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# Some Kind of Christmas

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*Holiday eBook Freebie*

May you all have a sensual, love filled holiday season!

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Jordan shook the match, extinguishing the flame, then picked up the jar candle and set it on the foyer table. Stepping back, she surveyed her work. The brightly colored Christmas tree and lit candles placed strategically throughout the house created a soft glow in the darkness. Fire danced inside the hearth, adding a low crackling to Bing Crosby's White Christmas playing softly through the surround sound.

On the floor, in front of the fireplace, lay a blanket and several pillows. A bottle of wine and the fluted crystal glasses Brock gave her as part of an engagement present rested on the end table closest to the blanket.

*Did I forget anything?*

Rubbing her temple, Jordan checked her mental 'to do' list. The food was ready, stashed away in the refrigeration. The fire was lit, the music was set and Alyssa, their precious baby girl was, at two month of age, having her first sleepover with Grandma and Grandpa, leaving Jordan with nothing to do now but wait for Derek to arrive.

She walked to the half bath, opened the door and re-checked her outfit in the large mirror over the sink. After several months of feeling like a balloon in the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade she'd needed to look and feel sexy so bad, it'd driven her to do something she'd thought she' never, ever do—ask her friend Sonya for sex advice.

Sonya's track record with men was checkered to say the least. An impressive list of casual encounters where sex took center stage, and the idea of a true relationship was taboo. In the eight short months Jordan and Derek had been married, Sonya had driven through five different boyfriends as if they were side items on a fast food dollar menu.

A relationship expert Sonya was not, but when it came to sex, well, the woman knew her stuff. Thanks to her suggestion to check out 'naughtysanta.com', Jordan was now decked out in a red, crushed velvet cami with a ribbon belt, which covered the matching side-tie panty. White thigh-high stockings, red stilettos, and a Santa hat finished things off nicely. Had it not been for the obvious baby belly, she would have gone with the two-piece bikini complete with fax fur to accentuate her breasts, but after having a c-section well...some things just needed to stay covered.

Three months—*Lord*, it had been three long months since she and Derek had last been intimate. And then, eight months pregnant at the time, it had been more awkward and uncomfortable than enjoyable. Derek hadn't complained since then about being a little

‘neglected’ but she suspected his involvement with getting the new renovation division of the construction company off the ground helped to keep his mind occupied. Still, she missed that extra connection. But if all went as planned tonight, they would rediscover the passion and desire they’d shared when they first met.

Anticipation danced in her heart as she took a quick look at the time. All she had to do was wait until Derek arrived home, which, according to the clock, would be anytime. She made her way to the kitchen—all the while desperately trying to ignore the butterflies in her stomach—and took the fruit and cheese tray she’d made for them to nibble on out of the fridge.

It was hard to believe that this time last year, she’d sat alone in her abysmal little apartment eating a microwave turkey dinner and drinking some cheap boxed wine while Randy, the sleaze, went to his company’s holiday party without her. Now, here she was on the day before Christmas Eve, walking through her recently purchased home, thankful for all the gifts she’d received this last year, starting with Derek and ending with Alyssa.

Just as she set the tray of fruit on the coffee table headlights flickered around the Christmas tree blocking the front window. *He’s home!* Her heart leapt with joy, and only just the littlest wobbly in her four-inch heels, she rushed to position herself in front of the fireplace.

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Derek pulled to a stop in the driveway in front of the home he and Jordan purchased just six short months ago. He paused, remembering the promise he’d made to Jordan on the day they married that they’d have a real home to live in before the baby was born. True to his word, and with a little help from his good friend turned business partner, Brock, he’d found the two storied, gabled, with a wonderfully asymmetrical porch, Queen Anne-styled home in short order.

He could see their first Christmas tree from here, the multi-colored bulbs illuminating portions of lawn through the front window. This year, instead of celebrating the holiday in some Veterans hospital, recovering from his injuries, he’d spend it with his wife and baby girl. A smile tugged at his lips as he remembered exactly how happiness had managed to find him this year.

More exhausted than he wanted to admit, he pushed open the driver’s door and stepped out into the cold. With the downturn in the economy, new home sales had flattened. In order to stay profitable, the company had needed to develop another avenue of income.

With renovations on existing homes becoming a more economic option to buying new, he'd thrown his time and creativity into finding skilled workers, coming up with an advertising campaign and building clientele. They were already showing a profit and with any luck, renovations would be as much as half their business by spring. But all that took time, lots of time.

Even with all the time he'd spent away from home, working late hours at the office in an attempt to get the division up and running, Jordan hadn't complained. He'd felt horrible about neglecting his parental duties to Alyssa and leaving so much responsibility on Jordan's already weary shoulders, but not once had she complained, though as far as he was concerned she had every right to.

That she was being so patient about the situation actually bothered him more than he liked. She said she understood his need to stay late at work, but more and more he noticed sadness in her eyes that harkened back to when they first met. It also didn't bode well that she seemed to be spending more time with her parents and Sonya, though he could hardly blame her for craving adult attention, not when she was home alone with Alyssa all day long. Newborns came with an especially tough learning curve.

Still, he wondered if he Jordan was feeling abandoned by his need to get the renovation side of the business off the ground. He pushed a hand against his breastbone, in an attempt to stave off the pain that thought caused. No way could he lose Jordan. She and Alyssa meant everything to him.

He closed the truck door with his foot then rushed through the frigid air up onto the front porch. Jordan had called him earlier and told him she would be at her parents for a while, helping with the preparations for Christmas Eve dinner. It didn't surprise him she'd forgotten about the tree. With Alyssa in tow, she had a lot to remember. Still, he'd have to find a gentle way to remind her to double check the lights. The last thing he wanted was her carrying around the added weight of guilt if anything happened. Right now though, he appreciated the little bit of light it offered while he searched for the lock in the dark.

Despite being disappointed that his wife and daughter weren't home to cuddle when he walked in the door, maybe he could play catch up with his sleep and take a quick nap before they returned. He pushed open the door and for several seconds stood at the threshold looking in at the flickering candle on the foyer table.

His first instinct was to be angry with Jordan for leaving the candles burning, but then the sound of Christmas music and the aroma of vanilla and pine made it to the door. His frown quickly twisted into a smile. What was his adorable little *minx* up to?

He stepped inside and let the door close behind him with a click, before dropping his keys into the dish on the table.

“Jordan?”

When she didn’t answer he moved further into the house, turning to look into living room. It was then that his heart simply stopped beating—though other parts of his body kept right on racing.

There, with the glow of the fireplace behind her, was his beautiful wife decked out in the sexiest Santa suit he’d ever had the pleasure to lay eyes on. Those long legs of hers, made strong by waiting tables were currently clad in white thigh high stockings that his fingers itched to slowly peel off of her. Her auburn curls, what wasn’t hidden by the Santa hat, reminded him of curling flecks of fire in the backlight of hearth.

She crooked a finger and shot him a smile that meant only one thing—tonight he was about to become the luckiest man in the entire state of New Jersey.

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Jordan’s heart pounded in her ears while she put on her best ‘come hither’, look. How was it that almost a year after they first met, the man could still stir such powerful feelings inside her?

He tossed his coat aside and strode toward her with a predatory gleam in his eyes she hadn’t seen in months. He snagged her by the waist and tugged her against him. The possessiveness of the move made her insides quake with anticipation. There was no mistaking the hunger in his look – a hunger only she could sate. His gaze traveled over her before moving to scan the room. “What’s all this?”

“I wanted us to have a private Christmas celebration.”

His lips tipped into a smile. “I like your thinking Mrs. Rison. Nice outfit by the way.”

“I’m glad you liked it. They had more revealing choices but—”

He lifted a finger to her lips. “I like this one, and I’m going to enjoy every single second it takes me to peel it off of you.”

The slick ball of anticipation lodged in Jordan’s stomach tightened at the picture his desire heavy words conjured. Need, hot and powerful pulled at her senses, begging for a satisfaction Derek alone could provide. She watched for only a moment as he lowered his head to hers, felt the slight tug against her hair as he laced his fingers through it. The moment his lips found hers, the oh-so-familiar jolt of electricity shot through her. Needy beyond words and hot for the one man she’d ever truly loved; she arched into him, giving over control.

He groaned against her lips, a silent plea for something only she could provide. Her mouth opened wider against his kiss, testing, teasing him with the tip of her tongue until he caught it, sucked it further into his warmth. Never, she realized would she ever get tired of kissing this man.

All too quickly the kiss ended as he tugged gently at her hair until her head fell back, breaking contact. His fingers slid from her hair to caress her cheek before he gently traced along her jaw with his thumb. "I've been dying to make love to you ever since Doctor Greenwood gave you the all clear."

"I know," she whispered, a bit surprised at the way her words slurred with passion. "I'm sorry it's taken this long, but between Alyssa's first cold, then my being sick..." She shook her head, and worked to blink back the sudden dampness in her eyes.

"Hey. Don't cry. It's okay."

"I know. It's just I've missed this." *The present!* "Oh, I almost forgot." She stepped out of his embrace and moved to the tree where she retrieved a small box wrapped in a simple silver paper. "This is for you."

"But Christmas Eve isn't until tomorrow."

"I know, but this isn't something you're going to want to open in front of my parents."

He cocked a curious brow as a wry grin spread across his face. "Oh really. Is it something that's going to play into our evening?"

"I hope so."

Derek tore into the paper with all the fervor of a child on Christmas morning. The scraps continued to fall away even as he ripped lid off the small box. His face twisted with concentration. "Interesting choice," he said, lifting the leather studded cock and ball ring from inside the container.

"It's supposed to prolong your pleasure and when you do come they say the sensation is heightened."

His gaze drifted from the gift to Jordan and back. "It might be best to put it on now, because once I get you naked, it may not fit."

Even when she was buying the cock ring she knew he wouldn't question her if she asked him to wear it. His eagerness to experiment and to delve into uncharted territories in their love making was just one of the many things she loved about him.

She lifted her hands to his chest, skimmed the lightest of touches over his muscles before starting on the top button of his dress shirt. She noted the unsteadiness of her fingers as she slowly made work of the shell buttons.

This would mark their first time together since Alyssa's birth. That fact alone garnered a certain amount of both anticipation and fear. Would it feel different now? Would he still desire her with all the changes to her body, in the same way he did before the pregnancy.

Once his shirt lay open, teasing her with just a hint of the muscular chest and abs she loved so much, she plucked the cock ring from his fingers, then lowered to her knees. Her gaze flicked upward while she unbuttoned his jeans and unzipped his fly. His stare, one that told of passion, need and most of all, love, locked with hers. She slowly drew his boxers down, allowing his cock to spring forward, eager for what was still to come.

Careful not to pull to tight and harm him, Jordan wrapped the leather band around his sack and tightened it in place. "Too tight?"

Derek shook his head. "It feels strange yet oddly erotic."

"Good. Now let me just get the other one in place," she said working the leather around his shaft until it too set snug at the root. Once in place to her satisfaction she wrapped her fingers around his massive girth, knowing they wouldn't quite fit. With one smooth and steady stroke upward she felt him grow harder, lengthen beneath her touch. Before long a pearly bead of pre come wept from his slit. Drawn by the need to taste his essence, she leaned forward to lap up the first drops of moisture that she knew would precede a much larger flow.

His quick intake of breath, combined with the way his body jerked when she enveloped him told Jordan she hadn't lost her touch. With one hand, gently kneading his balls, rolling the soft orbs between her fingers, she stroked his shaft with the other. Sucking him as if he were the last tasty treat she'd ever receive, Jordan hollowed her cheeks, took still more of him into her mouth and relished the feel of him filling her.

"Baby," he hissed through tightly clenched teeth. "Sweetheart, stop."

For a moment she considered ignoring his plea, but curiosity won out and she let go of his shaft with a wet pop, setting back on her heels. "Why?"

"Because I've waited three long and torturous months to touch you and I don't want to wait any longer."

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If desire had a sound, Derek imagined it would be much like what he heard right now. The whooshing of his own ragged breathing, mixed with the blood pumping through his veins to create a cacophony of noise inside his head. In a way, he was surprised he even had the wherewithal to manage a coherent sentence after the mighty fine blow job she'd just given



him. Oh how he'd wanted to let her continue, until he gave his very soul over to her. But the need to touch her, to feel the warmth of her skin against his, to explore all the new and wonderful curves she now sported drove him to distraction.

He watched, through heavy lidded eyes while she hesitated for a moment before standing to face him. Ever since Alyssa's birth, Jordan had been careful about not walking around naked in front of him. Even her modest clothing choices hadn't gone unnoticed. He knew she felt self-conscious about the changes in her body and no amount of reassurance from him had seemed to help. It drove him crazy that she couldn't see how the extra curves and padding left over from pregnancy only added to her lush appeal. Softer, warmer and more seductive, she was his siren in the making.

Now he would have her exactly where he wanted her and by the time he was through, she'd understand exactly how sexy she really was. Slowly his hands slid along the velvet cami, gathering it along the way until he lifted it above her head and disposed of it on the floor.

His gaze drifted to her full, voluptuous breasts and he nearly moaned when he spotted her nipples. "You put the rings back in."

"My milk dried up weeks ago, so I didn't see any reason not to."

"I've missed them." To prove his point, he leaned in and swiped his tongue over one dusky pink bud, before pulling the ring into his mouth.

A gasp tumbled from her lips, her back bowed and she sought out the wall behind her for support. "Derek!"

"What sweetheart?"

"I...I need..."

"What do you need, baby? Tell me."

"I need to feel you."

Without moving his attention away from her breasts and those delicious nipples, he simply shifted his stance then with a flick of his fingers, the tie sides of her panty unknotted, allowing the fabric to simply fall away.

"Like this?" he asked as he plunged two fingers into her warm wet core. Her grip tightened and she threw her head back, her cry of pleasure piercing the air. God he'd missed this, missed hearing her cry out his name, missed feeling her passion soak his hands.

His fingers, now slicked with her cream, pumped in and out of her while he stroked her clit with his thumb. Her lips remained parted on a silent cry that Derek knew meant she

was close to orgasm. To this day, he'd never seen a more beautiful sight than watching his wife bask in the pleasure he gave her. "That's it, baby. Let go, I want to watch you come."

He felt the squeeze against his digits as her channel contracted and her entire body convulsed. She whimpered, then went slack. *Now!* It had to be now, was all Derek could think as he slipped his fingers from her center, lifted her legs and in one quick and hard thrust, found his way back home.

For several long torturous seconds he stood motionless, giving her delicate tissue time to adjust to his quick invasion. Fighting with the overwhelming urge to slake his desire was, he figured, akin to wrestling a starving grizzly, eventually, he would lose.

The warmth of her body pressed to his, the feel of her wet with need – a need for him alone, strained the last bit of his control until he simply couldn't stand to be motionless any longer. His first thrusts were slow and drawn out for both their pleasure, but he soon understood even that it wouldn't be enough. He longed to hear his name tumble like music from her lips as she came. It was too soon to be thinking of another baby, and Jordan was already back on birth control anyway, but that fact didn't hamper his hunger to create another life, to ensure that the proof of their love lived on long after they were gone. Consumed, his pace increased until dizzy for release, he slammed into her, the sound of slapping flesh and ragged breaths filling the air.

Sweet relief set just outside his reach, staying elusive until Derek thought he'd simply go insane. He fought to keep his eyes open, to watch her as she came yet again, but when he finally exploded in a blinding flurry that threatened to send him to his knees, his eyes closed. Starbursts popped behind his lids. Her own cry of climax barely pierced his consciousness and he struggled to keep them both upright even as her body contracted around him, taking–giving, until he was sure he'd simply pass out from the pleasure.

Stunned and weak from the most mind-blowing climax he'd ever experienced, Derek could do little more than lean into her and rest his head against her shoulder, thankful for the support of the wall behind her.

When he was sure neither of them would collapse into a puddle of goo if he moved, he set her gently back on her feet. "My God, that was incredible."

Jordan pushed a shaky hand through her hair and looked up at him. The love and awe in her eyes hit him square in the chest. It always did when she looked at him like that. "You're telling me," she finally managed to utter. "For weeks I've imagined how this night might go since I thought of it, but it was so much better than I could have dreamed."

Derek glanced at the clock on the mantle. "And as long as Alyssa stays asleep it isn't even close to being over."

Jordan nibbled on her bottom lip. "Alyssa is spending the night with my parents."

Surprise had him arching a brow. From the moment their daughter arrived, squealing furiously at the world for disturbing her, Jordan hadn't wanted to be separated from her baby girl. To learn she'd voluntarily allowed Alyssa to stay with her Grandparents meant more to him than he realized. She still wanted him, still loved him and had made sure to keep a place in her heart-in their lives, just for him.

Love, pure and strong, poured from his heart. "Then we have all night." And he intended to use every moment. With a tug, he pulled her against him, relishing the feel of skin to skin contact. "Jordan?"

"Yes, Derek?"

"Have I told you lately how much I love you?"

She smiled and lifted a hand to cup his face. "You just did. I'm sorry it took so long for us to find our way back here."

"Don't be." Already burning for her again, he dropped a loving kiss against her hair. "I can't think of a better way to celebrate our first Christmas."

### **Author Biography**

When Michelle isn't engrossed in her favorite hobby of scrapbooking pictures of her family and friends, she usually can be found with a laptop attached to the end of her fingers. That is when she's not working to maintain a functioning household or running her two children to and from play dates.

Raised in 'small town' Illinois, Michelle now lives in New Jersey with her extremely supportive albeit somewhat neglected husband and their two beautiful children. For updates on her latest work, check out her website at [www.michellecary.com](http://www.michellecary.com) or visit her myspace page at <http://www.myspace.com/authormichellecary>

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