



*Time Waits for*  
**SNOWMAN**

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# **Time Waits for Snowman**

**Serendipity Bluffs**

**Book 2**

**Mayra Statham**

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# Blurb

Getting snowed in with Olive Palma shouldn't have changed the way Bruce Frost saw his best friend and right-hand girl, but somehow it did.

He can't stop looking at her. Thinking about her. Trying to find a way to touch her.

The pull toward her is killing him.

Too bad he has no idea Olive has been waiting what feels like her entire life for Bruce to make a move. Positive he won't, she decides to become a mail-order bride. She wants more to her life than playing a supporting character in someone's life. She wants to be the center of someone's universe.

When Bruce finds out that time waits for snowman, he will do anything to have Olive wear his ring.

By any means necessary.

**\*\*Cozy up with a steamy cup of hot cocoa and snuggle in! This is going to be a sensual, fiery-hot read with an OTT dirty-talkin' mountain man daddy who finally sees the gem of a woman he stupidly overlooked. Daddy's dirty mouth will have you blushing and looking at strawberries and cream in a whole new way!\*\***

# Chapter 1

# Bruce Frost

“Olive!” I called out, rolling my head from side to side. The knots in my shoulders and neck were killing me. But that’s what working nonstop did to you. “Olive!” I shouted again when I felt fingers poke my side behind me and I jumped.

The sound of feminine laughter filled the kitchen and did funny things to my heart. It had been doing shit like that since the blizzard we’d spent together.

*Daddy wants her so damn bad. My body was wound up tight. There was that damn word again!*

“You bellowed.” Olive playfully lowered her own voice in an attempt to mimic mine, but I just stared at her blankly. Careful not to show her how I felt. How much I wanted her hands on me.

Because if I did, not only was I risking losing my right-hand gal, my most valued employee, but I also risked losing my best friend. And the thought alone of the latter was too much for my poor heart to handle.

I’d grown up with Olive Palma.

We had always got along alright. Great, even. She always wrangled me into being her partner in crime for whatever scheme she had up her sleeve. But somehow, through the years, I’d never seen her as more than a buddy.

Until the blizzard a week ago.

*That damn blizzard.*



We'd been stuck together, and when the snow had started to come down way too fast for her to try and drive into town, I'd insisted she stay at my place. It hadn't been a big deal. We fell asleep on the couch together, cuddling to keep warm.

The funny part was we'd done that countless times.

Watched movies, or after a particularly tough week, we would toss back a couple and just hang out. She had always been my buddy. My best friend. One of the guys. But that night, I'd woken up to her shivering next to me, burrowing her soft curvy body into mine, and I'd been hard. Rock hard. In the haze of sleep and arousal, I had leaned in close, about to kiss her, when she'd woken up.

We hadn't said a word.

Still hadn't talked about it.

But every night of the blizzard, we found a way to end the evening the very same way.

Now, as she stood close enough for me to smell the soft berry and light floral notes of the perfume she'd always worn, my hands ached to touch her. *Literally ached.*

"What's up, boss man?" she asked, her head tilted and her black hair falling in waves around her face. It was shiny and looked so soft. Dewy.

Fuck. Keeping my hands to myself was easier said than done.

"You should head home. It's getting late," I rumbled under my breath, trying to avoid her and her annoyingly beautiful face. *How have I never noticed how fucking gorgeous she is? How have I missed that? Had I always felt this way around her?*

"Oh." Her shoulders dropped, and I was the only one responsible for the disappointment in her dark brown gaze. "You don't want to do movie night?" she asked, her eyes pinned on mine. I felt like I was under a microscope. She would know if I lied. She knew me well enough.

*She's your best friend*, a voice in the back of my head reminded me for no damn reason. *She doesn't see you like that, dumbass! Don't screw things up!*

I knew what she was.

My best friend and the only woman who seemed to hold my attention. Had it always been like that, and I'd just been too dense and self-absorbed with the tree farm and bed and breakfast to notice? *Have I been taking her for granted all this damn time?*

"Not tonight. My back's killing me." I mumbled, glad it wasn't a complete lie. I felt like the lowest of the lows, a total asshole, when worry flashed in her eyes.

"You work too hard," she scolded softly.

"Olive," I warned because this was not a new argument. But she didn't catch it or care. Olive just rolled her sultry dark eyes with clear frustration. I turned my attention from her and moved it to the plate on the counter. The cold dinner our cook had left me stared back at me.

"Can I help?" she asked. My body stilled, along with my heart.

"Help?" I rasped, holding my body still.

My eyes shut and my head fell forward when her hands touched my shoulders and she squeezed. A deep moan tumbled past my lips. Her touch was exactly what I needed. What I craved. As the seconds turned into a minute, my body was quick to react.

I could feel her heat radiating against my back. Part of me was glad I'd taken my hoodie off. Who the hell was I kidding? I wanted to thank my lucky stars above I had. The heat and strength of her touch made the tension in my muscles quickly melt away. She made this unevolved part of me wake up and take notice.

"You're so tense," she whispered. She wasn't wrong.

How the hell could I be anything but tense when I could feel her breathing by my neck? Because of our height

difference, I knew she was standing on the little step stool we kept in the kitchen. I'd told her it was for the guests or our other employees, but to be honest, I'd bought it for her.

She was five foot nothing.

I couldn't count how many times I had caught her doing all sorts of crazy-ass acrobatics to reach things on the top shelves when she had first started to work for me, when we had opened up the bed and breakfast. Mostly thanks to her pushing me to do it.

"Relax, Bruce. I got you," she reassured me. My dick strained against the zipper of my jeans. Fuck, I was so hard, I was pretty sure I would have the imprint of the damn thing on my shaft for the next month.

My eyes tightened and my hands fisted at my sides. Jesus, I loved the way she said my name. How the hell hadn't I noticed that before? I had to put a stop to this, and fast. If not, I'd likely do something crazy. Like swoop around, pick her up, sit her on the counter, and make her my new favorite snack. My arms rose, and my hands covered hers at my shoulders.

I turned to look into the eyes of the woman I wanted.

Needed.

Loved.

I was fully ready to tell her to quit rubbing my shoulders but was too damn weak to spit out the words. I couldn't get them out. Not when it felt so damn good my mind wandered to how her touch would feel on other places of my body. How she would take care of her man.

Her daddy.

I had to get my mind out of the gutter.

I needed to tell her to quit and take her hands off me, but the words died on my tongue like they had all damn week when I looked at her.

"What is it, Bruce?" she asked. My gaze dipped down to her lips. The tip of her pink tongue poked out and licked her top lip. "Bruce?" she whispered my name again.

I couldn't say a thing.

I couldn't think of anything but what those pillowy lips would feel like against mine. What kissing that little birth mark above her lip would be like.

I shook my head and forced my body out of her range before I did something stupid like kiss my best friend. She didn't need me pawing and gawking at her like some horny creep.

Olive Palma didn't see me that way.

The sooner I got over whatever spell had been cast over me during that damn blizzard, the quicker things could get back to normal. Too bad I was so stuck in my head I didn't notice the hurt or disappointment in her dark eyes.

Didn't see my best friend wanted me just as much as I wanted her.

I'd soon find out time waited from snowman.

# Chapter 2

# Olive Palma

“**B**ruce?” I whispered his name, but he didn’t hear me, or chose not to. *Ouch. That hurts.*

He’d been acting funny since the blizzard. Part of me wondered if he was getting tired of me. Or worse, Bruce Frost had started seeing someone.

I’d been in love with my best friend since I’d moved to Serendipity Bluffs as a teenager. Five years ago, I had talked him into giving me a job when he and his brothers finally decided to turn the big main house on Frost Tree Farms into a bed and breakfast.

But I had been young, shy, and gullible.

Working closely with Bruce, I had been so sure I would get over my schoolgirl crush on him. Instead, it had made him completely irresistible. Living in a small town where everyone knew one another and was all up in one another’s business, I couldn’t do something crazy like hit on my big, burly boss who had a great laugh.

Instead, we had become closer than best friends. And I’d done everything in my power to become indispensable to him. But being friend-zoned by the man you were head over heels in love with sucked.

Then a blizzard hit last week, and we’d been snowed in.

Together.

The B&B had been full, so the two of us had crashed at his cabin at the end of every night. Just like we had a bunch of

times in the past. But when the power went out, we'd camped out in his living room as he got a roaring fire going and we drank a bottle of mulled wine we usually gifted our guests.

One bottle turned to two and then three.

Waking up in his arms in the light of a new day had been perfect. Everything I had thought it might be. He'd pulled me into his arms at some point during the night, and one of my legs had been tossed over his muscular thigh.

For a moment, time seized to exist. All I knew was I had opened my eyes to him leaning closer, almost like he was thinking about kissing me. My heart stopped right then and there when I'd seen it in his eyes.

Attraction.

Desire.

Hunger.

Lust.

Or at least I had thought that's what it was.

Not that I was that experienced.

He'd pulled away, and we hadn't talked about it. But we hadn't stayed away from one another either. Those three days and three nights stuck in his cabin had been perfect.

We'd laughed.

Cuddled.

Everything we already did on a normal basis but just a little more hands-on, a little more touchy-feely than usual.

I hadn't missed the way he always found a way to touch me. My arm. My face. Pulling me in for hugs that lasted a little longer. And I had eaten it up. Soaking in every moment.

And we'd ended every night together.

Camped out in front of his fireplace, sleeping on a mattress he'd pulled out of his guest room.

But once the blizzard finished, so did his attention.

If anything, I could bet serious money he was doing everything he could to avoid me the last three days. Tonight proved my theory. We *never* missed movie night.

I shook my head and walked into the small kitchen area of the studio apartment I rented over Red's Diner and started making myself some hot cocoa. I glanced at my small tree set up in the corner by my bed and sighed.

Christmas had come and gone, and for the fifth year in a row, Santa didn't bring me the one thing I wanted. My one true holiday wish. *Don't be an idiot, Olive*, I chastised myself. The one thing I wanted was unobtainable. Wanting Bruce Frost was like wishing for the moon to fit into my hands.

Impossible.

I pulled out mini marshmallows and added a couple to the top, and then a few more. You could never have too many mallows in hot cocoa.

I walked over to my comfy reading chair and set my mug to the side to let it cool down. I started scrolling through my social media when something caught my eye. Scrolling back, I grinned at the ad. ***Hitched & Wed!*** More than a dating app! I clicked on the ad, and it took me to their site. It was an app. A modern-day mail-order bride service.

*Are you over dating? Yes!*

*Playing games? God, yes!*

*Giving your attention to someone who doesn't see you? Oh my god, is this thing watching me? It's like it knows my situation!*

*Not at Hitched & Wed! No games. No bull. Looking for that one person to spend your forever with? Sign up today!*

Mail-order bride service.

Huh.

The screen changed to my friend Coco Ramos' face. ***Coco Calling...*** my phone blared. I pressed answer.



“Hey! Sorry to interrupt movie night!” she said, and my smile dropped.

“You’re not.” I cut her off. The other line went silent.

“He canceled movie night?” she asked quietly. She knew what that meant to me.

“I told you. He’s avoiding me.”

“Maybe... maybe—”

“Maybe nothing.” I laughed and shook my head, resting it against the high back of my recliner. “Maybe it’s time I had to face facts. It’s time for me to move on.”

“Olive—”

“Someone out in the webs knows it, too!” I muttered.

“What do you mean?”

“I just came across a modern-day mail-order bride service. If that’s not big brother telling me I need to make a change, I don’t know what is.”

“Oh, come on!” Coco laughed. “That’s probably just a new type of dating service. Like the new version of Tinder.”

“Nope, it said mail-order bride,” I muttered.

“Imagine it being that easy? Just put in what you’re looking for, what you want out of life, and boom! Matching you with someone who wants to build something similar,” she said softly, almost sadly.

“Bad day?” I asked. Coco was brilliant and usually bubbly. Not even her cheating and conniving ex-husband had been able to break her spirit.

And, boy, he had tried.

Out of the blue, he had crushed her heart after a round of IVF hadn’t worked out. Turned out her dentist husband had been cheating for a while with his very young receptionist. His now very pregnant receptionist. A receptionist he had no problems showing off his new relationship throughout our small town.

“I bumped into them again.” She sighed. My heart ached for her.

“What about you and I sign up for this Hitched and Wed thing?” I offered and got the laugh from her I had hoped I would.

“Ha-ha! No thanks. I don’t know about walking down the aisle anytime soon... or ever again.”

“What about swiping left?” I suggested and loved the sound of her laughter.

“I don’t know... hookups can get kind of... messy.”

“Hmm, you ever going to tell me about your messy blizzard hook-up?” I asked. She’d most definitely hooked up with someone, but she wouldn’t share.

“Nope.” The ‘p’ popped, and it was my turn to laugh.

“Come on! We’re best friends,” I pleaded even though I knew firsthand how stubborn she was.

“I know, and because of that, it’s better you don’t know. No one will ever know. Trust me.”

“Who was it? Did you boink Pastor Bill?” I asked and heard her gasp on the other end of my cell.

“No! Oh my god! Olive!”

“What? He looks like he would have been hot once upon a time!”

“He’s eighty, Olive! If I hooked up with him, I would be too scared he’d break a hip thrusting into me.” We both cackled and caught our breath.

“Fine. Not Pastor Bill. Was it... the new bartender at Hopper’s?”

“No. But he is kinda cute.” She wasn’t wrong. “Trevor has total silver fox vibes with that big D energy, if you know what I mean,” she shared. I nodded as I sipped my hot cocoa.

“Agreed. I think it’s that swagger he has. That confidence of his. You know he’d be amazing in bed,” I added, and she

agreed.

“Daddy vibes for sure,” she said, and I coughed.

My hot cocoa almost spurted out of my nose. *Daddy vibes*. I didn’t see it, but maybe that was because the only man I ever felt those vibes was from Bruce. “You can’t say that stuff without warning me!” I wiped my face with the back of my sleeve.

“Let me guess, hot chocolate?” She laughed, and I snorted.

“Ouch!” I whined dramatically. “Come on, one hint? Just something teeny tiny,” I begged.

“Hmm...” she sounded and then made my day. “Teeny tiny, he was not,” she shared, and for a moment, silence filled the line before we both burst into laughter.

“Yes! Love it! Totally jealous and wish you would give me a better hint, but I’m glad that even though it was messy, you had fun. Or I hope you did. You did, right?”

“The most fun I’ve ever had in my life,” she said wistfully, for a moment dropping her guard. “And that includes fun I’ve had with my battery-operated boyfriend.”

“Love that! Good for you. Whoever he was.”

“Yeah,” she breathed out. “Whoever he was,” she whispered almost to herself, leaving me more confused about the identity of her hookup. “So... What are you going to do about the Boss Man?”

“Well, I’d call him daddy if he asked me.” I could hear her own snort and splutter on her end before she came back.

“We’re so even! I cannot believe you said that!”

“It’s true, though... but no point even going down that lane. I think... I need to start dating.”

“Yeah? I’ll hook you up! My cousin Colt—”

“Not Colt!” I laughed. “That poor guy. You try to hand him off to everyone. First Laurel and now me?”

“Colt and I and you know he was only there to help Oakley shove his big old head out of his ass when it came to Laurel.”

“I guess.”

“And now they’re together! So, my crazy plan helped!”

“They are.” I smiled. I’d seen them at the farm earlier in the morning. Hand in hand, looking at one another with stars in their eyes as little hearts floated up above their heads.

“Why are men such a pain in the ass?” Coco asked under her breath.

I couldn’t help but think about Bruce. He was a pain in the ass. Stubborn and set in his ways. But I couldn’t help overlooking those qualities when so many other ones outshined and made me fall deeper in love with him.

He worked hard.

Loved his family.

Was loyal and strong in his convictions. I could only imagine what Bruce Frost would be like as a boyfriend. Or a husband to someone one day. The thought weighed heavily in my stomach, like oil rising above water. If I stuck around the bed and breakfast and Frost Tree Farm, I’d see it one day. He’d marry someone and start a family.

Then I would become sad, lonely Auntie Olive.

But I wouldn’t have cats, since I was allergic. But I’d have a bunch of dogs. My eyes drifted around my small apartment, and my lips wobbled. The thought was depressing because a dog would be so unhappy in such a small space.

“I better get going. I just wanted to check in on you,” Coco said. I cleared my throat, doing my best not to hint at the sadness that had suddenly settled over me.

“Thanks, babe. Brunch this Sunday?” I asked before biting the inside of my cheek.

“Sounds great!” We ended our call, and I rested my cell on my lap as I looked out at the TV that had some Hallmark

holiday movie on.

It was my secret guilty pleasure.

Something I never suggested during Bruce and my movie nights because I worried he'd make fun of me. Just like the feelings I had for him that I'd kept shoved deep down all this time.

I grabbed my phone and went back to looking at the site.

Modern-day mail-order brides.

The site had testimonials and explained the process. All I had to do was sign up and answer a couple of questions. I set it back down next to my hot cocoa and walked toward the big window that overlooked downtown. My apartment faced a couple of businesses.

One of them was our local brewery, Hopper's and Ale.

I froze at the familiar frame getting out of an even more familiar blue truck.

*Bruce.*

He'd cancelled our movie night but had enough time to go get a drink. *Probably to meet someone.* The heavy feeling returned to my gut, and I forced myself to step away from the window. He hadn't been tired.

No. Not at all. He just hadn't wanted to spend time with me. The realization stung. *Bad.*

Whatever I'd done, there was no doubt about it now—he was putting space between us. A lot of it. *Fine.* If that's what Bruce wanted, I'd give him a lot of space. I had no huge ties to Serendipity. Coco, Laurel, and I would keep in touch no matter what. I couldn't keep pining away for him to see me as more than an employee or buddy. I had to make an effort, or I'd stay stuck and watch my life happen from the sidelines.

I walked directly to where I had left my phone and downloaded the app.

I was done wasting my time. I needed more, and there was nothing wrong with that. Life was too short, and time waited

for snowman, damn it!

# Chapter 3

# Bruce

I scratched the back of my neck as I looked out the window of my office. New Year's Eve was two days away. The B&B was booked solid, and my employees were all present and accounted for. The farm was quiet. We'd had a good season despite having been hit with a blizzard, and everything was running smoothly.

Everyone was in good spirits as they looked forward to the start of the new year.

I should have been able to relax, but I was completely wound up.

Tight.

From where I sat in my office in the back of the bed and breakfast, I could see my girl, but she couldn't see me. She was in the rose garden she had pressed me to start a couple of years back. Despite the cold weather, the rose bushes were heavy with bright blooms. Blooms that paled in comparison to how beautiful my girl was.

*My girl.* I needed to stop calling her that. Even if I was only calling her that in my head, I needed to stop.

She wasn't mine.

She was my best friend, and that was the only way Olive looked at me. There had been a month or two when she had first started working at the B&B when she might have been interested in me. I wasn't full of myself. I knew I'd been blessed when it came to the genetics lottery. I'd never had any trouble with the ladies.



Not that I'd had a date since Olive had started to work for me.

She might have been my employee, but the friendship we had started as teens come to fruition easily was beautiful. *Priceless*. Olive had been my first and only employee when my brothers and I had decided to convert the main house on our property into a B&B. We had grown closer with every possible thing life and the old Victorian house had tossed in our direction.

The frown on my face turned into a scowl as I watched her. She was on her phone, smiling. Talking away to god only knew whom. Something was up with Olive, but she wasn't telling me one thing about it.

I might have been avoiding her, but after the night I canceled our usual movie night, it felt like something had happened. Something had shifted overnight with her. She was now the one avoiding me. She left every room I was in as fast as she could.

And I didn't like it.

I wanted to grab her, bring her into my office, and drape her over my knee. Spanking her behind closed doors until she confessed to whatever the hell was bugging her.

My hands clenched and relaxed at the thought of getting them on her round, perfect cheeks. Her crying out to me, saying my name or calling me daddy.

*Daddy.*

I shook my head and swallowed hard. My mouth felt dry. I was parched. I had no idea where the term had come from. I was more than old enough and had had my share of experiences, but I'd never craved to hear a woman call me that.

Only Olive.

*My Olive.*

My good girl.

For a moment, I let my mind wander down a road I had no business taking. What it would be like to make her mine. Completely. What it would mean to be her daddy. The thoughts turned darker. Twisted in a way I knew I could never want anything but that.

My body craved it.

My heart did, too.

I needed to be the one to take care of her. Protect her. Make sure she ate and was careful because my girl always found a way to get herself into some kind of trouble. I wanted to be sweet at every turn with her, but the moment she misbehaved, I'd have the honor and privilege of disciplining her.

Of being her daddy.

My dick twitched uncomfortably behind the heavy weight of my denim jeans. I couldn't very well leave my office to do all the things that needed to be taken care of sporting a goddamn erection. I stood and walked to the door, setting the lock in place to make sure I wouldn't be interrupted.

*Jesus Christ.* How many times had I done this very things since the blizzard?

Locked myself away so I could jerk off to dirty, filthy thoughts of my beautiful Olive. But today, I took it a step further. I moved toward the window, keeping in mind to stay off to the side so she wouldn't see me. I undid my pants, and my cock sprung out. I hadn't bothered with any boxers today. I stroked myself, watching her tend to her roses. She bent over almost as if the little brat knew my eyes were on her. My fist tightened around my shaft, and I bit my lower lip a little harder. My breathing was uneven as she stretched and bent again, her ass perfectly up in the air. What I would do to have the farm all to ourselves one day. Knowing no one's eyes would be on her because I sure as fuck didn't share.

Not when it came to my Olive.

I'd walk up behind her and pull those dark yoga pants she liked to wear down her waist and ass. But not all the way, just

to mid-thigh. I would bring my hand up and smack that ass, watching it jiggle and dance. My handprint would bloom to life on her soft creamy skin. Fuck, even in my fantasies she had me on edge and ready to blow. Fluid leaked from the tip, and my balls drew up tight. I had to use my free hand to hold myself up against the frame of the window.

I'd kneel at the temple of her body, and she would gasp. Make sweet little purrs as I ate her. I wouldn't stop until I coaxed two orgasms out of her. That sweet honey of hers would drip and coat her inner thighs. Make her nice and messy. Olive's sweet cries would echo into the fresh air; her voice would go hoarse from calling my name.

Shouting out, "Daddy!" in that pretty voice of hers.

But I wouldn't stop.

My teeth gritted as my eyes shut, and a groan vibrated through me as I thought of what it would be like to sink deep into her. How snug she would feel, her pussy molding around my dick. Sweat rolled down the temples of my face. My jaw clenched as my breathing turned jagged. I was so close. My eyes opened, trained on my best friend, my best girl, my everything.

"Olive!" I grunted, trying to muffle her name as my release came tumbling forward. "Olive, baby! My good girl." I groaned again as my knees weakened and my orgasm powered through me. Ribbon after ribbon of my spent splashed against the window frame, dripping down to the floor.

*What a fucking mess.*

I turned and leaned against the wall, resting my head against the cool wood. "Fuck." I breathed in as I tucked my dick back into my pants. The fucker was still half hard, and I had a feeling he wouldn't give up until he had the real thing.

Until we had Olive.

Catching my breath, I made quick work of cleaning up the mess I'd made and headed to the kitchen to make sure lunch was being prepared. Not that our cook, Callie, would miss a step. Callie was great and a godsend. Before she started

working for us last year, all we offered our guests were sub sandwiches at lunch and food we catered in from Red's Diner for dinner.

I stepped in, surprised to find Olive already there. Her attention back on her phone as she ate bright-red strawberries. Juice formed at her lips, and she licked it away. My cock slowly came back to life, and my frown deepened.

"Who you talking to?" I asked. She jumped. Obviously hadn't noticed me.

"No one," she laughed, setting her phone down on the kitchen counter. "Callie is serving lunch."

"It's early," I muttered, and she made a face.

"It's one," she clarified. I looked at my watch. Fuck, my alone time had taken longer than I'd thought.

"Right. What's going on? How's everything?" I asked nervously, and she shrugged.

"Fine. Guests are happy, and Bill and Jen got all the rooms done in record time today."

"What about you?"

"Me?" Her head tilted. Almost like she was surprised by my question.

"Hi! Olive?" A woman poked her head into the kitchen. She was a guest who had checked in two nights earlier. "I'm sorry to interrupt, but I had a question about that brewery you mentioned when we checked in."

"I'll be right there." With that, I watched Olive leave the kitchen and me. Without a word or glance back.

*Nope, I don't like it. I miss her.*

Her phone chimed on the counter, and I snuck closer to it. Flipping it over, I noticed it was locked. Olive never had her phone locked. It pinged again, this time with a message from something called *Hitched & Wed*. They had a match for her. I set it down and stared at it. Match? For my good girl?

I shook my head, and in a trance, I walked away, finding my way back to my office.

*Hitched & Wed. A match.*

Was she trying out online dating?

She had never dated, not that I knew of, at least. What the hell? I rubbed my chest and sat in front of my laptop. Without giving it a second thought, I Google searched the app. My heart dropped to my feet when I found it.

*Hitched & Wed. A modern-day mail-order bride program.*  
What the ever-loving hell was this?

*Olive wants to marry a stranger?*

My best friend was crazy. She'd done a lot of whacky things since we'd met, but this? What was she thinking? What the hell would possess her to do shit like this? She had no regard for her safety. No damn common sense. My hands itched to spank her ass until she apologized for being so reckless.

I went down a rabbit hole researching the site and even created a fake profile for myself. I lost track of time again, something I had never done, but I knew who I had to blame.

Olive.

Olive Ramos and her sweet smile and the way her laughter did things to my body. As if hearing me think about her, she knocked on the door of my office. My head drew upward as I quickly shut the screen of my laptop.

"What's up?" I clipped a little too roughly and cleared my throat.

"You've been in here all day," she observed. I could see the cautious manner she did it in. Like she was worried about pissing me off. *Too late on that.*

"Work," my voice rasped as an excuse. She didn't need to know I had gone snooping through her cell.

"Right." She gave me a sad smile that had me sitting up straighter. "Well, I just wanted to see if you needed anything

before I head home?” I frowned and crossed my arms in front of my chest as I sat back in my big leather chair.

“Home?”

“Yeah, you know, the spot above Red’s,” she sassed. Lines formed at my brow.

I didn’t like her living there. It was small, too small for her. Not to mention anyone at Red’s could sneak up there and knock on her door.

“Tonight’s movie night,” I reminded her. She looked at me for a long moment before sadness flashed in her eyes. Sadness that had me sitting up.

“I sorta... kinda...”

“What?” I clipped like an impatient asshole.

“Made plans,” she announced, standing a little straighter than usual. My body locked in place.

“Plans? On movie night?” I croaked like a dick.

“You canceled the last one to go to Hopper’s.”

“Excuse me?” I glared at her.

“I live across the way from it. I saw you,” she shared. My hands gripped the armrest of my desk chair. Was that what this was about? She was avoiding me because she was pissed at me? I’d cancelled our night, but I had left right behind her, just a couple minutes after she had gone home. I’d sat outside her place, watching her move around her studio apartment, biting away anger at the fact every damn curtain seemed to be too sheer and let anyone in town look into her place or wide open.

“Olive—”

“It’s cool.” She shrugged. “But if you don’t need me, I should head out. You know what they say; time waits for snowman,” she joked, obviously trying to lighten the mood. But before I could react, she was waving goodbye, disappearing from my sight. *Shit.*

Her voice replayed in my head. *Time waits for snowman.* My heart thundered against my ribcage.

*Time waits for snowman.*

Had I lost my chance?

Was she going on a date?

Had she been matched with some asshole who wouldn't have a clue as to how to make her happy? The site boasted about fast turnaround times, but there was no way she'd just go and marry some stranger overnight. Right?

Minutes turned to hours as I sat in my office and stewed. I couldn't stop thinking about Olive. Our friendship. Everything we had been through over the years. How the hell had I missed it?

Missed *seeing* her.

Flashes of everything we'd done together played behind my mind's eyes. Memories so sweet I felt like the world's biggest jackass for not having realized it before. For not having realized she was mine. Had always been mine.

How the hell had I missed so many signs? She was the most precious of gems, had been literally right in front of me. So close.

Yet I'd fucked it all up by not claiming her sooner.

The only reason I could find felt like an excuse. I'd been working. Managing two businesses, both the farm and B&B. Worked myself ragged. With her by my side.

"Well, screw that!" I grunted as I stood and grabbed my coat and scarf. I stomped out of the B&B, luckily dodging any guests, and didn't stop until I was inside my truck. I started it and looked up at the house in front of me.

I couldn't just up and leave.

There was no way I could do that.

What if one of the guests needed something?

Callie usually stayed on the premises, but she'd left. It was her night off since she would be working New Year's.

I swallowed hard. I hated feeling stuck. What if Olive was marrying some asshole that very moment? Or what if he talked her into running off to wherever the hell he was from? I felt like I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. Anxiety bubbled up and over, panicked at a future without her.

Or worse, a future of watching her with someone else.

*Don't be an idiot!* a voice yelled at me.

I wasn't stuck.

Sure, I might run the place, but my brothers were my business partners. They had to step up.

And if they didn't, well, good luck to whatever guest needed something because I had to get to my girl. I was done prioritizing work over everything else. I'd lived and breathed and eaten work. From the B&B to the farm. That crap was over.

I picked up my phone. One of my two asshole brothers had to pitch in. I scrolled and pressed *Call* the second Ash's information was on my screen.

"Bruce, please tell me you know what time it—"

"You need to get your ass over here," I ordered. I didn't give a shit he had probably been asleep. The ass knocked out before eight if he could manage it. It was still on the early end, a little after nine.

"What happened?" he asked. I could hear shuffling on his end.

"I need you to watch the B&B and be hospitable to our guests. None of that Oscar the Grouch shit."

"What happened?"

"Just get here. I'm leaving."

"Okay," he sounded slowly, "Again, what the hell happened?"

"Ash—"

"Talk to me, bro. Where are you going?"



“To get my woman,” I shared with confidence. There was no way she could be serious about a guy she’d just met. And if she was, well, she would have to get over it because she was mine. I’d prove that to her.

“And I don’t wanna hear shit about it, Ash. Olive is mine. And I’m not coming into work till the new year. You and Oakley have to figure shit out.”

“You’re— what the fuck? Wait... OLIVE?”

“Yes, Olive. She’s mine, and I’ve been sitting with a thumb up my ass for way too long.”

“That can’t be hygienic—”

“Ash, you coming, or what,” I growled, cut him off, not about to put up with his weirdly upbeat attitude.

“Breathe, man. I got you. It’s about goddamn time, too.”

“What?” That had me going stock still.

“I’ve been waiting for you to realize you’ve been in love with her forever now.”

“You never thought about mentioning it to me?”

“I tried, but you wouldn’t hear me out.” I swallowed.

He wasn’t full of shit either. How many times had I brushed off his comments about her? *God, I’m a dumbass!*

“I didn’t.”

“Nope. January second, we’ll have a meeting and get shit straightened out. Go get her, Bruce.”

“I might be too late,” I confessed, and fear seized my lungs.

“Nah,” Ash scoffed. “You two are the real deal. Just has to be sealed.”

“Look at you. You should submit your work to Hallmark,” I mumbled, then put my truck into reverse after ending the call to my older brother’s rough laughter.

I was done putting work first.

It was time to let Olive know she was mine.

# Chapter 4

# Olive

A knock sounded at my door. It wasn't super late, but with how small my place was, I wasn't used to having guests. I got up off my reading chair and opened the door. Totally surprised to see Bruce standing there with an overflowing bag of groceries and my favorite flowers.

"Why are you all dolled up?" he clipped with a sour look on his face. I looked down at myself and back at the grump who had stolen my heart so long ago.

"I'm not dolled up," I argued

"You did your hair and got makeup on." My fingers touched my clear-glossed lips. He scowled. "You changed your clothes," he pointed out, surprising me with everything he noticed.

He stepped forward, leaned his head in, and breathed in deeply.

"Are you sniffing me?" My eyes widened.

"You're wearing your favorite perfume." He huffed his accusation.

"I took a shower after work," I whispered, feeling a little self-conscious.

"Is someone over?" His blue eyes looked over my head and into my studio apartment. I couldn't help but laugh at how ridiculous he was acting.

"Who would be over?" I asked with a nervous laugh, but he stared at me seriously. "I had an online meeting," I shared.

It wasn't a total lie.

My video chat date from Hitched & Wed should have gone seamlessly. But it had been a disaster.

On paper, Clint Madison could have easily been a perfect match.

He was a hard worker. Good looking. Responsible.

But I knew from the moment I answered his video call it wasn't going to lead anywhere. Not that he was ugly or anything. He was actually a lot hotter than I'd expected. Seriously attractive. Dirty blond hair that fell forward, light green eyes, and dimples that I was sure made women swoon.

Not to mention the rest of him.

Mile-wide shoulders and a strong-looking torso. Not that I actually got to see it. He was wearing a flannel that, had someone else, say my boss, worn it, would have made my fingers itch for a touch.

He'd been nice, too. Polite. A real-life gentleman.

*But I was the problem.* Me and my stupid heart that already belonged to someone else. Someone who was currently standing right in front of me, glaring daggers in my direction.

"Olive? You have a date tonight?" he asked. That muscle under his eye twitched.

"Not that it's any of your business, but no. Not really." I made a face, and Bruce's expression almost went lethal.

Then he surprised me by taking a step forward. Not because I feared him. I wasn't scared of Bruce. I never had been. But there was something about the way he was looking at me. In a new way. Like a predator about to pounce. Natural instinct took over as I matched him and took a step back. And then another and another.

We kept up with the little dance and didn't stop until he shut and locked the door behind him.

"What are you doing?" I asked the moment my back touched the wall behind me. My eyes widened as I stared into

his beautiful blue eyes. Blue eyes I knew better than my own.

“You’re not getting hitched and wed,” he said sternly. I blinked. Then blinked again.

*He knows.* He knew about the app. About me signing up to be a mail-order bride. Something that should have been so easy but I hadn’t been able to get right. Because of him!

“How did you—”

“Never mind that,” he clipped and shut his eyes.

I watched as he took a deep breath, almost like he was trying to calm himself down. Out of the three Frost brothers, I had quickly learned that Bruce was the easiest-going. But I’d watched him do this when usually Ash, or sometimes Oakley, pissed him off.

But he’d never had to take a moment for me.

Not that I knew of, at least.

“Mail-order bride, Olive? Have you lost your goddamn mind?” His jaw clenched, and the plastic of the bag he still held in his hand crunched, reminding me he had brought groceries.

“What do you have there?” I asked, moving my attention down toward his hands.

*His big, strong hands. He has the most amazing hands.* I shook my head trying not to swoon over him. I reached forward and covered the one holding the bag with mine, and something happened.

Shifted.

I felt the air around us change. It almost snapped and crackled between us. My eyes popped up to his. He was looking at me with an intense stare.

“Want me to put them away?” I asked half-heartedly, dying to avoid this whole conversation. Afraid I’d let how I felt about him slip past my lips and today would be the beginning of the end.

Our friendship would be weird if he found out. Strained, even. I didn't want that!

"You're changing the subject." *Okay, I guess he's not going to budge.*

"Only because I know you," I squeaked. "You might have ice-cream in there. It's not that poor, defenseless pint of deliciousness' fault you're pissy."

"I'm pissy?" he hissed and mashed his teeth together. "Do I need to remind you, you signed up for—" I covered his lips with my free hand and smiled.

"Breathe," I ordered and rolled my eyes as playfully as I could manage. "I get it. You think you need to be protective of me." I removed my fingers from his lips, and he breathed in through his nose.

"You could have talked to some crazy guy. Some whacko!" I rolled my eyes. He had a side for the dramatic. Who would have thought?

"I was just curious." I shook my head. "It won't work out, anyhow." I tried not to wince the moment I realized what I had just admitted.

"Why not?" He swallowed.

Was it just me or had he moved in closer?

His eyes dropped to my lips and flared with scorching heat. I got lost in those warm pools for a moment. "Baby girl, why wouldn't it have worked?" he asked again but with his voice an octave lower.

*Did he just call me baby girl? Why is that so hot?*

"What?" I asked, trying to pull my eyes away from his, but it felt impossible. I wanted to float in those beautiful pools. My body felt warmer as wetness pooled between my thighs. How was he so damn good at ruining my panties, damn it!

"Baby girl." His voice was definitely deeper. Yup, he had called me that, and it was just as hot the second time!

“Wait.” I shook my head and shut my eyes. “Did you just call me—”

“Baby girl,” he repeated. The nickname rumbled easily off his tongue, and I opened my eyes.

He’d never called me that. He’d never even called me babe or hun. Nothing but Olive. Once, he’d called me buddy.

“The food,” I squeaked, reaching for the bag, and bent.

I moved quickly.

Under his arm and around him. I could feel him watching me as I put things away. Really slowly. I was trying to get my head together, but I couldn’t think of anything past the fact he’d called me that.

*Baby girl.*

Shit. Sweat formed at my neck all from a teeny tiny nickname. One that went perfectly with the one I wanted to call him. The one I’d imagined one too many times after work late at night under the sheets in my bed.

“Why did you bring all this stuff, anyhow?” I asked, breaking the silence between us.

But he didn’t answer.

I might have been facing the kitchen counter, not really looking at the things I was unpacking, when I felt him move. He hadn’t made a sound, but something around us changed.

The air was warmer.

Thicker.

Almost electric.

I’d never felt anything like it. I couldn’t get myself to turn around. Not even when I felt the warmth of his body. I didn’t need to turn to know he was right behind me.

“Baby, answer me,” he ordered. I breathed in deeply. My hands shook as nerves fluttered through me. My head dropped and my chin touched my chest.



“I can’t,” I whispered. I was such a wimp. No wonder I’d been friend-zoned for so long. God, I was pathetic.

“Why?” he asked calmly. Almost soothingly. But it did nothing for the nerves swirling through me.

Then it hit me.

He’d known about the app. Did he know how I felt about him?

Did he suspect I was in love with him? *Can I actually tell him?* Would we be able to move past it? Would rejection sting as much as I had thought it would after all this time?

“Olive, I promise, whatever you say, it’s okay. It’ll be okay,” he vowed as his hands finally touched me. Stroking my back until they rested on my shoulders, and he squeezed.

This was new, too. He never willfully touched me. Not since after the blizzard.

“You can’t promise that,” I wheezed.

“I can,” he vowed. I bit the inside of my cheek. “You’ll always be safe with me. Turn and look at me.” I took a moment but did as he’d asked. He smiled and brought the bouquet between us. “These are for you.” He handed them to me, and my heart flipped.

“You brought me flowers,” I said, mostly to myself, because he knew he’d brought me flowers. He’d bought them. “Why?” I asked and winced. “I mean, thank you.” I shook my head and breathed in deeply. My lungs filled with his woody yet familiar scent that somehow made it easier to breathe.

His eyes turned soulful, and for a moment, it felt like he couldn’t believe what he was looking at. I glanced behind me, for a moment wondering if there was something there.

But there was nothing.

Nothing but me.

I turned back and tilted my head slightly, keeping eye contact.

“What is it?”

“You’re beautiful, Olive,” his voice rumbled. My heart couldn’t take the compliment. My mouth went dry.

“Bruce?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever told you that.” His Adam’s apple bobbed, his eyes slightly hooded.

“Bruce.” My chest rose and fell as my breathing shallowed slightly. His hands stroked the outside of my arm before they moved to cup my face. Something was happening. Something big. Monumental.

Again, a first.

“What’s going on?” I squeaked.

“What’s going on is I’m done wasting time.”

“I don’t understand.”

“But you will.” He leaned in, and right before his lips touched mine, they changed direction and kissed me cheek. “These are for you.” He put the bouquet of bright orange roses in my hand.

“For me? Why?” I winced at the stupid question. *Why can’t I be like every other woman on the face of the Earth and just say thank you?!*

“You’ll see.” He winked. “Bet you haven’t had dinner yet,” he teased, and I rolled my eyes. I was confused as to what the hell was going on, but I wasn’t scared.

“I was going to make a bowl of cereal,” I shared, and my stomach chose to growl right then and there.

“But?” His lips twitched.

“My milk was bad.” His chuckle made me smile, relax even. I was the worst shopper, and my kitchen and pantry were usually bare. Not because of lack of money, but because I was at the farm eighty percent of my day, and I usually ate there.

“I’ll make us dinner.” He smiled and leaned down, giving me another kiss on the cheek.

“Bruce?”

*Maybe changing the subject was worse?*

“I’ll make you your favorite,” he shared, and I was tempted to ignore whatever the hell was going on between us.

“Breakfast for dinner?” My eyes widened as I grinned brightly up at him.

“Yup. Breakfast for dinner.” Maybe I could ignore whatever had happened and his weird attitude. “All you gotta do is tell me why that crazy setup wouldn’t have worked out.”

My smile dropped, and my hands clasped together in front of me as my eyes dropped, too. *I can’t tell him! It will ruin our friendship.*

“Uh-uh,” he tsked as his finger moved under my chin and forced me to meet his gaze. “What did I say? No matter what, everything will be okay. I mean that.” I opened and shut my mouth to argue, but I couldn’t get my thoughts together.

“Okay, fine.” He moved away from me, and I immediately missed his body.

Not that I had a chance to miss him for too long. He leaned against the kitchen counter and pulled my body into his, and I went with it. His long, strong arms wrapped around my waist, the tips of his fingers resting at the small of my back.

“Bruce...” My voice drifted to nothing, and then I cleared it.

*Fine! He wants to push for answers I’m most likely positive he isn’t ready for? Fine! He’ll get them!*

“Because I’m in love with someone else!” I blurted out. I didn’t expect the smile on his lips.

“You’re in love. Okay.” His lips twitched. “With whom?”

“That’s none of—”

“You’re my best friend, Olive. Everything you do is my business.” His best friend. Probably one of the guys. *A buddy.*

“What if... what if I say something that could mess that up?”

“Not possible, baby girl. Trust in me. In us,” he reassured me. I swallowed. I blinked as I stared at him. His scent filled my lungs as I took one last deep breath.

“Maybe marrying someone else wouldn’t work because I’m in love with my best friend. I’m in love with someone who doesn’t see me that way and—” Every other word died. I’d just admitted I was in love with my best friend. With him.

“And what?” he asked, coaxing me for more information.

“I got on the app because I didn’t want to end up watching life pass me by as I sat on the sidelines,” I admitted. “Pathetic, huh?” My lips wobbled slightly. “Being in love with your best friend when all he sees you as one of the guys?”

“Hmm...” He swallowed, and I watched with rapture as his Adam’s apple bobbed up and down, like it was the most interesting thing in the world. Anything not to make me glance up and meet his blue gaze head on.

“Loving someone isn’t pathetic, Olive. It’s brave.” That was not what I had expected him to say, and as my head popped up, I knew my face said just that. “I have a little story to share with you, too.”

“What? Bruce, did you hear what I just said?” I asked. Not feeling the same as me was one thing, but completely ignoring what I’d just confessed? That was not cool!

“Please, just hear me out?” I nodded, and he smiled softly. “For five years, I’ve worked with my best friend. The one person outside my brothers I could count on. She’s sweet and kind and cute.” I winced at the cute. *Puppies are cute.*

“Okay, if this is when you let me down easy—” I started to push him away, but he didn’t move. The big jerk. “I’m serious, Bruce. It’s okay. I get it. It’s why you cancelled movie night and went to Hopper’s.”

“I cancelled movie night because that first night after that damn blizzard, when I opened my eyes to an angel sleeping in my arms, something flipped inside out. But I think it had always been that way, I was just finally still enough to realize it.”

“What?” I gasped. My brain scrambled to process the information he’d just dropped.

“Can I tell you this story, or what?” I rolled my eyes.

“Fine, go ahead.” I pretended to zip my lips shut and toss the key over my shoulders.

“Jesus, you’re fucking adorable, my sweet, brave girl.” He chuckled and leaned in closer. “As I was saying, I woke up with this angel in my arms, and something inside my brain finally listened to what I think my heart’s been trying to tell it for the last five years, Olive.”

Everything quickened inside me. My heartbeat, the flow of blood in my veins. Was he really saying what I thought he was saying?

“I love you, Olive.” I blinked trying to make sense of the most beautiful three words I’d ever heard him say.

“Bruce,” I whispered, but he shook his head.

“Baby girl, I’ve been in love with you for way too long, and I was just too stupid to notice. But I think I did in a way. It’s why I kept us as busy as I did. Why I hogged every minute of your time I possibly could.”

“Bruce—”

“Saw a message on your phone this afternoon. It was from that Hitched & Wed app,” he mumbled. I relaxed a little at how angry that almost seemed to make him. “It said you’d been matched, and I got scared. That pun you said to me kept playing over and over in my head until I couldn’t stand it.”

“Stand what?”

“Another minute without having you be mine. Completely and utterly mine.” Before I could blink, his mouth was on mine, and the world around me disappeared.

Kissing Bruce Frost was everything I had thought it would be and so much more.

He was controlling but gentle.

Sweet yet passionate.

His hands held my face and controlled the angle, controlled all of it, including me. And I was fine with that. More than fine with him taking charge. *Daddy*. The word floated through my mind. That's what I wanted to call him, but I didn't. I could only imagine him being disgusted at it.

*Daddy*. God, there it went again the moment he pulled on my lower lip and nipped. I gasped and moaned as my fingers dug into his chest, holding on for dear life, hoping to god he wouldn't stop. I never wanted to stop kissing him. My lips parted, and he didn't hesitate to slip his tongue inside, giving me a taste of him.

I had no clue why the dirty little nickname fit him so well, but it did.

*Daddy*. The word was on the tip of my tongue as he tugged on my hair and moved his mouth from mine and down to my neck. Shivers ran through me as his lips tickled and left a trail of heat flowing through my entire body, making me lose myself in him. Gooseflesh covered me from head to toe.

His mouth didn't stay there for long, and he came back to mine. Hungry and fierce, every second felt more and more desperate. When we pulled apart, we were both panting.

"Jesus, fuck," he muttered as he moved to pick me up and sat me on the countertop. "Good thing I didn't kiss you 'til now."

"Why?" I laughed, leaning in closer to him. He was still taller in this position, but not by much.

"We wouldn't have gotten shit done the last five years," he kidded, and I giggled. Suddenly, it hit me.

We'd kissed, and the world hadn't stopped.

"You kissed me," I said softly, and his eyes softened.

"You kissed me back," he countered. His strong, powerful hands caressed the back of my head. I felt like a kitten being stroked. *Heaven*.

"I liked kissing you back," I admitted. He'd left me so breathless he'd jumbled up my head.

“You called me something,” his deep voice shared, and my body locked up tight. My face felt like it went brighter than a fire engine.

“I did?” I croaked. He nodded as his nose flared and his eyes flashed with sheer desire. God, everything between my legs throbbed and ached. “I swear I didn’t mean to—”

“What if I told you I loved it?”

“You did?” My eyes widened, and that sexy little cocky grin I loved so much appeared on his face. One that was full of confidence and a smidge of sexy arrogance.

“Been thinking about you calling me that all week.” The confession did things to me. I had no idea why I was suddenly crazily giddy.

“You have?” I laughed nervously, and he leaned in and tucked a stray hair behind my ear.

“I’ve thought about a lot of dirty things when it comes to you.” My legs pressed together, and I licked my lips. I wanted to suggest we head to my bed and explore the list of things he wanted to do. *Who am I kidding?* I was dying to suggest it, but I didn’t.

“What’s going on here, Bruce?” I asked and then immediately shook my head. I placed both my hands flat on his chest, not to push him away but to catch my breath and somehow have the world stop from spinning below my feet. “I don’t mean to be that girl.”

“What girl?” I heard him ask and relaxed.

“You know, the one you start talking to and wants a commitment almost immediately. But... I just mean this, you and me kissing. Me calling you...” I widened my eyes, and warmth flooded his gaze. “And you calling me your baby girl...”

“You liked that,” he pointed out, and I rolled my eyes. Of course, I had.

“What are we doing, Bruce?” I asked again.

“We’re starting what should have started five years ago,” he shared. Hope bloomed in my chest.

“Really?” I whispered, and he nodded.

“I want this. You and me.” The way his tone rumbled drew goose bumps all over my body.

“I like that.”

“I’m sorry. I probably pushed us too far, too quickly.” He leaned in closer and pressed his lips against mine. He pulled away too soon for my taste, and the whimper that escaped from my lips had him groaning. “You’re killing me, baby.” I giggled, and when he pulled away, he stroked the sides of my face. “You’re so damn adorable. Sexy. I just want to eat you up.”

“Okay,” I agreed easily, and he groaned again. Resting his forehead against mine.

“I didn’t come here for that.”

“You didn’t?” I stroked his hair, not bothering to hide the disappointment in my voice.

“I did, but... let me make you dinner. I want to take care of you.”

“You don’t have to. We could go and cuddle up on the couch and maybe—” He pressed his fingers on my lips.

“Please, for all that’s fair, don’t finish that sentence.” He nuzzled his nose against mine, and I laughed.

“Fine.” My one-word answer sounded muffled, and he put some space between us.

“Good. Going to make you dinner, gorgeous.”

“Okay. Want me to help you—” I started to offer, but the look he gave me had me shutting up.

“You take care of shit for me all day. Let me take care of you today. From here on out.” That last part had my heart flip over.

“If that’s what you want. What should I do, though?”



“Sit there and look pretty.” He winked and got to work.

Watching the man I had been seriously in love with for so long work in my kitchen, make me my favorite meal after the long day we’d both had, was swoon worthy. I loved the way he walked and carried himself.

Confidently.

Dominant.

In charge.

*A total daddy.*

Before I knew it, the show of him cooking was over, and he plated our food before helping me off the counter. His body brushed up against mine, and there was no doubt about how he was feeling. He was hard. Very, very hard.

“Bruce,” I whimpered his name. Feeling how affected he was by me had me wet, or wetter.

“Food’s going to get cold.” His deep voice vibrated in a low tone, but he didn’t move. We stood close, breathing one another’s air. “Soon,” he mumbled, as if talking to himself. “Come on.” His lips touched my forehead, and I swear my knees went weak.

He led the way to my bed. My studio was so small I only owned the recliner. He held my plate and handed it to me when I sat at the headboard. I crossed my legs and waited for him to sit on the other side, next to me. I glanced at him.

We’d never done movie night at my place. I couldn’t believe he was here.

He was actually here.

Bruce Frost was eating with me in bed. I shook my head at the crazy turn the day had taken and dug in. “This is better than Red’s,” I moaned after taking a bite of my fluffy scrambled eggs. When he didn’t say a word, I turned my attention to him. He was just staring.

At my mouth.

“Bruce?” I whispered, and my lips parted.

“Soon,” he said under his breath and shook his head. “What would you like to watch?” I opened and then closed my mouth. With a shrug, I told him to pick whatever he wanted to watch.

He picked up the remote and turned his attention toward the TV and then back to me.

“What would you like to watch?”

“Nothing, whatever—“

“Olive, babe, what would you like to watch?” he asked again. Well, if he really wanted me like he said he did, he needed to know the truth about my movie choices.

“Hallmark? They have Christmas movies, and with the blizzard and how busy we’ve been, I fell behind,” I quickly answered, and he smiled without judgment in his gaze.

“Sounds good.” He winked and quickly found the channel. We settled in easily together, like we always did. But this time, it was better. Special. *The start of something major*. I could feel it in the air between us.

“Why don’t you ever suggest this when we do movie nights back at my place?” he asked mid-way through dinner. The leading lady in the movie was arguing with the hero as he stared at her adoringly. A lot like the way Bruce stared at me as I turned to give him my attention.

“I don’t know.” I shrugged. “I guess... I was kinda worried.”

“About?”

“That this wouldn’t be something you’d wanna see with me.”

“Babe.” His hand took my free one, and our eyes locked. “If it means I get to sit next to you and get to know more about you, I wanna know it. I wanna experience it with you.” He pulled my hand up and pressed a kiss to the top of it.

*All without taking his eyes off mine.*

“Well,” I croaked out, not sure of what to say. So, I decided not to say anything.

We finished eating, and he picked up my plate, kissed the top of my head, and insisted I stay and watch the movie as he cleaned up. He came back and kicked off his shoes, then sat down next to me, pulling me in closer so I could rest my head on his chest.

We might not have called it our first date, considering we’d shared countless dinners and movies, but that night was the best first whatever it was. Because there was no doubt in my mind it was a first, of sorts.

Simple but so damn real and sweet it made my teeth ache in the best way possible.

I’d loved Bruce and Hallmark movies for longer than I wanted to admit. But spending the night with both was the best night ever.

Especially when the first one ended and he insisted we start a new one. He wasn’t in a hurry, and I liked it. Two movies, or one and a half since we drifted off happily to sleep mid-way through the second one.

# Chapter 5

# Bruce

**N**ot fully awake, I knew I was smiling.

That was an odd thing to experience.

Not that I was the grouchiest of my siblings. Hell, compared to Oak and Asher, I was a ray of fucking sunshine. But I had never risen to a new day with a smile. I woke slowly, and the spring digging into my back let me know I wasn't home, but I didn't mind the sore muscles. I'd suffer through them if it meant the warm, soft body in my arms, limbs tangled with mine, would be who I started a new day with.

My eyes opened, and much like that first night of the blizzard, there she was. Sound asleep, looking like an angel in my arms. But this morning, there was no more fighting what I wanted.

Her.

Olive.

She was mine, and I was hers.

I got the privilege to watch her eyes flutter open. The light in the small studio apartment was starting to stream in, and it made her eyes look even prettier. They widened for a moment when she realized I was in bed with her but then softened. I could see her thinking about last night. I hadn't pushed to take things too far too quickly. Professing my love was bad enough, and I was fucking lucky she hadn't kicked me out. A tinge of pink brightened the tops of her cheeks. I leaned in, stealing one of the many things I had been craving since that first morning of the blizzard.

Our first good-morning kiss.

A kiss that started off slowly, sweet and innocent even, quickly escalated. I couldn't help it when her little tongue dipped into my mouth and dueled with mine.

"Olive," I groaned, rolling her over so my body would hover over hers. I was extra careful not to squish her with my body weight as we kissed. Hungry little growls escaped from her, and I cherished each one. My mouth drifted off hers down to her chin and then into her neck.

I sucked and licked.

Nipped.

Something came over me, something I had never felt. Only with Olive. Because of Olive.

*Mine. Mine. Mine.* The word started to take over in my head. All I could think about was finding a way to make sure everyone and anyone would know she belonged to me.

I wanted her to wear my mark.

A love bite she could look at and remember where I'd been. Remind her of who owned her. Something anyone else could look at and know she was taken.

"Daddy," she whispered the dirty taboo word I'd been dying to hear. But damn, reality was hotter, better than any freaking fantasy I could have imagined.

"What do you want, my sweet girl?" I asked as I dragged my teeth against her sensitive skin before nipping at the bottom of her earlobe. Her breath hitched and her body quivered.

I wanted every one of her sounds.

I'd never been an exhibitionist, but I wanted to make her scream out my name. I didn't give two shits if all the people in the diner downstairs would hear her.

Better for me if they did.

"I ache," she whined sweetly. A wolfish smile spread over my face.

“You want daddy to take away the ache? Touch you?” My hand slowly moved down her torso to her hips, and I felt her nod as she panted against the side of my face. I was teasing both of us.

“Bruce,” she whispered, but I tsked.

“What do you call me, Olive?” I asked, my voice dropping an octave. I had no idea where this side of me came from, but it was as natural as breathing with Olive. The tips of my fingers played with the waistband of her sleep shorts. The things were so soft and worn thin, they didn’t create much of a barrier.

“Daddy,” she moaned, making me feel like a fucking king.

“Good girl,” I praised, rewarding her with dipping my hand into her shorts, inside the small little pink panties she was wearing and cupping her. My eyes almost crossed at the feel of her on my hand. “Wet, so fucking wet and pretty. Look at these panties hiding my little pussy away,” I growled, and she mewled.

Her sugary dew covered my hand. My girl was dripping for me as her little hips moved back and forth to grind against the palm of my hand. “You need daddy to make you feel better? Want me to take care of this ache, baby girl?”

“Please, Daddy.” she panted, and I didn’t need to finger her to know she was close.

“Fuck, Olive. Honey,” I licked my lips as my middle finger traced her sweet folds. Back and forth I stroked, making sure to pay extra careful attention to that little swollen button that was her clit. “Your kitty’s so wet, Olive. You need me that bad?”

“More than bad.” She gasped. I was new to all this shit. I didn’t mind talking dirty, but this was a whole other level of filth than I was used to, yet I was falling right into the role. Especially with how beautifully responsive my girl was.

“Baby girl, open your pretty legs a little more,” I coaxed, and she did as I asked her. “Good girl. Good, sweet girl.” I

kissed her cheek and then her lips as I thrust my finger into her tight pussy.

When she gasped, I swallowed the sound. I worked my digit in and out of her slick channel. Back and forth for a moment before adding another. “Daddy,” she squeaked. I rubbed my nose against hers.

“I know, baby girl, I know, but you’re so tight. I gotta stretch you out,” I rasped. Sweat formed at my brow. “Gotta stretch you so you can take me.”

“Daddy.” Her hips bucked against my hand. “Daddy, I want you.”

“Oh, you’re gonna get me. But I gotta get this pussy nice and soft for me. Gotta make your kitty come a couple of times.”

“Please, Daddy!” she gasped, bucking up against my hand. She was lost in need, trying to find her release. I could feel how close she was as she started to get wetter. Warmer. Her walls started to tighten around my fingers.

“You’re gonna take me raw when I take you. You gonna let daddy into this sweet little pussy nice and bare, baby girl?”

“Yes!” she cried. “Daddy...” she moaned. I found that sweet illusive spot deep inside of her. The spongy spot that had her pussy clenching around me like she was trying to break my fingers off.

But I didn’t stop.

She was begging me to go harder. Faster. She wanted daddy to get her off, and by God, I would. Any time of the day, all she had to do was ask. *She is mine*. I would take care of her every fucking need.

I pressed against the spot with a little more force, making sure to bump it as I finger-fucked her harder, a little rougher, and I didn’t stop until her body went off like a firework.

“Daddy!” she screamed. Her hands clenched the sheets below her as she hid her face and mumbled incoherently.



Watching her body come undone was a gift. A fucking masterpiece. Sweet curves writhed and shook. Her face glistened with a light sheen of perspiration. She was fucking magnificent. The back of her head was pressed against her pillows, her face washed over with pleasure and euphoria.

“So goddamn beautiful,” I gritted through my teeth. Her thighs pressed tightly against my hand as her orgasm washed through her, yet I didn’t stop.

I kept touching her slowly.

Softly.

Dragging out every little bit of pleasure I could until her hand covered mine and our eyes connected.

Sleepy but satisfied eyes smiled up at me. I moved off to the side of her and pulled her in, kissing the top of her head. Oh yeah, starting a new day with my girl was better than anything I could have ever imagined.

“Can I take care of you now?” she asked, her hands doodling over my tee. I shook my head.

“Rest, sleep.”

“Sleep?” Her head popped up as she studied me. “We have to be back at the B&B in like”—she glanced behind her—“Crap! An hour!”

“Breathe, Olive.” I kissed her. “We’re not going to work today.” I held on to her, and she stilled. Slowly processing with I’d just said. We’d never taken a day off.

“We’re not?” Her eyes flared, and I shook my head again, leaning in to drop a kiss on her nose, never letting go of my hold on her.

“No. In fact, we’re not going to work until the second of January.”

“What?” She stilled, and whatever I’d said seemed to piss her off.

“Olive—”

“January second?”

“Surprise!” I tried to smile. Her frown deepened. “We deserve some time off.”

“I guess,” she muttered under her breath before rolling away from me and sitting up. I did, too, but didn’t stop there. I grabbed her and ignored her pleas to stop manhandling her.

I didn’t stop until I had her where I wanted her.

Straddling my lap, her wet, messy pussy above my dick. Sure, we were both still dressed, but I was more than positive she could feel just how hard I was.

“What’s the matter?” I asked. “I thought you would be happy?”

“I am. January second.” She chewed on her lower lip. “It’s, like, three days?”

“Right,” I sounded, but I didn’t like that I couldn’t read her. “Okay, Olive, time for a talk.”

“A talk?” she asked worriedly.

“A talk. I talk while you listen carefully because I obviously didn’t get across to you last night.”

“Bruce—”

“Please.” She shrugged and pointed at me. “You’re mine. Point blank. No ands, ifs, or buts about it.”

“Bruce—”

“Interrupt me again, I’ll have you draped over my lap with your cute bare ass up in the air, and I won’t stop until I’ve spanked it bright red, matching handprints on each cheek.” Her eyes widened, and I grinned.

“Now, where was I? Right. You’re mine,” I repeated. “I love you, Olive Palma.” Her eyes turned glassy as they blinked. An errant tear rolled down her face. I used the pad of my thumb to wipe it away.

“Angel, baby, you are it for me. I have no doubts about it. I’m just really fucking sorry I didn’t get it before. That I was that stupidly stubborn. That I’ve wasted these last five years.

But I promise you I will work my ass to the ground the next fifty to make up for it.” Her eyes softened, and I kept talking.

“What that means is I’m here to take care of you. Not only as your boss but as your man and as your daddy.” Olive’s face turned the prettiest shade of pink as her body relaxed into mine. Giving me a little of her weight. “So, whatever worry you have, you just trust in me, give it to me, and I promise I will handle it,” I vowed. Her hand moved up between us to stroke the side of my face. She studied me for a long moment until she sighed.

“My boss just dropped a bombshell on me,” she whispered.

“Did he?” My lips twitched as I wondered where she was going with that.

“He’s giving me some days off, and as sweet as it is, I’m just a little worried about money.”

“Money.” I frowned. I had never thought about that. I’d just swooped in and didn’t think. “You don’t have to worry about that.”

“Are you nuts?” she asked, looking at me like I was crazy. And I was. About her.

“I got you.”

“You got me?” she repeated and shut her eyes before looking toward the ceiling. “You can’t just get me.”

“Why not? You’re mine, right?”

“I have bills,” she said. I nodded with a shrug.

“We pay well.”

“You do, and it’s really sweet but—”

“But nothing,” I argued as my hands found the hem of her shirt and moved beneath it. She stilled, her breath hitching in the middle of her throat. “You’re so soft.”

“You’re trying to distract me,” she mumbled, trying to hold on to being pissed. Lucky for us, I was relentless.

“You like this.”

“Bruce,” she pouted adorably, almost like she was trying to warn me. I chuckled and shook my head.

“What do you call me, sweet girl?”

“Bruce, I’m not playing—”

“I’m not either,” I cut her off, and her breath hitched again. “What do you call me, sweet girl.”

“Daddy,” she hissed as goose bumps covered her skin.

“Good girl.” I leaned down and kissed the slope of her shoulder. “Take this off,” I ordered as I tugged on the short tank top. She shivered in my arms, but as her eyes dilated, I knew I might have just gotten her off, but she wanted to go again.

I could fucking smell it, and my mouth watered for a taste.

“Take this off because if you don’t and I have to do it, you won’t like the consequences,” I threatened. She licked her lips. I watched as she reached for the hem and tugged the top off and over her head.

Leaving me completely fucking speechless.

My hands moved to cup the soft, creamy globes of her breasts. Seeing her topless had my mouth watering.

“Yes,” she hissed, her eyes shutting slightly, but I couldn’t have that. I wanted her eyes on me. I needed her to know exactly who was touching her. I pinched the stiff peaks and twisted.

“Give me those eyes,” I ordered, and I didn’t have to wait a second to get what I wanted. Those big brown eyes stared at me. Locked with mine as I leaned down to take one of her dark nipples into my mouth.

Without looking away, I suckled at her. She writhed on my lap. Perfectly dragging that sweet pussy over my cock. She held on tightly to my head, offering me her other breast before I switched over and gave the other round globe of perfection my attention.

I let it go with a pop and tossed her onto the bed. She lifted her torso with her elbows as my hands moved to drag her shorts off, along with her panties. She was trembling by the time I had her bare.

“Daddy’s got you. Always, Olive, I promise.”

“I know,” she sighed, spreading her thighs open, giving me a better view of the treasure she held between her legs. The trust she was handing me with that gesture humbled me.

Made me feel like a god.

“So damn pretty,” I muttered as I stared at her. As I her open with the pads of my fingers, I heard her moan softly.

“Now, who’s going to take care of you?”

“This isn’t fair,” she whined the moment my finger slipped back into her. Somehow, she felt tighter than a couple of minutes ago. “More, please.”

“More, baby girl? You want daddy to finger-fuck you good? Jesus,” I gritted, licking my lips. “I can barely fit a fucking finger like this. Look at you all wet for daddy,” I groaned, breathing in the aroma of her sweet honey filling my lungs.

“So wet for daddy, my dick’s weeping, sweet girl.” Dripping pre-cum, my cock strained tightly against the zipper of the jeans I’d fallen asleep in. I wouldn’t be surprised if it left a damn impression.

“Please let me play with you.”

“Not yet. My girl always comes first. Always.” I dropped, pressing my pelvis against the mattress as my mouth found her needy cunt.

The moment my tongue touched her creamy center, she yelped and bucked off the bed. “Bruce!” she screamed out. “Daddy!” Her hands tangled with the back of my head and tugged. The bite of pain fit perfectly with the pleasure.

“More. I— Daddy,” she gritted through her teeth. She bucked and rubbed her pretty little kitty against my face.

It was fucking perfection.

My fingers kept at it, stretching her, getting her ready. “Daddy!” she gasped, and I felt it.

Her body convulsed as her sweet little pussy sucked my fingers into her deeper. Before she was done coming, I was up on my knees, spreading her thighs open wider.

“You going to let me take care of you? I asked, mashing my teeth together, trying not to come all over her.

“Yes!” she hissed, and I grinned like a wild animal. Stroking my dick from the tip to the base, I squeezed the root of it as I slid it between her folds. She was so damn wet and pink.

Messy.

“Mine,” I groaned as I started to feed her little kitty the tip of my thick dick.

“Yours.”

“Who has you?” I taunted, needing to hear her call me daddy again. Needing to get her filthy and dirty.

“Daddy. Daddy has me. Please.”

“Lift,” I ordered, lifting her legs up, and in one long hard thrust, I pushed myself all the way into her pussy.

With her legs over my shoulders, she was even tighter. “Fuck!” I growled, and she squeezed around my cock.

“More, Daddy! Daddy, more,” she whined over and over. My new nickname the sweetest chant that had ever fallen from her lips. I didn’t stop. I felt her come.

Once and then again.

Her body limp under mine, I didn’t stop. I kept fucking her. Working her pretty, swollen clit with the pad of my thumb when I saw it. Her eyes started to brighten, go hazy as she stared into mine as her body grew impossibly tight around me.

“Good girl. Be my good girl.”

“No,” she fought, and I let her. I pulled her legs off my shoulders and rolled us over until she straddled me. “My girl wanna be bad? You going to be a bad girl?”

“I wanna feel you.”

“Feel me what?”

“Come, Daddy. I need to feel you come,” she whimpered sweetly as she worked her body over mine. “Make me yours,” she coaxed, taking me completely.

Her hips bucked and swayed as she bounced perfectly up and down on my cock until I almost blacked out. My hands clenched at her hips tightly. So fucking tightly I knew there would be bruises later. *Good*. I wanted my marks on her. All over her body.

*Breed her. Breed her*, the voice in my head ordered. The vision of Olive pregnant, round with my kid, only made my cock grow thicker.

“Oh! How do you do that?” she squealed as if she felt me thicken further inside of her. I bucked up into her, meeting her bounce for bounce. One hand tweaked her nipples. I loved the look of desperation on her face. She was close. I needed her to come.

“Creampie me,” she begged filthily, and that had me going over the edge. I lost control of my body. The thought of erupting deep inside her sweet body took over. There was no other purpose for me in that moment than to nut in her.

I needed it.

Craved it.

Savagely and selfishly, I didn't stop until my eyes shut and my body stiffened and I grunted hard. My release pummeled through me and into her.

“Daddy!” Olive cried out, her head falling back as she came, coaxing another ribbon of my seed, and another. Draining my balls right into her sweet little hole.

“Fuck,” she gasped as she fell forward and my arms wrapped around her. Tightly. Her scent and body pressed

against mine as she easily let me hold on to her like my life depended on it in that moment. Maybe because it did. I needed to make her feel safe. Loved. Cherished. Especially after what we had just done.

“Mine,” I whispered. “All mine. Only mine,” I muttered into the skin of her shoulder and felt her sleep sigh against my neck.

“Yours,” she sighed happily, pressing a kiss on my neck and collarbone before pulling back, her eyes slightly shy as they met mine.

“That was, umm...” Her face was pink from exertion and embarrassment. “Umm—” In the heat of the moment, my sweet Olive had beautifully let loose.

“Did I take things too far?” I asked, reaching up to tuck a stray strand of dark hair behind her ear. She shook her head with a soft gaze.

“No.” I felt the two of us relax and smile almost simultaneously. Like our orgasm. My dick twitched at the thought, and her eyes flared. She’d felt the fucker between us.

“Nothing we share between us is wrong or dirty. If we are both into it, it’s okay. You hear me?” She blushed and nodded before sweetly dipping her head down and nudging her nose against mine before kissing me.

And fuck, it was the sweetest kiss to ever exist.



# Chapter 6

# Olive

I was tipsy as I laughed and swayed my hips back and forth.

Not that I'd had a drop of alcohol. Nope. Not one. Not that I was a heavy drinker. I rarely had more than a beer or a cocktail on a girls' night. But being around Bruce, in his house, wearing a cute little outfit for his eyes only, made me feel free and more uninhibited than I had ever felt.

"Fuck. Look at you." He shook his head before pulling me into his strong body and twirling us around the living room. New Year's Eve had never been more fun. Even when I'd gone to a fireman's ball in Beech Grove when I had visited my cousin had I had such a blast.

Laughing and dancing with Bruce all dressed up in a crisp black shirt that made his fair skin pop and his blue eyes shimmer against the contrast. He'd paired it with black dress slacks that made his thighs seem even thicker and more muscular. All I wanted to do was sit down on his lap and get off against his thigh. Rub myself into a whimpering mess against the soft material and leave a spot on him.

Mark him the way he'd marked me.

My hands moved to my neck.

I didn't need a mirror to know where he'd left a hickey. Hell, my body beneath the little pink strappy dress that hit a couple inches above my knees was filled with his little love bites. I loved each one.

"So damn sweet. What are you thinking about, baby girl?" he asked. I shook my head. I knew there was no hiding the

blush on my face.

“Tell me.” He stopped dancing and pulled up against him. His very thick bulge pressed into my belly. I’d found out my daddy was insatiable. He had stamina and a hunger that didn’t cease. Though he said it was only me who brought the animal out of him.

Which I didn’t mind.

I loved it.

I loved him.

“I love you.” His gaze softened before he leaned down and pressed a kiss against my forehead.

“I love you, too, Olive,” his deep voice rumbled. “But that’s not what you were thinking about.” He was too good at reading me.

I opened and shut my mouth but then just shrugged. “What is it?”

My hands moved to touch the top of his thighs. “I was thinking about rubbing my needy little kitty against you. Here.”

“You were thinking about humping me? Grinding that perfect pussy against my lap?” I nodded. My heart started to race, and heat seemed to fill every pore.

“I used to do that,” I whispered. “After work, I’d come home and rub myself until I called out your name,” I admitted. His nose flared. “I’d hump my pillow and—” I didn’t get to say another word.

A peel of laughter escaped from me as he tossed me over his shoulder like a fireman, his hands holding me in place at the back of my thighs. My dress wasn’t crazy short when I stood, but I knew my ass was on display as he moved us through his living room. Upside down, I wasn’t sure what Bruce grabbed with his other hand, and I couldn’t see it as I hung from his shoulder.

Gracefully, he moved us toward one of the couches he had pushed up against the windows and walls so we would have

space to dance. The song ended, and something else started. Something sultry with a lower base. The beats were sexy and slow as he pulled me up off his shoulder. I was dizzy and grinning like a lovesick fool. But it didn't matter. How could anything when his expression matched mine?

For the most part.

“Take off your dress, sweetness,” he demanded after taking a seat in the center of the couch. His demand in a tone I had become more than acquainted with. One I had never heard, not once in a lifetime of friendship, but one I knew very personally now. His daddy voice.

My hands moved down to my thighs and touched the hem of the skirt. I could feel his blue gaze like a touch.

“Don't make me wait.” I licked my bottom lip. “Olive,” he warned.

I'd also learned that when he was in this kind of mood, he didn't make empty threats. My ass was still a little achy from the spanking he'd given me first thing in the morning when I had told him I wasn't hungry for breakfast.

I moved to do what he wanted. Not that I hadn't liked his punishment earlier; I'd loved it. My voice had gone hoarse from how hard I had shouted his name. But in that moment, I wanted to make that little fantasy I'd just had come to life.

But I did his bidding slowly.

I loved teasing him, and I knew he got off on it, too. With more patience than I thought I was capable of, I lifted the skirt up my thighs, revealing the matching soft pink thong with a lacy edge. Putting my tummy and torso on display until the dress was completely off my body. My breasts bounced heavily. The dress had a built-in bra, so I hadn't bothered with anything else.

“I'm such a lucky daddy,” he groaned and opened his legs wider. Patting one of his knees. “Sit, baby girl. Show me what my girl was thinking about.”

I moved toward him, straddling his right knee, and sat down. He held my body easily. Confidently. “That what you

were thinking about?" he asked with a high brow. "Just sitting on my lap?" I bit down and shook my head.

"No," I whispered. "You would bounce your knee."

"Mmm." He did as I'd said, and I gasped, my body falling forward, one hand on his chest and the other on his shoulder. The friction he created against my pussy with his knee had my toes curling. "My girl likes bouncing that kitty on my knee?" he asked. His hands moved to the waistband of my thong and lifted the material higher.

"Daddy!" I purred as the material went up between my slit and ass cheeks. Pressing perfectly against my clit. My hips moved on their own. I rubbed my clit against him, leaking my juices all over him.

"Look at you, Olive. Fuck me, such a pretty little dancer on daddy's lap. Like a dream. A goddess. My good, little, dirty girl. Come for me, baby girl. Give me that sweet honey," he coaxed, pulling the material a little higher and holding it at the small of my back with one hand while the other wrapped around and pressed against the one little hole he hadn't claimed. He didn't breach it.

"Not yet. But soon," he breathed. His eyes narrowed. "You want that?"

"I want everything with you, Daddy," I confessed.

There were no boundaries with what we did.

He'd been right that first time we had sex. Nothing between us was dirty or wrong if we both got off on it. He'd proven that over the last two days.

We'd had dirty sex, sweet sex, and everything in between.

"Come for me. Come for daddy," he demanded darkly, and I was no longer in control of my body. I shattered and screamed out his name before falling forward, and he wrapped me up in his embrace. I wasn't sure how long after he moved me to be in his lap. I looked up at him and could see the dirty, filthy thoughts start to flood his mind.

"Do it," I whispered, and he grinned.

“Good girl.” He winked as he reached next to us.

There, at my feet, was a bowl of strawberries and a bottle of champagne. My thighs shut, and Bruce laughed. Shaking his head, tsking at me. “Dirty girl.” He kissed the top of my nose as he put the bowl of strawberries on my lap, forcing my hands to hold them. He picked a big juicy deep-red berry.

“Open,” he demanded, and I swallowed. I spread my thighs open for him, and he slid the berry down my sternum, down my belly button and lower.

“Bruce.”

“Shh, daddy’s hungry, baby,” he mumbled, his eyes pinned to my pussy. I lost sight of him as my eyes fluttered shut and I exhaled roughly. He dipped the pad of his thumb into me and then pulled out, dipping the berry inside.

“Wider,” he ordered, and my legs spread for him. He dipped the tip of the berry into me and then pulled it out, bringing it to his lips before eating it. He moaned as if it had been covered in sweet, whipped cream. “So sweet.”

He grabbed another berry and repeated the action again and again. Every time playing with me, taking me further and further to the edge of bliss before pulling it out and feasting on the fruit. I was a whining mess begging for him when he finally brought a berry to my own lips and had me biting down on it.

“Sweetest goddamn berry,” he groaned. He wanted me to taste myself with the strawberry. It was filthy and taboo, but it only made me wetter.

Hornier for more.

He moved me off his lap and carefully opened the bottle of champagne. I watched as he brought the bottle to his lips and took a long, healthy chug. “My good girl thirsty?” he asked. My eyes roamed down his body.

“For you, Daddy,” I admitted, and he nodded. My hands quickly moved to his pants, undoing his belt and carefully lowering the zipper of his slacks.

“Pull me out,” he rasped. His breathing had changed, as well as the air around us. He was on edge.

His beautiful thick member sprung forward, and I didn't hesitate to wrap my lips around the tip. His fingers tangled with my hair and pulled my head back.

“No, baby. Not yet.” He heaved heavily as he carefully brought the bottle of champagne to mouth. I took a swig of the sweet bubbly. “Now suck on daddy, dirty girl,” he demanded, and I did as he ordered.

The act was wet and messy as I slurped around him. Blowjobs had never been something I ever thought I would enjoy doing. But that was because it hadn't been with Bruce. I hadn't been with Daddy.

I loved it with him.

Craved to take him in my mouth.

I sucked and licked. Hallowing my mouth around his thickness as I coated him with my saliva and drool. He was too long and thick for me to take more than half of him, but he didn't seem to mind by the sounds he made. Especially since I worked one hand, stroking him up and down while using the other to cup his balls in my hands. Fondling him, silently coaxing for his seed to fill my mouth and belly.

Before I knew it, he was lifting me up under my pits.

“Daddy!” I whined, and his hand smacked my ass.

“Bad girl. Getting daddy that goddamn close. About to blow my load inside that pretty little mouth.”

“Why not?” I whined as he carried me to his bedroom. “I want to taste you, Daddy,” I pouted, and he growled. Before I knew it, he was tossing me into the middle of his gigantic bed. He followed, the bottle of bubbly still in his hand. He poured some on me, and I squeaked.

“Still, babe. Stay still, Olive,” he grunted under his breath, his free hand flexing and clenching. He poured the ice-chilled liquid over my belly, filling my belly button, not giving two shits about spilling on his bed.

Not that I minded.

Not when he bent and sucked it out of my belly button and licked my torso clean, not missing an inch of skin before flipping me over. I looked at him over my shoulder as he stared at the very intimate parts of me. He looked at me with so much possession and awe in his gaze, it made me want to give him everything. Everything I was, everything I had, belonged to him.

My heart and body included.

Emotions got the best of me, and all I could do was look away. I reached behind me, spreading my ass cheeks for him. Offering everything I had. My face rested against the mattress. “Fuck me, Daddy,” I moaned. An animalistic sound vibrated through the air of his bedroom.

“Don’t mind if I do.” He didn’t hesitate. He thrust in completely, from root to base, and my sounds muffled against the sheets.

He was ruthless.

Savage.

Claiming my pussy, ravaging me so beautifully I lost my mind as he pounded into me. My thighs shook as his hand moved between my body and the mattress. Even when I tried to make it about him, he took care of me.

“Always take care of you, Olive,” he grunted as if reading my thoughts, or maybe I had said them out loud. I was too far gone to know which way was up. “I’ll always make sure,” he strained, “you get off. You’re satisfied.”

“Bruce!” I cried out. My back arched.

There was no pausing. I met him thrust for thrust as he rubbed against my clit, and my body shattered into a million pieces. I felt like my soul was removed from my body, making me float and come all at the same time as liquid splashed between us. Then a thrust or three later, warmth filled me, soothed me as I came back to my body, floated back down and my body collapsed against his mattress, his body draped over mine, and when he tried to pull away to lessen the weight he



had given me, I stopped him. Muttering for him to stay close as I drifted off to sleep more than satisfied.

# Chapter 7

# Bruce

I stroked her hair, and she sighed happily as she rolled into my arms and slowly opened her eyes. Fuck, I loved watching her wake up. I knew in the center of my being that I would never tire of it. I'd be a hundred, drooling into my Jell-O cup, thinking about the next time I would get the honor of watching her open her eyes to a new day. A new moment.

One we would be lucky enough to share.

“Did we miss it?” she asked with a tiny little yawn that was too damn cute for words. Then again, it felt like everything Olive did was freaking adorable, including when she liked to push my buttons.

“No, sweetness. Not yet. I was about to wake you up for it,” I shared, and she smiled. Brightly. Her gray eyes shined like polished marble.

“How much time do we have?” she asked. I glanced at the digital alarm clock on my nightstand. “About seven minutes.”

“Wait here.” She grinned as she hopped out of bed naked as the day she was born, and ran out.

Before I knew it, she was back with two glasses filled with the green grapes she'd added to our grocery list. “What's this?” I asked as she came back to bed and cuddled in with me.

“Do we still have champagne left?” she asked, ignoring my question. I nodded and reached for the bottle I had set on the floor on my side of the bed. She lifted the glasses, and I filled it with the bubbly.

“What now?”

“At midnight, we kiss—”

“Plan approved.”

“Shut up!” She giggled. “We kiss, and then we eat the twelve grapes and drink the champagne.”

“Why?” I asked. She giggled then breathed in deeply.

“My mom used to do it. The grapes represent the months of the year. There are twelve in each one. I should have started with that.”

“Okay,” I sounded slowly.

“If they’re sweet, you know that month will be a good one, and if it’s tart—” She shrugged, making a cute face. I laughed. Pressing my lips against hers.

“I love you. Every month with you will be sweet honey. I know it,” I reassured her.

“Bruce.” She looked up at me, and again, I couldn’t believe I had been so damn blind all these years. Thankfully, I hadn’t fucked it up and let her slip through my fingers.

“I love you, Olive. As long as we’re together from here on out, it’ll be sweet sailing.”

“Don’t jinx it,” she warned with worry in her eyes. I stroked her face softly until she relaxed to my touch.

“It’s not jinxing. It’s believing. I love you with everything I am.”

“I love you, too,” she whispered sweetly. Fuck, there was something about the way my girl said those three words to me that had me feeling like a freaking king, left me feeling invincible. There was nothing we couldn’t do as long as we were together.

My phone pinged with the alarm I’d set. “Thirty seconds,” I shared. “You ready to start this new year together?” I searched her beautiful dark gaze. Olive’s eyes softened and filled with undeniable love.

“More than ready,” she whispered.

“Good, because time waits for snowman.” I winked, loving the way she laughed, tossing her body closer to mine.

“So cheesy!” She shook her head, but nonetheless, we started counting down.

Together. Each second moving us closer to a new year. A fresh start. Together.

“Six. Five. Four.”

As I looked into her dark eyes, my heart had never felt lighter and fuller than in that moment. We had spent our share of holidays together. We had a lifetime of memories. Moments we had shared and learned all about the other. I wasn't worried about what the future would bring because I knew at the center of it, at the foundation of what made us, we were solid.

Even so, I was a selfish bastard who couldn't wait to make a lifetime more of them.

“Three. Two. One. Happy New Year!” Olive's big brown eyes seemed to glitter before my lips found hers and we sealed the start of a new year with a kiss.

Like we would for the next thirty or forty to come, if I had my way!

# Epilogue

## Bruce

### *A Year Later*

**S**tarting the year with Olive had been incredible.

For a moment, that first week of January, I worried. Could I balance work and giving enough time to our relationship? My brothers and I had set a new schedule on January second as well as had hired more help. What was the point of making the money we made if we never had a moment to enjoy it?

Or breathe?

Turned out, I had worried for nothing.

The thing I hadn't realized while I had worried was that Olive and I worked together. Beautifully. Both off and on the clock. Before January ended, I had talked her into giving up the tiny excuse of an apartment over the diner and move in with me.

Somehow, by spring, I had managed to talk my sweet girl into marrying me. She had surprised me by asking if we could not have a big to-do. We'd gone to city hall on a Tuesday, where we had vowed to love one another till death do us part in front of the justice of the peace.

The year had flown by way too quickly, I thought to myself with a grin on my face. I was in our bedroom, waiting for my girl to come back. She was wearing a cute little one-piece PJ romper that fit her like a glove, and I watched as she bounced back into the room. The thing was cute. White and fit, showing off every curve and angle, making my mouth

water as I stared at the tight little buds of her nipples rubbing against the cotton material. The thing had buttons up the front and a cute little flap in the back. One I had undone earlier before her new year's spanking. I couldn't wait to rip it off her and bury my face between her legs in a little bit.

She snuggled in close and handed me my glass.

"Strawberries? I thought I made sure to get grapes." She shrugged and blushed. "Talk to me," I urged.

"I've been thinking about what you said last year."

"What did I say?" I asked, tilting my head in her direction, making sure not to take my eyes off her for a second.

"About how as long as we're together, every month is sweet. So,"—she lifted her glass—"sweetness guaranteed.

"Fuck, I love you," I growled and pressed my lips to hers, kissing her passionately. Wet. The only reason I pulled away was because my alarm pinged.

"You ready for another year together?"

"I'm ready for a lifetime of them," she whispered. I groaned and rested my forehead against hers.

"My baby girl's so damn sweet."

"My daddy's pretty sweet, too."

"Fuck," I huffed. "The moment we count down, eat these berries and gulp down the champagne. I'm gonna show you just how sweet I can be with you, baby girl."

"Mine's not champagne, Daddy." she whispered, covering my hand with hers and bringing it to her belly. I stilled, watching her closely.

"What?" I croaked.

We'd talked about having kids. Knocking her up had been on the forefront of my mind, especially after putting my ring on finger, but nothing had happened. We weren't trying, but we weren't trying to prevent it either.



“I took a test earlier today, when you went to the store,” she blurted, and I saw it.

She was worried. Stressed, even. About how I would react about this.

“Fuck, baby.” My eyes shut, and I breathed in deeply. Exhaling slowly, I opened my eyes.

“You’re crying,” she noted, quickly wiping my tears away. I laughed.

“Happy tears, baby girl. Fuck! We’re going to have a baby!” I laughed, and she nodded.

“You’re okay with it?”

“More than okay.” Then I felt myself go pale. “I spanked you. Shit. Are you okay? Do you think that hurt the—” She shook her head as she looked at me with that expression she got when she thought I was being cute or sweet.

“We’re okay. Don’t worry.”

“A baby,” I repeated. My gaze dipped down to her belly. I’d put a baby in there.

“A baby,” she repeated, and I blinked.

To think I almost missed this.

I’d almost missed the opportunity to really live this year. I was man enough to admit being with my girl, sharing my life with Olive, made everything ten times better. I looked up at her, and together we counted down. “Five. Four. Three. Two. One! Happy—” Not another word sounded because I couldn’t hold myself back. I kissed her, sealing the start of a new year with a kiss until my girl was squirming on my lap for daddy’s attention.

And she got it.

Time waited for snowman, and I made sure to work with her to make every moment of not only the new year count, but every moment for the rest of our lives together. Every moment was sweeter than the last, even in the tough times.

Because our love only bloomed brighter with every passing day.

# Want more Frost Men?

Asher is up next!

Check out a sneak peek for

It's Snow Secret- coming soon!

## Chapter One

I never went to town. And I sure as hell didn't volunteer my time to visit my sister in laws kindergarten class.

But there I was like a damn sap. Why? Not because Laurel had asked me and Oakley had pestered me.

*Nope.* I wish they had annoyed me into going. The reason I'd way too easily agreed to go and help with Laurel's career day was because of her boss. Her curvy, pin-up lookin', sassy mouthed boss, Coco Ramos.

*Principal Ramos.*

She was the one who had encouraged every teacher into organizing a career da for their classes. And those soft hazel eyes and luscious red lips had haunted me since before the holidays.

Since the night of the blizzard and we had somehow found ourselves snowed in together by accident. The only one that had found out about those three days had been my brother Bruce. Who by some miracle had kept his fucking mouth shut.

It was probably due to the fact that damn blizzard had wreaked havoc on his own life. Finally opening his eyes to how he felt about his best friend, Olive Palma. Whatever it

was, I was grateful no one knew our business. Not that I had anything to hide or I was ashamed about.

Coco was drop dead gorgeous inside and out.

But I was cursed. I shook my head.

What the fuck am I doing here? I mumbled under my breath and heard someone clear their throat behind me. I turned to see the woman who had plagued my dreams. Both awake and asleep.

Mr. Frost. She paled as she nodded. It was obvious she hadn't expected to see me. To her this was the first time we had come in contact since she has snuck out of my cabin. She had no idea I lurked in the shadows at night for a glimpse of her. Not that I had to do much more than shut my eyes and I would see her, plain as day.

Under me.

Over me.

Next to me.

“Principal Ramos.” I rasped, crossing my arms in front of me because if I didn't, I was liable to do something asinine. Like reach for her and make it no secret she belonged to me.

*No.* A voice scolded in my head.

I was cursed.

I'd tried out love and getting tied to someone. And for a while, it had worked. Or at least, I had thought it had.

Until it hadn't and I had been made to look like a god damn fool. I'd been the lovesick idiot who had been the king of grand gestures. Showing how god damn whipped I'd been over my ex-wife in every public way possible.

From proposing at our Christmas tree lighting to getting married and hosting a huge wedding in the center of town. All because that's where I had seen her for the first time. I'd been a motherfucking idiot.

Where I could swear up and down to anyone who would listen that was the very spot that I'd witnessed a miracle. She

had been my miracle and I hadn't been able to see past my own nose when it came to my ex-wife. So damn in love it had almost cost my brothers and I our family Christmas Tree farm.

The center of town was the last place I saw her. After she had publicly humiliated me, she drove off with her new man and his kid in her belly.

Last I'd heard she was in Ohio somewhere on to her third husband and fourth kid.

"How have you been?" She asked looking around but no one was around. We were alone together in the empty playground.

"Fine." I grunted, "You?" I asked and she shrugged.

I didn't miss the way her eyes didn't meet mine. If that wasn't a sign she regretted what we'd done, I didn't know what was. I was definitely cursed.

"Right. Well, I better get back to Laur's class." I turned but she called for me and I stopped, not bothering to look behind me. I still had no idea what had possessed her to sneak out like a thief in the night at the end of the blizzard.

Maybe it was me?

Maybe she had been ashamed of what we'd done? Regret was a motherfucker. Too bad no matter how much I tried, I couldn't find that in me when it came to that night.

"Asher." My voice sounded sweet from her lips. A flashback of that night swooped in.

*Asher, ash, oh god Ash!* I'd made my name sound sweeter during the blizzard while we kept one another company and made sure to keep each other warm.

"Do you think, umm, well maybe if you're not busy, do you think we could have dinner?" She asked and I turned around.

It was the last week of January and the sun was starting to shine a little brighter but there was still a nip in the air and snow on the ground.

“Dinner?” I repeated and she licked her lips. There was a nervous flutter about her.

“I was hoping we could talk umm about...” her face went a cute shade of crimson, “well umm, what do you think?” She swallowed as she wiped sweat off her brow.

“Are you okay?” I asked moving closer to her. She was sweating and it was barely forty degrees.

Her usually sun kissed skin with an olive undertone was a little paler than usual for this time of year. I frowned.

Something was up.

“I’m fine. So, what do you think? Dinner?”

“We can do dinner. Call me with what night works for you this week. I’ll make something for us.”

“What?” her eyes turned to saucers, and I winked at her.

“I’ll cook and you can talk.” I nodded and turned and didn’t stop walking until I reached my sister-in-law’s classroom. Because if I did, I’d be arrested for something stupid. Like kidnapping the pretty principal.

But it’s snow secret out of the Frost brothers, I wasn’t the brightest. Kidnapping was most definitely still possible.

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[Up to Snow Good](#)

[Time Waits for Snowman](#)

It's Snow Secret- Coming. 2023

## **Hat Trick Barbers**

[Hard Part](#)

[Clean Cut](#)

[High & Tight](#)

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[Stalked by the Quarterback](#)

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Stalked by the Wide Receiver- coming 2023

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[Rowdy in California- Coming Nov. 2](#)

[Ruthlessly Yours- Coming Nov. 29](#)

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[Risking it All- coming Feb. 10<sup>th</sup>](#)

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Until Blaze

Zaiden- A Scrooged Christmas

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You, the beautiful reader: Thank you for taking a chance on this story. You have no idea what it means to me. I know there are a bunch of books you could choose from, and I am humbled and honored you would take time to read my words.

Seriously, THANK YOU!

I appreciate you and hope you enjoyed *Time Waits for Snowman*!

# About the Author

Mayra Statham resides in Southern California with her three kids and husband. When she isn't writing or hanging with family, you can find her hidden behind a romance novel while enjoying a highly caffeinated drink.

She loves hearing from readers.

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