

“Little girl, you’re smashed.”

“Nu huh,” she answered with unfocused eyes and a mouth that hadn’t stopped smiling for hours.

Some might say Texas’ wife was a cheerful person, unnaturally so.

She rarely got grumpy, not even on shark week.

But what he knew was she loved Christmas more than any other person on the planet, and that included the fat man joyriding on a sleigh.

She was crazy about him because she told him every day, even if he was undeserving of a woman as good as her. But Texas could admit she might love Christmas more than him.

Christmas edged her sunny disposition up another seven levels, and he loved seeing her happiness.

His Poppy was like a kid in a candy store from Thanksgiving weekend onward, and because Texas loved her more than he thought was possible to love any one person, he went along for the ride and didn’t complain when things got manic around their house.

Gifts were bought, wrapped, and hidden even before December came.

Who was she hiding them from was what he wanted to know? Their goat? He was pretty sure Glenn Coco wasn’t searching out gifts in their closet when they were out of the house.

She baked (badly) and decorated (crazily) and went a mile a minute, wanting to soak up the season, not missing a minute of it.

Having been raised by the Astor’s, the coldest, unfeeling people on the planet, and he included his own family in that, it was no wonder that the season fascinated Poppy. She’d never been allowed to have fun in the way she wanted.

So now, Texas let his woman go wild and do whatever the hell she wanted to do, even on the days she drove him up the wall.

Roaming his lips against her forehead, he listened to Poppy singing off-key in his ear. A smile kicked up his mouth. The MC Christmas party for members and families only was in full swing. Two drinks, and his woman was hammered and very handsy. Which not bad at all to be on the receiving end of her hot little touches.

“Am not. I can handle my drink now because I hang with bikers,” she protested like she finally realized he’d spoken a minute ago.

Dressed in a shimmering silver thing no bigger than a grocery sack, it skimmed her upper thighs, and all night watching her prance around and dance her little butt off with the other old ladies, it had given Texas the filthiest thoughts of peeling it up to get at the goodies beneath.

His sweet little girl was the best thing he'd had in his mouth, and he was parched to taste her Christmas spirit directly from the source.

Fingers with nails decorated in red and silver glitter stroked through his hair. "Hey, Tait?"
"Yeah, baby?"

She fiddled with the fur around the Santa hat she'd plopped on his head an hour ago. Her fingertips skimmed his stubbled jaw, moved against his lips, and he nipped the pinky one.

"I'm ready to tell you what I want for Christmas."

Under their tree was stuffed with things for her, but he was willing to get her more.

Smirking, his dick gave an interested jerk with her sweet tone. She shuffled on his lap and fingered the hat again, flirting from beneath her darkened lashes. It showed how wildly into his woman Texas was when it only took a glance he was raring to get to the rutting.

He lived to hear her pleased cries.

And he considered it his best job to make sure those cries lived in her throat.

"Yeah? It's already Christmas Eve, little girl. You think Santa can get what you want this late?"

"I know you can," she blew his fucking brains apart when she breathed against his lips, tasting the sweet liquor on her breath.

"I want two things." She giggled, holding up three fingers.

Definitely smashed.

"Go for it, tell your personal Santa what you want."

Knowing every single one of her pleasures, guilty and not guilty, having made it his mission since they met to know Poppy inside and out, he could guess at what she'd say.

And Texas couldn't wait to hear her list.

He tried to spoil her every day, but she was simple to please, and she rarely asked him for anything.

Slim fingers started a crawling walk up his chest, making his lungs gallop.

Though, he couldn't think what else she'd want.

They'd packed the month of December with enough festive-related shit to last a lifetime.

Christmas markets. Walks in the snow, sleigh rides, she accepted every invitation to parties so that now Texas was turning into an antisocial hermit, so he didn't have to stand at any more buffet tables and make annoying small talk while his woman had a great time.

It also included flying home to visit her parents and chewing on his back teeth not to kill her father with all the passive-aggressive shit he put Poppy's way. The old man couldn't stand seeing how happy a dirty biker made her. Thank god it was only for two days, and most

of that was spent out of their house. Only for Poppy's sake did he behave. And they didn't extend an invitation to Colorado for Christmas. Texas intended to have his woman all to himself. Spent well fucked under the Christmas tree as Santa Texas intended.

"Come on, tell me," he urged, looking her in the eyes.

She was so damn beautiful it tugged at his belly.

Still couldn't believe how lucky he was to know she belonged to him.

"I want Santa to take me home," he was on board for this. He'd wanted to go an hour ago, but she'd been having too much fun. "And I want to do things to him."

Complete detonation in his jeans. They grew tight, restricting blood to his dick.

"Things? Be specific, little girl." He rasped, wanting the dirty details from her sweet, innocent lips.

"You know what things, Tait." She huffed, blowing hair from her forehead. He grinned and leaned in, pressed his lips there.

Not letting her say bye to anyone, or they'd be stuck at the club for an hour more, he got her buckled into the truck and home in record time.

"Wait for me to come around," he warned her as he hopped out at the other end. She had a habit of not waiting and nearly breaking her neck and making Texas lose his mind. The moment her feet hit the snow, his hands around her waist, she gasped and held her face up to the falling snowflakes. "Oh, Tait, can we take a walk around the neighborhood to see everyone's decorations?"

Sighing, he could never say no to her pleading tones.

"Penelope, it's fucking minus degrees. I want you inside where it's warm."

She clung to his jacket, pouting with her sweet, bitable lips on show. "Please. Only for a little while."

She wriggled and tempted him like a she-devil.

His dick hurt, and she wanted to walk around the neighborhood, gawking into people's yards. Rolling his eyes, he growled, locked the truck, and grabbed her hand.

"Five minutes, I mean it, don't think you can walk all over me, Penelope."

She beamed and nearly slipped on the ice in her haste to cross the street, if not for his quick reflexes catching her.

After forty minutes of listening to her teeth clattering, he put his biker foot down and carried her home, got her warm on the couch. Then, he saw to the goat and kitten and went to jump in the shower.

When he came back out, his heart arrested in his chest.

Standing in the middle of the family room, with the glaring lit tree as a backdrop making his woman look like a divine gift, Poppy was grinning, dressed only in lacy white underwear and a red bow tied around the middle of her body.

And the fuck-me-now heels. He loved seeing Poppy in the red ones because he usually bent her over something and screwed her brains out in them.

“Ho, ho, ho, Tait.”

He would have pounced and taken her down to the floor if Poppy didn't direct him to sit on the couch.

She got between the space in his legs when she pushed them wide.

So in love watching her, Texas let her have her way with him as she told Alexa to start her playlist.

Christmas music, of course. She was obsessed. But it went in one ear and out the other because she held all of his attention when she gyrated from side to side.

“I've been a very good girl, Tait.” She stated.

If Texas believed in the cookie munching Saint Nick and his magical reindeers, he would swear Poppy was his gift delivered straight from the Elves from aisle 69.

She was like no other woman he'd ever known.

His eternal surprise.

The woman who owned his heart, soul, and dick.

And she was seducing him by dancing for him.

“Fuck, Poppy.” He rasped, wanting to squeeze her hips, feeling her writhing on his lap, making her pop over his stomach. She chuckled, her eyes bright with lust.

“Would Santa curse? I don't think so.”

“This Santa does, and if you keep teasing me, I'll be fucking you under that tree.”

She was delighted by his answer because she cupped her perfectly covered tits and jiggled the little things.

Texas growled and sat forward, the perfect height to nuzzle them.

“You're everything I want for Christmas and the rest of forever, Tait.” She husked, grabbing his hair while Texas tore into the lace, not caring if they cost five hundred dollars per tit cup, he'd buy her a thousand more. Then, finally, he got at the sweet nipple and sucked until she moaned.

He had her half-stripped and straddled on his lap when she held the sides of his face, looking at Texas as only his gorgeous little girl could, the look that always tore into his heart. “Can I keep you forever, Tait?”

Ah, fuck. She killed him.

Then she smiled because the brat knew she owned him, lock, stock, and dick was all hers. Further proof when she didn't wait for an answer, instead, she kissed the love right off his tongue and didn't stop until she had the lounge pants wrenched down and was going to town on his Santa stick... as she was calling it.

By the time Texas was finished and Poppy was well satisfied, half laid on top of him. They'd made it to the floor, and only because she shrieked in time did he save the tree from toppling over. She was naked, pink all over, smiling into his neck and only wearing the red bow.

"Can we do this every Christmas?"

"Every fucking day, Poppy."

"Noooo." She giggled. "I mean, yes, we will. But this here, this will be one of our Christmas traditions. Tait and Poppy's Christmas traditions because we're a couple. We're a family. And family do traditions every Christmas."

God, she was killing him.

He'd give her the moon if he could. He'd reset her whole lonely life if it were up to him.

His lips landed on her temple, held there, and he gripped her bare ass. "We can do that, baby. All the traditions you want. I'll be your Santa, and you're my gift, yeah?"

"Absolutely." A beat of silence. He thought she'd fallen asleep on him, and he was ready to haul her into bed when she said, "Tait... I think I need unwrapping again."

Fuck him. She lit him up worse than the retina-burning tree.

Rolling her over, he dove in, hungry kiss first, mounting behind her.

And then he unwrapped her again.

And again.

Until his darling Penelope had no more Christmas screams left in her sweet throat.

That's because Santa Texas always got the job done right.

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