

Christmas Eve.

I feel like the third inn keeper in the Nativity, people keep turning up to our house all day on Christmas Eve.

I have The King of Christmas, the sexy as fuck Canadian, Buble playing in the background, singing about how the more you give, the more you'll have.

I've had many an argument with Tom this week about who is the *official* King of Christmas. He crazily says Frank Sinatra.

Please.

My man is crazy.

I won, *naturally*. And Buble reigned supreme in our house through the wireless speakers.

First my mom and brother turned up this morning, five hours before we expected them, and nearly caught me and Tom celebrating the festiveness as all good queers do on the eve of baby Jesus' birth, with double hand jobs.

Because they were early, Tom went into Queens to pick gran up.

Then it was deliveries from the caterers we hired.

I like cooking. To an extent. Tom loves cooking more than I do, but we want to enjoy Christmas, so we got it catered. It hasn't stopped Tom being in the kitchen all morning. He watches one fucking season of The Great British Bake Off and he thinks he's Mary Berry reincarnated or some shit like that, because the house smells of gorgeous Christmas spices.

He's making mince pies. It's something British, I daren't ask what it actually consists of, in case its vile. Like that episode of Friends with Joey eating the beef trifle.

He wants me to be a taste tester.

Fuck that.

Love that man, but if he ever wants blow jobs again, then he'll pick someone else for his weird pies.

"Are you going to wear that ridiculous sweater all day?"

Swear to god, I get hard when he uses his austere tone on me.

It's like the asshole I adore has conditioned my body to get off on him being standoffish.

I now know Tom doesn't mean anything by it and I love riling him with things he thinks are 'ridiculous' when I know he secretly loves all the things I do.

I slink up to him as he spoons some weird brown mixture into pastry cases. Good luck to my family for eating this. Not me, nah.

He sucks some from his thumb and I groan. He's like a live sex show I don't have to pay-per-view.

I stroke a hand up the long span of his strong back and feel him tremble but he doesn't look up from his task. I don't need to look at my Marvel hero shirt all decked out in Christmas hats on each character to know what he's talking about.

I look fucking good, thanks.

"Yes, I am. And you'll wear the one I got for you too."

I bought him something sedate, old man red buffalo plaid. God forbid the gorgeous model enjoys the silly yuletide.

I enjoyed banging Scrooge last night and enjoyed myself even more this morning when he screwed me.

He might pretend to be put upon and unbothered, but he gets a kick out of the holidays just as much as I do. Tom Cohen is the most generous man there is. Both with his time, affection and money. Not that he ever lets me compliment him. He gets as embarrassed as a nun at a strip club if I try and then he uses particular skills to shut me up.

Case in point when he splits his mouth with a sexy grin, leans down to touch my mouth with his and says, “okay, Hennessy.”

The kiss soon turns into something heated. Duh, we’re like a nuclear reactor gone mental, so of course it does and before I know it, I have his tongue in my mouth and my hands on his firm butt, dragging him closer, needing his additive taste deeper into my mouth.

“Oh, for fucks sake, do I have to keep walking in on you two?”

We part reluctantly.

It’s my younger brother in the doorway, looking at us like we’ve committed the cardinal sin of dirtying his Vans and not just been caught making out. “Hey, Milo.” Tom says in his deep timber, unbothered again. “You want coffee?”

He huffs. Cheeks ruddy. “I’d like for you both not to re-enact fucking gay porn every time I turn around.”

My.

Fucking.

Brains.

Explodes.

And it’s Tom’s hand on the base of my spine that stops me from going apoplectic on the little jerk.

It’s the first time I’ve ever heard that shit out of his mouth.

Not that I ever made a point to make out with anyone in front of him but Tom is my long-term partner and we’re in our own fucking home.

I can see on his face he’s in a bad mood.

Milo has never hid that shit, he’s always been temperamental even when he was focused but he was once a sweet kid who idolized me, as is only right.

He's been working hard for the last few years to get to the major leagues. He had a slight injury last summer that put a setback on him but he worked hard and overcame it and he's been good for the last few months.

I don't know if it's Christmas that's pissing him off, or that he hasn't gone on the friend skiing trip he wanted to but there's no way he gets to mouth off like that to me.

Asshole, I'll knock his attitude clear to Easter.

"What the fuck did you just say?"

"Mack." Tom says quietly at my side as if to rein me in.

Too late, baby.

I storm across the floor.

"Get the fuck outside now," I tell Milo and shove him by the back of his shirt to get to the door leading out to the yard.

He huffs and scowls but flounces out as a kid his age is prone to do. Little punk thinks the world revolves around him.

He's made me mad enough I want to cancel Christmas on his ass.

It's Christmas, good will to all dipshits or however it goes, but I don't care how many lights we have blazing inside or the pies my man is making, I'll bloody this shithead if he thinks he can spew that crap at me.

"Got something to confess, little brother?" I ask, calm as can be, staring at him when we're in the yard, his arms fold around his chest. He's sulked ever since he came through the door, barely grunting to any of us, just had his nose in his phone.

He's always got along with Tom, he even makes my man laugh which is a rarity, they talk fashion too, so that inside really surprises me.

"Like what?"

“Like you’re a closeted homophobe and you have something against your queer brother kissing his man in his own fucking house in their kitchen.”

I swear I see the color drain out of his face and all attitude drops too and he comes forward. “Mack. Fuck that, no way. I’m not a homophobe.”

I believe him.

He’s never had a problem with me being gay.

He even joked when I used to use hook up apps. He was happy when I got with Tom.

“I’m not,” he cements, our eyes meet. “Sorry. *Fuck.*” He drags his hands through his brown hair and turns away, then faces me again.

“So what was that shit? That was uncool.”

“I know. Sorry.”

“You should have just gone on the ski trip if you didn’t want to be here with us.”

“I do.”

It might be a half lie because I know he wanted to go. I would have paid for him, but selfishly I wanted us all home. If he gets to the majors, he’ll have holidays where he can’t be home. I’ll miss the little pain in the ass.

Being financially responsible for my family, I’ve always felt older than Milo, though only a few years separate us. I want him to have everything in life, but I’ll knock the attitude out of him, if I have to.

“It’s Christmas, man, nothing so serious can have you this moody.”

“Gilly dumped me yesterday by text. She won’t pick up.”

Oh, fuck.

That little whore.

Sure, I always liked her, but blood is thicker than water and I’m always Team Milo. Even as he tells me he doesn’t know why, and that they’ve been good up

until the dumping, I'm planning to hack her social media to see if the blonde tramp is cheating on my bro.

It's what any hacker big brother would do.

I drag him into a hug.

He's never too big for a hug and I just squeeze the shit out of him until he hugs me back.

"Plenty more fish in the sea. You got the Hennessy gene, you gorgeous little fucker."

He laughs and slaps my shoulder, but we keep arms around each other. "You calling yourself gorgeous?"

"Look who I landed; you think that was my brain?"

"I don't want to know about your dick sucking skills, bro."

I laugh and we head in.

"Go and try one of Tom's weird pies, it'll make you feel better." He groans and I see the little boyiness on his face that I once used to know.

"Do I have to, Mack? They stink."

I know he will though, to make it up to Tom.

He makes me grin when he heads directly to my man and throws his arms around Tom's waist. "Sorry for being a dickbag." He mutters and Tom grins and pats his back. He doesn't do PDA like I do.

"It's okay, kid. You want to try a pie?"

I hold in a grin and watch Milo mentally prepare himself. "Sure, love to."

Love my kid bro.

And Christmas in the Cohen-Hennessy household is back on schedule.

Gran yells through for more mulled wine and I grin.

It's during round two of Buble and arguing whether Die Hard is a Christmas movie that the gate sounds with a visitor.

It's not strangers on the doorstep as we suspect but two frozen people we know, or at least Tom knows one of them as she's currently shaking in an oversized man's dress jacket. I step back and usher Katarina and her bodyguard, Hunter, inside.

The hot blond bodyguard...sue me, I notice how incredibly Nordic-hot he is, is only in black dress pants and a long-sleeve white shirt, so it's his jacket she's wearing.

Tom approaches and stops behind me.

"Well don't you two look a sight."

Her teeth chatter. "We...we b-broke down and it was going to take an age to for the break down to get to us, they said there was a pile up. I knew your house was near. H-hope you d-don't mind us dropping in."

"Of course not." I tell the frozen snow girl, bringing her into the warmth of the hallway. That's when I notice she's bare foot and the bodyguard is holding a pair of strappy red shoes. "I got blisters," she explains, seeing my gaze. "Hunter gave me a piggyback."

Me and Tom share a look and a grin before it's Tom who steps in to hug the cold model. She's just as famous as Tom is. A British bombshell with the reputation of a nun. She has a bodyguard I'm hoping it's for sex reasons, but the real reason is she had a stalker issue.

Hunter is John Wick kind of intense and I wonder if he ever has ruffled feathers. He's been out in the cold in just a shirt and he even isn't shivering.

He manly grunts and dips his head to look at Katarina. Man, that look nearly sets fire to my pubes. Don't care what their working relationship is, this guy wants miss model lips. *Badly*. Sex pheromones stains the air above them both like a misty cloud.

I can relate, I caught my model good and real.

“We have lots of room, plenty of food and drink,” I tell her.

“It’s just until we can get picked up, thank you so much. I hate to encroach on your Christmas Eve. I should have stayed home tonight.”

Again, Hunter grunts in his throat like a grizzly bear with a splinter in his great big bodyguard paw then turns eyes to us. “Is there somewhere I can get her a warm drink?”

Tom directs him to the kitchen.

I’m already grinning and Katarina wrenches her eyes from his retreating back. “He’s cross with me that I wanted to attend the children’s charity gala tonight. The weather wasn’t supposed to be bad and how was I to know we would break down on black ice?”

“Oh, babe.” I grin, “I think daddy bear is so much more than just cross with you.”

“Mack,” Tom warns lightly, his hand on the back of my neck.

What? Can’t I play Christmas cupid?

That grumpy bear needs to get laid by his stunning model.

It helped my own grumpy model, didn’t it?

“Behave,” Tom warns at my ear before nipping the lobe. Then turns to his friend. “Come into the living room, sweetheart, we’ll get you warmed up. You can meet Mack’s family.”

“Oh, dear. I really am sorry to impose,” she says so perfectly British. My gran is going to lose it, she loves the British royal family and assumes everyone from England are related to them.

“You’re not, as Mack said we have plenty of everything.”

It’s so much later, Katarina and Hunter were picked up and my family went up to bed, leaving me and Tom in the living room, the TV off and only the Christmas tree lights illuminate the room. We’re cuddled on the couch.

“They’re totally banging,” I say, tracing my fingers over Tom’s head.

“If they’re not, they want to.”

“She should just give in. Did you feel all that tension coming out of him?
damn.”

Tom raises an eyebrow and gives me the *look*. I grin. He’s so fucking hot. I want to maul him. I think Santa would just tiptoe through if he turns up in the middle. He’s a good guy like that.

“Something you want to tell me about how you feel about Hunter?”

“Don’t talk bullshit and tell me you don’t notice how hot he is.”

He hums and that tells me everything I want to know.

He grabs my hand and holds it like he’s about to escort me across the street. Every little piece of affection from Tom still affects me and I sigh into him.

“It’s been a good day,” he says, rubbing my palm with his thumb absently. “I missed mom today and you made it better.”

What else can I do but drag him into a hug.

He lets me because he’s crazy for me.

“We’ll make tomorrow even better,” I promise.

And every Christmas we’re lucky to have together.

He hugs me tighter and I hear him murmur that he loves me.

Santa and love power the season.

Okay, and a lot of spiked eggnog too.

I’ll even eat one of his weird pie things if I have to.

Because Tom means that much to me.

But *only* if he concedes that *Die Hard* is a Christmas movie...