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The Twelve Quickies of Christmas



Book 7

Passion And A Pear Tree

Tawny Taylor

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Chapter 1

If there was one thing Destiny Doherty knew, it was that her sister, Fate, was up to no good.

Yes, Fate called every Christmas Eve wishing her happy holidays and complaining about the fact that they lived at opposite ends of the continent, but this year something was different. Fate didn't call only once. She called several times, and each time with a different lame excuse. Then she drilled Destiny with questions about her plans for the evening.

What the hell was that troublemaker up to now?

Destiny shoved aside the storm door, ducking against the bitter winter wind cutting through her coat like it was made of mesh, and crammed her key into the lock. She twisted it to the left.

Unlocked? She'd left her front door unlocked? Never!

Scared, not sure what to expect, she pushed open the door, stepped into the warm foyer, and scanned it for signs of an unwelcome visitor.

Nothing.

"Fate!" she called out, hoping either she'd summon her sister from her hiding place, or scare away a burglar. "Answer now, or I'm calling the cops."

Not a damn thing.

She grabbed the cordless off the shelf in the foyer and ventured further. "Fate?"

There was a fire in the living room. Flickering light reflected on the far wall.

She glanced at her watch—almost midnight—and stomped into the living room. "If anyone is in here, I'm armed!" She noted the fire first then swept her gaze over the rest of the room.

Nothing seemed to be out of place, but one. The lights and TV were both still on, just as she'd left them. But on the floor, before the sad Christmas tree she'd bought because it suited her mood, sat a huge box the size of a stove. It was wrapped in gold paper.

She swept up the TV remote and turned down the volume. "Fate? Where the hell are you?"

She heard a sound and froze, straining to listen.

There. The box. Had Fate sent her a dog for Christmas? Made arrangements for it to be delivered? That made sense—in a way. After all, how many "I don't need a man. They're nothing but trouble" conversations could Fate endure before doing something to ease her poor little sister's misery?

Sure she'd figured the mystery out, she pulled the ribbon that seemed to hold the box closed.

Holy shit! That was no dog in there!

Nope. No dog. Not even close.

The man sitting inside was the cutest beefcake she'd ever seen—straight out of a Chippendale calendar. Dark, curly hair, brilliant blue eyes, features that were neither too perfect to be pretty nor too rugged, and a body formed by the hand of God.

He wore nothing but a red bow tie and tiny red briefs, and he held a potted plant. As he unfolded a towering frame that would put Goliath to shame, her gaze fixated on his shoulders. *Hot damn, they were broad enough to make her drool.*

She swallowed. "Hello, there." What else does one say to a man wrapped in a box?

"Merry Christmas, Destiny!" he called, then he started singing in a warm baritone voice that soaked into her body like hot chocolate on a cold day, "On the first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me. Passion and a pear tree." He stepped from the box, thigh muscles bunching in scrumptious bulges, and handed her the plant.

Despite the tingle in her gut at the sight of his gorgeous body, she took the pot from him and laughed. This had to be the funniest practical joke Fate had ever pulled. "Oh, God! This is good."

He smiled but didn't share her mirth. "What's so funny? Don't you like the tree? Isn't it big enough?"

"Oh," Her gaze swept down his body to focus on the tiny red thing barely containing the huge bulge between his legs-socks, for sure. "I like it. A lot. It's very big...um, bountiful. I'm just a little overwhelmed."

"That sounds promising. Overwhelmed is good."

Oh! What was she saying? Looking at this mostly – naked man was wreaking havoc on her ability to think straight. And forming coherent sentences...a lost cause. "I mean, you're not what I expected."

"Why don't you wait to make that determination until afterward?"

"After what?" She swallowed another guffaw at how brainless she felt at the moment.

"After the passion part?" His wicked grin shot straight to her belly, did a few summersaults there and then dropped between her legs. Her lace panties became instantly soaked.

Okay, she could practically hear her body screaming for indulgence, every cell from toe to eye was piping in. But what little was left of her gray matter was making its final feeble call for logic. "As...er, tempting as that is, I don't know you, and I don't do anything more passionate than swapping polite small talk with someone I don't know."

"Easily remedied." He thrust his hand toward her. "Um...Brian...Walsh."

"That name sounds familiar." Where had she heard his name before? Had Fate mentioned him? She took his hand and gave it a quick shake. "Nice to meet you Brian. I'm Destiny –"

"I know." He sighed.

"Oh, yeah." She sighed too. "Uh, how'd you get in here?"

"Delivery van."

"Of course."

"I think your neighbor unlocked the door."

"Oh." She had to admit she was still flustered. What hot-blooded woman wouldn't be? She was shaking hands with a strange, naked man on Christmas morning, and he was propositioning her? Trying like hell to get a handle on the situation, she dropped her gaze to his feet. They couldn't be as distracting as the rest of him was.

Unfortunately, she couldn't let it rest there. As if it had a mind of its own, her gaze climbed north, up long, muscular legs, to those very tight, very sexy briefs.

Hmm...interesting...accepting his proposal was very tempting.

Her gaze halted there for a heartbeat too long, and she wrestled it back into submission and forced it back down to his feet again.

But, her inner slut was winning the battle between naughty and nice. Naughty was simply more fun. Her gaze slid right back up, landing on the red bull's-eye. "So, let me get this straight. My sister sent you here to fuck me?"

"No. Not exactly." His thumb stroked her palm, and she shivered and tugged her hand away.

"Care to explain?"

"Not really. I'd rather do something else first." His gaze slid up and down her body. "Maybe I can offer a couple of suggestions to get things rolling."

Geesh! She practically felt naked – wearing a winter coat.

"I was sent here to fulfill your fantasies for one night."

A blade of heat shot up her spine even as her mind completely rejected the notion as utter insanity. "Only one?" she joked.

"Those are the rules."

"I hate rules."

His gaze meandered down her form again. "Me too."

She gave him a playful shove and brushed past him to the couch. This was all too much. *No, not enough. No, too much. Oh, shit! What did she want?* "Okay, easy, Buddy, I was only joking. I don't do gigolos."

"I'm not a gigolo."

She knew what she wanted. She wanted him, sweaty, naked, on top of her. "If you're not a gigolo, then what are you?" She slid off her boots and wiggled her cramped toes.

"Your gift." He dropped to his knees and took her foot into his hands, rubbing the tightness out of the muscles until she sighed with relief. Then he nestled that foot in his crotch and grinned. "Gotta keep it warm or the muscles will knot up again."

She wiggled her toes, keenly aware of the rigid rod they rested against. "Makes perfect sense." She felt a smile busting loose as he pulled off her other boot and massaged the second foot.

"Oh, yeah..." She'd never felt so pampered.

What was she fighting this for? It was Christmas, the man sitting at her feet was ready, and surely able, and tomorrow he'd be gone. No strings. No guilt. Just fun. What the hell? A massage and some conversation would be a start. And later...Where did she put that Nexus Letters Bizarre Sex book she got as a gag gift for her last birthday? She'd always wanted to try a few of those things...

Besides, he was the best Christmas gift she'd received in ages, and she had the sneaking suspicion wherever he came from had a no-refund policy. It would be a terrible waste if she didn't take full advantage of the opportunity.

Not exactly sure how to seduce a man who was already three steps ahead of her, she lowered her voice and said, "You give a good massage. Do you get much practice?"

"Not enough. Would you like one?"

"You bet I would."

“Okay. Strip.” He smiled. “The clothes have to go.”

As those words penetrated her already foggy brain, more heat zipped through her body. *One step closer...* “Just a second.”

Hoping if she acted quickly she wouldn’t suffer a sudden case of *second – thought – itis*, she dashed to her bedroom, shed every stitch of clothing she was wearing, and wrapped herself in a sheet. Then, lying on the bed on her belly, she called out, “Okay. I’m ready.” She clamped her eyelids closed and waited.

He didn’t respond.

“Brian?”

Nothing.

Shit! Where’d he go? She gripped the sheet in a fist, bunching it just above her tits and shuffled to the living room.

He was reclining on the couch, looking not only thoroughly at home, but also completely, unmistakably turned-on. He wasn’t wearing the red skivvies anymore.

And that lump wasn’t socks. The man couldn’t be human. *What a cock!*

She had no idea what to say or do. She couldn’t help staring at his very thick, very long organ. Her throat was dry as hell; every drop of wetness in her body was concentrated in one region. “Can I get you something?” she croaked. “Drink? Food? Maybe a sling for that thing. It has to be heavy. Is it real?”

“Want to find out for yourself?” His gaze was steel – melting hot. Then he smiled, and his expression took – on an entirely different mood. Playful. Teasing. “Are you ready for me?”

Was she ever! Parts everywhere were throbbing, and her normally chill – to – the – bone house felt like a sauna. “Yeah, let’s get to it. I mean, I can’t wait. I mean...Oh, hell. You’re frickin’ naked. What did you have to do that for...already?”

He shrugged. "I thought you might be more comfortable being nude in front of me if I was naked too." He bent down and reached for the red garment. "I can put them back on—"

More comfortable? Not unless burning from the inside out was considered comfortable. "No, that's okay." She glanced around the room. "Where do you want me?"

A twinkle shot through his eyes. "On your back, legs spread wide...you moaning my name in ecstasy?"

She couldn't get there soon enough! Her empty pussy clenched tight and a stream of heat shot to her belly. In a last ditch attempt at playing the double entendre game with a man who could put her best friend to shame—something to be admired—she lowered her eyelids and cooed, "Let's take it slow, Cowboy. We're in no hurry, are we?"

He dropped his gaze to that gloriously swollen shaft. "I'm not, but he is."

"Tell him to chill out." She caught his wrist and pulled. "How 'bout we take this to my bedroom?"

"I'd be a fool to turn down an invitation like that." He stood, unfolding his tall, thick frame with impressive grace, and took long strides at her side. As his hip brushed her, her heartbeat shot into overdrive.

She followed him into the room, and climbed onto the bed, careful to keep the sheet in place. Then she rested her head on her crossed arms and waited, anxiously, for the first touch.

"Do you have any oil?"

Oh, would he ever get to the good part? "What kind did you need?"

"How 'bout some body oil?"

"Oh. Maybe. In the bathroom closet." She started to get up.

A firm touch at her shoulder stopped her instantly. "I'll get it. You stay put."

She lay back down and started humming the first song that came to mind to relax. Unfortunately, *Let's Go All the Way* didn't produce the desired effect. She closed her eyes. Every muscle in her body was wound tight.

"Found it."

"Great." Still a bundle of skittery nerves, she listened to the soft sound of him chafing his hands against each other and mentally prepared for his touch.

"Would you mind removing the sheet? I prefer the feel of skin – though this sheet is very nice." He ran his hand down her length and left it resting on the round of her rump.

Her pussy tingled. "It's good to see a man who appreciates 400 thread count Egyptian cotton." Her head resting on the bed, she pushed the sheet down a few inches, exposing her upper back and shoulders. "Better?"

"More."

"More?" She swallowed. Something was caught in her throat. Her tongue, maybe? "Uh...How about you just go ahead and move it where you need it? I'm a little nervous, and I don't know what you want."

"Please, relax." His hand still firmly planted on her butt, he leaned closer. "What I want," he whispered in her ear, "is for you to enjoy." He pushed the sheet down until it lay at the base of her spine.

His first touch was firm, at her shoulders, and sent an instant blanket of goose bumps over her upper body. "Massage is very therapeutic...and erotic."

He could say that again!

He climbed onto the bed and straddled her back, one knee on each side of her hips, his cock resting on her ass.

Oh, God!

"I love this position..."

She moaned, loving the weight of him resting on her, pushing her mound into the mattress. *So do I.*

"I love the feel of your skin, the way your muscles flex and relax under my touch." He inhaled. "The smell of the oil. The sound of your sighs..." He rubbed kinks out of her shoulders with skilled hands, and then shifting his body until he was straddling her thighs, he worked lower, rubbing, kneading until he was at the base of her spine, where the sheet barely covered her ass. "Your body is absolutely exquisite."

"Thanks. Glad you like it...wanna see some more?" she murmured into the pillow.

He smacked her ass. "What was that? Are you falling asleep on me?"

"Me? Sleeping? No way. I just said I hate working out, but it pays."

"That's for sure. I, for one, appreciate the results."

Score one for the inner-thigh machine.

A soft touch replaced the firm one he'd been using, and she realized with heart-stopping glee he was licking her, not rubbing. "You taste as amazing as you look."

Reflexively, she tightened and lifted her ass in the air.

"Now, that's a sight." He slipped the sheet down, and her pussy flamed, throbbing in tempo to her racing heart. "Your ass is scrumptious."

She'd never considered her ass scrumptious. Detestable, a thing to avoid looking at while dressing in fitting rooms, to shrink and tighten, yes. In any way delicious? No. "Really?"

"Can I taste it?" His kisses trailed lower, and then his fingers slipped between her ass cheeks. He found her anus and teased it with a slick fingertip before exploring further.

Her body instantly reacted to his exploration, her pussy producing buckets of juices, her heart skipping along at a pace meant only for hummingbirds, her mouth drying to the point of nearly choking her. With eyes closed, she imagined his face,

tension pulling at his mouth. Urgent need reflected in his eyes. She had to moan, she just couldn't help herself.

His finger found home, sliding into her dripping pussy. "Mmm. So hot and tight. Perfect." He pulled his hand away, and she wasn't sure whether she should scream in protest or sigh with relief. "Turn over. Let me see all of you."

No problem! She did a log roll onto her back, and immediately caught his gaze, just before it slipped down to her breasts. She battled the urge to cover herself, since she'd never been very proud of anything north of her belly button. In her opinion, her breasts were much too small.

"Don't." He reached for her arm and stopped it just before it hid her tits from his traveling gaze. "They are absolutely perfect." He dipped his head and traced her nipple with his tongue, then bit down just enough to send a jolt of pleasure—pain down her spine.

She couldn't help herself, she was so eager for more. Like a wanton hussy, she arched her back to lift her breasts high into the air.

With torturous diligence, he licked and teased the second nipple, until she was ready to shout, "*Just fuck me!*" Then he sat up...When had he climbed onto the bed?...And knelt next to her stretched out legs.

"Time to get to business," he growled.

"Business? What the hell was that?"

He grinned, flashing pearly whites so perfectly straight they couldn't be natural. "That was only the beginning." He slid his hands under her knees and tickled her. "Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

He couldn't tell? She had to be sopping wet. How ready could a girl be? She nodded, and he lifted and bent her knees, then urged her legs apart.

So exposed, so open. Soft currents of air cooled her flaming pussy as she briefly watched his hot gaze rake over her body. Within two short breaths, she couldn't bear another second. She let her eyelids drop closed and concentrated on the flurry of sensations battering her from all directions. The sound of her own breathing, hard and fast. The memory of his face in her mind's eye, and the fierce hunger she'd seen in his gaze. The way his touches danced over her skin.

She lifted a hand and touched skin, covered in soft down, and then the velvet soft skin of his erection. She squeezed, and relished the groan he relinquished. Encouraged, she slid her hand up to the base, fingered his balls and then slid it back toward the head. He groaned again.

She felt him part her labia, and her legs dropped open even more, welcoming his finger as it found every curve and crevice. The man was a master, leaving no part of her, no matter how miniscule, undiscovered.

Then, dizzy with wanting, she watched him lower his head between her legs. He blew on her cunt, and she sighed. He nibbled her clit, and she tangled her fingers in his hair and gasped. *Good God!*

With tongue and teeth, he taunted, driving her slowly insane. He laved her folds, delved into and out of her slick depths with ferocious hunger, and circled over her clit until she could barely breathe. Wild with need, she tossed her arms this way and that. Gripping anything she could reach, sheets, pillows. Anything. Pulling. Clenching. Squeezing. Hugging.

She lifted her hand to find him again, but could not reach him. Then, too weak to keep searching, and too lost to care she let it fall to the mattress. When he stopped his manual slaughter of her pussy, she pried open her eyelids and looked up.

He was kneeling between her wide—spread legs, the head of his huge cock teasing her pussy, circling the opening while not quite delving in, and brushing her clit. She longed to lunge forward and bury him deep inside. But as she made her move, he caught her shoulders and pinned them to the bed.

"You must promise me one thing before we continue," he said, his expression an odd mix of emotions she couldn't quite name.

He had to be kidding! A promise? Now? "What?"

"Promise me you'll spend the next twenty-four hours like this, in my arms."

Chapter 2

There was one thing Destiny was prepared to promise at that moment, if she could speak. She'd be thrilled to spend every minute over the next twenty-four hours with the fascinating, sexy, gorgeous hunk of a man hovering over her, ready to plunge his perfect cock deep inside her achingly empty pussy. She wondered why he'd made such a point of it?

His cock pushed against her labia, and all thought of promises faded away. "Sure," she said, trying like hell to move closer. "Twenty-four hours."

The resulting smile that spread over his face was not the picture of innocent glee. It held a hint of wicked playfulness that did nothing to ease her impatience. "Good. You have no idea what you're in for."

She laughed. "Would you please show me? I'm begging here."

"Your wish is my command." He pushed slowly, his thick cock stretching her pussy walls as it sunk in. It was sweet agony. Her skin burned for a brief moment before parting. And he pushed deeper, filling the emptiness inside of her, inch by inch, until he had buried every glorious bit of that shaft inside. The sheer bliss of that complete fullness! She wanted to hold onto it forever.

She let her eyelids fall closed and found herself in a hot world of throbbing, fucking, ecstasy. "Oh..."

He growled in response, slid his cock out until the head rested just outside of her and then plunged deep inside again. "Damn, you're perfect!" Her inner thigh muscles stretched as he palmed her knees and pushed them further apart. She was as open as a woman could be, and loving every minute of it.

And then he found her clit, which was so sensitive even the slightest touch sent her hurtling through the air, thanks to the position she was in, and he traced slow, sensuous circles over it, in time with his thrusts.

Her body was spiraling toward a climax she knew would be earth—quaking. Every muscle was clenched, including the one encasing his cock, and steady waves of heat were pulsing from her center out to every distant part. She felt the warmth of his impending climax against her ass, his fingers tensing on her inner thigh, and she heard his short gasps—or were those hers? She couldn't make sense of the sounds, sights, feelings anymore. She was lost in them.

And then she exploded and the welcome rush of pleasure ripped through her body. She gasped, certain she would never take another breath, and succumbed to the climax overtaking her. Her pussy pulsed, drawing him deeper inside, and he stopped thrusting, growled, and then came, pistoning in and out of her until both of them were entwined, twitching, sated, weak. He sunk down, resting his length on top of her, and she listened to his racing heart in her ear.

"That was amazing," she said when she found her tongue. "I've never felt anything like that before. Holy shit."

"I'm glad." He dropped a kiss on the top of her head and rolled to his side, drawing her into his arms.

She felt so safe and protected there, snuggled chest to chest with such a powerful yet gentle man. So loved.

Loved? How could that be? This was a one—night thing. That's all he wanted. That was the rule. Where was her head?

"What's wrong?" He ran his hand down her arm and over her hip, tickling, caressing, fingering. She felt the stirring of arousal deep in her belly.

"Nothing's wrong. Thanks to that amazing cock of yours, I can barely keep my eyes open. I'm just thinking."

He slipped that wandering hand between her ass cheeks and poked at her tight hole. "Don't think today. Just feel."

"Is that another rule?"

"No. It's just a suggestion."

"I can't help it; I'm a thinker at heart." She chuckled. "That didn't sound right, did it?"

He caressed her ass cheek. "What do you think about?"

Still foggy-headed, she traced the sexy line down the center of his chest. "Everything, I guess. My work, goals. There are so many things I want out of life."

"Like what?" He cuddled her closer, until she was snuggled tight against his length. "What do you want out of life, Destiny?"

Oh, this felt so right, being with this man, lying here cuddling, sharing her wishes, wants.

If only he could be there when she reached her goals...Celebrated her finest achievements. If only he could be a part of them...

She pulled in a breath and prepared to blurt out her usual list of cars, homes and vacations, but it didn't come out. "I don't know anymore. Sometimes I'm so sure of what I want, and other times...What about you?"

"I know exactly what I want. Unfortunately..." He sighed. "So much of what I want rides on someone else's choices. It's out of my hands."

"How?"

He cupped her ass and squeezed. "Look what you've got me doing! Enough thinking. Time to feel. What do you feel right now?"

She closed her eyes, suddenly aware of the smell of sex all around her. Of him and her. It was a wonderful scent. Musky, sexy. She wanted it to last forever. She wanted today to last forever. "Mmmm. Warm. Cozy. Satisfied. What about you?"

"I feel...starved."

She chuckled. "I thought men were supposed to be dead to the world after fucking."

"Not this one. How about some breakfast? It's almost sunrise. Besides..." He poked at her asshole then slid his finger up to her pussy and plunged it inside. "We need to eat if you're going to make it for round two."

She gasped as he hooked his finger and scraped against the sensitive spot inside. He added a second finger, plunging them in and out. And without thinking, she rolled onto her back and opened her legs, ready to fuck again. "How about round two and then some breakfast?"

"How about round two with some breakfast?" He jumped from the bed and took her hands, leading her out of the bedroom to the kitchen. "What do you have to eat?" Leaving her standing on knees the constitution of warm jelly, he rummaged through her refrigerator, pulling out jars, cans, and bottles.

Her gaze slipping from one container to the next, she asked, "What are you going to do with all that?" It was an odd assortment of foods, canned fruits, various condiments, almost all sweet. The man had a real sweet tooth.

"You'll see." He gathered as many of the containers into his thick arms as he could and carried them to the dining nook, then he set them on the floor and shoved the kitchen table against the wall. He pointed at the bare spot on the floor. "Lie here."

She eyed the cold linoleum and stifled a shiver. "Couldn't we pick a warmer place? It's December, freezing cold. I'll get frostbite on my ass."

He gave the part mentioned a friendly pat. "Now, that would be a crime. But don't worry. You won't be cold for long. I promise." He took her in his arms and kissed away every thought that had been in her head.

Reeling from that mind—melting kiss, she sat, suddenly thankful for the chill, and waited.

"All the way down, Baby." He kneeled beside her and kissed her again, his tongue doing things she was sure had never been done before by a human being. Slowly,

deliciously, it laved her own, performing a wicked, erotic dance in her mouth. He bit her lip as his hands cupped her breasts and squeezed. He suckled her tongue as he pinched her nipples, rolling them between his thumbs and forefingers. Tension and need rocketed through her body, ripping away her ability to think. He plunged his tongue in and out of her mouth as he dropped both hands to her pussy. She fell back, welcoming his onslaught on her body, as she felt herself taking flight, soaring toward another climax. She smiled against his mouth. "Oh, yeah!"

Then, he stopped, and left her gasping, aching for his touch. "Breakfast time!"

"Breakfast? Now?" He had to be joking. Who could think of food at a time like this? Her pussy was so wet her juices were running between her ass cheeks. Her body was so hot, the floor, normally too cold to walk on without shoes, barely relieved her. And he was ready to eat?

He picked up a carton of vanilla yogurt, ripped off the foil top and turned the container over. The contents fell with a plop on her stomach.

Oh! Breakfast! Slip-sliding fun!

She'd never done food with sex before.

Next, he opened a can of cherries and added them to the mix. He smeared his creation over her breasts and down to her pussy, then, with eyes fixed to hers, he smiled, licked his lips, and nibbled at her collar bone.

Hypnotized, she watched his tongue work over her skin, down the valley between her breasts, and then up to each peak. In its wake, her skin cooled, and goose bumps scattered over her arms and stomach. His tongue drew circles over her nipples until they turned to tight pink pebbles, and instead of cold, she felt hot again. Burning need pulsed out from her center. But, before she became lost in it, she relinquished herself to a playful side she'd ignored since puberty, scraped some of the slick mixture from her stomach and smeared it over his tight chest. "My turn!"

He grinned like a boy about to get his first lay, and leaned back, silently welcoming her exploration.

She started at the base of his throat, running her tongue down the deep crevasse between firm, toned pecs that had endured more than a few bench presses. The salty taste of his skin was a pleasant compliment to the sweet yogurt.

Hungry for more, she glanced at the slight sprinkling of dark hair, soft and curly, that arched down his chest and stomach, leading to his thick, very erect cock, and it took every ounce of willpower she possessed to take her time and resist the urge to just straddle him and impale herself. His soft moans of appreciation encouraged her to continue nipping and licking his smooth skin, circling each tiny nipple before continuing lower to his washboard stomach and shallow belly button. She poked her tongue into it, and flicked it while giving her hands free rein over his chest, waist and hips.

His fingers tangled in her hair on the top of her head, and he urged her lower and pushed his cock into her mouth. There was no doubt what he was asking for. And that was one thing she did not perform, at least not well. Willing to give it a shot, anyway, she took the base of his shaft in her fist and squeezed as she flicked her tongue over the head.

Louder groans met her feeble attempts, and feeling a little more daring, she tipped her head and ran her tongue down the blue line lying just below the skin's surface to his tight balls and back up again.

Yum. He tasted wonderful, of man and loving. He smelled sexy, masculine, musky. His cock twitched as she flicked her tongue over the head.

Wanting more, wanting to please him, she opened her mouth wide, took as much of him in as she could, and slid her hand up and down to meet her mouth.

She tasted something salty, pre-come, and gleefully licked every bit of the wetness away, relishing the taste.

He sucked in a deep breath, and Destiny felt a twitch shoot from the base of his cock to the head. Not sure if she was doing things right or not, she let him drop from her mouth.

Brian, flush, rumped and wild-eyed, palmed her cheeks. "Baby, you keep doing that, and I'm going to come. Tonight is about you, not me." He caught her shoulders and pushed them to the floor. "I want to make your every fantasy come true."

Her head swam at those words. So many possibilities! Yet, at the moment, feeling that cock buried deep inside was about all that mattered.

Holding her captive with one hand, he reached for another bottle. Chocolate syrup. "Open your legs."

She dropped her knees open, and watched as he drew a line up one thigh, over her mound and down the other leg.

"Open wider." His shoulder muscles flexing as he leaned on them, palms flat on the floor on either side of her hips, he licked her leg clean, slowly working up to the sensitive skin on the very inside. Then, he skipped the center part...*the tease!*...and licked his way back down the other leg. When he was finished, he lifted his head and smiled. "How was that?"

"Very erotic. But it wasn't exactly what I was hoping for." She pointed at the chocolate remaining on her pubic bone. "Uh, you missed a spot."

He dropped his gaze. "So I did." He was teasing her, purposefully concentrating high up, far from her aching pussy. Far from her clit, which she swore was so erect he could probably see it. "Better?"

"No."

His handsome face screwed into a picture of confusion. "Why not?"

"You missed the best part."

He visibly inspected her mound and thighs. "Where?"

"There." She pointed at her pussy. "Oh, you know where!"

"Show me."

"I just did."

He lowered his face until his nose nearly touched hers. She smelled the chocolate on his breath and longed to taste it. Her tongue darted out of her mouth and caught his lip, but he didn't kiss her back. "No, show me. Touch yourself where you want me to touch you. I want to watch." His breath dried her lips.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I've never...It's too embarrassing."

"It's beautiful. You're beautiful. There is nothing more erotic than a woman pleasuring herself. You dream about masturbating in front of your man, of giving everything you are to him. Raw, open, honest, hiding nothing."

Did he know that for a fact? Did she really have those fantasies?

"Try it." He leaned back and rested his hands on her knees, parting them so wide her inner thigh muscles stretched.

Awkward, yet intrigued, she looked at his face and dropped both of her hands to her pussy. With one, she parted her puffy outer lips to expose her clit. It was a hard little knot of arousal, so sensitive her first touch was nearly electrifying. Oh so slowly, she drew tight circles over her clit. Her eyelids dropped over her eyes, shutting out the world, and enclosing her in a place where sounds shown in colors and touches hummed through her body.

"No, open your eyes. I want you to see me watching you."

She forced her eyelids open, and seeing the hunger in his eyes, gasped. A river of heat flowed up from her clit, over her mound, and pooled in her belly. Another started somewhere around her breasts and rose up to her face.

"That's it, Baby. Touch your pussy. Fuck yourself. I want to see you sink those fingers deep inside."

As she continued torturing her clit with her fingertip, she dropped the other hand and pressed two fingers deep inside her sopping pussy. On the verge of orgasm, she

clamped her inner muscles tight around her fingers as she pumped them in and out in time with the motion of her other hand.

He smiled. "Oh, yeah! You're so hot. I'm so ready to fuck you."

She felt the pressure of her impending climax boil up from her belly, but she fought it, slowing her movements. She wanted him inside of her when she came. "Fuck me," she murmured, not even sure if he could hear her. She stared into his eyes.

"What did you say?"

"Fuck me!"

Something flashed across his face. "Can I fuck your ass?"

Her asshole reflexively tightened, sending another rush of heat through her body. "Yes."

"Stand up, but don't stop touching yourself."

This was agony! Why was he doing this to her?

Her body was a quivering mess, barely able to remain upright as she stood, yet she left her hands where they had been, allowing him to both support her and steer her to wherever he wanted to go.

The living room.

He stopped her in front of the couch. "Kneel down."

She knelt and bent over, resting her chest and stomach on the couch seat.

"Don't stop touching yourself!" He left her, and she wondered where he'd gone. She didn't have to wait long. He returned in a couple of heartbeats.

Her eyelids refused to stay open, so she let them fall closed again. She felt him parting her ass cheeks and a slick fingertip teasing her asshole.

Good God, she was going to come!

"Don't come yet."

She stopped touching her pussy. What he was doing to her was more than enough to drive her over the brink.

"Don't stop that, either. Get those hands back down there."

"But I can't."

He thrust his finger into her ass, and she bucked against him, feeling full and exposed all at once.

"Oh, God!"

He slid his finger in and out a few more times, then pulled it away. The wide head of his cock took its place.

.Damn, it felt big, would it fit? "I'm scared. Won't it hurt?"

"A little. But you won't care. We will take this slow and easy. You'll be so hot, it won't matter." His cock strained against the skin around her asshole. "Trust me. Touch yourself."

She was tearing, burning. "Oh, no!"

"Touch yourself."

She felt some wetness, cool and soothing on her asshole, and then more pressure. And trying like hell to concentrate on relaxing her muscles to allow him in, she caught some of the juices pouring from her pussy and dragged it up to her clit. His cock breached the barrier and slid slowly deeper, filling her ass until she couldn't breathe. The pain was nothing compared to the pleasure as he buried himself to the hilt. She slid a finger into her pussy, moving in and out in tempo with his cock, and in three swift strokes, she lost all control, her body caught in the convulsions of a powerful orgasm. Her ass muscles and pussy pulsed, and she cried out in ecstasy.

Brian gasped, froze in place for a brief instant, and then slid his cock deep as he spurted his come inside. She felt the warm trickle as some escaped when he pulled out. "That was amazing." He sagged over her, his chest pressed against her back, his breathing fast and hot in her ear. "Damn!"

She was speechless, overcome by what she'd done. What she'd felt, and more than that, what she wanted to do.

Did this really have to end after today? This was unbelievable, the way Brian made her feel, the way he touched her, the way he encouraged her. She wanted more. She wanted him every day, every night, every moment.

Couldn't Christmas last forever?

Chapter 3

Destiny Doherty was the one.

Brian glanced at her, watching her sleep. He had to have her. He would die without her. And she needed him.

But would she give him the one thing he needed to be free of the curse that would lock him away for another three hundred sixty five days? Or would his transformation shatter her fragile heart?

After nearly twenty-four hours of lovemaking and talking, he hadn't had nearly enough of her. Not even close. He thought she felt the same. Her easy smile and eager lovemaking sure suggested she did.

If only he could know for sure.

He pulled her closer to him, eager to make her a part of himself. He swallowed his apprehension and spoke into the darkness, "Destiny?"

"Hm?" She sounded sleepy, sexy.

"It's late. I have to leave soon."

"No. Please don't go." She tossed a heavy arm over his chest and squeezed. "Stay here with me."

"I must leave. I have no choice."

"This is America; you have a choice. Please. I want you to stay."

He wished it were that simple! "It's the rule."

"To hell with the rule. Stay here. My sister won't hate you for it. It's probably what she wanted all along."

"Your sister?"

She lifted her head and a worried expression spread over her face. "My sister, Fate. She arranged for you to come spend the day with me, didn't she?"

"Perhaps indirectly."

That woke her up completely. She propped herself on her elbow. "Can't you tell me?"

"I can't explain it all."

"You're speaking in riddles. Why can't you be straight with me? After everything we've done and said to each other, I think I deserve to know what's going on. My God, I...I touched myself in front of you. I told you things I haven't told another human being."

He glanced at the clock. One full year, eight thousand, seven hundred sixty hours, of cold nothingness was mere minutes away. Damn! How could he explain thousands of years of hell in minutes? Would she believe him? "How did you like your Christmas gift?"

"It was the best damn Christmas gift I can ever remember getting." She smiled. "Even better than the bike I got when I was ten."

"What did it mean to you?"

"Mean?" She fluffed a pillow and leaned back on it. "It meant I didn't spend Christmas day wishing I was someone else for once, or traveling from party to party swapping empty holiday greetings and ugly Christmas cards. Christmas is always a drag because I'm single, and I hate being alone during the holidays. Someday, I want to have a husband, kids, a houseful of chaos, during Christmas. You know?"

"Anything else?"

"Isn't that enough?"

"I'm not sure. I don't think it is." He swallowed a sigh and glanced at the clock. Time was running out in a hurry. Damn it!

“What do you want from me? Just tell me. I thought we were starting something really special here. Was I wrong?”

His heart grew heavy. She was so eager to be whatever he wished. So attentive. She deserved more. More than he would provide her, one day a year. “Nothing you can’t give freely.” Choking back bitter disappointment...no, more than that, aching sorrow...for the shock she would face shortly, he ran his finger along her jaw. “Let’s just enjoy the last few minutes we have together, okay?”

She pulled his finger into her mouth and sucked. “If you stay longer, you won’t turn into a pumpkin, you know.”

“I know.” He closed his eyes, feeling the beginning of the transformation starting. It always started in the same place, in his heart. The stone cold spread outward like a cancer, cutting off life, shutting out all sensations but sound. He struggled against it but knew it was senseless. It happened the same way every time.

Except this time he didn’t want to go for an altogether different reason.

She needed him.

If only he could take back his actions on that one fateful day. The day he’d proven how cold hearted he was by thoughtlessly shunning the woman who loved him. The daughter of a powerful sorcerer.

Her enraged father’s curse: the stone that had encased his heart would encase his entire being for three hundred sixty four days a year. Until he learned the true meaning of love.

* * * * *

Something was wrong. Brian was cold. Stone cold. And so still.

“What the hell?” Shocked, scared, Destiny dropped his hand, reached for his chest, and shook it, but it didn’t budge. She pulled on his arm. It didn’t bend. She touched his hair. It was hard too.

Cement?

She glanced at the clock...one minute after midnight...and blinked away her swelling disbelief. There was now a statue lying in her bed. A statue where there'd been a living, breathing man! It was all a bad joke. Or...a trick. "Brian?"

Silence.

"Shit!" Panicking, she leapt from the bed and flipped the light switch so she could get a better look at him. As her gaze wandered over the face she'd grown so fond of in such a short time, her heart broke. "This isn't fair! He was real." Suddenly overcome by shivers, she studied every detail of his body, anxious to find a hint of life. His face was gray and still, his shoulders and chest, his stomach, legs...His feet were still slightly pink. She touched one. Warm! "Brian! Tell me what to do to make it stop. I want you here with me. For good. For always. It's my fondest wish. My only wish..." Her gaze traveled over his body, the one that had spent the past twenty-four hours doing nothing but giving her pleasure. It had been all about her. He'd given, freely. What was the one thing she could give him in return?

"I..." Oh, God, could she actually say what she was thinking? After one day? It made no sense.

But, wasn't that what love was? Senseless. Illogical. Of the heart, not the mind. She glanced down. His feet were turning gray, only his toes remaining slightly pink. She had the feeling this was her only chance. She couldn't wait another second.

"I love you, Brian."

Her heart stopped for a split second, and her breathing hitched. She watched his chest for movement. Nothing. She looked at his feet. They were entirely gray, like the rest of his body.

It was too late. He was gone.

"Damn it!" She dropped on her knees and pounded her fists against his concrete—hard chest, wishing she could shatter the cocoon that sealed him from her. "Damn! Damn! Damn! I finally meet a man who doesn't think about himself all the time, who wants nothing more than to give, and what is he? A fricken sculpture!" Her stomach

tied into a knot, and her eyes burned. Tears slid from them, down her cheeks and pooled on his still, cold chest.

The phone rang, and she jumped at the unexpected sound. It was after midnight.

Curious to see who was calling her so late, yet reluctant to leave Brian, she ran and caught it on the last ring. "Hello?"

"Hey, sis! How was your Christmas?"

"Fate?"

"Yeah. Did you get my package?"

"Did I ever. Where the hell did you find him?"

"I bought him at an estate sale. Figured you'd put him in the yard this summer. I know he's huge, takes up a lot of space right now, since you don't have a garage, but I just couldn't pass him up. He was so gorgeous. And I thought the baby pear tree was a cute compliment to the garden theme, since you love pears so much."

"The yard?"

"What's wrong?"

He was a garden statue. Was she going insane? Had she spent the last day hallucinating about a chunk of stone? "Nothing."

"So, you didn't tell me. What do you think? Isn't he a hunk?"

Destiny sunk into the couch cushion and covered herself with the afghan Fate had given her last Christmas. "He sure is." She wanted to scream, she was so confused.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you like him?"

She glanced at the bedroom door, wishing he would walk through it. "I did. I really, really did." *More than you'll ever know.*

"Oh, there was one thing I didn't tell you because it was so stupid, and I knew you wouldn't believe it. The woman who sold him to me said he's cursed. Isn't that funny?"

She wiped away another tear. "Yeah. Funny."

"Well, you're not very talkative. Should I call you later? Are you busy?"

"Sorry. No, I'm not busy. Just tired. I'll call you tomorrow."

"Okay. Bye, D."

"Bye, Fate."

"Oh, and Merry Christmas."

She glanced out the window and watched white flakes drift slowly past. "Yeah. Merry Christmas. I love you."

"You too, Sis."

Too exhausted to move from the spot, she hung up the phone and closed her eyes.

She had no idea how long she'd been sleeping when she woke up to a soft touch on her cheek. Eyes still closed, she brushed a stray strand of hair off her face, but that didn't stop the tickling.

What the hell? She sighed, disappointed at having to leave the quiet peace of her dreams, and opened her eyes. "Brian?"

He was sitting on the floor, next to her, smiling. "Yep. It's me."

She swallowed a sob. "You came back. How?"

"Your love brought me back."

She sat up and hugged him, grateful for his warm embrace, his masculine scent, the steady beat of his heart in her ear. Thankful just for him. She tipped her head back so she could see his face. "So, do I have a time limit?"

"Not anymore."

"Thank God!" She glanced outside. Still dark. "Though I've learned one thing from this strange series of events." Standing, she took his hand and pulled, leading him back to the bedroom.

"Oh yeah? What's that?"

"I learned not to waste time, not even a minute. I've learned I need to enjoy people when I have the chance, because I just never know when I'll lose them." In the bedroom, she shoved him onto the bed. "So, without further ado, I say we fuck. I want to give you your Christmas gift."

"You already have." He sat up and pulled her on top of him, and then flipped her onto her back in a stealth wrestling move.

Overwhelmed with emotions she couldn't even name, she giggled, but her laughter came to a quick halt when Brian parted her legs and buried his head between them. His tongue did things that could be deemed lethal, it did so much damage to her ability to function. That agile organ danced over her clit, darted in and out of her pussy, and teased her asshole until she was a mass of superheated, overwrought nerves. Her stomach muscles tensed, tipping her pelvis up, as her pussy pulsed with the need to be filled. Her face flamed. Her pussy dripped.

He lifted his head and quirked a playful smile at her, and her heart grew a dozen times bigger. He licked his lips and delved in for more, and she groaned.

"Please, stop. I can't take any more of this teasing."

"If you insist." He sat up and jammed her knees together so abruptly she howled in shock.

"Why did you do that?" she asked between panting breaths.

"You told me to stop."

"Teasing me, you sexy goof! I wanted you to stop teasing me and just fuck me."

"I'm not ready to do that yet. And neither are you."

"Not ready? Me? I'm a quivering mess, so wet down below I could use a towel, and you say I'm not ready?"

He nodded. "Yep."

"Well, how more ready could I be?"

He crawled on hands and knees over her. His face hovered a fraction of an inch over hers. His breath, which had a very pleasant musky – sweet scent, warmed her face and dried her lips. “You’re still speaking.”

Her eyelids were heavy. She let them fall closed. And her back tightened, lifting her breasts up until they brushed against his chest. “Believe me, that’s no easy task at the moment.”

After sealing each eyelid with a kiss, he left a trail of gentle kisses over her face and down her neck. A crop of goose bumps blossomed over her whole body, and she smiled and shivered.

“I won’t stop teasing you until you can’t utter a sound.”

Welcoming his nips and kisses, she tipped her head to the side and groaned.

“Still not ready yet.” He worked lower, his tongue taunting one nipple to aching erection while he pinched and pulled the other.

It was as if there was a direct line from her tits to her pussy. A steady current blazed down her stomach, ending between her legs. She let them drop open, wishing for the feel of his cock at their juncture.

She watched him as he continued his onslaught on her breast. He kissed her stomach, licking, biting, his tongue probing her belly button. Then he slipped lower, gave her pussy a few tantalizing laps and stopped.

Damn it, he was going to drive her crazy!

“Do you have a scarf?”

“What?”

“Do you have a scarf,” he repeated.

“Out in the hall closet, I think.” Her head still in a fog, she sat up and watched him exit the room. Where was he going? Nude? Wearing only a scarf?

Before she had enough strength in her shaky body to stand, he returned, carrying a string of foil Christmas garland.

"I couldn't find the scarf, so this'll have to do."

"What are you going to do with that?" A skitter of excitement shuddered through her body.

"Tie you up, of course."

She swallowed, not so much because there was something in her throat, but more because she didn't know what else to do. "Of course."

He crawled up on the bed and kneeled in front of her. "Have you ever been tied up?"

"No." She wasn't scared. Nervous, yes. Intrigued, excited, horny. All those things too.

"Lie back."

She positioned herself in the center of the bed and watched him tie one ankle. Then he pulled on the garland until her leg was lifted up high, her spine curled, her pussy open. With a nod of appreciation, he looped the garland around the bedposts a few times and then tied the opposite end to her other ankle, which was positioned in the same way.

Wow! She'd never felt so turned on. Her ass and pussy couldn't be more exposed.

"Now, that's better. Are you okay?"

Her tongue was stuck to the roof of her mouth, so she nodded.

"Speechless?" He grinned as she nodded. "Good. Time to fuck now." He kneeled down, teased her clenching, soaking pussy with the head of his cock until she was ready to beg for mercy. He traced tight circles over her clit and slid two, maybe three fingers inside, hooking them and stroking the sensitive walls. Another finger teased her asshole.

She was so close to coming, she could feel the flush spreading up from her belly. The steady throb in her pussy was changing, becoming more of a burning feeling than the pleasant warmth it had been.

She watched as he parted her folds and in a swift motion thrust his cock deep inside. Dizzy, she closed her eyes and relished the way he filled her, leaving no part needing. His hands were everywhere. They kneaded her breasts and tugged on her nipples, sending bolts of biting pleasure up and down her spine. She gasped. She groaned. She cried out, "More! Please, more!"

His taunting touch dropped to her stomach, tickling her skin and giving rise to more goose bumps. Then his fingers traveled lower, parting her pussy and drawing smooth, rhythmic circles over her clit.

He pumped his cock in and out in time with the motion over her clit, and her mind, body and soul took flight. Soared into the heavens, into the stars, and then dove back to earth and fused with him.

They were one. His smell filled her mind. The sound of his breathing echoed the sound of hers. She felt their hearts beating as one.

As Destiny found herself once again in the grip of a powerful orgasm that made her teeth chatter, she clung to Brian, digging her fingernails into his back. After the mind – blowing pulses eased to pleasant twitches, she opened her eyes and laughed.

She wasn't surprised by his scowl and stroked his chest, hoping to salve his wounded ego. "Sorry, it's not what you think. It's just that I've hated Christmas since I was too old to believe in Santa. I can't tell you how many times I've wished the damn holiday would be outlawed. But a little bit of Christmas magic...and I'll never doubt that again" She laughed against another round of tears. "Magic brought you to me. I'm so grateful! I love you."

"I love you, too." He gathered her into his arms and hugged her close. "But if you think this is great, just wait until you see what happens next Christmas."

The End

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