

# Christmas Cookies



*Sideways Glance*  
CAMILLE ANTHONY

Changeling Press

# **Christmas Cookies: Sideways Glance**

## **Camille Anthony**

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## **Christmas Cookies: Sideways Glance**

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A heated sideways glance from a handsome suntanned hunk sparks a desire in Cheryl to celebrate life. She's black, and doesn't mind that he's white. Together, they burn up the sheets, sharing a steamy, toe-curling afternoon before her job interferes and they go their separate ways.

Six months passes before Cheryl sees Paul again. This time, he's back with an angry father at his side. Seems Paul left something out of his introduction. He's an Apteran, a virgin alien whose sideways glance was a shy proposal of marriage. The results of their summer fun just pressed the perfect outline of a tiny foot against his daddy's belly.

Shocked, Cheryl discovers she's been cast as the "Playa" in this Baby's Mama Drama!

## Chapter One

### *Juneteenth*

It's been three weeks since Granny's funeral. At first, I wanted nothing more than to climb into Ma'dear's coffin with her, but she'd be the first person to slap me upside the head for that defeatist attitude. So instead of attending the family's annual get-together on the day American Blacks traditionally celebrate freedom: Juneteenth -- *our* Fourth of July -- I'm celebrating life by deciding to eat. I'm shopping for fruit in the produce aisle at Giant Eagle, for the first time in years, planning dinner for one. It's difficult when you're used to cooking for two. I'm concentrating, so I don't immediately notice him. By about the third time, though, I spy this white man out the corner of my eye -- looking good enough to eat -- cutting a sizzling sideways glance at me.

I'm startled into sneaking another peek. Whooee! This guy is buff, definitely worthy of a second glance. Sun-kissed skin stretched tight over a brawny muscular frame catches my attention. Swimmer's build: wide shoulders and strong upper body, this man is tall, built and tanned. He's got loads of blond hair falling over a wide forehead, wicked blue eyes, and a pair of juicy lips a brother would envy.

This is a definite plus because most white men don't have lips. I kid you not. You have to be careful. A girl can start out with a lippy guy and end up with someone who looks like Peter Weller, the actor who played Robocop and Buckaroo Bonzai. He had nice lips once upon a time, but now... Sad... just sad.

Anyway, Lippy Built Guy is standing beside a gorgeous blonde woman who is checking out the fresh spinach, but he's definitely checking out *moi*. Pretending I can't feel his gaze -- hot enough to fry bacon -- on me, I lean way over and grab for an out of the way peach, to highlight my best feature. I give a little discreet wiggle of that asset and hear him catching a ragged breath.

It's round and plump -- my ass, not the peach -- and sticking out so far he can't miss it. My friend Danika -- who ought to know, 'cause she married one -- says white men secretly love big assed black women. I turn my head and, sure enough, he's eyeing mine with this hungry shark look. Lordy, if he stared any harder, my ass would grow teeth marks.

*Okaaay!* Excitement's rising. I've never gotten this hot just from being ogled by some dude. Decide to live, and all manner of juices start flowing. Sucking in a cooling breath, I go back to reaching for this peach, pretending to stumble. Before I can say jungle fever, he's there steadying me, the palm of one big hand riding the small of my back.

"Miss, are you okay?"

*Your broad hot palm is practically scorching my ass. Hell yeah I'm okay.* "Yes, thanks. Wow, I almost fell... would have if you hadn't caught me." I flash a coy look up under my lashes. (Hey, get off my case. I'm looking to get laid, not win any political correctness awards. A girl's gotta do... and all that.) I put my hand up, pretending to shield my gaze from a bright light. "All that shine is blinding me, though."

He looks confused. "Huh?"

Okay, so maybe he's not the scarecrow after a visit with the wizard, but I'll settle for the major heat he's packing in those tight blue jeans. "Dude, the sun's glinting off all that metal. You know... knight in shining armor and all that."

He laughs and shakes his head with a rueful grin, holding his hands chest high, palms out. "Go ahead. Make fun of me. My apologies if the weight of my glance or the touch of my hand offended you. I should have known better..."

Dropping the coy act, I give him the straightest look I can. "Look, I'm sorry. I joked to cover my nervousness, but I wasn't making fun of you and you haven't offended me. You threw me off, is all. In this day and age, it's nice when you find someone willing to risk helping a person of different color. I meant the part about the armor."

"Then my sideways glance was not too forward?"

I chuckle. "Not at all."

He breathes a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness. I wasn't sure..."

I shrug and he looks down at me, eyes narrowed and focused. His gaze drops from my face and I bite back a grin. He's staring at my double D breasts, watching my nipples pop under my blouse. They're hard and tight, aching something fierce, standing up and begging for his attention. I let my breathing increase to fine-focus his attention. Oh yeah, his mouth opens as his eyes follow every inhalation.

"So, introduce yourself. A woman ought to have a name to call her hero."

"Paul." His husky voice and quicksilver smile make my belly tighten. "What's yours?"

"Cheryl Dixon." I laugh at his expression. "I know... white bread, middle class America. My maternal grandmother -- not Ma'dear -- got caught up in that African naming frenzy and ended up naming my mom Malikacomba. Mother shortened it to Malika and swore never to torment any child of hers like that, so I'm plain Cheryl instead of some crazy made up African shit."

"-- Paul, did you hear what I said?"

We both turn our heads to find his woman staring at us, a slight frown creasing her perfectly shaped eyebrows. "I said I'm done here. I'm going to the pasta aisle for the spaghetti, and then we can leave. Who is this lady?"

I listen to Paul clear his throat, wondering what he'll say. "She was falling. I saw her out of the corner of my eye..."

She stiffens up, gives me the gimlet eye. She knows her man is trolling. "I see. Well, we need to head home."

Paul doesn't look too happy, but he nods at her. I quickly turn, pretend I'm picking over the corn on the cob and hiss, "Tell her you have to use the bathroom."

For just a minute or so, I feel guilty. Ordinarily, I'm no poacher and I leave other women's property alone. I know I have no business looking at that woman's man and he must be hers, 'cause unless she owns him, it's just about impossible for a gal to get a male to trail along behind her at the grocery store.

You're probably figuring out this other woman is white. The spinach tips you off, right? Not many of us black chicks bother with it. Really, why buy fresh when there's nothing wrong with the frozen stuff? Hey, canned was good enough for Popeye. It's good enough for me! If you just *have* to have it in a salad, there's the already cleaned, pre-packaged stuff.

I mention her color only to explain why I'm hitting on her man. For me, it just doesn't seem like poaching if I'm up against a white girl. I know, I know... not P.C., double standard and all that, but hey, turnabout is fair play. *They've* been stealing our guys from us for forever. All that aside, he's not sporting a ring (not always an accurate indicator, I know, but it's all I have to go on.) I *don't* mess with married men. She might have corralled him, but she hasn't branded him and if he's checking me out, maybe she doesn't own him, after all.

He's so quiet, I wonder if he's trying to figure out a polite way to blow me off. Then he clears his throat and parrots, "Cool. I've gotta go drain the main vein. If I'm not back before you check out, go ahead and take the car. I'm a big boy. I'm sure I can find my way home."

"You are so coarse!" The woman snorts and shakes her head. For a moment, she looks like she'll say something else, but with another disparaging head shake, she pushes her cart around the corner without a backwards glance, leaving us to turn and face each other.

For some reason, I'm shy now, scared to even look up at him. My friends would laugh their heads off if they could see me almost literally blushing 'cause some white man is eyeing me like I'm tenderloin and he's coming off an all vegetable fast.

"So, Cheryl, if you *really* want me... where's that bathroom?"

My head snaps up. My heart starts pounding so hard I have to open my mouth to get enough air. It's hot all of a sudden or it could just be me burning up with lust. Sweat breaks out on my forehead and above my top lip. I wipe it off with a trembling finger. "Are you fucking serious?" My voice shakes as I try to get out the words.



“Not yet, but I’ll soon be, I hope. Fucking, I mean...” Paul waggles his eyebrows, moving right up in my personal space. “Isn’t that what we’ve been talking about?” His hands cup my face and tilt it up so I can’t hide my desire from him. “So, were you cock-teasing, ragging this white boy? Or do you know somewhere close and private we can get our freak on?”

*Damn*, talk about *direct*! “I’m not teasing you. I live around the corner on Jean Street.”

Right here in the produce aisle at Giant Eagle, he lowers both hands, palms riding my curves until they’re grabbing my butt. The cheeks overflow his tight grip. He’s right up against me so when he groans, the raw sound vibrates my clit. “Good, because I’ve wanted to fuck this big, beautiful, black ass of yours since you faked that fall into the peach stand.”

A white guy talking head? What’s the world coming to? With luck, I’m about to find out. “You, uh... noticed that, did you?”

He chuckles, giving me another squeeze. “Stevie Wonder couldn’t miss something this luscious and juicy. So let’s be straight. You caught my sideways glance and you’re inviting me home for a one-on-one fuck, right? Won’t be no brothers there waiting to roll me?”

I laugh at that. This white boy’s got the vernacular down pat. “The only one waiting to roll you is me.” I did some discreet gripping of my own, making him gasp and shift under my hand as I squeeze his growing cock. “I can’t wait to suck your cock and roll your balls around in my mouth, before I pin your ass to the mattress and ride you like a bucking bronco.”

Those full lips of his curl up as he drawls, “Yeehaw! I’ll be your cowboy. What are we waiting for, little ma’am? Let’s go!”

## Chapter Two

If he feels a minute's embarrassment being with a chunky black woman, I don't see it. He even swings our clasped hands between us as he follows me on a circular route out of the store and to my car. We make it to the parking lot before his other woman is through the line. I'm suitably impressed when he opens my door for me before running around to the passenger side and hopping in.

It takes us longer to get in the car than it does to drive around the block to my home. A few minutes later, we're on the porch under the covered entryway of my duplex, kissing like our lives depend on it. Our bodies are straining together, lips locking while our tongues duel it out.

Oh God, this man can kiss! His big hands are all over me, plucking at my nipples through my blouse, yanking me closer so he can palm my ass and rub his muscled upper thigh between my legs.

It's a struggle for me, but I back off long enough to get the door unlocked and us inside. We don't make it any further than the living room before I'm attacking his pants, intent on keeping my promise. Buttons give way as my fingers fly, working the fastenings of his jeans. I'm panting as hard as he is as I drag his clothes off, releasing the rampant flesh beneath. My breath catches as his cock springs into my hands, too big around for my fingers to encircle. What a nice surprise.

Damn, but he has it going on! I've never seen a more classically beautiful cock. Long and thick, roped with veins pulsing with life. "Paul, honey," I croon, licking my lips, "you're blowing away all my preconceived ideas about white men. Not only do you have lips, you've got a cock a horse would envy!"

My praise surprises a hearty laugh from him. "All the better to fuck you with, my dear," he says, fisting that monster and wagging it at me. He chokes on that laugh when I drop to my knees and close my lips around him.

Oh my good golly, he tastes wonderful: all man with a hint of soap. Because he's still semi-soft, I'm able to swallow him all the way down to his groin. That doesn't last long. He grows in my mouth, forcing me to back up his lengthening meat until I'm ringing the smooth head with just my tongue.

"You're priming me!" He sounds surprised, then he's fisting his hands in my hair, fingers frantically tugging me back down. I grip his balls and squeeze lightly, a friendly reminder that I'm in control. He groans. "Please, Cheryl, don't stop!"

"I don't have any intentions of stopping, sweet thang."

I put my mouth back on him and this time, he's too big to deep throat. A little spit and a lot of enthusiasm get me down about halfway. Pretty soon, I'm licking and sucking on his stiff man lollipop like it's Cold Stone ice cream on a hot summer day.

*Mmmm-mmm!* He comes, melting in my mouth and all over my hands. I swallow his thick frothy milkshake spiced with essence of Paul and a touch of lust, licking around the blunt head, greedy for more. *Damn, I think I'm addicted to his cock juice.*

And then he says them... the words every woman wants to hear: "I can't believe you did that for me! Now it's your turn..."

Ten minutes later, my nipples are stinging from his pinches and tugs, sitting up firm and hard. My body's humming, so close to slamming over the edge I can't stand it. Damn, he's crazy in my crotch, giving off little groans of epicurean delight. It's like my pussy is a five-star restaurant and he's sat down for the four-course meal.

His hot breath blows over my clit while his big hands grip my wide hips, holding me in place as I buck under the lashing of his tongue, too aroused to lie quietly beneath him. He just keeps on licking and tonguing my cunt, driving me insane.

Oh good GOD, where did this man come from? 'Cause he can't be from around here! I've never had such loving! My toes are curling up so far my legs are cramping.

My pussy's singing the "Ode to Joy!" "God, Paul, I can't wait any longer. I need you now!"

He lifts his face and his cheeks shine with my juices. "You taste so rich, so heady, my head is spinning! I think I'm getting drunk on your cream." He lifts me up to his face. "I'm nowhere near finished with this sweet morsel..."

He gets another round of phenomenal licking in before I rebel. "Get up here," I growl, tugging him up and over me, beyond ready for his hard cock. Opening my legs wide, I beckon him with a crooked finger. "Fuck me now, eat later!"

Mumbling something about going too fast, he climbs up my body, that primed cock of his trailing pre-come as he rubs the blunt head over my slit. He pushes in -- hell, he's thick and *long*! -- and begins pumping slowly. "Fucking Mother, you're tight, so tight... and hot!"

He's hot inside me, his big dick taking up all the room. The friction is hella mind blowing, and oh God, it feels beyond great! My hands clench on his back, fingers coasting over the smoothly working muscles covered by warm, hair-dusted skin. I drag my nails down that broad downy plane, riding the hills and valleys of his body as his hips rock back and forth, powering the thrusts that are driving me wild.

I start to tremble, every muscle locking as my body clenches in the best, most intense series of orgasms of my life. Paul is hitting it, banging that old G-spot, and I'm coming like there's no tomorrow. "Oh yes, Paul... *yes*! Fuck me, baby, fuck me *hard*!"

I grip his taut butt cheeks, holding on for dear life, nails scoring his ass. "Oh, shit, Paul! You're hitting it so good... so *damned* good! Take me, baby... all the way..."

He shudders in my arms, nestling his face in the curve of my shoulder. His voice is hoarse and rough, shaking as he asks, "You want me to *finish*?"

*Does he think me so selfish?* "Hell, yeah, honey... get yours, too. Bring us home, daddy!"

Does he ever! Sweat flying, hips humping, Paul bangs me like a drum. That big cock of his slams into me over and over and, goddamn, it's beyond good! Paul's cock is bumping the mouth of my womb and sparks are flying.

He's shouting.

I'm screaming.

He stiffens and floods me with cum. I orgasm so hard my head swims. We're so entwined, our bodies create a suction and for a moment, he's trying to pull back and it's like he's sucking my womb through the head of his cock. Damnedest thing I've ever felt. Whooee, it lights my body up and I go off like firecrackers.

## Chapter Three

### Christmas Eve (six months later)

I hear the phone ringing as I muscle the door open, slamming it behind me. Dropping my packages, I slide slowly to the floor, worn out from hunting down all the accouterments needed for Kwanzaa. I reach up and lift the handset off the base. "Dixon cookie jar, which crumb would you like to speak to?"

"Cheryl, you CAD, why you not answering my calls?"

"Hello, Danika. I'm fine. Thanks for asking." I drop the sing-song, continuing in my normal voice. "And what makes you think I hang by the phone just waiting for your call?"

"Girl, don't go there! You know I'm worrying about you. It's the day before Christmas and you weren't home. That's so not you."

I go quiet, fighting tears. Damn, my friend knows me well.

"Are you crying?"

"N-no."

"Liar." Her voice softens. "You miss her. It's okay to cry..."

"I had to shop... on *Christmas Eve*! Thanks to that damned Taylor, I got inducted into the Last Minute Idiots Club today." I know I'm whining, but I feel entitled.

"Oh, shit, girl, you poor thing! Want me to come over and coddle you?"

I sniff. "I'd love that, but I know you're baking sweet potato pies. Drew will kill me if his yearly fix gets messed with."

Danika snorts when she laughs. "He'll live. That white boy's getting too free-handed with my cooking. Idiot put my name down for the fundraiser at his job. Told them I'd bake six potato pies for their raffle. Can you believe the nerve? If the charity didn't benefit the homeless, I'd make him bake them his own damned self."

I'm smiling at that visual. "Slow your roll, girlfriend. You know you like it when he brags on your cooking."

"Never mind him. Tell me what had you out shopping on Hell Day."

I sober. "I figured Christmas would be a no-show for me and I was okay with that. Then, I woke up this morning with Ma'dear's voice in my head, demanding I keep my word to celebrate Kwanzaa. Ma'dear tipped her hat to Christmas, but Kwanzaa was her holiday of choice."

"Chick, picking up a few fruits and veggies does *not* qualify as shopping. You had me going for a minute. I take back my sympathy."

"Shows what you know! Taylor grabbed Ma'dear's Kwanzaa set the day of the funeral. I had to buy everything new -- from the Kinara to the libation cup."

"That damned bitch needs her tail twisted. She *knows* Ma'Dear meant you to have that set!" A loud clanging accompanies her words. Whenever Dani is pissed, she throws cooking utensils.

"You banging those stainless-steel-with-gold-accent pots Andrew just bought you?"

She giggles. "Damn, girl, Andrew will shit bricks if I dented one." Her voice hardens. "But I get riled when I think how wrong that entire family is for treating you like they do."

"It's okay, really... well, not the shopping part, but everything else. See, they can't stand that Ma'dear left them all her money but left the house to me. Thank goodness, the apartment manager let me break my lease so I could move in so quickly. All my good memories are here."

"I still don't think you should be alone right now. Don't they say the holidays are the worst time for folk who are grieving? Add finding and losing a boyfriend in one day, then moving --" she exhales on a long sigh, "-- I don't think you've recovered from all that. Why not celebrate Kwanzaa with us?"

Her offer chokes me up. I know she and Andrew meant to celebrate the holiday alone, just him, her and their coming baby. "I can't. Thanks for asking me, but I want to

spend this first Kwanzaa without Ma'dear by myself. I want to honor the memory of the woman who rescued me from abuse and neglect, took me in, and made me part of her family."

Danika huffs. "Well, the rest of her family isn't acting like you're part of it. Besides, do you have to honor her alone?"

"I *want* to."

"Because?"

I blink back welling tears. "I'm not comfortable displaying my emotions. Alone, I won't have to hold back. Ma'dear deserves my tears, don't you think?"

"*She* wouldn't think that, missy may. Fine. Just promise me if you get too lonely, you'll come over and... What's that noise?"

That noise is thunderous banging on my front door. "Someone's knocking. Hold on a sec..."

I push up from the floor and peek through the security opening. Ma'dear's neighborhood isn't too bad, but it isn't crime-free. I'm not slinging open a door before checking out who's trying to gain entry.

Two big men are standing on my porch. Both are tall and broad, dressed in some type of uniform and looking like matching bookends. Their shoulder length blond hair shifts in the gusting breeze. One's facing the street, his chiseled profile all I can see. The other's facing the door, glaring toward the spyhole set high in the panel. Even contorted with anger, his face is so beautiful the air stalls in my lungs. He looks familiar, but I know I've never seen him before... no red-blooded woman could forget that face!

I'm staring through the one-way peephole and I swear his glacial stare meets my eye, seems to slam into me. I freeze, muscles locking in panic.

Twirling about, I drop to my knees, snatch the phone and whisper, "Dani, stay on the line. There're two white guys on my porch. One looks mad as fire!"

"Are they KKK? Don't dare open that door till I get there..."

"No!" I hiss, frantic at the risk she might face, trying to help me. "Just stay on the line. I might need you to call 911."



She reluctantly gives in, grumbling, "Okay, but be careful. It's too late to find another godmother for my daughter."

"I will, promise."

The booming resumes. I set the phone to speaker, place it on the table and start struggling with the security bolt. "Hold onto your underwear, I'm coming!"

"You'd better *not* be!"

My hand fumbles. What the hell...? I know that voice! "Paul?"

"Paul?" Danika's voice shrieks over the phone. "Paul, as in the Giant Eagle hunk you shagged? The Paul you rhapsodized about all summer?"

"Hush, you're on speaker!"

It's been six months, but I haven't forgotten that voice. I'm frightened at my eagerness to see him once more. "Just a sec, this lock sticks..."

The door gives. I rush through it, only to bounce off the chest of the angry man standing in front of a scowling Paul, who is snarling, "Who is in the house with you? Who were you *coming* with?"

My brows contract. What's he talking about?

Large hands cup my shoulders, keep me from Paul. Electric blue eyes glare into my bemused gaze. "Are you Cheryl Dixon?"

"Yeah," I answer absently, leaning past him to gaze at my suspicious one-time lover. My pussy waters because he looks so good, better than my memories. "Paul? Hi..."

The man shakes my shoulders, snagging my attention. "Cheryl Dixon, I demand you do the honorable thing by giving my son's child a name!"

## Chapter Four

The two shoulder past me, into the house as I stand like a frozen statue, stunned speechless. Paul drops a furtive kiss on my unresponsive lips, quickly stepping away when the other man clears his throat in a disapproving rasp.

He flashes a guarded look toward the other man. "I'm sorry. I begged my father not to confront you like this..."

"Paulostros, be silent!" This dude snaps out the command like Ma'dear used to order, "Elbows off the table!"

I don't care who he is... no one talks ugly-voiced to the only man to ring my chimes. "Mister, you seriously need to chill. Speak to Paul like that again, and I'll have to ask you to leave."

Papa says nothing, simply turns and marches toward the still open door.

Paul throws a frantic glance my way before chasing after him. "Sire, she doesn't understand. *Eaya*, please stay and be my go-between?"

The man turns. "Because you claim my promise... and because you are my youngling son, I remain. But your woman must be polite."

His hoity-toity comment has me sputtering. "Why you uppity..."

Paul squeezes my hand, mutters, "Please, Cheryl, be *nice*."

Pops tut-tuts. "Enough drama... show her!"

Paul, his craggy face bearing a sheepish half-shy, half-proud smile, pulls aside the folds of his jacket. My mouth dries up, jaw goes slack as my gaze drops down his front.

*Holy shit!*

Eyes wide, I stare disbelieving at the huge bulge distorting that once hunkalicious body. Right there, below his manly chest and six-pack abs, protrudes a taut, rounded belly, a belly that looks very close to exploding -- a *pregnant* belly!

My hand is shaking as I point at the thing. "What the fuck is *that*?"

Paul's face falls, his smile evaporates. His big hands come up to protectively cradle his stomach. "This is your baby... well, *our* baby."

Good night, Irene, but the man I'd spent the entire summer mooning over is crazy as a mad cow! No *wonder* I hadn't gotten his number, back then... he'd been disconnected...

My laugh comes off sickly. "Paul, stop dog-dicking around. No way in hell you're pregnant with any child of *mine*..."

"Paulostros! If you have lied about this..."

Paul turns on his father, growling, "This human is the mother. I swear I've been with no other!"

The light finally dawns. Snickering, I pick up the phone. "Oh, I *get* it! Trust you to come up with a crazy prank to take my mind off the lonely holidays..."

"But..."

Laughing in relief, I override her. "Girl, this is the best trick ever! You *so* had me going! Where's the cameras, 'cause I know this must be headed for *America's Funniest Videos*, right? And how the *hell* did you manage to find Paul and get him to go along with this charade?"

Dani splutters. "Cheryl, no one in their right mind would think up a prank about a *man* getting pregnant!"

I laugh at that weak cover-up. "My point, exactly!"

"Listen, Cheryl, get out. Get away from those men. The police will be there soon. I've called 911..."

I snort. "Sure you have... Give it up, Dani."

I walk over to Paul and one-handedly pull his coat apart. "I'd like to know who did this fake belly. It looks so real, this artificial skin feels warm and giving..." I poke

Paul's protruding gut, smoothing my hand over the curving bulge. Something kicks beneath my palm. "Hell's bells!"

I swear to God, a tiny foot is pressing against the taut skin of its *father's* distended belly, perfectly outlined for one unbelievable moment in time.

Every drop of blood in my body rushes south, leaving me lightheaded and dizzy. The phone drops a second time as I back away, muttering, "That's not *possible!*"

"Cheryl! Cheryl? Are you all right? Cheryl, goddammit, what's happening? Pick up that phone and answer me!"

Danika's panicky voice sounds distant and shrill, anxious over the abandoned phone, but I can't move, can't peel my eyes off the alien's bulge to save my life. Pick up the phone? Okay. Right after I pick up my jaw!

Every muscle in my body is rigid with growing fear. Hell, I'm a *Star Trek* fan from way back. No one needs to tell me there are two extraterrestrials in my living room. Aggrieved, I glare at Paul. "Seems you left something out of your introduction, *alien* white boy!"

"Cheryl..."

A pounding starts up in my temples. I hold up my hand. "Shut up, ET. It doesn't take Mr. Spock's logic to know there are no such things as a cramp-less period, Santa Claus, or the Easter bunny. There sure as hell are *no* pregnant *Earth* men!" I'm yelling at this point.

Daddy's face darkens. "You didn't even know what *species* of male you were fucking?" Pops twists to face Paul, lips thin, eyes blazing. "I raised you better than to fall prey to the first fuck-'em-and-leave-'em Earth female to return your sideways glance. This is disgraceful!"

My heart hurts, watching Paul's face blush beet red with shame.

The pounding increases. "I wasn't planning on fucking him! It was totally spur of the moment. Damn it all, I had just decided to *live!*"

"*Eaya*, she was so vigorous, so take-charge... her beauty overwhelmed me!"

Imperious Dude holds up his hand. "I don't care if she *is* plump and beautiful, not to mention wonderfully dark, you should have held out for more than an afternoon tumble."

"I did!" Paul turns his head to frown at me. "She led me to believe it was more than an afternoon meeting for us. I didn't give in until she proposed parenthood."

"That's a bald-faced lie! I *never* asked you to marry me. That would've been bass ackwards as hell." Oh God, none of this makes any sense. Why am I arguing with them?

"But you did, Cheryl! When I asked if you wanted me to finish, you said, 'I want you to get yours, too. Bring us home, daddy!' It is the same as a proposal."

I vaguely recall saying something along those lines, but at the time, I'd been chasing multiple orgasms. My mind hadn't been on conversation, but on coming.

I watch his expressive aquamarine eyes swim with crystalline tears, cringing as they threaten to spill over. Paul's lost puppy-dog eyes make me squirm. He *has* to be making this shit up, but that betrayed stare is a dagger in my heart.

"How in hell was I to know you'd take those words as a marriage proposal? Okay, I liked you... a lot, wanted to explore our attraction further, as I wrote in the note. I came home from work to find you'd disappeared..." I swallow past the lump in my throat, remembering the pain of that discovery. "Paul, why did you leave?"

Paul steps closer, pulls my chilled body next to his. I jump when his pregnant belly presses against me and his arms fall. "I left to bid my family the traditional week's farewell. I returned to a vacant apartment. You'd left no forwarding address. Nothing says 'fuck off' like an empty house."

Pops rubs Paul's back. "My boy left home ecstatic to return devastated. He hid his sorrow and shame for a long time, but once he started showing, his mother made him give me your name."

"*Eaya!*" The chagrin on Paul's usually stoic face shames me. I'd misjudged him. He hadn't played fast and loose with me. He hadn't meant that one afternoon to be all that was between us!

"My grandmother died and left me this house a month before I met you. Probate closed three days after..."

"...getting my son with child," Protective Dad snarls. "My Paulostros was pure. Now you sully his good name by making him bear a motherless child."

I put both hands to my throbbing temples. "First off, I didn't know any of this! Second..." I can't think of a damned thing with that shrill noise growing louder.

Clenching my jaw, I grit out, "I never wanted a child of mine growing up without both parents. That's why I've been careful not to get caught."

Paul raises his chin, aggravated pride carved into every line of his chiseled face. "Are you saying I was careless? *Easy?*"

"Well, you *are* the one sporting the belly."

Both males gasp in outrage.

"You *told* me to finish! I was just going to come, but oh, no... You demanded the whole shebang! Now you're trying to weasel out of our mating with the lame excuse about not knowing I was an Apteran." His eyes narrow. "I bet you wouldn't have had anything to do with me if you'd known I wasn't human, would you?"

I crowd him, get up in his face. "Are you calling *me* a *bigot?*"

"Answer my question, first."

"I don't know, okay? The point is moot now, anyway. We met. We screwed..." My eyes gravitate to THE BELLY... "Oh, God am I *screwed!*"

"Cheryl Annette Dixon, you CAD! Pick up the phone this *instant!*"

"Oh, hell!" Danika is still on the phone.

Paul executes this funny sideways bend, circumventing his pregnant belly to grab the cordless before I can. "Who dares call my woman a cad?"

I snatch the phone out of his hands. "Dani's my best friend. CAD are my initials. Girlfriend, you catching all this?"

"You betcha! I'm gonna be a godmother." She has the nerve to laugh.

"This is *so* not funny. What am I going to do?"

“You’re gonna be a daddy so if I were you, I’d hide the evidence from the police.  
Oh, and Cheryl... stop by on your way to wherever.”

The phone goes dead.

Shrill sirens. Cops. “Oh shit!”

## Chapter Five

Daddy Alien and I wave until the officer's car turns the corner. Slamming the door, I drop his arm like it's nuclear waste, rushing to free Paul from the closet.

He explodes out of the small space and -- I have to say it -- *waddles* up the hall. "I have to pee. *Your* son is sitting on my bladder."

"Um, okay..." I bite my lip. "Need some help?"

"Sure. You can hold my cock while I piss!" He shoots me a disgruntled glare as he pulls the door closed.

*Ouch!* "Guess shoving him into the closet didn't sweeten his mood, but it sure beat explaining a pregnant man to the cops."

Papa Smurf's lips turn up into an honest-to-goodness smile, which, honestly, is more disturbing than the discovery of aliens among us. "This is Paulostros' first birthing. It's normal he be a bit fractious."

"How the hell do you guys hide something as weird as male pregnancy? Why hasn't the *Enquirer* ran this story?"

"Both for protection and because the last Fralls before birthing are a private time for us, we go into seclusion when we begin showing. Only a few mated humans know of us and so far they have been honorable and loyal." He cocks a questioning eyebrow.

I grimace. "Your secret's safe with me. Though, if I ever need a quick mil..."

Before he can respond, Paul comes out of the bathroom, wiping his hands down the side of his slacks. "I couldn't find a hand towel." He winks. "Lucky for you, Dad trained all his sons to do household chores."

His dimpled grin makes my pussy clench. All of a sudden, I realize this situation is real. It isn't a fantasy and it isn't going to go away. I feel lightheaded. That tiny foot outlined against Paul's taut belly belongs to a little life I've helped create.



Paul is carrying *my* baby, something -- if I remain with him -- I will never do. A shitload of emotions run through me, sadness the foremost. I honestly thought I'd never want children. Seems I do.

I have to set aside my musing for a later time. Right now, I have a full plate of impossibilities to deal with... "So, what do we do now?"

His father opens his mouth, but Paul holds up his hand. "I believe I can take it from here, *Eaya*. Please, wait outside."

Pops switches his gimlet gaze to me. "I warn you... do not play fast and loose with my son."

I bite my lip, fighting a groaning laugh as he opens the door and walks out. Damn it, how'd I end up in this wrong-sided baby-mama-drama?

## Chapter Six

Paul comes over to me, smiling. Taking my hands, he leads me toward the couch. "Please don't mind *Eaya*. He's overprotective because I'm his youngest son, but the first to find a mate."

I sit while Paul remains standing, holding onto my hands. "First off, I need to apologize to you."

My eyes drop to his belly and I fidget. "Looks like I'm the one who needs to do that."

"No. We Apterans differ from Humans in many ways."

"You *think*?"

He shushes me. "We recognize our mates instantly. You had no way of knowing what was going on, but I knew exactly what I was doing." He sighs, turns and sinks down beside me. "I could see your honesty, your honor. I tricked you into seducing me, getting me with child so you would have to marry me. I even let my family think you played fast and loose with me. I am ashamed because even now, I cannot say sorry and mean it."

"Wha-what are you saying?"

"I love you. In my culture, it is the woman's place to ask this, but I must know..." He slips off the couch onto his knees. "Please, Cheryl, will you take me as yours? Accept the gift of this child I will bear you and bind our lives as one. I swear to give you all the children you desire, to keep your home in order and..." His face lights up. "You liked all those orgasms?"

I feel my face flush, recalling how I'd thrashed and screamed under and above him. "Y-yes."

"Well, I was an ignorant virgin, but now I'm mated, the uncles have promised to instruct me in how to get it right."

I gulp. "Oh God, if you get any better, I'll melt into a giant chocolate puddle of satiated lust!"

I don't know I'm crying until he wipes the tears from my face. "Please don't cry!"

Placing my hands over his, I kiss his palms. "I can't help it. I've never heard anything so beautiful. A girl couldn't ask for a sweeter proposal."

He laughs a little. "Even if the guy isn't traditionally the one to give it?"

I pull his head down and kiss his lips. "Never you mind about tradition. We'll make our own."

Paul's eyes brighten. "Does this mean..."

I rise, help Paul off his knees and push him down on the couch. I go down on my knees. "Paul... Say, what *is* your full name, anyway?"

"Paulostros m'Alyia. Children take the name of their mother. When we mate, I'll be Paulostros zi'Cheryl... Paulostros who belongs to Cheryl."

"In your society, ladies are the head of the house?"

He nods, blue eyes twinkling.

"Oh, I could get used to that!"

"What was it you said about making our own traditions?"

I laugh. "Shut up and listen 'cause I'm a big woman and my knees are already killing me."

Paul's jaw firms as he tugs at my hands. "Get up, love! I won't have you hurting."

"Hush!" I shift onto one knee. "Paulostros m'Alyia, I love you. Will you do me the great honor of marrying me?"

Paul grins. "Yes!"

"I can't predict what in hell our lives will be like, but I'm betting we'll never be bored. I own this house. My job pays enough to support us..."

Two fingers stop me. "I'll always treasure you offering for me before learning of my mate portion. Love, I bring enough to provide all our family will ever need."

"Nice, now stop talking. Let's seal this bargain right..."

I lean in and meet Paul's lips. Man, it's better than I remember. Paul's kisses are intense, his caresses scandalously carnal. I'm wet and aching when Pops bangs on the door. "No sex until Paulo stros gives birth!"

We break apart, gasping. I groan, "*No sex?*"

Paul tongues my ear, palms my mound, and whispers, "No way... I'm starving for a taste of this sweet pussy."

Thank God for panties. Otherwise, my couch would be soaked.

Later, we snuggle, holding hands. Paul kisses me. "Spend the holidays with us? Come meet my family."

I touch his belly. "You're my family... you and baby."

He smiles, hugging me close. "Yes!"

Kwanzaa means "First Fruits" and this year I'll celebrate the holiday with Paul. I know Ma'dear would've been the first to bless our union. After all, the gifts of Love and Family are what Christmas and Kwanzaa are all about.

**Merry Christmas and Happy Kwanzaa!**

## **Camille Anthony**

A California native, Camille Anthony now lives in Ohio, where she enjoys, of all things, snow. A fertile imagination and a love of both romance and science fiction fuel her writing. Her favorite stories are those of strong, honorable people -- whatever the race or planet of origin -- who are driven by love and lust to find and do that one special someone. Camille likes her heroines feisty, her heroes dominant and her passion red hot! She loves to hear from her readers. You can e-mail her at [CamilleAnthony@CamilleAnthony.com](mailto:CamilleAnthony@CamilleAnthony.com) or visit her website at <http://www.camilleanthony.com>. Your comments and suggestions are appreciated.