



**GINGERSNAPS**  
Changeling Press

# **Gingersnaps: Serendipity 7C**

## **Lexxie Couper**

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2008 Lexxie Couper

**Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.**

ISBN: 978-1-59596-557-8  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Chrissie Henderson  
Cover Artist: Reneé George

**This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## **Gingersnaps: Serendipity 7C**

### **Lexxie Couper**

**One lost Australian tourist. One mischievous Christmas sprite. One magical apartment complex. One Christmas gift to be remembered for a lifetime.**

*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.*

*For Jess. My Speedwriting Guru.*

## Chapter One

Chilled to the bone, weary, dry-eyed and craving a beer more than ever, Jack McKenzie knocked on his cousin's door.

The flight from mid-summer, sweat-sucked-from-your-pores Sydney to mid-winter, freezing-your-arse-off-in-a-bloody-snowstorm Texas had been long and grueling. Not only had he been stuck between two rather large men of dubious personal hygiene for the entire fourteen-hour trip, he'd had to endure a screening of *No Broken Hearts Allowed*, the latest cringe-inducing rom-com to come out of Hollywood, and the very film during which Tiffany had chosen to tell him, forty minutes after opening credits, she was dumping him for her fifty-two-year-old boss.

To add insult to injury, the airline carrier had lost his luggage carrying his only jacket capable of withstanding the bitterly cold weather, and the only Christmas present he'd brought with him to unwrap on the big day -- the small flat package from his mum he suspected was season sideline tickets to the Sydney Swans. Expensive. Irreplaceable. Completely eBayable.

Suffice it to say, Jack wasn't in a good mood. He hoped to God Bruce had a Tooheys. His cousin had been living in the US for a few years now. Maybe he'd crossed to the dark side and had his fridge stocked with Bud, or Miller, or, or... okay, he couldn't think of any other American beer at the moment. All he could think about was a Tooheys, a shower, maybe some Vegemite on toast and a soft, clean bed, even if the bed was Bruce's sofa.

He looked at the closed door before him, absentmindedly tracing the large, silver 7C screwed into the burgundy-painted wood just above the peephole while he waited for Bruce to answer his knock.

Serendipity Estates. Weird name for an apartment complex. What was his cousin -- an ex-sheep shearer and more “blokey” than any other male Jack knew -- doing living in an upmarket, trendy-looking city apartment complex?

The door swung open and a tall, willowy redhead regarded him with laughing grey eyes. A tall, willowy redhead with laughing grey eyes, long, long legs encased in worn black denim, and the fullest, softest lips Jack had ever seen. “Yes?”

He frowned, even as his body said *Heeello*. The redhead wasn’t Bruce. Bruce had never looked this good. “Um.” He bit back a muttered curse. *Bloody brilliant conversation starter that is, Jack.*

The redhead smiled, interest flickering in her smoky eyes. She tilted her head to the side a little and placed her hand against the doorjamb, unwittingly drawing Jack’s attention to the small, round perfection of her breasts snugged behind a pure white T-shirt. “Can I help you?”

“Um,” Jack began, and again mentally cringed at his inarticulate clumsiness. What was going on with him? Jet lag? Or had Tiffany sucked from him his ability to talk to a beautiful woman? She didn’t want him anymore, but she sure as hell didn’t want him to find anyone else? *Okay, now you’re being paranoid.*

He gave the redhead a slightly puzzled smile. “Is Bruce home?”

One finely arched auburn eyebrow cocked. “Bruce?”

Jack hitched his backpack higher onto his shoulder, trying not to shiver. The hallway was chilly, the snowstorm outside permeating Serendipity Estates’ internal structure, and his only jacket was most likely somewhere between Australia and Who-Knows-Where. “Bruce McKenzie.” He paused, waiting for the entirely too gorgeous woman to acknowledge his cousin’s name.

She didn’t.

“The bloke that lives here.” The statement sounded like a question, and Jack’s gut began to tighten. Why did this feel wrong?

“There’s no Bruce McKenzie here,” the woman replied, the sides of her mouth playing with a grin.

Jack studied her, looking for some sign she was pulling his leg. He'd just flown halfway around the planet. His girlfriend of six years had dumped him for her boss two days ago. It was nine p.m., Christmas Eve. He wanted a beer, some hot toast, an even hotter shower and a bed. Not necessarily in that order. He raked his right hand through his hair, realizing he was messing it up even more but not caring. Christ. Where the bloody hell was his cousin?

He dug into his back pocket and pulled out a small scrap of paper, unfolding it to read the address scrawled on it in Bruce's normal black print.

*Apartment 7C,  
Serendipity Estates,  
155 Cherry Lane,  
Charlie, Texas, USA.*

Jack shot the door another look. The silver 7 and the silver C hadn't changed. This was the right address. So where was Bruce?

"Can I help you?" The husky murmur lifted Jack's attention from his cousin's less than flowery penmanship to the woman still standing in the door of apartment 7C. She was studying him with an unreadable expression. "You're Australian, yes?"

Jack nodded. "Yes. And so's my cousin who told me he lived here." He shoved the small slip of paper back into his pocket. "Do you know of any Bruce McKenzie living around here? Maybe he just wrote the apartment number wrong."

The woman shook her head, her long auburn hair tumbling over her straight shoulders in a glossy cascade that made Jack's stomach and groin grow tight. "I don't, I'm afraid. I've lived in Serendipity Estates since they were built. Trust me, your cousin has never lived in 7C."

Jack suppressed a sigh. "Damn it."

No luggage, no jacket and now no cousin. Which meant no shower, no toast, no beer and no bed. All with a bloody snowstorm cold enough to freeze the tits off a bull wreaking havoc outside. When he found Bruce, if he found Bruce, he was going to kill



him. That was, if he didn't freeze to death in the interim trying to hail a taxi. What a fantastic Christmas this was going to be.

Jack hitched his backpack further up his shoulder and gave the woman -- damn, she was gorgeous -- a wry, lopsided smile. "Well, I'm sorry to be a nuisance." He took a step away from the door. "Have a nice --"

"Do you want to come in?"

The question stopped Jack dead in his tracks.

"You've obviously got nowhere else to go, and I couldn't live with the guilt of you turning into an icicle out on the street. Not on Christmas Eve, at least..." The rest of the sentence hung on the air between them, and Jack felt his heartbeat quicken. He should say no. He should thank her for the kind offer and find a cab. Not because he was worried she was going to try and cut him up into little pieces once she had him behind closed doors. He was a professional tae kwon do instructor. He could take care of any nut-job trying to take him out, no matter how deceptively willowy they might be.

No, he should say no because his body was saying yes, yes, you bloody moron, yes -- and right at this point in time, he didn't think he had the energy or the inclination to ignore it.

Tiffany had ripped out his heart and shoved it in his face, his always dependable cousin had given him a bum steer, shit, even the airline had messed him up, and here was one very gorgeous, very sexy woman with legs that didn't quit, lips made for kissing, and an accent that made his balls feel heavy and his blood feel hot, inviting him into her home.

He should say no. So why was he hesitating?

He wanted a shower, he wanted a beer, but right at this very moment he wanted something more. He wanted to feel like he had a place to relax on Christmas Eve, a place to be himself. If only for fifteen minutes or so. And feeling like that would be a whole lot finer in 7C's company.

The woman gave him a wide grin. "I won't bite. Promise."

*Not unless I ask you to?*

The entirely too sexual thought flittered through Jack's head. He opened his mouth, ready to say no, he should go, when the woman offered him her hand, her eyes shining with daring merriment, as if she could hear the very thoughts running through his conflicted mind. "I'm Holly."

## Chapter Two

Holly. The name slipped into his ear like a warm wisp of breath. A tingle rippled down his spine and his balls grew tight. He grinned back, and before he knew it, he'd taken her hand into his own. "Jack."

Her palm felt like soft velvet against his, the innocent and yet somehow provocative contact sending his pulse into overdrive. He gazed into her eyes, unable to look away. They were so light they seemed to shimmer with a silvery glow. Almost hypnotic. Unusual. Unlike any he'd seen before.

Holly stared back at him, still holding his hand, before, with a little tug on his fingers and a slight twist at the hip, she turned, indicating he should enter her apartment.

Without breaking eye contact, Jack did just that, the warmth of 7C wrapping around him instantly the second he crossed the threshold.

"Just place your bag anywhere," Holly said, slipping her fingers free of his hold as she closed the door behind them. She walked past him, and for the first time Jack noticed she smelled like vanilla ice cream. Vanilla ice cream with a pinch of cinnamon. He pulled in a deep breath, the scent making his mouth water and his cock twitch.

*Easy, easy.* He growled the silent command to his hormones and his stomach. Fifteen minutes. That was all. Long enough for a cup of coffee, if she offered him one. At least long enough to call a cab to take him to a hotel. Maybe Holly could recommend one.

"Would you like a beer?"

Her voice floated to him from somewhere in the apartment, and Jack blinked, realizing he'd been standing on the spot fantasizing about how goddamn delicious she was. He scrubbed at his face with his hands. He really must be jet-lagged. He shot his

watch a quick look, the timepiece still set to Sydney time. Two p.m. tomorrow. No wonder he was a bit loopy. He hadn't slept for almost two days. He was far from everything he knew and sleep-deprived.

"Was that a yes to the beer?"

Holly's voice jerked him out of his fugue. Again. "Yes," he called back, directing his voice to what he guessed might be the kitchen. "Thank you."

He heard a chink of glass, a soft little *pfisst*, and another, before Holly emerged from a side opening with two bottles of beer in one hand and what looked like a bowl of crisps in the other. She walked toward him, and no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't ignore the gentle, graceful sway of her hips. Hot eager blood pumped into his cock and he ground back a curse. Ah, shit, he was in trouble here.

"Here you go." Holly handed him a beer, the sides of her eyes crinkling with laughter. "It's not Fosters, I'm afraid, but at least it's not Miller either."

Jack laughed, taking in the yellow label on the bottle. Shiner Bock. "That's okay. Real Aussies don't drink Fosters."

Holly cocked an eyebrow at him, her lips curling as she chinked the neck of her bottle to his. "To real Aussies," she murmured, lifting the beer to her lips and taking a mouthful. One. Two. Three.

Jack watched her throat work as she swallowed the amber liquid, his blood growing hotter with every mouthful she took, his cock growing harder. Her neck was long, swanlike. Her skin smooth and golden and absolutely flawless. He wondered what it would be like to touch? To feel under his lips? Would it be like silk, or satin? Would she taste like she smelled? Like his favorite dessert on a scorching summer's day? Would she --

"Not cold enough?"

Jack blinked. "Huh?"

"Your beer." Holly smiled at him. "Not cold enough? I've heard you real Aussies like your beer icy cold."

*Jesus, Jack. Get your head out of your pants, will you.*

“Want to have a shower?”

Jack dropped his beer. The glass bottle shattered at his feet, splashing his jeans and Holly’s floor with cold beer. “Fuck!” he burst out. “Bloody hell, I’m sorry.”

She shook her head, her grey eyes shimmering silver again as she laughed. “Don’t apologize. I know what long-haul flights can do to a person.” Pulling open a cupboard, she withdrew a roll of paper towels and a dustpan and brush. “Go have a shower while I clean this up. It’ll make you feel much better, and then we can have a conversation and I won’t have to worry about you wrecking the rest of my home. Yes?”

Feeling like an idiot, Jack nodded. A shower, a cold shower was definitely what he needed right now. He needed to get these extremely carnal thoughts about his Good Samaritan host out of his head. Scooping up his backpack in which, thankfully, was a clean pair of boxers and small toiletry bag, he gave Holly an apologetic look.

“It’s okay. Really,” she said, nodding to the hallway to her right. “Now shoo. Second door on the left. Watch out for the faucet. It’s a bit wonky.”

He’d stripped off and was in the shower cubicle, cool-ish water streaming over his body before he realized he hadn’t locked the door, nor located a towel. “Bloody hell.”

*All right, Jack. Time to take a reality check. Holly’s not going to come in here and I’m sure there’s a towel hanging on a towel rack within reaching distance.* Sticking his head out past the shower curtain, he spotted a thick, fluffy white towel edged with embroidered tiny red berries hanging beside the vanity. *See?* He slipped back under the water. *Towel. Now stop being a moron and enjoy your shower.*

He closed his eyes and bent his head forward, letting the invigorating water pour over his head. It felt good. Helped clear his head of the craziness. As soon as he finished, he’d thank Holly for her kindness and find his cousin.

An image of apartment 7C’s occupant filled Jack’s head and, before he could stop it, a groan of appreciation rumbled in his throat. His cock, already semi-erect, twitched, growing thick and long with hot, new blood.

Jack ground his teeth together. *Stop it, Jack. Get your head out of the gutter.*

But his head wouldn't listen, and neither would his body. His balls swelled tight with base desire, his breath grew quick. The image of Holly smiling, her grey eyes twinkling with that cheeky merriment he already found intoxicating as she reached for him, her long, slender fingers brushing his jaw, his chest, his stomach, his --

*Jesus, Jack. Stop it!*

He snapped upright, fumbling for the faucet. Cold water. He needed cold water. A lot of it.

His hands connected with the shower's unfamiliar tap in a hasty, entirely desperate blow and a violent surge of water struck Jack's chest. Scalding hot water.

"Bloody hell!" he yelped, leaping backward. His heel skidded on the soapy water beneath his feet and he tumbled, his head smacking the tile wall behind him. "Shit!" he shouted, flailing his left arm about as he grabbed for the back of his head with his right.

And snared the shower curtain instead.

There was a sharp tearing sound, a rapid series of pops, and suddenly the wet plastic sheet came free of the shower rod, tangling around Jack's arm to throw him completely and totally off balance.

He came down with a crash and a shouted "fuck!" -- pain exploding in his head and over his skin as his skull whacked the ceramic tiles and the hot water splashed his naked body.

"Damn it." Scrambling to his feet, embarrassed frustration making his gut twist, Jack reached for the faucet.

"Are you okay, Jack?"

Holly's voice made him freeze. He turned his head, watching the bathroom door open. He stared in stunned dismay -- and illicit excitement -- as Holly stepped into the steam-fogged room.

"Oh." The soft little nonsensical sound fell from her lips as her gaze fell on him, standing naked, dripping wet and completely exposed by the absence of the now-crumpled shower curtain at his feet. She studied him from the doorway. A long, slow and very thorough inspection that finished somewhere south of his navel. Her white,

even teeth pulled on her bottom lip and, to his absolute horror, Jack's body reacted to the simple action.

His cock grew hard. Long. Erect.

Standing frozen in the cubicle, he stared at Holly's face. "I'm not doing a very good job representing my country, am I?"

Slowly lifting her gaze from his burgeoning erection, Holly smiled. "Oh, I think you're doing a fine job."

She stepped into the room, crossing the tiled floor on silent, bare feet, her long slender fingers dropping to the buttons of her fly. "A very fine job," she murmured, releasing the top button, the second, the third.

Jack's pulse detonated. Unable to move, he watched her undo the last button of her fly and slide her jeans down over her hips, past her thighs. The soft, worn denim pooled at her feet on the bathroom floor, revealing legs just as long as he'd imagined and a skimpy pair of white cotton knickers that made his mouth dry and his balls ache.

He jerked his gaze up to Holly's face and found her grey eyes smoldering with desire. Without a word, she reached for the tap and stepped into the shower cubicle.

Two things happened immediately. The water's temperature lowered to a pleasant warmth and Holly's white T-shirt and knickers became a semi-transparent second skin. Plastered to her exquisite body. Molded to the curve of her hips, her rib cage, the toned flatness of her belly, the upward thrust of her breasts.

Jack swallowed. God, she wasn't just gorgeous. She was a goddess. A goddess offering herself to him. A wet, clumsy, lost Australian with a broken heart and a missing cousin.

A moan rumbled in his chest and he raised his gaze to meet hers.

Just in time to watch her step toward him, tangle her fingers in his stringy, damp hair and pull his head down to hers.

## Chapter Three

Holly's lips were as soft as he thought they'd be. And just as intoxicating. They moved over his, a feather-light exploration, before, with sudden fierceness, she plunged her tongue into his mouth.

He sucked in a swift gust of steam-laced air through his nose, tasting her in his mouth and in his breath. Vanilla ice cream and cinnamon. Fresh, hot blood surged to his groin and his cock twitched, nudging Holly's flat belly through her wet T-shirt. He placed his hands on her hips, feeling the water stream over his fingers, following their form to trickle along his arms. It was a soft, tickling caress that fed the desire already in control of his actions. He didn't know this woman at all, but she'd taken him in on Christmas Eve, and now, it seemed, was willing to give him a present he didn't know if he deserved.

But he'd be buggered if he was going to say no. In fact, he was going to return the gift in kind.

Sliding his hands down her hips, he captured the toned, curved muscles of her butt cheeks and yanked her against his body. The water splashed and squirted over them both, making their skin slick. The sensation made Jack's head spin, as did the feel of Holly's exquisite breasts mashed against his bare chest. Her hard, pinched nipples rubbed his flesh, the coarse, wet cotton of her T-shirt adding to the friction. He delved his tongue deeper into her willing mouth, wanting to show her his appreciation.

God, appreciation was too weak a word.

*Worship?*

With a soft whimper, Holly rolled her hips, stroking his throbbing cock with her wet, cotton-clad sex. She dragged her lips from his, gazing up into his face. "Unwrap me, Jack," she murmured, eyelids heavy, breath shallow.



Hands trembling, Jack moved his fingers to the drooping hemline of her soaked shirt and slid it upward. Slowly, slowly, revealing the flawless perfection of her smooth flesh. Belly, navel, rib cage, breasts.

"Keep going." Holly's whispered prompting filled Jack with a raw hunger he'd never expected. He wasn't inexperienced. Hell, he'd had more than his share of lovers, but something about the occupant of 7C was almost... almost...

"Magical." The mysterious word fell from Holly's lips.

Jack swallowed, and before he could consider what she'd just done, he whipped her sodden shirt up over her head. Her breasts tumbled free and he caught them, closing his fingers around one puckered nipple and his lips around the other.

"Oh, yes, Jack." Holly moaned, arching her back to thrust her breasts further into his mouth. She fisted her hands in his hair, a painful grip that flooded his very core with liquid electricity. "Suck harder."

He did as she commanded, drawing her nipple deeper into his mouth, flicking its very tip with his tongue.

"Yes. Now, bite." He closed his teeth together. "Fuck, yes!" Holly tugged on his hair, forcing him harder still to her breast. He complied, suckling with such pressure his cheeks began to burn. Just as his blood burned with desire and pleasure. Christ, she set him on fire.

He hauled her hips to his, grinding his cock to the curve of her sex as he suckled and nibbled on her nipple. He wanted to bury his straining, throbbing length in her cunt and fuck her until they could no longer stand.

"Then do so," Holly ordered, her breath ragged now. She tore his head from her breast and stared down into his eyes. "Do so. Make me scream."

A shiver rippled through Jack. How did she know what he was thinking? *Does it matter?*

Holly's nails raked down his back, scoring lines of heat into his flesh before she cupped his balls in one hand and gripped his cock with the other. "No." She shook her

head, her long, burnished-copper hair like a cascading waterfall of fire streaming over her shoulders under the shower's powerful spray. "It doesn't matter."

She pumped her hand up his thick erection and a gasp burst from Jack's throat. "Jesus, Holly..." His cock felt like a rod of molten steel being forged by a master craftsman -- craftswoman. He stared at her, his hands squeezing her ass cheeks as she massaged his length. She dragged her thumb over its distended tip, and Jack knew she painted his flesh with his own pre-cum. He sucked in a long breath, struggling for control. He was so damn close to coming.

"Do you want me to taste you first, Jack?" Her smoky grey gaze caressed his chest, his shaft, before moving back to his face.

He stared back at her, incapable of answering. If he relinquished control of his body, even for a second to form words, he would come. Her touch was so good, so unbelievably fucking good.

"I'll take that as a yes, shall I?"

The laughter twinkled in her eyes, crinkled their edges. She stepped back an inch, her ass slipping from his grip, before, with fluid grace, she lowered herself to her knees and took his cock in her mouth.

Wild, wet explosive heat detonated through Jack's body. He threw back his head, burying his hands into her hair and holding her still. All it would take was one little suck and he'd be gone. Over the edge, pumping her mouth full of his cock and cum.

He ground his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut. Magic? Was this some kind of Christmas magic? Was Holly some kind of --

Holly plunged her mouth down his shaft. Swift. Deep.

"Fuuuck!" Jack shouted.

Holly took him all, her chin pressed to his balls, her hands massaging his ass. Her fingers slipped between his butt cheeks and she stroked his anus, sending jolts of charged heat into his core.

His balls rose up, his ass clenched tight. He bucked his hips forward, cum erupting from his cock in a brutal, violent burst.

"Oh, God, oh, babe, oh, Jesus!" He fucked her mouth, his body so consumed by pleasure he could no longer control what he said or what he did. His seed erupted from his cock in thick spurts of fluid that seemed to keep coming and coming, as if his orgasm was a never-ending entity Holly drew nourishment from with each swallow and suck.

With every stroke of her tongue on his cock, with every jab of her finger against his sphincter, more of his cum shot into her mouth. His legs trembled, his heart pounded. Sounds burbled from his throat, incoherent gibberish both pleading and begging. He couldn't take any more. The hyper-sensations scalding his cock and balls and ass were too much, and he didn't want her to stop. Ever.

Even now, he could feel his spent erection growing stiffer. Impossible, but true all the same. "Ah, Jesus H. Christ, Holly," he groaned. "How are you doing this?"

With a chuckle that sent wicked vibrations through his shaft and into his balls, Holly withdrew her mouth from his cock, replacing her lips and tongue with her fingers. "Would you believe I'm a Christmas sprite, here to give you a Christmas miracle?"

"Struth." Jack groaned, so awash in concentrated rapture, the ambiguous Australian colloquialism was the only response that came to mind.

Holly grinned, straightening slowly to press her wet, divine body to his. "I'm assuming that's a compliment."

"Bloody oath, it is."

Her grin turned into a low, throaty chuckle and she rolled her hips forward, aligning her pussy with the root of his cock as she slid her hands up his back. "An Aussie compliment," she murmured, eyes twinkling. "I like it."

Jack studied her face, a tingle shooting up his spine, over his scalp. He'd never felt so alive. It was corny, it was clichéd, but there it was all the same. Callously dumped, jet-lagged, without family or friend, in the arms of a woman somehow capable of reading his mind, and he'd never felt so wonderful.

So aroused.

So completely content with every moment of his existence.

The realization caught his breath and he raked his hands down Holly's bare back. Whoever she was, she'd done the impossible. And he wanted to show her just how grateful he was.

Without preamble, he grabbed her ass and yanked her to his body. "Let me show you what a real Aussie compliment feels like." He stepped forward, pushing Holly backward until her ass and shoulder blades pressed on the tile wall behind her. The steady stream of water from the shower struck them both, warm, soft. Caressing their skin, pooling between their bodies at the point where their stomachs met.

He smoothed his palms up her back, over her shoulders and down her arms to curl his fingers around her wrists. His gaze locked on her eyes through the falling spray, and he slowly lifted her arms, bringing them up above her head until her fingers were level with the shower nozzle. "Hold on to the shower," he ordered.

Nostrils flaring, lips parted, Holly extended her fingers and wrapped them around the short, stainless steel pipe of the showerhead. The action lifted her breasts, jutting them into the gentle spray of water in a beautiful curve that made Jack's heart pound and his blood roar in his ears. "Do not let go," he continued, his cock so hard it hurt.

Grey eyes wide and unreadable, Holly studied him before closing her grip tighter around the pipe.

Slowly, he pressed his hips to hers and ran his hands down the straight length of her arms to cup each breast, rolling her nipples between his knuckles with increasing pressure. "Do you want me to taste you first, Holly?"

Holly's breath came hard. Fast.

Jack lowered his head into the shower's stream and flicked one nipple with the tip of his tongue.

Holly gasped, her hips bucking forward. Painful rapture shot through his ramrod erection, and he bit back a moan, teasing her nipple instead with his teeth before lifting his head. "I take that as a yes?"

Before she could respond, he took her other breast into his mouth, drinking in the sweetness of her flesh and the sweetness of the water slicking over it. He suckled her nipple; languid, purposeful sucks that drew soft whimpers from Holly. He liked the sound of those whimpers. A lot.

Still feasting on her breast, he moved his hands down her waist, over her hips, to the soaked edges of Holly's white panties still clinging to her body. He hooked his thumbs under the elastic and pulled the skimpy knickers down her legs, licking the water from her newly revealed flesh as he did so.

An almost inaudible moan whispered past Holly's lips as his lips found the hairless dome of her pussy, a louder one following as he touched its smooth curve with his tongue. The urge to stay there, to explore the exquisite terrain with his mouth, was powerful, but Jack resisted. There were other things he wanted to do first.

Rising back into a standing position, he gazed into Holly's eyes, chuckling at the raw want and frustrated dismay dancing in them. Without a word to ease her impatience, he returned his hands to her breasts, worshipping each with a thoroughness he knew bordered on torture.

With every pinch and twist of her nipples, Holly cried out, her breath growing shallow, her voice hoarse. With every flick of his tongue against each pinched, rock-hard tip of flesh, she called his name and begged him to keep going. Just when he felt her control begin to crumble, just when he felt her muscles begin to quiver with her approaching climax, he pulled away, stepping as far back as the shower cubicle would let him.

"No," Holly panted, her knuckles white as she gripped the short, steel pipe above her head. "Please..."

"Do you still want me to taste you first, Holly?" Jack reached out and brushed the back of his fingers over the flatness of Holly's belly, just below her navel. She trembled at the contact, another whimper sounding in her throat. "I bet you taste sweet. Like ice cream on a hot summer's day. I bet you taste as wonderful as you feel."

He pressed his hand to her mons and the smooth curve felt like wet velvet under his palm. He slipped his fingers between her thighs, parting the folds of her sex until his middle finger dipped into her creamy, tight cunt.

## Chapter Four

"Oh, Jack."

Holly writhed against the wall, grinding her pussy to his seeking hand, impaling herself deeper on his finger. Water streamed down her body from the shower, down his arm, around his wrist and, mesmerized, Jack watched it follow the crevice formed by his hand in her sex.

He wriggled his finger, curious to see what the action would do -- both to the water's journey and Holly. The water turned into tiny beads of disturbed liquid that jumped and jiggled to the floor, disappearing in the puddle at their feet.

Holly moaned and thrust her hips forward, her cunt squeezing his finger with hungry greed. Jack pulled in a steadying breath. "And you feel so fucking good."

"I taste so fucking good too, Jack." Holly groaned. "Taste me. Fuck me with your mouth. Please."

Jack lowered himself to his knees. He splayed his fingers against Holly's thighs and spread her legs, staring at the pink crease of her pussy. Water coursed over the back of his head, followed the line of his skull and jaw to trickle into his mouth. Absently, he licked his lips, gazing at Holly's perfect cunt. Her juices glistened on her folds, the evidence of her desire plain to see. He bent forward a little, pressing his parted lips to her sex and tracing the tip of his tongue over the cream-slicked seam.

"Oh, by the Spirits, yes." The strange exclamation tore the steam-heavy air, Holly's voice husky and raw at once.

Jack reveled in the sound, dipping his tongue deeper into her cunt. She did taste as good as she felt, and as good as she smelled. With every breath he pulled, her scent threaded its way into his very soul, giving strength to not only his powerful desire and pleasure, but to a lifetime of glorious memories of carefree abandon and happiness.

Christmas at the beach, eating ice cream until it trickled down his arm, licking its coolness from his fingers...

Holly's cream tasted just as fine, and he would gladly lick it from his fingers for the rest of time. Lick it from his fingers, from her thighs, from her folds.

Unable to deny himself or her any longer, Jack sank his fingers into Holly's butt cheeks and plunged his tongue into her cunt.

"Fuck, yes!" she screamed, ramming her pussy to his face. He thrust into her, lapping at her juices, her clit. He captured the tiny button of flesh with his lips and suckled it into his mouth, rolling his tongue over its form as he did so.

Holly shuddered and spread her legs wider, granting him greater access to her sex. He took it, plundering her cunt with not only his mouth, but his fingers too. Thrusting one, two, three of them in and out of her sodden slit even as he fucked her with his tongue.

She screamed again, the sound high and utterly wild. Fresh cream gushed from her cunt, and before the streaming water from the shower could wash it down her thighs, Jack devoured it, drinking in her pleasure with ravenous thirst.

"By the Spirits, I'm going to come," Holly cried out. "Jack, I'm going to come."

Before her climax could claim her, Jack hooked one of her legs over his shoulder and stood, spreading her cunt even wider to sink his cock into her tightness in one fluid move.

Holly brought one hand down and sank her nails into his shoulder, gripping him with a fierceness he understood. It turned his blood to molten bliss.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" Her screams echoed around the small room, a choir of rapture Jack could listen to forever. He punched his cock into her cunt again and again and again, growing faster, faster, faster until sweat leached from his pores in rivulets, only to be washed away by the shower's relentless spray.

Still he didn't stop, his climax building like a storm about to destroy everything in its path. He pumped into Holly with every ounce of desire and want and pleasure he had. Giving her everything of himself. Giving her everything he was or could be.



And she took it all; one hand locked around the steel showerhead high on the wall, her leg locked over his shoulder, her eyes locked on his, her squeezing, contracting pussy locked around his cock.

He fucked her and claimed her and took her, until his balls drew tight and his spine tingled with release, and then he erupted in her core and his seed filled her sex... and he made love to her. Rhythmless, pure love that scoured away the pain of his heartbreak and left him sated and whole and hungering for life to begin again. New life, new hope, new dreams.

A Christmas gift to cherish until the end of time.

\* \* \*

Zippering up his fly, Jack stepped from the bathroom. He snared the corners of the white towel with the embroidered berries hanging around his neck and scruffed at his damp hair with its soft thickness, walking the short distance down the hallway to Holly's kitchen as he did so.

She grinned at him as he entered the small room, her eyes sparkling with laughter. "Now, if I remember correctly," she said, watching him cross the floor, "real Aussies don't drink Fosters?"

Jack chuckled, draping the towel around his shoulders. "Correct."

"Is this better?" A bottle seemed to materialize from the very air beside Holly's head, and she tossed it to him, its icy-cold surface smacking against his palm as he caught it mid-arc. Turning the bottle around, he frowned at the familiar blue and red label now facing him. Tooheys Dry. His favourite.

"Merry Christmas, Jack McKenzie."

Jack started, jerking his gaze from the bottle in his hand to where Holly stood leaning against the kitchen bench, her long legs encased in faded denim once more, the pure white T-shirt once again hugging her wonderfully perfect body.

"Christmas?"

She gave him a cheeky grin, her grey eyes shimmering with an inner light. "It's 12:05 a.m., December twenty-fifth."

Jack blinked. "Wow. I guess I need to thank you."

Holly shook her head. "Not at all. I have a soft spot for Christmas. It's kinda my specialty." She nodded at his jeans pocket, her grin growing softer. "Maybe you should check that address again, now you've had a shower and don't feel so jet-lagged."

Giving her a puzzled frown -- her specialty? And come to think of it, how did she know his last name? -- Jack dug out the scrap of folded paper with Bruce's scrawled address from his hip pocket. He opened it up and scanned the words written there, his chest growing tight.

*Apartment 7C,  
Serenity Apartment Complex,  
551 Cherilise Lane,  
Charlie, Texas, USA.*

Jack frowned. *Serenity* apartment complex? A short, sharp snort of embarrassed disbelief shot through him. "Ah, fair dinkum, I'm an idiot," he muttered, shaking his head. He was in the wrong bloody apartment building!

"Do you need a lift?" Holly asked.

Jack lifted his head and looked at her, unable to miss the ambiguous light flickering in her eyes, as if she was suddenly sad. Or waiting for something she didn't want to hear.

Placing his beer and the scrap of paper aside, he crossed the room, stopping directly in front of her, his thighs brushing hers. "Tell me something first."

She gazed at him, silent.

"How do you know what you do? How do you know what's in my head? Why do I feel like --"

Before he could finish, Holly raised her arm and pressed her fingers to his lips. "I told you, Christmas is kinda my specialty."

A shimmer on the air surrounded her, and for a split moment, Jack swore he saw a set of large, delicate crystalline wings form behind Holly's back. The type one normally associated with fairies and sprites... if such creatures really existed.

And then he blinked -- again -- and all he saw was Holly, beautiful, wonderful Holly, standing before him. His Christmas savior.

She studied him, that almost sad, wistful light in her eyes growing stronger. "Do you need a lift to your cousin's place?" she repeated, not a hint of cheeky merriment in her voice. "Or do you want to give Bruce a call first?"

Jack looked at her, knowing the answer without need of contemplation or thought. He slid his hands around her hips, grabbed her ass and tugged her against his body. "I think I'll call him first," he stated, holding his Christmas sprite close, feeling her heat fold around him. "But later." He lowered his head and brushed Holly's soft, parted lips with his. "Much later. Like three hundred and sixty-five days later, if that's okay with you?"

Holly smiled against his mouth and smoothed her hands up his back to tangle them in his hair. "Oh, that's very okay with me, my very real Aussie. Very okay, indeed."

## **Lexxie Couper**

Lexxie's not a deviant. She just has a deviant's imagination and a desire to entertain readers with her words. Add the two together and you get darkly erotic romances with a twist of horror, sci-fi and the paranormal!

When she's not submerged in the worlds she creates, Lexxie's life revolves around her family; a husband who thinks she's insane, a pony-sized mutt who thinks he's a lap-dog, and her daughters, who both utterly captured her heart and changed her life forever.

Living in Australia makes it a bit tricky for Lexxie to pop by for coffee, but she still loves to chat! Contact her at [lexxie@lexxiecouper.com](mailto:lexxie@lexxiecouper.com) or find her at [www.lexxiecouper.com](http://www.lexxiecouper.com) or her blog <http://lexxiecouper.wordpress.com/>.