



*Merry Me*

**BAD BOY**

**NYLA LILY**

Nyla Lily

Merry Me Bad Boy

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*First edition*

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# Abby

There is no way to describe how tired I am feeling when I dig out the keys to the bakery. With my thick gloves, it's hard to pick through them to find the right key.

Waking up at four in the morning every single day can seriously be the worst. Especially during this time of the year. The *holidays*.

Breathing out a tired sigh as I accidentally drop the set, a puff of white air fills my vision. Kneeling down, I scoop the keys out of the snow and give them a good shake. Finding the right key, I shuffle inside.

During the holiday season, *everyone* wants sweets. From chocolate-covered strawberries to decorated cupcakes, I'm sure I'll have a line waiting by the time I unlock the doors in five hours.

Christmas is a wild time.

Today, the snow is falling hard. There's already a solid few inches collecting on the road and getting here was a serious pain. Sometimes, on days like this, business can be a little wonky.

Just in case, I still came on time and plan on making the usual amount. Never know if the sun will want to pop out and suddenly melt everything around us. If I get swamped and don't have enough product to sell, I might as well be shooting myself in the foot.

Making too much is not as bad, I guess. Discounted goods for the next day.

Flicking the lights on in the back, a yawn slips every few minutes while I start turning on the equipment. Once the ovens are on, this chilly room will heat up nicely.

For now, I'll deal with the goosebumps prickling up on my skin as I shrug off my coat.

By the time I'm tying my hair back and rolling up my sleeves, I'm ready to go. Washing up, the first thing to do is take care of orders. After that, I'll fill up the display cabinet. Every day is the same, and I'm feeling content.

It's a bit for one baker to do, but I manage. Having been in this town for a few years now, I'm not the kind of person to let a little cold wind and snow get me down.

However, with the amount of orders I have on this page, maybe I should think about at least taking in some applications for a helping hand. Someone to lighten the load a bit.

I'll have plenty of time to think about it while I'm working.

\* \* \*

The bell on the door rings with only thirty minutes to spare. Abandoning the baking area, I pluck off my gloves and toss them away on the way to the front.

I barely make it without tripping over my own feet.

Holey Moley.

Who is this giant standing in my bakery with a hard look on his face?

Heat crawls up my throat as I take notice of the stranger. Never seen this guy before in my life. I'm almost embarrassed about the flour covering the front of my apron.

Usually, I have a worker run the front while I stay in the back. Not today. I almost want to yank off the apron before I'm noticed.

Why did Jen's car have to get stuck in her driveway?

Taking in an uneven breath, I ease my racing heart and slowly approach the register.

The way he's staring down at my selection of sweets in the display cabinet, I can't help but wonder if the guy got lost and somehow fumbled in.

Normally, people know right away what kind of dessert they want when they come in. Not this man. No, he's staring so hard at the gingerbread man-shaped cookies that I'm going to watch them come to life and run away.

With all the snow outside, maybe he came in looking for warmth. The heaters are working overtime today. I can feel the

heat beneath my flour-covered apron.

“Can I help you?” I ask as soon as I find my voice. Trying to fight the urge to wipe my hands on my apron to take care of the clammy feeling, I flatten them on the surface.

Looking up from the glass, steel-colored eyes meet my boring brown. Immediately, my stomach tightens as he straightens up a bit. That frown carved on his lips flattens and I’m left stirring where I stand.

I’m a bit uncomfortable. My heart is beating harder than normal.

Not because this guy looks like he could’ve stepped straight out of a mafia movie with all those tattoos crawling up his neck and down his fingers, but because like how he is looking at the display case, his stare is solid.

Like *I’m* on the menu.

*Woof. Get your head out of the clouds, Abby.*

Doesn’t help that I have to look up at the guy either. He’s a freaking giant who makes my bakery look like a dollhouse.

It takes a passing second before he pokes the glass with a thick finger. He’s pointing at a cupcake designed to look like Rudolf.

“Need two of those.”

That *voice*. Oh my goodness Like simmering butter poured into cupcake mix. My insides are melting like an ice cream cone on a sunny day. Oh my.



Remembering that this is a customer and not a walking fantasy, I fumble with grabbing a box. The paper I grab next crinkles in my grip.

The guy needs *two* of them. One for him and the other... probably for a girlfriend or wife. She'll love the cute design, no doubt.

Without thinking, I look at his hands. He's got a white line around his ring finger. A ring *used* to be there at one point.

A divorcee? Doesn't matter.

Seeing how tan he is, I know well enough that this guy isn't from around here. Probably just here for the holidays, I push my feelings aside and ring him up for the two cupcakes.

"Anything else I can get you?" Keeping my voice steady, I gently box up the cute cupcakes.

I hope the second person enjoys theirs. I make all the baked goods here with loads of love.

The man looks from me back down to the display cabinet, pursing his lips together in a firm line. The way he looks over the selection, I wonder what's going through his mind. If he stares any harder at the snowman-shaped cookies, they're going to melt.

"One of those." Pointing at the poor guys, I have to stifle a laugh. I struggle to imagine such a brutish-looking guy eating such cute sweets.

Without revealing my thoughts, I add one cookie to the box. Taping it off, I tap a few buttons on the register and check

him out.

I can't tell if the guy is awkward or doesn't talk much, as he simply nods when I tell him to have a good day.

After he leaves, I'm once again surrounded by silence. Staring out toward the glass door, I watch snow continue to fall. For a moment there, it kind of felt like time stopped.

Taking a look at what sweets I have left, I lift my shoulders and return to the back.

I still have plenty of prepping to do for tomorrow.

# Jason

Ten years ago, I left this town with the intention of never looking back.

Back then, I grew tired of living in a small town, one with hardly anything in it. I felt so stuck at the time. Leaving this place behind had been my best decision yet.

Now here I am, back where I started with hardly a luggage to my name.

Over the years, I've missed birthdays, holidays, and even funerals. When I heard my brother planned on getting married, I decided to come back with the hopes of seeing the only family I've got left.

Not because I felt the need to tell him that marriage is a mistake, but because I missed the guy.

Kade and I don't have the best relationship, not since we were kids. Even as his older brother, the guy wanted nothing to do with me when I popped up in his bar.

The same place our Pops used to run before sickness got the best of him six years back.

If it weren't for the woman he planned on marrying for stepping in, I wouldn't be staying in the spare room they have

right above the joint. I think those cupcakes I got helped sway their decision too.

Yesterday, I told them I planned on sticking around for good this time.

Not entirely a truth or lie. Personally, I said it on a whim in hopes it would help my case. That, and I saw a woman that made me want to stick around.

I'd think last year's divorce would've really nailed it hard in my thick skull. Love is *trouble*.

That cute blue-haired woman with a cheek covered with flour raided nothing but innocence. Those kinds of women are the worst kind of trouble. I'm already itching to go back just so I can tell her the cookie I got for myself didn't taste too bad.

Coming from a guy who doesn't care too much about sweets, that's quite the compliment there.

Instead of thinking about some woman, what I need to do is make plans.

Kade agreed to let me stay in this room until I could get a job and a place of my own. After leaving an empty apartment behind after driving ten long hours, I don't have too many options right now.

He won't let me work at the bar either. Clearly has a chip on his shoulder about Pops. Well, this is the last place I'd pick to work.

Laying flat on the air mattress I picked up last night, I begrudgingly listen to the Christmas music playing through

the floor.

Kade's fiance, Joyce, loves the stuff. Plays it even after the bar closes. If Kade still doesn't care for the holiday as much as I don't, then I'm surprised he puts up with it.

Love makes you do crazy things.

Listening to the same twenty songs on repeat would be my breaking point.

Not even love is worth going insane.

When I bought the air mattress, I made damn well sure to pick up some earplugs too.

Tomorrow, I'm going to have my hands full. Need to get as much rest as I can.

\* \* \*

Before I can think about getting a place in town, I need a steady flow of income. Today is all about job hunting.

One thing about this town that hasn't changed; there is still *nothing* here. Unless I want to work at a gas station or at the diner, my options are pretty slim. In this weather, I'm not risking driving a long distance.

Even with a bit of a pessimistic mindset, I still drive around looking for different joints to stop at to see if they have any positions available.

Before, I worked at an autoshop and fixed cars. That's my first stop and unfortunately, I already knew from seeing how

many people were inside that they wouldn't need an extra hand. Damn shame there.

The gas station employee gave me one look up and down and straight up looked horrified. They told me they were only accepting online applications. If I wanted a position, I need to start from there.

As great as that sounds, I don't exactly own a laptop and I'm not sure my flip phone is up to par. My hunt continues on then.

Quick to learn that no one likes paper applications anymore, I find myself growing more and more agitated.

Coming back to this town is a mistake through and through. I'm already thinking about how much I regret leaving everything behind when suddenly, something catches my eye.

Tires catching snow, I glide forward until I come to a stop in the middle of the street.

That bakery with a cute woman has such a tacky sign plastered against the window.

Help wanted. Two words that suddenly sound too irresistible to turn down.

Rather than thinking that this job is the last sort I would have experience in, I'm turning around and finding a place to park.

When I enter the little shop, I wonder where everyone is. I'd think such good-looking sweets deserve a huge long line wrapped around the building. Instead, this place is empty as

can be. At the same time, the display counter is looking quite sad, with only a few selections left.

Before I approach the counter, I pluck that handwritten sign away from the window and carry it over.

I'm tired of searching, and I'm determined to make this my last stop.

It takes all but two seconds before that breath of fresh air strolls toward me. Dark eyebrows lift as her eyes meet mine and unlike that gas station employee, she doesn't look scared. More surprised if anything.

Before she can ask me what I want to order, she notices her sign flattened on the counter and that surprise doubles.

"I want the job," I tell her, working hard to keep my priorities straight. Can't go letting myself get distracted now.

Damn though, those two buns on her head look squeezable.

"Job?" she asks, blinking. Looking away from my face, she stares down at my hands. When I point a finger at her font work, I can see her swallow.

Maybe I do make her nervous. I can't help it. My size and body art aren't exactly something I can change.

Hazel-colored eyes lift and she bites down on that plump lip. "Any baking experience?"

No, not really. When it comes to cooking, I know how to make meals. When it comes to sweets, I don't know a damn

thing.

“I know how to work an oven,” I try. “I am sure you get truck orders, right? I can help with unloading. Hell, I’ll go pick up the ingredients myself.”

I’m not the kind of person to sound desperate, but this job is sounding more and more what I want. Even if it’s the one I am most unqualified for.

This woman is something else. I can’t help but notice the way she curls her fingers against the counter, looking around like she’s actually thinking and considering.

“The job calls for early hours. It’s quite demanding,” she warns like she wants to give me a chance to change my mind. “It’s not for most people.”

“Do I look like most people?” I ask with a lifted brow.

When those cheeks of hers turn a rosy shade, I *feel* it. A hunger I haven’t felt in a long time, if ever.

“No, no you do not.” She takes a breath, steadying herself. “If you apply—”

“Tell me you have paper applications,” I order, my words sounding more like a demand than a request. I can’t afford something as stupid as technology getting in my way this time around.

That rosy shade turns much deeper. Fuck me, I’m doomed. I’m going to need to go out and buy a computer, aren’t I?



Maybe Kade can let me use his. He has to own one with a business and all.

“Give me a moment and I’ll see what I can do.” Twisting around, the woman scurries off without another word.

Maybe she’s gone to call the cops and tell them that I am one demanding terrifying man. Or, maybe she’s trying to meet my needs.

Either way, I am not moving from my spot until she returns.

Breathing in, my chest rumbles in satisfaction.

Rather than tainting this place with some kind of heavy perfume, her scent is much sweeter. My mouth waters like I’m hovering over something delicious.

I don’t even know her name. Don’t know anything about her. Yet, I feel it. The need to stay close.

If this woman doesn’t hire me, I might as well go back to where I came from. Otherwise, I’m not going to be able to live in this place without feeling the need to see her daily.

She returns after ten minutes, face flushed with a paper in her hand. Apologizing for how long it took her, she offers the page.

“After you fill this out, bring it back and we can do an interview. While I can’t promise you the job, I can at least do that much.”

“Got a pen?” I ask, unmoving. I want that interview as soon as possible.

I’m a bastard if I make her miss the chance of hiring someone who is more qualified, but I don’t care.

Not when I watch her fumble for a pen.

“What’s your name?” I ask after a minute, looking over the page. Not one to radiate confidence, I decide one last statement can’t hurt. “Should know my future boss’ name, right?”

She laughs and I nearly double over. *Innocence*, the real troublemaker here. At least she finds me amusing.

“Abby.”

Abby. The gorgeous baker with a set of delicious-looking curves and one breathtaking smile.

She’ll learn my name soon enough, and I swear I will do everything in my power to make sure I’ll hear it in the future.

This job will be mine.

If I don’t learn how to control myself, I might even try to make her mine too while I’m at it.

# Abby

I did it. I hired a random person on a complete whim.

That, and maybe my heart got a little involved too. When he strolled into my bakery for a second time, it felt like I experienced whiplash. His arrival felt like fate and if I didn't hire him, then I felt like I'd be making a mistake.

Now he's here before I've even shown up. Talk about dedication.

Looking over the paper he filled out, I know well enough that I am going to have my hands full. The guy really has no experience and should have been the last person I'd want to hire.

Really, he's the worst. I needed help keeping up with the madness that comes with this place. This man is a walking distraction. Even now, seeing him leave his car, I completely forget that I need my keys to get inside the bakery.

"Morning," he offers, giving a tired nod. Looking like he hasn't slept a wink, I jokingly place it as eagerness for a new job. Though, I'm not sure that is exactly what it is.

Even at four in the morning, the man looks hungry for something that isn't breakfast.

This is insane. What did I get myself into?

“Good morning,” I murmur myself as I find the right key. Plunging it into the lock, I let us inside before locking it once more. “Let’s get started.”

Already prepared to teach this guy how to bake, I’d written up a step-by-step recipe on how to make each different type of cupcake.

While I work on orders, I plan on using him to help me get the display cabinet ready. If the man knows how to use an oven, then he should be able to master baking.

Washed up and ready, I quickly explain the rules around here. He might’ve worked in a gross car shop in the past, but I am all about cleanliness here.

A part of me thinks I’m being extra nitpicky like it will make him realize that he doesn’t actually want to work with me. Though, no matter how much weight I’m putting onto my words, Jason doesn’t seem to mind.

If anything, he’s listening to everything I say, nodding his head like he understands.

Maybe this won’t be as bad as I originally thought. Or, I could be getting my hopes up. Who knows?

“Jen will be here right before doors open. She’s the one who runs the front while I’m back here. Weather is nice compared to the last few, so I might have us make a little extra.”

Trying to ignore the excitement bubbling in my stomach at as being alone together for the next handful of hours, I give him his sheet, tell him where everything is located, and throw him to the wolves.

Honestly, I'm sticking close enough to him that if he has any questions, I am right here.

He does have questions too, asking me different things every few minutes. However, his questions shift from how to separate egg whites from yolks to asking me more personal ones.

Things like, what got me into baking? How do I do this six days a week? Why is my hair an unnatural color? Little things.

While he is getting to know me, I'm aching to do the same.

I want to know his story. Where did he come from, and why in the world did he choose this town to stay? The man sticks out like a sore thumb and I'm sure I am not the only one to notice him.

I want to ask about the faded white line around his finger.

So many questions cloud my mind, but I am nowhere near ready to ask them. None of those are personal questions a boss should ask.

"How are you liking it so far?" I asked once the sun had started to break past the horizon. "Tell me you aren't already trying to figure out how to quit."

He's only burned himself twice and has mastered cupcakes after the fifth batch. So far, call me impressed.

“I am not going anywhere.” If it weren’t for the lift of his lips, he would sound dreadfully serious. Like it’s a promise he intends to keep.

Doesn’t help that his voice makes my stomach flip-flop every time he speaks. I have to prepare myself every time he opens his mouth. The heat against my skin isn’t from the ovens either.

Not trusting myself to speak, I work hard to keep my attention in front of me. If this is going to become a regular interaction, I have to learn how to push down such terrible thoughts and keep my head straight on my shoulders.

When the time comes for Jen to stroll in, we have a nice line formed leading up to the front door. Like the customers, she’s bundled up in her winter gear and looking like she’s ready to throw herself into one of the ovens.

She looks my way with a smile but pauses when she sees Jason. The next look she gives me is confusion.

*Who is this giant and why is he here?* Her searching eyes make her thoughts obvious.

“Meet Jason,” I introduce, “he is going to be my helping hand from now on.”

Jen gives him a nod as she shrugs off her coat. As someone who is a couple of years younger with sharp cheekbones and gorgeous blonde hair that I am secretly jealous of, my stomach knots up a bit as the two look at each other.

There is an odd relief I feel when he simply mutters a hello before going back to dumping out cupcakes from the cooled pan in his hand. One attempts to roll away, but he's quick to capture it.

When I accidentally laugh, he gives off a bit of a chuckle himself and looks at me for much longer than he had Jen.

Definitely shouldn't enjoy that. It means nothing, I am sure.

Once Jen is ready to unlock the doors, she disappears to the front to manage the display case.

"You will meet Aubrey in a few days, she typically works the days Jen doesn't." Giving him the layout of the only worker he has yet to meet, I continue decorating.

What I'm working on now are some extra reindeer cupcakes. After swirling the six cupcakes with chocolate frosting, Jason clears his throat.

"My brother's fiancée really loved those. When I told her I got the job, she demanded I bring one back today." He watches me work, pausing with his own stuff. "Might've gotten you another customer."

My hands pause as I register his words. Is this him confessing that there isn't a second person at his side like I had assumed?

The way my heart picks up, it's like the new information changes everything.

No. It can't change anything. I can't allow it.

“Well, if we have any extras left, you can have one. Though, I can’t make any promises. On days like these, they sell like hotcakes.”

I won’t set one or two on the side, that would simply be bad business. Still, feeling like he’ll be thankful if I do so, the urge to please him remains.

“We’ll see how lucky I am then. So far, I’m feeling like I stand a chance.” Another chuckle rumbles from him and my stomach tightens.

My heart is pounding, and my hands are shaking more than usual. Oh no...

This is not good. Not good at all.

Hiring Jason wasn’t just a poor decision for my business, but for my heart too.



# Jason

My strength lasted for all but a week. A week of the two of us dancing around each other, keeping a breathable distance between our bodies.

At first, I thought it was just me. Yesterday, when I leaned over to see her decorating ordament shaped cookies, the way she sucked in air and got so flushed, I can't call that a coincidence.

I think Abby feels what I do. That magnetic pull that keeps us close.

The night before, I stroked my cock to her. Gripped myself so brutally tight because after going so long wanting the woman without actually touching her... it's done some serious damage.

Thought about burying my fingers through her blue strands and tugging her hair back so I could get a nice close look of her face.

The sound she made in my mind, fuck, it was beautiful. The same sound she made when she noticed how close I'd gotten. I remembered it perfectly. Those light gasps and hushed words.

By the time I came, I was almost thankful for that shitty music down in the bar. It covered my groan perfectly.

Now, watching her explain to me how to frost a cupcake, I can't help but think about that little fantasy I had playing out in my head.

I am a bad man, there is no doubt about that. The things I want to do to this woman are shameful.

Clueless as ever, Abby gives me a smile when I try to repeat her own motion and fail terribly.

Thanks to all the snow flowing down from the sky, we have some extra time to practice. After reassuring me that it will be a slow day, I know there is no pressure. Any wasted frosting can simply be scooped off and re-added to the bag.

By the fifth attempt, I'm waiting for her to give up on me. Then she makes matters so much worse.

Stepping much closer, she leans over and wraps her hands around mine. Guiding my hands where they need to be, she squeezes my fingers and glides frosting in a circular motion. There is no doubt that the cupcake doesn't look great, but it is an improvement from my own work.

She's never touched me before, not like this. Not so close that when I breathe, I can taste sugar.

Looking at her is the final nail. My cock is hard and throbbing, pressing deep into the zipper of my jeans. Might as well have a permanent zigzag design from now on.

Tilting her chin up, her eyes open up a bit more like she's realized what she's done. If this is supposed to be her training me how to frost a cupcake, why doesn't it feel educational?

Is it because she still hasn't lifted her hands away yet?

Her mouth flattens before she forces out a laugh. Her hands drag away painfully slowly before she plucks off one of her gloves.

"So messy," she mumbles as she reaches out and swipes something off of my cheek. Must've been some spare frosting retaliating sometime earlier.

For a moment, I question my belief in her feelings. After all, she's not shyly looking away or trying to keep a foot between us. This may really just be her trying to teach me how to do the job she's hired me for.

Then, all that goes right out the window when she pauses before bringing her thumb to her mouth.

Call it a moment of forgetfulness, or a moment of pure torture, but I can't take it anymore. I need Abby.

Cupcakes be damned, I am ripping off my gloves and moving everything to the side. Enjoying the way she gasps, I grab her and set her down on top of the table. Once she is level with my eyes, there is no way I'm mistaking the look she's giving me.

We're two of the same, stuck in our thoughts with the need of a push to get us over the line of what is right and what is wrong.

“Tell me to stop,” I order, my voice thick. If I am going to get fired from this job because I can’t stop myself, it’s going to be because I do something the woman wants me to do.

She doesn’t do what I want her to, if anything, it’s the opposite. With both hands, one gloved and the other not, she grabs the front of my apron and pulls me forward.

Clearly, we’ve both been suffering. Way too fucking much.

A gasp leaves her lips when my teeth graze her throat. The sound goes straight to my cock, right into the same direction as the rest of her rapid breaths go.

Kissing my way up her throat, I eventually find her mouth. The way she opens up so easily, it makes my insides quiver.

I refuse to believe that this woman isn’t made for me. All of those failed relationships in my past have felt like nothing compared to the hunger I feel for Abby, I’m left believing fate simply wanted to torture me for the last decade.

Well, no more. I’ve got some catching up to do. First things first, I am going to finally touch this woman.

She’s got such a nice braid going, and I only feel a little terrible for plucking out her hair tie. Need to bury my fingers in her hair, need to turn my fantasy of her into something real. Need her to see what I want.

When I do get my hand where I want and pull her head back, a part of me wishes she’ll push me away and demand I leave.

Because what kind of bastard am I to only know her for a week and want to fuck her already?

Abby doesn't push me away. No, she *moans* and pulls me closer. The enabler she is, my weakness.

My mouth is on hers and I'm only growing hungrier. Starving, I'm tasting the depth of her mouth, loving the way her body curls to touch me wherever she can.

The shop opens up in an hour, but neither of us cares enough. No, not right now. We're too distracted to even think about someone catching us in the act.

When I pull her to the edge of the table, she bites my lip. My hands only leave her body long enough to pull off her flour-covered apron. Once it's over her head, I'm throwing the flimsy thing to the side and pushing her down against the stainless steel surface.

"Thought about sticking my cock inside you all night," I confess to her, my voice deepening. Already going this far, might as well put all my feelings out on the table right alongside her twitching body. "Came twice because of you, sweet girl."

Abby's eyes go wide and she doesn't move, not even her chest. It's like she is holding her breath, waiting to see what I'll do next. Only when my fingertips brush the button of her jeans does she suddenly remember that air is precious.

"I want to taste you, lick you thoroughly and leave nothing behind." Brows lowering, I drag my gaze along the length of

her body. My chest swells when I trace the curve of her mound with my thumb. Is she soaked down there? I'd like to think so with the way her hips jerk at my touch. "Will you allow me to do that, Abby? Or am I going to go hungry for another day?"

Her teeth nearly clank together with how fast she nods. All those talks on cleanliness, and we are about to make the worst mess of them all.

I've got a hunger for sugar and this woman is going to be what fulfills my needs. My mouth is already salivating at the thought of that first taste.

I'm quick with undoing her jeans and pulling them off her body. Those polka dotted panties of hers don't last either. No, I nearly tear those off once I get a good look at those glistening pink folds of hers. She's wet all right, no doubt about that.

"You are staring," she mumbles, her skin growing more flushed by the second.

It takes strength to meet her eyes. "Thought about this pussy for awhile now, give me a minute to appreciate it."

I want to stick my cock in her now, fuck her against the table until my name is the only word she knows how to say. Wouldn't take any effort to get in her either, not when her thighs are parting, beckoning me to keep my word and bury my tongue deep.

No, not now. Something tells me another opportunity will cross our paths in the future. Even as a man with little patience, I know I can wait a little longer.

I'll give her a few days to think about how she feels and if she wants me like I want her, I swear I'll make her scream.

Pushing her shirt further up, I flattened my mouth against her stomach. Keeping my eyes locked with hers, I taste her.

“Always thought you smell so sweet. Tasting you now, I've gotten quite a craving. Need something real sweet to satisfy me.” Sitting up, I look over at that damn piping bag. It's the perfect excuse to lick her for longer. I reach over and snatch it up. “We can see if all that practice helped.”

Between laughing and gasping, her knees knock against my hips when I drizzle some of the frosting on her stomach.

“That's such a waste,” she mutters, shivering when I run a line along every inch of her body I want to taste.

I'm going to get cavities eating this woman out. Even if I'm not a fan of the amount of sugar, I won't leave any behind.

“I'll eat it all,” I assure her as I watch the white frosting mix with her own juices. “Take out the cost from my paycheck, I don't even care.”

Satisfied with my work, I toss the piping bag back over where it belongs.

She starts to shake her head, but pauses when my mouth finds her stomach once more. The first stripe of my tongue leaves her quiet. Watching me closely, she flattens a hand against her mouth when I dip my tongue inside her belly button.

Fucking delicious. So good, that I know I'm going to ruin a good pair of pants if I'm not careful.

“No one here is going to hear you but me, sweet girl. Move your hand.” I lick lower, swallowing down my mouthful. Against a body this hot, the frosting doesn't take long to melt against my tongue.

Abby does as I tell her to, squirming when I fall down to my knees. Once I'm licking off the mess I made on her inner thigh, I taste the sugar mixed with a saltiness.

I haven't even gotten to the good part yet.



# Abby

I can't believe I'm doing this in my own bakery. I'm ashamed of myself.

I'm also very much turned on, letting this man devour me like I'm a whole course. Feeling each stroke of his tongue against my thighs leaves my hips lifting.

All this tasting doesn't mean a thing if he's not taking care of the main problem here. The way I'm aching and twisting about inside, it's all his fault.

"I'm going to pull out my cock and stroke myself, sweet girl," he warns as his breath brushes against my exposed nerves. "Otherwise, I'm going to want to stick it inside you after I'm done tasting you thoroughly."

Is that an option? No. This is already too much. We're going to have to clean this whole place and bleach—

A moan is ripped from my lips when he laps at my clit, sucking away the thinnest trail of frosting. Oh my god.

"That's it, let me know it feels good." He's panting, it's a sound I didn't know I needed. With one hand pushing my thighs apart, I'm left to my imagination when it comes to his other hand.

He knows what I look like, but I don't even have the slightest clue what he's like below the belt. The more I think about it, the hotter my body burns.

“Jason.” My hips jerk up and the man pins me right back down. He's moved further down now, stroking his tongue along my quivering walls.

“You want something inside, don't you Abby?” His breath feels so hot against my skin.

Nodding my head, I'm running on autopilot. Can't think about sanitation when every inch of my body is aching for this man. I need something alright. Need him.

He buries a thick finger inside. Curls it too, leaving me making noises I can't even bring out with my own hand or devices. Then he adds a second and I'm *gone*. My nails scrape against the stainless steel and there is nothing to hold onto.

My body is aching, *throbbing*. Like something wants to burst out from within.

“That's it, baby. Don't hold back.” He moans himself, nipping my inner thigh as he continues touching himself.

This man does not want to stop his onslaught until I'm arching off the table. Even then, with my shaking limbs, he keeps going.

When I have the strength to sit up, I have to pull his head back to relieve me of his demanding tongue. Even when he's drinking down my release, he isn't satisfied.

In pushing him away, I give myself a view that makes my heart pound.

His fingers are still wrapped around his cock, pumping.

My lips part as I watch this man get himself off to nothing but me. Listening to the grunts and groans that leave his lips, there's also that slick sound of his fingers moving along his shaft.

“You like what you see, Abby? A man on his knees, one who is fucking desperate?” His voice sounds so raw, so deep. “One who will do anything you say because he wants nothing more than to get between your pretty thighs?”

I'm nodding without realizing it. I like it, because it's Jason who is the one looking pained, looking for release.

“Anything?” I ask, my voice wavering.

He nods just as quickly.

“Kiss me again.” The demand comes immediate and soon, this man is towering over me once more. We're both flushed, too deep in this to care about anything else.

Wrapping his free hand around the back of my head, he pulls me against his mouth. His tongue tastes sweet, with a side flavor of sex.

Deciding that I can kiss this man for an eternity, it's the splash of heat against my stomach and thighs that has me pulling away.

Jason is panting, following my gaze. Even now, he's squeezing out the rest of his release from his cock.

Without a doubt, I have it bad for this man. Maybe it is the heat of the moment, but I think this man feels the same.

Catching my breath, I try not to get all mesmerized by the mess coating my skin. Need to clean everything up as soon as possible. No more training sessions any time soon.

He's the one to adjust himself and get a wet paper towel first. He almost looks sad to wipe away his release.

In an odd way, I am too.

If this is some kind of one time thing...I want this memory to last forever.

But, that's not what this is, right?

Here's to hoping my poor decision-making isn't going to cause one awkward work environment.

\* \* \*

Okay, maybe it's not a one time thing.

Ever since we cleaned up and got everything back to normal, Jason as been sticking a little closer than before.

He might not have the same heat burning in his gaze, but he still wants to be near. He likes touching my body, grazing against me whenever he can.

My heart is fighting one rough battle. Might as well be considered a losing one, because I can't find the strength to tell him to stay focused on his work.

I don't even know what we're supposed to be doing right now. More cupcakes, right? Business is still coming despite the weather. We're trying to catch up after our little stunt.

The smell of bleach is still staining my nostrils. Even his cracked smiles and half-hearted apologies didn't help stop me from beating myself up for giving in without even putting up a fight.

Assuming the guy would get a little bashful when Jen appeared for her shift, that didn't affect him in the slightest. Now, he didn't seem to notice her curious gaze at all.

Jason is a man with blinders on. From what I can tell, I don't think he's looked at anything else but my direction.

One thing has changed for certain. When he pipes a circle of frosting on a cupcake, I can't look at the bag the same way. Sure, it might be a different bag, but I can't stop thinking about what we did.

Hell, my skin still feels like it has a layer of stickiness to it. Even though he licked me thoroughly, I can feel the thin layer.

What I need is a shower to wash away all of the bad I've done.

No, a bath will be better. Far more relaxing, and I'll be able to push away my troublesome thoughts. That, or I will simply let them consume me and I'll bury a hand between my thighs and hope that I can bring pleasure that can only be somewhat comparable to the same kind Jason brought me.

Bad, bad Abby.

Saying no to something that I really want is so hard.

At least knowing that what I want from this man isn't some quickie on a table, it makes keeping my head clear a bit easier.

Will Jason still want to linger right at my side if he knew that I'm thinking about something that fits more of a relationship rather than a friends-with-benefits type of deal?

My stomach twists and knots at the thought of confessing something so ridiculous. We've known each other for quite a limited time. It's not very fair of me to start setting expectations and getting my hopes up.

This is why I don't date. I grow attached far too quickly. However, I've never felt feelings so strong as what I feel for the man next to me.

"Abby," Jason picks up while I am in mid-thought.

I don't realize what he's staring at until I see the glob of frosting on the table with a plain cupcake sitting next to it. Man, I am really struggling here.

"Sorry," I mumble, shaking all the nonsense out of my head. Definitely can't let this complication start affecting my job.

He gives me this concerned look but thankfully doesn't point out how much I'm struggling while fighting this mental battle of mine.

Hopefully, he doesn't think this is all his fault. Honestly, it's mine too.

There is a whole list of things I shouldn't have let happen. I'd think having him eat me up like a meal would be right at the top. But no, it's not. Instead, letting this man get his fingers around my heart is holding down the number one spot.

Now I don't know what in the world I'm going to do.

Maybe this was a spur-of-the-moment kind of thing for him, but not for me.

Unless I want to catch myself falling hard, I need to reel back before it's too late. Before I risk getting hurt.

Because, why in the world would a divorced, older, gruff-looking man want someone like *me*?

Oh boy. Ironically enough, I think I've gotten myself in quite the sticky mess.

# Jason

I think I fucked up.

Maybe I shouldn't have flattened my boss out and licked her all up. Ever since that heated moment, there's been a shift in the air.

Abby won't meet my eyes, not without going all red. I'm going crazy.

It's been two days since that incident and for the most part, I've kept my hands to myself. Sometimes, when she hands something off to me, I purposely let our fingers brush each other for longer than what is necessary.

I'm starving here. I need more than finger brushes. I want her mouth, her smiles, and even her blushes. As a greedy bastard, I want it all.

Tomorrow is Sunday, the one day of the week the bakery is closed. I plan on taking advantage.

"Are you free tonight?" I ask, breaking past the layer of silence between us. Need to fix whatever the problem is.

Yesterday, Abby started playing Christmas music. I think she's getting tired of the silence too. It's her excuse to keep



avoiding having a conversation. One more reason to make me go crazy.

I can't get away from these tunes.

She perks up, looking surprised. "Tonight? Ah, I'm normally in bed right before the sun sets."

"After work then?" I pause my attempt to frost a reindeer cupcake. "Do you have plans?"

Now her cheeks are forming a pinkish color. I can already see the excuses winding around in her head. Her lips purse when she shakes her head.

I invite her to Rusty's in hopes I can get her alone somewhere that isn't her shop. Somewhere she can get comfortable. Knowing I'll need to straighten up my living space, I tell her a time that will give me enough time to clean up.

I'll tell her my feelings and make sure she knows damn well that I want her. How I'm tired of dancing around the fact.

If she doesn't feel the same, then I need her to let me down. Otherwise, I'm not going to be able to get her out of my mind.

Knowing damn well tonight will be what makes or breaks me, I try to keep myself together through the rest of the shift.

\* \* \*

I find her standing by the jukebox that Pops bought a few decades back. She's not wearing her usual uniform, dressed in

a nice sweater with leggings. Looks soft. I immediately notice her hair. It's been chopped, riding her jawline.

Fuck me. I love the change.

"Doesn't work anymore," I tell her from behind, ignoring the urge to run my fingers through the short strands.

She jumps when she spins around and a hand shifts to her chest. Knowing I've sent her heart sailing shouldn't leave me feeling so pleased.

"My brother broke it trying to impress his fiancée." I rub the back of my neck, looking at the old machine. Knowing Kade won't get rid of it, broken or not, I'm left wondering if I can fix it. "He's the owner of this place."

Abby takes a minute to look around, taking in all the different decorations and other bar patrons. Finally, she looks back at me. "This is my first time being in here. I didn't expect to see it decorated so festively."

I tell her all about Joyce's obsession with the holiday as I lead her away from the jukebox. When I hit the door that leads up to the top of the bar, I rub the back of my neck and confess that I live up above.

Abby's brows lift, but she doesn't comment. When I unlock the door, she moves without needing to be asked.

"And here I thought you wanted to get me drunk," she murmurs as she leads the way up the set of stairs.

I scoff at the mere idea. "I'm not much of a drinker myself."

She throws a look behind me, a curve of a smile on her mouth. “Terrible place to live then.”

It really is. Soon, I’ll get a place of my own, I swear to it.

“If you love the music, you’re in for a treat,” I try to joke as we make it to the top.

My chest is feeling a bit tighter than normal. A man my age shouldn’t be getting all worried about having a woman in his room for the first time. Maybe I should’ve taken her somewhere romantic, like a date. Even the diner in town has to be better than some stuffy room above the bar.

Like she can tell I’m fighting a war in my head, Abby takes one look at the room before putting her focus on me. Her arms cross as she hugs her frame. “So, what did you want to do, Jason? You don’t seem to be the kind of man to own any board games.”

That is true. I don’t have a lot to keep me busy up here. Normally, I hang out at the bar and enjoy the free food Joyce sneaks me.

I’ve mastered the dartboard and can hit a bullseye at least once every ten shots. I’m a pro. Though, I’m not sure Abby will be too impressed with that.

“Talk,” I offer instead, deciding that trying to make something up on the fly isn’t going to end too well. “I think we’ve been holding back a bit, don’t you?”

Abby stiffens up a bit, her eyes drifting to the side.

I walk over and plop down on one of the chairs I stole from down below. Kade doesn't know I've taken a table too. Was a bitch to carry in the middle of the night without hitting anything.

I sweep my hand over to the other chair I borrowed for tonight.

“You can leave if you want, but I would like to get a few things off my chest.” Following her gaze back toward the set of stairs, my stomach twists up.

Her arms loosen and before I can go thinking I completely fucked up, Abby nods and strolls over to take the seat. Her fingers tangle, her cheeks pink. Finally, her eyes meet mine.

“I fell for you the moment I walked into your bakery.” Brows narrowed, I get all of my feelings right out in the air. “Knowing that, I shouldn't have asked for a job. Not when I knew I wouldn't be able to keep my hands to myself.”

Abby's blush spreads from her cheeks to the rest of her face the moment she registers my words. Her lips part, but she's in no rush to stop me.

“If you want to fire me, I get it. Hell, I'll figure out how to send in online applications and get a different job. If it means I can see you without having a boundary set between us...” Without realizing it, my chest is heaving. I'm sounding more desperate than I originally planned.

I *am* desperate. Without a doubt, I'd do anything this woman wanted me to do to stay at my side.

“You like me?” The first words to come out of her mouth, and she’s still stuck on my confession.

The next breath I take in comes out as one long sigh. This woman...

“Yes. Very much so. You’ve haunted me since the very beginning.” I run a hand down my face, feeling exhausted. “I don’t lick frosting off every woman I meet, you know. Fuck, I don’t even like sweets.”

Abby covers her face before busting out with a laugh. I think we both need a good chuckle and I can’t help but catch a little laugh myself.

“You work at my bakery, Jason. You...” Shaking her head, her smile remains even after she’s dropped her hands. “You like me.”

“Is it that hard to believe?” I frown at her inability to see it for herself. “Do I need to start listing reasons?”

I will. I’ll write a whole fucking book if I have to. No, I’ll write a whole *series*. We’ve shared plenty of memorable moments.

“No, please don’t. I think I’ll die from embarrassment.” Biting her lip, she’s now beaming brighter than the Christmas lights down below. “It’s just... you’re *you*, you know?”

No, I do not. I know I’ve got an unlikeable face and an appearance that makes people cower a bit.

Not Abby. No, she’s never cowered. Quite the opposite.

“I’m not catching on,” I admit, not quite sure what she’s seeing.

She stands up and approaches me. Now her smile isn’t so strong. No, she looks upset.

“Jason, you’re pretty freaking cool. You’ve come to this town with, I don’t know, experience? You’ve been married. I feel like I’m way out of your league.” Stepping between my feet, she reaches out and brushes her fingers against my ears.

When I snort, she tugs one of them in retaliation.

Leaning in, I take a deep breath of her sweater. Even out of the bakery, she smells sweet. I love the way she gasps when I tug her closer so I can get a lungful.

“You’ve got that all twisted Abby. I’m going to have to work to stay caught up with you. I’m old and tired. Grumpy too,” I mumble.

“If it’s not obvious, I like that about you,” she murmurs, being an absolute angel for letting me hold her like this. After going through those few days of her avoiding me at every turn, I need a bit of a refresher.

I need it *badly*.

# Abby

Clearly, I'm an idiot.

The way Jason is looking up at me now, how in the world have I been so blind?

Too distracted with trying to crush down my own feelings, I completely missed his own.

“I won't fire you,” I promise him as I tilt his head up, “but we can't fool around at work. Even if the frosting bit was absolutely wonderful, I don't want to risk someone seeing they shouldn't or risk ruining making a mess that we can't clean up.”

Trust me, I've been imagining drizzling chocolate on this man's chest ever since that moment we shared. Luckily for us both, I have the same ingredients at home.

His chest rumbles and after a minute of inner thoughts and pinched expressions, he nods. “Can I kiss you on the clock?”

Are we going to be able to control ourselves?

Biting my lip, I nod. Should be safe enough.

His fingers squeeze at my hips and I feel the same pull that I always do. The same pull I've been trying my hardest to

ignore. Now that our feelings are out there, it's harder than ever.

“Can I kiss you now?”

With heat coating my cheeks, I nod my head and bend down to press my mouth to his. It feels good, no doubt about that. I've lost count of the amount of times I've wanted to kiss him since.

I don't stay standing for long. As soon as my lips part, he's tugging me down onto his lap. Wrapping my arms around him, I can't deny how right this feels.

Groaning against his mouth, he's quick to swallow down each sound. For a minute, I think his main goal is to consume me whole.

The way he's keeping me crushed against his front, touching and squeezing my sides, I know I'm spiraling in one direction. If I let him touch my legs, I'm as good as gone.

Chair creaking beneath our combined weight, I lean closer. There's too much space between us. Even pressed together, I'm moving my hands to his shirt, clenching the fabric like I'll rip it away the moment I crack.

There's no denying how badly I want this man. At my side, my bed, and most importantly, *in my life*.

His obvious hunger here is making it clear that he's not going anywhere. Even if I didn't want him to continue working alongside me, he'd find a way to see me. Be it a



customer or not. He'd be there, waiting for me to melt against him like I am now.

When I part away for only a moment, I see that dark look in his eyes. That same hunger that matches my own.

He can't do that. It's not fair. I have a weakness for him. Even now, I can feel my insides melting. My heart is turning into one gushy puddle of feelings.

Jason mutters something about how sweet I taste and it makes me laugh against his lips. For a guy who apparently doesn't like sugar, he is surely getting his share.

"Your smile kills me," he groans as he pulls me closer. He bounces his leg once and I feel that thump go straight through my body. "Never stop."

I won't. I can't keep my smile off my face if I tried hard enough. Nodding my head to his words, I get chills when his hands move away from my hips and slide up the curve of my back.

The sweater I'm wearing is now a regrettable wardrobe choice. I'm sweltering here.

When his hands slip beneath the thick fabric, the heat I feel doubles. I'm going to have to look for burn marks from the way his fingers leave a trail.

Squirming, I can feel his body responding similarly to my own. There's no hiding the arousal pushing against my thighs.

Oh, that chocolate sounds pretty good right now. Even without the sweet treat, would he let me taste him?

Jason frowns when I pull away from his exploring hands. Looking like a kid who dropped his ice cream cone, his brows lift when he watches me stand on my wobbly legs. Then his frown is back when I sink down to my knees.

His thighs feel strong beneath my palms as I run them up across his jeans.

“Abby, no, you don’t—”

“I want to,” I interrupt him, “*please* Jason.”

He curses under his breath, shaking his head. “How am I supposed to tell you no now?”

He curls his fingers around the edge of the table like he needs his own restraint.

Does he think he’ll make me nervous if he uses his hands?

Shrugging without a lick of fear crossing my path, I reach for his belt and tug on the worn leather. Need to return the favor for the pleasure he gave me himself. That, and I *really* want to taste him. If I taste sweet, I know well enough this man will be salty.

My mouth waters at the thought. I’m quick to pull out his cock. Once I have my fingers wrapped nicely around him, I’m left staring.

“You’re killing me,” he groans. When I lift my gaze for only a moment, I’m quick to see this man is capable of going red as well.

“Sorry, you are just a little more than I was expecting,” I mumble as I drag my eyes back down.

Good to know I can still make this man laugh even when I am making him suffer.

I suppose he is a bigger-sized guy, so I shouldn't be surprised. Still, I hope I can make him feel like I had. With the way he's watching me, yeah, no pressure at all.

Flattening my tongue against the tip, I taste the start of that salty flavor I'm suddenly craving. Right back to looking up, my sex clenches at the heavy-lidded look he is giving me.

I've barely even *started*.

Fighting off a smile, I place a gentle kiss against the tip before drawing him into my mouth. Hearing this man groan, I'm left pushing my legs together. Okay, I get it now. Even I'm getting hot and bothered.

“Fuck, Abby.” Jason shakes his head, running a hand down his face. “*Fuck.*”

I'm taking that as a compliment. Especially when he drops his hand from his mouth and plunges it into my hair. The moan that leaves his lips goes straight through me. So hoarse and painful sounding.

Squeezing his legs, I feel the weight of his palm and the pull of his fingers.

I'm weak for this man, watching him come undone as his length slides across my tongue.

“That tongue of yours is going to be my downfall, sweet girl.” His brows pinch together as he watches his own control like he’s riding in the backseat. “Next time, I swear I’ll coat your throat. Right now, I need more.”

I gasp when he pulls my head back, leaving me panting. Lips swollen and my jaw aching, I immediately swipe up any left over taste of him.

He kisses me, rougher than before. Like he doesn’t mind the fact that his cock was just in my mouth, he sucks the next breath right out of me before pulling away with a new look.

“If you don’t want me putting you over a table, will you accept an air mattress?” he asks, his breath uneven. “I need to get my cock inside you, sweet girl.”

My stomach flips and flops and explodes with the demand in his voice. Unable to trust my voice, I nod my head so quickly my teeth clash together.

Before he leads me over to his bed, he plucks my sweater off. Thank goodness. I’m already working up quite the sweat and he’s hardly even touched me. The cool air is exactly what I need.

As soon as my bra is off, he pauses to touch my breasts. I suppose last time, he didn’t get the chance to see them. One pinch to my nipples and I’m swaying. Everything he does just feels so intense.

“I am starving for you, Abby. If at any point I am too rough—”

“I’ll tell you,” I agree through a whine as he gives my chest another squeeze. I can feel the slickness between my thighs. I don’t think I will struggle to keep up with him in the slightest.

Right now, the only thing I care about is getting the rest of my clothing off. Same with him. I want to see how far those tattoos run.

# Jason

This woman is going to be the death of me.

On the outside, she might look sweet and innocent. Right now, she's looking quite the opposite.

The moment I took off my shirt, her hands were against my chest. Now she's tracing delicious shapes against my skin. I don't think I've ever had a woman look so appreciative toward me before.

Expecting some kind of compliment, Abby does one better and leans in, kissing my skin. Her teeth graze my nipple and I hiss.

Little kinky thing she is. Perfect for me. Especially now that I don't want to take my hands off her.

The way she gasps when I pick her up, her thighs squeeze at my sides. While I walk her over to my air mattress, she kisses my jaw, cheeks, and finally my mouth. The way she laughs when I drop her down, I know it deep down in my chest.

I love this woman. No one else is going to make me react this way. Before, I thought real love wasn't in my cards. Now I

know for certain—if Abby doesn't want me, then I'll never experience love again.

When she rolls onto her stomach, I'm quick to reach down and tug off her boots. Thumping them behind us, her socks are next to go. I'll have this beauty completely bare in a matter of seconds. Next, I dip my fingers beneath those leggings. Knowing she must've been freezing in them, I can't help but appreciate the view.

“Don't tell me you're second-guessing yourself,” she jokes as she throws a look over her shoulder.

“Wondering if I have something for you to wear if I accidentally tear these is all.” Biting back a smile of my own, I give her leggings a pull. It's a challenge pulling them completely off when I'm too busy looking at her underwear. A fucking thong.

She makes a cute whimper when I give her cheek a squeeze.

“Did you wear these on purpose?” I ask, my throat tightening. “You weren't wearing these before. I'd remember a detail like this.”

Now I'm imagining tonight going differently. What if I'd said the wrong words and this woman left here disappointed? Fuck me.

When she doesn't answer, I push my thumb against the small inch of fabric. Soaked, of course. Probably from rubbing herself against my lap.

Abby nods her head after a moment. Clutching my blanket, I hear her breathing. Each inhale is deep, her nose pressed against the fabric. I like that, very much so.

If she wants to be taken from behind while breathing in my scent, then I'll give her exactly that.

For once, I'm thankful for the Christmas music. It's loud enough to hide every future whimper and moan. Those are all mine. I'm fucking greedy too with the full intention of hearing it all. All *mine*.

"Lift your hips for me, sweet girl. Show me what I'm working with." Moving back to rest on my heels, I fight back against the urge to keep touching her. My patience is rewarded when I watch her move. Even that thong of hers can't contain the heat trapped beneath.

I bet her leggings were wet too, but I was too distracted to notice. Hell, I'm distracted *now*. From the way my cock is throbbing, I'm starting to wonder if I'll even last once I slide past those glistening lips of hers.

Reaching forward, I groan when I push that strip to the side to get a better look. This is it, I can't survive another minute without knowing how she feels. No more waiting. I need inside *now*. Grabbing her hip with one hand, I take my cock with the other. Pulling her closer, I meet her halfway. Using my legs, I sandwich hers closed and push forward.

Abby sighs as I sink inside, burying myself with one solid thrust. She's so hot, I feel like I'm going to burn up if I stay



inside for longer than a few seconds. The stretch is surreal and I feel like I'm about to suffocate.

Maybe we're both feeling feverish. She's panting and I'm no better.

Satisfaction rumbles through my chest at the first moan that leaves her lips when I fill her completely. Even if she thinks I am big, I knew she'd be able to take me without any hiccups. From the way her hips move, I'm left thinking she wants more even now.

Massaging her hips, I focus on my breathing as her walls quiver around my length. Each time she squeezes, I feel it in my throat.

"You're going to make me come before we even start," I warn her, blowing out a low laugh. "If tonight isn't impressing, I swear I'll knock your socks off next time."

Abby looks back at me over her shoulder, grinning. Her face might be red from embarrassment, but those eyes of hers hold an excitement that came off hidden when we were in the bakery. "I'll hold you to it."

I know she will. Fuck, I hope she does.

Reaching around her, I slip a hand between her thighs. Starting to move, I'm determined to make this woman come with me. I might be close, but I know she'll lose herself soon enough.

Each moan that leaves her mouth is long and delicious. I memorize the pitch for whenever I need a little reminder

whenever we're apart. Fuck, it won't be often. No, I'm not going to be able to leave this woman's side.

I'm going to be the second-best baker in this town and put my hours in.

I'm going to learn how to make a multiple-layered cake like Abby. I fucking swear to it.

Right now, I'm going to be the man she needs and give her the pleasure her body is aching for.

Thrusting deeper, I have to use my hand between her thighs to keep her up. She's a trembling little thing already.

I just need to hang on a little longer. It's hard, especially when her body starts jerking.

"That's it Abby, just a little more." Thrusting faster, I abandon her clit to rub her cheeks. They're growing red from the constant dig of my zipper. She's not complaining, not right now.

Sweat builds at my forehead as I keep going, my vision blurring. Even at the punishing angle, she's crying out, using my name like it's the only word she knows.

Hearing her cry out is my breaking point. I explode, choking on my own moan as I bury myself deep.

From the way we're breathing, it looks like we've run a marathon.

Need to see her. Need to have her against my chest so I can witness the afterglow first hand.

Abby's the first to smile when I land on my back, threatening to blow a hole in this mattress.

"Mine is firmer," she tells me before leaning down to kiss my chest. Looking exhausted, a yawn even slips past her lips. "You know, my place is a bit more private too."

Tell me she's not about to say the words I think she's about to.

"It would be better too, for the bakery." Biting down on her lip, she looks up at me cautiously. "You wouldn't have to live on top of a bar if you stayed with me."

Never, ever going to leave this woman's side. She's going to have to beat me off with one of her rubber spatulas if she wants some space.

She blasts a laugh when I yank her over to me. Soon, she'll see it. How deep I am for her. Hell, by the end of tonight, she'll have my love memorized.

# Abby

## *One Year Later*

Despite all the snow falling from the sky, business is booming. Every time I peek my head out from the back, I see a line. Every time, my heart thunders in my chest.

Thanks to a person reviewing some of my desserts on Tiktok, I've been even busier. Not even the holiday weather is enough to slow them down. All this business left me no choice but to hire even more extra help and extend our hours of operation. Asher is beside Jen, boxing up multiple cupcakes.

Right now, she's taking care of a woman who looks like she's devouring our sweets by simply looking at them through the glass. From her fancy dress clothes, I can bet she's another customer from one of the surrounding cities. I see plenty of those, it's a nice boost.

Heading back, I find Luis and Jason talking. Ever since I hired Luis, I've been dipping my toes into improving my pastries. Before the new guy, my creations didn't sell in comparison to the other selections. Nowadays, I can't say the same. Luis is another one of those city dwellers that applied for a baking position and hiring him has been the best business decision I've made in a long while.

When Jason notices me approaching, his mouth curves up. He's got a splash of flour coating his apron. The same apron I had to order to get customized to fit his bulky size.

The tiered cake he's working on has created quite a mess. Even though he's got ingredients everywhere, I know the final product is going to look amazing. He's gotten quite good since I first hired him.

Whatever he is muttering to Luis goes on hold as he abandons his work and circles the table that separates us. Reaching out to touch me, he has to pause before plucking off his gloves.

"How is it out there?" He asks the question like he doesn't already know the answer. He gives my hip a squeeze and my heart does a little flop.

"Busy. We might need to make more on top of those extras," I explain as I fight against the urge to kiss this man.

Everyone might be used to how we act back here, but I do try to stay as professional as I can. Need to keep my head clear so I can focus on running this place. He likes to make it so difficult.

Ever since Jason fed me a cupcake with a ring inside two weeks ago, I've struggled to keep my own hands off of him. I'm still vibrating with energy. In a handful of months, this man is going to be my *husband*.

Feels so surreal.

“Suppose I shouldn’t distract you then,” he murmurs as he lets my body go. When my nose scrunches, he laughs. The sound is so rich, that my insides might as well turn to liquid. “I’ll wrap my order up and then help you. Once we get caught up, maybe you and I can take a break. These guys seem to have everything in order.”

He mumbles the last part, only brushing my hips with his fingers this time around.

Yes, a break. I like the sound of that. Breaks mean we can slip away long enough to burn a little bit of this hunger that builds over each shift we work together.

Doesn’t matter that I see this man all of the time. I’m constantly wanting him.

Feeling a smile tug up on my lips, I nod. Not able to resist, I tip up on my toes and brush my mouth against his. Need a little contact to get through the next hour or two it’ll take to get caught back up.

Otherwise, I’m going to ravish this man the first moment we find time spent alone.

Knowing I don’t have the strength to go that long, I give him one more peck and get started.

Just like every shift here at *Sweet Treats*, it’s going to be achingly long and neverending.

Thank goodness the source of all my longing will only be a handful of feet away, piping frosting and continuously making a mess.

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