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25 Days of Christmas



ALL I WANT FOR
CHRISTMAS
AERYN TRAXX



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DEDICATION

For Patric

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS
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Armand Renault grabbed the steering wheel of his Lexus with both hands and leaned his forehead against it. It was a position he'd taken several times since parking in front of his best friends', Angela and Marc Hastings', elegant home. He'd promised himself he wouldn't let Geoff ruin another holiday and yet his ex was inside while he sat in the front seat of his car.

A tap on the passenger window made Armand jump and his heart race. He looked over to see Marc grinning at him, motioning for Armand to unlock the door. A flick of a switch allowed Marc to open the door and climb in.

"So? You plan on staying out here all night?" Marc asked. Armand smiled back weakly then stared out the front window of his car at the back end of a blue Saab.

"Actually I was ..."Armand began.

"*No!* Don't say it. If I don't convince you to come in, Angie is going to blow a gasket." Marc shook his head, his eyes closed, his hands thrown in the air.

"She was rather adamant I come." Armand answered matter-of-factly, a slight smile touching the edges of his mouth.

"That would be putting it mildly. She's pissed at

Geoff, and I've already had to head her off a couple of times from taking him to task for... well... something she shouldn't get herself involved in," Marc said.

Armand laughed lightly and shook his head at Marc's embarrassment. The break-up with Geoff had been more than a year ago, yet people still talked openly about it, much to Armand's chagrin.

"You know she's like an older sister. Geoff has no idea how close he came to getting his ass kicked by your lovely wife," Armand responded with a sideways look at his friend.

"After tonight I'm relatively certain he's going to realize she's still more than just a little angry at him." Marc said. "And speaking of those two, I can't be away from the battle zone for long. They might decide to have it out on the mahogany flooring I just had stripped and resealed."

"That would be quite a sight," Armand answered with a hint of mirth.

"Agreed but I'd rather not have that going on this evening. Come in with me, why don't you? I promise to keep Geoff away." Armand laughed, grabbed the present from the dash and opened his door.

Marc got out of the passenger side and looked at him over the top of the car. "Who knows? Maybe Santa dropped off your gift early this year," Marc said, tapping

the car roof for emphasis.

Armand chuckled as he hit the lock button on his remote. "Honestly, Marc, all I want for Christmas is a partner who won't cheat on me, finds me irresistible, and has a steady job. Think Santa might have one of those just lying around?" He walked around the front of his car.

"Not sure, buddy, but if the fat man can't find one, I'll have to take a stab at it for you. There's no one more deserving in my book than you." Marc said.

Armand smiled at his friend as he followed him up the walk and into the house.

They were met by Angela who held a champagne flute and wore a scowl on her face.

"I was beginning to think you two had decided to spend the evening in the car." Angela pouted. Both men knew her to be harmless; a kiss on the cheek from her handsome husband had the hostess cheerful once more.

"Apologies, Angie. Marc was explaining the many reasons why I shouldn't turn tail and run home," Armand explained as he, too, kissed her cheek and then handed her the gift.

"Well, that is what I sent him out there for. Here's some champagne and there are lots of people to talk to." Angela handed Armand her glass and pointed him towards the living area of the house where roughly twenty-five

people were milling about.

Armand attempted to mingle with old friends and people he had met in passing over the years. Try as he might, he still seemed disconnected from everyone. People came and went as the night moved on. He caught glimpses of Geoff every now and then; a specter that hovered on the fringes. A presence that promised, even if he tried to have a good time, Geoff would be there to swoop down and stomp the life out of any fun he might have. Armand had just about convinced himself to sneak out the side door when he heard a voice from behind him, one that was velvety smooth with just the hint of a smile in it.

"My name is Dayne Carson, and I don't believe we've been introduced."

Armand turned around, and his heart skipped a beat. Six foot four, dove grey eyes, black-brown hair and a body wearing a suit that fit like a second skin. The man held out his hand and waited. It took several moments for Armand to realize Dayne was waiting to shake his hand.

"Armand Renault. Sounds like something out of a car commercial I know but it's my name." Armand shook the proffered hand firmly. The smile that played along the handsome man's mouth drew him in.

"Pleased to finally meet you, Armand. I believe I heard Geoff calling you Mandy at the gym the other day or

am I mistaken?" Dayne's eyes seemed to twinkle under the bright lights of the raised alcove they stood in.

"He was just being an ass. Sometimes it really is best to simply walk away from old flames who can't act like adults," Armand said, a groan slipping out.

Dayne laughed lightly and took a sip of his drink. It made Armand relax. When the tall man leaned over to whisper to him, Armand felt his heart skip a beat once more.

"I know what you mean. I had to move to a new city after my last breakup. He broke up with me, yet every time we happened to stumble into each other's path, he'd burst into tears. It got to be too much after awhile." Dayne looked down into his drink and then up at Armand and shrugged, a grin playing at the edges of his mouth.

Armand felt like laughing. Whether it was from the fact he was working on his third drink or the effect the man was having on him, he couldn't tell and honestly didn't care.

"Sounds like something I should consider," Armand said.

"Moving?" Dayne lifted an eyebrow as he took another sip of his drink.

"Yes. We have too many friends in common who just don't understand." Armand pointed with one of the fingers holding his highball.

Dayne nodded knowingly.

"Let me guess. The 'give it time and you'll be back together' ones or the 'just apologize and everything will be fine' set?" Dayne deadpanned.

Armand couldn't help the laugh that escaped causing his companion to break out in laughter as well. "Both! That is just too funny." Dayne was doing things to Armand's insides he hadn't felt in a long time.

"They mean well." Dayne looked down from the elevated dais at the assembled guests for a moment then back at his companion.

"I know they do but..." Armand's smile turned to a frown as Geoff came into view from the kitchen.

"Yeah... they're the lucky ones," Dayne said. "They forget what it was like before they found Mr. Perfect. I'm beginning to wonder if there are any good ones left."

"I don't know, Dayne. I've pretty much given up on finding Mr. Perfect," Armand said. Dayne followed Armand's gaze to see Geoff in the arms of yet another man.

"Then what are you doing here at one of Angela's famous matchmaker parties?" Dayne asked innocently.

Armand took Dayne by the arm and pointed to mistletoe hanging from a number of arches on the main floor and one not too far from where they stood on the elevated dais. He also pointed out a wreath with Christmas

ribbon on a wall to their left.

"Wrong week, Dayne. This is her annual Christmas party for those she considers her real family." Armand smiled at his companion who looked thunderstruck. Dayne did a double take and looked around the room. Armand couldn't help but laugh once again at the tall man who took it in stride, grinning back.

"I knew something wasn't right, but I didn't realize... I better just slide out the back door quietly." Dayne set his glass down on the bookcase and made to leave, but Armand grabbed him by the arm.

"You don't have to go." Armand said.

"I wasn't invited to this get-together. I got my days mixed up I guess." Dayne shrugged.

"Please stay," Armand pleaded. "She won't mind you being here."

"Nah. You said it was for family." Dayne shook his head and rolled his shoulders.

"Dayne. Please stay. We'll tell her you're my date if that makes you feel better about it. You're the first person I've felt comfortable talking to since I got here. And I really was thinking about leaving before you showed up." Armand felt Dayne's arm relax beneath his hand then let go abruptly. He hadn't even realized he had reached out to him.

"Leaving? Why?" Dayne questioned.

"It's been just over a year since Geoff and I broke up. We were together for six years. We used to have great Christmas parties for all our friends. We broke up between Thanksgiving and Christmas last year. I stayed at a hotel while he hosted the Christmas party I'd planned. This year I thought I should try and get out. But..."

"But all the happy couples make you wonder what's wrong with you that you can't hold onto a guy," Dayne finished for Armand.

Armand looked up into dove grey eyes that held just a hint of sadness as they surveyed the many people paired up on the wide open floor below.

"That's it exactly," Armand commented in a half whisper then turned toward the crowd and felt the pang of loneliness once again. A warm arm snaked about his waist at almost the same moment a tear fell from Armand's eye. The strong arm pulled him around and away from the scene below. A handkerchief was set into his hands, and Dayne cradled him while Armand wept silent tears.

"Where's the bathroom?" Dayne questioned lightly and looked over his companion's head to be certain no one was watching them. He followed close behind as Armand

lead the way to a half bath at the back of the house, away from all the other guests.

Armand lead Dayne into the small room and locked the door behind him. The click of the lock was all it took for Armand to erupt in a deluge of tears.

Dayne slipped out of his jacket and hung it on the back of the door while a sobbing Armand tried to hide from his new friend. Dayne grabbed a handful of tissues then turned to Armand and pulled him into his arms. Armand tried to protest, but Dayne's brute strength won out. He traded the wad of tissues for the now sopping wet hankie he dropped into the wastebasket.

"Armand. Don't do this to yourself." Dayne spoke softly as he ran a hand absently through Armand's shoulder-length curly blond hair. "He's not worth it."

Armand stopped crying and looked up at Dayne from red-rimmed eyes. "He? You think I'm crying about that asshole? Not hardly. I'm crying because I'm thirty-eight years old and alone, while everyone I know has a life partner or a husband. I'm going to die alone in my apartment with my cat."

Dayne fingered away a loose lock of hair that insisted on falling across Armand's face. He neither smiled nor grimaced but kept his features even and measured. He would be Armand's emotional rock if that's what the man

needed.

"You have a cat?" Dayne asked casually.

Armand sniffed and nodded. "Onyx. He has serious attitude issues."

Dayne took the tissues from Armand's hands and wiped away the few remaining tears hanging on his eyelashes.

"Can't imagine why *your* cat would have an attitude problem." Dayne released his arm from around Armand's waist and reached for another handful of tissues from the box on the top of the vanity. Armand laughed, their bodies still touching, and it sent a jolt right to Dayne's cock. He handed the tissues to Armand and allowed his arm to snake back around the man's waist. It felt natural to be there, and Armand didn't seem to mind.

Armand wiped at his cheeks once more with the tissues then looked up at Dayne, a wan smile barely tipping the edges of his mouth.

"Do I look really bad?" Armand asked. "Should I just go home and..."

Dayne used his free hand to pull at the temperamental lock of hair.

"Babe, you are the most handsome thing in the entire place."

Armand smiled and turned in Dayne's arm to look at

himself in the mirror.

"My eyes are bloodshot and my nose is red."

Armand sniffed one last time then threw the most recent wad of tissues in the wastebasket.

"We'll just tell them you're doing your Rudolf impression." Dayne smirked at Armand in the mirror, his arm still wrapped around the smaller man's waist.

"Thank you for this. I thought I could handle it."

Armand turned in Dayne's arm again to face him.

"You're my date." Dayne answered. "Isn't that what the date is supposed to do? Take care of things?"

Armand laughed lightly, pressing both hands against Dayne's tear-stained white shirt. "Thank you nonetheless."

Dayne ran a knuckle along Armand's cheek and fought the urge to kiss him.

"We should probably get back to the party before we're missed." Dayne spoke softly, unable to either pull his arm away or keep his hand from touching Armand.

The look in Armand's eyes told Dayne his companion was just as affected by this as he was, that with one word they could both be headed back to one of their apartments. But deep inside, Dayne knew Armand needed to make a stand. To enjoy himself at the party. To replace old memories with new ones and banish the hurt of the

past. Running away was not going to solve anything, so, with a breathy sigh, Dayne pulled his arms away from Armand and reached for his jacket.

"Let's go back to the party, shall we?" Dayne said with just a hint of apprehension. He unlocked the door and pulled it open for Armand to exit first.

They came out of the bathroom to find three people waiting for them: Geoff with a scowl on his face, and Angela and Marc, who were sharing a grin from their position behind the malcontent. Armand stopped in his tracks. Dayne bumped into him as he was turning out the light in the bathroom. Geoff started in on Armand before Dayne had even flipped the switch, his jacket thrown over his arm.

"So this is your idea of proper behavior at a friend's house? A fuck-fest in the bathroom?"

"No, it's not..." Armand answered haltingly.

"My apologies Angela, Marc. We thought we were being discreet. I hope we didn't cause you any embarrassment." Dayne pointedly looked over Geoff's head to see Marc.

"No, not at all, Dayne. In fact, we hadn't even noticed you two were missing until Geoff here brought it to our attention." Marc nodded at the man in front of him.

"You were gone quite some time." Geoff crossed

his arms over his chest, and he wore the distinct look of a disapproving parent giving a teen the once-over for missing curfew.

"I was..." Armand once again tried to explain but was not allowed to get out a complete sentence before Dayne took the lead.

"Apologies, Geoff. We had no idea that you would be chaperoning us tonight or I would have informed you we would be sojourning in the loo." Dayne turned his attention to Angela, dismissing Geoff completely. "Now, if you don't mind, I think my date and I will just take our leave..." Angela pushed none too gently past the shocked Geoff and grabbed Dayne by the arm.

"No! Please don't leave. Marc! Tell them they can't go. I have everything ready and dinner should be served in just a few minutes."

Geoff huffed and turned to Marc expecting... not what he saw, the host sporting a grin from ear to ear.

"You heard the lady, Dayne. You two are staying put. At least until she subjects you to the cherries jubilee." Marc laughed at Angela sticking out her tongue at him then took her by the arm and tucked it in the crook of his own. "Give in, gentleman. Makes it a lot easier to handle that way. Wouldn't want to see you dragged into dinner kicking and screaming."

Geoff harrumphed loudly then brushed past everyone, his nose in the air. Angela and Marc smiled at each other and followed in Geoff's wake. Armand turned just enough in Dayne's grasp to see the taller man scowling.

"He's harmless now that you put him in his place. I guess he didn't realize I had asked Santa for a knight in shining armor." Armand looked up at the handsome face of his rescuer with a cheeky grin. Dayne's scowl was replaced by a broad smile that showed off his white teeth.

"I know; I sent Santa my wish list but don't remember putting you on it. Looks like we've both been good boys this year and are getting more than we asked for." Dayne leered at Armand who blushed. Dayne released Armand and wriggled back into his jacket. Armand fussed with the front, buttoning it then fingering the pocket where the hankie used to be.

Dayne had to fight off another jolt to his cock. His date had no way of knowing there was a nipple ring hidden beneath three layers of clothing. Or that the light pressure against it through the material of his jacket, shirt, and undershirt was testing his self-control. Dayne knew if he didn't get a handle on things they would be ducking out the back door any second. So with another breathy sigh, he took Armand's hand away from his jacket and kissed the fingertips lightly before releasing them.

"Dinner awaits," Dayne announced.

Armand smiled and turned. They walked through the house towards the formal dining room.

The formal dining room was decorated in burgundy and hunter green with large flower arrangements along the length of the dining table. Covered chairs, gold-encrusted place settings, ten carat gold-rimmed wine glasses, and place cards completed the ensemble. It seemed to be the place cards that had Marc moving around the table frantically as Dayne and Armand entered.

Armand's attention was drawn to a young woman who needed help finding the bathroom. Dayne positioned himself between Armand and the dining table, looking over his shoulder to have Marc nod at him as he and Angela moved cards around. When Armand turned back to Dayne, Dayne manhandled him so his back was to the dining room.

"What is this?" Dayne asked as he flicked off imaginary dandruff from Armand's jacket.

"I don't see anything, Dayne. What?" Armand looked intently at first one shoulder then the other, his attention diverted away from Marc and Angela.

Dayne watched out of the corner of his eye as Marc moved a few more place cards on the gigantic dining table while Angela grinned up at him before disappearing into the kitchen. Dayne helped Armand straighten his jacket and

brush some more non-existent specks from the shoulders. When Marc was finished, Dayne ceased his ministrations to Armand's jacket.

"There you are. Perfect," Dayne said with a grin. Armand blushed at the compliment, looking up at Dayne and sniffled one last time. He whispered his thanks.

"Thank you for tonight. I know we've only known each other for a short time but I don't think I could have gotten through this without you," Armand said.

Dayne leaned down to whisper in Armand's ear, feeling mischievous. "The night's not over, babe." And then he kissed Armand on the cheek as the other guests started coming into the room.

Dayne guided Armand to his chair and

Armand smiled as Dayne pointed to the place card with his name on it. Dayne saw that Marc had worked his magic; they'd be sitting next to each other for dinner.

After settling Armand into his seat, Dayne dropped into the chair beside him and looked around the table for Geoff. He may have only been officially acquainted with Armand for a few hours, but he was already feeling protective of him. A light touch on his arm drew Dayne's attention back to the man at his side.

"Dayne, please promise me before you leave this evening, we'll get a picture together." The look on

Armand's face as he made the request insured Dayne would do anything he wanted.

"A picture?" Dayne smiled, and Armand could swear the man's eyes were actually twinkling.

"I want to remember this night. I was so afraid it would be horrible and it has turned out to be... well... magical almost." Armand blushed at the admission and looked away from Dayne, turning the place card over and over between his fingers nervously. Dayne leaned in closer and once again whispered in his ear.

"Forget the picture," Dayne whispered, "After dinner I'll take you back to my place and we can make some magical memories we'll both remember for a good long time."

Armand felt Dayne's leg press against his own and a hand rest gently at the base of his neck.

"Relax. I won't let anything happen to you."

Armand looked up into Dayne's reassuring gaze, and he knew he was a goner. He wasn't the kind of man to fall into bed with every piece of ass that came by, but right now, all he wanted to do was feel Dayne's strong arm around his waist once more; holding him tight against his chest, skin against skin. Assuring him that indeed

everything would be all right.

Armand looked up to say something to Dayne and saw Geoff scowling from across the laden table. Following Armand's line of sight, Dayne frowned back at Geoff then stood and moved the huge flower arrangement from the middle of the table over in front of Armand. He nodded at a furious Geoff before retaking his seat next to Armand, who was laughing behind his napkin.

"You didn't have to do that, Dayne."

"Yeah, I did. You're my date. He's being an asshole. Now you can concentrate on having a good time." Dayne brushed his leg against Armand's once again and draped his arm across the back of his chair. Armand laughed, and Dayne drew closer. "What?"

"I think I might have figured out why your last partner cried every time he saw you," Armand said.

"Oh?" Dayne smirked, his bright white teeth showing.

This time Armand leaned in close to Dayne. "He realized he'd let the good one get away." Armand grinned sheepishly up at Dayne, who laughed.

After the main course was served, Marc walked around the table, handing out gifts from a red Radio Flyer wagon he pulled behind him. He wore a Santa hat with a bell on the end that jingled every time he turned his head.

He handed a box to Dayne and leaned in between the two men.

"I was told to tell you two to share, and since Angie bought the gifts this year, I can only imagine what that means. Merry Christmas, gentlemen." Then he moved on to the woman at Dayne's elbow, who had imbibed a few too many glasses of the excellent wine Angela was serving with dinner. Dayne handed the package to Armand.

"I can only imagine. You go ahead and open it." Dayne shook his head when Armand gave him a questioning look. Dayne grinned and nodded to the gaily wrapped package as he took another sip of his wine.

Armand tore into the wrapping paper and blushed.

"What is it?" Dayne could tell Armand was embarrassed, but there was also merriment in his eyes that intrigued him. He reached over into Armand's lap and fingered his hand away from the box. There, in Armand's lap, lay a Christmas sampler of flavored lubes and condoms. Dayne looked up into Armand's eyes and they both broke out laughing, drawing much more attention than either anticipated.

Angela came up from behind and clapped them on the shoulders.

"Well, gentlemen. Good to know I can still pick the perfect gift after all these years."

"Thank you, Angie. It is definitely the perfect gift this year," Armand answered as he looked over at Dayne.

"I'll have to make sure I get invited to your parties every year, Angela, if this is the kind of gift one gets." Dayne ran a possessive hand along Armand's shoulders.

Armand finished his desert and felt Dayne's leg pressed firmly against his own once more. He was about to say something when Dayne leaned in close to his ear.

"Do you think it would be rude to whisk you out of here and back to my place? I'm having a helluva time keeping my hands to myself."

Dayne's words made Armand blush, but he nodded and dropped his napkin on his plate.

"I'm ready to go." Armand finished his wine and stood up next to Dayne.

"Apologies, Angela, Marc. It was a lovely evening, but I need to get my date home," Dayne said to the host and hostess, who smiled back. Armand gathered up the box of lube and condoms, turned and nodded to Angie and Marc. Marc hurried from the table to walk the two men out.

"Dayne, I can't thank you enough for coming this evening." Marc shook hands with Dayne.

"At first I thought I might have gotten the night wrong, but now it looks like I got it right. I can't thank you enough."

"Please tell Angie I'll call her," Armand said to Marc who shook his hand as well.

"I'll tell her, Armand. You two have a nice evening."

Dayne laughed as he escorted Armand out of the house then down the walk towards the line of cars on either side of the street.

"Baby, unless your place is closer than three blocks, we're going to my condo." Dayne pulled keys out of his pocket and hit the remote. Lights blinked on a black Lexus halfway down the block.

"No, my place is across town," Armand answered quietly.

Dayne helped Armand into the car, waited until he had a seat belt on then closed the door. Once inside the car, he turned off the radio and pulled away.

"Armand, I have to tell you something. I have never had a man affect me this way before. I'm not the kind of guy who jumps into bed with just anyone. But there is something very special about you I can't put my finger on," Dayne explained as he watched the road ahead.

"I'm the same way, Dayne. I don't do one night stands or blow jobs at the gym. I can't explain it, but I feel you're different somehow." Armand looked over at the large man, a bit confused at how quickly things were

happening.

"Good. Now that we've established neither one of us does this sort of thing, I can't wait to get you undressed. Two blocks to my condo and we're home free."

"I'm dying to kiss you," Armand stated.

"Me, too, but if you kiss me now, I'm going to fuck you on the side of the road, and I have something better planned," Dayne answered through gritted teeth. Armand reached over to slide his hand between Dayne's legs.

"Something better?" He laughed as his fingers touched on the very hard cock straining against the confines of Dayne's clothing.

"Bad, baby. It's a good thing the condo is right there or we would have to pull over." Dayne nodded towards the five-story condo complex straight ahead.

Armand pulled his hand away and stared wide-eyed. "You live here?" Armand asked in a rather subdued tone as Dayne pulled into his parking space.

"Yes. I'll give you the grand tour later. Right now I just want to show you my bedroom," Dayne answered as he jumped out of the driver's side and came around to open Armand's door.

"Dayne, I want..." Armand started, but Dayne's mouth over his stopped any further discussion. Dayne leaned into the car to continue the kiss, and Armand took

the opportunity to unbutton the big man's shirt, pulling it free from his pants. When Armand's hands touched the waistband of his pants, Dayne broke the impassioned kiss.

"We better hurry or someone's going to get a free show in the elevator." Armand laughed and got out of the car. He wiggled out of his own jacket and unbuttoned his shirt as Dayne followed close behind. As they stood in front of the elevator, Armand felt Dayne's hot breath on his neck. Hands came around his hips and undid the button to his slacks.

Armand half-giggled. "I thought you said—"

"I know what I said, but I'm having a problem keeping my hands to myself." Dayne moaned.

Armand toed off his shoes and picked them up. The elevator arrived as Dayne was pulling Armand's shirt off.

Once inside the elevator, Dayne hit the button for the fifth floor and pounced on Armand, pressing him back against the back of the elevator car. He had Armand's pants around his ankles in three seconds. Dayne's lips found Armand's, and they kissed hard.

When the elevator stopped unexpectedly on the third floor, it took the two men several seconds to come up for air. Dayne looked over his shoulder, keeping Armand's nearly naked state hidden.

"Good evening, Dayne." A grinning, gray-haired

old woman with a purse in one hand and a sack in the other stood at the doors to the elevator.

"Good evening Mrs. Blair. I... uh... we..."

"No explanation necessary, dear. I can see what you and your date are doing. You go ahead and send the lift back when you're done." Mrs. Blair smiled at them.

Dayne rested his forehead against Armand's, but the slow elevator gave him time to grind his hips against Armand's near naked ones.

"Damn, Armand, I want your cock." Dayne ran a hand between them and found they were both wet. The elevator stopped, and Dayne dug in his pockets for his keys while Armand tried to juggle all of the clothing as they waited for the doors to open. Dayne practically ran for the apartment while Armand came up behind him, having sent the elevator back to the third floor.

"Why is it when you're in a hurry nothing works right?" Dayne asked no one in particular. The fourth key he tried worked, but the elevator dinged as he pushed open the door of the condo.

When the elevator door opened, there was just a shoe there, placed in the center of the elevator.

"That yours?" Dayne asked.

Armand looked through the items in his arms. "Yes, it's mine." He hurried over to the elevator.

Dayne heard him laugh as he picked up the shoe. "What is it?" Chuckling, Armand hurried back to Dayne's side. He held out the shoe for him to see. The shoe was filled with candy canes and a note scribbled on the back of a receipt "Merry Christmas — Mrs. Blair".

"This is turning into the best Christmas," Armand said.

"Come inside and I'll make sure it's the best Christmas ever." Dayne walked into his apartment, followed closely by Armand. Dayne shut the door and threw the deadbolt then took everything out of Armand's arms and dropped the pile on the sofa. He pulled Armand into his arms.

"Armand, I'd bend you over the couch and take you right now, but you probably wouldn't find that as satisfying as I would. So let's get you into my bedroom."

"Wait" Armand said as he dug through the clothing thrown onto the couch. He came up with the box of lubes and condoms and held them up like a trophy. "Special toys for a special night."

Dayne laughed and pecked Armand on the cheek, grabbed the box, then grabbed him by the hand to lead him to the bedroom.

Just inside the door to the bedroom, Dayne dropped Angie's Christmas present on the nightstand, pulled

Armand into his arms, and kissed him. Armand finished removing his clothes then he had Dayne naked in record time, and they both fell onto the bed, arms and legs entwined. Armand's lips found Dayne's nipple ring, and he proceeded to drive Dayne nuts. Flat on his back with Armand splayed over him Dayne was lost to the sensations. The tiny bites to his already sensitive nipple, his cock squeezed between their bodies and Armand's musk had him wondering how much more he could take. Then Armand moved his lips from the nipple ring to his cock, and Dayne knew he was not going to make it. The instant Armand's lips closed on the head of his cock Dayne gave over.

"Oh my god. I'm... I'm... coming," Dayne cried out. Armand licked and sucked until Dayne bowed completely off the bed and shouted his release. Armand slid his body along Dayne's until he lay flush against the bigger man, his erect cock trapped against his hip.

"Sooooo, you like getting head." Armand circled the nipple ring with his finger as Dayne's cock tried to rise to the occasion.

"Armand, I have a feeling I'm going to like anything you do to me." Dayne answered, a hand tracing circles on Armand's bare back.

"Good because I have a few ideas..." Armand started, but Dayne held up his hands in a time-out pose.

"Hold up. Time out. My turn to rock your world. Grab the lube and a condom."

Armand crawled across the bed towards the night table. He broke open the box and retrieved a large tube and a silver square. He was about to turn when he felt hands on his hips.

"Oh yeah. I like you just like this," Dayne said. Armand laughed as he set the lube and condom underneath him far enough back so that Dayne could reach them. "You have a beautiful ass, and I am going to make you come so hard you're going to see stars." Dayne took Armand's cock in his hand and fingered the already leaking head. "This is nice. I'm good at rim jobs."

Dayne ran his hand over Armand's butt as he told Armand what he was going to do, using the other hand to stroke his cock.

"Hold onto the headboard, baby," Dayne commanded.

Armand did as he was told and didn't have long to wait for lips to touch his ass. It took little time for Armand to beg for release. When that didn't work, he reached down to stroke his own cock and was prevented from touching it with a muffled "unh unh" and a light slap to the hand. That was followed by the cap to the lube being flipped open then the cold gel worked into his excited hole. Two lubed

fingers were inserted, bringing moans from Armand. When a hand fisted his cock, it was too much, and he backed into the fingers in his ass. He was so aroused it wouldn't take much for him to come. The fingers worked in and out and soon a third was added. He was so damn close to an orgasm.

"Ready?" Dayne kept up the rhythm but leaned over Armand's back to whisper in his ear.

"Yes, oh yes." Armand answered, his voice just above a whisper.

"You sure?" Dayne asked as he picked up the tempo of the three fingers up Armand's ass.

"Damn it, yes!" Armand heard a condom wrapper ripped open and felt the fingers removed.

"God, you're so tight. It will be a miracle if we both don't pass out."

Armand opened his mouth to say something, but the cock at his entrance froze every thought he had. Dayne pumped Armand's cock as he pushed his lubed-and-sheathed cock into Armand.

"Baby, are you all right?" Dayne asked.

Armand could only nod and push back against his lover's groin, wanting more. Once Dayne was in balls deep, he leaned forward over Armand's back once again.

"Is it too much?" Dayne asked, truly worried about the man beneath him. "I've had lovers before who couldn't take all of me."

"Fuck me, Dayne! My balls are on fire. Please, dear god, make me come."

Without any further discourse, Dayne set a pace that would bring Armand release in a matter of strokes. Just as he sensed Armand was about to orgasm, Dayne hauled his lover up on his knees, Armand's smooth back against his chest. Armand reached behind his head to grab onto strong shoulders while Dayne stroked Armand's cock with one hand, pinching a nipple with the other.

"Come for me, Armand. Let me hear you shout out my name while you spill all over my hand."

No sooner had Dayne said the words than Armand shouted out his name, shooting cum all over the bed and Dayne. Dayne's shouts of completion followed moments later, both men falling exhausted onto the bed.

As Armand's heartbeat began to return to normal, he felt strong arms scooping him up and pulling him against a broad chest. His head lay comfortably on Dayne's collarbone and the rest of his body lay on top of his lover's. Dayne pulled a soft comforter over them both. And just as sleep tried to draw him into the blackness, Armand heard

Dayne say "Merry Christmas, baby."

The End

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Aeryn Traxx has been writing since the age of twelve, has plans to retire to the Outer Banks of North Carolina one day, and is the proud parent of a teenage daughter. Aeryn currently lives in North Dakota with two dogs, a cat and a significant other. You can find out the latest news and views at <http://www.aeryntraxx.webs.com>.

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