



**Christmas  
Goddess**

**By**

**Dana Littlejohn**



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Printed in the United States of America

First Printing, September 2020

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# Christmas Goddess

By Dana Littlejohn

**Tag:**

When your best friend has savvy internet skills you get the best Christmas gift ever!

**Blurb:**

Kendra Taylor chose to be single, but the holiday season made that choice more difficult. During a conversation with her friend, Kendra confessed what she really wanted for Christmas. Can her friend make her Christmas wish come true by looking on the internet?



## Chapter One

“What kind of stupid question is that?” Kendra asked, removing the kettle from the stove.

“It’s not stupid at all. Granted, it may not be one found in normal everyday conversation, but it’s a question you’re obligated to answer because your best friend asked it.”

Kendra took the phone from between her shoulder and ear and stared at it quizzically before speaking again.

“I’m having some *Deja Vu*. We’ve had this conversation before, haven’t we?” she asked, removing a delicate white cup from the cabinet.

“I don’t know. Probably. Just answer the question, Kendra. Tall, short, black, white, brown eyes, green eyes—“ She poured the water into a teapot sitting on a tray that matched the cup then put the kettle in the sink.

“Yeah, yeah, I know what *preference* means. I’m just confused about why you think I would have a preference. How come we keep having this same conversation?”

“I’m concerned, Kendra. First, you were changing guys like underwear, and then bam! You stopped cold turkey.”

Kendra giggled at her friend’s faux hysteria as she filled her cup with tea.

“I didn’t say anything at first because, well, I thought you were doing some kind of cleansing thing.”

Kendra’s brow rose. “Cleansing thing?”

“You know, taking some time off from sex and men.”

“Okay, in my defense, I was merely sowing my wild oats. Back then I was thinking so many men so little time, but as you saw, that got old really quick.”

“Alright, I get that, but it’s been two years since that whole oat thing and you’re still single. That’s why I thought you may be looking for someone with a specific look or personality or something else.”

“We’ve been over that, Monica. What I *prefer* is to be single right now.”

“Yes, we have and that would be cool if you weren’t complaining about being single, too. Besides that, you don’t even hang with people that are happy being single, you hang with couples.”

“The holidays make lots of people think about being in a couple with all the festivities that go on. You can’t help but feel the pangs of loneliness at this time of year. Once the New Year comes in my feelings will return to normal,” Kendra assured her.

“Uh-huh. Well, I think you secretly want to be in a relationship.”

“I can see how you would think that looking out from your perfect relationship with Doug,” she mentioned. “When women are happy, they want everyone around them happy,” she added with a shrug.

“Now don’t be like that. You know you’re happy for us.”

Kendra sighed. “Yes, of course, I am. You know I love you guys.”

“Yes, I know. Now, come on, Kendra. Humor me.”

She took a cautious sip of her tea. “Are we doing this because you have one of those machines from the movie *Weird Science*? Because that would be awesome.”

Monica scoffed. "I wish! Nope, this is just a random crazy best friend conversation. I may have a hookup with one of Santa's elves. You never know."

Kendra laughed. "Yeah okay."

"Now, spill it."

"You're going to think I'm weird or crazy."

Monica's laughter made Kendra frown.

"We've been friends too long for that worry! I've always thought that."

Kendra carried the tray to the living room and eased herself onto the sofa.

"Alright, fine" she agreed. "Let me see...the perfect guy...Well, his physical attributes really aren't that important to me."

"What do you mean?"

"You know height, weight, brown hair or black and all that. I don't really have a type per se."

"So, you're good with six foot five or five foot six?"

"Yup."

"Black guy, Spanish guy, white guy...it's all the same to you?"

She thought for a moment, then shrugged. "Yeah, I mean I've been attracted to men of all shapes, sizes, and colors so, yeah. I mean, they all have the same thing, right," Kendra added with a chuckle.

"Okay, got it. Well, since looks aren't a top priority with you, what is?"

"Wait a minute. I didn't say all that. I still want to be able to look at the man without cringing. Looks are still in the top three."

"Alright, the number two spot?"

Kendra sipped her tea and nodded as if her friend could see her. "Yeah, number two is good."

"What's number one?"

Kendra sat back and closed her eyes, holding her cup off to the side. "I just want him to be *into* me. I want him to treat me like a goddess," she said dreamily.

"Oh yeah, the goddess thing," her friend said.

"Uh-huh."

"So, you want him to worship you? Not like sit at your feet, be at your beck and call type worship, right?"

"No, Monica. I mean, is it so much to ask that a man puts me first?"

"Umm—"

"I just want to be *desired*. I want him to act as though making me happy was his number one priority. Even if it wasn't, I want to *feel* like it is. Know what I mean?"

"Of course, I do. You've told me that a few times."

"Well that's because every few months you ask me the same strange questions," Kendra told her.

"Anything else? Something different this time?"

"Well, you've heard guys say they want a lady in the streets and a freak in the bed?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I want that, too, but a guy version," she said with a chuckle. "I want him to be a gentleman when we are out and about. He will open doors, pull out chairs, and hold my hand when we are walking. Being romantic on

purpose will be a part of who is inside. I want him to be the kind of man that admires and respects my mind and opinions, and then cherishes and adores my body when we are making love. Only when I'm completely satisfied would he even attempt to achieve satisfaction for himself. He'll consider himself lucky that I *chose* him, but in the end, I will be the lucky one," she concluded with a sigh.

"Wow. That's deep."

"Mmm."

"But don't most men do that?"

Kendra bolted upright wide-eyed, holding her cup out to prevent the liquid from spilling.

"What? No! Well, at least not the fools I was with anyway. They were either too rough or moved way too fast, sweating and what not all in my face, pumping away on top of me in a hurry to get to his own happy ending," she explained with a dismissive wave.

Monica laughed. "Dang. It's been a while since you've had a positive adult relationship, huh?"

"Yes. They were all too stuck on how good they felt to even notice if I was enjoying their attention or they flat out didn't care if I did."

"Oh."

"The worst part is when it is finally over. They have the nerve to throw this grin my way and ask me how good I think he was," Kendra added with an eye roll.

"Uhh..."

"Is a slow hand to glide over me so much to ask so I can enjoy the ride, too?" she asked, letting out a long breath.

Monica was silent for a moment. "Okay, correct me if I'm wrong, but am I detecting a little bit of anger in all that?"

Kendra slumped back against the cushion and sighed heavily. "Sorry to dump that on you. That anger is not directed toward you, but to the memory of them. I thought I purged all that over the last two years."

"Hey, no, that's why we're talking. You need to relieve some of that tension. Do we need to go toy shopping? We should go. Shopping always makes us feel better. I could get some stuff for me and Doug to play with, too."

"Uh, no, but thanks. I don't need to know the behind-closed-door details about you guys, and I sure don't want those visuals stuck in my head," she expressed with a laugh.

Monica snickered. "Alright, fine. So, let's get back to your perfect guy then. I'm assuming the basics are still on the list. Job, house, car..."

"Well, yeah. Those go without saying, don't they? I don't think anyone's *perfect* guy is broke, homeless, and walking. You can stack them together at number three."

"That's true. Does your guy have a motorcycle?"

She stopped drinking. "A motorcycle?"

"Yeah, why not?"

Kendra giggled, taking another sip from her cup. She was starting to like this game.

"Sure, what the hell. Throw in a bike and while you're working on details make sure he has big hands, too. Large hands feel good sliding over my skin when I'm all hot and horny. From what I remember anyway," she added with a laugh.



“Yes ma’am. Big hands. Duly noted. Anything else you want big since we’re being a little more specific?” Monica asked in a humorous tone.

Kendra laughed again. “Let’s just say all free-moving parts should be proportionate to his body structure, okay?” she confirmed unable to stop giggles from mixing with her words.

“Alrighty then, Miss Ma’am. I think I have enough to work with. I’ll have this list Fed Ex’d over to the North Pole immediately.”

“Well, Mr. Claus will have to do a rush job in order to get him here by Christmas. It’s already December tenth.”

“I’m not worried. I figure if he can get around the whole world in one night, getting your guy together in a few weeks ought to be a piece of cake.”

Kendra could almost see the smile on Monica’s face and smiled as well. “I totally agree, but tell him I said chop-chop anyway. I’ve been waiting for this man for a long time.”

“I sure will. Hey, you know Doug’s family is having their annual Christmas Eve party. You want us to pick you up?”

Kendra’s smile faded and she put the cup on the coffee table. “Umm, I think I’m going to pass this year, Monica.”

“What? Why? Doug’s parents love you.”

“I know and I love them, but not this year. Third wheel and all,” she shrugged.

“Come on Kendra. You could never be a third wheel. We have been the three musketeers for more than twenty years. They consider us family.”

“I know. His family will always be family to me. I just rather not go another year being the only one not hugged up or loving up on someone special during special times.”

“Okay, I understand, but Doug is going to be upset.”

Kendra snorted. “I’m sure you can smooth any ruffled feathers that come up for me.”

Monica chuckled. “Girl shut up. I’ll see you at work tomorrow.”

## Chapter Two



Kendra walked through the chilled streets adjusting her cap to block the snowflakes from landing on her face. She stopped at every eye-catching store window display she passed. Each one gave her new ideas for another gift, and she popped inside to buy it. Rushing back to the office, she passed a couple walking along also checking out the brightly lit windows. They held hands, laughed, and kissed periodically as they moved from store to store. She sighed as she sped past them.

*Could my preferences be too unreasonable? Too far-fetched? Does that kind of man I really want even exist?*

Kendra closed the door behind her and shook off the snow. She hung up her coat and stuffed her packages into the bottom drawer of the filing cabinet.

“Kendra? Are you all right?”

“Huh?” She shot up-right to give him her full attention. “Oh! Hi Dr. Flack. Were you saying something to me?”

“I was merely asking if you were okay. You looked kind of dazed,” he added with a raised brow.

She pushed the drawer closed with her foot. “Yes, I guess I was, but I’m fine.”

“Just ready for this day to be over, huh?”

*Man! You can say that again!*

“No, no, I’m good. I just have a lot on my mind.”

“Well, Samantha should have everything up and running for the party when we’re done for the day. That ought to help.”

“Party?”

“The holiday party. You didn’t forget it was after work today, did you?”

*Crap!*

“No, no, I didn’t forget, sir. I’ll be there. Did you need me for something?”

“Oh, yes. Mrs. Duncan is in room five. Could you get an EKG on her?”

“Of course.”

“And Drea just brought Mrs. Baxter and her twins back also. I’ll need vitals on them including height and weight. They’re getting big so fast. She put them in room six,” he murmured walking away.

She nodded. “Yes, doctor. Right away.”

\* \* \* \*

Kendra scanned the conference room in search of the dinner buffet. With only three in-house doctors, the office wasn’t very large. They were a close-knit group and the doctors worked hard to make their entire group feel welcomed and appreciated. Muttering the words to Hark How the Bells as the music played overhead, she made her way across the room.

Little Santa faces covered the tablecloth. Snowmen, reindeer, brightly lit Kinaras and dreidels decorated the walls and the plates on the table's edge. Sprigs of holly were strategically placed in the open spaces between the various finger foods and the meat and cheese trays. Wet spots formed on the napkins near the punch bowl stretching Santa's face out of proportion. Snickering at the sight, Kendra took a plate and moved along the table systematically filling it.

"Wow, Dr. Jackson made sure to cover as many beliefs as possible," she murmured, lifting a cookie from her plate.

"Are you sure you won't go?"

The question appeared near her ear startling her. The plate in her hand rattled, almost spilling its contents.

"Monica, if my plate would have hit the floor, I would have strangled you with some of that tinsel from that tree over there."

Her friend chuckled at her side. "Sorry. I wasn't trying to scare you. Are you staying for the party?"

Kendra shook her head. "No, I'm tired. I just wanted to stop by to grab something to go, and get home to relax," she explained, handing her friend a cup of eggnog. "Hold that. Those freaking Baxter twins are nerve-wracking to work with. They're out of control and their mother was no help at all. Getting a height and weight on them was a nightmare. I'm ready to put this day and this week behind me," she added, shaking her head.

"Yeah. You know what you need? Exposure to well-behaved children! You know Doug has some really cool nieces and nephews and they like you," Monica announced with a big grin.

Kendra glared at her but said nothing as she continued to move along.

"Oh come, Kendra. Just come to the party. You know you'll have a great time. Please," she urged in a whiny tone.

"No, Monica. I refuse to be that girl anymore."

Monica's eyes batted in confusion. "What girl?"

Kendra stopped loading her plate and turned to face her friend. "You know what girl I mean. The childhood friend of the oldest son's girlfriend who has no plans, so she tags along to the family gathering with the happy couple. Doesn't that just scream pathetic?"

"Yeah, I guess it does when you say it like that. But you know Doug's parents don't see you like that."

"Yeah, but although the three of us are still close friends, you and Doug are more than that now. You're engaged."

Monica didn't look convinced, but she didn't push any further.

"Oh, all right," she said with a sigh. "I'll leave it alone. So, if you won't be with us, what will you be doing?"

"I don't know," Kendra confessed, wrapping her plate in the available foil. "Maybe just hang out at the house reading."

"Oh yeah, I can see how that would be much more fun than music, food, and friends."

Kendra heard the sarcasm in her friend's voice but chose to ignore it. A basket of what looked like used plastic bags sat at the end of the table. She turned a raised brow to Monica.

"Dr. Jackson is all about recycling," Monica said answering her unasked question.

Kendra fished a bag out and slid her plate into it before taking her drink back from her friend.

“Are you at least going to come over this weekend so we can hang out like we planned?” Monica asked with her arms around her chest.

“Yeah, I can do that.”

Kendra walked toward the door with Monica in tow. Suddenly someone singing Jingle Bell Rock filled the corridor overtaking the dulcet tones of The Temptations’ version of Silent Night. Kendra stopped and looked over her shoulder at her friend.

“Doug’s here to pick me up,” she explained looking at her phone.

“That was your text tone? *Jingle Bell Rock*?”

Monica grinned. “I’m a festive person. What can I say?”

Kendra shook her head then dropped her empty cup in the trash.

“Whatever Monica. Tell Doug I love him,” she said, giving her a hug.

“I will. See you tomorrow.”

## Chapter Three



Fat, wet snowflakes pelted Kendra's car as she drove home. Her mind drifted as she traveled the familiar streets on autopilot.

"It's not like I don't know his people. The three of us grew up together, for Pete's sake. Until a few years ago I thought me *and* Monica shared a brother/sister relationship with Doug."

She pulled up on a red light and blew out a long breath. "But, somewhere along the way, Monica and Doug *fell in love*. How did I even miss that?"

Kendra took off and turned into her driveway moments later. She stared at the garage door as it rose and gasped.

"Could I be jealous of their relationship?"

She took in a sudden breath. The horn made a sharp loud honk when Kendra's head fell to the steering wheel.

"Oh my God. *I am!* Damn, I suck. What is wrong with me?"

Kendra groaned and left the car. She dropped the plate off in the kitchen and headed to the living room. Looking around her home you couldn't even tell Christmas was a couple of weeks away. There were no lights, no gingerbread or peppermint smells, not even a tree in her home. She rolled her eyes.

"Damn! No wonder I'm in such a funk. It's downright dismal in this place," she said. "I have to do something about this."

Kendra rushed into her room, changed her clothes, and was back in the car in fifteen minutes. The parking lot was so full she knew not to bother going near the store for a space. Pulling her hood over her head, she stepped out into the falling snow. The cart corral was empty. She twisted her lips but wasn't really surprised.

"Merry Christmas!" the man guarding the bright red kettle shouted.

"Merry Christmas," she answered, walking by him into the store.

The shopping madness of the season was in full swing. People pushed past her as she walked around the crowded store. Luckily, she just needed a few things to spruce up her place a bit and would be gone soon.

"Excuse me," she said to a passing employee. "Where can I find Christmas decorations?"

"If there's any left they would be in aisle fourteen."

"Thanks."

"Kendra?"

The instant she heard her name Kendra froze. She would know that voice anywhere. It whispered sweet nothings in her ear for almost two years before she finally broke it off. She turned slowly and swallowed the gasp as it tried to escape. Just looking at him made her heart flutter. He was six feet of solid muscle with a panty-melting smile and expert hands to seal the deal.

*Lionel.*

"I knew that was you," he said pulling her into a hug. "How are you?"

"Hi, Lionel. I'm good. When did you get back to town?"

"Technically I'm not back. I just decided to come home for the holidays to see my parents. You look fantastic."

“You look good too,” she said then turned down the aisle.

“Whoa,” he called out, intercepting her. “Wait a minute. What’s your hurry?”

“No hurry. I’m just here to pick up a few decorations for the house. I haven’t really had the time to decorate.”

“Really? Wow, I remember your place being decked out for the holidays even before Thanksgiving. You were so into it. I liked that about you. Nothing’s wrong is it?”

*Wrong? No, nothing is wrong, delicious man from my past. Just suffering from lack of companionship and nooky deficiency, that’s all.*

“No, no nothing. I’ve just been busy at work. That’s all.”

“Oh. Okay. So, what are your plans after you get your stuff?”

“No plans at all, really. I’m just going back to the house to chill out.”

“To chill out with your...boyfriend? Husband?” he asked, making hand gestures like a scale.

She couldn’t help but smile. “No, alone.”

Lionel’s face lit up. “Really? Well, why don’t I come with you then? I was picking up some stuff for dinner. I can double it and make dinner for two instead of one.”

*Warning! Warning!*

Lionel flashed that killer grin of his and stepped closer. Her features must’ve given away her mind’s caution alarm.

“Come on, Kendra. You know you always liked my cooking and I know you hate to cook. It’s a win/win situation.”

*No, Kendra! It doesn’t matter that his food tasted heavenly. You have the food from the party. You won’t starve.*

Lionel nudged her. “Come on. I’ll put this chicken back and make my special Italian ribeye steaks that you loved so much,” he said, sweetening his offer.

Memories of his delicious cooking flittered back to her memory making her mouth water and she smiled.

“Thata girl. Come on let’s get what we need and get out of here.”

\* \* \* \*

Kendra sat on the couch with a satisfied smirk as she looked around at the warm glow the tree lights created in the room.

“I think the room looks great,” Lionel said from the kitchen.

“Yeah, me too,” Kendra said relaxing back. “Thank you for helping me decorate. The tree is beautiful.”

He handed her a glass of wine and sat beside her. Raising her beverage in the air, Kendra waited for him to do the same. When he complied, she tapped his drink and they both took a sip.

“So, I’ve wanted to ask you something Kendra, but never got the chance.”

She stared at the red liquid as she swirled it in the glass. “All right, go ahead and ask.”

“Why did you dump me?”

Her hand stopped in midair, sloshing the liquid to the rim before falling back to the bottom.

“Excuse me?”

“We never really talked about it. You just called and said you thought it would be best if we saw other people.”

“Lionel—”

“Was I a bad boyfriend? I have a job, a car, my own place, I treated you well...I mean, aren't those the things that women look for in a man?”

“No Lionel, it wasn't that. You were all that.”

“So, what was it?”

Kendra sighed and sat up. “Your job was moving you to another city, Lionel. I was young and didn't know what I wanted. I didn't think a long-distance relationship would help me do that.”

Lionel nodded and took a drink from his cup. “Okay, I can respect that. A little exploration is good for everyone. You needed to find what you really wanted, right?”

“Yeah, something like that.”

“Did you find it?”

She sighed and shook her negatively. “No, I didn't.”

Lionel moved closer. “Well, why not consider giving us another try? I've really missed you. I hated that you broke it off with me.”

Kendra glanced up into his warm brown eyes. Firelight danced in the hopeful look she saw there. Lionel Hudson was everything he mentioned and more. Considerate, honest, and generous with his time and money were a few more qualities that came to mind as she stared into his handsome face.

“Maybe the time we spent apart was good for us. We could leave whatever didn't work in the past and start fresh in the New Year. What do you say?”

She sighed. “Lionel, you're still living out of town. I'm still not keen on long-distance relationships. How about we just enjoy tonight and build our friendship now that we have reconnected.”

Lionel nodded. “Okay, Kendra, but what if I considered moving back home?”

Kendra's eyes widened. “You would do that?”

Lionel shrugged. “It's been two years. I might be able to pull some strings.”

He moved in slowly pursing his lips. The delicious smell of the simmering ribeye's mingled with his soft woody cologne as she closed the distance between them. Abruptly she pushed him back.

“The food!”

Lionel smiled, took her hands, and pressed his lips to her knuckles. “We'll pick this up after dinner.”

She nodded. “All right.”

Lionel returned after a while to set the table. He brought the food out moments later and then extended his hand to her in invitation.

“Oh my gosh. Lionel, you have not lost your touch. That was delicious,” she said after a while, wiping her mouth with a napkin.

“Thanks,” he said then pulled her from her seat and took her mouth.

Just beneath the wine and Italian spices was the unique flavor of Lionel himself. His kiss was just as she remembered, forceful and erotic.

“You haven't lost your touch there either,” Kendra added when he released her.

“That's not all I have for you.”

Lionel lifted her into his arms and carried her into her bedroom leaving gentle pecks on her face and neck.

“Wait Lionel, what are you doing?”

"I want you Kendra and I can tell you want me too."

A slow burn started to build between her legs. Lionel was down the hall quickly and in her room. He dropped her unceremoniously onto the bed falling over her. His mouth silenced her surprised yelp with greedy intensity as his hands slid roughly over her body.

"Okay, but what's the rush? I mean yeah, it's been a while for me, but—"

Tearing away his clothes, he threw each piece into the air unconcerned where they fell.

"It's been a long time for me too, sweetheart, but damn, you turn me on so much. I can barely contain myself."

His breathy explanation excited her, but his uncontrolled pawing on her jogging pants was disconcerting. He continued to yank at them until they came down her legs.

"Okay, but—"

She was silenced when he jerked her pants away and reached for her panties next. Kendra opened her mouth to protest but clamped it shut as Lionel held them to his face and sniffed them deeply. A stuttering moan left him just before he shoved her legs wide and palmed her mound. Parting the delicate folds, Lionel pressed his finger to her clit making gentle circles. Exciting tingles spread from her vulva to her belly awakening nerve endings all over her body. Kendra's stunned reaction melted away as she sank into the pillow closing her eyes with a sigh.

*Okay, fuck it. Maybe I just need a really good, no strings attached, lay.*

Much sooner than she was ready Lionel stopped and climbed over her positioning the tip of his cock to her slippery opening.

"Lionel, hold up."

The sudden filling when he pushed his head deep into her core made her gasp aloud. She didn't know if it was from the shock of the quick intrusion or the taut muscles stretching beyond their current limits. He moaned with her holding his position.

"Oh, Kendra, it's been so long since I had some pussy."

"Take it easy, Lionel. It's been a long time for me too, remember?"

He pulled back slowly. "Yeah, baby. I can tell. You feel so tight and wet. Oh my God, Kendra. You always felt good, but damn!" he murmured.

His steady pace seemed deliberate. Kendra could feel her body stretching to accommodate him and a sweet sensation built slowly in her core. It warmed her skin, stirring the dormant feelings that brought her pleasure.

*Ok, not bad. I can get with this.*

She wrapped her arms around his neck and moved her hips in sync with his thrusts.

"Don't do that baby. I might lose it."

*Wait. What?*

His words almost pulled her from the heady daze forming around her consciousness, but Lionel's deliberate moves in her needy insides felt incredible and kept her in the moment. She opened her legs wider.

Lionel gripped the sheet behind her head. Her eyes popped open.

"Lionel, slow down, baby."

"I—I can't, Kendra."

"But, Lionel, we got all night. Let's take our time and then—"

"Damn! It's been so damn long— Oh!"



She recognized his groan of completion and her body cried out in horror.

*No!*

Lionel's pelvic thrust forward and his body locked in place simultaneously with his last groan. His body shook with apparent ecstasy, and then he collapsed on top of her. Breathing hard with shaky arms around her, he kissed her shoulders, her neck, and then her cheek before rolling over to lie beside her.

"Kendra, baby, you were always special, but that was...whew! I knew you were the one," he told her breathing hard.

He rolled to his side and wrapped his arm around her waist to pull her closer to him, then promptly fell asleep. Kendra stared at the ceiling blinking wildly.

*You have got to be kidding me.*

\* \* \* \*

"Wow, you look like crap," Monica greeted.

Kendra rolled her eyes and sputtered. "Good afternoon to you, too."

She shrugged out of her coat and scarf, handed them to Monica, then made her way into the living room.

"Where's Doug?"

"Out helping his mom with last-minute party stuff," Monica called from the foyer.

"Good, I don't need that big of an audience."

"Uh-oh, an audience for what? What did you do?" she asked walking into the room.

Kendra plopped onto the sofa with a loud groan, then turned an exhausted look to her.

"Lionel was over last night."

"Lionel?" she asked pausing in thought, then her eyes widened, and her jaw dropped. "Lionel *Hudson!*"

Kendra nodded letting her head fall back to the back of the couch.

"Whoa, wait. Let me grab supplies so we don't have to move."

Monica left the room again and Kendra could hear her moving around the kitchen. She returned a short while later with a tray of sandwiches, two glasses, and a bottle of wine. Kendra looked at the tray, then back at her friend.

"It's one-thirty in the afternoon."

"You looked like you needed a drink. Think of this as a Sunday brunch," Monica said grinning wide.

Kendra dropped her head back. "Whatever."

Monica opened the bottle, filled the glasses, then handed one to her. "Okay, I'm ready. So how did Lionel get to your house? I thought he moved out of town."

"He's in town to see his folks for the holidays. I went to the store last night to get some decorations for the tree and ran into him there."

"Christmas is in two weeks and you didn't even have your tree up?"

She eyed her friend over the rim of her glass. "One issue at a time, Monica, okay?" Kendra said taking a sip.

"All right, all right, go on."

"Well, I wasn't expecting to run into him, of course, we talked for a hot minute, and then he offered to cook his Italian ribeye's for dinner."

“Mmm, I remember those. They were really good,” Monica mentioned taking a drink.

“Yeah, the steaks were good, the wine was good and next thing I knew we were in bed hot and heavy.”

Monica nodded. “Yeah, a starving woman is easily tempted. Be it with food or sex. I can see that. So, how was it?”

Kendra rolled her head landing a look on her friend.

Monica’s shoulders slumped. “Aww dang. That bad.”

“Well, it wasn’t really...well yeah. It was bad,” she amended in the same breath. “Okay, maybe not bad, just...fast.”

“So, it was bad *and* fast?”

“It started out okay, but then...” She sighed and sat up. Her hands moved in wild gestures as she searched for the right words, and then she made a frustrated noise before draining her glass. “I should’ve never let him come home with me.”

“But I thought Lionel was one of the good ones. He was number two of your top three once upon a time.”

“Yeah, I know, but...” She completed the sentence with a shrug. “I let him stay the night. He spent it trying to redeem himself.”

“Did he?”

“There were a few moments where it was really good, but it wasn’t the same. The moment was already ruined for me by then.”

Kendra slid the empty cup onto the coffee table and flopped against the back cushion. Monica leaned closer and nudged her.

“Well, I got a feeling it will get better soon.”

“Oh yeah? You heard from Santa about my rush order?” she asked with a laughing grin.

Monica giggled. “I’m afraid not. I think he may be a little busy at the moment with Christmas being next Saturday and all.”

Kendra threw her hands up in mock frustration. “Story of my life.” She laughed.

“Come on girl, I’ll put in a movie, we’ll eat and finish our wine. Think positive. It’s the season for miracles after all.”

## Chapter Four



Kendra walked into one of the exam rooms. Monica looked up from her doodling.

“We just had another cancellation.”

“We’re running on a skeleton crew and patients are canceling left and right. We should just close for the day. The office is closed starting tomorrow anyway for the holiday weekend.”

Kendra sat across the desk from her. “Makes sense to me. The radio said we shouldn’t get hit with another round of snow, but what do they know.”

“Are you still ducking Lionel?”

Kendra leaned on the desk and dropped her head on her arms. “Oh my gosh, Monica, yes! It was such a mistake to let that man back into my life. He is such a bug-a-boo. Calling every day, talking about how great he thought last week was, and makes no qualms about wanting to repeat it. I loved the cooking, but I’m just not feeling him on anything else. I’m over it.”

Monica nodded. “Have you told him that?”

“Of course, I have, but his hearing is blocked by his ego. He’s hell-bent on redeeming himself,” she said rolling her eyes.

Monica chuckled. “Oh.”

“What am I going to do, Monica?”

“Well, I guess this is what happens when you feed a stray animal the good stuff. They keep coming back hovering at your doorstep for more.”

Kendra frowned looking at her friend’s laughing grin.

“You need to close the door on that thing, Kendra, so he can just leave you alone. Try again.”

The door swung open turning her head.

“Hey, guys. The docs have decided to shut down for the rest of the day. We have to call the patients scheduled for this afternoon and reschedule them for after the holidays.”

“Okay. Thanks, Drea,” Kendra said.

Their co-worker walked away, and Monica stood.

“I’m going to send your gift over later today by someone, okay? So, don’t freak when a stranger shows up at your door. I’m not coming out in this until I go to Doug’s parent’s house to help decorate for the party. By then the streets ought to be better. You’re sure you won’t come?”

“Yup, I’m sure.”

“So, you’ll be home?”

“Where am I going in this mess?” she said, thumbing the window.

Monica threw her hands up. “All right, fine. I’m done bugging you about it. Well, come on. Let’s get these phone calls done so we can get out of here before the snow they say isn’t coming shows up.”

Kendra laughed and followed her friend out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

"Hey, Lionel. It's Kendra."

"Hey, girl. I've been trying to get in touch with you for days. How you doing? Can I come over?"

"So about that, I don't think we should continue to see each other, Lionel."

"What? Why?"

"Come on Lionel. Our time together was nice but you still live out of town and I just don't want to do all of that."

"But what if I can get a transfer back to town?"

Kendra sighed as she opened the front door. "Lionel, tell me honestly if we didn't run into each other at the store would you have considered moving back to town?"

"Well, no. Probably not but—"

"Uh-huh. You were here for days already when I saw you in the store. Were you even going to call me?"

"Yes, but I thought your number might be different."

"Well now you know it wasn't but you didn't even call to check."

"Maybe it was fate that we met up."

"No Lionel. It was sheer happenstance. Look, our connection was cool, but I think it's best that we leave it at that and remain friends, okay?"

"Okay, Kendra. I can see that your mind is made. Of course, I'll continue to be your friend, but if I do get the chance to come back I will definitely call you."

"I will look for that call, but until then goodbye Lionel."

"Until then, Kendra."

Kendra tossed her phone to the bed then slipped into her silky red pajamas, popped some corn, and set up a few Christmas-themed movies to watch.

"And he even carved the roast beast," she repeated as the credits began to roll. "I love that movie." A quick look at the clock made her smile. "Food time."

She slipped in the next movie into the disk player and lit the fireplace to warm the living room before heading to the kitchen. Taking down a large mug, she mixed up some hot chocolate then added a shot of brandy from a different cabinet.

"Ahh, now that's good."

She pivoted to grasp the dishtowel from the oven handle then pulled the door open. Removing the small golden-brown bird from inside, Kendra sniffed in the aroma.

"Mmm, my own roast beast came but perfect." She put the pan on top of the stove then grabbed her mug. "Now it's time for some yippie-ki-yay. Slowly she headed back to the living room then abruptly adjusted her careful walk toward the door. "Oh! That must be the courier Monica sent over."

Kendra swung the door open and her jaw dropped at the sight of the large man kneeling before her. He rose slowly to his full height making her tilt her head up to keep eye contact. Brilliant blue eyes met her gaze. They were strikingly beautiful and held her in place. A square jaw, long slender nose, almond-shaped eyes with natural-

ly arched brows completed his handsome features. He held a box wrapped in sparkling silver paper and a bright purple bow in his large hands as he smiled down at her.

“Merry Christmas, beautiful goddess.”

The smooth, deep voice of her visitor sent rumbles through her chest. It felt almost like a physical touch as it glided over her. Goosebumps rose on her skin as she took it in. The unexpected chill that followed made her nipples hard from the accent she couldn't really place.

“Mer—Merry Christmas,” she squeaked out.

He extended the present. “This is for you.”

“Oh, umm, thank you.”

She took the box in her free hand and continued staring blankly at him.

“May I come in?”

“Uh, yes, of course.”

Kendra stepped back allowing him into her home. Her visitor's gait seemed domineering and full of power. Intuition told her that this was a man of authority. He removed his coat to let it hang over his arm. The dark suit with a crisp white shirt fit his body contours too well for it to be off the rack. Suddenly he spun to face her, his gaze steady as he stood relaxed with his hands closed resting on his stomach. She made a mental note to ask Monica what company she used to deliver her packages. He was not dressed like any delivery man she had ever run across.

“So, are you on your way to a party after this delivery?”

The man blinked a few times seemingly confused by her question then he touched his face and laughed.

“Oh! I probably look different than my picture. I've let my goatee grow since I posted that pic. I'm Bryce.”

“Oh right, Bryce. Okay, so are you supposed to be my Christmas gift, or you just came to deliver the package?” she asked jokingly.

He smiled. “Yes, the Christmas present is from me, but I want to be your gift as well.”

Her eyes widened. “Excuse me?”

He scooped her up into a quick hug then returned her to her feet.

“I'm so happy we're finally meeting.”

“Uh, *finally* meeting? There must be some mistake.”

She walked further into the living room to put the box and her mug on the coffee table. Before Kendra could return to her guest, she snapped into an erect position and gasped. Bryce stood directly behind her chuckling near her ear. The tingly sensation of his fingers sliding over her arm left goosebumps on her skin. When his hand reached hers, he laced their fingers together. He pulled her back against his body in a lover's embrace full of comfort and desire and pressed his face against her temple. A shiver went down her back at the feel of his erection pushing against her bottom through her pajamas.

“I love the playful banter we naturally have. We can speak about the details that we discussed later, sweet Kendra.”

“I don't understand.”

“I'm honoring your request and I'm thrilled to do so. Is dinner ready yet? I've got the wine in my car.”

"Umm, yes. I just took the chicken out of the oven but the green beans and mashed potatoes are in the microwave."

"Good. I will go to my car and get the wine. You said pink Moscato was your favorite, right?"

"Uh..."

"You sit down. I'll be right back."

He dropped a kiss to Kendra's forehead and left the room. She stared at the door for long moments blinking wildly. Bryce rushed back in and leaned against the door.

"Woo, it's still snowing," he said shaking his head. "Glasses and corkscrew?" he asked lifting the bag.

"Uh, the cabinet on the far left and draw directly beneath."

He disappeared into the kitchen and returned with two filled glasses.

"I saw that dinner is already done. If you would have given me an earlier time I could have helped you," he mentioned handing her a drink.

"Uh..."

Bryce took a sip and reached for the case on the coffee table. "I love this movie. Did you watch it already or you just put it in?"

"Oh, I just put it in. I was just letting the chicken cool so I could cut it and make my plate."

"Okay, well if you want to eat early that's fine. Go ahead and start the movie and I will make the plates for us. Are there sides?"

Kendra nodded. "Yes, in the microwave."

Bryce smiled. "I'll be right back."

*Okay, I'm going to have to call Monica to see what's going on. But, since he doesn't seem like a crazy person, I'll see where this goes.*

Kendra picked up the remote and pressed play. Draws closing, cabinets opening and closing, and dings behind her made her turn. Moments later Bryce appeared carrying two plates.

"Here you go."

He sat beside her and they watched the movie ate.

"Now I know what a t.v dinner feels like," they said abruptly in unison.

They looked at each other and burst into laughter. Bryce took her empty plate and stood.

"I watch this movie every year. It's my favorite Christmas movie," he said returning to the kitchen.

"You know, whether this movie is even a Christmas movie at all is a huge ongoing debate," she told him when he returned to her side.

"Oh yeah? What side of that debate do you stand on?"

"Oh, it's absolutely a Christmas movie. It takes place at a Christmas party and has all the Christmas trimmings, the tree, the music, and stuff blowing up. What else is needed for a great Christmas movie?" she added with a chuckle.

Bryce laughed. "Dinner was really good. You're a great cook. Maybe next time I can put together one of my go-to dishes for you."

"Are you offering to cook for me?"

Bryce turned his body toward her. "What I'm really offering you is all that you see and all that I have."

Kendra took in a breath. Bryce slowly leaned closer to her. Hesitantly, she moved to meet him the rest of the way.

Bryce stood with his hands moving to his shirt. Kendra was transfixed on the slow-moving fingers as they undid each button. She had to quench the urge to move his hands and rip the material from his body. Finally, the jacket slipped off his shoulders. His shirt fell open a little faster revealing well-rounded shoulders, thick biceps, and a muscular chest. A light dusting of dark hair traveled down to cover sculpted abs.

Her mouth went dry as her gaze fell over his masculine beauty. His upper body was exceptionally pleasing, but when Bryce's pants dropped to the floor, his cock took her breath away.

"Would you like me to turn?"

Kendra couldn't speak and she wasn't even sure if she nodded. Bryce gave her a knowing smile and put his pants on the back of the couch with his other clothes then slowly spun giving her an excellent view of his strong-looking back and tight ass. When he faced her again, Bryce stepped forward to stand closer to her. His fingers slipped behind her head. Kendra lifted her face as he gripped her hair. It wasn't the needy kiss he gave her earlier, but a thrilling claiming one that she didn't know existed. His tongue plunged into her mouth exploring and enticing hers to join. The sensation tore a groan from deep within her soul.

When Bryce's lips left hers, tiny pecks along her cheek and jawline followed. Automatically Kendra bared her throat accepting the soft, nibbles, and teasing licks that were placed there. A shudder of excitement danced through the nerve endings in her lower back. He pulled away from her again to unbutton the tiny hearts of her satin top. It slipped from her body seconds later. The warm air from the fire wafted over her skin. Boldly he reached for her breasts. Kendra gasped, shivering helplessly at the sensation of his strong palms passing over her sensitive nipples. Bryce had a look of admiration on his face as he caressed them one at a time.

"You have the most beautiful breasts I have ever seen." He leaned forward taking her left nipple into his mouth.

Pleasure coursed through her blood as he took his time, moving from one breast to the other. She rose on her toes offering him more as his warm, wet mouth suckled urgently. Her pussy pulsed to the vibrations his gentle biting left behind. When Bryce finally released her and righted himself, his straining erection caught her eye again. His long fingers slipped beneath the band of her pajama bottoms, tickling the tender skin of her waist. Pushing down her pants, he kept his gaze locked on hers as he lowered himself to his knees. She lifted her feet obediently one at a time allowing him to discard them.

"Oh Kendra, I can't tell you how pleased I am to see your pussy is shaved. I could lick your tender flesh for hours if you wanted."

Bryce gripped her bottom and pressed his face to the junction between her legs. A squeal escaped her when his lips pressed against her dewy skin. A tantalizing tremor shot from her center up her spine. Her knees threatened to buckle. Kendra gripped his shoulders to steady herself. The deep breath he took was audible and so was the groan that followed.

"And you smell so good," he told her. "You're already wet. Am I the cause of that or were you playing with yourself before I arrived?" he asked on a soft chuckle.

The heat from his breath, erotic and tantalizing on her delicate skin, spread warmth throughout her core raising her arousal. Bryce's nose pushed teasingly against her clit and then his tongue darted out to taste her.

She took in a sharp breath as another shudder shook her body.

“I hope it was me. It would break my heart to know you were playing with this pretty pussy and I missed it.”

Bryce kissed her damp lips with the same intensity that he used on her mouth. The combination of flicking her swelling bud and sucking the sensitive folds enticed her beyond comprehension. Kendra cried out as her knees finally gave way from the incredible sensation. She swayed in his arms grabbing a handful of his hair, but his arms were strong. He groaned his approval but didn't stop. After long agonizing moments, Kendra thought she may lose consciousness. Somehow, she managed to form a few words of warning.

“Please, Bryce, I—I can't”

She was grateful and saddened when the pleasurable torture ended. Bryce stood and scooped her into his arms. He looked down at her questioningly. The erotic fog lifted from Kendra's mind long enough to answer his unasked question.

“It's down there, the last door on the left.”



## Chapter Five



“I’m here for you. No strings attached. When you’re completely satisfied and ready for sleep, I will leave without protest if that is your desire.” Bryce entered her room and laid her gently on the bed. “I pray that will not be the case, but it’s my promise nevertheless,” he added, joining her.

Kendra couldn’t speak. She had never seen such a look of hunger in a man’s eye before. She slipped her hand through his hair then grabbed a handful of the dark strands to bring his mouth down to hers.

“You are so beautiful,” he muttered, brushing his lips against hers.

He cupped her breasts again with his long-tapered fingers. The next moment his hot mouth was sucking her right nipple while he pinched and twisted her left without mercy. Heat and moisture gathered between her spread thighs as he worked her relentlessly. He teased her with his tongue and teeth, gently nipping at her sensitized nipples as she writhed against the softness of the sheets.

He continued his tantalizing assault as his hand slithered down between her legs. Spreading her dewy folds, Bryce pressed his thumb pad over her swollen clit and inserted his middle finger inside her soaked core. He explored her insides while making small circles over her hidden bud. Grunts of pleasure left Kendra’s throat and her breathing quickened as she rode his finger. As if reading her body signals, Bryce’s thumb moved faster and soon a long squeal of delight escaped her open mouth. The swift release he caused tightened her nipples and she shook in his arms.

“Oh my God, you’re amazing,” Bryce said holding her close. He trailed kisses to the heated skin of her throat. “I have to taste you again,” he said in an urgent whisper.

“Oh,” she said on a shattered groan.

“I’ve searched for so long.” He murmured sliding down her body. “For someone like you, Kendra,” he finished on a moan of his own.

His chin moved from side to side on her thighs urging her to open further for him. When she complied, his wet tongue returned to lick the sensitive folds lapping away her juices. Bryce used the same intensity on her sex as he did on her mouth only moments before. Her fingers slipped through the silky strands on his head guiding him where she needed him most.

Her skin buzzed with excitement. She cried out shamelessly turning her body seeking more. Bryce expertly drove her closer and closer to the edge of ecstasy. Blissful vibrations covered her from head to toe. Each plateau gave her a new high and elicited another cry of elation.

“I love the way you scream,” he panted, coming up for air. “I could listen to the sound all night, darling. Forever if you let me.”

*Oh yes. I can do this forever.*

Bryce’s words and actions sent her contentment soaring. He sucked her clit into his mouth again as his long finger entered her once more, moving upwards in a come-hither motion. Suddenly, a body-wrenching orgasm consumed her catching her off guard. It ripped a scream from her that left her throat raw. Her heart pounded in time with the walls of her pussy. Bryce held onto her most carnal place. His own moans of delight were muffled as

she bucked. Kendra's limbs shook uncontrollably with the aftershocks. As good as she felt, she knew she needed something more.

"I—I want to feel you inside me, Bryce."

"Yessss," he hissed and wasted no time climbing over her.

Bryce's steel-like erection slipped into her without resistance. His hips rolled and circled as he dipped into her core over and over. Lifting her hips, Kendra met each thrust eagerly. The wet smacking sounds they made at each connection inflamed her lust even more.

"That's it! Yes! Give it to me again. You're so beautiful when you come, baby," Bryce said pumping frantically into her. "Let me see it again."

Bryce's words incited a riot among her senses. Her road to bliss ended quickly with a hard-fast orgasm that left her uttering incoherent words of ecstasy. She rose from the bed holding him in a death grip. He slowed his movements when she let go and fell back against the bed gasping for air. Two eruptions so close together left her exhausted and feeling incredible. The slower more deliberate strokes made her descent to Earth glorious.

"Mmm, that felt so good," she muttered gliding her fingers through his hair.

"Hmm, you say that like you're done, my sweet goddess."

Kendra nodded. "Yes, I am," she agreed breathily. "That was wonderful. You were wonderful, Bryce."

Bryce chuckled, continuing his insistent movements. "I don't think you're done yet. I feel another one deep inside this sweet wet core of yours begging me to bring it out."

Kendra shook her head in protest. "That might be afterglow pulses."

Bryce increased his movements. "Oh, I don't think so," he contradicted with a grin.

More aggressive moves silenced her as shudders of rapture conquered her senses. He dipped his head and took one of her breasts in his mouth.

"Oh!"

He suckled on the nipple teasing it back to its previous sensitivity before giving its sister the same treatment. Bryce continued to press deep into her lifting her bottom from the bed with each thrust. She could feel the orgasm building within her with each back and forth motion. It hovered about her like the coming of a thunderstorm. She wrapped her thighs around his waist. The next climax abruptly raced through her veins like fire. Amazed, she squealed and clutched him tight as her body shook involuntarily. Her release crashed over her taking the last bit of strength she had.

Bryce lowered her to the bed and pulled out of her. His erection lay between them with most of his weight resting on his arms. He looked down at her with smiling eyes as she trembled from the force of the unexpected rapture. Bryce rolled off her to lie at her side. Quietly they turned to their sides continuing to stare at one another for a long while.

Kendra hoped she didn't look as bewildered as she felt. There was an extremely handsome man in her bed who had just made passionate love to her. A man that had finally made her feel like a goddess...and she had no clue who he was.

*Bryce doesn't seem to be confused at all. What the hell is going on?*

His pretty blue eyes looked happy as he gazed at her. Leisurely his fingers glided over her shoulders, down her arm, and to her hip before coming back up to play in the hair that fell over her collarbone. His gentle touch

seemed almost loving. Dozens of questions ran through her mind. Finally, she had no choice but to break the tender silence.

“Umm, I’ll be right back.”

He nodded and she swung her legs off the side of the bed, snatching her phone from the nightstand as she did. She walked on wobbly knees down the hall to the bathroom. Once inside, Kendra sat on the floor against the door and dialed Monica’s number.

“Hello!” her friend answered cheerfully.

“Hello?” Kendra repeated incredulously. “Really Monica? What do you mean *hello*? You knew it was me when your phone started ringing. I put the damn ringtone on your phone, remember?” she chastised in a hushed whisper.

“Oooh, somebody sounds like they have their panties in a bunch. Oh, wait, you’re probably not wearing any panties right about, now are you?” Monica teased on a laugh.

Kendra scoffed and stared at the phone. “I’m so glad you’re getting a big yuck-yuck out of my confusion,” she said into the receiver, rolling her eyes.

Monica laughed harder.

“Monica...what the hell!”

“What?” Monica asked with a whiny edge. “Didn’t you like my gift?”

“*What*? Did I *like* it? Are you serious?” Kendra stammered running her hand through her hair. “What the hell is going on?”

“Okay calm down. Let me clear up some stuff so your head doesn’t explode. I sent Bryce to you. He is your gift, of course.”

“Well duh. I’m a complete idiot. I’m at the *why* didn’t you tell me about it and *why* does he know so much about me part.”

“I’ll just say it’s a good thing we’ve been friends for so long or I wouldn’t have been able to answer half the damn questions they asked. I had no idea the questionnaire would be so intense. Anyway, you better enjoy him to the fullest. I went through a lot to find him for you, believe me. I talked to so many different guys. There are some really crazy people out there, by the way. Most of them were jerks, but a few were okay. My advice is to keep Bryce. He literally is perfect for you.”

“*Questionnaire*? What are you talking about?”

“Hey, I gotta go. They’re looking for me and it’s getting cold out here. You can thank me later. Love you. Call me tomorrow. I want to hear all about it.”

“Monica? Monica! Uhhg!”

When the screen went blank, she squeezed the phone and shook it violently. She sighed.

“Okay, so Monica found this guy, but how? Who the hell is he? And now what? Will he leave now that our encounter is over?”

Kendra dragged her hand over her face.

“Uhg! Stupid Monica. I’m not getting anything else out of her until tomorrow and she’s the only one that knows what’s going on.” Kendra’s lips twisted in thought. “Well, her and Bryce,” she muttered after a while.

With a sigh, she pushed herself up, rinsed her face with some cool water, and left the bathroom. Kendra returned and found Bryce right where she left him. His presence answered at least one of her questions. He had rolled onto his back and his eyes were closed. His semi-hard penis lay against his taut stomach.

*Damn. Impressive even in its downtime.*

Suddenly his shaft bobbed as if sensing her. His eyes popped open and his head turned to face her, giving a pleasant grin. She lay beside him and returned his smile.

“Bryce...”

He smiled as his hand cupped her cheek. “Yes, sweetheart.”

She had the same reaction to his voice as earlier. The sentiment behind his words touched her.

“Bryce, can we talk for a minute?”

“Of course.” He rolled to his side and rose onto his elbow to rest his head in his hand.

“I—I just wanted to...”

Her eyes shifted back to his penis. She tried not to stare, but her gaze was drawn to the reddish tip and pale shaft as it lay against the dark shiny sheets. Her pussy throbbed at the sight. She wanted the man again, ready for the pleasures that he was capable of giving. The questions and concerns she wanted to address with him seem to flutter to the wayside as the urge to straddle him rose within her.

Bryce grinned and moved her hand to touch his erection.

“If you want me again, my lovely Goddess, I’m here for the taking,” he reminded her.

Despite her need for answers, Bryce’s hot words and willingness convinced her to put them on the back burner. She touched his shoulder and he rolled to his back again. Taking his shaft in her hand, she climbed over him stroking his piece back to its former stiffness. She marveled at how the velvety skin moved over the hardness of its center. Moving lower, she rubbed it against the sensitive area near her clit, enjoying the sharp, tingling pleasure the friction created.

Bryce moaned. An exciting chill danced down her spine at the sound. Biting her lower lip in concentration, she rose over him positioning the head of his cock at the entrance to her sex. His hardness slid into her soft, still wet, center easily. A gasp ending in a combined cry of delight filled the air around them when she was completely seated. The fullness of his shaft in her at this angle was incredibly intense. She held the position for a moment waiting for her insides to accommodate for the new position and adjust.

Kendra could feel every muscle in his big body tense beneath her in anticipation of their mutual enjoyment. Suddenly he grasped her hips firmly and moved her over him. It was exactly what she needed. Electric pulses of excitement traveled the length of her body. Kendra gripped his shoulders and let her body go limp. His tempo was maddening, long, deliberate strokes to swallow him to the base, and then dragging her off to sit on the tip before repeating. His expertise drove her out of her mind with pure bliss. She leaned forward dangling her breasts before him in offering. Completely in tune with her, Bryce took them into his mouth.

“Oh, God yes!”

The orgasm that grew inside her was like a tidal wave. As her arousal gained momentum tiny sparks of ecstasy ricocheted throughout her body. Perspiration slid down her temple and spine as she moved.

“I’m so close!”

Bryce let go of her hips as she took over control and gripped her breasts. “I know, baby. Ride that wave until it fills your soul and consumes you. I want you to enjoy me like no other. I never want to leave your side.”

Bryce’s words were an auditory aphrodisiac. His hips lifted in time with her movements. Kendra met each thrust and gripped his shoulders tightly. After a few moments, she let out a sound unfamiliar to her own ears. Bryce slipped his arm around her waist and flipped them over, reversing their positions, when he heard it. He continued to drive into her. The new arrangement targeted her clit perfectly increasing the ecstasy that rocked her to the core. She continued to howl the joy her body felt as it convulsed.

“Oh yes! That’s the one I was waiting for,” he admitted lustfully. “I love the feel of that sweet pussy quivering around me.”

Finally, he allowed his own climax to burst from his body. Kendra felt his organ jerking inside her. His tremors stimulated her even more as she lay beneath him dizzy with euphoria. Exhausted and sated, sleep claimed her before Bryce had time to roll away.

## Chapter Six



Kendra woke feeling wonderful. Her body still tingled deliciously from Bryce's expert attention. Her whole being was fully aware of Bryce cuddled up behind her. His arm was casually thrown over her waist and his large body fit comfortably around hers. Kendra looked over her shoulder at him. Bryce's large blue eyes gazed back at her. He kept his arm around her waist as she adjusted the covers over them and turned to face him. Silently they stared at one another until she finally broke the silence. In her heart of hearts, she knew one night would never be enough with this man, but there was still so much she didn't know.

"Bryce, why are you here with me?"

"Because you are everything I have ever wanted."

"I don't understand."

"I almost took my ad down, but I'm so glad that I didn't. From our first correspondence, I knew you were for me. I fell in love with you weeks ago, Kendra. I had to come."

*What the—* She closed her eyes and took a slow breath.

"Umm, what ad?" she asked opening her eyes.

His handsome features twisted in obvious confusion. "The one on *Let Me Love You dot com*. I was hesitant to use the service at first. I haven't been on the dating scene in a long time, but my nephew suggested that I make the profile because *that's how people date nowadays Unc*," he added with a laugh, doing air quotations. "Although I thought the questionnaire was super grueling and quite personal, I understood why because how else will they be able to match you with someone you could actually be with."

*Online dating?*

"I wanted to meet someone who was compatible and who was up for what I was willing to offer," he continued.

"What do you mean?"

He shifted to lean on his elbow and to rest his head in his palm. "Well, you already know I retired after twenty-two years in the Marines as a lieutenant colonel."

He paused seemingly waiting for her to respond.

"Oh! Yeah, yeah, I remember."

"Well, I opened my security company when I returned stateside three years ago. I have been the one in charge of people for a long time. When I get home all I want to do is give myself to the person I love."

"Well, you do look like a man that commands others to do things," she said with a nervous laugh.

He chuckled. "Yes, I've heard that before."

"But that's not what you really want?"

"I don't mind being the boss, but what I don't have is balance."

Kendra let her gaze drop from his eyes and nodded.

"I want someone I can care for, too. After a long day of telling everyone what to do and when to do it, nothing would make me happier than to treat you like the goddess you would be to me. To love you and take care of you

mentally and physically, to give all my attention to this delicious body of yours when I make love to you...that would make me whole.” He emphasized his words sliding his hand over her shoulder, arm, hip, and leg before returning to lift her chin. “Your every wish will be my command.”

The shock left her mute for a moment. “Wha—what do you get out of a situation like that?” she finally said.

“I believe the greatest joy a man could feel is when his woman is completely happy and satisfied because of what he does for her.”

Kendra swallowed but this time could not find her voice.

“I’d begun to think there were no women out there that felt the way I did. And then I came across your profile,” he said smiling brightly. “Since then you’ve invaded my dreams, my thoughts, and even hindered my work.”

“You didn’t date other women from the site?”

She saw melancholy in his eyes when he nodded. He laced their fingers as he spoke.

“Yes. I’ve been on the site for over a year. I dated a few women. Most were just four or five-point matches. We went out on a few dates, but nothing came of it. There was one woman back in the spring that was a seven-point match. We dated for a few months, but it didn’t work.”

“What happened?”

He shrugged. “Basically, Rachel used me. During the course of our relationship, she asked me to buy her expensive jewelry, clothes, and then when she got the opportunity, she left me for someone else. I spent the night at her house, she took my bank card while I was asleep and emptied my checking account.”

Kendra gasped.

“It was my own fault.”

Kendra shook her head. “She took advantage of you. How is that your fault?”

“I willingly brought the gifts she wanted and some she didn’t even ask for because I just wanted to see them on her. I don’t have a problem sharing my money, time, or anything else with my woman. Rachel and I had a few things in common and we were compatible in bed too, but the signs were there that we weren’t going to work, and I ignored them. After she left, I backed off of dating for a while until this summer when I found the site we met on. I decided to take it slow this time to get to know the person a little better before actually meeting them. I searched the profiles and came across yours.”

“Umm, out of curiosity how many points did we have?”

He pulled her fingers to his mouth to kiss them. “We had *nine* points compatibility.”

Her eyes widened. *Really? Huh.*

“I have to say it was your tagline that intrigued me enough to message you,” he confessed on a chuckle.

*Oh damn.*

“M—my tag line?”

Bryce waved his hand as if reading a marquee. “Are you the one that will put my pleasure first?” he finished with a soft laugh.

*Oh my god. She didn’t.*

“When I read that I knew I had to get to know the woman behind that statement. That was a challenge I was wholeheartedly willing to take on.”

“Yeah, that was kind of a bold statement to put out there,” she muttered.

“Yes, it was, but it told me what type of woman you were.”

“Oh yeah? What type is that?”

“A woman that knows what she wants. One that is tired of settling for less. A woman that wants to be loved and cherished by her man. The kind of woman I was looking for.”

She looked at him wide-eyed. “Oh. Wow. Umm, so, how long would you say we were talking online, Bryce?”

He rolled to his back in thought. “Since September, I think.”

She gasped. *What!*

“I was willing to take this thing as slow as you wanted. Our first few conversations let me know we were on the same page and that were compatible.”

“Bryce, about that, I—”

“We could’ve been online friends for as long as you needed. Waiting a few months for us to meet and get together was but I will say I was glad that you invited me over. You have exceeded my expectations. I can only hope that I’ve lived up to yours.”

“Oh yes, you’re wonderful. It’s just—”

“You are far more beautiful than the picture you posted, also,” he added, touching her lips with a delicate kiss. *A picture? Crud. I’m almost afraid to see the picture she used.*

Bryce’s hand caressed her face bringing her attention back to him.

“I know you’re the one. For the rest of my life, I want you to be my goddess, my love, and part of my world.”

“Bryce, can people really get to know each other online? I mean what if you hate the way I eat. I may kick in my sleep and drive you crazy.”

Bryce chuckled. “I’m aware that there are going to be things you can only learn about a person when you are hands-on with them, but I consider those to be the fun idiosyncrasies we learn along the way. You will learn them about me as well.”

“I get that, but what do you really know about me?”

“Well, I know you’re an only child and your mother died from breast cancer when you were eight and your father died when you were nineteen from a heart attack that’s why you became a nurse. Your best friend is Monica who is more like a sister. You are crazy for jellybeans. You buy as many as you can at Easter so you can keep them around all year. You love fuzzy socks and have like a million pairs of them.”

She turned a raised brow to him. “Wait. How do you know that? That’s not something that pops up in normal “get to know you” conversation.”

“I asked you to tell me something outside the box about you and you sent me a picture of your feet in fuzzy red socks with black polka dots that reminded me of a ladybug. I think that’s so cute,” he said with a grin.

Kendra shook her head. *I don’t know whether to kiss her or kill her.*

“Kendra, I know the way we met was unorthodox and outside the box. I feel like as long as we were honest with each other during our correspondence we can learn the rest along the way. I’m willing to do that. I want to wake to see you in the morning and fall asleep holding you in my arms at night. Everything outside of your embrace can go turn topsy-turvy in a chaotic rage, but if I’m allowed to come back to you my life would be complete.”



Kendra's mind swam with the possibilities that Bryce offered her. It was like a dream come true and still, she wavered.

"You've already told me what you want, Kendra. I'm offering it to you. I see the struggle in your eyes. Please don't let past fears block your future happiness."

Monica had played Santa using modern-day technology to set her up with her perfect man. Looking into Bryce's eyes Kendra saw only sincerity and genuine concern. He moved closer and pressed his lips to hers. The passion behind Bryce's kiss silenced any other protests that her brain could have come up with. The heat from their connection ignited her need for him again pushing her to make up her mind. Eventually, she would have to tell him about Monica's gift, but not tonight. As he looked down waiting for her reply, Kendra reached out and pulled him on top of her. His handsome feature lit up with undeniable joy.

*What kind of person would she be to spurn her hard work?*

"I guess we can take it one day at a time and see what the future holds," she told him.

He smiled. "That's all that I ask."

"If this is the way you bring in Christmas, Bryce, I can't wait to see what you'll do for New Year's."

**The End**

## About Dana Littlejohn

Where sensual erotic romance is always waiting for you.

I am Dana Littlejohn, author of sensual erotic romance. You will find that I write contemporary romances with just a hint of another genre to take it away from the ordinary. My stories will touch your heart and your soul and make your body feel like it's being touched, too.

Imagination will take you places your money can not. I invite you into my world with open arms to see my imagination run wild...

Come along for the ride as I go on an imaginary trip into my world. You'll enjoy every minute of this wild ride.



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