

# Encounter -- Kris Mess

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### Kris Mess

“What the hell am I doing?” asked Daisy Merrington as she stood, freezing and uncertain, staring at the cozy Victorian bed and breakfast. With its cheery pink façade and snow-topped roof, it looked like a frosted cake.

She’d driven for hours from the Denver airport to get to Frostbite Falls. Tucked into a mountain cranny, the small town existed in some kind of 19th century time warp. There was no cell phone reception, and she had yet to see a Starbuck’s. Also, it had been snowing nonstop, and as the sun lowered in the sky, so did the temperature.

This was not the place for an L.A. girl. But here she was, following her heart. Although she communicated with Kris Nichols, who owned this little B and B in the middle of nofreakingwhere, in instant message chats and cell phone texts, talked to him every night, and exchanged a number of pictures over the year since they’d met on an online dating site... could she say she really knew him?

Well, she was here. Daisy grabbed the handle of her suitcase and marched up the sidewalk.

She entered the house, immediately struck by its warmth and the delightful smells. The festive decorations included pine bough wreaths on the walls, gold and red

garlands wound through the banister of the stairs, and a Christmas tree brimming with lights, tinsel, and gracing its top, a silvery angel.

The place was lovely.

"Hello?" she called.

"In the kitchen," called Kris from somewhere. "Just put your things in the mud room to let them dry out. Then come on back."

Something about his voice made her belly flip-flop. Of course, she'd felt this tingling, maddening lust ever since she answered his email. He was funny, and thoughtful, and if his pictures were accurate, gorgeous, too.

The mud room was too her right, so she went inside and divested herself of parka, gloves, boots, and socks. That left her in a red cashmere sweater and black jeans. She finger-combed her hair, and then followed the scents of baking into the kitchen.

Kris stood in the kitchen behind a center island arranging sugar cookies onto a plate. He looked up and smiled; his eyes devastatingly blue. And, oh my, did he ever fill out that green cable knit sweater and worn pair of Levi's. "You're here."

His expression suggested he'd waited his whole life for her, and that made her feel all fluttery inside. "Sorry about all the Kris Mess," he said.

She groaned at the lame joke. The kitchen looked like it had exploded, but she wasn't gonna be upset about having a man who knew how to cook.

"Looks like you need a treat." He rounded the counter, which gave her an even better view of his fine self. He offered her a frosted sugar cookie, placing it a mere inch from her lips. His gaze twinkled with challenge.

She took a bite. It was soft and warm, and delicious.

"You have frosting on your mouth." He leaned down and licked it off. The sweep of his tongue over her lips was even sweeter than the cookie.

She gaped at him. "You don't waste time."

"Nope." He ate the rest of the cookie. He gathered her into his arms, as if he'd done it a million times before, and kissed her tenderly.

Tenderness lasted all of ten seconds. Lust flared, as bright and silvery as Christmas wishes, and then it was all lips and tongues and moans.

"I need to touch you," he murmured.

"H-here?" she asked as he took off her sweater and unbuttoned her bra. "Don't you have guests?"

"Just you." He cupped her breasts and leaned down to lave at her nipples. "You smell like cinnamon."

Daisy was busy unbuttoning his jeans and sliding down the zipper. She peeked inside and grinned. "Are those reindeer on your boxers?"

"Yeah. And they glow in the dark."

She laughed and then she yanked down his pants and boxers. His cock was long and thick, and she couldn't wait for him to fill her up. She grasped his shaft and stroked it.

"Wait." He straightened, sucking in deep breaths. "It's been a while. Whew."

"How long?"

"More than a year," he said. "After I met you, Daisy, there was never another."

"Same for me. Only you." Yeah, baby. Nothing turned her on more than fidelity. She wiggled off her jeans and panties. "Maybe we should just go for it. T-take the edge off."

"You're naughty and nice. I like the combo." He stepped out of his jeans and boxers, lifted her, and swung her around to the center island.

Flour dusted her ass.

"Kris!"

He grinned at her wickedly. He pulled her until she was barely hanging off the island. She balanced herself by gripping its edge. Kris swiped a finger through a bowl of red frosting and decorated her clitoris.

"Oh," she said, her eyes nearly crossing. Then he bent down and sucked off all the frosting. He repeated this artistic and torturous process until her thighs trembled and her body begged for relief.

Then he stood, parted her legs, and guided his cock into her slick -- and frost-tinted -- pussy. She wrapped her legs around his waist, pulling him closer, tightening the feel of him within her.

For a moment, they did nothing but enjoy the connection. Kris kissed her, his mouth tasting like sugar mixed with her own essence. Her heart pounded and her body tingled in anticipation.

Then he began to move. His head dropped to her shoulder as his thrusts deepened and his pace increased. Her nails dug into his back as he fucked her, and she tried to hold to her own pleasure, tried to wait for him.

"Daisy," he muttered, "come on my cock, baby. Let go, let go so I can fill you up with my come."

"Yes," she said. "Oh!" She tipped over the edge, her orgasm as bright as the stars, as hot as the sun. She clutched at him, crying out his name, still riding the wave as he stilled, his face twisted with pleasure-pain, as he emptied his seed inside her.

They collapsed against each other, breathing heavily, sweat dripping off them.

He pulled back and looked at her. "Have you fallen madly in love with me yet?"

"I'm afraid so," she said. "How about you? Sickeningly in love with me?"

"In the worst way." He kissed her. "Merry Christmas, Daisy."

She was happy she followed her heart all the way to the best gift ever. Love. She smiled. "Merry Kris Mess."

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