
HIS CHRISTMAS LOVE

A Cuffs & Spurs Holiday Novella

ANYA SUMMERS



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Anya Summers
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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

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His Christmas Love
A CUFFS & SPURS HOLIDAY NOVELLA

Author's Note

Dearest Reader,

Thank you so much for purchasing *His Christmas Love!* This sexy, short novella, while set in the world of *Cuffs & Spurs*, introduces a whole new set of characters we've not met previously. There will be plenty more *Cuffs & Spurs* stories to follow. Enjoy Hannah's naughty Christmas adventure!

Happy Reading!

~ Anya Summers

Chapter 1

What a Christmas!
There was nothing quite like having your live-in boyfriend forget the holiday.

Hannah had been dating Brady for two years. Two incredible years filled with laughter, love and kinky times at the local lifestyle club, Cuffs & Spurs. They lived together. She'd moved into his house with him last January. Brady had made room for her here, in what was now their home. He'd never begrudged her space or the decorating of it, just told her how empty his life had been before she became a part of it.

Hannah loved Brady, adored the sexy man with all her heart and soul. Brady was it for her in the romance department. When she thought about her future, what she saw was him, at her side as her partner in crime. And yet, this morning there'd been no 'Merry Christmas,' or 'the house is decorated beautifully, babe.'

Nothing. Nada. Zip.

And it made her feel like a horrible, insipid shrew that she wanted the words, that she *needed* the words. That the reassurance, the praise, somehow affirmed that she was worthy of his love.

They were her issues. She knew that. And she had been working on them, and the lifetime of neglect. As someone who'd been raised in foster care and spat out on her own at eighteen, she had grown up feeling unwanted and unloved. It was why she taught second grade at the local public school and watched out for each of the kids as if they were her own—because she, more than anyone, knew how it felt not to have anyone care—short of the government check you brought in.

But thanks to her background, Hannah ended up clinging to acknowledgements of praise as some sort of litmus test that she had to pass. It was what made Brady different from any of the men she had dated. The sexy firefighter was warm and giving. When he was home, he was constantly touching her; even if they were just watching a movie together, he would put his arm around her and cuddle her close.

He had soothed her ravaged soul, but it was at times like these that her old issues of abandonment and neglect tended to rear their ugly heads. Not to mention, the holidays were hard when you didn't have a family. She wasn't close to her foster parents and their kids. Never had been, and never would be.

And maybe it made her cling too tightly to Brady, because he was the best thing in her life.

Hannah sighed. She should just call it a day and get over herself already.

It was just that this was their first Christmas living together as a couple. And she had worked to make this holiday special, to show Brady how it could be for them, not just this Christmas but for what she hoped were all their Christmases together. It stemmed from her abandonment issues—the unrelenting urge to be loved, and have someone want to keep her, not as a burden but because they wanted her.

Hannah had decorated the interior of their ranch style home in the suburbs of Jackson Hole with unrepentant, tasteful glee. Over the last month, she had baked huge batches of Christmas

cookies for Brady to take to work. She had wrapped presents, hung the stockings and decorated the tree. She had risen shortly after he'd left this morning and slaved away in the kitchen, cooking up the perfect holiday feast.

But he'd not made it back in time for Christmas dinner.

Nor had he called to tell her he wouldn't make it home for dinner. Granted, if he was in the middle of a call, he couldn't. She got that, understood how important his job was, but it was bringing up all her old wounds.

She'd picked at the dinner she'd spent the day cooking and packed it all up: the turkey, the stuffing, the mashed potatoes, the green bean casserole, the roasted carrots, and candied yams. The pies were covered up and stored away in the fridge with everything else. Then, to top it off, Hannah felt silly dressed in a naughty Missus Claus costume. She had wanted to surprise Brady with it, watch his gaze go dark with lust as she served him dinner.

Instead of having a Christmas quickie in the kitchen, here she was in the living room, an empty glass of wine in her hand, reclining on the sofa by the fireplace. Alone. On Christmas.

Hannah sighed at the sight of the unopened presents beneath the lit tree.

It wasn't Brady's fault. She knew he'd been exhausted when he'd left for work before the sun had risen this morning. Off being a hero, saving lives as a firefighter with the Jackson Hole Fire Department, he was part of engine crew 3127. She couldn't be prouder of him. He and his crew had battled a house fire last night.

At least it was a house fire and not a forest fire. Brady had worked as a hot shot and told her hair-raising stories. Hannah knew without a doubt that he was likely risking life and limb once more, while she pouted.

And it made her feel like the most horrible person in the world. Like she shouldn't be feeling neglected on Christmas,

when other people in the world were losing their homes and everything they had worked for all their lives.

Tired of feeling sorry for herself, she rose from her seat on the burnt cinnamon leather Chesterfield sofa by the tree and fireplace. The fire she'd lit early today was now little more than red glowing embers. So much for having a holly, jolly Christmas. She closed the glass doors. The fire would peter out soon enough.

Hannah ambled into the kitchen with her empty wine glass, dejected and more than a little hurt. She poured herself another glass of wine, thinking that perhaps a relaxing bubble bath was in order, and she was about to toast the idea, when big, warm hands slid around her waist and pulled her back against a delicious hard male body.

"You're home," she sighed. Brady. God, she loved him, and was amazed that a simple touch could still take her breath away. Hannah knew that Brady loved her—even if he'd forgotten Christmas, at the end of the day, that wasn't important. But as she melted in the embrace, her internal sensors registered different pheromone levels and that his scent was all wrong. Brady smelled like cedar forest and rugged male, whereas whoever's arms were around her carried a hint of amber with some deeper, darker notes and an undercurrent of testosterone.

She stiffened. Alarm bells dinged internally.

Then Brady appeared in front of her, stepping into her line of sight. He was, without a doubt, a walking wet dream. His six-foot, rock-solid form was dressed in nothing but a pair of well-worn blue jeans, slung dangerously low around his lean waist, displaying the top portion of the victory lines she loved so much and his firm, broad chest dusted with a smattering of hair that was a smidge darker than his sun-streaked dirty blond hair. The man never failed to make her blood simmer with just a simple glance. Testosterone oozed off him. But the thing was, if Brady was standing in front of her, whose arms were wrapped around her?

“Brady, what’s going on?” she asked with a hint of unease lacing her voice as she stiffened against the hands holding her.

“I thought I’d give you your Christmas present. You remember Gavin, babe?” Brady said with a chin nod toward the man behind her.

At his name, Gavin’s mouth descended on Hannah’s neck and nibbled on that one spot at the base where it met with her shoulder, which turned her into a heated puddle of arousal at the feel of soft lips and whisker stubble. Her nipples hardened and she squeezed her thighs together at the sudden pulsing from her sex.

“Yes,” she said, her voice a breathy whisper. Her hands clenched around the wine glass. She remembered Gavin; more than she should. He was wickedly sexy, soulful, and Brady’s best friend. But why was Gavin touching her, kissing her neck and making her yearn for more? The heat from his solid form surrounded her and she was melting against him. What was happening?

“Well, tonight, I wanted to give you the fantasy. *Your* fantasy... of being with two men, as part of your Christmas present. And I love your costume. Have I told you how fucking gorgeous you are?” His dark gaze was a caress as he sauntered closer, his swagger confident. Like a big jungle cat that knew he was at the top of the food chain and had just spied his meal.

Everything inside her felt electrified. Two men? They had chatted about their fantasies, sometimes used those fantasies as dirty talk while they were in bed. Brady loved when she role-played and dressed in skimpy costumes. She adored it when he went all caveman and dominant on her, tying her to the bed and pulling out the flogger. When she’d mentioned wanting a threesome with two men, she’d never thought it could become reality. It was just dirty talk while he broke out the cock ring with the dildo attachment. She had even pestered him about why he didn’t have the typical male fantasy of being with two women.

His answer was always that she was more than enough woman for him. He really was that deep in the soul, yummy goodness.

It was a dream; a naughty, kinky, pleasure-filled dream of hers to be taken by two men at once. Her earlier malaise was forgotten. Of course Brady would never forget her on the holidays. It had all been in her head, with echoes of her past resurfacing. But she protested—albeit feebly.

“But I love you, Brady. I don’t know that this,” she bit her bottom lip as Gavin’s large hands cupped her breasts and began kneading them through the fabric of her tiny red dress while nipping at her earlobe, “um, is a good idea.”

Especially when her body was ordering her to be quiet.

Brady was close enough that she could feel the heat pumping off his golden skin like a steel forge. He nodded at Gavin, who released her and stepped back far enough that she got a chill along her spine. Hannah’s entire being trembled. Did she want the fantasy? Would it change anything, or just be a night that she would remember her whole life?

Brady closed the miniscule distance and cupped her cheeks with his big, work-roughened palms. His love for her shone in the milk chocolate depths of his eyes that always, *always*, made her feel like the most important person in the whole wide world.

The rest of the world fell away. Their kitchen, with the stainless-steel appliances and butter gray cabinetry. Even Gavin disappeared. She leaned into Brady’s touch, feeling the holes in her heart fill and overflow. Her hands instinctually went to his bare chest. God, she loved his chest, with shoulders wide enough, strong enough, that she could lean on him, let him take her cares and worries away and be her bastion against the world. The tips of her fingers traced his solid, ripcord muscles.

Had there ever been a finer male chest? She didn’t think so.

Brady murmured, “Hannah, babe, I love you and want to give you this fantasy. I know how much you love it when I use the

cock ring with the attachment. Let me, let *us*, give you a night to remember.”

He was serious. This wasn't a joke. She searched his gaze. He wanted to give her a threesome with another man.

Oh god! How could she say no?

She couldn't. The proffered forbidden fruit was within her reach, and she had learned the hard way that when opportunities presented themselves, she should grab them and run with them.

Brady traced her bottom lip with his thumb, tilted her head back some, and lowered his mouth. At the first brush of his lips over hers, she moaned in the back of her throat. Hannah gave herself over to Brady, the hot, demanding tangle of tongue and teeth seducing her, making her blind to anything but him. Brady kissed her and the rest of the world fell away. Always. From the first time he'd kissed her outside Giordano's after they'd shared a deep-dish pizza on their first date, to their last date at the club a week ago—he kissed her and she went up in flames.

She caressed his chest, trailing her fingers over his satiny skin. Yet before she managed to circle her arms up around his neck, he tore his mouth away. His chocolate gaze was black with lust. Then he swiveled her body in his arms and aligned her backside against his front. She could feel the firm ridge of his erection against her bottom.

Brady drew the red skirt of her mini dress up over her hips, causing the material to bunch at her waist. Beneath the skirt, she wore a matching red thong that was so teeny tiny, it barely covered her mound.

From this angle, she finally got a good look at Gavin. Where Brady was a blond golden Adonis with a close-cropped almost military style haircut, Gavin was shorter than Brady by an inch or so, and his midnight, chin-length hair was tousled, like he constantly ran his fingers through it. It was as if she had an angel on one side and the devil on the other. And his body—heaven help her. Miles upon miles of thick ropy muscle, the skin a

burnished tan. His chest was covered in dark fur that funneled into a single trail that bisected his contoured abs and disappeared beneath his low riding jeans that cupped his parts. From the bulge straining the confines at his groin, he had a lot of cuppable parts. On his left shoulder and bicep, he sported a black tribal tattoo. She wanted to trace the inky lines—with her tongue.

Brady slipped his hand beneath her panties, delved between her folds, and grazed her clit with the calloused pads of his fingers. Brady knew what she liked, knew how to make her body sing from his efforts. Her being was engulfed in flames at his touch, at the prospect of both men loving her, of feeling all that testosterone surrounding her.

“Fuck, babe, you’re so wet. I know you want this. Say yes. Then Gavin will fuck you while I watch. After that, we will both take you... together.”

She moaned at the erotic image he was proposing. Brady swirled his digits around her nub. She canted her hips, needing more than the playful teasing strokes. He did this to her every damn time; sent her body up in flames like the Hindenburg in seconds, just from his fingers on her.

“Brady,” she protested with a moan. The man knew how to take her body from zero to the brink of penultimate pleasure in two seconds flat. She should be embarrassed that she was exposed, that Gavin could see Brady’s hand moving beneath her panties. She rocked her hips, canting them up for more as he teased her. And her gaze lowered to the hard bulge in Gavin’s jeans.

Hannah licked her lips.

“Why don’t you show Hannah what she will be missing out on if she says no, Gavin?” Brady commanded in his sex on a stick, bedroom voice that always turned her on. In this case, it added to the fire he was stoking with each swipe of his calloused fingers over her clit.

Gavin’s gaze, which reminded her of budding leafy green

spring plants, smoldered, his attention directed at her crotch. And then he pegged her with an intense, panty-dropping stare. Their gazes clashed like a lightning bolt striking through her foundation. Hannah wondered if she would go up in a whiff of smoke as she spontaneously combusted from the heat.

“I think that’s a great idea. Hannah, I’ve watched you every time you come to the station and this,” his nimble fingers undid the fastening on his jeans and shoved his pants and boxers down to his muscular thighs, exposing his erect shaft, “is all for you. I can’t help but get hard every time you’re near. What do you think? You want this cock?” he asked, gripping his member. Gavin drew his fist up and down his length while Brady’s fingers continued their frenetic rhythm against her pleasure button.

The erotic display was more than enough to lead her into temptation.

Hannah panted and rocked her hips, seduced by the tantalizing scene. She loved Brady, every inch of him, but next to him, Gavin had one of the best cocks she’d ever seen: long, thick, the bulbous head a few shades darker than the shaft, and with a pearly drop of pre-cum glistening on the crown. It was the most erotic, naughty act she had ever participated in. And that was saying something after having partaken in multiple scenes at Cuffs & Spurs with Brady. Hannah tried to remain firm, resolved to say no and pass on what was sure to be an alluring, pleasure-filled ride.

But—and it was a big, huge but—she would be lying if she said that Gavin did not fascinate her, tempt her with his wicked, dark yumminess. He did. Every time she visited Brady at the station, she had watched Gavin, with his soulful intensity. Secrets were shrouded in his gaze. And she’d wondered if he tasted as good as he looked.

Brady nuzzled the hollow spot at the base of her neck, nipping it and laving it with his tongue, never relenting as he played with her pussy. It was too much for her to resist. With

each swipe of his fingers, another domino fell, eliminating her resolve. She felt Brady's approval and his need against her backside. This was turning him on, thinking about her with his best friend. That he would do this for her, give her this fantasy, made love for him swell in her chest. It loosened the death grip she held as the last domino fell, clearing the way.

"Yes," she finally sighed, wanting this, *needing* this night with the two big alphas like she needed air to breathe.

"Then get on your knees, love, and show me how much you want it," Gavin dared her, biting his full bottom lip, his gaze hooded as he held his dick, his hand stroking his shaft.

Brady pinched her clit and her pussy throbbed. "Do it, babe. I want to watch you take his dick in your mouth and your sweet pussy. But I get your ass."

Brady removed his fingers from her pussy, licked her cream from his digits, then gave her ass a hard swat. Gavin crooked a finger at her: the male equivalent of *come here, woman*. Hannah approached, her breathing erratic and pulse hammering in her veins. Gavin's magnetic gaze was like a tether, reeling her in. She stopped in front of him with half a foot of space between them—so close, she could feel the heat rolling off his big body—clenching her hands, with turbulent need humming in her veins.

She gazed at him, noting the day-old dark stubble lining his chin. This close, she discovered he had a tiny scar beside his left eyebrow and wondered how it had happened. His mouth was firm with a full bottom lip she wanted to suck on.

So why wasn't she doing it? This was her chance.

As if she were in a trance, her hands lifted. With the tips of her fingers, Hannah traced the defined lines of his pectorals, his flesh scorching her hands. Then, using his body for balance, she went up on her tiptoes. She stopped when her mouth was a heartbeat away from his, her gaze locked on his, their breaths mingling. Then Hannah traced his bottom lip with her tongue.

He had given her free rein until that point, making it her choice to touch him.

Gavin cupped her nape, tilted her head back and covered her lips with his. He plundered her mouth. The kiss took her body from zero to hot and heavy in under a minute. Why hadn't she kissed this man before tonight? That was the only thought she could drum up in her brain at the moment. He tasted like brandy and cigars and decadent sin. She mewled into the kiss and clung to him.

Hannah wasn't sure how he could kiss her right out of her head. Her brain clicked the *off* button. His hunger left her shaken and needy and wanting to climb him like a tree. Her body plastered itself to his and the proof of his desire pressed into her belly.

Gavin wrenched his mouth off hers, his face filled with dark carnality and potent yearning. He wanted her. Not just any woman, but *her*.

How had she never known? He'd hid his desire from her so well when they were all together.

And just like that, the last vestiges of her resistance slipped away because she saw the truth in his eyes. It was more than Gavin merely wanting a quick, hot fuck. He wanted her.

Desire she had held in check unfurled in her being. In this moment, tonight, she would give in to the fascination, the yearning she had denied she had for Gavin. To prove it, prove that she did want this with him, with them, she lowered herself to her knees before Gavin's impressive form. Gavin, a man she'd known as one of Brady's co-workers and closest friends. One she always considered a slice of beefcake she'd love to indulge in if she had never met Brady. And now Brady was giving her an all access pass?

She admired the six-pack abdominals and happy trail, hoping she'd get the chance to trace them with her tongue. Then she studied his shaft. He was beautiful. Hannah slid her hand around

him and gripped his cock. His broad girth overflowed in her hand. The man wasn't just thick but long. He had a good inch or more on Brady's eight inches. She shivered, her pussy throbbing at the thought of feeling his member inside her.

Unable to wait any longer, she surrendered to the overwhelming desire flooding her veins. Leaning forward, her gaze on his face, she licked him from root to tip then swirled her tongue over the crown, lapping at the drop of pre-cum before taking him into her mouth.

At Gavin's deep groan, she purred. This was going to be a night to remember.