



*Christmas  
Bonus*

# *The Pleasure Principle* **XO**

A. D. WRAE

**The Pleasure Principle, Christmas Bonus**

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To the unapologetically spicy, endlessly sassy souls who know that  
mistletoe isn't just for innocent kisses.

May your holidays be as hot as Khai and Hazel's, your banter as sharp,  
and your nights filled with as much cheer (and mischief) as theirs.

Here's to love, laughter, and not-so-innocent holiday traditions.

Cheers, loves.



# Bonus Chapter

## Hazel



Now flurries swirl outside our apartment window, painting the city in a postcard-perfect Christmas scene. It's cozy and romantic, and every single rom-com I've ever watched feels like it's bleeding into real life. Our first Christmas together in Khai's apartment, with its charming-but-still-*mancavey* vibes and my very enthusiastic decorating skills, is something out of a dream.

"Khai!" I call, my voice carrying over the holiday music playing in the background. "Can you come help me with this garland? I'm starting to lose feeling in my fingertips."

He strolls into the room, wearing his grey sweatpants that make my mouth water and an obnoxious red-and-green sweater that says, *Deck My Balls*, which I totally would right about now. The sweater jingles when he moves, thanks to actual bells stitched onto it. It's both horrifying and endearing to see Manhattan's Manwhore domesticised this extremely.

"Lose feeling in your fingers, huh?" He smirks, crossing his arms and leaning against the doorframe like he's posing for a GQ Christmas

issue where his delicious cock is the star of the show in that sinful pair of sweats. "I told you, babe, that tree is a hazard."

"It's festive," I counter, waving a piece of silver garland at him. "And don't pretend you didn't love the mini disco ball I made you hang up there earlier."

"I didn't say I didn't love it." He shrugs, sauntering over. "I just think it's ironic you're so committed to tradition when you let me hang a club prop on the tree."

I laugh, tossing the garland over his head. He catches it easily, wrapping it around his neck like a scarf. His dark eyes sparkle as he steps closer, his hands finding my hips. "You know," he murmurs, leaning in until his lips brush my ear, "I think this tree needs a little something extra."

"What's that?" My voice comes out breathier than I intended, because the way he's looking at me should come with a warning label.

Khai's hand slips into his pocket, and he pulls out a sprig of mistletoe. "This."

"You did not."

"Oh, I absolutely did." He holds it above my head with the smuggest grin I've ever seen, the kind that makes my knees weak and my heart race. "House rules, Hazel. You can't ignore tradition."

"I'm pretty sure mistletoe doesn't apply to people already living together," I tease, though I'm already tilting my head up, anticipation building.

"New house rule," he whispers, his lips brushing mine. "Every time you're under this, I get to kiss you. Thoroughly."

He closes the distance, his mouth capturing mine in a kiss that's soft at first, but quickly deepens into something that makes me forget about the cold outside and the garland tangled around my wrist. His



hands slide under my oversized sweater – technically his sweater – and the heat of his touch sends a shiver racing through me.

“Hazel,” he murmurs against my lips, his voice rough with intent. “Do you know what you’ve done to me? Christmas used to be about cookies and presents. Now it’s just about seeing how fast I can get you out of this sweater.”

“Don’t let me stop you,” I whisper, tugging him closer.

Later, after the tree survives Khai’s overly enthusiastic removal of my sweater and we’ve sufficiently “tested” the durability of the couch, we sit tangled together with hot chocolate mugs in hand. My cheeks are still flushed, though whether it’s from the heat of the room or Khai’s earlier antics, I’m not sure.

“You’ve officially ruined my Christmas plans,” I tell him, mock-pouting.

“Ruin?” He grins, pulling me closer. “I made them better.”

Snow falls steadily outside our apartment window, the kind of picturesque flurry that could make a Hallmark movie jealous. Inside, however, is a very different story. If Christmas is about peace and joy, someone forgot to send Khai the memo.

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fying and endearing to see Manhattan's Manwhore domesticised this extremely.

"Lose feeling in your fingers, huh?" He smirks, crossing his arms and leaning against the doorframe like he's posing for a GQ Christmas issue where his delicious cock is the star of the show in that sinful pair of sweats. "I told you, babe, that tree is a hazard, princess," Khai says, standing a few feet away from our towering nine-foot Douglas fir, arms crossed like he's about to write it a parking ticket.

I pause mid-twinkle-light wrap, tilting my head to give him a look. "First of all, it's not walking. Second of all, it's a fire hazard, not a safety violation. Get your grievances straight."

Khai narrows his eyes but steps closer, inspecting the tree like he's expecting it to burst into flames on the spot. "You didn't need to buy the biggest tree in the lot. It's basically hugging the ceiling."

"That's called maximizing vertical space," I reply, flashing him a sweet smile as I climb back onto the step stool. "And you said you wanted a big tree."

"I meant big, not a potential landmark," he mutters but moves to steady the stool anyway as I teeter on the top step.

"You love it," I tease, throwing a strand of lights over the highest branch.

His hand tightens on my waist as he steadies me, his lips curving into a slow grin. "I'd love it more if it didn't look like it was about to collapse and take you with it."

"Always so dramatic, you big baby," I sigh, but my heart does a little flip when he tugs me down, holding me flush against him.

"You're the one dangling off furniture like an adrenaline junkie," he murmurs, his voice dropping into that low, teasing tone that turns my knees to jelly. "Pretty sure that makes me the sane one here."

“You? Sane?” I raise a brow. “Did you forget the time you suggested we put a disco ball on top of the tree?”

He grins, brushing a strand of hair from my face. “Still a solid idea.”

I laugh, pushing at his chest. “Help me finish this before you turn it into Studio 54.”

By the time we finish decorating, the apartment looks like Christmas exploded in the best way possible. The tree is glowing with lights and mismatched ornaments, stockings are hung by the window with care (because we lack a fireplace), and the scent of gingerbread cookies wafts from the kitchen.

Khai stands back, hands on his hips, surveying our handiwork. “Okay, I’ll admit it. It looks good.”

“You’re welcome,” I say, swiping a cookie off the cooling rack and taking a bite. “Team effort, obviously.”

He snatches the cookie from my hand, taking a bite of his own before handing it back. “Obviously.”

We settle on the couch with mugs of spiked hot chocolate, the warmth of the moment wrapping around us like a cozy blanket. I glance at Khai, his Santa hat tilted at an obnoxious angle, and feel a rush of affection so strong it makes my chest ache.

“So,” he says, breaking the comfortable silence, “what’s the deal with your Christmas obsession? You’ve got more decorations than Macy’s.”

I nudge him with my foot. “Christmas is magic. It’s the one time of year where everything feels... possible.”

“Ah, so you’re a hopeless romantic.”

“I prefer ‘festive realist, but you already figure that out,’” I counter, but my grin gives me away.

He chuckles, setting his mug down and pulling me into his lap. “Guess I’ll just have to embrace the madness.”

“Good,” I murmur, leaning in to kiss him. “Because you’re stuck with me.”

Later, as we clean up the remnants of our decorating spree, I spot a sprig of mistletoe Khai tucked above the kitchen doorway earlier. A slow grin spreads across my face as I call out to him.

“Hey, Mr. Grinch. Come here.”

He looks up from the counter where he’s arranging cookies on a plate, his brows arching in question. “What, baby?”

I point to the mistletoe, biting my lip to hide my grin. “Tradition.”

His smirk is instant and lethal. “Oh, it’s tradition now?”

“Don’t ruin this for me,” I say, crossing my arms but failing to suppress my smile.

Khai strides over, his steps slow and deliberate, until he’s standing toe-to-toe with me. “I wouldn’t dream of it,” he says, his voice low and teasing as he cups my face and presses his lips to mine.

The kiss starts sweet, soft, but it quickly deepens. His hands glide to my waist, pulling me flush against him, and my heart races as his tongue teases mine, the heat of his body wrapping around me like the coziest blanket.

“Mistletoe’s a dangerous thing,” he murmurs against my lips, his voice rough and full of promise.

“You’re the one who put it there,” I manage, my breath hitching as his hands slide under my sweater, his touch warm and deliberate.

“Best decision I’ve made all season,” he whispers, his lips brushing against my ear.

Before I can respond, my skirt is up, my panties are off, and Khai’s hands grip my thighs, lifting me effortlessly. My back presses against the wall, and I gasp, his eyes locking onto mine with an intensity that sends shivers down my spine.

“Khai,” I start, but the words trail off as his lips trail down my neck, his kisses hot and urgent. He adjusts me, one of my legs draped over his shoulder, and the other soon follows. My hands instinctively tangle in his hair, a soft moan escaping my lips as he grins up at me.

“You look good up there,” he murmurs, his voice dripping with mischief. “Let’s see if I can make you feel even better.”

Then, without warning, his mouth is on me, licking my center, and all coherent thought evaporates. His tongue moves with practiced precision, and I swear the man is a goddamn artist. His hands grip my thighs, keeping me steady as he devours me like I’m his favorite snack.

“Khai,” I moan, my head falling back against the wall as his tongue finds every sensitive spot, his lips working me into a frenzy, sucking my clit. My hips buck against him, and he growls low in his throat, the vibration sending sparks through my entire body.

“You taste like Christmas,” he murmurs, his voice muffled but full of smug satisfaction.

I laugh breathlessly, threading my fingers tighter in his hair. “That’s ridiculous.”

“Doesn’t make it any less true,” he says, nipping at me lightly before diving back in with renewed determination.

The sensations build, each flick of his tongue and gentle scrape of his teeth driving me closer to the edge. My breathing turns ragged, my body trembling as his hands hold me firmly in place, like he has no intention of letting me go until I fall apart completely.

“Khai, I—oh, my God,” I cry out, my thighs tightening around him as the pleasure crests. He doesn’t let up, his movements slowing only when I’ve ridden out every last wave. I slump against the wall, my legs shaky as he carefully sets me back down.

I'm panting, my hands still in his hair, and he's grinning like the cat that got the cream. "You okay there, princess?" he asks, his voice rich with amusement.

I swat at his chest, but I'm too blissed out to put any force behind it. "You're insufferable."

"And you love it," he counters, leaning in to kiss me, slow and sweet. I taste myself on his lips, and it sends another thrill through me.

"Maybe," I admit, smiling against his mouth.

He steps back, glancing up at the mistletoe. "You know," he says, his tone playful, "I'm really looking forward to meeting you under this thing again."

I laugh, my cheeks flushing as I pull him back toward me. "Next time, it's my turn."

His grin widens, and he raises a brow. "Oh, princess, I'll hold you to that."

# Bonus Chapter

## Khai



I wake to soft morning light filtering through the curtains and the hush of a quiet city. Hazel is still curled against me, her face peaceful in sleep. The scent of pine and cinnamon from yesterday's baking spree lingers in the air. Our first Christmas living together—holy hell, it's really happening. Everything about this moment is perfect: the warmth of her body, the faint hum of holiday cheer still vibrating in the apartment's décor.

I gently slip out of bed, trying not to wake her. Once in the kitchen, I start the coffee, humming quietly. The plan today is to pick up that damn ribbon Hazel insisted on, finalize our dinner menu for Christmas Eve, and maybe—just maybe—test out a new dessert recipe Hazel found online. Then we'll probably spend half the day laughing at ourselves for pretending to be gourmet chefs.

While waiting for the coffee to brew, I notice a piece of paper tucked under the fruit bowl. Curious, I pull it out. It's in my handwriting, a weird little "12 Days of Christmas" sexual parody I'd been working

on as a surprise for Hazel. I was going to slip it into her stocking, but I must have left it lying around. Shit.

The list reads:

- 12 stolen glances
- 11 innocent touches
- 9 outrageous sexts
- 8 kisses in inappropriate places
- 7 sexy outfits
- 6 fights that ended in make-up sex
- 5 dick pics
- 4 drunk nights
- 3 times cunty Callum sucked it
- 2 unexpected visits
- 1 very powerful toy

I wince. I messed up the counting. There's no "10" on there. I wrote this in a hurry, and apparently, I can't count backward under lustful inspiration. Great. Now Hazel's definitely going to call me out on it.

As if on cue, Hazel pads into the kitchen, still in her oversized sweater and ridiculous slippers. Her hair's in a messy bun, and she's rubbing sleep from her eyes.

"Morning," I say, holding out a mug of coffee.

She accepts it with a grateful sigh. "You're a saint." Then she spots the paper in my hand. "What's that?"



“Uh...” I try to hide it behind my back, but she’s too fast. She snatches it from me and starts reading. Her lips curl into a grin, one eyebrow shooting up.

“12 stolen glances, 11 innocent touches... 9 outrageous sexts?” She looks up, grinning wickedly. “Khαι, you can’t count. What happened to day 10?”

I scratch the back of my neck, feeling heat creep into my cheeks. “I... got distracted.”

Hazel sets her coffee down and crosses her arms, tapping her foot in mock impatience. “Distracted. Mhmm. So what’s day 10 supposed to be, mister romantic?”

I step closer, sliding an arm around her waist. “I’m glad you asked. Day 10 is very, very special. It’s 10 ways I plan to eat you out during the holidays.”

Her eyes go wide, surprise giving way to a slow, sultry smile. “10 ways, huh? That’s ambitious. Care to elaborate?”

I lean in, my breath ghosting over her ear. “How about I show you instead?” Without waiting for an answer, I lift her off the ground, making her squeal softly, and press her back against the wall next to the Christmas tree.

“Khαι!” she hisses, but there’s laughter and excitement in her voice. “We have neighbors, you know.”

“I think they’re out shopping,” I say, with more confidence than I probably have. I hook my hands under her thighs, guiding her legs over my shoulders as I kneel down. The look on her face shifts from playful to needy in a heartbeat.

Her back hits the wall, and she steadies herself by gripping my shoulders. The scent of her skin, warm and familiar, makes my pulse hammer. I run my hands along her calves, pushing her sweater up just enough to make room for my lips, my tongue.

She lets out a soft, breathy moan as I kiss along her inner thigh. The world narrows to this moment: her taste, her scent, the quiet hitch in her breath as my mouth finds that sensitive spot that makes her toes curl. I take my time, exploring her with slow, languid strokes of my tongue, then pausing to whisper, "Merry Christmas, princess," against her heated skin before diving back in.

She mutters something that might be my name or a curse - hard to tell - but I know from the way her body tenses, from the soft, desperate whimpers escaping her lips, that I'm doing it right. I keep at it, changing pressure, tempo, feeling her respond with trembling legs and fingers that dig into my shoulders.

The faint glow of the Christmas lights flickers across her face as she tips her head back, her eyes half-lidded with pleasure. Her chest rises and falls with ragged breaths. It's intoxicating, knowing I can unravel her like this, turn a quiet morning into something searingly intimate.

When she finally comes apart, her voice breaks into a muffled cry that she buries against her arm. I hold her tight, guiding her back down, letting her legs slide off my shoulders until she's standing, albeit shakily.

I stand up, cupping her face, wiping away a strand of hair stuck to her damp forehead. She looks blissed out, flushed, and utterly gorgeous.

"10 ways, huh?" she manages, still catching her breath. "That was definitely one way. I might need a demonstration of the other nine."

I chuckle, leaning in to kiss her softly. "All in good time, baby. We've got the whole holiday season."

She swats my chest lightly. "You're insatiable."

"And you love it."

She rolls her eyes, but her smile betrays her. "Unfortunately, yes. I do."

We migrate back to the couch, my arm around her shoulders, her head resting on my chest. Outside, some carolers start singing, their voices drifting up through our window. Inside, the aftermath of our little escapade lingers in the air, making me grin like a fool.

Hazel glances at the piece of paper again, smirking. “3 times cunt y Callum sucked it?”

I laugh, shrugging. “You know Callum’s existence is just a punch-line in our love story now. It’s tradition to mock him. Consider it a festive roast.”

She giggles, tucking her feet under her. “You’re ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous enough to create a twisted ‘12 Days of Christmas’ sex list for you,” I agree, kissing the top of her head. “And I stand by it.”

We spend the next hour sipping coffee, munching on leftover cookies, and making half-hearted plans for what else we need to prep. Hannah texts Hazel about her new role, saying she’s got a meeting with some execs next week and might crash on our couch if she can’t find a hotel. Hazel responds with a string of enthusiastic emojis. I know having Hannah close means more chaos, but also more love—and I welcome it.

“Think Lex will come by for Christmas?” I ask casually, swirling my coffee mug.

Hazel shrugs, a knowing smile on her lips. “If he’s done with his season obligations. Hannah might want him around anyway. Or at least, want to fight with him in person instead of over text.”

“Those two need to figure out their deal,” I say, shaking my head. “They circle each other like cats deciding whether to cuddle or scratch each other’s eyes out.”

Hazel laughs. “It’s entertaining, though. And who knows—maybe next Christmas they’ll be decorating a tree together, too.”

"I wouldn't bet against it," I admit. "We seem to be collecting couples in this orbit."

She snorts. "Careful, or I'll start pairing everyone off. Cousins, old classmates—no one is safe."

I hold up my hands in surrender. "I trust your matchmaking about as much as I trust you not to rearrange the ornaments again."

"Oh, I am definitely rearranging them again," she says proudly. "The upper quadrant of the tree is too red-heavy."

I groan dramatically, letting my head fall back. "The upper quadrant?! You sound like Vivienne talking about floral symmetry."

Hazel gasps in mock horror. "Take that back! I am not that pretentious."

I lean in close, dropping my voice low. "True, you're definitely not as pretentious. But you are as hot as hell, and you give wicked head under the mistletoe, so I'll forgive your ornament OCD."

She blushes, rolling her eyes but looking pleased. "Who says I'll do it again?"

I grin, pulling her onto my lap. "You're too competitive not to. You'll want to outdo yourself. Maybe next time you'll tie a bow around—"

She cuts me off with a playful slap to my chest. "Stop while you're ahead, asshole junior."

"Never," I declare, pressing my forehead against hers. We sit like this for a moment, breathing each other in, enjoying the stillness and the glow of Christmas lights reflecting in her eyes.

Eventually, we set out to run errands. Bundled up in coats and scarves, we navigate the crowded streets. We pick up the special ribbon Hazel wanted. The line is long, but we survive without torching any tinsel. On the way back, we pass a street vendor selling roasted chestnuts. Hazel insists we buy some, and we stand on the sidewalk,

warm paper bag in hand, munching on smoky, sweet chestnuts as snow flurries drift down.

Back home, we wrap gifts, each of us claiming a corner of the living room. We exchange knowing looks and teasing barbs about who's the better gift-wraper. Hazel tries to steal my tape, and I threaten to withhold peppermint bark. It's domestic bliss, silly and comfortable, but charged with that undercurrent of passion and affection that never fades.

As darkness falls, we light a few candles, the scent of vanilla mixing with pine. We put on a cheesy Christmas movie and curl up under a plush blanket. Halfway through, Hazel leans up and whispers in my ear, "Meet me under the mistletoe in five minutes."

My heart skips a beat. "What if I'm busy?"

She arches an eyebrow. "Then I guess you're missing out on day 10's other 9 methods, aren't you?"

I laugh, a low, eager sound. "I'll be there in three."

She smirks, sliding off the couch and strolling towards the kitchen doorway where the mistletoe still hangs. I watch her go, enjoying the sway of her hips and the look she throws over her shoulder.

When I finally join her, she's standing beneath the mistletoe, arms folded, a feigned impatience on her face. "Took you long enough."

I step into her space, inhaling her scent. "I was preparing myself for greatness."

She snorts. "Cocky much?"

I dip my head, grazing her neck with my lips. "You love my cockiness. Among other things."

Her soft laughter fills the air, and as we come together under that sprig of green and those tiny white berries, I realize that this is how I want every Christmas to be—us, happy, teasing, in love, and just a little bit filthy.

I kiss her slowly, and as we melt into each other, I whisper, “I’m looking forward to meeting you under this mistletoe again. Many times.”

She grins against my lips. “Count on it.”

And I will—because this is just the start of all our Christmas eves and mornings, all our twinkling lights and quiet nights, all the love and laughter and steamy moments we can pack into a lifetime together.

# *The End*

I hope you enjoyed this little glimpse into Khai and Hazel's world and their festive adventures. Here's to celebrating the holidays with just as much love, laughter, and a little spice as they have.

Exciting news: ARC sign-ups open mid-January, and the official release is set for **February 22**.

Don't forget, you can already pre-order the ebook here, on Amazon.

Happy holidays, and thank you for being part of this journey.

[www.adwraeauthor.com](http://www.adwraeauthor.com)