



*Twelfth Night:
Christmas Spice*

By Anna Leigh Keaton

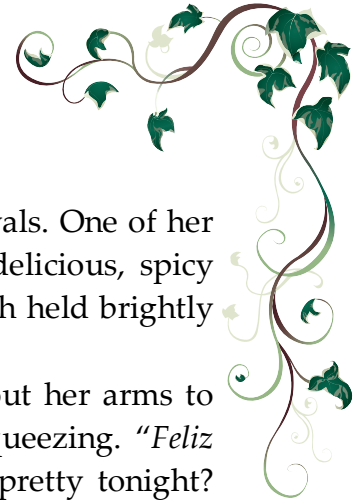


Twelfth Night: Christmas Spice

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Vicky opened the door and grinned at her late arrivals. One of her employees, Anita, held a tray of what smelled like her delicious, spicy tamales. Her two granddaughters she'd brought along each held brightly wrapped packages.

"*Hola, Anita,*" Vicky said with a grin as she held out her arms to hug the girls. They fell against her legs, laughing and squeezing. "*Feliz Navidad.* Come in, come in. Oh, don't you girls look so pretty tonight? Why don't you guys put those under the tree and find Paul and Heather's little girl? She's around here somewhere."

"Thanks, Aunt Vicky," they chimed before dashing over to the big tree set in the corner of the living room.

"Ah, Anita. I told you you didn't have to bring anything," Vicky said, taking the platter from her friend.

"You know I go nowhere without food, especially on Christmas." She grinned and came through the door before Vicky shut it.

"So glad you could make it. How'd your family take you running off like this?"

The older woman grinned. "We had our meal this afternoon, and now they are cleaning while I have more party time."

"Hey, Anita!" Paul called across the slightly crowded room.. "Glad you could make it."

"*Hola, Paul. Heather,*" she added with a slight nod and a big smile for the couple who'd become her friends as well over the last couple of years.

Vicky introduced Anita to a couple more friends as they walked through the living room, and Anita stopped to give Denise, another worker at the salon, a quick hug.

A warm glow infused Vicky's heart as she made room to set the platter of tamales on the overloaded table. She'd made a mountain of food to start with, and though she told all her friends no one needed to bring anything, they hadn't listened. So besides the turkey and ham slices, fresh-baked dinner rolls, two platters of cheeses and crackers, and four kinds of pies, there were cookies, cakes, and now Anita's mouthwatering tamales.

To be surrounded by her friends on Christmas was the best present she could ever hope for. Taking the tin foil off Anita's platter, she reached for a knife from the pile of cutlery on the end of the table to cut them in half so what was supposed to be finger foods was small enough to fit on the little plates. At least she knew better for next year. She'd get dinner-sized plates. It didn't seem to matter that almost everyone there had already had a meal at home with their own families, they still stuffed themselves. With a grin, she set to work slicing through the still-hot tamales.

A big hand closed over her upper left arm in a tight grip, and a raspy voice whispered in her ear, "If you don't want a scene, I suggest you come with me now."

Vicky swallowed hard. She knew that voice, and a tingle skittered down her spine. She gripped the knife harder, until her knuckles turned white. "Detective Drake," she said coolly. "How'd you get in here?"

"Put down the knife, Victoria. Now," he growled in her ear.

She must have hesitated too long, because his other hand came around her and gripped her wrist, hard, until she dropped the knife and gasped. His front pressed into her back, and she silently cursed the effect his long, hard body had on her.

"Don't test me, woman. If you don't want all your happy little friends to know what you are, you'll come quietly."

She looked to the side, toward the living room where ten of her closest friends sat around talking and laughing—and ignoring the fact that she was being accosted by a sleazy cop.

"The garage door," he whispered in her ear, making goose bumps rise on her bare arms. "Too many people between here and the front door."

"They'll notice I'm gone," she warned under her breath.

"Trust me, this won't take long."

"Fuck you," she muttered.

He ran one hand up the center of her back and wrapped long fingers around the back of her neck. "Move, Victoria, or else."

Her high heels clicked over the tiles of the kitchen. She cast one last glance back at everyone in the living room, but no one seemed to notice

what was happening to her. Her tummy quivered as she reached for the doorknob, but she hesitated. "Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?"

He gave her neck a bit of a squeeze, enough to prompt her to turn the knob and open the door. The motion detector light clicked on over her pickup truck, and she wondered if there was any way to get out of his grip for the moments it would take to jump into the truck and lock him out.

"Don't even think about it," he growled as he gave her a gentle push down the three steps to the concrete floor. The door shut behind them, and her heart beat sped.

"What do you want from me?"

He let go of her neck, and she made to bolt, but he grabbed her right arm and twisted it behind her back. Before she could whirl on him and land a fist...somewhere, the cold metallic clasp closed around her wrist with a sickening click.

"Son of a bitch!" she cried, struggling to get away from him, fighting to keep her left arm out of his grasp.

He shoved her up against the front quarter panel of the truck and pinned her there between the cold, hard metal and his warm, solid body. It took one slight twist to her right arm he had pinned until she gave up. He grabbed her left wrist, brought it behind her back, and snapped it into the other handcuff.

Then he turned her to face him, pressed his front to hers, still pinning her to the truck. "Where are they?"

She snarled.

"Tell me now, Victoria, and save yourself."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Her heart raced faster. The fact she could feel his hard-on pressing into her belly didn't help. As usual, the bastard was horny.

"The shipment of emeralds. Only you didn't stop with the rocks this time, did you? You took out the courier, too." He clasped a hand over her neck and tilted her face up. "Where. Are. They."

She gritted her teeth. "I. Don't. Know."

He squeezed his hand a bit, tightening it around her throat. "Don't fucking lie to me, woman. I know your handiwork when I see it. What,

did the courier not give up the goods fast enough? We found him, but not the rocks. Now, last chance, where are they?"

She hissed then bucked her hips out, trying to dislodge him, but he was a big sucker and barely moved. All it did was rub the fly of his jeans over her, pressing his erecting into her harder.

"My husband—"

"Ah, yes. I heard you got married. Does the sap know what you do for a living?"

"I run a respectable business, you asshole."

"Ah, yeah, your business front. Cute. We'll see how long it takes the feds to figure out your little hair cutting joint is just a cover for a multi-million dollar theft ring." He rubbed his crotch against her, ground his cock against her mound. "Damn, you're still one hot diamond thief."

"I thought it was emeralds," she said with enough attitude to make any teenager proud. Even so, her pussy throbbed, and her nipples grew hard.

He leaned in close, until she felt his warm breath on her cheek. "I want my cut."

"Dirty cop," she spat.

His lips, so warm and delicious, pressed against hers. She growled and tried to pull back, but that hand around her throat held her in place. When she opened her mouth to yell, his tongue swept in, stealing not only her voice but her breath.

God, the asshole could kiss.

She bit his lip.

He pulled back with a curse. "You bitch!" He swiped the back of his other hand, the one not holding her throat, over his mouth.

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Sticks and stones..."

He glared, his forest green eyes narrowed. "You're going to pay for that." Without warning, that free hand dove up under her dress and pressed against her pussy.

Her knees wobbled, and she swallowed her moan. She'd never been able to say no to this man. Not ever. When his middle finger pushed aside the tiny scrap of her panties and swiped through her already damp lips, she forced herself to stare into his eyes, to not let him see what just

one touch from one finger did to her entire body.

But he saw. His gaze dropped to her chest as her nipples turned into hard little points pushing against the silky fabric of her cocktail dress.

"Slut."

She growled.

"You know you like it. You want it, don't you?"

"Go. To. Hell!"

"Meet you there, babe." He shoved two fingers deep into her core, and she couldn't stop the groan that escaped her lips. Her inner muscles milked his fingers as he teased her G-spot with an expertise that still made her head spin even after all this time. When he leaned down and nipped her nipple right through her dress, she cried out and thrust her hips against his hand.

"Stop," she cried. "God, stop. I can't. I'll tell you where the emeralds are." Her body said she could, though, and she was so ready for him. So hot. So damn wet.

"Too late. You had your chance."

"No-o-o" she sobbed, but not a cry of tears. One of being so close to climax it had turned to agony. She hated him. Hated him with a passion. But that passion was so easy for him to turn to hot, burning lust.

He nipped her other nipple, and she cried out as the hot zip of the orgasm speared through her.

He chuckled as he let go of her throat and caught her just before she would have landed in a heap on the floor, her legs refusing to keep her upright. She lay limp in his arms, refusing to help him hold her, and he carried her to the end of the truck, dropped the tailgate and unceremoniously plopped her down on it. The cold metal on her legs made her hiss and brought her out of the orgasmic stupor. She kicked off her shoes and went to jump off the back of the truck, but he caught her and pinned her down across the tailgate, his big hand in the center of her chest as he flipped the skirt of her dress up over her belly.

She tried kicking sideways, to get him with at least her knee, but he swatted her thigh hard enough to really sting.

"Don't make me turn you over and turn your ass red, Victoria. You know I'll do it."

Oh, she knew all right, and just the thought of that made her pussy tighten in want. Damn him!

The best she could hope for was to roll to the side, but she couldn't escape. With her hands bound behind her back in the God damned handcuffs, if she rolled off the end of the truck bed, all she'd get was her face smashed into the concrete floor. She bent her knees, planted her feet on the tailgate, and heaved against his hold.

"Fuck, Victoria, those gotta be the sexiest little panties I've ever seen." And then he ripped her Victoria's Secret thong right in two.

She screamed in fury and shoved up, using what leverage she could from her hands, and tried biting his arm.

He laughed, turned his body sideways just a bit—fuck him for being so tall he could do that standing on the ground—and laid his middle right over hers. "Been a while since I tasted this gorgeous cunt."

"Don't!" she screamed, thrusting her hips up again, wiggling, trying to dislodge him from her.

"You don't mean that." He clasped his hands on her thighs and forced them apart a second before his hot mouth settled over her even hotter pussy.

He moaned as if it were the best thing he'd ever tasted, and when the vibration from his pleasure rumbled through her, she gave up the fight. She didn't mean it.

He suckled, licked, slipped his fingers inside of her and pumped while he flicked the tip of his tongue over her clit.

Vicky moaned, writhed, but in need, not fight. She bit her tongue to keep from crying out her need. She wouldn't give him that satisfaction.

"I hate you," she growled, even as her hips rose to meet his mouth, her body begging for what her voice never would. A light sheen of sweat burst out on her chest and forehead as the climax grew and grew, getting closer and closer. Just as she was about to fall over the edge, he pulled away.

"Finish it," she cried, then bit down hard on her bottom lip, appalled she'd said that.

Without a word, he turned her—easy to do on the bed of her shiny new pickup—and flipped her over on her belly, half her body dangling

over the edge of the tailgate. Only her toes touched the cold concrete of the floor.

When she tried to stand, he pressed his hand between her shoulder blades and shoved her down.

"Let me go, you fucking dirty cop!"

She heard the slight clink of his belt buckle, then the quick *pop, pop, pop, pop* of his button fly being ripped open.

"I'll show you how dirty I can fuck," he said, his voice so low and raspy it made her scalp tighten and her nipples tingle. And then he was in her, hard and without ceremony.

She cried out in relief as he stretched her, filled her.

He still held her down, pinned to the bed of the truck, the hard, cold metal digging into her hips, her ribs, her breasts. The pain was delicious juxtaposed to the hot length of his cock thrusting into her so hard, so damn perfectly.

No, she shouldn't let him do this! She tried to raise up, but his strength was too overpowering. She kicked back with one foot, caught him in the shin hard enough that he hissed. But in the next second, just before she took another swing, his free hand came down hard on her ass sending a hot jolt of lightning through her. Another hard slap followed the first, and she cried out.

She prayed he didn't know how good the pain was.

He slapped her again then pressed one finger against her anus.

"No," she screamed, knowing he knew just the thing she needed to come.

"Yes," he hissed between his teeth. He slapped again, never breaking the hard, driving rhythm of his thrusts, then teased her anus again.

"Oh, fuck," she cried as the orgasm came barreling at her. She couldn't fight it. God help her, she didn't want to fight it.

"That's right. Dirty. Fucking. Cop." With each word, he thrust his cock so deep it tried to reach her soul.

She screamed, and every muscle of her body tightened as the climax struck, sustained, went on and on just as he did, driving into her, through her, becoming part of her.

He gave a short shout of "Oh, fuck," drove deep, and stayed there. His cock pulsed, her pussy quivered. Her whole body went lax against the unforgiving truck bed.

His hand moved from her back, his forehead rested on her shoulder, his breath sawing as hard as hers.

She giggled.

He chuckled and unlocked the cuffs, removing them from her wrists.

Her limbs feeling as if they weighed a thousand pounds, she shoved herself over onto her back, squirming farther onto the bed until only her legs below her knees dangled off the end of the tailgate. He rested his cheek against her belly and wrapped his arms around her.

"Never called me a bitch before," she said, then laughed.

He chuckled again and squeezed her tight. "Dirty fucking cop was a nice touch."

He stood up and took her hands, pulling her into a seated position. Then he pulled her forward and kissed her deep. She tasted passion on his lips and moaned as she wrapped her arms around his neck. She pulled back slightly and sifted her fingers through her husband's silky hair.

"You think they're missing us yet?"

He gave her a wicked who-gives-a-shit grin and shrugged.

She laughed and scooted closer to him, wrapping her legs around his and laying her head on his shoulder. She spotted her Victoria's Secrets lying in a small heap on the floor. "You owe me a pair of underwear...again."

He laughed and hugged her close. "They were pretty damn sexy."

"Uh huh." Closing her eyes, she reveled in the light brush of his hands up and down her back. "I love you, Detective."

"Mmm. I love you, too, sweetheart."

"You know, Detective Drake is still my favorite. And dang, did it get my blood going when he made an appearance at the Christmas party."

He chuckled again and lifted her from the tailgate and set her on her feet.

She stepped into her heels, and he spun her toward him. "I guess we should get back to our guests, huh?"

She nodded and placed her hands on his chest. "We did invite them, you know. But I think you better go wash your face first."

He laughed at that then leaned in and murmured in her ear, "And you have cum dripping down your thighs, don't you?"

She thumped the side of her fist against his chest. "Nasty man."

"That's dirty fucking cop to you, bitch."

They laughed together and hugged.

"Merry Christmas," he whispered in her ear.

"This was my Christmas present?"

"Mmm. Part of it, anyway."

"Not bad," she said with a grin. "What's the other part?"

"You don't get that until our friends leave."

She put on a pout, which made him reach around and pop her on the butt.

"Give me a hint?"

He raised an eyebrow in censure.

"Does it involve...candles or a flogger?"

His laugh was deep that time. "Maybe a little of both, you naughty woman. Maybe it even involves emeralds."

Her eyes widened, and she opened her mouth to ask him if he was serious, but he pulled away and took her hand, tugging her along toward the door. It hadn't even been locked, she realized when he turned the knob and pulled it open. The fun was over, but another little thrill shot through her at the thought they could have been caught.

They slipped into the small bathroom off the hallway and did a quick cleanup. Vicky straightened her hair as best she could, and then they were out rejoining their friends.

Their friend Paul, a real cop, was in the kitchen with the refrigerator door open when they entered. He gave them both a quick up and down glance, snickered, and asked, "Have fun?"

Vicky's face heated a little, but her husband, brash as always said, "Oh, yeah," then laughed when he glanced at Vicky.

"Here it is," Paul said, pulling out two bottles of champagne he and his wife, Heather, had brought. "I say it's time for a little bubbly."

For the next few minutes, the three of them poured glasses of

champagne then handed them out to all the adults. The kids were off in the spare bedroom making lots of noise, but that was okay. Vicky and Drake had stocked it full to brimming with toys for all their friends' kids to play with when they came to visit. It gave the adults more adult time.

Once everyone held a glass of sparkling amber in their hands, Paul lifted his. "To our makeshift family. We might not be related by blood, but we're bonded through friendship. Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," everyone cheered.

Vicky took the tiniest sip from her glass, no more than wet her lips really.

"You don't like it?" Drake asked softly, motioning to her glass with his.

"Oh, it's good," she murmured. "Very good. But...umm...well..." She grinned, and that warm, soft feeling flowed through her again. She leaned in and whispered, "We need to make room for one more at next year's party."

Drake didn't say anything, so she pulled back to look into his face. His confusion showed by his pulled brows and slight frown.

She rolled her eyes and took his empty hand in hers, then set it over her belly.

His eyes widened, his lips parted.

She grinned. "Merry Christmas," she whispered.

The kiss he gave her was the softest, most gentle expression of love she'd ever experienced. Of course, then it was followed by him swooping her into his arms, spinning her in a circle and whooping like some made-for-television cowboy.

"It looks like she finally told him," Anita said to the group of friends. "About time. Silly man didn't even know she put on ten pounds."

The living room filled with laughter, hugs and tears.

She got separated from Drake, but from across the room Vicky caught her husband's eye. He winked. She knew no matter how long they were married, or what might change in their lives, he'd always give her the spice she craved.

The End

Author Bio

Anna Leigh Keaton is an award-winning, best-selling author of erotic romance. She's written over thirty novels, novellas and short stories all available at [Cobblestone Press](http://www.cobblestonepress.com). You can read excerpts of her work at <http://www.annaleighkeaton.com> or check out her mainstream romance at <http://www.leannekarella.com>.