



All I Want for Christmas Is My Brother's Best Friend (12 Days of Christmas)

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Category: Action&Adventure

Description: Sutton

Ryans my older brothers best friend who Ive been in love with for as long as I can remember. The only problem is, he thinks of me as a little sister. For years my best friend and I would follow Ryan and my brother around, like love sick puppies—Lucy crushing on my brother and me crushing on Ryan. As we got older we hoped that someday they would finally decide they loved us back—Ryan and I would get married and my brother and my best friend would get married.

With a five year age difference, the chances of that happening were slim to none. Id given up hope of our dreams coming true—until that fateful day six months ago when my brother declared his undying love for my best friend and asked her to marry him. It was a whirlwind love affair resulting in a destination wedding in Wintervale Montana where every year our families spend the Christmas Holidays. But this year instead of only celebrating Christmas in the snowy mountain town of Wintervale, well be celebrating my brother and my best friends wedding, with me as the maid of honor and Ryan as the best man.

Now thanks to a snowstorm that has left everyone grounded and unable to arrive at Wintervale until right before the wedding, except me and Ryan, we are tasked with planning the perfect destination wedding, bachelorette/bachelor party and everything in between. Hopefully Ill be able to concentrate on more than his sexy smile, and muscular body and not fall hopelessly in love with him again—yeah right because this year and just like every year all I want for Christmas is my brothers best friend.

Total Pages (Source): 10

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

one

Sutton

Having parents who grew up in the '80s, I've learned to love everything about that decade—from the music to the movies, even the style of clothing.

My favorite John Hughes movies featured Molly Ringwald: *Pretty in Pink*, *The Breakfast Club*, and, of course, *Sixteen Candles*. With our matching strawberry-colored hair, I felt a true kinship to Molly—it even earned me my nickname, Strawberry Shortcake, or Shortcake for short, from my brother's best friend, Ryan.

Luckily, as the years passed, my hair color changed from the bright red hair that can only be found in clowns, women over seventy who swear by their box hair coloring number, and Molly and me. Now, my hair is a luscious deep red, better known as bombshell red. Pair my new hair shade and curvy figure and I look more like Jessica Rabbit than Strawberry Shortcake.

Hair color isn't the only thing I share in common with Molly Ringwald—we also each have our own Ryan. She has Jake Ryan from the movie *Sixteen Candles*, and I have Ryan Jacobs, my brother's best friend.

Well, he's not technically mine.

My brother Seth is Ryan's best friend, and Ryan's sister, Lucy, is my best friend. Our families do everything together, from vacations to holidays to birthday parties—everything you could imagine. The four of us are known as the fearsome

foursome even though there is a five-year age gap between the boys and the girls.

Through the years, we've dared each other to do some pretty crazy stuff. My least favorite is when, for some reason, we all don't fly together to our shared destination; whoever got there first made a sign with an outrageous name on it and held it up, waiting for the others to step off the plane. Then, for the rest of the trip, we would call that person by the fake name. I was known as Betty Buttmunch during our last vacation to Disney World, which was devastating for a seven-year-old girl but hilarious for two twelve-year-old boys.

Finally, after years of suffering through horrible names on vacations, I'm getting my revenge since my plane landed first. While I waited for Ryan's plane, I made a sign with the special name I've been keeping secret all these years—Ty Niewoehner. When you say the first and last name out loud, it sounds like you're saying tiny wiener.

Not that I've ever seen Ryan's wiener, I wish , to know if it's tiny or not, but from the bulge in his swim trunks I've glanced at through the years during our beach vacations, he's far from tiny. But the name is still funny.

I stand at the gate, waiting for Ryan to step into the terminal, with my sign held high. The other passengers only give me a few strange looks as they step off the plane. When I finally see him in the crowd, he stands head and shoulders above the other passengers.

Another thing I love about Ryan is his height and muscular body. Add that to his funny personality, and he's perfect—just not perfect for me.

If he truly wanted me, he would have claimed me on my college graduation day like my brother claimed Lucy. The four of us have always done everything together—this wouldn't have been any different if Ryan had romantic feelings for me like I do for

him.

But instead of pulling me into his arms and kissing me senseless, as my brother did to Lucy, Ryan handed me a snowglobe with a nurse wearing an old-fashioned white uniform, complete with a nurse's cap and holding a stethoscope to her ears. This was perfect since Lucy and I were both graduating from nursing school. But it wasn't what I had dreamed of getting from Ryan on my graduation day.

Don't get me wrong; I love snowglobes. I have a huge collection from all of our travels throughout the years, but after seeing how my brother swept Lucy off her feet, making her dream a reality, the snow globe felt like a weight weighing me down.

Lucy and I had always dreamed of the moment our white knight would claim us. Now, she's the only one getting her happy ending, which is fine. I'm happy for her and my brother. My goal for this destination wedding in our yearly family Christmas vacation location in Winterville, Montana, is to get through it and move on—find my knight in shining armor, who isn't named Ryan. And maybe, just maybe, I'll be the one getting married here next year. All I have to do is not fall in love with Ryan more than I already am.

Ryan makes his way to the front of the crowd until he is standing in front of me. With a smirk, he takes the sign out of my hands and says, "So you're looking for a tiny wiener? I'm not sure I can help you with that." His smile deepens as my eyes automatically zone in on the front of his pants, and lord help me, he's wearing gray sweatpants with a very clear outline of a wiener that is certainly not tiny.

"Eyes up here." He puts his hand under my chin and tips my head up until I'm looking into his bright green eyes. "Or you'll see firsthand how not so tiny I am." He says before dropping his hand to his side.

I know he's just teasing. There's no way my gaze would make him hard, but I still

can't help the audible gulp I make as my eyes take one last peek at the bulge in his pants.

"That's your final warning, Shortcake. I won't be responsible for what happens if you keep staring at it and licking your lips like that."

I gasp. I'm not licking my lips, am I? I press my lips together, and sure enough, they're damp, just like my panties. And just like that, his words sink in—he called me Shortcake. That one little nickname breaks the spell, reminding me that all I am to him is his best friend's little sister.

"Whatever? You wish."

He snorts in laughter at my less-than-mature response. "Come on, Shortcake." He throws his arm around my shoulders. We have a lot to do. A snowstorm grounded Lucy, Seth, and the rest of the wedding party and guests. Seth sent me a text. He said Lucy will send you one, too, with everything we need to do as the maid of honor and best man to get everything ready for the wedding in their absence."

Just great.

My plan to avoid Ryan this week went from an eighty percent probability to a near zero probability.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

two

Ryan

H old it together. Everything you've ever dreamed of will come true soon enough.

How many times have I said those words to get me through the cold and lonely years while I waited for Sutton to get older so I could claim her for myself? The only light during those years was when our families got together and the group texts between the four of us.

I was ready to claim Sutton on the day of her college graduation, but my best friend unintentionally stole my thunder by declaring his love for my sister. Not that anyone was shocked by this news except maybe my sister and Sutton.

I'll never forget the look in her eyes when Seth grabbed Lucy and pulled her into his arms, passionately kissing her in front of our families and friends. Once the kiss ended, he held her close, looked deeply into her eyes, and said, "You're finally mine." Sutton's eyes snapped to mine with so much love and longing that I lost my nerve.

I've kicked myself every day for the last five months. If I had been strong enough to lay my claim on her that day, would we be having a double wedding this Christmas?

The engagement ring in my pocket feels heavy. I bought it the day after Sutton graduated high school—the same day we shared our first kiss at her shared graduation party with my sister. I wasn't sure she felt the same way about me that I felt about her until that moment.

"So, what have you been up to since I saw you last?" I ask, trying to fill the void in the car ride to Winterville and our hotel with some light conversation.

The last time was right after her college graduation when she and Lucy would take their nursing boards and start their new career as nurses in a few weeks.

Seth and I took a few weeks off from our jobs for vacation and to help the girls move into a shared apartment in our hometown until they passed their boards and figured out where they wanted to live and work. Seth and I had a shared apartment about an hour away in the city, but city life wasn't cutting it for me anymore. We're both lawyers and life in a big firm isn't what we thought it would be.

She filled me in on passing her nursing boards and applying for various nursing positions until she decided on taking the job offer at the burn unit in a local hospital.

"Wow, Sutton. That's got to be a tough job."

"It is. But it's so rewarding being able to help people when they've gone through something so awful." Her eyes shine as she continues to talk about her new job. "I've taken a few extra courses, so I'm now a certified trauma nurse certified to teach CPR, ACLS, and PALS."

I don't ask what those letters stand for—I don't want to interrupt her story. When she finally pauses, I take a hand off the steering wheel and squeeze her hand. "I'm real proud of you, Sutton. I always knew you could do anything you wanted as long as you put your mind to it."

I maneuver the rental truck into a parking spot at the hotel with one hand, refusing to let go of her hand until it's time to get out of the vehicle, and I have to let go. I grab our suitcases and follow her inside the hotel to the check-in desk.

"What do you mean you don't have a reservation for Sutton Wells? It's under the

Wells-Jacobs Wedding party." I hear Sutton ask the clerk as I step next to her.

"You might want to look under Betty Buttmunch." I cough into my hand, trying not to say the name too loud.

"You didn't?" Sutton turns to face me just as the clerk declares no one by that name has a reservation.

"Calm down, Shortcake, I got this," I say before turning to the clerk. "Look under Ryan Jacobs."

Before the clerk can answer, Sutton says, "Actually, you might want to look under Tiny Wiener." Her face turns a cute shade of pink, which only enhances her beauty.

"Touche, Shortcake." I smile and shake my head. "The student has surpassed the master." I set the suitcases down, place my palms together, and bow at her.

"You're such a dork." She bats at my shoulder with an eye roll.

"I'm afraid none of those names are listed as having a reservation. We, um, that it was a couple of local kids messing around when we saw the names Betty Buttmunch and Tiny Wiener," Sutton and I both burst out giggling as he pronounces Ty Niewoehner causing the clerk to stop and glare at us, "Anyway, we canceled the reservations. We also received a call earlier today canceling the Wedding block for tonight and tomorrow night due to the storm, thankfully, since that same storm is keeping people here. We needed the rooms."

"You don't even have one room we could share?" I have another option if they don't have a room for us, but I'm not ready to reveal it yet.

"Well, there is one room left—the honeymoon suite. The man who called to cancel

the block of rooms today was very adamant that we don't cancel that room just in case." The clerk shrugs as I blow out a breath.

Good, my secret is still safe.

"Shall I put the room under Betty Buttmunch or Tiny Wiener?" At this point, I'm beginning to believe the hotel clerk is enjoying announcing our fake names as loudly as he can.

"Sutton Wells and Ryan Jacobs will be just fine." I hand the clerk my credit card. Instead of taking the offered credit card, the clerk lifts his hand and shook his head, saying that Mr. Wells's personal assistant had taken care of everything.

I look at Sutton, knowing darn well that Seth doesn't have a personal assistant, and try not to laugh, "Which one of Mr. Well's assistants was it? He has so many, I want to make sure to thank the right one." Sutton tips her head down to hide her laughter at my question.

"I believe his name was Mr. McCracken, Phil McCracken." Sutton and I burst out laughing at how the clerk pronounces the name, fill my crack in . The name finally dawns on the clerk, and with a scowl, he shoves our room keycards at us. "Here. Take your junior high humor and get out of my sight."

And like a couple of junior high kids, as he accused us of being, we grab our suitcases and dash to the elevator in a fit of giggles. And for the first time in a long time I feel like I can breathe again having my girl next to me.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

three

Sutton

"Doesn't it seem a little strange to be staying in the honeymoon suite?" I try to sound casual, but my voice has taken on a husky quality I've never heard before. I can't take my eyes off the large heart-shaped bed in the middle of the room.

"It's only strange if we make it that way. Besides, it's not like we haven't shared a hotel room before." Ryan walks through the room, inspecting our surroundings, walking to the French doors leading onto the balcony, pushing them wide open. "Sutton, you have to come and see this." He calls over his shoulder, and I obey, still not sure how I'm going to survive sharing a room, let alone a bed.

Sure, we've shared a hotel room before, but the last time, he was ten, and I was five, and Lucy and Seth were in the room with us. This is a lot different from how it was way back then. For starters, I'm twenty-two, and he's twenty-seven. Second, Lucy and Seth aren't here with us. Their plane is grounded for a few days thanks to a snowstorm, leaving Ryan and I all alone in a room specifically designed for lovers.

"Wow, the view of the mountains is amazing." I step through the French doors and onto the large balcony into the crisp December air.

"I bet it's even better from inside the hot tub." He tugs at his shirt and pulls it over his head, letting it sail through the French doors and into the bedroom. "Come on, I dare you." He coaxes as he toes off his socks and shoes, slipping his gray sweats down his legs until he's left standing in nothing but a pair of gray boxer briefs. I can't help

when my eyes slide down his muscular, smooth chest to the obvious bulge in his briefs that, if I'm not mistaken, has gotten bigger. At his laugh, I snap my eyes back to his face. "The last one in is a rotten egg." He teases and rushes to the hot tub, sliding his long legs over the edge and into the water, and lowers himself into the steaming hot water.

"No, fair, you cheated." I attempt to pout, but I can't. With his boyish smile and naked chest, all I can do is take off my clothes, leaving only my sheer pink bra and matching lace panties on, and follow him into the hot tub. "You're right. The view is amazing," I say as I slide into the spot next to him, our thighs brushing under the water, causing my nipples to pebble against the now translucent fabric of my bra.

When he doesn't answer, I turn my head to look at him, but his eyes aren't on the snowcapped mountains. They're on my almost bare mountains, visible in the clear water of the hot tub.

"Hmm, they are amazing." He swallows hard before leaning over me in what I think is going to be a kiss, so I lean toward him, our chests meeting in the water. But instead of kissing me, he reaches behind me and turns the knob that controls the jets on, causing large relaxing bubbles to form in the water.

"Oh," I say when I realize that was his intention, but not before my nipples press into his chest.

He leans back against the hot tub, a pained look on his face, and I'm transported back in time to the last time I kissed him. It was my high school graduation—I was officially an adult—I was going to claim Ryan. I got him alone in the kitchen, backed him into a corner, leaned on my tiptoes, and planted my lips to his. At first, everything was going as planned, especially when we both opened our mouths, and our tongues began rubbing against each other. I was acting on instinct since I had never kissed anyone since Ryan was it for me—no other boy would do. Even though

I thought the kiss was perfect, it did seem a little sloppy. It made me think Ryan might not be that experienced with kissing either until my brain took over, reminding me that Ryan is five years older than me. Of course, he's kissed other girls.

The kiss was over sooner than I wanted it to be, as Ryan pulled back and ended it with an apology: "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have let that happen." He said and rushed out of the kitchen, not once looking back.

From that day on, we never spoke of it again. Our relationship went back to the way it was before that day. The only difference was that the small part of me that believed Ryan had romantic feelings for me was made smaller until it was finally crushed on the day I graduated from nursing school.

"Um, that's better. Should we go over the list for the wedding?"

Thankful for the distraction, I rattled off everything from Lucy's list she texted me: "So, I was thinking since it's late tonight, I would grab a bite to eat from room service and go to bed early since I have a big day ahead of me tomorrow." The sun had set not long ago, and the moon shone off the snow as the stars twinkled in the sky. It was certainly romantic, but I guess that's to be expected since it's a bridal suite.

"Don't you mean we have a lot to do tomorrow? We're the best man and the maid of honor. We're like the Bonnie and Clyde of the wedding world."

"I'm not sure your sister would enjoy her wedding being planned by a couple of criminals."

"Okay, how about Bert and Ernie? I'll even let you be Bert."

We laugh at the absurdity of it all. "I think that's worse. You know they're both guys, and I'm a girl, right?"

"Oh, I definitely know you're a girl." He casually drapes an arm around my shoulders, and I instinctively lean down until my head rests on his chest and my body curves at his side, not caring about the mixed signals I'm getting from him.

I take that back. They aren't mixed. They're extremely flirtatious, making my skin aware of every place our bodies are touching.

Not wanting the moment to end, I egg him on with other partner-in-crime couples.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

four

Ryan

Getting Sutton into the hot tub was easier than I anticipated. Having her in my arms with her head resting against my naked chest is a bonus I wasn't expecting. It feels right to have her in my arms like this.

"Okay, I've got one. How about Strawberry Shortcake and her friend Lemon Meringue?"

"I'm assuming that would make me Lemon Meringue." I tug on her hair, wrapping a piece of her long red hair around my finger and hold it up to her. "Since you know..." I trail off, letting her come to the conclusion on her own.

"Ha, Ha, very funny." She says but doesn't attempt to pull away from me. "Fine. What about Sam and Dean Winchester?"

"Are we hunting demons now instead of planning a wedding? I've heard brides-to-be called bridezillas but never a demon."

"You're quite the comedian today. You better not let Lucy find out you called her a demon, or she'll cut your Ty Niewoehner off." Sutton pauses between the first and last name as giggles shake her body, causing her giant breasts to jiggle up and down against my side.

I bite the inside of my cheek, hoping to keep my cock under control, but she makes it

so hard, literally and figuratively, with her unintentional movements that plague my already wired body at being this close to her.

Needing a distraction from her glorious chest, I blurt out, "Shaggy and Scooby Doo." Which was a big mistake as she lifts her body off mine, leaving me feeling empty where our bodies once touched.

"Am I the weed-smoking stoner dude or the talking dog who is always looking for a Scooby snack? I'm not sure which one would be better." She gives me a half smile, letting me know she's only teasing, causing me to smile back at her.

"If we were going to be cartoon characters, you would definitely be Jessica Rabbit." I tug on the piece of her hair still wrapped around my finger like a security blanket and pull her closer until our lips are inches apart.

Her laughter stops as her eyes drop to my lips and then back to my eyes. "Would that make you Roger Rabbit?" Her voice has taken on a huskiness that shoots straight to my groin.

"It would make me whatever you wanted me to be." I lower my head, my lips almost touching hers, when the phone in the hotel room starts to ring, causing us both to jump back. "I'd better answer that."

I push myself up and out of the water, swinging my legs over the side of the hot tub, and stomp through the French doors into the bedroom. For the first time, I realize that in our haste to get into the hot tub, we left the balcony door open, and it's freezing in our hotel room.

I grab the phone and jerk it up to my ear. "What?" I growl into the phone.

"Wow. Who pissed in your Cheerios?" The way too cheerful voice of my soon-to-be

ex-best friend Seth says from the other end of the line.

"Sorry, it's been a long day."

"You're telling me. Your sister has been in a tizzy worrying about whether we will make it to our wedding. Luckily, I was able to calm her down with a little lovin'."

Yuck, I cringe, "Please don't ever say that to me again. As far as I'm concerned, she's still my virginal little sister."

"If it's any consolation, she was still your virginal little sister until the night of her college graduation." He jokes before his voice takes on a serious tone. "We both were."

It makes me realize Seth and I aren't that different. I've never looked at another girl. I never wanted to—Sutton is it for me. And as far as I know, she's never dated.

"I know, but that doesn't mean I want to hear about it, " I sigh into the phone.

"Fine, I'll stop talking about my love life if you start doing something about yours."

"I don't know what you're talking about." I try to sound outraged, even shocked, but I didn't fool my best friend.

"Look, I've known for a long time how you've felt about Sutton and how she feels about you. And if you weren't so stubborn and claimed her when I claimed Lucy, we could be having a double wedding this weekend."

"You're right." I run my free hand through my hair and glance onto the balcony to see Sutton leaning forward on her stomach in the hot tub with her arms hanging over the side. She looks out over the mountains as snowflakes gently fall from the sky. "We'll

take care of the wedding. I'll see you soon."

I hang up the phone, light the fireplace, grab two fluffy terrycloth robes and two pairs of slippers from the bathroom, and rush out to the hot tub to retrieve Sutton. Once I slip on the robe and slipper, I help Sutton out of the hot tub, getting my first real glimpse of her seethrough bra and panties has my cock straining against my cold, wet boxer briefs.

"Thank you, " she says in that husky voice I love as I slip the robe over her shoulders once she's out of the hot tub with the slippers on.

Her big blue eyes blink up at me, and I have to shake my head to clear the thoughts of picking her up and placing her in front of the fire while I make love to her all night long.

"Um, we should go inside and warm up next to the fire. I'll order some food from room service for us." I usher her inside, closing the French doors behind me this time.

"If it's okay, I'd like to shower and warm up a little before we eat."

"Sure, go ahead." I wave for her to go to the bathroom while I pick up the phone and dial room service, all the while trying not to think of her naked body in the next room as she runs soap all over her fantastic curves.

"Okay, I won't be long, so you can shower before we eat, too." She rushes off to the bathroom and closes the door. I wait for the sound of the lock to click in place, but it never does.

My little Shortcake is playing with fire and doesn't even know it.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

five

Sutton

I don't know what was worse, waking up wrapped in Ryan's arms with his hard cock pressing into the middle of my back only to have him jerk awake and jump out of bed like it was on fire. Or having him in the bridal shop while I try on wedding gowns. Both are extremely depressing.

We were only supposed to verify the correct wedding dresses and tuxedos before having them delivered to the hotel, but the saleswoman talked me into trying on wedding gowns. I'm on my fifth gown when Ryan declares this one the winner. "That one. It's perfect for your figure." Ryan takes a sip of the mimosa the sales clerk offers him.

"You don't think my boobs will fall out of it if I move too fast?" I twist from the left, then to the right, watching in the mirror to see if my theory is correct when I catch Ryan's eyes in the mirror that seem to be burning with what can only be described as untamed lust. That can't be right. I quickly look away. I must be imagining things.

"If you have the right strapless bra and with a tuck here and a tuck there or some strategically placed double stick tape on them, those babies won't move an inch." The saleswoman and I share a laugh at the pain and torture women go through in the name of beauty until Ryan's stern voice ends our laughter.

"You'll do no such thing. You will not put tape on any part of your lovely body." He sets the mimosa glass on the coffee table before leaping off the couch like a leopard

stalking its prey. "We'll get the best seamstress who will make sure they're safely and comfortably resting inside the gown without fear of them falling out." Ryan reaches a hand out, almost touching the fabric covering my breasts before snatching it back.

I'm too stunned by his outburst to say anything. Unfortunately, the saleswoman doesn't have the same problem, "I thought you said you two were just friends." She says in a loud stage whisper. "You know it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride in her gown before the wedding."

"It's okay—I'm not his bride," I tell her. At the same time, Ryan says something that almost sounds like "not yet."

Feeling overwhelmed by what just happened, I hurry to the dressing room and remove the dress. I stay in the dressing room longer than necessary, but I need a few minutes to process what happened. Plus, I'm not ready to leave the wedding dress behind for another lucky woman to wear on her wedding day.

A light knocking pulls me from my thoughts as the saleswoman opens the door, "Is it okay if I come in?" she pokes her head in, and I nod. "I know it's none of my business, but you two don't look like just friends." I open my mouth to deny her claim when she holds up a hand to stop me. "Like I said, it's none of my business, but I wanted to let you know we have a five-day hold period for all wedding gowns." She winks before leaving me alone with the idea of buying the wedding gown even if I don't have a groom.

It's not a bad idea. I'll need a wedding gown someday, and I love this one—and not just because Ryan likes it.

With my mind made up, I change into my regular clothes and go to the front of the store, where Ryan waits for me so we can move on to the next destination on our wedding to-do list. The saleswoman smiles and tilts her head in a questioning

manner. I smile and give her a quick nod, conveying the message that I want her to hold on to the wedding dress for a few days.

A girl can dream, can't she?

"What's next on our wedding to-do list?" I paste a bright smile on my face, making sure Ryan doesn't see the sadness lurking just below the surface.

He doesn't speak for a few seconds, giving me a thoughtful look before finally looking at the piece of paper in his hand, "The bakery. Lucy and Seth want basic vanilla for the wedding cake but want us to pick out flavors for the smaller cakes at each table." He hands me the list, and our fingers brush every so lightly, causing a burst of wetness between my legs, dampening my panties.

I snatch the paper from his hand, using it as an excuse to get my hormones under control. "We'd better hurry up so we can complete the list." I lift my hand and wave the list in the air as I walk out the front door of the bridal shop, with the distinct sound of the saleswoman's laughter following us.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

six

Ryan

Watching Sutton's eyes roll back as the moans around bite after bite of wedding cake is causing my pants to become tighter and tighter. Who knew cake taste testing could be so erotic?

A groan escapes me as her tongue darts to lick the chocolate fudge frosting clinging to her lips as all I can think about are those lips wrapped around my cock while I lick her sweet pussy. Her eyes snap open and I know she heard me. I glance out the window, concentrating on the fluffy snow falling on the ground to cool me down.

"These are all so good. Which one is your favorite, Ryan?"

I turn to face Sutton, wanting to tell her she's my favorite one, but we don't need any distractions while we're trying to organize Seth and Lucy's wedding. I can't stop from wrapping my hand around her wrist and bringing the second half of the fudge-covered treat to my open mouth, still in her hand, making sure to lick her fingers clean of frosting as I pull them back leaving the chocolate cake in my mouth.

"Delicious," I murmur against her fingers before letting go of her wrist. "Definitely this one and, of course, the strawberry champagne-flavored cake." I stare into her eyes as her breath hitches in her throat.

"Um, yes. The chocolate and the strawberry cakes." Her eyes search mine, and I know she's wondering why I'm acting like this.

The more I'm around her, as we check off the items on the wedding list, the more I wish we were making decisions about our own wedding.

We spent the rest of the day checking items off the wedding list, from the DJ to the reception hall to the florist to arranging the bachelorette/bachelor party at the local bar and even to the minister overseeing the ceremony, who seemed to feel it necessary to lecture us on the sins of the flesh. The day was almost perfect, but there was one last thing we needed to do.

"Why are you stopping here?" Sutton blinks at me as I park into the driveway of a large two-story home on the outskirts of town overlooking the mountain range and turn off the engine.

"Come on. I want to show you something." I step out of the truck and go to the other side, open her door, and help her out of the truck like I've been doing all day and walk to the house. I unlock the front door and lead her inside. "Well, what do you think?"

"It's beautiful." Her smile lights up the room as she slowly spins in a circle, taking in every part of my new house—her new house. She stops spinning and faces me with a teasing smirk. "Do the owners know you're in their house?"

"Considering I bought the house..." I trail off, waiting for her reply.

"Wait, you bought it. You're moving to Wintervale?" The shock on her face is priceless. I can't wait until she figures out I bought it for her.

"Yup, for me and my special lady."

Her shoulders drop at my words. I'm not sure what to make of her reaction, so I lead her to the fireplace mantel, which has a snow globe with a tiny replica of the house

inside it. She has to understand what I mean by that.

She gently picks up the snow globe and gives it a little shake. "It's beautiful." Her voice sounds small and sad. She sets the snow globe back on the mantel, "I think it's time to go back to the hotel."

The strained look in her eyes makes me second-guess my perception that she wants more from our relationship than just friendship.

"Ah, sure," I say, wondering if I've made a huge mistake or how to fix whatever is broken.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

seven

Sutton

I 'm not sure how I survived the ride back to the hotel when neither of us said a word. All I know is I've made a complete fool out of myself with Ryan. Over the last day, I was starting to convince myself he had feelings for me. But in reality, he already has a girlfriend that he bought a house for in a town that holds so many wonderful memories for us. And to top it all off, he had a mini replica of the house in a snow globe—that's our thing. Now, he's had one custom-made for the love of his life.

The cab for the rental truck begins to feel like it's closing in on me. Once Ryan pulls into the hotel parking lot, I jump out of the car before he can turn it off and dash into the hotel lobby, only to come face to face with the bride and groom and the rest of our family and friends.

"What are you guys doing here?"

"The snowstorm wasn't as bad as they thought. We caught the first plane here. Now, you and Lucy will have plenty of time to tie up the loose ends before the wedding." Seth glances over my shoulder. "Ryan and I will share a room while you two hang out in the bridal suite and talk about whatever bridesmaids and bride-to-be talk about."

I follow Seth's gaze to find Ryan standing behind me. He opens his mouth and then closes it again as he nods at Seth. I don't miss the look that passes between Lucy and Seth before she grabs my hand and leads me away from the only man I will ever love

who doesn't love me back.

Lucy doesn't stop talking all the way up to the room—which I'm thankful for because I feel like I am seconds away from breaking down. I was wrong when I said Ryan crushed my dreams on my college graduation day. This feels a thousand times worse.

Everything I've been feeling over the last twenty-four hours has been in my head. Ryan isn't attracted to me. He has a girlfriend who I'm sure will be at the wedding. Instead of breaking down and crying like I want, I pull out the wedding list from my pocket and hand it to Lucy. I remember every smile and every touch from Ryan these last few hours, committing it all to memory because that's all it can ever be.

"This is amazing! I can't believe you guys got all of this done in such a short time." Lucy throws her arms around me and squeezes me tight. "You're the best friend anyone could ever ask for, and in three days, you'll be my sister for real!"

Her happiness is contagious, and I find myself smiling despite my recent heartbreak until her words sink in. She's marrying my brother, which means that for every milestone they or their children achieve, Ryan and his wife will be there.

"Um, It's been a long day. I think I'll call it a night." I step out of her embrace and step toward the bed—the same bed I shared with Ryan last night. The same bed that I'm sure still smells like him.

"Okay, I'll see you in the morning. I'm going to stay up a little later and see if I can get us into the spa tomorrow for a makeover before the bachelorette/bachelor party."

Ugh, the bachelorette/bachelor party. I wonder if Ryan's girlfriend will be there. Maybe I can hook up with one of the good-looking brothers who own the bar. Their sister, Sadie, told me all about them today when Ryan was reviewing the drink menu for the party with the bartender.

It seems Sadie's brothers are all single. And like the old saying goes, to get over one guy, you have to get under another, in this case, maybe four guys. I've read enough smut books to know how RH/Why Choose stories go. I also know it's going to take a lot to get over Ryan—I guess it will be go big or go home for me tomorrow night.

I spend most of the night tossing and turning as visions of the four handsome guys take turns making love to me, but whenever I see their faces in my dream, they all look like Ryan.

Getting over Ryan is going to be harder than I thought.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

eight

Sutton

My plan for tonight was to strut into the bar, leading the bride and the rest of the bridesmaids into the bachelorette party, and flirt with every eligible guy in the place. Now, because of the ridiculous custom made t-shirts Lucy is making us wear, I shrink back, trying to hide in the crowd of giggling women proudly showing off the saying on each of their shirts.

Why couldn't I get the saying, "Single Tonight" or "Mis Chievous" or even "Hot Mess"? Instead, my t-shirt reads "Same Penis Forever."

Seth spots Lucy in her t-shirt that reads, "Back off Bitches, He's All Mine," and he laughs, pulling her into his arms for a quick kiss. I take the opportunity to rush to the bathroom, intending to turn my t-shirt inside out before returning to the party.

But damn my luck when just as I turn the corner to the bathrooms, I crash into a very strong, very familiar male chest. "Whoa, Shortcake, what's the rush?" He says. I step back, needing the separation from his chiseled chest, only for his eyes to drop to the words on my t-shirt before I can cover them up. His eyes roam over my chest and back to my face, "That's a pretty big commitment. Are you sure you're ready for that?" He teases, causing something inside me to snap.

"What do you care? It obviously won't be your penis." The smile falls from his face, and his head jerks back like I've slapped him, but I don't stop there. Every crushed piece of my heart is demanding closure from the man who has owned it for so many

years. "Thanks to some silly schoolgirl crush, I've never had one penis let alone the same penis. So if you'll excuse me, I'm going to see about finding a penis or two or four tonight.

Holding my head high, refusing to let the tears fall, I step toward my original destination, planning to wallow in my sadness for a while before returning to the party. Instead, Ryan picks me up and throws me over his shoulder like I weigh nothing and proceeds to slap my ass as he strolls to an office in the back of the bar.

I lift my head from over his shoulder, hoping someone witnessed my potential kidnapping, but unfortunately, we are the only two in the hallway. "Put me down!" I pound my fists into his muscular back, causing as much damage as a mosquito.

Once inside the office, he shuts the door and slides my body down his slowly, making sure I feel every hard ridge, and I mean every hard ridge, until my feet hit the ground. I take a step back, unable to think with his body pressed so close to mine.

"What are you doing?" I finally manage to say.

"Something I should have done a long time ago." He runs his fingers through his brown hair as he paces the office before stopping in front of me. "The only penis you will ever know is mine. Do you understand?"

I'm so shocked by his words. All I can do is nod.

"Words, Sutton. I need to hear you tell me, yes, you understand."

I clear my suddenly dry throat, "Um, yes, I understand. Your penis is the only penis I will ever know."

"Good." He throws his arms around me and crash his lip against mine in a hungry

kiss.

I open my mouth to remind him of his girlfriend, but before I can speak, his tongue thrusts into my mouth, and I can feel all the love, longing, and desire he has for me in that one kiss. Not caring about the consequences I kiss him back with every emotion I've ever felt for him.

The kiss goes on for what feels like forever as our hands explore each other's bodies over our clothes until he finally breaks the kiss.

"You know I've always loved you, Sutton."

"But what about your girlfriend, the one you bought a house for—and the snow globe."

A look of relief washes over his face, "You're the girlfriend I bought the house for, or at least I hope you'll be my girlfriend and much more. And as far as the snow globe goes, I would never buy another girl a snow globe—only you, Sutton."

Relief rushes through my body, and I let the tears fall from my eyes. "Oh Ryan, I thought..."

He doesn't let me finish as he pulls me in tight. "Don't worry about it, love. We're together now. But I do have something I need to ask you."

Ryan drops his arms from around my waist, and in one fluid motion, he bends down on one knee and pulls the most beautiful diamond ring out of his pocket. "I've loved you for as long as I can remember. I was a fool not to tell you all those years ago when you bravely kissed me at your high school graduation party or even at your college graduation when Seth claimed the woman he loved. I should have done the same. Will you forgive me, make me the happiest man alive, and agree to spend the

rest of your life with me?"

"I've loved you forever too. All I ever wanted was your love in return. Of course, I'll marry you!"

A smile breaks out across his face as he slips the engagement ring on my finger before picking me up in his arms and swinging me around, giving me a kiss filled with a lifetime of promises.

He ends the kiss sooner than I would have liked, only to give me a serious look, "You better get out there and enjoy your bachelorette party because we have a big day ahead of us tomorrow planning our double wedding with Seth and Lucy."

"You can't be serious. There's no way we can plan a double wedding that fast." As much as I want to be Mrs. Ryan Jacobs, I'm not sure we can pull it off that fast.

"Sure we can. You already have the dress, and Seth and I might have spent the day collecting the items on the wedding list to include everything you and I liked, along with what Seth and Lucy wanted. Plus, we all have the same family and friends that would attend either wedding, so why not make it easier for everyone?"

The pleading look in his eyes makes me agree to anything he wants. "Okay, yes, I'll marry you on Saturday." And just like that, a calmness settles over my body, knowing the fearsome foursome will be involved in another crazy event together—I wouldn't have it any other way.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 24, 2025, 3:29 am

nine

Sutton

Ryan was right. It didn't take long to add our touches to Lucy and Seth's already-planned wedding. Instead of being put out at the idea of sharing their special day with us, they seemed almost relieved.

"You looked so beautiful today Sutton." Ryan kisses my shoulder as he lowers the zipper on the back of the wedding dress, letting it fall to the floor at my feet. He helps me step out of it before turning me to face him. "But you always look beautiful." There is so much love shining in his eyes that it takes my breath away.

He bends down, lifting my feet one at a time as he slips off my white satin high heels. "I've never done this before." He says as he slides each one of my sheer pantyhose down my legs, leaving me in just my white bra and lace panties because true to his word, he was about to keep my breasts comfortable in the wedding dress without fear of a wardrobe malfunction.

"Me either." I place my hands on his shoulders, urging him to stand and face me, "But I can't wait to do it with you and the same penis I'll have forever." I tease, hoping to lighten the mood.

It seems to work as the tension in his shoulders loosens up under my touch, "Damn straight, it's your penis forever." He teases me back.

He finishes undressing me but refuses to let me undress him, saying that he's barely

holding one as it is, "Hands to yourself." He raises an eyebrow, daring me to disobey him, but I wait patiently for him to finish getting undressed like the good girl I am.

Once we're both naked, he takes my hand and leads me to the heart-shaped bed we first shared only a few nights ago; only tonight, we are going to do more than sleep in it, and he gently lays me down on the satin sheets.

"I've waited for this moment for so long." He moans in between kisses. "How does that feel?" He asks as he gently pushes his tip inside me before pushing the rest of the way in.

Instinctively my pussy squeezes his length, causing my body to shiver and his eyes to roll back. "It feels amazing." I wrap my arms around his neck as I lift my hips, meeting his thrust for thrust.

The strained look on his face tells me he's trying to hold back, "Fuck, Sutton. You're so tight. I'm not sure how much longer I'm going to last."

Not wanting him to suffer when he's making me feel so good, I whisper, "Faster. Please, I need you faster and deeper."

With a low growl I've never heard from him before, he does as I ask, thrusting deeper and harder into my welcoming body.

"YES RYAN! Just like that!" I throw my head back, letting the pleasure wash over me as I come around his cock, spasm after amazing spasm.

But he's not done with me yet when he growls again, "One more Sutton. Give your husband one more taste of your pleasure."

His once fast and furious thrusts become smooth and calculated as his eyes bore into

mine, watching me like a predator. The feeling of helplessness takes over as he grips both of my wrists in one of his large hands and lifts them above my head, leaving me feeling vulnerable yet aroused at the same time.

"You like that, don't you? Being at my mercy and taking my huge cock into your tight little pussy."

"Yes." I moan as his lips crash down onto mine, and my body shatters once again, only this time, Ryan follows me over the edge releasing rope after rope of hot cum deep inside me. "Mmm." I lift my hips and groan into his mouth.

He releases my hands, gathers me in his arms, and rolls onto his back with me on his chest, our bodies still joined. "That was amazing." I break the kiss needing to tell him exactly how he made me feel.

"Yes, it was. But wait for round two—now that we've had a little practice, I'm sure it will be much better."

I slide my head down until it's resting on his chest and smile. I'm not sure anything could top what we just did—until ten minutes later, when we're on round two, Ryan proves to me that practice does, in fact, make perfect.

One Year Later

Having a three-month-old baby on our first wedding anniversary wasn't something we expected, but neither was having a last-minute, spur-of-the-moment double wedding with our best friends. But we wouldn't have it any other way.

"There are my two favorite girls." Ryan kisses our daughter's tiny head before placing his lips against mine. "How's little Molly doing today?" He strokes our baby's cheek, and her eyes flutter, but she stays asleep.

"Much better now." We spent most of the night taking turns walking the floor with Molly. She was suffering from a bit of gas that kept us all awake until around three o'clock in the morning, when she let out a huge burp and a loud toot before settling town in Ryan's arms with a content sigh. Making us both laugh like a couple of pre-teen boys.

"That's good. I want her to enjoy Christmas Eve with her cousin Tara."

That's another thing we didn't expect—Seth and Lucy having a baby girl on the same day we had our little girl.

"Oh, I'm sure their grandparents will spoil them rotten."

One more thing we didn't expect was for Seth and Lucy to move to Wintervale, a few miles down the road from us. Ryan and Seth opened their own law firm in town. While Lucy and I got jobs at the local hospital, where we met some great new nurse friends.

The final surprise came when all four of our parents retired and moved to Wintervale. They said it was because they wanted to be closer to us, but we all know it was to be closer to their granddaughters.

"And how's this little one doing?" Ryan sits beside me on the couch and places his hand on my stomach.

"This little one has been taking it easy on mommy. I haven't had one bout of morning sickness with this pregnancy—unlike little Miss Molly." I stroke Molly's strawberry-colored hair. It seems she will be a big sister sooner than we expected.

We only learned about the new addition to our family two weeks ago. It seems Ryan and I are extremely fertile. It must run in the family since Seth and Lucy are also expecting another baby around the same time as our new little one.

Ryan slings his arm around my shoulders and pulls me tight against his side—with Molly cradled between us. "Thank you for giving me such amazing gifts." He kisses Molly's head, then leans down and kisses my still-flat stomach before kissing my lips. "I love you, Shortcake."

"And I love you, my not-so-tiny wiener."

The rumble of his laughter fills the room, and I count my lucky stars that I never stopped wanting my brother's best friend for Christmas.

-The End-