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PROLOGUE

'Twas the night before a wedding,
when all through the club,

The men were lubed up, looking for a rub.
The G-strings were hung between their legs with care,
In hopes that a bachelorette party
soon would be there.

The women were nestled all snug in their threads,
While visions of dilly dongs thrust in their heads.
And Nolan in his undies, and Taran in her cap,
Had just settled down for a dance in her lap.

"UH, WHAT THE FUCK IS this?"

Narrator: Readers have been asking for a lovely Christmas story with spice but also pages and pages of entertainment. Therefore, I'm setting the scene for what is about to unfold.

"By taking a time-honored holiday poem and turning it into a raunchy rhyme that replaces 'sugarplums' with 'dilly dongs'? If you're going to set the scene, then do it right."

Narrator: I suppose you think you could do a better job with this story?
"Abso-fucking-lutely. Step aside, sir."

Narrator: *This isn't a joke. A lot of readers have been waiting an entire year to hear about how Guy and Taran broke up, especially since they were supposed to be together forever.*

"Anyone who believes Taran could possibly end up with a polka-loving, toy soldier-painting, calculator-obsessed man—"

Narrator: *Those are all fine qualities.*

"Not for her. She needs someone who is smooth, enigmatic, and pushes her out of the tiny, controlled box she demands to live in. So why don't you just let me take over this story, thanks."

Narrator: *Suit yourself, but if you need me to tap in, I will be more than happy—*

"Trust me, I won't be needing your assistance. Now, excuse me..."

Clears throat.

It's December.

It's cold.

And my pecs are fucking huge thanks to the weights I've added during my bench presses. My pre-workout has been hitting, my squats are popping my ass, and—

Narrator: *You know, it would help if you set the scene by showing where you are, not what your body looks like. "It's December and it's cold" really doesn't paint the picture readers need in order to connect with the story.*

"Dude, you're killing my flow. You act as if your poem was any better. There was no 'setting the scene' with that collection of crap words. Watch. I can do the same thing."

Clears throat again.

When out on the club floor there arose such a clatter,

My cock sprang from my G-string

to see what was the matter.

When, what to my wondering eyes should I see,

But an incredibly hot redhead staring at my pee-pee.

"See? Simple."

Narrator: *You know, I don't want to say it, but I'm quite impressed.*

"Thanks, so take the night off. I got the narrating of this story under control. Trust me when I say, this novel is going to roll out smoothly. The only kinks you will see are in my bedroom. The readers want a 'lovely' Christmas book? Well, they're about to get one..."

NOLAN

My G-string rides up my ass as I survey my surroundings, looking out toward the main floor from the employees-only entrance. Midway through the holiday season, the club is lit up like the underbelly of a Christmas tree. Big-bulb string lights stretch around the perimeter while other batches of lights are strung from the ceiling with no rhyme or reason because a bunch of meatheads threw them up without a plan. And a statue of Santa in nothing but a thong stands beside the DJ booth, bent over with a handprint on his ass—the biggest ho-ho-ho in the facility. Though it's up to my dumbass friends and I to entertain the bachelorette party that has descended upon us.

Connor is up on the pole in the middle of the dance floor, Jared is dry-humping a girl on stage, Blaze is in the audience, pinching his nipples at the bride, and I...well I have my sights set on the buttoned-up, pearl-clutching tight-ass over in the corner.

Bite my fucking fist, she's my type.

Rigid as my dick after a good stroke.

Lips pursed, ready to be fucking tickled.

And a scowl furrowed across her smooth forehead that can be slapped away by one solid session of teabagging.

My nuts to her head, I can already see it.

Just look at her, a judgmental piece of tightly wound meat, waiting to be sliced, butterflied, and seared.

Red hair pulled back into a tight ponytail. Red lips that have not even touched a drop of alcohol—I know because I’ve been watching. And fists clenched so tight she could take a lump of coal straight from Santa’s velvety sack and turn it into a diamond—and before you get on me, I know that turning coal into a diamond is a myth, but you know... go with it.

“Got your eyes on the WASP over there?” Harrison asks as he adjusts his cowboy hat on his head while walking up beside me.

“Yeah, you know I like the high-strung ones.”

“Think she’ll let you give her a lap dance?”

“Don’t be a dumbass, have you looked at my body recently? My biceps could crack any chestnut she’s roasting up her ass.”

Harrison chuckles. “Is that why she looks so uncomfortable?”

“That or there’s a candy cane stuck up there, and I’ll have no problem removing it with my teeth.” I pat Harrison on the stomach and then I head over to Big Red, my eyes never wavering.

I take in her stiff posture. The way she grips her glass of water as if it will save her from the debauchery unfolding before her. How her eyes widen every time Connor thrusts against his pole. The distinct way she has crossed her legs, her entire posture screaming, *Come near me and my knee will be meeting your nuts.*

But I’ve always loved a little danger, and I never turn down a challenge.

When I’m a few feet away, she finally turns her attention to me, her eyes roaming up my body until they meet my face. As I give her my best *I’m about to dance your lap right off you* smile, she battens down the hatches and zips her legs all the way up.

“Want a lap dance, sweetheart?” I ask as I prop my foot up on the leather-upholstered bench she’s sitting on.

She leans back, looking absolutely horrified as my junk is almost eye level with her. “No.” She shakes her head, lips pursed tighter.

“Are you sure? Because you look like you need to loosen up.”

“Quite loose.” She looks anywhere but at me.

“Doesn’t seem like it. Seems like you’re trying to crack something between your ass cheeks.”

“Excuse me?” she asks, her eyes finally finding mine again. Under the dim lights, I can’t quite make out their color, all I can see is that they’re light with very long lashes framing them. Jesus, she’s hot.

“You look uptight. Your friends are having fun—why don’t you have fun with them?”

“My friends are miscreants who took away my hand sanitizer, dragged me here, and gave me one hundred dollars in ones that I have no intention of using.”

Shit.

One hundred dollars for rubbing up against an air-tight redhead?

Yes, fucking please.

Not to mention, I could use the money.

Being a minor league baseball player pays absolute shit and has pushed me to the strip club in my off-season. The tips are as skimpy as our G-strings, though, so now that one hundred dollars is dangling over my head, I decide I’m going to grab it... with my teeth.

“Well, you’re in luck, Red—”

“Don’t call me that.”

I lean closer. “What can I call you?”

“Ma’am.”

“Ma’am?” I raise a brow at her. “Kind of formal for an all-male strip club, don’t you think?”

“No. I think it’s quite appropriate. Sets the standard of what I’m expecting to receive from this evening.”

“And what is that, exactly? Because, babe, I’m ready to give.”

Her unamused expression only makes me want to push even further. "I'm expecting to receive a prescription for an antibiotic to treat whatever it is I've surely contracted just from stepping into this establishment."

"Need some medicine?" I ask, still standing over her, my barely wrapped package on display. "I have the cure in my G-string." I lightly thrust toward her. "Want to see?"

"Gross. No."

"Gross?" I question her. "Babe, these are A-plus loins." I gesture toward my junk. "The kind of meat you can only find in the world of fine dining."

She holds her hand up, blocking her view of my lower half. "Please, you could not be more disgusting to me."

Consider my jaw dropped.

Connor, Blaze, please come help me lift it back up, because...excuse me?

Disgusting?

I'm disgusting to her?

I'm a six-foot-three, beefed-up motherfucker with biceps that have been named the most defined in the minor leagues—courtesy of the cleat chasers I've been with. My style is impeccable, my jawline is sharper than the chalked lines on the baseball field, and my dick hangs lower than the jolly old stockings Santa fills over the fireplace.

Firm ass.

Rock-hard abs.

And more than generous with my tongue.

I'm the whole fucking package.

"Disgusting, huh?" I ask as I grip the belt of my fanny pack and twist it around my waist so it's facing her. I unzip the top and pull out a bottle of hand sanitizer.

Her eyes light up, hearts spewing from them at the mere sight of germ-killer.

"Aha, I see I have the way to your heart." I glance down at the hand



sanitizer. "And it's the good stuff too. Kills 99.9 percent of germs, trusted by all doctors and hospitals. Makes your nipples hard just hearing that, doesn't it?"

In awe, she asks, "Can I have some?"

"Ah, for a price, Red."

She points her finger at me, a stern look in her eyes. "Don't call me that."

"Right." I shake the bottle at her. "What would you give for this?"

"I really don't care. Anything. Just give it to me? I need to rub it all over my arms."

"Let me give you a lap dance. You stick whatever you want in my G-string, and then the bottle is yours."

She eyes the bottle with a scowl on her face. I can see it in her eyes—she is truly considering the deal I just laid out.

Her lips twist.

Her fingers drum against her water glass.

And after what feels like five fucking wasted minutes, time I could spend grinding someone's face off, she says, "Fine. Deal."

A genuinely filthy smile crosses my face as I tuck the hand sanitizer back into my fanny pack and stretch my arms above my head. She looks away, seeming irritated, but little does she know, I'm about to rock her world.

"Are you ready to jingle my bells...ma'am?"

"Please." She waves her hand like a queen from the high court, presiding over her peasants. "Just get it over with."

Get ready to be fucking rocked...

"Seven fucking dollars," I say to my brother, Guy, as I sit across from him at our favorite diner in Fort Collins. Outside, pristine Colorado snow gusts against the windows. "Can you believe that? I was giving her my best dick last night, and she gave me seven dollars."

Our seventy-year-old waitress swoops in, setting a stack of pancakes in front of him then placing the meat-lovers' skillet in front of me, before tossing a wink over her shoulder as she power-walks away.

"What does 'best dick' mean? Is there a part of your dick that isn't... its best?" He smooths out the dollop of butter that's melting on the top of his green-and-red-dyed pancakes before drenching them in the syrup that's on the table.

The diner is decked out in Christmas decorations, one of the reasons we love coming here during the holidays. They change out the usual buttery-yellow, grease-infused curtains for green-and-red plaid ones. Christmas music blasts from the dingy speaker that has been improperly installed above the kitchen door, and taped to the ceiling, in a crisscross pattern, are multicolored foil garlands, each one bent and broken from years of use without proper storage.

This is what Christmas means to me.

Some people want a good old-fashioned family Christmas.

Others want that picture-perfect Christmas where everyone wears matching pajamas and the wrapping paper has no character.

Not me. I want the fucking old lady waitress to hand me a meat skillet while eye-fucking me, a ciggy dangling from the corner of her mouth, and remnants of yesterday's meatloaf special smeared across her apron.

That screams a holly jolly good fucking time.

"I wasn't showing her my dick. I was thrusting it at her, letting it bounce in her face—still covered because I am a professional—and then, from there, I brought it down to her lap and let my bulge ride right up against her stomach. She was exposed to girth, heftiness, and I'll be honest, a little bit of a hard-on. I'm telling you, best dick."

Guy shoves three layers of pancakes into his mouth before he says, "Seven dollars seems pretty cheap for giving your best dick." I can't believe I understand his garbled-ass words, but here we are.

"That's what I'm talking about. How can I afford the champagne