



Saving Christmas

Holiday Series: Book Ten

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By:

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Saving Christmas

Holiday Series: Book Ten

Christmas Hoffman has the unfortunate luck of having a birthday just days before Christmas, a mother who thinks the perfect present is a hot man to spend the night with, and the man she has been crushing on for years having to come stay with her because not only was she involved in a shooting but now she's on some drug dealer's hit list. And all she can do is hope that next year is going to go better for her than this one... if she even makes it to next year. One thing is for sure, she won't ever be the same after this Christmas.

Heath Phoenix has one Christmas wish this year, and that's to get under his sister's best friend's tree. He's been waiting for Christmas longer than anyone and now that she's old enough to finally be his he's not about to let some criminal keep him from claiming her. He'll just have to perform a miracle and not only save Christmas but make her fall in love with him too.

Settle in, pull the blanket tight, and chase away the chill with this sweet escape. This book is all about delivering you the tropes you love to love: Sister's older brother, close proximity, Christmas romance, hot cop willing to do anything

for his lady, and my favorite...fake relationship! You get it all in Saving Christmas, Book Ten in the Holiday Series, and one that will surely put you on the naughty list if anyone knew... but I won't tell if you don't; so read away.

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Chapter One

Heath

“That’s the only way I am going to get laid.”

What now? The words, said in the soft, sexy drawl of my sister’s best friend, stops me dead in my tracks. I shouldn’t be listening. She’s trying to have a private conversation with my sister.

“No...that’s not true.” My sister tries to argue with her.

“It is. The only way I’ll ever get lucky is if your brother takes pity on me and sets me up with someone he works with. I’m resigned to being nothing more than a pity fuck.”

Pity fuck? A pity fuck? What the hell is going on in this world if a pretty little thing like Chrissy can’t get laid by anything other than a pity fuck? And why are they talking about me setting them up with someone I work with?

“You are so crazy! I would totally fuck you if I blew that way.” The two of them laugh but move off to the other side of the room and through the living room.

I move to stand in the doorway to see if I can catch a glimpse of the girls walking away but they are already gone. All that lingers in the room is the scent of cinnamon and innocence. I think of the woman who just said she would be nothing but a pity fuck for someone. Is she still as innocent as she appears? Probably not. I'm not in denial about what women want and need for themselves nor would I try to be a sexist pig and say it changes my view of her.

Still, thinking of the man who took sweet, innocent little Chrissy's cherry makes me want to go all Neanderthal. It better have been a good experience for her because I am not above hunting the bastard down.

I wait a little while before I follow them into the living room, then naturally gravitate to where Chrissy is standing. I've been noticing my sister's little friend for a couple of years now. I understand it's not right and would never do anything until she was perfectly legal, but she does turn eighteen in just a couple of more hours.

I walk closer to her when I think about asking her if she wants to help me celebrate my recovery and her birthday doing something naughty together as soon as the clock turns twelve. A couple of weeks back, I got shot on the job I was working with my best friend, Quill. Who happens to be eye fucking my little sister. I would say something, but can I really with the way I am over here panting after Chrissy? Will she even want someone who has the kind of job that doesn't always guarantee you'll make it safely home every night?

Shit, maybe I should just leave her alone. And yet I move. It's the reason I am so close when the first sounds of gunfire ring out. It's the only reason I am close enough that I can shove my larger body over hers when I take us both down. I look over at my sister to make sure she's okay. I don't have to

worry about my mother. I'm more than certain my dad will take care of her.

Sure enough, Quill has her under him. I can see his lips moving as he talks to her. It pulls my focus back on the little angel under me. She has her legs wrapped around me so tight. I make sure to cover her head as I whisper into her ear. "Lower your legs, angel. Put them back under me."

She does as I tell her, wrapping her arms around my chest even tighter. Once everything goes quiet, I slowly start to pull away but she stops me. "Heath...oh, my God, you're bleeding." She holds her hand up so that both of us can look at the wet, red stain spread across the palm and fingers of her hand. "I...I think you've been shot again."

Well, damned if that just doesn't suck a bag a dicks.

Chapter Two

Chrissy

I stand right next to Heath. He won't let me go any further. They wanted him to go back to the hospital, but he told them just to stitch him back up in the ambulance, so he didn't have to go. His hand reaches out for mine and I jump. I'm not used to being touched by anyone other than Joy.

She's standing with Quill, Heath's partner. These men don't look like police officers, detectives, or whatever. They have too many tattoos, too many...muscle arms and seem to carry a darkness about them that normal cops don't have. I know from my talks with Joy that Heath works undercover a lot. It's what he was doing when he got shot after all.

I went to see him in the hospital and spent the rest of the day crying my eyes out at how close he came to nearly being killed. It seems I've been in love with this man for as long as I can remember. And up until his time in the hospital several weeks ago, he hasn't given me a second glance...unless he's been teasing me. He started calling me angel when he found out how close to Christmas my birthday is and the fact my full name is Christmas Holly Hoffman. He thought that was the funniest thing he'd ever heard and spent the next two years calling me 'his Christmas angel'. I only recently got him to drop the Christmas part.

Quill walks over with Joy. She looks like I feel - crazy-fast traumatized and still reeling from the fact we've been shot at. That's a thing I never wanted to mark off a bucket list.

"We have to talk."

I don't have to understand a lot about this kind of stuff to realize that's not a good thing. I also pick up on the way Heath stiffens when Quill says it.

"Go stand over there with Joy, baby." Did he just...?

Well, it's finally happened. I thought I was doing okay. I thought I was handling all of this but it turns out I've cracked. Because there is no way Heath Phoenix is calling me baby. I hold my breath waiting for him to say more, but he doesn't call me baby again. Yeah, I have officially lost my marbles.

"Don't go anywhere else. Just over there with Joy. Okay?"

I give him a quick nod and follow Joy. We're standing in front of a police cruiser with its lights still flashing. It's almost hypnotic now - or maybe I'm just crashing after all the excitement and lack of sleep. I glance down at my watch and realize it's after midnight. I guess I'm officially eighteen now. I turn around to speak to Joy but get interrupted.

"Ladies, if you'll just come over here to fill out some paperwork for us..."

Before I can comply and the guy in uniform can finish, Joy is asking questions, "Who are you?"

The man looks thrown off that she would even ask him his name. “Officer Smith, ma’am.” Is it my imagination or did he step even closer to us? “I work with you brother.”

“No.” Both of us look at Joy with a mixture of shock and surprise, but she continues on. “The only person that’s ever worked with my brother besides his training officer is Quill. So I’ll ask you again, who the hell are you?”

The man gives her a strained smile before answering her. I wish I had Joy’s moxy. “I only meant I’m a cop too. Now, come with me.”

The man reaches out and snags me around the wrist and my hackles go up so to speak. Something about this doesn’t feel right. Instead of pulling me towards him, I am stopped by Joy, who has a grip on my other arm.

“Quill!”

Both men snap to attention even if Joy only called out for Quill, their hands on their hips. The grip on my wrist tightens to the point it becomes painful and I cry out in reflex more than anything. I feel him trying to pull me closer to him even as Joy tries to stop him.

“Cover your eyes, baby,” Heath yells out.

I take the opportunity to pull my arm out of the oversized sweater I was in so the man has nothing more than my sleeve and cover my eyes like I’ve been told. Joy releases my hand at about the same time as well, so I put that one over my face too. I hear a loud pop and it sounds like it might have echoed or it might have been both of them shooting at the same time. I can’t be sure.

Before I can lower my hands, arms lift me and cover my eyes as well. The hand shielding my eyes now is a big one. And one I know well. A whisper comes close to my ear that has me jumpier than the threat the fake cop posed.

“No, keep them closed tight, angel.”

I am in an ambulance when I’m finally allowed to look around again. A medic comes up but I’m not hurt. I don’t need medical attention. I am about to jump down to make space in case someone else might need the ambulance when Heath appears beside me. He takes my wrist in his hand and holds it out to the medic. When I look down, I see the bruise forming on my wrist. It’s a painful purple color in the shape of fingers and the sight of it causes a chill to skate up my back. The man that was trying to take me and Joy further away from Heath and Quill left an instabruise behind and a sick feeling churning in my stomach as I watch Heath and the medic check it out.

“We have to split them up?”

“What?!” Even though Joy is the one who says it, I am right there with her not liking the sound of that.

“It would make it easier to watch them.” I turn my eyes back to Heath, who seems to be all for this. It’s probably just them trying to figure out a safe place to take us since Joy and Heath’s house was...turned into swiss cheese.

“You can stay at my house. I mean, it’s plenty big enough and I’m hardly ever there.”

“You’re hardly ever there because you stay here with me all the time, Chrissy.”

“Oh...yeah.” Damn it, I should just keep my mouth shut. I tried to help and just ended up looking stupid.

“No! That works out. We’ll do that. I’ll go with Chrissy back to her place...”

“And I’ll take Joy to my apartment.”

“What?!” We both say it.

I thought they were just going to find one house to put us in and maybe have some guards watch over us while Joy’s mom and dad went somewhere else. I didn’t realize they were talking about splitting ‘us’ up! Joy and I try to argue with them but end up hugging one another before both men put us in separate cars to drive us to different houses.

It’s bad enough that I’m turning eighteen days before Christmas. Now I don’t even have my best friend with me to celebrate it. Worst birthday ever!

Chapter Three

Chrissy

I wake up and check the time. It's late in the afternoon. I must have slept half the day away and all I want to do is roll back over and go back to sleep. I was reading on the couch when I nodded off like a ninny after cowardly telling Heath to pick any bedroom he wanted and to make himself at home.

I check my phone but there are no messages waiting for me. No birthday wishes from Joy or my mom. Joy is probably asleep too. There was a lot of crap we had to go through before they let us go home. If that's what you would call this place. I don't. It's too big, too much like a museum, and too cold for me to be truly at home here ever.

But my mom....? I called and left a message with her at the hotel she was staying at with the boyfriend of the week. I thought maybe she would call to wish me a happy birthday and then I could tell her about my 'friend' staying with me for a few days. Not that she would care. She's always after me to invite people over. Or to throw a party like a 'normal' teen girl.

I make my way up the stone stairs and walk past the closed door to my bedroom. It's the tiniest one here and the one I picked out for myself on purpose. I don't want a bedroom I

can play baseball in. I just want one big enough for all my books. Still, there is a part of me that must be like my mom because I never use the bathroom in my own room, instead using the large one in the room across the hall from mine.

I slip in, not wanting to disrupt Heath's sleep if he chose a room on this side of the house. Sometimes this house echoes and there's no need to wake him up so he can wallow through my misery with me. I roll my eyes and start to undress. This bathroom is my favorite. It has a giant walk-in shower that has no doors, so all you have to do is walk behind the wall the tub is on and to the middle where all the knobs are.

I rush through the necessities like washing my hair and body before I sink down and let the multiple jets of water spray over me and drown out my sadness. I don't besmirch my mother her life. In fact, most times it works out well for both of us since she makes me nervous when she stays for too long and I wear on her nerves. But I can't believe she forgot to call me today.

A noise has me perking up, my attention laser-focused on what it might be. One of the reasons I never really feel comfortable here is because of all the people my mom has coming and going. Maids and cooks and gardeners. Friends of friends that no one really knows the names of. It all wears on my introverted nature and makes me jumpy. You're never sure who might be lurking. Or maybe I've just watched too many crime shows with Joy. Either way, it makes this place feel more like a hotel than an actual home.

The thought of my best friend not being with me makes my heart sink and for a moment I forget the noise. Until I hear it again. I stand up to find out what the hell is going on when I realize I was so sunk in my moroseness that I didn't think to bring a towel.

I blink the water out of my eyes when a form comes around the corner and stops. I squint and lament the fact I don't have my glasses on. And then the figure steps closer and all I can do is gasp out a shocked cry. "OH MY GOD!"

Standing in front of me is...my best friend's older brother! Heath!

"Oh my God!"

And he is completely naked. My eyes drop down before going back up quickly.

Heath is in the shower with me...and he's...hard. Very hard.

My eyes can't help but go back down like a heat-seeking missile. He has the largest dick I have ever seen in my life. Not that I've seen a lot, but me and Joy tried to watch a porn once and he would have put that man to shame. Not that either of us got very far before we were too embarrassed to actually watch the thing... the movie - watch the movie not the...damn my thoughts.

It suddenly hits me that I've been staring for far too long, so I slap my hand over my eyes and then think better of it. It's probably not a good idea to be standing with my eyes covered and my mouth open while I'm naked. Holy shit! I'm naked. I end up settling for putting my hand out over the area his... dick is at so that I am offering myself some sort of sensor if nothing else while trying to cover some of myself.

This would probably be the part of the porn where the man comes in, says something cheesy and the woman drops to her knees to suck him off. Holy wrecked sleigh bells, what is wrong with me! I can't be thinking like this. This whole

situation is beyond embarrassing, and I have to try to think of some way out of it with my dignity attached and not scenarios where the porn music starts up.

And then, before I can think of said solution, my day goes from bad to worse. My name is shouted out so loud it rings off the walls as my eyes grow bigger and bigger and my heart sinks all the way down to the floor. Is this karma for something I did to someone? Or am I just truly that unlucky?

“Christmas! Where is my birthday girl?”

All the blood drains out of my face as reality doesn't just crash into me, it mows me down, “Oh, my fucking Jesus! That's my mom!”

Chapter Four

Heath

She takes off running but I catch her quickly lifting her off her feet. My arms wrap around her so that one covers her breasts and the other drops down to cup her pussy. I pull her in close so that she is all but glued to my front, which is where my cock is. Growing hard as fuck at the sight I was greeted with when I stepped into the shower and saw her naked body through the water and mist.

She lets out the cutest little yelp when she feels my cock nestle in between her soft ass cheeks. She's a tiny little thing and it takes me no effort to hold her in front of my cock so her mother won't see me when she comes in. I don't want anyone but the woman in my arms to ever look at my cock.

I realized she was asleep on the sofa downstairs, so I decided to do some recon. I want to be in the room closest to hers. And to do that I have to find hers. So I start opening doors until I open one and the scent of sweet cinnamon and apples wafts toward me. That's my girl.

I take note of how small her room is. Why is it so damned tiny? I rifle through her dressers and closet, touching all of her things. I pay particular attention to the lace and silk that I find in the top drawer. It has me thinking and before I can stop

myself, I am turning around trying to find her hamper. I start digging through it until I find what I am looking for - a pair of her worn panties.

I bring them up to my nose and have to close my eyes as all the blood rushes from my head to my dick. That's the only explanation I have for why I find my cock in my hand as I hold the scrap of silk to my nose and stand over her bed. I pull the covers back far enough that I can be sure she will lay in them in just the right place and shuffle my hand up and down my ever-growing cock.

The combination of her scent in my nose, the thought of her in this bed rolling around with my cum drying on her skin, and all the little things that make this her room - the stack of books on the nightstand, the pretty frilly things lining the walls, and the barley-there nightgowns I found in her dresser- all make it impossible for me to hold off on shooting a load all over her sheets. It's not one of my proudest moments, but it is something that was inevitable. I want to get Chrissy used to my scent, my presence in her life and if I have to come in here daily and blow a load on her sheets so she is conditioned to wanting me, then so be it.

After I finish, I quietly exit her room and go to the one room that is as close as I am going to get to Chrissy without being in the same bed with her - the room across the hall. I throw my bag in the closet and look around. This one is much bigger than the one Chrissy stays in. It has a big bed covered in gold sheets and a television on one side of the room. On the other is a sliding glass door that leads out onto a balcony.

I look into the bathroom and notice the large tub and the opening for what I suspect is the shower behind it. I shed my clothes quickly, wanting to get back down to Chrissy before she wakes up, but when I come around the corner the shower is already on and in the middle of all the stone and tile is a

vision that stops my heart...and hardens my cock to a painful degree.

In the middle of all the mist and jets of water is... Chrissy. Completely naked. Her little body tensed to run, calling to all of my instincts that have been honed for my profession. The instinct to hunt and stalk rises so strong in me that I have to clench my hands into fists to keep from grabbing her.

And then I hear her name called out by a heavily accented voice. It takes me a little while - because of the angel standing in front of me - before I make out who it is. Chrissy supports my theory by going pale and cussing out the fact her mom is headed our way.

That instinct rises up and I grab her, holding her to me before my next breath. And not a moment too soon, because her mother comes around the side of the wall and pulls up short.

“Oh!” The woman has the knockout curves my girl has but where Chrissy has warm caramel-colored hair, this woman is blonde and has hers piled onto the top of her head in a classy French knot. She smiles broadly at us instead of acting like a normal mother would. My mom would be yelling the house down if she came in and caught me in the shower with Chrissy. Some of that might be because before today Chrissy wasn't old enough to play shower games, but a lot of it stems from my mom thinking of Chrissy as another daughter. “I didn't realize you were entertaining, Christmas.”

Chrissy tenses in my arms. “Chrissy.” She corrects her mom but I'm not certain it's loud enough for anyone but me to hear it over the sound of the water.

I put my mouth to her ear and whisper, “Turn the shower off, angel.”

She takes a second before she tentatively reaches out to do as I tell her. When I grabbed her, her own hands came to cover mine. Now she hesitates, her fingers fluttering before doing what I say. Once the water is turned off, the room becomes uncomfortably quiet. It allows me to pick up on the male voice talking very close by. Chrissy’s mom takes a step back before disappearing around the corner for a fraction of a second.

“Mom?”

She steps back in view, “I guess you won’t be needing my birthday present to you after all, will you dear?”

“You...you got me...,” Chrissy pales again causing the smattering of freckles on her nose to stand out. “Mom...you?”

“Got you a fuck for your big day.” The woman nods so proud of herself. “Yes, I did, honey. Actually, I got you three so you could choose. I mean having your cherry at eighteen? Good gravy, Christmas! What are you holding on to it for anyway?”

She melts into my arms and I’m betting it’s not from anything I’ve done either.

“You were...throwing me a...a...” She doesn’t finish.

“Fuck party! Yes, darling! I was!” The woman seems so happy with herself. “But it would seem you already took care of it. And who do we have here?”

The woman comes closer and holds out her hand to me.

“Um, this is...um,” Chrissy stutters, still stuck on the ridiculousness of the ‘gift’ her mom brought her.

I take pity on her and do the introductions myself. “Heath Phoenix, ma’am. I would offer you a hand but mine are all full currently.”

“Phoenix? Oh,” realization dawns on her face. “Your Joy’s brother. The hot police officer. I can’t believe we’ve never met before now. But I feel like I know you with how Christmas talks about you. She is always going on and on about how brave and strong you are.”

Chrissy whimpers and closes her eyes like she might be trying to wake up from a nightmare.

“Well, I guess I’ll let you two get back to your celebration. Just don’t mind us.” She leans forward to stage whisper to Chrissy. “I’ll entertain the three gentlemen...unless you two want a third?”

Chrissy’s nails sink into my arms as she goes completely stiff in my arms. I fight back the anger and try to remember her mother is trying to do something kind for her daughter. She’s just going at it all the wrong way. “No, we’re alright.” I give her a pinched smile and explain further, “I don’t like to share.”

And I will be the only one to ever teach this angel how good she can feel when the right lover spends the right amount of time with her. The only one - period.

Chapter Five

Chrissy

I wish I could die or at the very least melt through the floor. In one meeting - five minutes - my mom has told my crush that I'm a freakin' virgin, that I talk about him all the time, and that I am so pathetic she has to give me a man to fuck on my birthday. I'm pretty sure I'm going to die of embarrassment anyway, so why not ask to melt into nothingness?

And mom didn't stick around to witness my mortification either. She took off so she could go 'entertain'.

I can't stay like this. I mean I'm hanging from Heath's arms like an old sack of onions. "Can you...um, there's um, a towel." I point to the opening and he goes around the corner to the place a towel should be. Thankfully, one is there. I realize it didn't come from me because I forgot to bring one, so it had to be one he hung there when he came in.

He grabs the towel, finally sitting me down and retracting his arms from me. He wraps the towel around me and then disappears. When he comes back, he's got a towel of his own around his waist. For the life of me, I can't meet his eyes.

"I'm...sorry about all of this."

“Hey,” he takes my face in his hands and tilts my head up so I have to meet his gaze as he puts my glasses on my face. “This is a good thing.” My brows pull together in an outward show of my inner confusion. How the hell is this a ‘good thing’? He walks us to the bed and pulls me down on his lap. He actually nudges the towel up high enough that I can straddle his legs. It feels so odd to be in Heath’s lap. This is not just any man but the man I have been pining over for years.

“I don’t want to wake up to a stranger trying to fuck me and I’m pretty sure you don’t want that either.”

His words take me a second to work through. Is he saying he thinks my mom would try to sneak into his room or...? Would my mom? Or maybe he thinks the ‘party’ downstairs will involve more people - which it very well might by the end of the night - and he doesn’t know who will be coming or going?

I open my mouth to ask for clarification when he knocks me speechless again.

“Your mom thinks we’re together - let’s just let her keep on thinking it.”

“Together?”

He nods. I realize during the shower incident it was alluded to us celebrating my birthday with a good fuck, but surely... that’s not what he thinks my mom actually thinks? How could she? Even if she thinks it, she won’t keep thinking it once she sees the two of us together.

“So, um, how...does...?”

“You’ll have to stay in here with me since your room is too small for the both of us.”

“How do you know...?”

“Joy told me,” he says quickly, interrupting my question even before I finish asking it.

“Oh.” I guess that makes sense since she has been in my room once or twice.

“So get comfortable in your new room. I’m going to go clean up.” He waits for me to give him a nod. He sets me to the side and once I give him his answer, he disappears back into the bathroom. But he pokes his head out again before I can think through what I just agreed to. “Don’t leave the room. I’m pretty sure those ‘friends’ of your mom won’t stop to ask questions if you know what I mean.”

Shit! He’s right. Mom’s version of entertainment gets a little...wild. Still, I look around the room and realization dawns on me. I don’t have any clothes in here. The clothes I had on are in a hamper in the bathroom. And there is no way I am going to go in there and risk Heath thinking I can’t stop looking at him - that I am back trying to invade his space again.

My room is right across the hall, but damn if I get caught in nothing but a towel it could lead to real trouble for me. Thank God, Heath was here on the very day my mom thinks to gift me with the joy of a man. I roll my eyes at the very thought and make up my mind not to go out. Surely I can find

something in here to wear other than a towel. Maybe Mom left a robe in here at one time.

I go to the closet and look down at the duffle bag sitting there. It must be Heath's as it's the only thing in the closet besides a couple of empty hangers. Shit. I take a drawn-out pause and then unzip the bag. He did tell me not to leave. And I can't stay in a wet towel and wait for him to usher me across the freaking hall.

I end up 'borrowing' one of Heath's shirts that has the word POLICE across the front of it. It's soft as butter and hangs down to my knees. I crawl into the big bed covered in bright gold. It looks like a Christmas present blew up and left gold lamé on the bed. But then that's my mom - she loves everything Christmas and the fact I was almost born on Christmas just thrilled her to no end. Almost every room in the house is covered in gold or silver or red or green or frosty blue with the exception of mine, of course.

Maybe it's a rebellion thing, but I decorated my room in black. Almost everything in my room is either black or Halloween-themed. My way of taking some control over a parade of seasonal cheer that I don't always feel. In fact, I am less than cheerful right now considering how my evening just went.

Chapter Six

Heath

When I come out, I don't expect to see Chrissy spread out across the bed dressed in one of my old police shirts. I half thought I might have to hunt her down and bring her back here. I spent the entire shower trying to rid myself of this perma-hardon I seem to be carrying around. The thought of her small, sweet body pressed against mine was enough to do it. Add to that the fact that my hand smelled of ripe pussy where I touched her between her legs and I couldn't get the damned thing to go down. I got to touch the holy land, so to speak. The end goal. I had my hand on Chrissy Hoffman's pussy. And she's eighteen.

I had to think fast when she asked me how I knew her room was the small one. I wasn't about to tell her I searched for her room and left some of myself in there. Then she wouldn't have been comfortable enough with me to stay tonight.

Now I come in and the moment I see her, my dick's hard again. The sight of her in my shirt, one of her legs up so she is giving me just the barest hint of her tight little pussy, has me clenching my fists again. It happens to be the prettiest pussy I have ever laid my eyes on. I couldn't pull my eyes away from that sight if I tried. How does something get so pretty? Why has no one stepped up and claimed this little thing? It can't be because of her age? There are a lot of guys out there who don't

have the morals I do, so age wouldn't necessarily stop one of them - especially if they were the same age as Chrissy.

I move closer and try to scoot her over so I can slide in beside her. She needs her rest, and I don't want to be the reason she doesn't get it. But she flips over even more and shows off the round swell of her bare ass and even more of her plump pretty pussy peeking out between her thighs. God's trying to punish me because I thought of her before she was legal. It's the only reason I can come up with for being tested like this.

“God damn!”

It's not going to get any better than it is right now. I give up and crawl into bed with her, pulling her close to me. Surely, the towel and my shirt are enough barriers to keep us from having a slip in the middle of the night. Or maybe I'm not all broken up over the thought of accidentally winding up dick deep in my little angel. Maybe that thought doesn't bother me at all.

I'm not lying flat for longer than a second when Chrissy rolls and throws her legs over me, scooting even closer to me than I had her. I'm going to hell holding this little bit of heaven closer to me, but what a way to fucking go. Nothing can compare to the adrenaline of holding Chrissy to me and knowing she's mine - if just for a night. Not that I plan to keep it at just a night. I plan to have this for the rest of my life. I never want there to be a night we don't have one another in our arms now that we've been like this.

At some point during the night, I must lose the towel because when I wake up in the morning not only are we pushed tight together, we are cock to pussy. And Chrissy's pussy feels magnificent. My first thought is to wonder if I

maybe died in my sleep and if this is what heaven is. Followed by the next thought - surely they wouldn't let someone with such a dirty mind in because all I want to do is defile this little angel. My hips buck like it's second nature when offered something like this up for my pleasure.

“Oh God!” Chrissy moans, still asleep. She's so warm and soft. “S'good.”

“Mmm, yes, it is.” I rub her back and delight in the fact my hand somehow wound up underneath her shirt. And I'm able to touch her like this. I'm not sure what I did last night, or who I had to bribe to have it but I am certain I want to wake up like this every morning.

She stiffens and I can tell she is fully awake finally. “Oh my God!”

She sits upright as the door opens and a soft knock comes at the same time. I stop her before she can dismount, careful to pull the shirt she's in down low enough that none of her is showing. By the time both of us are looking at the door, Chrissy's mom comes into the room without waiting to be invited in.

“Oh, I've interrupted again! My, my, you all are going at it like bunnies!” She giggles. She looks as flawless as always, fully dressed and immaculately put together. I cup Chrissy's ass in my hands and hope she is situated so everything is covered well enough. “You know, Christmas...”

“Chrissy, mom, Chrissy.”

The woman waves the name suggestion away with a soft smile. “You should see Dr. Long about birth control or you're

going to be knocked up in no time. Hopefully, the two of you are using the proper protection until then. I can take you...,”

I interrupt when Chrissy stiffens up on top of me and her cheeks go bright red. “We’ll take care of it.”

The smile melts off her mother’s face and she narrows her eyes at me, “Oh really?”

“Yeah!” I don’t waver from her stare. “I’ll take care of her!”

She maintains the gaze until she sees what she wants. Then her smile returns, this one much happier than the one she wore when she came in. This time it’s a real one and not a fake one. “Excellent. Then I’ll let the two of you get back to it.”

She gives us a wink before closing the door behind her. Chrissy collapses on my chest. Her voice comes to me as nothing more than a mumble. “Why can’t she just come in and shoot me? It would be less painful.”

I chuckle and wrap my arms around her. “She loves you.”

“Oh yeah, I can tell. The men as gifts, the constant harassment over my name, and now she thinks....ugh.”

I can’t help but chuckle at the woman in my arms as she rolls her forehead back and forth on my chest, “I can read people. She came in because she was worried about you.”

She sits up. “Really?”

I nod, wondering if she realizes I have a whole handful of her sweet ass. Or the fact that my cock is the thing nestled between her thighs right now.

“She loved my father. She said they during a show in Vegas and it was Christmas. She said they rushed off to get married because they couldn’t think about waiting another second.” Chrissy seems so wistful as she talks about her mom and dad. “One year later, I came along but...Dad was gone. He never got to see me. I think my mom’s heart broke the day my dad died and even I wasn’t enough to heal it back again.”

My heart aches for the girl Chrissy used to be and the family that never was. But at the same time, I can’t allow this angel to think she isn’t enough when she is everything. I sit up so I can hold her to me and talk to her better. “Sometimes when someone hurts so badly, they feel like they can’t be around those they really love because of how heavy their burden is. They don’t want to pull them down with their grief when it’s theirs to carry - even if sharing it might make it better for everyone involved.” I look at her and trace my finger over her cheek. “Sometimes they keep it locked inside to protect those they love.”

“So it’s done out of a misguided sense of love?” I nod, listening to the crack in her voice as she thinks about what I said, “Maybe.”

I scoot us to the edge of the bed and kiss her softly. At least, it’s meant as a quick pop kiss that would take her mind off things, but once my mouth is on hers, I have to take another taste and then another. The first kiss takes her by surprise, the next one finds her kissing me back and the last one changes things for both of us.

This kiss is the one where she tilts her head just right and I finally convince her to open her mouth for me so that I can explore her sweet cavern. I moan out before taking the kiss further, deeper. Her kisses are addictive, her mouth tastes like honey, and having her sweet body in my hands has made me hard as fuck! She has to be able to feel my cock. Is she so innocent she doesn't understand? Does she not realize what she does to a man?

I get my answer when I hear her gasp. She pulls her mouth away from mine but her body freezes where she is sitting. "Is that your...? Is that...?"

I don't know whether to laugh or cry. She kills me a little more when she wiggles on top of it, spreading all of her heat against me. "Yeah. It is."

"Are you alright? Are you hurting? Is it your wounds?" She tries to wiggle off my lap but I hold her down and try to breathe through it.

"Why do you ask?"

"You sound...hurt."

"Oh God, give me strength."

She tries again to stand up. "Let me up. If you're hurt, if I'm hurting you, we have to..."

"The only thing you are hurting is my cock, angel. And the only way you are going to help me is by putting it in you."

I watch as her eyes widen and her sexy mouth falls open. I stand and slowly allow her feet to finally touch the ground, but I don't let her go. "Now come help me re-bandage this shoulder where the stitch pulled."

"O...okay."

Once I have her consent I stand and rifle through my bag to find underwear while she looks everywhere but at my nudity. I take her by the hand and walk her into the bathroom when I tell her about what I have to do for the day.

"My captain called and told me he has something important to talk to me and Quill about today." I feel her anxiety over her thinking I might leave her. "I have a friend coming over to watch you for me while I'm gone."

"A friend?"

I nod, "She's someone I can trust so don't worry or be scared. She'll protect you with her life."

"She?"

"She's the little sister of one of the guys working homicide with me and Quill. She's a little older than you and is driving her brother nuts because she wants to join the force and he doesn't want her to."

She doesn't say anything else as she waits for me to lay out all of the things she'll need to help me. I wonder if I should tell her I plan to take a shower before re-bandaging my wound or if I should just go for it so she doesn't have the chance to tell me no.

I think I'm going to just go for it!

Chapter Seven

Chrissy

I try to refocus back on the book I am reading. I've probably read the same page ten times and couldn't tell you what was going on with any of the characters. I've tried to tell myself that Heath isn't mine. He isn't mine to worry about, or to wonder where he is, or to wonder about the relationship he has with the woman he sent to watch over me. Are they more than friends?

He mentioned her brother, but that doesn't mean the two of them weren't in a relationship. She's...fucking awesome. I wanted to hate her because of her connection to Heath but I couldn't. She is too nice, too sweet, just too much. And so easy to talk to, even my introverted ass can carry a conversation on with her. She wants to be a cop like her father and her big brother but they are giving her a lot of shit about it. Her world seems so...normal. Her name is even normal, Callie. Not something out there like Christmas.

Not that she thought it was abnormal. She loved it when Heath introduced us. Again...so nice I can't hate her. In fact, the two of us are curled up on the couch reading when Heath gets back from his meeting. She is quick to say bye - after we've exchanged numbers so we can text back and forth about a book we both want to read - leaving me and Heath alone. Is

it because it hurts to be in the same room with him now that the two of them aren't together?

Oh my God, are they still together? Am I the bad guy? The one he's 'cheating' with? Before I can suss out my latest theory about Heath and Callie, he is pulling the book out of my hands and reads one of the scenes out loud.

My cheeks go red and heat spreads across not just my face but my upper chest as well. Why the hell did I have to stall out on the part of the book that starts the sex scene? Heath looks at me after reading a little bit.

“Are you reading dirty stuff, Christmas Hoffman?”

I blush hard and make a grab for the book. “Let me have it, Heath? Give it back?”

Instead of handing the book over to me, he starts reading out loud again. “He pulls her into his arms and kisses her mouth violently...Whoa, why violently? Can't it be passionately? Violent sounds...wrong.”

“Heath!”

“His hand wraps around her throat as he pushes her back against the wall. She knew it was wrong to be turned on by her kidnapper but she couldn't seem to stop herself from getting wetter and wetter. She looks into his eyes and realizes...he knows it too.”

I sit down on the couch and cover my face with my hands, trying to hide from this embarrassment. He's never done this before. Never taken our books and started reading the naughty

parts. His sister reads them too. Hell, we share and swap books back and forth all the time. He's never done this to her when I was over at their house. So why is he doing it to me?

“What the hell, Chrissy? Why would you read this? I feel like I should put out an APB on this guy and do a welfare check on the main character. Kidnapping? Is that what women want?”

“It's not like that,” I say quickly, going from embarrassed girl to impassioned reader in seconds.

He reads a little more, “This guy is a first-class stalker, Chrissy.”

“It's a fantasy. We don't really want that in real life, it's just fun to pretend. To think about the fantasy.” My heart beats faster as I think about some of the things I've read about. Some of them I do want, and some of them I wouldn't mind trying at least once. But Heath doesn't need to know that.

“You all fantasize about being attacked?” He looks really worried now.

I jump up and take the book from him. “No! It's...it's not like that.” I search for the right words to make him understand why so many women like reading naughty books. It's important to me that he understands. “It's about...trust. The fantasy is that we can have someone we trust enough to do all those...naughty things to us but would stop the second we ask them to. It's about trusting them to love you enough to...not hurt you.”

“Really? Trust?” I look up and realize he has gotten a lot closer than he was before. “And do you trust me, Chrissy?”

“Of course I trust you...” I realize what I am saying before I can stop myself. Given what we were just talking about my answer is...telling. I try to think of a way to talk myself out of this without him finding out how much I’ve been crushing on him. And I’m coming up empty.

“Really? Then can I ask you a question? A personal question?” he moves even closer to me and I find the couch at the back of my calves. Without anywhere else to go, I topple back down on the couch. I’m stunned when he doesn’t back up but instead leans in, over me.

“Um, sure.”

His stare drops to my lips and the memory of this morning’s kisses comes floating back to me. Why would he kiss me if he’s with Callie? Should I be pissed for her? Angry for myself? Does that mean it’s over between the two of them?

“Who did you shave your pussy for?”

His question mentally knocks me back. Did he just...? “I’m sorry, what?”

“I noticed yesterday, in the shower, that you have your sweet little pussy bare,” his hand lands on my knee before he trails it up higher and higher on my thigh, “and I want to know...who did you shave your pussy for?”

I try to wrangle my thoughts. Why did I wear a skirt? Is he making fun of me because of the stuff I read? I lick my lips and notice his eyes focus in on the action. “I...um, didn’t shave it for anyone. We waxed so when we took that girls’ trip

to the beach we wouldn't have to worry about...me, I did it for me."

His hand is resting high on my thigh now as he breaks out grinning. Does he really want to the answer or is it a joke?

"I, um, like the way it feels."

"Hmm, so do I."

His words make my cheeks flame up again as he brings back memories of where his hands were when my mom came in and found both of us in the shower. He surprises me by going to his knees and pulling my thighs open wide. A gasp falls out as I try to put my hand in between my legs so he can't look up my skirt.

He rolls his head to the side so he is laying on my knee. The stubble on his cheek brushes against the sensitive skin of my inner thigh as he nuzzles into me. He runs his hands up the outside of my thighs all the way up so he can curl his fingers around my ass. I am torn about this fucking skirt, wondering why I wore it and applauding myself for doing it at the same time.

"I...are you with Callie?" Way to just blurt it out with no build-up or lead-in questions, idiot. "Because, um, I don't want to be toyed with and my mom was right, I'm a virgin and...Lord, I just used the word mom in the same sentence that I'm talking about my virginity. I'm going to shut the hell up now."

I slam my mouth shut and pray that this is all a dream... okay, a nightmare. This is the part of the nightmare where he

pulls back and starts laughing at me for being so stupid. But he doesn't do that. Instead, he looks offended and confused.

“What the hell? Why would you think I'm with someone when I'm sitting here trying to talk you into letting me put my mouth on that sweet thing?”

“What?” he was what now? “I just...”

“You think I would send someone to watch over you if I had a relationship with them? That I would sleep with you like we did last night when I was with another woman?”

“I...I realize...men, do it. Women too. It's not a strange thing for people to have other...companions. More than one lover.”

He pulls me to the couch's edge and looks me in the eyes. He has the brightest blue eyes I have ever seen. “I wouldn't be down here taking my taste of your pussy if someone were waiting on me to come to them. This isn't a game to me either, Chrissy. I wouldn't touch a woman unless I were serious about it. That's not the type of man I am.”

“You're...um, serious about...,” I use my finger to point between him and me to show him what I mean.

Instead of answering me, he chuckles. “Yeah. I'm serious, fucking dead serious.” He tugs on me so that I am slouched back on the couch.

“Heath, what are you doing?”

“Eating your sweet pussy, angel.”

He lowers his head and runs his nose up the side of my thigh. I yelp and try to squirm away but he won't let me get away from him. He puts his arm over my hips so he can keep me down as he flips up my skirt. He's got my panties off in no time and moves my legs over his shoulders so he can get to what he's after - my pussy.

At the first touch of his mouth on me, I jolt and slam my hands over my mouth, so I don't scream out. The last thing I want is for my mom to walk in with Heath going down on me. Are your eyes supposed to roll in the back of your head when someone does this? Because mine are. Holy cow, Heath is really good at this whole eating thing.

He uses his tongue like a snake, flicking it out and batting at my clit offering me the barest hint of touch until I think I might break and demand that he use more pressure. And then he attacks, using that pressure I was going to ask for to push his tongue through my center and tongue fuck my aching nub before going back and rimming the edge of my opening.

Thank God he's holding my hips down or I would totally be riding his face right about now. Why did no one tell me it would feel like this? He goes back to my clit and stares up at me with those electric eyes so my whole world becomes focused on them and what he's doing to me. My thighs start to tremble as my whole body tightens and I push my head back in the cushions of the couch at the same time I push my pussy into his mouth.

His hand comes up to cover my mouth because both of mine are holding on for dear life to the couch as I scream out my orgasm and contract every muscle I have connected to my pussy. Everything pulses and throbs as heat and this sensation

of flying take over my body. Heath doesn't stop once I collapse back on the sofa though. He just keeps chasing my release until I'm falling into another and moving my hips in ways I never even knew my hips could move.

And then my world crashes down on me!

Chapter Eight

Heath

“Whoa! My bad!” I hear Callie call from the doorway and look over the couch to see her quickly turning and bringing her hand to her eyes like even though she’s turned around she might still see something if she doesn’t cover them.

Chrissy lets out a little yelp before jumping up off the couch, which is pretty surprising when you think about the fact her legs were wrapped around my head just seconds ago. “Oh...,” she looks around like she might be searching for the right word because it’s hiding in the room, “shit!”

She’s the cutest thing I have ever seen. And the tastiest thing I have put my mouth on...ever. I sit back and look up at her. She looks like she’s going to run. And I can’t let that happen. I stand to my full height and pull her close to me. “This isn’t over, Angel. Just to be continued.”

I lick my mouth and her eyes fly to where my tongue is cleaning what is left of her sweet cream off my lips. She gasps and quickly raises her eyes to mine. Oh yeah, she realizes exactly what I’m savoring.

“You need something, Callie?” I say it but I don’t take my eyes off Chrissy.

“Um, yeah. I mean I don’t want to be scarred again, but I also really need you to know about this so...,”

“About what?”

I turn my attention reluctantly to Callie, who comes in holding an envelope with my name scrawled across it. There is just one short sheet of paper but when I’m finished reading it I’m completely thrown off and moving before I can think.

“We have to go!”

“What?”

“Come on, Angel. We have to move.”

I bundle her into a coat and have her in my car on the way to Quill’s in less than five minutes flat. The ride over is quiet, a thousand possibilities swirling through my head. What the absolute hell? When I knock on Quill’s door, Chrissy finally turns and whispers to me.

“Where’s my underwear, Heath?”

She’s nibbled her lips red, worrying about this. Guilt hits me hard. Damn it, I should have taken care of her before any of this shit got in my way. I turn and put my hand in my pocket pulling out the small scrap of lace only enough so she can be very certain her panties aren’t something she needs to be worried about.

“Oh.” Her little mouth drops into a perfect ‘o’. And then the door is opening for us. We don’t stay very long but I can tell how happy seeing Joy makes Chrissy.

I note the conversation the two are having over tea flavors and store the information away for later. I want to know everything about Chrissy. From her favorite tea flavors to the position she finds the most comfortable to sleep in, I want to know it all.

I try to focus on what needs to be focused on but I find it hard when Chrissy is sitting mere feet away from me in a skirt with no panties underneath...because they’re in my pocket. And the flavor of her still lingers on my tongue and clouds my mind with visions of her looking down at me as I offer her nothing but pleasure.

She might as well be a fucking queen and I’m her lowly servant because all she would have to do is curl her finger my way and tell me to hit my knees...and I would, for her. And yet she’s not aware of this power she has over me. She doesn’t try to abuse it and that...is even sexier.

I turn my attention back to Quill, who is reading the letter. I think back over what the damned thing said and still try to come up with something that makes sense.

Dear Mr. Phoenix,

I am sorry I shot you...twice. It has come to my attention that I have not always been a very good man and have gallons of blood on my hands. But if anything, I believe in the power of redemption...and the power of love. Love. It has changed me. I have become something other than the heartless businessman I have been. And it is all because of love. In short, and so this doesn’t sound like a Hallmark movie of the week, I am in love.

So I am sorry for the way I shot you...twice and am hoping you take this apology for the sincerity with which it is given.

Remember: Love is the strongest power on Earth. It can do anything.

Yours (to a degree),

The Falcon

“Is it a trap?” Quill’s first thought was the same as mine. One of the reasons I hustled Chrissy out of there. They delivered this to Chrissy’s house so they’re aware of where I am, but more alarmingly, they know where Chrissy is. I’m never leaving her alone again. I’m going to be on her morning, noon, and night. Not that the plan wasn’t in my head before I got this little love note from the fucking guy who shot me.

“Beats the fuck out of me, man. But I don’t like it.”

“Nothing changes. We still treat the situation the same and keep the girls with us at all times.”

I look over at Chrissy and my sister. Am I leaving my sister with the right man? I trust Quill with my life...but can I trust him with my sister? I see the way he looks at her, the way he watches her from across the room. It’s the same way I stare at Chrissy. The same naked yearning leaking from him that comes from me. But what choice do I have? I realize I’m being a hypocrite, but damn it, that’s my sister my best friend is drooling over.

Before we leave, I give him a look that clearly tells him I will fuck him up if he does something to my sister. As soon as

the door is shut and we make it to the car, Chrissy is turning to me with big worried eyes.

“Your sister thinks we’ve slept together.”

“She’s not wrong.” The words are out of my mouth before I can think better of it.

“No, not like we did last night. She thinks we’re...fucking.” She whispers the last word and it’s too fucking cute. It’s not like anyone else is in the car with us. She doesn’t have to lower her voice, but because it’s a naughty word she does - and I love it.

“Well,” I leave it hanging out there left unsaid.

“Heath, this is serious. Do you think she...um, knew you...?”

“Ate your sweet as fuck pussy?” She gasps and stares at me with rounded eyes. “Brought you to the peak with my tongue? Licked up all the cream you made me and went back for more? Or were you talking about something else, angel?”

Her little mouth is hanging open now and I can’t pass up the opportunity to grab her and kiss the fuck out of her. If not for our seatbelts, I would have her sitting in my lap and we would be doing a lot more than just kissing. I jerk the car in drive and take the quickest way back to Chrissy’s. All the thoughts in my head end in one ultimate fact - I have to get her home!

Everything I want to do to Chrissy I can do when I have her safely behind the guest room door and she’s safely in my bed. I pull up and all but yank her into the house and come to an

abrupt stop. There are so many people crowded in the house it looks like someone is giving away free coffee or some shit. Before I can steer us to the stairs, Chrissy's mom is coming towards us. Her dress barely covers the tops of her thighs, is made of fur and she's wearing a Santa hat with mistletoe on the ball of it.

“Hi guys, I hope you don't mind. I'm throwing a little Christmas party.”

“Who are all these people?” Chrissy looks upset and confused as she takes in the mass of people dancing in the living room. I would worry about security, but half of the people here aren't old enough to spell Falcon let alone work for him.

“Friends,” Noel says it like it's the most natural thing in the world to have a shit ton of people half dressed in your living room and...I think one of them is using the Christmas tree as a stripper pole. And he's good at it. No way he's not a pro.

“Is that John - from school?” Chrissy looks even more appalled as her mother waves said shirtless man over as the candy stripper in the back keeps twirling.

“It turns out he has a birthday a couple of days before Christmas too. Isn't that so scrumptious? He's legal.”

“Hey Chrissy.” I stiffen and talk myself out of reaching for my gun as the kid in question talks to my girl. I might not be able to shoot him, but I can tell him who Chrissy belongs to without ever saying a word.

“John?” Chrissy turns more toward me like she might want to hide. I pull her closer. I'll always be her place of safety,

even if it is from embarrassment.

“Your mom...she’s...amazing.”

I hear Chrissy mumble under her breath, “Oh God.” And I start to relax. This kid isn’t going to try to take my angel away. He’s too wrapped up in the package Noel is presenting him. He never takes his eyes off her. And Noel is eating it up. My cop senses start to tingle and I wonder if this might actually be...love. Not that I can say a thing about the age difference because my little angel was worth waiting for and I’m certain of what I feel for her.

I give Noel a smirk and she grins back with a wink. “Go make my Christmas happy.”

“Mooooommm.”

I start to chuckle as I bend to swoop Christmas off her feet and over my shoulder. She lets out a surprised squeal as she holds onto the back of my shirt tightly. By the end of the night, I plan to make Christmas more than just happy - although I plan to keep her that way all the time too. I plan to make Christmas mine.

Chapter Nine

Chrissy

My world has been upended by Heath throwing me over his shoulder and taking the stairs two at a time. We get into the room and he doesn't just set me down, he drops me...on the bed. I bounce when I land. He reaches behind him and pulls his shirt over his head with one hand while his eyes burn into mine. I am pinned to the bed by those eyes.

It takes me a full minute to realize my skirt bunched up when I fell...and I don't have underwear on. It is actually Heath that reminds me when his eyes drop and turn hotter. "Oh crap."

I start to reach for the hem to pull it down but he snatches my wrist and stops me. "No. I want to see. You mentioned liking the way it feels, being shaved. What is it like when I kiss it? Can you feel it better?"

I open my mouth to speak but then shut it and offer him a nod instead. Not that I would be able to tell him what it feels like any other way. He pushes my knees apart and stares down. I start to rise up but he pins me once again with those eyes. "Let me look."

"I...but...um, okay."

I have to shut my eyes because I can't watch him look down at my pussy and hold still. I can tell my cheeks are bright red. I jerk them open when his touch brushes against the center of me. "So soft. Like the petals of a flower." He brings his finger to his mouth and sucks it clean. "Sweet too."

"Heath..." I whisper his name. It comes out all trembly and unsure. I can hear the uncertainty in my voice.

"Shh, I wasn't lying when I told your mom I would take care of you." He turns his wrist so his touch is centered on my clit. He keeps the pressure just right as he builds me up until I'm ready to explode from his touch. "Such a pretty little pussy."

All I can give him as a reply is a moan that gets swallowed up by a gasp as I feel something touch the outside of my opening.

"First time I saw this little pussy I knew...I knew I was going to make it mine."

I'm so caught up in the sensations he's giving me that it takes me longer to realize he's taken himself out of his jeans. "Oh my God, is...is it...?"

"Shh, just let me put a little in, angel. Just let me have a little taste of heaven."

His hand leaves his cock and comes up to undo the oversized buttons that hold my sweater closed. He pulls back the edges so he can stare down at the white bra I have on underneath.

He pushes in just enough so that I'm aware he's there but not enough that he's actually causing any pain or stretching. Still, just knowing he's there causes my body to shiver and grow more taunt. His hand comes away from my clit long enough to pull the cups of my bra down so he can take my breasts in both of his hands. The sensation of him touching my hardening nipples causes me to gasp.

Something stirs in my belly when his fingers start playing with the hard peaks. "Mmm, oh," I start to move my hips but he holds me down.

"No. You can't move, little one. It will cause me to go in too far." He pushes just a little but gives me a stern look. "So we have to be careful and still, right angel."

I nod even though I don't feel like being careful. Or still. His hands come back to my breasts and play there some more. He lowers his head so that his breath fans out across my chest. He runs his tongue down the center between both mounds before he crests one of them to engulf me. His warm, wet tongue laves at my achy nipple and causes me to moan and press my hips down.

His other hand, the one not playing with my boob along with his mouth, goes to my clit again. "Oh God! Oh Heath! I don't...I don't think I can hold on any longer. I don't think I can be still."

I rock my hips up and feel him slip inside of me more fully. I become micro-aware, feeling the broad head of his dick pop inside. "Shit...shit! Chrissy!" He says it with a moan but also as a warning. He moves his hips a little but doesn't take his cock out of me. "Ah fuck, angel."

Warmth spreads inside of me. Heath has laid his head between my breasts and is working the one in his hand in a half massage-half squeeze. “Did...did you just...?”

Surely I’m wrong. “Oh yeah, I came. I came all over that soft little pussy.”

“Heath, you’re...still hard. I thought...”

“Yeah, but how the hell am I supposed to go down when I can still feel your soft body tightening around me? We just need to be still. Just for a moment.”

His thumb has been thrumming my clit this entire time. It feels too good and I find myself working my hips up and down to chase down the pleasure. His mouth lands on mine and he kisses me even as I use the heels of my feet to push up and into him.

“Fuck!” He says it while still pressing his lips to mine as I have a baby orgasm. It starts out as a surprise and courses through my body in long, slow waves. The whole thing causes Heath to tense up around me tightly and curse more. “Sweet fucking Hell woman! You’re making me cum again!”

His words send a shiver through me and both of us move toward one another. He slips in deeper.

“Ah fuck it, angel. I’m going to hell either way for taking such a sweet creature. I might as well enjoy the ride, right?”

He pushes more against me and slips slowly inside until he comes up against the barrier buried deep within my body. “Oh

god damn, baby. I can feel it. I didn't know if I would be able to but I do. Oh God, angel, I'm so sorry."

I open my mouth to ask him what he has to be sorry about, but his strong thrust forward takes my breath away. Pain flares inside of me, and the heat from it flows outward and coats me. Or maybe that's Heath. He slumps forward and buries his head in my neck. It takes me a second to realize what he was even talking about when he said he could feel it.

Heat rushes down my neck and flushes out over the tops of my breasts. I am blushing so hard at the very idea that he could feel something so...intimate. That he didn't have a problem sharing it with me makes it even more....sexy. I start to wiggle my hips at the idea of him being able to feel the moment he took away my innocence and made me his. And the fact that he's buried so deep inside of me also adds to that mix of heat and pleasure and ache that centers around the place he is currently resting.

"You alright, Angel?" His thumb goes back to working my clit and the only answer I can give him is a stilted moan as the peak of my climax rushes back up to me. "I'll take care of you. I'll make it feel good, angel. I promise. I'm going to have you addicted to my cock just like I'm addicted to this sweet, little pussy you saved just for me."

He rocks into me and my eyes widen at the movement. I become aware of the fact that I must have sunk my nails into his back when he broke my hymen because I sink them even further in now. He kisses up my neck and across my cheek until he comes to my mouth. The kiss he gives me is different. It's not like the other kisses. This one lets me know he is in every part of me. He's inside of me and I'll never be able to get him out.

His hips pick up speed as mine find the same rhythm so that I can encourage him to do more of those deep thrusts that hit just right. His mouth leaves mine so he can find my nipples but comes back to my mouth quickly. It's like he needs my kisses like air. He never goes too far away without coming back for more. I can't keep still though. My hips seem to have a mind of their own as they move into him and I climb higher and higher.

“Yes, God, please don't stop, Heath. Please don't stop!” If he stops I think I might have to hurt him. It's that good. I'm that close to reaching the next level of pleasure. I tense around him and realize he can tell how close I am.

“That's it, angel. That's it. Squeeze that pussy up for me nice and tight. Make me cum again, Chrissy. Make me cum again with that tight pussy.” Holy shit, Heath's dirty talk is really good. And I do exactly what he says, feeling myself grow so tight I'm afraid I'm going to break. My thighs shake and my fucking toes are curled - like legitimately curled.

“Heath!” It's the last word I get out before my world breaks and pleasure rushes over me like warm water. Muscles contract and milk his cock like I'm trying to suck every last drop of cum out of him I can as I arch into him.

It takes several minutes before all of my faculties come back to me and I can see and hear again...yes, it was just that good. I shouldn't be so calm or so at peace but I am. For now, all is right with the world and I can let everything go so that the warm feeling of floating can continue and take me into sleep. Tomorrow is for worry and doubt and I'm sure I will have enough of it to go around. Tonight is for Heath and me.

Chapter Ten

Chrissy

As expected, I wake to a flood of worry but it is quickly driven away by the feeling of Heath kissing me between my legs. In fact, I don't have time to think about much of anything other than him and all he is making me feel. The warm, wet kisses and the trail his tongue makes up to my clit before he nibbles on it makes my orgasm happen almost as soon as my eyes are opened and before I can so much as speak his name.

He comes up over me and slides in...or at least he tries to slide in. I'm still really tight or he's really large...or both. His hands caress my outer thigh and he pulls my leg up higher on his hip as he rocks into me with long, sure thrusts. It doesn't take him long before I am falling into my next climax and feeling him spurt his own release inside of me.

After I come back to myself, I realize my ass is cushioned on a pillow that has my hips tilted slightly upward. What the fuck? Don't get me wrong, it felt magnificent, but why am I balancing on a pillow first thing in the morning?

"Um, Heath?" This man has been inside of me. I don't think being coy is going to get me anywhere. "What's with the pillow?"

I try to roll off of it but he keeps me where I am by putting his hands on my hips and pinning me to the bed.

“I was looking up some stuff last night when you went to bed.”

“You mean, in between waking me up that one time?”

“Yeah. You need to have your hips tilted like this.”

My confusion grows and my brows draw down in what I assume must look like a grumpy face. “What...do...you...mean I have to be tilted? To do what?”

“To help my little swimmers go to the right place.”

His words make me sit up and take my words away. It takes me a minute to find them. “What?”

“According to Google, it helps you get pregnant faster.”

“What!?” I sit up this time because I’ve fallen off the pillow. It doesn’t help that a mixture of me and him leak out of me and run down my inner thigh. “This...all seems...I’m not sure how to take this. Oh my God, we could already be...there is so much cum.”

I reach out to him and he takes my hand but doesn’t stop there. He pulls me over to him so that I am sitting in his lap. “I told you – I’ll take care of you.”

“But, Heath...we can’t just...,” I drop my voice, “have a baby. That’s...a big step and we haven’t...we just started...I

don't even know what this is.”

I'm stupid, that's what it is. I'm close to crying. He takes my face in his palms and tilts my head up so I have to look into his eyes. “Baby, men like me don't do things like we did last night and not have it mean exactly what it is. I'm marrying you. I'm going to make you my wife because you're already the center of my world. And I want that to include having babies together. I want little walking representations of you and me and the love we share. I want a life with you.”

He's going way too fast. “You...want to marry me?”

“Fuck yes. I want to make you mine in every way I can. And I want to be yours in every way. After we dress, I need to go talk to Quill about some stuff. Will you come with me?”

“Of course.”

“Good because I can't do undercover work with you and a baby on the way. I have this idea. It might be crazy, but I think Quill and I can make it work.” “You're not going to do that anymore? But you love doing it.”

“I love you more and if something happened like what happened the last time, I couldn't be okay with putting you through that, with leaving you. It was time for a change and you gave me the inspiration to make that change. So never think that you 'made' me do something I didn't already want to do or haven't thought about all the way through.” He seals his word with a kiss before moving both of us into the bathroom.

He helps me dress because I am still in my stunned state. I'm still trying to come to terms with what is going on when

Quill opens the door. And all hell breaks loose. Heath and Quill start wrestling around, with Heath hitting Quill two or three times. I'm so stunned that Heath has gone from happy-go-lucky to full-on brawler in seconds flat that it takes me a little while to realize my best friend is sitting up in bed holding a sheet to what looks like her naked body and suddenly everything makes complete sense.

“You lying son of a bitch, you've been sleeping with my sister! You fucked my sister!”

“Your sister - my woman.”

I feel my eyes tear up at Quill's words. My heart fills with happiness for my friend. But then both the Phoenix siblings ask Quill to explain and, instead of speaking up the way Heath did for me, Quill pauses. I can see the hurt move across my best friend's face and I feel her pain like it's my own. I just want to go to Quill and shake him.

I can tell he loves her. I know it. He put up a freakin' Christmas tree for her after all. He pretty much let her take over his home. If that's not love, I don't know what is. I mentally pull myself up and take a self-check-in moment. I...I understand what love is, what it looks like...because I've been loved by - and am in love with - Heath. And damn it, I understand that look in Quill's eyes when he looks at my friend. He loves her. Why won't he say it? Why doesn't he tell her?

It's one of the things I try to tell Joy when she comes back with us and leaves Quill standing. I sit with her head in my lap and try to figure everything out with her. Tomorrow is Christmas Eve and my wish for my friend is that she can figure this whole thing out in time for her to have a Merry

Christmas of her own. She tells me everything and something catches my attention.

“Wait a minute, you said he came in you?”

Joy’s cheeks turn a bright red but she doesn’t try to hide anything from me. Bless her heart, she’s an open book to me. “Yeah, I guess it didn’t mean anything after all. I guess I was just someplace to put it.”

She sniffs and tears start to fill her eyes again. I have to fight my own tears because seeing her cry makes me want to cry too. We are so close that I can feel her pain like it is my own. It’s why I have to tell her, “I don’t think that’s right.”

“What?”

God, I don’t really want to talk to Joy about being with her brother. But I can’t just sit and not say something when I know in my heart Quill loves her too. And it is painfully obvious that my best friend is totally and completely in love.

“Heath, um, he says men like him...that they don’t make mistakes or do something like that just because. That doing that means something. That it means they love you.”

Silence falls in the room for a couple of minutes and then Joy sits up. “Wait a minute, my brother told you he loves you?”

For the first time all day, she has a light back in her eyes. But before I can say anything, the door to the bedroom bangs open and both of us cry out thinking we have been hunted down by the same man who shot Heath and tried to shoot all

of us in Joy's house. But it's not a killer or a hitman, it's Quill. He came for her!

My heart bounces in my chest for my friend as he comes towards her and sweeps her off her feet. She's up over his shoulder and he's walking down the stairs before either of us can speak a word. I see Heath lurking in the shadows as he watches his best friend and sister leave with one another. He might not be sure, but I can't wipe the smile off my face. He came for her. It's so fucking romantic I can barely stand it.

Before I can say a word to Heath, my mom comes down the stairs. "Well, that was...romantic and crazy, wasn't it?"

Her words take me by surprise. I feel the same way...could I have gotten my sense of romance from...my mother.

"It is." I turn to make my way over to Heath when I feel my mother's hand on my wrist, stopping me.

"Christmas, do you know why I call you Christmas?" I look at my mom, I mean really look at her. She doesn't have makeup on or her hair done like she normally does. In fact, this is the...softest I've seen my mother in...ever. I shake my head and give her my full attention. "Because it's a way to keep Nick alive. It's a way for me to hang on to your daddy but..."

She moves a tendril of my hair back so she can look at me, "you're not a memento – you're my child and...I love you."

"I love you too, mom." I take a step towards her and do something I've not done in years - I hug her. "And you calling me Christmas isn't...I kind of like it."

She pulls back and gives me a watery smile. Then knocks me back with what she tells me next. "I think I'm in love."

"What? Who?"

"John." She whispers his name like she might be afraid to say it too loud.

"John? From school?" She nods. The bespectacled math nerd that runs the chess team for our school?

"Do you think it's...inappropriate?"

I look over at Heath and think about our age difference. I find myself shaking my head before I turn my full attention back on my mother. "I think if he makes you happy it doesn't matter what anybody else thinks is appropriate or not! We know better than most that life is too short not to take happiness where you can find it, not to grab it with both hands and hold it tight to you. And to be honest, I kind of like what he's doing for you."

This time she's the one pulling me into a hug before letting me go so that Heath can pull me into his. "We should have another party, this time with just family."

Heath winks as he suggests it to my mom, who breaks out into a wide smile. "That sounds lovely. I'll go tell John what we're doing!"

"He's still here!" My mom gives me a saucy smile before winking and hurrying up the stairs.

“He loves her, you know. Quill loves Joy.” I give him an extra squeeze so he understands I’m not trying to be hurtful with my words.

“I know.” He sounds grumpy but resigned. “It’s the only reason I didn’t shoot him.”

“Because everyone should have happiness like the kind we’ve found?”

“Because everyone should have the chance to be rescued by love and Christmas Holly Hoffman, you’ve saved me. More than you could ever know.”

I raise my hand to his scruff-roughened cheek and smile up at him. “And you Mr. Phoenix, have saved Christmas. Not just me, but the holiday as well. I have to admit it wasn’t my favorite...until you.”

I wrap my arms around him as he lifts me off my feet and brings his lips to mine.

“My pleasure,” he gives me a kiss and a wink, “Mrs. Christmas Phoenix.” I like the sound of that!

And then he carries me up the stairs and shows me exactly how wonderful waiting on Christmas to cum can be!

Epilogue

Heath

One Year Later

I close my laptop and head over to the little bassinet where my daughter is taking her nap. Right beside her, in an identical blue bassinet, is my best friend and sister's, baby boy. I have to admit, Quill makes a pretty good-looking kid, and for Brighten's sake, I'm happy he didn't turn out looking too much like Joy. Our little Angel looks just like her mommy, and I already have a monthly supply of ammo and guns coming to the house for when some bastard thinks he can start dating her. Not going to happen! Not on my watch!

Joy and Quill are hosting a Christmas party at their house tonight and I agreed to watch over our two little rugrats while they got some last-minute things wrapped up. I sneak out of the room after snagging the baby monitor once I've checked that both babies have been played out and are still napping hard. I try to be quiet as I make my way down the hallway to our room.

I got very lucky when I got the privilege of working at home. Although with all the work me and Quill have put into this security firm, I don't know if you could really call it luck or pure stubborn determination to wrestle it and make it work.

It didn't hurt that we had some high-profile clients right out of the gate...or that Callie, whom we hired as one of our guards, is married to one of those high-profile clients. But that is another story for another time.

The only story I am concerned with is how my wife is feeling today. I crack the door open just enough to let a small stream of light in and see her sleeping on our bed. Her hand is curved protectively around her barely showing baby bump. Even in her sleep, she is a nurturer and a protective momma.

Sometimes, when she is napping, I sneak in just to lie next to her. Just having her in my arms is enough to make my whole day go right. But today, as soon as my foot hits the carpet, her eyes snap open. "Were you coming to see me?"

"Of course, I was." Her voice is sleep-fogged and sexy as hell. It doesn't hurt that she's in one of those little nightgowns she loves wearing so much - the ones with the nursing cups that unclasp up front. Man, I love those little snaps! My feet move me closer to the bed just thinking about popping them open and taking a taste of sweet milk.

She rolls over and puts her hands up so I can get a good look at those beautiful round orbs. She knows what she does to me and I love the fact I give her that sense of power, that sense of belonging because she understands how much I love her. It is one of the many things that have changed over the past year. I can see how my love has made my woman bloom. She didn't need me to do that but she allowed me to help her and that is sexy as fuck too.

I crawl on the bed and stretch myself out over her, making sure I am careful not to put any weight on top of her. Our lips meet and both of us can tell this is going to be hot and quick. My hands go to the snaps as I roll us so she's on top of me. I

work my hands up under her nightdress so I can move her panties out of the way as she works on opening my belt and pulling my zipper down. Once I'm out, she cradles me in the palm of her hand as I take one of her breasts in my mouth and take long drags on her pert nipples and am rewarded with a whole mouth full of goodness.

She's sweet everywhere but the milk she makes is nothing short of honey. I allow it to flow into my mouth as I play with the other side, drops of it leaking out when she gets turned on. It just excites me more. She guides me to her, putting me in and I let her set the pace. She moans out my name and drops her head back so that I can feel the ends of her hair brush against the tops of my thighs.

Once I've switched sides, I bring my thumb up to her clit and start working it for her. She gives me another moan as I feel her body tighten around the shaft of my cock. "Oh God, Heath. You know I can't hold back when you take me like this! I'm already horny as hell every time you knock me up."

I mumble around the mouthful of tit I have in my mouth, but what I say doesn't matter. She's already cresting the top of her climax and throwing me into my own. She collapses on me, as both of us shudder out the last of our orgasms. I drop kisses on the top of her head and try to catch my breath when both of us hear a bright, happy voice call up to us.

"Christmas, Heath? Where are you? And where are my little grandbabies?" I feel Chrissy take a deep sigh. Noel doesn't show any difference between my sister's baby and mine, taking us both in as hers and helping us watch over the little ones.

"I forgot to lock the door." "You forgot to lock the door." We laugh as both of us sit up and try to arrange our clothes

before Noel comes in. Thankfully, she's six months pregnant and it makes her a little slower than she used to be when she kept walking in on me and her daughter.

“Coming Noel. We'll be right there.”

“Oh my goodness, John, they're at it again. Making me more grandbabies.”

We start to laugh as I help Chrissy up off the bed. Before we go, I catch her by the hand and turn her so that I can have one more kiss. “Thank you, my sweet angel.” I bring her hand to my mouth for a kiss.

“For what?”

“For saving me...for loving me.”

She grins and a blush comes to her cheeks. My girl can still blush even after all the dirty things I've done to her. “Thank you. It was you who saved me. And look at where I am now.”

We walk out of the door hand in hand to meet her mom and her new husband, content with the fact that we saved each other. And what more can a person ask for than that? It's the perfect gift!

The End!

If you enjoyed *Saving Christmas*, please consider sharing with your friends!

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Spreading Joy

Holiday Series: Book Nine

By:

Jisa Dean

Spreading Joy

Holiday Series: Book Nine

Joy Phoenix has a lot to be thankful for this holiday season. Her family, her friends, her health, her good life that her parents have spent years making for her...the hot partner her brother talks about all the time. But then trouble touches Joy's life - her brother gets shot in the line of duty, her house gets shot up, and she finds herself living with the hot partner she's only heard about. But the more time she spends with this growly, protective beast the more she starts to realize he's not the grinch at all but could be just the Christmas Miracle she needs to get her life back.

Quill Solace meets Joy on the worst day of his life but the little angel gives him a glimpse of a life he never thought he could have. She comes to him in his deepest time of need and teases him to rise above all the dirt and grim he's spent his life fighting against. So when her life is threatened the only place for her is in his house, in his bed, under his tree, under him. For the first time ever Quill will know what the Christmas season is all about...Spreading Joy.

Sit back, flip that freakin' elf off, and settle in for a Christmas story that will leave you reaching for that cool sip

of eggnog or pulling the throw blanket up higher - whichever is better for you. I won't tell Santa how naughty you've been. This is the ninth book in the Holiday Series and one that's sure to deliver on those naughty Christmas dreams full of hot cops, spicy virgins, and just the right amount of Happy Ever After.

Chapter One

Quill

“You’re so stupid. Clearly, that’s a good song.”

I shake my head at my partner, who is the real stupid one. “That song is one of the most annoying songs on the airwaves today.”

He belts out a laugh that could shake the walls if we were in a room and not a car. “Airwaves? Airwaves? What century are you living in, man? No one says ‘airwaves’ anymore. Now it’s all downloads and social media sharing and shit.”

We both laugh at that. He might be ten years younger than me, but he’s just as uncool as I am. Being a cop means not a lot of time for things like social media and everyday bullshit most people take for granted. Still, we’re not really like most cops either, since we spent the last two years working undercover. So we’re set apart from even the people that we would normally hang out with since not a lot of our co-workers understand what going deep like that does to a person.

Most of them live in a black-and-white world full of rules and regulations. We’re well aware of what it’s like to have to break those rules and bend the regulations so you can live another day. That’s the world me and Heath live in.

“At least that’s what my little sister says.” Heath talks about his baby sister all the time. Considering the guy is just past thirty, I figure the kids got to be what...twenty-five, twenty-seven? And he still calls her his little sister.

What kind of family would that be like to live with? What would it be like to have a brother to look up to, to run to for advice and comfort? Hell, for that matter, what would it be like to be that brother? I wouldn’t know because I grew up alone. I’ve been alone all my life. An orphan.

Heath is the closest thing I have to family. Through him, I’m able to live vicariously and hear about his mom wanting to set him up with one of her students and what it’s like to save a kid sister from a flat. All normal things that families do for one another but that I have never had. Otherwise, I would just be one of those guys who’s been undercover for too long.

“Christmas time is coming. Why don’t you come home with me and meet everyone?”

His invitation has me all mixed up. A part of me wants to come be a part of the world he’s spent so much time describing to me. But another part is terrified. I’m afraid I’ll show up and find out I don’t - and never will - fit into that life. That maybe that life isn’t for me. If I don’t go, I can still hold on to the dream of it being a world I might have one day.

“I...don’t think that’s such a good idea, man.”

“Come on, Quill. You don’t have anywhere to go, no one to stay with and that’s not a good way to spend the holidays, brother. They’re going to find you eating a bullet if you aren’t careful.”

He's not wrong. I'm aware of the statistics just as well as he does. Doesn't matter if we're cops or not, Christmas can be lonely for anybody who is by themselves. In fact, being cops might make it worse somehow. Christmas really isn't that is the problem. We don't have a lot of spikes at Christmas. It's right after and Heath knows that is the time that's going to be the worst for me... for us.

We're being reassigned. This is one of the last nights of our current case if we're lucky. I don't think Heath will do more undercover work and I'm not sure if I can do anything but that.

“Here he is, here he is, here he is. Fat Boy.”

“Fuck, who's he got with him?” the hair on the back of my neck goes up when I see another man step out of the back of a car that's being driven by our confidential informant.

“I don't know but that wasn't part of the deal.”

I realize how fucked we are when the man pulls a woman with her hands tied out of the car. Both of us get out of the car and go around to stand in front of it. Neither of us look like cops. I have a sleeve of tattoos that start at my shoulder and wrap all the way down to my wrist and Heath has a beard and tats on both arms.

“H...hey guys, h...how are you all?”

“What the fuck, Fat Boy? Who's this?”

We both give the man the side eye like any dirtbag would do to a new person.

“Th...this is my friend...uh...,” Yeah, Fat Boy isn’t inspiring much confidence. He looks like a cat in a room full of rocking chairs. “Mr. Swan.”

“Mr. Swan? We didn’t come here to see Mr. Swan, Fat Boy. We want the drugs.”

“And you’ll get them...as soon as you do something for me.” The man speaks with an accent and acts like he doesn’t have a care in the world. I don’t like it.

“Fuck this, man. I don’t know you. I don’t know if you are trying to set me up. How the hell can we be sure you’re not a cop?”

Heath comes off a little more hot-headed than I do because that’s how we are in real life. The less you have to lie, the better. So we both take on other aspects of our personalities.

The man starts laughing. “Gentlemen. I can assure you I am not a cop. In fact, I am wondering if one of you are guilty of what you accuse me of.”

A chill goes down my spine as I realize this is not going to go the way we thought it would. We only needed to get the drugs from our CI so we could follow the path back to the supplier. Easy peasy. We were going to lead the guy that normally comes with Fat Boy into a trap where we all get pinched and then work our way back after we ‘got out’. Now we’re standing on a deserted street with a small team of cops waiting for the sign to go, staring down a man a lot higher up in the game, and having to come up with a plan on the fly that will hopefully get us out of this alive.

“If you’re not cops, kill him and keep the girl.”

“What the fuck?”

“Kill Fat Boy,” when he says our CI’s name, his lip curls, “and take the girl as a parting gift. Or die yourselves.”

“Hey, you didn’t say that was why you wanted to come. What do you mean kill me and take the girl?” Fat Boy looks just as trapped as I’m sure we look.

“Kill him. The organization has ferreted out a deceiver, a rat if you will. And I have narrowed it down to the three of you, gentlemen. So if you aren’t with law enforcement...kill him.”

My eyebrow arches at the command. He knows which one of us is the rat. He knows Fat Boy’s been informing and he’s going through all his contacts to find out just who he’s been talking to that’s been slowing his supply chain down. I look over at Heath.

“Fuck it!”

“Fuck it!”

We’ve been together long enough to understand exactly what the other means with just a glance and a few quick words. I give the command to the men standing by and wait, and then all hell breaks loose. No, we definitely aren’t getting out of here like we thought we would. But neither are they.

All Wrapped Up

Holiday Series: Book Five

By:

Jisa Dean

All Wrapped Up

Holiday Series: Book Five

Cyrus Strong has everything a man could ask for. He's built a life for himself that's taken him off the streets he was raised on, a friend he trusts with his life, and all the power he could ever want. As governor of his state, he's the most eligible bachelor around. It hardly matters because as soon as he sees Lyric Brown he knows he would give all of it up to have her. It's not to be though because the Christmas party he meets his angel at takes him away from her almost as soon as he finds her. So how did he come to wake up tied to a bed with Lyric exactly where he wants her...his bedroom?

Lyric knows she has one chance to save her dad. Find a powerful man and force him to help her. So how is it that she feels like Cyrus is still in control even when he's tied down? Will he help her get her father out of danger? Can she pay the price? With so much riding on her ability to make Cyrus do what she wants him to do can this shy kindergarten teacher be the one in control?

And what happens when the straps break?

I like my men all wrapped up for Christmas, (and by wrapped up I mean tied to the bed of course). If you like a strong alpha male who knows what he wants for Christmas then spend your holiday season with Cyrus and Lyric. This is the fifth book in the Holiday series and might be the dirtiest of the season (I might be off the good girl list). Who needs the jolly fat man when you can have the broody alpha giving you what you want.

Chapter One

Cyrus

Everyone's all dressed up and on their best behavior tonight. The women are almost as sparkly as the huge tree sitting in the middle of the room. This is it. You can only go so high, and I am pretty comfortable with where I'm at. I don't have to reach for higher goals to make myself happy. I'm a kid from the street. I was never meant to be here interacting with all the state's elite.

Now I have women coming on to me like they could care less who I had to kill to get here. Almost everyone here is dressed in black or red and most of the women are showing more skin than you would see on a beach. It's because I'm a fucking bachelor. Oh, and the Governor.

It helps to be the Governor too. But I can't help but think that most of these women would be...less obvious if I had a ring on my finger. Especially if I had the right woman. She would threaten to kill them if they even tried it. Thinking of a woman like that causes a tingle to run down my spine and straight to my balls. Half of these women would run screaming if they knew what I had to do to get the power they all seem to crave, and the other half would faint. I need a woman who can keep up with me – who's just as fierce and loyal as I am. At thirty-eight, I don't think that's going to happen for me. Let's just say it would take a pretty big Christmas miracle and I've

been on the naughty list for years - you kill one mobster and suddenly Santa wants nothing to do with you. So, I'm not holding my breath.

I give them all the fake as fuck smile that I have perfected as I work the room. This Gala is for charity, or I wouldn't be here putting up with all these shitheads. But I have a weak spot for kids, especially orphans (probably because I was one). So here I am, schmoozing so they will write bigger checks and donate more money.

I'm about to step outside for some well-deserved air when my eyes latch onto something different, something...fresh. She's a short little thing with big...charms. I almost lose her in the crowd several times but my kind - the darker element - always loves to hunt. She's wearing a rich blue gown that hugs her curves and goes all the way to the floor. It has a slit up the thigh that has my mouth watering but other than the thigh-high split, the dress is...almost virginal compared to all the other harpies in attendance. The top rests just off her shoulders but high enough that no one can get even a glimpse of that gorgeous rack she's carrying around.

When the light hits her dress it's almost like I can see through it to the swell of her breasts and the soft curve of her ass, but someone would have to be looking at her hard to see it. She's not wearing jewels either, just a simple small golden cross on a thin chain. I can't tell if she's wearing earrings or not from here because her long brown hair is down and draped over one of her bare shoulders. Most of the women here have their hair up in some fancy bun or something but not her. Her hair has just the slightest curl to it with one part of it curling ever so slightly around the bottom of her breast like it's begging me to come touch.

I watch her for a long time before I decide I need to introduce myself. She isn't drinking and barely looks twice at

the food. She keeps looking around like she's waiting for someone. It would be wrong of me to kill whoever she is looking for and I've all but given up those ways...right? For her, I might dig up the past me and let him out to play if she's waiting for a man. A redhead in a knee-length skirt walks up to her and they have a whispered conversation. My personal security guard and best friend, Evander Stone, has already spotted my interest and I have no doubt by morning I will know everything about the woman but for tonight I kind of like the idea of learning who she is the old-fashioned way.

I step out of the shadows of the tree and start the introductions, "I don't recall you at any of the other charity functions I've attended." I can tell instantly I make her nervous. Very nervous. She sticks her little pink tongue out and licks her dry lips before answering me. "Are you...here with someone?"

She hesitates but then nods. I have to find a way to make this angel speak to me so I can find out if her voice is as sexy and heavenly as her body.

Her eyes are the thing that pulls me in and makes me want to go all caveman on her - pick her up, throw her over my shoulder, and head to the nearest flat surface so I can claim her properly. They are deep green and remind me of forests in sunlight and secrets that lead to nice things. What the fuck is wrong with me? It's dead winter, around ten at night and all I can think of is summer sunshine.

"I, um..."

"Governor Strong we're going to need you on stage now." I all but growl at the woman who is just trying to escort me where I need to be. Fear lights her eyes and when I turn back

to find my mystery woman she is gone. I have to think very fast to keep from screaming at the aide. “Governor?”

“Fine! I’m on my way.”

There’s plenty of surveillance cameras in this room and Vander knows about my interest in the woman. She may have gotten away from me for now, but she won’t for too much longer. I’ll know everything about her by the end of tomorrow. It’s the only reason I walk away and don’t chase after her. Otherwise, she would never have gotten so far from me. I would have been on her until she agreed to be with me. I’m still a little pissed that I have to go in the opposite direction as the Christmas angel who like magic, just appeared in my world.

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