

**Encounter -- He Needs to Feed
A Black Diamond for Christmas
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A Black Diamond for Christmas

One thing Devin loved about Christmas was buying presents for people he cared about. This year was particularly special because for the first time in seventeen years he had family to buy for. His boyfriend, Caleb, had proposed in November, but early this month, after literally dealing with demons, they had set a marriage date.

When he'd first met Caleb's parents he'd been concerned, but they treated him more like a son than his own parents ever had. Caleb's sister and her family had arrived from Canada two days ago and had been great as well. Tomorrow everyone would spend Christmas at the townhouse he and Caleb shared.

"Devin, are you listening to me?" Nate demanded. The two friends stood behind the counter in Nate's new age shop, wrapping their holiday purchases. In between Nate assisted customers, so that meant Devin did most of the wrapping.

"I'm thinking about tomorrow."

"You have nothing to worry about."

"Except entertaining Caleb's family."

"I thought Caleb was helping?"

“He is, but I was stuck doing all the shopping. Caleb says he’s sick of stores since he works in his own all day.” Caleb, a skilled woodworker, owned a furniture store. “I teach dance all day too, but that didn’t stop me from organizing a holiday show for the church, did it?”

“Don’t tell me it’s trouble in paradise already. You guys have only just gotten engaged.”

“Don’t be a smartass.” Devin held up silver earrings. “Won’t these look great on his mom?”

“Definitely. I almost wish I was going to your place for Christmas instead of home.”

Though Nate loved his family, there was friction due to his twin brother, Nick. “My parents have scarcely heard from Nick since he withdrew from the Olympics, but he’s still all they can talk about. Makes me sick!” The angrier Nate got the faster his slender fingers snipped pieces of holiday ribbon.

“You’re going to cut yourself if you don’t chill,” Devin said, then added softly, “Aren’t you even a little worried about him?”

“Why should I be? Nick always lands on his feet, no pun intended.” Nick was a champion figure skater. “What I can’t believe is how some reporters insinuated that he’d run off with his friend, Anya.”

“They abandoned their skating careers at the same time.”

Nate raised an eyebrow. “My brother having an affair with a woman? He’s gayer than I am.”

Devin laughed. “I wouldn’t go that far.”

“He wears so much eyeliner I sometimes think he’s Cleopatra reincarnated.”

“Don’t you know? You’re a psychic.”

“Now who’s being a smartass? Nick would never do past life regression. You know he brushed aside his gifts so he could dedicate his life to the ice.”

Devin didn’t reply. For years he’d thought Nate had reason to envy his brother’s success, but that was before he’d learned Nate really *was* psychic. Nate’s quiet yet

intense study of magic had saved Caleb's life and Devin would never question his powers again.

"I know what you're thinking," Nate went on. "He's a gifted athlete and I sound like a jealous bitch, but I'm long past all that. What pisses me off is how he's turned his back on our parents. I'm the outsider, but Nick... they bent over backward for him."

"I'm sure he has a good reason. A person doesn't just give up a chance to compete in the Olympics. I mean the dedication it takes to even get there --"

"Lots of pursuits take dedication, it's just that in this world athletes and entertainers are glorified and others are ignored."

Despite his love for Nate, Devin, as a dancer who had once been at the top of his field, couldn't help feeling annoyed by his comment. "You're oversimplifying big time."

"I wasn't referring to you. I was talking about the Ice Empress."

"You really need to cut Nick some slack. Not for his sake, but for yours. You said he won't even be there for Christmas, so why don't you try to enjoy the day?"

"You're sure I can't come to your place instead? Crash the family party and all?"

Devin chuckled and stuck a gold bow on the top of Nate's blond head.

* * *

It was dusk when Devin arrived home. He'd helped Nate close his store early, then they'd exchanged gifts and said goodbye before Nate left for his family's home. Shopping bags in hand, Devin opened the door and used his elbow to switch on the light as Caleb's black pug, Pickles, greeted him.

"Is that you, babe?" Caleb shouted from upstairs.

"No it's the ghost of Christmas past."

Caleb, wearing nothing but red boxers and a matching tie, appeared at the top of the stairs. Devin's heart skipped a beat at the raw sexiness of his lover. He had broad shoulders and a well-muscled body. His dark, wavy hair was tousled and his blue eyes gleamed mischievously.

“Wow.” Devin walked up the stairs, his gaze sweeping Caleb. When he reached the top, Caleb grasped his waist and tugged him close for a kiss. Though Devin had the height advantage, Caleb usually took the lead sexually and that’s how they liked it.

“Sorry I stuck you with shopping.” Caleb nuzzled Devin’s neck. “But I wanted you out of the house for a few hours. Come here.” He took Devin’s hand and tugged him to their bedroom.

“What’s going on? Oh, Caleb...” he murmured, glancing around.

Candles on the dresser illuminated the room. Devin’s favorite dinner-grilled chicken with asparagus-rested on the night table along with a bottle of wine and chocolate mousse for desert. “I can’t believe you did all this.”

“Are you saying I’m not romantic?”

Caleb was very romantic, but not usually in this way. He was more of a homemade pizza and spontaneous sex kind of guy.

He stepped behind Devin to slide off his coat while kissing his neck. Devin’s eyes closed and he tilted his head to the side, allowing Caleb easier access. Caleb reached around and unbuttoned his shirt. His warm hands roamed over Devin’s chest and slid down his stomach. He unzipped his jeans and palmed his stiffening cock through his briefs.

Devin shrugged off his shirt and kicked off his shoes. Caleb stepped away to pour a glass of wine while Devin shed the remainder of his clothes. He accepted the glass Caleb offered and sipped. Leaning closer, Caleb licked Devin’s lips, then slid his tongue between them. Closing his eyes and wrapping an arm around Caleb’s waist, Devin opened to him. Their tongues explored each other with slow, tender strokes.

Cupping the back of Devin’s head, Caleb tugged him even closer. Devin loved the feel of Caleb’s warm, hair-roughened chest against his. The silkiness of his boxers and the hardness of his cock beneath aroused Devin and he reached down to cup his lover’s crotch.

Caleb groaned and said, “Oh, babe, I want you so bad. I’ve been thinking about this all day.”

"If I'd known about it, I would have been too," Devin breathed. He placed the glass on the night table, then slid his hands over Caleb's powerful chest. He unfastened the tie and let it fall to the floor. Their mouths met in another hungry kiss.

"I wanted to surprise you." Caleb gently pushed Devin onto the bed.

His heart pounding with anticipation, Devin spread his legs while Caleb settled between them and clasped his cock. The sensation of his calloused hand stroking him soon had Devin rock-hard and ready for action. Caleb reached for a condom resting on the night table and rolled it onto Devin. His tongue teased Devin's cock, relentlessly flicking the underside, then he practically swallowed the head. Devin closed his eyes and arched his back, claspings handfuls of Caleb's hair and surrendering completely. Caleb usually knew just how far to tease him before pushing him over the edge, but tonight...

"It's too much, Caleb," Devin panted, his hips thrusting and his heart pounding out of control. "I can't --"

The little grunt Caleb made told him he didn't care. Instead of easing up, he sucked harder and deeper. Devin exploded. He gasped and moaned, coming hard while Caleb continued sucking and kneading his shaft and balls, drawing out Devin's pleasure.

In a semi-conscious state, Devin felt Caleb remove his condom and use a warm, damp cloth to clean his cock.

"Your turn," Devin murmured, his eyes still closed and a faint smile on his lips.

"In a minute." Caleb settled beside Devin on the bed. He took Devin's hand and slid something onto his ring finger.

Devin's eyes flew open and he stared at the gorgeous black diamond in a masculine but elegant white gold setting.

"I proposed, but I never got you a ring."

"Caleb, this is expensive."

"It's okay. I sold the security cage and got nearly what I paid for it."

When Caleb had been possessed by a sex demon, he'd locked himself in the cage nightly to keep Devin safe from his ferocious appetite. It had been an act of love Devin would never forget.

"I don't care about the money. I want you to have it because I love you."

"I love you too." Devin took Caleb's face in his hands and kissed him.

In so many ways this was the best Christmas ever.

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