

I WANT MILK
AND COOKIES.

Milking
SANTA

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
FRANKIE LOVE

MILKING SANTA

A FILTHY DIRTY XXXMAS

FRANKIE LOVE



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ABOUT

I've been delivering the milk from my father's dairy farm since I turned sixteen.

Now twenty-one, the route in our small mountain town of Linesworth, WA, is filled with regulars.

Including the rugged, bearded hottie who just moved into the cabin at the end of Cookie Lane, who orders six bottles of whole milk each week.

When I'm in his driveway and a snowstorm hits on Christmas Eve, all hell breaks loose.

I didn't think this mountain man even knew who I was – turns out he has been ordering all that milk for one reason.

He isn't just thirsty. He's parched.

And the only thing he wants to drink is me.

COOKIE

“DEAR, YOU NEED TO BE CAREFUL OUT THERE.”

“Mom, I’ll be fine,” I reply, shaking my head as I put another rack of milk bottles into the truck and lay a slap on Big Gertie, our tank of a four-wheel drive pick-up. “This thing can take a few flurries.”

It’s the same old song and dance that she always gives me if I dare to try to do my job in any condition other than clear and sunny.

And even then, she’ll badger me about wearing sunscreen.

I hoist the last bottles into the back, and close the hatch. They are always so heavy, but I’m able to take it. I’ve always had pride in being a farm girl. Thick, with muscle under my curves. I’m never going to be a supermodel toothpick, and I’m okay with that. I’ll just find a man who appreciates that.

Hopping into the driver’s seat, I turn the engine on and I’m off to do my part in keeping the family business alive.

Crumble’s Dairy Farm is as old-fashioned as they come. For nearly one hundred years we’ve been providing milk to the Pacific Northwest and we’ve managed to resist the encroaching outside forces from gobbling up our business with their own growth. For our town specifically, we’ve earned their loyalty in providing an old-fashioned service that had long been out of style by the time the twenty-first century rolled around: daily delivery.

I drive to various homes throughout our little town, one with very strong Bavarian roots, and anyone who visits it can see it immediately. Linesworth was a focal point for German immigrants coming to Washington state back before it was even a state. Its quaintness is a point of local pride, and I like to think my being the milkmaid for my family's farm adds to the town's character.

I swing by my usual stops. Lots of residential stops, a few bakeries with big orders, and even a local hotel which offered fresh milk to their guests every morning. I drop off an order at the coffee shop, then go stand in line only to have Kensie, the barista on duty, wave me over. "You don't need to wait in line, Cookie. I knew you were coming and I have your order ready right here."

I smile as I come to get my dose of caffeine. Everyone seems a bit more cheery than usual, and I'm not surprised. It's Christmas Eve, but people don't stop wanting milk just because it's a holiday, and that's even more true on this particular holiday. I know that a lot of the milk I just delivered is going to be left out for Santa, children wishfully following the same ritual I did when I was young.

And yes, my name is Cookie Crumble, if you picked that up from Kensie calling me over. There was no particular reason for my parents to name me that way other than them thinking it's cute. Terry and Chelsea, my parents, are pretty typical in every other way, but they chose Cookie for me, and my brothers Rainier and Hood are named for mountains around here.

My name was a bit of an embarrassment going through my school years. Plenty of teasing, but it soon just became a fact of life, and anyone who matters to me barely even thinks of it as a pun anymore. Long ago I may have wanted to just be another Jennifer, Emily, or Christina, but that time has passed. I'm Cookie Crumble, and I'll be that until I get married – and even then I may just make Crumble my middle name as a point of pride. I never really liked Alice as a middle name anyway.

Tonight specifically, I want to get through my route to get back and get ready. Rainier, my older brother, is bringing his new girlfriend home with him for Christmas dinner. She's been a bit of mystery to all of us, a source of playful teasing aimed at Rainier. I'm curious who she is, and what's making Rainier so scared to share her.

"Be safe, Cookie! There's a big snowstorm rolling in," Mrs. Piper calls out as I drop off her milk.

"Don't worry, the family truck has endured some pretty bad storms."

"They're calling this one the storm of the century!"

"They call every storm that, Mrs. Piper."

She shakes her head. "Just be careful, dear. I wouldn't want you to freeze that pretty face of yours off."

I giggle. "Thanks."

I'm almost done anyway. I got one more stop, my furthest destination and one that I've been growing to enjoy to finish off my day.

It's Baker Burns, who can relate when it comes to having a slightly silly name, so I already have a bit of kinship with him. But my fascination with him has little to do with his name. He's a newer customer, new to Linesworth in general, and boy, is he a hottie, and I don't say that about anyone.

He's a tall hunk of a man. Maybe six and a half feet, and his broad shoulders tell me he could easily sweep me up in his arms if he wanted to. He's got a thick beard, which reminds me a bit of my brothers, but it's not surprising. Being a mountain man in Linesworth isn't uncommon, but few wear the look anywhere near as well as Baker does.

He's been a delight and a despair for me. The few times I've caught a glimpse of him when delivering his milk, I've had to avert my eyes, not wanting him to see how much just looking at him makes me blush. I saw him in the grocery store once, and I was outright hiding from him, not knowing what to do if I ran into him without the ready-made excuse that I needed to hurry along my route.

Even though he's always the last stop for me.

I'm a bit inexperienced with boys. I graduated high school about a year ago, and all throughout my time there, my brothers scared everyone off of me, afraid of any boy trying to take advantage of me. Not like a lot of high school boys ever did it for me anyway. Immature jerks with patchy beards were never my thing, never gave me the feeling that looking at Baker gives me.

Cookie Lane is the road Baker lives on, which always gives me a smile. If God is trying to give me a sign, there can't be a more blatant one. I roll up the driveway, stopping in front of his garage. I glance toward his door, hoping to get an eyeful of him. There's part of me that goes a little wild. Wanting him to be the rough and assertive type who sees me and is overcome with lust. One that would grab me, and drag me into his home, and let his animal instincts take over.

Yes, I may be a virgin, but it doesn't mean I am naive, and it doesn't mean that I can't have particularly dirty fantasies.

As I step out of the truck, I realize the snow is coming down a lot harder than it was when I started my route. Hard enough there's cause for concern. I don't fret over it too much, because this is the last delivery of the day before I head home and I can change into a thick sweater with a mug of hot cocoa, extra marshmallows.

I hoist up the crate full of bottles, and start toward the door. One thing we do differently on Christmas Eve is deliver a little extra for the days to come, so all these loads I've been carrying are a bit heavier than usual. Every step is exceptionally cumbersome, but I keep myself steady as I make my way up his porch stairs, and to his door.

Just as I reach the top of the stairs, the door swings open and collides with the crate I'm carrying. I stagger backwards, losing my balance. I stumble off the porch, I lose hold of the crate in a panic, and I feel myself falling backward, my vision full of white before I hit the ground, and then it's full of black.

Out of breath, dizzy, my eyes open briefly as I see Baker rush out of his home, and then my eyes close again and I see

nothing else.

BAKER

I'VE NEVER BEEN MUCH OF A MILK DRINKER.

I imagine most single adults aren't. If I need it to cook, I usually grab a small bottle. A half quart at most.

When I learned Cookie Crumble is a milkmaid for her family's dairy, though? I suddenly developed more of a taste for the white stuff, even if it's only for cereal and in my coffee.

I stand inside my home, looking out as her truck pulls up in my driveway, as it has countless times before.

When I first moved to Linesworth, I saw her around town here and there. She was just this hot young thing that I saw about the quaint village I now called home.

But she is more than a hot young thing.

She is everything.

Thick, wide hips, and a perfect set of tits. I never had a thing for skinny girls, instead needing a girl with some meat in my life. Whether she's for me beyond that? That's what I have to figure out.

Ordering milk is just a way to see her as I build up the courage to finally ask her out.

It's not that I'm particularly cowardly when it comes to women. I'm normally very confident in that department, but Cookie has a few things that make me hesitate. One, of course, is her beauty. It takes a lot of that to intimidate me, and damn if she doesn't manage it. Two? I feel like I'm twice her age.

I'm not certain, but she's either nineteen or twenty, and I'm on the bad side of thirty.

A pretty girl like her probably wants someone closer to her age. And someone who's more of an extrovert too. I'm the type who's happy keeping to himself, doing my work and being a homebody. I go out for groceries and other supplies once in a while, and not much more than that.

Today, though? I'm going for it. Damn all my concerns, I have to respect myself, as well as her, enough to ask. Take her to a nice dinner if she'll let me to see if there's more than physical attraction at play.

If I don't make a move, I'm going to go crazy tormenting myself over her. She's in my dreams every damn night and it's making me a tad concerned for my mental health.

Seeing her struggle with those milk bottles as she trudges through the snow makes me want to go lend a hand. I throw on my coat, knowing it's cold as all hell out there, and open the door.

Only to realize that she's a whole lot faster than I am as I open the outer door and swing it right into her face.

Shit.

She goes spinning from the collision, flying into the snowbank covering my front lawn. The crate of bottles falls out of her hands and clatters onto the ground, milk spilling out of the broken glass. She limply moves for a second before going still.

This is a terrible first impression, I have to admit.

"Are you alright?" I ask.

There's no response. That's bad. Did I knock her out completely?

I hoist her up, knowing whatever the problem is, leaving her out here in an increasingly bad snowstorm isn't going to help her. Over my shoulder, I take her into my home, closing my door behind me. I lie her down on my sofa, and stoke my fire. Her teeth are chattering despite her unconsciousness, so I

cover her with some of my blankets. Thick wool blankets that my mother left me, perfect for staying warm on cold days like this.

She lies there as I watch her, and if I didn't know better, I'd say she was sleeping serenely. She's even more beautiful seeing her here, in my home and on my couch.

Fortunately, her unconsciousness doesn't last long. She starts to blink and groan, looking around to try to determine where she is before her curious eyes finally settle on me. "Where... where am I?"

"Cookie, you are right where you belong."

She stares at me, even more confused than before. "... Huh? What are you talking about?"

I scratch my head. I spoke from my heart a bit too quickly, I realize. I'm not usually this awkward, but Cookie does things to me that I can't begin to understand. I clear my throat, trying to recover my dignity. "I apologize. I meant to say you're in my home, and you're welcome here as long as you want to be here."

Still looking dizzy and groggy, she goes to stand up, but immediately gasps in pain and collapses down onto the couch, reaching for her ankle. "Ow... what happened?"

"You took one hell of a fall, Cookie." At least I don't have to feel too awkward about knowing her name, her father told it to me when I was signing up for the milk delivery, and Linesworth is one of those towns small enough that everyone knows everyone anyway.

"My ankle hurts, my hands hurt, everything hurts. I'm only twenty, I'm not supposed to be hurt this bad by a simple fall."

"You'd be surprised. Come on, let me clean you up. You shouldn't be moving so hastily, since I'm sure you hit your head."

She swallows. She's nervous as hell, but I don't think it's fear about me, about being here. She knows who I am too, after all. She averts her eyes, not making contact.

“I have a first aid kit. Let’s get you patched up and I’ll help you from there.”

A quick jaunt over to my bathroom and I’m back with my kit. I got plenty of basic first aid training as part of my deployment. I’m no medic, but everyone should know the basics and how to patch up the most minor and common of injuries. For Cookie, this includes bandages for the cuts on her hands, and some wrapping for her ankle. From my guess it’s just a sprain. A bit of time off of it is all she needs.

I can’t do much for her bonking her head. Ibuprofen is all I can offer.

We are both pretty silent through it all. She doesn’t know what to say to me, and I don’t know what to say either. It feels crass to ask her for a date when I’m wrapping her ankle, given I feel responsible for her injuries in the first place.

“I’ve done what I can,” I say, closing the first aid kit back up. “You’ll need to take it easy for a bit. Not the best Christmas gift one can give, I’ll admit.”

She sits up. “It’s not your fault. It was just an accident. At least I think, anyway. You weren’t just lying in wait behind that door to spring out to send me flying, were you?” She looks at me with a twisted smile.

“Ambushing them with doors isn’t my preferred way of starting conversations with women, I assure you.”

She crosses her arms, smiling slightly. Oh how I like the look of that.

“Is there someone we should call? I don’t think you should be driving with that ankle, and I’m not even considering whatever head injury you might have.”

She nods. “My father would come and pick me up if I ask, but, uh...” She looks outside.

In the time since I helped her into my home, the storm has gotten a lot more fierce. Her truck is almost completely covered with snow now, and in fifteen more minutes, there won’t be an ‘almost’ anymore.

A sigh escapes her lips. “I don’t think I’m going anywhere this Christmas Eve. Heck, I don’t think I’m going anywhere this Christmas, period.”

Christmas? With Cookie Crumble?

I should be overjoyed, but instead I’m anxious.

Oh, the things this woman does to me.

COOKIE

THINGS GOT WEIRD, AND THEY GOT WEIRD QUICK.

I know I fantasized about him taking me hostage and ravishing me, but I never pictured myself actually lying here on his couch, on Christmas Eve no less.

And it's not like we planned it. It was all an accident and he's being a bit of a shy sweetheart about it. It's cute.

"You should still call your father even if you think you can't go anywhere," he says, offering me a warm cup of tea as I rest on his couch.

"Why? You think he's going to get in his snow plow to come get me?" I reply with a smile. He might. We're farmers in rural Washington, after all, we have ways of dealing with snow if we have to. In any case, getting in my truck and driving back is out of the question, bad ankle or not.

"Just let him know what's going on with you. I know Terry, he's the type to worry."

I nod. I fish my phone out of my jeans and dial him up. A few rings later, he picks up. "What's going on, my semi-sweetheart?"

I shake my head whenever he says that. He's got the whole 'dad joke' thing down pat. Thinks he's so punny. Because chocolate chip cookies tend to use semi-sweet chocolate chips, and I'm named Cookie.... get it?

"Dad, I don't think I'll be able to get back home for Christmas Eve."

“Huh? Did something happen?”

“I twisted my ankle pretty bad during my last delivery, and then the storm got a whole lot worse.” I decide not to worry him further by bringing up banging my head and cutting my hands when I tried to catch my fall. He’ll worry about the ankle enough as it is.

“Oh, that’s awful. Are you alright?” See? He’s worrying.

“I’m fine, Dad. Uh, Baker Burns is here and helping me. I’m stuck at his place until the storm lets up.”

“You’re at Baker Burns’ home? Then there’s nothing to worry about.”

I cock an eyebrow. “You know him?”

“Oh yes. He’s regularly at the Linesworth City Hall meetings. He’s earnest and seems to have a good head on his shoulders. He’s donating an ice rink to the town. We’ve hit it off quite well.”

I’m surprised to hear that from him. Dad isn’t as earnest about defending my honor as my brothers are, but he’s not exactly at the other extreme, trying to hook me up with every half-decent guy he meets.

“Stay put, dear,” he continues. “Your mother will understand. I would rather you be safe than endanger yourself trying to travel through this storm.”

“Thanks, Dad. Tell Rainier I’m sorry I can’t meet his new girlfriend. I’ll be back as soon as I can see the road again.”

“I know you will, my semi-sweetheart.”

He hangs up the phone and I’m back to my sudden awkward spot of being trapped in a house with a man I’ve had a crush on for a very long time.

“Sounds like everything is okay?” Baker asks, half-listening in on my end of the conversation.

“You’ve got my dad’s trust somehow. He thinks you’re good people.”

He laughs. “I guess that’s a compliment.”

I take in my surroundings. I've been outside this place dropping off milk many times but I've never looked inside. There's a Christmas tree standing in the corner, but it's pretty sparsely decorated, out of what appears to be obligation more than anything else. The place is pretty Spartan-looking, very utilitarian and not a lot of decoration.

The typical bachelor pad.

It's dawning on me though. Christmas with the man I've been eyeballing for quite some time. The perfect opportunity to finally get to know him.

First we have to get over this awkwardness of barely knowing one another beyond casual glances here and there.

"Who's Rainier?" he asks, looking out the window as the snow continues to fall in thicker and thicker layers.

"He's my older brother. He's bringing his girlfriend home to meet the family this Christmas Eve."

"Rainier's kind of a strange name for a guy."

"You're talking to a girl named Cookie Crumble and Rainier is the name that seems strange to you?"

He laughs. "I know your name is a bit strange, and I think you know that too. You don't need me to remind you."

"And you're named Baker Burns. A suggestion that you're a baker who burns things." I sigh, shaking my head. "My brothers are Rainier and Hood, they're named after local mountains. My mother thinks a name should instill values you want in someone. Her boys should be hard, reliable, and able to withstand the worst of times."

"And that means you're meant to be so sweet that I want to eat you all up?"

I turn slightly red at his words. "Maybe that's what she meant. Or she just really liked the combination with Crumble, and thought I'd get teased a whole lot less than a boy named Cookie."

He turns and chuckles. I can tell he's biting his tongue, maybe trying not to make some joke about wanting to taste my

cookie. It's a cheesy pickup line that I heard constantly throughout high school, but despite that, I wouldn't mind hearing it from him.

"Now that we've broken the ice, would you like something to drink? We got the whole night to ourselves and I think we both could do with a little something special."

"A drink? Um, sure, I'd like more tea."

He shook his head. "I meant more like something to take the edge off, Cookie."

He goes to the fireplace and sets some logs down, adding fuel and getting the blaze going before he heads into the kitchen and leaves me to my own devices. My mind is rushing with possibilities of what the night will bring. I've always wanted more of him, but I have to admit that the suddenness of being here with him makes me a tad anxious.

The fire crackles to life, and soon, Baker returns with two mugs, one of which he sets down on the side table next to the sofa that's currently my home.

He sits down on an armchair to the side, and takes a sip.

I'm more tentative in picking up the mug. It's hot, but not overwhelmingly so. There's a bit of lemon floating in the brown liquid, and I take a sip. It's strangely soothing.

"Take it you're not too experienced with alcohol?" Baker asks.

I nod. "My parents are old-fashioned like that."

"This is nothing major. Just a hot toddy."

"What's in it?"

"A bit of whiskey, some honey and lemon juice, and a few more spices of my own choice mixed in. It's something my mother taught me to make."

"Your mother taught you how to drink whiskey?"

"She gave it to me when I had the flu as a teenager. Insisted it would help."

I smile. “Did it help?”

“Got me buzzed enough that I didn’t care as much. Probably not the best medicine, and I’ve treated it as such since. It’s one of my favorites though.”

Another sip and I’m nodding. “I think I’m liking it too.”

“I’ll show you my recipe sometime. It’s not exactly the same as my mom’s, I’ve modified and tinkered with it to make it better.”

I nod his way. “I like a man who isn’t afraid of the kitchen.”

He grumbles. “A man should be able to cook for his woman, because even if she strives to be the most traditional housewife she can be, there’s going to be times when she’s not able to do the cooking herself. Feeding the family is everyone’s responsibility in my opinion.”

More nodding. “Nothing unmanly about wearing an apron. It can be kind of sexy sometimes.”

“Especially if the apron is worn with nothing else, huh?” He lets out a deep belly laugh, and I join him.

“So, um, I’ve been wondering,” I say, taking another sip of the hot toddy. “My dad says you’re building an ice rink for the town? Why?”

“There isn’t one here, mainly. Growing up I had to travel over an hour into the city to get to a rink, and I’m thankful that my dad cared enough to help me do that, or I’d never have been able to go pro.”

I look at him with shock. “Go pro? Pro what?”

“Professional hockey player. Retired now. I saved my money, and decided to get out while I still had all my teeth. Plenty of lumps elsewhere, though.”

More giggles from me. “I’ve never followed hockey, so I never would have known you were famous.”

“Part of the reason that I came back home. A little bit of anonymity gets restored to my life here.”

“Back home? You’re from Linesworth?”

Another nod. “Haven’t lived here in nearly twenty years, but it’s definitely home for me.”

“I didn’t know you were from here,” I say, a bit shocked, and curing it with another sip.

“Even if I stayed here all my life, though, I don’t think we’d have been in the same circles, Cookie.”

“Why not?”

“I’m fifteen years older than you,” he says, in a tone that takes that fact as a serious confession.

“And? What does that have to do with anything?”

He blushes. “I mean, I only know who you are because I heard you were the town’s milkmaid. I didn’t even drink milk anymore before I heard that. I’ve only started again because of you, girl.”

“Here I was, just thinking you were thirsty.”

He raises an eyebrow my way. “I’m thirsty, all right, but I never thought the milk you delivered was the best for quenching thirst anyway.”

I gleefully giggle. “You know, you could have just talked to me rather than subscribing to a milk delivery service.”

“I could have, yes.”

“Then why didn’t you?”

“Because I’m so much older than you, Cookie. I didn’t want you to think I was a creepy old man.”

I sip my drink and take in his words. He wants me as badly as I want him, was just held back by his own anxieties like me. I look his way, my mind flush with the fantasies that have danced through my head all through the past year of delivering milk to him.

“I’m not intimidated by your age, Baker,” I say, looking him up and down. “I’m more intimidated by um... uh...”

My stammering is met with a smile of his own. “You’re intimidated by what?”

“Your size. You’re quite big, you know.” My eyes can’t help but drift down between his legs, before realizing that might be a bit too forward. “You’re very tall is what I mean. Being a pro athlete, you shouldn’t be surprised by any of this.”

He laughs. “You keep your smart mouth going, Cookie, and I’m going to end up taking a bite out of you.”

I had come into Baker’s home a virgin, but with how quickly everything is escalating between us, it’s quite clear to me that I’m not going to be leaving as one.

BAKER

SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL.

And charming too. She's got this quirky sense of humor that I just adore. Any doubts I had about her are quickly fading away, and they're being replaced by the desire to make her mine.

"Taking a bite out of me? Oh, what could you mean by that, Baker?"

I take a drink of my hot toddy with a smile. "I mean that you need to be eaten, Cookie."

"You're picking up the pace in your allusions." She nibbles on her lip, now looking right at me, quite the change from her previous shyness. What a difference a bit of a chat and some whiskey make.

"I've seen how you look at me, Cookie. How you manage to saunter up to my doorstep while carrying heavy milk bottles, and how you peek around corners at me in the grocery store. You can't keep your eyes off me, girl, and I can't keep my eyes off of you. I may be a bit of a recluse, but I'm not fool enough to not know when a woman is eager."

She leans in, our gazes bringing us closer and closer by the moment. "And you're saying you aren't the eager one?"

"I did say I was planning on asking you out today. It's the whole reason I was rushing out and ended up slamming a door in your face."

She giggles. “Slamming a door in my face isn’t a winning pickup line, but I have to say, it’s definitely starting to work out for you.”

“I have you here, and we’re having that date if we want to call it that.”

“All it cost you was your milk for your Christmas cookies. Sorry I went and spilled it, being knocked unconscious ruins my grip.”

I make my move, leaning in. I run my hand gently through her hair, and she’s very receptive to me. She moans lightly as I move my hand down her spine. She’s so soft, even through her clothes, and it makes me want to get rid of that barrier between her skin and my touch. I look her over as she thrusts her chest out oh so gently, and I can’t help but fixate on her heaving bosom. It’s not the whole reason I’m so obsessed with her, but it’s a pretty big one. “I’m not worried about it, Cookie. There’s plenty more milk to be had.”

Her eyes are running up and down my body too, before slowing down and halting between my legs.

There’s a tent pitched there, and she is definitely noticing it.

This escalated so quickly, but I think we both are mature enough to understand it. The snow outside is so thick, we aren’t going anywhere. We both have a definite desire for one another, but if it was only one way, if she didn’t want me too? I’d be able to restrain myself. I’m a man, not a beast.

But her wanting me? And me wanting her?

With not a soul around to judge us?

Life is too short not to give in and experience what we both want.

So I go for it.

I kiss her.

She takes it. A brief moment of surprise, and then she’s kissing me right back. The intensity only flares up stronger,

faster, her kissing me back. Her tender touch on my body. Electricity surging between us.

Cookie knows what she wants, and she starts to undo the buttons of my shirt one by one, the cool air of the room hitting my exposed chest.

She blushes red, a thought hitting her. “You know, um... I...”

I raise an eyebrow. “What is it?”

“I’ve uh... never milked a man before.”

I chuckle. “That’s... that’s certainly a way of putting things. But I think I can teach you that. Do you want to learn, Cookie?”

She looks at me sternly, her expression shifting to tell me something loudly and clearly. “Yes, I do. I want to learn so fucking bad, Baker.”

We share another kiss. Intense, and with signs that she’s learning fast. She’ll be quite a natural in no time.

And she’ll be my natural.

God, I want her bad, and I never expected to have her this quickly.

COOKIE

WE'RE STRIPPING MORE AND MORE, EVERY ARTICLE OF clothing shed making my adrenaline pump faster and faster. My t-shirt, my jeans, his jeans, even the sight of his socks is enough to make me wet with anticipation of what's to come.

Part of me wants to blame my rash actions on banging my head on the ground during the fall. But I can't lie to myself that much. My mind has been awash in fantasies about Baker, and what he could do to me, and just as importantly, what I could do to him.

I'm there in my bra and panties, and he's sliding out of his boxers, and my eyes settle on his bulging erection. I'm a modern girl, even if I'm still a virgin. I've gotten curious and checked out explicit websites, not to mention the number of dumb high school boys who sent me unsolicited pictures of their dicks – I'm well aware of what they look like.

And Baker puts all of them to shame. He's throbbing, hard and thick, and his is most definitely a man's cock and not a boy's.

I reach out, touching it, seeing it tremble and throb a bit underneath my grasp. I run a gentle finger up and down its length, feeling it throb against me. All the while I keep my eyes on him, watching as I touch and massage him.

“Explore how you want, Cookie. But know that you sitting here in those tiny panties and that lacy bra are the only gift I need. Fuck, your tits look good.”

I pull in a sharp breath, thrilled by his words, continuing my own sexual education. I run my fingers down to his balls, taking their heft in my fingers, rolling them lightly in my grasp. Seeing as he lightly groans from my touch, I test how he likes it, massaging them gently. I let their weight shift out of my hands as I close my fingers around his cock, running them up and around his length toward the rounded head, tickling it ever so slightly. I hear his low groans of appreciation and it only emboldens me further.

He caresses my hair as he looks my way with a calm and steady gaze. His hands against my flesh are so delightful, pushing me to further please him. My grip closes around his cock, and I jerk him with a smile, feeling him shudder and gasp from my touch. I keep it light and tender, knowing well enough that playing rough is an acquired taste and definitely not something for the first date.

If I can even call this anything resembling a first date. Baker and I have gone off the deep end of what constitutes a traditional first date a long, long time ago.

His moans become stronger, more erratic, and it's quite clear he's very much liking what I'm doing. I lean in, dropping before him on one knee, being careful not to irritate my sprained ankle. He reclines in his chair, his cock throbbing more intensely by the moment.

I'm tempted to have a taste, but for now, I focus on doing what I said I was going to do – milk him dry. I pull him closer, jerking him more fervently, hearing him murmur something about God and how beautiful I am.

It's not long before I get everything I want and everything I'm after. With a long groan from him, he erupts, his warm, wet seed lashing out and splashing onto my chest, leading to me giggling wildly and smiling his way. I run my finger along the mess and bring it to my mouth, sucking my finger dry. "Well then, here I was, hoping that I'd get to taste it right from the source."

"Oh, I can tell you're going to be able to."

Its taste is a bit salty, but intoxicating all the same. It's him, and that's what truly matters.

"Do you mind if I take another taste then?" I ask, shooting him my most sinful of stares.

"As much as I want that, Cookie, I think a good relationship is all about give and take, and it's my turn to taste your cookie."

"My cookie, you say?" I ask, giggling madly at his suggestion.

"I'm sure it's as every bit as sweet as you are." He slides off the chair and steals another kiss from me, guiding my back down to the plush carpet beneath us. He unhooks my bra, letting my tits fall free as he looks on at what I have to offer him, and smiling in appreciation.

His hand slides down my body, his fingers going toward my sex. Gooseflesh forms all along his path, tickling me and bringing me so much excitement as he creeps lower, until he's at my panties. Even through the thinness of the cloth, his touch excites me so, and I look at him with a wild, enthusiastic smile, encouraging him to do what he wants to do.

Baker massages me, the rippling pleasure seeping through me and causing me to cry out, but it's of course only the beginning. He pulls my panties down along my legs, and I'm all too eager to shimmy out of them and let him get at me, tossing my panties aside and leaving me as naked as the day I was born.

Once again, he takes a moment to stop and appreciate the woman in front of him. He makes me feel so erotic, so sexy, and all woman. All of the boys that showed any interest in me before were just that – boys. And boys only want girls. Baker is a little bit older so he's had enough of that foolishness and instead wants a real woman. One who will listen to him, care for him, and give him the family he craves.

And I know even thinking of that is more of an escalation, everything moving too fast already. I guess your mind just

goes weird places sometimes when you're in love, or at the very least, lust.

Baker begins to rain kisses down my form, all along my body, sparking such intense sensations through me. He stops at my breasts, kissing me on my nipple, laying a brief, intense spike of pleasure on me. He latches on, making me think that maybe, just maybe, he wants to milk me right here and now. I cry out in joy from the brief stimulation, but he knows that going for it too hard right now will make me more sore than anything else.

He crosses over my abdomen, and comes to my sex, glistening in front of him. He rubs me lightly with his finger, sliding into my pussy as my sex squeezes his fingers on entry. The tingling feeling is so strong, but he takes me lightly. Baker is proving to be a caring soul, one who only wants me to enjoy this moment every bit as much as he does.

I murmur in joy as he continues to build me up oh so gradually, letting me writhe against the softness of the plush rug. My hand shoots down, going through his rough, shaggy hair, encouraging him as he brings his lips right to my nub and lays one more intense kiss on my most sensitive of spots.

It's stronger than any feeling I've felt before. Which, given that he's only got my fingers to compete against, isn't much of a challenge. Still, what he's doing to me is pure bliss, and he's seeing to it that he builds upon it in a way that doesn't come at me too hard or too fast. Every movement down there is made with thoughtfulness as I feel his tongue lash against my sex, and his beard rub against my thighs.

He builds me up steady, and I moan for him, his eyes on me through the entire thing. He eats me intently, devouring my cookie in a way that both of us can most definitely savor. The pleasure within me pounds and builds, every throb of it more intense than the last. It makes my knees shake, my words are lost as I pull on his hair, but nothing will deter Baker from pleasing me to the absolute fullest.

I nibble on my lip to endure him, my legs crossing around his head, instinct taking over. I'm not consciously doing

anything, just writhing and enjoying anything and everything going on to the absolute fullest as he licks me up and down until my juicy release covers his beard. The throbbing sensation pulses all the way through me, my moans echoing through his living room, and there's a growing smile on my man's face.

God, it's so good. It's great. Fantastic. Marvelous. I can barely think of anything but words like that, my mind's desperate attempts to try to understand what's happening to me.

It hits me, and hits me hard. I must be screaming for him, but I can't perceive anything but my own pleasure. It rocks me, ravages me, and I want it to last forever.

It unfortunately doesn't, but I don't hold that against him.

I'm soon left panting, covered in cold sweat, more than enjoying everything that has just happened between us.

His job done, he lies down beside me, naked and holding his head up with a single hand. "Damn, woman, yours is the sweetest cookie I've ever tasted."

I laugh softly. "And you've got the tastiest milk I've ever licked off my finger."

"I'm not complaining one bit, but I'm surprised that a girl your age who is a virgin is so adventurous and willing to share her body."

A smirk hits my face. "Just because I'm a virgin doesn't mean I don't have desires, Baker. I've spent a lot of time exploring my body, mostly with my hands. I've spent countless nights wishing for the right man who will treat me right, and I mean that. I want a man, not a boy. And that's all there was in my high school years. A whole lot of selfish boys who I couldn't see myself trusting to give me a good time."

"And I'm different?"

I nod enthusiastically. "Very. I want a real mountain man, and I'm not shy about saying it."

He laughs. “Yet you were very much shy when you came in here. Barely making eye contact, making me feel incredibly guilty.”

I shove him uselessly. “Like you were much better, mister ‘watch me from afar, order loads of milk just to have me walk up to your house every few days.’ Not exactly assertive.”

“Hey, I had doubts if you wanted an old fogey like me. I’m over the hill, you know. I’ll be forty in a few years.”

“You poor thing. Almost forty and still so unbelievably sexy.”

“I’ll survive. And you will too. It seems that as we lie here side by side, naked as the Lord intended us to be, we’ve gotten over our nervousness.”

“Uh huh,” my eyes drift down his body, taking him in. Despite his delivering me such a fantastic orgasm, my desires for him still throb within me so damn strong. More so as I see his cock twitch and come back to life. “You’re hard again.”

“Seeing you and hearing you come is the sexiest thing I can imagine, Cookie. You’re amazing enough to overpower biology itself.”

I giggle uncontrollably as I reach between his legs and take hold of his cock. “Well then, I did say that I wanted to taste your milk, hot and straight from the source, didn’t I?”

He caresses my cheek. “There will always be plenty for you, babe.”

I look him up and down one more time before I make my move. With his beard and his build, he reminds me of a hot, sexy, younger Santa Claus.

It’s silly, but it makes me laugh, and more importantly, it’s easy to psyche myself up to take on the duties of one Mrs. Claus.

It’s time to take a drink of Santa’s milk.

BAKER

SHE'S SO GODDAMN BEAUTIFUL THAT IT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME to even comprehend. Having her lying there, that magical smile of hers enchanting me the whole time.

It's no wonder I've been hard since I brought her in, short of the few minutes after she made me explode.

Her gaze alone is enough to get me going, not to mention the naked curves of her entire form and her utter eagerness to please me.

She slides down my body, those dainty hands driving me wild as she makes every hair of mine prickle and rise in anticipation. With her hands around my cock, I throb with need for her, already addicted to what she can do to me. She jerks me, going lower, licking her lips at the idea of sucking my cock.

Her luscious locks drape over my legs as she runs a finger down my cock, then she puts a playful little kiss on my tip. She massages my balls as she opens her mouth, sliding my cock slowly between her pink, pouty lips.

It's very clear that this is her first time doing such a thing. She's cautious, yet curious, taking it slow. I caress her cheek, and pull her hair out of her face, giving her silent encouragement to keep doing what she desires to do. She takes me deeper in that little mouth of hers, her lips so tight around me, as she happily takes me further down her throat. She licks me as she does so, adding another layer of intensity to everything that she's doing.

She takes me deeper and deeper, driven to please me so intensely. All of her around me is goddamn heaven, every bit of what she's doing drives me wild, surges of bliss shooting all the way through me and testing me already. I came so hard from her hands alone, and now that she's using both her hands and her mouth together?

I can't help but groan for her. As she pumps my cock with her hand, as she licks it, as she sucks it. She's so wholly driven to please me, and I can't get enough of it all. She watches me as I shudder and groan, getting a sick, delightful pleasure out of making a man who's nearly twice her age writhe, completely at her mercy.

She's devoted and driven, and I'm just doing my best not to make a mess on her gorgeous face. Her mouth is so strong, so intense, and no matter how much pride I have, at the end of the day I'm only a man and she has me completely under her control.

I can't take it anymore. I groan a long, loud, powerful moan, and my entire body's tension is released, all of it surging through me, through my cock, and into her greedy mouth, Cookie happily smiling and still sucking. She's so eager, so strong, she drinks down each and every drop I have, a hungry, driven girl that I can't help but fall in love with in time with each and every smack of her lips against my cock.

I'm drained dry. Her tongue runs across her lips, trying to clean up the mess I made of her. "Just as I expected. Santa's milk is even better right from the tap."

I laugh, and take a moment to realize what she just called me. "Santa?"

She turns red in embarrassment. "Uh... you're a big guy. With a big beard. I kind of looked at you as a younger, hotter Santa Claus."

"Do you have a Santa fetish, Cookie?" I say, my lips twisting into a grin.

"Not before I randomly made the association with you. Now? You're my fetish, Baker."

I chuckle. I can't get enough of this girl. I want to make her mine, I want to please her, I want to make her scream my name.

So that's exactly what I set out to do. I sit up, and make a sudden move to climb over her, spreading her legs.

"Wait, what are you doing?"

"Santa wants more of his Cookie."

Her legs part, she is all too eager to give me what I want. She's still dripping wet, matching me in libido, another sign of how perfect she is for me. I go right for it, hearing her moan as I lay my lips on her, wanting to please her every bit as much as she wants to please me.

And she feels perfect.

She grabs for my aching cock, which should be spent from her last act on me, but I can feel all my strength returning down there. It's not long before I'm defying my biology again and feeling my cock throb with need again.

I turn, keeping my mouth on Cookie's sweet cunt, and position myself above her. And she eagerly takes me into her mouth, sucking and lapping at my cock while I savor her pussy. We're entwined with one another, completely driven with desire to please and use one another, and we can't get enough of it. I lick her, she sucks me, all for one another.

A huge blissful clusterfuck of man and woman, and every moment she's pleasing me she's making me fall deeper and deeper in love with her. She cries out in delight, but doesn't let her own pleasure get in the way of pleasing me. As driven to worship me as I am to worship her.

Fuck, she's somehow more perfect than perfect.

We're all over one another, moaning, panting, giving it all to each other. I have her sweet cunt spread, my fingers grinding into her juicy hole, getting her slick pussy ready for my cock. I know I am big and this sweet virgin is tight – I need her to be nice and ready before I give her my big, stiff cock.

And fuck, she loves getting stretched wide. I pound her hole until she is moaning, shooting her come all over my beard, eager and giddy, and fuck – this woman is mine.

She sucks me off as I come in her mouth again, then she pulls me out, just in time, to spray my seed over her bouncing tits. The rising tide in me is met with her own, and soon we're moaning in unison, absolutely taken with one another to the absolute fullest.

Incredibly satisfied and relishing it all, we lie side by side on my rug, naked and sweaty, and neither of us could be happier.

If I could fall asleep alongside her right now, I absolutely would. But there's something stopping me.

“Are you hungry?” I ask, knowing the question is coming out of nowhere.

“Uh.... I guess, yes,” she says with a sly smile. “I think I've worked up quite the appetite. And I mean just a normal appetite, not the innuendo type.”

I chuckle as I sit up. “As much as I want to go another round, I think I need to take care of some other basic needs first.”

She nods. I stand, and help her up, knowing she's still dealing with a bad wheel. She grabs my flannel shirt off the chair and buttons it up, somehow looking just as sexy as she did when she was naked.

I throw on a T-shirt and a pair of shorts myself. Not out of shame, just because I think cooking buck-ass naked isn't the best of ideas.

We head into the kitchen, and I set her up on a stool. She's eager to help out so I set her to peeling some potatoes and carrots as I get to work.

“You make a big Christmas Eve dinner for just yourself?” she asks as she gets started, looking at all the ingredients I pull out.

“Sort of? I wouldn’t call it big. If I was cooking for a family I’d probably go more all out. Stuffing, maybe a turkey or ham, some rolls to go with it, and some sort of pie too. Just me here, I’ve got a roast, some gravy, carrots and potatoes.”

“Isn’t even that a lot for just one person?”

I shake my head as I prepare the roast to go into the oven. “I freeze some of it. It’s a meal for me to enjoy over the next few weeks.”

“Color me impressed.” She’s going through the potatoes quickly. This isn’t the first holiday dinner she’s helped with. “My cousin Sam can’t be arsed to do anything more than microwave some burritos when he’s all alone.”

“Helps me remember what home is, and reminds me of the family I want to have someday,” I explain. “Plus, knowing how to cook is pretty useful if you’re an athlete. It’s easy to know my macros if I make the food myself rather than leaving it to whatever is in those frozen burritos.”

“Gotta get your protein for your gains,” she says in a sing-songy voice.

“Brothers are gym rats, I presume?”

“A bit. They were really into it when they were image-conscious teenagers, before they realized just being themselves worked a lot better for getting the girls.”

I chuckle. “More girls than you like a man’s man instead of some sort of veiny bodybuilder.”

She visibly cringes. “I don’t see how anyone can find that sexy. You need someone who can be a little cuddly on top of strong, I think. You know, like you are, Baker.”

“I’ve never been described as cuddly before, but I’ll take it as a compliment.”

I slide the roast into the oven, and get to plopping the potatoes in the pot. “So, what are you after in life, Cookie?”

“What do you mean?” she asks, leaning on her hand, watching me, now that she’s completely done with the potatoes.

“What do you want to do with your life?”

“I don’t know, really.”

“You gotta have considered something. You’re a modern woman.”

She shrugs. “I really don’t know. I’m pretty happy just being a milkmaid for my father’s dairy farm. I make people happy and it’s pretty fulfilling. So I’m content with that.”

“Is that all you want?”

She shakes her head. “No. I guess I’m pretty stereotypical? I want a family eventually. A big one. It seems like such a distant dream for me though. It’s not like I’m going to suddenly get knocked up and start working on becoming a mother tomorrow.”

I laugh. “Is that your dream, though? Pregnant and surrounded by babies in the kitchen?”

She turns red. “Is that so wrong?”

“Of course not.”

She’s still flustered. “I guess growing up around all these cows has made me a bit jealous in a way.”

I raise an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

“This is going to sound a bit crazy, but we’ve already been so crazy already, so, um... I guess I’ll tell you.”

I lean in to listen, very willing to hear her secrets.

“When I’m pregnant, when I’m starting to lactate... I’ve always wanted my man to be there. To suck on my tits when they’re good and full.”

“Full of milk?”

She nods. “What else would they be full of? Is that a super weird fantasy to admit to having?”

I run my hand through her hair. “No. It’s not.”

She raises an eyebrow. There’s nothing else to do but wait for the food to cook, so I step behind her and slip my hands

under her shirt. She gasps as I slide my hands around her tits, pinching her nipples.

“You’re so big and heavy already. To imagine you good and pregnant, your udders full of milk, your belly swollen, God... you’ll be sexier than you are now. And you’re really fucking sexy already so that’s saying something, Cookie.”

She cackles and shoots me a sinful glare. “I told you my most secret fantasy. What about you, Baker? What do you want out of life?”

I think of joking about leather and whips, but I instead play it straight. “I’ve already made more than enough money through my career out on the ice. I saved my money well, made good investments, and now I’m well off enough that I never have to work again if I don’t want to. I’ve had a weird and hectic life. Now I just want something more normal. Something quieter, simpler.”

“And that’s why you’re back in Linesworth.”

“Exactly. I want to settle down. Have a bunch of sons, and teach them how to play hockey. Teach them everything I know so that they can be even better players than I was, and better men than me too.” I keep gently kneading her breasts. Nothing strong enough to distract her, but just enough to keep the intensity rolling.

“That seems like a tall order if you’ve made millions on the ice, and you’re one hell of a man already.”

“I’ll try anyway.”

She chuckles, looking into my eyes. “You don’t seem like you’re planning on adopting all those sons, so I’m guessing you’re going to need a wife to make that happen, Baker.”

I share a deep, powerful gaze with her as I speak to her. “Yes. I will. And I’m looking at one hell of a candidate to make my dreams come true with, Cookie.”

She flutters her eyelashes, somehow seducing me with a simple facial expression.

I tear away from her. I turn down the stove. We did all the prep work, the hard part is done. As hungry as I am though, the metaphorical hunger has overtaken the literal hunger once again.

“What are you doing, Baker?”

“You, Cookie. I’m doing you,” I sweep her off the stool, carrying her away as she laughs playfully. “Dinner can wait.”

COOKIE

I INSPIRED SOMETHING AMAZING IN HIM. HE'S STORMING UP the stairs like a man possessed, carrying me in his arms. He damn near kicks open a door and hauls me over to a king-sized bed and plants me right on it. I bounce ever so slightly when I hit the mattress.

He plants a powerful kiss on me. His flannel shirt, which I put on not even an hour ago, is torn off me and thrown to the side. He wants me now, and he wants me bad.

I told him the truth. My odd fantasy, one that belies my age. While all my friends in high school were terrified of getting knocked up, I've been fetishizing it.

Of course, I want it to be with someone who truly loves me. And someone who will definitely care for me. I'm not so foolish as to just spread my legs for anyone. A family has to be started with a real man, and Baker is most definitely a real man.

He hurriedly undresses himself to join me in being naked, so we can fully enjoy one another's flesh once again. A kiss on my lips, as sweet and ecstatic as the last three dozen he has planted on me today.

Baker's body presses against mine, his presence radiating over me so magnificently. I feel his muscles, I feel his firmness as well as his softness. He really is the perfect man for me in every way I can imagine.

I feel his cock throb hard against my thigh. He seems to be harder than he ever was before, like he wants this most of all.

And I feel exactly the same.

“I need you. I’m taking you, Cookie. If you have any second thoughts, speak now or forever hold your peace, babe.”

I shake my head. “Take me. I’m more than ready for you, Baker.”

To drive my point home, I reach between us and take his cock into my hand, stroking him, guiding him. Feeling his cock inch closer to my sex, for him to claim me, to end my status as a virgin forever.

I’m nodding with enthusiasm, and he kisses me once more as his cock prods and pushes into my wet pussy. I’m tense, somewhat worried about a man of his size and how inexperienced I am, but I’m safe with Baker. He’ll take care of me, no matter what.

I shudder with anticipation for what’s to come as his cock inches into me, bit by bit, until I’ve suddenly taken all of him. All the worries and horror stories weren’t true, at least for me, because all I feel is pure pleasure. It must be the magic of my own personal Santa.

My heart pounds as I take all of him, surprised that I can. But I shouldn’t be. He’s been perfect in so many other ways, why would it stop here?

He holds me close, and shares another kiss, waiting for me to protest. “Give me all of it,” I whisper, a smile on my face to destroy all doubts.

Feeling his cock slide out of me, God, it feels so damn good. Once I get over my worries, it begins to really turn into something magical. The second time he penetrates me I’m hit with such a shock of pleasure I cry out for him.

His warm grasp keeps me comforted as I deal with the immenseness of everything coming my way. Of it all hitting me again, every stroke feeling more intense than the last. I look into his eyes, intense but caring all the same. He knows he’s so big compared to me, even if I never thought of myself as someone easily breakable. It’s the thought that counts and I love him for it.

Soon, I'm getting into the cycle, rocking into him with each and every penetration, grinding around his cock, trying to make my body squeeze and milk him just a little bit more. Bucking into every thrust. My arms wrap around his neck, my legs around his hips. All of it seems so instinctual, primal, as if I'm not consciously commanding my body to do it, all of it, as if this is how it was always meant to be.

He comes at me harder, faster. Every penetration shaking my body, every bit of it making me sing for him louder and louder. Our bond grows tighter, more intense, both of us so driven to please each other, all of this the natural pinnacle of everything that we've done with one another so far today.

"Fuck me. Give it all to me, I want all of it, Baker," I say, in varying degrees of coherence.

He grunts, so focused on fucking me, but he doesn't need words for this anyway. Every rut into me lets me moan louder for him, push back into him harder, yearn even more for what's to come.

His hand slides between us, finding my clit. As if I weren't weak enough for this man already. With perfect rhythm matched to our fucking, he rubs my clit, and God, it's simply too much for my inexperienced body to really cope with.

The tide inside me rises too fast, and it overwhelms me. What were erratic moans for him became consistent screams of ecstasy as I hit the peaks of pleasure and let the intense sensations wrack my body.

He must have been holding himself back, because my orgasm is all he needs for his own. His grip on me tightens, pulling me harder against him, thrusting deeper into me, so much more entwined. Deep within, I feel his cock throb, just as I felt it inside my mouth before, and soon he's exploding all of his heat, his seed, deep into my unprotected, fertile self.

I should have been more concerned about that, but it's the last thing on my mind. I honestly kind of want it, as irrational as it sounds, but nothing is rational when it comes to Baker and me.

All of him spent inside me, he collapses beside me, holding me. We share a long gaze into one another's eyes, everything feeling so loving, so perfect.

Too perfect. There has to be a catch. I'm no fool. Where's the snag? I've heard far too many stories of disastrous relationships to believe that the first man I found is some sort of hockey player version of a fairy tale prince.

Am I going to find out he snores? Has some disgusting habit? No. Those would be things I could cope with. It'll probably be far worse.

I lie there, lost in my thoughts, my anxieties ruining what should have been such a magical moment.

He caresses my hair, and whispers into my ear. "I do truly think I'm falling in love with you, Cookie."

I nod. I want to believe it, but my own brain won't let me.

"You're so young, though. I can't believe a young woman like you is already willing to settle down."

"You want to settle down with me?" I ask, a touch confused, still processing my feelings. "When we only just met? Isn't this a little fast?"

He grumbles, breaking away from me slightly. "That's what I thought you wanted. Don't tell me all of this was just so you could, uh... milk me." We both can't help but laugh. The absurdity of mentioning that now.

I sit up beside him. "I'm just struggling to think of why a man as good as you would settle for a simple small-town milkmaid. I'm nothing special."

There's an engine revving in the distance. I cock an eyebrow. The snow has slowed a bit, but the weather is still hardly drivable. A chainsaw maybe? It's an even worse time to do yard work.

"There's nothing simple about you, Cookie. I was fascinated by you just looking at you, but talking to you and being with you have turned a simple curiosity into so much more. I'm certain that you're everything I want in a woman."

Witty, wild, and able to keep up to me in every way that matters.”

I let out a deep sigh. I don't know what to think. He can't truly be genuine as he is, wearing his heart on his sleeve like this, can he?

A horn honks. What on earth is that?

I slide off the bed, my legs weak and jelly-like from everything I'd done in the past few hours. I go to the window and look down at the snow below.

A sleek purple snowmobile is sitting in the yard, and on top of it is the burly figure of my brother, Hood.

I hear the notification sound on my phone downstairs, and rush to it.

“What's up, Cookie?” Baker says as he follows me down.

“My brother is here,” I say as I get to my phone and read the message he sent me. “He's come to pick me up and take me home for Christmas.”

BAKER

SHE HAS NO MORE WORDS FOR ME AS SHE GETS DRESSED. Silently putting on the clothes she had so gleefully taken off before. To say it's disconcerting to me is a bit of an understatement.

"Thank you for your help," she says, the first words to me in what feels like forever. She's hobbling on her foot, her boot barely back on.

"Let me help you out."

"I'm... I'm fine, Baker. I can take enough steps to get out to my brother's snowmobile."

The truth is dawning on me as she heads out into the snow. Her brother meets her and helps her the rest of the way onto the back of the vehicle.

I let out a deep sigh, my heart heavy as they turn and burn into the distance.

In less than ten minutes I went from the highest of highs I've ever felt to absolutely and utterly crushed.

Looking for something to distract myself, I head into the kitchen and check on the meal we started cooking earlier.

It's dawning on me pretty hard what just happened. She's twenty years old. Me? I'm thirty-seven. She didn't lie to me either. She doesn't know what she wants to do with her life, because most twenty-somethings don't know what they want.

I knew from my teenage years I wanted to play pro hockey and everything had to go into that. Cookie? She wants to float around, try things, express herself, see what's waiting for her, play the field.

I'm such a fool.

So I eat my roast, my potatoes, my carrots all alone.

I saw the enthusiasm drain from her eyes as I brought up our future. At the time I thought it was so certain, with how she said being pregnant would be sexy, and shared her lactation fantasy with me.

That doesn't mean shit, I remind myself. A fantasy is a fantasy. People want all sorts of weird shit sexually, but it doesn't mean they want to deal with the real consequences of that fantasy.

After I eat my dinner, I'm on autopilot as I put everything away and am left pacing back and forth in my living room, wincing in self-loathing as I realize it's where Cookie and I explored one another's bodies mere hours before.

It's all on me. I just met her. Sure, I'd seen her from afar, but that meant nothing in the grand scheme of things. She was this curvy little minx I caught glimpses of, but after talking to her for a bit and fucking her once, I started talking about putting babies in her, marrying her, and declaring my one true love forever.

I'm so fucking pathetic.

I collapse into my bed, my memory blinking back to the wild sex I had with her. I can't get Cookie off my mind, and I can't sleep.

Baker Burns, two-time league MVP who brought the cup home multiple times, is brought to his knees and made into a gibbering mess by a small-town girl who delivers his milk.

The world is fucking weird.

After six hours of lying there trying to sleep and failing horribly, I get up, head down to the kitchen and start putting on coffee. It's just about sunrise now on Christmas day. I need

to make some calls and wish people Merry Christmas and all that, even if my heart isn't in it.

I was born in Linesworth, but my family has spread pretty wide across the country. My mother went off to Arizona, only because she thought Florida was too cliché. My little sister Tracy is over in Atlanta, prepping for a big ultramarathon that's coming up. She is just as gifted as I am when it comes to physical prowess, but I worry for her on those long runs.

With the time zone difference, this is probably when she's getting back from her morning jog, being the type that doesn't even let Christmas day stop her from training.

So it's a good time to dial her up.

It rings a few times before she picks up. "Baker? Awfully early for you to be calling. It's gotta be four in the morning still in Linesworth, ain't it?"

"That's about right, but I'm just calling to check up on my little sister and wish her Merry Christmas."

"That's sweet, Baker." There's silence. I can't see her, but I know her expression is cross now and if we were talking in person, she'd be staring at me. "What's going on?"

"What do you mean? You know I like to do an old-fashioned phone call to check up on family for the holidays."

"Yeah, you do, but one, it's usually not at four in the morning, and two, usually you don't sound super distressed."

Is it that obvious? Damn.

"What's bothering you? Come on. Tell me."

"I don't want to burden you on Christmas. And I don't want it to be sitting in your head for your marathon."

"No, instead I'm going to be worried about my brother while running along, wondering why he won't tell me what's wrong."

Damn, she's good. She's my little sister, yes, but the four years I have on her matter less and less as we get older.

“Is it a girl? Is big brother having girl problems?” she says in a friendly yet teasing tone.

“You really want to know my nonsense, Tracy?”

“I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want to know.”

I let out a long sigh. “Yes, it’s girl troubles. A girl named Cookie.”

She’s silent for a moment. “Her name is Cookie? Are you getting involved with strippers?”

“No, I’m not dating a stripper, Tracy.”

“Not that there’s anything wrong with dating strippers, I just figured you would be using her birth name when you talked about her.”

“Cookie is her birth name. Cookie Crumble, you know, from the Crumble Dairy Farm?”

She pauses again. “They named their daughter Cookie Crumble? On purpose?”

“Tracy, do you want to know what’s bothering me or do you want to keep asking unrelated questions?”

“Fine, fine. I guess our family doesn’t have room to talk, Baker Burns.”

“I think I’m just going to hang up, actually...”

“No, no, come on, Baker, I’m sorry. You sound pretty dour and I’m just trying to lighten the mood.”

Another long sigh. She means well. “I’ve had my eye on Cookie for a while. She’s absolutely beautiful. She’s the one doing the milk deliveries for her family’s dairy now. Yesterday there was a nasty blizzard moving in, but it didn’t stop her from doing her job, of course. She showed up to deliver my milk, but she had a little accident out front. Twisted her ankle, banged her head, but nothing major. I took her in and tended to her...”

“And you fell in love?”

“If you want to cut to the chase? Yes. We talked. We...” I pause, not wanting to give my sister all the explicit details of what Cookie and I did. “We got to know one another. Very, very well. We opened up to one another, thinking we were going to end up spending Christmas together due to the storm.”

“Sounds like a recipe for romance to me.”

“It was. I was really looking forward to it... then her big brother showed up with a snowmobile to rescue her. All of a sudden, she quickly took the opportunity to leave, and now I’m all alone, no words between us, no promise to get in touch again.”

“Oof. And I’m guessing I’m supposed to be reading between the lines here too, aren’t I?”

“I think I may have expressed myself too hard. The thing is, Tracy, she’s only twenty years old.”

“That young, huh? Being around a twenty-year-old sounds like a nightmare to me.”

“Usually I’d agree, but Cookie is special. She’s the one. Except I think she’s too young to agree with me. She has so much ahead of her, she doesn’t need to settle for a broken-down hockey player just yet.”

“Settle? For you? Hah!”

“What’s so funny?”

“You’re a millionaire, Baker. Not to get weird, but you’re also objectively handsome. I can see why a girl would be all over you.”

“Still...”

“Is any of this stuff she told you, Baker? Or is it all stuff you’re making up in your head?”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Did she tell you she’s too young to be with you? That she wants her options to be open? That you were laying it on too thick?”

I let out a long sigh. “No. They’re just my best guesses.”

“Then you don’t know if any of that is a fact. You know what the old man used to say.”

“Always fight for what you want out of life, even if others might think it’s crazy, and even if it might break you in the process.”

“Yup. Suck it up, Baker. Go talk to her. If what you fear really is the case, take the blow, grow, and try to move on with your life. If you spend forever wallowing in self-pity, I’m going to run all the way home just to kick your ass.”

I smile for the first time in a long while. “Thanks, Tracy. I needed to hear that.”

“Now go pay your love a visit. It’s Christmas day, ain’t it? Maybe bring her a nice present. Roses or something will probably do it.”

“Don’t think she’s a roses kind of girl, but I got a good idea of what to bring her anyway.” I don’t even know where to get roses in Linesworth on Christmas day.

“Whatever it is, good luck. And make sure you call Mom, she worries about you.”

I nod before hanging up.

I have plenty of time to check in with Mom, but before that I have to get some things going. I pull out sugar, flour, eggs, and butter, and get started putting together my gift.

One way or another, I’m not going to let uncertainty about Cookie reign over me, and I’ll find out how she feels before the day is done.

COOKIE

IT'S CHRISTMAS MORNING.

I should be feeling a whole lot more peppy about everything. Everyone's laughing, sipping cocoa. Dad's already gotten into the eggnog.

I guess I should have been happy that Hood came for me and I could spend Christmas with my family. Rainier and his girlfriend didn't make it, though – his cabin is pretty isolated and the snowmobile couldn't make it up there to pick them up.

My heart isn't with my family today, though. I just can't get my mind off Baker.

I should have said something to him. Maybe I should have invited him over. He's spending Christmas alone, after all, and no one should be alone on Christmas.

Instead I froze with indecision. Worries about what he's hiding, if anything. About how he seems too good to be true.

I welcomed my brother's heroic appearance as the perfect excuse to run away, and now I just feel empty and completely devoid of anything resembling Christmas cheer.

Seeing Mom and Dad look so happy together, it makes my heart throb for Baker. God, he seemed so hurt by my silence as I left too.

The lingering aches of everything we did still sit with me too, a constant reminder of the sheer joy that I felt with him.

“You okay there, semi-sweetheart?” my father asks as he comes up to the kitchen table and sets down his eggnog.

“I’m fine, Dad.”

“Are you now? You haven’t opened up any of your presents, and you’ve been sitting at this table brooding all morning. Not to mention the brooding you did last night during dinner.”

“Maybe I just need to brood.”

“You’re twenty, Cookie. Brooding and self-pity is for teenagers.”

“I never did it enough as a teenager so I’m making up for lost time.”

He takes a swig of the eggnog and laughs. “What’s the matter? Did something happen at Baker’s? Besides spraining your ankle and face planting in the snow, anyway.”

I twiddle my thumbs a bit. I feel embarrassed to even think about it. It makes me feel so incredibly childish.

“Come on, little girl. Tell me what happened. And I’m guessing it’s something good, because if he did anything to hurt you, you know me and your brothers would be heading over there right away to whip his ass.”

I shake my head instantly. “Whip his ass? Dad, no, it’s nothing like that. Baker did nothing wrong at all.”

“Then spill the beans, semi-sweetheart. What’s got you so down?”

I rub my temples. I ain’t getting out of this easily, am I? “I think I fell in love with him, Dad.”

He laughs his big, hearty belly laugh. “In just one day? I knew Baker Burns was charming, but that’s a hell of a thing to happen.”

I sink down, my head on the table. “You’re not making me feel better about this, Dad.”

“I’m not laughing at you, Cookie. It’s surprising, but then again I guess it’s not. Love is a weird thing, sweetie. It’s not

something we can control. If you love him, then you love him.”

“It’s just been one day, though. You said it yourself, it’s a bit silly.”

“But you love him all the same. And if it’s got you broken up like this, I really think you need to go and tell him.”

His words carry weight with me, but I’m still so hesitant. “You don’t think it’s just some young, stupid crush? That he’ll think I’m some foolish little girl?”

“If he does? Then it’s not meant to be. Nothing’s an absolute, semi-sweetheart. You just need to follow your desires and hope everything works out. Maybe you’ll have your heart broken, but nothing will feel worse than not letting him know how you really feel.”

I smile. If I am being young and foolish? I might end up making a young and foolish mistake. When it comes to love, I can’t live in total fear of making a fool of myself.

“Go for what your heart wants, dear. I kept this farm going rather than sell when I inherited it, despite so much of the family telling me to sell. And following my heart has paid off, don’t you think?”

I smirk and nod. “I think so.”

“Then you need to do the same. Do what your heart wants, even if it disagrees with your brain.”

“I think my heart wants Baker, Dad.”

Dad lets out his distinctive belly laugh again as his gaze shifts. “And here comes an unfamiliar truck. I’m starting to think you’re going to get to tell him a lot sooner than you think.”

I stand up and scramble over to the kitchen window, which points out at our driveway. A truck is there, snow-covered but familiar to me. It’s the one I’ve seen many times before – in front of Baker’s house when there aren’t ten feet of snow everywhere. “I thought the weather was too harsh for trucks. I

wouldn't be here if Hood wasn't stubborn and hadn't used his snowmobile.”

“I'm guessing Baker feels the same way as you do, and won't let things like literal tons of snow stop him from getting the woman he loves.”

In disbelief, I rush out of the kitchen. My ankle still hurts, but I don't care. I get my jacket, I slide on my boots, and I burst out the door.

Baker stands beside his truck, waiting for me.

BAKER

I STEP OUT OF THE TRUCK, MY BODY ACHING FROM ALL THE snow I had to shovel, but as I see her run out to me? It's all worth it.

"You... you came after me," she says, her eyes wide.

"I'd be a fool not to."

"You could have just called."

"This is not something I'm going to do over the phone, babe." I sigh, and pull a plastic container out from my truck, the gift that's been riding shotgun with me.

"What's that?"

"My apology." I hand her the container. "I know I came on a little strong yesterday, but I guess I couldn't help but let my heart flow for you, Cookie. You're something really special to me."

"These are..." she says as she fumbles with the container. "Sugar cookies?"

"I made them for you. Despite my name I've never been the best baker, but I followed my mother's recipe closely as I could. They're imperfect, just like I am, but I hope you'll enjoy them all the same."

She lets out a quiet laugh, beaming. "There's nothing wrong with how you acted yesterday, Baker. You acted honestly, and from the heart. And I had second thoughts, because I'm so young and inexperienced."

“Here I am, thinking you didn’t want me because you were young and inexperienced, and that you wanted to experience a lot more of the world.”

“No,” she says, shaking her head to drive the point home. “No, what I want is love, Baker. And I think I just may have found it with you.”

The weight lifts off my heart as I take her into my arms. “Me making assumptions, you being uncertain... we’re both a tad silly, aren’t we?”

“I’m named Cookie Crumble, and you’re named Baker Burns. I think we have no choice but to be a little silly, Baker.”

Instinct takes advantage of both of us as she places the cookies on the hood of my truck, her hands having something else they’d rather do at the moment. She throws her arms around my neck and we’re gazing into one another’s eyes, and it’s only natural for a kiss to follow. It’s powerful, potent, our tongues meeting, and electricity sparks between the two of us.

She blushes as I look over and see her brothers and father peering through the window, watching us.

She leans into me and whispers, “I want you to eat my cookie, Baker. And I want your milk too.”

I let out a deep laugh. “Then I think it’ll be best if you spend Christmas with me, babe.”

She flashes a glance toward her family. I think she’s communicating her intentions loud and clear, and they seem like smart enough folks to understand. She grabs the container full of cookies and rushes over to the passenger side of the truck.

I get back in and rev the engine, and we head down the hill and through the snow-covered streets of Linesworth. The whole time she’s nibbling on her lip, looking at me, barely holding herself back. She’s not a teenager anymore, but damn if she doesn’t seem to have the libido of one.

Arriving at my home, we pull up the path I shoveled out earlier. She’s still favoring her ankle as she moves, but I’m quick to sweep her off her feet.

“Gotta keep you off that or it won’t heal,” I say to her.

“Sorry, my mind isn’t focused on my health at the moment, I’m a bit preoccupied with something else.”

I know exactly what she means.

We get in out of the cold, and she sets down the container of cookies, bringing it back to where it started in the first place. She’s munching on one of them, that eternal smile glued to her face as I sweep her up again and set her down on the sofa.

“This cookie is really good – don’t knock your baking ability... uh... Baker.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

As she takes the last bite, though, she grabs my belt buckle. “I think they need some milk to go with them though.”

“Do they now?”

“Where better to get it than straight from the source?” She’s insatiable, and I fucking love it.

I love her.

The belt flies off, the button of my jeans is popped as she pulls them down my legs, and my boxers don’t last much longer. My cock gets erect at the mere thought of her at this point, so I’m already more than ready for her, her fingers quickly running down my length and igniting such wonderful feelings within me.

She’s on her knees in front of me, thankfully off her ankle. Small victories.

With her ready, I brace myself as she kisses my cockhead and then runs her tongue up and down my length, preparing me for the intensity of what’s to come.

Opening her mouth good and wide for me, she wraps those delightful lips right around my cock, and wastes no time consuming me whole. She’s built her confidence quickly. Our intense trysts have shown that there’s little we can do to one another that we won’t absolutely adore, and she’s doing well

in transforming from sweet little virgin to insatiable cocksucker.

When she takes all of me in, God, it's so damn incredible. The surge of it all coming my way, the tightness of her mouth around me, all of it so potent and strong. The way she looks up at me with such eagerness as she takes me deeper and deeper. Her tongue sliding around me down there.

I caress her head. She's so eager to please and I'm so eager to accept her. I run my fingers through her hair.

The thought of having her like this for the rest of my days, the thought of being able to taste her, enjoy her, and everything else, it's heaven all its own. To have her as my constant companion and soulmate is even better than all that. I never thought myself a saint, but damn, what did I do in my past life to deserve this?

She's bobbing up and down on my cock, skillfully stroking it when her mouth isn't doing the job. I completely believe her when she says she's never done it before, and that this is all enthusiasm and the desire to quickly learn.

She makes me so weak in the knees, it's a struggle to stay standing with everything she's doing to me. I'm surprised I'm not falling over from the sheer intensity of how she's sucking my cock.

I can't resist her for long. She wants a drink straight from the source and she knows how to get what she wants. I'm trembling as she licks up precum and just sucks me harder as a way of demanding more.

And I can't help but give it to her. The tension built inside of me gives way to orgasm, the release so potent and powerful, surging through my entire being.

I erupt into her mouth, which is tightly closed around my cock. She knows it's coming, and is deepthroating me to get every last drop of it she can from me.

Even Cookie has her limits though. My cum explodes out of me, some of it leaking out of her mouth and turning her into the sexiest mess I've ever seen.

“You’re just too damn good at that, babe,” I say, caressing her.

“I know exactly what I want. It’s you, and everything about you, Baker.”

I help her to her feet and embrace her. I hold her close, kiss her. I don’t care if she sucked my cock just now, as far as I’m concerned both she and I are one, and we enjoy one another to the absolute fullest.

“There’s no way a man can resist falling in love with that,” I say to her. “I love you, Cookie. And I can’t wait to see where our love takes us.”

“I love you too... and I think it’s going to take us on some very fun and very wild adventures, Baker.”

The past twenty-four hours have been the most exciting of my life, and I played professional sports for a decade and a half.

I have to say that her analysis of our future is absolutely correct.

I can’t wait.

EPILOGUE

COOKIE

ONE YEAR LATER

Oh sweet, sweet Ginger. How precious she is.

Baker and I didn't waste any time. We spent the whole week between Christmas and New Year's getting to know one another and definitely deciding that our lust was love. He proposed on Valentine's Day and I revealed that I was already a few weeks pregnant when I said yes to him.

We fast-tracked the marriage, saying our vows in June, me wearing a nice little baby bump to go with my flowing white gown as I walked down the aisle.

We had a sweet little honeymoon in Hawaii and now we're back in Linesworth enjoying our lives to the fullest.

Which is more of a vacation for me than the honeymoon. I don't know if it's because I'm pregnant, but I've always liked the chilly winters more than the hot summers, especially in a place like Hawaii.

Now it's the first Christmas Eve of our marriage, our lovely baby daughter only a few months old. I caress her cheek, she is sound asleep, and I double-check to make sure the baby monitor is working. It's time to give Baker his Christmas present, but I know that babies don't really develop respect for the holiday until maybe their third birthday if you're lucky.

I'm in a nice lacey set of red lingerie, appropriate for the season – a bright red thong with garters and a bra that hardly covers anything. My big, plump tits overflowing the cups. My figure recovered nicely since the birth, but even if it hadn't, I don't think Baker would have cared. He was all over me throughout all nine months of the pregnancy, and part of me expects he wants to get me back into that shape as soon as he can.

I grab the red Santa hat with the little white ball at the end, and saunter down the stairs, seeing my love sitting on the sofa, his laptop open. He's not the type to work himself to death,

especially on Christmas Eve, so whatever he's doing isn't remotely important.

So I stand in front of him, hands on my hips, chest out, and giving him the look I have worked hard to perfect these past few months.

It's hard to see how much progress I've made, since no matter how I look at him, he's ready and raring to take me.

Baker sees me, and switches from his 'mildly interested internet browsing' face to his 'I want to fuck you' face.

The laptop is gently set down on the side table moments after.

"I'm ready for my milking, Santa," I say in my most seductive of voices.

"Oh ho ho ho," he replies, enjoying our little roleplay. "Santa does like milk with his Cookie."

I then sit down on Santa's lap, placing the hat on his head, and he's more than ready to accept me. We share a brief kiss before his attention is drawn elsewhere, those lips of his going lower on my body toward my bra. Wanting to waste no time, I unhook it, and let my still-sensitive breasts fall free.

He's quick to seize on the opportunity. Baker's mouth playfully latches onto my tits, and he suckles me.

My breasts are so sensitive now, I can't help but gasp when he kisses them. Pregnancy has made them literally full of milk and has made bra shopping a bit of a pain, but the joys Baker brings me easily outweigh any inconveniences.

I know as long as Ginger and Baker keep at me, though, they'll stay full, and I have more than enough for both of them.

Baker shows proper attention to both of my tits, little prickling sensations shooting through both of them.

My smile grows as I enjoy his lips around my teats. He's tender, but not so light that I don't even feel him there, still firm enough to stimulate me in the right places.

All the while his hands explore my body, leaving gooseflesh in his fingers' wake. Down the rest of my form, my thighs, my ass, zeroing in on the area between my legs. His left hand runs over the thong, pushing the slip of satin aside, and his fingers stroke my throbbing pussy. I have gotten to know his touch so well over the past year, and I've never grown tired of it. If anything, my anticipation for everything he can do to me has only grown.

I yearn for every suckle, every sip of my milk, the jolts of bliss so wonderful. I don't think he's getting very much milk out of the exchange, but I don't think he cares either. He applies more and more pressure, with tender lip-to-lip kisses between them. We're both giggling, having the time of our lives, and I unbutton his shirt to get at that manly chest of his.

I lean into him with a whisper. "The doctor says I'm as recovered as I need to be, Baker."

"Oh? It's time?"

I nod with a smile. You never want to go smashing in after something as major as giving birth. We have sated one another's lusts in other ways since Ginger entered our lives, but we're both eager to go back to the old-fashioned way, the way that will help our family grow, because we certainly don't want our new baby to grow up an only child.

"Yeah, it's time. I know you got plenty saved up for me, Santa. I'm ready to get my gift," I say as I slide off him, slyly doing a striptease with what little I have on, until all I am wearing are the garters, because I knew he's the type of man who likes them, and I'll do anything I can to drive him a little bit more crazy.

I shake my ass at him, and that's all he needs to be on me. He steps behind me, his hands holding my big, milky tits again, massaging me, letting the bliss surge through me as he kneads my breasts. He spins me back around, my pussy aching for his big, thick cock to fill me up.

I undo his slacks and let them fall to the floor, and he steps out of them. I take hold of his big, meaty cock, already rock-

hard for me. I expect nothing less. It rubs against my pussy lips.

His cock easily finds my center, giving me what I've thirsted for so strongly these past few months. Feeling him fill me up me, the great surge that comes with his huge dick, I absolutely fucking love every bit of it. He fills me so damn well, and I cry out for him.

"Oh how I need this, you. How I've waited for this," he whispers, the heat of his breath tickling my ear.

"I've missed your cock inside of me so much."

He responds to my words with a powerful thrust, a dominant surge of sensation rippling through me and almost knocking me over. He's there to catch me and to hold me, though, guiding me down to the plush carpet, and holding me steady with his hands on my hips.

This carpet is a common destination of our love for one another, and I have to say I'm grateful Baker invested in something so comfortable long ago.

On all fours now, he's behind me, fucking me gently but at an increasing pace. We're like animals, and neither of us would deny it. Both of us are going for maximum pleasure and enjoyment, without any restraint or decency. We're here for one another and only for one another.

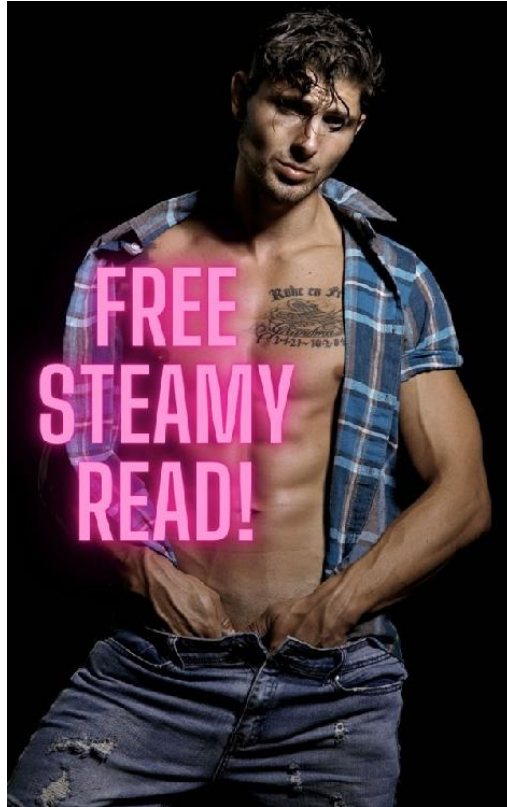
Every thrust is met by the buckling of my hips. We've learned so much about one another, and are in tune with one another's desires so completely now. Our sex has only gotten better, the passion of a new love never truly fading.

It's all I can ever wish for. A man who loves me more than anything, and the start of a wonderful family. This is only the start of countless blissful decades we'll spend together, and I'll be devoted to him forever more, just as he'll be devoted to me.

Although there may be years between us, it's nothing when our hearts want what they want.

As Baker fucks me, building such pressure and anticipation in me, I can only smile and yearn for the future to come, fueled forever by our undying love and lust.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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Frankie Love writes filthy-sweet stories about bad boys and mountain men. Frankie is ridiculously in love with her own bearded hottie, believes in love-at-first-sight, and happily-ever-afters. She also believes in the power of a quickie.

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