

A
Very Xander
Christmas

A ROCKSTAR NOVELLA



BY

ANNE MERCIER

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OTHER ROCKSTAR NOVELS



DEDICATION

To all the readers, the Rockstar fans:

I wish you a very Merry Christmas and the happiest of New Years.

The Christmas Playlist:

[Christmas](#)



IT'S BEEN A LONG FLIGHT back to L.A. and I'm exhausted. I just need to make sure everything's okay with Luce before I pass out. Her and Jesse taking a commercial flight didn't go over too well with Lucy's gramps but she gave him the look. You know the one. The one that gets anyone to do whatever she wants them to. I've tried to become immune but, yeah, I'm failing.

I knock on the door. Fucking knocking on the door. You never know when those two are going to be going at it. At least they don't lock it anymore.

"Who is it?" Lucy calls out and I frown.

"Xander."

Her "Oh," sounds like a moan but she tells me to come in. I'm in no way prepared for what I'm seeing as I open the door. My jaw drops as I see Lucy kneeling on the bed in a pair of lacy, barely there panties and the rest of her is as naked as the day she was born.

Jesse's hand is in her panties and I'm sure he's finger fucking her with the way she tilts her head back and moans. Christ, she's sexy as fuck and I'm already sporting wood. *Shit*. I need to leave and either call someone to fuck or rub one out. I'll just jerk it in the shower and think of this vision right here. That'll do it.

"Uh, yeah, I'll come back later."

"No," Lucy says, "stay."

I raise my brows and my gaze snaps to Jesse's. He shrugs. For fucking real? If they're jerking me around, I'll punch a motherfucker.

"Are you sure?"

“Mmm,” Lucy moans, her breath hitches and she comes right there in front of me. Holy hell, I could come just from that alone. One stroke of my cock and I’d be done. That’s no shit. The arch of her back, the curve of her throat, the breathy moan. I scrub a hand over my face.

“She knows what she wants,” Jesse tells me, standing there in his skivvies.

They don’t have to tell me twice. I rip my shirt over my head and nearly rip the laces on my boots as I untie them. I toe them off, socks next, and I undo my jeans. I hesitate there.

I walk over to the bed.

“Be sure,” I say, looking between Lucy and Jesse. “There’s no going back and I don’t want things to get weird.”

“We’re good, man,” Jesse tells me and fist bumps me.

“Well, alright then.” I nearly rub my hands together, they’re itching to touch Lucy’s hot as hell body.

“Jeans off, Xander,” she tells me.

“You don’t have to tell me twice.” The jeans are off and she raises a brow. I shrug then strip my boxers off and Jesse does the same.

“Oh boy,” she mutters. “Are all of you hung like the hulk?”

I burst out laughing and shrug. “Can’t say as I know what the other guys look like. The only one I’ve done threesomes and more with is Jesse.”

Jesse shrugs with me and grins. “Yep, I’ve seen ‘em all and none of them left any of the fangirls unhappy.”

“I bet. Wow, I could see a six-er,” Lucy mutters.

“Are you fucking with me right now?” Jesse asks in disbelief.

Lucy snorts. “Yeah. I am.”

“Naughty girls get punished,” he chides.

“Punish me. Punish me *hard*,” she purrs and I groan.

“So how are we gonna do this?” I ask. I don’t know if they’re just wanting her to touch me or if it’s okay if I touch her.

“Well,” Lucy says meeting my gaze, “there’s something we need to tell you before this goes any further.”

I nod and they tell me about that Ian motherfucker. I’d overheard the conversation before so it’s not news, but I still want to kill the son of a bitch. To hurt Lucy like that? Fuck.

“Don’t get all upset or you won’t enjoy this,” she tells me.

“Uh, yeah, Luce? I’m pretty sure I’ll enjoy every fucking second of it.” I can guarantee that won’t be a problem.

I take a minute to appreciate her body from her full, firm breasts and rosy pink nipples to her flat, toned abdomen, down to her partially shaven pussy—that’s seriously fucking hot. I’m not into the bare look. Reminds me of little girls and that’s just fucked.

She crooks her finger at me and I walk toward her.

“Kiss me.”

“Huh,” I mutter, actually speechless because holy fuck, dude, this is real. I look to Jesse who shrugs and crawls behind Lucy on the bed, running his hands up and down her back and over her ass.

I step up. The only pussy in the room is the one between Lucy’s legs that’s going to be the recipient of much pleasure soon. No holds barred was declared by Jesse. Hell fucking yeah.

I reach behind Luce to her neck and guide her face to mine. I don’t waste time with the liplock. I dive right in to some serious tongue action and shit. Shit. She tastes amazing. My heart’s beating a mile a minute and I’m starting to feel, so I mentally take my heart and lock that motherfucker up tight. There’s nothing getting in or out of there tonight. This is nothing but exactly what it is—a good time between friends.

Lucy moans into my mouth and reaches for my cock. My breath catches when she starts stroking me like a fucking pro. God, I’m gonna come if she keeps that up.

I pull back. “Luce, you need to stop or I’m gonna blow before I’m even ready.”

She tilts her head to the side. “Been a while?”

I nod. "Yeah."

"Then let's get the first one out of the way. What do you say?"

My brows raise in disbelief. "Are you serious right now?"

She shrugs.

"Dude, let her take care of you," Jesse tells me.

"How's your recovery time, Xander?" Lucy asks me, starting to stroke my cock again. I grunt.

"Depends. Likely I won't need much here tonight."

She nods, licking her lips. "Good."

Then she leans forward on the bed and takes my dick into her mouth. I close my eyes and start counting. I mentally take apart the engine of my '67 Mustang Fastback, and when Lucy flattens her tongue along the underside of my cock and sucks me past the resistance of her throat, I try putting the engine back together but there's just no way I can hold off.

"Damn it, Lucy," I curse and Jesse chuckles.

"I have that problem, too, dude. Don't even worry about it," he tells me.

"I can't... watch out, Luce," I warn feeling the tingle at my spine spreading fast and hard.

She just gives me a look and keeps sucking me deep and I lose it. I take her face in my hands and thrust fast into her mouth. Shit, shit, shit, she takes me into her god damn throat and I moan as the first spurt of cum erupts from my cock. I still but she keeps moving. Watching my cock slide in and out of her mouth as she swallows my cum I give up resisting and I cum so hard my

knees threaten to buckle. When I'm done, she pulls back and licks her lips. Licks. Her. Fucking.

Lips.

"Dude," I say to Jesse, looking at him in disbelief and envy.

"Right?" he says.

"Fucker."

Jesse laughs then leans back down to kiss the back of Lucy's neck while he palms her tits and pinches her nipples.

"We need to do this," she says, "before I give in to the fear."

"We won't hurt you, Luce. Ever. You have to know that," I tell her.

"I do, but it's hard to forget something like that."

"We'll give you new memories to wipe that bullshit out," I tell her and she nods.

Jesse takes the lead and lays back on the bed before he pulls Lucy astride him, her pussy juices glistening all over his stomach and I groan.

"That's fucking hot. She always get wet like that?" I ask.

Jesse nods. "Yep. Sexy as fuck." He hands me a tube of lubricant and I reach into the drawer for a condom as well.

Lucy looks back at me. "You don't have to—"

I press a finger to her lips. "I do." That's all I say and stare into her eyes. I'm not going to elaborate and I'm not going to think about the 'why' of my rule, I'm just not going to break it no matter how much I'd like to. For Lucy, I would. I'd break that rule big time, but she won't ask it of me and that makes me respect her even more than I already did.

I tear open the foil packet and glove up. Then I take some of the lube on a finger. I reach forward with the other hand, gently touching Lucy's back. She stiffens and I run my hand up and down slowly.

"You okay?" I ask.

She nods then Jesse lifts her and pulls her down on his cock. She lets out a moan and I'm hard as stone again. Hell.

I slip my finger between her ass cheeks and spread the lube around the rim of her anus. When I slide the tip of my finger inside, her breath hitches. As I work it deeper, she moans. When I add a second finger that moan gets longer and louder.

"Hell yeah, Luce," I tell her, kissing the back of her neck as she leans her back against my front while lifting and lowering herself onto Jesse's cock. He must have gotten off once already

because I know for sure he'd have come already if he hadn't.
The woman's a witch.

I spread my fingers inside her a bit and her breath catches.

"You like that, baby?" Jesse asks. I'm sure he can feel what I'm doing in there because I can feel his cock working her pussy.

"Yes," she hisses.

"It's going to be a tight fit," I tell Jesse. "Think she can take us both?" I'm not sure her tiny body can handle two cocks.

"She'll be fine."

I nod and slip my fingers out of her ass. I lube up my cock and position it at her hole. She tenses.

"Alright, Luce. Here's how we're gonna do this so it doesn't hurt you so much."

She nods.

"I'm going to go in just a little bit, and I'll wait until you're ready but when you are you tell me because as I push in, I want you to bear down and I'll slip right in."

She snorts. "Slip right in. Oh yeah, sure, a cock of that size does not just 'slip right in'."

"We don't have to do this, dollface. It's okay."

"I want to," she tells me.

I look to Jesse and he nods.

"Alright," I say and reposition myself. I look over her shoulder and see Jesse start thumbing her clit. Perfect. I push forward and, Jesus, does her body resist but then I get through and hold myself still when she gasps.

"You doing okay, baby?" Jesse asks, rubbing her clit in circles. It's all I can do to not thrust forward when she moans again.

"Mmm, keep going," she responds and I lift a brow. Brave girl.

I wrap a hand around her hip and rest my chin on her shoulder, breathing against her neck and ear. She likes that I realize as her nipples pebble even more. Jesse reaches up and pinches them and she lets out a moan.

“Ready?” I ask her and she nods. “Just push when you’re ready. I’ll follow your lead.”

She immediately bears down and I slowly tunnel through her passage until I’m fully seated, balls deep, inside her little body.

“Holy fuck,” she moans. Jesse strums her clit and she’s already close to coming. Hell, with this tight of a fit, so am I.

“Baby, it’s all you,” Jesse tells her. “You lift and lower and we’ll hold still until you give us the go ahead. If you want us to stay still the whole time, we’re good with that. This is for you, baby.”

She nods, a tear slipping down her cheek and it breaks my heart. I want to kill that Ian motherfucker, but in this moment I want to bring her pleasure and happy memories more than anything.

“Aww, Luce.”

She sniffles and I kiss her neck. Her breath hitches and she starts to move.

“Damn,” I groan as Jesse grunts.

“Move with me,” she says through her panting so we do.

I’m not into dudes, but feeling Jesse’s cock moving inside Lucy adds an extra edge to everything, more friction, and my fingers tighten on Lucy’s hips. Jesse works Lucy’s tits and clit while I kiss and suck at her neck and ear.

“Faster,” she pants and we get a good rhythm going, my balls tapping against where Jesse’s fucking her and he groans.

“Fuck,” he moans out. “Keep doing that, dude.”

I growl. “Trust me, it’s my pleasure.”

His cock moving against my balls when they hit just the right spot has me going through baseball stats in my head. It feels too good. Way too fucking good for me to be able to hold off much longer.

I grunt when Lucy pushes back hard.

“Christ. Do that again and I’m gonna come,” I warn.

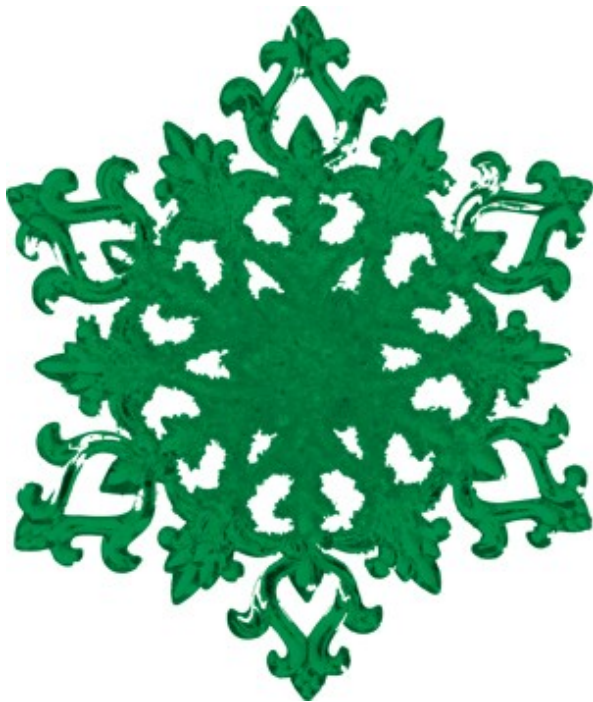
“I’m so close,” she sighs. I look to Jesse who gives me the look that says ‘go’. She’s ready.

We both move now, plunging in and out of her body. I groan loud when I feel her tighten, ready to come.

“There you go, baby,” Jesse grunts. “Come for us, Lucy. Give us your pleasure.”

With that, she throws her head back, her hips moving against ours, taking us faster and deeper, harder, and then she loses it. Her mouth opens on a silent scream and I slip my hand in front of her mouth. She bites down and I grunt.

“Shit, shit, shiiiiit,” I whisper as I start to come. My breath backs up in my lungs and I hear Jesse let out his signature, “Fuuuuck.” Then I feel him thrust up harder, holding Lucy’s hips just below my hand. I bite Lucy’s shoulder, giving Jesse a wink, and he smirks. He reaches down and circles her clit again and her head tips back, her hair touching the dimples above her ass. Sexy as



fuck. A couple more shots of cum pulse from my cock when she clenches and comes a second time.

“Hell fucking yeah,” I moan. “Feels so fucking good when you come, Lucy.”

Jesse grunts in agreement—I hear knocking just as I stop coming.

I bolt upright in bed.

“Yeah,” I shout.

“Time to go down,” Ethan tells me.

“Be there in a few.”

He raps his knuckles against the door one more time signaling he’s done.

Shit if I didn’t just come in my sleep. That was one crazy fucking dream, I think as I head to the bathroom for a shower. I should have known it wasn’t real when her stomach was flat, but I’m a huge fan of denial. God knows I’ve been in denial about Tera for the last ten years—but that’s another story and one I am not thinking about today.

Hell, it’s Christmas Eve and I’m going to enjoy it.

WHEN I GET DOWNSTAIRS I head immediately to the kitchen. It smells like heaven in there and I’m hungry as hell. Seems I’m not the only one with this idea. I walk in and see Ethan, Kennedy, Trace, Ben, Jace, Meggie, and Jesse standing around eating the snacks that Mrs. Martinez, no doubt, set out. She’s a stickler, that Mrs. Martinez. She only gives us so much and picks what she gives us before dinner. Like we can’t eat our body weight in turkey.

“Dude,” I tell Jesse as I slap a hand to his shoulder walking by to the refrigerator.

“What’s up?” he asks around a chip scooped full of guacamole dip.

I grab a soda from the refrigerator then close the door, pausing with my hand on the handle.

He lifts a brow and I smirk.

“I had a wet dream about your wife.”

“What the fuck, dude?” he scolds through a laugh.

“Who hasn’t?” Ethan asks.

“What the fuck?” Jesse asks again.

“Not me,” Jace says, holding his hands up.

“Unless you count the ones from high school,” I add.

“Those don’t count,” Jace retorts.

I snort then realize Meggie didn’t deny it. My mouth hanging open a little as I make my way over to her, the guys zeroing in on my gaze.

“Megs.”

“Xan.”

“You didn’t deny it.”

She shrugs then finishes chewing. “What’s to deny?”

“Seriously? You’ve had a wet dream about Lucy?”

Kennedy laughs and Trace whistles.

“I’m not going to deny it. I’ve had more than one dream of a threesome with Lucy and Jesse.

I’m proud of that shit,” she says, tilting her chin up.

I nod, relating to her in a way she doesn’t realize. “Fuck yeah,” I say and fist bump her.

Ben looks at Jesse who just shrugs it off. I snort.

“Never know,” Ben begins around a chip, “Lucy just might go for that. I mean it’s Meggie.”

Jesse snorts. “Not likely. Can you imagine her letting another woman touch me?”

“Dude,” I say with raised brows. He was going to let me touch her so why wouldn’t she let Meggie touch him?

“Not touching that one,” Kennedy chimes in, knowing exactly what we’re talking about without saying a word. They know our sexual preferences and that, occasionally, Jesse and I have shared women.

“Speak of the devil,” Ethan murmurs when Lucy walks in. I swear her belly grew even more overnight but hell if I’m mentioning that. I don’t have a death wish. She’s already self-conscious about it.

“Hi baby,” Jesse greets her with a hug and a kiss and I think of kissing her neck, thrusting into her from behind while she tugged my hair and clenched around my cock.

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. This is not good.

“Luce,” Jace smirks.

“Jace,” she replies.

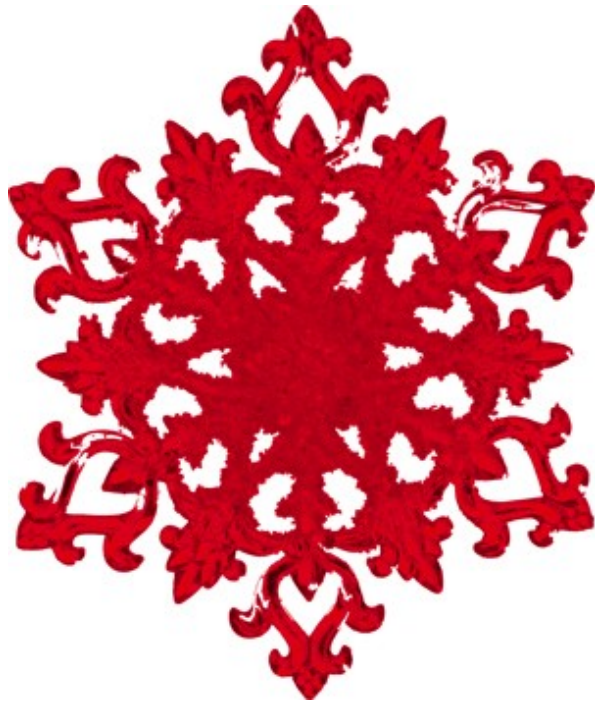
“Xander had a wet dream about you.”

“Yeah?” she asks, her face lighting up. “Was it a really good one?”

“Oh yeah,” I say, cracking open my soda taking a long drink.

“So good. The things you did...” I trail off and Jesse growls. I smirk behind my soda can as I take another drink.

“Yeah?” she sounds excited and... pleased.



“Oh yeah. That dream’s gonna stick with me for a long, long time,” I tell Lucy with a wink.

“What dream?” Sera asks as she walks in.

“Xander had a wet dream about Lucy,” Kennedy tells her.

“Oooh. Was it hot?” Sera asks.

“Darlin’, it was a scorcher.”

“Massive wet dream, huh?” she asks.

“Sheet changer.”

“Dude,” Meggie says and fist bumps me as Jesse growls again.

I snort and lift my brows. He smirks.

“I particularly liked it when Lucy tugged at my hair when she came.”

“Hell yeah,” Ethan exclaims.

Lucy blushes prettily and I send her a wink.

“You suck, dude,” Jesse tells me.

“Tsk, tsk. I don’t but Lucy does and, shit, does she do it well,” I reply with a grin.

“Hell,” Jesse says and pulls Lucy close. Lucy grins and wiggles her eyebrows at me. Just like that I’m sporting wood again. Shit. She’s gonna do me in.

“New topic, please,” Mrs. Martinez scolds.

I look over at her sheepishly. “Sorry, Mrs. M.”

“Hmm,” she says helping Misty with something on the stove.

My phone signals a text message. I pull it out of my pocket and as I read it, I have trouble breathing. Even though I know she sends messages every holiday and on my birthday, it still knocks me off balance.

Tera: Merry Christmas, Xan xoxo

Shit.

“You alright?” Sera asks next to me.

I hesitate. Am I? “Yeah, I’m good.” And I am, because I have to be. I know I could find her if I tried, but I’m done chasing her. She’ll come to me when she’s ready. She told me that once and I’m holding her to it. I just don’t know how much longer I can wait for something that may never happen.

AFTER SUPPER WE ALL GATHERED in the media room to watch *It’s a Wonderful Life*. Jace wanted to watch *A Christmas Story* but the rest of us vetoed that suggestion. Lamé, Jace. Lamé.

Speaking of Jace, he’s asleep right now on the sofa and I’m thinking of fucking with him. I lean over to Lucy.

“What should I do to him? Stick his fingers in warm water so he can relive his third grade glory days?” I ask her and she bursts out laughing. She’s laughing so hard tears are streaming down her face and she’s clutching her sides.

“Xander,” she gasps through breaths, “only you.”

I nod, proud.

“See that look there, Lucy?” Jesse tells her. “He’s fucking proud of that shit.”

“Damn straight. There’ll never be another me.”

“Thank Christ,” Kennedy murmurs and I flip him off.

“You’re all just jealous of my amazing-ness.”

“That’s not even a word,” Ethan tells me.

“Fuck off. It’s my word. I just made it. I declare it a word and that’s that.”

“Because good ole Webster’s just going to add your word to the dictionary because you declare it.” Kennedy shakes his head.

“Hell yeah. I’m Xander Mackenzie. That says enough right there.”

“It sure does,” Kennedy replies with sarcasm. I flip him off again.

“It’s time to wake up Jace. How should we do this?” I tap a finger to my lips, contemplating when Sera stands up and moves directly next to Jace, pulling me next to her. She’s got an evil grin on her face.

“I’m liking this side of you, Serafina baby.”

She smirks and winks at me. “Ready, Xan?”

I nod, having no clue what she’s got planned but more than willing to play the game. She leans forward, her mouth hovering over Jace’s ear, then bursts out into an Evanescence song and I sing the dude parts:

Wake me up inside

(I can’t wake up)

Wake me up inside

(Save me)

Call my name and save me from the dark

(Wake me up)

Bid my blood to run

(I can't wake up)

Before I come undone

(Save me)

Save me from the nothing I've become

I snicker when Jace jumps straight up and I'm a little in awe of Sera's pipes. Damn, the woman can sing.

"Fuckers," Jace tells us when we stop singing and everyone's laughing.

"Hey," Sera says, "be grateful for my intervention. Xander was going to dip your fingers into warm water." She presses her lips together, fighting a laugh. Jace gives her a bland look.

"Go on, you know you want to go there," Jace invites with a wave of his hand.

"Oh, it wasn't me. It was Xander who said he wanted you to live your third grade glory days."

"Ha ha motherfucker," he tells me and flips me off. I can't help but laugh. I love that he can take a joke. He's a good shit.

"Since Lucy declared tomorrow our Help The Homeless day, we need to do presents tonight," I declare.

Lucy nods. "Helping feed the hungry tomorrow is the least we can do considering we all just ate more than an army."

"True that," Ethan agrees.

"Do-gooder." He shrugs and I send him a look of disgust. I want to sit around and watch movies but I suppose I'll have enough of those days until we go back on tour. I sigh, resigned.

It's a good thing we're going to do, I know it, and sometimes throwing money at a situation isn't always enough.

"Alright, Xander, you win. Presents it is," Lucy tells me with a pat on my back.

My grin is huge, I know it. It's my victory grin.

We gather around the tree, all of us are here. Mama and daddy Russo, Lucy, Joey and his date, Sera, Cage, Jesse, Ethan, Kennedy, Ben, Jace, Trace, Meggie, Misty, Damian, Spenser, Carmen, Simone, Celeste, Janalee and Jeni Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Martinez went to the guesthouse with their family after dinner.

We all tear into the gifts and when we're done, Mama Russo goes around cleaning up the discarded wrapping paper. Everyone decided I was the bow-cushion and stuck all their bows in my hair and over my body.

"Hell yeah," I exclaim when Lucy adds another bow. "I'm quite the package, huh, Luce?"

She winks. "That you are." She puts the bow right over my cock and my eyebrows go up.

"Feisty," I grab her around the waist and dip her backwards, careful of the babies, then I kiss her on the forehead.

Lucy laughs and Jesse just rolls his eyes.

We start singing with the Christmas music that Mama Russo insisted be playing while we gathered around the tree and I can't remember ever having a Christmas like this one. Ever. What with my parents divorcing when I was in grade school, remarrying umpteen times, and me having to go from one house to the other whenever they saw fit—yeah, my Christmases were pretty lacking in holiday spirit and love. This year, though, this house has become a home. It's filled with love and laughter and I'm starting to sound like a chick. Shit. But I'm happy. For the first time in a long time I'm almost completely happy. Only one thing would make me completely happy and I just don't see Tera making that happen anytime soon.

Bruce Springsteen's *Santa Claus Is Coming To Town* comes on and I burst into song.

You better watch out

You better not cry

You better not pout I'm telling you why

Santa Clause is coming to town

Santa Clause is coming to town

Santa Clause is coming to town

I work my way around the room, singing to everyone, dry humping Ben's leg again and dodging his fist just in time. I pull Mama Russo up from her chair and start dancing some 50s dance with her. I think it's the bop, maybe? Hell, I don't know the names, and I think we're actually just making moves up as we go along. I twirl her out and pull her back into me then kiss her on the cheek and Anthony snorts.

We keep dancing when the music slows down a little to *Jingle Bell Rock* by who I know is the original artist. Hell, no one covers this song better than the original.

"What's this dude's name?" I ask no one in particular.

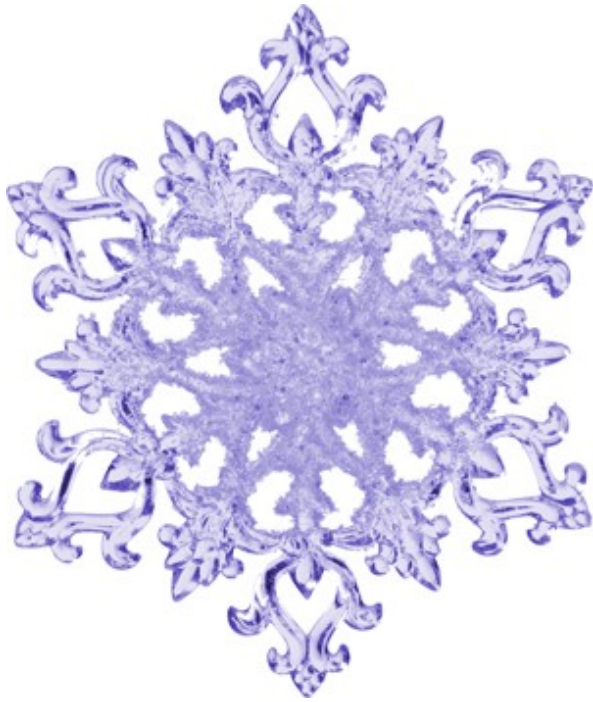
"Bobby Helms," Kennedy tells me. Of course, genius man knows the answer to that. He's up and dancing with Jana, Lucy's dancing with Jesse, Sera's dancing with Cage, and Anthony is up dancing with Jeni.

I lean in close to mama. "I think we're the best."

"Of course we are," she agrees with a toss of her hair. The woman is a beauty. She may be in her 50s but she looks like she's in her 30s and that's no bullshit. With her brown hair and what look to be violet eyes, flawless skin, and curves that bring her husband to his knees. Who can blame the guy? She's not a thin lady, but she's gorgeous and she's proud of what she's got going on. That's sexy as hell. Size doesn't matter. It's all in the way you "wear" and own it.

When My Chemical Romance starts singing *All I Want For Christmas* I look at Trace.

"Dude, did you make this list?"



He nods with a grin. He can finally grin now that Joey left with his date. Hell, Trace can breathe now that Joey's no longer up his ass. Fuck if that kid doesn't fangirl all over the poor guy. But Trace handles it well. The guy's a class act.

Mama steps back and starts dancing with Anthony when he cuts in, Jeni goes over to Jesse and I pull Lucy in for a quick spin. As if the cosmic universe knows we're dancing together, Elvis starts singing *Blue Christmas*.

Everyone stops, looks at us, Lucy and I toss our hair(well, I would if my hair was that long), and we own this shit. They start laughing and we both give them the finger.

"Don't fuck with Elvis. You're making a huge mistake," I tell them and Lucy nods her agreement.

"He's alive and when we find him, you're all going to eat your words," she tells them with a sneer.

Another Elvis song comes on and I see Trace over by the iPod. The bluesy beat and sound of the King singing *Merry Christmas Baby* has me pulling Lucy close and we start to grind.

Everyone else has already taken their seats so it's just us. I smirk and Lucy winks. Hell yeah, we're giving them a show.

Then they all start catcalling and whistling. When I rest my arms around her tight and lean forward so she leans back, she

lifts her arms over her head and shakes her body side to side slowly as she reaches back.

She shimmies herself back upright then wraps her arms around my neck as best as she can being so short and we do the grinding like they did in *Dirty Dancing*. I can't help it, I get hard. It reminds me of the dream. Lucy doesn't react to my erection, she just keeps right on going. Man, I need to fuck and soon. I'll have to give someone a call when this breaks for the night—maybe sooner.

When the song ends, Lucy hugs me tight. I hug her back.

“Merry Christmas, Luce my goose.”

“Merry Christmas, Xan my man.”

She heads back to Jesse and I head for the rum.

THE CHICK KNEELING AT MY FEET is giving me a blow job of epic proportions. It's no comparison to Lucy in the dream—how fucked is that? And how fucked is it that I'm thinking of Lucy while I'm getting head?

I thread my fingers through her hair, thrusting harder into her mouth and that's when she appears in my mind. Just like she always does. Tera.

I close my eyes and pump harder into the wetness of her mouth as she sucks me harder, her fingertips whispering over my balls before she cups them in her hand and gently rolls them.

“Shit.”

“Mmm,” she hums.

“Tug 'em gently,” I tell her when she continues to play with my balls. She does as I ask and I'm close to blowing.

“I'm gonna come so if you don't want me to shoot in your mouth, you better stop,” I warn, but she keeps on going. When she tugs my balls again, I let go and grunt out my release.

“Shit.” God damn I needed this but it's not enough. I need to fuck. I pull her up, not looking at her face, pretending she's Tera which is a total asshole move but I can't help it. She's the one I want and the one I can't have.

I reach between her legs and she's soaked. I grab a condom and glove up quickly. I lift her up, her legs wrapping around my waist, and I lower her onto my waiting cock.

"Hell yeah. So hot and wet. So tight." I close my eyes when she moans and arches her back.

I lean down and suck her nipple into my mouth, biting the tip, then soothing the sting with my tongue.

She starts lifting and lowering her hips, her hands resting on my shoulders for leverage, and her muscular thighs—which are hot as hell—clenching tighter around me.

I get her to come fast. She was primed from sucking me and as she's moaning out her release, I thrust harder, easing up as her walls stop clenching me. She's panting but we're not done.

"More?" she asks. I normally just get off with her, but hell. I'm fair and I'm not coming more than she does. A woman deserves her pleasure. I may be a motherfucker for using her body while I picture Tera, but I'm not a total asshole. She's going to come again and she's going to come hard. Then, and only then, will I let myself come again.

She reaches for me and I shake my head.

"No. Hands above your head or at your sides. You just hang on."

She nods. She really is pretty and she deserves better than this. I don't know why she chooses this for herself but I'm not her therapist.

I reach down and circle her clit with my fingers and she softens around me again, getting wetter and hotter. I grunt and walk over to the sofa where I lift her off and turn her around, bending her over the back. I thrust into her hard and fast. She's not ready to come and neither am I but I'm going to enjoy the hell out of getting us there. Instead of widening her stance, she puts her feet closer together and I groan. Hell, that's hot.

"So tight. God damn." I reach around her and pinch her nipples, her pussy clenching around my cock when I do and I know she's getting closer. I pump into her a couple more times before

pulling out and sitting on the sofa. She straddles me and my cock slides inside her.

“Shit.” She feels so god damn good. “This is you,” I tell her, resting my hands on her hips and tilting my head back, eyes closed. Yeah, I’m a jackass because it’s Tera I see again.

She starts lifting and lowering herself onto my cock, fast and hard, then she rolls her hips so her clit rubs against me and son of a bitch if that doesn’t trigger the first tingle. She keeps going and I grab her hips tighter, thrusting up into her when her back arches and her head tips back.

Her long hair brushing against my thighs as I lift and lower her while I push my dick into her hot, wet, and already clenching pussy.

“Come for me, baby,” I whisper. I want to bring her pleasure. I want her to come hard and I’m going to make sure she does. She may not be Tera, but she’s a woman and she’s giving me her body, giving me this, and I’m going to give back. I’m many things but selfish isn’t one of them.

I pinch one nipple and suck the other and she moans. Her pussy clamps down and my breath catches.

“Hell yeah, baby. Come on my dick.”

She likes the dirty talk and she squeezes me tighter. I thrust hard and fast a couple more times before I let go and come, so hot and hard I groan.

“Shit. Keep moving, baby. Take it all from me,” I tell her and she does.

When I’m done she collapses against me and I kiss her neck, then behind her ear. She sits up with a smile.

“That was amazing.”

“Fuckin’ A.”

She stands up and goes off in search of her panties while I dispose of the condom and tuck myself back into my pants.

She grabs her purse and walks over to me, giving me a quick kiss on the lips. I don’t allow mouth kissing unless it’s just like that one. Nothing deep, nothing meaningful.

“Merry Christmas, Xander.”

“Merry Christmas, baby.” Yeah, I’m a dick. I don’t use names either but she doesn’t seem to mind since she keeps coming back.

“Call me.”

I nod. I will. Like always, I will, when I need to get off. It’s all I have for now and I make it work, even if it’s not enough.



I grab my phone.

Xander: *Merry Christmas, Tera. Say yes.*

I HEAD BACK DOWNSTAIRS to join the others, poem in hand. They’re all still chatting and just enjoying the spirit of Christmas.

“I’ve prepared a little something for you all,” I announce and the guys groan while the girls clap. Dicks.

“What is it?” Meggie asks, bouncing on Trace’s lap. I’m sure he’s enjoying that. I look to him.

“You’re welcome, dude.”

Trace laughs.

“I wrote a poem.”

“A poem?” Sera asks.

I nod. "A BFD version of The Night Before Christmas."

"Oh hell," Cage says with a laugh.

"Dude, don't hate."

He laughs more and I grin then clear my throat.

It's the eve before Christmas and all through CFD

We're all wide awake and drunk as can be

"Some of us drunker than others," Mama scolds.

"It's Christmas, mama. Let them imbibe as they see fit. They'll pay for it while we serve up food tomorrow."

She nods at me. "Karma."

I continue on with the poem.

*We're going to celebrate this Christmas in rockstar style
As we may not get to relax and party for a while
With Lucy carrying the Kingston Litter*

We know for sure she's not a "quitter"

I get a glare from Jesse at the 'litter' reference and everyone laughs.

Laugh if you must but this much is true

I prefer non-quitters and I'm sure you do too

*Now Sera's all sick-like and everyone's atwitter
I'm glad my room has its own shitter*

"Dude, too far," Ethan rebukes.

"Whatever. Mama laughed," I inform him then go back to the poem.

Don't get all rowdy and boo and hiss

*Just be grateful I've got my own place to piss
Now Cage, Cage Nichols, he is the shit*

*A gun-toting mafia businessman who has permission to squeeze
Sera's tit I admit to being jealous and that's a fact*

Because honestly, dude, it doesn't get much better than that.

Sera snorts and Cage just shakes his head and chuckles.

“You may be some mafia dude, but you’ll always be Cage to me which means I’m going to continue to fuck with you every chance I get.”

He nods. “I expect nothing less. Exceptions have always been made for you, Xander.”

I nod back. “That’s as it should be.”

Next we’ve got Jesse, with his potent little swimmers Lucy, at least before he knocked you up he took you to dinner I never thought I’d see the day our frontman would wed That’s gotta tell you right there Lucy’s seriously fucking hot in bed I look to mama and daddy Russo and cringe. “Sorry.” They both just shake their heads and laugh.

Then we’ve got Kennedy, the quiet one of the group He’s fun to challenge and easy to dupe

Kennedy gives me the finger. “Fuck off.”

Don’t get me wrong we all know he’s a genius

He’s the only one of us who thinks with his brain and not his penis That includes Ethan our man of few words

He can give as good as he gets when he’s spurred Not sure that made any sense

But I’m sure none of you take offense

Now Jace, oh Jace, you sure as hell had it made Pissing the bed until the third grade

It’s okay, it’s okay, I won’t give you too much shit But it makes me wonder how long you were on your mama’s tit Cage roars out in laughter, Jace gives me a two bird salute, and I grin. Hell yeah. I got the boss man to laugh.

Brother Kingston, that would be Ben, and he knows the score That dude right there can really fucking snore

Like a chainsaw that’s cutting some thick-ass wood The fact that he’s sleeps alone is now understood Everyone murmurs their agreement.

“Jackass,” Ben admonishes with a chuckle.

Trace Styx, Trace Styx the drummer for Blush

*I gotta admit, I've got me a bit of a man crush Watching you
play, I get why the women beg*

One day will you tell me what it's like to fuck Meg?

He wraps his arms tighter around her. "Not gonna happen, dude."

*Speaking of Meg, tall and lithe and can bring you to your knees
Jace told me a secret about you, you dribble when you sneeze*

"God damn you, Jace Warner. I didn't tell your secret! Why would you tell mine?"

Jace shrugs. "Guilty by association."

"Yeah, fuck off, Pee Pants," she scorns and rests back against Trace.

Damian Black, the Russo enforcer

Yeah, that's all I'm sayin about you to avoid deadly torture
Damian nods and smirks.

We've a new addition to our little clan

Her name is Misty and I'm a fan

*The woman is talented and can seriously fucking cook Don't
grab her ass, she's got a mean right hook* She frowns at me and nods.

"Sorry, Misty. You've got a great ass," I say.

"True that," Ben tells her with a wink and she blushes. Well, alright then.

*Spenser, Carmen, and Simone, the masters of wardrobe and hair
To them, no others compare*

"Abso-fucking-lutely right," Spenser agrees.

And here's another Lucy stole from Cage

*Celeste the assistant who does some seriously kinky shit
backstage* She gasps, her hand flying to her chest and I wink.

*It's our little secret, I'm not going to tell But what I saw, holy
hell!*

Mama and daddy Russo are next

What can I say about them? They are the best.

“Xander, we love you,” Mama tells me with a soft smile.

“I love you too, mama and daddy.” Anthony cringes at my calling him ‘daddy’ and I laugh.

Then there’s Joey who constantly kisses Trace’s ass I hope the next time he passes gas

“Damn, it sucks that he left already. That was a good one.”

“No worries,” Jesse tells me and I look over. “Lucy’s texting it to him.”

I chuckle. “Luce my goose, you’re awesome.”

She nods and winks. “I know.”

I smirk. Her confidence is growing and it’s a beautiful thing to watch.

It’s our first Christmas together and it’s been a special one Next year there’ll be babies which’ll make it even more fun

“Oh hell,” Jesse murmurs.

“Brace yourself, dude,” Kennedy tells him.

I’m going to teach your kids all kinds of swears and sass I won’t even care when you all kick my ass

“And I will kick your ass,” Jesse assures me.

I nod.

It’ll be worth it of this I am sure

I want to be there when your kids start to swear in the store

Everyone laughs, including Lucy and Jesse who can’t hold back any longer.

Never did I imagine a Christmas like this one in CFD

But it’s pretty fucking amazing if you ask me With gifts exchanged and hearts full of love

Let’s say our thanks to the man above

No not the Big Guy, but the man in the red suit He comes down the chimney with all kinds of Christmasy loot Having all of us together is all the gift I need For, we are truly a family indeed

“Awww, Xan my man,” Lucy coos.

I nod and look around, swallowing the lump in my throat. These guys are the only family I’ve ever had and adding everyone into the mix makes it even better. I cough and clear my throat when I see mama wiping tears from her eyes.

*So tonight I’ll give thanks and listen for the bells and the sleigh
I’ll leave cookies and milk for the Santa man on a tray Be sure
to listen for him as you lay in bed tonight For when he says ,
“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!”*



AMPLIFY

SERA'S STORY
ROCKSTAR #3

COMING
MARCH 2015

“Merry Christmas, my friends, my family. May there be many more,” I announce, raising my glass.

“Here, here.”

“Cheers.”

“To many more.”

We all clink our glasses and hugs are exchanged, some lasting longer than others. We hang out a little longer but when Lucy yawns, everyone calls it a night.

I'm getting out of the shower when my phone goes off. I frown. Who the hell...

Tera: *Yes.*

The Poem

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