

## Chapter 66

"Are you sure you don't want to go home for Christmas?" Darren stuffs his mouth with popcorn.

"Positive. I think it's cool that you guys stay here for Christmas with Austin," I say.

For the last three years, the guys stayed at Croakington for the holidays because Austin couldn't head home.

But this year the guys have something major planned for Austin. One I didn't want to miss, and two, my parents are not together, so the holidays are going to be pretty rough going forward.

"We're a family." Miguel looks up from his phone. "Be right back."

He gets off the couch, heading to the front door. Most likely Valerie is on her way here. I am happy that my snooping at least helped one of the guys out in the long run.

"Charles, come on, you're up next." Everett pats the seat next to him.

"I don't want to play," I whine.

"Don't be a chicken shit, Charles. Move your ass," he adds.

"You're going to win by default." I grab the controller. Everett is determined to beat everyone else in the house at Madden since he can't beat Chase.

Everyone helped me decorate the house except for Chase and Everett, who were so into this damn game. I swear at one point these two were about to fight.

I never understand why guys get so worked up over a video game.

"Uh, Everett, there is an elf to see you." Miguel walks back into the living room.

"A what?" Tristan sits up on the other couch. "Dude, are you fucking little people now?"

"Hell no, I mean they do be thick as hell." Everett shrugs.

"Dude, seriously?" Vincent stops coloring and stares at Everett.

"Not a little person. A tall one with very little clothing." Miguel looks so uncomfortable, and I just want to laugh at him.

One thing I absolutely love about Miguel is he doesn't even look at other girls since he and Valerie got back together. I went ring shopping with him, and I think I cried the entire time.

These guys are my family, and to know that some of them are thinking about taking the next step with me with so much happiness.

Everett curses underneath his breath, looking at his phone.

"I'm going to have to take a rain check on this game Charles." He quickly walks to the front door. Everyone watches in silence as he escorts the half-naked elf Davina upstairs. Since when did he start screwing her?

"His dick is going to fall off one of these days," Darren says and starts choking on popcorn. Chase, with no sense of urgency, leans over to hand him the beer bottle.

Darren drinks some before coughing a little bit more. "Shit, the damn popcorn almost took me out."

"Where is the leftover ribbon we had?" Everett rushes back downstairs into the living room.

"You can't be serious?" Austin says, handing over the gold ribbon out of the box. "She's tying you up? Are you into that kind of stuff?"

"Everett, trying to get his filthy shades of grey on." Tristan laughs. "Please don't hurt yourself or her, playing with that ribbon. You both will be left butt-ass naked on the bed until the paramedics come."

"Fuck off." Everett flips him off and rushes back upstairs.

I am going to miss this once college comes to an end. Not living under the same roof with these six guys will be a strange feeling. Chase sits next to me, picking up Everett's controller.

I lean against him, propping my head on his shoulder. I inhale his scent and sigh with delight. For once, I can finally say this is my happiness.

"Hey, you want to play for something?" Chase kisses the top of my head.

"Like what?" I sit up.

He smiles and whispers in my ear. I instantly turn a bright red for sure.

"Really?" I smile at him.

"Sure. Why not?" He kisses my lips before changing the game. "You are decent when it comes to racing games, so we can go with that."

My heart is beating so fast and my palms are sweating like crazy. I don't think I can even wrap my head around what he just said, but I will try my hardest to win. I wipe my hands on my sweatpants and try to get my mind right.

"So, if I win," he whispers in my ear what he will win. I lean back and look at him. *Really?* I mouth and he nods his head. "And if you win," he whispers in my ear again, and just like that my heart rate picks back up.

"You two are soooooo nasty." Tristan looks at us smiling from ear to ear.

"Chase, you can't whisper for shit. Don't worry, I'm the only one who heard it. Everyone else isn't sitting as close as me." He laughs.

Can the door just open up and swallow me whole?

"Fuck off, T." Chase turns his attention back to winning the racing game.

I don't know how long Chase and I have been playing, but I am determined to win. "Best six out of ten," I shout as I come in last place once again. Chase is literally great at every game, I'm convinced.

"Bae, come on we've played about twenty times. I even slowed down so you can win and you still lost." He stands up stretching. I look around the living room and it's empty. I'm not sure when the guys left.

"One more game." I pull on his waistband. "Just one more." I pout.

"Are you sure that's what you want to do?" He sits back down. I nod my head yes, but that doesn't mean he is going to do it. The look in his eyes says otherwise. "Really?"

"Yes, Chase." I hand him his controller.

He exhales deeply and I can see he is so annoyed right now. I glance behind me once more before removing my top.

Chase looks at me with confusion, and I just shrug my shoulders. I'm going to win one way or another.

"Put your shirt back on, one of the guys might walk back in here." He reaches over, picking up my shirt.

"I have a bra on, Chase, it's not like they haven't seen me in a bikini top before. Come on...let's play."

"Don't test me." He glares at me. "Put it on."

"Chase, they're probably sleeping." I try to assure him everything will be fine. "Let's play."

"You're playing with me right now. Put your damn shirt back on right now."

"Or what?" I unhook my bra, letting it fall slowly down.

Chase looks at me, and I bite down on my lip. The need I have for him right now is unbearable. I can't care less about the game at this point. I just need my husband right now. I throw my leg over his lap, straddling him.

"Cupcake, you drive me insane." He gently bites down on my left nipple, and I toss my head back, enjoying the feeling.

His tongue swirls around my now hardened nipple. I moan. "I love to hear that sound." Chase looks up at me.

"Wait! Wait! Please let us leave the kitchen!" Austin shouts and I jump off Chase, grabbing my shirt. "Please just let us leave first, dammit!" he says again.

*Us? Are they all in there?*

"What the fuck, guys?" Chase stands up walking around the couch. I quickly put on my shirt and peek over the couch. Tristan, Darren, Austin, and Vincent all come out of the kitchen.

"How the fuck are we supposed to know you two were about to get it on?" Darren walks up the staircase.

"Charles, you need to get yourself together, woman! You're like a dog in heat!" Tristan shouts from the top of the staircase.

Once all the guys are upstairs and we hear bedroom doors close, Chase looks at me shaking his head. "Do you want to take this upstairs? Or would you rather the guys walk in on me blowing your back out?"

"Shut up." I turn off the game console and television.

"Come here," he scoops me up bridal style, and we head upstairs to finish what I started.