



*Trustfully*  
**YOURS**

BREANNE BERGIE

## Frostfully Yours

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**A HOLIDAY NOVEL**



**BREANNE BERGIE**

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**YOURS**



BREANNE BERGIE

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# ONE

## Christmas Day

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Today was a big day for me.

It was the most important moment of my entire life, the dream every little girl had and wished upon a star for. Every woman yearned for my reality, and it was coming true. Or so I had thought.

My perfect dress was hemmed just for me. The embroidery of crystal fabric glimmered in the light, and my white gown was snug-tight. My veil hung on the hanger and my engagement ring glistened with the daylight through the open window.

A wintery breeze snuck inside through the screen, and tiny snowflakes dusted the view. The scenery outside was beautiful on a snowy Christmas Day—a perfect day for a winter wedding, and I was the bride-to-be.

Nerves knotted my stomach and caused me to fuss. So, I cracked the window to relieve the unwanted tension swirling inside of me. But I had no such luck.

I paced the floor of my expensive bridal suite and fumbled with my hands. I wanted to bite my fingernails, but my maid of honor—and best friend—had convinced me to get my nails manicured. A decision I wholeheartedly regretted. But it was too late to turn back the clock because the hands of time ticked down.

And the moment I would say *I do* was only an hour away.

My mind traveled back to thoughts of my handsome groom and the split second I knew he was the one. The day my heart burst wide open when I never thought it could. All because I was on my own. No one to cook for, clean up after, or love.

I worked long hours traveling from one studio to the next. My career kept me on my toes, but I was independently wealthy. I had inherited my parents' pole dancing business after they tragically passed away when I was only nineteen. In an instant, my entire world changed, and my soul shattered.

I was in the first year of getting my business degree when I got the gut-wrenching phone call, confirming my parents' deaths. Their car crashed into a tree one fatal evening on the way home from a date—a special occasion my



mom loved because she got to spend time with the man who stole her heart. But little did they know their time making a memory would lead to their end.

The death of my parents hit me hard, and I gave up on my education. I dove into the world they had built from the ground up. “Sinful Steel: The Pole Fitness Dance Studios” became my new family because I had nothing left. Just every breath they breathed into that company, and I couldn’t let it sink. I was determined to make the company float and make my parents proud.

But along came Zaydon a year later.

Dark hair cut to perfection and slicked back. Handsome in a white dress shirt with the cuffs rolled up to reveal his fit forearms. Clean-shaven with an aftershave, he made my pussy sing the carol, “All I Want for Christmas is You,” and he had smoky eyes like *chestnuts roasting on an open fire*. But Zaydon’s stare sizzled right through me.

I had never felt such an intense attraction to another man in my life, and when he asked me out, I had to say no. I didn’t want to, but my business schedule was tight, and I had no room to fit in an unexpected date. But to my surprise, he took my cell phone out of my hands and read from the calendar on the screen.

“I’ll see you at 1800 Bridges St. tomorrow morning and I’ll be there before you are,” he said as he passed my phone back with confidence, and I loved that about him.

“But I don’t even know your name!” I shouted at him as he walked away and glanced over his shoulder with a mouth-watering smirk.

“My name is Zaydon,” he called back with ease and spun around to point at me. “And you are?”

I giggled at his carefree attitude and blushed with a response. “I’m Wynter.”

“Nice to meet you, Wynter. I’m looking forward to our first date and one of many,” Zaydon said with certainty and turned his back in my direction.

I crossed my arms and huffed at his sure behavior. “And how do you know that? We don’t even know each other.”

Zaydon peered over his shoulder and his thick, darkened gaze pierced into mine like I’d be his. “Because my heart froze like a cold winter’s day the moment I laid eyes on you.”

*And that was the exact split second I knew Zaydon would be mine, too.*

Zaydon knew what he wanted, and he desired me. His assertiveness was an attractive attribute, and I needed a change in my life. He was the wake-up call I never knew I required. But what a fresh start this new life with him had turned out to be.

*So why was I in a tense overdrive?*

My anxiety nagged at me and ate me alive in a room where the walls felt like they had closed in. My gut screamed at me to get the hell out of there, but my white heels remained in place. This was our wedding day, and I was about to marry the man of my dreams. Nothing could go wrong.

We agreed to a small wedding with his father on the groom's side and my best friend on the bride's. With my parents gone, Zaydon was my only family. The only true thing I leaned on for the last few years.

Zaydon had his father. His only parent after his mother chose drugs over him. A choice that doesn't appear to affect him because his dad always gave him his best. But Mr. Nick Frost was a busy man, and his billion-dollar company required his time. Something I understood, but I wasn't sure Zaydon always had.

Distance had grown between father and son as the years had passed. Their relationship was strained, but things must be better for Zaydon. He had chosen his father to not only be at the wedding but to be his best man. I was happy for my husband-to-be. But something still tormented me deep inside.

"It's just the wedding jitters, Wynter..." I mumbled to myself as my hands found my curly blonde hair and fluffed it in front of the mirror. "Just relax. Everything will be fine."

*But it wasn't.*

Something didn't feel right, and my maid of honor was nowhere in sight. Jill had been gone for a half hour, and I still needed help with my wedding veil. The long tulle would drop over my face and glide down my back. She had helped me pick out the train and was there when I said yes to the dress.

*But where was Jill now?*

She knew how important this day was to me and how much Zaydon and I couldn't wait to spend our lives together. The maid of honor promised me she was taking a short washroom break and would check on the guests. The simple task shouldn't take over ten minutes, and we were cutting it close to walking down the aisle.

Everyone was here. All Zaydon's friends and my work colleagues were eagerly awaiting us to say I do. And I couldn't wait for Zaydon to kiss his

bride.

*Screw this.*

I needed to see my husband-to-be. He could help calm the nerves shooting through me. I knew it was bad luck for the groom to see his bride before walking down the aisle, but to hell with it. Zaydon wouldn't mind. His carefree attitude would welcome me with open arms, and the thought of it made me smile.

I left the bridal suite in a hurry and my veil swung with the door as I pulled on the handle. The groom's room was just down the long stretch of hallway, and the door was in sight. My walk toward his chambers felt endless, and I couldn't wait to be swept up in Zaydon's embrace. My white knight in shining armor and my everything. I couldn't even count the ways he had saved me, and I was almost whole again.

Once Zaydon placed my wedding band where it belonged, everything would be right. My world would fall into place, and we could start our future together. We'd become husband and wife. *And I was so excited to become Mrs. Frost.*

I was just outside of the room where my future husband got ready for his bride. My emotions were mixed. Eagerness and nerves mingled into one. A wild sensation buzzed throughout me as I reached for the doorknob and noticed the door was already slightly ajar. I felt like an anxious kid on her birthday, afraid no one would show up. But a sound stopped me from opening the door to the groom's chambers.

A slight sound of something dropping to the wooden floor, but only within earshot. I fell to the ground in a flurry and saw something borrowed and blue. It was the pair of earrings I had worn for my special day, with one of them having come loose. Blue snowflakes, perfect for this Christmas Day. It was a sentimental gift given to me by my parents for my last birthday with them. The very final gift they had given to me.

The clasp must've loosened, and I couldn't lose them, no matter what. The earrings made it feel like my parents were there with me when they couldn't be because fate had other plans—a different path for me that had led me to my future husband and into his loving arms.

A smile broke out across my face with me down on all fours to retrieve my fallen earring. The blue crystal shone with the light, and happy tears stung my eyes. I stared at the tiny snowflake for a second and took a deep breath as I placed the treasured piece back where it belonged.

A commotion from the room caught my attention, and I peered through the cracked door. The groom's room where my husband-to-be got ready for me, but my smile faded, and shock fell over me. Tears of joy that once stung my eyes fell down my cheeks with anguish and surprise.

Zaydon wasn't alone. He was with a woman. While she rode his dick. And my fiancé let out a sensual groan with a name I had already known.

*My best friend Jill.*

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## TWO

### Unfaithful

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“Jill, yes...” Zaydon sighed as he ran his hands up her bare hips and held on tight.

My lips trembled with hurt, and my hand clasped over my mouth. Beads of sadness fell onto my white gown, and everything about this day came crashing down. My wedding was over before it had ever begun.

“Tell me I’ve been the only one on your mind,” Jill moaned as she slowly circled her hips and rocked on his cock.

“You’ve been the only one, sugar,” Zaydon groaned his admission, and his words pierced my heart.

*Zaydon and Jill?*

My best friend and my future husband. My groom, not hers. He was my everything and never hers. But my maid of honor was in there having sex with the man who had captured my heart.

*And stomped right on the organ like it meant nothing to him.*

Jill’s hips picked up pace, and she scratched her nails down his bare chest. “Tell me you never wanted her and only me.”

He growled and rocked her faster against his firmness. “Ah, shit, sugar, it’s always been you.”

Jill tossed her head back while she moaned her release. Her sweetness spilled all over his cock as she thrust with his firmness buried deep inside of her. Her name was the only word on his lips when it should’ve been mine. Only mine. But now she was his.

Once they had both finished, my stomach turned with sickness. I couldn’t listen to this any longer. I had to get out of here.

“And it’s always been you, my love,” Jill whimpered from overtop of him. “I can’t wait until we can make our relationship official.”

Jill’s words made me curious, interested enough to hear what he had to admit, but I feared I already knew the truth.

“It won’t be long now...” Zaydon confessed as he sat up and kissed her straight on the lips. “Once Wynter and I are married, I’ll have full access to

everything.”

“And with her money, you can save your company,” Jill said with a wicked grin on her face.

Zaydon returned her sinister smirk. “Wynter’s billions left to her will be mine, too. I’ll make sure she doesn’t have a red cent left.”

“She’ll never know what hit her.” Jill giggled like they lost themselves in their own world.

She reminded me of the *Grinch* just then. All green with envy and evil. Ready to take everything from me out of pure hatred, and I’d never know why. She’d fit perfectly in the lead role of *How Jill Stole Christmas*.

*Literally...*

Zaydon would be Jill’s little lapdog, a replica from the movie. He’d follow her every whim, and she’d own him on a tight leash, prepared to follow through with the dishonorable scheme.

“Wynter is far too trusting, but I never loved her,” Zaydon admitted as his hands rubbed Jill’s belly. “How could I when the woman I love is carrying my baby?”

*What?*

Jill was pregnant. Zaydon was the father. They were going to have a child together.

*I had heard enough.*

Pure anger rushed through me mixed with hurt, betrayal, and something cold deep down inside. Zaydon was willing to marry me, steal my money, and give everything to my backstabbing best friend.

*And raise their child together.*

I got up off the floor in a hurry and burst the door open. My quick entrance startled them both on the sofa, and their look of surprise didn’t even match mine. Nothing came close to a woman scorned at her wedding on Christmas Day.

Jill fell off his rock-hard dick and onto the floor while Zaydon cried out in pain. The two-timing bastard’s cock bent in half. But his crooked dick wouldn’t be the end of it if I had anything to say about it.

“Wynter, I can explain...” Jill said as she reached for her discarded panties on the floor and stood up. “I...”

*But I didn’t let Jill waste her deceiving breath.*

I grabbed a cup from the punch bowl beside me and dunked it into the eggnog. My legs moved in her direction, and I splashed the traditionally thick

liquid directly into her face. Jill's mouth hung wide open with shock as the creaminess dripped down her face and onto her pregnant belly.

"I hope you enjoyed the sloppy seconds," I muttered out of pure anger.

"What the hell, Wynter?" Jill cried out and stumbled backward.

Zaydon fell to the floor and was down on his knees. His dick was limp in front of me and no longer hard from the pain Jill had given him. But not as bad as what he was about to receive.

"Please, Wynter...Let me explain..." Zaydon winced with pain, and his eyes pleaded with me. "Jill and I are a mistake, but I..."

"There's no mistaking her landing on your dick, asshole," I muttered with outrage and grabbed a hard candy cane ornament from the floor. "But there's no miscalculation in this either."

*And I whacked the three-foot decoration right into his nut sack.*

Zaydon's breath whooshed into his lungs, and he held his junk. I had dealt my revenge. Jill won't be decking his balls anytime soon.

I took in the sight before me one last time. Jill went to her lover's side as Zaydon was balled up into the fetal position and held onto his beloved jewels. I heard her voice the word bitch, but it had no effect on me. The damage was done.

I ensured my payback with our wedding ruined. There was no coming back from this. Jill was dead to me, and Zaydon was nothing but a cheater willing to do anything to get his way.

*I was over the deceit.*

I dropped the candy cane with a hard thud and breathed, "Merry Christmas, you backstabbing animals."

My legs took flight, and I never bothered with a glance back. My white wedding dress trailed behind me as I ran down the hallway toward the main entrance. I had no idea where I'd go, but anywhere was better than here.

My home was gone. Lost to my best friend. And my happily ever after was over.

*I was all alone once again.*



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# THREE

## Mr. Frost

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Fresh, hot tears ran down my cheeks, and their disloyalty burned deep into my core. The click of my heels filled my ears, along with my labored breath. I was a runaway bride and fleeing was my only option.

I had to escape and get away from all of this. My wedding day turned upside down, and I never saw it coming. A disaster and the worst day of my life to date.

*How could life be so cruel?*

*How could I not see?*

The truth was right in front of me. I had been blinded by lies, fake promises, pure greed, and a need for everything given to me by the only ones who truly never loved me.

Zaydon never cared about me. All our plans were bullshit. He didn't intend a future for us. Only for her. Jill, my now ex-best friend, and the child she carried. A forthcoming plan he had promised to me.

My legs picked up the pace, and my sobs surrounded me with each step I took. I rounded a corner and saw the door to my escape. But I had to glance back and ensure no one followed me.

I didn't want to see Zaydon. I wanted nothing to do with him. He had betrayed me in the worst way possible and so had Jill. They were both dead to me.

I whipped my head back for one last look before my departure. My blonde hair was in my face and my eyes didn't catch a soul behind me. Good. They probably didn't care. Jill would be tending to Zaydon's pain, and he'd curse the day he ever met me. He was probably—"Oh!" I cried out as I turned my head and collided with a firm body.

I had been stopped right before I got away, and a grunt escaped the person. Mixed with a deep sigh as the individual held onto my shoulders, and my entire body trembled. Adrenaline coursed through me from my anger, anguish, and the need to run. I was distraught and a complete mess. Embarrassment rushed to my cheeks and my hands came up to my face. I

tried to move my blonde strands, but it was no use. My curls were a tangled heap, and I was in heartbroken defeat.

I kept my eyes down and was afraid to look up. Ashamed of what someone would think. The bride-to-be was on the verge of fleeing out the front door, feeling like a crumpled mess just half an hour away from her special moment.

My eyes caught a white dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Veins crept up his arms and a nice tan coated his skin. His forearms were muscular, with tattoos styled up on one arm. But the body art was all too familiar—black ink I had seen before and would know from anywhere because I had studied it closely. Closer than I ever should've because he was older than me. So much wiser than any man I knew and completely off-limits.

“Wynter?” Mr. Nick Frost said in a husky and confused tone.

“Mr. Frost...I didn't see you...” I whispered with awkwardness and fumbled for the right words. “I'm sorry, I...”

But his touch tingled my skin, and I lost all train of thought.

Nick tilted my chin upward as he studied my face. I was sure my eyes were bloodshot and not the prettiest sight. Swollen from me weeping about my fiancé and him cheating on me. Caught in the act with my best friend as they schemed against me. Pregnant with their unborn child. A baby he gave to Jill when it should've been me.

More tears welled up in my eyes and fell down my cheeks. Stuck in my hair as the drops coated my face and he tenderly brushed the strands aside so I could clearly see. Mr. Frost, with his chestnut dark gaze swirling with worry for me.

“Who did this to you?” Nick asked as his thumb brushed my cheek, and his warm breath met my face.

Mr. Frost was so close my knees could buckle under his stare. So near I could see his pulse throb in his neck as he stood taller than me and held me up. Something in his eyes told me I was safe. He'd be my anchor when I needed someone the most. The one to stop me from the undertow of heartache ready to carry me out to the cold, dark sea.

I choked out the only truth I could speak. “Your son.”

A low growl escaped his lips, and his eyes peered behind me. Nick curled up his lip in frustration, and I was worried he'd take me back. Fear coated me for an instant, and I'd fight him if I had to. I wasn't going back.

There was nothing to discuss. No mistaking what I had seen or heard. There was nothing his son could do to make this right. We felt broken.

*Zaydon and I were over.*

*But in truth, we had never begun.*

Our entire relationship was a disgusting plan of his own selfishness. A twisted game I fell into, and he had played me like sleigh bells on Santa's sleigh. And Zaydon was no Saint Nick.

*But maybe his father was.*

Nick Frost's eyes met mine with concern. "What did Zaydon do?"

His simple question brought back the raw memory. The recollection of my best friend with someone I thought loved me in return. My fiancé was secretly with his own family of three.

Zaydon held evil intentions, an objective I would've fallen into in a heartbeat. But my fallen earring was a godsend from above—a guardian angel who made me stumble upon the betrayal before I walked down the aisle. Before I made the biggest mistake of my life.

*On fucking Christmas Day.*

I wept in agony and whispered, "He's been cheating on me with my best friend."

Nick's thumb stopped its caress, and he balled up a fist against my cheek. His mouth twitched and his dark stormy gaze rippled with anger, but then he met my eyes. His pupils adjusted and something inside of him turned on. Softness took over his murky stare, and he looked at my grief-stricken face. The view of a bride all ready to become a wife and now crushed by his own blood. The pain was almost too much to bear, but Nick was there.

Mr. Frost wiped away the last of my tears and whispered back, "I'm sorry he's done this to you, Wynter."

I blinked with shock at his kindness. "So am I."

He didn't hesitate and asked, "What do you want to do?"

Suddenly, there was a commotion behind me. I was afraid to turn around to see. I knew the disturbance could be Zaydon or Jill. Hell, it could be both of them trying to patch up their lies. But I couldn't stand it and got ready to bolt.

"Hey..." a voice interrupted. "Is the bride making a run for it?"

Mr. Frost let go of me and strode quickly behind me. I couldn't explain myself to a guest at my wedding. I was tired and had been through enough turmoil for the day.

This would be Zaydon's mess to clean up. Him and my backstabbing maid of honor had their work cut out for them. Not like they didn't set this whole thing into motion the moment they fell into bed together. Their dirty work was all on them.

"Mind your own business," Nick Frost growled.

There was a fuss behind me. I felt the need to dash out the door like *Comet and Cupid and Donner and Blitzen* on a cold, blustery Christmas night. Unafraid of the storm and more frightened by my curious guests.

*But the person ignored Mr. Frost's request.*

"Dude, we got a runaway bride!" the voice shouted.

*Wrong choice.*

There was a scuffle, followed by a groan. A sharp intake of breath, but I knew it wasn't from Nick. It was from my rude guest, and he must be from the groom's side. He was the one who made all the noise.

My eyes widened as they briefly glanced over my shoulder to see Mr. Frost holding the guest's mouth within his powerful grasp. His hand pushed his lips together like a pucker fish and his face was close to his. Near enough so he could heed his graphic advice, and I could secretly hear his need to protect me.

"You better keep your tone down..." Nick warned as he held the unfortunate guest's tongue between his thumb and index finger. "Or I'll have no choice but to cut out your fucking tongue to conceal your damn voice."

I heard a brief muffled protest as Nick stared into the eyes of our interruption, and I turned back to face my exit. Shocked by Nick and his choice of words, but glad to have him on my side. Something his son would never do for me. Because he never cared for me.

"Glad we have an understanding. Now mind your own fucking business," Nick said.

I felt heat rising through my body as I heard rustling clothes, followed by a grumble. Footsteps scurried in the opposite direction, and I knew the guest was no longer a problem.

*The only issue I had was getting out of there.*

Mr. Frost came into sight, and his sole focus was back on me. The minor hiccup he had taken care of, but voices grew louder behind us. Time wasn't on my side, and I had to leave before things got worse. I couldn't deal with any of this mess and needed a quick exit. But something in Nick Frost's eyes spoke to me and gave me the answer to his previous question.

*What do I want to do?*

“I want you to get me the hell out of here,” I answered with certainty.

I watched as Nick clenched his teeth and contemplated my decision. A war raged inside of him. The choice I forced him to make right there on the spot. The conflict of either choosing to be the getaway for his son’s runaway bride or be the one to turn her into the beast. The monster his beloved son had turned out to be, who created this disaster on Christmas Day.

I knew the torment this must cause Mr. Frost and regretted my words. I couldn’t ask him to do this. None of this was fair, and I shouldn’t expect him to get in the middle of this mess.

“I’m sorry. I should never have asked this of you. He’s your son and I—” I stammered with apology.

His hand crawled into mine, and Nick squeezed it. The soothing comfort meant everything. His touch was all I needed to continue on, and his sure eyes met mine.

“But you’re Neil’s daughter, and I’d do anything for him,” Nick interrupted. “Zaydon has made his choice, and I’ve made mine. Let’s get you out of here.”

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## FOUR

### Runaway Bride

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The very mention of my father's name from his best friend's lips brought tears to my eyes as we fled my wedding on a blustery Christmas Day. Hand in hand, we ran through the snowy breeze. Nick had lent his black suit jacket to me. He had draped the jacket over my shoulders and off we went without a second thought. No notion of where we'd go or any consequences of tomorrow.

*Just Mr. Frost and me running away together.*

Time slowed down as the frosty snowflakes caught against my face, and my eyelashes coated with snow. Mr. Frost led the way toward something black in the near distance, and I pondered where we'd go. Adrenaline rushed through me, and I was sure he felt the same. He had just left his son's wedding day and taken his bride with him. A decision I hoped he'd never regret.

Because I won't ever forget the sacrifice Nick made for me.

"Come on!" Nick shouted through the wind of chilled air as he glanced over his shoulder at me, and his eyes caught mine. "We'll take my limo!"

Nick's face had snow on it, and the flakes melted within seconds. The man was an open fire on a cold winter's day and those frosty snowflakes never stood a chance. I, on the other hand, mixed right in with the brisk winter season. Always cold, but a toasty heart on the inside.

We reached the limousine within seconds, but the breakaway felt like an eternity. Nick opened my door, and I heaved inside. He pushed the train of my dress through the door with a grunt and slammed the door shut. The warmth from inside the limousine surrounded me and wrapped around me like a warm blanket.

I shivered in my seat as Nick bounced inside, and the driver wasted no time. He stepped on the gas and the tires spun below us in the snow. My heart leaped into my throat, and I worried we were stuck—trapped in the storm as the blizzard swirled and howled at Christmastime. But the snow tires kicked in and launched us forward.



I let out a sigh of relief as we carried on with our plan and wouldn't stay stranded in the act. We certainly didn't need that. The limousine hit a clear patch and smoothly took us away from my nightmare on Christmas. The holiday I used to love but was ruined by the man I once loved.

"Sugarplum, you're shivering..." Mr. Frost whispered as he pulled me close, and his body heat engulfed me. "Come here."

I didn't fight him, and I don't think I could even if I wanted to. My being was weak. Heartbroken from this entire day.

This morning I was happy. Ready to begin my forever with the person I loved most in this world. But now Zaydon was gone.

The sadness consumed me, but with Mr. Frost's arms around me, the heartache hurt much less. The loss of my husband-to-be didn't nip away at my soul and freeze it to ice. Nick kept my spirit alive within his embrace, and my body temperature warmed up to match his own. His port within this storm was as toasty as a warm, ugly sweater. Except Nick was not hideous. Mr. Nick Frost was a dashing attractive 43-year-old man.

*And I had always had a crush on him.*

I knew Mr. Frost long before I ever heard the name Zaydon Frost. In all my twenty-three years of being alive, Mr. Frost was there for it all. Nick was my dad's best friend, and there were many fond memories of them together.

Nick was always there for every birthday celebration, and he'd always wear my silly party hats just to make me laugh. He even smeared pink frosting from my sixteenth birthday cake all over my nose with a gorgeous smile. His infectious laugh would fill up the room and turn my cheeks rosy red.

I'd come home from school and Mr. Frost would be out back at our pool. My dad would fix them a whiskey that would burn on the way down as hot as the sunshine that warmed Nick's soft skin. His tanned chest would glisten in the sunbeams as the water fell down toward his swimming trunks, and he sat with his toes dipped in the water. My eyes would follow the beads of wetness down to his waistband, and my raging hormones took flight.

I'd daydream of a forbidden land where there was only the two of us, lost in each other, and my fingertips would follow the same path as the droplets of moisture. The water led to his hidden treasure and his sacred land. I wouldn't come back until my fantasy of the man I could never have was satisfied or my teenage self snapped back to reality.

Back to the next trip with Mr. Frost in our presence for another family vacation. A valid excuse to leave the busy city life and kick back on a sandy resort. With them both agreeable, the break was to discuss their businesses. Nick's sex toy billion-dollar industry he had created from the ground up and my parents' family-owned pole dancing studios. The studios from which I now inherited their wealth.

My dad and Mr. Frost were like brothers. Each the missing piece to the other's puzzle—a relationship no one could break, and a force to be reckoned with. They connected over everything, but there was only one thing they disagreed on and that was Nick's son.

Mr. Frost never had his son around. He was never there for a get-together, event, holiday, or vacation. He had kept his son away at boarding school, where he wanted more for his son than he had ever had. He always strived to do the best for him, but my dad didn't agree.

"You need to include your son, Nick," Neil used to encourage. "He needs his father."

*But Mr. Frost remained work-oriented.*

Something I understood because of the time and energy I put into Sinful Steel. My inherited fortune, passed down through my family namesake. A business that I strive to pass down successfully to my children. Just like Nick hoped to pass his company onto his son with his passing.

So, like him, I could acknowledge all the effort he had put into his company. All the time traveling to work, meetings, and taking unexpected business trips. Those late-night workloads came home with me, and I struggled to keep my eyelids open. There was no room for error, and a weight was always on my shoulders. I had to be on top of everything or all my family's hard work would crash down. I was the boss and owned Sinful Steel on my own.

*The job was tough.*

I knew Mr. Frost wanted the best for Zaydon through the years, given he was a single parent. I also knew my father meant well regarding Nick's relationship with his son, but Nick was doing everything alone. He had to manage his personal life and career by himself.

*My dad always had my mom.*

My parents did everything together—half and half—they shared what the family passed on to them from my father's side. There was never a struggle,

only good fortune. Mr. Frost didn't always have that. He knew what was important, and that was his son.

Mr. Frost did everything for Zaydon. But not today. On this Christmas Day, Nick was there for me.

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## FIVE

### Getaway

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My father's best friend looked down at me, and his smoky eyes brought me back to the present. A place where I had just escaped the most dreadful day of my life, and Mr. Frost had saved me. Nick knew of his son's selfishness, but within his eyes, I knew he never expected this. Within his gaze, I knew how deeply sorry he was. He never expected Zaydon to cheat on me and neither did I.

When Zaydon's relationship with me blossomed, Nick was happy for us, but he knew how his son could be. He respected our boundaries, but always advised Zaydon to put me first. Mr. Frost had been, and would always be, protective of me because of the friendship he shared with my father. He cherished every moment until the very end, and he wanted the best for me.

The silver strands of hair fell down onto his forehead from the weight of the wet snow. Mr. Frost's hair was no longer combed neatly into place. I wanted to reach out and run my fingers through it. His velvety dark eyes swirled with emotion, and he beat me to the chase. His fingers tenderly brushed the hair from my wet lips and tucked it behind my ears. The sound of my pounding blood rushed to my ears, and I was afraid he could hear it being as close as he was. But I knew my heart shouldn't beat for him the way it does.

I cleared my throat and pushed away. The tender moment we shared grew awkward as the reality of everything settled in. The realization we were alone and stuck in this together. But all I wanted to do was forget.

"Are you warm enough, or should I get my driver to crank the heat?" Mr. Frost asked as he broke the unease between us and took back his damp suit jacket.

"No, that's unnecessary," I answered with a refusal. "I'm fine."

"Are you sure, Wynter?" he questioned me with concern.

"No, I'm not fucking sure of anything anymore," I admitted with brutal honesty.

My voice was unrecognizable thanks to my broken heart. My bitter tone bounced within the limousine my ex-fiancé's dad provided me as a getaway

vehicle. I was a runaway bride and a rude one.

“I’m sorry...” I breathed with regret. “I didn’t mean—”

“You have nothing to be sorry for,” Mr. Frost interrupted with a grumble of disappointment. “But my fucking son does, and when I get my hands on him...”

I took his hand in mine and squeezed it. “No, I don’t want this coming between the two of you. This has nothing to do with your relationship as father and son.”

Mr. Frost took both of my hands in his and breathed. “This has everything to do with it, Wynter. Zaydon damn well knew that. I’d move fucking heaven and earth to ensure your happiness. Neil would want me to. Zaydon betrayed all of us.”

In a blustery winter storm, I wouldn’t become a lost snowflake. Mr. Frost would catch me within his frosty depths and shield me from the blizzard. I wasn’t alone. His son had let us all down.

My eyes shimmered at him with hope, glazed over with thankfulness because I never expected this from him. I thought he’d hand me over to his *Abominable Snow Monster* of a son and be done with me. But Mr. Frost was there for me.

*Nick had always been there for me.*

*I should’ve known better.*

Nick was stone-cold to others around him after my parents had passed. A crisp, sharp exterior toward everyone, except for me. His icy barrier only melted away when I was around. A change I had adapted to and grew fond of. But for me, he kept their memory alive.

*A gift I was forever grateful for.*

“Zaydon did, didn’t he?” I whispered with sadness.

“Yes, he did,” he whispered in return and tapped the tip of my nose. “But let’s not let my two-timing son get you down, sugarplum. Neil wouldn’t want that. He’d want us to remain strong.”

I let out a soft laugh, and half smiled. “Yes, my father would.”

“He’d also mix us a drink and congratulate us on a clever getaway.” Mr. Frost chuckled.

“And celebrate me, decking Zaydon right in the balls,” I blurted out with pride.

“What?” he asked with a confused look and shook his head. “Never mind. I’m sure I’ll hear all about it.”

“You definitely will,” I added and let go of his hands. “Speaking of Zaydon, I want to get shit-faced.”

“Shit-faced? I’ve never heard you talk like this before,” Mr. Frost admitted as he crossed his arms and peered at me like I was a different woman.

“Well, I’m a scorned woman who just ran away from her Christmastime wedding with the father of the groom,” I breathed in anger. “I want to get shit-faced and forget this even happened. Do you care to join me?”

“Say no more. Shit-faced, it is, my sugarplum,” he said.

Mr. Frost pressed the button for the chauffeur and told him to drive us to the nearest bar. He didn’t waste a minute, but I didn’t want to go there. I had another plan in mind. An idea for revenge.

I leaned into Mr. Frost and pressed the call button. “No, take us to the closest liquor store on the way back to my place.”

“And what’s the address of your destination, ma’am?” the chauffeur asked.

Nick moved my hand from the button and answered him. He knew my address off the top of his head without hesitation. I rolled my eyes at him and crossed my arms in my seat.

*Nick was being a show-off.*

Mr. Frost fixed his damp suit jacket and asked. “Shouldn’t going back home be the last place you’d want to be?”

I answered with another thought, “Nope. Not if I’m going to throw all of my lying ex-fiancé’s shit to the curb.”

But I remembered once more who sat beside me.

*That lying piece of shit’s father.*

I was talking about Nick’s son like a piece of garbage I was ready to toss out onto the street after he had just rescued me from him. This must have taken a toll on Mr. Frost, and I should learn to mind my manners. Zaydon was still the boy he raised. He loved his son like any father would—unconditionally and to his last dying breath.

“I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that. I don’t expect you to tag along for the drama. He’s your son, and you’ve done more than enough,” I breathed another apology.

Damn, this was difficult. Too hard. All of this was too much.

*But some fine red wine had my name written all over it.*

“I need you to stop apologizing for my son’s actions,” Mr. Frost stated sternly and meant business. “Stop overthinking everything. I didn’t raise Zaydon to disrespect a woman the way he did, and I don’t agree with his actions. I’m fully in this with you and along for the ride.”

“Are you sure, Mr. Frost?” I asked with uncertainty.

“I’m certain, sugarplum,” he breathed.

There Mr. Nick Frost was. At my side once again. *My knight for Christmas.*

Once the nickname he’d picked for me left his lips, my skin tingled. The heat rose from my toes and spread all the way up to my cheeks. I loved it when Mr. Frost called me sugarplum, but I never understood his choice.

*Why was I his sugarplum?*

I got up the guts and asked, “Why do you call me sugarplum, Mr. Frost?”

Nick touched my cheek with a gentle caress. So tender, my eyelids fluttered from his surprise contact. A connection I wanted to last forever.

“I gave you the nickname because you’re so fucking sweet on the outside, but tough as hell on the inside,” he admitted as he tilted my chin to meet his gaze. “Just like a *sugarplum.*”

A honking horn broke the trance Nick held over me and he dropped his hand from my chin. The skin burned from his touch and left a lasting impression. No other man left me longing for his affection quite like Mr. Frost had. A flurry of need was inside of me every time he was nearby. Mixed with a heat burning into my soul.

*But Mr. Nick Frost was my dad’s best friend.*

And he always would be.



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Unhitched

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We made a quick stop at a cheap convenience store close to my place. Mr. Frost urged me to stay put in the vehicle while he got what I needed—a cheap bottle of red wine for me to drown my sorrows.

I watched Nick from the tinted window as he strolled inside and disappeared behind the double glass doors. An advertisement for a holiday drink caught my eye, and I figured Mr. Frost would appear very out of place. He'd be the only middle-aged man who wore a full suit with a damp jacket. Better than me walking in there wearing a wedding dress.

Nick was in and out in a flash. One bottle of red wine for me and a white one just in case he joined me. He purchased the most expensive wine there, which didn't come as a surprise to me. I would've done the same.

Home wasn't far away. We hit one last stoplight, and the driver pulled up right out front of the entrance. The place I used to find tranquility in. But now the peace was all gone.

Zaydon stole the calm I once found, and I wanted it back. I needed every memory of him banished from my home—a place of residence I had wanted to create a future in with my ex-husband-to-be. But he ruined everything the moment he laid his hands on Jill.

"I need to cleanse my place," I mumbled, lost in deep thought.

"Why do you need to do that?" Mr. Frost asked from behind me as we made our way down the long stretch of hallway toward my condo apartment.

I didn't realize I had spoken the words out loud. I don't regret them because they were true. I only hate that I let them slip with Zaydon's father right behind me. The hateful speech fully directed at his son should stop. But I couldn't help the anger and hurt swirling inside of me.

"Because I want to get your soul-sucking son out of my apartment," I answered in a bitter tone.

The train of my wedding dress was heavy. The dragging gown was wet from the melted snow caught on the fabric from my getaway. My feet were sore from being in these heels for much longer than I had planned. My cute dress with comfortable boots for the reception was a lost cause, with my

wedding frozen in time, preserved to never thaw. It was lost in the hands of time to never return to again.

*Nothing the most expensive bottle of red wine couldn't fix.*

My hands shook as I reached up on top of the door frame for my apartment entrance and found the extra key. Not a brilliant place, I might as well hand a robber my apartment key. But I was sure glad I put the thin piece of brass there.

Through my blind flurry of madness, I had left all my belongings back in the bridal suite. My cell phone and keys. Thank God I had left my Chanel purse at home.

“Shit...” I heaved as I dropped the key onto the ground and bent down to retrieve it.

But banged heads with Mr. Frost.

“Ouch!” He winced, and the wine bottles clinked together.

I let out a grimace of pain and rubbed my forehead. A slight chuckle left Nick's mouth, but my cheeks flamed with embarrassment. The brass key with my apartment number was between us and neither one of us made a move for it. Unsure who should take the plunge since great minds thought alike in this situation.

“Here...” Mr. Frost said as he handed me the two wine bottles and locked eyes with me. “You take these, and I'll get the door.”

“Okay,” I mumbled, because I didn't know what else to do.

Mr. Frost grinned. “I guess we both had the same idea.”

“Yeah, I guess we did,” I breathed as my heart thudded against my chest and we both rose from the ground.

As soon as Nick opened my apartment door, the awkwardness vanished when I noticed the Christmas tree. The tree I had just decorated three days ago with Zaydon. My ex-fiancé, who I thought was the love of my life. The one who would bring me bridal style through the front door and into the tree lit room. The bright colorful lights twinkling to set the mood for our Christmas honeymoon just around the corner.

I walked into the living room and sat the bottles of wine down on the carpet. I stood right in front of the artificial tree and reached for a branch. The limb held a decorative bride and groom with our names on them. An early Christmas gift from the man who had promised me forever.

“Zaydon gave me these for Christmas,” I added as I looked down at them.

*But he gave them to me as a bald-faced lie.*

I held those ornaments in the palm of my hand. The groom was handsome in an all-black tux and the bride was beautiful in a white wedding dress. Glitter glistened from the gift and made them shine. The perfect pairing for a cheerful Christmas Day wedding was a thoughtful and loving present.

*And I threw them straight into the open fire.*

“Okay...” Mr. Frost said as his eyes looked into the flaming fire and back toward me. “I guess he deserved that.”

“Oh, I’m just getting started,” I breathed with hatred.

The fire hissed as Zaydon’s present burned to a crisp. The crackle of the fireplace was a reward as I yanked the bottles of wine off the floor and proceeded toward the kitchen for my prize. My gift to myself for this upcoming Yuletide mission to destroy everything my cheating ex had ever touched.

I gave a drawer a hard jerk and all the utensils jiggled inside. A corkscrew caught my eye, and I turned the sharp swirl into the cork until it wouldn’t turn any more. I tried to pull the cork out, but the damn thing was stuck.

“What does a runaway bride have to do to get a drink around here?” I bleated with annoyance.

“Here...” Mr. Frost said as he stepped in to save the day and took over. “Let me get that for you, sugarplum.”

Nick popped the cork right off the bottle within seconds, and the noise echoed throughout the room. I heaved a delighted sigh of relief and went to the nearest cabinet in search of the largest wine glass I knew I had.

“Ah-ha! My precious,” I declared victory and grabbed a Bordeaux glass from its stem.

I twirled around in the wine bottle’s direction with the glass eagerly in my hands and I reached for a bottle with my name on it, but Mr. Frost stopped me. He held up a hand, and I frowned at him. Unsure what was happening, and I grew more irritated by the minute.

“What’s the holdup, Mr. Frost?” I asked with a pout and pointed toward the front door. “If you’re having second thoughts, well, there’s the door.”

Nick Frost walked closer, and the room closed in. He was too close for comfort, and I held my breath. His smoky dark eyes swirled as he held the bottle of wine between us and reached out to brush my nose. The slightest contact from him made my heart flutter within my caged chest and the blood rushed to my head. A thin sparkle of glitter caught my eyes and the colorful shine fell toward the floor.

“Now that you’re no longer marrying my son, you can stop calling me that,” Nick voiced with certainty.

“What, Mr. Frost?” I squeaked out.

“That. Stop calling me, Mr. Frost,” he added firmly and grabbed my Bordeaux glass. “You can call me Nick.”

“But I’ve never called you Nick. Okay, maybe occasionally, but not all the time,” I rambled on.

But Mr. Frost shushed me with a finger to his lips.

“You’ll call me Nick from now on,” he interrupted and urged, “Got it, sugarplum?”

“I got it, Nick,” I agreed, and something changed in the Christmassy air.

A feverish tension went into a flurry, like on a cold blustery day. The flurry was not at all chilled, but hot as heck. The temperature in the room rose as the flames whipped between us, and my face was flushed. Nick’s eyes left mine and fell upon my parted lips as my breath picked up pace from the flustered pull. An attraction that pushed me in his direction, but I knew I shouldn’t cross the line. The boundary of no return. Setup long ago because Nick was my dad’s best friend.

Nick’s eyes snapped back up to mine, and I saw something I couldn’t describe within those deep, velvety eyes. Something real and raw. Unforeseeable because he held me out of reach. But the glimmer was gone in the blink of an eye.

And we threw ourselves both back into the present.

Nick cleared his throat. “Um, let me do the honors.”

My breathing returned to normal as our focus went to the wineglass. The red liquid made a delightful splash and flowed tastefully into the goblet. But Mr. Frost only filled it half full.

I urged Nick with a little nudge of the bottle. “I’m going to need more than that, Nick.”

Suddenly, the wine gushed straight up to the rim and Nick was caught off guard. Red washed down the side of the glass and covered his hand. But he pulled the bottle away before the rest of the wine ended up on the floor.

“So, I guess you prefer your glass overflowing and not half full?” Nick chuckled.

I let out a shy giggle. “I’m so sorry, but I guess so.”

I took a big slurp, and Nick held the glass steady. Once the coast was clear, he handed over the large glass of wine for me to enjoy. But there was

nothing joyful about today.

*Only dread.*

*But I was glad I wasn't alone.*

I was now solo as I embarked on a journey I never envisioned I would. Ditched on my wedding day instead of coming back hitched. The father of the groom saved me from destined doom.

Our gazes locked, and I held up my glass for a cheer. Here was the man who rescued me. And I was thankful Nick was here.

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## SEVEN

### To All a Goodnight

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I sat on my couch with a box of Christmas shortbread cookies cut out into snowmen. The baked goods tasted divine, and they almost melted in my mouth. But my almost empty glass of wine could be the reason for my positive taste buds.

“You should really try one...” I munched in an unladylike fashion. “These are really good.”

I extended a cookie toward Nick’s face and all he did was grin. A delicious smile I could eat up just like this confection. But the shortbread crumbled and crumbs fell onto his pants.

“I think the wine has taken effect,” Nick said as he took the cookie from my hand and put it back into the box.

“Hey!” I slurred with annoyance. “You were supposed to eat that.”

Mr. Frost turned his grin upside down and looked at the lid of the box. “I would, sugarplum, but I don’t want you to bite off my head.”

I threw my arms up, and they fell into the box. “Little old me? Who do you think I am? *Krampus?*”

Pieces of shortbread flew down onto the floor from my dismay. I reached into the box and grabbed another cookie with a pout on my face. But I took a bite to hide my disapproving expression.

*Bah, humbug.*

“You would if you knew who gave you those cookies,” Nick mumbled as his eyebrow rose, and he closed the lid on the box for me to see.

“Who?” I asked, curiously.

“Your ex-best friend,” Mr. Frost stated without hesitation.

*Jill.*

I opened the box’s lid and spit out the cookie without a moment’s delay. A loud wail of anger escaped me, and I picked up my wineglass with the box of cookies. I flew off the couch like *Comet* and headed straight for my bedroom.

“Who does *that cheap, lying, no-good, rotten, four-flushing, low-life, snake-licking, dirt-eating, whore, ugly, ignorant, blood-sucking, pussy-*



*kissing, brainless, cuntless, hopeless, heartless, fat-ass, bug-eyed, saggy tits, spotty-lipped, worm-headed sack of horse shit think she is?"* I grumbled angrily and stomped my feet.

*Hallelujah!*

*And holy shit!*

The red wine splashed from side to side in my glass and spilled onto the floor. A mess I wasn't willing to clean up because I had another task at hand. One that had been on my mind since I saw Zaydon and Jill merrily fucking in the groom's room.

It was time to take the trash out. I'd begin with these fucking cookies. They weren't that good, anyway.

My gaze darted toward the only window in the bedroom, and I laid the box on the floor. I placed the goblet on top and lost track of my footing. My feet stumbled to gain balance, and I grabbed onto the windowsill before I had a spill. My eyes met with the crystal ice formed on the window, and I grunted as I opened the glass just a crack. A chilly breeze crept inside, but I couldn't care less. I had an assignment for revenge and the outcome would be bittersweet.

"What are you doing, Wynter?" Nick breathed with uncertainty and placed his hands over mine. "It's freezing outside."

"I'm taking out the trash," I mumbled with determination. "Move aside while I remove undesirable pieces of shit from my life."

Nick let go of the window and got out of my way. He knew the baffling look in my eye meant business, and there was no way to stop me. I was ready for vengeance.

"Are you sure about this?" Nick asked.

"Yes..." I huffed as I opened the window wide, and the wind blew inside. "And I want to start with that cookie box. Hand it over. But pass me my wine while you're at it."

"You got it, sugarplum," Nick answered as he did as instructed, and the draft blew at his gray streaks.

"Good riddance, cookies that ruined my wedding!" I hollered out into the Christmas night and tossed the baked goods outside.

The cookie box slammed onto the concrete walkway, and the wind howled. My hair blew with the breeze and my heated cheeks felt the sting of the bitter crispness. Snowflakes hit my face, and I took a long slurp of my

wine. A weight lifted off me, but I wasn't through yet. I still had a ton to unload, and I wouldn't stop until every recollection of Zaydon was gone.

My head ducked back inside, and I wiped the back of my hand over my mouth. My motion was unrefined, but I was clearly on the edge of being wasted. The wine had hit the right spot, and I was beyond reasonable. I was a force to be reckoned with on a stormy Christmas night.

Snow whirled in from behind me and made the floor wet. The heat of the room met the chilly flakes, melting them within seconds. But I didn't care.

All I wanted was to get Zaydon out of my life and move on. To go forward in an unknown direction and back to the way everything was before he walked in. Lonely, rich, and unattached.

Busy with the family business and my workload running the show. I had no time for a relationship, heartbreak, or cheating assholes. And certainly, no room for backstabbing so-called friends.

I threw an arm full of Zaydon's clothing out the window and down into the blustery street. His collection of designer watches, expensive belts, and cufflinks to match. Out with his toothbrush, comb, razor, cologne, and shampoo. Pictures from our time together were tossed down onto the ice, the glass shattering with a smash. Anything reminding me of him was gone with the wind.

Zaydon's favorite Christmas sweater caught my eye. I had a fond memory of the time he wore it. I hated the dreadful, itchy novelty sweater and wanted it gone. But now was my chance.

"Oopsie..." I said with sarcasm and spilled my drink down the front of the sweater. "Well, I didn't mean to do that."

And launched the holiday ugliness out the window.

I slurred loudly, "The same way Zaydon Frost claimed he didn't mean to slip his dick into my best friend and knock her up with his fucking baby!"

"That's right, sugarplum, let it all out," Nick encouraged me as he reached into his pocket and pulled out a vape. "I take it this is going to be a long night."

I spotted the e-cigarette and pulled it from his grasp. Nick made a face of confusion, and I shook my finger at him. Mr. Frost was a bad boy. A naughty one indeed.

"This is a bad habit," I grumbled my disapproval. "You should quit."

"Oh, come on, sugarplum. I only use it when I'm on edge," Nick sighed.

“Did you know vaping can increase your heart rate and risk of having a heart attack?” I added with a valid rebuttal.

Nick pointed at my wineglass and ignored my fact. “I think you’ve had enough to drink.”

“No, I haven’t. The night isn’t over yet,” I disagreed and pointed a wavy finger back at him. “And you promised to help me get through this, and I want to get loaded.”

“Wynter, you are pretty intoxicated,” Nick stated as I saw two of him and the world spun.

I rambled on, “And I want to make Zaydon’s life a living Christmas nightmare the same way he made mine.”

*Hell with it.*

I brought the vape to my lips, but Nick stopped me. He tore the bad habit out of my grasp and placed the e-cigarette back into his pocket, and out of sight from a very inebriated woman who would clearly do anything right about now.

“Fair enough,” Nick simply agreed. “But I’ll quit this bad habit just for you.”

“That’s the spirit! Come on, Nick...” I giggled as the *N* of his name clicked off the roof of my mouth, and I shoved my drink in his face. “Drink up. It’s Christmas Day and we should celebrate.”

“You just don’t give up, do you?” Nick said with a lopsided grin.

“Nope,” I answered as he took a drink, and I smiled up at him. “But it’s better than that piece of crap you were going to inhale into your lungs.”

Nick chuckled, and the sound filled the room. I gave in and laughed right along with him. The freedom from the quick amusement was the very thing I needed. Something to forget about my disastrous wedding and becoming a runaway bride. A moment to forget the groom had cheated on the bride.

*And neither one of us would make it to our honeymoon.*

“Oh, shit...” I giggled as the hysterics carried on, and I remembered the most important piece I had forgotten. “I guess the newlyweds won’t be out front in the morning for our car ride to our Christmas honeymoon cruise overseas.”

I grabbed the goblet back and stumbled forward. The motion caused me to spill some red liquid down onto a box. A collection of Zaydon’s unpacked belongings. A box he had never got to since he moved in.

Suddenly, the sting of my late groom's betrayal returned. I remembered a time I asked him to unpack the rest of his things. How important the notion was to me because we'd spend the rest of our lives together. We'd lay roots and have children of our own. A boy with eyes just like his and a girl with hair just like mine.

Zaydon convinced me he'd unpack the box. The same way he assured me he'd be true. But I now saw with clarity, he never meant it.

*Zaydon's words meant shit.*

My ex never intended to unbox his most precious possessions. Just like he never wanted to move in. He'd never stay because he never wanted me. The love wasn't there, and his promise of marriage was all a sham. He didn't mean for his happily ever after to be with me. His forever was always with Jill.

I threw my wine glass with anger into the beloved box and lifted the weight of it off the floor. My legs ran straight for the open window, and I heaved the box out into the night. Fast-paced breath puffed back into my face, and this was the last of Zaydon Frost. Everything of his belonged in the street.

I closed the window behind me, and a wave of dizziness crept over me. My eyes locked on Zaydon's father, who now looked like three. He held the bottle of wine and he took a long chug. I watched his Adam's apple bob with each swallow and feared he'd have the last drop.

"Don't forget about me, Nick," I pleaded with him.

"I wouldn't dream of it, sugarplum," Nick said as he pulled out the last wine bottle from behind his back and handed it to me. "This is your Christmas wish, and I'd do anything to make it come true."

I took the open wine bottle and clanked the glass against his. A look of something I couldn't place swirled in his eyes, just like the snowstorm outside. The dreamy, dark depths I could get lost in and he'd be there for me. No matter what.

*Something his son could never do.*

"You know what else I want, Nick?" I slurred as I stumbled toward the bed and my eyes grew heavier by the minute.

"Tell me," Nick stammered—he sounded as sloshed as I was. "Tell *Old Saint Nick* what you want for Christmas."

Nick sat down on the edge of the bed and patted his lap. I giggled and blushed like a silly schoolgirl. I didn't know if he knew how flustered I was

by his simple request, but in my intoxicated state, I cared less. Nick Frost wanted me to sit on his lap, and there wasn't anyone to stop me.

I followed his order and sat on Mr. Frost's knee. The firmness of his legs against my behind sent a chill up my spine. Dirty thoughts crept into my mind when they shouldn't. A fantasy I had for as long as I could remember. The heat turned up one hundred degrees, and my mind was blurry. I was on *Kris Kringle's* lap, and he awaited my response.

I leaned in close and whispered in his ear, "I want to get married and be the bride I always dreamed of. We all deserve a *Merry Christmas and to all have a good night.*"

"I want that for you too, sugarplum," Nick declared and carried on as he held me in his lap.

*Just before I blacked out.*

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## Unwanted Honeymoon

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“Oh, god...” I mumbled into something soft, and it muffled my voice. A cotton ball mouth with a scratchy throat. My voice box strained like I had been screaming from the top of my lungs. My eyelids were heavy and twinkling lights shone when I tried to open them.

*What the hell was going on?*

I recalled drinking back at my place. Too much wine to even count because I had chosen the biggest glass. And a certain someone who had stayed with me.

I heard a grunt from beside me. My body moved to the ripple of movement and my head ached. A headache pounded against my temple and the vibrations raged throughout me. My heart rate pulsed in my ears and throbbed to my feet. A heavy weight held me down, and gravity won the show. But my eyes opened, and something glimmered back at me.

*Not one ring on my finger, but two.*

“What on earth?” I grumbled with hair in my mouth.

I blinked repeatedly and stretched my eyes wide. My mouth was agape and performed its own exercise. My brain was a fuzzy mess, and I couldn’t remember shit.

Until I recognized the extra ring on my finger. The wedding band I had chosen with Zaydon for our wedding day. But I never walked down the aisle.

*Why was the diamond ring on my finger?*

I cursed at myself for getting wasted. Not a recollection of events from the night before as the bright morning light shone down on a bed that wasn’t mine. I took in my surroundings—a room I had never been in before but recognized.

From the pictures I saw online.

“Oh, shit...” I breathed with surprise.

I bolted up in bed, which was a huge mistake, and my hand shot straight to my head. The pounding grew, and the entire room spun. My belly turned in waves and I was about to upchuck.

I panicked, headed straight for the sliding door, and pushed out onto the balcony. My body hit the railing, and I threw my head over the side. All the contents of my last meal and my poor choices washed away over the side of the balcony.

*Into the water below.*

My sick stomach weakened, and my labored breath returned to normal. My hair blew with the breeze and a chill took over my heated body. Waves crashed from beneath me and weren't the sound of home.

I was on a cruise ship. My honeymoon. Stuck out at sea.

*How the hell did this happen?*

The back of my hand met with my forehead, and I pushed the hair out of my face. I braced myself up against my incapacitated state, and my rings dragged down my face. But I stared at my marriage band.

Unable to recall the wedding ring crawling onto my finger. Wrapped around my ring finger, to be exact. Right beside the engagement ring Zaydon had made a promise with, and he broke it.

*Just like that.*

I turned around as I stared at the bands with confusion and walked across a lightly dusted, snowy balcony. Back through the door I had just escaped from. But my eyes caught another sight.

Someone else on the satin king-sized sheets. The same place I had just laid my drunken head. The bed we had shared last night.

*But I don't remember a damn thing.*

I did the only thing I knew to do. The one thing any woman would do if they woke up drunk with no memory of the past twelve hours. Stuck on a honeymoon with wedding bands where they shouldn't be. I opened my mouth and let out a blood-curdling scream.

*"Ahhhhhhh!"*

*And that man shot up out of bed.*

Sheets flew. Limbs twisted. And the mattress bounced.

"What in the *elf* is going on?" he shouted and spun toward me in bed.

My scream was cut short and turned into a squeak of confusion. "Elf?"

"Sugarplum?" Mr. Frost answered with surprise. "What is going on?"

"Nick?" I questioned him and threw my arms up in frustration. "I have no idea."

Suddenly, his eyes changed from the panic I felt deep inside to a smolder. His velvety haze swirled with an undeniable need and peered down at my



body. I was exposed, vulnerable, and frazzled. The heat of his stare did something to my insides and created a newfound blaze like a warm fire on a cold, blustery day.

Nick's gaze sizzled with flames and licked at me. The wild inferno was almost too much to take. The temperature in the room rose and hit its peak. I was feverish—a hot puddle caught within his fiery stare.

“What?” I asked, puzzled. “Why are you gawking at me like...”

I peered down at myself and couldn't believe my eyes. My wedding dress was gone, with lingerie in its place. A gold embroidered lace bra barely covered my tits with a G-string to match. The very intimate outfit I had chosen for my honeymoon. My pussy was almost on full display, and I was pretty much naked.

“Oh, my God!” I shrieked with embarrassment and tried to cover my hands over my most intimate areas. “What the hell did I do last night?”

I heard a throat clear and gazed up in horror. Mr. Frost turned his lustful gaze away from me and walked toward me. He held out a white satin sheet, which I snagged from his grasp in a heartbeat. The thin bed sheet wrapped tightly around my body, and I tucked it into the top of my bodice. The very one displaying way too much cleavage for Nick's eyes.

*My nipples were practically sticking out!*

“I think you mean...” Nick added as he rubbed his forehead and ran a hand through his gray wave. “What did we do last night?”

I couldn't believe my eyes. “What is that doing on your finger?” I asked with a stammer and pointed at him.

“What do you mean?” Nick asked with a perplexed face and peered down at his hand.

“I mean...” I expressed, in sheer panic. “Why the hell is there a wedding band on your finger?”

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## Till Death Do Us Part

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Nick lost all color to his face. He went stark white as a snowman, about to learn it was going to melt. And he too couldn't believe his eyes. "I don't know...I..." Nick fumbled as his tone changed and his mind reeled. "I had the wedding bands in my pocket."

Nick dug his hands into his suit jacket pockets and turned the material inside out. Nothing came out, and he raked his hands back through his hair. He was just as lost as I was.

"You mean this wedding band?" I asked as I held my hand up in front of his face, and he stared at my finger. "What the hell, Nick?"

Mr. Frost grabbed my hand, and he stared down at the golden band with diamonds surrounding it. An electric current sparked to life and ran through me. He traced the tip of his finger over my engagement ring and the wedding band to make sense of everything. His lips parted as he took in the situation and peered down at me. Straight into my panicked and confused eyes, with my blue depths reflecting off his deep ones.

Something changed in them. Questions no longer swirled in his eyes as memories seemed to take over.

*Nick remembered something.*

"Wait. I..." Nick whispered as his thumb rubbed my finger and the band symbolizing marriage.

"What is it, Nick?" I asked, with vulnerability. "What happened last night?"

Fear of the unknown crept over me. The dread of what was to come lingered in the air between us, and I knew no good would come from this. I had alarm written all over my face.

"We got hitched last night, sugarplum," Nick breathed with certainty.

"Hitched?" I whispered in denial. "You mean actually married?"

"Yes, Wynter. Married," Nick stated in a firm tone.

I pried my touch from his and held my ring fingered hand over my fast-paced heart. The pound within my chest beat through me and the sound grew loud. The steady erratic rhythm took over, and I became hysteric.

“No. No. No. This can’t be right.” I repeated the words and wished they were true.

I couldn’t be married. We were drunk. I wouldn’t do such a thing. Couldn’t do it.

Nick Frost was my ex-fiancé’s dad. He was my dad’s best friend. We were one hundred percent forbidden. Marriage was out of the question. There was no way in hell this could ever happen.

I paced the floor of the honeymoon suite I had booked half a year ago and never would’ve pictured this. The images of the stateroom with a balcony and an ocean view were a tempting sight. The room was perfect to relax in and celebrate the forever that was yet to come. Except my ending never came with Zaydon, and I ended up with his father.

“Goddamn it. Would you stop pacing and look at me?” Nick snapped out of nowhere and grabbed my shoulders with a gentle shake.

“We can’t be married because we were never engaged, Nick,” I rambled on and repeatedly shook my head. “I was supposed to marry your son, and you were supposed to give us our wedding bands after I walked down the aisle. But that never happened, and neither did this.”

Nick grabbed my chin between his index finger and thumb. The pad of his thumb landed on my lower lip and his eyes darted to it. My mouth parted in surprise, and I shut right up. Slowly, I let him caress my plump flesh and got lost in him. In his touch, his strokes of bliss. Consumed by a man who was much older than me and a tenderness we should never have. An affection given to me by the one person I never expected.

*My husband.*

“I remember everything, Wynter. Everything down to the moment we said, ‘I do.’ You were hurting so fucking bad, and I wanted to take away your pain. I’d do anything for you,” Nick breathed as he let go of my chin and cupped my face in his hands. “So, when you remembered I had the wedding bands and said you wanted to get married, I desired to make your wish come true.”

“Really?” I whispered.

“Yes, sugarplum, I’d do fucking anything for you,” Nick breathed with undeniable clarity, and his thumbs caressed my cheeks. “Anything to take away the pain my son had inflicted on you.”

My heart leaped into my throat, and I couldn’t breathe. I couldn’t think, and I certainly didn’t know how to respond. Nick Frost turned my world

upside down, and the earth froze. He iced me in. Captured by his unquestionable charm on this unbelievable winter's day. Snowed in with him for all of eternity because that was what we had promised one another.

*Forever.*

"You did it for me?" I asked.

Nick shrugged. "Well, in my drunken state, I did it for you."

I giggled, and he chuckled. I loved Mr. Nick Frost's laugh so much—a sweet Christmas symphony and music to my ears.

"And you're one hundred percent certain we eloped?" I questioned him and grew serious once again.

Something in his eyes changed for a split second. I could swear I saw a glimpse of fear. But the fright was gone in the blink of an eye.

"Yes. I am your husband," Nick breathed.

"We eloped on Christmas Day?" I asked again and took in our new reality.

"Yes, you got your *merrily ever after*," Nick whispered as his eyes swirled with emotion and his lips came closer. "And our lips sealed a promise of forever."

"They did?" I asked in a brief whisper.

"Yes, they did," Nick breathed as we inched closer, and the pad of his thumb found my lower lip.

Nick traced the plump pillowy flesh, and my being trembled with a new awakening. I had never felt this way toward him. Yes, I crushed on a wise and much older billionaire man I'd never have. But not in a million years did I imagine this moment.

We had split seconds until our mouths met. Even though they already had. I couldn't remember our first kiss, not only the first time our lips caressed, but the day I got married.

A moment I had waited for my entire life. The flowers, cake, church, and dress. To marry the man of my dreams, but I never expected to not recall a single thing. I never expected to elope in a drunken haze.

The darkness in Nick's eyes deepened from a pure emotion to a hunger I had never seen from him before. The relationship between us shifted and spun us for a loop. Lost in a blustery storm where there was only us, and not even the icy wind could tear us apart. We had linked ourselves together, and I was eternally his.

I craved so much to remember our kiss. Even the slightest touch. I wanted to remember the tingle that would have run through me and headed straight for my toes. I envisioned my toes curling inside of my heels and my leg lifting right off the ground—just like in a classic romance movie. But I couldn't relive a damn moment.

“Was our first kiss tender? Did we exchange even the slightest bit of tongue?” I breathed with questions against his lips.

“The minute your lips touched mine was a time I won't ever forget,” Nick breathed huskily, and his thumb entered my mouth to stroke against my wetness. “The way you gave a soft nibble to your bottom lip, and you waited for my mouth to be on yours. Right down to the fucking second when your tongue slipped inside and smoothly met mine.”

“Oh?” A soft whimper escaped me.

“Yes, my wife,” Nick growled with desire. “But I may need to refresh my memory.”

The temperature in the room was ablaze. The flame between us no longer sparked but came alive. His lips brushed mine all so sweetly, flicking, but a chill replaced the sensation. A bitterly cold ice formed in me, and I remembered I was practically naked underneath a bed sheet.

I felt my cheeks flush with embarrassment as the heated moment between us broke. Nick Frost was my husband, but none of this was right. We were married under a false pretense and both under the influence of excellent wine. Mixed with heartache. Given to me by my ex-fiancé and his unforeseen affair. A betrayal I had yet to get over and here I was about to make out with his dad.

I pulled my lips from his before we made a huge mistake. A decision I knew I'd regret because the horny teenager inside of me had always wanted this. Endlessly craving this exact moment of kissing my dad's best friend. Dreamed about Mr. Nick Frost with his lips all over mine in a feverish heaven only known as pure undeniable satisfaction.

But we couldn't. I couldn't. Because our marriage had to come to an end.

“Um, Nick?” I breathed and clenched the bedsheet.

“Yes, my beautiful wife?” Nick asked.

I peered down at myself and questioned him. “What happened to my wedding dress?”

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“Um, right? The wedding dress...” Nick cleared his throat and fumbled for words. “You...your wedding dress...”

“Yes, what did I do with my wedding dress?” I asked and took a step back to distance myself from his tempting mouth. “It has to be around here somewhere?”

My question hung in the thick air. A dense layer of tension mounted from our almost kiss. An intimate instant I wished I could have back, but it had vanished. Slipped away into the heavy atmosphere I tried desperately to get away from.

My bare feet wandered toward the closet in the suite, and I peered inside. No wedding dress there. I walked into the bathroom, but there was no bridal gown there. I even stepped out into the long hallway, but there was no white attire in sight.

*My wedding dress had vanished.*

“Where the hell is my dress?” I shouted with dismay.

My echoing voice bounced off the walls in the corridor and caught unwanted attention. My flustered encounter with my new husband placed me in an awkward situation where I had forgotten I was practically naked. Captured in a bedsheet by a couple on their way to their own suite.

I flushed bright crimson and slammed the door shut. “Well, my dress isn’t out there.”

“No, it’s probably at the bottom of the ocean right now,” Nick admitted with a slight shrug of his broad shoulders.

“What are you talking about?” I asked, confused.

“Your wedding dress,” Nick answered as he crossed his arms and stood in front of me. “You were angry, and you wanted out of ‘the damn gown,’ as you called it. Your plan was to tear it to shreds, but you tossed the gown overboard.”

I should’ve gasped in shocked surprise—felt stunned that I’d do such a thing to my dream dress. But I burst out with laughter.



“I’m sorry...” I roared uncontrollably and cackled out each word.  
“I...threw...the...dress...of...my...dreams...into...the...sea?”

“Yes, sugarplum, you *shore* did,” Nick answered with a chuckle and his laughter turned into a long, drawn-out belly laugh right along with me.

I bent over and slapped my knee. Lost in my hoot of laughter and a snort came out of my nose. I directed the laughter at my comedian self and brought tears to my eyes. But this time, there was no sadness.

“What sank to the deepest depths of the ocean?” I entertained with a giggle.

“I’m not *shore*?” Nick asked sarcastically.

I chuckled with amusement. “My wedding and it sank like a rock.”

We laughed so hard until there was nothing left. I couldn’t believe the coincidence. My wedding day was thrown away, just like my wedding gown. I did something right during my intoxicated state.

Nick gave me a much too friendly pat on the shoulder. A touch he would’ve given me before we exchanged vows. A complete one-eighty from the man who almost kissed me not even five minutes ago.

The usual glow returned in his dark eyes, and we were right back where we started. I was back to being his best friend’s daughter. We were back to normal. But this time with a marriage looming over our heads.

Nick cleared his throat. “My son never deserved you.”

*And my ex-fiancé’s deception.*

Nick gave me an empathic gaze. I knew he regretted too much. But none of this was his fault.

“No, he didn’t, but you aren’t to blame,” I breathed as I reached out and touched his hand, still resting on my shoulder. “And besides, Zaydon is the furthest thing from my mind. I’m more concerned with not having anything to wear.”

Nick gave my shoulder a squeeze, followed by a much too comforting caress. The pad of his thumb stroked my skin and left tingles in their wake. Goosebumps awakened, and I was sure he felt them beneath his touch.

I liked our closeness too much. The attraction sizzled between us like it had just before we almost made out. But I had to create a distraction to stop the undeniable allure he held over me.

“What am I going to do?” I asked breathlessly.

Nick’s expression changed, and he let go of my shoulder. My hand fell down and held the bedsheet, but I felt exposed. Bare in front of him because

of my emotions. Mixed and tangled by our current situation.

We were both stuck in a marriage we needed gone. Trapped at sea on my honeymoon, that was never supposed to happen. And I had no idea what to do. But Nick looked at me like he had a plan.

“I don’t want you to worry about it. I will take care of everything,” Nick reassured me and pointed toward the bathroom. “But I want you to have a shower and freshen up.”

“What am I going to wear?” I asked with uncertainty.

Nick turned away from me and simply repeated, “I’ll take care of it.”

The next thing I knew, Nick was gone, and the door clicked closed behind him. He left me alone with only my thoughts. Lost in everything that had happened and the stupid mistakes that had led us to this moment.

Married and on a honeymoon not meant for us. A marriage between two people who never expected it. Two people who had too much in common and one of them was Zaydon. The very person to set this all into motion. My Christmas Day wedding was ruined because he couldn’t keep his junk in his pants. But my best friend couldn’t keep her filthy hands to herself.

Tears burned my eyes, but I held them at bay. I was through with the pain they had caused me. Tired of their deception and the evil scheme they had up their gold-digging sleeves. I had exhausted all my efforts at being a devoted friend and a loving bride. But no more.

I was through with being used and set out to be left behind. No more mistrust and lies. I was worth more than this and both of those backstabbers knew it. They wanted to rip my world right out from under me. But Nick Frost didn’t.

Nick had rescued me, and he wanted better for me. He saw my true value, and I knew he held a plan of action. One to get us out of this mess—far away from our unwanted wedlock and back to our normal lives. The lives where I tirelessly worked to forget everything, and he lost himself in his business. Because that was all we knew.

*Sacred vows shouldn’t break, but ours had to.*

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## ELEVEN

### Mrs. Frost

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The shower brought me a small amount of joy, and I welcomed the mist. I'd prefer my bathroom and to be back at home. But that wasn't possible.

In my blacked-out haze, I had decided this was a good idea. To leave the city and board my honeymoon cruise with the one person I shouldn't. My ex's dad.

*What the hell was I thinking?*

*I hadn't been. The booze had and won the grand prize of the most stupid idea anyone could ever have—marry my dad's best friend in an intoxicated state.*

*Why?*

Was I lonely? Sure. I was needy, okay. But I was heartbrokenly mad. Angry to no end and single once again. Unmarried and alone with an older billionaire man who I had crushed on for most of my life. But apparently, I really wanted to marry him.

*Hence, the shimmering wedding band on my finger.*

The warmth of the water surrounded me, and I took in the beads as they trickled down my body. Nick was right. I needed to freshen up. The smell of alcohol had seeped through the pores of my skin and gave off a bitter stench. I was sure my breath wasn't any better.

I used the complimentary soap and shampoo provided by the cruise line, and I was happy to have it. Never had I been so thankful for the courtesies given to me when I purchased a suite. I had always brought my own supplies, but not in this case. I'd never look at complimentary supplies the same again.

I finished up with the shower and wrapped a fluffy white towel around my body. My hair would dry on its own because I don't want the extra frizz from the blow dryer. Again, another accessory I appreciated.

The washroom with the suite was fancy. White marble sparkled at my feet and the tall glass shower was delightful. The rainfall drizzle relaxed me and put me in a better mood than I had once been in. A desirable oval mirror overtop of a fancy circular faucet led into a marble white sink with a

rectangular base. The rest of the bathroom was an off-white color but had an elegant taste.

I gazed at my reflection in the mirror, and my bright blue eyes stared back at me. My cheeks were red, and my lips had a slight pink shade to them. The tips of my blonde hair were dry, but the rest of my waves weren't. My fingers ran through the strands and the curls bounced back. I needed a brush, but this would have to do. I had no choice since my poor decision had landed me on the honeymoon of my dreams. But this was a heaven on earth sent straight from hell.

The bathroom door slowly creaked open to the quiet hum of the room. I was happy there was stillness, but I poked my head out into the room with caution. Unsure if Nick was within eyesight.

Mr. Frost had already seen me nearly naked. In skimpy lingerie. An intention I never wanted, but that was the reality of it. I didn't need to make matters worse.

"Nick? Are you there?" I called out into the stateroom with no response.

The sound of my voice was my only reply, and I blew out a long sigh of relief. The calmness returned and the slight weight on my shoulders dissipated. I was alone and had no reason to go into a panic.

*Well, maybe a little.*

I still had no clothes and no idea what to do. There wasn't anything I could do except scare passengers in my revealing lingerie. Nick was the one smart enough to keep his clothes on—I had wanted to strip down. Bare enough for my new husband to enjoy and feast his eyes on his wife. One who he probably thought was off her rocker and crazily depressed after my ex-fiancé cheated, and I found him with his mistress. But Nick was out there saving the day.

*Nick Frost was my white knight on this cold winter's day.*

I walked over toward the balcony window but didn't dare go out in the chilly breeze. We were at sea headed for warm waters, but the trip required us to travel through the snow. Snowflakes caught my attention as they swirled outside and lightly dusted the deck. The flakes fell from the gray sky and down toward the blue water below. The sight was pretty, and one rarely seen by passengers. A mix of beautiful winter scenery before the sunny summer breeze.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and the sound startled me. I jumped and almost lost my towel. The calm left me, and I pondered who

might be on the other side.

“Who is it?” I asked but didn’t budge.

*No response.*

I was afraid to move. Scared to breathe. The person on the other side unnerved me. I was alone in this room with no one to save me.

With only a murderer on the other side of that door, ready to kill me. A cold-blooded executioner ready to slit my throat and butcher me for the holiday season. Because they loathed Christmas and never received one gift.

The human on the other side might not be that at all. The individual could be evil and here to ransack my suite. Ready to steal everything in sight belonging to me. This was one of the most expensive rooms on the ship. But the costliest thing I had was my wedding ring.

“Who is there?” I repeated, but louder this time.

“Room service,” a soft female tone answered.

“Oh, thank you, Jesus...” I mumbled with gratitude.

A sigh of ease escaped me, and my legs worked toward the door. I peered through the peephole and laid eyes on a name tag. She held something in her hands and looked down the hallway.

My overactive imagination had gotten carried away. No robber was at the door ready to steal from me. A murder wasn’t about to be committed. Shielded from the darkness with only light at the end of the tunnel.

I opened the door in one swift movement and peeked my head out into the hallway. “Is this for me?”

“Are you Mrs. Frost?” she asked as she leaned in closer and peered down at the note on the plastic.

I almost answered no but caught my tongue. I would’ve been if I hadn’t caught the groom with his dick inside my best friend. For all the wrong reasons unknown to me, I would’ve married that cold-hearted cheater, but I didn’t.

Destiny held another plan for me. A wise man I never saw coming. Fate ran right into me and rescued me from a disaster I wanted to forget. But I still ended up with the same name.

Mrs. Wynter Frost.

“Yes, that’s me,” I chimed a little more loudly than I should.

“Mr. Frost wanted to ensure you received this,” she stated with certainty.

“Oh? That sounds like my husband,” I beamed, bubbly.

'My husband' slipped through my lips too easily. The words weren't awkward, claiming what was, in fact, mine. Mr. Nick Frost was my husband. But the reality was still fresh.

"He was very adamant and wanted it here within a half hour," she added with unease and passed me the plastic bag with green fabric underneath. "Could you let him know it was?"

"My husband has been on edge lately," I answered with understanding. "I will make sure he knows."

"Thank you, Mrs. Frost, and have a lovely rest of your day." She sighed with thankfulness.

I closed the door and peered down at the gift in my arms. I laid the plastic surprise out on the white sheet of the bed and ran my hands over it. The present was clothes, and I wondered what taste in fashion Mr. Frost had in store for me.

I ripped open the covering like an excited child on Christmas morning. Eager to receive an offering all for me. Joy coursed through me as the present revealed a beautiful evergreen dress on a hanger. A green-colored overlay was overtop to match the spaghetti strapped dress. The outfit was a perfect combination to keep me warm until we arrived in the sunshine.

Nick had left a high-priced tag still attached and had thoughtfully placed a tan thong underneath, concealed from prying eyes, and the thought made me blush. Mr. Nick Frost had amazing taste in mind for his wife, and he even knew my size. But I couldn't help wondering...*what other surprises were coming?*

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## TWELVE

### Blushing Bride

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The green dress fit pleasantly on me. The silky texture slid against my hands as I ran them down my body and took in the sight of myself in the bathroom mirror. The oval shape only displayed my upper half, but the reflection was enough to agree with me. A nice touch of makeup and some lip gloss would be perfect. Unfortunately, cosmetics weren't an option for me.

*Beauty would have to wait.*

Suddenly, I heard a door click, and the soft sound brought me back into the present. This wasn't a vacation where I could relax. I couldn't take in the finer moments in life because I had unanswered questions to attend to. A marriage I never expected to be a part of, but my drunk self had taken the plunge.

I gave my wedding ring a brief glance as the diamonds glimmered in the light and gave myself a shake. Our vows weren't real. Nick and I promised them under oath, but not in the right state of mind. Because of our complicated situation, we needed to end this marriage. I couldn't afford to get comfortable.

"Nick?" I called out.

I slowly exited the bathroom and heard footsteps head my way. The thuds were brief steps, and my eyes met a bright red. But a silly grin spread across my face.

"What do you think, sugarplum?" Nick asked as he looked down at himself and shrugged his broad shoulders. "This was all I could get my hands on."

I giggled. "Well, I think it's festive."

*And very attractive.*

Displeased, Nick stood there in a red suit. A reddish jacket with nothing to hold the material closed, and a white-collared shirt underneath, loosely unbuttoned at the top where my eyes caught sight of his perfect skin along his neckline. His flesh had seen a tanning bed a few times, but I didn't mind the

bronzed look. It had an appearance I wanted to get my hands on, but I had to refrain. Mr. Frost was my husband, but a divorce was in our future.

*No sex to consummate the marriage.*

Nick's stare caught sight of me in the purchase he had picked out for me. His velvet gaze turned darker with lust as his eyes traced down my figure and took in his wife. His masterpiece he had chosen to please. But clearly, my dear husband chose this attire for his eyes only.

My knees were weak under his intense gaze, and my hands went toward my hair. Nervously, I gave the strands a light tease and his eyes caught the movement. His hands remained in his pockets and his mouth was briefly agape. But to my surprise, a groan escaped his lips. I became his new blushing bride.

“Sugarplum...” Nick breathed as he stepped toward me and kept his hands hidden. “Wow. You're a fucking sight any man would love to appreciate.”

I couldn't breathe. Didn't dare move a muscle. No words formed to meet the match of the compliment Nick had just given to me. The focus he had on me. Not to mention the attention he gave to me. Only for me.

*His wife.*

Nick was mere inches from me. His gorgeous face was within distance of our lips grazing again. A decision I couldn't regret, but I couldn't afford to entertain. I was his, and he was mine. But not for much longer.

“I...I...” I whispered as Nick's mouth moved toward mine and his one hand left his pocket.

Slowly, Nick's fingers caressed my lips, and the temptation was wild—a feverish moment between husband and wife. We were sure to explode into a blissful taunt, but we both knew we shouldn't.

“A vision I should only admire...” Nick breathed as his warmth fanned my flesh, and the temperature rose. “Because you're all fucking mine...”

A soft whimper left my agape lips, and heat brushed his fingers. Nick's tongue ran across his lips, and I craved a kiss. It was the sweetest enticement for our mouths to dance just like a passionate kiss under the mistletoe.

Nick growled. “My wife.”

Suddenly, the shrill tone of a cellphone rang out, and we broke apart. Startled by the sound and the interruption. An appreciated interference, but to what extent, I wasn't sure. I wanted our lips to touch. I desired to get lost in my husband. I yearned so badly my new panties were wet.

Nick turned his back to me, and he answered the phone call on the third ring. Automatically, my fingers touched my lips, and they still longed for his kiss. A mistake I'd regret, but didn't want to. I wanted to indulge myself and be one with him. Even though I knew deep down, I couldn't and never should. Nick and I had a past. One that couldn't handle an added complication on top of our unexpected elopement.

Nick was a family friend. My ex's dad. A best friend to my father. But my secret teenage crush.

My fingers trembled against my mouth, and I released a full breath. The long whoosh I had held in around my tempting husband. The man who talked to someone on the other line and left me pondering who it was.

"Are you certain?" Nick asked with unease and ran his hands through his hair.

I wished the damn phone was on speaker so I could hear everything. Nick's private conversation should include me. I was his wife, and whatever agitated my husband concerned me.

My fingers slipped from my mouth and fell to my side just in the nick of time before Nick turned and saw how much he had affected me. A sight I wasn't certain would please him or unnerve him. I was his son's ex who had been fully set to marry Zaydon until he wrecked everything. Destroyed my heart until, someday, the love I deserved could beat passion back into me. Who my unknown true love could be was unknown to me. But he couldn't be my husband who stood in front of me.

*Could he?*

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## THIRTEEN

### Pretend Wife

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Nick faced me with concern in his brown gaze, and he hung up the phone. A moment passed by before he met my worried stare and my mind reeled with unanswered questions. I awaited a revelation. But he wouldn't speak. Tension loomed between us, and trouble brewed. Nick had complication written all over his face.

"What is it, Nick?" I asked anxiously.

"I'm going to be honest with you, sugarplum..." Nick breathed and placed his hands back in his pockets. "But you won't like it."

"What's going on?" I questioned him further and my nerves went wild. "Who was on the phone?"

"My lawyer," Nick confirmed.

I sighed with relief. "Oh, good. Thank god. Why wouldn't I like that news?"

"Because we have to stay married," Nick admitted with a firm tone.

"What?" I asked in shock and rambled on, "But we tied the knot under the influence. We didn't know what we were doing or the complexity of the situation. We got married for all the wrong reasons and not for love."

My stomach knotted with dread, and my feet paced the floor. A new habit I had created ever since I became Mr. Frost's wife. Mrs. Frost was an anxious wreck and not a blissful new wife. This was too much, and there was no way in hell we could stay married.

"Wynter, stop," Nick said sternly, in a businesslike tone. "Sugarplum, please..."

*But I couldn't.*

I was a wound up and pent-up mess. Nothing was going right, and everything crumbled around me. The only thing that stood true was this man in front of me. The only person who tried to fix this disaster while I fell apart.

"Jesus...Look. At. Me." Nick puffed out each word with meaning.

The desperation in Nick's voice snapped me out of my downward spiral. He brought me back to the present and out of the negativity I had dug up. I

wasn't alone, and he was right there with me. We had to deal with whatever came next. We had to do this together.

"I'm sorry, I—" I fumbled to find the right words.

"No, don't you fucking apologize for any of this. None of this is your fault," Nick interrupted.

"Then whose fault is it, Nick?" I asked.

I caught Nick's attention, and my words hit him like a slap. "Mine."

"What?" I breathed with shocked surprise. "How could any of this awful mess be your fault?"

Nick stared at me for a moment, and I longed to know the thoughts in his beautiful mind. His intellect tried to get us out of this chaos, not partake in this madness.

Nick shook his head. "You're right. It's not. But my plan is."

"What plan?" I asked with curiosity.

"I want you to pretend to be my wife," Nick stated with certainty.

"What? No way, Nick, I..." I hesitated with disagreement.

"Hear me out," Nick breathed as he came closer and stared me straight in the eyes. "Since we got married under the influence, we must put an order to end our vows into place, but we still have to stay married for thirty-one days from the order date. We can go our separate ways after that, but until then we need to act like we're husband and wife."

I stared at Nick with shock. "I don't understand. Why do you need me to pretend to be your wife?"

"It's not only beneficial for me, but for you as well," Nick added.

"How so?" I asked with skepticism.

"Because your family spent years building their wealth, which is in your hands," Nick admitted. "If anyone found out our marriage was a sham, it would be bad for business. Both our companies would go up in smoke."

*Nick was right.*

A failed marriage right from the beginning could appear to be unethical behavior in a business-oriented mind. This kind of stunt would hit mainstream news and could lead to the ruin of everything. We couldn't afford to take this undesirable hit.

"I hate to admit it, but you're right," I agreed with a long sigh.

Nick took his hands out of his pockets and knelt down on one knee. My heart hammered loudly in my ears and my cheeks flushed bright crimson. He

took my hand in his, and an electric current flowed between us. Every fiber in my being knew this was a proposal, but not the one I truly wanted.

“So, what do you say, sugarplum? Will you be my wife for thirty-one days?” Nick asked with a sparkle in his deep, dark eyes.

Nick’s thumb rubbed the wedding band he had recently placed on my finger, and he held such longing in his eyes. His depths tempted me to take the plunge right along with him, but something in my soul tugged at me—tore me in half. I wished this moment could be different, but it never could. This was the reality of our misfortune, and we needed a temporary fix.

*A fake marriage.*

“Yes, Nick Frost. I will pretend to be your wife,” I breathed.

“You will?” Nick sighed in disbelief. “You’ll be Mrs. Frost for thirty-one days?”

A moment of doubt filled his handsome face, and his eyebrows narrowed. Nick really had been uncertain of my response. I couldn’t blame him, though. His plan was out there and something any random woman wouldn’t do, but I knew Nick. I could trust his judgment, and we had built our bond over years of friendship. I needed to make him see I held faith in him, and believed this plan could work. Because this was our only way out without devastation to both of us.

I smiled with confidence. “Yes, I’ll be Mrs. Frost.”

“Thank you, sugarplum,” Nick breathed with relief and left a soft kiss on the back of my hand. “I’ll make sure you never fucking regret becoming mine.”

Nick stood and let go of my hand as butterflies swirled in my belly like a blustery snowstorm. Breathless, within his reach, and craving his touch, even when I shouldn’t. Mr. Frost was my husband, but this was a fake arrangement. We exchanged vows, and the marriage was very much real, but soon our pretend wedlock would come to an end. I had to remember that.

*No matter what.*

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## FOURTEEN

### Practice Makes Perfect

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I giggled nervously. “Right. I’m yours for just thirty-one days, my dearest hubby.”

Nick caught my eyes and added with displeasure, “My son won’t agree with this.”

Right. Zaydon. Fuck...

I had almost forgotten about my ex-fiancé only to have him right back, front, and center. My two-timing cheater who I needed to place in the past. But I should’ve thought about that before I agreed to this decision.

Zaydon was not only my ex-lover. Not only the man I left at the altar. He was officially my stepson.

*Double fuck.*

We all had to move on somehow. Zaydon chose my best friend. Jill spread her legs and was pregnant with his baby. They would start their own family. Just like I chose to be in a falsified marriage.

*With Zaydon’s dad.*

I cleared my throat, shook my head, and crossed my arms. “This decision has nothing to do with him. Zaydon made his choice, and we had to make ours. He doesn’t need to understand.”

“But he’s my son, Wynter,” Nick breathed with remorse and ran his hands down his face. “And we...We’re...”

I took his hands into mine and gave them a squeeze. Nick’s velvet eyes focused back on mine, and the uncertain swirl subsided. Mr. Frost needed reassurance. He needed his wife.

“I know he’s your son, Nick, but we made a choice. A decision to save each other. You don’t want to back out now, do you?” I asked in a soft, understanding tone.

Worry filled me. The same fret I felt not long ago, and Nick gave me a resolution. I didn’t want to be stranded on an icy path all alone. I wanted to skate down the frozen trail with him by my side, and he required me to do the same for him.

“No, we can’t...” Nick answered, and his thumbs caressed mine. “I’ll just have to make him understand why you had to be mine.”

The way Nick voiced his ownership of me made my toes curl. His tone was possessive and sure. I belonged to him, and he wanted me—for business, of course.

I pulled my hands from Nick’s and broke the spell he cast over me. I required distance, and I needed to remember our secret arrangement. This wasn’t real, and there were no feelings between us. Except him having a bond with his best friend’s daughter. A child he watched grow up into an independent woman. One he married in a drunken haze, and we had to deal with the consequences.

*No big deal.*

“Well, I guess this honeymoon is meant to be. I couldn’t imagine dealing with this at home,” I breathed to cut the awkward tension in the air and gave my shoulders a shrug. “At least we have 5 days to adjust to our new short-lived reality.”

Nick’s eyes beamed to life. “Yes, sugarplum, you might just be onto something.”

“I am?” I asked curiously.

“Yes!” Nick exclaimed and reached into his pocket. “This honeymoon wasn’t an accident, but an opportunity for us.”

This honeymoon was a disaster from the frozen depths of hell. I planned the trip for wedded bliss between newlyweds. Not a surprise elopement between the father of the groom and the bride.

“It was?” I asked with confusion and shook my head. “Wait...I’m not following.”

“Now that you’re my wife, you need to act like it,” Nick explained as he pulled out his wallet and looked around us. “And our honeymoon is the best place to practice being husband and wife.”

*Okay, now Nick was onto something.*

Even though I didn’t originally mean for this honeymoon to be for us, we could make it ours. We were married, and Mr. Nick Frost had stolen the bride. He had hijacked his son’s honeymoon.

*But Nick didn’t stop there.*

Mr. Frost pulled out his credit card from his wallet. A delicious grin spread across his succulent lips and his smoldering dark eyes landed on me. He made excitement course through me when it shouldn’t. He caught me up

in him and his magnificent plan to free us both from our Christmas Day vows.

“I’m Mrs. Frost,” I said with pride.

“Yes, my beautiful wife, you’re officially a Frost…” Nick breathed with certainty and handed me the credit card. “And I want you to shop your heart out.”

“No, Nick, this is too much,” I disagreed with shock. “I can’t spend your money.”

“Our money,” Nick stated with fact. “What’s mine is yours, and I want my wife to look her best.”

I took Nick’s card with hesitation and asked, “What’s my limit?”

A shopping spree on my new husband came as a surprise. Never has a man done this for me, and Nick made my heart swoon. He never hesitated and was sure of his wealth. I held my own fortune, but for someone to share theirs with me was unreal.

“There’s no limit for my wife,” Nick breathed with confidence. “Because you’re worth every fucking penny.”

I blushed bright crimson and peered down at my feet. “I’m not used to this, Nick. No man has done anything like this for me.”

“I know, but I’m not like my son, sugarplum,” Nick confessed as he titled my chin until I met his sure eyes. “You deserve every bit of happiness. I want my wife to go down to the boutique and shop until she drops.”

I wasn’t about to argue. Nick knew what he required me to do, and the request was final. I’d be stupid to turn down an offer like this. Mr. Nick Frost owned cloud nine and reserved a spot just for me.

“Okay,” I whispered.

“We have 5 days on this cruise ship to perfect this commitment,” Nick breathed as his thumb found my lower lip and sweetly caressed it. “But when we return home, you, my darling wife, will walk into a New Year’s Eve party with me.”

“A party?” I whispered.

“Yes, my New Year’s Eve bash I’m throwing for Sensual Seasons,” Nick confessed with a swirl of passion in his eyes. “But your beauty will be on my arm, and we’ll show everyone you’re all mine.”

My breath caught in my lungs, and Nick had me frozen. Stuck in a trance with only him and me, as his thumb left my lip—all too soon, because I was ready to nip it like a naughty kiss.

Nick brought out an untamed side of me just like his sex toy business showed a wicked beastly side to him. I knew his latest Xmas Edition of naughtiness would be the crowd pleaser at his social event. A unique business opportunity to celebrate the successful production of Christmas themed intimate toys. And Mr. Frost wanted me right by his side.

*Mrs. Wynter Frost.*

*Mr. Frost's new dotting wife.*

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## FIFTEEN

### Shopping Spree

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I left the honeymoon suite, a feverish woman ready to pounce. My husband was the very reason for my flustered presence. But I had to contain my passion.

Mr. Nick Frost was still Nick. He remained my dad's best friend, and I was the daughter of the man Nick respected. Cherished till the end.

The teenage girl inside of me still longed for Nick, and crushed on him like he was aged, fine wine—forbidden and untouchable.

*Until Nick became mine.*

Now everything was different, and I was a complete mess. These close corridors with Mr. Frost were hard to contain, as was the crazy attraction I had for him. A silly crush that never really went away and bubbled to the surface.

*But Nick could never find out.*

There was too much at risk. Too much at stake for an immature attraction to ruin. I needed to keep a tight lid on the lust inside of me.

My love-struck attraction had to remain under wraps, or the deal was over. I couldn't make a mistake I couldn't take back. We both couldn't.

Nick was hopping into the shower while I went shopping down at the boutique. A little retail therapy he wanted his wife to enjoy. But I couldn't relax because my drop-dead gorgeous husband was on my mind.

Nick was in the nude. My beloved was all alone with water beads rolling down his sun-kissed skin. I thought of the droplets of wetness that fell down his chest to his sculpted, God-like torso, down toward his trail of forbidden wonderland, and my nipples peaked. They were hard, like on a chilly winter's morning. But my clit throbbed with heat, just like a toasty fire.

The image of Mr. Frost with his hands cleansing his magnificent body made me hot and bothered. I sizzled with desire. The very thing any newlywed should do for her extremely attractive new husband. But in this case, I should feel the very opposite.

We didn't love each other. We tied our knot under false pretenses—a drunken move on both of our parts, and a stupid decision we wanted gone.

But we were stuck.

We trapped ourselves within this loveless marriage for thirty-one days. Forced by our government to commit until the order went through. We had to cling to one another for our professions with no one to blame except ourselves. We got into a mess, and we'd make it out.

*Together.*

*Without sleeping together.*

I repeatedly reminded myself and took the elevator down instead of the stairs. My mind needed a distraction from Nick, and a shopping spree should do the trick. There wasn't a woman on this planet who would disagree with me. Especially if it meant having to share a honeymoon suite with Mr. Nick Frost. The most eligible billionaire bachelor if he didn't tie himself to a wife.

I clenched the credit card in my hand as the elevator dinged for the main floor and my eyes twinkled at the sight. The pictures on the internet didn't do this cruise justice. The cruise ship was stunning. Fully decked out from the floor to ceiling—a jolly vision for the holiday season.

Bright, colorful lights gleamed, and Christmas trees decorated the main floor. Ornaments of all colors trimmed them, and stars shone at the top. All hung by an extremely tall employee with the help of a ladder. Chandeliers attached to the ceiling with angels and snowflakes. There were trimmings of everything Christmastime all around straight until the new year.

“Oh!” I cried out in surprise as the elevator doors almost closed on me, and I stumbled out into the foyer.

I wandered in further and my heart filled with glee, like an excited child for Christmas. The treasured day had passed, but the festivities still lived on. Magic was on the ship, and it was an absolute delight. A gift to myself, and I had to make the best of it. Even under such grim circumstances.

The boutique was right where Nick announced it would be. In between the main floor stairs and behind the enormous Christmas tree. One I admired as I walked by and saw fake presents all wrapped up underneath. The sight was an unmistakable beauty, and the tree was every young child's dream.

The shop was unlike anything I had imagined. A large store of not only clothing, but food, medicine, and hygienic products. Everything a customer on a ship out at sea could need for an enjoyable stay. Not just a generalized gift store for the cruise line to produce an extra buck or guests to take home a materialistic memory. A place for travelers to go for anything they desired,

even lube, condoms, and sex toys. A section for eighteen plus and the adventurous crowd.

The section wasn't on my list of top priority since sex was off the table. Orgasms weren't for married couples who weren't in love. Sexual activity was not for a couple who pretended to be in a blissful marriage just to save their own asses. But a poster in the erotic section caught my eye.

It wasn't just any advertisement for a random business, displaying their catalog of happy endings. This promotional surprise was none other than my husband's.

A list of naughty sex toys for this holiday season. A best seller for sex lovers all around the world and I gawked right at his naughty lineup for Sensual Seasons: The number one place to shop to make every season sensational.

Nick's business of risqué toys wasn't new to me, but I had never actually paid much attention to the pleasurable accessories he produced. He did this seasonally and was very good at his job. Exceptional enough for the business of erotic gadgets to make him wealthy.

"Can I help you?" a warm voice asked.

"Oh, um..." I stammered, startled by the unfamiliar presence. "I was just looking."

I tore my attention from Nick's sensual devices and spun around. Brown eyes looked from me toward the poster I had been admiring and my cheeks flushed. The middle-aged woman had short brown hair and wore an elf costume. No one would ever catch me dead wearing that, but she somehow made the attire seem cute.

"Interesting, aren't they?" she added and pointed toward a candy cane vibrator. "I especially like the one called Sweet Vibes—it's my favorite."

*Okay.*

*A little too much information.*

"Oh? You own the product?" I asked in an awkward tone.

"The vibrator? Yes, I own it, and I love it," she admitted unashamedly and whispered in my ear, "My husband bought it for me this Christmas. Best gift ever."

My eyebrows rose with her brutal honesty, and she brought a slight grin to my surprised face. The tag on her outfit revealed her name was Maggie, and she held no shame. She embraced her adventurous side and didn't look back. Her cute elf attire couldn't hide her inner freak.



“I’m sure the person who creates these, um, toys would be very pleased to hear that,” I stated, with the need to change the subject. “Could you direct me to the ladies’ apparel?”

“Yes, absolutely, right this way,” Maggie chimed.

I followed her as her black pumps clicked along the floor tile with every small step she took. I could’ve found the section on my own, but I direly needed to get away from Nick’s creative products. Plus, the conversation had taken a turn I didn’t want to venture down any further. I knew too much about a woman I barely knew. One who dressed up like an elf and used a holiday themed vibrator on her pussy her better half had bought for her.

I tried to push all the unwanted information from my mind. I desperately tried to draw my focus to anything else. Like her name was Maggie, and she appeared to be older than me. She was happily married by the sound of it and worked at the boutique on this cruise ship.

Not a problem. I could do it. Piece of cake.

“Thank you. I guess I got lost,” I confessed as I searched through a rack of women’s clothing and grabbed a hanger with a beautiful dress on it.

Maggie snorted and patted my shoulder. “I’d say.”

I stared wide-eyed down at the gown and was afraid to meet her gaze. I was frightened her mind would go straight back into the gutter, and I’d have to claw my way back out. I came here for a shopping spree. Not a sex toy expedition.

I changed the subject. “Do you have this in red?”

“Nope, whatever you see here is all we have left,” Maggie stated with a shrug and pointed toward the clothes on the racks. “I’ll be right at the front if you need me.”

*And off the busy elf went.*

My eyes followed her to ensure she went straight for the cash register at the front of the store. She stopped on her way to the sweets and treats section to put something back in the right spot. Maggie, the sex-crazed elf, carried on her way and went behind the cashier’s desk. I relaxed when she didn’t move a muscle and realized she was the only one in charge of the entire store. Being the sole employee of this large boutique must be a ton of work. No wonder she was in the mood twenty-four seven.

I couldn’t bring myself to browse at the price tag of every dress, short set, bikini, shirt, casual pants, panties, or bra I found. Not to mention the glamorous sun hats calling my name or the sandals for a pleasant summer

breeze. I direly needed makeup, hygiene products, and a hairbrush for my unruly strands. There was so much back home I wished my drunk self could've realized I would've needed for this trip. But now I was about to cash out and leave the bill all to my husband.

Nick had wanted me to do this. He urged me to shop to my little heart's content. I had listened, but I dreaded hearing the grand total.

My arms were full as I carried everything up to the front cash register. I got carried away with my shopping spree and was eager to get the hell out of there. But Maggie chatted with a customer.

Something about favorite Christmas movies and songs for the holiday season. A conversation I very much wanted to hurry so I could be on my way back to my suite, where Nick probably waited for me. But Maggie sang, "*I ought to say no, no, no sir...*" She continued with a pouty look, "*At least I'm gonna say that I tried.*"

The customer sang back with amusement, "*What's the sense in hurting my pride?*"

*"I really can't stay..."* Her voice was a sweet symphony.

And the customer joined in with a not too angelic harmony. "*But baby, it's cold outside!*"

The holiday song choice was a good melody for Maggie, considering she dressed herself up like an elf. A perfect fit for the Christmas movie *Elf*. A Christmastime choice I'd rather not hear and just be on the go. But nothing about Maggie was at all how it appeared.

The customer quickly wrapped up the conversation, and I heaved the merchandise up onto the checkout desk. Ready to flee and just forget about the entire purchase. I'd come back empty-handed with an excuse for Mr. Frost. But I knew he'd march my ass straight back and make me submit.

"Did you find everything you were looking for?" Maggie asked as she ran through some items and glanced up at me.

"Yes, I did," I answered.

"Do you know the name of the person who helped you today?" Maggie questioned me.

"What?" I asked with confusion.

*Seriously?*

Not only was she a freak in the sheets, but she must be high. Either that or she had short-term memory loss—some sort of impairment from a mishap and it ended up with her dressed as an elf for the holiday season.

*Or I had completely lost all hold on reality.*

This entire shopping spree was a bizarre Christmas flick. One where I married my ex-fiancé's father and ended up on a honeymoon together. A whirlwind of a trip I never intended on boarding, but I had been in a drunken stupor. Only to befriend the oddest elf I ever knew. *The only one I knew.*

This felt like some fucked up dream. One I'd wake up from and I'd be back at home. Safe and sound in my bed after my fiancé cheated on me.

"Nah. I'm just kidding." Maggie laughed and passed the payment terminal toward me. "Will this be in cash or on credit today?"

*Nope.*

This was all very real. This damn elf had pulled a fast one on me. Maggie was not only a nympho, but she had a sense of humor.

*Fuck me.*

"Credit," I sighed with disbelief.

"That will be \$20,000," Maggie said.

My jaw hit the floor. I eyed the grand total on the screen and Maggie packed up my purchase in decorative gift bags. I had lots of bags as I grabbed some of them and had second thoughts.

"Well, I don't need these pants because it should be warm out..." I rambled on and pulled items out of the bags. "And this bikini is way over my budget."

*But Maggie stopped me.*

"Is your hubby a tight-ass?" Maggie asked as she peered down at my wedding bands, and she crossed her arms.

*My husband?*

Right. Nick. Nick Frost was my husband.

"No. He actually told me to spend as much as I wanted," I admitted.

Maggie's eyes lit up, and she breathed, "Well, what the hell are you waiting for? Next Christmas?"

I shrugged. "No, I've just never had a man treat me like this before."

"Well, I'm super jealous, and I wish I had a husband like yours," Maggie admitted as she placed all the items back into the bags and met my eyes.

"He's a keeper."

"He is, isn't he?" I whispered and realized this odd elf wasn't as bad as I thought.

I swiped Nick Frost's credit card with no regret, and a smile beamed from my face. I felt happiness that Nick had placed within me, and realized I was

lucky to have him for a husband. At least for the next thirty-one days.

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## SIXTEEN

### Festive Gift

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“Nick?” I called out as I opened the door and struggled with the shopping bags.

I heard the click of the door behind me, and the weight from my shopping spree was too much. The circulation to my fingers had been cut off, and I dropped the bags to the floor. A unison thud filled the room, but there was no sign of Nick.

“Hubby? I’m back,” I teased and waited. “Where are you?”

I had to get used to pretending. Nick was my husband, and the nickname suited him. Made our entire situation more bearable. My husband should be where my home was. Some place I could seek comfort in for the next thirty-one days.

*Why not give my husband a nickname?*

“I’m hubby now?” Nick asked as he came out of the bathroom fully clothed and smirked at me. “I like the sound of that, my beautiful darling wife.”

Damn. Nick wasn’t naked. But he sure looked as delicious as a cocoa bomb melting inside of hot milk on a cold winter day.

“Yes, I’ve fallen into character, and I enjoyed spending my husband’s money,” I expressed and tried to smile instead of blush. “Do you want to see the receipt?”

Nick shook his head. “There’s no need.”

I frowned and searched through a bag. “Are you sure? The receipt is in here somewhere.”

“Yes, I’m sure, sugarplum,” Nick replied as he took the bag from my hands and tenderly touched my cheek.

My eyes locked with Nick’s and they swirled with happiness. The glimmer of joy on his handsome face was a side of him that never grew old. The youthful glow suited him and made my stomach twirl with glee. Because he always left this side of himself just for me.

My hand caressed the back of his and I leaned into his touch. The moment left me vulnerable to him, and I should’ve fought the emotion, but I

couldn't. Nick had me swept up in him.

"Why?" I asked with curiosity. "It's your money, Nick."

"It's our money, my wife," Nick breathed as his thumb grazed my cheek and he took my hand in his. "And I'm your husband. To have and to hold until thirty-one days from now. Remember?"

"How could I possibly forget?" I whispered.

I watched Nick peer down at our wedding bands together, hand in hand. His eyes softened as he glanced up at me and back down at the diamonds on my finger. The same ring he slipped on my finger and promised me forever. But we'd break this commitment.

Nick brought my hand to his lips and breathed, "You can't, my precious wife."

"I know, I..." I whispered, but lost all hold on reality.

*Because Nick kissed my diamond band.*

His mouth was a gentle graze and one that made my legs weak—ready to collapse from under me and fall into his arms. It was an embrace I wasn't sure I'd ever want to come out of.

Nick's lips were soft like silk, and his lazy touch lingered. His mouth remained against my skin, and I tingled all the way down to my toes. His kiss lasted for an eternity, or at least a few seconds.

"Because we have a marriage. We need to get this right," Nick stated as he let go of my hand and real-life sunk back in. "There's no room for a slip up, and practice makes perfect, my dear wife."

I shook my head for clarity. "Right. What's mine is yours, and what's yours is mine."

The emotion once gleaming in Nick's eyes was gone. A closed off, dark void took over, and I missed the tender side of him. The fondness he only seemed to hold for me. But only when he let the sentiment shine through.

"So, what did you get?" Nick asked with the change of subject.

I wanted to press Mr. Frost. Get him to open up more to me, but I remembered how exposed I felt toward him. The vulnerability in me when he was like that, and I scratched the idea. There was no need to make this situation even more complex than it already was.

There was no room for a teenage crush. We must put aside the notion. We needed to approach this like two independent adults and then go our separate ways when this was all over. Back to normal with no attachment except our past—the bond he had with my dad, and he always would. Their relationship

was everlasting and would always limit us from more. There couldn't be anything further because Nick Frost never viewed me as more. Only I had, with my longtime crush.

I pushed my thoughts aside and reached down for the handle of a shopping bag. I knew exactly which one to get because I had bought a present. A special gift just for us.

"Well, I might have got you something," I hinted at with a brief grin and held the bag against my chest. "But you have to promise to wear it."

Nick groaned. "Do I have to, sugarplum?"

"Yes, you do," I bleated with excitement and pulled an ugly sweater from the bag. "Because I got one to match, too."

I passed him the bag and put on my new Christmas sweater. The perfect color of red with reindeer on the woven fabric and buttons down the middle. A festive touch for this holiday season and something to make this trip memorable. A fond memory instead of a dreadful situation we both wanted to avoid. But dodging this marriage of convenience was out of the question.

Nick pulled out the men's sized gift and let the bag fall to the floor. He held the holiday sweater up, and I couldn't see his expression. But I heard a grumble of dissatisfaction, and I giggled with glee.

Nick poked his head up over the top of the knitted sweater. "What is so funny?"

Mr. Nick Frost looked like *Ebenezer Scrooge*. A cold-hearted man who hated Christmas. Except he loathed this sweater instead.

"You are, my dearest husband, because you should turn your frown upside down." I giggled with a smile and put my hands on my hips. "So, are you going to wear it?"

Nick glanced down at the ugly green sweater with reindeers to match mine and buttons buttoned straight down the center. He let out one last grumbled grunt, and his eyes met mine. They softened once more, and I knew right then I had won.

"Yes, I'll wear it." Nick answered with certainty. "I'll do anything to make you happy because your smile, my very festive wife, is the greatest gift of all."

My pulse beat fast. Heat rushed to my cheeks. But my heart swooned for Nick.

The very man who shouldn't leave me in a melted puddle at his feet. Nick had a way with words, and I couldn't help falling for them. Right along with



his silly, lopsided grin.

“Good. I see you’re getting the hang of this, Mr. Frost,” I said with a sure grin.

“Yes, as a matter of fact, I am.” Nick chuckled and threw on the sweater over top of his clothes. “But I think we’re ready to make our first public appearance as husband and wife.”

“Are we, my dearest husband?” I added to the charade.

“Oh, I think we are,” Nick added with delight. “Would my lovely wife care to join me for dinner this evening?”

I pinched his sweater and asked, “Only if you promise to keep this on?”

“I promise to keep this hideous thing on,” Nick said with a huff.

My smile grew brighter. “Then I’d love to go to dinner with you, hubby.”

Nick threw me a dashing handsome smile and extended his arm. I looped my arm through, and I intertwined us in our matching Christmas sweaters. Ready for a festive feast and to publicize our marriage. A drunken unison no one else knew about except us. We were all systems go to save our asses.

Nick breathed and locked eyes with me. “A happy wife leads to a happy life.”

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## SEVENTEEN

### Holiday Feast

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The ride down in the elevator didn't take long to get to the main floor. The festive sight sparkled as the sun went down and no longer brightly shone through the windows. Christmas lights twinkled, and tinsel shimmered on the banisters.

"Right this way, my darling wife," Nick breathed as he led me toward the stairs I had passed through earlier to get to the boutique.

I was on cloud nine and smiled up at him. My husband was much taller than me, but I liked the height difference. Nick Frost had to be six feet tall, and I only stood at chest height. There was something about a large man with broad shoulders who radiated dominance and power over everyone around him. He had the ability to bring people to their knees, but not me. Because Nick Frost was endeared to me—we had a connection that was long-lasting and true. He had a sweeter side for me that melted my heart. Mr. Nick Frost was sexy as hell when his softer side came out.

"I hope the food is good because I'm starving," I mumbled as my stomach grumbled and we walked up the single flight of stairs.

My hand grazed the railing as we took each step and flashy tinsel tickled the inside of my palm. I peered over the edge and admired the enormous Christmas tree all decked out with traditional decorations. Cheery lighting, colorful bulbs, glittering snowflakes, fake snow on the branches, and messy tinsel. A beautiful star sat at the top and shone magically down on everyone.

"I'll make sure you're stuffed like a turkey by the time we leave," Nick assured me.

I giggled. "Oh, is that right? Are you going to order the chef to serve me all my favorite decadent delights?"

"Yes, I will," Nick promised as we waited to be seated, and he turned toward me. "My wife has a refined taste and deserves the finest foods this ship has."

*Or the junkiest.*

Nick brushed the back of his fingers against my cheek and chills ran down my spine. Heat nipped at the frigid burn and ignited a flame—a fire lit

inside of me that brightly sizzled at my heartstrings. A fiery blaze in the pit of my stomach mixed with a hungry need. I wasn't famished just for a delicious meal, but for his kiss.

"I do have a particular meal in mind," I whispered as I peered up at his mouth and licked my lips.

"Whatever could it be, sugarplum?" Nick asked huskily.

Hunger ate away at us. The air sizzled, and within his deep depths, I knew he felt it, too. A connection of passion that was unexplainable to us. An attraction we pushed aside and kept at arm's length because life required us to. There was no room for forbidden lust, but this marriage has brought us closer—too close to the temptation right in front of us.

"Mr. Frost? Your table is ready," a male server interrupted.

Nick cleared his throat. "Right this way, my love."

Nick's touch left me shivering for him, but we remained linked. My arm looped through his as he led the way, and my mind buzzed with new wonder. The server knew Nick.

*But how could that be?*

"Hubby?" I asked.

"Yes, my beautiful wife?"

I raised an eyebrow and looked up at Nick. "Why did he call you by name?"

Nick joked with confidence. "I must be pretty popular around here."

I snorted. "Either that or they know not to get on your bad side."

*Nick was up to something.*

The joyous glint gleamed within his dark, gorgeous velvet eyes. Excitement swirled around inside of Nick and made him lighter. The tough around the edges appearance was nowhere to be seen. Hopefully, no one fucked this up because I was fond of this side of him.

Our table came into view. A nice candle lit scenery within the dimmed restaurant. The flickering flame toyed with my eyes, and my heart hammered in my chest.

*This was romantic as fuck.*

It was too intimate for my liking, but we were married. We had to keep up the appearance of a happy newlywed couple. One who celebrated their marriage blissfully; as if we had been passionately consummating our vows, and we had just come up for air, breathless from our intense lovemaking, with no one knowing the actual truth. Our marriage was strictly for

convenience and to help us continue on with business as usual. Our work was the main priority—not having a love that lasts forever.

Nick pulled out my chair and whispered against my ear, “If they do get on my bad side, I’ll go back there and have the chef on his knees. I’d hold a knife to his throat while he cooks you a meal you deserve. Because, my beloved wife, you’re my queen.”

My panties warmed on the spot. The fiery pit in my belly blazed to life and heated me like a furnace cranked to one hundred degrees. Nick Frost would do anything for me, and he had made the notion known. He’d do whatever it took to make me happy—even threaten the head chef.

Nick took charge, and my eyes never left him as he sat on the other side of the table across from me. He fixed his ugly sweater with pride, and his gray streak of hair glistened in the soft light. I should be nervous in his domineering presence as he held my stare and made me a part of his world. But I wasn’t.

*I was completely turned on.*

The server came back with the menus, and Nick stopped him. His eyes darted toward the young gentleman with a warning glare. He held up his hand and refused to take them. The server’s lower lip twitched with anxiety, and I almost felt sorry for the poor fellow. But Nick had a plan, and he would let no one screw it up.

*Not even this innocent waiter.*

“We won’t be needing these,” Nick warned with bitterness. “Please bring my wife your finest aged wine and make it snappy.”

“Y-yes, Mr. Frost,” the server stammered with fright.

The young man scurried off, and I stared after him in wide-eyed shock. Nick was on edge, and it was a quick change from the excitement beaming from him moments ago. Something was wrong.

“Don’t we need a menu so we know what they have to eat?” I asked with puzzlement.

Nick glanced over my shoulder, and a slick smile spread across his lips. “Not if our food is already waiting for us.”

I glanced over my shoulder toward Nick’s gaze, and my mouth fell agape. Surprise lit up my face as two servers headed toward our table with plates of food. A smorgasbord of nourishment with steam rising from the trays. All my favorite meals laid out in front of me. Healthy salads to keep the body strong, hearty steak to add a few pounds, and a mean, junkie cheeseburger made just

the way I liked it—packed with meat and double patties on a toasted sesame seed bun.

“What is all this, Nick?” I asked in astonishment.

“I called ahead and reserved a table for us,” Nick explained and grabbed an empty plate. “My wife is worthy of all her favorite foods on our honeymoon, and I’m going to make sure you get the fucking best treatment of all.”

My husband stood from his seat, and I watched in awe as he gathered every food I loved onto a dinner plate. He started with a tossed Caesar salad with a grilled chicken on top, added a baked penne pasta with extra cheese, and placed the double patty burger on the side. All ready for me to dig in.

But he wouldn’t pass me the plate.

Nick grabbed a fork and knelt at my side of the table. He held the food in front of me and the aroma was every bit like a dream. But the fantasy turned to reality when he wanted to feed me.

“But Nick, you must be—” I argued as he dug the fork into the salad and brought the food to my lips.

“Be quiet, sugarplum, and just take a bite,” Nick interrupted as our eyes locked, and my mouth watered.

*But I was more famished for Nick.*

My husband was down on his knees beside me and willing to feed his hungry wife. A gesture no man had ever done for me, and I never dreamed it could be done for me. Nick was hands-down the best husband material, and he was all mine.

“Okay,” I whispered and gave in.

I opened my mouth and received the gift Nick gave to me. A present no other man had attempted to give, and Nick topped them all. This memory would forever live rent free in my head, and my pretend husband would outlast any man after him.

Nick was a true example of who a husband should be for his beloved wife. A gentleman with the kindest touch, a soft side, and a true protector of his word. He meant every word he spoke and lived up to his promises.

“I fucking want the world for you. I’ll go to heaven and into the fiery pit of hell just to make you happy, my love,” Nick breathed with certainty as his eyes shimmered and he sat the plate down on the table. “I want you to be content, healthy, and pampered for the next thirty-one days.”

Mr. Frost picked up the meaty cheeseburger in his large hands and brought it to my lips. I received the double patties with a mouth full of food, and some toppings fell down onto the table. The burger was a flavorsome surprise—full of zest, chunkiness, and juiciness.

“Mm...” I moaned and closed my eyes.

My tastebuds were in another world. Lost in all the flavors an excellent cook could give. Compliments to the head chef, of course. My husband wouldn't threaten him soon.

Nick's eyes darted toward my mouth. A heat pooled inside of them, and a lusty haze took over his gaze. I stopped mid-chew and swallowed with a loud gulp anyone could hear. There was no avoiding the attraction igniting between us all over again. The heat wasn't from my zesty food, but from our blazing passion.

“I crave something I shouldn't,” Nick groaned huskily and wiped mustard from my lower lip.

The change in the air was thick and burned with a feisty intoxication bound to leave me breathless. Nick's touch left me wanting more, and the lick he gave to his yellow-stained finger enticed me. The motion made me want his tongue flicking against my skin and dancing to a wicked rhythm only he could unwind. He'd spin me out of control, and I'd follow his lead.

“What's that?” I asked without hesitation.

*But we both knew the answer.*

Nick wanted me, and I longed for him. The unspoken truth lingered damply in the air as our breaths mingled, and the distance between us closed inch by inch. Only the meaty cheeseburger stood in the way of our tempting lips.

Until Nick put the hamburger down and extended his hand to me. A gesture I wasn't sure I should take. The allurements were there, but so was the risk. The danger of this was no longer having a longtime crush. It was turning into something more. But we had a facade to maintain—our fake love for one another.

“Could I have the pleasure of dancing with my wife?” Nick asked in the most dashing handsome way possible.

My knees were weak, and I wasn't sure if I could bear a dance with my sexy husband. The chance to be so close to Nick, the man I had always desired to be mine, was right in front of me, and I hesitated.

*Why?*

Because Nick could consume me.

I'd get lost in my husband the way a wife should. Stuck in a world where there was only us. A marriage that should be so right, but everything about our promise to each other was a sham.

We weren't in love. There were no plans in the making for a family. Not even for one precious moment had our lips kissed in passionate bliss.

*Because we were strictly about business.*

The way Nick Frost peered into my eyes made me grab his hand, and my body deceived my heart. He ushered me in for a slow dance in his arms. The music played a soft Christmas tune about how I could count on love. A promise Nick Frost could never give to me because there was too much between us. A past with his son and my dad. The complications were so grand we couldn't afford to cross the line. But his protective arms embraced me and made me feel like we had.

"My son would hate me for touching you like this..." Nick breathed against my ear as his hand grazed my lower back. "I should fight the hold you fucking have over me, Wynter. I should do it for my son."

I let my cheek touch his and whispered, "But this is all fake, isn't it?"

"It fucking should be, but I'm not so sure anymore," Nick admitted as his breath teased my hair, and he held me tighter against him. "But with you this close..."

"Yes?" I sighed as he bowed his head in front of me, and I pressed my forehead against his.

"I can't help wanting more," Nick whispered.

Our mouths were inches apart. The threat of a slow, drawn-out kiss laid in wait, and I longed to break the distance. I wanted to be the brave one and dare to dream. I wanted to grab Mr. Nick Frost and make my fantasy come to life.

Nick's admission that this wasn't one-sided had me screaming inside. My body cried out for him to take what he wanted, to claim everything he craved, because I wanted the same and I had for most of my life. But Nick Frost had never known.

*Should I let Nick in on my secret?*

*Or did my dear husband already discover the truth?*

I was about to find out.

Suddenly, a throat cleared, and we snapped out of our wedded bliss. Saved by the anxious young server who was about to get his head chopped



off. Nick snapped his head in the server's direction and his body stiffened against mine.

"My wife and I are having a moment," Nick huffed with impatience. "What could you possibly want?"

"Um, your um..." The young man quivered with dread.

"My what?" Nick growled with frustration. "Spit it out before I fucking lose my shit."

"Your surprise is ready, Mr. Frost," the waiter quickly responded.

The poor thing looked like he was about to piss himself. My husband was far too harsh on him. This was probably his first day on the job and Nick had made his life a living nightmare after Christmas. I had to calm Nick down.

I placed my hand on Nick's cheek and turned him toward me. "A surprise?"

At the sound of my voice, Nick's face lit up. He shone as bright as *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer's* nose as he let go of me and backed up. His index finger pointed straight at me, and excitement beamed from him.

"Yes, a present from me to you," Nick responded as he pulled out my chair, and I took my seat. "Hold tight, and I'll be right back."

"But Nick? Nick!" I called out after him.

*But it was too late.*

Nick was already gone—out of sight in a flurried flash. He left me at our table with all the food he had ordered for me, and he hadn't even taken a bite. This entire dinner he had planned out all for his new wife.

*But what was Nick up to now?*

I put my elbows on the table as the moments passed by and placed my chin in the palm of my hands. Anxiously waiting for Nick to return and sit down to eat a full meal. But all I could envision was my dear husband back there giving the kitchen crew hell.

"I should go find him," I mumbled to myself.

But before I left my seat, the surprise Nick had in store brought tears to my eyes. I couldn't let them fall because he couldn't know how much this meant to me. How much *he* meant to me.

"Wynter Frost, you are worthy of everything a new wife could ever wish for on her honeymoon, and I wanted to make this occasion special," Nick expressed as he came toward the table with a small wedding cake and placed it in front of me. "Happy elopement, my wife."

I peered down at the cake topper of a bride and groom as they kissed their first kiss as newlyweds. Something I couldn't even remember with Nick. But he made sure I'd remember this.

Our very own wedding cake. An elopement party just for the two of us. A honeymoon I wouldn't soon forget.

*All because of my pretend husband.*

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## EIGHTEEN

### Trapped in Bliss

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A yawn escaped my mouth as we made our way to the elevator and the back of my hand concealed the fatigue. I stuffed my belly full of every food I had ever loved, and I only had my husband to thank for it. Nick had gone above and beyond for me.

“I still can’t believe how much you frightened that poor server,” I voiced after I stretched my mouth and extended my arms over my head. “He won’t forget you.”

Nick boasted, “Well, that’s what you get for being incompetent.”

“I hope he doesn’t quit his job because of you,” I mumbled.

“Nah...” Nick breathed as he shook his head and leaned back against the elevator door frame with his arms crossed. “I helped him.”

My eyebrows rose. “How on earth do you think you helped him?”

“He’ll learn from his mistakes and won’t do it again,” Nick explained as he pushed the button for the elevator and looked down at me. “Same with us and how we almost made a grave mistake back there.”

This was it. The time I dreaded but knew would come. The moment we were going to discuss how we almost kissed.

*Again.*

“I’m not sure I know what you mean?” I shrugged and acted clueless.

My oblivious act only drew Nick closer. He uncrossed his arms and inched into my personal bubble—a place I didn’t mind him intruding as my back hit the frame of the elevator and my breath quickened. His deep eyes filled with sheer determination and purpose to make me understand when I already knew.

“A husband is supposed to kiss his wife...” Nick breathed as he placed his hand above my head and leaned in close until we shared air. “But we’re forbidden, and we should be more careful.”

Nick teased my hair with his hand and my tits bounced with each rapid breath I took. He had me in a hot, flustered mess with him this close. I wasn’t sure if he was serious. I couldn’t tell if he toyed with me. There was only one way to find out.

“But I thought this honeymoon was our time to practice being married. We’re supposed to be a couple. Intimate in all the ways lovers can be,” I expressed as his hand cupped my cheek, and the pad of his thumb caressed me. “And that includes kissing.”

“I wholeheartedly agree with you, my darling wife. I thought I could fucking handle pretending, but I’m not so sure anymore,” Nick breathed huskily and brushed his thumb over my lips. “I’m afraid if I kiss you, I won’t be able to stop.”

*Holy shit.*

*It was happening.*

Nick Frost definitely felt something between us. The attraction I had imagined after all these years was about to become a reality.

Breathlessly, I suggested, “Well, we won’t know unless we try?”

“No, we fucking won’t...” Nick whispered as his lips neared mine, and I closed my eyes to receive his kiss. “Will we, my forbidden sugarplum?”

Suddenly, the elevator dinged, and I jumped, startled by the sound, and I opened my eyes. Only to see Nick’s uncertain eyes. I didn’t want him to question whatever this was between us. I wanted him to be sure. Even if we only kissed to pretend. Because all I ever yearned for was Nick to want me in return.

Swiftly, I moved away from his closeness and into the cold metal elevator. I missed his body heat against me and craved for Nick back. But I couldn’t have him like this, and I wouldn’t stand for anything less.

“Sugarplum, wait—” Nick huffed with frustration.

But the elevator door nearly closed on him.

“Shit!” Nick exclaimed as the metal doors hit against his solid exterior and jolted open to let him inside. “Listen, I’m sorry...I—”

“No, Nick. You’re right. This is strictly for business,” I argued with anger and pressed the button for our floor. “We should be more careful.”

“But I didn’t fucking mean it like that,” Nick expressed with irritation.

“Then what did you mean, Mr. Frost?” I snapped, annoyed. “Husband I’m stuck with because we got married and I can’t remember one bit of it.”

An emotion struck his eyes. I wasn’t sure if his eyes showed hurt or if I pissed him off to his boiling point. But Nick’s silence told me enough.

“Great, just fucking great. I’m trapped in a loveless marriage,” I heaved and took off my sweater. “With a husband who gives me the silent treatment, and this stupid sweater is making me itch.”

Angrily, I threw the Christmas pullover onto the floor and knew my gift was a dumb idea. The notion had blown up in my face after a splendid dinner with Nick, but he had to fuck it all up. Or maybe I had when I let him get too damn close.

*Screw this.*

I regretted everything—loathed myself for even thinking Nick could want me for one second. He'd always view me like a little girl. A daughter to his best friend and too young for him. I only kidded myself to dream our relationship could be anything different.

Suddenly, everything went dark and there was a quick jerk. The intense motion threw me forward as the lights flickered and came back on. Only for me to see I had ended up straight in my husband's arms.

I was stuck with my back toward him as Nick gripped my trembling shoulders and fear overtook me. The quick force of movement against gravity had stopped, and the metal corridors didn't budge.

*We were trapped, and I got stuck with Nick.*

"What the hell is going on?" I cried out with anxiety.

"The elevator is stuck," Nick breathed from behind me.

"No shit, hubby!" I snapped as I launched forward and out of his hold.

"This can't be happening. I can't be stuck here with you."

"Wynter, just calm down," Nick urged.

*But I wouldn't listen.*

I smacked my hands against the numbers for each floor of the cruise ship and cursed the day I ever met Mr. Nick Frost. A cold, calculated, and heartless man. I never should've laid eyes on him and lusted after a man too old for me. Fate didn't destine us to be anything, and I didn't know how I was going to make it through another thirty-one days with this grumpy man.

Panicked, I yelled, "Help! In here! I'm trapped in this goddamn elevator with my asshole husband!"

"Wynter. Stop it," Nick huffed in frustration and grabbed my shoulders.

"No, get your hands off of me!" I blurted, without thinking. "I never should've agreed to this, and I hate you!"

"Goddamn it, stop acting like a little brat," Nick retorted and threw down his sweater at my feet. "A spoiled rotten one, who I let go on a shopping spree when she clearly needs punishment."

I threw my hands up with bitterness. "Oh, that's rich coming from an old guy who didn't even have the guts to kiss what's undeniably his!"

Nick's eyes heated with passion and the desire I sought—the lust I had wanted all along, and he rushed toward me. He pinned me up against the elevator wall and stole the breath right out of me. His chest heaved with yearning, and his hands cupped my face. He burned into me and lit me aflame. I was on fire for him.

*My dearest husband.*

Nick's cock hardened against my thigh, caught between his toned legs. He lost me in him, and the attraction sizzled to life with meaning—a shift between us which would take a new course in our relationship, and there was no way to turn back.

I had wanted this. Craved Nick. But was I truly ready for all of him?

“I want every fucking bit of your pretty little mouth, my wife,” Nick breathed with a throaty groan, the sound rumbled from his chest; he rubbed my lower lip with his thumb. “Every. Fucking. Inch. Only for me to take.”

I peered into his smoldering gaze with one dare. “Then, hubby? Why don't you go ahead and do it?”

Nick smirked wickedly. “Oh, I love it when you sass me, wife.”

I took Nick's finger into my mouth. The suction of my enclosed lips ran up and down his thumb. My eyes never wavered from his hungered gaze as he watched a little girl he once knew transform into a sensual woman with a burning need. One only a husband could fulfill, and there was no room for error. I wanted Nick Frost, and I needed him now.

Nick's hand grabbed my hair and yanked my head back. The motion jerked his thumb out of my mouth, and he ran the wetness down my exposed collarbone. Lower and right over top of my cleavage.

“Nick...” I sighed with desire.

I trembled for my husband and yearned for him to take all he wanted. I'd give myself to him fully in a heartbeat and not look back. This was everything I had envisioned, but the thrill was so much more. Nick Frost had me, and I never wanted him to let me go.

“My love...” Nick breathed as his breath fanned up my neck and landed right over top of my lips. “We just had our first fight. But I think we should make up with our first kiss.”

Nick's lips crashed down onto mine in married bliss. The heat between us was a flurry of greed we both sought and no longer fought. A rush of pent-up sexual tension we released on each other.

The palm of Nick's hand grasped the back of my neck, and a soft whimper escaped me. His lips were smooth but demanding and everything I never imagined. This was so much better.

My lips opened and dared Nick to enter. He slowed down and lazily nibbled my lower lip. Only to have his tongue enter after I returned a tender bite. I gave a graze to his seductive tongue with a tease he'd remember when he dreamed about us. We were lost in each other's arms and trapped in pure lust.

Our tongues danced to a rhythm of their own, and my heart beat wildly in my chest, pressed up against him. My tits caught in between us, and my nipples were perky with the friction. Nick's dick throbbed from inside his pants and made me wet. I soaked my new panties with desire.

I couldn't get enough of my husband, and the thirst for him was unlike anything I had ever had. Nick tempted me, made me question my sanity, and had me horny within seconds. This longtime crush had exploded before my eyes and was out of control.

*But I loved every fucking second of it.*

Nick Frost wanted me. He consumed me. My hubby devoured me.

Nick cherished me like no other man could. And Nick claimed me as his.

"Mm, you taste so fucking good, wife," Nick groaned against my mouth as he came up for air and licked my lips. "As sweet as *Christmas crack* and a treat. I never want to quit."

My pussy quivered, and my hands ran up his chest that was sculpted to perfection. It was everything I never thought I could touch. A forbidden temptation I always thought was too much for me. But that ended today.

"And you, my husband, a breath of chocolate with peppermint swirl..." I sighed as my fingers played with tiny hairs at the nape of Nick's neck and rested there. "A minty freshness bound to lure me to you for the rest of our days."

We were utterly prohibited from speaking those words that should be banned from ever existing. But they did.

*The truth shall set us free.*

We were unconfined. Allowed to enjoy each other solely because of our particular arrangement. A marriage we agreed could save us both.

Nick let go of the back of my neck, and his forehead touched mine. My eyes locked on his full lips as heavy breaths escaped his open mouth. He licked his much too tempting lips, and his top teeth grazed his lower lip. The



sexy motion was hungry, and his hands traveled down my neck. He slowly trailed over my racing pulse and down toward my aching tits.

I never wanted a man to caress my most intimate areas as much as I wanted Nick. The burning desire for his hands to be all over me and my belly swirled with a feverish flurry. We were unable to stop this connection between us.

*Electrified. Aroused. Ready.*

Suddenly, the elevator moved. We both looked up as the gears started and we were in motion. Headed straight for our floor. But my anger had passed.

There was no longer any doubt. Nick clearly desired me, and I yearned for him. We could take the next step I had only ever dreamed about. A wish I hoped could someday come true.

I wanted to sleep with my dad's best friend, and I needed Nick to take me to depths we had yet to discover. Spend the night cradled in each other's arms and lost in splendid bliss. Finally, Nick could make me his.

I whispered without hesitation, "Should we go back to our room to Netflix and chill?"

"What?" Nick asked, confused.

*Right.*

I got caught up in the moment. Lost in a man I could never have. But I forgot one thing.

*Our twenty-one-year age gap.*

I toyed with the collar of his white shirt as Nick stared down into my eyes with deep thought. The wires in his mind completely crossed, and I hadn't even realized. Nick Frost had no idea what I referred to. The reference to us taking this frozen heat and getting freaky between the sheets was unknown to him. He was older than me and probably had no clue what I meant.

"Never mind," I blurted out before thinking.

A new trait for me whenever Nick was around.

*Who was I kidding?*

Me, Wynter Ravenhurst, turned to Mrs. Frost, newly married to my ex-fiancé's dad by mistake. My off-limits hubby who I just made out with. A man I desired to get in my pants and rock my world.

*But that shouldn't happen.*

*Because Nick should remain unreachable.*

I gave Nick a shy smile and patted my hands against his chest. The elevator dinged just in time so I could flee from the awkwardness I had

created. I left Nick behind and hurried back toward our suite, but his loud footfall followed behind me.

“Wynter, wait...” Nick called out from behind me.

My chest was heavy with dread, and I was a fool. Thrown back in time to a tender age where a blushing teenager like me had taken off to hide in my room. Hiding from the man I crushed on after he had hugged me. But only in a friendly manner because I was too young for him.

I held onto those close moments for years. I wished they could mean more when the time was right. But that moment never came.

*Until five minutes ago.*

When our lips met in a passionate kiss—pure pleasure I never dreamed would come. In an elevator, we were stuck in together after we got married and spoke the words, ‘I do.’

I opened the door and had nowhere to go except for the king-sized bed. I’d curl up under the sheets and forget this ever happened. Or try to at least.

My feet sprang forward, and I ripped back the bedsheets. I had no idea what I had been thinking, and I should never have asked Nick to sleep with me. We agreed this union was strictly for business. We had a marriage pact to uphold, and that was it. Our kiss back there was simply for our arrangement. One that was over in thirty days as soon as the sun rose in the morning.

“You sleep on your side, and I’ll sleep on mine,” I snapped, flustered and frustrated as my head hit the pillow.

“But, sugarplum, I think we should talk about—” Nick urged.

I interrupted, “Our kiss?”

“Yes,” Nick breathed, and the bed bounced with his weight as he sat down. “And what you said back there?”

Damn it. Me and my big mouth. I had to fuck this all up.

I kept my back toward him and gave a brief laugh. “Oh! The Netflix and chill comment. Yeah, that was nothing.”

“Are you sure? Because I—” Nick added.

“Yep. I was wondering if you wanted to watch a movie,” I interrupted with a fake yawn. “But time got away from me, and now I’m tired.”

The rustle of clothes filled the room, and I knew Nick was shirtless. My pussy’s awareness was heightened and sensed his masculine, bare skin from between my quivering thighs. I could detect Mr. Nick Frost’s half naked body from a mile away. I was still hot and bothered by our heated encounter.

*This was going to be a problem.*

A flick of my bean could cool me down for the night. An orgasm of my making to cast me off into a deep sleep. But Nick was right beside me.

The single mattress we had to share because this was a honeymoon suite for newlyweds—a room for us. But we were everything we weren't.

“Okay,” Nick said.

Nick stood and closed the blinds. The dim moonlight from the night sky no longer cast a shadowy light across the room. We were closed in darkness as Nick climbed into bed beside me, and my body begged him to pull me close.

I heaved an agitated sigh. “Goodnight, Nick.”

“Rest easy, my wife,” Nick breathed.

I squeezed my eyes shut and pleaded for sleep to come. I'd take any nightmare over this torment my horned-up body gave me. This was a torture I never wanted, but I ended up with it. All because of one kiss. A passionate moment between a husband and wife brought on by a fight. A brawl I had started and wished I hadn't. Because it led us into temptation. A sacred place that was all ours. A situation I had to forget.

The time had passed for us and was long gone. I had to let our lust slide and skate away with a blustery breeze. I needed to go the fuck to sleep.

My feet rubbed against the sheet for comfort—a soothing motion I hoped would put me into a slumber. But the sleep never came.

“Can't sleep, sugarplum?” Nick asked.

“No,” I whispered into the night.

“Do you trust me?” Nick asked.

“Yes,” I answered with certainty.

Nick breathed, “Scoot back toward me.”

I hesitated. My body tensed until Nick touched my hip bone and sent shivers down my spine. The caress of his thumb on my skin burned away the bitter tension that was as cold as ice. Flames ignited inside of me and sizzled to my very core. My body deceived my mind, and I fell into him.

Nick spooned me with his breath in my ear. He wrapped me up in him and kept me as a gift all for himself. I was Nick's precious present with a beautiful bow on top.

“I don't know if this will help,” I muttered.

Nick crawled his fingertips down my arm. The calming movement raised goosebumps on my skin, and he ignored every bump. But he stopped at my hand.

“Open your hand and lay your palm up toward the sky,” Nick whispered as his breath fanned my ear, and my wispy hair tickled the skin. “Have faith in me, my darling wife.”

I listened to every word Nick voiced and gave into him. My husband slowly drew circles in the palm of my open hand. The lazy motion made my eyelids heavy, and they blinked repeatedly. A sleepy fog clouded over me, and the world faded away. I only heard Nick breathing from behind me, and his steady heartbeats filled the nighttime air.

Before I fell into a complete slumber, Nick moved behind me. Caught me from drifting off into a dreamlike state with only us. Lost in a calm abyss without a care in the world.

“Sugarplum? Are you still awake?” Nick asked in a whisper.

I wanted to answer, but I couldn't. On the edge of sleep and no return until the morning light. This could all be in my mind and the dream I had hoped for all along. A hallucination fused by my imagination all coming together.

Until Nick added with a simple stroke of my hair, “I'd Netflix and chill with you anytime, my beautiful wife. Because I'm all yours, and you're all mine.”

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## NINETEEN

### Old Saint Nick

---

I woke up the next day to the sound of waves crashing in the sea. My eyelids fluttered as light hit them, and I had almost forgotten where I was. But reality hit me like a deep freeze.

Last night, I fell asleep in my husband's arms. A soothing embrace I let myself get swept up in when only minutes before, I was a restless mess. All because of my gorgeous husband.

Just before a dream state took over me, Nick had spoken. Well, I thought he had. Or were the words he spoke to me all a delusion?

*They had to be.*

If not, Nick was much more in tune with modern day slang than I had thought. He knew more than he let on. It was highly possible Nick Frost knew exactly what Netflix and chill meant.

*But where was Nick?*

The other side of the bed was empty, the sheets were a wrinkled mess. My hand touched where Nick had slept, and his spot was cold. He hadn't laid there for hours.

*What time was it?*

I gazed at the alarm clock, and it was almost noon. Lunchtime neared, and I had slept through the early morning sunrise. Time was out of my hands, and I couldn't believe Nick let me sleep this long. My schedule was like clockwork, and I never got to sleep in. Always up with the sun and ready to start the day. My busy work schedule depended on me, and I had to be on top of my game every damn day.

*But not today.*

"Nick?" I called out into the empty room.

There was no response. Nick didn't poke his head out of the bathroom or shout back in return. He was nowhere to be found.

Nick had sent me into a slumberland, and I hadn't even heard him leave. I had been dead to the world, and even a great blustery windstorm wouldn't have awakened me. I had been out for the count and, hopefully, didn't snore in my sleep.

“Oh, god...” I groaned at the thought and found some clothes.

I got dressed in a hurry and freshened up. No time for makeup or a shower to wake me up. Just enough time to make myself presentable to the public and to search for my husband. My concern grew with each passing second without my dearly beloved returned.

*Where the hell did Nick go?*

Suddenly, the front door opened and a gray-streaked head popped through. Nick wandered inside as the door closed behind him; he held a morning brew in each hand. Steam rose from the open cups, and he looked my way.

“Morning, my darling wife.” Nick smiled and handed me a cup. “Coffee with two sugars and one cream.”

“For me?” I asked with surprise.

“All for you, my love,” Nick breathed as he blew on his coffee and touched my hair. “I thought you could enjoy a fresh coffee after a good night’s sleep.”

There was no need for worry. Nick had gone out to get us some much-needed caffeine. My anxious self had gotten ahead of me.

“I can’t believe I slept that long. It’s almost noon!” I exclaimed and took a sip of the brew.

The heat jolted me awake and left a lingering sensation in my throat. With the cream added, the liquid became a harmonious blend that pleased my taste buds. The perfect wake-up call I needed after a long rest.

Nick chuckled. “Sounds like you had a case of jet lag, sugarplum.”

The time change should be the underlying reason for my extended slumber. A change of time zones was a challenge my body endured. But the long-lasting fatigue wasn’t the major cause.

*Nick Frost was.*

I slept soundly thanks to my husband, who stood in front of me. He calmed me down when I needed him the most, put my unease in its place and soothed me to sleep. But I can’t get his last words out of my head.

*“I’d Netflix and chill with you anytime, my beautiful wife. Because I’m all yours, and you’re all mine.”*

I shivered at the thought they could be true. Nick spoke his very own words when he thought I was fast asleep. A truth he could’ve confessed, thinking I wouldn’t ever know the fact that Mr. Nick Frost wanted to sleep

with me. But I won't ever know if he actually meant them or if it was all a dream.

"Why didn't you wake me?" I asked and brought myself back to reality.

Nick shrugged. "Well, I didn't want to wake you because you snore like a freight train."

I gasped and smacked his arm. "I do not."

Nick chuckled. "Okay, you weren't. But you looked so peaceful while you slept. I couldn't disturb my beautiful snow queen."

Nick thought I was beautiful. A snow queen with him as my frosty king. The perfect pairing for this holiday season.

I blushed but changed the subject. "I'm starving."

My hand rubbed my stomach as it rumbled, and I was ready to dive face-first into a big stack of pancakes. My mouth watered at the image of the syrup dripping down the sides of a large heap of battered goodness with a side of bacon. The greasy meat would hit the spot and make my morning complete.

"But it's almost lunchtime," Nick stated with his eyebrows narrowed. "The morning buffet is just about over."

"Come on, Nick. There's a stack of hot pancakes with my name on them," I ordered and grabbed his arm.

Nick let out a brief gasp of surprise as I tugged him along. I didn't want us to miss our morning feast. I felt energized and ready to go. My hungry belly led the way and didn't waste a moment's time. Each step was one step closer toward a satisfied wife, and Nick wouldn't argue otherwise.

We dashed to the main floor without a morning hustle. The elevator was ready for just the two of us and didn't get stuck. We'd be there in a flash and not one moment too late.

*But something caught my eye.*

The enormous Christmas tree by the staircase had a big line of children. Boys and girls with excited looks on their faces, glowing as bright as the shimmering tree with a velvet green chair in front of it. Presents with big name tags sat beside the chair and were ready to be opened.

There was a commotion not far away from us where a woman dressed up as an elf had her back to us. She was on the phone and clearly frustrated with the caller on the other end. Her hands waved frantically through the air, and she turned around to unveil the lady from the boutique.

*Maggie.*



The woman who was far too overboard for my taste. She was out there and different from normal people. Nice, but avoidable at all costs. Especially with breakfast calling out to me.

“What do you mean, he’s not coming?” Maggie asked with irritation.

I grabbed Nick’s arm and breathed, “Come on. Let’s go this way.”

Concerned, Nick said, “No, no. You go on ahead, and I’ll join you.”

“What? No, don’t be silly. Everything looks like it’s under control.” I sighed and waved my hand like it was no big deal.

Nick refused and pulled away. “No, something is wrong.”

I wanted to argue, but it was too late. Nick walked toward the frustrated elf and was about to confront her. He was just being himself. But he had no idea who he was about to walk up to.

Maggie huffed and hung up the phone. “This is great. What a nightmare.”

“Excuse me?” Nick asked as he pointed toward the holiday scenery and frowned with concern. “What is this all about?”

Maggie shook her head and heaved a long sigh. “Nothing, but a big mess to clean up and some very heartbroken children.”

I stepped forward, quite bothered by Maggie’s expression. From my brief trip to the boutique and the little I knew her, this wasn’t like Maggie. Down and saddened by some unfortunate event. Something was very wrong for this cheery elf to be distraught.

*Especially around Christmastime.*

“Why will the children be disappointed?” I asked with concern.

“Because Santa can’t make it,” Maggie sighed.

I couldn’t understand the very little information. Maggie was brief, and this elf had some explaining to do. And fast because my stomach depended on it.

I pressed further, “Santa can’t make it for what? Christmas is already over.”

“All these children are underprivileged,” Maggie explained and pointed toward the large lineup of kids. “They all come from broken homes. A wonderful charity brought them here so they could receive the true meaning of Christmas. Santa is supposed to come and give them their gifts. But I have to let them all down because Santa isn’t coming.”

A sadness fell over me as I peered over at all the children waiting for the jolly old man himself. The glimmer of hope in each one of their eyes and

anticipation for the very moment Old Saint Nick arrived. But Santa wouldn't be there.

"This is terrible..." I breathed with sorrow and looked at Nick. "There must be something we can do?"

Maggie shrugged her shoulders. "There's nothing more I can do but break the bad news."

Maggie was a disappointed elf for Christmas. All the fight for cheer had run out. The elf couldn't fix these children's Christmas wishes like she could a toy. There was nothing left she could do.

Maggie turned toward the children, but Nick blurted out, "Wait! I have an idea."

Nick left my side and hurried away from me. His feet flew one step in front of the other and I knew something was up. Nick was a man on some sort of secret mission, and he left me out of the plan.

"Where are you going, Nick?" I called out.

Nick glanced over his shoulder. "Just wait here and you will see."

I took a brief step forward ready to argue, but it was no use. My eyes watched Nick until he disappeared. I willed myself not to go after him like he wanted me to. The willpower to trust him was stronger than my need to go looking for him. At the rate his long legs carried him, I wouldn't stand a chance of catching up with him.

"What are you up to, Nick?" I heaved the question out into the unresponsive air.

My feet stayed put, and I watched Maggie go toward the anxious young bunch. The stir of joy filled the air, and Maggie added to the excitement by singing, *Santa Claus Is Coming to Town*. The classic song belted out from each child's mouth, and they were ready for Jolly Old Saint Nick. But Santa had ditched them.

The very thought brought tears to my eyes, and I couldn't believe a stand-in Santa Claus could do this to them. These poor children who had seen so much heartbreak in such little time. They had their whole lives ahead of them, with another depressing memory to add to the list. *No visit from Old Saint Nick*.

Suddenly, I heard bells, and I peered toward the cheerful sound. They jingled with glee and a merry, "Ho, ho, ho!" followed soon after. And a magical sight appeared when all hope was lost.

Santa Claus made his grand entrance and not a moment too soon. Fashionably late was more like it, but that was better than not at all. Especially from the expressions of joy on each child's face.

I smiled with surprise as the *jolly fat man* came down the stairs in all his magical glory. The moment was especially special because Santa wasn't even supposed to show. But there he was.

*All bright, round, and cheerful.*

Kris Kringle ringing his big golden bell; he had a long white beard, glasses, and his red suit. All dressed for the occasion and ready to impress the children with holiday cheer. He took his green throne as the children shouted, "Hurray!" And Maggie the elf clapped as she stood by his merry side.

Santa had made it and wasn't absent after all. This holiday disaster turned out happily, unlike my dreadful wedding to the one that wasn't meant to be. A genuine surprise for us all to see, and I wished Nick was there. He had missed out on the kids' excitement and no longer their terrible disappointment.

*Where on earth could Nick be?*

Nick had left quickly and still had yet to return. He had dashed away from the mishap just as quickly as Santa disappears up the chimney. He left me bewitched, and I couldn't wait for him to see the true Christmas miracle that played out in front of me.

I watched in wonder as the children, one by one, sat on Santa's knee with joy and told him what they wanted for Christmas. All their dreams and childhood wishes. Maggie passed them their long-awaited gift, and Santa received a big hug of gratitude. The appreciation was bright on every single innocent face. Their delight was evident, and they were no longer less fortunate for Christmas. Happy as could be, all thanks to Saint Nick and his visit.

The end of the line came faster than I had expected. Children gathered to open their presents while Old Saint Nick peered around at the merriness he had created. He gave a jolly chuckle with his hand on his belly and rang his bell one more time.

*But old Kris Kringle looked straight at me.*

"Why you must be Wynter? Like a harsh winter storm, but bright with a new beginning after its past." Santa Claus rejoiced and patted his knee. "Come, my darling, and sit on Santa's knee?"

I shook my head repeatedly with nerves and thought the notion was silly. I wasn't a child eager to sit on the big man's knee. This event wasn't for adults and certainly not for me. But Jolly Old Saint Nick knew my name.

*How could that be?*

This Santa was a stand-in. Paid for by some big-name company. A mall Claus dressed up in furry red clothes and a fake fat suit.

"Now, you heard him..." Maggie urged as she came up behind me and pushed me forward. "The jolly man is waiting, and he wants to see you."

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa beamed.

"Okay..." I mumbled with a nervous, soft laugh, and sat down on Santa's knee.

The jolly man gave a big laugh, and the sound vibrated straight from his belly. My head hung low with embarrassment as his hand touched my knee, and I was ready to bolt. This was insane. The elf was off her rocker, and Santa Claus must be as high as a kite.

*I had to get out of there.*

Santa let out a groan only I could hear, "Mm...Now, that's my good girl."

Saint Nick's words caused me to look over at him and into his jolly, velvet dark eyes. The brown haze was all too familiar. Their depths swirled with excitement, but not of the Christmas spirit kind. His eyes whirled with undeniable lust. A passion all for me, and a vision only I'd know all too well.

I remembered a kiss. A lip-lock unlike any other. Affection, devotion, and hot-blooded heat.

"Nick?" I whispered.

Santa licked his lips and smiled with a playful wink. "That's me. Good Old Saint Nick."

I leaned in closer. "What the hell are you doing?"

A small group of children had gathered close by and giggled in pure innocence. They weren't far behind me and found amusement by a grown woman sitting on Kris Kringle's lap. I glanced back at them with a slight smile and didn't want them to figure out the ruse. I didn't want to be the one to let all these children down with the news that Santa isn't real.

I could ruin their Christmas. All thanks to me, each one for their years to come would be a complete sham from the memory of how I stole the magic from them.

"I'm here because you've been a very good girl this year," Nick breathed as he kept up the jolly act, and his eyes pleaded with me to play along. "What

do you want for Christmas, darling?”

I gave an anxious giggle and shifted in his lap. I could grab Nick by the balls and twist, but it would give away the act. The children intently watched and waited to hear my big Christmastime wish.

I peered deeply into Nick’s eyes, and the world faded away. They shimmered at me with glee and made me look past the false impression we presented. A smile lit up my face as his eyes told me all I needed to know.

*Nick Frost did all this for me.*

I was upset the underprivileged children wouldn’t receive their Christmas dream come true. Nick had noticed and wanted to fix the problem. This had been a situation that had nothing to do with us and was all about the children. But now this meant everything to me.

I took Nick’s hand in mine and sighed thankfully. “I think I got my Christmas wish, Santa.”

Nick peered down at our hands intertwined and he gave my hand a squeeze of silent agreement. One soft stroke of his gloved thumb ran over my skin and sent a shiver down my spine. The electric current sparked between us and drove me haywire deep down inside. The pit of my belly swirled with romance, and I couldn’t think of a more precious gift.

Nick locked eyes with me and magically breathed, “I know you did because I’m Jolly Old Saint Nick.”

“Yes, you most certainly are, Santa.” I gleamed with glee.

I let go of Nick’s hand and stood as the dressed-up Santa Claus followed my lead. The jig was up and Nick’s job was done. He had brought delight to every single child who needed it and saved Christmas.

“Ho, ho ho! Merry Christmas!” Santa Claus beamed and jingled his bell.

Maggie joined me at my side and whispered, “If Santa wasn’t coming. Who the heck is that?”

Awestricken, we watched a very jolly man make his exit as Santa Claus. Children followed him with pure happiness up the staircase, with their imaginations running wild. A vision of Santa with his reindeer ready to take flight into the sky and head back to the North Pole.

I leaned in close to Maggie and proudly whispered, “That was my husband, and he did this all for me.”

“Wow...You’re one lucky bitch.” Maggie sighed in astonishment.

I smiled with glee. “I am? Aren’t I?”

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## TWENTY

### Movie Night

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Nick had played the role of Saint Nick perfectly. The children loved him. Maggie was grateful, and he amazed me. Completely taken by my husband and his will to do anything for me. He even dressed up in a fat suit for me, and we got quite a laugh out of it.

The rest of the day flew by because we distracted ourselves by pretending to be in love. Lost in each other's arms. Nick showered me with kisses the same way the sun shone down on my skin as we tanned in the heat and relaxed on the deck loungers. Nick offered to reserve a private cabana, shaded from the light because he was worried about me getting a sunburn. But I turned down the offer.

We didn't need privacy, and I didn't need shelter from the ocean sun. We required the public eye. This fake marriage wasn't a match made in heaven. We had perfecting to do before we made the long journey back home. Everything about this phony relationship had to be flawless. There was no room for error, and seclusion wasn't the answer.

My husband was the ideal spouse—affectionate, caring, and devoted. I was a head over heels in love wife. In love, swooning, and I couldn't keep my hands off him. We played the part, and we did a hell of a job. But the gig wasn't over yet.

"Look! There's a Christmas movie playing in half an hour." I beamed and squeezed Nick's hand.

Nick hadn't let go of my hand in hours as we walked along the deck of the cruise ship. We enjoyed the sunset as it fell down from the sky and disappeared into the water's horizon. The sky was an array of colors in the evening atmosphere, and the water reflected the setting warmth. The sea was a calm, vast blue for as far as the eye could see. No breeze to disrupt the peaceful scenery—a perfect night for lovers.

*But we weren't a couple.*

I had to remind myself continuously of our arrangement. Our deal was for business, and I couldn't make this personal. But I wanted Nick more.

Nick made it hard for me to ignore the longing. The feeling I kept buried for years. Our knockoff marriage stirred everything to the surface. It made me vulnerable to get lost in him and never want to go back. His gorgeous eyes shimmered at me with adoration. Every touch he gave me made my skin ache for more. All the cute nicknames had me trapped in his every word. But Nick's body made me want to see more.

Every curve, crevice, and inch. Nick had a physique sculpted to perfection. Skin I could caress for hours and never tire of. Flesh I wanted to sink my teeth into and hear him groan—moan from deep inside of him where his heart beat with desire for his darling wife. I wanted to know his blood pounded through him with warmth while he cuddled me closer, and his commitment consumed me—the fondness he held for me burning with love. A deep affection he could never have for me because I was his best friend's daughter.

*The ex of his son.*

We had to refrain from the inevitable. All this would go away. Our time would come to an end.

“*The Santa Claus* is the featured film,” Nick breathed as he squeezed my hand in return and looked down at me. “We haven't done a movie date night yet. We should check it out. What do you say, sugarplum?”

Suddenly, I wasn't sure. Hesitation crept over me, and I pulled my hand from Nick's. My emotions were all over the place, and I might lose all control. This felt genuine, and I was getting too close. We should pump the brakes before I went off course.

“I...I don't know...” I mumbled with uncertainty.

“Why? What's wrong?” Nick asked, his eyebrows narrowed in concern. “Did you get too much sun? If you're feeling sick, I can carry you back to our room? We could act like we're getting it on, but you could get some rest.”

“Quiet,” I hushed Nick and leaned in close to whisper, “Someone might hear you.”

“What?” Nick asked with a shrug of his shoulders and a sexy grin. “Someone might hear that I want to fuck my wife's brains out and love every fucking second of it? That's what our honeymoon is for.”

“No, I know that...” I sighed in frustration. “I was talking about the acting part.”

Nick pulled me close and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. “Am I not giving my wife enough affection? Maybe we should change that.”



The back of Nick's fingers trailed down my bare ear. Tingles took flight and my breath picked up its pace. My lips parted and a soft whimper escaped me at his tenderness. His fingers continued their journey down my cheek, and I bit my lip.

"You shouldn't do that, my love," Nick whispered huskily.

"I shouldn't do what?" I asked innocently.

Nick grazed the pad of his thumb over my parted lips and the warmth from my breath fanned his skin. A groan of desire rumbled from him, and his eyes darted toward my mouth. I caught him up in me just as much as he entrapped me. We were equals with no getaway from our own creation—*pure undeniable attraction*.

"My dear wife shouldn't fucking tempt me like this..." Nick breathed with desire. "You need to stop biting your lip."

"But I can't help myself, hubby," I teased.

"Touch me, wife. People are staring," Nick ordered.

I followed his command and placed my hands on my husband's hips. I gave a slight squeeze to his firm hip bones to please him, and a grunt of appreciation echoed in his throat. But I didn't stop there.

My hands played their part and ran up his torso. Nick's shirt hiked up for the ride, and his bare flesh met my warm hands. I swallowed hard but didn't turn away from my adoring husband. We continued our act with his hand leaving my lips and running down my neck. He stopped over the top of my racing pulse, and his tongue clicked off the roof of his mouth.

Nick grinned wickedly. "I've aroused my wife."

I disagreed, becoming flustered and frustrated. "No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are," Nick argued as he closed his hand around my collarbone, and his face shone with lust. "Because your fucking pulse throbs for me."

I continued my voyage up Nick's torso as a small patch of hair tickled my skin and I found his belly button. My finger grazed over it and admired his muscular six-pack. His breath was uneven and unsettled, just like mine. We were equally fevered and had a sexual appetite. This wasn't an act, and this affection wasn't faked.

We wanted each other. Craved sexual release. Yearned to dive into temptation. Our fake marriage was far from sweet.

"So, what if I am?" I breathed and laid my hand over Nick's heart. "Your heart beats the same rhythm. We are equally at fault."

Nick squeezed my throat and pulled me in close. Our lips were only inches apart as the heat swirled around us. We were about to burst into flames and ignite into something more than a fraudulent relationship.

Nick brushed his lips against mine and whispered, "You will be the death of me, wife."

I whimpered as Nick's mouth slowly danced over mine, and he gave my bottom lip a tender nip. A sweet lick of his tongue followed, and the smooch ended. I got far too used to the sensation and would miss it when his kisses were gone forever.

Nick let go of my neck, but the passion in his eyes never left. He took my hand from his chest and brought it to his lips. His mouth grazed my knuckles with a featherlike kiss.

Nick grinned at me. "Care to join me for our first romantic movie date?"

I giggled. "It's a Christmas movie and won't have any romance."

"Oh, ye of little faith..." Nick muttered and took my hand. "I'll make the romance happen."

Captured in Nick's trance, I followed him toward the featured film of the night. A holiday movie I didn't even like. But Nick was by my side and promised me romance.

*How the hell could I miss the chance?*

It was an opportunity to remain in his arms, swept up in affectionate love with my husband, creating a memory of what life would be like with Nick. One I could hold on to for the rest of my life.

The moonlight cast shadows over the deck of the ship, and stars twinkled in the sky overhead. The atmosphere was perfect, and merry romance was in the air. Warm lights hung from the railing and candlelight was all around. The lights from the railing created a soft glow on fake bushes of greenery flickering on a battery-operated string. Someone placed sofas all around, and a projector screen sat centered at the front.

People lounged and chatted, and laughter filled the ship deck. There were snacks for the movie, but they were all Christmas treats. There were gingerbread men, shortbread cookies, and tons of sweets.

A friendly elf caught my eye as she bit off a gingerbread man's head and observed the rest of the treats. The little bells on the tips of her shoes jiggled with each step she took. But her eyes met mine, and she threw me a wave.

Damn. Maggie saw me. And she was headed this way.

“Well, that’s my cue...” Nick breathed as he noticed Maggie headed straight for us and slipped away.

“No...Nick...get back here,” I ordered in a harsh whisper.

“I’ll be right back. Find us a good seat,” Nick answered and dashed away.

“Hey!” Maggie greeted me. “Where’s hubby rushing off to?”

Hell only knew. The fiery depths would be the only place for Nick after I got my hands on him.

“Beats me.” I laughed sarcastically and shrugged my shoulders.

Maggie sighed. “I sure miss sex with my husband on nights like these.”

Okay. A little too much information. But that was Maggie’s style.

Somewhere deep down, in a tiny fraction of my heart, I felt for Maggie. She had to work at sea away from the man she clearly was crazy about. This was a romantic getaway for many, but not for her. This was her job. The money that brought home the bacon meant time away from her beloved.

“I’m sorry. This must be hard for you,” I said with sympathy.

“No, I love my job. But my husband sure knows his way around the sack,” Maggie added with a raised eyebrow at a sexual memory.

Yep. Maggie was a nymphomaniac. No question about it.

An elf with an excessive need for sex. Sure, she probably loved her husband. But obviously, sex came first.

“Well, I’m going to find a seat, but it was a pleasure shooting the shit,” I admitted with wholehearted honesty.

Maggie elbowed my side. “You two lovebirds enjoy the movie.”

“We sure will.” I beamed, over enthusiastically.

My feet scurried away as fast as they could to find the seat furthest away from Maggie. The more distance, the better. She had a knack for randomly popping up in places where I least expected. I guess I better get used to that.

I found a two-seater sofa closer to the front, but off to the side. A nice quiet place for a couple to enjoy each other’s company and a movie. A film I despised, but I’d put up with it for more time with Nick.

This fake relationship would come to an end. We’d go our separate ways, and I’d miss this. I should soak up every inch of Nick while I had the chance.

“There’s my gorgeous wife.” Nick smiled as he took a seat beside me and laid his arm along the back of the sofa.

“You made it, and you brought treats.” I beamed as I met his eyes and looked at the two gingerbread men in his hand. “Is this your way of making it up to me after leaving me back there?”

Nick dropped his arm around my shoulder and snuggled me in closer. I willingly leaned into him as the aroma of nutmeg and ginger filled my nostrils. The merry scent was a welcomed warmth. I was comfortable and felt at peace—at home with Nick right beside me.

“This is just the beginning,” Nick said.

The film’s opening credits began, and I cozy up to my husband. My heartbeat relaxed along with his calm presence, and the movie played out in front of us. But there was only one problem: the motion picture wasn’t the right one.

“Hey, I love this movie!” I beamed with excitement.

“*Jingle All the Way*. I know, it’s your favorite,” Nick breathed with certainty.

“But this isn’t the film featured for tonight,” I added, confused.

A delightful mix-up that wasn’t supposed to happen. The odds were in my favor and a miracle had taken place. I waited for Nick to pinch me and wake up from my dream. But the moment never came.

Nick smiled and chewed on a gingerbread man. “I know.”

I eyed Nick with suspicion and asked, “Nick? What did you do?”

“I may have tipped them extra to switch up the film.” Nick shrugged and passed me a gingerbread cookie. “Here. Take a bite. These are delicious.”

*But the only thing I wanted was my husband.*

I could’ve taken Nick Frost right then and there. Pushed him backward into the sofa cushions and had my way with him. I was the luckiest woman on the planet to land a fake husband like him.

“You did this all for me?” I breathed with admiration.

“Yes,” Nick breathed with pure honesty. “I’ll do anything for my wife.”

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## TWENTY-ONE

### My Place or Yours

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The minutes on the festive cruise flew by. They turned into hours and then into days, and before we knew it, it was the last day of our accidental honeymoon.

We would leave tomorrow to head back home, where our practice as husband and wife had to pay off. Because everything depended on it. Sinful Steel and Sensual Sensations depended on it. Our companies were everything, and we had one end goal in common.

*Keep them in business.*

I sat at the small table in the suite dressed in a baby blue string bikini. The top piece was a haltered triangle tied around the back of my neck, while the bikini bottom was a thong and showed off my perfectly rounded ass. A sight I thought might tempt Nick, but we had an agreement, and we were forbidden.

I played with fire, with my choice of attire for our day on a sandy beach. The cruise ship was docking for a port visit day and passengers could enjoy the seashore. The coastline was a beautiful place to bask in the sun, appreciate a refreshing soak, and play in the sand.

On a port day, we could come and go as we pleased from the luxury liner. I wanted to spend a few hours on the beach. Later on, Nick wished to attend an eggnog wrestling match. The brawl of the fittest wasn't my taste, but I'd entertain the inner child inside of Nick. A good wife would bite her tongue and compromise for the health of the relationship. Wedded bliss wasn't one-sided and there had to be some sacrifice.

My fingers typed away on the laptop Nick had ordered for me. I had to keep up with work while on vacation until we could get back home. My business wouldn't rest without me. I was on my honeymoon, but work was still my top priority.

Nick left and picked up our breakfast. An order of chocolate chip pancakes for me, and a Belgium waffle for him. We arranged ahead of time with the restaurant's online menu from the buffet for the morning.

An email notification dinged and caught my attention; it was a subscription I added a while back that showed homes that were for sale. I

never unregistered because I loved viewing new prospects for another place I could call home. The notion tempted me as I clicked the message and an advertisement opened up from back home.

A beautiful white brick mansion with a black roof up on the hillside. Away from the bustle of the city street and out on the outskirts of the city. The house had a big concrete driveway and a three-car garage. Pointy peaks on the cinder block beauty resembled a castle—round with a cone shape. There were garden beds with evergreens and the right amount of color to enjoy the gorgeous landscape. It had big, bright windows. The home would require a housemaid. The entryway was a dream—one my guests would adore. I was in love. I desired this mansion, and it was within my price point of \$1.9 million. Money wasn't a factor, but my personal life was.

My fiancé cheated on me and would have left me after we made our vows. Now I was married to his father, and we had an upcoming divorce. My entire existence was a mess.

I had my apartment condo back home full of memories I had built with Zaydon. The day he had moved in with me was a day I'd regret forever. But it was too late to take it all back now.

The condominium wasn't a place I wanted to go back to, but I had no choice. It was my first home. My place of residence until Zaydon swept me off my feet, and I let him in. Right into the center of my universe until I threw every memory of him out the window.

I'd have to get my locks changed. Rearrange the furniture and block out the past. A fresh coat of paint should help. There was too much to do, and I couldn't imagine selling my first house to move somewhere else.

"I got you two orders instead of one, sugarplum," Nick announced from behind me.

"Oh, I didn't hear you come in," I mumbled and slammed the laptop closed.

I didn't need Nick to question my dream. My personal affairs were my business, and I had to deal with my problem. They were issues he couldn't help with because we weren't a couple. The law joined us on a piece of paper, but that was it. Our attachment would come to an end.

Nick passed me the pancakes I had ordered, and the aroma of breakfast filled the air. The food should fuel me for our busy morning, but I had lost my appetite. He had catered to his wife, and I was about to turn down his offering.

“I’m not hungry,” I muttered with a shrug. “My eyes must be bigger than my belly?”

“What’s wrong?” Nick asked, concerned. He pointed toward the laptop. “Who upset you?”

“Nobody, I—” I sighed.

“Well, something did,” Nick interrupted and sensed my upset. “And I won’t fucking stand for it.”

Nick knew me too well. He figured out my change of mood, and I had steered him off course. I had to try at least.

“It’s nothing,” I breathed with a fake smile. “Just a problem at work.”

“Bullshit, Wynter,” Nick muttered and opened the laptop.

“Nick, no, don’t—” I protested, but my hands were full of food, and I couldn’t stop him.

I was too late, and Nick stared at the mansion of my dreams. The home was perfect to raise a family. Destined for three children to thrive in, and a married couple who could grow old together.

*Not for me.*

“What is this, Wynter?” Nick asked curiously and scanned through the pictures. “Why are you looking at this mansion?”

I shrugged with a sad sigh. “Just an impossible dream I had.”

“This place?” Nick questioned as his eyes locked with mine and swirled with emotion.

“Yes, I’d love to sell my apartment condo and live there,” I admitted in a fantasy state. “Raise a family there and have my happily ever after.”

“Then you should fucking do it, sugarplum,” Nick urged, and wholeheartedly smiled. “What’s holding you back?”

“Us,” I confessed and stared Nick straight in the eye. “Our marriage will be over in less than a month. I can’t imagine dealing with selling my condo and moving right now. We have an upcoming divorce. I just lost my fiancé, and it’s all just too much.”

Nick took the food from my hands and placed the takeout container on the table. He took my hands in his and squeezed life back into me, giving me a purpose to move on and hope for an uncertain future.

“Then come stay with me, sugarplum, and I’ll take care of everything,” Nick insisted with pleading eyes.

“No, I simply couldn’t intrude on your personal life,” I argued and pulled my hands away from his.



This was too much. Nick wanted me to live with him and become roommates at his place.

“Yes, you fucking can. You’re my wife,” Nick breathed and cupped my cheeks. “Why go back to a place that brings you nothing but pain?”

I gazed up into his dark chocolate eyes and wanted to get lost in them. I wanted to forget the past forever, and I knew he could help me with that. But an eternity wasn’t part of our plan.

“Because I don’t have any other choice, Nick,” I sighed in defeat.

I pushed his touch away from me, and a chill ran down my spine. The cold iciness made me feel alone, and I craved his heat. A warmth I shouldn’t, and I knew far better than to get involved. But Mr. Frost tempted me, and he always had.

Nick held up his wedded finger and urged, “Yes, you fucking do. We’re married and we have an agreement.”

“And I have my life,” I disagreed.

Nick stepped forward in one swift motion. Sure, of himself, as he took my ring finger and touched the wedding band symbolizing our marriage—our commitment to one another.

“Your life is with me now, wife. We belong to each other until we see this through,” Nick whispered with irrefutable desperation. “We have to fool everyone into believing this marriage is fucking true. You should move in with me.”

“And why can’t you move into my place?” I blurted out, refusing to quit.

“Because my son wouldn’t be too happy about that. I don’t want to complicate our situation more by moving into the place where my child used to live with his fiancée.” Nick explained with a frustrated sigh.

Nick Frost made a good point. One I hadn’t thought about until the words had left his mouth. Our bickering match was far from over and the tension laid in the air, caught between us, and I knew Nick wouldn’t let go of the subject easily. Avoidance was my only way out.

*For now.*

Suddenly, a voice announced on the speaker, “We will dock port side for the day. Please proceed to your nearest exit if you please.”

I pulled my hand from his grasp and picked up my breakfast. I’d eat my pancakes on the go. Anything to steer clear of this conversation with Nick.

“Would you look at that, hubby? It’s time to go,” I declared in a cheerful voice.

“This isn’t over, sugarplum,” Nick breathed from behind me and grabbed the beach tote bag. “You will move in with me one way or another.”

But I stood my ground. “I won’t move in with you, and there’s nothing you can do or say to prove it’s a good idea,” I voiced boldly and tapped his cheek. “Now, my dearest hubby, let’s get on with our day.”

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## TWENTY-TWO

### Frosty the Sand Snowman

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The air was clean, and the sky was clear. Blue heavens blazed up above as the sunshine shone down and caressed my skin. I welcomed the hot rays of the sun and the cool, wet sand was a godsend. The perfect blend of warmth and brisk mixture. It was a sensation my body needed on this beautiful beach day.

“Come on, hubby! Come join me in the water!” I called out to Nick.

Old, grumpy Nick sat on the sand, laid out on a beach towel in the tropical scenery, relaxing. He wasn't happy about our disagreement, but I stood firm. I wasn't about to move in with Nick Frost and complicate matters further. We were married, and Nick made a fair point—a newly wedded couple should be under the same roof. But we were far from that truth.

We both knew this was all a sham. Our exchanged kisses were a show for the fans. The caresses we shared were all staged—a spark of love in a forbidden haze. The attraction between us wasn't anything new. But our magnetism frightened me the most.

So, I held steady on my response, and Nick pouted at my retreat. A step backward in our scheme and a good move on my part because Nick always tempted me. He enticed me to do things I'd never do. Taunted me to take part in my wild fantasy. A dream where we'd be together and not chained to a fake marriage. But that was our reality.

We didn't see eye to eye and Nick would surely get over it. He'd see this was the right move and separate residences were fair play. The proper game to risk for our high stakes marriage.

But Nick looked like he held something up his sleeve.

“I can't. I'm catching some sun, sugarplum,” Nick answered with his face stuck in his cellphone.

I rolled my bright blue eyes at Nick's refusal and stomped up to him. He laid on his side in black swimming trunks without a shirt on. My baby blues could never tire of his sexy sight—toned muscles for days, with a naughty side to him from his inked arm. A ruggedness to Mr. Frost hidden underneath

a sleek professionalism. But the settled grays on his chest were perfection for an aged man.

*I was about to drool all over Nick.*

I wiped the side of my mouth before Nick gazed up from his phone, and I bent down to swat his firm shoulder. A light smack of flesh filled the air, and he caught my wrist. His eyes glowed with wickedness, and my nipples poked against the halter bikini top.

“You’re asking for it, sugarplum,” Nick breathed, huskily.

“Am I?” I asked with a bratty attitude.

Nick groaned. “Oh, that’s it.”

Nick tossed his phone into the sand beside him and grabbed me around my waist. The swift movement caused a gasp to escape me as he stood and tossed me belly first over his shoulder. Hair was on my face and wispy strands caught in my mouth.

“Not fair, Nick!” I giggled and patted his ass with my hands. “Put me down, Nick, put me down!”

“No,” Nick refused firmly and held onto my legs. “This defiant attitude of yours is fucking with my head.”

A hand grazed my bare ass cheek and a quiver shot through me. Nick teased my skin, and I froze with passion searing through me from one touch. A caress of his large palm on my behind. The intimate gesture any married couple should toy with, but not us.

*Because we weren’t down to fuck.*

“Nick, what are you doing?” I gasped in a raw tone and bit my lower lip.

“Wife, I’m going to teach you a lesson,” Nick growled.

I could imagine the passionate swirl of lust in his dark, smoky eyes. The same taste of temptation coursed through me, and the thrill was unlike any other. The anticipation of what he’d do to me for being unruly with him lit me on fire. A blaze we couldn’t stop because the flames were out of control. He added logs to the fiery pit deep inside of my belly and the open fire burned even brighter.

“And as your wife, I demand you put me down this instant,” I snapped and tried to free my legs, but it was no use.

Suddenly, Nick sat down in the wet sand, and he brought me forward onto his lap. He raised his knees up and he sprawled me out in front of him. My back was to him, and my ass was up with my hands in the sand to hoist my head upward.

Small waves crashed up against us, and the heat of his body mixed with the cool ocean. The sensation filled me with pleasure, and I was ripe—mature enough for him to take, but his treatment toward me was like a wild child he was ready to spank.

Nick held me pinned to him. Trapped for him to do with as he pleased. I had no choice but to go along with whatever he had planned.

“Fuck, you’re screwing with my mind,” Nick groaned as his nails caressed my skin and left goosebumps in his wake. “All your sass and mouthy lip makes my cock ache.”

“But I just wanted you to come for a swim.” I added with innocence.

“Well, you got your wish, my spoiled, bratty wife,” Nick breathed from above me.

Nick bit his nails into my flesh, and a whimper escaped me. He didn’t stop there as his other hand explored my back side and trailed along the bikini top tied behind my back. I should be afraid because anyone could see us caught up in a moment of feverish need. But I was the complete opposite.

Adrenaline coursed through me as my eyes caught sight of the public eye watching us—an audience of onlookers caught up in our fuss. They watched our little spat as a newly married couple who was about to get raunchy in the waves.

“Hubby, people are staring,” I breathed and taunted Nick with an arch of my backside.

A groan escaped Nick. “You’re a naughty little minx, aren’t you, Mrs. Frost?”

“Only for you, Mr. Frost,” I sighed with passionate provocation.

“Fuck...” Nick grumbled from deep inside his chest.

I turned my head to the side as Nick brushed the hair out of my face, and the ends of my hair floated in the water. The waves washed them back and forth as I watched the sea swell. The same way Nick swelled against my belly. His hard cock throbbed for his wife from the sight of me below him. The vision of me begging him for the punishment only he could give to me.

Nick squeezed my plump cheek in his grasp, and I hissed at his torturous clench of passion. The zing of lust shot straight to my belly and rippled a gush of heat. The warmth headed directly to my pussy and out gushed sweet juice into the bottom half of my swimsuit.

*Shit, Nick was hard.*

The head of Nick's dick poked my belly button, and a shiver ran up my spine. I felt the formation of the mushroom head of his cock—a circumcised Mr. Nick Frost.

“Nick...” I sighed, captured by desire. “Maybe we shouldn't be doing this?”

Nick wouldn't listen. We had yearned for each other year after year. Everything had come together for this very heated moment. He lost himself at sea right along with me. We got caught up in the tidal waves of enticement.

A misbehaved, bratty vixen and my dominant, wise husband.

Nick whispered in my ear, “This is exactly what we should be doing. My wife is far too saucy with me, and she needs to behave like a fucking good girl.”

*Nick was right.*

I had to behave. The treatment my husband gave me was exactly what I deserved. I wanted my way, and I wasn't being fair. Nick treated me like royalty and put me first. But I was—

He smacked my ass, and pain seared through me. A soft whimper escaped my open lips, and I jerked at his forceful motion. A sultry heat followed by tenderness from his circular touch of blazing passion.

“Promise me you will be my good wife,” Nick growled.

“I promise...” I whispered.

“Oh, but I can't hear you,” Nick hissed through clenched teeth.

Nick slapped me again, and my ass arched to meet his torturous touch. The fire in my belly was ablaze with the warmth sizzled to my clit. My nub begged to be rubbed by him, and my toes curled into the sand.

“I promise,” I whimpered through my teeth, biting my lip.

The wind picked up, and a wave hit my chin. Each tidal wave grew higher until my lips were underwater. The undertow pushed us toward the ocean, but Nick held me in place. He was in charge. My husband was in complete control.

*I fucking loved it.*

I held my breath when my face went under the water. A slight fear coursed through me, but faded with each caress from my husband. Every stroke of desire from Nick made the panic ease because he was always there for me. Fear wasn't necessary when enfolded by the man who wanted me.

Nick groaned. “What do you promise me?”

The waves of water washed away from my face. This was my chance to speak. It was my turn to let Nick know I'd be his saint.

"I promise to be a good wife," I whimpered as he smacked me again and gave me a squeeze.

My behind was raw with blistered heat, and lust twirled inside of me. I was ripe for Nick and ready for him to take me right now. Right on this beach in the wet sand. And I didn't give a shit who watched.

"And you fucking promise to be my good girl?" Nick breathed.

Again, he slapped me.

My thighs rubbed together as they tried to soothe the ache within my clit. My pussy purred for attention, and I just wanted my husband to give it affection. I needed Nick. I craved him. My body cried out for him.

"Nick, please—" I begged.

Another wet slap.

Nick growled. "Promise me."

"I'll be your good girl. I'll be your fucking good girl," I yelped with desire.

Nick smacked me again. My hips thrust forward, and the friction of my belly against his cock made him moan. The vibration rumbled up his chest, and he gave my ass a light tap.

*God, I was so wet.*

Wetter than the hair clinging to my face. As damp as the beads of water mixed with my sweat. Drenched as the deep blue sea.

Nick whispered in my ear, "Yes. I want you to mean it."

"I do, I do, I do," I panted, repeatedly.

Nick ran both hands over my reddened behind. The massage was tender over the sting he had inflicted. My legs relaxed as the ocean let up the tide from hitting my wet, flushed face. I was horny and wanted to come. But I knew he wouldn't give me what I craved.

*Not right now, at least.*

"Good girl, wife," Nick breathed as he trailed his fingertips lower and down the back of my calves.

But back up again to dip between my wet thighs.

"Yes..." I purred with need.

The pleasurable motion was brief. My sigh of wanting an undeniable sign I needed Nick. But he only teased me.



I whipped my head up in Nick's direction and met the swirl of wickedness in his eyes. The dark hazelnut gaze of desire as he smelled his fingertips and took in my scent. The fragrance of his wife's ripe pussy.

*All wet for him.*

"Mm...the sweet smell of my wife's cunt." Nick sighed with a grin. "And the most delectable sight I've ever seen."

Reality set back in. Chatter surrounded us. I flushed a rosy, red color. As crimson as a hot summer's day.

Shyness crept over me. My husband had exposed me. But I really enjoyed it.

I gave Nick a playful shove. "This isn't what I meant when I asked you to join me in the water."

"I know, Mrs. Frost, but you need to learn not to misbehave with me," Nick urged, as he raised an eyebrow at me and rested his arms behind his back. "Because I will do it again if I have to."

Nick had the promise of more pleasurable temptation written all over his face. He now knew I'd crumble under his punishment, and I was very fond of it. He was too pleased with me and the thought almost scared me.

I threw some sand at Nick's chest, and I escaped his lap. He let out a grumble of surprise and shot up from his spot. The waves washed away our mark of passion in the wet tropical sand and it disappeared in an instant. But the heated memory would live on. Just between us.

*And whoever had watched.*

"Come build a sand snowman with me," I demanded with a giggle.

"A sand snowman?" Nick asked with his hands up.

"Yes. A snowman made of sand." I giggled at him and fell to my knees on the wet sand. "I've always wanted to make one on a tropical getaway."

Nick chuckled. "Okay, my beautiful wife. We'll make a sand snowman just for us."

Nick found a twig nearby, and we gathered the sand into a round ball. I dug a hole to bring the wettest sand to the surface for our creation. *A jolly soul with a button nose and two eyes made out of rock.*

The bottom ball was complete, but the second was harder to attempt. The sand would crumble, and Nick gave a frustrated groan. He cursed our sand snowman for not cooperating and it always made me laugh. The joyful bursts made a smile spread out across his handsome face.

We continued on and wouldn't give up. Nick pushed on for me, and I kept up with him. We worked as a team, and we finally had success.

"We should write something in the sand," Nick suggested while I took the twig from his hand.

Lost in thought, I tapped the tip of the branch against my cheek. "Sincerely Yours..."

"No, it has to be something festive..." Nick breathed as he took the twig and wrote in the sand beside the snowman. "I think this is perfect. What do you think, Mrs. Frost?"

I stared down at the words written in the sand. A verse noted by Nick. The man I had vowed myself to for this holiday season. My husband, Mr. Frost.

***Frostfully Yours,  
Mr. & Mrs. Frost***

I smiled up at Nick. "It's perfect, Mr. Frost."

Nick matched my smile as the wind caught his silver-streaked hair and the breeze tossed it over. He extended his hand toward me, and I intertwined my fingers through his. Together, we headed back toward the cruise ship, hand in hand. With our *frosty the sandman* forever in our memories.

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## TWENTY-THREE

### Eggnog

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Nick went back to the room to freshen up before the wrestling match. The brawl of the fittest was right up my dear husband's alley. But not mine.

I needed a drink to help get through the event and ordered a beverage to quench my thirst. A Sex on the Beach cocktail down at the bar. The fruity mixture went down smooth and sweet with a kick. The perfect cure for my upcoming boredom and my pent-up sexual energy.

*All thanks to Nick Frost.*

My husband displayed a side of himself I never expected. An untamed edginess, ready to dive into the deep blue sea and take his misbehaved wife with him. We'd tumble in the waves and thrust to our own tide. But he kept the overbearingly aroused demeanor at bay, with his cock alive in his swim shorts.

Mr. Nick Frost had an enormous dick. I'd guess a nine-inch candy stick. He couldn't hide his swollen member from me. Especially when his impressive length pressed against my belly and awakened a flurry of horniness deep inside of me.

I craved Nick to *click my clit up on my housetop*. He should bury his massive dick deep in my chimney stack. Spread climactic joy with his sack smacking against my decorated box. A festive treat to please me before we flew away into the night.

*Nick Frost could deck my halls anytime.*

The liquid courage hit the spot, and a clumsy haze fell over me. Enough to get me through this night and into tomorrow's daylight. The morning would soon come, and I'd face my new reality. Of being Nick Frost's wife.

"Check please," I chimed in a tipsy manner with my hand up.

My tits sat on top of the bar as the bartender brought me the bill and gawked at my cleavage. My boobs were a voluptuous sight in my bikini top, and I read his mind. He wanted to touch me. This aroused man craved to squeeze the temptation seated right in front of him. But Nick already claimed me.

“Sorry, bucko, these tits are taken,” I declared as I pointed toward my wedding band and laid cash on the bar. “But when I sign for my divorce, I know where to find you.”

I gave the bartender a flirty wink, mixed with a flip of my hair. Something I wouldn’t do sober and turned away. But I gave him a good sway of approval on my way toward the elevator.

I expected him to follow me like a lost puppy. I didn’t bother to turn back and see if he chased after me. My heels clicked on the metal floor as I boarded the elevator alone and pressed the floor to my suite. The one I shared with my dearest hubby who was about to find his wife a tad bit inebriated.

A soft giggle escaped me as the elevator dinged for my floor and I stumbled out. The doors closed on my ass and a yelp of surprise echoed down the empty hallway. Another giggle followed by an unladylike burp and a slight hiccup. Sex on the beach should come with a warning label—*Consume if you want to get wasted.*

The drink must be loaded with alcohol, enough to give me more than the intended buzz, or the handsome server did it on purpose. Just the right amount to get me all ripe and randy.

With the back of my hand covering my mouth, I faltered forward and toward my suite door. A sudden haze of forgetfulness for the room number caused me to backtrack and bump right into the wall. The force knocked against my chest, and the tie around my neck came loose. Unfastened as the front of my bikini top fell down and my perky tits were put on display for anyone to see.

A sharp intake of breath followed by a long, sozzled giggle flowed down the hallway. My hands fumbled to hold up my top, but I managed. Now onto the hard part. I had to secure the tie in a tipsy state.

“This silly thing...” I muttered in a drunk state.

I wrapped the top lace through the bottom and pulled it through. Into the loop, but my fingers fumbled to swoop the other lace around. The confusion caused a foolish giggle to echo down the hallway at my idiocy.

“Are you okay?” a male voice asked from my right.

“No, I can’t get this stupid thing to tie back up.” I heaved a sigh of frustration and held the bikini top up. “My tits keep falling out.”

A chuckle rumbled from beside me. “Well, this sounds like a problem I can help with.”

Suddenly, his hand was on my shoulder, and he turned my back toward him. I didn't protest with my head bent, which caused my hair to fall in my face. A lazy, drunk state, and I didn't even get to see his face.

I giggled. "Hey, that tickles."

"You know what else tickles?" He whispered in my ear as his hands slid up my neck and the pads of his thumb rotated in a circular motion.

"What?" I muttered.

"My whiskers when I eat out a woman's pink slit," he breathed against the back of my neck and continued his massage.

*Wow! This guy was forward. Should I get his number?*

*No. I was married. Fake-vowed to my husband for a few more weeks.*

I was supposed to be practicing a loving marriage with my new husband. Instead, I was tipsy and had another man's hands kneading my neck. It was a very good rubdown as he made my eyes shut and my body relaxed against his.

A light throb pulsed between my bare ass cheeks. I knew I aroused him behind me, but his dick wasn't as big as Nick's. Nick Frost, my husband, who waited for me back at our suite. We had a wrestling match to attend, and I had a fake marriage to execute. I could not sleep with some random guy who promised to tie up my bikini top. His sole intention was obviously to peel my string thong bikini aside and screw my brains out. Probably right there in this hallway for anyone to see. Even my husband, who was somewhere down this long corridor I had gotten lost in.

"Get your fucking hands off my wife."

"Nick?" I gasped with surprise.

There was my husband on the other side of the hallway with his arms crossed over his broad chest. His upper body was bare as he leaned his shoulder against the doorframe and his eyes glared at the threat behind me—a stranger I didn't know who wanted to fuck me. But not on my husband's watch.

The man took his hands off my back and breathed, "Look, man, I'm sorry. I didn't realize she was already spoken for."

"No, you can't see that"—Nick glared through clenched teeth and pointed at my hand—"Not when your eyes are fucking my wife."

I moved out of the way and held up my bikini top. Nick shocked me when I saw him, and I realized I was going in the right direction. Our suite was right across the hall.

My drunken haze eased up, and I looped the tie again. This time with success. I had required no one's help. But Nick Frost loomed over the man like I was a damsel in distress.

"Nick, just back off, okay?" I huffed with annoyance.

Nick had the man trapped against the wall. The stranger shrugged his shoulders like it was no big deal. But that was a huge mistake.

"You want to know what else tickles?" Nick questioned with bitterness.

Mr. Frost grabbed the man's junk and gave it a twist. A yelp followed, and the stranger was wincing in pain. His knees were bent as he inhaled a sharp breath, and Nick towered over him.

"What man?" the guy squeaked.

Nick scowled. "Your little pecker down your throat. After I rip it off and feed it to you."

"No way dude..." The man inhaled sharply as Nick twisted tighter and exhaled with pain. "I'm sorry. Just let me go."

"Look at it," Nick ordered.

"Look at what?" the man asked.

"That big rock on her finger." Nick growled with anger and pulled him forward. "See it?"

"Ah, fuck!" the man winced in agony.

Nick brought the stranger closer toward me, and he grabbed my hand. He put my wedding band right up the man's scared face and didn't miss a beat. Nick Frost was mad. A husband who had lost his mind. All because of his wife.

"Do. You. Fucking. See. It?" Nick spat out each word into the man's terrified face.

"Yes! I see it!" he shrieked.

"Good," Nick breathed as he let go of the guy's bruised junk and backed up to take my side. "Now. Get the fuck out of here and stay away from my wife."

The man fell to his knees in relief, and he couldn't leave fast enough. He scurried and crawled like a baby. His footing found the ground, but he tripped over his own feet. He fell to the floor, only to get back up, and held his hands over his pained junk. My husband had taught him a lesson, but he was about to receive a heated lecture.

I pried my hand out of his and turned toward Nick with anger. He had embarrassed me. He made me feel like a tainted possession he carried on his

arm. A trophy wife he could use as he pleased. In a fit of jealousy, Mr. Nick Frost had forgotten this marriage was over in a matter of weeks.

I took off my wedding ring and threw it at him. My heels spun around, and I stormed off down the hallway. I needed to get as far away from Nick as possible. Before I smacked him straight across the face.

“How dare you treat me like some object!” I glared over my shoulder at Nick as he followed behind me and my heels stomped into the elevator. “We may be officially married by law, but this is all fake.”

I shoved his chest and tried with all my strength to get Nick out of the elevator. He wouldn't budge and was a solid barrier. A barricade in my way of escaping the elevator doors.

I beat my hands against his broad chest in anger and hated his guts. The resentment seared through me as I hit him, and his eyes stared into mine with glowing determination and willpower to lead me to see he did everything for me.

“I hate you, Nick,” I heaved with bitterness.

Nick grabbed my wrist and held my ring finger. I was stuck between the grasp of his index finger and thumb. Trapped by my husband as his dark eyes pierced into mine with devotion and only one answer.

*I was Nick's and only his.*

Nick breathed as he held up my wedding ring and brought it down toward my finger. “You can hate me all you want, wife, but as long as this ring is on your finger. You're mine.”

Suddenly, the elevator dinged, and the sound caught Nick's attention. The distraction gave me enough time to pull away and spin out of his dominant possession. I took off and headed straight for a circular ring, with Nick right behind me. He wouldn't give up easily because of the claim he held over me.

I felt a surge of excitement and was somewhat intoxicated. A combination that wouldn't end well. But my husband pissed me off.

*How dare Nick treat me this way?*

My husband. A man who was supposed to cherish me, care about me, and honor me. Instead, he got inside his own head and his jealousy clouded his judgment. But I wouldn't be his in less than a month.

There was eggnog set up inside of a circular candy cane swirl pattern on the outside of a ring. A huge piece of mistletoe hung from the ceiling overhead. The wrestling match hadn't started yet, but it was about to.

*This heated fight was about to go down.*



I halted in my tracks and turned to face Nick. The husband I was at odds with and ready to wrestle to the finish. I had to make Nick see I wasn't his and never should be.

"Stop telling me I'm yours," I breathed.

"I can't do that, sugarplum," Nick argued.

"Yes, you damn well can," I hissed in defiance and splashed eggnog at him.

The cream mixture splattered across his chest, and he squinted his eyes at me. He peered at me with annoyance, and a wicked glow lit up his face. A wide smirk slowly spread across his lips, and he dipped his hand into the eggnog. Ready to take action against his wife.

"You wouldn't dare..." I breathed and egged Nick on.

"Oh, yes, I would, my stubborn wife," Nick said and splashed me back.

The liquor beverage hit me directly on my shocked face. Smearred my cheek and hit my mouth. The back of my hand rubbed across my lips, and I tasted the rich flavor with a flick of my tongue. But my eyes blazed with sweet revenge at Nick.

"Oh, it's on, hubby!" I shrieked.

I shoved Nick Frost into the festive spiced custard. Nick landed with a big splash on his backside, and the look on his surprised face was priceless. I dealt my revenge on him and victory had never felt so sweet. My husband had it coming.

"Ah..." I sighed with accomplishment and brushed my hands together.

"Looks like I won this match."

"Not so fast," Nick breathed from below me and grabbed my wrist. "You should join me, my dear wife."

"Ah!" I cried as Nick pulled me into the wrestling ring and I fell right on top of him.

The creamy mixture coated our heated bodies, and I pushed my upper body up from his chest. Nick's eyes blazed at me with wickedness as his hands ran over my backside and tingles sparked to life. But he wouldn't get out of this easily.

"Hubby?" I whispered as I licked eggnog from his cheek, and Nick fell for my distraction.

"Yes, wife?" Nick asked as his hands went lower and cupped my ass cheeks.

I answered, "You should chill."

I submerged Nick's head underneath the chilly treat. He came up for air, and I repeated the process. Nick Frost was spiked, and he needed to cool his cock.

Nick was no match for me as he squeezed my behind and ended up on top of me. I let out a squeal and immediately broke out into a giggle. Nick joined me in my cheerful, amused laughter, and we couldn't stop. This brawl, to prove a point, had turned into a silly match between a marital couple. The fight had drawn attention, and everyone stared at us.

"Um..." Nick chuckled as he grabbed my hands and stood up. "I think it's time for us to head back to our room."

I squealed with glee as Nick lifted me up and I fit perfectly against his chest. My big, brawny husband claimed his prize and carried me out of the creamy pit. My legs wrapped around his hips and my chest pressed up against him. His smoky eyes fired to life, and I had ignited the spark within them. The attraction between us sizzled as he set me back on my feet and eggnog dripped from us.

I smiled up at Nick and shook his hand. "I guess we'll have to call this match a tie."

"No, sugarplum..." Nick breathed with a smirk. "There's no tie in a wrestling match."

"There isn't?" I asked, with confusion.

"No, there isn't," Nick simply stated and rubbed some rich cream from my cheek. "We should get back to our suite and clean up this mess."

I giggled, but nodded in agreement. "Yes, I think we should."

"I'm glad we can agree on something." Nick chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck as he put his hand on the small of my back. "Let's go, sugarplum."

My backside radiated with warmth as the pad of his thumb caressed me, and he led us forward. Back toward our room and away from prying eyes. Out of the public's sight where we didn't have to pretend anymore, and we could be ourselves. Two people who weren't romantically involved and not committed to each other. Only legal vows held us together.

The elevator ride back to our floor was quiet and awkward from everything that had happened. Tension filled the air and sizzled like a roasted marshmallow. Our attraction to each other melted and stuck together. We were a mix of emotions.

“I’m sorry, you’re going to miss the wrestling match,” I apologized in a soft tone as we entered our suite and the door clicked closed.

We were alone. Vulnerable. Exposed.

“That’s okay,” Nick breathed.

Suddenly, I felt closer to Nick than ever before. We had got into another disagreement as a married couple, and our stubborn sides clashed. He wanted his way, and I had wanted mine. But neither of us had won.

*This was all going to end.*

“No, really, I am...” I sighed with frustration and reached around to untie my bikini top. “We got some time on the beach like I wanted, but you didn’t get to watch your beloved eggnog wrestling match.”

I pulled the slippery lace string, and it gave way. The front of my top never fell forward, and I frowned at the situation. I held the baby blue fabric against my chest and tugged at the lace, but it wouldn’t budge. It was stuck.

“Really, sugarplum, it’s okay,” Nick breathed with a half-smile. “But are you?”

“No, this damn thing keeps catching on something.” I huffed in frustration.

“Here. Turn around. Let me look.” Nick instructed as he signaled with his hand for me to spin round and let him try.

Nick’s fingertips grazed my skin and brushed my hair out of the way. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up to his electric touch and goosebumps rose in his wake. I held my breath as he lingered for what felt like an eternity, but in reality, was only a few seconds.

“The strings keep knotting,” Nick breathed as he puffed warm air against my neck with every word.

Nick undid the lace, and the strings fell down on either side of my neck. I held onto the front of my bikini top with my bare shoulders exposed to him. He lazily lingered a few seconds more on my skin before his touch left me.

I knew Nick shouldn’t be mine. I fought him not even thirty minutes ago. But within this moment, it felt like I was his.

My skin burned for Nick’s caress. My mouth craved his kiss. And my cunt throbbed for my husband to fill me.

“Thanks,” I whispered in a small voice. “Could you undo the other one for me?”

I knew the question was risky. I could easily slip out of the piece on my own. But I wanted my husband’s hands on me.

Just one second more.

I waited. I didn't move. Couldn't breathe. I couldn't even think straight. All I could do was think about Nick.

*Until he didn't touch me.*

I turned around and shook my head. "I'm sorry, Nick, I—"

"Sh..." Nick shushed me with his finger on my pouty lips. "Don't you ever fucking apologize."

"I was asking too much of you," I breathed against his finger.

"No, sugarplum, you could ask me for the world, and I'd give it to you in a fucking heartbeat," Nick sighed huskily. "I just needed a moment."

"A moment for what?" I asked, with confusion.

"I just needed longer to take in your beauty, my wife," Nick breathed as his finger brushed against my lips and grazed down my collarbone.

"Oh?" I breathed.

I quivered at Nick's touch as he traveled over my creamy skin. The rich eggnog created a smooth path for him, and his entire hand cupped around my throat. He held me delicately and made me bite my lower lip. A motion I knew he craved, because a slow growl escaped his open mouth and the sweet sound rumbled. He stirred to life a wetness inside of me, and I soaked my bikini bottoms again.

Nick, once again, had me juicy and sweetly wet for him. Ripe. Only for him.

"About our wrestling match back there..." Nick hinted as his warm breath fanned my lips and his mouth inched closer.

"What about it?" I invited his taunt.

"The match goes into overtime to break a tie," Nick groaned as he gently squeezed my neck and his dark chestnut eyes swirled with desire. "And I think I'm about to score the first point."

"Well, hubby, what are you waiting for?" I questioned Nick with a challenge. "Declare your victory."

Mr. Nick Frost did. He claimed his wife. And sealed my fate with a conquering kiss.

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## TWENTY-FOUR

### Merry Bliss

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I couldn't get enough of him. My hands found the back of his neck—to hell with my bikini top. The skimpy piece fell down, and the air bit my nipples. They perked and brushed against Nick's bare chest. His low groan vibrated against my mouth and the kiss exploded. Starry lights flickered behind my closed eyes, and I was in a downward spiral, but he came right along with me.

Nick kissed me like I was the only woman on earth. The sole beauty of his dominant heat. Nick Frost and me. We were a perfect match for each other.

I whimpered into his mouth as he opened me up wide and dove inside. Nick's tongue swirled with mine, and we mixed a feverish intensity—a passion that wouldn't stop and was now out of control. There was no way to contain the gratifying flame from burning out. Nick took charge, and I knew he couldn't stop his craving. I couldn't control my heat. We were an uncontrollable, blazing inferno. Unruly together in a forbidden toxicity. We threw all the rules overboard and enjoyed each flick of our tongues. Every passionate touch and each graze of nails biting into our skin. All the sounds we made in our frantic need.

We fought this attraction. Hard. I tried to resist the want I felt deep inside. But the temptation was too much.

*Nick was too fucking irresistible.*

"Oh, god..." I breathed as my lips brushed his. "I've wanted you for so long."

Nick abruptly broke our kiss. His lips brushed across my cheek, and his hand squeezed my neck. An overpowering influence I was all-in for, and his dominating presence was everything I ever needed. He was an intoxicating man meant for me, to control the brat within me.

"I know you have, sugarplum. Those young blue eyes electrified me whenever I was around. They longed for me to care for you. Which I have, but they also begged me to seduce you," Nick breathed against my flesh.

"Yes, oh, god, yes..." I sighed with undeniable desire.

“But I couldn’t because you were everything I couldn’t have,” Nick breathed against my ear. “So young, innocent, and sweet as fuck.”

The last word rumbled from his lips as his tongue ran up my ear, and I shivered in his hold. The moment was purely exhilarating, and unlike anything I had ever known. Not even hundreds of my fantasies with Nick alone in my bed could ever match up to this.

“But you can now,” I whispered the taunt into his ear.

“I shouldn’t, Wynter. I shouldn’t...” Nick growled with restraint. “My son will hate me for fucking what was once his.”

I flicked my tongue against his ear. “But I’m not his. Zaydon screwed up, and I wasn’t meant to be his. I’m yours. Your wife. I’ll always be yours.”

“Fuck...” Nick hissed with desire. “You’re trouble, wife.”

I purred into his ear, “Well, I’m a brat, remember?”

“Mm...yes, my bratty minx,” Nick growled as he reached around and untied the last piece holding my bikini top. “You’ll always fucking be mine.”

My swim top hit the floor at the very moment Nick spun me around, and I panted. Starstruck with passion as my tits bounced with each breath I took. Nick ran his fingers slowly down my arms as his warm breath heated my bare shoulder. I peered down at his sexy tattooed arm and admired the design. The black ink was a wicked trait to reveal this untamed side of him.

A beastly master, ready to claim his young beauty.

The youthful woman who had always craved him, needed Nick and desired him. I had been far too frightened to touch the forbidden passion. Until we found ourselves trapped together. Stuck in a marriage neither one of us expected, but we were eager to lust—tempted to touch and fell into taboo hunger.

“But this all ends in less than a month...” I whispered truthfully. “I won’t be yours anymore, and we can stop pretending.”

Nick kissed my shoulder. “Does this feel like I’m fucking pretending?”

“I...I’m not sure...” I sighed.

“Or does this feel like I’m pretending?” Nick asked as he brushed my hair behind my ear and nipped my earlobe.

“No,” I whispered, with a fiery shooting toward my belly.

“What? I can’t hear you, my succulent wife,” Nick groaned against my ear, and the pads of his thumbs caressed my taut nipples. “Do you think I’m fucking faking this?”

“God, no...” I whimpered with fired up passion.

“God?” Nick breathed as he ran his fingers through my long locks, and he pulled my hair back. “There’s no God here. Only me, your husband, Nick.”

Nick separated my hair into three sections and wove the pieces together. The wet, smooth texture from the eggnog made the hair stay in place as he weaved them back and forth—crisscrossed them until they were perfect. The way he wanted them.

*All woven up for him.*

“What are you doing?” I asked curiously.

“I’m getting you ready,” Nick stated.

A hint of his wickedness hung in the thick air. Nick ran his hands down his finished product and admired the braid he had created for me. My long locks tied back for whatever he had in store.

I turned my head slightly but couldn’t see Nick. I felt his hands leave the braided piece and travel down to the small of my back. My breath caught as a finger teased the bikini bottom’s thong line just before my ass. The vivid memory of his slap on my plump behind came to mind. The discipline he gave to me, and I craved another spanking. Anything to have his hands on me. I’d take the pleasurable pain any day.

“For what?” I gushed out.

Nick didn’t answer and looped his finger through the thin fabric at either side of my hips. My eyes widened as he pulled on one side and let go. The elastic slapped against my skin, and the sound filled the air. I snapped my eyelids closed, and a soft gasp escaped my lips. Excitement, anticipation, and arousal coursed through me.

“Mm...” Nick groaned as his one hand cupped my ass cheek and gave it a squeeze. “I love the sounds you make, wife.”

“Oh...Nick,” I whimpered in delight.

“Yes, that’s right, sugarplum,” Nick breathed against my cheek.

The hand Nick had used to compress my flesh abruptly left, and I ached for the touch—the jostle of friction he gave me with a passionate squeeze. I was addicted to him. Hung up on a high I couldn’t quit. Hooked on my husband.

My bikini bottom moved slightly down my hips. The movement was slow, and a groan of yearning came from me. My head fell back and connected with his broad shoulder. This long, leisurely movement was too much for me to take. Nick Frost was extraordinary and everything I had ever



wanted. The ache inside of me was out of this world, and I needed my husband to tend to it.

I was needy. On fire. My wet cunt dripped.

“I’ve waited so long for this. For you...” I sighed with flustered frustration. “Don’t toy with me, Nick.”

“I’ll play with my wife all I want,” Nick breathed.

I shuddered with longing. “Nick, please, I need you.”

“And you’ll fucking have me,” Nick stated as his breath fanned along my neck. “Once I’m done taking in every inch of you.”

Nick’s lips brushed unhurried kisses along my nape. Up and down with gentle puffs of air from his mouth. The sensation made me quiver and my pussy clench. A whimper of want left me, and I wanted more. So much more and for Nick to show me his world.

“Yes...” I sighed.

Suddenly, Nick gave a swift tug to my bikini strings, and the bottoms fell from me. Down to the floor, along with my halter bikini top. I was naked and exposed to his touch. A quivering quake of pent-up lust was ready to erupt and explode from my husband’s wanted affection.

“So fucking beautiful...” Nick growled as his hands made their way down my belly and met between my legs. “And undeniably mine.”

I whimpered as Nick discovered my wet pussy was all ready for him. Ripe and aching for whatever he had planned. The pleasurable torment might kill me, but Nick made sure the buildup was worth it.

“Nick, you’re driving me crazy,” I purred as I thrust into his touch and pressed his fingers against my clit. “This is fucking insanity.”

“Oh, sugar, your plum is so sweet riding against me,” Nick groaned into my ear. “So fucking sleek and wet with need.”

I exhaled. “Shit...”

I moved more against his fingers; I couldn’t get enough. The pleasure quickly built, and Nick’s firm dick pressed into my ass. My ass cheek rubbed against his swimming trunks, and the friction drove him wild—crazy with heated desire, and I turned my head toward him.

His lips crashed against mine in a feverish kiss. Our tongues flicked, and he bit my lower lip. Held the wet flesh in place as I reached out my tongue, and he let go. We were caught up in each other and couldn’t let go. We danced with a naughty spin of my hips, and my climax was right there. Too near and I wasn’t ready for this to end.

“Wait...” I panted heavily against his lips.

Nick pulled back and peered down at me. “Are you okay?”

“Yes, but I’m so close...” I pleaded and caught the desire swirling in his depths. “Please, I don’t want this to stop.”

Nick growled. “Never.”

Nick thrust three fingers inside of me, and my pussy walls took him in like a warm sweater. Wrapped up in my heat as each thrust met his fingers, and they banged into me. Again and again, he pumped. His thumb rubbed against my nub, and he watched me with such intensity it made me want to come. I was about to lose myself to his finger fuck of lust.

“Oh!” I cried out through my agape mouth.

My thrusts grew out of control and untamed as the heat built, and my legs quivered. Nick kissed me again, and while his fingers worked, his other hand came up to my tit. He took the bouncing mound in his large hand and brushed his thumb over my erect nipple. I sighed into his mouth, and he kept up the pace. He beat into me and matched my rhythm.

A low rumble vibrated from deep inside of him, and his dick throbbed from behind me. My ass dry humped his cock, and Nick Frost loved it. We were savage, uncontrolled and hot for each other. There was no going back now. Not when I was about to burst all over his hand.

“Yes, fuck, I’m going to come,” I sighed right on the edge.

Nick breathed against my agape mouth. “Yes, my wife. Spill your sweet sugar all over my hand.”

“Yes!” I repeated with each thrust.

I lost sight of Nick as my eyes closed, and I threw my head back against him. My backside arched, and he pinched my nipple. Pain mixed with pleasure as lights flashed in the darkness, and my world burst right open. My pussy clamped down on his fingers, and my juices dripped into his hand like he wanted.

My release in Nick’s arms was earth-shattering. Everything I had always fantasized about. But there was only one problem.

I wanted more. I craved all of Nick. I never wanted this to end.

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## TWENTY-FIVE

### Naughty or Nice

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“Mm...” Nick groaned with husky desire and licked his fingers. “My wife’s plum is a sugary treat.”

Nick held me until my climax subsided and the quivers left me. The pleasured quakes I wanted to pulse through me again. I needed more of my husband, and my hungry eyes opened to him.

I bit my lower lip as I turned around and stood naked in front of him. Left him with a sight he wouldn’t soon forget. Teased Nick with it. The taunt worked and his cock twitched against me.

*Nick Frost was ready for me, and I was willing to please.*

Nick was magnificent. He stood before me, still in swimming trunks, but with a massive erection. His girth stood straight out, and he couldn’t contain his need for me even if he wanted to. His cock not only begged for me, but his body language was out of this world.

His eyebrows were lightly dusted by the fallen silver streak of hair. The look of dark lust swirled in his chestnut eyes, and he finished licking my come—the explosion he had quaked from me in the naughtiest way.

His broad shoulders loomed over me, and his brawny chest moved with each breath. Dark pupils traveled down my body, and Nick took in the sight of his exposed wife. Spent, wet, and perky, with a hunger for him like no one else. A wicked need for my husband who was strict with me, who punished my unruly side with pleasurable measure but would do anything for me.

Nick was no saint in the bedroom. Neither was he nice. My husband was only naughty for his wife.

Neither one of us touched. We simply stared at one another. Drank in the sight of our bodies heated with desire because of each other. A longing we had put off for far too long. Had fought deep within until everything rushed to the surface and led us to this very moment. A hot thickness of temptation right in front of us.

I was the first to reach out and brush my fingertips over Nick’s pecks. His slippery flesh was warm under my touch, and his bronze skin was a mouthwatering sight. Perfection for this vacation and for me.

“Nick?” I whispered.

“Yes, sugarplum,” Nick breathed.

“We should stop, but I don’t think I can,” I admitted.

Nick reached out, and his fingers brushed my cheek. My eyes closed to his touch, and I leaned into him. I was melting for him, and he was the flame. A strong blaze meant only for me.

“We should stop...” Nick agreed and ran his hand over my neck. “But it’s too fucking late for that.”

Nick grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me to him. The swift motion snapped my eyes open, and a gasp broke loose from me. My hands on his bare chest, my nipples taut against his flesh, and his eyes on me. An intense need swirled between us, and we understood we both wanted this. We craved our sexual connection that spoke of the next level. It was a risk we were both willing to take. The chance to discover our bodies in a way we never thought possible.

*Until now.*

Our eyes did all the talking, and my hands made the next move. I didn’t feel scared, but aroused as fuck.

I enjoyed his skin as I made my way lower. The journey was long, and I took my time. Drank every inch of Nick in and explored every hair, goosebump, and vein. Nick only watched me with my inspection, but his breath picked up when I made it to his beachwear.

“A plan swirls in those naughty eyes...” Nick breathed as his hand left my neck and played with my braid. “Do you care to enlighten me, wife?”

I locked eyes with Nick and licked my lips. “I’m hungry.”

My hands made their way to Nick’s hips, where the swim trunks held in place. The single piece of fabric only got in my way from what I sought. I wanted Nick as bare as I was.

My imagination could only fantasize so much. Wild dreams could only show so much. But Nick’s real physique would reveal his world.

“Then, dear wife, take a bite,” Nick demanded huskily.

Nick yanked on my braid, and my head jerked back. He ran a thumb over my ravished lips, and I smirked with wickedness up at him. A feverish need whirled in my belly, and I made my way down. Lower toward the floor where my knees met the cold hardwood, and I quivered with delight.

Excitement coursed through me, and I wanted Nick in my mouth. I wished to

swallow him whole. Eat him up and spit none of him out. Devour his delicious cock and savor every drop.

Nick's trunks fell from his hips with one swift tug, and his enormous dick sprang free. The girth of him was as big as I predicted with a mushroom head tip. His dick bopped as Nick prepared his length, and he placed it within cock-sucking distance. The perfect height for me to show him everything he had been missing.

Confidence whizzed inside of me. I gave flawless head. Never had a complaint and always ended with a satisfied male member. My delivery was perfection, and Nick Frost was the one in for a treat.

Nick wrapped my braid around his hand and got ready for me. My eyes caught his from below, and a fiery starvation engulfed us. Caught us in the beast's belly and wouldn't let us escape.

"How about a nibble instead?" I insisted with a tender nip of my teeth.

The nibble of my teeth made Nick inhale a sharp breath, and I was in control. I had full of power over him. I was the one in command, and he could enjoy the sweet ride.

"Fuck, sugarplum, give me more," Nick breathed from above.

I ran my hands up the back of his thighs and closed my eyes. My palms found his firm ass and squeezed his cheeks. My nails bit into his flesh, and I flicked my tongue against his tip. Nick's solid member jolted with acceptance, and a groan rumbled up his chest. He sighed out a pleased puff of air and pushed my head forward.

Nick was primed, hard as fuck, as I took him into my mouth and back out. My lips sucked up and down along the firmness of him.

Nick breathed his approval. "Yes, wife, just like that."

I continued the pleasuring taunt, and Nick bobbed my head. My hands joined in with his desired rhythm, and I peered up while sucking his cock. Nick had tossed his head back and was fully immersed in the sensations I gave to him. Every touch, lick, nibble, and suck.

He was lost in the way I played with him inside of my mouth. My tongue swirling around his cock, and the love bites I gave to him. Each one made his dick throb, and I knew he enjoyed my tease.

I had yet to claim Nick within the depths of my throat. This was only the warmup. I was fully set on getting my dear husband ready to blow.

"Hmm..." I hummed, and it vibrated on his big cock.

My lips wrapped tightly around the gift I was about to receive, and my pretty head picked up the pace. Nick grunted and thrust into my face. He kept up with my speed and gave into every need. All the urges he had ignored, and every wasted moment that could have been mine.

My mouth on Nick was everything he had ever wanted. After all this time. Nick Frost would finally be mine.

“Yes, take it, fucking take all of me, sugar,” Nick growled as his dick moved deeper, and he wrapped my braid tighter.

Clenched in his hold as his hand pushed my head, and the other strained against my hair. He pulled the piece until I whimpered with pained desire and a muffled gag followed. My husband stuffed me full of him as he huffed out of his flared nostrils, and my eyes filled with tears. Dark eyes full of need found mine, and Nick bit his bottom lip. The sight of me wrapped around his dick and stuffed full like a *Christmas turkey* threw him close to the edge.

“Shit...” Nick groaned as he let up and released me. “My wife’s mouth is so fucking tight.”

I pulled back from his dick with a loud pop from the suction I had inflicted on him. The taste of eggnog on my lips as I licked them, and Nick stuck his finger inside my mouth. My plumpness closed him inside, and I sucked on him. Feasted on his finger like a sweet candy cane.

My hands left his ass, and I used one to pump Nick’s precious dick. Up and down. The rhythm repeated, and the eggnog made for a smooth ride. My head bobbed as he let more fingers inside, and my tits bounced. Each jolt caught his attention and tempted him to touch. But he loved his hand wrapped in my hair too much.

“I can’t get enough of you,” Nick groaned and let a fourth finger inside. “Every fucking sound you make, those desirable tears falling from your eyes and your pretty mouth stuffed full of me.”

Suddenly, his hand twisted in my braid, grabbed the back of my head, and his thumb tucked under my chin. Nick yanked my jaw upward, and my suction stopped. His forceful motion made me halt, and he captured my full attention.

“Get off your fucking knees, right now,” Nick ordered with a growl of desire.

I did as I was told and immediately got up from the floor. Our eyes never wavered as Nick took his fingers out of my mouth, and the swirl in his eyes

only told me so much. Nick was back in full control, and I'd do anything for him.

*I'd be his minx of an elf and serve my naughty Saint Nick.*

"Why? Did I do something wrong?" I asked, with confusion.

"No. You. Were. Fucking. Perfection," Nick heaved out each word and wiped the tears from my eyes. "You are a flawless beauty with a bratty side. I'm getting far too used to you, my wife."

Nick claimed my lips with a soft kiss. His mouth brushed over mine, and his cock pressed against my smooth belly. Butterflies fluttered inside of me, and I wanted to stay lost in his kiss. The heat of the moment made me weak, and Nick let go of my hair. He broke the tender kiss and spun me around. My backside was flat against his nakedness, and I shivered with a feverish need.

Nick brushed his mouth against my ear and whispered, "See the bed?"

"Yes," I purred with need.

Nick ran his hands down my collarbone to the front of my chest. He cupped my tits in his masculine hands and fondled my nipples. Made them even more taut, to the point I wanted to turn around and jump his bones.

I wouldn't. I couldn't because I wanted Nick to show his wife his savage side. The edge he'd cross when he fucked my brains out.

"I want you to get on it and do everything I tell you to," Nick commanded as he flicked my nipples and nipped my earlobe. "I want you to be my good fucking wife and do as your husband says."

I whimpered as he released me with a smack of his palm against my ass, and I made my way toward the bed. My flesh jiggled with each step toward the wild ride I was about to endure. The wicked adventure I was about to discover with my dearly devoted husband.

I should grab my clothes and run. Flee from this sexual scene and what was bound to be the best sex of my life. But I couldn't.

Because I wanted Nick. I craved him. I had desired this wise man for almost all of my life.

*Why the fuck would I turn back now?*

My knees hit the edge of the bed, and I peered back at Nick. He stood at the spot I had left him and watched me slowly crawl up onto the bed. My ass stuck out at him, and I opened my legs. I gave him the perfect view of my bare pussy lips. The swollen skin glistened with juice he had produced from me, and I couldn't wait for him to generate more.

"Good girl, wife," Nick breathed and walked toward me.



I watched in desired agony as he stopped beside me, and his hand landed on my ass. I wanted him to spank me. Needed him to punish me, but I was to be his good girl for added pleasure. But I could always push him over the edge.

I pushed my upper body upward and placed my hands on my hips. “Well, old man, what are you waiting for? Next Christmas?”

Nick slapped my ass and pleased pain seared. Immediately after, he squeezed the cheek, and I yelped with desire. I fell forward onto my hands and my braid fell over my shoulder.

“Mind your sass, my bratty wife,” Nick growled. “Fuck, you're trouble.”

Again, Nick slapped me, but harder this time.

“Oh, fuck,” I whimpered as Nick touched between my legs, and I dripped wet for him.

“Now, you promised to be good...” Nick explained with a heavy breath. “Are you going to listen this time?”

“Yes, I will. I promise,” I admitted and looked over at him. “But I love it when you spank me, hubby.”

“You do?” Nick asked and rubbed my ass.

I was sure the skin was bright red, and I didn't care. I didn't give a fuck because I loved the pleased pain. The attention he gave me, even as punishment, was everything I needed. I'd take whatever Nick dealt.

*Anything.*

“Yes. I do,” I voiced the truth.

Nick grunted and served me another blow. I cursed out a squeal of pleasure. This one burned down into my clit and made my nub ache.

“I promise there's more to come,” Nick breathed as he trailed his hand up my backside, and he got onto the bed. “But right now, I need my wife to get the fuck up here and grab the headboard.”

Nick had laid down in the middle of the bed and propped his head up with pillows. His eyes demanded me to listen, and a chill ran up my spine. He gazed at me with a frosty glare of desire, glazed over with iced up determination, sealed inside with nowhere to go, but shaping whatever he had in store.

“Why?” I asked with uncertainty.

“Stop asking questions and get your fine ass up here,” Nick instructed, and his cock throbbed.

Nick was a tasty sight. Sprawled out on the bed while he waited for me. His wife. The woman he was about to surprise with a gift he had for me.

“Okay...” I whispered.

I crawled the rest of my way up to him. My body lingered over the top of his, and I had no choice but to place my knees on either side of Nick’s head. This was the only way I could grab the headboard like he had instructed—an order I was no longer sure of because my cunt was in his face.

“Mm...” Nick moaned and flicked his tongue over my clit. “I love the smell of my wife’s sweetened cunt.”

I whimpered. “Yes.”

“I’m going to enjoy your delicious treat,” Nick groaned with desire.

“Oh, yes, hubby. I like the sound of that,” I purred with a wiggle of my hips.

“Yes, sugarplum...” Nick breathed as he grabbed my hips, and his eyes locked on mine. “Shimmy your pussy down to me and grab onto the headboard tight.”

“Why?” I asked, teasingly.

Nick breathed with determination. “Because I want you to have something to hold on to while you ride my face and scream your husband’s name.”

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## TWENTY-SIX

### Christmas Treat

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Nick's smoky eyes surged with a fiery need to have me. He wanted to own my pussy and make it undeniably his. His wife's delectable cunt. "How can you be so confident in your abilities?" I asked with a raised eyebrow.

And Nick nipped my clit.

A soft gasp flew out of my lips, my mouth agape, and my fingers curled around the headboard. Something to grab onto while he surprised me with his sneaky but pleasurable taunt. Nick pulled me into a forbidden urge, and he wanted to share his ability with me. My husband's skill at having his wife bend to his power.

For me to be on my knees, holding the headboard and riding Nick's face.

Nick kneaded my hips with his thumbs, and his warm breath fanned my pussy. "Because I've fucking wanted you for years. God help me. I craved your innocence and knew you belonged to me. Your cunt is perfect for me, my wife."

My serene blues never wavered from his controlled stare of intensity. His sure, chestnut, deep-as-fuck eyes knew he needed this. Nick needed me. He longed for me as deeply as I had for him. A magnetic attraction had been buried inside of us for years because of a relationship that was not allowed. A temptation so profound we couldn't stop it.

"Yes, I belong to you..." I sighed with desire.

Nick exhaled with a puff against my damp flesh. "Every shred of you."

"Oh..." I whimpered from an open mouth.

"Every saucy thought..." Nick said, as his hand crawled up my belly and toward my mouth.

I sighed. "Fuck, Nick."

"And every fucking sound that leaves this pretty little mouth," Nick said with husky certainty and grazed my lips. "Are all mine. Forever, my wife."

I bit down on Nick's finger that had entered my mouth as he plunged his tongue inside of me, and I let go. The drawn out sexual thirst would be tasted, a delicious treat for us to enjoy. Nick Frost was finally feasting on his wife.

“Fuck, yes, hubby...” I moaned with desire, and Nick’s eyes crawled with lust—a passion on fire—as I thrust my hips and rode his face.

Nick’s thumb caught under my chin with two fingers in my mouth. He held me in place and made me watch him. Observe him as his tongue wiggled deep in me and made me wetter than ever before. Soft sighs left me as he pulled in and out of my entrance. A swift motion full of waves of excitement as my climax climbed and built to explode in his face. Trickle down into his skilled mouth and leave him full of me.

Nick’s fingers left my humid mouth full of fiery need, and the wetness I had created traveled down my skin. It made a damp trail over my collarbone and continued leisurely onto my round chest, only to tease each nipple and make them peak for release. Perkier than they had ever been and bouncing with each thrust from me. Forces I couldn’t stop as Nick plunged in further, and I tossed my head back. My backside arched, and my hips rotated on his face.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I cried out repeatedly.

Nick tweaked my tits and lit me aflame. He claimed my body and held all the power. All the capability of keeping me as his.

Suddenly, Nick slowed his pace. The quickness of his expert tongue slowed to a sweet pace, enough for him to savor my taste. It was a flavor he ate up as he licked his tongue over his lips, and a low rumble came from him.

“Mm...So. Fucking. Sweet,” Nick groaned from below me.

Each word made me quiver, and both his hands found my tits. I peered down at Nick, and his eyes still watched me—drank in the sight of me coming undone all for him—and he loved every second.

“Nick, fuck. Don’t stop...” I begged as I shuddered on the verge of release, and only he could send me over the edge. “Please, hubby, I need your mouth. I need your tongue inside of me.”

Nick kneaded my erect nubs and ran his tongue from the end of my wet opening to my clit. He pinched my nipples and slowly bit his dull nails into them. His hand scratched the surface as they left my round mounds and sprawled out on my back. He brought them lower until they fell onto my ass. A place where he rested and cupped each cheek in the palms of his hands.

Nick owned them. Cherished their plumpness. Disciplined me when I was unruly. It was an indulgence I desired and admired from a wise man who was now mine.

“I don’t plan on it, my wife,” Nick breathed huskily. “Open wide for me and let me inside your beautiful world. I want you to fucking ride my face like I’m all yours.”

I didn’t hesitate or waste a beat. I spread my thighs wider, and my cunt slipped further into my husband’s universe. Nick Frost accepted my warm welcome and ate me out.

“Yes, fuck, Nick!” I screamed over and over again.

I clenched the headboard in my grasp and banged it against the wall. A sound I was sure would disturb the passengers in the next suite, but I didn’t care. This was my honeymoon with my husband. A man I had craved for almost all of my life. A naughty hubby who was about to receive my complete release right in his face.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I cried out like a woman in a frenzied state.

I couldn’t get enough of Nick as my hips thrust faster and faster. My need drove higher and higher. His tongue pumped in and out of me at a record speed. Lights flashed behind my closed eyes, and my clit rubbed into his nose. Unsure if Nick could even breathe with my pussy buried in his face. But Nick was sure, and I had to keep faith.

Because I was about to explode on my husband’s face.

Nick grunted, and his hands slapped my ass. I whimpered and bucked my hips. My speed slowed until he slapped me for a second time. Then again, and again.

Until I was sure my ass was beet-red.

I cried out, lost in pure ecstasy, and Nick grabbed my hips. Forcefully, he moved them to quicken my pace as I rode his face, and he helped me. He guided me to the pace he needed to devour me whole.

“Shit, Nick, shit!” I screamed out.

Only for Nick. Completely for my husband. Just the way he promised.

I kept the pace as my cunt rubbed into Nick’s face. My whimpers of desire filled the room and my screams of passionate bliss echoed down the hallway. The headboard knocked against the wall and the bed squeaked below me. All the erotic sounds filled my ears until I was sure I’d burst.

Until my husband touched my aching clit.

Nick rubbed me, and lights shone before my eyes. Bright, blinking twinkles of pleasure soared through me, and I peered down at Nick whose eyes held me steady. A heat blazed from them with a determination to make

me come. Nick Frost wanted to feed from my release. He wanted to see every inch of me shudder with his tongue inside of me.

“Oh!” I screamed from my open mouth.

My hips bucked in deep, and his long tongue wiggled within my walls. My floodgates of desire unlatched and extended for Nick. The passion I built up inside gave way, and the flurry in my belly blew. My juices gushed down and released into Nick’s mouth.

“Yes, Nick!” I cried out over the sound of the headboard.

My ears rang with my climax, and my body shuddered till the very end. Ripple after ripple, everything quaked, and I was weak. Spent, I clung to the headboard and panted down toward my husband. Nick, who never took his eyes off me. Not even for one minute.

I tried to move and couldn’t. Gravity had won and my unsteady breaths showed that. Nick Frost had eaten me whole until there was nothing left.

Nick held onto both of my hips and lifted me like I was a feather. A slight gasp escaped me as his lips kissed my throbbing cunt, and he sat me on his chest. But my husband peered up at me, and he wasn’t done with me yet.

“The sight of you riding my fucking face made me drip, wife,” Nick growled as a smirk spread across his wicked, sinful lips, and he squeezed my hips. “I wonder what you’ll make my cock do once I’m buried deep inside of you?”

Nick hadn’t even come yet. I had come twice. His dick was bottled up and precum oozed from the tip. He dripped for me and ached to stuff me full.

“I’m tired, Nick...” I sighed with uncertainty. “I don’t know if I can do this.”

Suddenly, Nick lifted my ass off him, and he sat up. I fell downward until I straddled him, and his cock twitched between my legs. His dick stood at full attention; it needed to be inside of me. Nick wore me out, but the arousal grew in my belly at the thought of him. The vision of Nick in front of me with his hair mussed, and a look so fucking sexy I couldn’t get enough of him.

Nick licked his lips and drank up the last bit of my juices. He ran a hand through his unruly silver streak, and his hand gave my braid a slight tug. He wrapped his arm around me and pulled me flush up against him.

Nick’s breath fanned my face. “I’m not done with my wife yet.”

Nick swiftly got off the bed, and automatically my legs wrapped around his hips. The motion was effortless, and he carried us toward the balcony

door with my hands behind his neck. He pulled the handle, and a cool breeze met my naked flesh. A blissful change from the fiery heat we had created in our honeymoon suite. This was a moment to catch a calm puff of air before the actual fire blazed to life.

“Oh my god, Nick!” I panicked as my ass met a coolness, and he sat me on the railing.

Right at the water’s edge.

The waves crashed below us and up against the ship. The night air bit into my skin and tiny wisps of my hair escaped the braid. But the ocean was ready to swallow me whole.

“Trust me, Wynter,” Nick breathed into my ear.

Nick held me tight, and I had nothing to fear. My husband had me wrapped up in him like a precious gift. He packaged me with care and was ready to deliver the final blow. It was his turn to come. My husband’s time to truly be mine.

“Okay,” I sighed against his cheek.

Nick pulled back, and his lips gently met mine. The passion swirled again, and he took me back into his world. I lost myself in him, and he became enraptured with me. We were the only thing that mattered, and the fearful edge no longer existed.

I clung to Nick and let go. My hands explored the hair tickling my hands at the nap of his neck. I gave the soft wisps a gentle tug, and he groaned into my mouth. A wicked smile spread against my mouth as his hands worked up my backside and found the end of my braid. He gave the hair a harsh tug.

“Oh...” I gasped with delight.

Our lips broke apart, and his mouth sank into my neck. His tongue worked wetness over my skin and the cool breeze touched the dampness. I whimpered into the sea air and let my head fall backward. Nick held me steady and safe in his arms as he took me.

“Wife. My midnight, stark beauty...” Nick breathed against my skin. “You’re a vision more alluring than the deep blue sea.”

Nick made his way down to my round tits and pushed his face between them. The valley covered him, and he licked his tongue upward to escape. He traced his wetness over each plump tit until his mouth took each nipple into his mouth. He sucked the erect pinkness and lapped his tongue around the small circles. They budded even more with his tease, and I whimpered into the breeze.



Anyone could catch us in our sexual feast of each other. Security could be called, and a grave punishment put into place for our indecent act. But I couldn't care less.

All I craved was Nick's mouth on me, his caress all over my skin, and my husband's dick to claim me. My adrenaline raced for him to bury himself deep within my depths.

Deeper than the bottom of the ocean.

"Nick, please, I need you..." I sighed with desire. "Please fuck me."

Nick left small kisses on my flesh as he set me back onto my feet and the railing dug into my backside. Chills ran through me from the mix of heat and the coolness of the outdoors. Nick crawled his hand behind my neck, and he placed the other on my hip.

Nick was inches from my mouth and breathed, "I'll fuck you, but under one condition."

"What?" I asked in a whisper.

Nick replied, "I want everyone to hear us consummate our marriage with your whimpers of pleasure in the nighttime sky."

"Only if you make me, hubby," I teased with a stroke of his dick.

"Fuck," Nick growled.

Suddenly, Nick spun me around and pushed my neck down until my belly hit the railing. I breathed heavily over the side of the cruise ship with wide eyes, and the waves crashed into the side of the vessel. A long craft, just like Nick's hard shaft, flush against my entrance.

"Have you lost your mind, Nick?" I asked with my hands clenching the railing.

I couldn't get up even if I wanted to. Nick Frost held me right where he wanted me. Vulnerable, aroused, sassy, and his.

"Only for you, my gorgeous wife, basking in the midnight moonlight," Nick breathed as he ran a hand down my backside and sent shivers up my spine.

The tip of his cock dipped inside of me, and a sigh escaped my lips. Nick cast slightly inside of me, and the sensation went straight down to my toes. The thrill of the moment was bigger than anything else. The excitement he gave to me was intoxicating, and I needed more.

"Please, give it to me," I begged Nick.

"Do you want this?" Nick asked.

And slapped my ass.

“Fuck,” I whimpered and bit my lip.

Nick growled. “Or do you want this?”

Nick pushed his dick deep into me, and my teeth let go of my lower lip. My mouth opened wide as he grabbed my braid and pulled my head backward. He forced me to open my eyes to the dead of night and my moan awakened the darkness.

“Oh, fuck!” I cried out into the moonlight.

Nick fucked me fast. He plowed into me again and again. The force was intense and even greater than the ocean down below.

“Yes!” I howled repeatedly with desire.

I couldn't stop the sounds coming from my open mouth. Nick grunted behind me, and the sweet sound of my ass smacking against his thighs filled the nighttime sky. The harmony we made was bigger than the ocean, but our fast fuck swallowed us whole.

“Fuck, fuck, I'm going to come!” I cried out with passion.

This only made Nick speed up his speed as he pounded into me and hit my peak. Again and again. Thrust after rapid thrust.

“Yes, my wife...” Nick exhaled heavily. “Wrap your sweet tight walls around me and come for your husband.”

“Nick!” I screamed out into the eventide.

Starstruck, I exploded. Orbs of light sparkled along with the starry sky. My pussy walls clamped down on Nick, and my third orgasm crashed into me. Wave after wave washed over me, and Nick didn't stop until it was over.

But he still hadn't come yet.

Nick pulled out of me, and his cock throbbed for release. I was weaker from yet another release, but Nick needed me. I made vows to cherish my husband, and he needed his wife.

I stood up from the barrier that kept me from falling into the ocean and turned to face Nick. My husband stroked his dick inside of his large hand and my pussy ached at the sight. He was massive, and I couldn't believe I had taken all of him. In my mouth and in my snatch.

Holy fuck.

“I want your mouth again, wife,” Nick ordered with desire. “You felt so damn good with your tight lips wrapped around my cock.”

I gulped and met Nick's eyes. He was a wild man, and I had created this. I damn well had to finish it. I had to get my husband off.

I fell to my knees and breathed, “I’ll cherish your cock in whatever way you wish.”

And took Nick Frost between my secure lips.

“Fuck,” Nick hissed with need.

Nick moved his hand out of my way as my head bowed down and he hit the back of my throat. A gag erupted to the surface, and I let up. I sucked up and down his firm length as he twitched in passion. Lost in my desire and the climax I had built for him. One that was sure to break free after holding on for so long.

“Shit, yes. Take it,” Nick breathed heavily from above me. “Just. Like. That.”

My tongue swirled around his dick, and I could taste myself mixed with his precum. A salty whirl of our passion mixed in my tight mouth. But my hand wrapped around him just as firmly.

I pumped my hand along the upper part of his massive shaft and the other one fondled his balls. I played with the flesh and playfully pulled at the skin. Nick groaned from above and enjoyed the thrill I gave him. I wrapped him up in me, and he was in for a delight.

My hand moved as I took Nick deep inside of my mouth. I let the tip of his dick reach the very depth of the back of my throat and held it there. Slightly bobbed my head several times in a fast rhythm and made his cock pulsate, but I didn’t want him to come yet.

I came up for air with tears in my eyes. My hand continued to stroke him, and my spit made him perfectly wet. Nick Frost was ready for me.

“Fuck, my love. Why did you stop?” Nick asked as he wiped my gratified tears and touched my lips.

“Because I want to give you a gift. I think you’ll enjoy it,” I answered wickedly.

“Oh, is that right, wife?” Nick asked with a raised eyebrow. “What present did you wish to give to me?”

“This,” I whispered.

I took my long, braided hair and spun my locks around his balls. I wrapped the strands he had created into a masterpiece and made my own. A nice tight fit to give Nick the most gratifying ejaculation of his life.

I made the braid snug in the right place, and I continued to stroke him. The look of satisfied surprise filled his face, and the puzzlement went away. The unyielding intensity created from the hold around his balls would pulse

throughout his body. An added pleasure point for my dear husband. Nick was right there, and his release was around the corner.

I pumped Nick faster in my hand, and his cock throbbed. His balls were full of his seed, and I could feel him pulsate within my grasp. He was close, I could almost taste him.

“Yes. I’m. Right. There...” Nick grunted out each word and grabbed onto either side of my head. “Open your mouth, wife.”

I did as I was told and opened wide. My mouth was right within the distance of the head of his mushroom dick. I was ready. Prepare for Nick to spill his seed inside of my mouth, and I’d quiver with passion on my knees for him all over again.

“Fuck, yes,” Nick growled his release.

A warm gush of his seed delivered onto my tongue as I stuck it out and received his gift. A present I graciously took because he was all mine. My husband was all unwrapped and sexy as hell.

Nick trembled from above me as I watched every movement he made. Every twitch of his cock as he came, and every muscle tightly flexed with his orgasm. Nick Frost was a dominant man, but he melted at the hand of his wife.

I unwrapped my hair from his firm length that was still fully erect, and I swear I could hop back on to ride him. I could get lost in Nick all over again, but morning light was fast approaching, and we both needed sleep. We had a journey ahead of us as husband and wife.

Nick peered down at me and took in the sight of me at his feet. His wife kneeled for him, stark naked and a pure delight. A pretty little wicked minx full of surprises and enough sass to last him a lifetime.

I held his gaze and asked, “Why did we deny ourselves this for years?”

“Because we had no other choice...” Nick answered and touched my mouth. “But now you’re mine and I’m yours. To have and to hold. For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. In sickness and in health. To fucking cherish until we can’t anymore. This is my solemn vow to you, my wife.”

My mind reeled at Nick’s words, and I recognized the sweet script of wedding vows. The sacred act of marriage we had fallen into and had now given ourselves to each other. But I couldn’t help not hearing him voicing his words of love.

I knew Nick cared for me. He devoted himself to me. He’d do anything for me.

But love?

That was out of the question. A gift I shouldn't expect Nick to give me, and he shouldn't expect it in return. We were simply two adults stuck in a marriage we needed out of. A grown man and a woman extremely attracted to each other. That was it.

"Right...our fake marriage," I sighed and stood up.

I had almost forgotten this wasn't real. This was a sham of a marriage we had to continue on with until this was all over. I had become engrossed in someone who wasn't supposed to be my husband. Swept off my feet and given the best orgasms of my life.

"Are you okay?" Nick asked with concern.

"Yes," I said without hesitation. "I'm fine. I enjoyed myself."

"Did you enjoy my eggnog?" Nick asked as his eyes darted toward my lips like he craved more. "Because I was quite pleased with the taste of you."

The question was direct, and I knew exactly what he had meant. Our arrangement had taken a turn into intimacy. A mistake we shouldn't have made. But we couldn't help ourselves and gave into the years of longing temptation.

"Yes..." I answered as I wiped my lips and licked up the last taste of him. "Every. Last. Drop."

Nick picked me up and threw me over his shoulder with a light tap on my ass. A giggle escaped me, and my heart fluttered. It was a fleeting moment as he carried me back inside and tucked me into bed.

Nick's arms surrounded me as we fell into slumber, and he cradled his wife tight. My eyes grew heavier, and I fought to keep them open. I wanted to remember this for the rest of my life. I didn't want to forget one heartbeat of his matched with mine. Because Nick could never love me, and I could never return my affection. This marriage wasn't about a love story that came true. Our vows were all pretend, and this had to end. But my heart hurt at the thought of letting my husband go.

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## TWENTY-SEVEN

### Vision of You

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Nick kissed me in the morning light. His pecks along my skin felt right. Soft lips as smooth as silk with a damp tongue and his daybreak breath on my flesh. Everything was right, and I basked in his foreplay delight.

“Oh, Nick...” I sighed with want.

My hands were in his smooth hair as my fingers curled in like I was right at home, and he was my entire world. The pulse in my neck raced, and my blood boiled with heat. Nick covered me and resembled a warm sweater. Cozy and snug. Lost inside the woolly fabric and content in his arms.

“Wynter, my sweet everything,” Nick sighed against my skin.

My husband’s words made me smile and a soft giggle escaped me with his day-old stubble tickling me. Goosebumps awakened to his tempting tease, and my hands left his hair, only to reach out and wrap around his neck. I pulled Nick closer toward me for a breakfast kiss, and my arousal coursed through me. Especially when he opened my lips, and I welcomed him inside.

“Stop...” I said against Nick’s mouth with a small giggle. “I have bad breath in the morning.”

“Nonsense. There’s nothing bad about my wife,” Nick breathed as he pecked my lips and bit my lower lip. “Only the minx in you that comes out at night.”

I giggled. “Or with the daylight.”

Our kiss was soft and sweet. A good wake-up call before breakfast. But we might skip the meal at the rate Nick’s tongue was going.

Nick made the passionate kiss turn into a frenzy, and I found myself in his lap. The bedsheet dropped to my waist, and his hands were on my tits. His thumbs grazed my nipples, and they stood erect for him. Magnetic to his touch—stuck to him as he pinched, caressed, and taunted them. His lips left mine and traveled down my collarbone. I came alive in his hold and craved nothing more than to be in command. I wanted to ride with the tide and be free with waves of lust—lost at sea with Nick on the horizon.

*Forever.*

I pushed Nick back and his head fell into the white pillows. My hand was on his chest to hold him back as I wrapped the other around his extremely erect dick and rubbed him in the palm of my hand. My husband was all mine. The grump in him, the tender side for me, his wisdom, and his gorgeous body laid out before me.

“What are you up to, my naughty wife?” Nick smirked.

The grin was too hard to pass up, and I leaned forward for a lazy kiss. Nick’s lips slowly caressed mine, and I dipped my tongue inside his mouth. Swirled the muscle around and left his mouth to travel down his chin. Past his fast-paced pulse in his neck, down his brawny chest, and right to where he needed my attention. My tongue licked up the sides of his firm cock.

“Yes, wife, you’re so good at that...” Nick exhaled a shaky breath. “Fuck, yes, just like that.”

My tongue flicked upward, and I gently nipped the head of his dick. A sharp intake of air filled his lungs, and he grabbed the back of my head. He held on tight as my wetness whirled around his mushroom-shaped tip, and he throbbed with want.

“Yes, just the tip,” Nick growled from above. “Take it, my slutty wife.”  
*I did.*

I took Nick’s cock head between my lips and sucked. Up and down I went as he set the pace with his fingers intertwined in my hair. Curled into a fist of sexual tension as he pushed me down further, and his dick filled my mouth. The warmth of the inside of my mouth wrapped around his girth and my saliva coated the journey. A ride we were both eager to enjoy as he hit the back of my throat and my gag reflex kicked in.

Nick let me up for air, and my spit dripped down his cock. I kissed the head of his dick and Nick inhaled a sharp breath. The tip of him was sensitive from my pleasurable play, and he was ready for me. Fully equipped to take my ripe pussy.

My husband let go of my hair and intensely watched me as I slid his hard-on inside of me. The glide was effortless because of my blow job. I turned Nick and myself on tremendously. The opportunity presented itself, and I was in full power. I held the reins of Nick Frost. My dearly beloved husband who was in for the ride of his life.

Nick groaned. “Fuck. My wife is so wet. So tight. But she looks so perfect riding my cock.”



Nick reached out and squeezed my tits. My hips rocked with my pussy against his cock, and the headboard beat against the wall. The sound of his grunts was bittersweet, mixed with my whimpers of passionate bliss. The smell of our sex filled the air, and the temperature rose in our honeymoon suite.

“Yes, yes, yes...” I moaned with each thrust.

The headboard banged louder and louder. The bed creaked as we both quaked and built toward our release. Our bodies were ready to explode.

Nick locked his eyes on mine, and his hands left my bouncing tits. He cupped my face in his hands and pulled me forward toward him. His dark, smoldering eyes were full of not only lust, but pure emotion. Care, need, and something more—a fondness I never expected as my hips rode him, and his thumb caressed my lips.

“I love you, Wynter,” Nick breathed as he opened his heart to me and locked me inside for all of eternity.

My heart swelled with happiness. The heavens opened up, and I was on cloud nine. Nick’s gift of loving me was all I had ever wanted to receive. A truth I’d cherish until my last dying breath. Nick Frost was in love with me.

The headboard thudded against the wall and mixed with the fast beat of my heart. Nick’s mouth moved while the knocking continued, but no words came out. The image of his adorable face speaking words of devotion for all of me faded and everything turned bright white.

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# TWENTY-EIGHT

## Resistance

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“Mr. Frost? Mrs. Frost?” A voice hollered from behind a knocking door. “The cruise ship will dock soon.”

Nick groaned beside me, and I could barely open my eyes. Caught up in my dream, and groggy sleep weighed heavily on me. The dream hadn't been over, and I had missed the end. Disturbed by the damn room service, ready to begin their job. But they needed us out of our honeymoon suite to tackle their duty.

Nick shouted with irritation, “Okay, okay. Knock it off already! We slept in!”

A muffled voice from behind the door responded, “The ship will dock in half an hour.”

“Thank you!” I called out before Nick got another grumpy word in.

*Clearly, he wasn't a morning person.*

We were up most of the night. Lost in each other's arms, and Nick had awakened me for an early morning shower. His full intention was to clean ourselves off, but we had dirty thoughts in our minds.

We got lost in one another's touch, and the soft caresses of our skin were too much. Our tiny pecks turned into heated kisses. Our bodies were wet and slippery against each other.

We made out, and Nick got me off again. He was fully intent on pleasing me and hearing my moans fill the bathroom. My soft whimpers of bliss echoed off the walls, and he knew I was all his. Only his and forever his.

*At least, until this marriage was over.*

I laid on my belly with my arm draped across a white pillow. The soft sunshine peaked in through the window and my eyes blinked at the brightness. But something shimmered with the light and caught my attention.

*The wedding band Nick had placed on my finger.*

Diamonds twinkled brilliantly, and my eyebrows narrowed with confusion. I had thrown my wedding band at Nick in the heat of our argument. Angry and hell-bent on proving my point. But the beautiful ring was back on my finger.

Dark, sooty eyes blazed with a burn of emotions at me. The focus of certainty. A vision of passion and willingness to cherish me above all else. But there was also something swirling in my husband's eyes I couldn't describe.

Nick reached out and trailed his finger along my knuckles. Tingles erupted as they always did with him, and they rushed through me. I could never tire of his touch, but his body language was a recent development. Something had changed inside of Nick Frost. A light switch had turned on and he gazed at my wedding ring with a newfound meaning.

Nick asked, "Did you have a good sleep?"

"Yes," I answered with a gulp.

The moment was intense, and emotions hung in the air. Sexual tension was there and no longer just a burning attraction. I felt clumsy inside, awakened and scared. Things between us were in turbulent waters with us sleeping together. One wrong move and we'd be sure to sink deep into the vast blue of our souls, fighting to find one another and seeking a truth we weren't sure of.

*Was this love?*

I was sure I thought too far into this. Especially after the dream I had experienced, a vision of us together, but it felt all too real. Nick had spoken his deepest affection of love for me, and I never got to learn how it ended. I never got to tell him how my heart swelled from his genuine devotion—the words I hadn't realized I longed to hear from his lips, but it was all a dream. It was just a fantasy, and I had to face the harsh reality.

This wouldn't last. We only made a deal. An arrangement to see this through for both of us. For our companies and our namesake. We became lost along the way in each other's sensual desires and that was it. Nothing more.

Nick took my hand, his eyes blazed into mine. The heat sizzled between us, and I couldn't breathe. He had me trapped, consumed by him, and dearly devoted to him.

*Only him.*

Nick's lips brushed the skin on my hand. "Wynter, you're truly mine now."

"I am?" I gulped in a whisper.

"Yes, my wife..." Nick breathed and brushed hair behind my ear. "We've consummated our marriage, and I want you to keep this ring on. No matter what happens."

“But our divorce? The arrangement? I—” I breathed.

“Sh...” Nick shushed me with a brief kiss on the lips. “I don’t want to think about that. I just want to feel and remember the way you feel against my skin. The way you taste and the sounds you make.”

“But, Nick—” I argued.

“No. No but’s, wife.” Nick interrupted as he breathed against me, and his forehead touched mine. “No more denying this because we fucking deserve all of it.”

The future still lingered in my mind as Nick kissed me with passion. His mouth was distracting and intoxicating, like fine, aged wine. A clumsy euphoria I drank in, and I was free. But the truth still loomed over our heads.

*My heart stung, knowing this all had to end.*

We didn’t have eternal devotion to each other, and our hearts didn’t beat in unison. We didn’t finish one another’s sentences. Our souls wouldn’t meet on the other side. This marriage was a fraud, an imposter we faked to make it appear to be the truth, and the act would be over soon.

“We should stop.” I breathed heavily from our heated kiss.

“Mm...but I don’t want to. I never want this to fucking stop,” Nick grumbled against my lips.

“But the ship...” I mumbled between his kisses. “The ship...it’s going to dock soon.”

Nick cradled me closer until I could smell the aftermath of his cologne on his pillow. The aroma made my toes curl, and I could get lost in his scent for the rest of my life. But the real world awaited us.

“The ship can wait. The crew can take a break. Hell, life can cease to exist. I’ll pay for it all. Money is no object when it comes to my affection for you,” Nick admitted as he squeezed my ass and rolled me on top of him.

Nick kissed the tip of my nose and cupped my face in his hands. The pads of his thumbs caressed my cheeks, and they heated under his touch. His words had meant a lot. I dared myself to get lost in him all over again. I’d risk everything to be with him. But we had a plan, and we had to stick to it.

I needed to create some distance, and I had to fight my urges. We had to get off this path of uncertainty because I was scared as hell. Frightened deep down in my core of being hurt when this all came to an end.

I pulled back with my hands on Nick’s chest. His face of confusion mixed with rejection hurt my heart, stabbed into the vessel and bled it dry. My heart

stopped beating and turned to ice—frozen so I could make it out with my soul intact.

This was all too much. The way my heart sang for Nick made me overwhelmed. I needed some space and a barrier put into place.

“We should go,” I said in a firm tone.

I pulled the bedsheet up to shield my breasts and got off Nick. My restraint with him made him grab my wrist, and he trapped me in him all over again, but I refused to give in. I couldn’t take it. Not right now. Not with his gorgeous eyes pleading for one final round.

“What’s wrong?” Nick asked.

“Nothing,” I lied.

“Don’t you fucking lie to me, Wynter,” Nick snapped with hurt. “I know you. I know you better than you fucking know yourself.”

“Oh, is that right?” I snapped back and pulled my wrist from his.

“Yes, that’s right,” Nick breathed with undeniable certainty. “I know how your brilliant mind works, how your body aches for me, and your soul can’t stay away from me.”

Now I was mad. Angry at Nick’s refusal to quit. He had always been a stubborn man, hell-bent on what he wanted, and Nick wanted me. But Mr. Frost only craved my body.

Sure, I gave into temptation. I had got an everlasting taste of billionaire Nick Frost, but sex wasn’t everything. I had my business to think about and my heart to protect.

“This...” I said through clenched teeth. “Is a business agreement and nothing more.”

Nick quickly shot out of bed and grabbed my hand. He pressed the palm up against his rigid cock and made me stroke him. Up and down while his breath heaved in my face.

“Are you sure about that, wife?” Nick asked huskily with hunger.

My pussy throbbed, and the sexual tension between us fused—burned to life all over again as I closed my eyes and wanted to give in. Nick made me rethink my decision for an instant as I got lost in the twitch of his dick and the sound of his determined breath. A horny man ready to have his wife all over again.

*But enough was enough.*

Someone had to keep a level head. I had to be the one who put us through torment. It would be pure agony until this was all over. Until the day we went

our separate ways, and nothing would ever be the same.

I answered, "Positive. Now get dressed."

I yanked my hand away from Nick and didn't look back. I scurried like an embarrassed teenage girl and grabbed any piece of clothing on the way toward the bathroom. The door slammed shut behind me and I exhaled while I leaned against it. I heard his footsteps pace in the room and finally come to a stop.

The air whooshed into my lungs and stayed trapped inside. My ears listened for the sound of Nick, but nothing came. No noise except my racing heart.

I blew out the breath I held onto and focused on getting dressed. My advice was hard to take, but a lesson I had to learn. Especially with Nick Frost getting everything he wanted.

I threw on a lavender dress with a white cardigan over top. The attire was perfect for our snowy ride home. Back to the blustery days of winter and the place I dreaded returning.

I applied a light coat of makeup and smacked nude lipstick on my lips. My reflection gazed back at me with beauty and full-blown confidence.

*But inside, I was screaming.*

"Let's get this over with..." I sighed to myself.

I turned away from the mirror and reached for the door handle. My hand paused for a moment, and I held my ear against the door. I heard nothing from the other side. Everything was quiet, and I was ready to make a dash for it. But one main concern was on my mind.

*Where was Nick?*

I wouldn't know until I opened the door and faced my fate. A destiny that was unclear and ran amuck. I'd either find a clear disaster ready to unfold, or the answer I had always been waiting for. I wouldn't know unless I opened the goddamn door.

I turned the doorknob, and the door nudged ajar. My eyes peaked through the tiny crack, but only revealed the front door. The entrance to our suite was open, and I exhaled a sigh of relief as I pushed the bathroom door out of my way. But there was Nick, seated on the edge of the bed.

My husband dressed himself with an unreadable expression on his face. Shivers of attraction crawled up my spine at Nick in a full suit. Ready for business and sexy as ever. A complete heartthrob who I couldn't take my

eyes off of, but I had to. I needed to look away and tame the naughtiness inside of me. Nick Frost was enticing, but I had to stick to our primary goal.

*No more sex.*

I had to get back home, in my bed, and away from my husband. My extremely desirable other half.

“I wanted to apologize for my behavior,” Nick said as he stood up from the bed and headed toward me. “I got carried away.”

“Good. I’m glad you’ve come to your senses, Nick,” I breathed and clamped my hands together. “We can’t let our genitalia do all the thinking.”

“No, but...” Nick whispered as he inched closer with his face in front of mine. “I got carried away with consummating our marriage last night into the early morning hours.”

“I know, but we have an agreement,” I breathed.

Nick leaned forward and whispered in my ear, “And we get into a lot of disagreements too, wife.”

“Yes, we do,” I whispered.

“But that’s what married couples do...” Nick whispered as his breath tickled my ear, and he brushed strands of hair aside. “They argue and fucking make up.”

I gulped. “What’s your point, hubby?”

Nick whispered, “My point is we’ll get over this quarrel.”

“And you think we’ll kiss and make up?” I asked.

“No, I don’t just kiss, wife. I like to fuck. Hard,” Nick breathed as his whiskers grazed my ear from top to bottom.

My sharp intake of breath caught Nick’s attention and a low rumble vibrated from his chest. He sniffed up the scent of my hair, but he resisted the powerful urge to touch me. To take me and remind me of one thing—I was his.

“And make no mistake...” Nick growled in a low whisper. “I will have you again.”



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## TWENTY-NINE

### Farewell

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Nick withdrew himself from me. The stare in his eyes was a bold one. He knew what he craved now more than ever before.

*Me.*

*His wife.*

I held my breath until Nick's eyes left me, and he turned around. I couldn't let him see how much his words struck me. Pierced into my soul and made my pussy quiver with want. Nick Frost was a man of power, and he held me trapped in his unwillingness to let me go. He had taken a bite of frosting from my sugar cookie, but he wanted it all.

Every. Last. Crumb.

People bustled into the room, and I knew it was time to go. The fake honeymoon was through, and we got set for home. Our half hour was up, and the cruise ship was about to dock.

I picked up all the items I had purchased with my husband's money and stuffed them back into the shopping bags. Every bra, panty, and bikini. All the bags were in my hands, and I was ready to get out of there. Prepared as much as I could be to put this all behind me and move on.

Nick cleared his throat. "No, drop it."

"But you bought this all for me?" I asked, with confusion.

"I won't have my wife lift a finger," Nick explained. "Leave everything here, and I'll have my staff drop off your belongings."

I shrugged and dropped the bags. "Okay."

*That was easy.*

Nick extended his arm. "Come on. Let's go home."

I should walk past him and give Nick the cold shoulder. Reject his invitation to lead me to his limousine that surely waited for us after we disembarked from our trip. But we had an appearance to preserve.

*Our marriage as husband and wife.*

My arm looped through Nick's and a familiar sensation arose. The tingle whenever I touched him, and a whiff of his cologne, always attracted me to him. The handsome look of pride whenever he showed off his wife. Along

with the comfort and constant protection he gave me. All these feelings jumbled into one. Nick made it hard for me not to crumble and be straight back where he wanted me to belong.

We left the honeymoon suite, and it was a bittersweet goodbye. Our room had served us well, and this vacation was memorable. In more ways than one. This trip brought me closer to Nick Frost in a way I had never expected. Right into his bed. Into Nick's arms, and I never wanted to leave, but the dream was too good to be true.

Our marriage would be over soon, and this bond would exist no more. We couldn't even go back to the way our relationship once was because we had slept together. Everything was far too complicated, and keeping our distance was the only option.

*At least behind closed doors.*

"There's your friend," Nick muttered in my ear.

Maggie dressed herself in normal attire and was no longer an elf with a passion for Christmas. She was like any other ordinary person ready to head home to her husband. The cruise was over, and it was time for everyone to head back to reality.

"She's not my friend," I whispered back. "Don't draw attention and maybe—"

"There are my favorite passengers!" Maggie cried out with glee.

"Oh, hey!" I called back with a forced giggle. "There's our favorite elf."

"So much for not drawing attention," Nick muttered with a brief chuckle.

*Crap.*

My smug-ass husband was right. Maggie was over the top—hell, maybe even a bit crazy—but I hated to be rude.

Maggie held a gift in her hands. A special present for each guest with their farewell from the cruise. It was a pretty snow globe to remember the Christmas cruise of 2023. Something to entice passengers to come back for another trip.

Competition was tough. Companies had to stand out and a festive gift would do the trick.

"You grab the globe, and I'll make a run for it," I muttered under my breath to Nick.

"Oh, not so fast, wife," Nick expressed, and tightly gripped my arm.

"Stop being a *Grinch*."

"I'm not a...." I mumbled as my words trailed off.

“Here’s a present to add to your Christmas mantle next year.” Maggie smiled and extended the snow globe. “It was a pleasure having you board our cruise for this holiday season.”

Flakes of snow swirled inside of the globe, and a small cruise ship was right in the center. Glitter rolled with the blue waves below the ship and a snowstorm whirled overhead. The globe was a pleasant touch.

“Hey, thanks!” I chimed with false excitement. “This will be great by the fireplace, don’t you think, hubby?”

“It will look perfect,” Nick replied.

Suddenly, arms tightly wrapped around my middle, and pulled me in close. A whoosh of air left me and Maggie’s friendly hug shocked me. Along with her strength as she squeezed me and made it hard to breathe. She was far friendlier than I had ever expected, but it honestly shouldn’t surprise me.

“Okay!” I breathed squeakily and gave her a pat on the back. “We’re hugging now.”

Maggie let go and clapped her hands together. She didn’t have to wear an elf costume to be in the festive spirit. This woman was full of enough holiday cheer to last until next Christmas.

*But holy shit was she strong!*

“I’m sorry, I get excited when we make lasting relationships with our customers!” Maggie exclaimed with a high-pitched giggle.

“Yes, it was...memorable,” I sighed, speaking truthfully.

I didn’t tell a lie. This trip was memorable, and Maggie played a part in that. No matter how insanely generous she may be, she left lasting memories.

Maggie pulled us in close. Closer than we needed to be, and I was sure I saw a twinkle of mischief in her eye. A glint of her naughty side all ready to strike one last time.

“And remember to give that vibrator a try,” Maggie whispered as her eyebrows wiggled at Nick and me.

“Vibrator?” Nick pondered with curiosity.

“Yep. Sweet Vibes from the Sensual Seasons Xmas Edition,” Maggie sighed in remembrance. “It’s my favorite.”

“Okay, it’s time to go,” I breathed and cut the conversation short. “It was exceptionally interesting meeting you, Maggie.”

“We hope to see you next year!” Maggie called out with one last burst of glee.

I pulled Nick's arm with newfound strength and led us away from the unhinged elf. I pulled until we were out of earshot of her, and she was out of our minds before the situation got crazier. Maggie, the cheery frisky elf, was a person of the past. A North Pole treat that should stay stranded there for all seasons of the year.

"What's the rush, wife?" Nick chuckled, and his gray streak stood up straight with the breeze. "Things were getting interesting."

"They were?" I asked with a shake of my head. "No, they weren't. She's clearly lost it, and I have no idea what she's talking about."

Nick breathed, "Liar."

I let my arm drop from Nick's arm and reached for the limousine door. Yes, I clearly fibbed, and he knew it, but we didn't have time to talk about candy cane vibrators. Especially when the sweet stick came from my husband's very naughty mind and the elf back there didn't have a clue.

"So, what if I lied?" I shrugged and sat down in the leather seat. "We aren't having sex again or playing with any of your intimate toys."

Nick placed his hand on the frame of the car, and he leaned forward until his face was only inches from mine. His eyes swarmed with mischief. He gave his bottom lip a lick with a slight tug of his top teeth. The lower lip released, and his warm breath fanned my face.

*Was it hot in here or did the chauffeur have the heat cranked?*

"Are you sure about that, wife?" Nick asked.

I held his gaze and resisted temptation. "Yes, I am positive. There will be no 'Sweet Vibes' in the vicinity of my pussy."

"Your friend disagrees," Nick breathed with certainty.

Nick ran his hand along my thigh. The bare flesh tingled with his caress as he climbed higher, and I knew where he'd love to go. He wanted to start at my hot center and take a dive inside. But my pussy wasn't open for his thrill.

I pushed his hand away. "Maggie is not my friend. Clearly, you have lost your mind too."

"Or you are in denial of the inevitable," Nick breathed as he grabbed my face and made my lips press together. "Now pucker up and give your hubby a sweet kiss."

Nick met my mouth with a forced kiss, and I fell into it within seconds. Our lovers' spat ended, and we were back on the road of bliss. His lips were like velvet as they danced over mine and made my womanhood sing a song just for him. Mr. Frost knew how to dazzle his wife and shut me up before I

ruined our plan. The scheme could blow up in our faces in a matter of minutes with any gossip. We were much closer to home and had to keep up this pretend marriage.

“Mm...good girl.” Nick groaned as he pulled away and closed the door.

I sat there breathless and stunned by his change in behavior. My bitterness toward him to keep him at a distance was off to a terrible start. Nick Frost made the situation difficult with his constant need to not listen. As stubborn as he was, I was also strong-willed. I didn't get this far by being a pushover.

*All's fair in love and war.*

“Driver, follow the directions I gave you earlier,” Nick ordered and fixed his suit's tie.

The silk piece of fabric loosened to Nick's liking, and he exhaled a sigh. I crossed my arms in my seat. There was an empty seat between us, creating the distance I had longed for, and he had finally given it to me, but Nick could break the separation at any moment.

*Because Nick Frost knew he held the power.*

It took everything in me to deny Nick. All the energy to push him away and he saw right through me. Nick knew me better than anyone else on this entire planet because I had let him.

I let Nick in to see who I truly was, down to the very depths of my soul. He understood my drive to succeed, my most intimate passions, and what made my mind brilliant. He knew my lowest points and my downfalls. Nick Frost knew everything about me. He knew I'd withstand him with everything in me. But we couldn't avoid the obstacle in front of us.

*Zaydon.*

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## THIRTY

### Mansion For Two

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The limousine bounced over the potholes formed under the snow. The suspension fought back with each bump in the road. It was a brief distraction from the reeling thoughts in my head about the next steps coming ahead.

Our marriage had to appear real to everyone in our lives. From friends to acquaintances, employees, and business partners. We even had to please the public eye. Strangers had to believe our love for one another was true. Nothing about this relationship could be mistaken, and the only one we had to worry about was Zaydon.

Zaydon Frost had to believe I was head over heels in love with his father. He needed to see that his dad was in love with me. His ex-fiancée from not even a week ago.

*How the hell were we going to pull this off?*

Everything about this had gotten out of hand. We should've made a plan. We were in over our heads.

*Were we engaged in a secret love affair?*

No.

I couldn't do that. Zaydon knew me better. I couldn't cheat on someone I had loved. Not like he had cheated on me with my best friend.

*Was our elopement a quick fix?*

Yes.

An overnight decision made based on my broken heart. One Nick felt obligated to because I was his best friend's daughter. But this all still makes little sense.

Zaydon was Nick's son. He'd never hurt his son like this. No matter how much Nick Frost cared for me, he loved Zaydon with all of his heart.

I blurted out, "We have to get our story straight. What are we going to do about Zaydon?"

"What about him?" Nick asked.

I peered into Nick's eyes and wondered. "How am I going to tell my ex-fiancé that I married his father?"



“It’s simple. You’re not,” Nick voiced sternly.

“What?” I questioned in disbelief.

“Leave it to me,” Nick answered.

“That’s it?” I breathed in frustration. “I’m just supposed to leave everything in your hands and let you take care of it? You expect me to not take any responsibility for my part in all of this?”

Nick simply nodded and answered, “Yes.”

“No, I can’t do that,” I argued.

“Yes, you will, because Zaydon is my son,” Nick voiced and pointed at his chest. “It’s my responsibility to break the news to him.”

Nick Frost held a firm front. A brave stance with a tough exterior. But inside, he was a damn mess.

I could see right through Nick. He was weak, scared, and unsure. My feelings mirrored his and I, too, felt it deep inside. His wall of authority had crumbled, and I had to help ease his worries.

We were a team. A united front had to be held, and there was no room for error. We’d fight this battle and come out on top together.

I had to talk Nick up from his lowered confidence. We needed to remain poised. Ready to come home with a strategy. We direly needed a plan.

*Fast.*

I boldly asked, “How are you going to tell your son that I’m his stepmother?”

Nick stared at me for a long moment, and the clock ticked by as the gears turned inside of his mind. This very question had already run through his head, but I knew Nick Frost. Stubborn and determined Nick, who always had a plan.

“First, I’m going to give him shit for breaking your heart. Then I will congratulate him on becoming a father by cheating on his bride behind her back,” Nick voiced with unreadable body language. “And finally, I will make my son lose his mind by telling him I married his ex-fiancée instead of him taking the plunge.”

I stared at Nick wide-eyed and breathed, “Really? That’s your big plan?”

“Well, the first two, yes...” Nick admitted as he pointed to the wedding band on his ring finger and shook his head. “But this? I have no fucking clue how I’m going to explain this.”

*Great.*

*We were back at square one.*

The golden band on Nick's finger should be on his son's finger. The ring should symbolize a love between newlyweds and not a pretend elopement. Scratch that. Nick didn't have a plan, but I couldn't blame him.

Everything was a mess, and we were a disaster. Nothing about this marriage was going to plan. Nick was struggling, and all I wanted to do was take my husband into my arms. Let him get lost in me all over again even though I swore to myself not to. But my dearly beloved needed me.

There was a war raging inside of Nick because this was about his son. The human he had helped create. A little boy he loved and a man he cared about unconditionally. But Nick was about to blow his son's world apart.

I placed my hand on top of Nick's in the empty middle seat. My thumb caressed his skin and tried to soothe away the guilt he had inside of him—the accountability he held for himself with this situation. But Nick wasn't the one to blame.

*I was.*

My wedding day was a Christmas disaster, and none of it was Nick's fault. In the agony of my heartbroken moment, I couldn't think straight. I had peered into Nick's smoky, deep eyes and wanted him to get me out of there. I threw him into the middle of my ruined wedding when he should've been at his son's side.

*Not mine.*

I placed Nick's hand within my own and squeezed. "Blame this all on me. Zaydon can hate me, but he shouldn't hate his father."

Nick peered down at our intertwined hands. Our wedding bands were side by side, a union of togetherness, but we felt worlds apart.

Nick looked up at me and sighed. "I can't let you do that. Not when it comes to you, Wynter. You're my wife, and I should take your side."

I breathed, "Then tell Zaydon I was heartbroken, lost, and enraged. A jealous woman hell-bent on revenge against him. Tell him you cared too much to see me in so much torment, and I begged you to take it all away. That I, Wynter Ravenhurst, threw myself at you and pleaded with you to marry me. But you only made me your wife to keep me quiet. I was a spiteful wronged bride and if you didn't, I'd wreck your son's life. I'd tear his heart apart piece by piece, just like he did to me."

"I don't agree with this plan one bit, sugarplum," Nick admitted as he brushed my hair behind my ear and stared deeply into my eyes. "But I'll do anything you want me to."

“Good,” I breathed with a fake smile to reassure Nick. “Because we don’t have any other choice.”

“We could run away together and escape all of this?” Nick invited me with certainty in his eyes. “Just the two of us.”

*I’d love that.*

I leaned into Nick’s touch and closed my eyes for a brief moment. I got caught up in him when I knew I shouldn’t be. But the thought of us vanishing got away from me.

Lost in a fantasy of Nick and me on our own private beach. The waves would crash ashore as he carried me out to the water, and we’d passionately kiss. His hands would cup my ass and make me moan into him. I’d feel my pussy against his firm cock, sweetly wet and waiting for him. The heat of the moment would consume us as the cool ocean chilled our feverish need. But nothing would tame our flame that burned brightly.

The brush of the pad of Nick’s thumb across my lips brought me back to reality. My eyes snapped open, and we were too close. Too near for the distance I had to maintain. I must be the strong one and reject our smoldering flame.

“No,” I breathed and pushed his affection away. “Too much is at stake.”

*Like my aching heart.*

Nick blew out a breath. He fixed his tie back into place and stared straight ahead. The old Nick was back, and he was no longer uneasy or weak. Nick Frost was confident, in charge, and willing to win.

“I won’t have my wife denying me for much longer,” Nick said with conviction.

“I’m not withholding anything from you, Nick,” I breathed.

Nick peered straight into my soul. “Yes, you fucking are. I know you inside and out, Wynter Frost.”

The air was too intense—thick with sexual tension—and I had to get out of this damn limousine. I had to escape Nick’s hold before I succumbed to my body’s undying need.

“Driver! Driver! Are we there yet?” I asked impatiently.

I received no answer. Just the soft hum of the heat coming through the vents and the crunch of the snow below the tires. I gazed out the window and everything seemed unfamiliar. We had been driving for some time, but I had lost track of time because of Nick.

*Damn him.*

*I cursed Nick Frost, and the day I met him.*

Him and his sexy good looks. And that undeniable charm Nick knew he could use on me to get what he pleased. His protective personality with me made my heart swoon, and I always got lost in those dark chestnut eyes.

“Do I make you restless, wife?” Nick asked.

“This entire situation leaves me irritable, and I can’t wait to sleep in my bed,” I admitted.

Though partly true, I hated the thought of returning home. Back to my lonely condo all alone. No longer filled with a future, only lost memories. It represented a time I wished to move on from, but the walls within would talk to me. They’d speak of a time I thought I was madly in love. I had been caught up in who I thought was my doting fiancé, but Zaydon was none other than a lair.

Well, Zaydon Frost was about to get a taste of his own medicine—a huge lie formed by his ex and delivered by his father. A plan all ready to go, no matter how crazy it made me appear, because Zaydon had to believe his father would marry his ex-fiancée.

The answer was simple. Complex, but perfect. Nick cared about his best friend’s daughter, and he wholeheartedly loved his son.

Nick didn’t marry me for love. He married me to keep me entertained. Zaydon, the ex who deceived me, would accept that. And he’d know Nick did it all for him.

Our plan wasn’t an easy pill for me to swallow. I’d love nothing more than to hit Zaydon right where it hurt. But I’d only hurt Nick.

Frustration grew from the idea of our scheme and my unwanted return to my condo. My aroused body didn’t help matters. I was a hot mess, ready to combust if this limousine driver didn’t hurry the fuck up.

“Are you anxious to get home, sugarplum?” Nick asked with a half-grin.

“Yes, I am,” I lied through my teeth.

Nick peered out the window and up a hillside. His smile grew even wider than ever before, and his energy gave off a confident vibe. The reason for this change in him was unknown. He had fought me hard on living with him, and I imagined the idea of my return home would put him on edge. But Nick was the opposite.

“Well, we should be there any minute now,” Nick breathed as he glanced over at me, and a glint shimmered in his eyes.

I shook my head and stirred in my seat. Uneasiness took over me as I peered up in the direction Nick had been looking, but the vehicle turned and headed straight up the curved slope. I couldn't see much ahead of us and only the beautiful landscape moved past.

I crossed my arms and heaved, "I think you've lost your mind, Nick Frost."

"Only when it comes to you, wife," Nick said effortlessly.

Suddenly, the limousine came to a halt. I jerked with the motion and pondered the rash stop. My head moved around to view anything familiar, but I came up empty.

"Why did we stop?" I asked with curiosity. "We're not even close to home."

No busy city street. No, stoplight for miles. There must be some mistake.

"We aren't that far from the city, actually," Nick admitted as he opened his door and glanced over his shoulder at me. "Why don't you come see?"

I heaved, "Fine."

I pushed my door open with agitation; I was in a testy mood. All I wanted to do was get home and sleep away this madness. Forget about my husband, everything we had in store, Zaydon, my dreadful condo and...

My mouth fell open. No one could pick my jaw up from the ground, no matter how hard they tried. Shock coursed through me at the familiar sight before my eyes, and I couldn't believe it.

A real estate agent staked a sold sign into the freshly dug ground, and beyond that was a mansion. The same one from the advertisement I saw online back on the cruise ship. The property I had admitted I loved and wished with all my heart I could own.

"I...I..." I whispered, my mouth agape.

My heels tapped along the new concrete slab, and I walked toward my dream home. I blinked my eyes repeatedly and thought the image would go away. But the house remained intact in front of me.

"What's going on?" I breathed in confusion.

I gazed over in Nick's direction when no answer came. Nick wasn't on the other side of the limousine. I spun around at a noise from behind me and peered down at the most unbelievable surprise.

*Nick Frost was down on one knee.*

My heart hammered in my chest at this moment I had missed before—a precious memory with my dear beloved that I never got to have. A proposal

from Nick.

Nick held a red velvet box in his hand. The jewelry box was small in his grasp as he opened it, and my hand came up to my mouth. My flabbergasted breath puffed against my hand, and I couldn't help my longing for him.

Nick asked, "Will you do me the honor of accepting the keys to your mansion?"

I blurted with disbelief, "What?"

"It's yours, Wynter..." Nick confessed, kneeled down on one knee in the snow. "I bought you a new place for you to call home."

"No, there's no way—" I responded with doubt.

"Yes, there is," Nick interrupted and took my hand. "I told you I'll do anything for my wife."

Happily surprised, I asked, "But my condo, my things—?"

"I've taken care of it all," Nick interrupted with a gorgeous smile. "All you need to do is sign some paperwork to sell the condo to the new owner, and it's a done deal."

"I...I don't know what to say." I sighed in shock.

"Just say yes, wife," Nick breathed.

"I can't accept this life-changing gift," I whispered and placed my hand over his. "This is way too much, Nick."

"No, it's fucking simple. You loved the mansion, and my wife's wish is my command," Nick insisted.

I shook my head with a slight laugh. "This is crazy, but there's only one way I'll accept."

"You name it and it's done," Nick breathed.

"Move in with me until the divorce is finalized?" I asked before I could take it all back. "After that, we will go our separate ways."

Nick peered up at me at my bombshell of a question—I had surprised Nick with my own little gift. *Live with me for the remainder of our marriage.* He had bought me a freaking mansion with his billions and had every right to live in it. This massive mansion required two occupants. Not one. Besides, there'd be enough space for distance. Plenty of rooms to divide us from our attraction toward one another. Nothing could go wrong.

Nick agreed without a second thought. "My precious wife, I love the sound of that."

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## THIRTY-ONE

### A Second Chance

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Nick had made everything possible. He bought me a dream mansion worth 1.9 million. He sold the condo and arranged movers to transport everything to my new home. He had all my belongings set up and ready for me as soon as we walked through the front door.

No longer was there any dread or regret at having to return home. All the turmoil inside of me was at rest because of my hubby.

Bright white paint freshly coated the walls, and dark hardwood floors were throughout the home. A curved staircase was right at the front entrance and led directly upstairs to multiple rooms. The main floor had a massive kitchen with high ceilings and an island large enough to seat everyone for a Christmas dinner. The black granite countertop island was a remarkable focal point, and the appliances were a cook's every wish. The space was lined with white cabinets and unique lights hung above the island. Beautiful white crystals glimmered with bright lighting, and a long hallway was outside the kitchen. The white walls led toward the rest of the main floor's living space, and the impressive three-car garage. But the mansion didn't end there.

Downstairs, there was more room to lounge by the fireplace and snuggle up for a movie on the big screen. It was our own movie theater with recline seating and a bar for entertaining guests. An event I wasn't sure we'd get to do before our marriage was through. This was the lavish life I always dreamed of, and Nick Frost had made it all come true.

"Does the main bedroom meet all of your needs?" Nick asked as I joined him in the kitchen, where he stood behind the island.

"Yes, it's perfect," I answered with a satisfied smile.

"Good. I made sure the moving company put everything where you needed it," Nick said with a slight tilt of his whiskey glass and a nod of his head.

I ran my hand along the smooth granite top and stared straight at Nick. My heart was still overcome with emotion at everything he had done for me. In awe of my husband and his constant need to please me. He lost me in the



amazement of his desire to grant me all I had ever imagined, and the surprises kept coming.

Nick Frost was a gift to unwrap gradually. Every shred of decorative paper was another surprise I never saw coming. I hadn't unboxed all that was inside of this magnificent man who was my husband.

"Who are you truly, Nick Frost?" I asked with admiration.

"I'm just a husband who desires my wife to have every fucking little thing she wants," Nick answered with certainty.

"Well, you've certainly done it." I giggled as I came around to the other side of the island and stood beside him.

"And are you happy?" Nick asked with a raised eyebrow. "No more grim thoughts about a future place to stay?"

"Yes, I'm the happiest woman alive," I whispered with a smile. "No, more bad thoughts about home."

Nick leaned forward and kissed my nose. "Good."

"But..." I breathed as my fingertip tapped the whiskers on Nick's chin and a thought set in. "I'm wondering if you have any more surprises for me?"

"Saint Nick doesn't gift and tell all of his secrets," Nick whispered mysteriously.

Santa also doesn't have a six-pack. He doesn't have dark hazelnut eyes I got lost in every time I looked at him. Santa Claus wore a red suit, while Nick wore a black suit and tie. The old jolly man was a fantasy of every child's imagination. But Nick Frost was my husband and wasn't a figment of my imagination.

"What's next? Are you going to pull a brand-new car out of your magical red sack?" I teased him with a jab at his side.

Nick chuckled. "Is that on your wish list?"

"No, why do I need a car when you have a limousine driving us everywhere?" I added.

"Point taken," Nick said with a brief nod of his head.

Nick lifted the glass to his lips and took a long drink. I watched him enjoy the flavor and reward himself for a job well-done. His present to me was a success and another wish off the list. It was a desire I had hoped would one day come true ever since I was young. I wanted a palace with a love purely true, and a family to raise in our fortress and grow old together. But only part of the dream would come true.

“I wish my parents could be here to see this,” I breathed as I looked around and pictured their warmth around us.

“Me too, Wynter,” Nick admitted.

A dense emotion, resembling a smoky chimney, filled the room. The fire of sadness filled our hearts with a cry from deep within our souls. The grief of losing those we loved was still strong in our minds, and their spirits were powerful from the memories they left behind. Nick’s best friend, a man of the past, and my parents—a beloved bond I always held close to my heart. I could still envision them, but the sounds of their voices had faded.

“God, I miss the sound of their voices,” I whispered in sadness. “I can’t remember what they sound like after all these years.”

The thought tugged at my emotions and pulled at my lonely heartstrings, but no music played. No beat could strum through because they weren’t here. They were gone.

*Forever.*

“Shit...” Nick breathed as he wiped the tears from my cheeks and tilted my chin until I met his eyes. “I fucking hate seeing you cry.”

“I’d give anything to hear their voices one more time,” I whispered as my lower lip trembled and blurriness took over my vision.

“Anything?” Nick asked as his dark eyes stared into my soul like he wished to take all the pain away.

I whispered, “Anything.”

Nick took out his cellphone from his suit jacket pocket and, with one hand, he typed in his passcode. The screen lit up, and I pondered what could be so important on his device. I was upset. But Nick wanted to communicate with someone else at a time like this?

“Unbelievable...” I sighed with hurt. “Here I am crying about my dead parents, and you want to be on the phone?”

“No, that’s not what I—” Nick said.

*But I didn’t want to hear Nick’s lousy excuse.*

“Oh, screw you, Nick,” I interrupted angrily.

I pushed my chin away from his grasp and took a step back. Nick had wounded me in the worst way possible. He opened me up to an enormous surprise and stabbed me straight through the heart.

Nick was quick and grabbed my wrist. “Fucking drop the sass for once in your life and please listen to this.”

Nick dropped his cellphone into my hand. The motion was quick and as effortless as the press of his finger on the play button. And a voice I had almost forgotten filled the air.

*My father's.*

“Hey, man. It’s Neil. Sorry I missed your call. Date night with the wife went longer than we had planned, but you know how it goes. Got to keep my wife happy.”

“Sorry, Nick!” my mom called out through the speaker, and tears filled my eyes.

The sound of her sweet voice was one I had longed to hear. It was followed by a giggle, and I could picture her bright smile—a grin of affection toward my father—and the love alive between them. Soon to be taken away in a tragic accident they never saw coming.

Neil added, “But I’ll call you later, and maybe you could come over for a drink? Shoot the shit, you know how it goes?”

“Bye, Nicky!” my mom said in a teasing manner.

I could see her waving from inside of their vehicle. The last ride they ever took. Before, a car crash took away their future in a single heartbeat.

Neil chuckled. “Later, man.”

*And the message went dead.*

Tears fell down my cheeks, and my hand shook as I stroked the screen. I felt closer to them than I had in years, and all it took was a single message left in my husband’s inbox. A single voice recording he had kept and saved after all these years.

Nick had given me the greatest gift anyone could get. It was the most precious moment no one else could give to me. A second chance. An opportunity to listen to my parents one last time.

*A moment I never thought I’d get ever again.*

I passed Nick’s cellphone back, and I knew I had jumped to a rash conclusion. Caught up in a moment of grief and selfishness, but I forgot to see. I should have noticed what was right in front of me.

*Nick.*

The way he cared for me as no one else would. How he protected me when my parents should. But they were gone.

*And Nick was still here.*

My safeguard. A warm haven. My tender embrace.

Nick understood my pain because he had lost them too. I wasn't alone in my grief, and he was right beside me. He was the one person in this entire world who I could turn to, and I had second guessed his devotion to me. For a split second, I had forgotten he missed my parents too.

"You kept this after all these years?" I asked in a whisper.

"Yes," he answered.

"Why?" I questioned, but I knew the answer deep inside.

"Because it's nice to hear their voices. It's nice to remember how happy they were instead of all the pain that came afterward," Nick answered as he held onto my hand, still wrapped around the phone, and caressed me. "And I thought that one day you should hear it too."

I peered up into his eyes filled with emotions. The affection he held for me mixed with the respect he had for my parents. A bond he shared with all of us combined into one.

I smiled. "Thank you."

"Anything for you, sugarplum. Anything," Nick voiced with the last word emphasized to the fullest extent.

My heart swelled and raced in my chest. The sadness left in the air and the attraction between us sizzled back to life. The affection he had for me was strong. Nick froze my tears of sadness and shattered them as he pierced into my soul.

Suddenly, there was a slam at the front door, and footsteps followed, but headed in our direction. We looked at each other as I wiped my tears and thought no one knew we'd be here. But someone did.

*An intruder had barged right through our front door.*

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## THIRTY-TWO

### Mouthful

---

“Dad?” Zaydon called. “Dad, are you here?”  
“Oh, my God, Zaydon?” I whispered, wide-eyed with shock.  
“Did you know he was coming?”

“How the hell would I know he was coming?” Nick whispered back through his teeth. “Quick. Hide.”

“What?” I breathed in disbelief. “In my home? The one you bought for me?”

“Exactly,” Nick whispered as he tucked his cellphone back into his pocket and pushed my head down. “Get down and stay down.”

“But—” I argued in a low tone and popped my head back up.

“No arguments, young lady. Zaydon doesn’t know we’re married, remember?” Nick explained and pushed my head back down. “He wouldn’t know you’d be here.”

“Shit. You’re right,” I whispered and dipped my head below the island.

I didn’t appreciate Nick ordering me around in my house. I also didn’t agree with Zaydon walking straight through my front door. These Frost men had another think coming.

“Dad?” Zaydon asked again.

“Um, yeah!” Nick called out as he tapped my head and made sure I stayed out of sight. “In the kitchen, son!”

“You’re a hard man to track down,” Zaydon said as he entered the kitchen, and his footsteps fell behind me.

My back was to the solid island, and it tucked me underneath. Ducked down where the barstools would tuck under, but I hadn’t had time to purchase any yet. A safe place for me to hide while Zaydon talked with his father. The long-awaited chat they had to have, but I never envisioned it’d be like this—with me trapped. My ears took in the tense conversation while my hands clamped together in nervous anticipation. But my eyes were at eye level with Nick Frost’s cock.

Nick asked, “How the hell did you get in?”

Stupid question. The answer was obvious. Nick was probably kicking himself in the ass right about now. But I couldn't blame him. I was just as nervous as he was.

"Well, dad, you left the door unlocked," Zaydon answered.

We needed to calm our nerves. Nick had to think of something else. He was going to blow it. I was freaking the fuck out.

*There had to be something I could do.*

My hands moved before I could think straight. They had a naughty mind of their own and came up with a solution. A wicked idea that would do the trick to get rid of our nervous twitch and a spasm of nerves I wanted to turn into an orgasm. Nick needed the release, and I required a distraction to ease my anxiety. Our situation was intense enough, and I was about to turn up the heat.

"Fuck," Nick groaned as my hands stroked his dick through his pants, and his fingers clenched the ledge. "Fuck. Me. I forgot to lock up."

"Yeah..." Zaydon said with a sound of confusion. "I figured you'd have a maid by now?"

I wanted to giggle. To burst out laughing right in my ex's face at the irony of this tricky situation. Because Zaydon deserved this. He earned me sucking off his father after all he did to me. All the lies and his cheating ways. But I had moved on.

*Straight to his dad.*

"Well, I'll have to get one now," Nick said hurriedly. "So, what are you doing here, son?"

I slowly unzipped Nick's pants with an effort not to make a sound. The slider peeled down as it went over the teeth of the zipper one by one. Steadily, with caution, I made it to the bottom without a peep.

*I was ready to give Zaydon's daddy a delightful treat.*

"Word got around that you bought yourself this sweet mansion," Zaydon replied as he knocked on the island top. He remained a suitable distance from his father. "But, I, uh, wanted to talk to you."

The nervousness was evident in his voice. Zaydon hadn't spoken with his dad since our wedding disaster. They had a lot to discuss. But I had my own dirty task at hand.

The front flaps of Nick's pants fell open, and I freed his massive boner from his briefs. He needed some sweet relief as his cock throbbed within my

grasp, and I stroked his soft skin. The veins pumped blood as his erection grew firmer than it was before, and I knew he was ready.

*Zaydon's stepmom was about to blow his dad's cock.*

I nibbled the tip.

"Mm..." Nick groaned from above with appreciation. "Is that right?"

"Yes, that's right, dad," Zaydon answered.

My tongue swirled around the head of his dick, and my hand cupped his balls. I stroked the loose, sensitive skin, and my fingernails grazed him. I repeated the process until I heard Nick make a sound. A small grunt of desire, but vague enough, Zaydon wouldn't know it was out of pleasure.

"Okay..." Nick said.

"Are you okay, dad?" Zaydon questioned, and I could imagine the puzzlement on his face. "You seem a little distracted?"

Yes, Zaydon. Daddy's very distracted. Preoccupied with his wife's mouth, about to wrap around his cock.

I stopped the swirl of my wetness and slid Nick's extremely solid member right into my mouth. My head gave one slight bob, and my other hand stroked the rest of his dick. I dared to moan quietly and sent vibrations to help build his climax. But Nick must've heard me.

"Mm..." Nick groaned until I finished, and he briefly added. "Nope. I'm not distracted. Not one bit."

Followed by a loud smack of Nick's hand on the granite top above my head. Good. My plan was working. I fully engrossed Nick in what he was about to receive. My guess was I alarmed him. But in a very good way.

"Okay...Dad," Zaydon sighed.

I bobbed my head faster with my lips folded sweetly around Nick's dick. The suction was fierce, and his veins pulsed. His entire candy stick throbbed in my mouth with pure ecstasy, and I knew he was close. The moment was so sexually intense, mixed with the need for an explosive release.

Nick asked quickly, "What would you like to discuss?"

Nick unclenched a hand from the edge of the island and dropped it to my head. His fingers grabbed as much of my hair as he could and pulled it tight. Even in a situation like this, Mr. Nick Frost still had to remain in control. He wanted to push my head closer toward him, taking his cock as deep as it would go. But not far enough for him to hit the back of my throat.

I still maintained power as I took him out of my mouth, and Nick didn't fight me. He welcomed the swirl of my tongue with a brush of my ear. The



touch turned me on as he played with my earlobe, and I wished Zaydon wasn't here. I'd take his dad and fuck him. Christen this damn island with a feverish need.

But Zaydon answered, "Wynter."

*Me?*

*Zaydon wanted to talk about me.*

*But why?*

"Hm...Wynter." Nick sighed, on the brink of gratification.

I was certain Nick would give Zaydon a stern look and would've done a whole hell of a lot more. The conversation was serious, and I chose this moment to give my husband a blowjob. But it was too late to turn back because Nick would blow his load shortly.

*Right in my mouth.*

Zaydon sighed. "I know you've probably heard what I did to Wynter. I know you're upset and I—"

Nick made a low rumbling groan from deep within. The sound vibrated up his chest and escaped his open mouth. A mix of intense desire and anger all in one. But Zaydon would only see the displeasure.

"Mm...yep," Nick said hoarsely on edge.

"Okay, you're mad at me. I get it," Zaydon heaved, and I pictured him rubbing the back of his head.

*God...get to the fucking point, Zaydon.*

He always had a habit of rambling on and heading off topic with the conversation. Especially when he was anxious, and his dad had him rattled.

Zaydon added, "But what I'm trying to explain is that I shouldn't have hurt her the way I did."

I slowed the bob of my head to listen closely. I never expected the direction of this conversation to unfold this way. Zaydon was admitting his fault. Even more shocking was his regret at what he had put me through. I thought my ex wouldn't take any blame for his betrayal. But he did to his father.

Nick exhaled a deep breath he'd been holding in. "No, son. You shouldn't have hurt her. Instead, you used her."

Zaydon sighed, "I know, but—"

I gave the head of his dick a flick with my tongue.

Nick slammed his fist down on the island and declared, "No. What you did to Wynter was inexcusable. She deserves to be loved and cherished for

the rest of her life. But you...”

I pictured Nick glaring straight at Zaydon, his finger pointed straight at him, all fired up with passion for me and disappointment directed at his son. It was a dangerous risk he took for me, and I thanked him with a long slow stroke up his dick.

“You broke her heart by sleeping with her best friend and getting her pregnant,” Nick growled with displeasure.

I took Nick in deeper with appreciation for having my back. My husband took my side and stood up for me after all Zaydon had put me through. All the pain, regret, anger, and embarrassment. Nick made my world right again.

My eyes burned as he hit the back of my throat, and a gag wanted to release from me. I held the need back and Nick clenched my hair again. I heard him inhale a deep breath to control the need to release. But I wanted nothing more than for him to fill me full.

“Okay, dad,” Zaydon said with apprehension. “I know you’re upset, but let’s take a breather here...”

Nick hissed, “I’m not upset, son. I’m ready to blow.”

I could hear Nick’s heavy breaths, and his chest heaved from the intense pleasure. His nostrils flared with the heat of the moment to protect me from his son. I knew his mind reeled with anger from his son’s actions. The overwhelming emotions all fused into one big eruption, ready to blow wide open.

“I get it, dad,” Zaydon said hurriedly as I heard his shoes shuffle and he moved in the opposite direction. “But I got to take a piss. Can we continue this conversation after I use the bathroom?”

“Please,” Nick breathed through pressed lips.

It was the only word Nick could manage after I nibbled his dick. I continued with a teasing lick and ran my tongue down his firm length. A low grunt left him, but only I could hear it. Zaydon stayed too preoccupied with taking a leak.

“Where is it?” Zaydon asked from further away.

Nick quickly answered, “Down to the left.”

Zaydon said, “Thanks, Dad. This chat is going better than I expected. You’re taking it like a champ.”

Nick whispered, “You have no idea, son.”

Zaydon left the room and went down the long hallway toward the bathroom. Nick pulled himself out of my mouth, and I poked my naughty

head out of hiding. My eyes caught Nick's and the heat of lust was in his smoky depths. A swirl of passion Zaydon wouldn't notice because Nick was his dad. But I was his wife.

*And a wife knew her husband best.*

"Oh, wife, you've been incredibly naughty," Nick breathed and stroked his dick.

The sight made my pussy wet. I dripped for Nick when I knew I shouldn't. A promise I made to myself to keep a distance between us. But a lot has happened in the last few hours.

"I only did it to ease your tension, hubby," I admitted a half-truth.

I also gave into the hidden act for a distraction. A much-needed diversion and a selfish, aroused need. I wanted my husband. No matter how hard I tried to fight the urge inside, I had to have him.

"And you were such a good wife while taking my cock," Nick groaned with desire and tapped his hand on the island. "Now sit your ass down and spread those pretty thighs for me."

I didn't waste a second and was randy as fuck. Zaydon could be back at any moment, and I didn't care. I pulled down my panties and hiked up my dress. I hoisted myself right into the position Nick had demanded and was ready for anything he delivered.

Nick growled with a feverish need at the sight of me. All wet and ready for him to take me. Quaked with wanting as shivers coursed through my body and his hands ran up my thighs. He headed straight for my aching cunt and his lips crashed down onto mine.

The kiss was a full need of hunger we both had. We were fueled up by my risky tease and his cock full with his seed. He was ready to explode his load as he guided his dick inside of me and my walls surrounded him—enclosed him in me and refused to let him go until we were through.

"Oh, fuck..." I sighed into Nick's ear.

Nick pounded into me as he breathed rapidly with need in my ear. My hands reached around his neck, but he stopped me. He placed them behind my back as my head tossed back, and he rammed into me. A heated want fired between us, and our climax grew brighter. Lights flashed behind my closed eyes and a loud moan escaped my lips, but Nick stopped me with a hand over my mouth. My needy cries of lust were muffled by him and captured for only him to hear.

"So tight and so fucking precious," Nick groaned against my chin.

A hushed cry came from me. “Oh!”

Nick slammed into me. Again and again. We couldn't conceal the sound of our sex. We couldn't hide the smack of our skin for much longer. Zaydon would head back any moment, and this quick romp had to end.

I thrust my hips along with his. We picked up the pace as my ass rubbed against the smooth granite, and I opened my eyes to look at Nick. His gaze never wavered from me, and I knew he was ready. Primed to come.

“Come for me, love, come all over your husband's cock,” Nick breathed with need.

My mouth opened as my release hit me full force, and Nick claimed my lips. He captured the squeal of pleasure overtaking me as he thrust into me over and over again. The fast-paced rhythm never quit as he came right after me and mixed his seed with my sweetness. He swore of his undying devotion to me as he buried himself deep in my core. Burrowed into my soul and made me his all over again.

“Fuck. I can't get enough of you, wife,” Nick breathed against my lips.

Nick tenderly kissed my mouth as he pulled out of me and set me back on my feet. A shudder ran through me as he bent down and pulled up my panties from around my ankle. The thin fabric was instantly wet from our quickie, and I'd be glad to change them after Zaydon left.

Nick fixed himself and never broke eye contact. He was a satisfied husband, and I was a very good wife. But Zaydon would be back anytime, and I had to get out of there.

“I'll go and—” I whispered until Nick cut me short.

Nick grabbed the back of my neck and pulled me in for another kiss. He really couldn't get enough of me. His need was too great, and the hunger grew all over again. His dick was hard and ready for round two.

“You can't just fucking go when all I want is you, wife,” Nick breathed into my open mouth with his hands in my hair. “I shouldn't want you. I should let you go because of my son, but I can't. I'd risk everything for you.”

“You would?” I asked.

“Yes, I would,” Nick breathed against my lips.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because I never want to quit tasting you,” Nick added.

Nick licked my lips. A moan escaped me. My husband ate up my whine of pleasure.

He said, “I could listen to the sounds you make for the rest of my life.”

Nick's lips left mine, and his nose trailed up my skin, across my cheek, and into my hair. He inhaled my aroma and let out a low groan of need.

"And I could get lost in the scent of you forever," Nick claimed.

Nick's hands left my hair and ran down my back. My backside hit the island, and his forehead touched mine. He peered deeply into my eyes and my heart raced. Nick stared into me with completion, and I reflected the fulfillment back at him.

"Wynter?" Zaydon muttered with surprise. "What the fuck is going on here, dad?"

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# THIRTY-THREE

## Undesired Fallout

---

I pulled away from Nick. My ex's return should have startled me, alarmed me, by him catching us in a close embrace. But I wasn't.

Deep down, I had wanted Zaydon to catch us. I wanted to give him a taste of what he had done to me. The revenge inside of me bubbled to the surface, and I got carried away. Bitterness had taken over me. Vengeance was sweet. But not at the expense of my husband.

"Son, let me take a minute to explain," Nick voiced.

"Explain this?" Zaydon interrupted and pointed at us. "The two of you together?"

My ex ran his hands through his hair and paced on the spot. His shoes shuffled back and forth. The sound was annoying, Zaydon's behavior was childish.

"Zaydon, please. Just listen to your dad for one minute," I pleaded.

"Fuck you, Wynter," Zaydon cursed with a glare. "You're not my mother."

"Don't you dare talk to my wife like that." Nick glared with his hands clenched.

"What the fuck did you say?" Zaydon asked, as he stopped and looked at his father.

"You heard every damn word, son." Nick heaved with power.

"Is this some sort of twisted joke?" Zaydon asked.

Zaydon locked eyes with me, and he peered down at my ring finger. He could clearly see the wedding band on my finger, and his eyes darted toward his dad. The golden wedding band on his finger as Nick took my hand in his and wouldn't let go.

"No, it's not a joke, Zaydon," I breathed truthfully.

"Dad?" Zaydon pleaded with hurt. "You stole my fiancée?"

"I was never yours to begin with, Zaydon," I declared with meaning. "Because you played me all along."

"And you fucking returned the favor," Zaydon sneered.

“Only in your screwed up mind,” I admitted with a shrug and looked straight at Zaydon.

“I was never with Wynter when you were with her,” Nick admitted.

“I fucking beg to differ,” Zaydon snarled. “I can’t believe I didn’t see the signs. All the longing stares and how close the two of you always were.”

This was it. The truth was out. Zaydon had seen everything with his own eyes. Our plan was in motion, but not the way we had pictured it. Nick never got to talk with Zaydon alone. He would’ve if I had stayed out of sight. But it was too late.

Zaydon had believed the shocking news of our elopement only because he had witnessed our betrayal. I didn’t want this for Nick. I wanted Zaydon to believe he only married me for the sake of his son. Not because we were screwing each other behind his back while we were engaged. But Zaydon had caught us in the heat of the moment, indulging in an attraction we couldn’t deny.

“Your father is telling the truth. Please listen to him because he’d never betray you like that,” I pleaded for Nick. “He loves you so much and would never intentionally hurt you.”

“Well, he did the moment he slept with you, slut,” Zaydon breathed with hatred.

I was ready to snap. Zaydon may now be my stepson, but he was out of line. He was the one who cheated on me for months while we were together. We were engaged to get married, and he was screwing around behind my back. Not me. Never me. I couldn’t do that. But Zaydon’s childish brain went to the worst-case scenario as soon as he found us together.

Nick puffed out his chest and let go of my hand. He stepped toward his son and was bound to unload. But he did everything in his power to hold himself back.

Nick glared with anger. “This is my wife, and I won’t tolerate you disrespecting her in our home.”

Zaydon’s eyes darted toward me and he laughed with sarcasm. “Wait a minute. This is your house together. You’ve got to be fucking kidding me!”

“No, he’s not. Your father was kind enough to buy this mansion for me.” I smiled in remembrance.

“Wow...you are not only fucking my father and eloping behind my back, but you’re living under the same roof?” Zaydon accused and stared angrily at me. “Talk about being a bitch and a gold digger after my dad’s money.”



Nick heaved an angry growl and launched forward. There was no time to stop him or think as the unthinkable played out. Filled with anger, Nick readied himself to take action against his mouthy son and punish him.

Something broke inside of Nick Frost, and he punched his son right in the nose; the blunt force threw Zaydon onto his ass. A grunt of shock left Zaydon, but pain overtook his face as his hand clenched his nose. Blood streamed through his fingers and all he did was give his father the most evil glare a child could give a parent. Zaydon loathed his father.

*And I was the reason for the hatred.*

Zaydon's hand fell from his face and Nick could see what he had done. Nick's chest heaved with regret and bitterness toward his son. Remorse for hitting his child when he never thought he had it in him. Hostility toward his son for his harsh treatment of me. The situation had gone completely out of control in one instant, and there was no way to take any of it back.

"Son...I..." Nick mumbled with guilt.

"You fucked up this time, Dad." Zaydon glared with loathing through clenched teeth. "This is something you will regret. You both will. I'll make sure of it."

Zaydon gave us both a long, bitter stare and grunted as he got to his feet. Blood dripped onto the hardwood, and Zaydon slipped on it. He fell to the floor with a hard thud, and the sound caused me to jump, startled by the turn of events and the pure hatred Zaydon felt for his dad. I didn't care about myself and the way my ex felt. All I cared about was Nick. And his son hated him.

Nick remained silent as he watched his son struggle get up off the floor. He was motionless while the child he helped bring into this world left. The boy he raised all alone, who he had betrayed in the worst way possible. But Nick added a punch to his son's face, all for his wife.

Nothing about this favored Zaydon. Zaydon's new stepmother—his former bride-to-be—ruined his relationship with his father. Everything about this was a disaster, and my heart hurt for my husband.

"Nick, I—" I breathed with sympathy.

"Don't. Fucking. Speak. It," Nick voiced in agony. "Don't you dare apologize for any of this because it's all my fault."

I wanted to hold Nick. I needed to take him into my arms and show him he wasn't alone in this. He'd never be alone because his wife would be right by his side.

My heart screamed for him, but he wouldn't look at me. He left the kitchen as I stood there in a numb fog at everything we had caused. All the hurt, pain, and heartache. But we did it all together.

*And for what?*

Our careers. The businesses we had to keep afloat. Our namesakes we made everything. And we had no choice but to deal with the fallout.

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## THIRTY-FOUR

### Bitter Revelation

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It was New Year's Eve. Out with the old and in with the new. A fresh start and a new beginning. Everyone would make resolutions for a new year and celebrate the year to come.

*But nothing was right in the Frost household.*

Nick wouldn't talk to me about Zaydon. We never spoke one word about the blow to his son's face. It was like the punch never happened. Zaydon was never here, and all had been forgotten.

I had gone to bed in the main bedroom, and Nick took the room beside mine. Normally, I would've fought him on the room arrangement because I wanted to maintain a distance; but Nick was in pain—pure agony over what he had done—and I knew him better than he knew himself. He was trying to hide it. He didn't want me to worry about the pain he had inflicted on his son. But what Nick didn't understand was that we had done this together.

As husband and wife, we had concealed the truth at all costs. We had made a plan while away from it all and the scheme had lost its way. Our act had gone way off course and left the page. We headed in the same direction, but on a different path toward the end. We had a marriage to see through until we signed on the dotted line.

I didn't like any of this one bit because this new plan hurt Nick. My heart ached for him, and I wanted to take on some of his pain. I yearned to wrap him up inside of me and help him forget all of his guilt.

Instead, he wanted to ignore everything and brushed the past mistakes aside. I had no choice but to go along with it. But it was only a matter of time before we had to deal with our choices all over again.

"Sugarplum? My limousine is waiting for us," Nick called out from the other room.

"Well, your driver can wait!" I called back.

I picked up the eye liner pen and applied a black line over the gold eyeshadow. I fully focused myself on the creation I made while Nick waited for me in the bedroom. He wore a black tuxedo with a gold vest underneath.

The golden glow enhanced the dark shimmer in his eyes. Nick Frost was drop-dead sexy, and I'd be perfect on his arm.

I was dressed in a short, gold and black sequined dress with black pantyhose running up my legs. I added a sexy touch with a gold and black lace garter to my very sensual lacy panties. I wore black heels, and I kept my long hair down. The locks were wavy over my shoulders and draped down my back.

I was ready for Nick's New Year's Eve party and for him to present me as his wife. To be introduced to customers, employees, and business partners. I had to come dressed to impress. Nick Frost was a popular billionaire many knew, and the pressure was on. I had to make everyone believe I was in love with my new husband after we had eloped over the holidays.

"Where is it?" I whispered to myself and searched in my makeup bag.

Red, pink, clear lip gloss. No, those weren't it. I required a simple touch, nothing too extreme.

I walked out of the bathroom with the makeup bag in my hand. My eyes caught Nick's as he paced the floor back and forth restlessly. Nick Frost was a stubborn man and along with that personality trait came impatience.

The sound of me rustling through my makeup bag caught Nick's attention. His dark eyes caught sight of me, and he halted on the spot. Consumed by the vision of me as he stopped breathing and took in the flashy outfit made for me. The swirl of a smoky haze whirled around in his eyes as they met mine, and I swallowed down the sizzle of sexual tension. Nick was a distraction, and I had to snap out of it.

"I've never seen a sight as breathtaking as you," Nick exhaled, captivated by me. "I'm mesmerized by my wife."

I blushed bright pink. "I can't find my nude lipstick."

*That's it?*

I must sound like an emotionless *snow monster*.

But I lost myself in my husband's enchantment.

I was flustered, unable to respond to Nick's compliment because I couldn't find the words. My manners were swept away by a snowy breeze and frozen on my lips. I should return the admiration.

"You make your tux shine," I said with a half-smile.

*Wow...*

That had to be the lamest compliment I could give.

Nick was my husband. He was the pretend love of my life. My fake soulmate. Our relationship was a scheme to save everything. But was that the best I could do?

Nick chuckled. "I'll take that as a compliment."

I blew out the nervous breath I held in with a jittery smile. My cheeks were on fire with humiliation. I wasn't good at this. Especially not with Nick. The man who I grew up around and my dad admired enough to view him as his best friend. But I had to get used to our turn of events.

*Because we were about to make our first public appearance.*

We were about to dive into the unknown. A place within our relationship we had never been before. We were about to introduce ourselves to everyone as Mr. and Mrs. Frost.

"Are you as anxious as I am?" I asked.

"No," Nick stated.

"How are you not a jittering wreck?" I questioned in shock. "I am, and this isn't even my party."

"Because I have you," Nick voiced with confidence. "My beautiful, sophisticated wife. Fear is what we make it, but with you by my side, I can do anything."

Nick was sure. He was certain of me. Of our fake marriage together. He knew we could pull this entire thing off. Because we were together.

My husband threw compliments at me left, right, and center. My husband left me flabbergasted with the compliments he threw at me. Lost in his affectionate trance and consumed by Nick all over again, but I had to break the spell. A change in subject would fix the curse.

I cleared my throat. "So, what's expected of me at this party?"

"I want you to gaze at me with love in your eyes and kiss me with such passion, we both can't take it," Nick explained for clarity.

I flushed. "Okay, that should be easy enough."

And it was. Way too simple. Nick was a frosty nip I always knew I needed.

"The plan is to celebrate my intimate line of sex toys with food and champagne. We'll entertain ourselves in conversation with the guests and watch fireworks as we countdown toward the new year," Nick said.

"There's going to be fireworks?" I asked.

"Yes, there will be a big display from the hilltop restaurant," Nick answered.

My eyes widened with wonder, and I dreamily breathed, “I love fireworks.”

“You do?” Nick asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Yes, they are my favorite,” I replied with excitement. “There’s something magical about them when the colors light up in the night sky.”

Nick watched my eyes twinkle with anticipation. He saw me come to life in a way he hadn’t before. A spark ignited inside of me, and I was ready for this party.

“Can you excuse me for a moment?” Nick asked as he held up his cellphone and pointed toward the device. “I have an important call to make.”

*A phone call? At this hour?*

“Uh, yeah, sure...” I mumbled in confusion.

The quick change in the atmosphere was sharp. Tension loomed around me, and I was back to uneasiness. Nick went from overwhelming compliments to an abrupt interruption. An urgent phone call to an unknown person before going to an important business party with his wife. The timing nagged at me and bothered me deep down inside of my gut. Something was off.

I walked back into the bathroom and left the door ajar while my reflection stared back at me. A slight wrinkle of my forehead and confusion danced in my eyes. I brushed my thoughts aside and found the lipstick I wanted. I applied the nude shade to my bottom lip, but I overheard Nick in the other room.

“I want everything to be perfect for *her*,” Nick said in a lower tone of voice.

*Her? Who the hell was she? She certainly wasn’t me.*

I was right in the other room, and Nick hid something from me—a secret I never saw coming, but should have known. Nick Frost was seeing someone.

Jealousy flushed through my veins and my blood boiled. Red, sweltering heat seared through me, and my head was about to explode. An envious grudge developed against a woman I didn’t even know. The piece of ass he kept on the side when he wouldn’t be with me. He had another woman before he found himself trapped in an unwanted marriage. The mistress Nick Frost didn’t disclose.

I smacked my lips together and threw the lipstick straight in the trash because I was enraged. The quick thud of the plastic against the metal bin

echoed throughout the bathroom. But I carried on because we had a party to attend.

My business had to remain the primary focus because I clearly wasn't Nick's. My husband had his whore on the side and had made arrangements for a secret rendezvous for two. Hidden from his wife and the public eye. Mr. Nick Frost had obligations, and I didn't make the list.

*My husband's side-bitch did.*

I opened the bathroom door in an angry flurry, and the knob hit against the wall. The swirl of bitter madness brewed inside of me. I shouldn't let this get to me because we only had an arrangement. This was an agreement between casual lovers and nothing more. Nick Frost didn't cheat on me because we weren't together, but I still felt like a woman scorned.

My heels stomped past a bewildered Nick. His eyes narrowed with confusion at my abrupt departure from the bathroom. The call about his hookup with his mistress had long since ended, and he trailed along behind me.

"Wynter?" Nick called out. "Wynter! What's wrong?"

I spun around and answered, "Nothing is, dear."

The fake tone of my voice gave away everything—I couldn't hide my disappointment. The shock was all too raw. Nick was in love with someone else, and he had kept the relationship a secret from me.

I may not be Nick's soulmate, the person he'd end up with in the end, but I still had feelings.

*Screwed up emotions for him.*

Nick snapped, "I don't fucking believe you. You better explain to me what's going on."

"No," I snapped back with an attitude.

My back turned toward him to hide the tears biting at my eyes. I blinked them back and inhaled a long, deep breath. Nick didn't deserve to see me upset over him. I wouldn't cry over a man who didn't want me and only pretended to care. In the end, that's what this was all about—a fake, fucked-up marriage where everything was make-believe. Just like in my fantasies.

I took off before Nick could touch me and headed straight for the front door. The limousine waited for us in the driveway of the mansion Nick had bought for me. He probably purchased this with a guilty conscience because he knew he kept a secret from me. Another woman who gave him everything I couldn't, and he only used me—slept with me because I was vulnerable and



more than willing. He fucked a young thing like me for pleasure and nothing more. Sex was an added bonus, and keeping his business intact was the main objective.

Nick strode ahead of me with his long legs and beat me to the limousine. He made a quick scurry for the door handle to keep up the impression of being a good husband. But his wife's emotional well-being was at its breaking point.

I sat down in the leather seat and wouldn't look up at Nick. He didn't deserve it. But I felt his intense, concerned gaze on me.

Nick leaned in close and whispered in my ear, "Whatever is going on with you, you better drop the bratty attitude before we get to the party."

With that, Nick slammed the door shut.

The entire limousine rocked with the force of it, but I didn't flinch one bit. I was too upset with Nick to care about his outrageous reaction toward my sudden change of attitude. But clearly, Nick Frost didn't like it. He didn't care for my sass one bit.

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## THIRTY-FIVE

### New Year's Eve Party

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The limousine took off in a mad dash because I had strapped us for time. The party couldn't start without the host and surprise hostess—the married couple in an unfortunate squabble.

Nick's eyes were on me, and I heard him shift in his seat. He adjusted his bowtie and pulled at his tuxedo jacket. He was an agitated grump, ready to lose his shit. But he better get it together because his guests awaited his arrival, and I wasn't willing to help him calm down.

My change in behavior got to Nick, or maybe this restlessness was because of his mistress. Maybe the arrangement he made over the phone didn't go according to plan and a slight hiccup in his secret plans with *her* nagged at him.

"What's wrong, hubby?" I asked sarcastically. "Are things not going as you had planned?"

I looked over toward Nick with a pout on my face, but deep down I didn't give a shit. My resting bitch face had turned into an actual cold, hard bitch. I was numb and tired of this game he played. The secret he had kept from me was enough to drive me into crazed madness.

*Zaydon Frost had fooled me once.*

*I'd be damned if I let his father fool me twice.*

"No, they aren't, wife," Nick questioned with frustration. "What happened back there?"

"Nothing," I lied.

"Bullshit, Wynter Frost," Nick snapped.

"Don't call me that," I bit back with sass and crossed my arms. "I won't be a Frost for much longer, remember? We should get used to that."

"I ought to take you over my knee and slap that defiance right out of you, wife," Nick hissed through his teeth. "But you'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"And I bet she would like it, too," I blurted out before I could stop myself.

I tore my eyes away from Nick and peered straight ahead. My emotions had gotten the best of me, and I had spilled the beans. I could almost hear the

wheels grind in Nick's mind as he thought about what to do. The smoke was thick as it blew out of his ears as he worked through another lie to feed me to keep this marriage arrangement from falling apart.

"Wait a minute..." Nick breathed with realization. "Do you think I have a lover on the side?"

I sighed. "I overheard you on your *important* phone call."

Nick gave a soft chuckle. The sound rumbled in his chest, and with one swift movement, he was right beside me. I didn't look into his eyes and tried not to give him any attention. My eyes stared straight ahead at the window on the driver's side, and I prayed he'd leave it be. But Nick Frost was a stubborn son of a bitch, and he wouldn't let it go.

Nick brushed my hair behind my ear and whispered, "Fine. Give me the silent treatment, my stubborn wife. I'll repeat myself until you answer me."

Nick let the tips of his fingers trail down my ear. A shiver crept up my spine, and I couldn't deny the attraction swirling between us. I fought the heat with everything I had because the truth was right between us.

Nick Frost loved another woman. He didn't care about me. My husband only used me.

Nick licked my earlobe. "Do you think I have a mistress, sugarplum?"

My belly flurried with a sweet heat—an ache of passion I only had for my husband. Everything about the sensation felt wrong, but right all at the same time.

*What the hell was wrong with me?*

Nick Frost was.

"Okay, I'll ask you again..." Nick whispered and nipped at my ear. "Does my wife think I have a secret girlfriend?"

I couldn't bear any more of this torture—the pure torment Nick played on me with his naughty tease. He knew exactly how to fine-tune me and fiddle with my strings.

*I had had enough.*

I snapped, "Well, you do, don't you?"

I pushed back from Nick, but he had me pinned. The door of the moving vehicle was at my backside, while my confrontational husband was in front of me. I had nowhere to go, nowhere to run. I had no choice but to face the man who had hurt me and deal with him head on.

"Are you jealous, wife?" Nick asked as he touched my lips, and his warm breath fanned my face.

“That’s ridiculous,” I snapped.

But Nick pressed on with a gleam in his eyes.

“You are jealous,” Nick breathed as he moved his fingers and brushed his lips against mine. “Don’t worry, wife. I’m jealous, too, whenever a man touches you.”

“I...I’m...” I sighed against his warm mouth.

“I can’t fucking take it. The thought of someone else’s hands on you,” Nick breathed as his hand came up to my collarbone and he squeezed.

“Another man taking what’s clearly mine.”

“Nick, please...” I pleaded.

I needed Nick to let me go. I couldn’t take much more of this, and my mouth was about to cave to him. The pleasure inside of me bubbled to the surface, and his hand around my throat slightly cut off my air supply. But in the most bittersweet, heated way.

“I’d end him in a heartbeat without a second thought,” Nick voiced passionately and licked my lips. “So, I can understand why my wife would be jealous at the idea of her husband with anyone else but her.”

Suddenly, the limousine came to a halt. The motion made Nick release me, and I grabbed the door handle. I dashed away from his deeply obsessive embrace and out into the chilled evening air.

Nick Frost had become a madman—a man possessed by *me*. His wife was his primary target for all of eternity. But, I felt perplexed.

Confused by our heated interaction only a moment ago and unsure about everything until this point. Nick expressed an unwavering passion for me, but he didn’t answer if he had a mistress on the side. He avoided the question, and I required an answer. But the mystery of the secret lover would have to wait because we had a party to attend.

Unsettled as I was, we still had to appear as a united front. Nick Frost needed his wife to hold it together, and I needed to do this for both of us—for the sake of our businesses and all we held dear. Nick’s questionable secret was the least of our worries.

I fluffed my hair and straightened my short dress. The furry winter overcoat blew with the slight breeze, and I was ready to impress. I didn’t have any other choice but to act the part of a good, proud wife.

“I don’t care if you have a mistress on the side, hubby,” I breathed a bald-faced lie. “This is strictly for business and nothing more.”

“You can’t lie to me, wife,” Nick whispered in my ear and held out his arm. “But we’ll continue our little lovers’ spat, and then I’ll fuck you later.”

I looped my arm through Nick’s and breathed, “Not if I screw you first.”

“Is that a threat or a promise?” Nick asked as he led us through the front door of the Hillside Inn, and we headed straight for the escalator. “Because we wouldn’t want to do anything drastic to jeopardize our plan, would we?”

I smirked. “I guess you’ll have to wait and see, my dearest hubby.”

I wanted to make Nick Frost squirm in his tux. He deserved to be as unnerved as I was and what better way than a little adrenaline rush? I wanted to leave him thinking I could spill the truth at any moment at his precious business party. All because he wouldn’t give me the answer I sought.

*Did Mr. Nick Frost have a mistress?*

The escalator climbed higher as we waited for the very top floor. It was a long ride to get to the rooftop restaurant where the party would begin as soon as we walked in. We had prepared for our entrance, but not like this. Not one where an unexpected fight between lovers and an unanswered question threatened to ruin everything.

All because of a jealous wife and my stubborn husband. We were at war with each other and refusing to back down. Our heads butted as our attraction spiraled out of control, and we were ready to damn near explode.

My body hummed with sexual tension by the time we got to the top of the escalator. Anyone could sense the aura of desire I gave off. Especially my husband.

Nick probably got a good whiff of my wet pussy, and I aroused him right at that second. His cock strained against his zipper and begged me to free him, to unbind him so he could give into the arousing need between us.

Sex was the only thing between us at this point. It was an obsessive desire we both craved and fought against. But the flame always engulfed us.

My arm tingled from our close contact, and I craved Nick when I shouldn’t. We should keep our distance, but my body had another vision in store. My entire being was starved for Nick and screamed for me to give in one last time. Especially if this was the end of our fake arrangement.

“Wife...” Nick whispered in my ear as we walked into the rooftop restaurant, and all eyes landed on us. “You’re playing with fire, my dear.”

A cheer of hands erupted all around us, and the sound echoed in my ears. The clapping vibrated through my nerve endings, but Nick’s words hit my core. Nick Frost would have his way. Whether I liked it or not.

“Thank you one and all!” Nick announced as he looked around and everyone quieted to his call. “I’m glad you could make it and ring in the new year of 2024 with Sensual Seasons’ biggest success yet, my Xmas edition of intimate toys!”

A loud cheer fell over the guests and my nerves set in as I clung to Nick’s arm. I pulled in closer, and he knew I remained unsettled. But he eased my anxiety with the touch of his hand on my arm.

“Thank you, thank you...” Nick beamed as he slightly bowed his head and took a glass of champagne from the nearest server. “But I not only have an achievement to celebrate, but a marriage that everyone will talk about.”

Loud gasps fell over the crowd as cameras flashed to capture the moment Nick and I had been waiting for. The public announcement of our marriage. Our elopement was real and in the spotlight, but faked behind closed doors.

“I’m pleased to introduce everyone to my gorgeous wife, Mrs. Wynter Frost!” Nick said as he finally publicized the marriage and raised his glass for a toast. “To the independent woman I never saw coming, but I wouldn’t change a single thing.”

“Hear, hear!” people cheered throughout the crowd.

Just like that, the truth was out. Our vows were caught in the eyes of everyone and sure to make front page news. But we had a secret of our own.

*Everything was a lie.*

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## THIRTY-SIX

### Merrily You

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**M**y heart raced wildly in my chest as people I didn't know came forward to congratulate us and give us their best wishes for our marriage. They thought these vows would last a lifetime. But in reality, we had less than a month.

Everyone was in for a shock. We'd make front page news again soon. We'd steal the limelight with our quick divorce under indifferent circumstances. Hell, we'd probably set a record.

"Congratulations, Mrs. Frost, and enjoy your gift from your husband," a woman said as she passed me a black leather box with a metal latch on it.

I let go of Nick's arm and peered down at the box balanced in my hands. Curiosity fell over me as people left us with their well wishes and fell back into chatter. Nick held the attention of a few guests and my fingers worked to open the latch. My breath caught in my lungs at the wonder of what was inside the fancy box.

The latch gave way with a few fumbled attempts, and a slight gasp escaped me at its contents. Nick Frost's festive lineup of festive sex toys. Intimate toys for everyone. Gay, straight, and everything under the Christmas tree. There was something for everyone inside this playful box.

"What do you think, wife?" Nick asked from above as he leaned over and watched my hand run over each toy.

"I've seen advertisements, but nothing compares to seeing them in person," I replied with admiration.

Nick had a gift—a creative mind for designing pleasurable presents for everyone around the world. There was nothing like a good release, and my husband could please. I knew it firsthand. But I didn't know *this* sexual side of Mr. Nick Frost.

It was a wild boundary I hadn't crossed. Nick hadn't let me voyage into the fullest extent of his dirtiest fantasies. He hadn't shown me the naughtiest corners of his brilliant mind—a wicked place I would've loved to discover with him. For him to please me, tease me, and dominate me. But someone else had beaten me to experiencing the misbehaved side of him.

*His secret mistress.*

“Do you like what you see, wife?” Nick asked huskily.

“I would. If I only knew you didn’t use them on your secret lover?” I pressed and searched his eyes.

I wasn’t about to give up. Nick Frost would admit to his betrayal. He’d come forth with the truth. I’d get his lie out one way or another.

Nick put his empty glass of champagne on a server’s tray and gave me his full attention. He snapped the box shut, and the force blew a breeze into my hair. He tucked the package of toys under his arm, and his thumb grazed my lower lip.

Nick stared down at me with perplexed confusion. “Why don’t you trust me?”

“I did. But then I caught you when you least expected it,” I whispered with hurt.

Something in Nick’s eyes gave way to an emotion he’d held back. There was frustration swirling in his deep depths, but there was another emotion he was letting me see. Remorse.

Nick grabbed my hand. “Come with me.”

I had no choice but to follow my husband because we couldn’t create a commotion. Nick had announced our unity as husband and wife. Everything was at stake now, and there was no turning back. The fake surprise was out.

I could still blow this party up and tell the truth about the scheme we had created together. I could expose the reality of billionaire business owners pulling the wool over the public’s eye. But the choice wouldn’t be in either of our favors.

Nick led the way, and he took us toward the bathrooms. I had no idea why we were there, but I knew Nick wanted a private moment with his bitter and confused wife.

“What the hell are you doing?” I asked as he pulled me inside of the men’s restroom and there was no lineup in sight for the bathroom.

A restroom attendant looked at us with shock on his face. Not at Nick, but at a woman in the men’s restroom. Shock turned into fear as he stared into Mr. Nick Frost’s annoyed face.

“Get out,” Nick ordered as he pointed toward the door. He held all the power. “I need time alone with my wife.”

“Y-yes—yes, sir,” the attendant stammered and darted for the door.

Nick didn't waste a moment and followed behind as the door closed. He turned the lock and ran his hands through his hair. Mr. Frost tapped his dress shoe on the floor and placed the box on the countertop as he turned toward me. Guilt coated his face.

"I hate I made you lose faith in me," Nick breathed as he fell to his knees in front of me and gripped the front of my dress. "I'm so fucking sorry."

Nick's admission left me stunned. My eyes were wide at his pleading face. This was a side he had never expressed to me until now. He was making a confession of his own guilty conscience and finally giving an answer to my question.

"Is there someone else?" I asked in a soft voice.

"No, wife," Nick responded with sincerity, and the answer reflected in his smoky eyes. "There couldn't be anyone else when all I can think about is you."

"Your heart doesn't desire a secret lover?" I questioned further for my satisfaction.

"It never fucking could. All I yearn for is you, my wife," Nick admitted, with a flame flickering in his eyes. "For years I fought my urges, but now I've had you, and I can never let you go."

I cupped Nick's face in my hands. "Never?"

"Never in a million years," Nick answered.

We heated the moment with emotion. Desire licked at the flame spiraling between us and dared me to let Nick back in. It challenged me to trust him when my faith in him had wavered. I should've never tested my confidence in my husband.

I had let envy in. My jealousy got in the way, and it had almost won. But Nick fought a battle for the truth and gave me the answer I needed.

My husband's undying honesty was all I had asked for, and I had finally received it. There wasn't a mistress. Only misjudgment and bitterness.

"But I don't understand..." I questioned in confusion. "Who was the phone call about?"

Nick replied a sigh of relief. "You'll soon find out."

Nick took both of my hands in his and kissed my open palms. The tingles traveled up my skin, and the trust grew alive between us. The faith was always there, just clouded by an error made on both of our parts. It was a mistake I never wanted to make again.

*Because it almost cost us everything.*

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## THIRTY-SEVEN

### Xmas Demonstration

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I bent forward and pushed back his silver streak. My lips planted a kiss of apology on his forehead and Nick's mouth found mine. The brush of his lips was tender as his tongue entered me and we left the past behind. I sucked his lower lip and tauntingly nipped the skin. A grumble of want left him and made my knees weak. We were back where we should be and remained a united front. We were no longer uneasy, and we could conquer anything as long as we had each other.

"We should get back to our guests," Nick breathed against my lips.

"No, wait..." I sighed with protest and grabbed the leather box of treasures to explore. "I want to know you and your most inner desires. Please, Nick, let me into your world."

Nick gazed at the box, then he peered up into my eyes. Passion came to life in his hazy depths, but there was uncertainty at the same time. He unlatched the box and opened the universe he had created.

I ran my hand over the first sex toy. Beads of all different colors that were as smooth as silk. Nick shaped the beads like Christmas bulbs hanging from a tree. The width of each one got bigger as the toy went along.

"What toy is this?" I asked.

"These are anal beads..." Nick answered as he took the toy out and showed it to me. "I gave this soft silicone toy the name of Bulb Beads. A festive fit for everyone's pleasure."

I questioned with interest, "And this one?"

"Spread your legs, wife," Nick demanded.

I opened a gap between my thighs, and he didn't wait. Nick picked up the toy with colors of red and white swirled in the shape of a candy cane. He trailed it down my body, to the sweet spot between my legs. A soft moan of pleasure escaped me when he turned it on, and vibrations hummed on my clit.

"This one I named Sweet Vibes. It's a vibrator for her most intimate moments." Nick groaned with desire.

A shiver of want ran through me as my breath picked up, and I almost urged Nick not to stop. The pleasure was brief as he pulled the vibrator away

from me, turned it off and placed it back into its place. My chest heaved with a desperate need for him to continue his erotic presentation.

I pulled out the toy shaped like a big ring and asked, "How about this one?"

"Open your mouth," Nick ordered as he placed the ring over four fingers and made the clear silicone twinkle.

"Why?" I wondered.

"Just do as your husband requests and you'll find out," Nick hissed with passion.

"Fine," I teased with sass and opened wide.

"Fuck," Nick growled as he placed his four fingers in my mouth and the vibrations danced along my lips. "Yes...such a good fucking wife."

"Mm..." I moaned with desire.

Nick licked up my cheek and breathed, "This is for his pleasure. A silicone cock ring with the name Twinkling Tremor."

The merry colors blinked within eyesight as Nick stretched further into my mouth. My wet hole took him as far as he could go, and my pussy purred with desire. I wanted him to expand my cunt with his cock as the vibrations rumbled through him and built him closer to climax.

All too soon, Nick pulled out. My saliva was on his fingers as he took off the cock ring, turned it off, and placed the toy back in the box. But there was still more to explore.

I bit my lower lip and asked, "This one piqued my interest. What is it?"

"What did I tell you about biting your lip, wife?" Nick asked as he grabbed the handle, pulled the toy free, and walked behind me.

"Not to do it," I answered.

"Yes, I did," Nick breathed.

*Then Nick whipped my ass with the intimate accessory.*

"Oh!" I cried with lust.

"This, my deviant wife, is a whip," Nick breathed huskily and lashed me again. "It's called Tinsel Whipped and can be used for anyone's pleasure."

Nick stopped the lustful torment with my rump that was begging for more. He put the toy back and picked up another one. Nick shaped this toy like a Christmas stocking. It was bright red, but with a hole for something to slide inside.

"And that one?" I pondered, intimidated by the toy's size.

“It’s a fleshlight for male masturbation, and a personal favorite for those lonely nights. It’s called the Stocking Stuffer.” Nick answered as he viewed the toy with worship.

Nick Frost tuned into his sexual side. He knew what he enjoyed, and it wasn’t only his hand. When he didn’t occupy himself with a lover, he wasn’t afraid to use the next best feeling. The silicone’s red walls were a perfect fit for him to slide his cock into.

“I’d love to watch you use it,” I purred with honesty. “Or even do it for you.”

“I’d like that,” Nick breathed and put it down. “But this one I want you to use.”

Nick pulled out his last creation of his Christmas treasures. The object had the design of a swirl with a handle at the end and reminded me of a peppermint candy. The colors mixed down the flared base to a pointed, smooth end.

I gulped with uncertainty. “What is it?”

“It’s a butt plug, and it’s great for stimulating the ass before anal play,” Nick answered and ran the tip up my neck. “I gave this one the name of Peppermint Swirl.”

“And you want me to stick that in my butt?” I asked, wide-eyed.

“Yes, but I can guarantee it will fucking turn you on. We’ll be the only ones who know you’re wearing my peppermint plug.” Nick groaned as he traced the silicone higher up my skin and towards the destination he wanted. “I want you to open wide and suck on it, wife. Coat it with your saliva before I use it on you.”

I shivered with desire and parted my lips. Nick glided the festive accessory into the suction of my mouth, and I moaned against the silicone piece. His eyes sparked with a ravish heat while he bit his lower lip and licked it with desire.

“Fuck. Yes. Just like that,” Nick growled and popped the butt plug out of my mouth. “Bend over.”

Nick’s instruction was vague, but I listened to him and trusted the thrill my husband gave me. I rested my arms on the countertop with my reflection staring back at me. I watched as Nick went behind me and lifted my dress. He parted my legs and pulled the elastic of my thong aside.

“Mm...relax those sweet ass cheeks for me like a good wife,” Nick breathed as he held the toy covered with spit and patted my ass.

“Like this?” I asked as I let my rump rest and tried to think of something else.

*Not a plug about to insert between my ass crack.*

“Yes. Perfect,” Nick breathed and spread my ass cheeks. “Do I have my wife’s permission to place my Peppermint Swirl in her ass?”

“Yes,” I sighed and squeezed my eyes shut.

My teeth clenched as Nick pushed the plug in, and my ass engulfed it. It vacuum sealed the flared base right inside of me, and the fullness hit me. The sensation was erotic, knowing Nick had put the butt plug inside of me. My eyes shot open, and I quickly realized there was nothing to worry about. The unknown had intimidated me, but it was over.

“Fuck. This is so hot,” Nick breathed as he licked from the top of my panty line and up my back. “My wife is so fucking sexy, taking my plug like this.”

I shivered with need. “Yes, Nick. I’d do anything for you.”

“Mm...good. That’s what I like to hear,” Nick admitted as he fixed my panties and dress. “But we should head back to entertain our guests.”

“Yes. I agree, hubby. Plus, I’m ready to give this thing a whirl,” I teased as I got up from the countertop and turned toward Nick.

“I love it when my wife is mischievous and up to no good,” Nick groaned from behind me as he followed me out of the men’s restroom and watched the sway of my ass.



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## THIRTY-EIGHT

### Peppermint Swirl

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The butt plug stretched my anal walls with each move I made. I was afraid it might fall out, but my sealed hole clamped the accessory in place. The fullness was a sensation unlike anything I had ever experienced before.

My heels clicked on the floor with a sexy beat. Everything was sensitive, and tingles ran through me. My body was awake and rowdy. I was sexually scandalous. But no one else knew, except Nick.

Champagne was in sight, and Nick passed me a glass. He peered at me over the rim of his glass, and I quaked with desire. He watched me sip from the bubbling liquid as the smoothness coated my throat, and I felt a slight buzz. The fizz of the alcohol mixed with our sensual secret—only ours to keep for the evening—and my husband was ready to dig his claws in.

*Nick Frost eyed me like a hawk ready to eat its prey.*

My eyes took in the view, and I admired the scenery of the restaurant Nick had chosen for his celebration. The restaurant had tall tables scattered about, and the only seats were soft cushioned couches. Each one seated two people so guests could mingle with each other.

Laughter and chatter filled the area, echoing off the hillside. A black gated railing wrapped around the outside hilltop restaurant protecting guests before a long way down. A slippery slope no one wanted to take while enjoying the heights of the hillside.

The view of a starry nighttime sky was perfect for a fireworks display to ring in the new year. When the clock struck midnight, lovers all around the world would bask in a blissful kiss. It was a celebration with a lover and a promise to spend the rest of the year with them.

“This is wonderful, Nick,” I breathed with delight.

“I always aim to please,” Nick said as he stood beside me and ran his hand up the back of my thigh. “Wouldn’t you agree?”

“Yes,” I sighed with passion.

My eyes closed as Nick’s hand grazed my ass cheek and he lightly squeezed. The caress in the dim lighting of the restaurant was risky and made

me randy. A soft moan escaped my lips, and I enjoyed his nails as they bit into my flesh. The need inside of me flurried in my belly, and my pussy ached for more. The butt plug intensified all the sensations running rampant in me. It filled me up to the brim and electrified me more than ever before.

The sensations were a real shock to the system—a network overload—until my eyes opened, and a couple greeted us.

“Oh, Mr. Nick Frost, this party is fabulous,” the female guest exclaimed, and held up her box of sensual party favors. “And thank you for the surprising gift.”

Nick dropped his hand from my behind, and I craved his touch. I desired the thrill he gave me and his caress that promised more. My feverish need was alive, and I sought after the burn like a woman gone haywire.

Nick nodded. “It’s my pleasure, Mrs. Chanel.”

“Oh, please, call me Cindy,” she encouraged and tapped the middle-aged man beside her. “Your products are always the best quality. Isn’t that right, dear?”

“Yes, my wife is one of your biggest fans,” the man stated as he extended his hand and Nick took it. “I’m Rick. Rick Chanel.”

“Nice to meet you, Rick,” Nick said as he shook his hand and pointed toward me. “This is my wife, Wynter.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Frost,” Rick added with a slight nod of his head.

They were a friendly couple, and I wouldn’t have guessed they’d get dirty in the bedroom. Mrs. Chanel was a petite woman and in her late thirties. Her husband must be older, but his youth still shone through.

“Can I offer you both some marital advice?” Cindy asked. “From one married couple to another?”

“Absolutely,” Nick breathed.

“Always keep the relationship spicy,” Cindy admitted, as she patted the leather box and raised an eyebrow. “We’ve been married for fifteen years, and we always keep things interesting.”

If only Mrs. Chanel knew how we understood the advice. The secret we kept concealed between us—the plug lodged in my butt—really helped spice our relationship up.

“That is great advice. I’m sure my husband and I will explore,” I stated with a smile and looked at Nick.

Nick's eyes gleamed with mischief over his wicked plan. I caught him up in the spice and he was ready to take a zesty bite—eat me until there was nothing left.

“Speaking of interesting, we’re having a party of our own,” Rick said.

“Oh, yes, you should both come!” Cindy beamed with excitement.

“This sounds wonderful. We’d love to be there,” Nick said as he accepted their offer and typed in their contact information into his cell phone.

“We’ll text you the rest of the details closer to the party. We always prefer to leave our guests in suspense,” Cindy added.

“I’m sure it will be an eventful time,” I breathed with a smile. “And we’ll be there.”

I took Nick's hand into mine and squeezed to get his attention. The sensations from the butt plug had taken over me, and I needed some sort of release. Either this accessory was coming out or Nick had to ease the pressure.

“If you’ll excuse us, my wife and I have some unfinished business to attend to,” Nick expressed as he held my hand, and we turned away from the happily married couple.

“Of course,” Rick said.

“Okay! We look forward to seeing you at the party!” Cindy called out from behind us.

Once out of hearing range, Nick asked, “Have you reached your limit?”

“No, quite the opposite...” I replied with passionate desire. “I want you to show me more.”

A sinfully devilish smirk spread across Nick's face. “Well, what are we waiting for? Come with me, wife, and we’ll explore my world.”

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## THIRTY-NINE

### Sweet Vibes

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“Is this everything my wife’s heart desires?” Nick asked against my ear from behind me.

Nick ran his hands up the sides of my body as I shivered with anticipation, ready for more. I wanted him to share this undiscovered side of him—the inside of his sphere he kept secret in his brilliant mind. Nick Frost made sex toys for a living, so he must know how to use them. But I knew a little about them too.

“It is, but I want more,” I replied as I stepped out of reach and set the leather box on the dresser at Hillside Inn.

Nick questioned, “What more could you fancy, wife?”

“Well, for starters,” I answered with need and turned toward Nick. “I want you to get more comfortable.”

“I fucking love the sound of that,” Nick said huskily.

I watched my husband as the button for his jacket tuxedo came undone and he threw it onto a nearby chaise. Next, his golden vest came off and shimmered as the fabric joined his jacket. At a slow pace, he rolled up each sleeve of his white dress shirt and exposed his muscular forearms. The veins ran up his arms and disappeared under his shirt. I swallowed the passion swirling inside of me to contain myself. His tattoos were a vision that always excited me and made my pussy throb.

*Nick Frost was fucking sexy.*

Dark hair with a streak of silver fell down near his deep eyes that were smoky with lust. My husband’s hands were at his sides, twitching slightly with desire, but he resisted his need—his urge to get his hands on me.

Nick watched me as I discarded my high heels, and they hit the floor with a thud. His chest rose and fell with each aroused breath he took. His eyes followed my hands as I ran them up my leg and under my dress. My fingers unclasped the black garter from my panties, and I rolled the pantyhose down my thigh. Leisurely, I did the same with my other leg. I discarded my stockings until they were in my hands, and I walked over toward the end of the upholstered king-sized bed.

“Come here, handsome,” I purred at Nick.

“What if I refuse?” Nick asked.

“And why would you want to do that?” I asked with my head tilted to the side and raised an eyebrow. “Don’t you want to see what I have planned for my husband?”

“I do, but my hands might not cooperate,” Nick expressed as he looked down at his large hands and clenched them closed. “My wife is very hard to resist.”

“Well, I have a solution for that...” I pouted as I hopped up onto the bed and ran my hands along the overhead canopy frame. “Doesn’t my hubby trust me?”

“Oh, I have every confidence in your abilities, wife,” Nick replied as he stood in front of me and peered down at me from the end of the bed.

Nick placed his hands beside mine on the black frame of the bed. I ran my fingers over his knuckles, and a quiver ran up my spine. The intense look he gave me was enough to make me come inside my panties.

“Good...” I sighed as my eyes never left his, and I tied each stocking around his wrists. “Because I want to play.”

*Mr. Nick Frost found himself tethered with nowhere to run.*

Nick glanced up and peered right back at me. He bit his lower lip and licked it. My belly whirled with desire. I trapped him in my flurry of blustery needs, and he was all mine.

“What are you doing, sugarplum?” Nick asked with a tug of his hands.

*But Nick couldn’t budge.*

I smirked as I left the bed and slowly strutted over toward Nick’s gift. The butt plug’s fullness made my breath hitch with passion, and I ached for release. My body quaked with a fiery need, and I opened the box that held everything I required. All the intimate accessories Nick Frost made with his wickedly skilled mind.

“I want you to watch while I please myself with the toy you created,” I breathed with a shudder and picked up the candy cane vibrator. “I’m going to let its sweet vibes between my cunt and come all over your sugary treat.”

“Fuck. Me,” Nick groaned with fiery need.

I proceeded toward the middle of the bed and laid down on the white sheet. The pillows were behind my back and kept me propped up. I wanted to see every inch of my husband’s face, fierce with a horny need. Nick had to be untamed and wild. I needed Nick to unleash himself and push me to my limit

—to the moment I fell into pure feral ecstasy with my husband right alongside me.

I turned on the intimate massager and in an unhurried fashion pulled down my panties. My eyes never wavered from Nick as my legs spread and showed him my world. His nose flared with desire at the smell of my pussy. The sweet scent I knew he wanted to bury his face in, but I wouldn't allow him to. The restriction made his cock twitch against the inside of his pants and his eyes begged to devour me. But I wouldn't let him move a muscle.

I knew I must envision an image he had only dreamed of in his mind. A wicked woman with my hair sprawled out over the pillows as I did the one thing he always told me not to. My teeth ran over my bottom lip, and Nick Frost hissed. His body jerked against his bound wrists and the bed jiggled. The motion only made me give my husband a sinful smirk.

Nick's smoky haze followed the end of the candy cane up my inner thigh. The Sweet Vibes quivered on my flesh and excited the fuck out of me. Sensual anticipation swirled in my baby-blue eyes as the stick touched my clit, and a moan escaped my parted lips.

"Sugarplum. Fuck. You're so sexy," Nick growled from the end of the bed.

"Yes..." I sighed with pleasure.

"Mm...yes, wife..." Nick breathed as his hands clenched the black frame. "Run my candy stick in between your sweet pussy lips."

I did as he wanted and pushed the vibrator in between my swollen folds. The vibrations pulsed against my tight walls, and my hips rolled in a sinfully sweet circular motion as tremors took over me.

"Oh, fuck, Nick, fuck..." I moaned with pleasure.

The massager pushed in and out. The shudders of desire rocked me into a bliss I had never known. I was fuller than I had ever been with Nick's butt plug and massager deep inside of me. His creations turned me into a wild woman I never knew I could be.

"Fuck, I want to touch you," Nick hissed with flustered frustration.

"What would you do?" I sighed when the vibration slowed.

"I'd take that candy stick and lick up all your sugar..." Nick breathed with a fiery need. "And then..."

"Oh, fuck!" I cried out in bliss.

"Mm...shit, sugarplum..." Nick growled as his teeth clenched with urgency and his mouth twitched. "Then I'd bury my dick in my wife's tight



pussy.”

I lost sight of Nick as my eyes rolled back in passion and gasps of my building climax filled the tense air. My mouth was wide open, and my feet curled into the mattress. The need climbed over me, and I gave into it fully. An urgency so wicked and free, I felt like my husband was inside of me.

“Yes, yes, yes...” I repeated with frantic need.

Nick grunted in front of me, and his cock must have raged. He yearned to be set free. Freed from his restrictions and buried deep inside of me.

“Give into the need, sugar, and set me free,” Nick panted with desire. “I can’t fucking wait to get my hands on you.”

My back arched, and my hips thrust into the bed. The mattress creaked below me and excited my pussy with its groan. I pushed the massager deeper into me and the curled end of the candy cane touched my clit. The tremors pulsated through me, and I panted uncontrollably.

I was naughty, desired, and ready to explode.

“Come. For. Me,” Nick growled with need.

Stars hit my eyes as the vibrator hit the hilt inside me and my fullness burst. Light flashed and my head spun. Shudder after shudder rocked through me and sent me into an absolute euphoria.

“Nick! Fuck, Nick, yes!” I cried out my release.

Everything inside of me trembled with the aftermath of my climax, and the scent of my pussy filled the air. My sated body laid over top of the covers and a grin spread across my face. I couldn’t shake the fulfillment from me, and from the look in Nick’s eyes, he longed to give me much more.

*And I couldn’t fucking wait.*

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## Stocking Stuffer

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“Wife. Please,” Nick pleaded with me as he strained against the stockings, which only tightened them. “Fucking release me. Let me caress your excited body and bask with you in pure ecstasy.”

“No, hubby,” I voiced with authority. “I’m not done playing with you yet.”

My statement made Nick groan with feverish need, and I saw his cock strained against his pants. His member twitched and wanted to be teased and pleased right along with me.

*Nick Frost wanted to reach his climax, just like me.*

I put the soaked candy cane up to his nose, and Nick smelled my scent. His eyes flickered closed as he inhaled my aroma, and he savored my pussy. I withheld full power from him, and he knew this might be the only reward he received.

“This is torture, sugarplum,” Nick groaned. “Absolute torment for a husband who longs for his wife every fucking second of every damn day.”

“Don’t worry, my dearest hubby...” I breathed as I went back to the box and brought it to the bed. “I plan on pleasuring you to the fullest extent.”

I put the vibrator down and grabbed the next toy. My hands ran over the red plastic shaped like a Christmas stocking. The intimate toy was ready for me to stuff Nick Frost deep inside of it. The Stocking Stuffer was equipped to be full of my husband and his come.

“Mm...” Nick breathed as I unzipped his pants and caressed his constricted cock. “Fuck.”

I went behind Nick and his briefs came down with his pants. His perfect ass was smooth as I ran my hand over it and gave him a light slap. The smack filled the air and made my pussy ache. I wanted him badly, but he wasn’t off the hook yet.

My hand traveled along his hip and over his treasure trail. I followed the patch down to his dick. The massive length of him twitched with my touch and I stroked his swollen member.

“I want to hear my husband groan his wife’s name,” I said with desire.

“Wynter...mm, fuck...” Nick groaned with need, and he peered down at my hand on his cock. “Wife. You’re driving me crazy.”

I released his shaft and Nick grunted for more. My eyes danced with wickedness as I drifted toward the front of him and got back up on the bed, within inches of him, and slowly lifted my dress over my head. The teasing trance made Nick jerk, and my knots held him right where I needed him, trapped for me to taunt with my mischievous tease.

I bent down to lick the tip of his dick. “That is the plan.”

Nick shuddered with need and grunted in urgency for me to please him. I tasted his salty precum from his excitement. My husband desired all of me, but I was about to give him a tight hole. A compressed slit he’d fill full, and I’d be the one who delivered each blow.

I brought the fleshlight up to Nick’s erect cock and looked him straight in his rowdy eyes. Desire glowed brightly back at me, and if he were free, he’d bend me over his knee. Spank me with a feverish needy greed. Again and again until I came all over his lap. Spent, Nick’s and worshipped.

*But the roles were reversed.*

I was the one who inflicted the pleasure. A blissful torture only a wife could give to her husband. Only I could give Nick his release.

Lube glistened inside of the silicone sleeve, and I slid my husband inside. Nick’s mouth fell agape, and he groaned for me, and my pussy trembled with need. I pulled the sex toy back and forward with a quick push. Another groan with my name on his lips made my mouth curl up into a satisfied smirk.

Nick Frost was mine. All fucking mine. And no one else’s.

Nick thrust his hips, and his urgency grew. I held all the power and knew what it was like to be in control. I was the only one who could make my husband blow his top.

“Fuck. Yes. Wife,” Nick groaned at each word with lust.

Nick flexed every muscle in his forearms, and I reached out to unbutton his shirt. One by one, each clasp undone, and I ran my hand down his brawny, magnificent chest. He heaved deep breaths, and his eyes blazed with passion. I moved the fleshlight faster, and his groans grew louder, hungrier for me, with each gush within the silicone slit.

“Mm...Wynter, please. Please,” Nick groaned with slick sweat on his chest. “Fucking release me.”

“Why?” I asked and pumped the intimate accessory at a slow pace.

“Because I want to please my wife the way she’s been pleasing me,” Nick pleaded.

Uncertain as I was about giving Nick back full control, I was ready. I had owned my power over him, but my pussy ached for him to take me. I needed my husband to dominate me.

“Do you vow to be a good husband?” I questioned with a raised brow. “To bind me, whip me, and fuck me?”

“I. Fucking. Promise,” Nick grunted out each word.

I pulled his cock out of the fleshlight and tossed it on the bed. My finger trailed along my lower lip in a teasing fashion while Nick panted in front of me. His warm breath fanned my face, and I stuck my finger between my lips. The wetness from my saliva ran down my body and I caressed my nipple. I repeated the sensual motion to the other nipple and gasped into the air. My soft whimper made Nick groan, and he craved to touch me. The hunger in his eyes was a pure, thirsty glow. Nick Frost was eager to give into his need.

“Come on, sugarplum, quit teasing me,” Nick growled huskily.

“Only if you’ll take the butt plug out of my full ass,” I answered and unbound one of Nick’s hands.

“Bend over, wife,” Nick demanded.

A chill ran up my spine, and I turned around on my knees. I bent over and gave full access to Nick. He took back the power and popped the plug out of my sealed crack. My asshole relaxed and eased back to the tight hole it had always been. No longer filled full of Mr. Nick Frost’s sensual creation.

*But Nick’s hand landed on my ass.*

“Fuck,” I whimpered as the sound bit into the air, and I arched my back.

“Such a good fucking wife, you’ve turned out to be,” Nick breathed and laid another pleasuring blow.

I winced with delight and dug my fingers into the bedsheet. Again and again, he slapped me. Until I was flushed and my ass was bright red.

“Nick...” I panted with desire and sweat glistened on my back.

Nick asked, “Yes, my wife?”

“Please, Nick, please fuck me,” I pleaded with need.

Nick untied his other hand and grabbed the back of my neck. He pulled me up with my backside flush against him. His enormous cock throbbed against my ass and his hand wrapped over my collarbone. His thumb caressed my racing pulse, and I was a pent-up wife awaiting my husband’s hunger.

Awaiting the feverish need that swirled inside of him, ready to bury himself deep inside of me.

Nick whispered in my ear, "A husband never breaks his promise."

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## FORTY-ONE

### Explosive Bliss

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I quaked with lust as I watched Nick reach down and grab the cock ring. The clear silicone band with twinkling lights inside was a sensual toy meant for him. He slid the accessory over his firmness and the vibration trembled on my ass cheek. The toy vibrated over the raw flesh and ignited a flurry of passion.

Nick ran his hand along my hip bone and caressed my flat belly. My breath hitched as his hand tightened around my throat and my airway grew thick. Restricted, but in a passionate bliss.

“You were such a good little tease, wife,” Nick groaned as he cupped my tit and flicked my erect nipple. “Taunting me when I couldn’t fucking touch you.”

“Yes...” I whimpered with desire.

“Now, it’s your turn,” Nick demanded in my ear. “Lay down on your stomach with your ass up.”

I wouldn’t deny Nick his command, and I couldn’t even if I wanted to. My husband consumed me, and I wanted him more than anything in my life. He was back in control, and I’d bend to his will.

The cool sheet grazed my belly as I laid down and raised my behind up, high enough for Nick, with my weight resting on my upper body and my forearms. I thought he’d spank me for being naughty, but it never came.

I glanced over my shoulder at Nick and asked, “Like this?”

“Mm...yes, just like that,” Nick breathed as he grabbed something beside him. His eyes never left my ass. “Such a good wife. You’ll do anything naughty for your husband, won’t you?”

“Yes,” I replied in a soft voice.

“Good,” Nick groaned and licked his lips. “Do I have your permission to spread your ass wide and put my beads inside?”

Nick held the anal beads and the Christmas bulbs shone in the light. I was nervous, but remembered the same anticipation with the butt plug. My only worry was myself and my second guesses. I had to put my unsure self aside and trust my husband. I wanted this, and he’d provide. He let me inside his



sensual secret place and there was no turning back from receiving the fulfillment of his naughtiest desires. I had asked for it and it was time.

“I’m not sure. I want this, but the size of those intimidates me,” I mumbled my truth.

“I know, but once my bulbs are inside of you, they will enhance your arousal to heights you’ve never fucking experienced before,” Nick breathed with confidence in his product. “All you have to do is relax and let your husband take care of the rest.”

I gave a slight nod. “Okay, I’m ready.”

“Are you sure?” Nick questioned once more.

“Yes, hubby,” I sighed with desire. “I want to experience your entire world.”

“And I want that too, my wife,” Nick breathed as he spread my legs and touched my ass cheek. “Relax, sugar, and give into all of me.”

My mouth fell agape as Nick inserted the beads into the most sensitive part of my ass and they fit in perfectly. Each one was in place inside my tight hole and the sensation was out of this world. I thought the butt plug was intense, but this was pleasingly exceptional.

“Oh, Nick...” I sighed as he slowly pushed more beads inside, and my back arched.

My fingers clawed at the bedsheet and balled into fists. I heard a ruffle from behind me and a grunt from Nick. Curiosity got the best of me, and my head turned to look back.

Nick kneeled behind me and gripped the sheer white curtain in his hands. The same design draped from the canopy bed frame, and his muscles flexed as he ripped the curtain.

“Put your hands behind your back,” Nick demanded with urgency.

“Why?” I asked with wide eyes, flurried with passion. “What are you going to do?”

“I’m going to bind you, just like I promised,” Nick explained as his chest heaved and his forehead beaded with sweat. “Now, be my good wife and listen to your husband.”

I didn’t hesitate. The thought hit me once the side of my face rested against the bed, and Nick tied my hands behind my back. *I was about to experience the raunchiest sex at the hands of my powerful husband.* I had given Nick Frost full control.

“Should the binding be this tight?” I asked, my inexperience showing.

“Yes,” Nick hissed with desire into my ear, and I could feel the vibration of his cock on my ass cheek. “Especially after what I’m going to do to a good girl like you, wife.”

A shiver ran up my spine and Nick brushed my hair aside. He planted kisses down my cheek and down my back. His tongue ran down my arm and his teeth bit into the tie. He pulled the other end with his hand and ensured the knot was tight. My husband knelt behind me with his hands on my ass.

Nick squeezed and breathed, “Mine. All fucking mine.”

Nick’s dick entered me. Slow at first, with my moans flying through the sensual air, followed by my whimpers of passion as he picked up the pace and slid an anal bead out of my tight hole.

“Oh, god, Nick!” I cried out with frantic passion.

“Fuck, you’re such a tight wife. So fucking slick with your slit wrapped around my cock,” Nick breathed as he pounded into me, and the sound of our sex soared. “Such a good holiday treat all for your husband to relish in.”

“Yes, yes, yes!” I whimpered, repeatedly.

Suddenly, Nick pulled at the binding he had tied and raised my upper body up off the bed. The forceful motion pulled my body flush against his, and he swirled his cock deep inside of me. His thrusting pace slowed but was pure bliss.

“Mm...look at you, taking your husband’s dick as a good wife should,” Nick growled in my ear with a fiery need and thrust each word. “Every. Fucking. Inch.”

“Oh, yes...” I whimpered as Nick slapped my ass and ran his hand up my chest.

My tits bounced with each hard pound, and Nick played with them. His nails bit into my plump flesh and his fingers pinched. He teased my nipples until my pussy ached for release and I was ready to come.

“Nick! Fuck! I’m going to explode!” I cried out with passion.

“No, wife. I’m not through with you yet,” Nick groaned, and his hand came up to my neck. “I want you to feel me run through your veins and beat life into you as you do to me.”

Nick rubbed his fingers along my racing pulse, and my heart matched the beat. The pound of my inner muscles mixed, and his grunts matched with his thrusts. Each plunge of his dick sent me deeper, further into Nick as his hand cupped my chin and turned me to gaze straight into his eyes.

“Nick. I want to feel you for the rest of my life,” I breathed with honest passion.

“Then I’ll have to ensure you will, won’t I, wife?” Nick groaned as he thrust and picked up the pace.

“Yes, please, Nick, please,” I begged.

“Wynter Frost, you’re such a sexy wife when you beg your husband to own you forever,” Nick breathed as he ran his thumb over my lips and pulled another anal bead out.

“Yes!” I cried out.

“Now take those pleading eyes and keep them on your husband,” Nick ordered.

Suddenly, Nick leaned me forward with his hand around my neck and rammed into me from behind. Pound after pound, I quaked with desire, and he pulled more of his creation out of me. My most sensitive area exploded with excitement I had never experienced before. Lights blazed, but I didn’t dare turn away from my husband. His hand choked me around my throat as he left his mark and took me. Claimed me and whipped me with his final product. The whip looked just like tinsel. Nick flogged me like a reindeer as he rode in his sleigh and delivered his gift to me.

“Yes, Nick!” I repeated with each lash, the words barely came out.

My ass took the pain my husband gave me, and he rammed into me for added measure. The mix of pain and pleasure soared us higher. Again and again.

“Such. A. Good. Wife,” Nick growled out each word from above me.

“Yes, I am, I am,” I whimpered.

Nick stopped unleashing his whip on my ass, and he pulled the rest of the anal beads out of me. A chill ran through my body, and my pussy clamped down on his cock. He throbbed inside of me, our release imminent. There was no more holding back, and this was the last moment of the best fuck of my life.

“Keep your fucking eyes,” Nick sighed his husky, passionate need with each puff of air. “On me, my wife.”

Nick brought his other hand up to grip my neck. His hands compressed my throat, preventing the air from escaping me as he drove into me as it was his last undying wish. To bury himself deep within the greatness of my depths and never to return.

“Yes!” I whimpered my climax.

“Fuck, sugarplum,” Nick groaned his release.

Nick spilled his seed inside of me, and a warm gush filled me. Bright lights reflected at me as he unleashed his wild nature and roared his ferocious orgasm. The never-ending promise he gave to me was done, and we both let go.

Nick fell on top of me, and we basked in our passionate afterglow. He breathed heavily into my ear. His bodyweight was a comfort I wanted to experience for the rest of my days. But our end was coming, and the marriage would be over.

“Thank you,” I breathed from below Nick when I found enough air in my lungs.

“For what?” Nick asked as he brushed the hair from my face and peered into my soul.

“For showing me all of you. Your passion, your secrets, and your hidden desires,” I added with honesty.

“Anything for my wife, always,” Nick breathed and kissed my nose.

I smiled as Nick pulled out of me and his bodyweight left me. A feeling I’d miss, but he wasn’t mine to keep. We were only an arrangement meant to end.

Nick untied me and I looked at my once bound wrists. A slight reddish tinge was on them, and I was sure my ass would match. The slight sting was clear, and I’d be sore on New Year’s Day, but it was okay.

*I just had the greatest sex of my life with my husband.*

“We should probably get back to the party,” I said with a satisfied smile. “Our guest will be waiting.”

“Yes...” Nick breathed as he slid my dress over my head and handed me my panties. “And the finale.”

“Which one?” I asked with confusion.

“We may have let our sparks fly, but we still have the real fireworks to enjoy, wife,” Nick answered with a slight tap on my lips. “And I plan on ringing in the new year, kissing these beautiful lips.”

I blushed. “You are?”

“Yes, I am...” Nick breathed and tossed my stockings aside. “But I’ll have to buy you some new pantyhose for the next time you want to tie up your husband.”

Nick playfully winked, and my cheeks burned even brighter. He was so fucking sexy, and I wanted him all over again. Naughty, wild, and untamed.

I put on my heels and took Nick's extended arm. My pussy ached, my nipples strained against my dress, and my ass wanted to be stretched all over again. The fire was there, and I knew it always would be. Our affection was unmatched, but our time was running out.

We left the room, but I had a thought. "Wait."

Nick halted. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. It's just...what about the gifts you gave me?" I asked with raised eyebrows.

Nick shrugged. "I'll have someone gather them."

"But...I..." I argued.

"No, don't worry about it. Never be ashamed about the pleasure I give to you," Nick interrupted. "I don't fucking care who knows my wife enjoys playing rough with her husband."

My mouth clamped shut, at a loss for words. Nick Frost was an overpowering man, and I was his obedient wife. Sometimes.

We stepped out onto the balcony of the rooftop restaurant and bright lights flickered with the stars in the sky. Different colors followed with a loud clapping in the midnight air. Flashes of colorful lights lost me in a world of fulfilled happiness.

"Look, Nick!" I clapped with excitement like a kid at Christmas. "The fireworks have started, and it's almost the new year. Aren't they beautiful?"

My eyes twinkled at the colorful sky, and my hands gripped the black railing. The breeze blew ever so slightly into my hair, and my smile beamed into the nighttime atmosphere. But I looked over at my husband.

And Nick stared right at me.

"Yes," Nick breathed with intense eyes. "So fucking beautiful and worth the sight."

My heart swelled, and a loud boom made me jump. Startled, I looked toward the sound and words lit up in the sky. It was a sight I had never dreamed of; I couldn't believe it was true, but my name shimmered in the sky.

***Wynter Frost.***

"Oh, my god, Nick..." I sighed in disbelief, and a giant grin spread across my face.

"This was the important call I had to make," Nick breathed as I looked back at him, and the colors shone on his face. "I'll do whatever it takes to see my wife smile."

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## FORTY-TWO

### Mine to Hold

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A week flew by. Our return home as a married couple had gone to plan, and the word was out everywhere about our sudden dash to the altar. We did everything a couple in love would do.

We attended a dinner as a married couple, ate Chinese takeout, cuddled up on the sofa, and we couldn't keep our hands off each other. I couldn't fight our attraction, and neither could Nick. We gave into temptation, further complicating our arrangement.

Nothing felt fake. Everything felt real, even behind closed doors.

I dreaded signing my name on the dotted line of the divorce papers. My heart ached at the thought of no longer being Nick's wife. No more late-night kisses. No cuddles. And no more earth-shattering sex.

I held my true feelings about the end of our vows secret—kept hidden, locked away in my heart. I had kept my teenage crush on my dad's best friend for years.

*Why couldn't I do the same with my aching heart?*

The end was near, and we'd go our separate ways. We would save our businesses and eliminate the risk. But my emotional state would take a hit.

I was Wynter Ravenhurst. Raised by two headstrong parents and born to deal with business. I was independent before Nick Frost, and I'd be independent after him. I could do this without him and continue on with my life without the one person I needed the most. My heart would grieve, but I'd succeed.

*I tried to convince myself of that, at least.*

"Hubby, I'm home!" I called out from the foyer and draped my purse on a hook in the hallway.

Work was busy as usual. My tired feet hurt from being in heels all day, and I was ready to unwind for the weekend. Enjoy a moment of peace with my husband. Maybe Nick could feed me strawberries like he did the other day for a late-night snack. He put whipped cream on my belly button and licked up the sweet treat. Dipped his fingers in melted chocolate and let me lick them clean.

I never knew food could be erotic, but I wanted more. I never wanted my husband to stop showing me his wise, sensual capabilities. I wanted them for the rest of our marriage so I could enjoy every moment of being his wife. I'd deal with my broken heart when this was all over.

"Hubby? Nick? Where are you?" I asked again with narrowed eyes.

I hollered for Nick as I climbed the staircase, wondering where he was. He may have had to work late at the office and got tied up with his responsibilities. I understood the need for late-night hours, the tired eyes, and extra-large coffees that kept me awake. Unplanned messages, phone calls, or paperwork to complete—a business required sacrifice, and for us, it meant time away from home. And in this case, time away from a fake marriage that was beginning to feel all too real.

I blew out a sigh of disappointment and headed toward my room—the main bedroom that we ended up sharing. We didn't talk about the unexpected change. Nick was to stay in his bed and me in mine. But Nick Frost fell into his wife's bed.

*Every single night.*

Tonight appeared to differ from all the others, and I wished Nick would've called. He could've let me know he'd be working late, and he should've known I'd understand. But this was all fake, and he was truly an independent man.

Nick Frost could do whatever he wanted behind closed doors. He didn't have to entertain his wife and please me every night. My mind, body, and soul had grown used to him being nearby and us never apart—not like this.

We hadn't encountered this problem in our fake relationship. Maybe this was his way of creating distance because the end was near. Maybe this was good for both of us, we could move on and away from one another. It would create a gap between us for when the time would come to part ways, and then maybe the distance wouldn't be as hard. Maybe...

"Sugarplum," Nick said as he came out of the master bathroom with a towel wrapped around his hips.

Nick was home; he had been in the shower. My holler for him hadn't been heard thanks to the running water. My negative thoughts had got the best of me and torn me away from our newlywed bliss. They made me reflect on reality, and the cold hard truth. We weren't actually married, and this relationship was based on a lie. I had got caught up in Nick, lost in a



relationship that was never meant to last, and the truth hit me as hard as a bitter, blustery blast.

*Nick wasn't in love with me, and we weren't destined to be.*

“There you are...” I said.

Nick dried his hair with a smaller towel and frowned. “Is something wrong?”

*Should I reveal the truth?*

Should I tell Nick I grew feelings for him in such a short amount of time? Or had my teenage crush been something more buried deep inside? Had all the years of longing broken the ice when we fell into our fake predicament?

“I...I...” I fumbled until I felt I could break.

*But I couldn't.*

I had to conceal the truth. No matter how much my soul screamed for Nick. I had to tuck away my love into a bow-tied box.

“Wynter. What's going on?” Nick asked as he stepped forward, and I took a step back.

“Nothing. Just a tough day at work,” I lied.

My heartbeat wildly out of control. Nick knew me better than anyone in this world, and I prayed my secret stayed covered. Buried deep inside the snowy depths of my poor, unfortunate, lonely soul.

“Well, I have something to cheer my wife up.” Nick grinned as he pointed toward the bed where an outfit laid on it.

Nick bought the fake story, and I hated myself for it. A lie wasn't the way I wanted this to go. A confession of love shouldn't have to be concealed. But our situation was far from ordinary, and we must wrap the truth up for good.

“What's this for?” I asked as I headed toward the bed and touched Nick's surprise.

“Remember Rick Chanel and his wife Cindy?” Nick asked.

“Yes, the lovely couple I met through your work,” I answered.

Nick brushed my hair aside and whispered in my ear, “Well, the party is tonight.”

The towel dropped from Nick's hips and my heart pumped with Nick's nearness. I had grown fond of the sensation, but I should deny it. His touch ignited all of my senses and awakened my soul. I inhaled the minty smell of him; his caress was a warmth by the fire, and his voice was a deep flurry headed straight to my soul. But the mental image of my husband's nakedness against me made my cunt drip.

*A frosting so sweet and just for Nick.*

I peered down at a sexy red lace and tulle bodysuit. Adjustable straps wrapped around the neck and a sensual open back braided the back. It was a sinful garment, and it came with a red silk lingerie robe to match.

“And I’m going to wear this?” I asked with a shiver of desire.

“Yes. I bought you a comfortable piece of lingerie, as the instructions said,” Nick answered with a flick of his tongue against my neck. “I can’t wait to see my wife in the outfit I picked for her.”

“And what about you?” I asked.

“What about me?” Nick teased as his lips brushed against my neck, and his warm breath tickled my skin.

“What will you wear?” I questioned.

“I will dress in silk,” Nick replied as he ripped open my blouse and grasped my tits. “So fucking smooth, just like your perky tits.”

I gasped with desire as Nick’s thumbs kneaded my nipples until they were fully erect. His cock pressed up against me, and I knew he wanted me. I wanted him too. Craved for him to bend me over the bed and fuck me before we left, and he took me back into his world that I could get lost in, but we may never leave the bedroom. We’d be late for the party, and I was curious about the upcoming experience.

“We should get dressed or we might not make it.” I gulped down my desire.

Nick breathed, “I’m getting my wife warmed up for later.”

Nick slid his hands down over my navel and lower until he hit my waistline. He dipped his hand below the elastic of my pants and down the inside of my panties. The satin met his fingers, and he rubbed my clit. My hips moved, and my head leaned back against him. A soft moan escaped my parted lips, and my hands gripped his forearms. The power he held over me was unlike any man I had ever had. Nick could do whatever naughty deed he wanted to me, and I’d willingly obey his every command.

“Oh, Nick...” I sighed, lost in my craving.

“Yes, wife. Such a good girl letting your husband loosen you up with his fingers,” Nick groaned as he brought his other hand up and wrapped his fingers around my collarbone.

I thrust against Nick’s hand as my world spun out of control, and his cock throbbed against me. He got off on the sensation of our friction and grunted from behind me. But his lips captured mine in an explosive kiss.

My mouth parted with a frantic need, and Nick's tongue swept over mine. I moaned into him, and he circled my clit faster. We were lit up in a frenzy of desire and too hot for the flame to burn out.

"Mm...fuck. My wife's little bean loves a gratifying massage," Nick breathed against my lips.

"Yes, I do. I really fucking do," I sighed and nibbled Nick's lower lip.

Nick groaned, and his fingers pulled my panties aside. My eager cunt welcomed him with my legs spread wider for him, and he placed two fingers inside. I gasped with pleasure, and his mouth covered mine. He concealed my cries of passion and bit my lip with pure satisfaction. His fingers swirled and his thumb rubbed against my clit. My nub was on fire, and I was ready to fall apart. My nails dug into his forearms and scratched up his skin. I left my lasting mark from an untamed wife lost in my husband's all-consuming touch.

"Such a good wife, taking your husband's sinful caress on your sweet pussy," Nick breathed and pulled his mouth from me.

I couldn't turn around because Nick had my legs pinned between him and the bed. My body was right where he wanted me while he made me give in to desire. Made me bend to him all over again.

"Yes, yes, yes..." I panted repeatedly.

Nick pumped his fingers in and out of me. The motion was smooth as my hips rocked, and my ass moved against his cock. I wanted to please him, tease him, and devour him. But Nick wouldn't let me.

"That's right, sugarplum. Fucking come all over your husband's pleasing hand," Nick breathed a sexual command.

*And my world exploded.*

"Nick!" I cried out his name repeatedly with each thrust.

The shudders of my climax quivered through me, and I melted into Nick's hand. The gush of my passion coated his fingers and soaked his palm. My hips rocked until there was nothing left but my husband and his massive nine-inch erect cock.

Nick pulled his hand out of my panties, and I watched him bring it to his mouth. His tongue licked up my juices. He savored every drop. He closed his eyes as he whiffed my scent on his hand and groaned. I wanted to satisfy his rumble of hunger, but he still held me in place with his hand around my neck.

Nick opened his eyes and peered at me intensely. "I will not wash my fucking hands. Because I want everyone at this party to know you belong to

me, wife.”

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## FORTY-THREE

### Mine to Take

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**M**y husband dressed me for the party, and he wrapped me neatly in the gift he bought for me. Carefully, he tied the elastic piece behind my neck and sat me on the bed as he ran a brush through my long hair. The bristles tamed my messy locks from the passion he inflicted, and his fingers wove a braid through the strands. Nick Frost's wife was garnished with a pretty little bow on top. *Just the way he liked me.*

Nick wore his boner with pride under his silk outfit. A badge of honor he had received because of his satisfied wife. An erection he wasn't afraid to conceal if it meant pleasing me. Nick Frost was all in when it came to our fake commitment.

*But only until we handed in our divorce papers.*

"Are you sure this is the right address?" I asked with a shake of my head.

"Yes," Nick answered and followed my gaze.

The mansion was enormous, with cars parked down the long driveway. The destination was out in the middle of nowhere with dim lighting outside. All the blinds were closed, and I could see not one sight of the inside.

"Maybe we should just leave?" I questioned as my eyes fell to the front door and unease crept in. "This is strange."

Nick ran his hands over my silk lingerie robe, and I pulled the tie tighter. His touch soothed me and pulled me back from the ledge of anxiety. An emotion I hadn't expected after basking in gratified bliss.

"Just relax, and let's explore this newfound adventure," Nick replied from beside me in the limousine. "Besides, we have a whole new world to venture into now that we're husband and wife."

Nick was right. I hated to admit it, but we were newlyweds. We had to act the part and another married couple had invited us to their party. An evening to enjoy together and keep our marriage exciting. The rest of our vows, at least.

"Okay, I'll do it for you, hubby," I sighed.

"Good girl," Nick breathed as I exited the vehicle, and he gave my ass a light tap.

I giggled at Nick's sensual affection, and we headed for the main door. My arm looped through his as he escorted me to the party and showed off his wife. I glued my eyes to the doorbell and wondered what we had in store. The next step we'd take in our nuptials once we walked through the massive door.

Nick pressed the doorbell, and the fancy chime filled the inside. I heard a rustle, and the door creaked open to reveal Rick Chanel. His wife, Cindy, was right by his side.

"Nick. Just the man I was waiting for," Cindy voiced her welcome.

"And your lovely wife," Rick added right after his wife.

My eyes went wide at Cindy's erotic attire. A black corset with a leather choker around her neck. Lacey panties for everyone to feast their eyes upon and sheer black stockings all the way up her long legs. Her husband wore a deep ruby silk robe, and his eyes ran down my body. Tingles flurried throughout me at his intense stare, and I needed to flee.

"Um, are we at the right party?" I asked, with confusion.

"Why, yes!" Cindy exclaimed and pulled me toward her. "Come inside. It's frigid out there."

Nick followed behind me, and we wandered inside. The door closed behind us and we entered a darker setting. The atmosphere was dark with an exotic touch—lavish and fancy. There was a distinct smell in the air.

*The aroma of absolutely raunchy sex.*

"Um...where are all the guests?" I questioned.

"They are just through the doorway and waiting for more guests to join them," Rick answered from behind me.

Mr. Chanel's eyes were daggers on my ass. I tossed a well-mannered smile over my shoulder and shifted toward Nick. Rick gave me creepy vibes.

Rick eyed me like a fresh piece of meat hanging up in a walk-in freezer. Cindy looked at Nick with hunger in her eyes. What the fuck was going on here?

"Okay, we'll let ourselves through." Nick nodded, and I clenched his arm.

"Please do and enjoy your evening!" Cindy chimed.

We walked toward the door, and my mind reeled in a flurry. I didn't know what to think, but we were soon going to find out. There was no way of turning back now. We couldn't leave since someone from Nick's business had invited us. They threw a party of the utmost secret, and they did not reveal it until the very day.

"Well, that was very odd," I whispered.

“Everything about this place is out of the ordinary,” Nick said and peered down at me. “But I’ll go anywhere with you by my side.”

I blushed bright crimson as we stopped right in front of the door, and Nick reached out for the handle. His eyes locked with mine and swirled with a question. But with him on my side, we could do this together.

“Are you ready?” Nick asked.

I exhaled. “Ready.”

The door pushed open, and we walked through. Nick went first, and I followed behind. I couldn’t see over his broad body and was curious about our new surroundings. The sight wasn’t clear, but the sounds were. A moan here and a grunt there. Blissful sounds of passion were everywhere. The smell of sensual release was all around us. But the theme of the party dawned on me before I saw the sight.

*This was a sex party.*

A tasty activity to enjoy with a spouse. Whether they stayed together or went their separate ways. Hell, a full out orgy couldn’t be ruled out.

Tits bounced, asses were squeezed, and cunts were pounded. Sex was everywhere, and the sounds were out of this world. Passionate sighs, moans, and cries of climax all around. Skin smacked together and lovers slapped ass cheeks. The noise excited me when I felt it shouldn’t, but we were in the middle of a live porno no matter where we went.

We were surrounded by filthy sex where pussies were eaten out, dicks were sucked, and asses were fucked. One woman was on top of a man in reverse cowgirl style while she gave head to another man. Two women were beside them as they scissored and kissed in passionate bliss. Couples stood by and watched the orgy and touched each other—fingered a pussy and stroked a cock. A man received head from his wife who was naked and on her knees with his cock in her mouth, and her ring gleamed in the light.

Intercourse was everywhere. Pure, erotic, explicit, naughty, hardcore, and sensual lust were all around. On the couch, against a wall, on a table, on the stairs, on the floor, hanging from the ceiling with rope or handcuffs. The down and dirty was all over this mansion.

“This isn’t what I was expecting,” Nick admitted and gazed at another woman going down on a juicy pussy. “Cindy and Rick are into some extremely erotic stuff.”

“No shit...” I breathed as my heart raced and I watched a woman get fucked from behind. “We’re at a sex party.”



“Oh, fuck, yes!” the woman cried out as she got railed by a man with a monumental cock.

Her mouth was wide open as she took him deep inside of her, and he squeezed her ass. His dick flew in and out of her as her skin jiggled and waved with each hardcore thrust, and her eyes rolled back in passion.

Another man left the pussy he was at and came to her wide open mouth. His throbbing length entered her mouth without a second thought, and she took him inside her wet hole. He fed her the taste of the previous woman while the man behind her stuffed her pussy full. But she enjoyed every filthy second of it.

Nick took my chin in his hand and turned my distracted eyes toward his. Within the dim light, a fire sparked and glowed in his eyes. He shimmered with arousal, and I couldn't blame him. Temptation was everywhere and swallowed us whole, but his thumb caressed my skin. His eyes grew full of concern and a question swirled.

“Do you want to stay?” Nick asked.

My husband was so sexy. The black silk he wore matched his deep eyes. The silver streak had an added touch and made him handsome as hell. His worry for me was astounding and mixed with the sight of him before me. He wanted my consent, while any other man would ignore my wish. My desire to stay and enjoy or leave in a scattered flurry.

“Did you know about this?” I questioned with narrowed eyes.

“I had no idea, but these outfits should've given me a hint,” Nick answered and brushed his lips against mine. “I'm so sorry, and we can leave at any time.”

“No...” I sighed and licked his lips. “Let's stay.”

“Fuck,” Nick groaned and took my mouth.

The kiss danced with pleased delight, and Nick took me to another level. He ravished my lips, nibbled my tongue, and sucked on my mouth. He was on fire, and I was the spark to ignite him. I had granted him and my permission, and he was ready to discover this new world with me.

“So, fucking delicious and all mine,” Nick breathed as he ran his lips down my neck and enjoyed my flesh.

Nick stopped abruptly with his fingers wrapped around my throat. He pulled me closer to him, and a soft gasp escaped my parted lips. Our mouths were only inches apart as his eyes fiercely pierced into mine and he touched the side of my face.

“I’m yours,” I sighed.

“Yes, you are,” Nick growled and licked up my cheek. “We’ll watch, and I can enjoy my delectable gift. I don’t want anyone to lay a fucking hand on my wife or I’ll injure them on the spot. Understand?”

I shivered at Nick’s possessiveness. “Yes, I understand.”

“Good,” Nick whispered; his voice was coarse, and he ran his nose up to the side of my ear. “Because my cock doesn’t want anyone but you.”

My cunt pulsed with his words, and my pulse raced. Heat grew inside of my belly as his hand left my collarbone and traveled down my side. Nick took my hand in his and his eyes spoke of promise. A vow to screw me until I was full of my husband.

I followed Nick’s lead as we walked past the giant orgy and further into the mansion of erotic sex. Some couples were lost in lust, while others darted their eyes toward us and welcomed us to the party. A night full of every desire one could ever dream of. All fantasies became a reality as the hours of darkness screwed away.

“Look, Nick...” I said as my eyes caught sight of a woman with her legs spread on a set of stairs and a vibrator was between her legs. “Recognize anything, sweetheart?”

The bare pussy ate up a candy cane stick as she watched a couple beside her fuck. A man bent the woman over the railing with her hair gripped in his hand, and the other one squeezed her ass. The palm of his hand guided her wet cunt vigorously onto his cock. It slid like silk on his protected dick, and the condom glistened with their sex.

*But the woman masturbating caught sight of us.*

“Yes, I do...” Nick answered with a fiery need and slowed his pace. “She’s engulfed in my sweet vibrations just like you were, my naughty wife. Remember?”

Nick halted at her intense stare, and he watched the woman lick her lips. A soft moan of pleasure escaped her open mouth, and she ran her unoccupied hand down her navel. She kept going until she hit her destination and circled her clit. The intimate product hummed, and she pushed it deeper inside of her. Further into her sweet abyss of bliss, and her eyes never left my husband.

I blushed. “How could I ever forget?”

Nick continued to watch the half-naked woman, no older than me, and circled around behind me. He left me stuck between him and the other woman, caught in his undeniable trance. A spell Nick Frost could consume

any temptress with. One he trapped me in with his arms around me and his hands running down my body.

“You were such a good wife, taking my creation deep inside of you,” Nick breathed as he untied my lingerie robe and the front fell open.

“Yes, I was...” I sighed.

Nick was hard behind me, and his firmness dug into the small of my back. He cupped my plump tits in his hands and caressed my nipples through the lace fabric. The red tulle rustled and mixed with the sound of sex. A moan of pleasure came from me and mingled with the echoes of desire. I couldn't look away from the sexy woman Nick had reeled in and watched her mouth open. A cry of lust joined mine and her hazel eyes followed Nick's hand down toward my cunt. The place he had already enjoyed recently and was about to indulge himself in again.

And his fingers rubbed my swollen clit.

“Yes!” I cried out and clenched his forearms.

The smooth silk balled up in my hands as my hips rocked, and I fell deeper into his magical spell—a wicked sorcery he had cast over me. We were all trapped, spellbound, and seduced by Nick Frost.

*My enchantingly sinful husband.*

Nick gazed at the other woman as he pleased me, and his hands worked on my body. She watched our wicked ways, and her hips thrust against the quivering device. Her ass was grinding against the step, and her fingers rubbed her slick nub faster. This hungry woman was about to explode.

“Yes, Nick...” I moaned with bliss.

“Are you going to come again for me, wife?” Nick whispered in my ear and pinched my erect nipple.

“Yes, fuck, I am!” I cried out.

Stars ignited and lit up the brown-haired woman's face. She bit her lip and pounded Nick's slick candy stick between her legs. She rammed his product between her wet cunt lips, and her release swirled with mine in the heated mansion. Our wet juices gushed, and the smell of our pussies filled the air. The scent was thick in the air of sexual paradise.

“Mm...fuck. My wife is all wet and ready to take her husband,” Nick groaned as he tapped my pussy and nipped my earlobe.

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## FORTY-FOUR

### Mine to Keep

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Nick spun me around without warning and grabbed my shoulders. I gasped at the motion and his eyes stared with desire into mine. He was a greedy man who wanted his wife all to himself. I was no one else's but his, and he had staked his claim for everyone to see. Even the woman who had fallen into ecstasy with me.

My ears perked as I heard heels click behind me, and a heated gaze pierced into my backside. The temperature rose and Nick's eyes briefly shifted as he caught sight of the person behind me. But my husband's full focus remained transfixed on me.

"Did you like what you saw, handsome?" a female voice purred.

I watched as the gorgeous woman from the stairs with a black leather bra came to my husband's backside. Her well-manicured black nails crawled over his broad shoulders, and my jealousy spiked. I knew the envious greed shouldn't be there after what we had just indulged in, but I couldn't help it. Nick Frost was mine, and I was his.

This woman was everything Nick could want. She was young, sexy, and adventurous, just like him. He could fuck her and leave me all alone. Leave me tempted to touch someone else and show him what he had lost. But Nick's intense gaze blasted into me with a hungry need.

When Nick didn't respond, the horny brunette caught my eyes and licked up his ear. No groan of arousal rumbled in his chest. My husband only touched me with his hands running up my neck and he cupped my face. The pads of his thumbs on my lower lip as he bent the flesh downward and pushed his thumbs inside of my mouth. I took him in with a teasing nibble, and he moaned for me.

The other woman wouldn't stop and nipped Nick's earlobe. She flicked the flesh with her tongue and sucked it inside of her mouth. My eyes glared with jealousy, but I was turned on—aroused from my husband's constant tease and the surrounding atmosphere.

She went to the other side of Nick's head and repeated her process. I suckled my husband's thumbs and swirled my tongue over his nails. Her

fingernails dug into his shoulders but let go and she proceeded her hands in a downward spiral. One I knew I wouldn't enjoy if she came anywhere near what was mine. My husband's skilled and massive cock.

*I enviously bit down on Nick's thumbs.*

"Fuck," Nick growled as he took his thumbs out of my mouth and pushed backward. "My wife likes to play rough."

The determined woman had no choice but to back off. She took the hint with a naughty smirk at me, and I glared at her with ownership. *Nick Frost was mine, bitch.*

The woman raised up her hands and said, "This was fun while it lasted."

She turned on her heels, and I watched her bare ass sway as she walked away. Only to glance over her shoulder and leave me with a playful wink. She turned her attention to another couple and ran her hands down his face. Only to take his lips into a powerful kiss while the other woman touched her ass. Our pleasure was through and there was no way in hell she'd wrap her hands around my husband's dick.

"Sugarplum, don't be jealous," Nick said as he took my hands in his and kissed my knuckles.

"I'm not," I lied.

"Yes, you were," Nick breathed as his lips brushed my skin and I shivered with desire. "But you have nothing to worry about. I'm all yours, remember?"

I sighed, "Yes, I know. I was fine until she was about to touch what's mine."

"Mm...I like it when you talk like that," Nick breathed as he pulled me closer, and his lips were inches from mine. "Possessive, needy, and all mine to devour."

Nick kissed me with a passionate needy greed. The hunger rose between us, and Nick was fully erect for everyone to see. The lust inside of him was ready to come out and play with a raunchy wife like me.

"Yes, I'm yours and you're mine," I whispered against his lips.

Nick gave me one last kiss and breathed, "Come with me."

We stepped up the stairs one by one and right past the couple, who were lost in a sexual frenzy. We continued up further until we reached the top, and a barroom came into sight. The bartender was behind it mixing drinks while a woman had her leg up on the top of the bar. A man had her spread wide open and was eating her out. He was thirsty as fuck as he drank down his shot of a

wet pussy cocktail. The perfect mixture as his tongue dove in and out of her. The woman's head had tossed back with passion and her moan filled the air. Her hair glistened with the colors of red, blue, and purple. The sight was mesmerizing as she basked in pure ecstasy.

My legs moved as colorful lights caught my eye from behind her, and a stage came into view. An object drew me toward its familiar sight with a stripper pole in the center of the platform. A commotion stirred from up top, and a body twirled around the pole. She danced to the rhythm in the room, and a crowd gathered around her. Legs flew outwards, and she hugged the bar with her arms. Her body slid down to the floor with a clap of her stilettos, and she reeled me in.

"Would you like a drink?" Nick asked in my ear.

"Yes, that sounds perfect," I answered as my eyes never left the enchantment in front of me, and I tapped Nick's arm. "I'm rather parched."

"Okay, I'll be right back," Nick whispered and kissed my cheek. "Don't have too much fun without me."

Nick disappeared, but I wasn't alone. Men were all around and watched the woman dancing from the pole. The air was thick with masculine need as she grabbed the bar and swung around in the air. Long black hair whipped back as she twirled, and she hugged the bar tight—clenched the brass to pull herself back up with her leg over her head until she was upside down. A slow spin from the bar cast her around and she held on, locked in a stiff pose. Her position was held long enough with my breath lodged inside my lungs until she brought herself back down.

This woman was graceful and a true professional at the art of pole dancing. Her skill level impressed me. She was sharp, posed, and on point. The technique of pole dancing wasn't easy, and she had a body fit for it.

"She's gorgeous, isn't she?" a voice said from beside me.

I was lost in the artwork as she danced, captured in her sinful grace as every other man was. Except I didn't have a dick that wanted to bone her. I had an eye for anyone who knew how to work the pole. How to spin it, flaunt it, and grope it. After all, I owned a chain of successful pole dancing studios.

"Yes, she has a gift," I answered the shirtless man.

"My wife has a knack for driving men wild," the man stated as he moved closer and his brawny chest glistened with sweat. "But she loves it when women watch."

"She does, does she?" I asked.

“Yes, she does,” he replied as he reached out and ran his hand up my thigh. “Does she turn you on?”

I watched his wife grip the pole over her head and pull herself up. Her legs snapped open and revealed a slim thong showing off her bare pussy. Her eyes were right on me as her husband brought his hand higher and they trapped me. Caught up in them without Nick by my side to save me from their passionate entrapment.

“I...I...” I breathed, lost for words, and I grew uncomfortable.

Her legs snapped shut with a clap of her stilettos that caused me to blink. I flickered my eyes back to reality as the lights danced over her and my heart raced. Panic set in and I looked around for Nick, but he was nowhere to be found. My husband should be here with me. Not some strange man I didn’t even know who was about to grope me.

“Do I arouse this fine ass of yours, sweetheart?” he asked in my ear and squeezed my behind.

Suddenly, there was a loud noise and a scuffle. Someone threw the man backward into the crowd and flew at him. There was a sudden uproar, and I saw my husband on top of him. Nick Frost was angry, powerful, and his body language roared, *don’t lay a hand on my wife*.

“What the fuck, man?” the man voiced with confusion.

Nick didn’t hesitate and punched him in the face. The man never saw the blow coming and his head flinched to the side. But his hairy chest didn’t stand a chance.

Nick twisted his nipple ring and glared. “Keep your fucking hands off my wife.”

He winced in pain. “Hey, ouch, man...Okay...Fuck!”

Nick growled through clenched teeth with possession, “Touch her again and I’ll break your fucking arm.”

“Well, I just might”—he chuckled with hysterics and peered straight at me—“Because she fucking enjoyed it. Didn’t you, sweetheart?”

I touched Nick’s shoulder, “Come on, Nick. This asshole isn’t worth it.”

“Oh, she’s a sassy one. Isn’t she, Nick?” he taunted. “Listen, I don’t know what your problem is, but we can trade. You can have my wife, and I’ll take yours.”

*Nick lost it.*

A snarl came from deep inside Nick Frost, and he howled in a furious rage. Nick ripped out the nipple ring pierced to the man’s flesh, and the man



clenched his chest in pain. Blood oozed out of the open wound, through his fingers and onto the floor. But Nick didn't stop there.

My husband grabbed the man's arm and straightened it out. In no time flat, he held his wrist and brought up his leg. Nick launched his foot down and broke the asshole's arm as he promised. I heard the loud crack of the bone over the music, and the man cried out in pain. He fell to the floor in agony and Nick heaved his chest over him. Slowly, he bent down and grabbed the man's chin and stared intensely into his pained eyes.

"No, thanks. I prefer my wife," Nick breathed with power and let go of his face. "Now, don't fucking touch her ever again or I'll find you and break your other arm."

The man rolled on the floor in agony as Nick came to my side and the man's wife came down from the pole. She took her husband's side and threw Nick a glare like he had lost his mind. Mr. Frost only peered down at the damage he had inflicted in a need to safeguard his wife. The woman he gave vows to and possibly made him a little mad. But he didn't care because all he wanted to do was shelter me from harm.

Nick sensed my discomfort when he saw me being touched—a grope he didn't appreciate any man giving except him. His need to keep me safe caused him to break a man's arm to get the message across. He had ripped out a piercing and left blood on the floor as a warning for everyone.

*Don't fucking touch Nick Frost's wife.*

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## FORTY-FIVE

### Mine to Cherish

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The disturbance broke up, and the concerned wife left with her injured husband. This was a brawl I was sure the man wouldn't soon forget, with a scar across his nipple instead of a sexy piercing. Next time he'd think twice before laying his hand on a woman without her consent.

I didn't fear Nick getting arrested. I was sure the wounded man wouldn't dare press charges. He wouldn't risk coming face to face with Mr. Nick Frost ever again.

"Are you okay?" Nick asked, concerned.

My husband cupped my face in his hands, and his dark eyes swirled with worry. He was in distress for me and the situation I had been through. His thumb caressed my cheek, and I leaned into his affectionate touch. He made me feel safe, protected from everything, and like I was his entire world.

"Yes, I am," I replied.

"I never should've left your side," Nick breathed as his forehead touched mine and his eyes flurried with guilt. "I fucked up, and I'm so sorry, wife."

"No..." I whispered with a smile. "You saved me."

Nick closed his eyes, and he relaxed against me. He blew out a long breath as his minty scent filled the air, and I got lost in him—the feeling of him, the smell, and the sound of his calming heartbeat. He needed me to be all right, and I had to show him I was. I had to calm him down and show him how thankful I was.

I kissed Nick's lips with tender passion, and he accepted my bliss. His hands left my face and traveled down the sides of my body. A chill ran through me, and we put the danger behind us. The threat he kept away from me was replaced by our electrifying attraction—the spark that never burned out. It never went away. No matter what.

"Let me get the drink I promised you," Nick breathed against my lips.

Softly, I giggled. "Okay."

Nick turned around to a nearby table and brought me a drink. A dirty martini with an olive. I took the drink with a seductive smile and sipped the drink. The liquid went down smoothly, and I tapped the garnish against the

rim of the glass. The smell of the olive on the stick hit my nose and my eyes locked with Nick's.

"Cheers, hubby," I purred as I raised the stick and took it into my mouth.

My sole intention was to tease my husband and let the juice of the olive coat my tastebuds. The salty taste made me moan and briefly close my eyes as I took the garnish back out of my mouth. I opened my eyes and caught Nick staring directly at my mouth. The wet hole playing with the olive as I stuck out my tongue and licked up the stick, envisioning my husband's delicious dick. I ventured all the way to the tip, and back to the olive resembling his balls. I took the stick back into my mouth and watched him fall into my sensual tease.

"Mm...I love the way my wife is feasting on my treat"—Nick groaned as he stood there and stared over the rim of his glass—"In a slow seductive dance."

I licked the olive one last time and opened my mouth. Only to let my teeth glide the olive off the stick and disappear down my throat. I downed the martini and handed my husband the glass. A devilish grin appeared on my face as Nick watched me in a trance, and I knew I had him right where I craved him. Aroused, eager, and in for a tease.

My hips swayed as I took the stage, and my gaze never wavered from my husband. He sat our glasses down, licked his lower lip with thirst and bit the flesh with need. His eyes were on me as I discarded the lingerie robe he got for me, and the silk fell to the floor. I wore the red lingerie piece he gifted me and wrapped my leg around the pole. Mr. Nick Frost was in for a real holiday treat.

*His wife would dance on a stripper pole for him.*

I knew a thing or two about the erotic dance. The classes I took to learn the fine art of sensuality were essential to understand the business. I wanted the namesake left to me to flourish, and I was determined to do anything I could to achieve the dream. Plus, the dance was physical and kept me fit. Pole dancing became a passion of mine and I had learned from some of the best.

My hands lifted me up the pole, and the bar swung. A leg hugged the pole to hold my body in place, and my braid flew through the air. Around I went, and I gripped the pole with both of my hands. My legs flew up over my head with them wide open and the pole was between my open legs. I soared around in a circle, but remained focused as my grip loosened and my

backside fell to the floor. The Chopper spin was complete as soon as I hit the stage, and my legs stood me back up on my two feet.

My arms reached up and clenched the pole again to pull me upward. My feet left the platform, and the slick stick twirled all over again. It spun me around as I held the side of my body against the pole and spread my legs wide. My pussy was bare with a slim piece of fabric between my glistening lips and the crowd ate up the sight. But I wanted my husband to gulp me down.

I locked into the Teddy pose on the pole for a few seconds and let go of my leg. Only to reach over my head and flip myself upside down. The Butterfly came next with my leg hugging the bar for support and my hands gripping the pole to keep me steady. My braid fell to the side of my face as the pole slowed in motion and blood rushed to my head. My eyes remained on the same spot on the stage, I couldn't let the dizzy haze take over me. Focus was of utmost importance, and I'd complete the sensual dance with one final pose.

The music beat against my body, and I pulled in the leg dangling behind my head. My knees tightly hugged the pole, and my skin kept me in place. The force of my body's movement made the bar twirl fast, and I threw my upper body outwards. My arms reached out over my head, and I was in a sideways spin. The crowd spun by again and again. Repeatedly, I flew through the air with a confident grin on my face. The Knee Hold position held and then my treat was complete.

I pulled myself inward and gripped the bar one last time, but only let one leg hug the pole. My grasp loosened, and I eased back down to the earth. I hit the platform, and I stood with a clear view of my husband staring right at me, and he was more than calm.

*Nick Frost was completely turned on.*

Nick couldn't hide his erection, and his girth made a tent underneath the silk pants. The loose fabric was far too comfortable to conceal his most intimate desire. All hunger and longing for his wife.

My backside pressed up against the pole and I let myself slide down its width. My eyes never wavered from Nick's as he watched, and my butt hit the platform. But a commotion rustled in front of me, and my husband took notice.

Nick launched forward before any more men could get their hands on me. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me up from the floor before I spread my

pussy wide all over again. A sensual tease for him. But I was lost in soothing Nick I had forgotten about the attention I'd gained from others.

I grabbed the attention of almost everyone on the floor. Couples surrounded us and all eyes were on us. Men and women feasted their eyes on me with a hunger I had ever experienced before.

"What's wrong, hubby?" I teased playfully. "Weren't you enjoying the show?"

"I couldn't fucking take my eyes off you, sugarplum," Nick admitted as he looked around and back at me. "But neither could everyone else."

"So, why did you stop me?" I asked and ran a hand up his chest.

"Because I don't want anyone else laying a hand on what belongs to me," Nick breathed as his nostrils flared with desire and he ran his hands down the sides of my body. "They can watch. But no one can fucking touch. Ever. Do you understand me?"

I glanced behind Nick at a man stroking his dick, and his eyes were straight on me. The woman beside him ran her tongue along his ear as she watched me and got lost in lust. Arousal fused through the air and the heat was all directed at me.

"Yes," I sighed.

My hands slowly unbuttoned his silk shirt and Nick moaned at me. He grabbed my hand and stopped me. His eyes burned with an intense heat and warning. One more button and I'd be his undoing. He'd take me right now for everyone to see.

*I didn't stop.*

I couldn't because Nick was consumed with his heat—his need to have me, please me, and tease me. No matter who saw. He wanted me raw, bare, and on fire. But I wanted Nick Frost more than I had ever before.

My husband groaned and moved me backward until my backside hit the pole. The stage lights glowed on us, and he placed his thigh between my legs. He spread me wide as his hands traveled up my inner thighs and a shudder ran through me.

"Mm...I'm going to fuck you," Nick breathed and ripped the crotch of my lingerie. "And everyone can watch me claim my wife."

"Nick..." I gasped with surprise.

"My wife belongs to me. I'm going to make sure every fucking man and woman in this room knows it," Nick voiced hoarsely into my face.

"Nick, I..." I sighed.

I locked my eyes on Nick, and he grabbed my wrists. Clenched them together in his grasp and placed them above my head against the bar. I bit my lower lip, and he rumbled with need.

“It’s too fucking late to go back now, wife,” Nick growled with desire, and he finished unbuttoning his shirt. “Especially when you won’t listen and continue to bite your damn lip.”

“I can’t help it,” I admitted with a whisper.

“And I can’t help what I’m about to do to you,” Nick breathed and slid his fingers inside of me.

“Oh…” I whimpered.

Nick’s cock throbbed against my leg with need and my eyes fell shut. He pinned me on the spot and displayed for all to see as he took what he desired. It was his wife who electrified the spark inside of him, flared him to life, and made him want to explode. Made him want to protect, cherish, and fuck—hard—just like his very life depended on it.

“I don’t think a sex party is for us, wife, but we should make a lasting impression,” Nick said against my cheek.

The firmness of Nick’s dick rubbed up and down my leg as my hips moved to his beat. The pump of his fingers as they banged inside of me over and over again. My hand clenched the pole, and my teeth bit my bottom lip. A habit my husband had created and hated so much that he loved it. Nick Frost craved everything about me, and he was about to show everyone just how much.

“Yes, Nick,” I moaned, lost in lust.

Possessively, Nick buried his face in my neck. His nose sniffed at my scent, and he ran his tongue upward. Up my exposed collarbone and over my cheek. He nipped my earlobe and suckled it between his teeth. A quiver trembled inside my belly and his fingers fucked me until I was the slickest I had ever been. Smooth and wet all on his fingers. Ready for all of him.

“Fuck. My wife is dripping for me,” Nick whispered in my ear and pulled his fingers from me.

“Please, Nick, don’t stop,” I begged.

Nick released my wrists and my hands fell to his shoulders. I pushed off his shirt to reveal muscles of a man savage to claim his wife. He was a dominant husband whose sexy arm sleeve tattoo was bare for all women to see and wish he’d take her and make her his. Just as he was about to do to me.

“I don’t plan on stopping,” Nick growled as he grabbed my leg and exposed my cunt. “Because I want my wife’s pussy wrapped around her husband’s cock.”

I gasped. “Oh, fuck...”

Nick pulled down the elastic of his silk pants and they fell to his thighs. His perfectly firm ass fully displayed for everyone to devour with their hungry eyes and wish to squeeze. But I’d grip them in the palms of my hands.

*No one else.*

Nick lifted my leg up to rest on his shoulder, and the tip of his cock entered me. A soft moan escaped my mouth as he stretched my pussy wide, and I wanted him to dive right in. But my husband took his time with his precious wife.

“You’re mine to cherish,” Nick groaned.

My husband pushed another inch inside.

“And mine to fuck,” Nick breathed with need.

My cunt extended more. The head of his dick was between my swollen walls, and he gave one last push. Until Nick filled me full.

“As hard as I fucking want, wife,” Nick growled.

I whimpered with bliss as Nick filled me to the hilt. The force jostled my body, and he came alive. Nick fucked me in a frenzy, and he ripped the tie from around my neck. The front piece fell down, exposed my tits, and they bounced in his greedy hands. His thumbs grazed over the buds as he rode me bare and proved to everyone I was his.

*Nick’s to hold, cherish, and fuck wherever he wanted.*

The starving pack around us moved in closer. They were hungry with lust, and in these winter months, they scavenged for sensual release. But Nick was the leader of the pack, and I was his prey.

No one could feast upon what was his.

“Yes, yes, yes!” I cried out with each thrust.

“Goddamn, wife...” Nick breathed heavily with his eyes on my pussy.

“You’re so fucking good at taking my ruthless need.”

“Yes, Nick, yes!” I whimpered.

My hands squeezed Nick’s ass, and I slapped him. Commanded him to fuck me harder. I rode his cock deeply, and our climax grew with our fast-paced fuck.

“Oh. Fuck.” Nick growled as he took my leg off his shoulder and extended it high against the pole. “My wife wants a harder fuck, does she?”



“Oh!” I squealed as my eyes went wide and he stretched me further.  
*Far enough, I thought I might burst.*

Nick drove harder inside of me with a hand on my extended leg and the other hand on my hip. His grunts of need soared through the air and each plow he delivered pumped with a wild, beastly need. He threw his head back and my eyes rolled into the back of my head. My fingernails dug into his ass cheeks and scratched up his skin. I went further up his brawny chest and marked what was mine.

I heard moans of desire around us. Smacks of passion as others followed our lead and got lost in their own sensual ecstasy. A utopia in a sexual paradise where a man proclaimed his wife.

Nick roared out each word. “Eyes. On. Me. Understand?”

My husband fucked me wildly. He never stopped pounding. Nick Frost maintained his speed and didn’t back down. He was determined to make us come in front of everyone.

“I do, I do...” I huffed frantically, and I locked my baby blues on his.

But the extraordinary need in his smoky hues was my undoing.

“Fuck me, Nick, fuck me!” I cried out with urgency.

Nick rode me to oblivion, and each pound quaked through my body. The release was out of this world, and he took me straight to the sun. The heat blasted through me, and shudders of passion boiled my skin. Sweat glistened on my chest, and my eyes never stopped peering into his great divine.

“Never take your eyes off me,” Nick growled as his release coursed through him, and he rammed his seed inside of me. “Not fucking ever.”

Once the passion was through, I fell weak in my husband’s arms. I savored the sweet ecstasy he had created for me. We basked together in a sinful sweat as we fell to the floor against the pole and my husband cradled me close. Nick covered me with my lingerie robe I had discarded not even thirty minutes ago.

The sex had been hard. Powerful. And quick.

Mr. Nick Frost owned his wife. Everyone knew it. Even me.

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## FORTY-SIX

### Slippery Slope

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The day was off to a great start. Nick left before me for an early morning meeting for his spring lineup of intimate toys. The designs were already in the works, and I got a fresh take at his creative mind. A peak at his ideas before anyone else at Sensual Seasons. It was out with the naughty list from Christmas and in with the dirty awakenings for spring. He trusted me and valued my opinion. After all, I was his wife.

I was excited for Nick with his upcoming new editions, and my skin tingled at the thought of him trying and indulging himself in the products he had created. The creations he worked hard to make, investing his time in them and generating a new successful line. This was a fresh edition Mr. Nick Frost could try out on his wife.

*But wait...I almost forgot. Our time together was almost up.*

Soon we would sign on the dotted line—only a week away. The end came faster after becoming invested in our relationship together. We spent countless hours lost in each other, and everything was way too real.

I got lost in our fake kisses. Consumed by our pretend embraces. Disoriented from our lovemaking. I kept forgetting this was all fictitious.

Nick informed me the lawyer was drawing up the paperwork for me to sign. The final documents would be filed away to classify this was the end to our elopement. And we'd legally go our separate ways.

*But my heart beat a different story.*

I'd break after Nick Frost. Shatter like ice with my soul buried deep in the snow. I'd never get over what we shared. Our time together on the cruise ship, lost at sea for the holiday season with the one man I never expected. My dad's best friend.

Our time was brief, and I had fallen too hard. I should've kept my heart in check, but I let it beat off course. Nick was soon to be a memory. An ex-husband I'd never forget, and I'd be an ex-wife he'd move on from. On to the next woman—a handsome billionaire bachelor like himself could find anyone he wished.

“You need to move on, Wynter,” I mumbled to myself. “And fucking start today.”

I had been telling myself this all week. Manifesting every way to get over Nick. Not to break and fall right back into his arms as soon as he came home. I promised myself I could be strong and create distance from the one man I never thought I could love. But I do.

*I love Nick Frost and his frosty, bitter heart.*

*Forever.*

Nick didn't know my soul longed to be with him. Not one notion of how fast my heart raced for him when he looked into my eyes. How I melted at his feet every time he touched me. How much I yearned for him to love me in return. For him to speak those three words of devotion and this marriage to become real. Not just on paper, but in our hearts.

“Shit...” I muttered as I spilled my untouched coffee all over my work papers. Now I needed a new one.

My perplexing emotions were getting the best of me. The heartache I knew would come was interfering with work. My morning had started off right, caught up in a reality that wasn't meant to be mine. But by the middle of the day, I was on a downhill slope.

“Don't worry, Mrs. Frost. I'll print off some new copies for you to take home.”

*Home.*

The house my husband had bought for me, and we had shared for the past few weeks. But my partner would move out and return to his house. I'd no longer be Mrs. Wynter Frost.

“It's okay,” I breathed, upset. “Just have a fresh copy printed off of this month's finances for me tomorrow morning.”

This was a recurring theme I did every month. I had to check Sinful Steel's incoming and outgoing funds to ensure my company ran smoothly. I could have my accountant go over the finances, but I was an independent businesswoman. I always enjoyed seeing my success firsthand. The thriving records brought me pride, or I'd know where to cut costs. I knew how to manage the situation and how to move forward. I enjoyed the task, but today it was daunting—a tedious duty I wanted to pass off, and I knew I couldn't because I did this every damn month. It'd give away that something was wrong.

I added, “But I need a fresh coffee.”

I gave a brief goodbye, and I left the office. I rounded the corner of the pole dancing studio in the downtown city core and was on my way out the door. I continued into the bustling urban area and was ready to head home for the day. I was excited to curl up on the couch and wait for my husband's return home. But I wanted my damn coffee first.

I blew out a long breath as I walked down the street and peered up at the buildings in the city. Tall skyscrapers all around me, with high-rise apartments fitted row after row. Many businesses, such as law firms, restaurants, doctors' offices, news stations, and small corporations, were working hard to establish themselves in the city. Everything was here, all in the same place.

*And so was my husband's head office.*

This was a matter of pure coincidence, with me ending up at my company's downtown residence for the latest financial update. Maybe it was my subconscious who wanted me here. My mind brought me closer to a man I was about to lose in literal days. The answer was simple: I had lost all hold on reality.

I opened the door to my favorite coffee shop in the city; I required my caffeine fix to break me out of this funk I didn't want myself in, but had dug the hole too deep. I was so far down, I was on the verge of going insane.

"Welcome to One Stop Café. What can I get for you today?" the server asked with a smile from behind the cash register.

"I'd like one large—no, make that an extra-large—coffee with two creams and two sugars." I said, as I had forgotten my manners along with my sanity. "Please."

The server asked, "Will that be all?"

I blurted out, "No, actually. Are you married?"

The young woman answered with a confused expression. "No."

"Good," I added and leaned against the countertop. "Because you don't want to be."

"Your coffee will be ready in one moment." She smiled as she ignored my negative attitude and looked behind me. "Can I help the next person in line?"

*Well, that was one way to handle a customer with a real-world problem.*

After the bitter brush off, I got my coffee and took a sip. I hoped the brew would clear up my brain fog and tap into my emotional slip. I needed to get myself out of the state I was in.

Suddenly, my cell phone chimed, and I dug the device out of my jacket pocket. The screen reflected at me with a new message. A text message from my ex.

*Zaydon.*

Curiosity took over me, and I opened the device. The message was brief and straight to the point. But my gut instinct screamed something was wrong.

*Meet me at dad's office. We need to talk.*

I hadn't seen or spoken to Zaydon since he found out about the marriage. It had been a horrible shock he hadn't seen coming, and his vengeful stare still gave me chills. I couldn't understand Zaydon's need to talk with me. Everything was out of my control, and he should discuss this with his father. Not me.

My fingers typed in the words to decline the meetup, to turn the other way and not give a shit. But maybe there was some way I could fix this, sort out this mess with Zaydon on my own. Stepmother to stepson. Maybe I could be the one to heal the wound made between a father and his son.

I didn't respond and didn't want to give the idea another thought. I made a drastic decision to meet with Zaydon and deleted the words I had typed of letting him down. If there was anything I could do to fix this mess for Nick, I'd do it in a heartbeat.

*And Zaydon had reached out to me. Not his father.*

My heels ran as fast as my legs could go in the frosty paved snow. I took a path straight to the building where my heart longed to go. I was one step closer to Nick while my gut nagged at me to turn the hell back. But my determined-ass wouldn't listen.

I pushed through the front entrance of the main headquarters for Sensual Seasons and headed straight for the elevator. Nick's office was on the top floor. I had never been there before, but a wife should know everything there was to know about her husband. Nick had made sure of that.

The elevator moved far too slowly. More people boarded as we climbed higher, and I felt like I was ready to explode. Inquisitiveness coursed through me as the closed metal box let people come and go. Stop after stop, I went higher and straight to the top. But my mind reeled in an anxious flurry.

*What did Zaydon want?*

Finally, the doors opened for Nick's floor, and I hurried off the elevator. My hair waved from side to side as I passed each room on the floor and

searched for the office I sought. The one at the end of the hallway with big wooden double doors.

No secretary was at the desk, and I strolled right past. Right up to the handle and pushed my way inside without a second thought. But only one question stirred to life within my curious thoughts.

*What if this was a huge mistake?*

I shrugged the notion off as my wide eyes caught sight of Zaydon. He pushed his brown hair to the side as he stared out the window and over the city skyline. The view was beautiful, and the early evening sky was upon us. A breathtaking sight anyone would enjoy, but there were more pressing matters at hand. It was time to mend a relationship on the brink of collapse.

“Zaydon,” I exhaled in a shaky voice. “I came as fast as I could.”

“Good,” Zaydon said, as he turned around in a dark suit with his hands in his pockets. “I knew you would. I was counting on it.”

“I’m glad you want to talk about everything, and we can try to fix this,” I added, relieved, and prayed the conversation went smoothly. “So we can try to mend the relationship between you and your father.”

“Yes, I am too,” Zaydon stated with a smile. “Why don’t you have a seat?”

*But his grin sent a chill down my spine.*

“Is your father joining us?” I asked.

I sat down in the leather chair while Zaydon stood on the other side of the desk. An uneasy feeling crept over me, with him looming over me like a man in charge. Something wasn’t right, something was very off.

“Yes, he should be here rather shortly. I didn’t want him to miss this,” Zaydon announced, as he leaned forward and placed his hands on Nick’s desk.

“Yes, I agree. Your father should be here so we can work through this together.” I smiled in return, even though I hate doing it. “We are family, after all.”

Anger still ran through me after everything Zaydon did. Somewhere deep inside, I hid away the bitterness I felt toward him since we had to get along. We had to coexist and come together as a family for the time being.

Zaydon didn’t know this marriage would be over in a matter of days. I had to keep the act up for as long as it took. I had to help fix what I broke, and I had to bottle up my hatred for a little longer.

“But are we *really*?” Zaydon asked, as his face bent down closer, and he stared me straight in the eye. “A family I mean. Are we *really* tied together through marriage between you and my father?”

A slight laugh of nerves left me. “Well, yes, we are.”

“No. I don’t think we are,” Zaydon proclaimed and slapped his hand down on the desk. “But you already knew that, didn’t you, Wynter Ravenhurst?”

I was confused—an anxious wreck in my seat—and I felt the lies were up. Zaydon had a twinkle in his eye, a wicked gleam of ruin and his sight set straight on me.

*Zaydon Frost wanted the truth.*

“I...I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, Zaydon,” I stammered with anxiety and laid my hands on the desk. “Your father and I got married.”

“No. You. Didn’t!” Zaydon exclaimed, with his hands banging on the desk to each word.

“Yes, we did!” I yelled. “I’m your stepmother and you need to accept it!”

“Then why don’t you explain this to me, stepmother?” Zaydon breathed with heat and passed his cell phone toward me. “Hit play.”

My eyes narrowed, and I asked, “What the hell is this?”

“Just do it.”

“Fine,” I breathed and tapped the screen.

Fingers typing clicked through the phone’s speaker mixed with a conversation between two people. Zaydon and a woman whose voice was unfamiliar. He was adamant for a response. He wanted proof of our marriage. Evidence about the vows between us being real, and this was the obscenest thing I could ever hear.

Nick and I exchanged rings. He promised me and I trusted him. My husband remembered everything.

“This is ridiculous. Turn it off,” I said firmly.

The recording continued to play as the conversation carried on, and I passed the phone back to Zaydon. I stood up from my seat with a whirl of emotion. He had only brought me here to play a game, and I had fallen right into his trap. But he’d be the only one left to amuse. I was over it.

“No, wait until you hear the best part,” Zaydon breathed and turned the volume all the way up.



The woman on the recording said, “There’s no marriage certificate for your father, Mr. Nick Frost.”

Zaydon voiced with disbelief in the audio, “Wait, there must be some mistake—”

She interrupted him, “There’s no mistake. Your father, Nick Frost, doesn’t have a wife.”

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## FORTY-SEVEN

### Bitter Truth

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The audio stopped playing, and my heart broke in two. Torn in half by the damaging news. I wasn't a wife and Nick wasn't my husband. There had to be some kind of mistake.

"I don't believe this," I breathed with skepticism. "There has to be an explanation. Your father told me we got married. He told—"

"Wait a minute..." Zaydon interrupted and pointed at me. "You didn't know. Did you?"

I thought back to everything. From the beginning, when I first ran into Nick after Zaydon betrayed me. The expression in his eyes when he discovered the truth and his urgency to protect me. I knew he should've brought me right back to his son, but he didn't. Nick saved me. He did. He would never betray me.

*Would he?*

I stumbled backward, and my mind reeled with the memories we had created together. Everything combined into one, and my world spun out of control. The answer was played for me, and I still held mistrust in what was real. But somewhere deep inside my newly shattered heart, I knew the truth.

*Nick Frost had used me.*

*But why?*

"No. I didn't," I snapped with bitterness, and tears bit my eyes. "How? How could Nick do this to me?"

I never thought of calling my lawyer. Never once had the thought crossed my mind of not trusting Nick. The man I grew up with and the person my parents trusted more than life itself. Nick was my dad's best friend. He'd never hurt me and would always be there for me. A promise Nick had made within himself after my dad died, and I dealt with the grief. The lonely emptiness Nick knew about, and he took full advantage of me.

Zaydon said, "Why don't you ask him yourself?"

I spun around and there was Nick. His chest heaved up and down like he ran a mile, the same as I had. Sprinted as fast as he could before Zaydon

uttered a word. Before my ex spilled the truth. Something Nick couldn't do for me.

Tears fell down my face and I don't know how long Nick had been there, but I didn't care. All I wanted was for this all to be a terrible nightmare. A horrible dream I'd wake up from and be back in the arms of the man I fell head over heels in love with.

*Based on lies.*

I knew Nick's deception was true. The look of regret plastered all over his handsome face gave him away. An image of shame with his open, ruffled jacket and disheveled hair from his dash of need to get here and cover up his lies some more. To keep me in the dark and keep me as his for a while longer. But Nick Frost wasn't my husband.

Nick was never mine. I wasn't his. Our marriage was all a big fat lie.

Zaydon breathed, "Dad, did you really fake a marriage with my ex?"

There was a long pause. The most drawn-out moment of my life. But Nick never turned away from me as he sealed his fate.

"Yes," Nick replied.

My heart sank, perished in the bottom of the ocean back on the cruise ship. The place where Nick Frost stole my heart. But now he had imploded my soul for all of eternity.

"How could you do this to me, Nick?" I asked in a heart wrenching whisper.

Nick fell to his knees right in front of me. His hands grabbed my dress as I sobbed, and my being trembled with heartache. I wanted to scream at him to get his hands off me, but I yearned to hold him all at the same time.

*Because I knew this was the end.*

We didn't have days, hours, or minutes left. We had seconds. There was no final paperwork to sign. No lawyer to communicate with. Our marriage was over before it even began. Because there never was one.

"I'm so fucking sorry, sugarplum. I fucked up..." Nick explained as his eyes glistened up at me and my tears fell on him. "I screwed up badly, but I didn't know what else to do. My company demanded that I prioritize family values and avoid being perceived as a *Scrooge*. They gave me until Christmas to fix my problem or there would be no spring line. My business was thriving, and this put me in a bad spot. Everything I worked for years to accomplish would be gone because of the one thing my life lacked. A family."

Nick looked over at Zaydon. The son he had lied to and forced his way into a made-up marriage with his ex. His face was full of remorse and a single tear fell down his face.

“I’m terribly sorry, son. You are my family and my world, but my business partners wanted me to find a woman who fit into my life,” Nick breathed with apology, and looked back at me. “And Wynter fit perfectly.”

Nick’s words stung. An icicle straight through my soul. Frozen right along with everything he had done.

“So you steal the bride, pretend to marry her, and get Wynter to lie to my face?” Zaydon glared with anger. “Sounds to me like your job is your number one priority and not me.”

*Zaydon was right.*

Nick took the heated words and his mouth twitched. Not in a fit of rage or closed off bitterness, Nick took the blow in raw, shameful sadness.

“Why me, Nick?” I asked and raised my voice. “Why?”

“Because it was Christmas Day. The pressure was on and there you were. In my fucking arms and beautiful as ever in your wedding dress,” Nick admitted with guilt and peered straight ahead. “But then you told me about my son’s deception, caught in the arms of your best friend, and a surprise grandchild I was going to have. You begged me to get you out of there, and my hand reached into my pocket. Only to touch the wedding rings I was supposed to give to my son and his bride.”

“No, no, no...” I sobbed and shook my head.

The memory of me wanting to get drunk whirled through my mind. I had wanted to forget everything Zaydon had put me through. I drank so much wine and told Nick about the upcoming honeymoon. I confided in him like I always did, and he took advantage of my trust as soon as I blacked out.

Everything made sense when it once didn’t. All the missing pieces fell into place. But it didn’t make my heart hurt any less.

“Yes, Wynter, I’m a cold and fucked up man. The bitter truth you never wanted to see because of the crush you always had on me,” Nick whispered with hatred in his eyes. “An affection I took for granted and used because I never deserved a woman like you. I fucking deceived you and justified it by telling myself you were better off with me than all alone.”

“That’s fucked up, dad, even for you.” Zaydon glared.

“I know...” Nick admitted and peered back up at me with affection in his eyes. “But somewhere along the way, my frosty heart warmed up to you,

Wynter Ravenhurst, and I fell in love with you.”

There they were. The three little words I longed to hear. But not like this.  
*Never like this.*

A tear rolled down Nick’s face as I backed away from him and gave him no choice but to let me go. Let me be free of him and his deceptive ways. Mr. Nick Frost had made his cold and icy bed where he’d sleep alone. Frozen in heartbreak for eternity as payment for his wicked sin and the pain he had caused.

*Nick would grieve, hurt, and be in brokenhearted agony, just like me.*

“I don’t love you, Mr. Frost, because your heart is too cold for that.” I wept with anger and took off my wedding band.

“Wynter, please, I’m begging you down on my fucking knees to forgive me,” Nick pleaded in torn agony and crawled toward me. “I can’t breathe without you. I can’t sleep if I’m not by your side. My world will freeze over without my wife.”

“I’m not your wife. I never was, but you made damn sure of that,” I said through clenched teeth and threw the gold band at Nick. “I hope you feel the same pain I felt when I caught your son cheating on me. You’re no fucking better than him.”

The wedding band bounced off Nick’s jacket and fell to the floor. Immediately, he stopped crawling, and the ring rolled in front of him. The shimmering band came to a halt, and he picked it up as he took it into his hands. But I’d never forget his face.

Nick Frost, the man I loved, wept for me at my feet. Wept for the woman he claimed to love. An affection he discovered after he ruined my entire world, and everything fell apart. There he was, broken, defeated, and powerless. No amount of money could fix this.

My legs took off, and I didn’t dare turn back. It took all the willpower inside of me to leave the person I thought I knew better than my life itself. The man who took my heart and ripped it in two.

Nick wailed in agony, and my being screamed for him. Everything hurt as his roar of sorrow followed me right out the door. I had ruined Nick Frost for good—frozen his blood, and sealed his love deep inside his icy heart. Never to exist again.

The damage was done on both of our parts. Nick had lied, and I had no choice but to conceal my love. We made our decisions and concluded the

arrangement. We broke each other's hearts and sealed our fates. No more trust, no more promises.

The tears wouldn't stop, and my soul shredded until there was nothing left. I was numb, incomplete, and as bitter as the frozen tears chilled against my face. But the sunset hit the evening sky and the end of the day had frosted over my once dearly devoted heart.

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## FORTY-EIGHT

### Inked for Life

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The damage was done, and we were through. He didn't waste a moment, and when I returned from work the next day, all his stuff was gone. Not one piece of Nick was left in the house.

*The home he had bought for me.*

But the memories remained and living there was much worse. I found it unbearable—every corner inside the mansion held a constant reminder of his devotion. A pure affection blinded by absolute deceit. A love we unknowingly shared but was based on lies.

Minute by minute, hour after hour, my heart ached for a man who used me. A lover who screwed me with the best sex of my life and hid behind all his dishonesty. He claimed loyalty to me when, in fact, he was against me. Nick abused my trust. He embarrassed me to no end, and I still yearned for him.

Everything in me wanted Nick Frost back. No matter what he did or how much he hurt me. The pain was unbearable, and my father would be ashamed. Neil Ravenhurst would roll over in his grave and want to give his best friend a swift kick in the ass. He had crossed a line and had broken his daughter's heart.

"Dad..." I whispered.

My hand caressed the last photograph I had of him. The very last memory of my dad I could actually see before death took him away from me. But the picture was taken with Nick in it.

I wanted to throw the picture frame and shatter it into pieces. Toss it against the wooden door in the mansion Nick had bought for me. But I couldn't.

*Because I loved them both so much.*

My cell phone rang for the fifteenth time that evening. The text messages were endless. Obsessive and stubborn. All of Nick Frost's traits and I didn't need to look to know it was him. He wanted me to forgive him. Move past everything he had done. But I couldn't.

Nick had broken too much. He had shattered the one thing I still had left that was true. Him.

I grabbed my cell phone and peered at all his text messages—long rows of words showing everything he had tainted. Everything he tried hard to fix.

*Please, sugarplum, forgive me. You're my sun, my moon, and my bright blue sky. Everything I never knew I needed until you were no longer by my side.*

Nick's words tugged at my heart and tried to thaw the ice and revive the organ. But the pain was much too strong.

*I ruined the one true love I ever had. You. The only woman who melted my ice-cold heart and burned away all of my bitterness.*

The notifications were nonstop. I was on Nick's mind morning, noon, and night, and I was his sole priority. But he couldn't be mine.

The phone chimed again, and I threw it angrily onto the couch. I'd have to change my number. Break my phone and get a new one. Anything was better than the constant reminder of Nick.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. My eyes shot up and narrowed with confusion. I wasn't expecting company at this hour, and it would soon be time to go to bed. An early morning would be upon me, but I knew I'd lay there restlessly in bed. I would lie there alone in another room instead of my bed because I couldn't bring myself to sleep in there after Nick's deception. The terrible night I found out the truth, I had cried myself to sleep.

The doorbell turned into a constant knock, and my feet hurried toward it. I hated living solo on the outskirts of the city. But this was my new home, and I'd have to make peace with my new beginning.

"All right! One second..." I said as my eyes fixed on the front door, and my hand reached for the handle.

I opened the door without another thought. The obsessive knock put me on edge, and I wanted it to stop. Anything to make the racket go away and...

*There was Nick.*

Through the glass window at my doorstep, the man I loved stood there with a soft expression on his face. Graying stubble grew on his unshaven face, and his tired eyes peered into mine. I couldn't move, breathe, or think right. My heart pounded wildly in my chest and everything inside of me ached for him. But reality collided with me, and the pain came back all over again.

“Leave me alone, Nick,” I breathed, drained from barely any sleep. “Stop trying to contact me.”

Nick looked the same way I felt. Worn out, heartbroken, and grieving. But he missed one emotion he threw upon me.

*Anger.*

I wasn't only in complete turmoil from what Nick had done. I was mad. Enraged at the sight of him and I wanted him gone. Off my property and out of my life. For good.

Nick stepped closer toward the glass door and breathed, “I might if you'd just answer me.”

Nick's voice was exhausted. Strained to no end and hoarse from his weakened state. All of which was no good for him at his age. My heart hurt to think something could happen to him because of his choices, but the pain was still raw—fresh like an open wound and not ready to heal.

“Please, for the sake of both of us, just go,” I said as tears bit my dry eyes and moistened them until the drops fell.

“I fucking hate myself for hurting you so damn much,” Nick breathed as he touched his forehead against the glass and his mouth fogged up the window. “Please don't cry, sugarplum. I won't fucking stop until I bring the joy back into your icy blue eyes.”

The thought of him opening the glass door between us made me afraid, and I was hesitant to let Nick inside. Not just because of everything he had done, but I'd cave as I had always done and give into him without another thought. Simply because I still loved this man with all of my soul, even though he had shredded it apart.

“You've ruined everything between us. What more could you want, Nick?” I asked with deep mistrust.

Nick's palm hit the glass, and he answered, “You.”

“Me? You had me, Nick. My mind, body, and soul. For years, you had me and you threw it all away for your career,” I snapped with bitterness.

“And I want it all back,” Nick expressed himself with determination.

*Nick Frost meant it.*

His smoky eyes swirled with willpower and a boldness that said he wouldn't give up. Nick was a stubborn man and had a lost soul on a mission. He wanted to bring back the spark in my eyes and heal everything he had broken.

Nick wasn't about to let go and give in to my need for freedom. He wouldn't respect my wish to move on and forget everything between us. He was a man bound to love, and he wanted to tie me right down with him. Nick Frost wouldn't give up on us, and the wedding band on his ring finger proved it.

"Well, you can't have me back because it's too late." I glared through tears and willed him to go away.

I went to close the wooden door, and Nick's eyes went into panic mode. He repeatedly rapped his hands on the glass and wanted my full attention. The loud sound made me stop. My hand slammed down on the wooden door and anger coursed through me.

"Don't you fucking get it?! We're over! Now leave me the hell alone!" I yelled as Nick took off his jacket in the wintertime chill and rolled up the sleeve of his white dress shirt.

Either my exhaustion had got to me, or the pain was too damn much. Nick had pushed my buttons, and I was about to call the cops. His ass would be in a jail cell, and I was sure I might regret it by morning light. But right now, anger consumed me beyond reason.

"I can't, my wife," Nick admitted with calm composure at my outburst. He knew he deserved every bit of my rage. "Because I came for you and I wanted to show you I won't quit."

"Are you out of your fucking mind? Did you not—" I glared with rage. But the madness all faded.

Nick stood there with his sleeve tattoo exposed to the elements. I drew my eyes straight to the new ink etched into his skin. The words forever written on his flesh, never to fade away. His bronzed forearm had an added feature, one that hadn't quite healed yet, the redness was still evident. But the needlework was all too familiar.

Nick included *My Wife* as a permanent part of his body art, with the fancy words and wedding bands fitting in perfectly. This was the missing piece of his tattoo sleeve he wanted to show to me. Nick Frost wanted me to see that he wanted me back in his world for all of eternity.

*Mr. Nick Frost inked me onto his skin for life.*

"What did you do?" I asked as my hand touched the glass where he pressed up the tattoo he had purchased, and my heart skipped a beat.

"I got this for you," Nick responded with certainty.

"But I'm not your wife, and I never was." I expressed.

“I don’t need a fucking legal document to prove you are mine for life,” Nick breathed as he locked eyes with me and pointed at the new tattoo.

“Because I have this, and I’ll always have you.”

Nick lost himself, trapped in his love for me, in his obsession with having me and making me his forever. He wouldn’t stop and this was far from over.

“You’ll never have me, Mr. Frost,” I said as I peered deep into his eyes and tried to hurt Nick to make him give up.

“Oh, but I will, my future wife,” Nick breathed with purpose and slung his jacket over his shoulder. “I’m not giving up, and you will be Mrs. Frost. I’ll make sure our marriage is one hundred fucking percent legal this time.”

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## FORTY-NINE

### Snowbound

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“Where is it?” I grumbled to myself with my coffee in hand and peered out the window.

My taxi was late the next morning. This never happened, and I was fearful the snow trapped the vehicle in the storm. I worried the unexpected, blustery snowfall had possibly thrown my ride to work into a ditch. Or worse, a terrible accident.

I took a sip of the early morning brew, and the heat brought up the temperature in my body. I had caught a chill from running outside in the flurries to see the road down the hillside. But there wasn't a vehicle in sight. I should've thought twice before moving here because this mansion was a godforsaken curse. Here I was, stuck at home by a snowstorm and trapped alone with my memories.

*Reminders of Nick.*

Work had become my only escape from the broken pieces of my heartache, the missing bits of Nick Frost—a man I had and lost. He was gone for good because of his deceitful ways, and his greedy need for success. Though his advancement would remain, his heart would ache forever.

Suddenly, lights pulled into my driveway, and I heaved a sigh of relief. My feet scurried to the kitchen to dump my coffee down the drain and put my mug in the dishwasher. I grabbed my oversized purse for work with my laptop inside, put on my fancy fur coat, slipped into my heeled winter boots, and I went out the door. But I halted right in my tracks.

The taxi I called didn't pull up. The vehicle I was expecting still hadn't shown up. But a long limousine had, and it belonged to Nick Frost.

“Great...” I grumbled with displeasure.

The limousine pulled up beside me, and the driver got out. “Wynter.”

“Morning, Walter,” I mumbled, as I had familiarized myself with Nick's personal driver back when we were married.

*I mean, never married.*

Huge snowflakes from the heavy snowfall coated Walter's chauffeur hat. He walked to the back door and opened it up. I couldn't see through the

tinted windows but knew who'd step out into the snow. The frosty and bitter man himself, Mr. Nick Frost.

"Not right now, Nick," I said with frustration and peered down at my wristwatch. "I'm already late for work as it is."

"What happened?" Nick asked as he stepped toward me, and his dress shoes crunched in the snow. "Did your cab not show?"

The familiar glint in his eyes sent a shiver down my spine. The cold nipped at my nose as Nick tried my patience. I only had so much left when it came to him, and my morning was off to a terrible start. But something about his behavior and unexpected arrival made me wonder.

"What did you do, Nick?" I questioned with irritation.

"Nothing," Nick groaned and flicked his shoe in the snow. "Well, maybe something."

"Whatever it is, I don't want it," I snapped.

"Well, I think you'll want this," Nick breathed with honesty. "Since I made sure your taxi isn't coming soon."

"Fuck off, Nick," I snapped with sass. "I don't need anything from you."

"Mm...I see the sass has come out this morning," Nick groaned with a smirk and rubbed his chin. "But you'll take your bratty attitude and ride in my limousine into work."

I heaved, "No, thanks. I'll find my own way to work."

One foot fell in front of the next as I walked away from Nick. I stumbled through the snow toward the road and was determined to get to work. Insane as the idea was, I'd do it to show him I could. I didn't need Nick Frost or any of his favors.

I heard a frustrated grunt from behind me and a bustle of commotion. I heard an exchange of words and the sound of shoes treading quickly in the snow. A hand grabbed my wrist and spun me around until I fell into Nick's arms.

An immediate rush from Nick's touch coursed through me. Heat sparked to life, and a flame threatened to ignite between us. But I couldn't bear it. Not after everything Nick had done.

"Let me go," I huffed with bitterness.

Nick heated me from our encounter after days of not having him near. No touch to comfort me. Not a single kiss to tempt me. No embrace to remind me I was his entire world.

"No, not until you agree," Nick argued and gripped my shoulders.



“I’ll be fine. I know how to walk by myself.” I glared up into his eyes.

My angry blaze didn’t faze Nick, and his face softened into a warm glow. An appearance I could get lost in, and I had to turn away before I fell into his dashing handsome charm and forgot all the reasons I was upset with him.

“I know. I love the independent fire in you,” Nick whispered in my ear. “But I want you to accept this gift I’m giving you.”

“No,” I stated firmly.

“Fuck. Fine, my spoiled little brat...” Nick breathed and heaved me up over his shoulder. “My way it is.”

“Hey! Put me down, Nick!” I gasped with dismay and put up a fight.

My purse hit against the back of Nick’s legs, and my feet kicked. He didn’t flinch and held all control as he took me back to his limousine and sat me down in the back seat. But he blocked my way of escape as soon as I tried to make a run for it.

“Walter,” Nick commanded as he fixed his winter overcoat and pulled up the collar. “Get Wynter to work and drive the woman I love wherever her heart desires.”

“Yes, Mr. Frost,” Walter agreed with a nod.

I protested, “Walter, no. Walter—”

Nick closed the door and stood on the other side. He waited for his driver to take his place in the driver’s seat. But Nick couldn’t stop me from rolling down the window.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” I asked.

“Getting my future wife safely off to work. I won’t have you driving in a cab any longer. Especially in a snowstorm,” Nick admitted with snow covered hair.

I couldn’t help my worry. No matter what Nick had done, we were on the outside of the city with miles to go. I had no intention of walking through the snow. I had made up a stupid plan solely to get Nick off my back, but the fib had backfired.

“But what about you?” I asked in distress. “It’s freezing out here.”

“Oh, sugarplum, I’ll take your concern over your anger,” Nick said with a smile and touched my cheek. “But my limousine is all yours. I’ll fucking give up anything of mine just to have you.”

Nick tapped on the roof of the limousine and away I went. The wind blew inside of the limousine, and I peered out the back window at Nick. His

footsteps moved one foot after the other, and I couldn't believe what he had done.

"Walter, stop this instant!" I hollered from the back seat. "We can't leave Nick!"

Worry rushed through me. Concern for the man who made my heartbeat. Unease for the person who nearly destroyed me, but every day since he had tried to make it right again.

"Yes, ma'am, we can because Mr. Frost gave me explicit orders," Walter called back.

"Well, fuck his orders!" I exclaimed and hit the back seat. "This is absolutely absurd!"

The vehicle came to a halt. I gasped as the jolt threw me by surprise and Walter turned around. I puffed out air and my ears made a ringing sound. My adrenaline rushed through me, we had to turn back.

"Love makes you do baffling things, Wynter. Mr. Frost has a genuine affection for only you," Walter noted. "And he wants me to get you to work."

"Well, you're fired, Walter," I huffed with my hair blowing in and out of my mouth.

"Mr. Frost hired me to do this, Wynter, and you know my boss better than anyone," Walter breathed with clarity, and his hand tapped the back of the seat beside him. "I can't leave your side, no matter what you tell me."

I exhaled. "Fine. Please take me to work."

Nick Frost had given a clear demand to his personal limousine driver, and Walter was now in my command. None of this was the chauffeur's fault, and he was just doing his job. Nick was the sole person in charge and if I was going to be upset with anyone, it'd be him.

We drove away, and I peered back into the storm. There was only one man walking behind me with sheer determination and the will to get everything back. And my heart couldn't help but long for Nick in the frosty snowfall.

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Snowy Stroll

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Nick had made it home. I only knew because he continued with his constant contact on a daily basis. He went without his private limousine and kept his promise of letting me use his service. I didn't fight him on the issue because it was no use. Nick refused to listen and was tenaciously determined to win me back. He wasn't ready to let me go.

So, I played along day after day. I didn't answer any of his communication for a while. Until one day I gave in after an evening of one too many beers. And I answered his damn phone call.

"What do you want to tell me today, Nick?" I slurred.

"That you're beautiful, intelligent, and everything I need," Nick answered.

"Well, you can't have me..." I said, intent on getting through to him. "There's no more us and there never will be. You showed me your true colors, Mr. Nick Frost, the moment you chose your career over me. Money means more to you than the love you claim to have for me."

"I see I'm not getting through to you, my future wife," Nick sighed in frustration through the phone line. "I'll have to step up my game."

"What? What does that even mean?" I slurred with a hint of confusion.

"You'll see," Nick breathed.

The phone line went dead in my ear. "H-hello? Hello?"

*But Nick hung up.*

....

TWO DAYS AGO, I HEARD Nick's voice. Forty-eight hours ago was the last time I heard from him. No more phone calls, no text messages, and no voicemails. He had given up, and I guessed my words had gotten through to him. Stubborn Nick Frost finally left me alone, and I could move forward. Even though my heart begged me not to.

It was hard going forth with the thought of not having Nick in my life. The idea dragged me down like an icy weight chained to me, and I couldn't get out of the snow. The snowflakes kept falling to create a cold, weighted blanket. Chilly down to my bones, causing a painful ache unlike any before.

Nick had always been in my life at some point. He was my dad's best friend who kept coming back. Once my dad died, Nick was there for support and a big part of my life. Then came Zaydon, and we were going to become family, but disaster struck.

Zaydon was a two-timing cheater I never saw coming. A man who only wanted to use me for my money. And then I thought I had married his dad.

The rest of the story is history and all in the past. Except for the love I still had for Nick. The genuine affection had never left. But Nick had.

I grabbed a container of mint chocolate ice cream and a spoon the size of my hand. I'd eat away my feelings and wish I was somewhere else instead. Anywhere was better than here because I was without my other half, the missing piece to my heart, and the person who made my soul whole again.

The remote control was within reach, and I'd watch a cheesy chick flick—a Hallmark Christmas romance. One with a happily ever after to remind me I'd never have mine.

I wanted to drown in my self-pity and get lost in my sorrow. Nick was gone, and I had wanted him to be. I had him pushed away. The only man I had ever truly loved because he had deceived me.

I made the correct choice.

*Right?*

Suddenly, the doorbell rang and startled me. I wasn't expecting company now with Nick gone. I left the couch with my tub of ice cream in my hands and headed for the front door. My bare feet dragged me along, and I only desired to curl up on my couch. I wanted to eat this container of ice cream and fall asleep with the spoon hanging out of my mouth.

Dressed in my flannel pajamas, I heaved myself to the door handle and pulled with the little strength I had left. Only to find Nick in the middle of a blustery afternoon in a long overcoat covered with snow. Icicles stuck to his hair and eyebrows. The snow covered his eyelashes, and his face was wet from the melted flakes. He was a frosty mess. My heart leaped at the sight of him. But Nick Frost didn't need to know that.

"Are you crazy?" I questioned in disbelief and opened up my door to let him through. "Did you walk here?"

The boot marks tracked in the snow leading up to my front door answered my question. Nick walked for miles all the way back to his home the other day. But he returned on foot.

*In a freaking blizzard!*

“I’m only crazy for you, sugarplum,” Nick said as his teeth chattered and he held something in his hands.

A bouquet of red roses. Ruined by the snow. The snow ruined the scarlet petals, and the wind blew them away. The frost broke the green stems from the journey to my doorstep through the icy cold storm.

“Come inside. It’s freezing out,” I said and gave my decision without a second thought.

*But Nick wouldn’t budge.*

“No, I just came to drop off these,” Nick stated and handed the flowers to me.

“You walked all this way in a blizzard just to bring me flowers?” I asked, bewildered.

“Well, I don’t have a limousine anymore because I gave it to you,” Nick admitted with a shrug of his broad shoulders. “So, yeah. I did. I’ll do anything for you, Wynter. I’ll even walk through a fucking winter storm for you.”

I shook my head. “You’ve completely lost your mind, Nick! You could catch hypothermia.”

Nick breathed, “Anything is better than living without the woman I love.”

I simply stared at Nick in disbelief. Perplexed by the feelings swirling inside of me from him randomly showing up. Again. After I thought he was gone for good. But here he was, confessing his love. Just like in a corny Christmas Hallmark movie.

Nick didn’t accept my invitation inside. He wanted me back, and I welcomed him into my home. Simply to warm up and then cart his ass back out into the cold. But he didn’t want to.

“Well, you delivered your flowers and now you can go,” I snapped and held the dripping flowers in one hand with my melting tub of ice cream in the other. “You still hurt me, Nick, and flowers will not fix it.”

“I know, but I’m going to come back every damn day until you forgive me,” Nick expressed with certainty, and he meant every word.

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## FIFTY-ONE

### Proved Affection

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Nick came back. Every damn day. For weeks on end.

Nick Frost was a stubborn man hell-bent on forgiveness, determined not to live without me. He was fixated on making me his again.

Nick showered me with food, becoming my private delivery service. He knew one way to my heart was through my love for nourishment. He brought my all-time favorite foods straight to my doorstep.

At first, I refrained, and let Nick leave me the meals he brought each day. He'd sit the container on my front step while the steam mixed with the cool air. My mouth would water and my belly growled for me to give in, to indulge in one bite and leave the rest to freeze. But I wasted the food, letting it sit until it got cold, and Nick took it away every day.

Eventually, I told myself there was no harm in indulging in the food Nick provided me. I didn't want to give in. I held back for as long as I could, but those mini cheeseburgers spoke to me and the crisp, golden buns were perfect. As were all the toppings on the pizza with the double stuffed cheesy crust, and the desserts of chocolate fudge cake, cheesecake, and sugar cookies. Everything was too good to continue to waste.

One day, I opened the door and had a taste. I couldn't stop at a single bite and took the delicious meal inside. Sealed the door shut and gave into the gift Nick gave to me. I satisfied my tastebuds with the decision I had made, and my stomach was bloated full. But mayo dripped from my lip as I watched Nick with bewilderment—he stayed on my property in the snow.

Nick shoveled my private driveway. The long stretch was a huge undertaking, but he did it. He had learned to dress for the weather and was prepared to be outside for longer periods of time. A winter hat, a warm pair of mittens, a scarf wrapped around his mouth, snow pants, and a warm parka. Mr. Nick Frost dressed for a blustery winter storm every single day.

Nick salted my driveway after he finished with his daily shovel. He sprinkled salt deicer so I wouldn't do a face plant on the ice. He didn't want any nasty injuries for his future wife.



I witnessed him ordering wood for my fireplace to keep me warm on a cold winter's night. The delivery service only dropped the logs off in my driveway and in a giant heap. He'd gather the wood and store it away in a warm place for me to access easily.

Another day, I found a present on my doorstep after Nick had left with a red bow on top. He had wrapped the gift with care, and I let it sit outside for a couple of hours. I contemplated bringing the offering inside. I went back and forth inside of my mind as my eyes peaked out the front window to see if the gift was still there. The thought crossed my mind that the present would disappear and be a figment of my imagination. But there the parcel was, and I couldn't contain myself any longer.

I snagged the gift and brought it inside. The wrapping paper was cold to the touch and the red bow had ice on it. I laid it by the fire that Nick had helped me make by supplying the wood, so I could keep the flames lit. I parked my ass on the couch and stared at the parcel for one entire hour. But the late night had crept in, and my eyes drooped with exhaustion.

I grumbled, "Oh, fuck it."

I grabbed Nick's present and ripped it open like a child on Christmas morning. My heart beat wildly in my chest with glee, and I couldn't wait to see what he had bought for me. My mind had been reeling with anticipation for hours. I revealed a white box and eagerly flipped open the lid. Only to find a note on top with something concealed inside of red tissue paper.

And the message read, *Wrap yourself in this and think of me. Comfort is all I want for you, my future wife.*

"From your future husband, who waits for you," I said aloud and held the note against my heart.

I peered down at the gift with tears in my eyes. I missed Nick. My body ached for his arms around me. For him to cuddle me tight and remind me everything would be all right. But all I had was this gift he gave to me.

*When all I wanted was Nick.*

I fought back the tears biting my eyes and opened the tissue paper to see what was inside. My hands touched a soft fabric with all my favorite colors on it. The cotton square pieces of purple, black, gold, gray and blue. A quilt for me from Nick that I could wrap myself in whenever my heart ached for him.

The sentimental gift hugged me tight all night long. With the quilt wrapped around me by the cozy fire, I was comfortable enough to fall into a

deep sleep. One I hadn't had in a while.

The next morning, I awoke with a rational mind and was on the way out the door to work. I hopped into Nick's limousine; I prepared my purse fully and made it ready for the day. I wore high heels and dressed to impress. No longer would I wear a wrinkled outfit in an upset and disheveled mess. There would be no more foggy confusion from lack of sleep, and I wanted only one thought in my mind—forgive and forget. But I wasn't sure I was ready for this step yet.

I hadn't prepared myself to move on from everything Nick had done. The betrayal, mistrust, embarrassment, and agonizing heartbreak. I thought I had lost our love for good until Nick kept coming back to prove to me he could be better. He could do better and put me first. Before all else.

Nick's career had took the back seat with him being at my house every single day. Hours upon hours, he had devoted his time to me by pampering me with everything. But I still wasn't sure his efforts were enough.

The day flew by with ease, and I almost felt like myself again. The independent woman I once knew without the broken heart Nick had torn in two. A confident spark accompanied me everywhere I went, with no thoughts about everything I had been through. I got past the stares from people who heard the news through the media. The whispers of gossip from strangers who viewed me with pity in their eyes. I was the woman everyone knew was twice scorned—by my ex, and soon after, by his father. My trusting heart was my undoing in the public eye. But I held myself with poise and pride.

Until I returned home, and like clockwork, Nick was there. He unloaded more logs for the fire and had already shoveled my driveway. He had laid the salt, and a mouthwatering meal was all ready for me at my doorstep. But I was through with all of this and wanted to move on.

This had gone on for weeks. Day after day, hour upon hour. Nick's continued need for forgiveness and to prove he'd put me first had gone on for close to an entire month. But I was done.

“This needs to stop,” I heaved and held up my arms. “Drop the damn logs and just go home, Nick.”

Nick followed my instructions and let the wood fall with a loud thud. The sound startled me as he turned around and peered into my soul. The willpower swirled in his eyes, and I knew he still couldn't let me go.

“I'll do as you ask, but only for today,” Nick breathed and walked toward me. “Tomorrow I will be back.”

“No, Nick. Just stay away from me,” I snapped with clarity. “There’s nothing more you can do or say to make me forgive everything you’ve done. I went to work today and for the first time since you broke my heart, I finally felt like myself.”

“You did?” Nick asked as he stepped closer until he was only inches from me. “I bet the quilt I bought for you helped. I know how much you love to cuddle when you fall asleep in my arms.”

The memory of Nick’s arms around me made my heart skip a beat. Curled up in my bed with his caring embrace around me. Being wrapped up in him made me feel whole. But all I felt now was loneliness.

“Just leave, Nick,” I sighed and wrapped my arms around myself.

“I will,” Nick breathed and grazed my cheek with his gloved hand. “But I’ll keep coming back to prove I’m worthy of your love. I’m not through with you and I never will be.”

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### Declaration of Love

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Thirty-one days came and went. It was the day our faked marriage was supposed to end. But nothing had gone to plan.

The coldest month of the year hit, and February was a bitter pill to swallow. I dreaded the news of my ex and his very pregnant fiancée, with their upcoming wedding in the summer. The announcement was one I hadn't needed to hear. Especially when my love life was in shambles and Nick was always near. He wouldn't leave and refused to give up. The constant reminder of him made my ex's upcoming nuptials sting like a slap in the face. Along with the knowledge of my ex-best friend having Zaydon's son.

The gender reveal was all the buzz with Nick's billion-dollar name behind the news in all the tabloids. They'd now shared a child and would live a happily ever after. It was a dream I wished I could share with the man I loved. The person outside my door doing things for me every single day and always something more.

I should have a child in my womb and a family to grow inside the walls of this big, empty mansion. I wanted a wedding day in the future with a partner who loved me unconditionally. Instead, I was stuck in the past. Trapped by everything Nick had done, and I refused to move on. I couldn't bring myself to push past the hurt he caused me and forgive the man who wanted to love me. But I needed more proof.

I needed more from Nick. Craved everything he could give to me. I wanted to forgive him, but something was missing.

Suddenly, my doorbell rang, and I no longer pondered who was on the other side. I knew who was there—he had been there for over a month. The shock had worn off, and I wanted this all to stop.

The final straw had crept in, and I was ready to move on. I thought about leaving my dream home behind and concealing my identity. I'd make a fresh escape with a new ID, so Nick could never find me. But money was no object for him, and he'd use it to figure out my cover-up.

I had no choice but to stay at the mansion Nick had spent millions on for me—forced to let him grovel and tend to me until I gave into him and

forgave all he had done.

My feet slowly walked for the front door with my hand covering my mouth as a yawn escaped me. I wasn't in any hurry. Nick could wait on the edge of his seat. He could plead on his knees and crawl to me. He could continue on this mission of forgiveness for as long as his heart desired, but I needed more from him. I had to see his pure devotion before my eyes. The raw need he held for me from deep inside his frosty depths where the love he claimed burned for me. I need to see the devotion he was ready to set free.

I leisurely opened the door and immediately rolled my eyes. There was Nick, down on his knees with a pleading expression in his dark eyes. It was an image I had grown too fond of, and the picture grew tiresome.

"This is ridiculous, Nick. Get up," I said and pulled him up by his jacket collar.

Nick grunted with surprise and rose to his feet. He stumbled from my abrupt force and balanced back on the ground. His boots shuffled and snow fell onto my floor. A wet puddle formed at my door. The puddle I knew he'd clean up, and I didn't want him to. I was through with all the tasks he did every day and required more from Nick than just his capabilities.

"Just leave, Nick," I heaved with defeat and walked past him out the door. "Stop this madness."

I left the door wide open and trampled out into the laneway he had shoveled for me. A chill ran through me and my jacket came undone. I pulled the opening of my coat tight to preserve the warmth inside. I stood my ground, and I wouldn't go in. I couldn't, because I needed Nick to hear me once and for all.

*I was through.*

Done with everything he tried to show me to win my forgiveness. Tired of the lies he made me live through, and the nightmare that continued on. Nick didn't get it, and I had grown numb to him. My heart still wanted him, but I felt dead inside. I needed Nick to make me feel alive again.

"I can't fucking leave you, sugarplum..." Nick breathed as he turned around and followed me. "Not until you forgive me for all I've done."

Nick dropped to his knees again, and the snow flew up in a flurry of dust. The flakes fell down toward the earth as his hands touched the ground and he crawled toward me. His head bowed down as he moved along the paved driveway, and I peered down at his plea for me.

"Nick, get up," I snapped.

“No. I’d rather fucking crawl to you for the rest of my days until you understand how much my heart beats for you,” Nick confessed as he came directly to my boots and touched them. “I’d sooner worship the ground you walk on for the rest of your life because my soul can’t live without you.”

Nick peered up at me through tear-filled eyes as they glistened in the dim sunlight. Snowflakes fell on his handsome face and melted at the instant touch of his warmth. A caress I craved, but not this way. No matter how much I swooned at his urgent need on his knees, I wanted more from him.

“It’s not enough, Nick,” I whispered.

“Don’t you get it, Wynter? I’ll do anything to be with you,” Nick expressed.

The hand Nick had rested at my feet went to his coat and he undid the clasp. The sound of the zipper filled the chilly air, and his eager puffs made a slight fog in front of his intense gaze. He pulled off his jacket, and it hit the ground behind him.

Nick breathed, “I’d give up this.”

“What are you doing?” I asked with narrowed eyes.

Nick took off his mitts and tossed them into the snow. “I’d let my hands freeze for you.”

The scarf Nick wrapped around his neck soon followed. He threw the winter hat he wore to his knees, and he stood up in front of me. But he wasn’t through.

“This is absurd, Nick, it’s below zero out here!” I exclaimed with concern.

Nick ignored my outburst and yanked off his expensive designer tie. The fabric fell down into the snow-dusted ground. He took off his suit jacket, and it fell from his shoulders. But he never turned away from me.

“I’d give up my entire wardrobe if it meant I could have you,” Nick breathed with certainty.

His fingers worked at the buttons of his white dress shirt and Nick exposed his bare chest to the elements. His brawny chest muscles flexed as he threw the shirt down and wouldn’t turn away. The depths of his sooty eyes seared back at me with pure devotion.

“Nick, please, put your shirt back on,” I pleaded as I picked the fabric up from the snow and extended it toward him.

Nick took the shirt but dropped it. “No. I’ll give up the shirt on my back for you to take me back.”

Nick Frost was a headstrong man, ready to prove his point. He puffed with determination and his hands fell down to his pants. Right at the opening of his zipper.

“No, stop!” I cried out and grabbed his hands. “This has got to end because my heart hurts too damn much.”

The sensation from my touch coursed through me and reminded me of everything we had shared. All the affection I missed from Nick. His need to protect me at all costs, no matter what he had to do. His will to provide for me just to make me smile.

“I will not stop Wynter until you have everything that is mine,” Nick breathed as the pads of his thumbs caressed my skin, and he stared deeply into my eyes. “My personal jet, my private island, all my property, and every damn credit card I own will be yours. I want you to have all my wealth and my company. I’ll fucking sign it over in the blink of an eye because everything I own means nothing without you.”

Tears blurred in my eyes as Nick placed my hands on his chest and I was at a loss for words, “Nick, I—”

“I know you love me too, sugarplum. You always have and you always will,” Nick said as he pulled something out of his pocket and smiled down at me. “Because I have endlessly been in love with you, too.”

Nick opened a blue box, and two bands were inside. A gold ring promising me forever with diamonds surrounding it. But another with an enormous diamond sparkling up at me.

“I do...” I breathed with disbelief, and I shook my head. “But I’m the daughter of your best friend. I can’t be your wife. We’ve only just confessed our love for each other.”

“I know, but I’ve watched you grow into a beautiful, independent woman who is perfect for me,” Nick confessed as he caressed my cheek and professed his undying love for me. “I’ve known you for most of your life, and the love I held for you only grew. But it took a fake marriage of convenience for me to realize I wanted you to be mine. I want you forever, Wynter Ravenhurst. I want you to be my wife. For real this time.”

My heart was complete. This was the moment I had wanted and held out for through all of Nick’s pleading. All the begging down on his knees and all the things he did seeking my forgiveness. But all it took was a promise for Nick to love me for the rest of my life.

*By making me his actual wife.*



“Yes,” I answered as I cupped his face in my hands, and my soul was whole again. “I’ll be your wife.”

“Yes?” Nick whispered in disbelief.

“Yes, Nick...” I breathed and brushed my lips against his. “You’re forgiven, my absolute stubborn fiancé. But that’s one thing I love about you. Your will to not give up on us.”

“And I never will, my future wife,” Nick expressed, and his mouth captivated me in a happily ever after kiss.

**The End**

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## BONUS EPILOGUE

### Merrily Matrimony

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The waves crashed outside my open window, and the fresh ocean air filled my nose. Bright sunshine gleamed through the window and touched my white dress—the perfect gown I had picked months ago; my husband-to-be had no issue putting it on his credit card. Nick wanted his bride to have whatever I wanted, and a \$200,000 wedding gown fit the bill.

I ran my hands down the bridal gown made of tulle and lace. It was all white with sewn in lace flowers down the sleeves, and tulle to show off my sun-kissed skin underneath. The sloped V-neck showed off the snowflake necklace Nick purchased for me to match my earrings. The same pair my parents bought for me. I touched the blue flakes as they shimmered, and I felt their presence with me. My parents' spirits were by my side on the happiest day of my life.

My mermaid dress hugged my curves and formed a trumpet of white tulle with sheer white silk underneath that cascaded toward the floor. The designer trimmed the backside with tulle and lace flowers all the way down my back. The stylist pinned up my hair and covered the bun with lace.

This was it. The perfect day. Christmas Day.

*My wedding day.*

We set everything up and made plans in advance. There was no other place I wanted to be. Nowhere else I could marry Nick except this very cruise ship.

*The vessel that started it all.*

A honeymoon meant for a wedding that never happened and turned into the wedding of my dreams. Nick and I were on the Christmas cruise all over again one year later. But this time, we'd wed.

A soft knock tapped on my door, and I peered at myself in the reflection of a long mirror. My eyes filled with joy as I looked at the door, and I knew it was almost time. The moment I would walk toward the man I loved with my entire soul.

“Is it safe to come in?” Zaydon asked through a small crack in the door.

I giggled. “Yes, you can come in.”

It took months after our engagement for Nick to heal his relationship with his son. Day after day, Nick worked tirelessly to rebuild what he had broken with his child. Night after night, I encouraged him after everything Zaydon had put me through. Because it was the right thing to do. The correct move for the family we'd build moving forward. I wanted Nick to be happy, and that happiness included his son in his life.

Somewhere along the way of a father and son's healing journey came mine. The pain Zaydon had caused, I had to forgive in order to progress in a coexisting relationship with my soon-to-be stepson. In the beginning, the process was rocky, but then little Jack came along with his *cute button nose and eyes as dark as coal*. Just like Grandpa Nick.

*I instantly fell in love.*

The birth of baby *Jack Frost* was memorable and was the missing piece to heal everything broken. Zaydon was an exceptional father to his son and Jill a fabulous mother. But their engagement never made it.

They should've known a relationship made of lies could never continue to grow. The weeds would weave until the snow fell. Any love left would remain frozen in a thickened ice buried beneath the snow. A sure mistake was bound to happen and be the end to their story as a couple. But they were wonderful as co-parents.

Zaydon walked through the door and gave a low whistle. "Wow...Dad's going to cry for sure when he sees you."

Zaydon wore a blue and white tuxedo. He has grown up more since he became a father. The appearance suited him, and I was a proud future stepmom.

"Or he might get down on his knees and bow to me," I teased with a smile.

The memories of Nick with his unwavering task of seeking forgiveness—a side I never thought Nick Frost had in him, but he had. He'd do anything for his future bride.

"Well, you look beautiful, Wynter," Zaydon breathed truthfully.

I smiled and asked, "Is everything ready to go?"

"It will be..." Zaydon said as he stepped forward and stared at me with intent. "But there's one thing I wanted to tell you before we do this."

"What's that?" I asked and narrowed my eyes as I was ready to listen.

"I'm truly sorry for everything I ever did to you. I have many regrets," Zaydon apologized and admitted his truth.

“I don’t,” I breathed without hesitation and took his hands into mine. “Because I wouldn’t be here today with my future stepson about to walk me down the aisle and give me away to the love of my life.”

Zaydon nodded with a smile. “You always know what to say.”

“Everything worked out the way it should,” I reassured Zaydon and looped my arm through his. “Now, let’s go get me married.”

We laughed together as we exited my bridal suite and made our way out onto the cruise ship’s deck. The ocean breeze hit my face, and the sunshine gleamed down from above. Everything was perfect. The employees had hung all the Christmas decorations.

My eyes caught Nick’s sweet grandchild fast asleep in Jill’s arms. His innocent face was chubby, and his parents dressed him up in a cute tiny tux. Jill gazed down at my soon-to-be grandson and back up at me with a smile. Her eyes glimmered at my beautiful sight.

Zaydon squeezed my hand as we walked past his ex. A small crowd had gathered. The public was ready to witness a bride and groom exchange their vows and say, “I do.”

Zaydon turned to me and kissed my cheek. The soft touch of his lips against my skin made me hopeful. I was excited about the future and our newfound relationship as a family.

Zaydon briefly whispered in my ear, “Go get him, stepmom.”

I softly giggled with glee and never in a million years would I envision we’d be here. My ex, the man I thought I’d marry, I never thought would be the one giving me away at my wedding to his father. The man I truly loved.

All the heartbreak, anger, and pain had led us to this moment. The start of the rest of my life in holy matrimony with my other half I couldn’t live without. My missing piece was always right in front of me. The man of my dreams, Nick Frost.

Zaydon let me go and went off to the side with the wedding rings. A task Nick gave to him and knew he could fully trust his son with. Even after everything Nick had done. But past misgivings were behind us because we all received a fresh start.

A smile lit up my face as I took in Maggie dressed up like an elf underneath an arch. Her cheery self was ready to officiate our wedding and join us as newlyweds. It thrilled me to have her for our special day, and she was ecstatic to do it. Maggie, the festive elf, made our wedding ceremony complete.

But my affection fell on my fiancé.

Mr. Nick Frost was decked out in a white suit with a black tie. My future husband was a gorgeous sight, and my eyes shimmered with love at him. He returned the devotion with glistening eyes, and I joined him under the mistletoe.

“Wynter Ravenhurst, such a stunning sight,” Nick breathed as he took my hands into his. His affection never wavered. “Are you ready to become my wife?”

“Yes, I am,” I answered with all the love inside of me. “I’m ready to be Mrs. Frost and be yours forever.”

Nick kissed my knuckles and breathed, “And I yours. For all of eternity.”

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## **DARING HEARTS SERIES**

*Love in Quarantine*

*Love in Tragedy*

*Love in Flames*

## **MISTER SERIES**

*Mister Bennett (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Lawson (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Dixon (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Stark (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Lane (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Marshal (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Steel (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Reed (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Stitch (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Lyric (Stand-alone)*

*Mister Riggs (Stand-alone)*

## **VAMP SOUL ACADEMY SERIES**

*Wednesday Pierce – Book 1*

*Wednesday Pierce – Book 2*