

Christmas Cookies



Dancer
SIERRA DAFOE

Changeling Press

Christmas Cookies: Dancer

Sierra Dafoe

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This year, for once, Julie is going to have a perfect holiday season. She knows it. She's got it all planned -- Christmas with her boyfriend, and dancing on New Year's Eve. But that's before she discovers him in bed with another woman.

Now her holidays are totally ruined. Or are they? When she drops a handful of coins in a street corner Santa's pot, Julie finds herself whirled away into the arms of a stunningly handsome, shapeshifting reindeer for one perfect night of erotic bliss.

Sometimes the magic of Christmas doesn't end at midnight. Sometimes that's when it's just getting started!

Chapter One

"You're incredible, you know that? Just completely incredible." Crossing her arms, Julie snapped the words out, fighting back the tears threatening to cascade down her cheeks.

"Well, maybe if you didn't spend your entire life waiting for Prince Charming to sweep you off your feet, you'd appreciate what you have. *Had,*" Dwayne amended quickly, as if afraid she'd get the wrong idea.

That wasn't particularly likely -- not when he was leaning against his bedroom door, his hands shoved in the pockets of his hastily donned jeans, and both of them knew damn well he had a girl in the room behind him.

Yeah, it's all my fault, isn't it, Dwayne? Julie thought furiously. I'm the one who came over here and interrupted your little holiday tête-à-tête. But if you really loved me so much, what the hell are you doing fucking another woman on Christmas Eve? "So does she at least have a name?"

Dwayne just stared at her in disgust. "Does it really matter?"

Defeated, Julie shook her head. "No. I guess it doesn't." Bitterly, she added, "Merry Christmas, asshole," and slammed the door behind her.

Snowflakes whirled around her as she pushed open the outer door of Dwayne's apartment building; big, puffy flakes that caught on her lashes and melted, mingling with the hot, heavy tears that poured down her cheeks. She sobbed as she stumbled down the pavement, grateful there was no one on the darkened street to see her.

They were supposed to have spent the holidays together, damn it! They'd had it all planned out -- they'd even decorated a Christmas tree in her tiny apartment, laughing, making love on the couch under the glow of its multicolored lights. She'd

bought tickets to the New Year's Eve Ball at the Sheraton, and a brand new dress just for the occasion, a strapless midnight-blue cocktail dress that sparkled with sequins.

So much for that idea, she thought, angrily swiping at her runny nose with the sleeve of her down jacket. The Christmas lights on the houses she stalked past swam in her tear-blurred sight. *Guess you're sitting home watching the ball drop on TV. Again.*

And she *didn't* expect too much! She didn't! Not that Dwayne could even provide the basics like, oh, fidelity, apparently -- but what was so wrong with wanting a little magic, a little romance? She didn't need to be swept off her feet. Hell, just having someone to dance with on New Year's Eve would have done fine.

Lifting her head, Julie drew a shuddering breath and raked her sleeve across her wet cheeks. Ahead, she could see the glow along Main Street -- the shops were all closed for the night, but many of them had left their lights on, illuminating their holiday displays. Turning the corner past the Rexall Drug, she saw a veritable army of plastic elves stuffing gaily-wrapped packages into a red velvet sack inside the drugstore's plate glass window.

"Ho-ho fucking ho." Scowling, Julie hugged herself tighter and hurried on.

Even Main Street was completely deserted. The cars parked along the curb each had a puffy cap of snow on its roof, and a smaller, matching pile on the sideview mirrors and bumpers. Pausing, Julie tilted her head back, watching fat, white flakes whirl out of the darkness overhead, and looked over her shoulder to see her footsteps behind her already filling up with snow.

Wow. It's really coming down. Then she heard a cheery, familiar jingle somewhere ahead of her. Squinting against the swirling flakes, she could make out a red-suited figure standing beneath the movie theater's marquee with a red-painted tripod beside him, ringing a hand bell.

What kind of idiot collects for charity in the middle of a blizzard? Still, moved by habit or maybe just the desire to feel a little less miserable, Julie shoved a hand in her pocket, feeling awkwardly for loose change with her cold-stiffened fingers. "Merry Christmas," she muttered as she moved to drop the coins into the red metal cauldron.

“They’re like wishing-wells, you know,” the man said unexpectedly, and Julie looked up into eyes that were so bright a blue they hardly seemed real. “Or birthday candles.” He grinned, his lips showing pink beneath a beard which hung down over his barrel chest in glossy white curls. He was by far the best street-corner Santa she’d ever seen, and Julie felt her mouth tugging upward in a small answering grin.

He nodded at her hand, still suspended over the red cauldron. “I’d hate for you not to get your money’s worth, so make a wish first.”

Julie’s smile immediately faded. “Just feed somebody who’s hungry and I’ll be happy, okay?” She sniffled, all her misery flooding back through her. The playfulness in his eyes faded, and they filled with such a look of warm concern that Julie felt her throat tightening again with tears.

It was strange, the way his gaze seemed to reach down inside her. A hundred half-formed dreams tumbled through her head -- *someone to hold me, someone to laugh with, someone to love me...*

Wrenching her gaze away, she muttered, “I just want someone to dance with on New Year’s Eve.”

The charity Santa’s face spread in a smile so broad it hardly seemed real. “Now that, I think I can manage.”

She laughed, one short, disbelieving bark. “Yeah, well, thanks for the thought.” Dropping the coins in, she turned away -- and stopped short in her tracks as the wind roared up behind her, hollow and shrill. From somewhere, she heard a frantic jangle of bells. Spinning, she squinted into the maelstrom, blinded by gusts of snow, searching for some sign of the man she’d just been talking to, or the movie theater...

Instead she saw a reindeer charging at her out of the snow, his massive chest heaving as he barreled straight toward her, his nostrils flaring. Julie screamed, flailing desperately down the sidewalk, skidding in the deep snow. She tripped, flinging her arms forward, waiting for the wrenching pain as she crashed to the pavement...

It never came. Something warm and hard caught her under her belly, flinging her high -- and the world whirled away from under her feet as the reindeer came up

under her and she landed across its back as it rose through the swirling snow into the sky.

Chapter Two

The flat rooftops sank away beneath her, the lights of her suburban town fading quickly into the storm, leaving her surrounded by blackness. Julie clung to the reindeer for dear life, flinching as snow, invisible in the darkness, pelted her exposed cheeks and forehead.

Just hang on.

The voice spoke in her head, startling her so much she opened her eyes -- and shut them again quickly as snowflakes got in them, cold and stinging.

Only a little farther. It'll get better.

It was a warm voice, deep and calm. Despite her better judgment, it reassured her, and she wrapped her thighs tighter around the reindeer's rib cage, leaning into his back, letting the warmth of him ease her shivers just a bit.

Now, the reindeer said, and Julie opened her eyes.

"Oh, wow."

They were out of the snowstorm, high above the ground. Far below a city sparkled, its skyscrapers looking like a child's toys at that distance. Highway lights glittered in long, snaking ribbons, spreading out in all directions but one.

That was the direction in which the reindeer turned, and vertigo wrenched at Julie as the world spun beneath her. What if she fell? She could picture it so clearly, her body tumbling end over end as she plummeted downward...

I won't let you fall.

"Yeah," she snorted. "You sure about that?" Then it hit her -- she was riding a reindeer. And it was talking to her. A *flying* reindeer.

You said you wanted magic, didn't you?

"Well, yeah, but --"

Hold on.

“Oooh!” Julie felt her stomach lurch as the reindeer plunged downward. The sparkling city had fallen far behind, and he angled down toward what looked like no more than a huge patch of darkness, stretching as far as the eye could see. Then the moon, sailing free of the edge of the storm clouds, shone down on mile after mile of snow-covered trees.

Wind whipped past her, and she narrowed her eyes, determined not to close them and miss an instant of the fabulous ride. Something was gleaming up ahead, something that loomed taller and taller as they careened toward it.

Julie felt the jar all the way to her teeth as the reindeer touched down, thundering into a headlong gallop that slowed, bit by bit, until he stood still beneath her, his chest heaving between her thighs. They were in the courtyard of an enormous castle, its walls gleaming like glass in the moonlight.

Breathing a soft “Oh!” of delight, she slid from the reindeer’s back. She craned her neck, gazing up at the snow-capped towers that reared against a star-strewn sky, ending in spires as delicate as icicles.

“It’s like a fairy castle.” She spun back to the reindeer, throwing her arms around his neck in rapture. “It’s beautiful!”

Then she gasped as the warm brown fur under her cheek moved, sliding like liquid metal into a different shape entirely. Stumbling backward, she watched in shock as he tossed his head back, rearing above her. A second later the reindeer was gone, and in his place stood a man, looking down at her with eyes that were the warmest, most luminous brown she’d ever seen.

“Thank you,” he said, his voice rumbling deep in his chest.

She knew that voice. It was the same one she’d heard in her head. His face was as pale as if carved from marble, and as perfectly formed -- strong, pronounced cheekbones, a firm jaw that even had a shallow cleft in the chin, lips that quirked in amusement as her eyes widened, drinking him in. His hair, like his eyes, was a deep

chestnut brown, falling back from a high forehead that wrinkled slightly as he lifted an eyebrow. "Well?"

"God, you're gorgeous." The words came out in a rush as Julie, who'd forgotten for a moment she was supposed to breathe, let out the involuntary gasp she'd dragged in. Then she clapped her hands over her mouth. "Oh, my God. I *so* didn't mean to say that."

He chuckled. "Thank you again."

"But what... how..." Julie's blush deepened as her gaze traveled below his neck and she realized he was standing there entirely naked, moonlight gleaming on his shoulders, the swell of his pecs, his rippled abs... Dropping her gaze quickly, she saw that his long, graceful feet were half-buried in the snow. "Aren't you freezing?"

He cocked his head, considering. "Now that you mention it..." Striding to her, he swung her up easily into his arms. "Let's go inside, Julie."

She goggled. "How do you know my name?"

At that, he smiled, a teasing light dancing in his eyes. "I'm your Christmas present."

This couldn't be happening. It was impossible. But the shoulder under her hand was warm, solid, and breathtakingly broad. *You know what? If this is a dream, I'll take it.*

Not even caring that her nose was running again, she leaned into his embrace as he carried her toward the high double doors. Holding her easily, he kicked them open, and Julie gasped again at the hallway before her. The ceiling overhead was so high she could barely see it, spanning a space that seemed as big as a ballroom, its floor so smooth and polished it reflected like a mirror.

"Oh, wow," Julie whispered in awe. The entire room shone with glints of silver, the pillars soaring up to the ceiling translucent and gleaming. Reaching out a tremulous hand, Julie let her fingers trail along one. "Is it... is it ice?"

He nodded, bearing her through the vast hall. Ahead, firelight flickered along the glassy walls as he carried her toward an archway at the far end.

Beyond it was a spacious chamber, its silvery walls hung with tapestries and the ice floor covered in thick rugs. Color glowed everywhere, from the hangings and the rich, overstuffed sofa drawn close before an enormous fire crackling in an intricately carved fireplace. Julie stared, bemused at the glow of firelight dancing in the glassy whorls of carved ice.

“But why doesn’t it melt?” she asked as he lowered her to her feet. For the first time, looking up at him, she realized how incredibly tall he was.

He winked down at her. “Magic.”

“Oh, give me a break.” She tilted her head, glaring at him playfully. God, he was perfect! From the broad, sculpted shoulders to the line of his hips, he could have posed for any one of a hundred classical statues.

Holding her with his arms lightly circling her waist, he cocked an eyebrow. “You mean to tell me you were just kidnapped by a flying reindeer who stole you away to a castle made of ice and then changed before your very eyes into a man, but the only thing you want to know is why the ice doesn’t melt?”

She stared at him blankly a moment, and then laughed. “Yeah. I guess you’ve got a point.”

“Among other things,” he murmured, his voice suddenly deep. The teasing gleam in his eyes was gone, replaced by a dark, hungry heat that caught her breath in her throat. He bent his head toward her, and Julie felt a momentary surge of something very close to panic. God! Was he really going to *kiss* her?

“I’m going to do a lot more than that, Julie.” His voice, deep and growly, was laced with amusement. “You see, you’re *my* Christmas present, too.”

Chapter Three

Oh my God. That's all she could think as he bent his head toward her, his chestnut hair falling forward to caress her cheek. Just as lightly, he brushed his lips against hers - a whisper-kiss that was like a cool breeze in autumn, waking up all her nerve endings in a hurry.

"Oh, wow," she breathed, and tilted her head back for more. Holding her gaze, he lowered his head again, nibbling lightly at her lips until she was panting, her blood singing through her veins, her crotch pounding in time with her speeding heart. She pressed herself tight against him, no longer caring that he was naked, or that this entire situation was impossible -- all she wanted was to feel him against her, his tongue in her mouth, his cock in her cunt...

Or vice-versa. Whatever. Whatever he wants.

Had any man ever kissed her like this, so lightly, so tenderly, as if she were something fragile and almost unbelievably precious, as if simply having her in his arms was a miracle?

Never. Not once. Not like this. And the amazing thing -- the thing no man she'd ever been with had seemed able to grasp -- was the way his gentle kisses melted every part of her. They were ten times more seductive than any hot, thrusting tongue, a hundred times more likely to talk her out of her clothes and into whatever he wanted.

Maybe it's a good thing most guys don't get that, she thought as his mouth ventured lower, nuzzling the soft, sensitive skin of her neck. *Or maybe it's a reindeer thing.* She giggled. Then he breathed in her ear -- one low, hungry sigh -- and Julie felt her knees buckle as her clit pulsed with fire.

His arms tightened around her just in time, dragging her tight against him as his mouth reclaimed hers. This time, his tongue firmly parted her lips, and Julie moaned as

it found hers, stroking against it. Breathing heavily, she let her head fall back, and he deepened his kiss, teasing her tongue out to dance with his, the tips rubbing together and then delving deep, tasting, exploring...

"Wait." Pulling back, she stared up at him, panting. "No, I... I can't do this."

"Why not?" He seemed truly puzzled, as if all of this was perfectly normal.

"I... I don't even know your name."

"Oh." He grinned, and whatever reservations Julie had evaporated at that warm, easy expression. "Call me Dan."

"Dan." She eyed him flatly, not sure if he was putting her on. How could a man like this, in a *place* like this, be named something as ordinary as Dan?

"Uh-huh. Now can I kiss you again?"

Please. Yes. Absolutely. "No." She squirmed inside her down jacket, suddenly aware of the sweat prickling under her arms. God, she was a mess! Her hair was windblown, her nose chapped and raw, and if she didn't get out of her coat soon she was going to be sweating like a pig. Apologetically, she gave Dan a small, rueful grin. "I don't know about this castle, but *I'm* sure going to melt if you don't let me get my jacket off."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I just did." She chuckled -- and then gasped as Dan sank to his knees and leaned forward, his hands resting lightly on her hips, and seized the tab of the zipper with his teeth. Slowly, inch by inch, he tugged it downward. The small metallic whisper it made was the most erotic sound she'd ever heard. Tilting her head back, Julie closed her eyes.

Sliding his hands inside her jacket, Dan eased it off her shoulders and down her arms until it fell to the floor behind her, forgotten. Standing, he grabbed the hem of her sweater and tugged it in one smooth motion over her head.

Her nipples were already so hard they ached, and her breasts felt heavy, longing for his touch. As lightly as he'd kissed her, he trailed his hands down her front, his fingers barely touching as they circled her breasts. The sensation was excruciating, both

delectable and almost unendurable, and she arched her back automatically, begging for more.

Still his fingers glided over the soft fabric of her blouse, making it rasp against the lace bra beneath. He drew his fingers together until they converged on the hard, upright tips of her breasts, tweaking them lightly. Then he opened his hands and rubbed his palms with the same slow, circling motion over her nipples.

His rubbing grew firmer, his long fingers curling to cup her breasts. Julie moaned as he squeezed them, pressing them upward. Opening her eyes, she saw him staring downward, his rapt gaze fixed on the V of her blouse as he touched her.

Glancing down herself, Julie was arrested by the sight of his erection, the thick, bulbous head raised proudly up toward her, so engorged it was almost purple. The skin was stretched so taut it looked almost shiny, and there was a tiny pearl of pre-come glimmering in the gaping slit. Reaching out, she ran her finger over the cleft in the tip, rubbing the slick droplet over his cockhead.

Dan groaned, dropping his head back, his large Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed. As lightly as he'd touched her, she circled his cockhead with one slow finger, reveling in the size of it, the firm, meaty thickness, the velvety feel of the tender skin.

His hands clamped spasmodically on her breasts as she flicked the slit again, making his cock jerk. Harder now, his hands worked her breasts, mashing them together, his fingers rolling her nipples, pinching them until they burned like two points of fire, stimulated by both his tugging fingers and the lace bra beneath. He released one breast long enough to yank open her blouse's buttons, pushing it aside so he could watch as his hands caressed those twin mounds, squeezing them inside the black lace bra.

Julie was gasping, her entire body quivering with the need that pooled in her cunt. Her juices flowed freely, slicking her furred, swollen lips, soaking the crotch of the matching thong she'd donned, hoping to surprise Dwayne who so didn't deserve it. At

this moment it seemed a lifetime ago. God, what had she been thinking? Dwayne was a dick -- she'd known it the whole time. She just hadn't wanted to admit it to herself.

Face it, Julie. What you didn't want was to spend the holidays alone again.

True enough. And never, ever in her life could she have guessed anything like this could ever happen to *her!*

She rocked her hips forward, surreptitiously working her clit against the lace of her thong, leaning into Dan's touch as he squeezed and caressed her breasts, his fingers pinching her nipples with an increasing urgency. Closing her hand around his jutting cock, she was amazed to find her fingers barely reached around it. God, what would it feel like inside of her? She could hardly wait to find out.

Neither, it seemed, could he. He groaned as she squeezed his shaft, his fingers tightening on her hard, pebbled nipples until she whimpered in longing. Then he looked down at her, his eyes filled with heat.

"Tell me, Julie," he whispered hoarsely, "what would you do if we had only this one night?"

She swallowed, gazing up at him, drinking in the sight of that surreally perfect body, glorying in the strength that showed in each ripple of muscle, every inch of lean, taut, hard flesh.

Gathering her courage, she whispered back, "Anything you wanted. Anything at all."

His eyes darkened at her words, so full of lust it made her head spin. As he swept her into his arms and crushed his mouth down upon hers, a fierce exultation filled her, and she opened her mouth joyfully to his plunging, demanding tongue.

She was unsurprised when she felt his arms shift around her, his hands cupping her ass as he lifted her to his waist. Automatically, she wrapped her thighs around his hips, wishing desperately she was already naked and he could simply push the shaft she felt nudging her crotch right up into her. Instead he carried her like that, her arms twined around his neck, to the massive four-poster bed she hadn't even seen against the

far wall. Her eyes widened as he lowered her down upon it, her gaze following the wooden carvings circling the posts, rising up to a bright crimson canopy.

“Was it here all this time? Or is it more of your magic?”

Dan laughed, the sound rumbling deep in his chest as he bent over her, pulling off her blouse, and then straightened, standing at the foot the bed as he reached for her snow boots. “It was here all the time. Your back was toward it. And it’s not really my magic.”

“It’s not?”

He shook his head, smiling, and tugged off one boot, then the other. Pausing only to peel off her socks, he raised her feet, placing them firmly against his erection. The skin of his shaft was so smooth, gliding like velvet under her soles. Captivated, she slid her feet up and down and Dan groaned, leaning into her caress. Daringly, she arched her feet, trapping his cock between them. “Do you like that?” she asked playfully. She hardly needed confirmation -- his heavy jaw had gone lax with desire, his eyelids falling half shut -- but he grabbed her ankles in answer, squeezing her feet tighter around his straining shaft.

Lying back, she let him guide her, studying him as he worked her feet up and down his massive cock. It pulsed under her soles, hard as rock, the skin stretched so tight she could see the veins throbbing beneath the surface. He rocked his hips forward, and Julie’s clit throbbed as she watched his abs ripple, pressing his cock up into the tight space between her feet.

“I could come just like this,” he rasped, his gaze burning into hers. “Just from this, Julie.”

“Then why don’t you?” His eyes widened at that, and she whispered again, “Whatever you want, Dan. Any way you want.”

Groaning, he pistoned his hips again, holding her feet tightly as he worked his cock between them. His face was flushed with his impending climax, his features seeming to grow heavier, his tongue flicking over dry lips. He stared down at her, his gaze moving over her face, her belly, her full, lace-clad breasts. Teasingly, Julie cupped

them, trailing her fingers over them and pinching her nipples. Dan stiffened, his cock jerking against her soles, and she could see his balls, swollen with come, drawing up against his groin.

“Do it again,” he gritted harshly. “Pinch them again, Julie.”

Rolling her head back in delight, she complied, seizing her nipples between her fingers and tweaking them as he watched, his cock beating between her feet. She loved the feel of it pounding against her soles, the way the rim of his cockhead dragged over her skin. She stared at it, watching the slit gape wide as he thrust it forward, his eyes fixed on her fingers as she savaged her nipples.

Curling her fingers over the top of her bra, she tugged it downward, displaying the flushed, rosy points to his view. His breathing deepened, his pupils dilating as she touched them again, pulling them outward, then rolling them between her fingers as he watched.

“Oh God, yes,” Dan panted, his hips working faster. “Do it harder. Does it feel good, Julie?”

She nodded, unable to speak. She’d never touched herself like this for a man before, squeezing her nipples almost to the point of pain. The sensation was exquisite, burning straight down to her clit -- and what made it even better was the way it drove Dan wild.

His mouth was hanging open, saliva gleaming on his lips. Determined to drive him over the edge, she cupped her breasts, lifting them up toward him, and clamped her fingers around the tips so hard she screamed.

Dan groaned hoarsely, his hips bucking uncontrollably as his balls clenched tight and his cock jerked, shooting stream after stream of come in thick, lovely jets that arced through the air and splashed across her aching breasts.

Panting, he dropped to his knees, his hands tugging desperately at the button of her jeans. Julie grinned in triumph as she realized his fingers were shaking. Then she gasped as, with one commanding yank, he stripped her jeans off her, leaving her in nothing but her bra and the thong. His eyes widened again as his gaze fell on it. Then

he leaned forward, tugging the lacy fabric out of the way as he thrust one long finger between her sodden folds and clamped his mouth over her throbbing clit.

He moaned at the taste of her, burying his face against her mons, and the sound vibrated straight through her, triggering her climax. Whimpering in ecstasy, she arched up against him, crying out over and over as his finger thrust inside her and his tongue lashed at her clit. White sparks burst behind her eyelids and juices gushed from her cunt, trickling down between her thighs to slick the thin strip of black lace running between her ass cheeks.

Dan suckled harder, his tongue mashing her clit until Julie felt a second peak rip through her, making her scream. Panting, she slumped back on the enormous bed, every muscle in her body quivering with the aftershocks of her orgasm.

Orgasms, she corrected herself silently, gazing up through bleary eyes at the bright crimson canopy far overhead. *Oh, my God.*

She felt Dan's shoulders shaking where they pressed against her thighs. Looking down, she realized he was laughing. Raising his head, he grinned up at her as he climbed up on the bed beside her and gathered her close.

"Two for you, one for me," he chuckled. "That sounds like a pretty good rule, huh?"

Oh yeah, she tried to answer -- but she was too tired to speak. Yawning, she let her head drop limply to his broad, warm shoulder. *Oh yeah, that sounds just about perfect.*

Chapter Four

What woke her was the light tickle of Dan's finger tracing her thong. It followed the black lace up and over her thigh, and then back down until he brushed the soft curls peeping out above it. Julie opened her eyes slowly, blinking at the dimness. The fire had burned low, casting a rich amber glow across the room. Lifting her head, she gazed up into Dan's warm, luminous eyes. He smiled lazily, and tilted his head to kiss her lips. "I didn't mean to wake you."

"No, that's all right." She stretched luxuriously, and then settled back against him. "Are you always so fascinated with a woman's underwear?"

He chuckled, hooking a finger under the thin, lacy fabric. "Well, I've never seen one of these before."

Julie woke up a bit more at that. "You've never seen a thong?"

Dan shook his head, grinning. "And I've never seen a body like that in one, either."

"Oh, come on." The look she gave him was half-amused, half-disbelieving. Sure, she wasn't bad looking or anything, but she'd never considered herself anybody's idea of a raging beauty. No matter what she did, the extra twenty pounds she'd put on in college seemed quite happy to stay right where it had landed -- firmly on the ass which Dan was now squeezing as if it were the most delectable thing he'd ever felt.

"I'm serious. You're all curves. Now see this?" He tugged at her thong so the strap dug slightly into her hip. "This is *seriously* sexy." Sliding his fingers under the strap, he pulled her hip until she rolled onto her belly, feeling his hard, warm length along her side as he propped himself on one elbow, caressing her ass with his other hand. "Oh yeah. Firm and lush and round..."

He slapped her ass lightly, and Julie felt her butt jiggle. She wanted to blush, but the harsh intake of his breath superseded her embarrassment. He moved abruptly to kneel between her legs. Glancing over her shoulder, Julie saw he was staring down at her ass, as transfixed as he had been by her lush breasts. His hands closed over her butt, kneading her cheeks, spreading them slightly as he gazed down, his deep brown eyes smoldering with desire.

“Did you mean it?” he asked hoarsely.

“Mean what?”

“That I could make love to you any way I wanted.”

Julie swallowed, tilting her head back, intensely aware of the bulk of him between her thighs, his fingers trailing up and down the strap of her thong, tugging it against her asshole. She moaned, arching her back toward him, and nodded.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Anything you want, Dan.”

His hands stopped a moment, and she felt his fingers tremble with barely restrained lust. Then, so delicately it almost tickled, he traced a line down between her ass cheeks to the tight, sensitive opening of her rectum. His hair slid silkily over her skin as he bent down -- and Julie gasped as he pulled the thong aside and his tongue, warm and wet, pressed against her.

Oh Jesus. She'd never felt anything like this. Jolts of ecstasy flooded through her as his tongue circled the tight band of muscle, teasing it. Then she gasped aloud as he pressed harder, invading her, his groans vibrating against her upturned ass as he reveled in her response. She felt boneless, incapable of motion, sheer malleable flesh under his erotic assault.

He could do anything to her. Anything he wanted. And she would love every second of it.

He slid one hand under her hips, tugging them upward until she was on her knees, her face buried in the pillow, her entire body quivering with expectation. Then he leaned forward again, pulling her thong aside with one hand as he curved his other

under her, cupping her mons. His fingers caressed her clit, making her squirm, then delved between her sodden folds, gathering her juices and trailing them upward.

He smeared her wetness over the small, tight opening of her ass, and Julie gasped again as he slid one finger inside her, opening her slowly.

No man had ever touched her there before. Julie whimpered, bucking her hips back toward him.

"Oh, Julie," Dan whispered, his voice hoarse with his growing need. "God, I love how eager you are. You've never done this before, have you?"

"No," she breathed. None of it. Not riding a flying reindeer, not fucking like bunnies with a man whose last name she didn't even know, definitely not spreading her thighs wider, lifting her ass toward him, wanting him to take it, to take *her*... His hand clamped her hip, holding her so tightly she couldn't escape even if she wanted to.

And she didn't want to.

His finger glided inside her, fucking her ass, and she felt him move behind her, positioning himself, the full, hard head of his cock just brushing her vulva. Even without seeing him, she sensed the tension building inside him, felt his gaze hot and heavy on her upturned ass as his finger plundered her, gliding easily in and out "Tell me you want this, Julie," he rasped, his voice thick with desire. "Tell me to fuck you."

"Oh God, yes. Fuck me, Dan. Please fuck me!"

Craning her head, she peered over her shoulder, and felt the jolt all the way to her womb as he threw his head back and rammed himself into her. His chestnut hair fell around his shoulders like a living waterfall as he pistoned into her, each stroke of his hips driving his finger in deeper. Groaning, he grabbed her hip with his free hand and tugged her back against him until his balls pressed against her mons and his cock filled her so completely she cried out in joy.

He clung to her, quivering, fighting to hold back the orgasm she could sense beating inside his full, heavy balls. Her own was so close she thought she might faint from delight -- everything inside her head was buzzing, floating; her nipples dragged against the silken sheets as she pressed back even harder, taking him deeper. His finger

filled her ass, adding a new, delectable ache to the pressure inside her. Her clit throbbed like fire -- she was so close, so close...

Roaring, Dan threw himself back, rearing above her as he dragged his cock from her heat. Then his hand slid from her hip to cup her mound, his fingers gliding over her clit as he thrust in again, spearing her cunt, her ass, pounding into her with a hunger so deep it left her breathless. Her wordless cries spiraled upward as she clenched the sheets spasmodically, her fingers curling into fists each time he pumped himself into her, deeper, harder, the scent of him filling her nostrils, the weight of his body pushing down on her upraised hips.

The agony inside her tightened, flaring higher, higher, until his fingers flicked her clit one last time and she screamed. The tension inside her exploded into bliss and her juices gushed outward, soaking him even as she felt his balls clench. He came in long, shuddering thrusts, his semen flooding her passage, his deep, harsh cries reverberating straight through her as he clung to her, his hips grinding against her upturned ass, his entire body arching into her as if he would never let her go.

Later -- minutes, hours, she couldn't tell -- he finally slumped against her, utterly spent. Equally drained, she collapsed beneath him, and he chuckled deep in his throat as he rolled to one side, pulling her with him so she was spooned against him, his thighs curled against hers, his cock still buried deep inside her. He wrapped his arm around her, idly fondling her breasts, and breathed in her ear. "Oh, Julie. Merry Christmas, darling."

"Merry Christmas," she murmured back -- or thought she did, at least. It was hard to tell -- she was *so* tired. And warm. And happy. Not even the sudden bite of cold, hours later, or the distant sensation of floating through darkness could completely penetrate her sated slumber.

Chapter Five

Straightening her shoulders, Julie glanced down to admire the midnight-blue sequins of her dress, and pushed open the door of the Sheraton's ballroom.

The ceiling was strung with Christmas lights, bathing the crowded dance floor in an eldritch glow. People, talking, laughing, lined the room, drinks in hand as they whiled away the final half-hour before the clock struck midnight. The band played a soft jazz tune, and Julie stood in the doorway, just drinking it all in.

Yes. Yes, she'd been right to come. Much as it galled her to admit it, Dwayne had been right about one thing -- she'd spent quite enough of her life waiting for Prince Charming to sweep her off her feet.

She almost hadn't, though. For hours that afternoon, she'd argued with herself. *No, you're not going, Julie. There's nothing more ridiculous than a woman sitting alone at a New Year's Eve dance, waiting for a man who's not going to show.*

And Dan *wasn't* going to show -- she was sure of it. But that was okay. One night of magic had been more than she'd ever had the right to expect.

She smiled fondly, remembering, even as she moved to the bar and asked for a glass of champagne. It hadn't been a dream. Even when she'd first woken to find herself in her own bed, snuggled beneath her blankets as the church bells rang on Christmas morning, she'd been convinced of that.

Hell, if nothing else, no dream could have possibly left me that sore. Julie laughed aloud at the thought, and the bartender smiled at her quizzically as he handed her a glass. She smiled back and found herself a seat at a small table just off the dance floor where she could watch the couples revolving slowly beneath the Christmas lights and relax into the music.

It didn't matter if she was here alone. She was going to enjoy herself anyway.

"Julie?"

At the voice behind her, Julie straightened so abruptly she almost sloshed her champagne. *Oh, hell.* Bracing herself, she turned slowly. "Hello, Dwayne."

"I... I was hoping you'd come."

He looked down at her, the familiar hangdog expression on his long, handsome face. *He really is a good-looking man,* Julie mused. *Pity that's all he's got going for him.*

She smiled noncommittally. "Well, I didn't want to spend New Year's at home. How are you and Miss Christmas Eve getting along?"

"Oh hell, Julie, I..." Dwayne ran a distracted hand through his hair. His suit looked rented -- it hung on him oddly. "Look, can I sit down?"

Julie studied him a moment. He really did look unhappy. But a sudden sense of lightness filled her as she realized Dwayne's feelings weren't her concern. Not any more. She wasn't even angry at him. "No. I'm sorry, Dwayne, but... Happy New Year."

He stood there, as adrift as a ship with no wind in its sails, lost and forlorn. His shoulders hunched and, without another word, he turned and disappeared back into the crowd.

She could almost feel sorry for him. Him, and everyone else who went their entire lives thinking magic wasn't real.

Raising her glass in a silent toast, she whispered, "Thank you, Dan."

"For what?"

This time, she *did* spill her champagne. The glass tumbled from her fingers, slopping sparkling wine over her breasts as it crashed to the floor. The tinkle of glass was like the high, tinny jingle of coins falling into a red-painted cauldron, and her pulse roared in her ears as loudly as the wind.

She whipped around, the blood draining from her face. He was there, *there*, just as real and solid and warm as the room around her. He towered over her, smiling down as he extended a hand. "God, you're gorgeous."

Dan smiled, the broad, easy expression curving his lips, making the tiny wrinkles around his eyes deepen with merriment. "Seems to me I've heard that before."

“But this time I meant to say it.” Julie realized she was grinning so hard it felt her face might crack. She didn’t care. He *was* gorgeous, from the rich, straight chestnut hair falling over his shoulders to the elegant black suit he wore, to the broad, strong hand extended toward her in invitation.

“So, may I have this dance?”

She nodded wordlessly, letting him pull her to her feet just as the band started a new tune. As if by magic, the dance floor cleared, only a few other couples circling at the edges. Dan swept her into his arms, gliding her across the floor with an easy grace that completely took her breath away. He swung her into a turn, his hand on her back guiding her firmly, making her feel light as air.

“Wow. You’re incredible, you know that?” she said as he pulled her close, his arm sliding possessively around her waist. “Just completely incredible.”

She rested her cheek against the crisp lapel of his jacket, loving the way his chuckle rumbled through his chest as he murmured in her ear, “Why do you think they call me Dancer?”

Sierra Dafoe

Sierra Dafoe published her first erotic romance with Changeling Press in May of 2006, and hasn't stopped since! Named a Rising Star of Romance in July by Love Romances and More, she received three 2006 CAPA nominations including Favorite Erotic Author (a fact which still has her stunned!).

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