



Baby, it's
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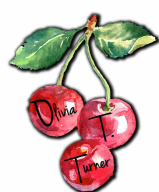
OLIVIA T. TURNER

CURVES FOR CHRISTMAS

BABY, IT'S HOT IN HERE

CURVES FOR CHRISTMAS

OLIVIA T. TURNER



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Contains explicit love scenes and adult language.

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OBSESSED

By Olivia T. Turner

A Mailing List Exclusive!

When I look out my office window and see her in the next building, I know I have to have her.

I buy the whole damn company she works for just to be near her.

She's going to be in my office working under me.

Under, over, sideways—we're going to be working together in *every* position.

This young innocent girl is going to find out that I work my employees *hard*.

And that her new rich CEO is already beyond *obsessed* with her.

This dominant and powerful CEO will have you begging for overtime! Is it just me or is there nothing better than a hot muscular alpha in a suit and tie!

All my books are SAFE with zero cheating and a guaranteed sweet HEA. Enjoy!

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*To all the people who have their Christmas decorations out on
November 1st.*

You're my people.



ABOUT

Sneak into my Christmas office party my friend said...

It won't be a big deal she said...

Well, now I have her hot CEO Trevor Benotti staring me down with his hungry eyes like Santa staring at a plate of cookies.

It all started when I spotted him at the bar.

I knew immediately that he was the true alpha male in the room.

Power and authority flowed off him in waves and he had so much confidence, you'd swear he owned the entire world.

I didn't think I could ever be with a man like him.

A big curvy girl like me would need a Christmas miracle for that to happen.

Well, luckily there's always a little magic in the air at Christmas time.

Because when Mr. Benotti sees me, all my dreams come true.

I'm all he wants for Christmas.

He's obsessed with unwrapping me to get to his new toys underneath my dress.

And Mr. Benotti is the kind of dominant man who *always* gets what he wants.

Looks like I'm going to have a *very* Merry Christmas...

CHAPTER ONE

Kelly

“ARE YOU SURE I LOOK OKAY?” I ASK AS I SELF-CONSCIOUSLY glance down at my new red dress after we step out of the cab.

“Will you stop?” Alicia says as she shakes her head at me. “You look stunning.”

“I don’t look lumpy?”

“Lumpy, Kelly?” she says as she stares at me in disbelief. “Are you kidding me? Get with the times, girl. Big is beautiful.”

“Big may be beautiful, but huge is still horrendous.”

“Stop it,” she says as she pays the driver. “You look hot as fuck. Greg is going to lose his freaking mind when he sees you in this red dress.”

Greg is the new software developer at Alicia’s company and she wants to set me up with him.

I swallow hard as the nerves start to hit.

“Are you sure it’s okay for me to be crashing your office Christmas party? It’s not weird?”

“Stop worry about everything, girl,” Alicia says as she wraps her arm around mine and starts pulling me toward the hotel. “Christmas parties were made to be crashed. We’re going to have a blast. At least after we get a few drinks inside you to loosen you up.”

“*A lot* of drinks,” I say with a nervous chuckle.

“Now, you’re talking!” She laughs before flashing the doorman a sexy grin as he holds the door open for us.

My mouth drops as we walk into the Opulenta Hotel, one of the swankiest hotels in Manhattan. It’s *stunning*. It’s so big you could fly a helicopter in the lobby, but with the giant chandeliers, thick marble columns, and beautiful furniture that was probably handcrafted in Paris, you’d be too afraid to break anything.

“Look at those staircases!” Alicia squeals as her arm tightens around mine.

There are two identical grand staircases on the other side of the massive lobby that start on the second floor and curve down as they flare out at the bottom. “It’s just like in *Titanic*!” I say.

Alicia pulls me to it. “I’ll never let go, Jack. I’ll never let go.”

We take turns posing and taking pictures in front of it. I give Alicia’s phone a seductive look as I whisper in a throaty voice, “Jack, I want you to draw me like one of your French girls.”

An elderly lady gives me a dirty look and then hurries off.

We both burst out laughing and hurry up the beautiful stairs.

“This is where your office Christmas party is?” I say in awe as we walk toward the grand banquet hall. It looks like a party that Beyonce and Jay-Z would throw. The huge double doors open every few seconds as someone walks in or out. I keep getting glances inside and my heart starts pumping in excitement.

“Hey, Jill!” Alicia waves as they shoot each other fake smiles. “She’s such a bitch,” she whispers to me as the girl hurries away.

“This place is beyond amazing!” I’m still looking around in awe.

“Better than your Christmas party?”

I laugh when I think back to it. I own and run an Etsy t-shirt printing business that has one employee: me. Two if you count my cat, which I don't since all he does is get in my way.

My office party consisted of Thai food, two Hallmark Christmas movies, a bottle of wine, and a nine-thirty bedtime. It was nothing like this.

“I thought you were working for a small little rinky-dink company,” I tell her as she stops in front of a mirror to check her makeup one last time before entering. “What's the name again?”

“Redemtech. It's right next door.”

“That giant building next door?”

“That's the one.”

“Oh my god.” It was *huge*. “And what do you do? Sell software?”

She shrugs. “Something like that. I think it has to do with nuclear power plants or something.”

“You don't know?” I ask with a laugh.

“What?” she says as she gives me a defensive look through the mirror. “I'm in human resources.”

When she's convinced she's looking as good as she'll get—which is pretty damn good by the way. Alicia is a knockout with a figure I'd kill for, beautiful pecan brown skin, and stunning ink-black hair—we head inside.

My jaw keeps dropping. I've never been to a party like this before. It's like a party from *Rich Crazy Asians: The Christmas Special*. Only instead of crazy Asians, the enormous decked out room is full of Manhattan's brightest minds around.

It's very festive with Christmas lights hung everywhere and a giant Christmas tree towering to the high ceiling against the far wall. People are already dancing and having fun, and everyone looks so good. The women are dressed in their best

outfits and the men in designer suits. I even spot a couple of Santa hats on and I immediately love this party.

The band is playing upbeat Christmas music and I smile when I see the singer moving along the stage, singing to the already packed dance floor. He's dressed like Santa mixed with James Bond and has a killer voice.

My pulse starts to race with excitement as we move into the room. Alicia is saying hi to everyone as I look around in awe, imagining what could happen. There's something about Christmas lights and the magic of the season that always makes me feel like something special is about to occur. It never does, but it doesn't stop me from feeling like it could.

Alicia says I watch too many Hallmark movies, but I don't know... I just love Christmas.

The drinks are flowing from the three packed bars—two big ones and one small one—and my mouth starts to water when I see the red and green martinis the waiters are handing out.

I look down at my dress for the hundredth time. It cost way more than I could afford, but the reflection in the mirror looking back at me in the store looked so elegant and classy that I just had to have it. It shows off my huge boobs and manages to somewhat hide my round stomach and thick hips, which is no easy task.

“Let me make your tray a little lighter,” Alicia says as she grabs two martinis from a passing waiter. She hands one to me and I actually moan when I take a sip.

“This is *so* good,” I say as I take another gulp of it. I better not go too fast or I'm going to get wasted.

“Oh shit,” Alicia says when she spots someone in the crowd. “Hold on. I have to say hi to my boss.” She thrusts her drink into my hand and then pushes up her boobs. “If she asks who you are, I didn't bring you here.”

“*What?!?*”

“It's okay.”

“Alicia!”

She just leaves, strutting over with her chin in the air as I stand in the crowd awkwardly, looking like a lush with two drinks in my hands.

There are *hundreds* of people here, but only one catches my eye.

My breath halts when I see him standing at the bar. It takes me a few seconds to realize he’s even real. I didn’t think men like that existed.

The music fades to a dull buzz as the thumping of my heart reaches my ears. I can’t look away. He’s perfect.

Late 40’s I’d guess with salt and pepper hair and the most intense grey eyes I’ve ever seen. His gorgeous face is clean-shaven and my body starts tingling when I picture rubbing his cheek with mine as he wraps those big thick delicious arms around me.

He’s wearing a grey fitted suit with a white collared shirt that’s open just enough to flash the sexy ink on his skin underneath. I take a sip of my drink as I watch him over the glass, wondering what more of his shredded body is tattooed. Undressing him would be like unwrapping a Christmas present—full of surprise and excitement.

Even from across the room, I can feel the authority and power flowing off him in waves. People keep coming up to him to say hello in a respectful way. Their body language changes as they approach him submissively. Backs become a little straighter and heads a little lower. I can’t hear what’s being said, but it’s always short, respectful and then they move on.

He’s a powerful man. The true alpha in the room.

And I can’t take my eyes off him.

Alicia returns and takes her drink from my hand. “Thanks. God, she’s such a bitch. Even at the Christmas party, she gives me shit. So, I left three hours early yesterday without telling anyone? Does she have to be such a buzzkill? I had a massage booked!”

She sees me staring in complete captivation across the room and tries to spot what I'm gawking at.

"What are you looking at?" she asks as she stands on her toes and looks around.

"Who's that guy?"

"Who?"

"The one at the bar. Grey suit."

She sucks in a breath when she sees him and a flash of jealousy surges through me. I don't like anyone looking at him, especially my knockout of a friend.

"That delicious piece of man meat is Mr. Benotti. *Tyler* Benotti. CEO and founder of Redemtech. Breaker of hearts. Man of a million women's fantasies. And my boss."

"Is he single?"

She laughs. "Why, you interested?"

I just stare at him.

She looks into my glass. "How many drinks did you have while I was gone? *Nobody* can get with Mr. Benotti. Plenty have tried. They have all failed. He's married to his job and that's it."

I still can't take my eyes off him.

She grabs my arms and pulls me away. "Come. I'll introduce you to Greg. It's going to be love at first sight, I just know it."

I let her pull me away, already knowing she's wrong.

My love at first sight has already happened and he's over by the bar...

CHAPTER TWO

Kelly

WITH EVERY FEW WORDS THAT GREG SAYS, A TINY DROP OF spit flies out of his mouth and lands on my hand. I take a step back from him as he rambles on about ferret food.

This is so awkward. I'm sure he's nice, but he's not my type. At all.

I've always been attracted to authority. To power. I like dominant men who can command a room full of people with ease. This guy couldn't command a plant on his desk.

"And how about you?" he finally asks after he's rambled on about himself for a full seven minutes. "Have you ever had a ferret before?"

God, he's still on the ferrets?

I take the last sip of my drink, wishing I had another bigger one to chug. "Nope. I've never had a ferret before."

"How come?"

Because I don't want anything in my apartment that can crawl up my pant leg. "No reason," I say with a forced smile.

"This is my eleventh." He says it like it's some kind of an accomplishment. "Slippers. I called him slippers because when he came home he immediately crawled into my slipper and fell asleep. Isn't that cute? I know what you're thinking and *yes!* I have pictures!"

“Great...” I mumble as I nervously look around for someone to save me.

I want to kill Alicia right now. Does she not know me better than this? Why would I ever be interested in a guy like this?

“This is Slippers in my bed,” he says as he thrusts the phone in my face. *Are those Pokemon sheets?*

Does she think I’m this desperate? Well, I am a twenty-four-year-old virgin, so maybe she does...

My eyes glaze over as he flips through picture after picture. *Oh no...* My stomach drops when I see there’s 349 of them, and I’m pretty sure they’re all of ferrets. If I don’t get out of here soon, I’m going to be seeing every single one of them.

“This was my last one,” he says as he shows me another disgusting rodent thingy. “Squiggles. He died of cancer. I spent twelve thousand dollars in vet bills to save him, but nothing could be done.”

Twelve thousand dollars?!? On a ferret?!? Now I really hate this guy.

A drop of water hits the phone screen and when I look up, I see that he’s crying.

Okkkaaayyy. I’m out of here.

“Well, it was nice meeting you, Greg,” I say with a polite smile. “I’ll see you later.”

He looks startled. “Oh, yeah. You too. Hey, Alicia said you’re single. So am I.”

What a shocker.

“Want to go to the ferret park with me this weekend? It’s a lot of fun. There are some really cool people that hang out there.”

“Cool people?” I say as I stare at him blankly. “At the ferret park?”

“Yeah! Want to come?”

“No,” I say blankly. “I really don’t. Sorry.”

He looks confused as I turn and hurry away, disappearing into the crowd before he can send his ferret army after me.

I head straight for the small bar in the back, hoping that hottie Mr. Benotti is still there, but he’s gone.

I sigh as I lean on the bar, feeling like it’s time to move past the light stuff and into the Whiskey. I don’t care how old and desperate and barren I get, but in this moment I make a vow to myself to *never* ever share a bed with a ferret.

“What can I get you?” the bartender asks me.

It’s too early to hit the Whiskey. Maybe in an hour...

“A glass of red,” I tell him. “Wait! No!” Red wine always turns my teeth red and I end up looking like a vampire after her lunch. “I’ll just have a beer instead.”

He hands me a Heineken and I stand around awkwardly as I sip on it. My eyes scan the crowd looking for one person, but I don’t see him anywhere.

Everyone seems to know each other and I feel incredibly left out. A woman comes to the bar and orders a white wine.

“Hello,” she says when she sees me all alone. “I haven’t seen you around the office. Are you the wife or girlfriend of one of our workers?”

Shit.

“Yes,” I say with a gulp.

“Oh, that’s nice,” she says with a smile. “Who?”

“Ummm...” I mumble as I quickly look around the room. I spot the singer dressed up as Santa. “Christopher...” I say, looking around. “Heineken.”

“Oh,” she says as her forehead creases into a frown. She looks down at the Heineken in my hand and then looks back up at me with a skeptical look. “I’ve never heard of him. What department does he work in?”

“He’s in the a... lingerie department.”

What?!?! Are you freaking serious, Kelly?!?! The lingerie department!!!

It was the first department I could think of.

“Right,” she says as she looks at me funny. She takes her wine and leaves without saying another word. She’s probably thinking I crashed the party for the free booze, which isn’t entirely untrue.

I knew this was a bad idea. Alicia said it would be fine and now she’s nowhere to be seen.

The band finishes the song and then a lady steps onto the stage. A spotlight hits her as everyone cheers.

“Go, Margaret!” someone hollers from the crowd.

“I don’t want to interrupt the party for long,” she says as she looks out at the crowd. “I just wanted to introduce our wonderful fearless leader... Trevor Benotti!”

The crowd erupts in cheers as the man of my dreams walks onto the stage with so much confidence that you’d swear he owned the world.

My heart starts pounding as he thanks Margaret and takes the microphone from her. I can’t wait to hear his voice. I find myself leaning forward as he brings the mic to his sexy lips.

His tattoo continues along his wrist and ends on the back of his hand and my core clenches at the sight of the sexy ink.

“Good evening, everyone,” he says in a rich deep voice that makes the hairs on my arms stand straight up.

He begins thanking everyone for coming as I imagine what he smells like. He probably smells like sex and happiness mixed up in one sensual package. I’m so captivated by him that I can’t even hear his words, just the deep drawl of his low thick voice. I would orgasm on the spot if I heard my name coming from his mouth.

I can’t even imagine what it would be like to be with a man like that. It would be a true Christmas miracle.

I'd give it up in a second for him, and I've never said that before. Boys have tried to get in my pants over the years, but I've never wanted any of them. Now I know why. They were just *boys*. What I wanted, what I *needed*, was a man. A man like Trevor Benotti.

"But who I really want to thank are the wives and husbands or our wonderful employees," he goes on as everybody cheers.

I'm barely listening as I stare at his wide chest, picturing what it would be like to grab ahold of his shirt and rip it open. I'd love to send his buttons scattering on the floor as his tattooed hand slid up my dress.

Oh, Kelly... this is not the time or place to be getting wet...

I clench my thighs together, feeling the wetness seeping out of me. I can't help it.

This man has some kind of a voodoo spell over me. It's unnerving. It's undeniable.

I just might have to hand in an application at Redemtech on Monday morning. I could just picture myself stalking the halls to get a look at him, staring at him in the cafeteria as he ate, calling his phone and hanging up. I haven't even talked to this guy yet and I'm already turning into a crazy stalker.

My eyes are focused on his sensual lips as he tells everyone how much he appreciates them all. I'm wondering if they're as soft as they look when all of a sudden, he looks right at me.

His stunning grey eyes lock on me and he freezes up as we stare at each other. The words fall from his mouth and he stares at me in silence.

The whole banquet hall is silent and I swear that everyone can hear my heart pounding in my chest as those tantalizing grey eyes bore into me.

There's a cough from somewhere and it's starting to get really awkward as people begin to look around. There's a nervous energy to the crowd that grows with every silent second and my cheeks start to get very hot.

Trevor doesn't care. He never takes his heated eyes off me.

I catch myself and then start to panic. *Shit. Shit. Shit.*

He knows...

I swallow hard as I wonder where the hell Alicia is. She was supposed to stay with me!

He knows I crashed the party and that I'm nothing but an imposter. What else could explain why he's staring at me so intensely?

Oh my god, this is so embarrassing. I want to crumple up into a ball and hide. I wish I never came. He's seconds away from having security drag me out of here in front of everyone while Alicia pretends like she has no idea who I am.

Ferret guy won't even talk to me after that.

I put my beer down on the bar and quickly start moving.

"Excuse me," I whisper as I push through the crowd as fast as I can while still remaining subtle.

When I break through near the door, I turn back to see if he's still looking at me.

Crap. He is.

His grey eyes look so intense as he stares me down, looking like he doesn't know where he is or what he's doing. His lips are parted as he watches me.

"Well, that was fun," I mumble as I exit the room. "Now, excuse me while I get the fuck out of here."

I start running as fast as I can on my heels, along the hall, down the magical staircase, which now just seems obnoxiously large, through the lobby and out the door.

"Oh, that was close," I say as I take a deep breath of the cool winter air. It's cold out and I don't have my coat, but I'll just send Alicia a text to make sure she picks it up. It's the least she can do after ditching me with King of the ferrets.

I run left to get as far from the hotel as I can and then start trying to wave down a cab.

Next year, I'll stick to my sad little Christmas party of me
and my cat.

I'm outta here!

CHAPTER THREE

Trevor

MY WHOLE BODY IS NUMB AS I WATCH HER GO. I CAN'T MOVE.

A coldness has gripped my core and there's a heaviness in my stomach as I watch her rush through the door.

What is happening to me?

My heart is thundering in my chest so hard that it feels like it's going to burst out in front of all of my confused employees. My back is slick with sweat. I can't fucking breathe.

There are hundreds of eyes staring up at me, but all I can think about or focus on is her.

I was in the middle of my speech when I spotted her. It was like getting struck by lightning and everything stopped. The world stopped spinning on its axis. The ocean waves settled. Time slowed to a crawl.

All I could do was stare at the most stunning brown eyes imaginable that were looking back at me. I'd never seen her before. I would definitely remember that.

She doesn't work here, which means she must be someone's girlfriend or wife. I'm sorry for them, because I won't stop at anything until I get her. There's nothing I won't do.

I'm a man who gets what he wants and what I want just ran out that door.

Her long golden hair fell on her bare shoulders in waves. She's wearing the most spectacular red dress that hugs her thick body and shows off her huge tits. I love a big girl with curves and she has them in spades.

She's perfect. Big hips that would be just right to deliver all the babies I plan on breeding into her, a wide ass that would be more than a handful, and full voluptuous breasts that I can't wait to see bouncing up and down in front of my face while her tight little pussy rides my long hard cock.

Someone takes the microphone out of my hand and it snaps me out of my daze. It's Margaret and she has a strained smile on her face as she looks at me.

"Everything okay?" she asks through closed teeth.

"No," I gasp. Nothing is okay. She's not in my arms where she belongs and that's *not* okay.

I have to catch up to her. This city has over eight million people in it and I'll have to tear it apart to find her again.

Everyone gasps as I leap off the stage and start sprinting through the crowd. People jump out of the way, but I slam into a couple of the slower ones with my shoulders. I hear a glass fall and break behind me. There's no time to apologize, there's no time for anything but finding her.

I fly out of the room and rush down the stairs, taking three at a time as my heart pounds in terror. What if she's gone? What if I can't find her?

The thought of her out there in this rough city with other men looking at her and touching her makes me want to scream. I picture men bumping into her in the subway or on the sidewalk and I want to break something. She's *my* girl and I don't want to share her with anyone else.

I sprint through the lobby and explode out of the front doors before the doorman has a chance to open them.

The air is cold on my sweaty skin as I look right then left, desperate to find her.

Yes!

I spot her a block down getting into a cab.

“Wait!” I holler as I start running.

My stomach sinks when the door closes. The cab starts rolling.

The traffic is running in my direction so I run onto the road right toward the oncoming car. With a grunt, I leap onto it and slam my body into the windshield. It cracks into spiderwebs and the taxi screeches to a stop, rolling me off the hood onto the wet pavement.

Fuck...

That hurt. I struggle to catch my winded breath as the cab driver gets out and slams his door.

“What the hell was that?!?” he screams at me. “Look at my fucking windshield!”

I reach into the inside pocket of my suit jacket and pull out a wad of cash.

“Here,” I grunt as I shove it at him without looking—my eyes are trying to see her through the busted windshield.

“This is like five grand,” he says, staring at me in shock.

It was for the band. I was just about to pay them.

“Keep it,” I say as I stumble to the back door. My pulse is racing as I grab the handle and open it.

She’s sitting there staring up at me in shock.

Fuck... She’s even more perfect up close.

“Did you just get hit by the car?” she asks as her wide brown eyes stare at me in disbelief. “Are you okay?”

I shake out the pain in my body and stand up straight. “What’s your name?” I ask her. I have to know.

She swallows hard as she stares at me. “Kelly.”

“Kelly,” I whisper as I close my eyes. I could die happy in this moment. If the car had killed me, I’d die with a smile on my face just from being next to her.

I offer her my hand and she just stares at it like I’m crazy. “Come with me, Kelly.”

“Where? To the hospital?”

“Back to the party. Why did you leave?”

She nibbles her bottom lip as she looks up at me with an unsure look on her face. “I don’t really work there.”

My hands squeeze into fists as my whole body hardens with rage. I’m breathing heavily as I try to keep my voice steady and under control. It’s not an easy thing to do. “Who is your boyfriend?” I already checked her hand and there’s no ring on her finger. I don’t know if I would have survived seeing a wedding ring on her.

Her eyes drop and her cheeks go pink with embarrassment. I can’t handle this girl. She even looks stunning when she’s embarrassed...

“I don’t... a, exactly... um, have a... boyfriend.”

My whole body is burning as I stare at her.

“My friend brought me here,” she says as she looks back into my eyes. “She said it was okay.”

“It was okay,” I say as the sweet sense of relief fills every inch of my body. “It was more than fucking okay. Tell me who it is so I can give them a raise.”

“She was bringing me to the party to meet a guy.”

“*Who?*” I hiss out through clenched teeth. My whole body tenses when I think about hunting this guy down and slamming my fists into him.

She swallows hard as she looks up at me. “Greg.”

“Greg who?”

“I don’t know his last name, but I’m pretty convinced that he’s made love with at least one ferret. If that helps.”

I just stare at her as all of these possessive feelings begin to take over. I want her to be mine. I *need* her to be mine.

She's coming with me even if I have to throw her over my shoulder and drag her back to the party.

"Come with me," I say again as I hold out my hand. "*Please.*"

She looks at me for a long moment and then slides her soft hand into mine. I moan at the first touch that definitely won't be the last.

I guide her out of the cab and step back to take a long look at her stunning figure. Her hips are wide and thick just how I like them. My mouth waters when I imagine gripping them hard with both hands as I thrust my hard cock into her tight little pussy.

"Are you okay?" she asks as she looks at me funny.

Her beautiful voice snaps me out of my daze and I just stare back at her in awe. "I'm good now. Let's go back to the party."

She nods. "Okay."

The driver is on his phone, not looking too worried about his windshield. It's only going to cost a couple of hundred bucks to fix and he's got five grand for his trouble, plus the next couple of days off while they fix it.

He waves to us as we leave. "Merry Christmas!" he shouts.

"Merry Christmas," Kelly says as she waves back at him. "Sorry about your car!"

"You stay with me for the rest of the night, okay?" I say as I hold onto her arm like it's the only thing keeping me from falling.

She looks at me sideways as we walk through the doors and back into the lobby of the hotel. "You're the big boss, aren't you?"

"I am."

She swallows hard and the sight makes my cock jerk in my pants. I've been rock hard since the moment I touched her.

"Then, what's going on here? Why me?"

I stop and take a deep breath as I look her over. She's absolutely perfect. I can't imagine a more beautiful creature ever existed in the history of the universe.

"I'm a man who takes what he wants," I say, trying to make her see.

She looks confused. "And what do you want?"

"Isn't it obvious?" I can't stop staring at her. "I want you, Kelly. And I'm going to have you."

Her face drops in shock. "You are?"

"Oh yeah, red," I say as I look down at the way her big tits are swelling in her red dress. "I'm going to have every inch of you. And I'm not going to let you go."

She tilts her head and a smirk appears on her lips. "Is this a joke? Did Alicia set you up to this? Where is she?"

She starts looking around for her friend, but I'm not playing any games. I grab her jaw with my hand and crush my lips to hers. The whole room starts to spin as I claim her mouth with a deep kiss.

This girl is not laughing anymore when I pull away.

She takes a breath as she looks at me with new eyes. "I see..."

"And do you feel it?" I ask. "I want you, Kelly. And I won't be denied."

Her eyes widen as she stares at me. She starts waving her hand in front of her face to cool down her warm pink cheeks. "I think I need a drink."

I smile as I take her hand, threading my fingers through hers, and guide her up the stairs and back to the party.

My employees and their spouses begin to look at us as we walk back into the room. I know I must look crazy to them. I

ran out in the middle of my speech and came back in with a girl on my arm. They probably think I'm losing it.

They're right. I'm losing my mind over this girl. I don't know what she's doing to me, but I can't fucking think straight.

I keep my head in the air as I proudly walk with this beauty back to the stage.

"No!" she whispers as she pulls me back with panic shining in her brown eyes when she realizes where I'm taking her. "I'm not going up there!"

"You're my girl now," I whisper to her. "I need everyone to know that. Just trust me, okay?"

She looks up at me for a long moment and then lets me bring her up.

A girl in the crowd drops her drink and it shatters on the floor. My eyes dart over to the sound and I see the pretty girl from HR staring at us like we're a bunch of aliens. I guess I found Kelly's friend Alicia.

I clear my throat as I take the microphone once again. "I left because I wanted to introduce you to my girl. This is Kelly and she's *mine*."

My eyes narrow on the crowd, daring anyone to try and take her from me.

Like a pitfall guarding a bone, I have what I want now and I'm not letting it go.

CHAPTER FOUR

Kelly

“WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON?” ALICIA SAYS WHEN WE finally catch up by the bar. “I see you having a great time with Greg and then the next time I see you, my boss has his arm wrapped around you with his hand on your ass??? Explain. Please.”

“First of all,” I say as I put my hand up between us. “Greg? Ew.”

“What’s wrong with Greg?”

“Oh, honey,” I say as I shake my head. “So, so much.”

“Okay, forget about Greg,” she says so fast her words blur into one. “How did you and Trevor... get together? Are you two *together*?”

I just grin as I put the straw to my lips and take a sip of my drink.

“You’re together! What the hell, Kelly?”

My stomach sinks. I forgot that this was her boss. “Are you mad?”

“Mad?” she says as she stares at me with her jaw dropped open. “Hell no! I’m impressed. I’m confused. I’m in awe. I’m feeling a lot of things right now, Kelly. How did this happen?”

I tell her about him staring at me and then rushing out.

“That’s why he stopped talking during his speech?” she says, staring at me in disbelief. “Because of you?”

I shrug. “I don’t understand it either.”

“It’s the red dress.” She looks me up and down as she nods. “I told you that you looked hot.”

“It’s like this dress is a red flag and he’s a bull who can’t stop charging at it.”

“He’s a bull all right,” she says as she looks over at him. I look too and my cheeks start to blush when I see him staring shamelessly at me from the other side of the room. He’s got a territorial look in his sexy grey eyes as he stares me down.

“He hasn’t taken his eyes off you,” she says in awe. “This man never looks at *anyone*. No one has ever seen him with a girl before.”

Well, he’s looking at me.

And now he’s coming over.

“Oh shit,” Alicia says as she straightens up and tries to shake the tipsiness out of her head. “He’s coming.”

He never takes his eyes off me as he dominantly walks across the room like a sexy Terminator.

“Kelly,” he says as he comes up to me and takes my hand. I start to breathe harder with him towering over me like this. He smells so good. He looks even better.

Alicia clears her throat beside me.

“Oh, Trevor. This is my friend, Alicia. She works in HR.”

It takes him an extra few seconds, but he manages to tear his eyes away from mine to look at her.

“Nice to meet you,” he says quickly before turning back to me.

I don’t understand any of this. Alicia is a perfect ten. She’s a total knockout and has all the talent in the world. She can sing beautifully and move like a J-Lo back-up dancer. She *always* has the first pick of the men we meet.

But not this one...

He's all mine.

"Come dance with me," he begs.

"I didn't peg you as a dancer, Mr. Benotti," Alicia says, trying to worm her way back into the conversation.

"I'm not," he says as he stares into my eyes. "But I need to be close to your beautiful friend or my heart is going to stop."

An intense heat charges the air all around us and it even seems to hit Alicia because she backs away, leaving us alone.

"What do you say?" he asks as he steps toward me. He looks so good in his suit that I can't stop my hand from touching his chest. I run it along his lapel and lick my lips when I feel how hard his heart is thumping. "Want to come and dance with me?"

With my own heart pounding, I look up at him and nod.

He takes my hand and guides me over to the dance floor.

All eyes in the room are on me as I walk behind him. I'm feeling like the most special girl in the world as we step onto the dance floor and he turns around with a heated look.

I gulp as he comes forward and slides his big muscular arms around me. He's the most powerful man in the room and he's dancing with *me*. That's so unbelievably hot.

The band is playing some slow Michael Bubble Christmas song as we start swaying and dancing to the music as couples hold each other all around us.

His hand is on my hip and his grip on it is tight, like he's never going to let me go.

"Did I tell you how incredible you look this evening?" he asks in his deep voice that rumbles through me and makes my body stir.

"I don't think so," I answer shyly.

He looks me up and down slowly and lingers his hungry grey eyes on my breasts before looking back up.

“I’ve never seen anyone look so captivating. You’re an angel, Kelly. A truly beautiful woman who I can stare at for *hours*. You look stunning in this dress and it’s an honor to be able to dance with you.”

I feel my cheeks getting hot as he pulls me against his hard body. Nobody has ever said anything like that to me before. I always thought of myself as too big to be sexy. Too normal to be attractive. I don’t know what was spiked in his egg nog, but I just melt against his muscular frame and enjoy the moment while it lasts.

Because when the clock strikes midnight this will all go back to normal. Trevor will be a rich gorgeous CEO who is *way* out of my league once again, and I’ll be a sad twenty-four-year-old virgin who will spend *another* New Year’s Eve with no one to kiss.

Everyone keeps glancing at us as we dance, but I try not to pay attention to any of that. Trevor has all of my senses occupied with his intoxicating cologne in my nose, his soft suit and hard muscles under my fingertips, and the sound of him humming the song in my ear.

This is the perfect moment and I never want it to end.

“Spend Christmas with me,” he suddenly says.

“What?” I ask, jerking my head back in shock.

It’s one thing to share a spontaneous kiss or a dance, but spending Christmas together? That’s like leapfrogging over three dozen dates.

“I want to wake up on Christmas morning with you,” he says. I try to find the hint of a smirk on his lips or the beginnings of a laugh in his eyes, but there’s nothing. He looks totally serious. “I have to spend the Holidays with you, Kelly. I can’t let you go. It’s going to kill me.”

“Shouldn’t we go on some dates or something first?” I ask, feeling like I’m in a true fairy tale now.

“No,” he says in a dominant voice. “I know that I want you and I’m not about to wait any longer to have you. I’ve been waiting too damn long to find this.”

“And what is... this?”

He stares at me with such an intense look that it sends shivers racing down my back.

“You. I’ve been waiting for a girl like you, Kelly. No.” He shakes his head. “I’ve been waiting for *you*.”

He kisses me softly on the cheek and then holds me tight as the song finishes. My head is swirling with a million thoughts and emotions. Is this really happening?

“I’m going to need some help on this next song,” the singer says as the band strums in the background. “And I heard that one of your coworkers has the voice of an angel. Alicia...”

The crowd cheers as Alicia steps onto the stage, smiling and waving at her coworkers. My mouth drops, but I shouldn’t be surprised. She’s always pulling off stunts like this.

He hands her a mic and the band starts playing *Baby, It’s Cold Outside*.

She starts strutting around the stage, acting all sultry and looking hot as they sing to each other.

“*I really can’t go...*”

Even with Alicia acting sexy in her slim black dress, Trevor doesn’t take his eyes off me. It’s like he’s physically unable to.

The heat of his body is pressed against mine and it’s making me lightheaded. The song should be *Baby, It’s Hot in Here* with the way he’s got me squirming.

“What are you thinking?” I ask him. His eyes are so focused on me, but his mind is like a nut that I can’t quite crack. I want to know what’s on his mind so badly.

“I’m thinking I want to kiss you again, but I don’t want two hundred and sixty of my employees and their partners to see me do it.”

My lips start tingling when he looks down at my mouth.

“What are you thinking?” he asks.

“I’m thinking we better head somewhere private because I want you to kiss me.”

He grabs my hand and starts pulling me off the dance floor as I grin. I glance up at Alicia who’s still singing, but instead of acting all sexy, she’s staring at me in disbelief as her boss pulls me away.

“Where are we going?” I ask.

But he doesn’t answer. He just heads straight for the giant Christmas tree. He pulls me behind it and the whole thing shakes as he presses his hard body against my soft one. We’re jammed between the wall and the giant tree.

“Is this what you had in mind?” he asks with a grin.

“Not really.” I got sap on my back and a branch up my ass, but I’m not about to complain. “But it’s pretty perfect to me.”

His lips come down on mine hard as he gives me a rough demanding kiss that has my blood boiling and my pussy clenching. He claims my mouth like it’s his territory now as I grab onto his sexy suit and pull him even closer.

He makes a groaning sound that teases through my body and has me wanting more. I press my leg against him until I can feel his hard cock on my thigh and he makes another sexy groan.

Our wild and shameless kisses intensifies as we crush our lips together and slide our hands everywhere, grabbing, groping, and pulling with need. His powerful tattooed hand grabs my breast and I moan into his mouth.

When he grabs the back of my neck and holds me in place, I know that I’m letting this man inside of me tonight. He’s going to be my first.

And I hope he’s going to be my last.

“Let’s get the fuck out of here,” he breathlessly says before kissing me again.

“Okay,” I moan when he moves to my neck, kissing my soft skin in a way that sends shivers racing down my body. “Let’s go.”

We kiss for another few amazing seconds and then we're out of there. I'm leaving faster than I did the last time as he pulls me to the door.

His taste is still in my mouth, making me all giddy and lightheaded.

Alicia is still on the stage. She misses a line as she watches us leave in awe.

I just grin and give her a little wave.

Hopefully, I won't be seeing her later.

CHAPTER FIVE

Trevor

KELLY SHIVERS AS WE STEP OUTSIDE INTO THE COOL WINTER air. I squeeze her hand and pull her a little closer to me as we hurry down the sidewalk.

“My building is right here,” I say as we head toward it. It’s a huge skyscraper and Redemtech has the top four floors. We’ll have plenty of privacy in my corner office to make this official.

I need to keep this girl in my life. I need to have her for my own in every way possible and the best way to do that is to put a little bun in that sexy oven of hers. I want to slide my hard cock into her wet pussy and fill her with my cum until my child is growing in her young ripe womb.

Then she’ll be mine. Then she won’t be able to leave me.

I’m a possessive rich bastard who can have anything he wants. Except, I finally found something that money can’t buy. It doesn’t matter that I have a billion dollars in the bank. It wouldn’t matter if I had a hundred billion.

I’d empty every single cent in my bank account if it meant keeping her forever, but the money won’t do me a lick of good. Breeding her thick curvy body with my raw cock will be the only way to make sure she’s bound to me forever. And that’s just what I’m going to do.

“It’s beautiful,” she says as I pull her into my building through the front doors.

The security guard’s eyes dart to her red dress and my blood boils as he looks her up and down.

I grit my teeth and pull her behind me, blocking his view of my angel while I stare him down with a deadly glare.

“Mr. Benotti,” he says with a startle when he finally notices me. “Good evening, sir.”

“It won’t be a good evening if you look at my girl again,” I hiss as I stare him down, daring him to look at what’s mine. “Keep your eyes off of her.”

He knows who the true alpha in this city is and he does what I say. “Sorry, sir,” he says as he looks down at his fidgeting hands. “I didn’t mean any disrespect. It’s just she’s looking so beautiful.”

A low growl rumbles out of my throat as I charge toward him. Kelly holds onto my hand and squeezes it. She’s the only thing that can tame the beast inside me.

“Show me your office, Trevor,” she says in a soft voice. “I’ve never seen New York from so high up.”

My heart is thumping angrily in my chest as I stop and stare the security guard down. Fuck, what has gotten into me? I’ve never cared about any other girl before and now I’m ready to murder a man because he checked Kelly out?

Hell yeah, I am. Heat is flushing through my body as my pulse speeds up. Kelly’s soft touch is the only thing keeping me from ending up in a prison cell tonight.

“Come,” she says and I reluctantly turn away from the guard. I’d rather spend the night inside of her than inside of a jail.

We head to the elevator and the doors open right away. She’s watching me from the sides of her eyes as we get in.

“Everything okay?” she asks as I take off my jacket.

“I don’t want this pervert to be looking at you on the monitors.” I take my jacket and cover the camera in the corner. “You’re mine alone to look at.”

Her heated eyes are all over my torso as I roll my sleeves up my flexed forearms.

“He was just being nice,” she says as she steps forward and runs her hand from my shoulder down to my bicep. “Some women think it’s rude if a man doesn’t check her out when she’s dressed to impress.”

“You’re not dressed to impress,” I say as I wrap my arm around her thick waist and pull her up against me. She whimpers and my cock lurches in my pants when I feel her big soft breasts press against my beating heart. “You’re dressed to obsess.”

“Are you obsessed with me Mr. Benotti?” she asks with a grin.

Fuck, our mouths are so close. I can feel her hot breath teasing my lips. My hard cock is digging into her thick thigh and she’s not moving her leg.

“I’m more than obsessed with you, red. I’m *consumed* by you. I can’t fucking breathe without you beside me. You dominate my thoughts and you possess my heart. So, yeah. I’m willing to fire any fuck who dares to look at your curves.”

Her soft hand cups my cheek and she drags it down to my shoulder. My whole body is tingling. I have shivers. I’m under her spell big time and I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get out.

“No firing,” she says as she tilts her head to the side and hovers her lips a breath over mine. “It’s Christmas.”

I press my lips against hers, taking her mouth in a hard demanding kiss as I hold her so tight that she whimpers. She tastes so good and the sweetness is making my head go light. It’s making my heart pound and my cock throb.

Her body is soft all over and even though I love her red dress, I can’t wait to rip it off and see what she has hiding underneath.

I take her chin in my hand and tilt it so I can get her mouth where I want it to kiss her even deeper. She moans against my tongue and I greedily swallow it down.

I want to kiss this sexy girl so good that she'll never be able to kiss another guy without thinking back to this moment and wishing she was with me.

But she will be with me. After I take her up to my office to claim her pussy and plant my seed in her womb, she'll never be with another man again.

The elevator comes to a stop way too soon and we pull apart as the doors open with a *bing*. Her sweet red lips are parted and she's breathing heavily as she looks down at the ink on my forearms. She traces a rose petal with her thumb as I stare at her mouth, wondering what else it can do.

My dick is throbbing in my pants and my balls are aching from being so full. I can feel the wetness in my boxer briefs from all the pre-cum that's been leaking out. Ever since I touched her on the street, my cock has been leaking like a broken faucet.

"Is this the floor?" she asks as we lock eyes once again. I can't get over how sexy this girl is. Her brown eyes are mesmerizing and I can't look away.

I nod and she begins to pull me out. I leave my jacket on the camera as we step into the hall. Our hands are all over each other and we slam into the wall across the hall as our lips meet again in another intense kiss full of desperation and need.

I stay pressed up against her, grabbing and groping her thick sexy body until I hear a vacuum approaching.

"Fuck," I curse under my breath when I look down and see long extension wires running down the hallway. The cleaning crew is doing our floor. Talk about bad fucking timing.

"Where's your office?" she says in a breathless tone. Her big tits are heaving up and down with every heavy breath she takes.

"This way." I grab her hand and pull her. We don't see any of the cleaners as we sneak into my corner office, which is a

good thing because they'd know immediately what was going on. Kelly's lips are red and swollen and it looks like I'm smuggling a baseball bat in my pants.

"Wow," she gasps as I lock the door and quickly pull down the blinds. "This view is *incredible*."

I stop and stare at her as she admires the city view. I've never seen anything so stunning before. She's standing with her back to me in front of the floor-to-ceiling windows with the nighttime view of Manhattan at Christmas time in front of her. This gorgeous full-figured girl in the red dress is constantly taking my breath away, and right now is no exception.

I take the moment in, memorizing every detail for the years to come. I know I'll never forget how she looks right now on this gorgeous winter night.

I take off my watch and rings and put them on a shelf as my eyes drop from her bare back to her wide hips and round ass. A groan rumbles out of my throat knowing that her red dress isn't going to be between us for long.

She moans in satisfaction as I step up behind her and wrap my arms around her soft body. Most guys prefer slim hard girls, but that's not me. I like my girl thick with soft curves and body parts that I can grab.

"I can't believe this is your office," she says as she looks at the view in awe. "You can see the Hudson River. And there's the tree at Rockefeller Plaza!"

My head begins to swirl and my cheeks flush as I breathe in her arousing perfume. Her brown hair tickles my face as I lean in and kiss the soft curve of her neck. She tilts her head away from me and pulls her hair back as she moans with every kiss I give her.

I continue kissing a soft wet trail along her collarbone as I slide the thin straps of her dress off her shoulders. Her dress goes slack and I glance down at the huge cleavage in front of me that's nearly popping out.

Her mischievous hand reaches back and she starts dragging her palm up and down my erection. I groan against her hot skin as more pre-cum spills out.

I could cum like this, and if she doesn't stop, I just might.

"This dress is spectacular," I say as I slide my palm over her giant breasts. "But I've been waiting to see these big tits all night."

I grab onto the front of her dress and yank it down with a firm tug. She gasps as her huge naked breasts spill out.

"*Fuck, Kelly,*" I moan as I grab them with my hands and start massaging them as she strokes my cock faster. I'm taking turns staring at the reflection of them in the window and looking down at the top of them from over her shoulder. Her pink nipples are so hard against my palms and my mouth begins to water when I fantasize about what they must taste like.

My girl slowly turns around and I take a step back as she leans against the window. Her thick brown hair is looking wilder than before and her beautiful brown eyes are full of *lust*. I look at her from her head to toe, admiring every inch from her full parted lips that are swollen from the rough kisses I've been giving her, to her big beautiful tits that are jiggling with every heavy breath she takes. I lick my lips as I continue down to her wide hips that her red dress is hugging like a second skin. I take it all in and my cock throbs at the delicious sight.

"You're driving me crazy, red," I tell her as my pulse races. I've never been so turned on in all of my life. "Every time I touch myself from now until the moment I die, I'm going to be picturing this moment. I'm going to be seeing that sexy look on your face and those gorgeous tits on the back of my closed eyelids while I stroke my cock."

She nibbles on her bottom lip seductively as she watches me. "Show me," she whispers. "I want to see you touch yourself."

My hands start moving on my buckle and her eyes widen as I pull out my long hard cock. I know I have a big dick. I tried to measure it once, but the ruler was only twelve inches long. That's part of the reason why I like big girls. Small skinny chicks wouldn't be able to handle my girth. I need a big girl who can take it all. A girl like Kelly...

She holds her breath as she watches me with wide lustful eyes. I take my time, teasing her, playing with her before I finally grip my thick shaft and start stroking.

"Oh, fuck," I moan as I stare at her big pink nipples. "Is this what you wanted?"

She swallows hard. "Yeah. You're pretty hot yourself, Mr. Benotti. Your dick is huge."

I grin as I use my dripping pre-cum as lubricant. "Let's see if it fits in your sexy little mouth," I growl in a low voice.

Without hesitation, she struts over and puts her hand on my chest. She pushes me back and I let her guide me toward my chair. I fall onto it and grin as she slaps my hand away from my cock.

"I know you're the boss," she says as she pulls her hair back, making her big breasts sway. "But I'm in charge of this cock now. Got it?"

I settle in as she drops to her knees in front of me.

"It's all yours, red."

She takes my hard dick in her hand, opens her mouth wide, and then makes my eyes roll to the back of my skull...

CHAPTER SIX

Kelly

I MOAN AS I FEEL TREVOR'S HUGE COCK STRETCHING MY mouth out. Even when I push it in as far as it will go, I still have room to wrap my hand around the base of his dick. His shaft is *throbbing* in my hand and a continuous leak of pre-cum keeps oozing onto my tongue. The deliciously salty taste sends shivers racing down my spine.

My breasts are out and pressed against his legs as I move my head up and down. The fabric of his pants are making my nipples so hard. They're tingling as they beg for attention.

"Those luscious lips are magical," he groans as he pulls my hair to the side so he can get a better view of me sucking his cock. I wrap my lips as tight around his girth as I can and slide up and down faster. This is the first cock I've ever touched and I can already tell that I'm hooked. I want to do this every day. Not with just anyone though. Only with him.

He's staring down at me with focused eyes that are dark with lust and watching me so intensely like he can't drink in enough of what he's seeing. He's so goddamn sexy. His white shirt is rolled up his thick tattooed forearms and his round biceps are straining underneath the soft fabric.

His hands are gripping the armrests of his chair so hard that his knuckles are turning white. He's the most powerful man in the building and one of the most powerful in the city and I got him by the cock.

“Unbutton your shirt,” I say with a gasp. “Or, I’ll rip it open and everyone can see your hard stomach when we go back to the party.”

His big hands start deftly unbuttoning his shirt and heat starts pooling in my panties when more and more ink comes into view.

“We’re not going back,” he says in a deep throaty voice. I’m stroking his dick up and down with my hand as I watch his shirt open. “I want to stay here forever with your soft lips wrapped around my cock.”

“That sounds fun,” I say with a grin.

“Your sweet little mouth feels so good, baby. Wrap those soft lips back around it before I die.”

I grin as I jerk him off slowly. I love teasing him like this.

“Shirt off first,” I tell him. “I want to see what tattoos you have hiding under there.”

He sits up and peels off his shirt. My heart starts pounding when I see the intricate tattoo that starts on his ribs and runs up along his massive chest and over his shoulder. It continues down his round bicep and along his thick forearm to where it finally stops on the back of his hand.

He’s so fucking hot. It’s not fair. We’re not even close to being equals. His body is so shredded he must do sit-ups while he sleeps and eat nothing but protein powder. I don’t understand it. Throw a cape on him and he would belong on the cover of a comic book.

“Do you like muscles?” he asks with a grin as I slide my wet palm up his hard abs.

We lock eyes and all I can do is nod.

“And tattoos?”

My heated eyes run along his sexy ink and I gulp.

“I’ll take that as a yes. Now, a deal is a deal. My shirt is off. Wrap those sweet lips back around my dick.” His deep

commanding voice goes right to my throbbing clit as I open up wide and take him back in.

He watches with his powerful chest heaving up and down as I spoil him.

My pussy is burning with need as I run my flat tongue along his long hard cock from the thick base to the swollen tip. He tastes so good and that smell... *oh, lord*. That heavy masculine smell of his cologne is driving me mad with desire. It's making my clit *ache*.

His strong hands sink into my hair and a jolt surges through me straight to my core as he begins to guide me up and down in the way he likes it. He's such an alpha and I can tell he always gets what he wants. He demands it and the people around him comply.

I'm just happy that what he wants is me.

He presses my head down until his thick cock makes me gag. My eyes begin to water as he groans and does it again.

His grip in my hair tightens as I make another guttural sound and I can tell he likes hearing me choke on his big cock.

I do it again, this time pressing him against the back of my throat without him guiding me and he lets out a low throaty moan.

I'm so fucking wet. My panties are soaked through and I can feel the hot stickiness on my thighs.

I want to touch myself so badly. I can't resist.

My hand creeps down as I suck him off—between my legs, up under my dress, and into my panties. I'm even wetter than I thought and my body starts to erupt as I begin rubbing my engorged clit.

Trevor's hand suddenly tightens in my hair and he gives me a little warning tug. "Take that hand out," he snaps in a thick voice that's full of authority. God, he's so demanding in the way he barks out every command like a savage barbarian. I'm a proud independent woman who lives alone and has her own business, but I still end up submitting to his will and his

every command. He just has that effect on me. He radiates authority and dominance with every breath that he takes and for some reason it grips me and I bend to his will. But I wouldn't want it any other way. What's sexier than having a hot alpha male barking out sexual commands and having to obey every single one of them?

"Don't touch that pussy again," he says as I lift my hand away from the throbbing between my legs. "I'm going to be the one to make you cum."

I keep my hand low so he doesn't see how much cream is on my fingers. I'm embarrassed at how wet I am.

But Trevor isn't having any of that shit.

"Let's see it," he barks.

I swallow hard and nervously raise my hand. My wetness is sparkling on my fingers as it reflects the city lights beside us.

He grabs my wrist in a firm grip and brings it closer to him. His eyes darken as he inspects it.

"How wet is that little pussy?" he growls.

I swallow as I hear the desire in his voice and see it on his face. "Pretty fucking wet," I whisper.

"I can see that," he says as he brings my hand closer to him. "Let's see how it tastes."

I gasp as he puts my wet creamy fingers into his mouth and sucks them clean. He closes his eyes and pulls them out with a moan as he savors the taste of my pussy.

My heart is racing as I watch him. This hot powerful man just tasted my most intimate area and he's loving it. I nearly cum when he opens his eyes and I see the look of pure satisfaction on his face.

"Fuck, that's good," he moans as he reaches down and cups the side of my tits. "I want to slide between these beautiful tits and then I'm going to sink my hard cock inside that hot little pussy and get it even wetter."

I sit up on my knees as he wraps my breasts around his throbbing cock and starts moving his hips up and down, titty fucking me.

More heat begins pooling between my legs and dripping down my thighs as I feel his hard cock thrusting up between my mounds. Fire sears through me from my curling toes to my aching nipples as his hot pre-cum makes a mess of my cleavage.

“Spit on it,” he commands as he watches my breasts swallowing his dick with every downward thrust. I’m squeezing my breasts around him and my cheeks start to blush as my mouth waters. “Do it.”

I open my lips a little and spit on his cock. It mixes with the pre-cum and helps lube everything up.

My heart is pounding so fast against his thick cock and I wonder if he can feel it. Every part of me is burning. I’m aching with need as my swollen clit throbs.

His face starts to twist with agony and I know he’s close. I start bouncing up and down faster, jerking him off with my tits. I want to feel him erupt all over them.

He cums with a savage roar and I gasp as he shoots his hot load all over my chin, neck, chest, and tits in long heavy spurts.

We both slow to a stop and stare at each other as our breaths come out heavy and labored. I look down and suck in a breath when I see myself covered in him.

“Up,” he commands in a firm voice.

I do what he says and stand up on my thick shaky legs.

“Now pull up your dress and sink that wet cunt down on your new man’s cock.”

My whole body is tingling as I pull up my dress. His hungry eyes are locked between my legs as my wet panties come into view. They’re black and lacy and uncomfortable as fuck, but I’m glad I wore them now.

“Pull those panties to the side and let’s see those pink lips. I want to see how wet they are for me.”

My trembling hand slides between my legs and I pull the lacy fabric to the side, exposing my aching mound for him.

He sucks in a satisfied breath when he sees my wet pussy in front of him.

This is the most erotic moment of my life. I’m in the corner office of a huge skyscraper with my pussy exposed for a powerful man who’s obsessed with me. All of New York is visible behind him with the stunning lights and majestic view, but he’s only got eyes for me. He can’t seem to peel them off me.

“Good,” he says as he nods in approval. “Now straddle those big sexy legs over me and slide down on my cock.”

I take one step forward and the door unlocks.

We both gasp as we turn to it just in time to see it swing open. The female janitor walks in backward as she drags the huge vacuum into the room. She has big headphones over her ears and doesn’t see us as she flicks the blindingly bright lights on.

I let go of my dress and drop to the floor. Trevor drops too and we laugh as we hide under the desk like a couple of teenagers getting caught in their parent’s house.

He pulls in the chair and we hold our breath as she begins to vacuum the office. We’re squeezed tight under here and I can barely move.

Somehow, Trevor’s hand landed between my legs and he begins to continue where we left off. I hold my breath and lick my lips as I feel his hand slide under my dress. My body is aching and my back is arching as I impatiently wait for his hand to arrive.

I swallow a moan when he runs his finger over my mound that’s covered up with black lace. He then dips a fingertip under the band of my wet panties and pulls them aside, revealing my burning pussy.

Our faces are next to each other and I can feel his hot breath washing over me as he teases my aching folds. I'm tingling all over. This is so naughty and hot. The cleaner has no idea that I'm under the desk with Mr. Benotti's hand on my sex.

"You *are* wet," he whispers as he traces my wet hole with his fingertip. "And *tight*."

I try not to make a sound as he reaches my clit but that doesn't work out too well. Heavy moans keep tumbling out of me as he plays with it. Rubbing and teasing all over.

"*Shhh*," he whispers with a grin.

He knows what he's doing to me. He knows I can't stay quiet.

Another deep moan erupts from my throat and I'm glad that the vacuum is loud enough to drown them out.

My whole body starts to shudder as he makes me feel better than I've ever felt before. I stretch my legs open as much as they'll go, but we're crammed under the small area under the desk and I can barely move.

His fingers start to dip in my virgin hole and I start writhing my hips against him as my heart pounds. He doesn't slide all the way inside and I wonder if it's because he feels my hymen pressing back against him.

This man is driving me *crazy*. I feel the tightness building inside and it's unbearable. Everything is building—the heat, the tension... I'm almost there...

The cleaner arrives behind the desk and starts vacuuming behind the chair. She's right fucking there. I can see her white shoes as the vacuum moves back and forth. Trevor doesn't stop. He's relentless. He's cruel. He keeps rubbing my clit harder and teasing my orgasm out.

If she pulls back the chair, we'll be so busted.

My tits are out, I'm covered in cum, and his hand is on my pussy, working it as he pulls an orgasm out of me.

She doesn't touch the chair, but she's still standing there as I unravel. The heat surges through me as my tight body lets go. My eyes squeeze shut and my mouth flies open, ready to unleash a scream, but Trevor's hand suddenly covers my lips and he muffles the worst of it.

He holds my convulsing body tightly as my tits jiggle and the heat runs through me. When the most intense part is over, he drops his hand and I'm breathing heavily, wondering what the hell just happened. That was the first time I've ever orgasmed like that before. I've had small tremors over the years during the few times I touched myself, but this was a magnitude ten earthquake.

The cleaner suddenly turns the vacuum off and I can hear the pounding of my heart in my ears. She drops it on the floor in front of us and leaves the room.

"Quick," I say as I push the chair out. "We have a minute to get dressed and get out of here."

He grabs my waist and holds me in place.

"Wait," he says as he looks me over. He scoops his cum off my chest and neck and rubs it over my tingling pussy. "If we're going back out there, I want you marked as Trevor Benotti's."

"I already am," I say as I look into his sexy grey eyes.

He spreads his seed through my wet folds and makes sure to coat every inch of my throbbing mound.

"You're mine now, Kelly Stockett."

I gulp as I see the possessiveness in his eyes.

You can say that again.

Satisfied that my pussy is marked as his, he lets me go and we scurry out from under the desk.

I'd be upset to leave this office, but I know that the night is just getting started.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Kelly

TREVOR HEADS OVER TO THE GUARD ON THE WAY OUT AND I'M worried he's going to give him a walloping, but instead, he pulls out a couple of hundred dollars bills and stuffs them into his trembling hands.

I guess he was a little on edge before I smoothed him out upstairs. My lips curl up into a grin, knowing I have that kind of power over him.

"Merry Christmas," Trevor says to him as he storms back over to me. He's still keeping his eye on the guy who refuses to look at me, even when I wish him a Merry Christmas too.

"You're crazy," I say as he wraps his arm around my waist and holds me close. "Are you going to send every guy who talks to me running away with their tails between their legs?"

"No," he grunts as he opens the door and lets me go first. "I plan on breaking their legs."

I laugh, but he's not laughing as we step into the cold night. The crisp winter air washes over my hot skin and makes the spots where Trevor's cum landed on me tingle. Trevor takes his jacket off his arm and puts it on my shoulders. I rub my smiling cheek on the lapel and breathe in his intoxicating scent. I've never had a boyfriend to give me his jacket before. I like it.

But I don't have anything on my bare legs and the cold wind keeps creeping up my dress. It feels nice and cool on my burning sex.

"Taxi!" Trevor shouts as he pulls me to the curb. His hand is in the air as he tries to wave one down.

"Where are we going?" I ask as I watch him.

His eyes are focused down the street. "My place."

I look back at the Hotel where the party is taking place without us. "But I don't have my jacket."

"I'll buy you a new wardrobe," he says and I can't tell if he's kidding or not. I don't think he is.

A cab suddenly cuts out of the flow of traffic and pulls up beside us.

"Trevor!" a woman's voice calls out from behind us. I turn and see the woman who introduced him on stage come rushing over. She's wearing nothing but her cocktail dress and is shivering as she tries to run on high heels. "Trevor! There you are!"

Trevor turns with a groan. "Hi, Margaret."

She looks at me and her jaw tightens a little when she sees his jacket on my shoulders. She's probably wondering what is going on between us. Well, that makes two of us...

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she says. "It's time to hand out the bonus checks."

His grip on my arm tightens and he glances back at the parked cab.

I can tell he doesn't want to go. I can just picture Alicia and all of the other employees spending Christmas without their checks.

"Let's go back in," I whisper to him. "It's okay. I could use another drink."

He hesitates as he stares at me.

"You can buy me a full wardrobe later," I say with a grin.

He huffs out a frustrated breath and then opens the passenger side door of the cab. “We changed our minds.”

He closes the door and the cab leaves.

“I’ll meet you inside,” Margaret says as she leaves with a shiver.

I turn to follow her, but Trevor’s grip on my arm tightens and he holds me back.

“I don’t want to see you talking to any men in there. I want you all to myself.”

“I’ll just talk to Alicia,” I promise him. “And the bartender.”

He frowns and I laugh.

“Fine. I’ll get Alicia to order.”

The tension in his face lightens up a little. “We’ll do this quickly and then you’re coming back to my place and I’m claiming that sweet cherry of yours.”

I feel my face go pale. “The what?”

“Don’t play that game with me, red. I felt your cherry against my fingers. I know you’ve never been touched by a man down there. It’s *mine*.”

I swallow hard as I see the intensity in his face. I was worried that he would think it was weird that I was a twenty-four-year-old virgin, but he seems to like it.

He gives me one last hungry look before he starts pulling me inside.

I’m happy I saved it for him.

I want him to have it.

No, I want him to *take* it.

~
“You’re lying,” Alicia says as she stares at me in shock. I can tell she’s had a few glasses of wine by the way she’s swaying

while she looks at me with pure jealousy on her face. “What did you do, exactly?”

I feel my cheeks go hot as I look up at Trevor. He’s on stage with Margaret handing out the checks. Every one of his employees leaves with a huge smile, but he’s not seeing any of it. His possessive eyes are locked on me.

“He just showed me his office,” I lie.

“Yeah, right! He hasn’t taken his eyes off you. You guys totally fucked!”

“*Shhhh*,” I whisper as I quickly look around to see if anyone heard.

“We didn’t. But I think we might later.”

She grabs my arm and her eyes narrow on mine. “I am *so* jealous of you right now.”

I can’t believe it. Alicia jealous of me?

“He’s so hot and he’s so fucking *rich*.”

I shift uncomfortably from foot to foot. I don’t care about that. Really, I don’t. Trevor could be on welfare and I would still be falling in love with him if he looked at me in the way he’s looking at me now.

He hands out the last bonus check and then leaps off the stage and rushes over.

Alicia steps back as he charges in and grabs my wrist. “Have a good evening, Alicia. We’re leaving.”

He pulls me to the exit and I look back and see Alicia staring in awe.

“Have fun,” she mouths to me and then we’re gone.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Trevor

“YOUR PLACE IS AMAZING,” KELLY SAYS AS SHE WALKS around my penthouse suite. I have a sick view of Manhattan, but it’s got nothing on her curves.

She walks along the floor-to-ceiling windows and then over to my fireplace.

“Hit that switch,” I tell her as I open a nice bottle of wine that I’ve been saving for a special occasion. The President of France gave it to me as a welcome gift the last time I was in Paris.

She flicks the switch and then jumps back with a shriek when the fireplace erupts in flames. Her adorable cheeks turn pink with embarrassment and she starts laughing at herself.

I put some soft sexy music on, starting off with *Good Thing Gone* by Elle King. Her raspy voice fills my place as I walk over with the two glasses of wine.

“I like it,” she says as she looks around. “But...”

“What’s the but?” I ask as I hand her a glass of wine. Our fingers touch for a second and a groan rises to my lips. We’ve done a lot more than touching fingers, but every time I feel her skin, my body reacts in a strong way.

“You have no Christmas tree!” she says as she stares at me in disbelief. “It’s eight days until Christmas and you’d never

know it! You have zero decorations! Are you going to peel off a skin suit and reveal that you're the Grinch?"

"I was thinking of peeling something else off and revealing every inch."

She grins with her cheeks blushing as she takes a sip of her wine. Her brown eyes are clouding over with lust and desire as she watches me from over the rim.

"That could work too," she says as she licks her red lips.

"You want a tree in here?"

She smiles. "Do you?"

"If you do, I do."

My heart is aching in my chest as I watch her. Every turn of her head or movement of her lips causes my heart to twist a little. It feels like it's going to implode.

"I'll tell you what," I say as I place my wine glass on the coffee table and go to her. "I'll let you pick out a tree for this place tomorrow if you let me do all the dirty things to you that keep running through my head."

She holds her breath as she strokes the stem of the wine glass with her finger. "That sounds like a pretty good deal. But I'm warning you, I'm going to pick the biggest one since you have such high ceilings."

I take the glass from her and place it on the table. "And I'm warning you," I say as I slide my hands on her tantalizing hips. "I have some pretty dirty things running through my head at the moment."

Her brown eyes are sparkling as she looks at me seductively. "Show me," she whispers.

I hold her jaw with my hand and kiss her hard. With my free hand, I yank her dress back down, freeing her big juicy tits once again.

The tension in my body eases a little. I didn't like them covered up.

I unzip her dress and she wiggles out of it as I hold her head in place and explore her sweet mouth with my tongue.

I slide my free hand into her panties as she steps out of her dress and I groan when I feel how wet she is. Her black lacy underwear is soaked through.

“Are you always going to keep this fresh pussy wet and ready for me?” I ask as I hover my tingling lips over hers.

“It gets wet whenever I look at you,” she says in a breathless moan. “Or whenever I feel your strong hands on me. It *burns* for you.”

I release her jaw and drop to my knees in front of her. “Let me soothe it for you then.”

Her big tits start moving up and down with every lustful breath as I grab her panties and slowly pull them down her thighs. My eyes are locked on her wet cunt as I pull them down to her ankles and guide her feet out of them. This sexy virgin is completely naked in front of me and it makes me so happy to know that I’m the only one who’s seen her like this before.

I reach around and grab her soft ass as I dive in once again, licking her pussy while she moans above me. Those huge tits are swaying and bouncing as her body jerks from the feeling of my tongue on her clit.

She’s so wet and as I tongue her, more of her warm cream seeps out and makes a mess on my lips and chin.

“Leg up,” I growl as I lift her left leg and rest it on my shoulder. *Yes...* Now, I can get more of her into my mouth. The heady smell of her desire is all over me and making my cock ache. I’m so fucking hard. My balls feel so full of cum. I need to release soon or they’re going to burst.

I play with her pussy and tease her virgin hole with my tongue until she’s moaning and crying out my name.

When I realize I haven’t seen her ass yet, I bring down her leg, turn her around, and bend her over the couch.

“Ass up,” I command when she shyly tries to move. “I want to see what you got hiding between these gorgeous cheeks.”

I grab ahold of her soft ass cheeks and spread them apart. *Fucking hell...*

I’m glad I’m on my knees because the beautiful sight of her little puckered asshole makes my body weak.

With a groan, I dive in and devour every nook and cranny. She’s moaning and convulsing as I tongue her sweet asshole and then drag it back down to her sopping wet pussy. My curvy girl is moaning louder and louder as I thrust my tongue inside her. She presses her ass against my face and starts to buck when I wrap my lips around her clit and start sucking.

She cums all over me, spraying my mouth with her hot syrup as I grip her shaking thighs and hold her in place. My eyes are locked on her pink starfish as it puckers with every pulse of her orgasm.

“*Oh, Trevor!*” she cries out between gasps of air. Her whole body is shaking as I stand up and pull out my hard cock. “*Put it in! Please!*”

She reaches back and spreads her ass cheeks for me and I grit my teeth when I see her glistening pussy lips open and the tight pink heat inside.

She’s new at this but so eager at the same time. It’s killing me.

I press my cock to her warm opening and grip her thick waist with both hands as I slowly ease it in.

My pulse is racing as I look down and see my cock entering without any protection. There’s nothing stopping me from breeding her fertile young body. Nothing stopping me from claiming her womb and her cunt at the same time.

I slowly slide my swollen head in and she throws her head back and moans. My arms are flexed. My jaw is clenched. I can’t fucking breathe, she’s so damn tight. The walls of her pussy are closing around me like they’re trying to force me back out, but I’m not going anywhere but in deeper.

I grab her hair and wrap it around my fist as I tug her head back. “This is going to hurt, red. I got a big cock and this pussy is *virgin* tight.”

“I don’t care,” she moans as she tries to thrust her ass back to take more of me in. I can see her eyes glazed over. She’s consumed with lust right now. “Just stick it in me. *Please!* I need it.”

My hand tightens on her waist and I thrust in hard, tearing through her cherry as I slide all the way inside her.

She screams out as I push all the way in. Her tight heat is wrapped around every long throbbing inch of my cock and I can’t think of anything but the way she’s squeezing me.

I let go of her hair and she turns around with a wild challenging look in her eyes.

“You feel so good, red,” I moan. “Your pussy is so fucking tight.”

“It’s your pussy now,” she says as she bites her bottom lip. “Show me what you have planned for it.”

A grin hits my lips as I slowly pull out of her. My eyes are locked on my shaft with her pussy juice and virginity that’s coating me all over. The sight is so beautiful that it stuns me to my core.

After a long moment of staring, she groans with impatience and I let her have it. I hit her with long hard strokes that speed up after every thrust. She’s moaning and arching her back and meeting every pump of my hips with her amazing ass.

My balls feel so fucking swollen and heavy as they slap against her clit with every thrust of my hips.

“Tell me how it feels, red...”

She moans as she drops her head. “*So* fucking good, Trevor. I’ve never been so full. Your cock is *perfect*.”

The couch starts moving across the floor, jerking forward with every hard thrust as she clings onto the side of it. It hits the coffee table and her wine glass falls over, shattering glass

and spilling red wine everywhere, but I don't care. I'm not stopping to clean it up. I'm not stopping this for anything.

I can tell by the way she's moaning and from the tightness in her body that she's close to cumming. I love that I already know her body so well.

Her pussy squeezes my shaft even more as her orgasm erupts through her. She screams out so loud that my ears ring as waves of pleasure shoot through her veins. Her cunt is tighter than ever and I'd love to unload all of my cum inside her right now, but there's something I want even more.

I fuck her through her orgasm and then suddenly pull out. She turns around with a feral snarl like a wild cat who just got her tail stepped on.

"Your cunt is better than I dreamed it would be," I say as I grip my wet cock and walk over to the couch. "But I want to see those big tits bouncing up and down in front of my face as I cum inside you."

I plop down onto the couch and hold my cock up as she struts over. I don't know where to look as she straddles me with her big thighs. She slaps my hand away, grabs my shaft, and guides it into her tight little hole.

We both let out deep moans as she drops down on me and starts rolling her hips. She's grinding her clit on my pelvis as I start playing with her massive breasts. I take one hard nipple in my mouth then the other until she starts sliding up and down.

I sit back and enjoy the view of this beautiful full-figured girl bouncing up and down on my cock. Her tits are flopping all over the place and it's so fucking sexy that I feel my orgasm coming sooner than I had hoped.

I try to hold it back, but it's fighting its way out of me and I'm too weak with her big tits bouncing in front of me and her hard nipples grazing my face. So, I just let it go. My body flexes and then goes limp as my cock pulses and I empty every drop of my cum into her young ripe womb.

Her face twists up in pleased agony as she feels me unload inside her. It's too much for her to bear and she cums along with me, throwing her head back as she screams out my name.

A fresh flood of warm juices leaks out from where we're joined and I moan as it runs down my balls.

I'm in heaven. It doesn't get better than this.

My beautiful girl crumples forward into my waiting arms and I hold her tightly as our orgasms consume us.

The soft music is playing and the fire is crackling as we hold each other tight.

I kiss her neck as she rests her head on my shoulder and I know that I'm more than obsessed with this girl. I'm in love.

CHAPTER NINE

Kelly

JUST LIKE TREVOR PROMISED, THE NEXT DAY WE'RE PICKING out a Christmas tree.

He has insanely tall ceilings in his penthouse condo and I'm looking for a massive tree to match.

"You want that one?" he asks when he sees my eyes light up at the most perfect tree.

"It's too big," I say, but I can't stop staring at it. "It's too much."

"It's yours."

He waves the guy over and pays for it as I stand behind him giggling in excitement. I've never had a tree like this before. My parents have a small house in New Hampshire and I've never had a tree taller than my chin.

"Where's your truck?" the guy asks after he wraps it up.

Trevor and I both turn and look at the two-seater Porsche parked on the curb. We didn't really think this through.

"I need it delivered."

The guy shakes his head. "We don't deliver."

This doesn't slow Trevor down. Powerful men like him get what they want. Always.

“Bring it to my place with enough lights and decorations to fill it up and I’ll give you ten grand.”

The guy’s face drops. “Ten thousand dollars?”

“I want it there in two hours.” The man is in shock as he watches Trevor scribble his address down on the back of his business card. “Deal?”

The man snatches the card and gets moving. “Oh, you got a deal all right!”

He rushes away with the giant tree as Trevor takes my hand and pulls me back to the car.

“Do you always do stuff like that?” I ask him.

“What? Buy giant trees? Not really.”

“I mean do you always get what you want? Even when you can’t have it?”

His sexy grey eyes lock onto me as he opens the car door and waits for me to get in. “I got you and I shouldn’t have had you.”

“Why shouldn’t you have had me?”

“Look at you,” he says as if it’s completely obvious. “You’re perfect. You’re an angel. No man should be this lucky.”

I shake my head and blush as I get into the car. He closes the door and comes around to the driver’s side.

“But really,” I ask when he gets in. “You just spent ten thousand dollars to have a tree delivered.”

“No,” he says as he starts the car and pulls away from the curb. “I paid ten thousand dollars to make you happy.”

I look down at my lap as a grin hits my lips.

“Is it working?”

I look up at him and smile. “Yeah. It’s working.”

“So, you’re going to spend Christmas with me?”

I can’t help but nod.

“I’d love to.”

CHAPTER TEN

Trevor

WHEN I SEE KELLY STANDING IN FRONT OF THE CHRISTMAS tree at my huge chalet in Upstate New York talking to my dad, I finally understand the hype around Christmas. I know it's cheesy and I probably sound like I'm in a Hallmark movie, but it's true.

Seeing how good my girl looks in the new dark red dress I bought for her is making me want to kick everyone out so I can feast on what I really want to eat for Christmas dinner... her.

Both of our families are here mingling and getting into the eggnog while it snows outside. The fire is roaring and the view of the mountains through the giant windows is spectacular.

We were initially going to spend Christmas in the city, but after I knew I was going to propose, I just had to do it up here.

I called Kelly's family in New Hampshire and begged them to come, but they were reluctant at first. They only agreed after I told them I was going to propose to their daughter and offered to fly them up in my private jet.

"I love her," my mother says as she sidles up beside me.

"So do I." I can't take my eyes off her. My father is probably telling her all about his enormous ship in a bottle collection, but she's still listening politely and smiling at him, even if she does look my way every so often.

“So, she’s the one for you?” my mother asks.

“Without question. I’m spending the rest of my life with her.”

“That makes me so happy to hear,” she says with a grin. “I’ve been waiting so long for you to settle down. I didn’t think it would ever happen.”

“Neither did I to be honest. But when I saw her at the office Christmas party, I just knew. I just had to have her.”

“And grandkids?” she asks with a wince. I’m her only child and I know she’s had her heart set on having grandkids even though she never pressured me before.

“*Tons*,” I say as my eyes roam down Kelly’s full-figured body. I’m going to breed this girl until she’s throwing a white flag at me and begging me to stop.

“Oh, goodie!” my mother squeals as she claps her hands in excitement. “I can’t wait! When are you going to propose?”

I was going to do it after everyone left, but I can’t wait any longer. I need a ring on her finger as soon as possible. My body feels all itchy inside whenever I look at her bare hand.

“Right now,” I say as I step forward.

Everyone gathers in the massive living room as I clink my wine glass with a fork.

Kelly’s gorgeous brown eyes find me and she’s got a half nervous half excited look on her face as if she’s asking me, ‘what are you doing?’

“They say Christmas is the time for miracles, but I didn’t believe it until a miracle walked into my life.” I turn to my love and her round cheeks are blushing. “Kelly. You are that miracle. I’ve never felt about anyone the way I feel about you. These past few days have been pure magic. Being with you is bliss. It’s the closest thing to heaven that I’ll ever know and I want to feel this way every day for the rest of my life.”

I’m slowly walking toward her as my heart pounds. All eyes are on us, but our eyes are only on each other.

“I love you. I will always love you.”

Her eyes sparkle and her face lights up when I pull out a ten-carat diamond ring and drop to my knee in front of her.

“If you let me put this ring on, you’ll be mine forever and I’ll be yours. What do you say, red? Will you marry me?”

She covers her face with her trembling hands and when she finally removes them, there are tears in her eyes. “Yes,” she says as her lip quivers. “Yes, I’ll marry you!”

I leap up and wrap my arms around her as everyone claps and cheers all around us.

She agreed to marry me. That was the first part.

Now, I have to make her agree to do it before New Years’.

I slip the ridiculously expensive ring on her finger and she looks so damn thrilled that it makes my heart feel like it’s going to explode.

Yup. We’re getting married in the next few days.

Every day with her is a sweet bliss. I love being around her, but it’s torture that she’s not my wife. I’ll have to remedy that as soon as possible.

“I love you,” she whispers in my ear as she hugs me. “Thank you.”

“Merry Christmas, red,” I whisper back.

She gives me a long soft kiss on my lips and I moan when I feel her wet cheeks pressed against mine.

“Merry Christmas, fiancée,” she whispers with a smile when she finally pulls away.

I grin as I stare at my angel.

“It’s a Merry Christmas now.”

EPILOGUE

Kelly

One year later...

IT'S ANOTHER CHRISTMAS AT OUR GIANT CHALET IN THE mountains, only this time Trevor isn't feeling so romantic.

Last year was the definition of a magically romantic Christmas with the amazing proposal and us getting married two days later.

This year is more of a lustful X-rated Christmas with the way he's chasing me around the chalet with his tongue hanging out.

"Our families will be here any minute!" I say as his hands go straight to my ass. It was a mistake wearing another red dress for him when our families are about to arrive. He wants to tear it off me.

We're in the kitchen and he's feeling me up as he starts kissing my neck.

"We can't start now, there's company about to..."
Actually, that does feel nice...

"Mmmm," I moan as my body starts getting all worked up. Heat billows inside me and swirls down between my legs as his hands move up to my breasts.

I snap out of it and grab his wrist. "Later," I tell him as I dig my nails into his skin. "Let's wait until everyone leaves."

“I’ve waited...” he says as he presses his hard cock against my thigh, making me gasp. Fuck, I’ve missed that dick. “...too long. I want that tight little pussy wrapped around my cock now.”

I don’t know how tight it is anymore since I just gave birth three months ago, but with his huge dick, everything is tight.

I made the mistake a few minutes ago of telling Trevor that the doctor had given us the go-ahead and my body was ready for sex. I thought it would be a nice Christmas treat and it would get him excited for tonight, but all it did was turn him into a crazed animal with the way he’s lusting over me.

“But the guests...” I say with a moan as I feel how hard he is. His cock is throbbing as hard as my pussy is and my resolve begins to break.

His strong hand cups my sex and I gasp when I feel his fingers sliding over my wet folds.

“All right,” I say in a breathless moan. “Make it fast.”

He drops to the floor in the kitchen and pulls me down with him.

Baby Nathan is sleeping in his crib, so we don’t have to worry about him. All we have to worry about is our families walking in for Christmas dinner and seeing me on the floor with my barbarian husband on top of me, balls deep in my pussy.

This isn’t a slow and romantic lovemaking. It’s frantic, wild, and desperate. Trevor yanks up my dress and rips my panties clean off. They’re in shreds on the floor as he shoves his hard cock into me with one hard glorious thrust.

We both cry out as he holds his throbbing cock in deep. I forgot how good he feels stretching and filling my pussy, and my whole body melts against the kitchen tiles.

It only takes three hard thrusts to unravel us both. We both cum as hard as the first time, screaming out so loud that we wake the baby.

My whole body flutters when I feel his hot cum coating my pussy walls and leaking out onto my ass. How did we go so long without this?

“Hello!” someone shouts as the front door swings open. “Merry Christmas!”

“Shit!” we both say as the sound of a crowd comes pouring into our house.

Trevor jumps off of me and quickly pulls his big cock back into his pants and fumbles with his zipper as the footsteps get closer.

I sit up, pull down my dress, and try to smooth my hair out that’s now a hot mess.

We’re both standing up from behind the granite island when our families walk into the kitchen. They all stop short when they see us.

It does look rather suspicious. We’re both breathing heavily with our cheeks flushed, hair a mess, clothes dishelved, and it doesn’t help that my torn panties are laying on the floor in full view of everyone.

Trevor quickly snatches them up and stuffs them into his pocket as his sticky cum begins to leak out of me and coat the inside of my thighs.

“Come in!” I say, ignoring the obvious. “Welcome and Merry Christmas.”

They all come in and settle down with drinks and appetizers. Trevor’s mom is holding her grandson Nathan and looking happier than ever.

I grin when I bump into Nathan by the fridge. “Maybe that wasn’t the best way to start Christmas dinner.”

“Are you kidding, red?” he says as he slaps my ass. “That was the perfect way to start Christmas dinner. And wait until you see what I have planned for dessert.”

My cheeks start to blush as my big powerful man struts away, cocky as all hell.

God, I love him.

EPILOGUE

Kelly

Nine years later...

THE KIDS CAN BARELY CONTAIN THEIR EXCITEMENT AS THEY stare at the mountain of presents under the Christmas tree. All five of them are staring with wide unblinking eyes, trying to see which ones are for them. We might have gone a little nuts with the presents this year.

I smile at Trevor as he watches me. He's always watching me. Five kids and a decade of marriage later, and the man can still not contain himself around me. Even on Christmas morning.

We're spending the Holidays in our chalet in upstate New York, which we do every year and it's the perfect Christmas scene. The morning air is alive with large fluffy flakes of snow that cover everything in sight, the large tree is shining bright with hundreds of colorful lights, Mariah Carey is singing softly to us about the joys of Christmas over the speakers, the fire is roaring in the massive stone fireplace behind us, and our five kids are about to explode if we make them wait any longer.

"Can we open something?" our oldest, Nathan, asks as his face begins to turn red. "*Please!* I've been waiting for this since September!"

I grin as I glance over at Trevor. He's looking adorable with a Santa hat on his head.

"Open one," Trevor says. "Your mom and I have to get some coffee in us."

He stands up and my heart starts to beat a little harder when I see the hungry look in his eyes. Uh oh. I know what that look means.

"Kelly? Want to come help me?"

I swallow hard as I get up. "Sure," I say, trying to act nonchalant. "You kids just pick whichever one you want and we'll be right back. Wait for us here, okay?"

They don't answer because they're too busy ruffling through the presents trying to find the biggest ones. As they grab their presents, I hurry out of the room after my sexy husband.

He's by the coffee pot in the kitchen, pouring two steaming cups.

"Do you think we got them too many presents or—?"

Trevor's arms are suddenly wrapped around me and he pulls me into his body for a deep sensual kiss.

I moan and turn to jelly as I melt against his hard body that's covered in a soft t-shirt and pajama pants. His tongue thrusts in deep and I grab a fistful of his shirt, thankful for him and thankful that I brushed my teeth earlier.

"Merry Christmas," he says in a low sexy voice that has me wanting more. My body is craving more of him and just the thought keeps sending tingling heat right between my legs.

"You didn't really need help with the coffee did you?" I ask as my cheeks start to blush.

His big strong hands start moving down my sides and I gasp when they slip into my pajama bottoms.

"No, I needed something else..."

His voice is so deep and growly in the morning and it's driving me crazy as he speaks low in my ear like this.

“What did you need?” I ask in a breathy moan as his fingertips get closer... so fucking close... “Milk? Sugar?”

“Cream,” he says as his fingertips reach my clit. I moan out loud as his finger presses against my button. I grab onto his thick tattooed forearm and crumble around his hand as he begins to play with my wet pussy.

“*Trevor*,” I gasp. “The kids...” I close my eyes and bite my bottom lip when I feel his fingers parting my folds and then sliding deep into my wet hole. *Oh, Christmas cookies...* He won't stop now. Thank the Lord for that.

“They're busy with their new toys,” he says as he slides in deeper. “And I'm busy with my favorite toy.”

“You're going to end up on the naughty list,” I warn him.

“I'm already on it,” he whispers in my ear. “Lucky for you.”

I'm so wet as he runs his fingers along my slit while he keeps the bottom of his hand pressed hard against my aching clit. I start to writhe against him as little whimpers and moans fall from my parted lips.

I have one eye on the entrance to the kitchen and one on my dominant husband as he makes me even wetter.

“God, you are so fucking sexy,” he growls as he looks down at me. I swear, I'm not. I'm wearing twenty dollar family appropriate pajamas with no make-up and my hair is just pure mayhem right now. I am the opposite of sexy, but to him, I know I am. He always makes me feel sexy even with all of my extra curves and the baby weight that refused to leave with the babies.

“And you're so *wet*,” he moans as he presses his erection against my leg. I gasp when I feel how hard he is. It's going to be torture waiting for the Christmas presents to get unwrapped so we can sneak upstairs to continue what we're starting.

“I have a thing for Santa,” I say with a grin. “That sexy red hat is really doing it for me.”

His eyes narrow and I laugh. “Don’t tell me you’re jealous of a fictional man?”

I wouldn’t put it past him. He’s a tad possessive when it comes to me. Even after all of these years and all of these kids, he still wants me all to himself.

“I’m jealous of everyone when it comes to you,” he says as he starts to rub my clit harder, getting me off.

I whimper as I look back at the entrance to the kitchen. “The kids are just outside,” I whisper between moans. “We have to stop.”

He pulls his hand out of my pajama pants and I’m shocked to see how much cream is coated on his fingers. Without taking his eyes off mine, he puts them in his mouth and sucks them clean. My breath quickens and my pussy pulses when he moans and I see how much he’s savoring my taste.

“Your cream tastes so fucking good.” I gasp as he thrusts his hand back into my pants and starts getting me off with his hand.

My body begins to tense with the need to orgasm. I can feel it building...

“This is what’s going to happen,” he says in a deep commanding voice. “I’m going to make you cum hard on my hand. Then, we’re going to go back in there and let the kids open their presents. Once they’re distracted with their toys, I’m going to bring you upstairs and throw you on the bed.”

I’m moaning and breathing heavily as he sends lightning shooting through my body with every firm touch and soft stroke of his hand on my sex.

“Then, I’m going to rip these pajamas off your body, spread your sexy thick legs, and then Santa is going to cum to town.”

The heat inside is getting unbearable. I feel my whole body tense and I grit my teeth as he relentlessly finger fucks me. My nails dig into his flexed forearm and I arch up on my toes as I cum hard.

My hot cream coats his hand and he just holds me tight as the intense heat of the orgasm sweeps through me, crumpling me against him.

“Thank you so much for the Barbie!” my six-year-old Jasmine screams as she runs down the hall toward the kitchen.

I drop to the floor and hide behind the island as she enters the room.

“Where’s Mom?” I hear her ask as I try to catch my breath.

My cheeks are red hot and my pussy keeps sending shockwaves through my body that make me convulse. I’m crumpled on the floor with my back pressed against the drawers. The hard long outline of Trevor’s big cock is right in front of my face. If my third born wasn’t in the room, I’d pull down his plaid pajama pants and start sucking on his candy cane.

“She’s upstairs,” Trevor lies. “She’s grabbing her slippers.”

“Oh!” I hear the pitter-patter of her feet as she takes off in the opposite direction.

My sexy man looks down at me with a grin. “That was close.”

“Too close,” I say as I struggle to get up. “We’re on the naughty list now for sure.”

“That’s okay,” Trevor says as his big hand slides over my ass. “I got all the toys I need right here.”

“Save it for later, Saint Big Dick,” I say as I flick the furry pom pom on his hat. “We have presents to unwrap.”

We take our coffee mugs and return to the family room. I’m feeling *amazing* now. My body is glowing.

“Let’s make it fast,” he grunts as he follows me. “I want to unwrap those clothes from your body and slide up your chimney.”

There’s a grin on my lips as we walk back to the family room.

Looks like it’s going to be another *magical* Christmas.

EPILOGUE

Trevor

Thirty years later...

“Ho! Ho! Ho!” I SAY AS I WALK INTO THE LIVING ROOM while ringing the bells.

All of my grandkids’ adorable little faces light up when they see me dressed as Santa.

“Santa!” they scream as they all rush forward, trying to see what’s in the red bag. “Do you have presents for us?”

“I sure do,” I say as I start reaching in and grabbing some. I keep one eye on the kids as I hand them their presents and one eye on sexy Mrs. Clause who’s smiling at me from across the room.

We’ve had many Christmases over the years and she gets more beautiful to me with every one that passes.

After a few minutes of playing Santa, the kids are all distracted with their new toys.

“Hey, Santa!” my oldest Nathan says as he sits on the couch with an arm wrapped around his wife’s shoulders. “Anything in there for me?”

I look inside the empty bag and shake my head. “Nothing. You must have been a naughty boy. Probably because you still haven’t returned my leaf blower.”

Nathan chuckles. “I was hoping there would be a check in there. You know, a little something to help with the Christmas bills.”

I toss the empty bag at him and he catches it with a laugh.

“You should try the Easter bunny,” I say to him with a grin. “Santa’s Workshop is closed for you lazy bums.”

My kids and their spouses start jokingly complaining as I ignore them and walk over to my girl.

She’s got more lines in her face and some grey in her hair, but she’s absolutely gorgeous to me. Just as stunning as the day we met, maybe even more so.

“I kind of like you with a beard,” she says as she plays with it.

I’m already planning to throw my shaver in the garbage as she runs her hand up and down the white fur on my chest.

“Any present for me, Santa?” she asks in a sexy little girl’s voice.

My hands slide up her arms and I wish I didn’t have these white gloves on so I can feel her soft warm skin. “I have a *big* one for you. So big it wouldn’t fit on my sleigh.”

“Is it hard?” she asks and I nod.

“Is it throbbing?”

I nod again.

She licks her lips and the sight makes me almost kick everyone out of the house.

“Okay,” she says as her breaths start coming out faster and harder. “Can you come help me with something in the garage?”

I grin. “I can help you with *anything* you need.”

“Good,” she says as she starts swinging those thick hips as she struts away. “And leave the Santa beard on...”

THE END!
(And Happy Holidays!)

DON'T BE SHY. COME FOLLOW ME...

I WON'T BITE UNLESS YOU ASK ME TO



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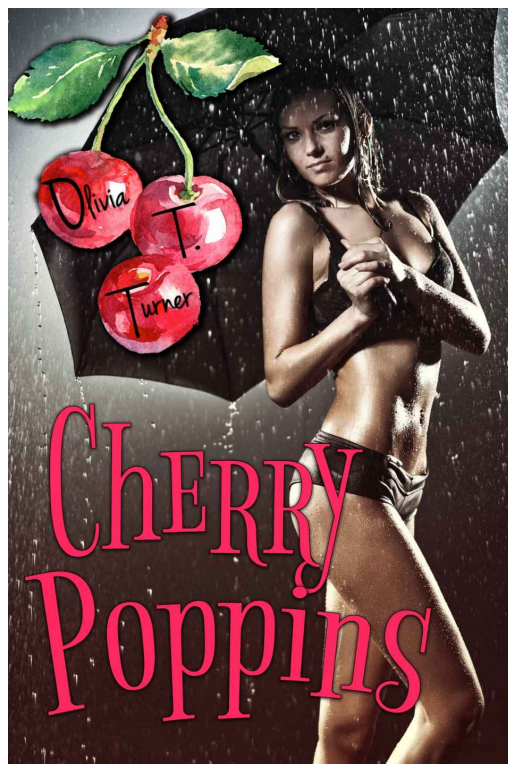
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