



Changeling Press

SUGAR
PLUM
#9

Mistletoe

AMBER KALLYN

Sugarplum: Mistletoe

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Something's not right. Dragon shifter Calla O'Neil can't stop the emotional rollercoaster taking over her actions. When she finally finds out why, she's going to celebrate by making her husband, Scott, her very own personal body buffet.

Chapter One

"What do you mean, you forgot the mistletoe?" Calla shouted, jerking her hands through her long vibrant red hair. The cinnamon freckles across her pert nose and high cheekbones almost disappeared into the heat of anger coloring her normally pale face a blotchy red.

Scott O'Neil glanced at his wife, about to laugh. Then her blue eyes flashed ruby. He'd happily, with full courage, face a raging forest fire in the line of duty without second thought. But his pissed off wife, about to go dragony? That one made him slightly nervous -- at least, it did lately.

"Honey, it's okay. We don't need it to finish decorating the Christmas tree," he said, trying to appease her.

She growled, stomping her foot. Scott reached for her shoulder, but Calla whipped her head to the side and snapped her teeth.

Jaw dropping, Scott could do nothing but stare. His little dragon had actually snapped at him.

The color drained from her face. "I..."

Without warning, she burst into tears and ran to the front door. She swung it open with such force, the handle crashed into the wall. Scott chased after her, but as he made it to the porch, Calla stood in the yard, already shifting.

It was over in a blink. His wife's small womanly form wavered, expanding into a towering ruby dragon. Her scales shimmered in the meager sunlight peeking through the heavy clouds. Her immense wings unfurled. As she leapt into the sky, gusts of air

stirred the leaves strewn over the yard. She whipped her spike-tipped tail back and forth.

"Calla?" Scott shouted. Her overwhelming form didn't scare him in the least. He wanted to finish their conversation. Then again, maybe she needed some time to cool off.

She turned, her reddish eyes bright above her long snout. A puff of black smoke curled up from her nose. Calla shook her horned head and flew away over the treetops.

Stomping back into the house, Scott threw on a fur-collared jacket before heading toward the forest surrounding the property. Maybe the chill winter air of the mountains might clear his head. Near the line of pine trees marking the edge of the national forest, he stopped and searched the dark, cloudy sky, hoping for a glimpse of shiny red scales.

Nothing.

Stepping into the trees, he kept his breathing even and deep, trying to figure out what he'd done to piss her off. It couldn't be just the stupid mistletoe he'd forgotten. Calla normally took something tiny like that in stride. They'd laugh it off, sharing a nibbling kiss or two. Most times she let him love her body as apology.

Was she unhappy being tied down? Their courtship could only be described as tumultuous at best, with danger lurking around every tree and rock. Now, life was tame in comparison. Sure, she'd been the first to offer a compromise, volunteering to move up here to Jasper. But Scott could get a job at any fire station. As an arson investigator, Calla's office was based out of Phoenix. Small mountaintop towns weren't plagued by an abundance of arsons -- at least not usually. The black dragon, corrupted by dark magics, they'd fought last year had been unusual.

Did she want out of their marriage? He didn't know.

An hour later, still confused as hell, Scott came to a strange circular clearing within the forest he'd never before seen, though he'd grown up here. The clouds overhead broke apart, allowing a lone ray of sunlight to shine into the very center of the small glade.

It highlighted a mound of plants around an old, rotted tree stump. Clumpy olive-green leaves glistened with morning dew. Clustered in the center, white berries shone bright.

Mistletoe.

Scott hurried forward, reaching to pluck a handful. Around him, the air became deathly still, the birds and insects falling silent. He jerked upright, glancing everywhere, the shadowy forest seeming to encroach on him. Not a single pine needle moved.

Something cold slid across the back of his neck. Goose bumps rapidly spread down his arms as his heart beat faster. From the corner of his eye, something shimmered, almost as if the air itself undulated.

Fear dried his mouth and skittered down his spine as the shadow suspended in the unstirring air began to resolve into the form of a tall woman.

Scott scooped a handful of the mistletoe, turned and raced back into the trees. It couldn't have been a ghost. Such things didn't exist. Besides, it was Christmas, not Halloween.

It didn't matter that in the past year, Calla had introduced him to many wondrous magical things that really did exist. She'd never said anything about ghosts.

He covered the distance between the clearing and the house in a quick trot. By the time it came into view, Scott convinced himself what happened in the clearing was nothing more than his stressed imagination.

He pushed it from his thoughts and entered the house, wondering if his wife had returned yet. Footsteps came from the second story near their bedroom. Scott stood at the bottom of the stairs, debating whether to go up, or wait for Calla. Remembering her extreme anger -- she'd snapped at him! -- he decided to wait.

In the living room, he put the precious plant on a table and stoked the fire, adding another log to warm the room.

Above him, their bedroom door slammed. Thumps headed downstairs. Calla stopped in the arched doorway of the living room, shooting him a glare that might just wither the half-decorated Christmas tree behind him.

Damn. Still pissed.

Calla clasped her hands behind her back. Her large, lovely breasts jutted forward, straining against the thin T-shirt. Hell. That was another thing lately. He took in the jeans emphasizing her curvy body, trying to tone down his rampaging lust. They used to have sex multiple times a day, but it had been almost a week since she let him touch her.

Silent, Calla stomped to the Christmas tree and pulled an ornament from the box. She turned to face him, a glassy blue ball dangling from her finger, hints of red sparks shooting his way.

Grinning, Scott teased the air around her. His vision changed, the air becoming strands of colors, stirring and swirling from her movements. He blew her a kiss, pushing it along an orangish-colored line of air. It caressed her cheek, her lips, brushing some crimson strands of hair from her face.

She snorted, her eyes darkening with a ring of red as her dragon showed it was still close to the surface. "Let's get this done," she stated matter-of-factly.

Scott blinked at her bland tone. "Of course, darling."

"Hmph." She turned to the tree and hooked the small glass ball on the tip of a branch, then bent over, rummaging in the box, treating him to a delicious view of her heart-shaped ass.

His cock sprang to life, pulsing in hot agony.

Grabbing the mistletoe, Scott took a step toward his wife. When she didn't blast him with fire, he edged closer. Her ass beckoned, but he resisted pulling her against his aching groin. Instead, he trailed his hand up her spine.

Calla jerked, spinning to face him, her mouth thin, face white.

Scott grinned, and held out the berried greenery. "Merry Christmas."

Her eyes softened. "Mistletoe. You found some."

Holding it above their heads, he wiggled his eyebrows. Calla laughed, the anger fading from her eyes, replaced by the flush of desire.

Pulling her close, he gently touched his lips to hers.

Calla grabbed his hips and pressed against him, sliding her tongue into his mouth.

The mistletoe -- had to be magic -- dropped to the floor. He ran his hands down her arms. She grabbed his erection through his jeans and he drew back. "Are you sure?"

Her voice came thick and husky. "Here. Now."

A roller coaster. But this was one mood shift he would enjoy.

He tugged her T-shirt from her jeans. Calla raised her arms as he drew it over her head and tossed it onto the box of Christmas ornaments. Her creamy breasts swelled enticingly over the lacy cups of her black bra. The freckle near her cleavage drove him crazy, as it had since the first time he'd seen it.

Lowering his head, he kissed the freckle, then nibbled along her collarbone. She pressed her chest to his as Scott tasted the burning skin along the curve of her neck, paying special attention to the hollow beneath her jaw where her pulse pounded.

He grabbed her hips, pulling her closer. Inhaling deeply, Scott drew in her soothing scent -- cherry blossoms and vanilla. He ran his tongue along her jaw, then licked along her parted lips before slipping inside. She kissed him back with barely restrained passion. Scott slid one hand forward to caress between her thighs.

Calla's breath came heavier, as she grabbed his sides. Her head fell back, giving him perfect access to her breasts. He rubbed her mound through her jeans while burying his face in her cleavage and kissing her soft flesh.

Calla's hips rocked in time to his hand.

"God, baby. I want you," he murmured.

Her eyes flashed and she grinned.

Calla stepped back and eased open the buttons of his shirt. Her nails lightly scraped his chest, then his abdomen, sending sparks of heat over his skin. She pushed his shirt apart, running her fingertips over his pecs. Then she attacked them with her hot, wet tongue. Her lips clamped on one nipple. A growl rumbled from him as his cock pressed tight against the all-too-confining jeans.

Her tongue worked down the thin trail of blond hair to his waistband. Calla dropped to her knees and unzipped his pants. Breathing heavy with glorious anticipation, Scott stared as she peeked up from beneath thick black lashes. Then she smiled, her old mischievous smile, absent for so long.

Calla ran her hands over his skin, loving the way he almost seemed to burn. Tugging her husband's jeans to mid-thigh, she wrapped her fingers around his cock straining through the flannel boxers.

His intake of breath was loud, as loud as the pounding of her heart, of the blood rushing to her ears. She wanted to lick every inch of him.

Lust drove away her earlier anger. She couldn't even remember why she'd been so mad in the first place.

When she tightened her grip, Scott's hips jutted toward her. Loving the way he twitched against her palm, she parted the slit in his boxers, freeing his hard pulsing length. She nibbled the dark, velvety tip, tasting his salty fluid. His tortured groans enflamed her desire.

"My turn," he growled, yanking her up roughly and backing her toward the blazing fireplace. Laying her on the furry rug, Scott knelt beside her as he ripped her jeans and panties off. He made even shorter work of his own clothes before stretching out alongside her, their legs twining, bodies brushing, slickened skin rubbing. His hands roamed her back, her butt, moving between her thighs to tease her throbbing clit.

She caressed his length, enjoying his mumbled sounds of delight. He flicked her nipples through the lace of the bra, sending fiery pulses through her body.

Gods, she wanted him inside her. Now. But he pulled away from her grasping.

Leaning above her, Scott smiled, his eyes changed from their normal speckled gray to full blue, as dark as the sky right before a thunderstorm. Love and lust raged in his gaze, and Calla braced herself to take it all. In a rush he moved to her breasts, his teeth biting at one of her nipples.

The lovely semi-pain of his teeth and the coarse lace rubbing her skin shot heat to her core. She arched her back, demanding more. When she scraped her nails over his back and down his ass, Scott shuddered beneath her touch.

Scott fumbled at the clasp of her bra. It sprang free and he tore it from her arms. Cupping her breasts, he squeezed them together, then licked every inch before rising above her like a conquering warrior.

His cock nudged her opening, tantalizing her with denied pleasure.

She wiggled but he ignored her.

Leaving her breasts, Scott placed gentle kisses on her stomach, then covered her mound, sucking her clit so hard she screamed, nearly coming. His fingers spread her lips apart. When his tongue slid inside her, Calla's hips bucked uncontrollably. She pushed against his touch, unable to control her whimpers. More. She wanted more.

He licked her up and down, the scruff on his chin rasping against her oh-too-sensitive skin. His teeth captured her clit and he tugged. Calla screamed again as the orgasm hit.

Her body trembled, waves crashing through her. Scott pushed a finger inside, moving in and out, increasing the sensations.

Scott flicked his tongue over her, light, yet urgent, before nipping her clit. Dizzy with need, she clutched at his shoulders, urging him to fill her.

His thumb replaced his tongue as he kissed along her belly, nibbling at her breasts, then met her lips. The taste of herself combined with his tangy, spicy maleness filled her mouth.

"I can't take this slow," he said urgently.

"Then don't."

With a harsh groan, Scott eased into her, giving her what she longed for. His hips jerked as he slid inside, so hard, so good, before withdrawing. Then he slammed into her once more.

She gasped against his lips, hands running through his messy blond hair. Frantic whimpers tore from her throat with every quickened breath, with every plunge of his

hardness. The edge drew near. She shuddered, writhing on the fur rug beneath his weight.

His hot mouth was everywhere, her lips, throat, behind her ear.

She ran her hands over his back, loving the play of muscles beneath skin. Wrapping her legs around his hips, she rose to take him deeper. She needed this. This connection, this joining. It had been days since he'd loved her. Somewhere deep inside, she knew it was because of her, but she couldn't hold it long enough to think it through. She didn't want to.

He pumped into her, his sweat-slicked chest rubbing her tight nipples, hair rasping the sensitive peaks.

Calla moaned as the orgasm drew closer, her muscles tensing in anticipation. Scott worked his hips side to side, increasing the sensations. Then she fell, shouting as pleasure ripped through her body, the exquisite pulses spreading to her curling toes.

Scott slammed into her harder. His groans rumbled near her ear, his breath hot and heavy pulsing against her skin. She gripped his ass, nails digging in. He captured her mouth, kissing her frantically.

"I love you, Calla," he cried.

Her heart expanded with their love and she grabbed him tighter. He moved inside her, their bodies pounding against one another, filling her with a heady rush and sweeping her over the edge again.

Calla cried out, hands tight on his ass, her legs locked around him. Her pussy clenched him tight, and she felt his hardness with such intensity the storm didn't abate, but continued to rage inside her.

He shouted into her mouth as hot seed filled her. His movements became sporadic, then slowed. Scott rested his forehead on hers and smiled, their panted breaths mingling. Then he gently kissed the corner of her lips before sliding to her side, taking his time as if he didn't want to leave. Draping one arm over her stomach, he tugged her back against his chest.

"I love you too," she whispered.

Scott traced small circles on her belly before running up her arm, to her shoulder. But his movements were hesitant, almost unsure.

Calla stared into the flames of the fire burning low beside them. She'd brought her strong, confident husband to this. Yet, her emotions didn't seem to be hers to control lately. She thought she knew why. Maybe. Hopefully. But she couldn't bear to be wrong again. Over a year they'd been mated, married for two months. And yet, the final step had not happened.

But maybe...

If only there was someone to answer her questions. Her mother had tried talking to her about dragons and mating and emotions, but Calla had never been interested. Now it was too late.

Tomorrow, she'd get a test. Come home, try it out.

Scott snuggled against her, his breathing deepening as he fell asleep.

If disappointment claimed her heart again, well, she'd just hope for next time.

Chapter Two

Calla woke and showered, then headed for the door. Scott sat at the kitchen table, a steaming cup of black coffee in front of him. His gray eyes were unfocused as he stared out the large window overlooking the national forest surrounding the cabin. Heat flushed through her body as she remembered the previous night and it was all she could do to restrain herself from pushing him down on the table and having her way with him. But she needed to know, and the wait was killing her. Patience had never been her strongest area.

As she passed by the doorway, Scott glanced up, took in her jacket, opened his mouth as if to say something, then merely sighed.

"I'll be back," she said softly, giving him a wobbly grin.

He nodded as she slipped out the door. In her big red truck, Calla drove into the tiny town of Jasper and parked in front of the pharmacy. The small wooden building could have belonged in the fifties. A long counter sat up front with a row of barstools, and signs offering ice cream and soda were prominently displayed.

Calla bypassed giggling children and smiling parents, the ache in her heart intensifying. She wanted that. With every part of herself, she wanted that.

Which was strange. A little over a year ago, when she met the fireman who became her destined mate, and now her husband, thoughts of a long-term relationship and a family had been foreign.

Finding the correct aisle, she glanced around, thankful to find herself alone. Calla hurried between the shelves, only to be confronted with way too many choices. Blue, pink, purple boxes proclaimed they could deliver what she wanted to know, some

promising everything but the moon. And she might just be missing that one, hidden somewhere amongst the others. They came in singles, doubles, even triples. With so many choices, how did one decide?

A heavy hand fell on her shoulder, gripping tight. Calla spun, ready to flay the intruder. She gazed into soft, faded eyes and a face lined with years of experience.

"Fred," she whispered.

"Heya, sweetie. Whatcha doin' down here?" Scott's old family friend asked. His glance darted to the colorful boxes behind her, then a broad smile broke through the creases lining his wide mouth. "You and my Scott?"

Embarrassment flushed heat into her cheeks. Calla clasped her hands together, staring at the black and white checkered tile floor. "Maybe."

"You know, lass, I could..."

Shaking her head, she gently avoided his offer. "I'd like to do it the mortal way. If it works. Don't tell anyone yet, all right?"

"Ah." The silence stretched until she met his gaze. His eyes bled with a yellowish-orange circling the gray. "You need anything, you just call on old Fred, you hear?"

"Thank you," she said. His caring, sincere words lifted a tiny piece of the anxiety crawling through her. Calla still had yet to find out what exactly Fred was. Magic, of course. But other than that... He seemed to have an affinity for disappearing the moment such questions were spoken. Not that she'd been around him all that much lately, with trying to consolidate two households and moving one to Phoenix.

With another grin, Fred tipped an imaginary hat, then strode to the front of the store, hollering hellos to the townspeople.

Calla turned, grabbed the first box that looked good and hurried to the check out.

When she got back to Scott's family home -- now their vacation home -- Calla stopped in the living room archway. Scott sat in one of the old chocolate-colored recliners near the fireplace, a leather bound book propped in his lap. She drank in the

sight, from his perpetually disheveled dark blond hair, to the scruff on his chin that made him look slightly dangerous. It fit the stonewashed jeans outlining his muscular thighs, and the dark T-shirt stretched tight across his chest. She wanted to crawl across the wood floor and ease her way up those legs, climb into his lap and feel the bulge press against her ass cheeks, run her hands through his hair and devour this man she'd been blessed with as mate. Inside, her dragon quivered, catching his musky, male scent over the wood smoke.

She must've made some sound of longing, for he glanced up. His eyes lit with pleasure, and a smile appeared on his wide, nibbleable lips.

"Can you leave for a while?" she asked.

Scott's eyes widened, a hint of pain flashing in the gray speckled with green. "Sure, honey. How long?"

"A while," she repeated.

He gathered his coat and keys, laid a gentle, sweet kiss on her cheek as he passed, then headed out the door. She waited, listening as his truck started and rumbled down the drive.

Calla hurried upstairs and closed the bedroom door, turning the lock. In the bathroom, she opened the little package, then read the instructions.

Relief escaped on a sigh. In the movies, they always showed the woman pacing, agonizing for ten to twenty minutes. This one said three.

A few minutes later, Calla sat on the side of the tub, staring at the two little pink lines. Her mouth worked open and closed, but no sound emerged. She glanced from the instructions, back to the lines.

A smile dawned. Happiness pushed through her body. Then it hit her. Could she really trust this test? She didn't have any symptoms mortals usually complained about, just her instincts. Maybe it was a false hope. Did such things even work for dragons?

Ready to cry at the confusing, uncontrollable emotions flooding her, Calla threw everything into the trash, then stormed outside without bothering to grab a jacket. She needed the biting air to cool her off.

She stomped into the forest, a place that normally calmed her. Wandering aimlessly, Calla didn't notice her surroundings until an uneasy feeling of being watched crept along the back of her neck.

Startled, she realized she'd somehow ended up in a strange circular clearing. The feeling of being watched increased, though she couldn't sense anyone else around.

Directly in front of her, the air moved, as if stirred by an invisible hand. A shadow appeared, growing clearer in seconds.

Calla cried out, squeezing her eyes shut at the impossible apparition in front of her, the sight making her heart splinter, old wounds ripping open.

"Dearest, do not fear me," the sweet, loving voice said.

Calla squeezed her eyes tighter. This could not be.

A soft hand, warm and soothing, rubbed her arm. Slowly, Calla opened her eyes and stared at the red haired, blue eyed woman in front of her. "Mother?" she asked, her voice unsteady, and her eyes prickled with heat.

"You and your mate allowed my soul to be freed. Now, I am able to come to you." A hint of sadness crept into her eyes. "But my time is limited."

"Mother?" Calla repeated, a million thoughts swirling in her mind.

"You have been calling to me -- in your heart and in your dreams. You're troubled, darling daughter."

As if some barrier had been holding her back, but now disappeared, Calla stumbled forward, throwing herself against the ghostly woman. The scent of her mother filled the air, reminding her of the woman's love, as warm, solid arms wrapped around her and held tight.

"Darling, you must tell me what is wrong."

"Mom," Calla sobbed, grasping at the woman dead for over four years now. "How can you be here?"

Her mother's body trembled, as if pushing to stay solid rather than floating away as vapors. "Calla, I don't have much time."

Trying to pull herself together, Calla whispered, "I think... maybe... why did I never listen to you about woman stuff?"

"Ah, yes. So that is it." Her mother drew back until Calla could look into her face. "I can assure you everything is as you wish it to be."

"You mean, I'm really..."

Her mother's tinkling laugh freshened the pain in her heart. She loved that sound, the sound of everything safe, of home. It had been far too long. "Yes, dear girl." She arched a thin brow. "Or woman, I should say now. How beautiful you are."

Calla's cheeks warmed.

"Your dreams will come true. This I have seen."

"So why am I so... emotional?"

Her laughter filled the glade. "You are a dragon, darling. We are protectors of all that we treasure, be it love or family. It is instinct, but if you try hard, you may, in time, come to control it. Perhaps by the fifth or sixth time around."

Calla's jaw dropped. "Five or six? You've seen that?"

A knowing smile crossed her mother's lips. "Perhaps more."

A bell dinged somewhere, the sound almost a whisper. Her mother's eyes darkened as she stepped back. "I love you, darling, never forget that."

Panic blossomed in Calla's gut. "Don't go. Not yet. I have so much I want to tell you."

But her mother was already dissolving. "Next year, come here again. I will try to appear." Then she was gone.

Calla couldn't bring herself to move as she stared at the emptiness where her mother had stood. She thought she might cry at the loss, yet, inside, the pain she'd carried for so long seemed to have eased.

Her mother's soul was free. And hope remained, for Calla would return next Christmas, this time with her brothers and sisters. And her mate. She would see her mother again.

Finally, Calla left the clearing, heading back to the house. With each step, her happiness rose, consuming her. Tomorrow, she would tell Scott about her mother. But tonight...

She began to make plans. And when she reached the house, she hurried inside, a lightness replacing the burden she'd felt so heavily on her shoulders. Tonight needed to be special.

Three hours later, with the sun on its downswing, the house was ready. So was she. In a mostly sheer, red negligee, she stoked the living room fire and waited with butterflies flitting inside her stomach.

The approaching grumble of an engine crept closer, then stopped near the front porch. A minute later, Scott strode in, dropping his keys on the entry table and hanging his coat. His movements were slow as he entered the living room, shoulders slumped and a dogged tiredness filled his steps. He looked worn. Worried.

Then he saw her.

Calla stood, moving in front of the fire, letting the firelight make the mostly sheer gown completely see through. Scott's eyes sparked blue, his desire awake and ready.

"Good evening, husband," she said.

He swallowed. "Good evening, wife. What have you been up to today?"

"You're about to find out." Her voice filled with a laugh that would not be contained. She knew she was glowing, the radiant excitement inside close to bursting. She let it show through her smile and spread her arms wide to welcome him in. "Now, come here."

Scott glanced around, as if expecting a trap to spring, but he moved her way, his steps lightening the closer he got. Running her hands over his arms, Calla reached up and pressed her mouth to his.

His lips softened beneath her touch, parting for her tongue. Scott's hands roamed her back, caressed her ass.

She tugged his shirt apart. Pushing the cloth over his shoulders, she kissed along his jaw, then licked his throat.

When she sucked his Adam's apple, Scott groaned, tipping his head back. He let his shirt fall to the floor, then grabbed her hips and pulled her against his long, muscled body.

Staring at her, his gaze cautious, he asked, "Are you okay? You've been..."

"A royal bitch lately?" she asked, softening the words with a grin.

"Not that bad."

"Yes I have, but that's sweet of you to deny. I'll tell you why. But first..." She wiggled from his grasp and unbuttoned his jeans.

Placing soft kisses along his smooth tanned abs, Calla reached down and slid the zipper of his jeans open. His cock tented the boxers. She freed him, wrapping her fingers along his shaft as she yanked the clothes down his hips.

His sharp inhaled breath was one of pure excitement. She kissed back up his chest, moving to his mouth. Nibbling his lower lip, she pushed her belly against his hardness. Scott pulled her close, holding her tight.

His tongue slid into her mouth, exploring, tasting, as if he wanted to devour her.

Consumed by his heat, Calla could barely think, only enjoy the sensations he made her feel. But she owed this darling man an apology. And she was going to give it to him, all night long.

Stepping from the warmth of his embrace, Calla ran her hands along his sides, then dropped to her knees. She stared into his surprised face, laying a gentle kiss on the tip of his velvety length.

"I love you," she whispered.

A grin curled his lips, reaching his eyes, now a blazing blue. "I love you too, darling."

She ached with need, her juices flowing, ready for him. But she wanted to play, to taste him.

Wrapping her lips over the tip, she slid him deep into her mouth, sucking hard.

"God, baby," he groaned, fingers digging into her shoulders, his breathing heavy.

She rubbed both sides of the base of his shaft, springy blond hairs tickling her fingers. His cock worked in and out of her mouth, while she sucked every smooth inch. Teasing his balls against her palm, she drew back and nipped his tip.

Scott shuddered beneath her touch.

Calla licked the throbbing vein along the bottom of his thickness, pressing her tongue near the base. Then she nibbled his long length before sucking him back inside her mouth, drawing him so deep the tip touched her throat.

His hips jerked frantically. "Honey..."

Fingertips rubbing the spot behind his balls, Calla swirled her tongue around his cock, then pulled away, before devouring him once more.

"Honey, I..."

"Mmm," she hummed.

His reply was an unintelligible groan.

Calla sucked harder, letting his hips move as she used lips, tongue and teeth along his length.

Scott shouted hoarsely as hot come spurted. Calla stared up at him as she swallowed it, then licked him clean.

A satisfied grin on his lips, Scott held out his hand to help her to her feet.

"Dinner's waiting," she said, tugging his pants up his hips before leading him to the stairs.

Chapter Three

"Dinner?" Scott asked, glancing back toward the kitchen.

"Yup. Dinner."

He let her tug him upstairs and to their bedroom. Inside, his eyes widened as he took in the glowing candles lighting the room, and the makeshift table she'd created near the bay window.

"Come," she said softly.

"When you do," he replied with a happy grin.

Scott took in the soft flush in Calla's cheeks, the strange glow in her eyes. She'd been gone all morning, only to kick him out of the house when she got back. Coming home to find her wrapped in the sheer negligee, waiting for him, was beyond his wildest dreams.

Calla led him to the pillows on the floor, then commanded, "Strip."

He happily obliged, then laid on the pillows.

Calla took a cherry from one of the bowls and rubbed it along his lips. Her tongue darted along his skin, tracing the path of the cherry. She slid the sweet fruit into his mouth and he took it, sucking her fingertips before she could draw away.

Reaching to another table, Calla picked up the slightly squashed mistletoe he'd found in the forest and held it above them. "Kiss me," she said.

He lifted on his elbows to reach her red lips and nibbled. Her hand rubbed along the back of his neck, tugging him closer, as her tongue slipped inside his mouth. She tasted like cherries and her constant, unique vanilla.

His cock stirred, ready for action. Ready to feel her hot little pussy around him. But she slid her hands to his chest and forced him back onto the bed of pillows.

From beside her, she lifted a wine glass and dribbled icy liquid over his chest and stomach. He jerked deeper into the pillows.

Calla laughed. "Don't worry, I'll clean it off." Her tongue trailed over his chest, her teeth scraping his nipples. At his stomach, she paid special attention to his belly button, before moving to his cock.

He grasped her ass, the sheer material of the sexy nightie slick and soft between their skin. She pushed his hand away.

"Mmm. No touching, love."

She fed him a square of cheese, followed by grapes, cherries and chocolate. With each bite, he licked her fingers clean.

His cock twitched with eager anticipation. If his wife didn't let him fuck her soon, she was going to drive him nuts.

As Calla reached for the next bite of food, Scott grabbed her arms and pulled her on top of him. She squeaked, but fell into his embrace without a word.

Her body stretched along his, her eyes filling with a playful amusement. Scott grabbed her hair, wrapping it in his fist and nudging her into his kiss. Exploring her mouth with his tongue, he roamed her lower back and her ass with his free hand. She ground her hips against his, rubbing her pussy along his cock.

With a quick twist, Scott flipped them over, pinning her to the pillows.

"Now it's my turn," he growled.

"As you wish," she replied with a giggle.

He tugged the straps of the negligee, but didn't uncover her breasts just yet. She liked her nipples played with through cloth. Licking the slope of her breast, he swirled his tongue over one peaked nipple before drawing the tight little bud into his mouth, furiously working his teeth and lips over her sensitiveness.

She moaned, her back arching.

Getting to his knees, Scott examined the array of food she'd provided. A grin twitched his lips.

"Whipped cream, really, darling?" he asked.

"I figured you'd like that."

He eased the negligee from her breasts. Taking the can, he circled her nipples with white foam. With a sexy grin, he dotted both with cherries.

"You know this is every man's fantasy."

She giggled. "As long as it's yours."

Bending, he drew his tongue along her skin in short, quick dabs, devouring the whipped cream, then sucked each nipple to capture the cherries.

Her hands ran through his hair, gripping, tugging. Done cleaning both breasts, he took a slice of dark creamy chocolate and slipped it into her mouth.

As she ate, he pushed the negligee lower, uncovering her skin an inch at a time. Scott bathed each inch with kisses. Moving it down her hips and along her legs, he bared her completely. He crawled back up her body and slid his tongue between the lips of her pussy.

She shivered, gasping.

Reaching over, he took the glass of wine and dribbled a tiny bit over her mound, before lapping it up.

The taste of apple cider and Calla's arousal met his tongue. He glanced at her, startled, but she grabbed his head and yanked his mouth back to her heat.

Calla shivered as his tongue circled her clit then pushed into her core. She clutched his hair, urging him on, relishing the cascading pleasure swamping her body. His tongue worked in and out, fast and hard. He pushed his hand under her hips, his fingers sliding between her ass cheeks to rub her tight hole.

Her whimpers became moans as he eased one fingertip inside, wiggling it, while his tongue plunged into her.

"You taste so good," he huskily whispered. "But I want all of you."

Scott grabbed her hips and flipped her onto her stomach, then drew her ass into the air. Grabbing a tube of oil, he coated his hand and her tight, puckered hole. Kneeling behind her, he slipped slick fingers along her crease, nudging one inside.

Calla shivered with delight as the pleasure intensified the more his finger teased her ass.

"You like that, baby, don't you?" Scott asked gruffly.

"Mmm," was the only reply she could make.

He rubbed one cheek, then slapped it, the slight sting only making her want more.

Leaning against her, he slid his other hand up her side, to knead her breast and pinch her nipple deliciously. Calla pushed into his touch, her breasts rubbing against the soft cloth and his calloused palm.

His finger worked deeper, stretching her tightness. The pleasure-pain intensified and she ached with need.

"Fuck me," she growled.

"Always so impatient." He laughed, trailing his fingers from her breast to her clit. Scott rubbed in tight, hard circles, both front and back.

Scott slapped her ass again as he buried his finger all the way inside her. Hips bucking, Calla moved in time to his thrusting hand, as it fucked her hole. He reached around her, pinching her sensitive clit.

Calla moaned a half scream as the orgasm built so deliciously. He forced her legs wider apart. Leaning heavily on her forearms, her head on the soft, silky pillows, she relaxed as his fingers left her. He reached for the oil. Soon, the tip of his cock nudged her ass. Scott's other hand moved furiously, rubbing her clit, her lips, sliding inside her. Teasing her completely.

He pushed deeper, stretching her to the point of almost too much pain. Her hole clenched, and she moved against him, demanding more.

Scott forced her back, making her still. "Not yet, baby."

She growled in frustration, wanting to impale herself on his cock.

He continued to push inside, so slowly. Then he was sheathed fully, his balls slamming against her. He withdrew, finally giving her the roughness and speed she desired. His hips pumped, as he moved in and out of her ass.

The pressure built, all consuming, and she relished it, asking for more as she wiggled against him.

“Come for me, darling,” he shouted, his hips jerking frantically.

As if on command, the explosion rocked her. Calla buried her face in the pillows, screaming her release as her ass spasmed around his hardness. The orgasm flooded her, making her almost dizzy. His cock moved urgently inside her, his hands roaming her body, unstoppable.

It seemed to consume her forever, swamping her senses. After an eternity, her body’s shudders slowed, leaving her limp and pliant. Scott withdrew, grabbing a washcloth and cleaning himself, before moving behind her once more.

Then he slammed his cock inside her pussy, his hands tight on her hips, holding her steady as he pummeled her. She gasped as the feelings swept through her, love and desire. Completeness.

With every drive home, her face pressed into the silky pillows. Scott leaned over her, hands grasping her breasts as he raised her upright, pulling her against his chest. His cock worked faster.

As the orgasm filled her with wracking pleasure, he came with a hoarse shout, his teeth clamping on her shoulder.

Reaching behind her, Calla grabbed his ass cheeks, urging him on. His heated come filled her. It pushed her over as the orgasm spread, pulsing through every last nerve. Her legs trembled and she collapsed into the bed of pillows.

Scott trailed kisses along her spine before laying her tucked close to his side. She stared into his eyes, entranced as the flecks of jade flickered in the sea of gray. When their breathing evened, he asked, “So what was this all about?”

She cuddled closer, looking into his loving gaze. “I needed to figure some things out.”

“And did you?”

With a wide smile, she replied, “Yes.” Pushing up on her elbow, she leaned over and kissed him with all the passion and happiness bursting inside her. “There were two pink lines.” Then she whispered, “And I’m going to be a bit emotional for about the next seven months.”

Slowly, the comprehension dawned. His eyes brightened as he matched her smile. Scott placed his palm over her flat stomach. “Truly?”

Calla nodded as he swept her into his comforting embrace that was now her home.

Amber Kallyn

One of those rare breeds, Amber Kallyn is an Arizona native who can trace her family's history through six generations in the state. She lives with her sexy husband, and their four very active children. Included in the menagerie are two cats (though there's always room for more) and two dogs. We won't count all the fish. She also writes urban fantasy under the name Higley Browne.

Amber loves the paranormal, from dragons to werewolves to vampires. She's currently at work on her next book, probably running around the house acting out a fight scene with her collection of swords and daggers. Or maybe, wishing she had claws to practice the other fight scenes.

A voracious lover of the written word, Amber found at an early age that she could read fast. Really fast. She devours novels by the day, novellas by the hour, and is always looking to get her hands on more.

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