

Better Things (or People) to Do

# Better Things (or People) to Do

By : Angelica Jai

Brianna Taylor is in love. At least she thought she was until a Christmas vacation turns her whole world upside down..... and she likes it!



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Angelica Jai](http://booksie.com/Angelica Jai)

Copyright © Angelica Jai, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## **Table of Contents**

### Better Things (or People) to Do Chapter 1

WELCOME HOME BRIANNA

MOMMAS GOT A PLOT

BACK TO CHILDHOOD

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

GOOD GIRLS GONE BAD

MISTER MACKENZIES WILD RIDE

MISTER BRINDLES WILDER RIDE

BIPOLAR MUCH

## Better Things (or People) to Do : Chapter 1

"So here's the deal. If you're hell bent on meeting my family and spending the holidays with us, I should prepare you now." Brianna Taylor warned her boyfriend of three months.

Ethan Brindell smiled at her over his cup of steaming coffee, making her smile in return.

Bri pulled her long chestnut tresses up into a messy ponytail, then sipped from her own cup.

"My parents are totally anal about cleanliness." she began as she picked an invisible piece of lint from her old gray sweatshirt. "And they're a bit... eccentric to say the least. Please, please, please just smile and bear with it. My brother Aiden is great so he's probably the least of your worries."

She stopped to catch her breath, then continued.

"The piece DE resistance, would be my baby sister Zoey. She's perky and perfect and everybody loves Zoey." she finished, sarcasm thick in her voice.

Yeah, she was a little bitter when it came to her sister, not that she wanted to be; but growing up the middle child with a brainiac brother and a gorgeous sister made Bri feel...well... ordinary.

"Honey," Ethan said lovingly, taking her hand. "Things will be fine. Besides, as far as I'm concerned, you are perfect."

Bri blushed as he kissed her hand gently.

They had met at a Starbucks on a rainy day after she dumped a hot mocha down the front of him, on accident of course. She'd slipped on the wet floor and flipped ass over tea kettle, hurling her drink in the process. Oops.

Instantly they clicked after Ethan assured her that he was no worse for wear, and made sure she was okay. He was handsome at six feet tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes, and mostly treated Brianna like a princess.

Mostly being the operative word, but after years of dating rejects and mental midgets, she actually thought he might be 'the one'.

"I'm seriously a million miles away from perfect Ethan." she protested. "Just please promise me that you won't let them scare you off."

"No way babe." he assured her. "I've got plans for you."

Bri gazed into Ethan's handsome face, hoping he was being honest. She was falling for him, but figured it was way too soon to tell him that. Instead she opted for giving him a very special Christmas gift.

Her virginity.

Brianna was raised old school and her mother always told her, if you can't wait for marriage to hop in the sack, at least wait for love. She held true to her values and had been called everything from a cock tease, to a prude, to a lesbian.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

Brianna always shrugged the insults off, never caring what anybody thought of her. At least she wasn't like her sister, who screwed anything that moved.

Score one for the ordinary sister.

## Chapter 2: WELCOME HOME BRIANNA

Two days later, Brianna and Ethan pulled into her parents driveway.

"Ready?" she asked, taking a deep calming breath and pulling her heavy winter coat tight around her.

"Ready." he confirmed with a smile.

They stepped out of Ethan's SUV and into the freezing wind and swirling snow. Together they hurried to the door in an attempt to not get frostbite, and before Brianna could reach for the handle, it swung open and her mother embraced her tightly.

"Brianna, darling!" her mother, Vera, exclaimed in her heavy Russian accent.

"Hi momma." Brianna greeted breathlessly.

"Come in! Come in! But take off your shoes!" the older woman ordered, then walked away.

What a sight the two of them were, mother and daughter as different as night and day.

Brianna stood at five foot nine, her hair long, wavy and chestnut brown. Her eyes were almost the color of emeralds, and she wasn't fat nor thin. Brianna liked to think of herself as Marilyn Monroe-esque; curvy in all the right places.

In contrast Vera was short, standing only five feet tall, her hair was short, black and straight as a board, her frame stick thin. She used to be a dancer and even in her advanced years, hated to gain even an ounce.

Bri stole a glance at Ethan, who gave her a reassuring smile. They entered the house, making sure to remove their snowy shoes, and hang their coats in the entryway.

"Introductions darling." her mother ordered when the two entered the family room.

" Mom, this is my friend Ethan. Ethan, my mom Vera."

Vera glared at Ethan warily.

"You are not expecting to sleep in my daughters bed, I hope." Vera said sternly.

Ethan smiled, trying to charm her.

"No ma'am. I assure you, I am a perfect gentleman."

"Let's hope so, or I'll kill you."

"Mother!" Bri shouted, her face flame red in embarrassment. Just then her father entered the room.

"Sweetheart!" her father cried, hugging her in a bear grip.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Hi daddy." she greeted, when he finally released her.

"I'm so glad you're here, and who might this be?"

"Daddy this is Ethan. Ethan, my father Daniel."

"Nice to meet you sir." Ethan greeted, shaking the older mans hand.

"Good grip son." Daniel laughed.

"Okay, why don't you men run along and get their luggage, while us girls talk." Vera suggested, then spun on her heel and left the room. Bri simply shrugged, then followed her mother.

In the kitchen Vera flitted around as quick as a hummingbird, while Bri sat on a stool at the counter.

"Here darling." her mother said, handing her a glass of something that resembled radioactive sludge. Bri stared at it, unsure what to do with it.

"Drink!"

She put the glass to her lips, held her breath and swallowed. Immediately the vile liquid wanted to come back up.

"UGH!" Bri cried, tears in her eyes. "What the hell is this stuff? Rat poison?"

"Watch your mouth young lady!" Vera chastised. "It's a detoxifier. You've gotten fat. I think you could stand to lose a few pounds."

"Fat?!" Bri sputtered. "Excuse me, but I am NOT fat!"

"Festively plump?" her mother offered.

Bri growled in warning.

"Darling, I just want you to look your best for the holidays. By the way, your brother is bringing a special guest home with him this year. I'm positive you will be thrilled."

"Who?" Bri asked, still pissed about the fat remark.

"It's a surprise. They should be here soon." Vera said dismissively. "Now darling, I don't want to sound rude but don't get too attached to this John fellow."

"His name is Ethan, mother. And I'm already kind of attached." she sighed, rolling her eyes like a teenager.

"Whatever. The point is he has an ulterior motive for being here, and I am an excellent judge of character."

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Isn't it possible that just once, someone could be here because he really likes me?"

Her mother shrugged and continued on.

"Brianna, you can never be too careful when you are an heiress to billions."

Bri pushed the glass away from her and stared at Vera.

"He doesn't know that." she huffed, challengingly.

"How do you know darling? Have you even asked him if he knows?" Vera countered.

Bri stood up and crossed her arms over her chest defensively.

"Wow mom, this has got to be a new record for you. I've been here five whole minutes and so far I'm fat, unlikable and stupid. Geez, so much for my self esteem."

She grabbed a bag of chips and a soda, then stormed for the doorway.

"If you'll excuse me now, I think I'll go add a few more pounds to my ass and rot my brain with mindless television.

With that she stormed out of the room and stomped up the stairs to her old room.

"You'll see, this will be a week you'll never forget!" Vera called after her.

"I hope you're wrong mom, otherwise I might have to hit myself in the head with a shovel to forget!" she cried back, then slammed the bedroom door.

## Chapter 3: MOMMAS GOT A PLOT

Brianna felt guilty for all of five whole minutes for leaving Ethan alone with her parents, who were obviously insane. She flopped on the bed and flipped on the TV only to doze off a few minutes into the program she had settled on. She napped peacefully for what seemed like only a few minutes when a sharp rapping on the door startled her awake again. Looking at the clock, Bri realized she had actually been out for a couple of hours.

"Go away!" she cried grumpily, throwing her pillow at the still closed door.

"Aiden is here darling." her mother called through the wood. "Stop being a baby and come down to say hello."

"Are you sure I can even roll my fat ass out of bed?" Bri asked sarcastically as she stretched and sat up.

"Can you?"

She brought the blanket up to her face and screamed into it loudly. God, that pocket sized woman drove her mad! Nothing had changed in the twenty-nine years Brianna had been alive. After her anger subsided enough to where she was certain she wouldn't strangle the woman who gave birth to her, she got up and hastily tried to make herself look presentable.

Quickly she pulled on a clean pair of jeans and a black sweater, then ran her fingers through her unruly hair trying to tame it back into submission. Bri cast a glance in the mirror, then zoomed down the stairs to greet her big brother.

Aiden Taylor stood at the bottom of the steps, arms outstretched, already waiting for her. Brianna ran to him and they gave each other an obnoxiously tight hug.

"Aiden! It's so good to see you!" Brianna exclaimed with joy.

"I know! Once a year just isn't enough, hey?" he said, smiling ear to ear. "How are you sis?"

"Besides being driven insane by the pod person who calls herself mother?"

"Yeah me too."

They both laughed roarsly, already knowing how this visit would be.

"I heard you brought someone." Bri finally said as the fit of laughter died down. "How long have you been seeing her?"

"Well, it's not really a her." Aiden said sheepishly as he shrugged off his coat and moved to hang it over the back of the dining room chair.

Brianna was shocked, and gasped aloud.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Oh my God! You're gay?" she asked loudly with obvious disbelief in her voice. "Not that I'm judging you, but I just didn't think that you swung that way!"

"Brianna, stop."

She quickly closed her mouth by slapping her hand over it in an exaggerated cartoonish gesture.

"Yes, it's a man, but I am not, and I repeat, I AM NOT GAY." he said with mild irritation.

Brianna sighed and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Then it had better be Vin Diesel for there to be this kind of hullabaloo over him. You being gay would have been much more entertaining I'm sure."

She was a little annoyed at the fact that her brother wasn't coming out of the closet. Not because she wanted him to be gay, but because at least then she and Aiden could discuss men and have the kind of relationship she and Zoey had never had.

"How about someone better than Vin Diesel?" a familiar voice asked from behind her.

Brianna turned slowly to see a gorgeous dark haired Adonis in the doorway. Her heart leapt into her throat and beat triple time when she realized that it was Nathan Mackenzie, her childhood crush, all grown up and in the flesh.

"NATE!" she screamed as she ran and flung her arms around him. It was surreal how she felt inside as he easily picked her up and swung her around, grasping her in a bear hug.

"Hey sugar. I missed you." he said softly in her ear, not letting go.

Brianna's body responded on its own, her skin flushed and tingly, her breathing shallower.

A shiver went through her as she inhaled his intoxicating scent and felt every rippling, rock hard muscle rub against her body. Finally she forced herself to let him go.

"God, it's been, what, 15 years? I'm so happy you're here." she gushed like a boy crazy teenager.

Time had been amazing to this man, she mentally noted as she gave him a slow once over. The last time he had been around was when he had been 20 and she was 14. Brianna's heart had been broken when Nate's parents had shipped him away, and a few letters a year hadn't been any comfort. Besides, back then she was just a kid and he was already a man, they had nothing in common and nothing between them except friendship and the fantasy in Bri's head of him being her boyfriend.

From a handsome young man, Nate had exploded into an exquisite creature. He still towered over her, standing at least six four. His dark hair, a standard military crew cut and his body bulged with just the right amount of lean muscle.

The only thing that hadn't changed were those sexy as sin, smoldering dark chocolate eyes. Nate smiled a billion watt smile at her and her insides instantly turned into a puddle of goo.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"You're all grown up Bri. Look at you all sexy and curvy and beautiful."

Brianna blushed deeply, feeling embarrassed but his rapt attention.

"And you've got a really nice rack."

Her mouth gaped open until she saw the amusement dancing in his eyes. He was just trying to make her squirm.

"You pig!" she laughed, swatting him hard in the arm.

"Nathan, darling!" Vera cried, bursting into the room and kissing him on both cheeks over and over again.

"Hey mamma V." he said cheerfully, hugging her delicate frame as he bent over.

"Oh, my darling, it is so good to see you! Don't you ever stay away so long again, do you hear me you bad boy?" she chastised.

"Yes mamma."

"Good boy. So what you think of my little minx here? She grew up beautiful, no?" Vera asked, putting her arm around Brianna's waist and hugging her tightly.

"Yes mamma. Very beautiful." he complimented, smiling at Bri.

"Beautiful, but stupid. She brings home some little pansy boy who's up to no good I tell you. Now, you and my Brianna, you make me dozens of perfect grand babies like I had always hoped."

Brianna's eyes got so wide they could have popped out of her skull and she began to cough and sputter as she sharply inhaled at her mothers outrageous remark.

"Come on mom, don't be so hard on her." Aiden said, coming to his sisters defense.

Vera winked at Nate and whispered.

"You chase away no good boyfriend for mamma, my Nathan."

Nate laughed heartily as Bri tried to hide her face, and wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole.

## Chapter 4: BACK TO CHILDHOOD

Vera led the guys to the living room where Ethan and Bri's dad sat talking and after a short round of introductions, Daniel suggested everyone pitch in and help get dinner ready. Brianna was setting the table when Ethan made his way over and kissed her chastely on the cheek.

"Hey beautiful. I missed you."

"Hey." was all she said back, her mind preoccupied with ten thousand other things.

"Need any help?"

"No, that's okay Ethan. Thank you anyway."

There was a moment of awkwardness as they just stood there looking at each other.

"Something wrong Bri? You've been awfully quiet and distant since we got here."

She shook her head.

"No. I'm just tired." she lied.

The truth was she had been thinking about Nate. She thought she would never see him again and when he had left all of those years ago, he had taken a piece of her heart with him, whether he knew it or not. Seeing him again stirred up all kinds of conflicting emotions inside of her that she needed to work through and get on with her life. Her life that now included Ethan.

Nate and Brianna had known each other since they were very small and in truth she had idolized him and put him on a pedestal. Whenever everyone had fawned all over Zoey, Nate made Bri feel special; wanted. He had been her best friend, her ally, and the man she wanted to marry.

The day they said goodbye was one of the most painful in her life. Brianna had cried and begged him not to leave her.

"Run away with me." sobbed fourteen year old Brianna as he hugged her tightly.

"I can't Bri. Please don't cry." he had told her, tears in his own eyes.

But she had cried. She cried for weeks; refused to eat, did nothing but sleep and mope. Seeing him again replaced that piece of her heart, the one she thought was gone for good; and honestly, it scared the hell out of her. Lost in her thoughts, Brianna finished setting the table, then gave Ethan a peck on the cheek.

"Let's go help out in the kitchen." she suggested, not wanting to be alone with him and her inner guilt.

The kitchen was a flurry of activity as everybody hustled in every direction.

"Brianna darling, you come help Nathan with the pie. Eric, you help Aiden with the vegetables." Vera snapped as they entered. Ethan shot Bri a longing look and she glanced away guiltily.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"He even looks like a pansy boy." Nate commented under his breath as soon as Bri got close enough to hear.

"Stop it!" she hissed, glaring angrily. "I like him, what is so damned wrong with that?"

Nate cocked his brow thoughtfully at her.

Bri sighed in frustration and went to work pounding and kneading the dough for the pie crust.

"Take it easy there slugger. It's only pastry, what'd it ever do to you?" he chuckled, knowing it would raise her ire.

Before she could give a smart ass reply, a sickeningly sweet voice called out from the front door.

"I'm here!" Zoey shouted.

Bri's parents and brother dropped everything in a second and ran from the room like trained puppies, leaving behind Brianna, Ethan and Nate.

"Aren't you going to jump through hoops too?" she grumbled to Nate, pounding the dough a little harder in her frustration.

Ethan stared wide eyed as Nate laughed.

"Have I ever? You know that's not my style Brianna."

Then he leaned close to her ear, so only she could hear and whispered, "Besides, I only have eyes for one Taylor sister."

Ethan cleared his throat loudly, making Bri jump. Her heart beat a mile a minute and she wasn't sure if it was from Nate's words or Ethan's being witness.

"Anything I can help you with?" Ethan asked in a hard, territorial voice.

"Naw, we got it covered Sparky."

Ethan turned crimson with anger at the insult and Bri quickly rushed to douse the flames. Going to his side, she took his hand in hers and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"He didn't mean anything by it Ethan, really. Come on and I'll introduce you to my sister."

She tugged him out of the kitchen and to the small crowd gathered around Zoey. When Bri saw her sister her heart sunk to her knees. Zoey was an absolute vision of loveliness.

Her petite five foot five frame was clad in ice blue spandex trimmed with white fur. Her porcelain skin positively shone, her long golden hair tousled by the wind and her cheeks and nose bright pink from the cold, making her even more sexy ( if that was even possible) and her ice blue eyes exactly matched her clothes.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

Glancing at Ethan, Brianna groaned at his look of enrapturement, almost seeing the drool run down his chin.

"Oh Brianna!" Zoey exclaimed sweetly, pulling her into an embrace. "You look positively fabulous!"

Bri rolled her eyes and muttered a greeting.

"And who is this hottie?" her sister asked, giving Ethan a once over.

"This is my friend..." Bri began but was cut off abruptly.

"Ethan Brindle." he finished for her, charmingly extending his hand. When Zoey took it, he brought her hand to his lips and kissed it.

Anger bubbled inside Bri like a raging cauldron as she watched them blatantly flirt with each other.

"Hey Zo." Nate said, coming behind Bri and laying a tender hand on her shoulder.

"Oh Nate!" Zoey said breathlessly, batting her eyelashes and smiling. "You're so handsome and grown!"

Her tone had dropped a few octaves to sultry with irked Bri beyond comprehension. Having enough, Bri threw her hands up in frustration and stalked out of the room and up to her own. After throwing the lock, she lay on the bed and cried. Damn, she knew she was acting like a baby but she hated the way Zoey had everyone eating out of the palm of her hand. Feeling sorry for herself, she cried herself to sleep. She was awakened a few hours later by a knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked, groggily, trying to grind the sleep from her eyes.

"Are you okay?" Ethan asked from the other side.

"No. Go away."

"Honey, please let me in."

"Go back to ogling my sister and leave me alone!"

"Brianna, that's not fair!"

"I'll tell you what's not fair Ethan," she sobbed, the tears making another unwanted appearance. "Just... go away. I want to be alone."

"Stop this dammit!" he shouted.

She stalked to the door and flung it open like a wild woman.

"Don't you tell me to stop! You have no fucking clue what its like to always be second best!"

"Not pretty enough, not good enough, not interesting enough! Well screw you!"

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Quit acting like such a fucking baby Brianna." Ethan shouted back at her.

Before she could stop it, her hand came up and cracked him loudly across the face.

"I said go away." she growled, breathing heavily.

"Bipolar ass." he grumbled, as he stomped away rubbing his cheek where she'd hit him. As Bri went to close the door, Nate stealthily slipped inside.

## Chapter 5: RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

"Don't tell me to leave, cuz I won't. And you can slap me all you like princess, it turns me on." he smiled.

She tried to stifle an unwilling laugh and failed.

"Here sweetie." he said, handing her a plate of food.

"Thanks."

"We missed you at dinner." he said casually, looking around the room.

"Yeah right." she snorted "With Zoey around, I doubt anyone even noticed."

"Bri, stop it." he chastised her as he sat on the edge of her bed and extended his arms out to her.

Brianna put the plate on the desk and went to him like it was the most natural thing in the world.

He pulled her into his lap and put his arms around her.

"Baby girl," he said softly "There is nothing wrong with you. In my mind you are the most beautiful, sexy, smart, sweet woman in the whole world. Don't beat yourself up."

Tears came to her eyes.

"Don't cry." he told her, caressing her cheek.

"I can't help it Nate. I'm so unhappy."

"Then let it out Bri. Better yet, let me make you feel better."

Softly, he pressed his lips against hers and she felt electricity arc through her veins at the touch. Immediately she responded, kissing him back with no hesitation. Her lips parted as Nate's tongue sought to explore her mouth and she let out a moan. Slowly Nate leaned back on the bed, taking her with him, never breaking contact.

"Brianna." he murmured, running his hands through her hair.

"Yes!" she whispered back with eagerness coursing through her.

Taking that as a sign, Nate rolled over, pinning her beneath him and kissed her deeper, letting his hands creep up her stomach and under her sweater.

Bri gasped as she felt Nate's hand cup her breast and his thumb gently tease her nipple through the lace of her bra.

"I've thought about you for years Bri. Now you're this gorgeous woman and I can't tear my heart away."

"Nate, we shouldn't be doing this." she whispered, not really wanting to stop. "It isn't fair to Ethan."

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Fuck Ethan." he said. "Fuck the whole world. Let me make love to you Bri. It's only us, here and now."

"No. Nate, please." she pleaded. "Really, I can't do this."

He stopped and looked at her, his eyes hard.

"Do you love him?" he asked coldly.

"What?"

"Do. You. Love. Him?"

"No!" she cried, not knowing if she meant it or not. "Of course not. It's just... I haven't..." she stammered, trying to find the words awkwardly.

He cocked his brow and waited for an answer.

"I've never, um, been with anyone. Sexually." she blurted with embarrassment.

Amusement danced in his eyes.

"Nobody huh?" he grinned teasingly.

Bri shook her head.

"Soooo." Nate drawled, sliding her sweater and her bra up over her breasts. "You've never been kissed...here?"

His mouth captured her nipple and he took his time rolling his tongue over and nipping with his teeth. Bri inhaled sharply at the delicious sensations that flooded her body. Unable to hold it back, a moan escaped her throat.

"Feel good?" he asked with a wolfish grin.

All Bri could do was nod. He bent down and took her other nipple into his warm mouth, forcing another moan from her.

"Sweet, sweet Brianna." he whispered against her flushed skin.

He moved his hand onto her thigh and massaged it firmly, then his hand slipped between her legs and hit that hot, sweet juncture.

"Nate!"

"Shhh princess."

## Better Things (or People) to Do

He began to rub her and in seconds she was writhing and panting wanting so much more. She felt amazing. Touching herself had never felt like that!

"How bout here Bri? Ever been kissed here?"

"No." she gasped, wanting him to, oh so badly.

Nate moved his lips down, kissing the gentle swell of her stomach to the top of her jeans. Her heart pounded furiously as he undid the button and zipper and kissed along the top of her panties.

"I bet you taste sweeter than candy." he told her, trailing his tongue along her sensitive flesh. Brianna shivered in equal parts fear and anticipation. Just as he reached for her waistband, a pounding on the door startled them both.

"Brianna, this is enough now! Come out and talk to me." Ethan demanded.

"Shit!" she whispered, scrambling out from under Nate and buttoning her jeans.

"Ethan!" she said, trying to control her panic. "I, I'm sorry about earlier, really, I would just prefer to be alone right now."

"I'm not leaving until you come out."

"Shit!" she whispered again, turning her fearful eyes to Nate.

He shrugged and walked toward the door.

"NO!" she pleaded, trying to grab his arm.

He easily swung the door open, standing face to face with a shocked Ethan.

"Listen Sparky, she doesn't want to talk to you right now."

"Who the HELL do you think you are?" Ethan exploded.

"Seems to me, that I'm the guy standing on this side of the door."

They stared each other down as Brianna looked on in horror. Seconds seemed like hours as she waited for the inevitable first blow.

Ethan swung first, smashing into Nate's jaw. He didn't even flinch as blood trickled from the corner of his mouth.

"That all you got pansy boy?" Nate taunted, with glee in his eyes.

Ethan then lunged for Nate, crashing them both into the wall then to the floor. The punches flew and landed with sickening thuds and Brianna began to scream.

"Stop it! Stop!" she ordered as the two men pummeled each other.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

Everyone else in the house came running at the sound of her yelling.

"Make them stop!" she shouted to her family as they all stared at the spectacle.

"I could take off my top." Zoey suggested.

"Will you just shut up!" Bri yelled with disgust.

Zoey just shrugged and walked away.

"I say, let them fight." Vera said seriously.

"Mom, Nate will KILL Ethan!" Bri argued desperately.

"My point exactly."

Attempting to help, Aiden quickly jumped into the brawl, taking punched from both men as he tried to pry them apart, to no avail. After a few minutes of watching her brother take hits, Brianna had finally had enough.

"Brianna, no!" her parents yelled simultaneously as she stomped over to the now three fighting men.

Paying no attention, the guys rolled right into her, knocking her into the melee. Bri fell sideways after being kicked in the back of the knee and smacked her head into the corner of the dresser with a nauseating crack. The world went dark.

## Chapter 6: GOOD GIRLS GONE BAD

Brianna slowly came to, with a pounding headache. The light hurt her eyes, so she squinted tightly and held her breath as a wave of nausea passed through her,

"My poor baby." she heard her mother coo soothingly. "Are you okay my darling?"

Bri groaned in response, unable to focus her mind on forming actual coherent words.

"You have to open your eyes." her father coaxed.

Painfully she pried them open, The room was spinning and fuzzy but she forced them to stay open anyway.

" We are so glad you're okay." Vera smiled.

"You know mom, I was just kidding about that whole giving myself a concussion thing." she told her mother with a weak smile. Her dad gave a chuckle.

"It was my own fault you know."

"Nonsense! Those monkey brained men should have not been fighting like wild animals." Vera said fiercely.

"Speak of the devil."

Aiden, Ethan and Nate entered the room, each with regret written all over their faces.

"I think you cavemen owe someone an apology." Daniel said to the three of them.

"Sorry." they said in unison, like scolded little boys.

"Sorry is not good enough. All of you will be working very hard to earn forgiveness." Vera warned icily.

"Now, out! My baby needs her rest."

"Vera..... Momma V, can I have a minute with Bri?" Nate asked humbly.

"Of course my Nathan."

Brianna's parents and her brother left the room without complaint, ushering a protesting Ethan out with them. When the door closed, Nate sat gingerly on the edge of the bed next to Bri.

"I'm sorry for all of this, sweetheart." he told her, taking her hand into his much larger one.

"I know."

They sat for a moment just staring at each other.

"Bri, he's not right for you. You have to see that." he finally said with frustration.

When Bri opened her mouth to protest, he kissed her gently, quieting her.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"I know you feel it Bri."

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. He was making her so confused.

"I'm going to let you sleep now love. I'll see you in the morning."

After he left, Bri managed to crawl out of bed and change into her pajamas before collapsing back onto the mattress. Despite feeling totally drained, she couldn't fall back asleep and ended up most of the night watching infomercials.

Brianna had no clue what time she finally fell asleep, but when she woke up and looked at the clock it was already past noon. Her body felt like she'd gone ten rounds with Chuck Norris, so she dry swallowed four Tylenol and drug herself to the bathroom. A hot shower helped revitalize her, and after drying her hair carefully to avoid the throbbing goose egg on her head, she threw on a pair of jeans and a t shirt.

The house was already in full swing when she descended the stairs. Christmas music blared throughout the rooms while Vera and Nate were in the kitchen working on home made Christmas candy.

"Good morning my darling." her mother said, kissing her cheek.

"Morning mom."

"How are you feeling?" Nate asked, wrapping an arm around her waist and kissing her cheek.

"Hungry." Bri laughed.

Vera shot her a look but said nothing.

"I am not fat!" Bri huffed indignantly.

"You're right." Nate whispered in her ear. "You're not fat, just mouth wateringly luscious."

Her stomach fluttered and heat pooled between her thighs.

"Where's everyone else?" Bri asked, pulling away from Nate's embrace and grabbing an apple off the counter.

"Out shopping darling."

"Oh."

"Nathan dear, you can take a rest. You work too hard. Take my baby out for a ride and some fresh air."

"Yes ma'am." he saluted, then washed his hands.

Bri watched him and realized how drop dead gorgeous she found him in his fit just right jeans and black long sleeved shirt. She wanted to take a bite out of him right then and there.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Ready?" he asked, taking her hand.

They went to the hall closet and shrugged on their coats, then stepped outside into the brilliant sunshine.

"It's beautiful out here." Bri smiled, breathing in the crisp, clean air.

"Come on sweetheart. Let's grab some breakfast and do a little shopping."

"Sounds like a great plan."

They drove in Nate's truck into town, stopping at a cafe to enjoy french toast and coffee together, then moved onto the mall.

"So what are you getting me for Christmas?" Bri joked as they strolled through the mall atrium.

"Hmmm. I was thinking either a big fat diamond or some sexy lingerie."

Bri hit him in the arm and laughed.

"Come on Nate! Be serious."

"Hey, who says I'm not." he grinned, winking at her.

Bri stuck out her tongue like a little kid.

"What are you getting me?" he fired back.

"I can't tell you. It's a surprise." she teased.

"How about you, on a silver platter?"

"Don't you ever think of anything else Nathan?"

"Occasionally."

Bri eyed him skeptically.

"Okay." he admitted. "Not since I've been back here with you, but you should be flattered."

"Dig yourself deeper in that hole Nathan Mackenzie." Bri laughed.

"Shutting up now."

Together they checked out the various stores, picking up gifts the family and ending up with a ton of bags. As they carted their load out to Nate's truck, Brianna decided it was now or never. She had been contemplating all day whether or not to ask Nate to do her a teensy favor and the thought of even asking make her heart beat wildly.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Uh, Nate. Could you do me a favor?" she asked sheepishly.

"Anything sweetheart." he grinned, the bright sunlight shining on his sexy face.

Bri turned fire red and had to look away.

"I wanted to try a few things on, and I was wondering if you would maybe give me your opinion."

He gave her a wink as he loaded the bags into the trucks backseat.

"Where we going then?" he asked.

"Victoria Secret." she blurted.

Nate stopped dead in his tracks.

"Come again?"

"Don't do this to me." Brianna groaned in embarrassment, concentrating on the snow at her feet.

"Victoria Secret huh?" he leered, closing the truck door and leaning against it. He was staring at her and she still couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze.

"Forget I said anything. Just, forget it. It was stupid."

"Hey now, none of that baby. I'd be more than happy to, I was just wondering what you were up to is all."

"Is it a crime to want to buy myself something...sexy?"

He let out a low chuckle.

"You have no idea how cute you are, do you?"

Instead of answering, Bri turned tail and headed back toward the mall. Nate jogged to catch up and gave her a sound smack on the rear. Bri glared at him for a second then couldn't help the smile that broke out across her face.

## Chapter 7: MISTER MACKENZIES WILD RIDE

Bri's heart thudded as they entered the store. She glanced nervously at Nate who took her hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. Trying not to think about what she was going to be doing, she began to browse the racks, her head crowded with all of the different choices.

Corsets, teddies, bodysuits, bustiers..... crotchless.

Bri cringed inwardly at the latter.

And there were so many colors!

She was chickening out, losing her bravado fast!

"What size are you?" Nate asked, holding up something that resembled bits of string tied together.

She whispered it to him and he scooped up item after item, shoving them into her arms.

"Can I help you with something?" the salesgirl asked, startling Brianna.

"Dressing room?" Nate asked with a charming smile.

"Sure, right this way." she said, then lowered her voice to a whisper. "You do know men aren't allowed in the changing rooms right? Company policy."

To Bri's shock and amusement, he pulled out two crisp hundred dollar bolls hand slipped them into the woman palm.

"How bout now sweetie?"

Her mouth dropped open, then she quickly pocketed the money.

"Right this way." she smile brightly.

Nate pulled a giggling Brianna behind him as the salesgirl showed them a large changing room toward the back.

"Thank you." Bri said as they entered, then closed the door behind them.

"Enjoy!" the woman sang out form the other side of the door.

"I can't believe you!" Bri exclaimed taking off her heavy coat and hanging it on one of the hooks. Nate shrugged, took off his own jacket and made himself comfortable on the plush bench.

"You look like the cat who ate the canary."

He gave her a Cheshire grin, but said nothing. Bri unlaced her boots and kicked them off.

"Okay." she said, turning toward him. "While I'm changing you have to turn your back."

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Why?"

"Come on Nate. A girl's got to have a little privacy."

He seemed to contemplate this for a minute.

"Okay, okay." he conceded, standing up and turning toward the wall.

Quickly Bri yanked her clothes off and randomly grabbed one of the sets off a hanger.

It was a pale pink satin pajama set that was made of a thin spaghetti strap cami and a pair of barely there shorts.

"Alright" Bri said, taking a deep breath and looking at the ceiling.

Nate turned around and studied her, then let out a low whistle.

"Very nice." he complimented, crossing his arms over his chest and nodding.

"Okay, turn back around now." she said quickly, feeling like a total ass.

Nate sighed but smiled as he dutifully turned his back to her again.

Bri raced through five more outfits before she had finally gotten to the last one. She couldn't help but notice that Nate's jeans got a little tighter with every clothing change and secretly she was thrilled at that.

The last was the most daring; a crimson bustier complete with a matching thong, garters and stockings. She took her time putting it on, feeling sexy and empowered by the clothing. The bustier pushed her ample breasts up high and accentuated her round hips.

"Okay, turn around and be completely honest." she said in a shaking voice.

Lust hazed Nate's dark eyes and he licked those sexy lips.

"I can't take it anymore babe." he hissed as he pulled her roughly to him and ravaged her lips with his own.

Brianna was caught off guard by his savage actions and instinctively tried to wrestle out of his grasp.... for about two seconds, then she melted into him. Nate felt her body stiffen, then press against his as her arms came up and around his neck. His tongue tasted her mouth, darting in and out teasingly, mimicking the motions his body wanted to do to hers.

"You taste incredible." he murmured as he backed her up against the wall. One there he pushed his leg between her thighs, applying gentle pressure until she gasped and pushed her wet heat against it.

Bri was hypnotized by Nate's long searing kisses and hit leg pressed against her hot spot made her almost mindless. She had forgotten where they were altogether.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Jesus, Bri. I want you right now." he said against her lips.

She moaned in response, not able to remember ever being so full of desire and lust.

"Turn around."

Nate guided her body to face the mirror, bracing her hands against the wall for support.

"This is the sexiest thing I have ever seen." he said as he dropped to his knees behind her.

Brianna felt his hands travel up the backs of her thighs to her ass, that was well exposed, thanks to the thong she wore. He nipped one creamy cheek, then the other, making her squirm.

"Baby, I love your ass." Nate breathed, showering the sensitive skin with small kisses.

Bri stared at her face in the mirror, barely recognizing herself. Her lips were swollen from his hard kiss, her cheeks flushed pink, her eyes hazy. Her breathing got shallow as she saw him stand up behind her.

Nate leaned into her feeling her hot body meld with his. Bringing his hands around to her stomach, he ran his tongue up the side of her neck and watched her face in the reflection. She was in a trance of lust and it looked damn sexy on her.

"Feel how hard you make me sweetheart." he said as he ground himself against her backside.

Bri sighed dreamily and nodded, capturing his gaze in the mirror.

"I want to make you feel so good."

Nate's hand slid down the front of her, pausing for a second as his hand reached the elastic of her panties, before sliding into them. Bri inhaled and held her breath, her stomach flip flopping and her body tingling with anticipation and nervousness.

They kept eye contact as Nate's fingers trailed down her mound to her sensitized clit. She shivered as he grazed over it lightly.

"Are you nice and wet?" he whispered, licking his lips enticingly.

"Yes." she answered, so low she wasn't sure she had really spoken.

His fingers circled her clit, then slid back over her wetness. Brianna felt like her body was on fire and she bit her lip to keep from crying out. She couldn't believe this was happening, couldn't believe she was allowing this to happen, but as wrong as it was, it felt so good.

Slowly Nate sunk one finger deep into her body and Brianna felt like her knees would give out. She clutched the wall, hanging on for dear life.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"What I wouldn't give to taste you right now. Throw you on the floor and bury my face in that sweet pussy for hours. Make you scream. Make you cum over and over again."

Oh dear Lord she was hot, and his dirty talk revved her even more. Slowly he teased her, moving his hand in and out. Bri could feel her legs trembling and hoped she wouldn't lose it.

Smoothly Nate slipped a second finger in, stretching and filling her. Bri gave a small whimper of pain and pleasure.

"Shhh. It's alright sweetheart. Close your eyes and feel me."

She closed her eyes and was assaulted by all of the sensations within her.

Nate kissed her neck, nipping every now and then, his erection pressed against her from behind. His fingers deep inside of her, granting her the most delicious feeling.

"That's it baby. Cum for me." he growled, his own breath labored and ragged. "Give me some of that honey, sweetheart."

Bri threw her head back in pleasure. She could feel her orgasm swelling, threatening to take her over the edge. She bucked her hips, trying to push his hand harder, deeper.

"Faster!" she demanded. "Oh God, I'm so close!"

"Come for me Bri. Say my name. Show me how hot I make you, how bad you want me to fuck you. Do you want me?"

"Yes Nate, yes I want you!."

Nate's magic fingers sent her over the edge and Brianna couldn't hold in the deep moan as her body tensed, then exploded, stretching to every nerve ending in her body.

When she came back down to earth, she opened her eyes and stared at Nate's reflection. He gave her a sweet smile as he moved his hand out of the waistband of her panties, then he turned her around to face him.

"You are an amazing woman." Nate told her, then kissed her so sweetly it brought tears to her eyes.

"Don't cry." he laughed.

"I'm alright." she smiled swiping her cheeks.

"Come on girl. Let's go home."

Not even caring about modesty anymore, Bri stripped off the barely there clothes, swapping them for her own. Nate gathered the lingerie for her and they were ready to go. Brianna opened the dressing room door about

## Better Things (or People) to Do

halfway when she caught sight of Ethan browsing the store. She stopped in her tracks making Nate almost run into her. Without a word she pushed him back in and quietly closed the door after them.

## Chapter 8: MISTER BRINDLES WILDER RIDE

"Oh my God!" Brianna said with panic.

"What's wrong?"

"It's Ethan! He's out there Nate!"

Nate chuckled and kissed the top of her head.

"He's buying you something naughty huh?"

"Not unless he thinks we're going to...." Brianna trailed off.

Nate raised his brows and crossed his arms over his well muscled chest. Bri groaned and buried her face in her hands.

"Well, we're just going to have to sit tight until he leaves then." Nate suggested.

Just then Bri heard the door to the fitting room next to them open and close.

"Shhhh." she said quietly.

"Is he a cross dresser?" he mouthed. She tried to stifle a giggle and shook her head.

It wasn't long before a woman moan floated through the wall. A moan of definite satisfaction from the sound of it. Nate gave Bri a wicked, knowing smile making her blush. She quickly peeked out the door again and saw no sign of Ethan.

Bri gestured for Nate to follow her when she heard a mans voice come from the same dressing room the moan had originated from.

"Oh yeah baby. Harder! Fuck that cock."

Bri's mouth dropped open and her eyes bulged.

It was Ethan's voice.

Ethan was in the next dressing room screwing some woman. The realization of it stunned Brianna.

Nate must have heard it to, because he paused only a second before grabbing her hand and quickly pulling her out of the fitting room and through the store. He stopped long enough to throw some bills on the counter and stuff everything in a bag, then he ushered her out the door. Once they were in the parking lot, he put an arm around her shoulders.

"You okay sweetheart?"

Strangely she felt a small amount of hurt, but mostly relief. She didn't have to feel guilty about her feelings for Nate when her boyfriend was messing around, did she?

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"I'm okay." she assured him.

The ride back to her parents was quiet as Bri stared out the window at the dark clouds that were rolling in. She could tell a storm was coming.

"You didn't have to buy me all of that lingerie," she finally said, breaking the silence.

Nate entwined his fingers with hers, then pulled her hand over and kissed it.

"I wanted to Brianna. I'd rope the moon if you asked me to."

When they got back to the house, he took all of the packages and bags in while Bri went to the kitchen and put on a kettle of water for some hot chocolate. Not two minutes after they had walked in the door, Aiden, Zoey, Daniel and Ethan poured in, laden with shopping bags.

Ethan immediately came to Bri and tried to kiss her, but she turned her head and he pecked her on the cheek instead.

"When's the last time you washed your hands?" she asked with disgust.

Ethan gave her a puzzled look.

"You never know what kind of nasty things you can pick up at the store." she informed him, her words dripping with sarcasm.

"Uh, okay." he said warily, then turned to the kitchen sink and began scrubbing his hands.

"So what did you do today?" Ethan asked as he dried his hands on a dishtowel, which Bri promptly picked up and threw into the trash.

"Nathan and I went to breakfast, then did some shopping."

Possessive fury flashed through Ethan's eyes.

"Darling, your father and I have to go to the grocery store. There is a storm blowing in and we want to make sure we are ready for it." her mother said as she entered the room.

"Okay momma." Bri said, then turned and left the room without another word to Ethan.

Nate was in the family room lighting a fire in the fireplace.

"Hey sweetheart. What say we round up Aiden and wrap some gifts/"

"No need." Ethan huffed as he stalked into the room. "She'll be upstairs with me."

He took hold of Bri's hand and tried to pull her to the stairs. Bri wrenched her hand away and shot him a dirty look.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Sounds good." she smiled at Nate.

"Brianna." Ethan hissed.

"Hey Sparky, get lost." Nate said with a mocking smile. "This is a family thing, and last time I checked, you're not family."

"Technically neither are you." Ethan spat back.

"That's where you're wrong son. I may not be blood, but make no mistake. I am family."

The two men stared each other down for a few minutes before Ethan relented.

"Fuck it." he grumbled and pounded upstairs.

Brianna put on Christmas music and made them all mugs of steaming hot cocoa while Nate tracked down Aiden. Before long they all sat on the family room floor, laughing and wrapping like they had done so many years ago. They were having a great time when Zoey finally made her appearance a few hours later.

"Well, aren't we all cozy." he said icily.

"You're welcome to join us." Brianna offered, determined not to let her sister ruin her mood.

"I don't like being an afterthought."

With that Zoey spun on her heel and left.

When Bri's parents got back, they all helped unload mass amounts of groceries into the kitchen. The snow had already begun falling and was coming down hard, coating everything in a thick blanket of white.

"Looks like we're going to get nailed." Nate commented, looking up at the sky.

"Maybe we should start shoveling." Aiden suggested.

"Nonsense darling, it's time to eat. There's plenty of time for work later." Vera insisted, as she pranced around the kitchen.

She had made a heavenly dinner of roast chicken, bread sticks and salad, which everyone loved.

The mood had lightened and everyone sat drinking wine well after the meal was over.

Brianna was wedged in between Ethan, who was constantly refilling her wineglass, and Nate, who would every now and then caress her thigh under the table sending shivers up her spine.

Zoey sat across from them shooting Brianna dirty looks every few minutes. This family was going to drive her crazy.

"Did you finish all of your shopping darling?" he mother inquired.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

Brianna nodded.

"Yeah, I think I have pretty much everyone covered."

"Hey!" Nate protested. "I went shopping with you remember? I don't recall you getting anything for me."

"I'm just good like that." she laughed. "Just call me James Bond."

She heard Ethan give a loud sigh.

"This will be a wonderful holiday with all of my babies here with me." Vera continued.

Zoey snorted in disdain and poured herself another glass of wine.

"What's your issue today?" Aiden finally asked a fuming Zoey.

"None of your damn business, brother." she snapped, her face beet red.

Brianna couldn't take the sniping anymore. She stood up and pushed her chair in.

"If you'll excuse me, it's getting late and I'm feeling a little tired. Goodnight." she announced, then headed up the stairs to her room.

Just as she reached her door, someone turned her around and pushed her to the wall.

"Ethan!" she cried out. "What the hell are you doing?"

## Chapter 9: BIPOLAR MUCH

Instead of answering Ethan crushed Brianna's lips with his own and moved his hand between her legs.

"Stop it!" Bri screamed, trying to turn her head and push him away.

"Come on Bri. I need this, I need you. Let me make us both feel good." Ethan moaned, his hands moving to the button on her jeans as he held her in place with his body. When he lowered his head to kiss her neck, Bri leaned in and clamped her teeth hard down on his ear, drawing blood.

He yelped in pain, backing up a few steps and in that instant Brianna saw Nate barrel into Ethan like a freight train. Nate dug his hand into Ethan's neck and pinned him firmly against the wall.

Ethan began to sputter and make choking sounds, his eyes wide with fear, his hands trying to break Nate's grasp on his windpipe.

"Let's get one thing straight Sparky." Nate growled in a deadly tone. "You will never touch her like that again or I will rip your fucking throat out. Is that understood?"

Ethan's face turned colors from lack of oxygen, but Nate wouldn't let up.

"I said, is that understood?"

Ethan nodded vigorously.

Nate let go, dropping him to the ground, gasping for air. Bruises from Nate's fingers were already evident on Ethan's skin.

"Don't forget it either." Nate snarled, then came to Bri's side.

"You alright sweetheart?"

Bri could do nothing but nod, feeling very betrayed and dirty where Ethan had groped her.

It dawned on her that he was seriously not who she thought he was. He could have raped her cry crying out loud. Just the thought of it made her shiver.

Nate opened her bedroom door and gestured her inside. After she entered the room Nate followed her in and closed the door behind them.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Been one hell of a day." Brianna laughed sadly.

"Do you need a hug?" he asked, arms wide open.

Bri couldn't help but laugh in earnest this time.

"One minute ripping out throats, the next the big bad man wants to hug."

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Only for you baby."

She stepped into his waiting arms. Nate hugged her tightly and kissed the top of her head.

"Everything will all work out Bri. Don't worry bout a thing."

"I'm glad you came here with Aiden, Nate."

"Me too sweetie."

They just held each other for awhile, enjoying the stolen moments.

"I should go." Nate finally murmured.

He didn't want to, but he knew if he stayed any longer things would go a lot further.

Reluctantly Bri released him.

"Goodnight baby." he said then kissed her sweetly. "Make sure you lock the door behind me."

When he left, she did as she was told and threw the lock tightly. Then Bri took a nice hot shower, slid into her pajamas and went to bed. She was out the minute her head hit the pillow.

Bri awoke and glanced at the clock. It was already nine o'clock, and it was dark. She slid out of bed and peered out the window. Black clouds hung overhead spilling so many snowflakes she could barely see.

"What lovely weather for Christmas Eve." she commented to herself.

Bri took her time brushing her hair and putting on her makeup. Then pulled out her suitcase and chose a clean pair of jeans and a fuzzy white sweater to wear. Once dressed she bounded downstairs. As the day before Vera was up working in the kitchen and listening to Christmas music.

Zoey was by her side, her eyes red and puffy as if she had been crying.

"Good morning my darling." Vera greeted, kissing her cheek.

"Morning mom. Morning Zo."

Her younger sister stared at her blankly, then let out a single sob and ran from the room.

"Uh, is she okay?" Bri asked as she put on an apron and started washing her hands.

Her mother merely gave a curt nod.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"So, what are we doing today?" Bri asked.

"We will finish cookies my sweet." Vera smiled warmly.

Together they began mixing and baking, having a good time. Zoey eventually wandered back in the kitchen and even wanted to help out.

Brianna liked the rare moments like this, when everyone put aside their differences and attitudes and just had fun together. Her father, Aiden, Nate and Ethan came in the back door all snow covered, their hands and noses bright red.

"It's coming down too hard mom. We can't shovel fast enough to keep up." Aiden puffed, rubbing his numb hands together.

"All of you, out of my kitchen with your dripiness! Go to the mud room and get dried off." Vera ordered the men.

Bri and Zoey looked at each other and burst out with laughter at the sight of their tiny mother ordering around four fully grown huge men. They all filed out, with Vera mopping up the floor after them. The women continued with their cookies and after awhile, Zoey made some hot toddies for them all.

"Where's the cookies? All that shoveling worked up my appetite." Bri's dad said as he entered the kitchen, the three younger men in tow.

"No cookies for you daddy. Those are for later." Zoey laughed keeping her father at bay.

"Hmm. There's only three of you and four of us. The odds are in our favor." Aiden challenged.

"You touch, and I cut off your hands." Vera warned playfully.

"I surrender." Nate said immediately, leaning against the counter. "Momma V scares the hell out of me and frankly, I'm kind of partial to my hands."

Bri was pretty partial to them as well. They could do exquisite things to her body. She blushed at her own lurid thoughts and dipped her head, hoping nobody would notice.

"Why don't you all start trimming the tree, I'll finish up in here." Bri offered.

"Want some help?" Zoey asked, surprising them all.

'Wow, I must be in the Twilight Zone.' Bri thought to herself, but said "No, that's okay Zo. I'll only be a few minutes."

The group moved into the family room, with only Ethan staying behind. He looked like shit with a raw wound on his ear and bruises on his neck from last night's escapade, but Bri didn't feel a bit sorry for him. She didn't acknowledge him as she turned to the sink to clean the bowls and cookie sheets.

## Better Things (or People) to Do

"Brianna. I'm sorry."

Slowly she turned to face him.

"I shouldn't have acted the way I did last night. I don't know what came over me. I know that's a piss poor excuse but I truly am very sorry."

Bri didn't say a word.

"I know you're mad, but I just wanted to apologize." he finished, then left the room as well.

For just a second, Bri had caught a glimpse of the real Ethan, her Ethan but that didn't change what he had done. Or rather, who he'd done. She sighed and finished the dishes. Before joining everyone else, she made a tray of cookies and hot chocolate and took it out with her.

They all trimmed the enormous tree; Aiden and Nate getting the top while standing on ladders, as they all sang with the radio and enjoyed the delicious cookies and cocoa.

To Brianna, it all felt wonderful and magical. After the decorating had been finished, everyone began putting their wrapped gifts under the tree. Between them all there were tons of gifts, and she felt like a kid again, excitement coursing through her and she couldn't wait.

"Your face is absolutely glowing!" Zoey chuckled, putting an arm around Bri's shoulders and squeezing her.

"I'm just happy."

Together the women made a delicious ham dinner with mashed potatoes, home made rolls and steamed carrots, while the men sat lounging in the family room, talking and drinking hot toddies.

They gathered at the table as a family and ate, then had dessert, which Vera had made with her own hands. A decadent black forest cake that was amazing.

Ethan was nothing but kind through the entire meal and Zoey was even pleasant, chattering away, smiling and joking with everyone. The rest of the evening went by fast with Aiden at the piano while everyone got tipsy and sang carols.

By one in the morning, everybody was pretty drunk and tired, so they all said their good nights and shuffled off to bed. A very toasty Brianna soaked in the tub for awhile, her mind wandering to the previous day. She closed her eyes and recalled the way Nate's hands had felt on her skin, touching her. Caressing her. His lips and tongue on her. The low rumble of his sexy voice.

Unconsciously Bri slid her hand down her stomach to her aching core and grazed herself, trembling at her own touch. She moaned softly, the warm water enveloping her body, intensifying the sensations.

'Nate.' she thought. 'I need Nate.'

## Better Things (or People) to Do

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-12-01 07:25:57