

**Encounter: The Alien's Christmas Surprise**  
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## The Alien's Christmas Surprise

Christmas music blared from the speakers in the large home Brielle shared with her mate, Syl, and their young son, Dexter. The party had been in full swing for hours and was finally dying down, with only a few couples remaining. Avelyn and Thrace had left a few minutes ago with their daughter, Lily, and Xonos was helping a pregnant Victoria put on her coat. This was their second child, or third if you counted Victoria's daughter from before meeting Xonos. The remaining Terrans saw that the couples were heading out and must have gotten the message as there was a mass exodus toward the front door.

Syl massaged her shoulders. "Tired?"

"A little. Is Emily down for the night?" she asked.

He kissed her neck and wrapped his arms around her. "Yes, sweetheart. Our daughter is tucked into bed and sound asleep."

Brielle turned her head and kissed her husband. "Good. Then you can get one of your Christmas presents early tonight. Maybe two of them."

His eyes lit and she knew he was looking forward to their time together as much as she was. There had been so many nights they'd started something only to stop because their daughter wouldn't stop crying. The only thing that seemed to help was putting her in bed between them, a habit Brielle knew they needed to break.

They said goodbye to the last of their guests and walked up to their room hand in hand. Syl closed the bedroom door and Brielle heard the lock click into place. She smiled to herself as she sashayed toward the bathroom, giving him what she hoped was a sultry look.

"You wait here and I'll get your Christmas present."

He looked downright gleeful as she closed the bathroom doors and went to her closet. Pulling down the box on the second shelf, she opened it and took

out the sexy Santa outfit she'd purchased last week. Instead of slipping right into it, she turned on the shower, pinned up her hair, and quickly rinsed off the sweat from dancing so much, washing with the plain Dove soap that Syl claimed was his favorite scent on her skin.

Finished with her shower, she dried off and slipped on the sexy outfit, complete with a naughty pair of slinky panties with white feathered trim. She looked at her reflection, turning this way and that, before deciding she was ready. As she opened the bedroom doors, the first thing she noticed was that the lights were off and about a dozen candles were lit all over the room. The balcony doors were closed, but the curtains remained open, allowing the full moon to shine through.

His eyes widened as he saw what she was wearing and the shirt clutched in his hands fell to the floor. He'd stripped down to his dress pants and her fingers itched to undo the zipper and get him completely naked. Brielle stalked him, prowling closer until she was able to reach out and run her fingers over his well-defined muscles. He shuddered under her touch and she loved that she held that much power over him. They'd been married a little over a year and still she could bring him to his knees.

"Is that my present?" he asked, his voice deep and husky.

"Mmm-hmm. Would you like to unwrap it?"

Brielle squealed as he jerked her into his arms and slammed his mouth down on hers. He kissed her like a starving man, his tongue plundering and teasing. His hands roamed her body, sliding down to cup her ass and lift her tighter against his torso. When he pulled away, she was left trembling and aching for more.

"Get on the bed," he said, unfastening his pants and dropping them to the floor. She loved the fact he never wore underwear and admired the view. His cock was hard and erect, the moonlight caressing his naked purple flesh.

If anyone had told her she'd be married to a purple alien with long, black hair, and that they would have a child together, she would have laughed. And yet here they were. But despite how long they'd been together, every time was as amazing as their first time together. Except, Syl wasn't quite as shy anymore in the bedroom. He could be downright demanding at times, but she loved every moment of it.

With hunger blazing in his eyes, he reached for her dragging her ass to the foot of the bed. Hot kisses trailed up her leg until he gently bit the inside of her thigh. She trembled in anticipation as he reached for the barely-there panties and eased them down her legs. She let her legs fall to either side of him and felt the hum of excitement burn through her as he pushed the hem of the sexy outfit up around her waist.

"No foreplay?" she asked.

"I thought the outfit was the foreplay."

She smiled.

"But since you're giving me something so delicious for Christmas, maybe I should give you an early gift as well?" he asked, eyebrow arched.

Before she could ask what he could possibly give her that she didn't already have, he growled and dropped to his knees, pushing her legs farther apart. His hot, hungry mouth fastened on her pussy, licking and sucking in ways that made her toes curl and had her fingers gripping the bedding so she wouldn't float away on a cloud of bliss.

His tongue dipped, circled, and drove her to dizzying heights. Brielle felt her body tightening and then she was flying as her orgasm crashed over her. She cried out Syl's name, her hips arching toward him, begging for more.

Before she'd come down from her high, he'd risen over her body, his cock poised against her pussy. With a long, deep thrust, he entered her. Every nerve ending in her body zinged as he made slow, sweet love to her. She felt his lips fasten on the side of her neck and knew he would leave a mark, probably the first

of many for the night. As he pounded into her, driving both of them higher and higher, she clutched at his shoulders, her nails biting into his skin.

The world spun out of focus and Brielle's breath hitched in her chest as another orgasm swept her away on a tide of ecstasy. Syl groaned in her ear as he came inside of her. Spent, he collapsed on his side and pulled her into his embrace. Brielle kissed his chest, his neck, and then his lips.

"Thank you for my Christmas present," he said softly, his eyes alight with love and warmth.

"That was only part of your present."

He smiled and nuzzled her. "And what's the other part?"

She crooked her finger until he leaned his head down toward her. She slipped her hand around his neck, placed her lips against his ear, and whispered, "How do you feel about a son?"

He reared back, his eyes wide as he stared at her in wonder. "You're pregnant?"

She nodded and smiled, yet felt uncertain. That wasn't quite the reaction she'd hoped for.

"And it's a boy?"

"Well," she faltered. "I don't know for sure, but this pregnancy feels different. Are you... are you happy about it?"

His eyes smoldered at her before he kissed with a passion that nearly burned her alive. "I'm more than happy. I love you, Brielle."

"I love you, too," she said softly. "Merry Christmas, Syl."

He kissed her again and didn't stop until he'd worked her sexy outfit all the way down to her toes and had taken control of her body once more, making her come over and over again.

She smiled to herself and decided she'd have to surprise her sexy alien every Christmas if this was the reward she received.

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