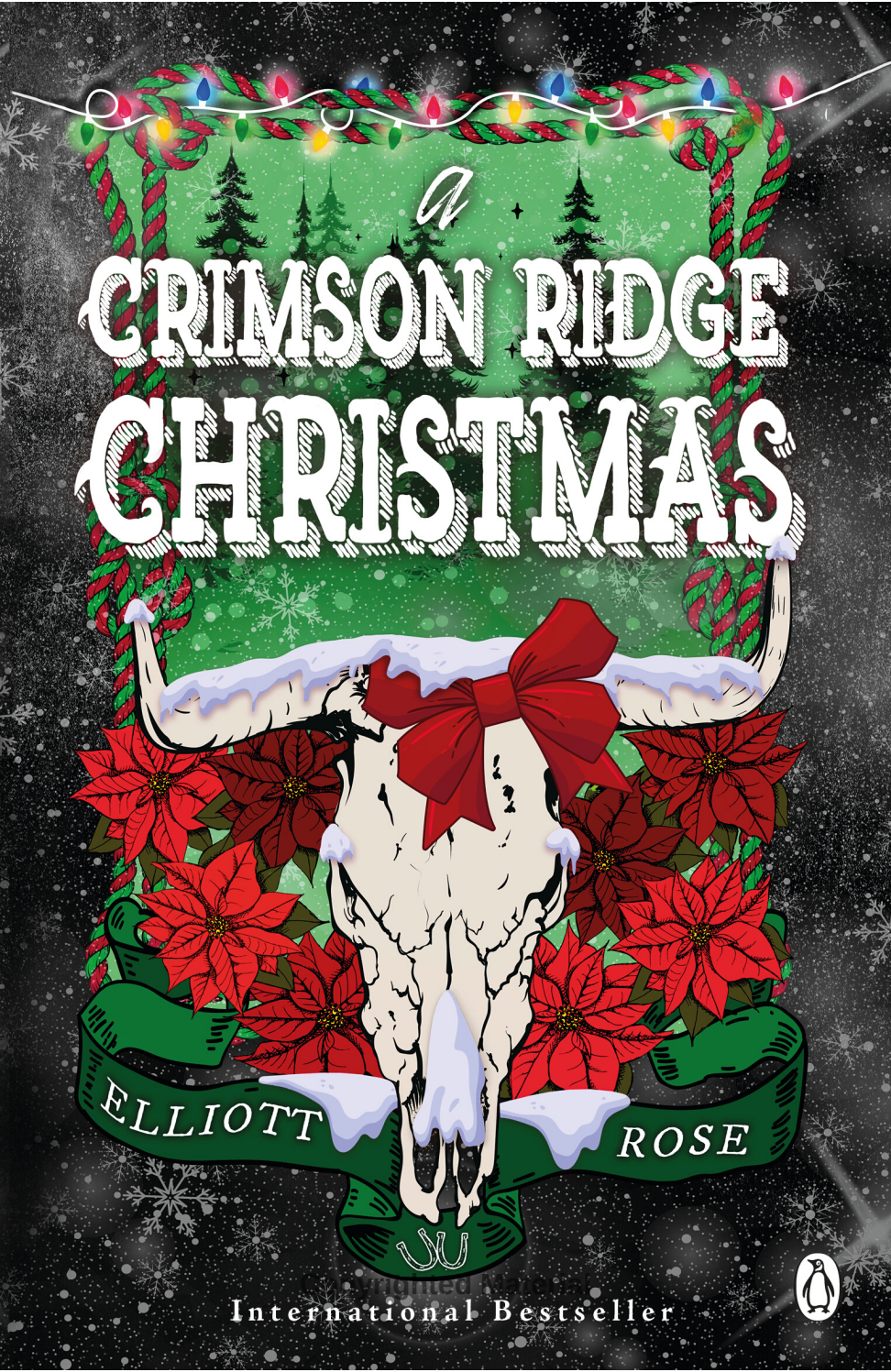

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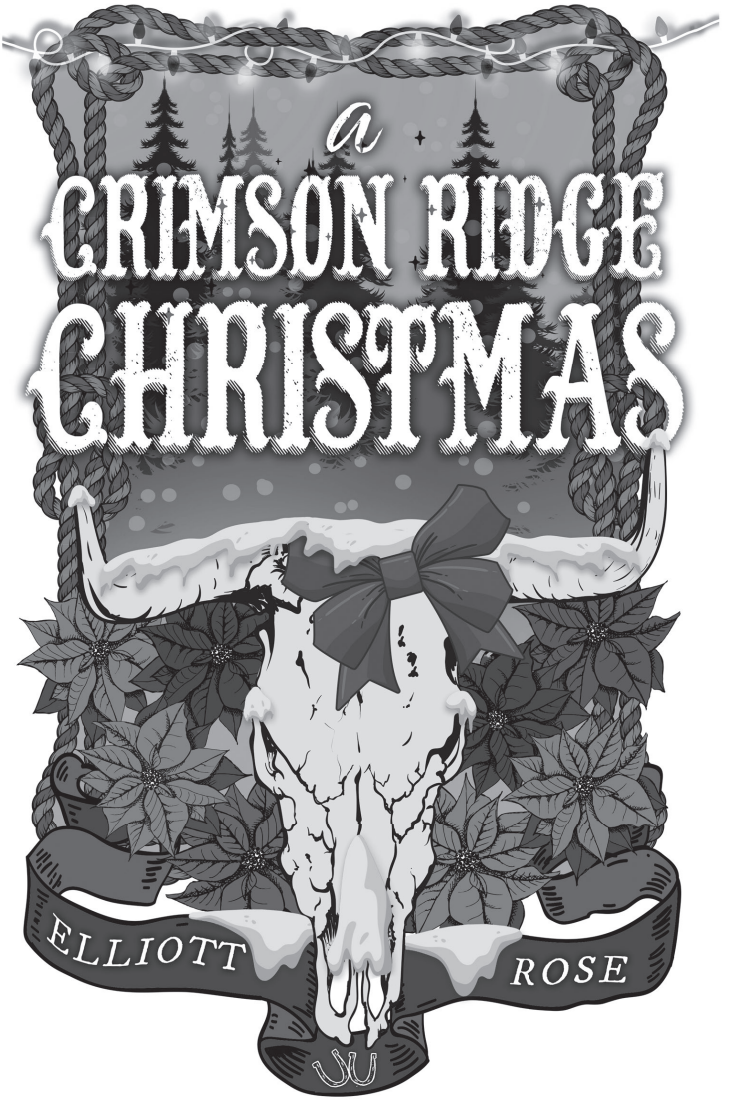
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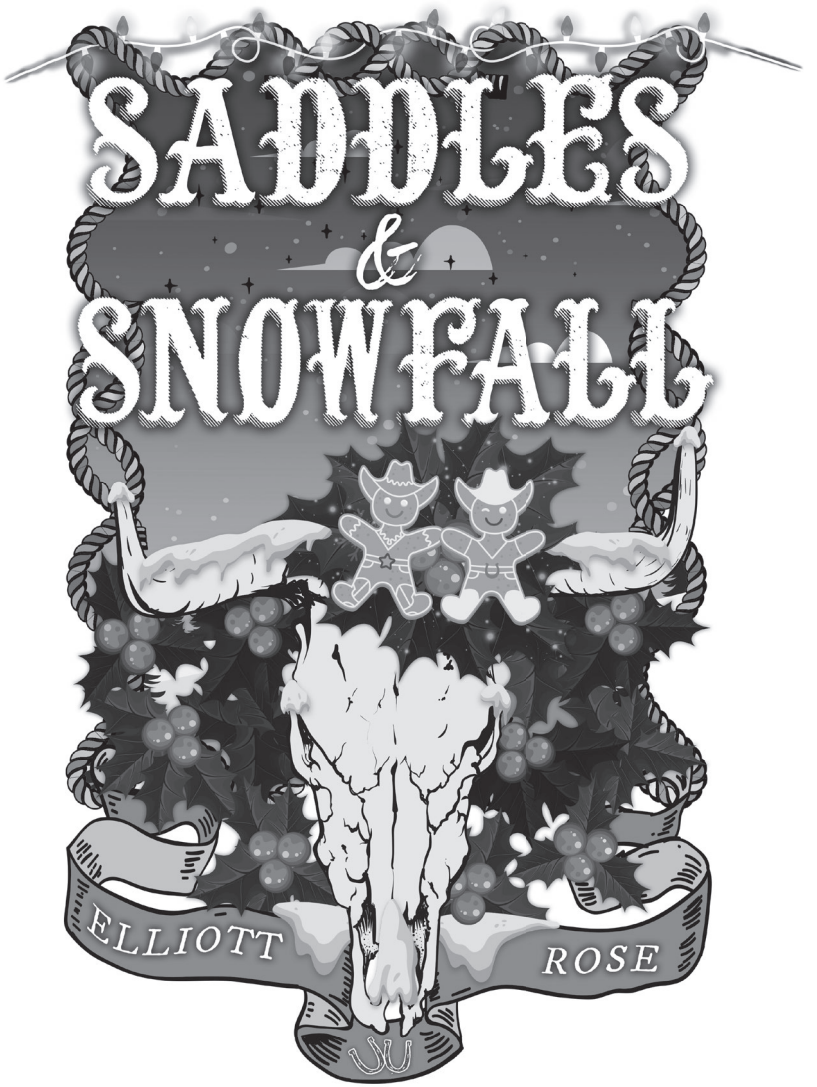
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For those who don't want a lot for Christmas . . . other than a hot cowboy, and multiple orgasms.

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CHAPTER 1



"I'm telling you, her donut has been glazed by him all year."

"*Noooo.* You can't be serious?"

Two blond freshmen in matching Santa hats giggle loudly from the kitchen, wearing not much more than a garland of flashing lights, red bikinis, and faux fur boots between them. They stumbled in here after me, already far too *merry* to even notice my presence or the December chill.

I'm hidden away, ransacking the pantry like a swaying Christmas racoon, hunting for the stash of solo cups I was assured would be in here. The first task in my quest to reign supreme at beer pong and enjoy a blow out, now that college is done and I'm officially graduated.

That's right, this cowboy has officially leveled up. *Art major, motherfuckers.*

Although, distinguishing my Monets from my Manets is worth fuck all at this particular moment. I squint and search through the chaos of this student kitchen, relying solely on the flashlight from my phone. Typical frat house vibes abound. The light bulb overhead has blown, everything is covered in crumbs, and nothing has a hope in hell of living where it should.

Doesn't matter—my buzz is starting to settle nicely in my

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veins, and midway through my intrepid search, I discover a jar stuffed full of Christmas cookies. Not just any old cookies, either. These are all shaped like cocks, complete with jaunty little Santa hats made out of red and white icing. *Decorated dongs. Frosted frenulums. Sugared shafts.*

Why, yes, please and thank you. It's been far too long on a diet of pussy this year, and now that I'm single again, I'm not gonna lie . . . my horniness for getting with a guy has reached peak bisexual disaster mode.

Music thumps through the walls as I smirk and chomp down on a very well- endowed holiday johnson and his Jacob's Ladder, continuing in my quest for the elusive stack of cups.

Can anyone blame me? There's a cute guy out there with "fuck me" eyes who was interested in a party game where the point is getting sloppy drunk in record time. The shots I've already knocked back with him have set the tone just nicely for a night of being on Santa's naughty list. Or bouncing in his lap.

From just around the corner, the two girls are still gossiping and shrieking with laughter, their overly loud, drunk voices floating across the room easily.

"I swear on my Louboutins. Saw her getting out of his car and everything. No college student is in a professor's ride at five a.m. unless there's been wiener-in-bun action."

Snorting to myself, I take another chomp of my Frosty the Pierced Schlong and smirk. That is absolutely the truth. Everyone on campus knows the rules . . . Something about too many past scandals, professors being unable to keep it in their pants, *blah blah*. Academic policy gets damn near tattooed on the inside of your eyelids during freshman orientation. The staff are here for one thing and one thing only.

Sounds like whoever their friend is forgot to give her pussy the memo.

"Girl, that's so scandalous. You'd be kicked out for even

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sniffing around one of the faculty members. The D must be premium if Izzie would risk her whole graduation."

I pause midway through shoving stacks of reused takeout containers to one side.

Did she just say Izzie?

As in the same name as my extremely recently *ex*-girlfriend? A person who I'd tolerated being in frankly the shittiest relationship I could have ended up stuck in with, for months on end. *Izzie*, who I should really have ended things with way earlier in the year but kept giving second chances to, because I'm a bleeding fucking heart . . . *That* Izzie?

Drunk girl number one hiccups and then drops the bomb. "Oh my god, and it gets worse. She's just outside, and I know I've had one too many Jell-O shots, but I swear I saw Brad here tonight. How's that gonna be for awkward if they run into each other . . . Bet he doesn't know Iz has been putting in *extra credit* all year, and that's why she broke things off with him . . . if you know what I'm saying."

Oh, hell no.

What the fuck?

The lying, cheating . . . *Ughhhhh.*

I shove the rest of the cookie in my mouth and can't even be fucked with coming up with a creative way to scathingly curse my ex out. She's old news, and any tiny lingering fragments of worry about whether I didn't make enough effort, about whether I was the problem, just shriveled up.

Tequila and recklessness have the reins when I spy the stack of red cups jammed in the furthest corner of the topmost shelf.

I've already made my decision.

Tonight, I'm gonna have myself a game of beer pong and secure a sweaty, X-rated night with someone who is down for the idea of no-strings-attached fucking merriment.

Happy Christmas orgasm cornucopia to me.

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With all the swagger of a sailor at sea, including a brief bounce off the doorframe when my shoulder collides with solid wood, I reemerge into the kitchen. The gossip queens have disappeared—thank god.

Before I can go on the hunt for Blue Eyes, my phone pings in my hand.

Sky:
Don't miss me too much tonight!

Can't wait to be done with finals. I'm ready to never have to look at a textbook again.

I'm nowhere near drunk enough.

Apparently Izzie was cheating on me all year?

WHAT?

Just found out. So . . . happy holidays?!

My best friend since middle school is the lucky recipient of a blurry selfie. One where I'm biting down on another dick cookie, with the balls still clearly visible at the base.

Can't you come and save me from this clusterfuck?

First off . . . I hope she steps in dog shit daily for the rest of her life, that a terrible bleach job fries her hair so bad it falls out, and that her pillow is hot on both sides every night.

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And I'm sorry, baby boy. You know I would be there to help you drown your sorrows in a heartbeat, but I gotta stay up late cramming for tomorrow.

I'm not even upset, just pissed off at myself. Why did I waste so much time on her?

Now I'm out here trying to get laid, and I'm in a stupid festive fucking costume and everything.

Of course you are. Brad Rhodes would never violate a party dress code.

Points for looking cute! Who would've thought an ugly Christmas sweater could look good on a cowboy?

I look ridiculous.

But green brings out the forest tones in your eyes . . .

Whatever. Pinky promise you're gonna get wasted with me at that stupid fancy Yule Ball.

Right now, I need an entire bowl of party punch and a cute guy's balls in my mouth to solve all my problems.

"Oh my god, you're taking forever, Rhodes." A girl's voice interrupts me before my best friend's reply rolls in. Blinking at her, I realize she was part of the group who wanted to play beer pong. *Shit.* Forgot about her.

"Did you miss me?" I flash a grin and wiggle the last piece

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of cookie before chomping down on the last bite. Yeah, I'm definitely not gonna pump the brakes where my search for a hot guy and his *package* are concerned.

She gives me a coy little look in return and reaches out to lift the stack of cups from my hold. "I think more than one of us was missing your pretty face." Her thick lashes flutter, accentuating the glitter coating her cheekbones and eyelids. With a little swish of her head to one side, the Santa hat she's wearing bobs.

I know that look.

I'm in the mood for *that look*.

Reaching forward, I tug gently on the white tuft on the end of her hat. "More than one of you, huh?"

She runs her tongue over bright red lipstick and nods. "My friend thinks you're hot."

"And what do you think?" I'm still holding onto the end of her hat, and I roll the furry bobble beneath my fingertips.

Her cheeks flush a little as her lips twist. "I'd say if anyone can look as sexy as you while wearing a Christmas sweater . . . then I'm extremely invested in seeing what they look like *without* it."

I let my eyes drop down her body appreciatively, taking in the sight of a bright crimson corset and matching frilly skirt. She kinda looks like a figure skater who booked a taxi straight from the North Pole.

"And you'd want your friend to be there too? He'd be interested in seeing what's under both this slutty excuse for a skirt *and* my silly little sweater?"

"*Mmmhmm.*" She bites down on the swell of her bottom lip. Nodding slowly.

Right now, I don't give a shit that I can't remember her name. I don't even care if who she's talking about is the guy with blue eyes or not. I'm very much into the idea of whatever depravity this is, even if it's an unexpected proposition in the middle of a party in a random student house's kitchen.

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I mean, threesomes don't turn up and flutter their eyelashes at you every day.

"Wanna play a game first?" I let my fingers drift down to the plastic cups and give them a flick.

"How about we go upstairs and play a private game?" she counters.

"Deal." I'm not even gonna pretend to be uninterested in that idea.

"I'll get my friend. You grab a bottle . . ." She jerks her head in the direction of a selection of liquor sitting out on the kitchen counter. "And meet us upstairs. Second room on the left." A wink and a cute little kiss blown my way are her last promises before she disappears.

Fuck yes.

I shove my phone in my back pocket and grab more tequila. Let me get obliterated and enjoy both a guy and a girl for a whole lot of no-strings-attached fun.

Thank you, Santa. I've obviously been a very good boy this year after all.

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CHAPTER 2



Stick a bow on me and call me a GIFT.

Forget everything I said.

I'm about to have myself a very joyous threesome.

Sky:
What the hell, B? You're gonna give me whiplash.

Two minutes ago you were talking about cheating exes . . .

Now you're leaping into a game of naked Twister?

I smirk and take another sip of tequila straight from the bottle as I sway just inside the open doorway to the darkened bedroom. A bitter burn races down my throat, and I clench my teeth then let out a hiss while liquid fire tracks straight down to my stomach.

Second room on the left. Here I am.

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Horny, tick. Festive, tick. Veins lit up with alcohol and anticipation like the Rockefeller tree, oh yeah. I'm more than ready to be extra nasty tonight.

The others aren't here yet, so I continue bugging Sky over text—and okay, maybe gloating just a little about this unexpected turn of events while I'm at it—since she's being *booooring* and studying and all.

And *boring* sounds a lot like *sensible*.

Squinting, I make an attempt to re-read her words written on the screen. As I do so and hover in place, a moment of far-too-sober clarity descends on me. Crap. Maybe this is too reckless? Am I seriously planning to jump into bed with a pair of total strangers just because I found out my ex-girlfriend is a cheat and a liar a few minutes ago?

I'm not that guy.

I'm a hopeless romantic.

I fucking love romance.

That's the way I'm wired and probably explains everything about why I stuck around in a relationship that was going nowhere.

I love the idea of love, okay? Sue me.

Wait . . . should I?

Or is this "diving headfirst out of a plane without a chute" level of dumbass?

Well, when have you ever turned down a party?

So, what I'm hearing is that you're enabling me to be a slut?

Yes. One hundred percent.

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Do some shots.

Get a whole lot of slutty.

Suck some cock.

Who's the slutty one now?

God knows I haven't had the chance lately.

At least one of us should be getting some dick before the semester finishes.

A soft light flicks on, bathing this unfamiliar bedroom in a warm glow.

"*Uhh.* Hi—" From across the room, a deep voice is followed by a clearing of a throat.

I nearly drop my phone at the sight of the absolute smoke show filling the doorway. He has a beer in hand, a slight furrow on his brow, and I do a rapid-fire inhale of everything about him.

He's insanely hot. Stupidly so. The sort of solid build that screams football scholarship, except he's too old for college. Nor is he dressed like a typical jock. In fact, the Wranglers clinging to his muscled thighs and flannel shirt he's wearing scream country boy. He's even wearing scuffed boots that aren't too dissimilar to my own.

Add in the tousled blond hair and strong stubbled jaw presenting themselves and, well, there's no stopping my eyes from raking hungrily over him from head to toe. The prospect of *this* is goddamn mouthwatering.

Well, shit. All thoughts of that other dude from downstairs fly straight out my head.

Goodbye. See you never. Instant upgrade alert.

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I'm gonna owe a massive thank-you to my brazen friend in the frilly skirt for finding a third member for this party who is exactly the type of man I go weak at the knees for.

It all happens in a blink.

One second, I'm eye-fucking him into next week, and the next I've successfully lost the tequila, tossed my phone on the bed, and launched myself at him . . . all before I could say, "Hey there, cowboy."

My fists curl into the front of his shirt, and oh my god, the warmth of him seeping through the worn fabric beneath my fingers is so damn magnetic. He smells like the night air . . . fresh . . . masculine . . . sending a coil winding tight and low in my stomach.

"Fuck, you're hot," I murmur, spellbound, eyes locked on his mouth, before I simply just *take*.

Sky's advice rings in my ears, giving me a surge of unbridled confidence to slam our mouths together as I drag him further into the room.

Get a whole lot of slutty.

He might be wider and broader and thicker set than me, but his powerful frame follows my lead all too easily. I continue tasting his lips, with glimpses of hops from his beer and mint lingering there, as I shove him backward against the wall.

Something rattles with the force of the two of us stumbling together. And it makes me let out a small growl of satisfaction that he's allowing me to immediately take the upper hand.

Lapping my tongue against his, I press forward, demanding entry into his mouth. To my horny delight, he fucking lets me, allowing me past the seam of his lips. The second I give that silent request, our tongues slide together.

Kissing him, a total stranger, somehow doesn't feel weird. In fact my entire body lights up at the feeling of his broad chest beneath my curled knuckles. I'm soaking in every tiny detail of the way his shirt feels softened from repeated wear, and the woodsy scent of him crawls into my brain.

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He tastes so good and smells amazing, and my dick is absolutely *aching*. Blood rapidly flows south and I'm lengthening inside my jeans, eager as fuck.

The tequila is in control.

My hands have their own agenda.

Lust fuels me to go harder, to be entirely uninhibited, to be completely reckless.

I'm racing forward without pause, spurred on by how desperate I am. Fixated on wanting to know exactly what he's got going on beneath that tightly fitted denim.

Without wavering in the way I'm kissing him, I allow my hungry touch to delve lower between our bodies. Pushing beneath the hem of his shirt, blindly seeking out his waistband, I start working his belt buckle.

His stomach caves as I brush up against the scattering of hair dusting low on his stomach. My gorgeous stranger hisses into my mouth.

I chuckle and tear at his jeans. "Let's get this party fucking started. You seriously have no right walking around looking this sexy." He's not doing anything to stop me, and that turns everything even more feral.

When my palm snakes inside his boxer briefs and wraps around his hardening cock, he shudders, surrendering a delicious groan.

Oh, hell to the yes. He's smooth and velvety beneath my fingers and I wedge my hand as far down as possible to grasp the base of him. Tugging with a few forceful strokes, I jack him beneath the fabric and kiss him ruthlessly.

It's insanely hot, and I don't even fucking care that the girl isn't here yet.

This is a special type of Christmas package, one I'm in no mood for waiting to unwrap.

I need to taste him, right fucking now.

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CHAPTER 3



What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.

All my brain cells are in my dick as a ridiculously hot stranger gives me a hand job and kisses me with the desperation of a sailor just returned from being stranded at sea.

It's . . . unexpected. Unexplainable. Unbelievable.

I knew campus parties were wild. Of course, I did. You don't need to go to college to understand that. So I didn't come here tonight expecting anything less than witnessing a whole lot of drunken foolishness. Especially with it being graduation and the holidays all sloshed together into one alcohol-soaked barrel.

But none of *those* reasons is why I'm here.

I didn't come here tonight for anything related to partying—I came here to look for *her*. That's the task I'm supposed to be focused on.

And yet, all of that has flown straight outta my head. I'm frozen in place, hypnotized by this guy and his confidence and the kind of roguish smirk that stalled my heart inside my chest the second he laid eyes on me. As if he took one glance and claimed me as his property.

I shouldn't like that feeling as much as I apparently do.

He pumps me a couple more times and it's almost impossible

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to contain my groan when it's evident there's wetness there. I feel it at the same time he discovers it—precum smeared beneath his fingers. Those wicked lips of his smirk triumphantly against mine as his thumb swipes over my tip, giving me a dark noise of satisfaction. He's successfully reduced me to a horny mess within such a frantically short space of time, and he knows it too.

I'm leaking far too eagerly beneath his hold, simply turned upside down and inside out by the fact he's too much like my perfect sort of weakness.

"Goddamn, you're kinda slutty, too, huh?" Mystery Guy says, purring into my mouth, then proceeds to bite my bottom lip while shoving my jeans and briefs down. Relief floods my veins and heat pools low in my groin the second my dick springs free.

"You just kissed me?" I gasp for breath—this guy has somehow stolen all the air from my lungs. He's done a hell of a lot more than *kiss me*, but corralling my sensibilities to weakly protest is difficult enough as it is.

"Problem?"

"What the hell . . . You can't just go around doing shit like that . . . Kissing people if they don't want to be kissed." My words stammer out, the lies that they are. Because I do, in fact, want him to keep his mouth on mine. In a way I can't even begin to explain.

Another of those fucking smirks lights his face up. "Then why are you hard?"

"You shoved your hand in my pants . . ."

A self-satisfied grin takes over his expression, entirely unremorseful. "*Mmmm*, yeah, I did."

He leans forward to brush his lips over mine again. Thank fuck.

"Judging by the way you keep throbbing in my hand, I'm pretty sure you're enjoying it, too."

"Just. . ." This is nuts. I don't know what to say. It's insane and kinda overwhelming, but even though it's too much, I'm

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also finding myself unable to settle on a good enough reason to put a halt to this. Wherever this is racing toward, apparently I'm far too interested in discovering our destination to do anything about it.

He clocks my hesitation, winking at me.

"You never hooked up with a guy before, cowboy?"

With an arched eyebrow, those green eyes of his transform, pupils blowing out as he looks down at my cock standing thick and erect between us.

"*Umphfff.* I—" Any attempt to reply is cut off as his fist closes around me and goddamn *squeezes*. My eyes roll back in my head and words vacate my mind. This time when he strokes me, his grip is tighter than before. It's like he enjoys the fact I'm left panting, rendered unable to speak, with his closed palm tugging on me oh so fucking perfectly.

Hard. Fast. Ruthless.

Holy shit.

I can't get enough of this warm, tingling sensation building low in my stomach. This heady blend of doing something so wanton—with a complete stranger, no less—is unlocking a side of me I didn't know existed.

"*Aw*, you're shy. That's okay." He nips my bottom lip again, leaving a delicious sting blooming beneath the pinch of his teeth.

Everything turns hot and frantic. My hips lift involuntarily, chasing his touch. That subtle reaction must do something to cinch the rope tight, to have him going all in, because he moves with swift precision. His hand wrapped around me only half a second ago is now shoving the front of my jeans a little lower.

"Never done this before, huh?" As he hums out ravenous, urgent words, my mystery guy drops to his knees.

Jesus. Fuck.

What is even happening? He can't possibly be about to do this—cannot possibly *want* to do this?

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My brain short-circuits. A thick haze crowds the edges of my vision. This all feels too good. I have nothing to offer up, except for a whole lot of overeager breathy noises and a stifled groan.

"Fuck, you've got a nice cock." His exhale gusts over the head of my dick, and I lose the battle to stop myself from making a choked noise. Desperation and foolishness collide in the back of my throat and I want this so fucking bad.

He doesn't give me enough time to catch up with the fucking game plan. Before I can register what's happening, he sinks forward.

His hot, wet mouth is on me, and I goddamn moan.

I. Moan.

"*Unghhh. Ffuckkk.*" My head collides with a thud against the wall at the first soul-stealing sensation of him closing his lips around my crown. His tongue presses and explores, running along the underside, tracing the veins there, sucking me eagerly . . . Jesus.

I've never had someone want me this openly, with so much hunger in their energy. I'm torn between the urge to stay just like this, with my eyes scrunched closed while I savor each second his mouth is on me, and the urge to simply stare at him in awe, to watch him suck me and not miss a moment.

Part of me is terrified that if I take a peek at him, it'll all be over. Like I'll scare this dream guy away and he'll vanish.

The other part of me is falling apart with the need to know what it looks like when he dips forward and, oh my god, when his tongue drags and swirls at the same time as he hollows his cheeks.

"Oh god. Holy fuck." I gasp and the near-empty beer I've been clinging onto hits the carpet. My hands fly to his hair, sinking into the soft, unruly mess of curls. A move far too intimate, far too desirous for a dirty blow job while a party rages downstairs, but I'm galloping recklessly into the night.

He hums in response to me touching him for the first time.

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And that approving noise tumbles us into a place we can't come back from. The muffled grunt he lets out as I tighten my hold on his head is everything.

I want that. I want more. I want him to take me deep.

God, I just fucking *want*.

Those noises he keeps making send the most intense vibrations shooting along me, straight down to land with a heavy thud in my balls.

As if he can read my mind, he grips my thighs harder. Holds onto me just as firmly as I'm grasping him . . . and lets me hit the back of his throat.

He swallows around my tip, and I nearly goddamn buckle on the spot.

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CHAPTER 4



This is wild.

The hottest guy I've ever fucking seen tastes like a Christmas miracle. Not to mention, he comes complete with a cock I would do very questionable things to ensure I get an opportunity to play with more than just this once.

Sweet Jesus. He's thick and veiny and makes my mouth water.

Thank fuck, because I'm drunk and horny and I haven't made out with a guy in a minute. This goddamn Adonis is seriously doing something for me, so it only makes sense to let myself have a little bit of private fun first.

He feels incredible, heavy on my tongue, feeding me bursts of precum like a reward for my service. Christ, I'm getting more and more turned on the longer I continue sucking him like this.

Partly, in the back of my mind, there's a hint of awareness that flashes brighter than a cherry-red festive light bulb. A very specific sort of arousal that comes with feeling like someone might walk through that open door any second. And yeah, that's a hot prospect and all, I won't deny it, but that's not the real reason I'm hard as steel inside my jeans.

It's the thought of making him lose it in a few short minutes.

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To greedily take his climax all for myself.

To succeed in undoing him and having him in secret *before* this turns into a three-way.

That idea, right there, leaves my blood turning white hot.

As I swallow around the crown of him again and again, he keeps shuddering and making these raspy, groaning noises. Like he's trying really fucking hard to keep quiet and to act like he's not enjoying this as much as he is.

The drunker, hornier, brattier side of me comes out to play.

I come from rodeo stock.

I fucking love nothing more than a challenge.

He can be broody and silent and gorgeous all he likes. But he's no match for my mouth, and tongue.

"*Umphhff.* Oh . . . oh, god." His gasp is raw, unleashed into this quiet room, while bass thumps from downstairs. This time he doesn't catch those noises of pleasure before they escape, and I'm entirely focused on making him come. I've never been so determined to make someone lose their mind. There's just something about witnessing such a stocky, strong guy melt like this. As if no one has treated him so attentively before.

The musky scent of him fills my senses. Hints of his eagerness continue to leak and coat my tongue. Strong fingers tug on my hair to the point it stings, and it could be entirely the tequila's fault, but I'm more than a little obsessed.

I keep teasing him, ruthlessly pursuing every single one of those attempts not to straight up moan out loud.

That's it, you beautiful wall of muscle. Turn into a shaking, pleading mess for me.

With each suck and bob forward to take him deep, I can tell he's getting close.

He tightens his fingers in my hair and actively chases my mouth now. "Holy fuck. Holy fuck. *Holy fuck.*"

That's it. There he is. I swirl my tongue and hollow my cheeks and moan around him as he throbs on my tongue.

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"Oh god. You . . . you have to stop. I'm gonna—" He tries to push against me in warning.

My muffled moan is louder in response. I suck him down as far as possible, and his hips stall. He swells, pulses, and unloads on my tastebuds. *Fuck yes.* The tangy saltiness of him fills my senses as he blows down my throat. I swallow his cum eagerly, enjoying every breathless, shuddering reaction as his dick twitches.

Taking my time, I lick him clean. With his softening cock still in my mouth, I seek out his eyes, and the expression on his face is one of complete awe and shock. Definitely the face of a guy who's never been sucked properly before.

Drawing back, I let him slip from my mouth and flash a knowing grin.

"*Mmmm.* Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from. Once that girl walks in, I'm sure you'll find your rhythm again. We can start without you. I'm sure it won't take you much to get back in the game."

His face morphs, brows knitting together, and his muscles tense. "Girl? What girl?" He lets go of my hair and fumbles to tuck himself away. "Wait . . . Izzie?"

It's my turn to freeze. My already-racing pulse skyrockets, and I jerk back. "Why the fuck did you just say her name?" Scrambling to my feet, I drag the back of my hand across my mouth. "What the hell is going on?"

Mystery guy has an unreadable expression when he stares at me. "That's why I came up here. She told me she'd meet me upstairs . . ."

I don't let him finish. I don't even want to know what the rest of that sentence might be. "Are you the prick who's been fucking her?" I get in his face.

His lip curls and hazel eyes flare to a shade of liquid fire. "Gross. What the hell, man? That's my sister you're talking about."

A faint ringing consumes my hearing. I stumble back a step.

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Tequila and horniness and the taste of his cum linger on my tastebuds.

Sister?

"Christ. No. What in the fuck . . ." Shoving one hand through my hair, I scrub the other over my mouth. Taking a few steps across the room, it feels like the room is spinning. "Oh my god." I turn to stare back at him with wide eyes, trying and failing to get my shit together.

He looks back at me, confusion and maybe a hint of dawning realization there on his features, too.

"Wait . . . you know my sister?"

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