

# ‘Let Me Be Your Christmas Wish’

## A Let Me Be Your Hope Bonus

### Epilogue

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*Let Me Be Your Christmas Wish*

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#### **Four months after Elle’s wedding**

#### **Jamie**

‘Are you on speaker?’ Abi asked as I smiled to myself. She was looking out for me, ensuring I was safe. The thought of losing me was too much for her to comprehend because she’d already had a taste, and the taste was bitter for both of us.

‘Baby, I’m safe. I’m coming home to you.’ I was driving home from London, still with no idea as to what had possessed me to visit my mate Mark two days before Christmas. Long queues, traffic jams and irate shoppers didn’t usually appeal; add no Abi to the mix and I definitely wasn’t feeling the Christmas cheer. She was going to join me, but at the last minute, her mum broke her ankle trying to scale the Christmas tree outside the Cock and Pullet pub. I tried not to laugh as we carried her to the hospital and she whispered that her favourite drinking hole was named after her favourite pastime.

‘Be quick.’ I could hear the hitch in Abi’s voice, the one that usually followed a heated stare, a lick of her lips, and an order to strip as soon as I unlocked the front door. Suddenly, I could picture her naked, and that immaculate image of the woman I adored and her sharp, shaky breaths over the phone travelled directly to my cock. Her voice, her presence—just her—stirred my libido furiously. Even through the simplest things like talking to her on the phone, she still had the ability to loosen my bones. The image of her on her knees and begging for me travelled through my body, forcing me to sit up straighter, grasp the steering wheel tighter and press my foot on the accelerator a little harder. I had a desperate need to get home to her that wouldn’t ease up.

‘Have you missed me?’ I asked, already knowing the answer.

‘Too much. Don’t leave me again.’

‘Never. This was a bad idea.’ We’d been apart before and knew the agony. Two years without her in my life. It seemed unfathomable now. Even being away from her for two days gave a torturous reminder of what I could have lost. ‘I thought Elle was keeping you company last night.’

She sighed deeply. 'No, she's busy. She's probably massaging Ben's prostate or gently sucking his balls, coaxing the good stuff out.'

'What the what?' I laughed. Christ, I'd missed her.

'It helps the flow of sperm apparently.'

'I presume there's still no baby news.' Abi's best friend, Elle, had been trying since her summer wedding.

'No baby news.'

'You know what does help the flow of sperm?' I could practically hear her smile.

'I'm sure you're going to tell me.'

'The shake of your majestic orgasm on my magnificent cock; a sure fire way to get my sperm flowing.'

'You're all talk, Dawson,' she replied.

'Really? It's interesting you've made that assumption.' Her breathy laugh woke my senses. 'Particularly after last night.' We had indulged in a lengthy Skype session the night before. It started with us talking about how much we missed each other, whispering declarations of love and pining as we stared at each other's faces too far apart. We moved on to lounging in separate baths, laughing at memories and crying as we remembered our pasts. The night progressed with us breathless and panting after directing each other with dirty talk and firm instructions to help us chase an orgasm. We ended the night with our phones on our pillows, unable to turn them off, both of us with a need to listen to each other breathing until we fell asleep.

'I said a lot last night. Remind me.'

'I seem to remember you telling me that my cock is a force of nature, that I'm a perfect fit to your gorgeous pussy, and that before me, you considered multiple orgasms to be an urban myth.'

'Come home and prove it to me...again.' She was teasing me and I was taking the bait.

'What do you want, baby?' I heard her take a quick breath. Silence. My cock was straining and I gave the finger to every sign that told me Nottingham was still twenty-four miles away. 'Where's my girl with the filthy mouth?' Still silence, a gorgeous pant, the noise of a zip being pulled down but still no dirty words from my girl. 'Abi, I'm going to be at least another thirty minutes. I'm trying not to think about how far away I am because right now, I'm hard, harder than I can fucking remember.'

'Dawson, quit teasing. Come home and fuck me.'

'Ah, there she is,' I laughed. 'Distance is standing in my way and I'm not a happy man. The buzz of an orgasm is already circling because I can hear how much you want me through your short breaths. I'm going to spend the next thirty minutes telling you what I'm going to do to you when I walk through the door. I want you naked and on your fucking knees. Just for me. Only for me.' Silence again but I knew she was there. I always knew she was there. 'You're the best Christmas present I could ask for.' She giggled and I imagined her biting her lip and pressing her legs together to calm the ache. 'Don't go quiet on me again. I need to hear you. Tell me you want me. Tell me you want my

cock.’ Finally I heard a gasp followed by a moan she couldn’t contain. I knew I had her. I knew she felt the need as much as I did. ‘Abi, tell me what you want.’

‘I want you to...unwrap me.’

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I pulled the key to our flat from my pocket, dropping it with fumbling fingers and a lust-fuelled brain fog. The strip of silver caught the light as I picked it up. I smiled as I read ‘Top notch cockateer’ printed on the keyring. I could hear the faint sounds of Christmas songs as I unlocked the door, setting my bag down and trying to calm the excitement dancing across my shoulders. I couldn’t wait to see her.

The flat was dimly lit but the Christmas tree lights flashed brighter the closer I got to the living room. I could smell the gingerbread candle I had given her as an early present, and as I glanced into the kitchen, I saw an unopened bottle of wine with two glasses sitting on the table. ‘Abi.’

‘I’m here.’ I followed her voice that encouraged goosebumps to rise and a shiver to travel blissfully down my spine. I needed to see her. I needed to hold her. I wanted to lock the door and hide her away, keeping her to myself, loving and fucking her. I was planning on doing that for the next few days, no interruptions. My eyes scanned the tree. This year’s theme was pleasure. Fuck, she was fascinating. The tree was full of tiny felt ornaments with bells as clits and cock rings with little paper trees dangling from them. Etsy had a lot to answer for.

And there she was.

Abi. My Abi.

She was sitting at the side of the tree on a fluffy sheepskin rug. The fire was on, illuminating her in a halo of golden light. She looked perfect. She was perfect. She smiled brightly like she had been holding her breath the whole time I had been away, and now that I was home, she could breathe freely again. I closed my eyes, hanging my head when I saw the bright Christmas socks running up to just under her knees, and apart from a huge red bow tied around her breasts, she was gloriously naked.

*Merry fucking Christmas to me.*

‘Hi,’ she said. ‘I’ve missed you.’ I nodded because that’s all I was capable of. ‘Remember when I opened the door to you in just a pair of your stripy socks?’ I smiled, thinking back. She’d always had a thing for my socks.

‘I remember my cock in your mouth shortly after.’ She pushed her breasts out, my words encouraging the confidence that was already there. The fabric of the bow strained against her skin and my fingers itched to remove it. ‘You want me to unwrap you, beautiful?’ I knelt down, running my gaze over the bright socks to her perfect pussy as she opened her legs and beckoned me towards her with her finger. She lifted her chin; a slight smile appeared as she hovered her lips a breath away from mine. My fingers found her neck, wrapping themselves around the length of her throat, making her gasp at the contact. ‘What’s the soundtrack to this moment?’ I whispered, keeping my hold, never breaking contact. A game she played with her best friend, Elle, where they chose songs to describe a moment in their lives now mainly documented our momentous sex life.

‘Baby It’s Cold Outside,’ she replied, palming my cock through my jeans.

'It's warm in here, though.' She softly kissed the tip of my nose and I smiled at her contrasts.

'I love the way he's teasing her to stay and she's being so coy about it. A girl after my own heart.'

I laughed against the quickening pulse of her neck. 'Since when have you been coy, spitfire?'

We listened to the lyrics, the only other sound in the room aside from our irregular breaths. 'She's coy because she knows she's going to stay and she's certain they're going to have mind-blowing sex as the snow falls outside.' This was more Abi, certain of her skills in the bedroom. Coy wasn't part of her DNA.

I pulled her to sit on my lap, face to face, skin to skin. Beautiful. 'I've been away, gorgeous. What have you missed about me the most?' I asked as I held her breasts firmly. She let the frustration of being apart from me out through her moans.

'Your cock,' she replied as she arched her back. I tentatively pulled the end of the loop fastened around her. I wanted to go slowly but my need for her had other ideas. Teasing her, I pulled slowly, so slowly, before dragging my hands to her hips and trailing my fingers down to her clit.

'So fucking wet. Always ready for me.' She nodded as she bit her lip. 'I can tell you've missed my cock, but have you missed anything else?' I nibbled against her ear and moved my mouth to suck the warm flesh underneath. She shivered in my arms.

'Your mouth,' She moaned as I pushed her back onto the rug, her legs still wrapped around me. My finger trailed circles across the places that made her wriggle and arch. 'Put your mouth on me.'

'Where do you want my mouth?' She laughed in frustration and put her arms across her face. Words were too hard to form when lust penetrated your body. I smiled against her clit before kissing her inner thigh.

'I want you to fuck me with your mouth before you fuck me with your cock.' I didn't need clearer instructions. Abi Sinclair never held back and her dirty words fuelled the orgasm that was already threatening to burn. I pushed onto her, caging her in as she quickly unbuttoned my jeans, ripping the zip down and pulling them apart with force. This was going to be quick because, fuck, we both needed it. I sat back on my knees as I freed my erection, lowering myself over her again to pull the ends of the bow, unwrapping my gorgeous girl like the best Christmas present I'd ever received. She was all I needed. The only present I'd asked for. The only present I would request year after year.

Her breasts spilled free. I licked the nipple piercing that I loved, eliciting a moan so deep I almost lost it. 'You've barely touched me and I feel like I'm going to...'

'What? Tell me, Abi.' I pulled the flesh of her pussy, opening her swollen clit further just to send her over the edge with one press from the tip of my finger.

She raised her hips and pushed them against my cock, ordering me to drive myself inside her. When I did, she shouted my name. Fuck, yes. My thrusts were relentless, my pounding unapologetic. This was the result of days of pent-up frustration, days of longing, days of pure need spilling from the both of us in perfect, magical sync.

'Please,' she begged as I continued to thrust, my thumb circling her clit. 'Harder.' She pleaded as I pulled her to straddle me, lying back to enjoy the view of Abi riding my cock. She arched back,

wriggling her hips slowly and gasping loudly as she found the exact spot where she wanted my cock to be. I raised my hips and went with her pace. A little more force caused her to cry out. 'How do you know?' she asked as she met my thrusts. 'You know exactly where I need you.'

'I know what you want, spitfire. I know it all.' I knew her body better than anyone. We had the benefit that all long-term couples have: years of discovering how our bodies work, years of fathoming intimate likes and needs. I'd taken my time with Abi and now I knew her so well I could make her come in minutes, ready for the next one to crash through. In her words, I was a cockateer. A swordsman. A master of the cock.

I drove deeper and watched in worship as she slowly moved her finger to my mouth, encouraging me to suck it before she started circling her clit, bringing her closer to the edge. 'Come with me,' she said as her fingers increased their pace across her clit. The inside of her thighs were shaking and I knew she was close. I added my fingers to her clit, both of us working it quickly, hands on hands, fingers on fingers. The look on her face was all I needed. She studied me, her eyes never leaving mine, a small quirk of her lips. A look of pure adoration across her spellbinding face and I was the lucky bastard on the receiving end. 'Are you close?'

'So fucking close.'

'Together,' she gasped, her breath entirely spent. And then it happened. Simultaneously. In collaboration. A partnership.

Fucking magic.

Abi rolled to my side but stretched her leg across my waist to keep the connection of our bodies. I rubbed my thumb across her nipple piercing and took in the magnitude of her beautiful face. 'We do it good,' she said laughing into my collarbone. 'We should teach classes.'

'What we have can't be taught.'

She pushed her head up and rested her chin on her hand. 'You're right; it can't.'

I traced the infinity tattoo on her collarbone with a soft stroke of my fingers. 'I know exactly what encourages the moan that all the neighbours can hear.'

'Let them fucking hear,' she said, smiling wide. 'I want them to know what you do to me.'

'It's all intuition. I've always wanted to know everything about your body. How it works, how I can make you come harder than before.'

'You do.'

I smiled as she rested against my chest, a deep sigh indicating that she was sleepy. I had no plans to move. I stroked her hair and laughed at the little clit bells hanging on the Christmas tree still wobbling after the sexual aftermath. I held her a little tighter, kissing her forehead softly, watching her intensely as her eyes remained closed, thanking my lucky stars for this beautiful creature in my arms. This was our third Christmas together since we reconnected. I didn't want to think of the Christmases we had missed when we were apart. She stirred a little as if she knew I was thinking of the fuck ups we had made along the way never to be repeated. 'Jamie.' She clasped her hand to my cheek. 'I didn't just miss your cock when you were away. I missed...your face. I missed the way you take care of me. I missed you at the end of the day when you didn't pick me up from work. I missed

you making my porridge in the morning so I won't be late for my swim.'

'You mean, you missed *me*, spitfire?'

'Don't leave me again.'

I listened to her words, took in the magnitude of them and jumbled them around in my head until I could only think of one thing to say to her before she fell asleep and I would miss the perfection that was this moment.

'Marry me, Abi.'

'Have you forgotten to buy me a Christmas present?' she said sleepily. 'Is this your way of making up for the lack of appalling Christmas jumpers and chocolates?'

'Marry me,' I repeated, pulling her onto me and sweeping her hair away from her face as she looked down at me in awe.

'Really?' she smiled. 'Really, really?' I nodded as she covered her wide smile with her hand. 'But we've always said that wasn't for us. We're fine as we are.'

'I've changed my mind.' And I had, right there in the moment after coming down from the high of a brain-numbing orgasm, after recovering from the high of having Abi back in my arms after two days away from her. We had no plans to do this, never talked about it seriously, simply chalking it down to something other couples did. I didn't even have a ring. But all I knew was, before her, I wasn't sure if true love really existed but now, there were no doubts because I fell in love with Abi every single day. 'I want you to be Abi Dawson.'

'Abi Dawson-Sinclair,' she replied, smiling.

'Is that your awkward way of saying yes, spitfire?'

'Yes. Of course I'll marry you.'

The end

