



The Mountain Man's Curvy Bride (Mountain Man Sanctuary #3)

Author: *Lizzie Sparks*

Category: Romance

Description: Grumpy mountain man Wes Walker has one last condition to fulfill before inheriting his family's remote lodge: he must marry. Determined to stay solitary in his rugged hideaway, Wes does what any sensible recluse would—he orders a mail-order bride. When smiling, curvy firecracker Daisy Whitmore arrives on his doorstep, brightening his dusty cabin like a burst of spring sunshine, Wes can practically feel his quiet life slide off the rails.

Daisy is dead-set on living her best happily-ever-after in the grandeur of the Rockies, no matter how many of Wes's grouchy scowls she faces. She's certain the guarded giant beneath the flannel just needs a little TLC—and some of her homemade fudge—to thaw his frozen heart. But taming this hermit's mountain is far from easy.

As Daisy's affection and cheer turn Wes's world upside down, an unexpected love begins to grow if only they can survive each other long enough to see it blossom.

Total Pages (Source): 19

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

The sharp rap on the front door jolts me so abruptly, hot coffee leaps from my mug like it's trying to escape the inevitable confrontation.

Droplets soak into my favorite red-and-black plaid flannel sleeve, burning slightly and leaving an annoying wet patch.

Grumbling, I shove my chair away from the battered kitchen table, coffee leaving a dripping trail behind me as I stalk toward the entryway of my cabin.

No one ever visits this deep into Black Bear Mountain.

Ever. That's precisely why I chose to hole up here.

I swing the heavy wooden door open with enough force to rattle its hinges. "Who the hell?—"

The rest of my scathing greeting evaporates instantly.

Standing in front of me is a woman—a decidedly attractive woman.

And she's smiling at me like sunshine after a blizzard. The sight is so surprising, I blink, momentarily stunned into silence. Her golden hair tumbles around her shoulders in waves that catch the sun's rays perfectly, and her vibrant blue eyes practically dance with energy.

She's dressed in a bright yellow dress that accentuates her curvy figure, hugging every lush, mouth-watering curve.

"Hi! You must be Wes." Her voice is cheerful, sweet like honey dripping from a spoon. Her smile widens, showing white, perfect teeth that could dazzle a dentist.

I scowl instinctively. "Who are you, and what the hell are you doing here?"

Instead of looking put off by my gruff greeting, she just tilts her head slightly, a mischievous sparkle in those impossibly blue eyes. "I'm Daisy Whitmore, your mail-order bride. You did order me, didn't you?"

My gut twists like it's been wrung out by rough hands.

The mail-order bride. I'd nearly forgotten about that insane idea, my late uncle's bizarre and final condition to inherit the family lodge: marry someone or lose the inheritance forever.

A condition designed to torment me from beyond the grave.

I'd thought I'd gotten around it easily enough by filling out an obscure form on a questionable website in the hopes it was some kind of twisted joke. Apparently, the joke's on me.

Daisy shivers dramatically and rubs her bare arms. "Do you mind if I come inside? It's pretty chilly out here, Wes."

I hesitate, eying her warily. This woman looks as out of place standing on my porch as a bouquet of roses in the middle of a rugged mountain trail. But before I can argue further, she offers a teasing pout and bats her long lashes exaggeratedly. "Pretty please? I promise I'm harmless—mostly."

A reluctant chuckle threatens to slip past my lips. I bite it back, frowning deeper to cover it up, and reluctantly step aside. "Fine, come in. Just don't...touch anything."

She brushes past me into the cabin, her perfume wafting around me like an invitation to trouble. Vanilla, jasmine, and something unmistakably sweet—like freshly baked sugar cookies—assault my senses, stirring things that I'd buried under layers of solitude.

The living room of my cabin, usually dim and comfortably gloomy, suddenly feels lighter, warmer, and infuriatingly cheerful with Daisy in it.

She stands in the center, twirling slowly as she takes in my rough-hewn furniture, the fireplace surrounded by weathered stone, and my treasured moose head mounted above the mantle.

Her gaze settles on the worn sofa covered by a faded quilt my grandmother had stitched decades ago, and her expression softens in delight.

"Cozy," she declares brightly, spinning again, her yellow dress flaring slightly. "I absolutely adore this rustic vibe you've got going here. It's very...mountain man chic."

"Mountain man chic?" I growl, scowling deeper. "It's a cabin, not a boutique hotel."

She grins at my gruffness, clearly unaffected. "It's perfect, actually. Quaint, charming, full of character. Just like its owner."

I narrow my eyes suspiciously. "Are you always this...chipper?"

"Only when I meet ruggedly handsome strangers who've ordered me online," she teases, winking playfully. "Speaking of which, our cabin now, right?"

I choke slightly, feeling my heartbeat speed up. "Whoa, hold on a second, Sunshine?—"

She beams. "Sunshine? That's adorable. Already got nicknames for me, Wes?"

"That was not—" I sputter. She laughs, a light sound like wind chimes dancing in a spring breeze, effectively cutting me off.

"Relax," she soothes, stepping closer. "We're both adults here. You needed a bride, and I was looking for a place to live. Sounds simple enough, right?"

"A place to live, huh?" I grunt skeptically. "What happened to your last place?"

"Let's just say it became unlivable," she says, unfazed, setting her bulging, floral-patterned bag down next to the worn coffee table.

She moves around the room as though she belongs here, touching things lightly, examining my small collection of books on hunting, survival, and solitude.

Every now and then, she hums softly to herself, making it impossible to ignore her presence.

I try to maintain my irritation, but it's getting increasingly difficult.

"You're taller than I imagined," Daisy says suddenly, breaking the silence and turning toward me, her eyes traveling appreciatively up and down my frame.

I cross my arms defensively. "And you're shorter."

She chuckles, stepping closer again, invading my personal space without hesitation.

"That's okay. We fit better that way, don't you think?"

My pulse hammers loudly in my ears. "Listen, Daisy?—"

She waves a hand dismissively, cutting me off. "I know, Wes, strictly business. But that doesn't mean we can't have a little fun while fulfilling your uncle's condition."

Her playful tone sends heat shooting through my veins, warming my skin far more effectively than the coffee spill had earlier. "Define fun," I growl, trying to hold onto my grumpy demeanor.

She smiles softly, closing the distance between us until there's barely any air left between our bodies. Her gaze drops to my lips, lingering for a moment before rising back up to meet mine. "Oh, I think we both know exactly what I mean."

My mouth goes dry. The woman standing before me is pure trouble wrapped in sunshine, threatening to thaw every bit of ice around my heart.

Every instinct screams to run, to barricade myself back into comfortable solitude.

But her intoxicating presence anchors me in place, curious to see exactly how dangerous Daisy Whitmore can be.

God help me, I think with grim resignation, because Daisy Whitmore is exactly the kind of woman who could bring a mountain man to his knees.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

I'm inside the cabin less than five minutes, and I'm already in love with every inch of it. Sure, it's a little rough around the edges—just like its owner—but it feels like the home I've always wanted. A place I can finally call mine without worrying that the ground might crumble beneath my feet.

I glance over at Wes, who's currently attempting to glare a hole through the floorboards, and smile to myself.

He's grumpy, definitely, but I can work with that.

Besides, beneath all that prickliness, he's ridiculously handsome, with broad shoulders, tousled dark hair, and a rugged jawline covered in just enough scruff to be dangerously tempting.

I decided the moment I saw that online ad for a bride that this was my ticket to a fresh start.

I've never moved so quickly in my entire life, responding faster than I could talk myself out of it.

Wes clears his throat, bringing my attention back to him. "So, about this wedding..."

"Oh, right!" I chirp eagerly, bouncing slightly on my heels. "When's the wedding?"

He rubs a hand roughly over his stubbled chin, clearly uncomfortable. "We can go

down to the courthouse tomorrow. The sooner, the better, right?"

"Tomorrow works for me!" I say cheerfully, trying to hide my relief.

I'd half-feared he might toss me out before we even got to this part.

I've come prepared, though—a special white dress my mother had given me before she passed away, neatly folded and safely stowed in my bag. She'd always wanted me to find happiness, and maybe I can find it here.

"Great," Wes says gruffly, turning toward the small kitchen. "I'm going to start dinner."

"Oh, can I help?" I hurry after him, not wanting him to feel like he has to handle everything himself.

He eyes me warily for a moment before sighing. "Fine. You can chop vegetables."

"Perfect," I say, beaming as he hands me a wooden cutting board and a pile of carrots and potatoes. "I've always loved cooking. It's relaxing."

Wes snorts softly. "Nothing relaxing about dinner in this cabin."

I giggle, slicing into the carrots. "We'll see about that."

As we prepare the meal, the silence gradually fills with comfortable companionship, punctuated by the occasional scrape of knives against wood and the sizzle of vegetables hitting the pan. The smells of garlic and rosemary fill the tiny kitchen, mingling deliciously in the air.

"Smells amazing," I say after a while, sneaking a glance at Wes as he expertly flips

the meat in the skillet.

His lips twitch slightly, the closest thing to a smile I've seen yet. "Glad you think so."

Dinner passes with Wes offering little more than monosyllabic responses, but I'm determined not to be discouraged. I've handled much worse than a taciturn mountain man. I'll thaw him yet.

When it's finally time for bed, Wes shifts awkwardly, scratching the back of his head. "About sleeping arrangements...there's only one bed."

I nod slowly, pretending to consider. "Well, we're getting married tomorrow, so..."

He clears his throat, looking decidedly uncomfortable. "I'll take the couch."

I shake my head, stepping closer and placing a gentle hand on his arm. "No, Wes. You don't have to do that. We're adults. We can share."

He hesitates, his dark eyes meeting mine, uncertain. "I don't want you to be uncomfortable."

"I won't be," I promise softly, feeling my heart flutter at his genuine concern.

But he just shakes his head resolutely, retreating to the worn couch and grabbing an extra quilt from a nearby chair. "It's fine, Daisy. You take the bed."

Reluctantly, I relent, making my way to the small bedroom at the back of the cabin. Alone in the quiet room, I unpack carefully, laying my special dress across the foot of the bed. It feels almost magical, the silky fabric whispering promises of better days ahead.

Climbing into bed later, I curl under the thick, cozy quilt and stare at the wooden ceiling. Despite Wes choosing the couch tonight, I find myself smiling. It's a start—he cares enough to be considerate, which means there's hope yet.

Sleep comes easier than it has in months, and as I drift off, I can't help but think that maybe I've finally found my home.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

I wake up with a groan, stretching my stiff limbs on the too-short couch.

The quilt is tangled around my legs, evidence of a restless night spent tossing and turning.

Not that I expected anything different. The lumpy cushions offered zero comfort, but I'd be damned if I let Daisy sleep on the couch her first night here.

Even a grumpy mountain man like me has some standards.

Still, I can't complain too much—not with visions of Daisy filling my head all night.

Every time I closed my eyes, I'd see her standing there in my cabin, her bright yellow dress hugging those irresistible curves.

Her long blonde hair cascaded down her shoulders like spun gold, her smile radiant enough to chase away every shadow.

She doesn't belong here, in this rough place, yet something deep inside me desperately wants her to stay.

The sound of humming reaches me from the bedroom, soft and melodic.

Of course, she's already awake and happy as ever.

It figures she'd wake up with more cheerfulness than should be allowed this early.

I sit up, rubbing my gritty eyes and standing with a grunt.

I'm too old for couch surfing. Hell, I feel ancient after just one night.

"Good morning," Daisy chirps brightly, stepping out of the bedroom dressed casually in leggings and an oversized sweater that slips off one shoulder.

Damn, she's beautiful—even in casual clothes that shouldn't be nearly as enticing as they are.

My mouth goes dry as she approaches, smelling faintly of vanilla and something fresh like spring blossoms.

"Morning," I mutter, voice gruff from sleep. I rub my hand over my stubbled jaw, suddenly hyper-aware of my rumpled state.

"Did you sleep okay?" She glances at the couch, sympathy shining in those bright blue eyes.

"I've had worse," I reply, shrugging nonchalantly. "Coffee?"

"Please," she says eagerly, following me to the kitchen.

We move around each other in the cramped space, me brewing the coffee, her finding cups with effortless ease, like she's already lived here forever. There's something oddly comforting about the rhythm we find so quickly.

As I pour the coffee, I glance sideways at her. I can't help myself—I need to know more about her. About what kind of life would lead her to agree to marry a stranger

hidden away in the mountains. But now isn't the time. Questions can wait. Today, I have a courthouse wedding to get through.

"About today," I begin awkwardly. "Are you sure you're okay with the courthouse? It's not exactly fancy."

She smiles warmly, accepting the steaming cup of coffee. "Fancy isn't important. What's important is us, Wes."

Us . The word sends an unfamiliar warmth through my chest, something I'm definitely not used to feeling.

"Right," I say, clearing my throat roughly. "Well, we'd better get ready."

It doesn't take long to get cleaned up and dressed. I opt for my nicest flannel and jeans, while Daisy disappears into the bedroom, emerging later in a simple yet elegant white dress that steals my breath away. She's stunning, a vision in white, and I momentarily forget how to breathe.

"You look..." I start, unable to finish.

Her cheeks flush prettily. "It's my mother's dress. She wanted me to wear it someday." She blushes nervously. "It's kind of tight."

"It's perfect," I finally manage, feeling inadequate for words.

The drive into town is quiet but not uncomfortable. Daisy hums softly to herself, her fingers tapping a rhythm on her knee, her smile never fading. When we arrive at the small courthouse, my stomach knots with unexpected nerves.

"Relax," Daisy says gently, reaching over to squeeze my hand reassuringly. "We're in

this together."

Her touch steadies me more than I want to admit, and I nod, climbing from the truck and leading her inside.

"Well, look what the mountain dragged in," a familiar voice drawls as soon as we step through the courthouse doors.

I groan inwardly, turning to see my cousin, Liam, standing nearby, grinning widely. Beside him stands a pretty brunette woman I've never seen before.

"Liam," I say flatly, ignoring his teasing. "Glad you could make it."

"Thanks for asking for me to be your witness," Liam says easily, stepping forward to clap me on the shoulder. "Someone's gotta keep you honest."

I snort softly, glancing at the woman beside him. "Who's this?"

"Everly," she introduces herself warmly, smiling at Daisy. "Liam's girlfriend."

Daisy beams back, stepping forward eagerly. "I'm Daisy."

The two women immediately strike up a conversation, their chatter filling the quiet courthouse hallway as if they'd known each other forever. Liam nudges me, eyebrows raised.

"You sure about this, Wes? Marriage is a big deal."

"I'm sure," I say firmly, watching Daisy laugh at something Everly says, her face bright and carefree. "She's...different."

"I can see that," Liam agrees softly, his eyes thoughtful. "You deserve someone good, Wes. Don't mess this up."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence," I mutter sarcastically, though his words linger.

Soon, the four of us stand before a bored-looking justice of the peace. The ceremony is short and practical, but as I take Daisy's hands in mine, repeating vows I barely hear, I realize how badly I want this to work. How desperately I want her to stay.

"You may kiss the bride," the justice says with a perfunctory tone.

My heart thunders as I lean in, brushing a gentle kiss across Daisy's soft lips. It's brief, chaste, but enough to spark something deep inside me. When I pull back, Daisy's eyes shine with emotion, and I wonder if she feels it too.

After the ceremony, Liam and Everly invite us for a celebratory lunch at the local diner. Daisy happily accepts, already chatting enthusiastically with Everly as we head to our trucks. Watching her easy laughter and joy, something shifts within me.

Maybe this marriage isn't just a formality. Maybe it's the beginning of something more—something real. And as I climb behind the wheel, glancing over at Daisy, I decide to let myself hope.

I'm in over my head, and for once, I don't mind.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

The diner is exactly the kind of place you'd expect in a quaint mountain town—cozy, filled with the smell of freshly brewed coffee and sizzling bacon, and decorated with quirky vintage signs.

Everly and I slide into the booth first, instantly resuming our lively conversation, while Wes and Liam sit across from us, exchanging quieter, more subdued small talk.

"So, Everly, how did you and Liam meet?" I ask, genuinely curious as I settle comfortably into the red vinyl seat.

Everly's face lights up, her cheeks flushing slightly as she leans in closer, excitement bubbling in her voice.

"Oh, it's quite the story," she says, glancing affectionately at Liam, whose ears turn a faint shade of pink beneath her gaze.

"It was one of those freak summer storms—you know, the kind that comes out of nowhere.

My car blew a tire right near Liam's mountain, and before I knew it, I was stranded with roads flooding all around me. "

"No way!" I gasp, completely enthralled. "That sounds like something out of a romance novel."

"It really was!" Everly laughs, her eyes sparkling. "Liam found me soaked to the bone, standing by my car looking totally helpless, and he insisted I wait out the storm in his cabin. I argued at first, but he wouldn't take no for an answer."

Liam chuckles softly from across the table, shaking his head. "You weren't that hard to convince."

Everly grins playfully, nudging him with her foot beneath the table. "True. You were pretty persuasive."

Their easy affection makes my heart ache slightly.

I can't help but steal a glance at Wes, who sits quietly beside Liam, his dark eyes observing our conversation with guarded interest. His presence is solid and reassuring, yet distant in a way I can't quite pinpoint.

Watching Everly and Liam, their fingers interlaced atop the table, laughter in their eyes, I feel a pang of longing.

I've never had someone look at me like that.

Steven certainly never did. My ex-boyfriend was the opposite of affectionate—always distant, always critical.

He had a way of making me feel smaller than I was, a shadow rather than a person.

Breaking free from him had been one of the hardest yet best decisions I'd ever made.

The moment I saw Wes's online ad for a bride, I'd felt a surge of hope, a chance for a fresh start in a place where nobody knew me or my history.

"So, Daisy," Everly says cheerfully, pulling me back to the present, "what made you decide to marry this big grump over here?"

She nods playfully toward Wes, whose expression immediately darkens into an embarrassed scowl. I can't help but giggle, finding his discomfort oddly endearing.

"Well, honestly," I begin, fiddling with the edge of my napkin, "I needed a change, and Wes's ad caught my eye. The idea of a peaceful life in the mountains sounded... perfect."

Everly nods knowingly, her smile gentle. "I get it. Sometimes the best choices we make are the ones that seem the craziest."

Liam smirks at Wes, nudging him with his elbow. "Did you hear that? You're someone's best crazy decision."

"Shut up," Wes grumbles, though there's a faint twitch of amusement on his lips.

Our meals arrive quickly—plates piled high with fluffy pancakes, crispy bacon, scrambled eggs, and golden hash browns. As we dive into our food, the conversation continues easily, punctuated by bursts of laughter and teasing banter.

Between bites, I find myself sneaking peeks at Wes.

He's quiet, thoughtful, but his eyes are warmer now, softer as he listens to Liam's exaggerated storytelling.

There's something captivating about Wes—something steady and reassuring beneath that gruff exterior.

I wonder what he's thinking, if he's also wondering about our future or regretting the

decision already.

"Earth to Daisy," Everly teases gently, waving a forkful of pancake in front of my face. "Lost in thought over there?"

I laugh sheepishly, cheeks warming. "Sorry, just distracted. It's nice being here. It all feels so normal."

Everly nods, understanding shining in her eyes. "I know exactly what you mean. There's something special about finding a place that feels right."

"Exactly," I agree softly, stealing another quick glance at Wes. Our eyes meet briefly, and my heart skips an unexpected beat at the intensity of his gaze before he quickly looks away.

By the time we finish eating, I'm pleasantly full and happier than I've felt in a long time. The waitress clears our plates, topping off our coffee cups as we linger, reluctant to end the easy camaraderie of the meal.

Everly leans across the table, her voice conspiratorial. "We should definitely do this again soon. Maybe dinner at our place next week?"

"We'd love that," I say instantly, glancing at Wes for confirmation. He hesitates for a split second, then nods.

"Great!" Everly claps her hands excitedly. "It's a plan."

We say our goodbyes in the parking lot, Everly and I exchanging phone numbers with promises to chat soon. Wes and Liam exchange gruff farewells, clapping each other on the shoulder in that masculine, affectionate way they have.

As Wes and I climb back into his truck, a comfortable silence settles between us. The drive home is quiet but peaceful, the scenic beauty of the mountain roads wrapping around us like a warm embrace.

"Today was nice," I finally say softly, glancing over at him.

He glances at me briefly, his expression thoughtful. "It was nice. Better than I expected."

I smile warmly, leaning back into the seat, feeling a quiet sense of contentment settle deep within me.

Maybe this arrangement started as something practical, something born of necessity, but in this moment, it feels like so much more.

Like the beginnings of something real, something I've been longing for my entire life.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

It's been a few days since Daisy and I exchanged vows at the courthouse, and the reality of our arrangement is slowly sinking in. Slowly. Honestly, I'm still adjusting to sharing my once quiet and solitary cabin with someone so full of life and energy.

Daisy seems to be settling in just fine, though.

Better than fine, actually. She's taken to the cabin and the mountain like she's always belonged here, humming cheerfully as she moves around my kitchen, making herself perfectly at home.

Today, the sweet aroma of chocolate fills the air, mingling with the warmth from the wood-burning stove. I glance up from my spot on the worn leather couch, where I've been half-listening to the lawyer drone on about my uncle's will.

"Yes, Mr. Walker," the lawyer says in his usual monotonous voice. "The terms are very clear. You must remain married for one year before the inheritance will be fully transferred to your name."

"A full year?" I groan inwardly, pinching the bridge of my nose.

I had hoped it might be a few weeks, a month tops.

An entire year feels like an eternity, especially considering the last few nights I've spent tossing and turning restlessly on the couch, unable to sleep, my thoughts consumed by Daisy.

I glance toward the kitchen again, watching her stir a pot of fudge, her movements graceful and rhythmic.

Her long blonde hair catches the sunlight filtering through the window, shimmering like spun gold.

The fabric of her snug sweater clings enticingly to her curves, and I shift uncomfortably, suddenly very aware of the tightness in my jeans.

This living arrangement is torture—and not just because of the uncomfortable sleeping conditions.

"Mr. Walker?" the lawyer prompts, breaking through my distracted thoughts.

"Yeah, yeah, I hear you," I mutter, forcing myself to focus. "One year. Got it."

"Excellent," he replies blandly. "Once the terms are met, the funds will be released, and you can move forward with your plans."

I hang up, sighing deeply. My plans. For years, I've dreamed of starting a dog ranch, a sanctuary and training facility nestled in these mountains.

A place where abandoned or rescued dogs could heal and thrive.

Something meaningful, something real. But first, there's the matter of surviving a full year of marital bliss—or whatever you call this bizarre situation Daisy and I have gotten ourselves into.

Daisy glances up from the stove, catching me watching her. Her bright blue eyes sparkle mischievously as she smiles. "Everything okay over there, Wes?"

"Fine," I say, clearing my throat. "Just finished talking to the lawyer about the inheritance. Looks like we're stuck together for a year."

She lifts an eyebrow playfully, stirring the pot slowly. "Stuck, huh? Well, I suppose there are worse things."

I chuckle despite myself, drawn by her infectious optimism. "Maybe."

She pours the creamy fudge mixture into a baking dish, spreading it smoothly with a spatula. "Want to lick the spoon?"

My eyes widen slightly, mind racing to places that have nothing to do with chocolate. "What?"

"The spoon," she repeats, holding it out teasingly. "You know, taste test?"

Heat crawls up my neck, but I manage a gruff nod, standing to cross the room.

Her eyes follow me, amusement dancing in their depths.

Taking the spoon, I taste the sweet, rich chocolate, trying not to think about how close she stands, or the scent of vanilla and something undeniably feminine that clings to her.

"Good?" she asks softly, her gaze holding mine.

"Delicious," I murmur, voice thick. "You're good at this."

She beams proudly, looking pleased with herself. "Glad you like it."

I clear my throat again, stepping back slightly. "So, about this sleeping

arrangement..."

Her brows rise curiously. "The couch isn't cutting it, is it?"

"Not exactly," I admit sheepishly. "I was thinking either I need to buy another bed, or..."

"Or we share," she finishes boldly, not even a hint of hesitation in her voice. "We're married, Wes. It's not a big deal."

"You sure?" I press, studying her carefully.

"Positive," she says firmly, her smile warm and inviting. "You're not sleeping well, and it's not fair to either of us."

I let out a relieved breath, tension easing from my shoulders. "Okay, then. We'll share."

She grins triumphantly, turning back to the fudge. "Perfect. Problem solved."

We spend the rest of the afternoon comfortably, Daisy chatting animatedly about recipes, the mountain, and her dreams of a cozy life here.

Her excitement is infectious, and I find myself relaxing more than I thought possible.

She fits into my world so effortlessly, it's as if she's always been here.

As night falls, we prepare for bed, an undeniable tension crackling between us. Standing at the foot of the bed, Daisy looks up at me with gentle eyes. "I'll take this side, if that's okay."

"Fine by me," I say gruffly, heart pounding unreasonably fast.

We slip beneath the covers, careful to keep our distance at first. But the warmth of her body radiates toward me, her breathing soft and steady. I stare at the ceiling, wide awake, hyper-aware of every tiny shift and sigh.

"Goodnight, Wes," she murmurs sleepily, her voice soft in the darkness.

"Night, Daisy," I whisper back, feeling oddly content despite the turmoil inside me.

Maybe a year isn't so impossible, I think as sleep finally claims me. Maybe, with Daisy by my side, it might even be enjoyable.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

The morning sun peeks through the cabin windows, painting soft golden patterns across the quilt as I stretch lazily, waking up to the delicious scent of freshly brewed coffee drifting through the open bedroom door.

It's been days since Wes and I started sharing the bed, and while we're careful to keep to our own sides, I won't deny I've become increasingly aware of his comforting presence beside me each night.

I slip out of bed, wrapping myself in a cozy robe before padding into the kitchen. Wes stands by the stove, his broad shoulders and strong back making my heart flutter with a warmth that's rapidly becoming familiar.

"Good morning," I greet him cheerfully, inhaling the aroma deeply. "Coffee smells amazing."

He glances over his shoulder, lips quirking slightly into what I've come to recognize as his version of a smile. "Morning. Sleep okay?"

"Wonderfully," I reply, stepping up beside him and reaching for a cup. "The bed-sharing idea was genius."

Wes clears his throat, eyes shifting quickly away, his cheeks tinged with pink. "Glad you're comfortable."

"Hey," I say brightly, suddenly struck by an idea. "Can we head into town today? I've

got an idea I want to run by the local stores."

He raises an eyebrow, curiosity flickering in his eyes. "What kind of idea?"

I beam enthusiastically. "Selling my homemade fudge. I made some samples yesterday, and I thought we could hand them out, see if anyone's interested."

His lips twitch again, amusement warming his usually serious eyes. "Sounds like a plan."

After breakfast, we head into town, the crisp mountain air filling my lungs with optimism and excitement. We park near Main Street, a charming stretch lined with quaint shops, bustling cafés, and friendly locals.

Our first stop is a cozy gift shop, its shelves stocked with handmade candles, local crafts, and charming souvenirs. The owner, Martha, an older woman with twinkling eyes and an easy smile, eagerly takes one of my samples.

"Oh, honey," Martha exclaims, eyes lighting up as she tastes the fudge. "This is heavenly! I'd be thrilled to sell your fudge here."

"Really?" My heart leaps with joy, and I glance up at Wes, who looks genuinely proud, his quiet approval warming my cheeks.

"Absolutely," Martha nods emphatically. "Bring me a batch tomorrow. We'll get you set up right away."

The morning continues with similar success.

The café owner down the street, an energetic man named Rick, enthusiastically agrees to sell my fudge beside his pastries.

Even the local general store owner, initially skeptical, grumbles appreciatively after tasting the chocolatey goodness and offers me a small space near the checkout counter.

By lunchtime, my spirits are soaring. "Can you believe it?" I gush to Wes as we walk hand in hand back to the truck. "I'm finally making something of my life."

"You deserve it," Wes says softly, squeezing my hand gently. "Your fudge is incredible."

I glance at him, heart fluttering. "Thanks, Wes. For everything."

Later that evening, we head over to Liam and Everly's cabin for dinner. Everly greets me with a hug, her infectious enthusiasm immediately setting a joyful tone for the night.

Over a delicious meal of grilled steaks, roasted vegetables, and homemade bread, laughter fills the room.

Liam regales us with hilarious tales of their mountain adventures, while Everly shares amusing stories of her city life before meeting Liam.

I find myself relaxing, genuinely happy and at ease, Wes's occasional chuckles warming me from the inside out.

As the evening winds down, Everly pulls me aside, her eyes sparkling mischievously. "You two seem good together," she whispers knowingly.

My cheeks flush warmly. "I hope so. I'm still figuring it out, but he's... he's wonderful."

Everly smiles gently. "Give it time. Liam was a bit of a grump at first too, and look at us now."

Back home, the cabin is quiet, and a sudden nervousness grips me as I realize we're once again alone. The bedroom seems smaller, more intimate, the air thick with an unspoken tension as we prepare for bed.

Wes steps into the room, shirtless, his chest broad and muscular. I avert my eyes quickly, heart pounding furiously in my chest. "Good night," I say softly, voice trembling slightly.

"Good night, Daisy," he replies, his deep voice sending shivers down my spine as he settles into bed beside me.

Lying in the dark, I listen to his breathing, wondering if he feels this tension too, this overwhelming desire to bridge the small gap between us. My heart races as I turn slightly toward him, courage building.

"Wes?" I whisper softly, voice barely audible.

"Yeah?" His response is gentle, alert.

"Thank you for today. For everything," I murmur, the words feeling inadequate for what I'm truly trying to convey.

"You don't need to thank me," he says quietly. "You're amazing, Daisy. I mean that."

I hesitate, breath hitching. "Wes... would you?—"

Before I can finish, his warm hand gently cups my face, thumb brushing softly over my cheek. My heart nearly stops as he leans in, pressing a tender, lingering kiss to my

lips.

The kiss is gentle at first, cautious and sweet, then slowly deepens, filling me with a warmth and passion I didn't realize I'd been craving so desperately. I melt into him, my fears and nerves dissolving with every touch.

When he finally pulls back, we're both breathing heavily, his dark eyes searching mine carefully. "Was that okay?" he asks softly.

I nod, unable to stop the smile spreading across my lips. "More than okay."

He smiles softly, pulling me close, wrapping me securely in his strong embrace. "Good," he whispers against my hair. "Because I've been wanting to do that since the day you arrived."

Nestled safely in Wes's arms, my heart feels lighter than ever before. I may not have planned this, may not have known exactly what I was getting myself into, but tonight, wrapped in his warmth, I realize something important.

I might just be falling in love with my husband.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

Sunlight filters through the curtains as I wake up, the warmth of Daisy nestled against my side reminding me vividly of last night.

My heart thuds heavily in my chest, equal parts excitement and anxiety swirling through me.

I pushed the boundaries, kissed her, held her close, and I can't deny how right it felt.

But the morning light brings clarity—and doubt. Daisy deserves better than a half-hearted attempt at romance from a rusty mountain man who's spent years avoiding human contact. I need to show her that last night wasn't just a fleeting moment, that she matters.

A date. A real, honest-to-God date. I haven't been on one in years—hell, I barely remember what a proper date looks like. But for Daisy, I'll figure it out.

Carefully slipping from the bed, trying not to disturb her, I head into the kitchen to brew some coffee.

As the coffee percolates, filling the cabin with its rich aroma, I consider my options.

Dinner out is a safe bet, but I want to do something more personal, something she'll remember. Daisy deserves something special.

I glance out the window, taking in the beauty of the mountains bathed in morning

light, and an idea takes shape.

Daisy enters the kitchen moments later, rubbing her sleepy eyes, her hair tousled in a way that makes my chest tighten pleasantly. "Good morning," she murmurs, smiling softly.

"Morning," I reply, handing her a steaming mug. "Sleep okay?"

Her cheeks turn slightly pink. "Better than okay."

I clear my throat, feeling a bit awkward. "Good. Listen, about last night—I hope I didn't?—"

"Wes," she interrupts gently, her gaze steady and reassuring. "Last night was wonderful."

Relief washes over me, making me feel bolder. "Well, I was thinking we could go out today. On a real date."

Her eyes widen with surprise and delight. "Really? A date?"

"Yeah," I confirm, nerves bubbling in my stomach. "I haven't exactly done this in a while, but I'd like to do something special."

"I'd love that," she says warmly, excitement sparkling in her eyes. "What did you have in mind?"

I smile softly, feeling more confident. "It's a surprise. Just dress warmly, okay?"

She nods eagerly, grinning widely. "I can't wait."

Later that afternoon, I lead Daisy out to my truck, watching her eyes light up with curiosity.

Bundled up in warm sweaters and coats, we drive a short distance up the mountain to a secluded clearing I discovered years ago.

The view is breathtaking—majestic peaks towering over lush valleys, untouched snow sparkling under the fading sunlight.

I pull a heavy blanket and a basket from the truck bed, spreading the blanket carefully on the snowy ground.

Daisy looks around, eyes wide and appreciative. "Wes, this is incredible."

"Glad you like it," I say gruffly, settling beside her on the blanket and unpacking the basket. Inside are sandwiches, fruit, and a thermos of hot chocolate I'd prepared earlier.

We sit together, eating in companionable silence, the tranquility of the mountain surrounding us. The quiet beauty of the place eases my nerves, allowing me to relax fully for the first time in days.

"You surprised me," Daisy says finally, sipping her hot chocolate thoughtfully. "I didn't expect something so thoughtful."

I shrug slightly, trying to appear casual despite the warmth spreading through my chest at her praise. "You deserve thoughtful."

She looks down, cheeks flushing attractively. "You're pretty amazing, you know that?"

I chuckle softly, shaking my head. "Hardly."

Daisy reaches out, gently placing her hand on mine. "You are, Wes. You don't see it, but I do."

Her earnestness touches something deep inside me, making me want to know more about her. "Tell me about you, Daisy. Your past, your life before all this."

She hesitates for a brief moment, her gaze turning distant. "My past isn't exactly pretty."

"I want to know," I insist gently. "Everything."

Taking a deep breath, she begins slowly. "I grew up in a small town—not unlike this one, but less welcoming. My mom passed away when I was young, and my dad was distant at best, absent at worst. I spent a lot of time alone, dreaming about getting away."

She pauses, eyes shadowed with memories. "When I got older, I thought I'd found an escape in my ex-boyfriend, Steven. But it turned out he wasn't much better. Controlling, manipulative—he made me feel worthless."

My fists clench involuntarily at the pain in her voice. "I'm sorry, Daisy. You deserved better."

She nods softly, meeting my eyes again. "That's why I jumped at your ad. It felt like my only chance to start fresh, to finally take control of my life. And I'm so glad I did."

Her honesty floors me, leaving me momentarily speechless. Finally, I reach out, gently brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "You are worth so much, Daisy."

Don't ever let anyone make you feel otherwise."

She leans into my touch, eyes glistening. "Thank you, Wes."

We sit quietly together for a while longer, absorbing the beauty around us, letting the silence speak for everything unsaid between us.

As the sun begins to dip behind the mountains, casting the sky in hues of pink and gold, we gather our things and head back to the truck. Daisy slips her hand into mine as we walk, the simple gesture making my heart beat faster.

Back at the cabin, we settle comfortably by the fire, sharing quiet conversation and gentle touches. I can't help but feel amazed at how easily Daisy has fit into my life, into my heart.

Later, as we get ready for bed, she turns to me, eyes soft and inviting. "Thank you for today, Wes. It was perfect."

"It was," I agree quietly, pulling her into a warm embrace. "And it's just the beginning."

Her smile is radiant, lighting up my world brighter than the mountain stars outside. As we settle into bed together, I know one thing for certain—I'm falling for my wife, and for the first time in a long time, that thought doesn't scare me at all.

Somewhere in the middle of the night, my eyes open because I can feel Daisy's body lying right next to me.

She's close.

Too close.

She lets out a soft, breathy moan in her sleep, the sound curling through me like a live wire. I inch closer, heart hammering, torn between restraint and raw desire. My hands hover awkwardly, unsure where they belong.

Because what I want to be doing—sliding my hands over her curves, exploring every inch of her warm, yielding body—is miles away from what I should be doing.

But hell, my self-control snaps when she shifts, pressing her body into mine. I let out a low, hungry groan and tug her tighter against me, my fingers gripping her waist like I've been starving for this exact contact.

Her eyes flutter open, hazy with sleep, pupils dark and unfocused as they meet mine. I see the confusion, the soft vulnerability—and it's like a fuse is lit inside me.

I lower my mouth to hers, capturing her lips in a kiss that's anything but careful. It's messy and desperate, tasting of heat and all the things I've been fighting to hold back.

Maybe it isn't my smoothest move—probably ranks somewhere between reckless and downright foolish—but with her pressed so perfectly to me, her sleepy little sighs vibrating against my mouth, I couldn't stop if I tried.

Because she's too damn irresistible. And right now, I don't want to be anywhere else but tangled up with her.

Her lips are soft and warm beneath mine, tasting faintly of the peppermint tea we shared before bed.

I angle my head, deepening the kiss, needing more of her.

My hand slides up from her waist to the curve of her ribs, pausing there, feeling the flutter of her breath.

She's trembling, just a little, and I know it's not from the cold.

God, she's beautiful. My wife. My Daisy.

The thought hits me square in the chest. She's mine now, in every way that counts. And while I might be a rough-around-the-edges mountain man who's more used to handling timber and tools than tender moments, I'd tear down the world to make sure she knows how cherished she is.

She makes a soft sound against my mouth—almost a whimper—and it shatters the last bit of hesitation I was clinging to.

I nip at her bottom lip, then soothe it with my tongue, coaxing her to open up for me.

When she does, it's like a dam breaking.

The sweet taste of her, the way she melts into me, her hands fisting in my T-shirt—it all combines into a rush of pure, blinding need.

I slide my hand higher, feeling her heart race under my palm, and ease her onto her back. Her hair fans out across my pillow, her cheeks flushed, eyes bright with a mix of nerves and want that damn near undoes me.

“Wes...” she breathes, my name barely more than a whisper, but it lights me up from the inside out.

“Yeah, sweetheart?” My voice is low, husky, and rough with all the things I'm feeling.

She bites her lip, like she's trying to hold back, then finally lets out a shaky breath. “Don't stop.”

That's all the permission I need.

I lean down and kiss her again, slower this time, savoring every tiny hitch of her breath. My hand drifts to her thigh, slipping under the hem of her nightgown. Her skin is silky-smooth and so damn warm, and when I squeeze gently, she lets out a little gasp that shoots straight to my gut.

I pull back just enough to look at her—her eyes half-lidded, pupils blown wide, lips kiss-swollen. “Tell me if it's too much, Daisy. I'll stop. I swear it.”

She shakes her head immediately, her hands sliding up to cup my face. “No, Wes. Please... I want this. I want you.”

A groan tears out of me, deep and guttural, because there's nothing in this world I could ever want more than to be hers like this. I capture her mouth again, pouring every rough-edged promise I have into that kiss, determined to show my new bride exactly what forever with me is going to feel like.

She spreads her legs, and I thank the heavens above for bringing this woman to my front door. I keep layering kisses down her neck as I position myself between her inviting legs. I can't believe I'm about to fuck my wife.

Is it too soon? I don't want to scare her.

I gaze down into her big blue eyes, making sure this is okay for her. “You sure?” I grunt out the question.

She nods, biting her lower lip. “Yes, I know my wifely duties include this.”

Fuck. Hearing her say these words kills my mojo. It takes my dick from rearing to go to nothing. I sit up, pushing the covers over her body.

“Daisy, I’m not doing this because we’re contracted to do this.” I feel like a monster.

She shakes her head, placing her tiny hand on my arm. “Oh, I know you’re not. Neither am I.”

Daisy’s a people pleaser. That’s why she’s doing this. It’s the only reason. She wants to make me happy.

I applaud her drive, but it’s not what I’m looking for. “I’m going to sleep on the couch.” I grab a pillow, and a blanket from the closet.

“Did I do something wrong?” she asks, sitting up in the bed. “Wes?”

I glance at her over my shoulder. “No, Daisy. You’re perfect.” and I walk out the door, leaving her in my master bed.

A part of me thinks I’m crazy. I should march back in there and claim my wife. A huge part of me wants to, but I can’t. Not like this.

When I fuck Daisy, it’ll be because she’s begging for it.

I make my way down the hallway to the couch in the living room. I’m grumpy as ever, but I need to put this night behind me. I need sleep.

I need to stop thinking about how badly I want inside of my wife.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

The morning sunlight dances through the cabin windows as I hum happily, tackling my latest mission—cleaning out the back closet.

It probably hasn't been touched in years, judging by the dust and cobwebs I've already uncovered.

I'm armed with a broom, dustpan, and fierce determination, eager to bring order and cleanliness to every corner of our cozy home.

"Daisy, you really don't need to do that," Wes grumbles from the doorway, arms folded across his broad chest, eyebrows knitted into an adorably grouchy expression. He's been trying to deter me from this project since breakfast, but I remain undeterred.

"It's fine, Wes," I say cheerfully, waving away his concerns as I tug open the closet door wider. "This closet needs attention, and I'm just the person for the job."

"It's full of old junk," he mutters, stepping closer as if to physically block my progress. "Nothing interesting in there."

I pause, turning to smile at him sweetly. "Then you won't mind if I get rid of some things, right?"

He sighs heavily, running a hand through his hair in exasperation. "Just—be careful, okay? There's no telling what's hiding in there."

"Yes, sir," I tease gently, turning back to my task. Despite his protests, Wes remains nearby, watching me closely as I dive into the clutter.

Deep down, I know part of my determined busyness stems from the lingering sting of last night.

Offering myself to Wes, only to have him gently reject me, left me feeling foolish.

My cheeks warm even now, thinking about how I must have looked, hopeful and vulnerable.

Yet, I'm determined not to let embarrassment get the best of me.

If Wes isn't ready, that's okay. I'll focus on being useful, making this cabin into a true home.

The silence stretches comfortably between us, broken only by my occasional exclamations of surprise as I uncover old books, dusty knick-knacks, and piles of forgotten clothing.

Every so often, I glance over my shoulder to find Wes's gaze fixed steadily on me.

His eyes follow my every move, making my skin tingle pleasantly.

Though he might not see me as more than a convenient partner in our unusual arrangement, I can't help but feel adored under his watchful attention.

After several hours of dusting, sorting, and rearranging, I step back triumphantly, hands on my hips as I admire my work. "There! All done."

Wes moves closer, peering over my shoulder into the now neat and organized closet.

"I barely recognize it," he admits grudgingly. "You've got a knack for this."

"Thank you," I reply warmly, genuinely pleased by his praise. "Now, time for fudge."

"Again?" he asks, raising an eyebrow, though a hint of a smile tugs at his lips.

"Yes, again," I say firmly, brushing past him toward the kitchen. "The town seems to love it, and it's keeping me busy."

He trails after me, leaning against the counter as I gather ingredients, his gaze softening slightly. "You know, Daisy, you don't have to prove anything to anyone here."

I pause, looking up into his dark, sincere eyes. "Maybe not, but it feels good to contribute. To feel like I belong."

"You do belong," he says quietly, his voice earnest. "More than you realize."

My heart skips a beat at his words, hope blossoming anew inside me. Even if he doesn't see me as I wish he would, at least he's starting to accept me into his life. That alone is worth more than anything.

"Thanks, Wes," I whisper softly, feeling a warm flush spread across my cheeks.

We fall into comfortable silence as I work, melting chocolate and stirring ingredients together.

Every now and then, I glance up to catch Wes watching me intently, his expression unreadable yet gentle.

Each time, my pulse quickens, and I find myself wishing desperately that one day

soon, he'll truly see me—not just as a companion or convenient partner, but as someone he could genuinely love.

As the fudge sets and the sweet aroma fills the cabin, I turn to find Wes still leaning against the counter, a small, genuine smile on his lips.

"Smells amazing," he murmurs appreciatively.

"Wait until you taste it," I reply playfully, offering him a small piece I've saved.

He steps closer, taking it from my fingers and popping it into his mouth. His eyes close briefly, savoring the taste before opening again, warm and appreciative. "Perfect, as always."

My heart flutters wildly, and for just a moment, standing there in the cozy kitchen with Wes, everything feels right.

Maybe someday soon, he'll feel it too.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

It's been a long, productive day. Daisy's fudge is cooling on the counter, neatly packaged and ready for delivery into town tomorrow. We share a quiet dinner, the silence between us companionable yet charged with a subtle tension that's been simmering ever since last night's near-intimate moment.

Daisy hasn't mentioned it, but I've seen the shy glances, the slight hesitation in her movements, and it fills me with guilt.

I know I hurt her feelings, even unintentionally.

After dinner, Daisy tidies up quickly, her movements graceful and efficient.

I watch her quietly from my spot by the fireplace, my gaze drawn irresistibly to the gentle sway of her hips, the soft curves of her body.

She moves through my cabin—our cabin—with such confidence now, making it feel more like a real home every day.

She finally settles onto the sofa beside me, pulling her legs up beneath her as the firelight dances softly across her face.

Her blonde hair tumbles loosely around her shoulders, catching the golden glow.

Everything about her draws me closer, and a deep, all-consuming need begins to simmer inside me.

I clear my throat, feeling suddenly awkward. “Today was good,” I say softly, not meeting her eyes.

“Very good,” she agrees, her voice gentle, almost hesitant.

Silence falls again, heavier this time. I sense her nerves, and it makes my heart clench with regret. I reach out cautiously, placing my hand over hers. “Daisy, about last night?—”

She shakes her head quickly, cutting me off. “It's fine, Wes. Really. I shouldn't have?—”

“No,” I interrupt gently, squeezing her hand reassuringly. “You didn't do anything wrong. It was me. I was afraid to ruin this, to rush things. But the truth is...” I pause, searching her eyes, the honesty pouring out of me. “I've wanted you since the moment you showed up on my doorstep.”

Her eyes widen slightly, her breathing hitching as she processes my words. “Really?” she whispers, her voice trembling slightly with hope.

I nod slowly, leaning closer until our faces are just inches apart. “Really.”

My heart pounds in my chest as I gently brush a strand of hair from her cheek, my fingertips lingering against her soft skin. Daisy tilts her head slightly, her eyes drifting closed as I close the distance between us.

Our lips meet softly at first, a gentle exploration filled with uncertainty and tender care.

Her lips are soft, warm, inviting, and a thrill of desire races through my veins, igniting a fire inside me.

Her small sigh melts away any lingering doubts, and I deepen the kiss, pulling her closer, needing to feel her fully in my arms.

Her hands slide up my chest, fingers curling into the fabric of my flannel shirt, pulling me even closer as she presses against me eagerly.

The kiss intensifies, growing deeper and more passionate, our breaths mingling as our mouths move together in perfect harmony.

I feel her heart beating rapidly against my chest, matching the wild rhythm of my own.

A low groan escapes me as her fingers tangle into my hair, tugging gently, urging me to take more.

My hands roam over her curves, exploring the softness of her waist, the gentle flare of her hips, drawing her impossibly closer.

My desire for Daisy is overwhelming, consuming every thought, every nerve ending, leaving room for nothing but her.

“Daisy,” I whisper breathlessly, breaking the kiss only long enough to gaze into her eyes, darkened with passion and longing. “You have no idea how badly I want you.”

“I think I do,” she murmurs, a shy smile playing at her lips, her eyes sparkling with emotion. “Because I feel the same way.”

Our mouths crash together again, the kiss fierce and desperate this time, fueled by pent-up longing and need.

My hands slide beneath her sweater, her skin warm and silky beneath my touch.

I trace gentle patterns along her lower back, reveling in the way she shivers and arches against me, craving my touch just as intensely as I crave hers.

The fire crackles softly behind us, the warmth seeping into our bodies as we lose ourselves in each other, completely unaware of anything beyond the embrace we've been denying ourselves for too long.

Pulling back slightly, I rest my forehead against hers, breathing heavily, our bodies pressed close. "You're incredible, Daisy."

Her eyes flutter open slowly, a tender smile spreading across her beautiful face. "So are you, Wes. I've wanted this—wanted you—from the moment I arrived."

A wave of warmth floods my chest, and I hold her tighter, marveling at how right she feels in my arms. This is where she belongs. Where we both belong.

Tonight, for the first time, I'm letting go of my fears, fully embracing the woman who has somehow managed to capture my heart without even trying.

I gently lift her into my arms and carry her down the hallway to my, I mean, our room. I deposit her on the bed, and step back to get a good, long look at her.

She's breathtaking.

She blinks, smiling that smile that turns me ravenous for her. "Come to bed, husband."

I remove my clothing quicker than humanly possible, and charge the bed. She gasps as I tumble her down to the comforter, my cock growing harder.

I take my time undressing her, memorizing every soft curve of her body. "You're

beautiful,” I tell her when she tries to cover up.

“I’m not skinny like other women. My body has always been an insecurity of mine.”

I push her sweater off her and gaze at her perfect body. “I don’t know why. I think you’re perfect.”

She scoffs. “I’m hardly perfect.”

I press my lips to her temple. “You’re perfect for me.”

Page 10

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

Hearing Wes call me perfect does something to me. Deep in my chest. I've never been called perfect in my life. In fact, Steven never liked the way I looked. He'd call me names all the time.

He made me feel useless, unlike Wes.

Wes makes me feel treasured. Adored.

He removes my clothing like he's unwrapping the best gift of his life. His eyes roam over my body like he can't get enough.

I lean forward, wanting his lips pressed against mine. "Kiss me, please," I breathe out in a whisper.

"Your wish is my command." He closes the distance between us, closing his mouth over mine as he lays me back against the mattress, his broad body hovering above mine.

Sure, I've had sex many times with my ex... but it was never like this. It was never this intense.

In fact, Wes holds me in a way that shows me he cares for me.

"Your lips taste so fucking sweet," he whispers as he pulls away. "I wonder if the rest of you tastes just as sweet." His eyes roam over my body and the need to cover up

overwhelms me.

But I don't, because I enjoy his eyes on me. No one's ever looked at me like this. Ever.

He presses kisses down the column of my throat, across my collarbone, travelling even lower. I still as he reaches my breasts, his tongue poking out to swipe across my pert nipple. I wrap an arm around his neck, pulling him closer. I need more of this man.

His hands envelop my body, tracing his fingers over every curve. "I need to taste you." He continues peppering kisses over my heated skin as he makes his way further down my body.

"What do you mean?" My mind races as I prop up on my elbows.

"I mean," he yanks me closer by my thighs, his body between my spread legs, "this little pussy is about to get eaten."

My eyes widen as they zero in on him. "W...what do you mean?"

He gives me a half-smirk that makes my heart go pitter-patter. "I mean that I'm going to lick your pussy until you're screaming my name for the whole world to hear."

"I've," I swallow past the lump in my throat, "never had anyone do that before."

"I'm honored to be your first, and pissed off that your shitbag of an ex never made you feel special. I plan to do that everyday for the rest of our lives, if you let me."

A warmth blossoms deep in my chest. "I want that," I say, running my fingers through his thick hair. "I really want that." I squeeze my eyes shut as I lean my head

back against the pillow.

He spreads my thighs wide with his two big hands. His hot breath makes contact with my center first, and I nearly jump off the bed from the sensation of it.

“Oh god,” I shout out, and Wes lifts his head to smile at me.

“It’s all me making you feel this way, not God.”

I smile back and he lowers his head, swiping his tongue through my wetness.

He centers his hot mouth over my clit and pulls it gently between his teeth.

He continues working his tongue through my folds as I squeeze my eyes shut.

“Wow,” I whisper as the feelings become almost too intense to continue.

“You taste so good,” he whispers against my heated skin. He continues his assault on my most private parts, making me see stars behind my closed lids.

“Ahh,” I say when the sensations become too much. “I’m close.” I’m so close to having an orgasm, and I can’t believe how quickly my body builds and builds.

I’ve never had a man give me an orgasm before, a detail I’m sure Wes doesn’t need to know.

I run my fingers through his thick, dark hair, tugging him closer. I’ve never been this uninhibited before in my life. It makes me feel wanton, a word I’d never thought I’d use to describe myself.

Yet, here I am... all wanton with need. Is that even the right usage of that word?

I don't care right now because my nails are literally scraping through Wes's scalp as I pull him closer to my body.

I fear I might be suffocating him, however, he just grabs ahold of me tighter and yanks me even closer.

"I love this," he says as he comes up for a breath of air. "You're so responsive to my touch."

"I love it," I tell him truthfully. "I absolutely love the way you touch me." And I do. It's honest, and trusting. Like he treasures me.

It turns me on, and my body is so darn close to unraveling that I moan out long and hard as Wes continues to use his tongue and fingers in the most brutal way.

He pushes a finger deeper inside me as he sucks my clit between his teeth. "Come for me," he says just as my body lets loose.

I see rainbows explode behind my eyelids, and I call out his name over and over, my body tight and loose all at the same time.

The vibrations of my orgasm ebb and flow, never really quite relenting as Wes just watches me.

"That's amazing," he whispers as my body returns to normal.

"I've never felt anything quite like that before," I admit.

He moves up my body, his lips mashing against mine and I taste myself on his tongue. It's sweet and spicy and makes me feel that heat pool between my legs once more.

I wrap my legs around his waist, wanting to keep him this close forever. “I need you,” I tell him, wanting to feel the rough planes of his dick deep inside me.

He grabs the base of his cock, pumping it with his fist. “You want this?”

I lick my lips, nearly salivating for it. I’ve never been this needy in all my life. “Yes, I do.”

He smiles wide. “I’ll give you anything you ask for. You’re my wife. I want to take care of you always.”

“Thank you.” And I mean it. I’ve never been fully cared for ever. It feels almost surreal. It turns me on in the worst of ways. “I need you inside me, husband.”

He smooths a hand over my hair, his lips hovering over mine. “I love it when you call me that. Wife.”

My chest blooms warm and my cheeks tinge pink. “Fuck me, please.”

“Absolutely.” He pushes the tip of his dick at my entrance, and I moan at the intrusion. I’ve had sex plenty times before, but never like this.

Never with someone as big as him.

He’s massive, and the thought causes me to worry.

“What’s wrong?” he asks, sensing it right away.

“You’re really big. Just wondering if it’ll fit.”

He chuckles softly, pulling me closer. “It’ll fit because you were made for me, Daisy.

Fucking made for me. Your body fits perfectly with mine. I'll show you." He pushes in a little more, and I spread my legs wider, accepting his girth.

He keeps pushing deeper inside me as I cling onto him tightly.

"Ah, Wes," I moan out, loving the way he's making me feel.

"That's it, baby. Take this cock. Show me who you're married to." He pushes in even further and my mouth falls open.

He takes that as an invitation and kisses me like he's claiming my soul. He ends the kiss, and stares down at me as he pumps inside me. I swear there's a tension building, and I almost feel like he's going to tell me he loves me.

However, that's too soon to say, right? It is.

Even though I feel like I could love this man. He's kind. I never knew men like him existed. A gentle giant.

"You're stunning," he whispers as he pushes deeper inside me, his balls brushing along my ass. "I'm all the way inside you."

I spread my legs wider, wanting to accept his large dick inside me. It doesn't hurt, I just feel full. Stretched as far as I can go.

"Take my cock," he whispers against my ear as he pulls his dick out before sliding it back in. He repeats that movement, in and out, over and over again. "Take this dick, little wife. I'm gonna make you feel so good." He pushes a hand between our bodies, and his fingers toy with my clit.

He keeps playing with my clit as stars explode behind my vision. I'm so close, my

body buzzing like a live wire. Every molecule of my being is in tune with his. He keeps pushing, his body heavy on top of mine.

However, I love it. I love the feeling of him on top of me.

“Such a good girl handling my cock so well,” he breathes against the shell of my ear. “Now I need you to come for me. Can you do that for me?”

I nod, my eyes still squeezed shut. “Yes, oh god, yes.”

He lifts up slightly, and my eyes fly open. He gazes down at me. “In the bedroom you call me daddy. I will not have you screaming another man’s name in here. Understand?”

I smile, loving how jealous he is of a deity. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Fuck . You’re such a good fucking girl. Take this cock deep inside you.”

I love the praise he’s giving me, and I continue to keep my legs spread, my body coming so close to coming undone. “I’m so close,” I whisper-shout.

“Give it to me, baby. Give your husband your orgasm.” He keeps pumping away inside me, staking his claim.

My orgasm starts low in my belly and fans out to completely wreck havoc on my system. I’m blissed out as he continues to fuck me.

“Your little pussy feels so good coming all over me.” He smooths a hand over my hair as he removes the other from my clit.

“Such a good girl for Daddy.” He stills for a split second, and then bucks harder.

“Oh fuck, I’m coming , baby girl.” He grunts and groans as he picks up speed, his orgasm unleashing a beast on top of me.

I watch in amazement, loving the way this man looks at the height of his own release. It’s magical. We breathe together as his body returns to normal.

We’re both spent and lay together in a tangle of limbs.

“You’re amazing,” he tells me.

I’m lying on his chest, and I sit up so I can look into his eyes. “No, you are.”

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

The bright morning sun streams through the cabin windows, highlighting Daisy's golden hair as she carefully loads her neatly packaged fudge into a woven basket.

Watching her move around our home, a warm, satisfied smile on her lips, fills my chest with something tender and deep.

Last night changed everything for us. We finally let go, finally stopped holding back—and waking up wrapped in each other's arms confirmed how right it was.

"Ready to head out?" Daisy asks cheerfully, turning to me with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Whenever you are," I reply, grabbing my keys from the kitchen counter and following her outside to the truck.

The drive into town is filled with comfortable silence, occasionally broken by Daisy humming softly along with the radio.

I sneak glances at her, still amazed that someone so bright and vibrant could find happiness with me.

Her hand reaches over to squeeze mine briefly, and I can't help the grin spreading across my face.

We spend the morning delivering Daisy's fudge to the local shops. Everywhere we

stop, she's met with enthusiasm and gratitude, her creations already a beloved staple. I stand proudly at her side, enjoying the sense of community and belonging I've long denied myself.

"Your wife is a treasure, Wes," Martha calls out from her gift shop doorway, waving goodbye as we leave.

I glance down at Daisy, pulling her close with an arm around her waist. "Believe me, I know."

She blushes prettily, bumping me lightly with her hip as we walk toward the café for our last stop. "You're spoiling me with all these compliments."

"You deserve every one," I say earnestly, opening the café door for her.

Inside, the café is bustling, filled with locals chatting over steaming coffee cups.

Rick greets Daisy warmly, eagerly accepting today's fudge delivery with enthusiastic praise.

While she discusses arrangements, I lean casually against the counter, enjoying the simple pleasure of watching her interact with the town.

Suddenly, a strange feeling prickles the back of my neck. Turning slightly, I spot a man sitting at one of the corner tables, eyes fixed on Daisy with unsettling intensity. His stare isn't friendly admiration—it's something deeper, more invasive.

My jaw tightens, and a surge of possessive protectiveness flares through me. Daisy finishes her conversation with Rick, turning to rejoin me, oblivious to the unwanted attention.

"Ready?" she asks cheerfully, slipping her hand into mine.

"Yeah," I say curtly, gently guiding her toward the exit, intentionally placing myself between her and the stranger.

Outside, Daisy notices my tense demeanor immediately. "Is everything okay?"

I force myself to relax, not wanting to upset her. "It's nothing. Just someone staring a bit too hard."

Her brow furrows slightly. "Who?"

"No one important," I assure her, offering a reassuring smile. "Let's get home."

The drive back is quieter, my mind replaying the scene, wondering who that man was and what he wanted. My fingers grip the steering wheel tightly, knuckles whitening, until Daisy's gentle touch draws me back.

"Wes, talk to me," she urges softly, her eyes filled with concern. "You're upset."

I exhale slowly, glancing at her briefly. "I didn't like how that man was looking at you. It was... disrespectful."

She reaches out, resting her hand lightly on my thigh. "You have nothing to worry about. I'm yours."

Her words ease the tension slightly, but my protective instincts remain on high alert. I cover her hand with mine, squeezing gently. "I know. And you're mine to protect."

Back home, the rest of the day passes in quiet harmony, the earlier incident fading but never quite leaving my thoughts. Evening comes quickly, and we settle together by

the fire again, Daisy curled comfortably against my side.

"Today was wonderful," she murmurs, nuzzling closer.

"Except for one part," I say gruffly, kissing the top of her head.

She lifts her head, searching my eyes. "Wes, don't let something like that bother you."

"I can't help it," I admit quietly. "The thought of anyone making you uncomfortable drives me crazy."

Her expression softens, a tender smile touching her lips. "You're sweet to worry, but I promise, I'm safe with you."

Unable to resist, I lean in, capturing her mouth in a slow, tender kiss. Her arms slide around my neck, deepening the kiss with a passion that quickly ignites between us. My protective jealousy melts into pure, unrestrained desire.

"I need you," I whisper against her lips, lifting her easily into my arms.

She wraps herself tightly around me, her laughter breathless and joyful. "Then take me, Wes. I'm yours."

Carrying her to our bedroom, I deposit her on the bed. "I'm owning your sweet pussy tonight."

She smiles wide, and I love how responsive she is to me.

I remove her clothing and mine, and climb onto the bed. She grabs my already hardening cock and gives it a tight squeeze. I nearly pass out from how good her little grip is.

“Fuck baby, is this what you want?” I guide my cock closer to her.

She nods, licking her lips. “Yes, Daddy. I want to suck on it. Like a pacifier.”

I smile as I crawl closer to her, my cock in my hands. It’s fully hard now, and pulsing with need. “You need to suck on it to calm you down?”

She nods again, her big eyes gazing up at me. “Yeah,” she breathes out. “I need it.”

I guide my dick to her pouty lips. “Open wide.” I feed her my cock, deep down her throat. “Suck me whole.”

She does a great job of sucking me off. Her cheeks hollow out each time she sucks me deeper. She keeps going as I fist my hand through her long hair.

She’s fucking perfect.

Her tiny hand slides up one thigh, cupping my balls as she continues to suck my thick cock in between her lips. I can’t turn my head away. I’m mesmerized by the look of her taking me deep.

I’m close to coming, and I know I don’t want to end the night this way. No, I want to be deep inside my wife when I fill her up with my seed. “Is this calming you down, baby?”

She nods, my thickness spreading her mouth wide.

“Good.” I let her keep sucking on me, wanting her to feel safe with me. I don’t know what led her to answer my ad, but I know I need to make her feel safe. I want her to know she has a home here.

I breathe through the feeling to come as she continues to suck me between her lips like a pacifier. “That’s it,” I say, stroking her cheek. “I need to fuck you, Daisy.”

She releases my cock from her mouth and smiles. “Okay, Daddy.” She repositions herself on the bed, flat on her back.

I tsk her. “No, I want you on your hands and knees. I need to fuck you from behind.”

Her cheeks tinge pink. “Okay.” She moves herself to get into the position I’ve asked her to get into.

She looks beautiful. Her curves turn me on in the worst of ways. I move up behind her, taking the flesh of one ass cheek in my hand, and give it a good squeeze.

“This belongs to me,” I say, slapping the skin as I press the engorged head of my cock at her tiny entrance. “Take this dick, little girl.” I push it between her folds, her slippery heat accepting him easily. “Good girl.”

She arches her back. “Oh, Daddy,” she moans out as I push deeper inside her.

I slap her ass again, and then soothe away the pain. “You’re perfect for me, little wife.”

“You’re perfect for me too, Daddy.”

I want to tell her I love her. That I’ll always take care of her, but I’m not sure what she’d do with that information. Is it too soon to tell your wife you love her? I don’t know.

All I know is I’ve never felt anything like this before in my life. I do love her.

I keep my mouth snapped shut, fisting one hand into her hair while the other remains glued to her ass. I push in further, my cock filling up her small hole. I'm already so turned on that I reach around the hand currently on her ass and play with her clit, wanting her to get off before I get mine.

Because I'm close. Too close. There's just something about this woman. She does something feral to me. Turns me into this monster wanting more, more, more .

"I'm about to lose control," I tell her, my speed picking up slightly.

"Do it," she says over her shoulder, her smile doing wicked things to my body.

My heartbeat amps up as I go faster, the sound of my balls slapping against her skin filling the air.

"Fuck yeah, take this cock, little girl." I keep fucking, my eyes unable to stop focusing on the curve of her spine, the swell of her ass, the long blonde locks my hand holds onto.

"You take my dick so good. So fucking good."

"Fuck me, Daddy."

Hearing her call me that turns me primal, and I lose all control. I'm a madman with a mission. That mission; get off. Come so deep inside her she'll be feeling me leak out of her for days.

I keep bucking, toying with her clit.

"Oh, Daddy," she screams out. "I'm coming."

I can tell the moment she loses control. Her pussy grips me tightly, and I nearly pass out from the feel of it. “Own this dick, little girl.” I keep pushing, bucking, losing control on my wife.

And she loves every second of it. If her cries of pleasure are anything to go on.

“You own me, Daisy,” I tell her, my chest feeling like it could explode with emotion at any moment.

“You own me, Wes. I love you.” The last of her orgasm causes ripples throughout her body, and hearing her say she loves me nearly has me buckling behind her.

I lean forward, kissing her shoulder, and then her neck. “I love you, too.” It’s the most truest thing I’ve ever said.

I love this woman.

I love my wife.

I come deep inside her, thinking about the future with this woman. Thinking about all the ways I want to always keep her safe.

In the quiet aftermath, Daisy nestled against me, breathing gently in sleep, I vow silently to keep her safe and cherished, always.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

It's been a few days since Wes and I took our relationship to a new level, and waking up each morning beside him feels like a beautiful dream I never want to end.

Today, we're in town again, on a mission to replace Wes's old couch—the worn-out piece has definitely seen better days, and I want something fresh and cozy to brighten up our cabin.

We stroll hand-in-hand along the bustling main street, peeking into the windows of various stores. Wes humors my enthusiasm, smiling indulgently as I point out furniture displays that catch my eye.

"That one looks nice," I say, stopping in front of a quaint furniture shop. A plush beige sectional sofa is prominently displayed in the window, adorned with soft throw pillows. "What do you think?"

He shrugs, pretending to be indifferent, but there's a sparkle in his eyes. "If you like it, then it's perfect."

I grin, squeezing his hand gently. "Let's go in."

Inside, the shop smells pleasantly of polished wood and fresh fabric. A friendly saleswoman greets us warmly, directing us to a row of sofas. Wes stands back slightly, watching me thoughtfully as I test out each one, bouncing slightly to gauge their comfort.

"This one," I finally declare, sinking blissfully into the cushions of a deep blue sofa that matches the rustic aesthetic of our cabin. "Try it."

Wes chuckles but complies, sinking down beside me. "Alright. It's comfortable."

I beam, thrilled by his approval. As we're chatting about delivery options with the saleswoman, I notice Wes stiffen beside me. His gaze shifts, becoming hard and intense, fixated somewhere across the store.

"Wes?" I question softly, immediately sensing something is wrong. My heart quickens, a chill creeping over my skin.

"It's him," Wes mutters tightly, jaw clenched. "That guy from the café the other day. He's staring at you again."

I swallow hard, a sudden sense of dread washing over me.

Slowly, reluctantly, I glance over my shoulder, my blood turning to ice when I see him.

Standing near the entrance, leaning casually against a display, is Steven—my possessive, controlling ex-boyfriend.

His eyes lock onto mine instantly, cold and calculating.

My throat tightens, panic rising swiftly. I grip Wes's hand tightly, my voice shaking as I whisper urgently, "We need to leave. Now."

Wes doesn't hesitate, sensing my fear. "Okay. Come on." He rises swiftly, keeping himself between Steven and me, protectively leading me towards the exit.

Outside, the fresh air hits me, and I draw in a shaky breath. My legs tremble as Wes gently guides me to the truck, concern evident in his eyes. "Who was that, Daisy?"

"Let's just go home, please," I whisper, my voice fragile. "I'll tell you everything, I promise. But not here."

He nods grimly, climbing into the truck quickly and pulling away from the curb.

Silence fills the cab, heavy and tense, as Wes navigates us back towards the safety of our mountain cabin.

Every mile we put between us and Steven eases some of my panic, though the fear still clings stubbornly to my chest.

When we finally arrive home, Wes shuts off the engine and turns to face me, eyes gentle yet filled with quiet intensity. "Talk to me, Daisy. Who was that man?"

Drawing a deep breath, I stare down at my shaking hands. "That was Steven. My ex-boyfriend."

"The one you mentioned before?" Wes's voice remains carefully controlled, but anger simmers beneath the surface.

"Yes," I admit softly. "He was controlling, possessive, and emotionally abusive. It took me a long time to find the strength to leave him. But when I saw your ad online, it felt like my chance to escape, to start fresh somewhere he could never find me."

Wes exhales sharply, frustration and protectiveness clear on his face. "Did he hurt you physically, Daisy?"

"He never hit me," I say quietly, "but he hurt me in every other way. He made me feel

worthless, isolated me from my friends, controlled everything I did. Leaving was terrifying, but staying felt worse."

His hand reaches out, covering mine reassuringly. "You're safe now. I promise, Daisy. He won't get near you again."

My eyes meet his, filled with gratitude and lingering fear. "I'm sorry. I should've told you sooner. I didn't want to burden you with my past."

"You're not a burden," he says fiercely, drawing me close into a comforting embrace. "I wish you'd told me sooner, but I'm glad you're telling me now. We'll handle this together."

Wrapped in Wes's strong arms, warmth slowly seeps back into my body, chasing away the chill Steven's appearance brought. "Thank you," I whisper softly, pressing my face into his shoulder. "Thank you for everything."

He holds me tightly, his voice low and steady, promising me safety, comfort, and a love I never thought I'd find. "Always, Daisy. You're mine, and I won't let anything happen to you."

In that moment, despite the fear lingering in my heart, I believe him completely. And for the first time in years, I feel truly safe.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Wes

The morning sun streams through the cabin window, but its warmth does little to ease the unease that's gnawed at my gut since yesterday. I haven't been able to shake the image of Steven's cold, calculating stare fixed on Daisy.

The thought that he tracked her here, to our peaceful mountain haven, sets my blood boiling with rage.

Quietly, I slip out of bed, careful not to disturb Daisy.

Her gentle breathing steadies my racing thoughts slightly, and I pause to watch her sleep.

Her golden hair spills across the pillow, the sunlight highlighting her delicate features.

The protective instinct within me flares even stronger.

I can't bear the idea of anyone, especially Steven, causing her pain or fear ever again.

In the kitchen, I start a pot of coffee and pace anxiously, my mind running over possible scenarios. Why would Steven come here now? After all the effort Daisy put into escaping him, it makes no sense. Unless he's still obsessed with controlling her. My jaw tightens, the anger simmering hotter.

Pouring myself a cup of coffee, I step onto the porch and pull out my phone.

Scrolling through my contacts, I quickly find Sheriff Hank Cooper's number. Hank has been a good friend for years, a steady, dependable presence in town, and I trust him implicitly.

He answers after two rings. "Morning, Wes. Everything alright?"

"Hey, Hank," I respond, forcing my voice to remain calm despite the tension gripping me. "Listen, I've got a situation I could use your help with."

There's a brief pause before Hank replies cautiously. "What's going on?"

Taking a deep breath, I quickly fill him in on Steven's appearance in town, his unsettling focus on Daisy, and her terrified reaction.

Hank listens silently, his tone turning serious when he finally speaks.

"I'll run his name through the system and see what turns up.

If he's trouble, we'll handle it, Wes. You know I've got your back. "

Relief loosens some of the tension in my chest. "Thanks, Hank. Daisy doesn't need any more stress. I just want her safe."

"I understand," Hank reassures me gently. "I'll get on it right away and let you know what I find."

Ending the call, I lean against the railing, my eyes scanning the quiet forest around us. The peaceful solitude feels suddenly vulnerable. Daisy deserves safety, happiness, and stability, and I'll be damned if I let Steven steal that from her.

Lost in thought, I almost miss the quiet footsteps behind me. Daisy steps onto the

porch, wrapped in a cozy robe, sleep still lingering in her soft eyes. "Morning," she murmurs, her smile sleepy and sweet.

"Morning," I reply softly, reaching out to draw her gently into my arms. She sighs contentedly, resting her head on my chest.

"You okay?" she asks quietly, sensing my unrest.

I stroke her hair soothingly, debating how much to share. "Just thinking about yesterday."

She stiffens slightly, pulling back enough to meet my eyes. "Wes, you don't have to worry about Steven."

"I do," I insist firmly, cupping her face tenderly. "You're mine, Daisy. Protecting you is my responsibility, and it's one I take seriously."

Her eyes soften, gratitude mingling with affection. "I'm so lucky to have you."

"No," I counter gently, brushing my thumb across her cheek. "I'm the lucky one."

We spend the morning quietly, the tension of yesterday slowly fading beneath the gentle rhythm of our routine.

Daisy insists on baking, filling the cabin with the comforting scent of chocolate and vanilla.

I watch her closely, noting how she relaxes more with each passing hour, her smile growing genuine again.

Later, as we settle onto our new sofa, wrapped together in a blanket, Daisy turns

serious. "Wes, I know you talked to Hank. I overheard you this morning."

I sigh, brushing a strand of hair from her face. "I'm sorry, Daisy. I didn't want you worrying."

She shakes her head, eyes earnest. "No, I appreciate it. Knowing you're taking this seriously makes me feel safer. But I just wish you didn't have to deal with my past like this."

I tilt her chin up, my gaze steady. "Your past is part of who you are, Daisy. I accept all of you—every beautiful, complicated piece."

She leans forward, pressing a tender kiss to my lips. "Thank you, Wes."

Before I can respond, my phone buzzes with a message from Hank. Anxiety twists my stomach as I read his text: "Steven has a record. Assault charges, restraining orders. I'll keep an eye on him. Stay vigilant."

Daisy watches my face carefully, her worry resurfacing. "What is it?"

"Hank confirmed Steven's trouble," I admit reluctantly, not wanting to frighten her but needing honesty. "But he's watching him closely. We'll handle this together, Daisy. You're safe here, with me."

She nods slowly, trust clear in her eyes. "I believe you."

The rest of the day passes quietly, yet a subtle tension remains, a silent acknowledgment of the potential threat lurking nearby. As night falls, I double-check the locks, ensuring everything is secure before joining Daisy in bed. She curls into me immediately, her warmth comforting.

"I'm sorry," she whispers quietly into the darkness. "For bringing this into your life."

"You have nothing to apologize for," I reassure her firmly, pulling her even closer.

"You're my life now, Daisy. I love you, and I'll protect you with everything I have."

She lifts her head slightly, joy clear in her expression. "I love you too."

"Completely," I whisper sincerely, my heart pounding with the truth of those words.

Her lips find mine, soft and trembling, sealing our promise in the tenderest of kisses. When she finally rests her head against my chest again, her breathing steadying into sleep, my resolve hardens even further.

No matter what it takes, I'll ensure Daisy never feels unsafe again. Steven or anyone else who tries to threaten our peace will quickly discover just how fiercely I protect what's mine.

Page 14

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

The scent of Wes's cooking fills the cabin, a comforting blend of herbs, garlic, and roasted chicken that makes my mouth water.

From the kitchen, I watch him move effortlessly, chopping vegetables with a steady rhythm, his movements sure and strong.

Watching him like this, so calm and competent, fills me with a deep sense of happiness.

For a moment, the world feels perfectly right.

But beneath the warmth and contentment, anxiety lurks.

Steven's unexpected appearance haunts me, twisting in my stomach like a knot I can't unravel.

The idea that my past might destroy the fragile peace we've built terrifies me.

Wes has already dealt with so much—inviting my baggage into his life feels unfair.

I shake off the dark thoughts, focusing instead on the present. Wes glances up and catches my stare, a soft smile curving his lips. "You alright over there?" he asks gently.

"Fine," I reply quickly, returning his smile even though my chest feels tight. "Just

thinking about how lucky I am."

His gaze softens, warmth and affection evident. "I'm the lucky one, Daisy. Don't forget that."

"I won't," I promise softly, my heart swelling.

He returns his attention to the stove, the sizzling sound of dinner grounding me momentarily. I remember suddenly that I left the freshly laundered blankets hanging on the back porch rail to dry. "I'll just grab those blankets from outside," I call over my shoulder as I head for the back door.

"Don't be long. Dinner's almost ready," Wes calls after me, his voice relaxed.

Stepping onto the porch, the cool evening air washes over me, crisp and refreshing. The fading daylight bathes the trees in shades of gold and pink. It's peaceful, a stark contrast to the unease still gnawing at my core.

I gather the blankets quickly, folding them in my arms. But as I turn back toward the door, a sudden rustling in the brush catches my attention. I freeze, heart skipping a beat as I strain to see through the encroaching darkness.

A shadow moves near the edge of the trees. Fear spikes instantly, my blood turning icy cold. "Wes?" I call weakly, my voice barely above a whisper, panic rising quickly.

Before I can scream, before I can move, a strong arm wraps around my waist, yanking me back roughly. The blankets tumble from my grasp, forgotten as terror floods me completely. A harsh, familiar voice whispers fiercely in my ear, hot breath sending chills down my spine.

"You thought you could hide from me, Daisy? You thought you could just run away and leave me behind?"

Steven. My breath catches painfully, heart slamming violently in my chest. His grip is punishing, digging painfully into my sides, holding me tightly against his solid frame. Tears sting my eyes, fear paralyzing me momentarily before adrenaline jolts me back to reality.

"Let me go," I whisper desperately, struggling against his hold, but Steven's grip only tightens further.

"Not a chance," he growls fiercely, dragging me further from the porch, further from safety. Panic overtakes me completely, every muscle screaming as I fight against his hold.

"Wes!" I finally manage to scream, voice raw with terror, praying desperately he'll hear me.

"Shut up!" Steven snarls viciously, his hand clamping over my mouth, muffling my screams. I thrash against him, but he's stronger, more ruthless. My vision blurs with tears, hopelessness creeping in.

He pulls me toward the woods, the darkness swallowing us whole. Despair grips me, my mind racing with thoughts of Wes, of the beautiful life we'd begun together, slipping further away with each forced step.

"You're mine," Steven growls darkly, his words sharp and possessive. "And you'll learn never to defy me again."

My heart shatters silently within my chest, my mind screaming Wes's name, desperately hoping he'll somehow find me before it's too late.

Wes

The chicken sizzles softly in the oven, its comforting aroma wafting through the cabin, but even its familiar warmth isn't enough to dispel the nagging feeling of unease that's begun to settle in the pit of my stomach.

I glance again toward the back porch door, expecting Daisy to reappear at any moment with the blankets she'd stepped outside to retrieve.

But minutes tick by, each feeling longer and more oppressive than the last.

“Daisy?” I call out gently, my voice slicing through the silence of the kitchen. When there’s no response, the vague unease blooms into something sharper. I wipe my hands hurriedly on a kitchen towel, stepping toward the door as worry claws at my chest.

Just as I reach for the door handle, a faint sound drifts in from outside—a muffled cry that could almost be mistaken for the wind.

My heart skips a beat, and I freeze, straining my ears.

Was that Daisy's voice? My heart rate accelerates, a spike of adrenaline shooting through my veins, sharpening my senses.

“Daisy!” I call again, louder this time, the urgency unmistakable in my voice.

Silence stretches back to me, mocking and cruel.

Without hesitation, I yank open the door, stepping onto the back porch.

My eyes sweep quickly across the wooden deck, noting the blankets Daisy had come out to retrieve are scattered haphazardly across the ground, one corner dangling off the porch railing.

The sight sends a cold jolt of panic through my chest. "Daisy, where are you?" I shout, stepping rapidly toward the edge of the porch.

My breath clouds in front of me as I scan the growing darkness, heart hammering violently against my ribcage.

Only the whisper of leaves and distant birdsong reply, the serenity feeling impossibly sinister now.

My gut twists painfully, fear driving me off the porch and into the yard, eyes frantically searching for any trace of Daisy.

"Daisy, answer me!" My voice rings out louder, sharp with panic.

The lack of response sends a deeper surge of dread coursing through my veins, urging me forward into the shadowed edges of the woods.

With every step I take into the darkness, memories of Steven's unsettling presence in town flicker through my mind, filling me with a fiery mixture of fear and rage. The thought of him laying his hands on Daisy makes my blood boil with a fury I've never known.

I pause momentarily, forcing myself to calm my breathing, to focus. I strain to hear any sound—footsteps, voices, anything—but all that greets me is silence, thick and oppressive. The twilight shadows deepen around me, trees casting eerie shapes, each

rustling leaf making my pulse race faster.

I press on, desperation propelling me forward, my eyes keenly attuned to any small sign of Daisy's passage.

Just beyond the treeline, something catches my eye—a small piece of fabric snagged on a thorny branch.

I reach out with trembling fingers, recognizing the soft texture instantly.

It's a torn piece from Daisy's favorite sweater, one she wore earlier today.

My stomach knots violently, nausea twisting through me as reality crashes down hard. Daisy has been taken—abducted right from our home, from under my nose. Rage floods through me, mixing with a profound sense of guilt. How could I have let this happen? How could I have failed to protect her?

“Daisy, hold on!” I roar into the darkness, desperation fueling every word. “I'm coming for you!”

Driven by fierce determination, I push deeper into the woods, branches clawing at my clothes, my boots slipping slightly on damp leaves and uneven terrain. Each step feels too slow, every second passing by like a cruel, ticking clock.

My mind races wildly, envisioning all the terrible things Steven could be capable of.

The images threaten to break me, but I grit my teeth, using the anger to keep myself moving forward, more resolved than ever to save Daisy.

She's become my everything—the light in my life, the reason I finally opened up my heart again. I won't lose her.

The forest grows thicker, darker around me, but my senses sharpen, honed by desperation.

I stop suddenly, kneeling down to examine the disturbed earth—a clear sign of struggle.

Fear pulses sharply through me once more as I trace the faint tracks through the trees.

Steven has taken Daisy deeper into the wilderness.

Cold determination surges within me. I won't rest until Daisy is safe, until Steven faces justice.

He'll regret the day he ever laid eyes on her again, and nothing will stop me from bringing her home.

My heart thunders with fierce resolve, every beat echoing a promise that Daisy will be safe again, no matter the cost.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

The rough rope binding my wrists cuts painfully into my skin, each bump and sharp turn of the SUV causing me to jostle helplessly on the cold leather seats.

My heart pounds relentlessly in my chest, a frantic rhythm of fear and desperation.

Tears blur my vision, but I blink rapidly, trying to keep my wits about me.

Panicking won't help, but it's nearly impossible to keep calm.

From the driver's seat, Steven's voice is sharp and bitter, slicing through the suffocating silence of the vehicle. "You thought you could just run from me, Daisy? Did you really think I wouldn't find you?"

I swallow the lump of fear in my throat, attempting to steady my trembling voice. "Steven, please. You have to let me go. This isn't right."

He scoffs harshly, his fingers gripping the steering wheel tighter, knuckles turning white. "Isn't right? You think leaving me—after everything I did for you—is right?"

My stomach churns violently, dread pooling heavily inside me. "You didn't give me a choice," I whisper, my voice cracking despite my efforts to sound strong. "I couldn't live like that anymore."

"You belong to me," he spits, his voice low and dangerous, his gaze shooting daggers at me through the rearview mirror. "You don't get to decide when you leave."

I twist my bound wrists, the ropes biting deeper, sending sharp jolts of pain radiating up my arms. "I'm married now, Steven. Wes is my husband. He'll be looking for me."

The SUV swerves slightly, Steven's sudden anger causing him to jerk the wheel harshly. He turns his head sharply, his eyes narrowed in fury. "Married? You married someone else?" His voice rises, filled with incredulous rage.

"Yes," I whisper, tears slipping down my cheeks as I force myself to hold his gaze defiantly. "And he loves me."

Steven's laughter is cruel and bitter, making my blood run cold. "Love? You don't even know what love is, Daisy. You're mine. You always have been and always will be. And you'll never see your so-called husband again."

Fear crashes through me, stealing my breath.

The thought of never seeing Wes again breaks something inside me, a pain so deep it leaves me gasping for air.

My tears fall freely now, my shoulders shaking with silent sobs.

I squeeze my eyes shut tightly, clinging desperately to the memory of Wes—his gentle smile, the warmth of his arms around me, the love in his eyes.

"Please, Steven," I beg weakly, desperation making my voice tremble. "Don't do this."

"Shut up!" he roars, slamming his palm against the steering wheel. "You're not in control anymore, Daisy. You never were."

The darkness outside the SUV windows seems endless, trees rushing past in a blur,

their branches like ghostly arms reaching out in warning.

I try once more to loosen the ropes around my wrists, gritting my teeth against the sharp pain, but they're tied too tight.

Frustration boils inside me, desperation fueling my determination. I can't give up. I won't give up.

I force myself to take steady breaths, calming the rapid fluttering of my heart, trying to think clearly through the haze of fear.

When we reach wherever he's taking me, there might be a chance to escape.

Steven always underestimates me. I know he thinks I'm weak, helpless—but I've grown stronger since leaving him, thanks to Wes.

The SUV accelerates, engine roaring louder, carrying me further from safety with every passing mile.

My eyes flick around the vehicle, searching for anything that might help me later—a tool, a weapon, anything.

My heart sinks when I see nothing helpful, just Steven's leather jacket and a few empty soda bottles.

I lean back against the seat, the tears drying on my cheeks, replaced by a stubborn resolve. Steven can threaten and rage all he wants, but he won't break me. He won't take away what Wes has given me—strength, courage, love.

As the darkness outside thickens, I know we're getting closer to Steven's destination—the home I once fled in terror. But this time, I refuse to be a victim. This

time, when the chance presents itself, I will fight with everything I have.

Because somewhere out there, Wes is looking for me. He won't give up, and neither will I. No matter what happens, I will see my husband again.

Wes

The tires of Hank's cruiser scream against the pavement, the night outside reduced to a blur by the roaring siren and flashing lights.

Beside me, Hank's jaw is clenched, his knuckles white as he grips the steering wheel tightly, navigating the winding roads at dangerous speeds.

Every nerve in my body feels stretched taut, a burning mix of fear and rage swirling through me, making it nearly impossible to think straight.

"We're almost there," Hank says tersely, stealing a quick glance at me. His voice holds a determination that offers little comfort amid the turmoil gripping my chest. "We'll get her back, Wes. I promise you."

I nod stiffly, my throat too tight to form words.

My hands ball into fists, nails digging sharply into my palms as I fight against the overwhelming helplessness.

I can't stop picturing Daisy's terrified face, her beautiful eyes wide with panic, pleading silently for help. The thought of her alone, frightened, at Steven's mercy, is unbearable.

"Hang in there," Hank mutters, sensing my tension. "She's tough, Wes. And Steven's too arrogant to realize he's underestimated her."

“I know she’s strong,” I manage to choke out, my voice thick and strained with emotion. “But what if we’re too late? What if?—”

“We won’t be,” Hank interrupts firmly, pressing the accelerator harder as the cruiser surges forward. His confidence bolsters me slightly, but anxiety continues to gnaw painfully at my gut.

The miles stretch endlessly as we finally reach the outskirts of the neighboring town.

Hank cuts the siren, slowing the cruiser to approach quietly.

The dashboard GPS chirps softly, guiding us directly toward Steven’s last known address.

My pulse quickens, heart hammering with each moment drawing us closer to Daisy.

“There it is,” Hank whispers urgently, pulling onto a side street, out of sight. He cuts the engine abruptly, plunging us into tense silence. We exit swiftly, the cold night air biting against my heated skin, every step toward the house echoing loudly in my ears.

My eyes immediately lock onto Steven’s black SUV parked carelessly in the driveway, and rage surges through me anew. “Not exactly hiding his trail, is he?” Hank mutters, drawing his weapon from his holster and checking it quickly.

“Not the brightest,” I agree bitterly, fury heating my veins as we cautiously approach the house, sticking close to the shadows. My breath quickens, every instinct screaming to rush inside immediately and find Daisy, but I force myself to stay behind Hank.

At the front door, Hank signals for silence. With practiced ease, he kicks the door open, splintering the wood and sending it flying inward with a deafening crash.

“Police! Steven, show yourself, now!” Hank’s voice reverberates through the quiet house, commanding and unyielding.

The silence that follows is oppressive, heavy with menace. We move swiftly, methodically through each room, our footsteps echoing against the wooden floors. Each empty room heightens my dread until my breath comes in painful gasps, desperation clawing at me with each second passing.

Suddenly, Hank’s voice rings out sharply from the back room. “Wes, back here! Hurry!”

I sprint down the hall, heart pounding, dread gripping me tightly.

Bursting into the dimly lit room, my blood turns cold at the sight before me.

Daisy sits bound to a chair, wrists cruelly tied, her face pale and streaked with tears.

Her wide, terrified eyes meet mine instantly, relief flooding her expression.

“Wes!” she cries hoarsely, straining against the ropes that bind her.

“Daisy,” I breathe, rushing to her side and swiftly working to untie her wrists, my hands trembling with urgency and relief. “I’m here. You’re safe now.”

She collapses into my arms the moment the ropes fall away, sobbing softly against my chest, her body shaking uncontrollably. I hold her tightly, running a gentle hand through her tangled hair, soothing her trembling form.

“I knew you’d come,” she whispers weakly, her voice filled with raw emotion.

“Always,” I murmur fiercely, my arms tightening protectively around her. “I will

always find you, Daisy."

A sudden, harsh noise makes us jump, adrenaline surging once more. Steven stumbles into the room, his face twisted in rage and disbelief, eyes wild and dangerous. "You!" he snarls viciously, lunging forward.

Hank reacts instantly, stepping between us with his weapon raised steadily. "Hands up, Steven! Now! You're under arrest."

Steven freezes, his expression flickering between defiance and defeat. Slowly, reluctantly, he raises his hands, hatred blazing in his eyes as he glares at me. "She belongs to me. You'll never keep her, Wes."

"She's not yours," I growl fiercely, my voice unwavering. "She never was, and you'll never touch her again."

Hank swiftly cuffs Steven, roughly escorting him out to the cruiser. As they disappear outside, I turn fully to Daisy, gently cupping her face, brushing tears from her cheeks with tender care.

"Are you okay?" I ask softly, searching her eyes.

She nods shakily, a soft smile breaking through the lingering fear. "I am now. Because of you."

Emotion overwhelms me, my heart swelling painfully. "I love you, Daisy," I whisper fervently. "And I'll never let anything happen to you again."

"I love you too, Wes," she replies softly, leaning into my embrace, her body finally relaxing as the reality of her rescue sinks in.

Holding Daisy securely in my arms, I finally let out a shaky breath, the tension of the night slowly melting away.

Together, we'll overcome anything life throws at us, stronger for every trial we've faced.

The warmth of her body pressed against mine is the sweetest assurance of our future together—safe, secure, and filled with unwavering love.

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

Daisy

It's been weeks since that terrifying night, and every morning I wake up wrapped safely in Wes's arms, I count it as another gift. Life has settled into a gentle rhythm again, the nightmare of Steven fading into a memory overshadowed by the overwhelming love that fills our little cabin.

This morning, I stand at the kitchen counter, watching Wes move around with easy confidence, preparing breakfast. His hair is still damp from the shower, a few stray droplets glistening on his neck, and I smile at how this rugged, quiet man has become my entire world.

"You're staring," he rumbles without turning around, a small smirk playing at the corners of his mouth.

"Can you blame me?" I tease lightly, stepping closer to wrap my arms around his waist. "You're very handsome, Mr. Walker."

He lets out a low laugh, twisting slightly to drop a kiss onto my forehead. "And you're still the best thing that's ever happened to me."

After breakfast, we take a walk through the woods behind the cabin. The sun streams through the trees, dappling the forest floor with gold, birds singing overhead. Holding Wes's hand, I breathe in the crisp mountain air, marveling at how lucky I am to be here, safe and loved.

"Thinking heavy thoughts?" Wes asks, his thumb brushing over the back of my hand.

"Just grateful thoughts," I reply honestly. "I never thought I'd find this—find you."

He stops walking, turning to face me, his warm brown eyes searching mine. "Daisy, I don't think I'll ever stop thanking God that you found your way here. That you became my wife."

Emotion wells in my chest, making my throat tight. "I love being your wife," I whisper, blinking back happy tears. "I love our quiet life, this cabin, your grumpy moods... all of it."

His grin softens into something tender as he pulls me closer, wrapping his arms around me completely. "And I love you, Sunshine. More than I ever thought possible."

There, in the middle of our little forest, Wes kisses me deeply, thoroughly, until the rest of the world fades away.

When we finally part, breathless and smiling, I know with absolute certainty that my happily ever after isn't some distant dream—it's right here, wrapped in the safety of his arms, in the life we're building together every single day.

Nothing will ever take this away from us. We've faced darkness together and come out stronger, and now the future stretches wide and bright before us, full of promise, laughter, and love.

Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 3:10 am

DAISY

It's a year later, and life has never been sweeter.

I wake each morning to the smell of pine drifting through our open bedroom window, and Wes's arms wrapped securely around me.

His hand rests gently over my growing belly, as if he can't help but reach for the little life we created together even in his sleep.

I slip from the bed and pad barefoot into the kitchen, a happy sigh escaping me as I run my hand over my stomach. The baby gives a small kick, and my heart swells with joy. I never imagined I could be this happy—this full of love.

Wes appears moments later, hair mussed, wearing nothing but sweatpants. His sleepy smile transforms instantly when he sees me. "Morning, Sunshine. How are my girls today?"

"We're perfect," I say, smiling up at him as he pulls me close, pressing a tender kiss to my lips and then to my belly. "Someone was especially active this morning."

"Already taking after her mama," he teases, giving me that soft, lovestruck look that still makes my knees weak.

Later, we sit on the porch wrapped in a blanket together, sipping coffee as the sun rises over our mountain. Wes rests a protective hand on my stomach, his thumb tracing slow, reverent circles.

"I still can't believe this is our life," I whisper, overwhelmed by it all.

"Believe it, Daisy. You gave me everything I never knew I needed," he murmurs. "A home. A family. A forever."

Tears prick my eyes as I lean into him, heart bursting. "I love you so much, Wes. More every single day."

"I love you too, Sunshine. Always will."

And there, with our baby growing inside me and Wes holding me tight, I know this is only the beginning of our forever—full of laughter, little feet running through the cabin, quiet nights by the fire, and more love than I ever dreamed possible.

Thank you so much for reading *The Mountain Man's Curvy Bride*.