

What I want for Christmas

(a Zane and Dakota Christmas story, told by Dakota)

By Jo Raven

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Rafe (Inked Brotherhood, #5)

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“Zane, stop it!” I don’t even bother turning, knowing what he’s up to. “There’ll be nothing left.”

“What? I’m not doing anything.” His voice drips fake innocence and I glance at him over my shoulder because I want to see his expression.

His dark eyes gleam with mischief, and, as I knew it would, his hand is in the bowl of popcorn I’ve been passing on strings to decorate the Christmas tree.

“Gotcha,” I whisper, grinning, and return to my task of hanging ornaments on the tree currently in the corner of the living room. I’m standing on tiptoe on a stool, my short skirt riding high on my legs as I strain to reach the higher branches.

“Fuck, girl...” His voice deepens, growing husky as he steps up behind me. His hands feather up my bare legs and slip under my skirt, and I gulp and go still. “You have no idea what you’re doing to me, standing on this stool.”

But I think I have a good idea when his fingers snag in my panties and tug. “Zane...”

“Yeah?” I can hear the grin he must be wearing, and he pulls my panties down another inch. The stool is tall, and that means his head is at the height of my ass, and I shiver at the thought.

“I’ll never finish decorating the tree like this. It’s the third time I’ve had to stop.”

“But wasn’t it worth it?” he mutters, pulling my panties down all the way and I step out of them, unable to deny it.

It was worth it. And I’m already hot and throbbing deep inside, my breasts tight and aching, just from the thought of what he intends to do to me.

I start to turn around, but his hands close around my thighs, keeping me in place. “What will you do?” I ask, breathless.

“Wouldn’t you like to know, babe?” He lifts my skirt, and I shudder as the cold air hits my bare skin. “Goddamn, you’re so pretty.”

My breath catches in my throat when he moves his warm hands up, to cup and knead my ass. Then he pulls the cheeks slightly apart and blows between them.

“Oh my God.” My bare feet shift on the stool, my arms windmill. “Let me down now, I’m gonna fall, oh God...” I’m babbling, but the sensation is too much, and I feel like I’m losing my balance, falling, falling...

“I got you,” I hear him say and he grabs me around the waist, turning me to face him. “Hold on to me.”

I throw my arms around his neck and close my eyes as he pulls me off the stool and into his arms. My legs go around his hips, and he murmurs my name as he carries me across the living room to our bedroom.

“I’m sorry,” I whisper. I rarely get these panic attacks anymore. I know Zane won’t let me fall.

“Are you okay now?” he asks, laying me down on the bed. Our new, double bed where we fit so perfectly together. His dark eyes are full of concern.

“Yeah.” I stare up into his handsome face and my heart melts like every time.

“What happened?”

“It’s just that...” I want to explain. I do. I’m just not sure I can. “It’s all going a little too fast, isn’t it?”

Something happens to his face as I watch it. A shutter comes down in his gaze, and just before it does, I see a flash of pain so sharp it takes my breath away.

“Too fast?” he whispers.

He pulls back. Everything in him seems to pull back and shut down. What the hell is happening? He sits next to me on the bed. “Do you...” He waves a hand, and I can see a tremor in it. “Do you wanna take a break from me or something?”

Oh Jesus. Now I realize what my words sounded like. “Crap, no. Not at all.”

In one movement, I sit up, turn and straddle him. His eyes go wide, but I leave him no more time to think. I push on his chest, and he falls back on the mattress, bouncing a bit.

I lean over him until our noses almost touch, and I cup his stubbled cheek. "I want no break from you, not now, not ever. I'm yours, Zane Madden. There's no one else in the world like you, and you're the only one I want."

I wait, my pulse drumming in my ears, until the blankness recedes from his gaze, and the pain I glimpsed in it begins to fade. He lets out a long breath.

Losing him is unthinkable. Having him think he could lose me, ridiculous. He has my heart and soul. I trail my fingertips on his strong jaw, up to his pierced eyebrow, trace the shell of his ear and tug lightly on his earlobe.

His face tilts up and I press my mouth to his. His lips part and his tongue darts out to lick my lips and open them. I comply, and our tongues dance together. His hands come up to my waist, closing around it securely. He moans in my mouth and I become aware of our position – me, sitting on top of his crotch, bare under my mini skirt, and him, hardening as we kiss. The hard ridge of his cock presses against my seam, and suddenly I'm breathless with need.

Need for *him*. Need to feel him deep inside me, to be one with him.

His hands slip under the hem of my sweater and blouse, and find my breasts. It's my turn to moan now, my nipples pebbling and throbbing under his fingers, and I see the exact moment he realizes I'm wearing no bra. His brows lift and his cock jumps beneath me. I bite my lip not to cry out as the pressure increases against me, inside me, as the pleasure builds.

He's panting in my mouth now, his hips rocking in small, rolling movements, like he can't control himself, like his whole body is arching upward, trying to enter me. His thumbs move in

circles over the tips of my breasts, eliciting sparks of near painful pleasure that shoot straight down to my core.

I break the kiss to undress him. I need to see him naked, touch him, play with him like he's playing with me. He shifts to help me pull up his black hoodie, lifting his muscled arms, and there he is, lying below me in all his inked, powerful glory, a map of colorful dragons, insects and flowers stretched over rippling muscles, sculpted pecs and defined abs.

Still can't believe I get to see this every day and every night, that I get to touch and stroke and kiss...

He shifts again, hissing, his hips rocking upward. He must be uncomfortable, that huge erection trapped inside his jeans with nowhere to go.

I grin wickedly at him, and wink. He looks adorably confused for a second, and that's all it takes for me to bend and take one of his small, pierced nipples between my teeth and tug.

A strangled shout escapes him and he arches up, his hands coming to grab my shoulders. "Oh fuck," he breathes as I move to the other one, tugging on the silver bar and sucking. "Shit."

I don't let up until he's gritting his teeth and almost lifting me off the bed with his rocking, realizing he won't be able to hold out much longer. And I want him inside me, I want to come with him as deep as he can be.

He sobs for air as I straighten and reach for his fly. He lets his arms flop on the bed by his sides, looking down at my hands that are now resting on the bulge in his jeans. He jerks when I pull the zipper and push the heavy cloth down, revealing his black briefs and the outline of his thick cock inside.

"Oh shit," he hisses when I tug the briefs down and his cock springs out, flushed and wet, the piercings on the underside glinting. It twitches when I touch it briefly, a tiny caress on the swollen head. Liquid spills out of the small slit and rolls down the sides, coating his erection.

I pull his pants and briefs down his muscular legs, and he kicks everything off, including boots and socks. He's now completely naked, all warm, inked skin stretched over lithe muscle.

God, he's so sexy. My breasts ache, and I throb between my legs. I want him so damn much.

Normally he plays with me first, touching me, going down on me, making me come before he even enters me, but this time nothing is more important than having him inside me.

I do take a moment more to play with the Jacob's ladder on the underside of his cock, tapping my fingertip on the barbells, making them vibrate, and he sucks a sharp breath, his hands clenching at his sides. He splays his legs, thick muscles tensing as if he's trying to control himself, to stop from coming. Unable to resist, I trail my fingers down to his sac.

"Fuck, Dakota." He can barely talk, his teeth are clenched so tight. He grabs my hips, his hands shaking. "Wanna come inside you."

God, yes. I let him raise me up and poise myself over him, then I lift the front of my skirt so we can both see how he enters me.

His harsh breathing echoes in the room, soon joined by mine as the blunt head of his cock presses into my wet entrance and pushes inside me. Inch by delicious inch he enters me, so thick and long and hard, the small barbells massaging me where I most like it, sending shivers of delight through me.

With a final thrust, he's in all the way, and a small cry escapes me at the incredible sensation of fullness. I can feel all the way up to the tips of my breasts, the length of my spine to the top of my head. For an endless, breathless moment, time is suspended, and we just look at each other in wonder as our bodies adjust to each other, melding into one.

Then he lifts me up, a slow drag that makes me pant so fast I think I might hyperventilate –and pulls me back down.

This time we both cry out. So much pleasure, I think I'll die from it.

He lifts me up again, pulls me down, faster and faster. He bends his knees for more leverage, and he thrusts into me with every downward pull. My mind explodes in white static. I don't know where he begins and where I end, don't know where all this pleasure is coming from, why it feels like I'm being stroked inside and out, in my body and mind. I just know that the sight of him below me, his tattooed chest and arms, his beautiful face twisted in ecstasy, is the last thing I see before the world shatters into glittering pieces and my body contracts and expands. I arch backward. I feel as if wings are bursting out of my body, beating, lifting me up.

And as I'm riding that shimmering crest, he comes, too. I feel it in every fiber of my body, feel as he jerks inside me, as his hands dig into my hips and his body shakes. He yells my name, and his hips rise higher as he pushes into me one last time, deeper, as deep as he can go.

"Holy shit," he mutters, his head falling back, tremors still going through him. His hands move up and he pulls me down, to lie on top of him. I moan as I do, because he's still inside me, and he's still semi-hard, the piercings gently dragging on my inner walls.

I lay my head on his heaving chest, my ear pressed to his thundering heart. I take a moment to regain my breath, and the silver piercing in his nipple catches my eye. I really like the way it looks and how sensitive it makes the small, brown nub, so I reach out and toy with it some more.

The effect is immediate.

"Fuck, girl," Zane groans, already hardening inside me again, and he shifts so he can push in a little more.

"Oh God." My breath leaves me in a whoosh. It feels so good. This is crazy.

"Just Zane," he says gently, and his eyes laugh down at me. "You know..." He gives another little push, and I moan loudly as pleasure

starts pooling in my belly again. “I know what I want for Christmas.”

“A bit late,” I pant, “to tell me. Christmas is tomorrow.”

He snorts, then hisses, swelling bigger inside me when I raise myself to take in more of him. I swear, this boy is a sex machine. He recovers way too fast for it to be normal, and can keep going at it all night. Not that I’m complaining.. Although sitting straight in a chair the following morning can be a challenge sometimes.

“What I want...” He licks his lips and suddenly flips us over, pressing my back into the mattress and leaning over me. He’s still connected to me, still nestled inside me. His Mohawk rises in a fantastical silvery crest over his face, throwing jagged shadows on his beautiful face, and his lips tip up in a wicked smile. “What I want is to have you in my arms, to be inside you like this, every day. You’re the best Christmas present I could ever have.”

Jesus. He’s gonna make me cry. “You got me,” I whisper, my voice gone, and I swallow hard. “Yours, Zane.”

His smile softens, and he bends lower to kiss me, bracing his hands on either side of my head. He also chooses that moment to pull out an inch or two, and thrust back into me, a long stroke I feel all the way to my heart. I gather my legs up, wrap them around his slim hips, and the angle changes, so that we both gasp.

“I love unwrapping you,” he whispers, pulling out, thrusting back inside, “touching you, kissing you, fucking you...” His eyes flutter closed as his thrusts speed up. “Oh, God. Nothing ever felt so good before.”

I can’t speak, just holding on as he drops his forehead to mine and pounds into me, fast and hard, until the pleasure crests and I shout his name, stunned at the intensity of it. Until his rhythm falters and his mouth opens without a sound, his eyes snapping wide open, and he stills, buried inside me, spilling heat.

He has lowered himself on his elbows, and now he’s lying half on top of me, heavy and lax and warm, smelling of male musk and

sex. I want to bury my nose against his skin and inhale, lick the sweat off the bulging muscles in his forearms.

But I can't move, pinned underneath him, and my thoughts float as if in a haze.

After a while, he stirs, but only to roll off me. He gathers me close, in the curve of his arm, and I rest my head on his shoulder.

"Okay?" he murmurs, and I nod.

"That was so good," I whisper, and he presses a kiss to the top of my head. Then he pulls the covers over us and we lie like that, cocooned in warmth and contentment, until I'm drifting in and out of sleep.

Then he shifts a little, and under my ear his heartbeat accelerates.

"Dakota..." There's a funny note in his voice. As if he hesitates to say whatever it is he wants to say.

That's so unusual, I wake up fully and tilt my face up to look at him. "What is it?"

"I was just wondering..." He sucks on the barbell in his tongue, and the gesture makes me frown. What has him up in knots?

"Yeah?"

"You said you're on the pill. How... safe is that? I mean, we have a fuckload of sex all the time."

So that's what got him all worried. And we do have lots of sex. Every day. Sometimes more often. We haven't used a condom since the first couple of times, and that was months ago.

I settle my head more comfortably on his padded shoulder and tap my forefinger on his chin. "It's pretty safe. But..." I place my finger on his mouth when he opens it to speak. "But if it fails, I'd love to have your babies, Zane Madden. I know we haven't been together for so long, but there's no doubt in my mind that I want nobody's babies but yours, whenever they choose to come."

After that, he's silent for a while, looking up at the ceiling. Worry tightens my chest. I worry he's not happy at the idea. We never talked about anything this serious, and for someone taking

care of so many people, his brotherhood, the Damage Boyz, and his nephews, maybe that's too much.

I'm just about ready to tell him we can start using condoms again, if he wants, when I see something I've never seen before.

I see tears in Zane's eyes. They don't fall. They gather on his thick lashes like raindrops, glittering bright.

Shit. I scramble upright and kneel at his side on the mattress. "What's wrong? What have I said?" I reach for his face, to wipe at his eyes, but he catches my hand and presses it to his cheek instead.

"I'm okay." His voice is thick, but he smiles at me, one of the sweetest smiles I've ever seen on him. "I'm more than okay. I'm fucking happy."

I smile back, my heart feeling like it's about to burst. I'm speechless. When he sits up and puts his arms around me, I hug him back.

And then he throws me back down on the mattress and presses himself between my legs. Holy crap. He's hardening – again!

An incredulous laugh escapes me. "Zane... You can't be serious."

"What? This baby-making thing needs lots of practice." He winks, the rings in his dark eyebrow winking, too.

"I don't think you need more practice."

"But what if *you* do?" He rubs his growing length against me and I give in, like always, because how can I ever *not* want him?

It's not until much later, when we're standing at the window and the stars are out in the clear night sky, that he asks softly in my ear, "What you started saying before, about going a little too fast, what did you mean?"

I dip my chin and lean back, against his strong chest. His arms come around my waist, holding me fast. Yeah, what did I mean? Here I am, talking about having babies after a few months of being with him. Who's going too fast now?

"I think what I meant was..." I sigh, and close my eyes. "Everything around me is spinning a little too fast, but you..." I turn in his arms and throw mine around his neck. He flinches

slightly, that old reflex, then relaxes. “You’re my one stable point, my northern star, you know?”

“Am I?” His exotic eyes are dark with emotion. He dips his head to kiss me.

“Yes,” I murmur against his lips. “Yes, you are. With you here, I always know my way home.”

THE END

Inked Brotherhood Series

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Asher isn't what she needs. In fact, she hates him and should try her best to keep away from him.

Yet her body doesn't seem to care about how she feels, and maybe, just maybe this time her body got it right. Not that she has much of a choice. Asher draws her like a bright flame, and if she isn't careful, she'll burn.

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About the Author

Jo Raven writes New Adult contemporary romance. She loves sexy bad boys and strong-willed heroines, and divides her time between writing and reading. When not cooking up plots, she putters in her cluttered kitchen and dreams of traveling to India and Japan.

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