



GINGERSNAPS
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Gingersnaps: Serendipity 5A

Dawn Montgomery

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Welcome to Serendipity Estates, where accidental meetings, a little magic, and a bit of hot lust are a recipe for love ever after. We hope you enjoy your stay.

In an apartment complex where fortunate accidents in love occur, Donna and Jack will have a Christmas present mix-up that shows a little bit of their kinky side.

Dedication:

For Kim, who understands my sense of humor.

Gingersnaps: Serendipity 5A

Dark, sinful, and probably batting for the other team. Donna eyed the sexy curve of Jack's ass in his tight-fitting jeans with hunger bordering on obsession. *Or stalking,* a voice in the back of her head interjected. Each step up the stairs enhanced her fantasy of running her fingernails over his well-sculpted body until...

She sighed and shifted the load in her arms, easing an awkward hold on her belated Christmas presents. To herself. They were supposed to be under the tree long before Christmas Eve, but it's hard to convince yourself to buy something for a little self-love over the holidays. She'd gone all out for the occasion, got waxed a couple of days ago, got a manicure, a pedicure. All in preparation for buying the Mighty Mo, platinum edition. A sex toy that, according to the package, could do everything she ever wanted a man to do. Except cuddle or talk. She sighed again. The pity party was getting old.

Jack's ass was far more interesting. She openly admired his efficient movements, wishing for something with a little more meat for her self-pleasure party, but sex with a stranger and the holiday season was usually a recipe for disaster.

Jack swung around suddenly as though to go back down the stairs. Donna tried to move out of the way, but her packages knocked her off balance. She waved her arms, tossing the packages around like a drunk juggler. He dropped his and pulled her into his arms. They fell against the steps and she sprawled against his finely muscled chest.

Donna cleared her throat and mumbled an apology.

"Are you okay?"

She probably shouldn't notice the way his chest rumbled when he spoke or the strength of his thighs under her hands.

"Yes, I'm" -- she paused and shook her head, trying to clear the mud from her thoughts -- "fine." She pushed off his chest and looked everywhere but at him. "What about you? I must have crushed you."

His laughter sent warmth throughout her entire body. "It takes far more than a little tumble to leave me hurting."

Donna couldn't quite stop the mental snort at his words. Of course she was probably the only one thinking about sex all the time. "I think our Christmas presents might not have fared so well."

"Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yes." She scrambled up, trying desperately to look enticing and knowing she failed miserably. "I need to find my presents."

"Okay, we'll look. Mine are scattered as well." He started down the stairs. "What do yours look like?"

Donna choked in embarrassment. What was she going to say? Seven inches of ridged silicone? *Please don't let him find my Mighty Mo.* At least it was wrapped. "Well, they're all wrapped."

She started down the stairs as well, picking up packages as she went, trying to keep from shaking them. An odd-shaped one caught her attention and she turned it over, inspecting it for... *What, Donna? A boyfriend's name? Or girlfriend's?* She rolled her eyes at the acerbic voice in her head and paused. There was definitely something weird about the package.

"Oh. You didn't put tags on your presents?" Jack called from below.

That's what it was! He had no markings on the packages either. Her stomach fell in sudden worry. They were all wrapped. How would they tell the packages apart? "No, I just had them wrapped at the different stores. Kind of saves time." Donna looked over the railing and caught his devastating grin before he turned his attention back to sorting. Her heart kicked a feral rhythm and she couldn't quite stop the way her body trembled. He was a knockout.

"So did I." He gave a half laugh and held up two packages about the same length.

Oh God. That looked like her Mighty Mo package. Perfectly wrapped in red and green Christmas paper. Nondescript, completely normal like every freakin' other person's Christmas present. She swallowed hard. He had two, almost identically wrapped and shaped packages.

How was she going to know which was which?

He held up the smaller of the two. "I think this one is mine. We can always open them to make sure."

"No!"

He raised his eyebrows, but something in the way he couldn't fight off a grin told her she'd been a little too forceful.

"A couple of those are gifts to me. I'd rather wait until tomorrow to open them." Donna smiled to cover the way she'd practically screamed at him, and she dropped her hand to her side where it stayed clenched behind the stair rails.

"Oh. Well, I completely understand." Another devastating smile and she was starting to sweat from the way he made her body tremble.

She cleared her throat. "I trust your judgment. Did you get all your stuff?"

He started back up the stairs carrying Mighty Mo in one of his hands. She bit back a nervous giggle. She couldn't take her eyes off the festively wrapped box until he placed it in her hands. A quick test of the weight told her nothing.

Panic roiled in her stomach. "Thanks. Um, I think this is yours." She handed him the oddly shaped package.

"Thank you."

They stood there, staring at each other until Donna's cheeks were hot enough to melt butter. "Um, right."

"Yes, well, Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas." Donna smiled and piled her packages back up into a solid carrying position.

"Let me help." He took the top two off her hands before she could say a word, climbing past her.

Donna grimaced and followed with déjà vu crawling through her veins. She eyed his ass and sighed in womanly satisfaction. At least some things were worth a replay. He still had one fine ass.

They reached her apartment almost too soon and she pulled out her keys. Unlocking took an awkward second, and then she was stacking her packages just inside the door. They stood there for a moment with enough tension to set her teeth on edge. "Want to come in for hot chocolate?" Something changed, electricity charged the air and Donna found it hard to breathe for a moment.

"I can't," he murmured, leaning against her door jamb. "I need to get home and make sure none of these are broken." He held up the packages.

"Right." She leaned against the other side of her doorway and just stared at his gorgeous self. "Merry Christmas."

"You too. Rain check on the hot chocolate?"

"Sure. Good night." She cleared her throat and smiled.

He winked and moved away from the door. A slow sexy tune left his lips in a low whistle. She shook her head. Sex and deliciousness all rolled into one. He was gonna make someone very happy one day.

She closed the door and stared at the presents. Opening them early would be sacrilege, but she needed to know. She eyed the Mighty Mo's box and decided to save that for last, just in case. Some of her other stuff was breakable and the stores were still open.

She tentatively opened the edge of the first one, hoping to save the wrapping paper since she hadn't bothered to buy any this year. The box slid out intact, no damage, and she heaved a sigh of relief. Braving the stores this time of night on Christmas Eve would be a nightmare. She shuddered.

Another package and another until all that remained was her Mighty Mo. The other presents were now stacked neatly underneath her Christmas tree. Warmth filled

her heart. Christmas alone didn't look quite so lonely now. She rose from the soft carpet and went to the kitchen.

"Time to let your hair down." She grinned and twirled. Excitement at the thought of breaking in her new toy flooded her system. Opening it on Christmas day had been the original plan, but her close encounter with Jack had sent her blood pressure through the roof and her libido into overdrive.

She poured a glass of wine and stared at the package lying on the living room's coffee table with a simmer of expectation. What the hell! Why not?

Her hands shook when she crossed the room. No time like the present to use her first toy. Ever.

She grinned and took the box in hand, slowly tearing the paper back. Donna blinked and stared harder at the box. "Handcuffs and leather, a Dark Rider's bondage kit." Horror knotted in her stomach. He had her Mo. A loud rapping on her door jerked her attention. Oh no.

She dropped the gift on the floor and pushed it under the couch.

The door opened before she could get there and she froze. Jack pushed the door wider as he filled in her doorway. From the top of his slightly mussed head to the long length of his legs, she couldn't get enough of him. Something about the look in his eyes drove her to distraction. They almost... glowed. Her eyes widened.

"Hi, Donna." The way her name rolled off his tongue made her heart jump.

Donna cleared her throat. "Hi, yourself. Change your mind about that hot chocolate?"

That killer smile made her knees weak. "I suppose so." He had his hands behind his back.

For one moment she hoped he'd found her Mighty Mo, then her cheeks flamed in heat from embarrassment. Donna wiped her damp hands on her jeans. "Did you open all your gifts yet?"

"No."

Donna gestured for him to come in, busying herself with prepping hot chocolate. "Loaded or unloaded?" She pulled out her crème de cacao and held it up.

"Loaded, thank you." He strolled around her living room, absently touching things in a way that made her insides quiver with expectation.

Donna squeezed her eyes shut and opened the fridge. She pressed her head against the cool interior of the door and reminded herself to breathe.

"Need any help?"

Donna jerked and banged her head on the fridge. Pain erupted in shooting stars behind her eyes. She winced and stomped her foot. "Freakin' stupid, no good..." The mini rant ended on a groan when a warm hand touched the now throbbing knot forming on her scalp.

"What were you looking for?" His fingers brushed her hair back and Donna couldn't quite stop the tingle of heat building in her pussy.

"Milk."

He caressed her cheek and grabbed the half-gallon out of the fridge. "Do you have an ice pack?"

"Yeah, in the freezer." The pain ebbed.

He closed the fridge and she grimaced. "Are you always so jumpy?" The milk went on the table and he opened the freezer.

"I'm not jumpy." She harrumphed in affront. "My head hurts."

"Stop whining."

"I'm not whining," she growled at him.

He took the ice pack and pressed it hard against the back of her head. "Right. You're not whining."

"I never whine." *Most of the time.* She sighed. "I don't know what's gotten into me. I'm not usually so..."

"You're fine."

She inhaled the crisp scent of clean male, wanting to press her face against his skin. She pressed a palm against his very firm chest and bit back a groan. "I need to finish making the hot chocolate." She cleared her throat. "Thank you for your help."

The hard pound of his heart against her palm did little to soothe her frayed nerves and if she didn't know any better, she'd think he was a little excited, or at least nervous. Of course her eyes wouldn't travel down his body despite her desperate wish. Politeness had been ingrained since childhood. His eyes glowed again, hypnotic, enticing. She licked her lips and his eyes grew more intense.

"How are you doing that?"

"Doing what?"

"That eye thing you're doing."

"Ahh." He blinked slowly. "It's not on purpose."

"That wasn't an answer."

He pressed her palm against his shirt, until the heat of his body surrounded her hand. It was the most natural thing in the world to clench the fabric in her fist and pull him forward. Almost as natural as it was for him to bend his head and kiss her, soft brushes of his lips against hers.

Heat sizzled from their tentative touch. His teeth nipped at her lip and she smiled. Full lips echoed her grin and they chuckled, stepping back for just a moment to let each other breathe.

"Hot chocolate."

"Right. Hot chocolate." His eyes lost a bit of that edge and she breathed a little easier.

She stepped away and brushed a lock of hair behind her ear. With no little shyness she stretched to reach the cabinet's second shelf: home to her winter wonderland mug collection. She was always festive.

"It's a rather interesting design, but I believe I'm insulted."

Donna turned with the mug in her hand, wondering what was wrong with a little Christmas cheer. "I'm sorry, what are you talking ab --" Her throat closed over the words and she choked. Her neighbor was holding up her Mo.

The Cheshire cat smile stretching his lips froze her. Was he laughing at her? A flash of anger trickled through her shock and embarrassment. "You're not one of those men, are you?"

His smile dropped a notch. "What kind of man?"

Donna set her mug down on the counter. "One that gets insulted by silicone."

His cocky grin was back in full force. "Hardly. As a matter of fact, I sincerely doubt this toy could satisfy you like I can." He stalked slowly toward her, package firmly in hand.

"Is that what this is about? A test?" Donna's heart slammed in her chest. The scent of his aftershave teased her nostrils. His arms pinned her against the corner cabinet, blocking her escape.

"Is that what you want it to be about?" His lips hovered over hers, temptingly out of reach.

"N-no."

He pressed his hips against hers and Donna could feel the hard ridge of his cock through his dark jeans. The muscled walls of her pussy clenched, aching to be filled. She could feel the slam of her heartbeat pulse within, echoing her desperate hunger.

"Then what do you want this to be about?" His lips brushed against hers.

"I th-thought..." she moaned when his tongue touched her lips.

"Yes?" His voice was rough and guttural, the kind of growl that made her knees weak.

"I thought you didn't like women." Horror froze her against the bar. Donna's eyes widened and she put a hand over her mouth. Her stomach twisted and embarrassment flamed her cheeks. *I can't believe I said that!* She clenched her eyes shut against the widening shock on Jack's face.

He pressed against her in full body contact.

"Look at me, Donna." His quiet command made her tremble, but she opened her eyes just a crack. His fierce glare made her want to reach out and smooth the creased line between his brows.

Tension radiated through his body. "I've obviously gone about getting your attention the wrong way." She watched the strong line of his jaw clench, and the fine pulse of fire flickered in his eyes. Literally. She swallowed.

"Getting my attention?" This was insane!

"Let me try this a different way." Something close to humor reflected in his eyes and the fire dropped to a small flicker. "I would love nothing more than to fuck you until we fall into a coma from exhaustion."

Electricity shot straight down Donna's spine to her pussy. Warmth pooled in her panties and she arched lightly against his cock. "You say the sweetest things." A shaky laugh escaped Donna's throat. "Would this be a holiday thing?"

"I tend to give myself presents throughout the year."

"Christmas in July kind of man, huh?"

"Christmas every day, actually. I find joy in every..." He pressed a kiss to her ear. "Single." He nipped her ear and she moaned. "Moment." He lightly growled in her ear and she shuddered. The heavy weight of his words gave Donna a new appreciation of his raw masculine charm. Jack wrapped his arms around her body, tugging her away from the corner. "You can tell me to stop at any time."

"Oh no, please, by all means continue."

He dipped his head and captured her lips in a kiss that sizzled her from head to toe. She tugged at his shirt, pulling it out of the waistband of his jeans. Jack buried his face in her neck, tasting, nibbling the sensitive skin.

Donna moaned, running her fingernails through his hair. A smile lifted her lips. Just as soft as she'd thought. "I love the idea of having Christmas every day."

He nipped at her neck and she trembled.

She ran her fingers across his shoulders, drawing a ragged groan from Jack's throat. Nervous anticipation roiled in her stomach. This was Jack, her neighbor. The one she'd lusted after for months. In her apartment!

"Stop it." He took her lips again, stroking his tongue against hers, slowing her ragged tempo down to a manageable level. The roaring buzz of anxiety went away to be replaced by a thankful quiet murmur of lust. He ended the kiss and placed a light nip on her nose. "Relax. Slow down that brain of yours." He smiled and nuzzled her lips. She opened them with a sigh, and he lightly stroked against them with his tongue.

Donna smiled against his mouth and broke the kiss. "My mind trips me up more often than it helps."

He pressed another kiss on her lips, light, affectionate. "I happen to like your mind, but I would love to see if we can't make it melt."

"There are other parts of me melting right now. I'm sure my brain will be right behind them."

"Really?" His wicked smile took her breath away, and before she could blink he had her up in his arms. "Do you know how many times I've wanted to do this?"

"Do what?"

His tongue touched his lips and she swore she could see a bit of fang peeking out. The supernatural were everywhere in this apartment complex so she wasn't too worried, but he'd seemed so... human.

"Fuck you until you fall apart." His smile lit up those flickering eyes. "And then bring you back to taste you, love you again."

His words whipped through her like a maelstrom of sensation. She wasn't really into dirty talk or being manhandled. Not usually. Okay, not that she'd ever been manhandled before. Or talked dirty to. *Shut up!* she silently screamed to her brain. Donna curled closer to Jack's body.

His smile widened and he pushed open the door. The only light in the room was cast by her reading lamp. Jack looked around and then placed her gently on the down

coverlet. He stared at her with a mixture of dark lust and amusement. Both of which made her squirm.

"I leave my socks lying around."

Donna laughed and moved back to the headboard. "It's laundry day."

Jack knelt on the edge of the bed and crawled forward, lithe muscles flexing under his movements. Donna sighed in womanly contentment. "Does this mean you leave your socks lying around?" His lips pressed against one booted ankle.

"Yes, s-sometimes."

He held her foot with gentle care, pulled off first one boot and then the other. His fingertips slid teasingly around her ankles. The slim barrier of her stockings did nothing to stop the flutter of heat through her skin. He placed a kiss against the top of her foot, the warm heat of his breath washing over the skin. His hands slid up the legs of her jeans, massaging her calves. A ragged moan fell from her lips. Her legs still ached from the monstrous shopping trip she'd just gone on. Christmas shoppers were murder on a woman's nerves.

"We'll need to get these off." He tugged on the jeans, snapping the button open and unzipping them with ease. She shimmied the jeans over her hips. Nervous anticipation clenched in her stomach and she bit her lip.

Before she could do more than gasp, he'd jerked the jeans down her legs. Raw appreciation lit up his face as he met her eyes. Fingertips slid down her thighs until they reached the lace tops of her stockings, still held by the garter belt she'd bought last week on a whim.

The slow seductive strokes of his fingers did interesting things to her pussy. He leaned close to her silken panties and inhaled. A soft appreciative moan made her want to close her legs to ease the ache in her core.

"You smell like heaven." He pressed his face against the silk and blew against the damp material. "So wet for me," he breathed. A hand slid under the silk panties and lovingly stroked the folds of her slit, lightly dipping into her pussy. The teasing strokes

brought a smile to her lips. A man who liked to play. A flash in her mind reminded her about his present. Was it to himself? For someone else?

"Do you like to be tied up?"

He raised his eyebrows while his fingers slid deep inside. Donna arched against his hand, but he didn't move. "No. Why do you ask?" He twisted his fingers and Donna sighed in pleasure.

She moved against his hand. "I found your present too."

He slid up her body, skin to skin until she could feel the rough brush of his jeans against her legs. His fingers slowly fucked her body, patiently driving her insane. Her pussy clenched his fingers and she fisted the sheet.

"Sometimes I need to be restrained."

He pushed the soft fleece of her sweatshirt up, kissing the womanly curves of her torso, lightly caressing, nibbling and all the while his other hand slowly fucked her, teased her.

"W-why?" She moaned into her fist.

"I turn furry some nights." His tongue did wicked things to the small divot above her hipbone. A low growl slid from his throat, and he brushed his thumb against a sensitive area that had her almost jumping off the bed.

She gasped and stared, trying to take in the words. "What kind of furry?"

Humor flashed in his expression. "The kind that used to work for Hell."

She swallowed. "A hellhound?"

His grin widened. A hint of danger, a taste of fire.

She cleared her throat. "So you're a minion of..."

He scissored his fingers inside her cunt and she keened softly, thoughts scattering to the winds. "I work for no one but myself anymore. Now, I just find missing persons and property."

She blinked.

"No jokes about playing fetch or I will bite you." His mock glare made her laugh, but the wicked brush of his thumb against her pussy tied her stomach into knots.

“Does it make you happy?”

He stroked deep and smiled. “Yes. And so does this.” He nibbled along her side. She touched her tongue to her lip trying to get a hold of her thoughts.

“Being happy is good.” Her words came in breathless gasps. “Do you lose control when you turn furry?” Was he dangerous? That might pose a problem.

He leaned close until the fire in his eyes faded and only their brilliant color remained. She touched his cheek with the back of her fingers. “I smell you every night, Donna. Your heat, the sweet scent of your pussy while you fuck yourself. I can hear your soft cries and it makes me insane. So yes, I’m afraid I’ll lose control, but I’d never hurt you. I keep my furry side in check by giving in to what it, I, want.”

Oh. My. God. She couldn’t stop the heat from pouring through her body at his confession and her embarrassment. He’d heard her.

His lips brushed the underside of her lace bra and she arched off the bed, reaching behind to undo the strap. Jack lowered his eyelids until only a peek of his scorching gaze remained. “Why did you do that?” Another finger slipped between her folds and Donna groaned through gritted teeth. If he didn’t stop fucking around, she was going to claw him to ribbons.

“The lace is scratchy.”

Jack nuzzled beneath the wired ridge of her bra. His teeth scraped against the skin. Electric heat sizzled from the touch and she whimpered. “Let me worry about the lace.” His hot breath rolled across her skin.

Pressure built along Donna’s spine and she clenched her eyes shut. He adjusted his stroke to just the right angle. Jack buried his face in her neck and bit lightly.

Donna cried out and bit her lip, arching off the bed. Her pussy clenched his fingers in a surprising orgasm. He continued stroking her pussy through the release.

She fell back against the mattress and raised her eyelids. Jack had a sexy half smile on his face and a smoldering look in his eyes that made her catch her breath. “You’re more beautiful than I could have imagined.” His free hand brushed a lock of hair from her face.

Donna bit back a snort. "I can't believe you've wanted me for this long."

"I have. From the moment we bumped into each other on your move-in day." He pressed a light brush of his lips against hers.

She opened her mouth to counter and he took her lips in a hard kiss. The sizzle from his taste drove her insane. She tore her lips from his and grabbed the waistband of his jeans. Nimble fingers unbuttoned his pants. She noticed two things immediately: he was hard as a rock and he had gone commando. She moaned. "How often do you do this?" She stroked the length of his cock.

He groaned and pressed his face against her neck. "I can't exactly think when you do that." His fingers still worked their slow sensual magic in her pussy and she arched against him.

She palmed the head of his dick and slowly stroked down his length. Her voice dropped to a husky growl when she whispered into his ear, "Do you always go commando?"

His hips bucked against her stroke. "No. Most of the time I'm in boxer briefs."

She chuckled and nipped at his ear. He grabbed her wrist and stilled her hand. She froze, wondering if she'd done something wrong. His head lifted. Jack's expression took her breath away. "I want to taste you." The desperate rumble gave her shivers. She released his cock and nodded.

He slid back down her body. His fingers pulled out of her pussy only to pull her panties down her legs. At that moment she was thankful she'd decided to wear her panties over her garter belt. Her eyes rolled and she moaned at the way his fingers slid down her sensitive thighs. He dipped his head down to her pussy, inhaling her scent. She watched the way his lips lifted in a smile, the way his eyes lit up when he looked up at her from between her legs.

"You smell delicious." His fingers slowly entered her again. Before she could stop the blush of heat from rising, his lips tasted her. The talent of his tongue and fingers worked magic, and soon she was bucking and writhing on the sheets. He wrapped an arm around her stocking-clad thigh and she widened her legs. The new

angle shot a tingle of pleasure through her pussy. She moaned and remained perfectly still, afraid to shift position.

Tension built and she gasped, orgasm rising.

He growled and it had her shooting over the edge. She bucked against him, muscles contracting and toes curling. Waves of heat flowed through her sweat-soaked body. She collapsed against the sheets. Hot damn, it had been a while since that kind of orgasm had been wrung from her body.

Jack shucked his boots and jeans, dropping them beside the bed. She licked her lips at the sight of his thick cock with just enough girth to have her pussy growing wet again with expectation. The dark trail of hair ended in a well-trimmed thatch.

Wicked thoughts ran through her mind, each naughtier than the last. She ached to scrape her fingernails against the base of his cock. Donna pulled her sweater and bra off and dropped them over the side, leaning against the pillows she'd not yet thrown off the bed. Although if he kept looking at her with that lusty glint, she doubted they would survive much longer.

He palmed his cock and stroked down, hard and slow. Donna spread her legs wider and slipped two fingers against her slit, dipping lightly into her slickened flesh to stroke deep. Jack moaned and crawled back onto the bed.

She continued her slow seduction, rolling her nipple lightly between two fingers while her other hand continued fucking her pussy. Donna couldn't stop a wicked smile at her wanton behavior. Wearing nothing but stockings and a garter belt while having lusty sex with the delicious neighbor, a hellhound no less. How incredibly wild. Christmas every day was starting to sound very yummy.

His hand continued the slow strokes, but the tingle of rising tension built along her spine again. Jack pulled her fingers from her pussy and brought them to his lips, sucking each digit in his mouth. Fire roared through her body. Donna's breath came in hard gasps. There was likely nothing sexier than Jack's mouth or the wicked things his tongue was doing to her fingers.

He leaned forward and she pulled her fingers out of his mouth with a *pop*. The press of his cock against her pussy just about did her in. He entered her slowly. "Gods, you're tight," he whispered and rotated his hips. Donna hissed as electricity shot through her core.

"Keep doing that."

He arched his back and his cock withdrew slightly. Donna moaned, though from denial or aching need she didn't know. "I intend to." His short thrust was enough to bring her to the edge again. His hips worked their magic and she whimpered.

He kept up that pace until he could only rock against her. She pushed against his cock, taking him just a little further. Her legs tucked against his back, tugging him close.

His wicked grin lit up his eyes. Sweat slickened their bodies, and he rolled them over until they were both lying on their sides, facing one another. "Ready?"

Donna laughed. "Will you f --" She choked on her words when his cock slid back and slammed deep again. Nerves tingled throughout her body and her pussy clenched. He did it again and she gasped.

"I like this posi --" He twisted his hips and she bit off the rest of her sentence. He continued changing the tempo every time she attempted to speak until her thoughts muffled. Her senses took over and she gasped his name, cried out each time his expert touch wrung out another orgasm from her already aching body.

On the heels of the last one another built like a wave, threatening to drown her in sensation.

"Let go, Donna." Jack's command did her in.

She buried her head against his chest and rode her way through it. Orgasm pounded through her body, and her pussy clenched his cock, wringing one from him. Jack's thrusts sent ripple after ripple of pleasure until she shuddered against him.

He tenderly wrapped her in his arms and placed light kisses all over her face. Cuddly like a puppy.

She laughed and brushed his silly antics away with a swipe of her hand. He nuzzled her nose and she closed her eyes, nuzzling back. Warmth spread through her heart and filled her stomach with something very familiar. Hope.

"Merry Christmas, Jack."

"Merry Christmas, Donna." He looked thoroughly mussed and she liked him just fine like that.

"Want to stay for pancakes?"

He raised his eyebrows. "You eat breakfast food for dinner?"

She nuzzled against his cheek. "Sometimes, but I was hoping you'd stay for breakfast."

"Ahh," was all he said before he wrapped her tight in his arms. "I like that idea." She could hear the smile on his lips, and the itch down her spine warned he'd be making another smartass comment. "Of course I do have that present you gave me to open and use tomorrow."

Donna smirked. "I'd be happy to tie you up and use it on you, darling. You only had to ask."

Jack laughed and rolled them over with a silly leer on his face. "I have weeks to make you pay for that comment."

"Weeks!" Donna cleared her throat.

"Oh yes, m'dear. You see, I get Christmas every day, remember?" He wiggled his eyebrows and she laughed.

"So you do. Well, let's start with that hot chocolate."

His tongue touched the tip of her nipple, moistening it. When he blew a cool breath across it, the tip puckered and hardened. "Why don't we build up an appetite for breakfast instead?"

She moaned and kissed him. Jack all to herself. If this was a dream, she never wanted to wake up.

* * *

"Man, I need to get out of here." Michael sat on his Harley and stared at the newly married couple carrying moving boxes out of the apartment complex. That hellhound had been a tough match to find.

"Why?" The owner of the complex leaned back against the brick wall.

"All this love magick stuff is giving me the creeps."

The owner shook his head. "It's fortunate accidents that bring them here, and fortunate accidents that bring them together."

Michael looked back at the owner with a slight grin. "There's nothing you'd change about the way this goes down?"

The owner laughed. "Yeah, I would. It's hell on my books; I'll tell you that. These two lasted six months."

"Well, keep your magick ways to yourself. I don't need it."

Michael stalked away toward his apartment and the owner sighed. A more difficult match he had never found, and if something didn't break soon, Michael was going to lose all hope. It was time to make a couple of phone calls.

Happy Holidays to you and yours. -- Dawn Montgomery

Dawn Montgomery

Writing is a driving passion for Dawn Montgomery. She's told stories her entire life and has no intention of slowing down any time soon. Dawn's world is hectic and it reflects in her tales. Reflection comes later, when you get a chance to breathe. Aside from caring for her family, telling a great story is the most important thing to her and she loves hearing from her readers. You can learn more about Dawn by visiting her website at <http://www.dawnmontgomery.com>, and reach her at dawn@dawnmontgomery.com.