



Changeling Press

SUGAR  
PLUM  
#3

# Christmas Magic

ANNE KANE

# **Sugarplum: Christmas Magic**

## **Anne Kane**

**All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2010 Anne Kane**

**ISBN: 978-1-60521-516-7  
Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF, EPub  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

**Editor: Chrissie Henderson  
Cover Artist: Reneé George**

## **Adult Sexual Content**

This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

## **Legal File Usage -- Your Rights**

Payment of the download fee for this book grants the purchaser the right to download and read this file, and to maintain private backup copies of the file for the purchaser's personal use ONLY.

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this or any copyrighted work is illegal. Authors are paid on a per-purchase basis. Any use of this file beyond the rights stated above constitutes theft of the author's earnings. File sharing is an international crime, prosecuted by the United States Department of Justice and the United States Border Patrol, Division of Cyber Crimes, in partnership with Interpol. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is punishable by seizure of computers, up to five years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000 per reported instance.

## **Sugarplum: Christmas Magic**

### **Anne Kane**

Tali hopes the Christmas Magic of the Sugarplum Ball is strong enough to get Jax into her bed.

Tali's been secretly lusting after Jax since the spring breakup, but he insists on treating her like a sister. Tonight, all the adult Elves at the North Pole will be at the Sugarplum Ball. It's a night of Christmas Magic and dreams come true, and if Tali doesn't wake up in the morning with a naked hunk of an Elf in the bed beside her, it won't be for lack of trying.

## Chapter One

Tali frowned into the mirror and adjusted the sheer material of her gown. She pulled the plunging neckline at the front down just a bit further. The more cleavage exposed, the better. Despite his annoying habit of treating her like a little sister, Jax's gaze inevitably drifted to her ample bosom whenever they were in the same room for more than a few seconds. Satisfied that she looked her very best, she patted the intricate knot securing the red silk sash at her waist.

Red silk -- at the annual Sugarplum Ball, it proclaimed her availability to all the males present. Each would try to woo the female of his choice in the hopes of being offered a piece of sugarplum candy. The available females each had one piece of candy, and the male who accepted it from her would spend the rest of the sugarplum festival doing whatever it took to keep her happy. Tali had very specific ideas about what would keep her happy.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Davy peeked into the crowded ballroom. "What if Jax thinks I'm really interested in you? This could backfire on both of us."

"Don't be such a wimp! Jax isn't going to hurt you." She hid her nervousness behind a scornful smile. Her biggest fear was that Jax would smile and wish the two of them much happiness. She didn't think she could bear that. "When he realizes I have other options, he's going to fall at my feet and beg me to spend the next six months cuddled up in his cottage in Christmas Town."

"If you say so." Davy's doubtful tone told her exactly what he thought of that statement. "Let's get in there. I want to get to the snack table before all the rum balls are gone."

Tali rolled her eyes and allowed the chubby Elf to lead her into the ballroom. With a glance around, she located Jax lounging against the edge of the bar with a bored look on his face. If her plan worked out, he wouldn't be bored for long.

"Take me in your arms and dance me over to the bar." Tali plastered herself against the poor Elf and peeked over his shoulder to see how Jax reacted. The cad! He didn't even notice them. Tali smiled grimly. He'd notice her before this night was over, or she'd make sure every reindeer on his team had chili mixed in with their rations on Christmas Eve. She'd had enough of this platonic crap. Tonight he was going to find out exactly how hot this little Elf could be.

"Ouch! Your nails are digging into my back!" Davy squirmed in her iron grip.

She loosened her fingers and gave him a sheepish grin. "Sorry. I was thinking about something else. Let's dance over beside him and you can buy me a drink. Just make sure I'm right beside him when we stop."

"Okay, but be careful. I don't want him coming after me."

She wished. The way it looked right now, Jax could care less who had their hands on her, or where. She composed her face and allowed Davy to lead as they approached the bar. At least the damn Elf didn't flee before they got there.

Waiting for the perfect moment, she loosened her grip on Davy's arm and did a credible job of stumbling over the hem of her long gown. She fell right into Jax's arms.

The look on his face, surprise mixed with something darker, something sexy, gave her the courage to lean into him for balance while she flashed him her sexiest smile. "Jax! So sorry. I just can't seem to manage in these shoes." She pulled the dress all the way up to her thigh and waved her foot in the air. High spiked heels gave her legs a long, sleek look, and while the braided leather straps wrapped around her ankles and calves did little to increase her stability, they certainly drew attention to her trim legs.

"They're very nice. Your legs were always one of your best features. Really, I'm surprised some nice young Elf hasn't snapped you up by now." The dark Elf ran one hand down her thigh in a sizzling caress, and she inhaled sharply, tilting her head to

look up into the dark pools of his eyes. She could drown in those eyes and die a happy Elf.

"I really should go back to Davy." She looked around, realizing the cad had fled the moment she landed in Jax's arms. So much for buying her a drink. "We came to the ball together."

"He's disappeared." A wry smile spread across his face. "Looks like he's abandoned you to my dubious care."

"Or just gone to find himself a snack." She caught a glimpse of her absent date filling his plate at the buffet table. "Apparently I'm somewhat less interesting than Mrs. Claus' shortbread pinwheels."

Jax chuckled, and the sound sent a ripple of heat through her. "I can assure you, I find you infinitely more fascinating than any of the baked goods, even Mrs. Claus' famous pinwheels. If I were fifty years younger, you'd have to fight me off. When I close my eyes I can almost taste that silky mocha skin of yours."

Tali looked into the deep blue of his eyes and knew she was lost. Desire smoldered there, and she felt the heat rolling through her belly in response. Ever since he'd partnered with her at the Ice Hunt during spring breakup, she'd been obsessed with him. His tightly muscled chest and big capable hands haunted her dreams. She'd thrown herself at him shamelessly all summer but he'd insisted on treating her like a kid sister.

Now it had come down to this. The Sugarplum Ball loosed the mystical gifts of Christmas, and she hoped it would be enough to bring Jax to her. She felt the magic radiating from the delicate piece of sugarplum candy nestled between her breasts. If she didn't wake up tomorrow with his naked body entwined with hers, it wouldn't be for lack of trying. "What's fifty years? My grandmother was seventy-five years younger than my grandpa, and they had a great relationship." She raised her brows. Age? The reason he'd been giving her the cold shoulder all these months was a mere fifty-year age difference?

"They must have been an exceptional pair, then." He loosened his grip on her arm. "Most relationship counselors agree that twenty-five years is the maximum age spread in a sustainable relationship."

Sustainable relationship? She wanted a night of hot sweaty sex, followed by a decade or ten more of the same. She didn't care about statistics! She placed herself directly in front of him and slid her hand up to his shoulder. Giving him her sexiest smile, she batted her eyelashes. "Care to tango?"

A rumble of laughter erupted from deep in his chest. "Changing the subject, are you? I warn you, I was dancing the tango when you were still sitting wrapped in a fleeced blanket sucking on candy cane ends."

Tali blinked, hoping she didn't look as naive as she felt. Tossing her head in what she hoped was an imperious manner, she placed her hand in his and let him lead her out onto the dance floor. "Lead on. I'll do my best not to embarrass you with my superior skills."

"I assure you, you'll have no complaints." He tightened his arms around her, drawing her up against his hard male body. Staring deep into her eyes, he dipped his head and slid his tongue across the seam of her lips, sending sparks of pure erotic heat dancing across her skin.

She gasped at the unexpected feelings, and he took advantage of her parted lips to slide his tongue in, delving deep. Swirling and teasing, he engaged her tongue in an erotic duel that left little doubt as to his intentions.

Just when she felt herself drowning in the sea of lust, the music changed to a dark Latin theme and he pulled back, a smile of pure male satisfaction on his face. "Shall we dance?"

Tali nodded, trying to gather her scattered wits. If Jax thought he could give her one dance and then get away after a kiss like that, he was sadly mistaken. She melted into his arms. Surely he couldn't miss the way they fit together. Perfectly. As if they'd been made for each other. The feel of his hand resting lightly on her waist sent a



delicious tingle through her. He swept her around the dance floor, and unlike Davy, he was definitely the one doing the leading.

It might have been the music of the tango or the influence of the Christmas Magic that always managed to make the Sugarplum Ball a spectacular success. They moved flawlessly through the intricate moves, their gazes locked on each other while they dipped and swayed, taunted and retreated.

Tali licked her lips, tilting her chin up in a silent dare, and he responded instantly, pulling her in close and bending her back over his arm. His eyes twinkled with something dark, and he let her rest there, suspended horizontally by his strong arms. Heat roiled in her depths and she let a slow, sexy smile cover her lips.

The music quickened, the Latin beat sensual and insistent. Jax pulled her upright, twirling her away in a graceful arc. As she spun, she realized the crowd had withdrawn to the edge of the dance floor, letting her and Jax have center stage. Santa himself stood at the edge of the crowd, a tolerant smile on his face as Mrs. Claus beamed at her. Davy gave her a discreet thumbs-up from his position on the far side of the buffet table. She caught a brief glimpse of the chubby little Elf from the mailroom hanging possessively onto Davy's arm.

Jax pulled her in hard against him, and his breath feathered warmly across her ear. "You are a tempting little minx. You should be careful or you might get more than you can handle."

"I'm tired of being careful. I intend to get what I want this night."

His dark brows arched. "And what would that be?"

She locked her gaze on his. "You."

He didn't answer. His feet flashed across the dance floor in time to the music and he swung her away from him, but she could see the thick bulge in his pants, evidence of his arousal. They followed the sensuous beat of the dance in silence, Tali very much aware of the eyes of the crowd on them.

Jax held her at arm's length, executing a quick turn, and an imp of mischief prompted her to fold herself in under his shoulder, her full breasts pressing against his

hard chest. His swift intake of breath let her know he wasn't nearly as indifferent to her as he pretended. "What do you think you're doing?"

Tali smiled sweetly. "The tango. I believe humans use it as a form of foreplay."

Jax's eyes narrowed. "We're not lovers."

Yet. Tali left the word unspoken and kicked her leg high to perform one of the many intricate turns and twirls of the dance. Elation swept through her as Jax moved opposite her in perfect harmony. They were made for each other. The music built to a crescendo, the beat accelerating. Tali could feel the tension between them soaring as they danced. His dark eyes flashed with a repressed sensuality that sent flickers of heat racing through her.

She used all of her wiles to tease him, rubbing her leg along his, moving her hips in a sensuous rhythm, touching him and then backing out of reach. His dark eyes smoldering with lust, he pulled her in close just as the music rose to its final note, and the crowd broke into a thunderous wave of applause.

Dipping his head, Jax seared a kiss across her lips before loosening his grip and turning to acknowledge their audience. They held hands and swept a low bow.

"Quite the performance!" Mrs. Claus bustled out onto the dance floor, clapping enthusiastically. She caught Tali's hands in hers, surprising her with a motherly peck on the cheek. "I just had to congratulate you on bringing the whole party to a halt while we watched our most eligible bachelor try to seduce you in plain sight!" She turned her head to wink at Jax. "I've been waiting for some cute little Elf to capture his interest for almost two hundred years now. Don't make it too easy for him."

"I won't." Tali could feel the heat creeping up her neck as the crowd looked on with interest. "Although, I might just give him a chance to impress me tonight. Maybe the magic of the Sugarplum Ball will give him some inspiration."

Mrs. Claus laughed and patted her arm. "Enjoy your night. I have a little romancing of my own to do." She beamed a smile in the direction of Santa Claus.

"I'll take good care of her." Jax wrapped his arm around her waist in a very un-brotherly fashion. The grim line of his lips promised retribution for her behavior on the dance floor.

"I'm sure you will, dear." Mrs. Claus gave Tali a conspiratorial wink and bustled back to Santa's side.

## Chapter Two

"You know you're too young for me." He didn't loosen his grip, even as he tried to talk her out of her obvious obsession with him. "I'd love to take you back to my room and fuck you silly all night, but that would be selfish of me. You deserve someone better, someone younger."

"I'm one hundred and seventy-five." Tali turned, angling her body slightly in so her breasts pressed against his muscular chest. "I think I'm old enough to decide what I want." She watched him shake his head, and frustration started to creep in. Age was such a stupid excuse. Sure, he had fifty years on her, but with an average lifespan of fifteen hundred, that just wasn't an issue. His gaze dropped to her cleavage, and she felt a surge of triumph. "You're right, that would be very selfish." She had to suppress a grin at the surprised look on his face. She let the sentence hang in the air for a few extra seconds. "I'm sure my room would be much more comfortable for a night of sultry sex."

"Your room?" He gaped at her in disbelief.

"Yes, my room. It would be selfish of you to insist we use yours when I've reserved the corner suite with a view over the center of Christmas Town." She batted her eyelashes at him and eased herself away from the enormous bulge in his pants. Flickers of lust burned their way down her spine, threatening to overwhelm her sense of propriety. If they didn't get moving soon, she'd be ripping his clothes off and having her way with him right here on the dance floor of the Sugarplum Ball.

She could tell the exact moment he decided to stop fighting their attraction. His eyes darkened to a stormy indigo and his hands slid down to her ass, caressing her super-sensitive flesh through the dubious barrier of her dress.

"You can't say I didn't warn you. I still think you'd be better off with one of the younger Elves, but it's too late now. You've tempted me just a little too far, so it's going to be me caressing your naked flesh this evening. When you feel the orgasm washing over you, it's my face that will be looking down at you." He ghosted a soft kiss over her lips. "My lips that will cover your mouth when you scream in ecstasy." He nibbled his way across her cheek and his breath feathered warmly across her ear, teasing the pointed tip. "And my cock that is going to stretch your pussy again and again until you beg for mercy." He nipped the lobe of her ear, kissing away the tiny pain almost before she felt it. Dipping his head, he nibbled his way down to the hollow of her throat, and lower.

She realized he intended to claim the tiny lump of sugarplum candy nestled between the mounds of her breasts, and tilted her head back in triumph. Yes!

His tongue trailed across her delicate skin, leaving a path of liquid heat burning in its wake. Her pussy throbbed in eagerness, cream gathering in anticipation of his cock. She closed her eyes, drowning in the delicious sensations washing through her body. His warm breath teased as his mouth moved lower, dipping into the exposed cleavage, and his tongue swept in to claim the tiny piece of candy. "I'm supposed to give it to you." She felt she should make a token protest.

"And you did. Very yummy."

"No, you took it."

"You didn't stop me." He smiled then, a sensual flash of white teeth, and a thousand butterflies took flight in Tali's stomach. It was going to happen. It really was. Jax was going to make love to her. He swallowed audibly and licked his lips in a deliberately sensual gesture. "I think we'd better find a more private spot." The smile widened into a sexy grin. "Wouldn't want Santa putting us on the naughty list."

Tali giggled. "Not this close to Christmas."

Jax straightened up and draped an arm around her. The tips of his fingers brushed her cleavage, sending sparks of lust flitting through her. "I believe you mentioned something about a corner suite?"

She looked into his eyes, keenly aware of the crowd of butterflies in her stomach. "Yup. All prepped and ready to go. There's a bottle of champagne on ice and a bowl of imported strawberries to go with it."

"Really." He stroked his fingers across the swell of her breast. "Isn't Davy going to be disappointed? He did escort you to the ball, after all."

"I don't think that's going to be a problem." She looked across the floor to where the mailroom Elf had plastered herself against Davy's chest. The silly grin on his face made it clear he was enjoying the attention.

Jax followed her gaze and laughed. "I think I hear that bottle of champagne calling my name."

\* \* \*

Damn!" Tali fumbled with the key. Snowman-shaped locks might be cute, but getting the key into the hole while your insides were burning with lust wasn't easy. A loud click sounded when the key finally matched up with the lock, and Jax reached past her to turn the knob.

Pushing the door open, he surprised her by scooping her up in his arms and stepping into the room. "Very nice." He strode over to the window without turning on the lights. "The view is spectacular. I think I'll make love to you right here, with the glow of Christmas Town behind you our only source of light."

"Christmas Magic." She stared into his eyes and read the truth there. No matter what he said about their ages or their suitability for each other, he wanted her. Desire smoldered in those blue depths with an intensity that left her breathless. She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his head down to place a big wet kiss on his warm mouth.

He sank to his knees without loosening his grip, his lips parting as the kiss deepened and their tongues met. Her skin tingled, acutely aware of the touch of his fingers as he laid her down on the thickly carpeted floor and slipped the spaghetti straps of her dress off her shoulders.

His fingers stroked the swell of her breasts, each movement sending waves of sensual heat flooding through her. "I've been watching you for months." He nipped the tender skin on her bottom lip, and she shuddered as a tremor of erotic heat raced down her spine. "I tried to be a gentleman, to leave you to find an Elf closer to your own age." His tongue traced a path to the hollow of her throat. "But you didn't take the chance, and now it's too late. Once I make love to you, I don't think I'll be able to let you go."

The deep timbre of his voice swept over her like a musical chorus, and she closed her eyes. Leaning back, she could feel moisture gathering in her pussy, and she reveled in the way her body responded to his every touch. He nibbled his way lower, his mouth sending little darts of liquid heat to her pussy.

Hooking a finger in the material of her bodice, he slid it down to expose the twin peaks of her breasts, the dusky nipples alert and tightly pebbled. Tali shivered as cool air wafted across the sensitive peaks.

Jax moved his mouth lower with agonizing slowness, taking his time to taste every bit of exposed skin between her neck and her breasts. Her breath came in short pants as he licked his way across the heavy globes of flesh. His tongue, warm and wet, flicked one waiting nipple, and she cried out, arching her back to press her breast deeper into the moist heat of his mouth.

Jax shifted to position himself better, settling in to suck at her breast with all the enthusiasm of a teenager on his first date. Tali writhed beneath him, letting out little incoherent cries of pleasure while each stroke of his tongue sent flames of pleasure racing through her veins. Her body was on fire, wanting him, needing him, unable to think of anything but his hands and his mouth as he used them to worship her breasts.

"About time to lose this clothing." He muttered the words against her chest, and she cried out a garbled objection when he pulled away from her to sit back on his haunches.

"Noooo." She felt bereft at the sudden loss of his warm body over hers. Opening her eyes, she found herself mesmerized at the sight of him towering above her,

stripping his clothing off with careless abandon. The shirt landed in a heap behind him, leaving his muscular chest on display in the reflected light of Christmas Town.

Tali licked her lips and reached up, unable to resist the urge to touch the tight ropes of muscle. Jax captured her hand, lifting it to his lips to kiss each finger in turn while he looked deep into her eyes. "You are a rare and precious gift to me this Christmas season." He placed a kiss in the center of her palm and closed her fingers over it. "A gift I don't deserve, but I'm going to take it anyway."

He skimmed his pants down and sent them sailing through the air to join the shirt. Tali lay quietly, her palm throbbing where he'd placed the kiss. She watched as his cock sprang free of the imprisoning clothes, and she couldn't help the gasp that escaped her lips.

Enormous. For the first time she felt a shiver of apprehension slither through her. She'd never imagined he'd be so... well... big. His cock was at least two hand-spans long, and half as thick as her wrist. \$Oh ye gods of snow and ice!\$ What if she couldn't take all of him?

As if he could read her thoughts, Jax gave her an encouraging smile before taking her hand and placing it on his massive shaft. "I've spent nights dreaming of this, of your hands on me and your fingers sliding down my length."

Passion clouded his eyes, and he shivered as she tentatively circled her fingers around his shaft. Triumph swept through Tali when she realized the power she had over him. He'd placed himself in her hands, literally, and she had every intention of bringing him so much pleasure he'd never let her go.

She trailed her fingers down the smooth length, marveling at the sheer size of him. Lowering her head, she slid her tongue along the hard shaft. He tasted sexy and male and was very aroused. His swift intake of breath encouraged her, and she moved to flick her lips across the swollen head.

"Oh yeah. I've dreamt about those lips of yours." Jax buried his fingers in her hair and urged her closer. "Dreamt about how they'd feel on my cock."



"Like this?" Tali licked her way down the rigid length, nibbling and kissing as she went. She, too, had spent many a sleepless night imagining a scene like this. She hungered for the taste of him, for the feel of his hard shaft sliding past her lips. She wanted to see his eyes glaze over when she sucked on his cock.

She cupped his tight sac in one hand, caressing his balls, squeezing gently at first, then more firmly as she gained confidence in her ability to pleasure him. Slipping her lips over the mushroom-shaped head, she took him deep into the warm heat of her mouth. Jax let out a strangled exclamation, his hands tightening convulsively in her hair, and a surge of triumph swept through Tali. She might not have the experience of some of the older Elves, but she was a fast learner. She suckled strongly, her cheeks hollowing as she ran her tongue down his massive length and then back up to torment the sensitive head.

Jax cradled her head in his hands and started to move his hips. Tali hesitated at first, but quickly caught on and let his cock slide in and out of her mouth, sucking enthusiastically to create friction on the thick shaft. She couldn't believe how sexy it was to feel him swelling even larger inside her mouth. "Stop." He gasped the word out between clenched teeth. "I want to be buried deep inside that sexy body of yours when I come."

Reluctantly, Tali let his hard cock slide out of her mouth. A single drop of precum glistened on the tip, and she couldn't resist flicking her tongue out to scoop it up.

"Little minx." Jax hauled her up to fasten his mouth on hers. He devoured her mouth -- there was no other way to describe it. His tongue delved deep, tasting every nook and cranny, sliding along the roof and exploring avidly. He tugged at the red sash and material of her dress, which had somehow bunched up at her waist, and coaxed it down over her feet. "Won't need that anymore." He sent it sailing to join his discarded shirt and pants before disposing of the scrap of lace that served as her panties.

Tali stretched out against him, enjoying the feel of skin on skin. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she kissed him back with all the pent-up passion of the last six months. Their tongues dueled, sliding against each other with a teasingly sensual feel.

Jax broke off first, nibbling his way down to bury his head in the hollow of her throat, nipping the tender skin and then kissing away the tiny spark of pain. His hands slid down to cup her breasts, and she felt a raw need clawing deep inside her as he followed them with his tongue, lapping and kissing his way down until his teeth grazed across one taut nipple.

A soft moan escaped her lips and Tali knew she was lost. Lost in an endless sea of feeling where nothing mattered but Jax. Her beautiful, wonderful, sexy Jax. Every touch of his hands, every wonderful warm stroke of his tongue, sent flames of lust sizzling through her veins. She moved restlessly as he suckled on her breasts, his tongue laving every inch of exposed skin.

She gasped as his hand moved lower, caressing her stomach, exploring the slight hollow of her hips. She could barely breathe, the breath caught in her throat when he cupped her sex with his palm. Then he stroked his finger across the hard nub of her clit, and raw sexual need exploded through her like a thunderbolt. "Oh, dear Elves of Christmas, please!" She was begging and she didn't even care. She wasn't sure she could stand much more of this. She needed him in the most basic primitive way that a woman needs a man.

"Easy, now. We've got all night." He plunged the finger deep into her pussy, sliding it along the tender walls of her passage.

Tali writhed beneath him, all rational thought fleeing as darts of fiery heat flashed through her, radiating from her sex to her breasts and back down to her belly. She whimpered, shifting her body in a wordless attempt to impale herself on his hard shaft. Jax pulled his finger out and rolled her onto her back, grasping her ankles to position her legs on his shoulders. He leaned forward, his cock pushing through the soft folds guarding her entrance to nudge against her sex.

Tali rocked her hips, rubbing her clit against the swollen head of his cock. Exquisite darts of liquid heat raced through her and she whimpered, opening her eyes to gaze up at him. Desire smoldered in the depths of his eyes, along with something else, something softer. His mouth curved up in a dark smile that told her he knew

exactly what he was doing to her senses. Slowly, ever so slowly, he leaned forward, sinking his cock into her one delicious inch at a time.

He was so big! His cock stretched her to the limit as he forced his way in until he was buried balls-deep. A fiery heat built deep within her when he started to move, withdrawing slowly and then plunging back in. Gradually, he increased the rhythm until he was ramming into her repeatedly in quick succession.

Tali matched him stroke for stroke, meeting his every thrust with an upward surge of her hips. She could feel the tension rise and she embraced it, reveling in the sensual waves of heat that began at her toes and slowly worked their way up until they washed over her with the power of an avalanche in the mountains high above Christmas Town.

She cried out in wordless ecstasy as Jax's hot seed spurted deep inside her, and he collapsed, rolling to the side so he wouldn't crush her beneath his superior weight.

\* \* \*

"We haven't opened your bottle of champagne yet." Jax cradled Tali against him while their breathing slowly returned to normal. He'd never dared to imagine he had a chance that she would choose him. She was so young, so vibrant, and so incredibly sexy. And now she was his. He dropped a kiss on the top of her head. He did not intend to let her go.

"Champagne would be nice." Tali's lashes fluttered up and she stared at him dreamily. "And some of those strawberries. I love champagne and strawberries."

"One glass of champagne soaked strawberries coming right up." Jax eased himself out from beneath her and strolled over to the bar. After rinsing the bowl of berries in the sink, he patted them dry and carefully placed them, one on top of the other, in the two crystal champagne flutes on the counter. He picked up the bottle of champagne and studied the label, nodding in approval. "Distilled by the gnome colony in France. This is the good stuff!"

"Only the best for my sugarplum guy." Tali gave him a dreamy smile. "You know, I wasn't sure you'd even look at me tonight."

“Are you kidding?” Jax popped the cork and tilted the bottle to pour the bubbly liquid into the first flute. “I’ve been barely able to keep my hands off you for the past six months.”

Tali propped herself up on one elbow, snorting inelegantly. “Could have fooled me. You treated me like a kid sister all summer, and I tried my damndest to get you to ask me out.”

Jax admired her full breasts, still flushed from their lovemaking. “You’re too young for me. Fifty years may not seem like much now, but what are you going to do when I’m seven hundred and you’re still six hundred and fifty? You’ll be wanting to go out and poke the polar bear cubs, and I’ll be sitting in my easy chair watching *Who’s that Reindeer?* on the Christmas channel.”

Tali laughed. “I don’t think so. I’ll want to go poke the polar bear cubs and you’ll still want to poke me.”

He marveled at how the mere sound of her tinkling voice brightened up the room. Crossing the room, he handed her one of the flutes. “A toast. To the magic of the Sugarplum Ball and to us. May the magic between us last through this Christmas season and many more.”

Tali raised her glass and clinked it against his. “To magic and to us. It’s going to take a long time for us to lose the magic we feel in each other.”

Her gaze dropped to his cock, already stirring to life at the sight of her lounging naked in front of the huge window, and he grinned. Maybe she had a point. He took a sip of the champagne.

Or maybe the Sugarplum Ball had conjured up enough Christmas Magic to wipe out his concern over age. Christmas Magic is always the best kind!

**Merry Christmas to All!**

## **Anne Kane**

Anne Kane lives in the beautiful Okanagan Valley with a bouncy Jack Russell terrier, a cantankerous Himalayan cat, and too many fish to count. She spent many years trying to fit in and act normal, but finally gave up the effort. She started writing romance, and her fate was sealed when Changeling Press accepted her first submission. She hopes you enjoy the characters that escape from her imagination and the worlds they choose to inhabit.

Her hobbies, when she's not playing with the characters in her stories, include kayaking, hiking, motorcycles, swimming, skating, karate, playing guitar, singing and of course, reading.

You can find her online at:

Website: <http://www.AnneKane.LiteralSeduction.net>

Blogs: [www.annekane.wordpress.com](http://www.annekane.wordpress.com)

<http://writersgonewild.blogspot.com/>

Twitter: [www.twitter.com/annekane](http://www.twitter.com/annekane)

Facebook: <http://www.facebook.com/anne.kane.author>