



# CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

PUTTING THE  
SEX IN XMAS

SUMMER JORDAN

A Total-E-Bound Publication



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Putting the SeX in Xmas

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**Christmas Crackers**

# **PUTTING THE SEX IN XMAS**



**Summer Jordan**

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## Chapter One

Kati wiggled against Andrew's delectable ass as they lay spoon-like in front of his living room fireplace. She'd rather he was behind her so her squirming would rub his cock. But he'd positioned himself so he could poke the smouldering coals to keep the flames alive.

Her pussy had grown moist the moment his body touched hers. Andrew had had that effect on her since the day they'd met, and after learning how great he was at fucking, she'd grown even more excitable. They'd been dating for three months, and their affair had heated up quickly.

They'd met at a fall festival, sitting across from one another at a food pavillion. She'd been sucking root beer through a straw in a bottle. He'd been lovingly laving frozen custard in a cone. She'd watched the long, delving strokes of his tongue, every one carefully ministered. He'd closed his eyes each time he started another lick. Thick, dark lashes lowering slowly over baby blues. Enraptured, she'd sucked hard while enjoying the twitch of her pussy. Then Andrew had looked up, stared at her lips in motion, her eyes on him, and he had broken out laughing. He'd moved to sit beside her.

Later, they'd danced together in an open-air pavillion, him holding her close enough to feel her breasts and eager mound against his broad chest and hard-on. Then, they'd left the Party in the Park hand in hand and gone to his house where they'd taken a long shower, soaping one another's bodies and growing breathless with desire. Unable to control themselves any longer, he'd put on a condom, hoisted her onto his penis, and she'd locked her legs around his waist. He'd stepped out of the stall – she'd managed to turn off the water as they went – and he'd carried her to the bed that way. He'd laid her down on the covers, and she'd cried out in disappointment as they disengaged. Kati hadn't wanted to part with the heightened feelings he was creating within her. But he'd quickly entered her again, and they'd screwed until she was about to climax. Then he'd withdrawn again and turned her around so they were in the sixty-nine position. When he started licking her clit, she'd torn off the condom and tasted Andrew's penis. And they'd latched onto one another in a frenzy. Sucking. Eating. Delving. Touching. Excitement rising. *Migod*. She'd never felt so *hot*, so

eager, so over the top. It was the most thrilling experience of Kati's life. When she'd come, she'd screamed, and she had never screamed before during her climax. His cock was big and hard and wonderful, and Andrew was a master cocksman.

They'd fucked every day or night since then. But their relationship *was* more than sex. She thought of him all the time when they were apart. They had fun together, and while they were two different sorts, they had a lot of common interests. Flea markets. Vineyards with wine tastings. Strolling through ethnic neighbourhoods. They were both curious and eager to grasp onto the meanings of life.

Now, Kati was ready to take her relationship with Andrew to the next level. They had shared so much in the short time they'd known each other. If they moved in together, it would make the upcoming holidays more special. There were other venues to explore, especially at this time of year. It was already the second week of December.

"Christmas is coming soon," Kati said, deliberately tickling the back of his neck with a warm wave of her breath. She'd like to be 'coming' with Andrew. She loved gala celebrations, but orgasms could be enjoyed all year long. Every day and every night. She smiled as she nuzzled Andrew's nape, enjoying the musky smell of his shaving lotion mixed with his own masculine scent.

"Mmm," Andrew murmured. "Do you like Christmas?"

"I love the whole holiday season. Doesn't everyone?" The back of his neck was a highly sensitive spot, she'd learned. She knew most of the places that were likely to turn him on. Snaking her arms around his waist, she slipped her hands up under his T-shirt and played with his chest hair, eager for the moment they'd both get naked. If only he would make the first move instead of waiting for her to do it...

She'd come directly from her cosmetics counter job at Bright's Department Store and was impatient for Andrew to discover the surprise she had for him. She'd shed the cosmetician smock she wore before leaving work. But it was what she wore...or didn't wear...under her black dress that she'd planned as a come-on for Andrew.

His reserve must be due to his British roots, she'd told her friend, Tara.

Tara lived in the apartment across the hall from Kati, and they often shared confidences. A redhead who was quick to speak her mind, Tara said Kati was making a stereotypical assumption. Not all Englishmen were reserved.

True, Kati supposed. Andrew was the one in control during their wild and steamy lovemaking. And he was good at what he did.

"So what do you have to complain about?" Tara had asked. "You have a boyfriend that's great in bed. You should be satisfied."

What Tara didn't seem to understand was that if Kati made Andrew so hungry for her body that he couldn't keep his hands off her, he might ask her to move in with him. Next step, he'd want them to spend a lifetime together. Kati was crazy about Andrew and thought he shared her feelings. But it bothered her to think she was hornier. Shouldn't he find her irresistible?

This evening, Andrew had lain down and fitted his back against her with a contented sigh. "This is nice," he'd said.

It had been, but fucking would have been nicer. She couldn't help herself. Sex with Andrew had become her greatest pleasure. His lovemaking was addictive, and so was he.

Now, turning back the fly of his trousers, she ran her fingernail up and down the zipper.

"That gives me chills," he said, taking hold of her wrist. "It's like fingernails on a blackboard."

"I'm not particularly fond of Christmas nowadays," Andrew went on. "Not like when I was a child in England."

He'd taken so long to answer that she'd almost forgotten what they'd been talking about. She palmed his hard-on. "I knew one or both of your parents were British, but I thought you grew up here in Boston."

"My dad was born on the other side of the pond and came to the States for his postgraduate degree. He met Mum here in New England, and this house was her childhood home. She died when I was very young, and after Pop and I went through a couple of bleak holidays, we began spending them with his parents. Christmas then became my favourite time of year."

He broke off as Kati unzipped his trousers and slipped her fingers inside. His briefs were low-cut and allowed easy access to his rock-hard penis. She traced the ridge that circled the head, and he moaned. Scrambling over the top of him, she grasped his shirt and pulled him close for a kiss. He slid his hands up under her skirt.

"You're bare," he breathed.

He went wild, his hands seeming to be everywhere at once. Andrew palmed the rounded cheeks of her ass, his breath hot on her neck. Lowering his head, he nuzzled her cleavage while sliding his hands over her hips and around to her stomach. Spreading his fingers wide, he moved them in circles, exerting a gentle pressure that built a fire inside her belly. A moan escaped Kati's lips.

With one swift motion, he pulled up her dress. She was exposed to the waist, and his eyes smouldering, he devoured her genital area with his gaze. Her pussy ached with desire for him to trace that same path with his fingertips. And his penis.

Kneeling over her, Andrew rubbed her mound. "My god, Kati," he murmured, cupping her pussy with his hand. "You are such a vixen."

She rose to meet his touch and held out her arms. A guttural sound came unbidden from her throat.

With one swift move, he lowered his pants and underwear. His erect rod popped out, and he half-smiled as he shifted his burning gaze to her face. "Is this what you want?"

*He knows it is.* Narrowing her eyes, her breath coming hard, she hungrily took hold of his cock. It felt hot and hard in her grasp, and she slid her fingers up and down the smooth length of it. *Savouring.* Soon, she would feel it inside her, and she was ready. A drop of semen shone on its crown. She raised her head and took it on her tongue.

Andrew drew in a quick breath. Closing his eyes, he smiled.

She laved the end of his rod again. Slowly, with a slight pressure to the underside where he liked it most.

Rising quickly, he shucked off his trousers and briefs. Reaching for her hands, he pulled her to her feet. He tugged her dress over her head and off. She was entirely naked now. Her breasts were firm and high, and she'd dared to go braless. Her nipples pebbled under his gaze. Her pulse quickened in anticipation.



The fire popped and crackled. Other than that, there was only the sound of their heavy breathing as they admired one another's bodies. Andrew took the first step forward, fitting his hands to the sides of her waist. "You're so slender. So lovely. You are an amazing woman." His voice was husky and his eyes dark with passion. "I love your breasts." He cupped them and rubbed his thumbs over the erect tips.

The sensations he created reached all the way to her vagina. He did it again, and she gasped and shivered. It felt so good, and yet it was like a shock of electricity running through her energized body. She took hold of his penis again and stroked it lovingly. She traced the ridge around the head, and Andrew moaned.

He dropped a hand to her aching pussy. She knew it was wet and creamy and was thrilled at his touch. He liked it that way, and she longed to give him what he wanted. Was that a sign of love?

Andrew slid a finger between her throbbing labia to stroke her clitoris. Ecstasy coursed through her genitals. She shuddered, and her knees grew weak. He knelt in front of her and licked her juices. His rough tongue dipping inside her set her pussy to quivering. This was the way he'd hooked her that first night.

"Oh, Andrew. Ohmigod. I adore what you're doing."

He locked his lips on her clit and sucked. *Unbelievable*. Pressure built. She grew unsteady on her feet. *Ecstasy*. He raised his eyes to watch her face, and she twisted her fingers in his hair. She felt her hot, thick juices pouring from her, and he held tight, still swallowing. Kati had never felt such sweet agony. Never had her body racked with shudders like this. *My god, it is good*. So great, she could hardly bear it and, at the same time, wished he would never stop. This time was even more powerful than it had ever been before.

When she thought she couldn't take another moment of his powerful hold on her hard nubbin, she whimpered. He raised his strong hands to brace her hips and keep her from falling. Her pussy pulsed madly. Her clitoris felt as if it might burst. She cried out with the glory of the feeling. All of those unbelievable sensations came together and... Kati came again and again. Spasms coursed through her body. Her juices ran, and he lapped them up. The delving of his rough tongue created tiny bursts of aftershock. It felt unbelievable.

When her knees turned completely to jelly and she sank down against him, Andrew laid her on the carpet. Turning to his discarded slacks, he pulled out a condom and sheathed his rod. He looked like a prince. Strong, muscular and beautiful. Ready to *take* his princess.

Andrew's black hair shone in the firelight, and his blue eyes were hungry as he climbed between Kati's thighs. *Do I have the strength for this?* Her vagina was still pulsating.

He sank his cock deep inside her, and there was no doubt. She wanted nothing more than to have him fuck her, his hot penis inside her quivering, slick pussy. Moaning at the thrill of his entry, she circled his neck with her arms. Long strokes filled her sex hole. *God, I love it.* Raising her hips, Kate eagerly met each plunge. Clenching her muscles to pump his dick, she was on fire again and wanted to give him her best.

He moved slowly and deliberately at first. He dipped his head for a taste of her breast. Sucking hard, he made her writhe. He raked the other nipple between his teeth, and she dug her fingers into his shoulders.

Smiling, he raised his face to gaze into her eyes. "I like the feel of your tight, wet pussy when I slide my hard, hot cock inside. I love fucking you, baby."

Kati contracted her muscles, squeezing his entering thrust, and he began to plunge hard and fast.

His breath grew ragged, and sweat dripped from his forehead. "Ready, baby?"

She cried out, unable to form words.

Bucking, shuddering, head thrown back, Andrew shot his cum, and Kati, eyes wide, joined him in orgasm. She clung to him, absorbing each quiver of his torso against hers. Loving the feel of his penis deep inside her pussy, the scent of sex in the air and even the perspiration that coated their skin.

Tara said Kati should be satisfied. She was lucky. At this moment, Kati completely agreed. She was sated. The fire sputtered in the draught as wind shook the windows in Andrew's house. But Kati and her lover were warm, safe and content. Holding hands as they lay, two sweaty bodies next to one another, her heart swelled with an emotion so powerful, it had to be love.

Andrew drove Kati home to her apartment house, picking up a pizza on the way. She didn't mind a casual supper, but she had hoped he'd ask her to stay overnight at his place. Especially after what had just transpired between them. He said he loved fucking her, but she'd have been more gratified to hear that he loved *her*.

When they arrived, she kicked off her shoes, brought out a bottle of Sangria and lit candles on her dining area table. Eschewing the Pizza Place paper napkins, she laid black and white chequered ones on matching placemats and set the table with red pottery plates. She enjoyed feeling like a couple and doing things for him.

Andrew turned on her stereo, and Christmas music spilled forth. As they sat down, she commented, "It's time to unpack my Spode Christmas Tree china."

Andrew picked up a piece of still steaming pepperoni pizza dripping with cheese. "My grandmother has a set of that tableware, as well. So did Mum, but I don't know where it went. If Dad took the china with him, Thelma has kept it under wraps whenever I've eaten dinner with them."

"I only have two place settings," Kati said. "I bought them with my first Christmas bonus from the department store. Now that we're back to the holiday discussion..." She smiled meaningfully. Smoking hot sex had cut short their earlier conversation. "Can we plan something special for the two of us this year? I gather you don't enjoy Christmas at your father's house, and I'm not going to my parents' home in California, this year. So, how about a romantic getaway? We could rent a mountain chalet in the Pocono Mountains or hide away at a beach house in Florida. It would be fun, just the two of us starting a tradition."

Andrew grimaced. His mood had certainly changed since their earlier fuck.

"You're right that I don't enjoy Pop and Thelma's phony celebration. But Christmas should be...like it was at Gram and Grampa Howell's house. Homey and warm with mistletoe and a ceiling-high, fragrant fir tree. Carefully wrapped presents beneath. A Christmas goose roasting in the oven. And..." Andrew chuckled. "Gram's crackers. One of my favourite things. She made them herself."

Kati laid down the slice of her veggie half of the pizza. "I didn't know a person could *make* crackers. Were they served with soup as a first course?"

Andrew laughed heartily.

"What's so funny?" she demanded. "My grandma makes oyster stew on Christmas Eve. But she buys the tiny crackers she serves with it."

Andrew reached across the table to ruffle Kati's hair. "I'm sorry. You aren't familiar with British customs. The crackers aren't food items. They're party favours that are placed at each person's table setting. Sometimes, they're also used to decorate the tree or a wreath. They're cardboard tube-like things with goodies inside. They're called 'crackers' because two people pull on the ends and they *crack* open with a kind of a bang. The person who gets the bigger half wins claim to the items. "

"Oh. What kind of goodies fall out?"

"Fortunes or mottoes of some sort. Paper hats, often ones that open up to look like crowns. Small toys or prizes. My grandmother included coins and candy, and she decorated the crackers with ribbon and such so they were very appealing. She enjoyed making them as much as we enjoyed cracking them."

"I can see why a child would be charmed," Kati said, trying to picture Andrew as a young boy celebrating Christmas that way. She'd wanted to call him Andy when they'd first met, and that fit the image she had of him as a tot. But he'd said he'd always been called 'Andrew' and thus preferred it.

The name did suit him. Tall, he always stood straight, and she felt his presence whenever he entered a room.

"But what about the grownups? Do they open crackers, too?"

"Absolutely. It's a friendly competition. There's lots of sparring and laughter and Brits don't outgrow their fondness for crackers. Gram and Grampa invite close friends so there is always a full house, alive with good cheer. The first couple of years after Mum's death, the holidays weren't happy ones. My father didn't know how to make the celebration special. It must take a woman's hand to pull it off. Pop would set out a small tree a few days beforehand. A sickly, fake one he bought already decorated. And beneath it, he'd place store-wrapped presents that a clerk helped him choose. On Christmas Day, he'd take me to a restaurant for the turkey and dressing or ham and yams sort of meal, and we'd eat among lonely strangers.

"After opening the presents, which didn't take long, he'd pop corn and make cocoa, and we'd watch a movie. That was the best part of those days."

"You must admit he was trying." Kati reached over to pat Andrew's hand.

He turned it over to grasp hers. "Yeah, I know he was. But I was too young to realise he was doing his best and that he was hurting, too. He's a good father. He didn't remarry until I graduated college."

This was the most personal information Andrew had ever shared. Kati was touched.

"When his parents invited us to spend Christmas break with them, it was the best thing that could have happened. Pop was a college professor, and school was out for both of us, so we were free to go to England, and we had a great time there.

"Since his marriage to Thelma, they celebrate at home, and Christmas at their house is worse than the ones my father and I spent alone. Last year, she decorated the tree in pink and silver with white twinkling lights. It's like a spread in a woman's magazine. Stylish and cold."

"Have you considered going to your grandparents' alone?" Kati would love to go with him, but that wasn't going to happen. Not until he at least started sleeping over.

"I don't have that much time off work. People get sick. Doctors need medicine. When I've earned more holiday time, I might go." Andrew was a rep for a large pharmaceutical company. He sometimes travelled but only within his assigned region.

"Are you sure a short, romantic getaway wouldn't do you good?"

"Positive." He rose and carried his plate to the dishwasher, squeezing her shoulder as he went past. "Christmas is a day to spend at home with the ones you love."

Kati felt as if Andrew had slapped her.

"Don't look so disappointed. We can still celebrate the day together."

*We can still celebrate Christmas together, even though I'm not the one you love?* Kati was glad when Andrew left. She had some serious thinking to do.

\* \* \* \*

Kati rapped on Tara's door and was promptly invited in.

A petite registered nurse, Tara worked third shift at Regional Hospital and was already in uniform. "What's up?" she asked, waving Kati towards an easy chair.

"It's about Andrew."

"Of course." Chuckling, Tara headed towards the kitchen. "What'll it be?"

"I brought my own." Kati proffered the half-full bottle of Sangria she'd been holding behind her back. "I knew you were on duty tonight and couldn't imbibe. So it seemed the fair thing to do."

Tara returned to sit on the colourful, flowered sofa opposite the chair she'd offered Kati. "I have an hour. Sit down and cry on Aunt Tara's shoulder."

"What makes you think it's bad news?"

"He's already left, and your expression is dour. Maybe I should be glad I'm not presently *with* a man."

Kati shrugged and related the story about Andrew's views on Christmas. "If I weren't so put out by his remark, I'd try giving him what he wants. Which reminds me..." She told Tara about the events that had taken place earlier. As that tale unfolded, Kati's mood lifted, and a smile escaped. "He gave me one orgasm after another."

"So? Doesn't he deserve a holiday like Gram used to give him? You could score a lot of brownie points that way. Roast a goose. Make crackers." Tara laughed. "I'd have been thrown by that, too."

"You really think I could pull it off? I know very little about anything British."

"Search the internet for customs, recipes, etcetera, and you'll find everything you need. I'll bet you."

"And wow, would that be a coup, to give him what he wants." Kati bounced on the purple chair cushion. Tara liked bright colours. Maybe that was why she was usually cheerful. On the other hand, she could be distressingly realistic. Hopefully, she didn't show that side of her personality to her patients.

"I'll make the U.K. Christmas the final step—the *aha* moment of my plan," Kati announced triumphantly.

"What plan?" Tara threw her arm across her forehead and closed her eyes. "I'm not sure I really want to hear this."

"I won't be happy until he initiates sex." Kati held up her hand to stop any unwelcome remarks. "He has to want me so badly that he makes the opening move. Then, just to show him the tables have turned, I'll take charge and show him what this woman is made of." She chuckled gleefully. She'd just come up with that idea.

"If Andrew is properly enamoured, he'll ask me to spend the night. And following a night of wild and wicked fucking, he'll suggest I move in."

*"Just like that?* You could benefit from some of Andrew's reserve, Kati. You want everything to happen 'right now'."

"My ultimate goal, of course, is for him to decide he can't live without me and declare his undying love." Kati, not about to let Tara stop her, held out her left hand and wiggled her third finger. "A diamond engagement ring would make a lovely Christmas present."

As she unfolded her intentions aloud as they crystallized, her excitement mounted. "A Christmas like Gram's will be the cherry on top. He'll be dying to marry me."

"You are a conniving woman, Kati Johnson. That's really underhanded, making a plan to trap a man through fucking him to death." Tara broke into laughter. "You're too much."

"I don't plan to kill Andrew. I just want to lower his resistance. And a real old-fashioned Brit Christmas will be my ace in the hole. If he proposes then, he might give me a ring on New Year's Eve, and I'll suggest a February 14<sup>th</sup> wedding. Valentine's Day would be perfect for the marriage of Kati Michelle Johnson and Andrew James Howell, II."

"Aren't you being a little greedy?" Tara asked. "Couldn't you settle for just moving in together? Marriage isn't a must these days. It makes it easier when you decide to part ways."

Tara had been living with a guy for a year when he'd walked out, and she was still cynical.

"I know a wedding band and licence don't come with a guarantee, but it makes two people try harder to make their relationship work. I'm an old-fashioned gal," Kati said. "I've wanted to be a bride since I wore white and a veil for my first communion."

\* \* \* \*

Back in her apartment, slightly inebriated and tongue in cheek, Kati wrote a Christmas letter.

*Dear Santa,*

*I've been a good girl (really great, Andrew says), and this is what I want you to bring me, please.*

1. *Seduction initiated by Andrew.*
2. *An invitation to sleep over.*
3. *One for me to move in with him.*
4. *Four little words ~ I love you, Kati.*
5. *Andrew to love the British Christmas I create*
6. *Five little words ~ Will you be mine, Kati?*
7. *A diamond on my left ring finger.*
8. *Marriage to Andrew Howell. (The last one can come later.)*

*Love, Kati Johnson*

Taping her letter, AKA 'Kati's plan', inside a kitchen cabinet door, Kati crawled into bed where she lay awake, thinking of ways to lure Andrew into seducing her.



## Chapter Two

It struck Andrew as odd that Kati called his mobile early in the morning to invite him to dinner that night. They'd been seeing one another every evening but didn't make plans until they were both finishing up their work days. Kati's hours at Bright's Department Store seldom varied. She worked from 9:00 to 5:30 with half an hour for lunch. Andrew's schedule was flexible since he was in sales and his own boss on a regional level.

Today, he'd taken off early to have a drink with his buddy before Bob had to clock in for the evening as Bright's Toyland Santa. Bob was moonlighting and perfectly cast, thanks to his jolly nature plus the belly he'd acquired working his day job as a pastry chef.

Andrew wasn't one to share confidences, so he'd barely mentioned his and Kati's affair. But Bob, who had a second sense regarding relationships, inquired how things were going between them. Andrew shrugged and said she'd asked him over for a home-cooked meal, adding that this was the first he knew that she cooked.

When Bob made a big deal over 'things getting serious', Andrew laughed it off. And when the two of them parted outside the mall café, Andrew stopped at a kiosk and bought Kati a bouquet. There. That proved he wasn't worried by what Bob said. Kati was hot for Andrew just as he was for her. But that was as far as it went. They'd never had a serious discussion. All they did was fuck. And while he liked her a lot, that was as far as he intended their relationship to go. He didn't want to marry anyone anytime soon.

The flowers he'd bought were his way of expressing appreciation for her taking the trouble to cook. She was probably making dinner for the same reason—to show her gratitude for all the dinners he'd bought. A bottle of wine was his usual offering for his hostess, but he'd been drawn to the colourful blooms. He should probably take Kati a nice Chablis, as well.

After stopping off at home to shower and change into an open neck, silk shirt that she'd said matched his eyes, and swapping white briefs for sexier black spandex, he checked his wallet for condoms. It paid to think ahead when you wanted to please a woman.

Hopefully, the meal she'd prepared would be tasty enough to keep his sexual desires in check until later when Kati came on to him. The eagerness of her seductions was delightful, and he found her initiation of the sex act in all its variations thrilling. He'd never before known a woman like that, and it was refreshing. Usually, a man had to jump through all sorts of hoops known popularly as foreplay. A woman who loved fucking as much as Kati did was not only irresistible, she was...extraordinary.

He pushed the button and announced, "It's me. Andrew."

She buzzed him in, and he jogged up the flight of steps to the second floor. Kati had opened the door and left it ajar for him. A redhead peeking out from the apartment across the hall drew in her head and quietly closed her door. Andrew shrugged. *Nosy neighbour.*

"In the kitchen," Kati called.

Andrew followed the delicious aroma and found her bending over the oven, peeking inside. Her black skirt hugged her cute derriere, and the garment was short enough to show a lot of leg in sheer, black stockings. Intriguing seams travelled straight up the back like arrows pointing to her hot, little pussy. He didn't think pantyhose were made like that. So what was holding them up?

He had a hard-on already, and dinner wasn't even finished cooking, let alone over. "I brought..."

She rose and turned. A lump in his throat, as big as a frog, choked off his words. Her bodice was so low cut, he could almost see her nipples. Her breasts rounded over the top of a bustier like cupcakes rising over the edge of baking tins. Her cheeks were flushed, and she'd drawn her blonde hair atop her head with curls spilling about like a waterfall. Kati's lips were glossy and cherry red.

He didn't remember ever noticing the colour of her mouth before. Only the shape, which was like a cupid's bow.

"Good evening, Andrew."

She'd never spoken in that tone. It was a kind of purr. *My god*, Andrew thought. *Bob might be right. Kati might have ulterior motives.* However, the way she looked, like some sort of devilish angel, he was halfway eager to know what they were. And looking at those ripe globes, he wagered he might succumb.

Unless a wedding was on her mind.

He didn't plan to marry until he was ready to start a family. If he thought he was in love, he'd live with the woman for a year or two, first. A guy needed to know what he was getting into. The woman, too. Who knew what kind of behaviour the other person exhibited behind closed doors? He supposed he was the cautious type, but he knew guys who'd gotten burned by marrying too quickly.

"Hello?" Kati waved a hand before his eyes.

Her fingernail polish matched her lips. He'd admired her hands before. Long, slender fingers with oval nails that he remembered as pink. Andrew wordlessly held out the flowers and proffered the wine.

"How lovely. Thank you." Kati came close.

She smelled delicious. He thought she was going to kiss him, but she didn't. Should he kiss her? Did he dare? He might ravish her body if he did. He'd love to dip his hands in her bodice and lift out those beautiful breasts and suck them until she quivered. Check under her skirt and see what was holding those sexy stockings up.

She took a step back. "Is something wrong?" She wrinkled her brow. "You aren't acting like yourself." She took the gifts from him.

"I-I'm fine." Her demeanour was unusual, as well. And it made him nervous. He couldn't decide what was making him uneasy. "I just... God, Kati, you look beautiful. And the food smells delicious." He blurted out the words.

"Thank you." She laughed, and her chest rose and fell.

He watched, hoping those magnificent breasts would spill out. His fingers itched to touch them. He'd like to stroke her nipples into hard peaks and taste them with his mouth.

*I have to gain control of myself. My cock is so hard, she's sure to have noticed. Plus, I'm as tongue-tied as a bashful teen.* "I...just... Do you have a vase? I could do the flowers." He'd rather *do* her. Riding her fast and hard until she screamed her orgasm. Andrew had loved it the first time he'd heard her scream. And that had been the night they'd met. He'd felt on top of the world knowing he'd given her that much pleasure.

"Wonderful." She got a container out of the cabinet. A paper fastened to the inside of the door fluttered. She whirled around, shutting the door at the same time. "It's nothing," she said.

"I didn't ask." But now he *was* curious.

"Oh." She looked towards the stove. "I hope you like roast pork."

"Of course." He unwrapped the flowers and jammed the stems in the vase. Something was up. She knew he was hard for her. She wasn't blind. And Kati, being Kati, ordinarily would have fondled him immediately and unzipped his pants by now. Maybe she was afraid to start something because of the food. She wouldn't want it to burn.

"You forgot the water," Kati said, smiling. Her fingers lightly brushed his as she took the posies out of the vase and both away from him. He watched as she remedied the situation. "Why don't you open the wine?"

She handed him a corkscrew and took two glasses out of the same cabinet. "Dinner isn't quite ready. Why don't we take our drinks into the living room and relax?"

Kati led the way. He sat on the sofa and patted the cushion next to him. She sat down but not as close as he'd hoped.

"I won't bite," Andrew said, stroking her cheek with the back of his hand.

"I-I'll be right back." She popped up and headed to the kitchen. "I want to get something," she called over her shoulder.

If the paper inside the cupboard was private, he thought she might be going to hide it. But it was several minutes later before she returned with a tray of oysters on the half-shell, cut lemon, pepper, hot sauce and two little forks.

"How did you know I love these?" he asked. Surprised and delighted, he reached for one. "Hey, they're already loose from the shell."

"I took the easy way out. I bought them from a speciality market and had them delivered just before you came."

Andrew nodded. They must be expensive purchased that way, but it made them much easier to eat. And simpler to prepare. Still, he was surprised she'd gone to those extremes for just him and her. Watching Kati purse her lips to suck the slippery oyster into her glossy, red

mouth and thinking how sexy she looked doing it, he remembered that oysters were supposed to be an aphrodisiac. So, that was why she'd served them.

It was working for him already. Just watching the movements of her lips and tongue was as rewarding as eating them. Whether she was deliberately trying to turn him on or not, he was hot for her body. As always. What was he waiting for?

Andrew ate one with hot sauce before scooting closer to Kati for a kiss. It was a swift peck on the lips, but she sat back, eyes wide. "Wow," she said. "Talk about heat."

"Are my kisses too hot for you?" he teased.

She already had an oyster on her tiny fork but took time for a sip of Chablis.

Smiling, Andrew took hold of her wrist and sucked the oyster down his throat. Then he tasted her lips and mouth. "Mmm, mmm. This is the way to enjoy those succulent little devils," he said.

She didn't pull away, but she wasn't unzipping his pants, yet. What was wrong? Wasn't she turned on? He traced the edge of the bustier and waited for her to grab his cock. Nothing?

*Damn.* He dipped his hand in the bustier and stroked her nipple. She trembled. He took the hard nubbin in his mouth and suckled it. Kati moaned.

"Fair play. I don't want this beauty to be jealous." He teased the other breast in the same way.

Kati was trembling, and her eyes were glazed, but she still hadn't touched him.

Andrew was determined to take care of that. Pushing the table with their wine glasses and food away, he ran his hand up the inside of her thigh and was surprised to find his way clear to her hot, little pussy. No panties. But something was holding up those sexy stockings. Raising her dress, he discovered the strip of black lace that was responsible.

His penis throbbed with desire. He couldn't possibly make it through dinner without screwing her. "You *do* want to be fucked, don't you, sweetheart? You were trying to fool me into thinking you weren't hot for my body. You knew I was so hard, I ached, didn't you? It's not like you to be a tease." Andrew twisted her pubic hair, and she cried out, but she loved it. He could tell by the way she was squirming. "Answer me."

"Yes, I knew," she whispered. Twining her fingers in the hair on his head, she pulled.

“You want to get even, do you?” Laughing, he found the nubbin that drove her wild and rubbed it between his finger and thumb. “What do you say we get the sexy, lace garment and hose out of the way?”

In scarcely a minute, they were both naked, and she was sitting astride his hips with his cock sheathed and directing it inside her hot, dripping sex hole. Andrew couldn't believe what had just happened. Kati had taken over as soon as he'd donned the condom.

This could be fun. All he had to do was go along with it. Throwing his hands up over his head, he made himself vulnerable to whatever she wanted to give.

Leaning forward to pin his wrists, she slid up and down his penis. What a glorious feeling. And sight. Her hair had come loose and was tumbling down around her creamy shoulders, and with her beautiful, high tits bouncing, he could have come just watching. Add the friction of her tight pussy pumping his cock, and it was all he could do to keep from climaxing. His pulse raced, and his nipples were rock-hard. How was he lucky enough to find such a hot woman? He'd known she'd be this way from the moment he'd laid eyes on her. And he'd been so right.

Kati's cheeks were flushed, and her breath came fast, but she must have sensed he was close to climaxing, because she stopped. Andrew raised his hips, pushing deeper, and she backed off until only the head of his penis was inside of her. She was torturing him. Grabbing her waist, he pulled her onto his rigid rod and lifted her lower body to slam her pussy down on it again and again. Her vulva hugged his cock, and the friction was unbelievable. She resisted for a moment, but then she bucked against him, following his motion, her demanding body and fervent murmurs begging for more. Her clit was rock hard, and the angle of their bodies caused his penis to rub against it with each stroke. They were both loving it.

The aroma of sex hung in the air. Tension filled the room. Desire was so palatable, he could taste it. His and hers.

“Yes,” she whispered. “Ohmigod, yes, Andrew.”

He wanted to take Kati so high, she'd go over the moon when she orgasmed. He wanted to show her who was boss. Rolling her over so he was on top, Andrew withdrew completely and watched her thrashing and raising her pussy for more. He longed to make

this a fuck she'd never forget. He'd enticed her this time, but she'd taken over. Then he'd assumed control again, and he wanted her to remember it. He'd needed this break to keep from shooting his wad.

Andrew took her breast in his mouth. Not just the nipple but as much of it as he could and sucked and nibbled.

"Dammit, Andrew. Fuck me. I want your cock back *now*."

He suckled the other breast for just a moment before complying. Kati was rolling her head back and forth, mumbling incoherently. He sunk his penis inside her wet, quivering hole. It was an unbelievable feeling to make her want him so badly. "How's that, baby?"

Rising to pound her pelvis against his was her answer. She was begging silently, and he loved it. He was always the one who did the fucking, but first, he let her ask for it. This time, he hadn't waited for overtures. He'd claimed her.

Then she took over again. Now he was going crazy trying to regain control. This back-and-forth switching of power was an amazing aphrodisiac. They didn't need oysters. He and Kati were both in love with fucking. They were two highly sexual beings. Right for each other.

They were both bathed in perspiration, and his cock had begun to throb. Kati was clawing at his bare ass, and the pain was further turning him on. She was half-sobbing, and Andrew couldn't wait another second for that inevitable rush of orgasm. She was ready and so was he. It was time...

Plunging hard and fast, he fucked Kati until she cried out. Climaxing, her pussy racked his cock with the spasms of her release. Fear that he'd held back too long and wouldn't be able to come washed over him. But then, he felt the thrust of his semen being drawn forth by her tight hold on his organ. His body shook, and every nerve ending grew raw. The extreme powers of emotion and sensation were both pleasure and pain until released by a glorious orgasm. Shuddering, head thrown back, Andrew uttered a guttural shout.

He'd seduced Kati, and they'd fucked to a new high—for both of them. Things couldn't get any better.

\* \* \* \*

Andrew was quiet during dinner, and Kati feared she might have scared him off with her aggression during sex. Or perhaps angered him. He'd grown forceful, turning the tables on her when she'd been on top. He had initiated the sex, though, and she was happy about that. But did he think she was too butch? Did he feel challenged? Or was he extra turned on? It had been an amazing experience.

"I didn't know you cooked," he said as she dished up the hot food.

Luckily, she'd had the presence of mind to turn the oven to the 'warm' setting, and dinner still appeared palatable.

Kati didn't prepare meals except for making herself Sunday breakfast. She'd never made an entire dinner from scratch. The freezer section of her fridge contained pre-packaged entrees. Wondering why she'd dared to invite Andrew for dinner, she'd desperately enlisted Tara's aid.

Tara had asked the same question but, after throwing up her hands, agreed to help. Together, they'd planned a meal, and Kati had shopped for groceries. While Tara fixed everything else, Kati made her one speciality, a seven layer salad in a clear glass bowl so Andrew could admire her handiwork.

When she set it on the table in front of him, however, he shook his head. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not fill up on lettuce. I want to save my appetite for the hot dishes."

*Lettuce? Is that all he sees? Or didn't he even look?* Deflated, Kati picked at her food.

"Everything's great." Andrew took a second helping of roast pork, potatoes and carrots, and a third of Brussels sprouts. "It's been a long time since I ate these. Gram always fixed a heaping bowl on Christmas," he added, tucking into them.

Kati wasn't crazy about them, but Tara ate a lot of weird things. So did Andrew, apparently. Goose and Brussels sprouts. She shook her head.

"I told Pop you and I were spending Christmas Day together this year, and I wouldn't be over," Andrew said. "I was afraid he'd say to bring you along and think I'd come then, but I *don't* want to go. Luckily, he just said, 'I understand'. The way he said it made me think that maybe he really does understand. Thelma and I are always civil, but we don't exactly click." Andrew shrugged.



"What would you like to do that day?" Kati asked as she rose to clear the table.

"It doesn't much matter. Cook a meal together, maybe, if you don't think I'll get in your way."

Kati almost dropped the plates she was carrying.

"I've never cooked a turkey," Andrew said, putting their empty wine glasses in the dishwasher. "Let alone a goose."

This was Kati's opportunity to confess she'd never baked a turkey or even a chicken. Or pork roast. A tiny wave of guilt wove its way through her mind. But she didn't want to spoil the marvellous rapport between them.

She turned on the dishwasher. "I suppose the preparation is similar," she hedged. *How am I going to pull this off? Why can't I just say it? I don't know beans about cooking, Andrew.*

He took her face between his hands. "Thank you for a fantastic dinner." He kissed her gently.

*I'm getting in deeper, but maybe I can learn before Christmas. The admiration in his eyes could turn to love if I make the day unforgettable.*

He studied her face. "Your cheeks are flushed, and you're perspiring. The house is warm from the oven. What do you say we take a stroll and cool you off? Exercise after all I ate will do me good."

'Stroll' was a misnomer. Andrew's pace was brisk tonight, and the winter air was cold. Kati's mind whirled when they set out, but her thought processes were numbed by the time they got back home.

"The TV isn't going to warm us like your fireplace did," Kati said. "Maybe more wine will do the trick from the inside out."

She headed for the kitchen, and Andrew followed. Before she could open the cabinet to get out fresh glasses, he intercepted her move.

Kati, watching him, smothered a smile. It was a good thing she'd hidden her Santa letter when she came to the kitchen earlier for oysters. She'd had a hunch Andrew might peek.

"What happened to the paper that was taped inside here?" he asked, setting the glasses down.

Kati shrugged. "It was a shopping list." She felt the colour rise in her cheeks.

"So what's the big secret?"

"Christmas is a time for secrets, Andrew." She set the wine bottle in front of him. "You do the honours while I find us a movie."

Maybe she shouldn't have left him alone in the kitchen, but she was sweating again. He surely wouldn't look in the freezer. *Would he?*

A crazy old movie, *Christmas Vacation*, was just starting and, cuddled on the couch, they laughed their way through it.

"Can you believe what a mess he made of things?" Andrew asked, wiping his eyes.

Kati *could* imagine but didn't want to. She was still thinking about cooking a goose. She'd told Tara that giving Andrew a real Brit Christmas would be the *aha* moment of her plan. If she gave into the notion to do it, would she end up in a situation worse than Griswold's?

"Jeeminy Christmas, would you look?" Andrew held up the wine bottle. "We drank the whole thing. You know what? I probably shouldn't drive." He crossed his eyes and slurred his words. He let his tongue loll.

Kati chuckled. He feigned drunkenness well. "Stop it, goofy."

"See? You think I'm goofy. What will the cop that stops me say?"

Andrew was acting totally unlike himself. Where was that British reserve? She liked him letting loose. But was it possible he *was* too inebriated to drive? She felt a little lightheaded herself.

He set down the bottle and pulled Kati into his arms. "What do you think? Would it be okay if I spend the night?" He sounded perfectly sober now. "With you?"

"I suppose. I mean, I wouldn't want you driving in your current condition." She palmed his hard-on. "Let me qualify. You shouldn't drive your *car*."

Chuckling, Kati raised her lips for a kiss. Another goal met. Another dream about to be fulfilled.

## Chapter Three

Kati fell asleep in Andrew's arms that night. They'd made slow, passionate love, and his gentle caresses and deep kisses had made her feel treasured. Married life must be like this.

"Damn, Kati. We make beautiful love together," Andrew said as he reached for her again the next morning.

*Love.* She hoped it was love and not just sex on his part as she was increasingly sure it was on hers. While she joked about 'her plan' and had written a whimsical Santa letter, she would do anything in the world to please this man. Their quickie before arising also pleased her. Fixing him breakfast, she wished they could start every morning this way.

Over a repast of orange juice, French toast, sausage links and fried eggs, all of which Andrew devoured with passion – did he do everything that way? – their conversation turned to Christmas.

"It's a little less than two weeks away," Kati said.

"That soon?" Andrew laid down his fork. "I need to buy gifts for Gram and Gramps. If I don't post them soon, they won't arrive until after the holiday. I have some work to do at the office today even though it's Saturday, and I'm meeting Pop at a sports bar for a dart game, sandwiches and beer. Thelma went on some kind of bus trip to a big mall, and he suggested he and I get together. I hope you don't mind..."

Kati shook her head. He and his dad needed time together.

"If you'll help me shop tomorrow, I'll take you to dinner at the restaurant of your choice."

"You're not going to impress me with your cooking talents?" she teased. Her heart fluttered at the invitation. It was almost as good as being invited to meet members of his family. But she didn't want him to know how much it meant to her.

"Talent? You're talking to a bachelor. I'd be embarrassed, considering the delicious meal you fixed me."

Great. He didn't know how to cook, either. So why had he suggested they fix Christmas dinner together? He'd said he'd never baked a fowl, but she'd hoped he fixed his own daily fare, at least.

"Afterward, we could go to my place for dessert." Andrew winked.

*Damn.* His wink was sexy. "*Dessert?* Hmm. I like the sound of that."

"Good," he said, grinning as he rose to leave. "And since it could be a tiring evening..." He wagged his eyebrows. "Why not bring along a few things and spend the night at my place?"

\* \* \* \*

*Yahoo!* When Andrew left, Kati executed a few of the cheers she'd done when she was on the pep squad in high school. *Hip, hip, hooray!*

A rap-a-tap on the door startled her. But she knew Tara's knock. "Come in!" she sang out.

"Somebody obviously had a great lay," Tara said, raising her eyebrows and crossing her arms. Wearing red flannel jammies and green fuzzy slippers with turned-up toes sporting bells, she made quite the picture.

"How can you tell?" Kati struck a pose. Hands behind her head. Chin in the air. A huge smile on her face. Followed by laughter. "He asked me to bring stuff to spend the night, Tara! My plan, AKA my Christmas list for Santa, is working. He initiated sex—first on the agenda. Next, I took over and orchestrated the fuck. Not on my list, he reclaimed control. And wow! He stayed all night, and we got it on twice, once more last evening and again this morning. Now, he's invited me to sleep over at his house. Next? He asks me to move in."

Tara rolled her eyes.

Kati chuckled. She wasn't going to let her friend's cynicism discourage her. In a brief floral gown and tiny cover-up, she felt romantic, sexy and a teensy bit superior. Tara always disparaged her ideas, but Kati was the one with a boyfriend.

"You *are* calculating, you know," Tara said.

"So what does it matter? It's working, and he and I are both happy."

Tara sat cross-legged in an armchair. "Has it occurred to you that while you kept your hands off Andrew, you still seduced him? Oysters. A black lace garter belt and silk stockings. Your boobs bursting out."

Kati blinked rapidly. "It's not the same. I appealed to his senses without touching his body parts."

"Think what you want."

"And it was *his* idea to stay over last night," Kati reminded Tara.

"Whatever. I never did think who seduced whom was important." Tara shrugged. "I'm starved, and something smells good. Any leftovers from breakfast?"

"I think so." Kati led the way to the kitchen. "So you don't think anything's changed?" she asked, motioning her friend to take a chair.

"He's asked you to stay over. So that's progress." Tara patted Kati's shoulder. "I'm sorry if I'm a grouch. I pulled a twelve-hour shift last night. I need sleep. I'm hungry. Plus I'm jealous as hell of your love affair, even if I disapprove of your methods."

*Really?* Kati could understand that, considering Tara's lack of sex recently.

"Looks like you're in luck. There's still some French toast batter." Kati dipped two pieces of thick bread in the egg and milk mixture and put them in a hot skillet. The syrup was still on the table. She laid out a fork and poured Tara some coffee.

"Boy, do I need that." Tara plopped down at the table and took a swallow. "Another thing. I was asked to work Christmas night at the hospital. I don't have a boyfriend, and my parents are going to visit my divorced sister and her brats on the West Coast. So I said I would. But it's bumming me out."

"Aw, sweetie." Kati patted Tara on the head. Tara was seldom glum, and Kati didn't know how to help. She didn't know any guys to fix her up with.

"I have nothing to look forward to," Tara said, plucking a cold sausage off a platter.

Kati popped the remaining sausage link in the microwave. "How would you like to join forces with me? It would be a distraction, at least. I have a British Christmas celebration to plan, and I don't know how or where to start."

She dished up Tara's breakfast and sat down opposite her. "I confess, I was kind of counting on you. I couldn't even prepare an ordinary dinner for Andrew. How am I going to make a feast? And what about the crackers?" Her voice rose as her fear mounted. She should have worked out the details first. While she was moving along with her goals, Kati had no idea how to orchestrate her *aha* moment.

"Well...as I remember, I'm the one who urged you to do it. So, I can hardly say 'no' to helping you." Tara stuck a bite of syrup-drenched French toast in her mouth and closed her eyes. "Yum. How is it you can make such a great breakfast and nothing else?"

"Mom taught me how to fix it for Dad and myself when I was just a kid. She doesn't like to look at food early in the morning and never eats then." Kati leant forward. "Do you think you could teach me how to cook other meals?"

"Like Christmas dinner? *In two weeks*? If neither you nor I had anything else to do, maybe. Although I've never roasted a goose. But we both have to work. And Christmas shop. And decorate and make those damned crackers." Tara started to take another bite but stopped with her fork in midair. "Wait a minute. How can we make them if you're at Andrew's?" She shook her head. "You can't do it. If we're going to work together, you need to stay here. It's time for you to start shopping for stuff to make those party favours." She shook her head again. "Sorry, babe, but even if he asks, you can't move in with Andrew until after our big production."

\* \* \* \*

Kati didn't want to believe Tara was right. However, it was true. They had a lot to do, and Kati couldn't manage it all alone.

*Does anyone know how to cook a Christmas goose?* Someone must. But recipes could wait. Fun things first. Surfing the net, Kati found directions for making British crackers.

"Fourteen steps!" she wailed, gaping at the PC screen. Why did it have to be so hard? She'd thought this would be the neat part.

She needed eleven craft items, goodies to put inside, plus a glue gun to put the thing together. And toilet tissue tubes. How was she going to collect enough to decorate Andrew's house? Hang out in a public restroom or unroll a mountain of toilet tissue and rescue the cores? She *could* make just two crackers, one for him and one for her, but what sort of statement would that make? She wanted *spectacular*, not piddley.

And then there was the disclaimer at the bottom of the screen. 'Some practice is required to make a consistently well-wrapped and nicely formed cracker.'

Kati laid her head on her folded arms next to her computer. She couldn't wrap a flat box neatly, let alone a round, cardboard core.

Andrew's Gram made her own! She must have started the day after Christmas to finish them in time for the next year. There had to be another way...

*Yeah.* On another site, Kati found the finished products. Already made and exquisitely decorated. *Wait. Damn.* The prizes were already inside. And she wanted to stuff them herself. Andrew wouldn't be turned on by plastic whistles and rub-on tattoos. She wanted to fill them with raunchy items they could use for sexual pleasure.

Kati did another search and Bingo! 'Fill Your Own Crackers. Fully-assembled, filled with the paper crown and motto only -- you add the gift. For people who don't have time to make their own.'

That was her. And this ad was much more encouraging. 'The filling process is easy and yields a perfect finished product.'

So excited her fingers shook on the keys, she placed an order for a box of six with red and green star wrapping and another with silver stars. Would twelve crackers make a statement? *Better get two boxes of each.* Now, all she'd have to do would be to add the gifts. Fifty-two dollars plus... *Damn the postage.* She would have to pay for Fed Ex delivery. Time was of the essence.

Now...suggestive gifts small enough to put inside the crackers was a challenge. Condoms were an obvious one. However, the quickie male lubricant that was compatible with latex took research. She grew horny just looking at the pictures and reading the

descriptions of the items at KinkU.com. Nipple clips? Kati smiled at the invitation to try new things. Oral flavoured gel? Climax enhancer? C-rings? *Wow!* After Christmas, she and Andrew would have a blast. She e-mailed a rush order.

She looked at her watch. She'd missed lunch, and it was mid-afternoon. It was a good thing Andrew was spending the evening with his dad.

Okay, so the meal was the next thing to plan. Tara had said not to do everything the hard way. Concentrate on the star items of the menu. Main course and dessert.

Fixing a goose sounded fairly easy. Removing the innards from the cavity would be the worst part. Hopefully, she could do it without puking. Soaking the goose in a brine mixture in the refrigerator overnight wasn't a problem, except she didn't have a pot big enough. Maybe Tara did. As Kati read about pricking the skin with a large needle so the fat could drain off as it baked, she pictured herself placing a golden, crispy-skinned goose in front of Andrew.

Preparing Christmas Pudding was something else. Rubbing tired eyes, she continued to read. There were so many ingredients, it would take her forever to shop. They sounded similar to what she supposed went into a fruit cake. She hoped it would be tastier. And she'd never have guessed a pudding could be boiled. It was deemed an important part of a Brit's Christmas dinner, so she supposed it would be worth the trouble. The best part of the recipe was the brandy, and one could even top it with brandy butter. They could taste one another's lips after eating it and then...

It was 6:00, and Kati's butt ached from sitting all day, but she had everything planned. Now, Tara couldn't forbid her to move in with Andrew if he asked. She'd pick up some mistletoe, and they'd buy a tree and get ready for their first Christmas together.

\* \* \* \*

Andrew was sitting at the desk in his office, tallying up his inventory of pharmaceuticals, when he heard a rap on the locked door. He wasn't open for business but, when he saw Bob, he hurried to let him in.

"Since when do you work on Saturday?" Bob took a chair on the other side of the desk. Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "How was the home-cooked meal?"



“Good enough that I stayed overnight if that’s what you want to know. And before you ask, *that* was excellent.”

“So when are you two moving in together?” Bob asked, a Cheshire cat smile on his face. “You know that’s the next step, don’t you?”

“I know nothing of the kind. Since when are you an expert on courtship? Married for three years, divorced for five. I’d say that’s poor credentials.”

“I’m trying to learn from my mistakes. A woman I cared deeply about wanted to cohabitate. I proposed marriage and suggested we live apart until after the ceremony. She said marriage is an antiquated custom. I guess I’m a fuddy-duddy, but I held out, and she walked away.”

Andrew tipped back in his office chair. “Living together would be a great way to get to know one another better. A good test for marrying, after a couple of years, maybe.

“I asked her to spend the night with me tomorrow.” He smiled, feeling somewhat sheepish. “I was feeling mellow after a hot fuck at night and waking up to another in the morning. I could get used to that. Maybe I should see how she feels about it. We have exciting sex. And unlike most women, she hasn’t said ‘I love you’. It’s an awkward moment when they blurt that out, especially when you’re in the middle of a fantastic screw.”

“Is that all you have together, Andrew? If you don’t enjoy one another’s company outside of bed, you’ll end up in divorce court.”

“I didn’t say that was *all*. Kati and I do have a lot of good times together.” That was the truth, but Andrew didn’t consider ordinary stuff the kind of thing Bob or any other guy wanted to hear about. He leant forward. “So how’s your love life now, Bob? Have you gotten over the heartbreak?”

“Yep, but I’m lonely. I loved being married. It was my other half that didn’t. Christmas alone is going to suck.” He stood up. “Gotta get over to Bright’s and don my happy outfit. It does cheer me, playing Santa.” He walked to the door then turned back. “What are you buying Kati for Christmas?”

“I thought I’d get her a couple more settings of Spode Christmas china. She only has two. And I might buy her some serving pieces. Women seem to like that brand and pattern.”

Bob shook his head. "Women prefer jewellery and perfume or fancy lingerie. They hate getting things for the house. And if you want some really good advice, I'll bet she'd be ecstatic if you gave her a diamond ring. You've got a lot to learn, pal." Chuckling, Bob shut the door behind him.

Andrew picked up his pen to go back to work, but his mind was reeling. He'd never felt about anyone the way he did about Kati. But an engagement? He'd never considered moving that fast. Was he ready to have a woman move in with him? Not just any woman, but Kati.

And would she go for it if he asked? If she did, what if they didn't get along? How did you ask a woman to leave? It was pretty scary to think about. Sharing your space and whatever... A diamond would be a lovely gift, but Andrew wasn't ready to propose marriage.

His hand shook, and he laid down the pen again. Could you give your lover a ring without making any promises?

## Chapter Four

As Kati prepared for an afternoon and evening – whoops, *overnight* – with Andrew, she felt incredibly happy. This morning, she'd unpacked her Spode Christmas china and set the table with it. A light snow was falling outside her windows, and that added to her exhilaration. Softly singing *I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas*, she folded clothes into her blue leather overnight bag. Her sexiest unmentionables, some casual togs for whatever, and a work outfit for Monday. Chuckling, she added some items such as edible underwear, cosmetics and feminine care.

She'd just finished dressing when the doorbell rang. Andrew stood there, rubbing his hands together against the cold. His cheeks were red, and he looked adorable in a brown leather jacket and khakis, his breath making tiny clouds in the chilly air.

"I'm ready," Kati said, handing him her bag while she grabbed up her purse.

They rushed from the warm apartment building to his van. He'd left it running with the heater on, so it was a cosy ride downtown.

Holding gloved hands, powdery snow beneath their feet and with Christmas carols pouring forth from speakers outside the stores, Katy felt exhilarated. Charity volunteers rang bells beside manned kettles. Kati stuffed a couple of bills inside one.

"I hate shopping, even for people I love," Andrew complained, dragging his feet as they entered Bright's. "I never know what to buy."

His mood, unfortunately, didn't equal hers, but she was determined to make this expedition fun. Kati knew the store well and thought she could make short work of finding the right things.

"What's your Gram's favourite colour?" Kati asked as they passed by a fragrance counter with enchanting aromas. She didn't think Andrew would know what scents his grandmother preferred.

"Rose," Andrew said. "Deep pink."

"Do you think she'd like this?" Kati asked, stopping by a display of cashmere sweaters.

"It's the right colour but..." He wandered away and came back with a cardigan the same colour but with embroidered roses cascading down the front. "She also loves Calvin Klein's *Eternity*," he said, backtracking and dragging Kati along.

Next, he found a smoking jacket for Grampa—something she would have never thought of but Andrew deemed perfect. He picked up a box of Godiva Chocolates and one of cigars on their way to Customer Service for gift-wrapping. It was Kati's suggestion, and Andrew called it a wonderful one as they left the store.

"Now, we can go to dinner," he said, beaming. "And then, home together."

\* \* \* \*

They were both smiling as they were seated in a corner booth at a cosy pub she chose. The words, *home together*, held a special ring that warmed Kati's heart.

"You could have picked any restaurant in the city," Andrew said, moving close so his thigh touched hers.

"And on a Sunday evening this close to Christmas, we'd have waited an hour or two for a table. Besides, I'm a plebeian at heart. Give me a cheeseburger, onion rings and a cold beer, and I'm in heaven. Plus, they're playing Christmas music."

Andrew chuckled. "*Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer?*"

Kati smiled. "You are amazing when it comes to choosing gifts."

"I surprised myself," he said modestly.

"Andrew," she began, crossing her fingers and hoping this went well. "Could we...I mean, are you...going to put up a Christmas tree at home?"

He shrugged. "I guess. But I don't have any decorations. I don't usually —"

"I have some. If I'm going to celebrate with you, I won't need them. No sense in putting up trees at both our homes. Right?" She held her breath.

"Okay. But I know you love Christmas, and I don't want yours to be a disappointment. You can do anything you like at my house to decorate. And I'll lend a helping hand."

Kati's heart fluttered. It would be almost like they were an actual *couple*. Tara thought living together was good enough when you found someone to love, but ever since Kati had been a little girl, she had dreamt of being a bride. And a wife and mother.

"And Kati," Andrew added. "Figure out what you want to do on Christmas, and we'll do it, just as long as we can eat dinner at home."

\* \* \* \*

Andrew set Kati's suitcase on the stairway to carry up when they went to bed. And when he turned around and saw her standing in the shadows, blonde hair framing her delicate features, he felt like a groom on his wedding night. It could have been their first time to sleep together, the way he felt.

He opened his arms, and she came into them. She looked like an angel in a fuzzy, white sweater and slim skirt. She'd taken off her black knee boots and red coat, and her cheeks were still flushed from the cold. Or was it excitement?

"Let's not wait," he whispered in her ear. "I want you in my bed, naked."

One arm around her waist, suitcase in the other hand, he drew her up the stairs.

His room was at the end of the hall, and they walked in silence. He set her case inside the closet, and they unmade the bed together. Then, he undressed Kati. Slowly, a piece at a time, stopping to admire each part of her body that he exposed. Her soft, white sweater went first, exposing a satin bra with heart-shaped lace insets that framed her rosy aureoles. He brushed his finger across one, and both nipples peaked. Kati was always sensitive to his touch, and he liked that.

He reached around her waist and undid the back fastener of her skirt, letting it slide to the floor. The sound of it slithering over her satiny skin sent his pulse into overdrive. Beneath that garment, she wore a sheer, red thong with a tiny mistletoe appliqué in a strategic place that called for a kiss. This decorative touch came as a surprise in contrast to her virginal, snowy bra. The sight of her golden mound barely hidden caused his cock to swell with desire. He planted his lips against the green sprig, longing to tongue behind it.

Standing, he pulled her close, her breasts hard against his chest. Her firm ass cheeks were fully exposed, and he grasped them. *God, they are nice.*

Andrew traced the narrow strip of material that nestled in her crack, and his penis strained at the cloth of his pants. Growing more eager by the second, he unfastened her bra and dropped it to the floor. He hooked his thumbs in the meagre garment that covered her pussy and worked it down over her hips. His hands shook, and his lips quivered, aching for a taste of her. Soon, he would plant them on her most sensitive parts.

She watched, seemingly mesmerized, trembling at his touch. She licked her lips and looked at him expectantly.

With Kati standing completely naked before him, he nodded. "Every inch of you is exquisite."

She smiled. "My turn," she said, gently tugging on his necktie.

Her touch was feathery as she removed his shirt, sending goose bumps up and down his arms. His cock ached with desire, but he remained quite still as she lowered his trousers then his shorts. *Such delicious torture.*

"You have a beautiful body," she said, brushing his nipples with a kiss. "Fantastic," she added as she knelt to taste his throbbing dick.

He loved the swirl of her tongue as she licked every inch of it. His indrawn breath sounded loudly in the quiet room. His balls tightened, and he doubled his fists to keep his eager fingers from entwining in her hair, pressing his rod into her delving mouth. He longed to bury it inside the warm recess and shoot his cum down her lovely throat.

She softly squeezed his balls while sucking his penis. *Lord, it feels good.* He was beside himself with desire. It took all his control not to collapse and fuck her senseless.

Andrew closed his eyes in bliss while burying his fingers in her silky hair. He was drunk with passion. The fragrance she wore wafted towards him, and he inhaled greedily. She smelled like musk and some sort of exotic flower.

Kati increased the pressure of her suckling, and his knees grew weak. He'd like to go on like this forever, but his penis begged for release. He wanted it all, this unimaginable taunting of his senses. And the breathtaking rush of an orgasm. This one might be the most powerful he'd ever experienced. He was *so* high on passion.

"I-I can't take much more, darling. I don't want to come without you." He wanted to carry her over the top at the same time she did him.

She held onto the head of his penis until he pulled it from between her lips. Fitting his hands under her arms, he helped her to her feet. She was panting, and her slender frame shook.

"You need this as much as I do," he said.

Frantic with need, his and hers, Andrew pulled Kati onto the bed and buried his throbbing rod inside her sweet pussy. She was wet and hot, and her hands were all over him. Grasping, kneading and demanding.

"Oh God," he moaned. "I forgot the rubber." He withdrew, and she whimpered. He didn't want to waste a moment either, but this was important. He fumbled one out of the nightstand and put it on with Kati watching. Maybe it was a good thing, because it bought them time, slowing their pace. But as soon as he knelt over her, they were both wild again. He couldn't get enough of this woman.

Their tongues tangled slickly. Her breasts were hot against his chest. She dug her fingers into the cheeks of his ass. He clasped hers, holding her as close as he could to increase the penetration of his dick in her pussy. She cried out and wriggled against it, taking all she could get. Andrew's heart pounded, and his pulse raced. Frenzy built between them, and he felt as if his balls were going to burst.

"That's it, Andrew. Fuck me. You're so good. I love feeling you inside me."

That did it. Before either could utter a warning, they both came. Spasms rocked their bodies, and muffled shouts and moans escaped their mouths. His cum shot like it was aiming for the moon. Her pussy squeezed his penis again and again. He felt as if his heart had lodged in his throat. It was a long, magnificent climax. *Unbelievable*. He'd known it would be. Up until this point, every moment had carried both of them higher and higher. And now they were way over the top.

Andrew held Kati close. Her body was wet with perspiration, and her sex hole was dripping. He'd experienced his most amazing orgasm ever. She was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Remembering what he had said about women blurting, 'I love you', he realised the words were on his lips and in his heart.

"Spectacular," he whispered in her ear, instead.

*Do I love her? Does she love me?*

She kissed him on the neck. "Yes," she said. "It *was* spectacular." Kati hugged him tightly.

Was she thinking *love* the same as him? She didn't say it.

Was he glad? Or was he sorry? It might be nice to hear those words one day. But perhaps in a different setting, under other circumstances, a person would trust them more.

\* \* \* \*

The night with Andrew was so wonderful, Kati longed for a hundred more. They'd both had to get up Monday morning and go to work, but just waking up side-by-side was amazing. Looking into his blue eyes while he fondled her breasts, touching his penis and finding it erect *again*. They'd showered together after their lovemaking the night before and drifted off in bed but roused in the middle of the night and fucked another time.

Regretfully, they'd awakened too late for thirds this morning. Andrew made the first move towards rising. He had an early meeting and had to leave before Kati did. She followed him to the door. His goodbye kiss was deep and lingering.

"See you tonight?" he asked.

Did he mean he wanted her to stay again? Or was he talking about a date? Her heart raced.

Suddenly, Andrew folded her into his arms. "I hate to leave," he said. "I like having you here." He held her away from him and gazed into her eyes. "Would you like to move in? I mean...uh...shall we give *us* a try and see how we like living together?"

She'd managed to simply say, "I'd love that," and not jump up and click her heels until after he'd gone.

An important goal met! She hadn't tricked him or done anything like Tara had sometimes hinted. He'd asked her to live with him of his own accord. He still hadn't said he loved her, and it was pretty clear he'd invited her on a trial basis. But still...

"Be happy with what you have," Tara reminded her when she phoned to tell her the news. "Enjoy today and quit asking for so much."



Kati was happier than she'd believed possible. Tara was right. Love and marriage could wait. But she wasn't giving up on them.

\* \* \* \*

That night after work, the dream began, going *home* to Andrew at his house. First, she made a stop at her apartment and eagerly packed enough things to last for a few days, or so she hoped. It would take some planning and time to figure out everything. Right now, she couldn't wait to get back to her new live-in-lover.

*Do I ring the bell? Or walk in like I belong here?* Before Kati could decide, the door flew open and there stood Andrew 'wearing' a towel. "Welcome home."

She laughed in delight. At least, he wasn't regretting his invitation, yet. She walked in and set down her luggage and was welcomed with a hug as he pushed the door shut behind her with his foot. "It's getting nippy out there," she said, gingerly touching his face with her cold hands.

He took them between his and rubbed her fingers. "You need gloves." Andrew blew his warm breath on her palms.

She shivered but not from the cold. "Careful. You're turning me on," she warned.

"Then I'd better quit. I have dinner ready. First, I'll take this." He leant over to pick up her suitcase, confirming what she suspected. He was naked under the black terry cloth fastened around his waist.

"You did that on purpose," Kati accused.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

She laughed as he headed for the stairs and his bedroom.

"Aren't you coming?" he asked.

She shrugged off her coat and hung it in the entryway closet. "That's not a good idea if you want to eat...wait a minute. You said you fixed dinner?"

He'd disappeared around the landing, so Kati followed, her curiosity aroused on more than one level.

She gasped when she stepped inside the bedroom. The curtains were drawn, and flickering candles gave off both light and a cloying scent. Rose petals were scattered on the turned back bedspread, and a low table was set on the floor. Andrew took two pillows off the bed and laid them next to it, side-by-side. A bottle of champagne and two stemmed glasses stood waiting. He handed her a towel. "We can't have you overdressed. Don a toga like mine, have a seat, and we'll drink to our new living arrangement."

"You are *so* romantic." She caressed his cheek.

"Don't be too impressed," he said, popping the cork. "Dinner isn't nearly so splendid."

While Kati changed, Andrew went down to the kitchen. He returned with a McDonald's sack, and Kati started giggling and couldn't stop.

"All those champagne bubbles must be tickling your throat," he said. When she continued to giggle, he added, "It looks like it's up to me to get them out." He pressed his lips to hers and slipped his tongue into her mouth.

That did it. She met his kiss passionately.

"Keep that up," he said, "and your Big Mac will get cold."

"You have a microwave. And I'll bet your Big Andy is *hot*."

"You are so right. And always ready." Smiling, Andrew gently pushed her down to the floor. He lay on top and rested his elbows on either side of her head. "My good buddy, Bob, stopped by the office today, and I told him you were moving in. A little while later, he came back, dropped these on my desk, saying..." Andrew snaked a hand under the table and pulled out something. "Saying, 'Don't let her get away'. Are you game?"

"Handcuffs?" A strange feeling shot through Kati. A tiny bit fearful. A little excited. "You mean..."

"Yep." Andrew pushed her arms over her head and rose on his knees. He snapped on one cuff then looped the two foot long chain around a leg of the bed before securing her other wrist. "I thought we'd have some fun with these."

"Are you sure that's what Bob meant?" Kati's anxiety level rose.

"I'm sure it isn't," he said as he donned a condom. "But you are now my prisoner, Kati Johnson. And I can do anything and everything I want without you stopping me." He removed her towel and dipped his tongue in her navel.

It tickled in an erotic manner she hadn't experienced before. As he swirled it around, she began to tremble. She trusted Andrew completely, but still, the fear of the unknown and that of helplessness were producing strong emotions.

She couldn't bring her arms down. Her heart beat crazily as Andrew circled her nipples next. *Ohmigod*. The sensation resonated all the way down to her clit. He traced a path up from her breasts to lave her neck with his tongue. She always got chills when he touched her there, and she shrugged her shoulders, trying to make him stop.

Andrew moved to her pussy next, thrusting his tongue in and out. Kissing her clit and then sucking it. Kati was wet, writhing and overwrought when he began teasing her mouth with his penis. He would thrust in the head only to take it away when she began to suck. He couldn't seem to break away from the pleasure her lips and tongue afforded him. He was breathing hard when he eased her close enough to the bed so he could turn her over onto her stomach.

"What..."

"Relax, sweetheart. You're always game for anything and turned on by something new. Right?"

He massaged her shoulders, and she sagged a bit. She *was* overly tense. "I guess."

"Just think 'I'm at Andrew's mercy, and I want whatever he wants to give me'. Okay? Repeat what I just said."

"I'm at Andrew's mercy and I want whatever he gives me."

"That's good. Now, doesn't your sweet pussy quiver when you wonder what's going to happen next? Don't your nipples and clit harden with desire and anticipation?"

Kati moaned. His words were creating those exact sensations. *And to think I once had to force him to seduce me.*

"I thought so," he said, nuzzling her back as he tested her pussy with a finger crooked inside. "You are hot. What if I wanted to enter your hidey hole?" He poked a finger in her rectum, and she gasped. "Would you like that?"

It hurt a little. However... He plunged his penis inside her pussy with his finger still in her anus, and she wiggled, allowing both to delve deeper. It was a definite turn-on.

Andrew withdrew his rigid cock and inserted another finger, stretching the membrane inside her rectum.

Kati uttered a faint moan, and when he plunged inside her pussy again, twisting his digits inside her asshole, she cried out.

"Do you like that, sweetheart?" he murmured, repeating the motions.

Her pussy was dripping, and her heart pounded crazily. She thrashed about, and the handcuffs chafed her wrists.

"How would you like to feel my cock inside your hidey hole, Kati?"

His words were like a torch to tinder. She knew it would hurt, but she was hot for whatever Andrew wanted to do to her.

"Answer me, Kati." He removed his fingers and pushed the head against her opening.

"I...we can try it," she whispered.

"I'll go slow," he promised, pushing the crown just inside.

Kati whimpered, but she met his thrust with an encouraging movement of her own.

"That's my girl. You're going to love this. It just takes a moment." He pushed deeper in slow, deliberate increments.

Kati's clit was so hard, she felt like it would burst, and the pain inside her rectum was strong and insistent. "I don't know if I can take—"

Andrew plunged his cock inside her, and she screamed. But once he'd passed a particular place, she bucked against him, shoving it deeper. "You were right," she panted. "It's good. So good."

He found her clit and rubbed it while fucking her ass fast and hard.

"Andrew. Ohhh," she screamed.

He stopped everything. "Want me to quit?"

"No. God, no. Give it to me."

His cock was slick, and he'd begun breathing hard again. Sweat dripped off his forehead onto her neck. "Damned right, I will."

He jammed his cock up her ass and squeezed her clitoris. She was helpless, and that sent her higher, just knowing she couldn't stop him if she wanted.

Anthony's guttural cries and Kati's screams melded in a release of sexual ecstasy. He collapsed on top of her, raining gasping kisses on her neck and shoulders.

Kati's body continued to convulse, but a smile as big as the sun reached from her lips to her heart. *God, I love this man.*

*Do you?* a little voice asked. *Or is it just the way he gets you off?*

## Chapter Five

All Kati thought about the next day was going home to Andrew. He offered everything a woman could want. Last night, they'd eaten warmed up Mickey D's food, and it had tasted delicious. The following evenings were different kinds of fun, but they both knew they'd use the handcuffs again. Maybe next time she'd put them on him.

Kati's bubble of joy burst three days before Christmas when Andrew called her cell at work.

"Bad news, honey. I have to fly to Chicago. I'll be gone a couple of days. I'm on my way home to pack now."

"But what about Christmas?" she asked, clutching the edge of the cosmetic counter.

"I'll be home in time. But it could be as late as the day before. I'm stopping at a tree lot right now and will pick one out and put it in a stand before I go. It's okay if you decorate without me. If you don't mind, it would probably be best. I...Kati...I'll miss you."

For a second, she'd thought Andrew was going to say *I love you*. He did sound really sorry about having to leave. She'd looked forward to their trimming the tree together. But there was no choice. Neither of them would want to spend their first Christmas Eve together decorating.

*Decorating*. This was the perfect opportunity for her to prepare her surprise. Why didn't she realise that right away?

Her packages had arrived at her apartment, and she went over to get them when she left work. First, she loaded her ornaments and lights in the car, then her two settings of Spode and lastly the crackers, sex novelties and her menu and recipes. After that, she went to Tara's and gave her the news. Tara offered to come over the next evening and help put the prizes in the crackers.

Andrew's home didn't feel right without him, but as soon as Kati walked through the front door, she smelled the pine tree. And it was perfect—tall, full and well-shaped. She loved it. The minute she took off her coat, she started hanging ornaments.

He'd left a note on *their* bed. And mistletoe on the headboard. *'It's an old British tradition that each time you kiss under this bit of greenery, you remove a berry.'* She looked up and saw there were three. *'You'll note there's another sprig on the footboard.'* She checked, and there were three more. *'Guess where these kisses are going.'* Kati's pussy puckered, and she smiled in anticipation. *'P.S. I couldn't find mistletoe with any more berries, but we won't let that stop us.'*

\* \* \* \*

Tara came over the following evening and helped, as promised. She and Kati laughed a lot as they put the raunchy prizes inside the party favours.

"You'll never get off your back if he uses all these," Tara said.

"Oh yes, I will. I'll be on top for some."

The doorbell rang, and Kati ran, hoping Andrew had come back early to surprise her. Skidding to a stop on the throw rug inside the door, she was hesitant to open it. If it were Andrew, her surprise would be spoilt. Since it was obvious to whomever it was that someone was home with all the lights on, she answered.

"Hello," a man in a Santa Claus suit said. "I'm looking for Andrew."

Kati laughed. "You must have heard he's been a good boy and come to bring him a gift."

The guy had a nice chuckle. "I'm Bob, a friend of his."

*Santa Claus Bob. I should thank him for the handcuffs.* She bit back a grin.

"Sorry, but I didn't think about how I was dressed." His face was red from either cold or embarrassment. "I'm the jolly old fellow at Bright's Department Store. It seems I've seen you before."

"Kati. I work in cosmetics. Glad to meet you, Bob."

"I've heard about you," he said.

She expected him to go 'Ho, ho, ho'. But he just grinned.

“Likewise. Andrew is in Chicago. But do come in and have something to drink. My friend Tara and I are having Chablis.”

Bob helped with the favours while imbibing with them and laughing a lot. Kati confessed what she was up to and made him promise not to tell. He and Tara really hit it off, and he asked her if she’d like to go out the next night. She had to go to work at eleven and he had to work until nine, but she invited him over to her place. *Good*. Now Kati didn’t need to feel so guilty about staying with Andrew. And with luck, the two would get together on Christmas Eve when Tara was off, or spend the day together before her shift began on the night of the 25<sup>th</sup>.

\* \* \* \*

Kati had set the goose to soaking in brine in a big pot she found in Andrew’s kitchen. She’d gagged while taking out the entrails but made it through the process. Tomorrow, she’d stuff fruit inside its cavity and do the other things directed in the recipe.

Brussels sprouts in butter sauce lay in the freezer alongside mashed potatoes. She’d bought jellied cranberry sauce in a can and ready-to-bake rolls. Following Tara’s advice, she’d taken the easy way except for the goose and Christmas Pudding. She’d have preferred to make all the dishes herself so they’d be authentic, but Tara insisted she not get in over her head. And Kati admitted she’d been right.

She lined up the twenty-one ingredients for the dessert on the kitchen counter and sighed. It had been tough figuring out where to find beef suet. And stoned raisins? Did that mean they were drunk? She’d been too embarrassed to ask at the supermarket. Brandy went into the recipe anyway, so let the raisins soak that up. She’d bought regular ones. Same with Barbados sugar. What in the hell did it matter where sugar came from? She should have done her grocery shopping on the internet.

Andrew had phoned her every night, and he was finishing work this morning and coming in on an afternoon flight. He’d be home by suppertime. “I can’t wait to see you, Kati,” he’d said, and she’d hugged those words to her heart.

She had mulled wine and biscuits ready for his arrival. And she’d ordered those oysters on the half shell again. Whether or not they were an aphrodisiac when digested, their



slippery feel as they slid over the tongue and down the throat was suggestive. Kati smiled at the thought of Andrew's cock coasting across her tongue.

They were dining light tonight because she still had so much to prepare. Anyway, food wasn't foremost on the late evening menu. They had better things to think about and do.

Dinner was eaten midday on Christmas in England, so Kati had to prepare everything possible in advance in order to have the meal ready on time. Thank heaven, Christmas Pudding could be made ahead. That would be one thing out of the way. Looking at the recipe again, she thought it might take half the night to fix. She'd never dreamed any one dish could consist of so many ingredients.

Every time they'd talked, Andrew had said he missed her, and she loved hearing it. She'd missed him, too, but the joy of executing his surprise kept her busy and in good spirits. She'd bought him a few small gifts—a sweater the colour of his eyes, a wool scarf and a Father Christmas figurine—but the dinner and decorations would be his main present.

She'd made a centrepiece with British crackers, holly and candles. Tomorrow, she'd put it out, set the table with her Spode and put crackers at each setting. She'd bought a green wreath and tied some to it. And she'd bought mistletoe *with red berries* to grace every doorway. They could kiss their way to bed. With all that smooching, they'd be lucky to make it all the way without lying down for a quickie on the way. They were so damned hot for each other.

In a moment of frivolity, she'd replaced the bulbs in all the lamps with red ones and draped silver tinsel from the chandeliers and hung stockings on the fireplace. Would he be surprised when he walked in!

Kati wiped the perspiration from her face. She'd put everything in the Christmas Pudding, but it didn't look like it was the right consistency. Had she left out something or put in too much of another item? By the time she'd mixed it all together, she couldn't tell. Currants, sultanas, raisins, sugar, beef suet, breadcrumbs, ground almonds, blanched almonds, mixed candied peel, chopped apple, flour, lemon and lime zest, stout, eggs, ground mixed spice, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, brandy. And a partridge in a pear tree. It was an absolutely dizzying mix.

Now, she was supposed to add brandy. She took a little sip before adding the two tablespoonfuls. *Mmm. Not bad.* It tasted much better than the stout did. Although both were a teeny-weeny bit strong.

‘Pour the mixture into a greased, three-and-a-half pint pudding basin and cover with a double layer of greased, greaseproof paper or aluminium foil—pleated in the middle to allow for expansion.’

*Ohmigod. What is a pudding basin?* She must have missed that detail before, concentrating only on the ingredients. Those for washing were the only ones she was familiar with.

She greased a big piece of foil. *What the hell.* She took another slug of brandy which tasted even better than the first. Or maybe her tongue was a little bit numb. She tried another slug. *Hmm.*

Picking the pan that appeared most like a basin, she poured in the mixture and covered it.

‘Tie string under the rim and across the top to make a handle.’

*String? Where on earth...* Searching through the drawers, she discovered a treasure trove of items that she’d never expected to find in a kitchen. Andrew apparently liked to mend things. Taking out a ball of twine, she studied the pan. There wasn’t really a rim. She tapped a finger to her chin. *Hmm.* In that same drawer, she found a roll of duct tape and fastened the string on the sides and across the top.

Feeling proud of herself, she read on. ‘Place a trivet in the base of a large saucepan.’

There were no trivets in the house, or if there were, they weren’t in the kitchen. Feeling good about her newfound ability to ‘make do’, she substituted an upside down pie pan.

‘Lower the pudding into a saucepan with enough boiling water to come two-thirds of the way up the sides of the basin. Pour in more boiling water if necessary.’

That meant she’d have to keep an eye on it.

*Whew.* Now she didn’t have to do anything until the pudding was cooked. Then she was supposed to pour the remaining brandy over it and re-cover the pan. It didn’t say how long to boil it, so how would she know when it was done?

It would take three to four hours of gentle boiling to reheat. Did it take that long the first time? Was there enough brandy left, or would she have to open another bottle? Kati took another slug. She was beginning to feel really calm, considering the ordeal she'd been through.

To serve, she was supposed to add a sprig of holly. *Okay*. And flambé at the table with warmed brandy. Those damned raisins were really going to be stoned.

'Can also be served with brandy butter.'

*Ohmigod*. She might have to make a liquor run. Except she was feeling a little dizzy. Maybe it was from all the red lights reflecting off the silver tinsel. Maybe she needed to lay her head down and close her eyes. For just a moment.

\* \* \* \*

Andrew couldn't wait to get home to Kati. He'd missed her *so* much. And it was Christmas Eve. He hadn't been this excited since he was a kid waiting for the next morning. They'd opened gifts at his grandparents' after dinner, and he'd hated the wait. Couldn't Father Christmas come during the night so they could find their presents when they awoke on Christmas morning?

He had a gift for Kati. He patted his coat pocket as the taxi drew up at his house. He hoped she'd love it. Running up the front walk, he tried to think what looked different. The lights inside appeared dim...and red? Kati hadn't turned on the porch light. Wasn't she eager to greet him? He turned his key in the lock and stepped inside.

The lamps all glowed—red. Silver tinsel dangled from the chandeliers, and Christmas music poured through the house. He strode to the kitchen. A pot bubbled on the stove. And Kati, her head lying on the table, was sound asleep.

What in the hell was she cooking, and why wasn't she tending it?

He shook her by the shoulders. "What's going on?" A bottle of brandy less than half full sat close at hand. "Kati! What are you cooking?"

She blinked, shook her head and laid it down again.

"Kati," he yelled. "Are you drunk? You could have started a fire, letting the stove go and sleeping. Wake up, woman."

She reared up. "Ohmigod. The Christmas pudding."

Andrew looked at the pot on the stove. "You're making one?"

"It's a surprise," she said, smiling crookedly.

"It certainly is." He helped her to her feet and held her close.

"For you."

"The decorations are a surprise, too," he assured her.

"Do you like them?" Her head lolled.

"Sweetheart, it looks like a bordello in here."

"Thanks a lot," she said and fell sobbing onto his shoulder. "I don't know how to tell when the pudding is done."

\* \* \* \*

Kati awoke next morning in Andrew's arms in *their* bed.

"The pudding?" She sat upright.

"It's okay. Merry Christmas, darling. Relax. I took care of it."

"The recipe didn't say how long to cook it. I wanted it to be good."

"I'm sure it is," he said, smoothing her hair back from her face. "Kati, what have you been doing here? It looks as if you've been very busy."

"Last night, you said..."

"You remember? I'm sorry. I was taken aback by the lights and tinsel, but it's fine. The tree looks fabulous, and it's going to be a wonderful day."

"Oh, no. The berries on the mistletoe are still there. All of them. I missed the good stuff." Tears coursed down her cheeks. "Wait. I did miss it, didn't I? I mean I didn't sleep through..."

"No. I am too honourable to screw you when you're passed out. However, I did enjoy kissing your delectable lips, and they responded. I also caressed your limp body which didn't."

"I am *so-o* embarrassed and disappointed."

"It's all right, Kati. I was tired anyway, and I held you until I went to sleep. We'll work off the berries later. Right now, we're going to have a wonderful Christmas Day."

Andrew was right. He helped stuff the goose with fruit to keep it moist the way Kati's recipe said. Roast potatoes were traditional, and he peeled and added them to the pan with the goose. They came out rather greasy, and neither of them had any idea how to make gravy, so she fixed the mashed spuds after all.

The goose was wonderful. She'd carefully pricked the skin without letting her needle go through the fat layer into the flesh. It was just as beautiful as she'd pictured, the skin brown and crispy. And it was delicious.

The pudding was a bit dry when reheated, but with added brandy and eaten with brandy butter, it was yummy.

But the cherry on top of the event was the crackers. He laughed until he held his sides. Kati couldn't help but notice he had a hard-on, too. They had two dozen sex items but probably couldn't use them all in one day.

"You need to stay a long time so we can make use of these," Andrew said, studying a Double-O-Ring.

Kati's pussy creamed. It was supposed to enhance orgasms for both of them. "No problem."

"Guess what?" Andrew said. "I have a cracker, too. For you. And I made it myself."

"Ohmigod," she said when he handed it to her. "This must have taken hours. It's beautiful."

"I hope you get the long half," he said.

They pulled.

It snapped.

A tissue-wrapped goodie fell out in Kati's lap.

*Ohmigod, it is so tiny. Could it be...?* She looked into Andrew's wonderful, blue eyes.

He gestured towards the package in her hand. "Open it."

She slowly folded back the tissue and there it was—a diamond solitaire. Her eyes filled with tears.

He took her left hand in his and reached for the ring. "I love you, Kati Johnson. Will you marry me?"

"Yes. Oh, yes." He slipped the diamond engagement ring on her finger, and she almost knocked Andrew off his chair, throwing herself into his arms. "Yes. Yes. Yes. I love you, too, and I want to spend my life with you.

"Bob and Tara are having dinner together before she goes in for the night shift," she added when she could speak again. "Maybe we could ask them to be our wedding attendants."

"Later. Right now, why don't we celebrate our engagement?" Andrew suggested, holding up the Double-O. Without waiting for an answer, he pulled her into a tight embrace. "You are such a vixen, Kati. Who else would have thought of such surprises?"

She rubbed his cock on the way upstairs, and he squeezed her breast.

"Do you want babies, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I do, but not yet. You have a new supply of exciting condoms."

"We could name a girl Merry."

"And a boy Noel?" She threw her arms around Andrew's neck. "Okay. You win. Let's take a chance. I've wanted to be a bride and have children for as long as I can remember. But you wanted us to live together as a trial..."

"No more need. You're the love of my life. Anyone who would roast a goose, make that blasted pudding and fill my crackers with erotic items is the one for me."

"Andrew? I have to tell you something. I don't know how to cook. I'm sorry, but Tara made that first dinner. I only know how to prepare breakfast."

"I kind of suspected you hadn't had much practice in the kitchen when I watched you today. But you did it, honey. You succeeded, and you will again. We'll learn together. And Kati, since it's true confession time, I have one to make. I found a paper of yours in the

freezer the night I stayed over. But I never read it. It's folded up in my wallet." He reached in his pants pocket and took it out. "I wasn't looking for it at the time. I was getting out ice. And I'll return it if that's what you want, but I'd love to see it, first. I don't know why I've been so curious."

Colour rose in her cheeks. She knew it by heart and had never tried to go back and look at it again. "It's my letter to Santa, and he's been very generous. Go ahead and look."

Andrew read it aloud.

*"Seduction initiated by Andrew.*

*"An invitation to sleep over.*

*"One for me to move in with him.*

*"Four little words ~ I love you, Kati.*

*"Andrew to love the British Christmas I create.*

*"Five little words ~ Will you be mine, Kati?*

*"A diamond on my left ring finger.*

*"Marriage to Andrew Howell. (The last one can come later.)*

*"You little imp. You planned everything."*

*"Are you sure you didn't read this before? It's almost exactly what happened."*

"If you can go behind my back and pretend to cook..." He laughed. "You'll never know, sweetheart."

"Andrew," she wailed. "Tell me."

"It's not important. It worked out just the way we both wanted."

Andrew laid Kati on the bed and began undressing her. She'd looked forward to this moment. She'd found a little shop that sold fabulous lingerie, with a holiday selection she'd chosen to delight him. He'd liked the red thong with mistletoe, and today she was wearing a gold satin one with a Christmas tree appliqué.

He took off her skirt first and tossed it across the room, and seeing what she wore beneath it, he smiled. "You vixen," he murmured.

Her soft pullover was next, and he peeked beneath it first. "What beautifully wrapped packages," he said when he saw her breasts in more gold satin with cut-out Christmas wreaths exposing her nipples.

"With easy access." Andrew laved her hard peaks through the holes, and she arched her back eagerly.

"Mmm," she said, palming his hard-on. Her pussy was warm and wet, and his cock strained at the front of his pants.

"You think of everything, Kati Johnson. Now, so as not to spoil this finery..."

He reached beneath her and set her breasts free. Sucking her nipples until she thought she'd come right then, he slid his hand inside the thong and fingered her clit.

"I can't take much more," he murmured, removing the remaining items.

Tearing off his clothes, he lay down beside her. Holding the Double O, he fondled her clitoris. "Here we go." He worked the gel ring onto the base of his erect cock, turning the vibrating tickler up towards Kati. "Now, let's see how this little gem works. Ready?" He pushed inside her.

She felt it against her clit. "Ohmigod," she gasped. "It's definitely stimulating."

"Ah, yes," he said. "For me, too."

He kissed her while they both soaked in the new sensations.

"And the package says it's supposed to slow down my orgasm. So, watch out. It's going to be a long, hot screw, sweetheart."

"If we turn the tickler downward, it will stimulate your testicles and penis," she whispered. "And I read a review that said with it positioned that way and me on top—'reverse cowgirl', the woman called it—the orgasms are frequent and fabulous."

"Then we should definitely try that next." Andrew chucked Kati under the chin and grinned. "We could be here until New Year's. I love you, Kati. You've given me my best Christmas ever. Thank you."

"It's going to get even better in a moment," she promised, her breath coming hard. The Double O was arriving too fast, even for impatient Kati. "Oh, oh. Oh," she cried out as she climaxed.



“Merry Christmas, Andrew,” she whispered as her body shuddered to a new high.

“That was a triple *oh*,” he said. “And since I’m still soaring high, the good news is, there’s a lot more to come.”

Much later and many more climaxes for Kati, Andrew shot his cum inside her, and Kati felt she was truly his. With imaginations like theirs, sex would always be an adventure. And with the love they held in their hearts, the future definitely looked bright.

“Merry Christmas, my future wife.”

## About the Author

Summer Jordan is passionate about writing, and her erotic romance books brim with passion. Summer, aptly named, loves sunshine and water, palm trees and fragrant tropical flowers. So, it's no wonder she and her sweetheart moved from the Midwest to Florida – and love it.

Her favourite pursuits, other than reading and writing, are boating, shelling and shopping – with shoes, shorts and earrings her major weaknesses. Seafood, especially scallops and lobster, and big leafy salads are her favourite foods, but she loves finding new restaurants where she can try different dishes.

Summer has a BA and MS and has worked in sales, finance and education but now spends her days writing and otherwise enjoying life.

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