



*Showed in
with the*

MOUNTAIN MAN

IMANI JAY

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Snowed in with the Mountain Man

A Short, Steamy, Mountain Man, Instalove, Instalust, Stuck
Together, Romance

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About the Author

Also by Imani Jay

DESCRIPTION

A sassy city girl, and a gruff mountain man, stuck together in a snowstorm...

Ryan

I find the most gorgeous curvy beauty lost in a snowstorm. She needs my help, and I'm more than happy to take care of her in every possible way. Sara is beautiful, fun, and all sorts of amazing. I'm effin lucky I found her. Now if only I could convince her this thing between us is real.

Read along for an OTT instalove romance between a hot as all-get-out mountain man and the curvy girl he sweeps away up his mountain.

Beware of e-readers catching fire and/or panties disintegrating...

As always with my books, this is a safe read, with no cheating, no cliffhanger, and a guaranteed HEA! Enjoy!!

One

Up The Mountain



Sara

“Come on, Lil’,” I try reasoning with my sister.

“I’m worried about you, babe. You’re amazing. All your degrees, and that awesome job of yours. And I love that you don’t need a man to take care of you. But honey, you need to... love.”

“There’s not much I can do about that, babe. I put myself out there.”

“You honestly think you do? Spending most of your time working, then taking solo vacations?” she insists.

“I’m just going to Lake Tahoe, Lilly, not the end of the world,” I protest.

“Sara, that’s not what I’m talking about, and you know it. Stay in Delmonte, hang out with your friends, try to date some of the men we introduce you to,” she sounds like a broken record.

“Okay, *mom*. I promise to stay home on my next vacation.”

I can hear her rolling her eyes.

“And you’ll go on a date with that doctor friend of Lee I told you about?” She asks stubbornly.

My lips stretch into an amused smile.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You know I only want you to be happy, hon’.”

“I know, babe.”

“Okay, I love you. Have fun and be safe!”

“Yes, Mommy,” I tease her again. “Love you, too. You take care of yourself, okay?”

“I will, sis. See you soon.”

“See you soon, Lilly.”

I hang up, a bittersweet smile stretching my lips. I love my big sister. She’s all kinds of amazing. Lilly has it all, a great husband, two awesome kids, the pets, the big house. And I want that too. I see how happy she is. But you can’t hurry love, right? God knows I tried and I keep trying. But things never feel right. They never last.

At thirty, I’ve kissed more than my fair share of frogs, and never met a man who felt like he was wholly mine, and I belonged to him. I still have hope, though. One day...

But for now, I’m going to push my sister’s voice and all those longing thoughts deep down inside, and focus on spending a nice weekend at the high-end resort where I booked a lavish room for a relaxing two-day getaway.

I’m going to enjoy the fresh mountain air, warm myself up with hot cocoa, delicious fondue, go on beautiful hikes, and just recharge.

* * *

I love my room at the resort. It’s spacious, brightly lit, super comfortable, and

has an amazing view of the lake and mountains.

The sliding glass doors of the balcony reveal a clear, blue, and sunny sky.

A happy smile on my lips, I slide my sunglasses on top of my head, into my thick, dark curls.

After the drive from Delmonte, I had a restful night of sleep, and now I'm ready to enjoy my weekend getaway. I can't wait to go hiking up the mountain. I love losing myself into nature. The smells, the sounds, the sights.

* * *

"Okay, ma'am. Got everything? Water, protein bars, first aid kit, your map and compass?" The resort employee asks me.

"Yes, everything's here." I pat my backpack. "Thank you," I add with a smile.

"Great. Just remember to stay on the trail, and head back if there's any sign of bad weather. You know how quickly things can turn here," he reminds me.

"I do. I'll be careful."

"Great then. Have fun and please call if you need anything."

"Thanks, I will. See you later."

* * *

Calm down, Sara. You got this. It was just a gust of wind, nothing to worry about. You're an experienced hiker. You got this.

I sense the prickle of tears behind my eyes, but fight back my emotions. I hate the way I'm feeling right now. Lonely and powerless. This is exactly

what my sister was talking about. Have someone to share the burdens of life with. Especially the unexpected ones.

When I started feeling the first snowflakes hit my face, and saw the sky darken, I tried calling the resort, but my phone had already started losing connection. I quickly realized I was in the middle of an unforeseen storm, and tried tracing back my steps. But I could barely see anything, and the map and compass were of no help.

I squint my eyes in the surrounding blurriness to try and locate some kind of structure where I may be able to take shelter. But the wind blowing my hair in my face and the incessant snowfall significantly lower my visibility. I stagger on the thick blanket of snow, arms wrapped around my upper body, fighting the powerful wind blows. I'm drenched, my cute mountain outfit completely useless in this extreme weather. And I can barely see a foot's distance ahead. I can't tell how much of the dampness on my face is from the melting snow or my tears. I'm worried, and honestly just tired of always being strong and fighting all my battles on my own.

I stumble, tripping over my feet, and suddenly feel a strong arm circle my waist, catching me before I fall down.

A low voice rumbling close to my ear, "I got you."

Two

Into The Storm



Ryan

Soft. Is the first word that comes to mind when my arm circles her incurved waist. She's curvy and soft. So fucking luscious, my dick immediately stands to attention. And I haven't even seen her face yet.

I lift the woman in my arms and walk us to my home. It's an A-frame that's built low and hidden behind a curtain of trees to keep it away from unwanted visitors' attention. Fully equipped, and lavishly built and furnished. I have a Jacuzzi, a media room, pool table, and plenty of rooms to house an unexpected guest.

The woman grabs on to my neck, and I peer down at her. *Fuck, she's gorgeous!* Big brown eyes stare up at me like I'm a fucking hero, and my heart swells in my chest. I stare back at her lovely face, and it's as if everything falls into place. My entire goddamn life, my very purpose for being. Every single part of me. Each laugh, every pain, and victory that brought me here. To this time, and place, this woman. It all led me to being here to catch her when she fell.

I can't wait to have her warm and cared for in the safety of my home.

I'm a retired Navy Seal. I split my time between my peaceful mountain home, private missions I handle for a hefty dime.

But finding the most gorgeous, most tempting curvy beauty on my mountain -when she needs help- I'm ready to take care of her every way she needs.

* * *

I was sprawled on my huge-ass sectional, head turned toward the French doors, watching the storm wreak havoc outside. The trees looking ready to fly off, snow swirling around, the wind blowing loudly. My thick walls and reinforced windows keeping most of the roaring sounds locked out, and I could only perceive a muffled version that slowly lulled me into a welcome nap. Inside my sturdy home, safe and sound, while nature roared and raged outside its secure walls.

My eyes started drooping when I perceived movement outside. I saw nothing but a form fighting against the strong winds. Being pushed this way and that. One hand lifted over their eyes. I grumbled under my breath and reluctantly stood to go check what idiot had ventured up the mountain when a storm was brewing. Now I'm standing outside my house, carrying her in my arms. Holding her with extreme care, her wet hair plastered to her face, the fabric of her clothes soaked to the bone, her shivering form... My heart breaks into a thousand pieces. I kick the door open and stride inside.

* * *

I spent most of my life in combat zones. I grew up in a poor, dangerous neighborhood, and took the first opportunity to get the fuck out of dodge. I joined the Navy right after high school.

I recognize the famished burn blazing in the center of my chest. I want this woman. Yes, I brought her here to help, but also to claim her. The churning in my chest caused by her mere presence tells me all I need to know.

Three

Safe & Sound



Sara

What the hell type of parallel dimension did I fall into? One minute I'm enjoying one of my very usual, very solitary hiking trips, the next, I fall victim to an unexpected turn in weather, and end up being catered to by an absolutely delicious hunk of a man.

Ryan, as he's since introduced himself, is tall, broad, with striking Hollywood star features. All dark blond hair, thick eyebrows, straight, masculine nose, and full pink lips. He is larger than life. Towering a good foot over my five feet six. With massive shoulders, muscles for days, and the most sculpted abs I've ever seen in the flesh.

His thick hair is cropped close on the sides, with a longer fuzz at the top. He sports a neatly trimmed beard, and... He's fucking handsome, rugged, and edgy.

He looks hot and dangerous, but has been nothing but kind and attentive to me.

* * *

“I’ll get towels,” Ryan rumbles, seeming to fight to detach his gaze from me.

He’s back within minutes, holding enough big, fluffy towels for an entire regiment.

The inside of this house is gorgeous. All light woods, heavy furniture, and open space. The room where we’re sitting has an amazing view of the surrounding mountains, and watching the storm from the safety of a safe place, next to a giant of a man, makes me feel so much better.

Actually, I feel excited, intrigued... and fucking turned on. The way Ryan helped me outside, the way he carried me inside his big, strong arms, using his powerful body to shield me from the elements. It didn’t feel like a stranger playing good Samaritan. It felt right. Like home. My entire body relaxed into his embrace, something deep inside me loosening up, letting go, finally breaking free. And it wasn’t just the sensations of comfort and rightness triggered by feeling safe in the hold of his muscular arms. My entire body tingled and heated at his contact. I came alive, woken from a long hibernation. I thought, *‘he’s gonna feel so good’*, and my eyes widened, shocked that such a thing could come to my mind about a perfect stranger. But the vision of him, the feel of his blazing eyes on my body, the intense energy emanating from his entire being, the quiet understanding between us that something huge was happening. All of it multiplied my desire for him tenfold. My nipples went from feeling hard to painful. My pussy from throbbing to all out gushing.

I’m sitting on a towel on the couch, while Ryan hovers over me in an almost comical way. Looking like a worried mother hen, rubbing and drying

my hair and body. Then he wraps me into a thick robe. With my eyes traveling down his body, I feel myself nibble on my bottom lip, wondering if he wants me too. But the generous bulge in Ryan's sweatpants is more than answer enough to my musings. Then I wonder if what I'm feeling, this insanely powerful pull, the sensation of recognition, of belonging is one-sided. But again, these are not the actions of a stranger helping a random woman in need. His large, calloused hands are gentle on me, his gaze soft. And I can tell he's holding back. Trying his best to not spook me.

"I'm gonna run you a bath," Ryan announces, sending me a reassuring grin.

My eyes study his handsome face closely and I watch in fascination his square, masculine jaw flex. My hand lifts of its own accord and I run pruned fingers over the ticking spot. He instantly relaxes, nostrils flaring with a deep inhale. Still staring deep into his dark blue eyes, I follow my gut and lean in to brush his full mouth with mine. He doesn't move, barely breathes. Just lets me taste, caress and enjoy him. The way he feels, his woodsy scent, the delicious scrap of his beard. Ryan remains still, with his large hands wrapped around my waist. Holding me tight enough to express possessiveness. When I detach my lips from his, putting some distance between us, he lets out an unhappy grunt that makes me giggle.

His concentrated expression relaxes, the corners of his mouth hooking up in amusement.

We exchange a warm gaze, and I feel my face heat, but still can't repress a grin.

"Come take your bath, babe. We can't risk having you get sick. I need you well and consenting," he ends with a ruthless smirk.

I press my palms to my face, hiding behind my hands, and yelp when I

feel lifted from the couch.

“Up you go,” Ryan rumbles, his firm lips brushing my earlobe.

I wrap my arms around his neck and stare up at his ruggedly handsome face, basking in his warmth, the delicious masculine scent of him, feeling safe and cared for in his strong hold.

* * *

How do you take a bath, get naked, feel the caress of the warm water on your skin, and relax into it when you know a hunk of a mountain man is waiting for you just outside the door? I know I can't. I let the robe fall to the ground, remove my clothes, and step into the giant claw-footed bathtub. It's large enough for both of us... at that thought, my pussy clenches again, and I take in a deep breath. I need to clear my head, at least try to figure out what's going on here. Did I just kiss a man I met twenty minutes ago? And fucking ogle his junk? And what's up with him? Does he live in this huge house alone? Is he single? Yeah, I definitely need to get some clarity.

After what was most likely the shortest bath I've ever taken in my life, I dry myself with another thick towel, unhook the robe Ryan left for me on the door, and slip into it.

I apply some of the body lotion sitting on the counter, twist my hair into a messy bun and step out of the bathroom. I see Ryan has also changed. He's wearing a white cotton t-shirt that molds to his wide, powerful chest, and black sweats. My mouth goes dry. I didn't think he could get any sexier. Boy, was I wrong. I just want to tug on his waistband and see for myself what springs out. Slide my hands under the cotton of his shirt to feel the soft skin stretched over hard muscles. *Is it getting hot in here?*

“I don’t know how to thank you. I’m so sorry to be such a bother,” I apologize.

Ryan gives me his rascal grin.

“Not a problem.”

I feel his intense gaze study me closer. I chance a glance in his direction and find him unabashedly eating me up. My nipples tighten even harder. *Oh shit.*

“You’re sure it’s okay?” I ask with a sheepish smile.

He nods firmly, the corner of his mouth twitching into a smirk.

“Fuck yeah,” he rasps out.

And the sound of his gruff voice goes straight to my clit. *Good Lord, this man.*

Four

Mine



Ryan

I can't take my gaze off Sara. I take her hand, and pull her on the couch to sit close to me.

“Looks like you still need to be warmed up, baby girl.”

I move her body as easily as if she was a delicate doll and set myself at her back, my bulky arms wrapped around her chest, one giant paw gently smoothing down her hair.

My eyes go to Sara's face, and I watch hers grow wide. She's nibbling on her plump lower lip, but all I read on her gorgeous face is curiosity, anticipation... and desire. *Fuck*. She wants me just as badly. I'm not usually this slow. *But give me a break*. I met my dream girl not even an hour ago. Then went through a lightning-strike type of moment. Now to accept she wants me just as badly? That's just insane. *Guess there's no need wondering how I'm gonna convince her*.

I shake myself out of my stupor and lift her delicate feet from where they were resting, propped up on the couch. Dark brown skin on cream-colored

leather. Small toes painted a vibrant shade of pink. I drop her feet into my lap and start massaging and kneading the soft skin.

Sara lets out a moan and I raise my gaze, hungrily taking in her gorgeous face. Big brown eyes, cute nose, full lips I'm fucking dying to taste again. And her body... Even the bulk of the thick bathrobe can't completely hide her full, luscious curves. I remember how she felt in my arms and my dick hardens.

She's staring right back at me, lips parted, eyes wide and a bit crazed. As if wondering what the hell is happening. *I'm not sure either, baby.* All I know is I never felt this way.

I've been with plenty of women, but it was all about sex and companionship. I made sure to show them a good time and enjoy myself. But this thing with Sara is not about fucking her eight ways to Sunday. Well, it is, but there's so much more going on here. The potent instinct of protection that took over my entire being hasn't stopped pulsating inside me since I found her alone, drenched and about to stumble into the snow. It's quieted a bit after I helped her dry and she came out of the bathroom looking more composed. But I still feel the insane need to lock Sara away from the world, keep her to myself and never let her go. *Psycho, much?*

I move her hair to the side and press an open-mouthed kiss to her neck. I hold still, waiting, giving her time to react. Time to embrace the insane dynamic between us or get up and bolt. Demand I leave her alone. Lock herself in the room I offered her and wait out the storm.

But my girl is exactly that. *My girl.* Her lush body melts into my hard chest as she lets out a small whimper.

I raise my gaze and our eyes meet. Hers reflect the same starvation I'm feeling. She's fucking mine. Sent to me by a complete stroke of fate. Just as

hungry for me.

My hands run over her long, shapely legs. Slowly parting the lapels of the white robe, till I reach her thick thighs and I watch in fascination my big, tanned hands caress her soft chocolate skin. My thick veins bulging, hard muscles flexing. When I reach the apex of her thighs, I raise my gaze to Sara's, once more. Asking for her consent. When she nods, I let out a grunt.

“Talk to me. Can I touch you? Can I make you feel good?”

She gasps, her large tits rising and falling, parting the top of the robe open, but doesn't respond.

I whisper in her ear, “do you want me, baby? Can I fuck you? Can I make love to you?”

I push my hips into the small of her back, letting her feel my erection.

“Cause I want you so bad. So fucking bad.”

I take her chin between my thumb and forefinger and lay a hot and heavy one on her. Letting my tongue sweep into her mouth. Tasting her, savoring her delicious flavor. *Fuck, I want to eat her whole.* She moans and writhes, her generous curves rubbing on me.

“Yes, yes, yes, please. I want you.”

I pin her with a scorching gaze.

“This is not just for tonight, baby girl.”

She moans again, her full, round hips undulating.

“I know... I'm yours,” she breathes out.

And all hell breaks loose.

Five

His



Sara

The words have barely left my lips that Ryan takes my mouth in a hungry kiss, tongue-fucking me in the most delicious, sensual way. Ryan sucks my tongue into his mouth, licks and bites on my swollen lips, sucks them between his, strokes my tongue with his. He kisses me so deep and expertly; I feel dizzy. My head doesn't know where to focus. Before detaching himself and sliding down to his knees, between my legs. There, he fucking feeds on my pussy.

Ryan takes long licks between my folds, sucks hard on my clit, laps and suckles my dripping juices. He pushes his thick fingers inside me, making me shake and whimper.

His thick, calloused fingers caress and knead the engorged flesh of my breasts. Then pull and tweak my nipples.

I'm so turned on, I'm about to burst of pleasure and need. It's so fucking good I just want to come. Now. But I also want to feel him, see him.

I hook one arm behind Ryan's head and pull. He hears me loud and clear and start going faster, deeper. Taking me into a maelstrom of amazing sensations. I feel the telltale tingle of my orgasm at the base of my spine. And I don't resist, don't hold back. I surrender to the giant wave of ecstasy, pussy rippling, crying his name, moaning my pleasure, shaking, grabbing on to him. A bigger storm than the one outside wrecks me into his arms.

When I come back to myself, I can barely move. I just feel feather-like kisses all over and hear a deep, masculine voices softly cooing me.

"Fucking mine," Ryan growls.

Six

For Keeps



Ryan

I gently move Sara's hair away from her neck and press my lips to the delicate skin. Her thick locks came undone a while ago. She's laying on my chest, limbs limp at her sides, peering at me through hooded eyes. Still wearing my robe, the contrast of the white fabric on her dark skin, arresting. Her full flesh exposed to my greedy eyes, hands and mouth.

Fuck, she tastes good. Sweet, musky and all woman. I can't fucking wait to plunge deep inside her wet, tight cunt. Feel her suck me in. Feel her inner walls contract around me and suck me dry. My cock is leaking precum like a motherfucker, and I'm shaking with desire for my woman. I chance a glance her way and see the same crazy look in her eyes. We're about to burst out of our skins. But we need to do things right. I don't go further than soft pecks and gentle caresses. I need to let her come down from her high. I need her fully aware. Need to make sure she wants this, us. All of it. And we have to be clear on what it is we want. Because I know I'm all in. I recognized this

woman as mine. I'm ready to commit to her, and claim her. Give Sara and this relationship my all.

* * *

I pull the lapels of the robe around Sara's body, then tie the belt at her waist. Her gaze clears from its fog of lust and she peers up at me interrogatively. I say nothing, just help her sit upright.

"You okay, love?"

She nods, her gorgeous face brightening with a smile that hits me straight in the heart. *Fuck.*

"I'm... I feel amazing," she purrs in her sexy, throaty voice.

She runs one assured hand on my thigh and the other on my chest, making my eyes grow wide. *Motherfucker.* We need to have this talk, and fast. My woman is hungry for more.

I clear my throat.

"That's good, baby."

I lay a palm over her hand, stopping her caressing motion, and I watch a mischievous sparkle glint in her almond-shaped eyes.

"Babe," I warn in a low rumble, but I can't hold back the tiny smile stretching my lips.

"What?" she bats her lashes mock-innocently, biting down on her bottom lip to repress her own naughty grin.

I shake my head.

"Behave, we need to talk."

"Fine. I have tons of questions, anyway."

"Shoot."

Sara's gaze sobers, roaming over my face, studying me, her expression now serious, but still open, calm, confident.

"I can ask anything?" She inquires.

"Anything," I respond, nodding my agreement.

Sara takes in a deep breath that makes her full tits rise and almost breaks my resolve. *Fuck.*

"Are you single? Does anyone else live here with you? This is a huge house."

I grin widely and shake my head.

"Nah, babe. It's nothing like that. Just like my space and comfort. I was in the Navy, decided to retire after one too many rough tours. Bought this place. Now I share my time between here and my jobs."

"Your... jobs?"

"Very similar to what I was doing before. Except now it's for a better pay, and a private agency I co-own."

Sara's eyes widen.

"oh, wow," she whispers reverently, making me grin again. "But, this is where you live on a more permanent basis, right?"

I take in a deep inhale, trying to think of how I can let her know no one it matters. where I live. Where she resides. Fuck, I'll sell my house and follow her to the end of the world.

"Sara, you have to know..."

She interrupts me in a soft voice, "I know, honey. This isn't just a fuck. I can feel it too."

She brings her hand to my face and runs her soft palm over my beard, before pressing a quick peck on my mouth. My dick jumps in my sweats at the contact of her hand and plump lips. *Fuck, this girl will be the death of me.*

Seven

Where you go, I go



Sara

I lick my lips, trying my best to hide my nervousness and hang on to the feeling of peace and safety this man gives me. My gaze travels over Ryan's handsome face, taking in his sexy features. He's so fucking hot, and he seems to be kind and honest. Could this be what I've been missing my entire life?

I've fantasized about being taken by a big, rough man. I've had that yearning for years. But I never thought that could happen to me. I'm just a regular girl, who's been dating normal guys for the last fifteen or so years. Nice or asshole-ish suits and geeks, some gym rats. But nothing like the raw masculine beauty that's Ryan.

But Ryan *is* normal. He doesn't look, sound, or feel like some jackass who's just trying to take advantage of the situation. He was helpful to a stranger, affectionate, and patient. *And hot. Let's never forget freaking hot.*

Even now, when I'm sitting by his side, naked under a robe, he wants to talk. After I came all over Ryan's face and he tongue-fucked my mouth, he's

not jumping me. Although I can clearly see the outline of his erection under the thin fabric of his athletic bottoms.

I take another fortifying inhale before asking, “have you been in a committed relationship before?”

My question is once more met with a reassuring smile.

“Have you?” Ryan returns in a charged tone.

It’s my turn to shake my head and grin widely.

“There was never anyone with whom I felt anything even remotely near this,” I try explaining how out of the ordinary for me what’s happening between us is.

He gifts me with another one of his gorgeous smirks, and I playfully roll my eyes.

“Boy, don’t get smug,” I tease.

My words are met with a rumbly chuckle.

“How long are you in Lake Tahoe for?”

“For the weekend. I’m going back home tomorrow evening.”

Ryan nods before asking, “did you fly here?”

“I drove.”

“Okay. Going back with you.”

My eyes grow wide.

“Just like that?”

Ryan frowns.

“What do you mean? You’re going, so I’m coming with.”

“Oh...kay.” I beam. “I guess it *is* just like that.”

Ryan wraps a large hand at the back of my neck, gently turning my face to him.

“Sara, I’m not fucking around. You think ending up on my land was a

coincidence? Think again, sweetheart. You're fucking mine."

I swallow the lump in my throat, fighting the tears threatening to spill down my face.

"Simple as that, uh?" I manage to croak out.

He shrugs his massive shoulders.

"Simple as that."

The sound of my giggle is a bit constricted, but full of bliss.

"I would love it if you came home with me."

"Then you got yourself a deal," Ryan whispers in the crook of my neck.

He slides close to me on the couch, plastering his front to my back, nestling his hard cock against me. I whimper, and my pussy throbs even harder as I catch Ryan's heated gaze. He's kissing, licking and nipping at my sensitive flesh. Unable to resist, I pull Ryan's mouth to mine and our lips crash in a tangle of teeth, tongue and sexy moans and groans. He feels amazing. His kiss is even more demanding, hungrier. And he tastes so fucking good. He also smells like the most intoxicating olfactory drug. He reminds me of the scent of fresh pine needles, woody and intoxicating. My dizziness from earlier returns. This man feels so fucking good. It's almost too much. I bring my arms back and wrap them around Ryan's strong, corded neck. The posture pushing my chest out. And he doesn't miss the opportunity to push open the lapels of my robe and fill his giant paws with my generous breasts. I feel the delicious scrape of his calloused thumbs on my nipples, followed by the warm wetness of his mouth. The gentle bite of his teeth makes me arch my back. The feel of his expert tongue pulls a moan from my mouth. And he takes my mouth again, swallows each one of my cries, licking every corner of my mouth, sucking on my tongue and lips, biting me with

just enough sting to send electric shocks through my clit. I think I could come just from this.

Eight

As sweet as honey



Ryan

I've never in my life been this turned on. Sucking on Sara's tits, my tanned skin pressed against her dark brown one. Feeling how turned on she is, writhing and moaning loudly, clutching at me. If I don't get inside her real quick, I may dissolve into thin air.

I pull away just far enough to grunt against her swollen lips, "I need inside you, love. Now."

Sara's breath catches in an almost pained whimper. Making us both stop and stare at each other.

I rasp out in tone as gentle as I can manage, "you okay, baby?"

She nods frantically, one lone tear sliding down a cheek.

"I want you so bad it hurts," she whispers.

Fuck.

I push my sweats down my legs in one swift movement and reposition myself behind Sara, lifting the robe up her plump ass to press my hardness between its firm globes. I take her full tits in my hands, kneading and

caressing. And nip at her lobe before whispering in her ear, “all fucking yours, sweetheart.”

This time, Sara lets out a long wail. She spreads her legs wide open and I pull her into my lap. The muscles of my massive body tight and contracted as I stroke myself against her wet, swollen folds.

I bring a hand to Sara’s front and part her wet, engorged pussy lips.

“See how fucking ready you are for me? Fuck, I can still taste you on my tongue. Like fucking honey.”

Sara whimpers at my words, and I have to slide back down between her thick thighs.

My first taste of Sara’s pussy felt like the first drop of water down a parched man’s throat. She’s as sweet and intoxicating. My cock is hard as granite, and my balls so tight and full they hurt. I push my tongue as far inside her tight channel as I can, making her squirm and cry out in her throaty voice. The tip of my nose pressing on her small bundle of nerves.

“Ryan... Oh My God... right there! Yes!”

I replace my tongue with two thick fingers, hooking them inside her, pressing on a point I hope will make her come, and sucking on her clit. She cums all over my face, wrapping her long legs around my shoulders, and explodes in the most beautiful, abandoned way. *I fucking love this woman.*

Nine

All in



Sara

I'm vaguely conscious of being lifted and carried, but I'm not sure if it's a dream or reality. I'm completely dazed after another orgasm, unlike anything I've ever experienced. Shaken to my core, spent. I let my eyelids fall, feeling safe and cared for. For the first time in a very long while, I don't have the need to be alert, aware of my surroundings, prepared for any eventuality. I've never experienced such a feeling of peace.

I'm gently laid on a cloud of fluff and warmth. My eyes flutter open and I gaze around me to see I'm on a huge bed.

"Bedroom," Ryan rumbles.

He saunters to the bathroom and returns, holding a jumbo-sized box of condoms, grinning ruefully at my wide-eyed expression.

"Ready?"

I nod enthusiastically and he chuckles, the thick sexual tension diffusing a bit. But it's short-lived. My man closes the distance between us in a couple of strides of his long, powerful legs. *Fuck, he's hot.* Big, tall, rippling with

muscles, all tanned and flexing. His long, hard cock pointing to me, as if to state his claim.

Ryan pulls a condom out of the box and sheaths himself in slow, maddening motions that make my mouth water and my pussy spasm. I let out an involuntary moan, clenching my thighs for relief.

“Please,” I beg.

Ryan’s face is a hard mask of fierce possessiveness, before he smirks, letting me know he’s about to wreck me.

He climbs on the immense bed, his movements feline-like. His hands, mouth, and tongue all over me. His hot, hard cock rubbing against my full curves. At the crack of my ass, and my slit. Driving me absolutely insane with need and desire.

“Now, please,” I gasp out.

Ryan pulls my thighs apart wider and presses the tip of his cock to my entrance, making me cry out in pleasure and frustration. He feels so fucking good. Just the tip and I’m already contracting around a micro-orgasm. He sits back on his haunches, pulling me up onto his lap, and thrust deep and hard inside me. Filling me to the brim. I cry out again.

At the same time, Ryan is playing with my ass, kneading the full flesh, parting the twin globes, running his finger over my crease. He runs his hands between my legs, gathering some of my wetness, then probes at my rosebud. When Ryan pushes inside me balls deep, he pushes a thick finger inside my ass, his blunt digit covered in my juices sliding in easily. I feel my hole ripple and contract, loosen and feel so fucking good. The sensation of being taken from both ends driving me insane.

Ryan slowly pulls out till only the thick head of his cock remains inside me, making my channel contract on nothingness. The large bulb stretching

my entrance in a delicious torture. I raise my eyes to meet his gaze. His thick, arched brows are furrowed, his mouth a thin line, nostrils flaring. I run a soothing hand over his beard.

“You’re so fucking tight, baby. Gonna make me cum so fucking good,” he says between clenched teeth.

My amused giggle is interrupted when Ryan pulls me from his cock, lifting me from under my thighs. *How fucking strong is this guy?*

He positions me on top of his cock-head and excruciatingly slowly pushes inside me, parting my lower lips, spreading my inner walls. He feels so fucking big like this. I feel fuller than I ever have in my life. I gasp for air, for relief, but also from the incredible sensations coursing through my body. Ryan is fucking me from behind, his hard chest muscles and thin layer of hair rubbing against the soft skin of my back. His mouth taking mine, tongues battling. His hands grabbing and squeezing my breasts, my waist, my thighs. Thick fingers rubbing at my clit.

Ryan fucks me to the edge of ecstasy, then flips me again. He keeps changing positions. Long, hard cock pushing deep inside me. My tits pinched, slapped, sucked to the point of aching. My clit rubbed out of its hood, so sensitive I want to cry.

The room is filled with our sounds of pleasure. Loud ‘fucks’, whimpers, grunts, groans, moans. The air saturated with the scent of sex, precum, and pussy cream.

“I’m close, baby,” Ryan grunts out.

And I tighten my walls around him, pulling him deeper, refusing to let go.

“Fuck!” Ryan yells.

His thick fingers dig into my hips in an arousing pain, and he thrusts into me forcefully, firmly holding me in place. Ryan pinches my clit and I come,

contracting and moaning loudly, letting out more moisture than I ever have. My vision blank with bright spots. My entire body trembling from pleasure. I can't tell where one orgasm ends and the next starts.

"Fucking perfect," he exhales, making my heart swell.

But before I can come back to my senses, Ryan lays me flat on the bed and covers me with his hot, hard body.

"You okay?" He gruffs out.

His cock is already hard again. I moan, not sure I can already go for another round. But Ryan makes me dizzy with more of his amazing kisses. All lips, tongues, teeth. And before I know it, the combination of his dick sliding between my wet, abused folds, his tongue in my mouth, his big hands all over my body... I'm turned on all over again. And it's not like it stopped. I don't know that I'll ever have enough of this man.

"You gotta tell me if you can't take it, babe," Ryan rasps out.

I wrap my arms and legs around his large body, pulling him into me, expressing with my entire body what I'm not coherent enough to say.

Ryan rolls his hips expertly and thrusts inside me in small, mind-blowing movements.

"Fuck." I hear Ryan groan and I lift my gaze to meet his crazed eyes.

And the sight sends me off the ledge. My beautiful dark-blond giant gives it to me in long, deep, efficient swirls of his powerful hips, kissing and nibbling at my mouth, grabbing and kneading my ass and breasts. When he plunges deep and hard into me, grunting and pushing through my walls like our lives depend on it, I explode, shaken by a mighty orgasm, eyes locked on Ryan's.

Ryan keeps fucking me through my orgasm, pursuing his own and the ripples of ecstasy seem like they will never stop. He wraps his strong arms

tight around me and drills into my pussy from under. I'm a mess, a wreck.

He comes in long, powerful jerks, I feel even through the condom. I moan and writhe under him, my gaze riveted to Ryan who's now spurting all over his stomach, muscles taut, full, sculpted lips parted on a low, prolonged groan. *I fucking love my life.*

When Ryan's balls slap against my ass-cheeks one last time in a powerful motion, followed by his long, husky cry of relief, I fall back on his chest and he keeps holding me tight. Breathing heavily against my damp skin.

* * *

We lay on the large bed, spent. With barely enough strength to exchange soft lip brushes, tender gazes, and sweet caresses. I feel so fucking loved. Not just lusted for, wanted, and sexually beyond satisfied. I stare into a pair of deep blue eyes, that's filled with adoration and snuggle deeper into my mountain man's strong embrace.

THE END.



About the Author

Scorching hot short romances with curvy women worshiped by their strapping alphas ;-)

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When a scorching hot one-night-stand with a billionaire turns into forever.

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He's her brother's best friend, and she's loved him from afar forever. But he never even looked at her that way. Now she's ready to move on, but he's ready to claim her!

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I've been in love with my grumpy-ass boss since day one. But just when I finally decide to quit, he drops a bomb on me...

[OWNED BY THE HOT KING](#)

I'm a manager at a luxury hotel, used to dealing with celebrities and wealthy people. So when a young European king comes as a guest, it's business as usual. Or so I thought...

[OWNED BY THE DUKE](#)

I fell for my queen on her wedding day... to my cousin. But now the unfaithful ass is gone, and it's only Ophelie and I in her big, lonely palace.

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Read the story of the youngest O'Malley brother. My naughty wish list fell into the wrong hands... the big, strong hands of my boss, the hottest guy I've ever met... Then he volunteers to check off ALL the items I listed!

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He's sizzling hot, and up for nothing but a good time. She's a no-nonsense curvy girl. What happens when they're stuck together in one bedroom?

[OWNED BY THE SILVER FOX](#)

A billionaire silver fox and a sassy girl who doesn't trust men anymore share an incredible night of passion. Will he be able to convince her she's his to keep? Well, he's an O'Malley so...

REGRETS

Declan O'Malley is a big, strong, delicious mountain of a man. He's also ten years older than me and he knows exactly what he wants...

HOT TATTOOED SUMMER

My brother's best friend, the boy I never forgot, never thought I'd see again, till I'm stuck with him for the summer...

OWNED BY THE FIREFIGHTER

The gorgeous curvy girl with the haunted eyes? Yeah, I've noticed her. She's all measured smiles and soft voice. Now, if only I could get her alone...

OWNED BY THE SEAL

Daniel O'Malley is a retired navy SEAL. I'm just a regular girl. There's no way our worlds can mix, right? Till we realize we have the same kink... Bondage, leather, chains and neighborly hook-ups, oh my!

OWNED BY THE WOUNDED WARRIOR

The oldest O'Malley brother gets his HEA. He's a wounded veteran, she's a strong woman. All starts between them as fun flirtation, but what they feel cannot be casual.

HOLIDAY WITH HER BILLIONAIRE BOSS

A billionaire bachelor, a fabulous resort and more heat than a girl can handle...

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Now, he's ready to start a family... and he wants ME to mother his child!

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Max O'Malley is a multimillionaire, celebrity star quarterback. I may

only be an ordinary small-town girl, but to me, he'll always be the one that got away...

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