

## A Saint in Fur

By: Ash Cinder

I wandered aimlessly in the storm, the icy wind making my face sting. I couldn't believe I was lost! I'd been hiking with my friends before the storm separated us, I'd spent hours trying to either find them, or find shelter from the storm. I hoped they were alright. I walked forward through the knee-high snow, holding my arms up in front of me to shield me from the awful wind. I need to find shelter! I thought to myself. I need to find it now!

It was already so dark, and the storm was so strong I could barely see 3 feet in front of me. I shivered, trying to stay awake. I was getting so weak from the cold, my body just wanted to lay down and go to sleep, but I made myself stay awake, to sleep was to die! I could feel my stomach growling too, I hadn't eaten anything but some granola bars in my backpack since this morning. My friend Arianna was the one in our group carrying the food and I had no idea where she or the others were.

Just then I fell forward, not realizing I was walking right to the edge of a small drop. I fell probably 4 feet, hurting my leg and wrist. I hoped I didn't break them as I tried to continue on, crawling through the snow. I crawled a few more feet before the freezing temperatures just became too much for me, my crawling slowing and my breathing becoming shallow as my body began to shut down.

This was it, this was how I was going to die; freezing to death in the middle of nowhere. At least it was better than drowning or burning to death, pretty much was just going to go to sleep and never wake up. As my vision started to blur, I hoped my friends made it out okay, and

wondered if anyone would find my body so I could have a proper funeral? But as the last of my vision faded I felt like I could make out a large figure moving towards me, but my final thought on it was that it was probably death coming to take me, then I realized how stupid that sounded before I blacked out.

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Slowly I regained consciousness, my eyes fluttering open, staring up at a wooden ceiling. My body felt surprisingly warm, realizing I was snugly wrapped in a blanket. Was all that just a bad dream? I wondered. But that thought quickly dissipated as I realized I was being held by someone. I quickly turned my head to see the face of a very large Anthro Saint Bernard, looking down at me with warm looking brown eyes.

“Woah!” I exclaimed, but more out of surprise than fear.

“Hey there, sleeping beauty.” The canine said cheerfully, rubbing my side as he held me close.

“Uh... Hi?” I said.

“Bet you’re pretty surprised to still be alive, aren’t you?” He asked.

“Kinda, a little bit...”

“Well, I saw you take that pretty bad fall off that ledge when you were out there, and I walked over to you, found you nearly frozen to death. So, I brought you back to my cabin here and warmed you up.”

“Oh wow...” I said. I couldn’t believe he’d found me just in time by chance. “Well, thank you for saving me.”

“Hey, I’m a Saint, it’s kind of our thing.” He winked at me.

As I looked him up and down, I realized that he wasn't wearing a shirt. I blushed, my crotch starting to go hard as I stared at that nicely toned and fluffy chest, also realizing he'd been holding me against his body the entire time. Good thing the blanket hid my hard on. As I looked more closely at his head and face, I noticed he was wearing some sort of pendant that resembled a barrel of brandy. Heh, how traditional, I thought to myself.

"Heh, sorry for the lack of a shirt..." He said, noticing me staring. "But I had to warm you up fast, and good old-fashioned body heat's the best way." He hugged me tighter.

It was very comforting being held so tightly by the large dog, it made me feel so safe after being in a world of fear and confusion for several hours last night. Truth be told it was also a major turn on for me, my erection still present, under the blanket. I snuggled a little against his fluffy chest, which he didn't seem to mind.

"You still look pretty tired." He said, getting up from where he was sitting. "Go ahead and get some more rest, I think you're warm enough now." He carried me into a bedroom and tucked me into a bed. "There you go. Next time you wake up, I'll probably have a nice warm meal ready for the both of us." He patted my chest. "Name's Sam, by the way."

"Evan..." I said back.

I got a nice view of his floofy white and brown tail wagging slowly from the back of his jeans as he closed the door behind him.

I let out a little whine I'd been holding in, a little sad that he couldn't hold me so close to him for a little bit longer. This was all so surreal, an Anthro Saint Bernard finding me in the nick of time out in a snow storm.

As I got comfortable I looked down under the sheets to see my underwear was still bulging.

“I suppose I should take care of you first?” I said to myself.

I thought about that big handsome Saint holding me close again as I reached down and gripped my erection, I shudder and let out a moan, remembering him looking down at me with those warm and inviting eyes, that thick tongue panting slightly.

I started to slowly stroke myself, thinking of what he must have looked like under those jeans. A big boy like him had to have a pretty nicely sized knot.

“Oh, Sam...” I moaned, jerking myself faster as I thought of him pulling my body from the snow last night, probably carrying me in his arms. “My hero...”

I thought more about him, fantasizing about him slipping into bed with me, kissing me with that wet sloppy tongue before I get under the sheets so that I could show him my gratitude.

“Oh! Oh Sam!” I moaned quietly, feeling myself get close. “I’d let you hold me close anytime you wanted...” I jerked quickly before cumming underneath the blanket, all over the fabric.

I panted a little, I was definitely warmed up now. But, Sam had been right, I *was* pretty tired, I nestled my head against the pillow and began to drift off, wishing that Sam was asleep next to me.

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I woke up to the smell of food in the air, I looked around the room, confused as to where I was, but the memory of everything that had happened soon came flooding back to me;

getting separated from my friends, nearly freezing to death in that horrible snow storm, and of course, that magnificent Saint Bernard that had saved my life.

As I slowly got out of bed I looked to the foot of it to notice my clothes, neatly folded at the end of it. Wow, this dog sure knew how to make a guy feel welcome, I thought to myself. I got up and got dressed, noticing it hurt a little when I walked, that fall had been pretty bad, but it didn't seem like it was a severe injury. I limped to the door and opened it, following the smell of food, entering the kitchen and seeing Sam at the stove cooking.

He was wearing jeans and a warm looking red flannel shirt. He turned and noticed me entering the kitchen, giving me a smile.

"Ah, figured you'd be up soon." He said cheerfully. "Good timing too, pancakes are about done."

"Sweet!" I said, taking a seat.

He soon pulled away from the stove and served both our plates before setting them down on the table.

"Thanks so much, you really didn't have to go to all this trouble after saving me and everything." I said, taking a bite out of the pancakes.

"Oh stop, it's no trouble at all. Besides, it's not often that I have guests over." He took a bite out of his food.

"So, you live up here alone?" I asked.

"Yup, all by myself."

"Any particular reason?"

"I work as a guide for mountaineers wanting to hike up in the mountains on a safe route." He said, drinking a glass of coffee. "Just makes my job easier, living up here, allows the hikers to meet me halfway."

"Heh, I think me and my friends could have used someone like you last night."

"Yeah?" He looked over at me.

"Yeah, we'd been hiking before the storm rolled in and separated us."

"Damn, well I hope they're alright."

"Me too. Suppose I'll head into town later to find out."

"Nah, I saw you limp over to that chair a minute ago." He scolded. "You need at least one more day of rest here, then I can take you into town tomorrow."

"Are you sure?" I asked, finishing up the last of my pancakes. "I'd hate to impose."

"Oh please, what kind of dog would I be if I let you go back out there now after what you've been through." He replied, his tail wagging gently through a gap in his chair.

"Thanks, Sam." I said, getting up. "Is it cool if I use your shower? I could use a nice hot one."

"Of course!" He said. "Just leave your plate on the table, I'll wash it for you."

"Alright, thanks!"

"You can use the towels already in the bathroom." He said, getting up and gathering the plates. "It's the room at the end of the hallway your room's in."

I got up and walked to the bathroom, closing the door and undressing once I got in. The bathroom smelled heavenly. I wondered what sort of soap or shampoo Sam used, well I guess I'd find out seeing as I didn't have my own. I got the shower nice and hot and stepped inside.

It felt nice taking a hot shower after being out in that storm for so long. I was kind of glad Sam mentioned earlier that he'd let me stay one more day, mostly because I didn't mind getting to be around that sweet old dog a little longer.

Soon I finished up my shower and dried off before wrapping the towel around my waist, picking up my clothes and walking to my room.

As I came up to the room, I noticed through a crack in the doorway that Sam was inside, standing by the bed. I stopped and admired him from afar, he really was one handsome dog; nice pattern of his fur, the dark brown on both sides of his face and head, with white fur going down the rest of his face.

I watched as he took the sheets off the bed, but then he stopped, sniffing the air slightly, before turning his attention to the sheets. Then I remembered, I came on the blanket last night! I blushed hard, fuck that's so embarrassing! But then I watched as he slowly brought the blanket to his nose and gave it a small sniff before bringing it closer and inhaling deeply, I thought I heard him growl softly as he took in the scent of my dried cum from last night. As he lowered the sheets I slowly opened the door, noticing him regaining his composure when he heard me come in.

"Hey there." He said, turning around with the sheets, pretending he hadn't been doing what I'd seen him doing with them. "Have a good shower?"

"Uh, yeah." I said, trying to hide the tension in my voice. "It was really relaxing."

"That's good." He said.

"I like that shampoo you use, by the way." I added. "It smells real nice."

I noticed his tail moved a bit uneasy behind him when I used the word "smell."

“Well, I should get these washed, since you’re going to be staying tonight too.” He said, with a slight nervous tone before walking towards the door. “Let me know if you need anything.” He added before closing the door, so I could get dressed.

Holy shit! I thought to myself. I felt like I should have felt embarrassed or repulsed at what I saw him do, but I couldn’t help but feel turned on again, and also slightly hopeful. I really liked that sweet old canine, I wondered if he felt the same...

As I slipped my thermal underwear and my pants on again I practically jumped out of my skin as I heard a loud *CRASH* from outside, followed by the lights flickering and then going out.

“What the hell?!” I heard Sam shout before running outside.

I quickly put my shirt and jacket on and followed him out to see what happened.

“Ah shit!” I heard him holler as I rounded the corner of the house and saw what made that loud noise. A tree had fallen and destroyed the generator to Sam’s cabin.

“Aw crap!” I said. “It must have been weakened by the storm last night...”

“Well, shit,” He cursed, “that was our only means of power and heat!”

“Oh man...” I said. “What’ll we do?” Slightly panicked.

“Well, it’s not completely hopeless, the damage is definitely fixable, but we’ll have to endure today by using the fireplace and some candles. I’ll have to get some stuff to fix it when I take you into town tomorrow.”

“Oh, well at least we won’t freeze to death inside.”

“It’ll be a bit of a pain in the ass, but yeah, we should be fine.” He said, patting my back as he walked past me, back into the house.



Once inside Sam started a nice big fire in the fireplace and I helped him light some candles, placing them throughout the house.

“Brrr, I’m still really cold.” I said, breathing into my hands.

“It should warm up a little bit soon.” He said. “Of course, it won’t be as warm as it would be if we had the heater... plus, you don’t have fur like me, so don’t be afraid to share my body heat again like last night.”

My pants tightened again. Was he giving me permission to get close to him? Maybe this generator breaking was a bit of a blessing in disguise?

The day went by surprisingly fast, the cabin’s lack of power didn’t keep us from keeping ourselves busy. We both talked and got to know each other more. I told him how I’d come on this trip to the mountains with my friends to celebrate our college graduation a few weeks ago. We both learned our ages; I was 21 and he was 42. He told me how he used to work as a bartender in town for a while, which was actually why he wore that brandy barrel pendant. He laughed when I told him that I thought it was just because of his breed.

Once it started getting dark it got even colder, even the heat from the fire and candles couldn’t keep me warm, but Sam didn’t seem bothered, must have been lucky having all that fur. But once he saw me shivering, he quickly enveloped me in his arms and hugged me close, like the selfless protector that he was.

It felt nice, the Saint’s warmth against my back, I could feel his hot breath hitting the top of my head as well as we continued to talk, though I couldn’t pay much attention thinking about his body pressed against mine.

“You know...” He said. “I just realized that I didn’t get a chance to wash your sheets before the power went out.”

“Oh yeah...” I said. “That means I don’t really have anywhere to sleep.”

“Not necessarily...” He said, I could hear a bit of a chuckle in his voice.

“What do you mean?” Was he really about to suggest this?

“There’s no chance you’d be cold sharing my bed tonight.”

I felt my manhood practically shoot out of my pants. I was going to get to sleep with this hunk of a Saint!

“You’re probably getting tired already, what do you say we get some rest?”

“Sure!” I tried not to sound too excited saying that, but I couldn’t help it.

He led me into his room, which was the perfect size for a dog of his stature. It had a medium sized TV, a desk with a few maps of the mountain on it, and a bed that seemed just big enough for both of us to sleep in together. As I took a breath I could smell the distinct scent of dog, but it wasn’t overpowering and gave the room a bit of a comforting vibe.

I tried to hide my erection from him as I stripped down to my underwear and quickly slipped into the covers before he could see it. I watched as he did the same, getting down to his maroon boxers before slipping into bed with me.

“Comfy?” He asked.

“Yeah...” I snuggled against his warm chest as he hugged me close.

I really wanted to make a move now, the mood was just so perfect, but what if I made him uncomfortable?

“So, Sam...” I said, feeling a huge knot in my stomach. “I just wanted to say again, how grateful I am for saving my life...”

“Oh, it was nothing.” He said, slightly bashfully. “Saints are built for that kind of work.”

“Still, without you, I would have died out there...” I gently placed my hand on his chest, he looked down at it for a second, then back up at me. “And you’ve done so much for me even after you saved me... and I was wondering... if I could show you how much I appreciate everything you’ve done...” I slid my hand further down to his belly. He didn’t resist.

“Hm...” He looked at me, those kind brown eyes staring deep into mine. “You don’t have to do that Evan...” He said, before rubbing my back with his paw that was still wrapped around me. “I don’t expect anything in return from you for helping you... Plus, I’m a bit old for you, don’t you think?” He added with a nervous tone.

“But, I want to...” I said. “And... I’m pretty sure you want to too...” I looked deep in his eyes, remembering him smelling my cum covered blanket earlier today.

He looked back, seeming like he was considering it.

“Y’know... I’m still feeling a little cold right now...” I hinted.

“.....M-Maybe, we can do something to fix that?” He asked nervously.

Without waiting any longer, I pulled the blanket off of us and look down at his boxers, to see a very sizable tent being pitched. I crawled over to it and before I could get too far, I felt that big paw of his grab the back of my underwear and hold them, making them slip off as I crawled. My erection was now waving around as I made my way over to that package. I could hear Sam start to pant in anticipation.

“Nice ass...” He growled, giving it a gentle pat, making me giggle.

I was now in front of him, between his legs. There he was, laying on the bed completely naked and erect. I blushed as I hooked his boxers with my fingers and began to slowly peel them away, his thick red rocket springing free. I was astonished, it looked even better than I imagined, it had to be at least a foot long and just under two inches wide, not counting the knot which practically looked like the size of a baseball, it was enormous!

I started to drool, admiring that thick juicy looking shaft of his. I wondered if I'd be able to take it. I'd had my fair share of fun with toys at home, but this was much bigger than anything I'd played with, plus I'd never had sex with anyone at that point. Well, I was certainly going to try.

Without waiting any longer, I slowly lowered my head down onto Sam's member and take the tip into my mouth, producing a gentle moan from the large Saint. He rubbed my red hair with his large paw, murring softly as I began to service him. I moaned, moving my head up and down slowly, trying to get as far down that shaft as I could.

"Oh my... Evan..." Sam grunted. "You, sure know how to give thanks..." His tongue moved up and down as he panted, some drool leaking out the sides of his mouth.

I moved my tongue in circles, enjoying the musky taste of his veiny caninehood. I felt him stroking my head, looking at him between his legs, seeing him smiling pleasantly at me, letting out very audible pants. It made me so happy that I was making him feel so good after all the kindness he'd shown me.

I started increasing my head motions, I think I began to taste some precum as I try to take more of that length into my mouth.

“Mmmmm, I can’t even remember the last time I’ve gotten any sort of treatment like this...” He moaned, laying his head back on the pillow, enjoying my servicing.

I gently jiggled his furry balls slightly, eager to taste their sweet juices. I felt his knot with my other hand, god, I couldn’t even get my hand all the way around it!

“Oh... Oh! I’m almost there!” He moaned.

This made me start moving my head as fast as I could, deepthroating that red rocket and gagging slightly as I greedily kept trying to coax that warm seed of his out.

“Oh... Oh shit!” He used his paw to hold my head down, before cumming hard in my mouth, making me let out a loud moan, enjoying the taste of that salty musky canine seed. I swallowed every last drop, not wasting one bit of that milky fluid.

After a minute the last of his seed dissipated as he removed his paw from my head, letting me pull myself off his cock, taking some deep breaths. I didn’t have much time for that however as he quickly reached over with both paws and pulled me over to him, wrapping his strong arms around me and pulling me to his wet muzzle, pushing it against my mouth in a deep passionate kiss.

I moaned and closed my eyes, opening my mouth and letting that slimy canine tongue enter it, feeling him lick around my soft pallet before pulling away and looking me deep in the eyes with desire.

“Oh Evan...” He moaned deeply. “I need you... right now...”

He gently laid me down on my back and pulled my legs apart, licking his jowls before getting down and pressing that wet muzzle against my hole, making me gasp. I let out a loud moan as I felt him push that thick, wet appendage inside me, giving nice and sloppy licks.

“Oh god! Sam!” I moaned in ecstasy. My cock twitched, the sensation of his tongue so foreign and sublime.

He looked at me between my legs, gripping them tightly as he got my entrance nice and wet, preparing it for his member, licking deep inside me. Soon he pulled his tongue out of me and lined up his cock with my hole before looking down at me.

“I hope you’re ready for this...” He panted.

“Yes Sam!” I whimper. “Please! I want you inside me!”

With that as my answer, Sam slowly pressed against my entrance, sliding inside without much effort due to his saliva lubricating my hole and his cock wet from me giving him head. I moaned loudly as I’m penetrated for the first time by another male. He kept sliding his shaft in, nice and easy until the base of his knot made contact. I gasped, I’d actually taken him!

“Mmmmmm, you’re so tight...” He moaned.

“Well, you’re the first person I’ve had inside me...” I panted, looking up at him.

“You’re a virgin?” He asked, almost sounding shocked.

“Y-Yup...” I panted.

Without warning he leaned forward so that he was face to face with me, making me squeak a little in surprise.

“I’m honored to be your first, Evan, and I will do my best to make it enjoyable for you.” He spoke softly, caressing the back of my head with one paw.

I breathed heavily as I looked into his loving eyes, he was such a gentleman, so eager to make sure his partner was having a good time. He then pressed his muzzle against my mouth again and pushed his tongue inside, giving me a lovely, long, sloppy kiss. I wrapped my arms

around his broad neck as he began to slowly move his hips in an out, continuing to make out with me. God, his soft white fur felt amazing against my hairless body.

His member hurt a little as it was so thick, but at the same time I felt more pleasure than I ever felt with any of the toys I'd played with in the past. He continued to hold me tenderly, moved his tongue in and out of my mouth while gently thrusting inside me at the same time. It was like I was being taken by him from both ends at the same time, pure bliss!

I heard him growl softly into my mouth and I wrapped my legs around his waist, giving him better leverage for him to thrust into me. God, this was amazing! This huge and fluffy Anthro on top of me, taking me so gently and passionately, I never wanted this moment to end.

Sam began to increase the speed of his thrusts, holding me close and rubbing his thick paws against my back. I looked down between our bodies to see Sam's cock making a very noticeable protrusion in my belly each time he forced it inside me.

"Oh, Sam!" I moaned as he finally pulled away from the kiss. "You're so huge!"

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" He asked, slowing the speed of his thrusts slightly, concerned.

"No, not at all..." I moaned. "You feel amazing!"

"Oh?" He said, giving me a smile before pushing his body up slightly.

"What are you—"

Before I could finish the question, he quickly lifted me up and turned me around on his cock before pushing me back down on the bed, this time on my belly, and began to hump me as a faster pace.

“Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!” I whined loudly, my eyes rolling back in my head as this big Saint Bernard took me.

I felt him petting my back gently with his paw.

“You’re doing so well, Evan...” He moaned.

I started wondering why he switched positions before I felt something tapping against my hole as he pounded away at me. I realized it was that thick, fleshy knot of his, and then it was clear to me. He was going to try to tie with me!

I thought about telling him to stop, thought that I should tell him that I wasn’t sure I could take it, but all that came out was my continued series of loud, incoherent, and pleased moans and whines. Still another part of me didn’t want him to stop, wanting to take all of him.

“Oh, Evan!” Sam panted softly, leaning down and licking the back of my neck. “Tonight, I’m going to make you mine! Going to make you feel nice and warm inside!”

He started thrusting even harder now. I could feel him push that knot against my entrance a little harder with each thrust, trying to force it in, a loud moan escaping me each time I felt it stretch me a little further.

“Oh Evan! OOOOOOHHHHHHH!” I heard him howl as he gave the hardest thrust of all. I felt immense pressure before hearing a loud *pop* as his knot was finally forced inside me, feeling a very warm sensation inside as he came an even bigger load than he did when I sucked him off.

I too howled with pleasure as he tied with me, my own cock erupting onto the mattress beneath me, my body practically spasming with pleasure as I orgasm while feeling the huge male pumping me full of his seed.



Then I just lay there, my body limp against the mattress, with the big Saint still pressing down on my back with his paw, panting above me and continuing to fill me with his seed.

“Oh, Even!” He panted, sounding concerned, before collapsing his body on top of me and affectionately licking the back of my neck. “I’m so sorry! I shouldn’t have tied with you without asking first! I hope I didn’t hurt you!”

“N-No...” I managed to moan weakly. “Please... don’t be sorry Sam... T-That was the most amazing experience of my life...”

He then leaned down and hugged my body close, his warm and thick belly fur tickling my back.

“Thank you, Evan. Thank you for making this old Saint experience something like this again...” He spoke softly in my ear, before turning my head and bringing me into another loving kiss.

He turned us both on our sides as we made out, my belly sloshing with his seed as his orgasm finally started to taper off.

I rubbed the back of his huge head, enjoying the taste of his tongue, sucking on it gently. He was such a wonderfully affectionate lover, rubbing my chest and belly with his paws. I still kept focusing most on the way his fur felt against my body, so soft and luscious.

Eventually we both broke the kiss.

“Well, there’s no chance you’ll be cold tonight.” He joked, patting my belly, filled with his cum.

I giggled at his joke, reaching behind him and scratching behind his ears. He responded by letting out a happy grunt and licking my ear. We both got nice and comfortable together, we

didn't even bother covering ourselves with the blanket, I knew I'd be plenty warm pressed against that manly stud.

Though, I began to wonder in our afterglow, wonder about leaving in the morning. Truth was, I didn't want to leave, not after tonight. I couldn't leave such a wonderful sweetheart like Sam alone in the mountains again. This was a dog I wanted to wake up every morning next to. I kept my head turned to the side to look at Sam, and we both just stared into each other's eyes. I wondered if I should take a chance...

"Sam... I-I love you..." I say gently.

I could see his face light up a bit, and heard his tail tapping wildly against the mattress.

"Oh, I... I love you too, Evan..." He hugged me close and nuzzled my neck.

He held me close as we both slowly drifted off together, his thick knot still buried inside me, reminding me that I was his.

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Sam drove me into town in the morning, we were both quiet the whole time. I knew he was quiet for the same reason I was, he was probably thinking about how he was going to have to say goodbye. There would be no avoiding it. I had to catch a plane back home in a few days, and I had to make sure my friends made it out alright. And it wasn't like Sam could just drop his life here in the mountains just to come back with me.

"Well, here we are." He said with a sigh, parking in front of the hiking center.

We both got out and walked to the back of his truck to get my pack and stuff. As he pulled it out, I just looked at him, tears beginning to well up in my eyes. He turned to me, and I could tell he noticed my watery eyes, having a look of sadness on his face too.

“S-Sam... I... I don’t want to leave you...” I sobbed finally throwing myself against him in the biggest hug I could muster. He wrapped his strong arms around me too.

“I... I don’t either, son...” He said, rubbing my back.

“I had such a wonderful two days with you.” I cried a little. “And... thanks again for saving my life.”

“Aw, it was nothing.” He sniffed a little, before I noticed his face brighten up slightly. “I’ll tell you what...” He said. “How about we keep in touch? I have computer back at the cabin, and a phone. They’re obviously not working now, with the generator being out, but I can fix it and we could talk on there!”

“Yeah? You’d do that?” I asked.

“Sure!” He said. “As often as I could.”

“Then sure!” I said, seeing him taking out a pen and paper and jotting down what I assumed was his phone number and online info. “And you know... maybe I’ll try to visit again next year, make this an annual thing!” I said, hopeful. Maybe I could even try and find a job overseas around here sometime with my degree. “I sure could use you as a guide next time, so I don’t nearly die out there again.”

“You know where to find me!” He said, winking and handing me the paper.

I put it in my pocket and we both gave each other one last hug, then kissed each other one more time, not caring who saw.

“I love you, Sam...”

“I love you too, Evan...”