

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Christmas Cowboy
ALLYSON JAMES

White *Hot* Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Christmas Cowboy

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CHRISTMAS COWBOY

Allyson James

Dedication

For my husband, the best hero ever.

Chapter One

In a large kitchen scented with Christmas baking, in the small town of Makeview, Texas, Mary Kincaid poured a quantity of rum into two eggnogs and set them on the table. "Look's like he's taken the bait," she said.

Her friend, Serena St. Clair, nodded. "Kelly's a sweet girl. When your grandson shows up, she'll let him in, and then..."

"Nature will take its course?" Mary suggested over the rim of her mug.

The two women stared at each other, then, at the same time, shook their heads. "Nah," Serena said. "They're too young and stubborn."

"I don't know," Mary answered. "Your niece is a beautiful young woman, and Trey's a cutie. In my day, that's all it took."

"Young people are different now. All they think about is *work*," Serena grinned. "I think we're going to have to meddle."

Mary brightened. "Oh, goodie. After all, what's the holiday season without a little magic?"

"We shouldn't enchant people, you know," Serena pointed out. "That wouldn't be right." But her eyes twinkled.

"Well, we won't enchant *them*, exactly."

The two friends looked at each other and laughed. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Mary asked.

"I sure am."

They shared another laugh, then Mary bustled around fetching candles, incense and crystals, and the two women went to work.

* * * * *

Knockity-knock-knock.

The knock was familiar, but Kelly, winding a towel around her wet hair and rushing down the cold stairs in her bright orange sweats, couldn't place it.

It wasn't her sister arriving unexpectedly from Hawaii, or her aunt coming to cheer her up, or worse, Kelly's ex-fiancé, John Hatton, the SOB who'd stormed out two weeks ago, coming back to haunt her.

John would *never* have a playful knock. In fact, he *never* knocked. He'd expect you to open the door as he came up the walk.

Something niggled at the back of her mind, something from the past...

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, except Kenny Wayne Shepherd playing heavy blues on CD. Not Christmas blues either, because Christmas music would remind Kelly she was all alone.

That is, alone except for Mr. X, the new translucent blue vibrator her sister in Maui had sent her as an early Christmas gift. Kelly planned to put on something country, turn out the lights in her bedroom, and pretend Mr. X was Viggo Mortensen.

She'd even taken a long shower and scrubbed all over with scented bath gel just for him. Mango-coconut.

Smelling like a tropical drink, she scooted down the last couple stairs, across the living room, and flung open the door.

Standing on the doorstep in a sheepskin jacket, tight blue jeans, and cowboy hat was the most gorgeous cowboy she'd ever seen.

Kelly's eyes went wide, and something hot trickled between her legs. *Merry Christmas, who was he?*

He held one hand behind his back, like he was hiding something, and swept off his hat to show her unruly black hair that curled back from his face to the base of his neck.

His wide shoulders and chest filled out the sheepskin jacket and his jeans stretched over the best thighs that existed outside of a *Playgirl*, and probably inside it, too.

A sinful smile split his square, handsome face, and big, blue eyes twinkled under a slash of black brows.

“Hey, Kelly,” he said.

Kelly blinked, aware that her hair was wrapped in a towel except for the two strands that dripped cold water into her eyes and that her sloppy orange sweats made her look like an oversized tangerine. She had no makeup on, and her mouth must be hanging wide open.

“You know me?” she blurted.

He lost his smile, but his face didn’t look one bit less gorgeous. “Damn, I knew ya’ll would forget about me. Serves me right for leaving home.”

The voice was smooth and deep, and triggered memories. Kelly had a sudden vision of herself on a horse behind a long, lean young man, riding into a canyon to rescue a mare and foal. Kelly had been eighteen, he three years older.

She remembered wrapping her arms around his waist, feeling his tight ass against her thighs, breathing in his scent of sweat and fine male. She was the luckiest girl in Makeview, Texas, because she was out there riding behind —

“Trey Kincaid!” she gasped.

“Hey,” he said again. “Now that you remember me, mind if I come in? It’s fucking freezing out here.”

Kelly backpedaled, opening the door wide in welcome. West Texas on Christmas day *could* be eighty degrees, but today a winter storm had blown through, dropping the temperature to a frigid twenty and killing all the geraniums Kelly had put out yesterday.

Trey waltzed in past her and did a little pivot on the polished floor, keeping hidden whatever was behind his back.

Trey Kincaid, the most wanted man in Makeview, who'd run off to UT Austin to get a degree in engineering ten years ago. He'd stayed there to set up his own business during the tech boom, and done well, according to his grandmother.

"A cowboy engineer," his grandmother, Mary Kincaid, proudly laughed. "A techie in a cowboy hat."

Dazed, Kelly pushed the door closed behind him. As soon as she did, a strange sensation shot through her, like a *click* in her brain, followed by very faint, gleeful laughter.

A second later, she reasoned she couldn't have heard anything of the kind. Kenny Wayne's guitar was wailing in the speakers, drowning out even the wind outside.

She turned the deadbolt and faced Trey, panting like she'd done a five-mile jog. "So, what are you doing here?"

"What?" Trey shouted over Kenny Wayne.

Kelly grabbed the remote and punched a button. Silence blanketed the room. "I said, what are you doing here?"

He grinned and brought his arm out from behind his back. He balanced three wrapped presents on his hand, the bows sad from the wind. "Delivering."

More memories flooded her. Trey Kincaid dancing with her at Hank's honky-tonk, a bottle of beer in one hand, his other on her hip.

Walking her out in the woods later, where he'd kissed her. His fingers, cold with the night, working inside her jeans, rubbing her pussy until she shimmied against him, her moans of pleasure silenced against his mouth.

She'd worked him, too, wrapping her fingers around his long, satiny cock. He'd squeezed his eyes shut tight, letting her stroke and stroke, until he shot into her hand.

They'd only played with each other that night, his fingers cold on her hot skin. It had been too muddy for either of them to go down on each other, and too cold and wet for complete sex.

He'd asked her out again, but she'd had to drive her sister back to college in El Paso the next day, and by the time she got back, he'd left for Austin, and that was that.

"You came all the way from Austin to give me presents?" Kelly asked. For some reason, she couldn't breathe right.

"No." He turned around, looked critically at her short Christmas tree in the living room, then waltzed over and laid the presents beneath it.

Jeans showed off a man's ass best, Kelly always said. Her eyes got glassy watching him bend over, his butt sticking out from under the sheepskin coat, the jeans hugging it tight.

He had long legs, thighs tight with muscle, and strong calves. Even the heels of his boots looked sexy.

He stood up again, then stopped, probably noticing her drool. She surreptitiously wiped her mouth.

"Were you looking at my ass?" he demanded, eyes twinkling.

"Um. Yes."

"Why?"

She licked her lips. "What do you mean, why? It's a nice ass."

Why had she just said that? She was totally off men, remember? Since John had walked out on her two weeks ago, after cheating on her and then telling her it was her fault, she'd decided, *no more men*.

Trey Kincaid shows up after ten years, and I'm drooling over his butt.

"All right," he said. "Now I get to see yours."

Kelly looked down at her bright orange sweat suit, which was *so* not sexy. Gathering her courage, she turned around, lifted up the tail of her sweatshirt and shook her butt in his direction.

He laughed. "Oh, yeah," he said appreciatively. "I'm staying."

She heard his boots click on the boards as he crossed to her, then his strong, gloved hands slid around her waist, and his body covered her from behind. "Don't stop wiggling it, baby. If I'd known this ass was here waiting for me, I'd have driven faster."

Kelly moved her hips back and forth, feeling his hard cock behind his zipper. Her juices started flowing, wetting her sweats.

What was she doing? Ten minutes ago, she'd been looking forward to Mr. X. She hadn't seen Trey in years, and it wasn't like they'd been dating, or in love, or waiting for each other. There had been that one playful night, then they'd gone their own directions.

"You couldn't have come back to Makeview to see me," she said.

"No." His breath was hot in her ear. "To see my grandmother. Your aunt was at her house, and she was worried she wouldn't get you your presents in time. So I offered to drive them over. I hadn't seen you in a while, so I thought, why not?"

"And you figured we'd pick up where we left off?" she asked.

Trey moved his cock against her backside, his hand sliding across the waistband of her orange pants. "No. I thought we'd talk, like old friends. You know, catch up. But I don't mind replaying that night at Hank's honky-tonk."

"Hank's burned down."

"Yeah, I heard. Too bad."

He gave her one last swipe of his hips, then he let her go. "We'll dance here, instead. Want to? Take a stroll down memory lane?"

Her heart was pounding, skin on fire. She pressed her hand to the towel on her head. "You want to dance with *me*? I look awful. I'm surprised you didn't scream and run when I opened the door."

Trey grinned, his handsome face sinful. "You look great."

Blushing, she dragged off the towel. Swaths of damp red hair fell around her face and down her back.

“Even better,” he said, voice going dark.

She hugged the towel to her chest, suddenly shy. “Put on some music,” she said hurriedly. “I’ll be right back.”

She ran for the stairs, wondering what she on earth she could slip into that was sexy and slinky and gorgeous.

“Don’t change on my account,” Trey called after her. “That orange thing is cute.”

She looked down. He stood at the bottom of the stairs, grinning up at her, one arm resting on the stair rail, like Rhett Butler looking up at Scarlett.

He was to die for. Why hadn’t she chased him to Austin all those years ago?

“You’re crazy,” she told him. Then she spun and ran up the stairs, knowing exactly what she was going to wear.

* * * * *

What the hell just happened?

Trey flicked through Kelly’s CD collection, after discarding his sheepskin coat and gloves, looking for something danceable.

Shit, he’d come over here as a favor to Kelly’s aunt Serena, not to jump Kelly’s bones. But as soon as Kelly shut the door behind them, he’d wanted to have her and not be polite about it.

Kelly had always been cute, and he’d thought about her often when he was in Austin—about what might have been if he’d stayed in town a little longer. But he’d had girlfriends—hell, one lived with him for five years. They’d lost touch, him and Kelly. She was just a girl from back home.

But when she’d turned around and playfully wiggled her round, plump ass, he’d wanted to throw her to the floor, peel those baggy orange sweats off her and fuck her good.

He'd made himself back off and talk about the honky-tonk and dancing. Kelly didn't want some guy from way back when ripping off her clothes and screwing her senseless. Too crude.

He should go slow.

Trey lifted out a country CD and smiled at it. Some nice two-stepping, his arms around her, then he could slide his fingers into her pants, dipping into the crease and down toward her hole like he'd always wanted to.

He remembered like it was yesterday how her pussy had felt to his fingers, all hot and wet, her cum sliding all over him. He'd licked his fingers afterward, savoring her spicy taste.

He could skim her pants down to her ankles, make her spread her legs, and lick her clit, tasting her there. Hmm, he was wearing a belt. Maybe they could have some fun with that, too.

What the fuck was wrong with him?

Trey heard a step above him and looked up. His mouth dropped open, and he decided then and there, to hell with it. Whatever was going on, he was going to enjoy himself.

She wore a Christmas dress. It was a bright red knit and sleeveless, with a skirt that bared most of her thighs. A small white snowflake was embroidered right between her breasts.

Plain and simple, the dress outlined her body, her lush breasts that he'd always loved, and her sweet ass. She'd brushed out her gorgeous red hair that she hadn't cut short, thank God, and pulled it into a tail. She'd put on green earrings in the shape of Christmas trees.

Where most women would have donned a pair of spike-heeled shoes and lacy black stockings, Kelly had chosen to go barefoot.

That was erotic as hell, and he was willing to bet she wasn't wearing much of anything under the dress. Damn, this was worth driving five hours in Texas winter wind and icy rain for.

Trey held up the glittering disk of the CD and popped it in the slot. He didn't say anything, just let the strains of the music take over.

Kelly walked down the last few stairs and looked at him shyly. He was already harder than a steel girder, and that shy look sent him over the top.

He moved out into the middle of the nice big living room, holding his arms out, beckoning her. "Come on, baby. Dance with me."

Giving him a smile, she came to him.

"Woo-hoo!" he shouted as he grabbed her hand and her waist, and they started to heel-and-toe it around the room. She laughed. She had a great laugh and a wide, red-lipped mouth.

Why had he ever left home?

"I missed you, Kelly," he heard himself say. "That night outside Hank's, I wanted to fuck you so good."

She gave him that shy look again out of her big brown eyes. "Really? I wanted to fuck, too."

The naughty word on her cute lips made his cock dance. "Me and Kelly St. Clair, the hottest girl in Makeview."

She laughed at him. "I wasn't the hottest girl in Makeview."

"Yes you were, darlin'. You still are. When I was at UT, when class got boring, I'd imagine we'd gone all the way that night. I thought of peeling those jeans down your legs, bending you over the hood of my car and fucking you right there."

"Really?"

She didn't even look offended. More wistful.

"I had a lot of fantasies about you, Kelly. Some of them even make me blush."

She blushed. "I had fantasies about you, too."

"Oh, yeah?" His blood was pounding, his throat dry. "Like what?"

He thought she wouldn't tell him. Then she gave him a sexy look from under her long lashes and said, "I fantasized that, when you bent me over the hood of your car, you spanked me with your belt."

Chapter Two

Trey missed a step and staggered to a halt. He stared at her, his blue eyes wide. "You what?"

Kelly slapped her hand over her mouth, her face hotter than she'd ever felt it. "I don't know why I said that. I swear I don't know why."

His eyes darkened, the pupils widening to swallow the blue. "I hope you said it because you meant it."

"I did. But I've never, ever told a guy anything like that before."

Trey slid his hands around her hips, pulling her against him. He wore a tight, plain black sweatshirt that smelled like cotton and him. "I'm honored you said it to me. That I was the first one."

"And the last. The only one I'm ever going to say it to."

He dipped his head and skimmed his lips across her cheek. "I'm doubly honored."

She closed her eyes and whispered, "You spank me, and then you fuck me. Right under the lights of the parking lot. It feels so good."

Trey held her close, swaying back and forth, although the music's beat was still fiery fast. His thighs pressed hers, and she felt the rigid length of his cock against her abdomen.

"It's kind of cold for a parking lot tonight," he said.

Kelly drew a breath. "I guess a nice warm house will have to do."

"With a staircase."

She shivered. It had always felt safe to fantasize about Trey because she figured she'd never see him again. It was her version of an affair—a fantasy that no one knew about but her.

Trey looked like he was perfectly fine with being her fantasy man. He moved one hand between them, unhooking his belt buckle, then in one smooth move, he pulled the leather belt from his jeans.

Kelly twined her hands behind his neck, her legs shaking, wondering what he was going to do. Her pussy was roasting hot, already wet.

Trey slid the length of the belt around her butt, holding her against him with it. He kept swaying, dancing slow with her, rubbing the inch-wide leather up and down her ass.

At the same time, he kissed her.

She remembered the kiss from all those years ago, how his lips opened hers without asking permission, how she willingly gave it anyway. His tongue slid inside her mouth, rough and warm.

They kept on dancing slow, and then the music caught up to them, the next track a dark, languid tune, about how a woman could be sexy and hot. Trey sang along under his breath. Kelly closed her eyes and nuzzled his neck.

He moved her slowly over to the stairs. As the song went on about fires burning inside, he turned her around, still with the belt enclosing her, and swayed with her, his cock finding its way between her buttocks.

"You are so damn sexy," he whispered. "And I want you so bad."

Kelly traced the line of the belt, caressing it over her hips. "I want you, too."

He nipped the shell of her ear. "Bend over and hold onto the railing."

Shaking, Kelly leaned forward and grabbed hold of the polished post at the bottom of the stairs. She felt him slide his calloused palm up her bare thighs and push her tight skirt upward.

His fingers slid beneath the thin elastic strap of her panties. "Pretty," he said. "Black satin looks good on you." He chuckled. "Bet it looks even better off you."

With one hand, he pulled the panties down her legs. Air, dry and heated, touched her backside.

“Sure you want me to do this?” Trey asked, voice soft.

“Yes, I’m sure.”

A bead of fluid trickled from her pussy to her thighs. She spread her legs slightly, wishing he’d rub the belt between them.

Instead, the belt came down, *slap*, on her bare ass.

He didn’t hit very hard, only enough to sting. She made a soft noise, and he leaned over her, his jeans brushing her bare legs. “You okay?”

“Yes,” she moaned. “Do it again.”

She felt his chest rise with a sharp breath, then he backed away. She heard a swish of air then felt the strap, *slap!* A little harder this time.

“You have such a pretty ass,” Trey said softly. “I want to fuck it.”

Kelly gulped, her hands slick with sweat on the rail. “I’ve never done that.”

“I’ll teach you.” *Slap, slap, slap.* Each stroke stung a little more, but at the same time, it felt damn good. Her hips moved, and she wanted him to shove his hand or his tongue or his cock between her thighs.

“Your ass is all red,” he murmured. “I love it.”

Trey held off on the strap and stepped into her line of sight to pull off his sweatshirt. He was breathing hard, his face damp with perspiration.

Her eyes widened as she looked him over. He was gorgeous enough dressed, but in only his jeans and boots, he was stunning. When she’d last seen him, he’d been twenty-one, lean and muscular, but still lanky with youth.

Ten years had filled him out into a hard specimen of man. His chest was sculpted with muscle, flat, pale nipples nestling in dark, curling hair. His shoulders were wide and tight—on the right one was a white, round scar left over from his rodeo days when he’d been the best calf cutter in Makeview county.

She'd seen him with his shirt off once, and had longed to trace the scar with her tongue. She still did.

Trey stroked his hand over her hair, then pressed a kiss to the top of her head. He moved around behind her again and laid the belt across her back. His two fingers skimmed down her buttocks, tracing the crease between them.

He sank to his knees, fingers feathering upward to find her quim. "You're soaking," he murmured.

"I know."

"Filled with honey for me." He licked the folds of her pussy. Her fingers tightened on the stair railing, wood cool on her palms. He pulled her panties all the way down, the elastic brushing her ankles.

He went on licking, hands spreading her thighs. He still clutched the belt, the leather stiff against her skin.

With his tongue, he did marvelous things. She twitched, swaying back and forth as he thoroughly licked her opening and thrust his tongue inside.

"Merry Christmas," she groaned.

He laughed, his breath hot on her quim. He blew softly, stirring the curls, then nibbled the petals of her skin. "Lean onto me," he said. "Let me have you."

She bent her legs, easing herself back to his mouth. He made a noise of appreciation, then he buried his tongue inside her. Hot and wet, his tongue sliced deep into her pussy, licking and stroking hard.

Then he withdrew his tongue and stroked it over her clit. The nub swelled, his tongue grating over it, fiery hot.

She felt her climax coming, and she didn't want it to. "No," she whispered. "Not yet."

Trey chuckled. He had her legs spread wide, the panties stretching around her feet. She could care less if they ripped, let them. His tongue danced from her clit to her cunt, teasing the nub, thrusting into the opening.

Mr. X would never, ever have been this good.

“Trey.”

“I’m right here, sweet baby.”

“*Fuck me.*”

“Thought you’d never ask.”

Did he stand up, rip off his jeans and thrust into her like she craved? No. He flicked his tongue faster, then nibbled on her hard clit. Tingles raced from her pussy down her legs and up her arms to her fingers and toes.

“Trey,” she moaned again. She raised up on her toes, spasms pulsing through her. It wasn’t a screaming, mindless orgasm, but it was pretty damn good.

Trey kept on licking, swallowing her cream, tongue lapping every fold. She twitched and rocked, moaning for more. He went on and on, licking and nipping her, suckling her clit until she thrust herself back, begging for his tongue.

He gave it to her. *Good, so damn good. Oh, Trey.*

She pulled away from him, kicking off the restraining panties, turned around and put the banister behind her. She gave him a wild-eyed look, her breasts rising with her ragged breath.

“I want to do that to you.”

He looked up at her, hair tousled, mouth smiling. “You want to lick my cunt? I hate to disappoint you, but...”

“No, your cock, you pain in the butt.” Of course he knew what she meant, he was just teasing her. “Get your pants down and sit on the stairs. I want your cock in my mouth right now.”

Trey’s grin widened, his mouth turning up in one corner. “Well...okay.”

This had to be an erotic dream. Kelly couldn't really be standing here with nothing on under her tight red dress while Trey Kincaid slowly unzipped his fly and pushed his jeans and briefs down over his hips.

He sat down, jeans still hugging his thighs, then leaned back on his elbows on the stairs.

Kelly wanted to come just looking at him. His torso was dark where the sun would hit it, creamy white below the waistband. He didn't sunbathe in the nude. He was modest, and for some reason, that turned her on.

His jeans hugged the tight, well-muscled thighs she'd imagined, his skin bronzed below his hips. His cock stood straight up, tight and dark red, the tip smooth. His balls were high and full, rising from curls of black hair at the base.

She let her gaze run over him. His cock was long and tall, just like he was, firm and waiting for her. She could already imagine the taste in her mouth. She licked her lips.

He slanted her a smile filled with sin. "Like what you see?"

Kelly tilted her head, as though considering, one finger on her lips.

His grin vanished. "If you don't, don't tell me. But you know what? You look fucking adorable like that."

The lust in his eyes was plain to see. He was shaking, only a little bit, like he was holding himself back, waiting to see what she'd do. He still held the belt, folded once in his right hand, the leather dangling to the stair.

"Does this seem weird to you?" Kelly asked.

He blinked. "Weird?"

"We haven't seen each other in almost ten years, then you walk in, and we want to jump each other's bones."

"I don't think it's weird. You're beautiful."

He watched her, lying there naked with his jeans around thighs, his dark hair mussed from going down on her. Damn, he'd make a beautiful picture.

"Hang on a minute," she said. She whirled into the living room, snatched up the camera her mother had sent as an early Christmas present, flicked it on, and ran back to the stairway. Before Trey could say anything, she lifted the camera, focused and shot.

Flash.

Trey flinched, and his face turned bright red. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"Don't worry. It's digital."

"Yeah, but you could put that on the Internet." He stared at her in frozen horror, his embarrassment kind of cute.

"I'd never do that." Kelly held the camera at her side. "This is private."

He stared at her a few heartbeats, as though trying to decide if he could trust her. She asked him, "Did you ever tell anyone what happened that night behind Hank's honky-tonk?"

"No."

She smiled. "Neither did I. It was *my* memory to treasure."

"Mine too."

They looked at each other. Kelly's heart warmed.

"Here, how about this," Trey said. He turned over onto his front, his beautiful ass tight and smooth. His back tapered from broad shoulders to tight waist, then his jeans hugged his thighs, half on, half off. He gave her a wicked look over his shoulder.

"Perfect," Kelly breathed, and snapped a picture. "That'll make a great screensaver."

His eyes widened. "What?"

"I'm just kidding. I'll bury the pics in a computer file no one will ever see. Except me."

Trey put his hand over his eyes. "I swear I'm going to spank you again."

"I hope so. Turn over again. I want some more."

Trey complied. Kelly mounted the stairs, standing with her feet on either side of his legs, and aimed the camera straight down at his cock. *Click. Flash*, another beautiful photo.

He stuck out his tongue as she took another shot. She climbed up behind him and took a picture going down the stairs, while he held his cock up straight with his fingers.

He got into it, laughing and posing for her. He also didn't mind looking straight up her dress as she stood over him. "You're pussy is gorgeous," he said.

She blushed. Strange to be shy when she was taking pictures of his naked cock.

"I have an idea," she said. She scurried down the stairs again and held out her hand. "Take off your pants and come here."

"I thought you wanted to suck on me."

"I do. But I want to do something first. Come on."

Looking bemused, Trey stripped off his boots and socks, then shoved his jeans the rest of the way off. She got a shot of him doing that, too.

Her heart beating faster, she said, "Put the boots back on."

He gave her a *what?* look, but laughed. "All right." He pulled on his boots, then let her haul him to his feet.

A beautiful naked man in nothing but his cowboy boots. His body rippled with muscle, bronzed skin flowing like someone had dipped a perfect male statue into molten gold. Except, of course for the pale skin of his ass, and his dark cock standing straight out.

He gave her a sexy look under his lashes, and Kelly stepped back, her cream flowing, and took another picture.

She seized his hand and led him over to the Christmas tree. "Sit down there," she said, pointing. Grinning, he did it. He sat in front of the tree, on the carpet, his knees bent, legs spread, his arms circling his knees. Another shot.

Kelly grabbed a roll of Christmas wrap she'd left on the floor and tore off a large sheet. She came to him and wrapped it around his middle, wadding it high over his still erect cock.

Trey started laughing. "Give me some bows."

She took fresh red, silver, and green bows from a plastic bag and handed them to him. He peeled off the backings and stuck one on his head, one at his navel, and one on the wrapping paper over his cock.

He leaned back on his elbows and spread his legs. "All ready for Christmas morning."

Kelly snapped pictures, her pussy hot and wet, her body shivering all over.

Trey posed for her, first lying on his back, legs apart, then on his hands and knees, his butt peeking through the paper, then lowering himself to his stomach, letting her stick bows all over his exposed ass.

He turned over again and Kelly ripped open the paper so that his stiff cock poked through. She took a picture of that, then put a bow on his tip. He laughed so hard, it kept falling off.

Finally, she dropped to her hands and knees and tore off the paper, opening her Christmas present.

His laughter died. He smoothed her hair, his hand shaking. She pushed his strong legs apart and lowered her mouth to fit it around his cock.

Chapter Three

Trey picked up the camera from where she'd laid it next to him, at the same time he felt Kelly's warm, wet mouth suck him in.

Damn, and I almost decided to spend Christmas in Austin, catching up on work.

He'd never really forgotten about Kelly, her red hair and big brown eyes and smile that could stop his heart. When she'd asked him to ride out with her that day ten years ago and find her father's mare and foal, she'd looked at him with sweet, troubled eyes, and he hadn't been able to say no.

Maybe she'd think he was brave and cool, helping her rescue the horses. Maybe she wouldn't mind if he grabbed her in his arms and planted a big kiss on her mouth. Maybe he could tell her he'd always thought she was hot.

But Trey had been shy, more comfortable around cutting horses than around women. Even in Austin, meeting women from all over the country, he could smile and nod, but not really talk to them. They all thought he was sexy, but that was just his good luck. The long, tall Texan who smiled and said *ma'am* became popular very fast.

He'd gotten up the courage to ask Kelly to dance at the honky-tonk that night after the horse ride, but she'd come there with her friends. He remembered standing at the bar watching her laugh and goof around with her girlfriends, wanting to go over to her, and not being able to.

He'd had to drink three beers before he could even walk to her table, and he'd only gone because her friends had trooped to the restroom, and she'd volunteered to stay and watch their stuff. She'd smiled up at him and said, sure, she'd dance with him, soon as her friends came back.

He'd almost scooted away, not wanting to be standing there, blushing, when the ladies returned. He remembered his face burning as they came back to the table, staring

at him, smiles wide, and Kelly casually saying she was going to dance. Her friends had nudged each other, snickering, telling Kelly not to do anything they wouldn't.

Trey had almost dropped the idea, but once he had Kelly in his arms, and they were stepping around the floor, he forgot his shyness. She thanked him for helping her bring the horses back—Trey had carried the tiny foal across his lap all the way, while Kelly had held the mare's lead rein. It had taken them a long time to get back, and they'd spent it talking like they'd known each other forever.

On the dance floor, they couldn't talk much over the music, but Kelly smiled at him, so that was fine. They'd danced three dances, then Kelly said she was too hot, so they took a walk outside. Her friends watched them go with knowing grins.

Behind Hank's honky-tonk, a path led down through cottonwoods to the river below, a pretty walk on a summer day. It had been October, and a little nippy, but that meant the rattlesnakes were hiding, and they could walk under the moon without too much worry. Trey had started kissing her, unable to stop, and then she put her hands on his ass, and then he put his hands on hers, and things had gone from there.

When he asked to go out with her again, and she said she had to help her sister move back to UT El Paso, he figured she was letting him down easy. Sure, this was fun, but they would go their separate ways, and that would be that.

Every time he called home, he asked, casually, if his grandmother had heard anything about Kelly. His grandmother and her aunt were good friends, and usually, she volunteered the information.

"Oh, do you remember Kelly St. Clair? She got a degree in interior design and came back home to work with her aunt's decorating business. She's really good. All those millionaires retiring down by View Creek ask for her." And then, "Remember Kelly St. Clair? Well, she's getting married. One of those retiring millionaires has a son who inherited his dad's business. He took one look at Kelly, and that was it."

When Trey had come home tonight to find Kelly's aunt Serena at his grandmother's house, Serena had smiled like she knew a good secret, and then mentioned, ever-so

casually, that Kelly's fiancé had dumped her. He'd had another girlfriend tucked away, Kelly found out, they had a fight and he walked out.

Fucking jerk, Trey had thought angrily.

But hey, lucky for Trey. Because Kelly had just started to suck *him*, not some stupid rich boy with a silver spoon in his mouth and a stick up his ass.

Kelly's mouth was all over him, her tongue flicking like a butterfly dancing. He dropped his head back and closed his eyes, feeling her lick and lick, her red hair falling like warm silk across his thighs.

He brought his head up, picked up the camera, and took a picture of her bent over him. Her ass was up in the air, hips tapering to a curved waist, the muscles of her arms working as she held herself up over him.

She jumped as the flash went off and nipped him.

"Mmm, yeah," he murmured. He lifted his hips, and her mouth slid over him again like a sheath.

Her tongue moved, not like she was practiced, but like she was having fun. She licked him hard, concentrating on the sensitive skin just under his tip.

He angled the camera to take in his cock and her lips on it and clicked the shutter. She jerked again, but didn't stop. He took another picture, this one from the other side.

When she backed off, he almost groaned in frustration, but she started licking his cock up and down, from tip to base and back again. He lifted his butt so she could get all the way down to his balls and beyond. He pointed the camera down there and kept his finger on the button.

She closed her eyes against the bright flash, but kept licking, *wonderful woman*.

He couldn't stop his finger clicking the camera. He took shot after shot of her slathering her tongue all over him, nuzzling his balls, her eyes shut, closing her teeth gently over one of his testicles.

She came up again and swallowed his cock into her mouth. He felt the climax building up in his balls, the seed wanting to burst out. Only his clenched muscles kept it in. He grimaced, the cords on his neck tightening as the pleasure went on and on.

“Oh no,” he said. “I don’t want it to stop.”

She responded by sucking harder, lips and tongue encouraging him. She moved her hand to his balls, squeezing them lightly.

“Fuck,” he whispered. The camera clicked once, twice, three times as his buttocks squeezed together, and he came.

Seed shot into her mouth and trickled out again over his cock. He laced his hand through her hair, loving it soft and warm all over him as she milked him with her mouth.

She licked and suckled until his throat ached with his groans. *Damn, you are so beautiful, why the hell didn’t I grab onto you when I had the chance?*

He fell onto his back, spent, and Kelly lifted her head. She wiped her mouth on the back of her hand, and looked at him, shy but happy.

“I think you used up the card,” she said, touching the camera.

Trey dropped the camera, sat up, and hauled her into his arms. He kissed her hard, tasting himself on her tongue, letting her taste herself in his mouth. She made noises in her throat and wrapped her arms around him, fingers pressing his back.

He kissed until his lips started to go numb. He smoothed her hair from her face and rested his forehead against hers. “That was good, that was *so* good.”

She kissed his lips, softly this time. “Yeah, it was. Want some eggnog?”

* * * * *

Kelly poured eggnog from a carton into two highball glasses and handed one to Trey. He took it with a grin, not seeming to care that she hadn’t made the eggnog from scratch. John had always expected her to be a gourmet cook.

Trey had taken off his boots, but put his jeans back on. They hugged his hips, reminding her he hadn't bothered with his underwear.

He looked good, and he tasted good, and he smiled at her good. When John had walked out, she'd thought this Christmas would be nothing but tears, and her trying to put on a happy face at her aunt's house.

And now...

They'd left the camera in the living room, because Kelly was right, they'd used up the card. She'd never dreamed she was the kind of girl to tell a guy to strip and then *take pictures* of him. And then let him take pictures of her sucking him off! She'd lost her mind.

If this is insanity, it sure is fun.

Trey rummaged through cupboards, muscles sliding under his bronzed skin, until he pulled out a bottle of Kentucky bourbon.

"A little for you," he said, unscrewing the bottle and dolloping some into her eggnog, then his. "And a little for me."

He screwed the bottle shut and picked up his spiked eggnog, leaning against the counter. He lifted his glass in front of his wide chest and said, "To Kelly, the most beautiful girl in Makeview."

Kelly's face heated. "I wasn't beautiful when I opened the door. I looked awful."

"Are you kidding? I knew you'd just gotten out of the shower, smelling all exotic with your fancy soap." He grinned, then suddenly his smile faltered. "Hey, were you prettying yourself up for someone? Do you have a date later, and I'm just the appetizer?"

She started laughing, and pressed her hand over her mouth. "Only Mr. X."

Trey's brows lifted. "Who the hell is that? Some wrestler? I work out, but I don't know if I could go against a guy who could lift me up and slam me onto the floor."

"Mr. X isn't a person. He's a...um."

“An ‘um’? You can tell me anything, Kelly, I won’t repeat it.” He took a sip of eggnog around his grin.

If any other man had said that, Kelly would have been wary. But she believed Trey. She *knew* she could trust him, though she couldn’t say why.

“He’s a vibrator.”

Trey choked on his eggnog. He set the glass down, coughing. “Oh, man.”

“What’s so funny? Women need release as much as men do.”

Trey wiped his mouth and shook his head. “I’m not laughing. I was thinking maybe you should introduce me to him and show me exactly what you were going to do with him. Or, pretend I’m not there, and I’ll just watch.”

Kelly pressed her thighs tight together, imagining his steady blue gaze on her while she rubbed Mr. X all over her pussy.

“We should finish our eggnog first,” she said hastily.

“Sure. You got any whipped cream?” He turned away and opened the refrigerator as he spoke, thoroughly at home. He found the can of whipped topping in the doorway and brought it out. “Great.”

He squirted a glop on the top of his eggnog and held the can out to her. “Want some?”

“No, thanks.” She watched, entranced, as he slowly swirled his tongue around the whipped cream on his drink. He snaked his tongue into his mouth, sucking up the cream, a white droplet clinging to the tip of his nose.

He caught her gaze, and his smile turned dark. “Kelly, take off your dress.”

The juice between her thighs flowed faster. She touched her knit dress, knowing she had nothing on under it, having left her panties by the stairs.

She slowly inched the dress up her thighs, then pulled it up and off over her head. It was a little cold to be naked, and her nipples lifted, small and tight.

Trey put down his eggnog and strolled over to her, his bare feet whispering on the floor. "I was wrong about you being the most beautiful woman in Makeview. I have to say the most beautiful in the world."

She blushed. "You put too much bourbon in your eggnog."

"No, I didn't, baby. I remember dancing with you way back when, thinking you were so hot." His gaze raked her, resting on her plump breasts, the curve of her hips. "You've gotten hotter than ever. Damn." He shook his head, his eyes never leaving her. "I can't believe I haven't been with you all this time."

"You wanted to start your own life."

"I know. See what happens when you don't pay attention?"

Kelly didn't know quite what he meant, but she did understand the sly grin he gave her just before he squirted whipped cream all over her naked breasts.

She squealed. He bent her back over the counter, while she clutched her glass of eggnog and let him lick the cream off her breasts in slow strokes.

Her nipples tingled as he wiggled his tongue over each tip. He sucked off the cream and licked around the areolas, making her push herself into his mouth.

"You make a damn good sundae," he said.

She grabbed the whipped cream can from him and sloshed cream across his shoulders. She ate it off him, licking the round scar from his rodeo days, just like she always wanted to.

He snaked his arms around her waist as she cleaned him, feeling his hard cock rub her pussy through his jeans. She wriggled against him, letting the seam of his fly move like fire on her clit. The friction was good, almost as good as his hands or his tongue.

He caught her bare thighs in his hands and lifted her so her butt rested against the counter. Then he moved to her, pressing the hard denim bulge against her clit, holding her ass with firm fingers.

"I can't get enough of you," he whispered into her hair. "Can't get enough."

He ground his hips against her, spreading her legs wide. She moved with him, letting him fuck her through his jeans, getting the fabric all wet with her female juices. His cock, even behind his fly, was so much better than Mr. X could ever be.

She moved herself on him, the fabric burning on her clit, the heat feeling so good. She threw her head back, her long hair tickling her ass, so erotic, and pumped against him. "Ohhh," she said. "I'm going to come."

"Do it," he whispered. "Come for me."

Kelly didn't want to, not so soon. She wanted to savor the hot feel of his pants on her cunt, his cock pressing so tight against the seam she was surprised the zipper didn't break.

A blackness came over her mind, edges tinged in white fire, and her whole body jerked. "Trey," she babbled. She bucked against him, and he slammed his ridge into her, holding her tight, sliding on her. Noises escaped her mouth and then all-out screams.

Suddenly, the beautiful bulge left her, and she nearly cried. Trey lifted her around the waist, carried her two feet, and deposited her on a kitchen chair. "I don't want to come in my pants," he said, sounding desperate.

He ripped open his zipper, thrust his jeans down and off, then straddled her and started rubbing his hard, hot cock between her breasts.

Still frantic from her climax, Kelly thrust her own fingers against her clit. She moaned with delayed release, and clutched his smooth cock, letting him fuck between her breasts and fingers at the same time.

Trey closed his eyes and moaned, and then his seed squirted out and spilled all over her. He held himself against her, pumping against her breasts. Ropes of cum shot out, and she caught them in her hand, liking the silky texture and the feel against her bare skin.

He held himself against her, cock snug between her breasts, for a long time. Then he opened his eyes, dropped to his knees, spread her legs apart and licked her swollen clit and pussy until she screamed her release again.

* * * * *

A short while later, Trey sat naked on the chair, holding an equally naked Kelly on his lap.

Kelly smelled good, a mix of coconut soap and his cum and hers, kind of like they'd made love on a tropical beach. She was a warm and soft lapful, her head resting on his shoulder, her red hair flowing down to his lap.

The clock over the door said eleven, the night outside was black, and winter wind howled around the windows. He kissed her cheek. "Kelly, sweetheart, I have a problem."

She lifted her head, brows puckering. "You have to go to the bathroom?"

He stared at her in surprise, then burst out laughing. "Oh, man, no wonder I'm in love with you. No. I want to take you up to your bedroom and fuck you the rest of the night, but I don't have any condoms."

"What?" She sounded amused, but something watchful entered her brown eyes. "The gorgeous Trey Kincaid wasn't prepared to get laid?"

He shook his head. "I came home to Makeview figuring I'd visit with my grandmother and uncle and nephews. Not exactly a reason to pack condoms."

"Oh," she said. "I guess not."

"You don't have any lying around, do you?"

"No. I don't have anyone to buy them for." She sounded a little wistful. But Trey was here to change all that.

"Well, then." Trey eased her from his lap, and then held her hands while she stood in front of him. Damn, she had the most beautiful body he'd ever seen. "I'll drive to the convenience store up on the freeway. It's open twenty-four hours, even on Christmas."

Kelly looked shy again—while standing stark naked in front of him. She was so damn cute. "If you go up there and buy condoms, everyone in town will know," she said.

"I know." He stood up, skimming his hands up her arms and locking his fingers behind her neck. "But I'll have to risk it." He kissed her lightly on the lips. "I want to make love to you, Kelly. I'm going to. All right?"

She kissed him, her lips warm and smooth. "Fine by me."

Trey released her, but held her hand as they walked back to the living room. "It's too much to hope that they have lube up there, too, isn't it?"

She squeezed his hand. "Now that, I do have." When he glanced at her in surprise, she said, "To smooth the way for Mr. X."

Trey laughed softly. "I am so looking forward to playing with your friend. He and I are going to teach you a thing or two."

He loved how she shivered in excitement. He imagined her moaning for him as he massaged her clit with the vibrator and his hands. His cock went rock-hard.

She noticed. "Are you sure you can get into your pants?"

"I don't know, but I have to try."

Back in the living room, Trey picked up his underwear and put it on, stuffing his needy cock away. He pulled on his jeans, zipped them with some struggle, and reached for his sweatshirt.

Kelly watched him, looking disappointed that he was hiding his body away. Well, when he returned, he'd do a slow striptease for her. He'd like her watching him undress, her eyes all eager.

He threaded his belt through the loops again and buckled it, remembering what fun it was to spank Kelly's ass with it. Another thing he'd be sure to do some more tonight.

He pulled on his socks and boots, then picked up his sheepskin coat and his hat. She hung onto the newel post at the bottom of the stairs and gave him a wistful look, like she thought he was going out for condoms and not coming back.

Fat chance. He bent over her and gave her a slow, loving kiss. "You stay warm, now."

She nodded. "I will."

It was hard to turn around and walk away. Trey made himself do it, reasoning that the faster he left, the faster he'd get back, and then they could make love all night and all the way up to time for him to show up at the Christmas dinner table.

He undid the deadbolt, then reached for the doorknob. It wouldn't turn. He tried again, but the thing didn't budge under his hand.

"Is this locked?" he asked.

Kelly came forward, bare feet whispering on the board floor. "I only have the dead bolt." She reached around him for the knob, her naked body brushing his.

If they were together, like a married couple, he wouldn't need to rush out for condoms. He'd be able to strip off again, lay her down on the floor, and go for it. He suddenly wanted that with all his might. Kelly, *his* and his alone.

She was still messing with the knob. "I guess it's stuck. You'll have to go out the back door."

But when they got to the back door, that knob wouldn't work either. Trey rattled it and pushed and pulled the door.

"This is weird," Kelly said. "Maybe the door swelled with the storm. I can call a locksmith, see what he thinks."

"At eleven p.m. on Christmas Eve?" Trey asked. Standing here fully dressed with her stark naked was making his cock throb harder than ever. He didn't want a locksmith bothering them just now.

She nibbled her thumb. "Hmm, this is starting to remind me of a horror movie."

Trey chuckled, suddenly understanding what was going on. He took off his hat and rubbed his hand through his hair.

"No. I know exactly what this is. It's your Aunt Serena and my grandmother. They decided I should stay here tonight. And believe me, honey, when they're scheming, they're scarier than any horror movie you ever saw."

Chapter Four

Upstairs, sitting on Kelly's dresser, in plain sight, was an unopened box of condoms.

Kelly, clutching the dress she'd picked up on the way out of the kitchen against her cold skin, stared at it in surprise. "How did that get here?"

Trey cut her a glance. "You tell me."

She approached the box and looked at it. Magnums, unopened. "I don't know. I didn't buy it."

Trey put his hands on his hips, looking sexy, even fully dressed. "Maybe your fiancé left it behind?"

Kelly snorted. "Not magnums."

Trey's look turned thoughtful. He picked up the box, not pissed off or suspicious, just curious. "I guess they thought of everything."

"They who? And what were you talking about downstairs – your grandmother and my Aunt Serena?"

Trey dropped the box on the nightstand and sat down on the bed. He took Kelly's hands and pulled her down to sit next to him. The quilts felt cool under her butt.

"Have you ever heard of witches, Kelly?"

She considered. "You mean Wicca? That kind of thing?"

"That kind of thing. Well, my grandmother is a witch. So is your aunt. They kind of keep it under wraps, but I've always known. My grandmother does all kinds of tarot readings for me. How do you think I make all my business decisions?"

"I'm finding this hard to believe." Kelly wound her arms around his chest, liking the warmth of his sweatshirt and his hard body beneath. "I knew aunt Serena was into incense and charms, but I didn't think it was real *magic*."

"Think about it. Doesn't your aunt always know things before everyone else? Don't things always happen the way she wants?"

"I thought that was just her personality."

"It is. She's like my grandmother. My grandmother wants something to happen, and the universe arranges for it to happen."

Come to think of it Aunt Serena *did* have an uncanny way of deciding what the future would bring. She was never wrong. And she did like to dish out advice. If you didn't take her advice, you usually regretted it.

"You're saying that the two of them want us to get together?" Kelly asked slowly.

Trey nodded. "That's why we looked at each other and all the sudden wanted each other. That's why the doors won't open, but *poof*, here's a convenient box of condoms. We're supposed to stay in the house and have all kinds of sex and fall in love."

Kelly met his beautiful blue gaze. "Of all the nerve."

"Yep."

"Like we aren't grownups who can make our own decisions."

"Like we can't figure out what we want," he agreed.

Kelly's ire rose. "I'm calling them right now and telling them what I think."

She crawled across the bed, Trey appreciatively watching her breasts sway. She picked up the phone and started to punch her aunt's number, then she stopped. "The phone is dead."

"Yep." Trey leaned back, his hands around one knee. "Figured as much."

Kelly slammed down the receiver. "I have a cell phone."

"So do I. How much you want to bet we can't get a signal?"

"They can't do this to us," Kelly fumed.

“They’re doing it.”

She turned around, kneeling on the bed, her arms folded. “We should just play cards the rest of the night, to show them who they can push around.”

“We could.” Trey laid down across the bed, resting his warm hands on Kelly’s thigh. “But I don’t really want to.”

Kelly didn’t really want to, either. Trey was to die for, and a card game would be a waste of time. Unless they could turn it into strip poker...

“I guess we’ll have to make the best of it,” she said softly.

“Guess so.” His voice was equally as soft.

He dipped his hand between her thighs and parted her legs. “We could play with Mr. X a little,” he said. “Or you could just have me.”

Kelly tangled her fingers in his black, thick hair. “I’ll choose you.”

“Thank you.”

She grinned suddenly. “We’ll save Mr. X for later.”

He looked up at her, his eyes dark. “Oh, you’re asking for it, sweetheart.”

He dragged her down the bed, flipped her over, and slapped her ass with his hand. Kelly squealed, loving it.

She never thought she’d want a man to spank her—she’d never, ever have asked her ex—but she liked it with Trey. It stung and it tickled and it turned her on.

“On your back, baby.”

She rolled over again, lying full length, parting her legs a little, so he would see how wet her pussy was for him. He looked and licked his lips. His tight jeans showed his cock rigid and hard again, a huge bulge, and he didn’t bother to hide it.

“Hands above your head.”

He slid his belt off. Shivering, Kelly raised her hands and rested them on the pillows above her.

Trey crawled over her, his sweatshirt brushing her breasts, grabbed her wrists, and wrapped the leather belt around them. He looped the end of the belt around a post in her decorative iron headboard and tied it in a makeshift knot.

“There,” he said. “You’re mine.”

Kelly laid still, her hands over her head, arms stretched. She could probably get away if she really wanted to, but she didn’t really want to.

His clothes rubbing her body made her shiver with excitement. He kissed her face, then her neck and throat, tickling his tongue over her skin. She lifted herself toward him, wanting more.

He licked his way down to her breasts, then spent time suckling and lapping her nipples. He closed hard fingers around the globe of one breast and lifted it into his mouth.

She dropped her head back, loving the feel of his tongue and teeth. She should be more worried, being trapped in the house, the phone dead, and him binding her to the bed, but she wasn’t.

She loved it. She was locked in a box with Trey Kincaid, the most gorgeous man in Makeview. At twenty-one he’d been plenty cute – at thirty, he was stunning.

She wished she could run her hands all through his hair as he suckled her, but her wrists were tied to the bedstead, gloriously bound. She wriggled, as though trying to get free, and he bit her playfully.

“You wind me up any harder, baby, and I’ll explode,” he said.

She smiled, feeling wild and wicked. *She* could wind him up, *she* could get him hard. Her, plain old Kelly St. Clair.

He moved his tongue down to her navel, giving it a few licks, then he went to work on her pussy. Like before, he really knew what he was doing. He licked her clit, moving it back and forth under its tiny sheath. He pressed his tongue onto her hood, stroking hard, while dark tingles raced through her body.

He nipped her and sucked her clit, then delved his tongue into her opening. "Trey," she whispered, lifting her hips.

He backed off then, and she cried out in disappointment. But he replaced his tongue with his fingers, pushing deep inside her pussy. He planted his thumb on her clit and moved it back and forth, back and forth.

"Fuck," she said hoarsely.

She was going to come. Way too soon. *Please not yet, not yet*, she begged her body.

Trey rubbed her, his thumb a point of fire, his fingers inside her widening and opening her. She was so wet, she could feel her juices pouring over his hand.

"Please, not yet," she gasped.

"Well, all right." Trey slowly withdrew his fingers. She whimpered in disappointment, then forgot about it when he began to strip.

Kneeling over her, he slid off his sweatshirt and tossed it away, his hard-muscled torso a feast for her eyes. He'd already kicked off his boots, and now he popped the button of his jeans and unzipped them.

His cock tumbled out, thick and engorged, the shaft red from base to head. She ran an eye over it, knowing it was bigger and harder and longer than any vibrator could be. She wanted it in her mouth, she wanted it in her hands, she wanted it in her pussy.

"Kelly," he said. He shoved the jeans all the way off and dropped them on the floor. "I really want to fuck you."

"Fine by me." She spread her legs wider, wanting to pull him in.

He grinned at her, then went through the process of opening the box of condoms, selecting one, peeling back the wrapper, and pinching the end. He made each movement slow and deliberate, like he was putting on a show for her.

He rubbed his cock with his thumb and forefinger, then slid the end of the condom on it, unrolling it slowly. It fit him tight, making his cock shiny.

She wanted him in her bare, but this might be a one-night stand. A Christmas Eve stand. The thought made her wistful, but at the same time, she was determined to enjoy every second of it.

"Lift your hips a little," he murmured.

He leaned down and kissed her mouth, his lips warm and seductive, then he positioned himself between her legs, resting the tip of his cock against her opening.

"Ready?" he asked.

Kelly strained at her bonds, wanting to grab him and pull him inside but not able to. "Ready," she said, a little breathlessly.

Slowly, stretching her, making her ache and love it at the same time, he pushed his cock all the way in.

* * * * *

Why the hell did I ever leave Makeview?

Trey moaned. Career, college, financial success, it was *nothing* compared to the feel of Kelly closing snug around him. She was tight, she was oh-so tight, and she squeezed every inch of him.

Home, he thought, *I've come home*. Then he began to move.

Kelly squirmed and squealed under him, her body covered with a sheen of sweat, her pussy full of honey. She'd almost climaxed under the assault of his tongue, then his fingers, and now she was rocking and wriggling, straining against the belt that held her to the bed.

He slid all the way in, right to his balls, feeling her ass against his hard testicles. He held himself up with his rigid arms, fists sinking into the mattress on either side of her. She turned her head and licked his forearm, tongue strong and wet.

His cock pulsed, the seed building, wanting to escape. He lowered himself onto her, still braced to not hurt her with his weight, and she lifted eager lips to his.

They kissed and kissed, tongues sliding over each other as they tried to taste as much of each other as possible.

Trey's balls lifted hard and tight, pressing him forward. He shoved into her with strong thrusts, feeling her curls of hair around his base, feeling his balls banging her ass.

Kelly lifted to meet him, her pelvis hard against his, pushing herself onto him as far as she could. The walls of her cunt pulsed around him, the sweetest, hottest feeling he'd ever had.

When she'd asked him downstairs to bend her over and spank her, he thought he'd die. Who knew that sweet, shy Kelly liked it a little hot? She liked being tied with his belt, too, if the expression of rapture on her face was any indication.

Love it, love it, love it, he thought with each thrust. *Love you.*

Did he love her?

You'd better believe it.

"Kelly," he panted. "I'm gonna come."

She ran her bare feet up his calves, lifting her hips, swallowing him inside her. Spasms fluttered behind his balls, sending his seed up, and then he was coming and coming, squirting deep in mindless thrusts.

He shoved his fingers between them, his thumb pressing her clit, and she let out a moan. "Trey. Yes, *ohhhh.*"

"Baby, thank you."

He kept coming, kept pumping into her, his cock not ready to give up yet. She squeezed him hard, drawing every last bit out of him, squealing with her own pleasure.

Trey stroked and felt her as long as he could, riding it out hard and fast. Black dots swam across his vision, and he thought he'd pass out. Manfully, he kept his eyes open and his breathing going while he fucked her until the very last minute.

Finally, he collapsed beside her, then, with his fingers and his tongue, brought her to climax twice more. She strained and screamed, nearly breaking the belt and the headboard itself.

By the time her cries died down to breathy sighs, he was hard as a rock again, and he rolled over her and fucked her again. And then again.

At last, when they were both drooping with tiredness, Trey loosened the belt and let her hands go.

"Merry Christmas, baby," he whispered as he kissed her lips. He dragged the now messed up quilt over the top of them and snuggled down with her into a warm nest. "I love you."

She stared at him, brown eyes wide, lashes thick against her cheeks. "Trey..."

"Shh." He put his fingers against her lips to stop her saying something like, *That's sweet, but I just want to be friends.*

Kelly watched him a moment longer, then her mouth relaxed into a smile. "Merry Christmas, Trey," she said, then closed her lovely eyes and drifted off to sleep. Trey followed her not long after that, utterly exhausted and loving what had made him that way.

* * * * *

"So, honey, you think it worked?" Across town, Serena swept the salt circle from the table and plopped tiredly into a chair.

"I sure hope so," Mary answered. She'd put on a flamboyant Christmas sweater with a hunky elf who looked like Orlando Bloom on it. "Trey is too damn stubborn to see what's under his nose."

Serena nodded. "I thought for sure those two would get together years ago. I couldn't believe Kelly didn't even *call* Trey, or try to see him again."

Mary shook her head. "She was young. At that age, you figure you have your whole life to sort out that stuff. But it goes by so fast."

“Trey will figure out what we did, you know. He’s a smart boy.”

Mary shrugged and sat down at the table. “Doesn’t matter. He loves Kelly, and maybe this will make him get up the gumption to tell her.”

“And Kelly loves him.”

Mary scowled. “Damn kids. That little bit of lock magic wore me out. Not to mention popping that box of condoms from the convenience store to her bedroom. Remind me to drop some money by for that.”

Serena grinned and got to her feet. “I know what we need.” She dug out a bottle of champagne she’d been saving for Christmas dinner. She knew where Mary kept the glasses and brought some to the table. She popped the cork, let the foam gush, and laughed.

“Here’s to us,” she said, pouring the champagne into glasses. “The smartest women in Makeview.”

“They’re gonna *yell* at us,” Mary said, grinning. Serena sat down, and they clinked glasses.

“You bet,” Serena said, and they drank.

Chapter Five

Kelly woke Christmas morning feeling both sore and relaxed. For a few minutes, she couldn't decide why she felt so warm and happy, then she remembered Trey coming to the door, Trey coming inside, Trey *spanking* her.

The night's activities swept through her mind in a rush, and she blushed. She remembered him tying her up with the belt, and her loving it, which made her blush more.

The only problem now was, both Trey and the belt were gone.

Kelly sat up straight, her hair crackling as it came off the quilt. Trey's clothes were gone, and he was nowhere in sight.

A cold feeling formed in the pit of her stomach. He wouldn't leave without a word, would he? Without a goodbye, without a kiss, without even a *Merry Christmas*?

Then again, maybe he would. Kelly scrambled up from the bed, grabbed her discarded orange sweats and put them on. There was no sign of Trey in the upstairs hall, in the guestroom, or in the bathroom, although the wet shower curtain and a towel on the counter told her he'd been there.

When she was halfway down the stairs, she realized that the smell of brewing coffee permeated the house. She relaxed, holding onto the banisters. When John had lived here with her, he'd always gotten up early and made the coffee. She'd gotten so used to the smell she hadn't noticed it.

Then again, Trey could have started the coffeemaker for her and departed. But why would he?

"Trey?" she called softly.

"Down here."

She nearly collapsed in relief. Last night, when he'd looked down at her and said, *I love you*, her whole world had spun around. She hadn't been able to say anything back around the lump in her throat.

She stepped off the stairs and glided into the living room, then stopped, her heart thumping.

Trey was under the tree. He'd stripped off again—or maybe he'd never gotten dressed. He had wrapping paper around his middle, his cowboy boots on, and his hat on his head, pushed back so he could see her.

"Mornin'," he said.

Kelly touched her fingers to her lips. He looked delectable with his tanned and muscular chest, his legs tight and bare and laced with wiry black hair. The paper pulled away a little at his right hip, revealing the curve of a pale buttock pressed into the carpet.

And here she was, once more in her bright orange sweats with her hair a complete mess.

"Oh," she said, her heart beating faster. "I didn't get you anything."

"Yes you did." He nodded, his hat slipping. "You sure did, sweetheart. I loved every minute of it."

She flushed, remembering how she'd eagerly taken off her clothes for him and let him squirt whipped cream all over her in the kitchen.

He gave her a slow smile, telling her he remembered that and possibly wanted to do it some more. "So," he said, his Texas drawl slow. "Are ya'll gonna unwrap me?"

Kelly bit her lip, then dashed to him, slammed to her knees under the tree, and tore the paper off the best Christmas present she ever had.

He was naked underneath, his cock standing up, all satiny and warm, the tip moist. Kelly thrust off her ugly sweats, vowing never to wear them again. She took his cock in

her hand, loving the smooth feel of it, loving how the bead of moisture on the tip moved slick under her thumb.

She leaned down and licked him, inhaling his smell, sucking the cock into her mouth. He moved, hips rising, and she saw his hands ball to fists on the carpet.

“Kelly, fuck me,” he said softly. “Ride me.”

Kelly ignored him a few minutes, driving him crazy licking him and running her fingers lightly up and down his shaft. Then she slanted him a smile, straddled him on the floor, and lowered herself down on top of him.

He closed his eyes, his head dropping back. His cock went all the way up inside her, straight and tall, like a flagpole. She moved her hips, gripping the base of the cock with the folds of her pussy.

Then, slowly at first, she began to rock back and forth on him.

Someone had once told her that to sit the canter on a horse, a woman should think of how she moved when she was on top of a man. The same thing worked in reverse. The little scoop movement she made when letting her horse lope across the dry valleys worked wonders on Trey.

He clenched his teeth and his fists, and moved his hips in time with hers. “Hot damn,” he groaned.

He went up and in, grinding over and over, Kelly’s pussy widening and so slick that he almost slid out. She sat down harder. He gripped her hands and they rode together, scooping and pumping.

And then he came, squirting high up into her.

Kelly moaned her own release, climaxing hard and fast.

A moment later, the doorbell rang.

Kelly jumped about a foot. Trey grabbed her, and slowly eased her off his cock.

“It’s probably your aunt, come to gloat,” Trey said. “You get the door, I’ll dress in the kitchen.”

Kelly pulled on the hated sweats again, then stopped to watch Trey walk in nothing but his boots and cowboy hat toward the kitchen. His ass was nice, tight and small and beckoning her tongue. She watched in a daze, until he disappeared.

Whoever it was pushed hard on the bell again.

She opened the door easily, like it had never been hexed shut. But it wasn't Aunt Serena or Trey's grandmother on the doorstep, it was John Hatton.

"Kelly," he said.

John looked slim and shaved and neat, his black hair combed and slick as always, even though it was eight o'clock on Christmas morning.

Kelly stared, her heart thumping with anger, happiness and hard, hot sex. "John," she said, not knowing whether to laugh or scream. "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

He spoke evenly, as though he'd rehearsed a speech. "You know, I thought about it, and I felt bad about leaving you alone on Christmas. So I thought, 'I should go see Kelly. It's not fair to make her lonely on this day of all days'."

Kelly leaned against the doorframe, arms folded. She felt herself smiling. *What a jerk.*

She wondered what would have happened if Trey hadn't popped up last night, carrying an armload of gifts, looking sexy as hell and giving her the best Christmas Eve of her life. Would Kelly now be desperately dragging John inside to stave off the Christmas blues?

Maybe. Or maybe she'd have shown him the door, like she was going to do now. He'd cheated on her; why should she do him any favors?

"Why do you assume I'm lonely?" she asked.

John looked surprised. "Well, I know you have your aunt. But you said your mother wasn't coming down this year, and I thought..."

Her smile widened. "You thought I'd be dying for you. You thought you'd come over here and get an easy lay."

"Kelly," John said, shocked. He looked behind her. "Can I come in? It's freezing out here."

Trey had said the same thing last night, but Kelly's answer was different. "No."

"Thanks...wait, what did you say?"

"I said no." Kelly idly traced the doorframe. "I'm busy. I have to make the biscuits for my aunt's Christmas dinner."

"Just for a little while. I—"

John broke off with a gulp, and his face turned a strange shade of green. Kelly didn't have to turn around to know what he looked at. She heard Trey's boots on the board floor and then felt his warm presence behind her.

"Hey," Trey said in his friendly voice.

"John, did you ever meet Trey Kincaid?"

John didn't say one way or the other, but his brows slammed down. "Were you sleeping with him?" he demanded of Kelly. He switched his gaze to Trey. "She's my *fiancée*."

"Ex-fiancée," Kelly corrected him.

Trey slid his arm around Kelly. "I heard the story, how you had yourself a girlfriend, then got mad at Kelly when she found out. Her aunt told me. I should punch your lights out for that."

John looked him up and down, Trey all hard muscle and cowboy strength. John took a step back, but sneered, "So you caught her on the rebound and slept with her."

Trey gathered Kelly close. "Let's just say we took the opportunity to tell each other how we felt. Congratulate us. We're getting married."

* * * * *

Kelly was quiet after her ex-fiancé left in a huff. Trey walked past her where she stood in the middle of the living room, in her cute orange sweats that he was not going

to let her throw away, and went over to the computer he'd booted up before he'd made the coffee.

She looked stunned. Well, sure, he was stunned too. Not stunned that he wanted to marry her, but stunned that he'd waited this long to ask her. He planned to ream out his grandmother and her aunt for playing a dirty trick on them, but he had to admit the result was worth it.

If he could get Kelly to say yes.

"I uploaded those photos we took last night," he said. He sat down at the computer desk and brought up the program.

Kelly walked to him very slowly. When she stopped beside him, he wrapped his arm around her hip, liking how she smelled. He clicked to start the slide show.

"Oh my God," Kelly breathed.

First were pictures of him lying on the stairs, his jeans around his hips, his cock stiff and hungry for her.

Kelly gazed in rapture at the pictures as they flashed up, one by one, first of him and his cock, then him lying facedown, his ass bare, him looking over his shoulder at her. She snaked her hand down to rest on his, her body relaxing and warming.

Next were the pics of him on the floor under the tree, with the paper around his middle ripped to show his cock with the bow on it. She made a little noise in her throat and reached toward the screen.

His arm tightened around her, and he kissed her hipbone. She liked him, that was for sure.

And then came the pictures he'd snapped of Kelly taking his cock. There were many of those, some blurry, but there she was, gazing at him in rapt concentration, her red lips against his cock.

He'd snapped pictures of her nuzzling his cock, licking it, nibbling it, tasting it, her red hair tangling around the black hair at his balls. He'd taken a picture of her ass up in the air as she leaned over him—a pretty, sweet ass covered in a red knit dress.

And then there was the picture snapped just as he'd come, his hips leaving the carpet and his cock hard in Kelly's mouth.

The slide show came to an end, and the screen returned to the photo software's innocuous menu.

"Wow," Kelly said.

"You know," Trey answered wrapping his other arm around her, and nuzzling her hip. "I never liked porn. Too impersonal. But dirty pictures of you and me, on the other hand..." He guided her fingers to the hard thing in his pants, his balls lifting and tightening. "It gets me going."

Kelly ran her hand along his length inside his jeans, pressing just enough to make his whole cock tingle. She said softly, "If you uploaded the pictures, that means we can use the card again."

His heart beat faster, wondering what she had in mind. "Yep."

"I want more pictures, then. Of you, just like you were under the tree when I came down this morning."

He pretended to consider. "All right, you talked me into it."

He got off the chair, ready to throw off his clothes, but her hand on his arm stopped him. "Trey."

"Yeah, baby?"

Her serious look made him nervous. Was this the speech, then? *We'll have this pleasure today, enjoy our Christmas, then it's back to our own lives.*

She looked up at him, her red lips parted. "Why did you tell John we were getting married?"

Trey stopped. "I didn't like what he did to you. I wanted to rub his face in something, so I told him I was going to marry you." He smoothed a lock of hair from her face, liking her hair messy with lovemaking. "We really can, you know. Make it true."

Her eyes widened, just like they had last night when he'd told her he loved her. "You want to marry me?"

"Sure do."

"Why?"

He cupped her shoulders, pulling her body the length of his. "Because I love you, Kelly. I always have. I was just too shy to say it, and then life split us apart. But I have the chance now, so I'm saying it. I love you, and I want us to be married."

"Oh."

He swallowed, his pulse quickening. "You about to break my heart? If you are, will you wait until after you take the pictures? Or else I'll be crying and look really stupid."

Kelly grabbed him, her fingers sinking into his biceps. "Break your heart? You're an idiot, Trey. I love you." She shook her head, red hair flying. "I want to marry you, and fuck you, and have you show me how to take you in my ass, like you said last night. I want to suck you off and have you spank me and tie me up with your belt. I want you to take pictures of my bare ass that's all red where you've strapped me, and I want you to take pictures of me tied up and waiting for you. I want all that."

"Sounds good." His heart slammed in his chest, his cock dancing as it rejoiced that his girl liked it hot and nasty. "Which one first?"

She let him go and snatched up the camera where he'd left it on the desk. "First, I want your naked ass under my Christmas tree. I want you wrapped up like a Christmas gift—my Christmas cowboy."

"You got it, babe." His eyes were wet with happiness. *You're crying, you big sap.*

But he didn't care. It was Christmas, he was in love, and the girl he'd wanted all his life just said she'd marry him. And that she wanted him to fuck her and tie her up and spank her...

Trey kissed her hard, savoring it, then he stepped back and pulled off his sweatshirt.

He sauntered back to the tree, knowing that she was watching his ass in his tight jeans. Then, for about the fifth time since he'd walked in last night, he pulled down his pants.

Kelly waited, still in the sweats, one hip canted, while he kicked out of the jeans and arranged the paper around his huge, stiff, naked cock.

He picked up his Stetson from where he'd dropped it earlier, and planted it on his head.

"Ready, ma'am," he drawled.

"Good." Kelly raised the camera. He saw the damp patch on her sweats where her cream was already flowing hot and heavy for him.

His cock danced. This was sure going to be a great Christmas.

"Say cheese," Kelly said, and snapped the first picture.

About the Author

Allyson James is yet one more name for a woman who has racked up four pseudonyms in the first two years of her career. She often cannot remember what her real name is and has to be tapped on the shoulder when spoken to.

Allyson began writing at age eight (a five-page story that actually contained goal, motivation, and conflict). She learned the trick of standing her math book up on her desk so she could write stories behind it. She wrote love stories before she knew what romances were, dreaming of the day when her books would appear at libraries and bookstores. At age thirty, she decided to stop dreaming and do it for real. She published the first short story she ever submitted in a national print magazine, which gave her the false illusion that getting published was easy.

After a long struggle and inevitable rejections, she at last sold a romance novel, then, to her surprise, sold several mystery novels, more romances, and then *Romantica*[™] to Ellora's Cave. She has been nominated for two Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice awards and has had starred reviews in *Booklist* and Top Pick reviews in *Romantic Times*.

Allyson met her soulmate in fencing class (the kind with swords, not posts-and-rails). She looked down the length of his long, throbbing rapier and fell madly in love.

Allyson welcomes mail from readers. You can write to her c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1056 Home Avenue, Akron, OH 44310-3502.

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