



*Santa's got a  
big package.*

*Daddy*  
CHRISTMAS

TARIN LEX

# **Daddy Christmas**

*A DDlg holiday romance!*

By Tarin Lex

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## ABOUT

Ever since I became a mom I feel so...adult. Don't get me wrong, there is no one on Earth who could take better care of my kids than me. But sometimes, guiltily, I yearn for someone to take care of *me*.

I still want to be somebody's little girl.

The sexy doctor next door volunteers as tribute...and I didn't even have to ask. Somehow he knows exactly what I need. What I want.

And the best part is, he wants me to call him *Daddy*.

*Merry Christmas to me!*

But my kids could use a good dad, too.

When hearts get involved, my doctor daddy needs to know we're a package deal. That's real life. If this Daddy Dom is even willing to be there for *all* of us after the holiday magic fades...will he still let me be his little girl?

## **AUTHOR NOTE**

Hey, lovely readers!

Juliska and Nash are consenting and responsible adults. She's a strong mama with a wild imagination. He's a caretaker at heart—and what a big heart he has! A shared kink is just feelings and fun...until they realize they're perfect for each other in real life, too.

(Then it's scary as heck!)

Hope you enjoy this filthy-sweet age play DDlg holiday romance!

xx, Tarin

## One

*Juliska*

I'm so lucky I get to work from home. I light my favorite scented candle, pour a cup of delicious coffee, do a few stretches in my spacious living room as the piping-hot brew cools down. Pre-writing ritual complete, I crack my knuckles as my hands lower down to the keyboard.

*CKRRR!!* The dryer makes its obnoxious "end of cycle" sound. One of these days I'll save up enough money to buy one of those fancy, front-loading dryers that sings a chirpy little song when it's finished. I get up from my chair and pull the clothes out of the dryer. Instead of letting them sit on the bed, dry and unfolded, for three days like a normal person, I start sorting them right away.

Once this task is finished, *then* I'll have the space in my head cleared out enough to write.

This is the lie I tell myself.

Three hours and who-knows-what-I've-been-doing-all-this-time later, I am back at my keyboard. I blew out the candle because it became too much, and my joints are all tightened up again, but I will have to power through it. And the coffee? It turned cold long ago, as did my second cup. I didn't make a third one yet, so I get up again to go do that.

While I'm standing in the kitchen waiting for the coffee to percolate, I glance at my fridge covered in Danny and Mike's

handiwork—notes to Mommy, drawings they made me, crafts from school—and reminders, calendars, sweet little mementos. Shit. I remember I still need to order a black magician’s hat for my oldest son, Danny’s, Christmas concert. I am typing the reminder into my phone as my mom calls. I answer. She wants to know if I sent out my Christmas cards yet and if she is getting school pics of the boys this year.

Yes, yes, I tell her. She asks how work is going. Sigh. There’s just a lot going on. Like the fact my car still needs to be taken in for repairs from when I hit a curb—lined with big giant *rocks*, Lord knows why—because I had my head turned for a split-second to scold my boys sitting in the back seat.

I hang up with Mom. Pour my coffee. Check the time. I have fifty minutes before I have to go pick up Danny and Mike from school. Fifty minutes. That’s not enough time to get in the flow of writing. I try, but the cursor is blinking against the blank page on the laptop screen like a foot tapping the floor impatiently, waiting. I might as well just get one of my other three thousand pending tasks completed. I can write while they’re home doing their homework.

*Yeah right.*

I can stay up late to get it done.

I can wake up early.

*If only.* None of this usually happens. And I get further and further behind on...well everything.

On my way to their school I should be thinking about my story but my mind is filled with remembering the last Zoom meeting I had with my editor. She was asking for *more heat* in



this one but how am I supposed to do that with these crazy kids hanging on me every second they're not in school?

Besides the fact I haven't even *felt* heat in so long, it's been so long since I've seen an adult penis I think I will just giggle the next time I see one. If it ever happens again.

Danny and Mike climb in and fill my car with chaos that actually makes me smile. When I'm with them, really with them, it is the only time I don't feel like there is anything else I am supposed to be doing. At home I throw together a quick dinner and pack their lunches for tomorrow and start the laundry (it never ends) and give the youngest one, my Mikey, a bath. Next thing I know it's almost bedtime. I know I am too exhausted to write but I try anyway. I tell the boys to please be quiet in front of the TV so that Mommy can work. The quiet lasts about forty-seven seconds.

"Hey, that's mine!" I hear Danny yelling.

"You weren't playing with it."

"Ouch!" I hear. Then, "Mommy! He hit me!"

"He snatched my toy!"

"It's *my* toy!"

I love those little devils, I do. But right now I feel the heat of frustration crawling over my skin. I shut my laptop and storm out of my office into the living room. "Where is the remote?" I'm throwing blankets and pillows around furiously. "Dammit, Danny! Why can't you just leave the remote where it goes?" I find it and slam off the TV and send them both to bed *right now*, and the frustration immediately morphs into guilt.

Why did I even try to work, instead of sitting with them to watch their show? I could have just sat with them. They would like that. I pace the house, my hands in fists, angry at them, angry at me, angry at my story. I melt down into a sit, butt landing on the couch thankfully, and silently, I let a couple of tears track down my cheeks but that's all the crying I'm allowed. I breathe in deep and wipe them off roughly. Now that I'm calm I go into the boys' room to apologize but they're already fast asleep. My heart squeezes in my chest.

Would it be easier if I had someone else here, a partner, a father-type for them?

Why can't I just get this story done? *Any* story?

Where is my motivation and why does it fly away every time I sit down at my computer?

Am I overstimulated? Overambitious? Lazy?

Is the problem *me*?

My thoughts continue to spiral and I just need...*air*. There's a fifty-fifty chance that when I step outside, my gorgeous doctor neighbor will be out there. We share a balcony overlooking a beautiful, well-manicured pond with a fountain in the middle of it. It's a doctor's view, not a floundering single mom's. He must hear the yelling from my side, at least sometimes—I know because I can sometimes hear his football games, at least well enough to know if his team is winning or losing. But he never makes me feel like I deserve this view any less than he does. That's a fact I just keep to myself.

I slide the back door open to a crisp, perfect starry December evening. It's so calm out here. Nash is here, leaning back in his chair, glass of amber liquid in one hand he keeps rested over the top of his knee where one leg is hanging over the other. I never know how to explain this man except that it's like he's got the world on his shoulders, and simultaneously doesn't have a care in the world.

I'm sure I look exactly how I feel. Like I'm in a *state*. Just greaaat. But as he turns his head and his warm, friendly smile lights on me, I feel wrapped in comfort from my head to my toes.

“Well hey there, Jules.”

I tighten my cardigan around me, certain his deep voice, and not the cool air, has turned my eager little nipples into pebble-hard peaks, and I smile back. “Evening, Nash.”

*Nash*

This is my favorite way to let the day roll off my tired body. Or the night, when I have to work those. The sight of Juliska is an added bonus, even in the outdoors she is a breath of fresh air that surrounds me and I inhale it deep. Eucalyptus. Lavender. Baby shampoo and Gain laundry detergent.

I've seen her fixed up from time to time, but I love her the most just like this. Hair thrown into a bun of blondish-brown that always kind of reminds me of a croissant. Barely any makeup. Sweats and cardigan that look as good on her as a

little black dress. She settles into a chaise lounge on her side of our shared patio.

“Sorry about all the noise.”

I did hear a bit of that earlier. Danny gets possessive over the remote and won't set it down, but he also has a tendency of losing it. Don't ask me how.

“Don't apologize,” I try to console her. “You've got your hands full.”

She nods, turning her head to look out at the pond. The full moon looks smaller and smaller as it rises higher into the night sky, its reflection shining bright dancing in the ripples of the water that move and move from the force of the fountain.

“It's a struggle, some days.” Jules' voice comes out with tiny cracks. “Finances are so tight.” She shakes her head. Looks at me. “Sorry. It's just been so hard to work lately. With. Everything...” She puts a hand over her face. “Sorry, oh god, I sound like a mess!” She giggles at herself, wiping her cheek as she moves her hand off of it, but it sounds half full, somehow waterlogged with the tears she's trying like hell to hold back.

I wish she wouldn't, though. Wish she wouldn't hold them back. We often find ourselves sitting out here together but we've never really opened up to each other. Now, I am starting to realize how much she needs me. And truth be told I need her too, very much.

“You must be doing okay, if you don't mind me saying, to live in a nice place like...this...” I wave my hand over the large balcony and gorgeous view.

“Well, honestly my parents are helping me out with the rent, *god* that’s so embarrassing. They want the boys to have a nice place to live. And my freelance work isn’t cutting it. Some months I’m fine, and I’m so happy and so grateful to do what I love and still be able to spend so much time with my kids, even as a single mom. Some months, though...”

“You can’t hear your muse,” I guess the rest of that statement.

Jules’ big, green eyes brighten as they swing toward mine. “That’s...exactly true.”

“Your parents sound like good people,” I tell her.

“The best.”

But they can’t be everything for her. I want to help, *god* I want to help her so bad. If she’d let *me* take over the payment. If she’d let *me* be...

*Her daddy.*

Did I really just think that thought? To be honest I’ve thought it a hundred times before tonight. She could be my little. *My little girl*. When is the last time she was held, loved, cared for like a precious little girl?

But we’ve got a nice thing going here, these talks. The companionship even if it’s only out here, and even if it’s only on some nights. I don’t care to mess that up by scaring her, offending her. Weirding her out.

My compulsion, bordering on obsession at this point, is a lot stronger than my fear of what might happen *if*. The alternative? If I say nothing, do nothing, nothing happens.

I take a slow, thoughtful sip of my whiskey. “You shouldn’t have to work so hard.”

“I like to work,” Jules says earnestly. “I like what I do.”

“Sure you do. *When* you can do it.”

“Right again.” She laughs softly, this time for real. Her beautiful smile lands on me. “You’re good at this, Nash. I bet you are a really good doctor.”

Taking my folded leg off the other, I set down my almost empty glass on the floor next to my chair and face my body toward hers. “What about when you need a break, Jules? When you need to unwind? You’re taking care of everyone.” I nod my head toward her sliding glass doors. “Who takes care of *you*?”

She whispers, “I take care of me.”

“Yes, you do. And a damn fine job you’re doing.”

“Respectfully disagree.” Juliska chuckles then, bit humorlessly.

“Do you like taking care of you?”

She almost, *almost* rolls her eyes at that. “It doesn’t matter what I *like*.”

“Respectfully disagree.” I smirk.

She is going to be a tough nut to crack. I know she feels like she has to be strong, smart, independent. She goes on plenty of first dates but rarely a second date, far as I know, and I know it isn’t anything to do with her. She sets her standards high, some might argue impossibly high, guarding her life and her heart and her boys from love. Because love...it isn’t just

feelings and fun. Though I *do* have feelings for her. And we would have fun.

“What about what I might like?” I ask her, gently. “What I might want?”

“What you like?” she replies, quietly. Little confused. “What do you...mean, what do you...want?”

I reach over to take her small, soft hand in mine, and she sets it right there, right where it belongs. Her heart is next. “You’ve got so much to worry about, honey. And I want to worry about those things for you.”

*It would be my pleasure.*

## Two

### *Juliska*

Normally I don't like to ask my parents to babysit the boys so I can go on a date. I prefer to do lunch dates while the boys are in school, or when I can afford it, hire a babysitter for a couple of hours in the evening. Never, ever does a babysitter stay overnight. Because I'm not staying overnight at some guy's house, and sure as shit no guy is staying the night at *my* house.

So what possesses me to ask my parents this time, I'm not really sure. There's this feeling I have. This...hope. I'm not saying Nash is The One or anything crazy like that. I just believe in my heart that at the very least, he isn't going to hurt me. Or my boys. Something about Nash is worth the slight ding to my pride I take by asking my parents for help in this way, not to mention the thousand questions they are sure to attack me with after the date.

They mean well. They just worry for me. I get it. I worry, too.

Nash shows up at my door right on time dressed in a soft-looking charcoal-blue half-zip that fits his muscular shoulders perfectly and brings out the blue in his eyes. I feel like a princess in my bell-sleeved, rose-colored sweater dress and pressed securely, protectively to Nash's side almost the entire night. He takes me on a spectacular date, which I fully came to expect from him. First we watched the Christmas tree lighting



in the downtown square. I wished my boys were there to see that. Then we walked around, chatting the entire time, grabbed some hot cocoa, and stopped to watch a local band play their folksy renditions of popular Christmas songs.

It was easy, somehow. And nothing short of magical. Like it wasn't our first date but our fifth, or maybe even our tenth. I don't even know when's the last time I've been on an actual *tenth* date, but I remember the feeling well, the comfort mixed with excitement, all those tingles still firing throughout your body, and tonight sure felt like that.

He holds my hand as he walks me back up to our shared hallway. "Should I take you all the way to your door?" he asks, gentlemanly.

"No," I reply as we stop in front of his. I look up at him—and from this close I have to look way, way up to meet his gaze—and smile. "Here's good."

Holding our interlocked hands up against his hard plane of a chest, right at the sternum, Nash dips his head down toward mine and kisses me. Our first kiss is soft and tender and slow, and it lights me up like that star on top of the Christmas tree.

When we step into his abode, I am blown away by how nice it is. The layout isn't exactly like mine, but really similar. That's where any similarities end. Brand-new appliances and spotless countertops and shining hardwood floors are a stark contrast to my hasn't-been-updated-since-the-nineties kitchen and the evidence of little boys that is literally scattered *all fucking over*.

"Wow," I breathe out. "Does anyone even live here?"

Nash chuckles warmly. “Can I get you something to drink?”

“Glass of wine would be nice.”

“Red or white?”

“What’re you having?” I ask.

“Whiskey. Neat.”

I wrinkle my nose up. Whiskey always smells so good and looks so classy but I can’t with the burn as it slides down my throat. Like people who love the smell of coffee but not the taste. “Red is good.”

His comfortable sofa is *huge* but we settle into it close. This moment feels so fast, and like a long time coming, at the same time. It doesn’t take but a few sips of our drinks before we’re setting them down and drinking instead from each other’s lips. His are warm, full, inviting. Mine are starving.

“Christ, you’re beautiful,” Nash says in a low, growly tone as he breaks the kiss ever so slightly. His warm hands are in my hair as his eyes track down my face and neck, and lower. The dress is tasteful, it is winter after all, but there is no hiding my curves or the tops of my breasts that peek out of the low, scoop neckline.

His eyes come back up to my face. He slides a hand out of my hair to brush his thumb across my lip. “Love this little mouth,” he whispers. “So soft. Tastes so fucking good.”

Nash’s touch and the soft gravel in his words sends fire slashing through my lower stomach. I squeeze my thighs together as the pulses of heat track lower, *lower*. He whispers

into my ear, “You’re making me so fucking horny, sweetheart.”

Oh, my god. No one has ever dirty-talked with me before. Admittedly, he is a little intense. But that intensity is also so very exciting. My panties are already soaked and my nipples are achy and tight.

I send my own hand down from the back of his neck, over his rounded shoulder and down his side. Finding the long, hard length of him between his thighs, I stroke him up and down over his pants. God, he’s big. His low groan as I rub my hand over his sex makes me nearly dizzy with the sudden, insatiable *need* to feel him fill me.

“You like that hard cock?” Nash growls out.

“Yes...doctor,” I answer him, teasingly.

“Doctor, hmm?” He gives me a smirk. “Does it turn you on to call me doctor?”

I bite my lip. He’s always so honest, I should be too, yeah?

“Not really,” I admit. “I don’t know why, I’m sure a lot of girls are into that. Not that I’m *not*. I’m into you. I just thought you would like it.”

Good going, Juliska. That’s totally not killing the moment at *all*.

Nash replies by sliding his hands down my sides and then moving them up between my thighs, pushing my dress up over my hips as they ascend. And then says, “I don’t care what any other girls think. Why don’t you call me *daddy*?”

I don't know if it's his words or the hungry, pillowy mouth he latches on to the side of my neck right after he burrs them, but that does it. *Much* better. "Okay, I like that," I say, purring. "*Daddy.*" Oh god it turns me on *so* much just to say it.

"You're turning me on, little girl. Making Daddy hard as a fucking rock."

"Holy shit that's hot."

"I need you to give me your pussy, sweetie. Can you do that for me? Make Daddy feel good with your wet, little pussy..." Nash holds me with one hand as he tortures me with his words, and with his other hand, he slides down his zipper and scoops out his beautiful thickness and my clit suddenly feels enflamed. I can't help but reach down a hand between my thighs and rub the spot where the heat is most concentrated.

"C'mere," Nash, *Daddy*, says, rubbing his cock up and down as I practically hump my hand through my sopping panties. "Let Daddy make that little pussy feel good..."

*Nash*