

A romantic couple embracing. The woman has curly red hair and blue eyes, looking slightly to the right with a soft smile. The man is behind her, his face partially visible as he looks towards her. In the foreground, a birthday cake sits on a decorative stand, surrounded by colorful ribbons and lit candles. The overall mood is warm and celebratory.

WILLA EDWARDS

*Birthday
List*

BIRTHDAY LIST
Naughty Holiday List 3.5

Willa Edwards
Edited by Annabelle Crawford

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DEDICATION

To all the readers of the Naughty Holiday List series. I hope you find these characters as hard to leave as I do.

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Naughty Holiday List Book 3.5

WILLA EDWARDS

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Callie turned over, throwing her arm over her eyes to block the sun flaming through her lids. She glanced over at the clock – nine am. Even on a day off, she was incapable of sleeping in.

She slid her hand over the pillow next to her, still warm from Eric. Unlike her, he didn't get a spring break. He'd talked about taking some time off while she was on break, but true to form, one of his charges had a competition and he couldn't miss it. He was completely devoted to those kids. Callie smiled. She loved that about him. His giant heart and his loving devotion to the handicapped kids he worked with. That kind of caring was sexier than washboard abs any day, though Eric had those too.

She rolled over, stuffing her face into the pillow and inhaling deeply. His masculine smell tickled her nostrils. Wetness dripped between her legs. The only problem with his big caring heart was he wasn't here with her.

She had all kinds of fun plans for the break, including joining Amy, Krista and Giselle for a Mirage concert. Mallory, one of their best friends and Mirage girlfriend, had even sent them backstage passes to spend the evening with her and her guys. But she'd rather spend the whole time in bed with Eric, screwing him every way she could think of, and a few more. Especially today.

Every man deserved a good morning fuck to start off his birthday.

She moaned softly, an ache beginning between her legs. "Damn I wish he was here right now." She ran her fingers down her body, caressing her chest. She grazed her peaked nipples, already awake and ready, long before the rest of her. She pinched and tugged them through her thin tank top, imagining it was Eric's mouth nipping at her. She arched her back, the deep tugs zinging down her body, straight to her clit.

She slid her other hand down her chest, along her stomach, to the spot aching for attention. Slipping her fingers inside the elastic waistband of her underwear, she experimentally brushed along her slit, finding the flesh there already slippery and tingling. It had been so long since she'd touched herself. With Eric in her bed every night, she had no need to.

In three years of friendship, she never guessed he was so talented with his tongue or fingers. Just the thought of him could make her this crazy – this aroused. When she reflected about all the time they'd wasted, she always felt a little sad. But she had him now, and that's what mattered.

She rubbed her thumb across her clit, arching her hips into her own hand. Her heart pounded in her ears. She moaned, imagining it was Eric's hands touching her. Stuffing three fingers into her pussy, she thrust them deep, dreaming they were Eric's cock inside her. She continued to pull at her nipples, twisting the swollen tips between her fingers.

Goosebumps rose across her chest. Her nipples and clit ached. The muscles of her thighs shivered and quaked. Her pussy rippled around her fingers and her breath became raspy. On the last deep thrust of her fingers, she pushed down on her clit. The pressure sent all her nerves into overdrive. She screamed out, her entire body shaking. Sweat beaded along the back of her neck. Her nipples tightened into hard nubs beneath her touch.

Her pussy continued to clench around her fingers, her clit vibrating as the pleasure ripped through her body. She gave a little moan, biting down on her lip as she came. Replete, she relaxed into the soft bed beneath her. It wasn't nearly as good as coming with Eric, especially the lack of his warm arms around her and his soft whispered words of love. But it'd be enough to hold her off until tonight, or at least until the moment he walked in the door. She made no promises after that. Who didn't love a little pre-dinner birthday hanky-panky?

She rolled over into the still warm spot on the other side of the bed. Something crinkled beneath her and she let out a little shriek. Startled, she leaned back and stared down at the object. Across Eric's side, in the neighborhood of where his chest would have been, a white piece of paper lay on the sheet. A red rose, now slightly flattened, lay across the page.

Sitting up, she picked up the flower and drew it to her nose. The smell was sweet and fresh, more pungent for her unintentional muddling. She picked up the paper, pulling it close and read the title written across the top. *What I Want Callie To Do To Me*. Her temperature climbed as she read each line. Her man had a very naughty streak. And she loved it.

Callie smiled. The list was very similar to the one she'd made three months ago. The list Eric had found and snuck into her home this Christmas Eve to fulfill the first three fantasies. They hadn't made it all the way through her list yet – mostly because she kept sneaking additional items onto the page. She was pretty sure he knew she'd continued to add new wishes, but he'd never complained.

Ever since their first night together, Eric had made all her dreams come true. In and out of the bedroom. Now she had the opportunity to return the favor.

She pushed the hair back from her face, smiling as a naughty idea began to form in her mind. She jumped from the bed, composing a

whole new set of to-dos. She already had a present for Eric wrapped and hidden under the dining room table, but she didn't see any problem with adding a little more celebration to his birthday.

Smiling to herself, she grabbed the paper and rose. She ran to the kitchen, ready to put her new birthday surprise into action. If she had anything to say about it, this would be Eric's best birthday ever.

Using the key she'd given him a month ago, Eric walked into Callie's house, much later than he'd hoped. He'd planned to take a half day and spend the rest of his birthday with Callie. But as usual, he'd been roped into staying longer than he'd wanted.

An eerie quiet settled over him and his nerves jangled as he walked into the house. Though Callie wasn't a loud person, it was rarely silent when she was home. Callie was always doing something – cleaning the house, watching ESPN, or preparing lessons for her elementary gym classes. Tonight Eric could have heard a pin drop in the still air, though he doubted Callie even owned one.

"Babe," he called out, slipping his coat off and hanging it on the rack just inside the door.

"Yeah," her voice echoed back to him bright and sweet. Eric heaved a sigh of relief. Nothing was wrong. No crazed murderer had broken into the house and tied her up. He, of all people, knew how easily that could be done. Though he'd installed a new, sturdier deadbolt since then.

"Where are you?" He hollered back, walking through the house. He crept past the silent dark living room.

"I'm in the dining room. Come get me!" There was a giggle to her voice that made his stomach clench and his cock harden against his stiff denim jeans. He knew that giggle. He knew that bright tone. Over the last three months he'd come to love it. He could hardly remember his life before her naughty giggles had filled his nights. He didn't even want to remember the time before her. This was so much better.

"What are you doing in the dining room?"

Unlike some of her friends, Callie wasn't the domestic type. She rarely used any item in her kitchen beyond a microwave to heat up frozen pizzas and her fridge to keep soda cold. If the preparation didn't include plastic, cardboard, or paper plates, she didn't cook it. Not that it mattered to him. He'd much prefer she spent her time in bed with him, than in the kitchen cooking. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been in the dining room.

"Come and find me. You'll see." Her voice was husky, whispering through his whole body.

Damn! Just her voice was enough to turn him on so much it hurt. His balls ached as he walked, each step vibrating through him and settling with a dull pain in his crotch. He sped up anyway, needing to be close to her.

Calm down! He took a deep breath, attempting to soothe his raging hormones. She'd probably just splurged and gotten him a birthday cake or maybe a nice take-out dinner. If he didn't calm his raging libido it would be the most painful dinner he ever sat through.

"Babe, you didn't have to go to all this trouble for my birthday—" The words died on his lips as he turned the corner. His breath caught in his lungs. Callie lay across the table, completely naked, adorned with the array of foods she'd spread out across her body.

Her hands were bound together with red licorice. Though he doubted the candy could keep her contained – with one good bite she'd be free – but the sight still drew an audible moan from him and his gut clenched. His little red hellion loved to be tied up, bound and whimpering beneath him. That he was the only one to ever rope her made him crazy. Clenched between her tied hands, she held a bottle of dark beer.

Onion rings encircled her breasts and her nipples were a slightly darker shade than usual. The waft of barbeque sauce floated through the room, though he couldn't tell exactly where the scent was coming from. Pretzels marched down her body in a neat line, starting between her breasts, across her stomach, all the way to the junction of her legs. He groaned as his eyes travelled down her nakedness. Resting between her legs – right across her pussy – sat a decorated birthday cake, complete with candles. Though they were unlit.

"Happy Birthday, honey," she whispered in a deep breathy voice that would give Marilyn Monroe a run for her money.

Eric stared at her. His mouth hung open, drool no doubt running down his chin. Not that he cared. There was no one there to see him act like a high school dork about to get lucky for the first time. Only Callie. His cock hardened further, standing at full salute in his pants. The rough denim burned along his length.

"Don't you like you're birthday present?" Callie's bottom lip puffed out in a little pout, but her eyes still gleamed with wicked intent. Her gaze crept down to his crotch, where he no doubt sported a sizable pop-tent.

He nodded dumbly, speech completely beyond him. His eyes continued to scan up and down her length, taking in each delectable treat she'd decorated herself with, and the equally desirable form beneath it all. Legs that went on for miles, shapely and smooth. Firm

breasts, just the right size to fit his hands. Topped with her lovely face. She was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen.

"It was on your list..." She bit her lower lip, her eyes gazing up at him with concern, a taste of hesitance to her words. The tone shot straight through the haze of his arousal. He hadn't meant to make her self-conscious. It was so easy for him to forget the timid woman Callie had been only months ago, still hurting from the betrayal of her ex-fiancé.

Just the thought of her ex had him steaming. It was bad enough Josh had been a liar and had used Callie for his own reasons, for his fucking image, but he'd also managed to strip her of all her confidence. Eric had done everything he could to make her feel comfortable in her own skin again, but clearly the doubts still remained. He hated it. His Callie, sprawled invitingly across the dining room table, was the best surprise he'd ever received. He didn't want her to ever question that.

He walked the remaining steps to the table, grabbing the beer from her hands and deposited the slippery bottle on the surface beside her. He leaned over, dropping his lips to hers. He enveloped her mouth, sucking in her lower lip and nipping at the fleshy lobe. She moaned beneath him, arching her back, eating at his mouth with equal ferocity.

He looked at her, his breath ragged and his heart pounding – how could she not see how gorgeous she was? How much he loved her? It must be written all over his face. He tried to fill his gaze with as much love and admiration as he felt. He hoped she knew how much he loved her. He loved her more than anything in this world. He loved everything she did, especially naked. And he'd do anything for her in return. Hell, he'd let her paint his toes if it made her smile.

"It's a great surprise baby." He smiled down at her, scanning her body from eyebrows to toes in hungry appreciation. His mouth watered,

gazing down at the food decorated body. "It's just... not what I was... expecting. I was thinking of something... more... romantic – like shrimp or chocolate covered strawberries. Not the type of snacks we eat watching football."

"You're allergic to shellfish, and you hate chocolate covered strawberries. You said it's a waste of chocolate. I wanted to use foods you like – not ones I like." She winked up at him. "You're the one who's going to be eating them, not me."

He smiled down at her and a deep rumbling growl crawled up through his chest. His vision a touch cloudy. "I never thought of it like that."

"Besides I like watching football with you." She licked her lips deliberately, her eyes shining with glee.

He moaned, his cock transforming into a wooden pole in his pants. His nuts pulled up in anticipation. Her eyes dropped to his crotch and she smiled when she spied the large bulge her comment created. "Appears you do too?"

Visions of last Sunday flashed before his eyes, Callie kneeling between his legs, his cock thrust between her lips. Her wicked mouth sucked him up and down until he couldn't focus on the game any longer. That was the best bet he'd ever made. Thank God the Giants had pulled out that touchdown in the ten minutes before half time. Not that it would have been bad to lose. Spending the third quarter buried between Callie's legs wouldn't have been a horrible way to pass the time either.

He leaned down and licked her left nipple. Callie moaned and thrust her breast higher. Her hands flopped against the table as she attempted to reach for him, the licorice holding them still bound.

"Mmm." *That's where the delectable barbeque smell was coming from.* She had daubed both of her nipples, from the looks of it, with

barbeque sauce. He licked his lips, his eyes fastened on the tight little barbeque covered points. "I do love ribs." He smiled before dipping to suck at her nipples and sliding his hands around her ribs.

Beneath his mouth Callie moaned, squirming across the table. The onion ring encircling her right breast scraped against his chin and the space between his lips and nose. He continued to suck her around the scratching, rolling her nipple between his lips.

"Eric," she moaned, her voice breathy and desperate.

He loved it when she sounded like that. Like she was seconds away from coming. And even more, he loved playing with her, holding her right there on that edge for hours. His Callie. Completely at his mercy.

"What babe?" He whispered against her nipple, using the flat of his tongue to swipe the point one more time. "I'm just enjoying my snack."

She let out a desperate moan, which only made him want to torture her more. She clamped her thighs together. The cake shook and shivered from her movements, dancing above her pussy.

He wrapped his mouth around her breast, using his teeth to pull the onion ring up and into his mouth. Deliberately grazing her sensitive skin with the crispy coating as he did so. "Delicious." He chewed the beer batter and onion, the taste of Callie on his lips an extra bonus.

Eric leaned across the table, reaching for her other breast, and repeated the same movements. He licked the barbeque sauce off in long luscious swipes, until she pleaded for him to never stop. Sweat dampened her skin, glistening in the valley between her breasts. She shivered and shifted towards him. The pretzels marching down her stomach remained planted, glued in line by her sweat.

He pulled back, meeting her eyes. Her lips were swollen from her teeth and his kisses. Her fiery hair tangled around her face, her eyes glassy and dark.

"You're right, baby. This was a much better idea than chocolate or whipped cream." He stooped down, plucking one of the twisted treats from her stomach. He licked and kissed her skin as he pulled the snack into his mouth. "There's only so many sweets one can eat. But pretzels," he moved an inch further down her body, sucking up another snack just above her navel. She moaned as his tongue darted into the sensitive dip of her belly button. "...I can eat them all day long."

"I know," she moaned, thrusting her hips towards his mouth. He scooped up another pretzel, nipping on her stomach an inch from her where his birthday cake sat covering the best treat of all.

"But they are making me pretty thirsty." He stood up and she released a desperate whine.

He picked up the bottle of beer beside her and took a long deep swig. The bottle was sweaty and cold. The foamy liquid slid down his throat, washing away the remaining pretzel bits from his mouth. But he didn't taste any of it with Callie's hungry eyes fastened on him. Watching him with more interest than the starting kickoff of the super bowl. As if nothing else existed.

He smiled, a wicked idea forming in his mind. "This is good beer, but I can think of a way to make it better."

Callie watched as he tipped the bottle and poured a third of it across her stomach. She let out a hiss as the cool liquid splattered against her heated skin. He bent over her, running his tongue along her belly and sucking up some of the frothy brew. The earthy taste of malt, hops and Callie mingled in his mouth. His lips ran across the slight ridges

of her abdomen, and she squealed when he sucked the liquid from the indent of her navel.

"I don't know which is making me drunker, the beer or you."

Callie laughed, the sound quickly turned into a moan as his tongue swiped the skin of her tummy, from one hipbone to the other. His nose close enough to smell the need wafting from her pussy. The taste of beer and sugary frosting swirled together across his taste buds, along with the tangy sweet flavor that was Callie. Eric fought the urge to moan, his cock an iron rod between his legs and his balls two aching hard stones.

"Now I'm ready for a little dessert." He smiled, heading back towards the cake. Licking a dollop of frosting from her stomach, he slowly crept down her body, inching closer and closer to her cunt. Callie was sweet enough on her own. She had the most delicious pussy he'd ever tasted. The frosting only made her sweeter.

He lifted the cake and deposited it on the empty plate next to her. No doubt the same plate it had originally come from, the edges still smeared with yellow frosting. Spreading her legs wide, he moved between them. "Oh baby," and this time he did moan in shock. "You shaved!" He stared down at her naked pussy, barely concealed by smeared buttercream.

She nodded. "I didn't want to get hair in your cake."

His entire body roared to life, his blood boiling and his brain short circuiting. Callie had shaved all the hair from her pussy, leaving him a nice clean surface to enjoy. He growled at her, suddenly ravenous.

Wrapping his hands around her thighs, he pulled her to the edge of the table. Slowly, he licked along her now smooth pussy lips, enjoying the shivers his touch created, interlaced with vanilla and sugar.

“Oh God!” She screamed. Her hips jerked, but he held her tightly in place.

“Does that feel good baby?” He opened his eyes, deliberately meeting her forest gaze. Her puffy lips fell open in surprise.

“So good,” she responded on another moan. “It’s so sensitive. I can feel every little brush and breath down there.”

Eric smiled, deliberately letting out a deep exhale across her sensitive bare flesh, the contractions of her thigh muscles satisfying against his palms. “Maybe you’ll have to keep it this way for a while.” He ran his fingers down her slit, pulling back three sopping digits.

Callie smiled over at him. “Maybe if you’re a good boy, I will.”

He laughed, bending lower to lick her pussy, slow and deliberate. Her hips arched up, following the touch of his tongue. “I’m always a good boy.”

“Show me.” One scarlet brow rose in challenge.

“With pleasure.” He dropped his head between her legs, thrusting his tongue between her soft bare lips.

She screamed out, her body flailing along the tabletop as he found her clit and sucked it between his lips. She tasted of vanilla and sugar from the frosting, and the exotic sweetness that was pure Callie. Even if he ate her out every night – which he pretty much did – he’d never get enough of her.

He nudged a finger into her, curling it to find the right spot deep inside her. She screamed, her pussy convulsing on his finger. Her thighs tightened around his head, holding him close. In their time together, he’d learned all the secret places of her body that made her squirm and shake, and he enjoyed using that knowledge to his advantage.

She lifted her arms off the table, trying to reach for him, but the red licorice rope still held her. She gave a groan of frustration as he continued to stroke inside her, his mouth fixed on her clit, sucking through each ripple of her sex.

As she raced toward climax, she gave up her struggles, dropping her hands back to the table. She moaned, her hips arching up to ride against his mouth. He sucked harder, pushing her over the peak.

Finally she sank back, exhausted and replete. He eased from her thighs, licking the last trace of her sweetness from his sticky lips. A dazed expression covered her face, a small satisfied smile turned up the corners of her lips. Her chest rose and sank with her deep breaths, her breasts bobbing with the movement. His cock throbbed. Watching Callie come was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. It didn't matter how many times he witnessed her beauty, it never lost its effect.

“Gorgeous,” he whispered and she smiled.

His cock throbbed and his balls ached – needing to be inside her – now. Making her come once wasn't anywhere near enough. He needed to watch her scale that peak again – this time around his dick. “Now it's my turn.”

Standing, he stripped out of his clothes, throwing his tee-shirt to the floor without caring where it fell. He unhooked his belt and unfastened his pants as he toed out of his shoes, needing to be naked as quickly as possible. One more second separated from Callie's naked body was far too long.

He tossed his pants, boxers and socks behind him. Returning to the table, he pulled Callie to the edge, gripping her thighs and spreading her wide. Her sweet pink pussy gleamed with moisture. Her eyes looked up at him glassy with unabashed lust. Her entire body still flushed a deep red from her previous orgasm. Like all redheads she

could go from soft white to deep red with only a little coaxing. There was nothing he loved more than turning her redder than a strawberry.

He smoothed his fingers down her leg, loving the little mewling sounds that escaped her lips at his touch. Her muscles still twitched beneath his attention. God, he loved her. This was *his* woman. The woman he'd waited three achingly long years for.

But it had all been worth it. She was his now, and he didn't plan to ever let her go.

Spreading her thighs wide, he wrapped her legs around his hips. With one smooth lunge, he thrust into her hard and deep. She screamed out, her dripping pussy accommodating his length and girth. He groaned in turn as she rippled around him, clenching his cock so hard he couldn't see. He took three deep breaths to stave off the desperate burn to come at the first touch of her. It would be so easy to pour himself inside her. But it would be so much sweeter if they came together. The two of them, limbs entwined, moaning and shivering around each other.

"I need to touch you," she cried, moisture blurring the edges of her eyes, and tugging at his heart.

"I know, baby." He needed her to touch him too. More than he could express.

He pulled her wrists to his mouth, grabbing the licorice between his teeth and biting through the cord. The rest of the candy fell away, as Callie lifted her arms and wrapped them around his neck.

She rose up, grabbing hold of the licorice vine hanging from his lips and bit into it. She nibbled up the string until their lips met, her mouth sliding across his. Her tongue plunged into his mouth, skating along his teeth and diving between for more of the sweet strawberry flavored licorice.

His tongue moved with hers, the flavors of candy and Callie skidding across his taste buds. He slammed into her harder, deeper. Small whimpers and moans slipped past her lips – the sweetest sounds he'd ever heard. Much sweeter than the candy or the frosting decorating her body. He'd give up all of that *and* chocolate for a lifetime if it meant he could hear her like this forever.

She cried out, throwing her head back as she came again. Her pussy rippled around him, clutching hard at his cock. He continued to thrust into her, riding through each contraction. The tight grip of her pussy along his shaft milked him, pushing him towards the edge, until he couldn't hold off his orgasm any longer. He bellowed, slamming into her one last time. His balls pulled up tight to his groin and let go.

His whole body went slack, dropping limply against her. In the back of his mind he vaguely heard the crunch of pretzels being crushed between them.

For a few minutes they just lay there in silence, his cock still buried deep inside her, her creamy thighs cradling him, her soft breasts molded against his chest. She raked her nails back and forth across his shoulder blades, slowly reawakening his nerves even as his body protested. She had wrung him dry – again. Just lifting his head sounded like a gigantic feat.

Callie kissed his temple. "How did you like you're birthday surprise?"

He pulled back to stare at her wicked grin. She could be really evil when she wanted to be, and he loved it. What had he done before her? How had he lived? It didn't seem like living. Callie was life.

"Best birthday present ever." He smiled at her.

She shook her head, threading her fingers through his hair. "This isn't your birthday present. Your present's wrapped in the other room. This was just the best way to eat your cake."

She smiled up at him, tugging his head back down to her. Their mouths touched, lips molded together. No other woman had ever kissed him the way she did. Sweet and tender, confident and demanding, making him dizzy and steadying him at the same time.

He drew back from her, staring down at her bright green eyes. The corners of her mouth hitched up in that sweet little smile that always made his heart beat faster. Her taste still tingled across his lips, yet he wanted more of her. He could never have enough. Even if he had a lifetime, it wouldn't be enough Callie for him.

Pushing a sweaty lock of hair back from where it stuck to her face, she smiled up at him.

His heart pounded and his gut churned. Now was the time. He rose from her body, reluctantly withdrawing from her soft flesh. If all went well, he'd be pressed up against her soon enough.

"What are you doing?" She called after him, confusion coloring her question.

"Getting my birthday present," he called back over his shoulder, racing to the doorway, where he'd left his coat.

"Where are you going? I put your birthday present in the kitchen."

He shrugged his shoulder. She'd probably bought him a fantastic present. Sentimental, thoughtful. But he had something else in mind.

His hands fumbled, searching through his jacket. *It had to be here.* He blew out a nervous and excited breath as he dug into the right pocket and pulled out a small velvet box. Palming the square, he ran back to the dining room. He'd carried the small box with him for over two weeks, waiting for just the right time to spring it on her. Sure the moment would present itself eventually. And now it had.

A sheen of sweat broke out across his neck and crawled down his back as he rounded the corner into the dining room. Callie had sat up on the table. Her long legs extended beneath her almost touching the floor. Still naked, her breasts flaunted before him, the shell pink tips dancing before his eyes. His mouth watered to taste them again, but he'd have time for that later. He'd make sure of it.

Lifting his closed hand from behind his back, he presented the small box to her. The black velvet surface shimmered in the dusky light.

Callie gaped at the box for a second, before looking back up at him confused. She sucked on her bottom lip, her eyebrows migrating together. "Eric, it's your birthday. You're not supposed to get me a present."

He stepped closer and dropped slowly to one knee. "Believe me, it's for me too." He lifted the lid, displaying the diamond ring nestled in the black velvet. The stone was modest, not even a full karat. But he knew that wouldn't matter to Callie. She had never cared about material things like that. Yet still his hand shook as he held the ring before her.

She reached towards him, her hand suspended in midair, but she didn't take the box.

"Callie, will you give me the greatest birthday present in the world? Will you marry me?"

"Eric—" She looked down at him in shock, her eyes ping-ponging between the ring in his hand and his eyes, as if trying to gauge his seriousness. Uncertainty and fear brimmed her pine eyes.

"Are you sure about this?" She stared down at the emerald cut diamond like it might reach out and bite her. "We've only been together for three months."

He understood her concern. She'd been through this before. The engagement, the questioning and then finally the breakup. But he wasn't Josh, and he didn't plan to let her go. He loved her. He was determined to make her his. It didn't matter if it was now, or in sixty years. He wanted Callie.

He wrapped his arms around her, gazing up into her eyes. "I'm sure. I want you. I love you. I've always loved you. I always will." He stood and pressed his lips to hers, pulling her into a deep desperate kiss. His chest felt tight as he kissed her, her body softening into his.

When they finally pulled apart, her breathing was deep and she looked dazed. His heart beat with pride that he could make her look so scattered with only a kiss. Yet fear still knotted his gut.

Her hands held onto his biceps with a death grip, as if she was afraid she might fall over without his support.

He placed a kiss against her hairline, breathing in her sweet vanilla scent. Even without the food she always smelled like cookies – like home. "What do you say, sweetheart? Will you marry me?"

He wrapped his arms around her, holding his hands flat against her lower back to keep his fingers still. His nerves rattled just below the surface. He held his breath, waiting for her response. If she didn't answer soon, he might die right there – crumbling into a pile of disappointed rubble. Without Callie, there wasn't much point in living.

She nodded her head. Her eyes were misty, her shaking growing stronger with each second. "Yes," she whispered, wrapping her arms around his neck and pulling him closer.

The knots in his gut eased and his chest puffed with pride. "Yippee!" He screamed to the sky with unrestrained glee. He gathered her soft naked body into his arms, tampering down the urge to throw her in

the air like a winning catch and do a touchdown dance. He'd never been happier in his life.

She'd said yes! She wanted to marry him! Callie would be all his. Forever.

He cupped her cheeks and directed her gaze to his. She always felt so small and delicate in his big hands. He rather liked the feeling. And now he'd get to have it for the rest of his life. But first he had to put her at ease – make sure she was comfortable. He couldn't survive if she changed her mind and tried to back out on him later.

"I'll marry you as fast or as slow as you want. Whatever makes you happy. As long as my ring is on your finger, I don't care when the date is."

She shook her head, "Let's get married soon. I don't want a long engagement." She captured his bottom lip between her teeth. He laughed a little to himself. For the first time, her three year engagement to Josh the asshole had paid off.

"Soon works for me. If you want, we can run off to Vegas this weekend." He held his breath, silently praying she'd say no. He didn't want to get married in Vegas. He wanted to see Callie in a big white dress, declare his love for her to the whole world and hear her do the same. But if it made her feel more comfortable to get married quick and dirty in sin city, he'd do exactly that. As long as he married Callie, the rest was just details.

"No, I want a real wedding."

His heart leapt at her words, overflowing with happiness. He smiled, tightening his arms around her. She always fit just right against him. "You've got it sweetheart." He pulled Callie across the table towards him. Wrapping her smooth long legs around his middle, he braced his hands beneath her firm ass and picked her up.

She held onto his neck, but never questioning he would keep her safe.

He kissed her hard. They swayed a little on their way through the room, as he held onto his precious bundle.

She laughed as he carried her towards the bedroom, combing her fingers through his hair. “What are we doing now?”

“Celebrating.”

“I thought we just did that.”

Eric laughed, depositing her on the bed. “Baby, we’re going to be celebrating for a long time. For the rest of our lives.” He dropped to the mattress, joining her there and kissed her again, rejoicing in everything they had. Especially each other.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Willa Edwards has dreamed about being a writer since she was four years old. When she picked up her first romance novel at fifteen she knew she'd found her place and she's never looked back.

She now lives in New York, where she works with numbers at her Evil Day Job and spends her nights writing red-hot tales of erotic romance. When she's not at her computer, you can usually find her curled up in bed with her two furry babies, her nose pressed to her e-reader.

Willa loves to hear from her readers. You can contact her at willa.c.edwards@gmail.com or visit her on the web to find out more about her current projects at www.willaedwards.com.

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