



Forbidden Publications



Merry Christmas to Me

Aline de Chevigny

Merry Christmas to Me!

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ME

ALINE DE CHEVIGNY

Copyright © 2007

Cover Art by RENE WILSON © 2007

Edited by RENE WILSON - No copyright assigned.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or by an information storage and retrieval system-except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a magazine, newspaper, or on the Web -without permission in writing from the publisher. For information, please contact the publisher via regular mail.

All characters in this book have no existence outside the imagination of the author and have no relation whatsoever to anyone bearing the same name or names. They are not even distantly inspired by any individual known or unknown to the author, and all incidents are pure invention.

ISBN: Not Assigned.

Published by Forbidden Publications, NOVEMBER 2007

Forbidden Publications

PO Box 153

East Prairie, MO 63845

www.forbiddenpublications.com

Chapter 1

When Samantha informed her that the company President had made the decision to cancel all flights in and out of camp until after Christmas, Jennifer did the one thing she'd never done before. She lost her temper! "Damnit, Sam, I've worked Christmas the past three years in a row. I was promised this Christmas off. If they knew they were planning this, why not send me home a day or two early?"

"I don't know Jennifer. I really wish I could answer that question for you. They had four empty seats yesterday..."

"And?"

"Jerry, Ken, Allison, and Mark took them before anyone else even knew they were free."

"You have to be shitting me!"

"I'm quite serious. They are all sitting at home with their families while you and others, who had been promised leave, are stuck here until next Friday. I'm sorry Jennifer, I wish there was something I could do."

Cursing under her breath, she grabbed her laptop and stormed out of the lab, letting the door slam shut behind her.

She'd never felt so angry. How could they disappoint so many people without even a second thought? They'd used some lame ass excuse about the flight crew wishing to spend the holidays with their families. Well Duh! Who didn't? Unfortunately for her and everyone else in her boat, they couldn't leave the site if the plane didn't show. "Damn, stupid, inconsiderate..."

Her tirade was cut short by what felt like walking into a brick wall. Looking

up...and up, she came face to...chest with the new hottie mechanic at camp. She knew it was Franko Chissolm, she recognized the shirt.

Taking a step back, she tilted her head further to look him in the face to apologize. Her mouth dried up at the sight of him. He was even more impressive to look at up close. His scar, the one everyone was talking about, made him look distinguished and dangerous. She always did like dangerous. "Uhm...I...ahhh... Damn, sorry about that." She didn't understand why he quickly narrowed his eyes at her in anger.

"Listen, lady, I may not be much to look at anymore, but you can stop starrng at my scars right this second!"

Jennifer took another step back in surprise and frowned. Her bad mood had just gotten worse thanks to his obvious rudeness. "Listen, I already apologized for walking into you, and might I remind you I'm the one who got hurt here! You're built like a freaking brick wall where I ...let's just say...I'm not. As for your scars, honey I have no idea who you've been listening to, but you are a serious babe. You'd better get used to tongue tied idiots like me acting like dolts around you. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go before I stick my foot any further into my mouth."

Brushing past him, she fought to control the blushes she felt heating her cheeks. She really needed to learn to control her mouth when annoyed. Although, the look on his face when she called him a babe, was worth some embarrassment.

Reaching the door to her dorm residence, she couldn't resist one last look back to see if he was still watching her.

* * * *

"Franko? Yo, Chissolm! I wasn't running that late. Frank? Damnit man, snap out of it, or we'll be late for super."

Franko ignored the use of Jay slang for his name. His friend knew he hated being called Frank. It was the Italian in him, nicknames were disrespectful. He also knew that

the kitchen wouldn't open for at least another half hour, which was probably why the feisty brunette was heading to her room and not the kitchens. "Who is that?"

"Who's who?"

Throwing his partner a look filled with disgust, he nodded towards the woman's retreating form. "Her!"

"She's no one, forget her. Really, Franko, if you're gonna pick yourself a camp..."

"Don't say it!" The heat in his voice must have convinced Jay to keep that thought behind closed lips. He hated when the men boasted about how easily they could tumble some unsuspecting woman into their beds for an evening of fun. Women needed to be treated with respect, and that one...that one...needed special handling.

"All I'm saying, buddy, is pick someone you can actually have a chance at seducing. That one doesn't warm up for anyone."

Good, that's exactly what I was hoping to hear. Glaring Jay down, he waited until his friend answered his question.

"Fine, her name is Jennifer Carson. She works in the lab doing research and development. Pray you never get sent to fix any of her equipment in there. The woman is picky and anal about how the work is done."

"You almost sound afraid of her."

"Not afraid, just...smart enough to keep my distance, and so should you. Now can we go eat?"

Franko ignored him and kept watching the window. It got dark fast at this time of year, and she'd need to turn on a light to see. Then he'd know which room was hers.

"Fine, you stay here and freeze. I'm going to the cafeteria where it's warm to eat."

"Hey, Jay, one more question. Why was she so pissed tonight?"

The heavy sigh that came from his friend's throat as he turned back to face him made Franko grin. If he hadn't been friends with Jay for the past thirty-five years, his reaction might have swayed him to forget about the girl for the night and go to supper. But Franko knew there was more going on here than he was letting on.

"Franko..."

"Just answer the question. Hell, we can even work our way toward the kitchens while you talk. I've seen what I needed to."

Jay looked up at him in defeat. "You aren't gonna let this go, are you?"

Turning to walk away, Franko grinned. "She called me a babe." He could hear his friend curse, then hurry to catch up with him. It had definitely been too long since he'd had a reason to smile.

"Repeat that!"

"She said, and I quote...'You are a serious babe'...end quote. You of all people know what I've been through since the accident. When Crystal called off the wedding because she couldn't stand to look at me... This one is different. So why is she so angry tonight?"

Jay snorted and shrugged. Franko could tell he wasn't taking him seriously. He'd soon learn. Narrowing his eyes, he waited until Jay forked over the information he wanted.

"I'm not sure, bro. I heard that they cancelled the flights out without warning, and now she's stranded here over the holidays. But seriously, that just means seven days overtime, and with her salary, I'd be as giddy as a school girl."

Franko threw his head back and laughed. "When money's involved, you're always as giddy as a school girl."

"Hey!"

Opening the door, he paused mid-step. "You do realize there more to life than money, right? Maybe her husband had special plans for them this Christmas?"

Jay gave him a shove to get him moving. His friend always did hate the cold, and today it was especially chilly. "She's not married, and before you ask, 'cause I know you will, she's not dating anyone either. Now, can we please get out of the cold?"

Taking off his boots, he let that piece of information sink in. She was single...free to seduce...and interested! This was going to be a very good Christmas after all.

Chapter 2

Jennifer closed the door behind her with a soft sigh. *Damn that man is gorgeous!* Crossing to her window, she pulled the shade back with her fingers and peeked out to see if he was still there. Her cheeks burned to find him staring up at her window. His eyes, a deep ocean blue, caught hers, and a slow sensual smile curved his lips. She was in serious trouble.

Turning away from the window, she sat on her bed and glared at her packed suitcases. She seriously wasn't looking forward to the phone calls home, telling her parents and nephews that she wouldn't be home again this year. They'd been so excited when they heard from her sister that she might make it for the holidays. Damn that woman anyway, now she had to disappoint them.

She wasn't sure what was worse, having two young boys back home upset with her. Or being stuck here after having told the man of her dreams she thought he was a babe. This was going to be a long seven days.

Suddenly she wasn't feeling so hungry anymore. The mere thought of facing Franko again so soon was more than she could take after the day she'd had. Sleep should put everything into perspective for her and hopefully help her decide how to deal with her dream man. Things would be so much simpler if he was attracted to her in return.

* * * *

"Stop staring at the door like a love sick puppy waiting for his owner to appear. She isn't coming. She hasn't come to dinner in three days; she isn't going to come

tonight."

The mere fact that Jay knew this only solidified the fact that his friend knew more than he was letting on. "Okay, that's it. If you want to stay my friend, you will tell me why you've been trying so hard to talk me out of going after her, and how you know so damned much about my girl!"

Watching Jay choke on his soup was somewhat satisfying. Served the little bastard right for keeping secrets about Jennifer from him.

"Your girl? Franko..."

"Jay if you don't tell me, I'll go find out myself." Standing, he looked down when Jay placed his hand on his arm to stop him from moving away.

"If she were to find out..."

Sitting down, his fists clenched as suspicion flowed through him. He wasn't going to like this. "Find's out about what?"

"There's this wager...to see who gets her in their bed first."

Grabbing his friend by the collar, Franko pulled him within an inch of his face. "And how do you know this?"

"It's all over camp. You've just been too preoccupied to notice."

Releasing him, Franko turned his attention back to the door. That explained so much, like why Jennifer would turn away whenever she saw him. Now he knew why she'd been avoiding him. "Tell me how you know she isn't coming to eat."

Jay flinched at his tone. "See that girl over there?"

Franko turned in the direction Jay pointed and recognized the woman immediately. Cassidy Taylor, the most easily caught woman in camp, and she liked it that way. He'd met her his first day there and had gotten a look of complete revulsion when her eyes landed on his face. The woman might be a blonde bombshell, but he certainly wasn't interested. Ignoring the fact that she just wasn't his type, he felt ill at ease with the knowledge that she couldn't keep her legs together. He'd gone that route once before...never again. "What about her?"

"She's more you're..."

"Jay, I swear... if you finish that sentence, I'll beat you senseless with my tray!"

"Ok fine. That is Jennifer's dorm mate, and the guy she's talking to, well he's trying to bag up some supper for her as we speak."

"Her as in Jennifer?"

"Yep, but he seems to be having some trouble. Cassidy keep filling the bag with things *your* girl is seriously allergic to or can't stand." An evil sounding chuckle left his friends lips as he turned back to his meal. "Nate should just give in and sleep with her. It's all she wants, then she'd leave him alone. But the damn fool pays attention to no woman at camp but Jennifer."

Franko looked the man over. He knew Nathaniel Coventry, was even on friendly terms with him. That would probably change when he made his interest in Jennifer known if they were truly as close as Jay hinted. All this would be so much easier if he hated the guy, then he'd have no misgivings about stealing her away from him. "That reminds me Jay, hands off my girl! As of this second, Jennifer is off limits. No more bets or attempts to seduce her. Are we clear?" The shocked look on his friend's face didn't faze him one bit. He'd never felt better about a decision than he did right now. He'd deal with Nathaniel if and when it became necessary.

"I think you're completely insane. Do you really think she'll dump him for you?" Jay said pointing in Nathaniel's direction. "He's the reason Cassidy hates Jennifer so much."

Jay's words hit below the belt. What woman in her right mind would chose him over Nathaniel now? Images of Jennifer's heart shaped face, eyes wide in shock at the words she'd just uttered, flowed across his vision answering his question. She would. "How close are they really?"

"They're friends, you know, the kind you hang out with even outside of work."

"And?" Jay knew way too much about this situation for it to be a coincidence, and it pissed him off that he kept trying to push him towards other women and away from the one he wanted.

"Hell man, what am I some radio announcer? Your own personal soothsayer?"

Ask him yourself if you wanna know that badly."

Franko watched Cassidy approach Nate with a suggestive swagger, the woman had no shame. Nate smiled politely and spoke to her softly, keeping their conversation private. Whatever he said pissed her off so badly she screeched incoherently and stormed out of the cafeteria.

Her outburst gave him the perfect idea to get the answers he needed. Without a word to Jay, he got up and went over to test his theory. It was time to find out if he had a chance with his perfect woman. "Hey Nate, can I ask you a favor?"

Nathanial eyed him suspiciously, yet still nodded. "You can ask, but I reserve the right to say no. What's up?"

"I understand that you're friends with Jennifer Carson."

Nathanial turned to walk away. "Forget it, Franko."

"Hear me out before you turn me down."

"I don't see how it will help you, but you have five minutes."

Taking a deep breath he relaxed, that was more than enough time. "I need to apologize to her for being an arrogant, rude ass a few days ago. I've been meaning to apologize to her but she's been impossible to find. I understand she isn't coming to eat, and I thought...perhaps...with your help I could bring her something as a peace offering."

"Why?"

"Because I'm the new mechanic assigned to the lab, and I don't want to start this relationship off on a bad footing." The look Nate gave him told her he didn't believe a word and Franko needed to tell him the truth.

"Try again!"

"I think she's feisty and beautiful."

"Forget it."

"She called me a babe before telling me off." He hadn't meant to tell the man that particular bit of truth, but the look on Nate's face made him think that was the key to getting what he wanted.

"Follow me. There's a few key things you need to know if you plan on wooing Jennifer. She has allergies —the fewer people who know, the better. You know as well as I do that people like to play stupid practical jokes that could be dangerous."

He didn't know how right he was. "What should I be watching out for?"

"No nuts, no fish, and definitely no strawberries. She always has an eppy pen in her front thigh pocket. If you see her go down, use it!"

Thinking back to what Jay had told him, he realized they had a serious issue at hand. "I think the cat's out of the bag. Jay knew about the allergies."

Nathanial shrugged. "It was bound to happen sooner or later. This just means she needs to watch what she eats a little more closely than others."

"So, what does she like?"

"You have got to be kidding me!"

He felt like an idiot, but he'd never noticed her before the day she walked into him and pulled him out of the nightmare he'd fallen into. Hell, he'd never taken notice of any woman at camp in that way before that day. He'd been too busy feeling sorry for himself. "Sorry, I've pretty much been living in my own little cocoon since I got here."

Nathanial laughed and grabbed a tray. "There's three things she can't live without—chocolate, cherries, and if at all possible...a BLT sandwich."

Franko laughed, this one was definitely special. "Give me a few minutes and I'll have all three of those food groups ready to go. Thanks Nate, you won't regret doing this."

"Oh yes I will. First Jennifer will kill me, then Cassidy will learn the truth about my relationship with Jen and start her attack all over again."

A sudden pang of jealousy assailed him. What exactly was their relationship? "Should I..." Franko stopped talking. Nathanial seemed to come to a decision, and he didn't want to say anything that might change the man's mind.

"This goes no further than here. You can't tell anyone, not even that friend of yours."

"Of course. Hey, Kurt, can I get a BLT on..." He didn't know what kind of bread

his girl liked.

"White."

"...on white to go please."

"Sure thing, Franko, but just the one? That's not like you," he teased turning to start on the request.

"You know me too well, Kurt, better make it two." Turning back to Nate, he ignored the knowing grin. Nathaniel was playing matchmaker, and Franko wasn't above letting him. "Sorry about that, you were saying?"

"Jen is my cousin."

Franko laughed in surprise and wiped at the tears that formed in his eyes in relief. "Christ that was unexpected, and forgive me for saying so, but a damn relief as well. I thought I'd have to fight you for her."

"Hurt her in any way and I swear your life is forfeit!"

That, Franko swore to himself, would never happen. "She's more likely to hurt me."

"Not Jennifer, she'd never do something like that. My cousin may be a tad outspoken on occasion, but she's honest about her feelings. When she says something, she means it."

After his accident, he thought he'd never recover from the injuries. The injuries had been so severe, they'd kept him in the hospital for a month, tubes running in and out of him to help him recover. He'd barely been allowed visitors when Crystal had sashayed into his room and informed him that they were through. She couldn't be seen with a freak who was half-deformed, she had a reputation to keep. He was crushed. Crystal had decided she needed a man who was flawless, and that wasn't him anymore.

Having been hurt once, he was now a little more leery of trusting people, especially women. But Jennifer did things to him. She'd awakened a yearning he couldn't deny or resist. He wanted her. "So, she meant it when she called me a babe?"

Nate shook his head and laughed. "I still can't believe she said that. You must have flustered her good for that to come out of her mouth."

Franko took the sandwiches with a nod of thanks and headed for the desert cart, stopping only long enough to grab a few packets of cheese and some vegetables before aiming straight for the double-decker, chocolate explosion cake. If that didn't get him in the door, nothing would. "She sounded more feisty than flustered. No trace of fear, and she told me off good for being an ass."

For the first time in nearly a year, he felt like smiling and didn't care how it made him look to others. Walking out into the cold winter night air, he pulled his collar up around his neck. Looking around, he noticed all the people around him were exchanging gifts while wearing ridiculous Santa hats. He needed one of those hats...

"You do realize that nothing you could have said to me tonight would have convinced me to help you if I hadn't already known that Jennifer has the hots for you." Nathaniel announced taking a sip of his coffee, watching him for his reaction.

Franko choked on his coffee. "She what?"

Nate was grinning from ear to ear, his hazel eyes sparkling in the light of the lamppost. "Jennifer has the total hots for you. Has since the very first day you stepped off that bus. She's the one who requested for you to be assigned to the lab."

Wiping the liquid off his jacket, before it froze, he turned a glare on his new friend. "Okay how the hell do you know that? We just met this week, not three days ago, and I'm positive you haven't had a chance to talk to her yet."

"I'm her cousin, remember?"

Swiping a hat from the apprentice assigned to him, Franko grinned at the boy. "Thanks, Kid. I'll give it back in the morning."

"Keep it, Franko, I would have brought you one, but I didn't think you'd be in a celebratory mood."

"Tonight, I'm definitely in a celebratory mood kid." Turning back to Nate, he cocked an eyebrow and waited.

"She lives across the hall from me at camp and next door at home. She caved almost three weeks ago about you. I was trying to set her up on a date with one of my friends from college, and she turned me down flat. I got curious and kept at her until

she told me.”

Franko stopped adjusting the hat on his head and turned an angry glare on Nate. “You tried to set up my girl with another guy?”

“Whoa, big guy! You just met her, remember. She isn’t your girl yet. Although, if that’s how you plan on informing her of your interest, I want front row seats so I can watch when she pops you one.”

He agreed he’d just met her, but when it was right, why fight it? Stopping in front of Jennifer’s door, Franko flashed him a grin. “So, how do I look?”

Nate laughed and unlocked his door. “This is one Christmas that woman will definitely never forget. I may survive this yet.”

Chapter 3

Jennifer paced around the room for the hundredth time that hour. The walls were starting to close in on her. She couldn't take much more, if Nathaniel didn't get there soon, she was going out. Three days of avoiding Franko were taking their toll, especially when all she wanted to do was... "There you are, Natha...Franko? What are you...?" The words dried in her throat when she saw the grin spread over his lips. He was the last person she thought she'd find at her door.

"Merry Christmas, feisty one. I came bearing gifts and an apology."

Her voice refused to cooperate, but that didn't matter to her unexpected guest. He reached out with a gentle hand under her chin and closed her mouth, then entered the room without waiting for an invite.

"What do you think of my hat?"

Tearing her eyes away from his perfect, chiseled features, she looked up at the hat on his head and burst into laughter. She didn't know where he found the thing, but he had a lopsided Santa's hat on his head. It made him look even more adorable than usual, if that were even possible. "Are you supposed to be Father Christmas, or one of his elves?"

"Call me St-Franko, your own personal Christmas elf. I've been sent here to make your Christmas wish come true."

Closing the door, she leaned back against the cool metal surface and fondly watched this giant of a man unpack the brown paper bag lunch he'd brought with him onto her heavily cluttered desk. "You're awfully big to be an elf. Besides you silly man, my Christmas wish can't come true as long as I'm stuck here."

Looking up from his task, he flashed her a seductive grin. "I'm a special kind of

elf, and I heard a little rumor that you weren't leaving your room tonight. So, I decided to bring supper to you."

That got her attention, and had her moving forward to look more closely at the selection he'd placed on the desk. "What did you bring me?"

"We have a BLT sandwich on white bread with extra mayo. Some cheese packets and vegetables with ranch dip, and for desert..."

"If you say 'me', then I think I may have died and gone to wet dream heaven." She teased, taking the last step towards the desk to peak inside the bag.

"I was going to say a slice of double-decker, chocolate explosion cake, but I think I like your suggestion better."

Before she could even think up an appropriate come back, he had her in his arms and locked in a heated kiss that rivaled all her daydreams and fantasies. His lips were hot and insistent against hers, demanding her surrender. Jennifer knew she never stood a chance resisting him, nor did she want to.

After having spent the last two months fantasizing about this man, to ask him to stop now would have been foolhardy to say the least.

"Okay, there's definitely heat and attraction here," he whispered, resting his forehead against hers while catching his breath. "I shouldn't have done that."

A cold emptiness washed over her when he let her go. "Why'd you stop?" The blank expression that crossed his handsome features was so out of character for him, she started to wonder what she'd done wrong.

Tenderly cupping his scarred cheek, she searched his ocean blue eyes for any clue to the problem. Running her thumb along his strong square jaw, she contemplated everything she'd learnt about him since that first day he arrived. The more she'd learnt, the more she wanted to know. Maybe she'd been too forward with him, moved too quickly? *But he's made the first move.*

"I guess the intensity of that kiss caught me a little off guard."

"Are you sure it isn't more than that?"

Franko took her back into his arms and held her close. The tiny action saved her

bruised pride. "I'm positive, honey, and I plan on trying that kissing thing again after we eat."

Grinning, she pressed her herself closer and cupped a hand around his other cheek, then stood on her toes to kiss him again. "Why wait?" She'd wanted to do this for so long now, there was no way in hell she was letting food distract her.

"Or not," he announced with a laugh, tightening his hold around her and giving into her demand.

Jennifer knew what she wanted, him naked in her bed, and if Franko was willing, she was determined to get it. The second she felt his hands on her ass, she used that leverage to climb up his body and wrapped her legs around his waist to support herself. A soft moan of pleasure escaped her, as his lips left a path of fiery kisses down her neck and back to her lips.

No one had ever made her feel this wanton with just one kiss before. She wanted him, and all that clothing he was wearing was getting in the way of her desire. "We should lock the door." She whispered into his ear, while his lips traveled down her neck towards the swell of her breasts.

Sliding his hands more firmly under her ass, he recaptured her lips in a heated kiss and stepped over to lock the door.

"Franko, aren't I getting heavy?"

"Honey, my tool belt weighs more than you do."

Jennifer laughed at his serious tone and ran her fingers through the sides of his salt and pepper hair. He was only three years her senior at thirty seven, but the white was already outnumbering the black in his short, thick, curls. "Are you comparing me to your tool belt?"

Franko's eyes widened as he realized how badly his words sounded. His arms tightening around her instinctively. "I didn't mean..."

Sliding her hands down into the waist of his pants, she leaned in close. "Does this mean you'll be using your big hard tool on me?"

Grinning, he switched his grip on her, took the three steps back to the bed, before

dropping her onto the soft mattress, and pinning her in place with his body. "You are feisty tonight, aren't you?"

Kissing the tip of his nose, she grinned. "It's the hat. I can't seem to control myself while it's around. Does that worry you, Mr. Chissolm?"

"Nope, but I seriously need to thank the kid for the hat." His fingers traced the contours of her face, as if he was feeling undecided what to do next. "Do you know how truly beautiful you are?"

A hot blush spread across her cheeks at the compliment. "The only people who feel that way are you and my family. The men here are only interested in winning that damned bet."

"Well, I'm not, I couldn't care less about the damn thing, and if other men here want to reach the New Year, they'll stop trying to bed *my girl*. Cause as of this moment, that's what you are."

Being the pragmatist that she was, she couldn't lie to herself. Jennifer reluctantly admitted that he could be lying to her. The question now was, did she really care? "Franko, I..."

"And why should you believe that when I'm lying in your bed half naked with you below me?" Franko rolled aside and threw his arm over his eyes. "Jennifer, I want more than one night of mind blowing sex from you."

Sitting up she straddled his waist and leaned down to kiss him. She didn't care if he was lying to her. Her feelings were real, and right now, as lonely as she felt, that was all that mattered. "I have plans for you, Mr. Chissolm, and may I remind you that your half dressed state is of my doing."

"Jennifer..."

"Are you afraid of me?"

"No, of course not, but...are you sure of this honey? Wait...what kind of plans?"

Seated where she was at the moment, she could tell exactly how excited the thought made him. Grabbing the hem of her shirt, she pulled it up over her head and tossed it off to the side onto the desk. "Plans that involve that big, hard tool of yours, of

course.”

“I think I’m looking forward to these plans of yours, Miss Carson.”

It amused her that his eyes never once left the sight of her bare breasts as he spoke. “I’m certainly looking forward to seeing how good you are with your tools, Mr. Chissolm.”

“Honey, call me Franko all right? Hearing *Mr. Chissolm* makes me think you’re trying to seduce my father.”

“Is he good with his tools, too?” she teased, rubbing herself up against him. A soft possessive growl was the only verbal response she got before his hands cupped her breasts, and his lips came up to devour hers.

This would be his most memorable one-night stand, if she got her way. She didn’t believe in long term relationships anymore. Her last three boyfriends had proven to her that men couldn’t be trusted beyond the pleasure of the moment. “St-Franko...” The mischief that came to life in his eyes excited her. She’d never seen anything so sexy in her life. It was time for something naughty.

“Yes, honey?”

“Can I still get my gift if I do something really naughty?” She really couldn’t seem to keep her hands off his chest. A hairy chest was her one secret weakness, and the most important requirement in her dream man. Her fingers were happily running up and down his chest as she contemplated what to do first. This had been the most pleasant surprise to date.

“Honey, if you want to be naughty, then I say the naughtier the better. What did you have in mind?”

She was so tired of talking, it was time for action. “I’m going to take advantage of you now, Franko. So if you have any objections, voice them now!”

“My only objection, honey, is that I’m still wearing these damned jeans.”

That, as far as she was concerned, was his permission for her to proceed. Scooting down his body, she left a trail of soft kisses down his chest to his rock hard abs. “Time to remove this last little obstacle of yours. Lift that delectably, perfect ass, so I can

Merry Christmas to Me!

remove these, please."

Chapter 4

Franco tore his eyes away from Jennifer's breasts and looked up at her beautiful face. He'd never been seduced before, had never needed to be seduced to allow a beautiful woman into his bed. So why was he resisting her now? He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted Crystal or any other woman he'd known.

Jennifer undid his belt and lowered the zipper on his jeans. If he was going to stop her, it would need to be right.... "Honey....oh god....that's good."

A slow sensual grin curved her full red lips as her hand reached into his pants and pulled out his hard shaft.

A soft moan of pleasure escaped his lips. Her touch was so soft, almost hesitant, yet so firm. Such a contradiction in itself and more pleasurable than anything he'd ever experienced. His eyes closed in blissful enjoyment only to snap open when he felt her breasts press up against his chest. He found her reverently scanning his features from mere inches away.

"Do you know how seriously handsome you are?"

"Jennifer, I'm not handsome, not anym..." Ignoring him, she placed a soft hand over his lips. "Let's for one moment ignore this perfect body..." she announced kissing his chest. "These soul searing blue eyes..." she whispered moving to kiss each eye in turn, taunting him with her breasts. "And the most kissable lips, I've ever seen..." she continued kissing his lips.

Franko grinned, hoping she'd continue. Her words and touch were exciting him further.

"...but this..., lord man with a dick like this, your body is downright perfect."

Laughing he pulled her flat against his chest and kissed her lips. Running his

hands down her body and over her ass, he nipped her neck. "Your body isn't so bad itself."

"Glad you approve," she teased, running her fingers down his chest. A doe eyed look crossing her features as she rested her head against his chest. "I'm suddenly feeling a little hungry, Franko. Mind if I have a little snack?"

Now? She wanted to eat now? It took all his self-control to bite back those words. It would have seriously ruined the mood. He just didn't understand why she would get him all worked up, then decide she wanted to eat?

Soft wet lips wrapped themselves around his shaft and swallowed deep.

"Hmmm, you taste amazing. This is exactly what I wanted."

Franko groaned and tangled his fingers in her hair. *Why was I upset again?* He watched her run her tongue up and down the length of his shaft. Each new lick bringing him closer to orgasm than the last. "Honey, if you don't stop..."

The feeling of a woman chuckling while in the midst of a blow job was one he knew he'd never forget. A quick flip and he had her pinned beneath him, his mouth sealed to hers in a kiss that encompassed all his raw desire and need. "Did you enjoy your snack, honey?"

"Immensely, but I want more. Make love to me, Franko, I want to feel that delicious shaft of yours deep inside of me."

A quick yank of her shorts had them sitting in the corner of the room and her completely at his mercy. That she wore no bra or underwear made him grin. *This is definitely my girl.* Leaning down, he took one of her perky nipples into his mouth and started suckling. *Lord she tasted good.*

"Franko...please."

"I wouldn't dream of refusing you, love, but first I get to feast."

"Feast? What are...oh—"

He kissed his way down her body, stopping to lavish proper attention on her breasts then traveled lower. He'd been salivating in anticipation of finally tasting her sweetness for so long, it took all his self control not to rush the experience. Running his

tongue over her mound, he placed a hand over her abdomen to hold her in place.

"Franko...Franko, please..."

He had no intention of stopping. Her honeyed flavor excited him more than he thought possible. She tasted heavenly, and he refused to stop until she begged him to make love to her and mean it.

"Franko, please... I can't take much more."

"You can, and you will. I'm enjoying myself at the moment, and I know you are, too. I can taste it"

Jennifer squirmed under his ministrations, making it difficult for him to keep tormenting her. Hell, the truth was, he wanted her as badly as she wanted him.

"Franko..."

"You win, honey." He announced kissing his way up her body until he reached her lips and entered her with one deep thrust. "Damn woman, you're perfection."

"Franko, I love you dearly, but... do me a favor. Less talk, more action."

Chuckling, he started to thrust, deeper and deeper until he felt Jennifer tighten around him in orgasm. Slowing his pace to make the experience last, he grinned when she grabbed his ass.

"Don't stop."

He slowed his thrusts even more, and ran his lips over his neck.

"Franko..."

The desperation in her voice, combined with his own desperate needs, quickened his thrusts. His lips devouring hers as they crested together then collapsed against the bed in exhaustion. "Honey, you just wore me out."

Jennifer sighed and draped her arm over his chest, cuddling up against him. "Good, this way you won't be able to sneak out of my bed while I'm sleeping."

Laughing, Franko pulled her onto his chest and tightened his hold around her. "I wouldn't dream of it. This is exactly where I want to be."

"Franko...I'm a little hungry now? Do you think...?"

She can't mean she's ready for more already?

"...we could eat those sandwiches?"

"Sandwiches?"

Leaning above him, she kissed his lips and snuggled against his chest. "Yes, sandwiches, the supper you brought me!"

"Food, you're hungry for food," Lord he could be an idiot at times. "Of course we can eat now." He was a little confused by her amused laughter. Anyone could have made the same mistake. "Honey?"

"Would you mind reaching for the food? I'm too comfy to move."

Looking over at the desk, then back at Jennifer curled up above and around his body in contemplation. How did he reach the food without letting his feisty little woman go? There wasn't a way. "I need to let you go to reach the food, love."

"Make it quick, I'm not done with my special elf just yet."

Now that sounds promising. Leaning over, he grabbed the bottom edge of the desk with the tips of his fingers and pulled it towards the bed. It amused him that she'd found a way to stay curled around him while he reached for their supper. "Here, honey, eat, regain your strength. I still need to give you your Christmas present."

Chapter 5

Franko woke an hour before dawn feeling more at ease than he had in years. Jennifer still lay asleep, curled up around his body, a soft smile playing across her lips. Just the feel of her soft, naked flesh pressed against him made him hard and in need of her again. Her warm breath against his chest soothed his soul. No woman had ever elicited such calm in him before. He was never letting her go.

Regretfully, he realized he couldn't postpone his departure any longer. It was time to get going if her reputation were to stay intact. "Honey, I need to go."

Cracking open an eyelid, Jennifer glanced at the clock and curled up closer, tangling her limbs through his so he couldn't get up. "No, there's still three hours left until you need to report to the maintenance department. Stay..."

Grinning, he let her pull him back down into the bed. "Honey if you want your reputation to stay intact..."

"I want you to stay in bed. Now close those beautiful blue eyes and hold me."

Her bed, her rules. If she didn't care what others thought, then he certainly didn't. He'd been willing to leave her bed, to protect her reputation, but in his opinion this was better. He'd protect her reputation by making sure everyone knew she was his girl and off limits. Closing his eyes, he let Jennifer's even breathing soothe him back to sleep.

* * * *

Noise roused him from a deep sleep. A glance at her clock showed half an hour until he needed to be in the shop. Jennifer slept so peacefully in his arms; it seemed

almost criminal to wake her.

“Stop staring at me like that, Franko, I feel like I’m about to be devoured.”

He should have known she was already awake, the woman missed nothing. “You should be sleeping, honey.”

“On Christmas morning? Not a chance! If I sleep in, I might miss out on all the cool presents.”

Leaning over her, he traced a finger over her lips. “Would you like your present now?”

Jennifer cupped each side of his face and gently drew him into a soul-healing kiss. “Later, you need to go to work now before I take advantage of you again.”

Well Damn! Now I really don't want to leave her bed.

“Shoo, get out of here, Mr. Chissolm. You have to work today, and you need this job. I, on the other hand, need my beauty rest and won’t be getting it with you in my bed. You’re too much of a distraction.”

“You, my feisty creature, don’t need to become any more beautiful. My heart couldn’t take it.” Looking down at the woman below him, a slow wicked grin spread across his lips when he realized she’d already fallen back to sleep. Both hands firmly planted possessively on his ass so he couldn’t move. He was quickly falling in love with this woman; something he didn’t believe would ever be possible again.

Slipping out of bed, he tucked the blankets around her and entered the bathroom for a quick shower and, since there was no time to dash to his own room, he’d make do with his clothing from yesterday.

* * * *

Waking slowly, she reached out beside her for Franko and found the bed empty. Opening her eyes, she looked around the room to find every trace of his presence gone, right down to the remains of last night’s supper that had been sitting on her desk.

Franko was gone, and he made sure to leave no trace that he was ever there

behind. Glancing at her clock, she noted it was lunch and understood why she'd woken. Her stomach decided it was past time for food.

Slipping out of bed, she reached for her clothes and dressed quickly. If she was lucky she could get in and out of the cafeteria without running into anyone she knew especially Franko. A quick brush through her hair and she was ready to go

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed her key card and opened the door to find Franko, a grin and a second packed lunch in his arms, standing in the hallway before her door. "Miss me, beautiful?"

"Franko? You...you came back."

Slipping his free arm around her waist, he pulled her up to his chest and kissed her. "You couldn't keep me away, honey. Hungry?"

"Starving, I was just on my way out to get something."

"Good thing I'm here then. Now you don't have to go anywhere."

Pushing him away, she crossed her arms, and threw him a glare. "What if I wanted to go out to eat? I'm starting to think you want to keep me all to yourself."

He wasn't intimidated by her glare, he found it adorable actually. The look on his face told it all. His grin grew as he stared past her shoulder into the room. The look on his face as he stalked her towards the bed excited her. "You didn't say goodbye this morning, Mr. Chissolm. Why would I let you...?"

"Oh yes I did, you informed me that you wished me to wait until later to give you your Christmas present."

Narrowing her eyes at him, she tried to look intimidating and failed miserably. Franko continued advancing until he had her knees pinned back against the bed. "I don't remember that."

"You fell right back to sleep after threatening to take advantage of me again, if I didn't leave your bed."

Now that sounds like me, guess he did say goodbye. "What's in the bag?"

"Changing the subject won't work, feisty one. But to answer your question...I brought you lunch and not that cold crap they leave out. I pulled some strings and have

hot soup, grilled cheese and a caramel surprise."

Sliding an arm around his waist in hopeful distraction, she eased the bag out of his arms with the other and turned to unpack it. "I'm not going to ask, how you always manage to get special meals." Opening the soup bowl she inhaled appreciatively. "Tomato-turkey, my favorite." Setting the soup bowls on the desk, she dug back into the bag. "Or how you keep bringing me my favorite meals...of course, I really don't care. But I do need to warn you that you're spoiling me."

Franko wrapped his arms around her waist and leaned up against her back. "You deserve to be spoiled. It makes you more pliable, when I do this..."

Giggling, she turned and slid her arms around his neck, holding on tight when he picked her up in his arms and carried her to the bed. "I'm guessing we won't be eating until later again?"

Laughing at the wistful note in her voice, he kissed her forehead and lay back against the bed. "We could eat now. I only have an hour before I need to be back in the shop, but you wait and see what I have planned for supper."

"Only an hour? That just isn't enough time, I need at least four or five hours of your time to reach sexual fulfillment."

Franko tickled her sides in retaliation, getting the upper hand and more than half of her clothing off of her. If she wasn't careful, she could easily fall in love with this man. Hopefully it wasn't already too late. "Okay, okay, I give. It's more like three or four hours. You caught me. I was trying to coerce more sex out of you. I'm a bad, bad girl."

Curling up around him, she leaned into the soft strokes his hand created along her side. Franko was a cuddler. Not something she expected from the big guy but quite a pleasant surprise in her humble opinion. Getting to know this man was going to be quite enjoyable.

"You aren't bad, honey. You're my feisty, little sex kitten. I swear you're purring right now."

Straddling his waist, she started unbuttoning his shirt. "I like that, and you do

know that sex kittens need lots and lots of loving attention. Who better to give me that than my cuddle bunny?"

Franko groaned, pulled her down against his chest, and wrapped his strong, muscular arms around her. Holding her tight against his chest, he whispered into her ear. "Promise not to tell the guys, and you can call me anything you want."

Rubbing her cheek against his hairy chest, Jennifer grinned. "I make no promises, I can't..." A loud knock at her door stopped her mid seduction. Sitting up she looked towards the door, and sighed softly. "Don't move. I'll get rid of whoever that is."

Laughing, he let her go and stretched out invitingly across her bed. "Put your shirt back on first. That delectable sight is for my eyes only."

Tearing her eyes away from the sensual display, she grabbed a sweater and threw it over her shoulders, then turned to get rid of their unwanted visitor. "Go aw..."

"Thank god, you are here. Hey, Franko. I'm sorry to interrupt your lunch guys, but Jen I need you. There's been an accident and...Martin's been hurt."

Her legs froze as her mind processed what Nathaniel had told her. Turning towards Franko she silently begged him to understand. This was something she needed to do.

The man was perfect. He got up, grabbed her jacket, ran a soothing hand over her hair, kissed her lips and pushed her out the door. "I'll see you at supper, honey."

"He's in the medic's office, Jen."

She made it three steps before her brain kicked in. She couldn't leave Franko like this. Not if she wanted a chance at a future with him. Turning back, she threw herself into Franko's arms and kissed him. Putting all her longing and feelings into the kiss, she didn't step back until she felt his knees buckle and his arms grip her waist to keep from falling. "Keep Thumper warm for me, I'm not finished with him yet."

Turning beet red, he pulled her into his chest and held her tight. "Thumper, huh? I was wrong. You are a bad girl, and I love it. Now go, your friend needs you."

Merry Christmas to Me!

* * * *

Waiting until she was well out of earshot, Franko turned his attention to Nate. "Get in here and sit down." Turning, he cleaned up their forgotten and un-eaten lunch, then sat to put on his shoes. "Who's this Martin guy?"

When he didn't hear anything, he looked up to see Nate avoiding his gaze. He was sick of all the secrets in this place. The only honest person he'd met since arriving at camp was his honey. "Spill it, or I go next door and tell our favorite camp party girl that you're available and dying to make her wet dreams come true!"

"You don't play fair!"

"Never claimed to. Who is Martin?"

"Martin is Jennifer's ex-fiancée."

Chapter 6

He'd tried her room, the cafeteria, and the medic's office. Jennifer was nowhere to be found. The only places he hadn't tried were his rooms and Martin's. Those were next on his list. "Jay, have you seen Jennifer?"

"Nope, not since that night you decided to start mooning over her. Maybe she decided to hide from your advances? Then again, rumor around camp is that her ex is trying to win her back. You know, this couldn't have worked out better for you."

Storming off towards the dorms, he tried to remember why he stayed friends with that idiot.

"Franko, seriously man, if she decides she wants...shutting up now."

That was one thing in Jay's favor, the man knew when to shut up. "Nate, just the man I wanted to see. Which room is Martin in? I'm looking for my supper date, and the Doc said that's where he last saw her."

"Two sixty three, but Franko..."

"Thanks, Nate, see you at super." Turning towards the dorms, Franko quickened his pace. *Jennifer had lost track of time, that's all it was. The rumors weren't true, that kiss she left him with was what mattered. She wanted him, not some...* Reaching the dorms, he paused right outside Martin's door and listened to them talk.

"Look at me, Jen, I'm hideous. Who's going to want me now?"

"You mean besides your mom and dad. Your three brothers, two sisters and..."

"Yes, besides you guys!"

Pushing away from the door, he exited the building. He'd heard more than enough. Jennifer never once denied that she still cared for Martin. The rumors were true, which meant...she'd played him for a fool. Heart broken, he entered the cafeteria.

"Franko, are you ok? You look like hell. Where's Jen?"

Throwing Nate a glare, he turned back to his glass of milk wishing for the thousandth time that hour it was a rye on the rocks. "She's probably picking out her wedding gown. Now leave me alone."

Ignoring him, Nate pulled out a chair and had a seat. "Wedding...what did you do? Ask her to marry you after spending one night in her bed?"

Warm soft arms slipped around his neck as an unmistakable scent of berries wafted over him.

"I'm so sorry I'm late. Martin's having a crisis, he's under the impression that his..."

"Yeah, yeah, I heard the whole conversation. "Removing her arms from around his neck, he turned back to his meal. Wishing she'd just go away so they wouldn't have to do this in public. Jennifer wasn't cooperating with his wishes, which meant he had to save his heart anyway possible. He couldn't survive another heartbreak. "Listen, it was fun but we both know this isn't going anywhere. Especially now that you're back with Martin."

"The whole conversation? Oh really? Franko, I..."

"Listen, all I was doing last night was trying to win the bet. "It killed him to lie to her like that, but the truth wouldn't get him anywhere. Not anymore."

"Well then let me help you with that." Taking the seat on his left, she waved over Patrick Makan. "You'll need proof of the act, if I understand the rules correctly."

She wouldn't!

"Patrick, thanks for coming over. You know that bet you have going?"

"What bet, Jennifer? How's Martin doing, is he gonna be okay?"

"Don't play dumb with me, the bet of who would get me into bed first. Well you can stop the search, you have a winner. Franko here spent the last twenty four hours in my bed, and what a twenty four hours it was. As for Martin, he'll be fine. He was worried that his pretty new bride wouldn't find him attractive anymore now that he'll be left with a pretty serious scar."

New bride? Nate never told me that Martin was newly married!

"I just told him that if a babe like Franko Chissolm could win me over after everything that's happened, then his wife...who loves him dearly will coo and fuss over him when he gets home tomorrow."

Getting up, she put her hand on Patrick's shoulder and smiled sadly. Jealousy flared in his gut. Now that he knew she hadn't played him and how stupid he'd been, he wanted his feisty kitten back in his bed. "Make sure to pay the man, Patrick. He more than earned his winnings."

Franko watched her walk out without a word. He was too stunned to move or talk even though he wanted to take her into his arms, kiss her, and beg her to forgive him. He could tell how hurt she was when she refused to look at him or touch him after his hurtful words.

"You are a serious idiot! I should never have helped you seduce her."

Getting up, he grabbed Nate by the collar and walked out dragging the younger man behind him. He stopped only when they reached a secluded spot and let the man go. "I think you forgot to mention a few key pieces of the puzzle this afternoon. Like the fact that Martin is married to someone else and that my girl has no interest in him."

"Hell, man, I tried to tell you. Even Jennifer tried to tell you just before you killed any chance you ever had with her."

Growling, he lifted Nate off the ground. "Then it sounds to me like you need to help me win her back."

"I'm not..."

"Oh, and get that money from Patrick for me. This little incident has taught me a very valuable lesson. I love that woman and that money will be used to by her the engagement ring of her dreams, which you have been selected to help me find!"

Nathanial started sputtering in surprise. "A what? Franko, pal, buddy, I like you but... that woman will never listen to either of us again. Besides, she'll be out of here at first light. If I know my cousin, she'll get herself a seat on that chopper with Martin, and then you'll never see her again."

Not if I can help it.

* * * *

Stupid, stupid, stupid! Jennifer Carson you are the most idiotic woman alive. Spotting the Doc up ahead, she quickened her pace. "I changed my mind. I'll go with Martin in the morning if that seat is still empty."

"But you said..."

Cutting him off, she turned towards her dorm. "I know what I said. Things change, and I have nothing keeping me here anymore. I need to pack. See you in the am, Doc." Spotting Franko and Nathaniel heading her way, she swerved into the nearest open doorway to avoid them. She felt no anger towards Franko for his deceit. She felt nothing at all anymore. He'd made sure of that when he tore her heart out. She just wasn't ready to test that theory yet. Pain wasn't her friend.

"Jen? Please tell me you're here to say you've reconsidered?"

Tearing her eyes away from the most perfect body she'd ever had the luck to touch, she turned towards her old boss. "No, Sam, I quit. I can't work for a company that takes me for granted."

"What am I supposed to tell head office?"

"Tell them to treat the next person they hire for this position better than they did me, and stop catering to Kenneth's whims. If the man is scheduled to work, then make the lazy ass work!" Peeking out the door, she saw that the coast was clear. This was her chance to get back to her room unseen before the men decided to backtrack. "Good luck, Sam. You'll need it with only Kenneth to help you."

Not waiting for Sam's response, she slipped out of the lab and made her way as quickly and silently as possible towards her dorm. The only person who knew where she lived besides HR was Nathaniel, and he wouldn't dare help Franko again after tonight. He knew she'd kill him if he dared. She didn't care how cozy they looked walking towards her a few minutes ago. Nathaniel wouldn't dare betray her again.

Chapter 7

"I'm coming; I'm coming, keep your pants on." When she found out who her impatient visitor was, she'd stick the damn doorbell up their ass. Lord she hated that thing. It really was time to get rid of it. Opening the door, she stopped cold, and her stomach fell into her shoes. She so wasn't ready for this.

"I'd rather take yours off, honey."

"Nathanial's a dead man!" Slamming the door shut, she stomped over to the phone, hearing Franko's soft laugh as he opened her door and let himself into her home. She ignored it while she waited for Nathanial to pick up his phone.

"You can't kill my best man, honey. I need him to stand beside me at our wedding."

She'd been home for two weeks without a single word from her conniving cousin, and now she knew why he'd been so quiet. He'd been too busy screwing her over. "I didn't tell you, you could come in. So get out!"

"Kitten..."

"Don't call me that! I stopped being your kitten the minute you informed me that you only wanted to win that damned bet. Now get out! I have a date to prepare for."

Franko stepped closer. "Jennifer, I only said that because I thought you and Martin were getting back together. As for the winnings, I bought you this with them. I thought it only fitting the winnings should help me win you back."

She didn't want to look, but it was like some uncontrollable disease. She just couldn't help herself. He held the most beautiful diamond ring she'd ever seen, nestled in a red velvet heart shaped box, being held by... "Is that...a rabbit?"

"Your cuddle bunny's been lonely since you left him. I can't eat; I can't sleep at

night without you by my side. You've enslaved me, in a single night of passion. I can't wait to see what you do to me in a lifetime."

"Stop being such a sap." She couldn't stop the grin that curved her lips from taking over her face. Franko wanted to marry her. That explained the constant flow of flowers, candies and chocolate covered cherries she'd received over the past two weeks while he'd been grounded.

"I knew you missed me. Now all you need to do is say yes, and we can kiss and make up."

"I'm not kissing you, you broke my heart."

Pulling her into his arms, he grinned down at her making her heart race with anticipation. "Do you truly think you can resist my kisses?"

"Yes! I feel nothing for you anymore."

"Even if I'm wearing this?"

She nearly choked on laughter when he pulled the damn Santa's hat out of his back pocket. If he put that on his head, he'd have her in bed before she could say boo. She hadn't lied when she'd told him she couldn't resist the damn thing when he was wearing it.

Schooling her features, she resisted the urge to run her fingers down his cheek. "Yes."

When Franko let her go, she thought for sure she'd won. He'd leave, and she'd never have to worry about him hurting her again. She could go back to her uncomplicated job searching, back to her life. Boy had she been wrong.

Slipping the hat onto his head, he cocked it to the side then pulled her back into his arms and kissed her. "I'm so sorry, Jennifer, please forgive me." Her hands moved of their own volition, her fingers tangling in his hair as she deepened the kiss.

"Gods I've missed you, honey."

Climbing up his body, she wrapped her arms around his neck. "Shut up and kiss me you dope. You have a lot to make up for."

Franko grinned and carried her to her sofa. I plan on doing much more than kiss

you in apology." Resting her against the cushions, he striped off his shirt and undid his pants. "I'm going to make love to you until you know how much I love you."

"It's about time you got around to that. I swear you break a girl's heart, and then you make her wait..."

"Strip, kitten. I want you naked by the time I get my pants off."

Amused by the order, she shrugged out of her shirt, then laid back to enjoy the show while Franko striped. The man had a perfect body, and as of today it was all hers to do with as she pleased. Standing, she approached him and ran her fingers down his chest, watching his long, hard, thick shaft standing at attention before her. "Take me to the bedroom, Franko. The bed's much more comfortable than the sofa."

Slipping his hands around her waist, he lifted her in the air allowing her to wrap her legs around his waist. "Just point me in the right direction, love."

"First door on the left, but I can't wait that long to have you, Franko."

"Then don't!"

That was the best advice she'd ever gotten, and she never turned down good advice. Reaching down between them, she wrapped her hand around his shaft and lowered herself onto it.

A deep groan escaped his lips as she took him in to the hilt. "Evil woman, I think you actually missed me."

"You never, this..." Rubbing her cheek against his chest, she resisted the urge to purr in contentment. "This I will miss until the day I die."

A sharp thrust up and a slow sensual grin were all the answer she got. His hands slid under her ass and up her skirt as he made his way to the bedroom. A grin split across her lips as his hands stilled. "Honey, why aren't you wearing underwear? I definitely didn't see you take them off earlier."

"Why did you say you only wanted to win the bet?"

"Touché. Point taken. Your date is cancelled, by the way."

Dropping her onto the bed, he made his way slowly up her body kissing every inch of her skin as he went.

“Snuggle bunny... did you mean it when you said you wanted to marry me?” She loved the way his eyes narrowed at her every time she called him her snuggle bunny. The feeling that he was about to devour her on the spot washed over her every time she saw it. She adored that feeling.

“Sex kitten, there’s no other woman on this earth I want in my bed at night...during the day....or in the afternoon. Marry me, Jennifer, and make me the happiest man in the world.”

Running her fingers down the side of his face, she looked deep into his oceanic blue eyes. “Can I use the words Snuggle Bunny during our vows?”

“If that’s the only way to get you to the altar, then be my guest. But I warn you, I will call you my Sex Kitten in retaliation.”

Laughing she pushed him back against the mattress and straddled his lap. “You do realize that our guests will either be in stitches laughing or stunned speechless, right?”

“We’ll deal with that when the time comes.”

“I love you, Franko Chissolm.”

“It’s about time you realized that, my feisty little sex kitten. Because I’ve loved you since you called me a babe.”



If you liked this book, why not check out some of the other titles at Forbidden Publications. We offer a wide variety of books for all your reading pleasures.

www.forbiddenpublications.com