

# ALL HE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS



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## ALL HE WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS



**S**hop windows twinkled brightly with Christmas lights and decorations as Westley strolled past. He stopped and stared at each display for several long moments, delighting in the myriad of colors and sights, before continuing on his path. Christmas had always been his favorite time of the year. It was a season meant for giving, loving, and cherishing the time spent with family and friends. Westley had been alone during the holidays for a few years now, his parents passing on while he was still in college, but he knew one day, he'd have that special someone in his life. Somebody who'd give him those moments to remember each year.

There was a certain someone in his life he'd give anything to make those special memories with, but they had no idea of his feelings for them. Yet despite the one love he wished and hoped for being unobtainable, he didn't allow that to dim the happy glow he carried around inside of him through the holiday season. It really only made his smile happier and livelier because you see, Westley was in love with his boss

Liam, and had been almost since the day he'd hired Westley six months ago.

Though, he'd been rather surprised to be chosen out of the many candidates for the position of Liam's assistant, certain he'd botched the interview. Embarrassment even now warmed his cheeks as he remembered his stuttered answers and how he'd fumbled to retrieve his resume from the folder he carried.

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Westley snuck a few glances around him at the others waiting to be interviewed for the position of Executive Assistant of the CEO of Braxton, Inc. The candidates were all well-dressed, in clothes which surely cost more than the ones he'd lucked out at finding at Goodwill, and they all appeared to be nowhere near as nervous as he did. His stomach twisted in knots and he couldn't help but fidget in his seat. He'd just graduated from college a couple of months before with an AA degree in business, but he couldn't afford to go to school full time any longer. The money left over from his parents' life insurance had run out, leaving him in desperate need of a job to continue pursuing his BA and then his Master's degree.

None of the others were as young as he was either. God, he had no idea why he'd thought for a second he would qualify for an executive assistant job. The required skills listed out were things he felt he more than met: organized, attention to detail, and advanced with Microsoft Office Suite. There were a handful of other requirements, but they were things like being able to handle high pressure situations and such. Westley was more than qualified he thought.

But seeing all of the candidates waiting for the job almost made him stand up and leave. Only the need for a steady

paycheck kept him glued to his seat. He could feel sweat building along his spine and he was grateful for the jacket, which would cover the evidence of his apprehension. The sound of the outer office door opening caused Westley to jump a fraction.

Then he laid eyes on the CEO of Braxton, Inc. and his heart leapt into his throat. Liam Braxton was beyond gorgeous. He looked as if he'd stepped off the pages of a magazine. Golden blond hair, bright green eyes, several inches taller than himself, and a pair of dimples Westley would love to explore with his tongue couldn't be more opposite from his own appearance. Westley detested his short stature of five foot six and his unruly pitch-black hair he could never tame. His only distinguishing feature was his liquid silver eyes, or so he'd been told by a previous boyfriend.

Liam had broad shoulders wider than both of Westley's thighs and Westley could see he had rather large hands with long fingers. Although slender, Westley kept his body in shape by exercising three days a week at a local gym. His clothing typically hid whatever muscle definition he had on his upper body and abs, but they certainly didn't cover a six pack either. He was grateful he had avoided the customary college gain many people complained about.

“Westley Morris.”

As Liam bid the previous candidate a farewell, Westley drank in the sparkling light in Liam's eyes and the wide grin with straight white teeth.

“Mr. Morris?” The receptionist raised a brow in his direction and he realized it wasn't the first time she'd said his name.

Eyes widening, Westley flushed when he heard a couple of the others snicker and he stood quickly, dropping the folder he had with his resume on the floor. He cleared his

throat and bent down to pick it up before approaching her desk. "I'm Westley Morris."

"Mr. Braxton will see you now," she said and gestured to where the man stood.

He swallowed hard and walked toward the man in question. Liam smiled warmly at him and held out his hand. "I'm Liam Braxton."

"W-Westley Morris," Westley stuttered while accepting Liam's hand in his. A shudder wiggled down Westley's spine at the contact and he had to force himself to release Liam's hand.

Liam gestured for him to enter the office in front of him, something Westley found odd. He'd been on a number of interviews, and none of the others had even come out of their offices to greet him. Biting his lip, Westley perched carefully in one of the chairs facing Liam's desk. "Would you like a glass of water?" Liam asked.

There was no way in hell Westley would accept that offer. With how anxious he felt and how much his hands were shaking, he'd spill it everywhere. "Oh, no, that's quite all right, but thank you for the offer. Would you like to see my resume?"

He went to take out his resume and fumbled the folder a second time, almost dropping it along with the papers inside. A blush worked its way over Westley's cheeks. Liam waved a hand and sat behind his desk. "That won't be necessary. I've already reviewed everyone's resumes. I just wanted to have a chat, get to know a little bit about you."

Westley set the recovered folder in his lap. "That sounds great, sir."

"Oh, none of the sir business. Everyone around here calls me Liam."

Surprise brought Westley's gaze right to Liam's. He

noticed Liam's green eyes had little golden rings around them. They were stunning.

"You just finished college, Westley?"

Nodding, Westley replied, his fingers tightening on the edges of the folder, "Yes, si-uh-Liam."

Liam smiled. "What did you go to school for?"

"I actually am still going to be taking classes after work hours. I have my associates in business, but I plan on working toward my B.A. with a path to a master's thereafter."

"You don't think the schedule with a full-time job will be too hectic?" Liam asked.

"No. Most of my classes will be online from here out and I'll be able to spend time in the evenings, if you don't need me. Um... if I get the job, that is."

Liam leaned back in his chair, his posture clearly casual. "I may need your assistance at odd times. Business dinners, social engagements, things like that. Will that be a problem?"

"Oh, not at all!" Westley exclaimed.

"What do you do in your spare time then?"

"I don't really do much outside of school work. Mostly read. Spend time with my dog, Kahlua."

"Oh? What kind of books do you enjoy?"

Westley nearly swallowed his tongue at Liam's question. He'd never been asked in the previous interviews about what he liked to read, just what he did in his free time. He couldn't imagine letting Liam know about reading gay romance and some of the very risqué scenes some of them contained. "Sci-fi, urban fantasy, paranormal. A little bit of everything," he fudged.

Wasn't exactly a lie, but not entirely the truth either.

"How are you with a digital filing system?"

"I've used a number of cloud-based filing systems for my own purposes and I'm very comfortable with computers."

“Good. Tell me more about yourself, Westley. Did you grow up here?” Liam inquired.

Westley shook his head. “No, sir. I grew up in Pennsylvania, but I moved here for college two years ago.”

“Your family still back east?”

“My parents were killed in a car accident about a year ago. They were the only family I had.”

Sympathy flooded Liam’s features. “I’m sorry for your loss.”

“Thank you.”

“Tell me about your past experience. Have you worked in an office environment before?”

“I actually interned for Drexel Software last summer for two months. The usual—working with data files, manipulating Excel, fetching coffee, faxing things, scanning, copying, things like that.”

Liam continued to ask questions, never once seeming to tire of listening to him. It surprised Westley that Liam hadn’t fallen asleep at his desk already with how boring Westley was. He didn’t have friends, and his only hobbies really did consist of reading and he also wrote original gay fiction under a pseudonym on a forum. He’d never tell anyone about his stories though. They were just something he used to destress and write characters like himself being the ones to end up with the prince instead of the perfect models always winning.

By the end of the interview, Westley thought for sure he’d failed because he not only did nothing but study and read in his spare time, but he also didn’t have very much experience under his belt. Liam stood and showed him out of his office, giving him a strong handshake and another of his breathtaking smiles. “You’ll be hearing from the HR department in the next couple of days with my decision.”

“Thank you for your time,” Westley managed, close to

tears knowing he'd probably lost the opportunity to work with such a warm, caring, and beyond sexy boss. He went home after another interview with another company that couldn't hold a candle to Braxton, Inc. and indulged in a pint of his favorite ice cream and a smutty new book he'd just downloaded to his Kindle.

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When he received the call the day after the interview, Westley couldn't have been more shocked and he'd been damn near speechless on the phone with the woman from the human resources department. He'd had to take a breath more than once before he could answer her. Over the next six months, Westley grew to know everything about Liam, and his judgment of Liam being the kindest, sweetest man he'd ever met held true. Liam ensured his employees were happy in their jobs and well taken care of, providing them impeccable health insurance, plenty of vacation time, and an evenly matched 401k retirement plan. The most shocking piece of information he learned about Liam sent him running for the bathroom to jerk off at work. Liam was gay. A factor Westley never would have guessed with how many of the women, visitors and employees alike, practically threw themselves at him.

But really, it was Liam's smile which outshone everything else about his boss. A smile Westley found he could surely drown in. On more than one occasion he'd almost humiliated himself by growing hard right in front of the man. He could hardly believe Liam hadn't already guessed his interest and fired him on the spot. After all, he was his boss, and it wasn't exactly professional to pop a boner at work.

Maybe Liam hadn't seen past the front Westley tried to put on around him or maybe he just didn't want to have to

find another assistant who could take care of him as Westley did. Organization skills and a memory like an elephant made him very efficient at his job. He always made sure Liam had everything he needed right at hand. Every morning he had Liam's coffee ready and waiting for him, prepared just as he liked it. Westley kept careful track of his appointments and all of the charity events Liam attended, ensuring Liam's tuxedo had been dry-cleaned and pressed before every engagement. Liam never had to ask for anything.

Another facet of Liam that Westley adored was his never-ending generosity. In fact, Westley only found himself out during the last-minute holiday shopping crush because he was headed to the hospital to visit a co-worker. Kate, the front desk receptionist, had recently been in a car accident where she'd been pretty badly injured. As soon as Liam had discovered her plight, he'd arranged to take care of her hospital bills and for her to have a private room for the duration of her stay. Liam had tasked Westley to bring her a gift as he couldn't due to an important appointment he had to attend to. Westley didn't remember scheduling anything for Liam that day, but he hadn't questioned it and merely accepted the task with his usual enthusiasm. After all, not only did his boss ask him to do it, but he also had no other plans for Christmas Eve.

Westley tore himself out of his thoughts and away from the window he stood in front of to continue his walk to the hospital. Everyone hustled and hustled around him, hurrying to their destinations without even sparing a glance at the shops. So many people didn't take the time to enjoy the season, the awe-inspiring decorations meant to brighten the heart of even the most Grinch-like individual, and Westley couldn't stop the jolt of sadness he felt for them. Everything had become so commercialized and made to be about money.

The sign for the hospital Kate was in came into view and he picked up his pace. He couldn't wait to visit her. A sweet, middle-aged woman, she always had a smile for him in the mornings and she even brought him small treats when she baked for her family. When he entered the front doors of the hospital, Westley headed to the front desk. "Happy Holidays! Would you be so kind as to tell me which room Kate Sanders is in please?" he asked the lady behind the desk.

She entered Kate's name into a computer and replied, "Room 106."

He thanked her and headed down the corridor she pointed to. He knocked on the doorframe of the room when he reached it and entered. Kate sat up in bed with her right arm and left leg in a cast. A younger woman perched in a chair next to the bed. "Westley!" Kate greeted cheerfully, her brown eyes sparkling with merriment even in her situation.

"Hello, Kate," he replied, walking to the bed to press a kiss to her cheek. "How are you feeling?"

"I've been better, but they're letting me out of here tomorrow morning and I can hardly wait to go home. Westley, this is my daughter, Erica. Erica this is Westley Morris. He's Mr. Liam's assistant."

"I can hardly believe all that your boss has done for my mother!" Erica exclaimed after they'd exchanged greetings.

Westley smiled fondly. "Liam is a generous man who cares very deeply for those around him."

Kate gave Westley a knowing glance. She'd been his confidant for the last six months, so she knew of his feelings for Liam quite well. He trusted her enough to know she would never share such private details with the others in the office. "Tell me what you're doing for Christmas, Westley," Kate demanded.

"I'm just going to be staying at home with Kahlua and making some dinner for myself." Kahlua was his American

Eskimo, who was with his neighbors at the moment while he attended to Liam's errand. She didn't do well on her own sometimes and whenever he wasn't home, he either dropped her at the doggy daycare or his neighbors would take her for a little while.

"Nonsense! You and Kahlua will come to our house for Christmas dinner," Kate stated.

"Oh, but I—"

"It's settled!" Kate glared at him without heat and Westley chuckled, reaching out to squeeze her uninjured hand.

"All right, Kate. You win. Are you sure you won't mind me bringing Kahlua?"

"She's your baby, Wes! Of course she's more than welcome!"

Warmth settled in Westley's chest and he smiled fondly at her. "Okay, we'll see you tomorrow afternoon. Should I bring anything with me?"

"No, just yourself!" Kate reached over to a table near her bed and picked up a small gift bag. "Before I forget, Liam asked me to give this to you when you got here, but he said don't open it until you leave."

Westley frowned. "Did he say why?"

Kate shook her head. "He just said to make sure you get it. He stopped in earlier this morning to visit and asked if I could do a favor for him."

Surprise raised Westley's brows. Liam had already visited Kate? Then why had he asked Westley to bring her his gift? And why not give Westley the bag when he'd given Liam his gift? He'd given Liam a leather-bound appointment book and tickets to an orchestra concert Liam had mentioned he'd like to see. "He asked me to stop by and give this to you. Why wouldn't he have just brought it when he visited?"

He passed her the bag while she handed him the one for him. A slight smile tilted Kate's lips and before he could

attempt to decipher the look, Erica suggested, “Maybe he forgot it?”

Maybe, but he couldn’t quite accept the proffered reasoning. Liam didn’t forget things. Westley couldn’t imagine Liam leaving something as important as a gift behind.

Westley had to call on every ounce of patience in him to stay and visit with Kate. He wanted nothing more than to rip open the bag and see what Liam had left for him. The idea it was anything more than a tie or something equally benign seemed preposterous yet he couldn’t stop the childish excitement building inside of him. That exact feeling brought him to his feet sooner than he would have normally. A fact which Kate teased him for. “Go on, sweetie. I know you’re dying to open your gift. I do expect you at my home tomorrow for dinner though. Erica, would you write down the address for him please?”

Another five minutes and Westley found himself out on the sidewalk just as twilight hit and the street lamps began to light up. He lowered himself onto a nearby bench and eagerly yanked the tissue paper out, revealing nothing but a small card inside. Disappointment washed over him as the small sliver of hope he’d begun to feel faded away. A gift card? Sighing, he took the card out and opened the envelope. Shock caused him to almost drop it when his fingers began to tremble with nerves.

*Have dinner with me tonight? If your answer is yes, come to the penthouse at seven. – Liam’*

Dinner? With Liam? Why? His throat tightened with anxiety. Was Liam’s offer merely a token of friendship? He glanced at his watch to find it was already six-thirty. His palms began to sweat as he hailed a cab. Climbing inside, he gave Liam’s address to the driver. He’d been to Liam’s penthouse many times over the past six months, but always for business reasons. Liam hosted dinner parties and Westley

would make sure the caterers had everything ready or he would enter long enough to place Liam's dry cleaning in his closet. Once or twice he'd been there to grab something Liam forgot in a rush to get to the office.

He made a quick call to his neighbors to let them know he may not be back until late and he'd pick up Kahlua the following morning. Just as he finished his call, the cab pulled to a stop in front of the penthouse. He paid the fare and almost fell out of the cab with how nervous he was. He greeted the doorman. "Happy holidays, Tom!"

"Happy holidays, Wes!"

Tom opened the door for him and Westley went inside to the elevators. He couldn't stop shifting from foot to foot while he waited for the car to arrive. When it did, he took a deep breath, stepped in, and hit the penthouse button. The closer the elevator got to the top floor, the more his heart pushed into his throat. He almost jumped out of his skin when the ding of his arrival came. But that didn't even compare to the gasp wrenched from him when he saw Liam.

Liam waited for him at the door when he stepped off the elevator. He wore a dark green sweater with a tight pair of blue jeans which hugged every long inch of his legs, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. Westley rarely saw Liam in such casual clothing and the man stole the very breath from his lungs. He felt for sure he couldn't hide his desire for Liam right then. There couldn't possibly be anything but a gob-smacked expression on his face.

"I wasn't sure you'd come," Liam said.

Still uncertain as to what Liam's intention was, he tilted his head and smiled shyly at Liam. "Why wouldn't I?"

Liam didn't answer immediately, but the smile on Liam's face faded away, replaced by a look of uncertainty. "Do you know why I asked you to have dinner with me, Westley?"

Westley couldn't even begin to hope Liam's intention

meant more than just friends or boss and employee. He had never once seen interest on Liam's features when they were together. Lifting a shoulder in a small shrug, he replied, "Because you're my boss and it's Christmas?"

A soft sigh issued from Liam and then he held out his hand to Westley. "Come with me."

Furrowing his brow and with slight hesitation, Westley set his hand in Liam's. A shiver ran down his spine at the feel of Liam's palm against his and he couldn't prevent his fingers from flexing in Liam's grasp. Liam gave a slight squeeze of his hand and gently tugged him into the penthouse and closed the door behind them.

The sight of the penthouse lined with candles brought Westley to a halt, his eyes widening. Liam didn't say anything and continued to lead Westley to the dining table separating the kitchen from the living area. The table was set for two, with one place setting holding a single rose. A bottle of wine rested in an ice bucket and Westley's heart pounded fiercely, hope and disbelief warring with one another.

He started in surprise when Liam murmured into his ear, "I asked you to dinner, my beautiful Westley, because I wanted to spend Christmas Eve with you."

Bewilderment and, if he were honest with himself, a bit of hopefulness froze Westley. Had he fallen asleep in front of the television again? He held his breath, afraid the moment would shatter and he'd wake up to find everything gone, a dream like so many he'd already had these past six months. "But... why?"

Liam still hadn't release Westley's hand and he lifted it to press a gentle kiss to the ridge of his knuckles before tugging him over to the dark brown leather sofa nearby. Westley followed him down onto the plush cushion next to him. "I invited you here tonight because I'm in love with you, West. I have been almost from the moment I saw you

sitting there in the lobby, nervous as hell and completely adorable.”

Westley couldn’t quite contain a gasp and Liam gave him a rueful smile. “I’ve tried to fight it, to hide it, because I was frightened I’d scare you away. I didn’t want to lose you, but I can’t hold back any longer.”

He knew he must look like an idiot with his chin dropped to his chest and his eyes wider than they’d ever been in his life. But he couldn’t seem to find words for Liam’s out of the blue declaration.

“I have tried on many occasions to see if you were interested in being anything more than my employee or even just friend.”

“How?” Westley rasped.

Liam chuckled, a bit derisively if Westley read anything into the sound. “You know those *accidental* times you’ve caught me without a shirt on?”

A sharp intake of air met Liam’s question as Westley remembered one of the times he’d walked into Liam’s office in the middle of him changing his dress shirt. Liam had said he’d spilled something on it and needed to change. How could he forget? His thoughts roamed over the picture of Liam in his mind: the bronze sculpted chest, the lean lines of a barely there six-pack, and the dark, rosy nipples Westley would have given anything to touch, lick, and even suckle on. He’d almost dropped the handful of papers in his hand and his mouth had gone so dry, he’d thought for sure he’d have to drink a gallon of water to feel hydrated again. He’d been certain Liam couldn’t have missed his lust for him right then, but Liam hadn’t said anything. Until now. “Yeah,” he managed.

“Or when I urgently needed you to pick up my tux from the dry cleaner because I forgot?”

The man was out to kill him! Westley swallowed hard at

the image Liam had presented to him that day. He'd been wearing nothing but a pair of boxer briefs, dark purple, that hugged his groin like a second skin. Even now his cock started to fill at the remembrance of his boss standing in almost nothing. He'd eagerly taken in the wet dream before him to fuel his many naughty fantasies as he'd masturbated to thoughts of Liam—the fine dusting of dark hair along his legs, the tight ass and the way it bounced when Liam walked away from him, and the light sheen of water still on his skin from his shower.

Westley couldn't do anything except nod and attempt to shift on the couch in a way to hide his body's reaction. Liam continued, "Those were my awful attempts at trying to gauge if you were affected by me at all."

So many thoughts went round and round in Westley's head. Liam hadn't ever realized Westley's desire for him or how he was secretly in love with him. But the biggest shock was Liam's nervousness. Liam—the man who exuded confidence, the man Westley had never seen frazzled by anything, the one man Westley thought knew exactly how to get what he wanted in life.

He began to respond, but Liam stopped him, pressing the tips of his fingers to Westley's lips. Warmth sizzled through Westley at the intimate touch. "Please let me get this out or I shall lose my nerve."

Silently, he nodded, waiting for Liam to continue. Liam took a deep breath and, still looking into Westley's eyes, said, "I've never felt this way about anyone before. I found myself looking forward to seeing you every day, making you smile, and hearing your voice. When you laugh, I find myself drawn to you more than ever. What gave me the courage to arrange this and the hope you may feel the same was a conversation I overheard between you and Kate a couple of weeks ago."

A guilty look overcame Liam's features. "I really didn't

mean to eavesdrop and I was about to walk away, but I found I couldn't when I heard you say my name."

Two weeks ago? Westley thought back over the conversations he'd had with Kate where anyone could have heard them. His heart stuttered to a stop and heat flooded his entire body in embarrassment when he stumbled on the memory when he'd spoken with Kate in the break room. Liam had been running himself ragged trying to save one of the plants the company owned in a small town. Thousands of people would have been out of a job just a mere few weeks before the holidays. Thankfully, Liam's exhaustive efforts found a solution and he'd kept the plant open, but he'd been drained by the end of it.

Westley had told Kate how much it hurt to see Liam so worn out. Kate had teasingly suggested he tie Liam to the bed to force him to rest. Then she told Westley to finally have his wicked way with Liam. Of course, at the time, Westley had turned three shades of red before telling her that even if he did tie Liam to the bed it wouldn't mean anything if there were no feelings involved.

Liam chuckled huskily and cupped Westley's cheek in one hand. "I have some red ribbon in the nightstand just in case," he teased softly.

"Oh, God," Westley groaned, covering his face with his hands. He felt Liam run his fingers through his hair and shivered at the tender gesture.

Liam pried Westley's hands away to look into his eyes, a serious yet hopeful look on his face. "Is it too much for me to read more into that conversation, my West? Do you have feelings for me?"

Westley bit his lip while his stomach twisted up in knots. His heart beat so hard inside his ears he could barely hear Liam's question. Scrunching his eyes closed, he could do

nothing more than shake his head because speaking past the lump in his throat was impossible.

“You don’t have feelings for me?” Liam said, disappointment evident in his voice.

“No! I...” Westley stumbled to a stop.

“Please say it,” Liam begged quietly. “I need to hear you say it.”

He swallowed hard, the sound loud even to his own ears, and then he managed to choke out, “I love you, too,” before Liam grabbed hold of him tightly, crushing the daylights out of him.

“Thank fuck,” Liam breathed. He leaned away from Westley, loosening his hold enough to grip Westley’s chin between his thumb and forefinger, tilting his head upward. “I’ve been dying to kiss you since forever!”

Before Westley had time to protest, not that he would have even if he’d had a choice, Liam’s lips were on his. Electricity zinged through him straight to his heart at the soft kiss. Was he really not dreaming? Could he truly believe he wouldn’t wake up tomorrow and everything had been nothing but a fantasy? Liam broke the kiss long enough to reposition and then covered Westley’s mouth again.

He instinctively gripped at the back of Liam’s shirt, desperate to find an anchor in the storm of emotion and desire crashing over him. Digging his fingers into the material, he gave into the passion of Liam’s kiss, one unlike any he’d ever received before. When Liam slid the tip of his tongue along the seam of his lips, Westley granted him access without hesitation, whimpering into Liam shamelessly. He tentatively brushed his tongue over Liam’s, causing Liam to groan and deepen the kiss further, stealing the very breath from Westley’s lungs.

He gasped for air when Liam pulled away, resting his forehead against Westley’s. “I’ve imagined this moment a

thousand times," he rasped. "Night after night, you haunted every dream. Day after day, you were all I could think of at work. How it would feel to kiss you, touch you, to make love to you until we both can't move."

Westley trembled at Liam's words and he couldn't stop a blush at how wanton he must look.

"I'm overwhelming you," Liam said. "I'm sorry. Perhaps we should eat now. Give you some time to think." Uncertainty colored Liam's voice.

Westley held on tightly to Liam when his boss started to move away. Liam paused, glancing at him in question. He couldn't seem to let Liam go. Not when he'd just been given the one thing he'd wanted most for Christmas. He leaned up a fraction and softly kissed the corner of Liam's mouth. "West?" Liam queried in a hoarse voice.

Instead of answering the buried question in Liam's tone, Westley smiled at him and kissed him again, this time right on the lips, deepening it quickly. Liam groaned and pulled Westley into his lap, wrenching a loud gasp from Westley when he felt the hard evidence of Liam's desire for him against his bottom. "How long I've wanted you," Liam said between kisses.

A sigh slipped free from Westley when their tongues collided once more, stroking over one another in an erotic dance. Then Westley found himself airborne as Liam scooped him up and strode toward the bedroom. "We can eat after. I've waited too long for you," Liam growled.

He couldn't quite stifle a giddy giggle at Liam's words and Liam smiled down at him while lowering him to the mattress. "There's that laugh I can't get enough of, but there are other sounds I want to hear more of right now."

Liam slid onto the bed beside him, pulling him against him. He started kissing Westley's face—each eyelid, his cheeks, the tip of his nose, his lips. Finally, he moved down

further to Westley's throat, over his Adam's apple, and along the soft skin to the sensitive area behind Westley's ear. A shiver of lust racked Westley's lean form. Liam slid his tongue over the spot this time and Westley clutched at Liam as a small mewling noise ripped from him.

Giving a husky chuckle, Liam asked, "Sensitive there, baby?"

"It's... ah... embarrassing," Westley whined, one hand fisting in the sheets and the other holding onto Liam's broad shoulder.

Liam didn't respond. Instead, he started removing Westley's clothing, his shirt first. Westley didn't have time to be self-conscious any further when Liam's gaze settled on his chest before he attacked—licking, kissing, and nipping at every inch of skin he could reach. Westley knew he'd have love bites everywhere later and couldn't wait to see the small bruises, evidence of Liam's lust for him. The feel of Liam's mouth closing over his nipple wrenched a keening cry from Westley and he bowed his back, pressing tighter to the wet heat suckling at him.

"I wanted to make this first time beautiful for you, but I'm not sure I can last," Liam ground out between licking and sucking.

"Th-then don't," Westley stammered, flushing bright red.

The next sixty seconds were a whirlwind of motion while Liam stripped Westley of the remainder of his clothing and then his own. Standing beside the bed, Liam didn't move, his gaze hungrily absorbing everything about Westley, and Westley couldn't catch his breath at just how exquisite Liam was. He drank in the well-defined pecs, shadows of a six pack, and Liam's long, firm legs. His gaze dropped lower still to Liam's cock, hard and jutting straight out from a tuft of golden blond hair. The head appeared red and glistened with slick fluid.

Westley wanted more than anything to taste Liam and, without uttering a word, he leaned forward and flicked his tongue over the tip. He moaned as Liam's flavor exploded over his tastebuds and took Liam deeper into his mouth. A sharp hiss slithered from Liam at Westley's bold move, a sound which quickly turned into a cry of Westley's name as he swallowed Liam to the root. Liam burrowed his hands into Westley's hair, punching his hips forward instinctively.

He'd only ever been with a couple of men, mostly in college, but he knew his way around a cock. He knew how to suck, where to put his tongue, and exactly when to tighten his mouth and throat. If he'd had his way, Liam would have spilled down his throat, but Liam gently pushed Westley away. "My turn, my West."

In a flash, he found himself on his back, his hands clenched into fists in the sheets while receiving a similarly expert blowjob. When Liam deep-throated his dick, Westley couldn't stop from involuntarily thrusting upward. "Ugh... more," he begged, tossing his head against the pillow.

Liam hummed, almost wrenching a scream from Westley at the vibrations on his prick. A knowing look flashed through Liam's eyes and he did it again. Swear words, words which Westley never used in any polite company, fell from his lips. If he didn't know better, he'd think Liam wanted him to lose his mind. The longer Liam feasted on his cock, the closer Westley came to falling to pieces. He pushed at Liam's shoulders. "Liam... stop... going to... oh... oh... fuck!" he keened as he came, his back bowing from the bed at the pleasure annihilating his body and soul.

Liam took every single drop and never let go, keeping Westley from softening completely. Releasing Westley, Liam moved down a fraction, lifting his legs wider and baring the vulnerable core of him. Westley shuddered when Liam swiped his tongue over him repeatedly. Every nerve ending

in Westley's body felt ready to snap at any moment. Every lick, every stab of Liam's tongue into his channel, drove him crazy. "Liam, please," he pleaded.

Reluctance radiated from Liam, but he still rose up over Westley, aligning their bodies, but slotting himself between Westley's thighs. "What do you need, baby?"

"You, inside me," Westley demanded.

"I want to feel you, only you. I haven't been with anyone in almost a year," Liam said softly. "I tested negative six months ago. Still have the results if you want to see them."

"Eight months," he managed to gasp, his head still fuzzy with lust. "Clean."

Liam must have interpreted his words to mean no condom was needed. Westley watched Liam reach into the nightstand, fumbling in the drawer for a second then pulling out a small tube of lube. The cap clicked loudly in the silence around them, followed closely by a groan from Westley when Liam slid two fingers inside of him. Though the one thing which made Westley even hotter was witnessing Liam stroke himself with the slick liquid.

Reaching up, Westley wrapped his arms around Liam's neck. He urged him down for a sensual kiss while Liam nudged the head of his cock against his entrance. Westley winced when the flared tip popped past the tight guardian muscle, but he'd endure a pain three times more intense to be connected with Liam. They both sighed in satisfaction the moment Liam settled fully inside of him.

Westley curled his legs around Liam's waist, grabbing onto his biceps as Liam began to thrust. Pleasure fired along Westley's nerve endings with each movement. "Liam," Westley groaned, closing his eyes to lose himself in every feeling.

A low growl from Liam punctuated by a strong plunge into his channel caused Westley to open his eyes. Pure lust

glittered down at him from Liam's darkened green irises. "You feel so fucking good," Liam grunted before snagging Westley's lips in a hard kiss.

The volume of sensations bombarding his senses had Westley holding on for dear life. He dug his nails into Liam's arms, rocking his hips upward to accept Liam's invasion of his body. Gasps, moans, and the occasional grunt from Liam filled the room around them, only matched by the scent of sweat and sex. Westley had a sliver of a thought of gratitude they were in the penthouse for there was no doubt if they weren't, the neighbors would hear them.

Liam continued to suck and nip wherever he could reach with his mouth, one of his hands sliding up to hold onto Westley's soft thigh. Westley knew he couldn't last much longer and reached down between them to stroke himself, an act which caused Liam to pull away enough to watch. A blush stained Westley's cheeks and he bit his lower lip, but he didn't stop his movements, sliding from tip to base.

"Come for me, West," Liam demanded, punctuating his words with a sharp thrust of his hips.

Everything in the moment tipped Westley over the edge, a cry ripped from his soul, seed splattering across his abdomen and chest. The sound of Liam following him into bliss echoed his own. Westley could feel each pulse, each twitch, of Liam spilling inside him. Liam collapsed atop him, shudders wracking his slightly larger frame. Neither of them spoke for quite some time, remaining wrapped in each other's arms. They were locked in their own world, high above the city, where they couldn't hear the sounds of traffic on the streets below.

Westley idly stroked a hand through Liam's hair every so often, his head lying on Westley's chest. He relished the heavy weight Liam's body represented and he made a sound of protest when Liam made to move away from him. Liam

chuckled softly and settled back down to his previous position. "Does this mean you intend to keep me?"

"I think I should be asking you that," Westley replied, his tone quiet. He still didn't know how this wasn't a dream.

Liam tilted his head enough to look at Westley, his expression serious. "I wasn't telling you all of those things just to get you into bed or to enter into a casual relationship, West. I meant it when I said I love you."

Tears welled in Westley's eyes and he had to swallow several times in order to speak. "I love you, too."

Sighing in satisfaction, Liam nuzzled at Westley's chest. "So, you didn't answer my question. Are you going to keep me?"

A small laugh came out of Westley. "As long as you'll let me."

"I guess you're stuck with me until the day I die then," Liam said stoically, looking up at Westley again, a small twinkle in his eye. "I think we should go eat. I'm suddenly starving!"

"Exercise certainly works up an appetite," Westley teased.

Husky laughter fell from Liam's lips as he stood and helped Westley from the bed. "It does at that, my love."

When they reached the dining room, Liam pulled him onto his lap instead of allowing him to take his own seat and, to Westley's embarrassment at first, finger fed him the food he'd prepared.

Sitting naked on his boss's lap still seemed out-of-this-world unbelievable, but eventually he relaxed and became more comfortable. He even started to participate in the fun, accidentally spilling his wine on Liam's chest and using his tongue to clean up the mess.

Westley spent the night at the penthouse, wrapped snugly in Liam's arms. Being able to wake up next to Liam was the best Christmas morning present he'd ever received. Fully

awake, he studied Liam's features as the sun rose and cast a warm glow over Liam's face. He couldn't fight the wide smile which spread over his lips the longer he lay there. If he'd been alone, he may well have let out a little squeal. He'd never in a million years thought any of the previous evening would have been possible.

"What are you so satisfied about?" Liam grumbled, cracking open one eye.

No one had ever looked sexier first thing in the morning, even with the blond hair sticking up in several places or the obvious lack of enthusiasm for a new day. "Nothing," Westley replied, still grinning. "Merry Christmas, Liam."

Liam smiled and reached up to touch his cheek. "Merry Christmas, my West. I still have to give you my Christmas present."

"But you've already given me more than one gift already," Westley protested.

A wicked gleam entered Liam's gaze. "Don't worry, sexy. It didn't cost me anything."

For the next couple of hours, Liam proceeded to ravish Westley over and over again, leaving him a quivering, sweaty mess amongst the sheets. Liam hadn't been lying when he said there was red ribbon in the nightstand, much to Westley's chagrin and, later, delight. They were late arriving to Kate's for Christmas dinner because Liam's idea of showering together ended up with them in a tangle of limbs on the tiled floor, and they'd also had to stopping by his neighbors to pick up Kahlua.

Westley found his gait a bit off-kilter and his body protesting in certain places from their vigorous lovemaking. But he wouldn't trade the aches and pains in all the right places for the world. They only cemented the reality of Liam confessing his love and their hours upon hours of expressing their feelings for one another.

"Liam! I'm so glad you could make it," Kate cried from her recliner when they entered her living room. Both of them went to where she lay to give her a hug and a kiss. Kahlua wiggled in Westley's arms and Kate scratched her beneath the chin. "Are you the famous Kahlua?"

Grinning, Westley nodded. "This is Kahlua. She loves her ears scratched."

He settled Kahlua in her lap and dragged a chair closer to her while Liam wandered off to greet Kate's husband and daughter. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I was in a car accident," she deadpanned.

Westley rolled his eyes at her. Nothing could keep her down and he found her to be such an inspiration in many ways.

"So, what did Liam give you for Christmas?" Kate asked.

Unable to help it, Westley flushed and tried to look anywhere but at Kate. She wasn't having any of it. "Tell me," she demanded.

Leaning in closer, he whispered into her ear about Liam's confession, the dinner, and the way Liam had held him all night long. "I want details!" she squealed, drawing the attention of many, including Liam, who smirked at Westley.

"I don't kiss and tell, Kate," Westley said.

She pouted. "You would deny an injured woman?"

"I love you, Kate, but no. I'm not telling."

"Fine. Be mean to an old woman on Christmas," she huffed.

Westley threw his head back and laughed loudly, once again drawing Liam's attention. He winked at Westley and Westley grinned back at him before returning his gaze to Kate. "You are far from old, Kate!"

Liam came up next to him, casually placing his hands on Westley's shoulders. "What's so funny?"

A thrill went through Westley at Liam's easy display of

affection in front of others. He knew the tongues at work would be wagging after the Christmas break, but he wouldn't allow any of those gossipers to ruin the best Christmas of his life. If you'd asked him six months ago, hell, two weeks ago, if he thought he'd have been totally ravished by his boss after Liam told him he loved him, he'd have scoffed and told them they were nuts. Now, he couldn't imagine having spent Christmas in any other fashion.

Leaning into Liam's hip, Westley looked up at Liam as he explained his conversation with Kate. The affection shining down at him warmed his heart and Westley couldn't wait to make more Christmas memories with Liam. The holidays truly were his favorite time of the year!

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**D**id Westley and Liam's story leave you wanting more holiday stories? Love & Snowball Fights may be right up your alley!

Lane Freeman supposed there were worse places to be dumped than a place named Christmas Valley. After being ejected from the foster care system, he spent the past five years hitchhiking and moving around. Will winter love burn hot in the town called Christmas Valley or will Lane return to his wandering ways?

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**C**heck out my other contemporary novel Touch Me Gently!

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When a battered shifter rescued from a lifetime of trauma ends up as the top tiger's mate, Declan is faced with possible war. With his nephew safe, and a new mate to secure, he should be focused on them. Instead he's facing a challenge that will end up changing everything, or his death.



## A NOTE FROM J.R.

Thank you for your interest in my writing by signing up for my newsletter! I hope you enjoyed Westley and Liam's story, short as it may be, as much as I did writing it. If you did, I'd love to hear about it via e-mail at [jrlveless@gmail.com](mailto:jrlveless@gmail.com) or any of my social media accounts (links on next page)!

I do have a reader group on Facebook I would love for you to join. I share WIP snippets, sneak peeks, cover reveals before going wide, and try to keep the lively and fresh.  
<http://www.facebook.com/groups/justreallove>

Stay safe and I truly wish you the best 2021 ever!



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

J.R. Loveless began her adventure in writing at the young age of twelve. Her foray into creating her own worlds and telling her characters' life stories was triggered by her own love of reading. She currently resides in South Florida with her dog and two cats, and by day works as a manager for a financial lending institute.

Her journey into gay romance began in 2005 when she began posting her original fiction on a forum for feedback and readers' pleasure. In 2010, a good friend urged her to submit to a publishing company, and the day she received the acceptance and contract was the best day of her life. Since then, she has been noted to be one of the most purchased audio books after Fifty Shades of Grey on Audiobook.com and received best gay romantic fiction for Touch Me Gently in the 2011 TLA Gaybies.

J.R. adores her fans and loves hearing from them.

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Never miss out on an update or sale by subscribing to J.R.'s Website. As a thank you, you'll receive a free short novelette called White Rain about two friends who become lovers!

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