

Christmas Eve

“Fuck, fuck, *fuck*,” Ruby chanted quietly, trying to muffle her pleasure, but the way Preacher had split her legs open to thrust inside, he’d knocked the breath from her body and rendered her unable to be silent.

He was so *pleased* with himself.

Preacher loved making her react and come out of her skin and he did it as often as he could.

Kissing the back of her nape, he asked just as quietly. “Ah, tiny dancer, you know how to give it up to your man, don’t you?”

Two kids in the house and Preacher’s family always dropping by at a moment’s notice; it was hard to get a second alone time with his wife unless it was late at night and usually then they were both dead tired and just fell into their bed to watch TV and then sleep.

Okay, not every night, because Preacher still had a very good working body who loved his Ruby more than anything else, so even tired, he was still up for a go or three if she was feeling in the mood.

His mouth could get her in the mood. *My good darling*.

His persuasive lips were the reason he had her prone against the white bedroom dresser, with her mouth buried in her forearm to muffle her needy moans. Her beautifully plump ass that he loved almost as much as he loved Ruby herself, in his two big hands, tipping her up for his short, sharp ramming thrusts.

“Christ, Ruby,” he cursed, going deeper. Turning blind as the pleasure almost railed him like a four by four.

“You need to hurry.”

“Am,” he grunted and with the ears of a bat, he heard small feet outside of their door. They had a rule for not bursting in after Sebastian nearly caught them one night with Ruby on her knees. She’d instantly let her mouth go free of his cock and pretended like she was trying to find a lost earring while Preacher lost it and doubled over laughing at his blushing wife.

The rule weren’t always followed because Sebastian forgot sometimes in his excitement for one thing or another, so even as a tiny fist thumped the door, Preacher was already bellowing ... *quietly*, so not to wake Tanner in the other bedroom. “Seb, you should be asleep.”

His movements increased and he felt Ruby fall over with her orgasm, her moans now silenced in the arm he curled around her shoulder, with his mouth buried in the back of her curly hair.

“But dad! I can hear Santa’s sleigh.”

What the fuck?

It was then Ruby giggled and turned her head to look at him and she lifted her arm and rattled the homemade bracelet she wore ... decorated in little fucking silver bells. The kid had heard her bracelet, put two and two and together and went Santa batshit. He was obsessed. They’d taken him to see the guy twice already. The second time because he said he forgot to tell Santa what Tanner wanted for Christmas and he didn’t want his little brother to not get anything.

“Dad!! I can hear him, he’s on the roof!” Seb, yelled excitable through the door.

Burying his face in Ruby’s hair, he chuckled. “Buddy, it’s not Santa.”

Deliberately, Ruby shook her wrist and sent their son into a tailspin. “It is. Oh my god, will he still come if I’m up?”

“Better get into bed, Bub.” Ruby offered and they both heard their boy stomp down the hallway and slam his bedroom door, which woke nearly two year old Tanner up screaming.

It was a miracle he could finish after that, what with Rubes laughing her sexy ass off, but Preacher was no quitter.

She was still chuckling when she came out of the bathroom minutes later.

“I don’t think you’ve ever looked as handsome as you do right now, dadding like a boss,” she sighed dreamily, love in her eyes.

Preacher cut his gaze over at his wife, unable to stop the burst of love in his sternum to see her so happy. “If you say so.” He was a big ugly fucker, but she liked what she saw, so it was good enough for him.

He had a fussy Tanner in his arms trying to shush his boy from screaming the house down. Preacher still had a bike and a playhouse to build when the kids were *finally* asleep.

Christmas fucking Eve, building impossible toys, dealing with packaging even NASA couldn’t get into and he was grinning like a buffoon on drugs.

He loved all this family shit.

He loved watching his Ruby on the floor most nights surrounded in wrapping paper hell. Bows for days while she went through mounds of gifts and gave satisfied, almost orgasmic hums when the scissors glided for her.

They’d gone overboard. Again.

She felt like she had to make up for the shitty Christmases Seb had with his birth mom. She’d never be done trying to make it up to him. Preacher would be right there with her.

Leaning down so he could tap Ruby’s lips. “Gonna go settle him, beautiful. Why don’t you take that bath you wanted. I’ll show my boy the snow.”

“It’s snowing?”

“Looks like it just started.”

She kissed him in return. “Put his hat and coat on. You wear a jacket too.”

“I will, baby. Won’t be long.” He strolled out of the bedroom, down the stairs, wrapped them both up and stepped out of the back door into the yard. It wasn’t snowing very hard, gentle flurries at most. Tanner was fascinated in seconds and it got his motormouth to stop.

Preacher was a genius really; he didn’t get enough credit for being dad of the year. The other boys liked to compete, but they all knew, he had this shit down. He loved driving Sebastian to little league and sitting on the stands cheering on his kid. They did swimming lessons and on the days it was his turn to cook, him and Seb, sometimes with Tanner along too, they went to the grocery store.

It wasn’t only so they could try all the samples.

This past week it was candy cane bark, him and Seb took three pieces each. Then bought a giant bag to scoff on the way home with strict instructions not to tattle to mom.

Preacher felt reflective on nights like this.

Counting his blessings, for sure.

He’d been given so many and he was grateful for them all.

Grateful most of all for his wife and kids.

Ruby loved the holidays and Preacher loved Ruby, so he put his back into doing anything she wanted to make it good for her. She wasn’t Gia kind of obsessed and didn’t make him carry a hundred trees into the house, but the one they had was a monster and could be seen from the street through the window.

Counting his blessings made him look up at the almost white snow filled sky while his youngest boy got to pulling on Preacher’s beard.

He felt rich.

Not money.

But heart rich.

He didn't know *why him*.

Or why he deserved all this *good* in his life but he'd learned to grab it with both hands and live it with his all every day.

"Hope Christmas Eve is being good to you, bro." He spoke softly.

He still sometimes talked to his brother. He liked to check in so he felt as though Shane was a part of this new life he'd had a hand in giving to Preacher. Their little brother was flying through college and would be in a high powered job any day now, Preacher's chest was as proud as he could be.

So sometimes he liked to talk to Shane and fill him in on the Priests.

"Bet it is, it's Christmas central there now, huh? Fucking all those saucy angels and shit. Lucky bastard."

His mouth quirked and he looked down at his son, named after his uncle.

"I appreciate you keeping an eye out for my kids, going for uncle of the century, you ambitious fuck." There was no better man that Preacher would want looking down over his family. His mom and dad suffered more during the holidays so they made sure to carve out more time for them.

Family was first for Preacher.

It wasn't always like that but now he had his head on right, he had three reasons to make the most of this life.

He loved every day, even the shitty ones.

Ruby made it for him.

There was no better feeling than climbing into bed and seeing her face.

Even when shit got busy and he couldn't always move between her legs, he was still a happy dickhead just to hold her.

Exhausting days where their sleep was all messed up because of a fussy Tanner and still his life was pretty fucking good.

But then they got pockets of perfect like earlier and that was the best too. Seeing her smile and laugh, making her feel *good*. He liked that best of all.

Preacher was gonna get the goods tomorrow when she opened her gifts, he just knew it.

Feeling the peace come down over his head just like the soft snowflakes, he kissed the now sleeping Tanner's head and turned to go inside.

Back into the warm.

Back to Ruby and the endless jobs of putting Christmas together for their kids. She'd be like a drill sergeant, bossier than any of the ones he worked under during his stint in the army and he'd love it all.

She wanted him to do the Santa footprint too and eat the cookies for the kids coming down in the morning. Then they'd spend a few hours setting out extra presents, making it look nice with the bulging stockings over the fireplace. Preacher had some goodies to put in there that Ruby didn't know about. He couldn't wait to see her face when she peeked inside. Then when all that was done, he had a plan to spend some one on one time with his wife before the day got crazy tomorrow, doing what he did best and that was being *Ruby's husband*.

Yeah, it was all going to be good, he thought with a smile touching his lips.

He sent his gaze to the sky again, felt snow fall down on his nose. Melting instantly.

"Love you, bro. You have a good one, yeah? I'll have a beer for you tomorrow."

It didn't hurt like it once did but he'd always miss his big brother.

Holidays were good ... or bad, depending on how you looked at it. But he liked giving a thought to those lost to this life, it made Preacher feel like his brother was included in his family.

Shane was gone, but his kids would always know their uncle.

Preacher would make sure of it.

Tomorrow most of all.

When he wore a damn Santa hat all day to make his family happy