



Changeling Press

SUGAR  
PLUM  
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Blitzened

ELIZABETH JEWELL

# **Sugarplum: Blitzened**

## **Elizabeth Jewell**

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## **Sugarplum: Blitzened**

### **Elizabeth Jewell**

**Nick hasn't seen Ian in a while -- Ian's been studying. But when Christmas Eve rolls around, the vampire bouncer gets a yen to kindle some holiday spirit in his human boyfriend's heart.**

## Chapter One

Even as a kid, Nick Marshall hadn't had much use for Christmas. While his friends all seemed cheery, happy and full of holiday spirit, he spent most of the weeks before the holiday listening to his parents argue about money, then about whether Nick should have been born in the first place. Then, if he was lucky, he maybe got a sweater or a pair of socks next to the fireplace where the Christmas tree wasn't.

Frankly, it had been a pain in the ass.

These days, he spent Christmas Eve behind the bar, drying Highball glasses and listening to the customers whine. It was amazing how many vampires, blessed with immortality, could do nothing but bitch about how their current holiday celebrations were completely fucked because they could no longer step inside a religious establishment of any kind. Of course, they could if they really wanted to. Nick had gone to a Christmas Eve service once and, aside from a raging headache for three days after, had survived the experience.

He could kind of understand it from the young man sitting at the bar right now. Wearing too-low jeans and a too-tight T-shirt, he'd only been Turned a few months ago. It was, as he'd said nineteen times already, his first Christmas dead. That one was always the hardest.

"We're having a party here," Nick offered, mostly in an attempt to shut the kid down. "Should be fun. I hear some bite junkies are coming by to provide refreshments." He wasn't planning to attend, himself. He still didn't entirely believe the generally held assumption that vampires couldn't get any horrible diseases from bite junkies. Not that

he had any evidence, anecdotal or otherwise, to support his theory. Bite junkies just squicked him out.

The kid blinked, his expression owlish under his eyeliner. Didn't he know emo was out of fashion? Or was it? Nick had lost track about the time bell-bottoms had gone out of style.

"It's not the same," the kid said. "There's nothing like sitting in church singing Christmas carols."

"You went to church a lot before you were Turned?" He could at least try to be sympathetic, Nick thought. He could definitely understand missing long-standing human habits, especially if you were newly-Turned.

Another blink. "No, not really."

Okay, that was it. He'd done his level best. Nick didn't wear the sympathetic bartender persona very well on the best of days, and today it was just asking too much. "Well, then, what the fuck difference does it make?"

For a horrible, seemingly eternal moment, Nick thought the kid was going to burst into tears. "Oh, my God, you suck!" he said, and flounced off to mope at a table. Jeez. Kid needed to get laid for Christmas.

"You are aware, of course, that you really do suck." The voice came from behind Nick; he turned to see Trey leaning across the bar behind him, playing with an empty shot glass. The tall, slim vampire was wearing a green velvet jacket over black skinny jeans and a bright red T-shirt. His auburn hair fell in full, lovely lady locks onto his shoulders, and his brown eyes regarded Nick with something between derision and humor. He was about as pretty as a man could get without being a girl. He was also a complete asshole.

"Why are you here?" Nick asked blandly. He was pushing his luck -- Trey was the head of the local cadre and technically could have Nick banished, shunned, beheaded or put out in the sun if he wanted to. He generally wasn't quite that much of a dick, though. Generally he was just annoying as ever-loving fuck. Generally.

Apparently Trey had been infected by the Christmas spirit, because he only tilted his head and smiled. There. Christmas spirit. There was a horrible disease you could get from bite junkies. "Just inspecting the establishment," Trey said. "Endeavoring to ensure everyone is following the rules."

"Is making dumb emo kids cry against the rules?"

Trey chuckled. "Perhaps. I do get weary of the noobs, though, I have to say."

Wow. Trey really was in a good mood. Nick wondered in passing why he'd actually stopped by. Probably just to make an appearance, keep everybody on their toes. Trey was like that. Things had been so much better when Roarke had been around. More laid-back. Or so Nick had been told.

"So," Trey said, taking a lazy step closer. "Why aren't you home cuddling with your boyfriend under the tree?"

It was Nick's turn to blink. He didn't really have a good answer to that question. "He's busy. Finals or something."

Trey made an obnoxious clicking noise. "On Christmas Eve? I think not." Trey leaned over the bar. He was far too close. Nick could smell his cologne. Fucker always smelled like the nineteenth century. Maybe the eighteenth -- Nick wasn't sure. "Has there been some dire misunderstanding? Trouble, as it were, in paradise? I could still claim him, you know. He was quite delectable, as I recall. All that curly hair..."

Nick made a solid effort to collect himself; telling Trey to fuck off would undoubtedly be bad for his health. "Nothing like that."

"Well, then. Take the rest of this hallowed Eve off. Visit your sweetling and make passionate love under the arching evergreen branches of your seasonal tree. I insist."

"Right," said Nick.

"I truly do," said Trey.

"Fine," said Nick. "Fine. I will."

God only knew what Ian would think about it, though. But, thinking about all that curly hair, Nick decided he was willing to find out.

\* \* \*

Ian Wells was, in fact, not studying. Rather, he was sprawled out on his couch staring at the ceiling, still recovering from the torturous regimen of finals. He had done little else for the past few days, aside from getting up occasionally to eat or take a piss.

What the hell had possessed him to pursue a Bachelor's degree in computer science still eluded him. He'd never even been that good a student, sliding by with As and Bs by the skin of his teeth and somehow managing to convince his teachers he was some kind of fucking prodigy. The first year of college had been bad enough, but he was starting to feel like year two was going to kill him. For weeks he'd dreamed of nothing but algorithms and code routines that curled back on themselves and ate their own tails. He was sure there was something Freudian involved. Or maybe Jungian. He hadn't paid much attention in his psych courses.

That wasn't all of it, though. He was lonely. His parents had begged him to come home for Christmas, but his sister Meredith had taken up with some freak right-wing wannabe comptroller or something, and Ian had already gotten email about the Queering of America and how his future husband -- whoever that might be -- shouldn't be entitled to health insurance. Apparently Meredith hadn't bothered to tell what's-his-ass that her darling younger brother liked cock. Ian felt more than a little betrayed by this realization, and didn't much feel like dealing with the situation, even for the sake of his mother's homemade cranberry relish.

On the other hand, there might have been some entertainment value in standing up at the dinner table to pronounce, "I like to suck dick," while Meredith's new friend slurped down his pumpkin pie. With whipped cream.

That still wasn't all of it. Truth to tell, he missed Nick. Their last phone conversation had been a bit abrupt, and Ian took the blame. He'd been trying to study, and Nick's call had derailed his thought processes. Since then, he'd been kind of afraid to call the vampire back.

Vampire. Yes, Ian's current boyfriend -- if he still was Ian's boyfriend, after that last phone call -- was a vampire. He wondered what Meredith's friend would make of that.



He had actually managed to muster a little smile at the world in general when someone knocked on his door. He blinked. Was this a visitor? People still came to visit him? The sudden, irrational hope that it was Nick hit him hard to the gut, and he rolled off the couch to go open the door.

It was Nick. He stood on the Welcome mat, offering a hesitant smile. In one hand he held a bottle of Bacardi Gold, in the other a carton of eggnog.

"Merry Christmas?" he said.

\* \* \*

Ian had never actually had eggnog with rum in it. How he had avoided this longstanding holiday tradition escaped him at the moment. It was, he decided after the first couple of sips, a little slimier than he liked his booze. On the other hand, it was booze.

"Never much liked eggnog," Nick commented after slugging the first glass full. He'd used juice glasses, presumably to limit their overall consumption. Ian didn't think it was going to work. "Not even when I could taste it right."

"You can't taste it?" The concept was inconceivable to Ian. He liked tasting things. Even eggnog.

Nick shrugged. "I can sort of taste it. Mostly it kind of tastes like come."

Ian's laugh came out as a snort, and for a horrified second he thought he'd managed to blow eggnog out his nose. "That's a bad thing?"

Refilling his glass -- about twice as much rum as the last time, Ian noticed -- Nick gave him a sidewise grin. "Not necessarily."

They were quiet for a few seconds while Ian finished off his own glass and held it out for Nick to refill. He was already feeling a little woozy. What with studying, finals and the general fact that his life sucked, Ian hadn't drunk much lately. Come to think of it, considering how much his life sucked, he probably should have been drinking more. It might have made everything a little more bearable. Or at least made him not care.

He slid into a chair at the kitchen table. Nick followed suit, drinking his second glass of come-and-rum more slowly.

"You okay?" Nick asked finally, which was not what Ian had expected him to say.

"Kinda." The answer was honest, at least, but Ian hadn't expected himself to respond that way any more than he'd expected Nick to ask in the first place. "Yeah. I guess."

"Sorry I haven't been by. I... thought you were busy."

"I *was* busy. I was busy up to the fucking eyeballs. I was drowning in busy." He closed his eyes, rubbing his forehead. "I would have made time for you, though."

"Wow. You sound bitter." Nick sounded hurt.

"I'm not." Blinking blearily at Nick, suddenly realizing how very fucking exhausted he was, Ian noticed the other man looked hurt, too. "Seriously. Not about you. About school, maybe. About quadratic equations. Not about you."

"I thought you still had finals. And it's Christmas Eve. I'm a stupid dick."

Ian couldn't help but chuckle. Nick looked like a chagrined puppy who'd just peed on the rug. "Finals are over. I'm still recovering."

"Tough stretch?"

"Yes."

Silence fell again. Nick tipped a bit more rum into his own glass, then into Ian's. There was just enough eggnog left in the juice glasses to make the Bacardi cloudy. "Sorry," Nick said, and Ian shrugged, not sure what to say. Then, on an impulse, he leaned across the table and kissed Nick full on the mouth.

"I missed you."

The injured look on Nick's face became softer, and he smiled a little. "Missed you, too."

Ian grinned. "Wanna make out?"

Nick's laugh was all the answer he needed.

## Chapter Two

Ian's couch was a piece of crap. He knew this, and during the course of finagling room for the two of them on the ratty cushions it occurred to him that the bed might have been a better choice. But the bedroom floor was covered with books, papers and probably old take out containers, and the sheets smelled like come because, frankly, Ian spent way too much time masturbating. So the couch, piece of crap that it was, would have to do for now.

"This couch is a piece of crap," Nick said, wincing. "Shit, I think I just impaled myself on a spring."

"Shut up and fuck me," said Ian, shoving his hands down the back of Nick's jeans. Nick's ass was firm and round, and Ian liked the way it felt when he cupped it.

"I thought we were just going to make out." But they'd drunk a great deal more since Ian had made the suggestion -- rum and eggnog, rum without eggnog, whisky without rum or eggnog, maybe a beer or two. Oh, and a Zima he'd found in the back of the fridge. Ian had been looking at Nick's drunk face long enough that just making out wasn't going to cut it. He needed Nick's dick in his ass, preferably about fifteen minutes ago.

"Well, get busy with the getting busy." He clenched Nick's ass, squeezing hard, one finger catching the edge of Nick's asshole, and Nick's eyes glazed over for a moment.

"Dude, I have a couch spring in my knee."

They shifted a little, until the glazy pain from the couch spring impalement faded from Nick's eyes. His weight pressed Ian down into the cushions, heavy,

oppressive and, paradoxically, comfortable. Ian slid his cheek along Nick's, feeling the raspy scrape of stubble against stubble.

"You feel so good," he murmured. "I really did miss you." Shit, he thought then. *Way to sound like a girl.*

Nick didn't seem to mind. His mouth latched onto the side of Ian's neck, sucking hard. For a moment, Ian forgot Nick was a vampire, then he tensed a little. Nick released the suction.

"Not gonna bite you."

"Okay. Good." He paused. "Maybe later?"

The "maybe later" produced a notable reaction in his vampire partner -- Ian felt Nick's erection practically double in size where it was poking him in the upper thigh. But Nick made no comment. Nick had bitten Ian once, under far less than ideal circumstances, and Ian couldn't say he hadn't enjoyed it, in a weird, freaking out, oh-my-God-I've-just-been-bitten-by-a-vampire kind of way. He wondered if, under slightly more ideal circumstances, he might just get off on it big time. Part of him really, really wanted to find out.

"I trust you," he said, and felt something relax in Nick that Ian hadn't even realized had been tense. He also realized, as he said the words, that it was the truth.

Gently then, Nick licked Ian's neck, kissed down onto his collarbones. Ian let his back arch, then he felt the damn couch spring jabbing him in the ass and relaxed a little. He had no objections to certain things being in his ass, but a couch spring was not one of them.

His hands slipped from inside Nick's jeans and slid up the other man's back, feeling the ridges of his ribs, the sleek indentation of his spine. He had a smatter of hair on his shoulders, and Ian scratched the spots lightly. He liked the way the rough texture felt under his fingertips.

Nick's mouth had reached a happy medium between hungry and careful, lipping and sucking at Ian's chest, at Ian's own embarrassingly sparse supply of chest hair, under the curve of a pectoral muscle, then latching onto one nipple. Ian choked out a

gasp, not sure why he hadn't expected that particular ploy. Nipple-sucking -- yeah, that was a no-brainer. Then Nick's teeth tightened, just for a moment, on the rising nub, and Ian said, "God," in a tone of voice that he hoped didn't make it sound like Nick had hurt him.

Apparently it hadn't, because Nick bit him again, just hard enough to hurt, just not-hard enough to make every nerve impulse in Ian's body shoot down into his cock. His hips bucked, and he felt his erection bang almost painfully into Nick's hipbone. "Shit."

Nick wriggled -- there really was no better way to describe the movement -- driving Ian harder down into the shitty cushions. Ian started to protest, then realized Nick was unfastening his jeans. That was in no way a bad idea, so Ian just wriggled a little, himself, getting out of the vampire's way. He tried to wedge his own hand between their hips, but couldn't quite manage it. Nick's pelvis was pulsing against his, bone grinding against bone, and Ian was afraid he might lose a finger if he wasn't careful.

There was no need for him to have worried about his own state of not-undress. As soon as he unfastened his own jeans, Nick scrabbled at the button on Ian's. A few more seconds of undignified wriggling, and they were naked cock against naked cock, the cool planes of Nick's loins sliding along Ian's warmer body.

"Good God," Nick muttered. "Why the fuck didn't I come over here earlier?"

"'Cause you're an idiot?" Ian suggested.

Nick leaned in and bit Ian's lower lip. "'Cause I was being considerate of your time."

"Ow," said Ian, though it hadn't hurt particularly. He grabbed the back of Nick's neck and pulled his head down, powering his tongue into the vampire's mouth. The sharp bite of rum and whisky still lingered there. While he distracted Nick with the kiss, he kicked his jeans the rest of the way off and wrapped his thighs around Nick's hips.

"Gmmph," said Nick, because Ian's tongue was still in his mouth. Ian understood the sentiment, though, as Nick's heavy, hard cock speared into the crease of his groin. Ian tipped his head back just enough to free his mouth from Nick's.

"You need to fuck me. Like, now."

"Hmmm hmmmph," said Nick, which Ian couldn't quite interpret. He had no excuse this time, since Ian had thoughtfully taken his tongue out of the way to allow free speech. Then Nick said, "Lube," which made a little more sense.

"Shit fuck," said Ian. He didn't even know where the lube was at this point. He craned his head, trying to look over his shoulder but finding his field of vision limited by the arm of the couch.

"Not good." Nick pushed himself forward, kissing Ian on the forehead as he moved. A moment later, Ian's face was buried in Nick's chest. The odd, spicy smell of vampire filled Ian's nostrils. It wasn't unpleasant, not even remotely, not even when Nick's chest hair poked up his nose and tickled. He gripped Nick under the arms, feeling the deep wideness of his chest, the hard arcs of his ribs. The chest was silent -- no breath, no heartbeat. It was weird, but the sheer strength of it, the breadth and solid muscle, made Ian close his eyes in the throes of a deep shudder of desire.

"Lotion?" said Nick, who had apparently abandoned a large portion of his vocabulary. Ian just nodded, assuming Nick could interpret the movement against his body. Nick slid back down, pausing again to affix his mouth to Ian's. Ian felt a slight prick of pain against his lip; Nick was losing control of his fangs. The pale wash of fear this realization brought was not sufficient to cool Ian's raging horniness at all.

Where a threat of possible death by vampire bite didn't slow him down, the application of lotion to his ass made his dick flop for a moment in an attempt to shrivel up and hide. The lotion was fucking cold.

"Sorry," said Nick. "I can't really warm it up."

"S'okay." Ian let his hips tilt upward, sliding his belly against Nick's. His own body heat warmed the lotion, and his dick got back with the program, letting the cold

lotion and Nick's cool fingers -- also growing warmer as they increased their contact with Nick's body -- bring another level of arousal rather than the opposite.

He grunted in a fairly unappealing manner when Nick's fingers slid inside him. Nick had wide, blunt hands, and his fingers were just as blunt, just as wide. And he started with two, which struck Ian as a bad idea for about a second and a half. Then his body just... opened up, and he felt like he wouldn't have cared if Nick had been shoving a zucchini in there, as long as he made Ian *full*. He pounded ungracefully on Nick's back.

"Now. C'mon."

Nick chuckled and twisted his fingers inside Ian. The spear of sensation as the fingers nudged his prostate drove straight up through Ian's chest and made him emit a strangling noise he wasn't at all proud of. Then, to his relief, Nick drew his fingers back and butted his cock against Ian's hole.

The cock, too, was wide and blunt, pressing its way into Ian's body on a slide of insufficient hand lotion and pure lust. Ian relaxed and let him in, then tightened again to feel the almost painful friction. He thought he made a sound, but he couldn't really hear it over his own frantically pounding heart.

Nick arched over him, thrusting slowly until his hipbones pressed into Ian's groin. He braced his hands as best he could on the narrow couch, lifting himself a bit so he could look at Ian's face.

"You okay?"

Ian nodded, chewing on his lip. Nick kissed him again, quick but attentive, then began to thrust faster. The movement was fluid and smooth, controlled. Ian's legs splayed open wider, until he was half afraid he was going to fall off the couch right in the middle of everything. That would be bad. Nick lifted his torso a bit, and Ian managed to ease his calves onto the other man's shoulders.

"That's better." Nick slid a hand along Ian's ankle, caressed the top of his foot. When he leaned down again, Ian's thighs protested, but Ian rocked his hips a little and everything settled into place.

"Yeah," he said, "yeah, better."

"Good." Nick's affirmation was almost a murmur. They said nothing then for a time, Ian clutching at Nick, Nick thrusting harder and harder into Ian's open body. Ian could feel little but the burning penetration, the almost violent lust pouring up into his chest. He wasn't going to last long. There was no way he could.

He didn't. He seriously thought he was going to be able to hold out for five more seconds, but then he didn't. He groaned -- again, what the fuck with the ugly noises -- and felt his ass clench hard as he spewed all over Nick's stomach. Some of it, somehow, landed on Nick's chin.

Ian couldn't help it. He snickered.

"What?" Nick snapped. He was still entirely focused on what he was doing, which right now involved fucking Ian hard enough to bang Ian's head into the arm of the couch. "What?"

"You have come on your chin..." He broke off, lost in full-fledged laughter. Somehow, through what Ian had to assume was a prodigious effort of concentration, Nick grabbed the back of the couch, shoved so hard into Ian that Ian's chest hurt, and came. He did it in complete silence, the look on his face so deadly, deathly serious that Ian just started laughing again.

"Stop laughing when I have my dick in your ass!" Nick's voice was so firm Ian couldn't help but attempt to obey. He failed, though, and his next peal of laughter had them both tumbling off the couch in an undignified sprawl of half-discarded denim, unbuttoned shirts, and still-tangled limbs.

"Oh, my God, you are such an asshole." Nick levered himself up onto one elbow, staring down at Ian, who was still giggling like an idiot.

"It's why you love me," said Ian, and then suddenly sobered.

Nick stared at him for a long moment, then the hard, focused, drill sergeant look on his face faded. He smiled, his eyes soft, and leaned down to kiss Ian gently on the mouth.

"I do, you know," he said quietly.



Ian said nothing. He didn't know what to say. Instead he reached up and cupped a hand against Nick's cheek and drew him down for another soft kiss. "Don't be such a stranger."

Nick snorted a laugh. "God, we are so fucking drunk."

"We are." Ian laughed again. "We are. We're blotzed. Blitzed..."

"Blitzened," said Nick, and laughed so hard he had to roll off of Ian to keep from crushing him.

"We're fucking Blitzened," Ian concurred, and laughed so hard he snorted Zima out his nose.

\* \* \*

Nick woke in Ian's bed, tangled in blankets and warm, gangly limbs, most of which were not his. Ian's bedroom smelled terrible. Nick had a feeling Ian spent way too much time masturbating in here. Judging by the take out containers on the floor, he definitely spent way too much time eating Chinese food in here.

He didn't care, not even if it turned out Ian masturbated and ate Chinese food at the same time. Ian was warm and pliant against him, and, in spite of falling asleep, Nick hadn't wasted the entire night. It had been a long time since he'd fallen asleep in the middle of the night, and he was relieved to see the sun had yet to make an appearance. The clock on the cluttered nightstand said 4:55. A couple of hours until sunrise, at least.

He pulled Ian closer, resting his head on the other man's shoulder. He was warm and human and... warm. And Nick loved him.

What had possessed him to say that? He didn't know, except that Ian had started it. With his stupid, "That's why you love me," comment, and his ridiculous curly hair and his big eyes.

Ian was an asshole.

Nick smiled against his lover's shoulder. An interesting turn of events, to be sure. But it was true. He loved Ian, and now that he'd said it, he wasn't going to take it back.

Gently, he kissed Ian's lax mouth. Not the best decision -- Ian was drooling in his sleep. But he stirred and opened his eyes, looking up at Nick like he had no idea where he was.

"Hi," Nick said.

"Um... hi." Self-consciously, Ian wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "When did we get here?"

Nick shrugged. "Dunno. Few hours ago."

"It's a mess..."

For a moment, Nick thought Ian was going to get out of bed and start cleaning. To forestall any lame-ass domestic compulsions, he tightened his embrace. "You stay where you are. I'm not done with you."

"You're not?"

"I most certainly am not," said Nick, and bent to lip Ian's neck.

Nick hadn't really meant anything by the choice of body part, but Ian tensed beneath him. "Are you...?"

"Oh." Leaning back, Nick studied Ian's face. He didn't look scared. Not really. "Sorry."

"No, it's okay." Ian's expression became suddenly stubborn, resolved. "Do it."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. Do it. Bite me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

In spite of Ian's firm expression and resolved tone, Nick didn't believe him. Not entirely. But he couldn't turn the offer down. He licked Ian's neck, tasting the salt and feeling the pulse of his heartbeat. Ian shuddered.

The scent coming from Ian's body held just enough fear to make it spicy, just enough arousal to make it irresistible. The apprehension concerned Nick, but Ian had his head turned to one side, the visible beat of the pulse in his neck calling Nick to it.

Right next to it was a tiny, white scar, barely visible, from the last time Nick had bitten him. Nick pressed his tongue against it, then the flat of his teeth, still fangless.

"Do it," Ian prodded.

"Are you still drunk?" He wanted to do it, but he didn't want Ian to regret it later, either. And, most of all, he wanted Ian to remember it.

"Not that drunk. Just fucking do it, for fuck's sake."

Nick did it. His fangs parted Ian's warm skin easily, blood springing to the surface, hot and sweet against Nick's tongue. He could still taste alcohol in it, but the bite of it was less than he'd expected, given how much they'd imbibed. He had no doubt Ian was as sober as he'd needed to be to make a clear decision.

Ian clenched Nick's arms, fingers digging in, and made a low, pained sound, but he made no attempt to move away. As Nick drew on the flow of blood, swallowed, he could feel Ian's hips pulsing under him, the hard line of his erection dragging against Nick's stomach. He took another long gulp, then carefully eased back, licking the wound to seal it.

"You okay?"

Ian nodded. His eyes were squinched shut, nose crinkled. Nick laughed and kissed the lines between his eyes. Slowly, Ian relaxed. His eyes opened, wide and brown and limpid, like a puppy or a harbor seal.

"That's all?" Ian sounded disappointed.

"For now." He kissed Ian's mouth, belatedly remembering he still had blood on his lips. But Ian kissed him back, not seeming to mind, tongue questing inside. Nick reached down into the heat between Ian's legs and cupped his balls. They were soft, and the skin shivered and retreated under Nick's touch.

"Merry Christmas," Ian said.

Nick blinked. "Oh. Yeah, it is, isn't it?" How had he forgotten that?

"It is." Inexplicably, Ian pushed to a half-sitting position, looking around him at the clutter around the bed, on the nightstand and on the floor. Finally he said, "Ha!"

and reached over to snag something off the floor from behind a couple of take out boxes still stained with soy sauce.

“Ha?”

Ian had a green sock in his hands. He quickly tied a knot in it, then, with a mischievous grin, held it over his head. “Mistletoe.”

“That’s not...” Nick started to protest, then laughed. “Shit. Close enough.” And he kissed Ian hard, and bore him back down into the bed.

Merry Christmas, indeed.

## **Elizabeth Jewell**

Elizabeth Jewell is the author of a growing collection of paranormal and contemporary erotic novels and novellas. She's been writing since before she could read, and has given in to the fact that she's completely addicted to the process of composing fiction -- especially hot, steamy, paranormal fiction. Elizabeth lives in Colorado with her kids, a goofy dog and a cranky hedgehog.

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