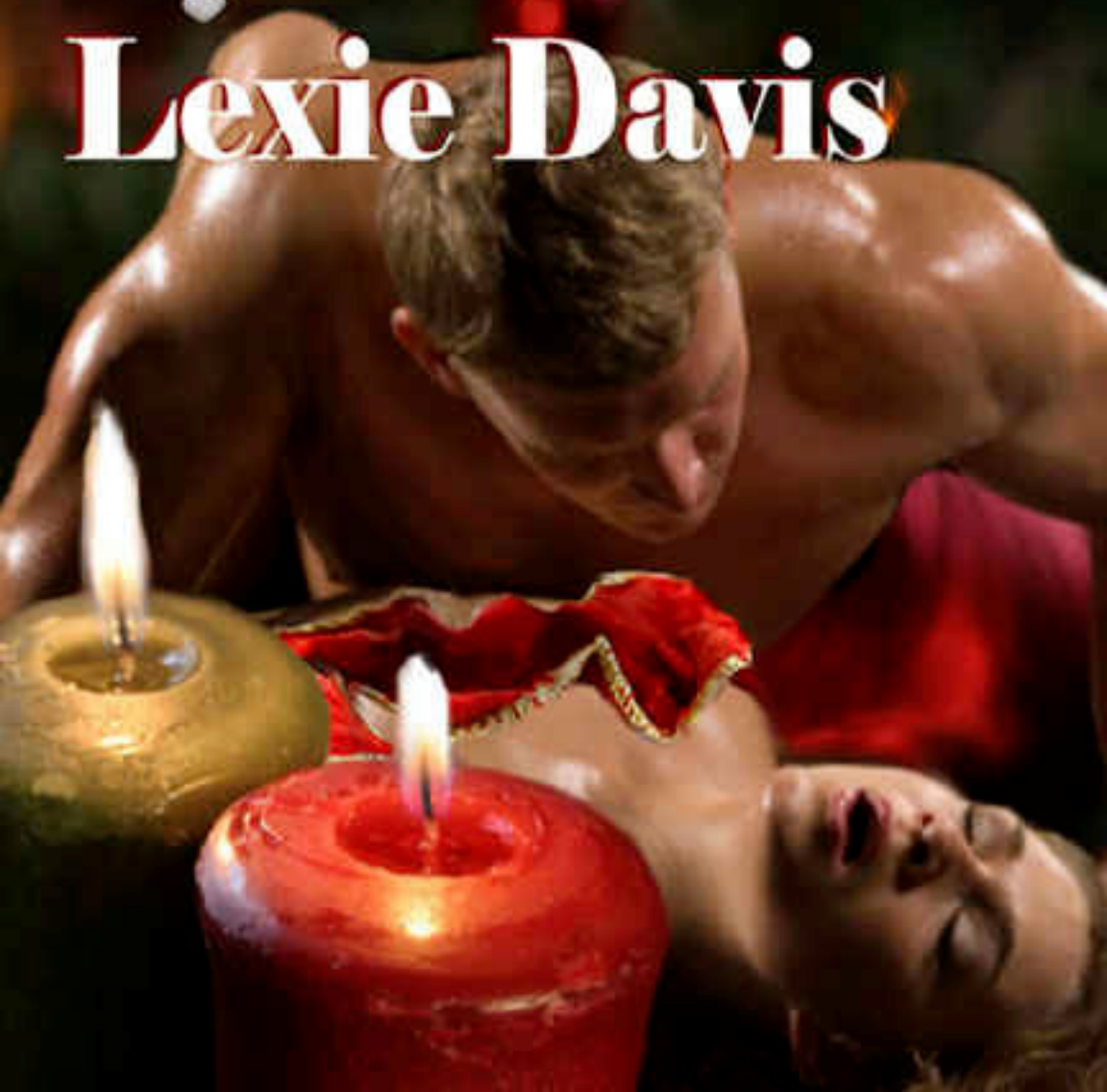


SIREN PUBLISHING *Classic*

TOYS FROM *Santa*

A small, semi-transparent image of a man wearing a Santa hat is positioned over the word "Santa".

Lexie Davis



Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

Siren-BookStrand, Inc.

www.sirenbookstrand.com

Copyright ©2009 by Lexie Davis

First published in 2009, 2009

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.

CONTENTS

[A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK](#)

[Dedication](#)

[TOYS FROM SANTA](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[About the Author](#)

[Siren Publishing, Inc.](#)

* * * *

Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

TOYS FROM SANTA

Lexie Davis

EROTIC ROMANCE

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED: Your purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000."

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at

legal@sirenbookstrand.com

Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Erotic Romance

TOYS FROM SANTA

Copyright © 2009 by Lexie Davis

E-book ISBN: 1-60601-383-1

First E-book Publication: March 2009

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

All cover art and logo copyright © 2009 by Siren
Publishing, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Dedication

To Deanna.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

TOYS FROM SANTA

LEXIE DAVIS

Copyright © 2009

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

"My wedding dress makes me look fat." Shelly Myers pouted as she plopped down on her sister's couch. The elegant wedding dress she wore was pillow fluffy with a lot of fabric in the skirt. The last thing anyone saw when looking at her was fat. "Shawn isn't going to want to do me if I look like a pumpkin."

Jenny studied her sister, wondering where the minuscule pound of fat was. She found nothing. Her sister was a size four, with a boyish figure compared to Jenny's size eight and full of curves. The sisters were complete opposites.

"Stop whining. If you wanted to look skinny, you shouldn't have picked a cloud of fabric to call a dress." She sat in the leather recliner opposite her sister. "Besides, we both know Shawn's already seen all you have to offer. He knew what he was getting before he ever paid the price."

"Not helping, Jenny. You're supposed to say: 'You're not fat, Shelly. You're beautiful, and Shawn won't be able to keep his hands off you.'" Shelly pouted on the verge of tears.

Jenny rolled her eyes. "I'm not saying that. If you're so worried about it, use the blindfold on him I saw in your last order when you have sex. That way you won't have to worry about his judgment of your *fat*."

"That is rude, Jenny. Take it back. I'm your sister, and you could be a little more sympathetic." Shelly lay back against the couch and closed her eyes. "I don't know why you've got

to be so cold all the time. No wonder Christian broke up with you."

Jenny pursed her lips. After a whole year of the bitchy bridezilla, she couldn't wait for tomorrow. This Christmas Day, Shelly Myers would become Shelly McKenzie and be on with her happy life with Shawn.

"What time is my bachelorette party? I want to make sure I have enough party favors to pass around. I just got some new demos in." Jenny exclaimed a colorful curse, and Shelly's eyes popped open. "You did plan a party, didn't you?" When Jenny didn't respond, Shelly groaned. "Jenny, how could you? You're my maid of honor. Everyone knows the maid of honor plans the bachelorette party."

Jenny smothered a groan. "Who is going to come to a bachelorette party on Christmas Eve? Dammit, Shelly. Why couldn't you have picked another date, like June twenty-first or something?"

"Because June twenty-first isn't special!" Shelly stood with tears in her eyes. "Since Shawn popped the question, you've never supported my engagement. If I didn't know better, I'd say you didn't want me to marry him."

A complete misunderstanding if she ever heard one. Shawn, the nerdy computer genius, couldn't have come at a better time in Shelly's life. Ever since Shelly graduated high school, she and Jenny lived together. Total opposites, Shelly was the anal perfectionist, whereas Jenny liked everything *her* way. They butted heads more than once per day, and over the course of five years of living together, it was time for them to go their separate ways.

Jenny even planned a relaxing night at home the day after Christmas to enjoy the peace and quiet living alone would bring.

"Shelly, stop pitying yourself. I'll put together a party, and we'll have the time of our lives. Piece of cake." Jenny mentally added up their friends for the guest list. "Do you have to buy food for these things?"

"Ugh." Shelly stomped to the hall and disappeared before coming back in normal clothing. She grabbed her purse by the door. "I'll get the food. You make the guest list. We'll meet up at seven tonight."

Jenny refrained from thumping her head against something hard. It was four o'clock. "Sure. Yeah. Okay."

She watched Shelly leave before she pulled out her address book and began flipping through the pages. Dialing everyone she knew, she received the same repeated answer with every phone call. "Sorry, but I already have plans with my family for Christmas."

Two of their cousins agreed to come, but they were part of the wedding party. She rounded up a neighbor and begged her best friend Kristy until she caved. With the four guests and herself, she had five partygoers.

How many people are expected at these things?

A tap on the door interrupted her planning. Jenny shifted everything to the side and went to answer it.

"Yes?" She swung the door open and found Shawn's brother, Dane, on the other side.

Blond spiky hair covered his head, while piercing green eyes pointedly stared at her. Dane smiled, and her pussy

contracted. Her heart skipped a beat, and her body's heated reaction surprised her. *What the hell?*

"Well if it isn't the *good* sister." He fiddled with his keys. "I was in the neighborhood, and I need to use your bathroom."

It was an innocent request that she should have over looked. Truth was, Dane had no reason to be in their neighborhood. He lived across town in a nice neighborhood supported by the money he earned working for his father's company. For him to be over here, he had one reason and Jenny's heart skipped a beat as she thought about it. He came to see her.

"There's a tree in the front yard." Her gaze roamed to his crotch, and she swallowed hard and reminded herself to breathe. Whatever he may want, she wasn't about to give him *that*.

He chuckled. "I don't have to pee."

Jenny licked her lips. "Too much information." She stepped to the side, reluctantly allowing him inside.

His scent flooded her senses in passing, a spicy cologne she detected every time he was around. It was branded in her memory, something that made her body ache in want. She slowly closed the door behind him. It was perfectly natural for her to be attracted to him. There wasn't an adjective in the modern English language that did justice in describing him. He was a hottie, and with his back to her, Jenny gave herself permission to take in his magnificent body. His olive-green T-shirt stretched across wide shoulders, covering his hard muscled back and leaving nothing to the imagination. Matching army fatigues sat at his hips, smoothing over his

nice, firm ass. The fabric concealed his long legs, tapering down to black army-issue boots to complete his bad-ass look. The damn clothes looked two sizes too small yet fit him perfectly.

Yeah, this schoolgirl crush I have for Dane McKenzie has to end right here and right now.

"Bathroom?" he asked, turning to face her.

She forced her eyes away from his ass and met his gaze. Deep green eyes mesmerized her, held her motionless as he waited for her response. It was hard for her to focus, to comprehend what he was asking. Jenny bit her lip, taking a deep breath, before she said something stupid like "fuck me." "Down the hall on the left. Please use air freshener."

He chuckled again, a deep male rumble that made her knees weak. "I don't have to do that either."

It took Jenny ten seconds to regain control over her body, the wetness between her thighs a distraction as she watched his powerful body move with each stride, and comprehend what he said. When she did, she took off down the hall after him. "If you don't plan to use it, what the hell are you doing in my bathroom then?"

He was grinning ear to ear when she found him going through the cabinets as if he had every right to. "I'm looking for something."

Jenny stepped inside the bathroom. "Like hell you are. Quit going through my stuff!"

"Or what? You're going to make me?" His tone mocked her.

She'd heard rumors about Dane. She could imagine what kinds of pain and torment he experienced as a Marine, or could subdue the enemy with. He spent five years in active duty and never lost the bad-ass routine. He didn't scare her, not that much anyway.

"Don't be stupid. You're bigger than me." She propped her hand on her hip. "But I do have a phone, and I recall the police being in my directory."

"Chill out, Jen." He looked up with that damn, sexy grin. "I'm not harming you. Besides, we're family."

Nobody called her Jen. Jennifer was for her parents and the occasional telemarketer or business client. Jenny was everyone else. Nobody ever called her simply Jen.

"Don't call me that. And no, we're not. Our siblings may be getting married, but that doesn't make us anything to one another."

"Right." He dug in the cabinets again and finally pulled out a black box and a light pink pouch. Heat flooded her cheeks. "Found it."

He shut the cabinet doors, and settled the two items on the vanity. "See, your sister may sell sex toys but, according to Shawn, *her* toys are kept in the bathroom and happen to be ones she plays with at bath time. He wanted me to sneak over here and dispose of them, because he's too chicken shit to do it himself." Dane opened the pouch and pulled out a sizable dildo. "Who the hell would buy a purple rubber dick?"

"Give me that. That's not Shelly's." Jenny tried to tone down her embarrassment, but talking about sex with Dane

did anything but. Not to mention his holding the sizable dildo she won at one of Shelly's parties.

He arched an eyebrow. "Oh, honey. You can do so much better than this little thing."

The object in question was anything but little. The head was plump, the shaft thick, and the details of it were quite accurate. Veins were sculpted into the silicone for realism, not to mention the little slit on the end. Jenny's cheeks heated even more when she saw him assessing the purple dildo, sizing up the length and taking in the two balls positioned at the base. The damn thing even had a suction cup so it could be attached to any flat surface.

"It's not mine, either." She grabbed it from his hand and stuffed it back in the pouch. "Not really."

When Shelly got the bright idea to start selling sex-toys in people's homes, she forced Jenny to host her very first one. She tried to calm the heat rising in her cheeks, hoping Dane didn't notice her embarrassment. The last thing she needed was to give him ammunition to tease her or embarrass her.

He gave her a skeptical look. "'Course not. You wouldn't disappoint me by choosing a small, rubber dick. You'd rather have the real thing, am I right? A large cock that will put this little thing to shame." He turned and lightly brushed against her.

Her desires have been dormant for so long, she didn't remember the real thing. "To be honest, I can't remember the real thing."

He tilted his head to the side, but she cut him off before he could say anything. "Why the hell would Shawn want you to

steal her dildo? He never spends the night here. How does he even know where it's at?"

The grin returned. "Who the hell knows with Shawn? I do know for a fact he's too stiff to have fun with toys. And doesn't have the balls to tell Shelly to get rid of hers." He leaned forward. "You, however, I'm guessing, enjoy playing. Am I right?"

"You're wrong. I wouldn't know the first thing about them." *Liar, liar pants on fire.* "I won that at a party. It's never even been used."

"Really? Do you want a little instruction? I love playing with toys. Of course, making a woman scream her throat raw with pleasure I'm giving her is one of my favorite pastimes." Dane's body heat surrounded her as he effectively pinned her against the wall. "I could give you a little demonstration?"

He trailed a finger down her bare arm, and she shivered. Encouraged, he moved back up, crossing her shoulder, and skimmed down to the curve of her breast, lightly caressing her nipple with the pad of his thumb. Her traitorous body reacted, her nipples puckering hard underneath her flimsy shirt and bra. Jenny groaned and arched her body toward him.

"You're so damn hot." He rolled her nipples with his thumbs, murmuring words of nonsense. "Fuck. If Shelly is anything like you, I can see why my brother chose your snotty little sister for a wife."

He bent down and pressed his lips against her neck. "So damn responsive. I've barely touched you, and you're melting

in my hands. How long has it been since you got off on a hard cock inside you?"

"Too long." She moaned as his teeth grazed her neck, his tongue darting out every now and then to add to the pleasure.

Dane was different than any other man she'd met. She always went for the safe, sane choices for boyfriends, Christian being the perfect example. Dating him had been an experience. He was a clean-cut accountant who liked his job more than his girlfriend. He spent the weekends with her at her house, more or less taking up her space and giving nothing to her in return. Sex, when they had it, was horrible, and she had to beg for it then. But he was safe. The "perfect" guy for her in her parents' eyes and somehow, she thought, in her own. But he never created a desire as strong as the one she had for Dane. She wasn't sure anyone ever would.

Dane, however, was the exact opposite of Christian. Shelly introduced them at her engagement party right after Shawn proposed. There was an instant attraction. And now, the attraction only ignited into an inferno.

He pushed up her shirt, kissing her savagely. Her mind was a jumbled mess as his tongue swept inside her mouth. He tugged at the flimsy lace bra that barely contained her breasts. The cooler air made her stiff nipples even harder. She wanted his hands on her body, his mouth tasting every inch.

He pulled back and took in the rosy peaks, his greedy eyes growing darker the longer he stared. Jenny's chest rose and fell with each labored breath. He licked his lips and glanced

up at her, his eyes locked on hers. She loved putting that look on a man's face. The look of raw desire, the I-need-you-now look that made her feel like a river was running between her thighs. Jenny glanced down, breaking the trance he put her in. Her breasts jutted out between the hem of her shirt and the lace of her bra. It was provocative and so erotic she squirmed. She loved it.

Dane tilted up her chin with a knuckle, and Jenny smiled. He opened his mouth to say something, but she didn't want to hear it. She reached out to him, cupping his head, and pulled his mouth down for her kiss. She took his mouth the same way he did hers. They fought for dominance, and eventually, Dane won.

His tongue swept inside her mouth at the same time his thumbs rolled her nipples. She moaned against his mouth and pulled him closer. His body pressed hers against the wall, his cock stiff against her belly. All rational thoughts left Jenny's mind while he sparked delicious tremors of excitement throughout her needy body. She needed him inside her.

"Jenny!" Shelly's voice echoed down the hall from the living room. "What is Dane's car doing in the driveway?"

Dane pulled away, panting hard, and quickly tugged her bra and shirt into place. "Damn, baby."

In five seconds, Shelly would be down the hall, exploring. Jenny sucked in a breath between her teeth and pushed at Dane's chest. "Stay in the bathroom."

She hadn't so much as closed the door when Shelly popped around the corner. "What are you doing?"

"Dane's not feeling so well. He was in the neighborhood and became sick. Some kind of stomach thing, I think. I just brought him a wet washrag to cool him down." Jenny smiled at her sister, knowing how big a hypochondriac she was.

Shelly's jaw dropped as she slowly averted her gaze to the closed door. On cue, Dane made grunting noises that nearly had Jenny laughing and blowing the whole story.

"Is he going to be okay? He is Shawn's best man. He can't be sick for the wedding." Shelly wrinkled her nose.

Jenny rolled her eyes. "He'll be fine. I'll give him a little Pepto, and all will be settled."

Dane made grunting noises again, louder this time, and Jenny couldn't stifle the giggle. Shelly looked thoroughly disgusted. "You'd better be well tomorrow, Dane. I won't let you screw up my big day."

Jenny tried to keep her face expressionless. "Did you get the food already?"

"No. Not yet." She smiled. "I came back for the new product I received yesterday. You know, the anal beads. I wanted to surprise Shawn." A choking sound came from the other side of the door, and Jenny's mouth thinned to a straight line to hold back the need to giggle.

"Anyway," Shelly continued, "I came back to grab a pack. I'll drop it by Shawn's and then go to the store. Are you working on the bachelorette party? I want a lot of people here, Jenny. The least you owe me is that."

Jenny's hand tightened on the doorknob. "I have five guests, which is more than enough, considering it's Christmas Eve."

Shelly started to say something when Dane opened the door, pulling Jenny back with it. His arms came around her body, steadying her. "I feel so much better."

He laid his chin on Jenny's shoulder and smiled at Shelly. "Your sister is a saint."

"Uh-huh. I'm going now. You'd better be well by tomorrow at six. I'll never forgive you if you ruin my big day."

"Oh, bite me, Shutter Bug," Dane snarled.

Shelly's face reddened. "Don't call me that!"

"Maybe I'll use that in my toast." Dane smirked. "Tell everyone the infamous story that involves porno pictures of you. Tell me again, how many you take of your pussy before he took the bait and sunk balls deep? Got to make sure my memories are accurate."

Shelly's face reddened both from anger and embarrassment. "If you weren't Shawn's brother, I'd tell you what you could do."

"Tell me anyway." Dane grinned.

Shelly turned her attention to Jenny. "I want him gone, Jenny. The only reason I'm civil is because he's soon to be family. It doesn't mean I have to be nice, though."

Jenny watched her sister disappear into her bedroom then looked over at Dane, who did nothing but grin. "You're enjoying this aren't you? One day, and we don't have to worry about it. One day, and she's out of my house and away from my business." She turned and pushed him back against the wall with her finger poking his chest. "You screw that up for me, and I'll fillet your balls myself."

"You owe me." Dane pulled her hand away from his chest and bent down to brush his lips against hers.

"Do not. If anything, you owe me."

Dane nuzzled her cheek. "Tonight we can pay each other's dues."

She snorted. "You can't afford the bill you raked up."

His grin was nothing but pure sin. "No?"

"Jenny, I need you to sort through the stock merchandise and come up with a list of inventory for me. I plan on having several parties when I come back from my honeymoon, so I need to know what I have and what I need to buy." Shelly stepped into the hall, closing the bedroom door behind her. "I'll love you bunches if you help me out. Shawn already says I work enough as it is."

Jenny refrained from rolling her eyes. "Right. I'll see if I have time."

Satisfied, Shelly headed down the hall. Jenny sighed, relieved to see her sister go. She loved her dearly, but Shelly was beyond being a pain in the butt. Dane's hands roamed beneath her shirt while his lips found her neck. What would Shelly think if she actually told her that she wanted to sleep with Dane?

"Stop. You're sick, remember." Jenny grabbed his hands before he could cup her breasts.

"So?" He turned her around and pressed her body against the hall wall, hands bracketed around each wrist. He leaned into her, infusing her senses with the smell of his cologne.

"Your sister's a bitch. If she didn't mean so much to my

brother, I'd purposely show up late to the wedding, or maybe drunk. Wreck her perfect day in spite."

Her mind boggled at the thought of being with him. He was what she wanted in the bedroom, and she knew without a doubt they'd have no troubles there. But where relationships counted, Dane wasn't that kind of material. He liked his freedom, not some woman tying him down. *Lust, isn't love, Jenny. No matter how much you think it, or want it to be.*

His mouth grazed her neck, streaming kisses across her skin. "I am, however, willing to help you count her inventory. Nothing I'd love better, actually. Maybe we could even review a few products."

"Dane." Jenny's soft plea brought his eyes to hers. "We can't do this right now."

Jenny felt his hard cock pressing into her stomach with every motion he made. The thin cargo pants did little to hide the massive bulge, not that she minded. He wanted her. There was no doubt she wanted him. She thought of every way around it, and her decision remained the same. He made her knees weak, standing there pleading silently with his eyes for her to concede.

"I want you tonight," Dane said, "after the stupid bachelor parties we both must attend. I want you all to myself, at my house, in my bed."

He kissed her, licking at her mouth, and made her forget her own name. Her body melted when he touched her, when he pressed his cock against her and demanded that she knew what she did to him. Jenny couldn't deny it or hold back the

effect he had on her. Pulling her wrists away from his grasp, she wrapped her arms around his neck. Now standing chest to chest, her breasts pillowed against him. Her nipples ached for his touch, his mouth and his tongue. She pictured him tasting her tonight when she sprawled out in the middle of his bed, offering to him what they both wanted.

She combed her fingers through his spiky hair, noticing how soft it was to the touch. Surprisingly soft, in fact, she couldn't stop running her fingers through it. If she didn't stop kissing him and nearly humping him in the hallway, they'd be naked within five seconds.

"Go." She pulled back, taking a deep breath. "You have to go. Now. I can't concentrate with you around, and I have a party to plan."

He took two steps back his face a vast array of different emotions. She didn't know how to read him just yet and found herself wanting to learn. What made Dane McKenzie tick? What did he like? What did he dislike? She licked her lips and tasted his kiss. What would he be like when they finally got together? Would he be wild? Would he be tender? Somehow she figured he was anything but tame and bit her lip to keep from smiling. She wanted him wild.

"Please say you'll come over tonight." He tilted her chin to force her to look at him.

Jenny nodded "After the parties, I'll come over tonight. You better be ready for me."

She would have him, at least for one night. Jenny swallowed, knowing she probably sounded ridiculous to him,

but time was of the essence. And dammit, she didn't know if she'd be able to give him up when it was all over.

Dane nodded, reached for the black box of Shelly's toys from the vanity. "This yours, too?"

She smiled. "No."

"But you have some, right?" Hope filled his face as much as desire. "Bring them tonight."

A little thrill shot down Shelly's spine. "I'll see what I can come up with."

He kissed her one last time and left. Jenny stayed in the hallway, forcing her body to calm down. His scent still lingered around her, on her, and it only turned her on more. If she made it through this damn party, it'd be a miracle.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

"Ok, presents. What did you get me?" Shelly squealed as her friends gathered around.

Through two hours of pin-the-penis-on-Bobby, Shelly's idea of a great time, and actually having to dress up in fantasy costumes provided by none other than Shelly's work-at-home business, Jenny's patience for her sister was treading on thin ice. *Really* thin ice.

"Shelly, presents are for birthdays." Jenny pulled up the corset to conceal her breasts for the third time since she put it on. Santa's little mistress was a whore, but dammit, couldn't Shelly get a size bigger in her sample clothing?

"Oh, come on. You guys are no fun." Shelly rolled her eyes. "Fine. I'll give you presents."

She stood in her French maid outfit and grabbed a large bag next to the entertainment center. "These are the newest stock items I received this week, samples really, so have at it. Take whatever you want."

She dumped the bag, and sex toys of all categories fell to the coffee table below. Dildos, butt plugs, cock rings, lubes. You name it; it was there. Jenny sat amazed at her sister's collection.

"Go on, Jenny. I know you've been eying the catalogues recently. Take what you want."

With Dane in mind, Jenny grabbed a few items and immediately blushed at the thought. He said he liked toys. But what kind of toys would he like to use with her? She

grabbed a tube of the strawberry lube. Delicious. Delightful. Drenched. Three words that supposedly described the flavored lube. She pocketed it, as well.

"Uh, Jenny. You got a new man I don't know about?" Kristy, her best friend, asked, arching an eyebrow at her collection.

Jenny smiled. "Maybe."

"Who is he?" The women gathered around, waiting for her to dish out the dirty details.

"Uh, no one. I mean, I haven't sealed the deal yet." Jenny tried avoiding Shelly's eyes, but her sister couldn't be avoided.

"No, Jenny." When she didn't respond, Shelly threw a fit. "I can't believe you! Of all people for you to choose to sleep with, you chose him?"

"You're sleeping with Dane?" Kristy asked with renewed interest.

"No. I'm not sleeping with anyone." She looked down at her lap and rolled her eyes at the assortment of items she gathered.

"You plan to, though. Why, Jenny? You know what he did to me—those pictures. Why would you fall for his charm?"

Jenny scooted her belongings to the seat cushions. "Look, you brought on the whole picture incident yourself. Dane just opened his big mouth about it."

"He embarrassed Shawn. He embarrassed me."

"You took the pictures, Shelly. You took the pictures and gave the Polaroids to Shawn in his lunch bag. Neither Shawn

nor Dane could help the fact that they switched lunches that day, and Dane got an eyeful."

"He didn't have to show everybody, though!" Shelly stood with her hands on her hips, ready to burst into tears.

"Fine. You've got me there, but that was over two years ago. You and Shawn weren't even dating then, and you're getting married now."

"He still calls me shutter bug." Their friends giggled, and Shelly threw them a nasty glare. "It's not funny!"

Jenny rolled her eyes. "Look, what I do in my life is my business. As is who I do it with. If I choose to sleep with your future brother-in-law, I would expect you to wish me all the best."

"Don't call me when he breaks your heart." Shelly flopped down in the recliner, pouting.

"Ok." Ginger stood, drawing attention to herself. "How about we play another game?"

"Good idea," Jenny replied, counting down the minutes until they all went home.

* * * *

Jenny arrived at Dane's house at ten minutes after nine with her goody bag in hand. The night had been a total disaster, but she had high hopes that Dane was about to make it all go away. She looked down at her slutty outfit and wondered why the hell she didn't just bring it instead of wearing it. Sucking in a breath, she stepped out of the car with her bag tucked neatly under her arm. Two seconds later, she knocked on his door.

"What the—" His gaze roamed the length of her, but he didn't finish the statement before dragging her inside. "Are you insane? It's freezing out there. Where are your clothes?"

She licked her lips. "Ok, not the reaction I was going for."

He immediately pulled her into his embrace. "Sorry. You're beautiful. Hot even, and incredibly sexy."

She tilted back her head and looked up at him. "Tonight was awful."

"Tell me about it."

"My sister and I got into a fight."

"So what's new?"

"It was over you."

Dane stared at her for a moment before pulling away.

"Why were you fighting over me?"

Absently, she watched as he went to the fire, prodding the glowing logs with the fire poker. He seemed distracted.

"Well, she doesn't want me to sleep with you." Jenny kicked off the white furry boots she matched with the costume. "After spending two hours pinning a penis to a picture and then playing stupid X-rated games, I'm a bit tired, a whole lot horny, and not willing to talk about my sister."

He nodded. "I guess I can't blame you there."

He turned, and his eyes dilated as he took in the complete outfit. A thin, sheer red cover matched with a red bra and thong underneath, and white fur marking the outer edges. Her breasts were barely contained, and the extra push in the push-up bra had them nearly situated beneath her chin. She was lucky her nipples didn't show.

"You look amazing," he said, standing. For the first time that night, she noticed he wore only red boxers. She chuckled at the irony of it. "Are you still cold?"

"Maybe just a little."

He pulled her to him, a palm on each cheek of her bare ass, and kissed her. Whereas his kisses were light and teasing earlier that day, now they became more intense, more savage.

He lifted her with ease, never taking his lips from hers, and carried her to his bedroom, the chill of the room jolted her body. Dane laid her in the middle of the large bed, pressing his body over her so all she felt was his heat in contrast to the silky, cool sheets beneath her. The warmth of his body seeped into her pores and awakened a burning desire. She wanted him, needed him now.

"Usually I'm all for foreplay, but I've been hard for you all night, babe. So the first round isn't going to last very long." He reached for a condom on the nightstand, and her heart sped up.

Ever since he had left, this is all she'd thought about. It was pure torment sitting in that room with those women when she wanted to be here, naked with Dane. It was torture when she picked out sex toys while picturing Dane's face when she surprised him with them. Hell, most of them she surprised herself with.

He laid the foil packet on her bare stomach and hooked his fingers in the sides of her panties. Inch by inch, he lowered them until he freed her legs. Cool air brushed her bare pussy, sending shivers down her spine.

"You been this wet for me all this time?" His fingers brushed against her slit, never touching her clit or dipping in deeper. He pulled them away and showed her cream to her. His fingers were drenched.

"Yes. I'm hot, achy, and needy." She grabbed the condom and tore the packet open.

He put his fingers to his mouth and sucked her juice from them, never taking his eyes off her. She sat mesmerized as the two digits disappeared between his lips, and those luscious green eyes turned nearly black when he retracted his fingers.

Her hands flew into motion. She tugged at the front of her costume to release the cover and then worked on the clasp of her bra to free her breasts. Happy to see him stripping, she tossed her last garment away when his only one fell to the floor.

Eyes wide, Jenny sucked in a breath. Damn he was big. Really big. And long. And thick. Her heartbeat sped up, her excitement increasing. She licked her lips and was rewarded with a groan.

"Sweetheart, I'm not made of stone." He grabbed the condom and sheathed his cock with a smooth, practiced motion. "You better hold on. It's going to be one hell of a ride."

He placed her hands at the posts along the headboard and spread her legs as wide as they would go. Muttering a few curses, he slowly inched his way inside her, stretching her completely. She gasped.

"How long has it been?" he asked, the words and tone of his voice showing he was unsure if it was pleasure or pain she felt.

"Six months. Well, longer than that, really, but I broke it off with Christian six months ago." Her breaths came in heaves while sweat dampened her forehead.

"Damn." He pulled back. His mouth roamed her neck, his lips teasing her with butterfly kisses. When she could take no more, she lifted her hips in a blatant invitation. He chuckled, running his tongue from her ear to her shoulder where he bit lightly with a scrape of his teeth.

He thrust forward again, deeper and easier this time but no less fulfilling. Jenny reminded herself to breathe as every solid inch of him stretched her wide.

"Good?" He pulled back, electrifying every nerve cell in her pussy.

She closed her eyes giving into the sensation. "Oh, God."

Dane pushed forward again. The condom did little to dampen the friction and heat of his cock inside her, putting to shame those toys she spent the night coveting. Jenny couldn't possibly understand why a woman would give up the real thing for a silicone fake that didn't even begin to compare.

He teased her. His hands pinned hers above her head while he took her breast in his mouth. Jenny's body blazed from his touch. He rocked his pelvis, thrusting into her with a slow, controlled rhythm. From the way he'd talked earlier, she'd thought it would be a hard, fast fuck, and then it'd be

over with. But no ... Dane was enjoying taking his time with her.

His hands curled her fingers around the bars in the headboard. "Hold on."

Jenny did as he said, watching him pull back to his knees and lift her ass in his hands. His thrusts were short and hard, each one pushing her body up in the bed. Her fists kept her head from hitting the headboard while her body clenched with the excitement.

He held her with one hand and reached between her legs to fondle her clit. His thrusts pounded his cock into her, leaving no part of her pussy untouched by his thick shaft. She wrapped her legs around his waist and squeezed him tight.

"God, oh, God. Oh, *God!*" She moaned. She panted. She thrashed. Dane had her so close to that wonderful edge of bliss she'd long forgotten until now.

Dane pulled out completely and pulled her up to his face. His tongue probed her pussy while his finger continued to stroke her clit. The new position was different for Jenny, but the effects had her screaming into the night as her body convulsed with the strongest orgasm she'd ever had.

Dane lowered her again and plunged inside, stopping to feel the ripples of her pleasure. "Fuck. You're so tight."

Jenny could barely hear him. Her arms fell limp as Dane started to thrust again, finally succeeding with his own orgasm that matched hers one hundred percent. He fell to her side, staring up at the ceiling.

"Wow."

Jenny chuckled. "I don't think I'll need sex for a month after that orgasm."

Dane looked at her, horrified. "Please tell me you're joking, right? You've got more than one time in you, I know."

Truth be told, Jenny usually didn't have the one time. "I'm usually a one-timer. I doubt I could come again, even if I wanted to."

Dane pushed up to rest on his elbow. "Is that a challenge? See how many times I can make you come tonight?"

Jenny debated. "Do you think you can end my one-hit-wonder spell?"

He kissed her. "I don't think. I know."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

Dane left the room. Jenny lay in the middle of his bed, unable to erase the smile on her face. When he came back, he dumped out the bag of sex toys next to her. For Jenny, it shouldn't have been that embarrassing. With her sister informing her of every new product then telling her how those products tested in her own bed, it should have been nothing to see the erotic display laying next to her. But it wasn't that easy, and the longer she stared, the hotter her cheeks became.

"Don't even think about getting embarrassed with me." He didn't look up from the assortment as he picked at the creams and lubes, reading what they were for. "Pick a number."

Jenny chuckled. "What for?"

"Because we're going to play a little game." With a bottle of flavored message oil in his hand, he lifted his head.

"What's your number?"

Jenny rolled her eyes. "Five. Isn't this a little high school?"

"Babe, I doubt you ever did any of the stuff I'm about to do to you in high school." Dane grinned and grabbed the purple dildo he found earlier. "Have you ever used one of these?"

Jenny hesitated. *Would he laugh at me if I told him the truth?* "Once. I was in college and couldn't make it work."

He held the dildo in his hand, sizing it up. "You mean you couldn't get off?"

She nodded.

"We'll play with that later." He sat it back with the others and grabbed a bottle of oil. "Lose the sheets and turn over."

A shrill of excitement coursed through Jenny's veins as she watched Dane pop the top of the relaxing massage oil and take a sniff. He was really taking the challenge seriously, she decided, following his instructions. Though doubts filled her mind, Dane's confidence and sense of promise left Jenny smiling as she lay on her stomach, totally in the buff, on the bed.

"Now, spread your legs." His hand wrapped around the thigh closest to him and pulled.

"How come you never asked me out before now? You hit on me, but I thought it was harmless flirtation." Jenny crossed her arms and propped her chin on them.

She heard him move behind her and then felt his fingers sliding up the back of her thigh. "I thought you were like your bitchy sister in the beginning. And then I asked my brother about you, and he said you and Shelly were nothing alike."

Jenny sucked in a breath when his lips pressed against the small of her back. Dane used his mouth to tease her. His tongue traced the curve of her spine, his lips kissing, nibbling. Jenny squirmed beneath him, surprised he could get her body hot again so soon.

"What was the number for?" Jenny asked, looking over her shoulder at him.

He looked up, shaking his head. "Relax, Jen. There's no need to be nervous."

He sat back on his heels and tipped the bottle of oil upside down. The scent of pineapple floated in the air around them.

The thick liquid oozed over her back and down her thighs, all the way to her feet. Jenny closed her eyes, anticipating his touch. He picked up a foot and pressed his thumbs into her arches, rubbing lightly in circles. She groaned, and he switched to the other foot, repeating his motions, using his knuckles.

"Most women are ticklish on the bottoms of their feet." His hands moved higher to her calves, rubbing the oil there into her skin.

"I'm not ticklish." Jenny grabbed a pillow and relaxed against it.

The massage continued with each thigh, each butt cheek. Then his hands were on her back. He spread her legs and came between them. Her body was slicked from neck to feet. He pushed outward from her spine, and the tension dissipated. When her body was limp, he bend down and pressed his lips to her spine.

"Which toy do you want to try first?"

Jenny turned so that she could see the display of items she brought. Edible creams. Clitoral vibrators. Cock Rings. Dildos. A blindfold. Jenny gulped at the possibilities. What did he have in mind for tonight?

"Uh, I don't know." Jenny casually picked at the collection, blushing when she plucked up some flavored condoms.

Dane reached past her and picked up the heart shaped cock ring. "These toys came with batteries, right?"

Jenny shrugged. "I forgot to ask."

He chuckled and flipped the toy on. It buzzed to life in his hand. Jenny watched over her shoulder as Dane slid the tight ring on his cock. "Damn."

Jenny watched him close his eyes, nothing but the look of pleasure crossing his face. She smiled. His erection renewed; the silly-looking toy humming softly in the otherwise silent room. "Feel good?"

"Fuckin' awesome." He shifted slightly and grabbed the flavored condom she had. "Roll over, baby."

Jenny did as he asked, knowing his sheets would be ruined by the massage oil on her back. He shifted her legs slightly, pushing them to her chest as he brushed the tip of his cock against her. The vibrations from the ring pulsed down his cock as he teased her. She spread her legs and dropped them, a blatant invitation for him to take her.

"Do you like it?" He rubbed his cock the entire length of her slit. "I can only imagine what it would feel like when I'm inside you. Do you want that, baby? Do you want a real, vibrating dick inside you or some silicone purple toy?"

Jenny gasped when he pushed himself inside her. Her limited experience with sex and toys didn't begin to compare to the way Dane set her body on fire. Every nerve ending in her pussy pulsed alive as his slick cock brushed against it. The vibrating ring pressed against her clit when he seated himself fully inside her.

"Oh, Dane," she bit her lip as her orgasm neared.

"Good, right?" He pulled back and pushed in again, starting a rhythm that satisfied them both. "You should see

your face. I love your expression of raw pleasure. You're so beautiful when you let your guard down."

Jenny couldn't think about what he was muttering. Her mind shut off, her body totally in tune with the sensations he created. His hands gripped her hips as his thrusts came harder. The ring bumped her clit with each thrust, and Jenny couldn't hold back the gasps of pleasure. She didn't want to.

"Dane ... Oh, God, Dane..." She clutched at the sheets while her pussy contracted around Dane's cock.

"Again, baby. Come again." He slowed his motions, teasing her sensitized clit with the vibrator as he swiveled his hips.

She shrieked with pleasure, claspings his body between her legs as she came again. Sweat slicked her body. Dane leaned forward, his tongue darting out to lick her stiff nipple. He was living up to her challenge, all right. Jenny gasped for breath.

"You're so damn responsive." He grinned at her and then leaned forward for her kiss. He came with a groan of pleasure and collapsed to her side. He disposed of the condom and rid himself of the ring before turning back to her. "You are pretty amazing."

She chuckled, her eyelids droopy. "You're not so bad yourself."

He grinned and pulled her to him. "Not what I meant, but that too."

They lay together, Jenny's body curled against Dane with his arm around her waist. She didn't want to move for fear of ruining the moment. He was nothing like she expected and everything that she wanted. It was surreal.

"What was the number for?" she asked.

His fingers brushed against her cheek, skimming the line of her jaw until he reached her well-kissed lips. "You said you couldn't come but one time per sexual encounter. I asked you the number and decided I'd give you that many orgasms before you leave me."

He leaned down for a kiss. Jenny couldn't believe this man was her sister's enemy. She knew the story but didn't understand why. She pulled away and sat up to face him.

"Why did you show those pictures to everyone at your father's company?"

Dane grinned. "Why else? I wanted to embarrass your sister."

"Yeah, but it was mean. You didn't even know Shelly then. You didn't have to pass them around."

Dane sat up. "Why are you so protective of her? She's a spoiled little brat who treats everyone around her like shit."

Jenny's shoulders slumped. "I don't know. She's my sister."

She turned away, glancing down at the erotic display of items laid out on the bed. *What am I doing here?* She picked up the items and placed them back in the bag. Did she come over here to have sex with Dane out of spite? Did she use him to get the orgasms her ex-boyfriends couldn't give her? She liked him, but what did she really want from him? One night or a lifetime?

"Why are you mad, Jen?"

"Jenny. My name is *Jenny*." She slung a few items in her bag. "And I'm not mad."

Dane wrapped his arms around her, stopping her motions as he lifted her onto his lap. "I passed those pictures around because I thought your sister was desperate to be with my brother. I didn't think he actually liked her, and once I found out, I pulled the pictures and gave them to him. I love my brother, Jenny, and I know you love Shelly. I didn't mean to embarrass him, but your sister had it coming. Stuff like that is kept private. She shouldn't have put nude pictures of herself in his lunch bag, especially on the day her boyfriend switches lunches with me."

"She's not a bad person." Jenny chewed on her bottom lip. "She's really mad at me for coming over here tonight. I wonder if I came only out of spite."

Dane narrowed his eyes. "That wasn't the reason when we were in the hallway earlier today."

"Yeah, the sex, too. I hadn't had an orgasm in a year, and sex with Christian was just plain bad." She blew out a breath. "Where are we going with this? Do you want a relationship with me? Is it a one-night thing? Can it be something more? What are we to one another, if anything?"

He cupped her cheeks and leaned forward to kiss her. "You are anything but a one-night stand." He kissed her. "And, baby, I'm hoping I'm a hell of a lot more than an orgasm, or multiples, as it may be, to you."

He gave her a small smile. Shelly would become his sister-in-law tomorrow when she said "I, do" to his brother and he despised her. Could he and Jenny have a real relationship when he didn't get along with her family?

"Smile, Jenny." Dane brushed his hands down her arms.

"I can't do this." Jenny moved from his lap and grabbed the ruby robe that hung over the short bedpost. She escaped into the bathroom and locked the door behind her.

Her mind riddled all the possibilities. She'd always liked Dane. Ever since she met him at her sister's dinner party, she enjoyed his company, and in general, just being around him. He could hold intelligent conversation. At the table they shared, he actually seemed interested in what she had to say and flirted with her along the way. And even now, after he had her, he still didn't treat her like a piece of ass.

But Shelly hated him.

She not only despised Dane, she didn't like that Jenny was with him, or planning to be. Her mind whirled as her emotions added to the mix. Dane didn't simply take his fill of her and then ignore her needs. He made sure she was satisfied, and she enjoyed sex with him. And the way he kissed her made her feel like she was the only woman he ever wanted to kiss. It wasn't love, it couldn't be, but Jenny refused to enter into another relationship without some kind of commitment. Dane was a commitment kind of guy. Even if he was, she could possibly ruin her relationship with her sister by dating him.

"Jenny." Dane rapped his knuckles on the door. "Open up."

Jenny wrapped the robe around her and opened the door. Dane stood before her in his red boxers with a scowl on his face. One hand propped against the doorjamb while the other hung loose at his side.

"Care to tell me what the hell is going on?"

She shrugged. "I'm in way over my head, and I can't swim."

He narrowed his eyes and stood to his full height. "Is that a metaphor for something? Because it doesn't make sense."

"I shouldn't be here." She moved past him to the bed, scanning the room for her Santa's Naughty Mistress costume.

He bent to retrieve her little panties and held them out on one finger for her. "I don't know what I did to scare you, but I swear I'll take it back. Just tell me, and I'll take whatever it is back."

Tears prickled her eyes, but she refused to let them fall. "It's not you. It's me. I need to go. We've both got a wedding tomorrow, and I need some sleep."

Dane went to his dresser and grabbed an oversized T-shirt and some sweatpants. He handed them to her. "I'm not allowing you to leave here half naked. Put these on."

Jenny shrugged out of the robe and pulled on the clothes. They smelled like him. The shirt was army green, and the sweatpants matched. They fit him, no doubt, like a glove, but on her, they hung like curtains.

"Jenny, you don't have to go." His statement was a whisper, a plea.

"I'll see you at the wedding." She left with the slutty costume in hand, not making it to the front door before tears fell down her cheeks.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

At midnight, Dane decided to head to the bar for a much needed beer. Sleep definitely wasn't on his agenda as his mind tried to wrap around Jenny's odd behavior. One minute she's loving and so responsive to his touch. He kissed her and honestly never wanted to stop. And then the next moment, she's bringing up Shelly and his ongoing feud with her. He took a sip of his beer and pondered her initial reaction. It was a mixture of emotion, mainly sadness.

Was she mad because he and Shelly fought? If that were the case, he'd gladly cease all arguments and bow down to the Bitch Queen if it got Jenny back into his arms. God, he literally ached to hold her even when she pushed him away. His chest clenched as he recalled her expression. Her eyes wet with unshed tears and the look of sadness and anger shining through.

Dane pulled out his cell phone and dialed the only person he knew could help him. "Hey," he said when Shawn picked up the phone. "I know it's late and you've got a wedding tomorrow, but I really need to talk to you."

"I need to talk to you, too." Shawn sounded equally as desperate as Dane. "Come over to my place."

Dane hung up, paid for the beer he drank, and left. Shawn lived approximately ten miles from where he was. He pulled in the driveway, meeting Shawn on the front porch of the small ranch style house his brother owned.

"We're not getting married."

Dane pulled over a white rocking chair and gave his brother his full attention. "What happened?"

Shawn stared at his feet. "Dad gave me the promotion, you know, and I told Shelly it might mean we have to move to the west coast for a couple of years. I told her it wasn't permanent and that it was only to set up the new business, but she freaked out on me."

Must be a Myers's thing. "Why doesn't she want to move?"

Shawn shrugged, finally looking up. He stared out into the darkness of the front yard. "Her friends. Her family. Her business. It's all here, and she doesn't want to leave it behind."

"So, she called off the wedding? That's a little extreme, don't you think?" Dane scooted back, mimicking his brother, and stared out into the black of night.

"What's your problem? Why did you need to talk to me?" Shawn completely ignored his questions and turned the conversation on Dane.

"I fucked Jenny tonight, and she freaked out when we were lying in bed together. She started asking me about my feud with Shelly and then did a complete one-eighty. She left in a hurry with tears in her eyes, and I have no idea what I did to put them there."

Shawn narrowed his eyes at Dane. "Why did you fuck Jenny?"

Dane swallowed. "Long story. Anyway, I don't know what's going on, but I want her back. I want her in my arms, in my bed. The way she feels beside me—" Dane stopped when his brother grinned at him. "What?"

"You're in love. I swear I should kick your ass for being all sappy in my time of need."

He scoffed "Am not. I barely know her."

"You've known her for six months." Shawn shook his head. "Damn, why didn't I see it? You stopped hitting on women at the bars after meeting Jenny. You didn't even get a lap dance or body shot at my bachelor party tonight. You were saving it all for Jenny, like some love-struck teenager."

"Jenny's different."

"Yeah, so is Shelly."

Dane pursed his lips. Love? It was too soon for love. He liked her. And his libido definitely played a role in his reaction toward her, but love? No.

"Do you love her?" Dane asked his brother.

"Who, Shelly? More than life." Shawn sighed. "She makes life worth living."

It was on the tip of Dane's tongue to ask "Even when she's a bitch?" but he thought better of it. "So what do we do?"

Shawn shrugged. "There's nothing that I can do. Shelly's at her parents and you know how mean her father can get. But if Jenny is what you want, regardless of love, then go get her."

Dane smiled and stood. "You'll still get married, Shawnie. There's no fucking way I'm going to simply allow you to drag me to the tailor to get fitted for a penguin suit for the hell of it. I will personally drag both your asses down that aisle if I have to."

Shawn flipped him the bird.

Dane left in a hurry, heading straight for Jenny's house. The entire way there he planned what he would say. He wanted her. But why? He knew it was a question she'd throw in his face and had no answer for her other than because he simply did. He pulled in the driveway and killed the engine. Her living-room light glowed behind the curtains that covered the two large windows at the front of the house.

Dane exited his car and crossed the driveway. Whatever he did wrong, he needed to fix it. He would do anything to fix it.

He tapped on her door and waited. When she opened the door, he smiled. Her hair was pulled back in a mess on top of her head. She wore no makeup. His clothes still covered her small body, and her small feet were bare. She looked mad as a hornet.

"What do you want?"

He fiddled with his keys. "We need to talk."

"I don't have time."

He looked past her to the living-room floor. "Is that why it looks like a dildo factory exploded in here? Are you playing without me?"

"I'm busy."

Okay, not in a joking mood. "You can spare a few minutes."

Dane waited, refusing to look away from her. It was a battle of wills. He watched as she debated weighing the pros and cons.

"Fine." She conceded and stepped aside to let Dane enter. He walked around the piles of sex toys she had laid out on

the floor, settling in front of the coffee table. "You're helping me count the items, and none of this is for sexual purposes. So don't get any ideas."

She sat next to him on the floor and handed him a list. Completely ignoring him, she went back to counting the individually wrapped sex toys.

"Would you please just tell me what I did to piss you off? If it's what I said about Shelly, then I'm sorry. I'll kiss her ass from now on if you'll start talking to me again. Damn, Jenny." He sat the clipboard to the side and turned toward her. "I've liked you for six months now, and after talking to my brother, I think maybe he's right."

She stopped counting the jelly sleeves and looked up at him. "Right about what?"

"I don't know. I'm falling for you." He propped his arms over his knees. "Shawn wanted to kick my ass for being all sappy around him after Shelly called off the wedding."

Jenny snorted. "You would so win that fight. Shawn fights with words not his fists."

"Jen." Dane tilted his head to the side.

"What do you want me to say, Dane? That I'm falling for you, too?" She tossed her clipboard to the side.

"I want you to tell me why you're pissed at me. We were doing good, teasing each other and making out, and then you just stop and throw a little temper tantrum. In a way, it reminded me of your sister, whom we were talking about at the moment."

Jenny narrowed her eyes. "I don't have time to deal with this right now. Shelly is crying about the wedding. I want her out of my house. I have this stupid inventory to do."

"Make her do her own damn inventory." Dane reached for the clipboard and glanced down at the items. *Everything* was on the list, including product descriptions beside the item name. Lubricants. Arousal Creams. Dildos. Rabbits. Ben Wa Balls. Handcuffs. Blindfolds. Bullet vibrators. Cock rings. Male pleasure sleeves. Lingerie. Dane smiled when he came upon one name. "Which one is '7th Heaven'?"

Jenny looked up from her list. "It's the blue sleeve that covers a bullet. Why?"

"Because it's a vibrating cock ring for the guy and a clitoral stimulator for the girl. And it has seven damn speeds." He grinned at her. "Something I definitely want to try."

Jenny shook her head. "Not happening."

Dane ignored her and grabbed one of the items, tearing open the plastic packaging. Batteries were inside, and he quickly inserted them.

"What are you doing? That's inventory, not demo!" She tried to grab it from him as he turned it on.

The toy came to life, vibrating both his and her hands. She swallowed as he flipped to another speed, and her eyes dilated. He knew she was remembering their time together. He could see her recalling every orgasm he gave her, and he wanted to give her more.

"Give me the toy." She stood firm, but her voice was a bit shaky.

"Give me answers." He pulled her into his lap and wrapped his free arm around her to keep her there. He pushed the toy, taking her hand along with it, until it rested at the top of her sweat pants. "Why did you run away from me tonight? Especially after we talked about Shelly."

She pushed at the toy, but he held it against her so the vibrations pulsed against her lower belly. "I slept with you for all the wrong reasons if that's what you want to know. Are you happy?"

During her speech, she let the toy go, and Dane pushed it beneath her waistband until it rested between her legs. She wore no panties, and her thighs were soaked with her moisture. Jenny pushed at his hand, but Dane was stronger and held her against him, shifting slightly so he had room to play. He wrapped his arm around her chest and pressed his lips to her ear. His fingers pressed the bullet against her clit and held it steady.

"Open your legs." He waited, holding back a smile when she obeyed. He pressed his face into her hair and breathed in her scent. "You smell delicious, but as memory serves, you taste even better."

She swallowed, squirmed. "I thought you wanted a serious conversation."

His lips curled in a smile against her ear. He whispered, "I am serious. My dick is aching to be inside you. Your pussy hugs me so tight, it's like you never want me to go. You're slick for me, Jen. You want me as much as I want you."

His lips moved to her neck, where he nibbled and licked, tasting the sweetness of her skin. He withdrew the toy from

between her legs. Jenny gasped when he turned her to face him, taking her mouth with his own. She went straight to his head worse than a shot of whiskey. He needed skin on skin. His hands roamed up her back and then back down before sliding beneath the soft cotton T-shirt he'd lent her.

"Wait. Stop." Jenny pulled away from him and stood. She paced the small area of floor, not littered with sex toys. "I slept with you to get back at my sister. She knew I was planning on it, and I did it out of spite. I used you."

Dane folded his arms over his chest. "You're forgiven."

She stopped and stared at him. "What?"

"Jenny, it's not like you raped me and took me against my will. I wanted to sleep with you. I wanted you in my bed and in my arms. I planned our encounter to last all night long, but that didn't exactly work out. I don't really care at this point about your intentions for sleeping with me. I'm just glad you did. I want you to do it again."

"No." She shook her head. "You can't come in here and say things like that."

"Why? Why are you fighting me? Why are you fighting yourself?" Dane finally stood and grabbed her arm before she could run away. "Forget about your intentions. We had fun together, and I want you, Jen. Pure and simple, I want you. Let me have you."

The panicked look on her face surprised him and he let go of her arm. Jenny took a few steps back until her legs bumped against the couch. "It's Christmas. I don't want to do this on Christmas."

"Fine." Dane huffed a breath and glanced around the room at the mess. "We're picking up this shit and going to bed. I'm bunking here tonight, in your bed, with you."

"Why?"

"Because I'm tired, and *my* intentions were to wake up with you in my arms." He grabbed a pink tote and started shoving the toys inside. "You drive me crazy, you know that? Your scent ... God, the pineapple massage oil still lingers on you, and it only reminds me of my hands touching your body. I love the way your silky curves feel against me. You try to play dumb, but you know damn good and well that that innocence in your eyes turns me on quicker than a light switch for a lamp. The small smile that creeps across your face when you're teasing nearly does me in. Pull your hair in some pigtails and add a plaid miniskirt, and you're every fuckin' man's wet dream come to life. And don't even get me started on your lips."

Dane scooted around the room, filling first one tote and then the other with the items. He saved the toy he'd opened for last, staring at it. Jenny melting in his arms, the anger gone for a brief second so that pleasure could replace it. He licked his lips, picturing them using the toy, how hot she'd look straddling his hips with her mouth open and eyes closed in pure pleasure.

"Leave that one out." Jenny walked to him, taking the toy from his hand. "I'll probably live to regret this, but I do believe you owe me two more orgasms. I don't plan on giving them to myself, so you'd better grab a couple of condoms and come on."

Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Jenny started stripping the moment she entered her bedroom, hastily removing her clothing. She knew it was a mistake. Dane claimed to be "falling for her," but how true could that really be? They'd known each other six months, and their longest conversation was today.

His footsteps filled the silence, coming closer to the bedroom and she quickly climbed on top of her bed naked. *How was this for fantasy?* He stopped at the doorway, narrowing his eyes when he saw her.

"Not to press my luck, but what provoked this sudden change?"

Jenny fiddled with the toy he'd picked out, avoiding his gaze. "I don't know. A lot of things. I can't remember the last time a guy simply wanted to hold me in his arms, especially when I've denied him sex. I got panicked and ran back at your house, trying to convince myself that I'd used you. I didn't want to confront the emotions whirling inside my body or admit that I liked the way you make me feel. Not just in bed, either. You smile at me, and it makes my knees weak. I'm not sure anyone has ever had that effect on me."

The mattress dipped behind her as he crawled toward the headboard. "I wasn't kidding when I said I was falling for you. The longer I spend with you, the more I never want to leave."

He gently pulled her toward him until she lay on her back. He chose a purple, grape-flavored condom from the collection that was in the living-room floor and rolled the thin rubber

on. His green eyes glittered above her as he squeezed some lube onto his cock and rolled the ring on. She waited for him to make the next move, but he lay back against her pillows instead.

"Ride me, Jen. Take me slow, or take me fast. I don't care, as long as you fuck me."

Jenny stared at his cock and the ring wrapped around it. "As much fun as that toy is, I don't want to use it."

He tugged at the ring until it came off. "Whatever you want."

"Next time, maybe." Jenny gave him a half-hearted smile and straddled his lap.

Dane waited patiently, watching as she gripped his shaft and guided it to her body. Earlier she felt guilty about her reasons for being with him. Shelly hated him. For some reason, that only made her want to sleep with Dane more. But deep inside, Jenny knew her reasons had nothing to do with her sister. Dane treated her different than any other man she'd been with. On the outside, he was the tough, hard-core Marine that no one went against, but around her, he made her feel like the most cherished woman in the world. Sex had a lot to do with it, and he could be playing her like a fiddle, but she wanted to believe what he said.

She slid down his shaft, the lube making the penetration easy and smooth. Dane closed his eyes, still unmoving. He wouldn't be here if he didn't want to be. That was something Jenny determined the moment he walked in the door. He didn't run away but demanded that he stay. She smiled, recalling him telling her that he would share her bed with her,

sex or no sex. That wasn't something guys did on a regular basis after a one-night stand.

"Look at me, Dane." Her fingertips brushed against his nipples.

His eyes opened, green as emeralds, staring directly into hers. He didn't bother responding. He sat up and smashed his mouth against hers, his arms immediately wrapping around her body. She started to move her hips, rocking against him with his cock situated inside her. Slow didn't exist in her mind. She thought it proved how much two lovers cared for one another, by taking time to explore and satisfy each other's needs. But she was wrong. Dane proved it each time they were together.

He held her upper body as she arched her back, taking one breast into his mouth as their hips rocked together. "Dane."

She propped up her body with her hands while Dane continued to kiss her. He gripped her hips and started thrusting. Jenny dropped her head back. Her pussy hugged every inch of his cock, the slick movements creating the sweetest friction. His jaw hardened as he fought the need to come.

"Jen."

She leaned back on her elbows and bent her knees. Dane's cock hit the right spot within her, and fireworks exploded behind her eyelids. She cried out a whimper of pleasure as her pussy milked every drop of cum from his cock.

He pulled her up so they were eye to eye. He didn't say anything before crashing his lips against hers. The sweet tango of his tongue sliding along hers left her breathless. How

could a man that she'd known for one night make her feel different than all the other men in her past? With Dane, she truly didn't feel like it was just about sex. Something changed in him. Something changed in them both.

"It's nearly two o'clock." Jenny moved to the side, grabbing the forgotten toy, and placed it on the nightstand. "We have a wedding to get to tomorrow."

"A wedding your sister called off." He pulled the rubber from his cock and glanced over his shoulder at her. "What's the deal with that? Shawn was pissed."

Jenny pursed her lips. It was déjà vu all over again. "I'm not fighting with you about this, but it was Shawn's fault. How could he tell her, the night before their wedding, to pick up her life and move?"

"It's not permanent." He tossed the condom in the trash can. "Dad asked him to help start up the west coast company. After a couple of years, he's free to move wherever he wants."

Jenny crossed her arms over her chest. "I'm not arguing with you."

He lay on his side, grinning. "No? You look like you're ready to battle."

She counted to ten. "How is it we go from wonderful orgasms to bickering within seconds? And it's always about my sister."

"You're the one taking offense."

"She's my sister!" Jenny stood and grabbed a pair of pajamas from the dresser. "Of course I take offense to some guy talking bad about her."

"Some guy?" He sat up. "I go from your lover to 'some guy' in two seconds?"

She pulled on a black tank top with "Down and Dirty" written in pink script across her chest. "My *lover* wouldn't constantly put down my sister." She thrust her legs into the matching pink shorts and pulled them over her hips. "Not if he really cared about me like you claim."

Who was she kidding? Dane wanted sex with her and knew all the right things to say to make her think it was more. She should have kicked him out on his ass when she had the chance, before she gave in and slept with him again. Now she was simply stuck. He wasn't about to budge, and she didn't have the energy to make him.

"Is that really what you're pissed at me about? That I don't like Shelly? Come on, Jen. You knew that long before my dick ever sank into that hot pussy of yours. Why is it such a shock to you now?"

She flipped off the light and crawled in bed beside him. "Family is important to me, Dane. It's all I have, and if you can't accept that, then I was a damn fool for believing you were 'falling' for me."

Dane shifted beside her, pulling the comforter out from beneath him, and situating it around them. "You claim you want Shelly out of your house. She has the perfect opportunity to move across the country and be completely out of your hair. Yet you get all pissed off at me, as if it is my fault."

"I want Shelly out of my house not my life."

"I don't think that's true. You've lived together since you were of legal age, and I think you're scared to let her go. Shelly's getting married to a decent guy, and that rattles you because all your boyfriends dumped you. She's made a successful living selling sex toys, and has fun with it, while you have a nine-to-five, boring job at the bank. Her life is moving forward to better things, and you're scared you'll never go anywhere. You're afraid of finally being on your own."

Tears gathered in her eyes as she stared into the darkness. This was the kind of man she knew. The one who says all the right things, makes a woman fall helplessly in love with them, and then shoves their face into the ground. She was stupid to think Dane was different. Stupid to allow him to be here with her. Jenny rolled away from him, tucking her pillow against her face as she cried silently.

"You don't have to be, you know," he continued, his voice soft. "Scared, that is. I want to be in your life." His fingers brushed against her arm. "I want to be the one who makes all your fears go away."

She sniffled. "How can you propose a relationship, when all we do is have sex and fight? You put my family down. You put me down..."

Dane moved closer, his chest brushing against her back. His arm came around her, cradling her body against his. "I'm not putting you down. But I'm not going to sugarcoat things for you, either. Are you really happy, living vicariously through your sister?"

"I'm not." Tears leaked out the corners of her eyes.

"Shelly is the only one who hasn't left you, and that is why you put up with her. She goes out and lives her life, while you armor yourself up at home, hating men and waiting to hear about the latest adventure from your sister." He pressed a kiss to her shoulder.

"It's not true. I have a life."

"If that is so, then why are you crying?"

Jenny wiped at her eyes and pulled away from him. "I never asked for your opinion."

"No. But I gave it to you. Stop fighting me, Jen. I'm not the bad guy, and I'm not going anywhere."

She flipped on the lamp beside the bed and faced him. "I'm not jealous of my sister. I don't appreciate your saying stuff that you know I want to hear and then cutting me down with your next breath. I was stupid to believe you were different. I was stupid to think that maybe, just maybe, this guy could be the one. Hell, I was pretty damn foolish to let you get to me, and I have to deal with that now. But let's get one thing straight. I won't sit back and let you make claims about me based on nothing."

Dane lay back against his pillow, staring at her with sparkling green eyes. "Baby, I stand by everything I said. I want you in my life. I want you in my arms. I want you in my bed. I want to make you scream your throat raw with pleasure. I want to take your fears away and be there to comfort you when you need it. I want it all, Jenny. I'm not cutting you down. I'm merely pointing out what I observed. If what I say is not true, then please inform me why you get so pissed off with me after sex. Tell me why you get pissed off

when we talk about your sister. I've got nothing but time, and I want some answers."

"You make me furious because of *this*. You're arrogant. I admit to using you in the beginning, but when you came here and said those things, I actually wanted to believe it could possibly be more. I wanted to trust what you said was true. That we wouldn't always be this way, that we could actually have a decent conversation and not argue about differences of opinions all the time." She swiped at her eyes. "But I guess I was wrong to believe all that. You aren't different. You're a jerk like the rest of the men in the world."

Dane sat up and pulled Jenny into his arms. She fought him initially but stopped when she realized she wouldn't win. His arms tightened around her. He kissed her forehead and simply held her. His warmth surrounded her, comforted her unexpectedly. He kissed her cheek. "We can finish talking about this in the morning. Both of us are so tired we don't know what we're saying. I promise we'll fix this."

He let her go long enough to flip off the lamp. He pulled her back into his embrace, and she settled against him, resting her head on his chest. Maybe she was scared. She allowed herself to relax, completely mesmerized by the movements of his fingers against her back.

Everything would work out. It had to. As dreamless bliss overtook her, Dane breathed a sigh of relief and plotted his next move.

* * * *

Jenny writhed in sleep beside him, waking Dane from his two peaceful hours of slumber. His eyes felt like they'd been glued shut. He yawned and opened them to the bright light of morning, glancing over at Jenny's alarm clock. 6:30. The last thing he wanted to do was untangle his numb arm from her body, but it was inevitable. He lifted her shoulders slightly and removed his arm, immediately feeling as if a thousand needles were repeatedly pricking his skin. All he could do was smile.

After some feeling came back, he slipped the covers aside. The cold chill in the room made him shiver as he stood, looking around for his boxers.

"Where are you going?" Jenny rolled to her stomach, stuffing her pillow beneath her chin.

"Merry Christmas, baby." He paused to kiss her before returning to his search. "I'm going to make some phone calls. Go back to sleep." He found his boxers and pulled them on.

"Who are you calling?"

"My dad and Shawn." He came to her and bent to kiss her forehead. "I'm solving my brother's problems with your sister and hopefully getting them to walk down the aisle."

"What are you doing?" She pushed up from her spot.

"I'm offering to go to the west coast instead. Shawn and Shelly can stay here, and everyone will be happy."

"You're offering to leave?" Was that sadness in her voice?

"It's temporary." He leaned down to kiss her. "Of course, you could always come with me. We could live out our own adventures together."

She didn't respond. Jenny sat up and brushed her hair from her face. She was so beautiful in her sleep-rumpled state. No makeup. Her hair a complete mess.

"Look, I need to call my dad so we can get this wedding rolling." He smiled, unable to read her expression.

"You would do that for your brother? Pack up and leave so he wouldn't have to?"

Dane sat on the side of the bed. "You know I would. I value family, too, Jen. Shawn is my only brother, and he's bailed me out of binds before. It's what we do."

She blinked. Dane wasn't sure what went through her mind. Last night his plan seemed like the perfect answer. Both he and Shawn grew up in the family business. It wasn't something he preferred, but it would work out. It was only a couple of years.

"I don't know what to think about you." She bit her bottom lip. "You're the biggest jerk one minute and the sweetest guy I've ever met the next."

How's that for honesty. Dane smirked. "We don't have to leave until nine. Why don't you sleep a bit more?"

"I would if I could. I'm up now." She slid her legs to the side of the bed. "Call your dad and Shawn."

He touched her bare thigh, a warm contrast to the cool air around them. "Do you have any idea where my pants are?"

She chuckled. "No clue. You came to bed naked."

He kissed her cheek. "True." He stood and began looking for his pants.

"Dane?"

"Yeah?" He bent down and snagged his jeans from beneath the bed.

"Were you serious about my going with you?"

"Yeah, babe. I think it'd be fun. Dad's company is around Napa Valley, so vineyards are all around. If we play our cards right, maybe we could get free wine." He wiggled his eyebrows. "Could you handle living all the time with the biggest jerk and the sweetest guy rolled into one?"

She actually smiled. "I don't know. It's a lot to think about."

"So you are thinking about it?" He pulled on his jeans.

"You're considering coming to California with me?"

"Call your dad, Dane. It's not a done deal, yet." She came to him and wrapped her arms around his waist. Her breasts brushed against his chest, her nipples stiff beneath her cotton shirt. She pressed her lips against his neck. "I'm still mad at you for all the stuff you said to me last night."

"Yeah, well, I love you, and it doesn't matter." He cupped her cheeks and leaned down. "None of the small stuff matters, Jenny."

Jenny pursed her lips. "We have a wedding to fix. I'm going to call Mom and see if there's anything I can do."

She didn't say it back. Dane's heart sank to the pit of his stomach, even though he'd suspected it. He'd screwed up royally by opening his big, fat mouth. Now he'd devised the perfect plan to make his brother happy, one that would make his life total hell if Jenny didn't go with him.

He grabbed his cell from the living-room floor and scrolled through the numbers to find his dad's. His father picked up on the second ring. "Hey, Dad."

"Dane? Why on earth are you calling me at this hour? Are you drunk?"

He glanced at the clock on the wall. "No. Sorry. Shelly called off the wedding because she didn't want to move to California. I've been thinking and came up with a solution. I'll go to the west coast instead. Shawn can stay here with Shelly and live out their happily ever after."

"Have you talked to your brother about this?"

"No. I wanted to make sure it was okay with you first." Dane watched as Jenny came down the hall, phone to her ear, chatting to Shelly about the wedding.

"It's fine with me if that's what you really want to do. But if Shawn is having problems with Shelly, I doubt it has anything to do with moving. Maybe you should let them work it out on their own."

Jenny stood at the stove, rubbing the toes of one foot against her calf as she tried to talk Shelly into going through with the wedding. She fiddled with cooking breakfast, not really paying attention to the food. The sight was so domestic it made him smile.

"It'll make everyone's life easier. I've worked for you ever since I got out of the Marines. I may not have the passion for the family business that Shawn has, but I'm not an idiot, either. You need someone to get this off the ground, and I can help. And if it helps Shawn and Shelly in the long run, then that's great."

"I don't care, son. If you want to go, I'm not going to stand in your way."

Dane thanked him and wished him a Merry Christmas and hung up the phone. Immediately, he dialed Shawn. He answered with a curt reply.

"Merry Christmas to you, too, bro." Dane smiled at his brother's tone. "Look, I solved your problems. Dad gave me clearance to go to California so you and Shelly don't have to move."

"What?"

"You heard me. I'm going so you don't have to. Dad will leave you in charge of the east coast and I'll have the west coast." Dane huffed a breath and glanced over at Jenny carrying two plates to the small breakfast table, phone to her ear. "Make up with Shelly, dude. I've eliminated the obstacle. Go make up with your fiancée and walk down that aisle today."

"I'm going to owe you for this, aren't I?" Shawn's voice perked up.

"Nah. Just paying you back for coming to Boston for me. We're even."

They hung up, and Dane went into the kitchen where Jenny sat picking at her food while she listened to Shelly talk. "Shelly, it's settled. Dane's going, not Shawn. Why aren't you happy?"

Dane kissed the top of her head and sat beside her. He ate the food she'd cooked, watching and listening to her talk to her sister. Shelly did most of the talking, while Jenny sat there, avoiding his eyes and listening to the conversation.

"Okay. Fine, Shelly. That's your decision." She hung up and sat the phone to the side. "She's still calling off the wedding. I think she's scared, and he gave her the perfect opportunity to back out. She's also pissed at me for sleeping with you."

"Honey, she will always hate you for sleeping with me. Is that going to make you stop? Just because Shelly doesn't like me, does that mean you can't, either?"

"Dane, you promised. It's Christmas."

"Answer enough." He stood and left the room, pissed at himself. His shirt was on the bedroom floor, and he grabbed it, pulling it over his head as he headed back to the living room. His jacket lay across the couch, something he grabbed, as well.

"You can be a tough ass and demand that I let you spend the night with me, and now you're just walking away."

"If I don't, we'll end up fighting, and it's Christmas." He crossed the room to the door. "I'll see you at the wedding."

Jenny grabbed his arm to stop him. "Are you still going, even if they don't get married?"

"They'll get married. And as for moving, changes do some people good. I need a change."

He walked out the door with the chill of morning biting at him. Shawn and Shelly would get married if he had to drag them to the altar and forge their signatures on the marriage license. But Jenny, he didn't know what would happen between Jenny and him.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

When Jenny arrived at her parents' house, the place looked like a field of white roses had exploded all over the main floor. Bouquets of flowers sat on every surface. The banister was draped with flowers and covered with white paper for Shelly to walk on. Everything was ready for the impending wedding.

"Mom? Shelly?" Jenny sat her purse next to the door, dropping her keys on top.

Karen Myers met her daughter in the foyer wrinkling her nose at the bouquet Jenny carried. "Oh, there you are. What are we going to do with all of this? Everyone is making their deliveries, and Shelly is still determined to call everything off. I thought Shelly ordered red roses."

Jenny shrugged. "She wanted it to be virginal white."

Karen laughed. "The only one she's fooling is your father."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs, sulking."

Jenny left her mother to find her sister sitting in the room they once shared, staring out the window. She wore a silky robe, and aside from her red-rimmed eyes, looked perfect.

"We've got a bunch of people waiting to see you and Shawn get hitched. Why don't I help you put on your dress, and get this ball rolling?"

"Jenny, it isn't happening."

"Why not? Shawn wants to spend the rest of his life with you." Jenny unzipped the garment cover and slid the wedding

dress from the hanger. "And, Shelly, you are so in love with him. Why are you insisting you shouldn't get married? You and I both know that's not what you really want."

"Because."

She held up the dress. "Because why? Dane called and made everything better. He's going to California so Shawn doesn't have to. The two of you can start your life together just the way you planned. What is your deal?"

"Dane is the problem. He doesn't get to make everything better. He's the ass of the family. You are sleeping with the ass of the family."

"Oh, please. My relationship with Dane has nothing to do with your marrying Shawn. And if it makes you feel better, he didn't do this for you. He did it for his brother."

"I can't be civil with him." Shelly stood, fury rolling off her in waves. "I can't marry into his family. I can't stand my sister being with him."

"Grow up."

Shelly stopped and lifted her head. "What did you say to me?"

"You heard me loud and clear." Jenny sank to the bed as everything Dane said pummeled her at once. "You don't get to run other people's lives."

"What? My opinion doesn't count now?"

"No, Shelly. Your opinion counts only when it's about your life. You're getting married to Shawn. Grow up and get dressed." Jenny threw the dress on the bed. "You know, you're my little sister, and I've babied you a lot over the years. But I'm not about to stand by and watch you make the

biggest fucking mistake of your life because of your stupidity. And I'm not about to let you ruin my life, along with yours. I like Dane. He actually told me he loved me, and you know what? I panicked. He's a good guy, and I keep pushing him away, mostly because I'm afraid of hurting you. I'm done. If he'll have me back, I'm going to be with him, and since he's moving, I'm willing to move with him."

Shelly gasped. "But—"

Jenny held up her hand. "I don't want to hear it. Get dressed."

Sudden relief came over her as she walked across the room. She wanted Dane. She almost craved his touch. And she feared she'd blown it.

Her dress was waiting in the blue guest room, a bright pink ensemble that made her look like a live Barbie. She stripped and stepped into it, zipping up the back by herself. Her hair was next, and she tried three times before she got it right. She pinned her long locks into a simple French twist that she dressed up with diamond hair pins. After that was her makeup, which she kept light and natural with just a hint of pink eye shadow and blush. She grabbed some pink lip gloss to finish off the look and stood before the mirror, taking everything in.

Did she really tell Shelly she wanted to move across the country with Dane? She smiled and began looking for her hot-pink shoes. Yes, she did. She truly wanted to be with him. She maybe even loved him. The thought stopped her mid-step, with one shoe on and the other off. He was so different

than her previous boyfriends, ones she'd thought she loved, so how could she be sure?

She stepped into the other shoe and pulled the strap over her heel. She didn't deserve the patience Dane gave her, though he could cut back on his bluntness a little. All that would work out in the end.

Once she was satisfied with herself, she headed downstairs. The party was already in full swing. Dane and Shawn talked with each other in the library, sharing a laugh about something Dane said. She took a deep breath and headed there first.

"Don't worry about it. Talk to her, and everything will be okay." Dane slapped his brother on the back.

"Yeah. Take your own advice." Shawn nodded toward the door.

"Uh, sorry to interrupt." Jenny shrugged. "I wanted to borrow Dane for a moment." Jenny reached for his hand, happy he took it instead of shunning her in front of her future brother-in-law. "We'll be right back."

She led him through the house to the very back guest room, away from the chaos. After she closed the door behind them, she turned to face him. "I just want to say I'm sorry. I was wrong, and you were right. I want to be with you. I let Shelly control my life. I feel so stupid."

"Shh. We'll talk about this after the wedding." He pulled her to him, careful not to mess up her hair. He smiled and kissed her. "You're beautiful, baby."

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "I love you, Dane."

When they returned to the main room, Karen informed them the wedding was on. Shawn had talked to Shelly, and they'd worked through their fears and finally agreed to proceed. Jenny parted from Dane and took her place at the top of the stairs where Shelly stood, beautiful as ever in the white mountain of fabric she called a dress. She still looked pissed, but Jenny didn't bother to say anything. Fighting with Shelly on her wedding day was the last thing Jenny wanted to do. Not to mention it was Christmas. The little stuff didn't matter, just like Dane had said. Everyone took their place, Jenny in front of Shelly.

"Mom told me you seemed happy with Dane. That you were holding his hand and smiling like you were in love."

"I am happy with Dane. And I do love him." Jenny's heart swelled as she finally admitted the words out loud. "He makes me feel alive and special. He makes me see things from a different prospective, and I like that."

They started moving forward, and Shelly grabbed her sister's arm. "I'm making a request."

Jenny paused, glancing toward the wedding party that continued moving toward the steps. "I won't stop seeing him for you."

Shelly huffed. "Not what I was going to ask." She hesitated for a moment before finally blurting, "Can you get him to stop calling me 'Shutter Bug'?"

Jenny couldn't help the relief that swept over her. She wrapped her arms around her sister, trying really hard not to cry. "I'll try. I love you, Shelly."

"I love you, more." She pulled away, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Now, let's go get me married."

* * * *

Dane wrapped his arm around Jenny's shoulders at the reception. He refused to sit in the designated best man's spot, choosing instead to sit by the maid of honor. Jenny seemed to be enjoying herself as she drank the sweet champagne and chatted with the guests. He couldn't have asked for a better ending to this disastrous event.

His brother was happy, and that's all that mattered. And he had Shelly as a sister-in-law. That was a bit scary. He chuckled at his own thoughts and pulled Jenny to him, kissing her cheek.

She smiled and ran her hand along his thigh. "What was that for?"

"Do I have to have a reason to kiss you?"

"No." She laid her head against his shoulder. "You've been kind of quiet tonight. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. It's good to see my brother happy."

"Are you happy?"

"Uh, you are in my arms. Yeah, I'm pretty happy." He brushed his fingers against her cheek. "I'd be a lot happier though if you'd stay at my place tonight."

The bride and groom left around eight, while Jenny and Dane stuck around the Myers's house to help clean up. Though Jenny changed into a pair of jeans and Dane's T-shirt, he still wore the penguin suit and couldn't wait to get home and get naked with Jenny.

Arthur corned him in the kitchen as Dane brought yet again another vase of white roses inside. "So, Dane, Shawn told me you offered to move to the west coast so he and Shelly didn't have to."

"Yes. The business isn't breaking ground until next month, but Dad needs me to be out there in order to make sure all the plans are correct. I leave out in a couple of weeks." He'd long lost the jacket to his tux and rolled up the sleeves to his shirt, trying to get more comfortable. He didn't even want to think about the stupid dress shoes killing his feet.

"Really? Because I noticed you and Jennifer getting a little close at the reception. Is there something going on between the two of you?"

"Hey, guys." Jenny entered the room with a handful of dirty champagne glasses. "What's going on?"

Arthur glanced at Dane. "I was just asking Dane about the two of you. He's moving soon, and you guys seem to be getting cozy."

"We're dating, Dad. And to be honest, I've been thinking of moving to California with him."

"And leave your life here?"

"I need a change. I love Dane, and he is the change I want in my life."

Arthur shook his head. "Does your mother know about this?"

"Know about what?" Karen came in with an armful of gifts.

"Your daughter is planning to move across the country with this yahoo." Arthur frowned at Dane, who simply stood there, unmoving.

"You're moving? Why didn't you say something to me?" Karen arched an eyebrow at her daughter.

Jenny moved to help her mother with the gifts. "I never said I was moving. I said I was thinking about it. There's a lot to consider, and I'm weighing my options."

"Are you planning on getting married?" Arthur's question hung in the silence that surrounded them.

"Everyone who dates doesn't necessarily get married right away." Jenny met Dane's eyes. "Our relationship isn't at that point yet, but we do love each other."

Karen wrapped her daughter in her arms. "I'm happy for you, sweetheart. I would love to have another McKenzie in our family, just so you know."

Jenny smiled. "Yeah, the McKenzie boys are something special."

"Why don't you two go home? You both look tired, and after Shelly's little fit, it's understood." Karen kissed Jenny's cheek. "Go on. We're celebrating Christmas tomorrow here at the house, so go rest up. Dane, take her home, and make sure she gets some sleep."

Dane pushed away from the counter. "Yes, ma'am."

"And you need to be here around noon. Shawn and Shelly are coming in for Christmas dinner, and then they're flying out for their honeymoon afterward. We've also invited your parents, Dane."

Jenny nodded. "We'll be here, Mom. Merry Christmas."

As they walked outside, Dane pulled her against his side and led her to his car. "Your dad hates me."

"My dad's old-fashioned. He thinks Shelly is losing her virginity tonight."

Dane chuckled. "Obviously, you hid Shutter Bug's photos."

"And her at-home business." Jenny stopped and wrapped her arms around him. "Please stop calling her that."

He opened the passenger side door. "Oh, great. Is this going to lead to a fight?"

"No. She asked me to make you stop." Jenny grinned and leaned up to kiss his chin. "I think she's most embarrassed that it was you who saw her naked. Specifically."

"Why? She's not the first woman I've seen naked."

"I know that." Jenny ran her hand along his stomach. "I don't know. Maybe she likes you."

Dane narrowed his eyes. "You're joking, right?"

"No. It's nothing new, Dane. A girl loves and wants to share her life with one guy but occasionally fantasizes about another. It's only fantasy. Not reality. Completely harmless."

"No, it's not. I'm going to have nightmares tonight."

After they were on their way to his house, Dane stopped at a red light and glanced over at Jenny. "Who's your fantasy guy?"

"Huh?"

"The guy you fantasize about but don't want to be with. Who's your guy?"

Jenny snuggled up against his arm. "Sometimes, if a girl gets lucky, the man she's with is her fantasy man."

Dane drove on with Jenny hugging his arm against her. The roads were slick with falling sleet, but snow had yet to materialize. A little part of him wanted them to wake up and

be snowed in. It wasn't that he didn't like her family; he did. But the thought of keeping Jenny in his warm bed all day on Christmas sounded like heaven.

He pulled in the drive and pressed the garage-door remote. Jenny slept beside him, clinging to his arm. Dane parked and turned off the engine. The garage door went down, and he glanced over at a sleeping Jenny. "Wake up, baby."

He shifted slightly, pulling his arm away from her. When she didn't stir, he climbed out of the car and went around to her side. He didn't bother trying to wake her. He unbuckled her seatbelt and lifted her into his arms.

Inside, he carried her to his bed and laid her in the center.

"Dane?" She rubbed her eyes.

"I'm here." He kicked off his shoes and nearly groaned at the relief. His feet had been clamped in those damn shoes for so long, he'd forgotten what it was like for his toes to be free. The tight jacket and stiff shirt came off next.

She rolled over with a smile. "I never told you Merry Christmas."

Once he finally shed his pants, he crawled toward her. "It's a very merry Christmas." He kissed her, moving over her so his body covered hers. "I have something for you. I wanted to give it to you this morning when you woke up in my arms, but things didn't go exactly as planned."

He reached for the nightstand and opened the drawer. From inside, he grabbed the black velvet box with a red bow on top. He handed it to her and watched her face contort in a mixture of surprise and excitement.

"Go on. Open it."

She popped the box and gasped. "You bought me a heart-shaped diamond pendent?"

"Yes. Do you like it?"

She squealed and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I love it. I love you."

The pendent was a white-gold heart inside a teardrop design with a princess-cut diamond hanging in the center. The moment Dane saw it, he'd thought of Jenny and bought it immediately for her, two weeks ago. She pulled back and smiled at him. He loved putting that smile on her face. Loved knowing she smiled because of him, that he'd made her happy.

"Will you put it on me?"

He grabbed the box and pulled out the necklace. She turned slightly, her hair still pinned in a French twist from the wedding, giving him access to her neck. After he situated the necklace, she turned around and hugged him again, straddling his hips.

"I didn't buy you anything, but I do have something that will make up for it."

"Baby, your being here is the only thing I want."

Jenny scooted from the bed. "You sure about that? You haven't seen what I'm offering."

She disappeared from the bedroom, and Dane stared, wondering what she'd cooked up. After a day of wedding hell, all he wanted was to spend time with her naked and in his bed. Her bare feet padded on the hardwood floors and he waited anxiously for her return.

"Okay. Strip." She grinned.

Dane lifted his hips and tugged down his boxers, tossing them to the floor. Jenny began tugging at her clothing, coming to him in a pink panty set. The lace of her bra barely covered her breasts, unable to hide the stiff little nipples poking against the tight fabric. He licked his lips as his eyes wandered down to the tiny scrap of fabric covering her crotch. It, too, couldn't hide everything, and Dane nearly groaned.

"Lie back and relax." She straddled his legs, moving closer to his rock-hard cock. "Do you have any lube?"

What the hell was this woman up to? "Nightstand."

She moved slightly, reaching for the drawer, and lifted out the bottle of K-Y he had in there. She poured a generous amount onto her fingers and gripped his cock, spreading the cool jelly along his shaft. She leaned forward and licked one of his nipples, drawing it between her teeth before nipping it lightly. God, she made his head spin with desire. Her fist pumped him slowly, while her mouth worked his nipples. He groaned.

"Feel good, baby?"

He groaned again.

She pulled away, and Dane glanced down long enough to see a blue object with a remote in her hand. He couldn't help it. He laughed. "You are the best woman in the world."

Jenny laughed. "Think of it as your toy from Santa. Have you been naughty or nice?"

"Naughty." She slid the tight ring onto his cock, positioning it for the ultimate pleasure. "Very naughty. I've been really bad this year."

Jenny grabbed the remote when she was satisfied and turned on the gadget. The ring started to pulse, and Dane bit his lip. She flipped through the seven different speeds, settling on number five. The bullet inside the sleeve rocked, as if Jenny was riding him without even being on top of him.

"Good?"

He nodded.

She moved to the side, unhooking her bra and shucking her panties. She gave him a sweet smile before moving back and pressing a kiss right below his navel. Her tongue snaked out and licked at his skin, swirling around like he was her own personal lollipop. Sweat popped out of his pores as she moved lower. And then lower.

"Jen, please."

"Naughty boys have to wait." Her lips curved before she bent forward to kiss his.

Her tongue traced the line of his teeth before slipping between. Dane tried his best to position her above his cock, but she wouldn't have any of it. She tackled him, pinning his arms to the mattress while she had her feel. God, if she didn't feel so good, he would have put up a bigger protest.

"Baby, I'm serious. Our fun is about to end if you keep this up." He panted when her lips brushed against his neck. "Fuck me, Jenny. Now."

Jenny smirked and straddled his hips. She gripped his vibrating dick in one hand and positioned it at her pussy. Her lips parted as she sank down, her silent expression of pleasure enough to push him to the edge. When his dick was fully inside her Dane gripped her hips and took over. Slow

was definitely not what either one of them needed right now. He rolled her over and pushed her legs open as far as they could go. Jenny gripped his wrists and held on, giving as good as she got. He couldn't take it. Her heat closed around him, sucked him in, and he never wanted to leave. She felt too damn good contracting around him. He pumped his hips, forgetting about everything outside the four walls of his room. This was his Jenny, and he wasn't about to let her go.

She came first, screaming and clutching him harder than ever, drawing him over the edge and into bliss with her. His breaths came in short gasps as his heart threatened to beat out of his chest. When the ripples subsided, he collapsed on top of her, burying his face in her neck.

Neither one could speak. Nor could they move. Dane reached to the side and clicked off the toy and the vibrations ceased. Santa never brought him this kind of toy before, and dammit if Dane wasn't happy he did now.

He lifted his head and stared down at her. "Merry Christmas, baby."

She cupped his cheeks. "Merry Christmas, Dane. I love you."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Epilogue

"Are you going to the conference this year? If so, we can share a hotel room. Dane has to work, so he isn't coming with me." Jenny picked up another penis-shaped cupcake and began to decorate it with icing.

After living in Napa Valley for the past year with Dane, she couldn't help the fact that she missed seeing her sister. She had started her own at-home business, Dane's idea, selling sex toys to area women, and made a killer living at it.

"Sure, Jenny. I miss seeing you. It'll be like the old times when we lived together." Shelly sounded thrilled with the idea, and it made Jenny smile. "I'll have to tell Shawn he has to stay at home, though. But it isn't that big of a deal. He can't go into the conference anyway."

"Oh, well if you were planning to go with him..."

"No. I want to hang out with my sister for a week. Catch up on everything, including the dirty details about our men. We can't do that if Shawn is tagging along."

Jenny licked the icing from her finger. "I don't want him to be mad at me."

"He won't be. I'll make sure he's well taken care of. It's no big deal."

Jenny's stomach knotted. She missed seeing her family. While she loved her new life in California with Dane, she missed some of the old stuff, as well. Mainly talking to Shelly about everything. Now they called each other once a week and talked nearly two hours at a time. Her phone

conversations with her mother and his mother were equally as long. Dane didn't dare complain about the phone bill, but she knew it raised his blood pressure slightly.

"Well, Sis, I need to go. I have a party tonight, and my cupcakes are done."

"Let me know how your open house goes. Maybe I could shoo Shawn off long enough to have one of my own."

They disconnected, and Jenny focused on situating the cupcakes on the pink decorative tray she'd bought earlier that day. Once the items were displayed on the table, she grinned at her artistic work. The cupcakes looked like the real thing.

"I don't know if I should be amazed or freaked out that you can make a damn cupcake look like a real dick." Dane came up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist.

"Amazed. Your fiancée has many talents."

"That she does."

Two months after they'd settled into their new life, Dane proposed. Jenny had nearly fainted when she'd seen the three-carat, Asscher-cut canary diamond with step-cut diamonds on the side. He'd had to tell her to calm down several times to get it on her shaking hand. She'd complained at first that the diamond was too big, but she loved the way it looked on her finger.

"You have to leave for a couple of hours, remember?"

He groaned. "I don't get why. I know as much as you about this stuff. Hell, we've tried most of it out together."

"Women don't feel comfortable buying sex toys when men other than their significant others are around." She turned to

kiss his cheek. "Besides, we can't talk about you if you are here."

"Oh, great. Honey, some of those women are married to men who work for me. Some of those women work for me." He turned her around to face him. "What do you say?"

"Chill, baby." She combed her fingers through his hair. "It's just girl talk. Go have fun with the guys. Tonight I'm showing off new products, and when you get home, we can test some of them out."

"What new products?"

She smiled. "A new flavored lube. You rub it and it gets warm. You blow on it, and it makes you tingle."

His eyes dilated. She knew he was recalling the last time they'd played with flavored lube. They used the whole damn lot, and she didn't have any inventory for her purchasing customers, who, by the way, loved it as much as she and Dane did.

"What else?"

"I don't know." She pulled out of his arms and made her way to the dining-room table, where the products lay on display. "They have a new bondage kit out on demo. We could try that. Or we could play one of the new sex games. A few look like fun."

"Will you wear that new outfit you got?" Dane came up behind her, mere inches from touching her. "The sexy police costume that you hid in the back of the closet?"

Jenny's cheeks heated. "You weren't supposed to know about that."

"No? I found it when I was looking for my boots. Seeing it got me hot. My dick was so hard just thinking about it covering your sweet body." His lips lingered behind her ear, eliciting a delicious shiver throughout her body. "I'm hard right now."

"I was saving it for your birthday." She sighed. "But I guess we could do something else then. I'll wear it tonight, party-pooper."

He grinned, his lips against her neck, and grabbed her wrist to tug her around to face him. Each hand slid over her ass and lifted her from the ground. She loved it when he held her. His arms around her gave more than protection or comfort. They gave her a kind of intimacy she'd never known she needed or wanted. And it was the simple things she enjoyed the most. Lying with him on the couch while they watched a scary movie and shared a bowl of popcorn. When she screamed, he laughed and pulled her even closer to him, limbs entwined. Or when they took walks together, hand in hand through vineyards, and shared a bottle of his favorite wine. He was always touching her, holding her, and silently confirming how much he loved her.

"We're going back home for my birthday, remember? We might get arrested at the airport if you stuffed that outfit in your carry-on bag."

"I love you, Dane." She smiled. "You can't possibly even know how much."

"Oh, yes I do." He kissed her. "Because I love you the same."

The doorbell rang. Jenny gave him one last kiss before she pulled away from him to answer it.

* * * *

Her party lasted from six until eight, and she was happy with the total sales. Dane wasn't expected until nine, and she spent most of the time cleaning up the mess and getting ready for him. She went into their room and pulled out the costume. She hated that he'd found it but was glad all the same. She stripped off her dress clothes and pulled on the skimpy outfit, silently wishing she bought a bigger size, since her body was squeezed into the spandex-like material.

In the front were buttons and an oversized belt. She left most of the buttons undone and looped the handcuffs over the belt. The costume came with a hat, as well, something she spent a good five minutes positioning on her head in front of the mirror. She was completely ready when the garage door went up. Getting into her role, she forced the smile from her face. Dane didn't know what he had coming.

"Jenny?" he called as soon as he came into the house.
"Where are you?"

He stepped inside the bedroom, and that was when she closed the door, surrounding them in darkness.

"Pants down, hands on the bed, sir. You've been caught in violation, and I'm here to see that justice is served."

She smiled when the rattling of his belt and then the soft rasp of his zipper filled the silence. "What did I do, ma'am?"

"You left the house this morning without giving me an orgasm. You're lucky I don't lock you up and throw away the

key." Her giggles were soft, and she hoped he didn't hear them. Jenny shifted, the increasing wetness between her thighs a bit distracting.

"Forgive me, Officer. I'll give you whatever you want."

"I know you will." She walked up to him and kicked his legs apart.

She knew he stayed in position, while she went to his side of the bed to turn on the lamp. He groaned when he saw her, and she nearly lost her bad-ass routine. She forced him to turn and gripped his cock in her hand.

"Don't make a sound."

She sank to her knees, the thigh-high boots she splurged on for the costume creaking with the motions. She lifted his cock and traced her tongue from root to tip. Her clit pulsed, in need of attention, but her sweet submissive demanded her concentration. She slipped his cock between her lips and hummed her pleasure. In all the time they'd been together, she'd never given him oral sex before. She never knew how much she would like it.

"You taste better than chocolate." She sucked him a bit more, tasting his salty fluid as it seeped out onto her tongue, before standing. She ran her hands over his hard body, pushing the T-shirt he favored over his head. "Any last pleas before you take your punishment?"

He shook his head.

"On the bed, then. I want you on your back with your arms above your head and your legs spread apart." She grabbed the bondage kit and cuffed his ankles and arms to the bed then reached for the blindfold and covered his eyes. She

crawled over his body, sliding her wet pussy against the hard muscles of his chest. "Open your mouth."

He did, and she gave him herself, straddling his head until her pussy lips touched his lips. She gasped when he licked her. Her fingers wrapped around the headboard for support as his tongue explored. God, she loved this. He nearly made her come undone within seconds of his tongue touching her. She backed away, sliding down his body, unable to resist a kiss.

"You make me so wet. I spent the whole party thinking about fucking you tonight." She kissed her way from his lips to his ear, where she whispered, "I had to go to the bathroom to finger myself to get some relief."

He gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing.

Jenny smiled at his reaction, knowing she wasn't torturing only him, but herself, as well. "I want a real orgasm. One with your dick inside me, filling and stretching me until I can think only of you."

She grabbed the handy, banana-flavored condom she'd put on the nightstand earlier. She tore the package open and moved down his body. Hoping she didn't totally screw this up, she put the condom in her mouth and bent forward to put it on him. She moved her lips and tongue in concert, using the roof of her mouth to position the condom over the head of his cock, and then pushed down slowly. The thin rubber rolled down perfectly.

"Untie me." Dane's voice wasn't playful but demanding. "Now."

Jenny should have said something smart, held him at her mercy and made him beg for freedom. But the truth was, she wanted his hands on her, his fingers inside her. She wanted his touch, his lips, his body, all of it. She finished working the condom down his shaft and rose to untie Dane's hands.

He ripped off the blindfold and immediately ran his fingers through her hair, pulling her down for his kiss. His tongue snaked inside her mouth, demanding she submit to him. She loved every minute of it. His lips took hers, his hands holding her face in place while he continued his assault. This was most definitely the only man she wanted to spend her life with.

"Untie my feet."

She did, and he pulled her to him, sliding his cock inside her with one thrust. After that, the only conversation they had was a mixture of moans and groans with a few obscenities thrown into the air as Dane fucked her. He came with harsh grunt and buried his face between her breasts. Jenny held onto him, loving every second that she made him lose control.

"You are one wicked woman." He shifted her slightly to his side and disposed of the condom. "God, did you plan *that* for my birthday?"

"Something of the sort." She crawled to the headboard and lay in the middle of the bed, closing her eyes without a care in the world. "Did you like it?"

The mattress dipped with his weight. "What do you think, sweetheart?"

Dane undressed her and wrapped them both in the comforter on their bed. Even though she was a little homesick, being with Dane made everything okay. She laid her head on his chest and listened to his heartbeat.

"Before I forget, I have a surprise for you."

Jenny lifted her head. The last time he'd said that he'd given her the monstrous diamond ring on her left hand. A slow smile crept across her face. "What did you do?"

"Well, after you kicked me out of our house, I went to finalize some things at work, and I ended up talking to my brother. I asked Shawn if he'd come out to help me with a new project, since he has more insight. He and Shelly are flying out tomorrow, and they're staying until you two leave for your conference."

"Are you serious?" Tears sprang to her eyes. He hated her sister and had invited her to spend two weeks with them because it would make Jenny happy. Her heart filled with nothing but love for him.

He brushed his fingers along her spine. "Yes. You can spend two weeks with Shelly before the conference. Shawn was actually thrilled I asked him to come out. From what I gathered, Shelly's been extra bitchy without you around."

She didn't respond to his comment with words, slapping his stomach instead. He chuckled and grabbed her hand before more damage could be done and brought it to his lips.

"Are they staying here?" Dane's face masked in horror. "Come on, Dane. They're family. You can't put them in a hotel."

He kissed her arm. "Shutter Bug might not like staying in my house."

"*Our* house and you really need to stop calling her that." Jenny disentangled herself from him and scooted from the bed.

"You and I both know she will never live that down. She has always been Shutter Bug to me, and I've even got Shawn calling her that, too." Though he said it in seriousness, humor danced in his eyes. "Why must you take all my fun away?"

"I'm not, sweetheart. Your fun is only beginning." She left and returned with a bottle of Redi-Whip whipped cream. "Lose the covers."

Dane's eyes widened when he saw the bottle in her hand. "Not that I'm complaining, but you're going to be the death of me."

Jenny sprayed his body with the cool topping. "Maybe." She licked the white path that led from his stomach to his cock. "But what a way to go."

THE END

www.lexiedavis.com

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

About the Author

Lexie's love for writing began when she wrote her first play in fourth grade. With a big imagination and love for creating worlds, she wrote several more scripts that have placed first in contests. She loves to read but didn't pick up a romance novel until high school and fell in love with the genre. Now she writes steamy stories, with heartfelt characters, letting her imagination take her wherever it may go.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Toys From Santa
by Lexie Davis

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com
