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The Ornament
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Holiday eBook Freebie

The Ornament

Part Two: Simon and Becky

A Holiday Interlude with Simon and Becky of the Halle Pumas

By Dana Marie Bell

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http://www.thesamhellion.com/ebooks/bell_ornament.pdf*

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“Holy crap. I didn’t think it would turn out like *this*.”

Simon stared at his house, glaring at the massive amounts of colored lights Max had snuck up on the roof. “And since when am I Jewish?”

“What?” Max finished boxing up the leftover lights, shoving them into the passenger seat of his Durango. Simon had no doubt those lights would wind up all over Adrian’s house.

“Isn’t that a Star of David on top of my house?”

Adrian nodded. “Yeah. Isn’t Becky Jewish?”

“Uh, no.”

Adrian shrugged. “Oh. Sorry.”

“I don’t know why you’re complaining.” Max shoved the box into the trunk of Adrian’s car, stretching his back out when he was done. “You saw what we did to my house.”

“Yeah, but that was *your* house. And at least there we got the religion right.” He stared at the light up animals decorating his lawn. Becky was going to kill him over the giraffe alone. “Maybe we should take the giraffe down.”

“Why?”

Simon turned and stared at Adrian. Didn’t the man *know* her? “Because Becky is going to shoot me in the face with a bazooka, that’s why.”

Adrian slapped him on the back, no doubt trying to make him feel better. “Becky doesn’t have a bazooka.”

Simon stared at Adrian. “You really *don’t* know her, do you? For this, she’ll go out and find one.”

“Bwacawk!”

Simon glared at Max. Max had his thumbs tucked in his arm pits and was flapping his elbows. “You did *not* just call me chicken.”

“Aw, who’s afraid of his widdle mate?”

Simon snickered. “You are.”

Max stopped, looking concerned. “True.” He shook himself. “Too late now, though.”

“Well, I don’t know about you two but I’m ready to go do my house.” Adrian rubbed his hands together. “I can’t wait to see Sheri’s face when she gets a load of the penguin Ferris wheel.”

“Let’s just hope the women don’t bury us under it.” Simon walked towards his truck, ignoring the shuffling feet behind him. “C’mon, wussies, let’s go get this over with.” *Because we may not live long enough to give the girls their real presents.*

Becky answered her cell phone before it had finished ringing. She was just turning down the street, heading towards the house she shared with Simon.

“Becks?”

Emma! Guess she found her surprise. It took every ounce of her willpower not to snigger. “Yes?”

“Santa smoked a reefer and decorated my house.”

Becky bit back a laugh. “What? Hold on, I’ll be there in a few minutes.”

She turned her car around and headed for Max and Emma’s house. She already had a clue what she would find. Simon had filled her in a little bit and told her how to react.

Watching him craft the special ornament for Max’s Christmas tree had been a rare treat. Simon didn’t often allow her into the furnace, but that day he’d made an exception. Those large hands of his had shaped the globe, his dark eyes intent on what he was doing. Watching him etch the glass and adhere the curlicues, surrounding the pair’s name, had been an incredible turn-on. And she’d thanked him in the best way possible, too. She tingled all over just thinking about how they’d made love that night.

She pulled up outside what used to be Emma’s stately house. She could barely contain her giggles at the sight of the glowing baby Jesus and the light up snow globe. “My God. Who hit the Kmart blowout sale?”

The two women exchanged a look. “Max.”

That’s my cue! “Oh, my God. Simon and Adrian were spending the day with him.” Becky raced back to her car. “I’ll call you!”

Of course, she wasn’t planning on calling. She figured Emma would be too busy chewing a certain cat’s ass, right before said cat chewed back.

She turned down her street once more, glaring at the garish lights someone had put up along their house. *Might as well light the roof with "Santa Park Here". Sheesh.*

The closer she got to home, though, the lower her heart sank. The overly bright house looked suspiciously like... *No. Oh, no. He wouldn't.*

He had. Light up animated animals were dotted all over her lawn. *The circle of life has apparently found our power outlet. And why the fuck is there a Star of David on my roof?* She wasn't exactly the most church-going member of the community, but you'd think Simon would know what religion she was. After all, she knew exactly who was going to officiate at his funeral.

She picked up her cell phone and called Emma. "I'm going to *kill* him."

"You too, Becks?"

"Yup."

"Sheri too."

What? This little joke had gone a bit too far if they'd done the same to Sheri and Adrian's house.

Becky checked the clock. *Damn. Need to eat.* Simon was relentless about making sure Becky ate at appointed times, thanks to her hypoglycemia, but hell if she was going to be here waiting for him with a home cooked meal. Not after that... *travesty* on her front lawn. She wasn't even going to go into the fact that he'd set up some sort of sound system and was playing Oy To The World at top volume. "Frank's?"

"On my way." Emma hung up.

Becky glared at the six foot tall light up giraffe. "Oh, Garfield. You are one dead kitty."

She ignored the little voice in her head that asked how many ornaments Simon had made. He'd spent at least a couple of days in the furnace without her. Could he have...?

She wasn't about to hope for that. Not yet, anyway. It was way too early in their relationship for Simon to have made her one of *those*.

Wasn't it?

She pulled her VW Beetle into the driveway, wincing at the electric menagerie on her front lawn. Dinner had gone a long way to calming her down, but just hearing Here Comes Santa Claus sung by the Chipmunks was enough to set her off again. She did her best to ignore it as she opened the garage door, pulling the Bug into the space next to Simon's big truck. *Good. He's home. I can kill him now.* Her hands shook as she turned off the ignition.

How many?

She went into the house and headed straight for the great room. And then stopped dead, stunned.

Becky stared at the red and green Christmas tree, her jaw hanging open. He'd decorated it in delicate hand-made glass ornaments she just knew he'd made himself, making it that much more precious to her. Crisp white lights lit clear red and green bulbs graced with lacey gold filagree. Pale crystal drops, light red and pale green, sparkled in the twinkling lights. The entire tree was a testament to Simon's artistic senses. A glass and gold star sat atop the tree, a steady light shining through it.

His work was always so gorgeous. Her heart ached at the thought of all the work that had to have gone into each and every decoration, even as it sank over the knowledge that he probably hadn't made *them* a "special" ornament.

The man himself sat on the sofa, a smirk playing around his lips. "Welcome home, sweetheart."

"Simon."

"What?"

She stared at the big. "Were you guys drunk when you did the front lawn?"

"Nope."

"Then could you please explain what happened?" *Because "what happened" was only supposed to have happened at Emma's.* Becky knew what Max was up to, but since when had Simon decided that three and a half foot light up elephant looked *good*? And she just couldn't bring herself to look at the four foot tall light up giraffe in the Santa hat.

He got up and stared at the front lawn where blinking penguins danced around light up presents, dancing to a jaunty Chimpunk Christmas. "What's wrong with it?"

"Simon!"

He gave her big brown eyes, pouting a little. “You don’t like it? I worked so hard on it.”

She ground her teeth together. “I love it.”

He grinned, crossing the room to pull her into his arms. “Liar.”

She blew her curly hair out of her eyes. “Well, the tree is gorgeous.” She looped her arms around his neck, offering her mouth up for a kiss.

He took her invitation, kissing her sweetly. “Well, the front lawn was the bad surprise. Want the good one?”

She gasped, putting her hand dramatically to her chest. “We’re pregnant?”

He went white, his face lit up by trepidation and hope. “We are?”

She gulped. *Wow, I didn’t realize he wants kids already.* “No.”

He slumped. “Are you trying to kill me?”

“Surprise!”

He rolled his eyes. “Do you want your present or not?”

Her eyebrows shot up. “Present?”

He leaned over her. “It’s better than chocolate.”

“There’s only one thing I can think of that’s better than chocolate, and I’m not sure you’re getting it until you clean up the front yard.” *Liar.* One look at the tree had guaranteed him pretty much anything he wanted, despite the front lawn.

His hand stroked her ass, pulling her into him. His dark eyes sparkled with gold flecks. “You sure about that?”

She glared at him even as her heart leapt. “What are you up to, Garfield?”

Because if he’s up to what I think he’s up to...

He let her go, crossing his arms over his chest. “I left you something on the tree. It’s round and shiny and shaped like a ball. Think you can find it?”

“Ha ha.”

He stared at her, one dark brow rising in challenge.

“You’re serious?”

He nodded.

She turned and stared at the tree. “You made us one of the ornaments.”

“Smart girl. Think you can find it?”

She rolled up the sleeves of her sweater and dived for the tree, ignoring his chuckles.

It didn't take her long to find the one golden ornament on the tree. The outside had *Simon and Becky 2009* engraved on it. Little gold hinges and a golden latch let her know the ornament was made to be opened. She dropped to her knees, cradling it like the precious gift it was, a tangible sign of his love, made by his own hands. "Oh, Simon." She smiled up at him, loving the soft look in his dark eyes.

"Open it."

She flipped the latch with shaking hands. Inside, nestled on green velvet was a white gold and diamond ring. It was a beautiful, vintage looking ring, with pave set diamonds and ivy leaves engraved on the band. "Oh."

She looked back up to find him kneeling next to her. "Better than chocolate?"

"Yes! Yes yes yes!" She threw herself into his arms, hugging him tight.

"I haven't asked yet." She could hear the laughter in his voice.

She pulled back. "Has that ever stopped you before?"

His grin heated. He leaned in and kissed his mark on her neck, the mark he'd given her without asking permission. "No."

"That's okay though." She closed her eyes, preparing herself for the feel of his teeth. "Sometimes it's good to ask."

She gasped, shuddering, as his teeth touched her skin, his body bearing hers down on the floor. *You know what? It can wait.*

And then his teeth were piercing his skin and she couldn't think at all.

She shuddered beneath him as his teeth pierced her skin. The low moaning sound she made as she came nearly had his cock jumping out of his jeans. Simon thanked God his prickly little mate hadn't immediately castrated him. Hell, she'd even brought him dinner. He could smell the burgers and fries cooling on the kitchen table.

But he could smell something else, too, and right now it smelled much more appetizing. And it was definitely something he was dying for a taste of.

He pulled away from her neck, loving the mewling sound of loss she made. Her shoes and socks were the first thing to go. Reaching for her zipper he pulled it down,

quickly removing her jeans from her legs. She was already beginning to sit up, tugging on the hem of her sweater and throwing it across the room. Her bra quickly followed as he worked on her panties.

Mmm. There it is. My favorite flavor in the world. Simon grinned as he lowered his mouth to her pussy, taking a long wet lap at her moist heat. She flopped back down to the floor, her hips undulating against his mouth. He paused only long enough to remove his own shirt, knowing how much she loved the feel of his bare skin against her own. And who was he to complain? He loved it, too.

Simon settled between her thighs and prepared to enjoy the feast laid out before him. She was plucking at her nipples, writhing beneath him as he fucked her with his tongue.

“Off.”

She was pushing at his shoulders. “Why? I’m not done here.”

She gave him a sexy, hungry smile. “I want a taste, too.”

One of his brows rose. “I was thinking more of a sixty-eight.”

She laughed. “I don’t want to owe you one.” She licked her lips and he couldn’t help himself. He moaned, watching that pink tongue dart out again. “Bring that thing up here and let me suck on it.”

He shuddered. “Okay.”

She snickered as he stripped off his jeans in record time, but he wasn’t about to complain. Turn down a blow job from that talented mouth? Hell, no!

Simon rolled them both until Becky straddled his face. He stared up at her pussy, moaning as her hot mouth sank down on his cock. *Dinner time.*

Oh, fuck. Becky did her best to concentrate on the hot iron bar sliding in and out of her mouth, but Simon’s mouth kept her distracted. His tongue danced around her clit and she had to move with it. She could feel her orgasm dancing around the edge of her senses. She just needed a little bit more...

Simon bucked into her mouth, reminding her of what her job was. Trying not to grin she slid her lips down his shaft, taking his musky taste onto her tongue. She

hummed around him, showing him how much she loved what they were doing, and was rewarded by his broken moan.

Becky pulled back and laved the head of his cock with her tongue, tasting his salty essence. In response he shoved what felt like three fingers into her, strumming her clit with his tongue.

Becky shrieked around him, her orgasm hitting her so fast she had no time to prepare.

Simon pulled out from under her, muttering darkly. He grabbed hold of her hips and pulled, impaling her on his rock hard cock. “Fuck.”

“Simon.” She backed into him, squeezing her muscles as hard as she could. The added tightness did the trick. Within a few strokes Simon was coming, his guttural yell music to her ears.

With a soft sigh he released her and they collapsed to the floor. Simon’s warm weight settled at her back. “God, I love you.”

Becky smiled wickedly. “Simon?”

“Hmm?” His voice was fucked-out sleepy.

“You’re phone’s ringing.”

He chuckled into her neck just as the phone began to ring.