



All I Want for Christmas
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Chapter 1

"What in the world was Josh thinking. I thought I was playing Santa for a group of little kids, not a bunch of horny women!" Cameron's thoughts whirled as he left the mall and trudged through the parking lot. *"Thank God all they wanted to do was sit on my lap and whisper what they wanted for Christmas in my ear. Some of them were quite imaginative...and embarrassing."* He shook his head to try and forget some of the naughtier things the women had requested. Cameron tugged on his fake beard to loosen it when the sound of a car cranking close by caught his attention. Without a worry that he was in the way he continued walking and removing his Santa hair.

* * * *

Jill was having a really lousy day. First, she slept late instead of getting up early the way she'd planned. Then, on the way to work, she had a flat tire. Now she was supposed to go to a bachelorette party for her best friend Sandy and she was late.

"I don't want to go to a party but since I'm the maid of honor I have to. What I really want to do is go home, take a hot bath, go to bed, and hope tomorrow turns out better than today," Jill thought as she drove through the parking lot in search of an empty space. After turning to go down another lane, a car barreled out of their spot and ran directly into her rear fender, pushing her vehicle back into another parked car.

"Great! Could this day get any worse?"

She opened the car door and stepped out, her voice raised in anger and irritation as she accused the driver of the large blue Buick, "Did you even look behind you? Do you always drive like a maniac? Where did you learn to drive? What do you think you were doing?" Disgusted with the lack of a response from the young man in the Buick, she noticed his horrified look and turned to see what he was staring at. When she realized what she was seeing, she was horrified and felt faint.

"Oh my God! I ran over Santa Claus!" Jill screamed wildly. "You made me run over Santa Claus!"

Jill turned and ran to rear of her car, where Santa was lying on the ground. She dropped to her knees to check for a pulse and sighed in relief when she found a strong one in a very warm, tanned neck. Santa moaned and Jill closed her eyes and said a quick prayer and a thank you that he was alive.

Turning to the boy still standing beside his driver's door, Jill pointed at him and yelled, "Stay!" Luckily, he had to because his car was blocked in on all sides. Jill's main concern was that he might get scared and decide to flee the scene.

Jill dug her cell phone out of her pocket and dialed 911 to report the accident and request an ambulance. Looking over her shoulder she gave the young boy a stern look as she answered the operator's questions loud enough for him to hear. "Yes, the other driver is still here. Yes, I will make sure he doesn't leave. Yes, Santa is regaining consciousness. YES! I said he is coming around. Hurry up and get someone here!" Exasperated, Jill closed her cell phone and dropped it back into her pocket before addressing the cause of the accident once again. Her tone was harsh and her steely gaze gave him no room to refuse her commands. "Stay put. If I have to chase you down, it will not be pretty and you will be in a whole lot more trouble." The kid mutely nodded his understanding and sat down in his car to wait.

"Yes, ma'am," he mumbled, dropping his chin to his chest in a look of total shame and regret.

Jill grumbled and rolled her eyes at his meek reply. "Great, now I'm a ma'am. Can this day get any better?"

Santa was regaining consciousness fast. He groaned as he lifted his hand to the rapidly growing goose egg on his head. "What happened?" he asked moving the fake hair off his face as he opened his eyes. "Jill, is that you?"

Jill could not believe her luck. Her sexy next-door neighbor lay on the pavement before her. She had been having much more than friendly feelings for Cameron for quite some time but she'd been afraid to act on them since she didn't want to risk messing up the best friendship she had ever had.

"Cameron? What are you doing dressed up as Santa?" Jill questioned as she pushed the rest of the fake hair off his face as he attempted to sit up. "You really should lie still, help is on the way. I already called 911 and they are sending an ambulance."

"I don't need an ambulance. Just help me up and I'll be okay." He pushed himself halfway up and stopped, immediately grabbing his head, "Wow, my head hurts. What happened anyway?"

"Just sit still. The kid sitting over there backed into me and you got in the way. Sorry, Santa, does this mean I'll only get coal in my stocking this year?" Jill tried to smile and lighten the mood.

"Ha-ha," Cameron said dryly as he tried to get off the ground. "Damn," he groaned and fell flat on his behind in the parking lot. "I think I blew out my knee again."

"What do you mean 'blew out your knee? I thought you only hurt your head when you fell. Is it bad?"

"Well, I don't think it will hold me up and let me walk out of here. I tore something in it a few years ago playing football in the park. At the time, the doctor just wrapped it, gave me some pain medicine and told me to elevate it for a few days. That worked and it hasn't bothered me too much since."

Jill detected the sound of sirens approaching, "Sit still, I hear the ambulance coming. Looks like there's a tow truck right behind it and the police are pulling in from the other direction." Jill paused to look over her shoulder to make sure the kid was still where she had last seen him.

The young man glanced up at her as a police officer made his way over to the scene of the accident. He looked white as a ghost and scared out of his mind. *"Good, he should be nervous,"* Jill thought to herself. *"Serves him right!"*

Jill rose to her feet and turned to the police officer, smiling as she recognized him. "Josh. I'm so glad it's you. He needs to go back to driving school," she said while pointing towards the Buick, "and Cameron just happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time and he's hurt."

Josh checked his watch and then looked at the building before turning to Cam. "Why are you out here? Shouldn't you still be inside? Jill, you're late. Sandy's going to have a fit."

"I know, Josh. I was running late from work but Sandy will understand. I'm more worried about Cameron than a bridal shower, even if I am the maid of honor."

"You're right, she'll survive. He looked back down at Cameron and motioned for the paramedics as he continued to question Cam. "Are you hurt bad?"

"Feels like I blew my knee and my head is killing me. I must have hit it when I fell, and why are there two of you? One is bad enough!" Cameron flashed a reproachful look towards Josh, "Why didn't you tell me it was a bachelorette party you signed me up for instead of a kiddie party? Some friend you are."

Josh laughed loudly. "Because if I'd told you what kind of party it really was, you wouldn't have done it. Right?" Josh didn't bother to wait for a reply. "Besides, who else would I trust at my fiancée's party? No one but you, that's who. Let the paramedics take care of you while I take care of this mess." Josh glanced over at the other car and gave the young driver a disapproving look. The kid let out a quiet whimper. Before heading off to interrogate the culprit Josh paused to address Jill. "I'll need your statement too, so don't go anywhere."

"Where would I go? My car's not going any place except the garage."

As the paramedics starting checking his vitals, Cameron reached under his Santa coat and into his pant's pocket for his keys. "Here, drive my car home and please, try not to hit anything or anyone else."

“Very funny. When I finish here I’ll come to the hospital to see how you’re doing.” Jill watched them load Cameron onto a stretcher.

“Good, then you can take me home after they patch me up.” Cameron tossed Jill his keys. “It should be in the next lane over,” he said while pointing at the cars.

“Don’t worry, I’ll find it and see you in a little while. Cameron? I’m really sorry.” Jill quickly brushed a tear off her cheek as she apologized, trying to keep Cameron from seeing her cry. She reached over and touched Cameron’s cheek, and, on impulse, placed a chaste kiss on his lips. “I’ll see you in a few.” She then picked up his fake hair and Santa hat and stuffed them in her oversized purse while watching the paramedics wheel him away.

“He’s got to be okay,” she thought. “He has to.”

Chapter 2

It took an hour to give her statement to Josh, deal with the tow truck, call her insurance company and go in to speak with Sandy. Sandy was the easiest to deal with. She was more than slightly tipsy and disappointed that Jill had missed the party, but glad everyone was going to be okay. Jill was glad that someone else would have the pleasure of taking Sandy home and pouring her into bed. She was bound to have a hell of a hangover in the morning.

Jill finally found Cameron's car and headed to the hospital. Cameron was Jill's next-door neighbor and she'd had a crush on him since he moved in two years ago. They became fast friends and spent a lot of time together, but lately Cameron had been turning up in her dreams as the sexy hero who rode in to save the day. Not exactly in the neighbor/friend role, but more in the hot and sweaty, let me love you in ways you have only imagined role. The dreams had kicked her libido up to a point where she was willing to throw caution to the wind in order to find more ways to get close to him and try to spice things up.

Jill walked into the emergency room and headed straight to the receptionist's desk. The receptionist was daydreaming and popping her gum at an alarming pace. Jill wasted no time before speaking. "Cameron Foster was brought in by ambulance a little while ago," Jill told the woman behind the desk. Looking at her nametag she asked, "Cindy, can you tell me where I can find him?"

The woman looked over her shoulder at the board and said in a dull voice, "He's in Trauma Three. Only family is allowed to go back with the patients in trauma," Cindy told her as she popped her gum once more. "Are you family?"

Thinking quick, Jill said, "Almost. I'm his fiancée. I was told he was in an accident."

Cindy nodded. "Yeah. He was dressed up as Santa Claus and somebody ran him over. Bet they won't be getting any presents under their tree this year." She paused to giggle as if the whole scenario was extremely amusing. "He's in exam room three. Go through those doors," she said while pointing lazily, "and it's the second door on the right."

"Thank you, Cindy," Jill said as she turned and hurried through the doors. Finding the right room, she peeked around the door first to make sure it really was Cameron in the bed and then walked inside.

Cameron was lying on the stretcher with his eyes closed, a large bandage around his head. He had an IV in his right arm and his right leg was elevated with an ice pack on his knee. He was missing his Santa costume in exchange for a hospital gown, and even though he was pale and bruised, Jill still thought he looked entirely too sexy for his own good.

To avoid waking him Jill lightly brushed his hair back out of his eyes and placed a gentle, whisper of a kiss on his brow. When he showed no sign of movement she sat down in the chair next to the bed and waited for him to wake up, all the while keeping his hand in hers.

* * * *

Cameron was very uncomfortable, but he found that if he stayed still and kept his eyes closed, his head didn't hurt quite as much. He didn't hear Jill walk in, but he smelled her. She smelled like walking sex. Jill's scent had been getting under his skin for months and he wanted to take their relationship further but he didn't want to do anything that might jeopardize their friendship. Her perfume was in his head and it haunted him day and night.

More often than not, instead of asking someone out on a date, he would have dinner with Jill and watch videos. Then he'd go home and spend the night with an erection that refused to go away until he took care of the problem with his own hand. Even a cold shower with him stroking himself while he pictured Jill on her knees in front of him would not take care of his hard on.

He'd even started dreaming about her. Wild, hot, illicit dreams that left him hot and horny. He'd begun to wonder if the thought of Jill would keep his cock perpetually hard for the rest of his life.

Even in the emergency room, with his head and knee throbbing, he was erect once again. *"I wonder if I just made love to Jill for hours until neither of us could walk, if that would give me some relief,"* Cameron thought while lying there listening to her breathe.

He cracked open one eye just enough to see her. She was sitting in the chair next to his stretcher reading a novel. The woman was never without a book. *"I wonder if this is one of those sex books I saw at her house."*

Last winter, when they had been snowed in during a blizzard and then an ice storm, the power had gone out so watching television was out of the question--there was nothing to do but read by flashlight. Cameron had read everything in his house, so he went looking through Jill's bookcases. It was a real eye opening experience. Jill apparently enjoyed romance books with a steamier theme. Most of them were erotic in nature, what he considered smut. The covers were enough to make him open up one of the books in the middle and once he started reading he couldn't stop. Jill had come in from the kitchen after making sandwiches and was startled to find one of her novels in his hand. She was pretty amused by it too; she thought the flush on his cheeks was cute.

"Anytime you want to read another, help yourself," she said.

"You really read this stuff?"

"Of course. It's a great way to escape from the everyday stuff that happens. Besides, it's not all sex; they really have a plot to them, too."

"If you say so," Cameron replied, not really convinced; after all, he had just read a really intense love scene. "I'll take a good mystery or action or horror book any time."

"Got some of those, too. Check the bottom two shelves," Jill told him. "There are quite a few there, and probably some you haven't already read."

Cameron heard someone else come into the room and decided to open his eyes all the way. The light made him wince and moan slightly. Jill heard the sound and jumped to her feet, moving directly into his field of vision.

"You're awake!" she said while pushing his sandy-brown hair off his forehead. "Poor baby, how are you feeling?"

"Grrrr...I have a splitting headache. At least the headache has made my knee not hurt as bad."

The doctor chose that moment to step into the room. "Mr. Foster, let's see how that knee is looking," Dr. Moore said as he came up to the bed. He carefully lifted the ice pack off of Cameron's right leg. It was evident that the knee was still severely swollen. "The good news is that the x-rays look good. Nothing appears broken, but we have called an orthopedic surgeon to come in and take a look just in case. He should be here in a little while. Now, about your head. The CT scan didn't show anything out of place there either," the doctor said with a chuckle as he held up two fingers. "How many fingers do you see?"

"Two," Cameron growled before closing his eyes again.

"Ah, your head still hurts I see. Sorry about that but it will probably take a couple days for that to go away. All part of the concussion."

"I want to go home," Cameron told him. "I'd feel better and I can prop up my knee and ice it there just as easily as I can here."

"Nope. We want to keep you overnight at least, for observation, because of your concussion and the orthopedic surgeon needs to see you as well. Tomorrow, depending on what the surgeon wants to do about your knee; your fiancée can take you home and nurse you back to health."

Cameron's eyes popped opened but before he could speak Jill spoke up, "You just rest darling and tomorrow you can come home."

Cameron realized that Jill had been holding his hand throughout the doctor's visit and was also listening intently to everything the doctor said. "Yes, darling," Cameron replied, stressing the emphasis on the endearment as he squeezed her hand. "I'll stay but you will have to keep me company. Right?"

Dr. Moore chuckled. "I can see that you don't want to let her out of your sight. You need to rest, but your fiancée can stay as long as she likes. I'll check back in on you in a little while."

When no one protested his announcement, Dr. Moore left the room.

Cameron and Jill were left all alone and Cameron looked less than pleased. "Tell me why they think we are engaged?"

Jill sighed and closed her eyes, looking for strength. "Because I was told that I could not come back here with you unless I was family. I didn't want you to be alone, and since I'm responsible for you being in this bed, I wanted to see you."

"It's not your fault. It was an accident," Cameron told her. "I'm glad you are here though, no matter what story you had to concoct to get back here to see me." He gave Jill a big grin. "At least I finally have you close enough to touch, and as my fiancée I can keep you close and touch you all I want," he told her as he pulled her hand closer and kissed her palm.

With this statement, Cameron drifted off to sleep, leaving Jill to wonder if he really meant what he said. *"It's probably just the drugs, though I'm glad to be able to hold you and touch you, too."*

Jill leaned over and kissed Cameron on the forehead, just below the bandage, and pulled her chair closer to the bed. After she got settled, with her book comfortably perched in her lap, she reached up and took hold of Cameron's hand again. She gave it a gentle squeeze and he returned the pressure with a gentle grip of his own. Jill sat back in the chair and opened her book with her available hand as a smile spread across her face.

Chapter 3

"Be careful, that step looks slippery," Jill said to Cameron as she watched him walk awkwardly up her steps on his new crutches. Once on the porch, Jill unlocked the door and then stepped aside to let Cameron enter first.

"Let's get you settled on the couch and you can prop your leg up on the coffee table." Jill led the way into the living room, pausing to clean the papers off the table before helping Cameron raise his leg onto it. "There. You get comfortable and I will get you a glass of water." She glanced at the clock on the living room wall and realized several hours had passed since Cameron had last had his medicine. "It's also time for a pain pill."

"I don't need one yet," Cameron grumbled. He hated taking pain medication. They always made him feel loopy and out of control.

"You heard what the nurse said about not chasing the pain." Cameron glared at Jill and she held up her hands in mock surrender. "Okay! I'll get you a glass of water anyway. Just in case."

Cameron settled into the couch. *"This has to be the most comfortable couch on the face of the earth."* It was big and overstuffed and Jill kept a blanket on the back and pillows at both ends. His head was still pounding but it was getting better and the double vision had finally stopped about an hour ago. His knee, thankfully, was still slightly numb from the shot they gave him before leaving the hospital.

The doctor told him his knee should have been repaired years ago and he was lucky there wasn't more damage. He would have to see the doctor again after the first of the year and probably have surgery to repair the injury. The doctor wanted to wait until all the swelling went down before making the final decision. He was optimistic that Cameron would recover full use of his knee. Cameron just hoped he could play football again, or even basketball, without pain, as soon as it healed. If that happened he figured it would be worth all of his current suffering.

Cameron closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the couch, breathing deeply as he tried to relax. Jill had a way of sneaking into a room without being heard but Cameron could smell her. Her perfume was subtle with a musky vanilla scent to it and just smelling it was making him hard again. Even in pain, all he could think about was getting Jill naked and diving between her thighs.

"I will never survive staying here without my balls turning blue and falling off. Though maybe I could use this as a good excuse to get closer to Jill. I wonder..."

* * * *

By the time Jill came back into the living room, Cameron had drifted off to sleep.. She took an afghan off the back of a chair and spread it over him. She wanted to stay close to him and decided to take advantage of the moment and snuggled in next to him. It had been a long night. The orthopedic surgeon hadn't come to see Cameron until late in the evening. Then they'd had to wait for the doctor to make rounds and pronounce Cameron healthy enough to be discharged. After a final check by Doctor Moore, to make sure his concussion was healing, Cameron was finally released into Jill's care. She drove him straight to her house to kiss him and make it all better. At least she hoped so.

As Jill snuggled next to Cameron, he lifted his arm and wrapped it around her shoulders, pulling her in tight against his chest. Before Jill could contemplate his actions he leaned over and placed a kiss on top of her head. When she didn't protest the move he snuggled her tighter. He pushed his luck further by reaching over with his other hand and lifting Jill's chin so that he could reach her lips easier. Finally, he could taste

her. At first it was just a gentle swipe of his mouth, back and forth, while his tongue glided lightly over the seam of her lips. Jill welcomed his invasion and opened her mouth slightly. The minute her tongue met his, the kiss grew, evolving into something less friendly and much more passionate. Cameron kissed her like a man dying of thirst.

Jill practically melted into the kiss. Who knew a kiss could make her toes tingle! Who knew a kiss could make shivers go down her spine! Who knew a kiss could feel like a lead weight dropped into her womb!

Cameron tangled his fingers in Jill's auburn hair, tilting her head so he could deepen the kiss. His free hand took the opportunity to roam over previously uncharted territory. He found the bottom of Jill's sweater and eased one hand underneath until he felt bare skin. He then glided his hand upward until he could grasp a breast. His thumb caressed the nipple until it beaded and Jill moaned.

Jill pulled back and gasped for air as she looked at Cameron through passion-drooping eyes, "We can't do this, you're in pain."

"We won't hurt my knee, and since you are my fiancée, I should be able to kiss you," he said with a lopsided grin. "Don't you want to kiss it and make me feel better?"

Jill smiled back at Cameron as she joined in on the banter. "Just what do you want me to kiss and make feel better?"

"I know I'm not up to what I want you to do but I could keep up with a little kissing and petting. You know Jill; you've gotten under my skin. I hope you realize that now that I've tasted your kiss I won't be able to get enough." He spoke in between kisses before turning the full intensity of his gaze on her. "I know I don't want to."

Jill looked deep into Cameron's blue-gray eyes and was amazed by the fact that he meant what he was saying. It was obviously not the pain pills talking. "I don't want to stop either. I haven't for a long time."

With a sigh of relief Cameron leaned over and kissed Jill again. "We have wasted so much time." His hand was still under her sweater so he picked up where he left off and once again began kneading her breast. He pulled Jill onto his lap and over on his good leg so he could reach her better, pulling her sweater over her head at the same time. Jill

was wearing a red, barely-there bra that brought a groan from deep in his throat. "Beautiful," he whispered. With an arm behind her back, he arched her closer so he could nibble on her through the see-through lace.

He started at the top of her shoulder and ran his tongue beneath the strap and down. When he reached the juncture between the strap and the cup, he nipped and sucked playfully. He proceeded to run his tongue under the cup across the top of her breast, stopping in the middle to again apply suction before he moved over the top to the other side.

Jill was frustrated with not being able to feel his lips on her skin so she reached between them to unhook the front fastener on her bra. As she raised herself to straddle Cameron's uninjured leg, she slipped her fingers into his hair and guided him to her right breast, where Cameron suckled and nibbled on the hard peak. He bit down harder on her nipple and Jill's head dropped back on her shoulders as a moan escaped her lips.

As Cameron switched breasts once again the phone rang. It was like cold water splashing over both of them. He placed a quick kiss between her breasts and squeezed her hips. "You'd better get that."

Jill's head dropped to his shoulder. "I should let it ring, but..." Easing herself off his legs she got to her feet and walked across the room on shaking legs to pick up the phone. "Hello? Hi, Josh. Yeah, Cameron's here," she replied as she looked over at the man in question. His eyes were hot and his cheeks were flushed and she could see his arousal through his sweats. Handing Cameron the phone, she said, "I'm going to go take a shower and fix dinner. Be back in a few minutes."

She looked over her shoulder at him as she picked up her sweater and bra, noticing that he hadn't even brought the phone to his ear yet. He was intent on watching her every move. With a smile, and after blowing him a kiss, she left the room so he could talk.

"Hi, Josh. What's up? I'm feeling better. Just a dull headache now and the knee is still numb. I'll be on crutches for a few days, but I will be on my feet for your wedding." Cameron listened to Josh talk for a few minutes.

Josh told him about the kid who ran into Jill's car. It turned out that he didn't even have a driver's license. The car belonged to his dad, who was a State Trooper. The kid was in so much trouble he would be lucky to see the light of day by the time he graduated from high school.

"I need you to do me a favor, Josh. Jill and I planned to get a Christmas tree today but I can't maneuver a tree with my crutches. Will you pick out one tomorrow and bring it over?" He paused to get an answer. "Thanks. I appreciate the help." He listened again and replied, "No, I'm staying at Jill's for now. I can work from here. Thanks, Josh. See you tomorrow."

Cameron disconnected the call and leaned his head back on the couch again so he could think about what had happened. Jill seemed very open about furthering their relationship. *"Too bad I have this bum leg," he thought. "There are so many things I would like to do, but they will have to wait."*

* * * *

After her shower, Jill took some stew from the freezer and made biscuits for dinner, along with a salad. They enjoyed a quiet dinner and talked about what had happened on the couch.

"I've wanted to move this relationship to the next level for quite a while," he confided, "but I just didn't want to do anything to put our friendship in jeopardy if you didn't feel the same way."

"Silly, I've been wanting the same thing," Jill said with a smile.

"Well, all right then," Cameron laughed. "Since we are already engaged..." he started to say while tugging on her hand, "Come here."

Jill came around the table and lightly sat on his good leg. Cameron threaded his fingers in her hair and took possession of her mouth. There was nothing causal about the kiss, it was scorching from the beginning and when Jill moaned Cameron deepened the kiss further.

Cameron looked into Jill's eyes as he came up for air and realized that she was right there with him in her arousal. "Before this goes any further, I need to get cleaned up."

"Come on," Jill said as she slid slowly off his lap. "Let's get you settled in the tub and prop your knee on the side to keep it dry." She gave him his crutches and he followed her down the hallway. Glancing over her shoulder, Jill noticed that Cameron's eyes were focused on her behind as he followed her. She shook her tush exaggeratedly. "Do you like what you see?"

"Oh yeah," Cameron growled, "I like it a lot."

Jill walked into the bathroom and started the water running in the bath. After some maneuvering, and lots of caressing, Jill helped Cameron remove his clothes and settle in the tub.

"This feels so good. Want to join me?" he said as he leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Someday soon," she answered as she ran her finger down his cheek. "Let's get that knee feeling better first. Enjoy your bath. I'm going to clean up the kitchen."

Back in the kitchen, Jill stood with both palms on the counter and tried to quiet her rapidly beating heart by taking deep, slow breaths. *"I can't believe this is finally happening," she thought. "Cameron, here in my tub and wanting to get closer."* She inhaled and exhaled a few more times as she thought about what she had witnessed. *His body looks like a sculpture made by a master artist. Each muscle defined, flexing with every move. Lightly scattered hair across his chest that tapered to his waist before becoming thicker as it got closer to what made him a man – and what a specimen that is. Only partially aroused, it already looked quite impressive.*

Chapter 4

Cameron felt like a new man after his bath. He soaked and fantasized about Jill while stroking himself. He finally decided to hurry out of the tub and find the source of his fantasies. He found his shaving kit that Jill had brought from his house and shaved and brushed his teeth. After wrapping a towel around his hips, he set out to find Jill.

He found her in the kitchen. He paused in the doorway to watch her. She had changed into boxers and a tank top and she was humming and swaying to a tune that only she could hear. Her hips swung back and forth and Cameron thought she looked delicious as she bent over and loaded dishes into the dishwasher. Her hips continued to twitch even as she bent, and it left him with all kinds of ideas that would have to wait for another day.

Hobbling up behind her, he caressed a hand down Jill's backside and squeezed a cheek. "Do you know how sexy you look working in the kitchen?" he asked.

"Just imagine me working out of the kitchen," Jill said as she straightened and turned to slide her arms around his waist. "How was your bath? Feel better?"

"I feel like a new man."

"Well, then. Let's get the new you into bed," she said as she turned and started the dishwasher. "I made up the bed for you in the bedroom downstairs. Do you want a pain pill to help you sleep?"

"No, my head is feeling better and the knee doesn't hurt as much. Come on, I'll race you."

Laughing, she patted his chest and looked up at him, "Save the racing for another time." Turning, she left the kitchen and started down the hallway, turning into the first doorway on the right. "Have a seat and let me massage your shoulders. I'm sure you need a massage after using those crutches today."

"Yeah. It feels like I was run over by a bus, or at least a small car," he winked.

Jill's face fell and tears welled in her eyes. "I am so sorry. I wish I could change what happened last night."

"Sweetheart, no. Don't cry. I'm not sorry. Think how long it would have taken us to get this far if it hadn't happened. You have nothing to be sorry for. It wasn't even your fault. It was an accident."

Jill sniffled. "At least this is our silver lining." She smiled shyly "Let me rub your shoulders." She got on her knees behind him, as he sat on the edge of the bed, kneading the muscles of his magnificent shoulders. It was easy to tell that he took care of his body and for that she was grateful. She rubbed his shoulders then focused her attention on his arms and back. She felt him relax as she rubbed down his back, stopping as she reached the towel. Her touch turned to more of a caress as she leaned in and bit his shoulder in the crease where it merged with his neck. Soothing over the bite with her tongue, she glanced over his shoulder and noticed that his towel was now tented in his lap.

Cameron reached behind him and grabbed Jill's wrist, tugging her around to his front. "My turn," he said as he positioned her between his spread thighs. Gently rubbing her shoulders, he encountered the straps of her tank top. Not wanting anything between him and her skin, he grasped the bottom of the garment and pulled it swiftly over her head. "There, that's better." He was looking forward to torturing Jill the same merciless way she had teased him. His hands journeyed over her shoulders and back and finally around to her front, where he grasped her breasts and pulled her back to his chest. Cameron tilted his head and kissed behind her ear. "You always smell good. Delicious, actually," he murmured as he ran his tongue from behind her ear to her neck and nibbled.

Arching in his arms, Jill reached up and behind her to grasp Cameron's hair, pushing her breasts further into his hands. He squeezed, which brought a moan from Jill's lips. Unable to hold still any longer, she began wiggling her hips between his thighs. Cameron brought his hands down to Jill's hips and pulled her closer, grinding his cock between her butt cheeks.

Jill twisted until she could reach his lips and kissed him. "Slide back onto the bed and I'll tuck you in," she whispered, moving from between his thighs so that he could follow her directions. She gave him a thorough once over, from head to toe, then licked her lips as if she had a feast in front of her and didn't know where to start.

Seeing the look in her eyes, Cameron grinned and took the decision from her by tumbling her across his chest and captured her lips once again. The taste of her was intoxicating, and he was like a man who was starved and couldn't get his fill. His hands stroked down her back as he grasped her hips and squeezed.

Jill gasped as she came up for air, "I want..." she started to say, only to get sidetracked as she nibbled his chin, working her way down his throat and across his chest. Stopping at a nipple, she rimmed her tongue around the areola, and then lightly bit down before moving further down.

"Are you trying to drive me crazy?" he growled. "Take off those shorts and come here," he demanded while trying to help her remove her boxers.

"Impatient, are you?" she giggled while wiggling out of the offending piece of clothing before going back to the feast she'd made of his belly. She followed the dark line of hair to his navel, pausing to run her tongue around it before moving further south. Wrapping her fingers around the base of his cock, she ran them up and down his shaft. The head was flared and smooth and she couldn't resist a long lick before taking it into her mouth. She took him in only part way as she set up a slow rhythm, taking him just a fraction deeper each time. As she pulled her lips away she heard him groan. His hips jerked upward as if looking for her mouth again. Smiling, she ran her tongue from the head to the base and back again before taking him fully in her mouth once more.

"You are trying to drive me crazy," he groaned roughly. Grasping her hips, he helped her straddle his shoulders and deeply inhaled the intoxicating scent that was Jill. Leaning up, he slid his tongue along her creamy slit before latching onto her clit and suckling, lightly biting and then suckling again.

Jill came up for air and cried out as Cameron speared two fingers into her pussy and twisted his wrist so that he was stroking her G-spot. Tossing her head back, she gasped and writhed until he brought her to a climax that left her trembling as her head dropped to his belly with completion.

After she recovered a little, she shakily climbed off him and reached into the bedside drawer, retrieving a condom. Cameron took it from her and quickly opened the package and then sheathed himself, glad that she was prepared. Again he helped her straddle him, only this time much lower. Reaching between her thighs, she grasped his cock and aligned it with her sex, slowly sinking down inch by inch, taking him inside her, not stopping until he was fully seated, balls deep. He grasped her on each side and jerked his hips up, thrusting until there was nowhere left for him to go.

He gazed up at Jill, her head tossed back and her breathing ragged, and realized there was no better sight in the world than Jill in her passion. He sat up quickly and looked her directly in the eyes. "You are so beautiful. Your lips are red and slightly swollen. Your cheeks are flushed. Beautiful..." he murmured again as he ran the back of his fingers across her cheek and captured her lips in a kiss that should have set the bed on fire, it was so hot.

Jill pushed against his shoulders to get him to lie back down as she started to move. She brought her hips up until he was almost released from her grasp before quickly sitting back down. She repeated the motion again and again until Cameron took hold of her hips and increased the rhythm until she was crying out with each thrust. This time as she climaxed, she took him with her.

Dropping to his chest, she nestled her cheek against his neck until she could catch her breath enough to move. When she could, she snuggled next to him and handed him

a tissue. After taking care of the condom, Cameron gathered her in his arms and they both drifted off into a satiated sleep.

* * * *

Waking the next morning, Jill smiled and stretched before realizing she had a very warm body next to her. Opening her eyes, she found herself looking directly into Cameron's face as he lay there watching her. She couldn't help the blush that heated her cheeks at the intimate action.

"Good morning," he said with a grin as he leaned down and took a morning-soft nipple into his mouth, suckling it until it puckered. "Umm...yummy," he said as he moved to repeat the action on the other side. "Good breakfast."

"Oh no, what time is it?" Jill said as she twisted around to see the clock. "I'm meeting Jenny for coffee and then we are Christmas shopping for mom and dad today." Jumping out of bed, she started out of the room. "Give me fifteen minutes and I will make you some breakfast before I go." With that statement, she was out the door. Cameron could hear her racing frantically up the stairs.

Shaking his head and grinning, Cameron reached for his crutches and eased himself out of bed. Finding a pair of sweats in a drawer, he eased the pants over the knee brace and then headed to the kitchen. He put on coffee and poured himself a bowl of cereal and waited for Jill to come back downstairs.

True to her word, Jill came bouncing down the stairs fifteen minutes later, sliding to a stop just inside the kitchen. She was greeted by the smell of coffee and the sight of Cameron sitting at the table finishing a bowl of cereal. "I told you I would make you breakfast. Would you like something hot?" she asked.

With a sly smile, Cameron answered, "Only hot thing I want right now is you."

"Well then," she said with a saucy smile as she sashayed across the kitchen to where he was sitting. Leaning down, she lightly bit his bottom lip and then kissed him until his toes curled. "Will that keep you for a little while?"

"It will have to. You don't want to be late or Jenny may shop without you. Can you imagine what she would pick out for your parents," he said with a laugh. "Get going and I will see you when you get back."

"You're right," she shuddered. "Remember what she got me last year? This year we decided gift certificates for each other were better. I should be back later this afternoon. Do you need anything while I'm out?"

"No. I found my laptop and I'm going to do some work and watch football this afternoon. Thanks for bringing over what I needed."

"Okay. I will see you in a little while," she said as she turned and hurried out the door.

A few minutes later, as Cameron finished another cup of coffee, there was a knock on the kitchen door before it opened. Cameron turned and watched Josh walk in as he brushed snow off his shoulders.

"I saw Jill leaving in your car. Where is she headed?" Josh asked. Before Cameron could answer, Josh continued, "I brought a tree. Hope it's not too big. Go open the front door and I will bring it in."

Cameron shook his head as he watched Josh hurry back out the door. It seemed like he was always in a rush somewhere. Cameron headed down the hallway and could see Josh was already at the front door waiting.

"What did you do, run all the way around the house?" Cameron asked.

"No. I'd already put it on the porch," he said. "Come on and I'll help you string the lights before I have to leave. We are meeting Sandy's parents for lunch and I'd better not be late," he laughed. "Not only will Sandy have my hide, but her mother too. They can be a scary combination."

"You're right. Bring that baby in here and we'll get busy so we can get you out of here before you have to deal with the scary duo," Cameron said while laughing.

Josh brought the tree in and they set it up in the corner where last year's tree had been. It was the perfect height. The boxes of lights and ornaments were where he and

Jill had left them when they brought them from the attic on Wednesday, and before long the tree was filled with lights and well on the way to being decorated.

"Thanks, Josh. I really appreciate your help with this."

"No problem. I was glad to do it. How's the knee doing?"

"It feels pretty good today," Cameron told him. "By next weekend it should be good to go and I will be ready to dance at your wedding."

"Great. Speaking of the wedding, I had better get out of here or there may not be one," Josh said as he shrugged into his jacket. "You take care and I will talk to you tomorrow."

After Josh left, Cameron settled in on the couch with his laptop and waited for Jill to come home. She would be surprised.

* * * *

Jill was surprised when she came home. Cameron was stretched out on the couch, sound asleep, and there was a Christmas tree in the corner. Smiling, she leaned down and placed a light kiss on his forehead, then turned and sat cross-legged on the floor as she started to get the ornaments ready to hang.

By the time Cameron woke up, Jill had all the ornaments unpacked and half of them already on the tree. He watched her stretch to reach a branch that was almost out of reach, then step back and assess the tree to see where the next ornament was needed.

"Could use one over there on the left," he said.

Startled, Jill jumped. "You're finally awake. How are you feeling? How did you get a tree in here? I hope you didn't over do it."

"Whoa... Slow down. I'm feeling much better today. No headache and the knee survived last night and is ready for another round today," he said with a grin. "I asked Josh to bring us a tree and he helped string up the lights. Now that you have most of the ornaments on, I guess you don't need my help."

"You can help by ordering pizza and making sure I cover the tree. You know I always leave an empty space," she told him.

After sharing a pizza and building a fire, they turned out the lights and sat back to stare at the tree and cuddle.

"So, did you and Jenny pick out the perfect present for your parents?" Cameron asked her.

"We talked about it and decided to get them something they could use on their cruise this winter," Jill told him. "Jenny wanted to get them matching tie-dyed tees and shorts, but I talked her into new luggage. Their luggage has seen its better days and this was something they needed."

"Did you do any other shopping?" he asked, hoping she would tell him what else she had bought.

"Fishing, Cameron? You know I don't tell secrets," she smiled. "I did get something for Josh and Sandy for next weekend, and a couple other things which I'm not telling you about. What about you, do you have shopping left to do?"

"Nope, I finished it before the party Friday night. I think this is the first year I won't be shopping on Christmas Eve," he told her.

"Must be some kind of record—we are both done shopping a week before Christmas," Jill said. "I think we should celebrate."

"What did you have in mind?" Cameron asked with a lift to one side of his mouth as he reached out to bring her closer.

"Brownies," Jill said as she jumped off the couch and out of his reach. "I brought some home from the bakery. Sit still and I'll bring them back here and a cup of coffee, too," she laughed.

"Hey, come back here. You are the only dessert I want."

Laughing from the other room, "If you behave, you can have both."

Chapter 5

Friday was the rehearsal dinner for Josh and Sandy, and since Cameron was the best man and Jill was the maid of honor, they had to attend. Jill drank too much champagne and woke on Saturday morning with a slight hangover. Cameron made her breakfast with what he said would cure her hangover.

With the first bite of omelet, Jill's eyes bulged and she gasped and reached for her milk. "What are you trying to do, burn it out of me?" she gasped. "What did you put in this?"

"Hot peppers," he told her. "It cures anything, and you need to get moving or we will be late for the wedding. I'm not going to take the blame and have to be the one to deal with Sandy's mom. That look alone last night when I toasted the happy couple was enough to scare me into behaving," he told her with a smile.

"Okay. I'll take a shower and the aspirin should kick in by the time I'm ready," Jill said. "No more hot peppers in my omelets. At least not that many. My tongue is numb and it has nothing to do with the alcohol I drank last night."

"Want some company in the shower? We could save water that way."

"Not a chance. We need to be on time...early even. If we shower together, we may never get out of here. Not a bad idea." As she left the bedroom(,) she called back, "How about we plan on sharing a bath after the reception?"

"You got a date. Now get moving."

* * * *

"The wedding was beautiful," Jill said as they walked into the house later that evening. "Sandy was a beautiful bride, and her mom was on her best behavior."

"You outshined the bride, Jill," Cameron told her as he pulled her into his arms under the mistletoe in the archway of the living room and kissed her.

"Sweet talk like that will get you everywhere," she said against his mouth right before she kissed him again.

While still kissing her, Cameron walked Jill backwards to the couch and then sat with her on his lap. "You missed the bachelorette party last week."

"Don't remind me. If I had been on time, you wouldn't have been hurt," she said.

"That's not what I was talking about. You missed sitting on Santa's lap and telling him what you wanted to find under your tree Christmas morning."

"You're right. Well, Santa, it seems that what I want for Christmas this year is you under my tree."

"Then you don't want anything else?" he asked. "Maybe I can convince you that you do." Cameron reached behind the couch cushion and brought out a box.

Jill reached for the box and looked Cameron in the eye. "It's not Christmas yet."

"Yes it is," he said looking at his watch. "Christmas started ten minutes ago. Merry Christmas, Jill."

Jill carefully slid her fingernail under the tape and then spread the paper open to reveal a white square box. Pulling the top off the box, she looked inside and found a black jewelers box. As she pulled it out, she began to tremble. Cameron lifted it out of her hand.

Opening the box he turned it towards her. "I love you. I have for a long time. I want to spend the rest of my life making you happy. Will you marry me?"

Jill wiped a tear off her cheek and ran her finger over the ring in the box. It was a diamond solitaire with sapphire baguettes on either side with a gold band. "It's beautiful."

"Is that a yes?" Cameron asked.

"Definitely, yes," Jill smiled at him. "Now I have all I want for Christmas."