



Driving Home
FOR CHRISTMAS

STRANDED AT CHRISTMAS SERIES NOVELLA
MEN OF SPECIAL OPS FORCES BOOK TWO

BELLA LANE

Driving Home for Christmas

Stranded at Christmas Series - AB Shared
World

Bella Lane



Contents

[AB Shared Worlds](#)

[From the Author about Driving Home for Christmas](#)

[Blurb](#)

[Sarah](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Sarah](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Sarah](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Sarah](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Sarah](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Nicolas](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

[More about Bella Lane](#)

[Also by Bella Lane](#)

[Other Books in the Stranded at Christmas Shared World](#)

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AB Shared Worlds



12 authors, 12 stories, one world.

AB Shared Worlds are bringing you the Stranded at Christmas
Series

From the Author about Driving Home for Christmas



She's running...

He wants her...

Will being stranded bring them together?

Blurb



She's running...He wants her...Will being stranded bring them together?

Sarah Williams made a mistake in who she trusted and now he's tormenting her with phone calls. She's running and using work as the reason to protect her friend.

Nicholas Gamble is ex-Special Ops Forces. He misses his team and the camaraderie that he and his team had. His family has pulled him into their business but it's not what he wants, then he sees her.

When Sarah is asked to give a ride home to Roman's friend, she never imagined it would be Nicolas Gamble, the man who looks like a God. Along the way, the phone rings and they get stranded in a small town in Vermont.

She is afraid to trust...He's determined to show her he's all in.

Sarah



I have questioned my judgment and played over every conversation James and I ever had. I sincerely believed he was interested in me. I never saw any signs that would have led me to believe that he was stalking my best friend. I now realize he was pumping me for information, but under the guise that he was really interested in what I had to say.

James found a way to contact me while he's locked in the state mental hospital. How it's possible, I don't know, but the first phone call had me shaking, and his ominous threats sealed my decision to leave. I didn't tell anyone about the calls. Jessi was having a hard time with what happened and Roman was taking care of her and being the Chief of Police to the town. I didn't want to burden them with this.

Two weeks after Halloween, I left Cedar, Maine with the excuse of attending a real estate conference in Connecticut. Once that was completed, I was given the opportunity to attend another conference in NY. I have been in Syracuse, NY for the last three weeks attending this real estate conference. Even though Jessi doesn't blame me for James's actions, I blame myself. I've done my best to avoid his phone calls, but occasionally, I mess up and answer the phone without looking at the caller id. That's when I lose all clarity that I thought I had gained.

My head is still no clearer between the phone calls and the nightmares that I have from his threats, but today is the last day of the conference. Callie and Jessi both called me last night, wanting to know when I was coming home. With

Christmas just a week away, I know I can't hide forever. I'm currently sitting in my seat, reading over the agenda for today as I do every morning, when a group walks into the room. I don't even need to look up to know who is in the group. I can feel his energy the minute he steps into the room.

Nicolas Gamble is the most gorgeous man I think I have ever seen in my life. He has brown hair, brown eyes, a light beard, a body full of sculpted muscles, and he makes my body feel alive. If I'm being honest with myself, I think he looks like a God, and more than once I found myself daydreaming about him, but his smooth caressing voice and words have my guard up and after James, it's hard to trust anything anyone says. Nicolas reminds me a bit of Roman Valentini, Jessi's boyfriend. He has this lost look in his eyes, just like Roman did when he came back to Cedar.

Nicolas grabs his seat in front of me while a group of guys are talking about the wild night they had last night. Just then my phone rings and I look at the caller id.

I quickly answer, "Hey, hold on one second while I walk out into the hallway," I say, standing up, not even glancing toward the men who were conversing loudly, and head for the hallway outside the conference room. Once I get to the hallway, I lift the phone and say, "Hey Jessi, didn't we just talk last night?"

"Yes, we did, but I needed to call you today and I'm sorry to interrupt you during the conference, but I need a huge favor."

"You know I'm willing to help you anyway that I can," I say, just as I see Nicolas walk out into the hallway on his phone, and my body heats up.

He glances over at me, and I can feel my face turning several shades of red from being caught staring at him. I tune back into the conversation just in time to hear Jessi say, "Roman would like to know if a friend of his could catch a ride with you back here to Cedar?"

"Why would his friend need a ride, and where is he currently staying? I don't want to go out of my way, due to the

storm that I hear is coming in,” I tell her, not liking this idea.

“It’s because of the storm that Roman is asking this favor. His friend’s flight was just canceled this morning, and you wouldn’t have to go out of your way, because it turns out that he is currently in your area,” Jessi tells me.

“Oh, where in Syracuse is this friend?” I ask, looking over at Nicolas and see him looking at me expectantly. “Jessi, what is Roman’s friend’s name?” I ask in a whisper, though I have a gut-sinking feeling I already know.

“His name is Nicolas Gamble, and ironically he is attending the same real estate conference as you are,” she tells me.

I turn my back to Nicolas and tell her, “You do realize that is the same person I have been telling you about for three weeks,” I grumble in a whisper, so that she is the only one to hear me.

“Are you serious? The hot God is Nicolas?” she asks in a screech.

“Keep your voice down please. I don’t want Roman to know if he’s friends with this guy.

“Okay, okay,” she says, laughing. “Roman says he will owe you big if you give his friend a ride here. I would be eternally grateful, and it’s Christmas, aren’t you a big believer in doing good for all, especially this time of year? Plus, it could be good for you to get to know him.” Jessi insinuates more than she should.

“You know that’s not fair. After what happened with James, I can’t trust my own judgment, plus you know I have no issues helping anyone who needs it. Ughhh, fine. I’ll do it. Tell Roman to tell his friend, my car leaves at seven am tomorrow morning. If he’s not there, then he will have to find another way there,” I tell Jessi.

“You sure you don’t want to tell him?” she asks, chuckling.

“Nope,” I say, popping the p. “He can do it. I’m going to head back into the conference, and I’ll let you handle

everything else. I'll give you a call in the morning when I head out, with or without his friend," I tell her.

Jessi laughs before saying, "Okay Sarah, I'll let him know and I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Talk later," I say as I hang up. I barely glance at Nicolas, who is standing out in the hall still on the phone, no doubt with Roman, when I head back into the conference room. I retake my seat and curse my luck.

A few minutes later, Nicolas comes back into the room and takes his seat, quickly glancing my way, but I pretend I don't see his glance.

Our first speaker starts, and we begin the last day of the conference. Once the conference is finished for the day, I pack up my bag, while listening to the group of guys making plans to go out tonight. I hear them invite Nicolas, who glances over at me, like he wants to say something to me, but he never gets an opportunity to say anything. I make my way up to the front to talk with the speakers and watch the group of guys, with Nicolas, leave the room out of the corner of my eye.

After I get all my questions answered, I head out to get some dinner, then go back to the hotel. While I'm eating in my hotel room, my mind keeps drifting to the conversation with Jessi asking me to give Nicolas a ride back to Cedar tomorrow. I can't help but wonder how Roman and Nicolas know each other? Roman has never been in the real estate business and from what little I do know of Nicolas; he works for his family's real estate company. I can't fathom what they have in common.

Is it wrong that I hope he goes out tonight, gets hammered, and misses getting a ride with me? I'm not sure my body could make the trip home without wanting to jump him. When he's near, my brain loses all focus, and my body takes over.

I pack my bags, take a shower, and head to bed. I want to be well rested no matter what happens tomorrow.

Just then my phone rings, and without thinking, I answer it while I'm brushing my hair.

“How’s my girl today? Is Jessi thinking about me? Maybe when I get out, we can try a threesome. I bet both of you girls would look beautiful covered in blood,” James tells me and starts laughing maniacally.

I quickly hang up the phone. I can feel a cold chill seeping into my body. He seems to have gotten crazier since he’s been in there.

I know I won’t get much sleep tonight, but I need to try to get some. A few hours later, I wake in a cold sweat, when I look over at the clock, it reads three am. I realize falling back asleep will be useless, so I take another shower to wash the remnants of the dream and the phone call away.

Once I get dressed and pack the rest of my things, I note the time is four thirty, so I decide to take my things down to the car and find some coffee, while I wait to see if Nicolas will show up in two and half hours or not.

I’m standing in the check-out line at the hotel at six forty-five. I’ve had four cups of coffee already and am ready to hit the road. While I’m waiting for the clerk to print my receipt, Nicolas shows up behind me. When I turn around, he smiles at me and my knees just about buckle before he moves to the desk and checks out.

I wait until he’s finished and lead him out to the car, while I silently curse my body.

Nicolas



I called Roman Valentini to see if I could come visit him after the conference. My head space has not been good since the last mission, and my family has been overbearing since I got back. He told me he understood and encouraged me to come visit, but then I had to call him and tell him that my flight was canceled. When he told me he knew someone who could give me a ride to Cedar, I had not expected it to be the beauty, Sarah Williams.

I noticed her the first day I walked into the conference. The electricity in the air was palpable between the two of us. She was sitting by herself looking over the agenda for the day, and the minute she looked up, I felt like I had been punched in the stomach. As beautiful as she was, there was also a haunted look in her eyes that I wanted so badly to wipe away, but she wouldn't let anyone close. I tried to talk to her and finally gave up. I don't know how she feels about me riding with her, but I'm excited to get to know her without anyone else around.

I show up to the check-out line and see the petite, dark auburn hair beauty, with piercing blue eyes, standing at the counter ahead of me. When she turns around, I can't help but smile at her. I finish checking out and turn around, surprised and happy to find her still standing there waiting for me. I follow her out to her vehicle, watching the sway of her ass as she walks. She opens the trunk and I place my bags in. She gets in the driver's seat, and I get in the passenger. We both put our seatbelts on at the same time, and when we look at each other, I swear her eyes get darker. Then she starts the car,

dials a number, and a female voice answers through the Bluetooth.

“Hey Sarah, are you leaving now?”

“Yeah. Let Roman know I have his package with me,” she tells the other woman on the line.

“Hey babe, Sarah has your package with her,” she says, laughing.

I hear Roman chuckle. “I’m sure he likes being called that,” I hear him say.

Sarah looks over at me and I just shrug my shoulders, holding in my own laugh.

“Anyways, I promised to call when we were heading out. We are leaving now, and we should arrive sometime tonight. The GPS says ten and a half hours,” Sarah says.

“Sounds good. Be safe and be careful. The winter storm is coming, and we don’t know how bad it will be,” her friend tells her.

“I’ll keep an eye out, and we’ll be safe. If we have to stop, I’ll let you know,” Sarah admits.

Part of me would love to have some alone time getting to know Sarah, but the other part of me needs to see Roman. Thinking of the man himself, he gets on the line.

“Nico, keep Sarah safe.”

“Yes, sir,” I tell him.

I look over at Sarah and see her roll her eyes. “We will be fine Roman, and I don’t need a savior,” she tells him.

“How are you sleeping?” he asks, and I look at her.

“Just fine. Stop worrying about me, Roman, and worry about Jessi,” she tells him, but I can tell she’s lying. I look at her eyes and notice the dark circles that are hiding beneath her makeup.

“Jessi is doing much better, but we are both worried about you,” he tells her, and I watch her shoulders deflate a little bit.

“I’m okay, Roman. I promise.” Though Roman can’t see her, I can, and I notice the little tick of her eye.

“We will see you when you get here, and I meant what I said Nico,” Roman reiterates.

“No worries. I understand,” I tell him before the line goes dead.

“Is there a reason why they are worried about you?” I ask her.

“Nothing to concern yourself with. Let’s get on the road and hope we beat this storm that’s coming in,” she tells me.

I let it go for now. No point in starting this trip more awkward than it currently is.

“Which do you prefer, Nicolas or Nico?” she asks, surprising me with her question.

“My team always called me Nico. My family calls me Nicolas. I guess I don’t really have a preference,” I tell her with a shrug of my shoulders.

“You were in the Army?” she asks, sounding very surprised.

“Yes. Roman was my Commanding Officer,” I tell her without giving more information.

“I see. Thank you for your service,” she says quietly.

“Thanks,” I mumble. That service came with a cost, but I don’t tell her that. I don’t tell anyone that. I smile and say thank you.

I look over at her and watch as she drives us out of the city, heading toward Vermont. She’s a very gorgeous woman, but the haunted look in her eyes has my protectiveness on alert. It makes me wonder what happened to her. Roman told me she was going through some things. He even believes there may be more that she isn’t telling anyone. I don’t know why, but I think he’s right. Roman has always had good instincts and sitting here next to this beautiful woman, I can see the truth that something isn’t right.

The car ride is quiet and comfortable for the first few hours. The quiet doesn't normally bother me, but I really want to hear Sarah's voice. I just don't know if she wants to talk to me.

"Is your family from Cedar?" I ask to break the silence.

"No. My family is actually from North Carolina," she answers, with her eyes still on the road.

"Oh? How did you end up in Maine?" I am very curious now.

"Jessi and Callie were my roommates in college and every break I would go home with them. I kind of fell in love with Cedar and the people. So, when we graduated, we went back to Cedar and moved in together, and now we work the real estate business together. Jessi actually bought it, while Callie and I got our license and certifications and help her run the business by selling and renting out the properties," she tells me matter-of-factly.

"How come you're not spending Christmas with your family in North Carolina?" I ask, even more curious.

"My parents take a trip to the Bahamas for Christmas every year since my brother and I left home. My brother is married, so he, his wife, and their two kids spend the holidays with her family."

"That's interesting," I tell her

"What about you? Why are you going to Cedar instead of going home to your family?" she asks.

"I'm actually from Maine. I live in Largo. It's not that far from Cedar."

"Oh. I see," she says, sounding surprised.

"Yeah, my family has been a little overbearing lately since I returned home," I say, not sure why I'm sharing that with her.

"I'm sure they mean well," she says softly.

"I know you're right. Sometimes it's just a little too much," I admit, and she nods her head in understanding.

“Do you have any siblings?” she asks.

“I have an older brother and a younger sister. My brother, Byron is thirty and my sister, Adelaide, is turning twenty-four,” I tell her.

“How old are you?”

“I just turned twenty-eight last month. You?”

“Twenty-six,” she answers. “Has real estate always been your family’s business?”

“Yeah. My parents started the business before Byron was born, and it’s grown since then.”

“But it’s not what you really want to do,” she states.

I sigh. “No, it wasn’t something I ever wanted to do. I liked my time in the military. I had a brotherhood and the missions, though brutal, were exhilarating,” I say, looking over to her and see her nod her head.

“I can see that. So why not tell your parents the truth?” she asks, then blushes. “Sorry, I shouldn’t have asked that. That’s not my business.”

“Actually, I’m not sure how to tell them. They were so excited when they found out I was coming home and going to take over the business, I didn’t have the heart to tell them otherwise,” I admit to her.

“Oh. I can understand that. I had something similar with my family.”

“What did you do?” I ask.

“I eventually told them how I felt, and I moved to Cedar,” she says, shaking her head like she’s reliving the conversation. “Sometimes you just have to make the best decision for yourself,” she adds.

“That’s the problem, I’m not sure what the best decision is right now. I think that’s why I need to see Roman. Maybe he can help me figure things out,” I tell her before looking out the window at the scenery as we drive by.

“I’m sure he can help you.”

“I hope so,” I whisper.

We stay silent for a couple more hours before she pulls off into a gas station to fill up the car. Before she can get out, I’m already out and rounding the car, grabbing the gas nozzle, and pumping the gas into the car. Once I’m finished, I get back in the car and she looks at me.

“What?” I ask, “did I forget something?”

“No. Thank you for doing that. I was not expecting you to do that. I would have been happy taking care of the gas,” she says.

“No, ma’am. As long as I’m riding in this car, you will not be pumping the gas in this car. And since you are kind enough to give me a ride, the least I can do is pay for the gas,” I tell her pointedly.

“Thank you,” she says again with wide eyes. Apparently, no man has ever taken care of this woman if she is saying this to me.

“Maybe we should grab something to eat before we continue on,” I suggest.

“That’s a good idea. There is a mom-and-pop restaurant right over there,” she points, and I nod my head.

She starts the car and pulls out of the gas station, crossing the street to the restaurant. Once parked, I go around to her side of the door and open it for her. She looks at me stunned and surprised again. I make it my mission right then and there, that while she is with me, this woman will be treated like a lady should be treated. I open the door into the restaurant and allow her to go first while I follow her in. A waitress comes and says, “Two?”

“Yes, ma’am, please,” Sarah answers.

“Follow me, please,” the waitress says, grabbing two menus.

She shows us to a table by the window. I pull out Sarah’s chair and watch as the blush creeps across her face, and I begin to imagine how her whole body would be flushed up

underneath me and my touch. I have to reign my thoughts in as I can feel myself getting hard.

I take a seat across from her, and we both look over the menu and make our selections. Once the waitress comes back, I place both our orders.

“If what I’m doing becomes too much for you, please say something, but growing up, it was always ingrained that men should treat every woman like a princess no matter what,” I tell her.

“I’m just not accustomed to it, that’s all. Please don’t think I’m not grateful or unflattered. Just not something anyone has ever done for me,” she admits softly.

“I’m sorry you weren’t treated right, Sarah,” I tell her just as her phone rings. She looks at the caller id and stiffens, then she silences the phone, without answering and she gives me a little smile.

“If you need to answer that, I can walk away,” I tell her.

She shakes her head before saying, “It’s not anyone I know.”

“Okay,” I say, but I notice how her eyes keep going to the phone and how stiff she is. Just then our waitress brings our food, and we begin to eat.

The food was great. Once the bill is paid, we get back in the car and continue on our trip, but I notice Sarah hasn’t relaxed since the phone rang.

Sarah



Things were starting to feel comfortable with Nicolas. He surprised me when he got out of the car and pumped the gas, when he opened my door to allow me out, the door to the restaurant, and then when he pulled my seat out. He is showing me another side to him that I hadn't seen, and it has my body doing all sorts of things. Then that damn phone call. There was no way I was answering it. All the good feelings I was having went away with the ring of the phone.

I get us back on the road, the drive is quiet, with neither Nicolas nor I talking. My mind has been focused on the incoming call during our lunch. I don't understand why he's calling me. Why doesn't he leave me alone? I'm so lost in my thoughts, that when the car rings with an incoming call, I startle and turn the wheel. When I try to correct it, we are sliding, even with the snow tires, I can't keep the car from smacking into the snowbank on the side of the road. When the car finally stops, and the shock wears off enough, I register in my brain that Nicolas is in my face, his eyes are a gorgeous brown, then I register he is asking me a question.

"Sarah, are you okay?" his words come through.

I nod my head. "Yeah, I think so." I blink my eyes to get them more in focus. "Oh My God," I say, when what has finally happened catches up to me. "Are you ok? I'm so sorry. Are you hurt?" I ask him.

"No, I'm good. I'm worried about you. Are you okay? Are you hurt?" he asks.

“I don’t think so,” I say, licking my lips. I watch his eyes dilate as he focuses on my lips, then looks back up to my eyes with concern in them.

“I’m going to need you to get out, so I can crawl out on the driver’s side. I can’t get the door open on my side. Can you do that for me?” he asks me and I nod my head.

I open the door and get out. I watch him slide over to the driver’s side and come to stand next to me as I take in the damage. The car is currently part way in the ditch, with the passenger side stuck in the ditch.

“We are going to need a tow truck to get this out. Hopefully, nothing internally is damaged, and it’s just dented on the passenger side,” Nicolas tells me.

I nod, then ask, “How far do you think the nearest town is?” I’m hoping we don’t have to walk far.

“I’m not sure, but I hear a vehicle coming down the road, maybe we can get them to help us,” he says.

“What are you talking about? I don’t hear or see a vehicle,” I tell him, thinking maybe he actually hit his head during the accident.

“Trust me, there is a vehicle coming,” he says with a smirk.

“Did you hit your head?” I ask skeptically and out loud.

“No.” he says, before adding, “the vehicle will be close to us in about two minutes.”

All I can do is look at him with mistrust. Then I see him turn, just as I hear a vehicle approaching. “I’ll be damned,” I mutter, but he turns and gives me a knowing smile.

Nicolas stops the vehicle, asking them how far to the nearest town and if there is a tow truck in the area. I can’t hear the person in the vehicle’s responses, but I see the smile form on Nicolas’s face.

“Sarah, honey, this nice gentleman says he will take us into the nearest town,” he tells me.

I walk over there and see the older gentleman, who could almost pass for Santa Claus. “Thank you so much, Mr.?”

“You can call me Nick, and it’s no problem.”

“Thank you, Nick. We appreciate your kindness,” I tell him, holding Nicolas’s hand, though I’m not sure when that happened.

“You young kids should not be out here, there is a storm coming in. I’m not sure if the B&B in town will have a room for the night or not. There’s a Christmas festival going on this week, but I’m sure we can find you somewhere warm to stay,” Nick says.

Nicolas goes back to the car and grabs our bags, while Nick helps him load them into the bed of his truck. I grab my purse from the back floorboard and see the missed call was Jessi. I put the keys into my purse and don’t worry about locking the doors.

Nicolas opens the passenger door for me, and I slide into the middle of the truck. Nicolas slides in next to me before closing the door. Nick and Nicolas are chatting while I type out a text to Jessi letting her know what happened. I’m hoping the closer we get to the town, the message will be able to send, as of right now, I have no service. I don’t want her worrying, but I know we are not making it home tonight and it’s all my fault. If my mind had not been on James and his damn phone calls, I wouldn’t have been startled by the ringing of the damn phone.

I can’t keep beating myself up for an accident. What’s done is done and there’s nothing that can be done about it now. All I can hope is that the car is drivable so we can leave tomorrow.

Nick drives us into a cute little town, that we must have passed on our drive and I was too unfocused to notice it. We pass the town sign and I have to chuckle a little. The town is called Snowbank and how ironic that I crashed into a snowbank, which is why we are currently here.

Nicolas looks over at me and I just shake my head.

The town is beautiful. Everywhere you look is decorated in all its Christmas glory. It reminds me of a town in the Christmas Hallmark movies. I'm sure they have a huge Christmas tree somewhere in the town. I would love to see it, and then I realize this is the first year since I've been going to Cedar that I missed the Christmas tree lighting ceremony.

Nick stops in front of a beautiful white house, with a wraparound porch. The sign out front says, Snowbank B&B. Nicolas opens the door, steps out then holds his hand out to help me out of the truck. Once I'm out, I look around and instantly fall in love with this place.

The snow and decorations make this place look like a Christmas postcard. Nicolas and I

walk up the steps to the front porch and I take in the decorations outside. They are elegant and homey. I feel so much peace here. We walk into the house and are immediately greeted by an elderly woman, who could pass as Mrs. Claus.

"Hello, dears. Welcome to the Snowbank B&B. I'm Carol. Do you have a reservation?" she asks.

"No ma'am. We actually had some car trouble and, this nice gentleman," I say pointing to Nick, "rescued us and brought us here, so we are hoping you might have a couple of rooms for the night?" I request.

"Oh, I see. Welcome back, dear."

"Thank you, dear," he says, going over to her and kissing her on the head.

"You know we are always booked up this time of year," she hisses at him.

"I know dear, but didn't the Denton's cancel this morning because of the incoming storm?" he asks gently.

"Oh yes, you are right. They did. I forgot to mark that down in the book," Carol says to him with a smile, and he gives her a knowing smile in return. Turning back to us, "Fortunately, we do have one room available," she says with a smile.

“Perfect. We would love to have it, though we aren’t sure at the moment how long we may need it. It will depend on what they say the condition of our vehicle is,” Nicolas says, but I’m completely stunned by the fact we will have to share a room.

I can think of so many reasons why this isn’t a good idea and yet my body thinks it’s perfect, but regardless there isn’t much I can do if they only have one room available. It’s my fault we are in this predicament and stranded in this town. Even though it’s a beautiful town, from what we have seen of it already.

“I’ll call over to Frank and see if he can go get your car now, before the storm hits,” Nick says.

“Thank you both so much,” I say, finding my voice again.

“You are very welcome. We are happy to have you here, and I know you are going to love our little town. There are plenty of Christmas festivities that will be going on every night until Christmas Eve,” Carol tells us.

“We definitely can’t wait to see the rest of your town. It looks so charming and peaceful,” I tell her with a smile.

“Oh, it is definitely peaceful,” she says, just as my phone pings with a message.

I look at it with trembling hands, and sigh when I see it’s from Jessi. I open it and see her reply.

Oh no. I hope you both are okay and in a safe place. If you need me to send Roman to you, I can. Let us know what they say about the car.

I reply back, *Will keep you posted on the events.*

I look at Nicolas and tell him, Jessi offered to send Roman to come get us, if the car is undrivable. I told her we would keep her posted.

Nicolas nods his head and then grabs our bags, while I grab the key to our room.

“Franks on his way out there, I’ll come get you when he comes back with your car,” Nick tells us.

“Thank you, Nick, for rescuing us, and thank you, Carol, for the room,” I say as we head up the stairs.

Nicolas



I was so concerned after Sarah lost control of the car and we ended up in the snowbank. She wasn't moving, and I really thought she may have been hurt from the impact, but then her eyes came back into focus and the fear I saw in them when she realized what had just happened, had me wanting to hold her and tell her it was going to be okay. I don't know what it is about the phone going off that has her tensing, but I definitely plan to find out.

When we get to our room, I wait for her to unlock the door and I allow her to enter first. I hear her gasp and I walk in, looking around for a threat. There is nothing, but I see the awe in her eyes, and I take a better look at the room and see it is done beautifully with Christmas decorations. Not too much, but just enough. I also take note of the one queen size bed. I can see the conflict in her eyes, as she takes note of the single bed, and the blush I see creeping up her face has my cock getting hard again.

I don't want to scare her, but I definitely want to share that bed with her. Feel her in my arms, instead, I tell her, "I can see if Carol has a cot that I can sleep on and you can have the bed."

"No, this is fine. We can share the bed," she says, her voice sounding husky. I look over and see her chewing on her bottom lip while staring at the bed.

I wonder what she's thinking, but I don't get the opportunity to ask, just then, there is a knock on the door. I walk over and answer it.

“Sorry to interrupt, but I promised to let you know when Frank got your car. He’s on his way back with it, if you want to make your way over to the shop,” Nick tells us.

“Thanks Nick, that would be great. Can you tell us exactly where we need to go?” I ask him.

“Absolutely, If you take a right on the sidewalk and go down two streets, take another right, you will see his shop on the left.”

“Thank you, Nick. We will head over there now and see how bad the damage is, and then we may explore this beautiful town of yours,” Sarah says with a little excitement in her eyes about the possibility of the town. That look has me intrigued.

“You young people should definitely explore,” Nick says with a twinkle in his eyes.

Sarah and I pull some warmer clothes out of our bags, since we will be walking, and we currently aren’t dressed to be in this cold, snowy weather.

While Sarah is in the bathroom, I quickly pull out my thermals, thicker sweater, and boots.

I quickly get dressed, so by the time Sarah comes out, I’m ready to go. She pulls her hair up in a ponytail and grabs her jacket. I see the blush creeping up her face again and want so badly to know what is going through her head.

I open the door and allow Sarah to go first. I close the door as we both head down the stairs to where Carol is still behind the registration desk.

“I’ll have some hot chocolate for you both when you come back tonight,” she says with a gleam in her eyes and a smile on her lips.

“Thank you so much Carol, but you don’t need to go all out for us,” Sarah tells her.

“Nonsense. It’s no trouble, and I’ll have some Christmas cookies as well, but don’t tell Nick, he’ll try to eat them all,” she says with a laugh.

“We promise,” I say with a chuckle.

“Thank you, Carol. We look forward to both,” Sarah says with a big smile.

We walk out the front door and down the porch steps. The sidewalks have all been shoveled free of the snow, though there are a few ice patches, we walk carefully. We follow Nick’s directions and find Frank’s shop. I see Sarah’s car being pulled into the bay of the garage.

“Can I help you, folks?” The man gets out of the tow truck once he has Sarah’s car where he wants it.

“Are you Frank?” I ask.

“Yes sir. You must be the couple whose car this is that ended up in the snow-banked ditch,” he says, pointing to Sarah’s car.

“Yes, sir. That would be us,” Sarah says before continuing on, “can you tell us if the car is drivable?”

“Let me look it over, now that I have it in the shop, and I’ll see if there are any major issues,” Franks tells us and we both nod.

We head inside to a little waiting area. Ten minutes later Frank comes in and says, “Well kids, unfortunately, the axle is broken and will need to be replaced.”

“Will you be able to fix it?” she asks nervously.

“Yes, ma’am, I can fix it. It’s going to take me a couple of days, may be able to have it ready in about two days. Are you okay with that?” he asks.

She chuckles, saying, “I don’t think I have much of a choice. We are kind of stranded here until it’s fixed enough to drive.” Then she looks at me, “We should be okay for a couple of days, right?”

“I think it will be okay,” I tell her while she’s chewing on that lip again. It’s all I can do not to grab her face and bite her lip myself.

“Alright, then I’ll begin working on your car.” Frank interrupts us and we both nod before walking out of his shop and heading back to the main street.

Sarah calls Jessi, letting her and Roman know what Frank told us. When she gets off the phone, she looks like she has the weight of the world on her shoulders.

“Hey, instead of worrying about the car, how about we check out the shops in this town,” I suggest.

Her eyes brighten up, and she eagerly nods her head while swinging around to see where to start first. I laugh out loud, until her head swings back to me, and eyes wide in disbelief.

“What?” I ask, trying to get my bearings together.

“I don’t think I’ve ever heard you truly laugh like that. It’s nice,” she admits with a small smile on her lips, before saying, “let’s go this way,” she points to the right and we start walking.

The air is crisp and cold, but we are both bundled up pretty well. We hit all the shops along this snow shoveled sidewalk, and I notice Sarah starting to relax and enjoying herself. This is the first time I don’t mind the endless shopping. Being with Sarah is enjoyable. I love seeing her eyes light up when she sees something she thinks one of her best friends would like.

We find a cafe and decide to stop and eat. Once we get our coats, gloves, and hats off, I pull out Sarah’s chair and we both take time to look over the menu. When the waitress comes over to take our order Sarah asks, “Do you have a special?”

The waitress says, “Yes, ma’am, it’s Mama’s Christmas Loaf, with a side of mashed potatoes and a veggie of your choice.” She sees the confusion on Sarah’s face and whispers, “it’s meatloaf.”

“Oh, that sounds wonderful. I would like that with a side salad, ranch dressing please.”

“I’ll have the same. Thank you,” I say to the waitress as she jots down our orders and takes our menus.

“Well today is not what I had planned on happening, but this town is definitely a gem,” Sarah says with a smile, looking around the cafe and taking in the decor.

“What makes this small town any different from Cedar?” I ask.

“It’s a new place,” she says honestly when she looks back at me. She must see the confusion on my face because she elaborates, “Being in a new place, where people don’t know you, don’t know your history and you can walk around and just enjoy the feelings of a small tight-knit community and not worry about someone saying anything behind your back. That’s freeing.”

“But like any new place, when you stick around long enough, people get to know you, and you become their history,” I inform her.

She takes a big sigh, then says sadly, “I know.”

“Do you not like Cedar?”

“Oh, no, no, no. Nothing like that. I love Cedar and the people, just sometimes it’s nice to explore places where people don’t know you. Sometimes you can make them see how special their little town is through fresh eyes. Does that make sense?”

“Yeah, I think I understand better,” I say with a smile, just as the waitress brings our meal. We both dig into the meatloaf.

“Oh my God, this tastes fantastic,” Sarah says and then blushes. “Sorry. I get carried away sometimes.”

“Oh no, I enjoy a woman who loves her food and has no problems showcasing it,” I say with a smile, before taking another bite of the meatloaf and commenting, “It really is a good Christmas loaf.”

“Right! So good,” she says with a smile as she takes another bite and this time moans.

My cock starts straining in my pants and I’m trying to adjust myself without being obvious. This woman is going to be the death of me.

We finish our dinner and the waitress comes by to pick up our plates and asks, “Would you like to try some of our desserts?”

“What do you have?” I ask.

“We have the Snowbank Log, it’s a yule log in white chocolate,” she whispers, then continues, “peppermint pie, maple cream pie, and of course pie a la mode.”

“Oh wow, that’s a lot of delicious choices, but I think I want the maple cream pie,” Sarah says.

“I’ll have the same,” I tell the waitress and she nods, taking our plates with her.

Not even two minutes later, she comes back with our slices and I watch Sarah’s eyes light up.

She takes the first bite, and I’ve lost all train of thought as I watch her lips wrap around the fork, imagining that it’s my cock in her mouth and her moaning while taking me deep. All of the sudden I hear her calling my name and I pull myself back from my thoughts.

“Nico? Are you okay?” she asks.

“Yeah, I’m good. Sorry, I got lost in my thoughts for a minute,” I tell her, while trying to adjust the tightness in my pants.

“I was asking if you were planning on eating your pie. It’s very good,” she says with that blinding smile.

“Absolutely,” I tell her with a smirk.

We finish up, pay the bill, and then head outside.

We decide to make our way back to the B&B. It’s been a long day, and Sarah looks exhausted. Once we get there, true to her word, Carol has hot chocolate and cookies waiting for us.

“I don’t know if I can eat another thing,” Sarah says with a chuckle while grabbing a cookie.

She takes a bite and when she moans again, I damn near lose my mind.

“This is so good. You definitely need to try one,” she says, taking another bite. I see Carol give Sarah an appreciative smile.

“Breakfast will be served starting at seven in the morning. If there is anything you need for the night just let me know,” she tells us.

“We should be fine. Thank you so much, Carol. The cookies are wonderful,” I tell her with a wink.

“Good night you two and we will see you in the morning,” she says with a chuckle walking back into the kitchen.

“Guess we should head up and get some sleep ourselves,” I tell Sarah and watch her bite her lip again and nod her head.

Once in the room, I tell Sarah, “You go ahead and take a shower first.”

“Thanks,” she answers as she grabs some clothes and her toiletry bag.

After twenty minutes, she comes out and I make my way in. My mind is wondering how I’m going to be able to keep my hands off her tonight. When I come out of the bathroom, I find Sarah already in the bed with a pillow in the middle to separate us. I chuckle to myself and get in the bed on the other side. I turn the light off and pray I don’t wake her up from my nightmares.

Sarah



I'm pulled from my sleep by a noise in my ear. I try to get my bearings without opening my eyes and feel a hard body under my head and my arm around someone. *What the hell?* I ask myself, until the events of yesterday come back. The phone ringing, the car sliding into the snowbank, the B&B, one bed and immediately I know I'm lying on Nicolas's chest, and he is snoring in my ear.

How this has happened, I don't know. I put a pillow between us before I went to sleep, but I have to admit, this is the first time since Halloween that I have slept through the night. I open my eyes and see Nicolas looking so peaceful while sleeping even if he is snoring.

Even though I don't want to move, I really need to use the bathroom. I quietly slide off the bed and head for the bathroom. When I come out, I find Nicolas already awake and getting dressed.

"Good morning. How did you sleep?" he asks while looking me up and down.

I feel my cheeks heat up, but say as clearly as I can, "Good morning. I slept pretty well, how about you?"

"Same. I don't remember the last time I slept through the night."

"Same here," I mumble.

"We should make our way downstairs and see what Carol made for breakfast."

“Can we do some more shopping and exploring today?” I ask him.

“Absolutely.”

After I dress, we leave the room and head down the stairs.

“Good morning you two, how did you sleep?” Carol asks.

“Great. The bed is so comfortable. I felt like I was sleeping on air,” I tell her, and Nicolas agrees.

He picks up a plate and hands it to me, before grabbing himself a plate. I load some eggs, bacon, pancakes with maple syrup, and a maple pastry on my plate. I take my plate over to the table where Nick is currently sitting.

“Good morning, Nick. What does the weather look like today?” I ask him while he is reading the town morning newspaper.

“Weather seems to be cloudy today, with the storm due tonight.”

“Do you think it will come in tonight and if it does, how bad do you think it will be?” I ask him a little worried about maybe not making it home for Christmas.

“Unfortunately, we won’t know until it actually hits, but I wouldn’t worry about it too much. Not much can be done either way.”

“That’s true,” I reply as I take a bite of the pancakes. “Oh, these are so good.”

“Do you want some coffee?” Nicolas asks me as he sets his plate down, looking at me with heated eyes.

“Yes, please,” I answer as I take another bite of the pancakes, closing my eyes to savor the taste.

“Will you two be participating in the festivities today?” Carol asks as she joins us at the table.

“What are today’s festivities?” I ask.

“We are doing cookie decorating. The cookies will be taken over to the Children’s Hospital in the next town over.”

“Oh that sounds like fun and for a good cause too,” I answer

“Well, there is a catch,” Carol says with a smile.

“What’s the catch?” Nicolas asks.

“You have to wear an ugly sweater that you have made yourself,” she tells us as Nick starts chuckling.

“I guess we are going to have to do some shopping to find a sweater and some crafts to make our sweaters,” Nicolas says with a grin.

“It could definitely be fun,” I say, looking at Nicolas with a smile.

“Agreed. We will check out the general store and see what we can find.”

I nod in agreement, and we finish eating our breakfast.

When we finish our breakfast, we grab our coats and walk to the general store to see about some sweaters and craft supplies. I’m actually excited about making an ugly sweater, then the cookie decorating. It reminds me of when I was a little girl and my family used to do things like these together. I didn’t realize I had missed it so much.

“Oh look, we can hook up flashing lights to our sweaters,” I tell Nicolas with so much excitement.

“I like how excited you are about this,” he laughs. “I think we have enough to make our sweaters. We don’t want to take all day when there are cookies to decorate.”

“Well, we know what you are anxious to do,” I say with a laugh. “Okay, you are right. I think we have more than enough. Let’s get these and get back to the B&B,” I reply, turning to the counter to pay for our purchase.

Back at the B&B, we get busy making our sweaters, laughing while we try to figure out how to make them. By the time we are done, there is paper scraps, glue, and tinsel everywhere.

“Those would definitely win an ugly sweater contest,” Carol says, laughing when we walk into the kitchen.

I turn to Nicolas and we give each other high fives and laugh with her.

We get busy decorating the cookies, laughing, and I realize very quickly that Nicolas is not a master of cookie decorating, but he has no problem decorating my face with the icing. I can only laugh and try to get him back. We spend a few hours getting the cookies decorated and packaged up to be taken to the children’s hospital.

Nicolas and I clean up the kitchen while Carol and Nick run the cookies to the hospital.

“We should go grab some dinner, before it gets too late,” I tell him, hanging the dish towel back up.

“I agree. Let’s get cleaned up and go over to the cafe,” he says, as he wipes some of the icing off my face.

I feel my body heat up from his touch and can only nod my head while staring into his eyes. I duck my head and start to make my way out of the kitchen to the stairs.

We head up to the room to get ready. I have to take a quick shower to get all the icing out of my hair and off my face, but I’m not upset. My body is on fire from his touch, and this is my time to get my body under control.

Once we are both cleaned up and dressed, we head down to make our way to the cafe. I’m looking forward to seeing what the special of the night is.

NICOLAS

When I woke up in the middle of the night with Sarah in my arms, I couldn’t get over how good it felt to have her body wrapped around mine. I fell back asleep, but I knew when Sarah got up. I immediately felt like something was missing. Spending the day with Sarah decorating the sweaters and cookies has brought out my inner child that I long forgot about. Her enthusiasm for Christmas has awakened the kid in me that has long been forgotten due to my time in the military.

We make our way to the cafe, and she is smiling at everyone. You can feel her excitement rolling off of her. I see how relaxed she is and I want to keep her this way always.

We sit down at a table, and the same waitress we had last night comes over and begins to give the nightly special, which turns out to be pot roast, so we gladly accept.

Dinner is full of meaningless conversation, but I love hearing Sarah talk. When our food comes, she dives right in with a moan that has me shifting in my seat again. I take a bite of the pot roast and agree with Sarah, it is amazing. Watching her take another bite, wrapping her lips around the fork, my thoughts continuously wander to her wrapping those lips around my cock, and damn if I have to pull myself back from my thoughts. This woman is going to be the death of me. I look down at my plate and finish eating my dinner.

We both decide to forgo dessert tonight because of all the cookies we ate today while decorating.

“Can we go see the town Christmas tree?” she asks with an excited gleam in her eyes as we walk out of the cafe and onto the sidewalk.

“Absolutely,” I tell her and grab her hand while we make our way to the town center where the tree is standing all lit up and beautiful.

“It’s absolutely beautiful,” she says, but all I can look at is her and how the lights from the tree are reflecting off of her and making her shine so bright.

“Absolutely stunning,” I say and she looks up at me. I watch as her tongue darts out and she licks her lips. I take a gulp, which I’m sure she heard, before I say, “Maybe we should head back to the B&B now.”

“Yeah, you’re probably right. It’s getting late, but this town is so beautiful at night and all lit up.”

“Well, we still have the walk back,” I tell her.

“True,” she says with a sigh.

Just as we turn to head back the snow starts falling lightly.

“Oh. I love fresh falling snow,” Sarah squeals as she twirls in the already snow-covered street of the small town, with big flakes falling all around and on top of her. “Look. Some of the townspeople are making snowmen. We should make a snowman.”

“You want to make a snowman?” I ask, completely caught off guard.

“Yes, come on. It will be fun. When was the last time you made a snowman?” she asks, pulling my hand toward the group of people.

“It’s definitely been a long time,” I reply with a shrug, allowing her to pull me.

“Come on. What’s more Christmassy than building a snowman,” she says with a big smile on her face.

We start rolling the snow to make big snowballs for the snowman. We have the base and Sarah is currently working on rolling the head, so I roll the middle. Once we have him built, Sarah begins to find sticks for his arms, I find some small rocks for his eyes and nose. Sarah takes her scarf off and wraps it around the snowman for the finishing touch.

“Look how great he looks,” she says with a wide smile.

I’m struck by the beauty of the moment and how she takes my breath away just watching her. All of a sudden, I’m smacked in the face with something cold and it pulls me from my thoughts. I look down to see a snowball had been thrown at me. When I look over at Sarah, she has a mischievous look in her eyes and a small smile playing on her lips.

“Oh, so this is how you want to be, huh?” I ask with a smirk of a smile on my face.

“Wait. What? What are you doing?” she asks as I make my own snowballs.

“What do you mean? Seems like someone wants to play war,” I say just as I throw the snowball at her. She screeches, runs, throws her own snowballs back, and laughs.

I absolutely love her laugh. It's like a beautiful melody, and the way that she laughs, the lights, and the snow play off each other causes her beautiful blue eyes to shine even brighter than I'm paralyzed again, taking in her beauty.

She tries to run from me after throwing another snowball, but I quickly grab her, and we fall on the ground, both of us covered in snow from not just the ground, but the snowball fight, laughing, and I can't hold back anymore. I lean down and press my lips to hers. I feel her stiffen slightly, before melting against me. I swipe my tongue over her lips to coax her to open for me, and she does. Our tongues begin to battle each other. I can feel her fingers sliding through my hair. She tastes like my own personal aphrodisiac, and I can't get enough. I hear her moan, and it spurs me on even more.

Once we break the kiss, we are both left breathless, with me holding her and her gripping my shirt.

"Wow," she whispers.

"Wow, indeed," I say before I take her lips again.

This time she meets me with her own eagerness.

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I hear someone coughing. "Sorry for the interruption, you two," Nick says, causing both of us to pull apart.

"Sorry Nick, we didn't see you there," I tell him, looking back at Sarah who is blushing and trying to hide behind her hair.

I jump up, then reach down to pull Sarah up. We both start brushing the snow off.

"No, I don't believe you did and that's okay. Some things are definitely more important, but I was asked by Carol to make sure you young people were okay. The storm is headed our way and we don't want you lost," he informs us.

"Thank you, Nick. We didn't realize it was getting so late, or so bad," I say looking around and seeing the snow starting to accumulate more.

“That’s okay. We can all walk back to the B&B together,” he says with a smile on his face.

“Sounds good to us,” I say looking over at Sarah, who nods her head in agreement, while chewing her bottom lip again.

SARAH

We walk back to the B&B with Nick, and I barely hear the conversation between Nicolas and Nick. My thoughts are on that toe-curling kiss. I can feel the wetness pooling between my legs, and the aching need throughout my body. I want more and I shouldn’t want more.

I don’t know how I’m supposed to keep things separated or if I even want to. Nicolas makes me feel things that no one has ever made me feel, and though my body says to take the chance, my mind is telling me I can’t trust my body’s reaction. I keep battling myself internally, and I miss Nick’s question.

“Sarah?” I hear Nicolas ask.

I shake the thoughts out of my head, “Huh?”

I hear Nick laughing but see Nicolas giving me a concerned look. “I asked you how you like our little town,” Nick asks with a chuckle.

“Oh. I’m sorry. I love your town. It’s so beautiful and picturesque, especially with this beautiful snowfall,” I tell him with sincere excitement in my voice, and a smile on my lips, while lifting my hands to catch some of the snow that is falling.

“I’m so glad you like it here,” Nick says with a smile and chuckle of his own. We make it back to the B&B and Carol has hot chocolate and cookies waiting for us.

“Oh, cookies,” Nick says with glee.

“Not for you,” Carol says, smacking his hand lightly when he goes to pick one up.

“Why not? I went out into the cold and found our guests,” he says with a pout.

Nicolas and I laugh out loud, before I say, “I didn’t know we were lost.”

“You weren’t, we just didn’t want you to get caught up in the storm, that’s potentially headed our way,” Carol says with a smile.

“Can I have just one?” Nick asks with a pout.

“Just one. You eat too many cookies as it is,” she tells him, and I laugh.

“Thank you, Carol, these are wonderful, but I’m not sure I can eat another cookie after today’s tastings, but the hot chocolate is perfect,” I tell her with a smile.

“I’m so glad you like it. Now I’m going to retire for the night, but do either of you need anything before I tuck in for the night?”

“No, ma’am. I think we are all set,” Nicolas tells her.

“Perfect. You two have a wonderful night, sleep well, and we will see you in the morning. Come on, Nick,” she tells him.

“Good night to both of you, and thank you for everything,” I say sincerely.

Nicolas and I finish our hot chocolate and make our way to our room for the night.

“Why don’t you jump in the shower first,” Nicolas offers.

Here’s my chance, I can either get in the shower by myself or take this opportunity and make a move. My body and mind are still at odds and I’m not sure which one to listen to. I begin to gather my clothes and then not meaning to, say out loud, “Fuck it.” Nicolas looks over at me, I drop the clothes in my hands back onto the bed, walk over to him, pull his head down and meet his lips with my own. The kiss sends heat throughout my body, and I can’t get close enough to him. I begin to pull his shirt off. I feel the thermal shirt he’s wearing.

Nicolas pulls back, looks at me, and asks, “Sarah, are you sure about this? I don’t want you to feel like you have to do this?”

“Come take a shower with me,” I tell him while undressing out of my clothes and thermals. Once I’m naked, I turn and head into the bathroom to start the shower.

As the water heats up, I get in, hoping he will come in, but wondering what if he doesn’t, how will I handle that?

He doesn’t leave me wondering long, I feel his body heat at my back, then feel his hands gently rub down my sides until his fingers grip my hips and pull me back against him. I can feel his hard cock at my ass. His hands come around to my front, making their way to my breasts. He begins kneading them, while his lips find my neck and he begins to kiss, suck, and nip all the way down to my shoulder. I feel one hand move and make its way down to cup my heat. I feel his thumb teasing my clit, as one finger slides through my wet folds.

“Are you wet for me, baby?” he asks.

“Yes,” I whine and moan at the same time.

“Hmmm,” he says as he thrusts his finger in me, while his other hand is pinching my hard erect nipples. He adds another finger, and I can feel my climax building with each thrust.

Nico adds a third finger, and I feel like I’m ready to combust from the feeling.

“Damn, you are so tight. I can’t wait to feel you wrapped around my cock with the tightness of your wet pussy. Do you want my cock in you, Sarah?”

“Yes. Oh Nico, please.”

“Please, what? Tell me what you want, Sarah.”

“I want you. I want your cock inside me. I want to feel you,” I say through a breathless plea.

He turns me around and sucks each nipple into his mouth, while gently biting each. This sends an electric current of need through me. “Please Nico,” I beg through a pant.

I watch as he gets on his knees, lifts one of my legs onto his shoulder, and runs his tongue through my folds, then thrusting his tongue into my pussy and devouring it like he’s a man on a mission.

“Holy fuck,” I say as I throw my head back and grab his head to hold him there, while I chase my release on his face.

“Hmmm, so damn sweet and tasty,” he says as he nips at my clit, before going back to eating me out like a feast.

I can feel how close I am, and Nico must be too because he thrusts his fingers inside and starts to hit that sweet spot in a come-hither movement. “Come for me, Sarah,” he tells me just as he bites my clit and I detonate in the most explosive orgasm I have ever had.

Nico licks my juices before making his way back up my body, stopping to give my nipples some more attention before taking my lips in a deep kiss. I can taste myself on his tongue, and damn if that doesn’t turn me on more. I feel him lift me up, and I wrap my legs around him. He pulls back, ready to give me another opportunity to back out, but that’s not going to happen. I wrap my legs tighter around him, letting him know I want this. He takes my mouth just as he thrusts into me. Holy fuck, he’s huge.

“Damn, you are so tight baby,” he says as he stills to allow me to adjust to his size.

“Move Nico,” I tell him as I begin to move.

Nico holds me up against the shower wall and begins to thrust into me slowly at first, like he’s savoring a good brand of whiskey.

“More Nico,” I tell him, grabbing onto his shoulders to help me bounce, while his hands are holding me up by my ass. He picks up his pace, and I feel the pressure building again. He leans down and bites my nipple just as he thrusts into me hard and deep. I come unexpectedly and quickly, all I see is white stars. When I come back into my body, I realize Nico has changed our positions. I’m currently standing with his help, my back to him, with my hands on the shower wall, while he thrusts into me from behind.

“Damn, you feel so good, wet, and tight, baby. Your pussy takes my cock so damn good. You were made for me.” He’s grabbing my hips and pulling me back as he thrusts forward.

His words are spurring me on and making me even wetter. I never thought I was one for dirty talk, but damn I love when Nico talks to me like that.

I can feel my orgasm building again. How the hell that's possible I don't know. I should be spent from the two he's already given me, but instead, I'm heading for a third and chasing it.

"That's right baby girl, this time we are going to come together. Do not come until I tell you to."

"Oh God, Nico, I'm so close," I yell out.

He continues to pound into me, telling me all sorts of dirty things about his cock, but my mind is focused on not coming until he tells me to.

"Fuck baby, you feel so good. I don't want to stop fucking this pussy. So damn good," he reaches around with one hand, kneading my breast, pinching my nipple, while his other hand is on my hip, pulling me back as he pounds into me. "Kiss me," he growls at me.

I turn back and meet his lips with mine as he continues to fuck me like a starved man. I'm so close, and I think Nico can feel it too, because he starts pounding into me harder and faster, chasing his own release. I can feel him swell inside me, so I know he's close, then he says, "Come, now" He pinches my clit, and I come harder than I came before.

"Fuck," Nico roars as he unloads inside me. We stay locked together for a few more minutes, both catching our breaths. Then he kisses my neck, before turning my face to his and taking my lips. He slides out of me, and I feel like crying from the emptiness I feel all of the sudden.

Nico grabs the soap and begins washing me up slowly, paying special attention to my breasts, my ass, and my pussy. He leans down into my ear and says, "I'm nowhere near done with you tonight." I can feel his cock getting hard at that statement, and damn if I don't get wetter.

He finishes washing me and then himself. He turns the water off, grabs a towel and dries us both off before picking

me up and carrying me to the bed, where he lays me down and covers me with his body to kiss me.

Nicolas



I lay Sarah on the bed, and immediately cover her mouth with mine. I could get drunk off her kisses alone, but after already having her in the shower I want to bury myself in her sweet tight pussy again and again. If I could live like that forever, I would be a happy man.

“Nico, I want to taste you,” Sarah says and it’s like all my previous thoughts are coming true.

“I want to taste you again too, love,” I say kissing down her body. “Your pussy was like a taste of honey on my tongue, but I won’t lie, I’ve thought about how your mouth would feel wrapped around my cock.”

“Nico, please,” she moans while licking her lips.

I lay on the bed, pulling her on top of me and turning her so my face is looking at her gorgeous ass, and her mouth is at my cock. When she licks the head of my cock, I damn near come off the bed. I lift her hips and bring her pussy to my face, then she takes my cock in her mouth and begins to suck me, while I feast on the best tasting pussy I’ve ever had. I feel her moan around my cock and send out a moan my own. She gets so wet by my reaction, and damn if it doesn’t spur me on even more. I know how wet she gets with my dirty words, so I pull back, while my thumb continues to rub her clit.

“Damn baby, you are such a good girl, sucking my cock, taking it so deep I can feel it hitting the back of your throat, and you are taking it so good. You like my cock in your mouth, don’t you?”

She moans in response, and I see her wetness sliding down her thighs. I catch every drop before assaulting her pussy with my tongue again, causing her to moan around my cock again, and I damn near come like a teenager on the spot.

“Fuck baby, that feels so good,” I tell her

“MMMmmm, hmmm,” she says with my cock hitting the back of her throat. I can’t hold back any longer and I unload down her throat.

Just as I unload, she comes in my mouth and I lap up all her juices, while she sucks my cock clean. When we are both done, I turn her around and pull her up to me, kissing her as both of our tastes mingle together. It’s exotic as hell and I’m getting hard again. God, I feel like a teenager.

I can feel the wetness pooling from Sarah, and I know she feels the same way. I sit her up and guide my cock into her wet pussy. She’s so fucking tight, but I allow her to set the pace as she rides me. She bounces up and down on my cock while also swirling her hips at the same time and fuck I’m in heaven. My hands move up to her breasts, and I squeeze them while she continues to bounce up and down on my cock. I lean forward and grab one of her nipples in my mouth, swirling my tongue and lavishing it before moving to the other one and doing the same.

I can feel Sarah’s pussy walls getting tight, and I know she’s close. I grab her, and flip her onto her back on the bed and I begin to pound into her.

“You are mine. This pussy is mine. Whose are you?”

“Yours. I’m yours,” she says, digging her nails into my back, pulling me into her as I continue to fuck her pussy.

“Whose pussy is this?”

“YOURS!” she screams out.

“That’s right. This pussy, this body, and you are all mine. I’M. NEVER. GIVING. YOU. UP,” I tell her as I continue to pound into her with each word I say.

“YES!” she screams as she comes. I follow her over the edge with my own orgasm, unloading my seed in her again and not even upset that I have not worn a condom at all.

I pull out of her and roll next to her, pulling her into my chest as I go.

“Damn. That was amazing,” I say as we catch our breaths.

“Mmmm hmmm,” she sighs out sleepily.

“I wasn’t lying, Sarah. You are mine. I’m not letting you go,” I say as I look down at her and watch her eyes as they look at me. I can see the tears pooling in them. I lean down and take her mouth into a soft kiss. When we break apart, she burrows herself into my chest and I hold her. That’s how we fall asleep.

In the morning, I wake up and Sarah is still asleep. I realize this is the first night I have slept through the night without any memories creeping in, or waking up, and I know it’s because of Sarah. I look down at the beauty who has captured my heart and soul.

She moves a little bit, and her nipple peeks out from the sheet, and my mouth waters to taste it. I lean down and flick my tongue over it, before latching my mouth onto it. I hear Sarah let out a soft moan and my cock becomes rock hard. I slide under the sheet and find her pussy so wet; I have to lick it. I run my tongue through her folds, lapping up her juices like a man dying of thirst. As I’m eating her perfect pussy out, I feel when Sarah fully wakes up. Her hands come to my head, and she begins to ride my face, looking for her release, and I’m all too happy to oblige. After she comes, I climb up her body, lining up my cock at her entrance and thrust all the way to the hilt of my cock, and let out a sigh.

“Sarah, you feel like home. So damn good. I can’t get enough of you.”

“Yes, it feels so good. Don’t stop, Nico. Please, don’t stop.”

“Never. You are mine forever Sarah,” I say as I make sweet love to her, showing her everything I have yet to say.

I see the tears falling from the corners of her eyes and I lick each one, before taking her mouth in a slow deep kiss. I continue making slow, deep love to her until we both come together, and our bodies are spent. I kiss her deeply again before I pull out of her.

“I want to wake up like that all the time,” she says with a chuckle.

“I will definitely make that happen,” I tell her, before pulling her up and into the shower with me.

This time around, we take our time washing each other’s bodies and kissing. Once we are done, I dry her with the towel, before drying myself. We both get dressed while watching each other, then make our way downstairs to find Carol and Nick, putting out some breakfast.

“Good morning, you two. Did you enjoy your night?” Carol asks with a smirk.

I watch as Sarah’s face flushes crimson. I hear Nick chuckle and realize we must have been louder than we thought.

“We slept great, thank you, Carol. This breakfast smells wonderful,” I say, to change the subject to something neutral.

“Thank you. With the energy you’ll need to replenish, I hope you enjoy it just as much,” Carol says with a smile.

I silently chuckle while grabbing a plate and handing it to Sarah, allowing her to go ahead of me, then I grab my plate and follow behind. Once we have a plate of food and our coffee, we sit at the table with Nick and Carol.

“Don’t mind Carol. She’s just messing with you,” Nick says. “She means no offense.”

“No offense taken, maybe just a bit embarrassed,” Sarah says quietly.

Carol and Nick both laugh out loud before saying, “We were young once too, no need to be embarrassed.”

“Just quieter,” Sarah quips, and the table roars with laughter and nods.

“How’s the weather this morning?” I ask, to again try to change the subject.

“Well, I don’t know how your car is coming along, but the storm has moved in and all roads are impassable. The roads are all closed through the mountains,” Nick informs us.

“I guess we should have expected that. Carol, can we keep our room until we can leave?” I ask.

“Absolutely. Since no one is coming or going, the room is all yours until the roads clear up,” she says with a smile.

“You two should go explore the town some more. There is so much to see and all within walking distance,” Nick says handing us a town guide.

“Oh, look there is a hiking trail that leads to a lookout,” Sarah says, pointing to it with excitement.

“Then we should definitely do that,” I say with a smile to her.

“I’ll pack you both up some lunch with a thermos of hot chocolate, and you can have a picnic out there. There’s a perfect gazebo to sit in and take in the view. It’s nice and quiet up there too,” she says with a wink.

“Thank you, Carol, that would be wonderful and lovely,” Sarah tells her with a blush creeping up her face, and I just nod in agreement.

Once we are done with breakfast, we start to head back upstairs to get warmer clothes, when an older couple comes down with smiles on their faces. I hear Carol ask if they had a good night, and the couple says, “Oh we sure did. We haven’t acted like teenagers like that in a long time. We couldn’t allow a young couple to have all the fun last night.”

I damn near choke and I see Sarah turn beat red but with a mischievous grin on her face. We go up the stairs leaving the older couples to talk and eat.

Once we are properly dressed, we make our way downstairs and grab the food that Carol packed for us. We stop in to see Frank, who is still working on the car.

“Don’t rush Frank. The roads are closed, so if you want to spend time with your family please do,” Sarah tells him, and he smiles at her.

“I will do that. Thank you, ma’am.”

Sarah nods, and Frank walks out with us, locking the door and the heading home to his family. We make our way to the hiking trail.

The snow is at least two feet higher right now than it was originally, but still coming down. We hear the squeals of children as they sled down the hills, laughter of those building snowmen and having snowball fights, just like we were last night. I see the glee in Sarah’s eyes, as her face flushes from all the excitement around us. We trudge through the snow on the trail holding hands, making our way to the lookout. It takes us a couple of hours to get there, but when we come to the clearing, the view is breathtaking. You can see the snow-covered mountains all around us and the valley below is so white. The space here is so quiet. The only sounds are our breathing from the trek here.

“Oh my God, it’s absolutely stunning,” Sarah says, with so much awe in her expression.

“It absolutely is,” I say, looking at her beautiful face against the mountain backdrop. I pull out my phone and snap a few pictures without her knowing. I want to keep this moment with me until the day I die.

I see the gazebo that Carol told us about and make my way over there to set the basket of food down. It’s screened in, so it’s free from the snow.

I walk back over to Sarah and wrap my arms around her waist, pulling her back into my front. I bask in this moment, loving how Sarah feels in my arms right now with the beautiful mountains overlooking the valley. I kiss her neck, and she snuggles into me just like she was made for me and I for her.

We just stand here staring out at the view, with her in my arms, everything feels right and content. I realize in this

moment; I am completely head over heels in love with Sarah. There will never be anyone else for me. She turns around in my arms to face me, she leans up as I lean down, and our lips meet. Once we pull away, both breathless, I ask her, “Are you ready to eat?”

“I am hungry, but not for food.”

“You are insatiable, and I love it,” I tell her as I take her mouth again.

When we pull apart, this time I tell her, “Food first, then dessert.”

She pouts but agrees.

I lead her over to the gazebo, where we strip out of our snow gear to get comfortable and I begin to lay out everything that Carol packed for us. There are sandwiches, chips, and a fruit salad. I pour her a cup of hot chocolate and hand it to her.

“Thank you,” she says before taking a sip.

I pour myself a cup, then pass her a sandwich.

We both eat in a comfortable silence, taking in the peaceful scene around us.

Once we’ve had our fill of the food, I pack the leftovers back in the basket, and then Sarah climbs on my lap when I’m finished.

“I’m ready for dessert now,” she says huskily.

“You sure? You’re not sore from last night and this morning?” I ask concerned, and yet heated.

“A little, but I want you,” she answers, kissing me and rocking her jean covered pussy on my rock-hard cock.

I lift her sweater and pull down her bra. I take her nipple in my mouth and begin to suck. She throws her head back while rocking against me and running her nails through my hair. I take her other nipple and lavish it as I did the previous one. I stand her up and unbutton her jeans, pull them down to her ankles until her glistening pussy is in my face, and I begin to lick her folds and suck her clit into my mouth.

“OH, Nico. Feels so good,” she says as she holds my head at her heat.

I throw her leg over my shoulder so I can get better access to her pussy with my tongue. “Damn, you taste so fucking good. I could eat you all day,” I tell her before diving back in to fuck her with my tongue.

“OH SHIT!” she screams.

I can feel her legs trembling, and I know she’s close. I set her leg down, stand up, and turn her around. I make her hold onto the bench, with her ass in the air. I undo my jeans and pull my hard cock out. I pump it a couple of times, as I smack her glorious ass.

Sarah yelps, but then pushes her ass back for more.

“Oh, you like your ass smacked huh, baby?” I ask.

“Yes,” she says as she moans, so I smack it again on the other cheek, now both cheeks are pink, and I absolutely love it on her. I spread her legs out farther and guide my cock to her entrance. I put just the tip in and she tries to rock back to get more. I hold her hips tight, then slam my cock into her.

She moans with a scream, and I pull back and do it again.

“Is this what you wanted, baby?” I ask her as I slam into her again.

“YES!” she screams.

“Damn, baby you are so fucking tight and wet. You like when I fuck this pussy don’t you?”

“YES, OH GOD YES!” she screams out.

“Whose pussy is this?” I growl.

“Your pussy, always yours,” she says, panting.

“That’s right. My pussy and whose cock is in your tight pussy fucking you?”

“MINE. My cock,” she says authoritatively with a growl.

“That’s right baby, your cock is fucking my pussy. Always and only.”

“Nico, I need more.”

“You want more, baby?”

“Yes, I need more.”

“You want me to pound this pussy hard?” I ask as I slap her ass again.

“Oh God, yes. Please,” she begs.

I pull her ass up more and begin pounding into her like a blind man finding his home. I grip her hips with one hand as I grab her shoulder with the other and thrust so deep and fast, making sure to hit her sweet spot.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck, oh NICO,” she screams.

“That’s right baby, scream for the world to hear whose fucking you,” I tell her.

I feel her walls tightening up, and my spine starts to tingle. I know we are both close and I keep going until she detonates all over my cock, and her walls squeeze my cock like a vice grip, screaming my name, “NICO.”

“That’s right baby, let them hear you,” I say as I continue pounding into her until I roar my release and come so hard in her pussy.

“Fuck. I will never get enough of you,” I tell her pulling her up for a kiss until we are both breathless.

Once we break apart, I pull out of her, and we get dressed. Then we just sit in the gazebo holding each other, taking in the view. After thirty minutes, we decide to leave before it gets too dark to walk back. The snow is falling thicker and faster, and we don’t want to be stuck out in the cold.

Just then, Sarah’s phone rings and she answers without looking at the caller ID. I don’t know who’s on the phone, but Sarah’s face goes pale, fear seeps into her eyes and she hangs up the call immediately.

“Babe, what’s wrong? Who was that?”

“Nothing, no one. It’s fine, we should head back,” she says, though her voice is strained.

I let it go for now, because we need to get back to town, but I will be finding out what's going on. I don't like secrets and I feel like Sarah is keeping a big secret.

Sarah



I walk ahead of Nico, wanting to cry at the unfairness of everything. I was finally starting to feel happy and relaxed. Nico made me feel alive, and I know I'm completely in love with him, especially after he made slow love to me this morning. He cracked open my heart that I thought I closed off to everyone. He made me feel reckless and wanted. I wanted to do every crazy and impossible, but beautiful thing with this man. Everything was going so well, but then I had to answer that phone call. To be honest, being in this town, and spending time with Nico for the last three days, I forgot all about James and his crazy. Answering that phone and listening to James spewing all his hate and crazy, it was like a dose of cold water all over my body. I should have known that nothing good in life ever stays good.

I know Nico is worried about me and wants to know what happened, but I can't tell him. This is my burden to bear since James kidnapped Jessi and it was because of me.

I'm so lost in my thoughts I don't hear Nico calling my name, and I'm not paying attention to where I'm currently walking. Next thing I know, I'm being pulled back, and I let out a scream.

"Hey, hey. It's me, it's okay. I got you," Nico says, keeping his arms tightly around me. "You walked off the trail and almost right into a bear's den," he says, pointing toward the den straight ahead.

I realize I'm not in the right headspace, with everything running through my mind. Every memory, all my bottled-up

emotions come to the surface, tears start falling from my eyes on their own, and my body would have fallen to the ground if it weren't for Nico holding me up. I lose the battle and let all my bottled-up emotions come out. I begin crying so hard into his chest.

Nico just holds me until my body is completely spent of all the emotions.

I pull back once I have no more tears to cry. "I'm sorry," I tell him.

"Don't be sorry. Obviously, there is a lot going on, and when we get back to the B&B, I want us to sit down and talk about everything. I want to help you where I can, but I can't help if you don't talk to me," Nico says.

"I know, I'm just not sure if I want to talk about it tonight. I'm exhausted, we still have to finish the walk back, and it's getting dark," I tell him with a plea in my eyes.

"You're right, we are definitely losing the little daylight we had with the snow falling. If you are ready, we do need to get moving, as for the other matter we will be having a conversation if not tonight, then tomorrow." He pinpoints me with a look and all I can do is nod.

Nico holds my hand, and we get back on the trail. It doesn't take us long to get back to town where the trail started, as we come out, we see Nick sitting in his truck, waiting for us.

"I was wondering if you two were going to make it back before total darkness crept in or if we would have to send a search party out for you," Nick says with concern in his eyes.

"Thank you for caring, Nick. We appreciate it. I don't know if I have enough energy to put another foot in front of me."

He gives me a knowing nod. "I thought so. It's beautiful up there, but the trek can be very taxing. Get on in, and I'll get you back to the B&B. Carol has some hot chocolate and dinner waiting for you both."

Nico opens the door to allow me to climb in, and then he climbs in beside me. I'm so exhausted from everything, the walk, sex, crying, and the walk back. I put my head on Nico's shoulder as I feel my eyelids growing heavy. I can feel myself floating, but I can't open my eyes to see, how, where, or why. I allow the darkness to envelop me further.

When I open my eyes, I feel more rested than I have in the last two months since James started stalking Jessi again, and then calling me with his chilling phone calls.

I look over and I see Nico lying next to me, watching me sleep.

"Good morning," I whisper.

"Good morning," he says, with a smile, and then leans down to kiss me. "How do you feel this morning?" he asks when he pulls back.

I pout that he pulled back. "Fine. I must have been exhausted yesterday. I'm sorry I passed out on you," I tell him.

"Are we going to talk about yesterday and that phone call?" he asks.

"Can we do it after a shower and breakfast?" I ask, not wanting to spoil the good mood I woke up in.

My hand stretches under the blanket to find his cock hard. I rub his length through his sweatpants, and he moans, pushing himself into my hand. I reach into his sweatpants and pull his cock out as he pushes his sweatpants down. I lean down and swirl my tongue over the head of his cock, tasting his precum, then run my tongue on the backside of his cock, while holding him at the base.

I hear him moan and look up to see the heat in his eyes as he watches me take his cock in my mouth. He grabs my hair and holds it up so he can watch me take him deeper. My eyes never waiver from his, even when they tear up from him hitting the back of my throat. I continue sucking him, while his hands are in my hair pushing my head down.

"Damn, your mouth feels so good. I like watching you suck me. Look at you taking me like a good girl."

Fuck if his words don't spur me on and make me so wet and needy. I want to reach down and play with myself. Almost like he can read my mind, he says, "Do not touch yourself."

I whine around his cock and rub my thighs together, hoping to alleviate some of this need.

Nico pulls me up off his cock and rolls us over, with him on top of me. "Don't worry baby, I'm going to fuck you so good, you won't be able to walk to the bathroom."

"Yes, please," I say breathlessly and needy.

He leans down and captures my mouth, while his finger thrusts into my pussy.

"Fuck, you are drenched," he pulls back and says.

He lines his cock at my entrance and thrusts deep.

"Oh God," I say.

"Damn, you feel so good, Sarah," he says as he thrusts into me slowly.

"Nico, I need more," I tell him, clawing at his back.

"No baby, we are going at my pace today, and I want to take my time with your body. We have all day to stay in this bed, and I'm going to take you every way I can," he says as he slowly thrusts in again.

He latches on to my nipple and sucks, and I let out a loud moan.

"You better be quiet baby girl, we don't want to have the older couple competing with us again," he says with a chuckle, before he kisses me and thrusts his cock deeper in me.

I moan at the fullness that I feel. I didn't think he could go any deeper in me, but yet, he has found a way.

I dig my nails into his back and bite his shoulder to keep from screaming out.

"I want you to ride me," Nico tells me as he pulls me up in a reverse cowgirl.

I slide back down on his cock, while grabbing onto his thighs, as I begin to find my rhythm. I ride him like I'm riding a bronco at a rodeo. The only difference is he is holding on to my hips, then out of nowhere, he kicks my legs up with his, rocking me back, while pulling me down on his chest, his hands on my hips, he thrusts into me at the same time he slides me down.

“Holy Fuck!” I scream out.

“Feels so damn good,” he breathes out.

I can feel him all the way into my stomach. I didn't think he could get deeper but damn if he didn't fool me. I can feel my orgasm coming on, when all of the sudden, I'm exploding like I've never had an orgasm in my life.

When I finally come back to my body, catching my breath, I realize Nico has his hand over my mouth. While he is chasing his orgasm, I can still feel the aftershocks of mine. His last thrust into me, he comes, he buries his face in my neck.

“What the hell was that?” I ask, still breathless.

“That was amazing, but we are going to need to work on your screams,” he says with a chuckle as we continue to lie in the position until his cock comes out of me. I roll off of him and onto the bed, to snuggle next to him in his arms. My body is thoroughly spent, and I'm exhausted. I close my eyes and fall back asleep.

Nicolas



I can't get enough of Sarah. Right now, she is wrapped around me, sleeping. At one point this morning after our first round, I went downstairs to get us some food and water. The snowstorm hit late last night in full force, and it hasn't stopped. The snow has accumulated over three feet so far and doesn't look to be slowing down. That leaves us all indoors today, and I'm taking advantage of keeping Sarah in the bed today.

Carol has promised to send some food up and leave it outside the door for us. My stomach begins to growl, so I untangle myself from Sarah, put on some sweatpants and go to the door to see if anything is in the hall, and sure enough, there is a cart, so I bring it in the room and see Carol put together a few sandwiches with chips, bottled water and a thermos of hot chocolate.

I walk over to the bed and look down at Sarah as she sleeps. She looks so beautiful and peaceful, I don't want to wake her, but I know she needs to eat. Just then, I hear a phone buzzing on the table. I pick it up, not looking to see whose phone it is. As soon as I place the phone to my ear, I hear a male voice that doesn't sound right.

Sarah, I know you miss me. Don't worry darling, I'll be coming for you and Jessi soon enough. Does Jessi miss me? Do you both think and talk about me? I can't wait to be covered in both of your bloods. Soon Sarah. I'll be coming soon.

"Who the hell is this?" I see the

The phone line goes dead.

I look at the phone and think about what I just heard. *“Is this why she tenses up when the phone rings?”* I think to myself before looking back over at Sarah’s sleeping form. I grab my phone and send a text to Roman, telling him about the call that came through on Sarah’s phone.

He texts back telling me to call him. I put on a shirt and head out into the hall so I don’t wake Sarah.

“Hey.”

“Did they give you a name?”

“No. In fact when I asked who it was, he hung up.”

“I wonder how long this has been going on?” he says more to himself, then to me.

“What is this about, Roman?”

“That’s what I would like to know, Nico. See what you can find out from Sarah. I knew she was keeping something from us.” He sounds exasperated.

“Is she in danger?” I need to know.

“I don’t think so, but I need to make a call to make sure. Just make sure to keep her safe.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Roman. She’s mine and I’m not letting some crazy loon cause issues.”

“Really? That was quick, but I get it man. Both of you stay safe, and I’ll call when I have more.”

“Okay. I’ll talk to you soon,” I say before hanging up.

It’s time for Sarah and I to talk about what’s been going on.

I walk back in the room and see Sarah still sleeping soundly, with the sheet covering her legs and lower back, while she is sleeping on her stomach. She looks so gorgeous, that I can feel myself getting hard again.

I undress and slip back into the bed. She snuggles back up to me, and I begin kissing her neck. I hear her moan, and I

need her again. I roll her over and kiss her mouth as I thrust into her. She feels so good and just like home. Sarah is clawing my back, begging me to go faster, and I do. I can feel her walls tightening, and I know she's going to come. I pick up the speed so we both come together, as soon as she detonates, I follow her with my own release.

“What a way to wake up,” she says with a chuckle.

“I absolutely agree,” I say with a sigh, then I kiss her lips. “Come on, food is here and you need to eat. Then we will take a shower,” I tell her as I get up off her and pull her up with me.

She grabs a shirt and pulls it on, I put my sweatpants back on. Sarah makes her way over to the little table in the room and I pull the cart closer, to pass out the sandwiches, chips, and bottled water.

“Thank you. This looks good,” she says as she unwraps the sandwich.

I take a seat across from her and open mine. I wait till she is finished eating before bringing up the phone call.

“I can't believe how hungry I was, but I shouldn't be surprised someone worked up an appetite in me,” she says with a smile and wink.

I smile back at her and say, “I quite enjoy helping you work up an appetite. Did you not enjoy it?”

“Oh, I'm not complaining at all. I definitely enjoyed it immensely and look forward to more,” she says boldly, but her face shows the blush creeping up.

“While you were asleep, your phone rang. At first, I thought it was my phone.” I start to tell her. I watch her face go pale.

“Did you answer it?”

“Yes. Do you want to tell me what's going on?”

“Not really,” she mumbles, “but I don't think I have a choice anymore.” she takes a deep breath, “You've heard my best friend Jessi on the phone,” she looks at me, and I nod. “For a while she had a stalker, and we didn't know who it was.

Random things and notes would show up at our place of business and then our home where we lived together. We moved and thought everything was okay for six months. I was somewhat dating this guy, though it was never serious because we hardly saw each other, but when we did, he made me think he was really interested in me,” she says as she takes another deep breath.

“James was nice, considerate, and always seemed so interested in what I had to say and what I was interested in. At his family’s annual Halloween party a couple of months ago, he kidnapped Jessi, and it was revealed that he was her stalker. I was the reason he found out all the information about her. He would call and say he was checking in. I told him where we moved to, and I told him about our schedules for the day. I even told him when Roman came back to town.” She has tears rolling down her face, and I pull her in a hug.

“None of what happened was your fault. You had no way of knowing,” I tell her, then she pulls up.

“That’s not all.” she says, and I wait for her to continue. “He was sent to a state mental hospital. I don’t know how he’s able to do it, but somehow, he’s been able to get a phone. He’s called me several times spewing hateful stuff, and the last few calls he’s threatened disgusting things.”

“So I heard today,” I say as I hold her while she cries, “but this is not your fault. He has issues and what he did had nothing to do with you. I’m sure your best friend would say the same thing.”

“I know you’re right, and even Jessi has told me she doesn’t blame me, but I couldn’t tell her about these calls. She was having nightmares, unable to sleep, and I didn’t want to add to it, so I kept them to myself and I left Cedar.”

I pull her closer to me, upset that she’s had to deal with this by herself, but now I understand better. Roman was right to think she was keeping something from them.

“When we get back to Cedar, you’re going to have to be honest with everyone,” I tell her.

“I know. I already came to that conclusion after his last call when we were in the gazebo. I just don’t want to hurt anyone. Jessi is doing so much better.”

“I’m sure she will be okay, and probably upset that you kept this from her,” I say, and she nods in agreement.

“Can we take that shower now?” she asks me, and I chuckle.

“You just want me naked,” I tell her but pull her up and place a kiss on her lips, before leading her to the shower.

We spend the rest of the night making love to each other before we are utterly spent and fall asleep in each other’s arms.

Sarah



I wake up in Nico's arms and everything just feels right. I can't believe we spent the entire day yesterday in bed. I stretch and even though I'm a little sore from the copious amounts of sex we've had, the positions we were in, and should not even be entertaining thoughts of more sex, my traitorous body has other ideas the moment my eyes land on a sleeping Nicolas.

I slide down the bed under the covers and find what my mouth is watering for. Turnabout is fair play, as I recall being woken up with his tongue deep diving into my pussy.

I lick up and down his shaft, twirl my tongue around his mushroom head, then wrap my lips around his cock, as I suck him in my mouth. I twirl my tongue around the base of his shaft while I suck, and I hear a moan slip from Nico's mouth. I know soon he'll be awake. I continue my assault on his cock, loving the taste of him, and as soon as I let out a little moan, his hands fist through my hair, holding my head down, and he begins to thrust in my mouth. I gag every time he hits the back of my throat, but I swallow it down and allow him to take over, chasing his release. I can feel my wetness running down my thighs. I feel how close Nico is to coming, then he abruptly stops, pulls my head up, lifts me up, and in one swift move, he has me on my back and he's thrusting into my pussy.

"Oh baby, your mouth was a great wake-up call, but I need to fuck this needy pussy of yours. You are so wet."

"Oh Nico, please," I beg him.

He latches his mouth onto my nipple and thrusts hard and deep into me. I wrap my legs around him tightly pulling him into me at the same time he pistons.

“Fuck, so good,” he whispers to me.

“Yes,” I say.

His mouth finds mine, and he picks up the pace. I can feel my orgasm building up and his cock swelling. I know we are both so close.

“Come, Sarah,” he demands as he pinches my clit.

I bite into his shoulder to keep from screaming as I come.

He grunts his release at the same time in my neck.

“Fuck,” he breathes as he rolls off me, “I love these wake-up calls.” He chuckles.

“Me too,” I say, still catching my breath.

“Let’s get a shower and go downstairs. See if Carol and Nick have any news for us,” he suggests.

“Sounds like a plan,” I say as we both roll out of bed and head for the shower, where we end up having more sex.

Once we are sated enough for the time being, we go downstairs and find Carol and Nick sitting at a table.

“Good morning, any news on the storm?” I ask them.

“The snow finally stopped sometime last night, so the plows have been trying to clear the roads as fast as they can,” Nick tells us.

“Well, that’s good news,” I say.

“Frank called this morning, he wanted me to let you know that your car is fixed, so once the roads are passable you’ll be able to leave if you decide to,” Nick adds.

I look over at Nico, “It is the day before Christmas Eve,” I say quietly.

“Yes, it is,” Nicolas agrees.

“Do you think we will make it home in time for Christmas with Roman, Jessi, and Callie?” I ask quietly, though a part of me wants to stay here, the other part wants to be with Jessi and Callie.

“Anything is possible. This is the season of miracles,” Nico tells me, and I nod.

We make our breakfast plates and eat in silence. I’m pondering what will happen once we get home. After breakfast, we decide to spend some time outside. The snow is about five feet high, but the sun is shining and glaring off the white.

We sit on the front porch in the rocking chairs.

“What are you thinking about?” Nicolas asks.

“I’m just wondering how things are going to be once we get back to Cedar.”

“What do you mean?”

“You live in Largo and I live in Cedar, though they aren’t but thirty minutes away from each other, you’ll have your life and I’ll have mine. Where do we fit in together?”

Nicolas gets down on his knees in front of me, holding my face in his hands, looking me in the eyes, and says, “Sarah, this isn’t a one-season thing. I want you in my life forever. I’m crazy in love with you.”

The tears pool in my eyes and slide down my cheeks. “Really?”

“Yes, really,” he answers with a smile.

“I don’t know how it happened, but I completely fell in love with you too.”

He pulls my face toward his and kisses me passionately while the tears are still streaming down my face. When he pulls back, his thumbs brush the tears from my face.

“We will figure out the logistics, but I’m not going anywhere. You are mine, and I am yours.”

I nod my head. "I'm yours, and you are mine," I repeat with a smile on my face.

He pulls me up into a hug, turns, and sits back in the rocker, holding me in his lap. We sit like that for a few hours, just soaking up each other's warmth and enjoying the quiet. Later, we take a walk to the cafe for dinner, enjoying the town's lights and dredging through the snow. When we returned to the B&B, we spend the night showing each other with our bodies, just how much we love each other, before passing out.

Nicolas



When I wake in the morning, Sarah is still curled around me. It's Christmas Eve, and I know no matter how much she has enjoyed this place, she really wants to get home. I was so elated when she told me she was in love with me. My heart feels half full at the moment, with the knowledge that she loves me, but I know once I marry her, only then will my heart feel completely full.

I have already devised a plan in my head on how I want to propose to her. I know it's been a quick relationship, but there is no one else I could ever want in my life. I just need Roman's help.

Sarah starts to stir, and when her eyes open, my breath hitches from her beauty.

"Good morning, love," I say.

"Good morning," she says a bit groggily, and I love it.

"Do you want to try to head home to Cedar today?" I ask.

"If the roads are passable, I would like to try, but you may have to drive this time."

I laugh and tell her, "I'm sure that won't be a hardship on my part. Especially given how we got stranded here."

"Ha Ha, not funny. Though, I have actually enjoyed our time here together. We should make plans to come back."

"I agree. We will mark it on the calendar to come back every year," I tell her with a smile.

“I like that,” she says smiling back, before getting up and heading into the bathroom.

We get dressed and packed up, then head downstairs where Nick and Carol are currently sitting in the dining room.

“Good morning you two,” Carol says. “Will you two be leaving us today?” she asks, looking questioningly at our bags.

“We are going to try if the roads are passable this morning. It’s Christmas Eve, and we have family we like to get home to see,” I tell them as Sarah nods with a sad look in her eyes.

“I understand. We have enjoyed having you both here, and hope this won’t be the last time we see you,” Carol says, with tears pooling in her eyes.

“We have decided that we will be here to visit every year on the anniversary that brought us here. So this is not the last you will see of us. In fact, can we book our room for next year?” I ask, and Sarah nods her head.

“Absolutely, I’ll put you in now,” Carol says with a chuckle. “Now go get some breakfast before you decide to drive off.”

“Yes ma’am,” we both say in unison.

After breakfast, I run over to Frank’s, pick up the car and pull it in front of the B&B. I load our bags, then we say goodbye to Carol and Nick. We get in the car, and Sarah calls Jessi to let her know we are getting back on the road.

“I can’t wait until you get home, but be safe,” Jessi says.

“No worries, Nico is driving this time,” Sarah says with a chuckle.

“Both of you be safe and hopefully we will see you later this evening,” Jessi says before hanging up.

I grab Sarah’s hand, kiss the back of it, and hold it for the rest of our trip. The roads aren’t too bad, but the drive is slow going. Once we pull into Cedar, it’s late, but everyone seems to still be up. Sarah and I get out of the car, just as Roman and whom I’m assuming is Jessi, come out of the house and onto the porch. Roman comes down and helps me with the bags as

Sarah runs over to Jessi and they hug, then another female, whom I'm guessing is Callie, comes out squealing.

"I have what you asked for," Roman says as he hands me a little box.

"Thanks, man, I owe you," I tell him, slipping the little black box into my pocket.

"Nah. I'm just happy you and Sarah found each other. You both deserve to be happy. Let's get these bags and those girls into the house, shall we?"

"Yes, sir," I answer with a chuckle.

When everyone finally gets inside, Roman and I place the bags down by the door. I see another male standing in the living room on the phone, as the girls make their way to the couch.

Once the male is off the phone, Roman introduces me.

"Caleb, Jessi, Callie, this is Nicolas Gamble. He was part of my military team."

I shake Caleb's hand, then Jessi and Callie. Sarah walks up to me and puts her arms around my waist.

"Sarah, is there something you want to tell us?" Roman asks gently, but commanding.

Sarah takes a big breath, looks at me. I nod encouraging her, and pull her closer to me, lending her the support that I know she needs.

"James started calling me shortly after he was placed in the state mental hospital. I don't know how he was able to get a phone, but the phone calls became increasingly disturbing. I hated when the phone would ring. The things he said were vile and gave me nightmares. I didn't want to tell anyone about them since Jessi was having nightmares from the ordeal and I felt like it was my penance for unknowingly being an accomplice to his games." Tears are falling down her face.

"I decided to leave Cedar in order to clear my head and figure out what to do. I tried to avoid the phone calls when I could, but sometimes, I would answer the phone without

looking at the caller id and I would hear his voice. I'm sorry I didn't tell you all," she finishes.

"Sarah, none of this is your fault. It was all James. How could you know, when I didn't even know," Jessi says walking over to Sarah and pulling her in for a hug. "I'm so sorry he continued to torment you." Jessi looks at Roman and asks, "how did he get a phone?"

"Apparently his mom smuggled it in to him. He was only supposed to use it to call her, but we know he didn't. His phone has been confiscated, and he is not allowed visitors for the time being," Roman informs us.

"Ooh Sarah, hunny." Callie says, wrapping her arms around both Sarah and Jessi.

"Why don't you ladies get caught up, I need to talk with Nico," Roman says.

We move outside. "How are you doing?"

"To be honest, I was in a bad place, until Sarah. Since I've been with her, I haven't had a nightmare." I see him nodding his head.

"It's the same for me with Jessi," he admits before asking, "What are your plans? You want to stay in real estate?"

"Real estate was always my family's business, not really my thing, but there's nothing else out there that soothes my soul like the military did, but because of the TBI, you know that's no longer an option," I admit.

"What if there was something else that could be similar to our missions?" he asks, and I look questioningly at him, waiting for him to continue.

"Scott Hayes is currently living in Largo. Did you know that?"

I shake my head no.

"Well, he opened his own business called Top Grunt Protection Services. You could use your skills as a Special Ops soldier protecting those who need to be protected. I called

Scott and already discussed it with him. He would love for you to come work with him.” He looks at me expectantly.

“Wow. I don’t know what to say,” I tell him beyond speechless.

“Here’s his number, give him a call and you both can work out the details. Now the question is, do you think Sarah will move with you, or would you be willing to commute from here?” he asks.

“I don’t know. We hadn’t exactly discussed the logistics, just that neither of us are giving the other up, but I will talk with Sarah and call Scott, and we will work it out. Thanks, brother, I don’t know what to say.”

“There’s nothing to say, we always take care of our own, and if you ever need any help, I’m always here to lend a hand.”

I nod at him, still taking in everything he told me. We walk back into the ladies excitedly talking.

“I can’t believe you both are getting married.” I hear Sarah say, and I look over at Roman who has a smile on his face and notice his friend Caleb does too as they both are looking at their respective loves. I see the happiness written all over Sarah’s face for her two best friends.

“Hey, baby,” I say as I walk up to her and put my arms around her. She sinks back into me.

“Hmm,” she replies.

“Can you come outside with me? I want to talk to you for a minute.”

“Sure.” She looks up at me confused.

We walk outside together. I sit down in a chair and pull her on my lap.

“What’s going on?” she asks, looking into my eyes.

“Roman may have found me a job better suited for my skills. Seems our teammate Scott has opened a bodyguard protection service. I don’t know all the details yet, because I

haven't spoken with Scott, but he is based in Largo and I was wondering how you would feel about either moving to Largo and commuting here for work, or we live here, and I'll commute?"

"Really? That's wonderful news, Nico, I'm excited for you. I would be happy to move to Largo," she says with a smile.

"Yeah? Wouldn't you miss being close to your friends?"

"Yes, but it is only a thirty-minute drive, and I'll see them every day at work. Plus, it will be a fresh start away from the memories here," she adds solemnly.

I nod my head in understanding. "There's just one stipulation I have about you moving to Largo with me."

"Oh? What's that?" she looks at me confused.

"I want you there with me as my wife," I say, pulling the ring box out of my pocket.

"Sarah Williams, will you do me the honor of becoming my wife?" I ask with bated breath.

"Oh my God, really?" she says with her hands covering her mouth.

"Yes, really. Your beauty hit me the moment I saw you in that conference room, there was an electric pull I couldn't understand, but the minute we got stranded, my heart became yours. I love you more than anything Sarah, and I want to spend the rest of my life showing you the love I feel."

"YES! Yes, I'll marry you. I love you so much, Nico," she says, as she grabs my face and kisses me. I place the ring on her finger, while I kiss her back deeply, showing her how much I love her.

"YAY!!! Congratulations!" we hear from beside us.

"Did you know?" Sarah asks the girls with tears streaming down her face.

"No, but we are so excited for you," Jessi and Callie say in unison.

Everyone starts to laugh, and hugs go all around.

“I can’t believe you won’t be living in Cedar anymore?” Callie says.

“That just means you have to come visit me in the city to shop,” Sarah tells Callie

“Oh, you are right. Okay, I can live with this,” Callie concedes.

“Callie, that means that if you and Caleb want to have this place, it’s all yours,” Jessi states.

“Really?”

“Or we could sell it and you and Caleb can find a place of your own,” Sarah chimes in.

Callie looks over at Caleb and he shrugs his shoulders. “Babe, my home is with you. If you want to stay here, I’m happy with that. If you would rather find another place, we can start looking tomorrow.”

Callie bites her bottom lip, then says, “I love this house. I want to stay.”

“Then we are staying,” Caleb says, swooping Callie up and kissing her.

“This has turned out to be the best Christmas ever,” Jessi says as we all come together for a group hug.

Nicolas



Six Months later

The last six months have been crazy. Jessi and Roman got married on New Year's Day. They wanted to start the new year fresh with good memories and leave behind the bad ones from the previous year.

I talked with Scott Hayes and began working as a bodyguard for the Top Grunt Protection Services right after the New Year. He's even brought on a couple more guys from our old team and I'm enjoying doing the things I used to do, with the guys that I consider my brothers.

Callie and Caleb chose to have an April wedding, and Caleb, with Roman's prodding, chose to also join Top Grunt as our tech guy. Who knew he was so good with computers and stuff? He makes the commute daily from Cedar and fits in with the team like he was always one of us.

Sarah and I moved to Largo, bought a house, and settled in. She decided she wanted a June wedding, and so here we are. I'm standing at the altar waiting for my bride to come down the aisle.

The music starts to play, and everyone stands. I watch as her dad walks her to the top of the aisle, then my focus is solely on the woman I love.

I watch her walk down the aisle, with a huge smile on her face looking straight at me. I can't take my eyes off her, she looks stunning in her lace filled wedding dress, but all I'm thinking about is getting her out of it and ravishing her body.

When she gets in front of me, her dad shakes my hand and hands her off to me. The preacher welcomes everyone, but my eyes are glued to the woman who is about to be my wife. When the preacher asks if I take her, I say I do, then she says I do. The minute he says we are now husband and wife, I don't wait. I lean down and take her in my arms and kiss her like a starved man.

I vaguely hear everyone clapping, and I reluctantly pull back to see the beautiful knowing smile on my wife's face.

"Don't worry, baby, I got something special for you tonight," she whispers, as she turns to get her bouquet from Jessi.

We walk down the aisle and I whisper to her, "you look absolutely stunning, but I can't wait to get you naked."

"Mmmmm, now I'm wet," she says, and it makes me harder.

We get to the reception, and the reception hall looks magnificent. The highlight of the night so far was the father-daughter dance. Sarah and her dad came up with a dance routine of songs through the ages. It was amazing, and Sarah looked like she was having a wonderful time. I've been keeping an eye on my wife as she and her girlfriends are currently on the dance floor, with our other guests. The night is winding down and it won't be long before I can take my wife to our hotel room. I watch as the girls are whispering to each other, and there is no telling what the girls are cooking up. I look over at Roman and Caleb who are standing next to me watching the girls too.

All of the sudden, we see them disappear to the other side of the room, where the gift table is, then they start making their way back to us, each holding a small gift box in their hand.

"We talked about this and collectively decided to give you these at the same time," Jessi says, with Sarah and Callie nodding in agreement.

I look at the guys, and they look at me, we all shrug our shoulders as the girls hand us each a box. We open the boxes at the same time.

I see a pregnancy test with two pink lines, and I'm in shock. I look at Sarah who is smiling, and back at the box, "Is this for real?" I ask but it sounds like an echo.

"Yes," she says also sounding like an echo, with tears in her eyes. I look at the guys and realize they have the same thing.

"We are going to be dads," I say happily, lifting Sarah up and kissing her. "I think it's time to start the honeymoon now," I growl in her ear.

"I'm ready," she breathes.

We head up to our hotel room. I carry Sarah over the threshold and straight to the bed. I place her on her feet and help her take her wedding dress off, taking care not to rip it, even though that's all I want to do.

"You have made me the happiest man twice today," I tell her taking her lips with my own, and cupping her sex over her underwear. I push them aside to find her soaking wet and slip my finger inside.

"Oh Nico, yes," she says as I thrust my finger in her.

I turn her around, her back to my front, and pull her underwear down. "Get on the bed baby, on your knees," I tell her.

I take my shirt and pants off. Pump my cock a couple of times. "I have waited all day to have you," I tell her as I stick the tip of my cock in her entrance.

"Please, Nico, I need you."

"I love when you beg for my cock baby," I tell her, then slam into her. "God baby, you feel so good. I'll never get enough of you." I begin thrusting in and out of her. Loving the way her walls tighten up around my cock. "So damn good."

"Harder, Nico," she tells me.

I grab her hips, my fingers digging in and I start pounding into her hard.

“Is this what you needed, baby?”

“YES! Don’t stop. Oh my God, I’m so close.”

I can feel her walls tightening up around my cock. The tingling in my spine lets me know I’m close too.

“Fuck baby, So. Damn. Good.” I grunt out as I continue to fuck my wife.

“OH GOD, NICO!” she screams as she comes. I thrust a couple more times, and then unload into her.

I pull her up and kiss her. “I love you, Mrs. Gamble.”

“I love you, Mr. Gamble,” she says with a smile.

“When is our baby due?” I ask her as I rub her non-existent bump.

“Doctor says my current due date is in January. I’m about eight weeks pregnant,” she tells me with a yawn gracing her face.

“Oh baby, don’t get tired yet. I’m nowhere finished with you yet. You have made me the happiest man today, and I’m going to show you just how much,” I tell her as I start sucking her nipples.

“Mmmm, that feels so good,” she whispers with a moan.

I spend the rest of the night making love to my wife, and showing her how happy I am and how much I truly love her.

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To you the readers, thank you for reading my book. I hope you enjoyed Sarah and Nicolas's story as much as I did. I hope you enjoy your Christmas holidays, and this put a smile on your face. I ask that you take a moment and leave a review and let your friends know how much you enjoyed it.

Happy Holidays to you all

XOXO,

Bella

More about Bella Lane



I'm an author of steamy suspenseful romance.

I have always loved the idea of happy endings, but with real life drama.

I'm a native of North Carolina and have always loved the beauty of the Appalachian Mountains. Hiking is one of my favorite hobbies as it helps to clear my mind and allow my imagination to roam freely.

I'm an avid reader of all genres.

I love traveling, especially to small communities, as the people are always so nice and

welcoming, with hidden gems in their sweet little towns.

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