

Christmas Cookies



Vamps On Ice

ALECIA MONACO

Changeling Press

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Alecia Monaco

Ginny Howard hates holidays... *really* hates them. She makes Scrooge look like one of Santa's helpers. But when her job as a journalist forces her into attending the first ever Vampire Ice Capades, she has no choice but to suffer through it.

Lex is a Russian vampire, a student of Rasputin and resident healer for the troop of undead ice dancers. He's resigned to spending the holidays alone, but one look at Ginny has him ready to make merry. With a little help from Santa Claus and the Hanukkah Fairy, these two make holiday magic hot enough to melt the North Pole!

**To you, Dear Reader...
Happy Holidays!**

Prologue

"So, Santa," the fairy said, arranging herself in a cozy red velvet arm chair before the fireplace. "We meet again."

"We do indeed." Santa Claus, looking every bit like the right jolly old elf of lore, took his pipe from his mouth and winked at his guest as she took a seat across from him. "What brings you up this way, Naomi?" He watched as she played idly with the chain of gold coins around her neck. "Isn't this the middle of Hanukkah?"

"Yes," the fairy nodded, her golden hair gleaming in the firelight. "My busy season, you know."

"You're the Hanukkah Fairy... of course it's your busy season!" Santa bellowed, letting out one of his famous belly laughs.

"That's what I've come to see you about." Naomi smoothed her deep blue gossamer skirt with tiny hands. "It seems that some wishes are becoming more and more difficult to fulfill."

"The holiday dreams of the lonely at heart are very hard to satisfy." Santa shook his head. "But adults still feel the pull of the holiday season. They still have hopes and wishes."

"And even though my holiday and yours are very different..." Naomi began.

"They both celebrate miracles," Santa finished. "We must find a way to give people the desires of their hearts, in spite of themselves."

"That's exactly the problem." Naomi leaned back in her chair. "I can't deliver love and romance to someone who won't leave the house!"

"Or bury themselves in their work." Santa nodded sagely.

"Or any other excuse they can find to avoid taking a risk."

"You're saying they need a little... *nudge*." Santa winked.

"In the form of some holiday magic."

"What do you have in mind, Naomi?" Santa lit his pipe.

"A few drops of Wildest Dreams potion stirred into a batch of chocolate *gelt*," she said, referring to the gold foil covered chocolate coins associated with Hanukkah.

"Maybe a few more drops stirred into a batch of candy canes, as well." Santa blew a wreath of smoke. "We could get my elves and your fairies to distribute them at some holiday gatherings."

"After a taste of Wildest Dreams, one can't *help* but have one's wishes come true." Naomi grinned. "Despite their best efforts to the contrary."

"Shall we shake on it?" Santa offered the fairy a stout hand.

"Agreed!" She put her small hand in his.

"To Wildest Dreams!" Santa snapped his fingers and two punch cups of eggnog appeared.

"Happy holidays!" The Hanukkah Fairy laughed as Santa clinked his cup to hers with a merry *ping*.

Chapter 1

"I need a favor."

Ginny Howard looked up to see her best friend and coworker, Ashley Gains, standing in the doorway of her office.

"Have a seat." Ginny gestured to the chair opposite her paper-strewn desk.

"The school nurse called." Ashley sat down with a loud exhale. "Looks like Caitlyn has chicken pox."

Ginny grimaced. "Are you going to school to pick her up?"

Ashley nodded. "I've already called her pediatrician too. He's going to work her in this afternoon." Ashley lowered her gaze. "Which brings me to the favor..."

"You need me to cover for you?" Ginny leaned back in her swivel chair. She and Ashley often covered for each other. The staff of *Houston Beat* were like family. Putting out an independent arts and culture paper every week was no small task, and they all pitched in to help each other as much as possible.

"It's this vampire ice capades thing." Ashley rolled her eyes. "I'm supposed to go to the show tonight and cover it."

Ginny hoped her inner revulsion didn't show on her face. "So you'll go another night," she suggested, trying for a helpful tone.

"It's sold out." Ashley reached in her skirt pocket and removed two tickets. "One for you, one for a friend."

Ginny glared at the tickets, wishing she had the power to set fire to things with her mind. "You know I'm not the biggest fan of the holidays."

Ashley grimaced. "You make Scrooge look like Kris Kringle."

"Not the biggest fan of vampires either." Ginny sighed as Ashley held the tickets out to her. "Are you sure we can't get out of this one?"

Ashley bit her bottom lip. "I kind of told the boss lady you were taking the assignment."

Ginny felt her stomach muscles clench. Their editor had an uncanny ability to strike terror in the hearts of her staff. There was no way out.

She sighed and took the tickets. "All right, but if I come back with two puncture wounds on my neck, you'll be my first undead snack."

Ashley laughed. "Think of it as exploring another culture."

Ginny bit back a sarcastic comment. Truth be told, it'd been so long since she'd had a date, much less sex, that getting bitten didn't sound half bad.

* * *

Alexsander Bezmel -- or Lex, as he was called in the modern era -- hadn't begun his life as a vampire. Growing up along the banks of the Tura River in Siberia, he'd never imagined becoming one. Still less had he foreseen the day when he'd become the healer for a group of undead ice dancers.

That he'd end up in a thorny relationship with a bratty prima donna skater seemed to be the most likely thing of all.

He watched his ex twirling wildly around the rink as she performed her warm-up exercises. She was blond, beautiful, consummately Russian like himself -- and completely wrong for him, in every way.

The light and sound techs were going through the steps of their nightly pre-show check, and the enormous rink suddenly blazed to life with holographic snowflakes. The sounds of *White Christmas* blasted through the sound system, and the overhead trap door for Santa's elves and the Hanukkah fairies was getting a thorough once-over from the crew.

Soon, he mused, watching some of the vampires doing a final run of their performance, every seat would be full. Vampires didn't just skate -- they levitated, spun at twice the speed of mortals, and in general performed feats of a spectacular nature mere mortals couldn't begin to complete. The show had been sold out in every city. When his old friend Sabre, the creator of the troop, had offered him the position as

healer, he'd jumped at the chance. Coming to the States had given him the much-awaited chance to work on his English and to see a new continent.

He peered out from his post in the sound booth, looking at the first trickle of attendees just beginning to take their seats. The usual crowd of teenagers elbowing each other, betting the entire show was rigged. Lex snorted with laughter over that... they'd see soon enough. Then there were families with children old enough to see the show without being frightened by the vampires.

And a beautiful full-figured woman, the kind he'd loved as a mortal man over a century ago, with a pass hanging from a cord around her neck, taking a seat in the second row.

* * *

Okay, so the show wasn't bad.

Ginny groaned inwardly, knowing she'd have to give it a good write up, which would cause Ashley to tease her mercilessly. But she had to give credit where it was due. The vampires knew how to put on a top-notch extravaganza.

The ice dancers had literally flown through the air, skating on the very tips of their blades in a way that would make any Olympic gold medalist weep with envy. The lighting had been magnificent, with effects galore, and the soundtrack had ranged from *Jingle Bells* to *I Have A Little Dreidel* with choreography and costumes to match.

For the long awaited finale, a group of elves and fairies -- probably locals, Ginny suspected -- dressed as Santa's helpers and the Hanukkah fairy's minions were supposed to fly in through hidden entrances.

Ginny leaned back in her seat, making a few additional notes on her PDA. Even a full-fledged Grinch like herself would have a hard time walking away from such an evening without a hint of the holiday spirit. It sure as hell beat spending another night at home, debating with herself about whether or not to post an ad on a BBW dating site.

A tune from *The Nutcracker* began to drift through the rink, steadily growing louder as the lights began to dim. Ginny glanced up. What looked like a thousand tiny red, green, and deep blue lights glimmered from near the top of the domed roof.

Squinting her eyes, she could make out the flutter of countless wings as the glowing figures drew nearer.

Then, like an explosion of pure magic, a swarm of elves dressed in red and green suits appeared, followed by a retinue of delicate fairies wearing blue gossamer, their golden wings shimmering with every movement.

Ginny gasped when a candy cane fell from on high and landed on her shoulder. Before she could draw a breath, candy canes and gold-foil wrapped *gelt* rained down on the rink.

The crowd moved in every direction, reaching for the falling candy. Ginny lunged forward, straining to catch a piece of *gelt* to go with the candy cane she'd already popped inside her mouth.

She caught it with one deft motion at the same time the man seated beside her was sliding forward to catch one for himself.

Ginny hardly had time to register the fact that they'd collided before she tumbled over the stands and hit the solid ice below with a deafening crack.

She caught one dazzling glance of a fairy staring her straight in the eyes before everything went black.

* * *

"She's coming around."

The voice, deep and masculine with more than a trace of a Russian accent, made Ginny feel suddenly secure. She had no idea where she was or how she'd gotten there, but if the voice would only continue speaking to her, she'd be all right.

"Do we need to call an ambulance?" A second voice, this one female and Texan, spoke from further away.

"No," the Russian said, his words caressing Ginny like a velvet glove. "Her injuries are within my range of abilities. Leave her to me."

"Okay," the woman answered. "But the offer to call an ambulance still stands."

Ginny struggled to open her eyes. Her lids felt as if they'd been welded shut.

"Do not be afraid." She felt his hand on her forehead. "I am a healer. I will make you well."

She swallowed, her throat as dry as the Sahara. "Where am I?"

"Backstage at the ice rink." A strange heat emanated from the palm of his hand. "You were here for Vampires On Ice, and you fell during a mad scramble for candy."

Memories of the show and candy raining down from above flooded through her aching head. How embarrassing that the owner of the sexiest voice she'd ever heard knew that she'd fallen down and hit her head trying to snag some candy, like a greedy six-year old at a *piñata* party.

"Am I going to be okay?" Other than dying of humiliation?

"You will be fine." She could hear a smile in his voice. "A bump on the head is all."

She winced as he slid his other hand around to press against the back of her head. Like the one on her forehead, it radiated intense warmth. But with each passing second, her pain seemed to decrease. "Did I hear you say you're a healer?"

"Yes," he answered. "That is my position with the ice dancers. When they injure themselves, I heal them so they do not have to take extra blood, or lose a night to recover."

A dreadful suspicion tugged at her. "When I was researching the troop..."

"You researched us?" He laughed, a sexy sound that seemed to echo inside her.

"I'm a journalist." She flexed her fingers and toes. Everything seemed to be working. "During my research, I read that every member of the crew is vampiric except the human security guards."

"That is true." The heat blazed forth from his fingers, seeming to draw the pain from deep within her skull.

"Then... what are you?"

She managed to pry her eyes open a notch. Through the cloudy haze of her vision, she beheld the most beautiful man she could ever possibly imagine.

“I am Lex,” the velvet voice said through a pair of perfect lips. “I’ve been a vampire for almost a hundred years.”

Chapter 2

He didn't even know her name, but he knew that he'd come across continents, across oceans, even across time, to find this woman.

She may have been the one with the head injury, but he was feeling more and more dizzy by the minute.

"And you are?" He kept his hands carefully placed on her head, sending forth healing in the manner he'd learned so long ago, back in Russia during his time with the holy man and later with the followers of Rasputin.

"Ginny." She looked up at him with wide brown eyes. "Ginny Howard."

"Well, Ginny Howard." He felt himself smiling. "You should be feeling like your normal self very shortly."

"Can I try sitting up?"

He helped her ease into a sitting position. "How do you feel now?"

"Better." She shifted her weight forward. "Ouch!"

"What is it?" He squeezed her hand.

"I think it's my knee." She made a face. "Maybe I hit it on the way down."

"Let me take a look at it." He moved to the side of the examination table where they'd placed her when they brought her in and pushed up the leg of her velour track suit. "It's swollen."

He was referring to her knee, but the word applied to a certain part of his anatomy as well.

"Can you work your magic on it?" She peered up at him through lowered eyelashes.

His blood rushed south. "I can try."

"Good." She leaned back on the table, and even through the relatively thick fabric of her top, he could see the tight peaks of her nipples.

He'd never had this sort of desire for a mortal woman since he was a mortal man. What had happened? Had she bewitched him with some strange brew of holiday magic, or was she really the one he'd sought... heart, soul, and body?

* * *

The feeling of his hand on her knee did more than ease Ginny's pain. It stirred something deep within her, something that had lain dormant for far too long. But now, in the dead of winter, a vampire's touch had awakened her, and she stretched toward the source of this rebirth like a child catching snowflakes on her tongue.

"Better?" His voice was thick. She knew without having to ask that the need whirling inside her like a blizzard was more than mutual.

"Not yet." She rose up on one elbow. "I need more..." She let her words trail off suggestively.

"More of what?" He ran his hand upward from her knee.

"More of you." She sat all the way up. "More of that magical touch, all over my body."

He obliged, winding his fingers through her hair, angling her head back for a kiss. She drew in a sharp breath, waiting.

He didn't so much kiss her as claim her, taking her lips as if he'd been waiting to possess what had been rightfully his for all time. There was no hesitation, no gentle brushes of his lips against hers. He grazed her bottom lip with his fangs, and then nudged his tongue into her mouth, until it could slide against hers with primal hunger.

She didn't fight back, didn't want to... she wanted nothing but to give in to him, to be conquered by him. To feel like a woman being completely taken by a man.

"Ginny," he breathed against her lips. "If your blood tastes as sweet as your mouth..."

She remembered her parting words to Ashley about coming home with bite marks. It seemed like something that had happened years ago, a faded photograph of

life before Lex had entered it. "We'll see about biting later." She drew back enough to look into his crystal blue eyes. "Right now, there are other things I'd like for you to taste."

"Like this?" He ran his tongue down the column of her neck.

"Mmm-hmm." She threaded her fingers through his thick black locks.

"Or these?" He tugged down her zipper, revealing her breasts.

He pushed the hooded top off her shoulders, leaving her bare from the waist up. She watched heat rise in his face as he took in her breasts, her nipples already hard with anticipation.

"This might work better if you were on your back, my dear Ginny." He put his hands on her shoulders and eased her back onto the table.

She watched as he shed his own clothing, peeling off the cashmere sweater and snug cords that concealed what she was sure had to be a magnificent body. And sure enough, when he was bare from head to toe, he was six foot two inches of masculine paradise, easily the best holiday treat she'd ever been given.

And then he joined her on the table. Any nervousness she might've felt, any reticence, seemed to dissolve like magic the minute he touched her. It had been so long since she'd been with a man, so long since she'd taken the risk of letting someone get close to her. She should've been afraid.

Somehow, she wasn't. She couldn't think of anything but him, and how right it felt to be with him.

She lifted her hips so he could ease her pants and underwear down. He tossed it to the floor and moved in closer, until she could smell the combination of his spicy cologne and the purely masculine scent that was his alone.

She closed her eyes as he went to work on her breasts, licking one nipple to a painful peak before moving to the other one. He took it between his fangs and sucked slowly, making her pussy tighten and throb with need. She held her breath when he stopped, feeling every muscle in her body tense as he worked his way down, lips and

fangs leaving a trail down her ribs, over her belly, until he reached the juncture of her thighs.

"Hold on, my Christmas angel." He looked up at her from between her legs and flashed a fanged smile. "Get ready for some holiday magic."

No woman had ever tasted so good.

The smell of Ginny's skin, the flavor of her lingered on his lips, and he hadn't even reached the core of her yet. Lex fought back tremors of desire when he saw her sweet cleft, wet and pink, before him.

Slowly, gently, he spread her folds apart with his thumbs, baring her slick furrows for his perusal. He lowered his head and inhaled her scent, feral and female. His cock pulsed in response, and his balls grew heavier with an ever increasing need to come.

Unable to resist any longer, he brushed the bud of her clit with the tip of his tongue. She shuddered, reaching down to wind her fingers through his hair. Taking it as a good sign, he continued, teasing her clit with his tongue until he could feel her juices flowing.

"Lex..." She moaned, arching her hips. "Please."

He knew what she wanted, knew it as if it were his own desire calling out. She wanted him inside her, wanted him to bury his cock so deeply within her that they would be truly one in every way. But he wasn't ready to take the final step, not until he'd made her come with his mouth, until he'd tasted the fruit of her orgasm.

He probed her core with his tongue, lapping at her entrance before working his way over the hood of her clit. She shivered, her body tensing with each stroke of his tongue. He lavished her clitoral hood, drawing out the tension, each lick bringing her closer to release. When he dove down and drew the tiny bud into his mouth, she came.

He felt her explode in a rush of honey, her clit pulsing in his mouth like a miniature heart. He suckled it, bringing her to the edge and over again, knowing that his own bliss was just around the corner.

He rose up and watched her face, memorizing every flicker of pleasure as it passed over her features. She finally opened her eyes and returned his gaze.

"I have a stocking that needs stuffing." She parted her legs even further and arched an eyebrow at him.

A woman who was not only beautiful and sexy, but also had a sense of humor. "I just happen to be one of Santa's helpers." With that, he took his cock in hand.

Chapter 3

Had sex always been this good, and she just didn't remember? It had been a while since Ginny had been with a man, but if anyone had ever made her come the way Lex had, she couldn't remember it.

And now, he had his cock firmly grasped in his hand, all ten inches of him thick, hard, and ready.

In fact, she'd never seen such an appealing cock before. He'd tasted her, wasn't turnabout fair play?

She ran her tongue over her lips and looked at him. "Let me give you a little lubrication first."

She watched his throat work as he swallowed. "Only if you wish to, my angel."

She rose up slightly, arranging herself at eye level with his erection. "Oh, I wish to." She ran her tongue over the tip of him, taking the tiny drop of moisture. "I wish to very much."

She licked him like a lollipop, tasting the salty tang of him. Bracing herself on the table with one hand, she cradled his balls in the other, feeling their weight against her palm. Wetness ran down her thighs, and she knew they would both come if she kept it up much longer, but she didn't care. Not when the feel of his cock inside her mouth was so right, as if she'd been made to give him this particular pleasure.

He twined his fingers through her hair and thrust slowly in and out of her mouth, the crown of his cock rubbing against her eager tongue with every stroke. She could feel him swelling in her mouth, and knew that any minute, he would find his release.

"No more." He pushed her back gently. "Not that it isn't simply wonderful, but I want to make proper love to you tonight, and if you continue with that lovely mouth of yours..."

She exhaled, lying back on the table. "If you insist."

"I do..." He took his cock in hand and slowly guided himself inside her, entering her balls' deep with one smooth thrust. "Insist," he finished, breathless.

The feeling of his cock stretching her, forcing her body to accommodate to his size, was enough to prime her for an orgasmic spiral. But then he slowly withdrew, brushing against the super-sensitive spot on her upper wall, and she knew she was going to come again, and soon.

She reached down and placed her hand where their bodies fused, alternately rubbing her clit and stroking his cock between the V of her fingers. His thrusts increased, speeding up until he was pounding into her with a force that no human male could muster.

There was sex, and then there was vampire sex. She wasn't sure she'd ever be able to return to the mortal variety again.

He paused long enough to put his hands beneath her backside and lift her hips, giving him better access to her already drenched pussy. From that angle he could thrust deeper, rubbing his body against her clit with every stroke.

She climbed higher, each thrust carrying her closer to oblivion. When he slowed to an almost painful level of delicacy, his cock barely gliding in and out of her, she tumbled over the edge. Her orgasm swept her away like a midnight rider. She felt him join her, the hot jets of his come filling her in wave after wave.

"Bite me." She couldn't believe she was saying those words, but there they were.

Lex looked at her, his eyes wild and glassy. "Excuse me?"

"Bite me." She turned her head, offering him her neck. "Don't turn me into a vampire or anything, but take a drink from me. If giving you my blood will give you half the pleasure you've given me, I would be honored to share it with you."

He looked as if he couldn't quite believe what he'd heard.

"Do it." She wiggled, feeling his semi-hard cock still inside her. "You promised me some holiday excitement, didn't you?"

At those words, he smiled, his fangs fully ejected. "When you put it like that..."

She giggled, even as he lunged over her, sinking his fangs into her neck.

Then an unexpected thing happened. With each draught of her blood, he grew harder, until he was once again fully erect. He began to thrust in time with each pull of his lips, until she was caught in an endless loop of being fed upon and being brought to one shattering orgasm after another. His bite seemed to fuel her body's responses, to accelerate them to light speed.

He pulled his fangs from her neck and she winced.

He climbed down from the table and moved to the end of it. Lex grabbed her legs and pulled her down until her legs dangled from the end.

"Look at me." His voice, suddenly a throaty growl, rolled over her skin like a hand.

"I plan to enjoy every inch of you." He looked at her, lust darkening his gaze. He took her legs and hooked her knees over his elbows, spreading her wide.

"I want you to feel me." He teased the edge of her entrance with the tip of his cock. "I want you to feel me so deeply inside you that you cannot tell where I end and you begin." With those words, he slammed his cock into her.

She moaned beneath him, feeling the hard length of him buried as far inside her as it could go. When he pulled back out only to pound back into her, her inner walls began to tighten around him, adding more friction to every thrust.

He used the space between them to run his hands over her body, roaming it with abandon. He plumped her breasts with his hands, cupping them and stroking her nipples with his thumbs before wandering lower, tracing the curve of her waist, the flare of her hips, and further down to her mound.

His thrusts increased and her hips rose and fell to meet his, her tight pussy milking his cock with every movement. Just as her orgasm began to build, right before

the point of no return, he bent down and sank his fangs into the soft flesh above her left breast and drank, sending them both into a heated spiral of release.

They both came until they couldn't take the pleasure anymore.

* * *

"What just happened here?" Ginny sat up on the edge of the table. Lex took a seat beside her and draped his arm over her shoulders, exhaling.

"I think we made a little holiday magic all our own." He smiled down at her.

"Do you think it was a mistake?" She wasn't sure what she wanted him to say. How could they have anything in common? How could this be anything more than one wild night of ecstasy, a memory to cherish someday, but nothing to hold onto?

"No." He ran his hand over her hair. "I think it was destiny."

She knew then that she'd wanted to hear those very words from him, to know that it wasn't necessarily over before it began. "Where do we go from here?"

"We get dressed." He hopped down from the table and offered her his hand. "Then we make plans."

She slid down from the table. "Plans for what?"

"What are you doing Christmas Eve?" He handed her the clothing she'd shed in such haste earlier.

"Feeding my goldfish and watching *It's A Wonderful Life*." She snorted.

"I think I can come up with a better offer." He tugged his cords up his narrow hips. "You and I should find a tree and trim it. I will tell you old Russian tales of Father Winter..."

"I'll drink eggnog and you'll drink blood," she answered.

"As long as it's *your* blood." He gave her a wicked smile. "I think this could be the start of something very special."

Happiness soared inside Ginny's heart. Maybe there was a Santa Claus, after all.

Epilogue

"I count tonight as a blazing success." Santa settled back into his easy chair in front of the fire.

"As do I." The Hanukkah Fairy snapped her fingers, conjuring a crystal ball from mid-air. "What about these two?" She gazed into the floating orb, watching Ginny and Lex strolling hand and hand beneath the stars through a Christmas tree lot.

"I think the Wildest Dreams potion did its work." Santa puffed on his pipe. "They both just needed a nudge, and when Ginny ate the candy, it seemed to trigger a little something inside her destined mate as well, even though vampires are immune to our potions."

"It got her to take a chance on a man she'd never considered otherwise." Naomi smiled. "All in a night's work, my old friend."

"Happy Hanukkah!" Santa lifted his eggnog cup in a toast.

"Merry Christmas!" The Hanukkah Fairy did the same to him.

Somewhere, there were two less lonely souls in the world.

And to all, a good night.

Alecia Monaco

Alecia Monaco lives in a Gothic castle on the top of a remote mountain, where she's served by her retinue of vampire love slaves and...

Oh, whatever. Alecia actually resides rather happily in Houston with her family and her three furry daughters (one feline, two canine.) She manages to live out her wildest fantasies of sexy night creatures in her fiction, and hopes her stories have fulfilled a few of your fantasies as well.

When she's not churning out her latest heartbreaking work of staggering genius, she enjoys eating too much, napping, and playing Mah Jongg. She's also obsessed with the color pink and is a rather hopeless girlie girl.

Alecia loves to hear from readers. You can write to her at AleciaMonaco@aol.com or visit her site at www.aleciamonaco.com. She looks forward to hearing from you soon!