



Nuttin for Christmas

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Category: Urban

Description: Some may call her sexually liberated while others may call her a bad girl.

No matter what you label her, Aisha Bell knows what and who she wants.

Home from college on Christmas break, she catches a glimpse of her best friend's twin, Cordaé Snoh, instantly sparking a flame.

Finding out he's much more of an innocent than she had imagined raises the stakes but will it lower her aim?

Total Pages (Source): 12

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one

Aisha Bell

While sitting in the middle of the auditorium during my Chemistry class, I reached the final page of my test. Suddenly, I felt my Apple Watch and iPhone vibrate at the same time; my non-dominant hand was comfortably resting in my coat pocket. I pulled it out and slid my jacket sleeve up to read the message.

You wanna go get drinks and chill at my house?

The message was from Chardonnay Snoh, who sat across from me. I had recently become friends with her earlier that week, and this was our last test before the Christmas break.

Yea. Some Hennessy and eggnog. But I need to get this new book from Muses and Manuscripts first.

I glanced in her direction and noticed Chardonnay subtly nodding her head, which was topped with a brown beanie. Her features suggested she was of mixed heritage, and I recognized one of her backgrounds as African American.

Once we completed our test, which was surprisingly easy, we grabbed our designer purses and backpacks, made our way up the broad steps, and exited the room.

“I’ma follow you in my car,” I said as we walked toward the front of the building, shivering in the frigid temperatures. It was just another chilly December day, and the

wind was harsh.

“Cool,” she replied, turning left and pulling her coat tightly around her neck as her teeth chattered.

I turned around and walked toward my 2019 Honda .

After pressing the alarm on my key fob, I opened the door and threw my things into the passenger seat. I slid into the driver’s seat, closed the door behind me, and let out a sigh of relief as I set my phone on the vent mount.

With the holidays coming and me not being in a relationship I knew this Christmas would be the worst one ever. I had just turned 22 and had no boyfriend or any type of potentials. I didn’t even have a sneaky link I could call. The only thing I had was dick I could borrow that was attached to one of my two exes who were attached to someone else. I wasn’t sexually promiscuous but when I was involved anything went. Nothing was off limits for me and usually I allowed the man to take the lead in the bedroom.

A horn blared, jarring me from my thoughts when I realized I hadn’t backed out to let the other car in. I raised my hand in apology. After fastening my seatbelt, I turned the ignition and shifted my car into reverse. As I pressed my foot to the gas, I reached out to turn the heater up to high without looking. Navigating the busy school parking lot, I paused for cars to park, exit their spaces, and for my fellow classmates to clear the path.

Making it to the street, I drove the speed limit searching for Chardonnay. Assuming she’d probably passed me, I called her phone through the car’s Bluetooth . It rang but went straight to voicemail. Deciding to let it be, I continued on to the bookstore when she texted telling me that she was talking to her brother.

Locating my playlist titled Nutcracker Holiday Hits , I pressed shuffle. Moments later, Mariah Carey's "All I Want For Christmas Is You" filled the space. As I sang along, I took in my surroundings. Garland and wreaths adorned the lampposts and signs. The streets were awash in red and green. Although the holiday decorations weren't lit yet, once night fell, the city would sparkle, guiding Santa on his journey to our homes.

After listening to three Christmas songs, I arrived at the bookstore parking lot. As I slowly pulled in, I began searching down the row for a parking spot. It was as crowded as I had expected for this time of year. Everyone who loved books and reading came to this place, and since it was the only Black bookstore in the city, it attracted every black reader around.

With my music still playing low, I rolled my window down to get a better view, sniffing the air. Muses and Manuscripts sat between a coffee and donut shop and although the scents intermingled, it smelled good.

After a few minutes I noticed a car backing out. Putting my signal on, I waited when I saw a man driving an SUV out the corner of my eye. I immediately figured he was trying to steal my spot. Quickly turning my steering wheel, I hit the gas, zooming in and hearing a horn.

Ignoring the rude man, I parked, looking through my rearview window, checking his whereabouts. The season was meant to be joyful and full of love but sometimes it was just the opposite. Christmas sometimes brought out the ugly and hate in people.

Lowering my visor, I glanced in the mirror, checking my appearance. After grabbing my designer crossbody bag, I applied some gloss to my lips and blotted them together. Once satisfied, I unbuckled my seatbelt, took my phone and keys, and stepped out of the car. Locking my vehicle, I bundled up in my coat, and jogged toward the entrance.

Stepping inside I was immediately greeted with warmth and the sweet smell of cinnamon.

“Welcome to Muses and Manuscripts.”

Fixing my mouth to say thank you, my eyes landed on the cutest man I’d ever seen. He had a light caramel complexion, dark brown hair, glasses and stood around six foot. He was behind the register reading a book wearing a red polo shirt and khaki pants.

Detouring, my boots padded across the thin carpeted floor.

“Hello Cordaé ,” I grabbed his attention by saying his name on his badge and making him look up from his book.

“Hello. How can I help you?” He shifted his designer frames on his face.

“I can find several ways you can help me,” I bit my bottom lip, scaling his physique.

“Excuse me?” He questioned with embarrassed concern; his cheeks growing a shade of red. He pulled at the hem of his shirt before slipping his hands into his pockets.

“Yea. You heard me, with your fine self,” I leaned over the edge of the counter.

“Do you need help finding a book?” His hands moved to the computer.

“I do, actually. Four of them,” I tapped the screen of my phone waking it up. “I’m looking for Fucked Around And Fell In Love During The Holidays by Talena Tillman, Double The Love by M. Monique, Before The Streetlights Come On by Ashley Antoinette and Immoral Cravings by A. Sherell.”

His clean and manicured fingers moved from the keyboard to a piece of receipt paper and pen as he scribbled the titles down. As he clicked on the keys with shaky hands, I watched him. I could tell he was bashful and a bit apprehensive by the way his eyes shifted from me to the screen.

“Yes, we have them all,” he pointed behind me. “They’re on?—,”

“Can you come with me?” I purposely enunciated the word.

“Umm,” he paused. “Yea. Sure.”

He placed a bookmark in a book titled Man Of The Year and hurried around the counter.

“Aisha?” I heard my name being called as I huffed in irritation.

Pulling my eyes from sizing Cordaé up, I saw Chardonnay. She ran over to us stopping next to him.

“Cordaé was just getting ready to show me where the books were.” My eyes returned back to him.

“Well that’s good that y’all already met,” she wrapped her arm around his waist. He shrugged outta her grasp. “He’s my twin brother.”

Shocked was an understatement. I mean how was I supposed to know that this fine specimen was my friends brother. Aside from their names starting with a C, they looked nothing alike. But I guess that was to be expected being that they weren’t of the same sex.

“Well, your brother is cute as hell,” I admitted. There wasn’t a shy bone in my body.

“Girl come on!” She pulled me by my arm as we headed toward the shelves. “Let’s go get our books.”

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two

Cordaé Snoh

The way she said my name made pre-cum seep from my dick and when she asked me to walk her to the section of those books she requested I prayed a wet spot didn't appear on the front of my pants. At first glance, my face flushed with perspiration and my frames fogged when she said I could help her in several ways and my hands grew sweaty when she said the word come.

Having a beautiful woman like her flirt with me was completely out of my element. I wasn't use to the opposite sex finding me attractive. According to my sister, I was a nerd because I studied in college, got good grades, stayed in the house and read books written by black authors. Chardonnay was the wild one. The social butterfly. I, on the other hand, was the quiet one.

After getting the line down, I slowly moved from behind the counter in search of Aisha. She was gorgeous looking like a black doll in her waist length coat, skinny jeans and boots. Her straight hair laid against her shoulders and her bangs almost covered her eyes. Her butt was perfectly round and I felt my dick begin to brick thinking about her.

Standing next to one of the three Christmas trees, I faked like I was rearranging the ornaments to look at her. She cradled all four books in her arms as she and my sister laughed about something; her pretty teeth on display.

“Cordaé, what are you doing?” My mother, who was of Indian and African American

descent, made me almost jump out of my skin. “Aren’t you supposed to be at the front?”

“I just came to the floor to make sure everything was in order,” I backpedaled toward the registers. “I’m going now.”

My parents owned this bookstore and my mother had decorated it using her interior design skills. Nothing needed adjustments.

Back behind the counter, I retrieved my book and resumed reading. I was further ahead in my college career needing less classes than Chardonnay. I took my courses seriously so now that we were on break, I was able to catch up on some reading. Three of the books that Aisha was looking to read, I had already finished. The other one had just released and was on my Tbr list.

Pushing my frames up on my face, I flipped the pages of my book. I was a fast reader and the book was very entertaining. It was actually teaching me some things.

Minutes into me reading, we had an influx of people come into the store forcing my mother to help me keep the line moving. We had extended our sale and received new and exclusive books and merchandise from several publishing houses and independent authors. The crowd lasted for an hour before everything calmed again.

“You want to take your break?” My mother asked me, checking the registers.

“Yea, but call me if it gets busy.” I headed toward the back of the store.

I was surprised to see my sister and Aisha still here. I figured they’d slipped out during the rush of people. But they were sitting on the floor stools; a stack of books were in front of them.

Pushing through the bathroom door, I used the stall, fixed my clothes and washed my hands. Exiting out, I ran right into Aisha.

“Oh, sorry,” I backed up against the wall; my hands up in surrender.

“There’s nothing to be sorry for.” She was so close to me I could smell the Peppermint in her mouth; her breasts, grazed my chest.

“Well, umm, Merry Christmas,” I slithered from around her, taking long strides to the break room. I could’ve punched myself in the face for responding with that phrase.

Rounding the corner, I opened the refrigerator. Grabbing a bottle of water, I took a seat trying to focus on the TV. Some talk show played. I didn’t know what I was feeling but it was a feeling I was unfamiliar with.

“You see that fine girl out there?” My coworker, Trev sat down at the table with me. “She’s talking with your sister?”

“Yea, I saw her,” I played uninterested; my eyes still on the screen.

“That ass makes me wanna hit that,” he voluntarily said.

“Go for it.” I inwardly rolled my eyes, trying to ignore him.

“She don’t look like she fucks with young niggas,” he shook his head.

“You’ll never know unless you ask,” I downed the rest of my water, tossing the bottle in the recycle bin. Trev annoyed the mess outta me. “Gotta go.” I stood up, stretching my limbs. I walked over to the vending machine, paying for a Snicker. After eating it, away from Trev, I left out the break room.

“Sir?” I heard a young voice beckon me. “Can you help me find a book called Rumor Has It by Kutura B?”

A young teen, probably around thirteen asked me when I made it back to the floor.

“It has four girls on the cover in front of lockers, right?” I started to walk toward the young adult section.

“Yes. That’s it. Do you have it?”

“I think it’s over here,” I gestured her to follow me.

Finding the book, I sent the young girl on her way. She was so happy knowing that she’d gotten the last one. We’d sold out of that book.

“I’m back, Mom,” I voiced entering back behind the counter. “I got it.”

“Okay. Thanks. I’m gonna go work on the inventory. You know how to reach me.”

Behind the desk, I saw that my Mom had moved my book. Searching around, I found it inside the cabinet under the registers. Lifting my head up, Aisha was standing there in all her beautiful glory.

“Hey?” I shyly smiled.

“You know what?”

I looked at her curiously. I was piqued and intrigued with her because no woman had ever talked to me this much. It was kinda cool.

“What?”

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three

Aisha Bell

“You look like Prince Naveen and ASAP Rocky,” I leaned on my elbows, studying him.

His lips opened and his face lit up as he smiled showing all his teeth.

“Seriously?” He asked; his voice laced with laughter.

“Yea,” I smiled. “You’ve never heard that before?”

“I’ve heard I resemble some famous people but not them.”

“Like who?”

“I heard I resemble Lloyd and Bruno Mars,” he shrugged.

“I can see it,” I nodded my head. “You look like you should be working in a liquor store, too,” I laughed.

“Oh you got jokes.”

“But you’re cuter,” I quickly added.

“Aisha, you ready?”

I inconspicuously rolled my eyes hearing his sisters voice. Chardonnay was cock-blocking, again.

“Yea, girl. I’m ready,” I slowly turned away from Cordaé and walked away. I made sure to add an extra switch to my steps just in case he was watching.

“So how we gonna do this?” She asked.

“You want to drive to my house and then I’ll drive?” I suggested.

“That’ll work as long as I don’t get too drunk.”

“I can hold my liquor so if you need me to drive you home?—,”

“Nah. I’m good. I’ll follow you,” she said pushing through the doors.

The frigid air blew my hair around my head like a wreath.

“I love this time of year but it’s cold as hell,” I quickened my steps. “Where’d you park?”

“Right there,” Chardonnay extended her finger at a Frosty white BMW.

“I’ll drive over there and then you can follow me.”

Hightailing it to my car, I hit the alarm and got in. Starting it up, Let It Snow by Boyz 2 Men played.

Pulling up behind Char, I slowly drove off waiting until I saw her behind me. Not too long after, we made it to the liquor store. Parking we both got out.

“Ain’t this cute?” I asked her.

The complex was decorated with snowmen, snow, reindeers, Santa and Christmas trees.

“It is. Got me feeling like we at the damn North Pole and that’s why we freezing.”

I laughed, pulling the door to the liquor store open.

Proceeding to the back, I grabbed two bottles of eggnog while she stood in line at the front. The bottles of alcohol were no longer available to get on our own due to thieves.

“Why didn’t you tell me you had a twin brother?” I asked standing next to her.

“No real reason,” she shrugged.

When we got to the cashier and he told us our total, we split the amount, leaving the store.

“I’m right behind you,” I threw out hopping back in my car.

Starting it up, Santa Claus Is Coming To Town by The Jackson 5 began to play. Googling the bookstore, I hit call, hearing the phone ring.

“Muses and Manuscripts. This is Cordaé. How may I help you?”

“You sound so proper answering the phone,” I chuckled trailing after Chardonnay’s BMW .

The sun was slowly descending but hadn’t quite set and had me thinking it was later

than it actually was. Daylight savings had way too much melatonin in it.

“Who’s this?” He asked.

“Your future girlfriend.” I confidently replied, scanning my surroundings and loving the Christmacy atmosphere.

“No, seriously. Who is this?”

I shook my head. Cordaé was really clueless.

“It’s Aisha. Your sisters friend. How’d you forget me that fast?” I playfully whined.

“Oh, umm, I’m sorry,” he apologized. “I didn’t mean to. I just didn’t catch your voice.”

“Boy! You don’t have to apologize. I’m just joking with you.”

“Oh. Okay.”

I heard him breathe a sigh of relief.

“Are y’all busy?”

“No. It slowed down. It’ll probably be like this the remainder of the night.”

“So, what you doing for Christmas?”

“Besides being with my family, nothing. You?”

“I want you to do me, too.”

“Wait,” he paused. “What?”

I giggled causing him to laugh.

“You ran right into that one.”

“I did, huh?”

“Yep.”

In front of me, Char stopped and let the window down. She gestured for me to pull up on the side of her.

“Hold on, Cordy.”

I put my phone on mute and lowered the volume in case he didn’t follow directions.

“Park right there,” Char extended her candy cane painted nail at an open spot.

“Okay.”

I rolled my window back up before unmuting Cordaé.

“I’m back,” I told him, parking my car.

“No problem.”

“So, you gonna give me your number or do I have to call the bookstore to talk to you?”

He nervously laughed.

“Umm, I don’t know. I don’t think my sister would be okay with that.”

“I didn’t ask about your sister and how she’d feel. I’m asking you.”

I could hear him moving around on his side of the phone.

“I have to go. I have customers.”

“Okay, cutie. Do ya thang. I’ll call you later.”

“Bye.”

I was too tickled by his lack of enthusiasm. He didn’t know it but he’d be hearing from me real soon. Somehow, someway.

Stepping out, I threw my purse over my head and across my body. I hit the alarm on my key fob and looked around. The houses on Chardonnay’s street were littered with all things Christmas . It was as if the neighborhood was in a Christmas contest or they all just chose to decorate for the season.

“There ain’t no Grinches or Scrooges on this street, huh?” I asked Char with my hood on my head and my hands snug in my jacket pockets.

“Nope. We all love Christmas.”

I followed her to her front door.

“Do y’all do this for every holiday?”

“Pretty much. It’s so much fun to know that we’re all on the same page when it comes to the holidays,” she inserted her key and opened the door. “If you don’t mind,

can you take your boots off? I don't like shoes beyond the door."

"Oh you're good. I don't either," I slipped my boots off. "It's beautiful in here." I looked around her apartment.

In her black and white living room, red and white ornaments hung from her Christmas tree.

"I see how you did that. Got your theme matching your nails."

"You know it," I heard her in the kitchen moving around. "You want this Nut Nog straight or mixed?"

"Mix it, please. Thanks."

"Gotcha."

"You know what they say?" I asked.

"No. What?"

"If you drink eggnog you swallow nut," I got situated, removing my purse and taking off my jacket, hearing Char laugh.

She had the heater on and I was finally starting to thaw from the outside frost. Seeing her approach with my plastic red cup, I took it from her hands and took a sip.

"Oh, this is good," I licked my lips.

"Girl, I know how to make a drink." She sat down drinking hers.

“And keep secrets,” I added with duck lips.

“What you mean?” She laughed.

“When I told you I needed to go to the bookstore, you didn’t tell me your parents owned it.”

“My bad. But it wasn’t a secret honestly.”

“And you being a twin?” I smirked.

“That wasn’t either. I just like being my own person.”

“You’re still your own person, ma’am. There’s just two of you.”

“Cordaé and I are complete opposites. We’re nothing alike.”

“I get it.” I nodded my head.

There was a pregnant pause.

“Music or movies?” She asked.

“Movie.”

She rose from her seat and grabbed her remote controls.

“First up, Home Alone.”

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four

Cordaé Snoh

“Mom, you want to stay here and I’ll check the store? Make sure everything is neat and stacked correctly?”

“That would be nice, Cordy,” she sat on the chair, grunting and rubbing her knee. Arthritis was slowly plaguing her.

Hearing my nickname, reminded me of when Aisha called me that minutes ago.

“You rest and I’ll be back,” I placed my hand on the side door to where the registers were.

Moving to the opposite side of the counter, I straightened the small trinkets. Those were personalized items like stickers, bookmarkers and pens with some of the authors name. Behind that was apparel and blankets. Some displayed character names, others branded author names. After finishing that, I made my way towards the back adjusting books on the table and shelves, here and there.

Touring the store, I made sure all the books and stands displaying the prices were fixed and then went to the front.

“If you want to head home, I’ll lock up.”

“I think I’ll do that,” she lifted from the chair; her knee popped. “See you later. I love

you.”

“I love you, too.”

With the bookstore still quiet, I called my friend, Jack, on my cellphone telling him about Aisha and how cute she was.

“What she look like?”

“I mean, she was cute with a nice backside and face,” I described. “And she had pretty teeth and real hair.”

“Man, really? A backside? You mean she had ass?”

“You know I don’t cuss.”

“Well say butt or something ‘cause backside ain’t it.”

“Anyways,” I grumbled. “She had her nails done in some Christmacy design and she smelled good.”

“She was that close to you?” Jack asked.

“Yea. She came to the counter.”

“You should holla at her since she’s showing some type of interest.”

“I don’t know if she’s doing that or playing.”

“Man, she’s flirting with you, slow ass!”

“I’m shy and she probably has several men tryna get with her.”

“But she’s flirting with you . Think about it.”

“Before I got on the phone with you she had called me.”

“You gave her your number?” He sounded shocked.

“No. She called the store.”

“Damn, my boy! Ole girl is assertive. Just the kind you need,” he laughed. “I don’t know who she is but I like her for you already.”

“But, there’s another problem,” I interrupted his tirade.

“What, nigga?” He blew out a breath.

“She’s my sisters friend.”

“Okay so what’s the issue?”

“Chardonnay isn’t gonna want me messing with her friend.”

“Char needs to mine her own business and get a man herself,” he fussed. “But that’s a whole other topic.”

“Yea,” I stood from my seat, stretching. “We’re about to close so I’ll call you later.”

“Okay, bro, but just remember one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“Fuck what your sister thinks. This woman could be someone special in your life.
Don’t let her get away.”

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five

Aisha Bell

When Elf went off, I yawned. We had watched two movies and I was getting sleepy.

“Don’t tell me you’re tired,” Char glanced at me.

“I’m chillin’. I feel good and warm. You got it extra comfortable in here.”

“Well, you need to wake the fuck up, girl!”

“I know,” I sat up straight from laying against the couch pillows. “So,” I began.

“Oh, lawd. What?” Chardonnay twisted her body to face me; her foot underneath her leg.

“Cordaé is fine.”

“Gross,” she frowned like it was the worse thing she’d ever heard. “You almost made me throw up this alcohol I’ve been drinking.” She acted like she was about to vomit.

“That’s my brother and he ain’t your type. He’s a nerd. You probably like them gangstas, thugs, hood dudes with big dick energy. The ones that sell drugs, carry guns and shoot people. You’re way outta his league.”

“I appreciate the compliment but no I’m not.” I moved my bangs from my eyes.

“Cordaé is shy. He’s not like the guys you normally like.”

“And what kind of guys do I like?” I asked. She didn’t know what kind of men I liked but since she was telling me about myself, I waited for her to tell me that part.

“Not him. He dresses like a schoolboy.”

“He is a schoolboy and we’re schoolgirls,” I snapped with a smile on my face.

“He doesn’t have any piercings or tattoos and he’s a virgin. He has no experience with the female anatomy.”

My ears perked like a dog hearing that information. I could tell Cordaé was nice and sweet but with his cute looks, I never would’ve known he had never had any pussy.

“I’d turn his shy ass out. Have him sprung.”

“Exactly my point,” she laughed standing up.

“Give me his number and I guess we’ll find out.”

Char cackled so loud, I assumed she figured I was joking.

“I had to pee earlier but now I really have to,” she held her lower stomach before exiting out the living room; her phone was on the couch.

When I heard a door close, I grabbed her phone and tapped her code, that I’d seen her punch in, earlier. I opened her call log seeing Twin at the top. He must’ve been the last person she talked to. Typing in his number, I saved it under Bae and placed Char’s phone back down.

“Guess I’m ‘bout to head out.” I told her when she came back into the room.

“You can’t hang with the big dogs,” she stuck her tongue out laughing.

I could, but I had other plans.

“Nah. Not tonight.”

“You got a hot date?”

I hope so, I thought.

“I wish,” I stood up gathering my things.

“Okay, girl,” she gave me a friendly hug. “Maybe we can do something else in a few days.”

“That’ll work,” I stuffed my arms back into my jacket and slipped my purse over my head.

“You need me to walk you out?”

“No ma’am. I’m a big girl and it’s cold outside. You’re good. Thanks though.”

Swiftly making it to my car, I got in and turned the heater on high. Holding my phone in my hand, I sent Cordaé a text.

Hey.

Hi. Who’s this?

Omg. It's Aisha.

Oh. Hey. Did my sister give you my number?

She did not. I stole it.

Lol

Lol

You're going to be on Santa's naughty list.

I wanna be on your naughty list. Can you add me?

He sent the wow face emoji.

You got me blushing. Good thing you can't see my face.

But I want too.

I was smiling so hard sitting in front of Char's house.

You're bad.

And you so fine we should do a 69.

There was no reply after I sent that text but I kept seeing the text bubbles pop up and then disappear. I assumed Cordaé was trying to figure out what to say after reading my message. I probably had him shook and scared.

Did I scare you? Send me a pic.

I drove away from sitting in front of Chardonnay's home.

When he didn't reply, I continued to my place. I was gonna send him another message before I went to bed and I promised myself that if he didn't respond to that, I'd just leave his little virgin self alone.

When I got to my house, I parked my car in the garage and walked up the cement steps. I was lucky enough to live on the first floor and toward the front of the building where I didn't have to share my bedroom wall with the neighbors.

Slipping off my boots once again, I padded to my bedroom. Flicking on the lights, I stripped out of my clothes, throwing them in the hamper. Entering into my bathroom, I turned the shower water on. Grabbing my phone, I checked to see if Cordaé had replied to my message. He did. He'd sent me a regular photo of him; chest up. Underneath he'd stated that he'd taken it on Thanksgiving.

I grinned, shaking my head. That was not the kind of picture I had in mind. But I was grateful he'd sent something.

Jumping in the shower, I washed and got out. Knowing that my body was toned and tight, I snapped a full body nude pic of my front and ass and two individual ones; my breasts and pussy.

These are for you.

I sent all four, made sure they were delivered and read and tossed my phone on the bed.

Changing into my night clothes, I turned on the TV, prepared to watch some new holiday movies. I laid in bed, thinking, Cordaé is gonna be mine for Christmas .

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six

Cordaé Snoh

Chilling in my room, I was fresh out the shower and reading a book when I got a text from Aisha. When I picked up my phone, I wasn't expecting the conversation to be so sexual but I was blown away when she sent me those nudes. I was speechless and embarrassed that I stopped replying and put my phone face down on my bed.

In my apartment, I felt like people were able to see what I saw. To view the pictures Aisha had sent me even though no one was here but me. I had to laugh at myself.

With it being late at night, I got up and made sure my home was locked up. I took a piss, washed my hands and grabbed a towel. Back in my room, I reached over my bed and picked up my phone.

Being tech savvy, I saved the pictures Aisha had sent me and created a video that would play them on a loop. Transferring my video, so that it would play on my TV screen, I hit play.

Sitting on my bed, and up against the headboard, I grabbed my bottle of baby oil. I'd had it almost the whole year and still had a lot left. With my eyes on the screen, my hands pulled my underwear down, kicking them off with my feet. Spreading my legs wide, I squirted some oil into my hand and snugly gripped my dick. Focusing on the tip, I stroked the top; my eyes falling shut. It felt so good.

Opening my eyes, I watched the loop of Aisha's stills play over and over. She had

some sexy chocolate nipples and nice sized breasts. Her butt sat up like a basketball and her pussy was pretty.

Dropping my hand to the base of my dick, I added more oil. With my dick more slick, I knew my release was at its peak. Taking one last look at Aisha's pussy, I came, feeling my cum seep through my fingers.

After catching my breath, I wiped my hands and dick with the towel and stopped the video. Deciding to jump back in the shower, I quickly washed and got out, putting on my pajamas. Feeling relaxed, I turned off the TV and went to sleep.

Waking the next day I had a good morning text from Aisha. Before I got up to take care of my hygiene, I replied back with the same.

After handling that, I came back seeing a few more text from her asking me how I slept and what were my plans for the day. I told her I didn't have any.

How did you sleep?

That question instantly made me think that she knew what I'd done. That she'd purposely sent those pictures hoping I'd touch myself while looking at them.

Fine. How'd you sleep?

I would've slept better with you here.

This girl was something else but I was still confused as to why she'd want to talk to a simple guy like me.

So what do you want from me?

I needed to know. Maybe it was just because she thought I was cute or maybe to see if I could get her discounts on books since I worked in a bookstore.

That's easy. A, B, C and I want that next letter to be in me.

I fumbled my phone dropping it on the floor.

Can I call you in a few?

Boy I got this phone just for you!

Smiling, I needed a moment to pull myself together. Doubling back, I retrieved my phone and called Jack. I needed a distraction.

"You still coming through?"

"Yea," he answered. "Just dropping my little boo off at home and then I'll be on my way."

"Is she the one from last week?"

"Don't worry 'bout all that," he whispered. "I'll be there." He hung up.

Two hours later, Jack showed up with a pepperoni pizza, some alcohol and some weed. I was home reading a book.

"You always reading some shit."

He tried snatching my book from my hand.

"Reading books is top tier especially the ones I read."

“What kind are they?” Jack asked, sitting down and taking a bite of his pizza.

“They vary. Sometimes it’s urban romance, suspense, thrillers or erotica. It just depends.”

“On what?” He chewed before sipping his soda; his cheeks full.

“My mood or what released.”

“You need to stop reading all that love shit and learn how to fuck,” he laughed. “Do them books teach you that?”

I shook my head.

“If you’re asking is sex in the books, the answer is yes.” I wiped my mouth with a paper towel.

“You’re a square, nigga. I don’t how we became friends.”

“Shut up,” I threw my greasy napkin at him.

“So what’s up with Aisha? She still texting and calling you?” He dusted off his hands and picked up the PlayStation controller.

“Yea,” I grabbed the other one. We were about to play a football game. “Since that day.” I didn’t want to disclose that Aisha had sent me naked pictures. That wasn’t Jack’s business and had I told him, I’m sure he would’ve wanted to see them. That, I wasn’t prepared for.

“You need to see what’s up with her. She’s obviously feeling you.”

“Yea. Maybe.”

We started the game.

“Maybe y’all can be in matching pajamas this year,” he laughed.

“Be quiet and play the game. I’m sick of you.”

We both laughed.

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seven

Aisha Bell

Twenty four hours had passed and Cordaé never called. I wasn't upset just disappointed. I figured since he said he'd call that he'd do what he said. But here I was still waiting.

Deciding to clean my house, I put on New Edition's Christmas album. I hadn't heard from Chardonnay and honestly, I wasn't even tripn. I hoped she wasn't upset about me telling her that I was interested in her brother but even if she was, I didn't care.

After finishing my cleaning, I made myself a huge salad with cherry koolaid and plopped down on the couch resting.

Since it was the season of happiness and love, joy and giving, I turned on the Hallmark channel to find some romance movie to watch.

It's the season of giving, I repeated in my head. Gift giving.

Digging into my salad, I picked up my phone and called Cordaé.

"Hello, Aisha." He greeted.

"You got me stored in? Awe, look at you," I teased. "What are you doing?"

"Just at home. Jack came by but that's it."

“No family time today?”

“No. Char is busy and my parents are having a couples day.”

“That’s what you should be doing,” I moved from my couch and put my dishes in the sink.

“What? A couples day?” I could hear the confusion in his voice.

“Yea. With me,” I entered into my bedroom stripping out of my clothes.

“I’m single and girls don’t like me like that.”

“How do you know that?”

“By their body language,” he huffed. “You’re like the first girl to show any interest.”

“Really?” I found that hard to believe. “No female has ever flirted with you?”

“Not like you.”

“I’m one of a kind, baby,” I chuckled.

“And I’m a huge introvert.”

“I use to be like that too until the right one brought the freak outta me.”

I heard him gasp.

“I have company, so I’m a call you back.”

“Or you could just invite me over,” I offered an alternative.

I could hear his male company speaking in the background telling him that he’d leave. Through the muffled sounds I could hear Cordaé protesting. Pressing my ear to the phone, they went back and forth and then Cordaé spoke.

“Sorry about that,” he cleared his throat.

“Did he leave?” I turned on the shower water and got in.

“Umm, yea.”

“Good,” I turned my back to the water. “So you gonna text me your address?”

“Okay. Yea. Sure,” his voice cracked.

“I want to give you a Christmas gift.”

“I don’t need a gift.”

“I know but I want to give you one,” I sung those words, washing my body.

When my phone vibrated in my hand and I made sure it was Cordaé sending his information, I cut the conversation short.

“Anyway, I’ll see you in a few.”

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eight

Cordaé Snoh

I was nervous as hell waiting on Aisha to get here that I honestly thought it was a joke. But just in case she wasn't playing, I quickly straightened up my place and hopped in the shower. After lathering my body twice, I rinsed, getting out and brushing my teeth.

Standing in front of the mirror, I looked my body over. I had no body hair or scars. Nor did I have any muscles. I was just kinda toned.

Putting on my classic briefs, I slipped into a pair of gray sweats, a white T-shirt and some socks.

Searching through my cabinet, I laid some peppermints on the coffee table hearing a knock on the door. Wiping my sweaty hands on my pants, I steadied my breathing and opened the door.

“Hey.”

Aisha's smile was bright. It lit up like a Christmas tree.

“Come in.” I allowed her entry, stepping back then closing the door.

She was wearing a red fitted hoodie, skinny jeans and red and white tennis shoes. Her hair was still like it had been when I met her the first time and she had a bag in her

hand. She smelled edible. Like coconut and something sweet.

“You look nice and you smell good.”

“Thank you, babe,” she took her shoes off and left my side like she lived there.

Babe? My eyes ballooned.

“You want me to take the bag?” I didn’t know what to say.

“If you’re gonna make our drinks.”

“I don’t drink and I don’t have nothing but water and juice in the refrigerator.”

“That’s why I brought my own,” she pulled a bottle of Hennessy out her bag. “Do you have eggnog?”

“No. I don’t like how it taste.”

“I love it,” she swallowed. “Most white stuff taste good.”

Now it was my turn to swallow hard. I could feel the beads of sweat forming on my forehead.

“I’ll pour you some Hennessy,” her hips swayed left to right as she entered my kitchen.

“I just told you I don’t drink,” I followed her.

“One or two sips won’t hurt. I’ll even add some juice,” she opened my refrigerator.

Seeing her bent over made me feel a sensation in my lower area.

When we had our drinks, she asked if she could look around. Giving her the okay, she moved through my apartment like it was hers. Stopping at the entrance of my bedroom, she glanced at me.

“So here is where all the magic happens, huh?” She entered my room, sitting on the bed.

I grunted.

“I don’t know any type of magic going on in here.”

“Drink some,” she suggested of the cup I held in my hand. “And come sit down. I won’t bite unless you want me too.”

When I didn’t move she added, “I’m just joking. Relax.”

Taking a seat on my bed and inches away from her, I took a sip of the brown liquid.

“This is gross. How do you drink this?” I frowned in disgust.

“It’s not that bad. You just aren’t use to it yet,” she took a gulp of hers. “Try some more or do you wanna taste mine?”

That sounded like a sexual innuendo to me.

Taking another sip, I scrunched my face in distaste.

“You’re so dramatic,” she giggled.

For a few minutes we had light conversation.

“What kind of cologne do you wear?” She sniffed the air.

“It’s not cologne. It’s oil my family makes.”

“What kind of books do you like to read?”

“Probably the same ones you do,” I set my cup on the dresser.

“I read different genres,” she stretched out one leg, bending the other and placing it under her thigh. “I’m just not too fond of sci-fi reads.”

“Same.”

In the dim light, I kept my head straight, staring at my closet.

“Have you seen any good shows on Netflix?”

“I was meaning to watch a few but these books I’ve been reading had me locked in.”

“Do you have any favorite authors?” She from her cup.

“I have so many,” I scrubbed my hands up and down my pants.

“What’s about you?” My eyes shifted to her. “Do you have any favorites?”

“Ashantay Keys, Ashley, Grey/Mercy, Nina, Nesha, M. Monique, I can go on and on.”

“I’m familiar with all of them.”

“We have something in common,” she put her cup next to mine. “What are you in school for? Your career goal?”

“Criminal Justice. I want to be a lawyer,” I proudly answered. “You?”

“I’m in the medical field. I want to be a doctor of some sort. Most likely an Oncologist.”

“That’s dope,” I finally looked at her; my nervousness dwindling.

I started to feel different. The effects of the alcohol. I was relaxed and comfortable.

“Thank you. You’re doing the damn thang too,” she touched my leg.

The gentle taps of her fingertips traveled upward.

“Can you take these off?” Aisha gently pulled at my pants.

I was tipsy but alert enough to understand what she’d asked.

“Why?” I removed her petite hand from the waistband of my sweats.

“So I can see it,” she boldly admitted. “And touch it.”

“For what?”

“I want to make you feel good.”

“Why?”

“Stop asking so many questions, Cordy.”

Helping me recline back, Aisha stuck her hand inside the front of my sweats and attempted to slide her hand in my underwear but they were so fitting she had a hard time.

“Lift up a little.”

Somehow I felt my body rise aiding in her pulling my dick out. Her hands on it felt so good next to the feeling of my own.

“Move your shirt or take it off.”

Gripping my shirt, I moved it out the way as she started to stroke my shaft with her hand. Pausing for a minute, she glanced around my room finding my baby oil. Picking the bottle up, she twisted off the top, poured some in her hands and went back to jacking me off.

Quietly moaning and groaning, I held my lip in my mouth not wanting to make a sound.

“You like that, baby?” She asked. Her up and down movements had me gripping my sheets and slightly hovering off the bed. “Don’t hold it in. Tell me what you’re feeling?” She kept her eyes on me.

I didn’t look at her because my eyes kept falling shut but when her fingers focused on the tip, my eyes popped open and I moaned extra loud.

“Oh. So you like this?” She kept squeezing the mushroom head of my dick.

I just nodded; a hiss belted from my lips.

Feeling my orgasm rise, I tried warning her but she continued to toy with the head.

“You can cuss, baby.”

When she said that, I let out my first cuss word ever spoken.

“Fuck,” I drug out the word spilling my seeds into her hand as she continued to stoke my shaft up and down.

When she had drained me of cum, my eyes then found hers. I watched her as she removed her hand from my dick and lick each finger, sucking the remnants of my babies.

“That was my first Christmas gift to you,” she smiled, gently planting a kiss on my lips.

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nine

Aisha Bell

A few days had gone by since my little sexcapade with Cordaé and I been to his house a few times after that. When we were together we had four play which included little things like kissing and touching but that was as far as we had gone.

Speaking about his wardrobe one day, I asked him if I could purchase him some clothes, underclothes like T-shirts and boxers and cologne to keep and wear at my house and he said yes, telling me the sizes he wore. Them tight underwear he had on wasn't sexy and I needed to help him switch up his attire because he was too fine to dress the way he did. I also convinced him to get his ears pierced and was working on him getting some ink.

"Have you ever thought about wearing contacts." I asked him on a different day while sitting on his lap.

"Not really. Why? What you tryna say? I'm ugly with glasses?"

"No. You know I think you're fine as fuck," I wrapped my arms around his neck.

He and I still hadn't had sex but he was a little more hands on with me. His shyness was slowly crumbling and because of me.

"So what's wrong with my glasses?"

Pulling them off his face, I stared into his dark brown eyes. “Nothing, babe. You’re perfect just how you are.”

“That’s what the fuck I thought.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. Cordaé sounded funny cussing.

“That sounded weird, huh?” He laughed.

“A little,” I pinched two fingers together. “You’ll get the hang of it though.”

“No, but seriously. Do you think I’d look better with contacts?”

“Why don’t we test them out and see one day.”

He nodded his head.

“Go get changed so we can go and wear something new I bought you,” I stood feeling him slap me on my ass.

We were headed to Disneyland because I loved it at Christmas time.

Ten minutes later, Cordaé exited my room wearing a red and white flannel shirt, Levi’s, wheat colored boots and Louboutin cologne.

“Damn.”

Cordaé was fine before but he was even fine and sexier now.

“Let’s go before I don’t want to anymore,” I winked. “If you know what I mean.”

“Girl,” he pulled me by the hand. “Everything ain’t about sex.”

“Oh, I know because if it was, I would’ve been gone.”

“Damn. Like that?”

“I mean, I’m not no active girl with just anybody but you know I’ve been wanting you since day one.”

I locked up the house and went to his car. He opened the door letting me into his Honda. Moving around the front, he slid in and closed the door.

“It’ll happen when it’s supposed too. Relax. We got time.” He put the car in drive and interlocked his fingers with mine. “Have you talked to Chardonnay?”

“Not since I went to her house that day, nope. Have you?”

“Well, yea.”

“You tell her about us?” I asked finding the station on his radio that played Christmas music.

“I didn’t,” he steered the car toward the amusement park. “We will soon enough.”

“You think she’s gonna be upset?”

“I don’t know,” he glanced at me. “Would that change anything?”

“Not on my end.”

I felt him squeeze my hand.

Singing along to the music, we made it to the park. After parking and walking the long distance, we made it to the entrance. We rode a few of the rides, ate a lot of the foods, took pictures and just enjoyed our first real date. Then we traveled back home.

After showering and changing into our bed clothes, we climbed in my bed and went to sleep. We were both exhausted.

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ten

Cordaé Snoh

“So you gon’ let her take your virginity?” Jack asked, days later while we played a video game on live.

“I mean, I really like her but I don’t know yet,” I spoke through the microphone.

“What’s the hold up?”

“It ain’t none,” my fingers tapped on the controller.

“So, when’s she coming back over?”

“I’m going to her house tomorrow. Don’t want Char to pop up and see her car here before we have a chance to tell her ourselves.”

“Man, fuck Char. Y’all are grown.”

“True but it’s a respect level.”

“And what if she has an issue? Y’all gon’ stop?”

“Hell nah! I like Aisha. I wanna see where this thing goes.”

“Oh, shit! Did you say hell?” He laughed.

“Hell! Fuck! Yea I said it.”

Jack hollered in the mouthpiece.

“Yo! Aisha got you coming outta your shell.”

“She does,” I shot at the enemy on the game. “I ain’t seen you in a minute but I got my ears pierced and some contacts.”

“Wow! I’m happy for you, my boy.”

We got silent for a second while we concentrated on the game.

“Yea. Aisha is alright.”

“And she’s patient as hell.”

“Here you go,” I laughed.

“I mean, usually it’s the other way around. The woman is usually the one that’s a virgin and not the man.”

“True but not in my case,” I punched the buttons. “But I’m considering doing it for Christmas.”

“Well you know what they say?”

“What?” I asked.

“Dick is a Christmas gift.”

eleven

Aisha Bell

The day before Christmas Eve , Cordaé and I spent the day together just getting more acquainted with each other. I wanted to know everything about him, from his favorite color, his birthday, his likes and dislikes. He'd told me the reason he was a virgin was because no female had ever pursued him the way I did so there was no reason to have random sex. To give up something so important to just anybody, which I understood.

As the day went on, we laid around watching TV and eating until the sun set and then decided to go walking around the neighborhood to look at the decorations and lights.

Bundled up in warm clothes, we slowly walked the streets looking at every detail of the decorated houses. We found out that so many people spared no expense when it came to the last holiday of the year. I loved the Grinchmas decorations whereas Cordaé loved the snowman ones.

When we were nice and frozen, we went back to my place and defrosted in front of the heater. When we were able to take off our clothes, we both got in the shower together. It was awkward for Cordaé but not for me.

Trying to ease his discomfort and make him more comfortable, I took the towel and soap into my hands and washed the back of his body. When I felt that he was relaxed, I moved to the front of him and did the same. He watched me with low lids.

“You gon’ give me some tonight?” My voice was soft and filled with lust as I held

his long and thick dick in my hands.

“Maybe.” He teased. “Let’s get out.”

Turning off the water, we grabbed our towels and went into my bedroom.

“Sit down,” I pushed at his stomach making him fall back. “You might as well just give it to me,” I lowered to my knees and between his legs. “But first let me do this.”

Using no hands, I sucked Cordaé’s dick into my mouth. His stomach jerked and I heard him whisper “fuck” when his tip hit my tonsils. Widening my jaws, I held his dick in my throat, swallowing.

“Ah, shit,” he worded loudly. “Damn, that shit feels so good.”

I inwardly smiled hearing my baby cuss and saying it the right way.

Gradually pulling his dick from being seated in my throat, I swiped my tongue back and forth as I came up. Focusing on the mushroom head of his dick, I felt him shake.

“Mmm hmmm.” I hummed. I was trying to figure out which way he liked getting sucked.

When I stayed on the tip, twirling my tongue over his slit, Cordaé flinched.

“Yea, baby. Just like that.”

Slowly trailing my eyes up to his chest and then to his eyes, I watched him. I loved to see how I made a man react with my mouth. It turned me on.

Cordaé had his eyes closed and his bottom lip locked underneath his top teeth.

Raking my hair into a ponytail, I placed his hand on my head. Popping his eyes open, he took my hair into his hand, directing me to stay on the top. He looked so sexy with his eyebrows dipped in and his mouth slightly open.

“You gon’ make me nut in your mouth,” he said as I sucked and licked. “You gon’ let me cum like this, baby?” He moaned. “Huh?”

“Mmm hmm.” I agreed.

“Keep suckin’ it like that.”

His hand pushed on my head, stopping just below the tip.

“I don’t think I can hold it any longer, Aisha.”

I loved the way he said my name and how nasty I made him feel.

“You gon’ drink my eggnog?”

My pussy was instantly wet.

“Here it comes,” he said tightening his grip on my hair with both hands. “Swallow my nut,” he growled as he shot his seeds in my mouth.

His stomach caved as he jerked and thrust his dick in my mouth. He forced his entire length and width all the way down my throat, seating his dick in my neck for several seconds. Then he pulled back out, dropping my head back down until my nose met his pelvis. He did the same movement over and over again until his dick started to shrink.

“Damn,” he reached down pulling me up and placing his lips on mine.

He stuck his tongue in my mouth, tasting what was left of him, that I didn't digest.

"I ain't never ate no pussy but I can learn," he flipped me onto my back. His hands were strong and I loved how aggressive he felt.

Spreading my legs, I opened my lips.

"Lick it right here."

Laying flat on his stomach, Cordaé stuck his tongue out and in between my pussy lips.

"You feel that little bud?" He nodded. "Lick there."

Finding a rhythm, he licked my clit.

"Like that?" He paused to ask.

"Yea." I laid there.

"Okay," he found my clit again.

Pulling my legs into a birthing position, I closed my eyes, letting him make me feel good. When he picked up his speed, flicking my clit and rotating his tongue over it, I bucked against his mouth.

"Fuck, Cordy," I whined.

"My bad, baby." He removed his mouth, separating my lips more.

"You're not supposed to stop," I was serious but joking at the same time.

“Oh. Oops,” he started back as I looked on.

“Use your fingers.”

“What you mean?” He paused.

Leaning up on my elbows with my legs still open, I explained; my orgasm gone.

“So, lick your fingers and put one in each hole.”

I looked on with my bottom lip hidden beneath my top teeth and my eyes low in anticipation.

Inserting his pointer finger in my pussy and the one below it in my ass, my head fell back as he pushed inside of me, simultaneously.

“Like this?” He questioned, moving slowly.

“Yea,” I moaned, enjoying the dual feeling. “Just like that Cordy.”

Hearing only the sounds of my pussy gushing, I heard Cordaé mumble.

“She’s so wet,” he drilled me.

“Lick it my clit, baby,” I told him.

With a finger in my pussy, the other in my ass and his tongue on my clit, my tummy sunk in as I attempted to watch him.

“Ssss,” I hissed. “Oh my gosh,” I withered in pleasure. “You gon’ make me cum.”

This time Cordaé didn't stop to respond. He just mumbled and kept going.

For ten minutes, I shook and shivered, bucking against his mouth and threatening to cum. Eventually, it was out of my control.

"I'm 'bout to cum," I hinted, stilling myself in place. "Move your fingers and lick it."

Feeling the wetness from Cordaé's hand on my thighs, he circled my clit with the tip of his tongue.

"I'm 'bout to cum," I worded. "Don't stop lickin'," I busted in his mouth.

I kept my legs spread wide, letting him lick every drop.

"Lick my pussy, babe."

Cordaé's tongue licked my walls, my pussy lips and the hood above, on and below my clit, as my body shook with satisfaction.

When I recuperated, which didn't take long, I pulled Cordaé on top of me. I wanted to ask if he was ready to lose his virginity but his eyes told me everything I needed to know.

Grabbing a condom from my dresser, I sheathed his dick and climbed on top of him; his dick was already hard and standing at attention. Planting my feet on the side of his waist, I hovered above his dick. Carefully dropping down, I slowly eased his dick inside of me, inch by inch. He filled me up to capacity.

"Goddamn," his hands gripped my waist. "Ride this dick, baby."

The way his hands felt, gave me chills.

I wasn't expecting Cordaé to last too long being that it was his first time but I did want him to come even if I didn't. I had good knees and was able to ride him so well that he sang praises about me and my pussy. Just when I thought I couldn't bounce on him any longer, he came, filling the condom with his cum.

"This is what the fuck I've been missing?" He laughed a little. "Now I see what all the buzz is about. That shit felt good as hell. I'm addicted."

"You aren't addicted but yea. That's what you were missing."

With him still laying on his back, I got up to get a towel to clean him up. Removing the condom, I wiped his dick off and then went to fix myself.

"You good, baby?" I asked him.

"I'm better than good," he snuggled up with me. "Thank you."

"You ain't gotta thank me. I had fun too. You're a good student," I giggled.

"You know what the best part of this night was besides letting you fuck me?"

"What?" I asked. "Us going to sleep?" I replied with my eyes closed.

"Nah. Hearing the sounds you made when I was eating you out."

"Oh, lawd. What have I turned you into?" I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"You have no idea, baby. You have no idea."

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Cordaé Snoh

Christmas Eve

Feeling guilty because Aisha and I had been seeing each other behind Chardonnay's back, I told her I was gonna pick her up so we could go to my sisters house and tell her what we had going on.

Dressing in red and white, Aisha and I headed to Char's. While in the car, Aisha let her Pandora Christmas play. As she sung and I bounced my head we laughed at our antics. We'd really been having fun this December.

Pulling up to my sisters place, I saw my homeboy, Jack's, car parked in front of her house. It was barely noon so I knew he must've stayed the night.

"What's wrong?" Aisha asked me, noticing the change in my demeanor. "Why you looking like that?"

The expression I thought I had internally, showed on my face.

"That's my nigga, Jack's car."

I threw my head toward a Gingerbread colored Toyota.

"Oh, damn."

Throwing my Honda in park, I jumped out, quickly slamming the door.

“Cordaé?” I heard Aisha call my name.

“What?” I snapped but immediately apologized. “I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay,” she wrapped her arms around my waist. “You can’t be mad at her for messing with your friend, if that’s what she’s doing because look at us. We’re doing the same thing.”

Letting what she said resonate, I let out a huge sigh.

“I see what you mean,” I kissed the top of her head. “But damn. That’s my boy for over ten years. You just met her and I didn’t even know they were attracted to each other.”

“It doesn’t matter. It’s still the same thing.”

Moving my arm to her shoulder, we made our way to the door and knocked. I could hear some shuffling inside.

“Who is it?” My sister yelled.

“Girl, if you don’t open the door. I already know what’s going on?” I shook my head.

Snatching the door open my sister stood in front of me. Her hair a disheveled mess; her robe untied but held together by her hands.

“Hey—,” she stuttered. “Y’all.”

Her shocked pose quickly changed when she saw Aisha with me.

“What’s this?” She zigzagged a finger between me and her friend.

“What’s going on?” Jack’s voice came from inside as he made his way behind my sister. His eyes ballooning when he saw me. “Oh, shit!”

“I guess we’re all just a ball of surprises, huh?” I pushed through the door letting myself in with my hand holding Aisha’s. “It’s cold as shit out here.”

“Wait? Did you just cuss?” Chardonnay closed the door behind us. Her mouth open.

“This nigga been doing a lot of shit lately,” Jack added. “He’s like a whole new man. Look at him.”

We all took a seat on the couch.

“We were coming over here to tell you that me and Aisha had been fuckin’ but you been secretly fuckin’ my homeboy.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. The irony.

“What’s good for the goose is good for the gander,” Char shrugged. “You can’t be mad just like I can’t.”

“It would’ve been nice if one of y’all would’ve told me,” I said.

“I could say the same thing,” Char barked back.

“Well,” Aisha interjected. “Now that the cat is out the bag and it’s Christmas Eve what are we ‘bout to do?”

We all looked at each other, thinking.

“I mean, I’m down to fuck on Char, again,” Jack spoke first.

We all laughed.

“Just call me Aisha Snoh.”

“We can do all that later but let’s eat some food, have some drinks and watch some movies.”

Leaving the house, Jack and I went to Walmart to get our ladies some food and the matching pajamas they requested. Stopping off at the bookstore, I purchased Aisha Eve Of Deception by Pamesh before we chopped it up in the car about when and how he and Chardonnay had started talking. Jack revealed that he’d always thought Char was cute he just didn’t want to mess up our friendship but when he saw that I was dating Aisha, he figured he’d see what was up with Char. Because Aisha had told Chardonnay about the crush she had on me, Chardonnay decided to move forward with Jack. He said she knew Aisha’s plan the night they hung out. When I asked how, Jack said Aisha didn’t put her phone back the way it was. She knew then that Aisha had went through her phone.

Pulling back up to Char’s house, we got out carrying our items in our hand. When I walked toward the kitchen, I heard Aisha talking to Char.

“You know your brother is packing and he got a big dick.”

“Too much information, boo,” Char frowned.

I shook my head holding my laugh in.

“And his hand placement is top tier.”

I couldn’t help but let my laugh come out as I leaned against the wall.

“I knew your ass was eavesdropping,” Char grabbed me by the shirt, pulling me from

being hidden behind the wall and playfully punching me in the arm.

She and Aisha had caught me.

“But, I guess you were nuttin’ for Christmas, huh, bro?”

“Yep,” I answered, planting Aisha in front of me and loosely draping my arms across her shoulders.

She held onto my arms.

“And he’s gonna do it again, tonight,” Aisha added.

Merry Christmas!

Maybe we’ll see Aisha and Cordaé again. Possibly Chardonnay and Jack. Who knows.