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Mistletoe
and Mocha
Savannah Jordan

Holiday eBook Freebie

May your Blessings be many. May your burdens be few. And, may the joy of this holiday season be with you from this Yule until next.

Happy Christmas, Savannah

Mistletoe and Mocha

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Chapter One

Sugar plum fairies, ham and potatoes, family, blah-blah-blah. I had none of that holiday crap to look forward to. There weren't any presents, there wasn't a Christmas tree in my apartment to put them under.

To make my Christmas Eve worse, the nastiest blizzard in a decade had shut down most of the city. I was shocked there was power at the office. The street lights were on, but the rest of the industrial sector was dark, and the streets hadn't been plowed. My little Toyota churned through snow deep enough to brush the undercarriage. The windshield wipers hardly made a dent in the damned stuff as it piled up.

In the trendy section of town, I cranked down the window, leaned forward and smacked the wiper blade to knock the caked ice and snow away. The resulting whack sounded metallic. The next swipe of the blade screeched across the glass and cleared nothing.

Is the universe conspiring against me?

Praying for the goddess to deliver me from the winterish hell, I scanned the street for somewhere to stop.

With visibility near zero, I pulled over at the corner of Ferry Street and Main. The world outside the car was white. Every building was dark, except one. I pulled the collar of my jacket tight, shoved my hands into mittens and hurried to the door of a little corner cafe. Metallic gold letters emblazoned the front glass window and read, "The HOT Spot — Java and Buns". Lights were on, but the door was locked. I knocked, to no avail.

I held onto the doorknob and leaned out into wind strong enough to make my eyes water, looking for another place to wait out the storm. The knob turned beneath my wool mitten, the door opened inward with a jerk and I landed face first against a chest smelling of coffee and musk. God, he smelled good.

A rich laugh rumbled through his chest, followed by a deep voice espresso rich. "Well, I was going to say that I'm closed, but you're already halfway in."

He wrapped strong arms around me, hoisting me up to meet his gaze.

"I'm sorry to bother you, but you're the only..." My heart fluttered and words stuck in my throat. He had familiar dark brown eyes, like coffee with a little cream. Then he smiled, and I knew exactly who this sexy guy was. "Drew? Drew Jefferies?"

"Yes." His arms circled tighter around me. His lips came close, and heat rose in me to meet them. "It's about time I got you in my arms, Andrea."

It'd only been a year since I had seen Drew, but he'd changed so much—got a tan, lost weight, firmed up, cut his hair... I wasn't sure, but if I wasn't partially frozen, I would've swooned on the spot.

"You've had your arms around me plenty of times, Drew. Remember when we were in fourth grade, and you picked me up after I fell on the ice?" He had always been there to pick me up after I fell, to pat my back when things went wrong. No matter how many times he'd held me, Drew had never made me feel so damn horny before. I pushed against his chest. Goddess knows I needed to put a little distance between me and my old school chum.

"How could I forget?" Drew stepped back, and slung a towel over his shoulder. "I fell in love with you right then and there."

Okay. Awkward. He'd talked like that when we were kids too. I used to giggle and swat his shoulder. But we weren't kids. I was suddenly sweating in sexual fever and wanted to put my hands below his belt instead of smack his arm. "You were always my hero."

"Yeah, well I try." He moved to the waitress station and hung the towel, giving me a full view of the gorgeous man he'd become. Wavy brown hair and piercing eyes. Wide shoulders covered in a tight thermal weave Henley and narrow hips clad in second-skin tight faded jeans that hung loose on the thighs. The gym membership had sculpted my guy pal into a Greek god.

I tore my gaze from devouring his body, and scanned his coffee shop. Wood paneling, black marble bar with brass and bone china accents throughout. Trendy, yet sophisticated. Flavored syrups resembling fifths of alcohol filled shelves behind coffee machines and espresso presses. A gas fireplace sat in the corner beside a tastefully decorated Christmas tree dressed out in shades of muted gold. I whistled. "Wow, you have quite the classy setup here, Drew."

His smile was enough to put my pussy on high alert. "Yup. I've done pretty well for myself. How about you?"

"Well, my love life reads like a repeating romantic comedy with me as the butt of the jokes." I shrugged. "I recently gave up on it. My social life has been pretty quiet since Cassie married her dream guy Emin. But since she fell in love and gets great sex, she's much nicer to work with."

Drew stepped behind the counter, a crooked half smile on his face. "You hear about her great sex?"

"Oh yeah. She tells me about it all the time." I rolled my eyes, but then winked. "At least someone has something hot..."

"Are you cold?" He flipped into protector mode, just like our old school days. He gave me a perfect view of his torso when he twisted and grabbed a large cup behind him. "I can get a pot of coffee going..."

"Mmm. I'd love a café mocha, dark chocolate, if you can do it."

He leaned close, his gaze roaming my neckline. "I can do anything, my dear."

He stressed the word "do" and my heart slammed against my ribs.

I pulled off my mittens and smoothed my windblown hair. What the hell was going on?

Drew was always my dependable buddy, the guy who I called and cried to when some other wretched penis-owner broke my heart. I never wanted to climb my best male friend and ride him like an erotic pogo stick before. Scratch that. I had once had a horrible crush on him when he had dated Crabby Abby what's-her-face. I had wanted him so bad my cheerleader lolly could have melted. But then I had started dating the quarterback. By the time Steven and I had broken it off, Drew had become my support system again.

A girl can't date her best guy friend. Once you move past the platonic barrier, there's no going back. And I loved Drew, as a friend.

Things felt a lot more than friendly sitting where I was, watching his butt stress test the seams of his jeans, and his back muscles slide beneath his shirt. My nipples had tightened. My cunt had a mind of its own and was begging for Drew. "Drew, whatever happened between you and Lindsey? I thought you two were getting married."

Whoops. Not the right question to ask. His shoulders sank, and the loose dark curls of his hair slid forward to hide his eyes as he turned to face me. Then, he shrugged and took the cup of steaming espresso from the machine. "Let's say I smartened up and realized she wasn't the right gal for me."

"I'm sorry to hear that." No. I wasn't, but it sounded like the right thing to say. Part of me was very happy that Drew was single.

He mixed an extra healthy dose of mocha syrup in the espresso, along with dark chocolate syrup. "Don't be sorry. It wasn't meant to be. She could never replace my first love."

A wistful expression crossed his face, and opened flood gates in me. I wanted to leap from the seat, wrap myself around him and kiss him breathless—right after I beat myself up for never dating him when I'd had the chance. Drew set the cup down and eyed it. "Mind if I add a little extra something to your mocha?"

"Go ahead. Surprise me."

He turned to the collection of syrups, bottles flashed in the light and then he pulled the whipped cream from the fridge and heaped a white mound on top of the drink. Placing the coffee on the bar in front of me, Drew flipped up the divider and in three steps was beside my seat. He pointed up at a mistletoe swag stretching the length of the bar. "Surprise you?"

I nodded.

Drew didn't need more of an invitation. He wrapped a hand in my hair, tipped my chin and kissed me with fifteen years of pent up passion. I would have purred if his tongue wasn't wrapped around mine. Drew slid his hand across my collarbone, his thumb brushing bare skin at my neckline before he opened my jacket and slipped it from my shoulders. A tide of warm delight rose when he cupped my breast, squeezing gently. Drowning in the lusty emotions flooding me, I stood to meet his fervor head on.

He enveloped my senses. His chest rubbed my nipples, his hand caressed my ass, his thickening cock stressed his zipper and pressed against me. Held tight to his chest, I felt his heart beating inches from mine, a perfect rhythmic match.

Eager for more, I guided his hand back to my breast, and pressed my C cup into his palm. He rubbed my nipple through the fabric until tingles danced through me. I sucked in a greedy breath scented with musky cologne and fresh coffee when his lips abandoned mine and trailed a path down my neck. "Gods, Drew. Why didn't we ever do this before?"

"Because you've always denied the truth of your feelings."

Chapter Two

He was right.

Here, with the rest of the world's stress and static removed, I felt the emotions I'd long stuffed down. I tipped my head to his shoulder, snuggled close and pulled his arms around me. He hugged me to his chest and groaned a little, before he released me. "You'd better drink your coffee before it gets cold."

I mumbled some kind of acquiescence, but my brain and body no longer worked as a unit. My mind wanted time and distance to pick apart and examine these intense feelings, but my body screamed for more of Drew's affections. I had the worst temptation to rip his clothes off him, drizzle his cock with chocolate syrup and swallow him down, but Drew released me and nudged me toward the frothy concoction.

"Drink your coffee, Andrea."

I tipped the cup and swallowed. The coffee was heady and rich, sweetened with something I thought was mint. Then a heat tickled my tongue when I breathed. "What the hell? I taste mint, but my mouth is warm."

His eyes sparkled. "My special winter mix. I added a nip of powdered chilies for the heat and mint Schnapps."

"Trying to get me drunk and then send me out to drive?" I batted my eyelashes.

"Honey, you aren't driving anywhere tonight." My gaze followed to where he pointed out the window. "Just look at it out there."

I knew he was right. Snow had already piled in front of the door and was over the bumper of my car in the street. *Just ducky*. "Where am I going to stay? What am I going to do?"

"Well, you could spend the night here in the shop..." I cocked an eyebrow at him and took a long drink from the hot and minty mocha. "But sleeping in a booth would be pretty uncomfortable. You're welcome to stay at my apartment upstairs."

"But, it's Christmas Eve. Shouldn't you spend the holiday with family or someone special?"

"You are someone special." The desire he sent through my body was powerful, but the emotion he poured into those words was stronger.

"So are you, Drew. I wish I would've seen that before." I drained the rest of the espresso drink. Warmth from the chilies spread in a stimulating wave and hastened the tipsy feeling brought on by that much alcohol and little food.

He stepped closer, his zipper snug against my hip pocket. "As long as you're seeing it now, I'm happy."

“Seeing.” I slid a hand along his jaw line, down his abdomen and grazed his bulging fly. “And feeling.”

Stroking his denim-clad hard-on, I kissed him lightly and felt him shiver. I wanted him to love me, to make love to me. Drew pulled me tight, burying his mouth against mine, his tongue stroking, probing. I crumbled in his embrace, leaning against him, depending on him to hold me up while I stroked his back and fondled his cock. He turned, lifting me onto a bar stool before he pulled away again. “Are you sure you want this? Sure you want me?”

“I’ve always wanted you, just kept looking at the wrong people.”

“Then let’s put the past where it belongs.” His lips were on mine, and chills swept my body in the heat of his embrace. He groaned, clutching me to him. “I’ve wanted you for so long, Andrea.”

“I’m yours.” My body ached with yearning. My heartbeat echoed his name over and over. “Take me.”

Drew reached around the bar, grabbed a remote and pushed a few buttons. Blinds rolled down to cover the windows, the lights dimmed and the gas-powered fireplace flared higher. Then, he turned his attentions to me, caressing my body while he stripped my boots and clothes away. Tingles of delight spread from my pebble-hard nipples and wanting pussy. I surrendered to the passion burning in me. Running my fingernails up his back, I pulled his shirt off him. Then I wrapped a leg around his back, pulling him close enough to unzip and drop his jeans.

I couldn’t deny the urge any longer. “Where’s the chocolate syrup?”

“What are you talking about?”

I gave him a naughty grin, and my best bedroom eyes. Realization peaked his eyebrows, and by the smile he gave me, must’ve piqued his interests too. “*Ohhh*. It’s behind the counter. While you’re at it, grab the whipped cream.”

Desire burned through me, buzzing along my nerves when I spun the stool and fumbled under the counter for the syrup and canister of whipped cream. Bottles in hand, I returned to my perch on the seat beneath the mistletoe and in front of the man who’d always loved me.

“Me first.” I slid from the stool, and watched Drew’s eyes widen as I pushed him back onto a leather-cushioned booth seat.

A low moan escaped his lips when I slid his dick along the cleft between my breasts. The sack of his balls tightened when I circled the base of his shaft with one hand. I directed it aloft while I popped the top of the chocolate syrup. “Naughty girl,” he groaned when I drizzled his cock like a chocolate swizzle stick.

“You have no idea...”

I watched his eyes roll closed with the first chocolate kiss. Then, I lavished the head of his dick with wet licks, and delighted in the twitches running the length of Drew’s corded thighs. Turning him on made me hornier. He curled his fingers into fists in my hair, tightening as I went

down on him, my tongue rubbing away the chocolate on the sensitive underside of his shaft. I pulled up, a slow slide of syrup and oral sex, sucking away the sweetness and tasting Drew.

With each repetition, his groans grew louder. The veins of his shaft pulsed, his balls tightened. I wrapped his cock with my hand, sliding up and down, and licking in circles around the bulging head. "Oh God..."

I smiled around him, then in a slow downward slide, my lips followed my hand and I swallowed him. His fists tightened, his thighs clenched and I knew I had him. One more slide and he'd come and release his hot semen down my throat.

"S-stop." His thighs quaked. "If you want me to make love to you, you have to stop."

He groaned while I rubbed my tongue along and then off his dick. Drew pinned me with an excited gaze. "When did you ever get that wicked?"

"When you said you wanted me."

In a flash, Drew's hands were beneath my thighs. He lifted me to his chest, his cock tickling the lips of my pussy when he stood and pressed me to the wall. The fussy art-deco painting shook on its wire. I mimicked its shake, trying to wriggle my way onto him. He leaned against me, hands squeezing my legs. "No you don't. Not yet."

With a spin, Drew had my naked ass beneath the mistletoe and on the bar stool. He knelt in front of it, erection pointing straight up while he pulled my crotch to the edge and propped my feet on the side rungs of the chair. "Give me the whipped cream," he demanded.

"Yes, sir."

His tongue traced a warm, wet trail up my thigh. The chair jiggled as he shook the canister, then he dispensed the cool foam onto his fingers. He locked gazes with mine, and then licked the cream off his fingers. I put on a pretentious pout. "You teaser."

"But I give twice the pleasure."

"Prove it."

He released a large ball of whipped cream into his hand, and took a coated fingertip to my mouth. I suckled the sweet treat, and he dressed my cunt like a holiday dessert. The tickling touch sent shivers through me. The tight bud of my clitoris was unfurled and ready for him to lick. Drew dropped from my line of sight, and those shivers turned to trembles of anticipation.

He took his time, teasing me with the warmth of his breath, tickling me with the tip of his tongue. He pressed his tongue through the white fluff, licking a straight path from my pussy to my clit. Delight washed through me. Then, he doubled it, trailing his tongue in wet circles over the sensitive bud and slipping two fingers into my cunt. I twitched and whimpered, rocking against the motion of his hand, pressing my cunt closer to his blessed tongue.

"Oh gods." I closed my eyes and clutched the brass railing for support.

Drew was diligent in whipped cream removal and pussy pleasing, maintaining a twist and slide rhythm with his fingers while he sucked my clitoris, labia and everything in between clean. Then, he switched the rhythm and reached to tease a nipple. I groaned aloud when the pleasure rode through me. I bucked against Drew's face and fingers, hurrying the orgasm building in my body.

Bliss exploded in my body, quaking in my limbs. Head thrown back, I cried his name.

My pleasure was not over by any means. Drew swiftly rummaged a condom out of his wallet and wrapped his dick. Then, he eased my thighs further apart, sliding in between my legs and easing the head of his cock into my pussy.

He filled my walls until my muscles stretched to accept him. I abandoned my grip on the bar railing for Drew's shoulders. Buried deep in me, Drew scooped my legs to his sides and carried me to an elevator disguised as a closet door. Drew propped me on the railing and pumped into me. The cold mirror wall sent chills down my spine and made my nipples tingle. I writhed against him, moaning until the lift stopped and the doors opened. He once more hoisted me to him and walked backward, thrusting into my pussy with each step.

We crashed onto a sofa decorated with Christmas pillows. Nothing would stop us. I swept the seasonal cushions to the floor. Drew arched over me, his gorgeous brown eyes staring into mine. My heart ached from the tenderness in his smile when he bent to kiss me. His thrusts drove me across the sofa until my head hit the arm. Drew braced one foot on the floor and one on the seat cushion, and he tilted my hips to meet his pelvis.

The angle drove pleasure through me, pounding with each heartbeat, each sliding motion. I clawed the cushions, clawed his shoulders. He winced, sweat dripping from his forehead as my body neared a second powerful orgasm.

Drew closed his eyes. His handsome face twisted just as he broke through that threshold of erotic bliss and sent another orgasm crashing through me. My muscles tightened, clenching in ecstasy around his cock. I felt the force of his ejaculation, driving my orgasm to a higher level. Every muscle fiber pulsed with sensation, every nerve danced, and my world, my life was forever changed. "Oh God, Drew!"

In one fluid move, Drew released my legs and cuddled with me on the sofa. He sighed, stroking the sweat-slicked skin of my throat. "Love with you is everything I could've have hoped for."

"You are more than I ever dreamed." And I meant it. No fantasy I had ever entertained matched his prowess in lovemaking. "Hush. Just hold me."

He did, until the heat of passion deserted us. Drew excused himself, scurrying to the bathroom to remove the condom, and turn on the shower to warm the water. He beckoned with a sculpted arm from a door down the hallway. "Come get a shower, Andrea."

Naked, I walked through a finely appointed loft apartment and past a stunning Christmas tree. Weak and exhausted, I stepped into the warm shower and into Drew's arms. "Tired?"

I simply sighed. Somehow, he managed to hold me and wash us both. The steam kept me warm when Drew opened the curtain and grabbed towels. He buffed his curly hair, quickly

wiped his body and wrapped the towel around his loins. Then, he towel-dried me and wrapped me in a robe smelling of musk and Drew. I buried my nose in the collar and inhaled deeply.

Hand in hand, I followed Drew to his bedroom, where we collapsed into bed. I snuggled against his back, absorbing his warmth. “Y’know, it might sound silly...but it’s like my heart bloomed when you said you wanted me. All those years, loving you and not knowing, not accepting it. I kept looking for your attributes in other guys and never realized. We should have been together years ago.”

“Well, the universe finally saw fit to put us together when we were both ready for it.”

“Blessed Be.” Rolling over, and taking a fair share of the blankets with me, I silently thanked the goddess for allowing Drew one more chance to convince me of his love. He turned and spooned behind me. I was comfortable and warm, a silent peace settled on my heart and soul. I had to think this moment was perfection—my helpmate was now my lover, and our hearts beat as one. This guy might not be a god of fire, but he warmed me body and soul.

With one last thought, I surrendered to the exhaustion weighing my limbs. *I’m grateful for your constant love, Drew. I love you.*

Chapter Three

I woke to the smell of fresh coffee and cinnamon buns. The loft apartment was gaily lit, Christmas carols drifted from a radio and I was alone in the bed. Suddenly shy, I clutched the sheet to me, and sat up. A pair of flannel pajama pants and a fresh white T-shirt sat on the end of the bed. "Drew?"

His voice, bright and rich, like an Italian espresso, bounced over a partition wall. "I'm here in the kitchen. Put on those jammies, and come out here."

Quivers still shook in the innermost muscles of my thighs. I had to smile when I pulled on the pants and shirt he'd set out for me. Goddess knows I'd been missing out on some damned good sex. But, by the morning light, it was his constant love that touched my heart. When our bodies had joined, the veil was lifted, and I saw our past and future in one blissful moment. He was my forever love.

I followed the delicious scent of java and buns to the kitchen. He bustled back and forth, an apron riding low on his hips over his flannel pants. Bright light illuminated his delectable abs when he turned to me. "Morning, gorgeous."

"Good morning to you and Happy Christmas."

His smile was enormous. "Happy Christmas to you too. Ready for presents?"

"Presents?" I'm sure my mouth gaped like a fish out of water. "But, Drew..."

"Don't 'but, Drew' me, Andrea Metzger." He leveled a finger at me and waggled it. "I've been waiting years for this." The apron slipped from his hips with a tug of the ties, and he rounded the breakfast bar to take my hand. "Come on."

Numb in shock, I followed. I felt so inadequate at that moment that my heart ached. I had nothing to give Drew. Hell, I hadn't planned on stopping here. The universe had brought us together last night, and I knew enough not to argue. But a small sense of guilt took up residence in my chest when I sat on the sofa. "Drew...I..."

"*You* are here," he said brightly. The flannel of his pants stretched across his butt when he reached behind the tree. The lights and muted gold ornaments shook, and Drew produced a large basket from beneath it.

Over a dozen packages of varying sizes filled the wicker basket, and teetered atop each other to the handle. He pushed it to my feet. I wanted to argue, to say I had nothing to give him in return, but Drew silenced any protest with a passionate kiss. I wiped a tear away and reached for a package through the blur of saltwater in my eyes. The tag had my name and a date. When my vision cleared, every tag was similar, starting from our years in elementary school to this year. "Oh, you sweet, sentimental man."

Drew nestled beside me on the couch, and wrapped an arm around my shoulders. The date on the tag was 1992, the year I'd fallen, and Drew had helped me to the nurse's office. Tears welled again. Goddess, how could I have never seen the true depth of his love for me?

Drew nudged me from my inner thoughts, and I pulled away the wrappings. The box was simple, white paperboard, but inside was the sweetest brown teddy bear I'd ever seen.

Hugging the bear to my chest I turned to Drew. "You bought me a present every year?"

"Every year. Saved my pennies, raked yards, whatever it took. I knew some year that I'd be able to give them to you."

"But, I don't have anything to give you." A tear trailed down my cheek.

Drew wiped the wetness from my skin. "Honey, you have given me the best gift ever. You gave me *you*. You are all I've ever wanted."

"Oh, Drew." I pulled him in and kissed him with the brown bear pressed between us. "You'll have me for as long as you want." My heart thumped in a sweet, melancholy way, and I knew that it was true. I loved him—always had—and I would until death closed my eyes.

He held me tight, pressing my head to his shoulder. The shoulder seam of my T-shirt felt warm and wet, and I had to wonder if he was crying too.

"Always, Andrea, Always."

True love is without end,
but all Christmas stories have one.

Author Biography

Ever watch the movie *To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything!* Julie Newmar? Remember the little old lady dressed as a drag queen? She looked at the cop and said, "Nothing this pretty could be real." Well, that's me—I am not real. I am the hot and naughty erotica writer lurking in the mind of a fantasy author. The cat fights over who has control of the keyboard can get pretty violent, but most often the two creative people in my brain play nicely and I have published books under both names.

Available Samhain title: *Melting the Ice Queen* <http://samhainpublishing.com/romance/melting-the-ice-queen>

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