hell I'm going to do now that my marketing career has gone right down the drain.

“Fuck it all,” I curse as I punch the address into my phone's GPS.

“Okay, stepbrother, dearest. Here I come. Hopefully, you're not a complete asshole,” I mumble as I climb into my car and begin driving in the direction my navigation leads me.

chapter **two**

Zack

I GROAN in frustration as my father ends the phone call before I even have a chance to decline.

I hate that my new stepsister is down on her luck, but why am I the one volunteered to take care of my new little baby sis?

My father knows how I am. I'm a broody, moody bastard. That's why I live way out here alone. I don't have time for people and their bullshit. I did the corporate world thing, and I found out it wasn't for me.

That's why after I made my first million, I decided to become self-sufficient. At twenty-eight, I spend my time living up in the mountains away from everybody where I can take care of myself and be the outdoorsman I always wanted to be.

I catch my own fish, hunt my own meat, and grow my own food. I don't need anybody or anyone, and I love my solitude.

I sigh. But I guess my dad is right. This chick is family now, and what kind of stepbrother would I be if I didn't help her when she's down on her luck?

I don't really have a spare guest room, though, since my place wasn't designed with guests in mind, so I guess I'll have to take the couch and let the princess sleep in my bed.

Hey, I might be a moody bastard, but I'm not a complete monster. I can be a gentleman when the need arises.

I'm on pins and needles as I wait for her to arrive. I've never had guests here before. Hell, my dad has barely seen the place, and he's never even spent the night before.

I hate that I feel like I can't do anything while I wait for her to show up. I don't want to wander too far from my cabin and have her here alone and not knowing what to do, so all I can do at the moment is sit here and wait.

I'm already hating this shit. It's fucking with my freedom.

I jump up from my chair when I finally hear tires on the gravel in my driveway. I open my screen door and step onto the porch, leaning against one of my log columns as I watch the stepsister I've never met get out of the cute little sports car she's driving.

My mouth goes dry as I watch her step out. It's a good thing I'm leaning against this column, or I probably would have toppled over.

I swallow thickly as my eyes skate down over a trim body. She's a tiny little slip of a thing with a mane of blonde curls that fall halfway down her back. She's dressed in a turtleneck sweater, leggings, and fur-lined boots, and I swear to god she's the prettiest thing I've ever seen.

She looks up at me, and it's like someone has punched me right in my solar plexus. Green eyes framed by deep dark lashes peer up at me innocently.

She bites her bottom lip, and I feel my cock springing to full mast in my jeans. It presses insistently against the zipper as if it's trying to break free.

"Down boy," I mumble before I internally curse myself for speaking to my dick out loud like an idiot. The fucker doesn't listen anyway. If anything, my dick strains harder, trying to poke through the band of my jeans to get to the pretty little blonde making her way across the yard to my porch. Thankfully, she doesn't seem to have overheard me talking to my cock.

“You must be Zack,” she says in the sweetest voice I’ve ever heard. She holds out a hand to introduce herself to me. “I’m Skye.”

I stare at her hand, panic tightening my chest. Fuck, I can’t touch her in the condition I’m in now. I’m liable to jizz all in my pants if I do.

“Yeah,” I grunt instead, ignoring her proffered hand and turning. She probably thinks I’m a rude fucker, but I’ve got to turn my back to her and pray I can get my dick to go down before she sees the obscene tent it’s pitching in my pants.

I can almost hear her frown. “Yeah, um, look, I’m sorry about all of this,” she begins. “Our parents kind of just threw me at you. If it’s a problem, I can leave.”

“No,” I answer more forcefully than I intend, half turning to her.

She blinks in surprise and takes a step back.

Fuck, I’ve scared her. Not my intention at all.

I inhale a breath and clear the gravel out of my throat before I speak again. “Not a problem,” I grunt.

Jesus, why the fuck can’t I form a complete sentence around this girl? I turn away from her again as I feel my cock growing even larger. What the fuck is wrong with me? True, it’s been a while since I’ve been with a woman, but I’ve never reacted to someone like this.

She’s my fucking stepsister, no less. This is completely inappropriate on so many levels.

“Come on in, and I’ll show you to your room.” I walk ahead of her and don’t spare her another glance, afraid that if I do, I’ll do what my body is demanding: pounce on her, mount her, and breed her like a wild animal.

I feel her stare on my back as I lead her through the house to my bedroom. I open the door and motion her inside.

As she walks past me, I smell the flowery scent of her. She smells like daisies and candy and something incredibly sweet. A drop of precum beads at the tip of my cock.

Fuuuuck.

I turn away from her and grab myself through my pants, squeezing my swollen length painfully to try to make my raging erection go down. I take in a deep breath and turn back around to find her bent over with her ass straight up in the air.

Jesus Christ!

I don't know what the fuck she's doing. Maybe she dropped something, but I can't take it.

I choke back a growl and turn to storm out of the house before I do something I'm going to regret.

My cock is harder and more swollen than it's ever been in my entire fucking life, and I'm confused and irritated as hell that the only time I ever react this strongly to a woman, she's my fucking stepsister.

Just my fucking luck.

How in the hell am I going to survive being in such close proximity to this little blonde bombshell who has me ready to nut all in my pants every time I'm within ten feet of her?

Fuck me.

chapter **three**

Skye

MY FACE IS FLAMING as I stare at the hulking giant sitting across the table from me. I don't know what I expected my new stepbrother to be like, but Zack certainly isn't it.

The man is ginormous. He's got to be over six feet tall with broad shoulders and thighs as big as tree trunks.

Okay, so maybe they're not *literally* as big as tree trunks, but the man is *huge*. I'm tiny on a good day, but he makes me seem even smaller than usual. And as much as I hate to admit it, the man is insanely hot with his sandy brown hair and blue eyes.

He barely looks at me, but every glance I get of his eyes takes my breath away. They're as blue as the sky outside.

And just as cold.

It's obvious my stepbrother freaking *hates* me. As soon as he dropped me off in my room, he took off out the front door.

I stood in front of the living room window and watched him split wood for at least an hour, the big muscles underneath his plaid shirt rippling with every swing of the axe. The man never even broke a sweat, and something about that made me hotter than hell.

I've never reacted to a man the way I react to Zack. How ironic is it that the one guy who gets me all hot and bothered is my stepbrother?

And a guy who apparently can't stand to look at me...Zack studiously looks everywhere *but* at me. In fact, ever since he showed me to my room, he's hardly said two words to me, and every time I try to make conversation with him, he just grunts like a caveman.

He slapped a bowl of stew in front of each of us, and while this type of food isn't really my thing, I'm actually pretty hungry, so I'm sipping it in between sneaking surreptitious glances at Zack.

He's eating his stew almost sullenly. I can't shake the feeling that he's angry I'm here, and it's making the entire thing even more awkward than it already is.

The man is as big and growly as a grizzly bear. He's moody and broody, and I'm more than a little hurt and irritated with the way he's completely ignoring me like he's trying his best to pretend I don't even exist.

I mean, who does that?

I don't get what his deal is. If he has a problem with me being here, why did he agree to let me stay in the first place? Maybe our parents bamboozled him into it like they did me and didn't really give him much of a choice. I don't know, but this is awkward enough without him refusing to look at me. It's like he thinks I'm Medusa and he's going to turn into a pillar of stone if his eyes meet mine.

"Look, Zack..." I attempt to break the ice.

His eyes cut up to me when I say his name, and my breath catches at the way they glitter like blue shards of glass.

My voice falters, but I drudge on, "I know this isn't an ideal situation for either of us, but I promise I'll be out of your hair as soon as I can. Hell, I can leave tonight if it's too much of an imposition."

"No," he barks in a hoarse voice. "You'll stay here."

I frown and stiffen at the order. I've never been the type to take well to anyone ordering me around. Mom always said I was the type of kid who would do it or die if I was told *not* to do something, and I guess maybe she's right because once

Zack tells me I *will* stay here, the first thought in my head is “make me.”

As if he can read the thoughts on my face, his voice gentles as he adds, “Please. It’s no problem. I’d like you to stay.”

His last comment is so surprising that I raise an eyebrow at him dubiously. “Why? You obviously hate me.”

He blinks in surprise and sits back in his chair. “Is that what you think?”

I shrug and try to act like it doesn’t bother me as much as it does. I normally don’t give two shits whether people like me or not, but the thought of Zack abhorring me as much as he obviously does bothers me for some reason.

I’m not going to let him know that, though.

“Don’t you? You can hardly stand to look at me.” I don’t meet his eyes. Instead, I swirl my spoon around in my soup and try to keep my voice as nonchalant as possible.

Zack lets out a self-deprecating chuckle, and I frown. Is he laughing at me now?

“That’s hardly it, sweetheart,” he tells me when I lift my eyes to meet his. His blue eyes are burning into mine like twin flames, and I feel my cheeks heat when he calls me “sweetheart.”

“Then what is it?” I ask breathlessly, wanting to get to the bottom of this. “Have I offended you somehow?”

He chuckles again as his eyes sweep over me. Then, he shakes his head and goes back to his soup bowl, effectively dismissing me without answering me.

And that fucking pisses me off.

“Just what is your problem?”

His eyes snap back up to mine. My chest is heaving with anger, and I watch his eyes flick down to take in my state before he slowly drags them back up to my face.

His jaw flexes as he grinds his molars.

“Well?” I snap. “Am I that loathsome to you?”

“What do you want me to say?” his deep voice finally booms. “You want to know about how my fucking dick has been rock hard ever since you set foot outside that motherfucking little car of yours? You want me to confess to you all the depraved things I imagine doing to my *stepsister*?” Zack stands and plants his hands on the table as he leans over me, his eyes wild. “Have you offended me, Skye? Your existence has fucked me up beyond all comprehension.”

My mouth falls open, and I blush as Zack’s gaze darkens. His eyes sweep over my face and down to my chest again before coming back up to rest on my face.

I might not be as blessed in the breast area as the bimbo who stole my job, but Zack must like what he sees if the look on his face is any indication.

And oh. My. God. Is that what’s wrong with him? My big mountain man of a stepbrother is attracted to me?

My face burns hotter, and I have to fight to keep from smiling. The knowledge that Zack doesn’t hate me—that, in fact, he’s so attracted to me, he doesn’t know what to do—fills me with more satisfaction than it should.

When I still haven’t spoken, Zack grimaces and sits back in his chair. “Jesus,” he mumbles as he pinches the bridge of his nose. “I’m sorry, Skye. I’m making this awkward as fuck. I promise you’re safe here with me. I won’t try anything. It’s just...*fuck*. You must know how flaming hot and beautiful you are.”

He growls in frustration before he goes on, “But you’re my stepsister, and I will always respect that. I want you to know that.”

I don’t know what to say, so I just nod dumbly while my heart flutters inside me at his words.

We stare at each other awkwardly for a moment, the silence hanging thick and heavy between us.

I feel my core throbbing and bite my lip. Zack’s eyes flick down to where I’m chewing on my bottom lip before he clears

his throat and pushes back from the table. I get a glimpse of the monstrous bulge in his pants before he swiftly turns away from me and heads toward the sink.

“You probably want to shower and get settled in,” he grunts with his back still turned to me.

“Um, yeah, sure. That sounds good.”

“Last door on the left,” he grunts. “You can’t miss it. I’ll clean up here.”

Zack doesn’t say anything else to me as he places the bowls in the sink.

I throw one last glance at his back, a thrill of excitement going through me as I see the way his big hands grip the countertop as if he’s trying to bust it in two.

I swallow nervously before I turn and hurry to the shower, my entire body thrumming with a thousand unfamiliar sensations.

I don’t know what to think about this sudden attraction to my stepbrother. All I know is for the first time since I lost my job, I’m not panicking over the future.

Instead, all I can think about is the present and the way every muscle in Zack’s arms and back looked tense like he was a mountain lion ready to pounce on a mouse.

And why I *want* to be that mouse...

chapter **four**

Zack

FUCK, I can't believe I admitted all that to her. I obviously lose all my senses when I'm in her presence. I can't think past the brick in my pants. I don't know how to deal with being constantly hard at every thought of this girl.

I hear the shower running, and knowing that Skye is naked in my bathroom is enough to drive me nearly insane with lust.

My knuckles are white where I'm still gripping my counter so hard I'm surprised I haven't cracked the butcher block.

It's not helping that I can't get my imagination under control. I can clearly picture water droplets flowing over the gentle curves of Skye's tiny body. The girl might be a little slip of a thing, but she has just enough curves in all the right places to inspire the wettest dream.

Fuck, the woman is the thing fantasies are made of.

I imagine her eyelashes spiked with water and those sparkling green eyes looking up at me from beneath wet lashes, those curls plastered against her forehead, dripping...

I wonder if she's dripping more than just water...

I imagine how pretty and pink and ripe her pussy is.

Fuuuuck.

I grab my cock tightly through my pants and squeeze it as I feel a bit of precum creeping up my stalk. It bubbles up at the

tip, and I groan at the release.

Fuck it. I don't have a chance in hell of surviving this if I don't try to take care of my raging hard-on.

With the shower still running and confirming that Skye is still in the bathroom, I finally say to hell with it and unzip my pants. My aching stalk springs free. I grunt as I immediately take my heavy weight in my hand and fist myself.

I begin furiously beating off to the images running rampant in my mind. I imagine suckling Skye's tiny nipples into my mouth. I imagine the way she would throw her head back and moan, arching up into me. So sweet, so responsive.

I imagine my fingers petting her wet gash, slipping one finger inside her, how tight she would be. I already know everything about her would strangle me from the inside out.

More precum leaks from my tip, and I use it to lubricate my swollen member, sliding my hand up and down myself furiously, imagining that it's her wet pussy gripping me.

I think of how those puffy pink lips would fall open as I slipped my big dick inside her for the first time, of how she would flutter around it as she came.

Fuck, the thought of her coming on my cock and gushing her sweet nectar on me is more than I can handle. My release tears up out of my balls furiously. I can't hold back my guttural groan as my seed shoots up into the air.

I shoot five times and still my balls don't feel drained as my seed continues to froth from my tip and trickle down my still rock-hard length.

I don't think I've ever come so much in my entire life. I slump against the counter when I'm finally done, my semi-hard dick still in my hand.

I still hear the shower running, and I can't help but imagine Skye naked again. Despite how much I just came, my cock springs back to full mast. I look down at it helplessly.

Fuck, what has this girl done to me?

chapter **five**

Skye

I'M in the middle of drying my hair when everything suddenly goes dark. Zack comes out of the bathroom wrapped only in a towel, and I swallow a squeak as my eyes take in his still-glistening chest.

Sweet baby Jesus, the man's chest is ripped. He's nothing but bulging muscle, and it does something pitiful to my lady parts.

Since Zack was in the bathroom showering, I used the plug-in in the living room to dry my hair. I didn't see anywhere in the bedroom for me to plug up my hair dryer without unplugging a lamp or something, so as awkward as it is, I've been sitting on the couch in his living room while trying to get my hair dry without a mirror.

Zack walks up behind me now. It's dark but not pitch black yet. We can still see dimly in the house. "Power's out," he grunts.

I just cut him a look for stating the obvious.

"Any idea when it will be back on?" I ask him, wondering if this kind of thing happens often out here.

He walks over to the window, pulls back the curtain, and looks outside before he grunts again.

My eyes widen when I see the thick flakes of snow falling to the ground. They're coming fast and furious, and it's so

white outside it looks like a blizzard.

“Probably not for a while,” he finally admits before he turns and disappears into the room he put me in.

I stand there uncertainly, my hair still damp, wondering why he went into the room he put me in. I mean, I know the whole place is his house, but still.

I wrap my arms around myself and shiver. It’s already getting colder in here without the electricity, and my hair is damp.

Zack finally comes back out of the bedroom dressed in jeans and no shirt, and it dawns on me that I’m in *his* room.

How fucking stupid could I be. My eyes flick along the hallway, taking in the lack of other doors.

“Wait, do you only have one bedroom?”

He just grunts by way of answer.

“You gave me your bed?” I ask incredulously.

Zack doesn’t say anything.

I glance over at the sofa. “You don’t have to do that. I can sleep on the sofa.”

“No,” he answers immediately. “And, fuck, Skye. I’m not that much of a bastard. I’ll sleep on the couch.”

My cheeks heat as I realize his insinuation that I thought he was trying to take advantage of me.

“But—” I start to argue, but he presses a finger against my lips to quiet me. His eyes darken when he realizes what he’s done. They flick down to where his finger is pressed against my lips, effectively shushing me.

He runs his finger lightly across my bottom lip, and my lips tingle in response. I shiver in part because I’m cold and in part from his touch.

He frowns as he sees me shiver. “Fuck,” he groans. Then, the next thing I know he wraps his big arms around me and pulls me to his chest.

I'm so shocked I don't even fight it—not that I think I would have anyway. I melt against him, immediately soaking up his heat.

“You're so warm,” I whisper against his chest.

He's like a blazing ball of fire. He rubs his hands up and down my back to generate heat. I feel his chest heaving and his muscles tensing. His breathing is getting heavier before he speaks huskily, “Let me get a fire built.”

He pulls away from me suddenly like he doesn't trust himself if he doesn't put some distance between us.

I immediately mourn the loss of his heat, but he grabs a blanket off his couch and wraps it firmly around my shoulders before he opens the door and goes outside—still completely shirtless. He returns inside a moment later with a bundle of wood in his arms. He's not even shivering. The man is a powerhouse. Nothing affects him.

I watch wordlessly as he stalks over to the bedroom where there's a fireplace right in front of the bed. I notice that it's the only fireplace in the house.

Zack expertly kindles the fire and has it blazing in no time. He pokes it with the poker, and I realize as I watch him being so calm and taking charge of everything that he's completely different from what I first thought.

Somehow, when he didn't speak to me at first and only grunted in response, I thought that it was because he was just a dumb asshole, but I see now that he's extremely smart and self-sufficient.

I'm in awe of him. Everything about him. And despite the fact that we're in the middle of nowhere and snowed in without power, I feel safe.

I feel safe with him in a situation that I'd normally be freaking out in.

Zack finally stands to his full height and towers over me. “Well, there you go. You should have a fire to keep you warm now.”

I glance at the fire and then at the bed and then back to his bare chest, my face heating. “What about you, though? Aren’t you going to be cold without a fire?”

Zack shrugs as if it’s no big deal. “I’ll manage.”

I move to stand right in front of the fire, and even though I’m wrapped up in a blanket and standing right in front of the heat, I’m still shivering.

It’s silent for a few moments. I can feel Zack’s gaze blazing into my back hotter than the flames I’m standing in front of.

“*Fuuuck,*” he groans as if he’s in pain, and then I feel his arms wrap around me from behind. I sigh and lean into him, my eyes widening when I feel his rock-hard erection pressing against my ass.

I press back against him involuntarily and hear him hiss in a breath.

Wetness pools between my thighs, and I press myself firmer back against him.

“Skye,” he growls into my neck as he presses himself more firmly against my ass. “Fuck, sweetheart, what you do to me...”

My breath hitches as I feel his hands move down my waist and onto my hips.

I feel the rigid column of his flesh pulsing against my backside, and I bite my lip as my head falls back against his shoulder. My hair is still damp, and while my body is on fire for Zack, I’m still shivering in part from being cold.

Zack notices and turns me in his arms. “You still cold, baby?” he asks me, and something inside me melts at hearing him call me “baby.”

I nod up at him, my teeth chattering.

His eyes turn to blue flames as he stares down at me, his nostrils flaring. “You know the best way to stay warm?” his voice is husky with need.

My breath catches at the look in his eyes, the way his hands feel on me, and what he's suggesting.

"Skin-on-skin contact," I whisper.

His pupils dilate when I answer him, and he lets out a shaky breath. "We're treading on dangerous ground here, Skye."

I feel his hands flex where they're still on my hips as if it's taking everything in him to control himself, and something about that sends the blood racing throughout my veins.

I don't know what gets into me, but I boldly press myself against him, my chest flush against his. "I don't care," I whisper against his neck before I place a tiny kiss there.

I feel his pulse under my lips and whimper against his skin. He smells so good, like the woods and something purely male.

That press of my lips to his throat is like a match to kerosene because Zack explodes. He groans and wraps his arms around me, pulling me impossibly tighter against him.

The next thing I know his big hand is cupping my jaw and turning my face up to him, and when Zack presses his lips against mine, holy moly. It's like nothing I've ever experienced in my entire life. I've been kissed before, but never like this.

He sucks on my bottom lip before he slips his tongue inside my mouth and twines it with mine. My knees go weak, and I feel wetness gush between my legs. I whimper under the assault of his tongue, and he groans into my mouth.

I feel that groan vibrate into my own chest, and it makes me almost lightheaded. I cling to him, and he wraps his arms tightly around my waist, holding me flush against him so I don't fall.

His hands slip into my hair as he angles my head so that he can deepen the kiss. I twine my arms around his neck and kiss him back tentatively.

It must please him because I feel his hardness pressing into my stomach more insistently.

“Fuck, Skye,” he whispers against my lips.

He cups my neck as he pulls back and leans his forehead on mine. “I’ll keep you warm all night if you just let me, baby.”

I don’t even stop to think about the consequences. I don’t care that he’s my stepbrother. All I care about is how right it feels to be in his arms. How gentle this big giant is. How he makes me feel cherished.

So, I nod, and Zack doesn’t waste any time.

He moves his kisses to trail along my jaw and down my throat. His lips skate across my collarbone as he pulls my shirt to the side and kisses the tops of my shoulders before he lifts my shirt up and flings it to the floor.

The cold instantly hits me, but the fireplace is warm against my back. My nipples pebble, and Zack groans as he takes first one and then the other into the hot cave of his mouth, instantly warming them. I arch up into him and spear my fingers into his hair, holding him there as he nurses at me.

My body feels like it’s on fire. I’m not cold anymore, and more and more moisture floods between my legs, soaking through my panties. I’m embarrassingly wet when Zack’s hand moves between my legs. He stutters out a breath when he feels the wetness there. “Fuck, that pussy is weeping for me, isn’t it, baby? You want your stepbrother’s cock, don’t you?”

My cheeks flame with the dirtiness of his words. I couldn’t answer if I tried. Instead, I whimper and nod my head.

“Come here, sweetheart,” he croons to me as he lifts me into his arms. I wrap my legs around him and cling to him as he carries me over to the bed, still kissing me as his hard cock prods against me through our clothing.

I instinctively hump against him, dragging my pussy up and down his length, moaning as I feel the crackling of the friction send waves of pleasure coursing throughout my body.

“Oh, fuck yes, baby,” he moans. I feel his own wetness seeping through his clothing and mine. We’re making a mess of the front of our pants. I’ve completely soaked through mine, and he has his, but it’s no matter because just a few moments later, Zack strips me of my pants and then he pushes his own down.

My eyes widen when I see his huge erection spring free. I knew he was big from the outline I could see in his pants, but his naked flesh seems even larger.

The tip is glistening with moisture. It slides down the side of his cock and shines where it drips down on his balls.

I’ve never had sex before or gone down on a guy, but I have the insatiable urge to taste him. I lick my lips and sit up on my knees, looking up at him shyly as I boldly take him in my hands.

He groans at my touch, his head falling back, his eyes lidded.

I don’t really know what I’m doing, but I follow my instincts.

I lean down and kiss the wet tip of his cock.

“Jesus!” he shouts.

I jump and I glance up to see him looking down at me with wild eyes. “That’s it, baby,” he encourages me. “Do whatever you want to me. Kiss it, tease it, suck it. It’s yours, sweetheart.”

With his blessing. I open my mouth and begin to explore, licking and sucking on just the tip. I purr in satisfaction as I taste the creamy, salty essence of him.

He fists his hands in my hair, and I feel his entire body shaking with the effort it takes for him to be still.

I’m enjoying the power I have over him. There’s something addictive about the way he trembles under my ministrations. I slowly lick him from root to tip, looking up at him as I do so.

His eyes are glued to mine, and I love the way his nostrils flare and his shoulders tense, every muscle in his chest going tight.

“Skye,” he growls as I take him fully into my mouth and push down until I feel him hit the back of my throat. I soften my muscles instinctively so that I don’t gag as I begin to bob up and down on him.

He only lets me do it a couple of times before he pulls out of my mouth with a growl. “Are you trying to kill me?”

“Did you like it?” I’m suddenly uncertain.

“Are you kidding me? I fucking loved it,” he tells me before he smashes his lips onto mine and pushes me back onto the bed, spreading my legs as he does so, “but I’m going to die if I don’t get inside this sweet pussy.”

He falls to his knees and begins licking and sucking on me gently.

“Oh my god!” I whimper as I writhe underneath him. I don’t know if I’m trying to get closer to him or pull away from him. It feels so good I don’t know what to do.

But Zack holds my thighs still as he eats me out ravenously like I’m his last meal.

Each lick of his tongue takes me higher and higher until this pressure builds deep inside me and then pops.

I scream out and clutch onto his head as my legs shake. Moisture gushes from between my legs.

“Fuck, yes, that’s it, baby. Give it all to me,” he tells me as he laps me up.

I go weightless and collapse back into the bed. He crawls over me, and I feel him position himself at my entrance, his wet tip kissing my unbreached pussy.

Zack holds my head in both of his big hands and stares into my eyes as he slips his hard cock inside me. I don’t even tense up when he reaches the barrier of my virginity, but I see Zack’s eyes widen as he looks down at me in surprise.

“Skye, you’re a virgin?”

I nod my head shyly.

“Fuck...” His entire body vibrates as he stills, looking torn, though I see the flames burn brighter in his eyes. “I can’t do this to you.”

No! He can’t stop now. I can’t bear the thought of this stopping, so I wrap my legs around him and tell him firmly. “Yes, you can, Zack. I want you to.”

His nostrils flare as he shakes his head and looks torn again.

I feel his cock pulsing inside me. I feel the moisture leaking out of him and into me. I whimper as my pussy tightens involuntarily around him.

That must be what snaps the last shred of his control because he groans and then rears back and plunges into me.

We both cry out simultaneously as we cling to each other. Zack buries his fingers in my hair as he takes my mouth in a passionate kiss. “Fuck, Skye, baby, how can you feel so good?”

I don’t answer. I just whimper and thrust my hips up at him. I feel him slide inside me. The friction damn near causes my eyes to roll back in my head.

“Mine,” Zack croaks out as he begins to stroke himself in and out of me, slowly and gently at first and then harder and faster until I can’t contain my cries.

“Zack!” I moan out his name, and he fists his hands in my hair.

“Look at me,” he growls.

My eyes find his blue ones. I’m drowning in them as words of ownership and possession pour out of him. “You’re mine now, Skye. I don’t give a fuck if you are my stepsister. I don’t care that we just met tonight. This pussy is mine. You’re mine. Knew it the second your pretty little ass walked in my door. I’m never letting you go, beautiful. You understand that?”

All I can do is pant as I feel that pressure building again—only this time it's deeper inside me.

“I know it might be too soon, baby, but you were made for me. I'm going to fucking take care of you from now on.” Zack groans as he continues to breathe promises in my ear in between kissing me.

My heart swells at his words. He's right. It is insane. We just met, but nothing has felt more right in my life than this moment with him inside me, claiming me.

“Yes!” I finally agree as I throw my hips up at him.

“Look at you throwing that perfect little virgin cunt up on my cock.” He leans back and looks between us. I follow his gaze and see the blood coating his cock.

“Look at that pink mixed with that sweet cream leaking out of your pussy. You know what that means, don't you, Skye, baby? It means you're mine forever.” Zack's breath hitches, and I feel him growing impossibly larger inside me as he groans, his movements becoming more harried. “I want you to have your first orgasm right here on your stepbrother's cock. Can you do that for me, baby?”

“Oh my god!” I cry out as he stabs me hard.

“Can you be a good girl and do that for me?” he prompts me again as he continues to stab me over and over again, reaching places inside me I never knew existed.

I feel my pussy fluttering around him. My nails dig into his back as I make a keening noise I didn't even know I was possible of making. Oh god!

“Yes, that's it,” Zack's voice becomes more excited. “I feel that beautiful thing falling apart all around me.”

More moisture gushes out of me as I do exactly what he commanded and come on him. “Zack!” I scream his name as he continues to pound into me, riding me through another orgasm.

“Fuck, Skye! Here it comes, baby!” he roars my name as he pushes himself deep inside of me and then holds himself

still.

I feel his hot release flood my pussy as his swollen tip kisses my cervix. I groan, the sensation triggering yet another orgasm in me that goes on for what seems like forever until our combined juices are coating the inside of my thighs and dripping down his balls and onto the bed.

With his cock still seated inside me, he rolls us so that I'm spread out on top of him. He runs his fingers through my hair and over my back, dropping kisses along my shoulder as he does so.

Neither one of us speaks. Instead, we lay there in our afterglow, our bodies warm and sticky from what we just shared, and before I know it, I fall asleep in my big stepbrother mountain man's arms.

chapter **six**

Zack

THE NEXT THREE days are like a dream come true. We're snowed in. We don't have any electricity, but we stay cooped up in the bedroom and keep each other warm with our body heat.

I keep the fire stoked and heat up water to run us an old-fashioned bath. It's like we're living in the medieval days, and I couldn't be happier.

This is the type of shit I'm prepared for. I always want to be self-sufficient, but having Skye here to share this with me is more amazing than I ever thought my life could be.

I can't imagine my life without her now.

We chop vegetables for our soups and stews side by side. I love to come up behind her and wrap my arms around her. I love the way her back melts against my front. I love the slight tremble of her body when I push her hair over her shoulder and drop a kiss against the delicate column of her neck.

I love the way she clings to me as I take her against the wall of the shower. I love the way her pussy clenches hard on my dick when I get her over the couch and drill her from behind, holding onto her hips as I drive myself so deep inside her she'll never be able to even think of another man.

I love talking to her and learning everything there is to know about her. It makes me furious to think of her getting

fired, but selfish bastard that I am, I'm grateful as hell she lost her job since it brought her to me.

I can't think of this ending. I can't imagine another man touching her—much less holding her or being inside her. It makes me so desperate all I want to do is pump my seed so deep inside her she'll never be able to get it all out.

We don't talk about the future except when we're joined as one and I can't stop the stupid shit from pouring out of my mouth.

I can't help but claim her in every way with words and actions when I'm balls deep inside her. When I feel her hot pussy milking me, I make her promise that she'll always be mine, that she belongs to me and only me.

She always agrees, but I don't know if she's just agreeing because she thinks it's an in-the-heat-of-the-moment thing and she has to, but I'm dead fucking serious. I want to possess every ounce of Skye: heart, body, and soul.

I mean it when I say in those impassioned moments that I don't give a fuck if she is my stepsister. She's *mine*. Point, blank, period.

I just don't know if she feels the same. And at this point, I'm not sure that it matters. I don't think I'm physically capable of letting her go.

I never want to make her do anything she doesn't want to do, but I don't think I'm capable of living without her now.

It's not just about sex, though. Of course, I would certainly love to spend the rest of my life with my dick permanently inside her if that was possible, but even if she never wanted to have sex again, I would be content just to hold her—hell, just to *look* at her for the rest of my life.

I've got it bad for her. It's crazy just how bad. Maybe *I'm* crazy, but ask me if I give a fuck. I've found something that I didn't even know I was looking for—something that I didn't know I needed.

And I'll be damned if I'm going to give it up—ever.



Both of us are content to live in our little fantasy bubble until one day our dream comes to a screeching halt.

The snow is finally starting to melt off, and the power finally came back on. While I'm glad that we have power now, it's also a bit depressing because now I no longer have an excuse to keep myself constantly wrapped around Skye. It doesn't look like she's going to push me away, though, if the way she lets me bury myself inside her even when the electricity comes back on is any indication.

In my mind, we're going to go on like this forever, but of course, our parents would unexpectedly show up and give us a reality check.

I just finished coming inside Skye when there's a knock on the door. Skye and I both go completely still and look into each other's eyes like two kids who've been caught doing something they shouldn't—and that pisses me off because what we're doing isn't wrong.

So what? We're stepbrother and stepsister. We're not related by blood. If our stupid parents hadn't gotten together, there wouldn't be a problem with this at all.

As it is, we both jump up and throw on clothes before I head to the door and peek out the window. My heart falls when I see my dad and Skye's mom standing on the porch.

I open the door and see my expression mirrored in Skye's face as her mom comes bursting through the door and runs straight to her daughter, giving her a big hug and a squeal.

"Hi, Mom," I hear the reservation in Skye's voice, but our parents must not pick up on it.

My dad gives me a clap on the back and a grin.

"How was the trip?" I ask him, going for normalcy.

Skye's mother comes over and hugs me and then chatters on about everything that they saw on their latest cruise.

Skye and I are both subdued. I keep peeking glances at her, but I notice that she's studiously not looking at me now, and fuck if that isn't pissing me off. She's acting like I don't even exist anymore.

"You and Skye getting along?" my dad asks.

Skye finally looks up and forces a smile. "Zack has been really nice."

My dad beams at me, but I'm not even looking at him. I'm staring at Skye, silently begging her to glance at me, to give me anything. I feel like the sun has completely gone down on me. I can't stand not feeling her gaze on me for this long.

"That's good," Skye's mom beams before she says something that causes my ears to perk up. "I'm so glad you were able to manage way out here, Skye, honey. I know this isn't really your style."

Skye's mom smiles at me conspiratorially. "I hope she didn't complain too much. Skye was always more of a city girl."

I don't say what I want to say—that Skye is perfect in every way, that she's a natural at using body heat to survive.

"But I've got good news," Skye's mom continues. "You know Roger?"

Skye just looks up at her mom with a guarded look.

I blink, jealousy instantly flooding me at just the mention of Skye knowing another guy. Roger? Who the fuck is this Roger?

When Skye doesn't say anything, her mom prompts her, "Surely you remember Roger, honey? You went to prom with him."

I have to choke back the growl that bubbles up in my throat. I cover it with a cough. Skye glances at me nervously before she nods at her mom cautiously. "Yeah, what about him?"

"Well, he heard you were in the market for a job, and he's graciously offered to help you out."

My hands ball into fists, and my jaw hardens as jealousy unlike anything I've ever known rears its ugly head burning a ball of fire straight through my chest.

I glare at Skye, waiting for her answer. She doesn't glance at me now, and I know she can feel my withering stare.

She keeps her gaze on her mom. "Yeah? What kind of job?"

My chest tightens, and I jump up from my chair and storm into the kitchen, my entire body vibrating with rage. I feel Skye's eyes burning into my back as I leave.

Oh, *now* she looks at me.

I pace around my kitchen like a caged lion. I realize our parents are probably wondering what's going on, but there was no way I could stay in that living room without revealing everything. And is Skye serious? Is she really going to consider working for some fuck who obviously still has the hots for her?

Over my dead body.

I huff in a few deep breaths and close my eyes, attempting to get myself under control so I can go back out there before my father and Skye's mother begin to question what the fuck is wrong with me.

Just when I think I'll be able to handle it, I walk back into the living room to hear Skye's mother chattering on, "Okay, I'll give him a call when I can and see if he can drop by here."

That's the last straw. I can't take it anymore. "Fuck no!" I boom.

Three pairs of eyes snap to me, our parents' confused and Skye's apprehensive.

I barely spare a glance at our parents as my eyes zero in on Skye. "No fucking way," I growl at her.

I see both of our parents frown and glance at one another worriedly out of the corner of my eye, but fuck that. I'm beyond giving a shit now. This has gone on long enough.

“Son...” my dad begins cautiously, “what are you—”

I look my old man squarely in the eyes and square my shoulders. I’ve never been the kind of fucker who hides from how he feels or beats around the bush. “Skye is mine. She’s not working for some fuck she used to date.”

I hear Skye’s mother gasp and look over to see Skye looking down at the ground in shame, and that pisses me off even more.

My dad narrows his eyes at me as he looks between me and Skye, and then I see the truth dawn on his face. “Oh boy,” he says.

Skye’s mom is a little bit slower on the uptake. She looks back and forth between us, her eyes getting comically wider with each pass from my face to Skye’s before she finally covers her mouth with her hand, her eyes widening. “Oh my god!”

She looks to her daughter for an explanation. “Skye, honey, he’s your stepbrother!”

Skye won’t even glance up at her mom.

My anger finally melts away at the torn look on Skye’s face. Panic replaces my earlier anger as I realize that I could lose her now.

I ignore her parents and cross over to where Skye is sitting and drop before her chair.

I take her hands in mine and speak gently to her like I would a skittish animal. “Look at me, baby.”

She glances at me with unshed tears in her eyes.

“Nothing fucking matters to me except you. You know that, right?”

She bites her lip and just stares at me. My chest tightens, and I squeeze her hands reassuringly. “Skye, I don’t care who you are. We’re not really related. Fuck what the world thinks. Just stay here with me. We don’t ever have to go out and see anybody if you don’t want to. Or hell, if you’re that much of a city girl and want to move to New York, I’ll move to the

middle of fucking city with you. I don't give a shit. You're my life now, baby. I can't live without you."

My voice breaks, and I see Skye glance over at our parents, but I'm having none of that. I want to know what she feels—not what she thinks she should feel.

I take her face in my hands and force her to look at me. "Don't look at them. Don't think about the world or our parents or anything. Think about you. Think about *us*. What do you want? Forget all of the factors against us. If we weren't stepbrother and stepsister, would you want to be with me?"

Skye's pretty green eyes soften. She swallows and then nods.

The pressure in my chest eases a little bit as hope lights me. "Then let's do it, baby. Who cares?"

She bites her lip and glances up at our parents again. This time I let her look. I turn and look at them too.

"I love Skye, and I'm not letting her go," I tell them stubbornly. "I don't care what you think about it."

Our parents glance at each other before my dad's mouth tips into a tiny grin while Skye's mom just shakes her head and lets out a defeated sigh. "It looks like there's not really anything we can say," she admits helplessly.

Skye's mouth falls open. "Are you really okay with this, Mom?" she asks her hopefully.

Her mom glances at my dad, her gaze softening, before she looks back at Skye. "It's not what I would have expected or would have planned for you, but," she glances over at her husband again, "who are we to stand in the way of two people who love each other as much as you two obviously do?"

My dad finally pipes up, "Zack is right. It doesn't matter what anyone thinks. All that matters is that you're happy."

I give him a nod of appreciation, relieved at his support. I was willing to piss our parents off to be with Skye, but of course, I'd rather them be on board with the whole thing.

Skye smiles timidly, the tears finally flowing over her cheeks.

I can hold back no longer. I take her face in my hands and look deep into her beautiful green eyes. “So, what do you say, baby? Can I keep you?”

“Yes,” she smiles a breathtakingly radiant smile at me. “I’m yours, Zack. Forever.”

My heart skips a beat as I kiss my stepsister, claiming her with my mouth in front of our parents.

Because I meant what I said. To hell with what anyone—including them—thinks. Skye is mine, and nothing could ever keep me away from her.

epilogue

One Year Later

Skye

I CLICK away at my computer, a smile curving my lips as I glance out of the window positioned right in front of my desk.

I never thought I'd be the kind of girl who loves living off the grid like this, but Zack made me love our secluded life. He built me an office with a huge window in front of my desk where I have a breathtaking view of the snowy mountains. He also built us a couple more rooms onto the cabin: a spare bedroom where our parents can stay when they come visit us and then a room that we hope to turn into a nursery one day.

Zack's sole mission in life now is to get me pregnant, and I'd be lying if I said that I don't love the way he's always trying to breed me. I love it when he spews filth about how much he wants to put a baby in my belly when he's going crazy inside me.

I look out the window now and see my husband chopping wood. I stare at him and the way his muscles ripple underneath his flannel shirt. God, the man is hot as sin.

I look back down at the computer and type out a few more notes to complete my marketing presentation. Zack helped make it possible for me to get a job as a remote marketer. We fly into the city every so often when I absolutely have to conduct business in person, but for the most part, my reputation precedes itself, so companies let me work remotely

on projects for them—which works out perfectly since it makes it so I can be out here surrounded by nature and the man I love.

The warm smell of the beef stew that Zack loves simmers on the stove. I stretch as I stand and then go to stir the pot.

I smile when I hear my husband come in the door. I'm already anticipating the feeling of his arms wrapping around me from behind.

Sure enough, Zack doesn't disappoint me. I feel his big arms encircle me, and I lean back against his chest.

He kisses the side of my neck before I tip my head back and allow him to take my lips.

I instantly feel his erection pressing into me, and my folds slicken in response as I turn around just as he lifts me in his arms and plants me on the edge of the counter.

“Fuck, baby, I need you *now*,” he tells me as he pulls his cock from his pants.

I've taken to wearing dresses so as to give my husband easy access to me whenever he wants to try to breed me—which is multiple times a day.

No sooner is his impressive length and girth out than he's reaching for my panties, his eyes widening when he sees I'm not wearing any.

I feel his cock jump against my leg. His voice is rough as sandpaper as he croaks, “Look at you, you dirty girl, not wearing any panties. You've been sitting here with this wet ass pussy all day just dreaming of your stepbrother coming in and fucking you, haven't you?”

“Yes,” I whisper in his ear, reveling in the shudder I feel go through his entire body.

He grabs my legs with a growl and pulls me to the edge of the counter just as he thrusts up and pulls me down on him.

We both groan deeply as he bottoms out inside me. I feel the moisture leaking from his cock and lubricating his way as he begins to saw in and out of me.

All it takes is a couple of pumps before I feel myself coming on him so hard that I can barely scream out his name.

“Yes, that’s it, baby. Come all over my cock while I give you my seed. You like for your stepbrother to breed you, don’t you?”

His dirty words spiral me into another orgasm that has me seeing stars.

I cling to him as my pussy milks his cock. “Fuck, baby, here it comes!” He announces his own orgasm before he groans. Hot jets shoot deep inside me, flooding me with his cum.

He holds his cock as deep as he can get it and places a protective hand on my stomach as if he’s encouraging his seed to take root. “I can’t wait to see your belly round with my child, baby. I want everything with you, Skye. You’re my everything. You know that, right?”

“I know,” I tell him softly, my heart overflowing with love for this man.

I wrap my arms around his neck and kiss him with all the love I feel for him, thankful every day now that I lost my job.

Because now I have my stepbrother. My mountain man. My husband.

The love of my life.

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