

Changeling Press

# Holiday Howlz

*Mad at the Moon*

**BELINDA McBRIDE**

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Merry Miller is a mail carrier at the only post office in town. After the deliveries are finished on Christmas Eve, all she wants to do is go to bed and sleep late on Christmas morning. But it's the week of the full moon, and between the moonlight and the new neighbor's off-pitch singing, she just can't get any rest!

Noel Hollis has just moved to Arcada, and while the young teacher loves his new home, he's a bit lonely and would like to get to know his neighbor better. So on Christmas Eve, he invites the sexy letter-carrier to dinner. Can he convince her to stop being angry at his off-key serenades and dance under the moon with him?

Furry meets Fairy on the most magical night of the year.

## Chapter One

Merry squinted against the ray of moonlight that came dancing across her room, searing her eyes. Okay, so moonlight doesn't burn, but in the middle of the night, it'll wake you up like a slap in the face.

She rolled over to face the wall and groaned. The sheet over her head only cut the dazzle a bit. It was nearly bright as day!

"Wait for it... wait for it..."

Right on cue, the voice warbled through the air, singing a painfully off-key rendition of Van Morrison's "Moondance," punctuated by the mournful howl of the neighbor's big-ass dog. After another eight bars, the dachshund down the street joined in. Pretty soon the stray cats would be yowling along as well.

Merry glanced at the clock and cursed under her breath. It was Christmas Eve morning, and she had to get up in just a few hours. If it was any other week of the year, she might just get up and dance around in the moonlight with her yummy new neighbor. But not this week. Not when she worked from dawn to dusk delivering holiday mail in Arcada.

He switched songs, the dog ratcheted up his howling, and Merry buried her head under the pillow with an exaggerated sob. She pounded her heels into the soft featherbed.

A few minutes passed before he moved on to sing Cat Stevens's "Moonshadow." After mangling that tune, he was singing about Moon River.

He had a theme going tonight.

Frustrated, she rolled out of her warm nest of blankets and crossed to the window that looked over the neighbor's backyard. As a moonbeam slipped across her

skin, Merry shivered as though she'd been touched by a warm hand. She cracked open the curtains and peeked outside.

There he was, sitting in a lounge chair, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and a smile. In the middle of the night. In the freezing weather.

But hey, she'd heard he was from California, land of fruits and nuts.

Merry shivered a bit and sat on the chair that rested near the window. She draped a crocheted throw over her shoulders and leaned forward, peering through the curtains again.

He was built like the Greek idea of beauty, muscled and lean. His limbs were graceful and lithe. One hand hung down from the arm of the chair; his fingers were buried in the fur of the neighbor's dog, which was looking up at the man with a look of blissful admiration on his face. The Griffiths would be hard pressed to reclaim the loyalty of their mutt.

The man's ruffled blond hair looked like silver against the darkness. His face was handsome, with a square jaw and a smile that just didn't stop. Even his obnoxious singing didn't ruin his boy-next-door charm.

He fell silent, one hand running up the sleek, taut muscles of his abdomen. The other hand lay perilously close to his groin. Merry bit her lip, pressing her legs tightly together. The other nights she'd peeked, he'd come *so* close to touching himself, teasing her with the erotic image that he presented. She'd even stopped wondering how he bore the cold.

His right hand clasped his groin, and even from her upstairs window, Merry could see that he was swollen and erect, overfilling the worn denim cut-offs he wore. She held her breath as he stroked a couple times. Would she get the entire show tonight?

He stopped, his eyes at half-mast. He glanced up at her window, and Merry abruptly drew back. Had she twitched the fabric of the curtains? Did he know she was watching?

Impossible.

Nevertheless, the next time she peeked outside, he was gone.

She stepped out of the moonlight and crawled back into her bed, chilled, horny, and very wide awake.

The melody to Moondance was stuck in her head.

\* \* \*

The postal delivery truck hummed quietly in the frozen dusk. Just seconds after turning off the engine, Merry could see the vapor of her breath on the air inside the tiny cab. She twisted in her seat, smiling with satisfaction to see that not an envelope, box or package remained in the back of the truck.

She pulled her furry hat snugly over her ears and jumped down, hanging on to the doorframe for balance. The wind was sharp with cold, and sheets of ice made the parking lot hazardous underfoot. Merry hugged her coat close and moved as swiftly as possible to the back entrance of the tiny Arcada post office.

She let the door slam closed behind her and took an appreciative whiff of spiced cider and hot chocolate on the air. If she was lucky, there'd be...

"Happy Birthday!"

...cake. Yum.

The Arcada Postal Center wasn't that large, and a few of the staff members surrounding her were temps, faces that came in from the outside during the weeks before Christmas. They were familiar faces, but not family, not like Jen and Hancock and Mrs. Greene.

"With a name like Merry, I should have known you'd have a holiday birthday."

She smiled at Troy Little and ignored the fact that she'd heard every conceivable comment regarding her holiday birthday that could be imagined. She carefully cut the rich chocolate cake and passed out slices, saving hers for last.

"I swear I could eat cake for dinner." She sighed as the fudgy taste exploded on her tongue. "So, are we all finished for the day?"

"Right and tight, Merry." Mrs. Greene wore her blue-white hair coiled tightly on the top of her head; a sprig of holly decorated the collar of her uniform. She looked like

an ageless seventy, but Merry knew better. That blue wasn't dye; Mrs. Greene's hair had probably always been that color. As for her age... well, that was another story. If you turned your head just right and the light came in just so, you could see the elegant arch of a pointed ear, the shimmer of something not quite human. The illusion of age vanished momentarily, leaving one wondering just what they'd actually seen.

It was the same with Jen's serenely beautiful face and Hancock's tall, stooped posture. Merry was certain that it was the same for her as well.

It helped to know what you were looking for.

"So you guys are all finished tonight, eh? Will you be coming on board next year?" She looked around at the temporary staff.

"You bet. I have another year at the university, so I'll be looking for seasonal work if you guys will have me." Troy flushed, glancing over at Jen. It was hard not to look at Jen. She was the definition of sweetness and light, all wrapped up in a drab grey uniform.

During the summer, men and boys all over town watched for the pert letter carrier when she donned her uniform shorts. But as is so often the case in Arcada, things aren't always what they seem. Sweet little Jennifer Pastor was actually a shockingly powerful witch who'd been in the Americas for centuries. She had little time for a young man like Troy. Jen had bigger fish to fry. She wasn't evil; she was simply... ambitious.

And Hancock? Well, Merry had a pretty good idea of what existed under that pleasant, homely exterior. She was just surprised he was willing to work a day shift. The undead usually avoided the sun.

That was Arcada's secret. Actually, it wasn't a secret to the residents of the quaint little town; they just practiced that old adage of "live and let live." For some reason, normal folks were rarely drawn to live in their little town.

Which returned Merry to thoughts of her new neighbor.

She'd peeked at him and he seemed fairly mundane. Granted, his hair was an amazing shade of pale blond, and even through her kitchen window she could see that



his eyes were amazingly blue. The physique was mouth-watering. When he'd been in his backyard cutting wood and caught her peeking from the window, he'd grinned and fairly lit up the dim winter day. He was bright as the Fae, but as yet she hadn't spotted the telltale aura of the Other Folk about him. He did project a raw, sexual aura that was alluring, though less spell-binding than that of an incubus.

"You should take him a piece of birthday cake."

"Hmm?" She lifted a brow at Jen, who was leaning casually against a counter. "That's a really uncanny habit you've got there, Jen. Were you reading my mind?"

"Your body language. Your new neighbor's been keeping you awake for a few days now. That has been the usual topic of conversation with you lately."

"Didn't know I was that obvious." Merry felt a trifle uncomfortable with Jen's observant comment. And she was convinced that the witch was up to something. She was looking much too innocent.

"He moved in from Southern California. He's the new chemistry teacher at the high school and will also teach girls' sports."

"Now there's a disaster in the making." Merry grinned, imagining the love-struck high school girls who'd be trying out for basketball this spring.

Jen continued. "I think he's got a birthday this week. There've been a lot of cards going to his house."

"It is Christmas, Jen; there are more than a few cards coming through the mail," Merry answered dryly.

The blonde shrugged and continued eating her cake. "I wrapped up some leftovers. They're in the kitchen." She pushed off the counter and started to the back. "And his name is Noel. Noel Hollis."

Merry laughed and shook her head. Another Christmas baby. Maybe she would take a piece of cake to her handsome new neighbor. It was the least she could do.

\* \* \*

Noel hummed as he bustled around the roomy kitchen of his new house. It was really too much house for a single man, but moving to Arcada represented a new

beginning for Noel. In Los Angeles he was always hiding, always worrying about who might see or hear him when the moon called to him. Here, the neighbor across the street had an ongoing relationship with a long-dead suitor, and the neighbor next door?

Well, she was something else completely. He just hadn't quite figured her out yet.

He'd spotted an enchanting pair of Fae in a jewelry store downtown. While they hid behind their mundane human forms, when he looked just right, he caught a glimpse of their shimmering, elemental beauty. Fire and ice. Their combined scent was intoxicating.

He was fairly certain that the pastor of the local church was a vampire. Father Burgess conducted all the evening services, leaving morning worship to an assistant. Clearly, being undead wasn't that bad in the eyes of the Lord or the good people of Arcada.

Noel moved the succulent turkey from the roasting pan to a serving platter and patiently arranged bright vegetables at its base. The gravy was simmering on the stove, and the rich smell of baking bread added the final touch to the symphony of fragrances that filled the kitchen. He checked the wall clock and shucked the apron, checking to make sure his clothing had survived unmarked.

So far, so good. Now he waited.

## Chapter Two

*Dinner's ready at my place. Just waiting for dessert. Noel.*

Merry flicked the note from the door and studied it, finally turning to look at the house next door. It was encrusted with fairy lights that swayed slightly in the cold breeze. The windows of the old Craftsman were foggy, and she caught the smell of roasted turkey on the air.

Her mouth watered.

She unlocked her front door, careful not to drop the platter of cake that Jen had carefully wrapped for her. Once she stepped in the door, fatigue settled on Merry's shoulders like a heavy, comforting blanket. Christmas Eve signaled the end of her long winter. Every year was the same; she worked in a near frenzy from dawn till dusk for the entire holiday season. On Christmas Eve, she crashed and burned, sleeping through Christmas Day. This year she hadn't even bothered with a tree. On her way home from work, she stopped in the town square and sat on a bench near the town's tree, smiling at carolers and last-minute shoppers.

Sighing, she carried the cake into the kitchen. She'd have a bowl of hot soup and a slice of cake and do her best to make it to bed long before midnight. She'd dig out her earplugs and maybe sleep in the spare bedroom at the other side of the house. And then she'd sleep until New Year if she felt like it.

She ran hot water for a cup of tea and looked outside at her new neighbor's house. His kitchen window nearly faced hers, and past the fogged up windows she saw his indistinct figure. He stood still and quiet, and somehow Merry knew he was waiting, aware of her scrutiny. His head turned her direction, and he smiled, causing Merry's body to grip in a warm, sensual shudder. She smiled back.

She glanced at her uniform and headed for her bedroom, determined to find the perfect outfit for Christmas dinner with her sexy new neighbor.

\* \* \*

If there'd been any doubt about his intentions toward his sexy little letter-carrier, they fled his mind. Noel stood blocking the open doorway, letting the frigid air flow into his house.

He'd caught glimpses of her, and her scent tantalized him nonstop, but he wasn't ready for the reality of the vision on his doorstep.

Merry was all of five feet tall and was as slender and curvy as a willow in the wind. Her gamine face was crowned by short, spiky curls that played up the huge green eyes in her heart-shaped face. Her lips were pouty and full. Noel swallowed hard as sensation rushed through his body. She was wearing a form-fitting red sweater and a short green skirt. He had no idea how she'd made it through the snow without getting her black leather high heels wet.

She lifted an arched brow slightly and glanced down at the platter in her hands.

"I brought dessert."

"That you did." Finally gathering his wits, Noel stood back, allowing her into his house. As the full force of her spicy fragrance wafted through the air, his knees grew just a bit weak. She smelled like the holidays.

"The kitchen's this way..." He flushed when she swept past him, treating Noel to the vision of her heart-shaped bottom in the short green skirt. In Noel's opinion, many of the women who decked themselves out in red and green during the holidays looked slightly foolish. Merry made it work.

She halted at the arched entrance to the living room, surprised at the table he'd set. "Noel, that's just beautiful!"

He flushed with pleasure. "My parents never let a Christmas go by without setting the table. Just keeping up with tradition."

"But you're alone now?"

"Yes and no. They moved to Alaska a few years ago. I guess LA grew too much for them. Mom didn't want to take all of her household stuff, so I inherited it."

The crystal and porcelain on the table was the legacy of many generations of the Hollis family. True, the glasses and china didn't match, but he'd combined it in a way that pleased his eye. With the turkey gracing the table and banks of candles lighting the room, Noel almost forgot the loneliness that had dogged him since his family had moved.

He led the way to the kitchen and found crystal plates for Merry to arrange the cake on. He stood back and admired the graceful arch of her neck, the soft curve of her cheek. She glanced up at him and smiled.

And he knew that *this* was why he hadn't gone to Alaska with his family.

"Merry."

She set the plate down and turned slowly. From the rigid set of her shoulders, he knew she'd sensed something as well. She looked up at Noel, her eyes liquid with emotion.

"So you're the man who keeps me awake at night." Her lips curved up into a smile. "Can't tell you how many times I wanted to throw an old shoe out the window at you!"

"I'm sorry." He ducked his head in embarrassment. "I don't really know why I've been doing that. I never did it at home. I guess maybe it feels more right here, under the stars and the moon."

"The moon. Ugh." Merry led the way back into the dining room, dessert in hand. "This past week, the sky's been overcast and it snowed nearly every day. Then at night when I'm desperate for some sleep, it gets clear and the moon shines in my window like a streetlight. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

"Me?" He shook his head. "I have absolutely no control over the weather. Though judging by some of the people in this town, I wouldn't be surprised if there are a few individuals who could clear the sky for a few hours."

"You noticed." She gave him a lopsided grin as she slid into the chair that he held for her. "And I get the feeling that you've got a few secrets yourself."

"I'll show you mine when you show me yours." He leaned over the table, carving knife and fork in hand, a whimsical smile on his face. "White meat or dark?"

\* \* \*

For some reason, Jen's chocolate cake tasted much richer, much headier as they cuddled in front of the fireplace. Outside, the sharp wind had settled a bit. In the distance Merry could see the clouds scattering. In just minutes, the moon would break through and fill the sky.

"Tonight's the full moon. How often does that happen on Christmas Eve?"

Merry licked her fork, considering Noel's question. "I don't remember it happening before, but I usually turn in for the night early on Christmas Eve."

"I imagine being a Christmas elf must be exhausting."

She went completely still. Even her breathing stopped. She gave a brittle little laugh. "What makes you say that?"

His smile was sly, and Merry got the sudden feeling that the boy next door had suddenly morphed into the big bad wolf.

"Logic. Your name. Your job. You deliver gifts during the holidays. And seriously, Merry, have you taken a good look at yourself in the mirror lately? I mean, if I couldn't see them, my guess would be that you have..." he reached up, stroking the curve of her ear, "...pointy ears. You've hidden them with magic."

She tried to move, but Noel suddenly had her trapped in his strong arms, her back to his chest.

"Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you." His raspy whisper caressed her ear. She went still as his tongue trailed over the graceful arch that was invisible to the naked eye.

She shivered in spite of the warmth of the fire and the heat of his hard body behind hers. He took the empty plate from her hands and set it on a table next to the sofa. Merry tried halfheartedly to pull away, aware of growing warmth between her

legs. Her nipples peaked, rubbing against the soft fabric of her sweater. At the same time, a tiny lick of fear curled through her body.

"Look, Merry, the moon is rising."

That wasn't all that was rising. The thought made her laugh just a little hysterically. His shaft was hard as rock and pressed snugly against her bottom.

"I didn't come here to be captured and seduced, Noel."

"Nonsense. You've been peeking at me from your windows all month. It's not my singing that's keeping you awake; it's the wondering, isn't it?" He pressed a kiss to her temple as his fingers stroked fire down her cheeks, to her throat. "You've been wondering about me. Imagining what I'm like and how I might feel in your bed."

Frantically, she looked out the window. True to his words, the leaden sky had cleared and the moon was rising, full and heavy. Silver-white beams of moonlight were creeping into the room through the huge windows. It would take only minutes for the moon's rays to traverse the room. Minutes before their bodies were bathed in an unforgiving wash of magic.

She wiggled to escape, but his arms encircled her tighter. "So what happens to a Fae like you when the moonlight touches your skin? Will it show me your true self?"

"Don't be silly. It's just moonlight." Her voice was breathless; a fusion of fear and excitement caused her heart to race.

"Remember, Merry, I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

She went still in his arms. He'd said that earlier. She moved her head slowly to the side, trying to see him. What other otherworldly creatures were affected by the moon? "Noel? Are you like me?"

It was a slim hope, one that was dashed at the husky sound of his laugh in her ear.

"No, Merry, but don't worry. I won't eat you up." He nipped the tender skin of her neck. "Not the way you're worried about, anyway." His tongue stroked that tiny spot, soothing it. His arms relaxed just a trace, and one hand came around to her belly,

gently stroking her through the cashmere sweater. His knuckles brushed the underside of her breasts, creating a wicked tightening in her pussy.

"Do you think I can seduce you before the moonlight reaches this side of the room?"

"No." Her voice was barely audible, even to her own ears.

"Will you let me try?" He'd moved back to her ear, nibbling gently at the lobe. One hand rested on her hip while the other was moving up to settle between her breasts. Other than pinning her in place, he hadn't really crossed any lines.

"Please?" His hand stroked her thigh, fingers coming to rest at the hem of her short green skirt. "I'll bet I can make you come before the moonlight touches your skin."

She was wet for him. Oddly, fear had the same physical effect as arousal, causing her nipples to pebble and her body to prepare for invasion. Fear was like an insidious aphrodisiac, especially when mixed with desire.

Desperately, she glanced toward the window again. The moonlight was slowly inching into the room. She twisted in a vain effort to slip from his hold. Instead, her movement caused her skirt to hitch up her leg, and his hand slipped over her breast, encompassing it in warmth. She froze, a moan catching in her throat.

"Now I'm certainly not responsible for that." His whiskered jaw tickled the soft skin between her shoulder and neck. "But I'm not complaining." Through the thin knit of her sweater, he pinched a nipple, shooting delicious sensations straight to her clit.

"So hot. Are you wet?" A finger strayed, playing along the crotch of her panties. His breath stilled for a moment. "So wet." He rested his entire palm over her pussy, pressing gently.

"Ah... hhh..." She thrust into his hand.

"Tell me no, Merry. If you want me to stop, tell me no..." His breath was hot and moist against her skin.

Impulsively, she turned her head, catching his mouth in a kiss. "You can try." She didn't smile as she issued the challenge, and he didn't smile back.



"If I make you climax by the time the moonlight crosses the room, what do I win?"

She bit her lip for a moment, noticing that his eyes were fixated on her mouth. All the while his magic hands were drawing the arousal from her body. One finger was running along the edge of her panties.

"Rules first." He met her gaze and nodded, the solemnity of the moment broken by the mischievous gleam in his blue eyes.

"No clothing comes off."

He nodded in agreement.

"I come, not you."

He sighed, rolled his eyes and nodded again.

"No penetration."

"No fingers? Tongue?"

"No."

His eyes gleamed like cobalt glass as he applied pressure to her pussy. "I can do that." The slow rotation of his palm rocked and created delicious tension. "In fact, I think you're nearly there, aren't you?"

She gasped when his hand moved to her other breast, plucking the nipple into taut arousal.

"And what's my prize?"

"Assuming you win..." She glanced to the side, seeing that the moonlight had advanced well into the room. "...I'll make you come. Any way you choose."

He groaned, leaning down to run the tip of his tongue into the shell of her ear.

She nearly came.

"Erogenous zone, eh?" He nibbled, covering the sharp tips of his teeth with his lips. She squeezed her thighs together, trapping his hand.

"What are you?" She could barely force the words past her lips. Now that she'd succumbed to his blatant seduction, Merry felt like she was being wrapped in velvet and satin.

His husky voice was as seductive as wine, causing her to shiver as he whispered in her ear. "I'll show you... later."

His mouth covered hers. She tasted his unique flavor past the sweet chocolate of Jen's cake. It overwhelmed her senses. As soon as she caught the fragrance on his breath, another surge of moisture slipped between her labia. She cursed those rules even as a finger slipped under the crotch of her panties.

"You didn't say anything about going under the clothing." Noel's slightly rough palm slid under her sweater, cupping her breast. "So perfect. If I win, do I get to see?"

She couldn't help the chuckle at that comment. "What if I win? I'm pretty sure I can hold out."

"If you win, Miss Merry, then I'm yours to command, all night and all of Christmas Day." He pulled the tip of her ear into his mouth.

Merry fought to clear her mind of the slow, creeping seduction. Her body ached for his. She wanted him atop her, his cock buried deep inside of her body. She wanted to feel his skin against hers. In desperation, she glanced at the encroaching moonlight just feet away. She could hold out. She could win this game.

His fingers slipped between her pussy lips, careful not to dip inside, even though her hips surged, following his hand. He dragged her moisture through her curls and then down between her cheeks. "You're going to be such a wet, slippery ride. I'd like to slide my cock right here between these plump lips of yours... just slide and slide till I drench you even more."

Her pussy grabbed on emptiness. His mouth moved lower, worrying at her nipple through the luxurious fabric of her sweater. She rarely wore a bra, so when he nipped, nothing but cashmere lay between his teeth and her sensitive skin. His hand worked her pussy, one finger slipping up to tease her clit before sliding back to the slick entrance of her vagina.

Merry gave up fighting, feeling the energy of the moonlight just inches from her outstretched hand. Almost here...

Without warning, Noel bit down hard on one tortured nipple, even as he circled her clit. The pressure was coming down on her harder and faster, until she arched up into his hand, her body finally succumbing to the temptation of the climax that shimmered just within her reach.

“Come for me Merry! Now!”

Her body went taut with spasms, and Merry’s clenched fists pounded on the soft fabric of the sofa. As a cry broke from her throat, the moonlight washed over her skin. She felt the change come, and she clasped Noel’s hair, bucking hard, shifting and digging for his hand. But true to his word, he opened his palm flat against her mons, avoiding any chance of penetration.

Another series of spasms left her weak and drained, and she lay back in his arms. He’d done that all from behind her body. How much had he seen of the transformation?

There were reflective surfaces all over the room; small mirrors, windows... even the glass front of the fireplace. He couldn’t have missed it.

“That was beautiful.” His voice was hushed with awe. Merry leaned forward, awkwardly aware that her wings were trapped under her sweater. Without comment, Noel lifted it over her head. She slipped off her shoes and drew up her feet, propping them on the couch. In the reflection of the fireplace door, she saw herself, all softly glowing colors of gold and red and green. She stretched, smelling the fragrance of her juices on his hand, on her own body. Cinnamon and cloves, mixed with oranges.

Merry sighed in contentment. She relaxed into his arms. “So when do I get to see yours, Noel?”

## Chapter Three

She was pure magic.

Her short golden hair shimmered and glittered with pale green threads, and her skin was alabaster pale. When she glanced up to meet his bemused gaze, her eyes were the clearest, darkest green he'd ever seen. A wreath of holly crowned her head; the red berries were a startling contrast to the green of her hair and clothing. Her lips were full and sinfully red. Her breasts... oh, her breasts... they were perfect.

And she had wings -- translucent, luminescent wings. He swallowed past the lump in his throat. "I'm afraid mine is quite pedestrian compared to yours."

Suddenly playful, Merry reached out and ran a finger over his lower lip. "You're too handsome to be common." She pressed, and he opened, letting her finger slide into the warmth of his mouth. She pulled it back and wet his lips. "You won."

His cock was already hard, but now it felt like heated steel. It throbbed and pulsed with every beat of his heart. It seemed as though Merry had two personalities. Or perhaps she merely stopped pretending when she showed him her true form. But she straddled his lap, and her skirt was pushed up to expose her slender thighs.

"So I get to choose my prize?"

"You get to choose how you want to come." She trailed a finger down the collar of his shirt. Her tiny bottom shifted and he thrust upward, unable to prevent the movement.

"What are the rules?" Clearly, she liked to play games. He needed to find out what he could and could not do right up front, or she'd slip out of his fingers. He ran his hands from her hips to her waist, enjoying the feel of soft fabric giving way to even softer skin.

She looked at him with great solemnity, but he was certain there was a glint of mischief in her gaze.

His hands continued to move up, till he cupped the juncture where the crystalline wings emerged from her upper back. Her eyes went wide and she shuddered. First the ears, now the wings. He felt the heat of her renewed arousal where her groin met his.

“Can I fuck you, little fairy?”

He reached down and slid a finger into her panties. She was slippery. Her wings vibrated briefly, showering him in a light scattering of shimmering dust. When he licked his lips, it was faintly sweet.

“Or maybe you’d like to fuck me? That’s what I want, Merry. I want to come buried up inside your tight... hot little cunt.”

She shivered again, dislodging a bit more fairy dust. Her thighs tightened on his. She reached forward, and her fingers trembled slightly as she began to unbutton his shirt. Noel gasped when she laid his chest bare to the moonlit room. When she unbuttoned the top of his jeans, her fingers brushed lightly over the head of his cock.

Merry went to work then, fingers stroking, palms gliding over the denim that covered his swollen shaft. She bent forward, her tongue teasing his nipples, her teeth nipping at the soft skin of his chest and neck. When she kissed him, she tasted like spices and fruit, and Noel was gripped with the need to swallow her down.

With a growl, he carried her to the soft carpet. The light of the moon and the fire lit them, casting strange dancing shadows over the walls and the floor. Impatiently, Noel stripped his clothing away and then pulled off Merry’s skirt and panties.

He stared at her in awe. She was slender yet curvy and luscious in all the right places. Her breasts were high and pert; her mons was covered by downy curls the exact same shades of gold and green as the curls on her head. Her nipples were small and red, just like the holly berries in her hair. He knelt between her legs, spreading them wide so he could look at her plump lips. Her clit peeked at him like a tiny red berry.

She was wickedly innocent; the moisture from her body glistened, and she was swollen with arousal. Her fragrance wafted to him and his mouth watered. Noel lowered himself to his belly, opening her with his thumbs.

He savored that first taste, closing his eyes as sweet spice flowed over his tongue. It was similar to the flavor of the dust from her wings. She gasped and buried a hand in his hair, her fingers digging into his scalp. She clamped his head between her thighs. For a tiny thing, she liked it a bit rough.

She was still a bit sensitive from her climax. He teased, staying clear of her clit. He kept her open and dragged his tongue the length of her slit, probing up into her wet opening, catching the juices that flowed so freely. All the while, she thrust slowly against him, her head thrown back, one hand teasing her hardened nipples.

Her breasts. He couldn't ignore those enchanting mounds. He reached up and covered her hand with his until his attention was too divided to continue. Noel pulled himself up her body, tasting her skin, dipping into her cute little belly button. When he reached her breasts, they rose and fell with her rapid breathing.

That's when he remembered her wings. "Are you okay like this? On your back?"

She nodded; her eyes were wide and liquid with desire. Nevertheless, he rolled her till she was on top, stretched full length over his body. His cock nestled against her belly in a soft, sweet embrace. She shifted, scooting back to straddle his thighs.

"Why do you sit out in the moonlight like that? Don't you get cold?"

"Moon bathing. Haven't you ever done it?" His breath hitched as her hands circled his aching penis.

"What are you?" She pumped slowly, giving a slight twist at the head of his shaft.

"Guess."

"Not Fae. Vampire?"

He tried to give a cocky grin, but that faltered when her warm, wet mouth covered the head of his cock. When the tip of her tongue fluttered over the slit, he nearly whimpered. To his relief, she turned her attention to the task at hand, namely,

driving him to near insanity as her hands fondled and wandered, and her mouth pulled him into a heated vacuum. Then she pulled away and returned to her questions. "Tell me, please?"

Her voice sounded a bit odd, so he opened his eyes. She was shrinking. Her wings began to beat as rapidly as those of a hummingbird, and she hovered over his groin. In just a few heartbeats, she was half her normal size, and then even tinier. Her wings beat a feathery tattoo over his skin, driving him into writhing, panting desperation. Noel threw his arms up over his head, afraid he might hurt her. After a rapid tour of his chest, his belly, and even his face, Merry returned to his groin, settling on Noel's thigh, wrapping both arms around his shaft. It was too heavy for her to lift upright, so Merry crawled up his belly, settling her tiny, naked ass over his belly button.

His cockhead bumped against her torso, smearing her diminutive body with his pre-cum.

"Fuck... Fuck!" His body shook and trembled as Noel tried to hold back the climax. Just seeing her like that went straight to his head. When he felt the drag of her tongue over the crown of his penis, he clasped his cock, squeezing tightly at the base.

She giggled.

"Okay... I give... I'm a shapeshifter."

"Really?"

Before he could blink, Merry had returned to her full size, straddling his waist. Her heart-shaped butt was right there, and he squeezed the plump little globes, earning a squeal from the fairy. Her wings fluttered, showering him with a light spray of dust.

He sneezed. She laughed, until he slid a hand under her bottom, fingers delving into her moisture. "Fuck me, Merry."

She went still, looking over her shoulder at him, her face suddenly showing a coy expression he'd never expected from her. "Why do you sing?"

He sighed. "To get your attention. I know you sit up there and watch."

"Fair enough." She rose on her knees and changed direction.

The view from the front was even better. She clasped his cock, and his hand joined hers, holding it steady as she slotted it into her pussy. She was so tight he had to squeeze himself hard again to hold back his climax.

"Oh, Noel... you're big!"

"You're tight!"

Merry rose and slicked him through her wet folds and then tried again. He slid home slowly. Her eyes went wide as her flesh parted for his. She leaned forward, bracing her hands on his chest, and he thrust upward, meeting her downstroke. Her body's clasp on him was wet and warm, and enough to make him squeeze his eyes shut like a teenage boy getting his first blow job.

He forced his eyes back open, loathe to miss the magic that was unfurling there atop his body. Her wings beat with her movement, casting luminescent fairy dust into the air. He swore that he saw a glow rising from her body, green and gold lights that vied with the moonbeams in the room.

Her face was twisted in concentration as she rode him. She glanced back at him briefly and gave a quick smile. He reached up and cupped her cheek. She was so small, so delicate! She was also damned robust, pounding down on his body with stamina to meet his.

He felt the climax rising up his spine and he clasped her hips, forcing her to move faster, harder. His balls pulled tight and his ass clenched.

"Three minute warning," he gasped.

She moaned and collapsed onto his torso, her breasts pressed against his skin. The change in angle must have done it for her, because Merry's breath began to come in short, panting bursts. He clamped her tightly around the waist with one arm and buried his other hand into the silky curls at the back of her head.

"Now! Nownownow... ." Her movement had changed again; she undulated against him almost as though they were dancing. Her tight channel clasped his cock over and over; her wings beat the air till it felt that they were in a wind storm.



Noel thrust and held. Hot spasms pushed his seed deeply into her body, leaving him shaken and weak. His vision went white for a moment, and then, to his consternation, it went black. He had just a second to process what was happening even as his cock slipped from her body in a gush of their combined fluids.

"Sorry!" was all he could manage before he slipped away.

\* \* \*

He was a shapeshifter all right, but certainly not what she expected. Merry sat back on her knees, looking at Noel in wonder.

She'd expected a wolf, or even some sort of feline. Not a fox.

He lay there on his side as though dead to the world, though she could see the rise and fall of his ribcage. His face was elegant and mischievous. His fur was the white of the snow outside. She thought that perhaps in the spring and summer, he'd turn the fiery colors of the sunset. In the fall, he'd be the color of the turning leaves.

Like her, he wore a wreath of Christmas holly -- his draped his neck like a collar. It was the legacy of their birthday. She smiled and stroked his lush, velvety fur. Succumbing to temptation, Merry slid full length against his prone form, savoring the feel of his pelt against her body.

"Soft," she whispered in his furry ear. It flicked in response to her voice. "Are you waking up yet?"

His bottle-brush tail stirred against the floor, and a sigh moved from his body.

"I knew I was good, but I've never knocked a lover unconscious before." She felt a familiar shimmer of magic against her skin, and then she was spooned behind Noel's human form. He rolled to his back, blinking in confusion.

"When you said you were a shifter, I thought maybe a wolf, given your size. I didn't expect a *kitsune*!" He blinked and smiled. His blue eyes were still shot through with amber; as she watched, his eyes slowly became human again.

"I shifted?"

"Yeah. Do you know how beautiful you are?"

He again blinked and started to sit up. "I'm not usually this wobbly after a shift."

She pushed him back. "I doubt that you usually shift during an orgasm."

He groaned in embarrassment. "Did I... uhhh..."

"You were out before you changed. Not that it mattered."

She leaned forward and ran her tongue over his nipple. She bit him lightly and smiled as his cock began to rise. They'd be like this for awhile, unable to get their fill of each other. She ran a hand over the muscular planes of his belly.

"How did you cope in the city? A fox in Los Angeles would have been noticed."

"I tried to stick to the parks and the beach. And I've got a pretty good tolerance for the moonlight. But tonight, between you and the full moon..." He finally smiled and shook his head ruefully.

"I have no resistance at all. When the moonlight hits me, I change."

"That's why I moon bathe. Eventually I have to shift, but I can push it back for awhile." He turned his head. His eyes were now completely blue again. "Long enough to fuck you."

"Make love." She nipped his chin.

"Yeah. Make love. Fuck. You like it when I talk dirty." He lightly kissed her lips, savoring the flavors of spice and citrus. "You taste like Christmas. Cinnamon and orange."

"And you taste like vanilla and spice." She kissed him, her tongue slipping between his lips. "Eggnog."

He smiled. "I'd have thought that I'd taste like the forest."

"No. Eggnog. Very intoxicating."

They lay for the longest time gazing at one another, listening to the sounds of the fire burning, the wind blowing outside the windows. They lay with legs entwined and fingers clasped, listening to the sound of one another's hearts beating.

"Would you like to go dance in the moonlight with me, Merry?"

She nodded, hoping that her face told him everything that was in her heart. He ran a knuckle over the smooth skin of her cheek. "This was the best birthday ever."

"It was, wasn't it?"

\* \* \*

Jennifer Pastor sat on the hill overlooking the two houses that she'd been watching all evening. She opened the thermos of hot tea and poured her second cup. As the steam from the tea rose into the frigid air, Jen watched it ascend to where it expanded in wispy tendrils, eventually spreading to cloud the sky. In just minutes, the snow would begin to fall.

She hummed the melody to "Moondance" under her breath as the light of the moon began to fade behind the clouds. Fumbled around in her basket, she took out a container that held a slice of Merry's birthday cake. She'd made it from a very special, very old recipe. Nothing too strong, just a lovely combination of sweet love and rich lust. Enough to push two reluctant lovers in the right direction.

Movement caught her eye, and Jen looked toward the field where the forest crept down to meet the neighborhood. One of the beautiful things about Arcada was the presence of nature everywhere.

In the fading moonlight, she saw the ghostlike form of an arctic fox. When she turned her head right, she could discern the form of a firefly over his shoulder. Or maybe that was...

"Fantabulous!"

She smiled and took a sip of her tea, ending the spell. "Merry Christmas, Merry. Joyous Noel."

## **Belinda McBride**

*Belinda lives in the wilderness of the Siskiyou Mountains and at night, she runs naked with a pack of wolves...*

Uhh...

Belinda lives *near* the Siskiyou Mountains and shares her home with a pack of Siberian Huskies who like to pretend they're wolves. And she usually keeps her clothing on when she goes outside.

Belinda loves to travel, collect rare gemstones, make soap and spend precious time with her daughters. Her degree is in History with a Cultural Anthropology minor. On weekends, you will often find Belinda ringside at a dog show, comb and spray bottle in hand.

She invites you to visit her website at [www.belindamcbride.com](http://www.belindamcbride.com), or email her directly at [belinda@belindamcbride.com](mailto:belinda@belindamcbride.com).