



No Good Deed...

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No Good Deed...

By

Jade Twilight

Grace trudged through the snowy streets on her way home from work. Working Christmas Eve sucked, but it was better for her to do it than some one with kids. Sure she could've flown to Florida and spent the week with her parents in seventy degree weather. But nope she decided to stay here in the snow and cold, alone.

Suddenly a man loomed in front of her. Grace gasped, and tightened her hold on her purse.

"Sorry Miss, didn't mean to scare you. But could you spare some change?"

She took in his ratty clothes, and unwashed appearance. Another unfortunate homeless person, who couldn't make ends meet. Grace smiled up at him.

"Sure." Pulling out her wallet she added. "It's supposed to get really cold tonight, you know there's a shelter over on Walnut?"

He nodded. "They're full, got turned away. But it's all right. Most of the people in there are a lot older than me and need it more."

Grace paused in pulling a twenty out of her wallet, to look up at him again. Hopeful pale blue eyes stared down at her. A crazy idea struck her.

Handing him the twenty she asked, "How would you like a hot meal and warm bed, for tonight at least?"

His eyes grew wide in surprise. "Really? I'd love them, but... are you sure?"

Grace nodded. "Yeah, I'm sure."

He stuck out his hand. "Names Chris Macintyre."

She shook the offered hand. "Grace Hennagian."

*

Grace stirred the hamburger into the spaghetti sauce, while listening to the shower run. She was crazy, that's all there was to it. What the hell had gotten into her? The shower shut off, and few minutes later Chris came out. She half turned to see him standing in the doorway. Cleaned up he was pretty good looking. His blond hair was slightly shaggy and in need of a cut. He was lean, probably early thirties and she wondered when he'd last had a good meal.

"Do the clothes fit?"

"Yeah. Are you sure your boyfriend won't mind?"

"Ex-boyfriend, and he hasn't missed them in several months. So I don't think it'll matter."

"Oh."

Grace turned to look at him again. He seemed out of place, not quite sure what to do with himself. "Dinner's almost ready. Why don't you get a couple plates from the cabinet?" She pointed across the kitchen with her spoon. "That one there. If you don't mind?"

"No problem." Behind her she heard him moving and the plates clinking together. He set them next to the stove. "Anything else?"

"Um." She smiled. "Yup, taste this." Grace held up a spoon full of sauce for him to taste. She watched as he blew lightly on it, then took a sip.

"Pretty good."

A giggle escaped her lips. "I know Prego isn't the greatest, but it's quick." Chris grinned at her, chuckling. She found herself thinking how cute his smile was. Grace shook her head and handed him the spoon. "Here. You dish out the food, and I'll get us something to drink."

Opening the fridge she spied the bottle of wine she'd bought before the break up. What the heck? She hadn't wanted to drink it alone, now she didn't have too. Pulling the bottle out she set it on the counter, and then got two wine glasses and a cork screw.

"Red wine goes with pasta, right?"

Chris shrugged. "No idea, but sounds good to me."

Popping the cork, she poured them each a glass. Picking up his, Chris raised the glass to her. "To a very generous and lovely hostess."

Grace felt a blush creep over her cheeks, as she muttered. "Suck up."

*

Sinking down on the couch, Grace put a hand to her head. It was swimming. She'd surpassed her limit on the wine. Chris plopped down next to her, patting his stomach.

"I don't know when I last ate that much."

Grace smiled hazily at him. "Glad you enjoyed it."

"I just wish there was something I could do for you. To thank you."

She shrugged, the wine loosening her tongue. "Truth is, you're doing a lot by just being here. I've been pretty lonely since the break up and I don't have many friends."

He shifted so he sat looking at her. "Why's that? You seem like a nice person. And forgive me if I'm being to bold, but you're beautiful."

Grace leaned over, taking him by surprise, and kissed him. She knew she was going to regret this in the morning, and she wasn't really drunk enough to blame her actions on the wine. But she just wanted some physical contact. If he rejected her, well, at least she couldn't say she didn't try.

Instead of pushing her away, Chris wrapped his arms around her and

pulled her toward him. His lips moved against hers with an urgent need. Grace pressed herself against him, wanting more. She could feel his member growing hard beneath the sweat pants he was wearing.

With a ragged breath he pulled away. His eyes met hers, and he smiled. She realized he was letting her call the shots. She smiled back, took his hand, standing. She pulled him to his feet and led him to the bedroom. He didn't protest as she led him over and drew him down with her on the bed.

Leaning toward him, she planted her lips on his again. Her hand moved down to the waist band of his pants, and slid inside. He groaned against her lips as she wrapped her hand around his member. Slowly she ran her hand up and down the silky shaft. A warm heat grew between her thighs. Chris's hand tentatively moved to the fly of her jeans. When she didn't stop him or her ministrations, he unbuttoned and unzipped her pants. His hand moved inside, stroking her through her underwear. Her hips moved forward on their own accord, pressing against his hand.

Grace realized if they were going to get anywhere, there were too many clothes between them and they had to go. Pulling back, she gave him a seductive smile, and stood. Chris pulled his hand back, watching her as she undressed. Returning her smile, he pulled off his own clothes. She moved to the nightstand, took out a condom, and then tossed it to him. Once he had the condom on, Grace straddled his lap. She gasped as he entered her, his hands fondling her breasts. Chris lay back on the bed, letting her ride him. She moved slowly, taking her time, enjoying the feel of him in her.

Gentle Chris reached up and pulled her down, kissing her again, while his hands explored the curves of her body. A groan escaped his lips, as she began to move faster. Grace felt an orgasm building in her. Her clit rubbed on his shaft and his cock hit her g-spot over and over. She whimpered against Chris's lips as her orgasm hit, sending her to a new level of ecstasy. Chris's hands moved to her hips, moving her in time with his thrusts till he came.

*

Grace woke to an empty bed, only a note laying on the pillow next to her saying.

*Thanks for the wonderful night.
Remember no good deed goes unrewarded.*

Chris

Crumpling the note, she groaned, alone once again on Christmas. Grace felt tears creep into the corners of her eyes. Well what had she expected? It wasn't like they were going to start some great romance. Hell,

the truth was she didn't know anything about him. Other than his name was Chris Macintyre and he was homeless, but who knew if that was even true.

Shaking herself, she tossed the note in the trash can next to her nightstand and got up. Walking into the bathroom, she turned on the shower and got in. She felt slightly better as the hot water hit and cascaded down her body. For at least one night she'd made someone else feel better and hadn't been quite so lonely. She got out, dried off, dressed, and went to the kitchen. As she poured herself a cup of coffee, there was a loud knock at the door.

On Christmas day she usually had very few visitors, since all her family lived out of state. Puzzled, she went to see who it was. A man stood outside her door, he looked like a chauffeur.

She opened the door. "Can I help you?"

He nodded. "Miss Grace Hennagian."

"Yes."

He handed her an envelope. "This is for you."

Confused, Grace took the envelope and opened it. Who would be sending her something like this? Inside was a note written in familiar hand writing.

You are invited to the Macintyre estate for an impromptu Christmas party. Come as you are, time now.

Grace glanced at the man standing in front of her. "Who sent this?"

"Mister Macintyre. There's a car downstairs for you." He shifted from one foot to the other. "Miss if you wouldn't mind, my wife's waiting for me."

Grace gave in. She didn't want to keep this poor guy from his family. "Ok, just let me get my coat."

*

The Macintyre estate sat out side the city, only around thrity minutes from Grace's place.

Grace was led into a large study, where Chris stood waiting. He turned to smile at her and spoke to the man who'd brought her here. "Thanks Ted. Give Misty my regards, and don't forget the presents. I threw something extra in for you and Misty." He winked as Ted grinned and left. Chris then turned his full attention to her.

"You lied to me. You're not some poor bum." She accused, placing her hands on her hips.

He held up his hands, as if warding her off. "Let me explain. Could we sit?" He gestured to a small sofa.

Grace nodded, and let him lead her over to sit down.

"I do this every year on Christmas. Go out posed as a bum, and then I

reward the person who gives the most. Money, a blanket, clothes, food or..."

"Or sleep with you." Grace interjected.

Chris smiled, placing his arm on the back of the sofa. "You are the first person to ever do that. Actually you're the first to ever invite me to stay at your home. You're welcome to be mad at me, I'll understand. But at least let me give you a reward for your good deed."

Grace considered his offer. The fact was she really wasn't mad at him. She probably should've been, but just couldn't be. "What kind of reward?"

"What do you want?"

She didn't even have to think about the answer. "You." His eyes widened slightly. "To get to know you better. The real you."

"I think that can be arranged." He leaned toward her. "You already know me pretty intimately."

Happy Holidays

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