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The Ornament
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Holiday eBook Freebie

The Ornament

Part Three: Adrian and Sheridan

A Holiday Interlude with Adrian and Sheridan of the Halle Pumas

By Dana Marie Bell

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“Oh, Christmas tree, oh Christmas tree, why don’t I know the stinking words. Ya dada da, ya dada da, nobody knows the stinking words.” Sheri bit her lip to keep from laughing as Emma belted out the wrong words to Christmas song. “Oh please. Do you know them?”

“No. That’s why I don’t sing it.” Sheri could hear Becky rummaging through the ornament box, her voice absent as she answered Emma’s question.

“When do we close again?” Emma’s enthusiasm was beginning to get to her. This would be Sheri’s first real Christmas in years, and she was planning on enjoying every minute of it with her new mate, Adrian.

“Emma!” Becky’s voice was full of laughter. “Christmas Eve is still two days away.”

“Your point?”

“Didn’t you say Max was hinting at something special for then?”

“Yes.”

“So why are you so hyper now?”

“Hello! Max and surprises. Last time he surprised me I found myself mated to him and contemplating kitty condos.” Sheri choked on a laugh. Listening to Emma and Becky talk was one of the highlights of her day. “And because of the mating the surprise isn’t going to be something like, ‘That chick over there is having my love child’, so it can’t be bad, right?”

Becky was silent.

“Right?” Emma sounded worried, but Sheri wasn’t sure why. Max would walk over broken glass barefoot if Emma asked him to. “Becks! He can *not* tell me that.”

“Oh no! No, of course not,” Becky laughed nervously. “No way.” She scurried into the back room. “Need more tinsel!”

Hmm. I wonder what she’s up to?

Sheri shrugged and continued to hang the lights. Under her breath she sang, “Oh Tannenbaum, oh Tannenbaum, Wie grün sind deine Blätter! Du grünst nicht nur zur

Sommerzeit, Nein auch im Winter, wenn es schneit. Oh Tannenbaum, oh Tannenbaum, Wie grün sind deine Blätter!”

From behind the curtain came two laughing voices. “Show-off!”

Sheri threw her head back and laughed. God, it was good to finally have a home.

Adrian stared at his home, his lips twitching. “Think she’ll see it?”

Max and Simon stared at him like he’d lost his fucking mind. Maybe he had. Perhaps the cheery penguin Ferris wheel with the megawatt spotlight under it had been a tad much, but he wanted to make sure his legally blind mate would see everything she could of what he’d done for her.

Huge colored lights blazed from the roof. An outdoor Christmas tree sat on the front porch, it’s blinking lights and spinning stand making a unique statement. Dancing dolls in cute Christmas costumes littered the front lawn, an animatronic Santa grinning down at them all. Every now and then it would “Ho ho ho!” in a loud, booming voice, startling the birds out of the trees.

It was perfect.

Adrian couldn’t take his eyes off it. No way could Sheri miss *this*.

Sheri stepped off the bus, Jerry’s lead firmly in her hand. It wasn’t far to the front door of Adrian’s house, but it was better to be safe than sorry, especially when crossing a street. She stepped carefully down the curb, Jerry leading her serenely across until her feet were once again on the pavement.

As they walked Sheri thought she could hear the “Ho ho ho!” of an overenthusiastic Santa. Shrugging she kept going, serene in the knowledge that it couldn’t possibly be coming from *her* house.

By the time she reached her front door that serenity was broken. She slowly lifted the dark glasses from her face but snapped them back down again as the blinding glare of the floodlight hurt her sensitive eyes. She walked around the lawn, taking in the five foot moving Santa, the seven foot tall Ferris wheel, the dancing dolls and the revolving Christmas tree.

“What the *fuck?*” Sheri pulled out her cell phone and dialed Emma. She knew Adrian had been with Emma and Becky’s mates Max and Simon. She wondered what horrors had been perpetrated on the other womens’ lawns.

“Really? A blow up snow globe?”

“Yup. And do you know what those things look like outside of a store?” Emma’s voice was glum as she drove Sheri home from Frank’s diner. Sheri had a meal for Adrian at her feet, but she wasn’t sure if she would give it to him or not. As much as she’d preached acceptance to Emma and Becky she wasn’t sure if she could take her own advice.

“Okay, you win.” Emma pulled into Sheri’s driveway, her voice filled with amused horror. “Holy moly. That’s a lot of lights.”

Sheri sighed. “I know.” She opened the car door. “I’d say be careful, since it’s getting dark out, but I don’t think that’ll be a problem.”

“No, I’m pretty sure space aliens could navigate by this light.” Emma waited until Sheri had Jerry and Adrian’s dinner before waving goodbye, pulling out onto the street and heading for her own home.

Sheri turned for the front door, hoping she was ready to forgive her mate for what he’d done to their lawn. She knew him. His heart was in the right place.

But by this time his eyeballs had to be practically burned out of his head.

“Ho ho ho!”

Sheri took a deep breath, opened the front door and stepped into her home.

“Sheri?”

“Hmm?”

“Mad at me?”

Mad at him? How could she be mad at him? He’d started a fire in his fireplace, had set up fresh fruit and wine, and a blanket for them to rest on. He’d even taken her shoes off, covering her with another blanket before he’d finally eaten his dinner, seeing to her comfort before his own. In the corner a Christmas tree twinkled, delicate stars of light in the green blur of its branches.

So what if he was trying to get out of the dog house? He was doing a pretty good job of it! “Mm-mmm”

Now he was cuddled up at her back, his big strong arms wrapped around her, his wine glass dangling from his fingers as he nibbled at her ear. “Good.”

She smiled. Her big bad Marshall sounded relieved.

“Do you want to tell me what is really going on?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

She turned, staring up into his face.

He smiled. “Can’t I do something nice for my mate?”

“Adrian. The front yard is *not* nice.”

“Our kits will love it.”

“We’re not pregnant.”

“Yet.”

She licked her lips, her heart racing. “For a man who didn’t want a mate you’re suddenly eager for kits.”

He kissed her shoulder, those chocolate eyes of his beginning to turn gold.

“You’ve persuaded me of the error of my ways.”

“You are so full of it.”

His face was serious as he lifted it from her shoulder. “Am I?”

“What are you saying?”

He smiled. “There’s something for you on the tree. It’s the only bit of gold there. Can you bring it to me, please?”

Her eyes drifted to the tree Adrian had put up in their living room. He’d decorated it in burgundy and silver. Finding something made of gold should be a piece of cake. “Okay, but I’m all toasty and comfy. It had better be worth it.”

His voice drifted over to her as she made her way to the tree. “I think it will be.”

She would have thought he’d make the ornament easy to find, all things considered. She was delighted to find that he hadn’t, challenging her to look for it by hiding it in the branches near the top, towards the back. She pulled the gold ornament down and brought it to him. She could feel hinges on one side, and what could be a latch on the other. Delicate gold filigree was a delight to her fingers.

She settled back down into the blankets, wrapping his arms around her again.
“Okay, I have to say it. What’s up Doc?”

“I should spank you for that.”

She wiggled her ass against him. “Oh, baby.”

He laughed and plucked the ornament out of her hands. He turned it so she could see the engraving. “Did you see this?”

She brought his hand close so that she could read the words. *Adrian and Sheridan 2009*. “Should I open it?”

“Actually, I think that’s my job.” He opened the latch, showing her a ring. A princess cut diamond was flanked on either side by pear shaped rubies. “Marry me, princess.”

Perfect. God, he was so fucking perfect. “Yes.” She watched, tears in her eyes, as he slipped the ring on her finger. “But you’re still taking at least half that stuff off the front lawn.” Especially the seven foot Ferris wheel with the penguins and, God, the spotlight under it so you couldn’t miss it. She was pretty sure the space shuttle could find their lawn.

But all of that was forgotten as her mate leaned over her, taking her down on the couch, intense heat in his golden eyes. She arched her neck eager for his mouth to find the mark he’d claimed her with, bringing her home for all time.

Adrian bent over his snow princess, the urge to fuck her until they both passed out so strong he shook with it. But she deserved more than that tonight. Instead, he was going to make love to her until neither of them could stand it.

He eased up her sweater, the soft cashmere like fur beneath his hands. Those luscious breasts of hers popped free, barely covered by the lace of her bra. He smiled, cupping the soft globes in both hands, his thumbs gently strumming her nipples. She gasped, her eyes closing, but not before he saw the flash of red in her gaze. Fuck, he loved it when her eyes changed, the pale blue turning red hot. She arched her back to allow him to unhook her bra, an invitation he gladly accepted. The bra dropped to the floor without a care. His eyes feasted on the pale perfection under him, his mouth

salivating at the urge to taste what she so sweetly offered. He lowered his lips, sucking one of her pale, puckered nipples into his mouth, his tongue paying homage to her.

“Oh, Adrian.”

Her sigh was rough with need, but he wasn't done with her yet. Tonight was all about her. He was going to make it a night to remember, for both of them.

He was going to kill her with pleasure. He nibbled and suckled at her breast like it was gourmet chocolate, savoring every bite until she was ready to scream. Then he moved to the other breast and repeated the process.

When she tried to move her hands down to his pants he stopped them, his gaze commanding. “No. Not yet.” He palmed her breasts, staring down at them possessively. “I'm not done.”

“I am.” She wriggled under him, thrusting her hips up into him, tempting him to move on to the main event, damn it. If her panties got any damper her jeans would be soaked through!

Adrian licked right between her breasts, the rasp of his tongue sending shivers down her spine. He began a slow descent down her body, licking and nibbling at her stomach. His five o'clock shadow tickled her side, sending her into giggles.

His body was a blur to her eyes, but to her other senses he was a rich cornucopia of sensations and scents that drove her wild. His heated musk tickled her nose, his arousal evident in more than the hard ridge behind his slacks. She stroked his shoulders, the fine button down shirt sliding over his smooth skin, biting her lip in anticipation as he undid the snap of her black jeans. “Love you so much,” he whispered, sliding them down her legs. He placed a chaste kiss on top of her panties before sliding them off, too.

Now she was completely naked and he was completely clothed. She shivered in anticipation, knowing exactly what all that cloth would feel like against her sensitive skin.

He lapped at the top of her pussy, the edge of his tongue barely grazing her clit. She buried her fingers in his hair, urging him to go lower. He did, laving her pussy with his tongue in long, smooth strokes, dipping the tip inside her occasionally until she was moving under him.

“Please, Adrian.”

With another kiss to her stomach he rose above her. She could hear his zipper being lowered and reached out, desperate to feel his hard, velvet cock in her hands. It sprung free, landing in her palms, his scent that much stronger to her senses.

She had to have a taste. Bending forward she took the head into her mouth and lapped up the pre-come, delighting in his flavor.

She took him down her throat, his purr of desire music to her ears.

Adrian couldn't help himself. He gathered that nearly white, baby soft hair into his fist and began moving his hips, fucking into her mouth with long, slow strokes. How she'd managed to turn this around on him he wasn't sure, but he wasn't about to pull out of the wet heaven of her mouth, either. He watched as his cock slid between her lips, the bliss on her face almost his undoing.

His orgasm was rising to the surface too quickly, his spine shivering as he tried to hold it off. He pulled her off of him, her mew of disappointment almost making him shove himself back into her mouth.

But he had other plans. He stood up, hoping she could see the feral grin on his face. “Bend over the arm of the sofa, princess.”

She grinned up at him and quickly complied. “Are we done playing?”

He growled as he thrust inside her. “Yup. Playtime's over.”

“Oh, goody,” she breathed, bucking back into him. “I want to come.”

“Your wish is my command, princess.” He began fucking her rapidly, too close now to take it slow. The warm clasp of her pussy muscles massaged him, the pleasure almost more than he could bear. He reached around her hips and strummed her clit, breaking her rhythm, her pussy spasming around him

“Adrian, so close.” Her eyes were closed, her face a mask of bliss. He knew exactly what to do to send her over the edge.

Without pause he bit down, marking her again, sending her into an orgasm that robbed her of breath. With a snarl he joined her, the black tide of his orgasm overcoming him as he emptied himself inside her pale body.

Breathing hard he pulled his teeth from her skin, lapping at the mark he'd left behind. She sighed, snuggling down onto the sofa, those pale red eyes of hers soft and dreamy. He settled in behind her, making sure she was securely in his arms, before drifting off to sleep, his hunger sated. For now, anyway.