



*Christmas
Party*

Moira
Rogers

GINGERSNAPS
Changeling Press

Gingersnaps: Christmas Party

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Christmas parties stink. Literally. Between the spices and sugar cookies -- not to mention the mistletoe and the co-workers doing illicit things in dark corners -- a werewolf with delicate senses has more than she can handle. Luckily Zoe has an advantage this year: a dirty-minded boyfriend with an invitation to the most exclusive holiday event in New York City: Christmas at Last Call.

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It wasn't Connor O'Malley's best line ever, but he was pretty sure it would work. "Hey, baby. Wanna go see my monitoring area? It doubles as a server room."

Having a certified computer geek as a girlfriend had its perks. Zoe eyed the crowded dance floor filled with drunken Christmas celebration and then glanced at him with a wicked little smile. "Can I touch your equipment?"

"Can't wait 'til we get home?" He took her hand and avoided a cluster of people as they made their way toward the back hall.

One of the bartenders, Bernie, took his hand off a stacked drag queen's ass and waved at them. Connor waved back as Zoe choked on a laugh. "I don't think anyone's waiting tonight."

"Upstairs rooms are closed." He swiped his card to call the elevator and waggled his eyebrows at her. "We could see some interesting things on the security feeds."

"Live streaming porn?" The elevator *dinged*, and Zoe laughed as she tugged him through the open doors. "So, is there a camera in here?"

"In the elevator? Elementary, my dear. First place you put 'em." He backed her against the wall and grinned. "Almost. Entrances, exits... and elevators."

Her hand slipped between them and rubbed against his cock through his pants. "There goes your dirty elevator blowjob. You should have told me no."

"Lying for sexual favors is tacky." The car stopped, and Connor pressed her hand more firmly against him for a moment before backing away. "Not enough time, anyway."

She growled a little, a clear sign her wolf was rising to the surface, and studied him with eyes gone suddenly predatory. His sweet little girlfriend in her cute party

dress covered the space between them in two steps and a leap that ended with her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck.

Zoe made an approving noise and bit his chin. "Show me your hot-ass security set-up, baby."

Connor laughed and carried her out of the elevator, not caring if they ran into anyone or not. The floor beneath them trembled slightly from the music downstairs in the bar, and the kinky skirt of Zoe's dress begged to be reached under. Added to that was the fact he'd already had three vodka martinis, so he considered ducking into a corner and taking her right there.

Instead, he headed for the security room.

Inside, a panel of color monitors faced the elegant mahogany desk that held his main terminal. The room was cool enough to make Zoe shiver and press tighter against him, rubbing hardened nipples against his chest.

Her attention, however, was riveted on the expensive LAN benches Benito had purchased at considerable cost. Her gaze took in the neat line of servers and flat screen monitors and the cheerfully blinking lights, then she whistled. "Holy shit. This freaking bar has nicer equipment than my office. Which, for the record, has one server rack that is only being held together by duct tape and prayers."

"No expense spared." He scanned the monitors out of habit, but quickly turned his attention back to Zoe. "Ben believes in spending money to make it, and does he ever."

"Mmm." Her feet hit the floor, and she slid down the front of his body until she rested on her knees in front of him. Nimble fingers made quick work of his belt buckle. "So... Are there cameras in here?"

"Nope." His hands snuck around to unzip her dress as she busied herself with his pants. "No one to see you suck my cock. If you're still determined to, that is."

"What do you think?" A few moments later she had him free of his underwear, and she stared up at him with a wicked little smile. "I've never blown my boyfriend at a Christmas party before. Last year the worst thing I did was spike the punch."

Just looking at her, kneeling in front of him, short-circuited his brain. "Good thing about a bar..." he whispered. "Everything is already spiked."

Zoe didn't take her eyes from his as she parted her lips and drew the head of his cock into the wet heat of her mouth. He hissed in a breath and released it with a curse.

Connor let his eyes drift closed and enjoyed the way Zoe started slow, her tongue teasing the underside of his cock. Her lips were warm as they slid up and down his shaft, and his breathing roughened when she stopped teasing and started sucking him in earnest.

"Harder," he urged quietly, the whirl of computer fans and the roar of his own blood loud in his ears. "Deeper."

She curled her hands around his hips and took him deeper with a low moan that vibrated around him. She sucked hard for several moments, then pulled away so abruptly he opened his eyes to find her on her feet.

Her smile was all challenge as she backed toward the solid wooden desk. "Come and get me."

He was on her in a flash, wrapping his hands in the soft silk of her dress. "Off," he murmured, but it was more to inform than ask because even as he spoke he pulled it over her head. "Tell me what you want."

Zoe leaned back to brace her hands on the desk behind her and widened her stance a little. "Reciprocity."

"Big word." He knelt slowly, trailing his fingers down the outsides of her legs. "Could have just told me to get on my knees and lick your pussy."

Her breathing hitched. "God, you've got a dirty mouth. Have I mentioned lately how fucking hot that is?"

"Only every night, baby." He caught the edge of her black satin panties and eased them down. "When you're begging me to keep talking while I fuck you."

"Well, now I don't know what I want." She slid one hand down her body and watched him as she stroked her clit. "The oral sex is really damn hot, but if I turned

around and bent over the desk, you could fuck me and growl all your dirty words in my ear."

"I'll do both." He moved her hand and flicked his tongue over her, relishing the way she jerked and moaned. "Make you come under my mouth and then fuck you 'til you scream."

Zoe almost never used coarse language unless she was teetering on the edge of climax, so he knew she was feeling wild when she lowered her voice and whispered to him. "Lick my pussy. And use your fingers."

He growled and drew his tongue along her folds, tasting her as his fingers crept back up her legs and slid between them. "You want it fast, or do you want me to tease you?"

"That depends..." Her fingers curled in his hair. "How bossy are you feeling tonight, lover? Are you going to turn me over the desk and spank me if I'm bad?"

Connor thrust two fingers inside her. "Only if you're *good*."

Zoe cried out and rocked down into his touch. "God, I am so turned on right now. Maybe we should go break into one of the rooms with the toys."

"And get me fired?" He laved her clit again, stroking her with firmer caresses of his tongue. "I thought pricey electronics got you off."

"You get me off," she whispered. "Better than anything in the world."

Pleasure warmed Connor, and he grinned up at her. "Do you want this, or do you want me to fuck you now?"

"Fuck me." The words were all command, low and confident and sexy as hell. "Now."

He stood, gripped her hips, and spun her around. When he spoke, he murmured into her ear. "Put your hands flat on the desk."

She leaned down, braced her hands on the desk, and turned to stare at him over her shoulder. "Talk to me, Connor."

He opened his mouth and caught sight of activity on one of the monitors. "How about I talk about the show?" he offered, urging her face forward with a gentle hand on her jaw. "Look."

The center screen showed a gorgeous blonde woman in a revealing white gown tugging a dark-haired man into a corner and dragging his head to hers. Zoe's breathing hitched. "Live porn, huh?"

"Hell ye --" Connor's words cut off as he realized they were watching Benito D'Cruze, the owner of Last Call, and his girlfriend, Fiona. "Jesus."

Zoe was oblivious. She watched Benito catch the woman's wrists and guide them above her head, where they stayed against the wall as if bound. "Kinky porn. Hot."

Connor thrust his cock against Zoe's ass. "That's my fucking boss."

She shot him a disbelieving look over her shoulder. "*That's* Benito D'Cruze? I thought he was, like, eighty."

"Uh-uh." He watched as Ben reached down and slid his hand under Fiona's dress. She arched off the wall, and Connor sucked in a breath. "You want me to turn it off?"

The last thing he expected was for his sweet little girlfriend to shake her head. "I told you what I want. Unless you think you can't distract me from the hot people doing it against the wall..."

He growled lightly and moved her legs apart a little more. "I can distract you," he whispered, one hand skating down the front of her body to stroke her clit. "The question is... do you want me to?" He thrust into her and stayed still. "Tell me what they're doing."

Zoe tried to rock back against him and snarled when he held her motionless. Connor didn't know if it was the alcohol or the desire or even the sheer illicitness of their actions, but Zoe's inhibitions seemed scattered to the wind.

And that was before she started to talk. "He's got his hand under her dress," she whispered, her words low and aroused. "He's probably fucking her with his fingers."

The other hand's on her breast, playing with it. And he's got her trapped against the wall somehow..."

Connor pulled away as she spoke and drove into her again, hard. "Magic. I guess Fiona likes it like that." He drew back again. "So do you."

When he didn't thrust forward she groaned in protest and tried to rock her body back to meet him. "And you like to tease."

"Mmm." On the monitor, Fiona threw back her head and shook. "Keep talking, Zoe, and I'll keep fucking you."

She shuddered under his hands and focused on the monitor. "He's undoing the top of her dress so he can see her breasts."

Connor kept one hand on her hip and slid the other up to tug down the strap of her bra. He bent his head to her shoulder and bit her. "Can you see them?"

Zoe hissed. "Yes. He's got his mouth on her now. On her nipple."

He raised his head and watched as Fiona's hands dropped away from the wall and hurried down to Ben's pants. His own fingers teased at Zoe's exposed breast, pinching her nipple. "Think she'll get on her knees for him like you did for me?"

Her cunt clenched as she threw back her head and moaned. "She should. Your boss is hot, baby. Almost as hot as you."

"Maybe even hotter," Connor allowed with another hard, fast movement of his hips.

Zoe groaned and ground back against him. "Nobody's hotter."

"Yeah?" He drove into her a few more times before gritting his teeth and stopping. He guided her head back down to look at the monitor. Fiona had, indeed, dropped to the floor in front of Ben. "Look at them and tell me."

"Tell you what?" she demanded, her voice hoarse with longing.

"What you want me to do. What they're doing. Just *talk*."

"Sh-she's sucking his cock." Her body clenched again and she pushed her breast against his hand with a soft whimper. "Or maybe he's fucking her mouth."

Connor scraped his teeth over the back of Zoe's neck. "Do you like it?" He didn't even know if he was talking about her watching Ben and Fiona, about her sucking his cock, or about what he was doing at that moment. It didn't really matter.

Her head dropped forward and her hair slid away to reveal the vulnerable arch of her neck more fully. "Again. Do it again."

He bit her, hard, as he plunged his cock into her. "What if someone watched me fuck you?"

Zoe's arms gave out and her elbows hit the polished mahogany. The movement sharpened the angle as he thrust forward again, and she collapsed onto the desk and curled her fingers around the edge. "You want them to see how you make me crazy?"

He leaned over her back and laid his hands over hers. "We could do it here. There's a drink for it, you know."

The idea excited her, that much was clear. She tossed her head back and twisted until she could bite his jaw. "I was going to fuck you tonight anyway, you know. The purse I brought doesn't exactly have lipstick in it."

Pleasure rushed over him in a wave, and he had to stop and dig his fingers into her hips to keep from coming. "What's in it?"

"Lube," she whispered, and this time she squirmed hard enough to move even with his hands trying to hold her still. "Fuck me, baby. Get us both off, and then get hard again so you can fuck my ass. Just like you did the last time we were here."

Control dissolved, and Connor reached under Zoe to grasp her shoulders, keeping her in place as he pounded into her. She made noises that sounded like she was about to come, and his eyes strayed back to the security monitor. "They're taking their sweet time, aren't they, baby?"

"So we'll --" She groaned and her body went tense. In the next moment she smashed her head back against his shoulder and came, hard and hot and desperate as she writhed against the desk.

He followed her with a loud, harsh growl. His cock swelled, sensitized by the pulsing of her pussy, and he slammed into her, driving her against the desk. "Fuck, Zoe."

"That's right." Her voice sounded languid and pleased. "Fucking Zoe is awesome."

He stayed inside her, nuzzling the back of her neck, as he drifted down. Then he glanced at the row of monitors and laughed. "Guess no one ever told them hallway quickies were supposed to be quick."

She made a pleased noise and turned her head. "He owns a sex club, baby. What do you expect?"

He watched as Fiona rose and kissed Ben, hard. "I guess you're right. They met here, after all."

"So did we," she reminded him. Her teeth scraped against his jaw and she nudged him back with her hips. "I'd been planning tonight oh-so carefully until your sexy surveillance equipment got me all hot and bothered. I even went shopping online for what's in my purse."

Connor let his cock slip free of her as he stood and flashed her a wicked grin. "Show me."

* * *

Walking proved troublesome in the face of her considerable afterglow, but Zoe wobbled her way across the room to where her purse lay next to the door. After all, soon enough she'd be back on -- or over -- the desk, and she had no doubt her current state of sated bliss was nothing compared to what Connor could accomplish with a little more time.

And with a little assistance from a discreet online sex shop. Zoe smiled as she retrieved her small black purse and turned to face Connor. "Now you know why I didn't even try to pay for the cab. The money's buried under the naughty, naughty purchases I made."

He stroked his hand up his belly and tugged his shirt over his head. "You keep talking about how naughty they are..."

Maybe not to him, but Zoe found the contents of her purse plenty illicit. Her memories of the night they'd spent upstairs while Connor coaxed her through the worst of her mating cycle were vague when it came to details. She remembered the warmth of his body and the care he'd taken with her and how safe she'd felt, but so much of the rest was a blur.

Except for one thing.

Zoe crossed the room and set her purse on the desk. It opened easily, and she glanced up at Connor as she pulled out a bottle of expensive lube and set it down.

"I planned out the whole seduction," she said, and curled her fingers around a vibrating plug and lifted it from the bag. "I wanted this first. I wanted you to work it into my ass and turn it on. Then I was going to get on my knees and suck your cock."

Connor leaned back against the desk, eyes gleaming, and held out one hand. "Give it to me."

Zoe set the plug down next to the lube and shook her head. "Not done yet."

"What, you've got something else in there?" He peered into her purse.

Warmth flooded her cheeks as she pulled out the sleek vibrator. "I was sort of thinking about the last time we were here. And letting you decide what goes where."

His eyes lit up. "And what if I decide not to use any of it? Will that ruin your Christmas?"

As if that was a remote possibility. Zoe crossed the two steps between them and rubbed her cheek against Connor's shoulder with a satisfied noise. "There's always New Year's. All I want is for my hot-ass boyfriend to say dirty, dirty things to me."

"You get that all the time." He hoisted her in his arms and bit her neck. "But I'm not going to decide what goes where. You are."

"Am I?" She knew by now how to find the perfect spot just under his ear, the one that made him crazy when she scraped her teeth over it. She followed the soft bite with a swipe of her tongue and laughed. "Are you going to do everything I say?"

He shivered under her mouth. "You just have to find out," he informed her, his voice low. "Never know 'til you try, right?"

A thrill raced through her at the possibilities. "Set me back down on the desk. And tell me what's going on in that hallway."

Connor brushed his lips over hers and grinned. "Yes, ma'am." Her ass hit the polished wood, and he smoothed her hair away from her ear. "They're still there. Taking their sweet time, too." His teeth bit into her earlobe, and he laughed. "Ben's lifted her up now. I don't think he's giving her what she wants yet, though, because she's smacking his shoulder and wiggling around."

"Sounds familiar." She reached between them and curled her fingers around his cock, stroking with slow confidence. "You men do like to tease."

"Can't be too easy." His hips bucked against her hand, and his mouth drifted down to the side of her neck. "Oh, looks like he's giving it to her now. Her head is arched back, and she's biting her lip like she's trying not to scream."

Zoe braced one hand behind her and leaned back enough to give his mouth room to drift wherever he wanted. "Tell me what he's doing. How he's doing it." She tightened her hand a little and teased around the head of his cock with her thumb. "Graphic details are the key here."

He moaned and lifted his head. "Fiona's hands are pinned again, but he's not fucking her fast. Slow and deep, the way you like." Connor pulled Zoe's hand away and bit her wrist as his eyes met hers, sending a jolt through her. "Like he's got all night just to make her come."

Which was pretty much exactly Connor's preferred method of lovemaking. Most of the time she was all for letting him tease her past the edge of reason until they were both limp-limbed and exhausted. But tonight...

Something about being here, in a club where people came to have their deepest needs satisfied, made her feel wild. She reached out without looking, groping her hand along the desk until she found the cool little glass bottle and the delicate plug. "You haven't got all night this time. Should we see how fast you can make me crazy?"

"Not as fast as you can drive me to distraction," he admitted as he pulled her off the desk and turned her again. He pulled the lube and plug from her hand and let his lips whisper over her spine. "Watch them," he commanded, lifting her chin until she was looking at the monitor. "I'm going to be busy for a minute."

Zoe stared at the screen, but her eyes didn't quite focus. Connor's mouth felt hot against her skin, and far more illicit than usual with cool mahogany under her bare breasts. "You're never going to be able to sit at this desk again without thinking about fucking me over it, are you?"

"Who said I could, anyway?" Connor licked her skin and scraped his teeth over the curve of her hip. Then his tongue touched her spine again, low on her back. "I think about fucking you everywhere."

The words made her shudder -- or maybe it was the feel of his lips tickling against the curve of her ass. She wiggled a little, anticipation raising goosebumps on her skin as she widened her stance. "Everywhere, huh? So do you get off on the idea of someone watching you do this to me?"

His hands disappeared and then landed on her skin again, slippery and warm as he pressed his thumb against her. "I want them to see how gorgeous you are when you come so hard you can't breathe. And I want them to know that I made it happen."

She dug her teeth into her lower lip and closed her eyes as sensation tickled up her spine at the intimate brush of his thumb. In the midst of the mating heat, they hadn't bothered with the slow build before he thrust his cock into her ass, but in the months since, she'd come to appreciate the slow, teasing care Connor took with her.

Even now, when she was relaxed and still floating from her previous orgasm, Connor moved slowly with her. He nipped at the sensitive skin of her back with tiny bites and stroked her gently. Finally, she felt the press of something hard against her ass, but it was too small to be his cock.

He leaned over her. "Look at the monitor and tell me what you see."

She obeyed. Her eyes opened and she stared at the couple who were obviously coming to the end of their endurance -- impressive though that endurance had been. "He's taking her hard. I think she's about to come."

The ridged silicone of the plug probed her ass. "Why do you think that?" He must have flicked the switch to turn it on and then off again, because a quick thrill of vibration buzzed through her and disappeared.

Her breath caught in her throat, and released on a low moan. "She -- she's got that look --" She remembered the week before when Connor had joined her in the bathroom on Saturday morning when she'd been about to climb into the shower. They'd had sex over the counter, with him whispering for her to watch her face, to see how beautiful she looked as he pushed her toward oblivion. She remembered the flushed cheeks and the panting breaths and the way her throat had worked as she choked on his name with every strong thrust --

She was already wet and aching, and she'd fallen back into taking his orders without even thinking about it. Zoe closed her eyes and issued one of her own. "Use your fingers or the vibrator or something... but make me come. But not your cock."

Connor laughed in her ear and twisted the plug all the way into her ass. "Like this?" He hit the switch, and sensation shot through her again. His fingers teased at her pussy. "Yes?" Without waiting for an answer, he thrust two fingers into her.

By the time they were done, he'd have to *carry* her to a taxi. Zoe should have cared, but she didn't. Pleasure shook through her as she angled her hips with wanton abandon.

The urge to give orders faded, replaced by the nagging longing to feel his fingers in her hair and the stinging slap of his hand on her ass as he pushed her over the edge. Connor never seemed to mind the way the power swung back and forth between them, so she had no trouble asking for it. "Be the boss of me, baby. For a few minutes, anyway."

He always knew what she wanted. His hand slid up into her hair and pulled her head back. "Not my cock?" The blunt, hard head grazed her pussy.

She shivered and reveled in the absolute trust that made it so easy to submit to him. "Your choice," she whispered. "But if you come too fast, I won't get to ride you."

His cock rubbed against her slowly. "Have a little faith, baby." He barely entered her, just enough for the head of his cock to tease, and pulled away. "Are you ever disappointed?"

It was growing difficult to breathe. "No." Which was the truth, but wasn't nearly as much fun as teasing him. "But you're not usually fucking me in a public place with something vibrating in my ass, either."

"I'll make it good, Zoe." He thrust into her pussy and pulled her up against his chest. "Watch the screen, baby. Watch them come."

The angle would have been sharp enough to make her cry out on its own, but the teasing vibrations tormented her, and with her ass stretched and full, everything felt impossibly tight. She was so close to coming that she didn't wait for permission, just snuck her hand down her body and between her legs to rub frantic circles against her throbbing clit.

He stopped moving, and his hand landed on the side of her ass with a stinging slap. "Put your hands back on the desk."

A dark thrill raced through her, and she laughed and twisted to bite his chin. "Put them there yourself if you want them there."

He smacked her ass again and caught both of her wrists in one hand. He pinned them to the desk and rocked gently, pushing her thighs and breasts into the shiny, smooth wood.

Even that was too much. She closed her eyes and pressed her forehead against the desk as everything inside her tightened. Short, panted breaths were all she could manage now, and even words had escaped her. She whispered the only one she could remember as the taunting vibrations and his next thrust pushed her to the edge of what would surely be the craziest orgasm ever. "Connor."

"Not yet." He drew back, still holding her wrists. "You can hold on a little longer..." The hand on her hip drifted down until his fingers almost reached her clit. "Don't come, Zoe."

Heat burned through her. Her tight nipples rubbed against the desk every time she squirmed, and it was too late for self-control. One touch would send her tumbling into mindless, joyful pleasure, and she wanted that touch more than air. "Please." It sounded hoarse and barely human, lost in a snarl as she fought his grip and tried to reclaim the hard heat of his cock. "Connor, *Connor!*" Her body shook. "Please!"

"Yes." He hissed the word in her ear and drove into her again, just as his fingertips circled her clit in a firm stroke. His cock throbbed inside her, and light exploded behind her closed eyes as pleasure tore through her with such intensity it almost hurt.

And once it started, it didn't stop. That one touch unleashed a storm of pleasure, but Connor fed it with another hard, fast thrust and the clever work of his fingers. The waves subsided only long enough for her to draw in breath to scream as the second orgasm smashed into her.

She heard Connor's groan over her own harsh pants, and in the next moment his teeth closed around the sensitive skin at the back of her neck, a possessive, dominating gesture that felt so good she thought she'd come again -- or maybe it wasn't possible to come again when she was still coming --

His groan turned into a chuckle and blew hot against her ear. "That's it, baby. Keep coming." He rocked again, bumping into the vibrating plug. It pushed just a little deeper, and he slicked his fingers over her clit again.

"Connor --" She threw her head back against his shoulder and fought for the ability to breathe as pleasure spiked again. "God, oh God -- I can't --"

"You can." His tongue teased at her earlobe. "Want me to stop?"

For one second she wasn't even sure. Then he rocked against her and the world grew fuzzy around the edges as one final crest of pleasure washed over her, so intense she thought she just might not survive it.

She collapsed against the desk and gasped for breath as Connor's hand smoothed down her back. She whimpered a little as he stilled the vibrations and eased the new toy from her ass, but he just murmured something she couldn't understand.

He always knew exactly what she wanted. Strong arms lifted her against his chest, and Zoe nuzzled her face against his neck with a contented sigh. "I love you."

"I love you, too, baby." Connor kissed the corner of her mouth and chuckled. "I'll never be able to come in here again without laughing. Or maybe having to run over to your office for a quickie."

"My server room isn't *nearly* this nice." But the cold, dark little room would probably be greatly improved by Connor's presence. She smiled sleepily and curled one arm around his neck. "God. Do you know where my clothes ended up?"

"Was I supposed to be keeping track?" He dropped into a chair. "We can stay here for a minute and just... not move."

"Not moving sounds good." His skin was warm and their scents so entwined that the wolf inside her rumbled her contentment. Zoe brushed her fingers over the bruise forming just under his ear and smiled softly. "Did I ever thank you for snatching me up that night I came in here?"

He growled and ducked his head to nip at her fingers, but the look in his eyes was soft. "Why? Best thing that ever happened to me."

If he'd let some other man -- some other werewolf -- claim her, her life would have taken a different path. She couldn't imagine any other man would have been so perfect for her, would have known how to be strong when she needed it without forgetting how to play.

And speaking of playing... She rubbed her thumb along his lip. "So you want to come back in a few months and put on a show?"

He grinned slowly. "They have a drink for that, you know."

"So you said." She leaned up and shifted her thumb aside so she could bite his lower lip. "It's a date."

Moira Rogers

How do you make a Moira Rogers? Take a former forensic science and nursing student obsessed with paranormal romance and add a computer programmer with a passion for gritty urban fantasy. Toss in a dash of whimsy and a lot of caffeine, and enjoy with a side of chocolate by the light of the full moon.

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