

CHRISTMAS EVE ON OLYMPUS



BY
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A Short Story Enhancement to the Of War Series

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**The Entire "Of War" Series Has Been Written
In Loving Memory Of
KTS
1963-2002
Gone far too soon**

As Always, this book is Dedicated To:

Red & Andy—
Here's a little sumthin' to keep you warm, boys.

Christmas Eve on Olympus

Part of the "OF WAR" Series

by Lisa Beth Darling

Copyright 2011-All Rights Reserved—This story takes place after Book #1-The Heart of War but before Book #2-Child of War-A God is Born. It is meant as an enhancement to the series.

Chapter One

Santa Claus is Coming to Town

A few weeks ago, Alena in her very diplomatic way, approached her Husband, Ares, and asked if he would mind if they celebrated Christmas and Yuletide. She said she would do all of the work associated with the holidays and he wouldn't have to do anything. He was on the verge of saying 'no' when the sparkle of hope in her eyes caught his attention and plucked at his heartstrings. Olympians didn't celebrate Christmas, but it wouldn't be the first new holiday Alena brought to the mountain. "All right," he whispered as they lay in bed.

Ares was a man in love and he would do anything for Alena. He would do anything to make her happy and cause her to smile at him this most delightful way. That included celebrating Christmas and Yuletide.

As Ares could have predicted, Zeus didn't approve, Hera didn't understand what was going on, and the rest of the Olympians stood high on their porticos and watched them earlier today with guarded curiosity as Ares planted a ten-foot blue spruce in the middle of the Fortress Courtyard and dragged another large evergreen inside. He heard them murmuring under their breath, felt their stares on his back, and their confusion.

As Ares hauled the trees from the Mortal World below Olympus, Alena sat in the Throne Room with their Son, Raven teaching him how to thread cranberries and popcorn onto to string. It was tedious work and Raven didn't understand why he should do such a thing with his hands when he could do it in an instant with his mind. The impatient little boy became quiet miffed when the fragile popcorn continued to break apart between his fingers. "Be patient," she told the boy with a warm smile as they sat in the parlor, which had once been the Throne Room, in Ares' large massive Fortress.

Patience wasn't Raven's strongest point and he jammed the needle through the tender popcorn nicking his thumb on the other side. "Ow!"

Alena looked over to see the little droplet of blood riding from the pinprick and took his small hand in hers. Gently gliding her own thumb over his she wiped away the red drop and then kissed the new tiny wound. "See, that's what happens when you're impatient. Be gentle, just take your time, there's no rush."

Raven was always in a rush. He was barely two years-old and already he was the size of a Mortal six year-old. One day he would be quite handsome with dark hair and its gray streak starting just over his right gray eye. Those eyes, so serpent like, with their amber pupils and stormy irises.

"Slow down," Alena encouraged once more.

Raven huffed out a sigh and did as his mother told him. He tried it again and soon found the more he followed his mother's advice the more success he had with threading popcorn. Within no time, he was stringing one cranberry and one bit of popcorn like a pro and beaming with pride as he did.

"See? Very good," Alena praised and tousled wavy hair.

When they reached the end of their bowls of popcorn and cranberries, they took their long garlands outside to where Ares was finishing securing the gigantic blue spruce. "Well?" He searched high and low for the perfect tree from the forests of Greece to those of Scotland where he found this tree growing near the ruins of Cernunnos' burned out Fortress.

"Perfect," Alena chimed and smiled for her Husband, "just perfect. Thank you." Giving her son a nudge, Raven hurried off to his Father and she watched with a warm heart as Ares put Raven high upon on his shoulders and walked around the tree as the boy looped the garlands of popcorn and cranberries on the sturdy branches of the evergreen. Remembering Yuletides past, when she was still a girl, in the Golden Lands of the Fey, Alena hung small mirrors with candleholders and colored glass balls from the branches. The balls, made of the finest crystal, glittered and gleamed in the afternoon sun of Olympus.

It had been a very long time since Alena made these magickal balls, she tried back in Ceras Agar but the materials just weren't available. Here on Olympus everything was at her fingertips but that wasn't her way. Instead of conjuring them, wishing them into existence, Alena traveled to her Scottish homeland and to a very old and not well known little store where she carefully picked out each crystal ball. She brought them back to Olympus and spent a day brewing up potions in the kitchen with Ares and Raven popping in every now and again to give her a queer eye as they wondered what she was up to. That evening she brought out her freshly brewed potions in colored decanter and her crystal balls, she sat them down by the massive hearth in the parlor and had her Husband and Son each of them pick three balls. Then they scrawled a wish for the coming year onto tiny scraps of paper before rolling them up, unread and unseen by the others, to put them into the shiny balls. Alena pointed to the decanters and said what each was imbued with; Love, Luck, Prosperity, Wisdom, Dreams, and lastly Good Health. Raven and Ares picked which potions they thought went best with the wishes they scribbled and filled with each ball. Alena put them all on a silver tray and let them sit in the window under the light of the full moon to charge.

Now those wishes adored their tree. With all of the decorations hung the young Family stood back to admire their work.

"Now Daddy?" Raven asked as he bounced on Ares' shoulders.

"Not yet, not until sundown," Ares returned looking up at the boy, "besides, there's something missing, isn't there? A star for the top, isn't that the tradition?" Turning his hand over a delicate crystal star appeared and he held it out Alena who took it gingerly in her hand while Ares put Raven down. "Your turn, you get to put it on the top."

Alena giggled at the idea of climbing onto his back and reaching up so high but when he got down on his haunches and waited she had no choice but to oblige. Swinging one leg over one of his brawny shoulders and then following with the other she perched on his shoulders while he stood and walked closer to the tree. She hadn't done this since she was a little girl sitting on her father's shoulders to trim the last beautiful piece upon the tree.

"Oooo! Pretty!" Raven exclaimed as he watched her place on the highest branch and then she settled back to the snow soft as an angel descending from the heavens to touch her feet upon the Earth for the very first time. "Now?"

"No," Ares chided feeling the weight of the collective stares of the Olympians peeking at them through their windows and doorways, "now your mother's going to make cookies."

Raven's young face lit up, "Cookies! I *love* cookies!" He dashed back into the Fortress and raced into the old-style kitchen to wait for her at the heavy oak preparing table in the center.

Together mother and son spent a few happy hours making chocolate chip cookies, sugar cookies, peanut butter cookies, and snicker doodles until the whole Fortress filled with delicious aroma of a fine bakery. When they were finished making dozens of cookies, they laid them on silver trays and brought them out to the parlor where Ares waited. Instead of a proper dinner, on this Christmas Eve, plates of warm fresh cookies were gobbled and gallons of milk swallowed as stockings were hung over the massive burning hearth bring light and heat to the room filled with ancient weaponry and Ares' the Throne of Bones. Alongside it sat the smaller, more feminine throne, Ares carved for Alena while she was pregnant with Raven. The Family sat together at the long marble table eating cookies while Alena helped Raven write a note for Santa to leave his stocking.

Bellies full of warm chocolate and sweet dough, they decorated the tree sitting by the fire. More garlands of popcorn and cranberries but here the tree also had a more traditional approach. Alena had gone to great lengths to celebrate this holiday properly, she brought hundreds upon hundreds of strands of small colored lights they had to carefully string upon the branches to her very exacting specifications. Then they hung colored balls from the top of the tree where Alena insisted four long ornaments that she called 'tear drops' be placed on the highest branches to the long bottom branches where large balls hung. She had assorted decorations of elves, Santa Claus', sleds, snowflakes, and for some reason Ares couldn't fathom-mice. Lots of little mice in little red Santa hats ready for bed.

When Alena finally pronounced their work done, Raven turned to her and in a nearly exasperated tone asked, "Now?"

Ares and Alena exchanged a glowing glance; "Now," they announced.

"YES!" Raven clasped his small hands together and then made a bee-line to the front door of the Fortress with his little fists pumping up and down as he ran. "Hurry up!" The boy demanded as he stood at the heavy and forbidding double-door towering over him by twelve feet or more and shuffling from one excited foot to the other.

With his arm around his Wife's shoulders, Ares used his power to throw open the door and let the glittering night beyond in to the Fortress. Raven sprinted through as soon as they parted and ran to the tree.

With the last of the sun's rays descended over the horizon, Alena strode up to her young son, "Close your eyes and make a wish," she whispered to Raven as she knelt down by his side.

Raven closed his eyes tight, "Got it," he murmured.

"Open your eyes, my son."

Ares used his command over fire to perform the trick Raven had been waiting for all day.

Before them, all of the candles on the tree sprang to life reflecting off the mirrors behind them and tossing light into the twilight of night. Alena wasn't sure which was brighter the tree or the expression on Raven's face with his wide eyes and his little mouth hanging open. "Do you like it?"

"It's beautiful," he mumbled in amazement as he stood between his parents holding onto their hands. "Tell me again about Christmas and Yule and why we have two trees."

Raven was always full of questions and she'd told him several times but didn't mind telling him again. "Christmas celebrates the birth of..."

"Christ," Raven finished as prompted.

"Good, that's right. Jesus Christ, the prophet of the Christians and the son of Joseph and Mary. In their tradition tonight's the night of his birth and it brought great change to the world and great joy for many. But Mary and Joseph didn't have any easy time, they were poor and they were young when they had to travel all the way to Bethlehem to be counted. The journey was long and tiring, Mary was very pregnant with Jesus as she rode on the back of a mule. When they finally made it to Bethlehem, there was no place for them to stay. All of the inns were full and they had to take refuge in a barn with the animals. Joseph made his wife a bed of soft clean hay and there she gave birth to Jesus. From such simple and humble beginnings arose a great and courageous man. The Christians believe he was the Son of God."

"Joseph was God?"

Alena smiled as she held onto Raven's hand, which was growing chilly. "No, they think God put Jesus in her belly by magick."

Above them Ares cleared his throat.

"Not everyone believes that," Alena continued. "Some people believe tonight is the night that the Goddess gives birth to the God. Do you know who those people are?"

"Pagans," Raven answered swiftly, "like you."

"Yes, like me, but not all Pagans are the same, right?"

"Right." She explained to him earlier that there were a lot of paths and religions and traditions that came under the word 'Pagan' just as there were a lot paths, sects, and traditions, that came under the word 'Christian'. "All roads lead to Rome, right?"

"If you follow them along enough they do," Ares interjected.

"Would you stop?"

The smile on his handsome face faded as he motioned for her to continue.

"Remember Halloween? How you dressed up and got candy? I told you that on that night we were celebrating the passing of the Sun God? The days would be longer and longer as the sun faded away." She watched Raven nod. "Tonight he's being reborn, the Goddess is in the throes of labor as she pushes and struggles to bring him into this world for us once more. So we decorate our trees outside with popcorn and cranberries to keep our friends the birds hearty and hale through the coming winter. We light the branches on our trees to light the Sun God's way home to us. We make our wishes for the coming year and rest our hopes on His new life."

Raven loved listening to the two stories and the way she told them but they left him confused. "Not much difference...right?"

"Right," Alena agreed, "not too much, but the differences are very important," she reminded him.

"You're right, tonight the Light returns to us no matter who we are or where we are."

"The tree inside?"

"Well, Santa has to have some place to leave your presents, doesn't he?" Alena tousled Raven's hair.

Ares stood there basking in the simple joy of his Son's awe and his Wife's beauty. She was glowing as much as the candles on the tree as she stooped there in the red velvet cloak trimmed in white fur he'd given her, the cowl drawn up and over her head with its silver hair sparkling to match her eyes. Ares looked down at Raven, "Now you have to hurry off to bed so that Santa can come and leave you a present."

"Oh, do I have'ta?"

"I'm afraid so," Alena agreed with a grin before scooping him up and carrying him inside. "It's the only way Santa will come."

"I can think of another way Santa might come...or two or three."

Raven looked up at his father with questioning eyes but Alena did so in admonishment as she blushed.

"Don't listen to him, Raven, come on."

In the Throne Room, Raven picked out cookies to leave for Santa because his mother said Santa liked that and that it was always good to give something back. Alena took a gift from under the tree and presented it to him. "This one you get to open tonight."

Raven's eye lit up as he grabbed the squishy package from his mother's hands and then tore into it to find new pajamas, robe, and slippers. "Awww."

"Uh-uh," Alena chided, "everyone gets new pj's on Christmas Eve its tradition. Don't you like them?"

Raven looked down at the clothes in his hands; they were blue and black plaid flannel. Very soft, he brought them to his cheek and rubbed them along his skin. "Nice," he said changing his mind. His old pjs didn't fit very well since he was growing so swiftly and the new slippers would keep his feet warm.

"Thank you."

"That's better," Ares said from behind Raven.

"You're welcome. Now come, let's put them on and get into bed. Santa will be here very soon."

Upstairs in his room, Alena and Ares tucked Raven into his bed and told him he had to go right to sleep and there was no peeking to be had or Santa would be mad. Raven promised to go right to sleep. To ensure that was the case, Alena stretched out on the bed with her son in her arms, his head resting on her breast as he cuddled to her. "'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse."

For the next few minutes, Ares stood in the doorway watching and listening as Alena recited the old Christmas poem from memory she didn't miss a word, a syllable, or a beat. By the time Santa was bidding 'All a Good Night', Raven was snoring away, worn out from the busy day.

Chapter Two

All is Calm, All is Bright

Alena brought out bags full of colorfully wrapped gifts almost all of them with Raven's name and placed them under the tree while Ares watched. She was like a little elf all a titter and a light with her bare feet seeming to float around the room on a cushion of air. She stuffed the stockings and took a bite out of the cookies Raven left for Santa. He knew what he wanted her to leave under the tree for him. "You're beautiful; did you know that, Mrs. Claus?" Ares tore his eyes away from her to look around the room and saw that everything was perfect. The Fortress glittered and glimmered from ceiling to floor with candle light. Garlands of holly and evergreens, handmade by the lady before him, graced every hearth and every mirror in the place. The smell of fresh cookies and fresh pine made the God of War feel all warm and fuzzy inside. "Santa never had it so good."

"You're quite handsome yourself, Mr. Claus." Almost all of her tasks complete she floated over to his side and wrapped her arms around his taut torso. "I love you, thank you for letting me do this."

It was true he hadn't been all in favor of the idea when she first brought it to him but now he was glad he'd given in to her as he always did. Alena was half-fey and half-human, she celebrated Christmas and Yule but the Olympians didn't observe either holiday. Spending most of her life among the mortals she grew very attached to their customs and what she called 'the spirit of the season'. "Oh, anytime."

"Come here," she whispered devilishly and led him to the burning hearth, "stick your foot in there."

Ares looked down to where she was pointing, "In the ash bucket?"

"Yes, go on, do it."

Not knowing what she was up to, he planted a big booted foot into the ashes. "Now what?"

"Now take it out and put the other one in, walk from the hearth to the tree."

It took another moment before Ares got it, "Very clever, my Wife. Santa's foot prints. Raven will love it." With ash clinging to his boots, Ares took careful steps from the marble hearth to the glittering Christmas tree. "How's that?"

"Perfect!" She exclaimed as her face lit up. Yes, Raven was going to be astonished by that tomorrow morning. "One more thing!" With a waving hand, she beckoned him back to her side and made him stick his thumb into the ashes and then pick up Raven's note leaving his thumb print behind.

"Aren't the devious one, huh? I never knew this about you." Yes, it was devious, cunning, and underhanded but in the best of all possible ways which also made it guilt-free fun. Then again, he imagined Alena had waited an unusually long time to do all of this for a child of her own. Undoubtedly,

she made her Christmases in the refugee camp as bright as she could for the children there and had great fun shopping and decorating for her students when she was in Boston. This was the first she was able to do it for her own Son and Ares was thrilled he was here to witness it and play a part in her schemes. His thumbprint firmly stamped on the paper he looked down at the plate left for Santa. "Do I get to eat the cookies too?"

Alena handed him the glass of milk to get another print and watched him take a swallow before putting it next to the plate of cookies. "Not all of them, you have to leave some crumbs."

Clearing the soot off his thumb by wiping it on his leather pants before picking up the first cookie, he looked over at the tree and all of the presents below in their odd shapes, sizes, ribbons, bows, and bright paper. "Any of those for me?"

"I thought you didn't like Christmas or Yule," she teased.

"Well, ya know, just to make it all appear real...for Raven."

"For Raven, yes, I see." Alena glanced toward the tree and then back at Ares with a wicked little grin, "Maybe one or two or three things under there might have your name on them."

"What? Let me guess. Aftershave? No, wait, you got me an electric razor."

Alena reached up to the well-trimmed beard on his face, "Don't you dare," she whispered as she ran her fingertips through the soft hair on his cheeks clearing away a few errant cookie crumbs.

"Neck tie?"

"Oh yeah, I'm sure you'd love a new neck tie. But no, darn, that slipped my mind. Sorry."

"Bummer," Ares whispered as his arms slipped around her, "Since Raven got to open a gift tonight I'd say only fair that I get to do the same."

"Do you now? Well, I don't know about that."

With her in his arms, he looked around the room again and began shaking his head. "My, my, my. Seems with all you've done it's still not perfect."

Alena pulled away from him, turned around, and took in the room. "What?"

"You've forgotten the most important part, my Wife."

She did? No, she didn't.

Trees? Check.

Presents? Check.

Garlands? Check.

Cookies? Check.

As her mind feverishly searched for what she'd missed, a small bit of fluffy white and green came into her view and she felt relief as a smile broke out on her pretty face. "What's that?"

"Mistletoe, I believe there's some Mortal custom about standing beneath it and then being forced into kissing."

Alena glanced upward over her shoulder to take him in and marveled at how handsome he was.

"Forced? How terrible."

"Awful," Ares holding the mistletoe over their heads with one hand and pulling her in close with the other. He lowered his head for the kiss he'd been waiting for all night. When their lips he was not disappointed but encouraged to probe deeper with his tongue and grasp the soft red velvet surrounding her tighter as the mistletoe fell to the marble floor and he grabbed her with both arms turning her fully around to face him. Her heart raced against his stomach, even through the velvet, he felt it as she pressed against him and reached up to grab handfuls of midnight hair. "You know, if you're lucky," Ares said breathlessly as their lips parted, "I think I might have a candy cane around here for you to suck on."

"Oh, really? I love candy canes," she winked up at him as she bit down on her lower lip, "where oh where could it be? Over there by the tree?"

Ares shook his head, "No," ran his hand through her silver hair. "Guess again."

"Did you put it in my stocking?"

"Not yet." That made Alena giggle like a schoolgirl. He always loved it when that titter graced his ears.

The hands still entwining in his hair let the strands curl around a few more times before slowly descending over his neck and then running across his chest. Her hands shook and quaked with delight every time she touched him she couldn't stop it and didn't want to. "I know where you've hidden it," she whispered and let her hands slide down his firm flanks to the waistband of the leather pants. "Yes, I think I can find it." She watched him lick his lips and his eyebrow raise as he gazed down at her. "Is it...here?" His eyes rolled back in his head and then closed as she grabbed a thick handful of his growing package. "Yes, I found it."

"I think you need to unwrap it," he encouraged trying to retain himself. Alena had been so busy this past week shopping, decorating, wrapping, and baking, that they hadn't made love. Ares was just about bursting at the seams.

"That's the best part." Still with a handful of hardening cock, she led him over to his Throne of Bones and sat him down. For a moment, she hesitated wondering if they shouldn't take their little Christmas Eve Party upstairs to their bedroom, Raven could wake and come down here for a peek to see if Santa had arrived.

"I'll seal his door shut if you want," Ares said as though reading her mind. "But I think he's not waking until morning."

"Good," Alena chimed and dismissed Raven from further thought until morning as she slid the black tunic over his head to expose the brawny hairy chest she loved so much. Like those quaking fingers she could never help, she couldn't stop the sparkle in her eyes when she took him in this way. Kissing her way from hardening nipple to hardening nipple and then down that wonderfully taut happy trail her fingers deftly untied the leather criss-cross keeping her from her goal.

Opening the front of his tight leather pants, Ares let out a long sigh of relief as his throbbing cock found the air and freedom. Soft kisses on the tip and then she was taking the pants the rest of the way down. Ares obliged and assisted by lifting his hips off the Throne of Bones letting her glide them past his firm ass and then down those long legs to the floor. Kisses went with them, down the length of his right leg and then up the length of his inner left thigh until the tip of her nose nuzzled against his balls and her steamy breath made his cock twitch with anticipation. Then a tiny sound met his acute ears, one he couldn't place, and there was a wicked gleam in her gray eyes. "What have you got up your sleeve?"

"Nothing," she whispered and kept the small vial she'd called to her hand hidden. "Close your eyes." Ares eased back on the Throne of Bones and closed his dark eyes as she asked. Alena put a little of the contents of the vial on her lips and a touch on her fingertips before she took him into her mouth. The instant she did so, his eyes flew open again as his cock tingled so deeply it lit up every nerve in his brawny body. His hips lifted off the throne as his hands clamped on down on the bony armrests. Letting her lips slid up his long thick shaft she smiled for him, "You said you had a candy cane for me, its peppermint oil."

"Nice touch, very Christmassy," he gasped, "wow."

"I try to think of everything," Alena lowered her head over his pulsing cock and took him down her throat until her nose was deeply buried in that soft/coarse patch of hair between his legs. Taking him all the way down was no easy feat, History held that Ares had the largest cock ever to grace the face of the Earth and from what she could see and feel that was true. She could wrap both hands around it like a baseball bat and still not cover the whole shaft. One hand greedily massaging his burgeoning balls and the other lightly scratching and kneading the crevice between his pecs it wasn't long before the God of War offered up the first hot load of the night. The eruption that gushed from his pulsing cock came in a long flood of molten liquid that hit her tongue the back of her throat to linger the softly sweet taste of dark Bing cherries in her mouth. "How's that Santa? Better?" She whispered against the slightly shaft resting in her hand as she licked the last of his offering away.

"Definitely off to a great start," Ares agreed and tried to catch his breath even as he reached down for her bringing her up to his naked lap with the crimson velvet and soft white fur brushing against his sensitive skin. "You promised I could unwrap a present. This is the one I want." Gently sliding his strong across her cheek where her tongue reached out to lick the back of his hand, his fingers fell upon her shoulders and the velvet. Slowly he pushed it aside to reveal her alabaster shoulder and a red bra strap. Satin that shimmered in the firelight. "More surprises for me?"

"A few perhaps," she cooed in a whispered tease.

"I like it," he couldn't wait to see what else was under there so he didn't. Ares pushed the long flowing velvet cloak from her slender shoulders and down past the curve of her waist to take in the sight of the red satin push-up bra holding those perky breasts out for his hungry eyes to feast upon. "Oh, yes, I like this."

"I thought you might." She moved in close, nuzzled her lips against the nape of his neck and started kissing him but Ares sat her up again.

"I'm not done unwrapping," he protested, "I know there's more under there...for me."

Holding the floor length cloak tight just under her breasts, Alena eased off his lap and stood up. "Well, come on and unwrap me." She invited when he just sat there looking at her with wicked thoughts dancing behind his gleaming eyes.

Ares leaned forward on the Throne of Bones then reached out with hands that wanted to grasp and clutch but he forced to be as gentle as possible as they grabbed the velvet and he let the softness of it ease and then kindle the fire within him. Pushing her arms away from her willowy body, he watched the cloak fall to the floor and pool at her bare feet. Then he let his eyes slowly wander upward over those short but well-molded legs and thighs to the matching red satin panties....

"See? I didn't forget."

A wide smile broke out on Ares' ruggedly handsome face lighting up his eyes as he gazed at the sprig of mistletoe attached to the waist of the red panties. "I guess I have to kiss you now?"

"Right here. Right now. It's a rule I'm afraid, what can you do?"

"Comply," Ares slid off the throne and fell to his knees before her. One hand on each of her slender hips his bearded face buried itself over that sweet patch of red satin and its mistletoe bringing the intoxicating scents of musk and honeysuckle to his nose. "It's the best Christmas ever," Ares proclaimed in a hushed whisper as he took the panties letting his hands take in every inch and every curve from her hips to her toes and back again. Using his powers, he materialized a large bed of soft pillows between the tree and the hearth on which to lay her down for the night. Relieving her of the sexy little bra, he looked around the room. "Where's that peppermint oil, woman? I think I've a few uses for it." The vial was lying on the floor and Ares called it to his hand as his naked body sidled up against hers. He loved looking down on her all spread out before him like a fine buffet just waiting for him to partake of all the tasty delights she had to offer. He never felt more like a man then when she was at his side. "I love you, Alena."

She reached up him, "I love you too," gentle but insisting arms brought him down for a peppermint and cherry kiss. "Tell me again how you'll never let me go and we will always make love like this."

"Always," he agreed from his heart, "and never will I let you go, never." Uncapping the vial, he let a little peppermint oil onto his fingertip before tracing it along the sweet spot just under Alena's right ear. She shivered in his arms when it began tingling and he watched with much delight as her nipples hardened just before his lips descended over the oil. Her back arched and she rose off the pillows pressing her naked glory against him as Ares wrapped his arms around her body and began to suckle. Blood flow ran so swiftly he could hear it charging through her feel it running through her just below the tender layers of skin in his teeth. Below him, she moaned and sighed as she reached for him with nails swiftly turning into talons. Ares grabbed her wrists with one hand and pinned them up over her head against the plush pillows even as his teeth grabbed for more purchase. The beard on his face prickled the tender skin on the nape of her neck bringing bursts of electricity that zipped from her ear all the way through her body down to her toes making the curl up tight.

"No, don't," she protested softly, "Ares."

That was his cue, when she tried to turn away from him, he looped a strong leg over hers pulling her back to him and holding her steadfast in place. "Give it to me," the demand came in a sensual wisp of hot breath. Ares worked a little harder, writhed against her a little further, held her a little firmer, and suckled with more force until she couldn't deny him any longer. His wanton eyes opened and peered down just in time to see her hips arch upward, her breath stop in her lungs, and then that long lovely stream of juice trickle forth between her legs making it wet and ready for him.

The heavy scent of musk and honeysuckle filled the air as the fire beside them crackled.

When he pulled away from her she looked up at him with bewildered eyes, "How do you do that?" Until Alena met Ares, she never even thought it possible a man would make a woman climax without ever even touching her between the legs.

"You don't want to know," he returned softly knowing that if he bit down in that exact spot just another centimeter or so he'd kill her. Blood would rush into his mouth spill over his face, and down his chin in a river so fast that she'd die within moments even as the heights of passion encompassed her. It always amazed Ares that the weakest, most vulnerable points of the body, were also the ones that could bring the most pleasure.

With her face buried in his chest she mumbled, "Make love to me?"

"So impatient," Ares chided, "I haven't even gotten to where the mistletoe was hung yet."

"Perhaps you should do that now."

"Oh, you're such a slave driver."

"That's me, always cracking the whip."

Ares pushed her onto her back once more and lowered his head over hers for a kiss, "Bitch," he whispered just before their lips met and he felt her giggle in his arms as she pulled him in closer. Then

the comforting and arousing warm weight of him was descending her slim frame to the waiting space between her parted legs. With a smirk on his face he poured more peppermint oil onto his fingers and then delighted in the harsh 'oooo' that came from her throat and the shiver rushed through her when his fingers and the oil met the tender musky flesh. "Turnabout's fair play, how do you like it?" She didn't have to answer, not when her hips rose up off the pillows searching for more. Ares didn't hesitate to comply; he let his fingers wander all around her folds before they slipped inside. The deeper they went the harder she shivered and let out those soft coos that made his ears tingle and twitch. It was the dulcet tones of an angel in heat calling out for her lover and he was the man for the job. Letting the softly falling dewdrops of musk and honey catch in his beard Ares moved in for the kill as his agile tongue slipped into her working and probing every inch he could find. Alena sat up partway, with his free hand he pushed her down again and then reached for one aching lonely breast. Ares indulged in his work, Alena surrendered to his touch. Surrounded by the warmth of the fire and the night, she gave over to the passion and heat building between them, let go of the fight and conceded defeat to all that desire and love offered tonight. Her hips rocked in time with his thrusts and the walls around his fingers began swelling until they constricted and clamped down sucking and pulling his fingers in deeper as they wetted. The milky dewdrops cascading down his lips turned into a slow running river. Thighs parting and rocking even as they ground down on him the scent ushering forth filled him body and soul even as his nostrils sought out more.

"Oh, god," Alena moaned as hot breath caught in her lungs, "my god, that's so good."

"I am always at your beck and call, my Wife," Ares returned and pushed in as far as he could only to have her hips search for even more. He answered the heated call with another long strong finger to probe and ply her. Those gasps for air stopped as she froze in place, "Always here to please you." Every muscle in her slender body strained with the force of the climax the fruit of which washed down his throat as he sucked in every possible drop. Even more spilled over his hand soaking him to the wrist while drops dribbled past his chin and down his chest. He could keep her frozen there all night cumming and cumming and cumming but never reaching the epitome of the orgasm only going higher and higher to a summit in the stars. One long, slow, hard thrust and she fell over the edge the last of her sweet honeysuckle/musky juices ushered forth making his cock spring to life even as she panted with relief below him.

With her eyes swimming in their sockets and the world spinning around her she looked down at the man between her legs grinning back at up with self-satisfied delight. "Now?"

"You sound like Raven," he teased as he sat up showing her his hot stiff cock, "but why don't you come over here? Sit on my lap and show Santa what you want for Christmas?"

Alena's body was weak from the two climaxes but her spirit was very willing to take on the challenge as she wrapped her legs around his waist and then settled down his throbbing waiting shaft. "You're all I ever want, Christmas or any other day of the year. Just you. Just us. Just this." With the last, his cock pierced through the last of her waiting pussy and their hips met along with their lips, "Merry Christmas, my love." Her legs wrapped around his waist, her feet locked tightly together, and her arms around his

neck Alena pumped up and down and all around on Santa's North Pole greasing with fine exotic oil it until well after the sun rose on Christmas morning.

The End
December, 2011

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