

A week before the big day.

Being sick at Christmas is not ideal.

Not with four kids needing my attention. And a house that has five ... yes five Christmas trees, don't judge me with your judgy eyes, okay.

I bartered fair and square with my lion for those trees.

I earned the right to have them hauled into the house the day after thanksgiving.

So I can't laze in bed not looking at them and enjoying their pine goodness.

It's just all kinds of wrong being sick at the holidays and I turn my head on the pillow to groan as Noah sits his huge self against the headboard, Sage on his chest, watching me.

I can hear my two oldest playing in the play room, no doubt getting into trouble. Where Lachlan and Theo are, trouble is not far behind.

I swear they're going to be master criminals one day.

God, I just hope they fall in love with someone who can control their wild ways. Good luck to them, is what I say.

Theo's five and thinks he can drive already. Lachlan being Lachie, idolizing his big brother, wants to do everything Theo does. Trouble ensues most days.

I love this time of year. It's manic and magical and every day means something to me.

Even when I'm dying of a plague no doubt brought to the house of Fierro by one of our gremlins. No one tells you what germ carrying beasts kids are when you're pregnant.

The month of December is already going by too fast.

Too many things, so little festive month and I'm not wasting a moment of it in my sick bed.

I pout when Noah looks over and the devil that I married, smirks at me. "I'll take the kids to moms today so you can sleep."

"No way, we're making gingerbread houses. I'll be fine once I get a coffee."

"Kitten."

Our quiet boy is holding his Elf on the shelf, only Sage knows how he got it from on top of the wall unit where Noah placed it last night for the kids to find. If our first two boys are rebellious, then Sage is our Houdini. He's often found to be sleeping at the bottom of our bed and we have no clue how he gets out of his bedroom gate.

"Would it help you feel better if I told you it was snowing quite heavily outside?"

Noah says the magic words because he laughs as I sprint out of bed and I pull the blinds open to see our big backyard not only dusted in white... but covered in fat layers of snow.

I turn a smile on him to see his already eyes glinting.

Noah knows how to make me happy.

His gorgeous villain dick and snow.

Sometimes milkshakes too.

He leaves Sage on the bed to come over to me. His hands slide around my waist from behind and he rests his chin to my head.

"I want you to get more rest, kitten."

"Theo has the Christmas group to go to, I think they're watching The Nutcracker. I need to take Lachie for his haircut and then the gingerbread houses."

Noah gusts a sigh.

We've both downed tools for this last week before Christmas, no work for either of us unless absolutely necessary. He needed to go into the city late last

night, one of his clubs was raided, thankfully nothing came of it, but he was out of the house until almost 6 this morning.

“Stubborn,” he murmurs, kissing my neck.

“You’ll get my germs.”

“I don’t mind my wife’s germs,” he says, tipping my chin up, he proves it by kissing my lips three gentle times. “Wait here.”

He’s out of the bedroom, leaving me to wonder what he’s up to.

He’s back in a few minutes, but he strides into the bathroom while me and Sage are cuddled on the window seat watching the snow. My other two boys bound into the room, both of them dressed for the day, thanks to their dad.

My heart pings seeing Noah in their little features, two tiny scowling villains in the making. All of my kids look like their dad, except for Bunny who has my features but Noah’s coloring. Noah is so smug about it.

For a queer man who didn’t think he’d have kids, he now has four clones in the world. It would be five, but he won’t let us try for another.

“Mama, Theo said,” most of Lachie’s sentences start this way, he climbs up onto the seat and half sprawls on my lap, using a hand, he sweeps it through his blond locks before he attaches his fingers to the neckline of my nightie. My sweet little boy with his mischievous eyes. “Santa won’t come if I don’t get to sleep.”

“Theo’s right, baby.”

“Told ya,” my oldest gloats. He sidles up to my side so I can kiss his head.

“But what if I’m not tired? I don’t get presents?”

“Just close your eyes really tight like I do.” Imparts a wise five year old Theo.

“I’m gonna!” Lachie affirms fiercely and jumps from the window seat and barely makes it to the bed.

I smile watching the antics. Our kids are my pride and joy, even when they give me my first gray hair through worry.

“Kiss mama and downstairs for breakfast, cubs.” Noah announces coming out of the bathroom. I smell scented mist behind him. Did he run a bath?

“Waffles!” Theo screams, throwing himself at me, I get my kiss and just as fast, he’s sped out of the bedroom.

“Chocolate and candy cane!” Lachie demands, doing the same.

Noah leans over me, kisses my lips and takes Sage from me. Our third boy nestles into Noah’s neck and I swear my heart rolls over with love. “Don’t even think about it, we’re done with kids,” he warns. Knowing me *too well*.

“Noah. We’ll talk about it.”

“No, kitten.”

“But.” I pout. He cannot resist my pouts. They’re like kryptonite. But what do you know? First time ever, he doesn’t cave. “No. I won’t be long. Go and climb into the bath, it’s ready for you.”

See? My heart just turns over lazily and so in love with him.

“Mom is coming over for the kids, so you can rest for the morning.” Before I can protest, he’s wily is my lion, because he adds. “It means we can decorate the second living room tree like you wanted.”

Oh, well then. I beam a grin and lift my face for another kiss.

Sick or not, I know a sexy man when I’m looking at him.

Age is always good to Noah. His waist is trim in the light blue sex PJ’s just being all slut like hanging off his hips, showing me the deep V groove of his abs. His chest is bare and so hard I can bounce a candy cane off it.

Yeah, age has been good to my Noah and I feel a shiver travel through me as I watch him stride out of our bedroom.

I'm chin deep in the water when he comes back. Steam has opened my sinuses, and surprisingly I feel 48% better. He probably used fifty-dollars' worth of my Lush collection but I'm not complaining. Noah is constantly doing these sweet things for me, even when he infuriates me, which as a man, he's prone to do. Being queer most of his life until he fell into my magical vagina, doesn't make him the perfect man, he often will irritate me to the point I seriously contemplate if I could do jail time. But he's darn perfect for me.

As momma says, I fell off the turnip truck and came up smelling of roses.

I grin up at him.

"Feeling better?"

"Much. Climb in."

He raises his brows but strips without saying a word.

I know then that his mom must have arrived or he wouldn't have left the hellions unsupervised, or Theo and Lachlan would be down the street by now.

Sitting forward, I wait until he stands in the tub behind me, sits and then I lean back into his chest. His hands come around to rest on my stomach. The stomach that still hasn't bounced back into tightness since having Raene. But instead of being totally female about the insecurity as I once would have, I don't go crazy into trying to get back into shape instantly.

I like food.

Hello, I guzzle condensed milk right from the can, as god intended. And I have a husband who adores me, soft belly and all. I have no complaints if I'm a few pounds overweight. I birthed four Fierro babies, I deserve all the chocolate the world can give me, thank you very much.

I feel lips touch the side of my ear and I lean deeper into Noah.

With a houseful of demanding Fierro's, him included, we don't often get these quiet, perfect moments just to be, so when we do, I relish them.

I love him.

Oh, how I adore my lion, more and more every month that passes.

I could never have planned for this life, never knew it would be this good.

“This is nice,” he says softly.

His voice reaching places inside me that only belongs to Noah. He turns me to syrup without the slightest effort.

“It is. We should make more time for this.”

“We could if you’d let me hire a nanny.”

“Absolutely not. We have babysitters, that’s enough.”

“We have family who you let mind the kids now and then. It’s not the same, kitten.” It’s not the first time we’ve discussed it and I hear the amused lilt to his voice.

“If you don’t get grumpy during the Christmas party, I might consider having someone in to help a couple of days during the week.”

I’ve waited for this.

To use the perfect time to get what I want.

I already decided we needed help with the gremlins just so we could have some us time. Being married to a Fierro, and knowing Noah’s aversion to social parties, I can’t be blamed for using the tools in my arsenal. I smile to myself when I *hear* his scowl.

“Think you’re pretty clever, don’t you?”

I do. I really do. He tickles my ribs and I go off laughing.

“I know what else will make my smart wife feel better?”

The thickness creeping into his voice tells me exactly what I need to know and despite not feeling my best, I come alive for Noah.

Always have.

Always will.

Of course he knows how to make me feel good.

He's a maestro of my body and while his mouth latches onto the side of my throat with the sweetest kisses, his hand has other business beneath the water.

His touch is magic and within minutes I'm a panting wreck.

A few more minutes and I forget my own name.

Noah reminds me, laughing huskily as he brings me back from a heart-thumping orgasm.

I'm melted skin and bones lying against him as he whispers more sweetness in my ear.

"What's your Christmas wish, baby?"

"Going to play Santa?"

He does every year, for me and now for our kids.

Joining our quickly wrinkling fingers together, I watch the difference in sizes, his bigger hand dwarfing mine.

The hands that love, protect and provide for our family.

The hands that work so hard to bring me pleasure.

I love his hands and I love everything else attached to my Noah.

I want a whole big family Christmas, but my parents don't get back from their cruise until December 26. We're having a belated Christmas with them.

Bringing his hand to my mouth I kiss his thumb. "You know what I've been asking for since Bunny was born."

He groans. "No more kids, kitten."

"But why?"

"You don't remember the bad time you had? The near hemorrhaging? Because I recall every terrified minute. Don't make me live without you just so you can love being pregnant again."

Well, putting it like that. My heart pitches and I slosh around in the water to face him.

His face is grave and I instantly regret nagging him all these months.

I did have a bad labor with Raene, for most of it I was out of it on pain meds. It was Noah who was aware of everything.

I kiss over his face, leaving my lips on his.

“I love you and I never want to leave you.”

“I’m getting the snip.”

No amount of feeling cruddy around my favorite holiday time can stop the amount of love that pushes into my chest for Noah.

I clasp onto his cheeks, my wet fingers holding his villainous stern face, knowing just how serious he is about not accidentally knocking me up even though I have the implant which will last for years.

“I love you, lion. But please leave your gorgeous dick alone,” I tell him against his lips. I feel them spread with a grin. He knows... Santa knows...just how much of a love affair I have going on with my favorite appendage of his. “What if something goes wrong and it no longer works, hmm?”

“You’ll divorce me?”

Oh, he’s such a comedian. I grin and pretend to think about it.

“I mean, it would need some consideration.”

His hands steal beneath the cooling water and he pinches my butt. “Bad girl. No hot cocoa for you with extra marshmallows.”

“And chocolate shavings?”

“And chocolate shavings,” he agrees.

Such a cruel villain I married.

I’ll get my hot cocoa, see if I don’t.

“No talk of surgery on your dick.”

“Fine, then no more kid talk, agreed?”

He’s played me at my own game, that little rat. Grinning to his mouth, I agree.

Half an hour later, down in the kitchen I get my giant mug of hot cocoa.

Then we decorate the second living room.

And I talk my lion into maybe getting a puppy for Theo in the next year or so.

We Fierro’s pick our battles well.

“You never told me your Christmas wish,” he says, watching me hang ornaments. He’ll take the higher end of the tree because I married a sky-scraper man who can reach the places my short ass can’t.

For now he’s content to supervise me with his hot eyes all over my ass.

“What’s yours?”

“I have everything I want.”

“So do I.” And I mean it. He’s probably got a closet full of gifts for me already. Noah is excellent at gift giving. We can’t put gifts around the tree just yet, not with our gremlins, they’d be ripped apart in seconds, but I know they’re somewhere in the house.

I don’t snoop.

Not much.

Besides, he’s good at hiding them.

Stepping up behind me a minute later, he palms the back of my neck gently.

“It looks good, kitten.”

I’m a damn good tree decorator. I could win competitions if I entered them.

Years ago, Mr. Moneybags here wanted to hire a professional Christmas tree decorator. To save me the trouble, he said. The enjoyment is in the trouble. Of finding the perfect branch for each ornament.

Now it’s a tradition that we do it together and it’s a memory I soak in.

“I wouldn’t mind some time. Just you and me. For my Christmas wish.”

How is it he knows to make my heart ding like that?

“Done,” I say instantly, his love staring back at me when his mouth curves with a little Noah smile. I already planned to ask my parents to stay at the house with the kids the weekend after Christmas so I can take my Noah to the Hampton’s house. No work or phones, lots of champagne and me riding his face.

I love the holidays.

More so now we’ve built our family.

But I love it too when it’s just Noah and I in our friendship bubble, reminding me of those early times of me pining so hard for him.

We were as attached to each other then as we are now so I will always, *always* make time to nurture our relationship.

We are parents and we simply adore our kids.

Before that though, we are just Sena and Noah and I’ll never take that love for granted.

“I’ll get all your Christmas wishes out of you, kitten,” he brags, using both of his arms around me to keep me right there in the confines of his arms.

We look up at the huge eight foot Frasier tree, proud and gorgeous with its twinkling lights. I’m as content as can be. It’s Christmas after all. The season of good will and being able to eat chocolate for breakfast.

The kids love it.

I love it.

Noah has no idea that he’s already made every single Christmas wish of mine come true.

But I’ll forever enjoy him trying to figure out what makes me happy.

Silly villain.

It's forever and will always be him.

My very own queer Santa.