



GINGERSNAPS
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Gingersnaps: Sugar Plums

Kate Hill

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Kate Hill

Yule is here and it's an especially magical time at Hot River, unless you're Tarn. He's a grouch even for a Frost Giant and never fails to complain about the dismal winter mood being ruined by holiday cheer.

Old Man Winter has spent ages providing beautiful frosty weather but he's rarely allowed to join in the fun surrounding it. People look at him in fear and awe, never thinking he might want to join in the festivities.

The sulky frost giant stumbles upon the powerful, lonely and surprisingly passionate winter icon and Tarn finally learns just how enchanting the holiday season can be.

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Tarn's bare feet sank into the snowy ground. He paused for a moment to gaze at the beauty of the crisp winter evening. Snow covered the land for as far as the eye could see. Icicles glimmered on the trees and ahead the surface of the frozen lake looked like fairy dust covering a glass mirror. To his left rushed the white waters of Hot River. In these parts even that enchanted water turned cool. This was Old Man Winter's territory and here the magical river bowed to his will.

Normally Tarn wouldn't have ventured into this land. Old Man Winter could overpower just about any creature in the magical world. Made of ice hardened by the ages, his breath turned the countryside frigid and a touch of his hand froze his enemies to the core. However, at this time of year Old Man Winter did his duty and provided beautiful snowy weather, giving the world time to rest and regenerate and allowing people to enjoy their annoying winter festivities.

So each season while Old Man Winter kept busy barking orders to his minions and everyone else prepared for their celebrations, Tarn left the Frost Giants' realm to travel even farther north. Life in the civilized world, whether it be magical or mortal, was unbearable. Even the Frost Giants indulged in their own feast, singing of past battles won among the snow and ice. Tarn couldn't stand listening to them celebrate, so every year he left the comfort of his home, just outside his people's territory on the cliff overlooking the sea.

Yule, Christmas, and other countless holidays never failed to ruin the cold, glistening, untouchable sensation of winter, but here in this northernmost land, he could pretend none of that existed.

Tarn had been traveling for the entire day, but even a Frost Giant needed rest. A mountain stood ahead and in it the entrances to several caves, all dark.

Hoping that he wouldn't disturb the den of some ornery creature such as a Yeti or werewolf, he walked into a small cave. He sat in a corner, closed his eyes and sighed, relaxing after his long hike.

Now he would have several days of peace and quiet, enjoying the cold without listening to songs and laughter or catching the scent of food cooking for feasts. He wouldn't have to walk through the villages and see people shopping for holiday gifts for friends and family. Maybe he'd feel differently if he had friends or family, but Tarn had been alone for so many centuries he'd lost count.

The Frost Giants were an unforgiving lot and so were the Ancient Rulers -- called the gods by some humans. During the war long ago between the Frost Giants and the Ancient Rulers, Tarn had refused to take sides. He believed neither was right and there was no reason they shouldn't live in peace, a concept practically unheard of to both races.

Though by blood he was half Frost Giant and half god, his brother, Odin, an important figure among Ancient Rulers, refused to let him live among the gods. His mother's family allowed him to live on the outskirts of the Frost Giant realm, yet he was shunned by them as well.

Sometimes Tarn wondered how, with his ancestry, he had come to believe in peace.

His miserable thoughts were interrupted by a shout from outside, then the sound of splashing and deep laughter.

What was going on? No Frost Giants trespassed here and no mere mortal could endure frolicking in the freezing water of the nearby lake.

Closing his eyes again, he tried to ignore the noise, but it was impossible.

Growling with annoyance, he rose to his feet and strode out of the cave. Tonight of all nights, no one would destroy his peace and quiet, not when he'd traveled so far to find it.

At the lake, he heard a loud creak, then the ice shattered and a tall, sleekly-muscled, smooth-scalped man with a long white beard and silvery flesh emerged from

the frigid water. If Tarn hadn't been so swept up in the sight of the man, he'd have noticed other spots in the lake where the ice was broken, cold water lapping the edges.

Tarn was big, having inherited Frost Giant proportions, but this man was even bigger -- at least a head taller than Tarn. Though lean, he had broad shoulders and every muscle in his rangy form was developed to perfection.

His gaze riveted toward Tarn and, naked, he strode toward the Frost Giant, his large, bare feet leaving tracks in the snow. Pausing a short distance from Tarn, he raised a snowy white eyebrow. Water dripped from his beard and the droplets froze before they hit the ground, shattering.

"What are you doing here, Frost Giant, when you should be in your village, enjoying the festivities?"

Tarn momentarily forgot his attraction to and curiosity about this man as annoyance again overtook him. "I hate holidays. They ruin the winter and give me a headache. Now I suggest you get out of this area. I came here to be alone and you're disturbing my privacy."

Maybe threatening this towering creature was a bad idea, but Tarn was too angry to care. He was thinking about the festivities again, people enjoying each other's company, and it made him sick.

To his surprise, the man laughed. His slender lips curved upward and his blue eyes glistened with amusement. The sound of his deep chuckles made Tarn's gut tighten, though not in anger. Everything about this man aroused him, from his sexy bald head to his enormous silver-white cock emerging from its haven of curly white hair. This man seemed to reflect winter itself, as if he was... No. It couldn't be.

"You have a lot of nerve," the man said, stepping nearer and placing a heavy hand on Tarn's shoulder. "I appreciate that. Not many people would talk to me in that way. I have to warn you, though, if you want to visit my domain you'll have to learn some manners."

"Your domain?" Tarn asked, wondering if he looked as shocked as he felt, and as nervous. The last person anyone, mortal or magical, wanted to mess with was...

“Old Man Winter.” The man extended his hand to Tarn, who reached out hesitantly and grasped it.

“I didn’t mean to intrude, sir,” Tarn said. “I don’t stay near the Frost Giant village during the celebrations and usually when I come here you’re not around.”

“Yes. Sometimes I linger around the villages after my work is done. Unfortunately I don’t get to join in the festivities as much as I’d like to. For some reason people are uncomfortable around me.”

Tarn raised an eyebrow. He wished he could disagree, but it was in his nature to be truthful. People revered Old Man Winter, yet he frightened them as well.

“And you are?” Winter asked.

“Oh! Sorry. I’m Tarn.”

“Tarn. Tarn,” Winter said, his voice scarcely a whisper and a thoughtful look on his face. Then he nodded. “Yes. The Frost Giant who lives alone. I’ve heard about you.”

Tarn stiffened. “Then you must know my history. Since I’m sure you don’t want me around, I’ll leave your domain right now.”

He turned and took two steps before Winter’s hand on his shoulder stopped him once again.

“I didn’t say you had to leave. The prejudices of the Frost Giants and the gods don’t interest me. They’re always at war. I wouldn’t expect them to understand peace. I’m different. I’m a Seasonal Spirit. We believe in harmony. You are welcome in my domain.”

Stunned, yet at the same time deeply touched, Tarn turned and held Winter’s gaze. Though his blue eyes were icily beautiful, the soul they reflected was inviting. There was a gentleness beneath the ice that drew Tarn to Old Man Winter.

In fact when he removed his hand from Tarn’s shoulder, the Frost Giant actually missed it. He longed for that big, cool hand to touch him again far more intimately.

Tarn blinked. This was crazy. Even if he had the nerve, how did one go about flirting with Old Man Winter?

"I won't be intruding?" Tarn asked, gazing into Winter's eyes. He'd meant to sound seductive, but hoped he hadn't sounded desperate instead. Sometimes Tarn was lonelier than he wanted to admit.

"Not at all."

"Thank you, sir."

"You needn't call me sir. My name is Nicklaus."

Still feeling a bit uncomfortable addressing a Seasonal Spirit by his true name, Tarn nodded slightly and turned back to the cave, but Nicklaus' voice stopped him.

"Would you like to join me in a swim?"

Glancing over his shoulder, Tarn looked at the lake then once again let his gaze linger over Nicklaus. He wondered if that long white beard felt as silky as it looked, or how it would feel to run his hands over the chiseled muscles of his silvery chest. Even more, he longed to curl his fist around that long, thick cock. No doubt it would be as cool and rock-hard as it looked -- a beautiful icy phallus.

"I'd be honored," Tarn said.

The faintest smile touched Nicklaus' lips. He turned and led the way back to the lake. Squatting by the edge, he raised one enormous fist and smashed it into the ice. It broke and cracked all the way to the center of the lake, then large portions of ice sank beneath the surface, leaving plenty of room for a Frost Giant and an oversized Seasonal Spirit to play.

Nicklaus waded in and sank beneath the waves. Tarn undressed and followed him into the water, loving its coldness. He dipped below the surface then rose, swiping moisture from his eyes and shaking back his long, drenched hair.

Nearby, Nicklaus broke the surface. His glistening eyes reflected the beauty of this perfect winter dusk. For several moments they dove and swam in silence, simply enjoying the exercise.

Even though they were strangers, Tarn began to relax in Nicklaus' presence. He wasn't like he'd expected Old Man Winter to be. For one he didn't look like an old man

and he certainly didn't act like one. Tarn doubted most selkies could keep up with his water antics.

Tarn had convinced himself that he liked being alone, that even if others sought his company he wouldn't want it because it would be nothing but a distraction. No one wanted him and he didn't want anyone. Now, here with Nicklaus, he finally understood the joy of companionship. Simply watching him swim was a pleasure, as were the subtle glances they shared.

Just when Tarn really started to unwind, Nicklaus dove beneath the surface and didn't appear for several moments.

Concerned, Tarn paused, treading water, his heart pounding from more than just swimming in the frigid water.

He was about to dive beneath the surface and look for Nicklaus when he felt a tug on his calf, then a hand caress his knee.

This shocked Tarn and for a few seconds he couldn't move. Then a smile tugged at his lips and he tingled with excitement. Was it possible his attraction to Nicklaus was mutual?

He felt another tug on his leg. This time the hand on his knee lingered and moved farther up, trailing over Tarn's inner thigh. His cock sprang to life. As if the cold water wasn't arousing enough to a Frost Giant, these caresses sent his desire off the scale. That enticing hand swept closer and closer to his groin.

Touch my cock and balls, Tarn thought, his pulse skipping beats and his entire body tense.

Then Nicklaus surfaced so close that their chests almost touched. The Seasonal Spirit brushed a hand over his handsome face, wiping away the water. "Having fun?" he asked.

"Yes," Tarn said, his voice husky with desire. His face grew colder, akin to a blush for a Frost Giant, and he added, "Who wouldn't in this weather?"

Nicklaus chuckled. "Frost Giants are among the few who really appreciate the joys of winter."

“For once would Winter like some of that joy repaid?” Tarn asked, his heart thumping wildly. He had no business making that kind of suggestion to Old Man Winter, but it wasn’t as if he hadn’t invited it with all that calf pulling and thigh stroking.

Nicklaus’ eyes seemed to devour Tarn as he moved even closer, cupped the back of the Frost Giant’s head and kissed him.

Impulsively, Tarn’s arms slid around Nicklaus, holding him even closer and enjoying the feel of his wet, icy flesh over rock-hard muscle. Their stiff cocks trapped between their bodies, they groaned and held each other tightly. Tarn was pleased to find Nicklaus’ beard felt as silky as it looked. It brushed against his own smooth face as their kiss deepened.

Their mouths opened and their tongues devoured one another.

Tarn had never dreamed a kiss could feel this way. The few kisses he’d shared had been with prostitutes deep in the Wicked Wild. No emotions had been involved. Winter’s flesh might be cold, his lips and tongue might be like slick, pulsing ice, but there was incomparable passion in his kiss. He wanted Tarn and showed him with every caress and each raw groan that rumbled in his chest.

Without moving his lips from Tarn’s, Nicklaus guided him toward shallow water. Once both men stood comfortably, the water licking their thighs, Tarn reached down and grasped Nicklaus’ ass. The taut spheres tensed in his hands and he squeezed them, relishing their smoothness and the play of muscles beneath the slick flesh.

The kiss broke and Nicklaus buried his lips against Tarn’s shoulder. His teeth and tongue playfully swiped and scraped Tarn’s flesh and Tarn moaned with pleasure. He ran his fingertips up and down Nicklaus’ spine and across his broad back, then he once again fondled his ass, this time parting the cheeks and sweeping a finger along the indentation.

Nicklaus groaned again, his cock throbbing. Tarn’s cock also pulsed, aching with desire, but that could wait. He’d promised Nicklaus something and he intended to deliver.

Sinking slowly to his knees, Tarn licked and kissed his way down Nicklaus' smooth chest. He used the tip of his tongue to trace his lover's chiseled abs. Finally settled comfortably in front of Nicklaus, Tarn grasped his balls in one hand and fondled them while his other curved around Winter's stiff cock. A droplet of pre-come already glistened at the little opening on the dark silver head. Tarn licked it, not surprised that it was cold and salty. He took Nicklaus' cock head into his mouth and sucked, intermittently swirling his tongue over the bulging crown or flicking it along the underside.

"This feels great," Nicklaus panted, his hips rocking to the rhythm of Tarn's sucking. He wove his fingers through the Frost Giant's hair and gripped handfuls of it close to his scalp, yet he didn't pull hard enough to cause pain.

Tarn replied with a groan and after giving Nicklaus' balls another squeeze and his shaft one more caress, he slid his hands around to his bottom and kneaded it. Winter's ass tightened and tremors coursed through his entire body as Tarn sucked harder. Deeper. Faster.

"I'm going to come," Nicklaus said, his voice raw with desire.

Tarn moaned again, telling him in the only way he could, with his mouth so full, that he wanted him to enjoy the moment. To increase the sensation, he slid his fingers into the indentation of Nicklaus' ass and teased his pulsing sphincter.

That did it for Winter. With a ragged shout of pleasure, he came long and hard. Tarn continued teasing his ass while swallowing Nicklaus' cool, salty come.

After a moment, Nicklaus swayed slightly on his feet, then caught himself and forced his powerful leg muscles to tighten.

Smiling with the pleasure he had just given, Tarn rose to his feet. Nicklaus' eyes, now a bit softer as his passion ebbed, gazed into Tarn's.

They lifted their hands and rested them on each other's shoulders. Nicklaus dipped his head toward Tarn's and brushed a kiss across his lips. He reached down and wrapped his large hand around Tarn's aroused cock and began stroking it.

Tarn's eyes half closed and he drew a deep breath, his pulse racing and entire body tense with need. Giving head to Nicklaus had aroused him so much that he was on the verge of explosion.

As if sensing this, Nicklaus squeezed the base of Tarn's cock in an attempt to keep him from coming yet.

"You'll like it better over there," Nicklaus said, the tender yet passionate look in his eyes belying the gruffness of his voice. He motioned with his head toward the snow-covered ground. "Are you ready?"

Tarn nodded, once again moderately in control of his excited body. Nicklaus released his cock and took his hand. They walked out of the water and on the shore, Tarn lay on the cushion of snow. It felt cool and soft against his back. He groaned with pleasure as Nicklaus settled on his side, his arms sliding beneath Tarn's thighs and positioning him more comfortably for their carnal game.

Then Nicklaus clasped his shaft in one hand and began lapping it from root to crown. His cool, wet tongue sent shockwaves of raw passion through Tarn, who closed his eyes, his body arching. Nicklaus began sucking deeply, his lips and tongue teasing Tarn's cock, the slick, moist back of his throat sliding against the head.

No one had ever made Tarn feel like this before. The pleasure was almost too much to stand. His entire body strained with need and Nicklaus fulfilled it physically and emotionally.

"Oh, Nicklaus," he gasped, his gaze fixed on the big, gorgeous man sucking hungrily on his cock. Tarn longed to close his eyes to enjoy the sensations better, but he couldn't stop looking at Nicklaus. Winter's chiseled cheekbones hollowed as he sucked and his large, almond-shaped eyes closed, the thick, silvery lashes casting shadows on his handsome face. His long beard tickled Tarn's inner thighs, turning him on even more.

Almost too soon Tarn came. Unable to keep his eyes open any longer, he let himself dive into a lake of passion. His body strained, every muscle tight as he came so long he wondered if it would ever end.

Then he collapsed, totally fulfilled.

Nicklaus lay beside him, draping an arm over Tarn's waist.

Several moments later, the sensation of snowflakes falling on his flesh roused Tarn from his post-passion stupor. With a soft moan, he stretched his body then opened his eyes and found Nicklaus still lying near him on his side. He raised himself on his elbow and gazed down at Tarn, his hand roaming over his chest and caressing his flat belly.

"I think we've had enough of the great outdoors," Nicklaus said. "Want to come home with me?"

With a smile and a shrug, Tarn said, "Yeah. Definitely."

"Good. Let's go." Nicklaus rose to his feet and while Tarn did the same, Winter collected his clothes and brought them over.

He watched the Frost Giant dress in his pants, long-sleeved poet-style shirt and leather boots. Tarn had never imagined someone arousing him so much with a look, but everything about Nicklaus was a turn-on.

"My house is a couple of miles away," Nicklaus said.

Night had fallen, but it wasn't dark due to the full moon that cast a lemony light over the snow-covered ground.

They walked and Tarn drew deep breaths, enjoying the fresh, cold air. "How do you do it?" he asked.

Nicklaus turned to him and raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Make perfect winters like this."

The compliment seemed to please Nicklaus, but that hadn't been Tarn's sole purpose. He meant every word.

"I've had a lot of time to work on it," Nicklaus replied. "Forever you might say. I can scarcely remember the first time I summoned the snow and ice. Back then we Seasonal Spirits didn't have help. It was a very young world."

"Are you and the other Seasonal Spirits close?" Tarn wondered why he asked this, except that something about family intrigued him. He acted as if it didn't, but here with Nicklaus there was no reason for pretense.

"The other three are quite close. They share everything, if you get my meaning."

Tarn nodded. "Ah."

"They're pleasant enough when I see them in passing, but when it comes to being close... well, I'm much too cold for the Sister Spring and Sire of Summer. Even Lady Autumn can't stand my cool blood for too long."

"I'm surprised you didn't take up with a Frost Giant before."

"I told you, people don't like to get that close. Something about being Old Man Winter intimidates them, but I can see you're not like that."

"No?" Tarn must have been a better actor than he realized. When he first saw Nicklaus, he'd been intimidated as hell.

"You... make me feel like a real person instead of something untouchable," Nicklaus continued. "I hope that doesn't sound arrogant."

"No. I think I understand," Tarn said.

Their gazes met and they smiled. Impulsively, Tarn grasped Nicklaus' hand and Winter's grip tightened on his. Hand-in-hand they walked down the path leading through leafless trees, their branches glistening with snow and ice.

Finally a vast stone mansion came into view. It was even bigger than the wall surrounding the Frost Giant village and rivaled Odin's hall, Asgard, in size.

Nearing the house, Tarn noticed icicles hanging from the windows, like beautiful, glistening decorations. Wind had blown the snow up against the door, but Nicklaus, with his great strength, had no problem opening it.

Once inside the vast foyer, Tarn and Nicklaus stomped snow off their feet. The Frost Giant glanced around. A long staircase rose to the second floor and an archway to his right led to an enormous parlor.

"Go in and make yourself comfortable." Nicklaus motioned for Tarn to enter the parlor. "I'll get us some food."

Tarn stepped into the parlor while Nicklaus disappeared through a door at the far end of the foyer.

The Frost Giant glanced at the paintings of winter scenes lining the walls. He noticed that like the Frost Giants' homes, this parlor had no hearth and no tapestries hung on the walls. Such things were unnecessary for creatures who thrived on the cold. What he found a bit odd about Nicklaus' home was that there were no modern conveniences. No television or magic-powered lights.

Many magical creatures embraced the modern age. Apparently Nicklaus was content to live simply. That was refreshing, since for the most part Tarn preferred basic pleasures, too.

A short time later, Nicklaus stepped inside carrying a tray laden with food, a pitcher of beer and a jar made of pale blue frosted glass. He had a plain wool blanket slung over his shoulder and he'd removed his clothes.

Tarn's gaze swept over him. This man was absolutely gorgeous. He loved the width of his shoulders and the sexy look of his rather prominent collarbone. He loved his dark silver nipples and the faint dusting of frosty white hair that trailed down his lower belly and fanned out to an alabaster nest where his cock, thick even in its flaccid state, lolled enticingly. It seemed to beg for Tarn's hands and lips to make it stiffen and ache.

"Hungry?" Nicklaus asked, placing the tray on the coffee table. He removed the glass jar and placed it aside.

"Starving," Tarn replied, wondering if Winter caught his double meaning.

By the lustful look Nicklaus sent his way, he got it.

"Me too." Nicklaus spread the blanket on the floor, apparently not for warmth but to create a cushion against the stone.

Tarn's belly tightened with anticipation of what was to come. Literally.

"But let's satisfy the hunger in our stomachs first," Nicklaus continued. "Believe me, Tarn, we're going to need sustenance for the night I have planned."

Raw passion shot through Tarn and he chuckled deep in his throat. While Nicklaus poured the beer, the Frost Giant tore off his clothes and flung them onto a high-backed wooden chair. Then he joined Nicklaus on the couch. His mouth watered at the choices on the tray -- cold drumsticks, thickly sliced homemade bread, and a bowl of round, sugar-coated sweets.

"Help yourself," Nicklaus said.

Tarn didn't hesitate before grabbing a drumstick and taking a bite. It was delicious. Nicklaus took a slice of bread and ate.

"What are those?" Tarn pointed to the sweets.

"Sugar plums. Dried fruit rolled in sugar and cinnamon. They're delicious. The Princetons from Hot River leave some for me every year when I breathe winter into their town. It's funny how people send me stuff but don't stay around to join me in a meal. If I show up at one of their festivals, everyone gets uptight, so I just stay away."

"I know that feeling," Tarn said softly.

Nicklaus placed a hand on his shoulder and squeezed gently. "It's not fair what happened to you. The war between your people was --"

"Exactly what they wanted. It's all right. I got used to being an outcast."

"I don't think anyone really gets used to being an outcast. Everyone needs someone."

"Is that how it is for you?"

Nodding, Nicklaus closed his eyes for a moment. "Yes. But something tells me from now on neither of us will be outcasts again, at least not to each other."

A contented feeling washed over Tarn. Damn. He'd never imagined he'd be the kind of man to fall this hard this fast, but it had been so long since anyone had showed him attention, even kindness, that it was easy to succumb to love at first sight.

For several moments they focused on eating, devouring the chicken and bread and finishing the pitcher of beer.

"What's in the jar?" Tarn asked.

A faint smile touched Nicklaus' lips and he curved his large, long-fingered hand around the frosted glass. "I'll show you later." He picked up one of the sugar plums and held it to Tarn's lips. "Try this."

Tarn took the sweet between his lips and sucked on the tip of Nicklaus' finger as well. Winter licked his lips. The sight of his pale pink tongue made Tarn's cock twitch to life.

The Frost Giant chewed the sugar plum, enjoying the sweet taste. Then he reached for another and held it out to Nicklaus. "Sugar plum?"

"Yes," Nicklaus said with a wicked grin, knelt in front of Tarn and began licking and sucking his balls.

Tarn gasped, his eyes closing and his fingers sinking into the couch cushions. "That wasn't exactly what I meant, but I'm sure not complaining," he breathed.

Nicklaus chuckled softly. He stroked Tarn's cock and sucked the head. His tongue teased the underside until Tarn thought he might come then and there. This guy seemed to know exactly what Tarn wanted. If anyone had told him, even hours ago, that he and Old Man Winter were a match made in heaven, he'd have laughed in their face. Or growled in it, the way his disposition usually was. Funny how a night of happiness had already started changing him for the better.

Of course it was hard to be pleasant when you were miserable.

Just before Tarn exploded, Nicklaus stopped licking and sucking his cock. Grasping Tarn's wrist, he tugged him toward the blanket and said, "Come here."

If Nicklaus could sense what Tarn wanted, then Tarn did the same for him. He knew by the look gleaming in his eyes exactly what he was in the mood for.

Without hesitation, Tarn moved onto the blanket and positioned himself on all fours. His ass, and all the rest of him, belonged to Nicklaus.

Nicklaus, his handsome face tense with lust, fondled Tarn's ass. He squeezed and caressed, every few moments reaching around to knead his balls and stroke his cock. His eyes closed, Tarn moaned with desire.

Only when Nicklaus' hands left him did he open his eyes and glance over his shoulder. Winter picked up the blue jar from the coffee table then knelt behind Tarn. He removed the lid and a fresh, arousing scent filled the room. Nicklaus dipped his fingers into the jar and they came away glistening. He carefully lubed Tarn's ass, then coated his cock as well.

Grasping Tarn by the hips, he entered him slowly, claiming him with tenderness in spite of his obvious desire. His big, silvery cock filled Tarn, who panted with pleasure-pain.

Slowly Nicklaus pumped into him, stirring their lust. Tarn's hands gripped the blanket and he thrust his ass backward, following Nicklaus' rhythm. Winter reached around and began stroking Tarn's cock, pushing him closer and closer to orgasm.

Nicklaus continued this delicious torment, pushing them toward the edge. Icy sweat beaded on their bodies, making their flesh slick, and the scent of their lust filled the room.

Finally Tarn exploded, shouting with passion. Nicklaus followed, his hands tight on Tarn's hips and his body surging into his lover's, filling him with his frosty come.

Nicklaus withdrew from Tarn and they both collapsed onto the blanket, Tarn face down and Nicklaus beside him, his hand resting on his ass.

Finally Tarn said, "This is the best holiday season I've ever had."

"So glad to hear it," Nicklaus said, affectionately stroking his buttocks. "And I agree. This is one of the best times I've ever had. The best time."

Tarn rolled over and faced Nicklaus. Caressing his smooth, silvery chest, he asked, "Will there be more?"

"I hope so, because I'm looking forward to it." Winter cupped the back of Tarn's head and drew him nearer for a kiss.

Closing his eyes, Tarn surrendered completely. Something told him he would never again dread the holiday season. Not with frozen lakes, sugar plums and Old Man Winter by his side.

Kate Hill

What do trips around the world, endless nights of breathtaking sex, and a muscular, 6-foot 3-inch, brown-haired, blue-eyed significant other have to do with Kate Hill? Absolutely nothing, but she can dream, can't she? In reality Kate is a single, thirty-something vegetarian New Englander who loves writing romantic fantasies. Visit her online at <http://www.kate-hill.com>, www.myspace.com/katehillromance, or join her newsgroup at groups.yahoo.com/group/katehill. Stop by Kate's Amazon blog at www.amazon.com.