

Olivia  
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Turner

*Falling in the*  
**MOUNTAINS**

# Falling In The Mountains

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Greene Mountain Boys

Olivia T. Turner



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New town. New job. New Me.

New boyfriend?

At least that's what the hot Mountain Man staring me down with hungry eyes seems to think.

Julian works in Search and Rescue in the Greene Mountains.

He also owns the bungee jump, and that's where I meet him.

Those beautiful possessive eyes stare me down as he straps the cord around my ankles.

I was ready to fall off the bridge, but falling for this gorgeous man?

I wasn't prepared for that.

But when you're lucky enough to have fate shining down on you, you take the plunge.

You leap.

And you don't look back.

So, that's what I do.

I fall...

In more ways than one.

*Did anyone order a bearded hottie who's a little obsessed with his girl? How about a hulking possessive mountain man packing some serious heat? Come and get it while it's hot!*

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

*Enjoy!*

*To Colleen,  
Who taught me what it meant to be bold when she marched up to a hot  
stranger and kissed him on the lips.  
His girlfriend was not happy, but that's a story for another time...*



# Chapter One

---

*Abby*

**T**he problem with getting a tattoo is that it stays on your body forever.

That's cool if you have a Koi fish on your arm, a dragon on your back, or a cute little strawberry on your shoulder, but when you get your favorite quote on the inside of your wrist, it can weigh on you. You have to look at it every, single, day.

*Be Bold.*

And when you're not living up to the quote, it can be downright depressing.

I got my tattoo the day I graduated high school. I was eighteen and full of adventurous dreams. My head was overflowing with thrilling plans of all the far-off places I'd go and all of the exciting, life-changing experiences waiting for me.

School was over and I was finally free. Free to visit every continent, free to meet amazing people, free to become the brave, intelligent, accomplished woman that I knew I'd one day be.

Well, that didn't happen. Like, at all.



I'm twenty-three now and for the past five years I've been working in the back of my uncle's dilapidated used car dealership, filing papers, preparing boring contracts, and suffering through the agonizing bookkeeping. I moved out of my parent's house in Sacramento a few years ago, but I needed about seventeen credit cards just to pay the rent by myself, so I moved into a place with roommates.

Seven of them. Yes, *seven* freaking roommates.

And it wasn't cool and fun like in *New Girl*. The perv of the place wasn't lovable like Schmidt. He was a fifty-two-year-old divorced guy named Gary who I'm pretty sure was smelling my shoes.

We had two bathrooms and the place was always dirty, smelly, and someone was always fighting with someone else. I hated it.

Five years, I was living like that.

Five years of riding the bus to my cheapskate uncle's used car dealership and staring at my wrist along the way. *Be Bold*. What a fucking joke. I should have tattooed *Be Pathetic* onto my wrist. There had been no adventure, no exciting experiences, no life-changing anything.

At only twenty-three, I had already rolled over and submitted to life. I had surrendered.

It hit me three weeks ago. Hard.

I was standing in the crowded bus heading to work—the weather hotter than the surface of the sun—wedged between a lumpy man's sweaty body and a teenager holding a skateboard that was digging into my lower back. I was drenched with sweat, tired, hungry, and cranky as fuck.

It was a Monday morning, so I had the whole week to get through, and I knew that my uncle would guilt me into working *another* Saturday. I was already dreading it.

I felt a drop of sweat sliding down my wrist and when I looked up, I saw *Be Bold* glistening in the sunlight.

My whole body exploded into shivers. I gritted my teeth and stared at that

tattoo, vowing to change the way I was living.

Everything was wrong. Everything had to go.

My job, my apartment, my attitude, my lack of self-esteem, and most importantly, my complete apathy toward my life.

I didn't even wait for the next stop. I couldn't. I was too fired up.

I pushed and maneuvered my way up to the front and told the bus driver I needed to get off *now*. He turned with an annoyed huff, probably about to tell me to get in the back until the next stop, but he must have seen the determination in my eye and thought it wasn't worth the fight. He stopped the bus and I got off in the middle of nowhere.

The adventure had begun.

Now, three weeks later, I'm on another bus.

And I'm terrified.

"Be bold," I whisper as I rub the faded black ink on my wrist and look out the window. The scenery is spectacular. I've never seen mountains like these. They're so stunning, they're giving me goosebumps.

"I'm sorry, did you say something, dear?" the elderly lady sitting in front of me asks as she turns around.

"No, I was just... admiring the scenery," I say with a smile.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she says as she looks up at the huge mountain we're driving past. "I love the Greene Mountains. I come here every summer for the eye candy."

"Yeah, the mountains are beautiful," I say as I duck down to see the towering peak.

"I wasn't talking about the mountains," she says with a chuckle. "Have you been to the Greene Mountains before?"

"No," I say with a nervous breath. "I haven't even been in the forest since I was in grade nine."

"You're in for a treat," she says with another smile. "Enjoy your vacation."

“I’m actually moving here,” I say, bursting with nervous energy.

“Oh, really?”

“Yeah, I just needed a change,” I say with my voice racing. “Things weren’t working out for me back home so I looked for something new and I found a bakery that was hiring. I’ve never even worked in a bakery before, but I had the interview over Zoom and I got hired, so here I am. It’s crazy, right? Is this a mistake?”

The woman is about to answer, but I bulldozer right through her, unable to stop myself from talking.

“The job doesn’t pay much, but I get to live in a little apartment over the bakery, so that’s good, I guess. I’ve never even left Sacramento without my parents, so I’m freaking out a little. But you have to be bold in life sometimes, right? Sometimes you just have to leap out of your comfort zone and do what scares you.”

She’s looking at me funny as I rub my wrist like a crazy person.

“Well, good luck,” she says as she quickly turns around and puts her headphones on.

“This is going to be fine,” I whisper to myself as we pass another giant mountain. “This is *all* good.”

The bus arrives and I wander out of the bus station and head into town. It’s... adorable. Freaking adorable. My mouth drops in awe as I walk down one stunning cobblestone street after another.

All of the stores are these cute independent shops with open doors, colorful signs, and tables outside with their wares on them. Old-fashioned light posts line the streets with big pots hanging from them that are overflowing with vibrant flowers. And all around me are these spectacular majestic mountains that jut into the bright blue sky wherever I look.

The air smells incredible. It’s so fresh—like soil and pine.

Everyone looks happy and they’re all taking their time walking down the sidewalks. It’s not like in the Sacramento city center where everyone is

always trying to stampede over you in a hurry. People look *relaxed* here. There's a zen atmosphere in the air. I already love it.

I'm carrying my two bags and whipping my head from side to side, trying to take in every sight when I come up to the bakery.

The old wooden door is open and the smell of freshly baked bread is inviting me in.

*I'm going to get so fat.*

I don't know how I'm supposed to resist that bread when it comes out of the oven. If it tastes nearly as good as it smells, my hips and ass are in big trouble.

I smile when I look up at the wooden sign hanging on a thin chain. *Warm Loaf Bakery*. This is the place.

I'm nervous, but excited too as I walk in. Trays of freshly baked delights greet my eyes wherever I look. My mouth waters as I walk into the empty store and look around. There are a few round tables along the brick wall and a long counter with a glass display.

I feel a rush of energy as I peek over the counter at the working stations. I can already picture myself back there with an apron on and my hair tied up. I'll be making delicious treats while chatting up the locals and becoming friends with everyone in town.

They'll all know my name, and I'll know their's, and the boss Trish will wrap her arm around my shoulders after the rush and say, 'Abby, I don't know how we did it before we had you!'

It's going to be great.

Trish comes out of the back with an old paperback romance novel in her hand. She has another one tucked in her apron.

"Abby!" she says with a big smile when she sees me. "You made it!"

"I did!" I say, feeling like my insides are vibrating. "I'm a Greene Mountain woman now!"

"You sure are," she says as she comes over and takes one of my bags.

“Welcome to our adorable little town. You’re going to *love* it here.”

I’m still buzzing with excitement as she brings me upstairs to show me my new home.

“Our last employee was living up here, but she moved back home to help her sick mom. It’s furnished, but you’re welcome to decorate it however you want. You can also come and go through the backdoor during operating hours when you’re not working. There’s a porch with a staircase.”

The smile widens on my face when I walk into the adorable little apartment. It’s small, but it’s so cozy and it’s all mine. There’s a twin bed along the wall with a nightstand and an old eccentric turquoise lamp that I just adore.

There’s a desk beside the window, a dresser, a TV, and my own bathroom that I don’t have to share with seven messy inconsiderate roommates. It’s perfect.

“What do you think?” Trish asks as she lowers my bag onto the creaky hardwood floors.

“I think I’m in love,” I say as I look out the window in awe. A nice cool breeze is wafting in through the curtains and it’s keeping the whole place nice and crisp despite the summer heat. The view is wonderful. I can see the mountains in the distance and it looks right onto the street. The people-watching from up here is going to be top-notch. I won’t even need the TV hanging on the wall.

“Spend tomorrow looking around town and settling in,” she says as she smooths out her apron, “You start Sunday morning. Nice and early at five AM.”

I can’t remember the last time I got up at five AM, or if I ever have, but I don’t care. I’m so happy right now, it’s going to be a joy to get out of bed.

“Thank you so much for the opportunity,” I say, turning to her with a smile. “I know I don’t have experience, but I’m a quick learner and I’ll—“

She suddenly pushes past me and rushes to the window.

“What is it?” I ask as I hurry over to join her. There are a bunch of worried people gathering outside of the building across the street.

“I don’t know,” she says as we watch more people arriving. “That’s the Search and Rescue building. Maybe someone’s gone missing.”

“Like kidnapped?”

She shakes her head. “Oh, gosh no. Around here, it’s usually a hiker that wanders off the trail and loses their bearings.”

“Oh,” I say. “I hope they’re alright.”

“Yes!” Trish suddenly whispers.

“What is it?” I say as I try to look around her. I’m behind her and can barely see.

She turns to me with a huge grin. “Get ready for the show.”

I squeeze in beside her. She reluctantly lets me in.

“What am I looking at? I don’t see—*oh*.”

The hottest man I’ve ever seen is walking down the sidewalk with a big droopy bloodhound at the end of a leash and with a seven-year-old girl tucked into his big muscular arms. Her foot is all wrapped up, but other than that she looks fine besides a few leaves in her hair and a tear in her t-shirt.

My heart does a little flip when my eyes jump back up to the gorgeous man carrying her. He looks like he should be on the cover of the romance novel stuffed in Trish’s apron. Long blond hair tied into a ponytail, thick beard, neck like a tree trunk, and blue eyes that sparkle all the way to here.

He’s wearing a loose tank top and scuffed-up jeans. Those flexed arms are looking tastier than the baked goods downstairs.

Trish and I stare at him in stunned silence. We’re both watching in awe as the girl’s parents run up to them and hug the girl. The crowd cheers as the father takes the girl and the nice family is reunited with a warm loving hug.

Tears flood my eyes as I watch the emotional scene.

The hot guy steps back and smiles while the dog smells the light post.

I can’t get over this guy. I can’t take my eyes off him. He’s so big. So tall,

wide, and muscular. This man looks like he can snap that light post in half with his bare hands.

My mouth waters more than it did from the smell of the freshly baked bread as I stare shamelessly. My eyes are darting all over his hulking frame from his round shoulders to his massive chest to his flat stomach that I know is chiseled under that loose tank top. His blue jeans are hugging his muscular thighs and I can already tell that he's got an amazing ass, even though I haven't seen him from behind yet.

An ambulance arrives and the paramedics rush out to look at the girl.

"Her ankle is twisted," the man says in a deep voice that sends tingles racing along my skin, "but other than that, she's okay."

They bring her into the ambulance for a routine check and the parents hop in with her. Everyone waves as the ambulance rolls down the street as quickly as it came.

"Who is that?" I ask in a breathless tone as I stare at him. He's standing in the street, watching the ambulance go. The wind is in his long blond hair and I'm struck by the intensity of his beauty. This man is unreal. I feel *something* spreading all through my body. A tingling, a yearning... I don't know what it is, but I already know that I'm going to be thinking of this man all night long.

"That's Julian Long," Trish says, never taking her eyes off him. "Long in name and in... other places."

My mouth drops open as I turn to her. "You've seen it?"

"I wish," she whispers as she gets an eyeful of him. "But you know I'm right. God wouldn't make a masterpiece like that and then shortchange us on the best part."

I exhale long and hard as I turn back to him. I'm sure she's right. A man like that—with the air of supreme confidence billowing out around him—is probably as big down there as he is everywhere else.

He's so unbelievably hot. He looks like he was made to be in the wild. Like he sprouted right out of these mountains fully grown.

“He works in Search and Rescue,” she says as he walks over to the crowd and says a few words that we can’t hear from up here. “There’s three of them. All incredibly gorgeous. Colin Hill is the big grumpy one, but Molly snagged him. There’s also Aiden Hughes, hot *and* single. But Julian is my favorite. He’s single too. If I was thirty years younger, I’d be all over that. I’d be getting lost in the woods every damn week so he could come find me.”

I don’t blame her. I kind of want to wander into the woods right now.

I wonder if he would carry me out with those nice big arms...

People in the crowd thank him and begin to slowly disperse. We watch him until everyone is gone and he’s alone with the cute dog.

Julian leans down and whispers something to the bloodhound while scratching behind his big floppy ear. Lucky fucking dog.

“That’s Charlie,” she says, filling me in on all of the town details. “He’s the best Search and Rescue dog in the state.”

Charlie is cute, but I can’t stop staring at his owner. The way he’s so strong yet so tender and gentle with the dog. I can’t help but picture those hands on me and it’s giving me shivers.

Julian stands up and heads back inside the Search and Rescue office with Charlie. My heart sinks when the door closes and I can no longer ogle him.

Trish stands up and laughs when she sees me still staring at the door in shock.

“Get used to it, girl,” she says as she puts a hand on my shoulder while walking past me. “The Greene Mountains are full of hot mountain men like him. Hottest spot in the universe.”

“But... Why? How?”

She shrugs. “It’s best not to ask too many questions and just enjoy the view.”

I’m already feeling like this guy has gotten under my skin. I want to see him again. I *need* to see him again.

“Does Julian ever come in here?” I ask. Even I can hear the desperation in



my tone.

Trish laughs. “Pace yourself, Abby. You just got here.”

“But does he?” I have to know.

“Once in a while,” she says. “But people with abs like those don’t eat a lot of Danishes. He’s also part owner of the bungee jump. It operates on the Angel Arc Bridge on the weekends. You can try your luck there.”

*Bungee jumping?*

A customer walks into the bakery, so Trish excuses herself and hurries down the stairs.

My head is spinning as I stare at the closed door of the Search and Rescue across the street.

Bungee jumping sounds terrifying. It’s something I *never* would have done in the past. I wouldn’t even have considered it. I would have laughed in your face if you asked me to go.

I rub the tattoo on my wrist as I take a deep breath.

“Be bold,” I whisper.

Fuck caution and fuck playing it safe.

I’m here to be adventurous. I’m here to be bold.

I look around at my amazing new apartment and smile. Look what being daring has gotten me so far... All of this.

That’s it. Tomorrow morning, I’m heading to the Angel Arc Bridge. I’m going to flirt with the hot owner and then I’m going to leap right off the bridge without any hesitation.

I’m going to be bold.

Even if it terrifies me.

## Chapter Two

---

*Abby*

“**W**here are you off to looking all cute?” Trish asks when I walk through the bakery the next morning. I’m heading for the door in my running shoes, shorts, and a tank top.

She glances at my tank top and smirks. It’s a tad on the low-cut side. It’s a tank top for getting noticed and that’s what I have planned for today—to get noticed.

“Going out and about,” I say innocently as I pass the customer standing at the cash. It’s a woman in her late twenties with big sunglasses propped up in her long black hair.

“Are we getting lost in the woods or are we leaping off a bridge?” Trish asks with a chuckle.

The customer turns and looks at me funny. Trish laughs when she sees the woman’s face.

“She’s new in town,” Trish explains to the confused customer. “She saw Julian Long yesterday.”

“Ohhh,” the woman says, looking like it’s all coming together. “He’s so

hot. My sister was in love with him for ten years.”

“Ten years?” I say, feeling horrible for her poor sister. I’ve been in love with him for ten hours and it’s been torture. I can’t imagine a decade of unrequited love with that gorgeous man.

“Give or take,” she says with a shrug. “She’s married now. Her husband is so annoying. He only talks about golf. Gross.”

“So, what is it?” Trish says, ignoring her. “Woods or bridge?”

“Bridge,” I say with a nervous fluttering in my stomach. I’m still not sure if I can actually take the leap. I’m not a fan of heights, and I’m definitely not a fan of launching myself over them.

“Here, eat something,” Trish says as she tosses me a warm bagel. “Try not to puke it out all over the hot bungee instructor.”

I thank her and hurry out with a laugh. Knowing me and my luck, that’s probably something I’d do.

The sun is out and the weather is perfect. I can’t help but smile as I look around at this incredible town. I still can’t get over it. I’m still shocked that a place like this exists. Why didn’t I move here sooner?

There’s a crisp freshness in the air that seems to be seeping into my soul because I’m walking a little faster with an exuberant energy that I’m not used to having.

My eyes wander over to the Search and Rescue building as I walk by it. I feel my cheeks blushing when I remember the gorgeous view of Julian saving that sweet little girl.

I was thinking about it all night. Those big protective arms holding up that lucky girl, the look in his eyes, the way he was so calm and cool, like he saved people every day and it was no big deal.

I even woke up in the middle of the night in a heated sweat. The sheets were twisted around my sweaty body, my heart was pounding, my sex was *on fire*, and Julian’s gorgeous image was planted in my brain like a stubborn root that I couldn’t get out.

The only way I could get back to sleep was by touching myself to quench some of the burning heat. I came harder than I've ever come before.

I take a deep breath and hurry past the building like I'm guilty of something.

Once I turn the corner, I breathe a little easier. I pass a cool restaurant with a big terrace that the servers are setting up. There's a restaurant and large bar section inside with shelves of bottles lit up in a funky blue glow. It looks like it's the place to be at night.

I look up at the sign and smile. *Jack Jameson's Bar and Grill*. I'll have to try it out. Hopefully with a hot certain someone from Search and Rescue accompanying me.

The Angel Arc Bridge is about a thirty-minute walk, but I don't mind at all. The scenery is spectacular, the streets are fun, and I'm using the time to psych myself up.

I can't be timid and shy with a guy like Julian. He probably has dozens of women throwing themselves at him every week. I have to make an impression on him. I have to be bold and adventurous.

That's the kind of girl he must like. I mean, he works in Search and Rescue in the mountains and owns a bungee jump on the side. He's got to be the adventurous type to do all of that and I'm sure he wants a girl who can keep up.

I'm thinking about him the whole way—as I walk along the road next to the babbling creek, while I gaze up at the giant trees that run along a cute little street with the most adorable houses, and as I start to follow a road that leads deeper into the mountains. Mr. Julian Long is dominating my mind. I want to know everything about him. It's driving me crazy that I know so little.

I tried to stalk him online, but all I found was an old Facebook profile with three pictures of a much younger Charlie on it. Not one of him. Talk about disappointing.

I walk around a bend and a giant arched bridge appears in the distance. My feet stop and I gasp when I see it. It's *massive*.

The enormous thing is wedged between two mountains and far down below is a raging river running underneath. It's all steel and so freaking high.

My heart starts pounding violently the closer I get. Those rapids underneath are *intense*.

*I'm going to have to jump off that thing? Are you kidding me?*

Maybe I'm not the adventurous girl that Julian is looking for. Maybe I'm not the girl for him.

That thought makes me want to cry, but then I look at the tattoo on my wrist and I steel myself. I suck it up and walk over with my shoulders back and my head up.

I am that kind of girl. *I get to choose who I am.*

There are about twenty or so people on the bridge. Some are waiting for their turn to jump and some are just watching. I'm looking everywhere but I don't see Julian.

Should I still jump even if he's not here?

I decide to jump no matter what. I have to be adventurous for me, not for some guy.

A scream echoes along the canyon as a girl jumps over. I'm walking up from behind, so I don't see her. I just hear her terrified scream turn into a joyful one after the cord bounces back up.

"Oh my god," I whisper with a fluttering in my stomach. My body is screaming at me to turn around, but I keep walking down the dirt path until I arrive on the steel bridge. Old train tracks run along it, but they look like they haven't been used in decades. This bridge looks like it's only used for one thing—to terrify tourists.

"Hello," a girl in her early twenties says as she walks up to me with a smile. She's wearing a light blue vest with *Greene Mountain Bungee* written on it. Her name tag says Ivy. "Are you here to watch or to jump?"

“Umm... jump,” I say with a gulp.

She laughs. “You don’t look too sure.”

“I’m sure,” I say with a shakiness in my voice. “I’m ready.”

“Great! I’m Ivy and welcome to Greene Mountain Bungee.” She tells me what to expect and what I have to do. I can’t help but think she looks familiar. She has long blonde hair and bright blue eyes. Is she...?

“Are you the owner?” I ask when she’s getting out the forms.

“Part owner,” she says. “I own it with my brother Julian.”

“Oh...” I say as I get tingles all over. “Cool.”

“He’s the one who will be strapping you in,” she says like it’s nothing. My body gets tight all over as she continues. “I need you to sign this release form and put your information here.”

I can barely read it. My nerves are going to be shot after this. From the jump, from Julian—the next thirty minutes are going to be wild.

“You have a choice,” Ivy says, “of dipping into the river or stopping above it.”

“Oh.”

“You don’t have to decide now,” she says. “You can take a look and then let my brother Julian know.”

I tap my credit card on the machine and Ivy smiles. “Great! You can wait in line on the bridge and go when you’re ready. You can watch a few jumps first if you want to see what you’re in for.”

“It’s safe, right?”

She nods her head reassuringly. “*Very* safe. You’ll be in good hands with my brother. He’ll take care of you properly.”

My cheeks blush as I force out a smile. I’m hoping she can’t tell that my mind is full of dirty thoughts right now. They’re all featuring her brother’s ‘good hands’ and I’m thinking of all the ways that he can ‘take care of me properly.’

Ivy leaves to greet another couple walking up the dirt road behind me, so

I take a deep breath and walk onto the steel bridge.

Another person leaps off. It's a guy this time, but you wouldn't know it by the sound of his high-pitched squeal as he goes over.

My eyes are locked on the area near the platform, but I can't see much with all of the people blocking the view. Finally, I get to a spot with an unobstructed view and I see Julian looking over the edge.

"*Fuck,*" I whisper when I see him from behind. He does have a nice ass. I knew it.

His blond hair is tied back in a ponytail and he's wearing a light blue Polo and jeans. His muscular back looks massive as he reaches over and grabs onto the thick bungee cord.

A deep sexual throbbing unleashes itself in my body while I watch him start to pull the cord up. There's a machine that pulls the cord up as well, but I guess it's too slow for him, or maybe he's getting his exercise in, because he's doing it all himself.

I walk to the side, trying to get a better view. My eyes are locked on him. He's so fucking hot.

His large feet are rooted on the ground and his thick muscular legs are spread apart as he wraps the heavy cord around his flexed forearm and starts pulling.

My mouth drops as I stare at him in awe. His shoulders, arms, and chest all flex whenever he pulls back with a grunt. He heaves and pulls the cord up a few feet at a time, moving faster than the machine over his head ever could.

This is worth the price of admission right here. His large back muscles clenching, his arms jacked to the max, this guy can really put on a show.

He pulls the man up and unties the bungee cord from his legs.

A couple goes next and he ties them both together. I don't know if I'd ever be up for that. I'd be too worried my jumping partner would head butt me in the mouth or something.

I slip into the line and watch them jump over. They both scream all the

way down. The river is raging under them—white rapids and jutting rocks. If that cord snaps, you're as good as dead.

They both touch the water, dipping their hands and heads. They come back up dripping wet.

The view is incredible as Julian pulls them up, grunting with every powerful heave. His muscles clench and strain with the effort of pulling up two people. I clench and strain with the effort of holding back a moan.

There are six people in front of me. The next girl who goes is really nervous. I keep my eye on Julian and smile when I see how he calms her down.

"I got you," he says in a soft soothing voice. "I won't let anything happen to you. I promise."

"Okay," the girl says as she stares into his gorgeous blue eyes like she's hypnotized by them. "I'll do it."

She jumps over and I feel a pang of jealousy for some reason. I don't want this guy to be looking out for anyone but me.

The next guy is nervous too and again, Julian calms him down and gets him to jump. He's so good with people. He calms down the nervous ones and has fun with the excited ones. He jokes around and I can tell he really enjoys this.

There's only one person left in front of me. A man in his forties. He chickens out last minute and practically flees in a panic.

I'm up next.

Julian is busy pulling up the large overweight man who screamed the whole way down. Just as he's about to pull him onto the platform, he glances over and spots me for the first time.

I freeze. My heart clenches with the full force of those dazzling blue eyes on me. They're so *intense*.

Julian's mouth drops open as he stares at me in shock. He seems to forget that he's pulling a guy up because his body goes slack and the cord jerks out



of his hands. The cord unravels and the large guy screams all over again as he does a second unexpected bungee jump for free.

Julian never takes his heated eyes off me. He's staring at me like he might never look away.

His big barrel of a chest is heaving up and down with every heavy breath he takes.

The eye contact is pure fire. It's smoldering as we stare at each other with the intensity of an exploding star.

The guy never stops screaming even though his second bonus jump is finished. Julian finally seems to click back into reality and begins the arduous task of pulling the heavy guy back up. I begin the fun task of watching him.

He keeps glancing over at me every two seconds and the feeling of those blue eyes on me—looking so possessive, looking so hungry—makes my whole body come alive.

Something is happening between us. He definitely wasn't looking at the other girls like this—even the cute brunette with the big chest. He's looking at me like he's seeing a girl for the first time.

I'm not sure if it's a good idea to be distracting a bungee jump operator like this, but I'm not leaving now. No freaking way.

Julian pulls the guy up and unties his feet. He keeps looking at me. Like, a lot.

“Next,” he says in that deep sexy voice that rumbles out like thunder.

His eyes are locked on me as I walk over and hand him my ticket. I'm trying to be cool, but my cheeks are blushing and the corners of my mouth are curling up in a smile.

He's even bigger up close. I just want to lean in and smell his masculine scent.

“Abby Reynolds?” he says after he reads my name on the ticket.

I clasp my hands together, straighten my arms, and roll up on my toes. “Present!”

“You are a gift, that’s for sure,” he whispers to himself, low enough that I can barely hear it.

I’m so nervous. My stomach has been invaded by butterflies. I’ve never done anything like this before—the bungee jumping *or* the stalking. They’re both new territories for me.

“Have you ever jumped before?”

“No,” I say, although I already feel like I’m falling.

“Are you nervous?”

I stare up at him with my heart galloping. “A little.”

“I won’t let anything hurt you,” he says like it’s a promise. He’s staring at me and the magnetism between us is running wild. “You’re mine to protect.”

I swallow hard. “Okay. Thanks... Julian.”

He smiles when he hears his name on my lips. Luckily, he has a name tag on so I don’t have to embarrassingly explain how I know who he is.

He brings me over to the cord and leans down to tie me up. My body shivers when I feel those big strong hands wrapping around my ankles.

My pussy pulses, probably expecting those hands to make their way up, but she’s going to be mighty disappointed when she realizes that my ankles and calves are the only ones getting any hot mountain man action.

He tightens the straps on me as I stare down at him. A flood of warmth flows through me at having him so close. His head is *right there*.

“Do you want to get wet?” he asks in a deep throaty voice.

“Excuse me?” I say, nearly choking on my words.

“Do you want to touch the river?”

“Oh. Okay,” I say with a shrug. Wait, do I? I don’t want to butt heads with a fish...

It’s too late. Those big hands adjust the cord and he’s done.

“Alright,” he says as he looks up at me with a smile. “You’re all set.”

I step onto the platform and look over. My stomach drops. I get dizzy. Heated arousal turns to frantic nerves.

I instinctively recoil with a gasp. I try to step back, but my legs are strapped together and I fall.

Julian catches me with those big beautiful arms.

“You got this, Abby” he whispers in my ear. “I know you’re the kind of woman who can move the world. You can do anything, beautiful girl.”

I don’t want to let him down.

I don’t want to let myself down either.

I take a deep breath and look at the words tattooed onto my wrist.

“Be bold, bitch,” I whisper.

And then I leap off the bridge.

## Chapter Three

---

*Julian*

**S**he leaps off and my heart goes with her.

*What the hell just happened?*

I'm still in shock as I lunge on the railing and watch her fall.

I've set up thousands of jumps at this point, but this is the first time I've been worried. There's a lump in my throat as I watch her plummet, praying the cord is strong enough to hold her. My whole life is tied to the end of that cord. My future, my dreams, my girl—it's all falling away from me.

I gasp in relief when the cord tightens. Her head and arms dip into the river and she flies back up.

Her joyful screams echo through the canyon. They bring a smile to my face as I listen to her. It's the most breathtaking sound I've ever heard.

My adrenaline is pumping as I watch her tumble back down and then bounce to a stop. She's swinging around with her arms wide open like an angel.

I don't know who she is, but she's changed everything already. I can feel my obsession with her digging into my soul. It's taking root in there and I

know it won't ever go away.

She's the one for me. I don't know how I know, but I do. Every cell in my body knows it.

This girl is *mine*.

The pulley motor begins to groan and roar as it gets to work, pulling up my angel. It's not fast enough for me, so I grab the cord and pull her up as fast as I can. I need to see her again.

My Abby.

I need to know what that tattoo on her wrist says. She read it aloud in a whisper before she jumped.

My arms and shoulders are burning as I pull the cord, desperate to be staring into those stunning green eyes once again.

I look over the edge and groan when I see her ass in those shorts. Her white tank top is all wet and plastered to those perky round tits. It's tucked in the front, but not in the back. I get an eyeful of soft pink skin and I suck in a breath as I imagine running my flat palm up her curved spine as I drive my cock deep into her.

*Oh fuck...*

I've gone and done it now. My cock is hardening. It's running along my thigh and tugging at the inside of my jeans. With every tug, it rubs on the rugged material and gets harder.

She squeals one last time before I pull her up. Her brown hair is still wavy even though it's all wet. The wide smile on her face is radiant. I wish I could take a picture of her right now. I'd blow it up and use it to wallpaper my living room.

She grabs onto my shoulders as I wrap my arms around her. She feels so good. So soft and curvy. She smells delicious too—like freshly baked bread and vanilla perfume. My mouth waters as I pull her against me and carry her onto the platform.

We're chest-to-chest as I lower her to her feet. Her shirt is wet, but I don't

care. I can feel her heart beating against mine. They're already synced up to the same rhythm. They're already beating for one another.

My arms are still wrapped tightly around her. I should let her go, but I can't seem to make myself do it. I'm not that strong.

I look down at her sexy little mouth. Droplets of river water cling to her lips. She licks them off and my cock lurches in my pants. My mouth waters.

She's so beautiful.

Her brown hair is a wild mess from the jump, but it makes her that much more appealing. She's brimming with adrenaline and excitement. Those alert green eyes look magical as they gaze into mine. She's still riding a high from the jump, or maybe it's from something else.

I gently take her arm and lift it to see her tattoo.

"Be bold," I whisper as I read it.

She smiles. "Okay."

She wraps her arms around my neck, steps on her toes, and kisses me.

*Fuuuuccck...*

Her soft little tasty lips touch mine and I'm *gone*.

I'll never be the same.

I flatten my palm on her back and hold her against me as I kiss her like I guarantee she's never been kissed before. I slide my ravenous tongue between her luscious lips and explore her mouth while drawing moans from deep inside her.

I slide my hand into her wild brown hair as we crush our lips together. Her soft tits are pressing into my chest and any hope I had of losing my erection disappears when I feel her hard nipples digging into my pecs.

Intense need and scorching desire thunder through me as I make her mine. I don't even care that there's a bridge full of people waiting and watching. I'm too busy enjoying my angel's sweet succulent taste.

"Umm, hello?" my sister's voice says as I feel an aggressive tapping on my shoulder.

I ignore her for as long as I can, savoring the moment with my Abby, but my younger sister can be persistent as hell. She won't stop until she gets her way.

"Julian!" she hisses in my ear. "Inappropriate!"

I don't care, but Abby pulls away with a shy little smile.

I turn and look at the lineup of people. There are about thirty of them—all staring at us in shock.

"Maybe you want to take your tongue out of that customer's mouth and remove her bungee cord?" Ivy says with her eyebrows up and her hands on her hips.

I'd like to throw my sister off this bridge next, but she's such a fighter, she'd probably take me down with her.

I don't think Abby wants to cause any more trouble because she sits on the stool and smiles up at me.

"Alright," I grunt at Ivy. "I'll take care of her."

"Yeah, that's what I'm worried about," she mutters before leaving.

I can't even be annoyed at her. Not with this angel sitting in front of me. I drop to my knee in front of her and an urge to ask her to marry me pops into my brain.

"That was amazing," she says, still smiling wide. Her adrenaline is still circulating through her body. It makes me wonder... Was that kiss caused by her feelings or by her adrenaline?

I look up at her face and I can suddenly feel my heart pounding in my chest. I can't get over her. The freckles dotting her blushing cheeks are adorable. I just want to freeze time so I can take as long as I want to study every inch of her. She's spectacular. Those cute little ears, that perfect nose, those white teeth that are all straight except for one that's a little curved. I *love* it. It just gives her smile that much more character and life.

Her breasts are spilling out of her tank top from hanging upside down for so long. I turn around with a possessive growl to see if any horny men in line

are looking at what's mine. I don't want to share this girl with anyone. I want her all to myself.

I force my head down and start to pull out the straps. I get the straps loose and then grip her calves as I guide her feet out.

Being so close to her legs like this—kneeling in front of them—is torture. I want her so badly. All I can think about is grabbing her knees and spreading her legs wide open.

She hops up from the stool when she's free.

"I... I need to see you again," I say, my voice thick with need. "Are you here on vacation?"

I don't know what I'll do if she says yes. I'll pick up and leave if I have to. I'll follow this beauty all over the globe to be by her side.

She shakes her head as she backs away with a smile. "I'm new in town."

The tension in my body releases. *Thank god.*

"Come see me at the bakery," she says with a grin. "I'm starting work there tomorrow."

All I can do is stare in stunned silence as she nibbles her bottom lip and then turns, bouncing away like she doesn't have a care in the world.

I never take my eyes off her as she leaves. She turns to look at me twice.

The first time, she smiles. I stare in stunned silence.

The second time, she blows me a kiss. I nearly pass out.

She disappears around the bend and I fight back the urge to chase after her.

I don't know what the hell has gotten into me. What was that?

My sister would like to know the same thing.

"What was that?" Ivy hisses in my face. Her fist is digging into her hip and she does not look happy. "In front of customers, Julian? Come on."

I shake my swirling head and apologize, even though I feel like there's nothing to apologize for. When you see your soul mate, you go for her with everything you got.



“Serve our customers please,” Ivy says with a roll of her eyes.

She charges away as I run a hand over my face, trying to get rid of this drunk feeling I got going on.

“Alright,” I call out to the crowd. “Who’s next?”

Three women are standing on the yellow line, squirming and pushing and elbowing each other while smiling brightly at me.

“I am!” all three of them say at the same time.

## Chapter Four

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*Abby*

“**O**h, you gotta be kidding me,” I grumble as my alarm blares beside my head. I reach over and grab my phone with a groan.

4:45.

This is going to be rough.

I roll out of bed (literally), go to the bathroom, brush my teeth, throw on some quick makeup, and head downstairs.

The bakery is already rolling. Trish is whipping around the place, checking on ovens, and working at a gazillion stations at once. Her spirit animal must be an octopus because she looks like she has eight arms. In the time it takes me to yawn, she's thrown spices into a bowl, taken a tray of bread loaves out of the oven, mixed another bowl, and washed three dishes. She's amazing.

I don't even know how to start, so I just throw an apron on and start washing the dirty dishes in the sink.

A weird guy who's about my age shuffles over with his mouth open. He has greasy black hair and thick round glasses that make his eyes look all

buggy. I can already tell he wasn't the most popular kid in high school. "Are you Abby?"

"Yeah," I say with a chipper smile. "That's me!"

"Do you like movie theories?"

"What?"

"Movie theories," he repeats like it's going to make any difference the second time I hear it.

What the hell is this guy even talking about? It's 5:02 in the morning, my body is screaming at me to lay on the counter and close my eyes, and this guy is talking to me about movie theories? Is there coffee anywhere?

I'm looking around as he gets comfortable beside me. He leans on the sink and pushes his glasses up his nose with his index finger.

"I run a forum," he says. "It's called Movie Theories That Will Blow Your Mind. Ever heard of it?"

"Um, no."

He seems shocked by that. "Really? Because we have over two thousand and one hundred members."

"Must have missed it," I say with a nervous laugh. "Should I start my training, or..."

"Sometimes we do TV theories, but we mostly stick to movies."

"Uh-huh," I mutter as I look past him at Trish. She's flying around the front like the Tasmanian Devil. She's busy pulling out a tray of buns with one hand while stirring a bowl with another. They smell sooo good.

"Scott, are you talking about those damn movie theories again?" Trish hollers when she sees him talking to me.

"No," Scott answers.

"Leave poor Abby alone," she says as she comes over and shoos him away. He returns to his station in the back.

"That's my nephew," she whispers. "I owed my sister a favor. You can just ignore him. Anyway, I'll be with you in a second. Great job with the

dishes. Love that initiative!”

I smile as she heads back to the front.

I go as fast as I can and get half of them done by the time Trish comes over, wiping her hands on her apron.

“Alright, Miss Reynolds. Let’s learn how to make blueberry Danishes.”

I’m all ears as she pulls out a bunch of ingredients. She’s barely started and I’m already lost. She’s moving so fast.

“And you’ll need to separate the egg yolks,” she says with her voice racing as she cracks an egg and then lets it slide through her fingers. She tosses the yellow part into the big bowl and saves the white part in another bowl. I didn’t even know you could do that. “Lemon juice, vanilla, and then mix it up until it’s nice and smooth.”

She waits for me.

“Oh!” I say when I realize she wants me to do it. I look around for a spoon or something to mix it with. I don’t see any spoons so I grab a ladle.

“What is that?” Trish says, staring at me like she got some of that lemon juice in her mouth. “Use the electric mixer or we’ll be here all day.”

“Oh. Right.”

I take way too long to put the little twirly thingies into the machine and then to look around and find a plug. Trish loses her patience and grabs it from me. She sets it up in two seconds flat and then hands it back.

I put it in the bowl, push the button, and half the ingredients fly onto the counter. Scott chuckles from where he’s spying on us at his station. Geez, even the weird nephew is laughing at me...

“Turn it on outside of the bowl and slowly put it in,” Trish says as she scoops up the ingredients with her hands and puts them back in the bowl. “Now, watch carefully.”

I’m trying to focus on her hands which are moving in a blur.

*Roll the puff pastry, I tell myself as she’s flying around the space. Trim the edges, brush it with egg white, make a pastry nest by folding in the*

*corners, put the blueberry filling inside.*

My head is swirling with all of the tasks by the time Trish has completed one Danish.

“The Danishes are the easiest thing to make in the bakery, so you can start with them.”

My mouth drops. *That’s* the easiest thing to make in the bakery?! I’m so screwed.

“Got it?” Trish asks.

“Um, yeah. I think so.”

“Good. Make nineteen.”

“Nineteen?!” I nearly screech.

“Actually, make twenty,” she says as she puts hers into the oven. “I’m going to eat this one.”

*Twenty. Twenty Danishes. I’m in way over my head.*

I spot my tattoo and take a deep breath.

*Be bold, Abby. Be bold.*

“No problem, boss,” I say in a firm confident voice. “Coming right up.”

“I knew I liked you,” Trish says with a smile before hurrying over to an oven that’s beeping. She’s not going to like me so much when she sees the twenty sorry mangled Danishes that come out of the oven.

I look at all of the ingredients laid out in front of me and take a deep breath. Trish gave me a wrinkled-up paper with the recipe written on it. It’s all scribbled in runny black ink and I can barely read it.

I glance at Scott, hoping he can help me. He’s drawing stick figures with his finger into the flour poured on the counter.

I guess I’m on my own.

I shouldn’t have taken this job. I’ve never baked anything before that didn’t come out of a box and had max two other ingredients.

“Stop,” I whisper to myself, trying to stop myself from spiraling. “It’s a fucking blueberry Danish. You can do it.”

I roll up my sleeves and get to work.

## Chapter Five

---

*Julian*

“**W**ill you get away from the fucking window?” Colin grunts.

Aiden laughs as he looks over an old map of Bearskin Mountain. He’s always studying one map or another. The guy is obsessed with them.

Almost as obsessed as I am with the new girl in town.

I ignore them both and stare out the window at the bakery across the street. I’ve been waiting all morning to go in. I was going to head over there first thing, but Aiden said I should let her focus on working considering it was her first day on the job instead of going over there and distracting her.

It’s been torturous, but I haven’t gone over yet.

“You don’t understand,” I tell them as I watch a woman go into the bakery. “You didn’t witness the chemistry between us. It was magical.”

Aiden chuckles. “Magical? What did you do with our Julian?”

“It was magical,” I repeat as I glare at him. “Colin, you understand.”

He nods. He was in love with Molly since he was a kid. They dated for years and then she broke his heart when she left to study to be a vet in London. They got back together last year and they had a baby a few months

ago.

“Aiden doesn’t know because he hasn’t met his soul mate yet,” Colin says as he leans down and scratches behind Charlie’s ear. The bloodhound drops onto his back with a happy groan.

“Soul mate,” Aiden says with a laugh as he traces his fingertip along a river. “What a ridiculous concept.”

Last week, I would have agreed with him. But I’ve met mine and now I know that they’re *very* real.

“Hello!” The door opens and Molly walks in with their baby Stacy. She’s six months old and absolutely adorable.

Colin rushes over and grabs his daughter. He kisses Molly on the lips and takes her bag.

“Sorry to barge in on you like this,” Molly says, looking a little flustered. “Tyler Becker from the Greene Mountain Stables called and he needs me to look at a horse. Do you mind taking Stacy for an hour or two?”

Colin is tossing Stacy up in the air and catching her. I can’t help but smile at her cute laugh despite the fact that my insides are all twisted up.

“Of course not,” Colin says as he blows a raspberry on Stacy’s stomach. She squeals in delight as she grabs Colin’s big bushy beard. “I’ll never say no to spending time with my little pumpkin.”

“Thank you,” Molly says as she pulls out a metal tin from her bag. “Sorry guys. Here’s some cookies for the trouble.”

She tosses them onto the table. Aiden leaps on it, but my stomach is in so many knots that I can’t even eat.

“What’s wrong with him?” Molly asks when she sees me staring out the window like a lost puppy.

“He’s in love,” Aiden says with a mouthful of cookie.

“With the new baker,” Colin adds.

“They’re ‘soul mates,’” Aiden says with those annoying little finger quotations.



I turn and glare at him. “We are.”

“When did this all happen?” Molly asks.

I tell her about the most amazing moment of my life. She’s got a big smile on her face, but it’s not a mocking one like Aiden and Colin were giving me when I told them. It’s real.

“Have you gone over to talk to her?” she asks.

“No,” I say as I look at my watch. “They said I should wait until the rush ends.”

“It’s eleven thirty,” she says with a shrug. “You could go now.”

My back straightens. “Really?”

She nods. “I think so.”

That’s all I needed to hear. I check myself in the mirror and rush out the door.

## Chapter Six

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*Abby*

I'm sitting at the cash hoping no one comes in. Trish had to run out to pick up some dry cleaning and Scott is somewhere in the back doing god knows what. Trish gave me a quick lesson on the cash, but it was about as thorough as her lesson on the Danishes and look how they turned out.

I wince as I glance at the bottom shelf in the glass display. All twenty of my pathetic deformed Danishes are still there. No one bought any. Trish even marked them half off, but there still weren't any takers. Honestly, I don't blame them. They look like they were run over by a truck.

At first, I thought that blueberry Danishes might not be a popular item until I asked Scott.

"People love 'em," he said. "They always sell out by noon."

Well, that made me feel like garbage. It's almost noon and we haven't sold any.

I drop my head with a sigh. It's been a rough day so far. I don't know if I can do it.

Trish keeps a bunch of romance novels on the shelf under the cash

register and I distract myself by picking one up and looking at the cover.

*Lust On The Open Seas* by Adrianna Remington.

I smile when I see the big hunky pirate captain on the cover. It kind of looks like Julian. At the thought of him, I'm back on the bridge in his arms with his lips on mine.

It was so incredible. Just thinking about it now gives me goosebumps.

I still can't believe I kissed him. It must have been the adrenaline surging through my veins because I've never done anything like that before. Not even close.

I'm still a virgin. I've never had desire burning through me like that. I didn't even know lust could be that intense. That urgent and demanding.

I don't think I could have stopped myself if I tried.

My body starts to get all tingly as I think about how it felt to be kissing him, to have his powerful hands on me, to have his hard cock pressing against my hip. My whole body was craving that long hard dick. I wanted it like I've never wanted anything before.

I swallow a moan as I turn on the stool and gaze out the window at the Search and Rescue building across the street.

I'm staring at the big wooden door and picturing myself lost in the mountains. My clothes are shredded and falling off from all of the thorn bushes when Julian comes marching over the ridge to save me.

The door across the street suddenly opens and I jerk up out of my daydream with a gasp when I see Julian walking out.

Those sexy blue eyes are locked on the bakery. My heart starts hammering away as he crosses the street, heading right for me.

"Oh my god," I whisper as I watch him come.

He looks even hotter in his Search and Rescue uniform than he did in his bungee uniform. He's wearing gray pants and a navy blue Polo with their logo on it. Those huge arms are bursting out of the tight sleeves. He's so freaking hot.

“*Oh boy,*” I whisper as he gets to the door. He yanks it open and steps in.

“Hello,” I say with a smile that spreads across my whole face.

He smiles back. A big beautiful smile that’s filled with relief and happiness. “Hello.”

I missed that deep voice.

My body tingles as we stare at each other with big smiles on our faces like we’re two lovesick puppies.

“So, the first movie theory you have to know,” Scott says as he walks in from the back at the *worst* possible time, “is the Pixar Theory.”

“Scott, I’m with a client,” I say with my eyes still on Julian.

He doesn’t seem to hear me. Or maybe he doesn’t care. “The Pixar Theory states that all of the Pixar movies are set within the same canonical universe,” he says as he sits on the counter. “Crazy, I know, but there’s a lot of evidence to suggest this is true. It all starts with *The Good Dinosaur*. This is the first movie on the Pixar timeline. In the very first scene, the asteroid heading for this alternative Earth misses the planet! Thus begins, the Pixar universe.”

What the hell is this guy jabbering on about? Pixar movies? Dinosaurs? Doesn’t he know he’s an adult?

He keeps going on about animals evolving speech and intelligence and I’m already lost.

Meanwhile, Julian is walking through the store, looking at all of the baked goodies on display. I cringe when he leans down and looks at my mutant blueberry Danishes.

“I’m glad we’re working together because this is going to take *hours* to explain,” Scott says as he pushes his glasses up.

“Yeah, it’s going to be great,” I say in a flat voice. Julian chuckles.

“I’ll go through each movie one at a time,” Scott says, completely oblivious to my lack of interest. “People always want to ask about *Wall-E*, but we’ll get there eventually. *Wall-E* is set after the apocalypse on Earth. It’s

all going to make sense soon.”

“Isn’t that the oven ringing?” I ask, trying to get rid of him.

His face scrunches up. “I don’t hear anything.”

“I think Trish wanted the garbage taken out,” I say, desperate to be alone with this hunky mountain man again.

He shakes his head. “No, it’s not full enough. Trish gets mad if we waste garbage bags.”

I drop my head with a grunt of frustration when he continues.

“But how do you explain the superhuman people in *The Incredibles*?” he says, more to himself than to me. “Well, I’m glad you asked.”

“I didn’t ask.”

“Superhumans arrive on the Pixar timeline around—“

“Excuse me,” Julian interrupts in his deep voice.

Scott’s mouth is open as he turns to him. I’m not sure if he even noticed that Julian was in the store. “Yeah?”

“If I buy a cake, can you write something on it?”

Scott looks the massive man up and down. “Yeah.”

Julian goes through his phone and hands it over. “Here. Write this on a cake.”

Scott slides off the counter and takes the phone. “What’s this?”

“It’s *Harry Potter*. Start writing from line one.”

“I won’t get the whole book on a cake.”

I snort out a laugh.

Scott is serious.

“Get as much as you can,” Julian says, trying not to laugh.

“Okay,” Scott says as he pushes his glasses up his nose, “but it’s going to take a long time.”

Julian grins. “Perfect.”

Scott disappears into the back with a large cake and we’re suddenly alone again. My pulse starts racing as the air charges with excitement and

possibility.

Julian's sexy blue eyes are locked on me as he comes over and leans on the counter seductively. He smells so good. Like cologne and the mountains. I just want to cuddle up to him and breathe in his masculine scent until I'm dizzy.

"Big Harry Potter fan?" I ask with a grin.

He smiles and it makes me blush. "Hogwarts for life, baby."

"I bet you'd be a Gryffindor," I say. Gryffindors are brave, chivalrous, and they help people. What better characteristics would describe a man like Julian who works in Search and Rescue?

"You're probably right," he says. "Which house would you be?"

I give him a flirty grin. "Hopefully, whichever one you'd be in."

He smiles and my chest starts to flutter.

"But I'd probably be a Hufflepuff. They value hard work, patience, loyalty, and fair play. I think that fits me pretty well."

"I'll try my best to play fair," he says with a tilt of his head.

He's already not playing fair with that killer smile.

"Did you save any lost kids today?" I ask.

He shakes his head. "No. I just sat around thinking about you."

Oh, man. Now I'm blushing. This guy is too much.

"How's your first day of work going?"

I sigh as reality comes crashing back down. "I made blueberry Danishes. Twenty of them."

"How'd they turn out?"

"The Danes would throw me in prison if they saw them."

He chuckles. "Are there any left? I want to try one."

"Trust me, you don't," I say with a laugh. "They're horrible. They're defective. I don't know what went wrong."

He leans down and looks at them on the bottom of the glass display case. "Are these the ones?"

I cover my face with my hands, too embarrassed to look at him.

“I’d like to buy one please.”

“No, you don’t,” I blurt out. “No one wants to buy those.”

“I don’t care what anyone else wants. I want one.”

“Alright,” I say as I slip off the stool. “It’s your funeral.”

I look them over with a wince. They’re either undercooked or burnt to a crisp. Not one of them is cooked properly.

I take the least mangled one with the tongs and hand it over. He takes it with his big strong fingers and while looking me in the eyes, he bites into it with his sexy mouth.

“Delicious,” he says as he chews.

My cheeks go hotter than the ovens behind me when I hear crackling and his face twists up for a second. He’s eating an eggshell. I can hear it.

He hides it well, pretending it’s a fluffy Danish and not a thick dense brick of pastry with eggshells scattered throughout. He gets serious bonus points for keeping a straight face.

“Spit it out,” I beg. “You don’t have to eat it.”

“It’s delicious,” he says before taking another bite. I wince when I hear more eggshells breaking between his teeth.

This is so humiliating.

“Where are you from, Abby?” he asks when he’s done. I think we’re both relieved that it’s over.

I tell him all about my life back in Sacramento and why I moved. He’s hanging on every word. It’s intimidating to have such a gorgeous guy fully focused on me while I’m speaking, but it’s also pretty cool.

Just as I’m about to ask him about his life here in the Greene Mountains, Scott returns with the cake.

“I got to the part where Mr and Mrs Dursley wake up,” Scott says as he puts the cake on the counter.

I chuckle when I see it. There are paragraphs of text on the cake written in

thin black icing. Even I have to admit that he did a pretty good job.

“That’s thirty-five dollars,” Scott says as he enters it into the cash register.

“Great,” Julian says as he pulls out his wallet. “And I’ll take twenty blueberry Danishes.”

“You don’t have to!” I say, jumping in.

Julian grins at me. “I told you, they’re delicious.”

Scott’s face scrunches up. “*Those* Danishes?” he says as he points at the disfigured ones I made.

“I want them,” Julian says in a firm voice. “They’re the best Danishes I’ve ever had.”

Scott is looking at him like he’s crazy, but he shrugs and then starts packing them up.

“Thank you,” I mouth to Julian while smiling shyly.

He winks at me and it makes me feel like the most special woman in the whole world.

I can’t wait to tell Trish that they’re all sold when she comes back. It’s the type of win I needed today.

He pays for everything and even insists on paying full price. He’s so freaking sweet.

“When can I see you again?” Julian asks.

“I work Sunday to Thursday,” Scott says. “You can come see me here. Or, we can go bowling or hang out in my room whenever you want. Do you like movie theories?”

I giggle behind my hand.

“I was talking to the lady.”

Scott turns back and looks at me. “Oh.”

“I’m free tonight,” I say with a playful shrug.

“I’ll take you out for dinner,” he says like it’s a statement and not a question. “I’ll pick you up at eight?”



“Eight works,” I say, trying to hide the explosive smile that’s trying to burst out.

He takes his Harry Potter cake and his large bag of gnarled Danishes and smiles at me. “See you then.”

We look at each other for a long moment and then he leaves with a smile.

I immediately turn to the window and watch him cross the street with my pulse racing.

Scott stands beside me at the window. “Can I come too?”

## Chapter Seven

---

*Abby*

I slip out the back door a few minutes before Julian is supposed to pick me up. Excited nerves tingle through me as the cool evening breeze washes over my face.

I hope I look okay. I hope he's going to like me.

I'm wearing a white summer dress that makes me look curvier than I am and some open-toed flats that aren't so bad to walk in. I'm having an amazing hair day and my makeup turned out really well. I look pretty damn good, I must say.

My heart is thumping as I walk around the building to the sidewalk. I spot him waiting for me, looking ravishing in some beige chino pants and a short-sleeved buttoned-down collared shirt. The sleeves are rolled up on his biceps once or twice and the sight of those carved muscular arms are making me a little lightheaded.

"Wow," he whispers when he spots me approaching. "You are stunning."

I smile shyly, my cheeks blushing *again*. "Thank you," I say. "You look very nice too."

Which is the understatement of the century...

The sun is starting to set, but it's summer, so it's taking its time. The vast Montana sky is a gorgeous panorama of vibrant colors and vivid mountain peaks. The moon is out and some party animal birds are still out in the sky, flying past their bedtime. It's perfect. A perfect night for a date that might change everything.

"I'm happy to see you're still alive," I say with a shy laugh. "My Danishes didn't kill you."

"No," he says with a playful grin. "But I think they chipped a tooth."

"Sorry, no refunds," I say with my palms up. "You buy my baking at your own risk."

He laughs and all of the nervous nerves are replaced with excited ones. This is going to be a fun date.

"What did you do with that Harry Potter cake?" I ask. "Are you going to throw a Hogwarts-themed party?"

"Maybe I will. But sorry, no Hufflepuffs allowed."

"No fair."

"Maybe I could make an exception for the hot local baker," Julian says with a grin. "Did you see how much text that guy put on it? It was impressive."

"I just hope the bakery doesn't get sued for copyright infringement," I say with a laugh.

He smiles at me. "My mouth is sealed."

I hope it's not sealed for long... I want another one of those delicious kisses.

"So, where are you taking me?"

He takes my hand and practically swallows the whole thing in his. His hands are enormous.

"I thought we could try the place around the corner."

"Jack Jameson's?" I say with a giddy smile. "I was hoping you were

going to take me there!”

“Then, let’s go.”

We hold hands as we walk and I’m struck at how different my life is now. This town, this man, this job—all completely different from the boring life I was living last week.

I’m still a little in awe of it all as we walk down the cobblestone sidewalk, chatting easily as we stop at the windows of the independent shops and look at the cute displays.

“So, bungee jumping, huh?” I say as we round the corner. “What’s the story with that?”

“Life is always better with some adventure,” he says with a smile. “Don’t you think?”

I do now. Look where embracing adventure has brought me—out here on a perfect night with a perfect man.

“Our town was missing a bungee jump operator, so I opened one with my sister.”

“Ivy, right?”

He nods. “Yeah, you’re going to love her.”

I hope she likes me. She didn’t seem too impressed that I jumped her brother’s bones after my jump.

“Do you own that bridge?”

“No,” he says with a grin. “That would be pretty cool, but we just lease the spot from the town. It’s an old railway bridge, but no one’s used it in over twenty years. I thought, hey, why not put it to use?”

“And jump off it?”

“Exactly.”

The restaurant is already full. The terrace is packed and there are people standing everywhere in front waiting for tables. It must be the hottest place in town.

Julian squeezes my hand and pulls me through the crowd to the hostess

stand. All the girls stop what they're doing to ogle him.

I should be jealous, but I'm not. I'm smiling. They can look all they want, but he's mine. At least for tonight.

"Reservation for Long," he says to the girl looking at him with wide eyes. She grabs two menus and brings us to our table.

I already love this place. It has such a fun atmosphere. The music is upbeat and lively, the people are all dressed up nice and looking happy as they talk and laugh at their tables, and the food... My mouth is already watering as a waiter passes us holding a bunch of plates that are overflowing with delicious-looking meals. I can't believe this place is within walking distance of my apartment.

As we're walking through the dining room to the bar, I can't help but notice all of the large men around. I'm starting to see what Trish was talking about. Why she loves this place. This town is full of tall muscular handsome mountain men. It's unreal.

The hostess brings us to a booth and Julian lets me sit in the better side—the one that looks out onto the whole restaurant.

"Enjoy your meal," the hostess says, giving Julian a quick glance before leaving.

He smiles at me as we get comfortable.

There's a little lamp on the end of the table that's casting nice warm lighting over us. Julian's blue eyes are shining as he sneaks a peek at me before opening his menu.

I thought first dates were supposed to be awkward, but there's none of that. All I feel is a tingling of excitement vibrating through my bones. I don't know why I feel so optimistic and positive about this guy already. I just have a gut feeling telling me that this is something special.

The waitress comes and we order our food and some fun cocktails.

She turns to me before she leaves. "Hey, didn't I see you working at the Warm Loaf Bakery?"

“Yeah,” I say as I perk up. I’m already being recognized around town. That’s pretty cool.

“I go there every morning for a coffee and a blueberry Danish,” she says. “Although, this week they didn’t look very good so I got a lemon muffin instead.”

I look at Julian and cringe.

“I thought they were great,” he says. “Best Danish I’ve ever had.”

“I’ll see you around,” the waitress says. “I’m Jenny.”

I smile at her. “Abby.”

Did I just make a new friend? Maybe it’s a little early for that, but she seems really nice.

“Nice save,” I say to Julian after she leaves.

“It’s true,” he says with a grin. “I loved them.”

“Oh really,” I say as I give him a look. “So, how did you lose your tastebuds?”

We both slide our hands across the wooden table until they’re touching. We’re like magnets. It’s like we always have to be touching each other.

“How old are you?” I ask him.

“Twenty-nine. You?”

“Twenty-three,” I say with a wince. “Am I too young for you?”

“You are perfect for me.”

How can I not blush at that?

The waitress returns with our drinks and I get a little shiver of excitement when I see my mango mojito. It’s in a cocktail glass shaped like a whiskey barrel with a wedge of mango and some mint as garnishes. Julian orders a Singapore sling, which I’ve always wanted to try.

“Want a sip?” he offers before I have to ask. I love it when people let you try their drinks. If I get a good cocktail, I’m offering sips to everyone.

“I’d love one.” He slides his glass over and I rest my hand on his while I put my lips on the straw. I take a sip, but I like mine better.

He takes a sip of mine and then we sit in a comfortable silence for a moment, just settling into the booth and into the evening with our drinks.

“I have a confession to make,” I tell him. He raises an eyebrow. “I saw you save that little girl.”

“Alice,” he says with a smile. “She was a cutie.”

“What happened?”

“She was on the trail with her parents and ran up ahead,” he says as I gaze into his beautiful blue eyes. “Took a few wrong turns and before she knew it, she was all mixed up. Instead of staying put until someone found her, she took off running, only it was in the wrong direction. It’s easy to get lost out there if you don’t know what you’re doing.”

“How long was she out there?”

“Only about an hour,” he says. “But the poor girl twisted her ankle.”

I swallow hard as I watch him put his sexy lips on the glass and take a sip. “They called us right away, but I was the only one working. I grabbed Charlie and took off. She hadn’t gone too far, so it was a piece of cake for Charlie once he got a whiff of her sweater.”

“I think it’s incredible what you do,” I say, looking at him in awe. “Saving people like that.”

He just smiles like it’s nothing. I don’t know... This guy... Everything about him screams marriage material. I can really see myself ending up with someone like him.

He’s sweet, funny, and he’s got just the right amount of possessiveness in the way he touches and looks at me. I’m really starting to fall for him.

This is already feeling like our fifth date instead of our first.

Trish’s voice pops into my head. “*Pace yourself, Abby. You just got here.*”

*Sorry, not going to happen, Trish.*

I’m jumping in with two feet.

And I’m not afraid of falling.

Not with this hunky mountain man here to catch me.



## Chapter Eight

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*Abby*

**A**fter our incredible dinner, we move over to the bar and have a few more drinks. We're having a great time. It's the best date I've ever had, by far.

"What was it like growing up in the mountains?" I ask Julian. We're turned on the stools, as close to each other as we can get without me sitting on his lap.

"The mountains were my playground," he tells me. "I was always wandering around the wilderness with my friends—hiking, camping, getting into trouble. It was the best way to grow up."

I smile as I picture Julian as a kid. I bet he was a mischievous one, but at the same time had all of his teachers eating out of his hand.

If I'm lucky enough to have kids one day, the Greene Mountains will be their playground too.

We talk for another hour until I spot the time and gasp. "It's midnight?"

"What time do you have to get up tomorrow?" he asks.

I don't even want to think about it. I want to stay in the moment with him

and not worry about tomorrow.

But at the same time, I can't be a walking zombie on my second day of work.

"My alarm is set for 4:45," I tell him.

He winces. "Ouch."

"Tell me about it."

"Let's get you home," he says with a sigh.

He insists on paying the bill and we get up and leave. The stars are out and we take our time walking back. I suddenly wish that my place was a little further away.

"There are so many stars out here," I say as I gaze up at the night sky. "It's so beautiful."

His hand slides into mine and I get a happy feeling all over.

I don't want this night to end.

He walks me to the bakery and I slide my key in the lock. I open the door a crack and then turn around, looking at him while biting my bottom lip seductively.

Those heated blue eyes are locked on mine as he steps forward, entering my personal space. My heart races. I want him to kiss me. I want to taste him again.

When his eyes drop to my mouth, I lick my lips and our bodies come together. I moan when I feel his strong arms wrapping around me and pulling me in close. I step on my toes and part my lips.

He takes my mouth in a hard demanding kiss that rips the air from my lungs and has me moaning on his tongue.

This kiss is hotter than the one on the bridge. It's more passionate. More desperate. All of the aching desire that's been building all night combusts in a heated frenzy of sliding tongues and pulling hands.

His big strong palms slide onto my ass and he pulls me against his hard body.

That big beautiful hard-on digs into my hip. I moan and grab a fistful of his shirt as I pull him inside.

We tumble through the doorway, neither of us wanting to release the kiss as we stumble into the dark bakery.

I kick the door closed and he pulls away, looking at me with a sexy heated look. I'm already so wet. I can feel my pussy *aching* as he fucks me with his eyes.

It's dark here, the only light coming from the light posts outside. They shine in through the horizontal blinds, casting stripes of shadows on the wall and on Julian.

I've never wanted anyone like I want him. Seeing him looking at me like this... I know I'm going all the way tonight. I want him to take my virginity. I want him to take everything.

We come back together, kissing hard and desperate as we crash into the counter. Those big hands are everywhere—on my thighs, on my ass, sliding up my ribs to grasp my breasts. My nipples are throbbing as he squeezes them. *Everything* is throbbing.

“*Oh, Julian,*” I moan as I drop my head back while he kisses my neck.

The fierce heat takes over my body. I need him...

I push my hip against his hard-on and he lets out a deep primal groan. He's so big. So long and hard.

His powerful hands are suddenly turning me around and bending me over the wooden counter. I gasp as he drops to his knees and pulls my dress up.

With a hungry groan, he spreads my ass cheeks apart and then grabs a hold of my panties. I'm so *wet*. I'm so ready for this.

I arch my back, wiggling my ass in his face to torture him.

“You're fucking perfect,” he growls as he pulls my panties down. “Let's see how wet I can make this little pussy.”

I'm breathing so heavily as I step out of my panties and he shoves them into his pocket. I doubt I'll be getting those back, but I don't care. He can

have them. He can have it all.

His big hands slide up the back of my thighs and over my bare ass. I step to the side, spreading my legs for him. He can see it all down there. My virgin pussy is on full display for his hungry eyes.

“*Beautiful,*” he whispers as he stares at me. The tingling in my body turns into a demanding throb between my legs. My pussy is *aching*. It’s making me whimper. I want to touch myself so badly, but I fight the strong urge and let Julian handle it for me.

With a possessive groan, he lunges between my legs and lays that ravenous mouth on me. I cry out when I feel his hot tongue sliding up my folds and dipping into my hole.

My body melts under the heat of his tongue. My legs tremble. My heart pounds. This fucking guy... I can’t get enough of him.

His lips wrap around my clit and he sucks it in a rhythmic motion, drawing an orgasm closer and closer. Just as it’s about to burst, he releases me and plays with my hole.

I’m dying...

“You’re so tight,” he growls between licks. He pulls away when he realizes why. “Are you a... virgin?”

“Yes,” I moan as I drop my forehead onto the counter. He’s killing me. I just want that mouth back on my pussy. Why is he torturing me like this?

“You’re even more perfect than I thought,” he says before putting that hot mouth back on me. He licks me all over, zig-zagging that tongue up my slit and then tracing the base of my throbbing clit. His tongue is magical. It’s my favorite thing in the world.

Those strong hands are gripping my ass cheeks and spreading them to give him more access. I push my pussy back against him, desperate for a release.

This beautiful man knows just how to make me moan—relentlessly dragging out the pleasure as I cling to the counter, soft whimpers slipping out

of my throat.

“Oh, Julian,” I moan. “It feels so *good*...”

He works his way back up to my clit and latches onto it, sucking and flicking it with his tongue until the orgasm is too powerful to hold back.

I grab his head, hold his mouth against my pussy, and cum hard all over him.

The orgasm slams into me and fills every inch of my body from head to toe with scorching heat. I throw my head back and scream as I succumb to the intense bliss.

It burns through my veins and turns me to mush. My legs tremble as Julian holds me up.

I didn't know it could be that intense... That incredible...

Julian drags his flat palm up my bare thigh as he stands up behind me. My dress tumbles back down as wetness seeps onto my inner thighs.

My heart is hammering in my chest as I turn around and look up at him. My juices are coating his blond beard, shining in the light from outside. He's so fucking sexy.

“Is it bedtime now?” he asks, looking like sleep is the last thing on his mind. It's the last thing on my mind too. As far as I'm concerned, we're just getting started.

“Not yet,” I say as I slowly drop to my knees. Our eyes are locked on one another as I reach for his belt and pull it out.

The thick outline of his long hard cock is running along his leg. I lick my lips as I unbutton his pants, pull down the zipper, and then tug them down. They fall to his ankles and I suck in a little breath when I see his hard-on waiting for me.

I start breathing heavily. I'm nervous, but excited as I slide my fingers into the waistband of his boxer briefs and pull them down his muscular thighs. His thick cock snags on the material and then springs out.

My pussy pulses as I watch it slap his stomach. It's already leaking out

pre-cum and the tempting sight is making my mouth water.

I look up at him with a hard swallow. He's looking down at me with a lustful look as he unbuttons his shirt. I watch as he pulls it off his large frame and tosses it onto the counter.

His muscles are unreal. I saw them in his tank top, but seeing them unrestricted like this is something else. He's the sexiest man alive. The competition is over. *People Magazine* should declare Julian the lifelong winner.

I drag one palm up his hard chiseled abs as I wrap my other hand around his thick meaty shaft. His eyes close as I add some pressure, squeezing his cock and making the pre-cum ooze out.

I'm all trembly inside as I posture up on my knees, open my mouth, and drag my flat tongue up his shaft. I take his head into my mouth and moan when I taste his pre-cum.

He's already breathing hard as he watches me like he's never seen anything so sexy in his life. I wrap my lips tight around him and take as much of him into my mouth as I can before I start choking. My eyes water as I pull back.

He's so *big*. This cock is large even for his massive size.

This isn't a cock for virgins. It's for experts.

It's like learning to drive for the first time with a Ferrari. Isn't there a small amateur cock I can practice with?

He lets out a deep savage moan and it makes me realize that I'm doing just fine.

His hands slide into my hair and he holds my head, guiding my mouth up and down his length just how he likes it.

I go along for the ride, sucking and licking as I let him guide me.

His big beautiful balls are hanging there, looking ready to sacrifice their large load into a ripe willing virgin. I gently slide them into my free hand and feel them as I coat his hard shaft with my tongue.

“Oh fuck, Abby,” Julian groans as I pick up the pace, sucking him up and down while I squeeze the thick base of his cock. “It’s time to stop now, baby.”

“Why?” I gasp before shoving his dick back into my mouth.

“Because I want to save every drop for your juicy little virgin cunt,” he says as he takes my arms and lifts me to my feet. “We’re going upstairs.”

I take my mouth off him, but I cling to his beautiful dick.

How can I say no to going upstairs with this sexy man?

He steps out of his pants, scoops me up into his big muscular arms, and carries me to my bed.

## Chapter Nine

---

*Julian*

**T**he taste of my girl's sweet virgin pussy is still on my mouth as I carry her into her room and lower her onto the bed.

She looks so sweet and innocent in that white dress. I step back and look at her one last time before I tear it off.

She's all fucking mine. No one is going to take her away from me. No one.

Once I claim her virgin pussy, she'll be mine forever.

"Up," I grunt as I step up to the bed. She grabs my cock as she sits up. She starts stroking it and staring at it with those lust-filled eyes.

My eyes fall closed, it feels so good.

I fight back the urge to let her make me cum and I grab ahold of her dress and pull it up. She raises her arms as it goes over her head. Her brown hair gets all messy as I pull it off and toss it onto a chair.

"Look at you," I growl as my eyes roam all over her. She's wearing nothing but a bra, and that comes off pretty damn fast. She reaches behind her back, unclasps it, and lets it tumble off her arms.



I lick my lips as her round breasts tumble free. She's stunning. Simply stunning.

Her eager little hands are back on my cock as I feel her tits and run her hard nipples through my fingers.

"You ready to get fucked by your man?" I growl as I lean over her.

Her green eyes widen and she nods her head up and down as she lays on the bed. I climb on top of her, gripping my hard cock as I guide it to her virgin pussy.

She sucks in a sharp breath when she feels my large head at her tiny entrance. This is going to hurt her. There's no other way.

I'll try to be gentle, but it's going to be hard. It will take a few times of going easy before this little cunt stretches out and I can take her whenever I want.

"You're so wet," I moan as I slide my fingers up her slit. She shivers. "That's my good girl, getting nice and wet for your man."

She's ready for me. As ready as she'll ever be.

I push my thick head through her pussy lips and moan as I feel her tight heat engulfing me. She's so tight. So fucking warm and wet.

"Oh," she moans with a shiver as she feels a cock sliding into her pussy for the first time.

I slow down, take a deep breath, and try to get myself under control. She's pushing me over the edge, this girl. The animal part of me wants to drive in deep and fuck her hard until every last drop of cum in my balls is surging into her ripe little womb.

"That's it, baby," I whisper as I kiss her neck. I slide my dick in a little further as I make my way down to her round breast, and then I lick my way up to her hard nipple. She moans and grabs a fistful of my hair as I take her nipple into my mouth and suck on it.

The tightness in her body loosens a little, telling me she's ready for more.

I grab her hip and pull her closer as I hold myself on top of her. I'm

looking right into her lustful eyes as I push my hard cock in deeper until I come up to her cherry.

“You’re my girl, Abby,” I growl with my mouth hovering over hers.

“Forever,” she whispers, giving me a taste of her sweet breath.

I crush her lips with mine and thrust my hips forward, tearing through her cherry and taking her virginity. She cries out into my mouth as I slide all the way in until my pelvis is pressing against her clit.

“*Oh shit,*” she moans in a whisper. “Oh shit, you’re so *big.*”

I kiss her neck and play with her clit to distract her while she gets used to my size.

It takes a while, but that tight cunt eventually gets a little looser and she starts to breathe again.

I pull back my raw cock and then thrust it back in, going as slow as I can. I’m fighting the primal urge to fuck this girl fast and hard. It’s torturous, but I’m doing it.

She’s staring up at me with her sexy lips parted and her eyes all glassy with arousal. Her silky brown hair is splayed out all around her head, her tits moving up and down with every quick breath. She’s so beautiful. I can’t look away.

My hips are moving back and forth—my cock sliding in and out—as she whimpers and moans.

Beads of sweat appear on the valley between her breasts as she gets into it, rolling her hips and gripping my arms until her fingernails are digging into my skin.

“It feels so good, Julian,” she moans. “Don’t stop. *Please...*”

I look down at where we’re connected and grit my teeth when I see my cock all coated with her cream. It’s sliding in and out of her virgin cunt with less resistance now.

This little pussy is *soaking* wet. Her cream is coating my pelvis and dripping down my balls. She’s ready for more.

I start giving her longer, more powerful thrusts, fucking her little pussy harder and faster.

She takes every inch of it, moaning and clinging to me like she's loving every second. Her hot little pussy is clamping down on my cock, making it hard for me to hold back the powerful orgasm brimming close to the surface.

"Turn around," I growl as I pull my cock out and grab her hips. I don't even wait for her to do it herself. I'm too desperate. I'm too far gone. I pick her up and turn her around, dropping her onto her hands and knees.

I grab her ass cheek and guide my cock back into her juicy pussy. We both moan as my cock fills her up again.

This is how we always have to be. We're going to be doing this every day from now on. Morning, afternoon, and night with no protection.

I didn't bring a condom, and I doubt she's on the pill.

I'm fucking this girl with nothing between us. It's just my hard cock, her tight little pussy, and her ripe womb waiting to be filled with my seed.

I need to *breed* this girl. I need to fuck a baby right into her. I need her to be mine forever.

"That's it," I growl as I start to hit her with *deeper, longer* strokes. I pick up the pace until the headboard is banging on the wall and her tits are swaying violently under her.

"I want you to cum on my dick," I growl.

She drops her head down and stretches her arms out with a moan. "Oh fuck, Julian..."

"Cum on me, baby. I want to feel your tight little pussy cumming all over my cock."

I squeeze her ass cheeks and thrust in deep, pushing harder and harder until she's screaming out and her pussy tightens on my shaft. She cums violently and the amazing sensation sets me off.

Her pussy is pulsing up and down my cock, and it sends me spiraling over the edge. I thrust in, hold my cock inside her, and *release*.

Heated bliss rips through me as I cum deep in her virgin cunt. Surge after surge of my seed enters her. Just when I think it's finished, I shiver and some more comes out.

She's mine now.

If I didn't breed her this time, I will the next. I'm not going to stop until she's bound to me in every way. I want my seed growing in her womb. I want her to have my child. I want her to be mine in every way possible.

This girl is the one for me. She's my soul mate.

I know it through and through as I watch her collapse on the bed with her eyes falling closed.

I sit on my heels and watch her lying there, looking more beautiful than I've ever seen her.

My body is still urging me to spread her legs and have some more fun, but she's tapped out. She's already asleep.

So, I just lie down beside her, wrap my arms around her, breathe in her intoxicating scent, and thank the universe for this amazing gift that I'll never stop loving.

## Chapter Ten

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*Abby*

“**W**hat the fuck?!” I gasp as I lurch my groggy head up in terror.  
*Oh, it’s just my alarm.*

It’s blaring through my apartment. I grab my phone and turn it off.

Julian’s big palm spreads out on my shoulders and he pulls me back onto him with a groan. I was sound asleep, drooling on his warm naked chest.

“I have to get up,” I grumble. It seems harder to get up now than it did yesterday, although that shouldn’t be too surprising with this hot man in my bed. I wouldn’t mind spending the whole day curled up with his hot body.

We were up all night. I can count the number of hours of sleep I got on one hand.

My body is still humming with pleasure as I roll off the mattress and let my feet hit the floor.

“No,” Julian moans. “Don’t go…”

“I have to. I start in twelve minutes.”

“I’ll give you a million dollars if you stay with me for another hour.”

I chuckle as I push back the tempting thought. “Sleep in as long as you

want,” I whisper as I pull back my hair and kiss his temple. “I’ll be downstairs fucking up the Danishes.”

He smiles with his eyes closed.

I get ready quickly and then hurry downstairs. Trish is whipping around the bakery, busy as always. It’s so warm in here with all of the ovens going and the smell is just delightful. I moan as she pulls out a few trays of carrot muffins.

“Here, test one,” she says with a smile as she takes out the largest muffin and gives it to me. I still have five minutes so I head over to the coffee maker and pour myself a cup while I eat the delicious muffin.

“You’re on blueberry Danishes again,” Trish says. I want to cry.

“Are you sure?” I ask with a gulp. “They didn’t turn out so well yesterday.”

“They all sold, didn’t they?”

She leaves to put a few pies in the oven and I guess that’s the end of that. I’m making more Danishes.

“Hey, Scott,” I say as I head over to the station and start pulling out the ingredients. “How’s your morning going?”

“Did you know that Jar Jar Binks is a Sith Lord?”

Oh, god. Not this again.

I can’t deal with this guy at such an early hour.

I tune him out as he goes on and on about Star Wars, drunken boxing, and Jedi mind tricks. I can’t even. This guy shouldn’t be allowed to speak before noon.

I try to keep my focus on the blueberry Danishes and not on the fact that I’m no longer a virgin, or that the very capable, very large, very sexy mountain man who claimed it is still sleeping in my bed right over my head.

Flashes of last night start returning to me as I’m scooping out cups of sugar—my back arching, Julian’s deep grunts in my ear, his weight pressing down on me, the feeling of intense bliss as we both climaxed at the same

time.

I shiver as I close my eyes and picture myself there. I have so many questions.

What does this mean? Are we an item? Is he my boyfriend? Is he using me for a fling? How many cups of sugar have I put in? Five? Six?

*Shit.*

I add one more cup because more sugar is usually better than less sugar and keep going with the recipe.

“Because don’t you think it was odd how Jar Jar infiltrated the Senate?” Scott says as he shuffles up next to me. “It makes you think, huh?”

I drop my head with a groan.

“And then think about how Jar Jar was the one who convinced the Senate to vote in favor of giving Palpatine absolute power. Didn’t you think that was weird?”

“I saw that movie when I was like six years old,” I snap.

“But didn’t you think it was strange?”

“No. I don’t know anything about Jar Jar Binks, Sith Lords, or Senate votes, and I don’t want to know. So, unless you want to help me with these damn Danishes, then please leave me alone!”

Scott frowns as he looks at my station. “You have to mix the dry ingredients first.”

“What?”

“Let me show you.”

He spends the next hour helping me and it’s a massive lifesaver. I learn much better with Scott than I did with Trish. Scott takes his time, answers my questions, and is actually pleasant to be around when he’s not talking about movies.

I feel *much* better by the time they come out of the oven looking like actual edible Danishes.

Trish is so pleased and she even puts them on the top of the display shelf

where everyone can see them.

Maybe I won't be so bad at this job after all.

"I'll let Scott train you for all the rest," Trish says with a grin. "Sorry about that."

I don't even care. I just want to learn as much as I can. I want to kick ass at this job.

"You know," she says with a smile. "I think you're going to fit in just fine with—Oh. My. God."

Her eyes widen as she stares over my shoulder in shock.

I turn around and chuckle when I see Julian appearing out of the door that leads to the staircase. He smiles when he sees me and I feel so light and giddy that I might have floated up to the ceiling if Trish wasn't gripping my arm and digging her nails into my flesh.

"Julian Long," she whispers with her eyes locked on him. "In the back of my bakery? But how?"

Her mouth drops open and she whips her head around to look at me. I can't help but laugh at the stunned look on her face.

"You... and Julian Long?"

I shrug my shoulders as I grin at her.

"Hey, babe," Julian says in a deep groggy voice as he walks over. Scott's head follows him. He's staring at him with his mouth hanging open as usual.

Julian leans down and kisses my lips. It's so casual and easy, like we've been together for years.

I don't know how it already feels so natural with this guy. That's the way it must be with soulmates.

Trish is breathing heavily and obsessively fixing her hair beside me.

"Do you know Trish?" I say, presenting her with a smile. "She's my lovely new boss and the owner of the bakery."

"Of course," Julian says as he takes her hand in his. "Everyone in town knows Trish."



He kisses the back of her hand and Trish just about melts into a puddle.

“What time do you finish?” Julian asks me.

“Two.”

“I’ll pick you up,” he says. “I want to show my girl around.”

*My girl.*

“Alright,” I say with a permanent smile on my face and with my heart racing. “I’d like that.”

“I’ll see you soon,” he says in that sexy voice I love so much. He takes my chin with his big hand, tilts my head up, leans down, and gives me a nice long kiss on the mouth. I’m so dizzy I need to grab onto the counter when he finally pulls away.

He is *not* using me as a fling. Feelings can’t be this intense with a fling. I don’t know why that even popped into my head before.

“Bye, Trish,” he says, making her break out into giggles. “Bye, movie guy.”

“Bye!” Scott says, waving enthusiastically at him.

“I’ll see you soon,” he says with a wink.

All three of us stare at him in stunned silence as he leaves.

Trish takes a few deep breaths to recover and then turns to me with an intensity that makes me take a step back.

“He slept here last night?”

“Um, yeah. Is that okay?”

Oh shit, is she going to fire me over this?

Her eyes get this faraway look in them as she smiles widely. “Julian Long slept in *my* bakery. *Yes!*”

I laugh in surprise when she does a fist pump.

“I don’t like it,” Scott says with a frown.

“Wow,” Trish says as she puts an arm around me. “I’ll make you a deal. I’ll teach you everything I know about the bakery business and you teach me everything you know about bagging a hot mountain man.”

I laugh. "Deal."

## Epilogue

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*Abby*

*Three months later...*

**I**t's autumn in the Greene Mountains and I doubt there's a more beautiful spot on the planet right now. The colors are stunning. Reds, oranges, yellows, browns, mixed with green everywhere you look. Even the streets are colorful with all of the leaves that have already fallen.

It's a crisp sunny day and I'm hiking up Bearskin Mountain with my amazing man.

"Have you ever saved anyone on this mountain before?" I ask as I turn back to look at him.

Julian is walking behind me on the trail with Charlie wandering a few feet behind him. It never gets less shocking to see him. It's been three months of being together every day and I still get stunned by his beauty whenever he looks up and those mesmerizing blue eyes land on me.

"Just once," he says. "A college girl got heatstroke and I had to carry her down."

A pang of jealousy hits me. “I bet she *loved* that.”

He shrugs those massive shoulders. “She was pretty out of it. I don’t think she realized what was going on.”

Now I just feel bad for her. She had a gorgeous muscular mountain man saving her and she wasn’t awake to enjoy it.

We continue up the path and I have this warm happy feeling in my soul as I look around at all of the spectacular scenery. The mountains are breathtaking. They stretch out into the horizon with snaking rivers cutting through the trees and there’s a sparkling lake off in the distance on the south side. It’s a natural paradise.

The bright blue sky stretches on forever over our heads with a few floating cumulus clouds that look like big balls of white cotton candy.

I’m in love with this place.

The Greene Mountains really feel like home now.

I have an amazing boyfriend who is attentive to my *every* need and a job that I’m really starting to like.

Getting up at five AM isn’t so bad when you love every single day. I bounce out of bed every morning and get to work with a smile on my face.

Scott trained me on every station and I learned so much from the little weirdo. Trish’s speedy training style didn’t blend well with my methodical learning style, so I was so relieved when we found a better solution. When I could get him to stop talking about movie theories, he was actually pretty good and I learned a lot. We even became friends. Well, friendly work acquaintances is probably more accurate.

Now, I’m whipping up Danishes, rolling out dough, and baking cookies all at the same time. Trish is thrilled with my progress and she even told me this week that I was the most promising employee she’s ever had! I was ecstatic.

“Look at the bald eagle,” Julian says, pointing at the sky.

I stop with a gasp when I see it gliding high over the mountains. It’s

gorgeous. Just when I think this place can't get any more magical, the leaves start to change colors or a beautiful animal crosses my path, and my mind gets blown all over again. This place is full of surprises.

But nothing has been more surprising than Julian.

We get along so well. I have no doubt that we're soul mates.

He's always talking about the future. A home, kids, growing old together. He sees it so clearly. I love to hear him talk about it.

He asked me to move in with him two weeks ago and I immediately said yes, because god, who wouldn't want to live with a man like him?

Julian has an *amazing* house with a slow-moving creek running through the backyard. The mountain views are stunning, but my favorite thing is the giant porch that wraps around the house. There are hammocks, rocking chairs, and comfy couches scattered around it. I love spending time out there reading Trish's smutty romance books.

I only get a few chapters in until Julian comes out, scoops me up in his muscular arms, and carries me inside to reenact the dirty chapters.

We're so in love.

I can't believe that I could still be back in Sacramento working at my cheapskate uncle's used car dealership and sharing a place with seven roommates.

It pays to be bold.

Charlie wanders off, catching an animal's scent and sniffing along the path once we get to the peak.

It's chilly up here, but I don't mind. I know once we get home, Julian is going to start a fire in the fireplace and I can curl up on the couch under a blanket with a warm cup of coffee. Julian will join me and then it won't be long before I'm getting warmed up in another way.

"I'm still in awe of this place," I say as I look out at the striking mountainous view. "Do you think I'll ever get used to it?"

I turn around when he doesn't answer, and then gasp when I see him

down on one knee.

“What are you doing?” I ask with my heart pounding.

He reaches into his coat and pulls out a tiny blue box.

*Is that—?*

“Abby,” he says in a deep silky voice as he opens the box and reveals the most beautiful sparkling ring I’ve ever seen. “Marry me, baby. I need you in my life. Be my wife and I’ll make you the happiest woman on the planet.”

I cover my mouth with my trembling hand as I stare down at him in shock.

“Will you marry me?”

Being bold has paid off so far. It’s not time to chicken out now...

Tears flood my eyes as I nod my head up and down. “Yes,” I say as my happy tears leak out. “Yes, I’ll marry you!”

He leaps up, lifts me off my feet, and spins me around as he hollers like it’s the happiest moment of his life. I wrap my arms and legs around his thick body and squeeze him back.

We’re getting married! I can’t believe it.

I bury my face into the crook of his muscular neck and breathe in his warm comforting scent—a scent that I’ll get to smell for the rest of my lucky life.

## Epilogue

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*Abby*

*Eighteen months later...*

“**T**here’s my little munch!” I squeal when I see my little one all bundled up in Julian’s arms. I leap over the counter at the bakery and run right up to the two most precious people on the planet and give them a huge hug.

Our baby Nathan is eight months old and absolutely adorable. He’s all bundled up in his snowsuit with only his big red cheeks and his bright blue eyes that he got from his father visible.

“Did you have fun with Daddy?”

He squeals and kicks his little legs.

“I always knew you two would have some seriously cute babies,” Trish says as she hurries around the counter to say hi. Of course, she looks Julian up and down. She can’t seem to help it and honestly, I don’t blame her.

“Hey, Trish,” Julian says as he flashes her a big smile.

She starts to blush like she always does. “Hi, Julian.”

Every time he speaks to her, this strong confident woman looks like she's about to break out into giggles. It's not just with Julian though. All of the hot mountain men in the Greene Mountains seem to have that effect on her.

We get Nathan out of his snowsuit and the three of us grab a table by the brick wall. I grab us some treats and we all laugh as Nathan rips open a piece of warm bread and shoves it into his mouth with his eyes popping open.

I love my little family.

Julian and I got married the fall before last. We were engaged for about five minutes before we couldn't take it anymore and got married. It was a gorgeous ceremony in the Greene Mountain Lodge. A bunch of my family and friends made it up for the weekend and we had a blast. It was perfect.

I moved into Julian's house and never looked back. I was sad to give up my cute little apartment over the bakery, but I got over it very quickly once I realized I got to sleep in the same bed as Julian and his big cock every night.

After I got pregnant, which was a surprise even though we've never used any protection, my days of working at the bakery were numbered. I stopped when I became too big to move around without bumping into Scott or Trish every time I turned around. Now that Nathan is here, I still work one or two shifts a week to help out Trish. Julian takes care of our baby, or if there's an emergency, his wonderful sister Ivy will watch him.

We finish our snacks, say bye to Trish, and then head home.

This is always the best part of my day—heading home.

Nathan falls asleep in the car and Julian brings him up to bed.

“What do you want for supper?” I ask when he comes back down.

He looks me up and down with a ravenous look. “I'm hungry for you.”

I yelp as he picks me up in those big muscular arms. He leans down and kisses me on the lips and I moan at his taste.

“You've been working all day,” he says as he carries me upstairs. “I'll take care of dinner after I take care of you.”

I giggle as he tosses me onto our bed and then climbs on, looking sexier



than ever.

He peels off his shirt and I let out a whimper when I see all of those hard chiseled muscles. I *love* his body. The sight of it *always* gets me going.

I spread my legs as he climbs on the mattress and comes to me.

He kisses and caresses me with those big hands while he takes off my clothes and tosses them onto the chair.

This is why I love coming home.

I love coming home to him.

I moan too loudly when he slides his big thick cock into my soaking wet pussy.

My mountain man fucks me hard until I'm screaming into a pillow and cumming all over his cock.

When we're done, I can't keep my eyes open.

He tucks me in, turns off the light, and goes down to make dinner.

This guy is the fucking best.

# Epilogue

*Julian*

*Thirty years later...*

**I**'m getting honored today for a lifetime of service. Forty years in Search and Rescue. I've saved one hundred and fourteen people and one goat. Don't ask.

I smile when they call my name and I walk up to the stage, but this feels all wrong.

Abby should be the one getting honored.

She's the one who rescued me.

I've had the pleasure of spending three decades of my life with that wonderful woman and I'm filled with gratitude for each second of it.

My heart feels so incredibly full as I take my award from Colin and Aiden who are presenting it to me. I hug them both and they leave to take their seats while I step up to the podium to deliver a speech.

The room is filled with my incredible family, friends, and some of the people I've rescued over the years. My six kids are at my table with their

boyfriends and girlfriends, but it's my gorgeous angel that I'm looking at.

Abby smiles proudly at me. She's so radiant.

We've been through it all, but she can still take my breath away.

"This award means so much to me," I say into the microphone as the amazing people I've collected over my lifetime listen. I thank the town of Greene Mountains, some colleagues, some friends, Aiden, and Colin. I thank my amazing kids and then I get to the most important person. My wife.

"Forty years in this business, and it feels like a blink of an eye. I've seen the best and worst of situations, and through it all, there's been one constant: my incredible wife, Abby."

She smiles as our eyes meet. I wish I could come up with better words to let her know how much she means to me. How much I love her.

"Babe, you've been my anchor, my motivation, and my biggest cheerleader. I don't know where I'd be without you. Seeing your smiling face in the morning and feeling your unwavering love throughout the days has given me the strength to face every storm, both in the mountains and in life.

"Every life we've saved, every person we've brought back to their families, is a testament to the power of love and human connection. Behind every rescue, there's a story of hope, and behind every hero, there's someone who believes in them. For me, that someone is my incredible wife. Abby has been there through the long nights, the worrying, and the times I couldn't be home because duty called. Her love has fueled every daring rescue, every difficult climb, and every beat of my heart."

She wipes a tear from her eye and I'm brought back to the first moment I saw her—walking up to me and handing me her ticket. I strapped on her bungee cord and she leapt off the bridge, taking my heart with her.

"So, while I'm the one holding this award," I continue, "please know that it belongs to all of us, especially to my amazing wife. This isn't just a recognition of my work; it's a celebration of the love that empowers us to do what we do. Let's keep spreading that love, let's keep saving lives, and let's

keep reminding the world that even in the toughest terrains, love is the most powerful force of all.”

I thank everyone and then take my award. Everyone in the room jumps to their feet and bursts into cheers and applause.

Everyone I know is here, but I head straight for my girl.

I never take my eyes off her.

I march right up to Abby, wrap my arms around her body, and kiss her like there’s no tomorrow. The cheering becomes deafening.

And our love deepens yet again.

**The End!**

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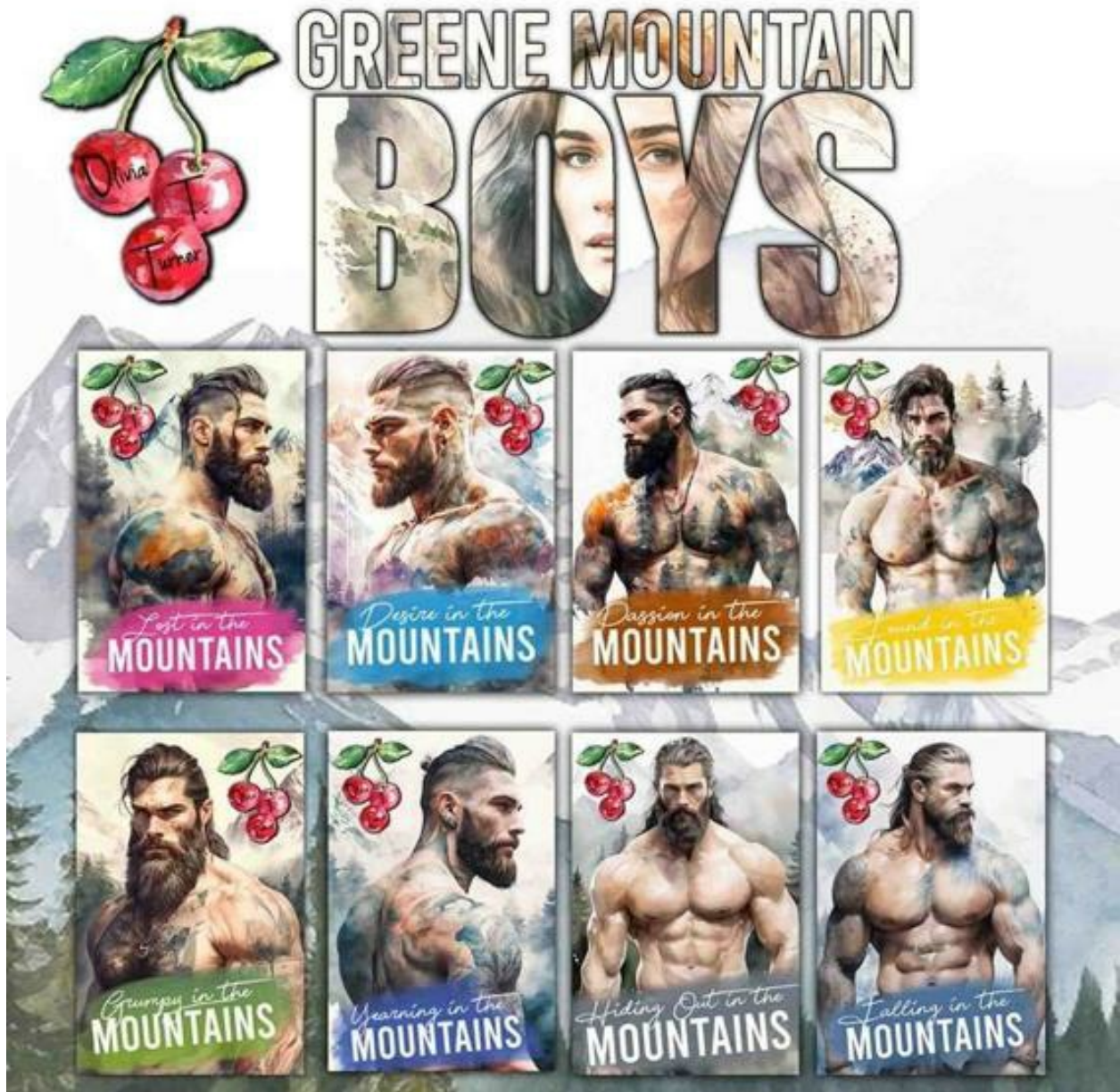
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