

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red top and a gold bracelet, is holding a large, plush Santa hat. The hat has a white fur trim and a red body. The background is plain white.

Christmas

Hookup

Lex Valentine



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Edited by Mary K. Wilson

Electronic Publication Date: December 2008

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# Christmas Hookup

Lex Valentine

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PPB

## Part One

He had the nicest ass she'd seen in a long time. Of course, he had the only ass she'd seen in Wranglers in more years than she really wanted to count. His long legged stride was slow and casual, which is why she was still keeping pace with him, albeit a few steps behind. So far, his nice tight ass in the snug jeans was the only good thing about coming home for Christmas.

A sigh escaped her and she glanced up at the cloudless sky. It was a strange midnight blue and the stars were really bright and shiny. In the city, the sky never looked like this. Too much ambient light. Too much smog. Elle had forgotten how different the world was in her hometown.

The toe of her Stuart Weitzman pump hit something hard and she pitched forward. Her hands flailed, seeking anything that would break her fall. They landed on corded muscle, a hard chest covered by a leather jacket. The man walking in front of her must have heard her "Oomph!" and turned just in time to catch her.

She looked up into a pair of gorgeous sky blue eyes. The man smiled at her as he settled her on her feet and picked up her expensive leather clutch purse. He handed it to her and she gazed up at him in stark wonder.

"You okay?" he drawled.

She nodded, struck dumb by his beauty for a moment. He looked just like all his ads, only minus the Stetson. Tonight, his glossy brown hair gleamed in the moonlight. She stroked her hands over her narrow skirt, her eyes held by his.

"You weren't in my class, were you?" he asked thoughtfully. "I woulda remembered if you were."

"I was a couple of years ahead of you," she husked.

He nodded as if he knew. "So why are you at this reunion gathering?"

She jerked her head toward the country club. "I came with Ann-Marie. She is in your class."

His beautiful mouth quirked up in a grin. "I swear she's the only one who got lucky tonight too. I'm Riley Forbes."

He held out his hand and she shook it automatically, trying to ignore the heat that flared through her body as her palm touched his. "I know. You're a supermodel, so every hetero woman on the planet knows who you are," she grinned. "I'm Elle McAndrews."

"Elle like in the Legally Blonde movies?" One dark brow quirked up.

She grimaced. "It's really Ellen, but that name only works for lesbians with talk shows. For everyone else, it's just boring."

Riley nodded, his smile still in place. "Elle suits you. Feminine, but strong. I like it." He looked back at the brightly lit country club. "Well then, Elle who is not a lesbian, if Anne-Marie is staying, you don't happen to need a ride, do you?"

Elle shook her head, holding up her car keys. "I knew that if Danny was here and still unmarried, I was driving myself back to the hotel. Some things are inevitable."

They looked at each other in silence for a moment. Riley's smile turned predatory and Elle felt the heat between her thighs ratcheting up a notch. She did need a ride, but not in his car. Her eyes flicked over his tall, lean body. The thought of riding him made her panties damp.

"There's a certain comfort in the fact that some things are inevitable," he murmured, taking a step closer to her.

Elle's heart rate went through the roof. She looked up at Riley as if he was a box of Godivas. A hot younger man, who was a famous model, wanted her. She was in her hometown, a place she despised, at a reunion she hadn't wanted to go to. All her life, Elle had wanted to escape the farming and ranching community where she'd grown up. She'd been gone for more than ten years, and had made a life for herself in the city. She hadn't expected to ever return. However, her best friend Anne-Marie heard a rumor that Danny, the man she'd always loved, had gotten a divorce. Elle let Anne-Marie drag her back home for the Christmas reunion, knowing that her friend needed the emotional support. Now, she was being offered, albeit silently, an opportunity to turn this trip into something worthwhile for herself. How could she refuse?

Boldly, she put her hand on his shirt, gathering up a fistful of the cotton and pulling it free of the waistband of his tight Wranglers. "I don't exactly want to be comfortable," she murmured as her slender fingers touched the warm skin of his abdomen.

His abs were rock hard and the muscles flexed beneath her fingertips. "Are you sure you don't need a ride?" he said softly, his sky blue eyes glittering with lust.

"The only ride I'm interested in is on you, cowboy, but I'm sure all the women say that." Her fingers slid up to flick at his nipples and he sucked in a breath.

"It comes with the job. When all your photo shoots involve jeans, boots, and a cowboy hat, everyone wants you to ride something," he chuckled. "I turn them down all the time, but I don't want to turn you down. I want to turn you over and ride your ass hard."

Elle swallowed. Good God, the man was a grade A hunk and his words fired up her libido. She shivered with anticipation. "Your hotel or mine?" she breathed, her brain starting to fog with thoughts of wild sex with Riley.

He chuckled. "C'mon, Elle. There's only one hotel in this cow town, if you don't count the Motel 6 or the Cactus Inn. I'm staying at Manor House."

"Me too. Shall I follow you there?" She jingled her car keys again.

"Sure. I'm in room 235 if you get lost along the way," he told her.

She blinked in astonishment. "Weird. I'm in 234."

A slow smile spread across his face. "That's not weird. That's fate, lady."

His dark head bent and his mouth brushed hers in a soft kiss. She sighed as her lips parted. The tip of his tongue touched hers. Fire raced through her bloodstream, heating her skin, quickening her breath. It had been a long time since she'd felt such strong desire for a man. Damned if she was going to let this opportunity pass despite the fact that she was older.

Riley broke off the kiss, staring down at her with passion darkened eyes. His chest heaved, which made her feel a little bit better about being totally breathless. At least she knew that her lustful feelings were more than mutual.

"Follow me?" he murmured, his voice deep and husky with the desire that colored his eyes.

Elle nodded her dark head. They both turned away to their cars. As she got in her rental car, she glanced over her shoulder and saw a huge black double cab truck backing out. A wicked little smile crooked up her mouth. The man was a real cowboy. He could try to hide it by not wearing the Stetson or the boots, but it was there in his blood. Their hometown was host to the big state rodeo. Almost everyone had some kind of cowboy thing happening. Those that didn't ended up leaving as she had.

The Manor House hotel wasn't far from the country club, but Elle kept her well-shod foot on the gas pedal and didn't let the huge black truck get very far from her front bumper. No way was she letting this hottie out of her sight! What if he got in a fender bender with some sweet young thang? In her head, Elle could see him bending over the cute blonde's driver window, smiling at her, touching her arm, asking if she was okay...

She shook her head to clear away the stupid vision. F that. This guy was hers. No stupid blonde air-headed cowgirl was gonna take him from her. That hot body. The intelligent, amused eyes. The electrifying touch. The breath stealing kiss... She pushed her foot down on the gas pedal

a little, edging her rental car closer to his back bumper. She'd never had such a strong, instantaneous attraction to a man before. Letting him get away before she'd had a chance to sample what he was offering was not an option.

Pulling into the Manor House parking lot, she almost clipped his bumper in her excitement. She literally slammed the little rental car into a space and bolted from the front seat. Then she realized what she was doing and stopped next to the fender, smoothing her slim black skirt and adjusting her silver halter top. She knew she looked cool and elegant in her cocktail hour outfit. She'd totally overshadowed a lot of the women at the reunion which was only to be expected in a town like this. She knew, however, that Riley was used to seeing women in designer clothes. After all, he modeled for a living.

"Damn, woman! Were you trying to rear end me or something? I couldn't even see you back there you were so close my bumper," he grumbled as he walked up to her.

Elle could see the amusement in his smile so she knew that he knew she was beyond eager for this encounter.

"I wasn't about to lose you in traffic," she said with studied nonchalance.

Riley's eyes danced with laughter. They both knew there was no traffic in such a small town. "I'm flattered." He leaned in close to her and his lips touched the side of her neck. "More than flattered, I'm hard. Can we go in now?"

Elle's pussy clenched. Her panties were soaked. "Absolutely," she husked.

Riley led the way into the lobby. The clerk nodded to them as they passed. In deference to Elle's very high heels, he bypassed the stairs and punched the button for the elevator. The door whooshed open. She brushed against him as she stepped in, her heart thundering. Riley followed and leaned against the opposite wall of the car, the width of it between them. His blue eyes were dark with lust. Elle wanted to pounce on him, but didn't. If she touched him now, she'd rip every stitch of his clothes off. In a small town, that kind of public display would be grist for the rumor mill in a matter of hours. She stared at him, feeling beyond aroused. Her breath came quickly, and her nostrils flared as his scent filled the small space. Riley didn't look in the least disturbed, but she noticed the huge bulge that swelled the crotch of his Wranglers. That bulge did strange things to her insides.

They walked down the corridor toward their rooms, keeping at least five feet between their bodies. Riley stopped in front of his door. He looked across the corridor at her door. "Choose," he said roughly.

Swiftly, Elle tried to remember if she'd left her room a mess. Then she realized that even more important than a mess was the fact that Anne-Marie knew her room number. No way did she want to be interrupted. "Yours."

She took a step toward him and Riley spun around, punching his keycard into the door. He elbowed it so that it swung wide, then he reached for her, yanking her against him. She could feel the press of his erection through their clothes as he maneuvered them into his room. The door slammed shut and his mouth took hers in a searing kiss.

Elle's heart thundered as Riley's big hands cupped her ass, kneading the firm flesh. She rubbed herself on the hard ridge of his cock, as he pressed her against him. Pulling at his leather bomber jacket, her fingers fumbled in her haste to touch his skin. He let go of her ass and shrugged out of the jacket, never letting his mouth break contact with hers.

A groan escaped him as her tongue flicked at the inside of his lower lip. His hands yanked off her little satin Bolero jacket, and he let his palms settle onto the smooth skin of her naked back. Elle wriggled against him, her body wanting out of the cage her clothes had become. She was burning up from the place where his lips met hers to the heated friction where their thighs pressed together. Everywhere they touched was on fire.

Riley's shirt was still untucked from earlier. Elle yanked at the buttons and a few popped off. Ripping the shirt from his torso, she pulled her mouth from his and stared at him. He was perfection. Well, almost. She saw a few scars that she knew had been airbrushed out of his photos. One jagged one across his ribs. Another along his side, disappearing into his jeans. She touched the one on his ribs, the white scar bright against his tanned skin.

At her touch, Riley flinched. She looked up at him curiously, a question in her eyes. He shook his head. "Doesn't hurt, darlin'. It's old. A fight with some barbed wire."

She traced the other scar to the waist of his jeans. "And this one?"

He sighed a little. "Car accident. SUV flipped."

A wave of ice wrapped around Elle's gut. "How bad?"

He shrugged. "Bad enough. But it was more than ten years ago, around the time you left, I guess. I was just a kid at the time. New driver. Wet road. Massive stupidity."

"I'm glad you're okay," she whispered, bending to kiss the barbed wire scar.

Riley sucked in a breath. "But I'm not, Elle. I ache," he groaned, as her fingers slipped inside the waistband of his jeans seeking the rest of the scar.



Elle smiled seductively, her hips rubbing against his. In her heels, she was six feet tall, but Riley still topped her by a couple of inches. Stroking her hands over his chest and shoulders, she explored every inch of his hard torso. Touching him felt amazing. For a thirty year old man who'd spent the last eight years under the hot unrelenting lights of a photoshoot, his skin looked young and supple. When she gazed at his face, she could see some sun lines and squint lines, but really, he didn't look thirty to her. He looked very young and very hot. She rubbed a hand over the placket covering his zipper... and very hard.

Riley nuzzled her neck, licking the place behind her ear. She shivered, then tensed as his fingers found the halter top's clasp behind her neck. He unhooked it and the glittery material fell to her waist, baring her breasts. He groaned again.

"Holy shit. You have the most beautiful tits I've ever seen, darlin'," he muttered as his fingers instinctively moved to cup them and caress the soft flesh.

Her dark eyes flicked down. His big palms were curved around her pale flesh, his thumbs flicking over the pink nipples. They tightened to hard points and gooseflesh rose on her creamy skin. The sight was erotic, especially since her bare chest was only an inch or two from his.

When she made a small strangled sound in the back of her throat, Riley's eyes met hers. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I just... I... oh, God, looking at your hands touching me, watching my nipples get hard from your touch, I just... I want..." Elle broke off. She didn't know how to articulate what she was feeling.

Riley nodded and one of his hands left her breast to pick up her hand. He placed it on his abdomen. Elle stroked the ridges of his muscles, tracing his six pack. She could feel the tension in his body. It wasn't any different than the tension that was stringing her body tighter than a bow.

"Can we dispense with the preliminaries and just... you know?" she asked, afraid her pussy was going to start dripping cream down her thighs from the unbearable lust raging inside her.

Without answering her, Riley unhooked her halter top at the waist, and pulled down the zipper of her skirt. When her clothes hit the floor, his breath hissed in loudly. Elle was left standing in the sexy Stuart Weitzman spike heeled pumps, black stockings, and a red garter belt with matching string bikini panties.

"Thank you, Santa," Riley muttered, his hands stroking over the silky stockings and satin garter belt. His forefinger pressed against the red satin that covered her mound.

Elle jerked. His finger had pressed right over swollen clit. If he did it again, she would come. She was completely wired and ready to explode.

“Your panties are wet.”

There was an unspoken “already” in his sentence. They both knew they were ready. Foreplay had no place in this first coupling. They’d already done enough of that. Elle popped open the button at the waistband of his jeans and pulled the zipper down slowly. Riley’s sky blue eyes held hers as she pulled and pushed at the denim, exposing his plain cotton boxers. She didn’t pay any attention as he toed out of his running shoes and socks and kicked away the jeans. Her hands trembled as they slipped beneath the elastic of the boxers.

Elle’s fingers closed around Riley’s cock and he closed his eyes, an expression of extreme pleasure swamping his handsome features. His flesh pulsed in her hand and she stroked it a little, marveling at how long and thick he was. She decided that he was on the high end of average length, but this thickness made her mouth water. She could barely get her fingers around him. The tip oozed pre-cum at an alarming rate, making his shaft slippery. She stroked him, watching how his body leaned into hers, how his hands instinctively reached for her.

Riley’s eyes suddenly popped open, and he drew a ragged breath. “I can’t take this,” he muttered.

He pulled her hand from his wet cock and ripped at her garter belt. She felt the expensive stockings shred, heard the snap of the red satin ribbon that held her panties on, felt the material fall to the floor. She stepped out of her expensive heels, her eyes lowering to the level of his pecs, her body now naked.

Riley’s hands flicked at the boxers and they dropped, leaving him just as naked as Elle. She reached for his head, sinking her fingers into his dark hair. Their lips met in a kiss that made them both gasp. His tongue slipped into her mouth, rubbing against her tongue. Wrapping his hands around her waist, he turned her toward the bed without breaking the kiss.

Housekeeping had turned the bed back and left a chocolate on the pillow. The candy went flying when Elle’s head hit the end of the pillow. They scrambled, feet kicking the bedding to the floor. Elle scooted. Riley followed. They were diagonal across the king size bed. Her legs were spread wide, his knees bracketing her hips, her thighs draped over his arms which were planted on the mattress beside her shoulders, and her calves resting on his shoulders.

“Damn it, Elle! Stop squirming,” Riley grunted as he thrust into her.

She was spread wide, her hips tilted up off the mattress. She was so open that his thrust took him deep with that single stroke. Her eyes widened in shock. His eyes did the same. They both froze.

Every nerve ending that Elle had was pinging like crazy. She could feel his cock pulsing inside her. He was so thick that his fit was impossibly tight. Elle took shallow breaths trying to figure out if it hurt or not. She flexed her inner muscles. No pain, just the most amazing feeling of pleasure.

Riley groaned loudly and his forehead touched hers. "You're killing me, Elle. You're so fucking tight. Then you do that little move..."

"Like this?" she whispered, squeezing him again.

He shuddered. "Stop. Don't move, or I swear I'll lose it," he said hoarsely, his voice agonized.

Elle lay still beneath him, her body more alive than it had ever felt before, so tuned into Riley that she wouldn't have been able to say where she ended and he began. She swallowed hard as a wave of emotion came over her. She had to remind herself that this was a just a fuck. It was hard though because no man had ever made her feel like this before. Just the feel of his cock seated so deeply within her made her want to wrap her arms around him and sink into his skin.

Moving slowly, she slipped her hands up his arms, her fingers digging into the thick muscle of his biceps. She could feel him trembling, the thick muscle that ran from his shoulder to his neck twitching beneath her calves. His chest heaved, the solid wall of muscle grazing the hard tips of her breasts with every breath.

After what could have been long minutes, but was probably only seconds, his eyes blinked opened. She stared into the sky blue depths, feeling the intensity of his gaze right down to her toes, her skin prickling and tingling.

"Can I move now?" she whispered, her body bowed beneath him, aching for relief from the sexual tension that held her in its grip.

He flexed his hips, pulling his thick cock nearly free of her wet sheath. Her breath caught on a shuddering gasp. With a twist of his hips, he thrust into her again, his mouth capturing hers, swallowing her gasp.

"Oooohhhh," she moaned into his mouth.

Pleasure exploded within her with every slow thrust of his body into hers. She could feel herself stretching to accommodate his girth, her cream gushing as his cock head grazed that one

spot within her that pushed her rapidly toward orgasm. She was mindless with lust, the wet sound of him thrusting inside her and the delicious friction between them adding to her arousal. The scent of their sex filled the room. Riley grunted and groaned. Elle panted and moaned. Their bodies pressed together in a hot sweaty dance of desire that pushed all rational thought from their heads.

Elle's flesh was swollen, her engorged lips and clit grinding against Riley's thick cock. She had never felt such pleasure before, her lust spiraling out of control. He sucked on her tongue, the base of his cock rubbing her clit as he slammed into her, and pleasure peaked within her. She jerked, and stiffened, her nails drawing blood.

"Oh, God, yeah. Come for me, baby," Riley panted, his words punctuated with a groan and more thrusts of his cock deep within her.

She felt his balls slapping against her ass, the wetness from her pussy running down her ass and making him sticky with her juices. He reached down and flicked a fingertip over her clit and she cried out, another orgasm breaking over her. He kissed her roughly, his tongue invading her mouth. His hips pistoned, his cock stroking into her more rapidly now.

"One more, darlin'. Gimme one more," he coaxed, bending his head to flick his tongue over first one nipple, then the other. Heat streaked from her nipples to her sex.

He rode her hard, and she loved it, pressing her hips toward his, the wet sucking sounds of their fucking inciting her lust. Heat raced through her veins like fire, licking at her, making her press against him. She could feel another orgasm building within her. Amazed, she clutched him tightly, wanting that third release, begging silently for it. Riley ground against her, beginning to shake in her arms.

"One more, baby," he muttered. "I'm gonna come. Give me one more..."

He cried out then, his hard body shaking and trembling with the force of his orgasm. At the gush of his seed within her, Elle convulsed once more. Her eyes slammed shut as stars fell behind her eyelids. She held him tightly, feeling him shudder. Every time he quaked, his body rubbed her now over sensitized clit. She shivered at the sensation.

The room was silent but for the sound of their harsh breathing. Riley held most of his weight off of her with his forearms, but Elle could feel him shaking with the effort. She kissed the hard line of his jaw and he groaned. Balancing carefully, he eased one of her legs down and then the other. As he withdrew from her wet pussy, the sounds made her shudder. Finally, he lay on his side and drew her against his chest.

With a long sigh, she relaxed against him. “That was so intense.”

“You barely kissed me. What were you thinking?” he grumbled, cuddling her close. “I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

She opened her eyes to find him gazing at her fretfully. She grinned. “No way. I loved it.”

He looked at her with a dubious expression. “You realize that this is the last time we can do this,” he said sternly. “Next year, Christmas won’t be about reenacting the anniversary of when we met. It will be about other things.”

His hand stroked over her flat belly. She smiled at him brilliantly. “Next year, it will be a traditional Christmas,” she promised. “Still, you can’t tell me that it hasn’t been fun the past five years, coming here to do this every Christmas.”

Riley sighed and hugged his wife. “No. It has been fun, but now it’s time to move on. We’re a family, and next Christmas will be all about our child.”

Elle stretched, her body rubbing against his, the only visible sign of her pregnancy coming from the lush swell of her breasts. “I can’t believe we’ve been doing this five years,” she laughed. “Although, it felt good to relive that first spark all over again.”

“Five years of reliving the night we met is enough,” he murmured kissing her neck. “This is the turning point in our lives, you know.”

## Part Two

Riley held Elle's body close to his. It never failed that when she was close to him, he felt as if he owned the world. It had been that way from the moment they met in the parking lot of the country club five years ago. Reliving that night every Christmas Eve since had been fun and sexy. The first four years they had only been living together. This year it was a little different.

They'd gotten married the previous January and now Elle was two months pregnant. This was their first married Christmas and their last Christmas Eve reenactment. They both knew that this year was not only different, but special. All of their future Christmases would be about their children. This was the last one that was just the two of them and Riley had some surprises for his wife.

Elle made a rude sound. "You don't have to be so dramatic. It's not like we didn't know what we were getting into. After six months of trying to get pregnant, this baby is no surprise."

Riley nuzzled her throat. "God, I loved the trying."

She laughed again. "I know. Me too."

His hands stroked over her naked back, testing the softness of her skin with his fingertips. "Seriously, darlin', you know that once my parents retire, everything will be different." He pulled his head back and looked into her dark sultry eyes. "I know you hate this town, but one day we're comin' home to live on the ranch."

Elle sighed softly. "Riley, I don't hate this town anymore. I found you here, how could I hate it? I really only hated it when I wanted to leave, but couldn't. I'm really not any different than you... I still call it home." She shivered a little then. "Just don't make me wear Wranglers and a bandanna, okay?"

"You can wear all the fancy designer jeans you want when we ride," he chuckled. "And don't try to tell me you can't ride cause I know you know the front end of a horse from the back end."

"You can take the girl outta the rodeo, but you can't take the rodeo outta the girl?" Her brows rose in a sardonic expression.

"I said it when we got married, darlin'. I promised to love, honor, and never make you go to the rodeo. I meant every word too." Riley kissed her, marveling anew how the taste and feel of her mouth on his made him hard as a rock in the space of a heartbeat.

“That unnerved the minister,” she murmured against his lips. “But not as much as when I promised to love, honor, and never argue with you about our age difference.”

Riley looked deep into her eyes, seeing the brown irises glow gold with love. “And you kept your word too. You know the four year age difference is nothing. You are the only woman for me, and have been from the moment I laid eyes on you at that Christmas Eve party.”

It was true. He’d watched her walk into the country club with Anne-Marie and he’d been stricken with instant, permanent lust. By the next morning, Christmas morning, he had been head over ears in love with her.

He glanced over at the clock. It was a quarter past twelve. It was Christmas morning now.

Elle reached down and squeezed his buttocks in a meaningful way. “I took one look at you and realized I’d seen your naked ass plastered all over Vogue,” she told him with a lascivious grin.

Riley pulled away from her and got up. He knew without looking at her that her eyes were on his ass. “Everyone’s seen my ass, darlin’. It’s made me a fortune, a fortune you like to spend on spindly heeled shoes that you soon won’t be wearing because of your condition,” he told her, a note of warning in his voice.

He didn’t care if she bought \$750 pairs of shoes, she just wasn’t going to be wearing the skyscraper ones much longer even if he had to take them and hide them from her. He reached into his suitcase and pulled out a small box wrapped in shiny red paper and a big silver fabric bow. As he walked back to the bed, Elle sat up.

“Condition? You say that like I’m a leper or something,” she teased, her eyes on the gift in his hand.

Riley sat on the edge of the mattress facing her. “It’s after twelve,” he said, holding out the box. “Merry Christmas, darlin’.”

Elle shook her head, her long silky brown hair spilling over her shoulders. “You have to wait until I get yours.” She scrambled off the bed and bolted for her suitcase, returning with a small box wrapped in green paper with a gold fabric bow.

Riley’s eyes narrowed. They had the odd habit of getting each other similar gifts every year. It had been unnerving at first, but now, he just wondered if this year would be any different. Based on the size of the boxes, he didn’t think so. Fortunately, he had something else up his sleeve that was so far removed from anything Elle could buy him that he knew he would shock her. That particular present he would give her when it really was morning. For now, watching her open this gift was enough.

She held out her hand to him, the green and gold package lying neatly on her palm. He took it and placed the red and silver package in her hand. They pulled on the bows, ripped at the paper and both looked down at very similar jewelry boxes.

Elle's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "You went to see Emilio, didn't you?"

Emilio was a friend of Riley's, a jeweler who often lent them expensive pieces if they had to walk the red carpet for an event. He'd also made custom pieces for Elle at Riley's request. Their wedding rings and Elle's engagement ring had been made by Emilio.

Riley smiled at his wife. She looked annoyed. "Yeah, I did. Looks like you had the same idea." He rubbed a finger on the black velvet of the flat box in his hand.

"Oh, for crying out loud. Not again," she muttered as she opened the box.

Lying on the black velvet was a platinum chain, the open heart that hung from the chain had a little ruby hanging from it. Ruby was the July birthstone, the month their child was due. Riley watched Elle rub the ruby with her forefinger.

"You'll be able to add other stones as we have other children," he murmured.

She sniffed and swiped at her eyes. "Open yours," she said gruffly.

He opened the box and found a platinum key ring, the long tag was engraved "Dad" and had one tiny ruby set in it. Riley's lips quirked up. He began to smile. They'd done it again with the presents.

"You can add more stones," she said unnecessarily.

Riley closed his box and took hers from her. He set them on the bedside table and took his wife in his arms. "This is why we are so perfect for each other, Elle," he whispered fiercely, as he gazed down into her damp eyes. "As different as we are, we are the same. We belong together."

"I know." She wound her arms around his neck and kissed him.

Riley went up in flames. Their earlier sex had been hot, a replay of the first time they'd been together, but it was fucking in his book. Now, he could make love to her, something he found infinitely more satisfying. It was Christmas, the anniversary of their meeting, they were married and expecting their first child... Everything added up to an emotional moment without peer for Riley. His heart was aching with love for the woman in his arms and, well, other parts of him were aching for her too.

His hands skimmed over her curves, loving the texture of her skin. Elle arched into his hands, obviously wanting him to touch more of her. They tumbled onto the mattress, the sheets and blanket kicked to the floor once more as Riley stroked and licked his woman. He suckled her



nipples, knowing all the while that they were more sensitive now. In fact, ever since she'd gotten pregnant, her breasts had become even more of an erogenous zone than usual. Riley had even made her orgasm one night simply from squeezing her breasts and sucking her nipples.

Not that he was complaining. He loved her breasts, the way they were tip tilted, full on the bottom with those crests of sugar pink poking out at him in a pouty kind of way. She'd already gained a full cup size despite the fact that her stomach was still completely flat. Riley didn't care. More of her to love, he figured.

Elle squirmed beneath him as he swirled his tongue around one stiff nipple. She moaned loudly, holding nothing back. The sound went straight to Riley's groin. She was noisy and he liked it. She wasn't always serious in bed either and he liked that too. Sex was supposed to be fun. She matched him stroke for stroke when it came to the bedroom. Even when she turned aggressive and took control, Riley loved it. She was a very sexual creature and her lack of inhibitions turned him on.

"Are you gonna get to work here or just think about it, cowboy?" she said in a grumpy tone that belied the teasing light in her dark eyes.

Riley pressed her into the mattress, his knee pushing her thighs apart. Elle's hands reached for his cock, but he grabbed them and held them above her head. He rubbed his cock against her wet pussy and spoke against the soft flesh of the breast he was sucking, "Don't even go there, darlin'. You've got me too hot. Touch my dick and I won't last. This is Christmas. I wanna make love to my wife, not make a fool outta myself in front of her."

Elle chuckled and arched her body against him, undulating in a way that drove his temperature and his control way into the red. "You're a minx!" he told her and she laughed softly.

Riley held her wrists above her head as he spent long minutes sucking her nipples. His hips rotated against hers, his cock head teasing her wet entrance. He knew his hard shaft and the ridge at the underside of his cock head was sliding against her swollen clit. There was a slight pink flush to her torso that told him she was about to come.

Before she could orgasm, he let go of her wrists and flipped her over onto her belly. Pushing her up onto her knees, he thrust his cock deep into her wet pussy.

"Oh, my God, Riley!" she moaned.

He leaned over her smooth back, nipping at the base of her neck. "My God what, Elle? Love you? Cause you know I do. More than life, darlin'." He pulled almost all the way out of her. She whimpered and he thrust into her again.

She cried out again, her fists clenched in the bedsheets. "More! More, Riley!"

Riley began to ride her, his body covering hers closely, their skin sticking with the dampness of their sweat. He reached beneath her, cupping and squeezing her breasts, twisting her nipples, and rubbing her clit. He wished there was a mirror in front of her so he could see her face, but he knew what he would see if there was. Her beautiful features slack with lust, her eyes half closed. Her bottom lip would be caught between her teeth, the plump flesh as pink and swollen as her nipples and her labia.

Her pussy clenched around his cock, the tightness warning him that she was close to her orgasm. Her moans grew louder and she balanced on one hand, reaching back with the other to grab at his thigh.

"Harder!" she demanded, her voice strained and breathless.

Riley thrust hard, his mind filled with the sounds of her impending orgasm as his balls tightened, warning him that he too was about to come. He pumped into her, feeling her tight wet sheath clamp down on him. Her skin rippled and he knew before she cried out that she was coming.

"Riley! I love you!" she shrieked, her body convulsing.

The breast in his hand seemed to swell, the nipple so tight and hard he thought it would poke a hole in his palm. Her pussy grabbed his dick so tight, he wondered if he could even get another thrust in. He did, but she was so tight that the friction set him off. His balls felt like they exploded as he came inside her, his hot cum gushing from the end of his cock to fill her.

She was moaning and whimpering, her head tilted back so that her cheek rubbed his shoulder. The smell of her made him shiver, a mixture of sex, expensive perfume, and a scent that was uniquely Elle. As her pussy milked his cock, the realization that she belonged to him, and he to her, filled him anew. This wild creature who was older than him, more sophisticated than him, better educated, quicker witted... she was his. She chose him to be her partner, her life mate. The thought humbled him and filled him with pride at the same time.

As they sank down on the bed, he pulled the covers around them, and pulled Elle against his chest. He had the sense of holding his whole world in his arms, his wife and his unborn child. He was sexually replete and emotionally satisfied. What more could a man want from Christmas or life?

Riley smiled to himself as he stroked a hand over Elle's silky hair. She mumbled a sleepy "I love you" and burrowed into his arms. He closed his eyes. "I love you too, Elle."

Before sleep claimed him, Riley had one sharp, distinct thought – that Christmas would always be special to him because it had brought him Elle.

~ \* \* \* ~

According to his travel clock it was seven a.m. Elle stirred in his arms, but didn't awaken. He eased out of bed. She turned over on her stomach, curling her arms around the pillow. Riley smiled. She wouldn't be lying on her belly much longer, he thought smugly.

He used the bathroom first, then dug around in his suitcase for the special present he'd gotten Elle. Climbing back into bed with the envelope in his hand, he reached for her.

She rolled over, rubbing her cheek against his bare chest. "You smell good," she murmured.

"Thank you," he chuckled. "All that free stuff they give me for hawking their high priced colognes and soaps keeps me smelling like a million bucks."

"It should. They paid you that much for the last ad campaign," she muttered, not opening her eyes. "It's way too early to be up. I bet it's not even eight yet."

"It's not." He kissed her forehead softly, his free hand caressing her shoulder.

One eyelid blinked up. One stern brown eye speared him. "You woke me at the ass crack of dawn on Christmas? Our last Christmas without kids to wake us up? You are certifiable, mister." Her tone was just as stern as that one eye.

"Certifiably in love with you, darlin'," he smiled.

She frowned and the closed eye opened. "What the hell is in your hand? It scratches."

Riley showed her the envelope. "This is your real Christmas present."

Elle pushed away from him and took the envelope as they both sat up. "There are photos in here. What did you do? Shoot a Playgirl spread and these are the galleys?"

He shook his head. "Open it."

Cautiously, she slid a fingernail beneath the envelope flap. Half a dozen photos spilled onto the blanket. Elle looked them, her mouth gaping in shock. "What is this?" she asked hoarsely, her voice choked with emotion.

Riley put his arm around her, pulling her close. With his free hand he picked up one of the photos. "This was the cradle my father made for me. I called him and had him find it and refinish it. It's for our baby."

Tears trickled down her cheeks as she stared at the photos of the cradle. "Oh, Riley. It's perfect," she whispered.

Then, in a flurry of movement that caught him off guard, she threw her arms around him and kissed him all over his face. "Oh, I love you, I love you, I love you, Riley Forbes! You are the most wonderful man on the planet!"

He laughed, joy filling his heart as he held her close. "Thank you for recognizing that," he teased.

She drew back for a moment, her dark eyes meeting his. "You know, I was on the phone with your mom a couple of weeks ago..."

Riley groaned and leaned his forehead on her shoulder. "Oh, no. Don't tell me..."

Elle nodded. "I didn't think of photos and neither did your mom, but I had her find the robe you were christened in. She cleaned it and pressed it and now it's under the Christmas tree at the ranch all wrapped up, waiting for you to find it," she told him with a grin that flashed her dimple at him.

Riley hadn't thought he could ever love Elle more, but this Christmas had proven him wrong a thousand times over. They'd played at reliving their hookup for the last five years. Now they were stepping into a future that was the direct result of that instant attraction. Riley knew the hookup was a thing of the past. His future and every Christmas from this one on, was all about being hooked. He was hooked on his bride, the mother of his children. She was his obsession and he was hers. Their Christmas hookup would last a lifetime.

"What are you thinking?" Elle asked, stroking her hand over his hair.

Riley leaned closer, his lips brushing hers. "I'm thinking that since we're leaving behind our old Christmas Eve game, we need to replace it with a new game. This one has the parents getting busy on Christmas morning before the kids get up."

Elle's smile turned seductive. "I think I'll like that game. What do you think, Dad? Should we practice before Junior gets here?"

"I'm just a dumb cowboy from a rodeo town, ma'am," Riley drawled as he pressed her back into the pillows and covered her body with his. "I think you might need to show me a buncha times to make sure I understand how to play. I wouldn't wanna disappoint such a pretty lady."

"Oh, Riley," she sighed as he slipped his fingers between her thighs.

"Ssssh, Elle. Time to practice," he murmured against her lips. Then he kissed her until they both forgot what day it was.

# About the Author

Lex has been writing stories and poems ever since she could hold a pencil. A few years ago, she got caught up writing in an online paranormal serial story. The story was very intense and a challenge to her writing skills. As she began to write more and more, fans of the story and her blog readers began to encourage her to submit her writing. Lex lives in Orange County, California with her long haired musician husband and her teen aged daughter. Lex loves loud music, reading hot stories, reading her friends' blogs and hanging out with them, enjoys building her own computers, and has a propensity for having very weird vivid dreams about Nikki Sixx.

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If you have enjoyed this story please look for the *Tales from the Darkworld* stories, ***Hot Water*** and ***Shifting Winds***.



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