

He Had Holly For Christmas by Dana Littlejohn

Ocean Mist Press

Chapter 1

It was another bright Saturday morning in December. RaKeesha walked the almost deserted blocks of Manhattan, pulling her scarf higher over her face, protecting her skin against the cutting wind.

Checking another sign, she sighed as she crossed yet another street. Finally she saw a limousine half a block ahead of her and streamers blowing in the wind outside of St. Anthony's Church.

She paused in front of the huge church, taking in the beautiful decorations someone took the time to tie to the railings so the wind wouldn't make them fly away. Taking a deep breath, she went up the long steps, swung open the doors and walked inside. The couple at the altar turned to look at her, along with the wedding party and a full congregation of guests.

No one said a word as they gave her the barest of glances, all but ignoring her arrival, and turned their attention back to the ceremony.

Stunned and shocked that they would shun her like that, she opened her coat and pulled out two Uzis. This time the couple, the wedding party, and the guests screamed and scattered like leaves in the wind, leaving the bride standing at the altar, hiding behind her veil.

Smiling, RaKeesha moved closer. She looked around at all the lovely velvet roses, red satin bows, and ribbons all around the church. Everywhere she looked was decorated in bright red and white decorations. Her lips twisted in disgust as she addressed the bride.

"Well, well. Isn't this lovely? Did you pick all this out by yourself or did you have a wedding coordinator?" She went on without waiting for an answer. "Well, it doesn't matter. I'm going to blow all this shit up anyway."

She aimed her Uzis at all the decorations along the walls, the pews, and the archway. She stood dead center of the church and blew it all away. She looked around again, nodding and grinning, then turned back to the bride.

"Oh, and this dress, uh-uh, way too pretty. I can't stand how pretty it is, all that lace and the pearls and the rhinestones shining, and it's off the shoulders. Mmm-hmm. It's

got to go, too."

She aimed her guns at her and fired blowing away her dress until just rags hung off of her then rested her guns on her shoulders with a satisfied sigh.

"Yes, that's much better."

The bride looked down at her dress and screamed, and then she reached up touching her hair and sighed in relief finding it still intact.

RaKeesha grinned again, positioning her guns back in her hands, aiming at her hair. Firing away, her mad-scientist laugh could be heard over the noise, as well as the horrified scream of the bride. She sat straight up in her bed, sweaty and breathing hard.

"What the hell?" She looked around the room frantically. Realizing where she was, she flopped back on her pillow and let out a sigh of relief.

"See, and that's why I had no business being in the city when they got married. I'd be in jail right now."

She lay there for a few minutes longer before getting up and starting her day.

Once in the kitchen, she put on a pot of tea and opened her laptop.

Going through her emails, she sighed and picked up her cell phone.

"Yes, hello," a gruff voice on the other end said.

"Hi, Dad, it's me. I got your email. What's up?"

"Holly, honey, are you alright? Where are you? Are you still in Vermont?"

"Yes, Dad, I'm still here. What's wrong?"

"Nothing is wrong with me. The question is what's wrong with you? You've been out there for two weeks sulking over that bum. The man is married now. So what? He wasn't any good anyway."

"Thanks, Dad, your pep talks always make me feel better."

"Holly, don't be such a wise-ass. All I'm saying is I told you a long time ago that he was no good. His true colors finally came out enough for you to see it, too. You guys broke back in February, it's time to move on. Do you hear me, sweetheart? He's not worth crying over and he wasn't worthy of you."

"I hear you, Dad. I know..."

"When are you coming home?"

"I'm leaving tonight. I saw on the internet that a snow storm is coming this way." She sighed.

"Good, you get out of there before that stuff comes. You don't want to be stuck out there for Christmas. You should be home with your family."

"Yes, Dad. I'll leave tonight and I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay, Holly. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Bye, Dad."

After breakfast, Holly spent the rest of the day packing and cleaning the cabin she all but grew up in. She'd been hiding out there for two weeks, but had only come with the idea of staying the weekend. When she got word that Reggie was marrying that girl she had seen him with back in June, she had flipped.

She couldn't believe it.

How could he be marrying her after just breaking it off with her in February? She was angry, she was hurt, and she just had to know if it were true. Rumor had it that Reggie and the girl were having dinner at some really fancy restaurant on 5th Avenue, so she stormed her hurt and angry self into the restaurant to confront him.

When she arrived at the restaurant, she found them having dinner along with his parents, her parents, and the bridal party, just as the best man was standing to wish them well. She then heard the best man mention that the following day the bride and groom were commencing their new lives .

She was stunned.

She stood there staring at everyone with her mouth hanging open looking like a fool, knowing the day couldn't get any worse...but it did. Reggie excused himself from the table, walked over to her to promptly chastise her for interrupting his rehearsal dinner, reminded her how over it was, and then had her escorted from the restaurant.

Blinded by tears of embarrassment, hurt, and the frustration of not knowing how she even got to this place in her life, she packed a bag, threw it in her car, and drove herself to her parents' cabin in Vermont. She didn't even want to be in the same city when he got married. She spend the next few days crying and riding an emotional roller coaster,

leaving her phone off and not checking her email, asking herself over and over what happened.

How was it that after two years of dating and talking about getting married can someone just dump you without a word or some kind of excuse? She hadn't even dated yet since they broke up. He not only dated, but was married, not even a year later. After crying herself dry, she came to grips with the situation and was too embarrassed to go home at the time so she stayed another week, but with Christmas in two days she couldn't put it off any longer.

It was time to reconnect to the world. Packed and ready to go, she called her family to let them know she was leaving for sure then she ate and took a nap before her long trip back to New York City. The snow had begun to fall as she slept; when she left in the early evening the ground was already covered in a thin layer of slick ice. In a small town outside of the Poconos, a New York State policeman stopped her.

"Yes, officer. Can I help you?" she asked, rolling down her window.

"Ma'am, there's big storm coming this way. We're advising all drivers to return to their departure location unless you're only traveling a short distance. The roads ahead are already starting to ice over. Are you going to the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you coming from?"

"A cabin in Vermont."

"I think it best you return to Vermont. It's closer than trying to get all the way to New York City; that storm is to hit in about two hours time. The snow is really starting to come down now." He nodded.

"Back to Vermont?"

"Yes, ma'am, at least for the night, until they can clear the snow and salt the roads. Vermont is closer and safer at this point than you going on to New York City." She sighed, realizing he was right.

"Thank you, officer. I will." She turned her car around and waved at the officer.

"Figures. I spent three hours on the road just to turn around and go back three hours and not get anywhere," she mumbled as she retraced her steps back to the cabin.

Tired from her trip to nowhere, she left her car in front of the cabin instead of parking in

the garage out back, left all her things in the car, and went straight to her room and passed out.

Chapter 2

The next morning she woke to the smell of pancakes and bacon. Smiling, she sat up and took a deep breath. Suddenly her smile disappeared.

"Omigosh!" she whispered urgently, pulling the covers back. "Someone's cooking pancakes and bacon. Someone is here!" She looked around her room and dashed over to the corner where the broom was hidden behind the door. Quietly, she unscrewed the broom part from the stick and tiptoed out toward the kitchen. She peeked around the doorway. A man stood at the stove loading a plate with food. Holly stepped closer and he turned hearing the squeak of the floor panel and ducked just as she swung her stick at his head.

"Whoa! Hey! Wait!" he yelled, ducking and running around the table.

"Who the hell are you? What the hell are you doing here?" Each question was accompanied by the swinging of the stick.

He threw his hands up when he was far enough from her not to get hit. "Okay, will you just stop swinging long enough for me to explain?"

"Okay, you've got five minutes and do it with your hands on top of your head where I can see them."

"Okay. Can I sit down?"

She stayed in swinging position, gripping the stick as she pondered his request. "Yes, I guess that would be okay, but keep your hands where I can see them."

"Okay, okay. Well, my name is Logan. I rented this cabin for a few days so I could draw and paint."

"What? Rented the cabin? I don't know anything about that."

"I called Mr. Black when I saw your car outside this morning. He told me you who you were. I can only assume that the troopers turned you around because of the weather. I saw them out when I was coming in last night. I figured you might be hungry so I was

making enough food for you, too."

She relaxed out of her attack stance and looked past him to the counter where all the food was.

"Can I put my hands down now? The bacon is burning."

"Oh, umm, yes." She lowered the broom stick. "You know I'm going to call my father to verify your story." He continued cooking and nodded a reply. She left the kitchen and grabbed her cell phone from her purse.

"Hi, Dad." Holly plopped onto the couch.

"Holly, how are you? I saw Vermont received more snow than they anticipated."

"Yes, I guess so. Dad, who is this white boy in here?"

"He's not a white boy, Holly."

"Well, he looks white to me."

"I think both your parents have to be white to be considered white, dear. I believe only one of Logan's parents is white; the other is black." He chuckled.

"Well, whatever. What's he doing here? I woke up to breakfast cooking; it scared the crap out of me."

"He rented the cabin for a few days. He cooked breakfast for you? That was very thoughtful of him."

"Yeah, well, he almost got his head knocked off for being that thoughtful. Why didn't you tell me he was going to be here?"

"You said you were leaving. Had you made it home, you would have never run into him. I saw no reason to mention it."

"Yes, I guess you're right. So, have you seen the news? When will they have the roads clear enough for me to leave?" She sighed.

"Sweetheart, they anticipated 4-5 inches and you ended up with 10 inches. I'm afraid you're snowed in for Christmas." He chuckled.

"What?" she yelled.

In the kitchen, Logan prepared their plates. He could hear her talking, but couldn't really understand any words until she yelled out "what" and wondered what she was upset about. He never told Mr. Black that he knew of his daughter; he didn't want anything to interfere with him renting the cabin around Christmastime.

It had been a long time since he'd seen her.

Even with her hair messed up from sleeping, her face unwashed, and in her crumbled-up tee shirt, she was still beautiful to him. Just as he'd remembered her. He chuckled at himself, but it was true. Sure he noticed all those things, but the things that stood out in his mind's eye were how beautiful her catlike brown eyes were when they were lit up with her anger, fear, and confusion. Her tee shirt was all wrinkled, but it was short and showed her shapely, sexy legs. Had it been just a little higher, he would have been treated to the treasures beneath, but it wasn't, he thought, smiling. But it was enough to feed his imagination.

Holly returned to the kitchen, but this time she had her hair brushed, her face washed, and sweat pants under her tee shirt.

"Well, it seems I owe you an apology. You're the one who's supposed to be here and I'm just stuck here."

He smiled as she sat at the table and he put a plate in front of her. "No apology necessary. So, should we start over?" He sat across from her.

She smiled and offered her hand. "Yes, let's. My father seems to think you're a good guy and doesn't want me to hit you with the stick," she added with a chuckle.

"Well, I'll have to thank your father for saving me. My name is Logan Street." He chuckled and shook her hand.

She poured syrup over her pancakes. "Holly Black."

That wasn't the name he remembered. "Holly? Your name is Holly? Your parents named you that on purpose?"

She chuckled. "No. My family and friends call me Holly because my birthday is the day after Christmas. My name is RaKeesha."

He nodded. "Can I call you Holly?"

She gave him a questioning look.

"You're not family, Logan, and I don't know you well enough to call you a friend."

"Okay, I can respect that, but am I on the right track for being a friend? Now, keep in mind I did cook breakfast for you, and your father likes me," he added with a sly grin.

"Yes, there is that. Okay, Logan, I'm going to put you on the friend list but it's probationary." She looked up from her pancakes again and smiled.

"Probationary?"

"Yeah, just like with a job. You mess up during your probationary period and do something that you're in violation for and you're fired. Kicked right off the friend list."

"Okay, I will consider myself on probation." "Here's to Holly and Logan's new friendship." He raised his glass of orange juice. He laughed.

"Cheers!" She giggled and raised her glass with his. She downed her juice and finished her breakfast without another word. "Logan, I'm sorry to eat and run, but I'm still really tired from my drive. I got back really late. I'm going to run out and get my bag, then take a nap, okay?"

"Hey, no problem. Go back to sleep. I'll clean up. I have to unpack my stuff anyway."

"Thanks, Logan."

He gathered the dishes as she left. As he cleaned the dishes, he went over the conversation with Mr. Black in his mind. He had told him that Holly had run away because some creep she was with got married. He hoped she wouldn't be in his way now that she was stuck there with him.

"What kind of jerk treats women like that?" he mumbled aloud.

Her father had said she needed a good man in her life to show her the love the jerk she had been with didn't show her. He chuckled at the memory. Her father could use a course in subtlety. He left the kitchen and started unpacking his bags in the living room. Lighting a fire in the fire place first, he then lit several jar candles around the room, filling it with a sultry musky aroma before he pulled all the drapes closed.

Next, he set up his easel, pencils, paints, and radio by the window.

After a few hours, when he was unpacked and settled in, he laid across the couch with his book and began to sketch.

Chapter 3

Holly returned about an hour after he had begun sketching. He closed his sketch book as she approached him.

"Wow. This place has changed. What's all this about?"

"What's all what about?"

She pointed around the room. "All this. The candles and mood lighting."

He chuckled. "This isn't mood lighting. This is my set up. I always set my room up like this when I paint so when inspiration hits me, I'm ready."

"Inspiration?" She sat opposite him on the couch. "Oh, yes, my dad did say you were an artist."

He chuckled. "Your dad is just a fountain of information. Does he give advice along with all that information?"

She sputtered. "Oh, yeah. Lots of good ole' fatherly advice that I just love to hear."

"Wow. The sarcasm just ran off of that statement," he said with a laugh. "What did he say that pissed you off?"

"It wasn't that. It was more like he, more or less, warned me about this guy and if I had listened I could have saved myself a lot of heartache."

He nodded.

"I guess I'm just mad at myself for being so stupid in the first place. But it's okay; I have a remedy for that."

"Really? What's that?"

"I'm all over that stuff. As of the new year, I'm on something new. My New Year's Resolution is to be off men for good," she announced proudly.

"Uh-huh."

She wrapped her arms around her chest and sat back. "Yup."

"How does that work for us as friends?"

"Oh, friends are cool. I'm just not going to have a man. I'm not excepting any offers and I'm not looking. Celibacy is the answer."

Logan nodded and reopened his book. "I think celibacy might be a little drastic. Maybe

all you really need is a good man in your life."

She sputtered again. "Ha! All men are the same. There are no more good ones. You know the old saying, they're either gay or married. Now even the dogs are getting married."

"Hmm, okay. I have an idea. Since I'm still on the cool list, being a friend and all, would you consider posing for me?"

"Posing? You mean, like, naked?"

He smiled. "I meant with clothes, but if you're offering to pose naked, who am I to shoot down your idea?"

"Uh, no," she said with a laugh. "I was asking, not offering."

"Oh, well, that's cool. I meant with clothes, anyway."

"Yeah, I bet you did."

He laughed. "So, will you pose for me?"

"Okay, sure. Let's see what you can do with me."

He bit his tongue to hold back the answer to what he could do with her and just smiled.

"So, do I have to change or something?"

He went to one of his bags by the window and pulled out a sweatshirt. "Yes, put this on."

She held up the shirt against her. "It's too big."

"Trust me."

She shrugged and went to her room to change. Logan went back to the bag and removed a small case and put it on top of the coffee table, then dragged it in front of the fireplace. He went to his easel and took the stool and put it next to the coffee table. Holly returned in the shirt. The sleeves hung way past her hands and the bottom of it came over her hips.

"See, I told you, too big," she said lifting her arms.

He chuckled. "I know. Come sit down."

Pulling the ponytail from her head, he parted her hair in the middle and brushed it down around her face. With the light touch of an artist, he painted the canvas that was her face with light shadow on her eyes and dark eye liner to bring out the catlike features that he found so attractive, gave a rosy glow to her cheeks, and colored her full lips with a shiny wine color that made them look even more alluring to him.

He lifted her face and smiled at his work. With a slight adjustment to her sweat shirt, he moved her from the stool and positioned her on the coffee table. She tried to protest, but he held up his finger to silence her.

"Trust me."

She stayed where he placed her and he went to his easel and began working. After about two hours, Holly stood and stretched.

"Logan, I'm getting hungry. Can we break to eat?"

"Of course. I'm sorry, I was in my zone. I have enough to finish without you posing for me. I'll make us something real quick."

She went around his easel as he went in to the kitchen. "Wow!" He was an incredible artist. The fire burning behind her made her look as if she had a glowing aura about her. He had brushed her hair so it would lay straight around her face, but in the picture she had curls all over her head and around her face. The sweat shirt hung off of one shoulder and was still long enough to cover her hips, but in the picture she was barelegged and her legs were beautifully defined. She looked down at herself to see if she still wore her sweat pants.

Instead of being on a coffee table, her likeness lay seductively on a white rug in front of the fireplace. She smiled, pleased with the portrait he had done, and followed Logan into the kitchen. She smiled, pleased with the portrait of herself.

"Logan, the picture is lovely! You're an incredible artist."

"I draw what I see," he said modestly, putting sandwiches on plates.

"No. I don't look like that. I looked good, sexy...beautiful, even. That shows how good an artist you are."

He put the plates on the table and walked over to her, standing so close he had to lift her chin so their eyes could meet.

"I draw what I see. You are an incredibly beautiful and extremely sexy woman and you don't have to be Picasso to see it or bring it out on canvas."

She felt dizzy being so close to such a handsome and sweet man. As much as she tried

to stay in her man-hating mood, he made it difficult to do so, especially when her body was at war with her mind. It responded to his closeness, betraying her every step of the way. She looked into his sparkling dark eyes that were so sincere, and could almost believe him, but she knew better. If the man she thought loved her lied and betrayed her surely this man she hardly knew would do the same. She forced herself to step out of the region of his body's aura so her own body could recover.

"Uh, thanks," was all she could manage to say.

He smiled and went back to his seat. "Well, eat up. I have something to show you. I hope you don't mind sandwiches and chips. I don't usually have big giant meals when I come here, just enough to get me through a few days."

"Mind? No. I'm not even supposed to be here, remember? If you weren't here with me I'd be starving to death. I ran out of food already."

He chuckled and they are silently, and then headed back to the living room when they were done.

"Be right back." He went into his room and returned with a bottle of wine.

"A friend of mine gave this to me to drink while I was here. He said it's made just for this time of year because you're supposed to heat it up. So, again, I'll be right back." He went in to the kitchen this time and returned with two mugs and handed her one.

"Here you go. Tell me if you like it."

She took the cup from him and took a cautious sip. "Wow. This is really good. What's it called?"

"Mulled wine. Glad you like it. I'll get you some when we get out of here. Here." He handed her his sketch book.

She looked it over and looked at him. "You're not serious, are you?"

"Yes, I'm serious. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Because this is ridiculous."

"Why? You said it was your New Year's Resolution, right? Well, it's not the New Year yet. I still have about a week left.'

"Logan, this looks like a job application."

"I know that."

"Well, what job are you supposed to be applying for?"

"The job as your man. You have my application and I'm ready for my interview."

She sipped her wine, watching him over her cup, and looked at the application again, then laughed. "Okay, Logan, what the hell." She pulled the coffee table back to the couch and put her cup on it. "Okay. Mr. Street, you have applied for a very prestigious job, you know?" She watched him nod and continued. "Do you have any experience being a full-time boyfriend?"

He smiled. "Not that much, no. I've only had two long-term relationships."

She chuckled. "Hmm, it's a good thing that in this case, your lack of experience plays in your favor." She paused for another sip from her cup.

"This almost looks like a real application. Let's just go down the list, okay?"

He nodded, sipping his own drink.

"So, this says you live in the city. Do you work?"

"Yes, I work," he said with a laugh. "I'm a hip-hop artist. I'm doing a mural in the lobby of the Millennium Hotel to commemorate the Twin Towers next month and I have three murals set up in the first quarter in different places in Harlem."

"Wow, that's cool. I didn't know there were hip-hop artists."

"They call us hip-hop artists because our art is based on an urban hip-hop lifestyle centered around people of color. I get a lot of work and get paid really well for it, too."

"Okay. Let's get back on track, Mr. Street, shall we?" she said in her best interviewer's voice.

He chuckled. "Yes, ma'am."

"So, let's see, you have no experience and no woman in your life for me get a reference from." She looked at him for verification. He nodded and drowned his laugh in his cup. "And yet you want this position," she continued as he nodded again. She put the book in her lap and looked into his eyes as her playful tone disappeared. "Why?"

He leaned forward and put his mug next to the side along with his playfulness then crawled up to her. "I know a good woman when I see one and I want a good woman. Some brother made the mistake of hurting you and letting you go. His loss is my gain. I want to take that hurt away." He lifted her face to his and stroked her cheek. "My touch will make you forget him. In my kisses," he paused and kissed her softly, "you will get lost and they will erase the pain from your heart."

She gasped softly.

"When I make love to you it will cleanse your soul so that you can only know joy afterwards. That's why I want this position. I want to make you happy. Your happiness will make me happy. Will you give me that chance, Holly?"

She searched his eyes for malice, ill intent, or just plain lies and found none of that. Her body wanted it to be true. It wanted to react to the closeness of this man, answer the pull his body had on it, but her brain needed more convincing.

"Could he be telling the truth?" it asked in her confusion. "Could someone's only desire be to make her happy? Her happiness would make him happy, he said. Are there really people like that in the world?"

She swallowed, trying to wet her mouth that went dry so quickly being so close to him again. She found herself locked into his gaze, unable to move, speak, or barely breathe.

He held her gaze and saw her inner struggle and released her. "I'll even take a 90-day probationary period," he added with a teasing grin and sat back.

She let out a relieved laughed and breathed again, grateful to be free from his hold on her. She had never known a man to have that kind of effect on her. Usually she followed her gut feelings and they told her he was sincere in what he said, but her fear and pain still lingered overriding her better judgment. It made her more hesitant than she usually would be, even as his words marinated in her brain.

"I, I don't know, Logan. This is all so much. I need a minute to think." Without another word, she went off to her room and closed the door.

Logan put his feet back up on the couch and let his head fall back.

"Damn." He could feel her coming to him, he knew she wanted to, but her fear was stopping her. How could he convince her that he would never treat her like he did? Her father said her ex had really hurt her, but he wasn't Reggie. He'd never do anything to hurt her. He would treat her like the queen she was. She would be his queen.

He took the cups to the kitchen and sat at the table as the last two years replayed in his mind.

Reggie and I both saw her at that art fair, but he got to her first. He broke his neck to get her and then he dogged her. He didn't know Reggie was getting married to someone else until Holly and her father mentioned it, and even he was surprised at his stupidity.

How do all the jerks get the good women in the first place?

Then when they leave the good men to catch hell from the backlash.

He shook his head.

His brain had asked a question he had no answer for.

Fate had given him a second chance at her and he wasn't going to blow it. He had to convince her that all he wanted for her was her happiness. She'd already experienced bad and all he wanted was to show her how good it could be being with him.

Tomorrow was Christmas; what better day to put his plan into action?

He stood with a determined smile on his face.

"This is going to be one of my best Christmases ever," he said and walked out of the kitchen.

Chapter 4

Holly slept restlessly, unable to get Logan or his proposition off her mind. Her good and bad sides warred within her dream state. To her right, she stood in a long sheer white gown that touched the floor, complete with white wings and a golden halo.

To her left, she stood in a red corset, red panties, thigh-high fishnets and stilettos, complete with horns and a long tail. On a stool between, them the real Holly sat in her grey tee shirt and socks.

"RaKeesha Holly Black, you are a strong, independent, modern Black woman. Your mama taught you better than this. You don't need a man in your life to define you. If you want to give up men for your New Year's Resolution, there is nothing wrong with being single by choice," Angel Holly said, patting her hand. "You will be free from all their drama and lies and that's what really matters."

Holly nodded looking up at her.

"Holly! That's crap, girl. Pay attention and let me school you on what you're really supposed to be doing," Devil Holly said. She snapped her fingers and Logan appeared beside her. "Now, this is a fine piece of man that you're about to let go to waste. You said you're off of men as of the New Year, right?"

The real Holly nodded.

"Well, it ain't the New Year yet, Holly, and I'm going to show you how to ring out this year in style."

She rubbed on Logan's bare chest.

"Look at this chest. Mmm, such soft, curly hair. Don't you want to know if it tickles on your nipples when you rub your breasts across it? Try it, trust me."

"Uhhh..."

"This man is beautifully made, from his wide-muscled chest to his impressive piece." She reached down and snatched at his pajama pants and they easily tore away from his body, leaving his lower half bare, too.

"Look at how pretty that thing is."

Angel Holly and the real Holly's mouths dropped open as they watched Devil Holly stroke his sleeping member, bringing it to maximum length and at full attention. Smiling, she winked at the stunned real Hollys and snapped her fingers again. This time a bed appeared and she pushed Logan back onto it. Moving up his muscular legs, she removed her panties and straddled his narrow hips.

With one last look at the real Holly, she did the "watch me" signal, touching her two fingers to her eyes and pointing them at her, before she lowered herself onto his elongated member.

Angel Holly and the real Holly looked at each other, eyes wide as saucers, and then turned their attention back to Devil Holly, watching her intently. She moved slowly at first to show them how it was done then faster as her orgasm began to build. Logan moved his hands up her legs to her hips to help move her. Shortly afterwards, their moans turned to screams as they ended their journey to bliss, screaming their joy aloud.

Angel Holly and the real Holly fanned themselves as they watched Devil Holly and Logan catch their breath and come toward them. Logan walked behind her and pulled Devil Holly into his arms.

"You see, Holly, that's what you need to do with this man. To hell with that crappy New Years Resolution. You are stuck in a warm, toasty, romantic cabin in the woods with someone as sweet and fine as Logan. I say go for it! When opportunity knocks you don't run, you swing the door open and jump into its arms!" she said with a laugh.

"I don't know, you guys. What if he turns out to be a bigger jerk than Reggie?"

"RaKeesha Holly Black, now I know your mama taught you better than that. You can not live your life in fear," Angel Holly said shaking her finger at her.

"For once I can agree with Tinker Bell over there. You can't live your life in fear. Follow your gut; it hasn't let you down yet. Now get up and go get your man because you can't have this Logan, he's mine," Devil Holly said and snuggled into his arms.

Holly's eyes popped open. She looked around the room and let out a sigh.

"I swear, I think I need medication or something. My dreams are out of control."

Staring at the ceiling, she went over what the Hollys in her dream were trying to tell her. Finally she slid out of bed and went into the room Logan was using. The moonlight came through the window and shone directly on his bed, leaving him in a shimmering glow. His head was turned slightly on the pillow, but she could see how his mustache traced his full lips, making them even more inviting in the moonlight. He was on his back with his arms up on both sides of his head. She wondered how someone could look so peaceful while they slept and sexy at the same time. His eyes popped open like he could feel someone watching him and he turned toward her.

"Holly?" he said sleepily. "What are--"

"I was just wondering...

He rose on his elbows. "Yes?"

"Umm, if you still want that position you applied for earlier, it's still available and can be filled immediately."

He smiled. "Absolutely." He lifted the covers invitingly and scooted over. "Allow me to close the deal with a little more than a handshake."

Without hesitation she walked across the room and slipped under the covers with him.

Without another word, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

She moaned her approval.

"Oh, yes. He was so right," her mind sang. "She could get lost in his kisses."

She let him kiss her all over for a while then rolled him over and to his surprise.

"Do you mind if..."

"Oh, no, not at all. Do whatever you want. I'm at your beck and call."

She smiled and straddled him the way she saw Devil Holly do her Logan in her dream.

She looked down at him and realized for the first time how really handsome he was.

His masculine beauty was extraordinary. His curly hair, strong jaw line, sexy lips, even the little dimple in his chin— all extraordinary. She traced his mustache and his lips then moved down to his hairy chest.

He closed his eyes and moaned his pleasure aloud as shyly moved to his nipples and rubbed them until they were hard, sensitive pebbles. Running her hands through the thin layer of curls, she wondered if Devil Holly was on to something when she told her to rub her breasts against his hair. She lowered her body and brushed her own nipples against his and through the hair, giggling at the sensations it gave her.

Her tee shirt rose above her hips, giving him a good shot at her panties as she sat back up. He looked up and reached up to touch her, but she stopped him. She put his hands down by his sides and lifted her shirt over her head in one smooth motion. He reached up hesitantly to grab the lovely orbs before him. His large hands completely covered them as he caressed them. He seemed to know exactly what to do to make her feel good. She could sit there all night long letting him touch her like this, but her curiosity had gotten the best of her already. She had to know if her dream was true.

Reluctantly she stopped his hands and put them back on her legs and kissed him quiet before he could protest.

"In a minute, okay?"

He nodded and she smiled and rubbed her nipples through his hair again before getting up. She moved down his body, taking his pajama pants with her freeing his already-hardening penis. The likeness to her dream was uncanny. It was a thing of beauty. She was no expert by far, but it was far from unattractive and surely more appealing than most. Moving back up his body, she touched it tentatively at first, but then more boldly, the way Devil Holly had done as it came to life with her touch. She mimicked Devil Holly's movements until her Logan's lance was at full attention and throbbing, ready for more.

She removed her panties and straddled him, again holding his shoulders as she lowered herself onto him. Slowly she moved, getting used to him, making her own rhythm, and then moving faster as her body learned what she liked again. Getting her rhythm down, she moved faster on him, pushing him deeper into her, grinding him harder. Logan grabbed her hips and moved her where he needed her, pushing her even deeper as he thrust himself forward to meet her every move. With Logan guiding her body, she released his shoulders, trusting he wouldn't let her fall and caressed her own breasts, tweaking her nipples, bringing herself to a blissful end.

Her orgasmic moans were like music to his ears. Watching her play with her nipples and hearing her uninhibited cries of ecstasy took him over the edge right behind her and the walls rang with his orgasmic cries as well. Spent and satisfied, she collapsed onto his chest and giggled again as the hairs tickled her now sensitive nipples. After a while, she rolled off of him and into his embrace.

"So, let me ask you this, are you always this aggressive in bed?"

"Oh, umm, well--"

He smiled. "Hey, no, I was just asking. No explanation needed. I liked it. I like a woman who knows what she likes and goes for it, especially in bed," he said with a chuckle and kissed the top of her head. "I'm glad you hired me for this position, ma'am," he added in a teasing tone. "You have no idea."

She smiled and snuggled against him. "Yeah, I'm starting to be glad, too." She turned toward him. "I was just thinking, tomorrow is Christmas. I have to get you something nice when we get back to the city."

"Don't worry about all that now. Let's just enjoy being trapped here together."

"Mmm, okay."

"Holly?" He pulled her close to him and sighed.

"Yes."

"I have a confession to make."

"A confession?"

"Yes. I, I knew you before. I mean, not like in another life time, but before we came to be stuck in the cabin."

"Before? What do you mean?"

"I knew you when you were with Reggie." He closed his eyes and pushed the words out. "I knew you before you got with him. I know Reggie."

She turned to face him. "What? What are you saying? Are saying you stalked me? You did all this to get your turn in my pants?"

"No, no. It's not like that let me explain."

"Explain? I think I've heard enough!"

She swung the covers back and moved to get out of bed, but he grabbed her arm to stop her.

"Please don't leave. Let me explain."

Her eyes welled with unshed tears. "No, I've heard what you said. For just a moment I thought you were serious, that you might be different, but--"

She yanked her arm back and stood up. Logan jumped from the bed and all but tackled her, carrying her back to the bed. He laid her back in bed, kicking and fighting him, then lay on top of her.

"I can't let you leave me like that. Let me explain and then if you want to leave, I won't stop you."

She turned her face away from his, as the anger and frustration caused the tears to pool and streak down her face.

"You were at an art fair in the city. Reggie and I both were there. We weren't friends but we knew each other a little--associates. He saw me looking at you and he stepped to you just to piss me off. He didn't even see you until I mentioned how fine you were. The next time I saw him, he mentioned you guys were together. I stepped back. I blew my first shot to get to know you. I saw Reg every now and then and he said you guys were still together. I haven't seen him for a while, but I never forgot about you."

She looked down at him as he continued to explain.

"I rented this cabin for the first time last fall and met your father. I knew it was meant to be that we'd meet again. I never mentioned to your father that I knew of you because I didn't want anything to interfere with me getting the cabin. I had no idea that you and Reggie broke up, let alone that he was marrying someone else, until your dad mentioned it to me." He chuckled. "I was shocked. I had been given a second chance to make you mine. I love you. I knew it from the moment that I saw you. I needed a chance to convince you that I can make you happy. Now that I have that chance, don't take it away from me, Holly. Let me love you like only I can."

She watched him roll off her and lift the covers for her to join him. She stared at the ceiling for a while going over everything he had said. With a deep breath she wiped her eyes, slipped her arms around his waist, and joined him under the covers.

Chapter 5

Holly woke late the next morning to find herself alone. She looked around and almost thought it was a dream until she realized she was still naked. She slid out of bed, back into her tee shirt, and shuffled toward the door. Reaching for the handle, she looked right into a note that was taped to the door. Confused, she snatched it down and read it.

As much as I love the thought

of you smelling like me all day,

I thought you might like

a bubble bath even more.

One is waiting for you.

Stunned, she read the note over and over as her anger and fear melted away. It had to be a joke. She pulled the door opened and went straight to the bathroom. Inside, she found the note was true. A bubble bath was indeed waiting for her and the whole bathroom was lit up with the candles that were in the living room the previous day. She was giddy as she stepped into the still-warm bath. She soaked her body, which she realized was a little sore from her efforts last night. A slow smile came to her face as the memory of last night came across her mind.

"It was worth it," she murmured and sank into the tub further.

After soaking for a while, she left the tub to dry off and found another note attached to the towel.

After you've patted that beautiful body dry

go back to your room.

I'd love to cover your lovely body in lotion,

but that will have to wait until you've eaten.

Could it be true?

Everything he said wasn't a lie. He just wants to make me happy. My happiness will make him happy. No one has ever done something like this for me. Then her devil's advocate side showed its face as her brain challenged her. What does he really want from her? He said all he wants is her happiness, but no one does something for nothing.

Wait, he will show you. His true colors will shine through. They always do.

Holly wrapped the towel around her and walked to her bedroom. Inside, the coffee table from the living room was beside her bed with a small smorgasbord upon it. Seeing and smelling the food, she realized she was hungry. She dressed in jeans and a sweat shirt, then ate as if she hadn't for days. Under the glass of juice was another note.

Smiling and giggling to herself, she picked it up.

Now that you are fed and relaxed,

come to me when you are ready and we will

spend our first Christmas together, certainly not our last.

She finished her juice and took a deep breath, not knowing what to expect when she went in to the living room. When she reached the living room, she poked her head into the room to see Logan on the couch sketching away. He looked up from his book and smiled.

"Hey, sweetie." He crossed the room to her and took her in his arms, lifting her with his kiss. "Merry Christmas."

Again she was dizzy from his kisses. "Merry Christmas."

"How do you feel?"

"I feel great, Logan. Umm, thank you for everything. It was wonderful."

"You're welcome, but you don't have to thank me for what I do for you. I want to do these things for you. I want you to understand that what makes you happy and makes you feel good is what I want to do for you." He pulled her over to the couch and into his lap. "How can I get that across to you?"

"I don't know, Logan. I guess I'm just not used to that."

"Well, I'll just have to get you used to it. I looked up the weather and it looks like they will have the roads clear for us to leave tomorrow. So I want today to be the first day of our forever. Today is the first of many days that I will dedicate to your happiness if you let me."

"I don't know, Logan. No one has ever done or said anything like this before. I don't know what to think."

"Well, I do. I'm going to spend the rest of my life, if you'll have me, proving it to you. My only ulterior motive is to make you happy; that will ultimately make us happy."

"Logan, I--"

He touched her lips with a finger. "Let me start like this."

He slid her off his lap onto the couch and kneeled beside her, then chuckled.

"You've got on a lot more clothes than last night." She smiled.

"No matter," he said and stood up, pulling her with him. She let him remove her sweatshirt and pants and stood before him in the firelight in just her panties and bra.

He knelt in front of her and looked up.

"You are so incredibly beautiful. Proof that God is the best artist of all."

He hugged her around her hips, putting his face against her most private parts, sniffing deeply before he removed her panties and repeated the motion.

"You smell so good."

His hot breath was so steamy and sultry again her most carnal region it set her loins on fire; then he licked her. She could all but feel her tender soft folds sizzle from his wet tongue meeting her hot flesh. Softly and slowly at first, he licked her, but then he let out such a moan of pleasure himself she thought he had come. He was enjoying licking her and giving her this most carnal pleasure of them all. He licked and sucked her with such fervor that her knees almost buckled from the pleasure he was giving her. Sliding his hands over her legs to her hips, he lowered her to the couch, but his mouth did not release her.

He opened her legs further and lay between them.

Her release was near he could feel it. He reached up to her breasts and pulled at her nipples and she exploded in his mouth, raining her juices down on him, her cries ringing in his ears. He continued to lap up ever ounce she offered him until her breathing returned to normal.

"Oh, wow, Logan that was wonderful."

He crawled up her body and kissed her.

"Oh, baby, you ain't seen nothing yet. I told you it's all about you today." He stuck his hand underneath her and unsnapped her bra with one hand, then chuckled. "I didn't think I could still do that."

She chuckled, too, and pulled her bra off.

He looked down at her breasts and dropped a kiss on each one.

"Beautiful," he said as he caressed them, playing with the nipples again. He watched her eyes close and her breathing quicken and he knew he was doing something right. He continued to tease them until his urge to suckle them took him over and he bent to take the erect, sensitive tip into his mouth.

A moan of pleasure escaped her lips as she melted into his touch. "Surely this can't all be an act," her brain said, coming to terms with what he had said to her.

She could feel his touch everywhere, down her torso, over her hips, between her legs.

She felt her release coming again. His fingers parted the lips at the junction of her thighs searching for her pearl of pleasure. Gently sliding his fingers between them, he drenched his fingers with her juices, finding it and sliding them back and forth over it.

Another moan came from deep inside of her, sounding more like a growl, as she rode his probing fingers as he suckled back and forth between nipples. The feeling was exquisite, like nothing she'd felt before. Again, she came hard with an unbridled cry of joy, holding his hand in place until the last wave of pleasure washed over her.

She removed his hand when she was able to move again and rolled off the couch onto him. The firelight danced in his eyes as she looked into them. She wondered how he could bypass her trust blockers so easily. Could he really want nothing from her but her happiness? Her gut told her he was sincere and it had never let her down before. Her alarms rang off the hook with Reggie, but he was so sweet in the beginning.

But Logan, looking into his eyes she could almost see...love.

"Logan--" she began, but his kiss stopped her.

His kiss was sensual, passionate, intoxicating.

It was everything he wanted to be for her. She was drugged by his kiss; she knew in her heart she had to be with him—he loved her. Somehow, she knew that to be true. He released her from his delicious kiss and she looked into his eyes again and smiled.

He returned her smile. "What?"

"I'm thinking you might be off probation sooner than later. You just made it to employee of the month."

THE END