

Christmas in Manhattan was every chick's dream.

Or at least, his Winter's dream.

And Snake had been determined to get her here, even bribing his younger brother and wife to travel early to Colorado to babysit the twins for a long weekend so that Snake could achieve the surprise of the season.

"Beau, I can't believe we're here," Winter exclaimed, squeezing his arm as breath fogged out of her sweet lips and snowflakes danced on her eyelashes.

His old lady was a vision dressed all in white.

White jeggings. Whatever the fuck they were called. But they molded her ass until his dick hurt. White fluffy sweater and a long white overcoat with a fur hood.

She was his very own snow queen dream come to dirty life.

What a lucky shit he was.

Was it any wonder he'd move mountains to make Winter happy?

Even sit his ass in a tin can plane to get her to New York.

Snake wasn't a fan of flying at all if he could get away with not doing it, though, he did enough of it to visit his brothers around the country. No matter how many times a year he crammed his bulk into those seats, he always had thoughts of falling out of the sky.

For Winter, he would have ridden on the fucking wing to witness the joy on her face right now as she stood gazing at the enormous Rockefeller Christmas tree.

The lights were so bright he was sure they were burning a layer off his retinas, but as his old lady beamed her beautiful smile and squeezed his hand, he didn't care if the thing turned him blind.

A burst of love hit Snake square in the chest underneath the brown sheepskin coat he wore, and he inhaled hard, then swooped his head down, leaving it inches from her gorgeous face. And uncaring they were in a sea of strangers, he needed something.

"Gimme those cherry-tasting lips, snow queen."

When she smiled shyly, he could forget she was the same woman who tied him to their bed and rode him into a sweating mess, refusing his orgasm until she'd had at least four. She was also the same woman who clawed up his torso with her red nails and made him beg and curse for his pleasure.

Damn, he couldn't get a hard cock right now.

But her sweet lips opening for his didn't help any when he dove in and took the kiss he craved.

Heaven on a New York street.

It was true he'd always made an extra effort with Christmas, especially for his brothers growing up. But the moment Winter came into all their lives; she made the holiday what it was today. And as much as an ugly bruiser Snake was, he could make a gingerbread house like a goddamn pro because his woman sat on his lap and made him watch those cooking shows. What was he going to do, dump her off his lap? Hell no, she wriggled just right.

"Wow, Merry Holidays to me," she breathed against his lips when they parted. Her gloved hand touched his cheek. "Have I thanked you for my gift yet, Beau?"

Another dick twitch.

If she called him Snake, he was going to drag her back to their hotel or risk spending Christmas in jail for indecent exposure when he did her in an alleyway.

His wife was a beauty straight out of the 1950s, and she garnered second and third glances wherever they went. Snake curled his lip, menacingly possessive at some tweed-wearing schmuck, and made the guy glance away fast. *Yeah, asshole, she's taken.*

Pressing his mouth to her ear, he nipped lightly and squeezed her hips, loving how soft she was under his hands. He loved their twins and being their dad, but being here alone with his old lady was a next-level kind of paradise.

"You can thank me soon enough, pretty-baby. You ready to get a hot drink?"

"God, yes, please. I've been thinking of hot chocolate for hours."

His organized librarian had a festive checklist to work through, so that's what they did for the next few hours, schlepping all over Manhattan until they stopped at an Irish bar called *MacNam's* for some food.

Snake wasn't a Christmas songs fan, it was like an earworm, so he tuned out while the shit was piped throughout the bar and dug into a greasy burger while Winter ate curly fries off his plate.

They checked in with their kids, his brother hadn't burned the house to the ground, so that was a win.

"You know Sandman has a club here, baby." He smirked when Winter's head rose and her eyes widened. Lust shimmered in the depths.

He loved this woman more than he thought possible. It grew like an incurable disease every day. Snake was a hard-worn biker who would admit to the entire world, without shame, he was under his wife's thumb, digging into Winter's heart, so she never got rid of his ass.

Sandman was the sex club owner in Denver. They'd used Lawless' key card while he was locked up, but now he was home from prison.

Plus, going to a sex club wasn't a regular thing for them. Only when the fancy took and it was only ever in a voyeuristic nature, he'd go Terminator nuclear if anyone ever approached him to play with his woman.

Seeing the hazy glaze of lust in Winter's eyes while she nibbled on a cheese stick and Snake was about to call the Sandman to beg for a favor to let them in.

"Really? No, we can't, Beau. Not on Jesus' birthday. It feels unholy."

"We aren't fucking religious," he laughed, leaning in, he wiped a smear of sauce from her lip and licked it off his thumb.

"I know, even so, it would feel all wrong. Plus, I have plans for your body already, and I can't be derailed from them... *Snake.*"

Jingle fucking *fuck*, she'd done it now.

The growl was heat powered up his throat, and he buried his face in her sweet-smelling neck. "Gonna jingle my fucking bells, snow queen? Gonna bring some ho fucking ho to our bed?"

She dissolved into tinkling giggles and poked him in the ribs.

"How can I be all bossy when you're adorable? I love you."

Only Winter would think he was adorable.

A while later, once he knew his woman had been fed, he paid the bill and took her hand. They walked in the falling snow for a time, did more damage to his credit cards, then had all the gifts express shipped home.

After another call to the twins, he saw the guilt in Winter's eyes while she chewed her naked lip. Brushing a thumb over that lip, he freed it from her teeth. "Stop it."

"Stop what?"

"You think we should be home with the kids."

"It's Christmas, Beau." Her lower lip wobbled, and it twisted Snake's lower stomach to know she was seconds away from bawling. One thing a decent husband hated was seeing his woman falling apart. Winter was the pinnacle of their whole family. She was his reason for breathing, and he'd sworn on their wedding day to break through to the center of the earth to fix every wrong she might have.

Nothing was too much.

But her tears killed him, so he leaned in and kissed beneath her eyes, cupped the side of her cold face.

"We're only here three days, baby. We go home the day before Christmas Eve, and then we'll be with the boys for all the Christmas shit you have planned."

She chuckled and poked him, “it’s not shit,”

It was a lot of shit she’d been making lists for weeks, but he knew to keep his big trap shut because he didn’t enjoy sleeping on the couch.

“Need this time with my wife, Winter.”

“God, you’re right. It’s been a long year.”

“It feels three fucking years long, so quit it, yeah? The boys are having a great time with their uncle, and the other two are home tomorrow, more people to spoil them. Blaze said it’s snowing there. So they’re gonna build snowmen out in the yard.”

This news made her smile. “They’ll be unbearable by the time we get home.”

His kids loved the spotlight and would do anything for it.

Kissing her, he bit her lower lip, and Winter moaned, gripping the front of his coat. “I needed this time with you, too, Beau. Take me back to the hotel, please?”

Call him jolly old Saint Nick because, in a busy Manhattan street, it took one *please* from her lips, and Snake made it happen in moments, whistling for a cab.

Within an hour, he was spitting out curses while he was forced to watch Winter stroke herself to a climax, watching him with a gloating little smile on her face. She knew the sweet torture she put him through, how hard she made him. He was granite, leaking onto his stomach, forbidden to touch himself.

Sometimes, on her more devious days, she’d sway around their bedroom in only red lace or sexy black things that clung to her curves and made his mouth wet with want of her, and Winter would deny him even touching her. Instead, she’d bend and curl her hips in specific ways that he thought he might die if he didn’t get inside her.

She’d grown confident in their sexual games.

Sitting with his back propped on the large headboard, sweat popped on his forehead. When Winter sat forward on the cuddle chair across the room from him, he inhaled and held it. So sure she was heading over to him to get the sex started.

She’d had two orgasms and denied him from cleaning her fingers with his tongue.

He felt fucking feral.

And then he’d made the mistake of saying he couldn’t fuck to the Christmas music shit she played on her Spotify.

So, now, *Last Christmas* was playing on a loop.

His snow queen was a demoness, and he worshipped her the ground she walked on. But he swore, the second he got inside her, he would rail her harder than Santa gave to his Mrs on Christmas night.

“Get over here, pretty-baby,” he rasped hoarsely, feeling the pull of lust in his gut when her lashes rose, and he saw hot arousal in her eyes.

No woman on earth had ever turned him inside out as she did.

“Try to tell me what to do again, *Snake*, and you’ll sit outside in the snow while I make myself come singing your name.”

Chuckling, he arched a brow. “We’re on the 22nd floor. You want me to dangle on the ledge?”

She opened her thighs, showing how wet the inside skin was from her climaxes, and Snake’s laugh died, replaced with a grunt that came from his soul, his hips lifted from the bed, and he punched the air with his needy cock.

Seconds away from coming without having to put a hand on himself.

“Don’t you dare,” she warned, guessing at where his body was taking him.

Gritting his teeth, Snake staved off for as long as she told him to.

Driving him crazy to possess her.

And finally. Fucking finally, when she climbed onto the bed, crawling right over his body, putting him in place, Snake nearly howled when Winter sank and engulfed his grateful dick in heaven.

Talk about rocking around the Christmas tree.

Snake nearly broke the bed, taking his wife to festive paradise.

And he did it while that shit song played again and again.

Snake wasn’t an intelligent man, but he knew one thing; he’d risk sitting in a tin can more often to make this Christmas Manhattan trip a yearly thing if it made his Winter happy.

Five fucks and a partridge in a pear tree later, Winter curled along Snake’s side, idly walking her nails up his sweat-slicked chest.

“I do you right, my snow queen?”

If she said no, he’d have to bang on hotel doors on their floor to see if anyone had any blue pills because she’d worn out his ho, ho, ho dick. That was a damn fact.

Giggling, she rose her head and peppered a few kisses on his lips.

“You always do.” Her head found his shoulder again, and Snake roamed a hand up and down her naked side. Bliss didn’t get better than this. “Merry Christmas, Beau.”

Yep, next year in Manhattan was a certainty.

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