



# Don't Go Bakin' My Heart Holiday (Foggy Basin)

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**Category:** LGBT+

**Description:** Percy- My life has turned upside down since falling in love with my old high school crush, Ben. Now that we're together and living in the same town, we're discovering each other's quirks. Ben is an absolute nutjob over Christmas and the build-up to the holidays. For me and the bakery, this time is a huge money maker for us. How can I keep the bakery afloat and keep Ben happy? The holidays have always been about work for me. Now, I have to try to make Ben's Christmas dreams come true. What do you give someone who already has everything?

Ben- it's my favorite time of year! I love everything about the holidays, and Foggy Basin never disappoints. I wish that Percy and I had more time to spend together, though. With all the planning for the new resort and the city's Christmas festivities, which I am also helping to make a reality in our bid for more tourists, I am slammed. But it's our first Christmas together, and I want to make it the best one he has ever had. I hope that my plans don't scare him away. I want to move fast, and Percy is the opposite of me. But no matter what - this will be the best holiday ever!

**Total Pages (Source):** 5

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 10:23 am*

1

Percy

“Tammy Sue?” I yelled over the pop music she was blasting in the kitchen. Miss Grande was in her feelings, and so was Tammy Sue. “Can you come and grab these profiteroles? I’m too busy making curd and don’t want to overwhip it.”

“I got you!” she sang loudly to the music.

“Can you also turn that down just a squeeze?”

“You are destroying my vibe, babe.” Her laugh made me feel all warm inside. “Besides, you’ve been in a tasty mood for the last few months. Where is the himbo? Is there trouble in paradise where you don’t feel like swaying to the rhythm?”

“Ben’s over at a planning committee meeting for the resort and then headed to something about the festival. He talked me into setting up a table, but I’d still prefer to just keep the store open so we can take any large orders that people might want to place. This is our busy time, you know?”

“There’s just the two of us, hon. But not having a table at the festival would be a bad idea. We have to.”

“I know, but I think we might need some help. I need to find someone to either help you at the table or watch the store. I think the table would be easier.”

“Everyone will be at the festival. You have to be at the table, bitch. You’re the face of this place.”

“Why do you hate me?”

“I have a thing against tight abs and people in love with a man with tight abs. The holidays make me itchy.” She was snarky today.

“Bitchy, you mean.” This curd looks delicious. I turned it off and took a small taste.

“That too. How about that girl, Amber, who’s always popping in to talk about baking? She’s cute and seems to really love this place.”

“You think I should hire a high school student to run the store in my absence and train her in the next two weeks? You’re insane,” I scoffed. That was a horrible idea.

“She’s not baking. She’s writing down orders. Seriously, a monkey could do that job. What are you so afraid of? I’ll train her if she wants to help out. All you have to do is agree.” She took off her apron and went to wash her hands.

“Fine. It’s not like I have much of a choice, I guess. I have enough on my plate. Why do the holidays feel more stressful this year?”

“You have a boyfriend. What are you getting tall, dark, and sexy?”

“I have no idea. Did you know he’s a giant Hallmark Christmas movie fan? He also started listening to holiday music right after Thanksgiving dinner. It’s a little frightening. This time of year means money and extra hours for me. But it’s important to him, so...”

“It should be important for you, too.” She spoke slowly so the words could sink into

my thick head.

“I’m stressed and sweaty and feeling way overwhelmed.”

She walked back over to the bowl. “What is whelmed? That word has always confused me,” she giggled. “This batter is fucking tasty.” She licked the spoon before throwing it into the sink. “Only five thousand more of these to make.”

“What time is it? I promised that I’d meet him outside for the tree lighting.”

“You have two hours.”

“That means fourteen more sheets of cake. When are they picking these up again?”

“Tomorrow at four. You’ll have time to decorate in the morning.”

I sighed heavily. “Sadly, no. I will have to come back here tonight to get these ready. They have to set in the cooler overnight so the fruit sticks.”

“Shit. I can come back to help you. It’s not like my love life is all that exciting.”

“No, boo. You don’t need to suffer with me. Besides, maybe I’ll sleep in an extra hour tomorrow? Can you start by yourself tomorrow?”

“I can if that means you and Ben are gonna have breakfast in bed.”

“That means I would have to cook, and I have other ideas.” I chuckled.

“I can totally handle it.”

Thankfully, I knew she could.

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 10:23 am*

2

Ben

“The plans look great, and I’m so glad that the new branding will be on all of the tents. I was worried that the late change would be a problem. This festival is going to bring so many new people to town, and unveiling the plans for the resort will keep people wanting to come back.” I had a little extra pep in my step today. The festival had fallen in place, and almost every store in town had agreed to a booth.

“The idea of the Christmas Market was excellent, Ben. Our small parade down Main Street with Santa’s arrival in front of the tree is going to be the event of the year. I can just feel it.” The mayor nodded and clapped me on the back. “Alright, I need to go grab my speech for the tree lighting. I’ll see you over there.”

I glanced down the street. People were starting to leave the shops and head to the center of town, where the tree stood in front of the courthouse. They did a great job decorating it, and when the mayor threw the switch, it would be as beautiful as we had imagined. It was a big lift, that was for sure. When the mayor came to me and asked for my help, I wasn’t sure that we would be able to pull it off.

Foggy Basin has always had an event, but it has never been like this one. The idea of the resort coming to life inspired the mayor. I just wish he had been inspired about two months earlier. I had only five weeks to put this together. If it were a success, next year's event would be even better. We had put ads in all the local newspapers within an hour's drive, and hopefully, this week would bring a lot of visitors to the town. More importantly, the small businesses would see a large boost to their holiday

sales.

Percy worried. I mean, he always worried, but I knew that business had been up and down. Some days, he was exhausted by the number of orders and other times, he was exhausted from fretting about how slow things had been. This was his busy season, which had been busy for me, too, but I missed him.

How fast I had gotten used to being back in town and being so head over heels in love. I loved this opportunity, and I was glad to have it, but it was really the Percy of it all that made me happy. His smile alone brightened my day. His body pressed close to mine as we sat on the couch or lay in bed, still made my heart beat faster.

I just wished we had more time.

With his business and the planning of this event, time had become highly precious to both of us. He was busy – I understood. This was his livelihood, and he cared about it. Maybe I needed to spend more time at the bakery. That way, we would be able to have more time together instead of having exhausted kisses before bed. That was the difference between us. I could leave work at the office for the most part, except for this event that overwhelmed everything. But Percy couldn't do that. He had to do everything by himself. I understood, even if I was jealous of the bakery sometimes.

“Why are you standing in the middle of the street?” His light laugh filled me with joy, and I turned around to find him standing there, all bundled up, holding out a snowman cookie to me.

“My favorite,” I took it and munched on the little head. “I just love how you make these cookies sparkle. Thank you.”

“Are you nervous?” He grinned, and I reached out and took his hand.

“No. I have you beside me. Ready?”

“Yeah. Tammy Sue is finishing the cakes.”

“That’s great. You wanna go grab dinner together tonight, then.”

He took a deep breath. “I still have to go back and decorate them. They have to sit in the fridge overnight.”

“Oh, ok.”

“Sorry.”

“No need to be... Maybe I could come and sit with you while you decorate.” I loved watching him work. He always stuck his tongue in the side of his mouth when he concentrated, and I found it adorable.

“I mean, it’s going to be very boring. But if you want to. It’s just detail work, so I really do have to concentrate, or it will look like a fruit salad.”

“I don’t wanna...” That was his way of telling me that I would be a distraction. “It’s ok. What time do you think you’ll be done? I mean, you do have a key.”

“Your bed is much comfier than mine.”

I took a deep breath and squeezed his hand. Here was my in to what I had wanted to talk about. “My bed could be your bed if you wanted, you know?”

“Are you thinking of getting another one? You just... ah...” I saw realization spread across his cheeks. He had the cutest blush.

“Wow! That took a second.”

“Moving in? Really?”

“Too fast?”

“I... I’m not sure. I mean, it’s been over three months, but...”

“Four months, and yes, I am sure. It’s only ever been you, Percy, and I’m not going anywhere.”

“Can I think about it?” His shoulders slumped.

“As long as you need. But the offer is there. I mean, you did help me choose the place.”

“I know. I do love it. It’s much nicer than my little place. I don’t even know the last time I spent a night in my own bed.”

“So, you’re saying that your place has just become a closet?”

“With about half my clothes in it. The rest are at your place.”

“It’s a big closet. I think they’d all fit. I’d even give you half the drawers.”

“You have a three-bedroom house. I’m sure I could find room,” he snorted. “I’ve never... lived with someone before.”

“Neither have I, Perce. We were just waiting for each other and didn’t even know it.”  
I pressed my shoulder into his.



“Maybe we knew it a little.”

“Maybe we did. So, you’ll think about it?”

“I will.” He stopped and took my face in his hands. “You know I love you.”

I took him in my arms and kissed him in the middle of the street. I barely remember the mayor’s speech. All I could think of was Percy lying in my arms every night in a home that we both shared.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 16, 2025, 10:23 am*

3

Percy

“We’re glad to have you here,” I nodded happily as I buried my fear in the pit of my stomach. She was young – cute and earnest, but young.

“Thank you. You and Tammy Sue have given me the best gift I could have ever asked for. I love this place and want to go to Paris and pastry school just like you did.” Amber beamed.

“How old are you?” I stared at the young girl with pigtails and couldn’t believe I had just hired her.

“Sixteen.”

I didn’t even remember sixteen. Good grief. “Well... Welcome. Maybe when the dust has settled, we can talk about you sometimes coming into the kitchen and helping out on the weekends.” God, her excitement was infectious. Tammy Sue was right, though. All she would have to do was take orders and sell anything left in the store while we were at the table. If she needed anything, she could text us, and Tammy Sue could run to help her. Our table was only a few storefronts away. It would be fine, or it wouldn’t be. At this point, what choice did I have?

“I would love that. Thank you so much, Percy. I’m really excited. This is like a dream come true.”

“Come with me, Amber, and I’ll show you how to use the register.” Tammy Sue smirked at me. She knew me well and could tell that I was in a spiral of my own making. However, she had no idea what was actually causing me to lose my mind.

Moving in together? Was that smart? Four months wasn’t exactly a year, and a year wasn’t really a lifetime. Of course, I was overthinking it. I did that with practically everything. It was the kind of mind that I had, unfortunately, been born with. I always watched out for the maybes as they tried to mess up my day. But this ask of Ben’s was a lot to process.

Did I love him? That answer was obvious to the entire town – yes, I did, and part of me always had. Did I trust him? Yes, I think I did. I wouldn’t be where I was if I didn’t. Our past was complicated, but he had shown himself to be a man of worth and honesty. It wasn’t about him, though, was it?

I was the problem.

Hi. My name is Percy, and I’m an overthinker and worrier. I also like to dabble in small amounts of self-sabotage when I’m bored. I’m also a bit of a control freak about certain parts of my life. Just knowing that I have a space that is all mine that I can run away to whenever I need to makes me feel safe.

Well, that didn’t really answer my question. I’m also a hot mess. But once again, everyone in town could have told you that. Being a baker meant that I liked things to be precise and easily measured. I was scared, wasn’t I? Love and Ben weren’t in my control. I couldn’t help it.

“You woke up earlier than usual today?” I turned to find Ben sipping one of our large coffees as he stood in the doorway. “Big day?” God, he looked hot. His muscles threatened to rip the sweater right off his body.

“If I’m going to have everything ready for the booth tomorrow, I’m pretty behind. Sorry, I did give you a quick kiss before I ran out. It’s not my fault that you sleep like the dead.” I chuckled.

He ran his hands through his black curls and grinned at me. “Can’t help it. I’ve always been a good sleeper, unlike you, mister toss and turn.”

“I’ve gotten better.”

“True. You sleep much calmer when I wrap you in my arms.” He winked at me.

“I do?”

“Yeah. Like a baby. You also wake up at four in the morning like a baby, too. At least I don’t have to warm up a bottle,” he chuckled.

“Work is work. I wish I could turn it all off like you. But I’m just not wired that way.” I shrugged. “I guess I do sleep better when I cuddle up against you. I wonder why?”

His biceps flexed. God, this man’s body was insane, and it was all mine. “Maybe I make you feel safe?”

“Maybe?” I grinned. “Wanna cookie or a croissant? They just came out of the oven.”

“I wish. I have a breakfast meeting this morning with the mayor and the rest of the team. I’ll be glad when this event is over. Can you meet me around four today? I have a surprise for you.”

“I think so. I’m just so behind. What is it?”

“If I told you, it wouldn’t be a surprise, would it?”

“Fine. Where at?”

“How about I come and meet you here, and we can walk over together.”

“Alright. Sounds like a date – a short one because I have to decorate about ten thousand more cookies for the booth,” I groaned.

“I know. But I think we deserve an hour. I could come over and help tonight, you know. I’ll be done with things on my end around seven. I’m sure you’re skipping caroling tonight, right?”

“Cookies...”

“I figured. I’ll come after. I could at least do the flooding for you.”

“Are you sure? You being around is a real distraction because you look... better than the cookies.” I could feel the blush take over my incredibly white skin. Being a redhead meant that you could almost never hide your shame or your desire. I always had desires for Ben.

“I’ll keep my clothes on,” he chuckled.

“I’m getting hard. Out – you. I will see you at four.”

“I love you, babe.”

“I love you, too.”

I watched him turn and walk back into the main room and sighed. This man was sure

to be the death of me. But it would be a very beautiful way to go.

4

Ben

That ginger is driving me as crazy as he always did.

Percy haunts every moment of my past, my present, and my future. It's always been him. Ever since that moment in high school when our lips met – I have been his. It was a long road to finally get to each other, and that was all my fault. I had promised myself that I would never let him feel less than again. I meant to keep that promise.

I loved Christmas more than almost anything. The decorations, the food, and the music that I couldn't stop humming the moment the Thanksgiving turkey was put away. I love all the pomp and decorum of a small-town Christmas, so saying yes to the mayor's idea was easy, and so were all the choices I had made about the event.

I was born for this.

I just wish I had more time with Percy. For him, Christmas was one of his busiest seasons. For me, Christmas meant togetherness – being with the ones you loved. If I had to come and sit in the kitchen with him, that didn't matter. We would be together, and that was all I wanted.

Maybe I shouldn't have asked him to move in with me the way I did. It's been a few days, and he hasn't brought it back up. I know that means it's either bothering him or he's thinking about it as deeply as he always does. I just want to hold him every night and wake up with him – or after him every morning. I know what my future holds. I

was sure the moment I saw him again. It's all about him, and it always has been.

How do I make him know that? Do I have to – or am I just pushing things because it's what I want? His choice is his alone. I know that. But my choice always includes what I think is also best for him these days.

God, I'm pushy.

We're fine and happy as things are, and that's ok. Four months feels so much longer to me. I'm ready to take the next step. Hell, I'd propose to him if I thought there was a snowball's chance in Hell of him saying yes. But I know in my heart that it would be too soon. Percy moves slower than I do. His heart is more guarded and cautious – mine is a fucking linebacker ready to tackle everything into submission.

“Yo! Ben!” I waved at Tim, my old football teammate, who ran across the street. “Things are looking good, man.”

“Thanks. The tents will go up tomorrow, and based on everything we're seeing on social media, the market should be packed.” Fingers crossed. “How's the burger business?”

“It runs itself, man. I'm more focused on getting the boys into shape for playoffs.” Tim was a coach at our old high school. I tried to catch a few games this year, and they didn't suck. “You think you have a chance this year?”

“Oh, God, no. I'm just hoping we get past the first game.” He chuckled light-heartedly. “Wanna grab a beer? I have a couple hours before I pick up the kids from the living nativity practice.”

“I wish. I'm actually on my way to meet Percy.”



“Hot date?”

“I’ve cooked up a little surprise for him. I thought it’d be sweet.”

“You two look so happy. We really should all get together after the holiday madness dies down. The kids gave me a wish list on top of their letter to Santa. Amazon will be delivering a lot of packages to the restaurant for the next few days. They’re killing me, but I want to make this the best Christmas ever if I can.”

“I get it. They deserve it, and yes, to getting together. Maybe we can hang out in-between the holidays? I’ll talk to Percy about his schedule. It’s...”

“He works hard, man. You got a good one.”

“I know. I’m gonna be late, so...”

“Cool. I’ll see you tomorrow at the market.” He gave me a high five and turned to walk back into his restaurant. Tim and I had been friends for a long time, and I was lucky to still have him in my life.

I was excited to get Percy and take him to his surprise. I almost skipped to the bakery. Tammy Sue was cleaning the counter, and I waved as I pushed the doors open into the kitchen. Percy was washing his hands.

“Hey, sexy,” I moaned as he turned around. God, he was too pretty. His bright eyes and red hair against his alabaster skin made him a walking piece of art. “You ready?”

“What?” He looked at me so confused it was adorable. “Oh!”

“You forgot about me?”

“Never. I just got busy, and... I’ve made over two hundred cookies for the market so far. I’m already brain-dead. Sorry... I... I did forget,” he admitted and blushed.

“It’s fine. But I have to hold you to our date. So, dust the flour off your shirt, and let’s go.”

“I have a lot to...”

“It’s an hour. You can give me an hour. Hell, I’ll settle for thirty minutes.”

He hung his head for a moment and then nodded as he began to untie his apron.

“Thirty minutes. Then I have to get back to this.”

“I am coming to help you decorate tonight. No response is needed. Got it?”

“Yes.” He placed his apron on the counter. “Where are we going? I’ve got flour everywhere. Shit, is it on my face?”

I reached out and ran my fingers through his bangs. “Just a little here.”

“So embarrassing.”

“You look great.” I took his hand in mine. “Come on.”

“Where are you taking me? I’m really not hungry. I’ve been eating broken cookies all day.”

“Not eating.” I pulled him through the shop.

“Have fun!” Tammy Sue called out as I dragged him behind me.

“See you later, Tammy Sue.” I pushed open the door, and we walked out onto the sidewalk.

“I feel like I’m being set up for something,” he huffed. “You and your secret surprises.”

“I thought you liked my secret surprises,” I teased.

“I like them when there’s no clothes involved,” he chuckled. “I really like those kinds of surprises.”

“This is not that kind of... Trust me. Come on.” We walked together down the street and underneath the large Christmas Market banner that was being carefully hung over Main Street. “Looking good, guys,” I called as I hurried us along.”

“It’s so pretty. You really have done an amazing job.”

“You’re just saying that. You’ve barely gotten out of your bakery for the last two weeks.”

“Busy time, you know? I know we haven’t had a lot of together time here lately. I’m sorry.” He sounded so sad, and that was not what I wanted.

“You do not need to apologize for working, Perce. It’s your shop, and it’s one of the busiest times of the year for you. I understand, even if I do miss us.”

“I miss us, too. You make me want to throw caution to the wind, and that scares the shit out of me.”

I wrapped my arm around him and pulled him close as we walked. “I know, babe. But sometimes, all you can do is trust. I trust you, and I think you trust me. So let the

stuff go that doesn't need to take up rent in your brain. Ok?"

"I'll try."

We stopped in front of the courthouse, and I turned him towards the Christmas tree. "Come on. We're making sure that everything is perfect for tomorrow. But to do that, we need your help."

"Mine? I know nothing about this stuff, Ben," he whined, which made me laugh heartily.

We walked around the tree and underneath the large arch of presents that led to a red carpet in front of a giant throne. Santa Clause waved at us from his seat. It was really Mister Jakowski who owned a farm outside of town. He had readily volunteered this year, and he already had the suit.

"He looks perfect. Who is it?"

"It's Santa Clause, and he's ready to hear your wish." I slapped him on the butt as we walked down the red carpet.

"What? I'm not twelve." He literally scoffed.

"You are not. But you still get a Christmas wish. In fact, you get the very first Christmas wish in the entire town, and we all know that a wish made on Santa's lap is bound to come true."

"This is silly. I'm going to get flour all over him."

"Get up there and stop your bitching. You work so hard, babe. Don't you believe in the power of wishes? I do."

Percy looked at me wide-eyed. “You really do love all of this Christmas stuff, don’t you? Alright. But I have to think of a wish.”

“Don’t think. Just sit, and the perfect wish – the one your heart wants to make will come to you. It’s the power of Santa,” I chuckled.

“You really are too cute. How you can be this big he-man and a seven-year-old boy at the same time always surprises me.” He kissed me on the cheek and let go of my hand. “Hi, Santa.” He walked up to the throne. “I think I might be too big for your lap.”

“Nonsense. Santa’s lap is big enough for everyone,” Santa laughed with his trademarked ho-ho-ho. It really was a very good Santa impression. The kids were going to love him.

Percy glanced over his shoulder at me and shook his head in disbelief before he turned and sat down on Santa’s knee. “I’m not too heavy?”

“Tell Santa what it is that you want for Christmas. Have you been a good boy all year?”

“I tried.” He shrugged. “Yes, Santa, I think I have been. Being an adult is complicated.”

“I think most adults would agree with you.”

“You sure I’m not hurting you?”

“I’m a very strong Santa, young man. Now, Percy, what is it that you want for Christmas this year? What can Santa do for you?”

Percy took a deep breath and looked at me before turning to Santa and whispering in his ear. Santa's eyes twinkled with delight.

"That is a very good wish. I think it will come true, too." Santa nodded happily.

"Thank you, Santa, or whoever you are under there. I thought I'd be able to tell, but... nope."

"That's because it's all about belief. I think you believe much more than you let on. Merry Christmas, Percy."

He stood up, and Santa gave him a candy cane.

"Merry Christmas, Santa."

Percy walked back to me, and I grinned and kissed him gently on the lips. "What did you wish for?"

"I can't tell you my wish. That's between me and Santa."

5

Percy

I took the last batch of cookies out of the oven and turned it off. My counter was covered in decorated Santas and snowmen. The snowflakes and ornaments were already boxed up and in the cooler. Dozens of each cookie – which made decorating the cookies very, very boring. Of course, I had made an extra three dozen of the Santas. Those are the cookies that the kids would want.

Decorating sugar cookies was an art. If someone was going to pay three bucks for a cookie, the lines and colors had to be precise. One small mistake and the cookie was unsaleable. I had a tray of messes on the counter, and I had been lucky that there were only a handful. My mistake was my stomach's gain.

A wish from Santa. How cute was that? Ben was, as always, surprising. It was very sweet that he wanted me to do that. I felt like a fool at first. But something about sitting on Santa's lap broke the child free from my soul. I wished with all my heart. And as I sat there, I realized something important. I always had the power to make my wish come true. It was inside me all along, and Santa knew it.

I knew it, too. I was happy, and I needed to allow myself to be happy.

My wrists hurt. This kind of detailed work always made my wrists feel like they had been in a vise. Being a baker was not easy on the body. When I was done, I would have to ice my hands and wrists. If I could get these done in the next couple of hours, there would still be time for Ben and me to chat about what he asked me.

I had a gift for him, too. But I don't think he would be surprised. Happy, yes. But he knew in his heart how I felt. I just needed to work out some stupid shit in my brain to get there. All it took was Santa.

"Penny for your thoughts?"

"Hi, handsome." I turned to see Ben walking in with a bag from across the street.

"What's that?"

"I stopped by Tim's and grabbed us a burger and fries. I thought you might be hungry or at least tired of eating cookies. That's not very healthy for you, you know?" he chuckled.

"What? You're a doctor now. Cookies are the best for whatever ails you. It's science."

"Except for diabetes." He placed the bag on the counter by the tray of bad cookies.

"Smartass. That word cannot be uttered while I'm decorating sugar cookies."

"Superstition?"

"No, just every baker's fear. I think I can be done in a couple of hours. I'll eat after if you don't mind. Thank you, though. I just want to get this finished." I picked up my bag and finished the snowman I had started. His little black nose was so cute!

"You want me to help flood?" He went and turned on the water in the sink to wash his hands.

"If you want to. Are you sure you can do it?" I chuckled, knowing that he could.

"I have helped you before." He dried his hands on the towel.



“I know, it’s... I’m being me again, aren’t I?”

“I love you just the way you are.” He walked back over and stood on the other side of the counter.

“You’re a saint.”

“I’ll warm up my burger too. Maybe we can eat in our living room and watch a little TV. It’s not very late.” That sounded great to me. I knew he was lonely with all the late hours I had been working.

“With you helping me, I imagine it will be a little more than an hour. I’ve become a cookie decorating machine.”

“Thank you for sitting on Santa’s lap.” He grinned. “You were weirdly quiet after as we walked back here.”

“It was... thank you, Ben. It was exactly what I didn’t even know I needed. But I think I did. I even think my wish is coming true.” I winked.

“Already,” he moaned. “Did you wish to get these cookies done?”

“No. I wouldn’t waste a wish on something I already knew I could do. But it was the wish that I made which told me that I was being an idiot.”

“Which one do you want me to do?” He grabbed an apron and tied it around his tight body. “And you’re not an idiot. You’re just overwhelmed.”

“Santas. They’re the hardest. Use the red bag.” I pointed.

He picked up the bag with the red icing in it and started overflowing the cookie. I chuckled as I walked over to him and stood behind him. “Too much pressure, stud.

Squeeze it gently.” I wrapped my hand around his and pressed. The right amount of icing flooded onto the cookie.

“Right... I... uh... You made me flustered.” He glanced behind and grinned at me.

“You get flustered when I touch you.” I let my hands roam over his shoulder and down his chest.

He moaned and leaned into me. “I get flustered just being near you.”

“I’ll do it,” I whispered in his ear.

“You’ll do what?”

“Move in with you. Is that still a possibility?”

“Yes. More than anything, yes.” He spun around and took me in his arms.

“Good. It was my Christmas wish. I’d hate for you to make a liar out of Santa.”

“What’s the health regulations of me throwing you onto the counter and having my way with you.”

“You mess up my cookies, and I’m going to move right back out,” I laughed. “Now flood those Santas so you can take me back to our house and do some very naughty things to me. The only thing I’m hungry for is you.”

“That you don’t have to ask twice for. Merry Christmas, babe.”

“I love you, too.”

“I think you have made me the happiest man who ever lived.”

He flooded the hell out of those cookies. I couldn't decorate fast enough. I would happily give up my apartment. I would happily become his. I already was.

The End