

Four days before Christmas.

With the amount of steam filling up the bathroom, you'd think we were in one of those pansy rich spas my woman and her girls love going to, but it was just my mouse in the shower.

When I step into the cubicle, my whole surface of skin braces for what is to come because Laney has one temperature and that's *hell hot*.

I tease her that she's related to Lucifer.

No other human can sustain that kind of heat and not have their skin peel off in melted ribbons.

To share her showers, I suck that shit up and risk third degree burns.

It's what a Fierro stupidly in love does for his woman or man.

The hot water can rip me down to the marrow of me and I'll still be a lucky jerk curling my bigger body around hers.

She purrs and turns her gorgeous smile on me.

It punches me deep in the gut just how beautiful she is.

Taking her face in my two hands, I sweep her wet hair back and lower my mouth to take hers.

Nothing sedate in how I pry her lips open and dive inside to taste her sweetness. Her arms wind around my shoulders and by the time we part lips, I have her crowded against the wall, my knee pressed between her legs, grinding to her mound while she moans and water splatters both our faces.

"Morning, baby," she laughs, ducking out of the way of the spray. I reach behind her and lower the intensity of the spray down to a slow trickle.

"You know, I love my wife with skin. This is too fucking hot."

"I like it hot; it wakes me up."

“You like everything hot,” I smirk dirtily and roll my hands down to her little butt. Just a perfect handful and my perverted mind takes over, calculating how quick I can bend her over and take that peach shaped ass I’m mad about.

Grip it.

Fuck it.

Bite it.

I love her ass and it loves me back.

It’s not conceited, just stating the facts.

Laney has the soap in her hands when she gives me her withering look that she loves using like she’s still my teacher and me her naughtiest...sexiest student. I get so turned on by it, that I don’t mind I’m being choked in steam. She isn’t fooling me; she loves how I talk to her.

Hands sweep over my chest and belly, around my neck, sopping me up.

“That is not a good segue into sex, you horny pig.”

“It’s 6 am, mouse, cut me a break. You know my best stuff is at night.”

“I do,” she smiles.

I have to crouch and then turn around so her soapy hands can go on their journey over my body. By the time I’m facing her again, I’m hard as stone.

6 am or not, I’m always locked and loaded to go and there is something about today that makes my body extra alive with flowing adrenaline.

It’s as though I feel every vein standing out of my skin.

Her little corner lip smile says she knows too.

We haven’t mentioned it but we both know and we’ve been counting the days.

It’s my turn next.

I hunker down and start at her feet, she's ticklish and laughs each time I brush a finger over the sole of her foot, her hand latches into my hair like a maniacal vulture trying to turn me into one of those back in the day troll dolls.

That shit feels good.

There's never a time when I'm on my knees in front of her that I won't put my mouth between her legs, even for a hello kiss and I don't start now.

She's mewling and ripping hell out of my hair by the time I bring her to a fast climax and this is me working only on half percent of my brain. The rest of me will wake in a few more hours.

Rising, I watch her pant and her eyes flicker open while I lick her from my lips.

"You are a terrible boy."

Four years of college, three and a half of those living together. Two years married and I'm still and *always* her boy.

I'm her man when her car breaks down or she needs stuff from a higher level shelf and can't reach. I'm her man when my dick is rooted down to her soul or when she fancies pizza balls at 1 am and sappy idiot is volunteered to drive to the only place she likes which doesn't deliver.

I smirk and lean down to suck her lower lip.

I'll be her man, her boy, her fucking pet dog if it means she gazes at me in the way she is now. Dreamily, with her legs still shaking.

I cup her tit and take it to my mouth. She starts to wash my hair.

We never have normal showers.

That's for boring married people. Probably Theo and Bexley. I just bet those two do taxes while they soap up.

Laney and I are far from boring.

We multitask by molesting each other.

“Oh my god, are you going to say it or am I?” My impatient mouse bursts once we are washed, and cocooned in towels standing on the tiled bathroom floor.

I grin, knowing for a fact it wouldn't take her long.

Fuck, my mouse. The hottest piece ever. And so damn adorable with her strands of wet brown hair stuck to her bare shoulders, a giant towel hiding her perfect tits, though why she bothers, I don't know, I prefer her walking around our Washington apartment with nothing on at all.

Catching hold of her under the armpits, I deposit her little butt on the sink counter and shove myself between her legs. All her limbs go around me, pulling me closer to her face.

She looks up, I drop my head and she smiles her Laney smile for me that puts heat in my lower abdomen, cupping the side of my jaw, I can almost hear her thoughts because I have the same ones.

“Lachie...”

“Yeah, baby.”

“Are we?”

“It's been three weeks.” I say.

She nods like a crazy woman, beaming and my cock grows harder.

I want her.

*Constantly.*

It's an ache in my whole body and a gnaw in my brain to possess her.

For a guy who isn't half bad with intelligence as I am, and that's not me tooting my own horn, I'm pretty damn smart, just ask my bosses who are always praising me.

My point is, I might be considered smart but I think of sex a fucking lot.

She drives me insane and I don't think she grasps how much I want her, need her, crave the taste of her skin in my mouth.

I fell in love with my teacher and now she rules me, heart, soul and mostly definitely my dick.

While I'm all sexed up just from looking at her, there's something more serious going on and I grin, broaching the subject we've danced around for three weeks when she tossed her birth control pills down the toilet and then we waited for them to be out of her system while we worked, played and enjoyed the season together.

We knew it was always there with us, waiting.

"You gonna give me a baby, mouse?"

She squeals and beams so bright it makes my heart hurt in a good way.

Making her happy is a vocation.

I'm going to put a baby in her.

Or we're going to start trying anyway.

I feel primal.

Like I could howl at the moon.

It's primitive how fast I dissolve into ancient times where making a baby was the only thing that made a man feel masculine.

*Look at me, my balls work, I knocked up my woman.*

That's how I feel now.

This sense of urgency to plant something of mine, deep inside my Laney and now that we made something between us.

She's the love of my life.

And I want to fuck my baby into her.

Make her scream.

And claw.

And bite.

And demand I empty into her over and over.

God. I feel dizzy with how bad I want it.

How badly I'm turned on at the thought of climbing on her repeatedly to make sure we get enough of me inside her.

She's just as hungry.

I see it blazing out of her beautiful eyes.

This is something we've talked about since our honeymoon.

"Tell me what you need, mouse."

She tells me. Then shows me by grabbing my cock and bringing me home.

Whether we make a baby this month, next month or the following year, we're going to have a blast putting it into practice.

Love my teach and I'll give her anything she wants, that's facts and has nothing to do with the festive season.

In that regard, my wife is crazily easy to please.

She hardly asks for anything so I'm resorted to taking note of all the girlie shit she talks about during the year and maybe doing a little spying on her browsing history. I even asked her girls what my wife wanted.

It might have *a little* to do with one-upping my siblings in the Christmas gift stakes. Last year Sage won and he hasn't let us forget it all year, and there's no way I'm losing again, not after Theo bragged about the shit he's doing for Bexley.

I mean, I love my mouse worse than Dancer, Prancer and the gang love carrots, and I want her happy, but beating my siblings is the cherry on the Christmas cake...and where the fuck did Theo get a horse drawn carriage ride from?

Wish I'd thought of it.

Now I have to go bigger and better.

Make my mouse fall on my dick from all those romantic feelings she'll be feeling for me.

Much later, after Laney drained me three times, my tiny animal, she's in the bedroom packing for us to head to Manhattan for Christmas. Our bedroom looks like Santa's workshop. I thought my mom was Christmas crazy. Even Laney's mom is a yuletide nut. We ate Thanksgiving dinner surrounded by trees and elves, she even served eggnog pudding for dessert. But Laney can one up them both. I don't say a word because, firstly I'm a stupid man, but I know when to keep my trap shut, and secondly, why wouldn't I encourage anything that makes her happy?

I stand in the doorway watching her backside swishing from side to side to the Christmas song playing on the wall TV. How can I not stare, she's in a pair of jolly red panties decorated in candy canes I wouldn't mind licking from front to back.

Her ass demands my attention.

She's also swathed in one of my old gray hoodies as always.

"Gorgeous, you know that hoodie is falling to pieces? Go in my closet and take another one."

"Noooo. This one is mine."

"Mouse," I laugh seeing how she clings to the gray threadbare thing I had back in high school, the sleeves are torn at the cuffs and it has at least three holes but the moment the weather gets cold, she pulls it out of the closet like a precious item and wears it right through to spring.

"I have sentimental attachment and I love it."

I see her eyes smoke and that does something good to my dick. I move towards her and cup her neck, tipping her head back to see the smile in her eyes. "What's sentimental about it, baby?"

"This is the first hoodie of yours I wore, those few days you camped out at my house, remember?"

Fuck yeah, I do. She wore me out and we fell in love.

"I can't get rid of it."

Good enough reason for me, but I put it on my mental list to go to Victoria's Secret when we're back home to get her a *spare* new one.

Right now though, my mind is narrowed in on the lust filled look she has in her eyes thinking back to our early days of winning my mouse.

In front of her Christmas tree and the windows that overlook apartments a stone's throw away; I sit my ass on the side of the bed and get her over my lap.

One little tug at the Rudolph red panties and she's exposed to my strokes.

Moaning, it takes no effort at all to get Laney warmed up.

"Ah, god, Lachie. I need to be packing. We'll miss our flight."

Ask me if I give a fuck when I have her dripping on my fingers and my cock ready to drive in and just when she's ready to take me in, I flip her over onto her stomach, mounting over her back.

She's so beautiful, my mouth waters as she glances over her shoulder at me as if to taunt me to get on with it.

One push and I'm home. In agony and bliss.

Growling by her ear, I issue. "Ride it."

My girl groans and bites the meat of my forearm. Love when she gets vicious. I swell inside of her; my mouth seals to her neck.

"Please, Lachie."

“You need to earn it, mouse. Work for it. Let’s make a Fierro baby at Christmas.”

As well as making Laney curse and arch her ass up to my shallow thrusts, I also drive myself insane.

It’s incredibly good, so good that my climax is hammering on the door.

“God, you are so bossy even when I’m trying to make you a daddy.”

She kills me.

I’m done.

She detonates me with her words and I fuck her into our bed until she spasms and I follow her seconds later.

We might be late to our plane back to Manhattan for the big family Christmas, but we have the best excuse.

Producing the next Fierro generation takes precedence in my book if it means I’m spending the holidays inside my Laney.

“I love you,” she murmurs climbing onto my lap and there’s no better feeling in the world.

I love her. *Completely.*

For every day of Christmas and the rest of forever.

“Love you more, mouse.”

Before February begins she’s expecting our little Fierro.