

Preacher Man Halloween

October 31. 2017.

"I look fucking ridiculous, Rubes." Preacher grumbled in his deep, smoky timber that always brought on images of bed sheets and things he whispered to her in the dark. And she really, really wanted to take his complaint seriously, but all Ruby could do was stare.

She stared so freaking hard she didn't even want to sever the sight by blinking because her husband looked *god*, the effect he had on her daily was bad enough, he was just big all over. **ALL. OVER.** Muscle and ink for days, he swamped her in bed and out of it and she just loved his size. She'd known he'd look good. Come on, it was Preacher, her man oozed sex appeal in his pinky finger, but what Ruby hadn't factored was just how damn sexy and hot and *Jesus she wanted to jump his bones* good he would look all dressed up as he was.

Gawking at him standing at the other end of their kitchen holding Aquaman's Trident of Neptune while he glared down at the tightness of his costume was a thing of beauty. Ruby had the urge to giggle and pounce. Leather, rubber, big boots. The sex appeal was off the scale.

"Baby..." she breathed and got no further. Ruby could only gape and plan her night differently to the family friendly fest that was already in place. What she had in mind now was XXX Rated with a whole load of *do me now, Asher*.

Meanwhile, Preacher was grumbling, pulling faces at the tight costume she'd scrolled the internet days for to find in his size. It wasn't easy, no one caters for a six-six behemoth of a man who is wide everywhere.

Sebastian's Spiderman phase was over with. Like most kids he moved on fast once he'd seen a clip of the Justice League movie on YouTube, now he was all about Aquaman and one night in bed Preacher had joked he should surprise their boy.

That was all it had taken to run with the idea. Ruby had slipped out of bed to fire up the laptop and her search began, much to Preacher's dismay that he'd only been *fucking joking, beautiful.*

"It's too fucking tight. It's cutting off air to my balls. You're gonna need them one of these days to put a baby in you."

Preacher's whining did nothing to quell her lusty thoughts when he turned to show his fantastic ass encased in the leather and rubber suit. His hair was down out of his stubby top knot and flowed around his face and if he licked his lips just once more she would not be answerable for her actions.

Jesus in heaven.

Maybe they didn't have to go trick or treating right away.

Maybe she could somehow peel him out of that suit, or at least the most important bits of her hubby and do some of her own candy licking because, damn, her Asher really didn't see his appeal right now, he didn't know her heart rate had increased to such a state she was panting, one hard, galloping heartbeat at a time and she was sucking on her lower lip eyeing him like a slab of gorgeous beefcake, for all his grumbling he was doing, it was Ruby who moved across the floor towards him, it was Ruby who pressed her hands to his tight, hard chest and moaned feeling his hard body ripple under her fingers. *Oh, Jesus.*

She'd even found Aquaman contact lenses so the Emerald green eyes that usually looked down at her with love, with lust, with downright filthy thoughts swirling in them now appeared iridescent and she'd couldn't cope with his hotness.

"Asher..."

"Why couldn't I just be a biker. I *know* how to be a fucking biker, Rubes." He kept right on grumbling, both of his masculine eyebrows drawn down over his shark-like eyes. The only part of her Preacher that remained was the wedding band on his left hand. "Dress the kid in a little vest and shades. The guys are gonna give me shit about this. In fact,

we don't breathe a word of this, you dig, Rube? I can't be punching all of them. They'll give me so much shit."

They really would, but as Ruby grinned and reached up on her tip toes to curl hands around the back of his neck to pull him down, she wasn't giving a second's thought to what his club friends would say now and for the foreseeable ribbing future, Asher was a big boy, he'd cope with the inevitable joking that was coming his way, she was a one track minded wife. Mindful they had a child in the house who would at any minute demand to be taken on his first trick or treat outing around their neighborhood and then they were going over to her in laws for a cook out with monster food themed party designed by Asher's dad. It was all very exciting, and she really should focus on that except the gorgeous monster in front of her was sexy and smelling good and oh, shit, his hands were so big and grabby.

Mom duty warred with wife need.

"I mean, it's cutting off circulation to my junk for fucks——"

"Asher. Shut up." She kissed him with all her lusty need flourishing in her lower body and god bless her husband it took him a second to catch up to her before he opened his mouth and groaned taking her tongue in a kiss hot enough to burn the floor out from under her feet. His hands seizing her in and holding her against his body was everything she ached for. *This superhero is mine.*

He was smirking that smug grin of his when they parted. Breathing in each other's faces, Ruby nibbled his jaw, ran fingers down his pointed beard, using it to steer him back towards her deprived mouth. It really didn't take much to turn her on, not where Preacher was concerned, but once that flame was ignited she was hard pressed to concentrate on anything but him and the shared attraction they had between them.

Wicked hands gripped her ass, squeezed and owned. Her ass recognized those hands. "I guess you like this shit, huh?"

One nuzzle. Two. "You look sexy as hell, Asher. I'm dying here."

Her man barrel laughed, loud enough to echo on the surfaces of their kitchen decorated in pumpkins and Fall foliage and held smells of their earlier lunch.

"My dirty girl. You say that to me now when I'm sewn into this get-up and can't dig into you? Do you know how goddamn beautiful you look?" A growl rippled his throat muscles, making the veins stand up off his tanned skin and Ruby shuddered rubbing herself on him. His large hands tightened, lifted and deposited her onto the kitchen counter with easy grace as if she weighed nothing. Her Asher was focused once he got on the same page and the glint in his moody, moonlit eyes said he was on the same horny sentence as she was.

As luck would have it this Halloween, Ruby was dressed as a unicorn fairy. Her clothes were so much more accessible than his were. The unicorn fairy was so a thing, according to Sebastian who had seen it in a cartoon and laughed himself silly when Ruby had said she'd dress the same for Halloween. To see that kind of innocent joy on his face she would wear most anything. Now her dark corkscrew curls were temporarily sprayed with whimsical, rainbow colors, glitter stars dotted over her cheek bones with vivid eyeshadow she'd had to embarrassingly find a tutorial on YouTube from a teenage girl, neon-pink lipstick stained her lips (or she hoped so after that epic hot kiss) and she was dressed mom-modestly in white and lace with angel wings still to place on her shoulders.

Asher was hard as a rock, and it had nothing to do with his rubber suit, when he pushed between her thighs, dragging Ruby to the edge of the counter, his hands under her ass, squeezing and owning.

"You smell incredible." He drew the tip of his nose down the length of her throat, kissing as he followed back the other way and then down to her boobs where he sorta-nuzzled a little and growled about not being able to get out of his clothes. "How the fuck do I get out of this thing, so I can fuck the unicorn out of my wife?"

Oh, yes, yes, yes, thank you to the great pumpkin. It had taken them thirty struggling minutes to get him into it, with a lot of bitching from her husband and an extraordinary amount of deal making from her for him to go through with it, but she had no qualms about getting him out of it, they'd need only minutes to do the deed and then they could get into the Halloween spirit once again and make it a night Sebastian wouldn't forget.

She might make Preacher keep the costume on all night, because he really did look hot as hell.

Her husband, the sex symbol. Turning heads wherever he went and that included waitresses, but Ruby didn't allow her brain to focus there because she got a little jealous-possessive, some habits were still in the default setting and always would be where he was concerned. Lucky for her that sentiment went both ways.

"Ruby! Pay attention, beautiful," he chuckled richly against her lips when her hands were busy fondling between his legs, the rubber making the grab and slide so easy. "Screw it, I'll fuck you later, but I need my mouth on my little darling, so hold on and—" his hands, so skilled and adept at getting under her clothes with the minimal effort were already caressing her inner thighs and pushing past the barrier of her thin, cotton panties, fingers met her slit and Ruby arched her neck and emitted a tiny puffed moan. *Oh, it felt so good.* Not quite his magical tongue, but that would come, he liked to get her wet first. *Like my kisses sloppy, beautiful.* He was so nasty sometimes, no wonder she adored every whisker on his face.

The stroking continued, deeper, more insistent, decadent touches, like Asher was so aware of their time constraint, he was really good at fucking her brains out at odd times of the day now they had a little one in the house, he said it was because Seb liked to cockblock him, she'd just laugh and indulge her husband, mainly because when he glowered he was damn sexy and it usually led to him being all manly and chest beating and he'd bend her over the nearest piece of furniture in his bid to always keep her satisfied.

When his lips skimmed her inner thigh right at the apex where she was most sensitive, Ruby caught her breath, tangling her fingers in his hair, ready to pull him home, her body was all fizzle and excitement for the first lick of his wicked tongue that would send her skyward and hopefully not scream the house down.

"My wet wife." A pleasure-seeking groan tore out of his huge chest.

Preacher extended her legs with the flat of his palms dipping under her skirt, to better fit his thick shoulders between them right before his head sloped again, fingers moved her underwear to the side, he hummed from the back of his throat and she loved that noise.

"Gonna wish my little darling a happy Halloween, keep quiet, beautiful. I'll be fast, don't wanna mess up my unicorn wife now do I?" oh, he was so smug when he was about to give her some. Ruby chuckled and encouraged him to come closer, not that she was eager or anything. Oh, who was she kidding, she was damn crazy for him. It was a toss-up who was the most sex mad in their house. "Please, baby." She whispered when the distance clop-clop-clop could be heard from the hallway. Shaking from want of his hungry mouth that always drove her out of her mind. Nothing ever prepared Ruby for the first hit of Preacher. It came hot. It came fast. He licked her once... she shivered and begged silently. He went at her again, holding her open for his close administration and gave the kind of kiss that made her spine melt.

"AUN' RUBY, I READY!!!!!"

Preacher stalled mid-way to licking her wetness. "Oh, *god*." His head raised, and their eyes clashed in a look of agony solidarity. Maybe he had it right after all, Seb had his cockblocking game down to a fine art.

Ruby giggled into Asher's shoulder. This was their life now and she loved it. Though her nephew had the worst kind of timing of any kid she knew.

"Ruby, he's doing it again. The kid knows when I'm about to dick you." Now her man was whimpering all sexy and manly into her throat, biting and licking his anguish as she soothed hands into his freed hair and took the minute she needed to calm her body down from the suspended pleasure they would put off until later.

She loved this man more than she ever thought possible, and they'd have their alone time tonight when Seb was fast asleep, hopefully not sick to his stomach with sugar overload because she had a feeling she'd let him eat as many pieces as he wanted to make up for past Halloween's he didn't receive anything.

"We missed it, we could've dressed him as Chucky." Joked Preacher rubbing a palm down his face. "*Hi, I'm Chucky. Wanna play?*" She burst out laughing.

"I'm turned on when you movie quote."

One fast kiss exchange, she smiled into his mouth, could tell her man was struggling to rein in himself. "Want you, Rube."

"I know, big man." She appeased lovingly before she hopped down off the counter and hurried over to the door, stopping Seb from entering right away until Asher was in place holding his trident again. "Smile, you look murderous right now."

"I'm *horny* and powerless to get into you, murderous is my default, beautiful." He winked but did as she asked because that was her man, always willing to do anything to make her and Seb happy. He was standing in a freaking Aquaman costume for fricks sake, if that wasn't husband and father devotion she didn't know what was.

He loved them. And they adored him.

And it was all worth it when Seb, dressed as his second favorite Justice League Character the Flash, strolled in and halted in his little step as he caught first sight of his foster father, his face froze. His eyes widening to amazed saucers.

For a second Asher sought out her eyes, asking silently had they done the wrong thing, and oh fuck should he do something so the kid wouldn't cry. She smiled watery at him, the gallop of love in her chest enormous, and at that point she looked at Seb because she knew her nephew and recognized that their quiet, introspective little boy was just processing the fact someone had done something so wonderful to make him happy.

And then Seb squealed and flung himself at Preacher, who bent down to catch and hoisted him into his chest.

Both her boys were grinning at each other. Seb talking animatedly about how cool Preacher looked.

And then her man looked in her direction and for as much joking as he'd catch from his friends for this, that expression of pleasure on his worn, gorgeous bearded face said he'd do it a hundred times over to make Sebastian happy. He thrived as a new dad and she was so damn grateful for him every single day. Not only because her and Seb were lucky enough to be taken care of so thoughtfully and lovingly, but Seb adored him right

back and finally had the kind of male role model any growing boy would be lucky to have raise him.

The roar of several Harley's brought their attention to a screeching halt and Ruby had the look of *Judas* on her face when she smiled over at Preacher who looked like... well that he wanted to spank her with his trident (yes, please)

Heavy footsteps from the garage entrance grew closer.

Preacher growled and jostled Seb to his other arm to pin her accurately with his beautiful, betrayed stare. "Ruby. You didn't."

Her smile became a tiny bit repentant. It was better to get the joking over with, right? besides, the boys had promised to bring candy for Seb. She was doing it for Seb's Halloween and not to watch grown men cackle about how gorgeous and sexy her man looked, they could joke, but her Asher was the best, hands down.

"I did. I love you, Asher!"

"Ruby...." he ground out in a gusty sigh right as six beefy men barged in and began laughing their asses off immediately.

But what Ruby saw, amid the censored joking at Preacher's expense was a small boy in the mix of all these men, basking in their attention and he was laughing his head off along with them.

All worth it.

Happy Halloween from the Priests.

