



Lost with the Mountain Man (Darkmore Mountain Men #2)

Author: *Celia Skye*

Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Until a sweet, blueberry-obsessed baker got lost in my woods.

Charlie's mine now. She doesn't know it yet, but she's staying. I'll protect her, cherish her, and make her mine in every way once I can convince myself that I'm worthy of her.

Solitude? Forget it. I never thought I'd want a woman, let alone need one, but Charlie's changed everything. Guess this grumpy mountain man's about to learn a thing or two about happily ever after.

-

Lost with the Mountain Man is an OTT, steamy insta-love story about a naive baker and a grumpy mountain man who finds her in an ancient forest on Darkmore Mountain. Expect forced proximity, sizzling tension, and a happily ever after!

Total Pages (Source): 10

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

one

Charlie

I'm so not built for the wilderness.

The hot August sun beats down on me through the trees. The heat is unrelenting. I can practically feel my skin burning with every step.

I pause under a tall fir tree, pulling my hat from my head and using it to fan my face. Sweat pours down my back, my blond hair is plastered to my head, and my feet are aching.

"Fuck, Charlie," I say to myself. "What the hell were you thinking?"

I know what I was thinking—the bakery needed blueberries for a very important order, and the very best blueberries were wild, grown in the mountains. This client wanted fresh organic blueberries, nothing from the grocery store, and with my boss taking over the bakery, she was desperate to please. Something Sweet had a reputation to uphold after my boss's aunt retired.

My boss, Clara, is pregnant and in no position to go hunting for wild berries. So... That's why I'm trudging through the forest. Fresh blueberries.

I wipe my forehead and look around.

The trees surrounding me are dense and tall. The air is thick with the smell of damp

earth and pine needles, and the sound of a distant, babbling stream is the only thing that keeps me from feeling completely isolated.

"Great, Charlie. You're officially lost," I sigh.

I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. I'm not exactly what you'd call an outdoorsy person . Give me a kitchen, a recipe, and some flour, and I'm golden. But put me in the middle of the woods with nothing but a basket and a map I can't read? Not my cup of tea.

I pull out the crumpled paper map from my pocket, smoothing it out against my leg. The ink is smeared, and the lines are blurred from where the paper got wet with sweat. I squint at it, trying to make sense of the squiggles and dots. Clara drew me a map of her favorite wild blueberry patch.

"Okay, Charlie," I say, pointing at a spot on the map. "You can do this. Just follow the path, and... and...fuck." I fist the map in my hand, frustration boiling over. I've been walking for what feels like hours, and I'm no closer to finding the blueberries than when I started. The trees all look the same, and the path, if there ever was one, has long since disappeared.

I decide to take a break, sitting down heavily on a nearby log. I pull a water bottle from my backpack and take a long swallow, the cool liquid doing little to alleviate the heat. I pull out my phone to check the time, and it's no surprise when I see there's no signal.

Great, just great. I'm lost, I'm hot, and I'm quickly running out of daylight. Not to mention, the blueberries are nowhere to be found.

Once I calm down, I take another look at the map. Clara drew the stream on it, and I can hear water nearby. That means if I find the stream, I can have a better idea of

where I am.

I struggle to my feet and dust off my jean shorts. I'm wearing hiking boots and a tank top, looking like a pink, sweaty tomato. I'm glad no one is around to see me like this. I'll be happy when I'm back in the kitchen making bread.

I follow the sound of water until I come upon the stream.

It's narrow and crystal clear, the water babbling over smooth stones. I bend down to splash some water on my face, and it feels like a cool, refreshing miracle. I scoop up more, splashing my neck and arms.

"Okay, Charlie, think," I mutter to myself, closing my eyes and taking a deep breath. "The water runs down from the mountain. The mountain is to the north of town. You know the stream is east of the blueberry patch. So, you need to go... west."

I start walking, careful to pay attention to where I'm going, which is easier said than done. The forest is quiet. The only sounds are the rustling of leaves and the occasional birdsong.

I'm so out of my element. I'm used to the loud hustle and bustle of a bakery, with timers ringing and pans clanging.

I pause, taking in a deep breath. Maybe the wilderness isn't so bad.

Famous last words.

Suddenly, I slip on a pile of leaves, toppling forward down a hill. I crash through the leaves, coming to a sudden stop when my body hits a tree. The wind is knocked from me. I gasp on the ground like an upside-down turtle as stars dance in my vision.

“Damn it,” I hiss out, clutching my leg. My knee is throbbing.

I never cuss unless I'm certain no one is around. I was raised with a family that took the swear jar and not-so-tasty bars of soap very seriously. That being said, if these trees had ears, they would have heard lots of colorful language from me today.

I collapse back down into the leaves, wondering if a bear will come by and finish me off.

The afternoon sun is fading when I finally struggle to my feet. My legs are scratched and bruised.

Thankfully, no creatures came to eat me, but my luck might not hold out if I don't get out of these woods before dark.

I look at my phone again. No signal, and the battery is less than thirty percent. Fantastic.

I try to brush off the leaves and twigs clinging to my clothes, but it's a losing battle. I'm a hot mess of sweat, dirt, and plant matter. I hobble forward, limping on my injured knee. I can do this. I have to do this.

I'm not a damsel in distress. I'm a baker, for crying out loud. I deal with meltdowns, burnt batches, and temperamental dough every day. I can handle a little lost time in the woods.

Something tall and dark shifts between the trees.

My breath freezes in my chest.

A wolf? A bear?

The shadow looms forward, easily six and a half feet tall, wide and hairy, and ... wearing a plaid shirt?

It's not a bear. It's a man.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

two

Rust

Something's off. I can feel it in my bones.

When you live in the wilderness alone for as long as I have, you learn to sense a shift in the harmony of the forest.

I stop mid-swing, setting my axe down beside the firewood.

The sound of a whimpering scream echoed through the trees again. It was a human sound. A woman. I haven't forgotten what a woman sounds like.

I follow the sounds through the trees, south from my cabin, until I see her.

A woman, dressed in pink, lying crumpled at the base of a tree. She's clutching her knee, her face contorted in pain. She slowly struggles to her feet before noticing me. She freezes like a deer.

"You alright there, girl?" I ask, my voice gruffer than intended. I don't like people in my woods. People bring trouble.

She looks up at me, her eyes wide with surprise. They're a sparkling green, like the first leaves of spring. She offers a small, apologetic smile as I step into the light.

"I think I twisted my knee," she says, her voice soft and sweet, like fresh honey.

"Thank goodness you came along. I thought I was dead meat for sure."

I feel a sudden urge to protect this woman. Every muscle in my body wants to move to her, hold her, and never let her go. I stomp down the feelings, keeping my expression neutral.

"Night's coming. What the hell are you doing out here alone, girl?"

Her smile falters. "I was trying to find some wild blueberries. I got turned around and...yeah." She gestures to her knee. "This happened."

I raise an eyebrow. "Blueberries?"

She nods. "For a very important order at the bakery I work at. I'm Charlie, by the way." She extends a hand towards me.

I ignore it, instead looking down at her knee. It's already starting to swell. She's in no shape to be walking back alone. I grumble under my breath, "Stupid town folk."

The woman, Charlie, glares at me. "You don't have to be such a grump."

But I am a grump. I like my solitude, and I don't like people. I'd rather spend my time chopping wood and fishing than having meaningless small talk with people.

"Your knee," I say, gesturing towards her. "Looks like you might have sprained it or something. No way you're walking back to town like that. Especially in the dark." I sigh, rubbing the back of my neck.

It looks like I'm going to have to help her. There goes my plans for the evening.

I was supposed to be preparing for tomorrow's fishing trip, not babysitting some city

girl who got lost in my woods. Still, I can't just leave her here to fend for herself. She'd never make it back to town in her condition.

"Come on," I grumble, offering her my hand. "Let's get you back to my place. I can patch you up there."

Charlie looks at me, her eyes searching my face for a moment before she finally takes my hand. Her grip is warm and surprisingly strong. She winces when she puts weight on her leg.

Holding back another sigh, I grab her and hoist her over my shoulder in a fireman's carry.

The woman shrieks.

"Don't worry, I won't drop you," I say.

It's not far from here to my cabin. She's a thick, beautiful woman, so I don't mind having my hands on her, even if it is only for survival purposes. Even though she's sweaty and dirty, her scent is sweet, like vanilla and sugar.

I stomp through the woods with her on my shoulder. She squirms a little, grumbling about her dignity. I grin to myself, knowing full well she can't see me.

"So what's your name anyway, mountain man?" She asks, her voice muffled against my back. "I've never seen you in Darkmore before."

"It's Rust." I glance back, forgetting that I can see nothing but the great view of her ass in tight denim shorts. I snap my attention back to the path. "I don't go into town often."

"Not even the bakery? That's where I work."

"I don't eat bread."

"What?!" She shrieks. "How does someone not eat bread?"

"I have gluten intolerance."

"Oh," she says sheepishly. "Well, we could special order gluten-free flour for you. Or maybe even rice flour."

"That's fine," I cut her off her enthusiastic nattering. "I've gotten used to life without it," I grumble, adjusting Charlie's weight on my shoulder as we approach my cabin.

The warmth of her body is starting to get to me, making my mind wander to places it shouldn't. I shake my head, trying to clear the thought. I'm not the kind of man who goes after women who look to be half my age.

"Well, that's a shame," Charlie says, her voice soft. "Bread is my life. The smell of freshly baked bread is...well, it's magical. You should try it sometime. I'll make something special for you."

I snort but say nothing as we reach the cabin.

My pile of firewood is abandoned in the yard, if one can call the grassy clearing a yard. It's the closest thing I have living out here. The lamps cast a warm glow on the porch. The cabin is small, with one bedroom and simple furnishing, but I made it with my own two hands.

"Here we are, home sweet home," I say as I set her down.

Charlie uses my arm to steady herself.

Fire ignites in me at her touch. No. I can't let her affect me like this. I'm not some sort of caveman. I'll let her stay the night and rest. Then she's out of here. No ifs, ands, or buts.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

three

Charlie

Rust is surprisingly gentle.

The burly, hairy mountain man helps me to a chair and leaves to get ice from the freezer.

I look around the cabin. It's small and cozy, with basic furniture. Everything is open concept, except for two doors, which I assume are a bedroom and a bathroom. Indoor plumbing – not bad for a guy that lives in the middle of nowhere. The kitchen is clean and minimal, just like the rest of the place.

"Here," Rust returns with a bag of ice.

I take it from him, letting my eyes wander over his broad shoulders and square face. His hair is dark with flecks of grey and red. He's probably in his forties, older than me. Experienced. His hands are big and strong.

The thought of his hands on me makes heat bloom in my core. I quickly shake off the daydream, reminding myself that I'm injured and he's just being helpful.

"Thanks," I say, carefully placing the ice pack on my knee. "You're not as scary as I thought you seem, Rust."

He grunts in response, turning away to rummage through a cabinet. He pulls out a

first aid kit and sets it on the table. "Clean the scrape, and I'll bandage it."

Rust turns his back to me again, taking out a cast iron skillet and a couple of eggs.

"What are you doing?" I ask, watching him crack the eggs into the skillet.

"Making you dinner," he says, not looking at me. "You must be starved."

On cue, my stomach growls. "A little," I lie. I wipe my knee with an alcohol swab, hissing with pain. I put the ice back on it to dull the burning sensation. "I wasn't planning on being out here that long," I admit, watching Rust move around the kitchen.

He's surprisingly at ease with the simple task of cooking eggs. The way his shoulders flex under his shirt, the confident way he handles the skillet. It's all very appealing.

"You wouldn't have lasted long without food," he says, his voice gruff. "Especially with that injury."

I smirk. "You sound like you've had experience with wounded people before."

He glances back at me, his intense blue eyes meeting mine. "Something like that." He doesn't elaborate, but I get the sense he's hiding something.

I decide to change the subject, not wanting to pry. "So, how'd you end up living out here all by yourself?" I ask, trying to make conversation.

Rust shrugs, not looking at me. "Just prefer the solitude. No people, no problems."

"No people, no problems, huh?" I chuckle. "That's a pretty pessimistic view of humanity."

He turns to look at me, his stern expression softening slightly. "It's not pessimism; it's realism. People are complicated and messy. They bring drama and chaos."

He plates up the eggs and sets them down in front of me. The scrambled eggs are steaming, with sliced tomatoes and a squirt of ketchup on the side. Brave of him to assume I like ketchup, but I wouldn't complain even if I didn't.

The food smells amazing. I lose myself as I shovel the eggs into my mouth. "Mmm, this is so good."

Rust doesn't look up from bandaging my knee. "Anything is good when you're starving. But I make decent food."

"I guess Uber Eats doesn't come out here, does it?"

"Definitely not," he chuckles.

The sound is deep and rumbling and does weird things to my insides again. I've never had a reaction like this to a man before. I feel my face growing hot.

"There," he says. "All good. Keep the ice on it for a little while longer. You'll be good in a day or two."

"A day or two? But I have to get back to town. The blueberries." My voice fades as he gives me a stern look.

"What kind of blueberries could be that important?" He crosses his arms over his massive chest, pulling at the fabric of his flannel shirt.

"Like I said, my boss needs them for a special order. She's pregnant, so she couldn't go out in the woods. She said that there's a patch of wild blueberries that are better

than any that she can get from a store."

Rust scrubs his hand through his beard. "Fine, we'll get you some in the morning." He glances out the window. The sky is dark now. "You'll have to spend the night here. I'll take the couch."

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

four

Rust

I've done a lot of difficult things in my life. I've seen a lot of shit that I'd rather not remember and been through hell. But nothing has been as hard as resisting Charlie's beautiful curves right now.

Charlie is in my bed right now, wearing one of my shirts, fresh and clean from a shower. Thankfully, she was able to call her boss from my satellite phone and let her know that she was safe. She went to sleep right after, obviously exhausted from her ordeal. She was not the outdoorsy type, as she said.

Pretty much the opposite of me, and yet I couldn't get her out of my head.

I'm laying awake on the couch with my eyes trained on the ceiling and my cock begging for attention. But I resist.

I barely sleep, fading in and out of consciousness, constantly on alert. I want to keep her safe. I want to make sure she's comfortable and that her knee is doing ok. It's been a long time since I've had someone to take care of besides myself. It's been a long time since I've had someone to worry about.

The sun is just starting to peek through the windows when I hear Charlie stir in the bedroom. I've been up for hours, unable to sleep properly. I finally give in and pad softly to the bedroom door.

Knocking gently, I push it open a crack. "Morning," I grumble, trying to sound gruff. "How's the knee?"

Charlie looks up at me, her hair a mess of auburn curls, her eyes still heavy with sleep. God, she's gorgeous. "I think it's feeling a lot better." She pulls back the covers to take a look.

Her leg is propped up on a pillow, her soft, milky skin contrasting against the black shirt I lent her. The swelling has gone down.

"Good," I nod. "You ok with eggs for breakfast?" I rip my eyes away from her as she stretches. The shirt rides up, giving me just the smallest glimpse of her pink panties. Fuck, she's trying to kill me, I swear.

"Sure," she says with a smile.

I don't trust myself to say anything, so I turn and quickly stomp out of the cabin to the chicken coops I keep.

I take care of a lot of my own food. I have a garden that usually has a good yield, I can or preserve things for the winter, I raise chickens, and I fish. Anything I can't get on my own I go into Darkmore for, but I avoid the town as much as possible.

The soft clucking of chickens soothes the fire in my blood. I gather eggs from the coop as the hens peck around my boots. The rhythmic clucking is calming, and it gives me a moment to collect myself. I can't believe I'm reacting this way to a woman. To Charlie. It's been so long since I've had feelings like this; I don't know what to do with them.

As I make my way back to the cabin, I can't shake the feeling that Charlie is different. Maybe she's not like all the other women I've met in my life.

Charlie is in the kitchen, leaning on a chair when I return.

"Farm fresh eggs," she beams. "Wow, you sure have it made out here, don't you, mountain man?"

I shrug as I wash the eggs clean of feathers and dirt. "Guess so."

Charlie watches me work, studying me closely as if she's trying to figure out a riddle.

"Your clothes are clean," I say, trying to get her to stop watching me. Her gaze makes me nervous, and I don't want to burn the omelette.

"Oh, right." She goes to the bathroom to get her clothes.

I watch her walk away. She still has a slight limp, but she should be fine. I'll take her back to town after we get those blueberries. Then, my life can go back to normal.

I love the feeling of her arms around my waist as we drive through the forest. My four-wheeler takes no time to get to the blueberry patch, once I deciphered its location from a very crudely drawn and crumpled map she had. Charlie is pressed against my back, her arms tight around my waist, her soft body flush against mine. I can feel her breath on my neck, her hair tickling my ear. It takes every ounce of self-control I possess not to press my hand over hers and feel her curves.

I'm suddenly glad I'm wearing sunglasses, hiding the effect she's having on me. I can't let her see how she makes me feel. I've lived a solitary life for so long, I'm not sure I know how to fit in with someone else anymore.

"So, Rust," Charlie says, her voice soft and warm against my ear.

I swallow hard, trying to focus on the trail ahead. "What do you do when you're not

living like a hermit in the woods?"

"I fish. I hunt. I chop wood. I fix things."

"Sounds...rewarding." She pauses, and I can sense her studying me. "But don't you ever get lonely?"

The question catches me off guard. I've never really thought about it. I've been alone for so long that it's become my norm. I shrug, not wanting to admit the truth. "I'm used to it."

Charlie's arms tighten around me, and I can feel the warmth of her breath on my neck. "Well, that's a shame," she says softly. "Because you seem like the kind of guy who could use a little company now and then."

I snort. "You don't know anything about me." I immediately regret my words. She doesn't deserve to be talked to like that.

Charlie doesn't miss a beat, her voice still soft and gentle. "I know that you're kind, even if you don't want to be."

"I don't like to be around people anymore," I say as we roll to a stop. Before she can press me anymore, I hop off the four-wheeler and offer her my hand. "We're here."

The blueberry patch is massive and seemingly untouched by any forest critters. The bushes are bursting with ripe, juicy berries ready to be picked.

I watch as Charlie walks towards the bushes, her hips swaying gently with each step. I have to look away to keep from staring. She's not like the other women I've known. She's full of life and energy, like a bright light shining in the darkness of my solitude.

"These are the biggest, juiciest blueberries I've ever seen! Clara wasn't lying when she said they were worth the hike."

I grin despite myself, watching her excitement. There's something infectious about her enthusiasm. "Even worth banging up your knee?"

Charlie pauses and moves back to me with a handful of berries. "You tell me." She holds out an especially round berry.

Before I can help myself, I take it from her fingers and pop it into my mouth. The burst of flavor is enough to make me roll my eyes with pleasure. "Perfect," I say.

"Aren't they?" Charlie agrees, dropping some more in my hand.

I watch her full lips move as she eats the berries. The sight of it is erotic for some strange reason. I hope she doesn't notice my pants tightening, despite trying not to think about how her lips would look wrapped around my cock.

"Anyway, let's fill up your basket," I say gruffly. Mountain men like me aren't supposed to have a soft spot for blueberries and curvy women from town.

Charlie nods, heading back to the bushes with renewed vigor. I watch her for a moment, appreciating the view, before I join her. The berries are ripe, and they practically fall into the basket with little effort.

We work in comfortable silence, the sounds of nature surrounding us. Birds sing, leaves rustle, and the distant hum of bees reminds me that we're not alone in the wilderness.

After a while, Charlie breaks the silence. "You know, Rust, you're not so bad. Are you ever going to tell me why you're up here alone?"

I sigh. She's just not going to let it go. "Maybe you should have been a lawyer instead of a baker."

"Maybe," she laughs. "But the people in Darkmore need bread more than they need legal advice. It's peaceful. I like it."

I pause, watching her fill the basket with berries, and wonder if maybe life with other people might not be so bad, at least with her. I notice she's favoring her knee again, so I grab the basket from her. "Here, you sit. I'll finish up."

She looks like she's about to protest but thinks better of it and sits down with a relieved sigh on a nearby stump. She leans back and uses her hands to support herself, her legs stretched out in front of her. She winces slightly as she moves, and I feel a surge of protectiveness.

"You should take it easy on that knee," I say, crouching in front of her once I'm done picking the berries.

I can't help but notice how her shirt rides up, exposing a sliver of soft skin. I quickly look away, my body reacting to her nearness. "Let me see it."

Charlie lifts her leg, allowing me to examine her knee gently. It's still swollen, but the color is better than it was yesterday. I shouldn't have taken her out so soon. I might have delayed her healing.

"It feels better," she says, her eyes meeting mine. "You've been really good to me, Rust. I don't know how to thank you."

A hug. A kiss. Stay with me forever. Stay with me here up in the mountains, and you can have all the blueberries your heart desires – That's what I want to say. But I know better. A gruff bear or an old man like me doesn't deserve a sweet young woman like

her.

"Don't worry about it," I shrug. "Just take care of that knee, and don't go wandering off the path again."

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

five

Charlie

“I parked at the lot just off the paved highway,” I say, not sure if Rust can even hear me over the roar of the four-wheeler engine. He must have modified it or something because it’s loud as hell.

Rust nods. He must know the place. It's a gravel lot that people use to park before going hiking up into the woods or, alternatively, teenagers use to make out and do whatever else I don't want to think about.

I hold tight onto Rust as we drive over the bumps. The closeness of him is driving me crazy. His woodsy, manly scent makes my body hot in ways it's never felt before. I can feel my heart racing, and it's not just from the thrill of the ride. It's from the way my body is reacting to him. It's like every nerve in my body is on high alert, waiting for the slightest touch from him.

It's insane, really. I barely know this man, and yet, here I am, practically melting into him. I'm a grown woman, not some lovesick teenager. But there's something about Rust that makes me feel alive.

As we come to a stop, I reluctantly let go of him, feeling the loss of his warmth instantly. I don't want to leave yet, but the blueberries are already beyond late, and my boss needs them. What was supposed to be one afternoon has turned into almost two days.

Rust hops off the four-wheeler and offers me his hand. I take it, and he helps me to the ground. My legs are shaky from the ride, or maybe it's just the proximity to him. Either way, I'm grateful for his sturdy grip.

"Thank you," I say, as he hands me the basket of blueberries. "For everything."

He nods, running a hand through his salt-and-pepper hair. "No problem. Just don't go telling anyone I make a habit of saving damsels in distress. The boys over at Darkmore Search and Rescue might come after me."

I laugh, feeling lighter than I have in days. "Your secret's safe with me, mountain man."

Rust grins. It's the first time I've seen him smile fully, and it transforms his face. He looks younger, more carefree. It's a side of him I didn't know existed, and I find myself wanting to see more of it.

"Looks like you're all set then," he says, his hand still lingering on my arm. I can feel the warmth of his touch through my shirt, and I wish he wouldn't let go.

I nod, my cheeks flushing at the contact. I glance at my car, safe and sound where I left it twenty-four hours ago. My phone pings with a million notifications as the service reconnects. I hope he doesn't recognize the push notification sound for Cookie Crush . Probably not.

I look up at him, wishing I could tell him how I feel. I don't want to leave. I'm not ready to say goodbye. He's the first man I've met in my entire life that makes me feel like a cartoon character, complete with throbbing heart-shaped eyes. Corny, I know.

"Rust."

"Charlie," he says at the same time as me. "Go ahead."

"Will you come to the bakery sometime?" I ask. "I mean, I know you're not into bread or anything. But I could make you a cup of coffee or something." I realize I'm babbling, but I can't help it. I want him to say yes. I want him to come to the bakery. I want to see him again.

Rust looks at me for a long moment, his blue eyes searching mine. I hold my breath, hoping he'll say yes.

"Alright," he finally says, his voice gruff, but his tone doesn't match his expression. He's thinking something, something that an inexperienced woman like me has no hope in figuring out.

My heart flutters. "Thank you for saving me," I say. In a moment of uncharacteristic bravery, I push up onto my toes and kiss his cheek.

Rust stiffens and a moment later, has his hands on my shoulders, pulling me into a deep kiss. I gasp in surprise, but his lips are soft and gentle despite his rough exterior. His hands move from my shoulders, down my arms, then wrap around my waist, pulling me closer. I melt into him, my arms going around his neck, fingers brushing against the rough fabric of his shirt.

The kiss deepens, and I'm lost in it. I can feel the heat from his body and the strength in his arms as he holds me close. His lips are firm and insistent, but his touch is gentle. I can't believe how much I want him.

When he finally pulls away, we're both breathing heavily.

Just as I go in for more, the magic spell is broken by my phone again. It starts ringing. It's my boss, Clara.

"Sorry," I mumble. "I should get this."

Rust nods as I take the call, his face as red as mine feels. I turn away from him, trying to act normal and not like I've just been devoured by this man's kiss.

"Hello?" I say into the phone, hoping I don't sound as out of breath as I feel.

"Charlie!" Clara's voice comes through the phone, stark and clear. "Where are you? I've been worried sick. Are you alright? I thought you'd be back by now. How was your night with the mountain man?" Her words come out in a frenzy.

"I'm fine," I assure her. "I got lost in the woods, but I'm okay. I'm with Rust, the mountain man."

There's a pause on the other end of the line. "Oh really, still with him?" She laughs. "Never mind, do you have the blueberries? I'm sorry but this client is really important."

"It's fine," I promise. "Stop stressing. It's not good for the baby. I'm at my car now. I'll be there in 20 minutes."

We say our goodbyes, and I hang up. When I look over my shoulder, Rust is standing there with his hands in his pockets, looking at the ground.

"I'm sorry," I say. "I really have to go."

"No problem," he says with a nod. "I understand."

"Think about dropping by the bakery?" I ask, my voice raised with cautious optimism.

"Sure," he says. "Get going. And drive safe."

Rust waits beside his four-wheeler until I've driven out of sight.

My chest aches like my heart's been ripped out. I struggle not to cry as I drive back to Darkmore, knowing that I left my heart in the rough, calloused hands of a lonely mountain man.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

six

Charlie

A week went by, and my grumpy mountain man hadn't come in to say hi, let alone for a coffee. I counted each day, waiting and getting my hopes up every time I heard the bell above the door chime.

I'd peek out from the kitchen, only to be disappointed. And the bakery was more popular than ever, so I found myself peeking a lot. Clara had done wonders for business.

I'm kneading away at dough for tomorrow's bread when Clara comes into the kitchen.

"You doing ok?" she asks.

I shake my head, working at the dough. "No sign of Rust, huh?"

"No," she says with a sigh. "I'm sorry, Charlie."

"It's probably for the best," I lie. "He doesn't want a girl like me. I'm not built for the outdoors." I look around at the gleaming ovens and flour-dusted tables. "This is where I belong."

Clara frowns, absent-mindedly rubbing her baby bump. "I was going to close up. Are you almost done?"

"Yeah. you go ahead. I'll lock up when I'm done," I say. "I just have a bit more dough left."

"Ok," she gives me a long look before turning away.

I hate her feeling sorry for me. "Go on, shoo," I say, waving her off. "I'm fine. You go home and put your feet up."

She smiles and shakes her head. "You're a good baker, Charlie. I'm lucky to have you."

I roll my eyes, but I can't help the smile that tugs at my lips. "I know I'm the best baker this side of Jasper Park."

We both laugh, and I watch her leave, my heart heavy with the weight of my thoughts.

After the dough is ready for tomorrow and the worktops are clean, I pull a bag out from under the table. Gluten-free flour.

If my – yes, mine – I decided, grumpy mountain man wasn't going to come to me, then I had to go to him.

I get to work making gluten-free bread and muffins. I'm not sure if Rust would even like them, but I figure it was worth a shot. I have to see him again. I have to know if that kiss meant as much to him as it did to me.

I feel like Little Red Riding Hood with a basket of bread and muffins in my arms, hiking through the forest. Thankfully, this time, I know where I'm going.

I follow the trail from the parking lot to Rust's cabin. I spent all night baking. As soon

as the sun was up, I ventured out into the forest.

It feels like I've been hiking for hours when I finally see the cabin through the trees.

Now the moment of truth. I take a deep breath before knocking on the door.

The sound of my knuckles against the weathered wood echoes through the trees. I wait, my heart pounding in my chest.

After what feels like an eternity, the door creaks open. Rust stands in the doorway, his expression unreadable. He's shirtless, and I can see the muscles in his arms and chest ripple as he moves.

"Charlie," he says, his voice gruff. He looks surprised to see me.

"Hi, Rust," I say, trying to keep my voice steady. "I baked something for you." I hold up the basket, feeling a little ridiculous. "I know you don't eat bread, but I made some gluten-free stuff. I thought you might like it."

Rust's carefully shielded expression breaks at that moment. He pulls me close, crushing his lips against mine. The basket, thankfully still closed, falls from my hand. I don't care. I'm too busy pressing myself against him, my arms wrapping around his neck, my fingers diving into his short, salt-and-pepper hair. Rust's hands grip my waist, lifting me off the ground. I wrap my legs around him, a gasp escaping my lips as he carries me inside the cabin, kicking the door shut behind us.

He doesn't break the kiss as he walks us deeper into the cabin, his lips devouring mine with a hunger that matches my own. I can feel the heat from his skin, the hard planes of his chest and abs, and the evidence of his desire pressing against me.

"Charlie," he growls against my swollen lips. "Charlie, I'm so sorry I didn't come see

you. You're so perfect, and I'm so broken. I want you. Please, let me make you mine." I'm breathless, my heart pounding wildly in my chest. I've never been so turned on in my life. "I'm yours," I whisper back, my body aching with need.

Rust carries me to his bed, never breaking our kiss. He lays me down gently, his body covering mine. I can feel his hardness pressing against me, and I arch my hips, wanting more.

Rust groans, his lips moving from mine to my neck, kissing and nipping at the sensitive skin. His hands roam my body, tracing the curves of my hips and thighs.

I squirm beneath him, a moan escaping my lips as his rough palms cup my breasts. He breaks away from my neck, his lips finding one nipple through the fabric of my shirt. I gasp, arching my back and grasping at his hair.

"Rust," I whisper, my voice hoarse with desire. "Please don't stop."

He doesn't stop. He teases and tastes, his tongue and teeth driving me wild. I can feel the wetness between my legs, my body ready for him. I want him inside me, now. He strips off my clothes, working like a madman.

"So beautiful. You're mine, Charlie. You're mine." He parts my legs, pressing kisses on my pink folds. "So delicious." He flicks his tongue over my most sensitive spot. His beard scratches against my inner thighs.

I moan, spreading my legs wider, eager for more. Rust's mouth on me is pure magic. He knows just how to touch me, how to make me squirm and gasp and beg for more. His tongue flicks and his lips suck, sending waves of pleasure crashing over me. I'm close, so close to the edge.

"Rust," I pant. "I'm going to come!"

"Come for me, Charlie," he growls, gently pushing his finger inside of me, searching for that special spot that will drive me over the edge.

With the gentlest of touches, my orgasm crests, leaving me a trembling mess. The sheets are wet beneath me.

Rust's fingers are still inside, stroking me gently as I catch my breath. I've never felt anything like that before. I'm spent, but I'm not done. I want more. I want him.

"Rust," I whisper, my voice hoarse from crying out his name. "I want you inside me."

Rust stands, freeing his massively thick and impossibly hard cock. The sight takes my breath away. Will it even fit? Will it hurt?

"You ok, Charlie?" He asks, stroking his length.

"I've just never done this before," I admit. "And you're really big."

"You're a virgin?" His eyes go wide.

I nod. By the look on his face, I'm wondering if telling him was a mistake. Will I scare him off?

He looks so...intimidating, standing there with his massive, hard cock in his hand. But he doesn't look angry or scared. Instead, there's a softness in his eyes that I've never seen before.

"Charlie," he says, his voice gentle. "You don't have to do this. Not if you're not ready."

I take a deep breath, steeling myself. I want this. I want him. "I'm ready," I say, my

voice steady despite the butterflies in my stomach. "I want you, Rust."

"Then I'll make sure it's good for you, Charlie. I promise."

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

seven

Rust

Charlie is a virgin. This beautiful woman, naked in my bed, is untouched. She's mine. All mine. The feral part in my brain makes me feel like a caveman ready to claim his mate.

"You're mine," I growl against her neck, leaving a trail of kisses. "I'm going to claim you. Mark you."

Charlie shivers as I move between her legs. I look down at her, her eyes wide and trusting. She's so fucking sexy, so willing. I can't wait to be inside her.

I press the head of my cock against her entrance, feeling her heat and wetness. She's so ready for me. I'm going to make sure she never forgets this moment, never forgets me. I push inside her slowly, giving her time to adjust to my size. She gasps and squeezes her eyes shut. I know I'm big, but I know my girl can take it.

"Breathe, Charlie," I murmur, capturing her mouth with mine.

I want her to focus on me and the connection we're making. I'm determined to make her see that every bit of this pain will be worth it.

She inhales sharply, her body tensing as I push deeper, filling her completely. The feeling of her tight heat gripping me is almost overwhelming. I break away from our kiss, whispering, "You ok, Charlie?"

She nods, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. "It's...a lot," she admits.

I smile, my lips grazing hers. "I know, baby. Take it slow.

Be gentle. I want to make this good for you."

I press my forehead against hers, looking into her eyes as I pull back slightly, letting her body get used to the feel of me inside her.

"You're doing great, Charlie," I whisper, my voice thick with emotion. "Just breathe with me."

We stay like that for a moment, our breaths syncing up, our hearts beating as one. It feels right, like we were always meant to be here, together.

Charlie nods, her eyes never leaving mine. "Okay, I'm ready," she says, her voice steady and sure.

I start to move, slowly at first, giving her body time to adjust to mine. She gasps, her eyes fluttering closed as I push deeper.

"That's it, baby," I murmur, kissing her neck, shoulder, and collarbone. "Just breathe with me. In and out. You're doing so good."

She nods, her breath coming in little pants, her nails digging into my back. I can feel her tighten around me, and I grit my teeth, fighting the urge to thrust harder, deeper. I want this to be good for her, not just for me.

I don't want to hurt her, but I can feel her body starting to relax around me, her breathing growing deeper. She's getting used to my size, her body learning to accept me.

"Rust," she whispers, her voice husky with desire. "Rust, please."

I start to move, slowly at first, but with each thrust, I go deeper, harder. She moans with each push, her body arching to meet mine. I can feel her tightening around me again, her body getting ready for another release.

"Come for me, Charlie," I growl, my voice hoarse with need.

I can feel her body tensing, her muscles coiling as she gets close. Her breath hitches and she let out tiny mewls as I circle her clit with my thumb.

I thrust into her harder, deeper, feeling her tighten around me, her muscles milking me for all I'm worth. She cries out, her body convulsing, her orgasm ripping through her like a wildfire.

I grit my teeth, fighting to hold back my release as I ride out her climax, feeling every pulse of her body around me. Her wetness squelches between our bodies and my cock moves freely, pounding in and out of her.

"Fuck, fuck," I groan. "This pussy is mine. You're mine. I'm never going to let you go, Charlie."

My vision blurs as my cock comes deep inside of her. I roar my pleasure, marking her as mine, claiming her in the most primal way possible. Pulse after pulse of hot seed flows into her until our combined mess leaks onto the sheets.

Charlie's arms wrap around me, her soft body pressing against mine. I can feel her heart beating wildly against my chest, matching the rhythm of my own. I hold her tightly, not wanting to let go.

After a while, I roll off of her, pulling her with me so that she's curled up against my

side. I can't believe what just happened. This woman, this beautiful, sweet woman, just gave herself to me. Completely.

Spent, I collapse beside her, pulling her close, letting our bodies cool together. Our limbs are entwined, our hearts beating in sync. I can feel her smile against my chest, and I smile too, a contented sigh escaping my lips.

I never thought I'd feel this way again, this connected, this alive .

Charlie lifts her head, looking up at me with those sparkling green eyes. "Did I do okay? For a first-timer, I mean."

I can't help but smile, my heart swelling with a warmth I haven't felt in a long time. I tuck a strand of her auburn hair behind her ear. "More than okay, Charlie. You were perfect."

She beams at me, her cheeks flushing with pleasure. "I'm glad," she says, snuggling back against my chest hair. "Because I want to do it again."

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

eight

Charlie

We don't get out of bed until mid-afternoon. I could spend the rest of my life naked with Rust in bed.

When we finally pull away from each other, I throw on one of his shirts and let the familiar scent wash over me. Wood and smoke. Home.

Then, I pad over to the front door where the basket of bread and muffins is still there.

Rust comes up behind me, shirtless.

I can't help but want to lick my lips. He's so delicious. More delicious than any treats I could bake, gluten-free or otherwise.

"Are you ready to try the gluten-free bread I made?" I ask him, holding up the basket.

"I would love to," he says, gently taking the basket from me. He opens it up to find two loaves of bread and half a dozen blueberry muffins. The scent of freshly baked goods fills the cabin.

Rust lifts a muffin out of the basket, examining it carefully. "You made these?" he asks, looking at me with a mix of surprise and admiration.

"Well, I knew I couldn't be falling for someone who couldn't eat bread," I joke,

leaning against the kitchen counter. "I thought you might like them."

He tears off a piece of muffin and takes a bite. His eyes close briefly as he chews, a look of pure pleasure on his face. "Charlie, this is incredible," he says around the food in his mouth. "You're a genius."

I can't help but beam at his praise. Seeing him enjoy something I made is just about the best feeling in the world. "I'm glad you like it," I say. "I was really hoping you would."

Rust takes another bite of the muffin, then moves to the bread, cutting a thick slice and slathering it with butter. "Wow, you make the gluten-free stuff actually taste good. If I can eat this every day, I'll definitely get bread back into my diet."

I tear off a piece of the muffin and taste it. It tastes just as good as any other muffin in the bakery. "I think these should be part of the permanent rotation."

Rust looks at me, silence settling between us.

"If you're going to be coming around town more often, that is," I add sheepishly.

Rust closes the space between us, grabbing my hands. "You know I don't like being in town, but for you, I guess I can try."

"I'd like that. Are you going to tell me why you avoid people so much?" I ask, my breath catching. My heart flutters nervously. Will he finally open up to me?

I hope so. I want to know more about him and his past. I want to understand why he hides away up here in the mountains. I see a flicker of something in his gaze—pain, maybe, or vulnerability. But it's gone as quickly as it came.

"It's not something I like to talk about," he says finally, his voice low. "I've had a lot of time up here to think about what happened. To try and make sense of it all."

I squeeze his hands, encouraging him to go on.

"You don't have to tell me everything, Rust. But I care about you. I want to understand."

Rust pulls me close, wrapping his arms around me. I can feel his heartbeat against my cheek. He's silent for a long moment, his breath warm on my hair.

"I used to be a paramedic," he says finally. "In the city. I saw a lot of crazy stuff. Car accidents, shootings, stabbings... People dying in the most awful ways. I tried to save as many as I could, but sometimes... sometimes I couldn't." He takes a deep breath, and I can feel his body shudder.

"I started to see it all in my sleep. The faces of the people I couldn't save, their screams echoing in my head. I became anxious, paranoid. I started to see danger everywhere. Then, one day, I was on a call, and... I froze. I was suspended from my job, and I knew I couldn't go back. I was a risk to everyone around me. So, I left everything behind and came here. To hide. To heal. Or so I thought."

Rust's arms tighten around me, and I can feel the tension in his body.

I hug him back, wanting to soothe him, to take away the pain that's clearly still so raw. "It's okay, Rust," I whisper. "You're safe now."

He lets out a shaky breath, his hold on me loosening slightly. "I'm so sorry, Charlie. I never meant drag you into my troubles. I should have told you to stay away from me. I should have—"

"Shh," I cut him off, placing a finger over his lips. "You didn't know I was going to be so persistent, did you?" I grin, trying to lighten the mood. "I'm a stubborn one, remember?"

Rust looks down at me, a small smile playing on his lips. "That you are, Charlie. That you are."

I lean into him, resting my head against his chest. His heartbeat is steady beneath my ear, and I can feel the warmth of his skin through his shirt. He strokes my hair softly, his calloused fingers surprisingly gentle.

"I'm glad you found your way here, Charlie," he says after a moment, his voice a low rumble.

"Well, I lost my way in the woods, remember?" I say with a giggle. "It's you who found me ."

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 4:27 pm

nine

Charlie

I hum to myself as I mix the muffin batter. It's four o'clock in the morning, the perfect time to be in the bakery before the customers come for their breakfast. I like to be up before the sun rises; it's quiet and peaceful.

Once the blueberry muffins are in the oven, I switch to making scones. I roll the dough and cut generous triangle shapes dusted with sugar.

The bell above the door tinkles.

I peek out of the kitchen, my heart swelling as I see Rust.

We've been together for two months, and he's come a long way. He doesn't hide away in the forest as often, but he still enjoys his solitude. His favorite time to go to the bakery is before opening hours, so he gets the first pick of the gluten-free goods and avoids small talk with Clara.

"Rust!"

"Good morning, beautiful," he says.

I grin and wipe my flour-covered hands on my apron. "You're up early."

Rust shrugs. "Couldn't sleep. Thought I'd come to see my girl."

I love it when he calls me that. His girl. It makes me feel special. I leave the kitchen and meet him in the middle of the bakery.

"What can I get you today?"

Rust grins, his blue eyes sparkling. "How about a taste of your famous blueberry muffins?"

I smile and turn back to the kitchen. "They're still in the oven."

"Hmm," he sighs with mock disappointment. "Maybe there's something else that will hold me over until then." He pulls me into his arms and kisses me. He tastes like coffee and warmth, and I can't get enough.

"I missed you," he murmurs against my lips. "I wish you didn't have to work so early. I miss you every time I wake up."

"I missed you too," I say. I can feel his heart beating against mine, making me feel safe and protected. Like nothing can hurt me as long as I'm in his arms.

He kisses me again, this time deeper, with more urgency. I can feel his cock pressing against me. I moan into his mouth, my body responding instantly. I never get tired of his kisses, his touch. He's addictive.

Rust breaks away from the kiss, panting. "Fuck, Charlie, you're so sexy," he murmurs, his voice hoarse with desire. "I can't get enough of you."

I smile against his lips, feeling a rush of pleasure at his words. "Good," I whisper. "Because I can't get enough of you either."

Rust cups my face in his hands and kisses me again, softly this time. I melt into him,

my heart fluttering like a bird in my chest.

The way he looks at me and the way he says my name makes me feel like the most loved and desired woman in the world. And even though we've only been together for a few months, I know that I want him forever.

He pulls away from the kiss, his eyes searching mine. "Charlie, I—" Rust glances at the clock on the wall, then back at me. "Do we have a few extra minutes before you need to get back to work?"

"Yes," I nod. I squeal as he scoops me up in his arms and carries me to the office.

"Good, because I'm going to take you right now. I can't wait, Charlie."

The office is small and cozy, with a desk, a bookshelf, and a small loveseat in the corner. Rust kicks the door shut behind him and places me gently on the loveseat. He looms over me, his eyes intense.

"Rust," I breathe, my heart pounding in my chest. I reach up to touch his cheek, tracing the line of his jaw. He leans into my touch, his eyes fluttering shut for a moment.

"Charlie, I need you," he growls, his voice low and rough.

He grasps the hem of my apron and tugs it off, his movements frantic and desperate. I'm suddenly aware of how little time we have, how much I want him, how much I need this.

I reach for him, my fingers fumbling with the zipper of his jeans. He lets out a low groan as I free him, my hand wrapping around his hot, hard length. He's big and thick and throbbing.

He pushes my legs apart, positioning himself between my thighs. I can feel the heat of him, the hardness of him, the hunger of him.

He's like a wild animal, about to pounce, and I am his prey. I want this.

Rust's eyes are wild, his chest heaving with desire as he looks down at me. "Charlie, you're so beautiful," he says, his voice thick with emotion.

I lift my hips to meet him, and he lowers himself onto me, his weight supported by his arms. He hooks a hand behind one of my knees, lifting it up and opening me up to him even more. I can feel the tip of him, hot and hard, pressing against me. It still feels as big as the first time.

Rust leans down, his lips finding mine again as he slowly pushes inside me. I can feel every inch of him stretching me, filling me up. It's a sensation unlike any other, and I moan into his mouth, my hips lifting to meet his thrust.

"Fuck, Charlie, you're so tight," Rust groans, his forehead resting against mine. "You feel so good. You going to take this big cock for me like a good girl?"

"Yes!" I whimper.

He pulls back slightly, then thrusts again, going deeper this time. I can feel every ridge of him, every vein, and I wrap my legs around his hips, urging him on. He begins to move, slowly at first, finding his rhythm.

His hips move at a steady pace, and his eyes never leave mine. There's a tenderness in his gaze that warms my heart.

"Rust," I whisper, my body adapting to his size, my legs wrapped tightly around him. I can feel the pleasure building, the friction of our bodies creating a heat that spreads

through me like wildfire.

Rust's thrusts become deeper, more urgent. His breath comes in ragged gasps, his chest heaving with exertion.

"Charlie, I'm close," he groans, his voice hoarse with desire. "Are you with me, baby?" He moves his hands between us, rubbing my clit in small, tight circles.

I nod, my body trembling on the brink of ecstasy. "Yes, Rust. I'm right there with you."

He thrusts deeper, and I feel myself shatter around him. Waves of pleasure crash over me, leaving me gasping and clinging to him. Rust lets out a low growl as he comes, filling me with his hot seed.

Just as our heartbeats start to settle, the timer goes off in the kitchen.

I laugh. "Your blueberry muffins are ready," I kiss his cheek and get dressed.

"Excellent, I've worked up an appetite," he grins.

I'm going to be hot for the rest of the day, counting the minutes until I'm back up in his cabin, naked with my body pressed against his.

I used to think the bakery was my favorite place in the world. Now, I knew that my favorite place to be was with him. Rust – my mountain man.

Rust

Summer tourist season is winding down, and the residents of Darkmore were enjoying the reprieve. Autumn is bringing cold wind and frost, and soon, it would be winter when the ski lodge would be booked solid until February. It seems like there was never a dull moment in this small town, especially now that I was working with Darkmore Search and Rescue.

I glance at Charlie, captivated by her soft, pregnant glow. She's radiant, even with her hair tied back into a messy bun and her apron speckled with flour.

Clara, the bakery owner, is cradling her little one, a girl with curly blond hair and big blue eyes. The sight makes me wonder what our baby will look like when they arrive. I know I'm going to love being a dad.

The bakery smells like sweet, fresh bread and coffee. Things have changed so much in the past year. I went from a solitary mountain man to a Search and Rescue volunteer, and now I'm the expectant father of Charlie's baby. I never saw any of this coming, but I wouldn't change a thing.

"So, how are you doing with the training, Rust?" Ash, Charlie's boss' husband, asks. He's a nice guy. His family runs the hardware store across the street.

I shrug, leaning against the counter. "It's going well. I've been on a few calls already. It's good to be back in the action, you know? It's different from the city, but I'm getting the hang of it." I take a sip of coffee, savoring the taste. Charlie always makes the best coffee.

"That's good to hear," Ash says with a nod. "Darkmore's a tight-knit community, and we're glad to have you on the team."

Charlie smiles and pats her growing belly. "Yes, we are."

Clara coos at her daughter, bouncing her gently. "I remember when I came back to Darkmore. It was a breath of fresh air for the entire community, just like you were when you joined the search and rescue team."

I chuckle, looking down at my coffee. "Well, I'm not sure about that. I was a mess when I first got here," I say, looking at Charlie. Her smile widens, and she leans against the counter next to me.

"You were just... different," she says softly. "But you've come a long way, Rust. I'm really proud of you."

The sincerity in her voice warms my heart. I set my coffee down and wrap my arm around her shoulders, pulling her close. "You're the one who's been saving me, Charlie. You make me want to be a better man."

Charlie's eyes shimmer with tears. She laughs and wipes them away. "These darn hormones," she sighs.

"Well, we should get this little one home," Clara says.

"Yes," Ash agrees, giving Clara a soft kiss on the cheek and looking down at the baby with a smile. "I'll see you later, Charlie. Rust, good to see you, man."

"You too, Ash," I say, raising my coffee cup in a salute.

As they leave, Charlie watches them go with a contented sigh. "They're so sweet together," she says.

"Not as sweet as us," I kiss her cheek.

"I don't think it's a contest, Rust," she laughs.

"No, but it's still true," I lean my forehead against her. I never want to be away from my beautiful wife. I put my hand on the curve of her belly. "You. Our family. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me. I can't help but brag."

Charlie smiles. "Do you want to help me prep the dough for tomorrow?"

"Only if I can keep my hands on you the entire time."

Her lips quirk with a smile. Her cheeks blush a soft pink. "Or, maybe you can help me out with these raging hormones in the office first?"

Heat bursts through me. My pregnant wife is insatiable, and I love nothing more than worshipping her beautiful, soft body. "I think the dough can wait a few more minutes."

"Good," she weaves her fingers in mine and leads me to the office.

As I kiss her, I know I'm truly blessed. I have my beautiful wife, my job that keeps me on my toes, and a baby on the way. What else could a mountain man want? Life is perfect.